

FOR CAMP PURNELL

Rousing Carnival on North Broadway Due to Devoted Efforts of Mrs. Maxson

North Broadway was a Coney Island of electric bulbs, merry-go-rounds, hot dog stands, and the like, during Thursday and Friday of this week, because Mrs. C. H. Maxson, of Steubenville, Ohio, had organized a Street Carnival for the benefit of Camp Purnell, the out-of-Door camp for convalescent soldiers on the wooded bluffs overlooking the Severn River. Mrs. Maxson is an organizer. Once before she developed the machinery for helping our camp, but this time she pulled out the throttle and let her go. Result, a veritable Mardi-Gras on North Broadway, and the prospect of a good many thousands of dollars for the cause.

One would not suspect that Mrs. Maxson's smiling, unperturbed countenance concealed anything but happy memories. Her husband has been in a German prison and her son is on the firing lines. She says she must help. Therefore, she forgets her own intimate and personal sorrow, and pours out her energies into the work of aiding the sick soldiers to get well. She has capitalized her resources, her personality, her whole life in fact, to the prosecution of the war against avarice, and cruelty.

The patients of this Post send her greetings and felicitations and thanks from the heart.

TROUBLE BUSTER ABROAD

They are crying for the TROUBLE BUSTER in Paris, and we are sending it over, glad to do our bit toward brightening up the French metropolis. Miss Helen P. Chandlee of the Red Cross has made the request. Oh you, A. E. F., we're coming over, you bet, as soon as we can. Meanwhile, here's our paper, and our best wishes to you all.

ENTERTAINING THE PATIENTS

The Young Ladies of the Rogers Memorial Church gave a fine entertainment with refreshments at the Recreation Hall on Tuesday night, under the direction of Mrs. Florence Borgelt.

The Garrett Club, an organization of business women, entertained about 20 patients at their hall Wednesday evening, at the close of a Liberty Loan meeting. They also invited 20 of our men to a dancing party this Saturday evening at their club-house, South and German Streets.

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

Everyone in on the Next Great Issue of Bonds. Fort McHenry to Do Its Bit.

One week from today the Fourth Liberty Loan will be inaugurated in Baltimore and throughout the country. More than 25,000 men and women will be employed in placing in Baltimore City and the Counties Maryland's quota of the bond issue. Fully half of this number will be women. Already thousands of men and women throughout the state have started the preliminary work, and they will be re-enforced by other thousands between now and next Saturday, when the formal work of the drive will begin throughout the country.

The boys in the hospitals and at Ft. McHenry in particular will not be behind in the good work of helping to float the big loan at this climax point in the war. Teams of men are being sent out who have seen service on the other side, and know whereof they speak, to address meetings throughout the state, and bring home to the public the burning necessity for money, and more money to help our forces in France put the quietus forever on the ambitions of Junkerism in Germany and throughout the world. Over a hundred men, it is expected, will go out from here, and of the result of their efforts there can be no doubt. People are always eager to hear from the men with the service stripes. Our cause is just. We have the money, and we will float the loan. Watch our boys lead the state over the top next week!

WE ARE AT WAR

A. W. O. L. is one of the Army jokes; but it is no joke to the chap who comes up before a court and finds himself sentenced to five or ten years hard labor in a United States Military prison. "Why, I only stayed home a few weeks"—the startled soldier begins to whimper, but the decision has been made, and the armed guard is waiting for him. Mother's tears and Congressmen's letters make no change in the remorseless action of the law. We are at war. We are at war with Germany. The stakes are survival or annihilation. Our own boys our being smashed into bits every hour of the day; it is a bloody, grimy, life-wracking business; and the man on this side who fools with the law will find himself worse than a dead man. Uncle Sam is very much in earnest. He has a grim job on his hands, and he will smash anybody who stands in his way. Look out!

REVENGE IS SWEET

Base Ball Tossers of this Post Kalsomine the Fort Howard Nine to the Tune of 4 to 0

LEAGUE STANDING

	W.	L.	P. C.
Edgewood Arsenal.....	9	1	.900
Fort Howard.....	7	2	.767
Reina Mercedes.....	6	2	.750
Fort McHenry.....	6	4	.600
Camp Holabird.....	3	6	.423
Naval Rifle Range.....	2	4	.333
Naval Reserves.....	1	5	.167
General Hospital No. 7	1	7	.125

GAMES TODAY

Reina Mercedes at General Hospital No. 7
 Edgewood Arsenal at Naval Reserves
 Fort McHenry at Naval Rifle Range
 Camp Holabird at Fort Howard

The kalsomine was liberally used by our boys in an abbreviated game against Ft. Howard, the score being 4-0 in the five innings played. Had the game continued it would only have been a question of how many more runs our team would have scored. The nearest Ft. Howard came to denting home plate was 2nd base. Benda was in superb form, allowing but one scratch hit and fanning five of the Artillerymen in the five innings. Only 17 men faced Benda during the course of the game. Our boys made 2 runs in the first inning on an error and 3 solid hits. Again in the 4th inning with the bases loaded an opportune hit moved 2 more men. In every inning of the game we had at least two men on bases.

This victory pays up for the defeat handed our boys by Lt. Murphy's charges early in the season. Our boys were anxious for revenge on this crowd and the victory was surely pleasant to the sweet tooth. We still have an outside chance for the pennant and all can look for an exciting and lone finish in the Army and Navy league come out and root. Help your team to the top.

	Score by innings					R.	H.	E.
Fort Howard	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
Fort McHenry	2	0	0	2	x	4	4	3

The Carnivals are getting too numerous for us to keep track of, but here is one of them: The Baltimore Dry Docks held a carnival on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, in the 600 block of South Potomac Street, and entertained numbers of our patients.

ABOUT THE POST

Happenings of Interest Here and There among our Friends

Corporal Green wishes all noise to stop in the hallway of the Post Exchange from 8 to 8:30 P. M. as he has a telephone call to make.

Boys, meet Mr. W. J. Knapp, one of our new Y. M. C. A. Secretaries; he hails from Huntington, W. Va.

Pvt. Daugherty thinks the Q M's at Holabird have not taken the color test. He was at a party the other night and some one took his hat (with a red cord) and left a Q. M.

Grover Dement, the Ward-master of Ward 19, can be seen any night at the Post Exchange Telephone Booth. Who is she, Grover?

Captain Albert H. Freeman has been sent to Petersburg, Va., and Capt. Walter S. Woodruff has been transferred to Camp Dodge, Iowa.

The Dry Dock Workers gave an excursion, Saturday on the Steamer-Dreamland. Several of 17th Ward were present.

News has reached the Driving Staff at the Garage that Corporal Gray is asking for a transfer to Aberdeen, as it is nearer mother, and his daily lunch could be packed so he could do his bit in the war.

"Doc" Reidman is still wondering if the old Packard will ever learn the road to Camp Purnell alone.

The CADUCEUS reprints this week our two original poems "One Chap" and "Another Chap" which appeared in the TROUBLE BUSTER for July 27th. We like the poems as much as ever, tho we must say we prefer our own illustrations. What we want to know is why the CADUCEUS doesn't give us credit for the things it borrows from us.

Private Nimmerfall has returned from a ten-day furlough, but did not "commit matrimony" as the wise ones predicted.

'Jever see a movie actor play the part of a business man? Sure, you have. It makes you laugh up your sleeve when you see him bluff at being very busy, running his hand thro his hair, and all that stuff. He grabs a sheet of paper, snatches a pen, makes a scrawl on the paper, whirls around in his chair and all that. What has that to do with our new non-coms? Oh, nothing.

Corporal Julius Offit, has conceived the novel idea of standing reveille by mail. Why not use the telephone, Julius?

The night nurses would appreciate the use of the deaf and dumb language in the region of their Sleeping Quarters.

Sergeant Wiles had company. Gee, it feels good to see the old folks again.

Sergeants William Dunning, Bernard C. Brock, and John F. Keny have been transferred to the Machine Gun Training School for Officers at Atlanta, Ga.

Patient Zink of Ward 17, who has been acting as the Hello Boy at the Post Exchange, received word from his brother at the Chateau Thierry Front that the French Authorities had awarded him the Croix de Guerre for gallantry and extra hazardous work. He was on this front 102 days.

"Shorty" Owen, the official guide at Camp Purnell has a treat for all visitors; he is sporting a brand new outfit.

Last Saturday evening Chaplain Wilcox married Edward R. Spangler of Camp Holabird to Miss Clara B. Chidester, of Bushnell, Ill., at the Southern Hotel, just forty minutes after the bride arrived from Chicago.

Oh, you Chinatown! Have you seen our new green rubberneck wagon, which Sergeant Ledwell brought all the way from New York last week, and now drives all over Baltimore with twenty-five patients or the band in it? We bought it with money from the Athletic Carnival Fund, and are going to get another next week with sun-parlor sides for winter use. Some class to Ft. McHenry when we go out for a spin on the Avenue these days!

Commodore Robinette treated forty more of our men to another one of those famous evenings in his house-boat last Tuesday. There was music and refreshments, and a gay good time for all. Thanks, Commodore Robinette.

Dewey Strouse is happy; Corporal Charles J. Sierman of the same outfit overseas has the next bed to him.

Corporal Wagner, the Quartermaster stable boss, has a new field clerk. Congratulations, Mort.

There were two pleased native sons in Ward 17, Tuesday; Privates Rohde and Johnson were transferred to the General Hospital in San Francisco. Both were oversea patients and will be missed by all of us.

Privates Beard and Midkiff were transferred to Holabird on Wednesday, and expect to go overseas.

Mrs. James A. Richardson, 1610 McCulloh St., has a furnished room which she will be glad to put at the disposal of a nurse, or of the wife, sister or mother of a soldier, in case of emergency.

A lady called at one of the wards the other day and asked to see a certain patient. She was told that it would be impossible for her to see him, as he was convalescing. "All right" said the lady, "I'll wait until he gets through".

The officers' quarters in No. 9, are being converted into nurses' quarters.

We hope to be able to bust a few of our Officer's troubles, by announcing that Mrs. Francis K. Carey has very kindly turned her commodious home, 509 Cathedral St., into a Club for Officers' Wives, where they can stay for two weeks, and have their husbands with them. Charges will be made to cover rooming expenses only. For further particulars apply to the Adjutant.

OUR BAND

Very few of us on this post realize what a busy organization our band is, and what part it plays in the life of the post.

The band now consists of twenty-nine members but it is expected that this number will be greatly increased by the coming Draft. This band was re-organized the latter part of August by Sergeant George F. Gaul, and the present members are as follows:

Sergeant George F. Gaul, leader. Seddon, Mayo, Herbert, Pielstocker, Brooks, Johnson and Bien, Cornets. Silver, Hacker, Zippay and Maline, Alto. Brooks, Noggle and Whittle, Tuba. Koplowitz, Schindel, Schafer and Glanville, Trombone. Jefferson and Webb, Soprano Saxophone. Shawker, Alto Saxophone. Walz, Caspari and MacClellan, Small Drum and Traps. McCloskey, Humphreys, Cymbals. Davis, Bass Drum.

The band never misses a day that it doesn't play at some affair, and has filled as many as three engagements in one day. It is hoped that very soon the members will be able to devote their entire time to music.

An orchestra has been organized out of the band, and has been playing twice a week for the various Post dances.

The Fort McHenry Band held the place of honor at the Athletic Meet at Homewood on Saturday, September 7th. There were six bands at this meet, and when they all played "The Star Spangled Banner" together, Sergeant Gaul of our band had about a hundred and fifty musicians under his leadership.

Every man on the post appreciates the fine work the band is doing, and is proud of the organization. The occasional evening concerts here have added something to the life of the post, and if more widely advertised would draw a large and appreciative audience. Ask the townspeople what they think of the Fort McHenry band.

SUNDAY SERVICES

In the Chapel

7.00 a. m.—Mass - - - Father Callahan
10.30 a. m.—Holy Communion, Chaplain Wilcox
11.00 a. m.—Post Services - Chaplain Wilcox
Solo by Sgt. Leary

In the Recreation Hall

7.00 p. m.—Service - Rev. Otto Burhenn
Special Music

Friday Evening, Recreation Hall

7.30 p. m.—Services - - - Chaplain Wilcox
Special Music

THE TROUBLE BUSTER

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

Saturday, September 21, 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 oversea 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

WE SALUTE YOU!



EVERY SOLDIER in Uncle Sam's far-flung armies is familiar with that statement in the instructions of the Adjutant General which says: "The salute is not a recognition of servility or inferiority; it is the courtesy exchanged between all men in uniform; the rule is simply that the man in lower rank shall be the first to salute." The meaning of

the salute is taught the first thing on the first day of entering a camp or post, and it is continued throughout the term of service. It is on the program of every training school, it is part of the daily instruction of non-coms, it is iterated and reiterated wherever officers are gathered under a command. A man may still be an American and not know how to fold a blanket or turn a proper pivot, but he must not fail to understand the American significance of the American salute.

The salute is the open sign of membership in the eternal fraternity of arms. Nothing else! Eye meets eye in one swift serious instant, and in that flash is the silent recognition of a common purpose in a common work. "Good speed, brother!" it seems to say; and the echoing answer is "Speed!"

That is why we Americans face our man squarely and give a salute with a snap. Vigor is back of it; and courage; and a stern determination, in the name and in the cause of decency, to stick out the dirtiest job that lies our way. And there is pride in it. A sign that we are set apart for a great task; that we take our losses and do not cry out, that we take our gains and move steadily on. We are a new, silent, striding race, deeply intent on one great thing, and terrible in our resoluteness. Small matters of this and that have faded out of our lives. We come at command; we stay; we press on again. Nothing matters but one great thing, not even death.

So the besweated private in oily jumpers clicks heels and salutes. "Good speed, brother!" And the pruce, bebooted officer swings into swift reply, "Brother, speed!"

OVERSEAS LETTER

Base Hospital 116, Aug. 13, 1918.
Lieut. T. H. Slusser, Inf., A. E. F.,
to his brother Sergt. J. P. Slusser:

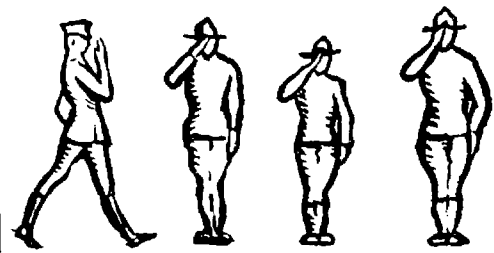
I promised to write you a letter some time ago, so I think it is time to do it. That was when we were up in the mountains, and many things have happened since then. So perhaps, all things considered, I am excusable. That was a pretty good war we had, at least compared to what we had later. We got shelled occasionally up there, but there were long breathing spells. In the Big Show you do not get the same thing all the time, but you can usually count on something to keep life interesting; gas, shrapnel, high explosives and machine guns. I never supposed that I would regard a ditch as a desirable place to sleep in, but believe me it looks good when you are close to where the big boys are falling.

After the sharp fighting we had in and around the village of Cierge, the Boche "beat it" so fast that sometimes it was hard to keep up with him. It was a wonderful sight at night to see the sky to Northeast, aflame with burning ammunition dumps that Fritz was in too big a hurry to take with him. We dug in one morning along a road and right behind us the ruins of a great group of farm buildings were still smoldering. Not being allowed to build a fire, I figured it was up to us to take advantage of the only thing that Fritz had done which was any benefit to us. So we stole a lot of coffee out of a field kitchen which in the dark had fallen into a big shell hole, hunted up a big can and made coffee on the glowing coals of some great beams. The boys said there never was such coffee as that. We even had cream and sugar, which we found in the same place with the coffee. In the Army when things are on the move, it is a case of take care of yourself and your men or you are both out of luck. One night when our rations did not arrive, which by the way, is not unusual, we figured that another battalion had robbed us somewhere along the road. This battalion had a lot of stuff on some wagons about 300 yards from where my platoon was. We sent a patrol down to see if we could get something off of the wagons but found they had a heavy guard around them and there was nothing doing. A little later in the evening a couple of "150s" lit in that vicinity, and upon sending our patrol down again we discovered that the guard had "beat it," and we secured our provisions without any trouble. You will think, I fear, that for a member of the bar of Illinois in good standing, my ideas of right and wrong are not what they should be. But I assure that it is the only way to get along in the Army.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

The McHenry Limp promises to be one of the novelties of the season. It was brought here by the Overseas boys, but it was not long before the patients from surrounding camps became afflicted with it, even some in the eye, nose and ear wards. The Limp is more pronounced about the time for the sweeping of corridors and wards, also in the presence of visitors of the fair sex and on many of the down-town streets. It must be contagious, for quite a number of Ft. Howard and Camp Holabird boys have adopted it. It is so much easier to get than service stripes.

AS YOU WERE



Troubles are like babies; they grow larger by nursing.

Pvt. Hash of Ward 1-J sleeps with his clothes on. Whatsmatter Hash, getting lazy?

The other day in the Post Exchange Pvt. Wheeler asked for an "Audience" hat cord. Say Wheeler, can't you say Ordnance?

ACES UP

The bird-man exclaimed as he sped thru the air, On sturdy American wings: "The kaiser is not the all-highest I swear— For aces are higher than kings."

Velvet Joe Cleveland is still smoking his old Jimmy Pipe.

"Has your son been inoculated since he has been in camp?"

"Nope, the last I heard of him he was still a private."

A sergeant who had seen service in three campaigns was standing in front of the Post Exchange. The service bars on his left breast were many colored and of a brilliant line. W. J. Knapp, our new Y. M. C. A. secretary inquired, "Excuse me, sir, but do you belong to the Rainbow Division?"

THE PERFECT UNDERSTANDING

"Havay voo doo glass of eau?"
"Oui, m'sieu! Je vous comprends!"
"Havay voo doo glass of eau?"
"That is all the French I know,
"N eau ain't what I want, you know."
"Oui, m'sieu! Je vous comprends!"
PETER PAUL

Teeth will be brushed at 6:35 A. M., in cadence, and at right angles to steam pipes. By order of Commander Detachment of Patients.

We always wonder when we see a girl wearing a pin with two service stars on it, whether the two men know each other.

If there is anything more uncertain than which way you should make up your bed this week, it is which door into the Recreation Hall is unlocked today.

THE POOR FISH

And everybody knows that the hardest worked man in this Post is the Ward Sturgeon.

—OVERSEAS RECORD

Thank you for those kind words.

MY REGGAMENT

Had a Major wuz a loyer and Lute wat wuz a bloke,
 Wat toted dynamite around an' blew bridges up in
 smoke.
 The Captains they was "L." road guards and foot-
 ball stars an' such
 As peddled real estate to boobs wat never would
 know much,
 An' the Curnel he came from the Point an' later
 was a scribe,
 An' our band conductor cum from some wild Eye-
 talian tribe,
 The adjutant raised dogs and hell, and knew the
 latest fads,
 In wimmins' linjerie and stuff from writ'n all their
 ads,
 An' then the Lutes was everything from movie stars
 to mayors
 An' three cum from the reglars and two o' them
 wuz fair,
 The personnel was rah-rah boys and lots of other
 guys
 Like what hang around election time to vote agin
 the drys,
 An' sum was travelin salesmen, and sum wuz pool-
 room sharks,
 An' sum just saved their room rent by sleeping in
 the parks,
 An' sum wuz he-stenographers, a few wuz engineers,
 A lot wuz foot-rail polishers an' free lunch coniseers.
 Sum slung hash and biskits, an' them not broke
 wuz bent,
 But take 'em all together, they're a dam fine reg-
 gament.

—From FLY PAPER. A. E. F., France.

FARMS FOR SOLDIERS

According to a recent announcement from the Secretary of the Interior soldiers returned from oversea service will be given opportunity to have farms of their own.

The distribution of land has been placed into the hands of A. P. Davis, director and chief engineer of the Reclamation Service, who will have general charge of the work, and with whom will be associated Elwood Mead, H. T. Cary and Frank W. Hanna.

"We can have a job at good pay for every soldier who returns from France," said Secretary Lane, "if Congress will give us the financial support needed. And while at word the soldier can be making a home for himself for which he can pity the Govern- in forty years' time.

"This plan has received the indorsement of so large a percentage of Congress and the press of of the country that it appears to be a probable program; it certainly is a practicable one. We have but \$200,000 now for preliminary surveys and reports, but this will be increased undoubtedly by the incoming Congress.

"There is enough waste and undeveloped land in this country to give every soldier a farm, but of course no such program is contemplated, because all would not want farms."

THE EDUCATIONAL SERVICE

SHOPS

Printing
 Shoe Repairing
 Carpentry
 Auto Repairing
 Furniture Repairing
 Cement Casting
 Painting
 Plumbing
 Electric Wiring and Repairing
 Tailoring
 Basketry

PROJECTED

Machine Shops
 Jewelry Repairing
 Barbering

CLASSES

Shorthand
 Typewriting
 Bookkeeping
 Commercial Arithmetic
 Mechanical Drawing
 Free Hand Drawing
 Sign Painting
 Commercial Design
 Show Card Writing
 Physics
 Telegraphy
 Stenotypy

PROJECTED

Salesmanship
 Monotype Operating
 Linotype Operating
 Photo Engraving
 Course for Ward Masters

BEDSIDE OCCUPATIONS

Elementary Jewelry
 Elementary English
 Theory of the Gas Engine
 Mathematics. From arith. to trig.
 Commercial Law
 Typewriting
 Shorthand
 Commercial Art
 Basketry
 Electrical Theory and Construction
 Clay Modeling

A considerable portion of patients under treatment for heart disease, tuberculosis, etc. are able to perform only the lightest sort of mental and physical labor. Under a competent officer these patients have charge of the policing of the grounds, the care of the gardens, the business of orderlies, etc.

Specially qualified men are detailed to the laboratory for training as laboratory technicians, for which there is a pressing call just now, and are also assigned as apprentices in the Post Bakery, and in the various Mess and Diet Kitchens.

There are now, or will be organized, classes in all the various lines of work represented by the shops in the above list.

HOW TO ORDER PAPERS

Those who wish to obtain the daily newspapers should place their order with the Sergeant-Major at the Administration Building, or with his son, who is the carrier for the city papers. The rates are as follows:

Sun, morning, evening and Sunday, 25 cts per week.
 American, morning, evening and Sunday, 25 cents per week.
 News, evening and Sunday, 15 cents per week.

By paying your subscription in advance when ordering papers you will insure regular delivery and become a customer at the combination rate given above. Otherwise you may have difficulty in getting a paper at all, as, owing to the fact that no returns are allowed the carrier, only a limited supply is ordered daily. Daily and Sunday newspapers are also on sale at the Canteen in the Post Exchange.

CREDIT!

FELLOW EDITOR MAN: When you take our nice jokes and our made-on-the-premises poetry, please, oh please, give us credit. "From the FORT McHENRY TROUBLE BUSTER" will be enough.

HOW HE BROKE HIS ARM

One of those kindly women who wish to know everything when visiting a camp insisted upon learning how "Red" broke his arm. "Well, you see," said "Red," "I was leaning out of the second-story window when I heard a company commander down below shout 'Fall out' to his men—and I did." And the woman did not bother him with any more questions.

ATTENTION, OVERSEAS MEN

The Fourth Liberty Loan will be launched next Thursday, September 26th, and speakers from the battlefields of France to help stimulate and awaken the public are greatly needed. We have in this hospital a fairly large number of returned soldiers, and every one of them who is physically able is wanted to lend his aid to the cause of making this great loan the success it must be if we are to win this war.

So far our men have been rather backward in responding. They are timid about appearing in public, or distrust their ability to tell what they know of fighting in France. They possibly do not realize that this may be an even greater opportunity for service than any they ever would have had on the other side, nor do they realize the pleasant experiences they will enjoy while on the drive. Every man who has been overseas and is able to be about should report to Pvt. W. D. Knox, at the Chaplain's office at once.

SURGERY RHYMES

Little drops of ether
 Falling on the cone—
 Make the patient sleepy
 And horrid pain unknown.

Little drops of water
 Trickling down their backs:
 Make the active surgeons
 Wish business was more lax.

Little drops of water
 Dripping off the chin
 Keep the nurses busy
 And makes the clinic grin.

—THE CADUCEUS