

Visit to Camp Sevier,
reported by Miss
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CAMP SEVIER.

What the Pittsboro Party Saw on Their Trip.

Editor of The Record:

Monday we went to Greenville and about five in the afternoon went to Camp Sevier to find the rest of our Chatham boys.

Here was war, or rather the nearest to it I ever saw. Soldiers in automobiles look natural, but a soldier on horseback is one of the most impressive things in the world to me. Just hundreds and hundreds of soldiers and guns and bands, but the ones on horses and the flags—they thrill you and give you the blues at the same time.

The road to the 113th field artillery, where the Chatham boys are stationed, lead past the parade grounds, and we stopped our cars and were watching the parade when one lady in our crowd exclaimed, "I wish you would look what is behind us." Behind us were hundreds and hundreds of kakhi cloth happy smiling Sammlers, who seemed to think it a great joke that we had not seen them before. Just as far down the road as we could see they were marching.

We had only a dusky glimpse of the field artillery drilling because it was getting dark and we wanted to see the boys.

Stopping in the road in front of our destination, Mr. Griffin and Mr. Thompson got out to see if anything could be seen of Chathamites. They had hardly touched the ground when a tall, slender soldier spoke to them. It was Frank Atwater, and while we were being glad to see him somebody came rushing through the dark and jumped down the embankment, but it was not too dark for us to see that it was Obie Harmon, although he had gained several pounds. Col. Cox happened to be coming the same way and we were very glad to see him. He invited us to "mess" with him. So we went into the camp and Col. Cox sent out an order for all Chatham boys to meet at his tent immediately after supper. We passed a small log house being built that was to be an officers' clubhouse. About then a band tuned up and we made for it. Around a big camp fire was a crowd of soldier band boys practicing. We stopped to listen to them and in the meantime Obie Harmon was out rounding up Chathamites on his own hook. And here they came—Clyde Burns, 20 or 30 pounds bigger than when he left here, Roy Straughan, in his pretty military overcoat, Sergeant Joe Carroll, all dressed in his officers' uniform, and then announcement of "Come and get it"—and we did.

Of course, officers are expected to have the best of everything though Col. Cox said the boys had the best cooks. That being the case there are some splendid cooks in camp (Jack Lanus included).

In the officers' hall we had china and silver instead of mess-kits and we also had an elegant supper.

During supper, the colonel, with several captains corroborating him, complimented Chatham's boys highly and even went so far as to say that they were the best and strongest boys, mentally and physically, in Camp Sevier. He may have been joking, but we took it all in earnest and believed every word. He mentioned one especially several times.

After supper we had another reception. I think we saw nearly all the rest, but as most of them are strangers to me, I have forgotten some of their names. Radcliffe Lanus came bringing Jack's excuses as he had been assigned to help cook supper and could not come until the dishes were washed.

The colonel invited everybody to his tent, but I wanted to see the camp and where the boys ate and slept, so Miss Azile and I went visiting.

There are lots and cords of barracks but these soldiers happened to be living tents. Tents for winter sound mighty cold but if I was ever in a more comfortable place than those tents I cannot remember. They are just ordinary looking kakhi tents on the outside but inside they are floored and have wooden sides up about 3-4 or 4 feet. A big, hot stove is in the center of the room with the pipe going out the top of the tent. Four soldiers occupy one tent. Each one has a cot and plenty of cover and each one has a nice little cedar-chest looking trunk. There is also a table and the room is ventilated by the flap of the door and lighted by electricity.

Their mess halls are in barracks. They get mail twice a day and when mail is called it is worse than it is at a girl school.

We went into a canteen and it was packed and crammed. Here we saw two more Chathamites. Then some more and Walter Johnson. After this we went back to the city.

Next morning we saw some infantry drilling. Hundreds were drilling and hundreds more were doing the setting-up exercises. Some were riding, others pick-a-pack, and the ones riding were enjoying it to the fullest.

One poor soldier had fallen by the wayside with neuralgia so we gave him one of Mrs. ——— headache pills. Another immediately fell, but our pills were scarce and we found out that his illness was just resting.

A bugler there told me that in his company there were six brothers who had one brother in France and six others who are still too young to be in the service.

All cantonments are on the same order and the soldiers at Camp Greece and Camp Wadsworth are New Yorkers, Michiganders, etc., so I will just say they are tremendous camps.

Camp Sevier covers 1900 acres and Camp Jackson is a great deal larger.

FANNIE NOOE