

OLD TIMERS IN THE ARMY HAD FUN WITH THE ROOKIES

HOW GREEN MEN WERE MADE THE GOATS OF MUCH GAIETY

Generally the Fun was More of Less Harmless; But as to That They Didn't Care.

The pranks played on the rookies will be among the things recalled with glee by veterans of the Great War when they get together in reunions in the years to come. Every trade has its tricks perpetrated for the novice, and soldiering is no exception, as nearly every youth had occasion to learn shortly after he donned the O. D. and found himself unwillingly and unwittingly contributing toward making war merry. "The army without the rookie would be like a bar without a brass rail—nothing for the weary customer to rest on," according to the hard-boiled. While the practical jokes played upon the unsuspecting youngsters when they first began to serve Uncle Sam were no doubt a little rough, it was not long before they learned the ropes. For a few weeks they would swallow hook, line, and sinker in their breathless anxiety to make themselves useful amid surroundings entirely new, and likewise mysterious and somewhat terrifying. But after they had seen a few tricks pulled they got wise and looked upon all propositions with suspicion especially such as had the earmarks of errands of mercy. "A boob in the army is made over faster than in any other organization," says a writer in *The American Legion Weekly* (New York), from whose reminiscences dealing with stock and spontaneous army jokes we quote:

If it is a warm day within the wigwam and the flies are holding their usual convention, the rook may be sent to the grease-wagon for a bucket of steam in order to steam out the flies; or a call may be sent from the supply-tent for the new men to fall in for the O. D. issue of umbrellas and the summer hat. A rook may even clash with a supply department non-com in a try for O. D. hose.

This Lad Wanted Suspenders.

Frequently the rookies complain to the supply sergeant that they are shy on equipment, such as the O. D. vest or garters. One boy from the country who had always worn suspenders has been known to go over to the topper's head and reach the skipper with a complaint that the army belt hurt his stomach.

Although the rookies of 1918 thought they were veterans by the time they bucked open order, a bird would occasionally be sent from a line of skirmishers to the colonel's headquarters for a piece of skirmish line. This same stunt was frequently pulled on the target range, when an excited rook would rush off for some firing-line. The O. D. range-finder has also been searched for as well as the gun-silencer.

Not infrequently on his first guard mount, a rook would hurry forth in his freshly cleaned equipment to the general's headquarters in a frantic endeavor to get the key to the parade-ground. One lad, bucking for orderly, went to the stable for a mule for guard mount.

Trials With Pup Tents

The rookie's first trial in striking the pup-tents was always fraught with much trouble. If his tent-pegs were missing, and they usually were, some one would proffer advice that the top kick had a handy supply of rubber ones, brought along for an emergency and stored in the company clerk's field-desk. The pup-tent sky-hook was often lost, and many a rook has sought in vain for these accessories. During cold weather rooks have gone for a routine of coal for the pup-tents and in rainy weather they have sought for the folding ditches.

Mess sergeants were often bothered by rookies anxious to get their issue of tooth-picks or a meat auger. Bootleg coffee was considered great stuff by the vets and an occasional rook has endeavored to try it out. After a few days on a busy drill many a rook has sought the more refined and orderly job of M. P. A veteran buck in the southern training-camp formed a mule squad consisting of rookies, and they manifested the coral and mules for days while training the mounts. Their duties were to patrol the streets of the town mounted on the fence-busters. The guffaws of the large crowd that gathered to watch them water the punishment-absorbers sobered their pent-up desires to enforce heaven's law, order.

The "Commission Stunt"

The non-coms frequently framed rooks, striking off warrants and giving them commissions of much dignity. One evening overseas the skipper and looney of a certain outfit had gone into town, leaving at their headquarters a dog-robber. The sergeant went into the tent and lay down on the skipper's bunk, sending the gear-polisher for one Levinsky, a rook of the first water.

outside the tent, announcing his presence by speaking properly in the third person. From within came the sentorian voice of the supposed chief. Levinsky was complimented much and often, and finally hurried away bubbling over with enthusiasm because he had been appointed a corporal. Levinsky took over a squad and on line the next morning reported all present with much gusto, but the skip looked him over and reduced him so far that Levinsky never thereafter even dreamed of becoming a private first class.

Overseas Stuff

Fellows going overseas fell for a lot of stuff. One bunch of new men joined an outfit in the South, soon to embark, when the company clerk announced one evening right after taps for the new men to fall in for overseas medals. A topper of this same outfit, had a lot of Bibles, thick and heavy, which had been the company property a long, long while, but which were very, very dusty. When it came to packing for the big show it was a question what to do with the Bibles. Finally the topper sent for the new men, and as they reported in single file he handed them each a Bible, explaining that it was the regular issue and part of the equipment. A couple of these beetles couldn't even read English, but they glommed on to the Bible and laid it aside only when pressed for wind on long hikes, weeks later.

More than one rookie has reported to the company clerk as an orderly or Sibley engineer. A buck once sent a rookie to the colonel's tent as orderly. The colonel gave him a seat and a good cigar, and before he left he had horned in for a furlough.

At the Front

The way of a veteran buck with a rookie must needs be hard. Over near St Omer, in France, a unit was camped on the hillside, having moved into some tents which had been used regularly by the British. In front of the topper's tent on one company street was a huge pile of mallets which had been used to drive the long tent-pegs into the hard ground. The unit was to move forward to the line the next day, and everybody was on edge. A rook passing the tent asked the company clerk what the mallets were for.

"Trench-raiders," he said, "allent trench-raiders. Haven't you got your issue yet? There's to be a trench-raider inspection this afternoon."

The rook went off with the trench-raider and started to polish it up, the while he wised up a number of more or less agitated soldiers to go up for the same article. More than a dozen members of the company fell, including a second looney's dog-robber.

The dog-robber got his issue and also that of his officer, this being also a short-stick raider, made especially for officers, so the dog robber was told. When he started toward headquarters carrying the raider quite some throng gathered in the street. The customary snappy salute was offered upon the altar of discipline and the silent raider handed over. Before the day was over the silent trench-raiders were being distributed to rooks throughout the camp.

The Guard House Lawyer

A rook hit a Southern training-camp after a month of service and wanted a furlough right away, alleging that he had been away from home a long time, and, besides he, only had one mother. The bucks to him to go high and far, and the newcomer walked right past the topper's tent and bearded the skip in his den. Having lost the case, he reported back to the ringleader of the veterans. He was told to see the officer of the day and get permission to consult the guard-house lawyer, the legal adviser for rookies as well as for prisoners.

Even "first-class private" sounds formidable to a bird who only knows an officer as "oldman" or "boss" as a rook Italian always addressed his captain. Many a rook has broken some minor rule around the pyramid and been sent forth by the three-dollar-extra man to bury a match, digging an immense hole for the purpose.

One outfit got up a story that one of the boys had died and a rook was sent to every captain in the regiment for donation. The wisecracker signed their own skipper's name at the head of the list. Sure enough, after several hours' toil, this innocent returned with a ten-dollar donation from ten out of eleven officers.

NO TRUE WOMEN WILL VOTE FOR MEN WITH SHADY PAST

MRS. FUNDERBURK URGES THE WOMEN TO STUDY POLITICS

Without the Help of Women, This Country Couldn't Hope to Secure Best of Government.

By MRS. EDNA V. FUNDERBURK.

At the request of the Editor of The Journal I shall endeavor to discuss the attitude that is, according to my view point, the best one for woman to take toward the political questions of to-day. I will take up so much space to talk about these things that I will run a short series of articles along these lines. In this let's think about the party. Should women join any party? If so which one? To my way of thinking it would be foolish for women either in the city or the country to attempt to organize a party of their own. We are new in these things and men have been so long in the political game that it would mean for us to have no voice in governmental affairs at all if we attempt to do so alone because it would simply mean defeat and beside that I do not think that would be best any way. We ought to work along with our men. We need their experience and their advice and cooler judgment.

Neither of us can make a perfect home without the help of the other and it seems that such being the case we ought to have found out long ago that neither sex could have the best of government without the help of the other. Then let us ally ourselves with some party but which one, you say? Well, when we try to decide about that we should find out what both or all of them stand for. We should not consider our own interest alone but the interest and welfare of the whole country. Which party considers the rights of all the people? Now, of course, it would be well for us to study what each party has done for the good of the nation. To my mind there isn't any question but that both the greatest parties have done some good things. Neither one of them have done altogether bad and yet if the Democratic party really means what its name implies it must stand for all of the people. It must, if the word democracy isn't a hollow sound, mean and intend that all the people have a voice in the affairs of the nation.

I have heard people say time after time that they didn't care who was president of the United States, that it makes absolutely no difference which party succeeds in putting a man in the White House. Well, it is ignorance that prompts an expression like that, and the one who says so may be intelligent in other things but he or she certainly doesn't know much about this government. It does make a difference and a very material difference which man is put in the presidential chair. My advice to our women would be to go to a man in whose judgment you place confidence and talk these things over with him. Don't go to a man whose life is a failure—a man who hasn't made his life count for something in his part of the world. If you were going to run a farm you certainly wouldn't go to a farmer who hadn't made anything and ask him how to make crops grow. No you wouldn't be so silly. Well then use that same reason in speaking advice about public affairs. Talk with more than one if you wish and see for yourself whether there is a party that is standing for and considering the welfare of the home in the West, the home in the distant North and the little Southern home also. The party that is seeking to do the best thing for all of us and vote with that party and help it to make this a better country than it has ever been even at its best.

As to the kind of a man we should support, no sincere, straight woman is going to vote for a man whose life has been the least bit shady. He must be a man with a clean record behind him. Any man who would do dirty things in private life wouldn't do to trust in public affairs. He that is faithful over small things will be faithful in greater things. So search the careers of the candidates by all means and begin now to do it by keeping up with daily doings so that in the years to come when a man announces himself for office you will know whether to scratch his name off or not.

In our next article we are going to try to discuss as best we can what our attitude should be toward the League of Nations.

ALEXANDER'S FATHER WAS FOUNDER OF CHURCH HERE

Well-Known Biblical Scholar Also Visited Friends in Monroe on Several Occasions.

The father of Mr. R. O. Alexander, the Charlotte cotton mill man, and bible student, who is being tried in Charlotte for non-support on charges filed by his wife, founded the Monroe Presbyterian church here, according to old residents. His father, in the early 70's, was pastor of the Wadesboro church, and came to Monroe to preach once a month. As a result of his visits, the Presbyterian church here was established.

Mr. Alexander, the son, has visited friends in Monroe on several occasions. He is said to be a devout bible student, and his wife claims that his religion has reached the fanatic stage. Mr. Alexander, it will be remembered, prophesied several years ago that the European war would end in the Mississippi valley.

Should Hold For 45 Cents.

To the Editor of The Journal:—You asked me to write a short article on how to combat and defeat the Wall Street speculators. I am glad to give you my opinion. First, keep the cotton off the market for ninety days. Let every merchant and bank-er extend notes and accounts for that period of time. Buy nothing that one can possibly do without. There is enough surplus money in the banks of the county to buy and pay for every article that is absolutely needed by the farmers and all others for ninety days.

Reliable reports from South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi state that the cotton weed is deceptive, and that the yield will not be near so good as appearances would indicate. From a study of private and government reports, I have come to the conclusion that the production cannot be more than eleven and one-half million bales. There is no reason why the present crop should not bring an average of forty-two and one-half cents a pound. It will do so if the farmers and business men keep their nerve. The world needs every available pound of cotton, and it is willing to pay a fair price for it. Keep the cotton off the market by all means. To do so will be to thwart the speculator and his designs. Every farmer and business man who is in a position to do so should buy "distress" cotton and hold it for 45 cents.—W. L. Motes.

Father Substituted for Son on Richmond Jury.

(From Rockingham Post-Dispatch)

An incident happened at the civil term of Superior court for Richmond county, at Rockingham this week, that we venture sets a precedent, and a good one, for the state. A young man summoned as a juror had so much to do on his farm that he brought his aged father along as a substitute. The father had recently broken an arm, and could not do physical labor, but could easily serve as a juror. When the young man asked Judge McElroy if the substitution could be made, the judge of course readily consented. The father took the son's place in the jury box and the younger man went back to work.

A Ladylike Descent.

"Frances," said the little girl's mother, who was entertaining callers, "you came down-stairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. Now go back and come down-stairs like a lady." After a few moments Frances re-entered the room. "Did you hear me come down-stairs this time, mother?" she asked, according to the Philadelphia Bulletin. "No, dear; I am glad you came down quietly. Tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, when the first time you made so much noise." "The second time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.

WOULD CONNECT CHICAGO WITH NEW YORK.

The Type Used in One Year to Publish Endorsements of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Of the many kidney remedies on the market to-day, none other is recommended like Doan's Kidney Pills. Fifty thousand benefitted people gladly testify in the newspapers of their own towns. Forty-five hundred American newspapers publish this home proof of Doan's merit. The type used in one year to tell this wonderful story would make a solid column of metal twice as high as the world's highest mountain. Placed end to end the lines of type would reach from New York to Chicago. These miles of good words told by 50,000 tongues sound glad tidings to any Monroe sufferer who wants relief from kidney and bladder ills. Here's a Monroe case. Don't experiment. Use the remedy endorsed by people you know. Ask your neighbor!

W. W. Hargett, plumber, Alfalfa St., says: "My back ached a great deal and my kidneys were disordered. The kidney secretions were highly colored. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, so I got a supply at the English Drug Co. I was surprised at the quick relief they gave me. Soon I was entirely cured and I haven't had to use a kidney medicine since." Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Hargett had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

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We are always in the market for iron, metal of all kinds, bones, paper, etc. Open every day. Monroe Iron & Metal Co. Near Freight Depot.

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An old woman who lived alone had kept nearly \$2,000.00 in currency around her house for years. She was afraid of banks.

Last fall she became seriously ill, and—

No, she didn't die. But when she went to look for the cash it was gone! Fortunately some honest friends had found it while she was unconscious and had deposited it to her credit in a bank.

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