

As You Were Men!  
AND  
A Camera For Every Pose  
and Pocket

PHOTO SUPPLIES

It is not a bit too early to start  
your Xmas shopping  
LOOK US OVER

**BURKHARDT'S**

108 Kennedy Place

"The Bright Store Just Off Morgan Square"

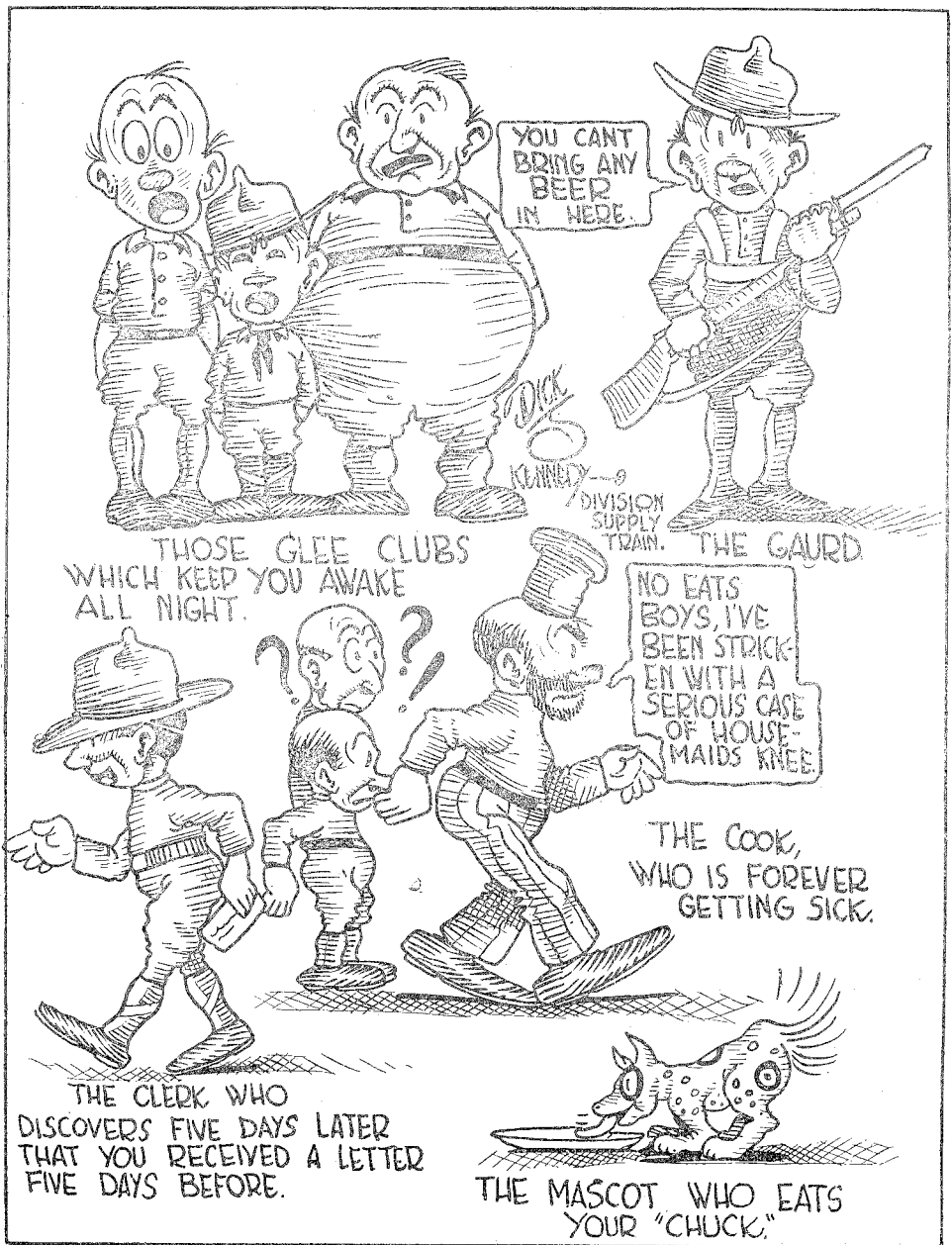
*Young & Germany  
Company*  
**Groceries**  
*Fruit and  
Produce*

*Officers and enlisted men are  
particularly welcome in our estab-  
lishment. We want them to feel  
that our office is their headquar-  
ters while they are in town.*

Immediate Attention Given to  
Verbal and Telephone Orders

*Cor. Ezell and Choice Sts.*

Telephone 1351



**PESTS WE ALL KNOW--THE RACKET IN O. D.**

There is the fellow in every camp who generates noise. He might be a useful bit of camouflage at certain times, say when we get in the trenches and we want to make the Germans think we have twice as much heavy artillery as we have. Then he might be set to work making noise, and the Boches would flee before the air-spitting racket he could work up.

Unfortunately, though, his noise-making abilities are always shown at the wrong time. He comes busting up to you when you're sitting quietly trying to compose the Most Important of letters. He makes a boom with his service shoes like a hundred carpenters' hammers. He walks with a sort of shuffling bang that chases ideas out of your head like British 40's scattering Huns.

His feet are only a small part of him. His mouth is the main works, the fountain head of all his peskiness. It begins firing without taking into account the whites of the enemy's eyes, or anything else. It runs off like water out of a sieve. It chatters and bleats and bores. It emits curses, foolishness and nonsense. It saws and rasps, heckles and aggra-

vates. It knows neither times nor seasons. It starts going when everyone else in the barracks or the tent has drawn the curtains of repose. It giggles and gargles and slops over. It lets loose a chain of snickers when a weary annoyed pal joins his strenuous balling-out to others.

This camp racket-maker doesn't know that a certain type of rubber heels absorbs many shocks. He doesn't realize that heavy objects can be handled without being dropped and rattled around. His mess kit when he gets his hands on it sounds like cow bells at a football game or rattlers on election night. In fact, this fellow reminds one of election night or an old fashioned Fourth of July. He rackets while you're trying to sleep, bangs when you're trying to read and explodes when you're wanting just a minute of calm repose to rest your nerves.

When a concert is on in the Y. M. C. A. hut he gets up in the middle of a number and drags his studded boots over the wooden floor, drowning out the music. He never heard of tiptoes or a soft pedal. He lives in that style characterized musically as fortissimo. Some day he may be quieted, but until that millennium he is the Human Racket in O. D.