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**THE CHRISTMAS ROLL CALL**

HERE IS WHAT THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, THAT most excellent journal of the world's greatest humanitarian effort, says of the Christmas Roll Call:

"Everybody join up. This is not a dreary ceremonial. It is a cheerful consecration at the season of good cheer and its collective force means strength and victory and final peace.

"You are your brother's keeper. You are the Red Cross. The whole world needs you and is listening for the growing volume of your pledge.

"In the lands where the tooth of war has bitten to the bone, where hitherto America had been only the unmeaning name of something very far away, you have carried healing and courage. Your name, the simple name of the Red Cross, has become a synonym of friendship and the surety of relief.

"You are warmth to the frozen, medicine to the suffering, food to the hungry, and comfort to the bereaved. And to the American soldiers you are 'the folks back home.' He doesn't want to think that a quarter of you are with him and the rest don't care. He wants to know, and wants the world to know, that you are with him—to a man, to a woman and to a child. That is what puts heart into him and gives him standing wherever he goes.

"And you have got to look him in the face when he comes home.

"In the half hundred sleeping camps all over the land he has lain down content in the knowledge that you were there. On the loaded troopships, threading their way through the death-infested waters, in the tumultuous hell of many fronts, where the old Star-Spangled Banner 'still waves,' in the wards of pain where your wounded lay, every man has known and been better for knowing that there was nothing he could need that you would not give.

"It is not the gift of money, the answer to the Christmas Roll Call for membership in the Red Cross. It is the greater gift of your faith and your loyalty.

"You, all of you, were left at home as the millions of the great reserve. You are the mighty mobile force which tips the scale for victory. There has been no pomp in your service, no gay regalia, no trapping of military splendor and no martial music. Only the simple symbol of the Red Cross. You have made it known the world around. It has broken the barriers of language. Every nation understands now its message of hope and help and salvation. Make it unanimous.

"You have been the watchmen in the long night of war. Hear the questioning cry of a world weary of conflict, 'What of the night?'

"Do not desert the watch. Our own two million fighting men are Over There waiting for the pledge of your united support. A stricken world cries aloud for your unrelaxing help.

"In the great week before Christmas you will be called to the Red Cross colors. There will be no exemptions, just one great voice from all together. Let the answering message that 'All is well,' ring from every corner of a loyal land.

"The American soldier has staked his life against every diabolical form of death. He is just a boy and he is human and he is ours, and he wants the 'hail from home.'

"Let us be prompt, everybody, everywhere, to sound it. Let us stand by till the tattered old flag comes home. As you love the 'boys' and the country, make it unanimous."

**PAY YOUR POLL TAX**

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR POLL TAX FOR 1918? IF not, pay it today and be sure of any easy conscience next year when, unless all signs fail, we are going to have politics in an exceedingly acute form, both nationally and locally.

The end of the war takes the public mind off a problem which has been in everyone's thoughts for four years past and almost to the exclusion of everything else since January, nearly two years ago, when, like a bolt out of the clear sky came the flash from Berlin of a change in Prussian plans which made war with us inescapable.

But now, to quote the British premier, we have come out of the long dark tunnel into the sunlight of peace and victory with many and varied domestic problems to solve in the course of our work of reconstruction and readjustment, and so we are headed toward campaigns destined to absorb more than the ordinary attention we have been giving to our elections.

No man will be able to participate in these elections in Louisiana—national, state or municipal—unless between now and December he pays his poll tax for 1918.

What man of intelligence, with an interest or a stake in the community, wants to risk putting himself in a position of enforced silence when important issues are to be decided at the ballot box by failing to pay his poll tax?

There is revolution in many parts of Europe to obtain the privilege of suffrage. Here in America millions of women are fighting with relentless energy to be invested with the ballot.—Daily States.

**The Red Cross Man**

By ROY PERRING.

"Tenshun! S'lute! Make her snapp— That-a-boy!"

"Who wuz the bird, Hal? Looked like a six-cylinder officer, but they don't ride in no flivver."

"You are guessin' close, Ireland. Didn't you see the Red Cross on his jitney? That's the Red Cross Man. He's got a real handle but few know what it's like. Every jack from the C. O. to the ducks in the guardhouse call him the Red Cross Man. Got 'em in all the camps."

"I didn't see none at Wheeler's field. Is he what you call—not a preacher—but a—"

"No, Mike, he ain't no chaplain, if that's the handle you wuz huntin' for. The cross is a big red one, an' the A. R. C. on his jacket don't stand for aero reserve corps, but the American Red Cross. I heard him the other morning when he tried to start his flivver after the rain. Captain Welsh said his language was Biblical, but it wuzn't orthodox, whatever that means. It sounded like good old United States to me. No, he ain't no preacher, but I reckon he knows how to talk turky to the boys all right. Corporal Murphy hadn't been giving his folks a square deal; never sent any money home, a-sonkin' his pay shootin' craps two hours after gettin' it. The corp. told me the Red Cross Man talked to 'im like a Dutch uncle, an' when he got through, the corp. had signed a paper tellin' Uncle Sam to take a strangle hold on half his pay, an' slip it to his mother. Take it from me, Uncle Sam-like likes to hear them sort of orders, an' to show how happy he wuz to get the corp's message, he chuckled in twenty more plunkers to the corp's fifteen an' the mother's gettin' thirty-five per. Sure she ain't happy less she's wraslin' with a washboard every day, but the corp. told me she wuz only a-takin' in five family washes now, an' the kids wuz goin' to school agin. When the Red Cross Man had a toe-hold on the corp., he persuaded him to take out insurance, same as the rest of us boys, an' then he told him he could gamble his bloomin' block off with the rest of his pay. The corp. gets a good night's sleep now on pay day, cause what's left of his pay only lasts till about ten thirty."

"Is this here Red Cross Man a real for-sure officer, Hal?"

**Rank of Officer.**

"Well, I d'no. He ought to be. We call him captain, or lieutenant, and say 'sir' to 'im. He says he's an officer without rank. Says the leather puts and green pants show that he's part officer and the rest's Irish. The new fellers don't know whether to s'lute or not. He says we can s'lute the cross if we feel like it, but he don't care a tinker's hammer whether we s'lute him or not. We old vets know 'im an' s'lute the cross an' the man that's behin' it. But officers and privates are all the same to him. I seen 'im talkin' to the C. O. the other day, an' he wuzn't actin' as though he was any scared of him. They seemed to be real friendly-like. But he don't seem to care whether he's talkin' to the C. O. or a N. C. They all look alike to him. He takes chow at our mess sometimes, an' tin dishes don't upset his stumik any. The boys like to have him, cause he joshes 'em along and they forget they're still in the States 'stead in France where they all want to be. He can deliver the merchandise, too. Last winter when Tom Mason's wife and four kids come down here from Detroit an' got sick, the Red Cross Man got Tom a leave an' took 'im to the burg in his flivver. Then he sent Tom's wife a doc, an' some coal, an' some eats. Reckon he must a' helped Tom get a discharge so he could support his family, though nobody knows nothin' for sure. Slim Dawson thought he did, though, an' asked the Red Cross Man to help him get off Uncle Sam's pay roll. The Red Cross Man wrote some letters up to Slim's home town, an' when they come back, he told Slim his wife and kids wuz a-drawin' forty-seven fifty per and they wuz better off with him workin' for Uncle Sam, an' he'd better stick aroun' and help make Germany safe for democracy."

"Must have the spondulix an' some pull, if he's so free with the cash an' knows so many people everywhere."

**He Ain't No "Plut."**

"No, he ain't no 'plut.' They say he don't draw no pay, an' he polishes his own shoes, an' in a pinch washes his own shirt. But you see, Mike, this Red Cross Man business is all over the States. When a soldier from Millersville gets word his folks is in bed, he goes mopin' aroun' like a dog wa's met up with a skunk. He's soured on the whole show, an' all the sugar this man Hoover's saved couldn't sweeten him up none. His ol' see he's punk an' they try to work it outter him, but it only makes 'im punker. They look for him to go over the hill next. Then the Red Cross Man hears about it. He gets him in his office, or in his jitney, an', believe me, he knows how to find out what's wrong. Then he writes up to Millersville, where they got the Red Cross too, an' they go see what's askin' with the doughboy's folks an' they pull the fly out the leino and write back that all's hunkadora an' that stek bird just goes to eatin' up the work again. Why the Red Cross

Man can do most anything, from patchin' up busted matrimonies to puttin' ice in the family refrig. Carl Wallburger was busted up when he heard he was a-goin' to lose the little house he an' his frau had most paid for, cause they couldn't dig up the interest. The Red Cross Man wrote to somebody an' one day Carl was a-smilin' all over his Dutch phis, cause he'd got a letter sayin' he could pay the interest when he'd cracked Kaiser Bill's strong box. Carl's United States if he is Dutch. He wuzn't aroun' when they picked his name. Motors don't go dead when he's given them the once over."

"There's that Red Cross on that umbrella."

"Bet y'ur neck. The M. Ps wuz gettin' their kukus dried up, standin' out in the sun keepin' the trucks from a-gettin' jammed at the crossin's. The Red Cross Man got umbrellas an' put 'em on those platforms, an' now the M. Ps ain't afraid o' losin' their think-boxes an' are all scrappin' for a shady crossin' job. He's always doin' somethin' for the boys. Last winter, when we most froze stiff, he got fifteen thousand blankets, an' sweaters, an' mufflers, an' gloves, an' socks to keep us warm. They say he worked four days an' nights 'fore he got us warm and feelin' limber. Last Xmas he give us dandy boxes of stuff, candy an' the makin's, an' a lot of stuff. Made us feel like ole Santa hadn't passed us up but had come a-siddin' down our tent pole."

**Helped Him Out Then.**

"Where'd you learn to know him?"

"Him and me got real chummy last spring when I wuz in the hospital after that propeller blade nussed me up some. He'd come aroun' to see me most every day. Always had somethin' to say that made me feel better. Why, the nurse'd get so she'd bring me that damned hospital cocktail when he wuz there, cause she knowed I'd take it without cussin'."

"A cocktail, an' you cussin'? Quit your kiddin'!"

"There you go agin, showin' what you don't know. Mike, my boy, a hospital cocktail is just plain straight castor oil, without any water as a chaser. Take it from me an' stay away from them docs at the hospital or you'll get one o' them cocktails. The nurse told me they most run out of the darned stuff one day, an' the next batch had got tied up with red tape an' couldn't get in. She said the patients wuz all a-gettin' sick, cause they get well to keep from gettin' them cocktails, but the Red Cross Man went out an' bought a hoghead or two and the patients began to get well agin, so's they could do without their toddy. She told me I musn't hold it agin the Red Cross Man tho', cause the docs told him to get 'it, an' that he gave right smart niger things to the hospital than them darned cocktails—it makes me cuss to think about 'em. Well, I wuz a-tellin' you how me and him got chummy. He saw I couldn't write, account my bum wing, an' he asked me if I didn't want him to write my letters. I had him write to mother, an', after we'd got acquainted, I asked him to write to Nellie, my best girl back home. I reckon he thought I wuz some mush on her all right, but he never said nothin'; just put it down like I told him. He looked funny aroun' the eyes sometimes, but I reckon he wuz happy cause we wuz writin' to my Nellie. When the docs lets me go, I won't good for nothin' an' wanted to go home till I got strong, but I didn't have the coin for the fare all the way up to Indiana. But darn my cats, that Red Cross Man got me a leave an' then loaned me the cash to go."

**Paying Back Loan.**

"He didn't charge me no interest neither. I got it most all paid back now, but he ain't pushin' me none for it. Nell says she's a-goin' to kiss the Red Cross Man first chance she gets. Well, I reckon he's the only bird about this post she's got my O. K. to kiss if she's got the nerve. The Red Cross Man says he can stand it, if she can. That's his quarters over there with the red roof and the sign out in front. He's got a card in the door that says, 'Come In' an' you don't have to stand at a-tenshun when you talk to him. He pushes out a chair, passes the smokes, an' first thing you know you're tellin' him all about yourself and all your troubles. It don't make no diff what's got your goat, he'll sure find somethin' to make you feel better or forget it. If you ever get the blues, or the willies, go see him; he's better than six docs an' ten hospital cocktails—darn 'em. Here he comes back agin. Been helpin' some bird in the 73rd, I reckon. He's goin' to stop—"

"Hello, Thompson, how's the shoulder?"

"Fine, sir. Gettin' limbered up all right."

"Who's your buddle?"

"Mike O'Conner, sir. Just in with the 195th."

"Glad you are here, O'Conner. You Irish lads are the very deuce when it comes to a scrap. Hope you get your chance soon."

"Yes, sir."

"How's the mother and Nellie, Thompson?"

"Mother's well and Nell's as fine as silk but lonesome."

"A good sign, Thompson. Just look who she's lonesome for. Bring O'Conner around some time. Got some more Red Cross stationery yesterday. When you need more, drop in and see me."

"Yes, sir."

"There he goes a-givin' that private a lift in his jitney bus. Nobody walks who's goin' his way. If his ole fiver'll hold them. Take it from me, Mike, he's helpin' us win. They'll be sendin' him across one o' these days. I hope we get to go with him. Well, trot along now. See you after now."

**AMERICAN RED CROSS SUPPLY DEPOT IN LONDON**



Where some of the supplies made by the Gulf division workers of the American Red Cross were packed awaiting the call from the battlefields of France. Answer the Christmas roll call so that the work of mercy may continue for the French and Belgian homeless, widows and orphans.

**LIBERTY BOND COUPONS**

If you have not clipped the matured interest coupons on First, Second and Third Liberty Bonds, do so at once. The government has set aside funds to take care of these obligations and the money will be idle if not used. Our bank will cash these coupon at par, whether the holder is a patron or not. If we are holding securities for safe-keeping, your receipt will be necessary before withdrawal.

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