

HOW TO BE MADE A NON-COM

—By WALLGREN



HAPPY, HAPPY DAYS IN SCRATCHVILLE

Life's Just One Bath After Another at Seaside Shore Resort

"Scratchville-by-the-Sea"—that's just what they call it.

It's the place where they fix you up so you don't need to scratch. And it isn't anywhere near the sea.

If you happen to belong to a certain unit of the A.E.F., they shoot you into a real nice bath-house when you come out of the line. Say—for the sake of the illustration merely—that you've been itching, and scratching, and itching and scratching again for the past few days. The minute you peel and go into the shower room of the bath-house a hawk-eyed medical sergeant gives you the double-o.

"Hullo," he exclaims, when he sees the little red spots on you. "You got the trench itch, ain't you?"

Enter the Major

By the time you've come out of the shower the major comes in, the sergeant points you out, and you stand attention in your somewhat unimpaired birthday uniform while he looks you over. "Scabies," he says, laconically, and puts something down in the little book he carries around with him.

"Scratchville for yours," says the sergeant, by way of explanation. And after you've collected your clothes and wits again, you're bumped along down the line to Scratchville-by-the-Sea.

The first thing you know, they've shoved you into another bath-house and armed you with a fistful of soft green soap. In you go under a hot shower, and soap yourself all up—all but the middle of your back, which if you're built like most people, you can't very well reach. The man on your right or left (you may pick your partner) soaps that part of your anatomy for you, and you perform the same kindly services for him.

You rub the soap well in and splash around under the shower, and you have a lovely time. Then, with a gurgle, the showers go out and they hand you a lot of sulphur ointment. This you rub in—all but in the middle of your back—all over. Your partner again comes to the rescue of your neglected shoulder-blades, and you to the rescue of his.

Yellow for Once

By this time you are yellower than you ever thought an American soldier could be; but, as it's all in a good cause, you needn't worry.

Next, they slip you a pair of bed slippers and a bathrobe, conduct you into a barracks and put you to bed. And there you stay, with the yellow sulphur ointment permeating into your body and soul. You don't dare to put your foot on the floor for fear it might strike a burn like a match. Your leg would burn up like a match stick.

The next day they put you through the same process all over again. By the time the second sulphur coat has worn off, you are usually cured and scratchless and pure as the driven snow. The toughest cases that have come into Scratchville have succumbed to the third combined onslaught of the Orange and the Green. And while the treatments are going on, you don't have a blooming thing to do but lie around and smoke—if you dare, with all that sulphur about.

It isn't worth getting the trench itch to go down there. But if you do get it, that's the place to go to get rid of it. And it's all free.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE CORPORAL

He thought he was almighty hell when first he got those stripes—He shouted out his orders with a lot of yelps and yipes; But he's calmed down an awful lot, and don't put on so grand, And as result, he's got his squad now pretty well in hand.

Before he was a corp'ral, he was rare as the deuce—For non-coms and for officers he had no gold-darn uses; But now he's got his chevrons on, there's nothing he can't say A-praisin' of the system that gives him six bucks more pay.

"The backbone of the Army" is the stuff he likes to pull About himself and others—do we fall for all that bull? I guess we don't! But, all the same, he doesn't ride us much, And he don't turn in bad reports to get the gang in Dutch.

I've worked for better corporals, and then I've worked for worse—To some their stripes are blessings, and to some they was a curse; Still, takin' 'em all in all, this guy now ain't so bad—But yer, I wouldn't call him the best corp I ever had!

SPORTING NEWS AND COMMENT

Jess Willard's recent announcement that he was nigh unto 40 years old somewhat upset the age dope. When Jess fought and won the heavyweight crown from Jack Johnson in Cuba, his manager stated that "big hunk of flesh" was only 27, and all the press yarns before the fight predicted that youth would down age in the conflict. As a matter of fact Willard was almost as old as Johnson when they clashed.

If Jess is telling the truth now, he must have been at least 32 when he grabbed off the title, and he really must be termed an athletic marvel if he was able to begin fighting at about 30 years and become the world's champion after that.

Probably the fact that Jess is beginning to feel his age had something to do with the final carrying of the match with Fred Fulton, as no man really feels like going through a long course of severe training and then combating a younger opponent. It would not be surprising to see the champion retire without again donning the mitts.

Jess's statement as to his real age was brought about by a sure-made against him when his match with Fulton was still on. Jess then announced that he was close to 40, had a wife and five children, and did not deem it right that he should be vilified when he was so far above the draft age.

Johnson was 40 years old on March 31. If Willard's statement can be credited, it will be seen that the pair were about of the same age when they met at Havana, Cuba, on April 5, 1915.

When boxing was legalized in New Jersey, many of the New York promoters, who had helped kill the sport in their own State, rubbed their hands with glee, figuring that in some manner they would be able to break into the game across the river. But when the announcement of the governor's commission was made that gentlemen with their necks in other words, "rough necks," need not apply for permits to conduct shows, there was wailing and gnashing of teeth. The chairman of the commission, E. S. Crain, of East Orange, when he accepted the position, announced that he was for clean boxing and a square sport and no outsiders.

A USE FOR EVERY TRADE

Hod and Ding were great pals at home. To begin with, they joined the same militia outfit at the same time, and grew up along with it. In their odd times after business, what nights they were not out at the armory learning how to take down machine guns and put them together again and so on and so forth, they used to go in for amateur theatricals.

One of the shows they figured in required the presence of a real live mule on the stage. But as even stage-broke mules present great difficulties in the course of performances, having, as they do, their own ideas about entrances and exits, there was nothing to do but to rig up an artificial mule. And Hod and Ding, accordingly, got under a muleskin and played the parts of Front Legs and Rear Legs with great eclat.

The other day the two were going up a steep incline in a certain portion of Hither Gaul, conveying a real mule who in turn was pulling a machine gun carriage with the ammunition and all upon the steep stage. About half way up the mule wheezed, spluttered, coughed, gasped, and reneged.

Well, that machine gun carriage had to be gotten up the hill somehow, because it wouldn't do at all for B company, in which Hod and Ding were, to be too far out on the hike by A company, which was up ahead; not at all. So, unharassing the hayburning quadruped and leaving him to the tender oratorical merces of his driver, Hod and Ding stepped in between the shafts.

A loud roar went up from all the members of B company—most of whom remembered Hod and Ding in their former roles. "Just—like—old—times, isn't it?" puffed Hod.

"You're got—darn—whooping!" puffed back Ding. "Me for this stage training, every time!"

PLACES ENOUGH OVER HERE

Somewhat or other we'd appreciate the sight of the papers and magazines from home a lot more if they weren't so full of ads saying, "Soon somebody higher up than you are will be called away to war. FIT YOURSELF TO TAKE HIS PLACE!"

TO DAD

Last night before I hit the hay I said, "Before another day has passed above my head, I'll surely drop my Dad a line to let him know I'm doing fine and not among the dead. I'll write a letter long and gay to cheer him up along his way and make him smile." But when I thought of him chuckle full of cheer and wish that he was over here to help the Allies win." And so I go to bed at night with dreams of home and faces bright, to waken at the dawn, and with the joy (?) the morning brings to find among the other things my resolution gone. And thus it goes from day to day—I fool the morning hours away without a thought to write; perhaps at noon I'm in a game, at evening it is much the same, and then it's late at night. And I have failed to do my part to ease my Mother's aching heart, which makes me pretty sore, and swear by every node and crook tomorrow I will write a book about the joys of War. And now at last without a doubt I've got my little tablet out and found my rusty quill, and haven't got a thing to do but sit and smoke and write to you, so I will write my first.

Alack—alas—for such is Fate, I've started writing this too late, for my chagrin and sorrow, for Taps is ringing out again and I must lay aside my pen, BUT I WILL WRITE TOMORROW.

WALTER E. BROWN,
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THEY'RE STILL HERE... VOILA, CALIFORNIA!

Pacific Coast Boosters Can't Keep Hid Under a Bushel

You can't dodge 'em. Not shells, but California boosters. The other day an American officer was coming down from the front. He got into a compartment along with a French sergeant, who saluted gravely and addressed him in English. Surprised and pleased, he sat down and made the Frenchman's acquaintance.

"Ah, mon Lieutenant!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Eet ces beautiful here, mais oui! But hélas! Eeet is not like ze beautiful Ovest of your own country."

"Mais oui! Zey may deesscourse all zat zey weesh about zee gl'ior of ze Mid of France, but I—may—I, who had leaved for sree years in your beautiful Ovest—we're eet ces always sunlight, always ze golden oranges, always zee beecateyfool women, always zee great trees—I prefer America!"

The American had a sinking feeling about the pit of his stomach.

"And—, what state was this that you lived in?"

"Wat State? Ah, ees it possible zat I coood forget it! Eet ees ze California! Toujours la belle Californie! And eet Toujours la belle Californie zat après la guerre I shall go!"

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SECOND ANNUAL BANQUET

My, my, but we're getting along in years! Here's the — Aero Squadron, which has just celebrated its Second Annual Foreign Service Banquet—think of it! And it celebrated it with a wallop, bringing in a lot of musical talent, to-wit, namely and viz:

M. Nisutti, violinist to the Queen of Rumania; Charles M. Hubbard, of the Boston Opera Company; the Espanasse Company, of the Y. M. C. A., which obliged with classical selections; Harold Webster, of New York, accompanist; and Jones and Furey, the Squadron comedians.

"Engraved napkin rings," the account concludes, "were presented to the ladies of the Red Cross and Y.M.C.A., who insisted upon dining on the men's mess kits instead of the china which was furnished them."

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