

time, due to the fact that some of its members were with the baseball team at Coventry.

Basketball is coming into its own at the post, and soon we will have a thoroughly organized Squadron quintet. We anticipate a good schedule of games with various teams throughout England in the near future. Get into your basketball togs, even if you are a little "rusty" on the game, and come out for practice.

43rd Wins Second Game

WENK'S SMASHING CIRCUIT CLOUT BRINGS VICTORY IN SIXTH.

In a game full of thrills and spectacular plays the Squadron baseball team won its first official game of the season over Waddington's all-star aggregation at the Coventry City Football ground on July 20th. At no time did interest lag and the absence of errors, combined with nine innings of clean, fast baseball, succeeded in keeping the four thousand spectators at high tension. The day was ideal baseball weather, and when the teams took the field no better conditions for real "big league stuff" could be imagined.

The first innings might have proven the deciding factor had not a misunderstanding arisen over Menefee's long drive into the bleacher's in center field, resulting in him remaining at second instead of taking the entire circuit. However, this failure to score in this innings was offset by Wenk's home run in the sixth, which was responsible for scoring Holsberry, who was on second at the time. These two runs proved enough to spell victory for the 43rd, to the tune of 3-1.

Every department of the game proved exceptionally good, as the small total of two errors will prove. Special mention must be attached to certain members of the team who gave a fine exhibition of fast playing. Holsberry was undoubtedly the star of the game in the field, when he pulled down several line drives in right field, which should have been good for at least three bases ordinarily, while Glenen at third made a spectacular catch of a line smash in the seventh, which might easily have turned the tables. In the next innings Menefee, by jumping a fence in deep center, caught a long fly, which bounded from the roof of a building, thus robbing Waddington of what looked like a score. By a perfect throw to the infield the runner was held off his splendid delivery, and at all times had the game where he wanted it. Keefer showed up well on the initial sack, and proved that he was capable of covering a world of territory.

Waddington's combination put up a mighty good brand of ball throughout, and the fact that we obtained nine hits is clearly responsible for

the final result. The score by innings follows:—
Waddington ... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1 total
43rd ... 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 0—3
Batteries:—
Waddington: Davis and Wiell.
43rd: Ford and Wenk.

Another Win

The Scampton nine made an invasion on Monday, but failed to take home the bacon. In a fairly interesting game the 43rd won with a score of 7-0.

It looked like a walk-away when we made a run in the 1st frame, but in the 3rd Scampton came back for two runs on errors. The score stood at ease till the 5th, when Seffert started a young family of runs with the bases full. Four runs came across and no sign of a rally from Scampton, with the exception of a lone tally in the 7th. The 43rd scored two more, and the score stood 7-3, the 43rd winning hands down.

John Daly held 'em in the wing station, while "Fat" Wenk played the same game he always puts up. Glennon, at short, played a clean, fast game, and with Grote pulled down the good stuff in the close up views. Broadfoot played good, steady ball, and copped two high ones that might have been good for a return ticket. Sieffert had a break of luck, but redeemed it by cinching a long out-field drive, which saved us a couple of tallys. Grote's home run in the first of the eight was a feature.

Neither team put up the game expected, but all in all, it wasn't a bad contest.

Correspondence

MY DEAR MISS BAREFLAX,

I would like very much if you would advise as to my marrying an American soldier. He calls himself one anyway. His name is "Fat" Keefer. He says he was a brewery driver, earning £2 per week, with a favourable chance of becoming stable man or "first broom," in Harrisburg, Pa. He is quite good looking, although that depends upon if you are a good judge of horseflesh or not. He is rather fat, weighing about 290 pounds, but notwithstanding all that, I am much in love with him.

I am, Miss _____

Answer.

MY DEAR GIRL,

You are doing an act of charity if you marry that man. But I would advise you to wait awhile, as I don't think that sweetheart of yours would ever work, for I think he would want you to work for him. I have found out his company. It is that "Oregon Pete," the notorious I.W.W., so you know the rest.

I am, MISS BAREFLAX.

Weather Report:—

A very hot wave is on its way northward from the Marne.

All the news that's fit to print and a lot that isn't.

43rd

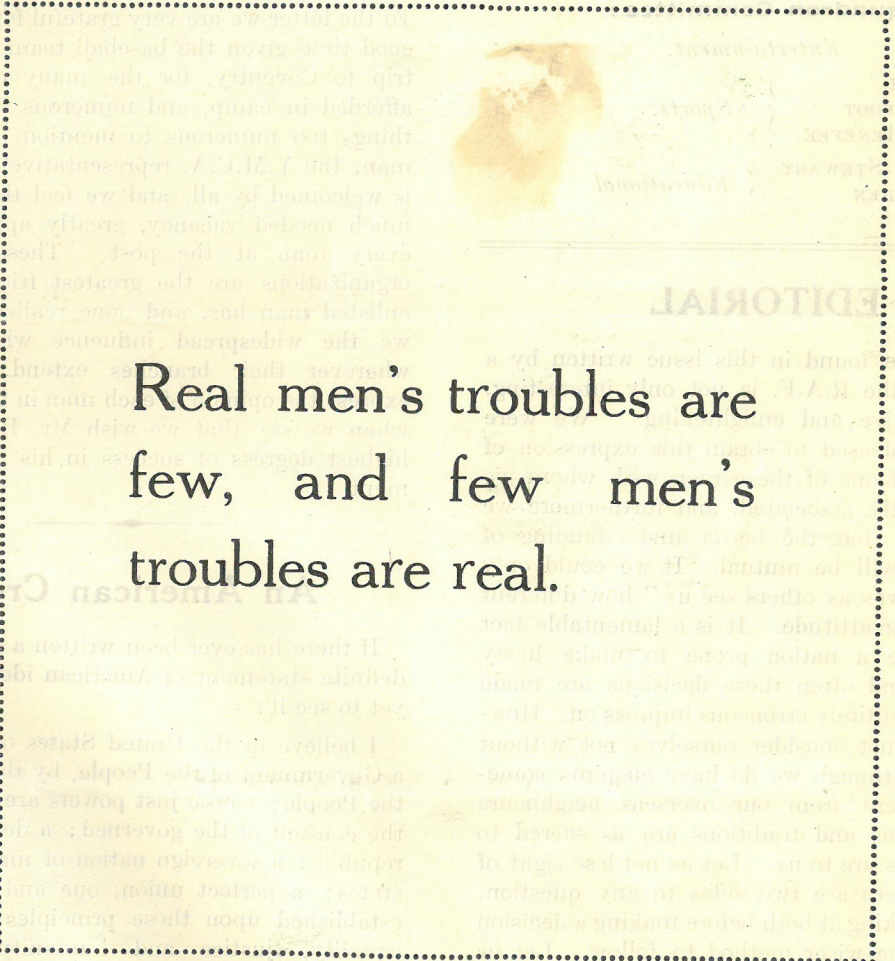
TAIL SPINS

Published by the 43rd Aero Squadron, American Expeditionary Forces.

Vol. 1, No. 3

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, AUGUST 15, 1918

Price SIXPENCE



Real men's troubles are few, and few men's troubles are real.

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} *Educational***EDITORIAL**

The article found in this issue written by a member of the R.A.F. is not only interesting, but instructive and enlightening. We were more than pleased to obtain this expression of the views of one of these men with whom we are constantly associated, and furthermore we are positive that the better understanding of each other will be mutual. If we could only "see ourselves as others see us" how different would be our attitude. It is a lamentable fact that we are a nation prone to make hasty decisions, and often these decisions are made through an entirely erroneous impression. However, we must consider ourselves not without faults, and though we do have customs somewhat different from our overseas neighbours their customs and traditions are as sacred to them as ours are to us. Let us not lose sight of the fact there are two sides to any question, and that looking at both before making a decision is by far the wiser method to follow. Let us remember that we are in a very small section of England, and have yet much to see and learn of this wonderful country—even more than can be seen and learned in the short period of a seven days' pass. Finally, let us always keep

foremost in our mind the fact that we are here fundamentally for the fulfilment of one great aim, and to let small personal matters enter into our lives in such a way as to frustrate in any degree the complete prosecution of that higher motive would be not only a gross injustice to ourselves but to the people back home.

To the American Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. organizations the Squadron is very grateful for the many favours which they have recently shown us. To the former, through Capt. Wagner's influence, we want to express our sincere thanks for the musical instruments so graciously furnished for our orchestra, and the equipment for our baseball and basketball teams. To the latter we are very grateful for the mighty good time given the baseball team while on its trip to Coventry, for the many conveniences afforded in camp, and numerous other worthy things too numerous to mention. Mr. Blackman, the Y.M.C.A. representative at this post, is welcomed by all, and we feel that he fills a much needed vacancy, greatly appreciated by every man at the post. These two great organizations are the greatest friend that the enlisted man has, and none realize more than we the widespread influence which prevails wherever their branches extend. We only express the opinion of each man in the Squadron when we say that we wish Mr. Blackman the highest degree of success in his new environment.

An American Creed

If there has ever been written a clearer, more definite statement of American ideals, we have yet to see it:—

I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the People, by the People, for the People; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

The Red Triangle and the War

The Red Triangle goes where the soldier and sailor go. The American Secretaries are to be found not only with American troops everywhere, but also with the French, Italian, Russian and Portuguese troops. Not only so, but they are also with the prisoners of war, caring for their needs.

You will find men and women wearing the Red Triangle in the training camps of the United States, England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and France—you will also find them within a 100 yards of the German trenches, and where the shrapnel is bursting. You will find them driving "Fords" with supplies from point to point, carrying packs of supplies on their backs into the front line trenches and distributing chocolates, gum, candy, cigarettes and fruit to those at the front.

Yes they qualify.—"With a long, ugly wound on his arm, cited in company and battalion reports, for taking supplies to men and passing points raked by German snipers, gassed while engaged in giving relief, leading from the front men blinded by gas, and under shell fire countless times while performing duty, Robert C. Falconer, Minister of the College Church at Dartmouth, qualified." Miss Mary C. Herron, of Cincinnati, sister-in-law of ex-President Taft, and Jane Bowler, also of Cincinnati "Y" Canteen Workers, won distinction by labouring on at Soissons, with troops, refugees and wounded, with villages burning all around them. They stayed at their post despite the terrific bombardment by the Huns, and only left when everything was in flames and but one hour ahead of the advancing Boche. They qualified.

Rev. Hadley H. Cooper, of Chicago North-Western Theological Seminary, at work in aiding the wounded was gassed and died in hospital from gas on the American front. His chum of 31 years, physically disqualified on account of a broken shoulder, Halliday Smith, sacrificed his life after being gassed, going out of his line of duty to lead an ammunition train which had lost its way. They both qualified. Several secretaries, names not given, volunteered as stretcher-bearers, and worked under fire fourteen days and nights without relief. They "made good."

In the late counter-attack on the Germans, Red Triangle men followed our advancing and triumphant troops, together with the French, and reached them with supplies and refreshments ahead of their own kitchens and commissaries. The man who gives a cup of cold water

is doing triangle work. The man who feeds the hungry is doing triangle work. The man who labours in the training camp is doing triangle work. So is the man who tries to lead the boys to a better and lighter life. What was the task of Jesus of Nazareth?

Why the red triangle? Let Dr. Gulick, the originator of the triangle answer:—"We wanted a design that would *stick right out*, something that could be seen—that would not be confused with the Red Cross and yet be just as simple and strong as it. We wanted something that would work well in designs on sweaters, letter-heads and on signs on buildings, and it seems as if the triangle met these conditions pretty well. The red triangle has come to mean the full-rounded man—body, mind, spirit—not separated, but unified. For this reason the Y.M.C.A. organizes athletic activities, furnishes equipment for baseball teams, basket ball teams, track teams, and football teams. It provides lawn tennis equipment and boxing gloves and punching bag. It handles candy, gum, tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes, lunches and soft drinks to care for the physical man.

As a second side of the triangle it provides teachers and classes in languages, mathematics, history, and furnishes magazines, newspapers and library books. It thus provides for the intellectual nature of men.

But this is not all. The Y.M.C.A. is not the Young Men's "Canteen" Association. It recognizes the fact that there is a spiritual nature in every man, and that this needs development or it will shrink away. So it seeks to develop faith, hope, love, love to God, love to your fellowmen. It looks after men's morals and seeks to develop sympathy and service.

The fathers and mothers of the U.S.A. are expecting the Red Triangle men and women to assist their sons and to bring courage and cheer to faltering and sorrowing, home-sick hearts. The Red Triangle will not fail.

We request every man of the 43rd Squadron, who believes that the Y.M.C.A. has not failed, to write a letter home and tell the home folks all about it. Do it now.

Our New Tank Corps

"Fat" Keefer (Leader).

"Oregon Pete" Davis.

La-De-Legnon.

Jeremiah Felix Clark, alias, "Jimmy McNichol's barmaid."

"Swamp-root" Shelburne.

"A.W.O.L." Slocum.

But Not Before

When all the seas are full of English tea,
When earwigs dance a clog;
When English ale can really make you see
Eyebrows upon a frog.
When whisk-brooms grow where whiskers grew
before,
When moo-cows cease to moo;
When Baldy really marries the girls who all
adore
His old smooth pate, then you
Can sell me, Charlie, some massages or
Perhaps an egg shampoo.

The lad who never turns in as he should,
usually turns out as he shouldn't.

Only a K.P.'s Dream

I had a dream the other day,
I dreamt of many things,
Of bums, and bombs and aeroplanes,
And lots of wonderful beings.
I dreamt that Max Lewis was a gunner,
I was a pilot bold,
Max kept shooting the "bull" around,
And I was knocking 'em cold.
We were flying 'twixt earth and heaven
Far over "No Man's Land,"
When lo! the voice of Peter
Called for a helping hand.
We flew at once to heaven,
And knocked on the gates so bold,
But instead of Peter, 'twas Sharkey;
He was clothed in a robe of gold.
His voice was a peal of thunder,
And his eyes were bright and clear,
"Come in Max Lewis," he thundered,
"Your judgment day is near."
"Ah, me!" cried Gunner Lewis,
"I have come to led a hand,
Let me go back to Texas,
Back to the promised land."
Then my dream grew cloudy,
And I dreamed on no more,
I heard Wenk yell, "Here comes the Lieut.,
My God, close the pantry door!"

HERMAN NIDES.

Threats!

John Daly is a handsome man,
There's no disputing that,
When he slicks all up to meet his girl,
And dons his yellow hat.

No, this rhyme was not intended,
To discuss a love affair;
And it might rile John a little,
And make our hero swear.

Here lately, he's been raving mad,
And has declared himself,
As being minus articles
That should be on his shelf.

This borrowing should stop, boys;
I tell you—it's a fright,
To hear him screaming, all day long,
And late into the night.

"The guy that snaked my only spoon,
Had best insure his life;
That warning takes in, also—
The boob that swiped my knife."

Then he dives into his barrack-bag,
And takes an inventory;
And we, that watch him every night,
Can hear the same old story.

He mumbles something 'bout a comb,
And says, "The man must die,
Who gets so blamed familiar
With this Irishman from 'Chi.'"

"I've stood enough of this," cries he,
And dries his manly tears,
"I'm gonna get this stuff I've lost,
If it takes me fifteen years."

His threats have been sufficient,
For his knife, and spoon, and comb,
That were stolen, or just "borrowed,"
Have found their way back home.

C. J. HEFFERNAN.

Hangar Staff

You would have a good laugh at my hangar
staff (unless you have a split lip).

The sergeant I'm blest with is simply a jest,
And the corporal simply a quip.
The private, a bloke, I'll admit is a joke,
And the Bucks I have got are a scream.
We should all get recalls,
If we went "on the halls,"
For we'd make a good pantomime team.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

(By 2nd A.M. ALEX SCOTT, R.A.F., formerly
of New York).

First impressions are powerful. There is no
mistake about that. But, first impressions are
often disastrous to a proper conception of things
and sometimes lead us on to most ridiculous
conclusions.

Apropos of this. What could be more funny
than an Englishman's first impression of
America? Why, nothing on earth except—
steady there!—an American's first impression of
England and Englishmen.

It is unfortunately a fact that the great mass
of the people in all countries are denied, through
lack of means or time, the opportunity to travel.
Most of us, in a manner of speaking, "never get
away from our own back-yard." Consequently
our views of life and manners generally are
narrow. This is never noticed until we travel,
and the more we travel the more do we realize
own insufficiencies—our narrow point of view.

While we remain in our own back-yard we
retain and enjoy a comfortable feeling of self-
sufficiency. When we leave our back-yard we
take that feeling and our own particular back-
yard manners to the other fellow's back-yard,
fully expecting to be taken for granted and
appreciated at our own true worth. But the
other back-yarder has his own manners, and,
horrible to relate, they are not quite the same
as ours. Also he has that same self-sufficient
feeling that permeates (though we are happily
unconscious of it) our own dear selves.

So when we begin to criticise and belittle
within ourselves the strange and inferior tastes
and customs of the other fellow, all the while he
is similarly employed with regard to us. The
whole trouble summed up is simply this:
Through living in a narrow environment we have
developed narrow views. Things not common to
us surprise us so much that spectacular and
highly-coloured impressions loom up and pervert
our judgment.

All of us have read the opinions of "flying
visitors" to the U.S., published in the news-
papers, with an eye to the sensational. We
have enjoyed these first impressions, but laughed
at and felt sorry for the impressionist who under-
stood so little. We realize that no person can
possibly get an understanding of a nation or a
city by a flying visit. To know anything about

the social customs, the politics, aye even the
scenery and climate of a country, one must live
and work in it for many years. Furthermore,
the longer one lives in and studies a foreign
nation the less he feels he knows about it—the
less he is able to criticise by comparison with his
own or other countries. The other place is
different, that is all. We expected it to be
different, and yet after getting there and noticing
differences we sort of resented it. Living out-
side one's own country is like living outside one's
own home. Lodgings can never be like home
"be it ever so humble" or be the lodgings ever
so grand and palatial. But, should we remain
long enough in the lodgings it may become home
to us as it has to our host. We shall then
understand it and the bitter or superior criticisms
we made as the result of first impressions will
seem so very ridiculous.

The writer will never forget his first impres-
sions of the United States. When sixteen years
old I made up my mind to see the world, and
after a deal of trouble managed to secure a berth
on a liner as an assistant steward. On our trip
from Glasgow to New York I was wondering
what kind of a reception I was to receive at the
other end. As chance would have it I had four
clear evenings to myself when we got there, and
had more to say in criticism of America's Empire
City than I now have after living there for over
eleven years. The funny thing about it is that
when I got home after four whole evenings in
New York I told my chums more about the good
things of the city than you will find in the most
sensational and imaginative guide book obtain-
able. And I was telling the truth, so far as I
knew. It is those wonderful first impressions
that make fools of us at all times. First impres-
sions must necessarily be superficial, and the
criticisms based thereon, trivial. Speech,
personal manners, modes of dress and such
things concern the stay-at-home person who
happens to be abroad perhaps more than any-
thing. For instance, the American soldier holds
the opinion that his British comrade is sloppily
dressed. But the average British soldier thinks
exactly the same of the Yank. It is merely a
matter of taste—nothing more. Anyway these
little things don't count for much, so let us try
to understand each other more and we shall not
fancy ourselves so much.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

Found in the Editor's Mail

Mr. George Washington Wells was instructed to detail as to just how to rise before the hour of 9.0 a.m. in order to report for K.P. Along this line it is to be hoped that Perry Ford will get the proper dope as to just how to sweep under his bed at least once a week, as Corp. Ford has to face the music at inspection.

Why does Corp. Hamilton use the fire buckets to shave in? (This is not a hint to Ford, who is ever on the job looking for such men.) To the men of the 43rd:—

You are supposed to get your mail every day, whether it comes or not, and when you fail to get that letter branded "Lincoln" jump on Ford for it, as it is all his fault. You know "Blondy" wrote one, because she said she would, and she is a kind of girl who always fulfills her promises.

Insist on your mail by all means, and if necessary be as disagreeable as possible about it. Aside from being in charge of quarters and "Squadron Bureau of Information," and a few minor details of no importance, he has nothing else to do. So by all means insist upon getting your mail, use as much profanity as you think you are able to get away with, and you are bound to get that letter—and something else too.

You need not worry about being tidy in cleaning around your bunk, or sweeping your part of the floor, nor even washing the window you are supposed to look after. Simply "duck" about inspection time and let Ford "hold the bag"—and swear you worked late or some other such brilliant thought. Don't forget to leave work and come to the barracks and make as much mess as possible about 10 a.m., just as the barracks have been policed.

The jazz band is another child of prosperity that sounds if it had been born in a Bolshevik rooming house.

If you want to know where Hindenburg is ask Stebbins.

Sometimes the best way to help a fellow creature is to bring him to his senses by catching him one on the jaw.

Who says Felix Clark can't get his chin in a gas mask?

It has been reported that the Germans have been thriving on stews (distinctly stew- tonic). Pretty lucky for them that the 43rd has "bread-itis."

Big offensive made on "Lover's Lane" with much success, by the 43rd Aero. Squadron, led by their famous and brave Corporal Peck.

Duke Kahanamoku, the famous Hawaiian swimmer has had his feet insured for \$50,000. Oh boys! Imagine what Wells could insure his for.

We saw an advertisement in last week's "Stars and Stripes" of a firm who sells maps of all fronts. Wonder if we could get a map of Pvt. West—ern's front.

Johnny Evers, the famous ball player, says, "Watch the camps for ball players." Come over to South Carlton, Johnny.

Have you heard the new song, entitled "Why W.A.A.C.'s Desert." Words by Sam Shelburne and music by Rickabaugh.

As the old saying goes, "Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day"; but the soldier says, "What you can do to-day put off till to-morrow." Ask Buchanan.

Sgt. Winch was glad to hear that the Allies have landed on the "Mormon" coast. He has put in for a request for a transfer so that he can better live up to the old traditions of his religion, as he is a staunch follower.

Dr. Trilby King, the noted English physician, says that people ought to be ashamed of small feet. Well, the 43rd has a lot to be proud of.

I see that the New York society folks are taking their sports in khaki. Oh, if they only knew what real khaki means.

Did you notice how many girls there are working in the transport since Sgt. Winch went over there? "Why do they fall for me?"

Slocum and Heath can't see this stuff of confining their touring to the limits of the camp.

My love is like a Ford—easy to start, hard to stop, and will go anywhere.

The other girl may have him all the week, but I want my Billy Sunday.

What is a registration card?—A German hunting license.

Well, boys, here's good news for you. The price of cheese in England has gone up 45%. Now for our Mess Sergeant to get on the economic side of the fence and not indulge in buying luxuries?

A secret fellows! Hayes was married to a Grimsby girl, Miss Nellie Whatmough, while on his seven day pass. Say, he knows how to spend a vacation. Well, Jimmy, we all wish you all the luck in the world, and may all your troubles be little ones.

Cheer up men! American home news prints this:—"New York, July 26th. Heavy demand for 31/2% Bonds of the first Liberty Loan. The market closed fraction of highest record." Hang on to them, boys, only two more months.

Talk about law and order—military and otherwise—take a look at our new M.P. force. Hit'em McGwin boys; all's well that ends Wells. Here's hoping.

Neilsen has a new name, "Hobo." It happened this way. Bill, having imbibed rather freely of the wine when it was red, in company with a Scotch captain, who was already pretty well inundated, was having a glorious time. Imagine his discomfiture when the Captain affectionately said, "We're hoboes, we are—hic—yest we are. Come on, hobo, let's go." How about it, Bill?

Oh where is our Tom to-night? Boys I fear me he has forsaken the "straight and narrow" for the time. Don't worry, though, Felix will bring him home safe and sound, but maybe wiser.

No, Claudie, "Omego" is not something like an omelette. It's more like an empty Supply Sergeant's head.

One touch of high prices makes the whole world thin.

Say, will a butterfly, if a tomato-can.

Haack's says there's only two guys in the Squadron he has any affection for and Eichler's both of 'em.

A coincidence is a funny thing. Some folks say there ain't any such animal, but when the feller that's dealing in a two-handed game of draw gives himself a full house three or four times in a row it's just a little old lead pipe cinch it ain't no accident.

Lee: "Funny, you know, I just washed a couple of shirts, and after they'd dried they were still wet."

Suburban property for sale! A farm, 100ft. by 100ft., the largest of its kind in the entire state. Good for raising mosquitoes and earwigs. Apply when the tide goes out. Sgt. Dixon, Boonton, N.J.

Boys, I know why Corporal Cooper had to get in the army. It was not because his papa didn't need him, but because there was a law passed in Mississippi requiring all applicants for teacher's certificates to be able to read, write, and spell.

Mabel Normand, the first cinema comedienne to achieve world-wide fame, failed in her answer to the question, "Can women be funny?" The answer is: Sure they can be funny (funny-looking).

The Germans have crossed the Marne—but backwards.

A new book published, "The Best Way to Dodge the Army," written by Charlie Cheapman, assisted by Douglas Sandbanks, Francis

Bushleaguer and Mary Pigsfeet, four of America's fameless cinema actors.

All you "non workers" have hope. Gen. T. Coleman Dupont, one of America's multi-millionaires, cordially detests work. Quoting his own words, "I love to loaf."

Hours that hurt the most—Work hours.

"Slocum calls his prize dog Rob."

"Rob?"

"Yes, that is short for Robinson."

"But why call him Robinson?"

"Because he is on the (crew-so)."

Straight from the Kennel, Ralph W. Goodhue.

A Few of the Latest Song Hits

"Sing Me To Sleep." Words by Lieut Perry, music by Miss French.

"The Hook-worm Blues." Words and music by Haacks.

"You made me love you, but you got me drunk to do it." Sgt. Pratt.

"Your lips are No Man's Land but Mine," as sung by Peck.

"She had lots of speed and no control," as sung by Homer Davis.

"I want to be where there is Wine, Woman, and Wrong," a new song, written by Theda Bara's brother, Paul Bearer, and dedicated to her brother, "Wheel Barrow."

"Just like Washington crossed the Delaware, Pershing will cross the Rhine." Sung in the Dublin Opera House, by Sharkey.

Old Kaiser Bill jumped out of bed,
To take a look at the Sammies;
Kaiser Bill jumped back again,
With bullets in his pyjamas.

Sing Me to Sleep

I'm only an ignorant buck,
And a lot more rough than neat;
An' I figure I'm in luck,
When I get my share o' sleep.

I'm only an ignorant buck,
My cheeks is redder 'n a beet;
Don't know 'bout songs and such,
An' I reckon I got big feet.

But tho' I'm an ignorant buck,
An' I got big hands and feet;
I ain't up to no such truck,
Asking girls to sing me to sleep.

Where'll We make Our Home

When this great world war is over, and our little
"bit" we've done,

Towards dispersing Kaiser Wilhelm and his vast
array of Huns;

There's a question to be settled, and it's
"Where'll we make our home?"

Will we start life where we left it, or continue
still to roam?

For Bert Holsberry says, "You guys sure
tickle me,

With your Broadway's and Bowery's, a'reekin'
whis-kee;

For after I'm through with this turmoil and
strife,

I'm gonna go back to the 'Light' my life!"

"She's awaiting me patiently, there on the hill,
The hill I refer to is back by the mill;

I'll even forget that I loaned my wrist watch,
To a wild English woman, while loaded with
'Scotch.'"

"Now you boys have all heard of the banner we
planted,

In those turbulent times when our Charter was
granted;

Well the old flag's still there and its praises I'll
sing,

When I get down to business and plant—other
things."

Then there's Andrew R. Slocum, the boy from
the South,

Who's now pulling weeds for his "Absence
Without";

He'll say, with great pride, and a "Hooray!
Hip! Hip!

I'm a crap-shootin' houn' from the broad
Mississip."

Then along comes "Hank" Oberg—and boys
he'll get on you—

If you start getting hostile towards old
Cal-if-orn-ia;

The reason's apparent—you should've seen him
to-day,

When he opened that letter from dear San Jose.

Now where is the man who'd be so indiscreet,
As to risk Homer's anger—(our "Oregon
Pete")?

The man, whom his friends claim, got tanked up
with booze,

And walked to the Army in dad's last pair of
shoes.

Remember his fight at Winchester, and how,
He lost his right thumb, in the Battle for Chow?
But despite his great thirst, he has one noble
trait,

He'll uphold the honour of Oregon State.

Then there's Winch and Gord Groft and also
Sgt. Oden,

Who'll tell you there's one place to make your
abode in;

That place is Salt Lake, which was brought into
fame,

By some old Mormon geezer—John Smith was
his name.

The place may be alright, that much we'll
concede,

And the boys from Utah must be honest,
indeed;

For example—just listen—oh! isn't this nice?
Our tall, black-eyed Gordon pays hotel bill's
twice.

Then there's Sharkey and Fuhman and Tom
Brady too,

Who'll spend many hours discussing with you,
The lights and the gay life, on New York's
"White Way,"

Till your mind's almost made up to start there,
to-day.

Now, we've heard from the north, south, east,
and the west,

But I'm still quite at sea, as to which place is
best;

Now perhaps it would help us, if somebody
chose,

To mention the State where the old "Wabash"
flows.

There's Kaiser, and Beard, and Oliver—three—
Who've discussed the same question and with
me agree,

That after the Hun is vanquished from earth,
We'll all hasten back to the place of our birth.

C. J. HEFFERNAN.

COVENTRY

The enthusiastic reports of the boys who
enjoyed the trip to Coventry have set us all
afire with envy. Contrary to what might
have been expected our victory in the ball game
is not the most popular theme, but everyone who
made the trip is just brimming over with praise
of their cordial reception by the people of
Coventry. There seems to be a new and hearty
appreciation of England and English people.

The team, and those who accompanied them,
were met at the train by a band and a guard of
honour, and made to feel that England was
theirs for the asking. The band played, girls
smiled, a little boy stood at the salute, and
cheers came from all sides. 'Twas more like
the reception of a conquering hero than that of
untried warriors. It made all the boys sit up
and take notice and resolve to bring home the
bacon or die in the attempt.

The story of the game is old now, and we all
know that the 43rd lived up to its name. While
it lasted 'twas a great game, the tense excite-
ment gripping us all.

After the game, Mr. French, an American-
Englishman, invited the bunch to his home,
where, on our arrival, the most beautiful and
accomplished young lady in England (that's
what all the boys say) entertained us with music
and song.

One of the fellows said: "It was just like a
chapter from a fairy tale, and she was the
beautiful fairy."

Then those pictures taken on the lawn. The
whole bunch is determined to have at least one
apiece in memory of the ripping time we had.

The day's pleasure did not end with nightfall,
but in acceptance of Mayor Hill's cordial invita-
tion the "bunch" took in the show at the
Hippodrome, where a good show made the even-
ing spee- all to fast. And then tired, but happy,
"diamond diggers" betook themselves to the
King's Head Hotel, where a bountiful supper,
given by Mr. Jones, awaited them. Mr. Jones,
was, by the way, the moving spirit throughout
our stay.

Er—Er—did I hear someone say that Burt
and Ted corraled the drinks?

Two-thirty came, and it was one happy crowd
that crawled into bed to "sleep the sleep of the
just," or rather "just to sleep."

Next morning, after a refreshing night's rest,
on real beds, an invitation from Mr. Kenny, an
American, from Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. Neil,
of Pittsburg, to visit the historical landmarks of
the surrounding country-side was accepted. Warwick
Castle and Guy's Cliff, with its quaint
old-fashioned windmill, which is, by the way,
still running, though built a thousand years ago,
claimed our attention and respect, while most of
the bunch secured a bit of bark from the famous

Wishing Tree. The statute of Peeping Tom will
ever remind us of the folly ill-timed inquisitive-
ness. Nuff said. These things served to
arouse a deeper appreciation of the really inter-
esting legendary lore of this country. The
opportunity to visit Stratford-on-Avon was
another much-prized privilege, for which we all
were deeply grateful.

It was also our privilege to visit Kenilworth
Castle, and Scott's novel took on a new meaning
with the seat of its inspiration before us.

Lunch time came, and reluctantly we returned
to the "King's Head" for lunch, and our
departure, which was an ovation in itself.
Escorted by a large crowd, hilariously happy,
but for our leave taking, we said good-bye to our
very hospitable friends.

To those who so graciously entertained us,
and so freely welcomed, we would like, in
however inadequate a manner, to express our
thanks and appreciation.

The friendships formed on this trip, the
mutual sizing up and appreciation of each other
are links in the chain which shall join us and
make us allies indeed in "our fight for a world
safe for Democracy."

ATHLETICS

Track Events

The Squadron has recently been represented
at various field meets in quite a commendable
manner by the track team, composed of Stans-
field, Holsberry, Gibson, and Broadfoot (capt.).
Most of the work has fallen to Broadfoot, and
although we have not seen him perform, except
at our own Station meet on Whit-Monday, we
know that he must be giving his competitors more
than a good run for their money. On June 22nd
he journeyed to Glasgow, and took second in the
100yd. dash, and third in the 220yd. At Scamp-
ton, on June 29th, he took first place in the
obstacle race, first in the 100 yards, third in the
220 yards, and also third in the broad jump. It
was also at this meet that the relay team, com-
posed of Gibson, Broadfoot, Stansfield and Hols-
berry took place in a race full of good competi-
tion. Holsberry deserves particular mention for
his very good showing in the relay race, in which
he ran the final distance, which, by the way,
was half-a-mile. At Manchester, on July 6th,
Stansfield won his heat in the 300 yard run, and
took fourth in the final, while Broadfoot, who
was virtual scratch man, took second in his heat
of the 100 yard dash. On July 20th, the same
combination participated in a meet at Accept-
ance Park, Lincoln, and Broadfoot succeeded in
winning third in the 120 yards dash, while Stans-
field failed to qualify for the finals. Unfortun-
ately the relay team was disorganized at this