

HEADS UP

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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.

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There is no better ballast for keeping the mind steady on its keel, and saving it from all risk of crankiness, than business.

Here is the proposition:

1st. Continued Government insurance under the present contract, at substantially the present cheap rate for five years.

2d. Permanent Government life insurance, which you can get any time during five years at Government rates, provided you hold on to uncle Sam's insurance now.

So, you see, it comes back again to the question—Are they worth it—the people for whom you insured when the war broke out?

And again—Are you worth it?

If you come out of the war physically impaired you will be unable to obtain any life-insurance protection whatsoever, unless you keep up your present insurance with the United States Government. Uncle Sam's insurance may be continued and converted into standard Government policies, regardless of your physical condition. This factor is of the very highest importance.

But leaving your physical condition out of consideration, it is to your interest and to the interest of your family, both for the present and for the future, to keep up your Government insurance.

RED CROSS.

Mrs. Barlow, of Washington, D. C., has been visiting her husband, Mr. Barlow, late Red Crosser.

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Mr. Ridgeway, our Sidney Drew of the Red Cross, left for Camp Lee, Va., Sunday. Mr. Barlow follows him today routed the same way. Their stay with us has been profitable and pleasant, and those of us still remaining will miss them much. Good-bye boys, and good luck to you!

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Love thyself and many will hate you.

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Y. M. C. A.

TONIGHT! AND DON'T MISS IT!!

Mrs. Hequenborg, violinist, head of the Hequenborg School of Music in Richmond, Va., with a company of artists, including Mrs. Shackelford, splendid soprano vocalist, will present a musical concert which promises to be the best event of the Y. M. C. A.'s entertainment schedule. The evening's program also includes a movie "The Beloved Blackmailer," starring Carlyle Blackwell. AGAIN WE SAY "DON'T MISS IT!"

FRIDAY NIGHT—"LOVE LETTERS," splendid movie, starring Dorothy Dalton is on the evening program.

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FEAST OF REASON AND WIT. OH, YES AND FOOD!

The snappiest and most democratic event occurred Sunday afternoon in the enlisted men's barracks, in the shape of a banquet attended by the staff officers. Supplied by Lt. Lamb and promoted by KaCy Kelly, with Capt. Slattery acting as toastmaster. This Post demonstrated that liquor and night time are not necessary for this Post to be convivial. After a very good dinner, the toastmaster introduced somewhat in this order: Lt. Lamb, Major Hart, Sgt. McDermott, Sgt. Hollister, Lt. Walsh, Lt. Fegan, Sgt. Whitney, Sgt. Bowen, Pvt. Greenberg, Capt. Repp, Capt. Morgan, Sgt. Duffy, Sgt. Bachman, "Heads Up" Hanson, and Pencil Dunning, Sgt. Porterfield, Mr. Pinckney, Mr. Johnson, of the Red Cross, and Mr. Morrison of the Y. M. C. A., and our own incomparable KaCy Kelly. Major Hart and Sgt. Duffy spoke particularly well and to rather apt musical introductions, the speakers found

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themselves facing a laughing audience. It was strictly extemporaneous and this impromptu atmosphere made it very snappy and it proved to be the happiest and most successful event of our history.

MENTAL CRUMBS AFTER THE FEAST.

Mr. Morrison's talk was extemporaneous but mighty good at that.

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Sgt. Bowen demonstrated the spirit of co-operation and brand of enthusiasm that we like.

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Capt. Slattery was there as toastmaster —THERE is the word.

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KaCy Kelly, the shake-it-up kid, is always among the living.

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We liked Mr. Pinckney's talk and Mr. Johnson's also.

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Capt. Repp takes for his motto "Let your speech be better than silence, or be silent."

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"Here comes the bride." Sgt. Hollister is still wondering why the bride wasn't furnished as well as the music.

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No man is happy who does not think himself so.

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VAUDEVILLE, SIDE-SHOW, CIRCUS WITH SATURDAY'S BALL GAME.

The Q. M's. behind revenge entrenched
And stalked the field in gay delight,
No doubt, thought they, we have it
cinched;
Never dreaming of their woeful plight.

The Officers swooped with a savage yell
Upon the field of fray,
And what did happen is sad to tell,
To Jimmy's warriors, on that day.

—Con Midkiff.

This event deserved something from the staff poet, and he has smote his lyre. Here comes the prose guy, namely, to-wit, and as follows: The Ossifers grabbed the old pastime 15 to 10 over a nine-inning route. Baseball! Who said baseball? Baseball was just the vehicle for all the queer and unusual stuff that the tricks of man and a baseball can afford. Forget the ban-

quet, come on back another day, and gaze upon the following prodigies of achievement. Behold a ball game in which both sides broke the rules by mutual consent, and re-entered players that had retired. And further, the Officers permitted the Q. Mers. to score a run on two strike-outs. Thusly: Catcher dropped both third strikes the first runner legged it fast and caught big Slats in a Rip Van Winkle at first. Just because that was not enough crazy horse stuff to make it interesting, the teams ran into a tie four times. We're some gang, and post, and some ball players! Then there was the dark suspicious shadow of Irish Intrigue. Here's the swing of it. Lt. Church is a new officer on the Post. Note well that this handsome smiling gentleman, although an Officer, is all quartermaster. He is under suspicion, but not on the charge of being Irish, just quartermaster. Enter the next villain, Jimmy. Dominic is brazen in his perfidy, and when his team is playing, makes no bones of being anti-officer. Slub-Foot Slats is anything but quartermaster, but Jimmy talks to him and he talks to Jimmy, with complete understanding and many Irishisms. There are the actors; here's what developed, and use your own judgment. Slats plays a half an inning, touts Church, the Q. M. Officer, as a bear first baseman. Church, who looks good and is good, drops a couple of throws in front of the only home run of the season. Three run lead for the quartermaster gang and some say that Slats went over and stood in front of Jimmy with his hand behind his back. The dastards were foiled for Slats was forced back into it again, and compelled thereby to double-cross Jimmy by helping to turn in a win for the Officers. The extent of Church's guilt can't be proved. Having no Irish blood in him, excuses him as an intriguer and possibly also as a ball player. Just to show you that we are not really writing a ball game, but a local Balzacian Comedie Humaine, gaze upon Brunner, who has been rugging a ball and chain about the post during the entire social season. Jimmy released him from his fetters soon enough to get him into a baseball suit, and get him up there in front of the old Krets with a tie score and two runners on bases. Krets had been using a fast ball when Rundquist's hot air struck Krets in the face, and he soliloquized as follows: "Feel that hot wind? I must be back in Nebraska, and that must be a Kansas hot wind coming.

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I'll shut the barnyard door, so the grain won't be blighted." Forthwith he pitched a barn-yard curve and Brunner caught it on the end of his bat squarely—Blouie! The only home run of the season. Just to show you that it was a feature afternoon for sure, the Officers scored eight runs after two men were out. (An old trick of theirs. Here we will say that the Stauffing non-com pitcher, Stauffer, was asked before the game what twig the birdie of luck would light on. Stauff replied, "Officers all the way. That gang were all born lucky!") To seem to return to continuity of thought, F g started for the Officers, blew in the third, and Kret again saved the day by masterly pitching hard and timely hitting the rest of the route. Duke Whitney started for the wheel and key men, then went into the aviation corps in the fourth. Brunner then tossed them for three innings. Miller came in just long enough to make a batting sacrifice for the Officers, and then here comes the Duke back out of the skys. He made a good landing and started to pitch once more. Cole, Rundquist and Sharkey did the receiving, and did it well. Before leaving the history of the batteries, consider the Miller family. The Q. M. Pitcher of that name didn't fare well in the box, but what could you expect with a titian haired lady of the same name distracting his attention. Maybe it was his sister, but they don't look alike and she is very good looking. Before leaving personalities, we will say that the quartermasters looked bad in this game, and personally we think that stolen fruits, for example, cider, could queer any gang of ball players.

Here is how the cider rolled down the hill:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
Q. Mers.	2	2	0	0	0	3	1	0	2	—10
Officers	0	0	0	4	0	3	8	0	x	—15



Hammer your iron when it is glowing hot.



DIAMOND CHIPS.

Attendance—Ten Privates, two Nurses, and eight dogs.



Davie Walke is a ball player and spell it with a Capital B.

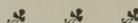
The K. O. played very well.



Kelly and Hollister gave excellent service again.



The Officers, we presume, won the pennant, but if we mistake not, had the league gone on another two months, they would have been cellar champions.



TURN IN ALL BOOKS TO THE POST LIBRARY BEFORE SATURDAY— FINIS!

The following list of A. L. A. Books are among those not yet returned:

- Crowell—How a Soldier May Succeed After the War.
- Blackmore—Lorna Doone.
- Beach—Going Some, The Net, Silver Horde.
- Bleakley—Gentleman of the Road.
- Bower—Jean of the Lazy A.
- Burroughs—Beasts of Tarzan, Return of Tarzan.
- Bartlett—Familiar Quotations, Wall Street Girl.
- Chambers—Fighting Chance, Laughing Girl.
- Caricature—
- Davis—Red Cross Girl.
- Dickens—England.
- Doyle—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, Hound of the Baskervilles.
- Dixon—Comrades.
- Freeburg—Art of Photomaking.
- Grey—Desert of Wheat, Lone Star Ranger.
- Harris—Recording Angel.
- Ingram—Unafraid.
- Mason—Lily of France.
- Maupassant—Stories from the French.
- McCutcheon—Sherrods, Truxton King.
- Norris—Martie, Salt.
- Harker—Master and Maid.
- Holmes—Home Coming.
- Smith—Biltmore Oswald.
- Streeter—Dere Mable, That's Me All Over, Mable.
- Stevenson—Poems of American History.
- Wright—When a Man's a Man.
- Hatfield—Modern Accounts.
- Keeper of the Door.
- World Atlas.
- When a Fellow Needs a Friend.