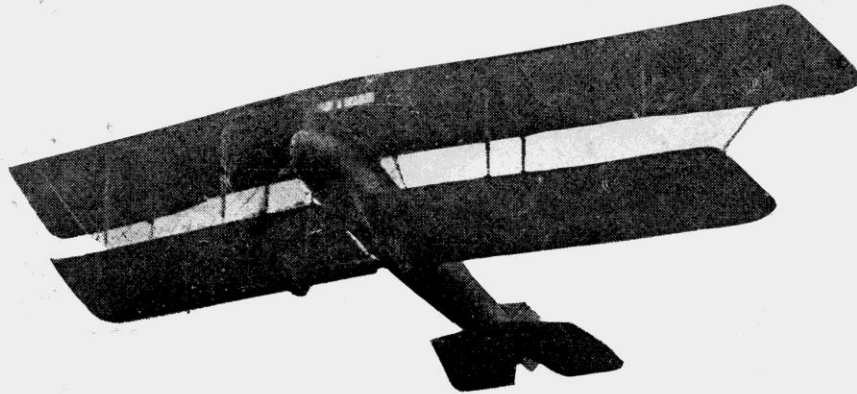
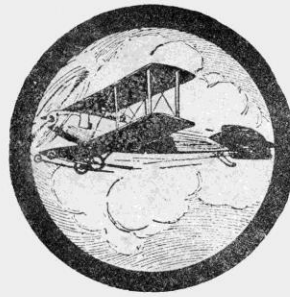
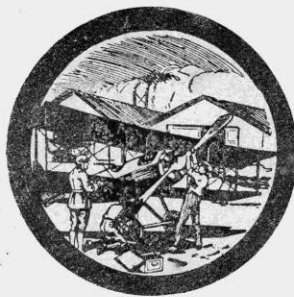


# The PROPELLER

CAMP GREENE, CHARLOTTE, N. C., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1918



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UNITED STATES ARMY

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COMMISSION MERCHANT.  
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# THE DROPTOPPER

Vol. I

CAMP GREENE, N. C., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1918

No. 6

## CARPENTERS ARE IN DEMAND.

The 8th Company of the 4th Reg. is in great demand for construction work; so much so that 1st Sergt. Langford threatens to put on "the blue" himself in order to relieve his mind of the strain of finding enough men for other details. The company is almost entirely composed of carpenters, and the general satisfaction which has attended their work proves them to be A No. 1 men in their trade.

It all began one morning about a month ago when twenty men were called out to go to Charlotte to work on the Soldiers' Club. They assembled at the head of the company street in a hilarious mood at the prospect of again wielding the saw and hammer after their long vacation. That job finished, they were set to remodeling the Presbyterian Hospital, which is to be used as a soldiers' inn. In all probability another piece of work will be waiting for them when they have finished there.

Another detail of three men is at work at the Charlotte K. of C. Soldiers' Club, where an addition is being built to the Latta Building to provide for shower baths and a canteen. When Captain Billingsley of the 19th Company decided to gladden the hearts of his men by putting a floor in the mess hall to trip the light fantastic on, he sent for ten men from the 8th Company. When work was begun on the restaurant which is being erected next to the 4th Reg. Post Exchange, it was the 8th Company that furnished the six carpenters. A detail of four men is busy making Majors Stone and Zoll comfortable in their tent, and another detail of seven is working on the officers' tents at Industrial Headquarters.

## IT NEVER HAPPENS IN THE ARMY.



## HIGH OFFICIALS VISIT THE CAMP.

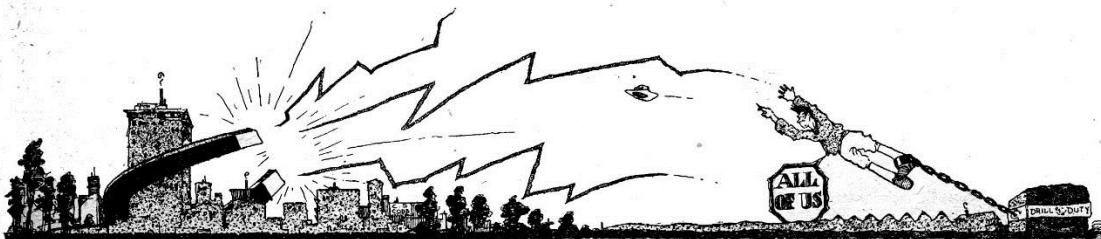
Secretary of War Baker and Secretary of the Navy Daniels were visitors in Charlotte and Camp Greene last Sunday. Upon arrival in the city, Secretary Baker, accompanied by Surgeon General Gorgas and other staff officers, drove immediately to camp and were served luncheon as the guests of Brigadier General Babbitt, commander of the camp. In the afternoon a tour of inspection was made. The war secretary returned to Washington on Sunday night with Secretary Daniels. The latter made two addresses in Charlotte during the day, and a short Mothers' Day talk to the officers and men of the 4th Ammunition Train at Camp Greene.

## SOLDIERS' CLUB IS OPENED.

The Soldiers' Club at 516 South Tryon Street was formally opened and turned over to the enlisted men of Camp Greene last Saturday. The War Camp Community Service held an informal Lawn Fete, followed by dancing in the new pavilion as an accompaniment to the occasion, and the usual very pleasant relation existing between the people of Charlotte and the soldiers at the camp was again manifested, and helped to make the afternoon and evening a decided success.

Mayor Frank R. McNinch made the presentation speech and Lieut. Col. Roy C. Kirtland accepted the beautiful club house on behalf of the soldiers. Mayor McNinch highly praised the work of the men of the M. M.'s and declared that a record had been established by the building of the dancing pavilion in only 52 working hours. Colonel Kirtland most sincerely thanked the War Camp Community Service and the people of Charlotte for their whole-hearted kindness to the men in training at the camp. The 3rd Reg. Band furnished the music for the dance that followed the presentation, and, needless to say, the floor was crowded despite the heat of the evening.

The club house was tastefully decorated with vases of flowers, and the grounds and porches were hung with hundreds of Japanese lanterns. The ladies of the First Presbyterian Church served home-made cake, sandwiches and ice cream. The proceeds of the sale of the refreshments and tobacco will be used to purchase furniture and equipment for the club.



## LETTERS FROM COMRADES OVERSEAS.

H. L. Dalton of the 20th Co., 3rd Reg., is in receipt of the following letter from a cousin in France, who is in the ground division of the Lafayette Escadrille.

Our squadron has just been sent up to become the ground division of the Lafayette Escadrille. Of course none of us are fliers, as only the most experienced fliers are given a machine. They are a remarkable body of men. We count ourselves most fortunate indeed to be selected to make up, together with the flying division, the reorganized Lafayette Escadrille.

The Escadrille was transferred to the American Army, and we are taking the place of the French squadron of mechanics, electricians and other workmen who were supporting the Escadrille, keeping the planes in repair. They come in with their planes and fuselage, or bodies, shot full of holes, machine guns jammed and out of commission, and a hundred and one other things wrong as the result of air battles.

Two of our pilots were lost in a snow storm yesterday, but landed safely back of the lines. One was only a few miles away, while another was about twenty miles away. He was on patrol duty beyond the German lines, and when the wind and snow covered him he turned toward home and kept going until his gasoline gave out, and landed safely back of the lines. Some gasoline or "essence" (essence of petrol) was carried to him, and he came in all right.

Lines of barbed wire entanglement run for miles in all directions from us. Part of the entanglement was placed here during the first fighting in 1914. There are a great many trenches remaining, while near the camp are dug-outs twenty-five feet deep. Our buildings are camouflaged and we have protection trenches which we duck into when raided by the Boche planes. They come across occasionally when the moon is shining and the nights clear.

We had a nice one a short time ago. The boys call it the weekly ration of "Hardware." They don't wait for night always, either. We watch the shrapnel breaking around the German planes from time to time. At night we can see them when they pass between us and the moon. The French planes are up and after them in a very short time.

It's the greatest life in the world here. The artillery along the front is going most of the time. At times it is very loud and heavy and the buildings shake with the jar of the heavy guns. We are out of shell range, of course, but hope to see more of it as time goes along. Being a Pursuit squadron, we will see as much of it as any aero squadron.

After one is in awhile the accidents that may happen rarely cross one's mind. We know the danger, but simply dismiss it

from our minds, after proper precaution has been taken. There isn't a man in the outfit, I suppose, who would accept a transfer back to the base. None that I know, certainly I would not.

I am enjoying the game immensely in spite of the rough weather conditions at present, though the weather for several weeks has been very fine. Working in mud and water at times, we get acquainted with war conditions at first hand.

I applied for admission to the Officers' Reserve Training Camp, but was told that no provisions was made on this side for the kind of work done at Fort Oglethorpe and Plattsburg. They will do all the training in the United States. I would have applied at home, but was afraid I might be assigned to duty in America. I am disappointed in not being able to enter a training camp, but I would rather be here in the Lafayette Escadrille as a private than to be kept at home, and that is what might have happened if I had applied.

There are many things that I wish I had time to write of. A day or two ago a little boy was found walking about near the camp. He came here with a French regiment, but they had gone away. His history is an interesting one. His mother was killed by the Germans in 1914. He went to the front with his father, a French lieutenant, and was wounded by the shell that killed his father. Since then he has wandered about from place to place with any group that would take care of him. He is now about fifteen, but quite small for that age. The boys fitted him out with a uniform, and he is having a great time. He was awful shy at first, and very quiet, but the boys paid a good deal of attention to him, and now he is having a great time.

You would like to be here for a few hours at least, sometimes. The heavy guns are at work along the front, while starshells used to illuminate the battlefield at night, rise one after another, on the horizon. When the raids are on, things are quite a bit more lively. The explosion of shrapnel in the air, and bombs on the ground make enough noise to keep one from forgetting that we are still at war. As the Tommies say, it's "just a little exchange of compliments to show that this ain't no love feast."

I find the French soldiers an unfailing source of interest. Some of them talk English, and when they cannot, one of our men who knows French will interpret for us. We were introduced to one little Frenchman at a camp on the way up. He was separated from his company, and when he couldn't find them, went on and took a trench by himself, killing twelve Germans and bringing back forty prisoners to the French lines. He is now wearing a "Croix de Guiere." He went back to the front that night.

The snow is on the ground here and it looks like real winter once more. I have just been looking at two planes that have gone up this morning. They were soon glistening with frost, and shining in the sunlight as they sailed in and out among the high floating clouds, many feet up in the air.

A French high officer came by some time since and a small fleet did some acrobatic flying in his honor. You should have seen the machines. Upshoots, spirals, loop-the-loop, dives, somersaults, flips, tail-spins and every sort of acrobatic stunts followed one another in such rapid succession that one almost held his breath. And with all of them going at the same time, it was a sight not to be forgotten. It's a great sight, these fast planes with that sign that the Germans have come to know so well, the Indian head with it's long eagle feathers all driven by American pilots. We are proud of them. May we live to see the thing they are fighting for come true.

Before coming up to the front, my squadron and another was sent to represent the Americans at a Ceremony of Presentation. Two Frenchmen and one American were decorated. There was some pretty nice flying that day. The exercises were most impressive. The drill and marching of the French was fine, and their Chasseurs marching song, "Lede Braheim," was sung in a wonderful way. It is thrilling beyond power to describe.

One of the things in this country that impressed me from the first, is the remarkably fine system of roads. The highways of France are beautiful, tall trees growing on each side. They were set out some twenty yards apart. The highway past this camp runs over slope and lowlands as far as it can be seen without a bend or curve, straight on to the battle front. It is a historic road, of which I will tell you a good many things, when I see you again.

M. D. PHILLIPS,  
130 Aero Pursuit Squadron,  
Lafayette Escadrille, A. E. F.

H. C. Long of Charlotte, N. C., lately received from his son, Lieut. G. M. Long, of the American Air Service in France, the letter from which the following extracts were taken:

"We are flying almost daily now, each of us getting a couple of hops around the field of six minutes each, practicing handling the controls, which are a rudder, a joy stick, and the speed control or throttle. It is a little strange to feel the joy stick with its universal movement, that is, its movements forward or back, right or left, and any angle between these major directions imaginable. Pushing forward produces the dive, backwards a climb, to the right lowers the right wing and elevates the left, to the left the opposite effect is obtained. You can

deduce the movements possible from the varied movements of the stick. The stick in combination with the rudder, both to the right, is the ordinary way of making turns to either side.

"It is thrilling to see one of the fast little Nieuports about 5,000 feet in the clouds doing some acrobatic stunts. One of the favorite stunts of the French aviator is the "Reversement" (roversmon) followed by a steep "vrille" (vree). The first starts like a loop, but just before the plane is entirely upside down, or at the top of the loop, one wing is dropped and the machine partially side-slips until she is headed straight for the ground, then the pilot gives her lots of rudder and stick, and she takes a perpendicular spiral until she comes out in a long, graceful glide. They lose about a thousand feet during a stunt of this kind, and you may imagine that when they pull out on the last spiral they have some speed. All requires less than a minute, and is a rare sight of pleasure."

#### TWO PATRIOTS.

The girl he left behind him  
Didn't wring her hands and weep.  
She didn't moan and maunder  
And night-long vigils keep.  
She missed him, for she loved him,  
And her love was strong and true,  
But she saw in one swift moment  
There was work for her to do.

So she took the tasks before her,  
And she did them every one—  
Labor after labor finished  
And another task begun.  
He is fighting for his country,  
For the good of all mankind,  
And the girl he left behind him  
Isn't very far behind.

—Somerville Journal.

#### MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE.

Forget the spots upon the sun,  
You'll find the sun is bright.  
Forget there is a darkness,  
Deny there is a night.  
Forget today is rainy,  
For tomorrow may be fine;  
Just brush away the clouds yourself,  
And make your own sunshine.

FRANK PATTERSON, 7th Co.

#### A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.  
God bless my brother, gone to war,  
Across the seas, in France, so far.  
Oh, may his fight for Liberty,  
Save millions more than little me  
From cruel fates or ruthless blast—  
And bring him safely home at last.

—Exchange.

#### NEWS FROM THE K. OF C. HALLS.

Deafening roars and shouts greeted Lew Dockstader, the world's most famous humorist at K. of C. Bldg. No. 1 on Wednesday night, when the veteran minstrel-man flew from the city to give a few minutes to the boys at Camp Greene. Lew carried with him his entire boudoir, or make-up which consisted of that well-known dark gray moustache, one ordinary suit of civilian clothes and the necessary attachments thereto in order to appear as a respectable, law-abiding, patriotic citizen before the crowded house. In other words the famous comedian needed no make-up, he simply told his stories, "made a speech" as he later told the K. of C. secretary, and he hoped that he pleased his auditors. Extensive preparations had been made by the K. of C. secretaries in charge of Bldg. No. 1 under Jim Cavanaugh, acting general secretary, but Mr. Dockstader pleaded with the secretaries to make his welcome strictly informal, no "big-time" for Lew, and the only wish he expressed was that he could remain longer with the boys. Everybody tried to be satisfied with Lew's short visit but he was compelled to leave after 30 minutes of side-splitting laughter and much commotion for more.

Mr. Dockstader is appearing this week at Keith's theater in Charlotte and promised faithfully that he would put in an appearance at the camp on his next visit to town. And the chorus responded: "Make it quick, Lew."

Secretary Jack Donahue has under way a tennis court at Bldg. No. 1, also a hand-ball alley and a volley ball court which he announced would be completed this week. The basketball court has been moved and is to be placed in a permanent site in order that those playing the various games will not conflict in any way. Mr. Donahue has been recently supplied with an extra large allotment of sporting goods and supplies and expects to make the grounds around K. of C. Bldg. No. 1 the very mecca of sports at Camp Greene.

While co-operating with other organizations in the camp and distributing athletic material to regimental teams Mr. Donahue has announced that nothing will be left undone to keep his new athletic field at Bldg. No. 1 in first class condition and well stocked with all sorts of sporting goods. Everybody is welcome to take part in any of the games at this building, and Mr. Donahue will gladly give instruction in athletics to any one wishing to join his present classes.

#### The Comeback.

Student (facetiously)—This steak is like a day in June, Mrs. Borden; very rare.  
Landlady (crustily)—And your bill is like March weather; always unsettled.—Punch Bowl.

#### CANADIAN VETERAN VISITS CAMP.

A victim, and one of the few survivors of the first German gas attack, Randolph Gilbert, late of the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles, is on the bill at the Liberty Theater this week. He was in the Boer War, as a member of the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, and did two tricks with the Northwest Mounted Police.

Mr. Gilbert's regiment crossed to England in November, 1914, and after a few weeks spent in training at Shorncliffe, crossed to France, the transport spending a day and a half on the Channel picking its way through German mine fields. After twenty-one days of tiresome, uneventful routine in the trenches, the battle of Ypres opened with the first gas attack ever made.

When the Germans released the yellow-brown gas, the men mistook it for smoke from some explosive; but officers seemed to have some intimation that gas was being used, for they ordered the men to wet their handkerchiefs at once and to breathe through them. Maddened by the gas, many of the men were clubbed by their comrades in self-defense; others fell unconscious, and two companies of Mr. Gilbert's regiment were almost entirely wiped out. Only two officers survived. One of them was "Heller" Curry, now Major General, commanding the Canadians at Vimy Ridge, almost the only place from which British forces did not retire during the recent German offensive.

Mr. Gilbert wrapped his head in a kit taken from the body of a dead comrade, and lay unconscious in the trench from three o'clock in the afternoon until about four o'clock the next morning. Months were spent in hospitals and in recuperation camps by Mr. Gilbert before he was sufficiently recovered from the effects of the gas to be discharged from the Army and to take up work in civil life. He is soon to be made manager of one of the army camp Liberty theaters which are being conducted by the War Department Commission on Camp Activities.

#### AN ACE.

I need—I take—to wing my song,  
One little punning word,  
An Ace on earth, it seems to me,  
Is just a Hunning bird.

A whir, a hum, a dart, a dip,  
A drop—a moment's pain.  
I wonder—does he hunt the Hun  
Upon that astral plane?  
Pan, in Line o' Type.

Sweet maid, whose charms I'm glad to sing,  
Forgive this from a lovelorn chap—  
Would you were Winter, I were Spring,  
That you might linger in my lap.  
Washington State Weekly.



MAJOR ROBERT COKER, S. C., U. S. A.

Commanding 4th Reg. Motor Mechanics.

Major Robert Coker, S. C., commanding the 4th Reg. Motor Mechanics, is a native of Salem, Mass., and was a student of civil engineering at Brown University, Providence, R. I., and was engaged in engineering work prior to his entrance into the regular army, as second lieutenant of Infantry, in 1908. He came to the Motor Mechanics from the 14th Machine Gun Battalion, 9th Brigade, 5th Division, Regulars, in January, 1918, and joined the organization at Camp Hancock.

When first commissioned Major Coker was assigned to the 12th Infantry and was stationed at Ft. Porter, N. Y. In June, 1909, accompanied that regiment to the Philippine Islands, arriving in Manila about August 1st. He was detailed with his company, August 10th, to station at Camp John Hay, Bagulo, Province of Benguet, the far-famed Summer Capitol of the Philippines.

In January, 1910, he was ordered back to Ft. McKinley, the station of the 12th Infantry, and was on duty with that regiment until January, 1911 when he was put on special duty in the Military Information Division, General Staff, to make reconnaissance report and monograph on the Province Bulacan. When this work was finished, he rejoined his regiment at Ft. McKinley, where he remained, with the exception of a few months spent in construction work on the Island of Corregidor, at the entrance of Manila Bay, until the return of the regiment to the United States in January, 1912.

He was stationed at Monterey, California, with the 12th Infantry until April, 1912, when he was transferred to the 3rd Infantry. He joined that regiment at San Francisco on its return to the United States, and proceeded with the First Battalion of that Regiment to Fort Ontario, N. Y., remaining on duty with that Battalion at that post until January, 1915. During this time, he was for two years Battalion Quartermaster

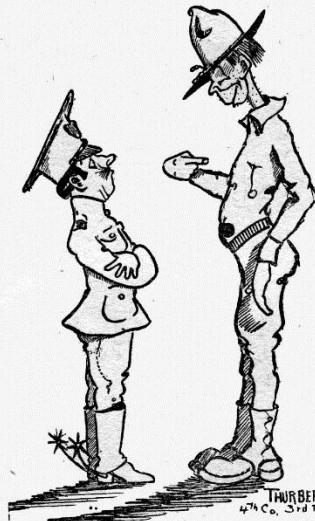
and Commissary and Post Quartermaster at Fort Ontario.

In January, 1915, he was transferred to Madison Barracks New York, and remained there until the Third Infantry was ordered to Eagle Pass, Texas, in May, 1916, on account of the Mexican border trouble, when he was promoted first lieutenant and transferred to the 7th Infantry at El Paso, Texas, in June, 1916. He remained on duty with the 7th Infantry until that regiment was ordered to Gettysburg, Pa., and divided to organize the 60th and 61st Infantry. When the 7th Infantry was divided, he was ordered to the 60th Infantry, and stayed with that regiment until December 1st, 1917. During this time the regiment was moved from Gettysburg to Camp Greene, N. C., arriving at Camp Greene November 10th, 1917. He was promoted to his captaincy while with the 60th Infantry.

On December 1st, 1917, he was ordered to the 14th Machine Gun Battalion, 9th Brigade, 5th Division Regulars, and organized that battalion. On January 12th, 1918, he was detailed as temporary Major in the Signal Corps, and has been with the Motor Mechanics Regiments since that date.

Claude Shafer, cartoonist for the Cincinnati Post, is in camp this week, doing cartoon chalk talks at the Y. M. C. A. huts. He will appear at Y 105 tonight. It is hoped that some of Mr. Shafer's impressions of Camp Greene will be available for the next issue of The Propeller.

THAT'S ME.



Officer—"I don't want to see you at drill again with that patch on the seat of your pants."

Pvt. Pease—"That's not a patch, sir. That's me."



A few of the painters with the 7th Co. 3rd Motor Mechanics Regiment. Reading from left to right, top row, John A. Gradt, local No. 101, Chicago, Ill.; Albert Anderson, local No. 109, Omaha, Neb.; Henry S. Clayton, local No. 294, Fresno, Cal.; A. Maskin, local No. 219, Patterson, N. J. Lower row, Fred M. Howlett, local No. 752, Omaha, Neb.; Earl E. Crooke, local No. 30, Savannah, Ga.; J. F. Richards, local No. 109, Omaha, Neb.; Charles B. Moore, local No. 47, Indianapolis, Ind. These men have all received sergeants' rating, as they are experts in their line of work.

The 3rd Reg. band has come through the critical period of organization with flying colors and is now firmly established both financially and by its musical ability. At Camp Hancock the money for the first work of organization was raised by voluntary contribution of the officers and casual companies of the regiment. The officers each gave \$1.00, and the companies donated about \$35.00 each. Later the band played at the game between the Yankees and Boston baseball teams, here at Charlotte, and was presented with the sum of \$250.00 by Col. Jacob Rupert of New York city, half owner of the New York American League ball team. An item of about \$36.00 stands on the books of the organization as "Involuntary Contributions." Those who sorrowfully remember Capt. McGeehan's activities in suppressing poker and crap games can be proud of their share in the financing of the Regimental Band.

A number of Motor Mechanics, who are clever with their fists, will be seen in a boxing exhibition at the City Auditorium Wednesday evening, May 22nd. A preliminary 4-round bout between Matty Murphy of New York and Leo Crevire of Boston will be followed by a match between Young Phillips and Kid Thomas, and the feature of the evening—a contest between Johnny Gardner and Billy McCoy for the 138-pound championship.

There are in the 16th Co. of the 3rd Reg. about 75 men from New York State.

WE THANK YOU, LADY.

The Propeller,

Camp Greene, N. C.

Just the best camp magazine I have seen. Have read it from cover to cover. Every article is interesting, clear and concise; jokes are good and clean, personals are very interesting. In fact, it is just splendid, that's all.

Wishing you success in the future.

Most sincerely,

One boy's Mother, but Mother to all soldiers  
Anna McF. Taylor, Indiana, Pa.

FIRST BATTALION TAKES A HIKE.

The first Battalion of the 3rd M. M. Reg., under Major Phillip Fox, I. R. C., hiked to Ryan's Plantation Tuesday afternoon. A cross country route which was previously selected by an advance guard was taken on the way out. The men were fully equipped and marched with packs and rations. On arrival at the plantation, packs were unslung, and a short rest was taken. After that the Battalion marched to the summit, and took observations of the surrounding country. The peak of King's Mountain was the center of attraction as this may be the destination of a future hike. On returning to the camping place, fires were started and the men had coffee boiling and bacon and potatoes frying in a few minutes. Each man cooked his own meal and seemed to enjoy it, for no ill effects have been apparent up to date. After the meal, sports were indulged in by the men of the different companies. The start back to camp was made at 8:15, and after a snappy march, the Battalion arrived at their company streets at about 9:15 p. m. Captain G. G. Thorn accompanied Major Fox as Adjutant.

OFFICERS FOURTH MOTOR MECHANIC REGIMENT, S. C.

- Col. Chalmers G. Hall, S. C.
- Lt. Col. Henry B. Joy, S. C.
- Major Robert Coker, S. C., 1st Battalion.
- Major Henry L. Duboc, I. R. C., 2nd Battalion.
- Major Phelps Newberry, A. S. S. C., 3rd Battalion.
- Major Alfred W. Harris, S. R. C. A. S., 1st Battalion.
- Major Edward C. Zoll, S. R. C. A. S., 2nd Battalion.
- Major Thomas Cunningham, S. R. C. A. S., 3rd Battalion.
- Major Morton D. Stone, S. R. C. A. S., 4th Battalion.
- Capt. S. H. Middagh, A. S. S. C., Regimental Adjutant.
- Capt. Robert G. Bloedel, A. S. S. C., Regimental Supply Officer.
- Capt. Thomas B. Cassels, A. S. S. C., Adjutant 1st Battalion.
- Capt. Harry O. Williams, I. R. C., Adjutant 2nd Battalion.
- Capt. William H. Young, I. R. C., Adjutant 3rd Battalion.
- Capt. William J. Callaghan, R. C., Adjutant 4th Battalion.
- 1st Lt. John H. Bligh, F. A. R. C., Sup. Of. 1st Battalion.
- 1st Lt. Thomas E. Jenkins, I. R. C., S. O. 2nd Battalion.
- 1st Lt. John W. Harris, I. R. C., S. O. 3rd Battalion.
- 1st Lt. Clarence M. Howard, I. R. C., S. O. 4th Battalion.
- Co. 1—Capt. Lester H. Gilles, 1st Lt. C. R. Henninger, 1st Lt. H. A. Brandtjen.
- Co. 2—Capt. Herbert A. Greene, 1st Lt. M. J. Carey, 2nd Lt. C. J. Pendergast.

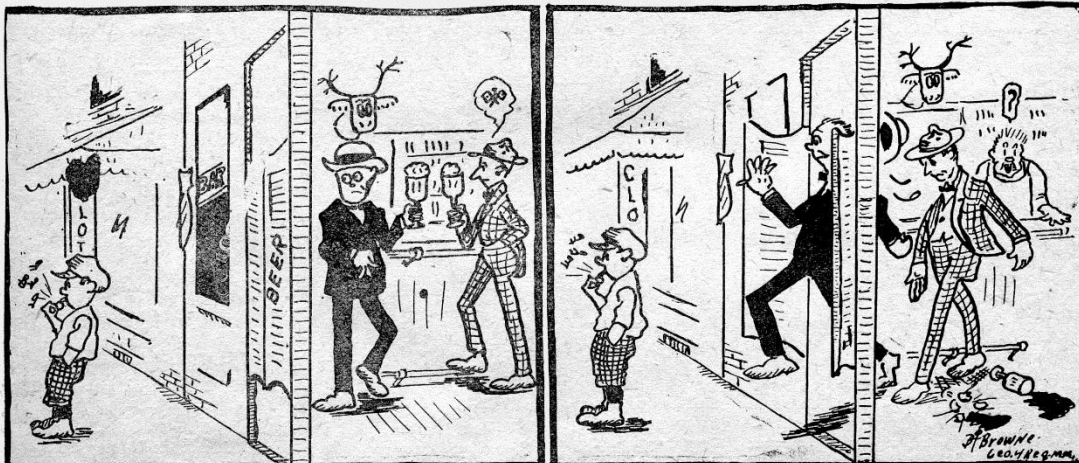
- Co. 3—Capt. Harry H. Curtis, 1st Lt. W. J. McKelvey, 2nd Lt. R. E. Hine.
- Co. 4—Capt. Frank Connell, 1st Lt. G. A. Garman, 2nd Lt. L. P. Kinsey.
- Co. 5—Capt. Andrew Hawkins, 1st Lt. F. A. Witt, 1st Lt. H. B. Giles.
- Co. 6—Capt. Joseph C. Neff, 1st Lt. C. B. Mitchell, 2nd Lt. Victor Shaw.
- Co. 7—Capt. Maurice J. Cooney, 1st Lt. B. A. Skellan, 2nd Lt. Joseph Plush.
- Co. 8—Capt. Henry M. Jeffries, 1st Lt. H. H. Parents, 2nd Lt. R. B. Lindsey.
- Co. 9—Capt. Thomas Williams, 1st Lt. S. L. Walden, 2nd Lt. C. W. Muldoon.
- Co. 10—Capt. Michael Burke, 1st Lt. Edw. Lewis.
- Co. 11—Capt. Frank Ondreick, 1st Lt. J. A. Hitchens, 2nd Lt. E. Young.
- Co. 12—Capt. Arthur Mayo, 1st Lt. G. O. Reynolds, 2nd Lt. E. C. Howes.
- Co. 13—Capt. John M. Wainwright, 1st Lt. H. F. McCurdy, 2nd Lt. H. F. Hauserman.
- Co. 14—Capt. Robert G. Nelson, 1st Lt. R. H. Randall, 2nd Lt. D. B. Register.
- Co. 15—Capt. John Skinner, 1st Lt. G. E. Marshall, 2nd Lt. C. F. Huntington.
- Co. 16—Capt. George C. Norris, 1st Lt. J. A. Allen, 2nd Lt. E. R. Whitledge.
- Co. 17—Capt. Joseph Boyarski, 1st Lt. Felix Lewin, 2nd Lt. I. P. Fahrney.
- Co. 18—Capt. Donald W. Rowan, 1st Lt. T. C. Gordon, 2nd Lt. F. A. Ballard.
- Co. 19—Capt. Harrison Billingsley, 1st Lt. J. W. Lane, 1st Lt. J. H. Williams.
- Co. 20—Capt. Patrick Darby, 1st Lt. J. R. Kearns, 2nd Lt. H. F. Milstrey.

Capt. to Motor Mac.—What is military bearing.

Motor Mac.—I don't know, sir; I only worked on rabbit bearings.

O'Connell, 13th Co., 4th Regt.

AFTER THE WAR—EVERYBODY OUT!



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## Personal and Local

The good people of Saint Martin's Episcopal Church entertained about seventy-five Motor Mechanics at the beautiful Myers Park Club House Monday, May the 13th. Refreshments of all kinds were served and the wonderful dance floor of the Club House was always busy. Rev. Joh nL. Jackson is pastor of the church and was much in evidence, at all times helping the Motor Mechanics to enjoy themselves. All the boys were tagged with their names and were introduced to everybody present. All the girls, and there was a goodly sprinkling of them notwithstanding the inclement weather, showed true Southern hospitality, sparing no efforts in making the ground school boys feel perfectly at home. Too much praise can not be given the men's club and the women of the Church Guild of Saint Martin's for the pleasures and kind attention given to our boys away from home ties. The affairs occur bi-weekly and in the intervals between them many of the boys are to be entertained in the homes of these patriotic folk. The Motor Mechanics are lucky in the extreme that they have been quartered near Charlotte where so much wonderful hospitality and appreciation exists.

The 3rd Regt. band has been very busy lately and has played at several important affairs. It furnished music at the big Mecklenburg County Liberty Loan Rally, held at the Auditorium and at the Red Cross benefit. Later in the week it played at the graduation exercises of a class of nurses at the Presbyterian Hospital, and at the Confederate Soldiers Memorial services. The 4th Amm. Train and the 77th Field Artillery called upon it to furnish music at their review on May 11th, and in the evening of the same day it played dance music for the opening of the new Soldiers' Club in Charlotte.

The 9th Co., 3rd Reg., held a meeting in the mess hall Thursday evening and perfected an organization by electing managers of the following enterprises: Basket-ball, Lawrence E. Drake; base-ball, William Keith; reporter, Meridith T. Reneau; Athletic director, Ernest H. Pearson; social activities, Lessie D. Pease; swimming, Franklin E. Soules.

A lawn fete and May festival will be given on the lawn at the Soldiers' Club on So. Tryon street on the evening of May 23rd by the 12th Co., 4th Reg. The new pavillion will be open for dancing, and no charge will be made. Sgts. Hamilton, Ritter and Moran, and Cpls. Murphy, Ramsdell and Leé compose the committee in charge of the affair.

The 9th Co., 3rd Reg., does not intend to be out done by any of the other companies. Recent additions to the mess hall includes oil cloth and real plates on the tables. Music is furnished with the meals from a new Edison phonograph. Mike, the cook, says he will fill the boys up with music when the mess fund and rations run low.

Jules Lucione, known professionally as "Jules Lasures" wants to know the name, rank, company and regiment of all circus and carnival men in the outfit. The list is to be published in "The Billboard." Step up, troopers, and give your name to the Ballyhoo man at The Propeller office.

Cpl. Fritz thinks that the 10th Co., 4th Regt., has a very complete Motor Mechanics tool equipment. There are forty No. 2 short handled shovels, twenty-five picks, one rake, monkey wrench and a claw hammer.

The 11th squad of the 9th Co., 3rd Reg. probably holds the record for consistent support of The Propeller. Its members bought twenty-six copies of the last issue, and twenty-four copies of the preceding one.

Native sons of California are invited to come to the mess hall of the Headquarters Co., 3rd Reg., Tuesday evening as soon after mess as is possible. McCohn says there will be something doing.

The 13th Co., 4th M. M. S. C., is sporting a service flag for Corp. A. G. Walker, who is transferred to Battery "A" 16th F. A. We regret losing him but wish him all the luck in the world.

Any Motor Mac who has any tame white rats can call and see Slim Garrison, cook of the 13th Co., 4th M. M. S. C., and he will tell them how to dispose of them to good advantage.

Lieut. John W. Harris of the 4th Reg., who has just recovered from an operation is spending a month's furlough at his home in Las Vegas, N. M.

The 4th Co., 4th Reg. has been detailed for guard duty at the camp formerly occupied by the 4th Engineers for an indefinite period.

Pvt. Wrublewski, of the 17th Co., 4th Regt., is in Buffalo on a ten-day furlough visiting his mother, who is ill.

Pvt. Lang was asked if he could drill. He replied: "Yes, sir, with a brace and bit."

Pvt. Hoffman, 16th Co., 4th Reg., took a hundred and fifty dollar Liberty Loan. He must be planning a big time after the war.



Pvt. Geo. Mander, a blooming H'englishman, late of one of Londons' prize stables, is a continuous asset to the Headquarters Co. of the 3rd Reg. The other morning while he was crossing the parade ground he stopped to rebuke a colored man who was abusing a team of mules that was doing its best to pull a road scraper out of a hole. Mander took the team in charge and commanded, "Right oblique there now; forward. Get your 'eads up, make it snappy. Continue the march." The mules obeyed like true Motor Macs and he relinquished his command with the words, "As you were."

"It Pays to Advertise," a highly amusing comedy that has proved most popular in all parts of the country, will be put on at the Liberty Theater next week. By special arrangement Messrs. Cohan and Harris and Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue have waived their royalty rights, and made it possible to put the show on the Liberty circuit.

Sgt. C. J. MacPherson, H'qtrs Co., seems to be thankful that he emigrated to this country. Before leaving Scotland he always wore skirts, but he is now wearing pants with comfort.

First Sergeant Jack Yates left for Iron-town, Ohio, on a ten days' furlough. Its some trip, and Jack was heard to sing, "I May Be Gone For a Long, Long Time."

The officers of the 12th Co., 3rd Regt., think they have established a record for speed. Capt. Bessig and his assistants paid off 138 men in 18 minutes.

Sgt. Kernell of Hdqts. Co., 3rd Reg. has returned for duty from the Base Hospital, where he has been confined for two weeks with lumbago.

1st Class Pvt. Chester Reed of Hdqts. Co., 3rd Reg. has been confined to the Base Hospital, where he is to undergo an operation.

1st Sgt. Harry Kreef of Hdqts. Co., 3rd Reg. is on a ten-day furlough. He is visiting his home at Montclair, N. Y.

Henry H. Lamar, of the 16th Co., 3rd Reg., has gone to his home in Charleston, S. C., for a short stay.

Pvt. Robt. W. Young of the 8th Co., 4th Reg. left on a seven-day furlough last Sunday for his home in Roseville, Ga.

Sergeant McPharlin, Business Manager of the 14th Co. ball team, predicts great things for the future. This company has a good line up of fast ball players and they are going to make some showing. Look out for the 14th.

The Propeller has been fortunate in securing the services of George Hagel of the 11th Co., 4th Reg. as one of its salesmen. Pvt. Hagel boasts of having sold more copies of The Propeller than any other individual. He covered every company in both regiments on Saturday afternoon, and by so doing had to sacrifice both his dinner and his supper. In former life he was the owner of a large garage in Brooklyn, N. Y. He is the author of the now famous song, "Keep the Incinerator Fires Burning."

Pvt. Gunn of the 4th Co., 4th Reg., has received an honorable discharge from the army, and has joined the Government Shipbuilding Workers at Philadelphia, Pa. He has been connected with the shipbuilding industry practically all his life and will be better able to do his bit in that line than with the Motor Mechanics.

Marquerite, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Perry, 207 Brevard Street, and Cpl. Grover C. Rhodes of the 12th Co., 3rd Reg., were married by Rev. George Bell, in Charlotte, Saturday evening, May 4th. The wedding was a quiet affair, only a very few friends of the bride and groom being present.

Orderly Fred Adams of the 17th Co., 3rd Reg., had a pair of leggings issued to him the other day. He says they are four sizes too big for him. He intends to use one for a corset at next dress parade.

Cpl. Martin gave the boys of the 16th Co., 4th Reg. a big surprise by announcing his recent engagement to "a sweet girl," who is located "somewhere" in Texas.

D. Ward Milam, camp musical director of the Y. M. C. A., left last week with one of the outgoing troop trains. His early return to camp is anticipated.

The bugler of 9th Co., 4th Reg., has developed the habit of practicing new calls in his sleep. After the war he should get a job in a light-house.

Wm. V. Schett of the 2nd Co., 4th Reg., has returned from a visit to his parents at Las Vegas, N. M.

The bowling team of the 16th Co., 4th Reg., is open for challenges from other company teams.

Pvt. T. C. Foley of the 8th Co., 4th Reg., left for Chicago last Tuesday on a ten-day furlough.

Pvt. Bush of 9th Co., 4th Reg. is at home on his long dreamed-of furlough.

O. W. Connere, 17th Co., 4th Reg., is on furlough, visiting his home in Boston.

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1st Sgt. Watson of the 3rd Co., 3rd Reg., has returned from a ten-day furlough. Watson visited his home in Mississippi.

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

A shop for the repair and maintenance of motorcycles used in the motor mechanics brigade, has been established in the building vacated by the 4th Reg. Headquarters, adjacent to Industrial Headquarters. The place is in charge of Lieut. C. A. Phillips; and is manned by a crew of motorcycle "bugs" under Foreman Sgt. Howse, who is hip to all the arts and dark devices of the motorcycle speed demons, as well as to the hum-drum business of keeping prosaic service bikes going. Sgt. Howse has been a motorcycle race rider, and his mechanics come from repair shops, service stations and motorcycle factories.

A. O. Gillette, 10th Co., 3rd Reg., spent nine months on the other side, as 3rd class quartermaster on the 740-ton destroyer Sterette, which did patrol duty off the Irish coast, and convoyed American transports into British and French ports. Six weeks after his hitch in the Navy was finished he enlisted with the Motor Mechanics.

Pvt. Albert McLain of the 3rd Co., 3rd Reg., has returned from a ten-day leave. He visited his home in Ohio. On arriving at camp he was greeted with the good news that he had been appointed Sergeant. McLain is known in the 3rd Co., as "Silent Mac."

Sgt. Harry W. Thomas, formerly 1st Sgt. of the 8th Casual Co., has been assigned to duty as 1st Sgt. of the 10th Co., 4th Reg. He takes the place of Sgt. E. Jenkins, who is temporarily attached to the casual companies.

Cpl. Loppnow and Pvt. Barnes of the 14th Co., are once more to be seen on the street, having returned from the Base Hospital. They are looking fit once more.

Sgt. Eagan of the 6th Co., 3rd Reg. has returned from his home in Patterson, N. J., to which place he was called on account of sickness.

Henry E. Heinrich of the 19th Co., 3rd Reg., was operated on last week and is getting along nicely. Everybody notes that he is missing, as seconds are served at mess now.

### "IN CADENCE. EXERCISE!"

To the

Side straddle, hop!  
Make your arms flop!  
Hit 'er up, Top-  
'Till we're ready to drop.  
For that is the way,  
So officers say,  
To put muscles in legs,  
And make us feel gay.

Arms

To the thrust!  
Do it we must;  
For "E Pluribus Unum,"  
In God we trust.  
At one plunk per day  
We caper and play;  
It makes our arms stronger  
I've heard people say.

Knees

To the full bend!  
Lord please to lend,  
Strength when we squat,  
To get up again.  
It makes our knees quiver;  
It's good for our liver,  
But it really is hard  
To forgive the giver.

Tention

Hands on the hips!  
Rise to the toes!  
It strengthens the ankles,  
That, every one knows.  
If you breathe hard and long  
It makes the lungs strong,  
Each day you will feel  
Like a "bloomin'" red rose.

Squat

On hands and toes!  
Don't bend the knees!  
Keep the back straight!  
Now mind your nose!  
It's mighty good training,  
Now that is a fact.  
But I'll mention right here,  
It's hell on the back.

This

Really amounts  
To very little,  
But it strengthens bones  
Formerly brittle.  
It cures malformation,  
Relieves irritation,  
And fits us to whip  
The whole German Nation.  
Earle E. Crooks, 3rd Reg. 7th Co.

Capt. Anderson, commander of the 3rd Co., 3rd Reg., has returned from a ten-day furlough. He visited his home in Little Rock, Ark.

William A. McCracken, the musician of the 19th Co., 3rd Reg., was visited by his brother from Joliet, Ill., last Saturday.

The 12th Co. 4th Reg. is to give a dance at the Auditorium, Friday evening, May 24th.

**As we would  
HAVE A  
BULLETIN BOARD**



**OLD AGE.**

All In.—When I was young and full of prunes I loved to roam among the dunes, where crooned the azure breezes dank along the old canalski bank.

I loved to stand and gaze and sigh and watch the crawfish amble by, and knock the whiskers off their bills with railroad spikes and other pills.

Ah, hist, gay moonrise days of yore! It certainly does make me sore to realize that thou art past—that youthhood's pleasures all are gassed.

Alone I sit upon my step. Oh, wouldst but didst I, have some pep! But no! my frame is full of rust, and soon I'll croak—blow up and bust!

No more for me the witching dump, where as a happy, care-free chump I frolicked in the bed slats, wire, tomato cans and bricks and mire!

My eyes are dim, my knees are weak; spectacles hang upon my beak; my hair is loose, my teeth are gray. It's getting late—me for the hay.—Dayton News.

**Refreshing Modesty.**

"Com-pny 'Ten-shun!"  
Spake the raucous voice of  
The Captain.  
And immediately,  
Or a little after,  
The serried phalanx of  
Vari-hued boy scout uniforms  
Interspersed with motley  
Civilian garb  
Was formed.  
"First Sergeant  
Take the roll."  
Not a quiver in the  
Whole company.  
"So the Sergeant is absent,  
"Is he?  
"Well, he's canned.  
"All those who think they  
"Can qualify for the position,  
"Step three paces to the front."  
"One, two,  
"Company halt!"

**THE COMMISSARY FLY.**

In the Commissary warehouse,  
On the floor of number two,  
A fly was slowly walking there,  
As the average fly will do.

I wondered as I watched him there,  
With his head up in the air,  
Would he act the same in battle;  
Use that self-same fearless air.

Just to try him out in combat,  
I employed this simple means,  
Used a Naval gun I found there,  
Loaded full of navy beans.

Did the fly get wild and fly then  
To the open warehouse door?  
No. Came promptly to attention  
And inquired if there were more.

On the right flank fire was thickest,  
Beans were falling thick and fast;  
Mister Fly then did a left step  
So's to let the beans go past.

Airs of brav'ry, soon did leave him  
As a bean hit on his ear.  
A maneuver he then ordered,  
Was a march straight to the rear,

Understand, he was an Army fly,  
Warehouse mascot for a week,  
Which explains his clever tactics  
In his dodging things to eat.

—Morrisssey, 17th Co., 4th Reg.

**"BUY A BOND."**

If you love your dear old Flag,  
Buy a bond.  
If you want to help your Allies,  
Buy a bond.  
And we will eat the Kaiser,  
Just as an appetizer,  
So don't you be a miser,  
Buy a bond.

Want to help the Motor Mac's?  
Buy a bond.  
Don't forget we're in the fight,  
Buy a bond.  
You just pat us on the back,  
And at "Bill" we'll take a whack,  
You can help the "Boys in Kac"  
Buy a bond.

Let us one and all be true,  
Buy a bond.  
And for our home and freedom,  
Buy a bond.  
All together, now, let's yell,  
"Let's give Kaiser Bill some hell,"  
If in lasting peace you'll dwell,  
Buy a bond.

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## Sports

### 3RD AND 4TH REGIMENTS CLASH.

Wearn Field witnessed a weird, wild contest Saturday afternoon when the 3rd and 4th Regt. teams met in a sixteen inning battle royal. The 3rd Regiment team was not altogether representative of the 3rd Regt., but it showed six or seven ball players who will hold their positions when the Regiment team is fully developed and organized. Lopaz at 3rd, Fossett at short, and Lynch at catch, played fine ball throughout the contest; the work of Fossett at short being exceptionally brilliant. On three separate occasions he displayed a brand of base ball that is seldom seen outside of the big leagues, going back deep in the field over back of second and third, picking off sure hits for put-outs.

Pitcher Flanagan also showed all the qualities that go to make a base ball player, never quitting an instant under fire, and pitching the entire sixteen innings without relief. He was not in any condition to go the route, but showed a barrel of nerve and sand and never wavered once throughout the long game. The rest of the men on the team performed creditably.

For the 4th Regt. there was no particular bright star, all the men performing on about an even keel, but we must say under the circumstances all of them being uniformed and equipped with base ball shoes

and having had a week or more's steady practice, while their opponents were dressed in K. P. suits and O. D.'s and some with hob-nails, that their showing was very poor. They pulled several bones which resulted in runs and showed a decided lack of pep while the 3rd Regt. team was taking a commanding lead. The only bright spot in their game of the afternoon was their rally in the 9th inning, when they tied the score, making 5 runs on hard, clean hits. The score at the end of the 9th inning was 8 to 8. The final score in the 16th was 9 to 8 in favor of the 4th Regt.

The game almost ended in a riot in the 14th inning, when Lopaz, who crossed the plate scoring the winning run for the 3rd, was retagged by catcher Fish of the 4th who claimed he had not touched home plate. After a few minutes of wrangling, which was agitated, not by the 3rd Regt. but by a couple of loud mouth I. W. W.'s who had attached themselves for the afternoon, Lopaz showed that he was a real man and a sport by admitting that he had jumped over the plate when the direct question was put to him by Assistant Manager Shank of the 4th Regt. team. The feeling was very intense throughout the game, and we suggest that in future games played between the respective regiments should be umpired by outside officials, who are not only competent, but absolutely disinterested. Unless this precaution is taken or the Colonel himself is present, the Motor Mechanics will surely spill some blood before they go on the other side.

### MOTOR MACS DRUB SUPPLY MEN.

Motor Mechanics boys had little trouble in defeating fighters from the 4th Supply Train Saturday afternoon in three bouts staged by Athletic Director Major Stone in order that he might protect the reputation of two of our technical Lieutenants Ballard and Prendergast, who had been bragging that the Motor Mechanics could beat anybody, at any game, at any time.

In the first bout, Phillips, who was one time amateur champion, at 122 lbs., of the Navy, handed out such a terrific lacing to the Supply Train Hopeful that the referee was forced to stop the battle after one minute and forty seconds of fighting. The second fight, scheduled for a four-round bout, lasted scarcely longer than the first. Murphy, the Motor Mechanic featherweight, eased them over so fast and hard that the 4th Supply boy eased the information to the referee quickly that he had plenty. Murphy is a good two handed hitter of the old school and it will take a bear-cat to put him down.

The last bout was a very good fight; Hamilton of the Supply Train proved the best of the Supply boys. He was matched up with Jimmy Gardner, a mighty clever

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lad. To the uninitiated it might look as though both boys made an even showing, but a shade should be given to Gardner because he did all the leading and forced the fight from start to finish. Sergt. Shank was the third man in the ring.

These boys will be seen in action in eight round bouts in the city of Charlotte at the City Auditorium Wednesday night, the 22nd of May. Good opponents have been selected for them, and they are training hard for the coming bout. Lieutenant Keavis is conditioning the men for their bouts.

In addition to the three boxing bouts of eight rounds each, Cyclone Moore, wrestler of the 4th, who has been defeating all comers from the various Y. M. C. A.'s and K. of C. halls, will meet Young Gotcn, another Motor Mechanic, who claims Middle West amateur championship. Money derived from this athletic carnival will go to the athletic funds of the two regiments and it is up to all officers and enlisted men to push the sale of tickets to the limit.

#### BEAU BRUMMEL DIRECTS ATHLETICS.

The Court of Louis the 14th, with all its fops and dandies; the English Court, with its Beau Brummels at the time of Byron and Shelley, will have nothing on the Motor Mechanics as long as our own Monte, or perhaps we had better say (since we are not of equal rank) our own Major Stone, is with us. Certainly, Fifth Avenue never showed better looking clothes than adorn the figure of the party before the bar. He admits that Adam and Eve wore leaves before he did, but insists that it is an open question as to which wore them to better advantage.

Besides his many military duties, the Major finds time to direct all regimental athletic activities, and he also takes part in all army social affairs. We must not forget that the Major rides his horse like a Cosack (uses a curb bit and everything), and that he is envied by all brother officers who sport spurs and promote ground school work. We also have positive proof that he must be most graciously high in the esteem of many fair maidens, for we have seen with our own eyes many a colored Afghan blanket presented to him, so that he may better withstand the rigors of campaigning with the Motor Mechanics.

It is said that, in Richmond, Virginia, from whence the doughty Major hails, his personality is so strong that he has to hide to keep prospective Buick buyers off his trail. We will also have to give him credit for his acumen in picking his athletic assistants, Lieutenant Kearns and Sergeant Shank. It has been rumored that he picked Lieutenant Kearns for his worth and Sergeant Shank as a foil to his own good looks.

Among the racing men now in the Motor Mechanics Brigade is Lieut. C. A. Phillips, officer in charge of the motorcycle shop. Lieut. Phillips was riding with DePalma, as mechanic, at the Indianapolis Speedway in 1915 when their car, running 102 miles an hour in the preliminary speed trial, hit a wall and turned over five times. The accident was caused by the bending of throttle connections and the driver's losing control of the car on a slippery track. DePalma had several ribs broken and a knee dislocated, and Lieut. Phillips was bruised badly and his shoulder dislocated, but both men entered the finals a few days later. Lieut. Phillips was mechanic with Louis Chevrolet at the Chicago races.

The bowling team of the 10th Co., 4th Reg., has been rolling up some good scores at practice games, and is anxious to match its skill against that of any other company team. The team is composed of Sgts. Thomas and Edwards and Pvts. Cross, Kabella and Porter, and has been rolling better than 800 at practice. See Pvt. Cross for engagements.

The 2nd Battalion, 4th Regt., bowling team has been making quite a showing in the Regimental bowling league, and would like to schedule a match with some 3rd Regt. team. Sgt. Maj. Gaskins at the 4th Regt. headquarters will be glad to see managers of other bowling organizations.

The baseball team of the 6th Co., 3rd Reg. is open for games with the team of any company or nearby town. Arrangements can be made by communicating with the manager, Corp. Bahlor.

The baseball team of the 12th Co. 3rd Reg. defeated the team of the 3rd Div. Supply Train by the score of 5 to 4 in a closely contested game played last Tuesday afternoon.

The 9th Co., 3rd Reg., plans to encourage company athletic activities. Sgt. Pearson, manager of the athletics is a clever boxer and will represent the company at the boxing matches to be staged in Charlotte soon.

The 12th Co., 3rd Regt., has organized a base ball team and expects to make a good showing under the able management of Lieut. Churchward.

The 16th Co., 4th Reg. has organized a baseball team and issues a challenge to any team that is open for engagements.

#### A Song.

Handsome He—That dress you wore last night was certainly a song!  
Pretty She—So? What song?  
H. H.—“Sweet and Low.”—Awgwan.

## “Howdy, Pap”

### Charlotte Lodge 1113

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CHARLOTTE, North Carolina

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On Courtesy Corner at the sign of the Clock.

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**Johnson's Candy**  
(Milwaukee) Best in the West

**Whitman's Candy**  
Best in the East

*Always on Ice*

At

**Jno. S. Blake Drug Co.**  
On the Square Open All Night

**Language of the Stars.**

Major General Chamberlain motored past officers' row the other day with his official, two-starred flag flying from the radiator cap. Lieut. Lewin failed to rise and salute and was asked for an explanation of his action by Major Stone. The lieutenant stated that he did not know the General by sight and therefore could not tell who was in the car. At great length, Major Stone explained that the little red flag at the front of the car was only unfurled when the officer was present, and that the rank of said officer could always be told by the number of white stars—one for a brigadier general, two for a major general, and three for a lieutenant general. Lieut. Lewin thanked the Major and informed him that he had never known the "Language of the Stars"—he only knew three "balls" meant a pawn broker's shop.

**THE BIGGEST SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.**

The dance given by Sergt. Katz and his men of the 5th Co., 3rd M. M. Reg. at the Auditorium.

The grand march started at 9:30 p. m., and was led by Mrs. McEachin and Sgt. Katz, followed by Mrs. Roy C. Kirtland and Lt. Col. Kirtland. The Lt. Col. expressed his appreciation for the clever work of Sgt. Katz in making this affair a credit to his regiment.

Among those present was Lt. Col. Kirtland, Maj. Fox, Maj. Newberry and Maj. Ellwood, and many other commanding officers of the 3rd Reg.

(Ed. Note: This item was contributed by the modest Sergeant Katz, himself.)

**Perfectly Safe.**

"I have read that the most dangerous thing a girl can do is to throw her arms around a man in case the boat upsets."

"Uh," said the man. "Perhaps so. This boat is perfectly safe, however."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**The New Central Hotel Cigar Stand**

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All Leading Brands

CIGARS, CIGARETTES and TOBACCO

JOE D. SMITH, Manager



**SGT. HUTTON.**

Hey, Diddle, Diddle,  
He's plumb in the middle  
Of papers and pen and ink.  
This mechanical scholar  
Earns more than a dollar  
A day for this paper, I think.

—Thurber.

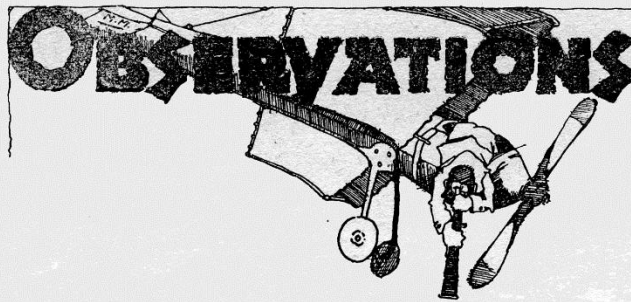
**What Happened.**

"Jones went down to the Nemo without any money last night."  
"Did he get in on his face?"  
"No, he came out on it."—Burr.

**Unlucky.**

Tommy—Poor old Jenkins was sure unlucky!  
Sammy—How's that?  
Tommy—Had his head shot off just after he finished shaving!—Sun Dial.

The 10th Co., 4th Reg., got Major Duboc's goat. After a short half hour, full of action, they got rid of that goat with the words, "Goat, begone, and be thankful that you are a Major's goat. Otherwise, terrible would be your punishment." Major Duboc's goat, being a real four-legged one, strayed into the 10th Co. street and was tied to one of the tents, awaiting the arrival of a claimant. Exercising the well-known "goatish" appetite, he promptly consumed a box of stationery, box and all, and had just started on some blankets when he was discovered. Hereafter the 10th Co. will be careful to tie stray goats, Major's or otherwise, to the incinerator where their appetites may be put to useful advantage.



Plural for bearcat?—Barris Katz.

Height of unreliability—the wrist watch.

These hot rays turn one's mind back to the days of B. V. D. and Palm Beach suits. Khaki, oh! Khaki, where art thou?

There seems to be an extraordinary amount of sickness among soldiers' families just at payday. It is said that 326 grandmothers died last payday in one regiment. Oh, you furlough.—H. L. B.

Some of Sgt. LeFebre's friends in the 13th Co., 4th Reg., want to know what "Ora e Sempre" means, and who "Calypso" is. Let them know, some of you highbrows.

A man in the 16th Co., 3rd Reg., says that he has been in the Army for 14 months and that he has never missed reveille. His tent mates say that he sleeps with his pants and sox on.

"Pop" Kinnears' company mates in Hdqtrs. are advising him to be prepared for the prison cells in Germany. It is said that they are always built circular, and that it will be impossible for him to find a corner in which to sleep standing up.

Sgt. Shanks of the 20th Co., 4th Reg. seems to think he must have the best company street in the camp. He is planting daffydills in front of his tent. Some say he will never see them bloom, but others think he would be safe in planting acorns.

The 1st Sgt. of the 16th Co., 4th Reg. could better understand Cpl. Arsonault if he would make signs with his hands when reporting his squad at formations.

The second squad of the 6th Co., 3rd Reg. is continually in hot water due to their propensity for breaking the line at Battalion Review. The other members of the company believe that it would save Capt. Powers and all concerned a lot of wear and tear if they should fail to report at the next Battalion Drill.

No hill too steep,  
No sand too deep,  
Drive a truck,  
And never sleep.

C. M. Hayes Hq. Co., 3rd Reg.

Homer Jones of the 11th Co., 3rd Reg. seems to think that the worst slacker is the man who won't enlist, but who wears khaki to make a hit with the girls.

Wouldn't it be nice to visit Charlotte these hot days and leave your blouse in camp?

A number of Motor Macs, who formerly read only the newspapers, can now name the "six best sellers" off-hand, says Lucione. The Library is a great place for drill and detail dodgers.

The 13th Co., 4th Reg., boasts of a bugler who blows under forced draft by holding his nose. Members of the company suggest the use of a clothes pin.

There has been much talk lately of wonderful cannons and the 6th Co., 3rd Reg., seem to think that they have discovered another remarkable example in Mess Sgt. Cannon.

The 6th Co., 3rd Reg. boasts of having discovered several "Wild Men" in the company. They have a Savage who hails from one of the quaintest places in Connecticut: Norwich.

J. B. Jones of the 17th Co., 4th Reg. has been curious to know why the Water Tank No. 1 is placed so high. Other members of his company wish to have him informed that it is to keep the tank out of the mud.



THE TREY OF SPADES.

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Charlotte, N. C.

### MILITARY TERMS.



At Ease.

### EYES RIGHT, MARCH.

At Guard Mount the other night a commander of the guard gave the preliminary command, "Column left," but neglected to give the necessary command "March." He was very much surprised when no attention was paid to his order until a sergeant commanded "March." Then he saw his mistake. On passing the old guard a few seconds later the same sergeant gave the command "Eyes Right" and the officer chimed in, in a husky whisper, "Say march quick or they won't do it!"

Extract from "New" Drill Regulations—To Turn the Eyes on a Fixed Pivot.

§21—Being in line, to turn the eyes and march: 1—Eyes right (left); 2—March. At the second command the right (left) eye is turned to the right in marching and marks time. The other eye obliques to the right until abreast of the first and marks time. The right eye glances to the marching flank and as the left eye arrives on the line, both eyes execute forward, March, without Command.

R. D., 10th Co., 4th Regt.

Heard at the ball game between the 7th Co. and the 9th Co.:

Stranger—What's the score?

7th Co. Player—Forty to nothing.

Stranger—Who's favor?

7th Co. Player—9th Co.'s.

Stranger—Your side don't seem to be doing very well.

7th Co. Player—You wait and see. We haven't been to bat yet.

Rookie—Any mail for me?

Mail Orderly—What's your name?

Rookie—Why it's on the envelope.

Lucioni, Hdqts. Co., 3rd Regt.

### A THREAD-BARE SOLDIER.

O, Mother, dear mother, your brave loyal son

Is facing a peril far worse than the Hun,  
He can't make the stitches  
He sews on his breeches  
Stay put where he puts them  
They break loose and run.

A. L., 13th Co., 4th Regt.

1st Lieut.—You see that man over there? He did our Major out of a cool ten thousand.

2nd Lieut.—Cards?

1st Lieut.—No. Wouldn't let the Major marry his daughter.

Pvt.—I see you have a base ball moustache.

Mess Sgt.—How's that?

Pvt.—Nine on each side.

Pvt. Peters, 3rd Co., would like to know why the French people cannot learn the wig-wag instead of our learning French.

### Latest Way to Get a Furlough.

Have the folks at home kill the cat and wire that Tom just died, come immediately.

Bob—You look sweet enough to eat.  
Gertie—I do eat. Where shall we go?—London Tit-Bits.

### Accurate Bearing.

Sailor Rookie (on watch in lookout tower calling down to the officer of the day)—Sail o'ho, sir!

Old Salty Captain—Where away?  
Sailor Rookie—Oh, far away, sir!—Chief Yeoman George Sahlm, Naval Intelligence Service, Passaic, N. J.



WHEN WE LEAVE THE SCHOOL  
BEHIND.

We'll hitch our motor to a star,  
The motor mac's all cried,  
And hope that it will swing us far  
On to the other side.  
We've been here many weary months,  
And we think we've learned our share.  
We'll leave ground school for other chumps,  
While we go "over there,"  
Where the motors roar upon the stand,  
And the battle planes soar high,  
And we'll see the planes of Uncle Sam  
Outlined against the sky.  
And then we'll think of days gone past,  
And the camps that we have seen,  
But we'll ne'er forget to the very last  
The ground-school at Camp Greene.  
Jack B. O'Connell, 13th Co., 4th Reg.

LETTERS THE SOLDIER LIKES.

It is fine to get a letter  
From a dear one far away,  
But isn't it still better  
To have that dear one say—

"My heart is with you laddie,  
You've a mighty proud old "Pop,"  
And it fills his soul with pleasure  
To know that you'll go o'er the top."

Soldier boys are just like others,  
Sometimes blue and sometimes gay,  
And they want their "Pops" and mothers  
To cheer and bless them on their way.  
Callan.

I'M IN THE ARMY NOW.

I'm a soldier in the army  
At least that's what they say;  
Though all I do is bunk fatigue  
And drill one hour a day.  
But when we're over yonder,  
And take part in the drive,  
If I'm among the lucky ones  
And do come out alive,  
I want to tell the Kaiser,  
If ever we should meet,  
How we've worked and how we've waited,  
To be in on his defeat.  
E. N. Porter, 7th Co., 3rd Reg.

Instructions.

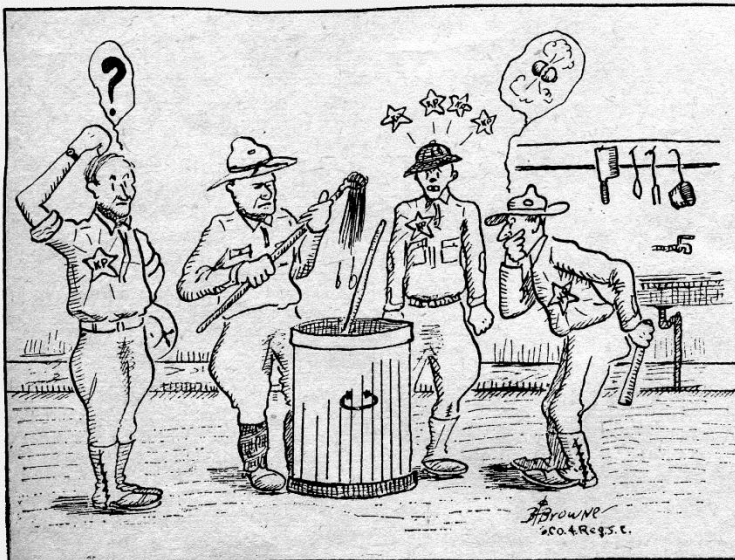
A full-blown second lieutenant was endeavoring to display his great knowledge of musketry. Sauntering up to the latest recruit, he said:

"See here, my man, this thing is a rifle, this is the barrel, this is the butt, and this is where you put the cartridge in." The recruit seemed to be taking it all in, so the officer continuing, said: "You put the weapon to your shoulder; these little things on the barrel are called sights; then to fire you pull this little thing, which is called the trigger. Now, smarten yourself up, and remember what I have told you; and, by the way, what trade did you follow before you enlisted. A collier, I suppose?"

"No, sir," came the reply: "I only worked as a gunsmith for the government small arms factory."—Tit-Bits.

(Ed. Note: Such things ever occur in the U. S. A.? Certainly not!)

THE MYSTERY OF THE 6TH CO., 4TH REG.



Who Put the Mop in the Soup?

Mess Sergeants and  
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Soldiers Love  
Fruits  
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**LOST.**

Big brown brindle bull dog, bob-tailed. Wears big tan leather collar with 3 rows of brass knobs all around. Return to H. G. Martin, 21 S. Tryon St., and receive reward. adv.

acts are promised; and if the merits of the show may be judged from the name of the organization—The Friar's Club, a good bill may be expected.

Pvt. William Watt, of the 14th Co., who has been very ill at the Base Hospital, is reported to be recovering rapidly, and will soon be able to return to his company.

A vaudeville show is to be put on at the City Auditorium, on the evenings of May 25 and 27th, by members of the 4th Reg. Five

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 "THE BELOVED TRAITOR"  
 With May MARSH  
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 "THE HOUSE OF GLASS"  
 CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG  
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 So high will it find an atmosphere  
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 Vaudeville in Charlotte that fur-  
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---	---	--

Two Performances Nightly at 7:00 and 8:30 P. M.  
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## The Charlotte National Bank

March 4th, 1918

### RESOURCES

Loans and Investments.....	\$2,410,288.27
U. S. Bonds.....	546,650.00
Acceptances.....	155,266.12
Cash and due from other banks.....	638,861.80
	<hr/>
	\$3,751,056.19

### LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	\$ 250,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	274,287.64
Circulation.....	250,000.00
Acceptances.....	130,246.48
Bills Payable.....	100,000.00
DEPOSITS.....	2,746,522.07
	<hr/>
	\$3,751,056.19

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IT is essential that public utilities should be maintained at their maximum efficiency and that everything possible should be done with that end in view. I hope that State and local authorities, where they have not already done so, will, when the facts are properly laid before them, respond promptly to the necessities of the situation.

Woodrow Wilson.

Southern Public Utilities Co.