

MEDICAL SUPPLY

The M. S. D. took the "master" out of quartermaster, by mastering them in a game of ball. The score was 8 to 5.

The mail was pretty light on Sunday. Bremer only got four letters.

Extracts from a letter received from Luis Amdursky, shipped from this detachment to Newpork News for overseas duty:

"Took a 12-mile hike today and we get this together with drill, drill, drill, four or five hours every day. One thing I miss outside of the splendid companionship of the boys at Camp Greene, is the wonderful "chow" they serve you. It is worth \$5 a throw compared to the stuff they dish out here, and that's no bull."

Corporal Davidson has "gone west." No, he hasn't "cashed in." He's gone on a furlough and headed toward Sioux City.

Manager Logan of the second team sprung a Charlie Horse on Monday, which accounts for those two misjudged in middle field in that practice game on Monday—to hear him tell it.

Corporal Nicol is again with us after "knocking 'em cold" on his ten-day furlough in New Haven.

PIQUANT POINTERS

(BY SERGEANT "DOC" WOLLARD)

Some people won't even be happy if they do get to heaven. They'll still want to go somewhere else for the summer months.

Never finish your letters "Thanking you in advance for your kind assistance," because the odds are about a thousand to one that you won't get it.

If you meet a guy who drops his eyes when he meets you and will start up his own pet war argument with "I'm as patriotic as anybody, and as good an American as ever lived, but I know when we are up against it, and things are looking worse every day,

and I don't think we've a ghost of a chance of licking the Germans," just take it from me, he's a self-appointed "Kaiser" lover, just make him kiss your "bunch" of fives twice in the same place, and when he has done a "Fare thee well," just tattoo the German flag all over his "May" and let him lay.

Lots of members of the Detachment who never dreamed of being poultry fanciers before joining the army, seem to have suddenly developed a great interest in "dressed chicken."

The greatest money panic I ever saw was when some one dropped a dime on a crowded car last week, and about fifteen women scrambled for it, claiming it as theirs.

SUNSHINE POEM.

Lieutenant H. C. Durston, of the Signals Corps, First Prov. Regt., mobilization department, stationed at Camp Greene, has kindly submitted the following poem, written by his brother, Lieut. G. H. Durston, and which bears homage to the "medics":

HE'S A MAN

You hear a lot of silly rot about the "Nursemaid Corps";
The "Saw Bones" and the "Pill Rollers" who "wallow in our gore,"
But I want to go on record as saying, here and now
That the boys who wear the old maroon do surely earn their chow.
They give us pills for all of our il's, they feed us diets fine,
"The deaths we died they watched beside" and the life they lead is thine;
And when amid a rain of steel your legging muscles tire;
You'll see these "non-combatants" tend the wounded under fire.
So when you see the winged rod upon a soldier's coat,
And the serpents that for wisdom stand, just mutely make a note,
That though he never does a Guard, or use a ram-rod,
That where you see that uniform you'll find a man, by God!

By LIEUT. G. H. DURSTON, Sanitary Corps, N. A.

Military Dance

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