



From Corporal Roy Gilley.  
Following is a letter which Mrs. C. J. Storey recently received from Corporal Roy Gilley, of Battery D, 16 F. A., who was stationed at Camp Chronicle, France, Nov. 10, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Storey: Am in a camp in southern France waiting to be sent back to my regiment. I have not yet seen your son Carl, though he is at this camp. I suppose you saw in the "Stars and Stripes" that our division was in the Chateau Thierry drive last summer, so I suppose we can also say we were there.

We left our training grounds in southern France the last part of July. After a two or three day trip in "Chevaux S. Hommers, 40," which took us around the outskirts of Paris, we arrived at the railroad which was then in the still burning city of Chateau Thierry. The city was in ruins, not a house but what had some sort of a hole from the bombardment. The Germans were in full retreat and, during the night, they kept shelling a road about a half mile from where we were with their long-range guns. That was our first experience with hostile shell fire. We thought we would have a day or two to rest ourselves and our horses after our long trip, but the next day, while we were down by the road watching the ceaseless stream of Allied traffic to and from the front, we received one of those sudden orders to move. We were told to take our packs and leave our barracks bags there and we haven't seen them since; in fact, we never expect to see them again. It was optional whether we took our slickers and overcoats though it was the middle of summer and very hot. I had noticed that nearly all the French passing on the road had their overcoats, so I took mine and my slicker too. That was one of the wisest things I ever did, and even though my overcoat was nearly torn to shreds later by shell fire, it was still warm and comfortable.

If you take a look at the map you will see that the Marne flows through Chateau Thierry. We crossed the Marne on a pontoon bridge made of canal boats. The stone bridge had been blown up. They told us that the Marne was choked with dead bodies but we saw only a few dead horses floating peacefully along. We hiked and hiked and hiked, and made camp about midnight in a woods near some long-range guns that were firing on the Germans. All along the roads there were miles and miles of camouflage netting set up by the Germans to cover their retreat, also tons of impediments left along the road, everything a retreating army could throw away. There were thousands of shells of all sizes and hundreds of cases of ammunition, grenades, clothes, rifles, helmets and a host of other things.

It was dark as pitch when we made camp that night. You cannot show a light of any kind at night for miles back of the front, and that is the only time we work, so our labor must mostly be done by touch. The cook gave us something to eat in the dark and another man and I pitched tents where it felt as if it was reasonably free from rocks. The next morning we found we had been sleeping beside a newly made German grave, but we went over to the kitchen and made a more interesting discovery. We found that the ration wagon had been left in a shallow ditch. In this ditch was a mound of fresh dirt. Under the mound was a body, presumably German, the weight of the wagon had pressed the blood out and it oozed down the ditch in an evil smelling mess so we threw some more dirt over it before we had breakfast. This camp had just been abandoned by the Germans so we found lots of strange equipment and more gruesome things farther in the woods.

Do you remember reading in the papers last spring about an immense long-distance gun that the Germans used to fire on Paris? Some thought at the time, and others still think, that the gun was a myth. It was during the drive that I saw the mountings, the tube itself being abandoned farther along the track by the Germans. It was located on a railroad from Chateau Thierry to Rheims. The Germans knew the location far better than I do. There was a clearly camouflaged switch running into the woods to serve the gun. There was an enormous turret on ball bearings. I think it was as big as my head. This turret was made of armor plate about six inches thick. The Germans tried to blow it up when they left but succeeded in blowing it up in only two places. Lying nearby was an enormous chain. I could not begin to get my two hands around the links and there were other tools of corresponding dimensions lying scattered about. One of the first things I noticed was that in the direction of Paris, the trees were dead and devoid of limbs and they were also blackened by the gas fumes of the gun. I was talking to one of the Frenchmen guarding the place and he told me that Paris was about 165 kilometers away and that the Germans had dismantled the tube of the gun and tried to take it back to Germany with them, but the Allied aviators beat them to it by blowing up an intervening railroad bridge so the tube has been abandoned and lies near the bridge. I asked him how far away the tube was and he told me (deux) 2 kilometers, at least, I thought he said deux, but found out later he said (douze) 12. The man with me and I started down the track to see the gun.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Cure fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by DRUGGISTS, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

All along the track were little dugouts where the Germans had made a stand and there were yards and yards of belts of machine gun bullets strewn over the tracks as well as other material. We walked quite a ways and met some more Frenchmen who said the gun was (douze) 12 kilometers instead of deux so we hiked back to our regiment as quick as we could. We had no business to leave in the first place. The Germans knew this place would be well visited so they thoughtfully bombarded it at regular intervals.

In these woods there was a German grave. There were plenty of graves a round but this one deserves special mention. It was under a shell shattered birch tree. There was a cross of plain wood at the head of the grave and a fence of carved wood around the sides. On the top of the cross was his tin hat, at the foot of the grave was his gas mask, grinning like a skull. On the cross, in the German language was the notice, "He rests in God." Then it went on with the characteristic German thoroughness, to give the date, hour he fell and all the minute particulars. He died some time in April, 1918, so they held this territory quiet a while. Around the grave was a deep path made by thousands of curious Americans, coming to look at the work of the cross, yet no one had even taken the hat, as a souvenir. That is the way the Germans do. Whenever they have any time, they erect a fine cross to their fallen comrades which nearly always has this inscription, "He rests in God" (Hier Ruht ein Gott). It is something I cannot fathom. Though they continue to lay France waste and murder our wounded whenever they get a chance, they have a childish belief that we will respect their dead. Talking about graves is a morbid subject, but an interesting one because this is a land of graves. In the olden days primitive man had his weapons buried with him and the modern man, on the battlefields of Europe, seems to have reverted to the primitive in more ways than one. When a man is buried by his comrades, they put his tin hat at the head of his grave, gas mask at the foot and often his rifle with the bayonet still fixed, across the middle of the grave. In the battles of 1914, the French buried their dead wherever they fell. Some lie almost in the ballast of the railroad tracks, some beside the roads, some in the open fields. Each grave is adorned with a red, white, and blue target similar to the insignia the French use on their aeroplanes—a novice would think numberless aviators had been buried there. This was my impression. Each grave has a frail little fence, a round it and if it is in a field, the French very carefully plow around it. I was in some practice battles this summer in a sector that had been a battlefield a few years ago, so there were plenty of graves scattered over the landscape. Affixed to the target on many of the French graves was this inscription, "Un soldat Français Sans autre indic leur. Il mort pour la France." A French soldier without other identification. He died for France. Then, on the outskirts of a little town, I saw three graves surrounded by the same fence. Two were French and on the cross of the third was this: "Un inconnu Allemand." (an unknown German). Notwithstanding what the Germans have done to France, the French bury the Germans with their own dead and put a cross over them. Another time I saw a French made German grave with a cross over it, "Un inconnu Allemand."

After marching every night, chasing up the retreating Germans, we came into contact with them on a certain river where they had dug in to make a line. We looked them there for over 10 days and then were relieved. I cannot be more explicit now, much as I would like to, though I can say that there we received our "baptême de feu." Did we stand the gaff? Pershing seemed to think so because he cited us for gallantry and coolness in action. You know we were green troops and had fought against the Prussian Guard, Germany's best.

We had an observation post in the wine cellar of an old ruin overlooking the German lines. There had been a few hives of bees there, but when the Germans retreated, just before we arrived, they destroyed the hives to get the honey. The bees were not to be daunted, however. They swarmed in a tree in the yard and started making comb from a branch. The first time I was up there I saw the comb and it certainly looked good, because we had not had anything sweet in a long time. We skulked out into the yard down so low so as to be out of sight of German snipers and took a pole and knocked down a big chunk of honey, which we promptly ate. We were stung a few times, but that was to be expected. I had hoped to tap our stock of sweets again soon, but the bees did not build it up very fast, and then we were relieved.

At the front there is a liaison detail up with the infantry. This is a group of men who act as runners or bearers of messages, between the infantry and artillery. The men are taken from the B. C. details of the different batteries and are relieved every few days because it is a very trying job. It came my turn in the first battle of ours and we left under heavy shell fire in charge of an officer. We arrived at our destination at dusk. Our destination in this case was a narrow rocky gully sloping downward towards the German lines. This gully was crammed with soldiers, (doughboys) going in to the front lines and our first lookout was to find shelter for the night. The best we could do was a piece of sheet iron propped up under which the three of us crowded. During the night, the Germans kept shelling the place. Great shells would fall in the field close by us and make the earth tremble. One coming fortifying about it was the shells were "ducks" that is they did not explode. The doughboys kept trying to crawl under our shelter, just as if a piece of tin would ward off shells. Then huge enemy bombing planes flew around low and dropped bombs in likely places. Eventually the night passed away as all nights must do, though some times at the front it seems as if daylight never will come again. In the morning the usual toll of wounded was brought in and fixed up as well as possible before being sent to the rear. All movement on our part was frowned on by the officers, because they did not want the snipers, or enemy planes to locate us. So we lay a round all day fighting flies and eating corned Willie at meal times. All day there never was a sound of a shot along the front. You cannot imagine how tense the silence was unless you are in a like place and realize that thousands of unseen men in the shimmering heat ahead of you are spying out the position of other thousands. In the afternoon we heard that this doughboy regiment was to be relieved that night. That was good news. We had lots rather be farther back and with our own regiment. The rumor proved to be true and we started back at dusk, just as the opposing armies were waking up to their nightly death grapple. First a machine gun would go "put, put, put, put," then another farther down the line would wake up, three or four would start in their riveter's chorus at once. Above the sound of the machine guns you could hear the rattle of rifle fire and as we were climbing the hill going back, I looked back and thought what a Hell's kettle it was down there in the valley. The machine guns and rifles of each side were firing at each other and the artillery of both sides was throwing a hurricane of bursting shells into the valley. Rockets were going up, chain rockets, green rockets, chemie rockets, red rockets, the latter I knew was our own side calling for a barrage. Each side was sending up fiery light lighting up the whole valley and the clamor was growing stronger all the time. We were mighty glad to get away and did not lose any time in putting as much distance as possible between ourselves and the front line. It was as well that we did because Jerry started shelling the fields we had just passed through. When I got back to my battery that night, I found that several of the boys had been killed during my absence.

Late never seems so much worth while as it does when you come back from the front. When we were relieved, we hiked night after night through ruined France, and finally on the first day we rested, we came to whole France and it seemed very beautiful. The houses were whole, the forests and fields were not wrecked with shell fire, and the whole countryside seemed to be very peaceful. I had a little money left, and was able to buy a whole carton full of fresh milk for 50 centimes. Then we stole some green plums and had a bath in a creek and had a fine time generally. The French peasants saw my blouse all torn to tatters by shelling and kept asking me, "votrez vous blessé?" and I knew what they were asking me but could not tell them that I had left my coat in my dugout when it was hit.

After making more hikes, this time during the day, through smiling France, we continued way below Chateau Thierry. We had a long railroad journey, de-trained immediately and started off on another hike with never a rest. This

stroyed the hives to get the honey. The bees were not to be daunted, however. They swarmed in a tree in the yard and started making comb from a branch. The first time I was up there I saw the comb and it certainly looked good, because we had not had anything sweet in a long time. We skulked out into the yard down so low so as to be out of sight of German snipers and took a pole and knocked down a big chunk of honey, which we promptly ate. We were stung a few times, but that was to be expected. I had hoped to tap our stock of sweets again soon, but the bees did not build it up very fast, and then we were relieved.

At the front there is a liaison detail up with the infantry. This is a group of men who act as runners or bearers of messages, between the infantry and artillery. The men are taken from the B. C. details of the different batteries and are relieved every few days because it is a very trying job. It came my turn in the first battle of ours and we left under heavy shell fire in charge of an officer. We arrived at our destination at dusk. Our destination in this case was a narrow rocky gully sloping downward towards the German lines. This gully was crammed with soldiers, (doughboys) going in to the front lines and our first lookout was to find shelter for the night. The best we could do was a piece of sheet iron propped up under which the three of us crowded. During the night, the Germans kept shelling the place. Great shells would fall in the field close by us and make the earth tremble. One coming fortifying about it was the shells were "ducks" that is they did not explode. The doughboys kept trying to crawl under our shelter, just as if a piece of tin would ward off shells. Then huge enemy bombing planes flew around low and dropped bombs in likely places. Eventually the night passed away as all nights must do, though some times at the front it seems as if daylight never will come again. In the morning the usual toll of wounded was brought in and fixed up as well as possible before being sent to the rear. All movement on our part was frowned on by the officers, because they did not want the snipers, or enemy planes to locate us. So we lay a round all day fighting flies and eating corned Willie at meal times. All day there never was a sound of a shot along the front. You cannot imagine how tense the silence was unless you are in a like place and realize that thousands of unseen men in the shimmering heat ahead of you are spying out the position of other thousands. In the afternoon we heard that this doughboy regiment was to be relieved that night. That was good news. We had lots rather be farther back and with our own regiment. The rumor proved to be true and we started back at dusk, just as the opposing armies were waking up to their nightly death grapple. First a machine gun would go "put, put, put, put," then another farther down the line would wake up, three or four would start in their riveter's chorus at once. Above the sound of the machine guns you could hear the rattle of rifle fire and as we were climbing the hill going back, I looked back and thought what a Hell's kettle it was down there in the valley. The machine guns and rifles of each side were firing at each other and the artillery of both sides was throwing a hurricane of bursting shells into the valley. Rockets were going up, chain rockets, green rockets, chemie rockets, red rockets, the latter I knew was our own side calling for a barrage. Each side was sending up fiery light lighting up the whole valley and the clamor was growing stronger all the time. We were mighty glad to get away and did not lose any time in putting as much distance as possible between ourselves and the front line. It was as well that we did because Jerry started shelling the fields we had just passed through. When I got back to my battery that night, I found that several of the boys had been killed during my absence.

Late never seems so much worth while as it does when you come back from the front. When we were relieved, we hiked night after night through ruined France, and finally on the first day we rested, we came to whole France and it seemed very beautiful. The houses were whole, the forests and fields were not wrecked with shell fire, and the whole countryside seemed to be very peaceful. I had a little money left, and was able to buy a whole carton full of fresh milk for 50 centimes. Then we stole some green plums and had a bath in a creek and had a fine time generally. The French peasants saw my blouse all torn to tatters by shelling and kept asking me, "votrez vous blessé?" and I knew what they were asking me but could not tell them that I had left my coat in my dugout when it was hit.

After making more hikes, this time during the day, through smiling France, we continued way below Chateau Thierry. We had a long railroad journey, de-trained immediately and started off on another hike with never a rest. This

(Continued page 3.)

# THE GASTONIAN

**TODAY—MONDAY**  
ROSCOE (FATTY) ARBUCKLE  
in  
"THE SHERIFF"  
A Laugh from Start to Finish  
and  
ENRICO CARUSO  
The World's Greatest Tenor  
in  
"MY COUSIN"  
(An Arterial Picture)

**TUESDAY**  
Return Engagement  
CHARLIE CHAPLIN  
in  
"A DOG'S LIFE"  
and  
HALE HAMILTON  
in  
"FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR"  
(Metro)

**WEDNESDAY**  
Return Engagement  
CHARLIE CHAPLIN  
in  
"WORK"  
and  
HARRY CAREY  
in  
"HELL BENT"  
(Big Western Feature)

**THURSDAY**  
BILLY BURKE  
in  
"THE MAKE-BELIEVE WIFE"  
(Paramount Picture)  
Many an innocent man has been hanged—and many an innocent husband has been suspected by his wife—but what would you say of the fellow who was caught with the goods (silk at that) right in his arms?  
A Pretty Hefty Explanation is Needed, HUH?

**FRIDAY**  
BRYANT WASHBURN  
in  
"THE GYPSY TRAIL"  
Some girls prefer a man who always behaves like a gentleman; other girls prefer a man who gets out of control once in a while. There's a sample of both in this lively picture.

**SATURDAY**  
Return Engagement  
CHARLIE CHAPLIN  
in  
"SHOULDER ARMS"  
and First Chapter of  
"THE LURE OF THE CIRCUS"  
Featuring Daring, Dashing, Reckless  
EDDIE POLO

A BIG SHOW EVERY DAY THIS WEEK  
AT THE  
**THE GASTONIAN**  
Enjoy Christmas by Spending a few Hours With Us.  
OPEN THIS WEEK DAILY 10 A. M.  
THE GASTONIAN THEATRE wishes one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## Fruits and Candies For The Christmas Holidays

We have a complete line of Fruits, Nuts and Candies for the Holiday trade. We do both a wholesale and retail business and would be glad to have your orders. We can furnish you

- Oranges
- Apples
- Bananas
- Malaga Grapes
- Raisins
- Figs
- Mixed Nuts
- English Walnuts
- Brazil Nuts
- Almonds
- Etc.
- Etc.

All kinds of Candies in bulk or in small quantities. The best and freshest at the most reasonable prices.

Phone us at No. 27 and tell us your wants

# P. P. Leventis & Co.

Wholesale and Retail Phone 27

## For Christmas

Full line of all kinds of Fruits and Candies for the holiday trade. Good apples, per bag 65 and 75 cents; oranges 30 and 40 cents per dozen.

Special prices in quantities for Christmas trees and entertainments. Be sure to see us before buying. Our goods are the best and our prices are right.

**JOHN FARRIS**  
Wholesale and Retail 105 East Main Ave.  
GASTONIA, N. C.