



By SERGEANT RAY J. DERWORT.

PATIENCE.

How few of us really stop to ponder what a lost of useless misery lack of this one quality causes. Lack of patience asserts itself as soon as we reach the age of reason. We are children, but we are suddenly overwhelmed with a desire to be grown men or women. We plan on what we would do were we grown up. Suddenly we find that we have really grown to manhood's estate and then we look back and see what fun it was to be just a child, free from the worries, the trials and the tribulations that always come with the responsibilities of the new order of things. We have something and are not satisfied with it but want something else, we are here but are impatient to be somewhere else and then when we arrive are still impatient for new fields. We may have health and wealth yet they are not appreciated, all through impatience. What a lot of things patience can accomplish! There are no tasks so hard but what patience and a set purpose will result in their accomplishment, yet so few of us ever take that fact into consideration. The first lesson taught a child should be always uppermost in our minds. One who practices patience radiates sunshine and happiness while on the other hand what is there to admire about one who is always impatient? Be satisfied with what you have, practice patience, and remember that everything comes to him who waits.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Several of the night nurses had quite a scare one night this week. On account of the wet weather they took advantage of our porch to keep out of the mud when suddenly they encountered one of our patients, who being troubled with insomnia, was sitting in a chair on the porch wrapped in a blanket. When the nurses approached the man, he, thinking that he was in the way, moved to get up; as he moved the nurses did likewise and for a minute it looked as though our perfectly good porch was doomed to destruction in the hurried departures of the nurses to safety. Never mind a little thing like that, we will not give you away.

SEEM TO BE SATISFIED.

Every one seems to be satisfied with our new place of abode as we are now able to enjoy some of the comforts of life that were lacking in our old home, namely, stoves. There are a number of natural advantages attached to this place. We are closer to the mess hall which makes a decided difference to some of the boys, now they can get there earlier and stay later. We are also nearer the life and bustle of the main hospital and when the monotony of just killing time gets on your nerves you can step out onto the porch and watch the crowds go by. No one is complaining so we presume that every one is satisfied and content to stay here until the heating plant in our regular home is completed.

PICKUPS.

Hoffman, Bay, Schug and Trevinio, patients of this ward, and McIntyre, formerly of this ward, were taken to Biltmore, N. C., Tuesday morning by Sergeant 1st Class William E. Tate, to be entered in General Hospital No. 12 as patients. These boys have been with us a longer time than is usual with patients coming to this ward and we regret very much to see them go as they are all good fellows and we will miss them very much. Well, fellows, here's wishing you the best of luck and we sincerely hope the change of climate will be beneficial to your health. Sergeant Tate will visit for a few days in Asheville, N. C., upon the completion of his duty.

Mohrolz and McKinley were discharged from the army on account of physical disability and will proceed to their homes, Mohrolz to Cincinnati, Ohio, and McKinley to New York City. We are thinking that as much as we will miss these two smiling faces there are others who will miss them still more. FURTHER DEPENDENT SAYETH NOT.

CHANGES OF THE WEEK.

Arrivals: Slovick, Holland, Lewis, Smith.

Departures: Schug, McKinley, Mohrolz, Trevinio, Bay, Hoffman, Shore. Armstrong, who has been on an extended farm furlough returned to duty November 20th.

FORM WARD C-3.

One of the patients got a rise when he sprung this one in Ward C-3 the other day.

"He hit me," reported A. Rookie to the detachment commander and pointing to a chesty corporal.

"What about it, corporal?" asked the officer.

"Sir," respectfully saluted the non-com. "Do you imagine, sir, if I had hit him that he would be here to tell about it?"

CARD CASE LOST.

Lost—Card case containing receipts and official orders; finder please return to Captain Long, base hospital.

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