

SURGERY NOTES

SOME SNAP.

A few moments ago "CUB," the Caduceus reporter blew in and hollered, "any news for the paper." We had been so busy that the Caduceus had been forgotten in the rush, so we thought we had better put our rthinking caps on and "snap into it."

HAPPIEST MAN.

We have in our midst the happiest man in the hospital. Lieut. Thomas, the reason for such rejoicing is that the Lieut. has been granted a leave of absence for 10 days to visit the family out in Montana. Lieut. Thomas is our amiable anesthetizer; during his absence his duties will be taken care of by Lieut. Fulmer also of the "sleep producing" variety.

The latest additions to the Operating Room: Major Wayland and Major Palfrey have moved their respective offices from C-1 to the operating room.

A miniature Registrar's office has been started in the Chief Surgeon's office, we will not attempt to describe the nature of the work but anyone desiring information call No. 53 and ask to speak to Lieut. Thomas.

Pvt. Zecha has opened up a shoe shining parlor in the operating room, sanitary methods, work guaranteed, your patronage is solicited.

"Sunshine" Hanley of our force is nursing a badly cut hand, due to his inability to maintain his equilibrium. Hanley doesn't mind that much, the only difficulty is that he can't pitch horse shoes quite as good as before.

Gavin has taken a fancy to dancing and it is rumored that he attends the dancing classes given in the Red Cross building.

We have been noticing that Miss Sonner has been making daily visits to the canteen to weigh herself. She seems to be quite worried over the surplus averdeposits. Speed up Miss Sonner if you wish to diminish.

Miss Sonner, formerly head nurse of the operating room has been transferred to Isol-2. Miss Jehle is her successor.

Quite a number of the Surgeons have been fortunate to receive their discharges from the service; while those who are not quite so fortunate have requested leave for the Christmas days.

Miss Jehle and Miss Sonner seem very delighted when they are repairing the torn rubber gloves brought down from C-5.

TAKES CHARGE.

The boys at the canteen in the rear of the barracks have a new boss namely one Pvt. 1st Class Harold Fitch of New Haven, Ct., and late of the main exchange near the patients mess.

ANSWERS BUGLE

SPOT KNOWS THAT ONE CALL MEANS CHOW.

"Spot" is no longer a rookie. The houn' dog, who came to the barracks a month ago as a skinny waif and who has grown sleek and fat because of the soldiers' attention makes every effort to show him that he is in the army now. He may get his bugle calls slightly mixed up but he knows that some of them mean "come and get your chow, boys."



HEARKENING THE CALL.

"Spot" was at the Red Cross building the other evening and because the night was cold Miss Marie Fox Wait, librarian, could not find the courage to send him out into the blasts and allowed him to sleep before the fireplace. All was well until morning. The commotion started with the first gathering note of reveille. "Spot" showed action which is unknown in barracks one to seven at that time. He faced about the big room. He barked and scratched at the doors. He awakened the household and Miss Wait was forced to descend from her room and let the dog out. He ran to answer the call and Miss Wait shivered as she returned to her room. Sergeant Kelley has pictured the release of "Spot."

GETS BACK.

"August" is with us again as many of the hospital personnel have discovered somewhat to their chagrin, possibly. He was only away on a short furlough to his home in Baltimore, Md., and had not left us for good in the sense of having permanently departed. Yes, the remainder of his name is Horist and his rank—exclusive. We mean Private.

GETS AIRING.

Sgt. 1st Class Ernest Clement formerly of the barracks canteen is now connected with the sanitary department and spends considerable of his time at work in the open air thus insuring an improvement to his physical condition.

CAN HOLD RANK

CHANCE TO RE-ENLIST BEING GIVEN.

Both to officers and enlisted men is being offered the opportunity to re-enlist in the regular army of the United States. The appeal to medical officers is posted on the bulletin board at the Base Hospital and announces that 1,000 physician officers will be needed for the regular army above the former peace quota.

To enlisted men the chance to enlist and transfer to some other branch of the service, without a reduction in rank, is being held out. Men who will re-enlist may choose their own branch of the army and will go in with the rank they now hold, it is set out.

MAKING IT CLEAR.

Several thousand colored drafted men were recently sent to a Northern camp from Florida. White officers were assigned to drill them, assisted by acting noncommissioned officers selected among the most educated and intelligent ones of the negroes. An enthusiastic young lieutenant, in trying to inspire a greater spirit of enthusiasm into his platoon, addressed them as follows:

"Now, men, you must take more interest and learn your drills. This war is a very serious proposition. It behooves us all to properly prepare ourselves for it. It behooves us to make the very best soldiers we can—it behooves us to be better soldiers than the Germans, and then we can best them."

After a talk along this line the officer ordered his men to fall out and rest. As several of them moved off toward a grassy spot to sit down, one confiding little black from the Southland sidled up to a tall and rather dignified acting corporal and said:

"Corporal, does you understand what dat officer was talking about?"

The corporal drew himself up erect, and replied: "Of cohs Ah understand. Why you all ask such foolish question?"

"Well," said the little negro, "for instance: dis here behooves what he was talkin' about—what do he mean by dat behooves?"

The corporal gave his questioner one withering look of scorn, and shaking his finger in the little man's face, growled: "You poh black ignoramus—you disgrace the whole colored race. That Mr. Hoovers that our lieutenant was referring to is the government food saving expert, that keeps niggers like you from eatin' yoh fool self to death."—Army and Navy Journal.

TAKE ORDERS.

Many orders have taken by the Y. W. C. A. workers at the Hostess House for symbolic black cats the emblem of the tank corps and some of the boys have volunteered their assistance.