

"THE BARRACKS WHEEZE"

By 1st Class Private CHET SHAFER
(American Expeditionary Force,
Somewhere in France)

After he'd been out five days and had suffered a sharp touch of sickness, Eitelbert, from Obo, Wis., declared: "It's only thirty-five miles across up in the Behring Strait. And, take it seriously from this little soldier of Democracy, that's the way I'm going back."

OH! FOR AN ISLAND!

Edward was vainly endeavoring to catch a snatch of beauty sleep that he didn't know what he would do with if he got it. His hammock was strung between the mast and the raft deck. The moon had been obscured by a cloud. As he tossed he heard a familiar sound because some one was running. And then, with the splash of the waves against the tide, he heard the guard shout, in deep tones:

"Not on the rail, I said. Over the rail."

And Edward knew that he was still on his way overseas and that another luckless youth from the interior was getting acquainted with seafaring methods.

One of the deckhands remarked on a day when the sea was running fairly high:

"Don't mind this. This ain't nothin'. When it get so's the crow's nest dips water on the curves then you're in rough weather."

THE FELLOW WHO USED TO WISH HE HAD A DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY NOW ASKS FOR A LANDING NET.

For most of them it was a maiden voyage.

AND NONE OF THEM WANTED TO DIE IN TRANSIT.

Oh! to be back to old terra cotta again.

Note: A school of sharks followed the boat until the cook threw a pall of the stew over the side. Then the sharks disappeared.

And no matter how far down in the hold you get, you're within hearing distance of the bugle.

In the third-class quarters Willie took time to remark: "They didn't bring my mules along because they didn't have good enough accommodations for them."

"PRIOR TO THIS DATE," THE OHIO YOUTH WROTE, "I WAS VERY FOND OF FOOD."

Anders gets the brassards for the best pub.

On the sixth day tripe was served. Immediately after the meal he appeared on deck and declared that he had been promoted.

"I have been given my first tripe in the army," he said.

LATER ON, IT IS UNDERSTOOD, HIS BODY WAS PICKED UP BY A PASSING TRAWLER.

Our idea of a poor entertainer on shipboard is the buzzard who picks up a piece of rope, unsuccessfully attempts to tie a series of difficult knots like a friend of his who spent a summer in the west and knew them all, and then winds up each fruitless endeavor with the remark:

"Well, you get the general idea, anyway."

"If you are torpedoed," the officer advised, "do not smoke on the raft. You might be re-torpedoed."

When you get so you remember your life preserver like you once remembered your breeches in civil life, then you are beginning to be a regular soldier.

IT MAKES THE TRIP SOMETHING LIKE A HONEYMOON. THE PRESERVER IS WITH YOU ALWAYS.

TOO PRODIGAL

Investigation of the high cost of everything soldiers buy in France has disclosed the fact that the American fighting men are "too prodigal" and will pay any price for what they want when they want it. Efforts are being made by the American and French governments to curb the vaulting of prices, the former by urging the Yanks to be more economical and the latter by exercising a rigid regulation over prices.

WOMEN CHAINED TO GUNS

That the Germans are now using women to feed their machine guns and that the women are chained to the guns they are forced to serve is one of the discoveries made by American soldiers fighting along the western front.

THE SIX BILLION DOLLAR FOUNTAIN PEN

By Q. D. SCRIBE

Veterans of the Civil War, with few exceptions, preserved souvenirs of the great conflict and hung them in their homes to serve as permanent reminders of the stirring days of the early sixties. It is probable that the same custom will be observed when America and her allies put the final polish on the job of bringing Germany to her senses. The collection of souvenirs will be the most interesting ever assembled in the United States. It will range from captured iron crosses to odds and ends picked up in Berlin. A conspicuous position on the list of curios will be occupied by a plain, inconspicuous fountain pen that is the personal property of Major F. L. Devereaux, Chief of the Requirements Branch, Quartermaster Corps of the army.

When victory perches on the American colors, Major Devereaux says, he plans to hang that peaceful weapon in his room, under his commission. It will take the place of the sword that he could not wear, because his superiors, indorsing the old proverb, considered his men mightier than any sword. It will be decorated with an inscription, to read: "The Fountain Pen That Cost the American Government Six Billion Dollars a Year."

There will be no exaggeration in this impressive caption. Major Devereaux, during his administration as head of the Requirements Branch, has signed away considerably more than six billion dollars to bring into existence the twenty-five thousand different articles required by the United States army here and in France. And the impressive feature of this interesting fact is that practically all of this vast sum of money has been devoted to the comfort and health of the men fighting for the Stars and Stripes. No other military organiza-

tion in the history of the world has known the manifold comforts, even luxuries, that are being lavished on the American troops here and abroad. The question of cost does not enter into the proposition when the War Department makes its plans for the boys in khaki.

The single item of wool offers an excellent example. Prior to the war, the civilian population of the United States consumed wool at the rate of six pounds per person every year. The annual army consumption of wool reaches the amazing figure of seventy pounds per soldier. During the coming winter months the American soldier will be clad in wool from head to heel, with the single exception of the

leather in his shoes. His stock underwear, shirt, breeches, spiral puttees, gloves, overcoat and cap will be made of wool, some of which has traveled around the world to reach General Pershing's forces via the factories in the United States. The American Government has stepped into the woolen business on a colossal scale. It has taken over the entire output of this country and is importing giant stocks from Australia and the Argentine Republic.

Major Devereaux's pen has been driven at top speed to keep pace with the tremendous growth of the American army during the last twelve months. The Quartermaster Corps was put under a severe strain ten months ago when the Government decided to increase its forces abroad at a rate of almost a quarter of a million men a month. The Requirements Branch was forced to discard all existing plans for the outfitting of the American expeditionary forces when this new schedule went into effect. Vast supplies of summer-weight clothing were rushed across the Atlantic to anticipate the needs of General Pershing's men. And before the call for summer uniforms and accessories was entirely met, it became necessary to start shipments of heavy winter wearing apparel.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Major Devereaux's overworked fountain pen has rolled up a total of more than six billion dollars. When the United States army goes above the five million mark, the cost of making the soldiers comfortable is likely to duplicate the last year's expenditure every three months.

S O S

Wasting today may bring tomorrow's defeat. Saving today will bring victory complete.

HOYLE IN THE TRENCHES

A loud call has come from abroad for the latest "sporting annuals," including baseball guides and other books of the sort.

"Send us everything you can lay your hands on, on boxing, baseball, tennis and all other sports, professional and amateur" is the order just received by the despatch office of the American Library Association at Hoboken, N. J.

The association is pledged to furnish the soldiers, sailors and marines with any book that is asked for, and sporting annuals will be no exception.

"We've had a lot of calls for Hoyle," said one of the association's librarians in one of the big southern camps, "and I suspect that a weighty decision of the question 'Who wins?' was hanging in the balance. The boys got their Hoyle and the question undoubtedly was answered to their entire satisfaction."

US FIGHTING FELLERS

