

PLAY FAIR

GIVE YOUR COMRADES CHANCE
AT FURLOUGHS.

Editor's Note—Nobody is better suited to write on the subject of furlough extension than Sergeant First Class Chester F. Leighton. He has taken his furlough. He went to his home in the north of Maine. He was able to be with his people less than a week until the ten days were up. He did not wire for an extension. He did not believe in taking that advantage of the other fellow. He tells why in the following article:

At the present time the furlough situation is one of the big problems of the detachment.

The detachment commander is issuing furloughs on the basis of the length of time that a man has been in service at Camp Greene and it is very easy for a man to see approximately when his turn comes. With that point settled the next thing that confronts us is, the length of furloughs and extension. Out of the 386 men in the detachment, there are very few who cannot make a ten-day furlough long enough to carry out his purpose.

The detachment office receives telegrams daily from men on furloughs requesting extensions. The purpose of this article is to set the extension seeker to thinking about the other fellow as well as himself.

When a man has a ten-day leave he goes home and has, as most men express it, "The time of my life." The time passes very quickly and the first thing that confronts the man is that the time is drawing near to return to Camp Greene. At this point an extension seems the only thing.

When you are on furlough and the extension "Bee" gets in your bonnet, will you please sit down by yourself and think of the men who have slaved shoulder to shoulder with you through the long hard winter, who are just as anxious to go home as you were and who have business equally as important as yours.

Do you think that your mother would ask you to remain longer if she knew that you were keeping some other mother that much longer from seeing her son?

With the present number of men in the detachment it will be impossible for every man to get a furlough before the hospital fills up with patients, if very many extensions are granted.

In the army game we have all got to pull together, you have got to consider the welfare of the other fellow at all times. Don't forget that your extension holds the other fellow back. Give him a square deal; don't expect an extension except in absolute emergency.

BY FIRST CLASS SERGEANT
CHESTER F. LEIGHTON.

BACK FROM THE FARM.

Private Lawrence Bartlett of near Portland, Me., has returned to duty after a six weeks' farmer's furlough.

AN IDEA

The other day whilst in the base hospital library my attention was attracted to a magazine bearing the title "Carry On." A closer scrutiny informed me that it was "A magazine on the reconstruction of disabled soldiers and sailors."

Just at present that classification includes myself and naturally it commanded my interest.

The illustrations were extremely interesting. Some of them showed patients wearing the same uniform as myself, that is pajamas and bathrobe by which we can judge that they are still convalescent, and they were busy at some interesting and educational occupation. The pictures were responsible for this idea.

There are men in this hospital who are compelled to be around for months during convalescence, and who find the time hanging heavy on their hands. A good many of them are men who would appreciate the opportunity of increasing their store of knowledge, but anyone who has tried studying alone knows that it is uphill work, and that progress is so slow as to be discouraging.

Why not inaugurate a system of education for those fellows who care to apply themselves.

The hospital library contains quite a few good technical books and the man who would like to learn French or brush up on his mathematics or his physics would be able to turn his idle hours to good account.

It has been my observation that the most objectionable feature of hospital confinement and by far the hardest thing to beat is the monotony and this looks like a good antidote.

—By H. M. Jordan, Ward C-7.

THE RED CROSS.

Whenever my eyes rest on the Red Cross my heart beats quicker.

The Red Cross is humanity's noblest emblem.

The Red Cross is Pity, and this is the tenderest part of human service.

It is a faithful pledge of protection. The Red Cross is God's glowing covenant.

It is the symbol of kindness and care.

The Red Cross paints, while the storm is on, a rainbow of hope for the fallen hero.

It is the human hand with a touch of home sweet home.

The binding up of one wound has more glory than the shedding of a sea of gore.

To be in the service of the Red Cross is to help humans up the hill.

The Red Cross remakes men that might become public charges.

It salvages the wreckage of the battlefield.

—By Corporal Marcel A. Franck.

SERGEANT RETURNS.

Sergeant George Vickery returned on Wednesday from a farmer's furlough of eight weeks, which has been spent on the broad acres of Maine.

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