THE CADUCEUS



Here Is Our Message.

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X X Z E THEY ALL LEARN

When he first came to see her He had a tender heart

And when she turned the lights down low

They sat this far apart But as their love grew warmer And they learned the joys of a kiss They knocked out all the spaces

Andsatreal closelikethis.

GOES MARCHING ON

WORK SONG STAYS WITH CAMP GREENE

T is always the happy medium of a smile or the cadence of a song which endures longest. Such promises to be the case

in the impression which the 810th. Pioneer Infantry made upon Camp Greene. The colored troops which made up the rank and file of that or-ganization have nearly all been discharged but the swing of their marching chants still cling to the camp. taken out for a hike the melody of one of the songs used by the negroes soon springs into lif_{Θ} and soon the column swings along to the measure of the simple lay.

From the several bits of harmony introduced by the colored soldiers and always used by them as they marched through the camp and out over the hills the "Work" song is the most popular. There is not a day passes but what the chant about "Woik don't bother me" can be heard along the company streets of Camp Greene.

Here are the words for the song, and every Camp Greene soldier will

Work, work, work.

I don't bother work,

Work don't bother me;

I'm just as happy as a bumble bef. I eats when I get hungry,

I sleeps most all the time; I don't give a doggone if the sun don't ever shine.

I can go most anywhere,

I don't pay no fare; I can ride a freight train

Just anywhere. I don't bother work,

Work don't bother me;

I'm just as happy as a bumble bee.

SOME LIFE

"The army must be a terrible place," said Aunt Samanthy, looking up from the evening paper. "What makes you think so, Saman-

thy?" asked her dutiful spouse. "Why, jest think what it must be

where beds is bunk and meals is a mess."-Washington Star.

