

THROUGH THE CAMP

CAMP Q. M. C.

OFFICERS DISCHARGED.

Lieut. Farrell P. Lilly in charge of the Fuel and Forage Branch, has left the service. He is succeeded by Lieut. Webb.

Lieuts. Goodstein and Jackson of the Property Office took their departure this week after having creditably performed the important duties in this branch all during the summer and early fall.

Lieut. Roy E. Saunders of the Transportation Branch has served his connection with the service but will probably remain in the employ of the American Railway Administration.

Q. M. RESTAURANT.

Perhaps there has not been a more welcome idea put forward pertaining to the convenience of the men in the vicinity of the Camp Quartermaster Corps than the idea of a restaurant. It was a long felt need, and the idea has materialized into a reality at least. Just to the rear of the Q. M. C. Canteen and along the West Road, in the heart of the Camp will be found this Mecca for hungry men. Already, this new feature of camp life has begun to show evidence of its prosperity. The first day's business amounted to \$25.00 and as yet, it has only started. But it is natural to expect it to be a success for Sgt. Welser is in charge of its operation. His popularity with the men of all branches of the Q. M. Corps is sufficient goodwill to make the restaurant prosper. Responsibility will gravitate to the right man, somehow.

Already the men have been inviting each other to dine, and is likely that with the addition of stoves and a floor, the men of the Detachment will patronize the restaurant beyond expectation.

The boys of the Q. M. Detachment built a ladder of many steps, and there was a prize offered to the man who would get to the top first, marking on the rounds with chalk as he ascended, the number of lies he had told. Ben Edwards and Crawford lost out in the contest owing to the fact that they ran out of chalk and had to come down for more.

Civil Clerk Brady of the fuel and forage doesn't answer the telephone any more. Expecting business, he lifts the receiver and all he hears is a sweet voice calling for Roland, Pete or Mike. Mke is O'Grady, but that don't stop the girls any.

Sergeant Garvin of Oklahoma expects to return to his old sweetie soon.

Q. M. DANCE.

Last week, the Camp Quartermaster Detachment gave a very unique and attractive dance in the ball-room of the Selwyn hotel. This proved to be one of the most brilliant features the Camp Q. M. Detachment has undertaken, and it is hoped that the pleasure of this one, will be the cause of more.

There were many stags present, and this fact added to the enjoyment of all the young ladies present. The dance hall was beautifully adorned with appropriate and harmonious decorations, on which the bright lights from all sides dazzled.

Special compliment is due the orchestra which rendered its music in a way that made everyone enjoy all the dances.

The promoters of the dance were chiefly the old members of the Detachment. Sgt. Max Marcus and Sgt. Ray N. Anderson were mainly responsible for getting up the dance and were ably assisted by the co-operation of the Detachment Commander, Lieutenant Walter F. French.

Brady was the only civilian in camp for a long while, but he has a partner now. Smith of the transportation branch has been discharged and is now employed by the railroad administration.

Corporal Franklin is considering what his after-the-war vocation will be. He thinks he will either go into the canteen business or civil service.

Sergeant Marcus: "Well, Johnnie, old boy, what's new."

Sergeant Johnnie Wilson: "Nothing; new potatoes, that's all."

Max Leihman: "Fire, fire, save my child."

Sergeant Hederman hopes to obtain his certificate of merit in infantry drill soon.

Sergeant Rothschild: "Company-Front." Sometimes he acts as rear guard.

Sergeant Marcus: Dealer in golden building material, bricks, etc.

Sergeant Markiewitz says he was a salesman in civil life. He is true of the type for in the army he is a fine diamond cutter. He shuffles his feet when there are no cards handy.

Sergeant Hecht is almost convinced that his Ford is second-hand. He is always second to Rothschild in its use.

Sergeant Hesse offers to amuse the boys of the detachment by playing the piano if one will be purchased.

MOTOR TRANSPORT

Sergeant Dopp is right there when it comes to a feast and all of the boys say it was a feast to gladden the heart of anyone.

We are sorry to hear that Sergeant Kelly has lost his position and is back at a common job again. Watcha say, Kelly, it's an awful fall?

Oh, boy! Trentno had a terrible downfall. Gee, Bud, you shouldn't be so forgetful. But we all know Andrews and Johnson needed a little sleep.

Corporal McCarthy, in charge of Motor Transport's Labor Battalion is certainly a hard working man but never mind Mc; labor brings its own reward.

Sergt. Maxey stays in town way into the wee-small hours of morning, but stands reveille because he is always dressed for the occasion.

Pass the turkey, Dreesen.
"Hullo; is that the Selwyn hotel? Is Sergeant Kreiner there?"
"What room number, please?"
"Oh, in the lobby of course."

Sergeant Baggs got a letter from a female the other day whom he had never met. Being brave and handsome Roland called one night and found out it was a nice old lady. Baggs certainly was disappointed.

Corporal Potter is completely wrapped up in his new overcoat.

Sergeant Lester E. Wilson, formerly of the fuel and forage branch, was transferred to duty in the canteen. This was probably due to the fact that his ambitious spirit was wanting of a greater sphere of action in which to express itself.

Letters addressed to Sergeant P. Brownley have been received and claimed by Sergeant Pete Brownstein, guardian of the forage and fuel office. What's the matter, Pete?

BACK TO MASS.

Sgt. Scott Wheaton, mess sergeant of the officer's mess has secured one of the much coveted furloughs and is away for a few days most of which he will spend in Massachusetts.

Bill—"This war is fierce."
Jill—"What's wrong now?"
Bill—"Why, I got a letter from my girl, who is 'over there,' today, and the censor cut out sixteen of the nineteen postscripts in it."—Yonkers Statesman.