

pill-pushers' side-shots

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ROWLEY BROMLEY, our popular tale-spinner, tells of standing at the end of a long line in front of the Sick Bay one ayem, when one of the stondees collapsed.

"What position was he in line?" asked Phar. Mate Bellafiore as he looked down at the prostrate form.

"I think he was 5th," answered one lad.

"All right, two of you men hold him up in line—I don't want him to lose his place."

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The latest Sulpha drug is now being used in alcoholism. . . . It's called "Sulph-denial". . . .

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CAN YOU IMAGINE anything worse than having seasickness AND lockjaw?

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ECHOES FROM THE ELLIS ISLAND HOSPITAL:

Cute Spar PhM: "There's a patient in my ward who hasn't made love to me yet."

Second Spar PhM: "One of mine is unconscious, too!"

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The sick bay was filled with men in pain,

The air was filled with groaning.

Doc Brown was filled with wit again,

"Good moaning, men, good moaning!"

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Dr. Etheridge: "Give me some of that prepared monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid."

PhM 3c: "You mean aspirin?"

Dr. Etheridge: "Yes, I never can think of that name."

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"Why do they always make us undress when we go on sick call?"

"Beats me," said a naked bystander, "I just came in to check the fire extinguishers."

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The Spar Pharmacist's Mate went to the Doctor and reported the sailor under care didn't think he was getting enough attention.

Doctor: "Well, give him what he wants."

Spar PhM: "Sir! I'll ask for a transfer first!"

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"Pretty swell joint you have here," remarked the doctor as he examined the Spar's knee. . . .



After a thorough examination, the USPHS doctor eyed the tall and very thin recruit in silence.

"Well, doc, how do I stand?" asked the boot.

"Goodness knows," replied the doctor, "It's a miracle."

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PHARMACIST'S MATE GIVING SHOTS: "I suppose you wish I were dead so you could spit on my grave."

"SHOT" SEAMAN: "Oh no, I don't like to stand in line."

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THE PHARMACIST'S MATE'S HIT PARADE:

"Don't Get Around Much Enema."

"Gall or Nothing at All."

"Liver Come Back to Me."

"Oh, How I Miss You, Calomine."

"Alexander's Ragtime Gland."

"Saline, Saline Over the Bounding Maine."

"All the Tincture Are."

"There Gauze That Song Again."

"Yes sir, Asthma Baby."

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Doctor's Prescription: "You can cure anyone of snoring by good advice, cooperation, kindness and by stuffing an old sock in his mouth."

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"How on earth did you come to get so intoxicated?" asked the Medic.

"I got in bad company, sir," explained Eddie Olsen, "You see, there were four of us. I had one bottle of whiskey and the other three didn't touch the stuff."