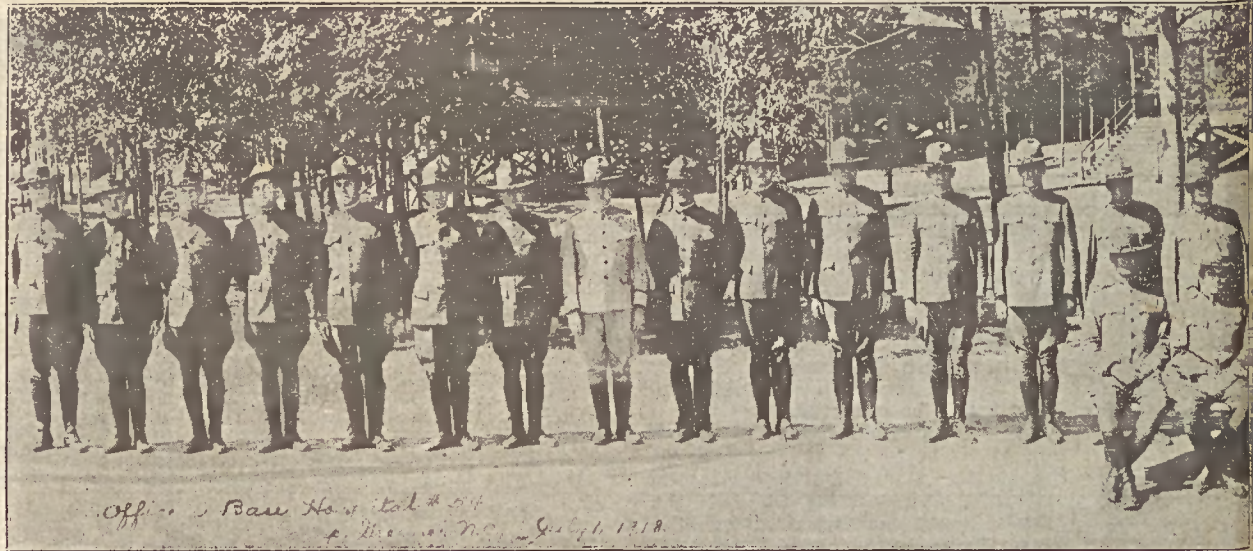


## A LINE WHICH WILL HELP B



## COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF BASE

The men who are to command the destinies of Base Hospital No 54 lined up for the above picture. The names of the officers and their branch of service, reading from left to right along the row of standing men, are: Captain Herbert E. Milliken, medical; Lieutenant Paul F. Camp Greene; Captain Robert E. Miller, oral; Captain Edward Dowdle, surgical; Lieutenant James J. Monahan, surgery; Captain Owen O'Neil, ear, eye, nose and throat; Major John Eveleth, dentist; Major John McRae, X-ray; Captain Benjamin D. Choate, surgical; Captain Walter B. Harvey, surgical; Lieutenant Charles R. Joe Hartsell, surgical; Lieutenant William A. Lee, orthopaedic, transferred this week to another unit and now a Major; Lieutenant Stephan Cobb, medical.

Seated, from left to right: Captain Harry Meade, adjutant; Major Thomas J. Burrage, chief of the medical service, relieved by Colonel Henry Page and Lieutenant-Colonel Jonathan M. Wainwright, chief of the surgical service.

## SINEWS AND SCIENCE

JOSEPH LAWLER, WENDELL ROBERTS, K. J. DALQUIST.

## THAT GAME

WE UNDERSTAND THE HOSPITAL  
WON BY 15 TO 2.

(By O. HENRY LAWLOR.)

The Base Hospital Team motored to the Remount Station Sunday Afternoon to dicker with the national pastime and in the language of Damon Runyon, "fairly smothered the enemy with roaring doubles and screeching triples." You never can tell how much Bengal Tiger there is in a rabbit until you put him on a meat diet, and so in this case "First Class Soll" sent us away with a course of meat that developed our cannibal swings.

After two fruitless attempts to find the sylvan glade of the opponents' grounds, land was sighted by Chaffeur Townsend at exactly 2:40 P. M., a innocent horse fly who possessed a U-boat disposition gave "White Rolls" the clue to the "Valley of Death." It was indeed a valley in fact would a swell whipping grounds for Delaware Wife Beaters.

The game started at 3:30 P. M., after much inhaling of Camel's and Murad's, with both teams sharing the honors. The Remount's had a battery that was so full of brotherly advice and devotion that we must call them Damon and Pythias.

We don't know how much pitching Damon did before he became a patriot but the fact remains that after the first inning he just about had his glove knocked down his throat, the youngster was "Low Bridged so much that he now claims Brooklyn as his home, but all the time "Long Boy" Pythias yelled words of encouragement, but they fell on deaf ears as far as Damon was concerned, the infield just graced the Terrace and waited for success.

After the fourth inning the game dragged like a two-hour grind with a Twentieth Century Botanist who has devoted his life prying into the private life of the Cactus, but the Night Orderlies kept up the barrage until the seventh inning when the game was called for the good of the service and the Jockey's, followed by the Book and etc.

makers and Damon and Pythias left the Arena of Fate. They proved themselves good sports, however, and were a gentlemanly crowd. For the Base Hospital everybody was on the offensive and it was one of the Cravath type and was on its way to destroy a moonshine "still" when it bounced against a tree.

"Theda" O'Connore drove out three hits, two of which were doubles. Sentinel Hoffman patted three, "White Rolls" garnered two and etc. Reville Cody drove out three hits, two of which were doubles. Foxy Fields busted two and fielded well. "Corp" North was "in there" all the afternoon, playing hard. "My Lady of the Bar" pitched a masterful game; he seemed to have everything, and was as cool as "Reno Louise" receiving alimony. This young man has been pitching this kind of ball all season.

Take it all in all it was a great afternoon and like the Arabs we folded our tents and silently stole away, not for "Guinness Stout" but for ice tea and etc.