

# EARFUL OF SUGGESTIONS FOR BOYS BACK HOME

## Fifty-two Baths Will Prepare You For a Year of Life Over Here—Stock Up Now On Smokes and Sweets

### DEAR FELLOW SCRAPPERS:

Some of us have been over here a good eight months and more. Most of us have been over for at least half that time. The rest of us have been over here for varying amounts of time, and all of us long enough to be in a position to hand you a little friendly advice about how to prepare for the trip, what to expect over here, and what not to expect. Here, then, are a few hunches from some old and seasoned campaigners:

Throw away your "parley-vo" books and forget all the French the Y.M. has been teaching you in your cautionment huts this winter. You won't need it. We have got the natives so well acquainted with United States now that they understand everything we say—even when we go unduly accurate on one another's ancestry. Even if you do get stuck, there's only one way to learn French; that is to talk it, and make it up as you go along. In the course of time you'll get at least half of what you want.

Begin to take baths right now. If you've got about six weeks before sailing time, start in to take one bath every day and two on Sunday, and manage to ring in four extra ones between times. That will equip you with a good 52 baths, giving you an average of one a week for a year, which is the minimum prescribed by regulations. Baths in France are as hard to find as celebrators of Yom Kippur in an A.O.H. convention; so bathe while the bathing is good and handy.

### Write Those Letters Now

Another time-saving device. Start in writing letters now—now, while you've got time. Date them all well ahead and pack them neatly in your haversack. Then, when you get over here, your correspondence won't interfere with your touring. Just reach into your haversack and pick out one when the date on it comes around; shoot it in and have it censored, and it's done. The descriptions of France, and so forth, you can get out of any of our old letters, or out of the stuff the war correspondents send over. Don't try to be original; people don't like it. Besides, in the army individuality is a sin.

Along the same line as letters: Have your post card photos of yourself taken before you sail. You can borrow the makeup—tin hat, gas masks and all the rest—from the guy in your regiment who's had them issued to him, or from

cocktail-time ready to start the night's labors.

Have your feet, teeth and eyes thoroughly looked after before you come over. If any one of the three sets is not satisfactory, don't bring it. Turn it in to the quartermaster and get a new one. This applies particularly to teeth.

See your last-musical comedy, dance your last dance and eat your last pie and doughnuts. You won't run across any of those commodities while you're over here, and it may be pleasant to look back on them. Enjoy them, then, while you can; but enjoy them lingeringly, and bring the last bit of pleasure out of them all. But don't, when you come over here, start to tell us about them, or we'll have you!

### Don't Forget Playing Cards

Put one deck of cards in every pocket you possess and one up each sleeve. In that way you will be sure to have at least one full deck to use on the ride over. There is nothing else to do, except to stand ship's guard every other day and bob for whales.

Get the wrist watch habit, if you haven't already.

Start in now to play three or four games, picking them out for looks or dancing, but for knitting capacity and ability to direct parcels in a neat, clear round hand that can't be misunderstood. In that way, and that way only, can you be sure of sweaters, socks, wrist-laps, mufflers and tummy bands sufficient to last out the war.

Come on over: the going is fine!

Yours till the Boche bust,  
THOSE WHO KNOW.

## A BOX FROM HOME

"John Jones" called the top sergeant standing over a mail bag filled with belated Christmas packages, with the boys of the company packed around like a scrimmage in the old football days.

"HERE!" yelled Jones, loud enough to be heard in the barracks across the way. The package was passed over the heads of the men to Jones, who grabbed the much traveled package with a beaming face and carried it triumphantly to his bunk. His comrades passed remarks like these:

"Lucky dog."  
"Kind world."  
"Good for you."

### Event in Soldier's Life

The arrival of a box from home is always an event in Jones' life as a

## ANOTHER NEW ALLY

A new ally has joined the ranks—He's United States from head to He's shanks.  
Has a bushy tail, an' big strong jaw,  
Two darned long ears an' a loud he-haw;  
Most likely he's Missouri born.  
Raised on blue grass and bottom corn.  
Way down in Pike, or in old Clay—  
On Monroe farm, or "State of Ray."

His flank is branded "U.S.A." And when he pulls things go his way:  
He'll haul big trucks thro' mud in France—  
His day's work done, he'll bray and prance;  
Bite you darn quick if you don't mind,  
But does most his fightin' from behind—  
If he gets one kick at Bill, the Hun,  
This great big war will sure be won.

Take off your hats to the long eared cuss, 'cause he'll stink all through the blamed big fuss—  
He doesn't kick to any rule,  
From ears to hocks he's just plain mule!  
It's comfort, too, that he's in France,  
To pull the trucks when our boys advance;  
Our victory won, he'll spread his jaws,  
An' give Kaiser Bill some loud he-haws.

WILLIAM ELLSWORTH FOWLER,  
in the "Kansas City Star."

turns back to the box. Look at those things to eat! There's everything! Old-fashioned Christmas candy—brightly colored, the kind the children like. It goes fine in camp, and keeps so much better than bonbons. Then there are California figs and raisins, nuts, American chocolate bars, made with real milk and sugar, ginger-snaps, cookies, and some of those fancy cookies or biscuits in tin boxes which they are making now to send to the soldiers.

It's a regular feast. The folks certainly thought of everything.  
"Have one—they are from God's country," says Jones, and the cookies and fried fruit go the rounds just like the cigarettes.  
Munching a cookie, Jones dives into the box again. A set of toilet articles—soap, toothbrush, toothpaste (just ran short of that), a trench mirror (had one already but they won't break and will come in handy), a wash rag, towels (had thought of buying some, but is broke; somehow or other towels always seem to vanish).

Jones puts aside the toilet articles. He knows he will have use for every one of them; if not now, eventually.

He empties the remaining mysteries out on the bunk—a tablet and a couple of pencils, a pipe, some pipe cleaners, some more cigarettes, a couple of cigars wrapped up in fancy paper and tied with fancy ribbons. One is broken, but the other is O. K. and immediately goes into Jones' mouth. To cap the climax, out roll some handkerchiefs. Khaki, of course! Wish they had sent a whole dozen.

There goes the call for drill—

### Call For Drill Interrupts

Jones grabs his blouse and hat, sticks a package of favorite cigarettes into one pocket and a couple of bars of chocolates in another pocket, throws a blanket over the goodies on the bunk; which now appears like a "young" department store, and rushes madly out to be on time for the drill.

Jones is a different man and a better soldier. The box from home cheered him up and he goes about his work cheerfully and gallantly. The box was a bond of union with the home folks. It restored his personality and he feels that he is doing something "Over Here" and is not a mere colorless nonentity—one among a million men. He goes to his work with his chest out, re-awakened to the realization that the home folks expect him to do his bit and are not forgetting him.

### A MEDLEY OF NATIONALITIES

He was an Irishman, like many another in the infantry and he was leading against the rail of the transport, now safe in a French harbor, gazing at honest-to-goodness green hillsides for the first time in many weary days. The transport was not originally intended for that purpose, at least not for American troops; it had been built for a German line whose business has been pretty much on the rocks for some time and a few years. The Irishman was fresh from a mess that had consisted of frankfurters and sauerkraut, probably concocted on the principle that you can learn something even from your enemy, and as he leaned against the rail digesting it he remarked to the man who happened to be at his side:

"It's a funny world—an Irishman in the American Army eatin' a German supper on a German boat in a French port."

## MADE IN FRANCE BY THE U. S. ARMY

### Articles Difficult to Ship Are Milled in Overseas Shops

### PLAN SAVES CARGO SPACE

### Worked Well With Kettles and Splints—New Industries May Be Established

"Why not make them over here?" The question popped up, all of a sudden, in the midst of a discussion about how in time the A.E.F. was going to get kettles—not the kind you wear on your head, but the kind in which they cook things for your stomach.

"Somebody in the Q.M.C. had just wailed, loud and long for kettles. Somebody else in some other department had replied by saying, 'All right, let's send over for some.' But then somebody else, who knew something about shipping, had butted in with, 'Can't be done; they take up too much room on shipboard needed for other things'—both literally and figuratively speaking the army's beans.

"Why not make them over here?" persisted the putter of the question. "Of course, it would take up too much room to bring them over. They're as hard to stack as a bunch of old maids—all elbows. But send the raw material over here—I'll pack flat enough—and if we can find a factory that isn't turning out shells and things, we'll tell them to hop to the contract of kettle building. If we can't find a factory, why we can put up one of our own."

### Scouting For Factories

It listened well to the other sitters-in on the conversation. Having the necessary authority, they scouted out around to find a factory that could turn out kettles, and wasn't tied up with other work. They found one, but it wasn't big enough to handle the quantity wanted. Nothing daunted, they scouted out around some more, and found another. And another. And another. Pretty soon they were all fixed for kettles.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? Also, it sounds practical. Well, that is the way your Uncle Sam has gone into the manufacturing business over here on behalf of his army.

Take another example. The medics set up a holler for splints. Splints there had to be, splints there have to be wherever there is action. But splints don't tell any more than do kettles or sawhorses.

### Get Splints Quickly

The same trick was worked. The metal, packed in nice, thin, flat sheets was brought overseas, and transported by rail to the factories that could turn it into splints. They not only could, but they did, in right good time. Result: The medical department got its splints, or, rather, the wounded who needed them got theirs—and a lot of good cargo space was saved.

The idea began to look better and better. If it worked for metals, thought some one, why wouldn't it work for cuts? There was a case in point. Chocolate is as useful as hard-tack, as an emergency ration. Why not ship the cocoa beans direct to France, where there are more chocolate factories than there are Democrats in Texas, and have the cute little cakes of it turned out here? "Now you're talking!" said some one who was both in authority and hungry—and the scheme went through.

The "make it over here" idea for things that would clutter up a ship overmuch, grew and grew. It saved, every way you looked at it—saved cargo space for things that could be made over here, saved time in getting the finished product to the front, saved the money that went into that concern being the A.E.F. When wasn't it in the line of any French factory to make it over here, or any factory in a fairly nearby allied country, recourse was had to the neutrals. And the neutrals were usually willing to try it, for an accommodation.

### Furnishes Extra Hands

By this time the manufacture-on-the-spot principle is pretty well settled on wherever it can be made to work. If the factories are not already available for the particular job, Uncle Sam sets up one of his own, just as he sets up an auto repair shop almost over night. In the case, besides furnishing the raw material, he furnishes the labor too, unless he can hire it here.

The importation of labor into France is not, however, as easy as the importation of raw material. For one thing—to take the case of the coal mines—the French miners are against the importation of foreign operators, and say so through their unions. There are other objections to the bringing in of, for example, Spanish labor for the farmlands, largely undermined on account of the drain of war, although the women of France have been bravely caring for the crops in many instances. The bringing over of American laborers to work the farms has also been debated, but it will, of course, have to take second place

to the more pressing problem of bringing over American troops.  
Not only is Uncle Sam utilizing the factories devoted to well-established industries in France; he is even contemplating introducing new industries. Fruit canning, for one thing, has never been taken up over here to any large extent; and yet it is only by canning fruit in season that an army gets fruit of any kind during the off season. There's an opening for a new job for lots of women workers right in that. It would give them a chance to earn good wages, and at the same time would leave a lot of cargo space that had hitherto been devoted to the housing of canned goods. And economizing on cargo space is one of the means by which this war is going to be won.

### A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

Mess Kit—A collapsible contrivance designed to convey beans from the mess line to the table.  
Mess Tools—A collection of implements designed to convey beans from the mess kit to the human face.

Buttons—The molten counterparts of the sword of Damocles—"You hold them but by a single hair."  
Mudflap—something wished on you by the dear ones at home which you would like past anything to wish on to the bugler's mouth.

Mule—A hardy and thick-skinned quadruped which must be approached with the same caution and trepidation with which one approaches a dud bomb.

Socks—Foot coverings composed of a substance represented to the Government or the Red Cross as being wool, and possessed of the same capacity for "contracting holes as is a machine gun target at fifty yards.

Canvas Leggin—A venerable mud collector possessed of one solitary virtue: namely, speed in adjusting to the human form. Now classed as belonging to the early flintlock and pitchfork period of American warfare.

### HE BROKE UP THE PARTY

### Airman's Mates Are Much Peeved By Unbidden Visit

They're a callous bunch, those airmen. This is the story one of them tells: "We had been out on practice flights on an evening cold day, and had just landed. As we were chilled through, we hustled some firewood from some nearby underbrush, cut it up, and after wasting about eight boxes of matches we finally had a good roaring fire going. But, just as we were getting ready to gather round it and thaw out our feet and hands, wacko!"

"Right out of the sky tumbles down a guy in a machine, right on top of our perfectly good fire, scattering snow all over it and putting it out of business for keeps! Damn inconsiderate of him, I call it, with ten miles all around in every direction for him to take his spill on. Hurt? Sure he was hurt; who wouldn't have been? All the same, I call it damn inconsiderate, so I do!"

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## ENTRANCE TO LOBBY, HOTEL DU FRONT



The palatial plate-glass swinging doors of this de luxe establishment have been removed to afford a better view of the sumptuous interior. The name of the hotel is within reach, but it is enough to say that no accommodations are left at present, and intending patrons (of whom there are quite a number) must await their turn. In fact, even the most expensive suites are tenanted, in addition to their registered occupants, by more or less transient residents. No extra charge is made for the sport of pursuing these latter along the corridors.

The specially-posed portrait of the doorman is added to give life to the picture. The pouch suspended over his chest, it is hardly necessary to state, is a receptacle for such honorariums as delectable and arriving guests may care to bestow upon him. The weapon in his right hand is obviously the property of the house detective, shown as proof of the complete protection afforded patrons. The hotel here shown is only one of a chain now being operated in this and neighboring localities by the same management.

one of the British or French instructors at your camp. Don't be photographed with an Ambler-Busch sign for a background, or the people you send the cards to will think you've been taken prisoner. If you wait till you get over before getting mugged in your war togs, they won't let soldiers take pictures in the first place, and in the second place you'd have trouble in getting them censored.

Pack all the chocolate, American cigarettes, smoking and eating tobacco into your barrack bag that you can muster. Those commodities are rarer over here than minor league kings with steady jobs. If there are any good matches left in the States, throw them in, too. The matches you buy over here hit on two cylinders only, at best.

### Make Friends With Mud

Get used to mud. Go out and roll over in it; wallow in it, stir it into your coffee and drink it, smear your face with it, line your ears with it, use it on your meat in place of mustard, slip some of it down inside your shirt by way of the back of your neck, and plaster your hair with it. Do this once a day until you can't skip a day without feeling uncomfortable without it. Then you will be thoroughly acclimatized.

Once up front you will live for the most part in dugouts. Dugouts are designed to keep the air of the trenches pure; all the bad air up front is collected by fatigue squads and dumped into them. To get used to dugout air, spend as much of your leave time as possible in packed movie houses, subways, Bohemian restaurants and Hoboken saloons. A combination of all of them will inoculate you pretty securely against the essence of the dugout.

In connection with dugouts, another good thing to get used to is small space and poor light. To practice, hire a Harlem flat for at least a week before departure. In that way you will learn to use your shoulders instead of a mantel-piece when you want to put anything down, and to sleep standing up.

Get used to night shifts. Holding a sector isn't a day job, because daylight is too public for the work you have to do. Get the habit of sleeping in the afternoon, and of getting up about

These boxes, even more than letters, cheer him up in spite of hardships and bind him to the home folks. "Christmas in the trenches" as the yuletide season is humorously called by the boys even if they are two or three hundred miles from the front, is not like Christmas at home, but it has two advantages—it lasts longer, for the parcels keep coming through the winter, and the presents are appreciated more than they ever could have been in the midst of the comforts of home.

Do the boys appreciate the parcels? Just watch their faces and hear them say, "God bless 'em." The kiddies at home are not half as tickled over a train of tin cans as the soldier boys are over a box from home.

### Ceremony of Opening Parcel

With his comrades clustered about him Jones proceeds to open the box, which is a ceremony to be done slowly and thoroughly enjoyed. First the box is thoroughly examined. Aha, thinks Jones, the box has been two months on the way; in pretty good shape in spite of that; corners breaking.

He cuts the strings and throws the wrapping recklessly on the floor. Plenty of time to police up afterwards. Then he delves into the mysteries of the box. Cigarettes! Good! his favorite brand! Funny how the folks back home remember his favorite brand. They did not like to see him smoke cigarettes anyway, but somehow they have forgotten all about that now. The cigarettes are passed around to everybody in the room and the event becomes a small sized holiday.

Ah! there is that sweater he has been looking for for two months. His sweetheart who that she had knitted one and that it was on the way. Jones had been half afraid that the sweater had been lost.

And mittens to match—they must be tried on immediately. Jones jerks off his blouse (technical army word for coat) and dons the sweater and mittens. Fine! Just what he had wanted, especially while standing guard the last few cold nights. Sleeveless, neckless and light, the sweater fits nicely under his blouse.

After admiring the sweater, Jones

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