

plan their next escapade. To hear an old timer tell these tales (Many that I dare not write) makes one think those were spicy, colorful days -- Just a miniature, wild and wooly west right at old Cleveland Mills.

William and Sophia Lattimore had two children, Tom and Charlie. All you boys know them and, since they are here to defend themselves, I'd better not make any comment. The other night I asked "Jet" Lattimore Lee to tell me something about her people and she replied, "I don't know much, but I think they were all a bunch of hoss thieves." I told you they were a jolly, joking bunch. She went on to say she knew of one who was a preacher and Gene Lattimore said he went to hear him preach just to prove to himself that there was such a thing as a preacher bearing the Lattimore label.

Sam Lattimore married Sadie London and their children are: Ida, Celestie, Lottie, Elizabeth and "Little John." Now I hear that Dr. Erevard Lattimore of Shelby (Polkville Tom's son) can tell some very interesting facts concerning his ancestors. In fact, I've heard of a couple of 'em, but I don't have the room to write them here.

Frank Lattimore married Sophia London. Their children: Philector, Edd and Zoa (Mrs. Schenck Carpenter).

Well, boys, that's about all I have time and space for concerning this subject. We have a lot of Lattimore boys from Cleveland County doing their bit for the dear old U.S.A. and making grand soldiers, just as so many of their forefathers have. If you find this article of any interest, I shall probably dig up some information and humorous incidents concerning other Cleveland County families. After all, we are each handed down a name you know, and it's kinda' surprising to know of so many people being crowded on the "Mayflower" for there are so many of our good old American names that got their start somewhere "across the pond." Guess "Big Chief" and "Sitting Bull" were Americans after all.

So long, boys, and all good wishes 'til next time.

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The following poem was sent in by Sgt. Lucius Randall, stationed in Australia:

SOMEWHERE'S

Somewhere in Australia, where the
wind is like a curse,
Here each dull day is followed
by another slightly worse
Where the brick red dust is thicker
than the deserts shifting sands,
and the white man dreams and
wishes for the green and fairer lands.

Somewhere in Australia, where a woman
is never seen.
Where the sky is never cloudy and the
grass is never green.
Where the donkeys nightly howling
robs a man of bloody sleep.
Where there isn't any whisky
and the beer is never cheap.

Somewhere in Australia, where the
nights were made for love,
and the moon is like a search light
on the Southern Cross above
sparkles like a diamond necklace
on a clammy tropic night.
Tis a shame less waste of beauty,
where there's not a girl in sight.

Somewhere in Australia, where the maids
are always late.
Christmas cards in April
are considered up to date.
We never have a payday so we
never have a cent.
We never need the money for we'd
never get it spent.

Somewhere in Australia, where the ants
and the lizzards play,
Where a hundred fresh mosquitoes
replace everyone you slay.
So take me back to Lawndale, N.C. when
we've rang the Victory bell, for
this God forsaken out post is a
substitute for HELL