

The Gillette Blade

September, 1918



First American
Soldier Captured
by the Germans

Buy a
LIBERTY BOND
and set him Free

CAPTURED
BUT NOT
CONQUERED

They Gave Their Lives for Liberty

Boston Factory

John Thomas Henderson

Montreal Factory

Bert Lyder

E. A. McMullen

James Sargent



THE ANXIOUS DEAD

O Guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on;
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
And died not knowing how the day had gone).

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep,
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE



Published Monthly by, and in the Interests of, the Employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston

To Our Fellow Workers—An Appreciation

FRANK J. FAHEY, *Vice-President*

SO many things have been transpiring with us all in the Boston factory during the past six months that there has not been much time for letter-writing, and THE GILLETTE BLADE editors have at times seemed very busy trying to get material from the "Busy Bosses" for the various issues.

Since last January, when the government business came upon us, there have been some very interesting developments in our plant.

At the time mentioned, we were going along comfortably, producing about 4,000 razors and 20,000 dozen blades daily.

The urgent demands of our government caused an immediate awakening among our people at that time, and we in the management have been pleased indeed to see this energy grow almost over night, until, as you probably know, we are producing for our boys in the trenches a steady daily output of 20,000 razors and 45,000 dozen blades.

This remarkable growth in capacity has astounded our Directors as well as the Government, and it has enabled us to again "do our bit" in the present crisis.

That new machinery and processes

have played an important part in this wonderful development, no one can doubt. The greatest factor which has enabled us to accomplish the result, however, was neither machinery nor processes, but the loyal, honest, thorough co-operation we have received from our associates and operatives in the factory.

This co-operation, to us, has been the monumental factor, and we feel it should not go unnoticed.

While we in the management have worked earnestly with the government here and in Washington to secure this business for the Gillette, you men and women have stood back of us with your hands and your hearts and kept up the steady flow of razors and blades.

It is an accomplishment to which we are pleased to refer, because without it we could never have made deliveries of over 2,500,000 Gillette razors and about 2,800,000 extra dozen blades during the past six months to take care of this government demand.

We record it here as a mark for the future, and we point to it with pardonable pride.

No other manufacturer of safety razors has received such a volume of



business from the government, and no other manufacturer could have made such deliveries.

Neither is the end in sight yet, because so long as our boys continue to go "over there" in such steady streams, we must keep up our sup-

ply of razors and blades to the camps. We hope you have all enjoyed your summer vacations and are refreshed for the great task which lies before us.

FELLOW WORKERS,
WE ARE PROUD OF YOU.

How a Montrealer, a Real Man, Awaited Death

A CAMEO FROM THE EXPERIENCES OF THE PRINCESS PATS

Contributed by A. A. BITTUES, *Managing Director*
Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited

GEORGE PEARSON, who wrote "Englander Schwein" and "The Soul of the Assault," tells in *MacLean's* for July, the story of "The Last Stand of the Princess Pats." The story is such—in particular where it refers to the day's experiences of Major A. Hamilton Gault, a well-known Montreal gentleman—that it is worth reading by every red-blooded man, be he American or Canadian.

The day referred to was that of the attack on May 8th, in which practically all of the remaining "originals" of the Princess Pats were killed or wounded. Roll call at the close of the day revealed but 140 men fit for duty out of what had been a complete battalion (1030 men) when the drive began.

The story goes on to tell of Major A. Hamilton Gault who was then in command of the battalion that he had personally raised.

"The commanding officer, who had just returned from hospital in England a few days before, was wounded early in the day, but like this other would not accept such a quietus. Instead, he crawled around just as he had done for many days on the occasion of his previous wounding at St. Eloi, and kept in active command of the situation. But a shell found him squarely about seven o'clock, mangling him badly beyond any possibility of standing, let alone walking. He had been in the forefront of all inspiring activity since the beginning of the end, and although he could no longer remain in active command, the courageous spirit of the man drove him on to do the Spartan impossible. He crawled up and down that bloody lane—a shattered hulk, a shocking thing of blood to any eyes that saw less well than those of these devoted men of his for whom he now risked the

faint spark of all his slight remaining strength and all hope of dearer life itself, and glad to do it too; the one driving order of his soldier brain, the safety of his comrade-men. Others who were perhaps of lesser interest to their comrades had to remain in the trench unless they were themselves able to crawl to the rear and so escape the agony of the waiting and the watching and all the other pain of all other comrades without even the negative of relief of any blessed action of their own to obviate it. And it was this, the common lot of those of lesser rank, which the commanding officer elected to share; although the others were insistent that he should allow them to take him to the rear. 'No,' he said, 'I'll stay here with you fellows until you're relieved,' and no doubt added to himself what all now looked upon as certain fulfillment 'Or be done in with you.' And stay he did, for all the ten long hours of the terrible day.

He had to lie so throughout the agony of the first attack, and, what was worse for wounded men than whole ones, powerless to help and perhaps because of the need of every rifle at the parapet, for the moment, forgotten. He slowly crawled around from point to point, an injured anxious animal, all eyes, but at least easing his soldierly concern for his men and the position in his charge. The bombardment went on with increasing intensity and although his men crept up to him offering succor and to carry him out, he bit his lips, shook his head and tried to smile.

The tortured wood behind was blown away and all signs pointed to the swift approach of the inevitable end. All knew by this time that the regiment was now unsupported on either side and had been left as picked troops to stem the Teuton tide



and if need be—go down in it. At that moment when the cessation of this terrible fire indicated the certain assault of the enemy infantry, the recumbent and now exhausted officer bade bearers come to him and take him from shattered traverse to broken bay in order that he might see for himself what was left of his men and of the trench. From behind closed lids he spoke to all he might, giving to them freely of his own courage to sustain them for the end and bidding them draw their beads steadily to the fineness of a silken hair and in the clash of closer arms to lose no whit of the good cunning of a man-at-arms, but to strike shrewdly for the old regiment and the right.

* * * *

At that last moment when further delay might prove hazardous the commanding officer prepared himself to die as a Patricia should, after the former fashion set by the old colonel when he had died, and by his successor, the adjutant, who had been blinded a few days before. He bade his bearers lay him down with his face to the foe and fit him out for the swine with a private arsenal of his own. They laid him across the trench as comfortably as might be, and propped his head against the parados.

'Give me my revolver,' he said and, pointing at the same time to a dead officer, added: 'And his.'

They placed one in each hand and the fully loaded rifle of another casualty on either side for use as needed and then left him in a sudden rush to man the parapet for pressing work of their own. The clash and smack of small arms fire now almost drowned the greater and less frequent racket of the shells. The cries of suddenly wounded men intermingled shrilly in the din

"CAPTURED BUT NOT CONQUERED"

The statuette by Cyrus Dallin, "Captured but not Conquered," which appears on our front cover, had its origin with the Publicity Committee of the Liberty Loan Committee of New England. It aroused intense feeling during the third Liberty Loan campaign. It was displayed in show windows of merchants throughout New England with a card reading—"FIRST American soldier captured by the Germans. How long shall we allow him to remain a prisoner? Buy Liberty Bonds and set him free."

This inspiring statuette will be as freely used in other federal reserve districts during the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign.

The identity of this first American soldier captured by the Germans has been established.



COL. FARQUHAR (in front) AND MAJOR HAMILTON GAULT

with a strange murmur of confusing sounds from the fire-trench where God only knew what was happening, for all could see that the Boche had gained entrance there, but that the trench still swirled angrily in the private fights of true hearts of oak. There was nothing to do but wait. The commanding officer settled his smashed body, perhaps glanced at the wrecks of others that surrounded him, gripped his guns the tighter and settled back against the parados with what to any one who knew him must have been a sigh of content, happy in the knowledge that he should pass out in so tidy a bickering and amongst his mates, waiting with them for the worst and best that Death could offer to any man of the Patricias, a swift passage to the old colonel and to the ranks of all those old boys, whom all knew now hovered overhead, waiting to present arms at the gate."

He is Sergt. Edgar M. Halyburton of Stony Point, North Carolina.

He enlisted in the regular army nine years ago as a private. His parents recently received word from him that he is well though in a German prison. Sergeant Halyburton is unaware of the influential part he is playing in the raising of money with which to carry on the war.

This fine, manly figure breathing defiance to the hellish Hun will stir the emotions of all true Americans. They will want to lend to the utmost in the same spirit that Halyburton has given his services to his Country. They will want to buy Liberty Bonds during this approaching Fighting Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign to the utmost, realizing that while we and our Allies have the Hun on the run we yet must beat him into complete submission.



The Development of the Gillette Safety Razor

WILLIAM E. NICKERSON

PART II CONTINUED—IN TRAINING FOR THE MECHANICAL PROBLEMS

IN the fall of 1889 while I was in sore perplexity about my financial condition which had become quite serious on account of the slump in my elevator plans, a gentleman came to me for an opinion and advice on a mechanical matter. The reader, after having accompanied me thus far on my journey through life, may think that it was rather foolish to come to so poor a source for an opinion and especially for advice. I wish to say, however, that I did know a few things and that it is undoubtedly true that there are many whose well considered opinion and advice would be much better than their practice. I once knew a man who could give the most delightful directions for bringing up children, advice detailed and accurate, yet his only child, a girl of fifteen, was notably ill mannered and disobedient. This seeker for advice was a gentleman who afterward figured quite largely in my affairs. I was recommended to him by a man who had been for some years my patent solicitor and who seemed to think that I had some sort of capacity for solving mechanical problems. The man who desired advice was Mr. Jacob Heilborn at that time in the wholesale shoe business in Boston and the nature of the advice I will now describe.

A certain man, who was mostly a fakir, was selling stock in some sort of a flying machine with which the North Pole could be reached and other feats accomplished. He had apparatus partly built, and kept it

partly built, for to have finished it would have been fatal to his project of enriching himself at the expense of others. Among the absurdities that he called for from his principal mechanic Mr. X, was a perfectly air-tight cylinder and piston. Mr. X. realized after a while that the scheme was a swindle, but acting on the suggestion of an electrical expert, wished to construct on his own account an air-tight cylinder and piston and therewith to build an air pump for exhausting incandescent lamp bulbs. Mr. Heilborn had met Mr. X. and had become the head of a small syndicate which put up the funds for the building of the pump. The first pump built was a flat failure but the syndicate went down into their pockets again and a second pump, larger and more elaborate than the first, was built. This pump, however, failed of being a success by a large margin and so Mr. Heilborn came to me through my patent solicitor, who was also Mr. X.'s, to see if I could do anything to help him out.

I was only too glad to look at something and think about something more hopeful than my elevator affairs and set about investigating the vacuum pump for incandescent lamps with considerable enthusiasm. I talked with Mr. X. and we operated the pump and exhausted lamp bulbs as well as we could. I soon began to get some ideas on the subject and after a few days I wrote a letter to Mr. Heilborn of which the following is an abridged copy:



Boston, Sept. 24, 1889.

JACOB HEILBORN, Esq.,
15 High Street,
Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR:—

In compliance with your request I have personally inspected the vacuum pump and conversed with the inventor in relation to its construction and mode of operation and also as to the various steps by which it has reached its present stage of development.

The pump was designed to operate with mercury, but owing to its unfortunate and unforeseen destructive action, by amalgamation or otherwise on the finely polished and close fitting walls of the pistons and cylinders, this liquid cannot be used. With such oils as have been tried, the pump has so far failed to produce a vacuum of the necessary completeness for electric light work.

The problem to be solved is mainly to procure a liquid capable of acting as a substitute for the mercury. This liquid must be non-volatile and non-corrosive in its essential substance. Indications seem to point to some of the fixed oils, though it may be necessary to pass such an oil through a vacuum to free it from volatile impurities, such as traces of dissolved air and water before forcing it into the pump.

As the pump was designed for mercury, some of the passage-ways will probably need to be enlarged and the throw of some of the valves increased to avoid obstruction to the passage of the highly rarified air by oil films. In my opinion, with a suitable liquid properly introduced, the pump will produce a vacuum perfect enough for making lights.

Respectfully,
(Signed) WM. E. NICKERSON.

At my first meeting with Mr. Heilborn I studied him very closely. This was not my habit, as personalities have never been especially interesting to me and they have given me about all the trouble I have ever had. This of course includes my own personality. Mr. Heilborn made a strong impression on me. He was quite different from any one I had ever met. He was affable, hopeful, generous and very communicative. After conversing with him for half an hour, mostly as a listener, I said, "Mr. Heilborn, you are either a very fine fellow or a d— good actor!" He laughed and said he hoped it was

the former. Well, he was really both. In after years he often referred to my blunt remark.

After Mr. Heilborn had received my letter he asked me if I would cooperate with Mr. X. to find a suitable oil and perfect the pump which the interested parties fully expected to sell to the makers of incandescent lamps if it could be made to exhaust the lamps satisfactorily. Mr. X. being at the end of his rope was quite willing for me to come in on the work



WILLIAM E. NICKERSON IN 1891

and so it was arranged that I should have some stock in the company which was to be incorporated in case the pump should prove successful. After my usual practice, I left the amount of stock I was to receive to Mr. X. I now took up the problem in good earnest and in a short time had gathered many facts about the behavior of oils in a vacuum and had made some important changes in the pump. The work proved that the views which I had expressed in my



letter to Mr. Heilborn were substantially correct. An oil was found that by treatment in accordance with the new ideas answered the purpose and lamps were exhausted to a point which met all requirements.

I have spoken of Mr. X. as an inventor. This is not wholly correct. He was a "would be" inventor but was hardly qualified to earn the full title. He was a good workman and wanted to get up something, but his general knowledge and originality were quite below the level necessary for any great achievement. His pump, as I first found it, was well built but contained nothing new in principle and was quite incapable of doing what was expected of it. All this I soon found out when I began to work with him. Still, he was the first on the field and while it was up to me to furnish the necessary ideas to bring success, I of course had for a while to play second fiddle, to his first.

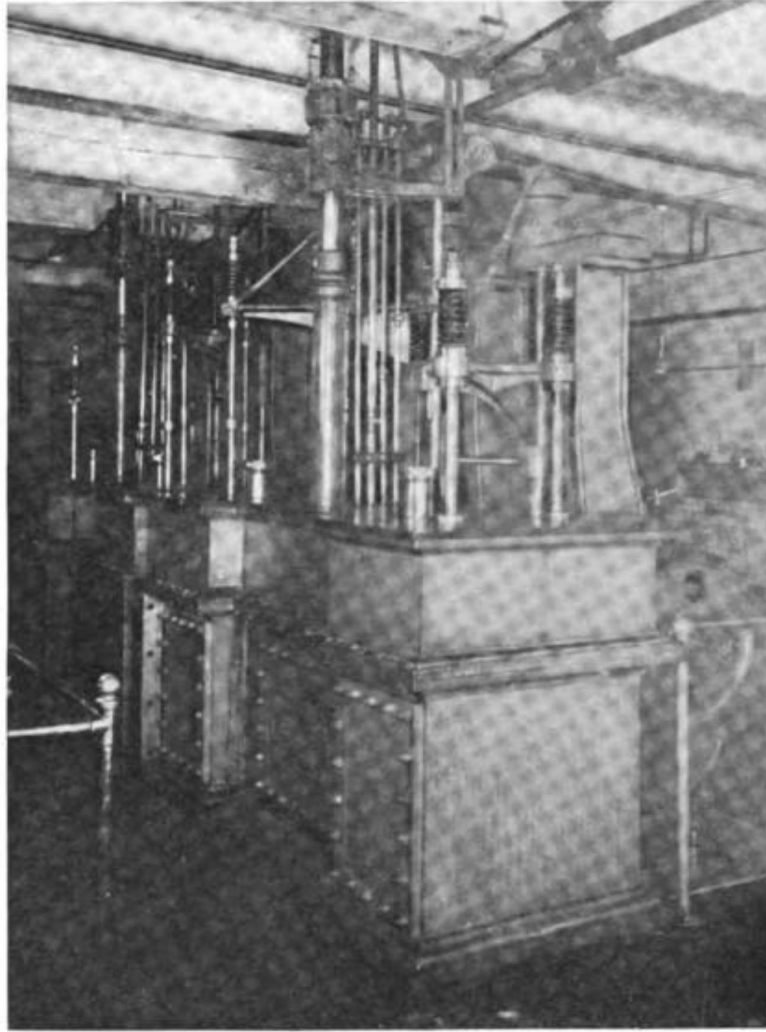
By thus suppressing myself and meekly taking what he was willing to give, we got along together very well for a while. In fact we became quite thick. To paraphrase Harry Lauder, I don't know which was the thicker. He was not a bad fellow at his best, had an enormous amount of self-assurance and a boundless optimism based usually on nothing. When his first pump was completed he invited all the investors in to see him start it, without having first tried it himself. They only witnessed its failure. When his second pump was done, not having learned anything from experience, he repeated his folly and with similar results. Yet he was not even abashed. I have never seen such self-assurance elsewhere.

The pump having now produced a

vacuum of satisfactory completeness the ownership was divided into sixty equal parts, of which Mr. X. had twenty, myself ten and the balance was divided between the people who had put up three or four thousand dollars for the building of the pumps. So while I had furnished the key which had unlocked the gate, I got one-sixth of the stock, which was doing pretty well for me. In fact relatively the best I ever did. A trustee was appointed and an attempt was made to dispose of the invention to the then makers of incandescent lamps. Representatives of the lamp companies came and looked at the pump but much to our surprise, and not a little to our chagrin, would have nothing to do with it. They would not credit their eyes and could not believe that the pump would do the work.

After the lamp makers had refused to deal with us we did not know what to do for a while but after much consultation it was decided that if they would not make lamps with our pump, we would. So a company was organized and incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine by Mr. Brandeis, now of the U. S. Supreme Court, and money enough was raised by the sale of treasury stock to start in business. We leased a part of the Harcourt Building on Irvington Street, near the Back Bay Station, the same quarters are occupied today by the J. W. Maguire Co., Agents of the Pierce-Arrow Car, for a service department. Expert filament makers and glass-blowers were procured and we started in to make lamps.

Stock was beginning to command a fair price, the demand being stimulated at this stage mostly by hot



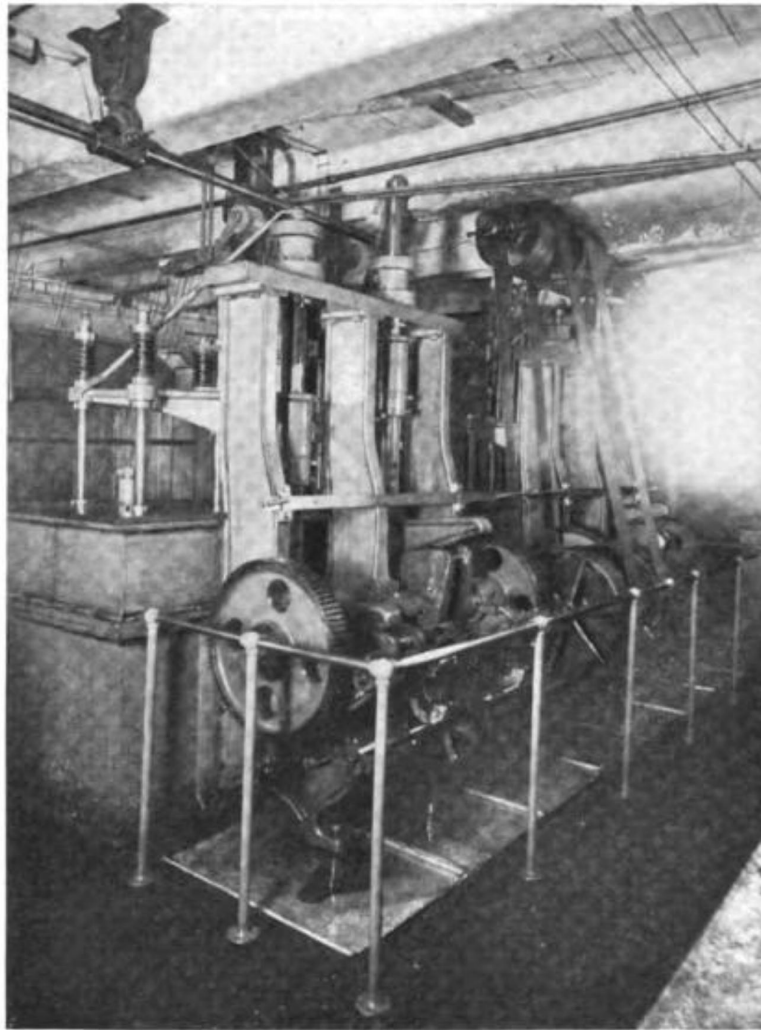
FRONT VIEW OF TWENTY-TON VACUUM PUMP

air. I disposed of enough of mine to pay up my most pressing debts and so relieved my mind on that matter. But as soon as we began to manufacture we speedily found out that the pump we had, while very good as to quality of vacuum, was altogether too small for the quantity of lamps we wanted to make. There was nothing to do but build more like the one we had or build a larger one on a different plan.

This was where Mr. X. and I parted company. My idea of the next pump differed radically from his, not only as to general plan but as to the quality of work and degree of finish required. He could not or would not grasp the principles and

clung to his old ideas of perfect fits and ground cylinders of imported Krupp steel. He got angry and became abusive. He had been for some time falling away from the good opinion of the officials of the company and now the crash came. At this juncture I made a proposition to the Company which was quite characteristic. My proposition was to build a pump at my own risk and my own expense. If the pump was satisfactory the company was to accept it and pay the charges. If it failed to do the work, the loss was to be wholly mine. The company accepted the proposition.

I started on my self-imposed task with great energy and spared neith-

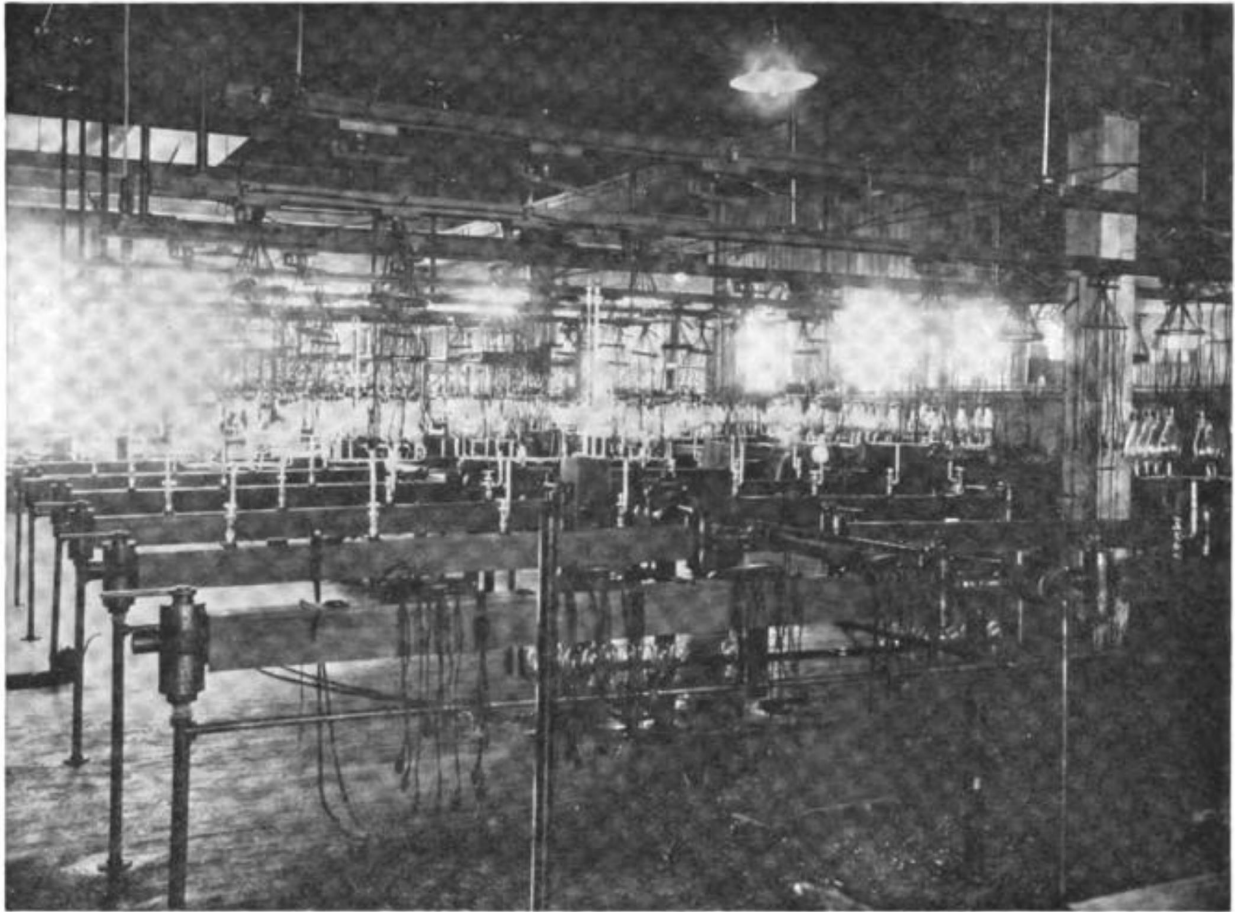


REAR VIEW OF TWENTY-TON VACUUM PUMP

er time nor strength to carry it through. The drawings which were hardly more than dimensioned sketches were quickly made. I hired a cab by the week and flitted back and forth from pattern shop to foundry and from foundry to machine shop in an unending round. Two separate foundries and several different machine shops were simultaneously at work on the job, and in sixty days from the time I started the pump was completed. It was eleven feet long, six feet wide and eight feet high and weighed fifteen tons. What is more, it worked and the company was very glad to pay me back the four thousand dollars that it cost. But the reader may well believe that I took

some chance when I made my proposition.

I will say further if I should go to any machinist today and ask to have such a piece of machinery built in sixty days, that machinist would probably fall dead. I have no picture of that particular pump. The one shown in the accompanying cut was built later on similar lines and weighed twenty tons. These two pumps were afterward moved to New Jersey where they were eventually destroyed by fire. All the lamp pumping the Company ever did was with these pumps, and without them no successful business could have been carried on. The pumps were located in the basement and the leading pipes



THE EXHAUSTING ROOM WITH LAMPS BEING PUMPED AND BURNED

carried to the floor above where they were provided with attachments for the lamps which were burned at a certain period of the pumping in order to expel the gases from the filaments. The cut shows the pumping room with the lamps burning during the final stages of exhaustion.

When the new pump proved to be a success, Mr. X. was beside himself and sued all the directors of the company, of which I was one, for a million dollars and attached their bank accounts which were all and singular very much below that amount. The suit naturally came to nothing but it was over two years before I had the use of that particular bank balance. Mr. X. got so threatening that I thought best to go protected, which I did until things cooled off. I still have some correspondence that

passed between us about this time and it is rather pathetically humorous.

With the new pump and other improvements the Beacon Vacuum Pump and Electrical Co., as our enterprise was called, soon got under commercial headway and progressed with ever increasing success and prosperity until about the first of the year 1893 when we received something of a shock by reason of a suit brought against us by the Edison Company. The bill stated that we were infringing a claim of the Edison lamp patent by making an all-glass lamp globe with leading-in wires melted into the glass. Our Company showed fight and Warren & Brandeis were engaged to defend us. They in turn brought in a firm of New York lawyers who had had



experience in lamp suits. The New York firm dug up an old fellow who once had kept a telescope in a city park and elsewhere for the public to star gaze through at a small price per gaze, and who having been an ingenious man with a taste for experimenting had done all sorts of odd things. Among the curious things he had done years before was to make an electric lamp on lines similar to the Edison lamp (at least so he said) and exhibit it run by a battery, in connection with his telescope. We people in the Beacon Company wanted to believe all this very much, and most of us succeeded pretty well, for it was about our only defence against a patent which had been well sustained by the courts. The thing which worried me most about the old man was that he was willing to swear to almost anything, as he was getting good money for his testimony. He did not have any of his original lamps and we tried to make some exhibits from his descriptions.

We felt quite hopeful during the trial. All our lawyers said sounded so true and so comforting, and all the lawyers on the other side said such foolish and unreasonable things. The judge too looked so calm and so just, that it seemed as though he could not decide against us. He patiently heard all that was said, heard the witnesses cross-examined, looked at the exhibits and did not seem to get excited at all. I wondered how he could seem so indifferent. He was a brother of a classmate of mine too. But in spite of all this the next day we were notified that the injunction had been granted. In after years I frequently

saw that judge on the street and in other places, but it was quite a long time before he looked as good to me as formerly. I know now that his decision was correct but it took some time to realize it.

Well, the Company was up against it good and solid. We could not sell the pump when we wanted to and now we could not make lamps. What was to be done? Nobody could answer. We did not want to die on the spot. We were so upset that we forgot to be thankful that the Edison Company had not brought suit for an accounting for the lamps we had made and sold. They had not done so, being satisfied to simply put us out of business. But they had not shut us out as completely as they imagined.

I went home and began to think. As it was an all-glass globe that we were barred from making I must see if I could make a lamp some other way. At this time I was not sufficiently familiar with the history of the incandescent lamp to know that all the early specimens were plugged or stoppered and that nobody had been able to make them tight, or that Edison himself had testified in court that it was impossible to make a tight lamp otherwise than by the hermetical platinum seal and that it was only when he had realized this that he achieved success. If I had known all this I probably would not have tried to do what so many had shown could not be done, but being in blissful ignorance of it I went to work to try and do the impossible.

How the attempt succeeded I will tell you about in the October **BLADE**.

To be continued in **THE GILLETTE BLADE** for October



Y. O. U.

By DR. FRANK CRANE.

It is your Uncle Sam who is talking to you.
To you.

You.

Don't look around to see at whom I am pointing. My eye is on you.
The dotted line from my eye falls plunk right upon your forehead.

My hand is on your coat lapel.

My voice is directed exactly to your ear.

Listen!

Don't turn away!

I am in trouble. Never was in a deeper or darker hole in my life.

I want money.

I have pledged to my friends Over There every cent I have. I had to.
They are fighting for me. If they are smashed we may expect the German
machine gun to point this way next. So you see it's life or death, old son,
and what I want to know is, Are you going to help me out?

You.

Don't say there are plenty of rich men who ought to give. There are.
But I want YOUR money, too.

You were born here, maybe, and have grown up and made some money
in this country. Think how you would have prospered if the kaiser had
been in command over here. Haven't you \$50 laid up, or \$100, or \$1,000?
Lend it to me. I'll pay you back. If I live. If I don't live, you won't
either.

Or maybe you came to this land as an immigrant. You have prospered.
You've had liberty, law, protection, opportunity. You've had education
for your children. My door was wide open, and I welcomed you in. Now,
can't you help me out? You, I mean. Yes, you.

How much? Well, how much have you? Whatever it is, lend it to me.

Absurd, you say? You have hard work making ends meet? But you
surely can spare a quarter. If so, buy a War Savings Stamp.

If you have only \$2.00, make the first instalment on a Liberty Bond.
It will do you good to know that you have to save something every pay
day to keep up your payments.

Wait. Don't go away. It's not to-morrow I want this little loan. It's
right now. To-day.

You're not drafted, nor is your money. Not yet. I may have to come
to that. I don't want to make any threats, but I'm going to win this war,
son, and I'll do it if I have to take over every copper cent in the United
States.

The kaiser is putting every ounce of muscle he has into his punch.
He is killing his soldiers recklessly. He's starving his people on chemically
prepared food to get real meat for his fighters. His blood's up. And he's
desperate.

But he's not going to win, you say? That's my idea, too. But there's
only one way to lick him, and that is to hit hard. This is no play. It's no
dress parade. It's the meanest, nastiest war that ever was. And whether
he is whipped or not depends on you.

Do you get me?

I said, You.

Y

O

U

What?

Why, thank you! That's fine.

Sign your name right here.

You've helped to feed a soldier, to build a ship to send him over,
and to give him a belt full of cartridges.

And, for what ails 'em, cartridges are just the pills for Mr. Hun.

(Copyright, 1918, by Frank Crane.)



GERMAN SOLDIER, GAS MASK HOLDER AND GAS MASK

MISS FLORENCE SHAND, of the Hardening Room, first floor, building B, recently brought to the factory the German gas mask, gas mask holder, and the photograph of the German soldier pictured above.

During the battle of the Marne, Sergeant William J. Hennessay, 101st Regiment, Co. C., Miss Shand's brother-in-law, found it necessary to bury a German officer, whose body was lying in the path of his soldiers. Before burying him, however, he took the gas mask and also the officer's photograph, which was in one of his pockets.

As you will note from the photograph, the German was quite youthful. He was between 16 and 17 years old and was a sergeant in the German army.

Sergeant Hennessay states that one good use has been found for the trench rats. If they start to run into their holes, the soldiers know that a gas attack is coming and immediately don their masks. If they happen to be where there are not any rats, and a cat is available, they place the cat out on the field and if he rolls over the boys know that the gas is on its way.

Sergeant Hennessay went "over the top" on July 19, 1918, and on July 20, 1918, he started for America to be an instructor.

Owing to press of business Mr. Pelham was unable to prepare his letter on "Across the Atlantic on a Troop Transport." The concluding article will appear in the October BLADE.



Somewhere where you aint.

Dear Mick



We just come back from the lines for a rest and I got eight million blisters on my feet, so guess I'll write letters instead of promenadin down to the village

How is the dear old land that floweth with Milk and Honey. I guess they could make me mad right now if I got orders to hop it and never stop till I landed back in Halifax. I don't know why they keep me stickin round here dodgin shells - they got Sir Douglas Haig and they don't need

the two of us anymore "But you know the old song Mick" "you're in the Army now!"

Speaking of things that was and is to be, - they aint - cause it's just the same old grind. We hear a lot about how Fritz is going to drive and that about lets it out you know the old stuff "the bigger they are the harder they fall" Say the artillery has got enough of them things the munition girls ruined their finger nails makin, to lob one on every yard of Belgium and then have a few to scare K. Wm with.

We grabbed off a couple of prisoners on a raid the other night and one little guy was rare. He come from Hamburg - "Ombarg" he called it or something like that. When Bob heard him talk, he yells "Tickle his chest he's going to lay" Say, that junk was certain the Kaiser owned the world and had a mortgage on heaven for good luck. When we come to search him, what do you think we found, a Gillette Safety Razor that he'd took off some Canadian, for the case was marked with initials and 13th Battalion, Montreal - even them Huns know a good thing when they see it. Of course as it were, so to speak - "he aint got that razor long" - We had a raffle and Sandbag Smith made the right draw gettin a perfectly good piece of shavin ordinance for 3 France. Can you beat it. I think I'll write Mr. Gillette and say that if he wants to start something in the way of a big drive give all the Heinies Safety Razors and then tell the bunch about it. My paper's all gone Mick so here's the finish. Be good and don't spend your pension in riotous livin Yours, Joe.

COURTESY OF THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



The Decalogue of General Foch

His Commandments Could Be Applied to Private or Business Life as Well
as Made a Family Creed in Every Home

THE following "Ten Commandments" of General Foch, commander-in-chief of the allied armies, are regarded as embodying the highest ideals for soldierly conduct:

Keep your eyes and ears ready and your mouth in the safety notch, for it is your soldierly duty to see and hear clearly, but as a rule you should be heard mainly in the sentry challenges or the charging cheer.

Obey orders first, and if still alive kick afterward if you have been wronged.

Keep your arms and equipment clean and in good order; treat your animals kindly and fairly and your motor or other machine as though it belonged to you and was the only one in the world. Do not waste your ammunition, your gas, your food, your time, nor your opportunity.

Never try to fire an empty gun nor fire at an empty trench, but when you shoot, shoot to kill, and forget not that at close quarters a bayonet beats a bullet.

Tell the truth squarely, face the music, and take your punishment like a man; for a good soldier won't lie, he doesn't sulk and is no squealer.

Be merciful to the women of your foe and shame them not, for you are a man; pity and shield the children in your captured territory, for you were once a helpless child.

Bear in mind that the enemy is your enemy and the enemy of humanity until he is killed or captured; then he is your dead brother or your fellow-soldier beaten or ashamed, whom you should no further humiliate.

Do your best to keep your head clear and cool, your body clean and comfortable and your feet in good condition, for you think with your head, fight with your body and march with your feet.

Be of good cheer and high courage; shirk neither work nor danger; suffer in silence and cheer the comrade at your side with a smile.

Dread defeat, but not wounds; fear dishonor, but not death, and die game, and whatever the task, remember the motto of the division, "It Shall Be Done."



With the Gillette Boys



S. T. WRIGHT HAS INTERESTING EXPERIENCES — MASCOT NAMED AFTER CAPTAIN

July 8, 1918

DEAR FRIEND:—

We are all looking around for a shady place to rest our aching bones, because it certainly is hot here. I heard some "wise guy" say a little while ago that it never was hot in France. I thought he was a Frenchman, but he must have been a Lulu.

I was very sorry not to have seen Mr. Pelham. I was to have taken dinner with him and Mr. Barry one evening, but just then things began to hum, and I couldn't get away. We were very busy during the last Boche offensive, and for two weeks we slept an hour or two at a time on the seats of our cars. We evacuated from a point quite near the front, and drove over the worst roads I ever saw in my life. It certainly must go hard with the blessés who make the trip on litters.

There is a mad scramble for Gillette razors here. The New York Herald (European Edition) announced that Gillettes were on sale at the American Commissary for ten francs. I was down there the next day, and it seemed that about nine out of ten men wanted one of "the great little shavers."

We have moved again, not far, a matter of about a mile and a half. We are now in a camp with four other sections upon one of the most famous race courses in the world. It is a beautiful place, but we are rather unsettled yet, for we moved only yesterday, so I don't know whether it will prove a welcome change. For one thing, it looks as if our liberties and privileges will be somewhat curtailed, and we certainly did have little enough before. But, as they all say who are mixed up in this affair "*c'est la guerre.*" We are much more comfortable than most of the boys, but you know a soldier is considered a rookie if he hasn't developed into a chronic kicker.

We have a new mascot—a peach of a little fox terrier which was abandoned by

some refugees after the last offensive. We tried to find an original name for him, so we named him after a captain we knew only too well back in the states, and we think we have paid said captain a great compliment. Most of the outfits name their pup either "Pinard" or "Cognac"—after the two vilest tasting liquids the world produces. "Pinard" or "vin ordinaire" is the national drink of France. To me it tastes like a mixture of gasoline and lemon juice. I don't dislike it quite as much as I did, but I know I never will go looking for it when I get back to the States. You know a Frenchman will shake his head in amazement when he sees a Yank drink H₂O.

France celebrated "the glorious fourth" in a way that would knock one's eyes out. Nearly every building around here showed the American and French colors. In the morning, there was a monster parade of troops, both American and French, which came down from the front the day before. Some of the Marines from Chateau-Thierry—the boys who showed the Boche that the Yankees were some scrappers—were in line. They looked as if they had been through it. Nearly every helmet was punctured, and the rifles and bayonets were all nicked and cut.

I must close because it is mess time. My best wishes to my friends at the factory.

Very sincerely,

SAMUEL T. WRIGHT,

S. S. U. No. 562, Convois Automobiles, Par B., C/M, A. E. F.

JOHNNIE HURLEY AND COOTIES NOT FRIENDLY—READING SHIRTS A NEW GAME

France, June 12, 1918.

MY DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I received your welcome letter of May 20th and was glad to hear you are in good health. I am also glad to hear the factory is so busy, and hope it will continue. No wonder you are busy, as almost all the boys over here are getting wise and getting a Gillette. We have to shave every



1. WM. J. CHAISSON; 2. LIEUT. FRANK J. SWEENEY; 3. TIMOTHY J. FRANE (*in centre*);
 4. THOMAS McDONOUGH; 5. CORP. MARTIN MULLEN (*on right*); 6. GEO. L. ANDERSON



day on account of a Gas Attack, so you see the Gillette has been over the top, as the boys carry their razors into the front line.

All the boys are in good health and not a one feeling blue, only for the cooties. The coots sure are our enemies and we are bothered more by them, than the Huns. At night before going to bed, you should see the boys reading their shirts. Quite a few funny remarks are passed, just like these: "I'll give you a big one for two little ones, or a red one for a black one," and other funny sayings.

Was talking to Corp. Mattie Mullen and he is in good health and eager to get a few Huns every time he goes on the line. He used to be in my platoon, but now he is in the first.

It is nearing the 17th of June, and we won't have to go to Braves Field to hear or see fireworks as there are plenty over here. The noise the fireworks in Braves Field makes is small compared to the noise the boche shells make, when they break.

Things are rather quiet lately, but our artillery at this time is sending over a few to the Hun lines. The Huns will send some back in a few minutes and we have to be on the lookout, as they may send gas. If they send gas, on goes our masks and nobody can take them off until the Gas Officer tells us. It may be for ten minutes or ten hours, as you never know.

Well, I think I will close as I have a little work to do. With my best wishes to everybody in the Gillette, and also to yourself. The boys all send their best regards to everybody.

One of the Boys,

JOHNNIE HURLEY,

Co. B, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

HANNON BUSY DUCKING SHELLS
AND WATCHING AIR BATTLES —
SEES OTHER FACTORY BOYS

France, June 16, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I received your package about two weeks ago and it was very welcome. I would have answered it before now, only I was in the trenches.

We are having some very exciting times here ducking shells and watching air battles, but we are having a good time just the same.

I was speaking to some of the boys from the factory. They are all feeling fine and ready to give the boche the "Old Harry," any time he wants to come and visit us.



ENSIGN W. A. O'BRIEN

Naval Aviation Ordnance Corps, Washington, D. C., Formerly of Gillette Sales Department

We don't get much news here, only what we get in letters.

Closing with best wishes from all,

M. F. HANNON,

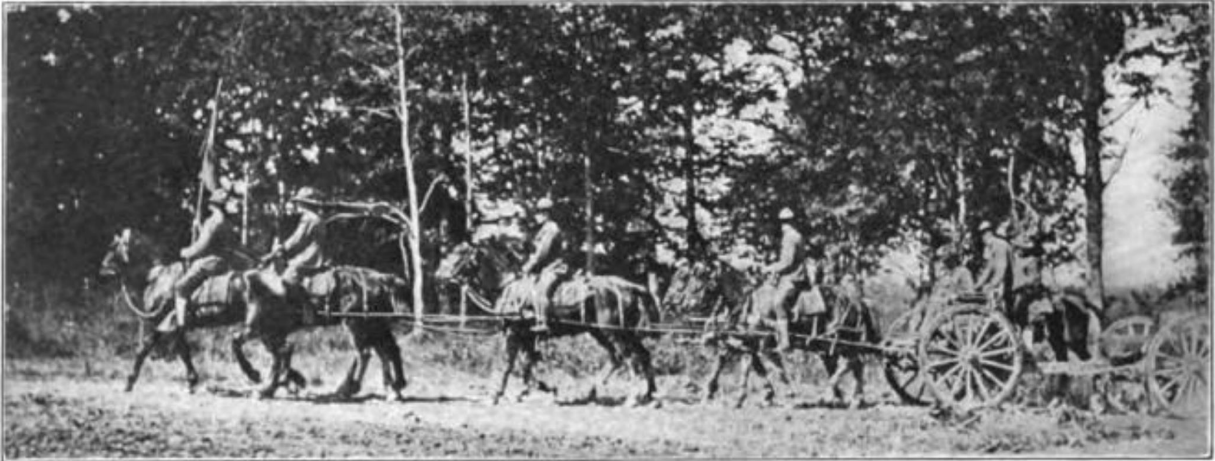
Co. E, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

U-BOATS AFRAID OF WALTER KEN-
NEY — GILLETTE ON SALE
"THE WORLD OVER"

Somewhere in France, June 20, 1918.

DEAR SIR:—

It is about two months since you heard from me and I want to let you know that it is no fault of mine for not writing you. Since I left Allentown, we have been on the move mostly all the time, but now we are quartered in a little village "Somewhere in France." We had a pretty rough voyage on our way over and some of the boys fed the fishes nearly all the way. There were a bunch of boats in our convoy and there was little excitement. We saw no hostile craft to give excitement and it was a tiresome trip.



AMERICAN ARTILLERY IN FRANCE



U. S. MARINES



FRENCH AND AMERICAN OFFICERS CUTTING
BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS PRE-
PARATORY TO AN INFANTRY
ATTACK



AMERICAN SOLDIERS EQUIPPED WITH GAS MASKS



We landed in a small port and marched about three miles to a rest camp, stayed at the camp a few days and would have written you from there but could not get any paper as the Y. M. C. A. Camps were closed.

From the rest camp we marched to the station and entrained and went into the interior of France, a few miles from the trenches. Here we have a little camp to ourselves consisting of fifteen barracks, hospital, kitchen, power-house, office and the rest for storage and sleeping quarters. The village is a small one and sometimes you get sick of looking around and wish you were up in the trenches, where it is lively.

We see a number of German prisoners around our village and some of them are pretty husky chaps, but most of them are boys. Our Marines are fixing the Germans over here and are pushing forward all the time. You have got to hand it to them.

France is a beautiful place, but there is hardly anyone around, only a few old women—all the men are at the front.

Well, I will bring my letter to an end and will say this much, this war will last about one year more, that's the saying over here. We will eat next Christmas dinner in the States and no doubt about it. One thing more, even in this small village there is a little store with a sign outside (Safety Razor) and it's a Gillette too, so you see anywhere you go you will run across a good old Gillette Safety Razor. I am well and I hope you and everyone else is in good health.

Yours truly,
Private WALTER KENNEY,
Evacuation Hospital No. 5, A. E. F.

EDWARD PELHAM IN PARIS—CELEBRATION OF BASTILE DAY—HUNS IN FOR A DRUBBING

July 15, 1918.

DEAR DAD:—

Yours of the 25th came this evening.

Am glad you are back safely and that you were satisfied with me and with what I had done and am doing. Mother wrote me she had received my diploma of service from the A. F. S. for work with the French Army.

Place has passed his course at Fontainebleau and will soon become *sous lieutenant dans l'Adme Francais-artillerie*. We expect to have our leave together somewhere on the Brittany or Normandie coast (if I can fix things up in time).

Am still in the room you visited and Knapp is rooming with me.

Big Bertha has started again—about once every 15 or 20 minutes. The dogs begin to bark when the shell lands and the people say *ou, la, la!*

Barry's family are at Cannes near Nice and I guess he'll keep them there while Big Bertha keeps up and especially because the Huns have started a new offensive at Chateau Thierry, which is about 40 miles from here. We can hear the cannonading here in Paris. Last night it was especially heavy. I know who is defending our line at Chateau Thierry and that we need have no fear about being pushed back for the Huns will only get another drubbing.

Saw the big parade the 14th. It was a wonderful sight. All the Allies were represented and the soldiers were covered with flowers. Out of many windows all over the city from the 3rd until now, the flags of France, America, England, Italy and Belgium flew with a few of the other Allies.

Love,

Ed.

JOHN KAIRITHARD AT WORK DRILLING—GAS MASK NEARLY TAKES BREATH AWAY

*The busiest spot in the World,
France, June 29, 1918.*

DEAR LOUIS:—

Just a few lines to thank you for the package you sent to me. It was just what I needed and it was very good of you to think of me. You don't know how a fellow appreciates such thoughtfulness. When you sent the blades, I was using the last one I had and was just wondering where I was going to get my next shave. It was just my luck to receive the package and was so happy I did not know what to do with myself. Now I can keep my face clean.

We boys are all healthy and happy and are anxious to get to the front and show the Germans what we can do. They think we cannot fight, but we will show them and they will be a very sorry bunch.

We are drilling pretty hard now as we have our new guns. We are also drilling on gas masks and believe me, I wish I never saw one. The first day I put mine on, it almost took my breath away. In these masks, they have a clip for your nose so you cannot breathe and a mouth-piece and you have to breathe through this mouth-piece to get any wind. It sounds easy, but try it and see, if you get a chance.

The Germans are getting beaten every



7. JOHN J. HURLEY (*on left*); 8. ADELARD J. CREPEAU; 9. JULIUS RICE (*reading newspaper*); 10. OWEN J. MAGUIRE; 11. JAS. M. McLAUGHLIN (*in centre*); 12. JOHN J. FOLEY

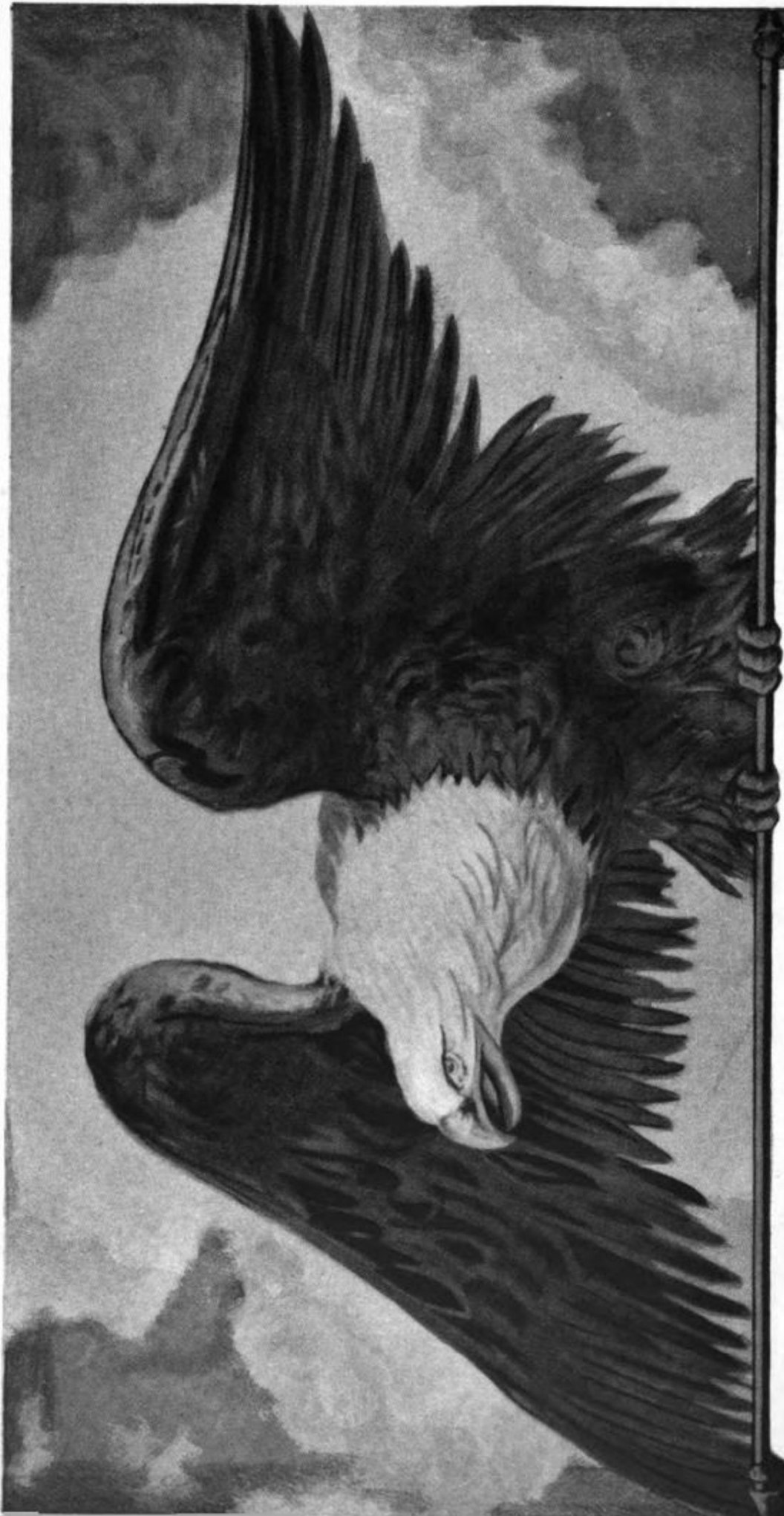
Letter from the President to the American Soldiers

YOU are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. Everything that you will do will be watched with the deepest interest and with the deepest solicitude, not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole nation besides. For this great war draws us all together, makes us comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves to be when we first made good our national independence.

THE eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom. Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it, and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America.

MY affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you.

WOODROW WILSON



Gillette Safety Razor Company Honor Roll

September 1, 1918

Boston Factory

Max Abrams	John J. DeCoursey	Walter Kenney	Paul E. Norton
Bartholomew J. A. Day	Jeremiah F. Donohue	William H. Kenner	William A. O'Brien

Irwyn F. Allen	Joseph A. Downey	Hagop Kochadorion	Patrick J. O'Malley
Liborio Amaru	John G. Driscoll	Joseph Lavery	Eugene O'Meara
George L. Anderson	Charles P. English	Peter Leroux	Richard R. O'Meara
John Bernan	George F. Evans	Thomas L. Linehan	Albert W. Page
Albert A. Bernardino	John F. Fagan	Cornelius Linskey	Edward A. Page
J. Joseph Bero	Stanley Fairweather	James T. Madden	Frank M. Pearson
Henry C. Boltz	Thomas J. Felton	Owen Maguire	Joseph A. Perry
William F. Boushell	Charles Fisher	Arthur H. Mahoney	Frank G. Phinn
Frank Bradish	Edward T. Fitzgerald	James T. Mannion	George Pickering
George R. Brown, Jr.	John J. Foley	Owen McAteer	Robert G. Poirier
Glendon R. Brown	Lawrence C. Foubister	William J. McCarthy	John Reardon
Thomas W. Butler	Timothy J. Frane	Louis J. McCourt	Julius Rice
Bernard J. Carney	Walter Franz	George A. McDonald	Herbert F. Ryan
Frank Cashman	Thomas S. Fraser	Thomas M. McDonough	Walter F. Schifferli
William J. Chaisson	William E. Garland	Thomas McEvoy	Otto C. Schmidt
William H. Chisholm	I. M. Gasper	John McKnight	Antonio Smaldone
Harry Cossaboom	James L. Glasheen	James McLaughlin	Oliver E. Sorenson
James E. Coyle	Thomas L. Greene	Arthur Mellen	Frank J. Sweeney
Patrick Creamer	Michael Hannon	Nazaire Miller	Joseph Tricone
Adelard J. Crepeau	Frank Hardy	Peter Mitchell	James H. Wallace
William Crowley	Frank D. Harris	Sidney J. Morrison	William Walker
George M. Cunningham	John W. Hartnett	Robert Morrison	E. Frank Ward
John J. Curtin	John Heil	Robert William Mullen	James Warner
James T. Dacey	*John T. Henderson	Martin A. Mullen	Harold Warnock
Royal J. Dasher	Frederick W. Howe	Garrett F. Murphy	Philip B. Williams
William C. Daunt	John J. Hurley	Edward F. Murray	Owen J. Winn
Leo H. Daykin	John W. Kairit	John E. Murray	Samuel T. Wright
Harold DeCoursey	William H. Kearney	Joseph A. Nagle	

Montreal Factory

H. A. Barrett	A. Fawns	F. J. Keen	S. C. Maguire	Owen E. Rogers
J. Bishop	H. Fawns	E. Kilpatrick	*E. A. McMullen	*James Sargent
J. Butler	C. Ferguson	Bert Loveday	T. Neilson	I. Taylor
C. Cavanagh	E. A. Guilfoyle	*Bert Lyder	George E. O'Brien	F. M. Tobin
L. Cunningham	F. H. Jones	A. Lynn	A. Plante	A. Tonks
A. Devaux				T. L. Watson



WINDSOR CASTLE.

Soldiers of the United States, the
people of the British Isles welcome
you on your way to take your
stand beside the armies of
many Nations now fighting in
the Old World the great battle
for human freedom.

The Allies will gain new heart
& spirit in your company.

I wish that I could shake
the hand of each one of you
& bid you God speed on your
mission.

George R. V.

April 1918.



day. June 28th, 1918, that was the date set by the Kaiser, that he would march through Paris, but you see where he is now, way back in the sticks. Some of our troops are even fighting on German soil.

Say, Louis, it is a shame how they destroy the beautiful towns in France. It is the most wonderful sight in the world. One mountain here named Pu de Dome, is the most beautiful mountain I have ever seen. They get all kinds of minerals from this mountain. I am going up a week from next Sunday to get some of the stones. One stone is the sapphire, and is a very beautiful blue stone.

Well, Louis, I think I have no more to write just at present and don't know if this letter will interest you or not. Will be in action soon and hope to have better news then. Give my regards to the boys in the shop. Will appreciate anything you may wish to send me. I received copies of THE BLADE and they were very good to look at.

Private JOHN W. KAIRIT,
Batt. F, 55th Art., C. A. C., A. E. F.



PRIV. OWEN McATEER
Co. B., 101st Inf., A. E. F.

**PRIVATE WILLIAMS ARRIVES IN
FRANCE — WILL TRY TO SEE
OTHER GILLETTE BOYS**

Somewhere in France.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Having arrived safely and feeling in the best of spirits I hope this letter finds you and all my shop-mates the same.

I suppose that you will be quite surprised at my present address of which I must leave the rest for you to figure out. I honestly hope that I will run into some of the former Gillette Boys, and especially Captain McCarthy, but there is no telling how my hopes will come.

I suppose that the factory is pretty well drained of the young men by this time. I bet that it was very quiet the 17th of June and the 4th of July owing to the absence of the boys, but cheer up. It won't be always like this and when we get home just cast your eyes on us boys and see what our Uncle has to say. Haven't I seen some of the world though and believe me it is well worth everything we give.

Has the new building been erected yet? I bet it will be a handsome one and believe me I want to get a look at it some day. While in Ohio I received a letter from you in regards to my idea, but owing to my studies and other duties it was a hard thing for me to find time in which to answer the different letters from my relatives and friends, and from a few young

ladies whom I had the pleasure of meeting while enroute and as my duty comes before pleasure, I must say that I am at least 15 to 20 letters behind. That will no doubt increase before I return.

If it is of no inconvenience on your part, will you please send me the addresses of Mr. Ward, Captain McCarthy, Thomas Linehan and Owen McAteer? I will most likely be able to see them while on a leave sometime or will drop them a little note.

As it is getting late I will have to close, sending you and all my shop-mates my regards and best wishes, I am as ever,

Yours very truly,

Private PHILIP BENJ. WILLIAMS,
1104th Aero. Repl. Sqdn., A. P. O. 725.

**A SPLENDID TRIP TO FRANCE—
LINEHAN HOPES TO GET A GOOD
CRACK AT BOCHES**

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I landed safe and enjoyed the trip. We had a good time. We cannot tell you anything about the ships or where we landed, but we had good weather right through.

I received a letter from Mr. Pickering just before we left camp, telling me that his son was in the hospital. I didn't have time to answer it. Tell him I will try and locate him and find out how he is. I am sorry I didn't get a chance to see you before I left camp. I got only two furloughs.



BILLETED IN A FRENCH TOWN



SHELTER CONSTRUCTED BY THE GERMANS IN BELGIUM, AND REBUILT BY THE FRENCH AFTER THE BATTLE OF FLANDERS



THE "DEVIL DOG" MARINES USING A LEWIS MACHINE GUN



GERMAN PRISONERS



It was late Saturday afternoon when I reached Boston. How is Mr. Fairwether and all the other boys in the Machine Shop getting along? How is my Old Pal Scott in the Tool Room?

I think they will keep us in training a few weeks before we go to the front, but never mind I am O. K. and hope to get a crack at the Boche yet. Hope to meet some of the boys over here, if so I will write and let you know. Hope to hear from you soon.

Yours waiting,
Private THOMAS LINEHAN,
Co. L, 301st Infantry, A. E. F.

LIEUT. EVANS VISITS MR. BARRY
IN PARIS—HAS BEEN INSTRUCTING
MACHINE GUNNERS

July 27, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Just a few lines to let you know everything is all right. I am in Paris today at Mr. Barry's office as you can see from letter head and thought I would drop you a few lines. He is sure a hard working man with a whole lot to think of besides his business, as you know Paris is no safe place these days, especially for women and children, on account of the air raids, and that long range gun. Nobody can tell what time they will be blown to pieces here. This is my third visit to Paris now and I like the place fine, and it sure is good to come here after being cooped up in the woods for a couple of months.

I have had it quite easy for the past three months going around instructing on Machine Guns from one division to the other, and for that reason I never get any mail, so if you haven't received any cards from me in receipt of the packages it is because I haven't received them. I haven't had a letter of any description since the middle of April. I read the article that was published in the BLADE concerning me and I appreciated it very much. It surely was nice and I thank the editor very much. I cannot make out how you got a hold of my picture. Well I think this will be all for now as Mr. Barry and myself are going out together. He is through with his work and we are going to see a boxing bout. Hoping this letter finds you well.

I remain,
GEORGE EVANS,
2nd Lieut. Inf. U. S. R., 308
M. G. Batt'n, 78 Division.
A. E. F. France.

GEORGE EVANS RUNS INTO HARD
LUCK—LOSES 500
CIGARETTES

Somewhere in France.

DEAR SIR:—

Just a few lines to let you know everything is all right and that I arrived here safely after a long trip. We hit a very slow train and it took quite a long time.

It sure has been hot here for the past week and I am all burnt up from the sun. In about another week I will be like a nigger.

It is quite hard work here as we are assigned only as instructors, and after working all day we have to hold a school for two hours every night, so you can see it keeps us busy.

We have only 1½ hours during the day and in that time we have to brush up on our lectures for the evening as there is so much to Machine Gunnery no man living could remember it all.

We have a fine body of men in this battalion and they are all interested, so it makes our subject a lot easier to work on.

Every man in this Division has one of the Gillette Razors that you showed me and they think very highly of them.

I had some hard luck leaving Paris. I left my five hundred cigarettes in a taxi cab which was certainly hard luck. I wrote to Edward asking him to send me some more. I hope he does soon.

Hoping you are well and to hear from you soon, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Lieut. GEORGE EVANS, U. S. R.,
321st M. G. Bn., 82nd Div. A. E. F.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITION-
ARY FORCE

DEAR DAD:—

The last ten days have been the greatest in all my young life; days of hard work, full of danger, and I can look back on them with great satisfaction.

I have been in command of three truck companies and the Company Commander and my Lieutenant had been sent on special duty, leaving us short of officers. All the trucks have been in almost constant operation, or eighteen to twenty-four hours a day. I have not taken my shoes off for six days until five A. M. this morning.



STRETCHER BEARERS CARRYING WOUNDED OVER "NO-MAN'S" LAND



GERMAN DESTRUCTION. A FRENCH VILLAGE NOW USED AS A SHELTER FOR AMMUNITION



AMERICAN TROOPS BEING TRAINED IN THE USE OF LIQUID FIRE



Trucks have been used to carry rations, ammunition, replacement troops, wounded soldiers from front lines, barbed wire, boats and other supplies, and have been rushed up under shell fire and gas attacks up within a few hundred yards of lines.

The most interesting and difficult is the carrying of wounded—badly wounded on stretchers and slightly wounded standing or sitting and carried on same truck. In some cases as many as eighteen or twenty wounded have been carried on one truck. They have been well taken care of under the circumstances, but the number of wounded has been tremendous, trucks by the scores and hundreds of ambulances being worked for days. The first day the road was blocked with dead horses, wagons, etc., and numerous shell holes. This work is done mostly at night and it is certainly dark;—in places a man walks in front of the truck in order to guide it—this with shells landing a few hundred yards away.

We have had some casualties ourselves, in the Supply Train, principally gas cases—some trucks have been covered with shrapnel holes. This Division, and Uncle Sam in general, is apparently largely responsible for this recent great advance.

Love to all,
THOMAS W. PELHAM, JR.

J. H. WALLACE HAS A SWEET-
HEART—SWEATER CAME
IN HANDY

Somewhere in France.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

As it was sometime ago that I received from the shop a very nice sweater and it certainly did keep me warm while on duty cold nights, I have been trying now ever since last February to write back to you and thank you many times for it but never have had the chance. You no doubt know that the boys have been in the trenches under some very hard circumstances and we could not even write to our dear parents at home or our nice little sweetheart, if any of the boys were lucky enough to have one. I was lucky. I had one.

I am now stealing this time from Uncle Sam as the Boches are a little quiet today and I am taking the time to write to you. So you can just see how far back on answering mail we fellows are. Well, we have been informed that we cannot get any more boxes from the factory, but let us hope that they won't cut us off from the BLADE. That is very interesting. It stated how F. Kelley of the shipping room was engaged to be married. Frank and I are old chums.

Well, how are things now in Mr. Side's Department? Remember me to him, please. The new factory must be going fine by now. Well, us boys over here are limited to just so much paper and so many lines so I guess I will have to cut this small note short by thanking you once more for that nice sweater you had the patience to knit for me. How did you know my size? Well, good-bye and answer this if you care to, I remain,

Yours truly,

JAS. H. WALLACE,
Co. D, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

P. S.—All the boys from the factory are feeling fine.

WALTER MURPHY HEARS OF HIS
BROTHER'S DEATH—WAS A
FORMER GILLETTE BOY

*Somewhere in the Trenches,
July 12th, 1918.*

DEAR FRIEND WALTER:—

Received your long looked for letter yesterday and was very glad to hear from you.

I knew that you and the rest of your folks would feel very bad just as soon as you heard of your brother Jack's death. I felt very sorry for him because Jack and I use to get along just like brothers, in fact just the same way you and I use to get along in the shop. The night that he met his death my Company was on the line with his. I was out on patrol that night, but our patrol was over on the right of where the Boche got him. I would like to tell you about the lacing he got because I know the first Boche you met in Boston you would kill him. Before I even got your letter I said to myself the first Hun that got into a hand to hand battle with me was going to pay for his death. I tell you Walter the boys have certainly got the hatred for a Boche—all they think of when they are on the line is blood. I believe when any of us get back to the States and meet any of them we will murder them.

Well, Walter, we are on the busiest front and there are a number of Huns across the line we are waiting to get at. The boys are all set waiting for the command to go over the top any minute and when we do you will read more about us than you did about the marines in last month's papers. We certainly have a couple of good men with us in Gen. Edwards and Gen. Traub and they have a division they can be proud of.

The sector that we are on now has some very nice dug-outs, just like a grave. They



are about six feet long, four feet deep and three feet wide so if a shell ever hits one of them they won't have to bother burying us because we will all be buried very nicely.

Tell Louis McCourt and Grace Lynch that I received their letters the same day I got yours and was very glad to hear from them. The first chance I get I will drop them both a line.

Well, Walter, I think I will close now, don't forget to remember me to all my friends in the shop and I hope it won't be long before I will be back working in the stock-room once again.

Private G. A. McDONALD,
Co. B, 101st Infantry, A. E. F.

P. S.—Don't forget to drop a line once in a while.

A VIVID PEN PICTURE OF AN
ACTUAL BATTLE WITH
THE HUNS

Somewhere in France,
July 31, 1918.

DEAR SISTER KITTY:—

Just a few lines to let you know that I am feeling pretty fair and I hope this letter will find you all at home well and enjoying good health.

I wrote to Catherine yesterday and I told her about my being in the hospital. I don't want you folks at home to worry as I am feeling fine and expect to be back with the Company in a few days.

When the big push started on July 19th, we were on the line and we went over after the Boche early on the morning of the (date taken out by censor). We kept a steady chase after them for five days and on the fifth night of the push, I was all in and Fritzzy shot over some gas, and, of course, being a little hungry and fatigued, I took a mouthful and landed in the hospital. I am up and around again and feeling fine.

Up here where I am at present, there are quite a few of the boys from my Company and they are all getting along pretty fair. I make a visit to the boys every day. I was over to see Major Mack yesterday and he is getting along fine.

The Boche laid up quite a few of our boys, but I only wish you could have seen the ground after our bunch got after them. They are just starting to realize that the "Yanks" can fight and if our boys keep after the Boche they will have him back on the other side of the Rhine.

On our drive we captured all kinds of ammunition, machine guns, and also some big cannons which Fritzzy left behind him in his awful hurry to leave.

I suppose by now you folks will have read about the work we are doing. Our Regiment and Division was the first to go over the top in the first American drive. In the papers over here a French General gave our Division quite a write-up on account of the good work we have done.

We laid in a wheat field for nearly an hour while Fritzzy kept playing machine gun bullets over our heads and I could see my finish any minute, but thanks to the Almighty and the prayers of all you folks at home for my safety. The last day I was with the Company, I came near getting mine, but as I have said before nerts don't count in this war and I expect to be at it again soon.

When I get back with the Company I expect to be made a Sergeant. The morning I went over the top I had charge of my platoon. Our Sergeant got hit with shrapnel and was taken to the hospital so our officer gave me charge of the platoon, which consisted of fifty men. If I get promoted I will let you folks know.

Well, Kitty, I will close for now and keep praying for me more than ever as there are some trying days ahead of us and I know the Almighty will guide me and protect me in the dark days that are ahead of us. God is good and we all trust in His Mercy.

Sending you all my love,

Your loving brother,
Corp. MARTIN A. MULLEN,
Co. B, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

CADET ROGERS' FLYING EXPERIENCES—VISITS THE LONDON OFFICE

Salisbury, England.

DEAR MR. BITTUES:—

At last I can write and let you know that I arrived safely. We landed in London by rail on July 18th. We had quite a trip and am very sorry that I cannot tell you all about it for it is most interesting to know, but orders are very strict here and we are not allowed to give any details about our trip in any way.

I went before the Air Board on Friday and got through O. K., and have been recommended for fast bombing.

Just to let you know how fast they do things here. I got here yesterday at 4 P. M. At 5 P. M. I had traveled 7 miles from the station (they sent a car for us), and I was very soon straightened out.

I had my first flight at 9 A. M. this morning. I was up for half an hour. It was an Aero Machine that I was in. I start my regular duty tomorrow at 2 P. M., so by



CADET O. E. ROGERS

the time you get this I will have my own machine, and I will then be able to give you more news.

When the instructor took me up this morning he was doing all kinds of stunts to try and get me going, but there was no chance as I did not feel any sensation, — only when he got me in a spiral nose dive. I wasn't afraid but the wind was getting me in the ears and on the face. I did not have any helmet on at the time so you see it was very uncomfortable, but I am all right now for I have my flying kit. They certainly give us some kit. I have a flying coat all leather and lined with rabbit fur, also my goggles, and I have a pair of leather gauntlets also fur-lined, and a pair of sheepskin thigh boots. We only wear the helmet and goggles here as it is not cold enough for the rest of the kit.

I had almost forgotten to tell you that I called at the Gillette Branch. They gave me a fine reception. Mr. Kirkland had not arrived yet but he is expected early in August. It was Mr. Marshall whom I saw and I found him a fine gentleman.

He says that they are never mentioned in the *BLADE*, so I told him that you were getting out the Canadian edition.

Before I close I must say that London is some place. I will be able to give you more news in my next letter. I will now close, wishing you and all the firm success. Please don't forget to send me the *BLADE*.

Sincerely,
Cadet O. E. ROGERS, 154881.

PRIVATE LINEHAN HAS ENOUGH BOAT AND TRAIN RIDING TO LAST HIM A LIFETIME

August 1, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I am writing you this letter in case you don't receive the one I wrote when I landed. I am some where in England just now but I don't know for how long. I am getting along fine so far. I had so much riding on the boat and train that I am sick of riding. We have plenty of rain over here. It rains almost every day.

I cannot let you know anything about the trip where we landed but we went through some fine cities and towns.

How is Mr. Fairweather and all the other boys getting along? It makes me homesick every time I ask for the boys, but I will have to wear that off. I want to go over the top and find out how it feels.

I met only one of the boys from the shop so far. He is Pat O'Malley and I think he worked for Mr. Gale. I have my Service pin yet and I will try and hold on to it. Cannot think of anything more to write so I shall have to close here.

Yours truly,
Private THOMAS LINEHAN,
Co. L, 301st Infantry, A. E. F.

FRENCH PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO CALL AMERICAN SOLDIERS "GILLETTES"

July 29th, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Having a few moments to myself I will endeavor to try and write you a letter, although it is a hard thing to do for we are forbidden to say anything of military information, so you see we have to scratch for something to say.

I suppose that although I was relieved of duty yesterday at 5:30 P. M. and having a fair night's rest I will have to report back for duty at 4:30 A. M. tomorrow and will be relieved again at 5:30 P. M. tomorrow night. We are just beginning to feel the effects of real duty, but as yet it is not to the liking of a lot of us, and army life is really never known until you enter it. The first thing they do is to make a soldier of you. Then they put you where they think you are best fitted, but sometimes that takes some little time.



If you can remember I was one of those to receive the Gillette Service Set and when I was equipped for Over-Seas duty, I had one of the Khaki Sets issued to me so I am preserving the Service Set and using the Khaki. Gillette Sets can be bought at the Commissary Department. I was looking at a paper that was published in English over here. It is called the Daily Mail, and I saw a Gillette Ad in it that stated that its headquarters were in Paris. Another thing that is common here is when the boys go to town, the French people try to ask them in French and say Gillette, Gillette, Gillette, but the boys have to disappoint them by saying they don't understand.

We boys are looking forward to being home by this time next year, and possibly by Christmas, but that is our own judgment.

I suppose that the new building is pretty much on its way by this time and I bet it will be some building when completed.

Have there been any casualties among the boys who have worked in the shop, and is Captain McCarthy still in the trenches?

As I cannot think of anything else to write I will have to close sending my best regards and wishes to all, and please accept the same. I am as ever,

Yours very truly,

Private PHILIP BENJ. WILLIAMS,
1104th Aero. Repl. Sqdn.,
A. P. O. 725, A. E. F.

CANADIAN MEETS THE "YANKS"—
WAITING FOR AMERICAN
SMOKES

Harlaxton, England.

DEAR MR. BITTUES:—

This is our semi-monthly holiday so am writing a few letters.

Yesterday I was in charge of the whole blooming camp and everybody in it. Tomorrow I have to go out to the country and take charge of a wireless plant for the day, but the work is not hard and there are lots of things I like worse.

Have been playing baseball all the afternoon with the "Yank" officers and men who are stationed here. This country is just as full of American troops and it certainly seems good to have them.

I had about eleven days' leave in London recently and I know the "Village" pretty well now. I visited all the well known places, rode on the busses, etc., and had quite a good time. Went out past Buckingham Palace one day and you should have seen the snappy salute the guards



LIEUT. FRANK M. TOBIN

out there gave me. It sure made yours truly "trow" out his chest.

I haven't started to fly yet, have a lot of stuff to go through like I had in Toronto. It may be a month before I fly. There are three different types of machines here, and the one I want to get and the one I have asked the Board for is a two-seated machine which carries besides myself, an observer and three or four guns and can fly about 134 miles an hour. I may not get it as it is in great demand and there were so many of us came across they are allotting us anything they wish.

Have given up smoking for awhile as I can't seem to get used to the tobacco we get here. Expect to start again soon as one of the Yank officers is expecting some cigars and cigarettes from home, and I see where I will share them.

Sincerely,

Lieutenant FRANK M. TOBIN.

SEAMAN KOCHADORIAN TRANS-
FERRED FROM S. S. SAN DIEGO
SHORTLY BEFORE SINKING

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I want to thank you and your firm for the gift of tobacco I received at the plant on my recent visit home to my sister's house. As you were not in your office when



I was there, and only having a few hours at home, I could not come back and thank you personally for the gift.

I was transferred from the U. S. San Diego before her misfortune, to a new lake vessel, the S. S. Lake Catherine, as an armed guard and I am now waiting to go across to France for eighteen months' foreign service.

We had the misfortune of running on a reef in the fog in the gulf coming down from Montreal. We got into Sydney, O. K., so if the damage is not too much, we will not have to come back to the states for dry dock and will leave here with the Convoy.

I will send you my address as soon as I get in France. We may be here about a week for repairs.

The climate is warm here and the scenery very beautiful.

Thanking you again, I remain,

Yours truly,

Seaman H. KOCHADORIAN,
S. S. Lake Catherine, c/o American Consul, Sydney, Nova Scotia.

CORP. GLASHEEN'S VIEWS OF
WAR COINCIDE WITH
SHERMAN'S

July 17th, 1918.

DEAR MR. GALE:—

Just a few lines to let you know that I am in the best of health and having a good time.

We are now on a busy front and believe me war is *hell*; but believe me we are giving the boche *hell*, just the same.

The 101st is making a fine name in France and we hope to keep it up at any cost.

I saw a few of the boys from the shop and they are looking fine.

We were behind the lines the 4th of July so I got a pass and went to Paris and met Mr. Barry at the Gillette office. He was very glad to see a Boston fellow. I also met Mr. Pelman's son, the one in the Y. M. C. A. and I lead the life of a king for a few days. I forgot there ever was a war, and you talk about the girls, oh boy! They have nothing on the Gillette girls, you can bet on that. We had the best of eats and the best of smokes. We put up at the best of hotels and went to the best of shows in Paris and believe me they were some fine shows. Carpentier, the Frenchman, boxed, and he was good.

Mr. Barry is in the best of health but as busy as a bee. Mr. Pelham wishes to be remembered to you and Mr. Thompson and the rest of the firm, and hopes you are all

in the best of health. Say Louis, I am sending you a little poem in this letter made up about the boys that are with me, and would like to have you put it in the BLADE if you would.

Well, I think I will close now as I am in a little dugout and my neck is nearly broken.

Hoping this will find you all in the best of health and also luck in the work in the shop, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Corp. J. GLASHEEN,
Co. H, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

PRIVATE McEVoy HAS HIS FIRST
REAL TASTE OF ARMY
LIFE

August 11th, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

As a former employee of yours I realize it is my duty to drop you a line as I understand it has been the custom of all the other employees who are in the service.

I am up here in Camp Devens in the Depot Brigade. I am acting Corporal breaking in recruits and we are about all in from the drafting of so many men.

It has been my desire to get a pass to visit you all but I can't do it. The only pass I can get is on Saturday from 11 o'clock to 10 P. M. the following day. No matter how I try I cannot get into Boston before 12:30.

Mr. Thompson, could I purchase a razor at a wholesale price even though I am not in the employ of the factory, but left there on being drafted? As I expect to be going over shortly I would also like to know just what arrangements can I make to have a few blades sent to me when I get across over there.

Hoping you will oblige me by an answer at an early date I will draw to a close.

Thanking you in advance and with best regards and wishes, I remain,

Yours truly,

Private THOMAS McEVoy,
Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

FRENCH TRAINS SEEM LIKE TOYS
TO PRIVATE PERRY, BUT
HE ENJOYS THE LIFE

July 7th, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Having a few spare moments this afternoon I thought it a good time to write you



a few lines and let you know I have arrived safely in France.

We had a very pleasant trip across and the weather was fine all the way. We were all very glad to see land once more after seeing nothing but water for a number of days. We landed in a very pretty place and stayed there only a short while. We then took a train and landed in this small town where we are comfortably situated for the present. They call them trains here but I don't think one would over there. It would take about three of these engines to make one of those in the United States.

The 4th of July was celebrated here like it is in the States, there being a band concert, fire works and a parade. Although it was much quieter than in the States, we could realize it was the 4th of July.

Several days ago I received the book that was sent me for April and which I was very glad to get. It takes some time for letters to get here and we get a number at a time.

We have a Y. M. C. A. here and a K. of C. building, and then another building where we have moving pictures two or three times a week. All these things make it very pleasant for us.

It is getting close to the time for our supper so I will have to close now, hoping to hear from you soon again.

Sincerely yours,

Priv. JOSEPH A. PERRY,

Vet. Hosp. No. 1, A. P. O. 720, A. E. F.

A LANDLUBBER AT SEA—REAL
GOBS ALWAYS USE
GILLETTES

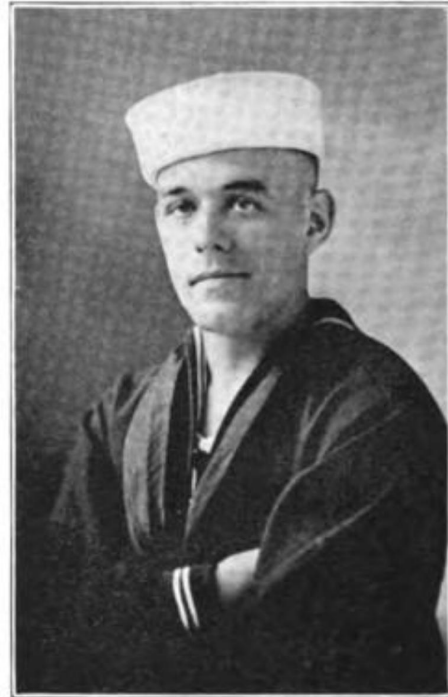
U. S. S. Cobb, Aug. 14th, 1918.

DEAR FRIEND MR. GALE:—

Just a line from the U. S. S. Merchant Marine. Well, Mr. Gale, this is some life, we are at present anchored off the coast of Maine and we expect to reach Nova Scotia on this trip.

We get up at 6 A. M. or kicked out at 6:10 that is our choice. We have a couple of boat and fire drills each day. The boat drill is some sport, each man has his place on the hurricane deck—then we cast the life boat off into the water, then we go down the life line, which is some sport—then *we* or *they* row, yes, row is right, but I am an awful old maid with an oar.

I use my Gillette as often as possible, that is when we have fresh water. We only have it at certain periods, so sometimes I miss. The real Gobs use Gillettes. This outfit is not anything like home or Gillette, still



WILLIAM E. GARLAND

it is not so worse. I tried to do a little washing this eve and I started off with real fresh water and in the meantime they changed over—so when I changed over and started to put my finishing touches and had salt water believe me I had some sticky garments. Mr. Gale, I know how busy you are and have no time to waste on Bolshevik so I will cut this a little short.

Well, I will close now, with regards to you and all. Please tell Mr. Kelly and Murphy that I was asking for them. Mrs. G. gets the next hour.

Respectfully,

BILLIE GARLAND,

U. S. S. Cobb, East Boston.

SNAILS A LA TOMATO CAN A
NEW DELICACY—IN BEAU-
TIFUL FRANCE

July 10, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Although being quite tired, but as I had a little daylight before retiring, I felt that I ought to drop you a letter and let you know that I am feeling fine and happy, and hope that all the folks at home are the same.

I arose this morning at 5:30 and after mess as everything was kind of quiet I retired to the rear of the camp with four of my comrades and we saw a peasant looking in the bushes and on the limbs of the trees. He carried a rude looking hand bag and of course as we were curious and obtained



GARRETT K. MURPHY
Naval Training Camp

a few words of French language, we approached him and asked him what he was doing. He showed us by opening the hand bag, and inside was two tomato cans. One had about eight snails in it, so he told us that he was hunting snails, and to break the monotony we joined hands with him and for two hours we walked along the road and got both of his pails full. We asked him what he was going to do with them and he said he cut them out of the shell and boiled them with salt and pepper and they made a grand dish. I turned to my comrades and said that he could have my share for all the snails he could get, as the looks of them was enough to suit my appetite. Just imagine we did not have to cover the side of the road more than three hundred yards one way or the other, and they were plentiful. They get up on the limbs of the trees and hang on to the leaves upside down.

France is certainly a beautiful country and it really deserves its name, but their transportation and living methods vary very much from ours, therefore the scenery is the only thing that appeals to me.

I happened to be very lucky the other day. While watching a ball game, between the Aviation Section boys and the Signal Corps. I ran right into one of my previous service comrades, and he took me to two other games, but I never as yet happened to run into any of my fellow employees.

Well, as it is now growing dark, I will have to close sending you and all the shop-mates my regards and best wishes.

Yours very truly,

Priv. PHILIP BENJ. WILLIAMS,

1104th Aero. Repl. Sqdn., A. P. O. 725,
A. E. F.

COMRADES
CONTRIBUTED BY CORP. J. GLA-SHEEN, A GILLETTE BOY
IN FRANCE

A shell plowed field, a battered trench,
With the gooey three foot deep;
And a bunch of muddy doughboys,
On the job, not one asleep.
Faces, which good humor shined
Upon a year ago,
Now with firm resolve are lined
Face toward the foe.
These — My Comrades. —

Teamster, Laborer, Banker, Clerk,
All of them are there,
Waiting for the onslaught,
Each one without a care;
Freedom's fire lights up their soul,
Beams from each one's heart
Made each good American
Ready to do their part.
Yes — My Comrades. —

Crash! Bang! In comes the parapet,
A ton of dirt or more.
It fills the trench; makes strong hands
clench;
We'll have to dig some more.
Some heavy shells and then shrapnel,
Some volleys fired quick,
A group of forms just fade away
The dose has made them sick.
Why? — My Comrades. —

Some noise, a scurry and then a splash
We see them squad by squad;
As along the parapet they dash
Dodging the swift thrown sod,
And turn their heads in our eyes glare;
The nervous feel their gats
For their bold army has no fear,
Damn them all, I mean the rats.
Not — My Comrades. —

No pamphlets, books, or magazines,
Are in the hell of muck,
And yet they're readers one and all,
From Captain down to Buck,
With knitted brows and glaring eyes
And fingers all alert,
Then patiently search thru each seam,
Yes, all over each one's shirt.
For — Strange Comrades. —



Additions to the Roll of Honor

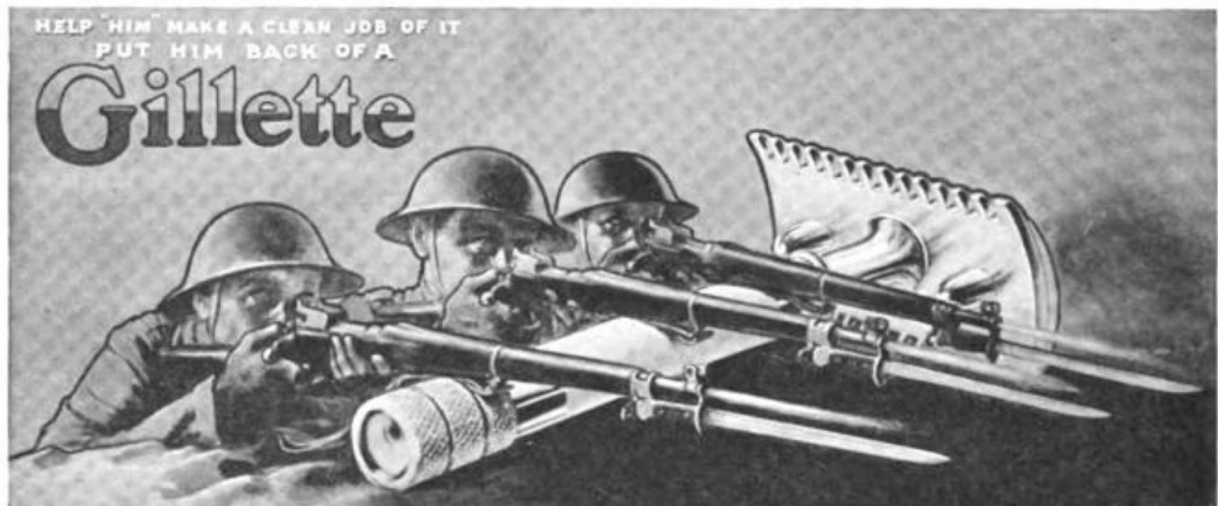
Joseph A. Downey, Machine Shop
 Wm. H. Kenney, H'ndle Press Dept.
 Eugene O'Mara, Grinding Dept.
 Royal J. Dasher, Grinding Dept.
 Thomas McEvoy, Power Dept.
 Louis J. McCourt, Stock Dept.
 John E. Murray, Store Room
 Frederick W. Howe, Draughting Dept.
 Thomas Felton, Blade Punching
 Wm. F. Boushell, Hdl. Insp. Dept.

Sidney Morrison, Paint Shop
 Robert William Mullen, Handle Press
 Robert G. Poirier, Blade Printing Dept.
 James Warner, Hardening Room
 Richard R. O'Meara, Store Room
 Section Barracks, Bar Harbor, Maine.
 Patrick Creamer, Store Room
 4th Battalion, 15th Company, Syracuse
 Recruit Camp, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Bart. J. Adley, Store Room
 5th Battalion, 19th Company, Syracuse
 Recruit Camp, Syracuse, N. Y.

Changes in Addresses

Liborio Amaru
 48th Company, 12th Battalion, Camp Fair
 Ground, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Hagop Kochadorion
 S. S. Lake Catherine, c/o American Con-
 sul, Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Philip B. Williams
 1104th Aero, Repl. Sqdn., A. P. O. 725,
 American Expeditionary Forces.
 Leo H. Daykin
 Radio, U. S. S. Mercury, c/o Postmaster,
 New York City.



ABOVE is pictured the Gillette Poster which will be shown throughout the country during October. The illustration does not begin to portray the beauty of this poster. It is lithographed in sev-

eral colors and carries a strong, clear, vivid, unforgettable message. The colors fairly leap out of the paper and hold the attention until the message of Gillette is stamped upon the mind.



NU, UH, NOT ME!



Co'se I aint sayin' I won't do
Jes what ma' country wants me to
But Dey's one job dat I fo' see
Dat aint gwine 'tach itse'f to me
Nu, Uh! Not Me!

Dat's dis heah ahplane stuff, now boss,
I'll beah some otha kin' 'o cross
Lak drive a mule, or tote a gun
But I aint flirtin' wid no sun.
Nu, Uh! Not Me!



If I mus' do a loop de loop
Let mine be roun' some chicken coop:
It ain't gwine to be up wha' de crows
Kin say I's trampin' on dey toes.
Nu, Uh! Not Me!



It sho' look sweet, I don't deny
To be a oozin' roun' de sky
But dat's for folks dat's in de mood
To pass up love, an' gin, an' food.
Nu, Uh! Not Me!

Down heah, I firs' saw light o' day
Down heah's wha' I's gwine ter stay:
Folks, I don' keer to hab my feet
Git too blame proud ter walk de street.
Nu, Uh! Not Me!



So I'll jus' wait til Gab'll brings
Dem good ol' fashun' angel wings;
Den, as I pass de ahplanes by,
In pity I'll look down an' sigh.
Nu, Uh! Not Me!



— Navy Life



Factory Notes

FOR the "Factory Notes" Department twenty-two reporters have been assigned to collect items of interest to Gillette co-workers.

Unfortunately the September number of the BLADE was well under way when these assignments were made, but commencing with the October issue the "Factory Notes" Department will be enlarged and improved.

The excellent material already received makes sure one of the most interesting and instructive departments in the BLADE.

We bespeak the hearty co-operation of Gillette co-workers in assisting the GILLETTE BLADE reporters, the names of whom will appear in the October issue.

Tom Spellman's wife must be Hooverizing as Tom has been buying snappy lunches these days.

Nothing slow about the Machine Department—they already have about ten girls working as machinist apprentices and are making good.

John Hannon from the Machine Shop is back on the job full of pep. It must be that "Saratoga Water" he drank while on his auto trip from Schenectady to Lake George that makes him feel so well.

Machine Dept.

We are all sorry to hear of the death of Miss Alice Le Croix, sister of Florence Le Croix of our sixth floor office, who passed away at her home in Dorchester July 29th.

A popular young lady of the sixth floor office we notice is now wearing a platinum set diamond ring. We wonder who the lucky fellow is.

6th Floor Office.

Our traffic Manager, Mr. Raphael, should have named his young heir "The Star Spangled Banner," because every time he makes a noise Papa Raphael has to get up.

If any of our boys are thinking about married life, they should eat lunch with Mr. Frank Kelley of the Shipping Department. Mrs. Kelley, who was formerly one of the Gillette girls, is a good cook. How about it, Frank?

Shipping Dept.

On August 27th the stork paid a visit to the home of John Flaherty who operates the elevator in building "B" and left a

package containing a little son weighing eleven pounds.

I suggest that a column be started in the BLADE, and a suitable prize be offered for the best suggestion that will promote the welfare of the employer or employee—such as a safety device or some machine on a money saving scheme, or something that will benefit everyone in the Factory.

Joseph E. Murray left recently to join the service. The boys presented him with a wrist watch and a fountain pen.

Eugene O'Meara paid us a visit August 22nd. Gene is in the Naval Reserve.

It is reported that Jerry Murray is taking dancing lessons. *Store Room A.*

While the soft winds of hope and love were blowing, the good ship fate sent a gold band ring to Mary O'Neil. The Pilot of this ship was Hans Schults. Mr. and Mrs. Schults are employees of the Hardening Room and were married Sunday, August 11th, at the Gate of Heaven Church.

James Warner of the Hardening Room enlisted in the navy and was given a beautiful wrist watch by the employees of his department.

You're in style when you're wearing a smile, so George Evans, foreman of the Cleaning Dept., wore a broad smile at the arrival of a new baby girl at his home.

Hardening Dept.

THREE OF A KIND

There has been a son born to each of the following gentlemen of this department:

Chester Devoe	July 30th, 1918	7¾ lbs.
Sam Gould	July 29th, 1918	7½ lbs.
Isidor A. Tubman	Aug. 5th, 1918	6 lbs.

Mothers and sons in all cases doing fine.

Frank Edwards, formerly of the Plating Room and now of the Buffing Department, has the sympathy of all in the death of his wife.

Buffing Dept.

Bill Boushell of the Handle Inspection Department 4 "D" has been called to the colors and will leave for Camp Upton, New York. He was presented with a handsome wrist watch by his fellow employees of 4 "D," the presentation being made by Oliver Velmore.

Handle Inspection Dept.

Mrs. Mary Casey of the Grinding Room has been quite ill but we are pleased to say



she is now convalescing at the House of the Good Samaritan, Brookline.

Grinding Room.

Miss Hilda Nichols of the Stropping Department while on her vacation had the opportunity of visiting the Canadian Factory through the kindness of Mr. Rock and Mr. Sullivan. She had the pleasure of meeting the superintendent, Mr. Peterson, who took great pleasure in showing her through the factory. She claims it was the best and most interesting day she spent up there.

Miss Mary White, for the past seven years in the Stropping Department, has left to join the sisters of the Notre Dame at Waltham. On leaving she was greatly surprised when presented with a purse of gold.

Stropping Dept.

Through the courtesy of Mr. James A. Quinn, of the Hardening Department, the night employees of the Hardening and Blade Press Departments spent Sunday, August 25th, at the Rose Kelley Cottage at Sharon Heights.

A very spirited game of ball was played between the Boston Express Exchange and the night employees of the Gillette Company, and after 11 innings it was declared a tie score of 4 to 4. A very enjoyable dinner was served by Mr. Quinn in the open air. At the dinner, Mr. Thomas Felton of the Blade Press Department, who has just entered the U. S. Service at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, was presented with a wrist watch by the night employees. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Morris Manofsky, night foreman of the Blade Press Department.

After dinner boating and bathing was enjoyed on the Lake, and a closing entertainment was given in the evening and songs were rendered by Jos. McGrath, Philip Wright, and Joseph Roy, night foreman of the Blade Cleaning Department. There were monologues by several ladies, employees of Gillette Company.

Miss Frances Rise, sister of George Rise of the Plating Room, was married August 20th, 1918, to Mr. Samuel Newberg.

The father of Miss Louise Sullivan of the Shipping Department died August 24th after a brief illness.

Cupid visited the Leather Goods Department last month in the marriage of Miss Olive Rice to Mr. Joseph O'Donnell on August 18th.

Miss Helen Sheehan became the bride of Mr. William Marder on August 20th. The couple will make their home in South Boston. Miss Sheehan was presented with a beautiful piece of cut glass from her co-workers in the department.

A miscellaneous shower was tendered Miss Mae Sullivan at her home on August 23rd.

Miss Sullivan received many useful and beautiful gifts, including a cut glass water set and reflector from the Leather Goods Department.

A very pleasant evening was spent. Vocal selections were contributed by Miss Mildred Gallagher, Edith Mederias and Svea Gilbert, accompanied on the piano and violin by Miss Anna Sullivan and Lillian Cohen.

Miss Sullivan became Mrs. John McDonough on August 28th and will make her home on Draper Street, Dorchester.

The father of Success is Work;
The mother of Success is Ambition;
The oldest son is Common Sense;

Some of the other boys are Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm and Co-operation.

The oldest daughter is Character;

Some of her sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity and Harmony.

The baby is Opportunity.

Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with all the rest of the family.

Contributed by ALICE BRUSARD,
Leather Goods Department.

THE MISPLACED PATCH

(A Comedy in One Act)

Time—Late Evening. Place—Dimly Lighted Berth-Deck of a Battleship.

Characters—Two Sailors Trying to Patch a Hole in a Trouser Seat Worn Through in H. M. S. Service.

"Aw, how can hi sew hif you wiggle the bloomin' thing like that. 'Old it steady, will you, and keep your bloomin' thumbs hout of th' wy'."

"'Hi sy, hold chap, you jest 'ave a care will you, where you poke that sticker!—you've give me 'avf a dozen jabs halready! (Ten minutes of grunting and puffing.)"

"My word, 'ow far is it round that bloomin' patch, 'alf a league?"

"'Ow do hi know? Hi didn't take no bear-ins! Hall hi know is hit's so bloomin' gloomy in 'ere hi caun't see me thread."

"No, and you cawn't see me thumbs neither—there, you've jabbed me again." (Ten minutes more of intense application and rising temper, then an exultant sigh.)

"There!—hi see she's done, Bill, but hit's a rum job—the patch isn't hover the 'ole at all."

Contributed by F. L. C., *Leather Goods Dept.*



Note.—Mr. T. L. Smith, Production Engineer, in his splendid article in the August number quoted Lt.-Col. McCrae's poem "In Flanders' Fields." In answer to Col. McCrae's stirring appeal Mr. C. B. Galbreath, State Librarian, Columbus, Ohio, wrote the following poem:

In Flanders' Fields

(An Answer)

In Flanders' Fields the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom
In Flanders' fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well.
Sleep peacefully for all is well.

Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe or sleep with you
In Flanders' field.

Buy a Bond

Our Nation has called, our duty is plain
We must not seek profit, we must not seek
gain;
But each one must do his own share of the
work
And each one must realize it's no time to
shirk.

The Nation wants dollars to back up its
boys,
To give her these dollars we'll sacrifice
joys,
We'll give up some pleasure, we'll never be-
moan,
And add on our dollar to the "Liberty
Loan."

We'll all buy a bond: how happy we'll be
To know that our money goes over the sea,
And when they are choking the Kaiser to
death
It may be that your bond cuts off his last
breath.

Each bond is a bullet, they tell us quite
clear,
So wouldn't we think of that bond as a
dear
If shot from our purses right out of this
burg
And removed from this earth, Mr. Von
Hindenburg.

I am sure that we all can afford to buy one,
I'm sure that we all want a whack at the
Hun,
Let's all show the Germans that we can be
true
And teach them respect for the Red, White
and Blue.

Let's all get together right over the top
And not even think then of trying to stop
Till we run up a list of Gillette razor loans
That will alter the War Lord's contempti-
ble tones.

FLORENCE G. BRADY, *Blade Packing Dept.*



A NEW FIVE-TON TRUCK



Bonus Received in Various Departments During August



GET AHEAD OF TIME

The weekly Bonus is figured on a basis of 95 per cent for Attendance and 97 per cent for Tardiness. The department must come up to both percentages in order to receive the Bonus in full.

Each employee who is neither Late nor Absent receives 50 cents, and if the required percentages of the department are also reached, such employee receives an additional 50 cents, making the total Bonus \$1.00 per week.

Week Ending	Dept.	Aug. 7	Aug. 14	Aug. 21	Aug. 28
Mr. Olson	Punching	*	*	*	*
Mr. Sides	Hardening	*	*	*	
Mr. Evans	Cleaning	*	*	*	*
Mr. Vezina	Blade Print., Polish		*	*	*
Mr. Garbarino	Grinding		*	*	
Mr. Kelley	Honing, 3-A, 4-B	*	*		
Mr. Sullivan	Stropping			*	
Miss Quinlan	Blade Insp.	*	*		
Miss Macaskill	Blade Packing				
Miss Driscoll	Leather Goods	*			
Mr. Goodsell	Store Room	*		*	
Mr. Sorenson	Screw Machine	*	*		
Mr. Fairweather	Machine Shop				
Miss Brady	Fin. Packing	*		*	
Mr. Whorton	Handle Press	*	*		
Mr. Murphy	Stock	*		*	
Mr. Rattray	Carpenter	*	*	*	
Miss Roycroft	Paper Box				*
Mr. Fisher	Printing		*		
Mr. Crichton	Janitor	*	*		*
Mr. Hatfield	Power	*	*	*	
Mr. Gaskin	Electrical	*		*	*
Mr. Biggar	Painters		*	*	
Mr. Hoar	Plating				
Mr. Rice	Buffing				
Miss Denny	Handle Insp.	*		*	*
Mr. Raphael	Shipping				
Mr. Blank	Engraving	*	*	*	*
Mr. Briscoe	Watchmen	*	*	*	*
Mr. Donovan	Adv. Shipping	*	*	*	*
Mr. Ruppel	Laboratory	*	*	*	*
Mr. Lord	Stores Rec'd.	*	*	*	*



Sharp Edges

Big Business will advance to positions of great responsibility no man who has not demonstrated his ability and aptitude as a teamworker.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

Stick to your job and help win the war. No man can succeed who does not see farther than his immediate work.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

The man who is the most hot-headed is usually the first one to get cold feet.

Don't quarrel with what the other fellow has done, or how he has done. His ways of doing may be different from yours. Quarrel with yourself over what you haven't done.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

The United States might start Russia on the road to regeneration by shipping in, first of all, a few trainloads of safety razors.

It is up to each of us to fight or help our fighters by our work.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

Credit in the long run usually goes to those who seek it least but deserve it most, not to those who strive to monopolize it.

I am inclined to the opinion that most men start on the ladder of success when they cease to be superficial.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

Without self-reliance no man can succeed in the largest way.

When a man's talents are encouraged it means a profitable investment; with hundreds of men giving wholehearted service the dividends would be great. A capable executive is the man who wins the respect of those placed under him and encourages them to make the most of themselves.

The first requisite for enduring happiness is in having work to do in which one believes.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

The teamworker is courteous, considerate, good tempered.

He tries to meet others at least half-way.

He is accommodating, obliging, helpful.

He co-operates.

He is more concerned about getting

things done than about getting credit for the doing of them.

He puts the good of the house, the firm, the institution, the company first.

Business is honesty. It no longer connotes over-reaching, short-changing, cozening and haggling. It does not take a business liar long these days to stumble over himself.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

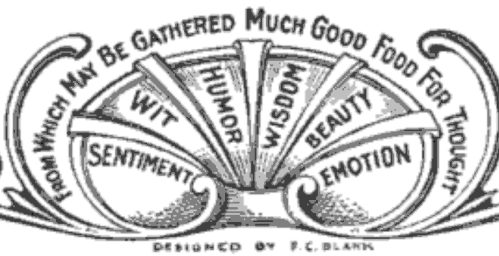
Don't knock. The beat of the drum smotheres the knock of the hammer. The world hates a knocker in war more than in peace. He is a time spendthrift. He squanders his own and listener's time.

Don't quarrel with your job because you don't think it is big enough. It may be bigger than you know. It is part of a whole, and no whole is more important than the unfinished part.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE





SMALL BLAZE

Reggy: My brain is on fire.
Peggy: I hardly think we need call out the fire department.

TOO COSTLY

Tom: "I wish I knew what my girl would like for a birthday present."
Jack: "Why don't you ask her?"
Tom: "Oh, I haven't money enough to buy anything so expensive."

TECHNICAL TERMS

"What was the matter with that fellow, doctor?"
"Nothing."
"Did you tell him so?"
"Well, yes, in Latin."

A DREAM

Hard Featured Woman: "So you had money once, had you? May I ask how you made your first thousand dollars?"
Tuffold Knutt, (wiping his eye with his coat sleeve): "I drempt it, Ma'am."

SATISFIED

Isaacstein: "Iss my check goot for one hundred tollers?"
Teller: "No sir! Your account is over-drawn."
Isaacstein: "Dot's vot I tought, but I shust gave one to Cohen for dot amount, unt wanted to make sure."

UNACCOUNTABLE SURPLUS

The Mistress: "What's the matter, Hor-tense?"
The new maid: "I dunno, ma'am. Some-thing seems wrong with your hair, ma'am. I done it up just as it was before, ma'am, an' it looks all right, ma'am, an' it feels all right, ma'am, but there's two rats an' a puff left over."

IN THE WIDOW'S WEEDS

"Yes, brethren," said the clergyman who was preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a widow at the age of 28 years."
"Twenty-six, if you please," sobbed the widow in the front pew, as she emerged for an instant from her handkerchief.

BETTER

"The apartments are quite satisfactory," said the would-be tenant.
"I suppose it isn't necessary for me to give references, as I always pay as I go."
"That won't do in this case," rejoined the landlord. "I rent only to parties who pay as they come."

WOULD NOT GO BACK ON HIS WORD

A man who had a strong prejudice against receding from a position once taken was testifying under oath in court. He swore a man was eleven feet five inches high, of course inadvertently. On cross-examination when confronted with his testimony he denied saying so, and claimed he said five feet eleven inches. The court stenographers all agreed that he said eleven feet five inches. After a little reflection he blurted out: "Well, if I really said so I'll stick to it."

H. I. M. WILLIAM

Translated from a German memorandum found in the Emperor's personal waste paper basket.

Oh Me! Oh My
And likewise I.
Sit still My churls while I orate.
Me, I, Myself, the Throne, the Sun
All rolled in One.
Both hemispheres am I.
Oh My!
If there were three, the Three I'd be.

It makes Me tremble like the aspen tree,
To think I'm Me.
And blink like stars up in the sky,
To think I'm I,
And shrink in terror like a frightened elf,
To realize that I'm Myself.

Ye blithering slaves beneath My iron heel,
What know ye of things I feel?
Didst ever wake at dead of night
And stand in awe of thine own Might?

It took six days to make the land and sea,
But centuries were passed in making Me.
The Universe? an easy task! but I—
Oh My!
(Cut from an American Newspaper 15 years ago.)



BE SOME KIND OF A HERO

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb driven cattle,
 Be a hero in the strife.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing leave behind us,
 Footsteps in the sands of time.

Let us up then and be doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to LABOR and to WAIT.

MISTAKEN VIEWS OF HAPPINESS

A mistake, which is too common, especially among those who have experienced any trials and difficulties in life, is, that happiness is to be found in rest. Ask those who are so busy in the active pursuits of life, to what they look forward with such ardent expectation, and many will tell you that they are toiling for repose. They look with envy upon the condition of that man who, in the language of the world, "has nothing to do but enjoy himself." They look upon exertion as a species of servitude, as if he only were the independent man, who is reposing upon his laurels or his gains. But, as has been pointedly remarked, that man is most restless who is most at rest. Nothing else is so hard as the pillow of perpetual indolence; nothing so oppressive as the stagnant, unelastic air of entire inactivity. The truth is, that the mind which is not constantly directed to something exterior preys upon itself. The bed-ridden intellect pines away in atrophy and the everlasting uneasiness of sloth.

Another mistake concerning the subject of happiness is, that it is to be found in prosperity. The truth is, that of the objects of human acquisition, very few are, beyond a certain limit, even the means of happiness. We are perpetually making this mistake in respect to riches, and confounding two things completely distinct; that is, property and happiness. Ask those, I pray you, who have accumulated the most enormous fortunes, whether they have ever yet been able to increase their possessions faster than their wants. It is indeed a trite maxim that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he posses-

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.

KINDNESS ITS OWN REWARD

Good and friendly conduct may meet with an unworthy, with an ungrateful return, but the absence of gratitude on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver. And we may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness around us at so little expense! Some of them will inevitably fall on good ground, and grow up into benevolence in the mind of others, and all of them will bear fruit of happiness in the bosom whence they spring. Once blest are all the virtues always; twice blest sometimes.

seth." For when we look at those above us, and find that they are able to supply those wants to which we, in our actual situation, are most sensible, it is natural to conclude that they are happy; because we should be happy if we could remove, as they can, our most pressing needs. We do not consider that, the higher we ascend, and the wider we can see, the more we desire; and it is often true, that, the more extensive our horizon, the more barren appears the soil around us.

A third mistake on this subject consists in supposing that happiness is to be found in perpetual excitement. Hence thousands always confound pleasure with mirth, and think nothing tolerable which is not exquisite. Others think nothing pleasant which is not riotous, nothing interesting which is not boisterous, nothing satisfactory which is not intoxicating. It is this mistake which leads so many through the ever-shifting varieties of dissipation, when what ought to be only an occasional recreation is made necessary to common comfort, and all satisfaction is lost in the wearisome chase after novelty.

So far as circumstances of fortune conduce to happiness, it is not the income which any man possesses, but the increase of income, that affords the pleasure. Two persons, of whom one begins with a hundred, and advances his income to a thousand pounds a year, and the other sets off with a thousand, and dwindles down to a hundred, may, in the course of their time, have the receipt and spending of the same sum of money; yet their satisfaction, so far as fortune is concerned in it, will be very different; the series and sum total of their incomes being the same, it makes a wide difference at which end they begin.

NOTE:—Cassio has indulged too freely in wine and while under its influence has been guilty of acts which have lost him the confidence and respect of his superior officer. He is intensely ashamed and full of bitter regrets. He is low in courage and feels that no adequate excuse can be found. His state of mind is that of all those who are essentially decent in character but have gotten into trouble through yielding to the temptation to drink too much.
-- W. E. N.

OTHELLO—ACT III—SCENE 3

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil! O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one imperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer should stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

a clean-cut call to duty

GEN. LEONARD WOOD is fond of saying: "America gives each person an equal opportunity; but it implies an equal obligation".

The time to meet that obligation is now!

Unless the Huns are driven into their hole and the hole stopped up, America and its homes, factories and stores is perilously unsafe.

Buy Liberty Bonds as the boys in France fight—to the utmost.

Buy at once — at any bank — cash or instalments.

LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE
OF
NEW ENGLAND

Save to buy and buy to keep

