

TID BITS

(From the Registrar's Office)

The Octette of this office are now rehearsing the latest popular air—"Oh where, Oh where did that little ring go, Polly?"

Sgt. Hyneman is taking a correspondence course in English during his absence in God's Country.

There have been no reports of petty thefts or infractions of the liquor traffic in Baltimore since Friday's return from that city.

From observation this office will soon possess a second Vernon Castle in the person of Georgia Rose, Esq.

It's too bad that there are but two mails a day, Merriman.

The S. & W. understands that the latest acquisition of the Adjutant's office is a new Mahogany Card Table. Without a doubt it will prove to be very popular with the ponophobia cases in that office.

Dance on Jimme, but save the floor in the Red Cross House.

Question—Why has Pvt. Greene shifted from C row to A row?

We all miss our ever congenial friend Sgt. Fred C. Harper who has just received THE PAPERS and has returned to his home Down East.

We are informed that Pvt. 1st. Cl. Nikrant is about to leave the service and return to civilian ease with the Q. M. C.

Mills is still smiling. Perhaps she will remain forever, Ham.

There has been a Special Mail service instituted to this office for the sole benefit of Pvt. Barron.

We do not hesitate to liken Andy Schuyler to the Rock of Gibraltar. We have yet to see him fall for any of them.

We understand that the Y. W. Cafeteria in Charlotte will soon close its doors as Corp. Nickerbocker has returned to Laske's mess.

Wedding Bells are ringing, twilight shadows falling—Pass the Cigars Shorkey. We believe in Preparedness.

Washington, Feb. 5.—"Every soldier who put on the uniform of the United States, who fought or trained to fight, will have a job if he wants one," Secretary Baker declared today in delivering the opening address at the fourteenth annual convention of the National Rivers and Harbors congress.

The secretary emphasized the duty of American business men to co-operate in what the government was doing in this direction, and said every Chamber of Commerce, board of trade or other similar organization should realize the need for its participation.

WHEN WE RE-ENLIST



AS WE FEEL AT 6 A. M.

TWENTY-FIVE MORE

The enlisted personnel of the base hospital here has suffered another depletion in numbers but not in character by the discharge of twenty-five more of its former members. Who were returned to their homes this week.

Several of them volunteered their services to Uncle Sam at the beginning of the war and have been at the hospital since it was first organized, others came soon after and go to make up the majority who have served at Camp Greene for well over a year while about 45 per cent were not in the army six months.

Those who were granted honorable discharge from the U. S. Army were: sergeants first class—Ernest Clement, Frank DeSesto and William Yates. Sergeants—Fred Harper, John Hunt and Hugo Lange. Privates first class—David Bourgeois, Joseph Choate, Alfred Deno and John Weston. Private—Lee Dice, Chas. Glasgow, Thomas Lawson, Joseph Lewandowski, George Lockard, George Matthews, Victor Meyer, Walter Schweers, Henry Stickrad, Dyson Stimeling, Howard Thompson and Hugh Wycoff.

Mike a New Yorker, who never lost his brogue, was "over there" with the A. E. F., and his two companions happened to be an Englishman and a Scotsman. These two gave their friend a lively time with their jokes and teasing.

One day Mike was called away, and left his coat on a nail. The Englishman and Scotsman, seeing some white paint near, seized the opportunity of painting a donkey's head on the back of Mike's coat.

The latter soon returned, and looking first at his coat, and then fixing his eyes on his fellow fighters, said slowly: "Begorra! and which of you has wiped your face on my coat?"

Now, McTavish, said the doctor, it's like this; you've either to stop the whiskey or lose your eyesight, and you must choose.

Awell, doctor, I'm an auld man now, an' I was thinking I've seen about everything worth seein'.

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and Comedy are as
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