

FROM "WAY DOWN IN GEORGIA"

Life at Camp Hancock—Dastardly Deeds of the Huns as Told by a Y. M. C. A. Man—Fort Valley the Largest Peach and Pea Market in the World—Money Grows on Trees—Other Interesting Comment by a Former Robesonian.

To the Editor of The Robesonian. Since coming to Fort Valley, Ga., a few weeks ago we have thought several times of writing a short letter to the Robesonian, but until now we have even failed to write Mr. Britt as much as a note to thank him for his prompt attention in having the Robesonian forwarded to us, so we shall now beg pardon and assure him that it was all appreciated just the same, for we don't see how we could get along without the "old Robesonian." We had hardly gotten here before we began to miss the Robesonian. Now we will tell the readers what to do in case they should get away from home and have to have the Robesonian "at once." Just send your subscription to The Robesonian Publishing Co., care of Mr. Britt, and we can assure you that it will soon be forthcoming. At least, that was the way we did it, for we mailed our subscription on Saturday night, and the following Tuesday—the same time we received the Robesonian back at home—it came to us here, and we must say it seemed like a long letter from home, and was really the first news to be received from back home. We suspect that there are many of us who never shall appreciate our home paper until we get away from home, which will help us to better see its true worth.

Well, we shall first tell the boys of the old 72nd machine gun company, about camp Hancock, and what seemed to be its "destiny" when we passed through Augusta on our way to Fort Valley. We thought at one time that we would go out to the camp, but seeing one of the "Y" men in Augusta, who told us that there was not much out that way, we decided we would not go. He told us that there were only about a thousand soldiers there at that time, and that they were mostly at headquarters. However, we did go out that way as far as the car line goes, but from what we could learn, old camp Hancock was fast becoming a thing of the past. Well, boys we certainly had some great experiences there, didn't we? I suppose that we shall never forget them. I wonder how many of us will ever forget the "range." Of course only those who actually "ranged" will ever have an idea of what the word "range" really meant. Some of the boys said it was a place where the boys were taken to for a few days in order to get them fully in the notion to "go over," and perhaps that is about as good a definition as could be given, for whether or not it was the purpose, one thing could have been said about it; it would have served well for this purpose, for we do not remember to have seen a boy who was not more than "ready" or willing to take chances on another place, and that without many questions as to "where," for most of us exhibited evidence of a "moving" notion, even before the orders for moving were given. But orders finally came and a hot and sandy hike was made out to the station where we were to board the train. This was in the afternoon and we reached the station about sunset, but to our regret, found no train there waiting for us, as we had expected to find. We thought (all of us) that the proper thing to do was to spend the night there waiting for the train, which was to come the following day. But no, that was not Uncle Sam's idea or plan at all, so as we were camping with him we agreed to do whatever he thought best. This meant that we were to have another hike back to the "range," and spend one more night as "rangers," and we set out, and about 9 or 10 p. m. we were coming up to the tents, and again "grabbing" for our bunks, which we had, upon leaving, folded up and kicked (not kissed) "good-bye." Next came supper, and we were what we termed "hungry," but as we were not expected back, no arrangements had been made for our supper until we left the station, and word was carried on a short distance ahead of us to prepare supper for us, that we were "coming back." Bread was out of the "range," so a substitute had to be used, and I suppose it's not worth while to say what was used as a substitute, for the "absent bread," as any soldier knows it was "spuds" that were always used as a substitute for any and everything in the line of eats. Yes, some spuds were boiled or scalded enough to get the peeling to where it could be taken off, (though not many took it off) and a spoonful of salmon and a spud was served to each hungry "ranger." Well, boys, such experiences ought to make us all the more appreciative of the way things are done for us at home hereafter, and if it does, then it will certainly be worth all that it cost us, won't it?

This reminds us of a statement we heard Mr. Holloway, a returned Y. M. C. A. worker, make recently. It was our pleasure to have heard him make the most interesting talk that we have yet heard from anyone who has been over. He said that he went right with the boys into the hottest of the fight, and that during one engagement in the Argonne Forest he was one time without food or water for seventy-two hours, which we will have to admit was much worse than conditions ever got at the "range." Mr. Holloway, speaking of the awful crimes perpetrated by the Huns, said that doubtless many of us had found it hard to believe many of the reports that we had read. He said that he did not believe it all until he went and saw it with his own eyes, but said that since he had been

and seen for himself, he could truthfully say that the half had not been told. He gave instance after instance of the most terrible of crimes which were committed by the Germans, and which crimes were not to him "ear-says," but rather, which came under his own observation. He said that at one time he was in a French town of several thousand inhabitants, and that while he was there a German airplane came over flying at a very great height, and that everything ran for safety to their cellars, etc., fearing that bombs might be dropped, but that the plane instead of dropping bombs, was dropping printed leaflets, which were printed in both French and English. These leaflets were an appeal to the French and Americans to join Germany and help her whip England. As the plane passed over and it had dropped no bombs the people began to crowd the street and to pick up the printed appeals and to read them. About this time he said the airplane turned and came back, but this time it flew very low, and the people, seeing the apparent friendly attitude of the plane, did not try to leave the street, but remained and watched it as it flew so low this time, but immediately it opened fire with machine guns, and there was more than five hundred men, women, and children lying read and wounded upon the street after the plane had passed over.

Mr. Holloway said that on another occasion he was with the American army when they took possession of a French town that had been occupied by the Germans for a long time, and in which place they were so strongly entrenched that they had laid plans for a permanent stay. At this place on the side of a hill mountain the Germans had a large "dug-out" in which was arranged every comfort and convenience of the most palatial home. Mr. Holloway said that he doubted that there was a home in Fort Valley that could compare with that modern German dug-out in its costly equipment, etc., it being one hundred and fifty feet wide underground and containing parlors and other rooms very lavishly furnished with the finest Brussel carpets, etc., also moving pictures. But there came a time, he said, when the huns had to leave, and didn't have so much time in which to leave. Mr. Holloway said that he was among the first who went into this dug-out just vacated by the fleeing Germans and that from a room in there they released forty young girls, as nude as the day they were born into the world.

On one occasion Mr. Holloway said he was present when there was among those captured by the Americans, a German officer who insisted upon trampling upon the faces of our dead as he was being marched back with other captured prisoners. An American soldier told him to keep his feet out of the faces of our dead, to which order he paid very little attention and was soon again planting his feet in the faces of our dead, and upon being warned the second or third time to keep his heels off the faces of the dead, he replied to the American soldier, asking if he (the soldier) knew whom he was talking to, the soldier replying that he did not know, to which reply the hun officer told him that he was talking to an officer of the Imperial Crown Prince's army and again the soldier told him emphatically that he had better not again step in the faces of another of our dead. Mr. Holloway said that at this time he (Mr. Holloway) spoke to the soldier saying, "Son, I see how you are situated; give me your pistol and I will fix him if he tries it again," to which the soldier replied: "No, I will do it myself," and as they passed on the German officer could not refrain from putting his foot in the face of another one of our boys who had fallen in the defense of right, but had no sooner disobeyed the soldier's orders this time than the soldier had ran his bayonet through him. Mr. Holloway said: "I did not kill him, but I took my knife and cut a button from his coat, and also took some of his money, both of which I have now." Mr. Holloway said that it would be difficult for us, who had not seen with our own eyes, to get an idea of the hellishness of the hun. He said that once he found a young French girl who had been assaulted by the Germans until she was nearly dead and then a sword pierced through her body and that he carried her in his own arms to where she could receive treatment. He also told of seeing a woman and her baby, both with their eyes eaten out by poisonous gasses. We had read of such as some of the above atrocities of the Germans, as no doubt all of us have, and we only mention a few of these because of the fact that Mr. Holloway saw it all, and it is therefore not simply hearsay. Mr. Holloway is well known through this part of Georgia, being a member of the South Georgia Conference. He is one of the most force-

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Well boys, we who didn't get to go over, can truthfully say that we didn't encounter any such "rich experiences" in all of our camp life back here in the United States can't we? And really doesn't it look like that those who went over ought to bring back a somewhat more genteel definition for war than the one credited to Sherman?

We thought we would speak of Fort Valley as a fruit growing section, but looks like we shall soon be in the waste basket on account of length. Yes, when it comes to growing peaches, Fort Valley, Ga., is sure enough on the map. Ft. Valley has the distinction of being the largest peach and pea market in the world. Probably the reason so many cow peas are grown here is because peas is the principle crop grown in the peach orchards. We have been informed that peas are often shipped from here in very large shipments, hundreds of car loads being shipped some seasons when a good crop is produced. However, peaches are not generally run well in the thousands. Last season between three and four thousand cars were shipped from Fort Valley alone. This seems to be a very favored section for getting a crop of fruit each season, as this section is seldom ever visited with killing frost, which protection is largely due to the altitude which is high enough that during cold snaps enough breeze is usually kept up at night as to prevent killing frost. Peach trees are more common around here than cotton is in Robeson county, for nearly every field for miles in every direction from here, is set to peach trees, and the end is not yet, for the young trees that are being set each season run into the hundreds of thousands. We recently heard a grower say that to ride through the country around here and see the millions of peach trees and so many more being set each season was enough to cause anyone to wonder whether peaches in a few years from this would be worth anything at all. But prices have been so fancy for the past two or three seasons that the whole country around here is going at it on a larger scale, and this season will probably eclipse anything that has ever been experienced here as to high prices. More

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