

PUBLIC FORUM

"Justice Grants to all a Voice"

FROM GREENSBORO.

MAKES A PLEA.

Greensboro has shown the keenest sort of interest in The Caduceus. The two salesmen who visited that city on last Saturday were given a warm welcome and had disposed of their 700 copies in less than two hours. Now comes a communication on the topic "About Sweethearts" from a Greensboro reader:-

Greensboro, N. C.
August, 31, 1918.

Editor of The Caduceus:-

I am sorry that I did not get to read the letter that "Jim" wrote "about sweethearts." I have just finished reading the letter from the "Charlotte girl" and quite agree with her.

"Soldiers need girl friends in the camp towns. The boys are far away from their good homes and are entitled to the cheer of the girls in the places where they must stay as an army duty. Every sensible girl appreciates that and should know that they are of more value to the soldiers if they are "good pals" than if they try to be the "sentimental kind."

"I have met many soldiers and can say that they all appeared to be perfect gentlemen. Why many civilians are so against soldiers and sailors I do not know. Will somebody enlighten me?"

"Unlike the "Charlotte girl" I do not have a sweetheart in France but have several friends over there and I appreciate all that the French maidens are doing to cheer them up. A lieutenant friend of mine writes charming letters of his experiences with the French girls and of his rather exciting troubles of trying to talk French with them. He is just past the "Parlez vous Francaise" state. He did not know what to say when one of the young women gave him a flower from her courage bouquet, he writes.

"My parents are always glad to welcome any friends of mine who are in the service and so are hundreds of other parents of Greensboro. They feel that in so doing they are giving a tiny bit for the brave boys who are offering their lives for us."

"A Greensboro Girl."

MIGHTY GLAD.

I used to sign myself John Jones
Lieutenant in the M. R. C.
Before the order was sent out
To unify our big army.
I'm now as proud as any man
And happy all the night and day,
Since General March addresses me
Lieutenant, M. C., U. S. A.

—Exchange.

Why not pick up our Q. M.'s under
the anti loafing act?

—By Private R. B.

Editor of The Caduceus:

Dear Sir:—

I am not a hospital patient but would like to put in a word on the topic "About Sweethearts" which I have noted discussed in The Caduceus. I lay no claim to being an authority on the sweetheart subject but I do know something about the value of good friends.

I want to make a plea for the continued friendship of the young women of Charlotte towards the soldiers. Our outfit has been in the camp but a few weeks but the young people have treated us royally during our stay.

I would dread to have any fond mother put a stop to their daughters talking with we lads of the 122nd for we are prizing more and more the loyal friendship which the young people of Charlotte society have granted we strangers in khaki.

PVT. M. R.
Co. G, 122nd Inf.

"PRIVATES IS PRIVATES."

A Private is a creature
(Sometimes he's less than that).
Whose pals act as a teacher,
To remind him where he's at.

As a doughboy he's a wonder,
Gosh! but he can drill,
Stood on guard and K. P.
MOST anything he will.

In Cavalry he reigns supreme,
The world is his for taking—
It's one grand round of purest cream,
Gold Bricks, and glad hand-shaking.

To artilleries he's the guiding light,
On him their work's depended,
For isn't he right there to fight,
With all his pep, extended?

In Signal Corp and Motor Mac.
He is the whole dern cheese,
And struts along the whole day long.
Absorbing workmen's breeze.

And even in the "Pill Man's" crowd
He stands above the rest,
A big, black, threatening cloud,
Although he does his best.

Alas, the private tops 'em all,
Regardless what branch it be,
Wait—Did I say all? You,
All but the Q. M. C.

And so, dear reader, it is true,
As true as it can be,
That the humble private isn't much,
Here in the Q. M. C.

His is but a life of dread
A rose 'mongest many thorns,
Moulding on a weed-growing bed,
Bent low by their scorn.

I dare not say more, you see,
I talk as an experienced man,
'Cause I have been a private since,
Well, since this war began.

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You know what you
would like to do to the
Kaiser—well, you see it
done in—

"To Hell with
the Kaiser!"

The Monstrous Feature
Coming Soon
to the

OTTOWAY
THEATRE

In the meantime don't for-
get that we show
all the latest

HART and FAIRBANKS
PICTURES

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