

DUE WEST.

(A. R. Presbyterian.)
 Friends of Miss Virginia Reid will regret to hear that she is quite sick with influenza.
 Mrs. Ruth Robinson Long and daughter, Elizabeth, are visiting friends in Due West.
 Corporal R. S. Galloway, Jr., spent the week-end in Due West with relatives and friends.
 Mr. C. C. Clinkscales has returned home from the hospital in Anderson much improved.
 Mrs. L. T. Miller of Hartsville, S. C., is visiting the family of Mr. H. G. Donald.
 Rev. J. G. Dale was in Due West for a short while last week. He spent the night with Dr. F. Y. Pressly.
 Mr. Wisby, a student in Erskine, has gone to his home in Abbeville to recuperate after being sick for some time.
 Mrs. J. B. McCutcheon and children of Greenville are spending the week in town at the home of Mr. R. S. Galloway.
 Mr. Allen Davis is at home from the Navy on a furlough, coming home to see his father who was hurt last week.
 Mrs. John Magill who was called to Atlanta two weeks ago on account of the serious illness of her mother, returned home Saturday.
 Mr. W. H. Davis fell against his shredding machine last week hurting his face and shoulder. He was rushed to the hospital and his friends trust he will soon feel well since receiving the message from the doctor that his wounds are not serious.
 It was a pleasure to the many friends of Dr. W. L. Pressly to have him in town for twenty-four hours last week. He is off for a short furlough and stopped by here on his way from Montgomery, Ala., to Roanoke, Va., to visit Mrs. Pressly and son. He was very much in demand during his short stay.

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LETTER FROM Y. M. C. A. SECRETARY TELLS OF WORK OF ORGANIZATION IN FRANCE

During the recent drive for the United War Works, and in all the drives for the Red Cross and other similar organizations, the people who were called on to subscribe have been anxious to know just what the members of these organizations were doing on the battlefield, and elsewhere, to relieve suffering and to assist in the war work. There have been criticisms, and no doubt some of them have been well founded, but the following letter written by Mr. Wm. T. Gary, of Augusta, Ga., to his cousin, Chief Justice Gary, of this place, will give a good insight into the work the Y. M. C. A. undertook, and has done and is doing among the soldiers. We have had a great many letters from the young soldiers in France and from these the people have gathered some idea as to the work they are doing. This letter is published in order that the people may see just what the humane agencies connected with the war work have been doing.

American E. F., France, Oct. 26, 1918.

Chief Justice Eugene B. Gary, Abbeville, S. C., U. S. A.
 Dear Cousin Eugene:

I sent you a photograph of myself in uniform a few days before sailing for France about six months ago. Trust that it reached you.

I came over on a transport in company with another Y. Secretary and about ten thousand troops. Our fleet brought the largest number of American soldiers that had ever crossed the Atlantic up to that time. Were well guarded by vessels of war and were not attacked by subs. After spending a few days at our port of debarkation, I reported at our head office in Paris. Was detained there two weeks, waiting for movement orders. Spent the time very agreeably seeing the sights. Saw about all there was to be seen, including Notre Dame, Palace of Justice, Versailles, The Madeline, Arch of Triumph, Eiffel Tower, Bois de Boulogne, Tuilleries, Place de la Concorde, Place de la Bastille, Grand Opera House, etc etc. Heard the opera Aida.

I was assigned to front line work with a division of "regulars." At first we were on a very quiet sector, though one of the most beautiful sections of France. Later were advanced to a somewhat more active sector and are now, and have been for some time, in one of the most active sectors on the front.

My work for some time was that of Cashier for the division. Was promoted a short time ago to the position of business manager of the division, which position I am now holding.

In time of stress, all of us get out into the field. It may interest you to hear of my experience in connection with this present drive.

I was assigned to a certain regiment which was to go into the present fight. At first we camped for about a week where the present drive began, on one of the most famous battlefields of the war, sleeping in dugouts. From there we went up to a point taken from the Huns a few days before. While in the dugouts we were shelled a little by the enemy, but only a few casualties resulted. Reaching the next camp we were shelled with more effect, losing a number of men. One shell struck close enough to throw dirt over the wheel horses of the wagon on which I was riding, a portion of the shell penetrating the helmet of a French soldier just in front of me.

That night I slept in a hole scooped out of the ground about a foot deep, which gave some protection from shell fire. Had two gas alarms but had gas mask handy, so suffered no great inconvenience. We had many shells, shrapnel and high explosives, to pass over us and some to explode quite near, but comparatively little harm was done. The next morning a high explosive shell struck and exploded immediately in front of me, about 15 or 20 feet, but for some reason or other, failed to strike me. Spent that afternoon distributing chocolate, cookies, tobacco, etc., at the dressing station for wounded. Also helped the chaplain bury some of the fellows who died there. Slept that night in a wagon. The next morning served hot chocolate to the men returning from the firing line and to the wounded at the dressing

station. Remember the expression used by one fellow: "Gee, look what God has sent us." That afternoon all of our rolling stock was brought out from headquarters in response to a request for help in moving the wounded. My friend, Charlie G., and I were on a big truck and two secretaries in each of two camionettes (Fords.) We reported at the dressing station and asked to be assigned to work. Were told that there were a lot of wounded at a first aid station near the firing line. We all set out to get them, Charlie and I on the truck leading. The greasome sights on the battlefield I shall never forget—the mangled Americans and German boys, portions of bodies, dead horses, etc. We passed our reserve line, dug into shallow holes and finally reached the first aid station, where the wounded were walking or being brought in by little bearers. Here the real "fireworks" began. The Huns saw us and began shelling us "to beat the band." To make matters worse, a wheel of our truck got in a shell hole and we couldn't get it out until we got a number of soldiers to help us. However, we finally got loaded up with wounded and started back, the shells continuing to follow us. We drove at full speed and got away without being hit. It seemed almost a miracle that all of us escaped. On delivering our wounded, we were amazed to find that we had been to a point within about 200 yards of the most advanced position held by our troops and a point to which the army ambulances did not go until about a week later. Some of our men made additional trips back, but I was sent to a field hospital with wounded whose wounds had been dressed, which took me until late in the night. The next day I came back to headquarters, as I was about fagged out from loss of sleep and the all-prevailing trouble caused by bad water. Am all right again now. Two of our secretaries who relieved us were wounded and are now in hospitals.

Have been stationed in about 15 villages and cities, so have had a pretty good opportunity to see a considerable section of France. This northern section, recently occupied by the Germans, or just across the old line, is almost a wilderness. Some of the towns are almost level with the ground. Have been in St. Mihiel and expect to visit Verdon before leaving this section. Both have almost destroyed.

We are having fires right along, having had frost several times.

I have many relatives over here, but have not met any of them.

We are hoping that the end of the war will soon come by surrender on part of Germany, as it quite a hardship to be away from wife and children; but we want to help make a good job of licking Germany, so that our children will not have to do it later.

Much love to all the household. I often recall my delightful visit with you. When I get home "you all" must come to see us. Effectonately,

W. T. Gary, Y.M.C.A.
 A. P. O. 745.

DEATH OF LAWRENCE NICKLES

Last Monday at noon Mr. Lawrence Nickles of the S. A. T. C., Erskine Unit, died in the Infirmary. This young man had been sick about a week with influenza, which at the last developed into pneumonia.

He was given most careful medical attention and efficient nurses were untiring in their ministrations.

Mr. Nickles was nineteen years old the twentieth of this month and a member of the Freshman class. He lived near the "Brick House" about seven miles southeast of Due West.

A military escort will, if permissible, accompany the body to Greenville church, the family burying ground, six miles east of Due West. Rev. J. M. Dallas, pastor at Greenville church, will conduct the religious exercises.

This is a very sad death and a shock to the community. It is the first death that has occurred in the student body at Erskine in a great many years, Mr. David Kerr of Cedar Springs, probably, being the last.

The heart of the student body and the community as well, goes out in unstinted measure to the bereaved family and large circle of friends.—A. R. Presbyterian.

Engraved Cards and Invitations at The Press and Banner.

COLORÉD SOLDIER WRITES.

Joe Bacon, Formerly Employed by Mr. R. L. Mabry, Writes His Former Boss.

Co. "A", 534 Engineers, A.E.F.
 October 23, 1918.

Dear Mr. Mabry:

I received your most kind and affectionate letter of September 19.

I was truly more than glad to hear from you. I think of you most all the time, because if a man ever was a friend to me, it was you. I also think of what you gave me the morning I was leaving for th camp—I will never forget you. I just keep on reading your letter. It is a great consolation for me to read something straight from the plase I love so well, old Abbeville. I am having fairly good luck with the bones, but it was hard for me to count this money at first, but now I can beat the man counting it who made it. I have not got any mail from Essie as yet only some what was transferred from Camp Upton. Tell her to write me. I writes her weekly. I have been looking for Mr. Francis ever since I have been here, but I cannot find him. What is his company number? Let me know so I can find him. I also want Messre. Albert Morse, Carol Swetenberg and G. A. Neuffer, Jr. Hope to hear from you real soon.

I have not seen a white boy from home yet, but I have seen colored boys by the hundred. The time is not long now. We are giving the Huns H—. I want you to pray for me because I think we have almost wound up the huns. I would like to have a few papers and magazines, just to have something to read for consolation to keep my mind from wandering off. Well it is about time for the second Taps, I will have to finish tomorrow night—lights must all go out at second Taps.

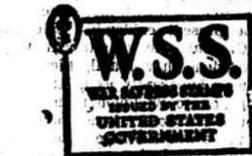
Well, I am starting again. We can get the real stuff to drink—rum, champagne, and so forth. Champagne costs 15 francs per quart, that is about \$2.85 in American money. You can judge how I am on Saturday nights. No more lemon extract for mine, at that rate. The people here are certainly friendly, it is like talking to deaf and dumb people talking to them, but their language is easy to

learn after you get on to them. I can speak a few words now—I am learning right on.

Will Minton says tell Messrs J. T. Evans and L. W. Kellar, hello, and he is doing fine and will write them soon. Fred Henry sends love to Mr. Earl B. Wosmansky.

Write me all the news. Tell me everything I want to know—all what is going on. Wish you all the good luck in the world. Tell Gilliam I will write to him Sunday. Glad to hear of such a good cotton market. Now is the time I sings the song, I wish I was in Dixie. May the Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent from one another. This I ask in Jesus name, amen.

Answer at once and tell me all the news. From your old friend,
 Pvt. 1st Cl. Joel E. Bacon
 Co. A, 534 Engrs.
 A.E.F., via N. Y.



There is a better thing than the observance of Christmas and that is keeping Christmas.—Henry Van Dyke.

Let it Stop at That. A white Christmas is well enough, but it need not embroider its benefactions by adding frostbitten toes.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.



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LEAVING ABBEVILLE

We wish to express our appreciation of the patronage and support given our business by the people of this community and take this method of announcing that we are going to sell out our stock between now and January 10th. We are offering liberal savings on goods suitable for gifts. Look over our many useful articles. Come EARLY before they are picked over.

- FOUNTAIN PENS
- POCKET KNIVES
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- BRACELETS
- WATCHES
- LOCKETS
- CLOCK
- RINGS

- LEATHER HAND BAGS
- LODGE EMBLEMS.
- SEARCHLIGHTS
- BRACELETS
- WATCH FOBS
- BATTERIES
- CHAINS
- COMBS

Mr. & Mrs. R. KIRKWOOD

Parties having repair work here will please call for same before January 10th, 1919.

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In use for over 40 years. Thousands of voluntary letters from women, telling of the good Cardui has done them. This is the best proof of the value of Cardui. It proves that Cardui is a good medicine for women.

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CARDUI
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You can rely on Cardui. Surely it will do for you what it has done for so many thousands of other women! It should help. "I was taken sick, seemed to be . . .," writes Mrs. Mary E. Veste, of Madison Heights, Va. "I got down so weak, could hardly walk . . . just staggered around. . . . I read of Cardui, and after taking one bottle, I felt much better. I took 3 or 4 bottles at that time, and was able to do my work. I take it in the spring when run-down. I had no appetite, and I commenced eating. It is the best tonic I ever saw." Try Cardui.

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