A.E.F. PRINTERS GIVE YANK FORMS, PASSES, LABELS

Plant in Paris Turns Out 12,000,000 Impressions in One Month

WHEEZY PRESS AT START

Handles Everything from General Orders and Service Records Up to the—Oh, Boy!—Discharge

While the war was on, the average doughboy, who was initiated into the great Army of the now historic A.E.F. at some one of the ports of entry, became immediately the subject of 20 or 30 printed forms which followed him like Mary's little lamb every place he went, accumulating duplicates and triplicates and "true copies of the original" in the going. So smoothly were all the necessary papers supplied that they just seemed to come all ready prepared for use "out of the Nowhere into the When." As a matter of fact, these many millions of forms were gotten out at the cost of much hard labor and perspiration by a couple of hundred O.D. clad Americans whose lot it has been to eke out their obligations toward democracy by making antiquated French presses and all-wrong linotypes step up and do the equivalent of squads east and west in the printing game.

Every time a member of the A.E.F. moves or thinks he would like to move or thinks he wouldn't so well like to move, the Company of Master Printers, who daily revel in the inky atmosphere of the various C.P.P. shops, have beat him to it with a couple of neat forms with complete instructions on the reverse as to exactly how to get out and get under and pull the gum out of the impeded wheels of progress. When the wilful and youthful member of these here 'peditionary forces who is ruminating in the lovely French provinces gets it into his system that the gay boulevards of Paree are missing something by not seeing him he is started on the road to putting a couple of dozen perfectly good sheets of Government stationery on their first step to the waste basket.

Yes, They Make Blue Passes

Each sheet means another step on the road to a hellava time by its enviable possessor in "La Ville Lumiere." It has meant work and worry to other fellows who have turned those forms out by the hundreds of thousands. The fact that a million of the much-coveted blue tickets which magically shield provincial youths in the large towns from the octopus talons of the wicked M.P.'s have just been turned out by the C. P. P. seems to indicate that the A.E.F. still in what is now really getting to be sunny France is going to do some fall touring this spring and summer.

It has taken something like 12,000,000 impressions of printed matter per month to keep the American Army in France on the hop. Still, with the Argonne and St. Mihiel as fairly good arguments to the contrary, there is no reason to call it a paper Army. These millions of forms act as lubricants to keep the internal gearing of the organization in perfect running order.

The first thing the soldier meets up with in the Army is a dotted line with a few open spaces for the history of his past life and beaucoup of the rest of the sheet filled with instructions as to when, how and where he won't or will proceed thusly. About one in a million will ever read the text, but it's there like that dreadful gun those red-fringed military cops wear, an irresistible argument in case of dispute. Then on, from reveille to taps, life is just one form after another, until the great day of the final form—the discharge—dawns bright and cheery.

It has taken a lot of brains to devise the complicated system of paper work which keeps the A.E.F. on the straight and narrow, and an immense amount of specialized labor to produce the many millions of precise forms that radiate from the service record and end in the final glory of the Diploma of the Chevron Rouge.

Started on a Shoestring

The institution which has conceived and brought forth this legion of aids to the efficient handling of the unwieldy routine of Army regulation had a very modest beginning. In the pioneer days of 1917, when G.H.Q. was located in its humble cradle at 27 Rue Constantine, Paris, the demand was promptly felt for adequate printing facilities to produce with the necessary precision and dispatch the ever-increasing number of important general orders and bulletins. That early in the game the young organization struck out boldly upon its own legs and sought to be wholly independent of local conditions and rely upon its own personnel for the production of supplies necessary to its upkeep. A nifty little printing shop was established in the basement and three printers discovered, disguised in O.D., to run it. Within the month six experts were there, fresh from New York, and the one poor old cylinder press and the hand-power platen press had to be fed nice cold tea to pull them through the daily 24 hours of intensive strain they were subjected to by the three shifts of enthusiastic Americans.

Bigger Plant in Paris

When G.H.Q. withdrew to Chaumont the plan was to take the print shop along, but the work was coming in so heavily that the move was impossible. A new plant was put into operation at that center, and the Paris basement left with the task of producing all A.E.F. work other than General Orders. This other than G.O. work proved to be no piker task, for by December the General Purchasing Board, which had taken this orphan printers' detachment under its sheltering wing, found it necessary to get a larger and better equipped establishment to keep pace with the demand for supplies.

This time a man's sized plant was procured on the Rue de l'Aqueduct. And then the Q.M.C. took over the activity and supplied it with a personnel numbering 60, supplemented by about 50 French civilians. By February, 1918, this plant was producing every conceivable kind of form that the intricate mind of the Army could invent. So enormous, however, had the Expeditionary Forces become and so intricate its system that the autumn showed the Aqueduct plant to be wholly inadequate to the demands put upon it. It was then that the extensive shops of the DuPont Imprimerie at Clichy were leased and turned over to 300 Americans and a varying number of French civilians to run at full capacity.

The top notch of production was sustained until well on into 1919 and is noticeably subsiding only now that the larger percentage of the A.E.F. is over there and not over here.

With the taking over of the Clichy plant the average monthly production of printed matter exceeded 12,000,000 impressions a month. An order such as recently came from the bakery center at Is-sur-Tille for 40,000,000 bread labels is accepted and promptly turned out without perceptible interruption of output of regular standard forms for the rest of the A.E.F.

The Adjutant General's Office at Tours had been the best customer. It demonstrated its confidence in the youthful Central Printing Plant back in October, 1918, when it sent in a block order for 20,000,000-odd impressions of 68 different forms.

Rush Orders Aplenty

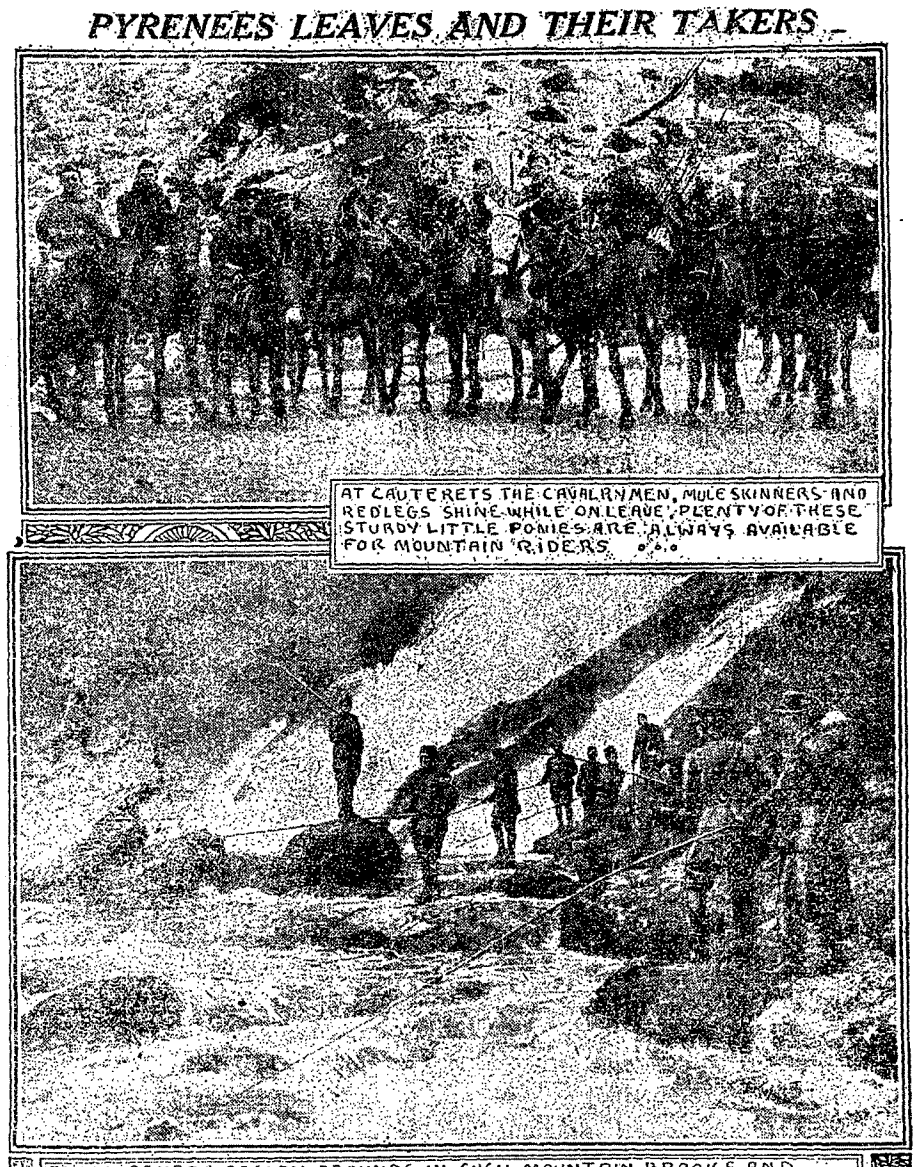
A great many orders came in which it was absolutely essential to get out on short notice. On one occasion, for example, there came in at Saturday noon, an order for shoe tags, complicated as only shoe tags could be in type composition, and the telegraphic instructions were to have the tags in the hands of the Q.M. at Le Mans no later than 9 o'clock the next night. That meant night and Sunday work, but nevertheless the tags were in Le Mans at 3 p.m. the next day, six hours ahead of the narrow time limit. These O.D. printers are regular doughboys when it comes to doing things with pep.

Working for Peace Commission

Besides the little job of supplying the A.E.F. with all its printed matter the C.P.P. has turned out all work required by the U.S. Navy in European waters, and the American Embassy in France. At the present moment the Aqueduct plant is wholly devoted to the inexhaustible demands made upon it by the American Peace Commission, for the expert and accurate printing of its innumerable pamphlets and confidential copies of the minutes of the meetings of its many committees. The truly splendid service rendered the Commission in this respect has been recognized by President Wilson in personal and individual letters of appreciation addressed by him to several enlisted men of the plant.

On the Army roster the talented and devoted personnel of the Central Printing Plant is hidden under the noncommittal title of the 317th Supply Company, Q.M.C., A.P.O. 702, A.E.F.

PYRENEES LEAVES AND THEIR TAKERS



AT CAUTERETS THE CAVALRYMEN, MULE SKINNERS AND REDLEGS SHINE WHILE ON LEAVE. PLENTY OF THESE STURDY LITTLE PONIES ARE ALWAYS AVAILABLE FOR MOUNTAIN RIDERS

THE PYRENEES REGION ABOUNDS IN SUCH MOUNTAIN BROOKS AND POOLS AS THESE TO ENTICE THE "IZAAC WALTONS" OF THE A.E.F.

It was wise in the powers-that-be in vacation matters to postpone the closing day of the Biarritz (class A) leave area until June 15, for of all the areas in the Pyrenees region it is probably the most interesting and picturesque. Besides the attractions offered by its fine bathing and entertainment facilities, and its nearness to the port of Bordeaux, it is a focal point for many eye-filling excursions, either toward the east, where are Loudres and Tarbes and Cauterets, or toward the south, where is the all-enticing Spanish border.

Automobile trips to the border cost between 30 and 40 francs for an all day tour (lunch not included), the cheaper one taking the route through the quaint old town of St. Jean de Luz and ending up at Hendaye, which is right on the international boundary line, in time for dejeuner. The more expensive, and therefore longer and more scenery-filled one, takes the junketing Yank through the famous pass where the Chevalier Roland met his death, as celebrated in that great medieval epic, "La Chanson de Roland," and brings him about lunch time into the quaint, little, near-border town of St. Jean-Pied-de-Port, through whose ancient gates the Duke of Wellington, at the conclusion of his Peninsula campaign in 1813, led the British grenadiers into the confines of Napoleon's domain.

On the way down, on the second trip mentioned, the autoing permissionnaire passes the picturesquely situated chalet formerly owned by the celebrated French poet and dramatist, the late Edmund Rostand, author of "L'Aiglon," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Chantecler" and of the ode "Hello, America," written last year in honor of the Yanks themselves. It is situated near the little town of Cambo-les-Bains, which is rich in real Basque flavor (and souvenirs), not to mention the scenery of the valley below.

The Chevalier Roland and M. Rostand are not, however, the only people with whose names the country traversed on the two trips are associated. St. Jean de Luz witnessed the marriage of Louis XIV and the Infanta Maria Theresa of Spain, and St. Jean-Pied-de-Port was the former capital of the famous kings of Navarre, having been rebuilt by those doughty monarchs in the eleventh century.

Within half an hour's trolley ride of Biarritz is the old city of Bayonne, which has a counterpart in New Jersey, U.S.A.—and the counterpart, it might be added, is not far from Hoboken. Whether or not the bayonet got its name from first having been fabricated at Bayonne is somewhat of a mystery to even the best historians, but, anyway, Bayonne boasts a beautiful cathedral, an old fortress haunted by memories of the Black Prince of England, and excellently appointed shops where—(secret)—Biarritz souvenirs may be obtained much more cheaply than in that seaside resort itself.

It was in Bayonne, too, that Napoleon I lived and plotted, at the Château Miramar across the river from the town proper, along about 1808.

Hendaye, on the Spanish border, can be reached from Biarritz by train in about an hour, the round-trip fare costing well under two francs. From there the permissionnaire may look into Spain from the French side of the international bridge, which he may not cross.

The M.P.'s who hang around, casual-like, just to see that he doesn't try to bolt and set foot in the neighboring neutral anyway, claim to be the farthest south members of the A.E.F. Up to the hour of going to press their names were: Cpl. Scott Schneck and Pvts. Frank F. Wyman, Leonard Bowden, William Tressell and J. Perrotta, all of the 217th M.P. Company. But, being so lonely and all 'way down there, with nobody but themselves to buddy with, they're awfully kind to strangers in O.D.

"Marseille?" they query, when their claim to farthest south is questioned. "Marseille nuthin'! They don't border on anything but water, while we border on a real country. Off that Marseille stuff!" And so it goes.

The Pyrenees also form the site of a French Aviation School, where many of the master airmen of France and her famous aces received their training. The field, which is near Pau, was chosen for aviation purposes by Wilbur Wright.

Pau, a pretty little town, rich in historical associations, and situated on a slightly rising site, with the magnificent chain of the Pyrenees running from west to east for 70 miles, forming a distant skyline, is becoming a popular leave area for Yanks on Class B leave. This class gives a man 14 days of gypsying and does not confine him to one spot.

Before the days of Nice the city was the real winter resort of southern France. Interest for visitors centers first in the castle where Henry of Navarre, afterward Henry IV of France, was born. The massive carved bedstead and the huge tortoise shell cradle in which the royal infant spent his early days can still be seen in the old castle, which dates back to the early thirteenth century. Other places of interest are the Musee, with a fine collection of paintings, statuary, antiques and library, and the Winter Palace, with its glass exterior.

The Boulevard des Pyrenees, a broad avenue circling the southern section of the city, is a fascinating promenade more than a mile long, 50 feet wide, and commanding a superb view of the mountains, with many little towns in the depths.

Another point of interest in the majestic chain of mountains forming the boundary between France and Spain is Tarbes, birthplace of Marshal Foch. The house in which he was born is probably one of the most snap-shotted buildings in France. It stands on a narrow street, not far from the center of the city, and bears a tablet indicating its connection with the distinguished Frenchman. And the street has been most appropriately renamed Rue de la Victoire.

What Yanks of Catholic faith on leave in the Pyrenees are mostly interested in is Lourdes, with its famous old castle of checkered history, perched on the summit of a cliff. The story of Lourdes is that the Virgin Mary appeared to Bernadette Soubirous, a girl of the old town, in 1858, and the grotto in which the vision is said to have appeared has become a Catholic shrine known throughout the world.

About the entrance to the grotto are hung many weather-beaten crutches, left there by persons who had been cured of their ailments through the virtue of the shrine, and the spring beside it.

The Y.M.C.A. divisional secretary in the leave area publishes a "Pyrenees Bulletin," which describes the points of interest in the border leave centers and relates their historical significances. Five Thousand bulletins are distributed weekly.

The K. of C. people, who have a well-appointed hut at Lourdes and a charming little villa at Biarritz, also get out a sheet each week, giving the news of the leave region.

One Yank will always shake hands with himself because of his hardihood in the ascent of a certain peak in southern France. A Y girl had announced an excursion to the summit for the following day. When the hour arrived snow was falling, and this Yank was the only man who showed up. True to her promise, the girl took him out for a hike.

One of the points of interest for American soldiers on leave in Luchon was the Church of St. Aventin, in a little town of the same name, about six kilometers from Luchon. St. Aventin was a zealous hermit who lived at the time the Saracens were invading France. He set forth, single-handed, to repel the invasion. The followers of the crescent first jeered at him, then ended by cutting off his head. This spot is marked by a little shrine or kiosk. After his decapitation it is said that he took his head in his hands, walked up the path with it, and so terrified the Saracens that they rushed back to Spain in terror.

Before the American soldiers came, Eaux Bonnes was a sleepy little town of about 600 inhabitants. Before they left it was a wide-awake, bustling little burg, with a big canteen running full blast, and with the village, the roads and the mountains about it alive with wearers of O.D., the place took on a bustling aspect which even the coming of the Empress Eugénie, widow of Napoleon III, and the appearance of the King and Queen of Spain, who had a summer home there, did not rival.

There is one Yank, at least, in the A.E.F., who isn't crabbing because he had learned how to wig-wag. He was on leave at Eaux Bonnes, while that area was still open, and while hiking in the mountains, he fell over a cliff. Luckily, he lodged in some brush part way down, where he hung helpless. Presently there appeared above him a party of soldiers out on an excursion, and they sighted him. He wig-wagged his predicament, and was hauled up with ropes.

Why Men Re-enlist in the Army
1. To avoid putting stamps on letters.
2. To escape the income tax.
3. To get away from high collars and cuffs.
4. To make money.
5. The wife.

Why Men Don't Re-enlist
1. To avoid hikes.
2. To escape the Army slum.
3. To get away from inspections.
4. To make money.
5. The wife.

—Deux Mots (University of Clermont-Ferrand).

What has become of the old-fashioned land-lubber who said last summer that he wouldn't cross that ocean again until they built a bridge over it? They say he was an Engineer, at that.)—La Croix de Gièvres (Engineer Sub-Post, G.L.S.D.).

'Twas a little boy with grimy toes
That dogged my footsteps as I went
From Quelquepiace to Quelquechose
And pestered me with ill intent.
"Cigarette! Sing-sing gum!"
Gwan!
Beat it!

Of comrades full ten thou has he;
They harry me from dawn to night
With raucous cries and devilish glee.
And outstretched hands and futile spite
"Cigarette! Sing-sing gum!"
Gwan!
Beat it!

A thousand curses on his tribe,
The skeeters of Montpellier,
That pester stude and lowly scribe
With feeble piping and loud bray.
"Cigarette! Sing-sing gum!"
Gwan!
Beat it!

—Soldier-Student (University of Montpellier).

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get all us boys a discharge,
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And she got a big hobnail barrage.
—Rumbler (M.T.C., Sampigny).

THE RETURN HOME

As He pictured it

10 a.m.—Train arrives, amid hurrahs of the crowd and music by the village fife and drum corps.

11 a.m.—Speech of welcome by the mayor. Patriotic song by school children. Presentation of purse by president of the Chamber of Commerce.

12 m.—Banquet in the town hall.

1 p.m.—Automobile tour of city to see new improvements.

2 p.m.—Box party at theater for discharged soldiers.

6 p.m.—Dinner at home.

8 p. m.—A quiet evening with his best girl.

As It Really Happened

2 a.m.—Local train finally pulls in after a ten-hour trip and deposits our hero, covered with soot and loaded with official papers and his pack. Station deserted, no cars running.

2:30 a.m.—Arrival at home after a mile-and-a-half hike on cement pavements.

3 a.m.—Welcome by sound-sleeping family, after much pounding on door and bell-ringing.

3:15 a.m.—Luncheon. Rice, pickles and cold meat from ice-box.

3:30 a.m.—Bed!—Deux Mots (University of Clermont-Ferrand).

Of all the toots that the tooter toots,
Be his bugle large or small,
The only toot that'll make the scoot
Is the toot sweet home recall.
—Federes Weekly (Ft. Federes, Brest).

Private Christiansen: Should you spell "Army" with a capital?

Private Tweed: No. There is no capital in Army. Only labor.—Federes Weekly (Ft. Federes, Brest).

FAVORITE FRUITS

A date with a peach.
A date with a pair.
Figs sans leaves.
Ma Cherie.—Qu'est-Ce Que C'est? (University of Toulouse).

Wouldn't it be bully fun to get back from the war before everybody forgets there's been a war?—Qu-est-Ce Que C'est? (University of Toulouse).

Lieut. R. P. Young, who is also on duty at General Headquarters, sent in a nice letter, too, but if he means the subscription as a prediction on the length of our stay over here, we're off him for life!

He has paid for 20 weeks in advance.—Pop Valve (Transportation Corps, 19th Grand Division).

Gloomy says that the only thing that can make an American soldier downhearted is lack of mail from the right girl or national prohibition in France.—Camp Dodger (88th Division).

The week's best laugh occurred when our medical sergeant marked our company clerk "light duty."—Wind Mill (Rotterdam Base).

The overseas cap has done one thing—made more business for the oculists.—Diamond (5th Division).

Sing a song of sonteems,
A pocketful of rye,
Four and 20 clackers
Will buy a drink for I.
If you've 40 pfennig,
Tell you what to do:
Put them all together
And buy a drink for two.
—Diamond (5th Division).

As the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, "It's a long time between divisions."—Wild Cat (81st Division).

AMERICAN EYE CLASSES
E. B. Meyrowitz
OPTICIAN
3, Rue Scribe PARIS
LONDON 1, Old Bond St. NEW YORK 520 Fifth Ave.

For strains and sprains
Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN
penetrates without rubbing

Let Truly Warner Be Your Hatter
When Uncle Sam Quits
Truly Warner
Commander-in-Chief of Smart Hatters
NEW YORK and EVERYWHERE

THE ST-NAZAIRE AGENCY
of
The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company
Will be discontinued June 28th, 1919 and all accounts will be transferred to the Paris Office, 41 Boulevard Hausmann, unless written instructions to remit elsewhere are received

Est. 1837 Inc. 1866
THE BRISTOL MFG. CO.
Bristol, Conn., U.S.A.
Knit Underwear for Men
"Sandman" Sleeping Garments

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White.
Valspar Varnish has been "doing its bit" in the aviation service of the Allies, ever since the war started. It is accepted as the standard varnish for airplanes and seaplanes, as well as for all other varnish purposes.
VALENTINE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

AMERICAN MILITARY and NAVAL FORCES
CREDIT LYONNAIS
Head Office: LYONS
Central Office: PARIS, 19 Boulevard des Italiens
BANKING BUSINESS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION WITH ENGLISH-SPEAKING STAFF
EVERY FACILITY FOR FOREIGNERS
Branches in all principal French towns, among others the following:
Amiens, Angers, Angoulême, Bar-le-Duc, Bayonne, Belfort, Besançon, Blois, Bordeaux, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Brest, Caen, Calais, Cannes, Cette, Chaumont, Dieppe, Dijon, Dunkirk, Epernay, Epinal, Fécamp, Havre, La Rochelle, Limoges, Marseilles, Nancy, Nantes, Nice, Orleans, Rennes, Rochefort, Rouen, Saint-Dizier, Saint-Malo, Toulon, Tours, Trouville, Troyes, Vannes, Versailles, Vitry-le-François, Bourges, Clermont-Ferrand, Issoudun, Nevers, Saint-Raphael, Vierzon.

Nothing is too good for the boys in the Service!
We take pride in supplying our land and sea forces with the highest grade chocolates.
Whitman's Chocolates
Made in Philadelphia U.S.A. Since 1842 by
Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.

A QUICK, smooth, clean shave under any and all conditions is assured with the 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor. Stubborn beards and tender skins appreciate the marvelously keen "Radio" Blades—protected from air and moisture by individual patented packages.
'Ever-Ready' Safety Razors and 'Ever-Ready' "Radio" Blades can be obtained at Y.M.C.A. and other canteens.
Ever-Ready Safety Razor $1

THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK
PARIS OFFICE: 23, RUE DE LA PAIX (Place de l'Opéra).
Member of the Federal Reserve System
United States Depositary of Public Moneys
Agents for Paymasters and other Disbursing Officers
Offers its Banking Facilities to the Officers and Men of the
AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY
SERVING IN FRANCE
LONDON, 3 King William St., E.C.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York
Paris: 1 & 3 Rue des Italiens
United States Government Depository in France and in England.
Affords Americans the Services of an American Bank with American Methods.
Special Facilities to the American Expeditionary Forces
Capital and Surplus - - - - - - - $ 50,000,000
Resources more than - - - - - - - $700,000,000

CONGOLEUM Gold Seal ART-RUGS
When you get back to the good old U.S.A., don't fail to have the dealer in your home town show you the latest patterns.
Congoleum is the famous American floor-covering—beautiful, durable, waterproof and sanitary, yet low-priced.
It is not only made in the form of Art-Rugs, but also in Art-Carpets (3 yards wide) and Congoleum (2 yards wide) for use over the entire floor.
It comes in a wide range of artistic designs suitable for any room where a low-priced floor-covering is desired.
Look for the Gold Seal when you buy.
The Congoleum Company
Department of The Congoleum Company
Philadelphia Boston San Francisco Chicago