

## A DISPLAY OF NERVE

OVERSEAS PATIENT SHOWS  
SPIRIT THAT CONQUERS.

Nothing could be more typical of American grit and perseverance than the struggle for life made by Private Fritz Neilsen, now a patient in Ward C-8, in the fighting about Chateau-Thierry.

Neilsen, who hails from Winboro, La., originally entered the service with the 167th infantry at Camp Beauregard, La., and was later transported to Camp Pike, Ark. From there he was sent to a port of embarkation and sailed to France. Shortly after his arrival there he was transferred again, this time to the 30th infantry of the third division. He estimates that six or seven American divisions were in reserve near Chateau-Thierry early in July when he came to the front.

After spending a week of comparative idleness in the front lines, where there were no trenches but the men dug-in individually, they were stationed near the bank of the Somme river. The division was preparing to advance and the allied barrage began to whistle over head, when the most dreaded calamity of the modern fighter occurred the barrage was falling SHORT. To escape death from the shells of their own artillery his company, Company C of the 30th, was obliged to fall back to the shelter of a railroad embankment to await the adjustment of the artillery fire. They had abandoned provisions and supplies on the river bank until their shortly expected return when suddenly the Germans rushed over the river catching our men as in a trap in the railroad cut. The fighting began fast and furious for the Yanks were fighting for their lives. The closeness of the encounter saved them from machine gun fire but they were outnumbered three to one. They fought on and on until only eight remained alive and not a man unwounded.

Neilsen received an explosive rifle ball in the left leg above the knee, fracturing the bone. There he lay amongst the dead and dying barely alive in a veritable charnel house. This was early on Monday morning, July 15. He had no rations and no water but the call of life was strong. In a semi-conscious state he crawled about over the dead bodies gaining sustenance from the emergency rations of the slaughtered Germans. Canned meat, stale bread and a sort of hard tack was his food when he could find any and an occasionally sip of water from the rain-filled shell-holes and the hot leaky canteens of the insect-infested dead his only drink. For six never-ending days he survived amidst conditions that a dog could not endure, with the pain and fever of his broken leg and the heat of the boiling sun adding to his misery.

Toward the close of the sixth day having dragged himself a distance of more than a mile with the aid of his hands alone, torn, bleeding and almost out of his head he reached others of his organization who saw that he



HIS Nation has no more solemn obligation than healing the hurts of our wounded and restoring our disabled men to civil life and opportunity. The Government recognizes this, and the fulfillment of the obligation is going forward fully and generously. The medical divisions of the War and Navy Departments are rendering all aid that skill and science make possible; the Federal Board for Vocational Education is commanded by law to develop and adapt the remaining capabilities of each man so that he may again take his place in the ranks of our great civilian army. The co-operation and interest of our citizens is essential to this programme of duty, justice, and humanity. It is not a charity. It is merely the payment of a draft of honor which the United States of America accepted when it selected these men, and took them in their health and strength to fight the battles of the Nation. They have fought the good fight; they have kept the faith, and they have won. Now we keep faith with them, and every citizen is endorser on the general obligation."

WOODROW WILSON.

## AN ODD EVENT

SOLDIER ENLISTS IN SECOND  
ARMY.

Dissatisfied with his peaceful lot in the recent war with Germany, Private First Class Ivan Black has enlisted again but this time it was in the army of Benedicts and strictly a military affair.

Friend Black has never been found wanting when the call for volunteers came, so with the arrival of pretty Miss Fleta Lynch at the base hospital to take up the work of nursing, chivalrous Ivan stepped forward to make himself generally useful. Which in itself is a common enough occurrence, but in this instance merely proved to be the barrage which preceded the attack in full. Summoning all his good and noble qualities to his assistance, Ivan dashed bravely over the top and succeeded in capturing his fair objective.

They were married at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of January 3 at the residence of a mutual friend in Charlotte. Black secured a leave of absence the next day and the happy couple passed it together at the home of the bride in Burlington, N. C.

## SENT TO WAYNESVILLE.

Sergeant Mills and Marsh were delegated to accompany a number of patients to General Hospital No. 12 at Waynesville, N. C., and made the trip successfully the earlier part of the past week.

received the proper attention. Neilsen was carried to the first aid station and from there to the field hospital, where he learned of the seven others who survived. Later he was taken to Base Hospital 31, where gas masks were issued to the patients to protect them from gas bombs dropped by the Hun airplanes. Even the nurses made rounds with faces concealed by the ugly appearing gas protectors. After being bombed twice there the hospital was abandoned and Neilsen moved to Base No. 24, where he remained four months. Later he was transferred to Bordeaux and on Christmas day sailed on an American hospital for the dear old U. S. A.

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

## FLAMES OF THE PAST

(By JOE LAWLOR.)

Once upon a Time in the Year of 1950, Colonel Nat. Briggs U. S. A. a Kentucky Veteran of the World War and Hot Toddlies was Piloting his Nephew George, through the Suburbs for a Ramble. George was Ten Years old and famous for asking Pointed Questions. The Colonel was trying to wise up the Kid to a House where a Poet was born, but when he found out that George was more interested in Diamond Dick than in Longfellow and in where the Deep Cave was that the Pirate Capt. Kidd held forth he just Grinned and agreed that he was a Regular Youngster.

They hadn't gone far when the Remains of a Stuffed Owl perched high over a Golden Sign, which bore the Slogan, "The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous," and the Mortal Remains of what was once bright Brass Railings, but now Corroded with Rust caught the Youngster's Eye. "Well for Goodness Sake what kind of a Place is this" sayeth George. The Colonel taken back for the Moment as the Flames of the Past arose in his Brain said, "This place is now known as a Relic of Cannibalism but in my Day it was a Palace of Joy. In this Ranch they Peddled forth a Tabasco Fluid that gave General Electric Results, in other Words, Georgie you have made a Wonderful Discovery, you have found a "SALOON." See those Faded Letters which was once Famous, what do they Read." Georgie thought for a Moment and then said "Mike Hennesey's White Owl. Oh yes my Sunday School Teacher told us that all these Homes for Wayward Men were closed up back in 1918."

The Colonel then peered through the Window and saw all the Scenes of the Mountain Dew days of his Youth. The Currents of Time had raised havoc with the Old Gin Mill and the Pangs of Grief were Visible in the Colonel's Eyes. So he grabbed the Rusty Lock and Lo and Behold just like Rip Van Winkle's Rifle after his Twenty Year Sleep, the Yale Outfit crumpled in his Hand and soon George and the Colonel, were in the Playground of Red Ink, whose Fumes made the Dense speak of

(Continued on Page 12)