

THE PASSING SEASONS

BEING THE FIRST FABLE ON
DIXIE SERVICE.

Hesa Rookie enlisted in the medical department of the army to help win the war against the Hun. Then sent him to a northern camp for a few months. Hesa didn't like it there even a little bit. He wanted to see the world.

When word came that he was to be sent south was Hesa happy? Yea, verily! To say that he was delighted is false. He was more; he was overjoyed. Friends were informed that he was to winter in the Sunny South—Dixie—the Land of Cotton. He wrote them all and promised to send roses, picked beneath blue skies at Christmas.

Along about October the joy wagon dumped Hesa off at a certain camp in what is commonly called the Piedmont portion of the Sunny Southland. Did it rain? No, the clouds just opened up and voided moisture that flowed as profusely as beer at a Polish wedding in Milwaukee. Hesa could feel himself slipping daily in the soft southern soil. The aquatic sports lasted for about two months and webbed feet gradually replaced his former pentadigital pedal extremities.

Then came winter. Did Hesa pick any roses beneath blue skies? The rosiest thing he saw was a red-hot sally stove, but his toes turned blue in his hobnails. Snow and sleet were always apparent, but sun and skies were seldom seen. In fact these latter became conspicuous mostly on account of their absence. Capping the climax came quarantine, causing Hesa to cease seeing Sally, his slow-eyed southern senorita, for six successive weeks. Bunk Fatigue was the principal pastime when not sending home for smokes Hesa was almost discouraged. He became desperately downcast and disconsolate. But spring was coming.

Spring, gentle spring! Once the fog lifted and Hesa caught his first glimpse of blue skies. What if the atmosphere was thick? What if the mud was up to his knees in the high spots? Had he had not seen Piedmont skies when they were blue? Forsooth, he had; but even as he looked the blue turned to grey, and rain trickled gently in torrents on the newly-planted fields of cotton.

Summer. At last Hesa would have a taste of the beautiful southland with its wonderful climatic and atmospheric attractions. Would Hesa enjoy it? Sure 'nuff. He spent a dollar, four bits, for a khaki shirt, and drew a last year's discarded khaki uniform, two sizes too big, in eager anticipation. Was it warm? Posolutely. Friend Mercury of the thermometer wandered way up past the hundred mark and remained there so long that the Sunny Southern atmosphere was possessed of sufficient calories of heat to shame Hades. Hesa's khakis developed a remarkable tendency to want to do the stamp act and stick to chairs. Perspiration was more plentiful than aqua pumpiana. Popular places were bath tubs and ice boxes. Hesa frequently flirted with the shower bath and made friends with the electric fan.

Now it is fall. Hesa's princely person still decorates the southern landscape. His enthusiasm has waned. He's a sadder but a wiser specimen of the Genus Homo. He wants to go to France.

Moral—Don't put too much faith in "Dixie," even though "Piedmont skies are blue."—Sometimes.

—By Knight Awduhlee.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Paris—L. J. Darter of Montgomery, Ala., and three other Y. M. C. A. workers had a narrow escape from Bosche shells dropped by a Hun aeroplane on the road to Erdun and only were saved by stopping their Ford and crawling under it.

SAW THE MUD.

A Doughboy returning to Camp Wadsworth on the same train that was bringing "Dental" Durst back to us, told the following on one of the company:

It seems that this fellow was returning from a furlough and fell asleep on the train. When the chew-chew drew up into Charlotte, said d. b. looked out, saw the mud, thought he was HOME and got off.

The following morning his C. O. got the following telegram:

"Dear Cap. Made a little mistake and got off at Camp Greene. Am now with the 122nd Inf. Feeling fine. Don't worry."

Talk about your modern barbarism. We know a certain tonsorial artist in Charlotte (one of brown-skin varie who ought to be practicing on that falling star—The Kaiser. Webster made one mistake—it should be barber-ism. (This ought to get us a free shave. How about it, Gene?)

We report the following men who have been made sergeants: Ralph N. Logan, Milton Maas, and D. M. Brill.

WE WILL COME.

After all the knocking, we must put in a good word for the base hospital band. Though they are still a little "squeaky" and "weezy" in spots, they surely are making wonderful improvement. Keep it up, boys, and when you hold your first dance extend us an invitation.

The resurrection of baseball in the base, didn't even cause a ripple of excitement among us. Hope the medical supply plays its next game somewhere over there and that we won't have to wait till next season for the call, "Play Ball."

—D. M. Brill.

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