

## SOLDIER'S LETTERS

Interesting Letter From Elwood Whaley.

February 5, 1919.

Mes Cher Mire—(My Dear Mother):

Your dear letter of January 20th reached me today, taking just sixteen days to cross several American States, the Atlantic, France, and part of Germany. Looks like the A. E. F. mail service is working for a C. O. M. (Certificate of Merit) doesn't it? For that is a great improvement over the former service, which was awfully slow when I first arrived in France. I actually received one letter from a girl in Brooklyn which was seven months getting to me. It was properly addressed at Garden City in March and reached me over here last October, although I stayed in Garden City five months after the letter was posted to me from a point just fourteen miles away. Some Service—and "Coucher mauvais" for me too, because I missed a big time and a big dinner she invited me to in that letter which came too late, yes, about four thousand miles too late.

I am enclosing a little souvenir. It is a shoulder strap I tore from a German non-com officer's uniform. The thirteen thereon shows that he belonged to the 13th infantry, and judging from the condition of the uniform and the place in which I found it, this particular Boche must have been superstitious about thirteen, for I found the uniform in a woods near an old German camp. It was cut all to pieces and hid in a hollow tree. I don't know the true history of my find, but the conclusion I came to was that some Heine, either with superstition or desertion in mind, cut his uniform to pieces and hid it in this tree. Did I reach in and pull it out as soon as I saw it? Oh, no. It might have been one of the Hun death traps, for which they are ingloriously famous, in concealing to "kill the souvenir hunting yanks."

It might have been filled with some H. E. (high explosive), and fixed to go off when the uniform was picked up, by the pulling of a wire attached thereto. A buddy of mine, Sergt. Crouch of Mississippi, was with me, and we decided to remove our find by attaching a long piece of wire to same and pull it out from a safe distance. This we did, but nothing happened, much to our disappointment. We tore off the shoulder straps, which were the only things worth keeping for souvenirs. I am enclosing one herewith so you can see, for yourself the exact color of the German soldier's uniform.

The weather continues cold and the snow is now six inches deep instead of three as I wrote you a few days ago, for we have had another snow, and the ground has been covered about three weeks and it is not melting at all. We are having lots of sport hunting and traking rabbits and shooting them with our revolvers. There are lots of wild boar and deer in the woods hereabouts too, and we are going on a big hunt for them soon. All the big woods are named over here you know. The Argonne Woods for instance. I know you have read of this place where the Yanks won favor in driving every Hun from the woods, but they had to destroy the beautiful woods to do it, and now it is called by us the "allgone woods."

Well, we are quartered in some dandy German officer's barracks near the Ardenna woods, and being in Germany it missed destruction, and not being hunted during the four years of war, naturally abounds with game. The German people are very nice to us, in fact they apparently try to be more hospitable to us than the French were. But, knowing that there is a "method in their madness" we accept no advance and make none. To my surprise, I find they are a more intelligent people than the French and more of them speak English, but we are not getting chummy with any of them. They will still bear watching and that is our job in the occupation army. Aeroplanes, you know, are the "eyes of the army," and as the 281st aero squadron was up at the front when they decided they had enough of this war they started, we, of course, had to go in and take up "der watch on der Rhine."

All men in the occupation army are going to be decorated with the Lorraine cross. Of course I will be proud of the honor of wearing the cross, but I am somewhat of the same frame of mind that Rastus was when someone asked him would he like to be awarded with a French Croix de Guerre, and got this reply: "No sah! Dare ain't but one cross I wants d-m to give me and dat's cross de Atlantic." But unless we are relieved by some other squadron, which is not likely, I won't be awarded the "cross" Rastus wanted until mid-summer or later, so, keep the home fires burning, while my heart is yearning for the date of my returning to "Home Sweet Home." Lots of love to the folks.

Your loving son,

ELWOOD.

Letter from Private Jasper Tedder of Fairmont, R. I.

Following is a letter received by Mr. Clarence Tedder of Fairmont, R. I., from his brother in France, who is in the 81st division:  
Chemin de Aissy, France.  
Dec. 15, 1918.

Dear Brother:

Will answer your letters. Received one yesterday, and two some time ago. Was more than glad to hear from you all. Glad to hear that you all are well and getting along all right. I am well and getting along fine now, but would be glad to be with you all. Christmas will soon be here and we would have a nice time, but I guess this will be one Christmas that I will spend in France.

Say, Clarence, I will tell you about my trip. Left Camp Upton July 30, 1918, for France at 2:30 a. m., arrived in New York 8:30 a. m., got on ferry and sailed for Hoboken, N. J., arrived at 10 a. m., got on transport spent the night in New York Bay July 31 and sailed for France August 1, 1918. Arrived in Liverpool, England, August 11, hiked through city to a camp about 3 miles, stayed all night, left next morning 8:30 a. m.

On August 12 we got on a passenger train. The English band played as the train pulled out. Rode all day and arrived at Winchester 5:30 same day hiked about 2 miles, stayed 9 days. Left Winchester August 21, arrived South Hampton the same day. Got on transport and sailed at 7:30 p. m. and arrived about 2 a. m. next morning, August 22nd, at Cherbourg, France. Hiked about 5 miles to rest camp and stayed all night. Left next day about 11:20 a. m. and hiked back to Cherbourg and got on a train August 23, rode all evening and night and next day and up until 1 o'clock next night, August 26. Arrived at Lorseve 1 a. m., camped out until next day and hiked about 4 miles to Chenney, France. Stayed there from Saturday, August 26th, until September 18th. Left Wednesday morning at 8:30 and hiked about 15 miles to Ermy, France; got on train that night and rode to Bruyeres, arrived there September 19th and hiked about 7 miles to a small town arrived there about 9 p. m. We stayed two nights and two days. Left Saturday, September 21, hiked from 5:30 p. m. till 2 a. m. next morning. Arrived at Dugouts 5 miles from St. Die at 2 a. m. Sunday morning, September 22nd, stayed there until Thursday, October 17, left there 6 p. m. and hiked to a small town the same night stayed next day and night, left there about 5 a. m. October 19, and hiked to a rest camp Fontenay, arrived about 10 a. m., stayed there until November 1st, left 12 a. m. and hiked to Thayon. Got on train, left about 9 p. m., arrived next morning, November 2, at Lorcey, left there about 8 o'clock a. m. and hiked about 15 miles and camped in tents, left next morning 8:30, hiked all day and camped out that night in tents, left there next morning and hiked until noon Monday, November 4th, we left on our way to the front November 5. Arrived on front about 7:30 p. m. Sunday night, this front was about 5 miles from Verdun. We ate supper and went to sleep this November 10th. The next morning at 11 o'clock the front was fired. We were some happy boys when it stopped, we stayed there until Saturday and started on the longest hike I ever saw, we are now at a rest camp. Hope it won't be long before we can all cross the Big Pond. I wish you could be here with us when we start back across.

I will close for this time. Could tell you more if I could be with you. Your brother,  
PVT. JASPER O. TEDDER.  
Co. A, 306 Engineers,  
American Expeditionary Forces.

LETTER FROM CORP. W. D. JOHNSTON OF ROWLAND.

The following letter from a Rowland soldier was published in a recent issue of the Charlotte Observer:

Mr. J. R. Johnston of Rowland, N. C., has received the following interesting letter from his son, Corporal D. W. Johnston, Company A, Second Pioneer Infantry, A. E. F., A. P. O. 705.

"Now that the censorship has been partly lifted, we are permitted to tell a few of our experiences. I cannot hope to recall all that I have experienced, it would take too long, so I will start with our embarkation for France.

"We had spent three days in Camp Stewart, Va. These three days were spent being fitted out for overseas service. Saturday evening late we were informed that we were to take the boat early next morning (Sunday morning, June 30, 1918). We were ordered to "fall in with packs," we did. It was quite a hike we had, (as we learned later). Finally we arrived at the docks. There were several large transports waiting to take us on board. Finally we received orders to get aboard, we were tugged, rushed in like a drove of cattle, everyone was excited, there was no one to tell your troubles to, you were shoved into a bunk, if you did not like the bunk you were out of luck, no one had time to trouble with you.

"I was sent down three flights of stairs, down in Section C just on the water line, it was dreadfully hot and stuffy. You were not allowed to leave your bunk until every man had been placed. We had 3,000 or more soldiers on board.

"Our boat, 'The Mercury,' which was originally owned by Germany, known then as 'Barba Rosea,' was interned when we declared war on Germany, and is said to be one of the safest transports in the service. It is said the kaiser cruised round the world in it.

"We left Newport News, Va., June 30, 1918, at 1:30 p. m. All the fellows were in the best of spirits, all were ready for the great trip and adventure. It was all and more than we expected. As we pulled away other transports joined us, airplanes followed us until we were 80 miles from port. We had quite a few cruisers, destroyers and sub-chasers it was quite an interesting sight.

"Just as the sun was sinking the first evening out, our siren whistle

gave three short blasts. (The sound of that whistle was enough to scare a dead man back to life again). You could have heard a pin drop. We knew what three blasts meant. We had been informed that three blasts of the siren meant a sub had been sighted. Our orders were to stand fast. We did. I was standing on the hatch on the fore deck, just three feet from a six-inch gun. The gun crew were on the job. I never before witnessed such activity. They surely could move. They had the gun trained and loaded, ready for action in less time than it takes to tell it. I braced myself, I have shot a few pieces, heard quite a few, but this one was a little larger than the variety that I knew. So I played 'Safety First,' I did not care to roll over board, so I made fast to something. I may have grabbed one of my comrades, I don't know. The excitement was all over in a few minutes. I guess Fritz, lost his nerve, afraid to make a fight any way, as he did not show himself again. Everything went smoothly then until the afternoon the sixth day out, it was 4 p. m. I was on duty as lookout on the top deck, and was watching a large cruiser trailing along after us, the cruiser got the signal turned and passed just a few feet from our boat. It was speeding on its way out a great rate of speed. When it got within range it opened fire with its 10-inch guns. You could see the shells hitting the water. I did not see the sub at all. It submerged as quickly as possible, and the destroyer passed directly over the spot it was last seen and dropped 10 or 12 depth charges. They shot large streams of water into the air. It was very exciting and beautiful. You did not think so much about being sunk yourself, you wanted to see them grab a sub.

"I think I am correct in stating we had at least 30 ships in the entire convoy, 14 consisted of large transports, the rest consisted of cruisers, destroyers and sub chasers, it was a wonderful sight to see. We were supposed to carry 75,000 troops.

"We were on the water for 14 days, I began to think we would never see

land again, I thought we were lost, making a circle, but I knew better than that, but it seemed as though we would sail forever without getting anywhere. Fourteen days is a long time on land in some places, but when it comes to spending 14 days without seeing homes, trees, land or anything that is familiar, it is an age. The trip was a great success, there wasn't a man lost unless it was from a natural cause. I say that was putting it over on Jerry, don't you?

"On the evening of July 13, 1918, some one sighted a sail boat then we noticed sea gulls following the ships. We knew then that we were nearing land, but what land we did not know. Some said England, some France, but we did not have long to wait, it was just dark about 7:30 p. m. when we pulled into the beautiful harbor of Brest.

"The most welcome sight to me was the sight of 'Old Mother Earth' and the green, green grass. We were all anxious to set foot on land again. You can imagine our dismay when we learned that we would not quit the boat until morning. We disembarked next morning, we were happy to touch land again. It took a few hours to regain our land legs. We marched through the city of Brest out beyond the Napoleon barracks, pitched tents for the night, two fellows had to share one tent, and it was always my luck to get the largest man in the company.

"My experiences have been many in France, my duties have afforded me great opportunities of seeing the different sections of France. I've visited many of the larger cities—Paris, Tours, and Bordeaux. I spent

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Every druggist in town—your druggist and everybody's druggist has noticed a great falling-off in the sale of calomel. They all give the same reason. Dodson's Liver Tone is taking its place.

"Calomel is dangerous and people know it, while Dodson's Liver Tone is perfectly safe and gives better results," said a prominent local druggist. "Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by every druggist who sells it. A large bottle

costs but a few cents, and if it fails to give easy relief in every case of liver sluggishness and constipation, you have only to ask for your money back.

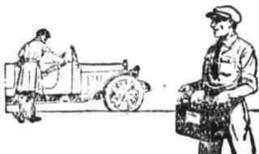
Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable remedy, harmless to both children and adults. Take a spoonful at night and wake up feeling fine; no biliousness, sick headache, acid stomach or constipated bowels. It doesn't gripe all the next day like violent calomel.

three months in Bordeaux. Bordeaux is about the third largest city in France, many places of interest among which is the Black Prince of England castle. I've visited it and have seen Napoleon's tooth brush and a book said to be written in his own hand.

"Must stop for this time, will tell you more next time along a different

line. You must not stop writing me since the armistice is signed, as it may be several months yet before I get home. The time will pass much slower now that the big show is over. I am anxious to return to those I love so dearly for there is no place in the world like home and the dear old U. S. A."  
Dec. 3, 1918.

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Official Eveready Service Station Free Testing—Courteous Service and Guaranteed Repairs on all standard makes of Storage Batteries.

### NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

This is to certify that I have sold my interest in the brick business at Rowland formerly conducted by Bracy Brothers to W. C. Bracy, who will continue the business. All who have accounts against said firm should present same at once for settlement. All persons indebted to said concern will please make immediate payment.  
J. Mc. BRACY.

Rowland, N. C. 3 3 4 Mon.

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Work solicited anywhere in the county. Prompt attention. Efficient service.

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Phone 37.  
G. B. KIRKMAN,  
Lumberton, North Carolina

### NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

Having this day qualified as administratrix of my late husband, Clayton Brice, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against his estate to present the same to me at Fairmont, North Carolina, or to my attorneys, Messrs. Johnson & Johnson, at Lumberton, N. C., on or before the 30th day of January, 1919, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned.  
This the 29th day of January, 1919.  
MRS. CLAYTON BRICE,  
Adm. of Clayton Brice, deceased.  
Johnson and Johnson, Attorneys for Admrx.  
236 Mon.

Fourteen thousand New York soldiers, members of the famous 27th division who with the 30th (North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee) division proved to the world that the Hindenburg line could be broken arrived in New York Thursday on the transports Leviathan and Mauretania to receive the laurels of victors.

## Fleishman's Big Store

"The House of Reputation"  
Fayetteville, N. C.

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An impressive showing of original and exclusive Spring Hats, creations revealing the trend of Spring Fashions for street, dress and sport wear. Hats from the highest fashion sources, which have not yet been shown to public view anywhere.

You are cordially invited to be present at this opening exhibition.

## Undertakers AND Funeral Directors

I have purchased the entire undertaking business or R. D. Caldwell & Son, consisting of complete and up-to-date stock, and am prepared to serve the public.

Your business will be appreciated. Call on us when in need of anything in the undertaking line.

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LUMBERTON, N. C.

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We wish to advise our trade and especially urge them that they let us have their orders for Tobacco Flues as early as possible. We want every one of our customers to get their flues in time. We hope to be able to begin making deliveries soon. Of course our prices will be right.

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