

LOCAL BITS

FROM "Y" 282.

Private Martin, who holds down the job in front of the administration building has been rather gloomy lately. Suggestions as to the reason are in order.

Mike, one of the ward orderlies sent this message to his wife: "Hello, haven't heard from you in two weeks. What's the trouble? Are you sick? Send me five dollars."

Private Moody is so fond of playing checkers that he is even willing to be beaten occasionally to encourage you to play with him.

Ask Secretary Martin where the flower garden is located.

Owen Berry states that he is going to join the night riders when he gets out of the army.

Pvt. George Boyd of the patient's mess is looking for a suit case, can anyone accommodate him?

OH, BILL

Oh, Bill; Oh, Bill!
Where do you go to now?
You've lost your throne,
You'll have to roam,
Where can you go now?

Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill!
What are you going to do?
The Yanks have won
And you must run—
Bill, get a move on you.

Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill!
You and your rat-faced son
Are out of a job,
And facing a mob—
Take to your legs and run.

Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill!
Look for a hole and hide—
It's the only place
To hide your face
In all the world so wide.

Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill!
Nobody cares for you;
You've lost your crown,
And crumbled down,
Good-bye, Bill! You're through.
Sgt. Andrew G. Peterson.



KEEP YOUR MONEY

Public forum editors of the Caduceus Base Hospital, Camp Greene, N. C. Gents:—

I ain't never wrote nothin' fur to be printed befour but if you'll print this letter I'll by four papers the week its in.

When I was working nights I tried to lern to tiprite, but the nurse made me quit. I think she was just afraid if I lern't id git to be a non com and then she wouldn't have no good orderly. Anyway I never lern't so you'll have

to pardon the pensul.

What I wanted to say is I jest bin transfered out of the base and im glad to. not that I never liked the nurses and the chow and the officers and the privits. They all treated me just like I was there brothers.

Some of the non coms was alrite to, but they was a fu of 'em guys that eats on the rite side Sol's kitchen that I cud a licked if they never had no stripes on their shirts, once one of em went and got me restricted for 15 days and wile I was reportin to the office every hour he was up town taken my Jane to the movies on the four bits he borriew from me the day after pay day.

I didn't mind lending him the money, understand, cause I'm libral, but wen he pade me back the next day he started a crap game and busted me. then the day after he grubbed so many of my camels he almost got humpbacked.

IM ONLY A PRIVATE

"YOU HAVE BEEN DECEIVING ME"



YOU HAVE BEEN WRITING ME THAT YOU WERE A SOLDIER", EXCLAIMS MISS FIRST CHOICE WHEN SHE FINDS HER HOSPITAL FRIEND ON K. P.

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