

## MOONSHINE LETTER

From: Ned.  
To: Ione.  
Subject: Love and \$40,000.  
My own Ione:

Ev'rbody thinks that Horatio Algers was a good poem, but wouldn't be jellus if he cud read that rime. Well, Sug, I have been so lonesum anad blue sense I arrived back hear at Camp Greene, that I spit indigo. Ev'r time I smell talkum powder and Hoits Colown, it brings you back to me just as plain as the way you smelt the nite of the Klub Dance. It sets my hart to beatin' rale fast like the Huns' rtreat. Gosh, maybe it wouldn't be a good joke on Sherman if he cud see Camp Greene. He never wulda said that about War, heda thot war was only a Sham Battle. They even has a rode around here what they call Dam Rode.

I ain't got much time for ritin' now cause I've bin promoted. I didn't like to menshun it in the first paragraf cause you no how modest I am. One of the Sarjints told me that I was now a actin' 1st class private and that my work was to be fatiging. It just seems like I naturally rise on anything or any job what I'm put at, like I was promoted in the bank back home. Who's runnin' that elevator now that I'm away? Well, what, it takes to rise in the army I got,—brains and pull. I kin see that and sometimes when I looks at some of the wooden-heads in our bunch I come to the conclushun that they belong in the Forest Reseerves. Some of them has splinters insted of hare and some of 'em ought to enlist in the army of Consciencious Objektors.

Kin you keep a secret? Well, the fellow what gits the mail says that he herd that one of the guys that has a friend in New York tell another guy that the War wud be over in six months and that we was to be cent to Siberia this winter. Well, I shud wurry. I am naturally cold blooded anyway to everything but you and what it takes to play them Bold She Vicks a freeze-out I got. Corse it will be hard to leave the wormth of your hart fur that cold klimat, but jest as Pershing says, "It's a grate life if you won't week end."

I've bin wurried sick about that soffie piller. I didn't stop to relize that these army seamore raincoats is two short fur me and whin I wuz on my neeb on the piller maken luv that my neez was wet. Hunny don't let it kill your luv fur me and I will send you an army piller cover so that when you set on it you will be remind-ed of me—so soft harted and brave (I has goin' to say nushey.)

I has to close now and tend to my military duties. I am private seck to the captin and got to go feed his horse. But horse or nor horse, al-ways remembur you are the apple of my eye. It's a good thing I ain't cross eyed or you'd be a pair. I got to stop now and tell the boys this won. Its too good to keep and oughta be canned.

Your actin' 1st cl. priv.,  
NED.

## FAMILIAR SONG

GREET'S EAR OF FORMER HOS-  
PITAL COMRADE.

In the following letter to Corporal Forman of the patients' mess, Cook Allen, formerly of the diet kitchen, now of Base Hospital No. 54, A. E. F., tells of some of his experiences in Sunny France.

Hello Harold: We are finally here. Everyone made it O. K. and not even a casual on board. When we landed we hiked out to a rest camp and saw some of the town, city or whatever they call it. I sure am happy and will grow more so the nearer the scene of action we are moved.

The first real thrill we had was a gang of young gamins on an embankment singing "Hail Hail, the Gangs All Here," as we marched by, as just as in the States the accent came on the same word.

About every second house we pass-ed had an open cellar with a minia-ture soaplake, a community washing place. The 15 or 20 women in each had queer sort of kneeling boxes and used the granite wall enclosing the "wash basin" as a scrubbing board. Every scrub-fir and briar patch had its burden of more or less snowy lingerie, drying guarded by the young prides of the family.

The camp here has quite a history but I can't tell you of that. We are quartered in comparatively nice bar-racks, much better in fact than I ex-pected. We sleep on sort of canvas hammocks, slung on pipes four feet high from the ground. We haven't unpacked our equipment as of course this is only temporary and are using one small size (100 ration) field range for cooking and an open pit for G. I. can boiling. I am not on either shift but am with Henry sort of a free lance on both.

Yesterday our ball team played one of the other outfits here and the game went into extra innings but we finally won by a score of 3-2. Henry played a spectacular game in one place, making a dive for first from third, when he was on base, then com-ing to his senses and dashing home, getting away with it and the winning run.

Write me when you can, all the news and scandal and remember me to the boys.

IRVING S. ALLEN,  
Cook, Base Hospital No. 54, American  
Expeditionary Forces.

## WE MISS THEM

Among the missing at the present time are Pvts. Napoleon Lamereoux and Romeo Hamel our worthy and esteemed pressman. If "Romie" feeds them as fast at home as he does when printing the Caduceus it should be SOME furlough.

## HERE AGAIN

Eugene La Montague is back with us once more after passing ten days in the wilds of Maine that he asserts were more than just pleasant, they were right agreeable.

Commanding Officers  
Attention!

Headquarters for  
Typewriters

CARONA and many others.

Edison-Dick Mimeographs  
Supplies

Also

Army and Navy Models of the

Edison Diamond Disc  
Phonograph.

J. E. Crayton & Co.

216 S. Tryon Street.

Park  
Theatre

Liberty Park

Camp No. 4

Sunday, Sept. 29

EDITH STORY

THE STAR SUPREME

IN

The Legion of Death

IN ADDITION

A Harold Lloyd Comedy

Hearst Pathe News

Continuous 12 o'clock noon till 11 p.m.

ADMISSION 10c.