

THE
SKY PILOT



"FEB. 1 1919"

1106 A.S. Tipl Sqdn.

EDITORIAL

"THE SKY PILOT" AND THE 1106TH AERO SQUADRON

We herewith submit the first issue of "THE SKY PILOT" which aims to be the official organ of the 1106 A.S. Replacement Squadron, and which it is planned to issue once a week. For a squadron newspaper to be successful it must be representative of the members of the squadron, and to be that, it must have a personal touch that only the members can supply. It must be the paper of the 1106th, for the 1106th, and by the 1106th, and it cannot be this, unless it is backed up and helped along by the men. It is therefore, earnestly requested that items of special interest to the squadron, personal or otherwise be turned into the orderly room. Contributions from the men would be much appreciated and gladly printed. If we have already anybody in poets or literary geniuses concealed in our midst, let them come forward and show themselves. Don't be shy. Even if you don't think so much of your effort yourself, you can never tell; we might accidentally like it. And if you would like to bust into print, but would like to camouflage yourself behind a non-de-plume, why we can help you there to. So step forward boldly; or sneak the fruit of your brain in, when we are not looking for our perusal and we will see what we can do. If any ability is wasted hereabouts it's going to be nobody's fault but your own. So here's your chance; take advantage of it.

This newspaper also desires to be a record of the history and achievements of this squadron and its members. Until the 1106th was created, the men, being casuals, were for the most part out of luck, and perhaps a little discouraged, since it seemed to them that no matter what they did, or how hard they worked, buck privates they were, and buck privates they would remain, a state of affairs destructive of initiative and lowering to morale. Now, however, all this is a thing of the past, and each man can rise as high as his qualifications for advancement will permit; and let us say right here and now, that the opportunities at this Post are probably greater than at any other military center of the U.S. Army. We are in it at the start, of what is and will soon reveal itself to be an immense undertaking, more tremendous in its scope than anything of the kind ever undertaken before and to be among the pioneers, and have so early in the game, the chances that the great members to come in a few months will lack, should make us feel that circumstances are making up to us for our past bad luck. Any unusual accomplishment of particularly praiseworthy piece of work done around the shops will assuredly be given proper notice in these pages. We hope to be able to take up a lot of space in boosting the men of this command, and perform a mutual admiration society that we will be glad to brag about. So, you supply us with the information as to what you or your pals are doing and we'll see that the glad news is spread.

We want to make this squadron, a live, wide-a-wake, up-to-date, thoroughly American organization which will set the pace for every other military unit at this Post. And we will have to work hard to do it. We are all cogs in one big machine, and some of us perhaps are such little cogs to overlook the fact, that we are necessary to the smooth running of

the machine. None of us can afford to make this mistake (and lay down of the job) There are some who feel that they are not making progress and are discouraged accordingly. They feel that they are not appreciated and it doesn't matter much what they do. We may not be able to see that we are helping to win the war by anything we do, as we would be able to if the Germans were falling in the front of our own eyes, but think of this; it would be a very easy thing to lose the war by failing to do the work that has been selected in the very best way that we know how. Remember that the lives of a couple of men may be lost as the result of a poorly made screw or apparently an unimportant part of an aeroplane, but who can tell what more disastrous results because of the lose of that aeroplane. We are not the one's to judge of the importance of our work, it's the effect on the whole undertaking that counts. Suppose we are not being appreciated. That isn't true; but just suppose that we are not. WHAT OF IT? DID YOU JOIN THE ARMY FOR APPRECIATION? Do you want to stand up on a platform and have somebody peg bouquets at you. We are willing to give our lives if necessary, why worry about a little bit of appreciation? But don't let any man fool himself into thinking that he isn't noticed. Every enlisted man is under much closer observation than he has any suspicion of, and no steady worker is going to be overlooked in the long run, although owing to the immensity of the task at hand, due reward may sometimes be a little deferred, rest assured that merit is bound to be recognized. Try not to be impatient if you are overlooked for a little while.

There is only one thing of importance in this war, and that is to win it. And we can only do that by all pushing together, and working our damndest to get the whole dirty smear cleaned up, and the more we push and the harder we work, the sooner we will get back to our girls and our country and God's country, and the lemon mirangue pies, ice-cream, and everything else that goes along. SO BUCK UP FELLOWS: GIVE US A LITTLE TEAM WORK, and PLAY BALL:::::

----0----

W E L C O M E

To the Recent Arrivals

GREETING AND SALUTATIONS:

We enclose you to our midst, Shake; we don't know where you have come from, what city or state, and we don't care. All we want to do is to make you comfortable and happy, and so that you feel at home and not among strangers. Most of us have been casuals and we know that lost and stranded feeling that goes with being unattached to any particular organization. Now you are part of us and we hope that you lose no time in acquiring the feeling to which you belong. We don't want there to be an "old bunch" and a "new bunch", but just one big grand, glorious gang that we can all sing, "Hail, Hail, it's all here about". So let's all mingle together and let's get acquainted as quick as we can. And it will only be a little while before some of us dog up mutual friends from back home.

ONCE AGAIN, WELCOME!

APPLICATIONS FOR TRANSFER

It is a characteristic of human nature, and especially American nature to be dissatisfied with things as they are. This is not discouraging sign, on the contrary it is an indication of progress. The satisfied man rarely accomplishes anything. All the world's greatest inventions have been made by men who were not satisfied with things as they existed, but who wanted to improve them. So that dissatisfaction properly directed can be a great agency for good; improperly directed it can result in disaster. One of the forms which it takes at this Post is dissatisfaction with this branch of the Service.

The S.O.S man is anxious to get into some branch where he can be at the front and fight. He feels, quite naturally enough, that he ought to be somewhere licking the Hun; that back here he isn't accomplishing anything at all; and that he could be of more use up there than downhere. He has mortal fear of getting back home and being obliged to confess not only that he never was in a battle, but also that he was never at any time in danger. This attitude takes outward form in the flood of applications for transfer that are continually deluging the commanding officers of the Air Service units.

The S.O.S. man does not realize it, but this point of view is quite a selfish one. He forgets that the principal reason why he is over here is not to acquire a little personal glory, not to lead an existence full of thrills, not to acquire enough material to give him something to talk about for the rest of his life, but to WIN THE WAR! If accidentally the rest should go along with it, well and good. But the true patriot places himself at the disposal of his country, not to do as he himself might prefer, but to be used in whatever capacity it might be decided he can do the most good to accomplish the general aim. He may personally do something else a little better but he is a soldier. He's not to reason why; he's but to do and die. There must necessarily be some misfit in an enterprise of the magnitude of this, but it will be found that the average man, is placed about where he belongs, and that adjustments are continually in progress. It must be remembered that skilled workmen and mechanics are not so frequent that they can be spared. The man at the front must be supported and sustained, and if you have been selected to aid him in the S.O.S., then it's up to you to do it in the best way you know how. For ever man at the front, statistics tell us that ten men are required at the rear. Get off the personal point of view, and try to acquire the national point of view.

Anyhow, it won't be so very long before you will be given your chance. It has been promised us, that when the fellow are now up at the Front, have had their fling, those of them who are able to hold down our jobs, will be allowed to come back here to relieve us so that we will have a chance. It isn't a merely a matter of changing men; it's a matter of training. There are very few of us, who have had the intensive training necessary before we are fit to go to the front. Each of those fellow up there have had several months effort spent on him to make him fit for the job he is expected to do, and all this training cannot be allowed to be wasted, merely because another fellow in the rear is willing to take his place. Sooner or later when the country has had the benefit of this training, the man can be relieved and another man taken to be trained to replace him. But for the length of time spent on him, the country expected a certain return in specialized service, and has a right to insist upon it. In the course of time things will balance up. So be a little patient and your turn will come.

YE MILITARY GENTLEMAN.

The perfect military gentleman is nothing if not regular. His habits are all arranged according to a methodical schedule. He does not permit himself to deviate from his routine. The plan of each enlisted man may vary slightly according to the demands put upon him. But in general his daily existence will be regulated somewhat in this manner, as follows, to wit, that is to say, viz, :

At nine o'clock in the morning, his valet enters his boudoir and throws back the heavy plush curtains that have been keeping the room in darkness, this permitting the glorious sunlight to penetrate the chamber, at once dispelling the gloom and the vapours of sleep. After the military gentleman is propped up in bed with his satin coverlets protected by a dainty white napkin his valet brings a goblet of orange juice, with which to start his stomach functioning properly and healthily. This is followed by a pot of coffee, with cream and lump sugar, and a hot roll with lots of creamy butter oozing over it. He is then ready to rise. He steps out of his lavender silk pajamas, and slips on the bathrobe which the valet holds for him and then passes on to the bathroom where, if he has a good man, he will find the showers running at just the right temperature. Finishing up with a cold needle shower which concludes the process of awakening him. He submits to a brisk rubdown at the hands of the aforesaid valet. Then our hero is ready for breakfast. He enters the breakfast room finding the table set with Delft breakfast china. He eats a light meal, say a half a grapefruit a cereal with whipped cream, a couple of poached eggs on toast, and then perhaps a half a spring chicken, perhaps a small broiled steak, or maybe a few delicately brown country sausages resting cosily on top of a neat little pile of butter cakes over which the maple syrup is trickling slowly. This with coffee, rolls and honey completes the modest repast. Simple, yet Satisfying.

Then he dresses for the morning, being assisted in the process by his ubiquitous valet. After which he is ready to perform his military duties with the highest efficiency, whether it be on K.P., on a wood or latrine detail or just plain work.

An noon time he returns to his quarters (in the army these are more apt to be thirty-seconds, or even sixty-fourths) for lunch. This also is a light meal, consisting of nothing more than, say a cream soup a portion of broiled brook trout, an entree with two vegetables- peas, string beans asparagus, or cauliflower- a roast, pork, veal, or maybe just plain beef; a salad; a dessert of ice-cream, a custard, or a fruit pie; and a demitasse, finishing up with morsel of camembert of Roquefort cheese, and then a Hoyo de Monterey.

Then the afternoon is occupied with more military duties until it is time for the evening meal, when he makes up for his frugality of the rest of the day by dining sumptuously and with regal splendour in the grand dining room seated in a high backed carved armchair, eating from fragile china placed on lace doilies, with the gleaming silver and candelabra reflecting in

in the polished mahogany. There he partakes of the best of the land---- slum fit for an emperor, a luscious hash that would tempt Epicurean, a mess of beans that would pique the most jaded palate, and coffee, sans sucre, cans lait, that makes a simply wonderful substitute for washing out the goo from your mess kit and bread pudding that no tongue could describe (At least in dictionary words) After finishing this banquet, is it any wonder that he leans back in his chair and heaves a sigh.

His has been a strenuous day and he welcomes the deepening shades of coming night. He retires to his chamber and after a short chat with some friend- feels the call of Morpheus. With the aid of his valet he prepares for bed. Tonight he has Lisle green pajamas. After he is well tucked away, the heavy curtains are dropped and he is left to fall asleep just as the last note of Taps comes from the Guard house.

THE PRUNE.

There is a marked difference in the status of the civilian prune and the military prune. In civilian life, the prune is somewhat of an outcast among fruits. Ostracized from polite society, it is viewed with contempt, looked down upon, scorned "despised and rejected of men" and is forced to seek refuge in cheap boarding houses where, along with the neck of the chicken senile eggs and coffee stains on the table cloth, it is the butt of the jokes of dissatisfied boarders.

But upon entering the Army, it undergoes a marvelous transformation. The O.D. prune, secretly wondering perhaps at its certain popularity, is hailed with delight by the omnivorous doughboy. It is pounced upon ravenously, and at once started on its downward path to said doughboy's breadbasket, tickling his oesophagus as it slides along to its destination. Whereupon the said doughboy lines up for seconds, and- if he can sneak one on the Mess Sergeant or the K.P's- for thirds.

The reason for this strange difference is not at all plain. It may be that prune juice sets up some sort of a chemical reaction on aluminum that it does not produce on china, that lends a heavenly flavor lacking when the prune is served in a dish. Government chemists are working to ascertain the cause.

Another distinction between the peace prune and the war prune is the striking preponderance of pits in the latter as compared to the former. For some inexplicable reason the Army prune has more pits per each than its civilian brother. A mess-room portion of prunes has been known to consist of two and a half prunes, eight pits and a little juice. This high proportion of pits is not however uniformly maintained.

There is another species of prune- the human prune- which includes an enormous number of sub-divisions. Even a casual study of this variety of prune would fill a large volume, since they come in all types and classes. We can do no more therefore within the limits of this article than indicate its existence

This is the first War in which any attempt has been made to provide for the recreation of the men in arms. In all previous conflicts the soldiers have been left entirely to their own resources, and these, under general war conditions, have always been extremely limited. These that the surrounding country have been able to provide have been more apt to be of a dangerous and pernicious character than otherwise.

But it has come to be recognized that in order to sustain the morale of an Army its leisure hours must be looked after and wholesome amusement and entertainment supplied. This does not mean that a man must amuse himself in a prescribed manner. His leisure hours must be comparatively free from discipline, and he must exercise the right to enjoy himself in his own way. But is it clear that if he is given the opportunity to attend clean, sane wholesome entertainment, he will almost invariably choose that to the vicious forms which are only too prone to congregate in camp vicinities. The reason for the slump in his standards is plain: In the Army he is entirely free from the restraining influences of home life. Unless he is provided with some means as a substitute for these influences, he is almost certain to run down, and his mental condition sink.

The Y.M.C.A. has undertaken, entirely of its own volition, though with the consent of the authorities, to fill this want. In estimating its success in this respect, it should be judged, not alone by what it has accomplished, but by a comparison of existing conditions with what they would have been if the Y.M.C.A. or some other similar organization had not commenced its present work. It must be remembered that the Y.M.C.A. is operating as the American Expeditionary Forces are working, thousands of miles from their base. As it is, the Y.M.C.A. has erected huts wherever there are American troops in France, extending well into the Front, and not being deterred by the presence of danger. It has provided entertainments entirely free of charge to the men, in many cases of a superior character, for example, Elsie Janis, the St. Louis Quartett E.H. Southern and others; vocal and instrumental music of a high class; speakers of world-wide fame, such as George Randolph Chester, Irvin Cobb, John Kendrick Bangs, and other; and frequent movie performances. It maintains canteens where the soldiers can buy smokes, sweets of various sorts and supply this need in toilet articles and such. What does it matter if to the gigantic sweet tooth of the American, the canteen does get exhausted of candy and cakes now and then? You can get them most of the time, which is more than the civil population of France at the present time can do. What does it matter if the movie machine does cut up capers once in a while, or if the wheels date back to antediluvian times when tribes of prehistoric cavemen used to hunt the dinosaurs? You do get good feature films pretty often, and Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford too. What does it matter if an announced concert party fails to arrive? It's a pretty poor gang that can't manage to entertain itself; and there aren't any poor gangs among the Yanks. If the Y.M.C.A. did no more than supply of clubhouse where the men might meet and congregate, it would still be worth while.

Suppose there were no Y.M.C.A. operating at this Post, and nothing to take its place. Wouldn't the evenings be pleasant and interesting? and wouldn't Romo be overflowing every evening? Can you picture the congestion on the Liberty Special?

What we're trying to find out is if you think the Y.M. has been of any use to you. Would you have written home as much if the Y.M. hadn't supplied you with the materials? If you feel that the Y.M. has been worth while you can help perhaps to make it even more worth while and do even more for you that it has been doing. A big drive is about to commence by the Y.M. at home. The Y.M. does not ask you to contribute a single cent. All it asks you to do is to assist them in advertising. The work of the Y.M. in France is intended solely for the benefit of the American soldier over here. To continue this work effectively it needs a hugh amount of money. This must come from the American people. Before the American people loosen up on any money for any purpose they want to be shown; they want to know that they are getting something for their money. They cannot tell this from their own observation; they must reply on the word of others. And they will take first of all is the word of the men who are getting and who will get the benefit of their contribution - the American Soldier. A good word from a soldier in a letter home concerning the work of the Y.M. will do ten times as much good as any number of speeches by campaigners who haven't been over here. It is direct evidence, and conclusive to those who receive it. All that the American public wants to know is - "Is the Y.M. of any use to you?" IF the answer is in the affirmative, then you can rest assured that the most generous people in the world will make an adequate response to the request made to them.

So think it over, fellow. If you feel that the Y.M. is doing some good, just mention that fact in your letters home during the next two or three weeks. A line is all that is necessary. You might remind the folks that if it were not for the Y.M., they probably wouldn't hear from you as often as they do. This would have a mighty big effect, since your letters are probably the biggest events in their lives. The truth and nothing but the truth is all that is asked; but make it the whole truth if you have any criticism to offer. Don't point out its supposed defects unless you do it the justice to mention its merits also. Remember, that if you are accepting any of the benefits which the Y.M. has to offer, you owe it to the Y.M. to do this very little but to show your appreciation. You can do no less.

THE WEATHER

The weather's nasty, cold and wet, some people say, complaining;
But I don't share their gloomy views, though even now it's raining.
Like all possessed, and I am dressed in the one dry suit remaining.
I turn my thoughts to yesterday when sunbeams fell all o'er me.
To pessimistic friends, I say,- "Oh just keep still! You bore me.
Be thankful that most days are fine and only few are stormy."
Now if we had no wet at all the rubber men would holler;
Umbrella makers, too would fail- they couldn't make a dollar.
But So when it storms just let it storm- turn up your rain-coat collar.
Go forth chuckfull of happiness and put aside your sorrow;
For troubles that seem worst of all are ones that people borrow.
God's rain is falling here today- His sun will shine tomorrow.

SHOEWHERE IN FRANCE

Somewhere in France!" How oft we hear
That phrase of those we hold most dear,
We know not how they are today
Nor where; but we can hope and pray
That they are well, and brave and strong
Equipped to right the worlds' great wrong
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Somewhere in France the big guns boom
Betimes they'll sound the junkers doom
The rifles rattle, airplanes soar
And hell is loose on earth once more
The foeman's shells wreck beauty spots
Cathedrals, palaces and cots,
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Somewhere in France men give their lives
To stop the forging of the gyves
That war lords plan, for those who fain
Would thwart the stern Germanic reign
So, day by day, 'neath sun and stars
Our soldier's fight the war god Mars
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Somewhere in France our hopes are laid
Oh, noble men, be not dismayed
But toil and fight with all your might
In God Almighty's holy sight
Some day He'll hear your earnest cry
And help will come from out the sky
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Somewhere in France, in days to come
Dear men, you'll hear the order "Home".,
When you have purchased liberty
For all mankind, on land and sea,
Return to us from "Over There "
'Till then God keep you in his care,
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

TAKING A BATH IN FRANCE.

We went into town the other night to take a bath. Two francs seems quite a lot to an American to hand out for a bath, but then it's worth it over here. We went to the local bath house, and after waiting awhile were escorted out to a back yard, and led into a nice little summer house. We were left there alone a door closed upon us, and since hot water was running into the tub which the summer house contained it gradually dawned upon us that this was where we were expected to take our bath. In as much as the door was mostly composed of panes of glass, though of various shades of color, and there was a window opposite the door to let light into the room, we experienced a certain shyness about disrobing in what seemed such public circumstances. The army has stripes us of much of our natural modesty and we are ordinarily prone to expose our-selves quite nonchalantly to the summer zephyre or the winter winds as the case may be upon request. But, nevertheless, away from the moral support which the example of our military brethern lends us we felt somewhat nervous, especially about one particular pane of lemon-colored glass. It was however growing rather dark, and we decided to risk it, and grew bold. As we were stepping into the tub, the door quietly opened and an old man entered the room bearing a candle with which to drive away the shadows with which to conceal our charms. He placed it upon a mantle to go out. Now the inside of the room was brighter than the outside and frankly we were worried. Never were we more conscious of our Adonislike form. We concealed it as much as possible by the sides of the tub, while taking our ablutions, but we couldn't stay there forever and when we stepped out, like Venus arising from the sea, never did spotlight cast a stronger ray, than that little candle seemed to throw. We scrambled into our garments while the outer gloom was peopled with a million eyes. When we came out, we left the candle lighted and closed that glass door behind us, and stood off a little to get the effect. Our worst fears were realized. The room could be seen through any of the panes, but the lemon colored one was absolutely transparent, and through it the entire interior was revealed. And now, if we go back there for another bath and seen that girl with the pearl beads and the scrubbing brush, we just know that we're going to blush.

R U M O R

Dame Rumor is a lady well known throughout the world, but nowhere is she more popular and more hospitable than in the Army. She is welcomed with open arms, and all her statements accepted with goggle-eyed credulity. No report she may spread, however preposterous or fantastic, fails to find ardent believers. She is at once optimistic and pessimistic. She raises your hopes and dashes them to the ground. She is a consummate liar; in fact she deals with everything except the truth. Even a true passing through her hands, becomes so warped and distorted as to be unrecognizable. She is a fickle jade; consistency does not worry her. She doesn't hesitate to tell contradictory tales simultaneously. SO BEWARE OF HER! She is a destroyer of happiness, a ruiner of reputations, a joy-killer, and a blaster of hope. She accomplishes much harm and no good. She takes a fiendish glee in sowing quarrels and dissension. She uses the smallest proportion of facts to maintain her reputation with the gullible, and even then she gets them twisted, SO-

Whether the straight dope you are getting is that you are going home this week or in six months, whether you will be released right away or retained over here in the army service or motor Service Corps, or whatever the inside information you may have gotten in touch with may be, sprinkled it copiously with salt, and sit it out in the open air somewhere to cool off. If, at the end of that time it remains unchanged, put it back again for two weeks more, as some rumors have remarkable and extraordinary vitality and persist for a long time.

So try to be a little patient. Waiting is the hardest thing in the world, and we are therefore passing through the most difficult part of our army life. Some of us were breaking our necks to get into the army, and now we can't get out soon enough. We can only take things cheerfully and as they come, and try to make the best of things. It would help matters considerably if we did not allow ourselves to run to seed, but maintained the same spirit of co-operation that we had when we entered upon a military career.

GRIN AND BEAR IT.

We're a cheerful bunch of Sammies
When we write home to our mummies
All the news the censor says that we may tell;
Oh, we make our letters snappy
And report we're well and happy,
Though we've learned, as Sherman said, that "War is Hell,"

Ten to one you have a notion
That to cross the heaving ocean
In the bowels of a "Freighter" is a Joy;
But I'll tell you, (Confidential.)
That 'twill be most providential
If the fishes are not fed by mamma's boy.

When a rookies' oly shirtie
Gets abominably dirty
He may wash it in some culinary Can,
Or may shosh it in the river;
While it dries he sure will shiver,
But you bet he'll grin and bear it like a man.

When our water tastes quite froggy
And our bread is poor and soggy,
We just think of what we'll later drink and eat;
We've acquired an education
In such things; imagination
Helps a heap to keep our thoughts and stomache sweet,

Daily, Fritzie turns to shelling;
Then, by gravy, there's no telling
Where his blamed old bits of metal will descend;
When he sends us nast gasses,
That are thick as cold molasses,
Through our masks we'll grin and bear it to the end.

There's a bunch of compensations
For the men of all the nations
That are plugging for the cause of liberty;
We have toughened up our muscles
And we're full of red corpuscles,
And we've gained a sense of right and chivalry

When again we show our faces
In the old familiar places
All our women-folks will hug us quite a lot;
On our backs our dads will thump us
And they'll kick up quite a rumpus;
Even that we'll grin and bear, as like as not.

The K.P. says:

Hoffman wrote a letter in French to ONE of his harem awhile ago, and of course he had to send it through the Base Censor. The Base Censor turned it over to the French interpreter who said it didn't belong to him, and passed it over to the Chinese Interpreter, who passed it on to the Arabian Censor who turned it over to the Base Censor, who immediately got busy and ordered the Secret Service to find out why Hoffman was trying to use a Code.

Much time is being spent nowadays in weaving connected stories for home consumption that will combine features of excitement, adventure, reasonableness and possibility (Probability isn't essential) and yet not leave any holes through which the daylight might be seen. Now is the time to get in practice as a raconteur, so that you may become a convinced enough to make the folks back there swallow it whole, it being advisable to keep a weather eye peeled for the approach of Amex Forces generally and A.S.P.C.#2'ers particularly. The life of an aviator (and all Air Service men are aviators; yes, high flyers) as led at this Post is replete with thrills, N'est ce pas? Oui, ce n'est pas.

Leibster says he had an awful dream the other night; He dreamt that he gave birth to a non-com.

Fortner wants to know why they can't use Epsom Salts or C.C.Pills in the Liberty Motor instead of Castor Oil.

The new fall styles in men's gears may be observed by giving the K.P.'s and cooks the o.o.

Captain Wood and Lieutenant Stone were walking down Main Street, Romo, the other day when a pretty French girl passed by, Wood turned to Stone; Stone turned to Wood; and they both turned to rubber.

Crabs.

There are many breeds of this species!
They lives in the SEA! the ARMY, and other places,
All kinds of crabs are alike in some ways,
They are narrow-minded, if, the breed has a mind at all.
They always make life disagreeable for those with
Whom they come in contact. Most Crabs, get "HARD BOILED"
And all are PESTS'

Moral

DON'T BE A CRAB.

A C A S U A L

The following are some of the definitions of a "casual" that have been submitted:-

"A Rolling stone that gathers no moss", or

"A soldier that goes hither and thither and gets no promotions or francs"

"A soldier of misfortune, recovering from an attack of military ambition".

"A misguided, misjudged, underrated individual, who works harder, kicks more, and gets less than the regular soldier."

Woodruff.

"A casual is a spare part of the Army machine, which was been so moulded that ~~he~~ can be used for the replacement of any part of the machine, and now that the wear of the machine is past and the spare part badly worn, he should be immediately discarded and remoulded into a civilian.

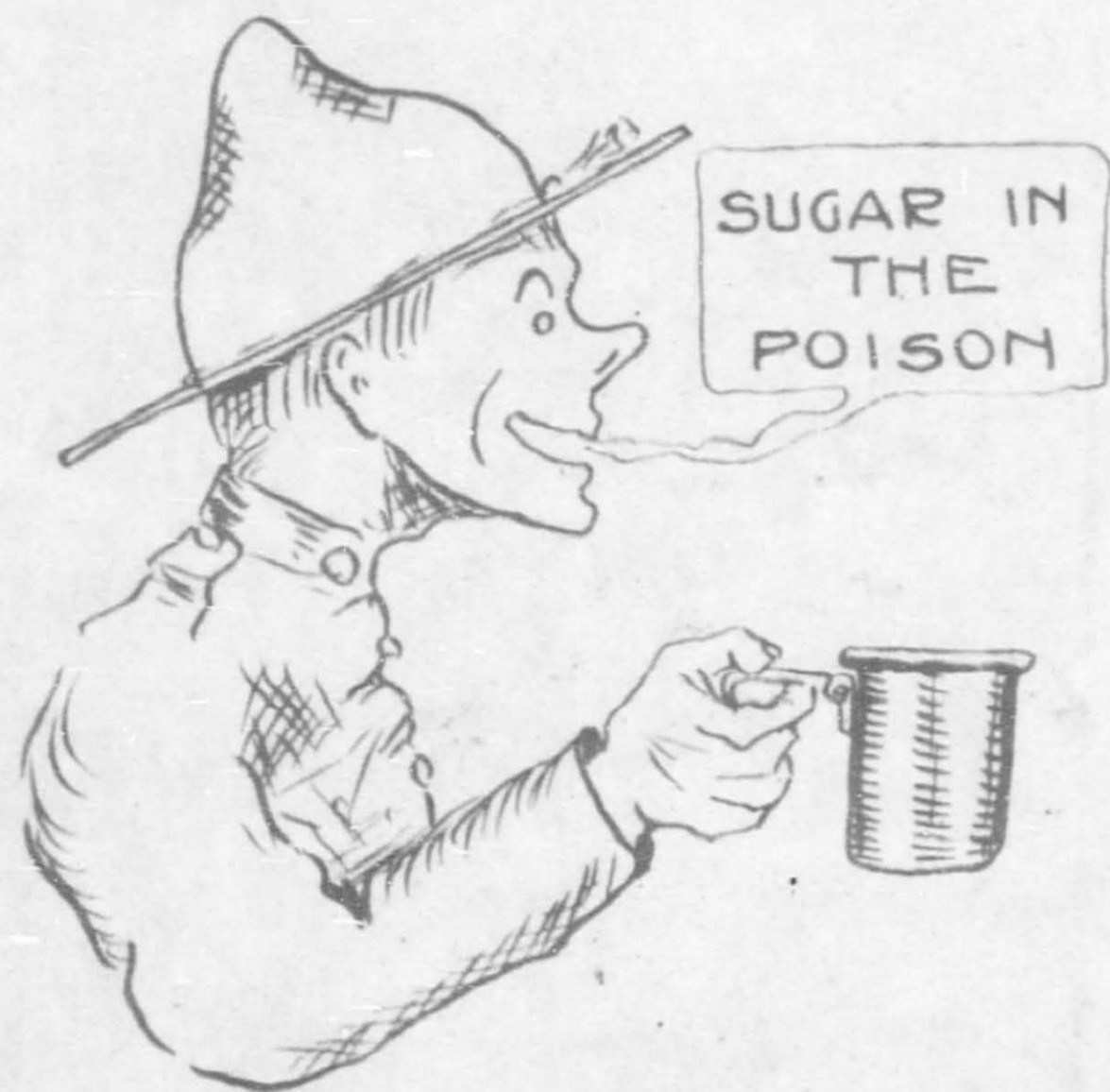
C A S U A L ?????

C	Look in your glass,
A	And
S	U will
U	See
A	A
L	Casual

H.M.H.

C asual at times,
A nd sometimes lazy
S uch is the way with men;
U p with the whistle,
A nd in to mess
L ess than a second is the record for this.

A non



ACCIDENTAL.

WEBSTER
CASUAL -
*accidental, for
temporary, for
the time being.*



TEMPORARY,



FOR THE TIME BEING.

H. FURNELL
FRANCE 1918

WHAT IS A 'CASUAL'?