

REVEILLITIS

MEDICAL SUPPLY THREATENED WITH DISEASE.

We wish to convince our fellow soldiers of the army of the dangers and ravages of that most dreadful disease, Reveillitis, which at present is becoming a menace to the morale of the medical supply.

Statistics compiled by the most eminent Dr. von Hoax, who spent the greater part of his life doing research work upon Reveillitis, show that this disease was prevalent in Caesar's army during his gallic wars, and even Alexander the Great was harrassed at times by epidemics of this malady among his men. Several prominent medical authorities claim that Rip Van Winkle was a victim of this scourge and there is no doubt but that his was a case of Reveillitis in a modified form.

Reveillitis has very easily recognized symptoms. The bacteria becomes more active during cold weather and the medical supply, being as yet without steam-heated barracks, find themselves in the midst of an epidemic during these chilly mornings. The Germ first attacks the will power and is usually the victor. It picks its victims from among those who on the previous night had been issued twelve o'clock passes. Six a. m. is the zero hour of the disease. At the sound of any metallic instrument, such as a

bugle, at this hour, the disease reaches a crisis, and it is then that the germs become most active. So sudden is their action, the big, brawny, husky soldiers have been known to fall victim after they had gone so far as to put one foot out of bed. The victim immediately takes on a serious (headache?), a very sad visage, and in a short time loses all ambition to stand Reveille. In reality, however, it is wholly a mental disease. The patient is physically well but his mind makes his tongue say (Sick) and such expressions as, "Sarg, my temperature is 109." No one has ever been known to die of this disease, but complications may set in and develop into "Van Winklitis" or "Singeritis" which are kindred diseases, but of life-long duration.

Dr. Dopo of Killmore College in his famous book on the subject, says that a "Bucket of cold H-20, applied externally to all parts of the body is a mild antidote, when such method as threats, coaxing and bugling have failed." Some times, however, the urging by non-coms causes a victim to rally and fight off the scourge. If the patient is delirious and offers resistance, as they often do, approach him with one of "Rips" socks and he will immediately lapse into unconsciousness. If the O. D. deems it wise to isolate the patient, place him between Dad Logan and Ed. Fendle, since the germs have never been known to attach either of these warriors. So far the only known cure is the threat of a ten-day restriction. This is known as the C. O. method.

Incidentally, the following "Don'ts" may prove of assistance to any soldier who feels that he is subject to attacks of Reveillitis:

"Don't allow yourself to get too warm or comfortably fixed at any time during the night."

"Don't fail to smoke a lot of cigs before going to bed, and eat a hearty meal at 10:50 p. m., so that your sleep will be broken and restless."

"Don't undress. Sleep in formation dress. The thought that you do not have to get out into the cold to dress will chase the germs away."

—Compiled by "Doc" Arn.

SOME QUESTION

When first the Flu our old town hit
I said I'd keep from getting it;
So home I went and with great care
I shut out drafts and shut out air.
I sprinkled sulphur in my shoes,
Then loaded up on blockade booze,
Some calomel and "C. C." pills,
Then castor oil up to my gills.
I ate ten onions, mighty nigh,
Then drank a slug of Good Old Rye;
Some asafoet'da round my neck,
Then took quinine, about a peck.
To keep from feeling all forlorn
I fraternized with Barley Corn;
Then aspirin, say twenty grains,
And codeine to keep off pains.
I chewed tobacco, smoked it too,
Then took a dose of Mountain Dew.
With Magic Dope I greased my chest,
Then crawled in bed and tried to rest;
I sprayed and gargled, wore a mask,
Snuffed Listerine, then tried my flask,
I felt my pulse, at tongue a look,
Each hour my temper'ture I took.
But strange to say quite sick I grew—
The doctor says I've got the Flu!
If he is right, then I am sure
I'd like to try the likker cure.
I wonder if I'd stayed up town,
Cut out the dope, kept worry down,
Stayed right at work, not had a drink—
Would I have Flu? What do you think?
By Miss Louise Omohundro,
Greensboro.

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