

THROUGH THE CAMP

MOTOR LIFE

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 429. WELCOME.

We welcome to our company 1st Lieutenant Albert E. Amundsen, M. C., and we wish to assure him of our hearty co-operation in his work here. Lt. Amundsen comes here from Camp Wadsworth.

To the newly assigned men of our company: We extend you a hearty welcome.

We like the interest which you are taking in your work, and our work.

We like the good spirit you are displaying, and we are here to help you to the best of our knowledge. And we wish to say that if all of the new men who join our ranks show the same spirit of helpfulness that you have, we shall consider ourselves very lucky. (Signed), All The Boys.

If anyone has any doubt as to the sincerity of the boys in our little family (Ambulance No. 429), just take notes as you pass along the road.

Mechanic Heth A. Haskill, better known as "Little Davie" has been reeling some fine work on the Ambulances. They are all running in good shape now.

Private Dominik is now getting all he wants to eat, Eh, Jerry?

Sergeant Hinkle has been very ill for the past few days. He says the heat was too much for him, but we think that a pretty girl figures in the case.

"Private David Williams, better known as "Little Davis" has been relieved as Orderly and can be seen at any time balancing on the end of a shovel. He says "It 'elps me hape-tite."

Private 1st Cl. Bien is now Acting Supply Sergeant. Go to it, old boy. We hope you make good.

Sergeant Daly seems to be the only one who can keep in step.

Sergeant Scanlan, Mechanic Haskill, Privates Fischer, Wolfgram, Large and Ochsenbeecker went out after frogs Tuesday eve. They returned with seven half-grown frogs and a lot of wet clothes.

It is up to Sgt. Hinkle and "Davie" Williams to gain a little flesh.

Private Boyd is confined at the Base Hospital.

It is hard to find news for this issue—Pay day is too near.

The new range in the mess-hall certainly should make it possible for Mess. Sgt. Hanen to furnish plenty of "chow."

Private Edward W. Hancock, from the Base Hospital, has joined our happy family.

Sergeant 1st Class T. M. Whitfield, Sergeant Braun and Pvt. Bernabeu, are thinking seriously of taking over the War Risk Insurance Bureau and running it to suit themselves.

"Jakie" Goldberg, our Artificer, has lost six of his perfectly good molars in the last week. Too much sweet-

* "IT SHALL BE DONE." *

The stirring motto of the Third-Dixie Division, from which comes the second battalion of the 122nd Infantry, now stationed at Camp Greene, is "It Shall Be Done."

Major Wade H. Leahy, in charge of the battalion and who expects every man to be "on the job," is very proud of his command. He admits it himself and also has the following to say of his Camp Greene surroundings:

"The officers of this crack battalion are highly pleased with Charlotte and are especially gratified at the social attention shown them here."

ness, we are thinking.

A very interesting debate was heard on Wednesday morning. Question, "Are the rear wheels of a Ford smaller than the front ones?" Affirmative, Private Fischer. Negative Sgt. Scanlan. The debate was interesting and was a draw. Anyway, they didn't have a Ford handy to prove which was right.

"Tootsie,"—Be careful and don't eat so much the next time.

We were just getting ready to sing, "Oh where, oh where has our Supply Sergeant gone?"

Private Bedard was called to his home in San Francisco this week on account of the serious illness of his wife.

Goldberg,—telling of one of the patients while he was on duty as Ambulance Orderly,—"Just like that—Even the Doctor was afraid of him."

Hot weather or not,—we are drilling just the same.

One thing we need,—a Company Barber.

Sergeant Scanlan entertained at "tea" last Sunday evening. Those present reported a most enjoyable time.

FAMILIAR TO Q. M. C.

Sgt. Andrews, of the Finance Division, has new-born incentive now that he is considered as a probable candidate for Chief Clerk after Sgt. Rodgers leaves for Jacksonville.

PRETTIEST GIRLS.

Sgt. Harry Coplan believes that New Berne, N. C., has the prettiest girls in the South, but he has to take his hat off to the girls of Boston, Mass. How about it Burroughs Sgt. Burns agrees.

Sgt. Marcus doesn't wish Sgt. Farmer of Finance any bad luck, but does hope that he will be sent to Jacksonville soon. Then Sgt. Marcus may be the "Travel Pay" vendor.

CHORUS OF DELIGHT

From the opening "Chorus of Delight" to the closing anthem, "Last But Not Least," the widely varied vaudeville entertainment given by the soldiers of Base Hospital No. 92 at Y. M. C. A. No. 105, on Wednesday evening was a grand success. No act was attempted in which the men were not prepared to put a big hit over. There were more than 200 soldiers present to cheer in peppery fashion the song and dramatic numbers. The program follows:

"Chorus of Delight" The Boys
Piano solo—Crying Melody
Back-Face Comedy Ed Haynes
Scotch Melodies Roy Ewald
Opera Singer Umberto Biasin
Monologue Sergeant Whipple.
"To Break the Monotony" Chorus
Brays Contortionist B. F. Duke
Ractime Eye Opener Sergt. Weill
Reading Edward Stern
Tumbling Act J. J. Brunton
"Last But Not Least" Chorus

WEEK-END VISIT.

Second Lieutenant E. M. Crawford, quartermaster of Base Hospital No. 92, spent the week-end with friends in Rock Hill.

POLICING UP.

A goodly part of the time of the men of Base Hospital No. 92 is taken up with policing up the camp in the region of their new quarters. The grounds are being cleaned and made sanitary. Abandoned tent spaces are being prepared for rehabilitation.

A part of the enlisted personnel have been detailed to the U. S. Army base hospital, Camp Greene, for practical work in the offices and wards.

THAT DRAFT.

Owing to the air current that passes through the Forage and Fuel office, one of our prominent civil service employees is suffering from the results of the draft, but he is going to wear a heavier suit of clothes from now on (olive drab) and with plenty of hiking and drilling his rugged constitution will make him immune to drafts in the future. "Halt, who is that?" "Private Brady."

A call by the Forage and Fuel Division will mean a good cigar to any one provided they see Senior Grade Private Sieker. His father is a cigar manufacturer and he always has an unlimited supply. He hands them out generously.

Private Pete Brownstein, Forage and Fuel Division, should have been a camouflage painter. The best avions in the world could not discover his desk for the ink spots. Even the grooves in his pen rack those horrible trenches, are spattered with ink splashes.