



With Pickens County Boys Under the Flag

Dear Sentinel:
On my arrival here at headquarters last night I found awaiting me in the mail an exceedingly pleasant surprise in the form of The Pickens Sentinel which my home folks had sent me. I was made to realize that its a real pleasure after a days stretch on the field to set down and read the news from Pickens county, which of course is the "garden spot of the world."

Joseph E. Johnston is a beautiful camp and is situated on the banks of the St. John's river eight miles from the city of Jacksonville. On Tuesday the camp was quarantined against the outside world for an indefinite period of time, and now officers and enlisted men are enjoying a brief stay at home. This action was taken by Gen. Duvall and medical authorities, owing to the fact that the spread of influenza has practically been checked in the camp, and as the situation is well in hand, the authorities desire to keep it in this condition and to prevent a further spread. It is reported that this dreaded disease is worse in the city of Jacksonville than in the camp, as the percentage of cases according to population is far greater. However, as the disease was so prevalent in the city it was decided to close the camp as a precautionary measure. We all hope it will not be necessary to keep it on long.

The weather is somewhat changeable here: since the first of the month we have had frequent rains, and that's why we are in to-day doing what the soldier terms "bunk fatigue" meaning the time spent in quarters. Despite the fact that some days we have real summer heat during the mid-day hours, I find use for the O. D. blankets just before daylight every morning. These multiplied millions of mosquitoes are our worst pest here at night and they certainly do sing, Home sweet Home, in quite an unfamiliar tune. Well it is now almost time for "beans and spuds" so I am tempted to go and "feed my face." With best wishes and success to the Sentinel, I am, Yours very truly,
William Angus Aiken,
R. M. C.: A. R. D. 333,
F. R. S. Receiving Detachment,
Camp Joseph E. Johnston,
Jacksonville, Fla.

October 19, 1918.

The following poem was written by T. D. Farmer, while at Camp Jackson and sent from New York to his sister Miss Ruth Farmer just before sailing for France. Mr. Farmer was said to be the best shot in his company. He was song leader of his company on the troop train to New York. The poem follows, When I registered my name last June, I knew right then I'd be called soon I didn't claim any exemption for I didn't

...e grounds,
But it was to do over there would be
...emptions found.
When I thought of going to camp my
...ould thump and click,
But in the month of May I came to stay
and stick
And now I am one of the boys who
belong to the red, white and blue,
And if the war lasts long enough Uncle
Sam will have you.
I'm glad I like the army better than I
thought,
For a discharge cannot be bought.
Uncle Sam has the money and Uncle
Sam has the men,
He has some from South Carolina who
will hold out to the end.
We may think its tough at camp, and
our burdens hard to bear,
But I imagine when we get to France
we will find it tougher there.
When we get to France and the Kaiser
is dead,
I would like to be the first to give three
cheers for the free'd.
When the U. S. boys make a raid and
break the German line
I want you all to know I'll not be far
behind.

The Soldier's Wish.

Let there be no one sad hearted
When I've laid away my gun.
When from life I have departed,
And life's weary day is done,
Let there be no tears or crying,
When life slowly ebbs away.
Let no one grieve when I am dying;
When my carcass turns to clay.
Whether on the field of battle,
Mid the bullets twang and song,
Or mid the crash and rattle
Of the ever moving throng,
Of a great and changing city
Or where ever it may be,
Let there be no tears and pity
When the Reapers call for me.
Let not my friends weep in sadness,
And for me bare not a head.
Friends or foe, mar not your gladness
Do not weep when I am dead
There's but one thing that I wish for
And at the end of life's long day
That my only comrade whisper
To my mother far away.
Tell her that I'm gone
But son will be far away.
Tell her not to weep in sorrow,
Kiss for me her hair of grey.

Kiss those dear hands that reared me
Hands all worn with toil and care.
Kiss those lips that always praised me
Tell her that I'll be there.

Around the camp fires glowing embers
Let my comrades gather there,
Telling tales that each remember,
Let their laughers fill the air.
Let their enemies who jeer me
Join the others in their song,
And by singing they will cheer me
Let them be a merry throng.

Lower me neath old glory,
Not like some exalted king,
But make it a simple story,
For I'm but a small, small thing,
Let there be no tears and sighing
May each heart be filled with glee,
For I want no tears and crying,
When they've sounded "Taps" for me.
Ernest Porter.

The following letter was written by the son of J. Benson Hallums colored and is a very good letter. The colored boys are doing their part in winning this war, and we are glad to print the following letter.

Dear Father:

To-night while I have time I will write you all a few lines to let you hear from me. I am well and truly hope when you receive these few lines they will find you and the family well. I received your letters to-day and was glad to hear from you all and glad to know that you and all the family was well. Is mother having good health now? I received the cigarettes to-day and I thank you all very much. Well I think in a few more days it will be so I can hear from you in 17 days. I saw where soldiers will get mail from anywhere in the U. S. of A. to the front line trenches in 17 days. I have been so busy for the last week or two that I didn't have time to write a letter to you or no one else. I am not in the trenches now, I am driving an automobile for a French colonel and I am always going up to the line, but I have had good luck so far. I have not been hurt yet but I have just escaped. Tell all the boys I said come on over here and do their part because everybody should have a part in this war. Tell them I said not to worry because all of us boys in France will be back home one day in 1919. I know I am coming back home before long. I have been driving this automobile ever since July 14th. and some times I am up all night driving but that's alright. The boys in the trenches have to stay up all night and if they can stand it I can. Some people always worry but I never think about home for I am trying to do my part in this war. I saw Chris this morning and he is well and crazy as ever and also Robert Austin. I have not killed a German yet but the first time I get a chance I am going to pop it to him and you can tell all the people that the American boys are not afraid to die for their country. I would go out to-morrow and die for the old U. S. When this thing is over every body can say that the American soldiers did their part to win this war. I don't think it will last more than four more months. What you see in the newspapers is true I will tell you why, our American boys don't let the Germans stand still one hour at a time, they are going back just as fast as time can roll by.

After you read this letter hand it to The Sentinel and ask them to print it so people will stop worrying about us boys in France. Give my love to all.
Your son,
Mech. James A. Hallums,
Service Auto, Secteur Postal 179 France.

In Memory of Mrs. Adaline Mann.

On the 10th. day of October the entire community and friends elsewhere were shocked when they heard that the spirit of Mrs. Adaline Mann had left this world and gone to live with Jesus. Her body was laid to rest the following day in the Bethlehem cemetery, services conducted by Rev. A. M. Simmons. She was 70 years old and had been sick for some time. She was given all physical aid that could be summoned, but none was sufficient to stay the monster hand of death. Mrs. Mann was a faithful Christian and always cheerful. Not understanding the mysteries of God and life we pause here in saying why this life must be taken. Are we leaving foot prints behind us worthy for some one to follow? And when summoned before the great tribunal of God will our spirit be as pure as that of this good woman?

To the heart-broken family let us say be glad God loaned her to you as long as He did. May it cheer and inspire you as you go down the journey of life. Think not of her as dead but standing on the other side of the river waiting for you to come.
She leaves a husband, S. B. Mann and nine children, Willie, John, and Walter Mann, Mrs. Addie Youngblood, Mrs. Mattie Holliday of Six Mile, Arthur Mann, Mrs. Mamie Glaspie and Mrs. Maud Stephens of Pickens, Oscar Mann of Camp Jackson, and two brothers besides a host of relatives and friends to mourn her and live with the hope of meeting again this good woman who we know by her life is not dead but sleeping.

A beautiful home He has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven,

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SPECIAL NOTICES

Notices inserted in this column for one cent a word for first insertion and one-half cent a word for each subsequent insertion.

For Sale—One only non-skid clincher guaranteed tire, 34x4; never been unwrapped, \$37.50. T. D. Harris.

Lost, Strayed or stolen—Red and white spotted yearling. Any information as to its whereabouts will be rewarded. B. F. Riggins. 26

Outs for sale—I have a few Red Rust Proof and Hastings' 100 Bushel seed outs for sale. Robt. Stewart. 26

Corn Wanted—Will pay \$2.00 per bushel CASH delivered at Easley. Finley & Whitmire, Easley, S. C.

For Sale—Fine fresh milk cow. 26 H. E. Hamilton, Pickens, R 4

For Sale—One Chevrolet Touring car in first class condition. Has been run less than 500 miles. A bargain. 26 Harvey Snider, Easley, S. C.

For sale—One mule, weighs about 850; good condition; work anywhere. W. M. Ferguson, Pickens, S. C.

Twenty-five Clear Automobiles and the Pickens territory to the dealer who realizes the situation and can finance automobiles. Specifications: Ford motor; Borg & Beck clutch; Stromberg carburetor; Hotchkiss drive; Timken bearings; Stewart vacuum. Wheelbase 116 in.; price \$1375 f. o. b. factory. Clear Motor Sales Company, Southern District Office, 1502 Candler Building, Atlanta, Ga. 31

Typewriter for sale—Practically new No. 9 metal base board and cover complete. Write for best price. Will sell cheap. Central Mercantile Company.

Car for sale—Buick roadster; in running order; good rear casings; old model. A pick-up for some one; at \$250. Hurry if interested as it won't be here long. Central Mercantile Company, Central, S. C.

Wanted At Once—Active, intelligent boy 16 to 17-12 years old. Sloan Bros. Drug Store, Greenville, S. C.

Wanted—Two thousand bundles of fodder. Easley Lumber Co., successors Pickens Lumber Co.

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H. EUGENE FANT, Manager.

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It appears that one of the worst of the pacifist tribe is the fellow who is willing to let peace take its time about getting here instead of trying to hasten its coming by rushing the war preparations that are under his control.
The conductor who delays the schedule of his street car while two women kiss goodby ought to be popular with these particular women, but it is tough on the balance of the passengers who are in a hurry to get somewhere.