



## WHY INDEED.

Dear Ed. I am waiting a call to the colors, but do not believe it will be necessary for me to enter a training camp for the following reasons:

1. The rooming house where I used to stay caused me to have no fear of trench cooties.
2. The fellow next door is taking cornet lessons and awakens me every morning at 5 o'clock playing "Over There."
3. I am a mail carrier, so a twenty-mile hike would be nothing new in my youthful career.
4. I have been married three years and in that time have learned to wash dishes and sew on buttons.
5. My wife entertains her club at our house every other Tuesday, and therefore gas would have no terrors for me.
6. I have had no actual experience with a bayonet, but am an expert with a can opener.
7. A German family next door cooks cabbage every other day, so I already have a well-developed hatred for the race.

So, why in the Sam Hill should I waste time in a training camp?

—K. O. T. B.

## WANT A GAME.

The record taking section of the personnel office at camp headquarters has organized a football team under the coaching of Captain E. Davis. They are prepared to meet any such organization in the camp. Communications should be addressed to Acting Sergeant T. L. Alburger, Jr.

## ONLY A RED CROSS NURSE

She did not wait to be drafted,  
She was the first to answer the call.  
For she knew that the soldiers would need her  
And a mother she will be to them all.

She is a soldier that carries no weapons,  
She is only a Red Cross Nurse over there.  
In her bosom is a heart full of sympathy,  
Her weapons are kindness and care,

She goes where the fight is the thickest,  
And you never hear her complain,  
For it is her greatest ambition  
To ease a poor dying soldier's pain.

Always on the field with the dying and wounded,  
She is like an angel that dropped from the sky,  
For she is a mother to the soldier that needs her,  
And she has often made it easy for him to die.

## GETTING HIS WISH.

A southern regiment in the front line trenches had been having a rather quiet time. Things were monotonous, especially for Eph. Finally he said to his buddy::

"Rastus, I'm gwine up on that parapet."

"Ah'm gwine to see if there's any Boches ovah there." said Eph. He climbed up on the edge of the trench and hollered: "Come on, you Boches, what you got to offer?" And then an exploding bomb buried him beneath a pile of dirt and rubbish. As his comrades dug him out, Eph sat up and murmured: "Dass whut I call service!"—The Journal, American Medical Association.

## TO CANTEEN.

Changes in assignments for the week show that "Spic" Wartley and "Roger" Hirlinger have changed jobs and both are now performing in the Post Exchange.

## HER FIRST LESSON



THE PROB. STARTS TAKING TEMPERATURES.

## PROMISES GOOD TIMES.

Secretary James J. McGrath left for Boston, Mass., on Monday to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law; also to be at the bedside of his sister who is very low with pneumonia, developed from Spanish influenza. It is hoped that Secretary McGrath, who is in charge of building No. 2, will be back with us shortly, and in the meantime our able secretary, Charles Weber, announces there will be some corking good times in store for the fellows as soon as the quarantine is lifted.

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