

THE LARGEST CAMP PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE AIR SERVICE OF THE AMERICAN F. F. PRICE 50 CENTIMS

# THE FLY PAPER

A SOLDIER'S LETTER HOME COVERING THE CAMP NEWS IN GENERAL AND AIR SERVICE TOPICS. MAIL IT NOW

Passed by Censor and by French Military Press Controller

This Paper is Edited and Printed by Soldiers in the Air Service of the American E. F.

VOLUME 1 ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN FRANCE, OCTOBER 14, 1918 NUMBER 14

## St. Jean Flyers Fighting Huns Over Argonne

CAMP GRADUATES WINNING HONORS IN BIGGEST AIR BATTLES OF THE WORLD CONFLICT

### FLYER DESCRIBES FIGHT

"I GOT MY FIRST HUN" WRITES ONE OF THEM—NEWS RECEIVED HERE WITH GREAT JOY

St. Jean soldiers have added another crowning event to their achievements for world Democracy. When the history of the great war is written one of the brightest pages in the bulky volume will be devoted to the September deeds of the American flyers in the Argonne battle.

Every instalment of bulletins gives a story of gallantry in action, and is augmenting the list of casualties, the price Americans are cheerfully paying for the opportunity to efface the Hun from the map of France.

Our efforts here are being utilized to the greatest advantage by the flyers who have passed through our school of training. From one of them came the report, "I GOT MY FIRST HUN." His communication furnished the field its first message of honor direct from the front. And the many stories of the daring feats of others are falling words from lips of men who schooled here under our able instructors.

The first day of the Argonne battle was a great day for America's flying men. They brought down Boches by the dozen, and when a balloon started skyward it was a tussle to see who would get it first. The laurels were divided among several. One lieutenant brought down nine balloons during the first three days of the fight, and on the first day he brought down five enemy planes in five minutes.

The work of the observation planes was an important as that of the pursuit planes. Many a German battery wondered at the accuracy of the American guns; many an ammunition dump went up in smoke as the armmen directed the artillery fire.

**BULLET PIERCES GAS TANK**  
A captain and a lieutenant were flying at a high altitude when a stray bullet from the enemy lines pierced the gas tank, setting their plane on fire. The flames enveloped the pilot and the machine volplaned earthward. The captain climbed out of the flames onto the left wing and hung by the lift until he released his

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### Libraries for Every Camp in the A. E. F.

Now comes the interesting news that St. Jean, like every other camp in the A. E. F., is to have its own library. More than that any individual soldier in our camp may have the privilege of reading any books he wants and has gumption enough to write for—provided the A. E. F. headquarters of the American Library Association has it, and the chances are at least even that it has.

The association is also preparing to send to strictly technical units—such as Railway Engineers, Chemical Corps workers and the like—carefully selected little libraries, each containing a number of books dealing strictly and exclusively with the sort of work which a railroad man or a chemist is called upon, in war as in peace, to perform. These standard technical libraries will be sent in addition to the customary mixture of history, general literature and fiction which now help to make barracks nights as enjoyable and fireside-like as barracks nights can well hope to be.

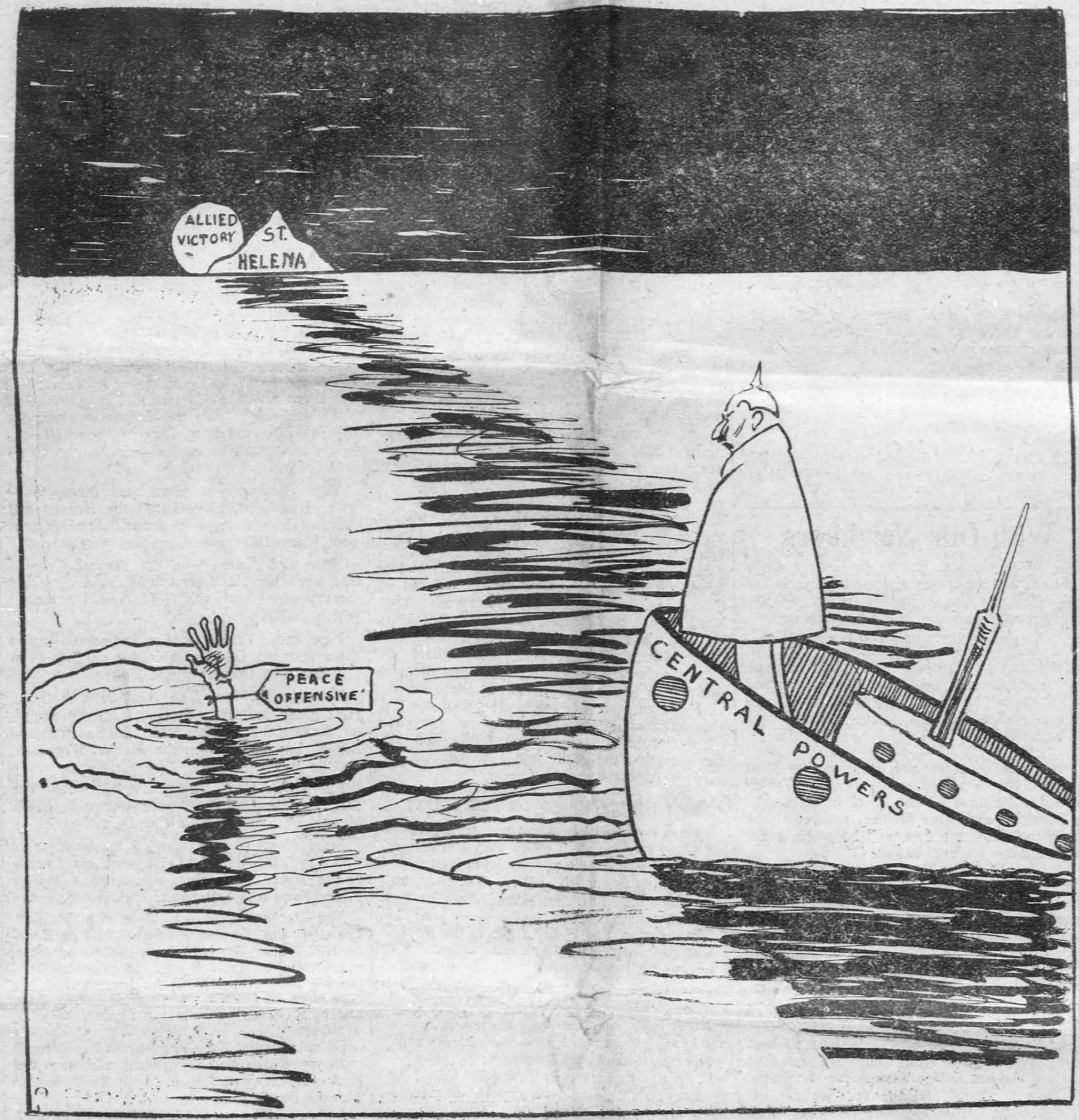
Another feature of interest to the men on the field is to be added to The Fly Paper. Our office is now open to receive lost and found items and those desiring to make exchanges in personal belongings. For sale articles also will be accepted. We will create a separate column under the heading "Miscellaneous" for these wants, and insert the same free of charge.

## Pretty Miss and Lieut. "Doc" Fulton Serve Refreshments--Doughnuts Promised Boys

Among the purchases made at N— for the Y. M. C. A. was a violin, a mandolin and a rolling pin. It has been said that the singing soldier is the winning soldier and that more battles have been won by soldiers with music in their hearts than with hatred there. But Secretary Freece believes that a rolling pin is as an important adjunct to a Y. M. C. A. and an army camp as any other instrument one might install as part of the army equipment.

For the past few weeks coffee, cocoa and cakes have been occasionally served to "Y" habitues and the way the boys have smacked their lips and pronounced the coffee with cream and sugar to be like that "mother used to make" has caused Mrs. Hill to make something real for sure mother-like doughnuts. Doughnuts, boys, think of it. They will be American doughnuts, too. In order to make them properly the dough must be rolled out and then cut into little round patties with the sharp end of a can and a hole punched thru the middle. Thus you see the need of the rolling pin.

The secretary suggested that an empty can from which the paper had been removed might suffice for a rolling pin but "Shorty" steadfastly maintains that it is a military regulation that every empty can must have the paper removed from it and then flattened and hung up



Coming Events Cast Their Shadow Before

## Campaign Opens for Adoption of Orphan

CAMP TO PARTICIPATE IN WORTHY CAUSE—FIVE HUNDRED FRANCS.. OUR OBJECTIVE IN DRIVE

"Adopt a war orphan St. Jean!"

This is the slogan upon which a vigorous campaign will be inaugurated to accomplish, between now and New Year, the adoption of one mascot by the St. Jean units and members. A canvass to secure food, clothing, comfort and the schooling of one French child whose father has paid the supreme price against the invading Boches.

The Fly Paper is only undertaking what other journals in the A. E. F. are promising. We do not seek prominence and crowning glories for the honors, but feel it our duty as your representative in the cause. We are out to give a little French boy or girl a present which will last a whole year.

The Red Cross have the children listed, photographed and investigated—already for adoption. And our contribution to this organization will mean direct care to the child selected as our mascot. ONE WAR ORPHAN WILL MEAN 500 FRANCS—WHAT WILL YOUR CONTRIBUTION BE?

Thirty-seven war orphans were adopted the past week. Eleven weeks are left before New Year. That means that an average of 42 children must be taken by A. E. F. units and individuals every one of these remaining 11 weeks.

The circulation end of The Fly Paper has inaugurated a plan to help the boys along the line of communication home, and if successful, which depends upon YOU, will be one of the many undertakings to be appreciated by the folks in the States. With your assistance we will be able to accomplish this scheme—that is, call at our office and drop a Five Franc note to the circulation manager for a three months' subscription to The Fly Paper. Give him your folks address in the States and he will cheerfully mail The Fly Paper upon its weekly publication to the people you desire in your subscription. Probably you have met some kind French people who summered at St. Jean that are interested in The Fly Paper and would appreciate copies of your paper. It is simple in both cases, of your friends home and "over here." Give us your subscription and we'll do the rest. "The Fly Paper is a Letter Home," we have frequently inserted the foregoing scribble in our columns and we propose to mail your letter now at a reduced rate. We're writing your letters and why not let us mail them for you.

## Captain Billingsley a Battler Since 1906

Captain Billingsley, commanding officer of the —th Co., —th Regt., A. S. M., descendant of a long line of fighters and of Colonel Martin of General Washington's staff in the Revolutionary war, has had a varied army career since his enlistment at Washington, D. C., in



1906 at the age of eighteen, and has held, during his time of service, almost every grade possible to be held by an enlisted man. He soldiered with the famous "Black Horse" troop in Washington until 1908 when the Regiment sailed

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## Col. Kilner and Staff View Pink Stocking

FIRST DRESS REHEARSAL OF CAMP THEATRICAL PRODUCTION HELD IN NEW OFFICERS' MESS

Saturday evening, in the presence of Col. Kilner and staff officers, a dress rehearsal of "The Pink Stocking" was held in the new officer's mess. While the plot was not revealed the leading figures of the wonderful chorus pranced across the stage to convey the idea that when she is presented Miss Pink Stocking is sure going to bring forth a gusto of applause such as St. Jean never heard before.

The songs in the show are even now a big hit on dear, old Broadway, and the manner in which they are put across will astound the boys in camp. To take an average bunch of young Americans of which we have so many in the Air Service and bring forth the snappy results that have so far been accomplished is only another demonstration of the wonderful adaptability of the American youth.

We sincerely hope that every soldier in camp will attend the play and we wager it will never be forgotten in the history of St. Jean. The tunes are "airy" and the dances are as graceful as a "Sop" doing a spiral in the hands of one of our testers. Watch for the official announcements for the first exhibition flight of Miss Pink Stocking, then go grab your chow and shoot for a good seat for there's going to be an awful mob on hand.

## Big Offensive Booming Into Surplus Coin

NEWS FROM BACK HOME POINT TO FINE SUCCESS FOR THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN CAMPAIGN.

### ARMIES MARCHING ON

MEMBERS OF THE A. E. F. INSTRUCTED AS TO CHARACTER OF BONDS—OUR CHANCES TO BUY

The latest official bulletins from the United States point to a tremendous success for the Fourth Liberty Loan. The offensive has already reached its objective of 6,000,000,000 dollars and the victorious armies of mothers and fathers are now waging their triumphant march into surplus billions.

With this heralded to us as a complete success there will be no competitive campaign for the sale of Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds in the A. E. F. "Enlisted men who have but small margin of pay remaining after discharge of their fixed monthly obligations," G. O. 164 goes on to state, "will not be encouraged to assume additional burdens."

Steps, however, will be taken to see that members of the A. E. F. are instructed as to the character of the bonds and given every opportunity to subscribe. It is added that organization commanders will see that soldiers do not so obligate their pay that they are unable to provide for their families.

Officers, enlisted men and permanent civilian employees may buy bonds on the Army allotment system, just as bonds of the Second and Third loans were bought. Men wishing to buy a 50 dollar bond will, as formerly, allot five dollars monthly for nine months and four dollars and eighty-three cents the tenth month, and the proportion will hold for higher multiples of fifty dollars.

Such allotments are to be charged on payrolls and pay vouchers beginning with those for October, 1918. The formula to be used is: "To the Secretary of the Treasury for purchase fifty dollar Fourth Liberty Loan Bond, one coupon detached."

Company funds, surplus exchange and general mess funds may be invested in Liberty bonds and War Saving Stamps with the approval of the company, exchange or mess councils of administration.

## Fine Informal Dinner in Honor of Sgt. Grosso

The electric wizards had a big blow-out at the Hotel des V— at St. Jean recently. The affair was given in honor of Sergeant Maurice Grosso of the construction squadron as an appreciation of what his fellow workmen think of him. While the affair was informal, there were quite a number of after dinner elections and plenty of old time ditties that lent a touch of the old time spirit. It certainly must be said that this grand banquet held by the Line-man's Brigade was an immense success.

Corp. T. L. Macon, a well-known movie operator, hailing from Mobile, Alabama, opened the first bottle of —. Pvt. Joe Trotter the expert telephone lineman, who always speaks about his pretty girl from Nashville, Tenn., lent a touch of the sentimental, by making an appropriate toast to her. Bobbie Gore, the famous Coloradan youngster, entertained with a few old time melodies, among them "Why Girls Leave Home," "Everybody is Doing It" and "Follow Them Up." Corp. Thomas Dorsey, the capable high tension lineman from Baltimore, also entertained with a few songs such as "You Know Me, Don't You?", "Devil's Ragtime Dream" and "When Kate and I Were Coming Through the Rye." Corp. Stanford Sessler, from Roanoke, Va., sang a base solo.

The honored guest of the evening, Sgt. Grosso who is very prominent in social circles on Staten Island, N. Y., cut a choice picking from the light fantastic when he sang a French duet with a female frog. The crowd was singing "I won't be home until morning," when an unrelenting M. P. stuck his head through the window and insisted that it be the finale.

## Commissions Offered to Every Member of the A. E. F.--Camp Applicants Pass Exams

Among the many thousands of officers to be commissioned within the next few months will be a dozen from our field, who recently returned from a successful examination at Tours. These men were recommended by their commanding officers and met with little difficulty in passing the tests. Similar examinations are to be given every enlisted member of the A. E. F. according to the report from Headquarters of the S. O. S. Doubtless there will be many applicants and a big majority of the men of the air service will be accepted. Every effort will be made to facilitate the granting of commissions to men in France who have shown their worth by actual experience.

This promise especially interests men of long service in the A. E. F. who have felt that they were being handicapped because of the large number of officers commissioned in the States in the specialized branches of the Army. In many cases newly-commissioned officers from the States came into organizations in France which had long been working efficiently with enlisted men who possessed every qualification for a commission.

Blank forms for applicants are to be supplied by Hq., S. O. S. In case it is deemed obtaining these forms will cause unnecessary delay, applicants are permitted to forward through their intermediate commanders a letter

in which the following information will be given:

Full name, rank and service; present address; branch in which appointment is desired; date of birth; where born; citizen of United States, and if naturalized date and place; married or single, number of children; statement of all military service with dates and grades, including date of arrival for duty with A. E. F.; educational advantages, giving dates of attendance at various institutions, degrees attained, etc.; business experience, stating fully positions occupied, names of employers and dates; ability to speak, read or write any foreign language.

In addition, the letter should state whether the applicant had ever made a previous application for a commission, and if so, when and where; whether applicant had appeared before examining board to determine fitness for commission, and if so, when, where, for what branch of service, and result of examination. Two letters of recommendation as to character and fitness for position sought must be included and the application must be signed and properly sworn to.

Only in exceptional cases will commissions be granted higher than that of second lieutenant.

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POLICY IMPARTIALITY. A LITTLE SERIOUSNESS A LITTLE INSTRUCTION A LITTLE SPORT A LOT OF FUN

To be successful this paper must have the support of every man in the command. It is a paper of the men, written by the men, for the men. It is not the intention to carry, extensively, news handled by the daily papers. This is a journal intended particularly for matters of personal and general interest to men of this command, and the men of the Air Service, A. E. F.

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

CARRY ON

Did you ever quit a job because you felt that some one higher up was always trying to get you? Or were you ever discouraged because you had good reason to believe that some other fellow was after your job and trying to get the best of you? When things have not been going just right, and troubles just poured down on you and you were sure that it was just because everybody was "bucking" you, did you feel like throwing the sponge in the ring and saying, "Well, if they want my job, let them take it."

Laddie, if you had these experiences in civil life, you sure will have them two-fold in the Army. Because, remember, that buck private way down in the rear rank wants to rise. There's lots of room down at the bottom of the ladder, but it means a great deal to get the Boss' job. The real test of manhood comes in times of apparent disaster. It doesn't take much of a man or even a courageous nation to put on smiles of confidence during periods of success. But it's the struggle with adversity that shows the real backbone of a man or nation. The right time to show you're worth your salt is when nought but obstacles are strewn in your way. A statement that you quit your job because of the evil machinations or the intolerable influences of others is often but a confession of your own weakness and of your inability to stick to your place.

It was only a few days ago when the world was electrified with the great speech of Lloyd George in the House of Commons when he beseeched all England to "Carry On." "This war is like a long and dark tunnel," he said, but we shall soon see the light rays of victory shine through. And in spite of almost overwhelming adversity, England did carry on and is now perceiving the rays of light that are the reward of her determination.

Soldier of the Air Service, if you have a job of importance and you want to hold it, do not weaken because of what may seem to be insidious influences. The more hardships you have to endure, the more sweet will be your final victory. The men who struggle indefatigably against odds and never admits defeat is the man who will make his mark in the Army. It is the American Spirit. A determination to carry on is a victory half won, for remember nothing is really worth while unless it's worth fighting for.

We are especially desirous of calling attention to our neighboring Air Service journal. The editors of that journal deserve considerable credit for the high quality of their paper. It was probably among the very first editions ever printed in the A. E. F. Just like any deserving publication, it has grown and improved and has become quite well known in the Air Service. We cannot understand, however, why they consistently place in a very prominent place on its front page a heading to the effect that it is the only newspaper printed entirely by soldiers of the A. E. F.

We claim that this is a most unjust and misleading statement. Look at the names of our Editorial Staff and you will note that only member of the Amex force, and they are Air Service men, too, are connected with "The Fly Paper." This paper is edited and printed exclusively by men of this Post.

They cannot claim lack of information on this subject for it has had us upon its exchange list and we have been sending regularly copies of our paper to its office, and we have also been receiving theirs, tho at first we waited a long time for copies of its publication. Then if they would care to pry into things a bit, it might find also some other papers exclusively edited by members of the Amex force, for we receive such publications regularly.

"The Fly Paper" does lay claim to being the largest paper published by men in the A. E. F., omitting of course, the "Stars and Stripes." We make this claim after comparing our journal with all others that we have been able to lay hold of and we do not draw a line with them.

We hope that the objectionable caption be effaced from your future editions, for we could dislike, immensely, to think that a class paper like their edition would unmerited honor.

GENERALITIES

The high motive that some of us have in our efforts to correct the department of our fellow soldiers in very commendable but suppose in future we stick to generalities. I mean by that to avoid a "knock" on any special locality. In last week's issue a writer, who hands in some mighty good stuff, after calling down some boisterous guy, remarks that "He clearly betrayed his origin and upbringing in some little town out in the corn belt." Now we challenge him to come to the Middle West and find any more "Bumbkins" than you do in the East. Or better still, ask one of his own neighbors who has been there. I recall some notable instances of uncouth characters that have originated in the East and have been preserved for us by eastern writers. There are "Samanthy" and "David Harum" without mentioning the numerous "Bowery" characters. However, we of the West and Middle West do not judge all the East by the few characters we read about even tho we may not have been there. Out in the corn belt where the towns are small and the people few and far between, everyone knows everyone else and it is doubly necessary to observe the proprieties, more so than in the busy air crowded East. So let us stick to generalities for we may pick flaws no matter where we go; there are clowns in the East and in the West; the majority of our country contains gentlemen and no particular locality is given to the cultivation of "Hicks."

Since the transfer of the — Company with the — Company things have run about the same as usual except that we are afraid to report too many things about the new fellows since we are not sure of their dispositions.

Who was the Mess Sergt. who fell in the G. I. can and came up with two black eyes and a skinned nose? WARNING: Stay away from St. H.

Another one of the same rank has quit writing to "Baby Doll" and is showering letters on a certain widow out in Winnie, Texas.

Kid Garland says a good use for A. R.'s would be to use 'em to make swagger sticks for the privates.

With Our Neighbors

Lots of writing paper arrived this week and Petit Buerres. The secretary is assured that he will receive plenty of these in the future.

The new chaplain, in the person of E. W. Stonebreaker of Hagertown, Maryland, has already made himself popular with the boys and proven himself to be a "regular" fellow. Some name and some chaplain, is the way the boys put it.

Two local concerts and stunt nights have been held this week and many more are being planned. We have all the talent in the world. On Thursday night, the greatest concert of the season including a playlet, will be given under the direction of Lieut. Milton.

You had ought to see the room of Sec'y Whiston. It is a bird! Pricelless paintings, superb upholstery, costly rugs and a heating system that is of the best. He says it is almost impossible to get up early in the morning because he likes to feast his eyes on the beautiful scenery.

Everything is coming fast and satisfactory with the new hut, and when the new structure arrives, it will be one of the best in France. The canteen, writing room and stage are spacious and the rooms large enough for the needs. The 75 new chairs and the benches furnish ample seating capacity. Everyone was glad when the full lights were turned on, showing the artistry of Mr. Jenkins, the Paris decorator, who had the painting in charge. It is too bad that he could not remain to finish the job. Delayed paint is the reason.

AND HE WANTS TO COMPROMISE

Twelve million men, mostly young men, have been killed or permanently injured in the German-made calamity from which humanity is now suffering.

This number exceeds by two million the population of Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

If all the men, age 21 and over, in the New England states and New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois were killed or permanently injured they would about equal in number the men already sacrificed in this manner to Germany's desire for world domination.

Over 134,000,000 dollars have been diverted from the construction uses of peace to the destructive uses of war. No human mind can comprehend this sum. It would take 2,550 years to count it at the rate of one hundred dollar bills per minute.

Concentrate for a few minutes upon the magnitude of this crime of the ages.

Picture the millions upon millions of people to whom it has brought hardship, hunger and pain. Think of the total sum of sorrow and grief that has come to the bereaved millions. Consider the moral and physical degradation which the war's pitiless poverty has wrought. And, remember the wholesale destruction of property and art which it has taken the toil and sweat to produce.

Visualize the battle front where the precious blood of our own heroic sons is sinking into the sacred soil of France mingled with that of other free men who are offering up their lives for the honor and happiness of generations yet unborn.

And then ask yourself what kind of a "peace" do we want? temporary or permanent? A peace bought by barter or by victory?

Shall there be no restitution, no retribution, no punishment, no disarmament, no guarantee against a recurrence?

Or shall the outlaw be conquered, apprehended and restrained—and his power to renew his murderous career forever taken from him.

The insistent cry for a "compromise peace" from the friends of the enemy at home and abroad will gain in volume as the war goes on. Get your answer ready now.

Be Brave-Be American

Did you ever feel discouraged, downhearted, entirely down and out and give it up as a life not worth struggling for? And have you ever entertained the thought that there is some reason for feeling that way? Instead of sprouting and blooming forth, the roots are rotting, nourishment is lacking, something is wrong somewhere and something must be done or all will wilt and die out. It may be laziness. Brace up, cheer up, get your brain into action. Instead of wilting grow and keep on growing. Get some ambition for fertilizer, nourish your brains with work speed up, show some pep. Inactivity makes us old and withered, our brain's dead and our vitality entirely fagged out. Get busy, be alive, show some action, beat the other fellow, show him up, wake him up. Why let yourself die out when there is so much ahead of you? Don't show what a big muscle you have, show what it can do. If you haven't got a muscle, develop one. If you haven't any brains, develop some. If you have, get the mud and scum cleaned out of them. Instead of withering, develop something worth while. Your country needs all that is in you. War isn't going to last forever and when victory is ours, back there where we all came from, muscle and brain are the two things that will be needed to put the good old U. S. A. on a stonger foundation than she has ever been on before. So wake up, get your blood circulating, your muscles taut and use the body that the good Lord gave you for the purpose it was intended.

WHY HE DIDN'T GO TO THE FRONT

One day an Englishwoman was sitting out on her front balcony when a boy who was delivering her groceries pushed open the gate and started to go around the house. The lady, noting what a fine, strapping young fellow he was, cried out:

"Young man, why don't you go to the front?" The boy, looking up perplexed, replied, "Why I always go to the back door with groceries." —Harpers.

JUST NOW AND THEN

I met her, you know—no matter how, And kissed her, I think—no matter when You see it doesn't matter now! In fact it didn't matter then. At a dance or dinner or some such thing, We met—and I guess I gave her a ring, And kissed her, I think—or made a bow, And there I was—"Engaged again!" Oh, well, it doesn't matter now, In fact, it didn't matter then. —Awgwan

A Letter to "Omar"

"Sweet Caporal"

18 Juin 1918

"OMAR"

You know Fatima, the Egyptian Straights' girl, she talked to Helma—Between the Acts at Lord Salisbury's Festivities.

She's a Pippin to talk to Philip Morris and Chesterfield, but she made a Lucky Strike when she met the Egyptian Dieties. They tried to Mecca the Violet de Milo, but say, she could act Anna Held in Havana to Perfection. And Pall Mall was there, the fellow who led the London Life and now lives in Piedmont—oh, yes, she's going to be a Tourist to the Oasis and Tokio.

Then Herbert Tarrytown was there, too— with Melachrino. She danced the Hassen and Salome. She wore a Richmond Straigt, cut with a Broadleaf cape. Gee, they were Rex.

Nebo and Murad won the Turkish Trophy. She wore her Black and White and Egyptian Luxury gown with the Gold Tips. He looked real Sensible.

Next came Turkey Red and Zira... they're some Players. Gave a Little Act on Sub Rosa and Ramesis, from Hoffman House.

Tell Ramleh that Bull Durham was there. He's going around with Old Honest's daughter, Romeo, the one that was in love with Prince Albert, but Velvet Joe, the Master Workman, put the Trevis on him.

Every Day I saw during the last week. The Star and Burley Leaf were out with B. L. Mayo's girl. She's a Fine Cut, isn't she?

Piper Heidsick was married to the Rose o' Cuba at Dill's last night. He wore his Tuxedo and a Horse Shoe ring. She wore a Price's Pilsen gown and a Diamond Cut with Schoe.

And Blackstone, Jr., was there with that Yankee Girl—the one that lives at 7-20-4 on Beacon Hill. Young Rockefeller, the Money Star, put Climax on their Harts. He came up driving his Brown Mule, that he bought from the Five Bros. at Quincy, near Boston, Mass. Sure, and he was the Town Talk at Leeberman's last winter.

Of course that old Camel back Beechnu: that a Bobby Burns had to quarrel with the Red Man over the Mail Pouch and it finally ended with the Battle Axe.

J. A. and Charles Denley left on a Furlough for Bunker Hill to see the Liberty parade. Guess that is all the News for Pastime.

Your Little Marquette

—Sgt. H. H. Jones

"Rookies" at Camp Greene Cause a "Shavetail" Much Trouble-- A Gentle Reminder of our Early Army Life

A TRUE STORY BY CAPT. BILLINGSLEY

SOME ARMY— SCENE: Camp Greene, TIME: March 29, 1918.

A second Lieutenant trying to straighten out a bunch of Motor Mechanic recruits who have just arrived in camp from West Side, Chicago and Bronx, New York, dressed in their gay and marvelous varieties of civilian attire, with their satchels and suit cases in hand they are lined up for the horrible agony that the young Lieut. is about to cause.

The Lieut., with new boots shining, snaps his shoulders back in order to make a big showing in presence of the Camp Commander, very military and plenty of snap. He yells, "Fall in," a big Irishman on the right wants to know if he fall out to go to the Benzine before he falls in. Six others want to do the same thing.

Lieut., getting peeved, "Fall in, I said, fall in." "Attention to the roll call."

Lieut., very loudly: "Aaronsky."

A voice, very feeble: "Oi."

Lieut., sternly: "Just answer 'here' when your name is called."

"Ackerman."

A voice (very soft): "Here."

Lieut.: "Speak out, damn it, speak out so I can hear you. Ackerman is Ackerman here."

A voice (much louder): "Sure I am here, Cap. Look over here. Open your eyes, Cap; you will see me."

Lieut. (growing very peeved): "Never mind the 'Cap,' just answer 'here.'"

"All right, but why didn't you tell a fellow you didn't want 'the Cap' on it?"

Another voice butts in: "Don't call him 'Cap,' Ack, ole boss, he ain't no Capen, he's only a Looenant."

Ackerman, in reply: "Well, I don't know him. Why should I know him, this is the first time I've ever met 'im."

Then a third voice butts in: "Hey, what I want to know is when do we eat in this war. Thass what I want to know, 'cause I ain't haa nothin' to eat since breakfast and here it is five minutes past one o'clock. I want to eat, believe me, boy."

Then a big roughneck voice from near the left center comes in very loudly: "Eat, eat, did you say eat, boy? Eeatin' don't bother me none, I'll tell the world, 'cause my stummick is already up-set. What I want to know is that fat guy there on the hoss a General or is there any Generals around this shebang. I want to get a slant at a General, that they talk about the army having."

Then a very harsh voice near the centre broke loose: "Damn the Generals, just give me a gun, thass all I want. I don't see what good I am around here with no gun, Cap. When do we get the gun, boy, that's what I want."

Lieut., almost under, trying to continue the roll (loudly): "Bany."

A voice (very loudly, full of pep): "Here."

Another voice, near him (very politely): "Say you big stiff, don't be hollering in my ear, d'ye

wanta bust my ear drums. Whass the big idea, anyway."

Roaring voice: "I'll shut you up with a hook on the jaw, whaddye think 'o that, you big stiff?"

The Lieut. seeing something is about to happen, yells: "That will do there. Cut it out."

"Batter shell."

A voice, it's owner evidently aroused from deep slumber: "Yes sir, right here sir. Coming right up."

Lieut. (very fretfully): "Just answer 'here' when your names are called, never mind anything else."

The heavy voice again cuts in: "Gimme a gun, just gimme a gun and I'll show you fellows how to bust the Hindenburg line. Just turn me loose and let me show the people what I can do. Thass all I ask of ye."

The weak voice again: "Aw, you couldn't do nothin', you big bloot. I suppose you can hear sleigh bells and all those things ringing in your honor already?"

The roaring voice: "Say, you little horn toad, I'll pull your damn tongue out by—"

The Lieut. again comes in: "Stop that there. Stop, you fool. Where were you born anyway?"

"Clowes, G. H."

A voice right on the job, full of snap, answers, "Hup, sir, hup."

The rough voice again: "Say, I wonder who's clothes he's got on."

The little voice: "I got on my own clothes."

The Lieut., somewhat encouraged by the answer of 'Hup' quickly called another—

"Cobby."

"You bet, sir. Right on the job."

Lieut. (frowning): "Just say 'here,' I told you a thousand times."

"Dickout"—after a brief silence—"Dickhout, Dickhout, P. J. Is Dickhout in line."

Everybody very anxious to assist the little Lieut.: "Hey, Dickhout, Dickhout, speak up, Dick, the Cap'n is calling your name."

The Lieut.: "Dickhout must be absent."

After a long pause the little voice butts in: "That guy's dead, Loot, that guy's dead, sure."

When suddenly a piper voice breaks loose: "Myabe it's me you want, Cap, maybe, hey? Dunlap, Dunlap, . Dunlap."

The Lieut. (scanning his list again): "So it is Dunlap—yes, Dunlap, well answer 'here' then and don't stand there and pick your nose."

Very weak: "Well, here, then, here."

The rough voice again: "Well, we know you are here, now, didn't you just tell the guy so a minute ago?"

The little voice again to the hoarse voice: "Say, what are you trying to do, run this army already? Lay offa people. Lay off, I tell yuh."

The hungry voice again comes in: "Say, fellows, this ain't no bad place. With all the trees, grass and everything nice and green. But when do we eat in this war? I was told that

as soon as we got here we would get baked beans and all such as that to eat. Believe me, I haven't seen a bean yet."

The E's and F's are finished.

"Goldberg."

Fifteen voices answer at once, "Here."

Lieut. (bewildered): "One at a time, please, one at a time."

A voice very meek: "If you want Julius Goldberg here I am Cap, right here on the left."

Lieut. (after getting the Goldbergs properly assorted): "Houtlette, Houtlette."

A sad voice answering: "Which one, Cap, me or my brother? If you want him he didn't come yet but he will be down with the next bunch Saturday."

Lieut. (sternly): "Answer 'here' damn it, answer 'here' and never mind any expectations about your brother."

The voice (very sickly): "Well, all right 'here.' I was just tellin' you, that's all, can't a guy tell you?"

The hungry voice again (sniffing the air expectantly): "I smell beans somewhere, boys, I knew they was going to feed us sometime. Ouy just natchully can't fight if he ain't fed proper."

The timid voice again: "I wonder what time we get our new clothes?"

Heavy voice again: "I wish they would hurry up and tell me about my gun. Thass what I want. Thass what's gonna win this war."

Hungry voice: "Gimme eats and then talk about your guns to me. But eats, boy, eats come first."

Lieut., trying again: "Lichowoo."

A very dignified voice: "Heroo."

The little voice again: "Bust in Lichowoo, boys, we got chinks in our army, tooo."

Heavy voice: "Certney we got chinks in our army. I'd rather have a chink for my bunkle any day than to have you. What do you think of that, heh?"

The little voice: "Say, you damn moss back ridge runner, you—"

The Lieut. again: "Heh, you fool, heh!"

"Next, Zaremba."

Sadly a voice answering: "Here. But, Lieut., I have lost my clean sock that my wife she put so carefully in my satchel and I have an idea that he—"

The Lieut. was almost exhausted and very pale. "Now you men can go inside and put your stuff away. Get your mess kits and line up for diner."

Hungry voice, with great enthusiasm: "Three cheers, boys, three cheers for the Capt. Hip-hip."

Lieut., hastily and with some embarrassment: "That will do, that'll do, dismissed, damn it, dismissed."

And he turned, red in the face, and reported all present.

Captain H. Billingsley, Apologies to "Go On."

Sgt. Willie Jones on His Leave

By Lieutenant "Doc" Fulton

(Continued from last week)

"I wonder," thought Willie, "what's going to happen now. I certainly hope he'll have sense enough after he reads it to let me in on whatever it is." He had not long to wait. The Blue Devil finished reading and his expression underwent a complete change. He looked everything his name implied and a little bit more. "Cachon," he yelled, "I kill you," and started in to make good his threat. He attempted to rise from his chair but the other was too quick and as Willie missed a well-aimed punch for the face then went into a clinch.

At this sort of fight Willie was at home. He thought of the old days back in the logging camps where anything was fair but murder, and he forgot that he was in a strange country, in strange surroundings and remembered only that he was fighting and fighting to win. His face was down on the Frenchman's arm and he opened his mouth a nd took a good-sized bite. With a yell the Frenchman turned him loose and as he relaxed Willie uppercut him with his left. The Frenchman covered up and came back for more and for the next few minutes, which were seemingly hours long, Willie had all he could do in the way of offensive warfare. Altho as hard as nails, having been of the shovel detail all summer, the pace was beginning to tell and he figured that something had to be done quickly. The old woman who had waited on them was in the room screaming at the top of her voice and people on the street were gathering to see what the noise was. They were fighting in the corner room next to the street and Willie's back was to the wall.

The Frenchman rushed and Willie stepped quickly forward and to the right and let go a half-arm swing to the jaw with his whole weight behind it. It was a blow that had been taught him by an old timer and it had brought victory out of what seemed defeat on many other encounters. But by some freak of luck or circumstance, the Frenchman lowered his head just at that instant and he received the blow meant for his jaw on the side of the head. As Willie felt the impact of bone against bone and felt the tendons of his arm relax, he knew that the bones of his right hand were broken.

With the French soldier fighting like a wild cat and his right arm out of commission, Willie's morale sank a good ways below par. The swing had staggered the Frenchman but he grunted, shook his head and came on. The pause had, however, given Willie a chance to get out of the corner and with the next onrush of his adversity, he went into a clinch. Grasping the Frenchman in the collar of his uniform with his left hand, he dropped quickly on his right knee and pulled the other toward him. This was so unexpected that it thre the French soldier off his balance and as he staggered against Willie's knee, the latter gave a savage jerk and the other was thrown heavily, his head striking the sharp corner of the table leg, and the fight was over. Willie looked down at the quivering, bleeding body and was sure that he had committed a murder. Flight was the only thing he thought of and he rushed for the door only to fall in the arms of a gendarme who had his own troubles when it came to holding the half-crazed sergeant.

After a lot of powwow of which Willie understood never a word, he was taken to the gendarmerie here he supposed he would be held for the American military authorities. By means of the sign language he got some water to wash his bruised and bleeding face, after which he lay down on some straw in one corner of the room and to the tune of a throbbing, painful hand gave himself up to his unpleasant, resentful thoughts.

(To be continued)

Among the Tent Dwellers

WANTED: Experienced man to polish gold-bricks.

Sgt. Heinritz does not want his name mentioned in the paper.

Flying Moilow, also known as Broadway, is gone but not forgotten.

"Happy" Archibald's goat has got the army habit. He rolls his own.

Whittaker—Where's Wyant? Carter—Gone out to get measured for a shave.

Fitzpatrick and Boyde became so enthusiastic about military things that they have entered a class to drill after hours for 14 days.

Silas M. Wheeler has decided not to go to the banquet as he had recently planned because he figures Peace is coming and he'll need the money for travelling expenses.

It all happened in our squadron: Grosso called Krapish "Ras" and Ras got peeved so he BERGAN. He kicked Gros so hard in the BELLI that all he could see was SPECHTS. HE FELL. Everyone thought he would be CAREY (D) off. It sure was a HOMER. Maurice came to on the ninth and fought like a FOX. It was SWEET revenge and he sure started to BURNHAM up. Ras GAGED his nldows and fought according to his old CREED. ARCHIBALD him out. Dambriso hollered, "BOOFER in the eye." Gros was getting SHORT winded and about ready for the Aerial Gunnery Schol GRAVES but managed to CRUSE about a while longer. RAS was MUSSEN him up sumthin awful but he himself was beginning to WADDLE around rather shaky. Goofy Pollack yelled, "God NIGHTLINGER longer and your a dead one." Maurice saw that "Raz" was weakening and that he was getting rather BROWN around the GILLS so he fought just like Jeffrey Smith works. Just then the gong sounded. It was CALDWELL done by all who witnessed it. Abe Botwinick, the assistant quartermaster refereed the bout and said he considered them both BRAV fighters. Chris Rasmussen had figured on challenging the winner but since witnessing the fight, he has had a very incandescent feeling. Chris is very quick on his feet and we hope that by the second Tuesday in next week that he will make a good showing. He has hoped of getting a bout with "Leggy" Short but Sam says he is too busy studying history nights, to do much training. Young Chris challenges anyone of his weight providing they will accept, in advance, all terms given in his last Sunday night's spech down near the latrine. All applicants please interview his trainer, Charles C. Jeffrey-Smith, Jr.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO? Visitor—And what did you do when the bullet struck you? Bored Tommy—Sent mother a postal card to have my bed aired.—London Tit-Bits.

Halt! Who's there? Me. Just me. Pass, friend.



# GOSSIP

## HERE AND THERE



Lieut. Ballard is still trying to "put out that fire." All the luck in the world, Lieut.

Mail Orderly Fraser says that he believes he would like his girl a lot more if she would only quit eating garlic and onions.

We nearly got a bath in that new bath house the other night, but the sergeant found out just in time that this isn't our month.

We are all trying to find out why Sergt. Burns won't report when he comes back from town. The poor boy must be homesick.

We understand that someone has been having company from "The Castle on the Rhine." No wonder there isn't any work done around here.

K. P. Pullen finally got off center the other day when a busy little bee backed up to him and pushed. Yes, he's still eating off the mantle piece.

We understand that 1st Sgt. H. G. Allen finally took a little drink (of Grenadine) while on his trip to Tours. Easy, Hank, first thing you know, you'll be smoking cigarettes or something just as bad.

Sammy Kunian don't care who he sleeps next to or any thing of that sort, but he says that there is going to be an awful argument around this part of France if he finds out who put that lobster in his bunk a few nights ago.

No one can say that Rader isn't kind-hearted. He is now trying to get a commission of some sort for K. P. Sampson. He says that Sampson is no good as a K. P., but that he ought to be good for something—therefore, the commission.

The boys are mighty glad to see that Willie Zerr is able to walk around once more and what's more, enjoy the pleasures of a good night's sleep. Don't know for sure, but we think that he is figuring on going on the next few picnics.

Doc Quinby says that he believes in friendship and all that, but he thinks that it is carrying things a bit too far when one of the K. P. crew runs off with the only girl he has left. (Only another reason for getting a commission for Sampson).

If the pick and shovel gang keeps up at their present rate of speed and the war lasts long enough, they will have France all leveled up pretty in another year or two. It's pretty hard on the hands, but then that's nothing, as these are war times.

Grandma Haigler says that they must have done an awful lot of work on the road while he was in town the other night as there was an enormous amount of curves in the road coming home that were conspicuous by their absence on the way down.

Moran says that if General Pershing had let those boys from Kentucky have enough Vin Rouge some months back, this war would be all over by this time and they would be back in their native state now enjoying their old pastime of jumping stumps and running ridges.

Each day sees a new addition to that large collection of French keys that Captain Rowan carries around to keep him from going up in the air. If the war don't end pretty soon, he will have to requisition the company wheel barrow to haul them around. Ouch—Cease firing.

There is a certain sergeant in the Motor Mads who has mixed his dates pretty thoroughly. He has a breach of promise case on this side of the ocean and a deaf and dumb girl waiting for him in the states. By the way, if there is any one looking for an interpreter of the deaf and dumb language, look up Sergeant Burns of New York, North Carolina and France.

Mess. Sgt. Rader, the Indiana Scissor-bill, has finally managed to annex a real wooden shoe for his own personal property. He says that some one steals every girl he gets, so he has hit on the novel idea of getting one this time with only one tooth. We feel confident, after just one look, that he will be able to hang on to his present "excess baggage" for the duration of the war.

Bamford can be seen running up and down the main avenue. No, he's not exercising, he's just keeping in touch with Headquarters.

Richards doesn't want' go home this winter because if he does he may have to go to work, and it's too cold to work these days in the states. Kid, if we believed there was any work in you, we'd agree pronto; but—we aint.

The boys of this company regret losing so many good men in the recent transfer. The best of friends must part some day, and the history of the Motor Mads has lived up to the rule, it seems. As for the skipper we will let him speak for himself.

The Skipper on rumors: "Rumors are just like women—they keep coming, and they never let up. Ten men in line can make or keep one, but it isn't done. A rumor invariably begins at an irresponsible point and permeates the entire district within the next four hours. Reports verify them, but never crush them. Same way with rumors. Think it over."

Orders were put on the bulletin board to the effect that any one wanting a Sunday pass to C— would have to have some good reason for going. Some of the excuses were as follows:

Kost—to buy a watch; Weesner—to buy a souvenir spoon; Crispin—to purchase brushes and paint; Diegelman—to secure pump, forgotten last Sunday; Jensen and Eisminger—to buy a blanket (must be getting some cold, boys) and others ranging from shopping to recreation and pleasure. Suppose that the boys thought that Bamford, the top-kick, was born yesterday. Not so, old timers, but better luck next time.

Private Peat—When I took my hat to be cleaned the man put it on a wooden block.

Sergeant Empey—Isn't that what it is usually on? —Yale Record.

Mess Sergeant McGahey says his operation was successful, only he feels a little short.

"Kid" Wilson wishes every one to know that "K. P. Inn" is still doing a rushing business.

Notice how dreamy looking Meeker is these days? He dreams of the little corn field of his home in Iowa.

"Coots Bay" says "Giff" has two ways of working men: working them hard and working them harder.

Fistick and Wop cooking together—some combination. Frstickwop, wonder if it's good to eat or a disease.

Scotty the talkative K. P. Ivey says that a phonograph has Scotty beat for atking—but you can stop a phonograph.

"Cy" Owens is author of the statement that if the Huns keep running, his son, Aerial Aviation Owens, will see Dada before Christmas.

Cameron, Niles and Goodwin, let's hear about your dreams of "Ye Liberty Party." Mysterious trio has happy dreams—wonder was it Vin Rouge?

"Get in all of your laundry, fellows! We're going back to the states in a day or two," yelled "Cy" Owens when he heard of the Kaiser's whimper for peace.

Sgt. Brown with his cut lip and his nightly trips to town—tell us the truth, Bertie—did you mistake the hour you were to call and run into her Franciase Soldat fiancée?

Boob Page and Doughnuts Holt, our faithful K. P.'s would like to know who and how Scotty learned to talk French. Someone said "Vaseline" of K. P. Hall taught him.

Percy Brewster declares that if he doesn't receive an answer to his challenge at an early date he is going to retire from the ring and go back to mule skinning for a living.

Hasty declares that he doesn't mind the cigarettes, francs and other souvenirs that his lady of Sable D'ollone took but that he would like very much to have his raincoat back.

Will some one kindly explain to Meeker the fact that Iowa oversubscribed her Liberty Bond allotment is not sufficient excuse for him to demand double rations in the snow line.

Holt states that "Liberty Parties" are just the thing. "Personally, I don't remember much about the trip," he adds. "But every one who saw me agrees that I was enjoying myself."

Hogue: I guess "Cuba" has now turned pacifist.  
Williams: What makes you think so?  
Hogue: Why, he has bought a safety razor.

Hogue: Say, Scotty, did you notice those two men who just came out of that cafe?  
Scotty: Yes, what about them?  
Hogue: Well, one was a Scotchman and the other one didn't buy a drink either.

"Damp Weather" Short has expressed a desire to duplicate the feat of his cousin, Charles W., and become an aerial observer. With that height of his he ought to make good as an aerial observer or a wireless tower either without further training.

Have you noticed that taking way "Rod" Kinyon has with the fair sex? He doesn't believe in hesitating or parley-voicing. Just mumble "Promenade, Promenade! oui, oui!" and picks 'em up and carries 'em off just like a knight errant of old.

"C'EST TROP CHER"  
Dorsey (awakening after a hard evening's battle with the forces of Vin Blanc): "Doggone it, 'Cy, I feel like a Napoleon franc."  
Cy: "It sure does beat all how the war has increased the value of everything."

There may be men in this outfit who don't relish chicken but it certainly wasn't proven at last Sunday's feed. The best meal we've eaten in the A. E. F., was the unanimous verdict and the cooks deserve a lot of credit for the manner in which it was prepared and served.

If you wish to see the wooden shoes impressed just wander out in the rear some fine evening and watch "Dad" Olmstead with a big cigar between his teeth pass in review before them. Every lady is at attention. Heels together, knees wide apart and eyes on "Dad."

On Friday, October 10, Mitchell, the native son, celebrated in style. Quietly, yet majestically, he moved forward to his bunk, plunged his hand into his barracks bag and extracted a clean towel. With due reverence he gazed upon the slightly soiled towel which had done yeoman duty since June 10. One extremity had been required of it as an absorber of facial dampness. The other extremity was responsible for the brightness of his mess kit. The center might be called Kentucky, or as the Indians term it, "Dark and bloody ground." Sotennly, he repulsed the old with the new and the deed was done. It marked an epoch in the life of a great man.

Sgt. Cameron says it's better to have short legs even though they are crooked than to have a pair like Legs Meeker.

It is a fact that Corporal Hardesty is very popular with the girls, yet, if his girl in San Antonio were to tell his girl in Cincinnati and write to his girl in Iowa about the girl in St. Jean with whom he was viewing the chateau in the pines a few Sundays ago the said corporal would be in bad with one and all.

FROM THE BARBER'S CORNER  
Friday: Hey, Francis, what's all that noise about?  
McKeighan: Higgins is shaving himself.  
Friday: But why all the argument?  
McKeighan: He's trying to persuade himself to have a message.

How many have seen the "Flag Star"? Charlie Ginner discovered the planet which alternately reflects the red, white and blue and many others stood and gazed at it solemnly for many minutes. Hogue declares that he has partaken of every beverage in France and some of them would cause him to see six moons gazing down from the midst of a million stars but that he had never partaken of anything that turned the planets into flags.

Hogue is not only an Irishman, a first class private and assistant road commissioner but he is also something of a prophet. When asked when he thought the Kaiser would take Paris he answered: "When 'Vin Rouge' Metzger refuses to take a drink; when 'Legs' Meeker says he has too much chow; when Dorsey speaks twenty words without cussin'; when 'Baldy' volunteers to do some hard work; when 'Gertrude' Hull gets stewed to the eyes; when Burkhardt stops talking; when Bill Cameron's limbs grow straight; when Baker goes to spending money; when Lahaie quits gambling; when 'Jack' Gleason admits that Alabama is a better state than California; when Fuller quits losing his temper and when Poole forgets that he is a sergeant; then and then only will the Kaiser get to Paris." All of which leads us to the conclusion that the chances of the Kaiser's reaching Paris are about on par with those of the proverbial snowball in the Kaiser's ultimate destination.

In answer to last week's wonderful poem about the people who come to California but never stay:

The arguments wax hot of the good and the bad,  
Each state has its champions but some they are sad;

Indiana, Nebraska, Iowa and Connecticut  
All are downhearted at what they call luck.  
For California with its wonders of wealth and of clime  
Has the best of all the arguments every old time.

California.  
Now come on you natives of the above mentioned states.

Show us if you can what it is that you hate  
About California and her champions—they are both true blue

If you don't believe it come out and we will show you  
California.

'Twas the rubes and the farmers from out of the east  
That came to California and some they were fleeced,  
And it's natural that once a poor rube gets gay  
He will come but once and never stay—  
In California.

### 'Round Camp

Ingham and Bausher are said to be in one class.

Won't Anderson and Salmonson have some wild tales to relate.

Dan Reifsnider would have us believe we're due for Pottstown around Christmas.

One of the big questions now popular among the boys is, where are you going on your furlough?

Preliminary plans are now under way for the publication of a squadron book, which will deal with every individual.

Sergeant-Major Gordon is being congratulated upon his success. It will mean a salute, boys. Cause he went through with honors.

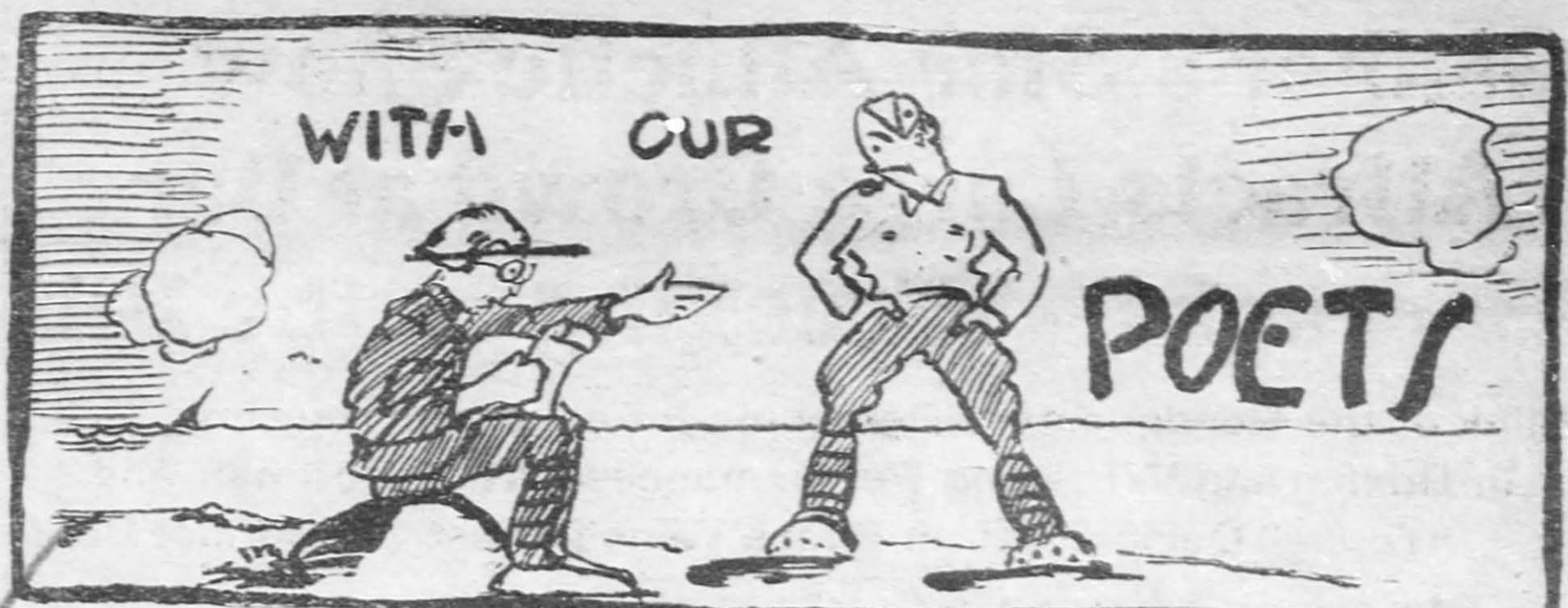
Harry "Round-man," "Fat," Cook Weber returned to the boys all puffed up over his trip to N—. I have the details, but then I love the fair name of our birth place. And he threatened me. Oh, Harry, I fear your mighty wallop and prefer being a victim of a Hun than die among those of the rear.

### JOE COMES INTO HIS OWN

Where Joe Bettelheim hung out in the old days we do not know, but judging from the manner in which he springs the nigger-harmony stuff, we venture to say that old New York has been included in his travels. Occasionally Joe flies loose. It was one evening after the usual contortions at the Hotel de la P— that Joe and his mate were homeward bound on the late truck. Joe sang, Davidson pounded out the time on the floorboards. Four Looies joined in the chorus. Once Joe attempted tragedy-ballads but a Looie growled, "ta 'ell wit' th' stuff, kid," and he jerked into high with "My Sweetie." The wooden shoes and the night-owls of the village were treated free to a genuine peppy ragtime chorus in the throes of la passione. The show ended at the guard lines, to the regret of all. The sweet young things were going fine. 'Twas a shame to stop 'em, it was. As they clambered out one of the shoulder bars grasped Joe, peering into his face. "Say, bo, whatahell café didju sing in, hey?"

### ANXIETY

Father (lecturing wild son)—"Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?"  
Son—"Oh, I'd be here, guv'nor! The question is, what would become of you?"



### The Recruit's Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my gear to keep.  
Grant no other soldier'll take my socks or shoes  
Before I wake.  
Lord, please guard me in my slumber,  
And keep this bunk by its own umber,  
Grant no springs or slats may break  
And let me down before I wake.

Keep me safely in Thy sight;  
Grant no fire-drills at night.  
And in the morning let me wake  
Breathing scents of sirloln steak.

God protect me in my dreams,  
And make this better than it seems;  
Grant the time may swiftly fly,  
When myself shall rest on high—  
In a snowy feather bed  
Where I long to lay my head;  
Far away from all these scenes  
From the smell of half-baked beans.

Take me back unto the land  
Where they don't scrub down with sand;  
Where quarantine one never knows;  
Where women wash the clothes.  
God, thou knowst all my woes,  
Feed me in Thy dying throes,  
Take me back, I'll promise then,  
NEVER TO LEAVE HOME AGAIN.

### REFLECTIONS

Sometimes I see a man with stern-set jaw,  
Untrue, untamed, regardless of the law.  
Sometimes a man with laughing face-above,  
A babe's: him all the world must love.  
Sometimes a fresh young fellow setting out,  
Smooth-cheeked, clear-eyed, sans fear or shame—  
or doubt,  
Upon adventure or some high emprise.

Again, a tired man with dark-rimmed eyes  
And hot, uneasy skin and twisted mouth  
That tell a tale of yesternight's mad drouth.  
Sometimes a treasured glance I win—  
A clean, lean sweep of cheek and chin,  
Contoured and hollowed like an anchorite.  
Sometimes there passes in my sight  
Another creature: on his face a mesh  
Of wrinkles and ignoble lines of flesh. . . .  
Mostly I hate the man and do abjure him:  
Anon, as when he smiles, I just endure him.

But which of these I truly be  
I know not, nor I know withal  
Where lies the mystery—in me  
Or in the mirror in the hall.



As long as flowers their perfume give  
So long I let the Kaiser live—  
Live and live for a million years  
With nothing to drink but Belgian tears.  
I would let him live on a dinner a day  
Served from silver on a golden tray,  
Served with everything; hot things to eat  
And I'd make him a bed of silken sheen  
With costly linens to lie between  
With covers of down and fillets of lace  
And downy pillows in place.

Yet when to its comfort he would yield  
It should smell with rot of the battlefield,  
And blood and bones and brains of men  
Should cover him, smother him and then  
His pillows should cling with rotten clay,  
Clay from the grave of a soldier boy;

And through all the days, through all the years  
There should be an anthem in his ears  
Ringing and singing and never done  
From the edge of light to the set of sun.  
And while God's stars their vigil keep,  
And while the waves the white sands sweep  
He should never, never, never sleep.

### Salvation Army Lass

She didn't join  
To make some coin  
For sake of fun or spree.  
She didn't roam  
Away from home  
And comforts 'cross the sea.  
She didn't haft  
To dodge the draft,  
Though she's but twenty-three  
She came because  
She thought it was  
The place she ought to be.

She's where the boys  
Make lots of noise  
And shells make lots of gas.  
She always meets  
With lots of eats  
The wounded as they pass.  
She smiles at all,  
The big an' small,  
She never gives no sass.  
She's our best bet,  
Our little pet—  
Salvation Army Lass.

### THE CHATEAU IN THE WOODS

Off in the forest we foand it,  
That chateau of golden gray;  
Hidden from the eyes of the vulgar  
A relic of a better day.  
The walls shone clear and golden  
In the light of the May-day sun,  
Whilst closed shutters of gray  
Spoke of friends gone away  
And a task yet to be done.

No gay chatter of children  
Rang through its deserted hall;  
Only the song of the wind,  
And the cuckoo's lonely call.  
Around the trunks of the chestnuts  
The brown squirrels circle and play;  
Whilst the magpie from her nest  
In the fire's dark creck  
Arises and flutters away.

The lawn, once so trim and green  
Is now o'ergrown with weeds.  
The war did it;  
The war with its gallant deeds.  
"We've sent a man to the front,"  
The grim walls seem to say,  
"But Somewhere in France,  
'Neath a sunken cross, perchance—  
He awaits a better day."  
C. C. W.

### ESSENTIAL TO INDUSTRY

A young negro registrant, claiming exemption, was asked: "How many people are dependent on you?"

He replied: "Two, sah. Paw, he depends on me to find washin' for maw; and maw she depends on me to hunt wood choppin' for paw."—Harpers.

### SUZANNE

I met her on the beach,  
A real Parisian Peach;  
'Twas not my fault at all—  
She is so sweet and small!

I saw her every day,  
(When I could steal away),  
For two glorious weeks—  
My Heart jumps when she speaks!

Her frown, it gave me pain;  
I swear I can't explain  
What made me love her so—  
She's THERE from head to toe.

But then there came the day  
When Suzanne went away,  
And from fair dreams I woke—  
My heart is well nigh broke!

She lives in gay "Par-ee,"  
She has invited me  
To pay a visit there!  
Wonderful is her hair!

Oh, No! I would not go  
Even tho a furlough  
Was offered now to me—  
Suzanne's age is but THREE!!!  
Billie Zerr, Louisville, Ky.





# Galiher's Star Athletic Show Attracts Large Crowd at Barracks--Wrestling on the Bill

### Blink of the Headquarters Detachment Features Program in Boxing and Wrestling Performances--"Kid" Dettman and "Young" DeHaven Both Score Wins in Fast Semi-Final Bout

Cook Blink won and lost. His hefty right hook to the point of "Kid" Smith's jaw in the second minute of a scheduled two-round boxing exhibition sent the latter into dreamland. His tumbling performance with his heavier opponent, Sergeant James, of the new squadron on the field, took him down to defeat after six minutes of wrestling. These events were the principals in the all star athletic performance held under the direction of Lieutenant Galiher in the barracks of the Headquarters Detachment.

Blink's work in the arena was one of the best exhibitions of boxing seen on the field since the manly art was introduced two months ago. He works with ease and his foot-work is exceptionally clever for a 150-pounder. Announcement of the bout by Lieutenant Galiher brought rounds of applause from the crowd. Smith evidently promised to pair off with some unknown as he grabbed the opportunity of squaring things with Blink.

Both stepped to the center of the ring and after exchanging the usual handshake they stepped at a merry pace both swinging hard and seldom clinching. Blink worried his man in every second of the going. He jabbed with great rapidity and shot a volley of left hooks to Smith's stomach in the first minute. Smith worked in a few lefts to Blink's face, but they did little damage to the burly cook. A little dancing about, with some feinting followed, and then Blink cut lose his right hook which hit its mark—to the point of Smith's jaw. The

latter weakened, falling to the mat from the effects of the blow. Blink rushed to his man and assisted him to his corner.

Ireland contributed its share to the honors of the evening, when two of her noble sons, Fitzpatrick and Sweeney exchanged blows in the big wind-up bout. After introducing the lads, they discarded the thought of "Home Rule" and cast their bricks to our sandy lots. Fitzpatrick took the offensive side of the mixing. A head taller and his reach more than six inches over Sweeney enabled him to do most of the leading. Sweeney contented himself with getting in some wicked pokes at short range and evened things in his style. Both rounds were a good draw.

Sergeant VanBibber made his initial entry into pugdom by throwing his hat in the ring, and his exhibition was good considering the odds he fought against. He paired off with the ever-ready Dettman, one of the best men in camp at his weight. The go was featured with fast work on the part of both fighters. Dettman was "there" on the leading and his blows seldom missed their aim. VanBibber frequently shifted his style and occasionally baffled Dettman. In the second minute of the second round the Sergeant started to spar for time and he quit a few seconds later. Dettman was awarded the honors.

The fourth bout brought DeHaven and Brooks together, a pair of 130 pounders. DeHaven had the best of the argument. He showed more knowledge of the game than Brooks and led in nearly every minute of the bout. Brooks got in a few wicked right hand punches and evaded his more experienced opponent in fine style.

The curtain raiser was disputed between Goodpastor and Gande. Both boys furnished a good laugh. Some wild swings were heaved (Haymakers), and both appreciate the fact that they missed their targets.



That boxing is to form an interesting part of our winter sport is evidenced from the enthusiasm displayed at the recent boxing shows staged at the Hut and in the barracks of Lieutenant Galiher's organization. Never was there more interest shown along the athletic line than that which was injected into the peppery bouts held in these rings. From the sound of the gongs marking the openers until the referees waved their hands acknowledging the winners in the wind-up bouts, the programs, offensively and defensively went through without a hitch.

And at these shows the pugs went at it before crowds that jammed into every available space. In both performances the boys crowded about the rings long before the referees appeared to announce the curtain raisers. Many of whom stood throughout the millings and their little

discomfiture was easily outdone by the fast and clever mixing on the part of the fighters.

Another feature not to be overlooked is the interest manifested by the officers. Heretofore the commissioned men seldom donned the mitts or entered into little fist encounters. Our show in Lieutenant Galiher's barracks apparently started the ball rolling for the "Looes," and the bout put across by Lieuts. Myers and Rankin was one that will long live in the minds of the fist lovers. The Sam Browns were discarded for the go and they exchanged jabs and pokes at a lively pace.

Their entrance into pugdom will likely serve as a stimulus and encourage other officers into boxing. While there are no challenges coming forward we can look for some classy bouts when they gather about the ring. Lieut. "Referee" Galiher will likely pick his wind-up when they make their appearance.

## Airmen Battle for Supremacy in the Paris District--America's Best Athletes on Program

One of the most successful athletic contests held in the Paris district was the track and field meet organized by the American Air Service, Paris District, held at 2 p. m. on Sunday, October 13, at the Croix-Catelan, Bois de Boulogne. This beautiful spot in the Bois is the home of the Racing Club of France and has been turned over by that organization for the American games.

As the entries included a number of well-known former college track men the various events were hotly contested. Among the scheduled events were the sprints from 100 metres up and a 1500-metre relay race. There were several events, including the 100 and 300 metre races and tug-of-war, which was open to members of any of the branches of the Allied services in the Paris District.

Among the officers of the American Air Ser-

vice who supervised the meeting were Colonel Halsey Dunwoody, Commanding Officer, Air Service, Paris District; Major Edmund Gros and Captain Marshal F. Mills. Proceeds of the meeting was donated to the American Hospital of Paris.

A well-known military band provided a continuous program of real American music.

Here was the program:  
The following events were open for enlisted men in any of the various branches of the Allied service in the Paris district: 100-metres flat race, 300-metres flat race, tug of war.

Open to officers only: 100-metre flat race 300-metre flat race, 1500-metres relay race (five men to a team), sack race, potato race, three-legged race, tug of war.

Entries were free to all officers, men and nurses in uniform, civilians were charged 2fr.

### OVER THE TUMBLERS

Mac—A man fell from a six-story window yesterday and didn't get hurt.

Duff—What is he, an aviator?

Mac—No. But you see he had on a light fall suit.—Orange Peel.

### A COLORED ARGUMENT

Two colored recruits from Mississippi were getting out of their bunks the morning following their third inoculation, when one of them said:

"Ah feels like forty cents dis 'maw'nin'."

The other one replied: "Sambo, you means like thirty cents, don't yo?"

"No sah! Ah means FORTY cents. Niggah. Don't you never leave off dat war tax."

### FIRST TAG INSPECTION

We were given our first tag inspection recently. These will be a regular thing on the field and will be strictly complied with, according to G. O. 158. The identification tags—two of them, made of aluminum and with a string through the holes in the top—are supposed to be worn around the neck underneath the clothing.

### GEE! SOME BUNCH OF FRANCS

Mr. Bach—See that chorus girl on the end? They pay her fifty dollars a week for not saying a word.

Oldboy—Huh, I know a gent at the club who's paying her sixty dollars a week for the same thing.—Pelican.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* One thousand francs in real French \*  
\* money is posted at the Headquarters De- \*  
\* tachment supporting the claim that Cook \*  
\* Blink will tumble the best 150 pound \*  
\* wrestler in camp. This announcement was \*  
\* made at the boxing show staged by Lieu- \*  
\* tenant Galiher, and the money in there \*  
\* awaiting a challenge. Blink's offer is of \*  
\* the bold sort. He leaves no exceptions. \*  
\* There's no barring in his defy and no date \*  
\* specifying the time of the bout. It is planned \*  
\* by his supporters to choose a referee \*  
\* from the audience that attends the match. \*  
\* Lieutenant Galiher is interested over the \*  
\* challenge. Blink is a cook in his organiza- \*  
\* tion and promises to draw no lines in the \*  
\* wrestling game. Blink's showing a week \*  
\* ago with Briggs was one of the best seen \*  
\* on the field and his exhibition with Ser- \*  
\* geant James at the recent carnival was all \*  
\* that could be expected of him considering \*  
\* the weight the burly Sergeant had on him. \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## New Lightweight Willing to Pair off With Our Best

### GEORGE "DIZZY" QUINN OFFERS TO TAKE ON THE BEST LIGHTWEIGHT OBTAINABLE ON POST

## DEFY BARS NO FIGHTERS

### WOULD PREFER MIXING WITH BOYS HAVING A REPUTATION--ANXIOUS TO FIGHT TEN ROUNDS

With boxing booming now as it never has heretofore, boxers are coming to the front with fresh challenges. Some are heavies, feathers and bantams, but seldom do the lightweights come across with a bold defy. We are to insert one challenge from one lightweight. He is George "Dizzy" Quinn, of the Motor Mechanics. George or "Dizzy" as you like, desires to have the boys know that he is still in the game and is willing to mix things with the best 130 pounders in camp.

Quite an offer and we doff our hats to Quinn for his interest in pugilism. And more thanks for his challenge to meet some of the professionals who fail to show. True he comes to us with a string of victories like many of the pugs, but he is one who is game and willing to show the stuff that credits him with the wins he scored in private life.

Quinn draws no lines and will take on any soldier regardless of "rep," height and reach. As long as they weigh 130 pounds, he'll help make the feathers fly. We believe him as his recent bout with Crevier speaks for itself.

## SEC. WHISTON'S NOTES

The new "Y" hut in the O— camp is the center of attraction these days and is looming up as a camp indispensable. The billiard table is in use most of the time and it is rumored that a challenge will be issued soon to the crack cueists of the Gunnery Camp. The kissing game is some popular. Now that the Ordnance is growing so large it is a matter of course that competition will be injected between the two camps, in many branches of sports. The Ordnance Camp will erect a regulation boxing ring and develop the fist art.

While we are on the subject of sports, why not more enthusiasm for organized games that will develop first class artists and players? One difficulty that Secretary Whiston has met, is the hours of school and flying, but this can be met in some way. As it is now the only practice the men get, is in individual play rather than team work, and that for very short periods of time. The Y will furnish the materials for play if the men can get together and competent coaching can be easily arranged.

There is much difference between the two camps here and the other camps in France, in the time and inclination that the men have for play. In other camps much of the athletic training is under military discipline and formation, and has much to do with the fitness of the men for fighting. The relation of athletics to fighting is clear-cut. The Germans are not afraid of the wonders of technical science, but of the individual soldier, and it is the individual soldier who determines the final result. When the test comes of individual contact, the man who has been trained athletically keeps his head, his keenness of eye and motion, and knows when to be aggressive or cautious.

It is found that most of the sports in the camps of the rest and reserve areas, develop the fighting instinct and train the men for the very activities they perform on the front. The games make for the morale of the army as well. All this is not so true here—it is the play instinct only that is the incentive, and the enjoyments of the men are largely found in the Y huts.

Instinct after all is but an inherited habit. Every form of play today came down through the ages. The joy of attainment was the incentive that sent the barbarians out on the chase and the hunt, and when they stalked their game and gave their cries of victory over the bodies of the slain, it was but a forerunner of the cries and of victory that one hears today over the foe vanquished in baseball or football. Trivial battles began the foot ball rush or the soccer run down the field toward the goal of the opponent. Our forefathers sought accuracy in throwing the missile, just as the baseball pitcher seeks today when he throws the ball to the batter. That play is a revision to type is demonstrated by the games of children that they play naturally, and the games mostly used in the army today are but the adaption of the games we played when we were kids.

Play, too, develops the spirit of sportsmanship. Many a man can trace his lack of fairness and honesty in business, or in his relations to his fellows, to his cheating in games

# Sport Promoters Agree on one Plan for Staging of the Cage Game--Support is Promised

### Opinions of Lieutenant Teeters and Sec. Freecé Suggest Outdoor Basketball for the Approaching Season--Baskets Will Soon be Here--Site is to be Covered With Clay

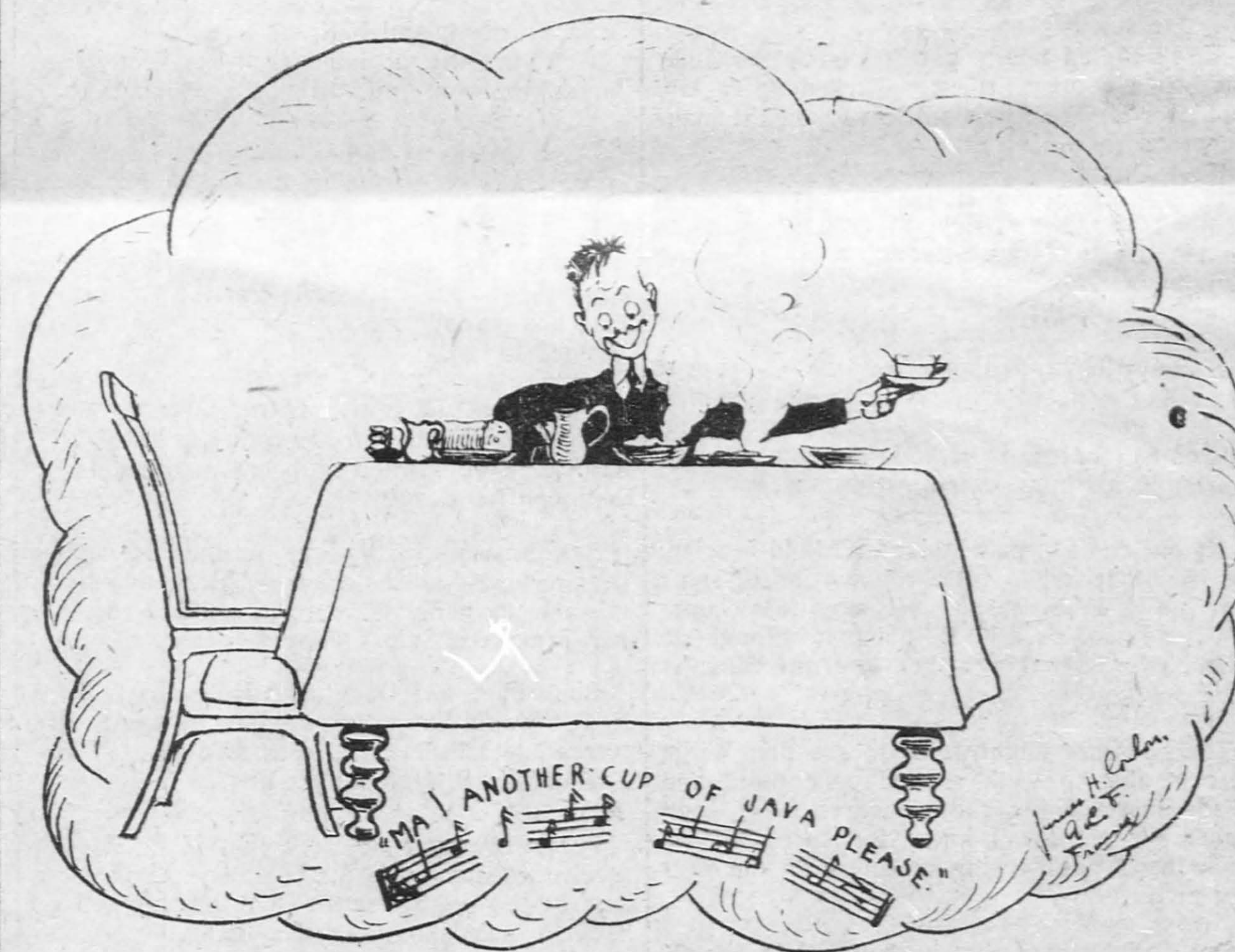
The basketball following will be amused as we promised and the cagemen or oval tossers from the free line will soon be given the opportunity to dribble the ball down the lines and toss from the field. The favorite indoor athletic game—basket ball is to be on our program, but will take place in the open lots. This was decided as the most feasible plan for the promotion of the game here.

In the opinions of Recreation Officer Teeters and Secretary Freecé of the Y. M. C. A. the game could be played with as much interest on our lots as well as the matches being settled indoors. According to Lieutenant Teeters the barracks on the field are too low for the staging of a real game and the dire need for hangars would prohibit the games from being played there. He suggests that a pair of baskets be fastened to poles and installed on our lots. The Hut is not equipped and would not be fit

to hold a game there, is the way Secretary Freecé expressed himself.

Secretary Freecé agrees to the plan suggested by Lieut. Teeters and believes the games would be encouraged by the officers on the post. One of the difficult matters to be thrashed out will be the selection of a space for the staging of the contests. The lots surrounding us as we are well acquainted with are of the sandy sort and this would handicap the players in almost every play of the game. The softness of the sand would mean imperfect bouncers and a general slowing up of the tossers.

However, this could be overcome by a covering of clay or some other substantial earth. Basket balls will soon be rushed here for the practice games and plans are now under way for the opening of a league to be composed of every organization on the field.



game for all-it is worth but he will play fair, when a boy. The true sportsman will play the and if whipped, find victory in defeat. The crooked athlete is crooked in everything else. The ethics of play are the ethics of life. It is easy to get away from sportsmanship. This is why Germany is so thoroughly hated—because she lacks the spirit of fairness and takes advantage of weakness. We see it now in her peace proposals, which is nothing more than a stall for time. She can't play fair. No nation can trust her—she is the trickster of tricksters, the conniver of connivers and the deceiver of deceivers.

### SPREADING A RUMOR

If you can't make a clear, unmodified statement that you are willing to take chances of being called a liar for—and then giving the accuser a forced diet of his own words—SHUT UP!

This "I heard," and "They say," stuff not only is proof conclusive that you have a poached egg for a brain, but it is Old Dame Rumor's entire and exclusive source of sustenance. And the old girl is the Kaiser's one and only faithful love.

Prattling tongues and rattling brains make the same kind of a racket and besides getting you in bad—yes, even to the "hoosegow"—you constitute, in nine cases out of ten, prussian propaganda. The German care not a bit what you talk about—you can serve them by just talking about nothing. These air castles have been and are being substantially built without any foundation.

When you hear something which might be interesting if true, buckle your chin-strap a little tighter and trace the grapevine to its root. The hat-hobble may thus save your head, also. When you have found the originator of your Prussian-blue mirage if it's true, congratulate him; if it's a lie knock his block off.

—Kelly Field Eag'l.

### ST. JEAN FLIERS

(Continued from page one)  
hold of the wire and was hauled several yards, receiving a few minor bruises.

The machine turned over and was in flames, but that did not stop the observer from rescuing his pilot. He rushed into the flames and dragged the pilot unconscious from the burning machine, but the gas flames had done their work during the descent and the pilot died soon after.

A pilot lieutenant was engaged in contact work when his plane was hit by machine gun bullets and he was forced to land. He alighted inside the German lines, but was unaware of it until he saw several Boches come out of a wood toward him. His engine was still in motion, so he pulled open the throttle, rose again, barely passed over a clump of trees and landed 50 yards inside the American lines. Two hours after his forced landing he was again up in the air.

## ELMER

