

TOO METHODICAL

MATHEMATICAL PRECISION
BOOMERANGED FOR HUN.

Too much method helped beat Germany.

That is all we could learn from The Caduceus reporter who went over to the Officer's ward, on Tuesday, to interview the wounded officers, who were recently brought to the base hospital from overseas. The reporter got caught in the raiding parties which left the ample coal stove of the officer's ward and wandered among the barbed wire entanglements to the mouth of German dug outs, and it was a full half day before he returned to the sanctum to give an account of himself.

"The Germans had a regular way of doing things" our representative gleaned from listening to the six officer's talk. "The Hun would fire three shells in the same place always and the Americans learned to look out for the other two shells. The Germans had a set time for sending out raiding parties. They shelled a given point always at the same time each day. They watched for signs of system in the movements of their foe.

"Where the plan failed most was the mathematical way in which the Teutons figured their victories. They thought they could defeat an enemy or stop a rush by killing a certain number of men.

"American stupidity in not knowing when a regiment was beaten and which insisted in pushing ahead and taking a trench line regardless of losses was one of the chief things to break up the big show. It ruined the figures. It spoiled the natural order of things. It 'got Germany's goat.'

THEY REALLY KNOW.

The officers, who are just plain heroes from the hills of the Carolinas, know enough about the 'hell' days 'over there' to convince any eager eyed reporter of their knowledge of the subject of "Taming Tyranny." They are men who fell at the second battle of Verdun and at the Meuse and at Ypres; men with great red scars on their legs and on their arms, where bursting shells have shredded muscles and have caused the limp which will ever be cherished by their people.

It is hard to think that the quiet men, both the officers and enlisted men, who linger in our wards for the last touch of healing before they return to their homes, have been through all that hate halocaust that we have read about with thumping hearts. It is their mildness which makes us want to crush them to our bosoms and their reserverness which makes us love to call them Americans.

The officers held here were with the first infantry regiments to go across, in those thrilling days of early spring, more than a year ago. They lead companies of vallant men in that charge which broke the Hindenberg line; they were leaders in the plans to muss up the order of things that had pertained between the French and German fighters for four years in

WORDS THAT CHEER

The following message from Merritte W. Ireland, Surgeon General of the Army, and delivered to the base and general hospital personnels of the land, offers a fine bit of solace for we men and women who were too busy here to find time for a trip across the ocean during the war and who are still on the job to care for the wounded brought to us for healing:



AM offering you no consolation because it has been your lot to stay at home; on the contrary, I am offering you all my heartiest congratulations because you have stayed, because you have done your work cheerfully and well, and because you have had your part in bringing the war to an end. I sincerely hope that you will continue to "carry on" in peace, as well as in war, so that in all the myriad activities of 1919, your work and your part will be well done."

MERRITTE W. IRELAND,
The Surgeon General of the Army.

certain quiet sectors.

"They say that one sector of the German line was held for six months by one soldier with a wooden leg and that he would amble along the trench and shoot off rockets ever so long to keep up appearances. In some of their front line trenches we could not even find wooden legged soldiers" one of the officers explained.

It was these quiet sectors that the Americans could not understand and from the arrival of "The Devil Dogs" there were no more mutual understandings between Justice and Plutocracy.

SCOUT DUTY.

Scout duty in "no man's land?" Yes, several of the men had been on these and First Lieutenant L. D. Sutherland, 405 South Tryon street, Charlotte was out on six nights in succession—a rare experience.

The scout detail would leave the trench about 9 o'clock and return before daybreak. One of the trying times was that of returning to your own line. It would be the call of a crow or some sound foreign to no man's land that would signal the sentries of the parties return.

Sometimes German patrols were met and bombs flew thick and fast. Lieutenant Fred Nims, Jr., of Fort Mill, S. C., narrowly escaped death when his patrol met a German band and four of his men were killed.

The most trying time for Lieutenant Nims was when his regiment was holding a German trench and was shut off from water and supplies. Detail after detail was dispatched for food and never returned because of the heavy fire which was being maintained in the drive. For three days there was no food and little water. A shell tore up a section of hidden pipe line, which the German's had installed for their trench use and water was obtained. Soon the drive moved forward and food was brought up.

Lieutenant Z. B. Thornburg, of Concord, was wounded at Ypres. It was early one morning when he was preparing his men for an attack that a shrapnel struck near him. Four of his comrades were killed and he was hurled into a ditch on his head. He

HAPPY OUTING

GIVES PLEASURE TO MANY.

One of the most pleasant events of last week was the outing enjoyed by THE BUNCH on Saturday afternoon and evening on the Banks of the Catawba River. The party motored to Rozzelle's Ferry during the early afternoon and spent several hours rowing on the river and roaming up the pebble strewn sand banks.

A more ideal day could not have been chosen. The sun was shining bright, only a few fleecy clouds floated in the sky, gentle breezes wafted fragrant perfumes from the pine forests on the hillsides and the shrubbery along the river bank was alive with sparrows, scarlet tangers and blackbirds. The party played at being children once again. Some made mud pies, sand mountains, and toad houses while others picked a precarious passage across the river by way of stepping stones.

Just as the sun was casting its last golden rays heavenward the mellow tones of the dinner bell sent out welcome tidings to the hungry picnickers. They were ushered into the large dining room still gay with holiday decorations, and seated at the table loaded with good things to eat.

After the meal the party went to the living room for a quiet hour before a large log fire, where each member related some interesting events of the days before the war. All too soon time came for the ride home in the moon light—and still some people think that we are in the Army.

thought he was dying because his limbs were paralysed but soon he was being cared for in a field hospital.

Highest praise is given for the services of the medical men in France.

Enthusiasm enters into the discussion of the Armistice day celebration in France and which joy time the wounded officers watched from hospital windows in different parts of that country. They all speak of the abundance of American flags and the tears of gladness which streamed down the faces of women and men alike.