

**A.E.F. PRINTERS  
GIVE YANK FORMS,  
PASSES, LABELS**

**Plant in Paris Turns Out  
12,000,000 Impressions  
in One Month**

**WHEEZY PRESS AT START**

**Handles Everything from General  
Orders and Service Records Up  
to—Oh, Boy!—Discharge**

While the war was on, the average doughboy, who was initiated into the great Army of the new historic A.E.F. at some one of the ports of entry, became immediately the subject of 20 or 30 printed forms which followed him like Mary's little lamb every place he went, accumulating duplicates and triplicates and "true copies of the original" in the going. So smoothly were all the necessary papers supplied that they just seemed to come all ready prepared for use "out of the No-where into the When." As a matter of fact, these many millions of forms were gotten out at the cost of much hard labor and perspiration by a couple of hundred O.D. clad Americans whose lot it has been to clear out their obligations toward democracy by making antiquated French presses and all-wrong linotypes step up and do the equivalent of guards east and west in the printing game.

Every time a member of the A.E.F. moves or thinks he would like to move or thinks he wouldn't so well like to move, the Company of Master Printers, who daily revel in the inky atmosphere of the various C.P.P. shops, have bent him to it with a couple of neat forms with complete instructions on the reverse as to exactly how to get out and get under and pull the gun out of the impeded wheels of progress. When the willful and youthful member of these here "peditary" forces who is ruminating in the lovely French provinces gets it into his system that the gay boulevards of Paris are missing something by not seeing him he is started on the road to putting a couple of dozen perfectly good sheets of Government stationery on their first step to the waste basket.

**Yes, They Make Blue Passes**

Each sheet means another step on the road to a helluva time by its enviable possessor in "La Ville Lumiere." It has meant work and worry to other fellows who have turned these things out by the millions of the much-coveted blue tickets which miraculously shield provincial youths in the large towns from the contempt of a well-to-do M.P.E. have just been turned out by the C. P. P. seems to indicate that the A.E.F. still in what is now really getting to be the sunny France of the spring and summer. It has taken something like 12,000,000 impressions of printed matter per month to keep the American Army in France in the various forms which are the lifeblood of the A.E.F. as fairly good arguments to the contrary, there is no reason to call it a paper army. These millions of forms act as lubricants to keep the internal gearing of the organization in perfect running order.

The first thing the soldier meets up with in the Army is a dotted line which takes the form of a history of his past life and background of the rest of the sheet filled with instructions as to when, how, where and what to do. It is a very busy sheet, and when one in a million will ever read the text, but it is there like that dreadful gun those red-ringed military cops are so fond of firing at in an effort to settle the matter. Then on, from reveille to taps, life is just one form after another, until the great day of the final form—the discharge—dawns bright and cheery.

**Started on a Shoestring**

The institution which has conceived and brought forth this legion of aids and efficient handling of the unwieldy routine of Army regulation had a very modest beginning. In the pioneer days of 1917, when G.H.Q. was located in its headquarters at 27 Rue de Valenciennes, Paris, the demand was promptly felt for adequate printing facilities to produce with the necessary precision and dispatch the orders and bulletins. That early in the game the young organization struck out boldly upon its own legs and sought to be wholly independent of local conditions and rely upon its own personnel for the production of supplies necessary to its upkeep. A tiny little printing shop was established in the basement of the building, and three printers discovered, disguised in O.D., to run it. Within the month six experts were there, fresh from New York, and the one and only printing press had been brought to the front through the daily 24 hours of intensive strain they were subjected to in the three shifts of enthusiastic Americans.

**Bigger Plant in Paris**

When G.H.Q. withdrew to Chaumont the plan was to take the print shop along, but the work was coming so heavily that the move was impossible. A new plant was put into operation at that center, and the Paris basement left with the one and only printing press. This other G.O. work proved to be no piker task, for by December the General Purchasing Board, which had taken this printer's detachment under its sheltering wing, found it necessary to get a larger and better equipped establishment to keep pace with the demand for supplies. This time a man's sized plant was procured on the Rue de l'Academie. And then the Q.M.C. took over the activity and supplied it with personnel numbering 60, supplemented by about 50 French civilians. By February, 1918, this plant was producing every conceivable kind of form that the intricate mind of the Army could invent. So enormous, however, had the Expeditionary Forces become and so intricate its system that the autumn showed the Aqueduct plant to be wholly inadequate to the demand put upon it. It was then that the extensive shops of the DuPont Imprimerie at Clichy were leased and turned over to 200 Americans and a varying number of French civilians to run at full capacity.

The top notch of production was sustained until well on into 1919 and is noticeably being converted now to the larger percentage of the A.E.F. is over there and not over here.

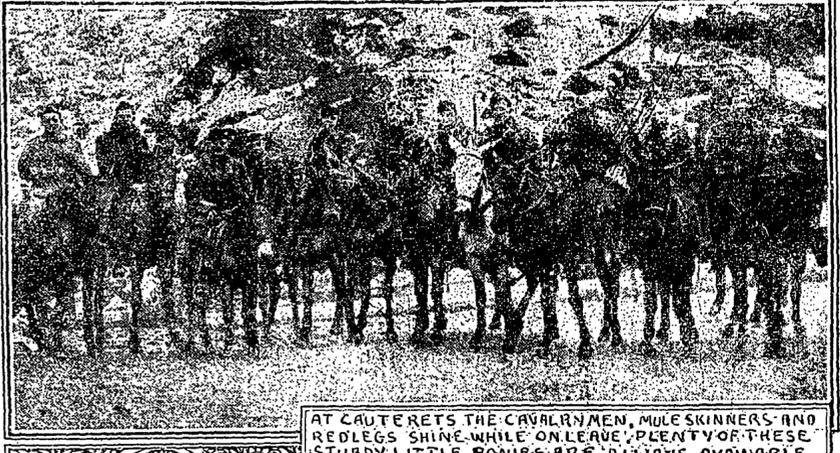
**With the taking over of the Clichy plant**

the average monthly production of printed matter exceeded 12,000,000 impressions a month. An order such as recently came from the bakery center at Le Mans for 40,000,000 bread labels is accepted and promptly turned out without perceptible interruption of output of regular standard forms for the rest of the A.E.F.

**Rush Orders Plenty**

A great many orders came in which it was absolutely essential to get out on short notice. On one occasion, for example, there came in at Saturday noon, an order for shoe tags, consisting of only shoe tags could be in type composition, and the telegraphic instructions were to have the tags in the

**PYRENEES LEAVES AND THEIR TAKERS**



AT CAUTERETS THE CAVALRYMEN, MULE SKINNERS AND REDEGS SHINE WHILE ON LEAVE. PLenty OF THESE STURDY LITTLE POMIES ARE ALWAYS AVAILABLE FOR MOUNTAIN RIDERS.



THE PYRENEES REGION ABOUNDS IN SUCH MOUNTAIN BROOKS AND POOLS AS THESE TO ENTICE THE "IZRAK WALTONS" OF THE A.E.F.

It was wise in the powers-that-be in vacation matters to postpone the closing day of the Biarritz (class A) leave area until June 15, for of all the areas in the Pyrenees region it is probably the most interesting and picturesque. Besides the attractions offered by its fine bathing and entertainment facilities, and its nearness to the port of Bordeaux, it is a focal point for many eye-filling excursions, either toward the east, where are Lourdes and Tarbes and Cauterets, or toward the south, where is the all-enticing Spanish border.

Attractable trips to the border cost between 30 and 40 francs for an all day tour (lunch not included), the cheaper one taking the route through the quaint old town of St. Jean de Luz and ending up at Hendaye, which is right on the international boundary line, in time for dejeuner. The more expensive, and therefore longer and more scenery-filled one, takes the jolting Yank through the famous pass where the Chevalier Roland met his death, as celebrated in that great medieval epic, "Le Chanson de Roland," and brings him about lunch time into the quaint, little, near-border town of St. Jean-Pied-de-Port, through whose ancient gates the Duke of Wellington, at the conclusion of the famous Kings of Navarre, led the British grenadiers into the confines of Napoleon's domain.

On the way down, on the second trip mentioned, the autoing permissionnaire passes the picturesque situated village of Bagnères, and brings him about lunch time into the quaint, little, near-border town of St. Jean-Pied-de-Port, through whose ancient gates the Duke of Wellington, at the conclusion of the famous Kings of Navarre, led the British grenadiers into the confines of Napoleon's domain.

The Chevalier Roland and M. Rostand are not, however, the only people with whose names the country traversed on the two trips are associated. St. Jean de Luz witnessed the marriage of Louis XIV and the Infanta Maria Theresa of Spain, and St. Jean-Pied-de-Port was the former capital of the famous Kings of Navarre, having been rebuilt by those doughty monarchs in the eleventh century.

Within half an hour's trolley ride of Biarritz is the old city of Bayonne, which has a counterpart in New Jersey, U.S.A., and the counterpart, it might be added, is not far from Hoboken. Whether or not the bayonet got its name from first having been fabricated at Bayonne is somewhat of a mystery to even the best historians, but anyway, Bayonne boasts a beautiful cathedral, an old fortress haunted by memories of the Black Prince of England, and a customarily appointed shops where (secretly) Biarritz souvenirs may be obtained much more cheaply than in that seaside resort itself.

It was in Bayonne, too, that Napoleon I lived and plotted, at the Chateau Miramar across the river from the town proper, along about 1808.

Hendaye, on the Spanish border, can be reached from Biarritz by train in about an hour, the round-trip fare costing well under two francs. From there the permissionnaire may look into Spain from the French side of the international bridge, which he may not cross, the demand put upon it. It was then that the extensive shops of the DuPont Imprimerie at Clichy were leased and turned over to 200 Americans and a varying number of French civilians to run at full capacity.

The top notch of production was sustained until well on into 1919 and is noticeably being converted now to the larger percentage of the A.E.F. is over there and not over here.

**Working for Peace Commission**

Besides the little job of supplying the A.E.F. with all its printed matter the C.P.P. has turned out all work required by the U.S. Navy in European waters, and the American Embassy in France. At the present moment the Aqueduct plant is wholly devoted to the innumerable demands made upon it by the American Peace Commission, for the expert and accurate printing of its innumerable pamphlets and confidential copies of the minutes of the meetings of the various committees. The truly splendid service rendered the Commission in this respect has been recognized by President Wilson in personal and individual letters of appreciation addressed by him to several enlisted men of the plant.

On the Army roster the talented and devoted personnel of the Central Printing Plant is hidden under the noncommittal title of the 317th Supply Company, Q.M.C., A.P.O. 702, A.E.F.

like, just to see that he doesn't try to bolt and set foot in the neighboring neutral anyway, claim to be the farthest south member of the A.E.F. Up to the hour of going to press their names were: Col. Scott Schneck and Pvt. Frank F. Wynum, Leonard Bowden, William Tressell and J. Perrotin, all of the 317th M.P. Company. But, being so lonely and all ways down there, with nobody but themselves to buddy with, they're awfully kind to strangers in O.D. "Marselle!" they query, when their claim to farthest south is questioned. "Marselle nuthin'! They don't border on anything but water, while we border on a real country. Oh, that Marselle stunts! And so it goes.

The Pyrenees also form the site of a French Aviation School, where many of the master airmen of France and her famous ace received their training. The field, which is near Pau, was chosen for aviation purposes by Wilbur Wright.

Pau, a pretty little town, rich in historical associations, and situated on a slightly rising site, with the magnificent chain of the Pyrenees running from west to east for 70 miles, forming a distant skyline, is becoming a popular leave area for Yanks on Class B leave. This class gives a man 14 days of gyping and does not confine him to one spot.

Before the days of Nice the city was the real winter resort of southern France. Interest for visitors centers first in the castle where Henry of Navarre, afterward Henry IV of France, was born. The massive carved bedstead and the huge tortoise shell cradle in which the royal infant spent his early days can still be seen in the old castle, which dates back to the early thirteenth century. Other places of interest are the Musée, with a fine collection of paintings,

statuary, antiques and library, and the Winter Palace, with its glass exterior. The Boulevard des Pyrenees, a broad avenue circling the southern section of the city, is a fascinating promenade more than a mile long, 50 feet wide, and commanding a superb view of the mountains, with many little towns in the depths.

Another point of interest in the majestic chain of mountains forming the boundary between France and Spain is Tarbes, birthplace of Marshal Foch. The house in which he was born is probably one of the most grand buildings in France. It stands on a narrow street, not far from the center of the city, and bears a tablet indicating its connection with the distinguished Frenchman, and the street has been most appropriately renamed Rue de la Victoire.

What Yanks of Catholic faith on leave in the Pyrenees are mostly interested in is Lourdes, with its famous old castle of checked history, perched on the summit of a cliff. The story of Lourdes is that the Virgin Mary appeared to Bernadette Soubirous, a girl of the old town, in 1858, and the grotto in which the vision is said to have appeared has become a Catholic shrine known throughout the world.

About the entrance to the grotto are hung many weather-beaten crucifixes, left there by persons who had been cured of their ailments through the virtue of the shrine, and the spring beside it.

The Y.M.C.A. divisional secretary in the leave area publishes a "Pyrenees Bulletin," which describes the points of interest in the border leave centers and relates their historical significances. Five thousand bulletins are distributed weekly.

The Y. of C. people, who have a well-earned reputation for their hard work, are well-appointed but at Lourdes and a charming little villa at Biarritz, also get out a sheet each week, giving the news of the leave region.

One Yank will always shake hands with himself because of his hard work in the ascent of a certain peak in southern France. A Y girl had announced an excursion to the summit for the following day, when the hour arrived, she was waiting, and this Yank was the only man who showed up. True to her promise, the girl took him out for a hike.

One of the points of interest for American soldiers on leave in Larchon was the Church of St. Aventin, in a little town of the same name, about six kilometers from Larchon. St. Aventin was a zealous hermit who lived at the time the Saracens were invading France. He set forth, single-handed, to repel the invasion. The following day the Saracens first leveled at him, then ended by cutting off his head. This spot is marked by a little shrine or kioski. After his decapitation it is said that he rots his head in his hands, walked on the path with it, and so terrified the Saracens that they rushed back to Spain in terror.

Before the American soldiers came, Eaux Bonnes was a sleepy little town of about 600 inhabitants. Before they left it was a wide-awake, bustling little burg, with a big cinema running full blast, and with the village, the roads and the mountains about it alive with weavers of O.D., the place took on a bustling aspect which even the coming of the Empress Eugénie, widow of Napoleon III, and the appearance of the King and Queen of Spain, who had a summer home there, did not rival.

There is one Yank, at least, in the A.E.F., who isn't crabbing because he had learned how to wig-wag. He was on leave at Eaux Bonnes, while that area was still open, and while making his mountain hike he fell over a cliff. Luckily, he landed in some brush part way down, where he hung helpless. Presently there appeared above him a number of soldiers, out on an excursion, and they sighted him. He wiggled his predicament, and was hauled up with ropes.



**Why Men Re-enlist in the Army**

1. To avoid putting stamps on letters.
2. To escape the income tax.
3. To get away from high collars and cuffs.
4. To make money.
5. The wife.

**Why Men Don't Re-enlist**

1. To avoid hikes.
2. To escape the Army slum.
3. To get away from inspections.
4. To make money.
5. The wife.

—Deux Mots (University of Clermont-Ferrand).

What has become of the old-fashioned hand-rubber who said last summer that he wouldn't cross that ocean again until they put a bridge over it? They say he was an Engineer, at that.—La Croix de Givres (Engineer Sub-Post, G.I.S.D.).

"Was a little boy with grimy toes That dogged my footsteps as I went From Quebec to Quebec, Quebec, And pestered me with ill intent. "Cigarette! Sing-sing gum!" Gwan! Beat it!"

Of comrades full but their has he: They hurry me from dawn to night With rousing cries and devilish glee. And outstretched hands and futile spite. "Cigarette! Sing-sing gum!" Gwan! Beat it!"

A thousand curses on his tribe, The skaters of Montpelier, That poster stude and lowly scribe With feeble pink and loud bray. "Cigarette! Sing-sing gum!" Gwan! Beat it!"

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard To get all her boys a discharge, But when she got there the cupboard was bare. And she got a big hollow barrage. —Rumbler (A.T.C., Sampigny).

**THE RETURN HOME**  
As he pictured it  
10 a.m.—Train arrives, amid hurrahs of the village and music by the village band and drum corps.  
11 a.m.—Speech of welcome by the mayor. Patriotic song by school children. Presentation of nurse by president of the Chamber of Commerce.  
12 m.—Banquet in the town hall.  
1 p.m.—Automobile tour of city to see military hospitals.  
2 p.m.—Box party at theater for discharged soldiers.  
6 p.m.—Dinner at home.  
8 p.m.—A quiet evening with his best girl.

As It Really Happened  
2 a.m.—Local train finally pulls in after a ten-hour trip and deposits our hero, covered with soot and loaded with official papers and his pack. Station deserted, no cars running.  
2:30 a.m.—Arrival at home after a mile-and-a-half hike on cement pavements.

3 a.m.—Welcome by sound-sleeping family, after much pounding on door and bell-ringing.  
3:15 a.m.—Luncheon. Rice, pickles and cold meat from last box.  
3:30 a.m.—Bed.—Deux Mots (University of Clermont-Ferrand).

Of all the toots that I've tooter toots, Be his bugle large or small, The only toot that'll make the scoot Is the toot sweet home recall. —Federes Weekly (Pt. Federes, Brest).

Private Christiansen: Should you spell "Army" with a capital? Private Tweed: No. There is no capital in Army. Only labor.—Federes Weekly (Pt. Federes, Brest).

Favourite Fables  
A date with a pair.  
A date with a pair.  
A date with a pair.  
Ma Cherie.—Quest-Ce Que C'est? (University of Toulouse).

Wouldn't it be bully fun to get back from the war before everybody forgets there's been a war?—Quest-Ce Que C'est? (University of Toulouse).

Lieut. R. P. Young, who is also on duty at General Headquarters, sent in a nice letter, too, but it means the subscription as a prediction on the length of our stay over here, we're off him for life.  
—Pop Valve (Transportation Corps, 19th Grand Division).

Gloomy says that the only thing that can make an American soldier down-hearted is lack of mail from the right girl or national prohibition in France.—Camp Dodger (8th Division).

The week's best laugh occurred when our medical sergeant marked our company clerk "light duty."—Wind Mill (Rotterdam Base).

The overseas cap has done one thing—made more business for the oculists.—Diamond (5th Division).

Sing a song of sontoems.  
Four and 20 clinkers  
Will buy a drink for I.  
If you've 40 pennies,  
Sell 'em out to do.  
Put them all together  
And buy a drink for two.  
—Diamond (5th Division).

As the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, "It's a long time between divisions."—Wild Cat (81st Division).

**THE ST-NAZAIRE AGENCY**  
of  
**The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company**

Will be discontinued June 28th, 1919 and all accounts will be transferred to the Paris Office, 41 Boulevard Hausmann, unless written instructions to remit elsewhere are received

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