

MEDICAL SUPPLY

"TONSORIALITIS."

A terrible disease, unfamiliar to Medical Science, and commonly known as Tonsorialitis, is raging among the members of the Medical Supply Depot.

When first attacked by this horrible malady, the victim has an insane desire to become light headed, and pulls his hair in anguish.

In response to an S. O. S. from our detachment when several men showed first symptoms of Tonsorialitis, the Chief Surgeon of the Q. M. C. rushed over to the barracks. He brought his field kit, o. a pair of "Clippers, hair," which he had been using on the mules.

He hurriedly sterilized his instrument with saliva and sand, and stated to work.

First aid was soon rendered to Corporal Collins, Pvt. 1-c Whally, Stevens and Bremer. The next victim was our Chinese Chief Laundry Boss, W. S. Wilson. Thus far the work had gone forward smoothly and scientifically, but Wilson's case presented complications. The hair clippers, though perfectly efficient for use on mules and sheep, proved to be too delicate and instrument for the operation upon Wilson's head.

The final diagnosis of the distinguished Q. M. Surgeon, was to the effect that bare facts presented by the Patient, were proof enough in themselves, that they need never fear an attack of brain fever, since their craniums were like a tramp's trousers, no seat for attack. He stated further that a steel helmet issued to them "over there," would be about as much use to them as Silk kimonas.

HE SURE WAS

Whally came staggering in last Saturday night, all tanked up on Strawberry pop and Lemon Extract, with his feet and tongue making time in unison, and pulled this:-

"Hi-ca-shay, why is it that the hi-ca Aviation Corps produces worrild famous aces, and the U. S. A. Base Hospital produces nothing but hi-Ca-deuces?"

'Tis no wonder that it is blamed hot. The "Pittsburg Sun" is wearing a broad smile, because Dave Brill, Ralph Logan, and Tom Goldman, are spending a ten day furlough in the village.

The Medical Supply Depot is delighted to have Sergeant K. J. Dalquist, as it's most recent asset, he having been transferred to the Detachment from the Base Hospital.

"Dal" is well known here, and is one of the "pioneers at the Base Hospital." His efficiency has been recognized, and as a result he was made Sergeant, and transferred to the Property Office, where he is rendering excellent service to the Property Officer, 1st Lieut. Albert G. Clarke.

Corporal Fendle, Pvt. Greene and "Shrimpo" Goldslager, are back home again, after spending glorious furloughs in their former residences.

Stockard.

HARD LIFE

NEW PROBLEMS FOR HOSPITAL SURGEONS.

Surgeons trying to take a clinical record of a patient.

"Where you born? in Georgia?"

"So they tell me."

"And raised there?"

"No Sah, the rope broke."

"Where did the pain start?"

"On der bottom an done growed up."

"How about hook worm, have you ever had any?"

"Oh yes sir, I'es used dem for fish bait."

"I meant in your system."

"I'se puoh blood sah."

"Did you drink whiskey, beer etc?"

"No sah, not heah."

"I meant in civil life."

"Yes sir, I se start when a chile."

"And kept it up?"

"No sah, I keep it down."

Officer in disgust, "I give it up."

By L. Appleton.

A NIGHTMARE

Of course most of you at some time
Have indulged in the liquor called
beer,

And really drank more than your
share,

Which sent you to bed feeling
queer.

The things that you saw while asleep
Awake would have driven you in-
sane,

I had an attack of that thing last
week.

And what I saw I'll try and explain.

Saw an elephant packing his trunk,

And a blind man reading the news,

Saw an ostrich call a giraffe down,

And a horse wearing Douglas shoes.

Saw a tree break one of its limbs,

And a cow shed Texas steers,

Saw potatoes blind in the eyes

And corn that was deaf in both

ears.

Saw a river open its mouth,

And a wart on the face of the earth,

Saw a dentist work on the jaws of

death,

And a spade do a shovel dirt.

Saw a quilt from the ocean's bed,

And salad that wasn't half dressed.

Saw a beer bottle break its own neck,

And a trunk with a pain in the

chest.

Saw a stale loaf of bread get fresh,

And a bucket that looked very pail,

Saw a baboon with a monkey wrench

Manicuring a tenpenny nail.

Saw a speaking tube trying to speak,

Heard a tune from a small rubber

band,

Saw a clock get a slap on the face,

And a watch with gloves on its

hands.

Saw a man translate the wagon

tongue

And a lawyer without a sou,

Saw a barber shaving a cake of ice,

And a man beat an egg black and

blue.

Saw a scar on the head of a tack,

And a pencil that had to be lead.

Well, I'll be hanged if Li Hung

Chang,

And then I fell out of bed.

"Home From Furlough."

CONTRIBUTOR.

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