

"THE BARRACKS WHEEZE"

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

And,
As soon as
You leave port
You
Lose interest,
Immediately,
On the
List of
Legal holidays
Printed in
The Back
Of your
Library of
Useful
Information.

On shipboard some can't even hold
this balance.

When one of the officers was afflicted
and made his run to the rail a private,
quartered forward, remarked: "That's
the first square meal I've seen since I
came aboard."

Tearing down his pack and spreading
out the contents of the roll, Chal-
ice pencilled a sign and pinned it on:
"At The Sign Of The Shelter Tent."

AND IT WASN'T VERY LONG BE-
FORE HIS INN WAS CROWDED.

BEFORE — "WHEN WE GET
OVER."
AFTER — "WHEN WE GET
BACK."

After ten days of sailing the com-
mander of the company announced the
hours in which the soldiers could
wash their clothes. There were none
on board who took the dare, accord-
ing to the purser's figures.

Ralph said he hoped he'd get a chance
to go to London or Paris because he
knew a lot of strangers there.

Euphenius trotted in all covered
with perspiration and a hammock
and said he wasn't going to lose any
sleep over the submarine if he could
find a place to sleep.

No Hooverizing rufers were needed.
IT WAS DONE AUTOMATIC-
ALLY.

If you can't smile, show your teeth.
You might fool a few, at least.

AND IF YOU MUST FROWN,
MAKE IT A PURELY PRIVATE
MATTER.

Some smile so infrequently, that,
when they do, everybody remarks
about the new dandelion in the
garden.

One infantryman said he would be
so busy ridding the world of non-
coms after he landed that the war
would be over before he could get
around to his quota of Germans.

"No, my son," said the veteran, pat-
ting his offspring's curly head. "There
were no officers who neglected to pur-
chase Sam Brown belts before they
embarked."

The "Rest Camp" rumor is the best
one on the boat.

And the mess room orderlies, passing
by and trot along the wearing decks
with their pans of bully beef, were the
only ones on board who did not need
cottons.

When the gangplank is swung into
position you'll know what you were
looking for all along the way and
couldn't just place.

And when you set down the foot and
your legs tetter a bit and you bobble
around strenuously and look over a lot
of peculiar faces and buildings you'll
remark, to yourself, you will.

"THIS ISN'T SUCH A VERY
STRANGE PLACE AFTER ALL."

**EQUIPMENT FOR FIELD ARTIL-
LERY REGIMENTS**

It is directed by the War Depart-
ment that hereafter the entire person-
nel of the field regiments, except
chaplains and members of the Med-
ical Department attached, will be
armed with a pistol. Rifles will no
longer be part of the equipment for
Field Artillery regiments. Eight
automatic rifles will be furnished to
each battery, headquarters company
and supply company of Field Artillery
regiments. No additional personnel
will be allotted for these automatic
rifles. All rifles now in possession of
Field Artillery regiments shall be
turned in at once to the nearest ord-
nance depot. Tables of Organization
affected by this change of equipment
shall be changed to conform therewith.

**Why The War Department Puts A Limit
On Packages Mailed To The Soldiers**

One of the minor annoyances of
American army life in France, to
which letters from the front give spe-
cial prominence, is the restrictions
which the War Department has put
on packages for the soldiers of the
American Expeditionary forces. The
fighting men are not particularly in-
terested in the details of handling
army mail; they only know that the
postal order about sending packages
to the front eliminates the little pe-
riodical surprises that gave them one
of their greatest pleasures last year
and provided a highly appreciated
compensation for the hardships and
dangers of fighting in a foreign land.
Therefore, the boys on the other side
resent the order and discuss it as
an utterly unjust curtailment of their
rights.

Although War Department of-
ficials, a majority of whom have sons
or close relatives in France, sympa-
thize keenly with the soldiers' com-
plaints about the curtailment on
packages, they know that a modifica-
tion of the order is out of the ques-
tion. Nevertheless, realizing that
the men at the front are extraordi-
narily patient under hardships that
cannot be overcome, they are making
every effort to present the reasons
for the order to the individual fight-
ing men, so that they may appreciate
the conditions that inspired a ban on
bulky mail.

If each soldier in the American
overseas forces should receive a 5-
pound package from home once a
month, the postal forces in France
would be compelled to handle more
than 5,000 net tons of parcel post
material in addition to the heavy

mail distribution that is now taxing
the authorities to the extreme limits
of their resources. The dumping of
this additional 5,000 tons a month
on the service would bend the mili-
tary mail delivery system far past the
breaking point and letters, which are
far more important to the happiness
of the soldiers than candy, cigarettes
or books from home, would be hope-
lessly delayed, and possibly not de-
livered until many months after their
arrival in France.

The handling of 5,000 tons of pack-
ages would require the exclusive use
of four fair-sized cargo boats per
month. A deduction of this cargo
space from the transportation system
between the United States and France
would seriously affect the steady flow
of food and munitions to the front.
The volume of material represented
by 5,000 net tons is sufficient to main-
tain in France more than six addi-
tional regiments of infantry, com-
pletely equipped and ready for fight-
ing.

The immense organization of men,
equipment and vehicles required to
handle the parcel post mail in Amer-
ican cities with populations that ex-

ceed two million inhabitants is fami-
lar to everyone. As a matter of fact
New York and Chicago are the only
cities in this country which, accord-
ing to census reports, have passed
the two-million population mark. An
army of two million men is, from the
postal authorities' point of view, a
very much bigger community, because
it is composed entirely of adults and
every man receives mail. Moreover,
this "population" is not grouped in a
city of paved streets and permanent
addresses. It is scattered throughout
France in towns, large and small, and
fields and woods and trenches. Its
units are continually shifting and
permanent address for a soldier is an
obvious impossibility. Under such
circumstances, the distribution of sev-
eral million parcel post packages each
month would require a really enor-
mous number of men and vehicles.
This organization, of course, would
have to be deducted from the strength
of General Pershing's fighting forces.

Army authorities in France are
making every effort to secure regular
and prompt handling of first-class
mail. This is an enormous problem in
itself and is far more important to
American soldiers and their families
than a delivery of packages from
home. The War Department is pro-
viding better food and clothing to the
men in France than they could buy in
the United States. The Quartermas-
ter Corps is now making cigarettes
and candy regular features of the
daily rations. One thing for which
the army cannot provide satisfactory
substitutes is letters from loved ones
at home. For that reason, the re-
striction on packages will be contin-
ued until the postal authorities in
France are able to handle them with-
out imperiling the delivery of first-
class mail to the American soldiers.

AN INEFFECTUAL WEAPON

The Commanding Officer was in-
specting a company of his depot. Com-
ing to one man whose face was rather
unkempt, he remarked:

"Have you shaved this morning?"
"Yes, sir," was the prompt re-
sponse.

The C. O. looked dubious, and
after consulting two or three officers,
again questioned the accused with:

"What did you use, a penknife?"
"No, sir," came the answer. "I lost
my penknife and tried an army razor."
—Judge.

US FIGHTING FELLERS

BY GUM — WE DON'T CARE HOW
MUCH DISCOMFORT WE HAVE TO
SUFFER, NOR HOW COLD IT GETS
"OVER HERE" — JUST SO WE CAN
MAKE IT HOT FOR THE KAISER "OVER THERE"



HEY —
HURRY UP
WITH TH'
HEAT STICKS

CHAPIN