

OUR NEW BUILDINGS

Work Being Rushed to Completion. Twenty-One Double Deckers. Mess Hall Opens.

Anyone who takes a walk around the Fort these days must be struck by the almost incredible changes that have taken place here in the last few weeks. An army of men has been at work, and suddenly, overnight, we have become a full-grown hospital, capable of accomodating 5,000 patients, an entire village of wards and shops and buildings of every description. The old Star Fort, which for so many years has been a land-mark and a show-spot to the people of Baltimore has been built around and over until it almost takes a guide to find it. Where over a century ago the guns roared forth in defense of the city, there are now rows of neat tile buildings dedicated to saving the lives of our country's soldiers who have fought in the Greatest War.

Many of the new buildings are already or partially completed, and it will be only a matter of days or weeks until the rest are done. The striking thing about the new buildings is their tile construction. All two story buildings from now on, by order of the War Department, are to be of tile, which make them practically fireproof.

There are to be in all twenty-one two story ward buildings; two buildings for hospital corps barracks; two new two story nurses' homes, each with mess and kitchen, each home to accomodate about sixty-five nurses; officers' quarters, with separate mess and kitchen, for sixty-five officers. In addition to these, there is to be a chemical laboratory, garage, fire station, two school buildings, two curative shops and two store houses. An addition to the power plant will be built and also a booster power plant to be located on the south side of the Star Fort. All old fort buildings will be connected with the power plant.

The new mess hall, which seats 1600 men and was used this week for the first time, is also a new addition to the Fort. Members of No. 2 detachment and the patients enter at different doors. The food is served by assistant cooks, cafeteria style. There are two special tables for non-coms. Dishes are all washed by an electric machine. The mess kitchen is up to date in every respect and contains a "six fire" range with six ovens; three jack kettles to steam vegetables; four steam roasters for roasting meat, each roaster having a capacity of two hundred fifty pounds; a 120 gal. coffee percolator, and an ice cream attachment with a capacity of 60 gal. Ft. McHenry has its own bakery, which does the baking for the entire Fort and for the guard detachments along the water-front.

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

THIS IS
DER TAG



BE CAREFUL, BUT DON'T WORRY

Major Strauss, Chief of the Medical Service at U. S. A. General Hospital No. 2, states that the term Spanish influenza is something of a misnomer, that there is nothing "Spanish" about the malady, which is the same as, or similar to ordinary influenza, and in many cases more resembles the "grippe" than anything. All the deaths which have occurred here have been due to pneumonia. He says there

is no reason for special alarm, if the man affected has taken proper care of himself. None of the hospital corps men taken with it have been seriously ill, and since it has not been definitely settled that the infection is one of influenza their cases may be as accurately described as grippe as anything else. Major Strauss emphasizes the fact that everyone at such a time should get plenty of fresh air and exercise, and eat and sleep well and regularly.

THE TROUBLE BUSTER

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

Saturday, September 28, 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

SERVICE



"I've seen service!" he replied, bending his head forward belligerently, as much as to say, "Place the crown here, please!" We had asked him to sweep out the litter before our door. "I've seen service!" He stood motionless, lower jaw protruding, eyes protesting bitterly, broom at rest arms. He had seen service! And, by the Lord Harry and the Little Pleiades, he was going to loaf and be admired the rest of his days! Perhaps a gun had gone off while he was cleaning it, perhaps he had fallen down a hole and cracked a leg, perhaps he had picked up a spirochaeta pallida in his service for his country. And for that he was going to quit; going to call on all his gods at once that he was a much abused man. He had seen service! By the piper that played before Moses, someone should take the broom from that chocolate soldier and baste him brutally behind the bastion. Seen service! Why, man, there are thousands of the finest boys that America ever brought forth; and they have seen service; and they do not complain, nor boast, nor plead beggary, nor connive with sloth. They are silent on the fields of Northern France. In unmarked graves they lie, and none knows their history, nor, often alas, even their names. They have seen service! And they are dead.

Let us shut up this shameless bleater who poses among our people, taking largess of their great heart, and shirking a man's job. Seen service! Ye gods! Let soldiers be the last to talk about that

THE "Y"

The American Soldier is in fear of only one thing in all the world, and that is loneliness. Today in every post and camp both in this country and across the ocean is an organization which is fearlessly, courageously, nobly fighting against that intangible enemy of the olive-drab man. It is the Y. M. C. A. Athletic meets, motion pictures, a place to meet and to write home, a word of kind cheer, and a continuous boost along the road to happiness—this is the work of the "Y." It has succeeded admirably in that work. Those at home we urge to continue in their support of this great agency. Those in camp need no word. Their appreciation is ever sincere.

OUR OPPORTUNITY



IN the midst of all this talk about the relative merits of the Artillery and the machine-gun, this, that and the other service, what about our own most typical line of duty, service in the ward? The ward-man, to be sure, is not one of the advertised headliners in the Great War. He is not pictured for the public in recruiting posters nor flashed before it in the movies. He is not the khaki hero of our popular fiction, nor does he often figure in the despatches. Plenty of people who know all about dough-boys and bird-men and Red Cross nurses never heard of the wearer of the Caduceus, or gave a thought to his existence. But the real heroes are not always the ones most advertised or most praised, and when it comes to genuine service there is no one more emphatically on the job than the man who takes care of a hospital ward, whether on this side or in France.

The ward-man has long hours, confining work, and duties far enough from thrilling. Yet he is one of the most important figures in the hospital. He is of the men themselves, and on a footing with them that no one else can share. His attitude and spirit keeps up the morale of his patients or destroys it. There is a mistaken notion that no particular ability is required in the ward and that it is beneath the dignity of an educated man to do the work. Nothing could be further from the truth. Every bit of training and personality a man has is needed to make him a success in this important service.

The rewards of ward work are genuine and immediate. There is the satisfying sense of ministering directly to suffering that is always a payment in itself. Many times on other jobs men wonder if their work is really worth while. The ward man can never feel that way. The value of his work is too apparent.

It is surprising how long it has taken some of the men at this post to realize the genuine opportunities for service that lie right here before them. The need at this hospital for good men in the wards is great. Shall we allow the opportunity to pass while we vainly discuss how we might best be helping our country? Some of the real heroes of this war are already at work in the wards of this and other hospitals; let's stop arguing and go and gladly take our places beside them.

ON DUTY ELSEWHERE

An Irish Soldier had just lost his eye in a battle, but was allowed to continue in service on consenting to have a glass eye in its place.

One day however he appeared at inspection without his artificial eye.

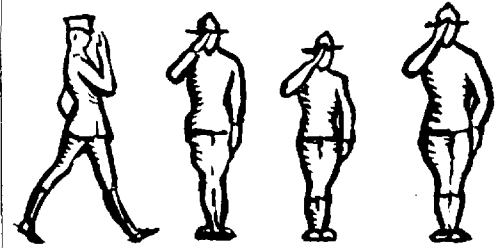
"Nolan" said the officer, you are not properly dressed." Why is your eye not in its place?

"Sure Sir, replied Nolan" I left it in me box to keep an eye on me kit while I was gone."

PROTECTING HIS BRETHERN

Pat (to Mike on the roof)—"Don't come down the ladder at the northeast corner. I took it away."

AS YOU WERE



Corporal Parsley reported to the drafting room last week for a cheese square.

Mary had a fountain pen
And the ink it sure did flow;
Everywhere her Sammie went
Her notes were sure to go.

OFFICER—"Anyone here understand a Ford car?"
ALL OF THEM—"I do, sir; I do, sir."
OFFICER—All right, you go to the kitchen, and take turns cranking the ice cream freezer."

A permanent wave—the Stars and Stripes.

THE TROUBLE BUSTER CONVALESCENT

THE TROUBLE BUSTER has received several interesting letters lately from its readers and fellow-editors. Every one of them has closed with "We think you are getting better every week." Thank you: our doctor assures us we shall soon be in perfect health again.

GUARD—"Who goes there?"

ENLISTED MAN—"A friend."

GUARD (approaching enlisted man)—"What am I supposed to do next?"

NOT A SERIOUS DIFFERENCE

"We don't seem to agree with our allies on one point. Lloyd George says: 'Not one inch of extra territory for the Germans.'"

"And we?"

Our boys say: 'Give 'em Hell.'"

RULES

1. No attachments are permitted in this Detachment.
2. Two weeks after pay day men are restricted to quarters. They should count themselves lucky to have quarters.
3. Passes will not be made at ward orderlies. All passes come from ward surgeon.
4. Shoemakers and stone masons will not make their own beds. Beds are made by iron foundries.
- 5.

CENSORED

6. Girls and large parcels will be left with the guard. The guard will not let this order interfere with business.

7. Vaccinations will be made on Tuesday mornings, left arms and non-coms beginning Wednesday afternoon.

8.

CENSORED

KEEPING THE ARMY WELL

[Special to the TROUBLE BUSTER]

Washington, Sept. 23.—“What kind of treatment are we going to get if we get sick on the other side? Or get hit?”

Questions of this nature have been voiced thousand times in all camps during the past year. A high official of the Army Medical Department was asked during the week to answer them. The substance of his reply, though he asked not to be quoted, follows:

Ample hospital facilities, that is, bed, drugs and surgical supplies, have been provided to meet any and every emergency overseas.

Also, there is sufficient personnel, medical officers, enlisted men and members of the Army Nurse Corps in France, efficiently to run the hospital system of the American Expeditionary Forces.

There is a fixed and safe ratio of beds to number of men, which is being constantly maintained.

Ninety per cent of all wounds have had a primary union, which means that due to the speed of handling the wounded and the sanitary precautions, infection has had just one chance in ten of getting a foothold. This record, however, can hardly be maintained during a heavy sustained drive.

As for sickness, the overseas forces have established an almost unbelievable record. By comparing it with the sick rate of armies in most other wars, this is clearly brought out. It can safely be said that the American Army in this war has been and is the healthiest in the world. Of course, there is a reason: First, disease is kept away from it by every sanitary precaution and, second, what does creep through these lines of defense is fought off by strongly developed bodily resistance.

If figures are needed to make the foregoing more convincing, a very recent statement from the Surgeon General's Office points out that for the two months ended August 31, the combined reports of the American Expeditionary Forces and all troops stationed in the United States show an annual death rate from disease of 2.18 per thousand—a fraction more than two men per thousand per year. In comparison with this, the annual death rate for disease of men of military age in civil life is 6.7 per thousand.

Moreover, the combined reports show that generally the health of the soldiers overseas is better than that of the men in training in this country. This is due for the most part to the fact that only men in the best physical condition are being sent to France.

Here are some figures of American losses from disease during past wars. These complete the story. During the Mexican War, the annual death rate was 100 per 1000. During the Civil War, 1862 it was 40 per 1000 and in 1863, it jumped to 60 per 1000. In the Spanish-American War, it was 25 per 1000. Today it is a little more than 2 per 1000.

The chief of the Medical officers, who have made this record possible, is Surgeon General William Crawford Gorgas, one of the greatest medical organizers in the world's history, and a sanitary expert second to none. The country has felt safe with him in the role of the Army's family doctor.

Only recently he arrived in France, having accompanied Secretary of War Baker there, and

is now inspecting our efficient and adequate medical organization overseas.

It was the same General Gorgas who helped build the Panama Canal by ridding the Zone of yellow fever; also the same man who cleaned up Havana when the Americans occupied that city; and none other than the one England borrowed from our War Department in order to make the mining districts of Africa healthy spots in which to work. He has been called an unconquered warrior, because disease and epidemics have invariably broken down before his attack.

To keep a capable, keenly alive, Army Medical Department overseas, there is an easily functioning and efficient medical organization in this country. There is a complete base hospital in each of the large camps and cantonments and a chain of general hospitals stretching from coast to coast. The men in training, second in importance only to those on the firing line, are being kept healthy.

There is no better means of grasping the present scope of the Medical Department than by comparing its organization when war came, and today. A year and a half ago, the department numbered about 452 regular medical officers, 900 nurses and 7,000 hospital corps men. At the present time, more than 25,000 doctors are in uniform, many thousands in France and England and the remainder in this country. The enlisted personnel of the Department now is in the neighborhood of 200,000 and there are more than 16,000 trained nurses in active service as members of the Army Nurse Corps.

It is this force of men and women whose duty it is to keep the Army well and at the top point of fighting efficiency. And they are doing their duty. From the stretcher-bearer between the lines bringing help to a wounded Yank, all the way to the ward master in a hospital back home, outlines the job of the enlisted man of the Department. It is the task of the Medical officers to direct this army of health.

From the time a man is hit or taken sick, until he is returned to his unit as an effective ready to fight and work, or until he is sent home to be re-educated for future usefulness and self-support, he is wholly under the protecting wing of the Army Medical Department.

Those wings are today stretching from the St. Mihiel line in France to our Pacific seaboard and they are capable of supporting every load.

NO CHANCE TO CHOOSE

Scene, France—Officer passes private busily engaged in ridding his clothing of cooties.

“Picking them out, my man?” said the officer.

“No sir,” said the private, “just taking them as they come.”

FAR FROM THE FARM

An Iowa boy on board a transport was lying in his bunk, when a friend who had been up on the deck, rushed down and said:

“Ned, come up quick. There's a great flock of seabirds circling 'round the ship.”

“O, gwan,” answered the homesick farmer, “who cares about birds? I'd rather see a flock of corn cribs than anything else just now.”

SEEING McHENRY

See the guards with pistols bright,
Sometimes they go off at night!

Hush! We pass a second loot,
Get that gatling gun salute?

See the man a-mopping grease,
He's the chief of the Police!

Note the porches on my right,
That's the Hotel Nighty-night.

See the surgeon in the cap,
Such a cut-up sort of chap!

Lads on crutches—Post parade?
That's McHenry's Fire Brigade.

Girl and soldier, both a-grin,
(She's to be his next of kin.)

Style antique, the Post Exchange,
Planned and built by Michael Ange.

Schools for making wounded fighters
Jig-saw men and fancy typers!

Ah! The river full of tugs,
Also crabs and empty jugs!

Bump! A shell hole! Wheels a-skating!
War is zizz aggravating!

PETER PAUL

SERIOUSLY SPEAKING

The TROUBLE BUSTER is in receipt of a communication which lack of space forbids publishing, protesting against the paragraph of last week in regard to the new non-coms. The writer, who signs himself one of them, is quite correct in all he says. There is no one around here who works any harder than the office men, tho this detachment is becoming a pretty hard-working lot of men, and competition for the reputation of the most industrious is getting to be fairly keen. The writer of the paragraph in question had no malign intent,—in fact was more interested in describing his movie actor than he was in applying his description to anyone here. No one is more ready than the TROUBLE BUSTER to give credit where credit is due, and it certainly is due to the office men and to the new non-coms, most of whom are promoted for their aptitude in handling that sort of work. Anyone who has ever had to do in any way with Army paper work knows what an appalling task it is, and how endless the detail to be handled. The office man gets small credit ordinarily, but is surely deserving of all recognition and praise.

THE TROUBLE BUSTER is not a knocker. It does enjoy a laugh occasionally, and if it had its smile at a certain type of non-com, real or imaginary, it must not be supposed that any real slur was intended. No one is more eager than we to see the spirit of nagging and back-biting which has been all too present at this post die out, and we believe that it is doing so.

GOING UP

An adoring mother was telling some friends of her son's success since he arrived in camp a week ago. She said: “That boy surely has done well; he's already been promoted to private.”

ABOUT THE POST

Happenings of Interest Here and There among our Friends

EDITOR'S NOTE: We make all our jokes and poetry in our own factory. We are proud if you take them, but boiling hot if you don't say, "From the Fort McHenry TROUBLE BUSTER."

General Recreation Secretary Thomas of Baltimore District and Secretary P. H. Carey of the Fort escorted 50 men from the Central Y. M. C. A. to the Christian Temple on Fulton Ave. The men had supper, and a jolly time. Men in uniform are invited for supper at the Christian Temple every Sunday evening at 5:30.

We are in receipt of BOMB PROOF, the weekly publication of U. S. A. General Hospital No. 18 at Waynesville, N. C. It is a lively sheet, of 16 pages and we are glad to have it on our exchange list.

We also have CHEMICAL WARFARE, published fortnightly by the enlisted men of Edgewood Arsenal. It is a young magazine, imposing in get-up and full of interesting features.

All the Chaplain's dates for entertainments and parties were cancelled on Wednesday, because of the threatened epidemic of Spanish "flu". He is having difficulty calling them off.

The 2300 block of East Chase Street presented Captain Harris with \$1600 in currency for the hospital fund. The Captain says it looks like a bushel.

The printers wonder why the non-com who is the first one in the mess-hall and the last one out says: "I want some of everything on the table." Pass that green looking stuff, Sarge?

Visitors also are now forbidden to our "flu" threatened post. Great stuff! Watch the pile of bundles grow at the gate. The guards have started to put on weight.

Miss Erb and Miss Greenleaf are convalescing.

Business is improving at the guard house. There ought to be a carnival given to buy hand-cuffs.

This may be old stuff, but the oversea men tell us they know why Napoleon always had his picture taken with his hand inside his shirt.

The Chaplain's family is quarantined for infantile paralysis. A quarantine a day keeps the letters away.

Enlisted men on this Post who expect to go to Officers' Training Camps and who desire to review the necessary mathematics, may join Cpl. Kahn's class now being organized for that purpose.

Who are the joy-killers of Ward 11? Ask Crook and Zoeller.

J. Elliston Hunger, one of our most valued contributors, while riding on the Carey St. car last Wednesday was hit between Conway and Charles but suffered no injuries. The famous smile is still all there.

We'll meet you at the Post Exchange lunch-room for Thanksgiving dinner, when the new decorations are done.

Good morning, have you the Spanish "flu"? No, not yet.

Corporal Axel Nordin is now a benedict. The lucky girl—Miss Gladys Halstead of Worcester, Mass.

The new Mess-Hall is a great improvement over the old. As for the chow—we have hopes.

That ought to be a good picture after the careful rehearsal we gave it on Tuesday. 9.29.19

THE SPANISH FLU

The much-talked-about Spanish Influenza arrived last week at the Fort, and has taken first place in the attention of everyone here. The majority of the cases registered here were from Camp Holabird and Curtis Bay, but their increasing number made it impossible to receive any more.

While Camp Meade has been isolated entirely it has not been found necessary to quarantine this post. Every ward in which the disease has broken out has been immediately isolated, and it is believed the epidemic can be held in check. There were about 270 cases on Wednesday, and four deaths had occurred, three from some form of pneumonia, and one from a tumor in the thoracic region. Fifteen or more cases in the hospital corps were registered up to Thursday.

Orders have been issued that no large groups of men should attend the city theatres in a body, and large gatherings of men at the Fort are also prohibited.

The following deaths have occurred from pneumonia during the present epidemic:

- Private Leland Herrick, Co. B., 307th Mechanical Repair Shop Unit, Camp Holabird.
- Corporal Walter G. Schoenbeck, 302nd Water Tank Train, Camp Holabird. Residence, Odell, Neb.
- Private Cecil Wilson, Jr., 306th Mechanical Repair Shop Unit, Camp Holabird. Residence, Wheeling, W. Va.
- Private Perley E. Russell, Co. 4, 306th Mechanical Repair Shop Unit, Camp Holabird. Residence, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.
- Private Louis J. Cheney, Co. A, 301st Motor Transport Service, Camp Holabird. Residence, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.
- Private Walter A. Mayston, Railroad Art. School, Ordnance Department, Aberdeen. Residence, Jersey City, N. J.
- Private Joseph F. Griffin, Ordnance Department, Curtis Bay. Residence, Carbondale, Pa.

KEEP ON WINNING GAMES

Dolly Gray's Three Base Hit Clinches Game from Naval Rifle Range. Score is 3 to 1

GAMES TODAY

Naval Rifle Range at Fort Howard.
Reina Mercedes at Edgewood Arsenal
Fort McHenry at Gen. Hos. No. 7
Camp Holabird at Naval Reserve

Our boys got away with another game to their credit last Saturday when they took the Naval Rifle Range into camp to the tune of 3 to 1.

Benda pitched his usual steady game letting the navy boys down with two hits, one a three-bagger followed by a timely single which brought in their only run in the second inning.

For our side Gray was the shining light of the day, contributing a good catch after running away out in deep left. At the bat he started the ball a-rolling by opening up the sixth with a three-ply wallop, and a minute later scoring on Benda's hit to left field.

The seventh opened by St. John walking and reaching third on the next play thru Rising's well-laid bunt. With two on and the score a tie Gray again came to the rescue of his mates by laying down a well-placed drive which was sufficient to score the necessary runs.

The game was called in the seventh by agreement.

	Score	R.	H.	E.
Fort McHenry	0 0 0 0 0 1 2	3	8	0
Naval Rifle Range	0 1 0 0 0 0 0	1	2	1

BRINGING THE WAR HOME

Private Stephen K. Prebezewski, brother of Joe Prebezewski of this post, died on September 13th, in France of injuries received in an accident. He enlisted in the Medical Department of the Fourth Maryland Infantry, last spring, and trained at Gettysburg and at Camp Stuart, going over with the Blue and Gray Division in June.

HOW TO GET DAILY PAPERS

Orders for daily papers may be placed with Sergeant-Major Riess, or with his son, the carrier.

RATES

Sun, Morning, Evening and Sunday, 25 cents per week.
American, Morning, Evening and Sunday, 25 cents per week.
News, Evening and Sunday, 15 cents per week.
Daily and Sunday papers are also on sale at the Cant en.

BUY THE BUSTER

For wedding gifts and anniversary presents
Subscription: free, if we know you; otherwise, \$1.00 for six months, \$1.75 a year. Larger amounts will be accepted calmly. Edited at great editorial expense. Worth a dollar a copy. We'll say so.