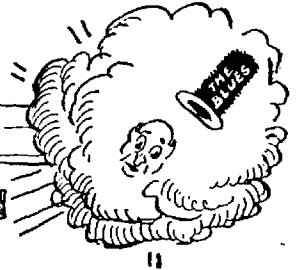


THE TROUBLE BUSTER



ABOUT THE POST

A somewhat new feature of the entertainment so generously provided by the citizens of Baltimore for our boys is the motor boat service made possible by the Motor Launch Club of Maryland, largely through the efforts of Mr. Myer Rosenbush. The boats are sent to our pier five evenings a week and take parties of convalescent men on trips down the bay and to points of interest. Refreshments and feminine companionship are usually provided and the trip is made a real treat in every sense of the word. What would life be without such friends as these.

One of the most genuine bits of friendly service being rendered us is that of Mr. Fred W. Cone of Baltimore, who puts his 8 cylinder Cadillac with a very efficient chauffeur at the entire disposal of Chaplain Wilcox three days a week from 10:30 A. M. until 4:45 P. M.

Communion was held last Sunday morning at the Chapel. Beginning next month it will be held at 10:30 A. M. on the last Sunday of each month.

Our shoe shop received its new machinery this week and is now completely equipped not only to repair old shoes, but even to make if necessary, new ones. A force of eight men are now employed in this always busy and cheerful school shop.

The neat new signs appearing about the post are the work of the sign department. In time, we hope to be all labelled and marked so that the newest rookie can find his way about, without asking too many unnecessary questions.

U. S. A. General Hospital No. 2 is soon to be the recipient of a gift of \$834.00, the proceeds of a Minstrel Show given in Highlandtown last January. The entertainment, which was participated in by prominent business and professional men of the city, was given for the benefit of the soldiers, and the committee in charge has decided that by giving the money to the Fort McHenry hospital it will accomplish the greatest good in relieving the suffering of the boys who have been wounded or gassed and sent back to this country. Another instance of the loyalty and devotion of our friends, the citizens of Maryland!

Captain William H. Mearns is now attached to the Educational Office as Reconstruction Psychologist.

On Saturday Fort McHenry plays Camp Holabird; the return game, on the following Saturday, will be played at Latrobe Park.

A new regular feature of the entertainments provided by the Y. M. C. A. for the soldiers at Fort McHenry will be moving pictures every Saturday and Monday night. Only the highest class films will be provided, those showing Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and the like. The schedule of the films will be printed weekly in the TROUBLE BUSTER.

This Saturday night the picture will be "The Spirit of 17", featuring Jack Pickford, an interesting and inspiring picture showing what our soldiers are doing.

Private Wyman W. Kelley of the 50th Infantry from Curtis Bay, a former patient of this Hospital was married at the Chapel on Thursday at 10:30 A. M. to Miss Amanda B. Fitzpatrick. Chaplain Wilcox officiated.

Thursday evening the entertainment was furnished by the Catonsville Boys' Grammar School.

On Wednesday night the Catonsville Parental School entertained in the Recreation Hall with some first rate drills and songs.

On Thursday night an unusually good program was given by headliners from the Maryland, including the Imperial Quintet, Morley and McCarthy Trio, Billy Glason and Trixie Friganza. Some of our pleasantest evenings around the post have been provided by these kindly friends in vaudeville, many of whom are now going abroad to entertain our boys over there. We wish them luck on their journeying, and know how much the boys will be cheered along by their fun-making. It is this fine spirit of service and cooperation, of which we get evidences every day, which is helping us to win the war.

THE TROUBLE BUSTER is your paper. Help to give it the punch it needs to knock the other fellows' troubles out. If you have had unusual experiences on the other side or know a piece of news, can turn out a joke, a story, or a piece of verse, leave your contributions at the Office.

Following the Maryland program on Thursday night a series of moving pictures were shown by the Crown Cork and Seal Co. of Baltimore, depicting among other things a real Spanish bull fight.

A \$625 pool table has just been donated to the Y. M. C. A. and placed in No. 1 Recreation Hall.

Rabbi Rubenstein will preach on Sunday morning at the Chapel at 11:00 A. M. The service will be undenominational and all are invited.

We are glad to observe the gangs of men again at work upon our hospital buildings. Ground is being broken for the new wards and one or two of the smaller new buildings are nearing completion.

Pvt. John E. O'Brien has just returned from a Thrift Stamp drive on the Eastern Shore.

A MUSICAL TREAT

What was beyond a doubt the finest concert ever heard in the Recreation Hall was given there last Sunday morning by Pvt. Gaul's combined orchestras with the assistance of the Trinity Chapel Choir. The orchestras, the Riverview, Carlin's Pavilion and Thompson's, all well known to Baltimoreans, and all managed by Pvt. Gaul in civil life, together comprised some forty-two musicians and under his efficient leadership were able to produce some very rich effects indeed. They were supplemented by the Trinity Chapel Choir a splendid body of singers widely known in Baltimore musical circles.

- The program was as follows:
- March from Tannhauser
 - Solo—When the Cows Come Home Sgt. Leary.
 - Evolution of Dixie
 - Chimes Solo Eddy Gately
 - Springtime—Selection Trinity Choir
 - Selection Fred Kembo
 - Solo—Harbor of Love
 - Overture—America
 - Trombone Solo—Sunshine of Your Smile Pvt. Gaul
 - Allah's Holiday from Katinka
 - Solo—O Promise Me Sgt. Leary
 - The Star Spangled Banner.

The performance was greatly appreciated by a large audience and it is hoped that we may have another occasion of the same sort in the near future.

It is good news to us all that six of our new recruits including Pvt. Gaul are professional musicians from these orchestras, and that four more are expected soon. No wonder Sgt. Cutty wears a smile these days. Here's to our new and augmented band.

THE TROUBLE BUSTER

Published weekly, or whenever news is abundant and the printers are not on furlough or A. W. O. I.

Saturday, June 29, 1918

Edited and printed by patients and enlisted men at U. S. A. General Hospital No. 2. News items of Fort McHenry, soldier jokes and stories of overseas experiences are solicited.

Address communications to THE TROUBLE BUSTER, U. S. A. Gen. Hospital No. 2, Fort McHenry, Md.

DETACHMENTS ON DUTY AT FORT MCHENRY

Medical Detachment, U. S. A. General Hospital No. 2
Detachment, Quartermaster Corps

OVER THERE AND HERE

There is always something in the sight of soldiers going away to war that moves us, however matter-of-fact and unsentimental we may be. Very few of us who watched 48 go aboard the train last week were not suddenly assailed with a peculiar tightness about the throat, and other sensations indescribable but more unsettling, if somewhat harder to localize. In the midst of our humdrum existence we suddenly had an inkling, a flash of realization of the splendor and pathos of the soldier's life. Though we ourselves were soldiers even as those departing, and knew to the last detail their unheroic lives as we knew our own, there was something in the changed situation, in the fact of these men being off for the front—tho Heaven knows with how long a wait at Camp Mills en route, and goodness knows how great removal from the front on the other side—which threw over their lives a new meaning and a new impressiveness. And those of us who stayed behind turned back to our work with a sigh, and—why should we not confess it—a pang of envy.

Yet on more sober reflection we should have realized that our work here, though less adventurous and spectacular, is no less glorious, heroic possibly, than that of the men who go across. Not for us the flying flags, the beating drums, the sound of bursting shrapnel, the sense of danger faced in common, the sustaining comradeship of countrymen fighting together on a foreign soil, the uplifting spirit of the Crusader for a Great Cause. Yet we too are in the deepest sense enlisted in the great cause of making the world a better place for men to live in, and the tasks entrusted to us, though apparently humble, are of the greatest import, not only for winning this war, but for winning the more enduring war which the world is always engaged in. We it is who have to recreate out of the wreckage of war clean, whole, and useful men, fit to fight, or to live in the better world we intend to have after the fighting is over. And ours is the responsibility of building up here in our little corner of the great battlefield, far away from the sound of the big guns, an ideal community where all shall share the joy of work well done and the refreshment of wholesome play together, and where none shall be idle or dis-

contented or out of harmony with the common effort. Only thus shall we prove that we are fit for Democracy, not only to fight and die for it, but to live for it.

And so—the potter to his clay, the cobbler to his last, the TROUBLE BUSTER to its trouble busting and each one to his task. And, cheer up! there is always Sergeant Cutty and the band.

OUR PSYCHIATRIC PATIENTS

There are a number of patients in this hospital whose sickness is mental rather than physical. Their brain or their nervous system is afflicted but they seem normal because the rest of their bodies is normal. When, therefore, these patients do strange things it is the easy thing for the bystander to laugh and make fun of them. The heedless man does not realize the harm he may be doing in this way. To joke or make fun of a broken leg does it no harm. You are attacking him at the seat of his disease. You would not kick a man with a broken leg. Why strike with harmful impressions the sick brain of a mentally diseased patient?

The mental patients should be treated with kind sympathy and consideration. Never make fun of them, even if they make fun of their own condition. Do not encourage them in it. So far as possible they should be prevented from thinking of their abnormal state.

How would you treat your brother if he were in such a condition? Probably you would not refer to him as a nut, even if he applied that term to himself.

Help these fellows all that you can. Treat their affliction as the serious thing it is. Above all things else, do not think of them simply as fit butts for your jokes. Do not make it more difficult for them to help themselves.

WHY STUDY TELEGRAPHY

A soldier with one leg, or even two off, can be taught telegraphy, and can do his work just as efficiently as any one else. Even the loss of an arm is not a bar to this profession, witness the number of one armed telegraphers now employed by the different telegraph companies. Also a deaf man can be a telegraph operator, as strange as it may seem. An easy way to demonstrate this is to go into a telegraph office and holding the hands over the ears as tightly as possible, notice how clearly you can hear the sharp tick of the telegraph instrument, when all other sounds are excluded.

Telegraphy is destined to play an important part in the rehabilitation of our wounded men. First and foremost it is an occupation that requires constant concentration of mind. A man studying telegraphy will, while in the course of his studies, subordinate all his mental worries, and by necessity keep his mind on the instrument in front of him. He cannot daydream or allow his mind to wander to other things, but must be mentally on the alert while his machine is in operation.

The School of Telegraphy has without doubt the prize class at Fort McHenry. Its roster is being rapidly filled and before long there will be a waiting list of men who "want in." Get on the wagon before it is too late!

THE LIFE OF A MULE WAGONER

At first when I got over we were kept near the coast for about twenty days, and then we were loaded into box-cars. There were eight mules and nine men in our box-car, and as the French box-cars are only half as large as those in the U. S. A., a fellow has to watch his dome or one of the mules will use it for a foot stool. Well, when we got there and had to get off the train, we unloaded the mules and harnessed them, and started on a hike. We were stationed about thirty miles behind the lines and there is where we were in training for about two months. After that we started for the lines and reached them after a three days hike. My company was stationed four miles back of the front line trenches but I had to go from the third to the first line trenches with ammunition. Believe me, it's a fine job going out in winter to hitch up those whistle-mouthed Jerrys when your harness is stiff with ice, and your hands are nearly frozen, and then when you get up to the front lines hearing the big Fritzies bursting all around you. For the first few weeks of it your tongue surely is in your shoes.

As to putting gas masks on a mule, well, I had two bad mules that I had to pretty nearly throw before I could get a bridle on them, so what would be the use of trying to get on a gas-mask?

Well, I was coming down a hill one day with two and one-half tons of high explosives. It was last January and there was ice and snow on the ground. I threw on the brake, but the brake beam broke, and my mules couldn't hold the load back, so we took a ride, but the worst of it was that we couldn't stop when we got started. When we did stop I was on the ground with the wagon and all on top of me.

I am booked now for service on this side, and am glad to do my bit here, though I would like to go back.

PETER J. GEENTY

THE SERVICE FLAG

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star,
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white,
Dipped in the red that was born of fight;
Born of the blood that our forebears shed
To raise your mother, the flag o'erhead.

And now you've come, in this frenzied day,
To speak from a window, to speak and say:
I am the voice of a soldier's son,
Gone, to be gone till the victory's won.

I am the flag of the Service, sir;
The flag of his mother, I speak for her
Who stands by my window and waits and fears,
But hides from the others her unwept tears.

I am the flag of the wives who wait
For the safe return of a martial mate,
A mate gone forth where the war god thrives,
To save from sacrifice other men's wives.

I am the flag of the sweethearts true;
Tho often unthought of, the sisters too.
I am the flag of a mother's son,
Who won't come home till the victory's won.

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star,
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

WM. HUSCHELL in the Indianapolis News.

BACK FROM THE FRONT

A detachment of wounded from the front in France arrived at this post on Sunday morning and have some interesting stories to tell. Most of the men were gassed, but some are shell wound cases.

One man, Private W. P. Geenty of New Haven, Conn., had a serious misadventure while driving an ammunition wagon containing two and one half tons of hand grenades. The brake beam of the wagon broke and the wagon took a drop of 40 feet into a valley. He awoke to find himself in the hospital where he was laid up for six weeks. It was rather a miraculous escape, for only one grenade exploded. If the whole lot had gone off, he says he would have destroyed the town nearby.

Private Charles G. Hopkins, of Madison, Texas, who was wounded last November at Toul claims to be the first American that was wounded in action.

Sergeant Hubert Hill, of Lofkin, Texas, is suffering from mustard gas poisoning. He was in the trenches on the Verdun front for three months, and was gassed on the night of April 7th. He has not yet regained his speech and can talk only in whispers.

Private William G. Rowland of Los Angeles, Cal., was gassed while on ammunition train duty near Toul. One night all of the wagons got tied up. The Germans somehow found it out, and concentrated their artillery fire upon them. About four of the wagons were destroyed before they could be driven out of the way.

On Monday four men arrived who were torpedoed on the President Lincoln on May 31st. C. M. Roberts, Wis., Hdq. Co., 119th Machine Gunners, tells the story very graphically. They were a day and two nights out from a French port when, leaning on the rail, he saw what seemed to be two huge fish plowing through the waves. He called the attention of an officer near him. The latter gave a cry "Submarined"! A moment later they were struck by both torpedoes. It was about nine o'clock. There was no panic and the men climbed into the life boats in orderly fashion. The President Lincoln, one of the largest freighters afloat, soon went down, stern foremost and the survivors found themselves in the open sea, the other ships having steamed away, according to the usual orders, at the first signal from the unfortunate vessel. Presently they sighted a craft in the distance and began pulling towards it, but what was their horror when they discovered it to be a huge German submarine, the same that had torpedoed them.

The crew of fourteen Germans came out on its deck and held parley with them by means of an interpreter. They were looking for the President Lincoln's Captain, but he was disguised in the clothes of one of the soldiers and escaped their notice. One nearly frozen sailor on a life raft attracted their attention and they handed him coffee and food. The submarine followed them for seven hours, but finally disappeared. Later, after fourteen hours on the water, they were picked up by a couple of destroyers and taken into port, where they received a warm welcome and were sent to the American hospital. The thing that seems to

have caused Private Roberts the greatest distress was the intense seasickness they all suffered with on their journey back to land. He says he felt no fear when they were torpedoed or at any time until they reached land. But on the trip home on the President Grant, he says they were nervous as cats and would jump at the slamming of a door.

OUR NEW CONVALESCENT CAMP

This week sees the initiation of a new and very happy department of U. S. A. General Hospital No. 2, the Severn River Convalescent Camp, popularly known as Camp Purnell. The Camp which was made possible through the generosity of Dr. Howard A. Kelly of John Hopkins Hospital, one of Baltimore's most noted surgeons, consists of 156 acres of beautiful woodland on the bluffs overlooking the Severn River about ten miles above Annapolis. The site is perfectly adapted for rest and recreation purposes; there is excellent salt water bathing, and the fishing for perch, rock bass, and soft and hard shelled crabs is unsurpassed. The near vicinity of the Camp-Fire Girls and of the summer houses of many well known Baltimoreans will doubtless add to the gaiety of summer life there. A Community Club has already been formed to assist in entertaining the boys, and sail boats and launches have been put at their disposal.

The camp will be a tent colony and is expected to accommodate about thirty people at a time, doctors, nurses and patients. It is intended primarily for convalescent men from the other side, who will be sent down for visits of perhaps a week at a time.

Captain Haas is now on the grounds and with Sergeant McIntyre and a small number of our enlisted personnel is making preparations for opening the camp at once.

ABOUT THE POST

THE TROUBLE BUSTER is glad to observe that the war-gardens in the angles of the old Star Fort are coming on finely. The lettuce and lima beans are doing their bit, and the prospects for a large tomato crop are particularly good. We are especially happy over this fact, for no one knows how fond we are of tomatoes.

Our fatigue squads have shown a veritable passion for planting hedges and flower beds this spring, and thanks to their efforts our post is rapidly becoming transformed from a jumble of ugly buildings to an orderly and beautiful park. THE TROUBLE BUSTER sees great possibilities for formal gardening in the space between the wings of the Physical Therapy building, one of which is rapidly becoming hallowed by the weekly dances of the officers. Perhaps our versatile cement workers intend to contribute some ornamental pieces for its decoration. There is a noticeable absence of shrubs all about our grounds, but perhaps like whiskers they are not considered sanitary. We wonder.

THE TROUBLE BUSTER has a sense of the beautiful and has decided that the Psychiatric Ward would allow us to indulge it at present more than any other on the grounds. We hope if anything knocks us out of our trouble busting, we may be sent there.

Some of our readers would doubtless be unkind enough to consider it appropriate.

The hospital has received a beautiful knitted blanket, composed of squares of many colors. The blanket is the work of boys of the William Fell School, No. 6, at Ann and Fleet Sts. Last Monday eight of the boys visited the post with two of their teachers to present the blanket and get a glimpse of some of the returned soldiers. We appreciate your kindness and your efforts, boys. It wouldn't take long to win the war if every American had your spirit.

The swimming pier which has recently been projected for a hundred feet into the Patapsco is now one of the most popular places on the post late on hot afternoons. Come on in! The water's fine

Last Sunday afternoon Privates W. D. Knox and Fred C. Smith went to Cambridge to take part in a patriotic meeting. They addressed a crowd of three thousand people from the same platform as Governor Harrington and Colonel Nichols. The tangible result of the meeting was that the audience subscribed for \$71,000 in War Savings Stamps.

The men who go on trips are chosen from among those who have been overseas, who have speaking ability, and who are doing satisfactory work in school or shop. So far as possible it is desired to distribute these trips to many men. Those who go always report that they are royally entertained and have a delightful time.

In a snappily played baseball game on Monday afternoon the Administrative beat the Medical forces 8-5. Col. Purnell and Capt. Cole pitched for the winning team and Maj. Chatard and Lieut. Montgony for the losers. The game was distinguished by many startling field plays on both sides.

THE TROUBLE BUSTER is in receipt of the Camp Holabird Spark. Aside from some general news, its items are classified largely under the heads, Music, Religion, and Athletics in camp. It also runs a lively page of editorials.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the Ontario Post, published weekly by the enlisted personnel of General Hospital No. 5 at Fort Ontario, Oswego, N. Y., and of The "9" Times, an unusually interesting four page bi-monthly published by the enlisted men of Base No. 9 in France; and of The Cure, a four page paper published in the interests of the Base Hospital at Camp Upton, N. Y., 'rather often'; also, of The Caduceus, an ambitious, not to say voluminous, weekly magazine of twenty-six pages, published at Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

Pvt. R. J. Smith, one of the members of our Sign Painting department has received word that he has won a \$500.00 prize for a poster which he contributed in the recent War Savings Stamps competition. Pvt. Smith was formerly a cartoonist in Seattle, Washington. He is now at work on a large poster which he intends to submit in the Ship Poster competition which is open until July 25th. We wish him success.

THE CAFETERIA OPENS

The opening of the cafeteria yesterday morning marked the last stage in the complete mobilization of the rambling old structure, once the residence of the Commanding Officer, now our up-to-date Y. M. C. A. canteen. Now in the low-ceilinged rooms at the rear, of who knows what age or historical associations, with their wide old fireplaces plastered over, their walls new covered and doorways trimmed, the boys of 1918 will come thronging for their after breakfast pie or nocturnal plate of ham and eggs. There neat new shelves and counters are furnished forth with tid-bits to delight the hungry soldier, fat sandwiches, sugary doughnuts, the ever ready and ever welcome egg in all its incarnations, salads to tempt the delicate appetite, pies and cakes of delicious flavor. Four tables in the dining room placed before the windows give the place an inviting and companionable air.

The prices will be as reasonable as they can be made, and the food of first rate quality. Necessarily only light and quickly prepared dishes will be served.

The Y. M. C. A. building now houses besides the cafeteria, an up-to-date barber shop, tailoring shop, printing establishment, shoe-shining parlor, soda fountain, poolroom, writing room, canteen and library. Few other buildings on the ground are being put to more constant and needed uses than this one. Its motto like that of every one of us is SERVICE and it puts its motto into practice every day.

FOURTH OF JULY EVENTS

The national holiday will be celebrated at Fort McHenry by the men in uniform in sane though rousing style this year.

- The programme for the afternoon will be;
- 1:00 to 3:00 Base Ball game at Latrobe Park.
 - 3:00 Athletic meet at Fort McHenry field
 - Swimming meet off the point.
 - Officers Base Ball game, Bears vs Sox
 - 6:00 Boxing and Wrestling matches
 - 7:00 Entertainment in Recreation Hall.

GENERAL ORDER 23

From: The Allies.
 To: W. Hohenzollern, Germany.
 Subject: Travel order.

1. Proceed plumb to hell.
2. The travel directed is necessary in the military service.

By direction of **GENERAL GOOD**
 —STARS AND STRIPES

THE MAJOR'S STATUS

A Major's job is sometimes regarded as a sine-cure, and a humorous exchange hits off the idea by this story of an ambitious colored trooper:

"I figgahs I'se goin' to get a majah's commission soon," said he, "cause I overheard de kunnel talkin' to de adjutant about somebody and sayin': 'He won't do foh a lieutenant, 'cause a lieutenant doan know nothin' and does everythin'; he won't do foh a captain, 'cause a captain knows everythin' and doan do nothin'; but he suttinly would make a majah, 'cause a majah doan do nothin' and doan know nothin'."—BOY SCOUT WEEKLY.

A LETTER FROM A 48 MAN

DEAR CHAPLAIN WILCOX:—

You probably will be interested to know how things are going at our new quarters. Somehow it seems as if Fort McHenry is a long way off and I cannot believe that we left there so short a time ago. There is no similarity whatever between the two Camps. Sleeping on cots in tents is much more interesting and invigorating than living in brick barracks. Naturally at a military camp like this, discipline is more severe than at other places. We are not allowed to go outside of the post without a pass. Ten o'clock is the time for bed instead of twelve.

You probably know some of my tent mates: White-side, Sieger, McGue, Shapiro, Granger and Felton. This afternoon Felton was taken to the Base Hospital at Mineola and we do not know just what they took him for. For several days he has had pains in his chest and has had chills. I believe he has a slight attack of pneumonia. Mineola is a couple of miles from here. I went there today for an ear treatment. It would be a shame if Felton's ailment would keep him from going across.

One has to be pretty strong to stand the cold weather we have had here. A few nights were almost like winter. Sunday afternoon any number of the soldiers were wearing their overcoats around the camp, but it is just wonderful and I love it. Last night I spent home with the folks. They have allowed all the New York and New Jersey men a twenty-four hour pass.

It will be a wonder if a lot of our men are not wearing glasses, for during the spare minutes there are many upstretched heads. An aviation field is just a mile away and during the day from ten to fifteen airships are to be seen flying over head diving and turning flips.

DUNCAN DUNBAR

Camp Mills, N. Y.

FROM A MAN THAT CAME BACK

One of the things a soldier going overseas should learn is alertness, otherwise he may be victim of an ingenious trap which the enemy sets for the unsuspecting Americans who have not learned the Forman method of warfare. Our boys must expect to encounter every sort of device that a German, not to say Satanic mind, can conceive for the purpose of catching the Sammies unawares in the trenches. The following incident is an interesting example of the foe's ingenuity.

Before getting ready to go over the top, the Huns concentrated a large number of house-cats at the front, just plain old pussies with good healthy lungs for yelling. These cats were taken out by a midnight patrol detailed to cut away our barbed wire entanglements which protect the first line trenches, in order to prepare the way for a raid. When the entanglements had been found, some form of torture was inflicted on the poor beasts so that their yelling distracted the attention of the American guards. One can imagine what an unearthly noise fifty cats yelling together would produce. While this feline concert was in progress, the Huns were busy cutting away our barbed wire defenses preparatory to making one of their frequent night raids. Quite naturally our Post Guards were deceived, for

they thought prowling cats caught in the entanglements caused the discordant notes which broke the stillness of the dark. All forgot about about the incident, not knowing that one of the most important defenses had been removed. Somehow there was a general feeling among the men that should the Boches attempt a raid, the barbed wires were sufficient to arrest their advance until proper preparations for their reception had been made. We soon realized our unwariness, for suddenly four or five divisions of the enemy came through, making it necessary for us to fall back rather than suffer heavy losses.

The first eight days at the front, our company never saw a Boche. On our way to the back of the lines, we wondered midst laughter and talk where the foe was keeping himself. It seemed a mystery. Eight days in the front line trenches and not a damn thing to shoot at. It put an edge on our bravery, but made us feel a little disappointed, for we were just aching to let loose with our guns. But our appetite for adventure was destined to be soon satisfied. The very next night about 10 P. M. a lieutenant came around asking for volunteers to go over and investigate the German front lines. More than the required number offered to go. They reported enough targets on the other side of No Man's Land for our entire force to shoot at, so at 2:00 A. M. over the top we went. Then was the time when everyone had an opportunity of showing his calibre but all the boys proved their nerve in their first experience under fire. Backed by the artillery we forced our way into the enemy's lines and there engaged them in a hand to hand fight. It is a well-known fact that the Germans are afraid of steel bayonets, which the Yankees handle with skill, so we succeeded in capturing quite a number of the enemy with but a few losses in our ranks.

From an interview with Private William M. Whittington, Company I, 167th Infantry, A. E. F.

**YOUR FUTURE
 AFTER THE WAR
 WHAT!!!**

YOUR Uncle Sam intends to give every opportunity to prepare to take a good position after he no longer needs you.

You pay good money to go to school in civil life. You are paid to go to school in the Army.

Courses in almost any subject you need can be given you at Fort McHenry.

If you don't believe it come in and try to stump us.

THE EDUCATIONAL OFFICE
 Room 210 Administration Building