

MOONSHINE LETTER

BY WIG (T. J. STOCKARD).

My own Hero:

My pore hart feels like a chocolate nut sunday—full of joy and pones. I am so glad bekase the bluddy war is over, and it rains my hart to here you say that you has put in for a transfur thru proper milatery channels, for foarrain servise. Darlin, I am skeert that they mought be submyrines in them milatery channels. Think uv \$40,000.00 going to the sharks! Do you prefer a watery grave to the happy home I have planned fer us? Sweetie, dont leave me to dye of a leakin valve in my hart; be loves plumber and plung that leok with luv and affectun. Why, I hav already sot my eyes on our lot. It's on the corner of O'Flannigan's Alley and Cohen's Bullyvard. Aint that a nice quiet locashum for a real Irishman like you?

I am intrested in the drive for funs for the War Camp Community Service. The papers say, "See Our Boys Through." Hcney, is they shot so full uv holes that you can see thru em, or do they want to raze money to hav X-Ray pictures made of them? Then agin, the Ads. say "Keep Them Smiling," so I am gonna send them a bunch uv your pictures. They wants to back our g:rls in the Young Womens Cupid Association. The pore critters must be wearing these hear society dresses, with no backs and a front with little support. It's disgraceful for them poor gals to have to stand so many cold stares frum the rude soldiers, with so little clothes on, and I will shore help back em. I can run the hips off a sewin machine. All the leadin journals advocate this step, and I wunder will the Christian Advocate it?

Love devine, ever sense Germany accepted piece, I hav met evry train comin frum the South, expectin the return of my yunderful conquerer. Why didn't you come home on the first train as I expected? I kant understand why you is so blood thirsty that you insist on stayin at Camp. I bin expectin of you evry day sense, and puttin on my Sunday dress and perfume. Evry time I look up the

Cooke

PHOTOGRAPHER

7th and Tryon Streets
Charlotte, N. C.
Phone 1511

THE CADUCEUS

FEED THE OFFICERS



—Photo By Toohey.

PREMIER COOKS WIN MUCH PRAISE.

When it comes to real food, cooked well and properly served the place to visit is the officers' mess in therear of the officers' quarters at the base hospital.

Under the supervision of Captain Wilson, mess officer, Sergeant 1st Cl. Scott Wheaton has been success-ful in treating the officers of the hospital to some of the finest meals that they have had spread before them since their entrance into the service of Uncle Sam.

In the group picture the upper row from left to right shows: In gram, Paredaan, Sgt. 1st Cl. Wheaton, Handleman and Mordefeld.

Second row: Cook Thomas, Calatri and Cook Barnes.
Seated: Doladuranty, Rufus and Sequeria.

street I hav vishuns uv you comin down the rode in your uniform, and my hart leaps up till it most busts my epiglottis, and I fergit all about my corns hurtin my ankles. But a lass! You haint showed up yit and the cologne is gittin mighty low in that bottle you giv me goin on 3 Yrs. ago next Xmas. I am keepin the home fires burnin, but Pa is raisin Cain about the coal bill. I am sendin you

some stamped envelopes adrest to ME. I would jest send the stamps, but you might use en to rite to sum uther gals. See? I just luv you untill I am gellous. With reciprosity in love, I remain as you were,

Your bride to bee,

IONE.

P. S.—There haint no use uv your comin home jest now, for all the saloons is closed.

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