



Delivered by HOWARD K. THOMPSON

RESOLUTIONS

OF COURSE WE ALL MADE A FEW



AS the cloudy Dawn of 1919 spread itself over the south of North Carolina it found many of the boys with good intentions. Strange how a new year coming around will stir up these Higher Qualities in a man: for instance; our genial and smiling friend Sgt. Mills has resolved not to take all his meals at the Red Cross building; "Kel" has resolved to keep the mail orderly hereafter; the resourceful and gifted barrel tone Gath hat resolved to sing only in the key, and more often than once in 2 months to our thirsty and philharmonic personel, Sgt. Franck has plighted himself to allow society to enjoy his presence only on those festive occasions at which his nobler qualities will be most evinced,—such as dances, and also dances,—to say nothing of ... dances.

"Sol" Laske has resolved that the messes he makes hereafter will be not only more pleasing to the palate, but also more nourishing

Jack Barth, who has for years splashed 'victuals' as the blue-ribbon mud-flourisher for the "Cue-Em" Club, has made a mighty oath to the effect that hereafter not only speed but prestidigitous equilbristic and graceful ease with form, shall be used in driving home the pies and groceries to their respective consumers.

The ex-janitor of the Morg has now the position of Gard, and has pledged himself to work at all times for the interest of the members of the detachment, keeping very quiet, and speaking only when there is absolute need that somebody should laugh.

Joe Lawlor has told us that during the rest of the Winter Season at Cramp Clean (2 weeks!) he will save nothing of his vast supply of jocosities, pons, witicisms, levities, etc for the New Englanders, but will g-g-give us all a susus-mile allyol' t-t-time now, and k-keep us happy before we g-g-o.

It was given us in confidence that "Friday" McGowan henceforward had resolved that when talking in his sleep he would recite only poetry, Grims Fairy Tales, or selections from the Psalms; whereas Cook Leighton, the seniorfic somnulent singer has determined that his nocturnal selections

LIFE IN THE ARMY

Vonce I vas encysted in de Army. Dey send me to it Cramp Clean by Nord Gurlina vich is surrounded mit bines unt ret mut.

Von day I catch it a cold by de head, und I tell him my office-boy—I mean my officer—dat I cant saw wood not any more, unt I cant git up vit de morning revill. So he sends me to it de Base Hospital. I donno vy dey call it de Base—it is on de hill—unless evryvun dere is low. Anyhow I vent to it de Base.

Dere vas a punch of Cross Red nurses vot put me into a clot—or punk, in vot dey call a vard. My vard vas vard 8. Dots a fine name for such a dry place.

A vard is a large barn heated vit a alcohol lamp. It is shrouded vit leaky boards tru vitch de vind plows all de vinter long.

A Red Horse nurse is a girl vot don vont to shtay at home, unt wants to learn to gif alcohol baths. She walks up an' down de vard all de day like she vas busy, unt gets constricted ven her room is vishus-looking.

I vas in de vard von day ven a doctor from de Cemetery Corps comes in unt punches me vit machinery unt looks puzzled about it. Bye an' by somevon comes in unt vounds me by de finger.—unt everything is a secret—I donne vy everything is dat dey don't do it. Dey vash it my troat vit a vooden sponge for 6 or 7 monts unt den I am a convalescer. Dot means I am allowed to do nothing but valk in a kimona unt read it de New Testament and Robert Chambers.

Eefnigs I go by de Big Crossed House unt read some more andt play pinochle unt vatch de fire unt write foolish letters to Beckie.

Maybe you don' like de life in de Army, but I tink id is a great institution!

should hereafter be only from the operas and classics.

The well known Dave Brill will at all times from now on hit the plate not the shirt of the applicant with the food-gargle.

"Bill" Faulkner will hereafter assign duties such as H. R. R., 4 hrs. sleep; H. A. W., 3 hrs sleep, etc., and will see that the duties are quietly performed by providing those assigned to this fatigue with feather lounges.

THE NURSES DANCE

Dear Mac:—

"I went to the Nurses Dance the other night—New Year's Eve. It was the latest thing,—until 1 A. X., which is late enuff to bring out all the disqualifications which one's pedal extremeties may have. I found mine to be useless after 1:15 by the watch. I was watching others too. I believe that many other pairs gave out before 1:15, but their owners continued to move about as if dancing.

I danced with some new girls at this dance;—I mean girls with which my dancing qualifications were new. I have a maiden aunt whose step-mother dances worse than some of them,—but not worse than many of them.

I learned some new holds at this dance;—I used to think that the half-Nelson was an A 1 superfine, but now I realize that even a full-Nelson has given place to the "75 centimeter grapple" or "Gorilla Clutch."

Did you ever have a dame spring for your thumbs or one of your fingers and hold on for dear life thruout the whole movement until it became a lifeless mass—well, Mac, that happened to me—I tho't I'd never be able to count my change again. My thumb recovered consciousness as soon as the cake came around. They served coffee too. Gus Horist drank his from his saucer, and I ask him why he didn't drink it out of his cup—and he said he'd tried that once but had nearly punched out his eye with the spoon.

There were a lot of the very prominent nurses present and the party was a real success.

MUD SLINGIN'



GUESS WHICH IS THE Q. M. AND WHICH THE MEDICAL SUPPLY