

MEDICAL SUPPLY

(BY SERGT. S. M. BRILL.)

WHO'S NEXT?

Guess we'll have to resurrect the old "Who's Next?" heading, and report the departure of the following men who have been transferred to Newport News, Va.: Sgt. 1st Cl. Karl J. Dalquist, Privates Durst, Greene, Goldslager, Halligan, Landers, Lytle, Beaumoel, Singer, Stevens, Stockard, Vreeland, Whally, Weaver and Wilson. This order certainly knocks a crimp into our little crew. All of these men have in some way or other been instrumental in putting the M. S. D. on the map, whether it be in society circles or on the athletic field. While we hate to see them go, they are bound to improve themselves in every way, therefore, we wish them God-speed.

The Barracks are now a thing of the past, all of the men have moved into the tents.

The Charlotte Laundry gave Dal a merry hah ha and raze for a send-off, in the shape of a \$2.50 laundry bill.

In Pat Singer we lose one of our best all-around athletes. Paddy was a Ty Cobb on the ball field, a Jimmy Kane on the Basketball floor, and had no equal as a horseshoe pitcher. Incidentally, his leaving breaks up the Old Mahican combination. The "Nine-to-ninety-nine" kid has went and left us.

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AND

Supplies for
Soldiers

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in connection.

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We will sure miss that "ear-to-ear" grin of Tracy Stockard and his original line of wit. His last "Tone" Letter appears in this issue of the Caduceus.

Red Wilson's one big worry is, "Who's going to take care of the Captain's horse?"

Sgt. Ralph W. Walters received a nice sweater and a dedicating poem, from his mother, for our mascot—Jack Canine. Inasmuch as the sweater proved to be too small for "Jack," by popular vote it was given to Charlie Nichols. The poem, however, still goes for the dog. It appears herewith:

To the Medical Supply Mascot:
By MRS. CHAS. E. WALTERS,
Portland, Oregon.

I learn Jack's been adopted,
And placed upon the floor,
As the official mascot
Of the Supply Corps.

I've a hunch a dog is shivering,
And is bunching up his back,
On these cold November mornings,
And I fear it's little Jack.

It's a shame you wouldn't clothe him,
As you would a soldier lad,
So I'm sending him a sweater,
Which I know will make him glad.

Treat him kindly, nicely, gentlq,
For he's worthy of the best,
He'll be true and loyal to you,
And will always stand the test.

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"WONDERFUL CAMP"

SAYS EX-GOVERNOR HATFIELD
BEFORE LEAVING.

After a short stay of several week's duration at the U. S. A. Base Hospital here Major Henry D. Hatfield, former governor of the state of West Virginia, was ordered to Post Hospital number 36 in the city of Detroit, Mich. While at this station he was attached to the surgical service being assistant to Major Wayland in charge of the operating department and surgical wards of the bas hospital. During his stay here Major Hatfield was much impressed by the thorough and efficient manner in which the hospital was managed and before departing for the West said:

"This is a wonderful camp and thoroughly as wonderful a hospital. One thing in particular that appealed to me was the remarkable friendliness of the officers, all of them being very painstaking to make me feel perfectly at home, I have enjoyed my stay here very much and only regret that I am obliged to leave so soon."

RIDE THE GOAT.

First Sergeant Leighton, Sergeant First Class Jenkins, Faulkner and Private Choate had the pleasure of being initiated to the royal art of goat riding at the Charlotte Masonic Temple on Tuesday and from their present appearance they seem to have survived the additional degrees very well.

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