



“Next Stop: Hoboken”

Thousands of parents, wives and friends cannot get to New York to see their boys land—yet all are anxious to know how the boys feel; what they say; how they act; what are their home-coming thoughts; how they are handled. So Edna Ferber went on one of the big transports, talked with the boys and rode from the dock with them. You feel you are with our boys: she makes you see the picture.

“Honest, Folks: They’re Doin’ Nothin’ For Me”

That’s what our wounded boys write home. Is it true? We have the right to know. Every father and mother who has a wounded boy in hospital here or over there: every parent whose boy may get sick over there: every citizen who has the interests of our brave boys at heart should know. Here is the story—not from hearsay, but direct from the source.

“No Medicine:
No Notin’”



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