

The Citizens National Bank

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Gastonia, N. C.

RESOURCES

\$2,000,000.00

Checking Accounts Welcome

MATINEES

Labor Day

AT

2 and 3.30 p. m.

FOLLOW
THE
CROWD
TO
THE



THE CADUCEUS.

THE MINSTREL

A TOUCH OF LOCAL "COLOR" ON SUNDAYS.

Sunday afternoon at the Base Hospital.

The sun is still high in the heavens and every living thing around the hospital grounds has sought refuge from the oppressive heat. Walking westward from "A" street towards the new convalescent barracks one is struck by the silence which hangs like a mantle over all. Truly the name "Day of Rest" has at last come into its own once more.

As we approach "D" street, however, strange sounds are wafted towards us—singing, laughing and much loud talking. We are surprised that any one in the hospital had the energy to so disport themselves on such a hot afternoon, but it is not until we have passed the "D" wards and have come into the open roadway which encircles the hospital grounds that the mystery is solved.

Seated on camp stools in the shade afforded by the bridge which connects "D" street with the "E" group are fifty or sixty negroes—patients in the hospital. We have found them giving their Sunday afternoon entertainment. Garbed in multi-colored bathrobes and pajamas, barefoot (although supplied with slippers) and with hats made of newspapers they add an Oriental touch to the usual colorless surroundings.

On a stool in the centre of the group sits a negro of remarkably large physique, who is busily engaged strumming on a guitar. Two negroes of smaller stature are demonstrating their dancing abilities and the remainder of the crowd chant negro lyrics to the rhythm of the dance music. At a little distance away are collected several large tool chests and from the vicinity of these can be heard emanating in excited but appealing tones the familiar phrases, "come seben, come eleben," indicative of a quiet game of "bones" in concealment.

Skirting the outermost circle of the audience, dressed in a robe more decorative than those of his fellows, and assuming a well-borne air of superiority is a negro whom all address as sergeant. His badge of office consists of three strips of adhesive fastened horizontally on the upper right sleeve. He seems to have taken unto himself the task of keeping the crowd in order and, true to the suggestion lately issued by the War Department, does not necessarily mix with the hoi polloi of his command.

Female colored visitors from the city are present in goodly numbers, but do not approach the immediate vicinity of the crowd. They are seen in groups some distance away, surrounded by numbers of colored patients. The bright dresses of the women alongside the many-hued bathrobes of the men give the whole affair the appearance of a mid-summer carnival.

That the festive gathering depends

SOME DRUMMER

NAT WILSON TELLS MISSION OF THE STICKS.

By JOE LAWLOR.

Down at the Selwyn last Sunday evening a quiet unassuming gentleman could be noticed on the other end of a Havana Perfecto. By a mere turn of chance, conversation brought out the fact that it was none other than the famous Nat Wilson the trap drummer for Victor Herbert for four years, and also connected with Ziegfeld Follies. Being in an inquisitive frame of mind I quizzed the amiable musician and thereby learned a few secrets about the different phrasings that go to make up a big league orchestra.

For instance we have all sat and listened to the cadence of the Poet and Peasant and William Tell Overtures and seemed to lean towards the brass end of the outfit, not giving the other section the credit that was due to them, this being mainly due to the certain degree of flash and fire that the trumpets of Jericho carry.

Now to get back to the drums many people imagine that a drummer is a sort of a mechanical creature who plays just as he feels and don't care a darn who knows it, but such persons are due a rude awakening, playing under a man like Victor Herbert he relies as much on the roll of a timpani in certain passages as he does upon the delicate Stradavarian Violin in a light aria. Lack of space forbids me to go further into this interesting branch of the orchestra.

Wilson at the present time is under study to Jean Dumontal the head Drummer for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and also let the writer in to the immense amount of detail that goes with such an organization. He then went over to the piano and played the different scores of the various shows he was with and he then confided to me that he had never taken a lesson in his life but has been so used to playing the bells that he just naturally picks out the melodies on the piano. After spending an interesting hour we called it a day and parted.

on the guitar player is evident from the fact that the crowd disperses on his being called away. His name being called out by an orderly from a near-by ward, the musician drops the instrument and lazily responds. Before taking final leave of the crowd, he turns around when a few yards away from them and issues this warning: "Don't none of you niggers back yonder monkey with dat box till Ah comes back," and having allowed the full import of his words to sink in deeply, he wheels around and disappears through the rear door of one of the wards.

At his departure the entertainment is at an end and the audience picking up each his own stool, wend their way to their respective wards to await the evening meal.

By SERGT. PATRICK COSGROVE.