

## MEDICAL SUPPLY

## HELLO, BROTHER Q. M.

Uncle Sam got mad, grabbed his gun, beat the stuffin' out of the Hun, and now they turn to the very man who gave 'em hell for mercy.

That's us all over. We walloped the daylights out of the Base Hospital Q. M. in everything you could shake a stick at. We squashed them in Baseball, beat 'em at the Parlor Game, outwitted 'em thru these pages—and now, with their spine bent so badly it can no longer stand the strain of Battle, they have sent out the S. O. S. signal.

With the spirit of 1918, we come. The M. S. D., seventeen in number, has thrown aside all implements of war and turned to Charity. We beat 'em to a frazzle and now we're ready to help save 'em. We have joined the Q. M. C. and they are made. We have lived through the Battle of Mecklenburg County and the Battle of the Flu and are now ready as full-fledged brother Q. M.'s, to carry the burden of their battle. The M. S. D., as a detachment, is no more. Long life to the Q. M. C. But the spirit of the old M. S. D. will now be visited on the New outfit. Watch us now. Keep your eyes on the Yaller-hat-crowd guys of the Base Hospital.

Brill, Goldman and Nicol were the first to bury the hatchet and don the wheel, key and eagle.

With the transfer of Lt. O. C. Stauffer to Chicago, Captain Darling once more, must shoulder the responsibility of both Medical Supply and Property Officer.

And still Milton Maas and Doc Arn continue to grow fatter and fatter. Kinyabettut?

Some of the boys have sent home for a loaf of bread to help Sgt. Laske "win the war."

Sgt. D. M. BRILL.

## HUNDREDS OF COPIES

MANY MAGAZINES GO TO  
CAMP GREENE.

Several hundred new magazines were sent to Camp Greene for Sunday reading by the Charlotte War-Camp Community Service. Included in the selections were 50 copies of the Saturday Evening Post, 40 Leslie Weekly, 50 Colliers Weekly, 40 copies of Life, 40 of Judge, 40 of the Literary Digest and others. The magazines are collected each week from the office of the War-Camp Community Service and distributed at camp by the secretaries of the camp Y. M. C. A.

## SOME HUNT.

Rumor has it that Sgt 1st Class Earl Vickery and Pvt. 1st Class Joseph Choate "enjoyed" a very fine day's hunting at the latter's home in Huntersville, N. C., recently. Few hunting stories have been heard so the success of the expedition remains rather uncertain.

## R. I. GRESHAM

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## Liberty Park

## VICTORY ALPHABET

A for the Allies who won the big fight  
B for the Boche that they beat  
C for the Courage that gave might to right  
D for the Germans' Defeat  
E for the Eaters who saved up the wheat  
F for all the Food that was sent  
G for the Gott raised by Wilhelm's deceit  
H for the Hell where he's bent  
I for the Ich that he put before Gott  
J for the Justice he'll get  
K for all Kings that now are as naught  
L for the Loans that we met  
M for the Massacre ended  
N for the Nations that stand  
O for the Officers splendid  
P for the Privates so grand  
Q for the Quickness in action  
R for the Right that has won  
S for the Socialist faction  
T for the Trouble that's done  
U for the Union forever  
V for Victory so great  
W for Warriors clever  
X for Xmas we'll all celebrate  
Y for the Yanks that kept us all free  
Z for the Zeal that saved you and me.  
—Journal of A. M. A.

## MOTORCYCLE SMASHED.

First Sergeant Chester Leighton had his legs badly bruised and Sergeant Lawrence Barlett narrowly escaped injury when one of the detachment motorcycles, in which they were riding, was struck by an automobile and demolished, on last Sunday evening. The accident occurred on West Trade street in front of the Stonewall hotel and was caused by the automobile, driven by Dr. A. C. McCoy backing into the detachment machine. The driver of the automobile has arranged to secure repairs on the motorcycle which is almost a total wreck.

WHEN THIRSTY DRINK

PEPSI-COLA

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