

## SALVAGING OLD SCRAPS

Three months ago Captain Darnell, head of the Salvage Division, a branch formerly known as the Conservation and Reclamation Department stood and gazed at a mountain of what appeared to be "junk"; this was the so-called waste material at Camp Greene.

Thousands of articles, made of either brass, iron, copper, zinc, rubber, wool, cotton, glass, leather, rope, lead, steel or paper, were in the pile, and there was a market value for every ounce of the 196 distinct types and grades of the various materials originally used in the manufacture of these articles, and he started in to get that value and did:

The details of this tremendous job of classifying, each article, was given to Lieut. Stienfield, who is in charge of the Salvage Warehouse and the results were most satisfactory.

The gross weight of this "junk", was 190,678 pounds and meant the classifying of 196 separate articles, and yielded a revenue of \$1,297.93 certainly, great credit is due the Salvage Division for this work.

Though the actual saving and conserving of every article the army uses is most vital and important, yet the reclaiming, is equally so, as the "Bringing back to life" of say, scrap iron, to use again in various forms, not only saves time, money and labor, but the iron ore still in the mines; the same with waste paper, this is made into card board and wrapping paper and helps relieve the existing shortage of raw material.

Wool scraps are made into a fabric known as "shoddy" that save our new wool; Rope comes back to us in the form of tissue paper, tin cans are made into window sash weights, and that saves iron; burlap bags do double duty, they being used for "over sea" shipments and on arrival are then filled with sand and act as breast works for our boys in the front line trenches, and so on, goes the endless chain. Keep this chain endless by saving, saving, saving all possible.

The salvaging of even empty oil barrels, play an important role, as the revenue derived from 350 which were

Cots which apparently are unfit for use are thoroughly cleansed and repaired and reissued practically as good as new, the salvage Division, reclaimed an average of 200 per day for the past month.

DONT LET UP: KEEP ON SAVING.

ROBERT H. SHARP,

## THE CADUCEUS

## NURSES' NEWSLETS.

If trouble troubles you, why not take the trouble to investigate at the critical moment? "So sorry you didn't, Captain."

"Lights up," night nurses. O. D. is on his rounds.

Smart girl, Miss Denton, to be able to wash your hands in the dark.

Can any one suggest a better name for the nurses' home, behind A St. to mark its individuality?

The red light is missing from the nurses' home in A St.

Will some one please nail down the new furniture which will be placed in the reception room, left wing—new nurses' home? Previous furniture seems to have disappeared.

"Life is really worth living," so Miss B thinks, especially the hour of breakfast biscuits and butter.

Does any one know why Miss M. S. needs so much stationary from all the different organizations? We would like to know!

## DISMOUNTED



## THE END OF A CANTER.

Cartoonist Kelley has respectfully submitted the above drawing which is dedicated in admiration of the fortitude of several nurses who have admitted a mild lameness as they went about their ward duties on the day following their first horseback ride. Sergeant Kelley has never seen one of the nurses thrown from her fiery steed although there have been numberless cases throughout the summer. The pen picture is only an example of how it might happen, he insists and he calls especial attention to the Carolinian setting of the nodding flowers and the mighty tree, with the dove of peace perched majestically upon the single blasted limb.

## KITCHEN POLICE

Sitting here in the kitchen, peeling a bucket of spuds.

Wearing a dirty apron to cover my blue serge duds.

A hundred thousand in the bank, "Society man"—that's me;

Just because I was late at roll call, they gave me a weeks K. P.

Sitting here in the kitchen, with slops all over my ears;

Picking rocks and splinters out of a barrel of beans.

My thoughts have gone a-wandering to what I used to be

Before I missed that last post car and they gave me a weeks K. P.

I think of the nights I squandered down in the bar room stunt;

Gee, what a sissy I was—what a hopeless, hopeless runt!

Oh, I was there with the girls, boys, and they called me a "lady's man,"

What would they say if they saw me now scraping a greasy pan?

The mess sergeant's a slaver, he gives a man no rest.

The first cook is a villain, but I hate the second, best.

Oh, sure boys, I've enlisted to march away to war,

But they've got me here in the kitchen doing the company chores.

A week policing the kitchen, watching the biscuits browned—

Me, who used to order two thousand men around.

I wonder what two thousand would say if they saw me now.

Washing a hundred dishes ready for 6 o'clock chow?

Two months ago in a greenhouse, I held Anita's hand,

Told her that I had enlisted to fight for my native land,

She leaned her head on my shoulder, said she'd be proud of me.

She'd be proud, all right, if she saw me now, doing a week's K. P.

Dumping the slush in the hog pan, scrubbing the kitchen floor,

Swabbing the slimy mush pan until my hands are sore,

Fixing the hash for supper, putting ice in the tea—

Archibald Percival Knutty, "Society man" that's me.

## TWO RETURN.

Millard Twiss and Gaston Glace have reported back for duty after ten days' leave of absence, the latter now being a proud father.



# The Flower Shop



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