



Arnold E. Kahnert Papers

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Weather : Who cares ?

Price less

BULL

VOL. II

DECEMBER, 1930

NO. 1

A LINE OF BULL ISSUED IN SPARE MOMENTS FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF INTERLUDE.



GENERAL DISTRIBUTION.

(HIMSELF, IN PERSON -- THE GERBER)

Permission to reprint anything in the R P B BULL is authorized in all languages including the Scandanavian. Look about NOW and choose your nearest exit. In Case you're fired, WALK, don't run to that hideway.

AN APPLE A DAY

Perchance you have noticed the poor defeated men on the various corners of town selling apples, forsooth. Mayhap you too have wondered, even as Marteney and Danielson, what hath brought these men to such a dire state ? Well, sir, but for the grace of God and the honeyed tongue of a G. I. canvasser, there you -- yes, and even YOU, Julius Harris ! -- there even you, we repeat, might be standing today. Think of that ! How would YOU like to stand on the wind-swept corner of Woolworth Avenue and Gimbel Terrace and rub apples on your frayed sleeve from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. ? You wouldn't like that, would you ? Neither would we. Well, let those apple venders be a lesson to you, soldier. When your next hitch is up, don't go putting on any airs. Don't try any she-nanny-ging. Stick up that right hand of yours again. Tell the boys in the recruiting cabin you'll trail along for another stack of three years with the Uncle. Better to eat apples - yes, verily, better to eat wormy apples, than to sell them. Let the buyer beware ! Re-mem-bah -- when in doubt, re-enlist !

NOW ABOUT CHRISTMAS ---

We were honored the other afternoon by a visit from that distinguished gentleman of letters patent, the illustrious and justly infamous Professor Lucifer C. Butts (courtesy Colliers' Hour, radio station WJZ ... advt.(unpaid for.)). The talk fell upon early Christmas shopping, as talk will these latter days of the approaching holiday season. The Professor advanced an idea which we of the editorial stiff hail with acclaim, and we are happy to pass it on for all it is worth. Brother Butts, aware that a soldier's pay and allowances gets an awful shellacking at each and every merry Yuletide, suggests that Christmas is done away with entirely -- for everybody under 21 years of age. Inasmuch as this would work a hardship on nobody in the Bureau but Chub Flemming and Mike (alias "The Bite") Dunham, we concur, forsooth and peradventure.

NOW YOU KNOW

that Sgt. Gerber
is of the

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H
A
P
S
B
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G

family

Per- hapsburg!



SHE SHELLS
SSHEESHHELL
HELL



that Sgt. Dunham
can't say that.

that Sgt. Loewenthal looks his best in a
blue snock and a beret.

that INSTO hand-
soap can be used
for sawdust.



that Pfc Crichton was an old time New Bedford whaler



THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

"SKLIB"

(With apologies to no one)



Cohen and Dunham have phffft.... Graf Heinrich (General Distribution) Gerber is that way about the new mimeograph machine.... Herbert "Publicity" Smith, the army's perfect man, is running off his Xmas cards on the mimeograph.... Willis, while waiting for his commutation status, is killing time learning French... so he can read the labels on his girl's cologne bottles.... what hard-up sergeant is wearing one of Levitt's old hats?.... what sergeant has no use for underwear summer or winter depending on his blue smock to keep him warm?

* * * * *

The bowl of Sgt. Dickson's new pipe holds a half-can of your tobacco (and yours and yours and yours)... his system being to tell you a story while he fills his pipe.... keep it clean (the story)... what former German count is writing a history of the mailing department?... he's asked for so many autographs that he keeps a rubber stamp with his John Hancock on it.... Burton L. Danielson (Swede to you) went to Jersey for the first time the other night and lost a pocketful of change in one of those restaurants.... but Swede is trying to trace it.... the last we heard of him he was in Milwaukee.... he wired Pat Adam Thanksgiving greetings from that Burg... collect.... what sgt. wants to be made a master sgt so he can pay up his debts?.... and Marteney won't step down for him so Loewenthal has to do it.

* * * * *

What front office frau calls Mayor Jimmy Walker by his front tag?... and makes him like it.... Sgt. Brown has to be told to stop working so hard.... Pat White has phffft with the super of his apt. house because Bilks hit the super with an apple early one yawning... look, is his face red.... what Bdway colyumist will say we are filching his stuff?... the old meany... so there.... believe it or not Tech Sgt. Lloyd the big flash-powder and camera man, is the author of those famous SunSet Low letters that used to appear quite regularly in Markellinger's colyum.

* * * * *

Recommended to diversion seekers: Pat White and Henry Gerber arguing on religion.... but mydear!.... the noonday meal at headquarters detachment... except on paydays.... W. Winchell McKenzie in Our Army.... Miss Cleary's "French drink".... the 90 cent boxes of bon bons at the commissary.... Dickson's gags.... Dunham's hard-luck stories.... Herb Smith's yarns in Our Army.... some of the payday uniforms of the RPB sojers.... Ten-Ike Van Deusen's overcoat.... the new order on the bulletin board about two off and one on.... Harris' tales of the old army.

* * * * *

Things that burn me up and knock me cold: Running all the way from Bowling Green station to catch the 8:30 boat and then missing it.... the panther juice in Hoboken.... people that want to read the Bull before it's off the press.... Governor General cigars.... ah, what d'ya ^{want} for 2.60.... those I.O.U's in a poker game.... the guy that borrows shears, screwdrivers, etc. and forgets.

* * * * *

Sgt. Richeson the champlong distance walker of the RPB says he can't walk and talk at the same time.... Whitey Sinsabaugh knows the language of the flowers.... what former first sergeant is now working for a living.... Joe Stapleton has to milk 16 cows before coming down from the Bronx.... most of Cpl. Humphries' money goes for corn bread and buttermilk... just homesick, that's all.... but he can't find any REAL cornbread and buttermilk up here in the Nawth.... Pfc Crichton, recently installed Commander of a Jersey City post VFW and a former New Bedford Whaler, also cuts a nifty figure on a ballroom floor.... yes, we mean dancing.... Sgt. Blanchet and his Philly frau have phffft... they say he's going to ankle up the altar with another one.... Maurer ("Chicken" to you) don't believe in spooks, goblins or animal crackers... we mean it.... he's all the way from Bethlehem, Pa.... Dickman spends a lot of his time opening large packages.... Shedlock, star twirler of the RPB, is now striking them out on a Mergenthaler.... Fleming is yhis and that way with what staff sgt?... Hayden, who spent his vacation hunting big game in the Maine woods, is afraid of the rush hour crowds on the Bdway subway.... If you can't savvy anything in this colyum ask Harris... he also speaks this language.

RECRUITING

KNOTS

THINGS

BESIDES

FLIGHTS

Duzenberry Corners, Michigan --- The population of the Duzenberry Old Maids' Home has suffered a bear movement since the arrival of the fourth battalion, 99th Infantry, here for winter maneuvers. The gallant lads in olive drab seen their duty and done it. Revelry by night is now heard through the musty walls of the Old Maids' Home, where once was heard nothing but the whirr of needle and the hum of spinning wheel. Susie Kicks-A-Hole-In-The-Sky-With-Her-Left-Foot, oldest Home resident, and an alleged Siwash Indian bravess, says she ain't had so much fun since her third husband worked for the Michigan Central R.R.

HELPLESS HINTS FROM THE FIELD

"I find that a soft-cushioned office chair seat comes in mighty handy after a return to straight duty with the Cavalry," says Cpl. Ira G. Mushmellon, allocated recruiter late of Hex, Pa.

T E S T Y M O N E Y .

"Dear Mr. ARMY," writes Mrs. Hannah K. Listerine, RFD 3, Broken Arches, Nebr., "six months ago my boy Chester had a very bad cough. Your recruiting truck passed through here, and Chester devoured all the posters and literature left in the Post Office. Now, Chester's cough is all gone. ---P.S. --- So is Chester."

A ROUND WITH THE GLOBE

Tin Sin, China -- Members of the 115th Foot on duty here have a quaint custom of donning their heavy, long unmentionables annually with the advent of the colder weather.

Vanila, P.I. -- Stew Bad, a Chinese boy (aged 66) who made good as steady K.P. for J Co., 31st Infantry, here, was recently admitted to the Sternburg General Hospital for observation when he sought to cash 57 O.D. shirts and 8 pairs of mismatched G.I. shoes at Cuartel de Espana guard-house here.

There is an old saying to the effect that it is an ill wind that blows no good. Owing to the business depression the editor of the BULL has been able to buy new equipment for the BULL consisting of a brand new mimeograph. He has also been able to secure the services of a very competent editor and mimeograph engineer in the person of Pat. S. Bilks whom he has appointed managing editor while the former "editor" (ourselves) has put around his shoulders the more dignified titulation of Editor-in-Chief of the BULL. Not satisfied with all this the Ed-in-Chief has signed a contract (3 years) with the illustrious Pat White --the army's soldier-illustrator--who bursts forth in the present Christmas issue with a brilliant array of talent and wit. If promises are to be relied on the budding artist Roy Humphries will also contribute to the next issue of the BULL.

As may be easily gleaned from this issue of the BULL the editorial policies have also been greatly improved. Instead of having the same BULL's face in each issue we shall have the portraits of the various members of the RPB to adorn the front cover and it is no more than fitting that the first issue should be dedicated to the Ed-in-Chief of the BULL who has kept this publication alive practically single-handed for the past five years. It will not be amiss to state here that we have borrowed many ideas from other publications notably the Recruiting News. In return we have allowed this latter paper to use our men and equipment at all times when they are not working on the BULL.

Besides the large front page portrait we intend to have our staff artist illustrate the back cover with characteristic poses and shortcomings of the member who has his picture out in front. We are all grateful for this issues artistic excellency and extend our special thanks to Pat White.

We also have the good (?) intention of getting out the BULL every month from now on and its pages will be open to all members of the RPB who have anything useful or catty to say. All members who have a funny story are invited to write it up and submit it to Pat Bilks, Managing Editor, who will rehash it and if necessary clean it up for publication. Have your stuff in before the fifth day of each month. Those who cannot contribute jokes etcetc may ease their mind by contributing a little money to cover incidental expenses. No canteen checks.

And last but not least we must give honorable to Willis--Ed Willis--the untiring coworker on the staff of the BULL who, in appreciation of his valuable help is herewith appointed Business Manager and promised the next commutation open.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES: (As announced in the notes above we are going to have the portrait of each member of the RPB in ~~xxx~~ the various issues the editor also desires to give a few short biographical notes on the incumbent)

Staff Sergeant Henry Gerber

Police records not being available the editor offers the following biographical notes -- although he deeply resents the insinuation that he is addicted to megalomania. Born in the regular human fashion (believe it or not) Graf Heinrich, (as he is called by the crowned heads of Europe) first saw the light of day in a bed. Fate has been kind to him. Soon after the thirty years war was fought in China, Sergeant Gerber, as he is now called, entered upon this vale of tears and was duly driven to school with other obstreperous children. Born in Chicago he went to Europe with his parents to be educated in Austria, Switzerland, and Bavaria. When he reached the age of 18 he decided to shake off the dust of the old world and try his luck back in the best of all countries. (All stand while we sing My Country 'Tis of Thee). The main reasons for leaving the old country was that

(next page)

his pretensions to the Hungarian throne were shattered by the World War. The World war found Sergeant Gerber in the army and, after the Armistice was signed and the emergency troops were returned home, he was assigned to relieve some of the newspaper men in Coblenz where they published the Ameroc News, an official army organ and daily paper of the American Forces on the Rhine. In 1923 when the pretty bubble of the Lotos Eaters on the Rhine was brought to an end, Gerber returned west of the Statue of Liberty and to his home in Chicago. He was born on the Windy City in 1895. As the saying goes once a bum always a bum and Gerber returned to the army again in 1925 and while visiting his former associates on the Ameroc News, Sgt. McDonald, the "Rehasher" and Sgt. McKenzie, he was induced to join the staff of the RPB where he has been ever since. His rise was as spectacular as yeast in a batch of bread or home brew. Upon his arrival in the RPB Gerber was at once appointed a private first class, a corporal six weeks later and a sergeant a few weeks later. While actually enlisted as a proofreader Sgt. Gerber was soon put in charge of the Mailing Department which appointment he has held ever since.

He was made staff sergeant in 1927. Sgt. Gerber does not drink gamble or fool with women and only swears when he is mad. His favorite hobby is work and he plays the piano when he gets disgusted with the radio programs. He took over the BULL in 1925 and has issued it ever since its inception, whenever time allowed. When interviewed by the BULL reporter Sgt. Gerber said that the 3:30 boat is not such a bad thing considering that the other members of the bureau have to get up at 6:00 am, and moreover, as a certain gentleman said some time ago: "If you don't like it you can look for another outfit."

* * * *

Roy Humphries has a severe headache almost chronically now, for although he advertised in the News for ideas no one sent him any and it's up to him to think for himself and that causes anyone to get a headache.

Miss Cleary does not believe in holding back when she has a good story. All the stencils she sends out are marked: ~~TOP SECRET~~ FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE.

Herb Smith goes over to 39 Whitehall Street to take McKenzie's place when the latter takes his annual furlough.

Sergeant (acting first) Blanchet is striving hard to be a good successor to Hanway and Dunham. We understand that he is understudying Sgt. Loewenthal and that the first sergeant's job is only a sideline. We also hear that he is not making anymore week-end trips to Philadelphia. He does, however, attend Contact Local meetings.

Charlie Maurer, the indefatigable messenger, upon being appointed to the job as printer's devil decided that he would rather be messenger again. But he is not lazy for whenever there is any work to be done in the mailing department Maurer jumps to the rescue with a willingness and dexterously intelligent application -- Oh what's the use you know what we mean. Anyway Sgt. Gerber wants to say that he appreciates it.

Gerber is busy installing his new cardfile mailing lists and hopes to have them ready by Christmas. With mailing the News, looking after the files and keeping Bilks and Willis from talking themselves to death Gerber is busy all the time.

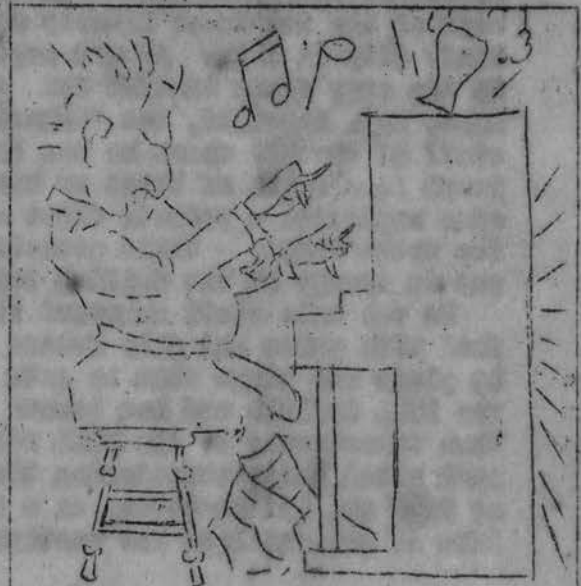
* * * *

[illegible]

YE DIZZY BEET

INTRODUCING :-

HENRY GERBER,
otherwise known
as Heinrich Graf
Zeppelin von der
Damm Grosserkopf
Schwartzzenbleibe
zur Rhineweinalt
zuch Gerber III.



He tickles a mean ivory and ---
believe it or not, Mr. Ripley --
the music box is paid for !

And as for the
WOMEN! --- pooh, pooh !
says Henry.



The Gerber in action on
the limeograph front.

WAR DEPARTMENT THEATRE,
Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

1924

Attending our Theatre is like making love
to a widow

YOU CAN'T OVERDO IT

PROGRAM
August 1st - 30th

FRIDAY, August 1st.

* Feature	ANNA CHRISTIE	BLANCHE SWEET	8 reels.
* Comedy	CAMEO	CAMEO COMEDIES	1 reel.

MONDAY, August 4th

* Feature	NORTH OF NEVADA	FRED THOMPSON	5 reels.
* Comedy	BOYS TO BOARD	OUR GANG	2 reels.

WEDNESDAY, August 6th

* Feature	FASHION ROW	MAE MURRAY	8 reels.
* News	PATHE NEWS	PATHE	1 reel.

FRIDAY, August 8th

* Feature	Super-Special - Admission: Adults 25¢		
* Comedy	FIGHTING COWARD	ERNEST BORRICH	7 reels.
	To be announced later		

MONDAY, August 11th

* Feature	TORMENT	OWEN MOORE	6 reels.
* Comedy	MAN ABOUT TOWN	STAN LAUREL	1 reel.

WEDNESDAY, August 13th

* Feature	UNINVITED GUEST	MAURICE FLYNN	7 reels.
* News	PATHE NEWS	PATHE	1 reel.

FRIDAY, August 15th

* Feature	FAIR WEEK	WALTER HEIRS	5 reels.
* Comedy	To be announced later		

MONDAY, August 18th

* Feature	VAGABOND TRAIL	BUCK JONES	5 reels.
* Comedy	INBAD THE SAILOR	MACK SENNETT	2 reels.

WEDNESDAY, August 20th

* Feature	LILLIES OF THE FIELD	CORINNE GRIFFITH	9 reels.
* News	PATHE NEWS	PATHE	1 reel.
	Super-Special - Admission: Adults 25¢		

FRIDAY, August 22nd

* Feature	THE BREAKING POINT	NITA NALDI	7 reels.
* Comedy	To be announced later		

MONDAY, August 25th

* Feature	THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE	MAY MCAVOY	7 reels.
* Comedy	STEPPING OUT	DIPPY DOO DAD	1 reel.

WEDNESDAY, August 27th

* Feature	UNDER THE RED ROBE	ROBERT MANTELL	10 reels.
* News	PATHE NEWS	PATHE	1 reel.

FRIDAY, August 29th

* Feature	To be announced later		
* Comedy	To be announced later		

Theatre No. 1 - Post Hall.

Theatre No. 2, Camp Service
Club.

ADMISSION: Adults 15¢, Children 10¢.
(Except when a SUPER-SPECIAL is shown)

JCR

ADOLPH ZUKOR and JESSE L. LASKY

Present

A JAMES CRUZE Production

"THE FIGHTING COWARD"

With

ERNEST TORRENCE
MARY ASTOR
NOAH NERRY
PHYLLIS HAVER
CULLEN LANDIS
and others.

This picture was produced by JAMES CRUZE, who made "THE COVERED WAGON", "HOLLYWOOD", "RUGGLES OF RED GAP", "TO THE LADIES".

The Author of this play, BOOTH TARKINGTON, wrote "CLARENCE", "PIED PIPER MALONE", "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE", "ALICE ADAMS", "BOY OF MINE" and other great pictures.

Just as "THE COVERED WAGON" is a story of the winning of the West, "THE FIGHTING COWARD" is a comedy-romance of the old "befo' the wah" days in the South, the days of the slaves, warm Southern beauties, Mississippi steamboats, moonlight, passion, duelling, gambling and hard licker.

By making this picture on the actual locale of the story, along the Mississippi in the neighborhood of Natchez, Cruze has recaptured all the colorful, romantic atmosphere of the old days.

This picture, aside from being a rattling good love story, is going to be hailed as an accurate historical document like "THE COVERED WAGON".

YES, suh, he was nothin' but a mis'able, flinchin' coward. But when he becom'es a regular treat-em-rough, eat-em-alive wild man -- well, suh, you'll just laugh yo'self into hysterics, that's all!

The best Cruze comedy yet!

ALSO

PATHE Presents - "THE SPIDER AND THE FLY" - a BIG KOMEDY.

and it's ALL

at

THE WAR DEPARTMENT THEATRE

TONIGHT

FRIDAY, August 8th, 1924.

ADMISSION: Adults 25¢, Children 10¢. A SUPER SPECIAL.
JCR.

FIRE POWER

3RD MINN

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF INTERESTING EVENTS

PUBLISHED BY Co. CLUB

MOTTO

"OUR MECHANIC IS OUR KNOCKER".

Dedicated "To Mother"

No. 3 Vol. I

Fort Snelling, Minn.

April 1924.

Our

Honor

SINCE
1784

CANADA

CHIPPEWA LUNDY'S LANE.

PALO ALTO RESACA DE LA PAMPA.

MONTEREY VERA CRUZ CERRA GORDO.

CONTRERAS CHURUBUSCO

CHAPULTAPEC

MIAMI NEW MEXICO

BULL RUN PENINSULA MANASSAS ANTIETAM.

FREDERICKSBURG VIRGINIA APPOMATTOX

GETTYSBURG CHANCELLORVILLE.

SANTIAGO MANILA.

SAN ISIDRO

LUZON

THE HYPHEN

WHAT IS THE HYPHEN ?

The Dictionary defines it as a short dash (-) So much for Webster. Had he been living in the present day no doubt he would have defined it differently. Probably he would have given it a definition something like this: - "The Hyphen a short dash (-) that separates yet at the same time connects two or more words".

In this country the hyphen is used principally by those, who although citizens of these United States desire to divide their allegiance with the country that gave them or their ancestors birth. They call themselves Anglo-Americans, German-Americans Irish-Americans etc, etc, through the whole string. It will be noticed that America always takes second place with these Hyphenates. It does not seem right to them to call themselves Americans First, and English, Irish, Scotch or German after that. It would be insulting their mother country. They sing about the "Land of My Birth" and all it's glories, losing sight of the fact that had they remained in the land of their birth, they, the Hyphenates would probably be half starved, afraid to speak above a whisper in fear of their lives. They emigrate to the United States and talk about the hardships they had to endure in their "Mother Country" and how happy they will be in the "Land of the Free".

They land, and in due course of time, some in five years and some perhaps in 25 years, become citizens of these United States, take the oath of allegiance and renounce their allegiance to their Mother Country. They are supposed to be American citizens with undivided allegiance to the Country of their Adoption. The question is are they? Can a person be a citizen of the United States and call him or herself an Anglo-American, Irish-American Italian-American etc, etc. No, decidedly not. Citizens of this country have only one, or should have only one allegiance, the United States of America. The Hyphen divides that allegiance. The real 100% American does not need a hyphen. He has no use for it. The word "America" would not be American if it were divided by a hyphen.

America, First, Last and all the time. No Hyphen attached to it. Always in the first place or worthy thoughts, and deeds, America, Right or wrong. Our country, With allegiance undivided. The hope of the oppressed, The land of Democracy, over which, King, Prince, or Potentate, shall never dictate or take from the people their ~~xx~~ inherent right to rule.

One God, One Flag, One Country and that Country "America" without the hyphen.

Emdes

WORD FROM A FRIEND.

All hail to the new Magazine "Fire Power" and the Officers and men of Company "M" who are responsible for the big idea. May it long continue to be a "Power" for good not only within the confines of your own quarters, but for the Battalion and throughout the entire post. Let's see what does the "title of your paper convey. Oh! lots of things but heres one that may be new.

Fundamental
Instrument
Radiating
Example

puts
Over
Wisdom
Education
Recreation,

My best wishes will go with the boys of "M" when they hit the trail for Iowa and their special training. I understand that "M.I.L.K." are going on the long "Hike" but I verily believe that they will be the "Cream" of all the troops at the Post when they come back "Home" again to good old Minnesota! Bon voyage! fellows.

D.W. Roy Representative.
I.C.S.

"MOTHER"

A word that means so much to everybody. The best friend and pal a man ever had. One who will come to you in the hour of trouble and loneliness. She is the one you can tell your troubles to and confide in.

How wonderful it is to see a young man walking down the street arm in arm with the dearest sweetheart in all the world, "Mother". You can see the gleam of joy in her eyes. She goes back to the days of old when she walked down lovers' lane, listening to the word of love from that grand old man "Dad".

How grand it would be to see every man in this company writing a letter to dear old Mother back home each week. Telling her of his doings. You can just bet your life that she will jump with Joy. Just give her a thought each day. She has suffered pain and misery and toil from morn to till night for her boy. Who is the pride of her heart. She will be the first one to your side in case of trouble when all others turn away.

She is praying for you and wishing God speed for the day to come when she can see her boy a man among men.

When the nights are lonely and you are both down hearted and have the blues, think back to the days of childhood of how you used to sit in her lap or kneel by her side you would look up in those heavenly eyes and tell her of your childless troubles, are you looking forward to the time when you can make her happy for the many anxious moments you have caused her?

Whalen

Don't Forget the
Grand Military Ball
at

The St Paul Armory
on

Saturday May 3rd 1924

Come and Bring Your
Friends
and

Don't forget the Ladies

Tickets are fifty cents at
The Door

Ladies Free

"Say Fellows, Just about a Minuet".

Did you ever take the time to think of the importance of just one little minute ?.

In a minute you can speak a kind word or so that will bring happiness to someone or avoid a quarrel. In a minute you can perform some trifling service which will help your fellows. In a very few minutes you can write that letter to the folks at home that you're always putting off.

True it is (and you'll probably say it at this juncture)

"A single minute does'nt matter much". Well; consider the humble but necessary "brick" as a case in point. One of 'em alone has practically no commercial value; but thousands of them put on top of each other help build the giant "sky scrapers".

Minutes are just the same only much more so-reflect:- how many do you waste every day ? How many more with a little effort can you make really worth while in y ur own self improvements and in the service of y ur "fellow humans"

We possess but three things in this life: Time, Thought, and action. Time in which to think and act, thought to direct action, action to make time and thought worth while. The only thing that we actually possess in this moment. Life is made up of the present moment. "Neglect that and you neglect life".

Another year is well on its way, the twenty-fourth of our century, the hundred millionth year perhaps of the little planet upon which we live. There are millions of years of perfecting development ahead of us. But for US for YOU there is only the present hour of work or neglect.

Some of us (too many) merely pass the time. It would be better expressed if we said that time passes us! There are those that idly watch the river flowing by, others that go out and work upon it or harness its power, or use it to carry heavy, useful burdens.

As we live, what is worth while ? "T live according to reason" said the Stoics.

"To live with contempt for everything that others hold important" Said the Cynics.

"To live only for pleasure" said the Epicurians.

What really is worth while ? Your own answer to that question would tell your character more clearly than any other thing you could say. Honest hard work is worth while, for work evidently is the destiny of man, it is the will of God, that the power given to all living creatures should be used; and upon man the highest being on this little earth rests the heaviest responsibility for use or misuse of time.

Our difficulty is that we make excuses for ourselves. One "never has a chance". That is the most comical excuse. A Blind man was the best Postmaster England ever had. The greatest Greek doctor in the beginning, stammered abominably. Washington was beaten constantly in his battles and abandoned by his soldiers.

Of 1000 great successes, at least 999 have been made by men that began "without a chance".

For that very reason, they succeeded. Not having the chance they decided to make it.

The year that is gone is a big piece out every life. Every man is smaller than he was a ago, for a man's size is not measured by inches, but by the working years that remain to him. What his many acres are to the great landowner, the years and months are to us whose property is time. But there is no use wasting regret on the years gone, well or badly used. They are Gone.

Just a minute ? Yes in a single minute we first open our eyes in this world; in a minute we make the greatest descisions of our lives; and finally it will take us a minute to die. Think it over fellows.

What are you doing with your time, yes even the odd spare minutes!

As someone has so beautifully expressed it in the form of an advertisement:-

"Lost- yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset two golden hours, each studded with sixty diamond minutes. There is no reward for they can NEVER BE RECOVERED.

D.W. Roy Rept.
I.C.S.

MAGIC AND MAGICIANS.

The art of magic dates for centuries back into the shadowy dreamy past even prior to the building of the great Pyramids of Egypt. In the British Museum is an Egyptian papyrus containing an account of a Magical seance performed before King Khufa, of Egypt and bears the date B.C. 3766.

The ancient temples of Egypt, Rome and Greece were veritable storehouses of Magic and mysteries and magic is even chronicle in the Bible. Jannes and Jambres, the magicians of Pharaoh, contended against Moses and Aaron, read in "Exodus 7,10,11,12, where the Hebrew prophet "Cast down his rod before Phorach and it became a serpent. Now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with there enchantments, for they cast down every man his rod and they became serpents.

What ever the power used to reduce this wonderful feat it had its effect in producing an uncanny mystery and that is greater even today than in ancient times of later years the best known expertes of this great art and science have been Pinette, Phillife, Robert, Houdin, the Davenports, Blitz, Anderson, Alexander, Herman, and Harry Keller.

And now this wonderful and facinating profession finds its greatest expression in Americas three foremost magicians, namely Harry Houdini, Howard Thurston and Ralph Richards.

K. Lehman.

AN ENQUIRY FOR MOTHERS' DAY

Say, Soldier! When did you last write to your mother? If she is forever gone from you, how often do you think of her? Do you realize that all you are or ever hope to be, started away back there when your Mother, her whole being pulsating with pride, held you tight, and with eyes lustered and watered with love, watched your very breath, and kept pace over the hours, with your faintest heart throbs? Think of how, all through those days of your helplessness she wrapped you about in her unselfishness, and protected you in a thousand sacrifices. Remember, too, that the measure of your success in life will be the degree of honor which you pay to your mother and to motherhood. Yes, son! You'll be a great man, if you reach the tipmost round of your mother's hopes and prayers. Why not let her memory guide and inspire you now, even as you in your helpless innocence and loveliness once guided and inspired her?

Chaplain Rideout.

WHAT EVERY TRUE MAN OUGHT TO DO ON MOTHER'S DAY

1. Write her a Letter Telling Her that You Appreciate and Reciprocate Her Love and Her Many Sacrifices for You.

2. Wear a Pink Carnation in Memory of the Purity and Strength of Her Love. If She has Gone to Heaven, Wear a White Carnation in Token of the Fidelity with which You Intend to Keep Her Precepts.

3. Go to Church, Both for Her Sake and for Your Own Sake Remember Her teachings, and Answer Her Prayers by BEING The Best Possible sort of a Man.

4. Resolve, from this Day Onward, to Respect and Keep Inviolate the Honor of All Women-kind. For this is the Best Tribute a Noble Man can pay to His Mother.

Chaplain Rideout.

WORDS TO THE ARMY BUGLE CALLS

REVEILLE?

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up this morning,
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up.
I can't get 'em up at all.
Corporals worse than the privates,
Sergeants worse than the corporals
Lieutenants worse than the sergeants,
And the capt'ns worse of all.

Chorus: I can't get 'em up I can't get
'em up, etc.

MEAS CALL

Soup-y, soup-y without a single bean,
Pork-y, pork-y, without a streak of
lean;
Coffee, coffee, coffee, without a bit
of cream. (the weakest ever seen)

SICK CALL

Come and get your quinine, come and get
your pills.
Oh! come and get your quinine, come and
get your pills.

Stable Call

Come all who are able and go to the stable,
And water your horses and give 'em some corn
For if you don't do it, the Col(nel) will know it
And then you will rue it, sure as you're born.

TAPS.

Fading light
Dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky
Gleaming bright
From afar drawing nigh
Falls the night.

Dear one, rest!
In the west
Sable night (Sweetest)
Lulls the day on her b
Sweet goodnight!
Now away
To thy rest.

Love, sweet dreams
So, the beams,
Of the light (Gleaming)
Fairy moon kiss the
Love, good night!
Ah, so soon!
Peaceful dreams.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Corp'l Gabriel returned from a thirty day furlough.

Pvt 1/c Bailey returned from a thirty day furlough.

1st Sgt. to non-commissioned officers in the orderly room, giving instructions relative to inspection;- "Make sure that each man has his identification tags and a yard of clean tape".

Cpl. Roberts:- "Say Sgt., Whats the tape for?"

1st Sgt. "Cpl., the tape is to wrap around your finger to remind you to hang the tags around your neck."

The Elk Laundry has put out a beautiful calendar with a picture of a beautiful Indian Maid. We often wonder why Van Cleve and Ogren spend so much time looking at the picture. Anyhow Warra says that the Indian Maid comes from his home town. He says that all the maids from his part of the country are just like the yellow Bird of the picture. Now we know why Warra and a few others whom we do not wish to mention are always asking for passes to go to Winona.

Wanted: A Boxer, Apply O'Malley's Undertaking Parlors.

Wanted: A bright young man to work in Gunpowder Factory, Splendid chance to rise quickly.

The April Wind says:-

That Cook Seagraves will make the highest score.

That every man in the Company will make the hike in tip-top shape, and that the company will walk into Des Moines 100 per cent strong.

That Pvt 1/c Anderson, now recruiting in Duluth, will send in a bunch of recruits by the end of the month.

That Rankin is going to save money.

That Ulvey, Ogren, Mahlen, and others will reduce on the Hike.

That Sgt. Jessup will be lonely on the hike. The men have offered their services and will try to cheer him by singing sweet love songs. Sgt. Jessup has ~~xxx~~ remarked that others beside him will receive consolation from the songsters, (we wonder who he means Cook, Mahlen, or Arbuckle.)

We welcome our two new recruits Rothers and Dunlap to the Company.

We are pleased to learn that Pvt's Gordon and Schoonover, are such good friends. We often wondered what they meant when they were singing that good old song, "Comrades" we noticed that they laid a great deal of stress on that part of the song that went something like this, "Sharing each others others sorrows and sharing each others joys."

We learned that Cpl Beaton our Eminent telephone operator is thinking very seriously of installing a radio outfit on the target range, (very well Beaton put it up, but really we dont think that a loud speaker will be needed)

YOUR MOTHER.

Your mother's life has not been an easy one. She worked, not the eight-hour day; but the twenty-four-hour day without a murmur or complaint. She scrubbed and cleaned and patched and nursed from early dawn till twilight; and in the night she was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless sleepers, listening for croupy coughs, and ceaselessly giving of her strength and love to others. Her diligent hands made loving preparation for you even before you came into this world; her tenderness was your safeguard through years of helplessness; when you were ignorant, awkward and needing constant care, her devotion was the guarantee of your being satisfied, just because you were born of her body and part of her soul. To sacrifice for you her constant joy, because her mother-heart was thrilled with your innocence and inspired with the hope of what you might be in years to come. The love-light of her eyes told the story of her fondest prayers in your behalf. She never turned a deaf ear to your childish whims; she listened to every complaint of your lip-pink lips; her hand wiped away your tears, and her lips kissed away the hurt from many a smarting bruise. In the years of your youth she overlooked your folly and forgave your trespasses against her fondest love. When you disappointed her, she still believed in you; her patience matched your impatience and her calm overbalanced your fretfulness. She never forgot to cook the dainty dishes that you liked best; she played your little games, and when you were tired out her never-tired arms folded you to her beating heart;--and when you slept her hands completed the work of the never ending day. Her love followed you out from the old home; her anxious heart reaches out in sympathy across the weary spaces that divide you now; and her spirit pleads with the Great Spirit above for your safety all the time.

Chaplain Rideout.

She traveled the journey before you,
She has known all the cost of the way.
She paid out the price to its fullness,
That motherhood only can pay.

She loved when the world was against you,
She hoped when your hope sank and died;
She clung to your hand, when the clinician
Left scars in her heart deep and wide.

She labored and loved and was happy
For, down deep in her kind heart she knew
Your kindness and love would repay her
For all that she did just for you.

TO MY MOTHER.

"God made you, dear mother, and then broke the mold
Then gave you to me with your heart of pure gold.
A life time of love at my feet you have laid,
You're the best little mother that God ever made.

Chaplain Rideout.

OH, CHIEF,
BE CAREFUL!
MOTHER MIGHT
COME IN.

