

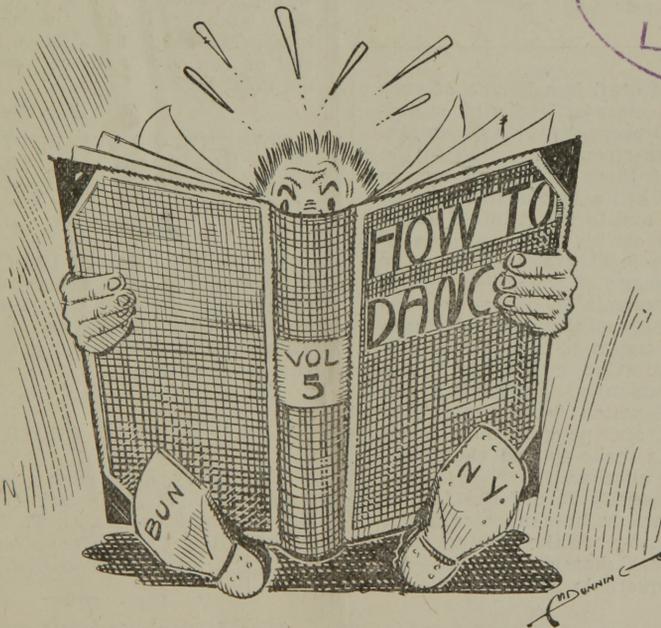
HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Saturday, March 29, 1919

Vol. II "Be ruled by time—the wisest counsellor of all" No. 76

Movies at Red Cross House Tonight

Courtesy of Y. M. C. A.



Who 'tis? Not hard to guess

HEADS UP

Published daily, except Monday, at U. S. Army Debarcation Hospital, No. 52, Richmond College, Va.

STAFF

General Manager.....Corp. Hanson
Circulation Manager.....Pvt. Dunning
Staff Correspondent.....Pvt. Midkiff
Staff Cartoonists.....Dunning and Hanson

AND

Everybody on the Post.

Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

MAIL.

Arrives—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Departs—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.



A piece of steel is a bundle of very short fibres, more or less hard according to the properties they contain, more or less strong according to the relations of these properties one to another. When a blacksmith heats a bar red hot and forges it into a horse-shoe shape on his anvil, all the fibres of the steel are bent into the horseshoe shape of the finished forging. They remain in proper relation one to another and there is no decrease in their strength.

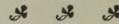
An organization or an army is a mass of humanity, the quality and strength of which is determined by the mental and physical fibres that comprise its make-up and their relation one to another.

When necessity forced the forging of the American human mass it rallied nobly and made the greatest army that the world has ever known—our own unconquerable army.

IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

And on the right arm of our own Sgt. Major and on the right person, are the five stripes of Hospital Sergeant. ("Heads Up" casts a solid vote that this is RIGHT.)

To my thinking, the Christian Church stands not only at the center of philanthropy but at the center of education, at the center of science, at the center of philosophy, at the center of politics—in short, at the center of sentiment and thinking life, and the business of the Christian Church, of the Christian minister, is to show the spiritual relations of men to the great world processes, whether they be physical or spiritual. It is nothing less than to show the plan of life and men's relation to the plan of life. I wonder if any of you realize how hungry men's minds are for a complete and satisfactory explanation of life?—Woodrow Wilson.

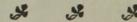


THEY DID IT.

And very quietly too. You guessed it. Miss Peebles and Capt. Kramer were married Wednesday night at the Christian Church in Richmond. The now Mrs. Kramer was just about as fine a lady as we have seen, and we declare the old Doc in great luck. The old Officers' Mess Chief was some boy on his own, and we are all for him in his good luck.



TONIGHT!—"LOVE LETTERS," splendid movie, starring Dorothy Dalton is on the evening program, sponsored by the Y. M. M. C.



MORE TO THE OUTERGONE—The following men of this post were transferred to Camp Hill to secure the "lucky" discharge: Pvt. 1st Class Burba and Pvts. Mayse and Palesano. Good-bye and good luck is all we can say. Adieux!

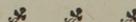


RED CROSS.

Miss Mary E. Jordan, the beloved chief nurse of U. S. A. Debarcation Hospital No. 52, presented to Mrs. G. T. W. Kern, hostess of the Red Cross House on behalf of the nurses, a silver bonbon dish.



Miss Jordan's farewell gift to the hostess was an exquisite Mexican drawnwork scarf.



FOUND—Girl's signet ring. Apply "Heads Up."

HEADS UP

SAILOR LORE.

Not that we're calling you hard names, you elsewhereers, for leaving us here, but the sailors had a proverb that "you may know a ship is sinking when the rats leave". Be that as it may, this old ship is listing badly by the bow, and will be all awash soon, very soon.

WATCH FOR NUMBER 30!

By this sign you may know officially, when it appears, that "Heads Up" is OUT (but never down). You may or may not know that from a long usage of newspaper work all make-up men in newspapers when they find the number 30 know absolutely that that is the last piece of copy to be printed in that issue. So when you see our number 30 conspicuously placed, you may know that "Heads Up" is indeed Heads Out.

IN THE MEANTIME WE RECORD

That the "FORSAKERS" are now leaving by file, or column of one, Miss Judd left Friday morning, and Miss Jordan Friday noon, and the Gentle Slope is an aching void or the abomination of desolation, if you care to look at it in that way. And in the nurse's old mess hall there is, count them, none, again we say none of the Gentle Slopers. Huddled here in tune with the old adage, "Misery lives company" are Capt. Repp, Capt. Sanford, Capt. Slattery, Mr. Red Cross Johnson, Mr. KaCy Kelly, Lts. Walsh, Fegan, Walke and Bruns and Lieut. and Mrs. Lamb. Capts. Metheny, Clifton, and of course the K. O., report at noon mess. Verily we say unto you, that it takes some whistling to walk through a graveyard.



DOMINIC STILL BATTING THEM OUT.

After receiving visiting inspectors of the Q. M. Department ranking as high as Lt. Cols. and during that period fearful that some of his officer friends might trifle with his dignity by calling him Jimmy, our own Lt. Joimes J. demonstrated that he was back on his own by telling KaCy Kelly, "I guess they will send Slatsy to Hampton where he can shoot his bull at the nuts. Still those sycopaths might think it was another gas attack."



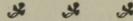
WHILE ON THE SUBJECT

of hot-air merchants, Rundquist was the dark horse on this post. Here's a good one. The plates of the Jefferson Hotel have a Colonial street scene over the bodies of the

plates. One was placed before the Rockford rioter who remarked, "Here's where we eat in the street."

MORE PICTURESQUE PERSONALITIES

In this connection we nominate without fear of contradiction PVT. GEORGE CAMPBELL, the knuckle expert and shimmie-hound. "Heads Up" regards Shimmie as quite a personal landmark. Shimmie naturally gravitated toward the limelight whether he wished it or not. When he rubbed he rubbed in his own way, whether it was on duty or at a dance. Some ball-player, too, "right or left handed" and for no "charge." A simple, honest soul in a giant's frame, even if we did have to take a fall out of him publicly.



POETIC POST—MORE NATIVE TALENT.

C'est La Guerre.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wond'rous wise;
He batted some three hundred strong,
And he was there for size;
He weighed a hundred eighty-five,
With not one ounce of fat;
This wise guy joined the Q. M. Corps—
Now what-d'ya think of that?

There was another man in town,
Who never earned a cent,
For mother bought his cigarettes
And father paid the rent;
He was as thin as any soup,
Could hardly lift his hat;
They picked him for the Infantry—
Now what-d'ya think of that?

But after six months' office work
The Samson guy fell off;
His collar stood out from his neck,
And he began to cough.
He swung a pen from morn to night,
And right from where he sat
Dragged heavy letters across his desk—
Now what-d'ya think of that?

They put the light boy in a camp
And fed him up on slum,
'Til he became a human being,
And learned to cuss, by gum.
The big guy's in the hospital,
And down and out and flat;
The doughboy got the "Qua Dee Gare"—
Now what-d'ya think of that?

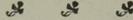
HEADS UP

ELSEWHEREERS AND HERE-ERS.

When it comes to personalities, know what it means when we say that Major Hart is getting his discharge and the Major and Mrs. Hart leave Tuesday. To us all this seems the passing of a benediction.



Nothing happens to anyone that he is not fitted to bear by nature.



THE DAY WITH OUR REPORTER.

Pvt. 1st Class McClellan, is out of luck. Some party has borrowed his entire toilet outfit, unbeknowing to him. At this strenuous period on the purse, it is most embarrassing for "Mc", as his whiskers are long n'everything. Have a heart, "Red"!



"Ezra", after watching Cpl. Stauffer sport a cane, has decided to carry one himself.



"Texas" Rogers, the jazzing boy, is improving in his work in mess hall. It is reported that his dancing lessons are responsible.



Cpl. Van Nest has the appetite that comes with the spring-time. He is the first one in mess hall and the last out and apparently eating the whole time, but eats a small amount. Cheer up, "Van".



We have received report from "Hair Tonic" Shevy, he and his assistants McKune and Phipps enjoyed excellent frolic and mess up with their "Dear Old Pals of Mine" up yonder on Hanover way Thursday evening. Shevy says it tasted "like more."



Pvt. 1st Class Cerych says he does not want to enlist in the army, because he is too young for fighting.



Sgt. 1st Class Alberts was overheard to say, "The army, next is Danville, and then look out for benedict."



Our own Goliath, Glore.

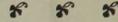


Sgt. Robinson's daily program—Smokes his old cob pipe after each meal, and takes the 7:30 car to town every night and the last one back.



Frank, the shoemaker, says the post is resting on solid foundation, judging by the size of the shoes that he has mended.

Without a doubt, Prohibition will be an expensive proposition, for besides paying for the booze, we'll have to support the government inspector.



WHEN WE HAVE AN IRISH KAISER.

(Air—"The Wearing of the Green.")

When the war is over, laddies, just take a tip from me;
There will be no German submarines a-diving thru the sea,
For the Fatherland is Kaiser Bill, the guy we're going to lick;
And we'll have a brand new Kaiser and the name will be a Mick.

We will change the song, 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' into an Irish reel,
And make the Deutchman dance it, if so inclined we feel;
For the police force in Berlin will be Micks from County Clare,
When we put an Irish Kaiser in the palace over there.

Sure, in every German parkway you'll find a sweet colleen,
And fields of waving sauer kraut we'll plant with shamrocks green.
No liverwurst or sausage when the Deutch man drinks his suds
But he'll get corned beef and cabbage and good old Irish spuds.

The heathen's guns and gas bombs we'll throw them all away,
And make them use shillalahs or bricks of Irish clay.
They'll wear no Iron Crosses, sure it's Shamrocks they will wear,
When we put an Irish Kaiser in the palace over there.

—Hopewell "Splinters."



'GENERAL' COURT MARTIAL.

Farmer Jones—"Well, how's Si gettin' on in the army?"

Farmer Smith—"Just fine. I jist got a letter from him tellin' he'd been recommended for a 'general'."