



DON'T PULL BACK



OTHER, father, sister and the other dear ones at home:—This is an open letter to you. It is directed in behalf of the enlisted men of the U. S. Army Base Hospital, Camp Greene. We hope that you will read it with the same care that you once studied our traveling orders.

We of the medical service ask no help. We only want the privilege to finish our job.

"Be patient" is the only request we have to ask of you in this message.

We know how badly you want us to come home. We feel the same way about that because the touch of your warm hands and the tender smiles of your care-worn faces are nothing short of sacred to us. But you are not helping us in our necessary work when you fill our mails with distracting appeals to "come home" and you are only retarding the work of all the hospital when you heap the desk of our commanding officer with letters on the subject, "Let our boy come home."

True the last gun has been fired. For the fighting man of the trenches, he who has slept in the stagnant water and who has borne the shock of the conflict, the war is over. His mission was to destroy the enemy and that work is finished.

Our work, the job for which we took our solemn oath as we stood beneath the silent folds of "Old Glory" and of which the old flag itself seemed to take record, is to rebuild the broken bodies, to battle disease, to heal the wounds of conflict and to care for the maimed and hurt of our comrades. Our assignment has been to "save the soldiers" and the high standing of the medical department of the American army and the rating of the U. S. Army Base Hospital, Camp Greene, shows that we have done our work well.

But our job is not finished. There is a big work ahead—the task of caring for the wounded men who are to come to us from France. We feel a new and inspiring honor in being allowed to bind up the wounds of these matchless heroes—these brothers in arms who rushed, without a falter, against that mighty line of Teuton hate and who crushed by the spirit of their valor the war machine of forty years building.

These shell torn patriots need us now and who would falter? Our government, "of the people, by the people and for the people," which inspired the unrivaled bravery at Chateau-Thierry, has designated us for this work. We will be true to the trust. We know that you good folks at home would have us do so. We want that pride you felt the day we marched away to be completed at our return.

From you we ask now only the help of patience. It will only pull back the work for you to harass us and our officers by "come back" letters. We want to come home but not until our work is finished. We will not desert our post until our allotted work is done. We do this for our honor and yours.—

With Love,

The men of the U. S. Army Base Hospital, Camp Greene.



QUARTERMASTER

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Lt. John H. Trickey the new C. O. of the detachment believes in having things up to standard. He enlarged the office and installed new filing systems that facilitate duties of the clerk.

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We welcome the following new members to our Fighting Corps, who came here from the Fourth Recruit camp on Tuesday: Max Mitkowsky, Charley Morris, John Murray, Anthony Schum, Henry States and Grover Wall. We promise to do our best to show them a good time for the next six months.

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Pvt. 1st Class "Bob" Arledge accompanied Sgts. Miller, Barth and Elrod to Kannapolis last Sunday. They do say that it takes one of the F. M. C.'s to take the girls away from a Q. M.

Sgt. Adelbert G. Coleman has just

returned from his home at Scranton, Pa., where he spent ten days on account of a death in his family.

It takes a snake in the Grass to turn about and bite one who steps upon its tail and it takes a person of the "Hun" type to turn facts about in a vain endeavor to fool the Public. When Washington became tired of being bothered with such small Organizations as the M. S. D's and gave orders that they were to consolidate with a regular department certain members of the M. S. D. personnel made a wild rush for the "Orange Hat Cords," which indicates that they were glad to get in when invited.

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Sgt. 1st. Class Walter J. Reel left Friday night for fifteen days at his home in St. Joseph, Mo. He expects to show the home folks that army life has not made him forget how to live in a wet town.



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