

GROWING PROBLEM

NINE HAVE GONE BACK TO THE SOIL FROM DETACHMENT.

Filling the breach made by the men who are being granted farmers' furloughs is growing to be a problem at the detachment office. Nine of the base hospital soldiers have been granted six weeks' leave by the government. Two of the men are taken from the administrative offices and the others from wards.

The men who are going back to the fields, in order to aid in cultivating and harvesting the grain, are to be watched over by the government. It is understood that they are to put their full time in work on the farm or be returned to their military duty at once.

WARD D-3.

We had a very interesting procession Sunday. Starting at this ward the line of march extended down the "D" row and finally ended at Isolation No. 3, where our popular patient personnel was interned for the duration of the mumps. We are now closing up shop for just one good and all sufficient reason, namely: We have no more patients. Our ward surgeon, Captain Cornog, has been assigned as understudy to Captain Crowe at detachment barracks. Miss Sheely, our former nurse, is now on duty at B-2. The wardmaster, Sergeant Collier, is assigned to duty at C-3. Private First Class Tondrea is doing duty at D-2, and Private Derwort has as yet not been assigned to his new duties.

Ward D-3 will now make its exit from the Ward page until such time as we receive some new patients. And so now with many regret we will say: "Au Revoir."

—J. H. Collier, Sergeant Medical Department.

THE CADUCEUS.

A CURE FOR BLUES.

When a fellow's feeling blue
And he don't know what to do,
It is then his thoughts will always
turn to home
To the dear one that it waiting
For his weekly letter stating
He is well though he is far across the
foam.

He will never forget his mother
For he knows there is no other
Who can love him with a love so good
and true.

Then he takes his pen and paper
And writes, God bless and keep her,
Till he just forgets that he was feeling
blue.

It's the only way to do, boys,
And when you feel that way,
Just think of one that always thinks
of you.

Sit down and write a letter
And you'll find you feel much better
And besides you've killed that feeling
they call blue.

—By Private G. E. Butler.

WARD A-8.

Private Hoskin, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, is longing to hear from his discharge so he can go back to his tribe in North Dakota.

I have heard of people getting fat on square meals but Private Lind is doing it on light diet.

WARD B-2.

We, the hookworm patients of Ward B-2, have decided it best to wear shoes from now on. Some one has suggested that these shoes have good soles. We are for safety first.

We regret very much the loss of one of our day nurses, Miss Turner, who has been transferred to night duty in Wards B-5 and 6.

SUNSHINE LETTER

Major Renn,
Base Hospital,
Camp Greene, N. C.

To Whom it May Concern:

This is to certify that I, Louis Ginsburg, of Dorchester, Mass., do hereby express my appreciation of the efficiency, thorough-gong organization and altogether splendid work which I witnessed at the base hospital, Camp Greene, N. C., where my son, Maynard J. Ginsburg, formerly of Harvard University, was operated upon.

Surgeons, nurses, and orderlies are highly skilled, sanitation is perfect, food is excellent, and general surroundings full of quiet and pleasant good cheer.

Very few hospitals in civilian life that I know of, could compare with the general excellence of this army organization, whether it be in adequacy of equipment, attention to details, or skilled personnel.

L. GINSBURG.

ISOLATION—3.

W. O. Benson assistant bandleader of the famous Fifth Mass. band is leaving us after a seige of sickness of six months.

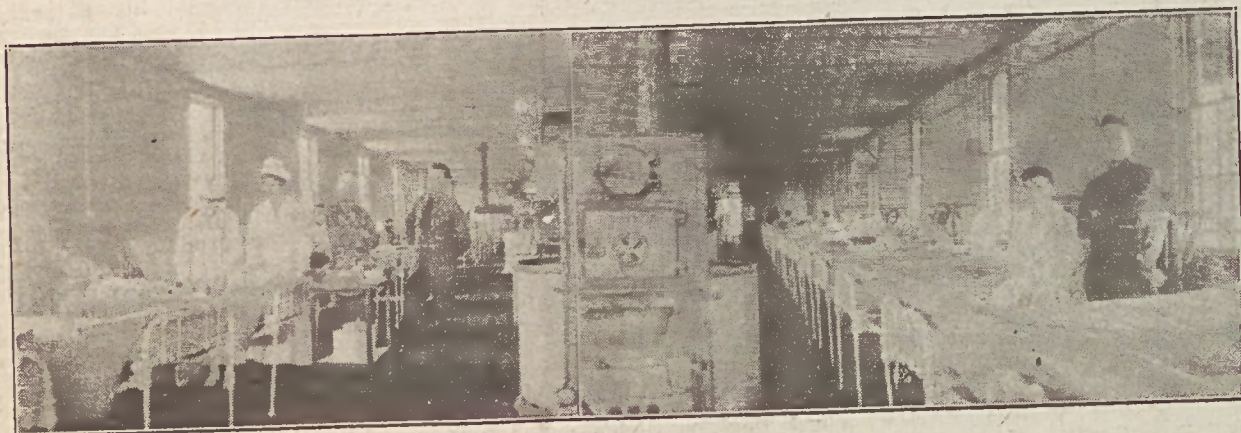
Miss peet has gone to tailoring. She has favored the boys with a little of her art in that line.

Wardmaster Greenbaum is training. He has taken on all his patients and he is trying hard to reduce. Greenebaum used to box quite a bit in his younger days. He was known as Kid Greene and has trained with Frank Mackay of Revere Mass.

Pvt. Juddis on the job again.

Life in the isolation ward is dull and though many of the women bring things from town, a man who is quarantined for six weeks has to have something to amuse himself with. The wardmaster has devised different methods to make the boys happy and now life is not so hard and unbearable.

ROW ON ROW OF COTS



INSIDE OF WARD C-8.

The above picture gives a fair idea of the placing of the rows of cots inside of the several surgical wards. The garb of the patients is also well shown. The formidable steel structure in the center of the floor is one of the two furnaces with which each ward is equipped.

The two nurses are Misses Archer and Turner. The officers are Lieutenants Lee and Miner. At the right of the picture is Clayton Welch, one of the orderlies in the ward.