

WEST VIRGINIANS AT CAMP LEE ARE ALL IN ARTILLERY

And All the Artillerymen Have Most Excellent Appetites.

GOOD REASONS FOR IT

More From Charles Brooks Smith About Big Camp.

By CHARLES BROOKS SMITH.
CAMP LEE, Va. May 15—There are three regiments of West Virginia here, 313th, 314th and 315th, all artillery. But there are hundreds of our boys scattered about this camp in other units. Some are in the infantry, others in the signal corps. They are everywhere. I met a few of them who are in school for cooks.

The army have cooks and plenty of them. They must not be indifferent cooks. They must be expert cooks. That is why there is a culinary college attached to this great military establishment.

There is nothing more important to our fighting men than good chow, served right, and coming up regularly. When a man can cook for a battery or company and get away with it the approval of said battery or company, it goes without further argument that he is an artist chef and no mistake. Should he be less, some sounds very like the mutterings of mutiny reach the ears of the officers. The object of the infant revolution is forthwith named, as the slang saying goes, and it is nipped aborting before the necessity of sounding the riot call can put in an appearance. The American soldier has a very topoficial regard for his stomach. It follows the flag closely in his affectionate esteem.

more can and probably will be of the soldier's appetite. It is a thing of length, breadth circumference and diameter. There is only one time in his life when a soldier is not ready and willing to eat and that is when he is sick in the hospital. And then he must be very, very sick. He is fonder of his eats than he is of his best girl.

Perhaps, the ever wakeful hunger of the soldier may be accounted for by taking a hasty glimpse of what those training in camp Lee have to do their day's work—every day. We have no intention of stipulating his multifarious duties of a day in limits of this article. The limits of this entire newspaper itself would hardly suffice. But between 5:30 a. m. and 5:30 p. m. if there is any living man under the flag that does more and works harder than the soldiers in this or any other training camp, I've never heard of him, nor has anybody else; for that man doesn't live. What with drills with big guns and little guns, gas masks and grenades, digging trenches, tidying quarters, and the good Lord knows what else, it isn't to wonder at that when the bugle sounds for eats, there need be no roll call. They are all there trained to knife-edge for the cleanup. As they form outside mess to march in they are frequently very enthusiastic over what is about to happen.

I heard a battery of our boys lined up for chow break out into three rousing, lusty cheers.

"Whom are they cheering for?" I asked Maj. John L. Kelley.

"Nobody," he said. "They are giving three cheers for supper." "Now, what do you think of that?"

The American soldier is the best fed fighting man in the world. That statement hold good over there as well as here. All the correspondents with the fighters on the front have said so. The families of our West Virginia boys, if they have ever had any fears that Bill, Hank or their Jonny was not getting all he wanted to eat, and the best of the kind going in the season, may brush such fears away. Bill, Hank and John are themselves the best evidence of the amplitude of efficacy of uncle Sam's feed bag. But if that is insufficient, take a batch of daily menus, as I did, and run back through them for several months. They show that our boys get "all the market affords"—all the delicacies of the season.

Vegetables from Virginia are coming to the table now. The other evening I visited a mess hall just before the blast was given for the boys to shove their spirals underneath the pine, some of the things prepared for them that I can remember off hand, were sliced tomatoes, string beans, Chicago meats, asparagus, new potatoes, ice cream and cake, lemonade flavored with tea, and a number of other articles, you may be sure. It was a good meal, but it wasn't expensive. It cost the government exactly 14 cents to the man. Mess Sergeant Heflin had it all figured out, item by item. One thing that a mess sergeant has to learn is to be able to apply the methods of the modern efficiency expert to his job. He can tell you to a fraction of a cent what it costs. His costs sheet is a marvel of its kind. But uncle Sam goes to mar-

ket with the biggest basket of any in the world. Therefore, he can buy cheaper than any other. It would have taken \$1.60 at Child's restaurant in Washington to have duplicated the dinner served to the boys here of which I am writing. And it, as I said, stood the government just 14 cents.

In front of regimental headquarters, on either side of the steps leading up the Colonel's quarters, stand the colors, Old Glory on one side and the regiment's standard on the other. It is the custom to salute the colors, no matter if you pass them one or a thousand times a day. It is one of the duties of the orderly stationed there to see that you do. In the case of ignorant civilian guests of the officers, I suspect that the orderly tempers mercy with justice and closes his eyes. I am sure he did in my case.

I felt sure of it when I saw him hail a major coming out of quarters on a run. That major had probably passed in and out of those twin standards one hundred and more times that day. But this time in his haste he forgot. The orderly halted him, and he stopped in his haste, straightened up like a ram rod, and saluted. Then he passed on. I thought he looked rather sheepish. Maybe that was only my imagination.

The incident made such an impression on me that later on I mentioned it to Lieut. Col. C. J. Ferris. Without saying a word, Col. Ferris squandered over to the orderly. I followed. Col. Ferris inquired the soldier's name. Here, I thought, blaming myself, I have got this West Virginia fellow-citizen of mine into trouble, by horn-ing in on something I knew nothing about. I likened my unfortunate self to the parrot in the old story that talked too damned much.

"I am glad you reported that to me"

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said Col. Ferris a few minutes later. "It is impossible for us to see and know everything. I shall post this man in orders for strict attention to the performances of his duties."

My heart beat gay and troublesly once more. Instead of getting this boy shot, I'd helped to get him something that all good soldiers are always working for.

I wasn't long in finding an excuse to speak to that orderly alone.

"What did the Colonel want my name, sir?" he asked in tones slightly above a whisper. I told him.

His fine boyish face lighted up with a smile of joy "it was a blessing to me 'o see."

"I think you, sir," he said.

And he touched the rim of his hat to me.

In the beginning of this article I stated that there were three regiments of artillery here composed entirely of West Virginians. In the next article I purpose to write of them, and particularly of their officers. For these are the men who will be not only officers of these boys over there, but they will be fathers to them, and comrades of them.

MOOSE ALL READY FOR WAR BENEFIT

Big Dance Will be Staged at the Armory Tonight.

With the finishing touches put to the arrangements the members of Fairmont Lodge 9, Loyal Order of Moose, are in readiness for the big dance to be staged this evening in the armory. Money made by the benefit over and above expenses will be forwarded to the National War Fund Commission of the Moose, which has its headquarters in Pittsburgh.

The dance will start at 9 o'clock sharp and Vincent's orchestra of five pieces will furnish the music. Ed Slack, the chairman of the dance committee, will act as master of ceremonies on the dance floor. He will be

assisted by a number of "Howdy Paps." The dance program will be composed of eighteen numbers.

Up to last evening Ray D. Harden, secretary of the local Moose lodge, estimated that fully 3,500 tickets had been sold for the event. Thousands of tickets will be purchased from the

Moose in order to help along the good work without any view of using them.

The Swedish State Railways have contracted with German steel companies for 30,000 tons of rails at a cost of \$6,500,000, the requirements of the railways for three years.

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