







DELIVERS THANKS


T gives me great pleasure to send you Christmas greetings, as the year 1918 is closing with its pleasures and its sorrows, its smiles and its frowns.

The Caduceus of the Base Hospital of Camp Greene, which budded and bloomed in May, 1918, and has continued to send out its sunshine and its fragrance weekly, up to the present, which cheered the hearts and caused smiles to appear on the faces of thousands of the Boys from week to week. This was made possible by the proficient and untiring editors of the Caduceus.

Their service will never be forgotten but remembered by myself with a fond remembrance and the courtesy shown me as Building Secretary of the "Y" at the Base.

I want to thank Colonel Renn for the noble respect and kindness shown me as "Y" man, also Major Way, Major Sheaff, Capt. Ellen and in fact all the officers, whose names I cannot remember.

I thank the kind and noble nurses who received us with respect, and many gave their services in a Religious way.

I also want to thank the privates for their kindness. I now bid you all a Happy Christmas by saying your work at Base Hospital seems to me to have been well done.

Chas. H. Martin,
Secretary of Base Hospital Y. M. C. A.

GREEN TURTLE DAYS
RED BATS SUGGEST BOYISH PRANK

PUTTER!

The movies flickered and then quit entirely at the mid-week performance at the Hospital "Y", on Wednesday evening of this week. There was darkness and then the electric lights were switched on with the promise of an intermission.

Major Phillip A. Sheaff was a member of the audience. At his side was Secretary Martin of the Y. M.

"How about a look at the red bats while we wait?" suggested the secretary.

The major was eager to view the strange birds. He was escorted to the rear of the room and allowed to peer into the box where two healthy American bricks reposed. The major had gained the attention of the entire audience during his exploit. Laughter shook the building.

Major Sheaff was not to be baffled. He walked to the front of the room.

"This affair gives me great pleasure" he said. "It has been a long time since I was able to bring so much joy to such a large audience. I assure you that I am much gratified."

"The event calls to mind a boyish prank (with no reflections on the secretary of this Y building), that we used to play on every new boy who came to the little town where I lived.

"We asked him if he had seen the Green Turtle. Of course he had not.

"The Green Turtle was a notorious saloon of the town and to its swinging doors we escorted the victim. We asked him to peep in at the Green Turtle. When the unsuspecting urchin looked through the door we gave him a great shove, sending him tumbling in on the bar-room floor."







MEDICAL SUPPLY
SO IS OURS.

Got a peep at a diary one of the fellows is keeping—no it wasn't a diary either it's more of recollector. You know, a jotting here and there to bring back scenes of by-gone days, so that in the far and distant future with grandchildren on knee, etc., etc. Follow, doncha? Well, it runs something like this: Monday evening, six o'clock—total capital 18c—barracks six—wash, shave, shine; canteen—cigarettes—change clothes, Red Cross, pretty girls, dance, eleven bells, sleep. Total capital 18c less smokes 15c; balance, postage stamp.

And so they have taken "Doc" Arn from us and sent him to the medical supply at Camp Gordon. Well, all we wish is that the "blue nursettes" there are as nice as our own baby nurses. So long, Doc, see you in Pittsburg shortly.

The following men have received their discharges and are now either at home or headed that way: Sergeant Ralph Walters, Sergeant Ralph "Dad" Logan, Privates Nichols, Russell and Powell. "Who's next?"

Christmas is near and tent No. 3 looks it. No, not decorations, but packages. Received? Nope, going.

—Sergt D. M. Brill.

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