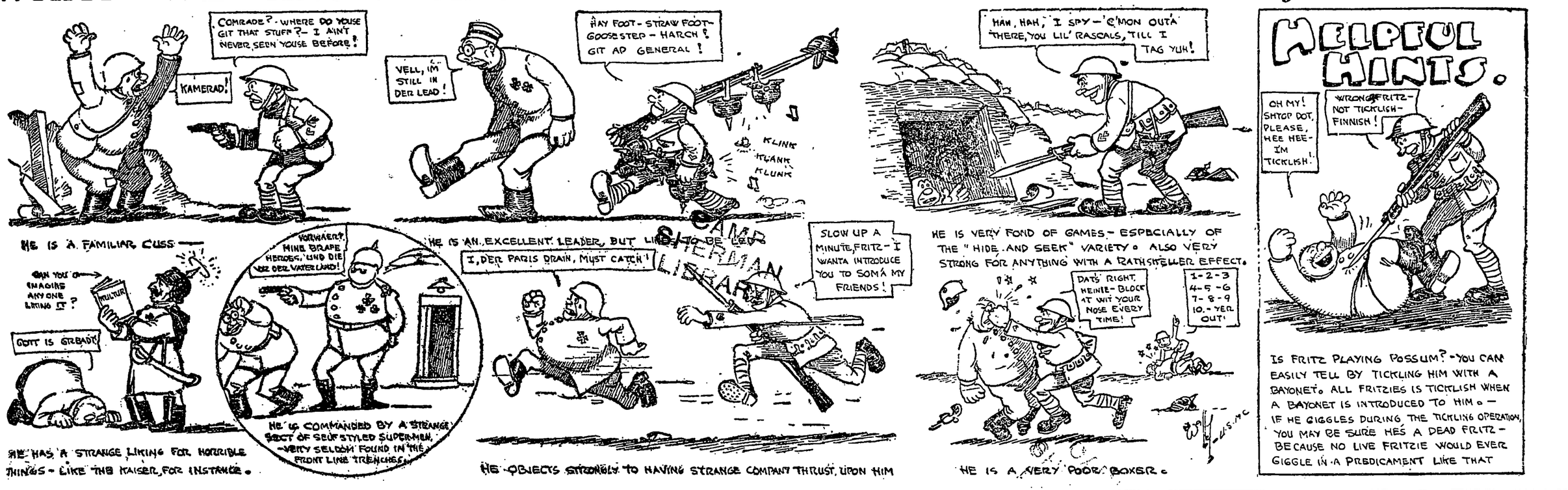
WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT FRITZ —By WALLGREN



HUN-PROOF HAIRCUT LATEST CAMOUFLAGE

Only the Top and Two Sergeants Escape Truck Co.'s Invention

CROSS CLIPPED ON RED HEAD

Yankee Frightfulness Is Delight of Everyone Except Man Who Owns Machinery

Camouflage, like German barbarism, has no limits. We have camouflaged our destroyers to resemble ocean waves; our roads are disguised like green pastures; and even our guns lose their identity under the skilful brush of the camouflager. But the newest recruit in the ranks of the A.E.F. is the camouflaged haircut.

The new haircut was invented in a truck company of the Steenth Ammunition Train. The other night Private S. objected so strenuously and in such bad language to being tossed in a blanket that the ranking K.P., who at times has an almost Teutonic frame of mind, slipped up behind Private S. and ran the clippers across his dome.

The result was a wide trench between two fields of black bristles, and a delighted bunch of blanket tossers. A bloodthirsty Texas brakeman suggested that the men have a clipping bee, and the resolution was carried.

Company Clerk First Victim

The first victim was the docile company clerk, who was ambushed, and emerged with a V clipped out of his hair. For more than an hour hair was flying and by taps every man in the company, except the Top and two sergeants, who locked themselves in a "private" billet, had a camouflaged hairclip. Even the gentlemanly mess sergeant was clipped, and a big driver nearly lost an ear when the official clipper tried to engrave a U.S. on his plate. Several ammunition men objected to the proceedings, but with no success.

The shell haulers are proud of their new haircuts. They say the V's, X's, crosses and trenches which have been clipped from their hair make a perfect camouflage. They are invisible from Hun airplanes, and when they take off their helmets to put on their gas-masks, there are no flashes of red, black or blonde hair to betray them.

Perfect Safety for Him

One red-headed driver says he can go anywhere in safety because the red cross clipped in his head will protect him. The paths across their heads are cool, and cooties can be isolated and hunted down, as the No Man's Lands between patches of hair can be easily policed.

But the Skipper and the Top, who are always taking the joy out of life, say the haircuts look like Sherman's famous definition, and it is probable the camouflaged haircut will be gone before inspection. The Top is poring over his mossy books trying to find the regulation about keeping the hair cut and and beard trimmed.

But the man with the real howl is the company barber. He says the clipping has ruined his business, and he is looking for the man who stole his clippers.

RIME OF THE PRAIRIE MARINER

He came all the way from Kansas
Did the hero of these stanzas,
Where the land is largely—very largely flat,
And his ante-bellum notion
Of a topsy-turvy ocean
Was a puddle you could hide beneath your hat.

Just before the transport started
And for Overseas departed,
He was sure he'd have a safe and speedy trip.
Purpose ward off every sickness
He wore socks of extra thickness,
Though he carried nothing heavy on his hip.

But his pains were unavailing,
For he hung upon the railing
From the moment they were out of sight of land—
It was not a time for laughter—
And for quite a while thereafter
He had nothing on his stomach but his hand.

When he started convalescing,
He resumed his daily messing
Without fearing every wavelet's rise and fall,
But where'er the vessel drifted,
Still the scene was never shifted—
Just a circle full of water—that was all.

Then he thought of Kansas prairies
And his Susies and his Marys,
And he groaned in utter anguish and despair:
"We've been moving every minute,
But there's something phoney in in it—
'Cause the gol-darned boat ain't getting anywhere!"

CANNED WAR CRIES

If anybody tells me that he's out "to can the Kaiser",
If any one should mention "driving Fritzy o'er the Rhine",
Right at his epiglottis in a moment I would fly, sir—
No guy so unoriginal can be a friend of mine!
"The rocky road to Berlin" and "the fight of Might 'gainst Right".
Such sentiments, repeated oft by lecturers and such,
Will drive me in a frenzy out into the shelly night,
With the fond hope of acquiring a wooden limb or crutch!

"Do our bit" and "do our darnedest", "slacker", "bomb-proof" and the rest
Of the hackneyed war-terms bore me like a bullet from the Boche;
"Crown the Crown Prince!" "Bean the Bertha"—oh, they're all a blooming pest,
And if they don't stop saying 'em, I'll squeal to General Foch.
"Ships will win the war, and aeros"—I have heard that line before;
"They shall not pass"—I weary of the finest of the bunch!
They all were grand the first time, but, repeated o'er and o'er,
The best of war-time slogans sure is bound to lose its punch.

Can't they issue us new sayings as they issue us new pants?
Can't they put originality in patriotic spiels?
Can't they think up something peppy, new, to get the boys in France,
Or are we to be handed out the same old verbal deals?
Our grub's the same from day to day, our clothes are all one cut,
Our drills, and our policing with monotony are rife;
Oh, I wish on those old war-cries that the trap-door firm would shut—
They were great once; but variety's the spice of Army life!

AUSSIES' SLANG MUCH LIKE OURS

But It's Well to Get on to One or Two Little Differences

"You're a fine lot of grafters," said the captain of a company of Australians to his men.

Did they get sore? No, they just beamed.

A Yank was listening. He had liked the speech.

"Great stuff your captain handed out," he said to an Aussie. "I shouldn't have liked to be called a grafter by my captain, but I suppose he was only kidding. Some spieler anyway."

"Some what?" bellowed the Aussie.

"Some spieler," repeated the Yank in wonderment.

Lot of Good Slang

They had just cleared the ring and picked seconds when somebody butted in and spoiled a good fight by explaining.

A grafter, in the parlance of Australasian troops—that is, Australians, or New Zealanders—is a worker, a hustler. A spieler, also in Australasian parlance, is a crook, a jailbird. And now that Australians, New Zealanders and Americans are likely to see a good deal of each other as time goes on, it's well to know their definitions.

The Aussies have a lot of good slang. If you drink too much *vin blanc*, you get shickered; if you court a young lady assidously, you are smoodging her. And on their way up through the Orient they picked up the Arabic (or whatever it is) *backsheesh*, turned it into buckshee, and apply it to anything issued free, such as tobacco. Bloke is Aussie for our word guy. We say pal, Tommy says mate. Aussie says chum.

Digger, which all Australasians now call one another, was originally applied by the Australians to the New Zealanders for a particularly good piece of trench work done by the latter.

Staff Sergeant Hornibrook of the New Zealand E.F., lent by the New Zealand forces to the A.E.F. in connection with prophylactic work, has set us right on these points of slang with different interpretations and promises to explain other and similar difficulties if he runs into any in his travels among us.

THEY KNOW OUR WAYS

Formerly, when you went into the *maison des bains* (or whatever they do call a bath-house in a certain French town), you had to parlez-vous for quite a long time and then all you got was a tub that somebody had obviously used before, like the co-ed in the song. You had to parlez-vous for a towel and soap, and then all you got was a hard piece of soap and a thin litle towel that you wouldn't have used for a wash-cloth back home.

But now—now, the minute they spot your immaculate (loud ch-j-eers) uniform coming in the door, they politely inquire, "Shoore-bat', M'sieur?" And when you say "*oui*" they hand you a real cake of soap that will actually lather, and a Turkish towel that bristles like barbed wire and feels like a million dollars when you rub down with it. The shower, too, is real, and it seems like home. "The world do move."

And, then, when you go into a restaurant. In the days before the arrival of the majority of the "first 500,000," you had to wander all through the menu, and take a chance on your translation being right, and then be reduced to the ignominious process of pointing at the item on the card. Now, however, the minute you come in the door Madame or M'sieur hollers back to the cook, "*Un, Américan! pommes frites!*" And all you have to do is to wait for it.

INSPECTOR GENERAL DISCIPLINARY CHIEF

Monthly Reports Will Be Submitted on All A.E.F. Commands

Discipline throughout the A.E.F. is henceforth to be under the supervision of the Inspector General's Department. In consequence, all questions and matters of discipline requiring the action of G.H.Q. will be referred to the Inspector General, A.E.F., for action in the name of the Commander-in-Chief.

All questions of discipline arising at the headquarters of armies, corps, divisions, the S.O.S. and the sections of the S.O.S., will be referred to the inspector concerned, for appropriate action under the direction of his commander.

In addition, all inspectors general will submit monthly reports to the Inspector General, A.E.F., on the discipline of the commands to which they are assigned. Each of these reports will be made in duplicate, on the last day of each month. One copy will be forwarded to the Inspector General, A.E.F., and the other will be submitted to the immediate commander of the reporting officer.

The report will embrace all data pertinent to the discipline of the command.

HADN'T HE EARNED IT?

This happened at Scratchville-by-the-Sea. Lots of things happen there, but this is really out of the ordinary.

The major was making his inspection, weaving in and out among the "picked" men, when a wag called out:

"Say, Doctor, don't you think I oughter get a decoration?"

"I don't know," retorted the dignitary, laughing; "why?"

"Well, it seems to me it's worth it. I just captured a cootie with seven service stripes on him!"

TELEPHONE FIENDS MUST CUT IT SHORT

Calls Limited to Six Minutes Save at Noon and Night

The Signal Corps is darn busy, and doesn't care who knows it. Its lines are carrying every day a heavy and increasing volume of long distance telephone calls; and, because of the limited number of circuits, a serious congestion of traffic is continually cropping up.

Since this is so, there's just been sprung on the telephone users amongst us a new set of rules, with G.H.Q. behind them. Boiled down, they are:

No personal conversation over Signal Corps lines; all conversation as short as possible; each call limited to six minutes, except between 12 and 2 p.m., 7 p.m. and 9 a.m., when 15 minutes are allowed. These rules, of course, do not apply to preferred service calls.

Over French lines, the rules are that military long distance calls may be made subject to the official limitations of the calling station, and must not be over nine minutes long except for the two hours at noon and during the night, as outlined above. Again, personal conversations are forbidden.

The Signal Corps asks you to file telegrams, instead of using the telephone, whenever it is possible to do so.

Talk won't win the war; ask the Kaiser—he ought to know.

NEXT TIME

An officer of the medical Department was paying his first visit to the front line trenches. A corporal from out Missouri way was standing on the fire step engaged in the pleasant pastime of sniping at whatever there was to snipe at. The Medico wandered by an open loophole in the parapet.

"Crack!" came from a German sniper across No Man's Land.

"Whang—plooey!" The bullet came whizzing through the loophole and with a naughty thud splashed mud right on the Medico's new trench coat.

"Bang!" replied the corporal's rifle.

Deep silence reigned for ten seconds Then the Medico picked himself up from his hands and knees and asked:

"Did you get him, Corporal?"

"No, sir," replied the Corp. "But if you'll just walk by that loophole again I'll sure get him next time."

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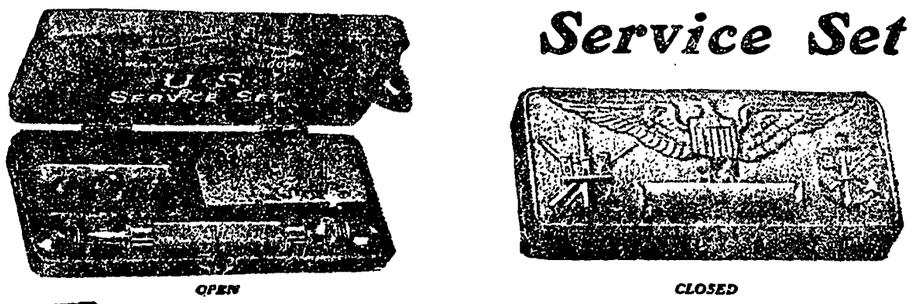
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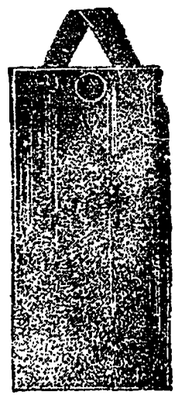
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