

SEEING THE DOC AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

Army Methods Differ from Those of Home Town M.D.—You Don't Get a Bill the First of the Month, for Instance

Member going to see the doctor in the States? Not a cheerful performance at best, was it? No? But going to see the doctor—beg pardon, the lieutenant or captain—in the Army in France is something else again. (Voice: "You said something there.")

Back in the States, getting in to see the doctor was as tedious an excess as going on guard duty. You were ushered in by a nurse in a bartender's uniform, or by a nurse in black gown, white apron and cap, into a sort of receiving room where, amid the files of all the defunct magazines from the Martin Van Buren to the first Cleveland administration, you sat in solemn state and awaited the ordeal.

On the wall above you was that pleasing picture by Mr. Rembrandt, "The Anatomy," with all those beaming Dutch medics in their black campaign hats squinting impolitely at the numbers of a very defunct Dutch gentleman. Ugh! You were asked, and wondered if the doc was going to pull off some such stunt on you.

More Scenery
Shifting your eyes, your gaze fell on a lot of diplomas, written in Latin or French or English and the rest of the way, designed to put you hep, if you knew Latin, to the allegation that the doc, in spite of his calling, was a good scout and knew something about his job. If you didn't know Latin, you just read the doc's name in English, and the name of the secretary of the university that let him loose on the world.

The rest of the time you spent in wondering why he left up the 1900 vintage calendar over in a corner, and speculating as to the date when the victor's parlor was last swept out.

Neurotic females sniffled and sniffled what wind is left in your sails after that greeting. "I'm sick—honest to goodness, I am—couldn't sleep a wink all night, and—"

"Hump!" snorts the Top. "Been drinkin' some of that cider, eh? That's enough to put any man on the bum. That sort of go!"

"Ain't had a drop of cider since pay-day," you retort, getting hot. "Honest, I tell ya, Sarge, I'm bloozy! No kid-din'!"

He Eats 'Em Alive
The Top looks you over and through and through, somehow he doesn't seem impressed, but, after mulling something about a too all-fired sick list for the outfit, he puts down your name. Then he proceeds to eat up alive the other unfortunate who have answered sick call. If any of them survive, he puts down their names, too.

He sends out his company clerk to find a non-com of sufficient presentability to take the sick report up for the Skipper to sign. After about a half an hour spent in the search, the non-com comes back, and reports that the Skipper wants to be found. He then, amid much profanity from the Top, proceeds to take about a half an hour to find the first lot, who is next in line. If he finds him, your little band of sick pilgrims gets started in the direction of the infirmary about an hour later.

Once there, you stand in line out in the main ward hall. Regulations provide that Army infirmaries and medical offices shall always be placed in the coldest, dampest and most thoroughly unsanitary buildings in the village occupied by the troops they are supposed to serve. There are no pictures to rest the eye on; nothing but a stinky sign saying "Keep Out," and another saying "Infirmary," for orderlies are never very long on

the ward of an American hospital at the rear of our sector to the north-west of Toul, a horse stuck his head through a window opening to admit warm spring-like air and by his snore cheered up a wounded American officer. The officer had asked to see the animal and it was brought from the line by an orderly.

For some months now the officer has affectionately cared for his mount. Before the artillery unit to which the officer belongs moved up to the line, he and the horse were together every day all day and sometimes all night. They understood each other perfectly.

Then came the move to the front, and for several weeks the officer did not get many chances to ride, these being work days. It was feared by his friends that he would die.

However, his strength and excellent medical attention have pulled him through until today, when, according to the surgeons, he is on the road to recovery.

This other morning he called to the nurse and said that while he was feeling fine, he would feel still better if he could only see his horse.

"Here's the Captain's Horse"
The orderly spoke to the ward doctor. The ward doctor spoke to the surgeon in charge of the hospital. The surgeon in charge of the hospital phoned to the artillery headquarters. And soon after an orderly came galloping up the road to the hospital and dismounted.

"Here's Captain von Blank's horse," said he. "The captain wants to see him."

So orderly and horse were led around to a window in a long low building. Three windows down they stopped. The orderly looked in and saw his captain lying on a cot just inside.

"Good morning, captain," he said. "I have brought Bill around."
The wounded captain's face broke into a smile.

"Have him strick his head in," he ordered.

But the horse had heard a voice he knew and he put his head inside the ward window without any urging. There was his master lying flat on his back, a small bandage around his head where just a little piece of rock had hit. And pinned to the pillow of his cot was a little bronze cross suspended from a green and red ribbon—the *Croix de Guerre*.

For half an hour the wounded captain talked to the horse, calling him "Old Boy" and "Old Man" and fondly stroking the animal's soft nose. The horse apparently understood, for he kept his nose as close as possible and stood perfectly still. He only moved his head once or twice and then it was to rub his nose against his master's palm.

The surgeon standing nearby motioned to the orderly after a while and the

AS WE KNOW THEM THE CAPTAIN

He's got the longest pair of legs that ever came to France. And when he takes us on a hike, it's sure a merry dance: He's got the longest meentry, too; 'cause when we ask for leave He always has a Something on our records up his sleeve.

He likes to get up early and check up on reveille. And if the turnout isn't prompt, there's nothing he can't say: He blisters all the late ones, right before the whole command—And say! That man can handle scorching language simply grand!

It's "Squads right!" after breakfast, with no let-up until noon: The next thing, he'll be working us beneath the blasted moon. It's "Squads left!" after mid-day chow—police, fatigue and such. Till everyone is eager for a stretcher or a crutch.

But up in front? The Skipper's There! He keeps us peppered up By jollying and ragging us; bouquets what's made by Krupp May fly around his dome all night and bust his snooze all day. He goes his rounds, and quizzes guards, all cheerful-like and as a MP LIBRARY

It's hell-for-leather all the time if you would follow him and try. He's always three good jumps ahead, with punch and pep and fire. But if I ever re-enlist, I think that I will try To get into his outfit, for he's one real human guy!

HORSE GOOD AS NURSE FOR WOUNDED CAPTAIN

By NORMAN P. DRAPER
Correspondent of the "Associated Press" with the A.E.F.

In the ward of an American hospital at the rear of our sector to the north-west of Toul, a horse stuck his head through a window opening to admit warm spring-like air and by his snore cheered up a wounded American officer. The officer had asked to see the animal and it was brought from the line by an orderly.

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horse's head was withdrawn from the window. The orderly rode him away—back toward the batteries. The captain watched the window for a minute or two and then said to the surgeon: "Well, I feel better. If Bill can come round every day, I ought to be moving about in a week or so."

So Bill—just the kind of horse that the Army calls an "artillery plug," he's a real American horse and looks it—probably will be a regular hospital visitor for some days to come.

THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS

The Quartermaster Corps is a non-combatant crowd. An' it isn't much excitin' For th' man who likes it loud: But it's got its own hard work 'n' do. An' they're all be on th' floor If it wasn't for the non-combatin' Quartermaster Corps.

The Quartermaster Corps sheds no glory or renown. But it's got the grub that keeps you comin' back when you are down: An' th' Infanterie an' Cavalree Would all be on the floor If it wasn't for the non-combatin' Quartermaster Corps.

The Quartermaster Corps is of Jimmy-on-the-Spot when it comes to gettin' chow. To th' line where things are hot: Why, the boys up in the trenches Would all be on the floor If it wasn't for the non-combatin' Quartermaster Corps.

The Quartermaster Corps Don't use bayonets or guns. But they do a mighty lot o' work To help clean up th' Hunns: So here's something to remember— You might all be on the floor If it wasn't for the non-combatin' Quartermaster Corps!

—William C. Fryer, Sgt., Q.M.C.

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION
Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities

Dear Miss Info:—I am a young infantryman, 19 1/2 years old. When I left the States the June I was going around with steady promised to write me every day. I don't get letters from her every day. Is she unfaithful to me? Yours, X.

Dear Boy:—You're no blooming curiosity. Nobody gets letters every day in France except the Quartermaster and the Post Office Department. They're making a collection of them. Private collectors of letters, such as yourself, are just plain out of luck.

No, most certainly the June is not unfaithful to you. She has undoubtedly written you every day, just as she said she would. But she would have an awfully hard time if she were called upon to prove it.

Dear Miss Info:—I fell in love with a girl just before I left, without having a chance to tell her about it. I am a little bit shy of writing and telling her, because such things look so different in plain black and white, and besides, the Lieutenant who censors my stuff would get wise and probably kid the pants off me. What shall I do?

Write her by all means, dear, loyal lad! The Lot who reads it won't know the difference. The chances are he was young himself once, if he isn't already. As for the way the young lady will take it, you should worry. You won't be around when she reads it, so what do you care? Anything goes in war-time.

Dear Miss Info:—I have been writing my girl, regular as hell, big long letters descriptive of France and everything. Last week I got a Christmas box from her that contained nothing but Bull Durham tobacco. Do you think she meant for me to infer that I was full of Bull? Ought I to resent it?

Perplexed.

Certainly not! She probably doesn't know what full of Bull means. Anyway, don't resent it until you're sure of getting a tobacco supply from somewhere else.

Dear Miss Info:—I have fallen in love with a French girl, and don't know how to break it to my old girl back home. What shall I do?

Baffled.

Don't break it to her. Just quit writing. She'll catch on, in time. They all do.

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And He Asked To Be Treated for Sore Feet!

In other corners of the room. Old white-waistcoated gentlemen lifted feet gingerly, as if the rheumatism of the gun troubled them. Mothers tried to hush inquisitive offspring as they romped merrily about the somber premises. And over all was a subtle odor of some deodorant, so called. You sometimes get a whiff of it up front, when the Boche goes into the gas distributing business.

Into the Chamber of Horrors

After about an hour and a half the dainty boy or the nurse peered out from behind some folding doors and stage whispered you to step forward. You hour had come. With a last clutch at your already overlatched hat, you stepped into the chamber of horrors, as steadily as you could.

At length, you faced the doctor. He generally wore a beard, in which to store up the excess microbes that emanated from you. He wore, if his practice afforded it, a frock coat and glasses and spats and all the other emblems of gentility. If he was a young doctor, he dictated. Young doctors are lucky to be able to wear anything.

But, no matter how formal his appearance, the doc was usually polite and kind. You stated your ailments, helped out now and then with an encouraging word, with an expression you had forgotten but which helped to explain your case, with a kindly smile that heartened you to go on. You got an idea that the doc was interested in you—if only in the size of your roll. In short, you were considered innocuous until you had proven your guilt.

"Um!"

"Um," the doctor would say, stroking his facial landscape gardening, when you had conceded your tale of woe. "That's not quite too bad. Let's see what can be done about it. You had better lay off for a couple of days, at any rate. Take this prescription, and get it filled and administer one of the tablets internally every hour and three-quarters, varying them with the powder. I will also prescribe for you then, about three days from now, you might come in and see me again.

"My impression is that you are rather badly run down. You must have been overworking. Take it easy from now on. Get plenty of sound sleep, and eat regular and wholesome meals. A few days' rest, in an even temperature, ought to put you on your feet again."

Cheered by such words as that, you departed, got the prescription filled, and took the dope if you felt like it. But you always followed the advice that prescribed complete rest. Wasn't it the doctor's orders?

But in the Army? You know the song: "Wake up in the morning, feelin' mighty ill; Go to the hospital to get a quinine pill. And if the doctor kills you, he doesn't give a dam— He's only doin' his duty by good ole Uncle Sam!"

Yes, seeing the doc—beg pardon, the lieutenant or captain—is a very different proposition when you're in this man's Army. To begin with, you don't go to see him on your own hook. Oh, no! First, you've got to get by the Top.

You hurry through a breakfast that gains you every inch of the way going down in order to get up to the Top's office at sick call. The minute you get inside the door—

"Well, whatell you here for? Tryin' to get outer the hike?"

"Honest, no, Top," you begin, with

spelling. You grow restless. You feel that you would almost welcome a sight of Mr. Rembrandt's grim realism again.

In You Go!

There is no place to sit down, unless a crate of pills happens to have been recently opened. In that case, you may be able to share a corner of it with some fellow sufferer. There are no magazines to read—not even those that triumpantly announce the swearing in of Andrew Jackson, as there were in doctors' offices at home. There is nothing to do but to swap ailment gossip with your next-in-line. That is cheering, also, it helps you to rehearse your own tale of woe.

Finally, the non-com in charge of your detachment hollers out your name in stentorian tones. In you go, and come up to attention before the khaki'd gentleman with the twisted grapevine on either side of his neck.

"What's the matter with you?" he begins.

You tell him, although you know it's no use. If it's on your outside, he'll turn you over to an orderly to paint it with iodine. If it's on your inside, he'll tell an orderly to give you a couple of C.C.s. But just on the chance that he may like your face and your salute when you come in, you tell him—that is, as much as he will let you. It's never very much.

Sentenced!

In short, in the Army medical practice, you are adjudged guilty until you prove yourself innocent. To prove yourself free from blame for having contracted what you have, you have to answer such questions as:

"Where were you last night? What have you been eating? Why didn't you change your socks when you came in? How long have you felt that way? Why didn't you come in before?" (You want to say that you didn't dare, but dismiss it as sounding fresh.) "Where do you feel it?"

The cross-examination over, you are handed over to an orderly for your C.C.s or iodine, as the case may be. You feel low and miserable and altogether you look forward to a day in quarters by the old stove, resting up and getting into shape. But, on your way out, your glance over the clerk's shoulder at your command's report. And there, opposite your name, are the two worst words in the Army: "Light duty."

Light duty? You know mighty well what kind of work your Top considers light duty. With a heavy heart, you snail your way back to the Top's office to get all that is coming to you, trying to hush up the no.

"You're in the Army now, You're not behind the plow; You'll never get well, on this side o' hell, You're in the Army now!"

DO THEY?

The boob has been sitting in a Y.M.C.A. shack, listening to a lecture by Sir Henry Somebody, M.P. After a while he nudged his neighbor and remarked in a stage whisper:

"Say, Buddy, I'm a son-of-a-gun, but that's the first time I was wis'd to it that the English dress up their M.P.s in frock coats and spats!"

"He ain't a M.P.," snorted the Buddy addressed. "That handle of his'n stands for Member of Parliament!"

"Oh," responded the boob, a great light dawning. Then—"Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun! Do they furnish them with uniforms, too?"

MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

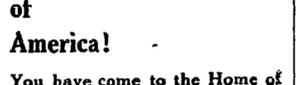
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