

THE FLY PAPER

Air Service
Gossip
A. E. F.

PASSED BY CENSOR
AND BY FRENCH MILITARY PRESS CONTROLLER
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT ST. JEAN DE MONTS (VENDEE)

Price
Fifty
Centimes

Vol. 1

On Active Service in France, Aug. 19 1918

N° 6

Think Before You Speak

Your Careless Remark
May Cause the Death of Com-
rades at the Front or at Sea
Fight the **ARMY OF SPIES**
at the rear as well as the enemy
at the Front
NEVER
Discuss Military Matters with
Strangers---Men or Women
DON'T
Neglect to report inquisitive
strangers to your Commanding
Officer

Think Before You Speak

Death of German "Ace"

The Gazette de Cologne announces the death of Lt. Puetter who was among the first ten aviators in Germany, with 25 victories to his credit.

Lt. Nungesser of the French aviation is now in second place among French aces.

Chaplain G. A. Griffiths

We published what we thought of our Chaplain in last week's issue. We promised at that time to give you his picture. We do so with pleasure.



It is the sincere hope of every soldier in this camp, that we will not have to be content with merely a picture. We want the folks at home to see him, that is why we place it here.

Miss Lewis Arrives

MISS DORA LEWIS, of Philadelphia and Paris, has at last arrived and taken up her work here directing the Officer's Mess. Judging from the luscious looking melons, the fresh beans, the cheeses, and the ice cream freezers seen in the truck when Miss Lewis returned from her first marketing tour the general impression is that putting on the feed bag at the mess will assume the aspect of a popular sport.

Captain and Mrs. De Forest of the American Red Cross were visitors in camp Saturday. Altho their visits are always very short, they are much enjoyed, and it is hoped they will come often.

All Have a Good Word to Say of Our Camp at Aix-les-Bains

The first group who had the good fortune to spend their seven day furlough at Aix-les-Bains (Savoie), beginning July 18, say to a man they had a wonderful time. Instead of finding Aix a sort of Government reservation with nothing but barracks and guardhouses, we found it to be a beautiful little city situated in the shadow of the Alps, with clean broad streets, large modern hotels, many beautiful residences and gardens, possessing a magnificent casino second only to the one at Monte Carlo, and now leased by the Y.M.C.A. We found the very best class of French people there as well as many American and English visitors, all of whom were most painstaking in making our stay an enjoyable one. To summarize briefly, our time was spent in mountain excursions, the most memorable the one to the top of Mt. Revard, granting a striking view of Mt. Blanc, swims, bicycle rides, dancing, tennis, vaudeville shows, concerts, opera, movies and ice-cream parties, everything to make us forget for the while that we were in the Army. That our trip was a glorious one was largely due to the Y.M.C.A. which has things so well-organized for the boys. In every way, we recommend Aix-les-Bains as THE place to go to when you get your leave. Those from the 467 Aero Squadron who were in the party were M.S.E. Hanigbaum, Sgts. Icl Carey, Degelmann and Wegryn, Sgts. Hackett and Hill, Corp. O'Brien and Pvt. Griffin; from the 488 Aero Squadron, Pvt. J. J. Ward and Pvt. Kelly.

Sol Hanigbaum, Philadelphia, Pa.

Now--a Good Landing

We are going to get more and more real news in this paper about the camp, the men, and the business of both, the military rules limiting us of course. We want news of all happenings among the boys of the squadrons, the K.P. gossip, latrine rumors occasional by, and all things fit to print. We also want the officers to get in on this. We are going to establish a cozy corner to be called the "Milky Way" where the flyers can throw out their sky-hooks and find good anchorage and where the creamings of their brains will come up beautifully. Everybody can chuck in. If you cannot write, try it, if you can, do it, and drop it into the box at the Fly Paper office. If we re-write it what do you care? The idea is yours, and that is the whole works. Anybody can scramble around with words.

Why the Curlew Rings so Soon for the A. E. F.

We have it from the captain, and he gets it on higher authority still that man is an intelligent animal. But, when we wander around among the barracks early in the morning and look over the squadron bulletin boards we doubt the whole statement.

Here we find six birds who have been posted as follows: "to be confined to the limits of the barracks for 30 days". And for what? Why, for about half an hour of crazy mopping around the town after blowing their pay on some of this French booze. Its all very well to have some fun, to kid the ladies, and swim with the art poster girls, but, why speak of intelligence when a grown man will swap 30 good whole evenings of liberty in town for allowing himself to get so badly stewed that he forgets to beat taps to the tape.

The officers of the camp are all anxious to give the boys all that is allowed of liberty, and at best it isn't much, and they have to regulate themselves by the orders that come down from above. We have been particularly fortunate so far. And the worst part of the whole business is that instead of the men who cause the cutting off of privileges being thrown into the goboon where they belong and the rest not interfered with, the general result is that the hard hand of the law must come down on the great majority who were on the square about it. The M.P.'s do their best, but they have their limits to authority. There should be an Article of War granting authority to any soldier to use his judgment, and knock for a row of K.P.'s, if necessary, the fellow who, by his conduct, threatens the privileges of a whole camp-full of honest men.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

SOCIETY WOMEN KNEAD BREAD WITH THEIR GLOVES ON

The Editors of this paper need bread with pants on, and with their hob nails on, but if some soldiers don't pay up their their subscriptions quick, and some new subscribers come across, they will need bread without a damn thing on, and these sand dunes are no Garden of Eden.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE FLY PAPER
SEND THE FLY-PAPER TO YOUR HOME

This Sorta Helps

OFFICE OF CHIEF OF AIR SER-
VICE, (Training Station)

8 August, 1918

Chief, Training Section.
C. O., Aerial Gunnery School,
St. Jeans-de-Monts, Vendee.
Subject:--Newspaper.

Permit me to congratulate you and the editor of your paper. I have received the issues up to date and it is extremely interesting and should be a power for good.

W. C. KILNER,
Lt. Col., Sig. C.

New Ruling

Regulars, Nationals and Guardsmen are now designated solely as numerical units of the U.S.A., just as all other forces are. This insures greater solidarity in the administration of the fighting forces. It is understood that changes in insignia will be inaugurated, for both men and officers.

Captain H. B. Bushnell

Captain Bushnell is a survivor of the Tuscania. With the aid of the Tuscania and a tow boat or two, he reached this side of the water evidently determined to build as fast or faster than the Huns could destroy and he is still at it.



He is the man behind the gun here in construction matters, and anyone who visited this location two months ago and will visit it now, will need no further description of the work and abilities of our able Captain.

Territory Reconquered

The number of towns and villages recaptured since July 18 comprises 3 sous prefectures: Chateau-Thierry, Soissons and Montdidier; 12 Chefs de cantons and 312 communes.

Captain Wright and Lt. Birmingham have returned from their furloughs. Both report a wonderful time and return to their arduous tasks with renewed vim and pep.

"What makes Geo. so cocky these days?"
"He's going to try for a commission, and he's reading his letters of recommendation."

EAGLES

O eagle, curved against the blue,
On steady graceful wing;

Above this lonely mount you soar,
Among cheep-cheeps a king!

Beneath my pine-tree camouflage,
I watch you through my glass.
And can your eagle eye see me,
Reclining on the grass?

Straight spreading wings you beat
them not--

Any yet you climb the air!
Great heavy bird I wish I knew,
What magic holds you there.

The ancients used to wonder just
As I do, I suppose;
I guess Old Adam thought of you,
Before he thought of clothes.

Now circling wide, you swing away
Along a windy lane

Sans motor! Tho we try to soar,
Like you, we try in vain.

I sit alone in these vast hills,

You've left for valleys new.

You wise old bird, you think you know
A lot you do, YOU DO!

Yet now in France above the lines,
Great birds go zooming past!
They can't stay up with motor dead--
But speed! You seem tied fast!

They're eagles of the newest brand,
With circles on each wing,
The sons of Uncle Sam and wife,

This here bard does sing.
They're of your breed, dear, although
In speed you're not the guy!

For still, with pretty girls, or scraps,
They have your well known eye.

LEUTENANT WOOD
New Jersey

Published weekly by the Soldiers in the air Service A. E. F. FRANCE

Managing Editor: Lieut. Charles D. Budd, Jr. Editor: Theodore Delavigne, Detroit, Mich. Sports: Paul J. McGovern, Reading, Pa./ Art: James H. Conlon, Hartford, Conn. Art: Ralph Robertson, Warrensburg, Mo. Business: John M. Jameson, Bakerfield, Cal.

POLICY

- impartiality. A Little Seriousness. A Little Instruction. A Little Sport. A Lot of Fun.

To be successful this paper must have the support of every man in the command. It is a paper of the men, written by the men, for the men.

It is not the intention to carry extensively, news handled by the daily papers. This is a journal intended particularly for matters of personal and general interest to men of this command, and the men of the Air Service, A.E.F.

Price 50 centimes per copy. Two francs paid promptly on pay day will assure the receipt of four numbers issued during the month following. Extra copies on sale at The Fly Paper Office.

EDITORIAL

The "big men" in civil, in trades, arts, profession, business, are those who were not satisfied to do just what they were supposed to do. These men had no hours. They learned more that brought success "off shift" than when on duty. They won. The army is the biggest business in the world. Your chance to win begins when your "detail" ends. There is paper work, Q. M. work, flying principles, construction, every cog of the great machine to study. Books are at hand. Of course the bench and the bars attract, but there are seven days in a week. You can make yourself only outside of hours.

We have heard about the "brave soldier lad" who goes away to fight for his country. And we always fell for that man-bravery stuff until we had a chance to see our Red Cross workers stand over a stove frying eggs and potatoes for a never-ending line of soldiers. Everywhere you go in France you will find it. Did they come out for romance? Never! They would have quit long ago. They are at it, there is no rest now nor any in sight. And when the relief comes on, the last egg is flopped with a hand that is dead - tired - a hand too, that perhaps never had to flop its own egg before or anyone's else - it is done with a smile. What is the answer? Is it anything in man himself that makes woman do these things. Look over one of those feed lines sometimes and you'll probably say no. What is it? As well go out and ask God why the rose is sweet.

Talk all you want; but when it comes to doing instead of gassing; its different. We know one man who puts it over before he speaks. We know others who worry the life out of the whole camp before the deed is finally done just to get it over with. Pecuniary measures are compared with the states vica versa here. Le militaire has seen to that. Moralists are sadly mistaken. Any theoretical vicissitudinal peculiarities are taboo.

We want; demand, and will - inevitably - get cold facts, hard work, and beaucoup cooperat'ion. Harping procures no objective; it only meets objections. An infinitesimal faith in one's self, superiors, and Cause developes, only one time in ten, melancholia. Verily, it needs brains, perspective. Exert your ability. Who knows what you may be doing in a short time from now?

In the midst of the daily travail when it's hot'nd dusty and you are damned near all in, we are apt to give up to a pent-up wrath and curse the thing that holds us all - discipline. We curse those above us and curse with a will for the future gets black you know war work is somepill. But stop and reflect what the result will be, and think what a hell for that man we're after - its certain we'll get him - so smile through it all, curse not you privates; Bill's due for a fall.

TANGLE FOOT

Telephones, too. But no dates! Its a sad story mates.

Why not see Lt. Gallagher of the 2nd Hqrs. say we, with news, etc. Vous promenade?

Italy has its Vesuvius. California has its Mount Lassen, but St-Jean-de-Monts, has its Gallaher.

Doc Fulton said he'd just love to visit Bluebeard's Chateau. Opposites always did attract n'est-ce pas Doc?

Did you ever ride with Jimmy Fels or John Works? A wooden shoe resembles a wooden kimona when you tour with those boys.

"Go easy on the candy boys" says our Rough-Looking but Kind-Hearted commissary corporal. "The dentist has left, so beware the aches".

Old Sleuth Turner is back from Nice with a Croix de Guerre and an English cane. Strange what some people will do when they get a few freaks in their pocket.

The Fly Paper is getting ready to don its Fall duds. Watch for considerable paper within a short time. The Best in the A.E.F. is our aim and we want everybody to know it.

Major John P. Edgerly, whom many of the officers and men knew in far away Kelly Field arrived last week and after remaining a few days here, left to assume duties elsewhere.

It was a fine breezy lunch, officers and men that blew in Wednesday. Of course every boat in the convoy got a submarine or two. All right, fellers, so did we. Now we have both been in battle. Have a shovel.

Ever get up before reveille? Take a walk out on the dunes some a.m. before the magpies begin their dulcets squawking. Its worth missing a few extra rolls in the hay to see the sun come up, and the fishing fleet going out.

Next to the Ark my opinion is that Courtship is the oldest boat known.

Tip to the new birds. Don't neglect the ocean. Its great-and the same one, too.

Private B. "What did you do about it, register a kick at headquarters"? Private A. "No, headquarters".

The daily scenes at the beach are wonderful to behold but we offer beaucoup sacres to the wind that star's that sand.

The great question in the minds of the men of the new squadrons that volplaned in Wednesday: "What is the first detail?"

"Daily Thought" - by Alex Revinski, Esq. If the Kaiser and his son were up a tree what kind of fruit would the tree bear?

Also, Wednesday, the electric lights flashed on. Looks like a new place now. We're coming along, boys. When we get the shower bath in we'll be ready for the Dutch.

Fat Darling the watercolor genius, bought some Menier's bon bons for his jeune fille at the Casino. Canfield Carriere substituted little pomme de terres for the sucre stuff. We sincerely wish Dave would make a sketch of that presentation scene.

Lieutenant Fulton has been accused, wrongfully we believe, of being so puritanical, so mid-victorian, as to object to some of the plus-or-minus bathing suits the young ladies wear on the beach.

Dear Doc, you shouldn't look.

And, by the way, slip that two francs to the Fly Paper man in your organization and you will be sure to get the next four issues without further financial worry. And you will get them whether you are here or at the Front or Above or Below. You follow the flag and the Fly Paper will stick to you. Let's go!

Liberte! Egalite! Fraternite!

As A'fred Henry Lewis once said: "The Wolf will howl!" but we do not desire to be cased as wolves; only as ordinary soldiers without a home, name or status.

We have had no time to devote to the conventions of the Tea-Hounds or to chasing Red Puppies.

We have been trying to get acquainted with our men, learning their strong points and organizing ourselves to meet the onslaught of the various pugilists, foot-ball men, wrestlers, and basket ball tossers of our gallant brother of the "Stable Organizations" of this Post. We have been too busy in our own little family circle to tell our troubles to strangers, but now that we are on the road to recovery, we feel confident that we can give a decent account of ourselves even tho we have no official status. Any organization on this Post that thinks it has anything on us in the line of good clean sport, nothing barred, may reply in kind and we will arrange a meeting for the decision of all concerned.

Psychology is a very interesting study, and tho we have the "Pet Horse" and a wild "Texano" we feel that we are getting by to the satisfaction of all concerned. We settle all little personal differences in the mess hall each evening with the gloves, and, like the sailor's slogan: "any port in a storm", we are the melting pot for the Post; any one in need of a MAN, typist, Mechanic, repairman, truck-driver, clerk, supply sergeant, steam-fitter, or anything really worth while, sends a requisition to our dear friend Stippy who negotiates the deal whereby our man assumes the responsibility for the job, whatever it may be.

In the future if anyone desires to see some real "PEP" and a real family, he has a standing invitation to visit us and partake of our mess served by "hard boiled" Jack Kleifelter who is our combination Mess Sergeant, Kitchen Police, Baker, Cook, and Purchasing Agent. Now, you "Birds", if you think you have anything on us, step out and show your wares. "Pet Horse".

Leave it to the Ad Writers

- Googley's Gum will Win the War! So chew without cessation..... Eat Candied Orchids by the score, And they will save the Nation! Try Gazozum's Patent Mop And you will be victorious..... Bleebr'y's Hats go o'er the Top Freedom Pills are glorious..... Shakespeares Works will win the War, So buy our new edition! The Dinners served at Goomly's Shore Put soldiers in condition! Help save Democracy and use McChuckem's Feather Duster! Win the War with Snook's Glue! Scour with Victory Luster! Use Slickem's Polish on your floor, And help Whip the German! Jenk's Roach Paste will Win the War And keep you safe from Vernin! - New York Evening Sun.

"That Barbarious Hun"

The whispering breeze like an evening chime, With the thrill of the barrage fire, Sends a conscious scare when not on time - In the raid of the Hun's strong lair. With a raving shout, we charge the height. (And ne'er a thought of fear; To get that brute in the hidden night - A thought of vengeance near. He scorned the French, when peace they [sought], And cursed the Tommy lad - He sought the world and hell he brought, To buck the flying Spad. He crushed the form of the Russian race, With hobnails so uncouth; And kicked the Wop in a smiling face - With mock for anxious youth. It's not these deeds that take us on, Across the firey roaring top - To face the shrapnel and shooting iron, And charge with ne'er a stop - We see that brute, with a grip of steel, Seize the Fairy Belgian girl, And lash her fast to the torture wheel, Mid the rushing Kultur whirl. We see him choke the kids at play, And use his knife for fun, And smile with joy, at the barbarous way, His treacherous deeds are done. Now when the Hun, with his savage might, Lays hand upon our dearest pride, We'll send his soul in the darkest night - To hell for a lonesome ride. So on we go amid shot and shell - To get that sneaky, filthy beast, And avenge the deeds this side of hell. He wrought for his heathen feast. We'll change the look on his snaring face, From a mean to a merciful prayer - And cremate his soul to show his race, What we thought of his worldly scare. -S. M. Haskew.



Anybody want to buy a pack of Bull Durham?

Well known sayings: "Do you hear me down there"?

Say Reiser how'd a couple of fresh eggs go with the bacon in the morning? Sort of relieve the monotony wouldn't it?

No chance for any movies or funny clowns to amuse the too much competition. Tex is a circus, tent and all, by himself. Ask Morris, he knows.

Wonde, what kind of business O. L. A. likes best, carpenter or banking. The Fly Paper calls you Andy. What've you got? Bet you Cash, in Charitable Contributions accepted.

Say, Jimmie, when are you going to pay me that ten francs you owe me? (Jimmie) -- When my boat comes in. What boat's that? (Jimmie) -- The Titanic.

Thompson, a young soldier, is very fond of babies. While in town his greatest pleasure is holding youngsters in his arms. In fact, he is quite popular with the women and children. He has come to think that he can do nothing else. If a bunch of fellows ask his company for a walk or swim, he grabs the nearest young un and looks busy.

There is a wordy war going on between the 467th and the 488th, and the field of honor in this case is the wall of the headquarters latrine. This is the height of something or other. Why not see Lt. Gallaher of the 2nd Hqrs. Detachment. He has an excellent system of settling arguments. Mr. Jameson, Bakersfield, Cal., please take the stand!

This month's watchword: "Are you a gold brick?"

Cameron's daily oration: (low guttural solo voice) "Well, well, well...ha, ha, ha."

When in anguish the most polite and effective manner of expressing your thought is..... not to talk at all.

Revisky, author of the above, claims that he can speak French in two tongues. One is the real lingo and the other is what he thinks it ought to be.

Ever notice how the fellows run when Stanley sounds the chow. Reminds one of a mother calling its young. You're some mother Stan. but you've got to cut out cussing and smoking.

Both Day and Sgt. Eager are pretty touchy propositions and unless you handle 'em with a ten foot pole you're liable to have a hoof mark with special attention from "doc" in the sick lame and lazy men's corner.

W. J. Hayden has decided that its great stuff to crawl into his French dugout. I wonder was he raised in a barn. Are you having your fingers manicured or are you studying French (French what William) He's probably got his hat and coat nailed to the door to keep the prospects from knowine there's a full house.

Every time a lively give and take, short jab talk is pulled off the cause can always be narrowed down to either Alabama or Texas. Anybody who even mentions that dark state is placing his life in damage (watch Spatz) as the three hard-boiled Alabamians are all huskies and can shout an hour without taking a breath. So All soldiers beware.

A Letter From Annabelle

(With apologies to Captain F. P. Adams)
Dear George ;
Your splendid letter has just arrived and I am answering it immediately even though I wrote every thing there was to tell day before yesterday.
What perfectly wonderful letters you write, George ! How in the world do you ever think of so many odd similies ? I just love to hear from you ! I am sure if you would only be serious and write something worth while — some book, for instance, it would be a tremendous success !
Mary Alexandre (I always think of your friend Jerry Amexforce, when I write her name, for some reason) has just returned from ambulance driving in Paris, and she says the French mammas with pretty daughters are giving your boys quite the welcome.
I am not a bit jealous George, but I know what a charming time one can have at an old country place ; ivy on the walls, flowers, sunlight through high old trees, and a lawn that has been a lawn for more than a hundred years. George, do write more about yourself.
Last night I went to the "Follies" at the New Amsterdam with Freddie. I must tell you again that I don't like the naval uniform even with its gold lace, one bit better than yours. George you know I don't ! He has been transferred to transport service and was told to take his golf clubs along. I think that is so amusing.
I surely did think of you, George, for I know how you would have enjoyed hearing that great big orchestra playing perfectly wonderful syncopated music as one man !
I suppose the girls were as attractive as ever, and Will Rogers, Fields and Eddie Cantor were as attractive as ever, and Will Rodgers, Fields, and Eddie Cantor were up to their usual standard.
Now George, I'm not a bit jealous, but some times you seem so far away !
Please write me all about yourself. Well,
"Olive oil"
Annabelle.

Is Always There

Before the war, of course we all knew there was an organization known as the Young Men's Christian Association.
Is there any more wonderful example of expansion and American push, than the growth and work of the Y.M.C.A. ?
Often in our moments of ruminating, we find ourselves wondering what the young American soldier would do without the "Y". We do not believe the Mothers, Fathers, Wives, and Sweethearts back home really realize what a big thing the "Y" is in our everyday life over here.
At ours for instance, there are small things we all like to eat and drink. Places to read, write, and study. An entertainment of some sort, all exceptionally good where the men applaud tumultuously, and also enjoy themselves muchly where they meet people from the States, where they meet men from home, or meet someone that knows someone that they also know. A common center to drift to after fatigue and after mess.
We censor many, many, letters every week, yes, every day, in which the writers tell their families what a wonderful place their particular "Y" is. In this way we learn what the men think about it and how much they depend upon it.
By entertaining the men, keeping them happy and contented, the Y.M.C.A. will cause many battles in this war to be victorious for the Allies. It is a mightier power for good than the average American civilian thinks, but he will, he must realize it, sooner or later, and help continue "these homes" for the boys.

Lines to a Vendee Maid

O buxom little maiden,
Sweet "wooden-shoes" of mine ;
Thy costume says thou'rt ninety —
Thy eyes proclaim thee nine.
But as there's art in contrast,
Thy mode is just the stuff,
To win a lonely soldier ; —
Mam'selle thou'rt sure some fluff !
And if thy charming bonnet,
So crisp and white and new,
Should tempt a vagrant wind-gust,
To blow it all askew ;
We'd laugh, and then together
We'd tie it straight once more —
But not too tight — the wind must
Be able to encore.
At least it might be like this
I sure did loose an eye,
But thee, thou little pixie !
Thou'rt too confounded shy.

A soldier in a letter from his mother in which she asked him to choose a name for the new baby, brother. He d'd. He named it "Franc".

While taking his trade test, a young soldier was asked by the C. O. if he knew anything about a motor. Said the boy, "I don't, no, but I got a brother at home that knows a whole lot !"

SPORTING DOPE

This Must Never Be

The editor has a very close friend in the office of the Judge Advocate General of the Army who advises him that this thing is a violation of every article of war except, one, and he failed to mention, which one—to wit the deed that is being planned among grown, and brave soldiers of the American forces who have come to save the world for the Democrats.

We always keep our ears open when we are out on the field, for we are looking for news, and we have also read those nice little signs about the enemy ears being always open and listening for something that will help a Boche to croak a regular man ; that is why the first inklings of this proposed crime has come to our ears and we wish to spring at once into action that will save us from the danger and disgrace that must come to brave and manly men if this thing is pulled off.

It is all well enough for some of these wise birds who violate army regulations by carrying a large mop of hair on their heads, to condone such mortal faults and weaknesses that give birth to a deed like this one, but we are in the army, and anything that threatens to spoil its morale is more dangerous than a battle lost.

Therefore, as a man and a faithful supporter of the Ideal of Democracy, of the Constitution of the United States, of the Liberty of our Brother France, and of the buvettes of St. Jean and hundreds of other places in France, we protest most vehemently and will fight to the last breath, and bust of a typewriter key against M.S.E. Hanigbaum of the 467th and a member of the 11th Co. going into the ring for that game of chess.

Foot Ball's Latest Dope

The 2nd Hqrs has been getting out on the field every night for a little scrimmage. Tho some lads know more about the game than others, none shine particularly, as yet.

A mass meeting was held in the mess hall last Monday evening and great interest was shown. Lt. Taylor, Cornell —og., consents to coach the fellows. If they will keep up the pep, and get a-going steady, we ought to have beaucoup good games. Some of the officers claim to know the game—and now is a chance for them to get in condition.

There is promise of a snappy season if all reports are true as we have all that is required for this—a field, man and a coach, the pads will inevitably come, let's go!

Mac Has a Bad Spell

There will be very little news of the grand old game, boxing and football, tennis and curling, and all other sports in this week's Fly Paper owing to the sudden departure of Sport Editor McGovern to Base Hospital 34 with an attack of appendicitis. Reports from the hospital indicate that Mac will be out again soon and back with the old breeze stuff, and still intact. Meanwhile we will have to survive the lapse and hope for his quick return to duty.

Sport Across the Sea

The longest game in 1918 was staged July 17 at Chicago when the Cubs beat the Phillies 2-1 in 21 innings. Max Fack won the game with a single. Old man Tyler beat an unknown Watson.

Baseball may be kind of sickly next spring in the U. S., but if we are here next spring we can have a regular A. E. F. league that would be a good one.

The French military has decided that Geo. Carpentier is needed more to knock out the Boches than to put aspiring American maulers to sleep, even for war benefits. George will be ready to continue apras la guerre.

Washington still booms along in the American League. And all by good ball playing. The Old Fox may land the grapes yet.

Among the Chess-ers

"Booze" man Crosby, the erstwhile rag-time artist of the 488th, met and defeated H. L. Grapp, of Minneapolis, Minn., in a very interesting chess match. Crosby is quite an adept at the game and coming from the town of Riddle, Ore., we venture his moves must have been puzzlers. M. S. E. Allan Gifford is also quite a chess man and at the present writing is playing the challenger's of last week.

Capt. K. What's is that noise. Sergeant?
Sgt. Mac. A flyer, sir, doing capers up there.
Capt. K. Oh, that reminds me, sergeant. I have to get a letter off today to the mayor about that cemetery.

SEND THE FLY-PAPER TO YOUR HOME

JUST BEFORE REVEILLE--Doze No. 3

By Joe Bedell

Yes, sir, I've been taking too many chances with that old bug of mine, and I'm going to cut it out before it gets me. I'm only going up when it its absolute necessary, and there's going to be no nose dives or tail-spins except on orders for your's truly any more. There's no reason for doing those stunts I pull off to make the boys gape and worry. And it isn't fair to the folks at home. Now if I take care, and keep the old plunger on the bird all the time I'll probably be a major before I get up to the front, and then I can show those Dutch birds some real airwork, and I'll have a whole flock under me. This is a great branch of the service and there's going to be all kinds of opportunity, for they expect us to put over the big win in this place. I know very well it is great stuff to twi' her over and over and

aim for the record in flips and spins, and it feels great after you get a few of them behind you. It has champagne licked by several far horizons. But, its time to cut it out before it gets me. I'm going to watch myself and I'll get far in this work. I know all the ins and outs of this game besides the flying part, and I'm going to play safe and watch them closely until I have to cut the fancy stunts fooling Fritz, and of course that will be different and wholly — what's that. Oh! Hello, Jack. Time to get out of the hay again, eh! Um! Say this is great air down here on the shore, i'snt it old man. Puts the pep in a fellow. Who would want to stay in the ground in this kind of weather. Say, watch me show the world some stunts today. I'll loop em as they were never looped before. Count my spins, Jack!

How the Kaiser Reads the Twenty-Third Psalm.

(By Kenneth L. Roberts.)

1. The Lord is my particular German shepherd ; I shall not want, though a few of my subjects may suffer temporary inconvenience.
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, formerly the property of Belgium, France, Roumania, Russia and Serbia, but now my own, because I have been allowed to lie there. He leadeth me beside the still waters of the Dardanelles, which I will keep forever afterward.
3. He restoreth my soul, but says nothing about restoring the devastated portions of France, Belgium and Serbia, so I can't expect to do it. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake, thus showing that those who consider my glorious deeds to be wrong are hopeless idiots. If he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, there can be nothing wrong in killing women and children and encouraging my brave troops to acts of frightfulness in order to make my enemies respect me.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me, and my mailed fist and my shining sword do the rest!
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies by giving me the Russian wheat fields through the folly of the

Bolsheviki ; thou anointest my head with oil by giving me the Roumanian oil wells ; my cup runneth over, though not so much as it will when I have imposed my will on the foul and traitorous Americans.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. If I find anyone else trying to crowd in with me, I'll use any influence to have him sunk without trace.

Fonck Gets His 60th

Lieut. Fonck brought down his 60th German plane to day according to late French despatches.

Liberty Motors at Front

Secretary Baker has announced the good news that a complete squadron of "Liberty" planes are now fighting on the front.

Late Dispatch

Between the Oise and the Aisne the French advanced 2 kilometers on a front of 15 kilometres.
1700 prisoners taken.

SEND THE FLY-PAPER TO YOUR HOME
SUBSCRIBE FOR THE FLY PAPER

The Negro in the War.

Negro soldiers have given abundant proof of their courage, exemplary bearing and soldierly conduct in the present war, but they are doing more than that.

They are adding an occasional touch of comedy to the grim horrors of the conflict. Many an anecdote of the negro soldiers is related by the correspondents, but the prize one is going the rounds of the newspaper exchanges at present. One colored soldier, who had been assigned menial labor around the kitchen, received a letter from his girl at home, complaining that he had never told her of the battles he had been in, while her girl friend had received glowing accounts of the slaughter of three Huns by the soldier in who she was interested.

The camp worker indited this classic reply :
"Dear Sue : De battie am goin' on. You would faint if I told you all de full details. Ah, m standing in blood up to mah knees, and every time Ah move Ah step on a daid german. We're too close to use our rifles, and we're bitin' and gougin' em. At one time me and two other niggahs was hangin' onter de Crown Prince wid our teetin, an' Old Papa Kaiser done beat us off wid a fence rail until reemfortments come!"

Firemen Save Our Vin

Special to the Fly Paper -

Base Section No. 1. Aug. 17. 1918—There was a grand display of amex bravery and efficiency here last night when a carload of Vin Blanc invoiced to St. Jean-de-Monts (Vendée) caught fire from a hot-box. Some may think that nothing in France could have a hot box, but this one did. The Q.M. warriors of this section were roused from their slumbers by the bugle call for "fire". Most of them didn't know what the call meant, it is true, but the fire company boys did and they saved the day, also the wine, some of the latter for themselves it is reported. That is why the buvettes of St. Jean will not have to shut down next week. Those decorated with the Croix de Razzberry Q.M.C., are as follows ; P.A. Cranak, James H. O'Hern, August R. Anderson, and William E. Wentzel, all of Minneapolis, Minn, the fire department.

I'm not a poet.....
That's no disgrace,
So I just wrote this,
To fill in space.

Bent Pins

O Sergeant Dear!!
Sgt. Hemritz, inspecting the guard :
What's your first General Order?
Answer : Wake up my relief at 1.30!!
(He was relieved immediately.)
O Doctor, Tell Me What To Do!!
Heard at the Dentist's: Let's try a few more of those drills. This one doesnt seem to fit!!
True but sad.
Palmateer: What's the best way to go on the sick report?
Carter: Yell 'Three cheers for the Kaiser'!!!
Tray Beans.

Say that again!!
Private Seasick Onofrio bet Sergt. Knocked Knee Nisivoeco 20 dollars in American money that peace will be declared by January 1st, 1919. We hope that Seasick is right.

We understand that Cpl Hochart is desirous of learning the proper steps to be taken in the case of marriage while a member of the A.E.F. Can anyone help him out?

Do You Know This Guy?

One hears at sound of reveille,
Straight thru til taps is blown,
" Gimme, lemme take your razor ",
" Have you got a sou to loan ? "
Or maybe, " Gosh, I lost my towel,
Lemme take yours, will you, Bill ? "
Have you got some extra ' Sunkums ' ?
I wanna wet me gill .

All thru the day it's the same,
Week in, week out, " Say, Bo,
I'm just a few Francs shy today,
Wot's chances for a throw ?
You know me, Al, we woid's me bond,
I've never stuck a pal,
But I simply gotta keep this date
Or hunt another gal .

" Have you got an extra undershirt ?
The Major's gonna see
Wot makes the men so nervous like,
And scratch so frequently "
" I'm gonna promenade ce soir,
Lemme take your new puttees ;
Aw, mine's been muddly for a week,
Loose up yuh tight ol' cheese .

" I dont know where my money goes,
It takes the prize for speed,
The next day after we've been paid,
Cant buy a punk French weed.
Next month I'll have to slacken up
Or jump into the lake " —
But til the old ghest wakes again —
It's gimme, lemme take !

Pvt Frank Eisenburg.

Not only have we got innocent humour producers, but real witty musical entertainers. Talent galore. Among them, Geo. J. Burns, who made quite an impression on the French audience on the 14th Applause galore. Look out George they'll have you signed up as their entertainer.



Welcome to Fromentine

A small draft blew into Fromentine the other day and they will always swear that they were given the rush act. Here is how.

Three new flyers presented their orders one morning.

The Executive officer rounded them up and surveyed them to find any musicians.

One yeoman showed them experience slips to be filled out at once.

Another yeoman handed them a printed list of where to eat, sleep, and attend fires.

The Medical Officer gave them the once over.

They dragged their baggage to La Fosse in a pouring rain.

They indulged in the last scramble for chow at the old mess hall.

They hurried back to where they had left their baggage on the La Fosse dock to find that it had been loaded on the French stage line and was then in the dim distance headed for Noirmoutier.

When this paper went to press the three aviators were on the dead run up the road trying to overhaul the stage coaches.

Their orders read, "Always keep in touch with your baggage".

Those New Mess Halls

One of the greatest comforts of the station is the new mess halls.

The make a very fine sight all meatly painted and the plates laid out in order for dinner. The men sat in comfort and enjoy their eating more than ever before. The galley is the prize part of the outfit. Make a special trip to peek in the door and you will come back with a greater appetite for dinner. We are some proud of these halls and galley.

The Junior Doctor of the camp tells us of a wonderful sea that we have yet to study of in our geography of old. It seems that he has frequently told of his sea-faring expeditions and each time we wonder at extraordinary experiences that one must get in traveling over the different parts of the world. This is the latest though. He once sailed over a sea in one of the largest ships afloat when it was so rough that on each roll the tips of the masts dipped the water. We wonder didn't water run down the smoke stacks or was she a sloop.

He Eats Off Mantle Now

In a little naval air station located among the wild and woolly parts of thrifty France, there was one particular spot that seemed quite attractive to the NRs, better known as Naval Aviators. Well, as the story goes, there

happen to be a very embarrassing and unnecessary accident happen to one of these efficient patrol aids, one day. This particular scene of mention is commonly used as the repair bench of the NRs' best pal, the machines themselves. Now oft times there occasions the use of a very strong acid in this work, and strange as it may seem, some of this acid, by accident or otherwise, was spilled upon this bench. One NR meandered around the place with a longing anticipation for the usual camp gossip. He finally came to anchor sitting nanchalantly in the midst of the hungry liquid that had been spilled upon the seal. After a brief period the NR was seen to squirm rather uneasylike, as if he had just heard some unwelcome news of his more intimate lady friend in the western world.

He arose from the sitting position and there. Ye! Gods! what a sight!

It is told on one our popular shipmates in camp that he, thru pure ignorance, lost a good chance for a commission. It happened some thing like this—

When he was duly enrolled it was found that he was somewhat unusually qualified in duties similar to those expected of a Naval Officer. The recruiting officer asked the gent why he didn't try for a commission, that he would gladly do all he could for him and he felt sure there was no doubt, but what he could get it. He answered, "Nix" I want a straight salary, how do I know how many G's I'll kill.

Oh! Boy! What a Time

When I get back to Hickville in the good old U.S.A.,

There one enjoys the fragrance of the balmy new mown hay;

I'll hitch up good old Fanny to the hime worn onehoss shay,

And be a happy clod-hop if the U.S. lets me stay.

I'll not forget the French I learnt on the hasty Boche retreat,

I'll relate some weird stories to the jay folk on Main street—

I'll go to some swell restaurant, say "Service, Monsieur toot sweet",

And I'll cut a dash with all the girls who I may chance to meet.

I'll be ordering my breakfast and this is what I'll say,

"Du beurre, du pain, du chocolat, and merci sil voo play"

I'll not be called the hour man but the Gob of yesterday,

And be admired by all in town as down the street I sway.

I'll start a navy of my own down there on Pa's big farm.

I'll be Commanding Officer, the scheme will be a charm.

I'll place an eagle on me hat with good stripes on me arm,

And I'll steer the good ship Comfort from the shoals that mean em harm.

I'll shave a tinetee nice and clean and hoist Old Glory there,

So se'll be seen for miles around aloafin' in the air.

And when the times rolls on to Fall and we have our county fair,

I'll bring up many products, Gosh! the folks will up an' stare.

I'll cop off the prizes for my pigs, and cows, and such,

And they'll lay it to the system wot we used to fight the Dutch,

Of course I'll be a happy man and never worry much,

I'll credit it to training which will show my Navy touch.

By H F Carlsen, CYeo. USN
Fromentine (Vendée)

Verbum Sapientibus

It would give some variation
To the papers of the time,

If reporters of the nation
Wrote their headlines all in rhyme.

Picking up the morning journal
We might scan some fact like this:

Ex-Pres. Tatt Makes Up With Colonel Greets the Colonel With a Kiss

Deeper in the padded pages:

Allies Push Ahead a Mile In the Air a Contest Rages Three Sinn Feiners Up For Trial

Lauding, too, the Baseball Hero,
For the interest of the Fan:

Gubs Trounce Tigers 4-0 Lefty Louie Walks a Man

Then the Prosy local heading:

50 Years of Married Life Malden Uouple's Golden Wedding

Would bring heart-thrills to your wife.

It is but a small suggestion
From the jester's facile quill,
Charm your readers is the question;
If this does n't, nothing will.

Girl Bathers Are to Imitate Trees

Now the Male Bathers will sing "Let us wait till the Autumn comes."

On the Naval Cruise

"Well, what do you want?"

"Please, suh, a little green oil for the star-board light."

Latest German Official Communiques

SCHEDULE OF EXAGGERATIONS FOR USE IN GERMAN OFFICIAL REPORTS OF ENEMY LOSSES

Six inches = one mile.
Ten men = one army corps.
Twenty revolvers = one hundred cannon.
Two broken Ford ambulances = vast quantities of stores.
Fifty casualties = unprecedented losses.
Fifty fishing schooners = twelve ocean liners.
One airplane driven down = thirty enemy avions destroyed.
One bombed hospital = glorious victory.

SCHEDULE OF DEPRECIATIONS FOR USE IN GERMAN OFFICIAL REPORTS OF UNFAVORABLE NEWS

One victorious army = contemptible mob.
Ten thousand prisoners = enemy attack breaks down.
One lost trench system = straightening our line.
One blown up ammunition dump = fruitless air raid.
One hundred thousand deaths = victory for the Crown Prince.
Loss of five battle cruisers = our invincible navy.
Revolt of submarine crews = successful U-boat campaign.
American troops = laughable bluff.

— KENNETH L. ROBERTS.

Substitutes

The Germans are feeding on substitute meat,
The flour theyre kneading is substitute [wheat,
Their cattle they fodder on substitute hay,
And life's growing odder and odder each [day.

They smoke — with great loathing — their [substitute weeds,
And substitute clothing is made for their [needs;
They've substitute money and substitute [cheese
And substitute honey from substituc bees.

They settle their quarrels by substitute law,
Their substitute morals cause deeds that [are raw,
Their car wheels are creaking with substitute [grease
And now they're seeking a substitute [peace.

And when they are peeved by realwoe and [distress,
They're tricked and deceived by a substi- [tute press;
Their thots and their ways, too, are sure to [be odd
While Kaiser Bill prays to a substitute [God !!
— Current Opinion.

If the Germans continue to substitute substi-
tutes for unsubstitutabable things how in hell do
they expect to re-substitute the real article
after the war if peace were to be declared
under their present substitute propoganda?

EVEN AS YOU AND I : : : : By Jerry

