

## LITTER SQUADS

(By H. W. T. in the Stars and Stripes, of May 31, 1918, a weekly publication of the A. E. F., in France.)

They tell of the dough-boy's wonderful work,  
On the crooked firing line;  
They tell of the pluck of the cannon-ers  
As they work in the mud and slime;  
And once in a while you may even hear  
Of the engineers doing their 'bit;  
But what puzzles me—I'm green, you see—  
Is: Where do the litter boys fit?

Oh; it's plugging away in a battered trench,  
Working in water and goo,  
Carrying a litter in mud to your knees,  
Trying to pull Bill through,  
Ducking the low places here and there,  
Hearing the bullets whine,  
But the glory is lacking, and so is the backing;  
For these litter boys of mine.

They tell of the work of the Signal Corps men  
Sticking close to the wire;  
They hand it out to the courier scout,  
Making his run under fire,  
And once in a while I hear them say,  
"The Q. M.'s coming fine,"  
But what puzzles me—I'm green, you see—  
Is: Where do the litter boys shine?

Oh; it's creeping out to a shell hole,  
Hugging close to the ground;  
Swimming along in the mud to your eyes,  
Wishing your heart was sound,  
Making fast to a dead one,  
Dragging him back to the lines;  
But the glory is lacking, they need more backing,  
These litter boys of mine.

You read of our boys going over the top  
And piercing the Hun's third line;  
Of the box barrage that helped them out  
And the fifty-eight twos so fine;  
They often speak of the plucky lads,  
Working the typewriter gun;  
But what puzzles me—I'm green, you see—  
Is where is the litter boys' fun?

Oh, it's the picking up the pieces,  
Lugging them in on a litter;  
Nosing around through the filthy ground  
Hoping you'll get a sitter;  
Dragging them out of the dug-outs,  
Guiding the walkers and blind;  
But the glory is lacking, they need more backing—  
These litter boys of mine.

## EVEN HERE.

"It won't be long before everybody in this country will be working."  
"I believe you. Even our office boy is beginning to warm up a little."

## MONEY SAVER

## NEW DEVICE MAKES FOR LARGER MESS FUND.

Hazard a guess as to what the excavation work being done near the detachment mess hall is for. Or what was the meaning of the new concrete construction near the patient's mess is; who knows? Three guesses—All wrong.

The mysterious contrivances are known as grease traps and are a side-issue of the sewer. The invention is simplicity itself and consists of a deep cement trap in the sewer line in which a bed of nitre cake, a chemical of peculiar separative qualities, is laid. As everyone knows, grease rises to the top of water and the nitre-cake merely assists in this separation. The waste water from the kitchens pass over these traps and the grease rises to the top of the solution where it collects at the traps and is skimmed off and sold. The substance so collected is very valuable in the manufacture of soaps and soap-powders.

The grease trap at Camp No. 1 which has been in successful operation for some time has netted an income of thirty-seven dollars a day and it is estimated that one-sixth of all the grease in the camp comes from the Base Hospital, so considerable saving will result and the mess fund show an appreciable increase.

## CUPID'S COLUMN.

(By Ethel Alcohol.)

All correspondence should be addressed to Miss Ethel Alcohol, care of The Caduceus, Base Hospital.

Somewhere in Camp Greene,  
July 4, 1918.

Dear Ethel:

I have for some time been harrassed by a question which I need your help to answer. I know two girls, one rich and one poor. I love the poor one devotedly. (I myself am poor) and she loves me. The rich girl loves me too but I feel no love for her.

I have the opportunity to marry either. Which one would you advise me to hitch to?

Yours truly,  
CREOSOL.

Dear Creosol:

You certainly should have your head examined. You poor boob, how long have you been in the army? Being poor yourself and having lived a life of luxury and ease in the service, why hesitate about which one to get hitched up to? I advise you to get a strangle hold on the rich one and don't lose sight of her until the parson makes you miserable for life, then proceed to have a good time on her money. If you don't love her it won't make any difference. You may some day after you see more of her.

Curious persons please note: The sign "Be Brief" in The Caduceus office was spelled that way intentionally for the purpose of attracting attention. We thank you for your kind corrections but we realize that the proper way to spell the word is BRIEF.

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