

## NINETEEN-EIGHTEEN

### FOLKS WILL REMEMBER YEAR OF TEARS AND CHEERS

By Joe Lawlor



**F**OLKS, will you ever forget 1918? What a Memorable Year in the Life of America and "you all." What a wonderful chance for painter and producer of the Ben Ali Hagin and Flo Ziegfeld type to Collaborate on a Dramatic theme and present war and its romance back to the pastoral scenes of the good old days.

When the Kaiser wagered his crown and sixty million subjects that ideals do not pay, he started a Rough Wedding that was tolled around the world. When he sacked Belgium, he deliberately cancelled the Ten Commandments and if he and his enemy of the Barber Clique had won, we would have lost 2000 years of cultured growth and every conquered domain would make a Coney Island Can Can outfit look as tame as a seventh day adventist picnic on Labor Day.

We here in America had heard the drums and martial tread through the streets of France and England for two years and a half. We read about Louise with the Chestnut Tresses streaming down her back, throwing herself into the arms of Julian of the Foreign Legion 'neath a soft Parisian moon, and who knows that she might have said: "If you are to have a Rendezvous with Death," do it for God, France and me.

Later when the bells in our city churches and town halls clanged forth the Black Notes of War, why everybody just hummed "Over There," excepting of course that specie who refuses to throw water on a burning house, unless he knows whose house it is.

Our troops landing in France for the first time caused the critics to be pleased. They seemed to have a Kid McCoy in each mit and as they marched along, some one said "This is the day some Hun will get it in the cervical vertebrae." But still they wanted to see more of our Slashers before passing Judgment.

When the influx of 1918 arrived, carrying the same stride, they all agreed that Columbia was a Wonderful Baby. What they did astonished the world.

## THE CADUCEUS

There was Roland Whitney, 3rd, from Fifth Ave., Pat O'Grady, 12th, from South Boston. Toney Marietta, from the Ghetto, Stamie Sobolinski, from the Chicago Stockyards, Heine Ehret from Cincinnati, and Shimmy Sam from Alabam, all of them who would fight at the drop of the hat and how they did plow their way for a touchdown over the Be-Hindeburg Line. We will soon have these lads with us again, and for those who "Went West, we have nothing but tears and fond remembrance, but then its a 1,000 to 1 shot that while lying out in No Man's Land if they had a chance to make a swift review, they never regretted that they had been Regular Persons.

popular Song Writer says, "she is the Rose of No Man's Land." Here is the highest type of American womanhood, men doff their hats in respect to her as she passes by and why not, because those who don't, are seven degrees lower than the beasts of the fields. She has carried sunshine to the afflicted and comfort to the dying. In fact, the Huns thought her so valuable, that it was indeed a tough week, unless a couple of hospitals were Shattered and the Angels filled with shrapnel. So here's to the followers of Florence Nightingale, God Bless 'em all.

To the folks at home, you have proved yourselves Thoroughbreds and when we kissed you good bye, we naturally thought you were more than ordinary. You sent us away with a smile that only you can give. Where we were going, fate only knew, and when you thanked the meek and lowly man of sorrows, for being blessed with sons willing to die for Ideals, why "dog-gone" the love light of heaven just shone from out your wonderful eyes. So all you American folks, we at the Base Hospital, Camp Greene, N. C., wish a Happy Year and may your Future Path be Studded with Diamonds of Success and Blessings.

## NEW YEAR'S WISHES



THERE ARE MILLIONS LIKE THIS FOR BILL

To the personnel at the Base Hospital, it was a Wonderful Year. The drive of last winter will ever be remembered by the experience gained. Each and every one made the grade in thoroughbred style and the deportment of such a gathering was wonderful, in fact, would fill Lyman B. Abbot's heart with joy. The personalities one meets at the hospital are indeed rare and if Written Up, would be interesting as well as amusing. To the Red Cross nurses, we all must say we have found a New Angel. As a

## CHRISTMAS FURLOUNDS

The one gift that so many of the boys were desirous of obtaining could be granted to but few and those fortunate in securing the much-sought-after Christmas furloughs were the men who had not been home since their entry into the hospital personnel.

The men departed for their homes as follows:—Jas. Hilliard to Greensboro, N. C.; Bernard Stocking to Ohio; Ted. Graverly to Winston-Salem, N. C.; Tom Bell to Texas; George Meyer to Iowa; John Clement to Maine; Lloyd Kiser to Virginia; Ray Van Tassell to Indiana; Sherman Moir to Scranton, Penn; Sam Wright to Penn; Owen Berry to Newark, Ohio; Fred Harsh to Lima, Ohio; Earl Shoff to Lima, Ohio; William Yates to Biddeford, Maine; John Hunt to Boston, Mass.; Jesse C. Trott to Deppe, S. C.; Wm. Long to Penn., and Hugo Lange to Waterbury, Conn.

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