



Delivered by HOWARD K. THOMPSON

TOO MUCH WASTE



LISTENING of an Editorial Column is like breaking a quart of the finest Burgundy on the keel of a launching ship. —so much good liquor wasted, for no title can adequately portray the contents of the "subsequent unmentionables."

The following titles for this column come to mind: "Septic Wounds," "Light Anaesthetics," "Restertilized," "Handouts at Deth's Door" etc., ad libetum.

We trust the flavor of the pills contained in these paragraphs will neither mar or provoke the gentle patience of our gentle patients and readers.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Sgt. 1st Class Goldstein has just received his furlough for a month to be spent in the Bahamas. All his expenses are to be paid by the Q. M. He wanted to go down by Pullman to Florida, but they insisted on giving him a private yacht all the way; also they wanted him to take a couple of buddies along with him. He asked for Joe Lawlor to go, but Joe said he was too much absorbed in making a set of X-Ray which he expects to present to present to the British Museum in three years.

Sgt. Yickery was offered a commission again, but he refused, saying that \$100 per week was enuff for any one and that he didn't like the Manufacturers' Club anyway.

The men in the Medical Supply have been giving a series of midnight suppers at which there has been found a leather pocket book containing several hundred dollars. It bears the initial "G," so it very probably belongs to Gates; if he will call at the S. O. L. Club this afternoon, same will be delivered to him.

The Probes of "C" row have decided to hold a series of Coming-Out parties. These will be given at the Fire-Station Club-house in case of flames.

Corporal *—*j8pp has a new job; he is Keeper and Guard of the Alcohol in Ward X.

STARS AND STRIPES.

It was morning at Fort Pink Puttee. Kelley was sewing. What was he sewing? A dawdawb or dewhinkey? No—a chevron. What kind of a chevron? A wound chevron. What did he get it for? He wore seven wound chevrons, as follows:

1. Vaccination smash and gash.
2. Scar from bady aimed scuttle of hash.
3. Bruise from stray Cheery Collar bottle at a party.
4. Contusion from fall while roller skating.
5. Inoculation stab.
6. Abrasion from nail in new-issue trench shoes.
7. Cut from sharp edges of a new card deck.

The new wound stripe was awarded for a recent hair-cut.

Smith came into the tent with his left arm raised as if to scratch his head, revealing a golden key sewed onto his blouse 2 1-3 inches below the armpit.

"Curse you, where did you get that?" bellowed Kelley in sotto-voce.

"This I won," announced Smith, "keeping the key to the alcohol cabinet away from Imbibing Bill!"

"Curse you again," exclaimed the downcast and miserable Kelley, "that makes 26 insignia for you to my 23!"

"Slacker!"

"Draft-evader!"

The heretofore friendly buddies were now henceforth hated enemies.

A-1 Honorable-Humpty-Ump-Lance Corporal-Third-Class Jones passed before the tent. He was weighed down with insignia as follows:

Three wristlets on right, each one representing a New Year's resolution; a silver razor on left chest, for keeping some one from cutting himself by bumping into him; a blue ribbon on the right ankle, for dancing with a Technician; 2 sleighbells on the belt-buckle for bravery while being burned with hot soup; and other geegaws.

The corporal accidentally slipped on a carelessly thrown potato peeling and came crashing down into the mud. Instantly seventy-nine enlisted men (and some draftees) rushed up to help Jones.

That afternoon there was a large flock of claims at the "Office of Owners" for the "Token of Helpfulness" badge, which was a green-velvet hand clutching an axe rampant, surmounted by a bull d'or.

Only three of the claimants received this, however.

Durin gthe evening three men were killed in the Stank Corps. It came about as follows:

Pvt. Black had volunteered in Skowhegan, July 4th, whereas Pvt. Brown had been drafted in Oshkosh on July 3d. Of course this entitles Black to one more black dot on his hat, whereas Brown could only wear one less dot than Black, and had to wear BROWN DOTS.

BUT BLACK'S BLACK DOTS HAD FADED UNTIL THEY WERE BROWN!

Men in service from Skowhegan can wear dots made only with Smear's black Ink, whereas those who registered at Oshkosh must only use Mudd's brown ink. — That's the way it all started.

(2 B Continued.)

OUR MEDIC COLORS



PRO BONO' POPULI

BLACK AND BLUE.

This has no reference whatever to dancing, with some of its inevitable disasters, although I admit that the temptation to write something about dancing came to me almost as soon as the lines of the face.