

SUNSHINE LETTER

To the Commanding Officer of the Base Hospital at Camp Greene, Dear Sir:—

On a recent visit to the Base Hospital in Camp Greene under the supervision of Major Sheep, I was agreeably surprised. The courtesies extended and the kindness shown to me by the officer and attendants at the Base Hospital, Ward B-6, and the attention of the doctors and orderlies to the patients has made me stop and think.

Little did I expect to see such good treatment as I had witnessed. My visit was caused by the serious illness of my brother, Lazarus Cohen and I must say that were he a millionaire he could not have received better treatment than he was getting.

I am sure he could not have received as good attention at home, for there were five or six orderlies in the Ward beside the nurse

I have learned that the physicians in the ward my brother was in were well known physicians in their particular branch (specialists) who have sacrificed a large practice, etc., for the good of the cause.

The cleanliness of the hospital was wonderful. To think that a house surrounded by mud as I had witnessed there and people walking in and out, and still the floors were absolutely clean.

With best wishes for the success of our cause and with many thanks for the courtesies shown me by all while on my visit to your camp, believe me,

Sincerely yours,
REUBEN COHEN,
123 West 127th Street,
New York, N. Y.

MRS. SHEEP CONVALESCENT.

The condition of Mrs. Sheep, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel W. L. Sheep, continues to appear more encouraging. She was subjected to a critical operation two weeks ago.

NAMES ARE JUST NAMES.

A guy named Berlin grinds out patriotic war songs, and a White Sox recruit named Kaiser enlists to scrap Germany.

One sees such names as Ludendorff, Krause, Hasselbach, Knopler, Hesselmyer on the casualty list.

And there are such names as Ondorfsky, O'Hara, Lipinski, Constantineau, Appuzzi, etc., who also have died for Democracy.

The writer's name might be Patrick O'Liniski, but it isn't, and even if it was, it wouldn't mean much just now.

By CARL BISSELL

Private Harold Estes has been returned to duty after three weeks in the hospital. He was operated on for appendicitis.

A piano has been added to the first sergeants' tent. We hope that Sergeant Walters and Sergeant Frane, who are both exceptional pianists, will favor us with a goodly example of their skill each night before Taps.

ATTENTION

On the military command "a-t-t-e-n-t-i-o-n!" men of the same unit assume the attitude, of a soldier.

It is practically a universal command used by armies of all nations and recognized as the foundation of militaristic a-b-c.

This foundation or corner-stone is most carefully laid, for it is a mark of national respect, (and) the world as an observer seeks it.

The world, (measuring) the degree of efficiency of an army, looks for proud alignment of one position, of one expression and of one body.

It expects the erectness of heads which not only reveal self-respect, self-confidence but also self-control.

The limbs and body must be trained to act gracefully and do as the mind directs.

A steady eye observes the object upon which it is fixed; sees it without and sees it within.

Loyalty that lives in the hearts bugles out at every beat.

Soundness of body, sturdiness and strength of limbs are true signs of endurance which are due to strict obedience in disciplinary experiences or movement of a soldier.

To attention these demands one must learn the meaning of obedience and promptness, as is exemplified in attention.

A body of men possessing real evidence of a soldier, give mechanically their spirit at the command of "a-t-t-e-n-t-i-o-n," as positively as a touch of a button awakens the mined harbors from their lull and sleep.

Once the spirit of an army is established, and its establishment begins at "a-t-t-e-n-t-i-o-n," willingness eagerness and bravery develops in the hearts of the men and they proudly follow their leader to the front where spirit meets spirit.

—SERGT. WALTER E. NIARZWICK.

INSEPARABLE PAIRS.

Ham and eggs, salt and pepper, bread and butter, pen and ink, pork and beans, aces up, ice cream and cake, fair and warmer, Damon and Pythias, Romeo and Juliet, Rock and Rye, Tom and Jerry, Burkle and Statdler, Scotty and Cash, Roc Rand and boxing, Lieutenant Haines and Lieutenant Upton, Lieutenant Price and dark fields, Lieutenant Haines and his antique corn cob, Private Harold and Badin, and in Ward D Tuesdays and Thursdays, Captain Crowe and Carona Caronas.

TO THE HEAT IN CHARLOTTE.

Oh queen of heat, we bow to thee,
Whose bounty on us thou hast cast,
But if below 'twill hotter be,
I'll go to church, yes even fast.

Why do the Operating Room nurses have to wait until 1:30 on Sunday for dinner? Some of the enlisted men working with them complain of the tax on their resources to supply light lunches for two every Sunday.

Phones: 2311-2312

R. H. Field Co.

WHOLESALE



GROCERIES

PRODUCE

FRUITS

VEGETABLES



216 South College Street

CHARLOTTE, - N. C.

Hardaway

Hecht

Co.

WHOLESALE

GROCERS

Cigars - Tobaccos

Phone 60, First and Church Streets.