

THE FLY PAPER

Air Service
Gossip
A. E. F.

PASSED BY CENSOR
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N° 5

Lieutenants Exodus Cause Sorrow Here

We all regret to have Lieutenant Mackin leave us, as he has, by his agreeable pleasant ways made friends with the whole camp. Ordered back to his regiment, he will have gone when this appears in print, but it is our ardent hope that the sturges and devious ways of the Military, will cause his path to converge with ours again. Needless to say that there are many improvised mess kits, as evidence of his labors here. There are many more that need repairing, and that, aside from the personal side, is one reason why we dislike to have him go.

Lieutenant Frank.

There seems to be an epidemic of leaving, which is incongruous with the recent epidemic of arriving. Someone has just put their head in the door to tell us that a truck was taking Lieutenant Frank's baggage away. Another favorite departed for greener fields. In the construction of the great A.E.F., we believe there are few Officers better known in construction circles, than Lieutenant Frank. We dislike to see him go, but after all, the army is a series of goodbyes, and after each, there is the pleasant thought that soon again we may renew old times. Another thing we like about him was that he always gave us a copy of the PLANE NEWS, as the PLANE NEWS has failed to reciprocate with a copy of their newsy sheet.

Charming Miss Pleases Crowd With Musical

The Brazeau Concert Party of Paris gave the first concert at this post Monday evening July 29th under the direction of the Y.M.C.A. Miss Marie Therece of Boston and Paris was in charge. The above concert party gave an entertainment worthy of the opening of the Y.M.C.A. series and set a standard which will be hard to equal. It is hoped that we will have the pleasure of being entertained by the above concert party again in the near future.

Miss Marie-Therese Brazeau : American Pianiste.

Mlle Fernande Capelle : Violoniste, 1st prize Conservatoire Paris.

Mlle Suzanne Beaumont : Dramatic soprano, Paris Opera.

Mlle Marguerite Lutz : Viola, Conservatoire Paris.

PROGRAM :

Trio : *Allegro appassionato* (Lalo). — *Andante, Allegro* : Mlles Brazeau, Capelle and Lutz. — *Arioso* (Delibes). — *Stances de Sapho* (Gounod) : Mlle Beaumont. — *Berceuse* (Faust). — *Danse Espagnole* (Sarasate) : Mlle Capelle. — *La Cloche* (Saint-Saëns) ; *A Perfect Day* (Boná) ; *Because* (Guy d'Hardelot) : Mlle Beaumont. — *Elegie* (Faust) ; *Réverie* (Schumann) : Mlle Lutz. — *Polonaise* (Wieniawski) ; *Humoreske* (Dvorak) : Mlle Capelle. — *La Marseillaise* ; *Star Spangled Banner* : Mlle Beaumont.

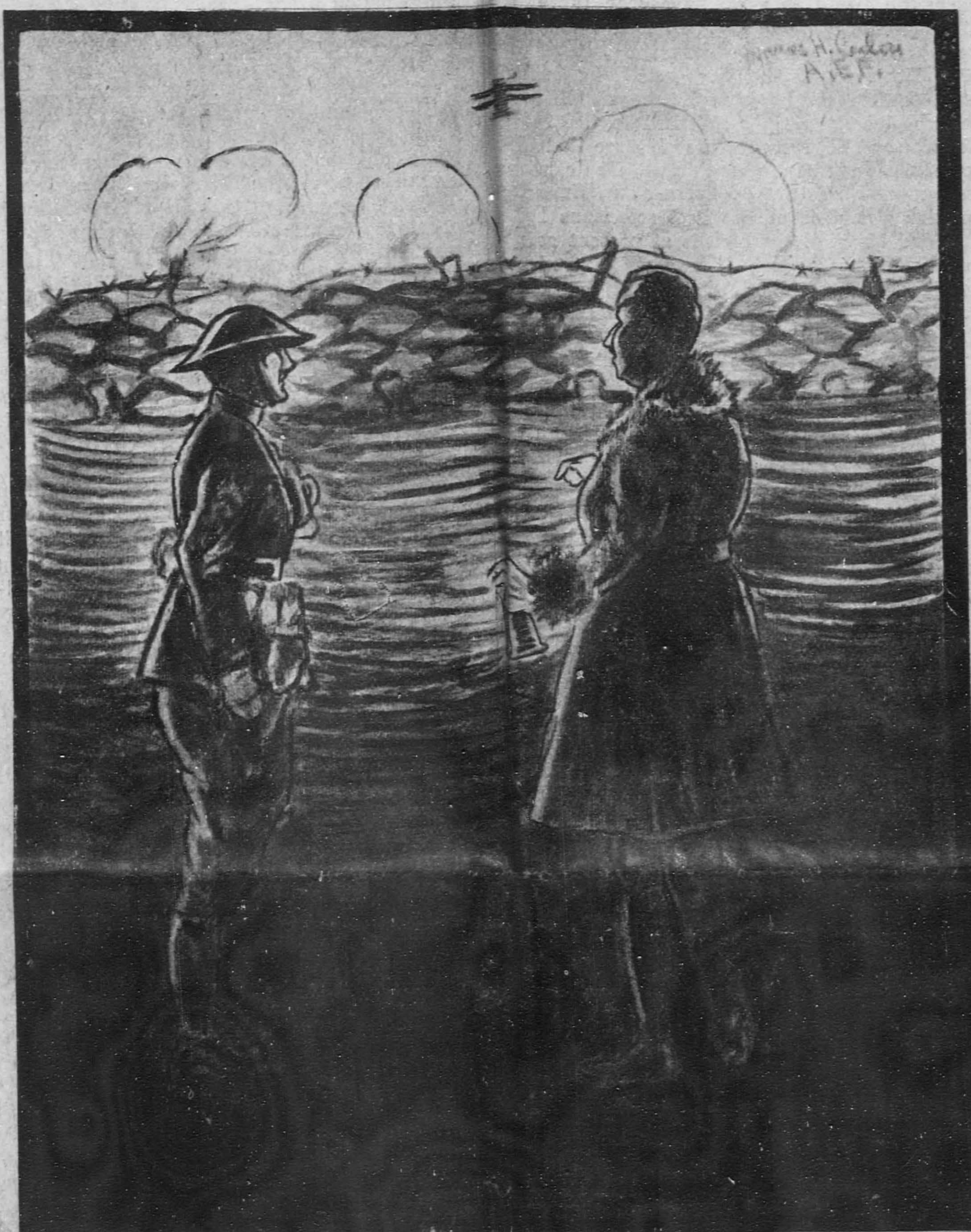
Hospital Under Way - Welcome

The new hospital is still only in the building stage, yet we have one ward filled with the Sons of Rest. Its a great army if you dont weaken, and if you do its no use yet for there are no pretty creatures to care for you, You have to be contented with some buck private. However, in there the fatigue call doesn't mean anything.

Just a Little of That Old "Pep"

All right boys, lets shake a leg on the stories that are drifting about. You can all write pieces for the paper in a regular way, and there is much to write about. If you can't do anything else kid your C.O. a bit. He may kick, but everybody in the army kicks.

THE MAILED FIST



OFFICER - Sergeant I ordered you to advance only a kilometer and here they are tearing for Berlin 10 kilometers up the line.

SERGEANT - I can't help it sir, the company received a big batch of mail this morning and they're taking out their joy on the boche.

Six Hundred More Motor Mechanics Arrive on Field

It looks very much as tho we would have a decided increase in our circulation. The Censorship rules prohibit our telling you exactly why, but at any rate we want those who so recently arrived, to know that we welcome them whole heartedly, Officers and men, and we look forward to their assistance in preparing this sheet. It is hoped that everyone of them will get the habit of buying FLY PAPER and sending it home.

Perhaps there are those among them who have seen and used a pick and shovel. If so, perchance one or more of them will try for that 25 francs.

Perchance also some of them would like to purchase some of the back issues with those good cartoons, to send home. We have a few of each, and they have only to ask.

WHO'LL BE THE LUCKY FELLOW?

Then there is the prize "poem" for the Fly paper, as announced in last issue. Now, 25 francs is not to be sneezed at even in one of those monumental crap games we used to have around here. Nor is 10 freaks anything to chuck to the magpies. We will expect a flood of genius on this thing. Let's go.

THE LATEST

Interesting Things About Camp.
Lieutenant Rinehard! singing. "G! G!"
Whose got the G.I.Car. "

TELEPHONE INSPECTORS ON OUR FIELD

In the States did you ever call up a friend on the phone and disguise your voice and hold this line of talk with him, or her, as the case may be :

You say, "I'm the telephone inspector testing your line. Please stand three feet to the right of the phone and say, hello." Then again, "Very good. Now stand three feet to the left and say hello."

And then, "Ah! Very good. Now stand on your head and say, hello". It was a fine old joke. Here is the French version. Each evening the station has a direct connection with Nantes and the French Hello-Girl at Nantes calls to ask if the connection is well made. She says, "Sonnez", which means ring the bell by turning a little crank. You get busy and crank up the phone. She says again, "Sonnez". You wind the phone again. "Sonnez", she says. You wipe off the perspiration and give it another whirl. "Sonnez" she coos. Then you wonder if you are not being kidded, for it certainly sounds like she is calling you "Sonny".

MET

BATHING

Very few camps in the A. E. F., and we believe none in the States, have the salt water bathing facilities, we have here.

Limitless ocean, and limitless broad beach, provide an adequate combination for plenty of swimming, which should be frequently indulged in by everyone here.

More Honors Conferred Upon Major MacDill

Commissioned a Military Aviator ;
Few Officers With Same Rank

Although our records fail to reveal the exact date or moment Major MacDill appeared with the star above his wings, let it be known that the men of his command were much delighted to learn their Commanding Officer was a Military Aviator. This title is claimed by but few Officers. We have the list but in deference to Uncle Sam, cannot publish it.

The first time we were aware of this, was on last Saturday evening, at the dinner given by Chaplain Griffiths for the Major and some members of the Red Cross at the Hotel de La Page, St. Jean de Monts.

Many of us have been in Camps where the Commanding Officer was not even a flyer, let alone a Military Aviator, and the whole Command congratulates Major MacDill upon his success. We all know that we are working under a man who knows far more about the game we are playing, than we ourselves will ever know.

Off With Your Hats Boys For Our Chaplain

Coming to us from the front, about two months ago, Chaplain Griffith has won the heart of every man on the post.

Always starting something that everyone always enjoys, he has the admiration of all for the tireless manner in which he works. Up early and to bed late, telling stories to the boys at the "Y", on long trips to get supplies for the canteen, for it was the Chaplain who started the canteen ; bringing concert players here, boosting the erection of the new "Y" building to completion, helping everyone by his example rather than by words, to work harder, do better, and in countless ways, making this camp a better one in which to be. It would be a unique pleasure to introduce him in person to the mothers and fathers of all our boys, but as this cannot be done, we are going to publish his photograph, hoping that every man will send one to his family, as we know they will be comforted to know that their boys are in his care. We want the world to know that here is a man, filling with undoubted success, a man's job. That we respect, honor and love him ; that we hope we may have him as long as he is willing to stay.

As we have to have our cuts made in French shops, Chaplain Griffith's picture will not be ready until next issue. It is something to look forward to.

Our Visitors Entertained At Reception

In honor of the presence of Miss. Bertha Coolidge, Boston ; Mrs. Mabel Godchaux, New Orleans ; Miss. Elizabeth Scriven, Washington, D. C. ; Miss. Pauline Perrin, Cleveland, O. ; Miss. Mabel Le Valley, Hope, Rhode Island, a reception was held on the beach Sunday. The guests arrived in our midst Saturday and were escorted about the camp by Chaplain Griffiths, who also supervised the arrangements at the reception.

Everywhere there was a note of keen enjoyment and the greetings extended these ladies of the Red Cross, during their stay here was appreciated by them. Many of us recall the splendid services on their behalf when our trains laid over at their station enroute to our field.

RESPONSE

"Memo" to Lieut. Smith, our machine gunner.

We, the deep sea divers, understand he claims many hits while firing on the sleeve, which was lost in the Atlantic when he last tried to submerge.

We also hear he is very anxious to know the percentage he has established. For his benefit we would like to say that at the time of our rescue we were going out to sea,

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Business : John M. Jameson, Baker field, Cal.

POLICY

Impartiality.
A little Seriousness.
A little Instruction.
A Little Sport.
A lot of Fun.

To be succesful 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 partcularly for matters of personal and general interest to men of this command, and the men of the Air Service, A.E.F.

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

WISE KNOWINGS

There is no remedy for time misspent ;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Without labor there were no ease, no rest,
so much as conceivable.
Carlyle.

Take heed lest passion sway thy judgment
to do ought which free will would not
admit.
Milton.

If a face is a letter of recommendation,
a good heart is a letter of credit.
Bulwer-Lytton.

Those, who without knowing us enough
think ill of us, do us no wrong ; they
attack not us but the phantom of their
own imagination.
De La Bruyere.

Language was given us that we might say
pleasant things to each other.
Bovee.

Blessings may appear under the shape of
pains, losses, and disappointments but
let him have patience and he will see
then in their proper figure.
Addison.

How like a mounting devil in the heart
rules the unreined ambition.
Willis.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
believe me, than in the creeds.
Tennyson.

Better to be unborn than untaught for
ignorance is the root of misfortune.
Plato.

What makes o'd age so sad is, not that our
joys, but that our hopes cease.
Richter.

What heart can think or tongue express,
the harm groweth of idleness ?
John Heywood.

THE SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE

Our long-looked-for Seven Days' Leave is granted so they say, and fellows from all over France are starting out each day, some off for Nantes and some for Tours, and some for Aix-les-Bains, they travelled in box cars before but this time its first class vans. They're all hopped up with joy and glee, for seven happy days, there'll be beaucoup mademoiselles and bright-lit cabarets ; No reveille and no retreat, no K. P. nor fatigue, no "Top" to holler "All outside" no danger of the brig. They'll see a lot of classy dames, and learn a lot of French, its going to take some will power to go back to the trench, They're going to break a lot of hear's, when the time comes to say "Dear, give your cherie une baisier, I'm going to partir." They'll devour beaucoup pommes de terre, beaucoup œufs omelette, perhaps they'll take 'em sur la platte, they're good that way you bet. Vin blanc, vin rouge, and de la biere, and maybe triple sec, they'll get away with some of that I suspect. That week will glide too swittly by, the time will come tres vite, when they must pack up their stuff and campward point their feet. And each and every one of us, if I've got the right hunch, are going to come back full of pep, we'll be there with the punch ; it's a good old army we are in, a good cause we're fighting for, so we'll take our leaves and forget our peevies, for we're going to win this war !

Corp. F.W. Shepherd, Waynesboro, Va.



Latest Hits Score Heavily at Concert

We have had a real band concert — just like Sunday afternoon in the States. The little boys gathered around the bass drum, and the slide trombone slithered around, and some of the crowd cracked nuts, some talked and some sat real still and some didn't, and the band master rapped his music stand and the first cornet had a feature part. The raggy pieces were like a best, and a little dog got excited and barked. It was all so much like our regular concerts of Sunday afternoons, with their snappy music and restless crowds, and it was the **realist** American thing that we have seen in France and it made us homesick. We lacked only our best girl at our side to have the picture perfect. However, if the war lasts long enough even the lack of her may be supplied here in France. We are deeply indebted to Chief J. M. Maurice and his crew for the pleasure that they gave us on their recent visit. Their music was a great mixture of French and American popular airs. One of the best selections being "Quand Madelon", which is at present so popular with the French. It was well introduced by this band to the Americans. All the people at the concert turned out for the occasion and a large party of officers from the Army encampment at ... attended as guests of Lieutenant Capehart. Like all other band concerts this one ended while the audience stood at salute during the rendition of "Marseillaise" and "The Star Spangled Banner".

Not in The Materia Medica

Dutch Shurpiet has been sick.
There was no doubt of it.
He came from the tent on the hill, with a pea-green complexion, and a pair of jolly knees.
Proof wasn't necessary. Dutch admitted he had been sick.
To a group of sympathizing Gobs he poured out his tale of woe.
He had a fever, — a 440 fever temperature — his stomach had the twitters — his head wasn't all there — his legs were wobbly — his nose runny, and generally he had an all-gone feeling.

One listener of this "organ recital" piped up breathlessly, "Dutch, what did you have?"
"Well", said Dutch importantly, "the Doctor called it the **DIAGNOSIS**".

"DEPARTURNARY"

Monsieur Rouben A. Faulk,
He came to us with a smile that signified a gentle companion. He had no enemies and was loved by all whom he had met, and when he chose to entertain us with his wonderfully trained musical voice, we could hardly refrain from taking him into our arms with a caressing attitude.

He was wonderfully apt by way of judging character and all of us deeply regret being separated from him.

We will be charmed no more in the still of the night by the echos of this wonderful man's voice, raising its tones of melody in commendation of his ardent friends.

We drink to his health and wish him more than success with his new found friends and companions.

Claudius Pinkerton Summer,
Georgie Elusive Gillon,
Ora Pebble Buchanan,
Willie Absence Baumgardner,
Clare Mimis Yeazel,

It seems that we no more than find ourselves attached to some interesting and suitable Pal that we are suddenly deprived of his companionship by his being transferred into other parts of the world to serve his country, and we are left stranded to pass the time alone with sickening solitude until another can be found. We trust that our shipmates, that have just been transferred to Brest for a medical survey will be returned to us when they are convalescent, that the whirl of Fromentine traffic shall be their longing, for we had become more than just intimate friends.



**HAPPY HAS A LITTLE NANNY
AS YET OF HORNS SHE HASN'T ANY
BUT WHEN WITH HAPPY SHE'S
UP THERE
WE KNOW SHE'LL « FINIS » A BOCHE
WITH CARE**

SUB ROSA STUFF

No matter how you look at it the nineteenth hole will aggravate the best of men when the recent High Ball has reached the bottom of the pit. Got it if it were played in France by the soldiers, if they had the time to spend with it, if there was a sober clubhouse of the American type nearby if the steward in that clubhouse was a jolly 'ole scout, if the members would pay their bills, if the mam'selles would only take lessons, if we had nothing to do... oh, how lovely it ought to be to go thru in a hundred, or even eighty-eight when the days work is done and we are ready to recreate. Such a lovely thot. Regular George Ade stuff ! And you ought to count the number of men who claim that they are originators of tennis jobs and siams and the fellows who in the o d days of yore spent their idle hours in heaving billiard balls at the moon or chewing the dishrag with "central", who now could get together and outclass the men and the women, too, who think the moon a thing to be gawked at and who hem in the necessities of life between black and white, while the boys in O. D. are over the water on a big sight-seeing excursion with the town Berlin as the ultimate destination fer the next round of drinks... at Willie's expense. Sobriety is a matter of personal decision ; of personal cleanliness and of personal benefit. Fadists of any type will inevitably meet their match at the old gag. Extremists usually develop stomach trouble. Abstainers can often brag, but watch them when they go off to the club. Pigs thrive on carrots. A canal boy once became President. But a drunk never got any place in the history of the world, unless he was "royal". A good batting average vainly fires the imagination of the fans. Routine gets results. BUT..... no matter who you are, where you are, or why you are, in the matter of habits and the application thereto..... "moderation in all things and excess in none" is a good rule to follow.

Good thing Weber has an adjustable belt. In another week "Fat" will have enough excess goods from his clothing to make an extra suit and three or four overseas caps. Since getting his new job of truck driver his highest ambition is slowly but surely being realized.

Tangle Foot

We think Wilson should give us an introduction to his friends. There's too damned much exclusiveness around this place.

If it took Brown as long to shift gears as it does for him to say "qu'est ce que etc", would he ever get started ?

Cameron almost had a good position on the beach but it was thought he was too sick to hold the job down.

G. W. Jones, of the Baetke brigade, wanted his laundry returned "too sweet". Keep it up George, you will talk French some day.

As George W. Doughboy said, when interviewed recently at the Front : "It's all damn foolishness to learn French. They dont talk it in Berlin".

A daily scene in Barracks No. 1 of great interest is Buck Private Floyd Walter Oliphant of Ridgway, Pa., one of the Medical Doctors, crawling into bed after reveille. He cherishes that morning snooze more than breakfast.

Haskins's troubles are over now. He has been assigned to Capt. Baetke's crowd.

Cultivate the habit of politeness. It never pays to be a dipomaniac even an aviator gets hurt sometimes. "A man's a man, for a' that, and a' that".

Papers from the States say that jewel robberies are quite frequent, but can you imagine anything more horrible than the theft of a pair of wooden shoes ?

HEARD AT THE SUPPLY HANGAR

How about a pen-knife for cutting tarpaper ? Its no wonder the Q. M. is doing such a rushing business. The can-openers on those pen-knives come in mighty handy don't they, boys ?

Quiet now. He's reducing. He's not in the position any more to "horn in" on "Soft grub" all day long. The army's saving a lot of money these days.



JUST BEFORE REVEILLE -- DOZE N° 2

By Joe Bedore

Here I've been in France now nearly long enough to wear a service stripe and I can't parley any of their lingo yet. Gee ! Six months wasted, and I haven't polished up a bit on it. Now, I'm going to start in, right off, and learn it. It ought to be easy enough. Why, these laundry women can teach me a few sentences. I'm going to give it a try this morning for a starter. And then there's a swell Jane down at the drug store in ... who told me I could learn French very easily. She's from Paris and speaks English, and she says my pronunciation is perfect almost. I believe she'd teach me some of it. Bill's got a dictionary, and if I would read it for half an hour each day I'd soon get a lot of it. Then, I can get a cheap grammar and study a little while every evening. The sun stays up a long while in this

country. Say, the first thing I know I'd be talking with the best of them ; and then I'd get a sergeancy out of it sure for they need French speakers ; and then they'd make me an interpreter, pretty soft, that, and maybe get on Pershing's staff. Wont it surprise the folks back home. But maybe I wont go back home. I'll be so good at it I can stay here and get in the French Congress. Holy smoke ! I certainly have been passing up a swell chance letting this French get away from me. Here's where I start right now and... Well, there goes the old "get-up" horr again. Ho ! Hum ! This is a H ... of a life. Say Champagne, you crazy, Fall River Frog-eater, you can't speak this lingo. Tell that Jane with my laundry I want it back by tomorrow evening.

One O. D. Fact-Check !

Question. — Who is responsible for the shortage of chocolates at the base warehouse ?
Answer. — Our Q.M's.
Question. — Who is to blame for the late arrival of mail from "back home" ?
Answer. — The Q.M's.
Question. — Who are the birds that sleep seven nights in the week on soft pillows and sit seven days in the week reclined on cushion rocking chairs ?
Answer. — The Q.M's.
Question. — Which is the best construction squadron and why ?
Answer. — The th. Because... Well, because it laid its approval upon the Q.M's.
Question. — Who is to blame for the dynamic rise and fall of "rén-coms" in the th-

(con)
Answer. — The Q.M's.
Question. — Who is responsible for the hot weather ?
Answer. — The Q.M's.
Question. — Why do the clouds gather so chronically and threaten so stubbornly ? Why don't the French mademoiselles speak English ? Why is not bread transformed into pie, meat into fried chicken and stew into ice-cream ? Why does not the Angel of death Breathe into the KAISER'S nostrils ? Why did not the aforesaid gentleman perish in his embryonic stage ? Why don't his lungs expand, his aesophogus tighten, and his eye-balls turn wrong side out ? Why can't we get BEAUCCUP FRANGS ? Who is wbc, what, when is when, and how is how ?
Answer. — BLAME IT ON THE Q.M's.
By One of Them.

Après la Guerre

You may talk about Berlin and crossing the Rhine
You may talk about France with its women
You may talk about the U. S. be it ever so fine
I'm in the air Service-pick and shovel for mine.

They give us butter which I always call lard
They give us hard tack, and believe me its hard
They give us Hell, I'll tell you pard,
For next to the shove! always comes guard.

But when you get letters from dear ones back
Saying how dangerous it must be in the air
It makes you blush to the roots of your hair
For what will you tell them après la guerre.

WHERE ARE WE GOING

They tell us that we're going — no one knows
"To Egypt" said a sergeant, but I know it
Because the rations would be drawn and Cook
You'll have to spread that elsewhere, I'm not
About the time I've shown him up, another
He's dressed the same and looks the same, but
"I got a friend", he said to me, "who clerks
"And take a little tip from me, this bird ain't
"I had to promise not to tell, but just 'tween
"He swears as sure as black aint white we're
I knew him for a truthful man but I had to
I know we're bound for Palestine so far, far
The Supply man just now came to me, and he
He says "The fur cap issues in and the heavy
And long snowshoes and knock-down sleds —
We'll use them too, and just you wait, remem-
Just then an officer strolled up — they're
A tale that's true — but I heard enough :
["We're going to help the Rush "

I'M JUST A VOLUNTEER

I am just an every day soldier
And I've been in just one year ;
But of this one thing I am certain
I'm a U.S. volunteer
When we left our homes in New York State
And the folks we loved so dear,
A mighty cheer went up from the throng
For the U.S. volunteer
The papers say they select the men
But of the papers we have nothing,
For Uncle Sam will be the friend
Of the U.S. volunteer.
But when we are across the ocean
And the slaughtering Hun draws near
T'will be a safe bet that the man who gets
Will be a U.S. volunteer.
But when I grow old and feeble
And the end is drawing near,
With pride I'll look back yonder
On my youth as a volunteer.
So take this tip from me, friends,
Dont wait till the end is here ;
Be a U.S. volunteer.
W.J.F., Co.D. — the Infantry.
A.E.F.

Not You

When you say "Bon jour", in your very best
And the pretty, shy maiden returns you a
You manage to parley a sentence or two,
And hold her interest in romance and you,
Then up comes mother, three sisters and a
ALSO
When you see all your friends-with maids by
Promenading the beach so happy and gay,
A big flow of laughter and chatter and fun,
And you know you too could also have one,
If you had only tried your hand at the lingo—

ODD STUFF

No longer do modern writers expose long
dissertations on roast p.g. Rather, they enjoy
quips and sponges of the "better type" and
just love to hang the "To Let" sign around
the corner begger's neck. So long as they use
"beefing" instead of saucerant and weiners,
they will be excused into certain portions of
this camp seem to be lacking in American
wit and humor.

Ladies are present — Observe the foolish
"Cherchez la femme".
First Class Private Economical Frederick C.
Botwright Junior walked into the Supply Hang-
ar one day this week and asked our Acting
Supply Sergeant Steinberg for a pair of sky
hooks. Steinberg not knowing what sky hooks
were, gave him a pair of lineman's climbing
hooks and safety belt. Now Stein wants to
know if Bot got to his destination.



Wan'na buy a load of wood ?

All together boys, "More biscuits". Keep
up the good work Reiser. Or do our cooks
deserve the credit. Well, we want more of'em,
no matter whose looking for the glad hand.

Warning—There's a guard house in camp now
and that's where they'll stick you if you pull
the A. W. O. L. trick. Some of the boys have
been there. That disciplinary squad with con-
finement to camp is a thing of the past.

Did you ever ramble away from camp and
on your homeward journey lose track of
your foot-steps. That's what George J. Burns,
of New York and William Hurley, of Water-
bury, Con. did. And they maintain that Irish
stand of dignity about it too. They also argue
they don't imbibe.

Who in the H... started that racket of plac-
ing their mess kits on the chow stand where
the K. P's serve. There'll be seconds for all
of us and there's no need running for first
place in the morning.

How'll you have your gown made up girls.
We have with us Kuebler, and do you know
he's just as clever with the needle as any of
the fair sex. Fashions galore. In your next
shopping tour just give his place the once over.

Pau! Millikin advises us to negotiate with
Lieut. Fulton if we want rest. Oh, there's no
place like our hospital. Gold bricks, eh.

Another energetic young man is Avery Cor-
rigan on the water detail. Hit'em d'ce and
we'll shoot the money.

Anderson has a losing streak.

"Shorty" Martin at the Officers Mess.

Comparisons : Sergeant Major Gordon and
Corporal Benson.

Investigation should be made as to whether
Van Eman's first name really is C... or
whether errors will reveal the cognomen
"Grace". Cause for investigation, just watch
the dainty fairy-like moves he makes when he
drop-kicks ("get back fellows") and when he
"pitches" the ball.

Seyler : "Aw gwan you Alabama nigger,
you've got to build you houses on logs so's
the alligators can't walk into your parlor."

Spatz : "What you all talking about. Up in
that God-for-saken country called Michigan
you've got to keep big boilers red hot all
winter to keep from freezing to death. What
are you going to do when there's no more
coal?"

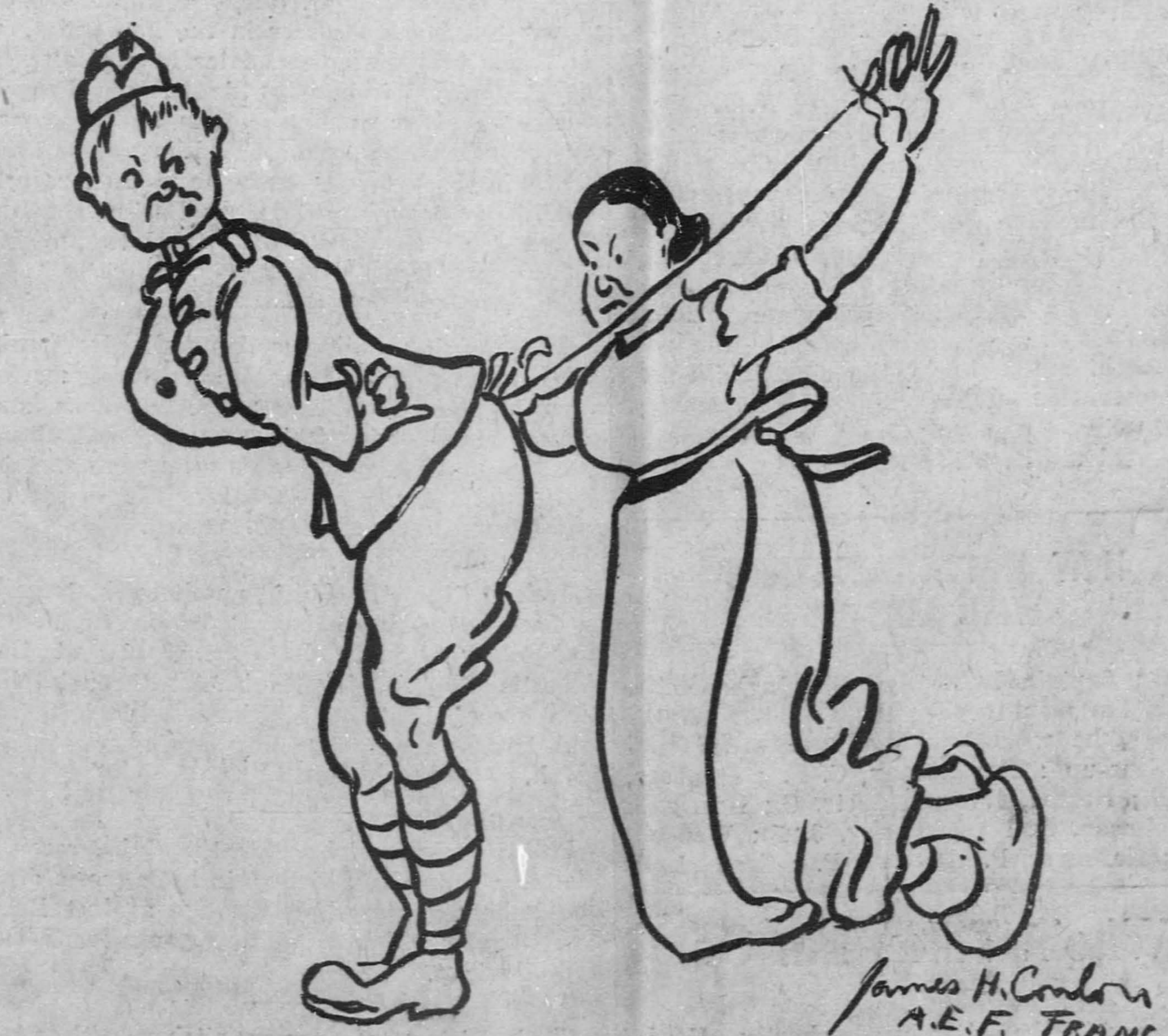
Seems as if the keen competition for bef-
riending French animals and birds between
Sgt. Coppennoll and Pvt. Camp has narrowed
down to the Sgt. His present inventory gives
him credit for three young jabbering magpies,
his black goat having strayed, got lost or
stolen. (Why not adopt Benson, he's an imi-
tation we admit, but he's got the qualities).
Resolved that the A. M. compensate the Sarg.
with extra monthly pay for this for additional
duties as he is acting Mess Sergeant, K. P.
and trainer combined for his new squad.
Question— How does he keep them so quiet
all night?

Pvt. Hilbert seems to be a lucky survivor
of the front line trenches. Judging from his
gaming display of "medals" on his fatigue
hat he must have been fighting the entire four
years. Why didn't you join the army Hilbert?
His everyday appearance leads one to believe
he's a cross between a medal bedecked hero
and a Happless Harry Hobo.

Every notice that Jerry never faces the
"swiftly flowing" winds and steers clear of
any fast movements during the last few weeks.
You know his lip decoration is still in its incu-
pient stages and appears to be convalescing,
doncherknow, old chappie. Too bad canes and
eye-glasses are not regulation Jerry, but they
sell spats in town. Say Ed, what've you got that
classy cigarette holder for, you're not in Jer-
ry's class.

First casualty the squadron —
K. E. Johnson is reported to have been
captured. Rumors that he has been wounded
by a hostile arrow may be true, because he's
never around. We long for him to again join
the squadron and become one of us once more.
It is said that he is doing nicely on his milk
diet and will probably come back when he has
no more smoking tobac for the "ole man".

How to give McMillan a trip to the sunny
south Tenn. Just begin to sing "Memphis
Bues". I wonder what Mac has got at home.



IN THE SERVICE OF THE REAR.

Things That Never Happen

- Mess Sergeants serving chicken to the boys.
- Painless extractions by our Post Dentist.
- Box'ng bouts on our field.
- Feminine sex wearing leather shoes.
- Four-wheeled vehicles in vogue about town.
- A Saturday passing without inspection.
- The Kaiser extending a welcome to Ame-
rican soldiers.
- Coffee served at dinners.
- Soldiers wearing a smile at the first call
for fatigue.
- Germans beating the "Yankees".
- Fatimas issued in our tobacco rations.
- Silence maintained after taps.
- Air raid over New York City.

COMPLAINT

Say Pierson, loud mouth, where you at
Hah! Red Jones, has lost your hat?
And Desilet give us a groan or two
Hey! Rolan hand out some chew

Oh! that's Griswold, he's from Detroit
Say Hart give us me shoit
Who's that, Zarenba, yea, give him a pill
Gangway, here's Lenhera, he's out to kill

Well if there isn't Kuebler, needle in hand
And here comes Coppennoll leader what he
Quit blowing ——— your'e all out of tune
Cut it out Drummond you beat like a loon

Now a'l you'se guys, one and all
I s'pose you think we've got lots of gall
There's too many more to kid and gosh
So we'll have to quit here by gosh.

Author : Your Enemy.

FANCIES

Honest to God! when I get to thinking
Of all the things that might happen
And the things that ought to happen
Of all that I left in the old home town...
My Girl, the folks, and the boys and all thin-
I was right. [king

When the work is done and to bed I creep
The day's events come surging back...
The things I did and didnt do...
Remembrance of the Mother's hands
As they hovered over the coverlet that night...
I'm thinking I'm right.

But in the morning at reveille
Sleepy and but half awake
My easy life in the days gone by...
Overwhelms the ambitions of the night before
And doubts assail my Reasoning...
Am I Right?

Where Do We Go From Here

T'was past three bells with land in sight,
As evening darkened into night.
The Irish coast was off the bow,
The danger zone seemed passed by now,
The crowded transport onward sped
And knew not of her fate ahead ;
The troops prepared to land next day
At English port with fine display.

What was that crash ; that crunching sound ?
Are we torpedoed ? Must we drown'd ?
Two thousand troops attacked at sea
Are startled by their jeopardy,
The ship lists on her starboard side,
With gaping wound beneath the tide,
She does not right from that careen :
Her end has come by submarine.

Calm and free from agitation
Each man takes his lifeboat station ;
They find some boats are blown away,
Some boats cannot be launched that day.
From weakened davits others fall,
That means far less than room for all ;
But order reigns and men stand fast,
Yet count those moments as their last.

Our soldiers in that mortal hour,
Tho facing death, disdain to cower.
A song rings out upon the air
That make the British sailors stare.
What is this song, this laughing thing,
With jests profound these brave hearts sing ?
It is a song that chows no fear —
"O Boy! where do we go from here?"

Five hundred men with boats all gone,
Stand on the decks with hope forlorn.
Yet through the dark there rings that song.
That questions Death in voice so strong.
Make room, O heroes of the past,
For those whose fame will timeout last ;
For men who sing when Death is near —
"O Boy! where do we go from here?"

Red rockets pierce the darkened air
Proclaiming far a ship's despair.
Destfoyers rush to rescue then,
And save most of the singing men.
Yet many sink beneath the wave,
Where rest the bravest of the brave.
In years to come, when out at sea,
Men face such dire extremity
May that song rise, their souls to cheer. —
"O Boy! where do we go from here?"
C. B. MARTIN.

BREEZY SPORT NEWS OF THE CAMP AND ELSEWHERE

MOTOR MECHANICS ACCEPT CHALLENGE OF GUNNERS

Two Organizations to Meet in Diamond Conflict; Captains Lowther And Hobart Anxious For Contest - Both Confident

Following closely on the heels of the "Jackies" and their bold defy to battle a series with Captain Lowther and his champion base ball tossers, comes the challenge of a combination selected from the Motor Mechanics, the organization, whose leaders promise interesting doings for the entertainment of the soldiers on the field. Athletically speaking this "baby" organization—"baby" only in the sense of its arrival on the field has already demonstrated its interest in sportdom.

Their addition on the field should be received with joy by every lover of sport and The Fly Paper will endeavor to contribute its

pro rata share of merriment. An organization on the field a little more than a week and a ball team formed to combat are champion service squadron. They contemplate doing more. With them they have Leo Crevier, of Brooklyn, N. Y. a boxer, who in another week will take on the best 135 pound pugilist obtained.

Another valuable man in their midst is Martin Lewis, of Belmont, Iowa, a wrestler willing to tumble with any of them. A few weeks of training will round him into shape and then watch the feathers fly.



Baseball heads the list of the many forms of athletics in the army, according to reports received by the commission on training camp activities. Track athletics, swimming, tennis, boxing, wrestling, polo and volley ball are very popular among the men, too, but baseball, always the standard American game, continues in high favor. Full equipment has been sent to all the cantonments and smaller camps where men are receiving training. More than seventy thousand baseballs and three thousand bats already have been sent out, together with gloves, masks and chest protectors.

Boxing next to baseball is the most popular sport. More than six thousand sets of boxing gloves have been sent to the men. Track athletics, swimming and tennis also are popular, and some of the officers and men are going in for golf and polo.

In our own field we are bearing out the competitive standing as thus announced from Washington. Baseball is soundly gripping the crown for popularity among the men. This was evidenced on July 4. On that day two teams battled fourteen innings for supremacy. Every rooter was out pulling for their team and the enthusiasm shown will long live in the minds of the soldiers. Since there has been little base ball played except for a few practice games between the officers and enlisted men. But a boom in the game is promised us. In fact its interest resumed Sunday, when our

champs took on the "Gobs". These teams will likely clash for a series of five games to decide the rightful title of CHAMPS.

From a monster shipment of supplies drawn by the Y. M. C. A. recently, Chaplain Griffith uncovered a set of boxing gloves. Real gloves and regulation ring mits. While there has been a noted decrease of interest in pugilism the boxers say they have a surprise in store for us. Whether they contemplate pulling a tournament or an elimination contest for the title of champion, The Fly Paper cannot report.

We would suggest a tournament for the judgment of such and we are eagerly awaiting developments. It would be a rare treat for every officer and enlisted man in camp to see our own pugs battling for honors. And to top the climax, imagine our said champ exchanging blows with the "Jackies" top-notch. We'd be out pulling for our brother flyer and we believe he could conquer.

Basket ball is bound to come to the front in the very near future. While we are a bit early to insert the cage game in our columns there is nothing like preparedness. With the passing of time and base ball seeing its end in the winter months there would be no better supposition than basket ball. Basket ball and boxing for winter. What do you say boys?

Joe Bettelheim Loses Tooth in Comedy Boxing

There is one soldier on the field we must admire. He is Joe Bettelheim, of N. J. Where ever there's a crowd around you can bet your last Franc Joe's there, and he's pulling something to amuse the boys. His last performance came in the form of boxing. We sincerely believe it will be his last too, because Joe is now looking for a tooth.

Mike Fristik, of Col. is the man responsible for Joe's untiring efforts to locate the missing tooth. Both entered the ring jubilant as Joe announced, "That smile of confidence". Well, we're all pulling for you Joe and we might add the boys are for you.

HOW MOTOR MECHANICS WILL LINE-UP

When Captain Hobart, of Birmingham, Ala. signals his men to take the field against the Gunners, he will undoubtedly use the following line-up: Timmerman, C. F.; Jacobson, 2nd. B.; Hobart, 1. B.; Roberts, C.; Harris, S. S.; Johnson, R. F.; Nivally, 3. B.; Wendell, C. F.; Huffmyer, P.; Harmer, P.; Casto, L. F.

Who'll Take 'Em On

Chess will be introduced shortly. H. L. Grapp, of Minneapolis, Minn. and Frank I. Gibson, of Felchewite, Vermont are anxious to take on a couple. They claim to hold their squadron championship.

Much Interest Manifested in Coming Bouts

Pugilism according to the latest sport chatter will make its debut on this field in the very near future. Just who will be the first to pair off in the initial exhibition is undecided. However their appears a strong sentiment for the Dettman-Crevier bout. Dettman appeared before us on the Fourth of July and his exhibition need not be repeated, for he showed up better than any we have seen.

Crevier will need little training to condition himself for the match. He is down to weight and is anxious to jump into the ring. He will be introduced with a string of victories to his credit. Many of his decisions were handed down around Brooklyn, N. Y.

As another curtain raiser John Work, of Dallas, Tex. and "Bobbie" Gore, of Breckenridge, Col. would please. Both boys are from one detachment and their exchanging blows would manifeste much interest in their squadron. It would be a merry battle and so interesting that we believe the soldiers would pull for another match. Both are lightweights and those of that class are usually fast.

Sergeant Cameron, of Frisco continues to hold the wrestling crown. But he will have one to dispute his skill in Martin Lewis, of Belmont, Iowa. Lewis tips the scale at 175 pounds. Cameron's weight is 170. Some match, eh, boys.

SPORT HASH

With everything set for the first boxing show let's talk about the selection of a referee. Would Salmonson be the man for the job.

Were are the chess players?

Both Pylant and Scully are wonderful first sackers. It would be a hard proposition to determine the best of the two. Mark your ballot with an X.

We'll have more base ball as soon as the Motor Mechanics get their paraphernalia. Suits and all. Beginning to look like big league stuff, eh.

Four hits a piece was the best the clubbers could do. It was a nice inning battle, not a fourteen round affair.

Scully got 'em every way. He gets 'em easy on his back.

Margitan, Bates and Grove had few chances in the outfield. What did come their way they accepted in fine style.

How about the next game being played on our battling grounds. If necessary we'll return the contest to your field in the future.

Fuller is a valuable addition to the Gunners. His encouragement to a pitcher goes a great way. Ask Battle, he knows.

We missed "Doc" Fulton and his cry, "Play Ball".

We'd all jump from our bunks.

Oh, let's get started.

CHATTER BACK HOME

Dick Rudolph, star pitcher of the Boston Braves, began his career in the box with Fordham in 1905. Two years later he was already a star with Toronto in the Eastern League, where he often won more than twenty games a season. McGraw, who tried him out in 1911, sent him back to the bushes and then regretted his mistake in 1913 when Boston got Rudolph. This spring Rudolph tried to buy his release for 10,000, but failed.

The racing crowd was demoralized recently at Latonia track when police, secret service men and draft officials swooped down and caught nearly 500 horsemen without draft cards. About sixty of the culprits were sent to jail. The Red Cross profited to the extent of 60,000 on the meeting just closed.

Jack Britton, the Chicago welterweight, gave a free but painful boxing lesson to K. O. Laughlin of South Bethlehem, Pa., at the Atlantic City Boxing Club. All through the eight-round bout Britton landed his left jab and Laughlin was bleeding profusely at the finish.

Phil Douglas, pitcher for the Cubs, carried his team through to victory in both games of a double-header played in Chicago against Boston. Douglas finished the first game for Tyler and Aldridge.

Clark Dickerson, former pitcher with Cleveland, is now a lieutenant in the national army. He was drafted last fall, promoted to corporal, then to sergeant and finally won a commission. He had previous experience in a military school.

COLARUSSO HURLS BOLD CHALLENGE

Offers to Meet all Comers - Veteran of Pugilism and Willing to Mix Things

With every pug on the field voicing their opinions as to the future of pugilism, and some stepping down as "has-beens", there is one mitt artist who will endeavor to revive interest in the great American game of self-defence. Joe Colarusso, of New York, is the soldier to whom we refer and he boldly challenges any 158 pound boxer in camp. Joe's agreement to mix things in the ring came as a stimulus to encourage other boxers into matches.



Although only 24 years old Joe is not a youngster in the game, having nine years experience in some of the biggest club around New York City. At the age of fifteen Joe received his early training at the Boys' Club, N. Y.

From a feather weight Joe soon developed into a lightweight and trained with New York's best scrappers. Among them were K. O. Brown, Leach Cross and Willie Chandler. At that time "Calarus" fought under the name of Joe White and he met and got decisions over Chick Murray, Battling Chester, Willie Jones, Kid Herman, George Morgan and George Mass. The latter is now going like a whirlwind and is a sensation in pugilistic circles around N. Y. Nearly all of Joe's latest fights were staged at the Fairmount A. C. and the Long Acre A. C. In 1915 he fought in the amateur tournament held at the New York Athletic Club.

Joe enlisted in the aviation section at New York and was sent to Fort Slocum; thence to Kelly Field, where he gained his first knowledge of the airplane. Later he was transferred to Fort Worth, Tex and then to Garden City, Long Island.

Hans Lobert, former Phillie and Giant infielder, is a bolter-up at Hog Island, in charge of a gang of 100 men. He played his first game of the year recently at Chester, where he held down third base in an exhibition.

Johnny Kilbane, featherweight champion of the world, who has been boxing instructor at Camp Sherman, Ohio, for six months, has been discharged and barred from the camp by an order of General Hary C. Hale, commander of the cantonment. Kilbane went to Cleveland at a time when General Hale had called a conference of instructors. He is alleged to have said that he took his orders from Washington, not from General Hale. He has appealed to Secretary Baker but has received no reply.

The "Yanks" have played several games where the receipts have been turned over to the Red Cross.

In an exhibition game at Rockledge, Pa. the Fourth Naval District base ball nine defeated the Athletics. A tip to Lowther, get in touch with Connie Mack. With Battel in good form we'd give 'em a rub.

Leon Ames, the old Giant pitcher is going good with the St. Louis Nationals. He beat Brooklyn recently with his own hit.

"Jake" Daubert, first sacker of the Brooklyn remains the National League's greatest first baseman. "Jake" continues to pound the pill and fields his position with the same cleverness that made Hal Chase famous.



Another pair of boxing gloves arrived at the "Y".

How about "Bob" Lowther and "Chock" Cunniss mixing things up. Cunniss is looking for a boy his weight.

Gee, wish I could write a real Fight.

There's lots of talking going on, but nix for the real thing.

You fellows won't need training for three-round boxing exhibitions.

At the rate we're going our first show will have to be staged indoors. Can't box outdoors in winter.

Jack Salmonson is getting under way with his class. S'pose we'll soon be able to hear from some of his pupils.

We won't stage the shows on the Sabbath.

There'll be plenty of men on hand to throw the towels.

What do you say we have Corporal Stanley inaugurate a cail for the first bout.