

## MEDICAL SUPPLY

## NOW KIN YOU?

You've been feeling all to the merry all day. No bawlings-out, no razzes, no nothing to mar the pleasant atmosphere. Even the slungullion they pour into your mess-kit for night chow, doesn't phase you one continental wizz. You came back to your tent whistling, "In a Merry Month of June." The Charlotte Laundry has left your "weekly" for which your side-kick has paid. Lo and behold, you rflip-er open and they have substituted a campaign-worn, raggedy-looking, weather-beaten pair of Khakis for the pair Tailor "Mark" charged you a buck-an-a-half to alter. And the worst of it is—YOU LOST YOUR LAUNDRY SLIP!! kinyabeetut??

Gerard Hungerford, the world-famous detective (commonly nown as "Hawkeye"), gum-shoed it at Camp Meade, where he is to undergo a course in "Allotments and Insurance." Here's pulling for his success.

Jack Canine was granted a five-day pass. He spent his time with Sgt. and Mrs. Ralph A. Walters at their residence in Charlotte.

The mystery of the "Tumblers w. e. with ears" has been solved. Consult Medical Manuel (1916 edition), Page 396.

Well, we gave Kultur another kick in the slats. Nearly \$1,000.00 worth of Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds from our little crew, wasn't so bad, eh?

K. J. D. is sporting four stripes now. Good work, Dal. Stick-to-it-ness often cops the cake.

Stockard's got a grouch this week. "Tobusy, "sez he. KINYABEETUT?

By D. M. BRILL.

## FOUGHT AND WON

## PEIDMONT FABLE No. 6.

Pill Shooter was a medical man in the army. You know him, he wore a Caduceus for a collar ornament on the left side of the cervical region of his anatomy, and a maroon and white hat cord.

Fellows that belonged to some other branches of the service though Pill was a piker. They accused him of being a "trench dodger" and a "feather-bed" soldier.

It was true that Pill liked to look a tolerably neat and that he preferred russtes to hob-nails, wore white ducks or gowns while on duty, and manicured his nails at times. In civil life he had perhaps been a pencil pusher, or lawyer or held down some sort of a soft snap where all he had to do was sit around and look wise behind some office door marked "Private."

Nevertheless, Pill was a soldier, and a man, besides. Right from the top of his dome down to the epidermis that covered the soles of his pedal extremities. He was game,—and he proved it, too.

How? Well, when that death-dealing, microscopic organism commonly called the influenza bacillus broke loose somewhere in Spain, and started the epidemic that made millions of undertakers in almost no time, Pill was called upon to face teh emergency.

When the Spanish "Flu" was raising havoc in every camp an cantonment from Maine to Mississippi and from Connecticut to California, who took care of all the sick Sammies? It was none other than Pill, in conjunction with his officers and those God-given, self-sacrificing, Angels of Mercy in the person of the members of the Army Nurse Corps.

Pill was there with the stretcher and ambulance to carry his comrades to the Base when the "flu" got them. Black and white, young and old,

rookies or old-timer, they were all soldiers. He didn't discriminate, but exposed himself to the elements in their behalf. Double duty was done in half the usual time, but in A-1 fashion. Pill didn't mind the long hours, nor the quarantine. He buckled down and fought the "flu" in as soldierly a fashion as ever a doughboy went over the top.

Even after the "flu" became so common that those who hadn't had it were behind the times, Pill was still on the job and doing his best. When the receiving ward was daily doing almost as much business as a modern movie, it was Pill who checked in the patients and found them a bunk in a ward. Then, when in the wards to be cured of the "flu" Pill served them their chow and saw to their wants while the nurses and surgeons coaxed convalescence.

When some of the members of Pill's own detachment succumbed to the sickness, did he show a white feather and want to lay down on the job? Oh, no! But he volunteered to do the other guy's work, and his name went in as willing to stay on the job, night and day, as long as he was needed.

Not only was Pill game, but he was efficient. The ones higher up in the system to which he belonged commended him for his good work. He was one of the cogs in a great machine, and that machine—the Medical Department of the United States Army, together with the Army Nurse Corps—combatted the epidemic in a manner that was more than creditable.

The numerous smiling faces that daily departed, pronounced cured of the "flu" and returned to duty, bore witness that Pill and his co-workers in the U. S. Army Base Hospital were not dully dodgers.

Moral.—Though we may never get a chance to fight the Hun, 'tis better to have fought the "Flu" and won, than never to have fought at all.

—KNIGHT AWDUHLEE.

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