

THROUGH THE CAMP

CAMP Q. M. C.

That's the only job that I deplore,
And when the mo-mo-mo-moon shines,
Over the me-me-mess hall,
I'll be mopping up the ki-ki-ki-kitchen
floor.

K-K-K-K-Kay P—K-K-K-K-Kay P.
That's the only job that's worse than
Reveille.
And when the mo-mo-mo-moon shines
Over the me-me-mess hall,
I'd rather be standing in line at
Reveille.

14TH COMPANY FOURTH RECRUIT CAMP.

Has a tough time since it has been
broken up. Line sergeants are per-
forming the duties of K. P. and detail
work.

IN STOCKING FEET.

Talk about your inspection—little
Scottie Davidson stood inspection in
his stocking feet last Saturday and the
Lieut. must have forgotten his ninth
general order.

Poor Scottie will be out of luck for
shoes until the Q. M. opens its doors
again. Master Granzin would make a
better truck driver than a violinist.

BEEN TRANSFORMED.

D. M. Berg, has been transferred to
Camp Headquarters company Canteen
on detached service, where he is doing
a nice quiet business. You see, until
7 o'clock in the evening business is
slow, and after 7 o'clock there is noth-
ing doing; but on the other hand it
is the same thing.

Since we are having regimental
guard so often, the want ad column
for K. P.'s has been abandoned.

Mess Sergeant Weaver would make
a better paper-hanger than he would
a gravy maker.

Acting Top Sergeant Mermelstein
cleans the company street while the
company drills. What rank does he
hold, boys (altogether)? He doesn't
hold any rank; that's a rank job.

By D. M. Berg.

WHO ARE THEY?

The clippers will not run straight
for Eugene Manga, one of the detach-
ment barbers, since received an omi-
nous letter from Salisbury, early in
the week. The message is unsigned
and is from four young women who
penned the wierd bit of rhetoric at the

LOCKET FOUND.

Found—A silver plated locket, bear-
ing the initials A. C. W., and holding
the emblem of a branchh of military
service. Owner can have same by call-
ing at the Caduceus office.

MEDICAL SUPPLY

GIVES AN IDEA.

Extracts from a letter received from
Sgt. K. J. Dalquist, throws some light
on what the boys are doing:

"* * * he put me in charge of
Transportation of Property, from ar-
rival here until sailing * * * I've got
Red Wilson on Materials on Hand
records, and believe me, Dave, he has
surprised me. He's doing fine.
Baumoel was transferred to Hampton
Roads, Va., and along with some of
the others who are to go Monday, will
probably land on hospital trains.
Stockard is doing Bunk Fatigue.
Greene, Halligan and Durst have been
put on K. P. Lytle, Whally and
Weaver sweep out the Officers' Quar-
ters, etc. Paddy Singer is orderly for
the Port Surgeon."

And they left Camp Greene to the
tune of, "We're going Over"
Kinyabeetit?

Some class to that new office, eh?
Now all they need up there is some
Brussels carpets, a little bric a brac,
and a pot of paint.

SURE THING.

Overheard by the Property Officer,
Ward Checker, in one of the C Wards.
Patient * * * "Nurse, please make me
up an egg-nog, and, eh, nurse, put a,
er, stick in it." Nurse (innocently,
as she winks at the P. O. W. C.), "A
stick? Will a Tongue Depressor do?"

We have it from good authority,
that "Fritz" Riley (the kid glove kid),
has been known to have kept three
dates in one evening. And they say
that Philly is a slow, dead, burg.

By Sgt. D. M. Brill.

MOTOR TRANSPORT

The motor transport company is
again enlarging its organization by
the addition of thirty more men. We
think there will be an awful lot of
goldbricking done now.

Sergt. Kinzie should be assigned
as assistant driver as we know he is
too busy to get his car in condition
for inspection.

Sergt Bill Thul has been assigned
as truck master. Best of luck, Bill.
But don't be too hard on the boys.
Remember you were a truck driver
once.

Cpl. Morairty should have joined
the M. P.'s, as he sure is there when
it comes to joining in a chase.

Many of our boys have very heavy
shoes. We would suggest that some
of them secure foot supports. It may
save trouble.

We wish to thank the A. L. A. for
stocking our recreation room with
such a splendid line of books.

ON RIOT DUTY.

WITH THE ORDNANCE DETACH- MENT.

The "Audience" Co. so misnomered
by some of our envious neighbors on
account of our "active" participation
in the recent war has at last had an
opportunity to prove its mettle.

The witching hour of midnight had
hardly pealed from the darkened bel-
fries of the nearby City of Charlotte,
when the news was flashed into our
Headquarters, over the phone, of
serious rioting in the town of Win-
ston-Salem, that blossoming communi-
ty amongst the hills and tall timbers
about eighty miles north of here.

It appears that a colored man im-
bued more deeply with the spirit Corn-
elius than celestial had attacked one
of the leading citizen of said town,
and his wife. When it became known
that the assault had resulted in the
death of the male victim and the con-
finement of his assassin in the county
jail, a mob was not long in assembling
and in spite of the hastily called out
home guards was already breaking in-
to the jail to summarily carry out its
plan of instant revenge.

The Mayor of the town immediately wired
his brother judiciary at Charlotte who
quickly relayed the call for help to
the Camp Greene Headquarters.

Among the various crack organiza-
tions called upon to furnish detach-
ments to quell the disturbance the
117th Ordnance Depot Co. was repre-
sented by twenty-five of its sturdiest
warriors led by their popular top
Sergt. Lindquist. They were fully
equipped haversacks, rifles, ammuni-
tion and all in less time than it takes
to tell this story—and away for the
zone of trouble.

Upon their arrival aboard the
special train which had rushed them
thither, they found conditions every
bit as serious as had been intimated.
Bedlam had broken loose and trans-
formed the ordinarily quiet and pros-
perous community into a seething
cauldron, a veritable inferno from
which the staccato bark of revolvers
and rifles mingling with the shrieks
and groans of the frenzied mob greet-
ed the little band of "pacifists".

The news, that Uncle Sam's boys
had come to take a hand in the affair,
spread like wild fire and by the time
the little column of khaki clad men
had marched to the center of the town
to taken up their quarters at the local
armory not a person could be found
upon the streets. It seemed as if a
thoro housewife had finished sweep-
ing out a dusty room.

Yet their troubles were by no means
at an end, for had they known it there
presence had merely thrown a tem-
porary damper on the flame of dis-
content. The morning would give the
mob a chance to size up the situation