

## QUARTERMASTER

Corporal Kerkhoff spent the week end at Gastonia, N. C., where he was a guest at the banquet held by the Masons of that place, on Saturday night. Believe me boys there is some speed to "Our Charlie."

"Bob" Arledge was unaccounted for on last Saturday afternoon and Sunday until the information leaked out that he spent the time looking for Sgt. Raymond "Somewhere South of Charlotte."

Sergts. Elrod, Barth and Toth were guests of friends in Charlotte last Sunday, and it is reported that they attended church services during the evening—Ask Elrod, he knows.

Sergt. Johnson is on the sick list again after being in a serious automobile accident on Tuckassege Road Sunday evening. Use more care in selecting a chauffeur next time, Jack, or ride the trolley.

Sergt. Coleman was 'again' the guest of friends in Kannapolis, N. C., last Sunday evening. Perhaps it is his "Boyish Innocence" that wins him a place in society.

"Jim" Miller writes that the "White Lights and Crowded Streets" have no attraction for him when the Silvery Moon shines on the drifting Canoe in the rippling waters beneath the waving Palm trees in the Land of Perpetual Spring.

Sergt. Smith has added the plans for a garage to his collection of drawings—for one must have a shelter for the Ford.

(Overheard at the Q. M. C. Barn.)

A tall, slim Private stood dreamingly watching the mules eat their feed and he was heard to murmur "Mules O' Mules you lucky devils to be able to eat that sweet smelling hay and those plump oats instead of 'Accumulated stew' dished out to us."

## WHICH LOCALITY?

The top sergeant, (to new buck private from G. H. 10): Where in hell have I seen you before?

B. P.: I don't know, sir; what part of hell are you from?—The Reclaimer.

## CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

The appearance of the "Y" push ball in our midst last Wednesday created quite a disturbance of excitement and fun for those who indulged in this new form or recreation. The ball which is a magnified rugby football some twelve feet in diameter, weight, eighty pounds, composed of rubber and leather of considerable value, is available most any afternoon for the exercises of those who play and amusement of those who watch.

Along with the arrival of the ball we cite two visits from Mr. Lot, its tamer and sponsor who came to show us the game. Also, Camp Athletic Director "Mel" Sheppard was here feeling out the baseball prospects. A third fact, that "Y" Secretary Caldwell has been stationed here as an organizer of any and every form of athletics would seem to indicate that the camp has awakened to the fact that we are not all sick ones over here—or perhaps these are signs of spring.

We were favored Sunday evening last by a ministry of song. Two solos by Miss ohnstone, who possesses a voice unusually rich and cultured, were a feature of the evening service. At the close many remained that they might hear more. Besides the singer two others, Mrs. Schoonow, her accompanist, and Miss Nash, her manager, all of Charlotte, composed the party.

Chaplain Rowland ran a roster of three religious services Sunday last—the regular morning church hour at 10:15; a service for colored patients at 2; and, the evening service at 7. Goodly audiences greeted him at all three services.

## CORRECT.

If an S and an I, and an O and a U,  
With an X at the end spell, SU,  
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,  
Pray what is a speller to do?  
Then if an S and an I and a G  
And an H E D spell side,  
There's nothing much for a spelled to do  
But to go commit siouxeyesighed.  
—Ward Healer.

## THOUGHTS OF A SICK MAN.

(With apologies to Edgar A. Guest.)

Men fall in love with their nurses, I've heard  
I've read in the papers that this has occurred.  
But out of the ether I'm staring above  
And haven't a notion of falling in love.  
I don't care who's kissing my nurse in the hall  
So long as I get the cracked ice when I call.

A nurse should be pretty, but darned if I care,  
A fig for her looks or the clothes she may wear.  
I don't care at all who her lover may be,  
The only thing now that is worrying me  
Is will she come when the cracked ice I need  
And look after me with appropriate speed?

Were she the queen of Sheba that stands at my bed  
Not one thought of marriage would enter my head.  
I don't want to fly with her, north, east or south;  
I want to get rid of this taste in my mouth.  
Let some one else hug her—I don't care at all  
So long as I get the cracked ice when I call.

## A GOLD STRIPER.

There's a human side to the soldier,  
A side most folks can't see,  
Tho' tough in looks  
He likes good books,  
And is most like you and me.

You'll find him a jolly good fellow,  
Just approach one and find out;  
He's chuck full of fun,  
Has helped lick the Hun,  
And is ready for any old bout.

The prince of good fellows—the soldier;  
Give him just half a chance;  
He may need a shave,  
But recall what he gave,  
And you'll have a good pal—back from France.  
—Pvt. Dewey Huggard.

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