

Herman Bell Overseas

The friends of Mr. Herman Bell, Jr., of the United States Marine Corps, will be pleased to learn that he has arrived safely overseas.

Mr. Bell is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman W. Bell, and enlisted in the Marines last May, at the age of seventeen. He became eighteen yesterday, the natal day of General Pershing, September 13.

He is on the firing line, in Company "C."

A Badin Soldier-Poet



THE BULLETIN is proud to publish the following poem, which was written to his mother by a Badin boy who is now with the Colors in France. Walter F. Curran was Machine Shop foreman under Mr. Seaford in 1917. He was called to Camp Jackson in October, 1917, and landed in France in March, 1918.

A Soldier's Thought in France

By Walter F. Curran

I'm but a soldier here,
America is my home;
France is a desert drear,
America is my home.
Danger and death throng
Round me on every hand;
England is my fatherland,
But America is my home.

What tho the tempest rage?
America is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
America is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last—
America is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,
America is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
America is my home.
And I shall surely stand
At my country's right hand;
England is my fatherland—
America is my home.

To make the world a friendly place,
One must show it a friendly face.

It is not known to the general public of Badin that a new and surprising publication has been started in our midst, with headquarters at the Badin Club. In order that our people may not miss entirely the diversion which this journal causes, with its abundant flow of wit and humor, the following specimen copy is given below.

The Badin Bullet

Issued Almost Daily in the Interest of the Working Man

Weather:

Coolish Around the Edges.

Price Per Copy, and Worth It.

SEPTEMBER, 1918

Arrivals: The Teacher's Trunks.

Departures: Mr. Linn.

Mr. Linn, formerly star of the Machine Shop Baseball Team, and recently morning and evening star of the porch of the girls' annex, has decided to turn up missing at the Club in the future. Just what Mr. Linn's future intentions are we can not say, but he left the impression with the editorial staff that he was on the point of imbibing a little of the higher education somewhere.

Will the gent on the third floor of the main building who snored so loud last night kindly keep his door closed or procure a clothespin from the Badin Supply?

Mr. G. D. Slack left yesterday on one of his mysterious trips to the "sugar loaf" district of Montgomery County. Many await his return with lively anticipations.

Jack Armitage has been appointed one of the official entertainers at the Girls' Club. He will also entertain any visitors with great glee.

That boy Neubling certainly can run. Doc Hoffman is an all-Southern runner, and he had to stretch out some to come in ahead.

Mr. Shepherd is looking rather lonesome since two of his girls have gone.

Miss McGhee is nursing a sprained knee today. Her horse was unusually wild last night, but she finally subdued him. There are some vicious horses at the Carnival stables.

Why no more swimming parties? Maybe somebody forgot to return the Community bathing suit to the Laboratory.

Hoot mon! The Teachers are coming. Aiken Moore is on the job. He will be at the School House Monday, but no one seems to know just what he expects to do there.

Miss Marie Tiffany and Henry Zabowsky gave a very interesting recital at the theater last night. They were assisted, as usual, by the Badin Children's Chorus.

Don't forget to spend a few dollars at the Carnival each night, and help win the war.

Anyway, that was some Labor Day celebration; but the Clubhouse guys were mostly on the side lines.

For the benefit of the folks who are curious, please note that this paper has quite a corps of Editors. At this writing, about eight particular individuals comprise the staff, and we aim to have ten before very long. (Be careful what you say about the *Bullet*—it may hit you any time.)

Some famous Courts:

County Court.
Tennis Court.
Court-Plaster.
Court-Ship.

Note: You are apt to be stuck if you try any of the above.

Wanted—Handsome young man, as daily reporter for the *Bullet*.

Mr. Ramsey and Mr. A. L. Scott had supper somewhere Sunday evening. They won't tell where, however, as they say competition is too keen now.

The Boy Scouts hiked down to the Falls last night. You should have seen them demolish the eats.

Last night was a grand night to sleep. Mr. Cummings sang us to sleep, and the carpenters sounded reveille about 5 p. m.

Mr. C. H. Jones left yesterday for Wilkesboro, from whence he will go to Camp Greene. Mr. Jones is a dandy chap, and has many friends here who will regret his departure.

How about a Spelling Match—girls versus men? Are both sides game? If so, Mr. Cummings and Miss Sullivan will arrange it.

Those who retire early will please leave their names on the bulletin board, so that the night revelers will not waste their energy making a noise before the door of a vacant room.

Mr. Dam Scott, with his usual regard for truth and exactness, wishes to say that he did not sneeze two hundred times last night as reported—only 168. He has the sympathy of Jack Armitage and others.