

**QUARTERMASTER**

**YOU TELL 'EM.**

A certain young lady in Charlotte requested a Q. M. man to inform her as to the number of men that comprised a battalion. When he informed her, she exclaimed in a very surprised tone, "I never knew you were acquainted with anything relative to the army."

Q. M. Sergeant Elrod is enjoying a well-earned furlough at his home in Jefferson, Ga.

Sergeant Reel and "Unome" will vouch that there is not a town more inviting than Kannapolis.

The following promotions were made in the detachment:

Q. M. Sergeant Julius Elrod, Sergeant First Class Walter J. Reel, Sergeants Edward O'Malley, Clifford Smith, Clyde I. Wheeler, Corporals John Johnson, Herbert C. Staniland, Private First Class Charles Kerkhoff.

Lieutenant Harvey was the recipient of a visit by his father, Mr. Felix Harvey of Kinston, N. C.

—By Sergeant O'Malley.

**UNCLE SAM.**

When you're confined to quarters, and you're laying in your tent,  
And you're got a canteen headache, and your last two bits is spent,  
And you're homesick for your mother, and nobody gives a damn—  
Then you're working for your uncle—  
—Uncle who?—Why, Uncle Sam.

When you wake up in the mornings, and the flies buzz in your tent,  
And you sort o' start to wonder how your wife will pay the rent;  
And the doctor has your number, so you can't pull any sham—  
Then you're working for your uncle—  
Uncle who—Why, Uncle Sam.

When they slam you in the guard-house, 'cause you wouldn't shovel dirt,  
And your heart is fairly aching, and your feet are tired and hurt,  
And you're waiting for court-martial, feelin' glum as any clam—  
Then you're working for your uncle,  
Uncle who?—Why, Uncle Sam.

**THE MEDICAL CORPS MAN.**

The Medical Corps man is part of a nation's pride;  
He has fought the fight for a nation's might, yea fought to his death and died.

He is paving the way for work and play, for men to be whole and clean;  
Clearing ill-kempt shores of germs and sports that menace our white machine.

He's breaking the wheels of whirling steel, that's grinding the lives of men,  
By intense recourse to each saving force that makes man live again,  
The shattered bone and the heart-blood's moan are his call to the fire's red rim;  
And the gas-bomb shell, discharged with hell, holds nothing of fear for him.

From crater to bank he trails the tank, from trench to trench he bounds,  
And his canteen slips to burning lips as he binds his comrade's wounds.  
He follows the stream of the big shell's scream, the machine gun's spray of steel,  
And he works below on the ships that go to hell for the country's weal.

He has witnessed his comrades go over there to be murdered and taken by Huns;  
He has seen the dead blood smeared and red—the child and the gray old man;  
He knows the brute with his savage loot who has cursed a suffering world;  
And he offers his all at his country's call when her banners are unfurled.

O Medical Corps man, ye know well the human heart  
And he prays a prayer in a country fair which goes like this in part:  
If a God sits high or low say I in the path of a blood drenches sun,  
For the shameless guilt of a foul sword's hilt, I pray God damn the Hun.  
Submitted by THOMAS J. QUINN.

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