

THEM NAVY FLYERS HAS TO WRITE, TOO

This Feller Wants to Tell How Things Is Down His Way

U-BOATS IS AWFUL SCURSE

Fishin' and Clam Farmin' Keep Him Tollable Busy While Waitin' for Submarines

Somewhere in France, March 30, 1918.

Dear Mr. Eddytor:-- I was readin' parts of your paper here tulday, amongst 'em bein' an editorial sayin' that all branches of thuh service is represented. Wal, I ain't notice no mention of us fellers at all.

Oh, maybe yuh don't know who us fellers be--wal, we're thuh Navy Aviation gang, in thuh outlyin' farm districts along the shore of this here state. 'em I thought us how perhaps yuh'd like to hear that we're alive--which information I doubt will give any aid and comfort to the enemy.

Wal, I'll tell yuh: I ain't been officially--no I mean officially authorized--tuh write tuh you, but I thought if yuh wanted a humdinger of a war correspondent from this here particular branch, I might be able to help yuh out a bit, 'cause when I first come into this outfit, 'way back in '17, I used tuh be a special war-correspondent for a paper in New York--you've heard of that burg, I suppose?

Thuh paper was published down in Greenwich Village, yuh know, down by Washington Square, where all the humries is--and it was a weakly affair got out each week; we used tuh run off as much as six copies each week on one of them "Corony" typewriters--we only needed a light machine, 'cause we didn't write no heavy stuff.

When It Rains and When It Don't

Wal, anyhow, this letter wasn't written tuh talk about myself, but about the Navy Aviation Service. Course, I kin just write mostly 'bout this here part of thuh country; all's we do here is fishin' and farmin' mainly. When it rains, we fish our beds out under thuh leaks in thuh roof, and when thuh tide is out we farm clams.

Oh, yes! I forgot tuh say Jus' now there's an open season on them there U-boats that thuh papers talk of so much. Our Commandant says as how he ain't goin' to shave off his beard--he's got a real cute one, sort o' French like--'til we get one o' these here subs. But I ain't quite sure as how he can stand it that long--not that we can't get 'em, but thuh dem fules won't show up in our sector.

I could tell yuh lots more about them things, too, but there's a feller called a censor that has thuh nerve tuh read all our letters, and I don't dast tuh git gay. But there's allus a lot o' interestin' things happenin' round here, like thuh other day one o' thuh cooks split a can o' this here "fron-fron" powder in thuh cocoa, and thuh next day all thuh fellers went out and bought wrist watches; an' then there's a dog-fight most every hour, 'cause we got

MY SWEETHEART

I saw her in a dream as though in life,
Her form, her soft blue eyes, her
elder hair,
Which fell as silken, golden portals,
draped,
Before her bosom fair.

She whispered in my ear, "Sweet-
heart, be brave,
We'll back you up in all you do
and dare."
Then, bendin' o'er, she pressed her
lips to mine . . .
I woke--she was not there.

SON. FRANK C. MCCARTHY.

about all thuh dawgs in thuh town round here, besides a white rat and a bunch o' sand fleas, so thuh fellers don't get lonesome.

Then there's baseball games, and say! we've got some team, too. They kin lick anything their weight; but thuh other day they went up tuh a blimp station--yuh know, one o' them lighter-than-air gas bag propositions--and o' course they got licked, 'cause thuh only man that had a mask was thuh catcher; it ought tuh been thuh pitcher, I think, from thuh way them coacher fellers talked tuh him.

Little Sassyety Stuff

They ain't much sassyety stuff tuh write about as yet, 'cause thuh city folks ain't come down. They'd rather stay up in Paris and watch them Hun fules try tuh kid themselves into thinkin' they is winnin' thuh war with a long distance pen-shooter destroyin' theaters, pitcher galleries and o' the sort. It's gettin' to be spring around here, for all thuh town council are gettin' out their lobster pots and fishin' gear; and thuh women folks is all goin' out tuh do thuh heavy work, like thuh plowin' and farmin'. An' besides, all thuh chickens, thuh auto drivers get along the road is all spring chickens; at least, they're like rubber, when yuh go tuh taste 'em.

Wal, I guess I've writ enough fer tulday. Jus' thought I'd find out if yuh'd like tuh hear from us occasionally in this here outlyin' district (I can't tell yuh where I am, but I kin tell yuh that it's thuh best station in thuh bunch, and everybody knows where that is).

Wal, yuh want tuh git some more dope, just write me, U.S. Naval Avition Forces, 4 Rue d'Ena, Paris, and it ought tuh reach me by Christmas. Hopin' that this don't land in thuh scamp-basket, and yerself thuh same; I am,

Yers (all after thuh war's over),
FREDERIC M. DELANO.
P.S.--Say, is ther any retribution--no, I mean remuneration for this sort o' article? 'Cause if yuh want, I kin write yuh in good English, too. And I sort o' need thuh money, 'cause I'm plannin' on gettin' hitched up soon--if I kin ever git thuh girl away from her mother again.

So long.

IT'S PRONOUNCED FOCH

The French will think it is a joke
When blunzing Yanks pronounce it
Foch,
Yet will we make a sadder botch
If we attempt to call it Foch;
Nor can we fail to pain and shock
Who boldly try to say it Foch.
In fact, we have to turn to Boche
To find the word that rhymes with
Foch.



Sing a song of six sous, toll for conversation; Three and thirty 'phone girls, here to help the nation! When the cam'ra snapped 'em they didn't budge or fuss--Isn't that a proof they're soldiers just like us?

BOARDS TO DECIDE ON PHYSICAL UNFITNESS

Not All Men Unsited to Combat Service Will Be Sent Home

Only those officers and soldiers recommended by disability boards for transfer to the United States as unfit for any duty with the A.E.F. are to be sent home.

This is in accordance with G.O. No. 41, in regard to Disability Boards. "There are many necessary and important functions in a modern army," the order says, "which do not require the complete physical fitness usually considered necessary in times of peace. Disability boards will be convened for the purpose of passing on such cases."

Officers and soldiers in the A.E.F. are divided into four classes, according to the order. There are the physically fit, which includes all officers and soldiers who are fit for combat service. All individuals of the A.E.F. are considered as of this class until acted upon by a disability board.

The next class is the temporarily unfit, which includes officers and soldiers temporarily unfit for combat service, but physically fit for other duty. It includes all who are expected to be restored to the physically fit class within a period of six months. All such cases will be re-examined at least once every two months for the purpose of re-classification.

Two Classes of Permanently Unfit

The third class includes officers and soldiers who are considered permanently unfit for combat service, but whose disabilities are not of such a nature as to justify their return to the United States. This class will not be subject to periodical examination, but in cases of presumed restoration to physical fitness will be reported by their commanders through

A.E.F. CHECK SIGNERS RECALL SCHOOL DAYS

Disbursing Officers Must Supply Bank With Ten Signatures Each

Remember the days when they used to keep you after school to write "Finished labors are pleasant," "Stern is the path of duty," or--cruelest of all--"Tros Tyrisque mihi nullo discrimine agitur," 10 or 20 or 30 or 40 times, just because yuh'd passed notes to the red-headed girl across the aisle, or put tacks in teacher's chair or thrown a spitball at Willy Jones over in the corner? Well, that's what the disbursing officers of the A.E.F. have got to do all over again.

All of them who have not as yet furnished the Bank of France, in Paris, with specimen copies of their official signatures are directed to forward at once to that bank, through the chiefs of their corps or departments, 10 copies of their official signature. In short, they've got to write their John Hancock 10 times, trying to keep them as much alike as possible. And they've got to do it in ink on a blank sheet of paper, allowing a space of at least an inch between John Hancock's. Finally, they can't blot 'em; they've just got to stand around and wait for 'em to dry.

Name and rank--typewritten--must appear at the top of the blank sheet. If the disbursing officer has a symbol number, that is to be shown below his rank. After all that has been done, the chief or corps or department or whoever it is will cause the signature to be certified by an officer whose signature is already known at the Bank of France. Then it is to be presumed, the disbursing officer will be ready to do business--as soon as his wrist gets well.

Just now, he doesn't know whether he is going to be promoted for efficiency or court-martialed for sassiness. But whether or not he gets the axe for his pains, he's got the wood.

DOUGHBOYS' DICTIONARY

Bum--The mess sergeant who holds up seconds.
Dog-robber--A Guy who has too soft a job to live.
Corporal--A guy given chevrons to show that he is supposed to help the Sergeants hold down their jobs.

BALLAD OF A RED CROSS MAN

He didn't seem like a soldier guy;
He didn't specially want to die,
(But then no more do you and I),
This New York lad,
And yet he thought he might, per-
chance,
Bring indirect relief to France
By driving a Ford ambulance.
It seems too bad.

And so he bought a jitney bus
And came a year ahead of us,
And all the French girls made a fuss
That was absurd.
And giggled at him when they met
Him driving with his cigarette.
They said it was the French for "Pet,"
That precious word.

And then the U.S.A. declared
Itself for war--it wasn't scared,
Though altogether unprepared--
And Congress met,
And everybody made a speech,
And each gave free advice to each--
It wasn't quite the time to preach,
But they should fret.

Our Red Cross hero didn't know
(No more than we a year ago)
How best to serve his country, so
He said: "Oh, Hell!
Democracy will be restored
Without my help, so why be bored?
I'll just stay on and drive the Ford.
I'm doing well."

It worked all right till last July.
The French girls watched him driving
By
And undimmed, bed sidelong eye,
And this kept 'em
Until the first o' Pershing's troops,
With Sam Browne belt in nifty groups,
Demoralized the chieftaincoops,
Oh, bitter cup!

That day, our hero, with a grunt,
Got in his car and went to hunt
A hospital up near the front,
(But not too near),
To find some little dame from home
With blue eyes and a gilded dome
Who'd see his worth because he'd come
To war last year.

He found the hospital all right,
And didn't look around that night,
But in the morning, clear and bright,
Went out to walk.
He saw approaching him, a mile
Away, a vision with a style
That whispered of Manhattan Isle,
Murmured New York.

His heart increased its normal beat,
As familiarly did his feet,
To think he was so soon to meet
His little prey:
When suddenly he saw that she
Was with a figure in khaki,
(Protective color, hard to see
So far away).

So Archie blamed it on his fate--
'Twas evident he'd come too late--
And then, I'm sorry to narrate
That Archie cursed.
The soldier lad was slightly lame--
The victim of a baseball game,
But wounded Hero just the same--
And must be nursed.

It seemed too late to turn back now,
So Archie walked on anyhow.
Though somewhat like a small bow-wow
Dragging a cart,
He walked by looking straight ahead:
He thought she'd speak. But no. In-
stead

She looked him over, sniffed, and said:
"Who is this man?"
Depressed, he turned off down a lane,
Went back to the Red Cross again
To try to find some other Jane--
Sore as a pup,
And there he found six maidens fair
All sitting round and taking care
Of patients in the open air--
All dated up.

He stuck around that hallowed spot
A month, and got it pretty hot,
All sitting round and taking his lot
For it, perchance, you think his lot
Was something soft.
You should have heard those maidens
say,
When'er he passed along their way:
"There goes our little *embusqué*."
And then they coughed.

Just recently one day I met
Our Archie, with his cigarette,
Behind a front line parapet,
His placid brow
Untroubled with the battle's din.
He wore a calm, seraphic grin
And sang the chorus of "YOU'RE IN
THE ARMY NOW."
JOHN PENNINGTON KING, 1st Lieut.,
U.S.R.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS Putting You Right

By BRAN MASH

X.--The proper set for an army mess is one knife, one fork, one spoon in each mess kit. The oysters are to be eaten in the hand, so an extra fork is not necessary, and the soup is to be inhaled, so an extra spoon is not needed. When in doubt use the knife. Finger bowls are no longer in good standing, but you might add a touch of practicality by presenting each of your guests with a bacon tin full of wood ashes with which to polish off the cutlery and plate.

Y.--When invited out to tea by a French family, don't say, "Two lumps, please." They ain't no lumps. "Two drops, please," is the correct way of indicating your preference in the matter of sweetening. Don't worry; you have inhaled lots of worse things than saccharine in your time, we dare say.

Z.--Yes, the old rule about always addressing an officer in the third person has not been abridged. It is particularly appropriate for people on detached service, as it lends itself greatly to the air of detachment.

Q.--When saluting a British officer, you have to look twice. He may be wearing his insignia either on his shoulder or on his cuffs, depending on what his rank is. Two swift, sharp penetrating glances ought to set you straight; then snap it up. He will excuse you for staring if your salute is all right.

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