

It Can't Be No Wuss "Over There."

In winter time it's mighty cold—
"over there."
There's lack of fuel and winds are bold—
"over there."
The water's froze at ten below
And all around lies heaps of snow,
But we've had that before we go—
"over there."
There's sleet and rain and red clay too
"over there."
The mud hangs on like chunks of glue
"over there."
There fire call every time it's rough,
They drill you nights to make you tough,
But we're prepared for such old stuff—
"over there."
You have to stand in line for chow—
"over there."
Your mail is always late some how
"over there."
You can't keep money in France they say;
It's gone as soon as you get your pay,
But that will be life in the same old way—
"over there."
You cannot smoke while duty bound—
"over there."
The nurses keep bossing you around—
"over there."
There's no furloughs waiting us,
To ask for one just stirs a fuss,
But, Gee! it can't be any wuss—
"over there."
—"The Bard of Barracks Six."

ISN'T IT TO BAD—

THAT Pale Blue Pajamas can't be worn on the outside of the uniform, for they would create quite an impression at inspection or in the administration building while their effect is rather lost by being confined to just one barracks.
THAT an overcoat isn't regulation at reveille any more, for with a pair of leggings and a hat they made a fine camouflage for a suit of underwear but a mean little wind spoiled it all one morning.
THAT white sport shirts are prohibited at drill.
THAT tailor-made hats don't reduce the girth.
THAT we all can have convalescing patients enough to put a high wax polish on the floors of our wards.
THAT amber eye-glasses look "so terribly."
THAT General Orders will not allow acrobatics in front of the main flag pole.
THAT Anchor Chain was so scarce that all the barracks couldn't be supplied.
THAT we all couldn't have "been on the border."

Sergeant of the Guard Hunt has been visited by his aunt for the past week. Sergeant Hunt's aunt is from Massachusetts, where he made his home before enlisting.

SUNSHINE LETTER

Geo. A. Renn, Major, M. R. C.,
Adjutant Base Hospital,
Camp Greene,
Charlotte, N. C.

Dear Sir:

On the 25th inst. I received a telegram from your office notifying me that my son, Francis E. Lane, private, of Headquarters Company, 6th Infantry, was seriously ill at the base hospital. Upon my arrival at the hospital I was more than agreeably surprised to find the excellent conditions existing there. I spent two days there and visited a number of the wards and found everything that could be expected in the way of equipment, doctors and nurses. My boy as well as a number of other patients, said they were receiving every attention and had nothing but praise to offer for the faithful attention given them by the doctors, nurses, and orderlies.

It was certainly a source of comfort to me to be able to leave for home after having seen the conditions under which my boy was being taken care of and feeling that everything possible was being done for him.

I want to thank you personally and have you convey my sincere appreciation to the doctors, nurses, and orderlies of Ward B-5, where my boy is confined, for the courtesy and kindness extended to me while there.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) RICKARD F. LANE.

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