



THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1, NO. 1.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 1, 1918.

FREE TO SOLDIERS

"Aircout's Snapshot" Published for Men of Aerial School of Photography with Indorsement of the "Y"-K. C.

There never was a doubt as to the need of newspaper for the boys. From the time that the first bunch of "rookies" arrived, it was evident that something was lacking. The personal touch was not there, and getting acquainted was not the easiest matter.

So it was that the idea of "The Aircout's Snapshot" was conceived. Like Topsy, it "just grew." But to put out the first issue of the paper was another matter, and the story of the initial endeavors reads more like a dime novel than the work of getting out a weekly newspaper.

Suffice to say that "The Aircout's Snapshot" to-day makes its first bid for the approval of the soldier-students of the United States Army School of Aerial Photography. From the first the paper was indorsed by Angelo Newman, the popular K. of C. secretary, and John A. Wells, the equally energetic and congenial representative of the Y. M. C. A. at the school.

"Bully" Says Angelo!

"Bully," exclaimed the genial Angelo, and his expansive countenance let loose an honest to gosh Arbutuckle smile. And the "Y" representative was just as enthusiastic. First, however, the permission had to be obtained from Captain Charles F. Betz, commandant of the school, and the matter was at once placed in his hands.

Though not so spontaneous, Captain Betz's indorsement of the school paper

was just as hearty as that of Newman and Wells. His decision was made after a lengthy consultation with his associate officers, which made the indorsement all the more encouraging. Captain Betz agreed to act as censor for the paper, and the agreement was made that all "copy" should be submitted for his approval.

The letter of indorsement issued from the "Y"-K. C. hut is as follows:

Official School Paper!
May 15, 1918.

Mr. Fremont Chester,
Editor, Aircout's Snapshot,
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Believing that a weekly newspaper would contribute greatly to the interest and efficiency of the men of the United States Army School of Aerial Photography, we very gladly indorse your suggestion, and stand ready and willing to help make "THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT" a success.

We believe there is a need for a paper published for the men of the school, and with the permission of Captain Charles F. Betz, commanding officer, we are glad to recognize THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT as the official school paper.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) JOHN A. WELLS,
Y. M. C. A. Sec.
ANGELO NEWMAN,
K. of C. Secretary.

Commandant Betz Official Censor of School Paper



CAPTAIN CHARLES F. BETZ, U. S. A., commandant of the United States Army School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, who will act as censor of all items submitted for publication in "The Aircout's Snapshot." It is with the permission of Captain Betz that the paper is printed.

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

HAS TO RUN TO KEEP UP WITH SOLDIERS THAT DO HUNDRED IN NOTHING FLAT

One by one—each time with a puff and two sighs—Angelo, the Arbutuckle Knights of Columbus secretary, climbed the stairs of the barrack to the office of Captain Betz. When he reached the commandant's office he was out of breath, to say the least.

"The captain is on the field, drilling the boys," announced Miss Dorian, secretary to the commanding officer. Angelo sighed, looked troubled, then relieved, and finally hung the upper portion of his massive frame from a window of the barrack overlooking the field. There he saw the captain, running here, jumping there and trying his best to watch all of the four or five ring circus at the same time.

Of a sudden Captain Betz appeared, coming up the barrack steps two at a time. Angelo looked in bewilderment. "Phew," he said. "Do you do that very often, Captain?"

"Sure! When they're going a hundred yards in 10 2-5 down there—well, you've got to run to keep up to those boys."

May Build Caproni Planes Here.

Caproni biplanes for the American Army in France will be made in this country, it has been announced by Signal Corps officers. Although no contracts have been signed, it is expected that before the end of the end quantity production of the new machines will be under way. The planes will be used for night bombing. It is believed that the Italian aircraft mission, which will reach this country soon, will bring the latest revised plans for the construction of the powerful machines.

Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. Join Hands for First Time in World at Kodak Park Recreation Hut



ANGELO NEWMAN, K. of C. secretary, and John A. Wells, representing the Y. M. C. A., at the recreation hut. Both of the men have made hundreds of soldier friends since coming to the school.

BASS DRUM AND TROMBONE NEEDED BY SCHOOL BAND

Call it band or orchestra, there's going to be music at the "Y"-K. C. hut from now on. And that's from no less a person than Leader Arnold W. Remark, music editor of "The Aircout's Snapshot"! Arnold has a lot of notes up his sleeve and soon proposes to unburden them on the ever subservient soldiers.

But more noise is needed. There isn't the usual bang to the music that permeates the hut when the "musikers" get together. Arnold wants a bass drum and trombone badly. He also says he has a blower ready for a crack at a cornet and another who will whistle through a clarinet reed at a good clip.

Anybody playing any instrument, or anyone having a musical instrument that is not being used should get in touch with Leader Arnold.

"Y"-K. C. SECRETARIES HELP SOLDIERS IN THREE ROCHESTER ORGANIZATIONS

Now alone do Wells and Newman, the popular "Y" and K. C. secretaries at the aircouts' hut, enter to the likes and dislikes of the Kodak Park school. There are other soldiers in Rochester, and all of them are looked after by the two secretaries.

Piano and Vitrola records have been procured for the men of Captain Crowell's motor convoy unit at Exposition Park. The same have been provided for the boys under Captain Bailey at the draft barracks at Mechanics Institute.

Three sets of stationary have been provided—for the aircouts, the motor convoy, and the draft barracks. Provision has also been made for providing stationary and information to soldiers in the city temporarily.

SPECIAL SERVICE IN SACRED HEART CHURCH FOR AIRSCOUTS

Before the last of the "first to come" bunch left the school, a number of the aircouts visited Sacred Heart Church in Flower City Park, where, after the mass and a triduum of spiritual exercises, conducted personally by Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, a photograph of the bunch was taken. In the group besides the Bishop and the soldiers, were Rev. George V. Burns, pastor of the church, and Rev. Francis W. Mason, assistant pastor, both of whom take an active interest in the spiritual and social welfare of the aircouts.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

Moose Present Athletic Outfits to Soldier Boys

The older fellows—those who like to call themselves members of the "first to come" bunch—know. But it is doubtful if the young men, the newer arrivals at the school, realize just where the athletic outfit at the "Y"-K. C. hut came from. Rochester Lodge 113, Loyal Order of Moose, presented the outfit to the school. The same fellows also bought an outfit for Captain Crowell's motor convoy unit at Exposition Park. And then they went "over the top" by buying a third outfit for the soldier-students at the draft barracks at Mechanics Institute. The three outfits cost nearly \$350.

Here are the men who "put over" the gifts: James T. Fox, David Clark, Charles

B. Tutty, Mat. Wells, Harry Morris and Patrick H. Galvin.

Here's the Way To Get into Service

Private R. L. McNamara of Pittsburgh, Pa., is what you might call a real patriot. Soon after Kaiser Bill sank the Lusitania, R. L. decided to get into the fight. When the chance came for Uncle Sam to act, R. L. marched to the recruiting office.

In fact, he marched to a number of 'em, but every time he walked right in, turned around, and walked right out again. They wouldn't accept R. L. So R. L. tried the draft board. There, too, he was refused the uniform of Uncle Sam. Then he got a job as chief clerk on one of the Pittsburgh boards, inducted himself into service, signed his transportation papers—and, boys, take off your hat to Private R. L.!

Soldiers Enjoy Trip to "Blighty" and Help Rochester Go "Over the Top" in Third Liberty Bond Sales



ROCHESTER OWES much of its success in the Third Liberty Loan campaign to soldiers from the Kodak Park School. Here are shown some of the boys selling a bond to one of Rochester's fairest.



THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography.

FREMONT CHESTER, Editor.
W. G. BROADBOOKS, Business Manager.

CAPTAIN CHARLES F. BETZ, Commanding Officer, Censor.

LIEUT. THEODORE J. LINDORFF, Adjutant, Associate Editor.

LIEUT. RICHARD GILDERSLEEVE, Associate Editor.

LIEUT. RAYMOND J. BROWN, Director of Recreation, Sporting Editor.

HOWARD W. LORD, Cartoonist.

SERGT. HERBERT JACOBI, Entertainments Editor.

INSTRUCTOR EARL L. HOUSE, Dramatic Editor.

LEADER ARNOLD W. REMARK, Music Editor.

SERGT. HARRY W. MURPHY, Director of Correspondents.

INSTRUCTOR JOSEPH C. BEAVEN, "Column of Squads" Editor.

ANGELO NEWMAN, K. of C. Representative.

JOHN A. WELLS, Y. M. C. A. Representative.

THE SNAPSHOT'S FIRST SNAP.

Herewith is submitted for the approval of the soldier-students the first issue of The Airscout's Snapshot, the official publication of the United States Army School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park. The publication is indorsed both by the Young Men's Christian Association and the Knights of Columbus, and is issued with the permission of Captain Charles F. Betz, commandant of the school. It is planned to publish the paper every week, Saturday being chosen as the date of issuance.

The Airscout's Snapshot is published in the interests of the soldier-students of the school. It is their paper, and its destiny is in their hands. Will the first snap break the plate, or will the snapshot keep on snapping?

The answer must come from the soldiers. Their interest in the paper, both as to its news items and advertising, spells victory or defeat for The Airscout's Snapshot. If it fails, it will be the first army publication to "go under" since Uncle Sam entered the war. It is the hope of the publishers that The Snapshot will keep on snapping, each time bringing to a better focus the interests of the soldiers.

For the news columns, The Snapshot wants short, pointed items, written without malice. No "time exposure" stories can be used; every item must be a "snapshot." The Snapshot is supported entirely by its advertising. Therefore the soldiers are asked to read the ads before making purchases.

As all news matter in The Snapshot must be censored by Captain Betz, we ask contributors to refrain from submitting questionable items.

The Red Cross Spirit Speaks.

By John H. Finley.

I kneel behind the soldiers' trench,
I walk with shambles' smear and stench,
The dead I mourn,
I bear the stretcher and I bend
O'er Sammy, Pierre and Jack and mend
What shells have torn.

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
And love can live,
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering
Or solace give.

I am your pennies and your pounds;
I am your bodies on their rounds
Of pain afar;
I am you, doing what you would
If you were only where you could—
Your avatar.

The cross which on my arm I wear,
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
Is but the sign
Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
Of war's red line.

PANORAMA PICTURES READY.

The panorama picture of the whole outfit, size 10 by 75 inches, will be mailed from the Hut on receipt of postal or express money order for \$1.75. Make orders payable to Y. M. C. A.-K. of C. Hut, U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography, Rochester, N. Y.—Adv.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

ROCHESTER DEDICATES TREE TO AIRSCOUTS



Upper—Superintendent of Parks William S. Riley, Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, Lieutenant Raymond J. Brown, director of recreation at the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, who took part in the programme; Captain Charles F. Betz, commandant at the Kodak Park school, who accepted the tree dedicated to the aerial fighters, and Colonel John F. Skinner of Rochester Base Hospital.

Lower—The tree dedicated to the aerial fighters.

THAT the care, protection and conservation of America's vast forests will do as much as any one thing to help win the war was brought out forcibly by Captain Betz on Arbor Day, in an address delivered at the Arbor opening of Seneca Park, one of Rochester's most beautiful recreation spots. Captain Betz accepted a large tree, dedicated to the air fighters of America. In his acceptance, he spoke as follows:

"To-day we meet for the celebration of Arbor Day. The observance of Arbor Day by the schools of the State of New York had its official beginning in the year 1889. In 1864 Hon. George P. Marsh, representative of the United States at different times to various European Courts, wrote a book entitled, "Man to Nature", dealing with great efforts being put forth by many European countries to reforest large areas which had been recklessly destroyed generations before. One chapter of his book in particular, entitled "The Woods", aroused much interest and discussion. As a result the people began to realize that radical steps must be taken to eliminate wasteful forest destruction.

Inquiry Commission Named.

"The Committee on Public Lands of the House of Representatives in 1874 recommended the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry into the destruction of forests and measures necessary to be taken for the preservation of valuable timber; two years later Congress authorized the same. The Secretary of Agriculture, acting upon the authority of Congress, appointed Dr. Franklin B. Hough of the State of New York the first forest commissioner, who published a complete report on forests of this country and Europe.

"The first movement practically towards setting apart some special day for tree planting was made by Hon. J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, but who was born in Jefferson County, this state. In the year 1872, two years before Congress took action, he succeeded in having the State Board of Agriculture pass a resolution stating that Wednesday, the 10th day of April, 1872, be specified and especially set apart and consecrated for tree planting in the State of Nebraska and named it Arbor Day. Over 1,000,000 trees were thus planted in the State of Nebraska, the first state to have Arbor Day, and in 1885 Arbor Day was declared a legal holiday in Nebraska. The first states to follow the splendid example of Nebraska were Kansas, Tennessee, Minnesota, Ohio and Virginia, and they followed the other states in rapid succession.

Empire State Soon Follows.

"The State of New York set apart the observance of Arbor Day in the schools by legal provision in 1889. I am proud to say that New York, my birthplace and for which I have a warm heart, (although I have traveled all through the Orient and the Philippines), has done more through its public schools to encourage 'the planting, protection and preservation of trees and shrubs' than any other state in the Union.

"The first year after the establishment of Arbor Day there were planted over 24,100 trees in this state. From 1900 until 1910 over 355,700 trees were planted.

"In this connection it is well to bear in mind that the observance of Arbor Day is doubly important during the war we are engaged in for the suppression of 'Hun' or 'German' autocracy, that our trees be given protection and new trees planted to take the place of trees necessarily cut down to be used in the manufacture of ships and vessels to convey our brave sons across the waters to 'over there,' where they are fighting to protect our glorious Red, White and Blue, and for the honor of their wives, mothers and sisters.

Trees Help Win War.

"As in the days of yore when Hudson first saw the river which bears his name, and Champlain sailed the waters of the Great Lakes, the trees were cut down to erect homes for the first settlers and stockades were built to protect our forefathers from the Indians, so we must now utilize our trees in the manufacture of vessels, trucks, field hospitals, shelter huts overseas, and numerous other articles required during this war, including the construction of airplanes to guide the army now fighting against the 'Huns.'

"In the old days our forefathers went forward and bravely fought off the Red Fox in order to protect the most priceless treasures of men—their wives and daughters. Now our brave boys must go forth to fight against the barbaric German tribes of Europe for the same cause, and as this war will necessitate the cutting down of millions of trees, we must put forth every effort in our power to plant trees to take the place of those cut down, so that the next generation will not suffer for lack of fuel, building material, implements, tools and the other necessities of life.

"Wood is one of the absolute necessities of life—it follows us from birth to death. We are rocked in cradles made of wood; we rest in chairs of wood; we eat from wooden tables; the papers and books we read and study are made of the pulp of wood; farm wagons and implements are mostly constructed of wood; half of the homes of the world are constructed of wood; barns housing the cattle which provide our meat and food are erected from wood; then when we die, we are buried in wood.

City of Beautiful Trees!

"The trees also furnish a safe shelter for our little friends, the birds, who are our best allies in fighting and killing insects that destroy our crops and flowers. In this connection I believe the City of Rochester is singularly fortunate in the absence of plant and tree destroying insects, since I find this to be a city of beautiful flowers, lawns and trees.

"In all my extensive travels through the tropics—where luxuriant foliage, trees and flowers abound because climatic conditions are more favorable to the growth of vegetation, I must admit that Rochester is one of the most beautiful cities I have ever had the pleasure of visiting. Being a lover of outdoor life, and as a soldier in the tropics living out-of-doors all my life, I can fully appreciate the care, time, and thought given by Rochester to her parks and flowers.

War Wrecked Countries.

"This subject brings the war home to us, when we think of the time, money and care spent by our Allies 'over there' in cultivating flowers and beautifying their homes by the planting of trees and shrubs, and patiently watching the trees blossom in the Springtime before this war, and now seeing their homes destroyed, their wives, daughters and sweethearts crushed and trampled under the feet of the 'blood maddened barbarians', their sons and husbands shot down in the righteous fight of protection—for the greatest instinct for the human race is the protection of its own. And if we don't show our mettle, we will experience the same wanton destruction in our country. But the American men, loyally supported by their patriotic wives and daughters, who are doing their bit in Red Cross work, knitting, making bandages, selling Liberty Bonds, etc., thus backing up our glorious American manhood in the trenches, will crush completely German autocracy from the face of the globe, and imperialism will be a thing of the past and Democracy reign in its stead.

"Then, when our loved ones return and our glorious Red, White and Blue floats

Congratulations!

HOLTZ—WOLF.

The wedding of Miss Oleda K. Wolf of Clarksburg, West Virginia, and Lieutenant Dennis D. Holtz took place on May 22 at the home of the officiating clergyman, Rev. D. L. Martin, at 893 Meigs Street. Lieutenant and Mrs. Holtz have procured temporary quarters at the Hotel Seneca. Lieutenant Holtz is one of the most popular officers in the airscouts' school.

DEVINE—AYERS.

Private Earl W. DeVine and Miss Mae Frances Ayers were married on May 25 by Rev. W. E. Murray. The witnesses were Mrs. Leo Colton and Michael Scanlon.

MOTHERS, SISTERS AND SWEETHEARTS OF SOLDIERS WANT ROOMS NEAR SCHOOL

Mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the airscouts at Kodak Park are anxious to visit their boys. When they come, they usually look for rooms in the vicinity of the school, with or without board. Efforts are being made by Wells and Newman, "Y." and K. C. secretaries at the hut, to meet that demand. Already a number of available places have been listed at the office. If you know of others, tell Wells or Newman.

Sees Son's Picture in Magazine.

Nobody is more patriotic than Messenger Fred Millener, who daily plots the way through the corners of doubt in the barrack. And nobody has a finer son than Messenger Millener—no sir, nobody! Private Harry A. Millener of Headquarters Company, 147th Field Artillery, is the lad, and he's "over there" with Pershing. Recently Messenger Millener was looking through Leslie's when he saw a picture of Pershing inspecting the Sammys. And there—yes sir, right on the left hand end—was Private Harry A. Millener. "Oh, boy, 'twas a grand and glorious feeling," says Messenger Millener.

More Power to You, Howard!

Howard Edds, though he be a minister's son, has the right idea as to patriotism. Howard was out in Danville, Ill., last week where he attended a German Lutheran Church. The sermon was delivered in English, and Howard heard all of it up to the point where the pastor said: "The Tuscania was going over to give the Germans hell, when a Kaiser submarine met her and gave her all the hell she wanted." That was too much for the minister's son, who promptly picked up a husky hymnal and let it slide, hitting the pro-German minister squarely in the chops. The congregation started after Edds, but he used his six feet of height and 200 pounds of muscle to good advantage and settled the riot before the arrival of the police, to whom he turned over the pastor.

"Recent great British air raids far into German's interior are arousing popular demands for an efficiently planned uninterrupted air drive that will paralyze the empire industrially and crush the German home morale," says a London dispatch under date of May 23.

Realizing the danger to Paris buildings if the new giant German Gothas drop their monster bombs containing 1,700 pounds of explosives, the aerial defense of the capital are being strongly reinforced.

Pershing's official communique of May 24 reports the destruction of two airplanes by the Americans.

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"The Line of Flight"

British bombing planes crossed the western fighting front early on May 16 and headed straight for Saarbruecken in Rhenish Prussia, more than 200 miles from the British air bases in Belgium and more than thirty miles inside the Franco-German border. Two dozen big bombs were dropped on railway stations and factories. Though 25 Hun machines engaged the Britishers in a running fight, only one allied machine was lost.

Allied air supremacy on the western front was demonstrated on May 16, when 47 Hun planes were downed with a loss of only eighteen allied machines. Forty of the German planes were bagged by the British, and seven by the French airmen.

British airmen made a daylight raid on Cologne (Koeln), the big German fortified city on the Rhine, on May 17. They dropped 33 bombs on the railway stations, factories and barracks. Before returning the aviators also dropped tons of bombs on the railway stations at Metz, the big German fortress in Lorraine. All the planes returned to their base.

Curtis Tilton of Philadelphia, now living at Biarritz, France, has offered five prizes of 1,000 francs each to American aviators bringing down German machines.

Charles Evans Hughes, former Supreme Court Justice, began his preliminary investigation of the reported aircraft production graft on May 17, when he visited the Capitol and conferred with Attorney General Gregory and Assistant Attorney General William Frierson.

Aerial mail service between New York City and Washington was established on May 15. Lieutenant T. H. Webb left Belmont Park, New York, at 11.30 a. m. and arrived in Philadelphia, a distance of 85 miles, in an hour and thirty minutes, or at 1 p. m. Second Lieutenant J. C. Edgerton left the Quaker City at 1.06 p. m. and arrived in Washington, a distance of 140 miles, in an hour and 44 minutes, or at 2.50 p. m.

The trip to New York from Washington was made by Lieutenant George L. Boyle and Lieutenant Paul Culver. The former left Washington at 11.47 a. m. and was forced to land at Waldorf, Md., 25 miles from the starting point, because of machine trouble. Lieutenant Culver left Philadelphia at 2.20 p. m. and flew the 85 miles to Belmont Park, arriving at 3.35 p. m.

American fighting planes flying over the Toul sector in France brought down three German machines on May 15. The destruction of the enemy planes was accomplished only after brilliant air fights in sunny skies. In each instance, the American fliers outwitted the Huns by taking positions in the sun, where they were invisible to their foes.

The story of a thrilling air battle between Lieutenant Eddie Rickenbacker and a German flier was told in Pershing's communique of May 19. It says: "Last evening, north of Toul, Lieutenant Rickenbacker, flying at 5,000 meters, was pursuing an Albatross type plane, when a second machine came between them. Lieutenant Rickenbacker struck the tail of the second machine, taking it off and apparently forcing the hostile plane down out of control. Although his own machine was badly damaged, he succeeded in returning safely to his own lines.

"About the same time Captain Peterson attacked a two-seated machine, signalled to him in the vicinity of St. Mihiel; the enemy machine descended, apparently falling in a nose dive.

"Lieutenant Chambers at about the same time engaged two hostile machines, of which one was seen to fall. The other was pursued without results."

Allied aviators are taking a heavy toll of Hun machines. The French official communique of May 19 reports 38 enemy machines had been brought down in the last 24 hours and 44 tons of bombs were dropped in the enemy zone.

"Since May 8 we have destroyed nineteen enemy airplanes and one balloon," says the War Office report issued in London on May 19.

The British on May 19 reported that 23 German machines were brought down the day previous. Nine British machines were missing. Twenty-nine tons of bombs were dropped on the German battle area. Zeebrugge was again raided by British machines.

Lieutenant Bongartz, the "Ace" of the German Flying Corps, was shot down by a British aviator on May 19, according to a report from the Frankfurter Zeitung, from Zurich, via London. He received a bullet wound in the eye and is now convalescing in a hospital.

Sub-Lieutenant Fonck, French "ace", was reported unofficial on May 21 to have brought down three more German airplanes. That made a total of 45 enemy machines to his credit.

"A thousand German airplanes have been brought down or driven out of control since the German offensive began two months ago," the London War Office announced on May 20. More than 1,000 tons of bombs were dropped behind the German lines in that period.

Varied List of Entertainments Keeps Soldiers in Good Humor at Y. M. C. A.-K. C. Recreation Hut

There isn't a ghost of a show for the blues when once in the "Y." K. C. hut. If isn't there to give the airscout a hearty handshake, Brother Newman is there with his usual line of conversation. And many are the good shows that have been "put over" on the stage in the west end of the big auditorium.

But in passing a brief description of the hut, its opening and purposes are interesting. For the first time in the country—and the claim is also undisputed that it was the first time in the world—the "Y." and the K. of C. "got together," shook hands and decided to work in double harness for the airscouts. The hut was the answer.

Opened on April 8.

It was on the night of April 8, that the hut was formally opened. Henry D. Shedd, representing the "Y.", was chairman, and Joseph Fritsch, jr., served as chairman of the reception committee. The building was presented to the airscouts by

George T. Roche, grand knight of Rochester Council 178, K. of C., in behalf of the Knights of Columbus, and by Louis S. Foulkes, president of the Rochester Y. M. C. A., in behalf of the "Y." Captain Betz, commandant of the school, accepted the hut for the boys.

Then a programme of stunts was put on, and the hut belonged to the airscouts.

Since that day many of the Rochester theaters have sent professional entertainers to the hut to amuse the boys. Among those who appeared during the last few weeks of the winter vaudeville season were Neil Collins and Frances Kennedy from the Temple; Jimmy Shea, Zela Sisters, William Lytell & Company, Jerome and Main, and The Telephone Tangle from Fay's; Stella Mayhew from the Temple; Adline and Ott, Honeyboy Minstrels, and Burt FitzGibbons, from the Temple. The Family Theater also has offered to send acts to the hut. Other entertainers include Fred Wagner's Merry Minstrels' Review, and the Loyal Order of Moose.

AMERICA HAS AVIATOR ARMY

More Men Trained To Fly Than in All Rest of World.

CONGRESSMAN GIVES FACTS Germany and Her Allies Have 21,000,000 Men, but Uncle Sam Will Beat Them.

"When we declared war on Germany, 152 men in America could fly. To-day more Americans can fly than there are aviators in all the other countries of the world combined," declared Congressman Charles Pope Caldwell of New York, speaking before the Rochester Ad Club at Hotel Rochester recently.

The Congressman came to Rochester to tell something of what had been done by the United States toward winning the war in the thirteen months which have elapsed since the declaration of a state of war with Germany. He is chairman of a number of important committees which have had to do with preparations for the struggle.

Huns Have 21,000,000 Men.

Germany and the allies of Germany, said Congressman Caldwell, have 21,000,000 men available as fighters, although not all are in the trenches or in uniform. Millions are at work behind the lines. When a man is wounded, a worker is put in uniform and takes the place of the wounded man. "Somebody asks me how long the war will last. I can only say that it will last until America is victorious. I do not expect it to be finished before 1924; but in any event, we shall stay on the job until the Kaiser and his minions are whipped."

By nomination of President Woodrow Wilson on May 20, the Aircraft Division was separated from the Signal Corps. In the reorganization of the Aircraft Department, Major General William L. Kenly was designated by the President as director of military aeronautics. John D. Ryan, recently appointed chairman of the Aircraft Board, has been made executive officer of the Bureau of Aircraft Production. Major General George O. Squier, who previously had exercised general authority over aircraft matters, will in the future confine his activities in the Signal Corps.

American manufacturers plan to ship 350 Liberty motors to British airplane factories before July 1. The Ford plant at Detroit is equipped to produce 100 Liberty motors a day, and will reach that point in a few weeks, officials say. The Ford-made motor will be machine tooled.

Major Raoul Lufbery, most daring of all American air pilots, leaped to death in France when an incendiary bullet penetrated one of the gasoline tanks of his Nieuport machine, according to official reports of May 19. He had many times discussed the possibility of such a death, and coolly took the leap when the bullet hit the tank, rather than be enveloped in flames.

Thirty-seven men, women and children were killed, and 155 others wounded when German airmen raided London on the night of May 19. Six persons were injured in the provinces.

A battle squadron of American biplane hovered above as the body of Captain Antonio Silvio Resnati, the Italian "ace" who was accidentally killed while flying at Hazelhurst Field, was escorted to the train by a guard of honor at Hempstead on May 21. The air was suddenly filled with showers of roses and carnations, dropped in silent tribute to the dead aviator.



"Column of Squads"

Captain Betz and Lieutenant Brown visited Seneca Park on Saturday, May 18, and took part in the formal opening of that recreation center. Captain Betz officially accepted a tree dedicated to the air fighters of Uncle Sam.

Cass W. Whitney, an instructor in the Extension Department of the College of Agriculture at Cornell University, has been accepted for service in the aerial division of the army. He is taking special instruction in topography at the school.

Mat. Wells, known to all sport readers as the former light-weight champion of England, has evidenced his interest in the airscouts. Already Mat. has put on a few good boxing matches for the boys, and others will follow. Mat. believes boxing aids in making soldiers, and most everybody except a "conscientious objector" agrees with him.

The Prince Street Players put on a special programme of one act plays for the benefit of the airscouts in their hall at 47 Prince Street on April 30. A large bunch of fellows went down to the city to see the show, which they declared well worth while.

The Senate investigation of aircraft production charges began on May 21.

"The fifth arm—the airplane—is preparing to rupture the land equilibrium," writes Colonel Roussot of Paris, in La Liberté under date of May 22. "It is acquiring increasing importance in the solution of the conflict." Press dispatches of the same day commenced on the slaughtering of German reserves by machine guns of British and French aviators flying low above the enemy concentrations in the rear of the battle front.

Moose Park

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On Beautiful Irondequoit Bay

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To All Soldier Boys

Officers and members of Rochester Lodge No. 113, Loyal Order of Moose, hereby issue a standing invitation to all men in uniform, and to the boys at Kodak Park especially, to visit them and be their guests at MOOSE PARK, the summer home of the lodge, and one of the most pleasant resorts on lake or bay.

Come Often—the Gate Will Always Be Open.

Good vaudeville, dancing, amusements galore, fishing, boating, and the best of food.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

You Men With Soldier Friends In Other Camps Will Be Glad To Know

—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men.

You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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202 Main Street East

Developed and Printed 24-Hour Service

A-1 Taxis
\$1.40 An Hour
Stone 453

Representatives of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., visited the "Y." K. C. hut recently when they came to Rochester to recruit for "Y." work "over there." They came from Washington, and will submit their report to the officials at the Capitol.

Director of Operations of the Knights of Columbus War Activities John F. Deegan of Washington is expected here to inspect the "Y." K. C. hut soon. He has a brother, George G. Deegan, in the draft barracks at Mechanic Institute.

Gypsy Smith, British "Y." war worker, sent a special invitation to the school for the boys to hear his patriotic address in Convention Hall on May 26. A good sized crowd attended the meeting.

Lakeview Methodist Church extended an invitation to the boys to attend a recent lawn fete.

British aviators bombarded the hydro-aeroplane hangars and the submarine base at Cataro on May 20. The results were reported as visibly satisfying by the Italian Navy Department. The escadrille returned to its base undamaged, despite heavy anti-aircraft firing.

"Lightning" Stops Clock; but Wells Soon Gains Time

There's a speed and a snap to everything that goes on or off down at the "Y." K. C. hut at the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park. One Tuesday night there were more snaps than speed, insofar as the clocks were concerned. Every time lightning flashed, the clocks in the hut stopped—and somebody asked "Y." Secretary John A. Wells what time it was. That happened about a dozen times, when Wells finally admitted his watch was at home. Then K. of C. Secretary Angelo Newman, in behalf of members of the Friendship Class of the Y. M. C. A., presented his associate a handsome wrist watch. Thereafter the clocks in the hut received no further interference.

French Honor Americans.

The French polits joined with the Americans in the observance of Memorial Day "over there." American graves scattered here and there behind the line, with their simple wooden crosses, were decorated by the comrades in arms of the fallen. It will have a new significance on this side of the ocean, as it was the first time that American Memorial Day was observed in a foreign land.

We Sell Reliable Wrist Watches

J. R. WHITE & CO.

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English-French Dictionaries

You will find these and many more military articles on Main Floor, in Aisle D.

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Leather Money Belts	\$1.50 to \$3.50
Metal Mirrors in Cases	25¢ to \$3.00
Radiolite Wrist Watches, with pigskin straps.....	\$4.50
Photo Frames, khaki and leather	\$1.00 to \$5.00
Writing Portfolios, khaki and leather	\$2.00 to \$10.00
Flashlights	75¢ to \$3.00
Traveling Bags	\$3.00 to \$20.00
Suit Cases	\$2.00 to \$20.00
Locker Trunks	\$8.50 to \$12.00

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Everything for the Soldier and Sailor

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Emblems in all styles of
rings and pins for the
boys at Kodak Park.

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every design, from
\$5.00 to \$50.

Stephen D. Burritt

Jeweler

42 Main St. East



Out of Focus!

A DIARY.—An honest autobiography, a good keepsake, but a bad give-away.

Corporal of Guard.—"Halt, who goes there?"
New rookie from Madison Barracks.—
"Ah, you wouldn't know me anyway—I
only came here last Tuesday.

Who ever heard of anyone but Murphy
as a drum soloist?

Of the two big adjuncts of the school,
only one takes precedence over the "Y."
K. C. hut—and that's the mess hall.

Those inter-company baseball games
were well played and some good scores
secured.

Quits and indoor baseball are popular,
though used more to settle individual
grievances. That's where boxing gloves
come in handy, too.

From Dorm. 13!

FIRST SPASM.—First Private.—"Bill,
we are going on a trip next Sunday.
Would you like to go?"

Second Private.—"Where to?"

First Private.—"To Niagara Falls and
back. We will have dinner and a band
on the boat. And there will be some nice
'chickens,' too."

Second Private.—"Who are going?"

First Private.—"Tom, Dick and Harry."

Second Private.—"Who is going to row?"

SECOND SPASM.—Corporal.—"I want
eight men to do fatigue." So he picks out
eight and marches them down to a variety
of nice picks, shovels, axes, which he dis-
tributes carefully among them, as he did
not want to slight anyone. He gave an
axe to the First Private, who responded
thusly: "I thought Lincoln done away
with all of this in '61."

THIRD SPASM.—Two Hebrews, broth-
ers, joined the army and were sent across
to fight for you and yours with a camera.
They were there two weeks when they
were captured by the Germans. One of
them, Abe, writing home to Sister Rebecca,
said: "Dear Sister. Brother Jacob and I
were captured by the Germans, and we are
being treated nicely. We get grapefruit
every morning and three kinds of meat
and ice cream and cigars. The officers
can't do enough for us. They take us rid-
ing in their cars, and at night they have
a dance for our benefit, and we dance with
their wives. I guess this is all for now.
Write soon. Your loving brother, ABE.

P. S.—Brother Jacob was shot this
morning for complaining.

FOURTH SPASM.—Corporal.—"Boys, I
want you to all dig in. We are going to
have inspection of quarters, and I want
everything looking neat for the officers."

Rookie.—"I can't understand why the
officers inspect our quarters, when we
don't go over and inspect theirs."

**Airscouts Prove
Good Entertainers**

Rochester's school of airscouts has de-
veloped some royal entertainers. Among
the khaki-clad soldier-photographers are
many who have seen the "other" side of
the footlights, and they never have been
known to "fall down" on an entertainment
programme.

Members of the Seventh District Dental
Society, holding a convention here, were
entertained in Hotel Senece by a bunch of
the boys. At another time the Rochester
Rotary Club featured its luncheon with the
airscouts' programme. Recently the boys
from Captain Crowell's motor convoy unit
at Exposition Park came down to the "Y."
K. C. hut to enjoy the entertainment of the
airscouts.

Here are some of the airscouts' ent-
ertainers: Private Davis, baritone; Private
D. Fisher, chalk talk; Private Randall,
pianist; Private Britton, pianist; Private
Remark, pianist; Private House, recita-
tions; Private Uffland, wooden shoe dancer;
Private Machen, acrobatic stunts; Sergeant
Murphy, drummer and bugler; Private
Hollinger, reader; Private Klesow, chalk
talk; Private Rawnsley, ragtime drummer;
Private Carr, contra tenor; Private Morris,
baritone; Private Reed, baritone; and
Private Morgenthau, character singer.
Sergeant Jacobi usually handles the
"stunt night" programmes.

"The American airmen during the past
five weeks have caused three times as
many casualties as they have themselves
suffered," says Reuter's correspondent at
the front on May 26.

Major General William L. Kenly has
been placed in charge of the disbursement
of property and money after airplanes
have been delivered by Secretary of War
Baker. Prior to that time, disbursements
will be in the hands of Director General
Ryan of the Aircraft Board.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING



KODAK

Pictures from home—pictures of home faces and home
doings—are next best to a furlough.

Letters you want, to be sure, but tell the folks to tuck
Kodak prints in between the pages.

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from the very start.

Autographic Kodaks . . . \$7.50 Up

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Main Street East and Stone Street

Say, Boys!

Read the Editorial in This Week's Issue of
The Pictureplay News

**STRATFORD
ROLLER RINK**

ALL THE
THRILLS
WITHOUT
THE CHILLS



Miss Katherine Stinson, whose Chicago—
New York air mail flight was to have been
completed on May 26, was held up in
Binghamton by engine trouble. Her air-
plane, injured while landing, was re-
paired, but the engine proved balky, miss-
ing fire so persistently that safety de-
manded postponement of the final lap of
her long flight.

An air raid warning was sounded at
10:45 o'clock on the night of May 27 in
Paris, but no hostile airplanes were re-
ported having operated in the vicinity.

That American airplanes are operating
in Flanders was intimated in a Berlin dis-
patch of May 23, which asserts that three
of the machines were downed.

Tons of bombs were dropped on the bil-
lets in the neighborhood of Peronne, Fri-
court and Bapaume on the night of May
23, the British War Office announced.
Three hostile machines were brought
down, and two others driven out of con-
trol. Three British machines were report-
ed missing. Of the bombing squad, how-
ever, all planes returned safely.



THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1, NO. 2.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 8, 1918.

FREE TO SOLDIERS

As Old Glory Was Raised on the Drill Field



FROM the top of a sixty-foot pole, Old Glory now floats in the breezes on the drill field. The flag raising, simple yet impressive, took place on Saturday afternoon, June 1. There was no formal programme of exercises.

The pole was planted the day before, and at 2.15 o'clock the colors were raised while the school stood at attention. A new flag, recently raised, measures ten by nineteen feet. Herewith The Snapshot prints a number of views taken on the day Old Glory was unfurled at the school.

Pyro A and Pyro B Prove To Be Only Passing Visitors and School Is Still without a Regular Mascot

For a number of days it looked as though the problem would be solved, and that the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park would at last boast of a regular, live, honest-to-goodness mascot. In fact, there were chances of boasting of two mascots, alike enough to be twins and yet each with characteristics all its own.

Two young crows, each as black as the proverbial printer's ink, were the mascots. They flew into the office of Lieutenant Furness one evening, so the story goes, and he caught them and turned them over to the boys. A coup was built and placed at the "Y."—K. C. hut and the two mascots given a temporary home.

Pyro A and Pyro B were the names given the mascots. Just how Pyro A was distinguished from Pyro B is difficult to relate, but 'tis said that Pyro A invariably

was the first to accept breakfast, dinner or supper at the hands of the boys.

Buttons Good Eating!

Uniform buttons, nails and other objects soon attracted Pyro A and Pyro B and many an hour was passed by the boys in teaching the mascots to climb on their shoulders or arms, or jump for food. Pyro A even developed a fondness for tobacco during his brief stay at the school—until one day he was attracted by the red glow and tried to swallow the wrong end of a cigar held in the mouth of one of the boys.

Came a day, however, when Pyro A's wings grew stronger, and Pyro B found that he, too, could aviate to a more commodious home than that provided by the soldiers. The crate was empty last Thursday morning—and since then nobody has seen either Pyro A or Pyro B.

Love of a Woman

There is nothing so beautiful in the world as the love of a good woman.

She is somebody's sister. Treat her with the same tender respect that you would wish for your own.

"Some day, when you return from the war, you will want to marry me, Jack, and you know that I will come to you—clean. Am I not entitled to expect as much from you, my soldier boy?"

Laddie, your mother is reaching out her

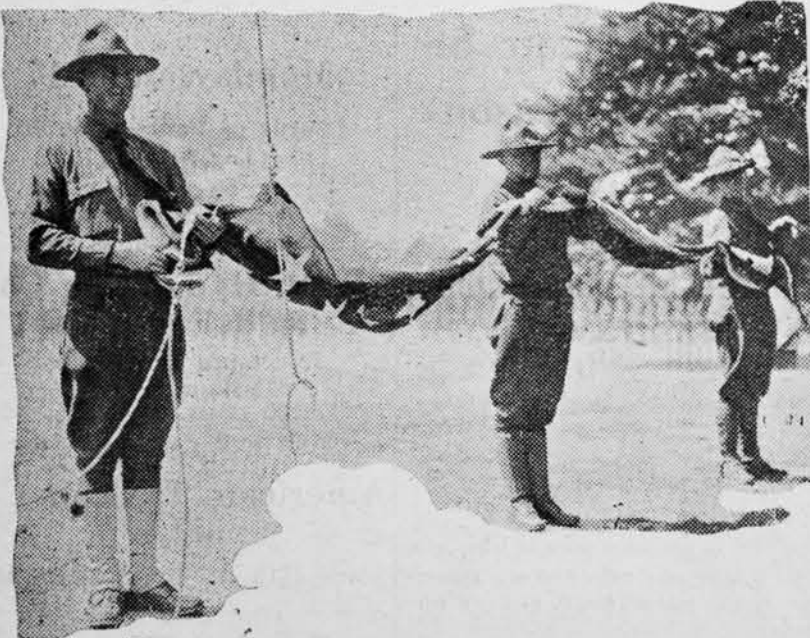
hand to you from the street of forgotten days. How proudly she brought you to the high road of clean living, and bade you remember always the simple teachings you learned as a boy at her knee.

If you have a gray-haired mother in the old home far away, Sit you down and write the letter you've put off from day to day.

Don't wait until her weary steps reach Heaven's pearly gate, But show her that you think of her, before it is too late.

—George Bancroft Griffith.

"Don't Let That Flag Touch the Ground" Twenty Stories Up Inch Rope Is This Boy's Climb



Said Captain Betz—and three husky airscouts jumped to Old Glory's aid and held her until she was pulled aloft to be unfurled to the breeze.

Don't Cheat Uncle Sam

Don't cheat Uncle Sam. If you wish to send The Snapshot home, be sure enough postage is placed on it.

One, two or even three copies of The Snapshot, without any writing attached, may be wrapped in a folder and sent throughout the country for one cent postage. If the Weekly Letter Home is written in the place provided, then The Snapshot, with writing in the Weekly Letter Home, will fold so as to go in an envelope—when it may be sent through the mails in this country for three cents.

Found in the Contribution Box Last Week

When The Snapshot first was conceived, provision was made for the contributions of student-soldiers who wished to see their literary and other work in print. John Agreeable Wells, popular Y. M. C. A. secretary, said he'd chisel a hole in the recreation hut desk top and have items dropped in a big drawer, much the same as letters now are left at the desk. "Angel" Newman, K. of C. secretary, had another idea.

And "Angel" won out by mere weight of his arguments. So he dug up Top Sergeant Murphy, who dug up a carpenter, who in turn dug up a few boards and made a box, which was placed on the counter. Somebody stenciled a brief plea in behalf of The Snapshot, and the job was completed.

But here we must pause to give credit to that carpenter, Jimmy Valentine would find it hard to pry items out of that box. A screw driver, pocketknife and lots of elbow grease finally won out, and the top was pried loose enough to let the first week's contributions fall into the itching mit of the editor.

First of all, there was a penny! That was given to "Angel" Newman, who announced he would use it to pay the balance on the player-piano. Then came a small Japanese lantern—visible evidence of the ten-garden-to-be. Then came a varied assortment of items, some humorous, some pathetic and others of high caliber. For all of which due thanks is given.

Police Force Keeps Hut in Apple Pie Order

John Agreeable Wells is happy, and his side-partner, "Angel" Newman, is bubbling over with joy. For there is a regular police force to keep order in the "Y."—K. C. recreation hut. Not that the fellows get boisterous and have to be shown the door, but after an evening of pool, reading, writing and stunts, the inside of the hut looks like No Man's Land.

And John and "Angel" used to have to swing the brooms gallantly every morning. That was, however, before Acting Corporal Charles H. Groene arrived from Madison Barracks. Now Groene, who has been given the title of chief of police, has the first squad of Company 5 do the chores at the hut every morning. Among the chief's strong arm squad may be found Privates Lawrence, Childs, Hirsch, Moller, Kunz, Hull and Estberg.

Twenty Stories Up Inch Rope Is This Boy's Climb

From Mansfield, Ill., hails Private Harry F. Schuler. Harry is a jack of all trades, using his own expression, but principally he has established himself as the record climber of the school. He has been here since March 14, and at no time has a climbing stunt proved too much for him.

'Twas only the other day that the flag became caught at the top of the sixty foot steel pole. Somebody called Harry and he climbed to the top with little effort, unfastened the pulley ropes and slid down. "That was nothing," he said as he landed again on the ground. Then it was that he spoke of his climbing records.

Before Uncle Sam decided to finish the big fight "over there," Harry worked as a garage man, electrician, etc. In fixing electric light signs he has climbed to the top of the Singer and Metropolitan Buildings in New York City. His record climb was up twenty stories hand over hand on a rope just one inch thick. A railroad tie at the bottom, to keep the rope hanging straight, was the only assistance to the climber.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

SPEEDERS MUST PAUSE IN THEIR WILD RIDES TO THE LAKESIDE UNTIL KODAK PARK SCHOOL HAS BEEN SAFELY PASSED

Those automobilistic joyriders, who have a habit of "letting her out" after Ridge Road has been passed and literally burning up the road as far as the lakeside, will have to stop, look and listen to a good many new rules this summer. Likewise, they'll have to control their desire to "open her up" until after the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography has been passed.

Ten miles an hour is the order! From whom? No less a person than Captain Charles Frederick Betz, commandant. And Uncle Sam stands behind the skipper—beg, pardon, Captain!

There's to be no alternative. Motorists must slow down while passing the bar-

racks. Guards will see to that, and policemen will help them in the work.

Already good headway has been made in slowing up the machines. Those going too fast to suit the order, are promptly confronted by a soldier, who tells them what is expected. The speeder's name is taken and other data compiled. Both the soldiers and policemen have records which some day may be used to the disadvantage of the motorists.

On Memorial Day, for instance, something like 200 speeders were caught in the trap. Just what will be done with those whose name have been secured is not announced, but it's a safe bet that speeding will be stopped in the vicinity of the school.

Signal Corps Frolic Company Expected Soon

Close to half a hundred of the cast of the Signal Corps Frolic Company, which was organized at Madison Barracks, now are students at the school and with the arrival of more expected every week it is hoped to revive the organization and appear in a number of productions here.

The company had a cast of seventy soldiers. It gave two performances at Sacketts Harbor and four in Watertown. An engagement of one week was sought by Syracuse theatermen, but the boys were unable to get away from the post long enough.

At the Watertown performances, Red Cross girls sold \$7,500 worth of Thrift Stamps between the acts. The performances were given to raise funds to buy paraphernalia and equip a band, and for that purpose something like \$1,400 was raised. Cass W. Whitney, former member of Whitney Brothers, well known Victrola quartette, was stage manager for the production.

Watching Her Float in the Breeze



LIEUTENANT THEODORE H. LINDORFF, adjutant (at left), CAPTAIN CHARLES F. BETZ, commandant (in center), and LIEUTENANT DENNIS D. HOLTZ, (at right).



THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y. Publication office, 209 Livingston Bldg.

FREMONT CHESTER, Editor. W. G. BROADBOOKS, Business Manager.

CAPTAIN CHARLES F. BETZ, Commanding Officer, Censor.

LIEUT. THEODORE J. LINDORFF, Adjutant, Associate Editor.

LIEUT. RICHARD GILDERSLEEVE, Associate Editor.

LIEUT. RAYMOND J. BROWN, Director of Recreation, Sporting Editor.

HOWARD W. LORD, Cartoonist.

SERGEANT HERBERT JACOBI, Entertainments Editor.

INSTRUCTOR EARL L. HOUSE, Dramatic Editor.

LEADER ARNOLD W. REMARK, Music Editor.

SERGEANT HARRY W. MURPHY, Director of Correspondents.

INSTRUCTOR JOSEPH C. BEAVEN, "Column of Squads" Editor.

ANGELO NEWMAN, K. of C. Representative.

JOHN A. WELLS, Y. M. C. A. Representative.



ANOTHER EXPOSURE?

Twice the shutter of The Airscout's Snapshot has clicked and as many times the official school paper has been distributed to a well pleased student body. The first issue was greeted with considerable praise, and "got by" in great style. The second issue, herewith submitted, bids fair to outsnap its predecessor.

But will The Snapshot continue to snap? At present its very existence hangs in the balance. Two serious obstacles are in its path. First, The Snapshot has not cleared expenses thus far. It is up to the soldier-students to patronize The Snapshot's advertisers whenever possible, if the paper is to continue.

Secondly, the amount of news items contributed for the first two issues of The Snapshot has fallen far short of expectations. Short, snappy stories concerning students at the school, activities of the various soldiers, and items of interest to them are needed badly. To continue, The Snapshot must reflect truly the life of the school. See that it does that, and the other problems will take care of themselves.

Every soldier-student should see to it that those merchants he patronizes are regular advertisers in The Snapshot. When making purchases of advertisers, it is their duty to see to it that the merchant knows who they are, and why they are patronizing his business.

Press Club Soon May Be A Reality

There's more truth than poetry in that head, too! Ask Top Sergeant Murphy if you don't believe it.

For "Murph", besides being a good scout, is a regular newspaperman, and it don't take him long to spot others of his class—and speed. Back in Kansas City, before Uncle Sam decided to finish the fight "over there," "Murph" toted a camera around town for the Kansas City Post, Selig News-Tribune, Mary Pickford, Inc., and the Jesse James Gang.

Now "Murph" has a number of newspapermen associates. There is Instructor Fisher, who used to draw cartoons and a good sized weekly pay envelope out in Columbus, Ohio; Howard W. Lord, who also handles the pen and ink outfit, and J. R. Shaw, who just can't help snapping every news picture he comes across.

Doubtless there are other newspapermen in the school. If so, they can do nothing better than see Top Sergeant Murphy—and drop an item in The Snapshot contribution box in the "Y."—K. C. hut.

Free Rides for Airscouts, Plan of Auto Clubmen

Student-soldiers of the school need want no longer for auto rides. The Automobile Club of Rochester has come to their rescue, and hereafter the boys will have all the rides they want—providing they ask for them.

Last Thursday evening 38 cars were driven down to the "Y"—K. C. recreation hut, and close to 200 of the boys were taken for a ride through Rochester's park system. And more than that, each and every member of the Auto Club has agreed to give the boys a "lift" whenever they signal the driver of a car. A left hand salute is the signal.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

"WE'LL BE OVER, WE'RE COMING OVER---"



Not a view of Foch's reserves on the march to the front "over there," but the airscouts from the school taking part in Rochester's big Memorial Day Parade.

AN ALMANAC, A BIBLE AND A DECK OF CARDS

A private, Richard Lee, was taken before a Magistrate for playing cards during service. When the parson read the prayer, those who had the Bible took them out, but Lee pulled out a pack of playing cards and spread them before him. The sergeant of the company saw him and said: "Richard, put up the cards. This is no place for them." "Never mind that," replied Richard. When the service was over the Constable took Richard before the Mayor. "Well," said the Mayor, "what have you brought this soldier here for?" "For playing cards in church." "Soldier, what have you got to say for yourself?" "Much, sir, I hope." "Very good. If not, I will punish you more than any man was ever punished." "I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor common prayer book. I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I'll satisfy Your Worship of the purity of my intentions." Spreading the cards before him, he began with the ace. "When I see the ace, it reminds me there is but one God. When I see the deuce it reminds me of the Father and Son. When I see the trey it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When I see the four

spot it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. When I meet the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps: there were ten, but five were wise and five were foolish, and five were cast out.

"When I see the six it reminds me that in six days God made heaven and earth. When I see the seven it reminds me of the seventh day He rested from the great work He had created, and hallowed it. The eight reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world: viz. Noah and his wife, with three sons and three wives. When I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour, there were nine out of ten that never returned thanks. When I see the ten, it reminds me of the ten commandments, which were handed down to Moses on tables of stone.

"When I see the king I am reminded of the King of Heaven, which is God Almighty. When I see the queen I am reminded of the Queen of Sheba, for she was a wise woman, as Solomon was a man. She brought with her fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash; the girls washed their elbows and the boys to their wrists. King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have given a good description of all the cards, except one."

"What is that?"

"The knave," said the Mayor. "I will give Your Honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry with me."

"I will not, if you do not term me the knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave that I know of is the Constable who brought me in here." "I do not know," said the Mayor, "that he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards, I find 365, as many days as there are in a year. On counting the number of cards, I find 52, the number of weeks in a year. I find there are 12 picture cards representing the number of months in a year, and on counting the number of tricks, I find 13, the number of weeks in a quarter."

"So, you see, sir, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, an almanac, and a common prayer book."

First Among Americans To Bag Hun Flier



LIEUTENANT ALLEN WINSLOW of Chicago, who has been officially credited with being the first aviator among the American fliers to bring down an enemy machine. He recently bagged another Hun plane.

New Camera for Airscouts

An automatically operated camera that a Frenchman has invented enables an aviator to take a continuous picture of 130 miles of the earth's surface as he flies above it.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

Paris, June 3.—Twenty-nine German machines were destroyed by the French in the last two days and 24 others were driven out of control. Four captive balloons were put out of action by French anti-aircraft guns.

Mineola, June 3.—A large number of airplanes and dirigibles left Hazelhurst Aviation Field this afternoon to scout along the coast for Hun submarines and life-boats from sunken vessels.

Rome, June 2.—Fifty-four hostile machines and two captive balloons were brought down by the Italians during May, while the British got 82 planes and two balloons. That made 136 airplanes and four balloons lost by the Austrians in the month.

REGENT

June 13, 14, 15 Elizabeth Risdon In a sublime story of sacrifice and devotion "MOTHER"

June 16, 17, 18, 19 Norma Talmadge In her newest screen success "DE LUXE ANNIE"

An Atlantic Port, June 3.—Two dirigible balloons left for sea this afternoon in a search for German U-boats. They flew low, and were well supplied with bombs.

PICCADILLY

June 13, 14, 15 Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne In a breezy five-part comedy "WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH"

June 16, 17, 18, 19

Alice Brady

In a tense drama "THE ORDEAL OF ROSETTA"

Mathews & Boucher

GENERAL HARDWARE MECHANICS TOOLS SAFETY RAZORS POCKET KNIVES POCKET FLASH LIGHTS, ETC.

26 Exchange St.

For the Soldier Boy HERE AND OVER THERE

Just a few suggestions that may interest you: Gem Razor with 7 blades in military khaki case. The soldiers special at...\$1.25 Special Cigarette Rubberoid Khaki Case, holding 30 cigarettes; specially constructed for the soldier and sailor...50c, 75c and \$1.00 Sold at Cigar Counter. Flash Light and Batteries; all sizes, 75c and up. Thermos Bottles; pints and quarts, \$2.00 and up. Finally try Mollie, the shave luxurious; new method of shaving; no soap, no lather, no brush; softens the beard instantly. Large tube...25c Send us your Photo Film. We print and develop. Quick services. Low prices.

Guilford Drug Co.

Two Stores. Open All Night Rochester, N. Y. Main and North Streets. State and Andrews Streets

All the necessary articles for the soldier's kit can be found at reasonable prices at

The Burke, FitzSimons, Hone Co., Inc.

ANY TIME

You wish to remember those at home with flowers, leave your order with us. Flowers sent to any part of the U. S. A. by telegraph.

J. B. Keller Sons

25 Clinton Avenue North Stone 506 Main 2189

Moose Park

(Formerly Glen Haven)

On Beautiful Irondequoit Bay

Twenty minutes by Trolley from Main and Clinton

To All Soldier Boys

Officers and members of Rochester Lodge No. 113, Loyal Order of Moose, hereby issue a standing invitation to all men in uniform, and to the boys at Kodak Park especially, to visit them and be their guests at MOOSE PARK, the summer home of the lodge, and one of the most pleasant resorts on lake or bay.

Come Often—the Gate Will Always Be Open.

Good vaudeville, dancing, amusements galore, fishing, boating, and the best of food.

When a Man Needs

- Shirts Nightshirts Neckwear Underwear Socks A Straw Hat Collars An Outing Cap Garters A Sweater Pajamas An Umbrella

It is good to know that one and all are obtainable here in Aisles A and B.

Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.

Handy - Dalton - Mott Co.

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS Military Watches\$10 to \$25 Eversharp Pencils and Fountain Pens \$1.00 Up. 48 Clinton Ave. S. Rochester, N. Y. Phone, Stone 5101-J

Turkish Baths

54 North Fitzhugh Street Turkish Baths\$1.00 Shower or Tub 50¢ Swimming Pool and Shower 50¢

Try a Plunge in the Pool This Hot Weather

Mason's Puritan Laundry Co.

1630 Dewey Avenue Corner Palm Street.

The Family Theater

Announces its fifth season of spectacular Musical Comedy At popular summer price, to begin Monday, June 17 Chorus of Fourteen Pretty 14—GIRLS—14

Send your films to B. M. Hyde Drug Co. 202 Main Street East Developed and Printed 24-Hour Service

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A-1 Taxis \$1.40 An Hour

Stone 453 54 Plymouth Avenue South



Out of Focus!

All special duty men have to get up early in the morning and drill like regular soldiers now. They formerly slept until 7 a. m. Ha! ha!

AS WE KNOW 'EM!

Captain Betz—skipper, the old man, high chief veteran of three campaigns.
Sergeant Roth, first class.—A real fellow and a first class soldier. Also as funny as a crutch.
Sergeant Cameron, first class.—Also a good fellow, but a wee bit quiet.

Carlyle Dabrowski, sergeant of fatigue has a mighty hard time rounding up men to do fatigue work around the barracks. Poor fellow, he has his hands full of work, because of the boys leaving for different camps.

UNCLE SAM IS FEEDING YOU!

(To the tune of "If You Don't Like Your Uncle Sammy, Then Go Back to Your Home O'er the Sea.")
If you don't like your beans and hard tack,
And you don't like your limburger stew,
No matter what you eat, the tables' always neat,
There's no kick coming from you.

If you don't like your thirty monthly,
And you're sore at the mess sergeant, too,
Remember, it's not your mother,
It's UNCLE SAM THAT'S FEEDING YOU!!!!

WHO?

Some people were made to be soldiers,
The Irish were made to be cops;
Sauerkraut was made for the Germans,
Spaghetti was made for the Wops;
Fishes were made to drink water,
Bums were made to drink booze;
Banks were made to keep money,
And money was made for the Jews;
Everything was made for something;
Everything except a miser;
God made Wilson for President,
But who in h— made der Kaiser?

WHEN?

Absolute knowledge I have none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on the beat
Say to a laborer on the street
That he had a letter just last week
Written in the finest Greek
From a Chinese collier in Timbuctoo
Who said that the negroes in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown
That a man in the Klondike heard the news
From a gang of South American Jews
About somebody in Borneo
Who knew a man who claims to know
Of a swell society female fake
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her seventh husband's sis-
ter's niece
Had stated in a printed piece
That she had a son who has a friend
Who knows when the war is going to end.

Go over to the "Y."-K. C. hut to-night
and send that letter home! Refreshments
and healthy recreation await you.

Remarkable!

A lady watching the Signal Corps pass
in the Decoration Day parade was heard to
remark: "See! — they are all in step."

Buck Private Lange, S. C. L., from Min-
neapolis, Minn., was seen promenading
down a quiet lane with one of the fair sex
the other evening. We always took him
for a woman hater—but war changes
everything.

Two boys from the school are loud in
their praise of Captain William Andrews
of the Ferry Windsor. On offering their
fare, Captain Andrews put his hand over
the cash box, saying, "No, boys, no money
from you."

Private Lange, S. O., in Company 2 now
has another horn to blow on. While at
Langley Field he blew a bugle a couple of
times, but lost his alarm clock, so couldn't
wake up in time to blow said bugle. Good
luck to Ollie Lange!

ALL BETS OFF.

Johnnie hear the bugle call,
So Johnnie got a gun;
'Cause that's one of the things,
That Johnnies always done.

There is another little thing,
That Johnnies always do;
So wishing always to be right,
He got a haircut, too.

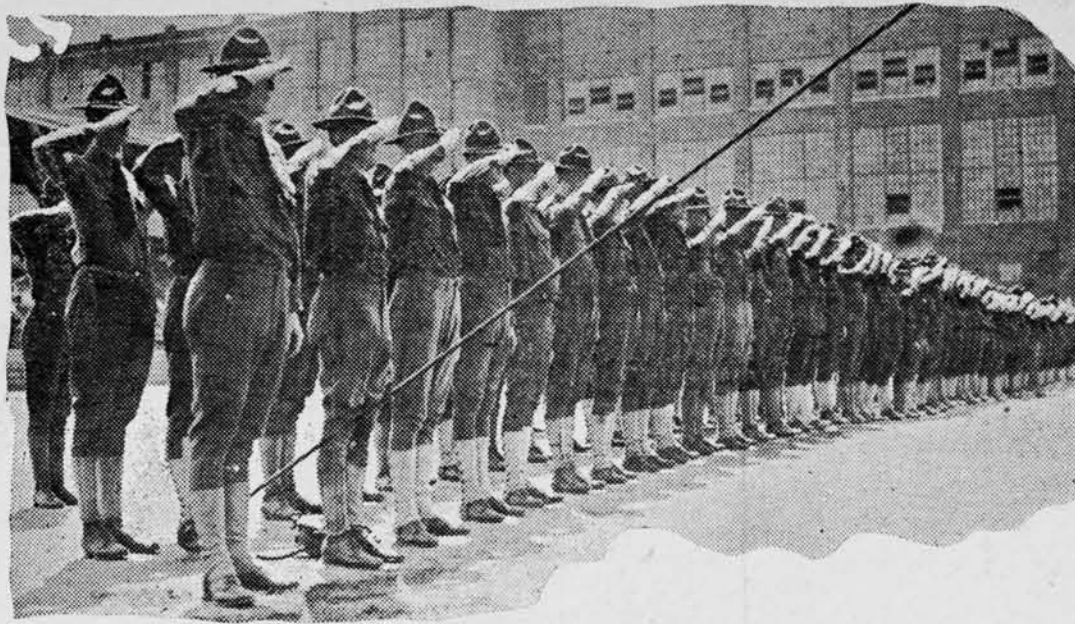
Johnnie heard the bugle call,
And felt prepared to fight;
But he found they wouldn't let him,
—for his haircut wasn't right.

For if you ever want to fight,
And also to look fine;
Johnnie get your haircut,
Just like mine.

Of course I'm not particular,
Or anything like that;
But your haircut must be circular,
And shaved up to your hat.

J. W.

AT 'TENTION WHILE THE FLAG WAS BEING RAISED



Airscouts as they appeared on the drill field while Old Glory was being unfurled.

Noted Contralto Soloist Sings in "Y."-K. C. Hut

Lovers of good music—and there are many of them in the school—were given a rare treat last Thursday evening when Mme. Marie Connell of Rochester, formerly of New York, sang a varied programme. She was accompanied by Mrs. Harold Mac-Auley of Rochester. The hut was packed to the doors.



MADAME MARIE CONNELL.

Mme. Connell is well known throughout the eastern cities as one of the finest contralto soloists in the musical field. In Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan, and the Ocean Grove auditorium, her voice has been found equal to the trying conditions which have proven fatal to smaller voices. Her delightful musical tones on the lower registers are always clear and distinct to those in the farthest parts of the hall, while the same melodious full tones are the distinguishing features of the higher registers. Mme. is starting a tour of army camps and cantonments, donating her services for the soldiers.

Her programme at the school was as follows: "Gloria," by Buzzi Peccia; "Waters of Babylon," by Howell; "Holy City," by Adams; "Carmena Waltz Song," by Wilson and "Love's Trinity," by De Koven.

Airscouts Aid in Search for Hun Submarines

Submarines, from earliest times to the very latest thing in underwater craft, were described in an illustrated lecture last Thursday noon at the Hotel Rochester before the Rochester Ad Club by Professor C. L. Harrington of New York City, an expert on the subject.

One of the most striking of the pictures thrown on the screen showed the outlines of a submarine deep under the surface of the water, as seen from an aeroplane scouting over the sea watching for enemy craft. That the aeroplane was one of the most effective means of fighting the submarine was stated by the lecturer. Aeroplane observers flying above the surface of the sea are able to detect submarines from forty to sixty feet below the surface, said the lecturer.

Another view shown was of a new type of submarine which carries a deck gun for firing at aeroplanes, showing that the air scout menace to undersea boats already has forced the submarine to devise a system of defense against aircraft.

Police Aid Soldier Guards.

"Big Mike" Zimmerman, well known deputy chief of police of Rochester, has come to the aid of the soldier guards trying to keep speeders from burning up the road near the school. A dozen good sized hickory night sticks, similar to those carried by the Rochester coppers, have been given the school for use of the guards.

School Mail Becomes Weighty.

That American mothers, wives and sweethearts are keeping "the home fires burning," is demonstrated daily by the increasing allotment of mail received by the school. Often as many as eight and ten sacks are brought to the office on one trip. To expedite matters, a motorcycle has been detailed to get the mail, thereby saving the time consumed by the big truck. Express packages, however, will continue to be handled by the truck.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO!

He was just a long, lean country gink,
From away out West where the hoptoads
wink.
He was six feet three in his stockin' feet
And he kept gittin' thinner the more he'd
eat.
But he was brave as he was thin;
When the war broke out he jumped right
in,
Unhitched his plow, sent the team away,
Then the old folks heard him say:

Goodbye maw; goodbye paw;
Goodbye mule, with yer old hee-haw.
I don't know what the war's about,
But you bet by gosh I'll soon find out.
And O my sweetheart, don't you fear,
I'll bring you a king for a souvenir;
I'll bring you a Turk and a Kaiser, too,
And that's about all one feller kin do!
Rum-tiddy-um-tum—tum-tum.



"Column of Squads"

Captain Betz attended the review of Companies A. B. C. and D. 1st Battalion, 5th Infantry, Cadet Corps, of New York State, comprising boys from the Rochester high schools, which was conducted on the campus of the University of Rochester on May 27. Governor Charles S. Whitman reviewed the boys.

Miss Anna M. Knittel of Rochester has furnished several hundred soldiers in Camp Dix with smokes, candy and sweets, says the Camp Dix Times.
Why go so far from home, Annie%

Private A. D. Jewell of the Medical Department has designed a new insignia for his branch of service, which looks good. A cut of the design will be printed in The Snapshot when the insignia is accepted.

T. R. Shaw, a former newspaper photographer, couldn't stand seeing a taxi driver pilot his machine through the plate glass window of a dragstore recently, so he just naturally snapped the picture and took it to the nearest newspaper office. Good work, T. R.

Captain Harry A. Wiston, representing the Union Jack at the school, is giving graphic descriptions of his aerial fights with the Huns at various church and other gatherings in the city. Reports indicate that he is getting to be a champion after dinner speaker.

Top Sergeant Murphy enjoyed himself immensely on Memorial Day, having the best time of his young existence at the school according to reports.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

ROCHESTER,
46 Clinton Avenue
South

B. Forman Co.

PARIS,
208 Rue de
Rivoli

The Forman Service to the Boys in France

OUR Paris office, which used to send us advance information on Paris styles—if you are new to Rochester you may not know that our only business is specializing in women's, misses' and children's ready-to-wear apparel—has taken over a war activity of great scope and importance to those who have friends and relatives in France.

Our office will purchase in the shops of Paris any of the things you would like to send to the boys, and will forward them to the trenches or the rest billets. This service has become, since the government regulation that packages may not be sent overseas to an American soldier without his regimental commander's O. K., practically the only means by which American tobacco, candy, "goodies," luxuries and necessities may be forwarded to members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

Outside of the actual cost in the Paris shops of the articles you wish sent, there is no charge of any kind for this service, unless the order is cabled. It is a matter of no little expense to us, but we have proudly undertaken it as "Our Contribution to the Situation." There are two ways you may make use of it.

- 1st. By telling us the exact articles you may wish sent, or
- 2nd. By depositing with us a sum from which we may send things regularly—semi-weekly, weekly, bi-weekly or monthly.

Our arrangements for making all purchases in Paris do away with all danger, delay and bother of shipping goods across the ocean and valuable cargo space is thereby made available for government purposes.

Call, write or telephone our "Paris Soldier Service" and we shall be pleased to give you fuller information.

NOTICE TO THE BOYS TEMPORARILY STATIONED AT KODAK PARK, EXPOSITION PARK AND MECHANICS INSTITUTE: After reaching France if you should wish to send any gifts to those you leave behind you, our Paris office will be glad to reverse the operation and have the goods bought here in Rochester and forwarded. Ask to have a circular describing the service sent to your family.

Bell 'Phone
Main 1575

B FORMAN CO

Home 'Phone
Stone 1847

46 Clinton Avenue South

You Men With Soldier Friends In Other Camps Will Be Glad To Know

—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men. You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

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Everything for the Soldier and Sailor

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Floral Designs and Wedding Bouquets a Specialty
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We Are Headquarters

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Wrist Watches of every design, from \$5.00 to \$50.

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George A. Miller

LUGGAGE and LEATHER GOODS
Army Trunks and Comfort Kits
7 East Avenue Rochester, N. Y.



"The Line of Flight"

Amsterdam dispatches under date of May 23 say that the British air raid on Cologne was the most successful and most destructive yet carried out by the Allies. Two hundred and twenty were killed and the Mulheimerheide munitions works were badly damaged.

London reports under date of May 23 that the new German raiding planes of the Gotha type are forty yards wide when their wings are spread. They are equipped with three motors each of 300 horsepower. The raiders carry nine passengers, but usually take only six. They will carry two tons of bombs.

British flyers again raided Mannheim, bombs on Kreusewald and Metz-Sablon, it was officially announced from the British War Office. Two large fires resulted when 24 heavy bombs were dropped on a on the Rhine, on May 23, and also dropped chlorine factory. Four tons of bombs were dropped on an important electrical station at Kreusewald, east of Saarbruecken. All the planes returned safely.

"Heavy damage and losses among the civilians" in areas of Belgium attacked by Allied fliers, were conceded by the German War Office on May 23. The statement asserts no military damage was done.

From London under date of May 28 comes a dispatch to the effect that nineteen German machines were brought down by the British the previous day. The German towns of Mannheim, Landau and Kreuswald were bombed, 42 bombs being dropped. Three British machines were reported missing.

Lieutenants Douglas Campbell of Mt. Hamilton, Cal., and Addie Rickenbacher, former automobile racer, on May 28 encountered six enemy planes over the Toul front. The Huns tried to out-manuever the Americans but the Yanks out guessed them. They concentrated on a German bi-plane, driving it down out of control in the Bois Derate.

French aviators, immediately after the start of the Hun drive, began a gigantic destructive campaign against the German communications, which was in full swing for some days, Paris reported on May 30.

Five Yankee pursuit planes, protecting a large squadron of British bombing machine returning from a raid over Germany on May 30 out fought seven battles with the Huns, shooting down two German planes and forcing another out of control. One plane and one Yankee pilot were lost.

"Allied aviators have taken complete control of the air from the Germans," Washington announced on May 31. The French dispatch was to the same effect.

Lieutenant Douglas Campbell of Mount Hamilton, Cal., won his fifth air battle on May 31, when he shot down a big German two-seater. He is the first "ace" developed solely in the American army.

London reports under date of May 31, that German flyers at midnight Wednesday bombed another British hospital far behind the lines. An explosion wrecked the building. There were numerous casualties.

London, June 1.—Twenty-seven German airplanes were brought down by the British yesterday. One British machine is missing. Forty-nine tons of bombs were dropped on various targets. A German night-flying plane was brought down in flames behind the British lines.

Washington, June 1.—The biggest aviation training and concentration camp in the world is to be located at Camp Greene, N. C., Secretary of War Baker announced. At least 15,000 aviators will be accommodated.

Copenhagen, June 2.—British destroyers brought down a Zeppelin in the North Sea off the west coast of Jutland. The crew perished.

K. of C. Play Niagara's Men on Drill Field

Arranged through the efforts of Angelo Newman, K. of C. secretary at the "Y"—K. C. hut, the Rochester Council, Knights of Columbus, team defeated the Niagara University team on June 1 on the drill field before an enthusiastic student audience. Ray Connel twirled for the locals, and Duggan for the losers, the score being 5 to 1.

K. OF C.		NIAGARA UNIVER.	
ab. h. o. a. e.	ab. h. o. a. e.	ab. h. o. a. e.	ab. h. o. a. e.
Flynn 2...	4 1 0 0 1	Carroll s...	4 1 4 3 1
Bra'igan lf	3 1 2 0 0	Smith 2...	4 0 3 3 0
Sheenen s.	4 2 3 0 1	Cassidy 3...	4 0 0 1 1
Klingler 3.	3 3 0 0 0	Bengough c	4 2 4 0 0
Thaney 1.	3 0 6 0 2	Harlow cf.	4 1 2 0 0
Magner rf.	4 0 1 0 0	Duggan p.	4 2 0 2 0
Gall'her cf	4 1 1 0 0	Blake rf...	4 1 2 0 1
Guppy c...	4 1 13 0 0	Power lf...	3 1 1 0 0
Cunell p.	3 0 1 2 0	Ondore'ak	1 4 0 8 0 1

Totals. 32 6 27 2 4 Totals. 36 8 24 9 4
First base on balls, off Duggan 3; struck out, by Duggan 4, by Cunell 10; hit by pitched ball, Power; left on bases, Niagara University 8, Knights of Columbus 6; two-base hit, Flynn, Blake, Gallagher, Sheenen; umpire, Murphy.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING



KODAK

Pictures from home—pictures of home faces and home doings—are next best to a furlough.

Letters you want, to be sure, but tell the folks to tuck Kodak prints in between the pages.

They can make good pictures, you know, with a Kodak from the very start.

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RESTAURANT A LA CARTE—OPEN 6 A. M. TO 1 A. M. Orchestra 6 to 8 P. M.
AFFABILITY and COURTESY of Employees a Feature.

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Every arrangement for making your money available in England or France has been completed. Apply

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Main Street East and Stone Street

Say, Boys!

If you want to know what's going on at the Movies and in the Theaters read

The Pictureplay News

STRATFORD ROLLER RINK
ALL THE THRILLS WITHOUT THE CHILLS



THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1, NO. 3.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1918.

FREE TO SOLDIERS



A First Lieut., Photo. Division - U.S. Signal Corps
EnRoute to make the Kaiser's Portrait.
Not Official - Passed (up) by the Committee on Public Information

Snapshot's Fame Fast Spreading

From down Canandagua way comes word of the spreading fame of The Airscout's Snapshot. Take a few minutes off and listen to this:

West Bloomfield, N. Y.
Captain Charles F. Betz:
Dear Sir—I saw by The Rochester Herald that the boys of your photograph school are getting up a paper called The Snap-

shot, so I am asking you if I can subscribe for that paper. If I can, please let me know how much your subscription price is. If I like it, perhaps I can persuade others to subscribe also. A friend of mine who was in Spartanburg, S. C., used to send me a paper called The Wadsworth Gas Attack and I did enjoy reading it very much. But he has gone to France, so I don't get that paper any more. Please let me know as early as possible.

I am, Yours,
MARY B. COURNEEN,
West Bloomfield, N. Y.,
R. F. D. 1,
Ont. County.

MADISON BARRACKS HAVE THEIR OWN CAMP PAPER NOW

There's a lot of "pep" and "snap" to The Madison Barracks Barbed Wire, the weekly paper of the boys at Madison Barracks which made its initial appearance on June 3. Copies of the paper were read with a good deal of interest by the airscouts, who recently came from the barracks.

For its first issue, The Barbed Wire caught a lot of items. It truly lives up to its purpose to be "a medium to spread cheer and good fellowship and carry items of useful and interesting information." The paper contains interesting sidelights on activities at Madison Barracks, as well as a very excellent cartoon of the famous Frolles Jazz Band.

Sergt. Murphy "Ace" of First Class in School

Hats off to Sergeant Harry H. Murphy—Murphy of Kansas City fame! He received the only sergeant's rating given to a pupil of the first school course, and also the highest rating attained by a student of the first class.

Until given the rating of acting sergeant major, he was first sergeant of the 3rd Provisional Company, which furnished more instructors, sent more men to Cornell, sent out more men in charge of sections, and had less men sent to the Captain for trouble than any other company in the first class.

CEASE TO WONDER WHY GRADUATES WANTED TO STAY

"It has been said that the last graduates of the school were sorry to leave Rochester. We have ceased to wonder why. The hospitality of the residents knows no limits, and they have done more to make the soldiers in this region feel at home than can ever be appreciated by the boys.

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

"Rochester is doing its bit freely and willingly with every new fund raising movement; but this is not all. The good Samaritans' greatest delight seems to be in personal contact with the boys in uniform. Hardly a threshold in Rochester worthy of the name has not been crossed by a smiling face under a service cap on his way to dinner without 'mess.' This is a very beautiful city, and the townspeople have succeeded in impressing that fact upon the men in service by showing them around in automobiles.

"Among those who have willingly and with sacrifice furnished this entertainment is Mr. I. Friedlich of 2290 East Avenue, who has for some time kept open house to at least half a dozen S. A. P.

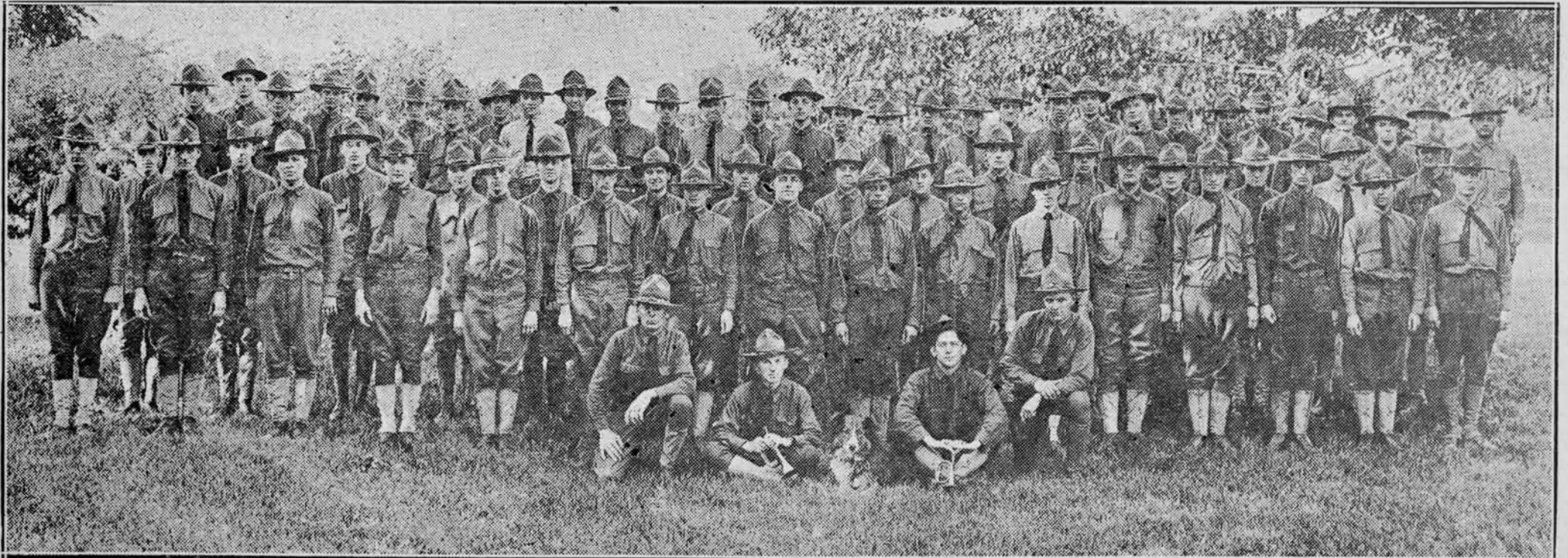
students every weekend, and has given the fortunate victims a treat they will never forget.

"Such memories are not easily forgotten, and will no doubt furnish the boys many a pleasant thought when they get over on the other side and think back. From present appearances there will be many visits paid to Rochester when the big quibble is over. The boys who have been guests of Mr. Friedlich gratefully acknowledge their thanks for his generosity to them, and hope to do their bit in as thorough a fashion as Rochester has set.

"On the trip on Sunday, June 9, were: Instructors, H. S. Pizer, L. M. Kamrass, Privates, C. A. Evarts, H. W. Lord, A. S. Ritz.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

TIME HAS NOW COME FOR OLD SEVENTH COMPANY TO SING ITS SWAN SONG.



"First To Come" and "Last To Go" Boys Who Soon Must Leave the S. A. P.

Rise and shine! Class A, fall out! Between the calls of Acting Sergeants Carson and Scherer, there wasn't enough time left between reveille and taps for one to turn around. 'Tis said that misery loves company, in which case the Old Seventh recalls more affection than the 1st Provisional Company, and for the same reason is more firmly impressed upon the hearts of the men in the "Lucky" Seventh. The efficiency of the school has been proven by the quality of material extracted from this scrap heap—for such it was—all the extraneous material left over from the first school being thrown into that pile and designated the Seventh Company.

A Motley Crew!

They were a motley crew, we admit, but learned their lessons well. Those early days when "fatigue" was their prime study, they became prime masters in this art. Their ability to adapt new traits to existing conditions showed up prominently after they passed through that

course, where they make big ones from little ones. Thenceforth, dodging fatigue was very simple.

What the Old Seventh was is hard to tell, for most of the time it wasn't. Strewn all over the barracks and engaged in special and other duties, it was more difficult to keep track of than a flock of dispersed ants. If the sergeant were that way disposed, he didn't gather much sleep in those early days, for worrying where those lost souls were. At least he is baldier than he used to be.

"Pop" Some Sleeper.

When Class A was organized out of the Seventh Company, its members came to feel more familiar with each other in spirit, if not in name. "Bellows" was situated nearer to "Ground Glass" where he was continuing bellowing at the latter upon whom he could never focus his eyes right. We must give credit to "Pop" Benner who floundered into the White House by mistake when he enlisted and dropped into the Aviation Division on his way out, as the first one to go "over the top"

in the morning. No one ever heard a word of deprecation over that beard—he was up so early.

Among the other artisans developed by the company was M. E. Wells, qualifying as barber, first class, who, after several attempts in the presence of strong high-lights, cut off just 50 per cent of Strictly Private Wiggan's mustache in the dark, without marring the details in the remaining portion. Speed as well as accuracy counted in that crucial test, for the conspirators were all in bed and asleep before the victim was aware of that act of charity. The sniper was ably assisted by Privates L. C. Bartholomew, sergeant of the guard, J. F. Dayton, A. G. Berning, E. S. Bowles, M. B. Burns and R. Engstrom. Room Sergeant Strauss, who usually sleeps with one eye open, was blinking with that all night, for fear he might see something.

"Measles" Crew!

There was a party of the crew for a certain period in a certain dorm, who were

known as "measles." And during those early days they knew of nothing but quarantine. As you cannot keep a good man down, so the bars couldn't keep the good little bugs down, and all their stored up pep and energy gushed up spontaneously in the shape of a "first rank" vaudeville in which audience and actors alternated on the programme—conceded to be a riot all through. Besides other stunts too numerous to mention, it consisted in part of the following impositions:

"How To Clean Up the Kaiser without Soap".....G. A. Drande
Fat Schwann.....Just Laughed
"Tying the Bull to the Back Door"
(specially detailed).....L. M. Kamrass
The Wun Bum Lung Quartette.....
.....Manly, Ward, Wolfe and Egan.
"The Three Boys," a baseball skit.....
.....Flynn, Hammer and Mountfort
furnished by Legroux's circus and Exposit-

It has been a great pleasure to have with us a champion wrestler—Earl De Vine, who kept up our reputation for stability by holding his own against all wrestlers

tion Park. Needless to say he got his training wrestling with highlights and dodging shadows in the S. A. P. The "big" men of the company—Privates Leary, Lane, Lord, Sharkey and "user"—called the "big five", are too brutal to mention. The Germans need but look at them once, and the war would be over. They are already well prepared for service in the front line trenches, having become expert in killing time.

Parting Is Hard.

In spite of all the hard knocks, the bunch have enjoyed the trip together, and now that the time has come to split up, they would prefer being together, even though absence does make the heart grow fonder.

It is rumored that the class had a generally high standing and the fact that six were appointed instructors therefrom leaves behind a fairly large representation. The delegation consists of Privates L. C. Bartholomew, H. B. Green, W. W. C. Harter, L. M. Kamrass, H. H. Scherer and L. R. Strauss.

THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y.
Publication office, 209 Livingston Bldg.

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- CAPTAIN CHARLES F. BETZ**, Commanding Officer, Censor.
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- LIEUT. RAYMOND J. BROWN**, Director of Recreation, Sporting Editor.
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- SERGT. HERBERT JACOBI**, Entertainments Editor.
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- LEADER ARNOLD W. REMARK**, Music Editor.
- SERGT. HARRY H. MURPHY**, Director of Correspondents.
- INSTRUCTOR JOSEPH C. BEAVEN**, "Column of Squads" Editor.
- ANGELO NEWMAN**, K. of C. Representative.
- JOHN A. WELLS**, Y. M. C. A. Representative.



OTHER SNAPSHOTS COMING!

As we stagger to press, comes an official communique from the office of the Business Manager to the effect that The Snapshot has passed its initial financial crisis and that other issues of the school paper can be counted on. That's the best news that has been received in some time, and deserves at least brief mention.

But what of the other problem of the paper? That is still unsolved, and the student-soldiers are the only ones that can remedy it. The Snapshot needs more news contributions. Each week there have been more stories handed in, but still the total is small. The Snapshot, to be the success it deserves, must be filled to the brim with snappy news stories, directly pertaining to the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography. Thus far it has been found necessary to include certain "outside" news, of interest to the student, but not reflecting activities of the school. That condition must be changed soon.

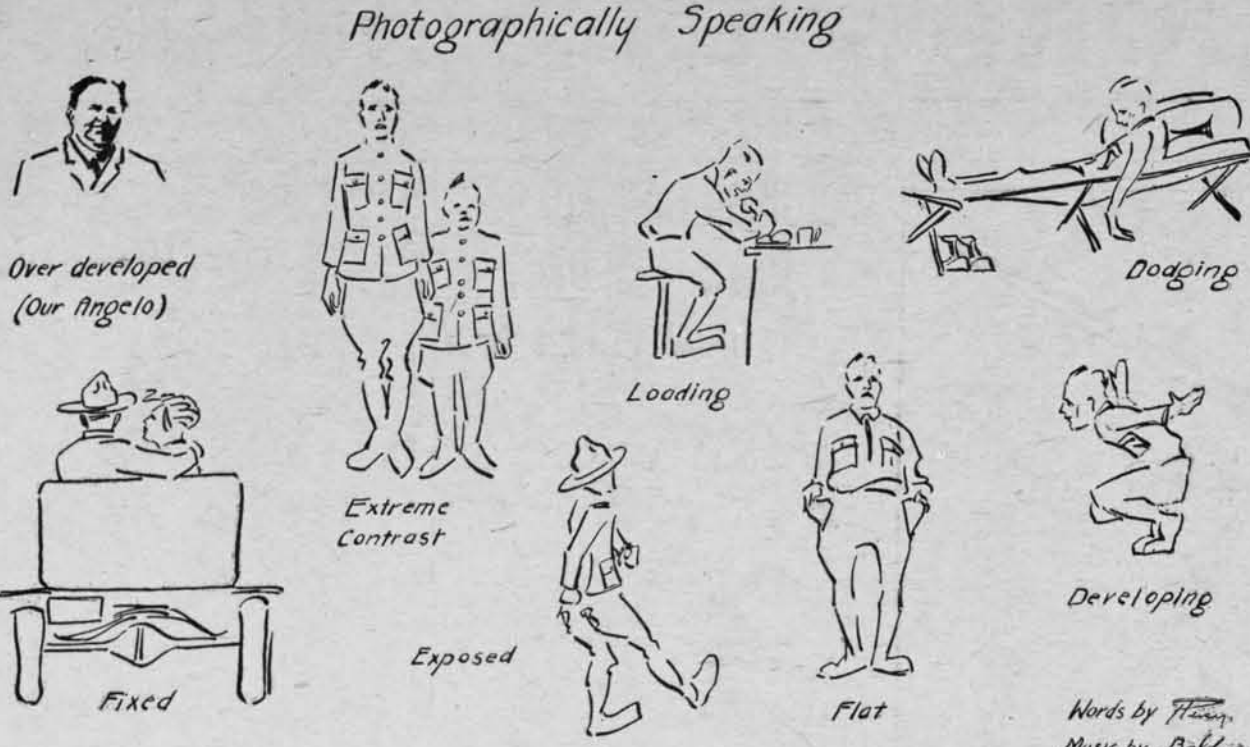
Again, items must be handed in earlier in the week. Under present conditions, no news composition can be depended upon after Wednesday of each week. It is the plan to issue The Snapshot every Saturday, but thus far it has arrived at the school several days late each week—simply because enough news was not hand by Wednesday. Hand in an item to-day for the next issue! Be on time this week, and make the next Snapshot outsnap all others!

Auto Ride and Pie for Soldierboys

An evening which will long be remembered by all who attended was that of June 6, when forty automobiles owned by members of the Automobile Club of Rochester, appeared before the "Y"-K. C. hut and took large droves of our men for drives through the city and outskirts, showing them the points of interest and the beauties of the city. Upon their return, the men were greeted with entertainment supplied by Madam Marie Connell, and, most important, a "home-made pie party." The latter was arranged by Mrs. George W. Kellogg, to whom great credit is due. Many thanks are also extended for the 200 most luscious pies supplied by the various ladies and, needless to say, every man ate more than his share. That can be vouched for by the sick reports the following morning.

Proving That It Surely Pays To Advertise

No longer will the patience of Job be tried. No longer will the editor sweat in vain attempts to pry items from The Snapshot's contribution box. The answer is: "It pays to advertise." When first the contribution box was made, it was found worthy of a Jimmy Valentine. Comment was made in The Snapshot last week, and within an hour after the paper appeared in the "Y"-K. C. hut another more commodious, more artistic, more companionable and hugely better contribution box took its place.



In passing, it must be mentioned that the present contribution box used to contain salted peanuts. Which should be interpreted to mean that school jokesters shouldn't try to spring any more chestnuts in the peanut box.

The Devil Quits His Job

(Written by an American soldier in the trenches in France, the original manuscript being now in the hands of a man in Rochester, to whom it was sent by the author.)

The Kaiser called the Devil up
Upon the 'phone one day;
The girl at Central listened in,
To hear what he would say.

"Hello!" she heard the Kaiser's voice,
"Is old man Satan in?
Just tell him that Kaiser Bill
Would like to talk to him."

The Devil said, "Hello Bill!"
And Bill said, "How are you?
I'm running here, a hell on earth,
So tell me what to do."

"What can I do?" the Devil asked,
"My dear old Kaiser Bill;
If I can assist you in any way,
You know I surely will."

The Kaiser said: "Now listen,
And I will try to tell,
The way I've been running
On earth a Kultural hell.

"I have planned this many years,
And I've started out to kill,
That it will be a model job,
You just leave to Kaiser Bill.

"My army went through Belgium
Shooting women and kiddies down,
We tore up all that country
And blew up every town.

"My Zeps dropped bombs on cities,
And killed both old and young,
If any the Zeppelins did not get,
They were taken out and hung.

"I started out for Paris,
With the aid of poisonous gas,
But these Belgians, damn them, stopped
us.

They would not let us pass.

"My submarines are devils,
Why you should see them fight;
They go sneaking through the seas
And sink all ships at sight.

"I was running things to suit me,
Till a year or so ago;
When a chap named Woodrow Wilson,
Told me to go more slow.

"He said to me, 'Dear William,
We don't want to make you sore,
So kindly tell your U-boats,
To sink our ships no more.'

"I didn't listen to him,
And now he's after me,
With a million Yankee soldiers,
From their homes across the sea.

"Now that's why I call you, Satan
For I need advice from you
I know that you will tell me
Just what I ought to do."

"My dear old Kaiser William,
There's not much for me to tell,
For the Yanks will make it hotter,
Than I can for you in hell.

"I have been a mean old devil,
But not half as mean as you,
And the minute you arrive here,
I'll hand my job to you.

"I'll be ready for your coming
And I'll keep the fires bright;
I'll have your room all ready
When the Yanks begins to fight.

"For the boys in khaki will get you,
I have nothing more to tell;
Hang up the 'phone and get your hat
And meet me here in hell."

SOLDIER AND GIRL PROBLEM WELL HANDLED

Rochester Free from Vices of Many Other Cities.

"It is the legitimate instinct of the soldier and the girl to meet each other, a God-given instinct, and without censure or fault-finding, I say to you that we people of Rochester, generous and hospitable as we are, haven't risen to our opportunities to give the soldiers who are in our midst the proper home influences and the chances to meet our young women and form the right sort of relationships."

Thus did Rev. C. Waldo Cherry, speaking from the pulpit of Central Presbyterian Church on Sunday evening, June 9, place much of the responsibility for whatever is not wholesome in the acquaintanceships formed between soldiers and young women upon the shoulders of Rochester men and women. His sermon topic, "The Soldier and the Girl," developed a frank and vigorous discussion of one of the real problems of the day.

"It is one," he said, "which must be dealt with wisely and positively and in the most broad-minded and Christianlike manner."

"To the soldier I have this to say: Remember you are a representative of the United States, and one who is always in the public eye. You are conspicuous by your uniform. Do not disgrace it. It is your badge of honor. The greatest tests of the true soldier are not physical, but moral and spiritual. Be true to the inner test of chivalry, respectability, character and con-

woman to help solve this problem of the soldier and the girl. We should be cautious how we accept those reports of what has happened elsewhere or in our midst as a result of the lure of the uniform. We should receive them conservatively and carefully, remembering always that we are living under circumstances and conditions which tend to promote exaggeration. Many absurd rumors about our boys in uniform have been the result of those unusual conditions.

"In the last few weeks I have tried to make a careful investigation of the situation in Rochester, and I believe I am right when I say that this city is less cursed with places of vice such as are permitted to exist in other cities, and therefore less open to condemnation so far as the authorities are concerned. I have observed very few incidents that were capable of being interpreted in a suspicious way, and I am convinced that the great majority of the soldiers here have been and are conducting themselves like gentlemen, and are a credit to the service.

"In a certain few instances young women and soldiers have been willing to cast aside the restraint and conventions of social life and have been willing to make each other's acquaintance under circumstances which might be called questionable, but those cases are rare as compared to the number of soldiers in and around the city.

"Let us all, men and women of Rochester, strive to put ourselves in the place of the soldier and the girl, and then work to create in our own homes and in every other way possible a condition under which they may meet and be friends as we would want them to be."



"Column of Squads"

John Agreeable Wells, Y. M. C. A. secretary at the hut, has been spending a week's furlough attending a convention of Y. M. C. A. secretaries at Springfield, Mass. He will then go to Providence to bring Mrs. Wells and their little daughter home to Rochester.

Mr. R. S. Hubbard, representing the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities in War Camp Community Service, called at the hut last Monday and was quite pleased with what has been accomplished by the joint Y. M. C. A.-K. of C. committee. Mr. Hubbard expressed the opinion that there was no need of stirring up a civic interest in the welfare of the Rochester soldiers, judging from what he had seen and heard.

The joint committee are anxious and willing to furnish free of charge all the stationary needed for your use and all that they ask you in return is not to waste same. The secretaries have counted over fifty sheets spoiled with notes or used to wipe pens and for other wasteful purposes all in one day. Take only what you will need from the counter and return there whatever you do not use.

Mr. Daum, the popular assistant Y. M. C. A. secretary at Madison Barracks, called at the hut last week and paid his respects to the local secretaries. Mr. Daum also brought us the first copy of The Barbed Wire, published weekly by the Soldier's Y. M. C. A. Committee on Activities at Madison Barracks, N. Y. The soldiers who have been at the barracks gave Mr. Daum a real welcome and we hope to have him with us soon again.

Plans are in the making for a hostess house to be located between the hut and the garage. It is proposed to have facilities for the entertainment of the friends and relatives of the soldiers at the school. We feel assured that such a place will be a great comfort and the source of much pleasure to the men. We will all do our bit to make it the success it deserves.

A list of suitable furnished rooms in the vicinity of the School may be obtained at the hut.



REV. C. WALDO CHERRY.

AIRSCOUTS ARE GUESTS OF GLASER AT THEATER PARTY

Through the courtesy of Vaughan Glaser and Manager J. H. Finn of the Temple Theater, the complete personnel of the school were invited to attend the play, "Romance," by the Vaughan Glaser Stock Company on Monday evening, June 3. The presence of some 300 men in uniform gave the house a most impressive appearance, and the show, which was very well performed and enjoyable, was only superseded in importance by the "soldier songs" between the acts, lead by our good old leaders, Messrs. Wells and Newman of the "Y"-K. C. hut.

science, as well as to the outer test of courage, valor and bravery. Don't lower your respect for womanhood.

"To the girl I say: Be womanly. You can set no higher ideal for yourself than to be a womanly woman. If the soldiers of America are to win her battles, they are going to win because of the inspiration of American womanhood.

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"To the citizenship of all: It is the duty of every Christian man and

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You Men With Soldier Friends In Other Camps Will Be Glad To Know

—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men. You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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"The Line of Flight"

London, June 2. Because of Hun bombardment of Paris on Corpus Christi Day, the Allies are considering disregarding holding up air raids on holy days.

London, June 2.—Twenty-one Hun planes were destroyed by the British yesterday and four others driven out of control. Four enemy observation balloons also were destroyed. Four British machines were reported missing.

Rome, via London, June 2.—Five tons of bombs were dropped by Italian and British flyers on Austro-Hungarian aerodromes yesterday. Five hostile machines were brought down, and a sixth plane shot down by the Italian artillery.

Indianapolis, June 2.—Captain Edwin P. Webb was killed and Major Guy L. Gearhart injured when an airplane in which they were flying this afternoon. The accident occurred while 4,000 fans were watching a ball-game between rival aviators. The soldiers were dropping baseball banners from their machine.

London, June 3.—Twenty-two Hun machines were brought down by the British yesterday. Eight tons of bombs were dropped on railway stations of Le Cateau, St. Quentin and Valenciennes by British raiding machines. Eighteen additional tons were dropped on other targets. Three British machines are missing.

New York, June 4.—"German airplanes may come to bomb New York just as German submarines come to sink American ships," said the officials of the Aero Club of America and Aerial League of America. "Give us protection against hostile airplanes. They can be effectively launched from submarines."

London, June 6.—An air fight between British and German planes over the North Sea is reported by the Admiralty. Two Hun machines were brought down. Two British planes landed in Holland and were interned.

Paris, June 6.—Nineteen German machines were brought down by the French yesterday. Twenty-five tons of explosives were dropped in the enemy zone. A big fire was caused by bombs at the Fereent-Tardenois Railway station.

Jewish Welfare Board Puts on Good Programme

Under the direction of the Rochester Branch of the Jewish Welfare Board, an entertaining programme, "Danceland," was put on in the "Y."-K. C. Hut on Thursday evening, June 13.



MISS RUTH LAPIDÈS.

The programme follows:
Sailor's Hornpipe.....Misses Celia Bloom, Rose Klein, Lillian Lapidès, Esther Lapidès and Master Hillie Lapidès.
Military DanceKupperman Twins
"Over There".....Ethel Lapidès
Solo—Liberty Bell.....Jennie Lapidès
Daisy Dance.....Kupperman Twins
Society DancesEthel Shacup
"Colors".....Mrs. Rose Davis Berger
"Arbutus".....Misses Rose Klein, Ida Neivert, Ella Posner, Edith Harrison, Sarah Leberman, Mary Gwirtzman.
Service Song.....Jennie Lapidès and chorus of Misses Celia Bloom, Ruth Lapidès, Janet Metzger, Sadie Friedman, Beatrice Frank and Dorothy Levy.
Specialty Act.....
Joseph R. Geismar and "Bob" Posner
Accompnlist, Miss Miriam Shencup.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING



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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

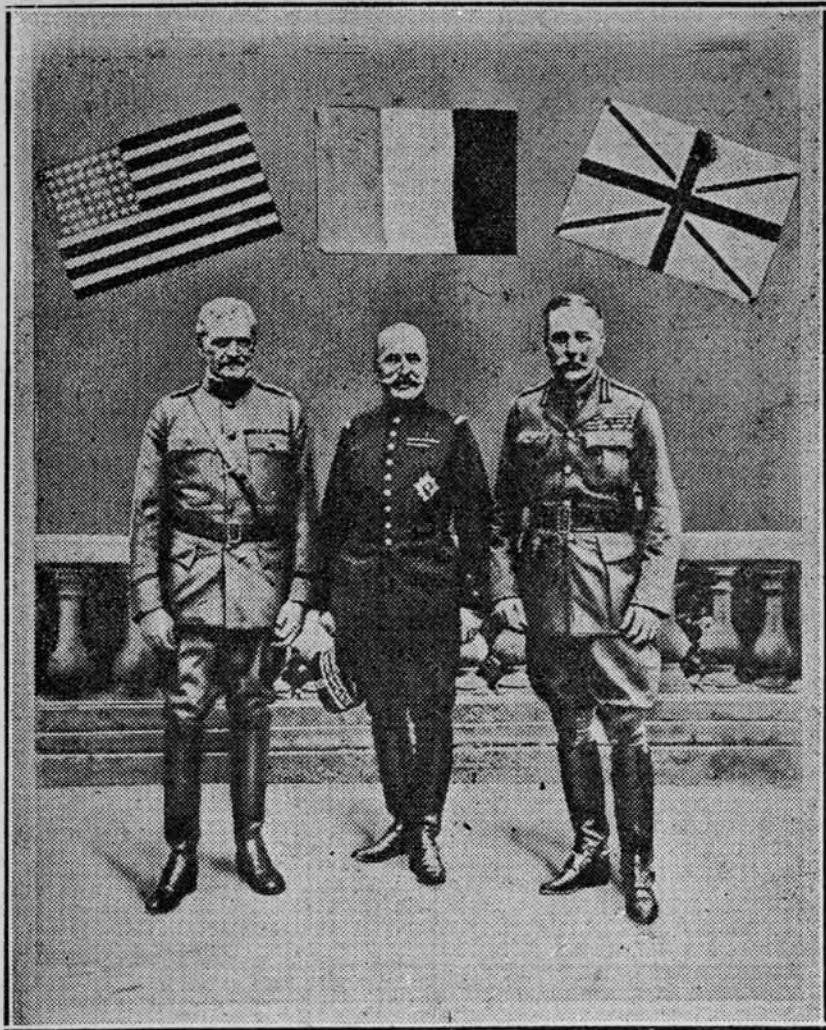


VOL. 1, NO. 4.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 22, 1918.

FREE TO SOLDIERS

The Three Aces



When It Comes to Athletics, Take Off Your Bonnets to Company Six, Undisputed Champions of S. A. P.

Companies may come and companies may go at the U. S. A. S. A. P., but Company Six sure was the champion point getter in the line of sports.

All kinds of games were played and track meets held every day between the different teams.

Sergt. Morris' Pick.

Acting Sergeant Morris, of Company Six, the best "chap" in school, as all the boys of his company used to say, picked out a bunch of athletic young men that showed their heels to all the other companies.

They won the following events: Three-legged race, snake race, rooster fight, tug-of-war, mile relay race, and defeated every company at baseball.

By the looks of some of the scores, "Angel" sure must have been busy sewing new covers on all the baseballs that Company Six spoiled.

shots of some of the boys in action, and also of some of the long hits.

The Team.

- Company Six's team was as follows: Assell Chicago, Ill. Second base. Whitney Rochester Center field. Sheehan Rochester Third base. Grunwald New York Shortstop. Meisse Deming, N. M. Pitcher. Johnson Rochester First base. Williams Brooklyn Left field. Regenthal Brooklyn Catcher. Turner Boston Right field.

The scores of the various battles read something like this:

Table with 2 columns: Company and Score.

Submitted by, PRIV. G. W. WHITNEY, Company Six.

To Men of the Aerial School

In the dusk of early morning, Clouds hanging gray and low; They floated upon my vision, And set my heart aglow.

For, like a gleam of sunshine, Athwart a cloudy sky; A band of gay young soldiers, Went gayly marching by.

The cheer of song and whistle, Made glad the morning air; At once the street before me, Seemed brighter and more fair.

We thank Thee, good Old Father, For the spirit of our youth; Who in their sturdy manhood, Go forth for right and truth.

Far on the field of battle, Where now our banners flame; Will shine this peerless courage, Black tyranny to shame.

June 7, 1918. GRACE B. STRONG, 361 Magee Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

Interesting Letter from Enlisted Man Puts Quartermaster Corps of School in Snapshot's Focal Range

To the Editor: Heretofore there has been no mention made in these columns of the members of the Quartermaster Corps who are stationed at the school.

Until the twenty-sixth of last month we were small—there were only seven of us—but we were augmented by six huskies from the Quartermaster Corps concentration camp at Washington, D. C.

Work is Important.

Our work is very important, and it behooves us, each and all, to do it in the very best fashion, with military precision and expedition.

Quartermaster. He is gradually getting so that his work is no longer a Chinese puzzle to him, and is becoming familiar with forms and abstracts and vouchers and proposals and a number of other things that were total strangers to him at the time he arrived in our midst.

Here's a "Soft Snap."

Sergeant Forbush is now stationed at Baker's Field, and from all accounts he seems to like it very much, and in our estimation he has a soft snap.

Sergeant Schluter is a new sergeant. He came here from Washington on the twenty-sixth of last month, and in less than three weeks he has jumped from a buck private to sergeant.

AN ENLISTED QUARTERMASTER.

Hard Tack.

Corporal Morgan seems to have a hard time keeping the rest of the company in step with himself.

Harder Tack.

The boys over in the trenches are getting plenty of this—so. CHEER UP.

K. of C. Welfare Director Goes into Army Ranks

John F. Deegan, director of operations of the Knights of Columbus Committee of War Activities, has joined the army.

In his farewell letter to K. of C. Secretary Angelo Newman at the School "Y", K. C. hut, Director Deegan says:

"As I am retiring to-day from direct association with the War Activities Work, to enter the army at Camp Johnston, Fla., my duties will be assumed by Walter J. Robinson, for whom I bespeak the support and co-operation that you have accorded me in the past."

"My relations with secretaries in the field have been of such a cordial nature, that I find it no easy task to break the bonds of association at this time I sincerely hope your future work will be crowned with success, and that I may again meet many of you in future years.

Very truly yours, JOHN F. DEEGAN, Director of Operations.

Congratulations!

Lieutenant Lindorff has been made assistant to Commandant Betz. Lieut. Leslie A. Parker is the new adjutant.

Airscoots Attend Dance.

Close to 250 soldiers from the S. A. R. and Draft Barracks at Mechanics Institute attended a dancing party in the parish hall of Episcopal Church of the Epiphany on Saturday evening, June 15.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

BEING POSTMASTER AT S. A. P. NO EASY JOB

M-a-n-u-r-i-c-e is the way he spells it. And his last name is Young. That he hails from Kansas City is of little importance here, but 'tis true that Postmaster Young has some job.

Folks back home surely are keeping the home fires burning, according to Postmaster Young. Every day something like a thousand postcards, letters or packages arrive for the boys.

Probably Will Have To Conduct One Man Party

Ever since he came to the school, Sergt. of the Guard E. B. Hallpike has been searching for men from his home town, Kansas City.

But thus far the "gang" has not been able to arrange their "dates" so as to gather 'round the festive board.

Even the Instructors Have a Sense of Humor, as May Be Seen from the Following Letter to the Snapshot

To the Editor: H. Xantippe Cohen says that the second piece of pie always tastes better than the first.

"Pyro A" Tulpan, our demon chemist, says he has a new step for our dance owls to try.

Hiram "Haveachew" Imig, of the washum and dryum room, advocates a model army, such as one which goes to the hay at 10 p. m. sharp, rises and shines at

5.30 a. m., and stands at attention while marching. How'dye get that way?

"Bean Pole" Villere is seriously considering some way of teaching those in the instructors' dorm how to pronounce his name.

Sergt. Opromolla, better known as "Oppy," created quite a furor one Monday evening when he entered the dorm and turned in at exactly 9.10 p. m.

Some famous sayings and those who say them: "Under your bunks"—Sergt. Jacobi.

You Men With Soldier Friends In Other Camps Will Be Glad To Know

—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men.

You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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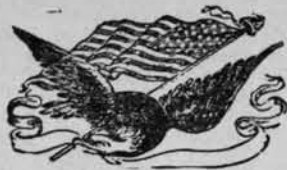
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"The Line of Flight"

London, June 6.—Five German machines were brought down by British fliers who raided Zeebrugge, Ostend, the Bruges Docks and Thorout, in Belgium, between June 3 and 5. One British machine failed to return.

London, June 6.—Ten German machines and three balloons were brought down by the British yesterday. Four British machines failed to return. Thirty-eight tons of bombs were dropped on various targets.

London, June 6.—High authorities estimate that 388 Hun airplanes were shot down in May. Seventy-five per cent of the air fighting was carried on behind the Hun lines.

Boston, June 6.—Lieutenant P. Webb of the Aerial Mail Service, arrived at Saugus Aviation Field at 3.26 o'clock this afternoon, carrying 4,000 pieces of mail, the first by air service between New York City and Boston. He left Belmont Park at 12.00 p. m.

Montreal, June 6.—Lieutenant George C. Flachaire, a French ace, arrived here by aeroplane last night from Washington, D. C., whence he started on Tuesday. He flew by way of Buffalo, Toronto and Brockville.

Washington, June 6.—Pershing's communique says: "On the morning of June 5 Lieutenants Campbell and Melsner forced down an enemy biplane east of Pont-a-Mousson. Between April 14 and May 31 Lieutenant Douglas Campbell brought down six hostile airplanes of which destruction has been confirmed. During the same time Captain Peterson and Lieutenant Richenbacher each brought down three, of which destruction has been confirmed, and forced two more concerning which confirmation has been requested."

Rochester, June 7.—Lieutenant Vernon Brown of the Royal Flying Corps, formerly a University of Rochester student, is reported missing.

London, June 7.—Twenty-three German machines were brought down and three balloons destroyed by the British yesterday. Thirty-nine tons of bombs were dropped on railway stations and other targets behind the Hun lines. One British flier failed to return.

Paris, June 7.—Thirteen Hun machines were brought down by the French yesterday, and four balloons driven down in flames. Twenty-seven tons of explosives were dropped on Roye-St. Quentin and Soissons, causing fires.

Lake Charles, La., June 7.—Lieutenants John L. Hegarty of New Jersey and Lee Halton of San Antonio, Tex., were instantly killed when their machines collided in a practice flight here to-day.

Washington, June 7.—Successful operation of the New York-Washington Aerial Mail Service has prompted officials of the Postoffice Department to extend the service to Boston.

London, June 7.—Announcement that the Police Commissioner of New York has issued instructions to citizens as to their conduct in case of hostile air raids are made over the city has caused much interest. Naval men declare that German air raids on New York are not wildly improbable.

London, June 8.—Britishers are considering placing German officers in air bombardment zones in reprisal of attacks by German submarines on hospital ships.

EVERYBODY UP!

Three Cheers for Folks of Rochester, Who Make Foster Home For Boys of S. A. P.

Boys, did you ever stop for a moment and think of the folks here, who are trying to make you forget that there ever was such a song written as "There's No Place Like Home?" If you did, is there a man who won't rise, duff his hat and bellow forth with three long cheers for Rochester and its inhabitants?

Yes, fellows, to me and I'm sure to everyone of you it is no more than proper then that in this, our paper, we recognize this fact and express our appreciation and thanks to those responsible for this condition. Rochester, itself, is a city that actually defies description, and its people are such as to defy any word of praise that this poor pen can give.

We've lost a home in fact and in name, But found another in Rochester, the same.

We men of the U. S. A. S. A. P. once more want to thank you Rochester folks for your kind, friendly and warm treatment of "U. S. Boys" and, though our stay here will be quite short, we assure you our thoughts of Rochester will live long.
Priv. S. W. FLEISCHER,
Company Four.

No Changes in Uniforms.

Rumors to the effect that Uncle Sam contemplates changes in the uniform are groundless. Sol T. Nevin, the boys' tailor friend, heard the stories floating around the school and wrote to the War Department at Washington. Then he learned that no change in uniforms was contemplated, but that there might be minor changes in insignia, hat cords and chevrons.



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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y.

FREMONT CHESTER, Editor. W. G. BROADBOOKS, Business Manager.

CAPTAIN CHARLES F. BETZ, Commanding Officer, Censor.

LIEUT. THEODORE J. LINDORFF, Adjutant, Associate Editor.

LIEUT. RICHARD GILDERSLEEVE, Associate Editor.

LIEUT. RAYMOND J. BROWN, Director of Recreation, Sporting Editor.

T. R. SHAW, Photographer.

HOWARD W. LORD, Cartoonist.

SERGT. HERBERT JACOBI, Entertainments Editor.

INSTRUCTOR EARL L. HOUSE, Dramatic Editor.

LEADER ARNOLD W. REMARK, Music Editor.

SERGT. HARRY H. MURPHY, Director of Correspondents.

INSTRUCTOR JOSEPH C. BEAVEN, "Column of Squads" Editor.

ANGELO NEWMAN, K. of C. Representative.

JOHN A. WELLS, Y. M. C. A. Representative.



KEEP WRITING!

There was a noticeable variety in the news items submitted for the fourth edition of The Snapshot. And it's not bragging to say that the paper "went over" better than any before it.

The reason was this. More fellows contributed items to last week's Snapshot. Those items concerned countless soldier-students of the S. A. P. There was something in the paper to interest everybody.

That sounds encouraging, and the standard must be improved rather than let fall. There should be a correspondent from every company in the school. Each and every week that man should see that The Snapshot gets a news letter concerning men in his company. Those letters should be in the contribution boxes by Wednesday night at the very latest to insure publication in the following issue of the paper.

In addition, the instructors should see to it that there is a news letter representing them in every Snapshot. Last week there was an exceptionally good one contributed. Others should follow. There was a fine letter from the Quartermaster boys at the school in the last issue. Others are welcome and sought.

The officers, the messengers, the "Y" and K. C. secretaries, the boys "up the river," the Drum Corps, in fact, ALL should have items printed every week in the paper.

Make it hot for the knocker—boost the school and put The Snapshot "over the top!"

Things That Never Happen

No. 1.

Captain Betz, giving the boys the once over on Saturday. Time—2.30.

Place—In front of school. Stops before rookie from Madison Barracks who thought he knew how to dress.

"Don't you know how to dress? Don't you know how to wear your hat? Put it on straight. And what kind of a hat cord is that you are wearing? What army do you belong in? Fix your tie on straight and have a button sewed on that shirt. Was that shirt issued to you? If so, when? Take that belt off and wear your regulation one. How did you get those stabs on your trousers? And look at those leggings. Get those shoes shined and you get on speaking terms again with a barber and have your neck shaved and have it cut the latest syle round in the back"

Private stands with chills all over waiting for verdict.

Lieutenant Larker take his name and see that he gets two weeks fatigue to let him catch up."

No. 2.

Is a man who takes two dishes of dessert at mess a deserter? Quick Watson, get the needle.

No. 3.

A superintendent of a big foundry was showing a minister through his place one day and they came to the room where the smelter furnaces were. Just as they were going by, Casey opened one of the doors of the furnace and a sheet of flame gushed out, which startled the minister as he had never seen such a strong fire. So the superintendent and the minister got into a discussion on which was the hottest fire—the one in the furnace or hell. So after arguing awhile, they called Pat over to settle the argument and they asked him what he thought. So he said: "Why, gentlemen, if you fell out of hell's fire into

AIRSCOUTS INVITED TO EXPOSITION PARK REST ROOM



—Courtesy of Rochester Herald.

The Municipal Museum Rest and Recreation Room, opened on Wednesday, June 5, primarily to provide facilities for the Depot Supply Trains quartered at Exposition Park, has been thrown open to the boys of the S. A. P. Unfortunately, the day after the room was opened a majority of Supply Troop 306, 81st Division, was ordered to the coast with a convoy of trucks, leaving only a small guard at the post. Realizing that Kodak Park was not far off, the curator of the museum offered the use of the room to the S. A. P. boys. There is a piano and a Victrola in the room, as well as various books and periodicals and writing facilities.

SNAPPY SCHOOL SONG AND COMPANY COMPETITIVE "SINGFESTS" NEXT ON PROGRAMME OF S. A. P. WARBLERS

It has long been evident that the members of this photographic division are great songsters, and plans are now on foot whereby those powers are going to be utilized to the greatest advantage. It is the purpose of those interested to show some real live singing and some rip snorting good times while we are sojourning in this fair city. Now lend your ear to a few of the ideas.

We know that there are a number of excellent composers in the school whose talents are just "raring" to air themselves. Through the assistance of our Always-On-The-Job Angelo, we are able to furnish some real lucrative returns for such talents. For the best school song—words only—we will give a prize of five real American dollars. For the best composition of music we will also add another prize of five semollons. The men of the command will be the judges of the entries. Now, you birds, get busy for this contest is only open for a limited time. We want a good snappy school song and some snappy music to go with it. No one is barred, so all have a crack at this.

Competitive Singing.

Next, we want to know what company can outsing the whole gang. So there will

this furnace of fire, I think you would catch pneumonia."

No. 4.

Rookie (at window of O. M.)—"My sergeant sent me down for a quart of re-veille oil. He wants it in a hurry.

Master, seeing the joke, sent the rookie back with this message:

"You tell your sergeant we are all out of re-veille oil, but we just received a new lot of skirmish line if he wants a couple of hundred yards we will be glad to give it to him."

Airscouts Ask for Editorial

To the Editor:

"In a recent edition of The Pictureplay News we read an editorial about the uniform we wear. To say that this article pleased us is putting it very mildly.

"A number of the fellows have tried to secure copies of this paper to send home, but were unable to do so.

"Therefore, we humbly but urgently request that you reprint this editorial in the next issue of Our Own paper.

"Very truly yours,

"The Boys,

"T. R. SHAW,

"HENRY PASCHEN."

KHAKI

Before our active participation in the war, the sight of a khaki uniform meant little to us. It aroused slight interest. Few people knew the difference between a big Boy Scout and a real soldier.

To-day the uniform of khaki brings a thrill to our hearts and words of praise to our lips. The boys in khaki have been given a man-size job to perform. With the wearing of khaki goes a tremendous responsibility. The realization of this responsibility is a miracle worker. Clumsy, awkward, care-free boys leave the community. A few weeks later we see them as trained, efficient soldiers. The khaki uniform and the knowledge of what it means have wrought a wonderful change. The uniform has given them dignity, grace and manliness that beget respect.

be a competitive company singing bee on or about July 4. In the meantime, song leaders for the various companies will be appointed and it will be up to them to put their company on the map. That should furnish some real sport and it is up to each company to try to land the position in the spot light.

Realizing the good fellowship and real recreation of singing, Captain Betz and the officers of this post have thoroughly endorsed this move. Lieutenant Furness is having the various songs printed for us and each man will have a personal copy in the near future. Now we want the co-operation of every man and we know we will get it. Practices will have to be worked in now and then, but will not be long, nor will they conflict with anyone's schedule either for recreation or work.

Sergeant Hill, Company 4, Dorm. 19, is in charge of the arrangements and any songs or entries to the contest should be turned over to him. Also the names of the desired leaders of each company should be handed to him at once.

Now, fellows, watch our smoke. We are a live gang and we are going to put on some live stuff. Every man is expected to sing or do his darndest at trying it. Open your mouth and blow a sweet retreat for all cares and tribulations.

Dispatches from the front, with their ever present casualty lists, place before our mind's eye the inspiring vision of our Sammies, khaki clad, fighting "somewhere in France" that we may continue to enjoy the liberties of freemen.

Every day we see the boy on his way to join his comrades over there, home for a brief time to bid farewell to his loved ones. To-morrow he may be on his way across. A month or two more he may be mentioned in the dispatches—maybe a glorious deed, perhaps a glorious death.

Columns like the foregoing have been and will be written again, and justly so. However, here we say it as a prelude to a newer thought about this uniform of khaki.

To us the deeds our men are performing in France have made the Sammy's uniform a symbol of heroism and unselfish sacrifice. This uniform deserves, and should receive, the utmost respect. It should be worn only by those who are willing and able to bring added glory to it.

Just as it is forbidden to desecrate the flag by using it for advertising purposes, so we believe the use of the khaki uniform should be reserved for real soldiers. The reverence we bear the flag is akin to the reverence we bear the uniform.

Therefore we believe that the uniform of khaki should be worn only by such men as, being of the proper age, are willing and able to be real soldiers. Men whose only purpose in wearing the imitation soldier suits is to evoke the adulation of their female acquaintance or permit them to assume some slight authority should be forced to adopt some other style of dress that in no way resembles the garb of our heroes.

There are men who couldn't fight against an invasion of infants (not infantry) strutting around in these near-khaki soldier suits, trying their best to look heroic and deceiving no one but themselves.

We believe the careless use of the United States uniform, or imitations of it, an insult to the real men who are rightly wearing khaki. A law prohibiting the prostitution of the uniform would not be amiss. A law and its enforcement to prohibit the desecration of the United States army uniform are just as imperative as the law which prohibits the use of the flag for any but its real purpose.

When we see a real man in khaki, the impulse to extend the right hand of fellowship and wish him godspeed is strong. When we see a near-man strutting about in a near-khaki suit, the impulse to use the right hand for a more warlike purpose is stronger.

Men in the real United States army uniforms, we salute you! You fellows who burlesque this uniform, we (crossed out by the censor).



"Column of Squads"

Epworth Leaguers of Rochester presented an entertainment programme in the hut on Thursday evening. The numbers included solos by Mrs. Ivan Van Graafeiland, readings by Miss G. Knapp, violin solo by William Fladd, monologues by B. Limbau, vocal solos by Mrs. Roberts, readings by H. A. Tearbout and a free for all "singfest."

Charlie Carver, Rochester actor, spoke to the men at the hut on Thursday evening. Carver will be ordained an Episcopalian minister in the fall, having given up the stage for the clergy.

Rochester Branch of the Jewish Welfare Board arranged for the benefit of the soldiers in Rochester an interesting musical programme in the J. Y. M. A., in Franklin Square for Sunday night, June 30. A social hour is planned to follow the programme.

Captain Betz was the principal speaker at the Flag Day exercises held at the Chapter House of Irondequoit Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in Rochester.

Flag Day exercises at the factory of the James Cunningham Son & Company were featured by a stirring patriotic address by Captain Place of the school staff.

Captain Wilsdon, who represents the Union Jack at the school, was the principal speaker at the Flag Day exercises at the plant of the American Woodworking Machinery Company.

Don Burroughs, leading juvenile with the Vaughan Glaser Stock Company, now playing at the Temple Theater, entertained at the "Y."-K. C. hut on Tuesday evening, June 11. Mr. Burrows is pleasantly remembered by the boys for his excellent work with the stock company in "The Brat," "Romance" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

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**PROGRAMME OF
 MUSIC AT HUT
 FRIDAY NIGHT**

There was a good-sized crowd at the "Y" K. C. hut on Friday night to hear a musical programme of rare excellence. In addition to the prepared numbers, Private Harrison sang a Russian anthem, which went well with the boys.



MRS. CHARLES G. HOOKER

The programme was as follows:
 "Greeting to Spring".....
 Double quartette.
 "Old Glory".....
 Male quartette.
 "The Long, Long Trail".....
 Mrs. Charles G. Hooker and chorus.
 Piano solo.....
 Harry Sullivan.
 Contralto solo—"When You're Away"
 Mrs. Florence Crosby Cooke.
 "Come Where My Love Lies Sleeping"
 Double quartette.
 "When the Boys Come Home".....
 Male quartette.
 Sextette from "Lucia di Lammermoor"
 Sextette.
 Baritone solo.....
 Hymn—"God Be with You Till We Meet Again"
 Chorus.

Guard Stuff

Sentry Post 5 reports the arrest of one yellow dog in violation of General Order No. 9.

After several tries at regulating traffic at the "Y" Post, Private Cy Naj believes the only reason for the ten miles per hour law is to prevent the accidental "immolation of Angel." In support of his argument, he quotes physics—"Large bodies gain momentum slowly."

Private Nicheson held up the Sergeant of the Guard at Post 3 twice between 1 and 3 a. m., demanding to be informed as to the sergeant's name, age, company, color, dormitory, parentage, number and previous condition of servitude. The sergeant became a trifle annoyed and, passing the post a third time, handed the zealous sentry his card, saying:

"Sir, my card. My autobiography, complete to date, is being published in the current number of 'The Latrine Gazette' to which I respectfully refer you."
 All of which may account for Nick's dazed expression in the last few days.

**To Buffalo They
 Went and Found
 A Royal Welcome**

One recent Saturday afternoon 25 boys from the S. A. P. went to Buffalo to take the thirty-second degree of Scottish Rite Masonry. They got there at 6.30 o'clock and found an elaborate supper awaiting them.

That night they took their degrees, after which they sat down to a banquet, and, from last reports, they did full justice to it. About 150 went through that night, and they were all men in the service, from naval officers to generals in the army.

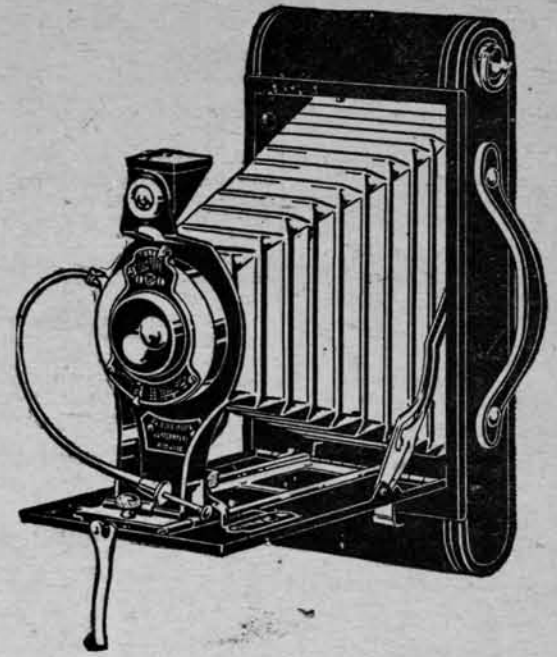
The boys from Rochester received special care at the hands of Commander in Chief Staples, and they were his guests at the different hotels. On Sunday most of them had to see whether the water was still going over the Falls, and when they returned they said that they had spent one of the most enjoyable week-ends since they had been in the army.

Private Winzig of the Fourth Company arranged that all were taken care of, and now he hears that they are anxious to get into the Shrine, and it is supposed he will see that they get in alright.

Airscouts Invited.

Irondequoit Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, extends the hospitality of its Chapter House and grounds at 160 Spring Street, to the men stationed at the school. The Daughters will hold open house Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings to all men in uniform. Picnic supper served Saturdays at 6 o'clock and Sunday night lunch at 6.30. Informal programme, with good music for Sunday evening. Please register with Mr. Newman or Mr. Wells.

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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1, NO. 6.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 6, 1918.

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EXTRA!

SLY, SLICK SLEUTH SOLVES MYSTERIOUS MIDNIGHT MISHAP OF FAMOUS FLIVVERING FORD

Particularly Prudent Professor of Avaricious Aviating Airscouts Pilots Dainty, Delighted Damsel to Highly Hilarious Hostelry in Rustic, Rural Rendezvous for Simple, Satisfying Supper---Bad, Boisterous Bandit Takes Overworked, Old Omnibus to School's Secluded Shack and Dismounted, Disappointed Dissipators End Real, Riotous Revelry with Tiresome, Tedious Trip on Lowly, Lumbering Locomotive ---Criminal Cleverly Captured by Exceptionally Enterprising Efforts of Daring, Desperate Desmond.

Why Fords leave home, where they go and what they do in their wanderings is the problem that has been worrying the local authorities for the past fortnight and which was only solved by the clever deductions and keen wits of Instructor McGargle, professional photographer and amateur detective.

The efforts of the police were as usual quite fruitless and Mr. Morgan spent many hours in nerve racking anxiety which reduced him to little more than a skeleton. And then came McGargle. Mac has read several volumes of Sherlock Holmes and has some very classy ideas on the detective game, which soon brought results.

"The first thing," said Mac, when interviewed by a Snapshot reporter, "was to play, and, laying my predicament at the feet of the local police (singular), I boarded the twelve-one and returned to Rochester."

The machine in question is none other than the handsomely appointed, if not altogether modern, equipage belonging to the so-called Senior Instructor Jay Beerfont Morgan of the Lantern-slide Department. In pursuance of the little social duties incumbent on an instructor, Mr. Morgan had coaxed his Rolls-Folts to wheez its weary

To My Soldier

I'm feeling pretty worried over
All the things I hear,
Of the shrapnel and the cannons
Of the Zeppelins and airplanes and
The snaky submarine,
But the worst of all the things I
fear
That nearly turns me green
Is the fear of all the damsels you'll
Be meeting over there,
The Parisiennes and the Belgian
Maids with their fascinating air,
That are roaring round you dear;
To be a loyal lover, don't forsake
The girl back home;
No matter how they smile on you,
Don't let your fancy roam.
For the French girls are so pretty
And the nurses are so kind,
But do not be a traitor to the girl
You left behind.
I know that you are loyal to the
Old Red, White and Blue,
And I hope that you'll be loyal to
Your little sweetheart, too.
Against the Huns they spell with
"U" you'll hold your own, I know,
But I fear you may be ambushed
By the huns they spell with "o".
Stand guard against temptation,
Don't surrender to their charms,
And wait till you come back to me
Before presenting arms.
Leave the French girls for the
Frenchmen, and the nurses for the
Docs,
But the soldier boy in khaki's for
The girl who knits his socks.
Though the French girls may be
Pretty, and the nurses may be
kind,
Oh, do not be a traitor to the girl
You left behind.
—Virginia Cooper in St. Louis
Times.

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

GUEST HOUSE, LATEST ADDITION TO THE S. A. P., IS RAPIDLY NEARING COMPLETION, SOON TO BE OPENED

With the framework already up and the roof nearly finished, the Guest House, the latest acquisition of the S. A. P., is rapidly nearing completion. By next Sunday, it is expected, it will be ready for the use of the airscouts and their friends.

The Guest House is situated between the garage and the "Y"-K. C. Recreation Hut, on the opposite side of Lake Avenue Boulevard from the school barrack. It is to be regretted that the garage, instead of the Guest House, faces the boulevard, but arrangements are contemplated whereby the former may be moved.

Need Long Overlooked.

To Mrs. Fred Jensen of 81 Plymouth Avenue South and Mrs. C. L. Wilson of 105 East Avenue is due all credit for the Guest House.

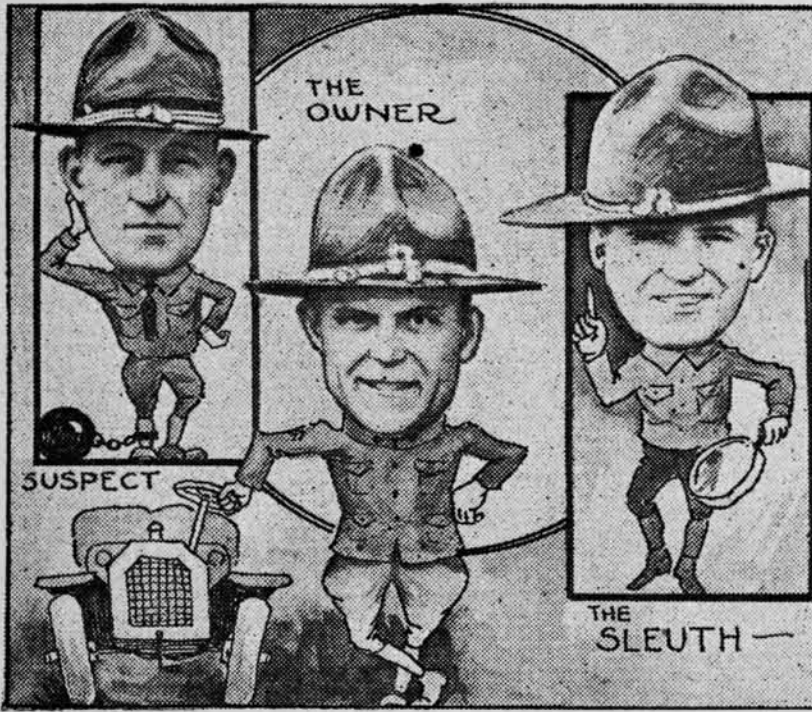
The Guest House proper, that is, without the spacious porch, was purchased "somewhere in Rochester." It was then dismantled and carted to the school grounds, where it was again erected. The house is approximately 21x27 feet in dimensions, one story in height and has a pleasant bay window. To it has been added a porch 10 feet wide on all sides.

The house will be daintily decorated and furnished with rattan furniture and neat rugs. Dotted Swiss curtains will be placed at the windows, and a few choice pictures added to carry out the restful appearance of the interior. The porches also will be furnished, and hanging tables and shelves will make possible the serving of refreshments there.

To Serve Refreshments.

Both in the Guest House and on the porch, airscouts and their friends may procure dainty sandwiches, lemonade and other soft drinks, and possibly ice cream and cake. There will be a piano installed in the house, so that entertainment of a musical nature may be provided.

As an annex to the Guest House, Mrs. Wilson has leased the entire property and fixtures of the Maplewood Inn, a large, commodious and well known hostelry at the corner of Lake Avenue Boulevard and Hanford Avenue. There wives, mothers and sisters of the airscouts will be able to procure lodging and meals at a nominal sum while visiting their soldier boys. The hotel now is being remodeled in anticipation of its new and more patriotic use.



way to that budding metropolis and garden spot of the state, known on the road maps as Fairport, Mr. Morgan's story of the incident is as follows:

"We were at dinner, one of those cosy little lunches for two, and I had left Hortence (that's my car) out in the thoroughfare. Doubtless, it was carelessness on my part that I neglected to throw out the hitching weight on docking, but in spite of that words fail to express my emotions when I stepped out into the dark and stormy night and discovered that Hortence was gone. Vainly I searched, questioning passersby, and prying into every nook and cranny, but to no avail. At first I accepted the situation as humorous, but as midnight drew near I began to suspicion foul

seek out the motive. That was for a time quite puzzling, for I could not imagine anyone wanting the junk. But the thought occurred to me that Instructor Imig had been in search of a print-drying machine and this idea grew upon me until I decided to take drastic action along that line. Sure enough a peep into Imig's locker restored the missing Hortence to its owner and furnished evidence which I believe will be most convincing when the matter comes to trial."

As yet no action has been taken on the matter and as Mr. Morgan shows no malice toward the culprit, Hortence having been returned in the best of health and spirits, it is doubtful whether any further attention will be paid to the incident.

LET'S LISTEN TO THE BAND!

Ireland has its shamrock,
Scotland has its thistle,
France boasts of its fleur-de-lis,
And WILSON of his whistle.
(Sergt. Wilson of the D. C.)

If Lang (H. F.) beat that little wife (and we'll tell the world that dainty things come tied up in small packages) of his as thoroughly as he beats that drum, he would have been hung long ago.

P. S.—But why pick on Lang?

Lang (H. F.) always did believe in following out orders to the letter. Thursday morning he was stopped just in time from

going down on the drill grounds with nothing on but canvas leggings and a campaign hat. He said: "That's what the orders called for, and orders is orders."

It is rumored that Ames used to travel around with a quack doctor, palming off "Do-Do Oil," the blessing to mankind, on the street corners.

Ask "Micky" Dolan why he wasn't down to inspection Saturday.

"Red" Estes believes in harmony—of color. He requested a red shoulder strap to match his 'air.

"Sound Off—The Captain's Piece," can't be bought anywhere in the country, gentlemen. The D. C. has the distinction of being the only big noise in the country playing it. It must be heard to be appreciated.

Lang (S. O.) has developed a new business. Sh—Sh!!!

L-E-F-T!

(A Marching Soliloquy)

"Left!
Left!"
Had a fine girl when I
"Left!
Left!"
Mighty good pal when I
"Left!
Left!"
"One! Two! Three! Four!"
How
many
miles
more?
"Left!"
"Left!
Left!"
Booked for a wife when I
"Left!
Left!"
That was the life when I
"Left!"
"One! Two! Three! Four!"
Hear
old
Cap
roar
"Left!"
"Left!
Left!"
Had a good job when I
"Left!
Left!"
Left to a slob when I
"Left!"
"One! Two! One! Two!"
Close
up
there,
you!
"Left!"
"Left!
Left!"
Many a day since I
"Left!
Left!"
Never no pay since I
"Left!"
"One! Two! He! He!"
Hey,
you,
get
step!
"Left!"
"Left!
Left!"
Don't run around since I
"Left!
Left!"
Always am found where I'm
"Left!"
"Hayfoot! Strawfoot!"
Stay
where
I'm
put!
"Left!"
"Left!
Left!"
Had some good feet when I
"Left!
Left!"
Pair of good feet when I
"Left!"
"One! Two! Three! Four!"
Which
foot
most
sore?
"Left!"
—Damon Runyon.

Have Only Praise for the S. A. P.

That the S. A. P. is some school is shown by the following from the Barracks Observer, printed for the men of Madison Barracks, Sackets Harbor:

"Nothing but praise for conditions at the Aerial Photography School at Rochester is contained in letters received from former Madison Barracks men stationed there, despite the fact that they are unanimous in saying that they are busier than they have ever been.

"For the guard detail recently transferred, Rochester is a paradise, a land of no reveille and no retreat, according to letters from the men and, apparently, they are not as busy as the men actually in the schools.

"Alligator Bait' Stephens is having the time of his life, he says.

"I think this place is the next thing to Paradise," he writes. "It is one of the prettiest places I have ever seen. If you have a chance to come here, do so; you'll never regret it.

"Everyone here is simply wild over the place. You couldn't drag them away. We have all kinds of privileges. Don't have to get back at night until 1 o'clock. No bugle calls—no reveille, no retreat. We get up about 6 o'clock, eat at 7.

"We certainly have a fine lieutenant. He is going to get us two canoes, a piano and a phonograph. You can see we are going to have plenty of entertainment."

"Shorty' Fisher, also one of the guard detail recently transferred, also likes Rochester. "It's just like Heaven," writes 'Shorty.' 'Flowers all around our quarters, and plenty of fine fishing. I have been doing guard duty at Baker Field farm and, believe me, this is the life.'

"But it's not all play and no work by any means. A little idea of the hard work the men actually in the school have to do so successfully complete the course is given in a letter from Harry ('Murphy') Hirtzberg.

"You must keep alert here in order to get through," he says. "It's a pretty stiff course, but a man can get by all right if he settles down and studies. You've got to be on the job, though."

"John E. Brown also vouches for the hard work. 'Never worked harder in college,' he writes.

"Ice cream, cake, fruit and many other delicacies are included in the menus at Rochester, other letters declare, and everyone says the meals are the best they ever had."

AIRSCOUTS GUESTS OF THE D. A. R. AT BROCKPORT SOCIAL

Thirty of the boys spent a very pleasant afternoon at Brockport, a town about 25 miles west of Rochester, on Saturday, July 6. The automobiles, furnished by members of Ironduquet Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, called at the "Y"-K. C. Hut at 4.30 o'clock in the afternoon.

The weather was fine for motoring. The girls numbered about thirty, so the boys were well taken care of. They were a fine bunch and sure did entertain the soldiers. The airscouts sang their school songs, and there also was a recitation by Corporal Hubert J. Girard that was a big hit. Both the members of the D. A. R. and the soldiers were well pleased with the entertainment.

STOP! READ THE EDITORIAL!

You Men With Soldier Friends In Other Camps Will Be Glad To Know

—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men.

You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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77 AND 79 EAST MAIN STREET

Smoke

10c KELLY'S 10c
BOUQUET

6c.. ARMULETTA.. 6c

CIGARS

SOLDIERS! Your Uniforms are Your Admission Tickets to the
STRATFORD ROLLER RINK
ALL THE THRILLS WITHOUT THE CHILLS
Clinton Avenue North, Near Andrews Street
Skating on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday nights only during the summer.



"The Line of Flight"

Buffalo, June 10.—Phil Rader, instructor at the Curtiss airplane flying field, and Robert Connor, observer, were instantly killed this afternoon when a wing on the airplane in which they were riding about 500 feet above the flying field collapsed. The machine catapulted to the ground and both men were crushed beneath it.

Paris, June 11.—Eleven German machines were destroyed by the French yesterday. Eighteen tons of bombs were dropped by French fliers on German troop convoys and concentrations. A great explosion was caused at Roye. Three German machines were brought down by anti-aircraft fire, the War Office says.

London, June 11.—Thirteen German machines were brought down by the British yesterday and five British machines were lost, the War Office announced to-night. Despite cloudy weather, British fliers yesterday co-operated actively with the French aviators in impeding the German advance on the Montdidier-Noyon front, and harassing German movements behind the front. Eight tons of bombs were dropped on various targets.

With the American Army in France, June 12.—Artillery fire and aerial activity on both sides increased to-day on the Toul front. There were two patrol clashes, our men emerging without loss. The Luneville sector was quiet.

London, June 20.—A British reconnaissance squadron north of the Heligoland Bight on June 19 was attacked by German seaplanes. One of the hostile machines was brought down. The British planes suffered no loss.

Paris, June 12.—Arthur Blumenthal of Wilmington, N. C.; Harold Y. Saxon of Washington and Allan Nichols of Palo Alto, Cal., all members of the LaFayette Escadrille, are missing after a bombing raid over the enemy lines. Captain Charles Biddle of Andalusia, Pa., who was recently wounded and brought down in No Man's Land on the British front, has recovered and has resumed fighting.

With the American Army in France, June 14.—An American aviation cadet, charged with attempting to send uncensored matter to the United States by a civilian attached to the army, will be tried shortly before a general court martial. The civilian has been arrested at a base port. He carried photographs given him by the cadet and reported to be of an extremely indiscreet nature.

With the American Army in France, June 14.—The destruction of two German planes on the Toul front yesterday is officially confirmed. We probably forced another German plane down behind the enemy lines. The Germans are more active on the Toul front. Our patrols are encountering stronger resistance.

London, June 18.—Twenty-eight German airplanes and one balloon were brought down by the British yesterday. Twenty-nine tons of bombs were dropped on various targets. Five British machines are missing.

London, June 20.—A British reconnaissance squadron north of the Heligoland Bight on June 19 was attacked by German seaplanes. One of the hostile machines was brought down. The British planes suffered no loss.

Paris, June 20.—Saturday.—Paris was attacked by German bombing planes early this morning. Cannonading of the most violent character was in full swing for twenty minutes. Bombs were dropped, but so far no victims have been reported.

With the American Army in France, June 29.—Lieutenant E. W. Mayner of Birmingham, Ala., and an observer were killed on Wednesday when their machine fell to earth just after ascending. Captain E. P. Nines of Niagara Falls, N. Y., was killed in the same manner on the same day.

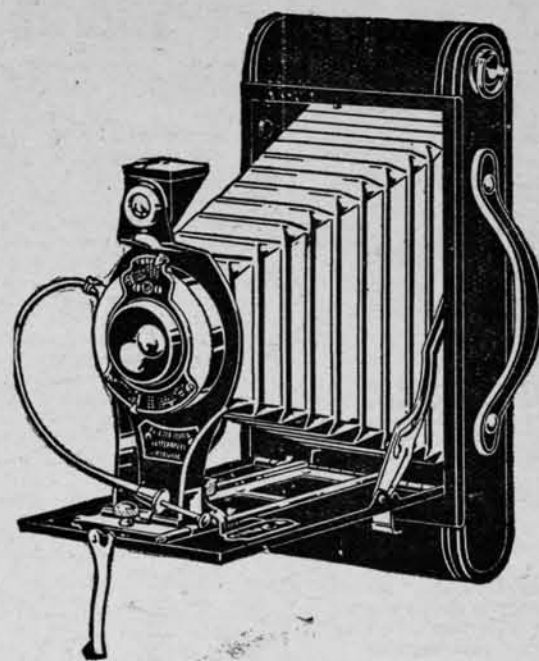
London, June 29.—The famous Badische factory at Mannheim, Germany, was bombed by British fliers early to-day with good success, the Admiralty announces. German machines ascended to scare the British raiders off, but the latter successfully engaged them, bringing down three of the German machines, the British suffering no losses.

London, July 1.—A great exodus from the Rhine towns is under way as a result of the frequent bombing raids by allied fliers, the Geneva correspondent of the Daily Express reports. The rents in those towns have fallen 35 per cent. and all advices from Germany agree that the air reprisals are striking the people harder than any other weapons. A Hungarian diplomat, according to the correspondent, made the public statement in Geneva that the allies are "striking at the very heart of Germany, namely the Rhine district."

London, July 3.—British bombing planes this morning raided the German cities of Coblenz on the Rhine and Saarbrucken, the air ministry announced to-day. In an engagement over Saarbrucken two German machines were brought down. The raiders suffered no losses.

Paris, July 5.—Lieutenant William D. Robbins, and Sub-lieutenant Wilford were burned to death when their machine crashed to earth to-day while they were flying over Sainte Colombe. Fire from an unknown origin suddenly broke out on the machine.

STOP! READ THE EDITORIAL!



3A Autographic Brownie

Price \$12.50

When you send home this issue of the Snapshot, why not call the folks' attention to this advertisement with the suggestion that they send you pictures from home.

The 3A Brownie makes post card size pictures—is simple to operate—and is autographic—each picture may be permanently identified by the date and title which are written on the film at the time.

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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1, NO. 7.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 13, 1918.

FREE TO SOLDIERS

"Regular" Ball Team Comes from Madison Barracks and S. A. P. May Expect Weekly Games Now

At one time this division of Uncle Sam's family had a regular ball club at Madison Barracks. In fact, it was so good that no aggregation in that neck of woods could touch us. Every team was beaten by us easily.

We now have the most of that ball club here at Kodak Park, and we are to take on all comers. Of course we are willing to practice on some of the company teams here in the school, but we are arranging our schedule to include some of the fastest teams in the city.

The first game will probably be staged next Saturday afternoon with the local Knights of Columbus team. They have a strong team and should give us a good run for our money. Of course, we expect to win, and we want the backing of the entire school to that end.

Game Every Week!

We hope to be able to put on a game every week with some real club, and the school should see some real games in the next few weeks. Our line-up is as follows:

Machen	Third Base
	Fourth Company.
Crawford	Shortstop
	Fourth Company.
Klucken	Second Base
	Sixth Company.
Hill	First Base
	Instructor.
Lake	Catcher
	Sixth Company.
MacKenzie	Left Field
	Fourth Company.
A. I. Kins	Center Field
	Sixth Company.
Macey	Right Field
	Fifth Company.
Spotsworth	Pitcher
	Fourth Company.

"Y" Secretary Leaves Airscouts' Recreation Hut



JOHN A. WELLS, popular representative of the Y. M. C. A. at the "Y"-K. C. Recreation Hut of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, who has left the army work and returned to the Central Association in Rochester. He was the first secretary appointed to the airscouts' hut and has the enlisted men and officers and the central committee under which he has been employed. Secretary Wells has been succeeded by Gilbert Cox of Rochester, who has been in "Y" service at Camp Sill for some time.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

The Weekly Letter Home

July 13, 1918
B. F. F.

My Dear Miss Badger, I know that you will excuse me for not returning this to you last night. I really meant to, but owing to the hurry for my train I forgot about it.

Sincerely,
Pat Howard

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

EVERYBODY IS ASKING ABOUT THE SIXTH COMPANY

FOUND—News of the Sixth Company, which was lost the first three weeks of school. EVERYBODY has been asking about us, and then, again, we are not at all adverse to publicity, so we are glad to be known.

"They also serve who only stand and wait"—in line for mess at the end of the column.

When asked what he heard when the Great Mogul was speaking to the battalion, "Not a d— word," said Sergt. Corkin. "You see, we are a little out of hearing."

"No green hat cords to be worn." And silently but reverently Green re-

Ever hear of that big man, Royster—the five-times-to-the-counter eating champion? We should like to "stack" him up against any soldier in the army. He comes from Kentucky, where they grow them big, and they sure have to eat to get that way.

How would you like to call the roll and stumble—that's the word—along such names as Bernatcevit, Karibjanian, Schlernitzauer and Willinovsky?

Ont., to refill the gasoline tank. The distance is approximately 200 miles each way, or 400 miles in all. The machine and passengers arrived at the home base before dark. Deseronto is on the north shore of the Bay of Quinte and is well known to vacation travelers.

A TEXAS ROOKIE'S LAMENT

(Alleged to have been uttered by a New York Militia Man in the Brownsville Country)

"They took me away from cool New York State and brought me down here, where it's summer all winter and Hell all summer.

"They took me from my comfortable home and put me in a stinking tent. "They took away my good clothes and gave me a suit of red-hot khaki.

"They took away my good name and gave me a number—494.

"They took me from my good job and put me to digging ditches and walking marathons till my hands and

"They made me go to bed when I wasn't sleepy and get up when I was.

"They made me go to church on Sunday, whether I wanted to or not.

"In church the parson said: 'All turn to No. 494—Are You Footsore, Are You Weary?' and I got ten days in the guardhouse for answering: 'Hell, yes.'"

—Exchange.
J. N. DOOLITTLE,
Company C.

Only a Volunteer!

Why didn't you wait to be drafted? The answer is simple enough—You didn't need a brass band to lead you—

You're made of the right kind of stuff.

Your banquet will come when it's over, And that's when you'll want to be cheered;

And then you will know you deserved it, Because you had volunteered.

Don't get discouraged so quickly; From what I've seen I've a hunch That out of the millions of soldiers Uncle Sam likes You best of the bunch.

You do not complain of your duties, Of hardships you've nothing to fear, You lick up your meals with a relish— Because you're a volunteer.

You weren't dragged in by a number, As though you were no one at all, And you didn't go round with a frown on,

Afraid that your country would call, You didn't buy every paper And scan the draft column with fear;

You marched right along with your head up, Because you're a volunteer.

What if the little draft Willies Do get a little more praise? Praise won't get the old Kaiser— It's work that is wanted these days. Just keep your eye on Berlin, boys, And don't be misled by the cheers; The glory will go to the heroes, and They'll be the Volunteers.

CANADIAN FLIER MAKES LONG OBSERVATION FLIGHT

According to the French Canadian paper, La Patrie of Montreal, on Monday, July 8, an aviator accompanied by an observer and a mechanic made a flight from Camp Mohawk, near Deseronto, on the north shore of Lake Ontario, to Montreal and return on Sunday. The flight was made at an average altitude of 10,000 feet.

The observer was Lieutenant McIver of the Canadian Army. On the way home a stop was made at Cardinal,

HARMONY FOUR OF S. A. P. PROVE TO BE REAL SINGERS

While passing through the corridors you may hear a beautifully harmonious strain. We pause, glance around, and, behold, there is the S. A. P. Harmony Comedy Four at their old tricks, trying to gargle a few minor chords.

And we hear our old friend, Big Bill, yelling: "That's it; that's it; try it

again!" You can't help but hear him with his big bass voice. Then we hear Instructor Carpenter breaking into print with some Caruso tenor stuff. Friend Tolpin can be heard with the sweetest baritone you ever listened to. Some say he put the tone in baritone. Now we hear Murphy. Some singer! He yells the same old cry about "let's go," and, believe me, they go and it's all good going. The best you ever heard. But why don't you let us have a little more? Don't keep it all in the barracks. Get out and get going.

The lineup:
Carpenter—First tenor.
Murphy—Second tenor.
Tolpin—Baritone.
Geiser—Bass.

The "Y"-K. C. gang is waiting for a big song and dance act by Bill and Murph. We know what kind of stuff they have, and want it pretty quick.

Angelo is having the windows made shock-proof, for when Big Bill straddles that bass viol he can raise the roof off, as he has done many a time in the Emmett Welsh Minstrels. And we want a repetition of that corkscrew dance, Bill. Now get busy and let us have some of your stuff. We know you can lead the band with any instrument, even the bass drum. No hard feelings, Bill and Murph, but let's hear from you both.

A FRIEND,
Baker's Field.

FISHING AND SWIMMING FOR BAKER FIELD BOYS

Richard Linderman is now first sergeant. Some job! Sergt. Langer smiles and says: "I did all I could for him."

The big squad tents have arrived at last. No more sleeping "half in and half out" of the pup tents.

We are still waiting and longing for the canoes the "Y"-K. C. promised us.

When a new company comes in from the school, the original guards smile, for who wants to walk a dark and spooky post all alone?

We now have a dandy baseball field, plenty of equipment and some mighty fine players. We expect to have some very interesting games. With other athletics, we intend to make the farm a regular place.

With the baseball equipment, there were 100 bathing suits and lots of fishing tackle. A hint: Bathing suits are to bathe in, not a new kind of underwear.

Privates Hanson and Weller went fishing. Along came two pretty maidens in a canoe. The fishing was fine, and the boys didn't return until late that night.

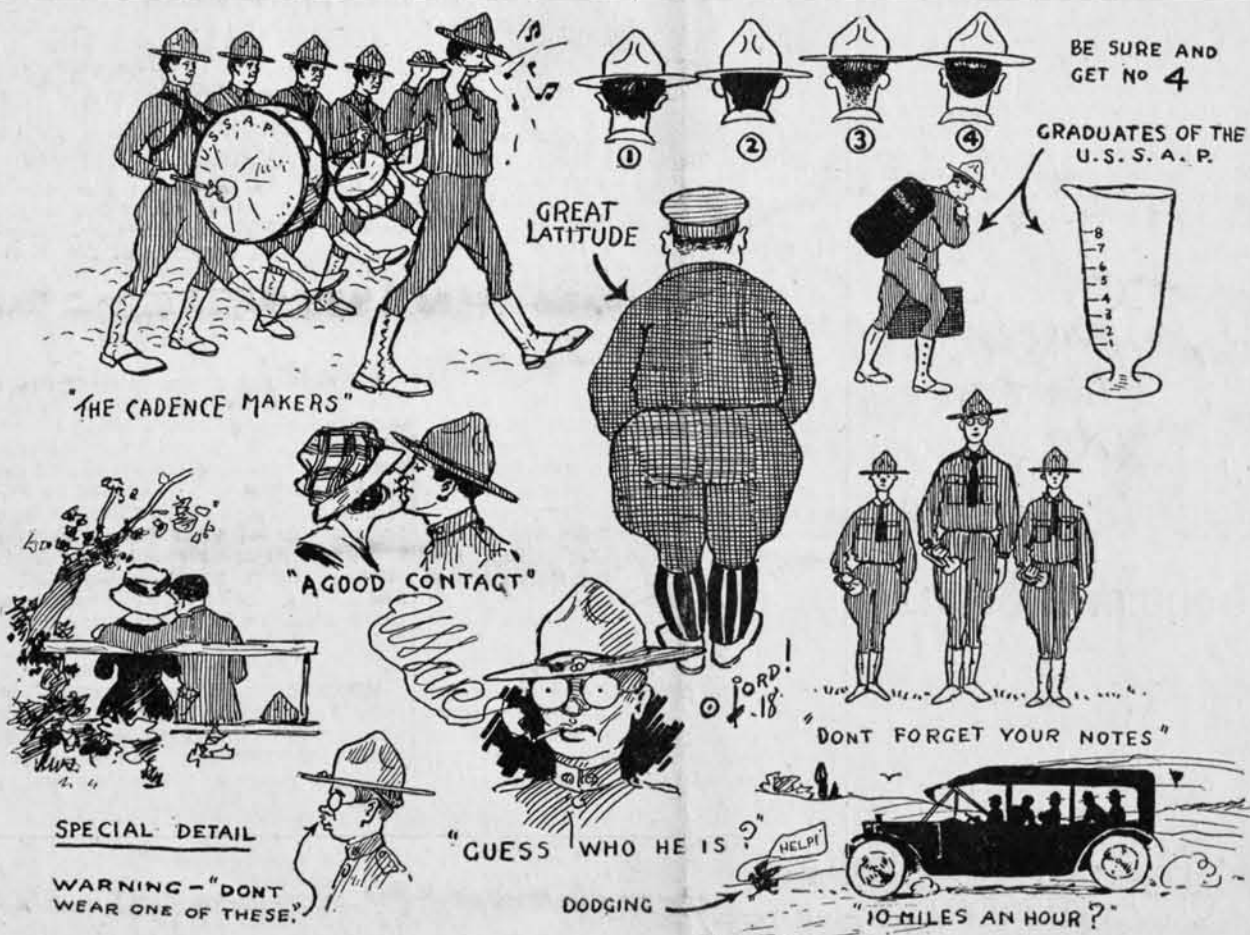
BOYS "UP THE RIVER" ARE ENTERTAINED BY COTTAGERS

From the boys "up the river" come all sorts of reports, rumors and odd stories of camp life in the country. But the best one yet, at least the most pleasant to those who anticipate a trip to Baker Farm, is that of the manner in which the cottagers entertain the airscouts.

Take, for instance, the Fourth of July. That day there was a regular series of house parties, dances, canoe trips, etc., for the boys. At the cottages of Mrs. George Ainsworth, Mrs. Ray Sparnum and Mrs. Walter Gargan, there was a "regular" time for half a dozen S. A. P. boys and as many girls. There was a continued programme of fun from early in the afternoon until late at night, a big supper at 7 o'clock and dancing by the light of Japanese lanterns and the moon being features. A Victrola furnished the jazz music.

Congratulations!

Airscout Glenn E. Heveron of the S. A. P. and Miss Mabel G. Niegelson of Exmore Club, Highland Park, Ill., were married recently by Rev. Louis B. Chaloux, pastor of Grace Methodist Church.



THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y.
Publication office, 209 Livingston Bldg.

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W. G. BROADBOOKS, Business Manager.

CAPTAIN CHARLES F. BETZ, Commanding Officer, Censor.
LIEUT. THEODORE J. LINDORFF, Assistant to Commandant.

LIEUT. RICHARD GILDERSLEEVE, Associate Editor.

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INSTRUCTOR PAUL MORRIS, Cartoonist.

INSTRUCTOR THOMAS L. HILL, Glee Club Representative.

SERGEANT HERBERT JACOBI, Entertainments Editor.

INSTRUCTOR EARL L. HOUSE, Dramatic Editor.

LEADER ARNOLD W. REMARK, Music Editor.

SERGEANT HARRY H. MURPHY, Director of Correspondents.

INSTRUCTOR JOSEPH O. BEAVEN, "Column of Squads" Editor.

ANGELO NEWMAN, K. of C. Representative.

JOHN A. WELLS, Y. M. C. A. Representative.



U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography.

Rochester, N. Y., June 30, 1918.

Memorandum for Secretaries of Y. M. C. A.-K. C. Hut

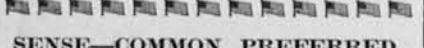
Subject: Airscout's Snapshot.

1. The Airscout's Snapshot has the approval of Washington. The War Department recommends that newspapers be published at camps for the benefit of the boys.

2. The publication of the Airscout's Snapshot also has the approval of the commandant of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography, Captain Charles F. Betz, Sig. R. C. A. S.

By order of Captain Betz.
(Signed) **LESLIE M. PARKER**,
2nd Lieut., Sig. R. C. A. S.
Adjutant.

C. F. BETZ, MMD.



SENSE—COMMON, PREFERRED.

Of all the defects that flesh is heir to, inherited superiority is the most deplorable. It is worse than insanity or idiocy or curvature of the spine. There are millions of acres of land in Europe occupied by nothing but a sense of inherited superiority; there are millions of hands and intellects in Europe occupied by nothing but a sense of superiority, while billions of wealth have been diverted to its service and embellishment.

There are two kinds of sense in men Common and Preferred—plain and fancy. The Common has become the great asset of mankind; the Preferred its great liability. Our forefathers had large holdings of the Common; certain kings and their favorites of the Preferred. The Preferred represented an immense bulk of inherited superiority and an alleged pipe-line leading from the king's throne to Paradise, and connected with the fount of every blessing by the best religious plumbers.

It always drew dividends, whether the Common got anything or not. The Preferred holders ran the plant and insisted that they held a first mortgage on it. When they tried to foreclose with military power to back them, some of our forefathers got out.

We, their sons, are now crossing the seas to take up that ancient issue between sense, Common and Preferred, and to determine the rights of each. We are fighting for the foundations of democracy—the dictates of Common Sense. Let our answer be more decisive, more effective, more lasting, so that in generations to come the same issue dare not be raised.

—With apologies to Irving Bacheller.

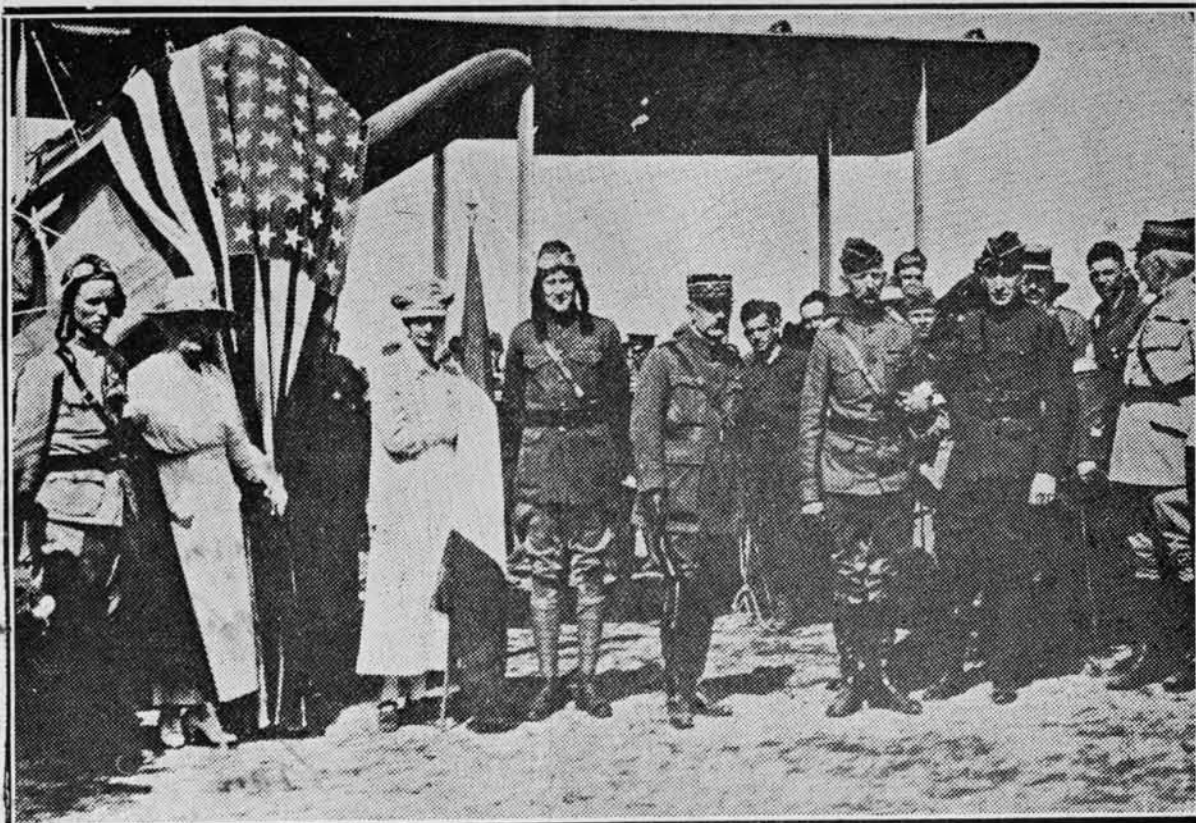
"UPLIFTERS" NOT WANTED

Real Workers Are the Only Americans Wanted in France at the Present Time.

History relates that: There was a young fellow named Hyde, Who once at a funeral was spied. When asked who was dead He just nodded and said: "I don't know; I just came for the ride."

Leaving out the many well intentioned and loyal people who have come to do real good and practical work over here, it seems to us that a good many of our fellow countrymen—most of

First Flight of Liberty Plane in France



Copyright by Committee on Public Information.

—Courtesy of The Rochester Herald.

Representatives of the allied nations and welfare workers attended the christening of the plane before the flight. Mrs. Florence H. Kendall of New York City christened the new plane. She is shown at the left, holding the flag.

them in city clothes, some in skirts and some even in khaki—"just came for the ride," says Stars and Stripes in France.

What they are doing over here is beyond us. They speak vaguely of "uplift," of "investigation," of "co-ordinating branches," and some even more brazenly speak of "getting atmosphere"; nothing more. Some—we will let the reader guess the gender—are as naive as to exclaim: "Why, didn't you know that France is all the rage this year? Everybody's coming over."

If that "everybody" referred to the millions of the National Army, all would be well, but we rather imagine that the young lady—you guessed it—who employed the word had reference to "everybody worth while" or "everybody in our set." Now, while "everybody worth while," or "everybody in our set" have their uses when in khaki toting a gun or an automatic, or (in case of the ladies) working in the hospitals or canteens—we don't see how they can be so very useful if they approach the war in that spirit. People who come over to France without definite, concrete, telling work planned out ahead of them, people who merely drift over here because "it's the thing to do," are really hindering the cause more than they are helping it.

We are cheerfully foregoing a lot of expected parcels from home because we are told that they take up too much room in ships destined to bring men, steel, beef and the other rock bottom essentials of war over to us. It doesn't add to our cheerfulness to see our forfeited ship space taken up by a lot of folk who "just came for the ride."



"Column of Squads"

The old gang from Langley Field has broken up. They were a good bunch, even if there weren't many of them.

S. O. Lange, our bugler, has gone away. We are glad to get rid of said bugle, but Ollie was a nice boy. Good luck, Ollie.

Martin Schaffer of the Fourth Company has purchased a 1915 Overland roadster so he can get in by 11 p. m. and avoid washing dishes.

Private Isidor Tructman of the Fourth Company left for Baker Field on July 8. He said he hopes to get a photograph of "der Kaiser" pretty soon, but he would like to have his pal, Schaffer, with him.

K. C. Secretary Angelo Newman slipped away quietly a few days ago. 'Tis said that the call of the wild could no longer be resisted, and "Angel" hied himself to the Canadian shores for a brief respite. Some also aver that "Angel" was rapidly losing weight and that his 360 pounds of pep was wasting away in the hot July atmosphere of the S. A. P. hut.

At the request of the Kodak Park Athletic Association, the S. A. P. will put an indoor baseball team into a league soon to be organized. Games will be played on the drill field.

Residents of Gardiner Avenue celebrated the completion of their new pavement by a street carnival at which a number of the S. A. P. boys were guests. There was a parade and plenty of "eats" for the airscouts, who enjoyed themselves later by dancing with the prettiest girls present on the new pavement.

Airscouts, it is promised, will play a big part in the "song and light" programme to be presented in Seneca Park on Wednesday, July 17, under the direction of the Rochester Park Department. There will be a concert by the Rochester Park Band and the Festival Chorus, together with soldier songs by the S. A. P. warblers. Reservations have been made for 800 airscouts.

The Drum Corps made its first public appearance on Monday evening, July 8, when it played in Convention Hall at the big War Savings Stamp mass meeting. Airscouts conducted an indoor flag raising, as part of the programme, which made a decided hit with the big audience.

Rochester's plans for celebration of Bastille Day include a big programme for the airscouts. A parade from the school to Convention Hall, headed by the Rochester Park Band and piloted by a military plane from "up the river," soldier songs and cheers constitute part of the plans.

Cady's Liberty Orchestra gave a concert in the "Y"-K. C. Hut on Saturday evening, July 13. It was given for the benefit of the soldiers, and the evening's programme included all the popular marching songs. "The Hand at the Window," a movie featuring Winifred Allen, was shown, and refreshments were served by a committee of young ladies from the Young Women's Christian Association and the D. A. R., under the leadership of Mrs. F. W. Jensen.

As to Politics, Etc.

Although political discussions are prohibited in the U. S. Army, we are bound to acknowledge that there has been considerable talk about "free silver" in the developing classes recently.

Heard in 6th Company Classrooms

"A lens is a piece of glass which takes a picture."

"The focal plane is a black rubber cloth."

"Infinity is what you focus a lens on."

"At what speed should a man fly when making a picture?"

"Instructor, please explain again about those maniac maps."

"XV ! \$! ? ?) (* ! ! XXXX"—when Private Leopold broke a negative. (Censor will not let us print the exact quotation.)

"A camera is a box full of black air."

MILITARY BALL FOR SKATERS OF AIRSCOUT SCHOOL

Ever have a skate—I mean pair of skates—on? If not, you're due for the time of your young existence. Manager Frank E. Solomon of the Stratford Roller Rink, who ever week extends through The Airscout's Snapshot an invitation for the S. A. P. boys to visit his big, polished floor, has arranged it.

It's to be a military ball—or skate. The date will be announced soon, and then everybody will be asked to attend. Incidentally, there will be a fine programme of skating entertainment for the boys in the "Y"-K. C. Hut on Friday night. Jesse Davis, Charlie Chaplin imitator of local fame; Dorothy Greenfield, 12-year-old instructor in skating; Edith Marks, fancy skater, and LeRoy Drake, floor manager at the Stratford, will be the entertainers.

Age vs. Infancy.

We understand that Messrs. John Daly and Walter Toomey were out walking the other evening with two girls (?). They must believe in getting 'em young and bringing 'em up right.

Most for your money

Any man whose money is limited wants the utmost for the money he spends. Ice Cream will give you a refreshing, cooling, nourishing dessert, easily digested. Good Ice Cream can be bought in every neighborhood about Rochester at the store selling

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110-116 Main St. E.



Out of Focus!

Instructor to Priv. Victor Lober—"What is density?"
"I don't know."
"You don't know? Can you remember?"
"Yes, but I can't explain."

Priv. Fletcher of the Fourth Company—"What is the line of flight?"
"The line of flight is something that has passed over and yet cannot be seen. Is that right, Lober?"
"Yes, I think it is."

Instructor, to Tructman—"What is contrast?"
"Contrast is—well, I can't explain it, but just look at Schaffer and you will know what I mean."
Instructor—"Correct, 100 per cent."

Wanted To Know.

What would the Drum Corps do if Wilson lost his whistle?

Tailor Given Big Job.

Our good, jolly K. of C. Secretary had an accident one Sunday night. He had the great misfortune to lose about a yard of cloth in his "pantees." He says he did it in an automobile accident. Poor boy! He had to work in his bathrobe (or nightie) until the tailor arrived on Monday.

Many of us wonder how the chauffeurs got such a soft job but somebody has to do it, and there are many willing. HUSH!

Motorcyclist H. Groth was booked to go overseas as a draftsman. Yes, we all know he's good at drafting beer.

It happened in front of the "Y". K. C. Hut. A man had a twin cylinder Yale 7 H. P. motorcycle which refused to move under its own power. Along came Private H. Groth of the motor squad and offered his assistance. After ruining the machine, he said it was "on the blink." "Well, what do I need?" inquired the driver. "A new machine," came the answer from Private Groth.

Private Martin Schaffer of the Fourth Company has bought a "car," likewise purchased an automobile. One of the boys took a ride with him. He asked what sort of "car" it was, but couldn't hear the answer because of the noise of the automobile. Some machine!

Martin Schaffer of the Fourth Company says he's lucky, but it's hard to see why.

Frank Magon of the Fourth Company is back from his trip. Upon his arrival he received a telegram that his father was very ill, so it looks as though Magon will have another visit to the big city.

Private Gunsbury refused to go to a dance because they would not permit him to wear a full dress suit.

It looks like the end of a perfect day for the boys who were left from the Fourth Company, which was known as the awkward squad—Schaffer at the head.

A slight lapse of memory caused a sergeant of one of our neighboring companies to give the command "Whoa!" at drill the other day.

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271 Main Street East

Private Don's hat don't fit him ever since he was made sergeant. Boys, what do you do when addressing him? Salute first and then say "Sir" if you don't want fatigue?

Sixth Company Notes.

Sergt. Weidenthal says he has trouble in getting orders executed promptly by the Fourth Platoon, as he speaks only three of the nine languages current there.

Private Hammer is the greatest living exponent of voiceless song. He is at his best at midnight.

A rumor hath it that Private Sparling is worried for fear that some of his "only" girls may meet each other. He has "only" eleven here in Rochester.

Sergeant—"Why haven't you passed in your notes?"
Student—"Can't write, sir."

The Fourth Squad is an odd assembly. The front rank contains a Hammer and Sparks, while the rear includes a King and Wild Leo.

Anglo a New-man.

Whether it was the Canadian breezes or the people he met, makes little difference. Angelo came back from the Dominion a new-man. Whether he was sent, or simply answered the call of the wild, we don't know. Anyhow, there's nothing against our wondering if he didn't go in response to an invitation by way of a pink envelope. But, then, we shouldn't guess in war time!

Beautiful Corkie.

Oh, beautiful Corkie, oh, beautiful Corkie,
You're the only g-g-girl that I can go.
And when the moon shines over the Mess Hall,
I'll be waiting for pu-pu-pumpkin pie.
—Sergt. G. I. Tripp.

LABORATORY TEST PROVES "RED" ESTES' HEAD, NOT HAIR, IS CRIMSON HUED!

"Red" Estes, our long, lanky, lean drummer boy, is on the warpath. And all on account of an article which appeared in last week's issue, of The Snapshot. Somebody insinuated—mind you, insinuated—that our friend had red hair.

The result was that "Red" got red-headed over it and hid himself to the nearest laboratory and had some of his crimson (?) locks examined under a microscope, which test proved that they were not crimson at all.

Now Estes is wondering how the perpetrator of that joke ever managed to pass the color test. Also he wonders what color said joker's girl's hair is, or what color he thinks it is. Our advice to said joker or jokers is to lie low and not make himself or themselves known until our long, lanky, lean drummer boy gets cooled off again.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

All the necessary articles for the soldier's kit can be found at reasonable prices at

The Burke, Fitz Simons, Hone Co., Inc.

WATCH REPAIRING

Special Prices to Airscouts
1531 LAKE AVE. (Near Barracks)

O. H. KARCH, Jeweler
Wrist Watches, \$4.50 Up

You Get It for Less at
WAGG'S CORNERS
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"Rank" Verse

Vat Iss?

An exciting thing has happened;
It's never been done before;
The Germans got real "nosey,"
And came to our Jersey shore.

They came to sink our transports,
But they found they didn't dare,
So they sunk defenseless steamers—
This is their U-war-fare.

I guess they tried to scare us
By coming to our shore;
But we can handle all that comes,
And many, many more.

Perhaps our "yellow slackers,"
Who wear their English suit,
Will be afraid to go to bed
For fear "Der Germans" shoot.

I would advise these slackers
To consult with Uncle Sam,
'Cause he can tell one what to do
To become a soldier man.

Come, men, our country needs you;
This is not the time to nap;
Won't you help our Uncle Sammy
Wipe the Germans off the map?
—A. J. Frederick, Company A.

"Ten Nights in a Club Room."

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?
Are there springs in the ocean bed?
Does jolly tar flow from the trees?
Can a river lose its head?

Are fishes crazy when they go in seine?
Can an old hen sing her lay?
Can you bring relief to a window pane?
Can you mend the break of day?

What kind of a vegetable is a policeman's beet?
Is a newspaper white when it's read?
Is a baker broke when he's making dough?
Is an undertaker's business dead?

Would a wall paper store make a good hotel,
On account of the borders there?
Would you paint a rabbit on a man's bald head,
Just to give it a little hare?

If you ate a square meal, would the corners hurt?
Can you dig with the ace of spades?

SPECTACLES EYE GLASSES
Radiolite Wrist Watches and
Kodaks Compasses Films
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Would you throw a rope to a drowning lemon,
Just to give the lemon aid?
Finis

Multiple Camera for Airmen.

A new "multiple camera" with which allied airmen are now equipped is a development of the motion picture cameras. An airplane observer can take thousands of photographs at the rate of one per second if necessary. In this way it is possible to map the German lines with precision. Each camera is capable of 750 exposures with a single loading. The turning of the film for the new exposure is accomplished automatically.

Sister Susies Sewing.

No longer will sore thumbs, pricked fingers and shattered tempers result from busted buttons, ripped trousers or torn blouses. Sister Susies from Rochester have come to the aid of the airscouts, and last Friday paid their first visit to the "Y"-K. C. Recreation Hut to prove that women's might may make uniforms right. They will meet for sewing work every Friday night hereafter.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Ask any of the boys who wear a "GARSON" uniform—

Then come in and see for yourself why our store and our goods are so popular at the U. S. A. S. A. P.

OUR KHAKI UNIFORMS ARE "RIGHT" TO THE LAST BUTTON

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July 18, 19, 20

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"Good Night, Paul"

PICCADILLY
July 18, 19, 20

Wallace Reid

In the Paramount Production of the Saturday Evening Post's Story of the Present War.

"The Firefly of France."

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To All Soldier Boys

Officers and members of Rochester Lodge No. 113, Loyal Order of Moose, hereby issue a standing invitation to all men in uniform, and to the boys at Kodak Park especially, to visit them and be their guests at MOOSE PARK, the summer home of the lodge, and one of the most pleasant resorts on lake or bay.

Come Often—the Gate Will Always Be Open.

Good vaudeville, dancing, amusements galore, fishing, boating, and the best of food.

ARMY BLANKETS

Many soldiers on furloughs here have stopped in to get an army blanket to take back to camp with them. Evidently their warmth is welcome this rather wintry summer.

We have the standard army blankets, size 66x84, of wool-cotton and pure wool, at \$7.50, \$9, \$11, \$12.50 and \$17. Khaki and oxford. Rear Aisle G

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For the Soldier Boy HERE AND OVER THERE

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Special Cigarette Rubberoid Khaki Case, holding 30 cigarettes; specially constructed for the soldier and sailor50¢, 75¢ and \$1.00
Sold at Cigar Counter.

Flash Light and Batteries; all sizes, 75¢ and up.
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Finally try Molle, the shave luxurious; new method of shaving; no soap, no lather, no brush; softens the beard instantly. Large tube25¢
Send us your Photo Film. We print and develop. Quick services. Low prices.

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Two Stores. Open All Night
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Main and North Streets.
State and Andrews Streets

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AIRSCOUTS, ATTENTION!

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You Men With Soldier Friends In Other Camps Will Be Glad To Know

—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men. You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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ALL THE THRILLS WITHOUT THE CHILLS

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Skating on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday nights only during the summer.



"The Line of Flight"

Elizabeth, N. J., June 20.—Conditions as to the output of aircraft for the American army have been found to be improved by the members of the Senate sub-committee of the military aircraft committee which is making a tour of investigation of the various plants in connection with the inquiry into air craft conditions. The statement of the improved situation was made by Senator Reed of Missouri, who acted as spokesman for his colleagues, Senators Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, New of Indiana and Thomas of Colorado. Senator Reed also hinted that matters of an interesting nature have been uncovered by his party, but he added that they could not be divulged until the report at Washington had been made.

London, June 20.—How a British seaplane manned by an American gunner, K. B. Keyes, outfought seven German seaplanes in a half hour's battle off Terschelling on June 4, forcing one to land out of control and another to crash, ablaze, is revealed in a report from the United States Navy headquarters. J. A. Eaton, an American pilot in one of the British machines, also figured prominently in the victory.

Aberdeen, Miss., June 20.—Crashing together late to-day 1,700 feet above the earth, two airplanes, at Payne Field, 17 miles from this city, crumpled and fell. Two aviators were instantly killed and a third is dying. The dead are: Second Lieutenant Francis M. Roberts, Watertown, N. Y., and Second Lieutenant Lee M. Hines, Ellenwood, Kan. Second Lieutenant Robert G. Moore, Elwood Place, O., was fatally hurt.

New York, June 23.—Speculation as to the fate of its possible occupants was aroused to-day when the basket of a naval observation balloon was washed ashore at Coney Island. It contained no attachments, save its four one-inch steel supporting cables, which had parted, apparently from strain. There were no means of determining how long it had been immersed. Officers in the Brooklyn Navy Yard said they had no information regarding a missing basket. Bath Beach training station officials were equally at a loss to account for its presence. They hazarded the view that it might have been blown into the sea from some naval station further down the coast.

Paris, June 24.—Lieutenant Clarence Jounge, an American aviator, who was participating in the routing of the Austrians on the Plave, is reported to have been taken prisoner by the Austrians. He was captured while flying between the opposing lines.

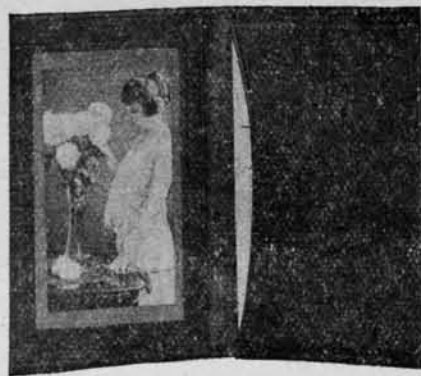
With the American Army in France, June 28.—Lieutenant James Ashenden of Chicago lost his way while flying on Monday and landed in Switzerland. He has been interned.

New York, June 28.—The first aviator to fly over the Atlantic Ocean will be awarded a prize of \$10,000 in Liberty Bonds by the Aero Club of America, announces Alan R. Hawley, president of the club. The money for the prize was left to the club by Samuel H. Valentine, to be used in the discretion of the directors for a prize or prizes. In offering the prize for a trans-Atlantic flight the directors believed they were making the best possible use of it.

CIVILIANS MUST OBSERVE RULES AT KODAK PARK

Proper regard for military rules must be shown by civilians at Kodak Park, particularly when the national colors are being raised or lowered, according to an order issued by Captain Charles F. Betz, in charge of the United States Army School of Aerial Photography. The order, sent to the office of The Herald recently, is as follows:

"It is desired that the following be published in your newspaper for the information of the public at large: "At retreat (evening parade) at the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography, it has become necessary from time to time to notify civilians to uncover to the colors, when displayed. *** When the national anthem is played at any place when persons belonging to the military service are present, all officers and enlisted men not in formation shall stand at attention, facing toward the music (except at retreat when they shall face toward the flag). If in uniform, covered, they shall salute at the first note of the anthem, retaining the position of the salute until the last note of the anthem. If not in uniform and covered, they shall uncover at the first note of the anthem, holding the headdress opposite the left shoulder and so remain until its close, except that in inclement weather the headdress may be held slightly raised. "The same rules apply when 'To the Color' or 'To the Standard' is sounded, as when the national anthem is played. "All civilians should stand at attention, uncovered, and facing the flag. This includes people in automobiles. They should stand and uncover. "It is believed that the citizens of Rochester should be informed of this in order to avoid any embarrassment on their part. "CHARLES F. BETZ, "Captain, Sig. R. C., A. S. "Commandant."



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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1, NO. 8.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 24, 1918.

FREE TO SOLDIERS



Instructor—"Can't you see that is out of focus?"
Student—"Sure, but I'm going to sharpen it up in the developer."

B. V. D.'S ARRIVE AT BAKER FIELD!

Our summer underwear has arrived at last!!! We will get khaki so we can pack it away for next summer—maybe!

Commander of the Guard Charles Langer is full of pep. The cause—he spent the week-end at his home near New York City. A certain charming young lady was there, too. Also, on returning the charming young lady's mother sent along some sweets.

Private Victor Lober and Martin Shaffer are very comfortably settled at the farm. They are k. ping.

We now have a flag pole. Kodak Park has nothing on us. And also, we have a bugle. Private Cook and Private Fatty Fisher are making brave attempts to blow it. Results—First morning when, trying to blow reveille,



Look at the ears on that bird! Last of the species may be seen in corner bunk of Dormitory 12.

MORE POWER TO SERGT. AKISSON OF 2ND COMPANY

Sergeant Akisson of the Second Company is very busy these days with his company. His company is society's favorite, and he is busy keeping engagements for the men. Sergeant Akisson is a jolly, good fellow, and more power is due him.

The Second Company has won a home in Rochester. The boys are kept very busy answering phone calls at night. You will find them lined up at the "Y"—K. C. Recreation Hut every night, waiting turns for the telephone.

There is a new member in the company. The "little" fellow weighs only 250 pounds. He says the Second Company is too fat for him. He can not keep up with the encadence, so has to fall-out. But he is a good fellow, just the same.

The Second Company certainly had the pep in the Bastille Day parade. Every man drilled perfectly, and the company line never was bent. Good work, boys, keep it up!

The Second Company men have ridden 5,000 miles and been out to 200 meals in the last two weeks, so they must be "there" with the pep.

R. S. Mohler is with the Second Company. He was the organizer and manager of the Signal Corps Frolic Company at Madison Barracks. There are 38 members of the Frolic Company here. The company bought a \$1,200.50 band equipment with the receipts of the show. It is hoped to have it reproduced here soon.

3RD COMPANY NOW IN LINE

Sergeant Hayward and his little cane have arrived from Madison Barracks. While "returning" last Sunday evening, he was obliged to make a B line for the barracks, as the rain threatened to shrink said cane. This said cane has figured in ever hike that was made at Madison, and many a battle has been fought over it.

It's fine to have watermelon for mess, but an extra detail was called to help "clean up the Rhine."

Shorty Mandelkern, while in the loading room the other day, thought he was playing cards and commenced shuffling the plates.

Third Company—Born, July 5, 1918. Died—Not yet!

Seville, of the Third Company, says he is going to be a lineman after the war. He thinks the training here is excellent.

A Big difference: Mess at Madison Barracks and mess here; waiting in mess line there, and mess line here.

Rochester is the home city of eight men in Company Three.

The other day Egan tripped when doing double time. For awhile it appeared as if the rest of the fellows were drilling on an empty stomach—Egan's, of course.

When everything is going alright, Sergeant Casperson smiles—only then.

FIRST COMPANY HAS INTERESTING BUNCH OF NEWS

Members of the First Company are planning to hold a festival all of their own. The First Company was organized at Madison Barracks, its members being recruited from nearly every company stationed at that post. Quite a few of the boys have been transferred to other posts and there are many who will not leave Rochester with the main body. It is the intention of those in charge to hold a re-union next week and have all of the members, who came from Madison Barracks present.

Sergeant John I. Davis, of the First Company, is a veteran soldier. He has seen service in the Islands, and on the Border and is now anxious to go "over there." Genial John, as he is known to the members of his company, is efficient in every way and is popular with the men of his command.

Sergeant Albert Hedden has already had a taste of real war fare. Hedden was in the French Ambulance Service. When the United States declared war Hedden lost no time in returning to Newark, N. J., his native town, where he enlisted. Sergeant Hedden was a drill sergeant at Madison Barracks.

One Company boasts of one of the best cartoonists in the country, Hugh Hennesy, of the Washington Times. Hennesy's work on the Madison Barracks Barbed Wire made a hit throughout the country. He created the character "Rookie-O-Rook" and the strip was run weekly. Hennesy is well known in New York and Washington.

Al Bussisus used to play ball for Clark Griffith and had a brilliant future on the diamond until he broke his leg. At the time Griffith bought Joe Judge, who is now first basing for the Senators, Bussisus was up for a trial. Bussisus broke his leg the day Judge reported.

Dick Trupin and Clarence Jackel are also well known ball players. Both have "worked" on college teams, Trupin at Syracuse and Jackel at Penn. Both have played semi-pro ball.

"Bill" Swain likes candy. He had seven pounds last week and disposed of them.

"Cupid" Lee is a regular visitor at Ontario Beach. What's the attraction, Cupid? Surely not the water.

Perry Thors generally accompanies "Cupid." Green bathing suit, eh Perry?

"Big" Piper lost his 'specs' the other day and made all the instructors quit work until he found them.

Joe Fenton asked Sergeant Hedden the other day if he could move his bunk. He says Brook's "night watch" keeps him awake.

Why does Sergeant Davis wear a broader smile than usual? For reason, see last week's class marks.

We all agree Groth has good reason to keep his eyes on the grandstand now. Congratulations, comrade, and may-happiness and success attend you always.

'Tis said the Singing Sixth Squad claims the agonizing honors of the school. See Head Barber Erskine for contest dates.

Why does "Pa" Leinweber use a mirror when shining his shoes? Better cut down the eats, "Pa."

When is a squad not a squad? Ewing says when it's on guard duty.

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

SIXTH COMPANY HAS "REGULAR" CORRESPONDENT

The following men left here for Columbia University to study motion picture work and may be commissioned lieutenants: Raymond June, Jack J. Joffre, Donald McGregor, Guy Stephens and Robert Weinger.

Frank L. Royster is not much on wild women, but when it comes to eating, we'll just pity the folks at home after this big war is over.

The following is a list of the Sixth Company men, who have their wives visiting them: Sergeant Howard Duncan, Ralph F. Klucken, John F. Nugent, Charles M. Stever, Barney P. Whittman, Joshua E. Windsor and C. E. Yost.

W. W. Faulks and Thomas L. Curtiss were kind of jealous, so we have to mention that their future wives visited them and Justice P. Buettner is working hard to get into the lime light as a benedict.

Private Ike Levy of the Sixth Company has aspirations of becoming an instructor. Ike means well, but the double time that he gets mornings has made him "dizzy."

We wonder if Cheer Leader Hill has heard the new yell, composed by Machlin, McGee and Levy of the Sixth Company. They say Irish wit, Jew cunning and Scotch whiskey can not be beat. The cheer:

PYRO A, PYRO B.
We want to go to the Infantry.

Hendrickson, the big Washingtonian, is weak in spots. A touch properly applied causes him to emit queer noises and execute old gymnastics, such as are seldom seen on the vaudeville stage. Rumor has it that Keith wishes him as a headliner, but Hen has refused. He is a very modest and unassuming, and it is supposed that is the reason for his refusal.

If Burrough's pets, the Fifth Company, didn't count off so much, the Sixth Company would get time to eat.

It will be a red letter day when the sergeants succeed in correctly negotiating the pronunciation of Schlernitzaws and Karibjanidz.

We boast of one of the Smith Clan, named Harold Leland. Harold is by far our most delicate possession. He is so sweet that if he had on dresses half of the company would be at the other half's throats, attempting to win his smiles. There is only one rude thing about him, for which he isn't to blame. He smokes Richmond Straights and his initials are very suggestive—H—L—!

Ahlgreu says he prefers getting up for reveille to sweeping hallways at night.

Mess Pearl Harrimer is now wrestling with a bill that makes Pearl's temper very erratic. While Pearl is indisposed, others will please hit Sparks on the neck with their papers.

Did you happen to notice how many of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Squads discovered a latent singing talent one Monday evening? Of course, they would have preferred to have been on guard, but chose the way of much work instead of guard duty. Those brothers who took their places extend a very cordial thanks to them for making an opening in the guard for them.

One of the many things we want to know is why some of the bunch can sleep through the harmonious discords of reveille as she is played just outside Dormitory 3.

FIRE IN KODAK PARK BARRACKS SOON PUT OUT

Fire broke out Thursday night in the five-story building at Kodak Park used as a barracks for soldiers stationed at the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography and caused a loss of about \$10. Battalion Chief Creegan said that the fire was caused by spontaneous combustion in some dust which had collected under the wooden floors that were laid on the concrete flooring.

In an effort to put out the fire, soldiers tore up some of the flooring, but were unable to discover the blaze. The fire will not interfere with the work of the school.

Flying from Hempstead to Local School

From Hempstead, L. I., comes word that on Wednesday Lieutenant U. G. Jones and J. I. Moore of the Hempstead Aviation Field, soon to be known as Mitchel Flying Field, left there on Wednesday to fly to Rochester.

Their trip was planned with the view of visiting the United States Army School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, and also to fly to Baker Field, the local flying station.

ROLLER SKATERS APPEAR IN ENTERTAINING PROGRAMME

Roller skating held sway at the "Y"—K. C. Recreation Hut on Friday night. There was an interesting programme, presented by folks from the Stratford Roller Rink. Included were amateur Charlie Chaplin skating antics, fancy and professional skating and some good team work.

An added feature were French-Canadian dialect recitations by Charles McNulty. To say that Charlie was popular with the boys is putting it mild.

NOTES FROM THE S. A. P. BAND

When the new fives arrive—if they do—we will be a regular band. "May-be." Whistling Wilson still at the helm.

Note—The band does not play by note. They play by main strength.

Formula—To four bugles add six fifes, gradually add five drums—result is the band.

The sheepskin fiddlers of the band are learning to beat regular time. Horray!

What did they do to the bugles? The notes have soured. Add some Hypo and fix it!

Of course, the band plays anything from "The Old Gray Mare" to "Onward, Christian Soldiers." What will you have? We play no favorites. Sound off!

THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y.

FREMONT CHESTER, Editor. W. G. BROADBOOKS, Business Manager.

- CAPTAIN CHARLES F. BETZ, Commanding Officer, Censor. LIEUT. THEODORE J. LINDORFF, Assistant to Commandant. LIEUT. RICHARD GILDERSLEEVE, Associate Editor. LIEUT. RAYMOND J. BROWN, Director of Recreation, Sporting Editor. INSTRUCTOR J. L. ALBRIGHT, Photographer. INSTRUCTOR PAUL MORRIS, Cartoonist. INSTRUCTOR THOMAS L. HILL, Glee Club Representative. SERGT. HERBERT JACOBI, Entertainments Editor. INSTRUCTOR EARL L. HOUSE, Dramatic Editor. LEADER ARNOLD W. REMARK, Music Editor. SERGT. HARRY H. MURPHY, Director of Correspondents. INSTRUCTOR JOSEPH C. BEAVEN, "Column of Squads" Editor. ANGELO NEWMAN, K. of C. Representative. JOHN A. WELLS, Y. M. C. A. Representative.



U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography. Rochester, N. Y., June 30, 1918. Memorandum for Secretaries of Y. M. C. A.-K. C. Hut Subject: Airscout's Snapshot. 1. The Airscout's Snapshot has the approval of Washington. The War Department recommends that newspapers be published at camps for the benefit of the boys. 2. The publication of the Airscout's Snapshot also has the approval of the commandant of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography, Captain Charles F. Betz, Sig. R. C. A. S. By order of Captain Betz. (Signed) LESLIE M. PARKER, 2nd Lieut., Sig. R. C. A. S. Adjutant. C. F. BETZ, MMD.

Editorial

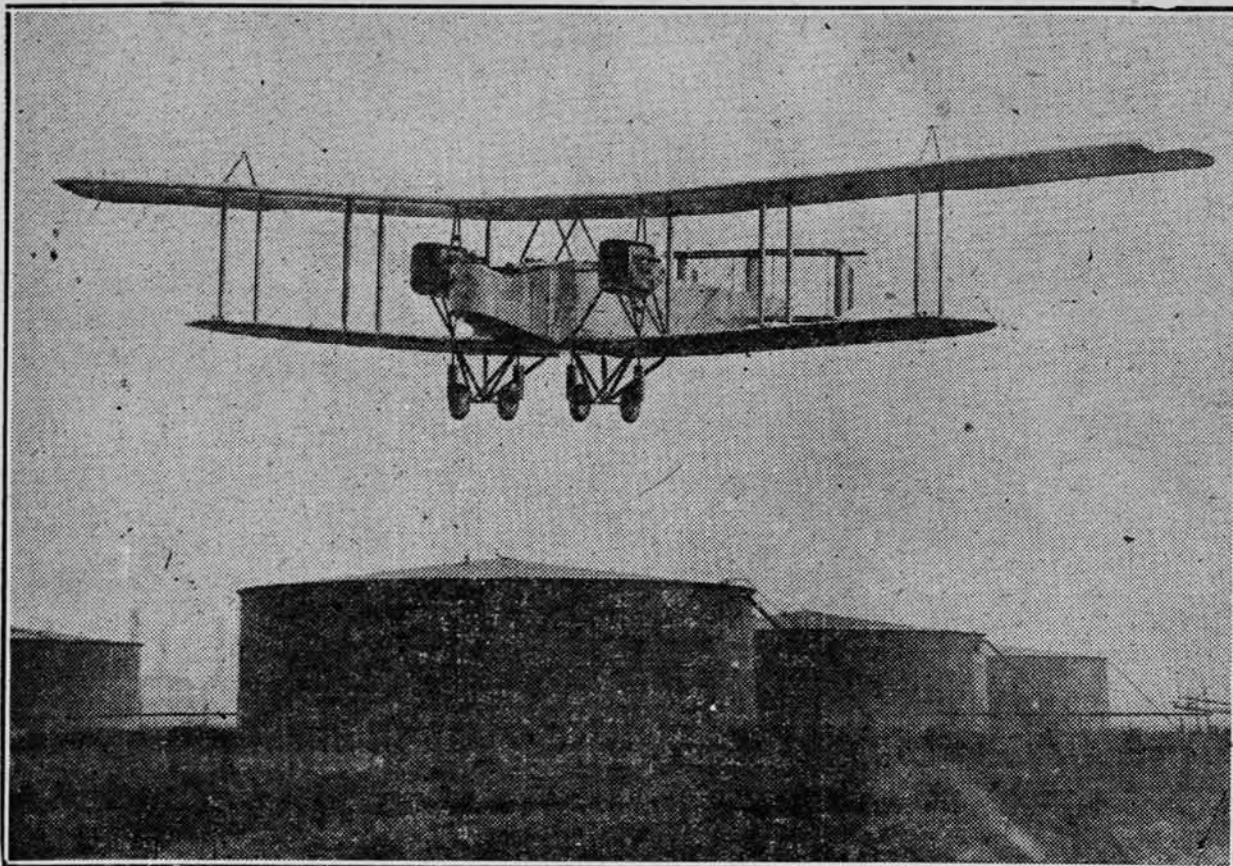
"GET WISE," BOYS!

Isn't it about time that some of the boys "got wise" to themselves? When the U. S. A. S. A. P. was first established, citizens of the city of Rochester opened their arms and received the student soldiers. Amusements, dinners and hospitalities of all descriptions were showered upon them by the patriotic inhabitants. The Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus representatives worked diligently to promote a spirit of friendship between citizens and soldiers, and how well they succeeded is demonstrated by the number of entertainments that have been produced at the Hut. That was done with the aid of patriotic men and women of Rochester. It is still being done, but where is the audience? There are many students at school here, and it is safe to say that less than one-fourth attend performances at the Hut. Mr. Newman and Mr. Cox are at loss to understand the falling off in attendance. When these entertainments were first started "S. R. O." signs were always in evidence, but of late the attendance has dwindled. Not only do the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. representatives go out of their way to arrange these affairs, but also the people of the city. Is it fair to them that so few men attend?

CADET BAND ESCORTS AIRSCOUTS TO CONCERT

The Immaculate Conception Cadet Band of fifty pieces, in charge of Rev. Ernest Brophy and under the leadership of William Melville, formerly assistant band master of the 7th Regiment National Guard Band of Buffalo, played at retreat at the school last Thursday evening. Headed by the band immediately after retreat, the student soldiers marched to the Mess Hall, where mess was served. Members of the band, through Carl S. Hallauer, were the guests of the Eastman Company for supper. It is planned to have the band repeat at an early date. Later, the band escorted the entire school to the Song and Light Festival at Seneca Park.

Our New Bombing Plane on Its Trial Flight



Courtesy of The Rochester Herald. Copyright by International Film Service.

The first of a great fleet of powerful aeroplanes, capable of making a trans-oceanic flight, was launched and christened at Elizabeth, N. J. The plane is of the Handley-Page type and is equipped with powerful Liberty Motors, the result of careful study of every type of motor in this country. The Liberty Motor is built of the best parts of each motor with the necessary mechanical changes. The plane was christened the Langley, and its trial flight was the most successful.



"Column of Squads"

French Class meets every Friday at 7 o'clock in the Assembly Room.

The Young Women's Christian Association extends the hospitality of Kent Hall to the women friends of the soldiers who may be in the city for a short time. For rates and information apply to Miss Jean Kincaid, 57 South Washington Street.

All soldiers are welcome at the Soldiers and Sailors' Club at the Parish House of First Methodist Church, opposite Postoffice, at Fitzhugh and Church Street. Games, writing paper and music are supplied gratis, and all soldiers who have occasion to be up town will find a hearty welcome there. This club is open until 10 P. M. daily, and is operated by the War Camp Community Service Commission, on Training Camp Activities.

The club rooms of Rochester Council, Knights of Columbus, at East Main and East Avenue, top floor of the Triangle Building, are open to all soldiers and sailors.

The Central Y. M. C. A. in Gibbs Street just North of East Main and the Maplewood Y. M. C. A. in Driving Park Avenue, are open to all men in uniform.

The Jewish Young Men's Association, is situated in Franklin Square, one block East of Clinton Avenue North. All soldiers are invited to make use of comforts there at any time.

A good outfielder and shortstop is wanted to play with the Rochester Team each Sunday afternoon at White City, Summerville. For particulars, call Leo V. Lyons at the Treasurer's Office, City Hall, or confer with Angelo Newman, K. of C. secretary at the Hut.

John Smalter is our new Postmaster. He hails from Menominee, Mich., and has been at the school about eight weeks. He has been on the P. O. job about two weeks. Before enlisting, Smalter was chief mailing clerk at the Menominee, Mich., postoffice.

I Would If I Could.

"I would that I could write a book," said Martin Schaffer out at Baker's Field, "and dedicate it to the dearest little girl that the world ever knew. "I would that I could paint in oil her charming form and face, to be a lovely pattern for the coming human race. "I would—but what's the use to say, I've found a better plan, a very satisfactory way, and I'm a lucky man. I'll marry her and down our line, with grace that aye endears, I'll send her likeness to the world for forty million years."

To My Son

Anon.

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such part— That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart? None other can pain me as you, son, can do; None other can please me or praise as you do. Remember the world will be quick with its blame If shadow or stain ever darken your name. Like mother, like son, is a saying so true, The world will judge largely of mother by you. Be this, then your task, if task it shall be, To force this proud world to do homage to me; Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won, "She reaps as she sowed; this man is her son!"

"Rank" Verse

Memorial Day.

Come, all my comrades, brave and true, Come all my bunkies, you and you. We are to take our stand And do "our bit" for the Red, White and Blue.

And here is hoping in the future not very far, That we may all return, without a scare, To our mothers and fathers, sweethearts and wives, And thank Him above for sparing our lives.

In future years, when old and gray, "Don't forget the parade on Memorial Day. Our ranks may be thinned through war's cruel fate, But we'll do our best, though at a slow gait."

We'll remember our seageant, as well as our Cap, And bow our heads at the sound of taps; And when the grim reaper commands us to halt, We'll all answer roll call—and then fall out.

JAMES L. SAWYER, Dorm. 9.

Duty's Call.

"Keep the home fires burning" With earnest prayer each day, That God in His great mercy Shall lead your boy and say To everyone, "Be ready." To work, or fight; 'tis time To drive the Hun from breathing In freedom's pure clime.

"Keep the home fires burning—" The Stars and Stripes unfurled, The banner that brought comfort And manhood to this world; The burdens are so heavy,

And other shoulders bear Them in the trench and battle, Bowed down by other's care. "Keep the home fires burning" With patriotism—rare, And pave the way to victory. There is for you a share In this tremendous warfare On sea, the air, and land. Undaunted, keep on praying For God to lend His hand. —Morien Mon Hughes.

A Letter from Home.

What brings most joy to a soldier lad, Who in far-away Texas is khaki-clad? One who has given his all to be Trained to fight for peace and liberty? It's a letter from home.

In every camp, be it far or near, This soldier lad needs good cheer. It doesn't matter how many smokes you send, He is always waiting for news from a friend, Or a letter from home.

Some times his camp is restricted, or in quarantine, He has no place to go, but the Y. M. or canteen. They do their best to make him glad, But the thing that is his best fad, Is a letter from home.

He drills for hours in the Texas sun, Or works in some dark rooms where no cold water runs. If he's in the cavalry, infantry or photography, The thing that makes him happy at retreat or reveille, Is a letter from home.

The soldier lad, be he big or small, Who answers each day to the bugle call, Is waiting for mail from his friends to come. He expects good news and plenty of fun, In a letter from home. —Louis M. Kastner. Rochester.

Teach Your Child To Recite This.

I'd like to see the Kaiser with a lily on his chest. I'd like to see the floral piece that always says "At Rest." I'd like to see the Crown Prince with his mug behind the bars. I'd like to see Von Hindenburg exiled to dismal Mars. I'd like to see Von Ludendorff in some electric chair. I'd like to see Prince Eitel in a desert grim and bare. I'd like to see Von Hertling on Helena, lone and bleak. I'd like to see King Ferdinand hanged firmly by his beak. I'd like to see these things come true, but this I'd like the best— I'd like to see the Kaiser with a lily on his chest.

Hempstead, N. Y., July 6.—A new type of a battle triplane, tested to-night by Glenn H. Curtiss and C. B. Kairkham, his gasoline engine expert, developed a speed of 150 miles per hour and ability to climb at an estimated rate of one thousand feet per minute. The new craft carries two passengers and machine guns. The new type of battle plane will be used both by the Army and Navy, it was predicted to-night. The initial flight was made with Ronald Rolls of Buffalo acting as pilot.

GREAT FAIRPORT MYSTERY SOLVED

Real Culprits Apprehended and the Undestructable Hortense, Alias "Petey Dink," Is Returned Unscratched to Its Alleged Owner, Sergt. Morgan.

Through the sleepless efforts of Detective Sherlock Holmes McGarrigle and the local Police Department, the deep and clouded mystery surrounding rapid disappearance of Sergeant Morgan's famous flivvering Ford buzz wagon, Hortense, known in civil life as "Petey Dink," has been solved.

At first, as was correctly stated in a recent issue of The Airscout's Snapshot, all circumstantial evidence pointed to Manager Imig of the Washem and Durnem Department, in that he was very much in need of some motive power to run his new print wringer, but investigation showed that he much preferred to use hot air, rather than gas. The wise McGarrigle then consulted the criminal records which made strating revelations, shifting the north point of orientation and throwing the shadow of suspicion upon the pair of Curio Profs, from the Alibi Department.

The record revealed that only about a week before these two ambitious and willing aircraft scouts, anxious to put some of their own pet theory of flight to a practical test, had attempted to "borrow" late at night, a pushcart belonging to a prominent resident of Fairport. They were detected in the act, however, and while there were no arrests made the particular quality of language that emitted from an upper story window would have made Sergeant Tulpan green with envy. The fact was also revealed that Villers and Ingraham, anxious to preserve the unstained (Pyra stain) reputation of the Alibi Department, spend most of their time (while off duty) in the City of Fairport. Their success in getting away with the push cart added confidence to their endeavors to get away with things, consequently the next time they hunted for bigger troubles and made their designs on a Ford.

The story, as told to a reporter for The Airscout's Snapshot by the residents of Fairlawn Avenue, the scene of the buzz wagon tragedy, is that on the night of the attempted abduction, an empty wagon drove up alongside the unfortunate flivver and Ville and Ingraham got out. They immediately proceeded to make their get-away, but not being upon the Ford's Theory of Flight, they failed to make it go under its own power.

Undaunted by this singular failure, they sprang to the rear and began to bring pressure to bear in that quarter. After having attracted the curious attention of the residents and passersby, and finally the local police, they came to a wise and swift conclusion that their Theory of Flight was all wrong and immediately resorted to the only means of rapid transit that nature had provided them.

It is needless to say that their Line of Flight was straight for the country, and naturally, with Villers in the lead with uncertain cadence there being "snow" on the ground at the time, and their finger prints on record in the archives of the army, the victims of this tragic story were soon about faced and are now doing time at hard labor under strict military discipline at the S. A. P.

SOLDIERS AT BAKER FIELD WILL ENJOY NEW STYLE PICNIC

Soldiers, quartered at Baker Field in Genesee Valley Park, will be the guests of the Automobile Club of Rochester on Saturday afternoon, July 27, when a picnic with stunts will be staged at the polo grounds in the park.

Park Commissioner William S. Riley yesterday granted permission to the club to use the field and obtained a promise from the engineers in charge of Contract 50, which is the work of completing the Barge Canal through Genesee Valley Park, that every effort would be made to have the bridge over the canal near the refectory so near completion that foot traffic would be possible over the bridge on that afternoon.

The picnic will begin at 2 o'clock with a drill by the soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Costar. Then there will be a few gymnastic stunts and a number of athletic numbers for the soldiers, for which prizes will be offered.

Along about 4.30 o'clock a number of young women, one for every soldier, and each armed with a lunch box containing enough for two, will line up on one side of the field. On the other side the soldiers will line up. There will be a march, and the heads of the two lines will meet in the center of the field. Thus each soldier will find himself paired off with a young woman with a well filled box of good things to eat.



Out of Focus!

Sergeant Murphy was going to the city the other evening when a little girl on the same car came up to him and asked him if that was his name he was wearing, referring to the sharp-shooter's medal. So watch your step, Sergeant, even the children have their eyes on you!

Boys—Why not take a collection and buy our rising young corporal Simpson a new hat, as we note that the one he is wearing has become too small since his appointment as Acting Corporal.

New Recruit—"Who is that?"
Oldtimer—"That's Acting Sergeant Butler."

New Recruit—"Gee Whiz, get a few more acting sergeants around here—and, say, who's the acting captin?"

Colonel K. P. Dowd of Watertown fame announces that after he finishes his camera repair course he is going into the gold brick business.

Private Otto Grafe, in making application for insurance, stated that he was born on June 26, 1000. Greetings, Second Methusala.

The Fearful First!

Muschko has to wear a hat in class for fear of fogging the paper. West runs him a close second.

Nearly had a riot in Seneca Park trying to keep Bowen in his seat. Where do you get that dreamy expression from, Old Man?

Did you ever try to "stand fast" while marching? Maybe Withers can explain how it's done. It's one of his pet commands.

It is rumored that the members of the Fearful First intend to present Corporal Ewing with a shovel, in token of services rendered. While we all recognize that Charlie is somewhat of a "dig," better reasons known to us all make the gift more fitting. Keep up the good work and may your shadow never grow less!

Speaking of Knitting.

R. W. Simpson of Company 1 is the first to join the new class and reports he is delighted with the course. He was recently seen taking a lesson during a concert in Maplewood Park. A pretty young lady, wearing a red, white and blue bouquet, neatly tied with a red, white and blue ribbon, and knitting socks with red, white and blue stripes at the top was his instructor. It was hard to determine whether he was more interested in the knitting or the instructor. Anyway, he did learn how to unwind the thread while the young lady was knitting.

Pity Poor Schaffer.

Schaffer says he has luck, but it's always of the hard variety. He even claims the world is neither round nor square. He says it's crooked.

All you can hear Schaffer say is that the world is not giving him a fair deal. The first day he arrived at Baker's Field he thought the place was a resting resort for the boys who went through the school. Before he had time to open his eyes he was told he had to go on guard. Then he had to cut grass for awhile. What he missed cutting, the officers saw. He was

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Experience has shown that for all around army use in garrison and in the field, the Corona has no equal. Great Durability, Unbreakable Aluminum Frame.

"Endorsed by Army Paper Work"

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271 Main Street East

found guilty and the sentence was to keep on cutting grass. "Guess I'll be here for the duration of the war," opined Schaffer. "I came here to do my bit, but it looks as though I am doing it in lots."

The Thing We Fight

This is the thing we fight:
A cry of terror in the night,
A ship on work of mercy bent,
A carrier of the sick and maimed
Beneath the cruel waters sent,
And those that did it, unashamed
A woman who had tried to fill
A mother's place, had nursed the ill
And soothed the troubled brows of pain
And earned the dying's grateful prayers
Before a wall by soldiers slain!
And such a poor pretext was their!
Old women pierced by bayonets grim
And babies slaughtered for a whim.
Cathedrals made the sport of shells,
No mercy, even for a child,
As though the imps of all the hells
Were crazed with drink and running wild.
All this we fight. That some day when
Good sense shall come again to men
Our children's children may not read
This age's history thus defamed
And find we served a selfish creed
And ever be of us ashamed.
—Edgar A. Guest.

Why Worry?

You are either in the army or not
If not
You have nothing to worry about
If so
You are either in France or no
If not
You have nothing to worry about
If so
You are either fighting or not
If not
You have nothing to worry about
If so
You are either wounded or not
If not
You have nothing to worry about
If so
You are severely or slightly wounded
If slightly
You have nothing to worry about
If severely
You either recover or not
If so
You have nothing to worry about
If not
You will have nothing to worry about.
Why worry?
N. W. A.

BROTHERS FROM NEW YORK IN SAME SERVICE BRANCH AND IN SAME COMPANY, TOO

Harry G. and Frank C. Geiler, brothers, arrived at the S. A. P. on July 5 from Madison Barracks, where they had been ever since their enlistment. They both enlisted on April 13, the anniversary of their parents' wedding, and have been together ever since. It is exceptional that two brothers should be in the same branch of the service, and also in the same company. If luck is with them, the Geiler boys hope to stick together until they hit Flanders. Their home is in New York City.

All the necessary articles for the soldier's kit can be found at reasonable prices at

The Burke, Fitz Simons, Hone Co., Inc.

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Special Prices to Airscouts
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AIRMEN WILL TURN WAR TIDE

Quite confident that the American airmen will be able to turn the tide in favor of the allies, is Lieutenant Robert F. Purcell of 170 Spruce Avenue, who is assistant commandant of cadets studying to be flying officers at the Dallas, Tex., concentration camp. He has been passing a few days at his home in this city.

Of course military secrets do not find their way to the public press, and so the number of trained aviators turned out from the big camp is not made known, but Lieutenant Purcell says that they turn out a lot of 'em. One of the surprising features of that branch of the service is the quickness with which American young men take to the flying game, he says. Most of the men in camp come right out of civil life, some never having seen an airplane before. He says that the students are anxious to learn so that they may be sent across and be prepared for the big push toward Berlin when it begins.

In the aviation camps are young men from all walks of life, says Lieutenant Purcell. In one of the squads under his direction were five millionaires, all of whom buckled down to army life quickly, taking their turn at cleaning out the barracks with the rest.

"They did good work at it, too," the lieutenant remarked.

Do You Wear Glasses?

Have you an extra pair in case of accident? Victory may hinge on your perfect eyesight.

Special attention given Uncle Sam's boys.

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Phone, Stone 5101-J

When the boys go to camp they are drilled much the same as the infantry recruits, even to bayonet fighting. The flying part of their programme comes later.

Lieutenant Purcell comes from a military family. He served under General French in the British cavalry in the Boer war. His father was a general in the British army, and he has a brother who is a captain in the British army to-day, having seen service in the trenches since 1915.

Mrs. Purcell has five brothers who have seen service in the present war, one being a prisoner and another having been killed. The others are still alive, although they have been in the thick of it from the beginning.

Before enlisting in the American army he was a captain in the First Fraternal Regiment of the Home Defense.

London, July 5.—How intense and successful the British aerial work has been lately is shown by the London Air Ministry's announcement that during the past week 195 German machines were brought down, while only 52 British machines are missing.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Ask any of the boys who wear a "GARSON" uniform—

Then come in and see for yourself why our store and our goods are so popular at the U. S. A. S. A. P.

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Also—New Allied War Pictures

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July 25, 26, 27

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Twenty minutes by Trolley from Main and Clinton

To All Soldier Boys

Officers and members of Rochester Lodge No. 113, Loyal Order of Moose, hereby issue a standing invitation to all men in uniform, and to the boys at Kodak Park especially, to visit them and be their guests at MOOSE PARK, the summer home of the lodge, and one of the most pleasant resorts on lake or bay.

Come Often—the Gate Will Always Be Open.

Good vaudeville, dancing, amusements galore, fishing, boating, and the best of food.

Army Shirts
Regulation Black Ties
Khaki Sleeveless Sweaters
Wool Socks—Medium and Heavy

These are a few of the soldiers' wearables to be found in Men's Section, Aisle A. Quality and prices are right.

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Shower or Tub 50¢
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Special Cigarette Rubberoid Khaki Case, holding 30 cigarettes; specially constructed for the soldier and sailor50c, 75c and \$1.00
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Finally try Mollie, the shave luxurious; new method of shaving; no soap, no lather, no brush; softens the beard instantly. Large tube25c
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Our new Waltham Military Strap Watch, illuminated dial, 15 jewels, \$15 to \$25.

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"Rochester" Ice Cream

Airscouts from Carlstrom Field Are Appreciative

A message of thanks from one of the boys, now at Carlstrom Field, Florida, to a patriotic Rochester family, has been received by The Snapshot, and is as follows:

A Soldier Boy's Thanks.
There lives in Rochester a Luther family, But their real name is "Hospitality." When a soldier's away from home and feeling blue Leave it to them, they know just what to do.

They make a soldier's life worth while, With a welcome hand shake and a friendly smile. They treat you as one of their own And make a fellow feel right at home.

First they take you for a ride in their car Then J. W. Luther will hand you a cigar. He shows you the sights and all there is to see, To tell you the truth, it was a real jubilee.

An invitation to dine is always extended And to refuse they would feel offended. They give a feed as good as can be From Father's steaks to Mother's jelly.

The Luthers surely did treat me right They are the kind for which I want to fight. In this great war they are doing their part I have love for them in the bottom of my heart.

Their kindness I'll remember 'till my very last day, And in closing this much I want to say I wish them good health and life full of joy, To Father and Mother, and the two little boys.

Pvt. Walter E. Petuska,
1st Prov. Aero Sqdn,
Carlstrom Field,
Arcadia, Fla.

June 30, 1918.

THRONGS GO TO MUSIC FESTIVAL

Those Rochester folks to whom a song and light festival appeals because of its beauty, and those others to whom it means a comfortable place to gossip and chatter, invaded Seneca Park recently in numbers that swamped the street car company and nearly dismayed the officials of the Department of Parks. It was the first song and light festival of the summer, and it seemed as though all Western New York had marked the date on the calendar, closed up house for the evening and decamped to the side of Trout Lake, where the Rochester Park Band, the Festival Chorus, 800 soldiers of the United States Army Aerial School of Photography and festoons of lanterns and electric lights were alternately the center of admiration.

Concert Has Late Start.

The 800 aerial school soldiers marched from Kodak Park to the scene and occupied reserved seats. Their long tramp, coupled with the refusal of the sun to disappear under the daylight saving scheme, made it shortly after 9 o'clock before the Park Band played "America" to open the concert. Perhaps half an hour later the clusters of colored lights with which the bandstand was outlined sprang into life, as well as the softly tinted Venetian lights here and there among the trees.

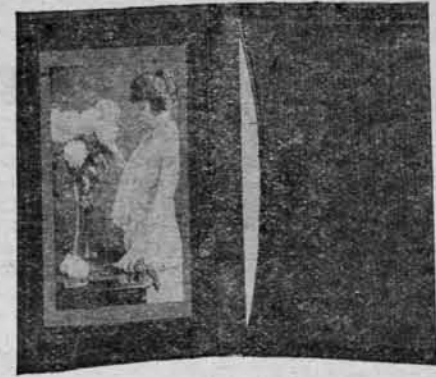
Cheer Singing Soldiers.
But neither band nor chorus won the tumult of delight aroused by the singing by the aerial school boys of typical songs about Berlin, the Kaiser, their sweethearts and themselves. Sandwiched between band numbers that feature of the programme was a triumph. Appropriately, the trees recently dedicated to the aerial school soldiers bore special illuminations.

KING OF KITCHEN POLICE GIVES SOUND ADVICE TO "OUR BOYS" IN UNIFORM

A soldier who deliberately marries a good, pure, wholesome woman, knowing in his heart that he is not worthy or otherwise fit to be the father of those innocent souls he is about to bring into the world, is unworthy of the name of man, unworthy to be in uniform. He actually commits the worst crime known to the uniform. He abuses the love of Our Flag and confidence of the woman he pretends to love, and who confides in him and places her future in his hands.

It is the progeny of just such beasts that are filling our jails and our asylums. Don't do it, boys! Have respect for your uniform and Our Flag. Think before you leap. Always have respect for all the women you may meet, no matter where you are. Let's show ourselves decent, and have the public know that there are such good men in the army sometimes. You will hear some of your tentmates complain about the army. It's not the army that makes things hard for you. It is the way you make it for yourself. Take a tip from one who knows.

MARTIN SCHAFFER,
Baker's Field.



Service Photo Case

Made Especially for the Soldier

Made of brown, durable imitation leather with a transparent pocket so that a favorite picture is in view as the case is opened. A second pocket will be found convenient for loose prints. Two extra masks adapt the transparent pocket to prints of three sizes.

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Size A—For 2½ x 4¼ prints, with extra mats for Vest Pocket and 2¼ x 3¼ prints \$.75
Size B—For 3¼ x 5½ prints, with extra mats for 2⅞ x 4⅞ and 3¼ x 4¼ prints90

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**"Rochester"
 Ice Cream**

WAR IS ON AND AIRSCOUTS WIN FIRST VICTORY

The war is on. That stalwart bunch from Kodak Park, known as the Baryta Crew, swooped down on the ball diamond last Tuesday evening to show the boys from the S. A. P. how to play indoor baseball in the Twilight League. Manager G. W. Whitney was on the job to accept the invitation.

Looking over the 800 men as they came marching back from mess, he spotted Cheer Leader Hill.

"I want you for a battery mate," says Whit.

"All right," says Hill. "Now give us half a dozen good hitters from this crowd and we will trim any team in Rochester."

A few feet from the grandstand stood our new "Y" secretary, Gilbert Cox, better known as "Gibby." He was soon drafted to take part in the fray. "Gibby" has a "rep" of being champion home run hitter of Rochester, and to verify that, he stepped into the game and made two home runs. It was time for "Gibby" to go then, because, you know, "Gibby" has a good many social engagements to get caught up on since he came back to his home town.

After the smoke of battle had cleared away, it was found that the Barytas had been trimmed to the tune of 28 to 5. Whit pitched a fine game, allowing only five hits and securing four hits himself at the bat. Hill caught a beautiful game and displayed that same old pep at the bat that he does when he is putting the boys of the school through some of their famous yells. Hilly also got four hits. Comingore did fine on first base, and the rest of the team responded nobly when called upon to act.

Next Tuesday the boys play the Outlaws of Kodak Park, indoor champs for three years. But Manager Whitney says he is not worrying, as he has pitched against these boys many times before joining the colors. He is sure with the help of Hilly and "Gibby," that his team will put across a victory.

The score of the game by innings:
 R. H. E.
 U. S. A. S. A. P. 0 1 4 2 6 7 0 8 *—28 18 2
 Baryta Dept. . . . 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 3 0—5 5 8

—Submitted by Whitney.

STEADY STREAM OF NEWS FROM THIRD COMPANY

A new name has been added to the overnight pass list. J. H. Williams is now a married man! Congratulations!

Dormitory 19 seems to furnish the music during recess periods. Seville, Butler and Montgomery "sick" out the harmony.

Sergeant Montgomery, the "top" of the snappy Fourth, hails from Sunny California. Besides being a Californian, he has been a life guard on one of the western beaches, an amateur boxer of considerable note, and numerous other "positions," too many to mention. All of those qualifications helped him in becoming one of the most proficient bayonet instructors at Camp Lewis: "Why, of why?" said Sergeant Hayward, pick a brother like "Monte" to take pictures of Fritz? Why not cut him loose all by himself with an ax or something?

How I wish I were a "file closer" so that I could slip away without being noticed.

Gather around sometime and watch Otto sketch pictures. You can really tell what he is drawing.

A squad has been detailed to find out where Sergeant Casperson spends his evenings.

Shirtless days seem to be popular in the laboratories nowadays.

Webb has a new system of counting in the laboratory. 'Tis like this: "One girl in a hundred; two girls in a hundred, three girls in a hundred—etc."

Fass seems to have better luck dodging enlargments than girls.

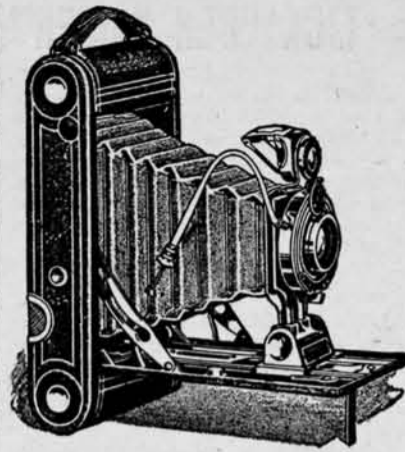
Smiling Sergeant Casperson can't get relieved of his blouse. He's taking camera repair. Want a valet, Sergeant?

About ten drops of perspiration in the developer acts as a good restrainer, providing that you drink plenty of potassium bromide.

Unless otherwise informed, one might think that Stracke and Chisman had collided. Why the bandages?

Must be the warm weather agrees with us. Have you noticed how ambitious we are?
 H. C. Graves,
 Correspondent.

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING



No. 2C
**Autographic
 Kodak Junior**

Price, \$15.50

A camera compact in construction—it fits the pocket—that makes a picture 2 7/8 x 4 7/8 inches—it fits the view.

Simple to work—an ideal camera for the beginner.

Tell the home folks to send you pictures and mention the 2C Kodak Junior—it's the very camera for them.

Autographic Kodaks, \$7.50 Up

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The Kodak City

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Headquarters for Military Books on all Subjects.

A RARE PARTY!

Airscouts from Kodak Park Given Unusual Time on Rochester's Birthday—Some of the Stunts.

"K-k-k-Katy, Beautiful Katy—"
(Key of high C).

Along Main Street came a troop bus at 12.01 a. m. on the morning of July 25, and the promenaders on that busy thoroughfare stopped to look and listen. It had been one great night—so the spectators heard—and it wasn't quite over yet—so they were convinced.

What was it all about? Because one of the best friends we have made in Rochester had a birthday. It was Mr. I. Friedlich's 57th, and there were that many varieties of entertainment and surprises furnished throughout the evening. As to what happened, we must quote from the Wise Old Owl, who saith:

The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard.

Not having passed the censor, we must be discreet regarding information concerning the occasion, for it was a military affair—all for the soldiers—but as there has been a leak somewhere, and some incidents have been divulged, it will not be amiss to hereby record an authentic account of some wild rumors that have been grape-vining into the discussions around camp.

Why it should have started to pour just as the boys sat down to the first episode—the lawn party—was not as mysterious as our Jonah seemed to make it, for what could be more natural than that nature should fall into harmony with their spirit when someone broke out with "Hail, hail! The gang's all here"?

However, as was remarked by the hostess, the ardor was not dampened one bit, and between drops they managed to get everything under cover. The retreat was very successful, not a man being lost nor a drop of precious fluid spilled. Omitting diplomatic negotiations, unrestricted warfare began when the boys fell to, and they went "over the top" in the same spirit that the Sammies tackle the Hun hordes.

When the contest of pining the flag to Berlin was on, it was only natural for "Violet" to walk backward, for, he being left handed, couldn't be expected to do all things right. Which, it might be mentioned, makes us uneasy as to what he would do if given the command to retreat. Experience leads us to believe he would make a bee line for Berlin.

At the dancing party the boys really outdid themselves. They said it was in the air, but how that accounts for the nimbleness of their feet remains a mystery. The trip back was full of spirits, but none was overcome, that being impossible in the present worldwide situation.

There are parties that go and parties that come, but this one will linger in the memory of all who were fortunate enough to have been there, for a long time.

—The Lucky Ones.

Patriots All.

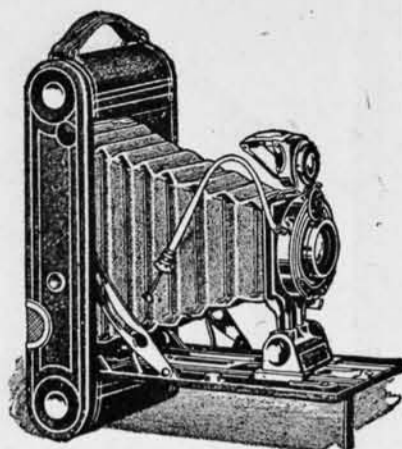
There's the youth who enlists in his eighteenth year,
And the boy who is longing behind;
There's the man who is drafted at twenty-one
And the slacker who changes his mind;
There's the fellow who buys a million in bonds
And the chap who invests in a stamp;
There's another who works for a "dollar a year"
And the other who pilots a bank.

There's the girl who is nursing in apron and cap,
And her sister in brown overalls,
The dear old grandmother who ponders and knits,
And the bustling worker who calls;
There's the mother who writes a message of cheer,
There's the widow who's brave between whiles,
There's the yeowoman trim, and the winsome young thing
Who enraptures a Yank with her smiles.

There's the fellow who's thrifty and saves up his cents
So that never a dollar is lost,
The industrious chap who uses his pay
Nor worries about the high cost;
There's the hearty well-met who likes good brown ale
And burdens no list'ner with care;
There's the wine-wary fellow—who's stranger to drink
But makes no invidious compare.

There's a million or so that you and that I
Could name if we'd oceans of time,
But we should remember the newspaper men
Who'll pass on this line after line;
The patriot's creed is the creed of our land;
It inspires each animate one,
And the cheap snob who rails at the symbols of faith,
Is a pro-German son-of-a-gun.
W. H. HORSELL.
Rochester, July 31.

Headquarters American Army in France, July 24.—Six American aviators, in a brilliant victory over twelve German machines, shot down four of the enemy aeroplanes.
Another German machine was shot down by a lone American.



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You Men With Soldier Friends In Other Camps Will Be Glad To Know

—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men.

You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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FIFTH COMPANY PROVES STRONG ON GUARD DUTY

If it wasn't for the Fifth Company, the U. S. A. S. A. P., would have little protection week-ends. The Fifth has been on guard every Sunday night since it arrived here four weeks ago, and also has furnished club-bearers on several week nights.

One of the Fifth's drill sergeants spent some time impressing upon Goldstein that he was No. 4 man in the rear rank, for "Goldy" had a habit of falling in in a different place every formation. Apparently "Goldy" finally learned his place, for that night when he came in late the following conversation was heard:

Guard—"Halt! Who's there?"
 "Goldy"—"Number 4 in the rear rank, sir!"

"Song Bird" Myrick spends half the night keeping everyone in Dormitory 16 awake and the other half bawling them out for keeping him awake.

Several bets have been placed as to whether the Watertown girl or the New Jersey girl will be the future Mrs. Heddon. Just at present, being closer, the Watertown girl has the advantage, for absence makes the heart grow fonder—for someone else. But wait 'till Heddon gets that furlough (?) and goes home! There may be a different story then.

Myrick and Isham are trying to organize a quartette. The only trouble is that Myrick, being single, wants a double quartette, and Isham, being married, wants a single quartette.

Sergeant Allen of the Camera Despair Club is having a hard life. The girls worry him a lot, and he probably soon will have to hire an office force to attend to his correspondence, phone calls, etc.

Sergeant Raymond is said to have made 100 on the enlarging exam. Trouble is, no one believes it.

Someone wants to know why the girls always salute Sergeant Phyfe when the Fifth marches down the street. So far it has not occurred that it is Boedecker's handsome countenance they are gazing upon, or that they might just be saluting the company.

Included in the Fifth Company roster are the following charter members of the Madison Barracks Amalgamated Order of Gold Bricks:

BLOWERS, former chair duster in the supply office.

ERICKSON, one time custodian of the Second Company's mail.

ALLEN, draught sergeant of the furnace, whose duties consisted of turning the draughts off and on—mostly off.

MAURSTON, check signer for the Barbed Wire and 48 others.

To the Editor—If the enclosed isn't enough for this week, call on Grossman. He's full of hot air!

S. A. P. PUTS UP EXCELLENT RECORD AS "CLEAN" SCHOOL

That the United States Army School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park has set up a fine record as a "clean" school was proved by Captain Charles F. Betz, late commandant, in a talk given in Rochester theaters when "Fit to Fight," an educational motion picture, was shown under the direction of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce.

In his work in Rochester, Captain Betz handled 2,500 men, and not one case of venereal disease was reported at the school. Last March 250 boys were received at the school, with not a single case reported.

"Rochester is 15 per cent better than any city of its size or bigger. She must not only live up to her reputation, but she must do better. The old standards are passing and these foul diseases we now know are due only to lack of education. We are trying to make a 100 per cent army in khaki and out—in the home as well as in the line," said Captain Betz.

"I once heard a British officer tell of one of his men who made a nightly prayer that went like this: 'God, make me fit to do the things I have been sent here to do.' You men who are behind us in the munition plants and in the foundries must say the same thing, but you must protect yourself, too. We inculcate in the soldier the doctrine, 'Respect thy neighbor as thyself.' You men in civilian life are with me and a part of me. You have put relatives on the altar of sacrifice and you must not desert them. And if you criminally fail in health, you do desert them. Venereal diseases must be stamped out."

It is with pride that airscouts refer to the fact that, up to August 1, no soldier-student of the school was reported as afflicted with any such disease.

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is our registered and commonlaw Trade Mark and cannot be rightfully applied except to goods of our manufacture. When a dealer tries to sell you under the Kodak name a camera or films or other goods not of our manufacture you can be sure that he has an inferior article that he is trying to market on the Kodak reputation.

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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1. NO. 12. ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 21, 1918.

FREE TO SOLDIERS

Boxing Bouts Chief Attraction at Military Field Day for Soldiers Given by Rochester Lodge of Moose

When between 400 and 500 soldier boys get together at such a beauty spot as Moose Park, eat largely (gratis), drink pop immensely (free) and see five lively boxing matches (no admission), they can scarcely be expected to agree with General Sherman. If the general had been there Saturday afternoon and evening he would have told the world:

"I was a piker when I went through Georgia. All I left was food for the birds, but these here soldiers didn't even overlook the birds."

Civilians remarked on it in about the same words, considering the most extraordinary thing to be the way in which a soldier could eat so much food and at the same time be everywhere but at the mess table.

No Main Go Hrec.

Naturally, interest among the khaki-clad guests of the Loyal Order of Moose turned to the sparring exhibitions. They were staged on a regulation ring platform, set under the trees near the bay. For once, there was no "main go," the soldier being left to yell his head off for anybody he saw with gloves on, without danger of displaying poor judgment. The Herald takes a chance and picks the bout between Kid Kravetz and Frankie May, in which the Kid made Frankie realize his mistake in coming to Glen Haven by stopping him in the second round of a scheduled four-round go.

Kravetz is vitually an unknown, so far as Rochester's gone-but-not-forgotten ring history is concerned, but he made such a showing that other promoters besides the famous Mike Donovan, who was master of ceremonies, might clock the Kid in his paces once. It was his succession of stiff rights and lefts to the head that encouraged May to call it a day in the middle of the second.

Mike Disappoints.
The mighty Donovan, who was to have been seen in togs against George Smylie, was forced to disappoint the crowd.

"The railway company is only runnin' two cars on this line to-day," explained Mike. "I missed one of them, and waited one hour and 45 minutes for the other, arriyin' just in time to see the last bout go on."

An extraordinary affair was the go between two gentlemen of color with championship surnames—Lewis Johnson of Mumford and Isaac Johnson of the United States. Lewis had a kick in his right that would not have menaced seriously the health of a mosquito, but he caressed Isaac sufficiently to take the Glen Haven colored title. Once Isaac Johnson became enraged and slapped Lewis quite hard with the palm of his glove.

Demon Motorman Again.

Billy Clark, the Demon Motorman, came into his own at the expense of Kid Casey, for he fought the Kid to a draw, somewhat to his own astonishment. Billy's wind isn't what it was, and he cheered the sound of the gong after four innings.

Red Guyney got the verdict in the fourth round of his battle with Jimmie Casey, when Referee Daley shooed them to their corners. Daley is a private at the United States Army School of Aerial Photography here. In New York he was known to ring fans as Young Daley.

Young Chicago shaded Young Morrissey in the curtain raiser, a three-round affair.

The whole programme was given over to the soldiers, with the exception of the aforesaid Mike Donovan, who stepped into the shoes of Jake Carey. First Sergeant John Davis of Kodak Park held the watch.

Soldier-Lover Laughs at 13 as a Hoodoo Number

his bride on the thirteenth of the month, saw her thirteen times since then and, when she reached Rochester yesterday, they both decided that, like Woodrow Wilson, they would put their trust in the number.

With the aid of Sergeant John F. Casperston, also of the Aerial School, and Mrs. Della E. Bowen of this city,

It's All In the State of Your Mind!

If you think you are beaten, you are,
If you think that you dare not, you don't,
If you think you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a "cinch" you won't,
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of mind,
Full many a race is lost

Ere even a step is run,
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun,
Think big, and your deeds will grow,
Thing small, and you'll fall behind,
Think that you can, and you will,
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are,
You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before

You can ever win a prize,
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.
—Anon.

But he was never to see France with that organization, as he was again transferred over his own protest to the aerial branch of the service, on recommendation of the Adjutant General's office in Washington and was ordered to Madison Barracks for special duty. He remained at Madison Barracks until the first part of last month when he was transferred to the aerial school here.

Sergeant Davis has seen much military service. He enlisted as a private at Moline, Ill., on December 8, 1914, and was assigned to Company F., 6th Infantry, and remained with the outfit until sent to Fort Sheridan. While on the border in 1916, Sergeant Davis was shot by a drunken Mexican. Sergeant Davis has punched cattle in the West and just before enlisting, prior to the Mexican campaign, was a photographer for various newspapers in Chicago and other Middle Western cities.

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

FUSED TO DO SO!!!! His name begins with an "M."

Did they romp on the ice cream at the party? Ask the ones that were there. Geiser had the family washing to do, so could not attend. Bowman disappointed the ladies by not being able to attend. Rockwell was the prince of the evening. When he tripped the light fantastic with the maidens fair, our hearts swelled with pride. Some lad! And Spier—oh, the lad was as brilliant as the midday sun. The fair ones flocked to hear his voice and to feast upon his manly beauty. Among those present—well, they all were there that possibly could get there. Suffice to say that a good time was had by all, and the boys sure appreciated the kindness shown them.

At the beginning of the week there were only three air service men at the post who were scheduled to go to the Kodak Park School, but since that time recruits have come in, and two men were sent here from the photographic section at Cornell University. These last men had been on special duty there and had not completed their elementary course.

In the group was Private Christenson, correspondent to the Barbed Wire from the personnel office, and better known as "Chatterbox." Christenson was an artist and maker of animated cartoons in civil life.—Madison Barracks Barbed Wire.

Would Snap Der Kaiser in Chains



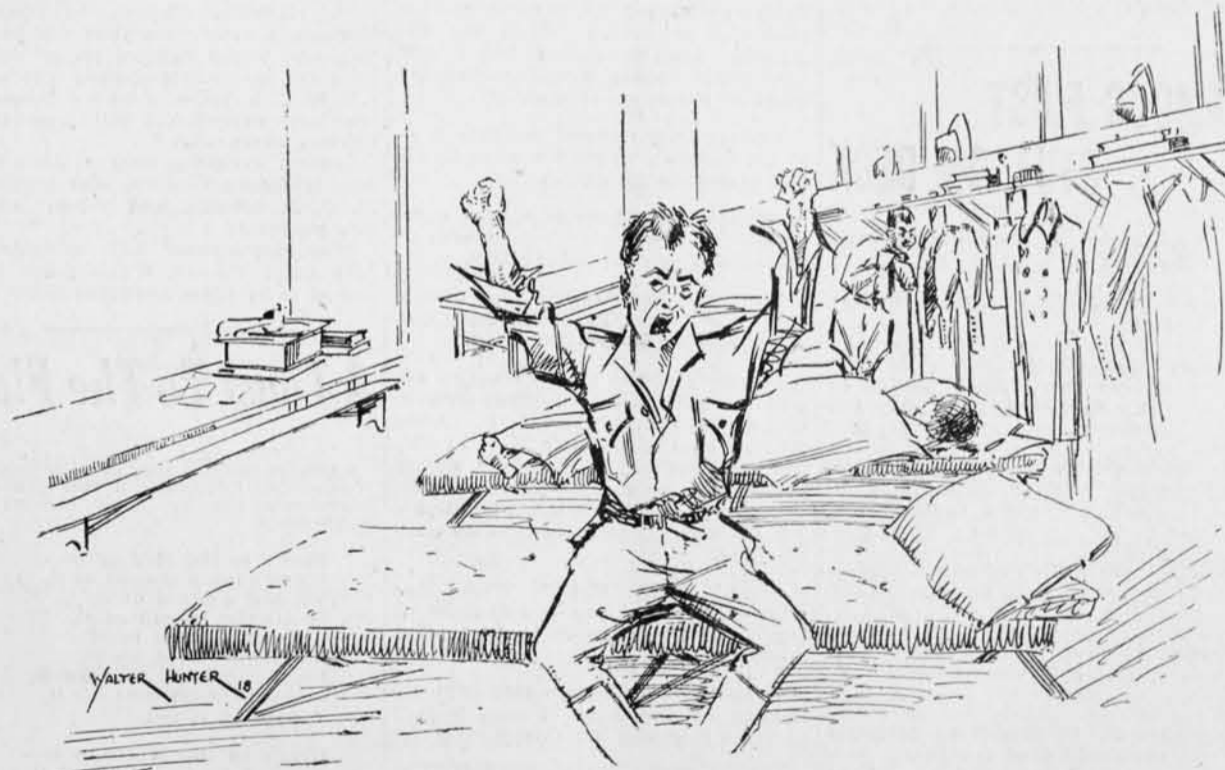
MARTIN SCHAFER.

"My ambition is to be the photographer who shall photograph the Kaiser when he is captured," says Martin Schaffer, known from coast to coast as a motion picture photographer and equally well known in army camps as the "king of the K. P.'s." Schaffer recently was bidding goodbye to his Rochester friends, selling his motor car, wiping off the lens of his camera and doing other little things in preparation for an early start for the Kaiser's address.

Although Private Schaffer claims Detroit as his home, Rochester is his first choice as a city in which to live, and he has scores of friends here. For several years he was head photographer for the Lubin and Pathe motion picture companies, for the latter of which he toured from coast to coast in a motor dark room taking news photographs. A year ago he entered the aerial photographic division of the United States Army and received instruction at the Rochester School of Aerial Photography and at Madison Barracks.

While in Rochester Private Schaffer has been a guest of Mrs. Mary Hanf at 221 Sanford Street.

Hardest Part of a Rookie's Life---Getting Up at 5:30 A. M.



the young couple, after much searching for a minister succeeded in getting married by Rev. Albert W. Beaven, pastor of Lake Avenue Baptist Church. Mrs. Davis will make her home in this city until her husband is transferred to another post.

When Sergeant Davis was a military instructor at Fort Sheridan, in the spring of 1917, just after that post had been made an officer's training camp, he met Miss D'Almaine. A strong friendship immediately followed, which rapidly ripened into love. Sergeant Davis made many visits to his future wife's home, and was greatly impressed with the tales of the peaceful French province, as related by George D'Almaine, his bride's father.

Immediately after the training camp closed, Sergeant Davis asked for a transfer so as he could be in the thick of the fighting "over there" and was assigned as sergeant to the 123d Field Artillery.

AND STILL THEY COME TO THE BAND

How'd you like your vacation, Estes?

And still they come! Have you seen a new face behind a cornet this week? How'd the cornets and fifes sound playing together?

We have added some new tunes. Can you recognize them?

Why does Menoher sit in front of the "Y"-K. C. Hut every night. Looking for an auto ride? Or are you looking for a girl?

Found—The most bashful girl in the S. A. P. Band. At a party this bird was to kiss a girl five times—AND RE-

It's now a Fife, Drum, Bugle and Cornet Corps! Next?

Time—5:30 a. m.
Scene—Any dormitory.
Noise from hallway made by bugle.
Voice from Dorm.—"Hey, what call was that supposed to be?"
"Twere ever thus.
Selah!

NINETEEN MAKE UP LAST KODAK PARK DETACHMENT

Madison Barracks, Aug. 10.—Madison Barracks has no more men to send to the United States School of Aerial Photography at Rochester. The last group, numbering eighteen, left last Saturday, with Private Crawford in charge.



PROVOST SERGEANT and MRS. JOHN I. DAVIS.

Provost Sergeant John I. Davis of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park has no fear of the so-called hoodoo number thirteen, for recently Sergeant Davis took Miss May P. D'Almaine of Chicago, Ill., as his bride. The courtship lasted just thirteen months. Sergeant Davis met

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NEW DOPE FROM FOURTH COMPANY

Dickinson has not much to say, but his listening power is wonderful, not saying anything about his studies.

Sergt. Mellman evidently has lived in the Hawaiian Islands. His color and, oh! the style he has in the water!!! Goodness gracious!

Tarantino loves ice cream. Only one portion is allowed. By sticking his index finger into the ice cream of the "comrade" opposite, he makes two portions for himself.

Wanamaker is "kidding." He knows as much about photography as George Eastman. He's big for recreation, studies very little, free on giving advice. Now we see plainly why men in Dorm. 26 are an intellectual lot as a whole.

Clifford commenced packing up three days before he left. Why didn't he send for his valet?

My, what a bunch of "papas" in the Fourth Company! And all henpecked, too—the dear creatures.

First Sergt. Cox strictly military! On finishing at the school he will be physically and mentally developed. Cox's army, "as it were."

Hanyen is getting old and worrying whether he ought to marry. His Marcel Wave is losing out daily. We know a remedy.

OLD MAN HOCTOR never cracks a joke. Has planned out just what he is to do for the next two years to come.

Cigarettes? What have you done?

Bennett—our model. Atsenuf!

Ahern claims he gets by in his studies because the odor around the vicinity; seems as though the fumes feed his brain, particularly nights.

Halpert is a good one for the girls to get after. He makes potato salad and other dishes to perfection.

NO NEED FOR WAR WORRIES

That Uncle Sam is getting ready for the war in the skies at a terrific rate and that he will be prepared soon to begin operations on a scale hitherto unsuspected, is the cheering message which comes to Rochester in a letter to Manager John J. Farren of the Victoria Theater from his brother, Lieutenant Philip Harry Farren, now stationed at the Wright Aeroplane Manufacturing Company plant in Dayton, Ohio. Lieutenant Farren was stationed first as a cadet at Princeton, N. J., and later was sent to the United States School of Aeronautics at Park Field, Memphis, Tenn.; thence to Camp Dick, Dallas, Texas; to Payne Field, West Point, Miss., and to Dayton.

In his letter to Manager Farren, the lieutenant refers to aeroplanes as "ships." He says in part: "Have arrived in Dayton all O. K. and reported to my new job, which is at the Dayton Wright Aeroplane Company. There are four of us here now, and it looks as though we will be here for some time, as when we were ordered here we were to return to our proper station upon completion of our work. But that has been changed, and we are here indefinitely."

It is altogether different from our old job. We are living in town and report about 8 o'clock in the morning, and all we do is test ships. All the ships that are made here are tested before being sent across. Our commanding officer is a first lieutenant, but not a flier, and that is all our gang, so you see it is nothing like real army life after all, and we have a chance of a lifetime to learn about the manufacture of ships, as everything is made right before our eyes, and then we take them out and fly them.

Complete Even to Guns.

Will have to learn all over again, as these ships frighten you when you see them first. One thinks he is at the front, as these are sent there from here and are all equipped when we get them, guns, bombs and everything used over there. Also using our new Liberty Motor, which is the first I saw of it, and it is the most powerful motor ever built. And say! I thought flying our Curtiss ships was fast at seventy miles an hour, but if you could double their speed you could not catch me in one of these. Just think of what that means—the fastest ship in the world! Figure it out and see how fast we travel. Had a ride yesterday in the observer's seat, as we have to get the "feel" of the ship before we can go up alone, and as there is no way of teaching us, as there are controls in one seat only. Was up to 10,200 feet and made it in less than ten minutes, and that is not half the height we could have made; but it is the height we are going to test them at.

Well, Jack, that is about all for the present, and you can feel we are making the fastest fighter and turning out more every day and soon will smother the Germans under. Don't worry about the U. S. not having any aeroplanes and good ones, and the Liberty Motor beats everything on earth, and I am not bragging.

STOP! READ THE EDITORIAL!

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is our registered and commonlaw Trade Mark and cannot be rightfully applied except to goods of our manufacture. When a dealer tries to sell you under the Kodak name a camera or films or other goods not of our manufacture you can be sure that he has an inferior article that he is trying to market on the Kodak reputation.

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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1, NO. 13. ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 28, 1918.

FREE TO SOLDIERS

COMPANY PRIDE, FUN AND "GRUB" STAND OUT AS FEATURES OF FIELD DAY GIVEN SOLDIERS BY KIWANIS

Lean, tanned, hard, and agile as monkeys, more than 600 soldiers quartered here, Saturday afternoon staged an exhibition at the University of Rochester Athletic Field of the manner in which they are trained to administer a proper licking to Emperor Wilhelm's cutthroat army. Before a crowd of spectators that comfortably filled the new concrete grandstand they went through a routine of company contests that forms the basis of camp athletic work everywhere in the country and in France.

Company pride—the spirit that makes the morale of America's army the highest of any in the war—stood out as the highlight of the entire field day. Individual honors and "playing for the grandstand" were no more to be thought of than the skinned noses and bruised shins acquired in their vigorous tussels.

It was difficult to see who was having the best time yesterday—the guests of the Kiwanis Club who fought and struggled for the supremacy of their units or those who saw them fight and struggle. Screams of feminine laughter and roars of masculine appreciation went up from the grandstand at every sally. Officers and members of the Kiwanis Club were everywhere, determined that the boys in khaki should lack nothing that made for an uproariously good time.

Ah! He Catches Moon Eyes!

Then came the great scheduled feature, the quest for the Moon-eyed girl. It was no sentimental, moonlight-on-the-river affair, either. Enough soldiers from Kodak Park, Baker Field and Mechanics Institute to compose two full companies lined up on the east side of the field, facing the grandstand, and when the pistol cracked they started.

Like the Devil Dogs coming over the top must have looked from the German trenches—that's the description.

ver Road as one unit or another gained a notch.

And then there was a sample of what United States soldier boys accomplish at the mess table. The Kiwanis Club had provided 150 pounds of hot—about 1,500 "dogs"—and 35 cases of soft drinks, to say nothing of immense stacks of chewing gum and candy. It melted as snow before an April sun. Every hot, bottle of soft drinks, every stick of gum and every piece of candy was demolished with astounding ease—astounding to all except the officers present, who smile and said, "We told you so."

Mules Don't Like It.

Honorary chairman and guests at the field day were Mayor Hiram H. Edgerton, Major James Barnes, commandant of the United States Army School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park; William S. Riley, commissioner of parks, and his guest, H. W. Hart of Chicago. Lieutenant Robert A. Bernhard, formerly superintendent of playgrounds and recreation, who is now in the flying service, arrived in time to take part in a race for officers.

In charge of the entire field was General Chairman James J. Carmichael, president of the Kiwanis Club. Herman J. Norton, who recently succeeded Lieutenant Bernhard, was in charge of the field events. Under his direction the contests were run off with a snap that was one of the most pleasing phases of the outing. There were no waits between events. On the completion of each the musicians played "Assembly," and the men lined up for the next contest.

The mule race was the only event on the big programme that offered an opportunity for individual honors, and even then the honors are open to question. The mules couldn't seem to get the main idea of the whole affair. They didn't like to run around the quarter-mile cinder track with squirming soldiers on their backs. They wanted to browse in the fields. And because they

Latest Portrait of Major Barnes, New S. A. P. Head



—Photo by Lieut. Poynter.

MAJOR JAMES BARNES, who succeeded Captain Charles F. Betz as commandant of the United States Army School of Aerial photography at Kodak Park on July 31. He also has replaced Captain Betz as censor of The Snapshot, which has his approval.

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

PHOTO I. D. R. NOW HAS POET AMONG RANKS

Photo companies should not be drilled just like the infantry. That besmacks of doughboy stuff. Doughboys are so awful rough!

Out of such necessity, we've advanced remarkably. First a chevron, then a bar. Thus springs Photo I. D. R.

When the Company first falls in, Give "Line Up", 'twould be a sin if they weren't straight, so shout: "Right dress—march!" and sing it out.

"March!" plus "Forward!" shows the way. Off they go. Give cadence "Hay!" "Hay!" again, and then some more; Makes you hoarse, but what's hay for?

"Halt in place!" and then a "March!" Such commands engender starch, Pep and smartness. "Hold that stride; Don't increase the pivot, guide!"

If you ever make a break, "As you were!" and "My mistake!" Are convenient. Better, though; "Where the 'hel'd' you try to go!"

Prayer!
If a sergeant I must be, Ship me to the Infantry, Where commands are plain to see, And there's no photography!
—W. H. C.

MED. DEPT. IS MECCA ONLY FOR SICK AIRSCOUTS

Have you heard about Corporal Remark? If not, ask him. Enlisted for life!

We have a man born with white hair and the SUN is changing it to a light brown! Pity E. T. Barnum isn't alive. You don't hear much about the Medical Department unless you come in on sick, and then 30cc of Mag. Oh, Baby, what a face!

If you don't want to stand Reveille, go on the sick call.

Fellows, if you are awakened at 4.40 o'clock and told to turn your head around, you are sleeping wrong, don't blame the fellow who wakes you. It is your fault.

—OLD DR. SALTS.

HELLO FRANCE, SINGS THE 3RD!

But what has become of the Third Company? Well, goodbye, Rough-necks and Rookies!

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

IF U. S. A. S. A. P., DREAMS COME TRUE



Sergeant Casperson will trouble you no more. But where are the shouts of the Snappy Third, the long line of cheer, and the smiles of gladness? No company can leave a better record than made by us from the time we were formed until we were disbanded. And where have Sergeant Hayward and the little stick gone to serve his country?
Farewell, Rochester—hello, France!
—Company Three.

ber 3, the second day of the Exposition. The ceremony is one of the most inspiring of events and undoubtedly will be witnessed by a great throng.

"Corking Good Time" for Soldier Boys at Mechanics Institute

"Mmm, some class, b'lieve muh," and the stalwart soldier took a Goliath-sized bite from a big apple. On all sides of him were khaki-clad comrades, all attacking the fruit with eager relish.

That was only one kind of fun at the vaudeville night for soldiers in the industrial arts training course at Mechanics Institute one night. Aesthetic dancing by young women, vocal solo, and both singing and monologue numbers in Scottish dialect all served to give some 250 men a good time.

And it was a good time in the most real sense of the word. At various climaxes of the programme the good time grew to hilarious proportions, and singing and whistling broke out, intermingled with "Oh, boy!" "Kith muh quick, Samantha!" and similar ejaculations expressive of high good humor.

Angelo Newman, round and happy, was on hand with his smiling visage and warm handshake, helping everyone to forget homesickness and that the "best girl" was in another town. The programme was in charge of Harry King.

So Say We All.

Although only 17, he had come to "join up" and was in the recruiting office answering the sergeant's questions.

"Look here, my man," said the sergeant, "are you willing to die for your country?"
"No, sir," he replied, "I'm joining up to make a German die for his."

PRESENT COLORS TO AIRSCOUTS AT BIG EXPOSITION

The Rochester Chamber of Commerce will have a conspicuous part in the Rochester Industrial Exposition, which will be held from September 2 until 7. The Chamber's part is the presentation of the colors to the United States Army School of Aerial Photography, stationed in this city at Kodak Park and Genesee Valley Park.

That flag presentation had been planned for a long time by the military affairs committee of the Chamber, Alvin H. Dewey, chairman, with the consent of the officers of the Chamber and the hearty approval of Captain Charles F. Betz, former commandant, and Major James Barnes, his successor.

When the desire of the Mayor, Secretary Edgar F. Edwards and the management of the Rochester Industrial Exposition to make the Exposition as strong in military features as possible became known, Chairman Dewey found heartiest approval of his suggestion that the presentation of the colors be made one of the military features of the Exposition.

After a conference, it was decided that the event should take place at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, Septem-



THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1 NO. 15. ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 11, 1918. FREE TO SOLDIERS

MILLENIUM OF THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

"Entrance Examination to the Highest Branches of Photographic Service."

The following questions were given to the more advanced men in the Photographic Service and, after wading through them for some time, they put the matter up to the consulting chemist of the S. A. P., who, after an hour's attempt at elucidation, left us as much in the air as before the excitement began.

Look over these questions and if your answers do not agree with those appended, we will appreciate your contribution:

Question 1—Name the four substances usually present in an expert developer.

Answer—Ivory, vacuum, hot air, bromo seltzer.

Question 2—Describe the appearance of an unexposed plate.

Answer—Black, if you can see it.

Question 3—What does the alkali do to the reducer where the exposed grains of silver bromide are developed?

Answer—Hangs around in a dazed condition.

Question 4—When does an excess of bromide in a developer produce positive images?

Answer—When there is an absence of negatives.

Question 5—Could an ordinary orthochromatic and a panchromatic plate be developed together in the same tray? How?

Answer—Yes, if you drop them in gently, side by side.

Question 6—Why is dichroic fog more pronounced on negatives made through deep yellow filters?

Answer—Because we often see dichroic fog at 2 a. m., as a result of absorbing deep yellow liquid "filters."

Question 7—What could be added to sodium carbonate to enable it to fix plates in an emergency?

Answer—Nitroglycerine. And fix in a tray, not in an emergency.

Question 8—Describe the print made

Would Like to Hear from Boys Of 5th Company



R. W. TYLER of 4 Gay Street—Rockland, Me., who would like to hear from boys of the old 5th Company. He formerly was a well liked member of the Famous 5th, but, owing to illness, was discharged from service. Tyler recently spent a vacation in the woods, sleeping out of doors and doing quite a bit of fishing, swimming and tramping in an effort to rebuild himself. He would appreciate letters from his former company men and says he frequently is compelled to wipe away the tears as he thinks of the "good old days at the S. A. P."

from a panchromatic negative developed in a red light.

Answer—I found one in the sink.

Question 9—(a) Which develops sort of boiler plate like!

the more rapidly—a plate exposed with a rapid lens or one exposed longer with a slow lens? (b) State reasons.

Answer—(a) Rapid. (b) 'Tis not to be reasoned with.

Question 10—Why does an old fixing bath appear brown by reflected light and green by transmitted light?

Answer—When you hold a brown light over it and a green light under it.

L. M. K.

"Don't Mourn," Just "Keep the Show Going," Writes Flyer to Dad

The following is an extract from a letter to Bert Levy from his son, Alwayn Gordon Levy, who died in London on April 25, 1918, while in the service of the British Royal Flying Corps. It was written four days before his death, and should prove an inspiration to the home folks and to all soldiers, those in the flying service especially:

"I am training on the fast scout machines which are to give us superiority in the air. It is risky work; lots of my brother fliers have crossed the 'Great Divide' in attempting to master it, and now, dad, if the news ever reaches you, which sooner or later reaches many fliers' parents, don't mourn.

"We Royal Flying Corps men don't think of death. The only thing we think of is the effect our passing may have on our dear ones. So if I go the usual way, don't let mumsey cry and wear black. In the vernacular of your profession—'Keep the show going.' Don't let there be any waits. Smile—and carry on, for I will be standing right by watching you both, though I will not be visible.

"If you don't smile, I might feel just like David Warfield in 'Peter Grim,' struggling to ask you to do so, but unable to put my message over."

—Written for The Airscouts' Snapshot by War Camp Community Service.

Open Letter to Dean B. Peck of Airscouts' Fame

To Dean B. Peck, Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Texas.

Greetings:

If you can't write up a good interesting joke upon the Florida "crackers," why try? You only show your ignorance when you make such feeble attempts.

Judging from your letter, this must be the first time you were ever detached from the apron string. Consequently you are a poor judge of human nature. We have to, photographically speaking, think your brains are "over-exposed and under-developed in a weak solution, thereby giving them the dense, foggy appearance."

Don't try to judge Florida and Flo-

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

ridians from a guard house window or with your unsociable disposition.

Some good advice: Don't go far away from the camp at night. Those slow thinking "southern crackers" might develop a fondness for undeveloped nuts.

Evidently you are not a Rochester boy, for the people here understand hospitality.

I will close, as it wouldn't do for me to expose my thoughts exactly.

But if you wish to get acquainted with some real "crackers" where you will get a real "FEED," write me.

With sympathy,
W. L. STEPHENS,
Company I.

SURE, WE'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THE BAND!

Did you hear the band in the parade? You've got to hand it to us!

Did you see Estes dancing with the queen at Exposition Park? He is tall and she is small, so he has to do a contortion act. But the lad is there. Oh, my, yes!

Menoher likes to play pool at the hut. Wonder why?

Rohrer and Patterson are rusticated at Baker's Farm. Less noise for the band.

By the way, Estes was not the only tall bird from the band that was dancing at Exposition Park. Wonder who the other was.

Geiser looks better since returning from his visit home. Nothing like a rest, eh, Geiser?

We had thought that "The Old Gray Mare" had died a natural death, but she seems to have a new lease on life. Evidently the shortage of gasoline.

We now most sincerely believe in Darwin's theory, after seeing Letteri cutting up monkey shines in the tree.

Kauffman still has his knuckles and an inclination to "gold brick." Storer makes a good substitute.

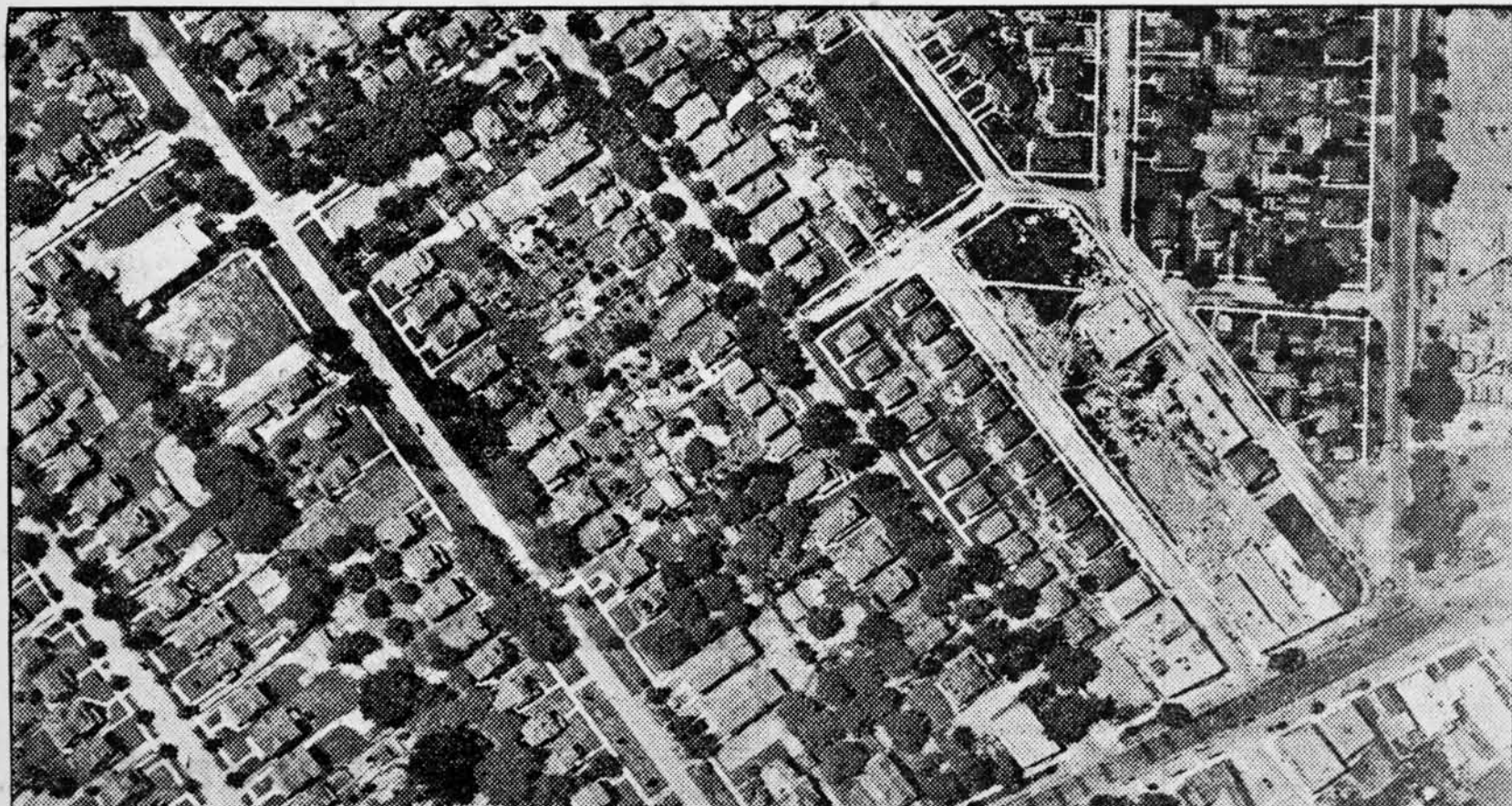
Commingore has a furlough. Lucky bird! How do they get that way?

So has Riebe. We are not at all envious, but we wish we had one.

If Kaiser Bill could only see our band, marching at the head of our brave army, he would close up shop and go home to dinner in disgust. After listening to our music, the boys could lick anything.

Yes, our faithful leader is back with us again from his eight-day vacation. And he looks fine with the exception of sleep. He sure is strong on the

How Rochester Looks Through Camera of Airscout 3,000 Feet in Air



You Men With Soldier Friends In Other Camps Will Be Glad To Know

—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men.

You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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CIGARS



"Column of Squads"

Griffen and Bailey have donated a new piano for the boys at Baker Field. The new upright takes the place of the old square piano which gave the boys enjoyment for some time.

The Horse Show and Exposition proved the main attraction for many Airscouts last week. The dancing in the plaza proved the high light of the evening's programme.

Then, too, the smokes and gum at the K. of C. booth were welcome. "Angel" was there with his expansive smile and hearty handshake.

The work of the Y. M. C. A. "over there" was shown in a series of excellent photographs on display in the Y. M. C. A. booth. "Gibby" was there to explain the pictures and answer questions. John "Agreeable" Wells, he of Airscout fame, also greeted many of his old friends, the while securing applications for overseas "Y." work.

Home-made apple pie, doughnuts and coffee were only a part of the offering at the Salvation Army war work booth. A piano placed there was the cause of many a "singfest" in which the Airscouts played a prominent part. Major Barnes was one of the visitors at the three war work booths and stopped at the Salvation Army stand long enough to taste of the pie and doughnuts. He spoke appreciatively to the attendants of the work the Salvation Army is doing for the boys in the trenches "over there."

Last Wednesday evening a group of Airscouts visited the U. S. A. Training School at Mechanics Institute and put on a "stunt night" programme. Earl A. House, dramatic editor of The Snapshot, and Roy Miller, assistant K. C. secretary, were in charge of the programme and among the entertainers were R. F. Klucken, Instructor Addison, and Pete Bowman.

Last Friday night Wagner's Merry Revue entertained the boys at the Mechanic Institute School, playing a return engagement.

The historic significance of the ground upon which the Kodak Park school is situated was explained in an interesting manner last Sunday evening when Alvin H. Dewey, chairman of the military committee of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce and president of the Lewis H. Morgan Chapter New York State Archaeological Society, was the speaker at the programme for soldiers and sailors at the Chapter House of Irondequoit Chapter, D. A. R. The usual big "feed" was another feature of the evening. Close to fifty Airscouts usually attend these Sunday evening entertainments.

In return for the entertainment which the Airscouts presented at their auditorium last Wednesday night, boys from U. S. A. Training School at Mechanics Institute came down to Kodak Park Monday night and put on a programme in the "Y"—K. C. Hut.

Employees of the Kodak Park works of the Eastman Kodak Company were guests last evening of the Airscouts. A "stunt night" programme was put on by the soldier entertainers, and the Kodak Park Band played a patriotic concert.

Few flights were prettier than that of the Airscouts who threw red, white and blue asters to the mothers of service men at Exposition Park last Wednesday. And in many a family Bible those asters will be pressed for years to come, as a reminder of the day upon which Rochester paid tribute to those who were brave enough to stay home and let their beloved ones go to the front.

Hurrah for Sergeant Murphy! He is back again, and in the right place. Baker's Field is no place for a man like Murphy.

Says a contributor—"Have you ever noticed how the speed has to be cut to ten miles per hour by a guard in front of the "Y"—K. C. hut? Yes, if you ever have tried to go faster in your car down Lake Avenue. Now it would seem as if the drivers of the cars, and especially the motorcycles of the army should at least use a little common sense in traveling on the city streets. But they can go at 60 to 70 miles per hour and endanger the lives of civilians, and nothing is said about it."

MARK the following paragraphs when you send home this issue of the Airscout's Snapshot and remind the folks that they can get good pictures with a Kodak from the very start.

W. Frank Persons, director general of the Bureau of Civilian Relief, is just home from France and has a word to say about letters from home.

"It is very important," he says, "to keep the American home a Living Reality to those boys over there. Write your letters regularly and frequently, giving complete news.

"This serial story of home life should be illustrated with plenty of snapshots and pictures. News and frequent pictures of children are peculiarly important. Those at home see the children daily; but from a distance of 3,000 miles, and in a war environment, it is difficult to imagine a satisfactory picture of how a child who was left wearing curls really looks after his first hair cut, or how he looks with his little fists pushed down in the pockets of his first pair of pants."—From an interview published in the Lake Division News of the American Red Cross.

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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1 NO. 17 ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 25, 1918. FREE TO SOLDIERS

Mechanics "Over the Top?" Nay, Nay, Pauline!

It was a cold windy night. Rain was falling in a fine drizzle. The only comfortable place in camp was around the big fireplace in the Farm House. A circle of rugged faced soldiers— aerial photographers and mechanics— sat facing the cheerful blaze. It was a famous place for camp gossip.

Guards just relieved from their dreary post came in, water dripping from their raincoats. Although space was at a premium, room was made for them. After removing their raincoats, they sat warming their hands. The fire illuminated the weather-lined, rugged, determined features of their faces to the outline of their army hardened body. A big gun strapped to their sides showed plainly, reminding us somewhat of the real thing to come.

"I would like to see the mechanics go over the top," said Private Benedict.

"It can't be done," declared Private Connor. "There are not enough side arms, stilsons, hacksaw, blades, drills and other very essential things in their 'over the top' maneuvers."

5 A. M., one morning. "Count Off" just after getting in.

"Well, I guess I will have to call the boys out for drill. They need lots of pep."

There and then he got the name of "Rise and Shine."

Wanted—To know if it is safe to try and run the guard at Baker's Field?

It has been raining every day. A little sunshine sure would look good. The Hypo hounds are wading around in mud inches deep.

Something new and very interesting—come out and hear some Hawaiian music played by Private Henson with his nose guitar and Private St. Jean with his harmonica.

We are glad to see that Sergeant Irwin, one of the old timers of Baker's Field, is in harness as Sergeant Major.

A question—What will happen to Sergeant Lindemann when he comes to the field Saturday? "Count Off" has an eagle eye.

Several of the boys from the South have learned to dance since sojourning in the North amongst friends they have made. They will never forget the good times they have had.

Sergeant Pederson was transferred to the band at Kodak Park—a real gold brick position. He is looking for a man's job, so after a hard fight he is back again at Baker's Field.

Owing to his previous experience, Instructor Norris was the only one who went up during the week, and the shots were all swell.

Since You Went Away

Since you went away, every sailor lad,
Every khaki-clad soldier I see,
Has a place in my heart, and a share in my thoughts,
And belongs, just a little, to me.
He's a comrade of yours, and is bearing his share
Of the burden that rests upon you;
Both are doing the task which a nation has set
For its glorious manhood to do.

Since you went away, I have entered within
A sisterhood—mystic and great—
Of women who've learned the great lesson, to give,
And are learning another, to wait.
But I strive like the rest, not to doubt or to fear,
To murmur, or sigh, or complain,
But to trust in His might, and to know in His eye
That the sacrifice cannot be in vain.

Since you went away, every fold of the flag
Has a message that's tender and true;
It has always meant liberty, freedom and right,
It now means my country—and you.
Your honor is part of the deep azure field,
Your courage, of each crimson bar,
And the soul of you, shining, resplendent, and clear,
Is a part of each beautiful star.
—Allison Brown.

The Casualty List.

Copyright 1918 by Edgar A. Guest.
Here are the lists of the dead, The truest of friends of us all; They passed that the flag overhead In the dust shouldn't fall.

Did you know not a name printed here
And a glorious face that is cold—
That you read without trace of a tear
The grim story that's told?

You say that you never have met
This lad who has fallen out there?
Yet to-day you are deep in his debt
By the blood that has matted his hair.

You never have shaken the hand
Of this boy who has come to life's end?
Yet cannot you now understand
That you should be mourning a friend?

Not strangers!—these lists of the brave,
Who have passed into peace out of pain;
For as your friends and my friends
Their lives that our flag should remain.

PITHY POINTS OF INTEREST TO THE GUARD DETACHMENT

What made Kuhabka slip away so soon? Weddings bells!

Will some kind-hearted citizen donate a gas mask to Kuklinski? The guards need rest.

Miller feels at home when he sleeps at the graveyard. The boy from away back in Conn.

Liberwurst would make a good man for the box office of a circus.

Sergeant Johnson takes the joy out of life at 7 A. M., trying to get the guard out of bed for Fatigue.

Murray did not think it worth while to put the optimo shutter together again. Bill wants a gun.

Seims is out of luck. No gasoline sold on Sunday. Poor boy!

We wonder why O'Neil has his hair cut so often. Ask Murray.

The Dizzy twins from New Jersey—Coane and Kosinghe—act just the same. They think they are home.

Laverdue is so taken up with his camera repair course that he carries an alarm clock around with him to keep him in practice.

De Baun (BOMB) is getting pretty touchy lately. Hope he isn't going to pull the pin and burst.

Lamoglia complained to the instructor that he did not know where all the springs were going out of the optimo shutter. The instructor was wise and closed the window.

We admit that Hodges is really bad, but it didn't keep him from writing letters or reading them. By the way, Jimmie, where is this Malone?

Has anybody seen G. R. Anderson? The report is that he slipped collar.

What is the attraction at Exposition Park that keeps Corporal Ewing out until four bells?

The best way to find our newly promoted Corporal Mashen is to stand still.

After four months of waiting, Uncle Sam presents McNulty with a new hat.

Guards are ordered to take all names of men leaving the Post with authority to do so. If you are not a G. B., help him by having your pass ready. If you are a G. B., don't expect to get by.

Klatz left us to spend a few days with his folks in North Carolina.

Notice how quiet Prov. Corporal Larkin is the last few days? We wonder the reason. Some say ask Murray.

Privates Ehrlich, Flynn, Desjuiva, Buben Ivey, Nichols, Kuschner and Edwards have deserted us for other fields and the last we heard was "see you in France."

Hampson, Myrick, Davis, Parker Smith, Davis Jewell Brien and Mausett are with us from Baker Field.

Vayda makes a good guard. Why? Always on time.

Airscout has not heard from the Guards but, like the band, we are there fifty-three strong.

Things That Never Happen

Tea parties at the Hut.
Sergeant Murphy up at Reveille.
Sergeant Davis forgetting his medals.

Menohor without his pipe.
Rockwell missing a burlesque show.
Laurence forgetting to look at his girl's picture morning, noon and evening.

Geiser in bed before 12 o'clock.
H. Lang missing a meal.
Halfise without his gun.
Everybody out for drill.

Q. M. without a grouchy look.
Geiser without a smile.
Tolpin not ready to sing.
Sergeant Blunt looking pleasant.

Commandant motorcycles going ten miles an hour.
J. Blush walking straight.
A. Newman at the Hut on time.
Cox having nothing to do.

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

WINTER FAST APPROACHING AT BAKER FIELD

Winter is fast approaching at the farm. We have had frost and some real cold nights. We can picture winter time here and sympathize with the guys that will do guard duty all winter.

The old Guard Detachment found a great change at the farm. Some sigh and said, "She ain't what she used to be."

Sergt. Major Clark is leaving for an officers' training camp in Georgia, where he will go into training. He has tried hard to make Baker Field absolutely void of Gold Bricks and has succeeded somewhat.

The cooks commanded by Mess Sergeant Dusendchon have developed into real ones. The only trouble they have now is with the K. P's.

General cleaning out of the mess shack—result, HASH!

Sergeant Carson is making the old Guard Detachment sit up and take notice.

Did anyone see Private Gorham's countenance when he fell from sergeant of the guard to buck private?

Private Weller must like K. P-ing. He has been doing it ever since he has been here.

The tough ones developed by acid hardening fixing at Kodak Park are beginning to realize that there are tougher ones at Baker Field.

Some one said the bugle blew nothing but sick call and fish.

Sergeant Carson has a good way of keeping check on the fellows. He calls the roll four or five times a day. Some of the aerial birds are beginning to realize what it means to be absent from one of them.

When Private Davis looks into a mirror he believes thoroughly in Darwin's theory.

We can only guess at the nocturnal habits of Sergeant Langer.

Barnyard Notes from Baker Farm

Shorty, the cook, has to be carried out bodily by the guard to get breakfast on time.

Ignatz spent a busy morning Labor Day, inquiring about Reveille oil, which Kellert sent him for.

Grossman is still up to his old tricks,

and if his pretty blonde don't send him home earlier he may get caught by the guards.

However, he has but a short time left to spend with her and is trying his best to be a top private.

Where does Alderman spend his time since Saturday night? However, he seems to keep his usual hours.

Labor Day was an exciting day at Baker's Field. We indulged in a K. P. hunt. A plane joined in the chase, but the K. P. won out as usual. And they were as hard to find as the proverbial needle in a haystack.

Bevenue, the cook for the kinds, expects to be among the missing, as he has a ten day pass coming. So's Christmas!

No wonder the boys on the farm can't get up mornings. It's impossible to tell whether the bugle is blowing Reveille or Taps.

Newly elected members to the K. P. Fraternity—Tollin, Taratino and Tull. Where, oh where, does Fisher, the chef, spend his evenings. Ask Bres, he knows.

The bugler is having a hard time lately as the numbers on the tents seem to be mysteriously transferred around, and he is unable to find his bugle. We should worry!

We admire Sergeant Clark's little friend very much, especially her eyes—both of them.

Can You Ever Forget.

When the Guard Detachment first arrived?

When they used clubs instead of Colts?

When they ate alum and hardtack?

When Lindy and Langer were buck privates?

When the first bunch arrived from Kodak Park?

When we slept in pup tents?

When the first plane made a flight?

When the original Guard Detachment all had Gold Brick jobs?

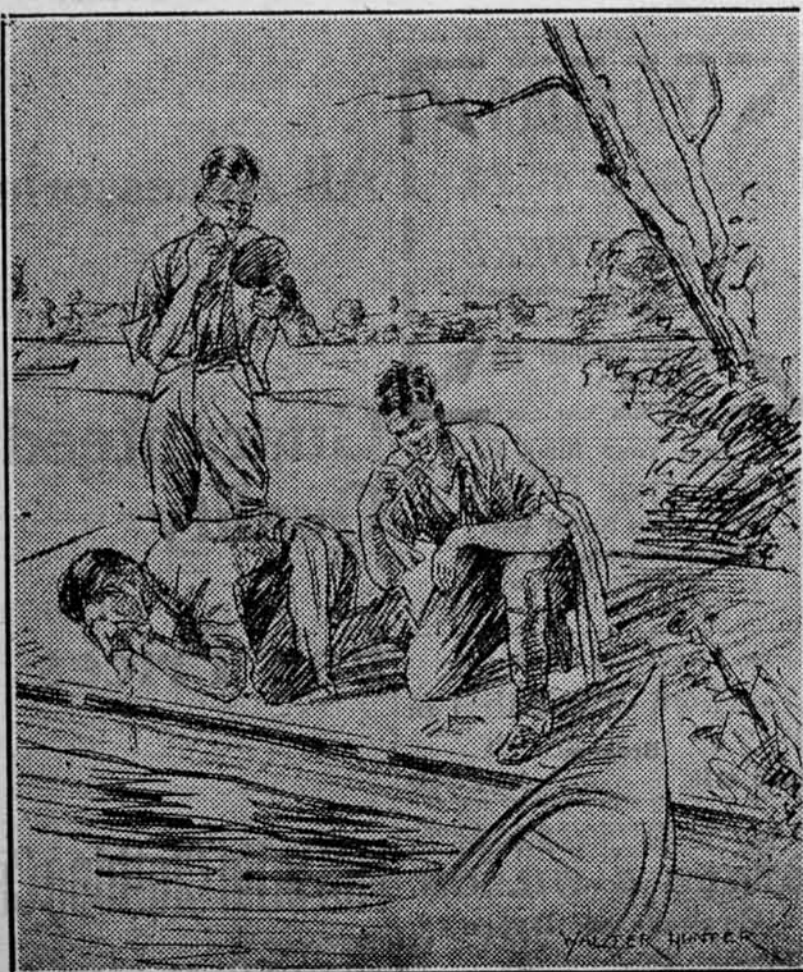
When Ferris and Stephens worked?

SOLDIERS AT KODAK PARK SCHOOL PLAN TO ISSUE SOUVENIR BOOK

Soldiers of the United States Army School of Aerial Photography will issue a souvenir book in celebration of the Fourth Liberty Loan about October 1. It will be profusely illustrated and contain nearly 100 pages. The editor is Irwin Grossman, a soldier at the park, who formerly was engaged in newspaper work in Philadelphia. While at Madison Barracks, Mr. Grossman got out a sixty page paper of "Barbed Wire," the post paper, in four days and also acted as chairman of the publicity committee of the barracks.

Associated with the editor will be Judson Wilhoit, formerly an advertising man of New York City. The artists will include Edward F. Goslin and Leslie Williams, both of whom have illustrated for well known papers. Major James Barnes, commandant of the school, and Captain Leroy E. Gahrts are helping to make the publication a success. The name of the book has not yet been decided on.

Sketches from Baker Field



THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y. Publication office, 209 Livingston Bldg.

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Column of Squads

Postmaster Smalter has returned on the job after spending a furlough at his home in Menominee, Mich.

Roy D. Demirjean, former cartoonist for The Snapshot, at present is illustrating The Wright Idea, published by men at Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.

And at last reports, Lord, erstwhile Snapshot artist, still was drawing for the Madison Barracks Barbed Wire.

Walter Hunter is the new Snapshot cartoonist. He needs no introduction to S. A. P., as he already has supplied cartoons for this paper.

Harold L. Hooper, former instructor at the S. A. P., left on Saturday for Langley Field, Va. He returned recently from a furlough spent in his camp in the woods in Northern Maine.

More news of Airscouts' activities on furloughs is wanted for the "Column of Squads" column. Monday, Thursday and Saturday are the days news is collected from the contribution boxes at the Postoffice, or "Y"-K. C. Hut and on those days arrangements may be made for personal interviews with prospective "Who's Who" men and other airscouts who have news items in mind, which they prefer to have written for them.

everything over here with his own country and gives himself the best of it. His country has more money, more factories, more resources, more men, more modern methods and appliances.

Does he credit the German with being a better soldier? "Hell, no!" he says. "We can learn all them square-heads know in one fight, think of twelve things to beat it, and invent new tricks that he never dreamed of. Why, just you fellows wait till we get our army over here and in one bunch together on the line. Why, say, you won't see them Boche for the dust." There is no discipline over here that compares with ours. Our men have absorbed it. They heard so many lectures in the States about the wonderful discipline over here. They arrived, took one look and started in with characteristic American spirit to beat it—and they have. They are self-disciplined. They are cleaner than anyone else, they salute better, they work harder at learning the various ways of fighting. They are doing it voluntarily and they have passed their instructors.

2. We came back from French headquarters thrilled by the stories we had heard of what the Americans did in the last offensive. It is still quite unbelievable to me. "The Americans saved Paris. It was the American divisions who stood against Germany's best. The American divisions are the best on either side of the line, the best in the world." Such stuff said by French officers is astounding. Soldiers who have seen say that there is no army like ours, no such fanatical fighting men anywhere—that an almost religious passion is all through our troops and that the Boche has had his morale badly shaken.

There can be no doubt that a surprising rise in French morale has resulted from the communiques of July 4 and July 14. "Now we cannot lose" is their talk.

Sentry's Orders. Sentry (to bosom pal)—Halt! Who goes there? Bosom Pal (contemptuously)—Idiot! Sentry—Pass, idiot!

American Yarn. "And," went on the American yarn-spinner in the trenches somewhere in France, "illic bushes over in my country grow 50 feet high." "Ah," said a Britisher, enviously, "if I could only illic that."

SOLDIERS WON'T RETURN TO EXPOSITION PARK; NEW ARMY SCHOOL CONSIDERED

Soldiers of the 113th Supply Train now quartered at Convention Hall Annex will not be moved back to their old quarters at Exposition Park, the Mayor said Sunday. At present there is only one company of 87 men—Company A—quartered at the Annex, and it expects to move early in the week with a number of trucks for a port of embarkation; but its place probably will be filled by returning companies. It is probable that the soldiers will continue to be quartered at Convention Hall.

Although the matter of a new government school at Exposition Park still hangs fire, and no contract has been signed, it seems likely that definite action will be taken soon. A representative of the War Department was in town last week conferring with the Board of Education and the Mayor's office; but the form the new school is to take seems to be the chief difficulty. It is probable that it will be either a shop school, somewhat after the form of Mechanics Institute, or a truck drivers' instruction camp, in which case few alterations would be necessary. The number of men will not be decided until the contract is signed.

The K. of C. Hut.

(James G. Keenan in The Boston Post.) Everyone is welcome, And everything is free; The door is never fastened, We have thrown away the key. If you're fighting for the Allies, On land or on the sea, You're a lad who's always welcome 'Neath the letters K. of C.

Your birthplace doesn't matter— Britain, France or Italy, U. S. A. or any other Of the Allied Twenty-three— It's enough that you are fighting, That the whole world may be free, And we're proud to have you enter 'Neath the letters K. of C.

The creed that you're professing Is a subject that will be Taboo beyond the threshold Of the hut marked "K. of C." There is no discrimination, And there never is a fee; Everybody is welcome, And everything is free.

The Kaiser's Dream.

There's a story I'm told, though strange it may seem, How the Kaiser Bill had a wonderful dream. He was dreaming of Allies as he laid in his bed, When his dream switched about, and he thought he was dead. In a very fine coffin, he was lying in state, And thousands were there, though none mourned his fate. His soul buzzed about, and found to his cost, That he and his soldiers were doomed to be lost.

He wouldn't believe it, so to Heaven went straight, And arrived at the portals, knocked on the gate. "Hey Peter, get busy, quick open the gate, See who's here. It's the Kaiser, make everything roar, Beat the drums, blow the horns, have a wonderful banquet made, Tell Gott I have come and we'll have a parade." Saint Peter looked out, then in a voice loud and clear, Said, "Try down below Bill, you can't get in here." "Tut, tut," said the Kaiser, "your very uncivil, And I'm going with pleasure," so away he did go. A whistle like hell to make a big show, When he came to the door, he was filled with dismay, For while waiting outside, he heard Satan say, "Look here boys, take notice I give you warning, I'm expecting the Kaiser down here in the morning, But don't let him in, for to me it is clear, He's after my job, and we want no scabs here, If once he gets in, he'll go fighting about, So give him the ha, ha, and kick him right out," "Oh Satan, dear friend," the Kaiser then cried, Excuse me for listening while waiting outside, But please let me in, for where can I go? "Indeed," said the devil, "I'm damned if I know."

"Oh please let me in, for I'm feeling quite cold, And if you want money, I have plenty of gold." "No, No," said the devil, "most certainly not." "Let me sit in the corner, no matter how hot," "We don't allow folks here with riches or pelp, Here's sulphur and matches; make a Hell for yourself, For the Sultan of Turkey, and your friend, Franz Joseph. From his troublesome sleep, Bill

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awoke in a sweat, And said, "that's a dream I shall never forget, That I won't go to Heaven, I know very well, But I never once thought that I'd be kicked out of HELL." —Pri. H. Markowitz, Baker's Field.

Mothers.

Mothers are the queerest things! 'ember when John went away, All but mother cried and cried When they said good-by that day. She just talked, and seemed to be Not the slightest bit upset— Was the only one who smiled! Others' eyes were streaming wet.

But when John came back again On a furlough, safe and sound, With a medal for his deeds, And without a single wound, While the rest of us hurrahed, Laughed and joked and danced about, Mother kissed him; then she cried— Cried and cried like all git out! —Edwin L. Sabin.

"Kamerad!"

Somewhere in France at a point where American troops are holding a section of the trenches a German soldier was seen nearing the front lines. He was alone, and when discovered he held up his hands, yelling "Kamerad!" But the soldiers were suspicious of him and made him keep his hands up until they surrounded him. They found that he was loaded down with hand grenades. He tried to escape but was caught.

He is a personification of the German peace drive—advancing with deceptively friendly manner, shouting "Kamerad!" but with his pockets full of explosives. His estimate of our intelligence must be low if he really believes we are to be so easily fooled.

The Coming Rulers.

"Do you think the laboring class will eventually rule this country?" "I hope so. The most intelligent and cultivated people in my community are laboring in their war gardens, sending their boys to the front and doing their own housework."—Life.

War Collections.

He—"And how are you getting on with your collecting for the soldiers?" She—"Splendidly! I've had my name in the paper four times already." —Sidney Bulletin.

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PICCADILLY
SEPTEMBER 26, 27, 28

Wallace Reid
In a Gripping Story of New York and the Lumber Country

"THE SOURCE"
WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 29

THEDA BARA
IN
"CLEOPATRA"
THE SIREN OF THE NILE

REGENT
SEPTEMBER 26, 27, 28

Constance Talmadge
In a Merry Matrimonial Tale

"Sauce for the Goose"

MUTT AND JEFF
IN
"The Kaiser's New Dentist"

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Out of Focus!

REMEMBER WHEN—

Chapter VII.

Baker blew Officers' Call for Adjutant's Call?

Musgrave was "duty" sergeant?

Instructor Douglas was Color Guard?

Headquarters Company stood reveille every morning?

There were no permanent guards?

Angelo gave his famous Skyrocket?

The bugler used a bugle instead of a cornet?

There was a "freight" elevator?

The command in a column of companies First Platoon Right by Squads was given while we were in a column of platoons?

Somebody played left-handed golf every morning with a swagger stick?

Geiser used to ask the sergeant for something to do?

The mess sergeant used to rush out of the Mess Hall and ask for a detail of eight or ten men to carry food over to the wounded and sick?

Clark liked to be a "Y. M. C. A. orderly so he could play pool?

Geiser and Lord slept at the Hut?

Instructor Connelly stood Reveille that morning? Possibly he was just getting in and couldn't pass the guard.

Rex was hit with a hammer, and how acting Sergeant Sherer wanted to put a tick tack on the enemy's window at midnight that night?

"Abe" Alderman, the congenial Baker Field culinore artist, is fast learning to prepare appetizing army stews and hash. It is reported that a local beauty is responsible for his newly acquired methods and recipes. This very same young lady threatens to "drop" him unless he decorates his upper lip with a tooth brush, and it is said upon good authority that if "Abe" complies with her request, his remains will be mailed home by parcel post by his comrades in arms. "Abe" would make a valuable asset to any submarine crew as he can hold his breath for hours at a time. Ask his girl!

We would all like to know who the sergeant is that always carries an umbrella and wears rubber shoes when it rains. Ask Sergeant Nait, Personnel Office. He knows.

Speaking of Gold Bricks, why not include the names of Private Donald B. Whitlock, and Private Leonard C. Burn, both of the School Office?

Last week's Snapshot made some strong claims about Private Klucken's pipe, but the boys in Dorm. 3 claim that one of their number has an OLD cannon that has it beat. We refer to the one that Menoher smokes. "Nuff Sed."

Time—4 P. M.
Rookie from Madison Barracks, handling rake, stops for a minute. "So this is the Air Service? School of Aerial Photography, Bah! The only difference between me and any other ginney is the other ginney gets more pay." Resumes work of massaging parade ground.

Found, at last, a real GOLD BRICK. When told to sweep out from under his bunk, he leans over the edge and blows the dirt under another guy's bed.

Some "Sweet Tooth."

According to official figures, the soldiers in the American Expeditionary Force in France are consuming close to 1,000,000 pounds of chocolate every month. This does not include several hundred thousand pounds of other kinds of candy on sale in the canteens in France.

S. A. P. BAND GETS INSTRUMENTS FROM LAKE POST

No longer are the musicians who came to the United States Army School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park without instruments; for their belongings, which they were forced to leave behind them when they left Madison Barracks for this city, have arrived.

While they were stationed at Madison Barracks the soldiers enjoyed much popularity within a radius of many miles around the camp on account of their concerts, and they played a big part in the War Savings Stamp drives and Liberty Loan campaigns at Watertown. Due to government restrictions in moving property from one post to another, they were a sad lot when they were forced to leave their band instruments behind them. Fortunately, Captain Leroy E. Gahr, who before joining the air service was with the 22d Infantry, U. S. Regulars, was in charge of the men at Madison Barracks and when he was transferred to Kodak Park, he proceeded to try to get possession of the instruments for the men and was successful.

Captain Gahr is popular with the men; for it was he who transformed them from civilians into soldiers in remarkably short time. As post commander he took great interest in their welfare and always tried his best to make army life interesting for them. How well he succeeded, is evident from the fact that out of the many men sent here from Madison Barracks, not once has any pupil of his been charged with conduct unbecoming a soldier.

At last we have a real band. Did you hear them in the grandstand the other day?

Notice how the fatiguers keep time, wielding the brooms, picks and shovels while the band plays?

Would not the "Guest House" make a good place for the band to practice?

Storer certainly is glad to get back to the S. A. P. He says it is a long way to Ridge Road from Baker's Field.

Baker blew Taps the other night and Rex accompanied him with his melodious voice. Wonder why he never accompanied Lawrence.

Did you notice how handsome Geiser and Menoher looked marching with the Park Band the other night in the parade?

Patterson certainly can make a lot of noise for a little fellow on the slide trombone.

"Shorty" Fisher is going back to the farm.

Geiser went to bed before 11 p. m. one night last week. No wonder it rained so steadily.

Roher is here again with the smile that won't come off.

Heard on the elevator:
Lieut.—"What is all that noise?"
Priv.—"That's our new band."
Lieut.—"Horrors!"

The "Star Spangled Banner" sounds much better with the full band than it did with just four cornets.

Comingoe is back from a furlough. Notice how cleverly he taps the sheepskin?

Kauffman says he envies the guy that tots the bass horn—NOT!

Letterri says a flute is a little larger to carry than a fife.

Wonder whether "The Old Gray Mare" will be revived again.

Well, our leader made a big jump from band leader to mail clerk. Stick to it, old top, for they can't keep a good man down.

Menoher lost his best friend and is down-hearted, but the sun always shines after the rain and now you can see him with that possum smile since he has a new pipe.

Ask Geiser what happened to his shoes. He knows.

Owing to the fact that the old band has gone out of existence, this column will be discontinued, unless some members of the new band has ambition enough to carry on the good work, started by our "old band." 'Twould be a shame to leave The Band out of The Snapshot.



Airscout's Who's Who!

This column is devoted to buck privates and "acting colonels" only. Officers are referred to the "Why's Why?" Column.



INSTRUCTOR EARL D. CARPENTER, whose home is in Toledo, Ohio. He was graduated from Wooster Preparatory School, and while there captained the school's football team. From June, 1916, until May, 1917, Carpenter was in Federal service at El Paso, Texas. He has been a commercial photographer for the last seven years.

A Little Talk with Nietzsche
Copyright, 1918, by Edgar A. Guest.

Nietzsche, oh, where is your superman bluff?
Where is your deep philosophical stuff? What has become of the poison you spread?
What has been done to your doctrine of dread?
What has occurred to your marvelous dream?
Something has battered your wonderful scheme.
Look at it now as it staggers and rolls,
Look at it now. It is shot full of holes!
Gaze on your superman! See how he runs
From American dough boys who capture his guns.
Nietzsche, they've shattered your piffle of gloom!
See your philosophy go to its doom!
Time was that dreamers said you were immense;
College professors who lacked common sense
Talked of the race that would some day arise
To govern the world and to order the skies—
Mentioned the mystery man to surpass
Every known mortal and every known class.
Look at your superman running away
From American dough boys in battle, to-day!

Nietzsche! Too deeply the Kaiser has drunk
Of your poisonous, dizzying brain-storming bunk;
The poor boob believed it, and thought it was great,
And now he is plunging headlong to his fate.
Oh, time was your system looked fine to the eye
And many have called you a wonderful guy,
But never again will you turn a man's brain
Never you'll get any monarch insane.
Never more in this world will your writings be sold;
The dough boys have knocked your philosophy cold.

The dough boys from Kansas and Michigan, too,
From Frisco and Dallas and Kalamazoo,
From the lakes to the gulf, from the coast to the coast
Have riddled and punctured that superman boast;
They've routed and shattered, and battered and kicked,
The superman marvel that couldn't be licked.
Never more will the world pay attention to you.
Good night, Mr. Nietzsche, your season is through.
Your start was a beaut, but your finish was punk,
For the dough boys have ruined that superman bunk!

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—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men. You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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"Rank" Verse

Going West.

In memory of "Old Santa Claus" I'd like to add a verse. I wish to say that "just because" is why he needs a nurse. I know behind this camouflage His heart is large and tender. He's fond of Betty's, Jane's and Esthers. Be they fat, or plump, or slender.

His "rain-dears" need no chimney tops. Nor does HE need a sled. He drives about in motor cars With a giddy "yellow-head." The country all around he knows, As if he made the map. He's even seen Niagara Falls— And Ontario's water-gap.

Old Santa in a uniform Of O. D. neat and trim Would put to shame the S. A. P. If they would look at him. His form's a '19 model. He is no ancient type. His eyes are blue and sunny. His smile—a ray of light. His voice is sweetest music, His heart in cadence beats. Warm breezes from the Sunny South Paint roses on his cheeks.

He never, never should have been A soldier in the ranks. He could not stop a bullet, He couldn't ride the tanks. When this gigantic task is o'er, The army null and void, He'll take a train to Jacksonville And be just plain—John Lloyd.

Jack's yellow-haired friend is some poet, and this is too good to waste, so we took the liberty of swiping it from him and handing it out to the public for inspection. As "Rank Verse" this takes a high rank. Sorry we can't find the "Santa Claus" poem which came first.

High Tide.

I know in joy there is a full high tide; For such a tugging at heart strings, And rush of ecstasy it brings, When safe in harbor rests, at last, A little bark with anchor cast; Ah, this is surely rapture unsurpassed!

I know so well, there's nothing else on earth Can match this joy of mine, it sings, And notes of lyric sweetness flings In clear, high strains; all, all, for me; I never dreamed that there could be Such joy, my son, as thy nativity.

"Somewhere in France," his letter reads, to-day; And suddenly, that same sweet strain Runs riot in my heart again; Not quite the old high tide for me, For I have grown, as well as he, Since those dear days I held him on my knee.

My joy to-day is in his brave deeds done; My ecstasy is that he stands For freedom here, and in all lands; For homes, and motherhood to be. For all that makes our country free, And this, my son, o'erflows high tide for me.

Anne de B. Scotland, Evergreen, Colorado.

"K. P."

A Training Camp Ballad (with apologies to Bill Leonard)

Oh, Kitchen Police is the duty that creases A lot of new lines in your brow. It keeps a guy hustling when detailed for rustling. The dally allowance of chow; The murphies I'm peeling have set my mind reeling. I've done seven billion and three, When I get away from this job I'll be gray from K. P.

But there's no escaping from scrubbing and scraping. The pans and the pots and the plates, And bringing in fuel and lading out gruel. And paring the onions by crates; My nerves are all shaken from smelling the bacon. The coffee, the beans, and the tea, My hunger's departed; who was it that started K. P.

I thought I'd be fighting the Germans, and righting The wrongs that the papers portrayed, And here I am wearing an apron, and bearing The task of a scullery maid; Why, drilling is easy compared to the greasy, Hard labor they've handed to me, This cleaning of fishes and juggling of dishes, K. P.!

Say, when by a drive at the Boche, we arrive at The widely known town of Berlin, And cheerfully—rather!—we reach out and gather The Kaiser and Hindenburg in, I've got a suggestion to settle the question Of what we shall do with 'em; Gee! I'd thrill to be viewing the pair of them doing, K. P.!

—Berton Braley in Woman's World.

MARK the following paragraphs when you send home this issue of the Airscout's Snapshot and remind the folks that they can get good pictures with a Kodak from the very start.

W. Frank Persons, director general of the Bureau of Civilian Relief, is just home from France and has a word to say about letters from home.

"It is very important," he says, "to keep the American home a Living Reality to those boys over there. Write your letters regularly and frequently, giving complete news.

"This serial story of home life should be illustrated with plenty of snapshots and pictures. News and frequent pictures of children are peculiarly important. Those at home see the children daily; but from a distance of 3,000 miles, and in a war environment, it is difficult to imagine a satisfactory picture of how a child who was left wearing curls really looks after his first hair cut, or how he looks with his little fists pushed down in the pockets of his first pair of pants."—From an interview published in the Lake Division News of the American Red Cross.

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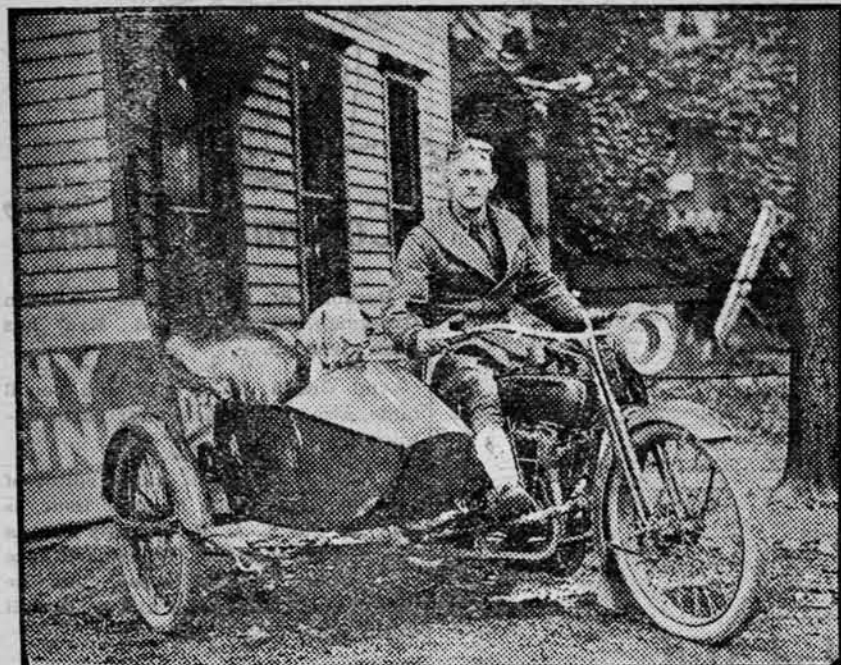
THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1 NO. 18 ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 2, 1918.

FREE TO SOLDIERS

Airscout's Soldier Brother in France



SERG. JOHN J. MILLER, upper, and his brother, CORPORAL JOSEPH C. MILLER of Company G, 323rd Machine Gun Battalion. Sergt. Miller, better known as "Mile-a-Minute-Miller," has charge of the motor vehicles at the school. He had been at Kodak Park since March 9. He is enlisted in the motor mechanic branch of the aerial photography service. His brother Joe has been in France for some time and now is in active service. He writes that the war will be over before very long and that he'll be in "hell, heaven or Hoboken" by Christmas.

Foolish Question.

A curious old lady was visiting one of the American hospitals in France and had come to the convalescent ward where she saw a soldier with his head bandaged and trying to write a letter home.

"I suppose a shell exploded and injured you?" conjectured the curious one.

The soldier looked up wearily. "Nope, the darn thing crawled up and bit me," was the answer.

WANTED—A SERGEANT FOR FIRST COMPANY

Wanted—A sergeant!
Ray Winchel likes his new job better. Says it gets him out of drill, anyway. Think he has advanced from room sergeant to Gold Bricker.

Airscout Is "Over There"



PRIVATE EDWARD BOLSTER, attached to the Camera Repair Branch, Aviation Section, who has arrived overseas. He enlisted last December and was sent to Dallas, Tex. In May he came back to Rochester to complete his course of study at the U. S. A. S. A. P.



Fresh News from Front of Huns' Retreat

(By Special Correspondent.)

Copied from the Enid (Okla.) Events. The dispatch says that the Crown Prince is urging the Kaiser to send more help and has written the great headquarters of conditions on the front where he recently started his big drive. Of course, we have not been furnished with an exact text of his letters, but imagine they run something like this: "On der run. Somewhere in France, Aug. 20 Times—Dear Papa: I am writing on der run. As the brave and glorious soldiers under my command have not seen der Rhine for so long, dey have started back that way, und off course I am going mit. Oh Papa dere, hass been some offer dings happen in Friaace.

"First, I started in my big offensuf which was to grush der fool American but dey know so little apout meletary tactix day will nod be grushed, chust like I wanted dem. I send my men in der fight in big vafes, and ven dey got to der American line they all sait: BOO! as loudt as dey could hollers, Vell, ag-gording to vat you haff always toldt me der Americans shoult haff turnt und run like plazes. But vot do you dink? Dem fool Americans dont know any-thing about var, und instead off der order vay dey comes right at us. Some off dem vas singing somedings like Ve vont go pack till offer, offer dare, or some odder foolish ding. Und some off dem vas laffin like fools.

"Dey are so ignorant, but dey are so offel reckless mit der guns, und ven dey come towards us it vas den that my men took der notion dey wanted to go back to de dear oldt Rhine. Ve dont like der red little outt dirty Marne River, anyhow. Und, Oh, Pappa, der Americans use such offel langwich. Dey know not-tings of Kultur und say such offel dings right before us. Und dey talk blas-phemy, too. Vat you dink they said right in front off mine face? One big husky guy from Kodak Park, he said—Oh, Papa, I hates to tell you vot an offel ding he said. To hell mit der Kaiser, I didn't efer hear any ding offel. I didn't stand und hear it long, such offel dings, so I turned und run mit der odder boys. Vas I right—vat? Und Oh, Pap, you know dem brest plates you sent us—can you send us some to put on our backs? You know Ve are going der odder vay now and brestplates are no goot, or der cowardly Americans are shooting us right in ze odder way. You know brestplates are no goot now. But der fool Americans are playing der Star-spangled Banner mit machine gun bullets on der brestplates. Can'd you help us? You remember in your speech you said noddings coult stand before der brave Cherman soldier. Oh, Papa, I don't belief der ignoraunt

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Americans effer read your speech. Can'd you send some off your speeches right away to dem? Dey dont know how terrible ve are.

"Can'd you moof mine army back to Belchum, Vere ve von All our glory? My men can vip all der vimmen and children dot dem Belchums can bring up. But dose Americans are so rough und ignorant. Ve cant make dem understand ve are der greatest soldiers on der earth. Und ven ve try to sing 'Deutschland Uber Allies,' dey laff like a lot off monkeys. But ve are getting der best off der Americans. Ve can out runds dem. Papa, if ve are not der best fighters ve are the best runners. Nobody can keep up mit us ven ve tink off der dear oldt Rhine, und my army nefer did tink so much off that dear oldt river. Let me right away by re-turn postoffice know about dem brest-plates for our backs. Yours, Crown Prince Willie."

(Copied and contributed by an Airscout.—R. L. G.)

NOTES STILL COMING FROM S. A. P. BAND

Comingore is up to his old tricks again. This time camouflage bass drummer. He is a bass drummer, alright!

We wish to credit Mencher, Geiser, Storer and Kaufman with their appearance in the evening parade last Friday. They were almost heard!

Storer is now back on the job. Kodak Park is much nearer the Indian Trail than Baker's Field.

MURMURS FROM MEDICAL DEPT.

Medic making 4.30 a. m., inspection. "Hey, you, get up and turn around. You're in bed wrong."

Peaceful (also peaceful) sleeper: "Who are you? Where're your stripes? What, the —?"

Medic: "What's your name? Report to the surgeon's office." And he snaps out the light.

Guard on Post 2 gets this memorandum each night: "Wake man on certain cot in infirmary at 4.30 a. m. Signed Priv.—"

It didn't happen, but he passed the cigars around when he got back from leave of absence and said, "I am not owning, or denying anything."

The Medics have had more or less trouble with the instructors all the while. The latest is that one of the M. D.'s. was approached by a fair

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

young feminine bud one evening and asked, "Have you seen THE instructors? He said he would meet me here at seven and it's most nine now."

The M. D. thought he had a job when he asked one. "There are only 150 instructors here," he went on to say.

Then the fair one ejaculated, "Well if they're all as prompt as this one—and as deceitful, then I've had enough! Thank you—and GOOD EVENING."

Have you your list year's taxes paid? Are you supporting man (or maid)? If so, is she your wife's relation? (Be careful here with explanation.) Have you been trained for war's dread strife,

Aside from battles with your wife? Can you talk Kansas, French or Greek. And how much English do you speak? When all have answered and with care. The queries in the Questionnaire. Then Uncle Sam will be much wiser. And will proceed to whip the Kaiser. —William Ellsworth Fowler. Excelsior Springs, Mo.

The Questionnaire

Please promptly answer, and with care. The queries in your Questionnaire: Divorced or single, if wedded tell the date when tolled the fatal bell; Give age, condition, weight and race. And name each blemish face to face. If lame or halt, knock-kneed or blind. Please fully state before it's signed. If you've had wives, please state how many; If not, just why you haven't any; If living with your wife's relation, Then state who rules the home plantation; Does ma-in-law pay your house rent? If so, please state to what extent; Please answer, sir, with utmost care. "Fore sending in your Questionnaire.

If you've a wife with you to bunk, State when your clothes went in one trunk; Here give the total of your boodle, And state what's wrong with your poor noodle; Have you flat feet or wheels in head? Are your beef cattle all corn fed? How have you lived for twelve months past? If preacher, state where you starved last.

Advertise! It Brings Results

Something was said in The Snapshot a few weeks ago about a certain "acting colonel" connected with the Headquarters Company parading up and down Lake Avenue with youthful members of the opposite sex. As he is very much married, someone sent a copy of that issue of our influential paper to his wife.

Last Sunday he received a telegram, stating that wife was coming up from below the Mason and Dixie Line to visit our "acting colonel." And just now our esteemed friend greatly desired to go to New York and head her off in order to square things up before he arrives in Rochester. Moral—Advertise in The Snapshot. It brings results.

Airscout Brothers at Far Distant Posts, One in Hawaii and Other at Training Camp, Long Field, Texas



PRIVATE LOUIS M. KASTNER and PRIVATE GEORGE W. KASTNER, both of whom are in the Aerial Photography Service. George enlisted on March 11 and came to the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park. He is now stationed at Fort Kamehameha, Honolulu, Hawaii. Before entering the service he was employed by the Eastman Kodak Company. Louis enlisted with his brother and came to the Kodak Park School the same time. He is now stationed at Lone Field, Dallas, Texas. He was employed by the Union and Advertiser.

THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y.

FREMONT CHESTER, Editor. W. G. BROADBOOKS, Business Manager.

- MAJOR JAMES BARNES, Commanding Officer, Censor. LIEUT. THEODORE J. LINDORFF, Adjutant, Associate Editor. LIEUT. RICHARD GILDERSLEEVE, Associate Editor. LIEUT. RAYMOND J. BROWN, Director of Recreation, Sporting Editor. INSTRUCTOR MEYER, Photographer. WALTER HUNTER, Cartoonist. INSTRUCTOR THOMAS R. HILL, Glee Club Representative. SERGT. HERBERT JACOBI, Entertainments Editor. INSTRUCTOR EARL L. HOUSE, Dramatic Editor. SERGT. HARRY H. MURPHY, Director of Correspondents. ANGELO NEWMAN, K. of C. Representative. J. GILBERT COX, Y. M. C. A. Representative.



Editorial

More news is needed for The Snapshot. How often has that been repeated in these columns? Seems almost a shame to beg for items for The Snapshot. We believe the paper to be one of the best published in any camp in the country, and certainly the best for a post of this size. Yet every week more news could be used. The Snapshot could be made snappier!

New units coming to the school should appoint a correspondent and see that he keeps his comrades in The Snapshot's focus every week while they are at the school. There is no need for lengthy stories—short, pithy notes of interest about "the other fellow" are read most eagerly.

There are two contribution boxes for items for The Snapshot. One is at the Postoffice in the barracks; the other at the "Y"-K. C. Hut. The news is collected every Thursday, Saturday and Monday, the paper being printed on Tuesday and circulated on Wednesday.

We take this opportunity to deny that our "old faithful," Angelo Newman, "K. C." secretary, has Spanish influenza. Angelo is ill at his home, having been threatened with pneumonia. It will be some time before he will be able to return to the S. A. P., and a visit or two from his Airscout friends will be appreciated, we are told.

Keep The Snapshot snapping!

S. A. P. NOW HAS FIRE LADS

It all started one gray morning when the school was young and the instructors were all new. Three of the members of the new Fire Company came in in the wee, small hours. Sergt. Oppromallo asked for the reason. The "stay-out-lates" thought and thought for an excuse, when one of them remembered somebody on the car coming home had mentioned that there was a fire at the Chamber of Commerce Building.

So they told the sergeant they had been pressed into service to help extinguish the flames. The sergeant doubted the story, and then and there the Fire Department started. It has grown now to several members, composed of Commissioners, Marshals, Chiefs, Captains and just plain Hose-men. Last, but not least, must be mentioned the Chief of Supply Wagons. That is all for this time. We'll let The Snapshot readers "in" on more doings of the Fire Department later.

True Enough.

Dear Ma—Received your box all O. K. A million thanks for the candy. The piece I got was great.



Sketches Around the Barracks

By Hunter



Prepare for Inspection!



"Column of Squads"

Because of the transfer of Irwin Grossman, "The Winged Eye" has been given up.

And Goslin, he of pen and pencil fame, also has departed for parts unknown.

Arnold W. Remark, music editor of The Snapshot since its first issue, is also on the S. A. P. casualty list as "missing in action." We're not sure just where Arnold went, but he promises to come back and see us all again some day.

Privates S. D. Menoher is another missing Airscout. He's now at Geister Field, Lake Charles, La. Pretty soft for the winter months, say we. Menoher always has been a booster of The Snapshot, and before leaving the S. A. P. made assurance that the paper would follow him.

Airscout Alfred R. De Baun is another booster, who can't do without The Snapshot, though he had been moved to Payne Field, Miss. Another soft snap for winter!

Over the Top.

Over the top, over the top! Upward and over, with never a stop; With faith in his cause and with weapon in hand, Facing the terrors of No Man's Land.

Over the top and out on the field—To conquer or die, but never to yield, He went with a will and a courage divine, That always and ever his name shall enshrine.

With spirit prophetic, he seemingly thought That death was the guerdon of glory he sought; Did he falter or fall? Did he linger or lag To give his heart's blood in defense of the flag?

The footprints he made on the battle-scarred plain— Made sodden and soaked with the blood of the slain— The cry that he gave as he dashed on the foe Will answer us back, "No! a thousand times No!"

Peace to the soul of this fair, gallant youth— A soul ever subject to honor and truth; And those who come after will lovingly tell Goods Called for and Delivered How for freedom he fought and for liberty fell. —By Michael J. Londen, in Albany Journal.

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"Gibby" Goes to Big Town "Y" Position

J. GUILBERT COX, "Y" secretary at the "Y"-K. C. Hut, leaves soon for New York City to take up the direction of the Physical Department of the East Side Y. M. C. A. He has been at the Hut about three months, coming here from Fort Sill, Okla., where he was located in army work with the "Y" for ten months.

Previous to going into war work, "Gibby" had been associated with the Y. M. C. A. as physical director at Chicago and Springfield, Mo., for six years.

The Parents of the Soldiers.

Copyright, 1918, by Edgar A. Guest.

There's a common bond between them; They have seen their sons depart, They've felt the self-same aching in the region of the heart; They've seen the self-same visions, and they've worshipped at a shrine Where a boy has talked of duty in a language that was fine, And they understand the meaning of the flag and all the strife, For they're parents of a soldier who is offering his life.

The fathers and the mothers of the boys who've marched away Are a little nearer Flanders than the rest of us, to-day; They are closer to the cannons and the guns that loudly roar, And they neighbor with each other as they never did before. And, as parents of the soldiers, more of war they've come to know Than the loyal men and women who have had no son to go.

You can feel it when you're with them, feel they know far more than you— What it means to live for service, and to die for what is true. From the boys that they were proud of, they have caught a vision rare And have seen the real meaning of the struggle over there. And they know the hurt of absence and the pain of sacrifice; For the parents of the soldiers are the ones who pay the price.

They are standing on the hill tops as the tide of battle runs; Night and day they watch the struggle, for it's there they've sent their sons. Though it's our joy when they conquer, and our sorrow when they fall, They know more of grief and gladness, for they're closer to it all. They are closer to the glory and they're closer to the woe And I think we're missing something who have had no sons to go.

NOTES FROM BAKER FIELD

Somebody woke Markowitz up at 3 o'clock in the morning and told him to fly. He got up and looked for the wings.

Don't burn too much wood, Markowitz. It's going to be a cold, cold winter.

Sounded That Way.

It was a cold morning at a roll call in a Russian-American company.

The top sergeant who was calling the roll sneezed. "Here!" shouted four privates simultaneously.

Mistake.

Captain (dressing a line of negro rookies)—Number 3, Third squad, draw dack your feet a trifle.

No. 3, Third Squad—Dem ain't mah feet, Sah. Dem feet is Private Jackson's in de reah rank, Sah.



Airscout's Who's Who!

This column is devoted to buck privates and "acting colonels" only. Officers are referred to the "Why's Why?" Column.



JOHN J. SMALTER, who sees that the Airscouts get those ever welcome letters from home—and the girl. John's home is in Menominee, Mich., and not very long ago he was lucky enough to get a furlough, when he visited the old haunts. He formerly was in the postoffice at Menominee, so sorting letters is nothing new to John.



...LEROY MUSGRAVE, who helps Postmaster John sort mail and keep the "folks back home" in touch with their Airscout relatives. Leroy hails from Evansville, Ind., where he worked at the movie operator business. Since coming to the U. S. A. S. A. P. Leroy has figured in many a thrilling adventure which would make good screen stuff. His latest escapade might be entitled "The Midnight Mixup, or the Lost Speedometer Chain."

And Still They Come!

And still they come! Seems as if the S. A. P. boys are gaining rapidly in popularity.

First Mary, our country maiden from West Bloomfield, stopped buying Thrift Stamps long enough to collect \$2 for the Airscouts' smoke fund. That has been put under special guard by Major Barnes.

And then an erstwhile Airscout sent in 50 cents to add to the fund. Twenty-five—how much are we bid?

But that's not all! Oh, no! 'Twas only the other day that a quarter was found in The Snapshot contribution box in the "Y"-K. C. hut. We knew we had paid a lot of compliments lately, but they were all complimentary. Thus the quarter came as a "complete surprise," as the social editors would say.

So now it's \$2.75. Next!

Heard in The Garage

Wilkins—"My machine will only do 65 miles an hour."

Machlin—"Well, you've got me beat. I can only do 63."

Mile-a-minute Miller—"Say, you fellows will have to cut out that speeding."

One hour later a soldier and a civilian were standing on the corner of Riverside and Lake Avenue when something went by.

"Whew!" exclaimed the civilian. "What was that?"

"Oh, that was Mile-a-minute Miller," answered the Airscout. "He's on an emergency call. But his machine will only do 70."

The Yanks

Copyright, 1918, by Edgar A. Guest. They're not there to follow custom; They've gone overseas to bust 'em. They've set out to lick the kaiser, And to overthrow the Hun. They've no time for long debating, And they chafe at idle waiting. It's a big task they have tackled, But they want to get it done. They are quick to move, and fiery, They're resourceful and they're wiry, They're a thinking bunch of fighters And courageous to a man. Tell 'em what you want! They'll do it! In their own way they'll go to it— If it can't be done in one way, They will find a way it can.

There's no place that you can thrust 'em That it isn't safe to trust 'em; Death alone has power to stop 'em, Once they've started under way; They are there to keep on going And already they are showing In the job they've undertaken They've no wish to waste a day. They go into battle grinning, Hearts and minds intent on winning; Belleau Wood and Chateau Thierry, Plainly tell the Yankee story— Where they made the Prussians run, To their honor and their glory. Never once their thin line halted Till their given task was done.

They've no time for doubtful speaking; It's results that they are seeking. There's no failure in their gospel; "We can do it," is their creed. They've a faith that's never shaken. If you want a village taken Send the Yankees out to get it And they'll die or do the deed. They don't ask for snaps and cinches, They want service in the pinches, They grow restless out of action; They're in France to fight the Hun. Turn them loose—don't keep them! It's a big job they have tackled, But they know that they can do it, shackled; And they want to get it done.

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Out of Focus!

REMEMBER WHEN:
Chapter VII.

The original Third Company was the
best drilled outfit of the first class?
We took a hike every morning?
Some Airscouts were called "tin
saints"?
There were only two N. C. O.'s?
We held our first retreat and "to the
colors" was blown before retreat?
Lieut. Cooper was the adjutant?
We were in quarantine?
The girls and boys lined Lake Ave-
nue clear to Ridge Road?
Somebody called somebody else an
"army slacker"?
Hammer was postmaster?
A fellow sat on his bunk in his bath-
robe after a bath, combing his hair
and eating chocolates?
Sergt. Murphy was sick and one of
the boys served him his breakfast in
bed?
Our first parade was held?
Yourell says it's a hell of a post
that hasn't got a Champ Gold Brick—
that's why he didn't go overseas.

And now Yourell has another Gold
Brick job—motorcycle demon. How
DOES he do it?

Located in Dormitory 3. A man of un-
limited importance!

Our friend, Herman Murray, must have
been a great lover of flowers in civil life,
judging from the odor of violets which is
constantly present when he is around.

A liberal reward is offered for the appre-
hension of the Airscout who stepped on
John Blush's horn and then added insult
to injury by plugging it with newspapers.

ANOTHER VERSION!

'K-k-k-K. P.
Dutiful K. P.
You're the only J-J-J-Job that I abhor.
And when the m-moon shines o'er the Mess
Shack,
I'll be scrubbing up the kitty-k-kitchen
floor.
—By Nancy Cleary.

Why does Irwin Grossman tell his
blonde friend that his days in Roches-
ter are numbered?

Answer—Because she stays out until
Reveille in fear she won't see him for
a long time.

P. S.—But she's "wise" to him now,
and sends him home before 2 a. m.
If Grossman went to half the cities
he's told C. K. he was going to he'd
be some trans-continental tourist.

Billy O'Neil will miss his old pal,
Lieberwort. Billy will have to team
up with Lavadore now. Let call 'em
Bill Lieberworts for short.

Dizzy Coane, the guard that goes
around like a ship without a rudder,
has anchored in Dorm. 26 perman-
ently.

Sergeant Johnson must have his
beauty sleep, regardless of cost. He
sometimes has to throw Private Lieber-
wort or O'Neil's shoes out to get it.
But what does he care when Lieber-
wort or O'Neil have to pick them up?

The pride of the guard, "Murry,"
hopes that they give him bars of sil-
ver. You might get bars of soap, Billy
—who can tell?

**WONDER HOW MUCH
HE PAID FOR THIS!**

For the few of us left, it certainly
makes us feel full of pep to see our
old pal and sergeant, Sergt. Murphy,
back on the field. He is the one ser-
geant in the school that all the boys
like and will do anything for.

Why? No one knows, only that he
is a good fellow and knows his busi-
ness and DOES his work well. We
hope to see you with us overseas, ser-
geant, as an officer.

—A Few of the Old Inmates.

STOP! READ THE EDITORIAL!

**BUY
LIBERTY BONDS**

**"THAT GOVERNMENT OF
THE PEOPLE BY THE PEOPLE
FOR THE PEOPLE SHALL NOT
PERISH FROM THE EARTH"**

Out o' Luck

Copyright, 1918, by Edgar A. Guest.

If you've tried to jump the traces, an'
have sought the cheery places
An' have reckoned you could fix it so
you never would be missed.
But you find out in the morning that
they got you without warning
An' they've put your name an' num-
ber on the extra duty list,
Do your added bit o' slaving, without
whining much or raving,
Take the medicine they give you an'
don't even try t' buck.
Play the game an' keep on grinning,
an' then make a fresh beginning;
It's the price that you are paying just
for being out o' luck.

It's-a queer game, this o' fightin', an'
it's gospel truth I'm writin'.
Men will go for weeks through dan-
gers an' will never feel a hurt
While their stock o' luck is lastin', all
the shells the Huns are castin'
Will be powerless to get 'em as
they're scatterin' the dirt.
Then one day when war is nappin' an'
there's nothing due to happen
An' the sector's fine an' quiet by a
sniper one is struck,
An' he dies right at his station, an' the
only explanation
Is the answer of his comrades when
they whisper "Out o' luck!"

So it's no use frettin', sighin', when the
shrapnel high is flyin';
There's no way o' dodgin' bullets.
They will hit you or they won't;
An' whene'er the line advances, every
soldier runs his chances,
Those with luck get back to billets,
an' the ones without it, don't.
Play the game an' keep on goin'
through the fields that death is
mowin'
Follow orders to the letter an' don't
ever lose your pluck,
Keep in mind when shells are hissing
there are some that they are
missing
So just pray to God above you that
you won't run out o' luck.

Army Psalm.

1. The Army is my Shepherd; no
Want shall I get.
2. It maketh me lie down on few
Blankets and bathe in chilly Waters.
3. Yea, though I walk through the
Streets of the Camp, I will not try to
get away.
4. For the Guard is close by me.
5. Thy Rice and Molasses, they Com-
fort me.
6. Thou fillest my mess Kit with
Beans and burnt Macaroni.
7. Surely Hash and bread Pudding
will not be my Menu forever for I will
not have to mess in the Halls of the
Army all the Days of my Life.



S. O. L.

This column is devoted to real, honest-to-
gosh photographers who enlisted
in the air service with the hope
of becoming generals.

It is rumored that S. O. L. Toomey of
the Supply Office has been reduced,
not by the prescribed method of
Ferrieyanide either.

Harry Arnold, who says a seventh
cousin of a seventh cousin told him he
has been suffering with an acute at-
tack of "Spanish Influenza," just re-
marked that a man in the army don't
get any sympathy when he is sick.
But he sure is a S. O. L.

Note—Sympathy may always be
found in any well regulated dictionary.

Drink HAIG & HAIG and avoid
INFLUE ENDWAYS!

Acting Sergeant Rendenbach is no
better.

Acting Sergeant Ball wishes to meet
his wife in New York City.

Why is this, James?
Possibly Mrs. Ball would like to
meet some of your "girl friends" in
Rochester.

Then again, our "line of flight" may
be all wrong.

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Holidays Excluded, from 10
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- Denver Rocky Mountain News
- Detroit Free Press
- Los Angeles Times
- Louisville Courier
- New York Evening Post
- New York Sun
- New York Times
- New York Tribune
- Philadelphia North American
- Pittsburg Dispatch
- Rochester Democrat and Chronicle
- Rochester Times-Union
- Rochester Herald
- Rochester Post Express
- St. Louis Republic
- San Francisco Chronicle
- Syracuse Post Standard
- Toronto Globe
- Washington Post

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YOUR GLOVES

Are they old and battle scarred?
Are fingers peeping through the
tips? Are they soiled from long
usage?

If so, do not throw them away;
they are still useful, but get a new
pair that you need not be ashamed
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ABOUT**

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make the soldier boys
think they are getting
a bargain, but we can
fit you out with the
best that is made at a
reasonable figure—and
it will be cheapest for
you in the end.

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You Men With Soldier Friends In Other Camps Will Be Glad To Know

—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men. You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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Parody on Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching.

While the years go fleeting by,
We still hear the battle cry
Emperor William, Germany's Kaiser,
wants to rule.
If he ever gets a chance he will have
his throne in France,
Then for England it's good-bye Johnny
Bull.

Dear old mother, do not weep, when
you lay you down to sleep,
Do not worry for the dear one in the
fight,
For you know our cause is just, our
motto is "In God We Trust,"
And the boy you love will come back
home all right.

When this cruel war is o'er and our
boys come home once more,
There will be a time in towns to beat
the band,
Every sailor and soldier brave that
helped to free a tyrant's slave,
Will be welcomed with our flag in Free-
dom Land.

Chorus:
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are
marching,
Cheer up England, they'll be o'er,
Just tell the boys of Sunny France,
To give the American boys a chance,
And there won't be any Kaiser any
more.

Parody on Marching Through Georgia.
Send the good old coin along, the bacon
and the wheat,
Send it in abundance, so the soldiers all
may eat.
Do your part and they'll do their's to
give this world a treat
By meting our justice to the Kaiser.

If we refuse to do our part and cause
our boys to fail,
Who of us would want to live to hear
the shameful tale,
Of mothers weeping for their sons, hear
the awful wail,
We failed to help our boys to get the
Kaiser.

We'd rather be within our graves than
have our boys to say,
We failed to wake up soon enough to
help them win the day,
If they go down, the world goes down,
the end of Freedom's day,
Our necks would feel the yoke of the
Kaiser.

Chorus:
Hurrah, Hurrah, we're going across the
sea,
Hurrah, Hurrah, the Flag still makes
us free,
We'll buy the Bonds and do our part to
make this whole world free,
Bonds will help the boys to get the
Kaiser.
—These parodies were sent in by Miss
Marvine Boley, aged 12 years, of
Weitzer, Colorado.

Defeat and Victory.

Copyright, 1918, by Edgar A. Guest.
Defeat and victory are kin,
And one must know them both to win;
He has not proved his worth at all
Who has not suffered from a fall.
The victor's part man cannot choose;
Who, seeks to win, must learn to lose.

Man in his failures looks the best;
'Tis there he meets life's real test.
In every form of strife there lies
A richer treasure than the prize,
And he who places victory first
Has set his standard with the worst.

Who will not rather choose defeat
Than stoop to conquer by deceit—
Who counts an honest effort less
Than viciously attained success—
Has failed in life's supremest test,
Whatever medals deck his breast.

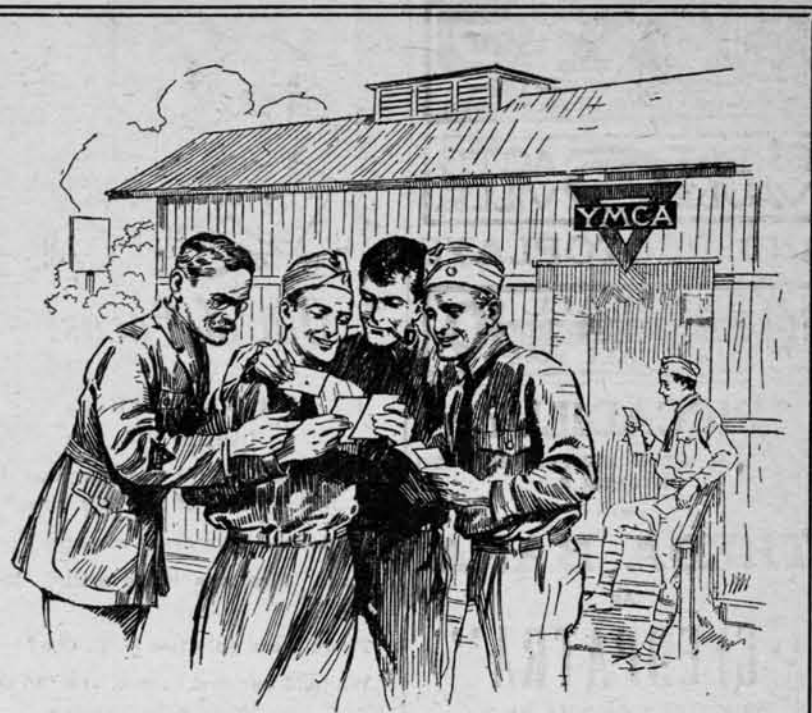
The brighter glories sometimes fall
To him that men a failure call.
The goal he misses is his pride;
For when his soul was being tried
He chose to lose the victor's fame
Than win by any trick of shame.

Better it is to miss the goal
Than stain the splendor of the soul;
And when at last the race is done
And known are all we've lost and won,
Our failures then may brighter glow
Than all the victories we show.

A Terrible Disease.
A corporal was stricken with a severe
case of tonsillitis and one morning the
ambulance stopped to take him to the
base hospital.
As he entered the ambulance one
soldier said, "Has he got the measles?"
A second said, "No, he's a corporal."
The first one answered with a groan,
"Good Lord, that's just as bad!"

It Happened In Arkansas.
"Uncle John," said a young soldier
to an old Confederate veteran a few
days ago. "What do you think of the
war by now?"
"Well, son," said the old man, "you
see, I ain't been readin' much of late,
but I'm still of the same opinion I al-
ways was. I don't think General Lee
had oughtto have ever surrendered."

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING



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and remind them that
they can make good pic-
tures easily with a

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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1 NO. 19 ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 9, 1918. FREE TO SOLDIERS

ROCHESTER AIRSCOUTS GO "OVER THE TOP" FOR FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

NEARLY FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS ALREADY RAISED AND MORE IS EXPECTED

Meeting in "Y"-K. C. Recreation Hut on Opening Day of Big Campaign Starts Ball Rolling in S. A. P. Drive Against Huns---Airscouts' Band and Aeroplane Aid Others To Follow Fine Example Set by School.

"Over the top!"

Yes, and still going strong!

That's the way things are always done at the United States School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park. And the Airscouts' participation in the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign was not an exception to the rule.

Never was a more loyal, more patriotic bunch of fellows gathered together than those at the S. A. P. In addition to going through the school course, the Airscouts have taken part in every patriotic meeting or campaign in Rochester since the school opened.

Fourth of July, Bastille Day, Labor Day and other celebrations found the S. A. P. boys ready and willing to do their part. And at the Exposition the Airscouts again aided Rochester in its big war work exhibition and demonstration.

Whether called upon for companies to parade, men to act as ushers, a band to enliven a meeting, a demonstration of military tactics or an aeroplane flight, the S. A. P. boys have always been "there." On Bastille Day, when Rochester, in unison with all America, celebrated the French national holiday, the Airscouts paraded, gave a flag raising demonstration at the big Convention Hall meeting, sang and entertained with Fife and Drum Corps selections. In addition, a military aeroplane followed the paraders, hovering low o'er the city and giving an excellent opportunity for Rochesterians to see just what their machine looks like.

Big Exposition Demonstration.

At the Rochester Exposition the boys took Rochesterians further into their confidence and demonstrated, with their cameras, motor lorrie and other apparatus, just how pictures are taken, developed and printed at the front "over there." Even the motorcycle messenger service was included in the ceremony, which followed the presentation of the colors to the school by the Rochester Chamber of Commerce.

To every Liberty Loan floated since the school was established, the Airscouts have contributed liberally. Thrift Stamps and War Savings Certificates have been purchased by the S. A. P. boys in goodly numbers and sent to the "folks back home" as gifts.

But it was the Fourth Liberty Loan that called forth the climax of patriotism at the U. S. A. S. A. P. The opening morning of the country-wide campaign found all the Airscouts gathered in the "Y"-K. C. Recreation Hut, where patriotic appeals were heard. Then it was that the "big push" began and Airscout after Airscout

"signed up" for Liberty Bonds. Captain Gahrts has been taking an active part in the school's campaign. He estimates that the Airscouts will subscribe approximately \$15,000 to the Fourth Issue. In addition, the S. A. P. Band has played at various Liberty Loan rallies in the city, Airscouts have made personal appeals to many a citizen, and the big aeroplane from Baker Field has bombed many a town and city with Liberty Loan advertising matter.

Banker Loses Big Subscription to Kodak Park Boys

"Curses, what luck! I had 'em lined up on my list!" said Thomas J. Swanton, banker, when he found yesterday afternoon that the boys, from the United States School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park had "beaten him" to a \$10,000 subscription for the Fourth Liberty Loan.

The "Over the Top" trench in front of the Eastwood store in Main Street East was manned yesterday afternoon by a squad including Privates Kieley, Kilmartin, Knobbe, Turner and Goldstein. Then they had a performance by two instrumentalists who would have graced a high class vaudeville stage. The performers were Carl B. Thompson of Indiana, who played a Hawaiian taropatch, and Arthur Marsh of Boston, who was a violinist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

"A bond and you can go over the top!" was the cry of the soldiers, and the subscribers came thick and fast. Finally a man stepped forward and said:

"I was going to subscribe through my bank; but you fellows will get a slice of it right here."

"Wow! Lookahere boys!" yelled one soldier, "here's one for \$10,000."

One of the boys dashed down to Liberty Loan headquarters, not believing his eyesight and fearing that someone might have been trying to perpetrate a hoax. The signature was verified by Mr. Swanton, and the deal was closed. The subscriber was the Stein-Snyder Corporation of 14 Mart Place. In addition, at least \$5,000 more was raised during the day.

Up in the Air.

Drill Sergeant to Rookie—You'd oughtta be in the flyin' corps.

Rookie—How's that?

Drill Sergeant—You ain't no good on earth.

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING REMNANTS OF OLD 3RD HAVE PICTURES TAKEN

The last of the Old 3d Company had their picture taken. "Lieber Oneill's" shining contentance is centrally located "in the picture."

Sergeant of the Guard Johnson from Crompton, R. I., says No Man's Land has no terror. It's so much like his home town.

J. L. Crawford says he believes there is such a thing as your foot slipping now.

O'Neill likes to look at that pumpkin on the Mess Hall dish and then think of the three hundred-pounder he tried to hold up.

The two secret guys, Rosentingh and McNulty, are hitting the spot now because when Rosy's on, McNulty is off guard, and they both know the same girl. Which one will win her heart is the question.

Van Dorn has been asleep ever since he has been in the army.

Murray got a present of \$5 on Monday morning. The guards knew he was going to get it and now Bill is broke again. It don't pay to advertise, Bill.

Yeah, Who Is He?

Captain (in firing instruction)—Fire at will!
Rookie (dazed)—Who the devil is Will?

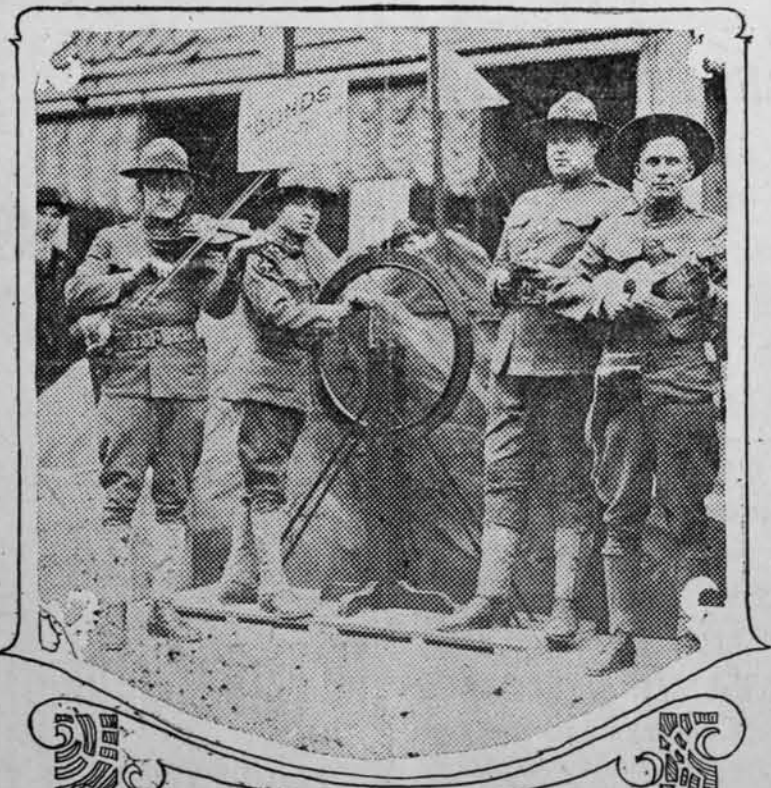
S. A. P BAND IN LIBERTY LOAN RALLY PARADE



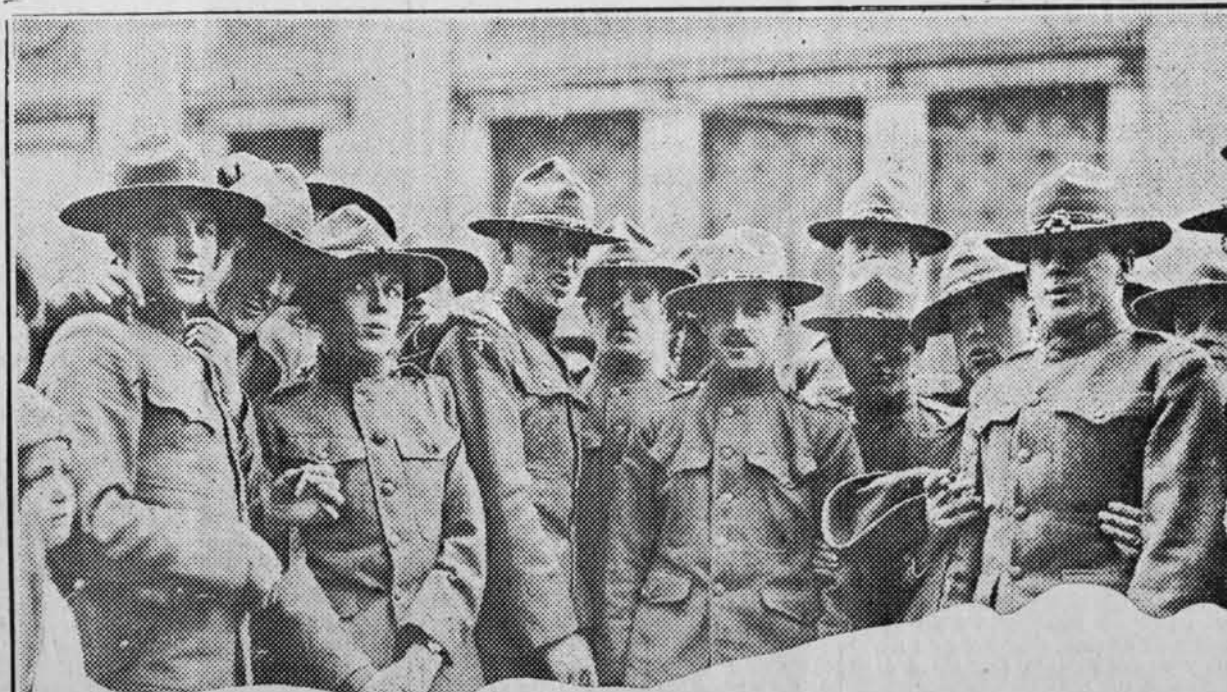
—Courtesy of Rochester Herald.

AIRSCOUTS' BAND AS IT APPEARED IN MANY OF THE BIG LIBERTY LOAN PROCESSIONS IN ROCHESTER.

Jazz Music Helps Bond Sales



SOLDIER SONGS HELP "PUT OVER" BOND SALES



—Courtesy of Rochester Herald.

AIRSCOUTS, GATHERED IN MAIN STREET EAST, ENTERTAIN PROSPECTIVE LIBERTY BOND BUYERS

THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y.
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EDWARD R. FOREMAN, Y. M. C. A. Representative.

10

Editorial

STILL WITH US!

It is with a mingled feeling of sadness and exultation that we record the passing of Angelo J. Newman, Knights of Columbus secretary at the S. A. P., who "went west" Monday noon.

Angelo was one of the first to come to the school. He inaugurated the work at the S. A. P., and put his heart and soul into it. His time, his means and his heart were the property of any Airscout who could be benefited thereby. No task was too small for him to undertake, and he was daunted by the size of none.

Hours counted little to Angelo. From early morning until late at night he labored for the welfare of the Airscouts. He cared nothing for the creed, rank or position of those who needed his help. Whether it was a small loan, a friendly chat, a letter home to straighten out difficulties or a pat on the back and a word of encouragement, Angelo always was equal to the task.

His personality and sunny disposition permeated the "Y"-K. C. Hut and spread o'er every gathering which he attended. Many an Airscout has been kept on the straight road, many a man has been set going right, and many owe to Angelo their success in the service.

But Angelo has not left us! Whenever a S. A. P. man is, there Angelo never will be forgotten. His personality will live as long as the memory of Airscouts. There can be but one future home for Angelo, and we can imagine him, looking down o'er the S. A. P., leading the cheering and singing or patting an Airscout on the back, with his familiar greeting: "Hello, lad! What can I do for you?"

Gone west? Yes!
Dead? No!

MR. JUSTICE ENTERTAINS AGAIN

Farmhouse Filled to Overflowing at Big Supper Party.

There is a farmer named Robert Justice, who lives in Greece, a suburb of Rochester. As the story of the Good Samaritan started away back in the good old days, so did "Pop's" giving disposition, or, rather, it must have been born with him, for during the seventy years of his remarkable career no one remembers when he was different.

As luck would have it, so he thinks, when the cantonments were springing up around the country, one of them was established near his summer home in Alabama. At Camp McClellan he had his first opportunity to treat the boys right. What happened down there, we know not, but we do know that if Justice's parties were as novel as they are here, the fortunate ones had a great time.

The blowouts were continued when "Pop" came back to Rochester for the

ANGELO J. NEWMAN, POPULAR YOUNG KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS SECRETARY, PASSES AWAY AFTER BRIEF ILLNESS

Angelo J. Newman, who has been secretary for the Knights of Columbus at the Y.-K. C. hut at Kodak Park since the inception of the war work at that military school, died shortly after noon yesterday at his home at 99 Millbank Street, aged 35 years. Death was due to lobular pneumonia and Bright's disease, following an illness of a little more than a week, which started as an attack of grippe. It is believed that the supposed grippe may have been a



ANGELO J. NEWMAN.

case of Spanish influenza, which appears to develop into pneumonia in large numbers of cases.

Announcement of the death of Mr. Newman was received with profound sorrow yesterday, not only at Kodak Park, but in all parts of the city where Mr. Newman had appeared in the various campaigns in which he had been active in the last few years.

Angelo J. Newman, one of the best

summer, and the warm season's activities culminated in a unique chicken dinner and dance on Saturday evening, September 21. The livestock on the farm must have had a big scare that night, or thought the millennium had come, for the 145 youngsters who were there simply let loose. The crowd overflowed the big home, which is made from materials from fourteen different houses, resulting in a remarkable combination of antique and modern architecture, modeled after that of the English poet, Clarence Steadman.

The revelry kept up to its normal pitch for the greater part of the evening, and it was a brilliant affair, reminding one of the "Eve Before Waterloo." An innovation which worked very successfully was the serving of supper cafeteria style, and the service was dispatched with military precision, for the boys from Kodak, at least, felt at home.

The fact that the farm is somewhat back from all lines of transportation does not affect the popularity of "Pop's" treats, and the boys would be glad to walk many more miles to get there, if necessary; in fact, they always receive a ready welcome when stopping in during a hike along that part of the country.

STEWART BENJAMIN ERQUIHART

Stewart Benjamin Erquihart was born on a farm near Boston in 1892, April 1. During the early part of his education he proved to be a remarkable student. At 8 he knew the A B C's and could count up to 90. During his high school career he proved a success in the Domestic Arts Department and could tat, knit, crochet and keep house as well as the rest of the girls. Much of his athletic ability was spent at checkers, croquet and drop the handkerchief, but he proved a star in Lost, the Sheep. In fact, he lost everything that he ever had.

When he joined the army he was 26, but if he had waited until April 1 and lived, he would have been dead exactly 27 years from the necktie up.

He proved a very dependable guard, satisfying the men of their safety and annoying the post continually by losing it. In fact, it is reported that it hasn't been found since. At Madison Bar-

known of the younger men in the public life of Rochester, was born here 35 years ago, a son of Mrs. Theresa M. and the late Henry Newman. He received his education at Immaculate Conception School and studied at St. Bernard's Seminary for a time. Afterward he entered business as secretary to the Rochester Soda and Mineral Water Company, a position which he filled for a number of years.

Active in Fraternal Circles.

He was active in fraternal circles, and was one of the leading forces in Rochester Council, No. 178, Knights of Columbus. He was recognized as a prime mover in all matters making for progress and better conditions. He was justly popular also because of his ability in amateur dramatics and received a number of flattering offers to join professional companies, but owing to his devotion to his mother, he declined to quit Rochester. As a singer, Mr. Newman had been heard in most of the Catholic churches of Rochester at one time or another, and one of his last public appearances was at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon meeting, where he won hearty applause by his singing.

Mr. Newman's ability to handle men and to win their loyalty to any project he might undertake was recognized when he was selected as the man best fitted to occupy the difficult post of Knights of Columbus secretary at the Y.-K. C. hut at Kodak Park, where student soldiers of the United States Army School of Aerial Photography are entertained. He served at the hut with distinguished success until the time of his last illness. Much of his work at Kodak Park was of a quiet, personal nature, the details of which never will be known to more than a few persons. Through his big-hearted interest in his "boys" he banished many a serious case of homesickness and discouragement and smoothed over numerous little troubles which otherwise might have wrecked the military and student careers of the individual soldiers who came under his care.

Besides his mother, Mrs. Theresa M. Newman, he leaves a sister, Miss Eleanor A. Newman, and a brother, Leon Newman. Miss Newman is ill of the same disease which proved fatal to her brother.

He was a member of Rochester Council 178, Knights of Columbus, and of the Fourth Degree Assembly; Musa Caravan, Order of Alhambra; Catholic Actors Guild, and Flower City Council 203, Order of United Commercial Travelers.

The funeral will take place on Thursday morning at 9:30 o'clock from the home and at 10 o'clock from St. Monica's Church. Burial will be made in Holy Sepulcher Cemetery.

racks he was third lieutenant of K. P.'s and put the linen on the dining room tables. If Stewart couldn't have butter, he fooled the gout by refusing to eat the oleo.

His knowledge of baseball is unlimited. Finding a foul ball while passing the park, he was admitted to a Red Sox game and is a real fan now.

Stewart traveled extensively between Lynn and Boston and until he was sent to Rochester he did not know where it was.

His habit of losing everything is annoying, however, as we have to find his post, dorm, razor, developing station, hat, orange pajamas, etc., nearly every day. He also spends money right and left. Ten cents will run him a week.

Stewart died April 1, 1892, but his spirit and sweetness still remain with us. We love you, Stewart.

BAND WANTS TO PLAY DER KAISER'S FUNERAL MARCH

The band's highest ambition is to go across and play as the Kaiser's funeral march, "Where Does He Go from Here?" "To Hell with the Kaiser!"

Owing to Storer's name being mentioned in all previous issues, we will not mention him this time.

The band has been busy all week playing for the Liberty Loan. We would rather do that than stay at the Barracks.

Something must be going to happen to Paprocke. Every time you see him, he is either pressing his clothes, looking at his face or lying on his bunk in deep thought.

Our old pal, Lawrence, came back from the farm the other day. He says "he was wild—to get back."

Hancock does not like to be called "Private." Just plain "Charlie," if you don't want to hurt his feelings.

We don't mind getting up at 7 a. m., but we hate like the devil to hear "Hurry up and make up your bunks and sweep the floor" every morning at 6 a. m.

There are no more Gold Bricks in the band. Everyone helps to polish all the instruments. However, if there are prisoners in the guard house, we would appreciate a detail to help polish the basses.



Airscout's Who's Who!

This column is devoted to buck privates and "acting colonels" only. Officers are referred to the "Why's Why?" Column.



EDWARD R. FOREMAN, who is temporarily acting as "Y" secretary at the "Y"-K. C. Recreation Hut. It was through Mr. Foreman's efforts that the erection of four stoves in the hut was brought about. Other improvements are also in store, if Mr. Foreman's plans are carried out.

Solicitous.

Two American soldiers were standing in a trench when a German shell exploded near them and hurled them into the air. Some moments later one of them recovered consciousness and called out: "Are you dead, Bill?" And the answer came back: "No," are you?"

Tough Luck.

Speakin' of tough luck, Private Blivins got his head shot off by a shell right after he finished shavin'.

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OCTOBER 10, 11, 12

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IN
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WITH
MILDRED HARRIS

REGENT

ENTIRE WEEK OCTOBER 6-12

MARY PICKFORD
Supported by her own regiment, the 143d California Field Artillery, in
"JOHANNA ENLISTS"

COMING:
Harold Lockwood in
"PALS FIRST"

Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex
IN
"COME ON IN"

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For the Soldier Boy HERE AND OVER THERE

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Out of Focus!

REMEMBER WHEN:

Chapter VIII.

Dancer put Schenectady on the map?

The Boy Scouts did fatigue?

Preble, Sanders and Myers were graduated from ground service to aerial photography?

We had only one dog?

Trabold smiled?

Sitting Bull got four dishes of ice cream?

Winkler stood at attention?

Shanahan missed a meal?

"Georgia" gave his seat in a crowded car to a colored lady?

Machon drew size 48 underwear and Fatty Brown drew 32?

Chandler was the center of attraction at the D. A. R. house?

We sang for our breakfast?

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Chapter I.

Sergeant Isham not wanting Jack to buy something for Rex? Rex, old boy, you have had everything but pajamas and a poncho.

Sergeant Murphy doing the frog trot in exercises? I don't blame you, Sarg; you're in luck.

Acting Corp. Shanahan doing any work since he volunteered to move the boxes? A G. B. medal is to be awarded to you for Christmas.

The Headquarters Company making Reveille or enough bugles in U. S. to even wake them up before 7.30?

Sergeant Larkin when he didn't form a mopping platoon? Did you ever manipulate that warfaring implement yourself, sergeant?

Neil C. Clark not wanting to belch forth with his siren tenor? Never mind, Neil; we can stand anything.

Sergeant Miller giving anyone a ride in his Lizzies unless he belonged to the same frat?

Sergeant Verbelius when he wasn't singing Attention? Get a megaphone or use the wig-wag, sergeant; you are not addressing a bunch of ducks.

An evening in Rochester that it didn't rain? Some guy said it was a prep school for Paris.

The M. P.'s downtown? Suggestion 63. Does anyone M. P. the M. P.'s?

The Second Company eating first? Wait, boys; your turn is coming, and then go to it.

Open Competition.

Grossman, the press agent, wagered Alderman that he could stay down longer without coming up for air. Due to his experience and the fact that he has been training faithfully for the past two weeks with a certain blonde beauty with blue eyes, Grossman won easily. However, he expects more competition, so will keep in good condition by continued practice. He challenges all U. S. A. S. A. P. Airscouts who have white girls to breath holding contests. No one barred!! All welcome!!!

They Raise 'Em That Way!

We all welcome Instructor Lang back to the school again. It was rumored he was sent to Borneo, but ssh!! Gee! but some guys are lucky! We hope that Lang is satisfied now that he's had his old Boston beans. You know when it comes to beans, the aforementioned connoisseur of this fruit has 'em all "skun" as a critic. They raise them that way in the "Hub"—not beans, but critics of the "fruit."

LADIES TO CONDUCT DANCE FOR SOLDIERS

The Ladies of Monroe Council, Royal Arcanum, assisted by the Council itself, will conduct a dancing party in St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening, October 9. The dance will be for the entertainment of the boys at Kodak Park.

Friends of the Royal Arcanum and the auxiliary are welcomed to attend and help make the event a big success.

HERE'S A NEW ONE FOR GOLD BRICKS TO PRACTICE!

Newest G. B. suggestion originates amongst the guards: "Why can't we get our nose sprayed in bed?"

Davis is with us again after a visit to his family, friends and others in St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo.

Have you read the latest novel, "Footlights and Fortune Tellers," by Larkins?

Ewing and Lieberwurst are making a hit at Selfridge Field. Chick says that the field has Kodak Park beat to a frazzle. 'Tis ever thus. We would be nervous in his vicinity with a return ticket for Rochester in our pocket.

It has been rumored that no more soup will be served at the Mess Hall. Good! Now, we'll hear our own ears.

O'Neill now admits that the \$10,000 insurance is a fine thing. Some of the Kodak workmen dropped an 18-inch pipe wrench on his countenance. How tickle some people are.

Found—Hodge, Kahabka and Miller seven miles out on the Ridge Road with their faces buried in muskmelon.

Corporal Seims is getting to bed early these days. Yes, very, 8.15 a. m.

Question—Have you seen the guard list recently?

Another—Have you ever read "The Forty Thieves?"

The only thing that is wrong with Reveille is that it comes so early in the day. Of course, as we're just getting to bed at that time, we don't kick.

Hodge says it's the "Airscout" all right. Temperature of the "Air" omitted.

Yes! Honest to John, fellows, that was him all right. Hallpike, Commander of the guard, and out for DRILL. Keep it up, Stranger, you're doing fine, every little bit helps.

Alright, you birds with the dough, if you will communicate with Captain Gahrns, you will hear of something to your advantage.

What did the rabbit say, Johnson? Let's go, Yo! Buy Liberty Bonds, and get your throat sprayed.

Why, hello, Scrap Iron!

It would have been alright if Larkins' toe could have stood the strain.

BAKER FARM BOYS HATE TO ARISE EARLY!

Shorty La May and Craig have enlisted in the army.

I wish Bertha would let W. F. get in early some evening.

The farm was deserted for a short time Saturday morning and all gold bricks were put on guard.

Bevenue, the cook for the kings, is also the king of cooks. He surely does make our mouths water with the meals he turns out.

If R. C. could only see Markowitz, the incinerator sergeant, when in his fatigue clothes—oh, boy! The mystery is solved where all his spare time is spent, but we are still wondering who sends him all the candy and cake he receives.

Why is it Kellert is so anxious to get to town when he gets off duty?

The gold bricks on the farm now are the prisoners.

Sergeant Major Irwin deserves a world of credit for cleaning out Baker Farm of Gold Bricks.

The Old Guard Detachment expected its old G. B. positions when it returned, but no favors are shown at the farm.

We wonder why Bevenue stays in every night. He must be keeping his promise to his Illinois beauty to behave himself.

Bres. says some day he will buy a box of cigarettes.

Chief worry of Emory when he meets the cooks is that they will recognize him when he is out with his best girl and ask for eight dollars.

Emory and Bevenue believe in the old motto "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Alderman says his girl won't have anything to do with him since Grossman wrote him up and is consoling with Bevenue and also staying in nights.

The mechanics are losing their breakfasts since Shorty, the cook, left, as



"Column of Squads"

Four stoves are being placed in the "Y"-K. C. Recreation Hut in preparation for the fall and winter months. We can imagine the space thereabout will be the mecca of all true Gold Bricks.

Sol Nevin, the Airscouts' tailor friend, has offered the use of the bowling alleys in the basement of his store building to the Airscouts. Sol says if the boys will "set 'em up," they can run tournaments on the alleys to their hearts' content. Here's a chance for some good, healthy sport.

Reports are that Lieut. Gildersleeve, one of The Snapshot editors, is very ill in the Homeopathic Hospital. Airscouts know him as a good friend.

Airscouts also know the game will have an excellent opportunity to play football this fall. The Jeffersons want some good men and are willing that Airscouts shall carry the pigskin through the lines. Anyone interested should communicate with Leo V. Lyons, 343 Frost Avenue; Bell phone, Genesee 2314.

there is no one to pull them out of bed at Mess Call.

Hurrah! Clem Smith at last was given guard duty and Sunday at that. He had a nice date all fixed up with A. M. to bid good-bye, but postponed it. How do they get those medical passes anyway?

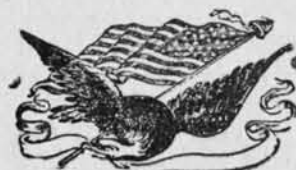
Our new Officers' K. P., Mulye, is some cook. He knows how to boil water without burning it, and in the near future expects to know how to fry an egg.

Four men at the farm had heart failure when Roth, the overworked mail orderly, was put on guard. Being fearful that too many men would be lost by seeing him work, he was speedily relieved when the bunch returned.

Markowitz must have been a banker in civil life.

"Abe" Duckes hasn't the "gimmes" so much since he went on his vacation.

Our new bugler has to blow in every tent to get us up. And oh! How we hate to get up in the morning in this cold weather!



S. O. L.

Acting Sergeant S. O. L. Toomey has been an acting sergeant for eight months, yet we look in vain for the stripes on Walter's arm.

If Acting Sergeant S. O. L. Haig could pound the Kaiser like he pounds the Underwood in the Supply Office, this war would soon be won.

We often wonder if S. O. L. Simpson realizes the importance of his pillow case office in Dorm. 10.

Acting Assistant Sergeant of the Pillow Cases S. O. L. Jones was seen three times in the mess hall last Sunday. He surely is S. O. L. for outside dinner dates. He was accompanied by his friend, Acting Sergeant S. O. L. Rendenbach.

S. O. L. Harry Arnold thinks he is going to get Spanish influenza, so is living on salts.

S. O. L. Ball is down in New York squaring things with his wife. During his absence Supply Private S. O. L. Murray is slinging out photographic supplies.

S. O. L. Brooks, better known as the MASCOT of the Supply Office, realizes that Christmas is approaching, judging from frequent reference to Santa Claus.

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—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men.

You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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CIGARS

BRIEF BITS OF NEWS OF 2D COMPANY

Acting Corporal Bareback, the dare-devil guard of the Second Company, admits he was the best drilled Boy Scout of the Pillsbury Patrol of Minneapolis.

Erquhart, better known as "Irksome Irky," was lost for eleven minutes in the dark room last week and was running around, stumbling over pipes, endeavoring to find his station. This happens to be the same Erquhart that lost his post at Madison Barracks.

Privates Frease, Haines and Gifford were the victims of a "dirty trick" by Sergeant Murphy. He told them, off-hand, that they would not be here two weeks before they were handed their commissions. The next day they all three blossomed out in third lieutenants' uniforms.

Ask Neil Clarke what he thinks of a man who sits up all night writing endearing love letters to himself and then when he receives them in the mail next morning, lets all the boys read them to show them how popular he is.

The boys of the Second Company wish to thank the members of the band, through The Snapshot, for playing "Our Director" march for them, they having adopted it as their favorite marching tune while at Madison Barracks.

- Gifford
- Olsen
- Larkin
- Dymock
- Brown
- Rumer
- Ignatz
- Clark
- Kauffman
- Scott

Corporal Preble found one of his men asleep Sunday morning while on guard at Post No. 1. As it was about 6.50, and the guard was to be relieved at 7, Preble set the alarm clock on the desk to ring at 6.55, walked around the corner, waited for the alarm to go off, and went back and found his man wide awake. When he asked if he had enjoyed his sleep, the guard swore he had not closed his eyes all morning.

The 22nd squad would like to get a good dog some place, they being the only squad on the post that hasn't a dog. The other 21 dogs are making life miserable for the boys every night with their serenades.

Now, men,
 We've got a dog.
 If you
 Want to keep
 This dog,
 We'll have
 To get him
 A muzzle.
 Now, men,
 Who wants
 To contribute
 Another penny
 Toward
 The dog outfit?

Corporal Rumer is slowly recovering from the vicious attack made on him by the squirrels of Riverside Park last Sunday.

Everett True says: "No wonder there is a shortage of cotton and wool for civilians when everything a soldier gets issued to him is twelve sizes too big and he can't wear it, packs it down in the bottom of his one bag-barracks, and in order to be decently and comfortably dressed, must buy something to fit him."

Corporal Beach claims to be the man from Michigan who invented, discovered or designed the Dowagiac fish bait.

Jerry Cashion, the fourth sergeant of the Second Company, with a pair of pins straighter than a 45-degree curvature? Never you mind, Jerry; maybe the time will come when many a bullet will pass while at attention without even scraping a knee.

Mrs. Ergulhart when she didn't lose her post, pocketbook, hat, developing station or cot? More will be said of you, Stewart, in the biography column.

Preble, alias Daniel Webster, without that mustache? Oh, Daniel, do remove it. God meant you to at least look human.

Why all of this has been written? I can't imagine it, either. Hence—dismissed.

NOTE: Watch for YOU in the next edition.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon says his winning smile has won him many an extra dish of prunes in the Mess Hall.

An Acting Sergeant sez: "I just have to be nasty with the men. Treat 'em like dogs for results." Imagine a genuine sergeant like Murphy making a crack like that! Can't be done. He uses sternness, not nastiness, the secret of his success.



There's Cheer in the Pictures from Home

Tell the home folks so—and remind them that they can make good pictures easily with a

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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1 NO. 20 ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 16, 1918. FREE TO SOLDIERS

Y. M. C. A. "Over the Counter" With the Secretaries K. of C.

Immortal Youth.

In the last issue of The Snapshot, a little space was devoted to our own Angelo Newman. It was all that could be done, but it was less than the hearts of his old friends hold. If love could only be crystallized into words, what violets of eulogy would blossom o'er his grave!

The life of Angelo Newman was a success. His holdings in affection and friendship were beyond measure. These are the only things of value a man may possess.

Now that we seek and find him not, we miss him all the time. We cannot match the music of his laughter. Our songs halt without his ringing lead. The way seems empty without his joyous hall.

Out of the unknown he came into our world to bring cheer. Quickly he passed his splendid June, scattering the red flowers of love with free hand; and, like June, he has vanished with the smile of springtime on his lips.

He was the eternal boy, and now he has inherited the immortal youthfulness of the early dead, whose "memories hold in death's unyielding fee, the youth that thrilled them to their fingertips."

No one ever exemplified better than did he those words of Robert Louis Stevenson: "When he entered a room, it was as though another candle had been lighted."

Angelo Newman's candle of cheer was kept lighted for his friend; it sparkled for festivity; it lighted up dull corners, and the memory of its burning will shine long in many lives.

He is not dead, this friend, not dead, but in the path we mortals tread. Has got some trifling steps ahead, and near to the end.

He's turned the road beyond the stile That marks the first glad heavenly mile.

And, somewhere, in a little while, His whistle shall resound.

Write That Letter to Mother.

Write that letter home to Mother now! Do not neglect it! Let your Mother have first place in everything. You owe your life to her; pay for your life with love. "If your Mother be spared to you, then are you bound to make her a first charge on your life, as you desire a peaceful, conscience as you shall answer before the judgment-seat of God."

Realize that your Mother is growing old. When you entered the service and left home, remember how tenderly and wistfully her eyes followed you; think how her heart is aching for your safe return. When you do return, there is bound to come a day when you will walk about the old home with hushed footsteps. Into her room you will steal to bid goodbye to the dear old face, so strangely white. Then, it may be your heart may grow sick with remorse over some neglect of yours, which might have been easily avoided. With that in mind, write a letter to Mother to-day! And just say you love her! It will do a world of good, and you will feel better for it.

The only way we can comprehend the infinite love of God is in terms of Mother. In the dedication of "The Light That Failed," Kipling has celebrated the fiving power of mother-love:

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose life would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

Take It from a Prize Fighter:

The Right Honorable, Ex-Kings of Pugs, John L. Sullivan, the "grand old man" of the roped ring, among other wise sayings, had the following to his credit:

"Dog it, and you'll take the count. Be game and they'll never get you. Keep busy. Idleness is as great a curse as liquor and indolence is worse than idleness. I hate to see a quitter and the man who quits to his own self is the rankest quitter of all. Step lively, be on the go, and you'll keep out of the way of the knock-out punch. The real Knock-outs of life are not delivered by the fist."

A lazy man is as good as a dead man but he takes up more room.

Mile-a-Minute-Miller.

"How did you come to puncture the tire, Sergeant Miller?"
"Ran over a milk bottle."
"Didn't you see it in time?"
"No, the kid had it under his coat."

What is a Monologue?

A monologue, my son, is a conversa-

tion a C. O. carries on with a Buck private.

Growlers.

When a soldier thinks more of his dog than of some sergeants, it may be because the dog growls less.

Just as Easy.

You may not be able to borrow money, or even an umbrella, but you can always borrow trouble, and you'll never be asked to give it back.

Think It Over.

It is hard to keep a good reputation. A bad reputation keeps itself.

At the Pool Table.

Winner—"What's the matter with you now?"

Loser—"Nothing's the matter."

Winner—"Then what did you give me that nasty look for?"

Loser—"I did not give that nasty look. You always had it."

Faith in Human Nature.

We are not losing faith in human nature entirely, but we can't help noticing that there are more articles "lost" around the hut, than "found."

Canteen Candy.

Our canteen candy goes fast since quarantine. I asked a scout: "Are you the same man who ate all that candy Saturday night?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "I'll never be the same man again."

Be Dead Game.

It is not the size of the dog in the fight, but the fight in the dog that wins.

Our Jazz Band.

Oh, yes, indeed yes, we have a quarantine Jazz Band at the hut. They are the big noise, the human caskarets. They organized last Saturday night and developed sweet, loud and close harmony 'till nearly midnight, whenever they touched high spots everyone yelled "fine." But the amount of the fine was not suggested. The piano player fell off the stool limp after three hours; and Harry Wilkins sweat a long distance record at the drums, never missing a note and playing seven different instruments, entirely by main force. More concerts to follow!

WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE

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STRATFORD ROLLER RINK, 188 Clinton Avenue North. Roller skating every night.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' WRITING AND REST ROOM, North Fitzhugh Street, opposite Postoffice.

TRUCK CANTEEN, 1040 East Avenue. Refreshments for troops passing.

HOTEL RICHFORD, Elm and Chestnut Streets. Free shower baths, soap and towels provided. Always open and ready to serve.

BRICK CHURCH INSTITUTE, North Fitzhugh Street. Rooms 50 cents a night. Showers and game rooms free.

ROCHESTER MUNICIPAL MUSEUM, Building No. 9, Exposition Park. Social dances every Wednesday night, chaperoned. Open house Sunday evenings in the soldiers' recreation and rest room.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, Chapter House, 160 Spring Street. Entertainment and dance every Thursday evening; supper on lawn if weather permits, every Saturday evening; open house afternoon and evening, every Sunday, with supper at 6.30.

ASSEMBLY HALL, 117 Gibbs Street. Beautiful reading and writing rooms, and big swimming pool and baths for soldiers and sailors.

CENTRAL Y. M. C. A., Gibbs Street. Beautiful reading and writing rooms and big swimming pool and baths for soldiers and sailors.

MAPLEWOOD BRANCH, Y. M. C. A., Lake Avenue and Driving Park Avenue, opposite Maplewood Park. Free pool, stationery and game room.

ROCHESTER ATHLETIC CLUB, Clinton Avenue North. Large swimming pool for officers.

TEMPLE THEATER, Clinton Avenue South. Vaudeville. Free programme every Monday night.

J. Y. M. A. CLUBHOUSE, 3 Franklin Square. Open house day and night. Dances every Saturday evening.

Who Made the Kaiser?

Young men were made to be soldiers, Irishmen made to be cops, Sauerkraut was made for the Germans, Spaghetti was made for the Wops.

Fish were made to drink water, Bums were made to drink booze, Banks were made for the money, Money was made for the Jews.

Everything was made for something, Everything except a miser, God made President Wilson; Who in H— made the Kaiser?

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

Sometimes we Find Humorists Among Guards!

The bell sounds again. They're off. Johnson and Scrap-Iron.

Rosentengle has 'hay fever.' Wonder where he got it!

Guards were called out the other morning for fatigue. Lamoglia raised strong objections, claiming he swept the "Hal-away" (Hallway) the day before.

During our last thunder storm,

dering if it was the fear of becoming Scrap-Iron moved his bunk to the center of the room. Guards are wonting rusty.

Guards original G. B. suggestion of having throats sprayed in bed was carried out to the letter last Sunday for several have proof.

Siems sure is some sleeper. Ask the M. D. Sergt.

All is peace and quiet in Dorm. 26 for Larkins is spending a few days at home in Pawtucket, R. I.

Corporal Murray is in the hospital, but Private Miller is doing fine.

Bill O'Neil received another communication from N. Y. C. R.

Commander of the Guard Johnson is just as crabby as ever.

Kahapka is entertaining himself now-a-days by doing bunk fatigue and reading love stories.

Harrison still has his nose poked into that blanket. The negatives must be from the office.

McNulty is spending his vacation at the Infants Summer Hospital. How long, Mc?

Laverdure—put out the lights, it is sleepy time (HS—HO—HL).

Museth claims he's sick, but we know he is lazy.

Anderson is back in Camera Repair Class. Need any more tools, Andy?

If you want to argue, get Vayda. George is good. WE KNOW.

Jester is due for extra fatigue.

Dizzy Coane has left us for Garden City.

Lamoglia is good at pool, but Jimmie, how about the two sticks of candy?

Some job you got, Siems, making out Guard Report.

Ginsberg helps the guards now and then. Good work, keep it up, old top.

Lamger reports searching for Captain Kidd's treasure in sand banks, Hempstead Aviation Field No. 2.

Q. M. Sergt. "Look up that tangle." "What tangle?" "Rosentengle."

Time—Friday afternoon.

Place—Road.

Who—Vayda and Walters.

What—Speed limit.

Who settled it—Johnson.

THREE OF A KIND---GOLD BRICKS

By Hunter



LIMOUSINE LOANED FOR USE AS AN AMBULANCE

Airscouts are deeply indebted to Mrs. Everest of 58 West Avenue, who loaned her limousine last week for use as an ambulance in taking the boys suffering from Spanish influenza to the hospital. Sergt. Jack Miller piloted the big bus to the satisfaction of all concerned. Good work, Jack!

KEEP THE SNAPSHOT SNAPPING

Here's Another Morgan Mystery!

Scene—Grandstand at the post.
Time—Midnight.
Sergeant Morgan enters the scene—registers stealth, looks about him, satisfied, resumes flight, direction of Lake Avenue.
Scene—Lake Avenue.
Time—12.05 a. m. Weather—cold.

One moon in east.
Enter Morgan—with business-like cadence, crosses scene of vision.
Exit Morgan, direction of Wagg's.
Scene—Drug Department—Wagg's store.
Enter Morgan—looks about. Registers information wanted.
Morgan speaks—"Say er—you clerk here!—er any guards around?—well—you sure now? Course you know about the fluey up at the school? The fluey, yes! Well, can't afford to get it, you know—no can't be afflicted with any more trouble. Ever since

I had that tin-lizzie I—is that a guard? Well, what I want to know is have you got any camphor? You have! Well, give me ten cent's worth. Goner sew it up in a bag and wear it round my neck to keep those fluey flies away. Yes, mother always made me wear a camphor bag. You know, she said that—er, yes, must be going, didn't think it was so—no thanks, Tulpin, guess I won't. I'm in a hurry—where you been? Downtown?
"And round his neck he wears a camphor sacklet."
"He wears it in his dorm, and he wears it in the hall," etc.

THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y.

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Editorial

Notice that new column, "Over the Counter"? Pretty good, isn't it? More are to follow.

There's a good bunch of live news from the Airscouts this week. We hope to keep it up.

The quarantine gives the Airscouts more time to write. Hence we expect more copy for next week.

"High Lights and Shadows" promises to appear in the next issue. Watch for it.

Then, too, the "Remember When" series is battling strong this week. But the "Can You Imagine" could use more imagination.

We wonder if the Airscouts will ever completely fill The Snapshot.

FROM THE MAIL BAG

273 Park Street, Medford, Mass., Oct. 7, 1918. Editor Snapshot:

Dear Sir—I received a copy of The Snapshot from my son, who is stationed at your camp. I saw some snappy verse. I have written some stuff and thought I would try it on the dog first. He did not bite me, so I am taking a chance on sending it to you. If it doesn't suit you, "chuck" it in the W. P. B. If it does, I have some more. JOHN JAY.

The Spirit of America.

(The average recruit in training at any camp) I often wonder why they keep me waiting here so long. Instead of pushing me "across" to fight among the throng Of our good Yankee forces rushing Hindenburg back there. If they will only let me go, I'll show them I'm a "Bear."

They keep me here just drilling with that calisthenic stuff; I can't see why I need it; I am willing and I'm tough. And if they will but get me there to fight among my kin, I'll help to push "dear" Hindenburg right back to old Berlin.

They drill me with the bayonet all day long and through the night. They stick me in mud trenches and they show me how to fight. They do not know my spirit and the height of my desire Is to show the blatant Kaiser equal rights he must admire.

This waiting, waiting, waiting damps my fervor and my nerve. "I'm a full-fledged doughboy"; "I'm no soldier in reserve." I am full of fight and anxious for to do my little bit. I want to "Hock the Kaiser" just to see him have a fit.

I'm going to write the President and see what he can do. In my case "it is special"; that's the reason I feel blue. I know if I got "over there," things would begin to hum, And you would see the Kaiser and his Junkers on the bum.

JOHN JAY, 273 Park Street, Medford, Mass. West Bloomfield, N. Y., October 8, 1918.

Mr. Fremont Chester: Dear Friend—I saw by yesterday's Herald the announcement of Mr. Newman's death, and am very, very sorry to hear it. So please accept my sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the loss of a dear friend. I am, as ever, Yours in sorrow, MARY B. COURNEEN.

NOTICE THAT NEW PEP IN OUR OLD BAND

Notice that pep last Friday? Well, now, Riebe's back again from Wisconsin and a thirty-day furlough. That smile of his didn't all come from just a month on the farm, either. It's a girl—a 10-pounder, too. Give him the glad hand.

The "flu" struck us last week and every day it gets a few more. Riebe, Storer, Rohrer, Newbury, Lazelle and Shelvey are in the hospital now. Kaufman and Andre got back Saturday.

Paprocke is back from Wisconsin with his saxophone and a box of cigars. "Pap" won't admit it, but why the cigars?

Anything you want to buy, sell, or swap? See "Treasure Chest" Frank when he gets over the "flu."

MacPheeters was called home Saturday by the death of his wife. Our deepest sympathy!

The eighth wonder! Burgh has a blouse that fits—and admits it.

Does anyone know what is in those barrels back of the barracks? Barr is worried. He says he's glad he sleeps a long way from the window.

It's no fun sleeping in the same dorm with the bugler. That watchman wakes up a different man every morning. But then, he generally closes the window so Hancock can get up in time for his spray.

Any morning at 5.30—Patterson speakin'—"I'll play you a game of checkers."

Lethieri tried to run up his temperature by biting the thermometer, and the blooming thing busted.

Our idea of extravagance—Lawrence polishing his shoes every day when we are in quarantine.

Sergeant Tripp says it's too bad we had to stop playing downtown for the Liberty Loan. Wonder if we disturb his slumber.

If you hear a new song or an old one, and you like it, and would like to hear it played 'round here—well, band instrumentations cost only four bits.

Ask Hancock and Patterson how they liked the cigars that Lethieri passed around.

APPRECIATION IS THE SPICE OF LIFE!

Wednesday evening last the dress rehearsal of "Romeosky and Julietesky" was held by the "Mutchie-Douglas Co." The magazine and newspaper critics present claimed the play was a huge success and prophesied a long run.

Quarantine and Its Meaning

The crepe was pinned on the post from Ridge Road to the "Y" last Monday and since we have done nothing but write the folks in our words but Sherman's idea of war explaining the real meaning of quarantine. Why the Spanish Influenza had to put the kibosh on our house is more than we can assimilate.

Rumors are that, with the arrival of the Third Company, Private Hicks, the vocalist and once comedian, had a Spanish Ameringo from Jersey City wire him that she would come Monday. "Flue" came Monday and now we are tied down tighter than a barber on Saturday night.

The Headquarters Company, not being satisfied with having "Flue" with us, entertain in her honor and put on a two-act hit, entitled "Oh Flue, You Dirty Devil." The cast of characters, although direct descendants of Kansas City and Indiana, took the role and did it justice. Senor Motschenbacher as Juliet, the belle of Jim Duffy's bar, garbed in her khaki robe and tan shoe polish complexion, sang from the balcony on the table to her lover, Bull Fighting Douglass, as he sweetly played his guitar on the piazza beneath. Throughout the songs a touching of swearing was noticeable. The play, stage setting, etc., was credited to Prof. Mazdon. Romeo, the harpist, otherwise known as Long Tom, carried second honors, both in garb and quality.

In Act two, the setting was in the barracks, 2,500 miles from Spain and a direct shot at influenza. The pur-

This Guy's Too Good for "Who's Who"

Corporal D. A. Rumor first lit his pipe in the village of Squeedunk, Delaware, way back in '92. Every 29th day of February he adds one more year to his bright and shining career.

As a boy he attended the Would-Be Academy for Corporals and, having an idea of a coming war, prepared himself for the responsible position he now has as divider in twos at the mess hall gate. Graduating from here he immediately formed a knickerbocker platoon and took command of the Baptist boys to and from church. Here he first used squads east and west.

Traveling being his chief delight, having Buffalo Bill and Theodore Roosevelt for leaders in his story book, he started out to conquer the world. He could catch worms, buzzards, snipe and back Teddy down a sewer for escapades.



When war was declared, he imitated Sherlock by first buying a cupola and a railroad guide finding the camp with the most excitement. On August 29 he landed at Sackett Harbor as regimental sergeant major and started his career off by leading the men four paces towards Headquarters when forty men halted his intentions and reduced him to a private immediately. At Rochester he was put on the mess fence, not as a scare crow, but to keep the trucks from running in the mess hall and the Headquarters Company from bombarding the place. Rochester, you may well feel proud of his presence. He makes daily trips to the roof of the barracks to prepare himself for the lofty altitudes he will encounter when he becomes a genuine aerial photographer.

pose of the play was to demonstrate how Flueza could be buried. Lieutenants Richmond and Motschenbacher with two benches, a broom, umbrella and wash basin tried to duplicate the Baker Field lieutenants and fly across country dropping Flue in the cemetery. Engine trouble caused a wreck and Lieutenant Richmond had to be removed from the debris.

The "Y" is also fortunate in having Sergeant Tulpin sing continuously and this boy has succeeded in driving Flue from the "Y." He not only drives Flue, but the men also. A dose of Flue could not be worse than an hour of solo torture.

Sparkplugs and Crankshafts from the S. A. P. Garage

Sergeant Jack Miller is right back on his old job again, picking them up driving the ambulance.

Durack is sick. He ought to go to the doctor.

Mackin is still driving a motor cycle.

Rose drove 125 miles without a pump.

Giarth is a busy man changing tires.

Groth still lives at Charlotte.

Wilkins is not only a chauffeur—he is also a trap drummer on tin cans.

My Flag. Flag of my country, flying high From slender shaft against the sky; Proud as an eagle, free as a lark, My heart leaps up to your shining mark! Flag of my hearthstone, drooping low, Where happy children come and go, Safe from the terror,—sacred as prayer Those stars at watch in my heaven there. Flag of my fathers, seal of God, That shields my eyes from blood-stained sod, Lighting with glory my hero's bed, You teach anew that there are no dead! INA G. C. KLOCK. Macedon, N. Y., September 29.

HUNDREDS ATTEND FUNERAL TO HONOR ANGELO J. NEWMAN

With hundreds of friends seeking by their presence to pay a last tribute to his memory, the funeral of Angelo J. Newman, late Knights of Columbus secretary at the United States Army School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, took place Thursday morning at 9.30 o'clock from the home at 99 Millbank Street and at 10 o'clock from St. Monica's Church. Representatives of the Knights of Columbus, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Aerial Photography School, and various organizations with which Mr. Newman had been connected were present and took part in the ceremonies. Music for the march to the church and the cemetery was furnished by the band of the Kodak Park school. A squad of mounted police preceded the funeral procession. Both the Fourth Degree Assembly of the Knights of Columbus and Musa Caravan, Order of the Alhambra, were represented.

Rev. Robert Henry of St. Patrick's Cathedral, a former classmate of Mr. Newman, officiated at the solemn requiem mass, assisted by cousins of Mr. Newman, Rev. Andrew Dissett of Clyde as deacon and Rev. Joseph Dissett of Elmira as subdeacon. Rev. F. T. Moffet, assistant rector of St. Monica's Church, was master of ceremonies. Final absolution was given by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, bishop of the Diocese of Rochester. Approximately forty priests of the diocese were in the sanctuary. Burial was made in Holy Sepulcher Cemetery, where final services were conducted.

Influenza Claims Soldier-Fiddler from "Over the Top"

Private Arthur Marsh of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, who has done valiant work for the Fourth Liberty Loan, is a victim of the Spanish influenza, and was taken in an ambulance Sunday from the Whitcomb House to the Infants' Summer Hospital at the lakeside, there to be treated with others from Kodak Park suffering from the same disease.

When the soldiers at Kodak Park were placed in quarantine, Private Carl B. Thompson and Private Marsh were in charge of the "Over the Top" stunt on Main Street East, and they obtained special dispensation through the efforts of the Liberty Loan Committee to remain out of barracks. They stopped at the Whitcomb House.

On Saturday March complained of a cold and was put to bed. Yesterday afternoon his condition became worse, and the physician called by Thompson diagnosed the case as influenza, and Thompson called the ambulance for his "pal." Thompson himself was examined by the physician and found in good health.

Thompson will do the best he can in continuing his efforts for the Liberty Loan. Marsh is a clever violinist, and was a former member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and had exhibited his talents at "Over the Top."

"My pal's gone," said Thompson last night, "but I'm going to do the best I can to keep our stunt going."

WHILE SOLDIER PLEADS FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, SHE PURLOINS HIS RAINCOAT

"Lost, one raincoat!" That is the plaint of Private Goldstein of the United States Army School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park. The worst of it is that Private Goldstein saw a woman drive away with the raincoat in her car and couldn't get to her in time.

A theft? Not at all, for the woman didn't even know the raincoat was in the car. Private Goldstein was working at the "Over the Top" trench in Main Street East yesterday, and before going through the crowd for Liberty Bond subscriptions laid his raincoat on the seat of an automobile standing at the curb.

He happened to look up just in time to see the automobile going down the street, and now he would like to get the coat back. It can be sent to him at the barracks at Kodak Park, or left at Liberty Loan Headquarters, 107 Main Street East.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp! As we meet to sing to-night We are thinking of the fight Of our doughty doughboys battling over there. We at home must do our part, DO IT NOW with all our heart, BUYING BONDS is one way we can do our share.

Chorus. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The boys are marching! Cheer up, Bill is almost in, And with PERSHING on the job, With the Huns we're raising hob, And we won't let up until—we—reach—Berlin.

Chorus. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Let no man falter! We must help our Uncle Sam, Every bond we sell to you Helps to see our soldiers through. For the Kaiser's Kultur then—we'll give a—Bam! LIBERTY LOAN. Rochester, October 4.

WELL EARNED REST FOR BOYS AT BAKER FARM

The boys are getting a well earned rest since the quarantine went into effect at the farm.

The only one who is working hard is the mail orderly, as the boys are receiving mail daily from their best girls. Kearns says if the boys don't stop annoying him about when he's going for the mail, he will try to contract the flu.

Gee! it's great to be a cook at the farm and get three whiffs a day at the medical tent.

There's always something to take the joy out of life.

Carson at 9 o'clock: "Fall in, boys, and go down to the hospital for your 'aahs.'"

"Abe" Duck's vacation is over and he is now doing his bit.

Lloyd, Parmelee and Bothwick are the only gold bricks left at the farm.

What's gets me is how anyone can brag about coming from South Norwalk, Conn. How about that, George?

R. K. must be proud of Markowitz, the new cook, but she's S. O. L. since the camp went into mourning.

When are you going to break that dollar, Mark?

Chip has the time of his life answering all his girls' mail. He will get them all mixed soon and inclose the wrong letters in the envelopes, and then—good night, Chip!

However, he has one thing to keep busy with if his girls fail him. See him, boys, if you want some good addresses.

Sarubbi, the carpenter, is working overtime getting the house in condition for a bout with Old Man Winter.

Why don't they send Airscouts to the farm?

Bill Fischer told me if I wrote anything about him he wouldn't feed me any more, so I won't mention him in this issue, but I've a good one on him for next week.

The most popular spot on the farm after dark is the fireplace in the reading room. Seats are at a premium, and if Shultz don't quit playing that phonograph, his girl in Buffalo will be looking for another sweetheart.

Carson offers a reward if he can find out who took the muzzle off the dog.

Honest, it's getting worse every day for the bugler, and it's a shame to get him up at 7 o'clock.

How do you like your new position, Dowd? If there isn't a job on the post you haven't had, see Carson. He will fix you up.

Benuee writes he is having the time of his life back home. So would I if I were in his place.

It takes five minutes to unfurl the cook's tent, but it takes Alderman and Fischer four hours to repair the damage the awkward squad does when it unfurls it.

Good luck to you, Wiseman. Hope you make good. Don't forget me if you happen to be my instructor.

Hoak, will you please work sometimes?

Fischer says if you can stand Markowitz, you can get used to anything.

Erwin's mother must have loved children to bring him up.

Thanks, Eva, for the cake. You can say "Hello" to me any time.

Will someone please donate some records to the boys at Baker's Field? The records we have here were played by Columbus in 1492.

Why is Mead always looking in the mail box? Markowitz's mail alone could afford the postal authorities to run a delivery out to the farm. Familiar sayings at the farm: Do we stay here all winter? Do we sleep in the house? Where is the kitchen going to be? I wonder how long I'll stay. Gee! But it's cold in the morning. Have you got an Airscout Snapshot? Give me an envelope. Who took the dog's muzzle. Count off! Use your head! All together, boys. Let's go! How do you get that way? A. N. G.

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Out of Focus!

REMEMBER WHEN:

Chapter IX.

- Sergeant Keys was "one of us"?
 Sergeant Keys used to be a little more sociable with us buck privates? How we do change!
 We had but one battalion chief?
 We never had to roll up our mattress?
 We never had a "Do You Remember" column in the Airscouts' Snapshot?
 We never had a Snapshot?
 We were last quarantined?
 We walked five feet apart?
 We thought feet meant inches?
 We never had music without setting up exercises?
 We never had to do fancy dancing before breakfast?

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Chapter III.

- Higgins not getting sore when somebody put his "Stetson" under "Fatty" brown's mattress?
 Attention, Airscouts! Erwin Grossman, formerly of Kodak Park, but now in the army, wishes to announce that he has valuable information to dispose of for a financial consideration.
 Any U. S. A. S. A. P. student who wants good meals and a fine davenport to sleep on would be interested.
 This party is not particular, and after getting used to Grossman, should be able to stand a white man.

What Sherman said war was:

1. Our canine family.
2. Frog hop.
3. Bugle.
4. Influenza.
5. School.
6. K. P.
7. Latrim polisher.
8. Reveille.
9. Quarantine.
10. Neil Clark's tenor.
11. Erquihart himself.

October 10.

dear Mamma:
 im well and i want too thank you 4 the fifty cents you cent. the boys are all sick with italian propiaganda. How is Luke? Tell him i sed this is sum place. If you dont get this anser and i'll rite another. love.

GEORGIA BURTS.

Gold Bricsk again come to the top. Four hundred and six men out of the 450 have volunteered for M. P. Before the quarantine you couldn't find a guard. Someone explain.

Noises personified:

1. Band.
2. Machinery on second floor.
3. Dennen.
4. The carpenters.
5. That Bugle.

Things That Never Happen.

- Rumor without his pipe.
- Irksome Irky in step.
- Hot-Stuff Scott without a sweet-heart.
- Cashion without a smile.
- The Boy Scouts on fatigue.

Sergeant Miller is glad to see one of his old chauffeurs is back after a two months furlough. Welcome, Chauffeur Eitner!

Why is Chauffear Mike Durack living outside? Sergeant Jack Miller said he was going to get married. Good luck, Mike, and a speedy recovery.

Dancer says: "When a guy sneaks into the Infirmary at 2 o'clock in the morning, he is either feeling extra fine or is very sick."

Victory.

Kaiser Bill—I wish to review de 100th army corps.
 General—Emperor, since diss 100th army corps win such a big victory offer der damdt American Deffel Dogs, yesterday, I haff to inform your machesty dat dere iss no 100th army corps.



MANAGER JOHN J. FARREN of the Victoria Theater, who has put on a number of acts for the Airscout lately. "Jack" is becoming one of the most popular theater managers, in so far as soldiers are concerned.

HERE'S WHERE WE HEAR ABOUT THE 2ND BOYS!

Pop Popaision, the secluded member of the Second Company, placed himself in the limelight by exclaiming in a voice loud enough to be heard at the Four Corners: "J—, it's dark, Jerry," when everything was absolutely quiet in the dark room one day last week.

Cecelia Erquihart pulled his every-other-day bone by starting out to retreat with a blouse on, but leaving his perfectly good shirt hung on the wall. Why not wear it, Cecil; that's what it was given to you for.

Corporal Patton, the champion letter writer of Co. 2, has worn out about six boxes of pen points. Why not send home for a couple of typewriters, Corporal, old top?

The inhabitants of Dorm 12 have all voted that if the following suggestions were complied with, army life would be fine:

1. Have Reveille about 10.30.
2. No squat walk or frog hop.
3. Move the Band to Dorm. 4693.
4. Buy the carpenter a rubber hammer.
5. Move the mail.
6. No guard duty.
7. Buy a few vacuum cleaners.
8. A maid for Erquihart.
9. An elevator.
10. Breakfast in bed.
11. Once having Sergt. Isham say the dorm is clean.
12. No notes to write.
13. A squad for Nesbit.
14. If Sparger swept the floor.
15. An alarm clock for Beebe.
16. Dressing table for Olsen.
17. Peg tops for Jerry.
18. A 10 per cent dividend and a bonus.

Por amor de Dios! Caramba! Sacramento! Ze Espanol een black, Senoria Isobela Floosie, have make us very sad wiz ze unwelcome presence. Duego! She love us mucho! She like what you call heem? Monopolize, ze soldados bravos, she guard zem very jealousy and wiz dem make much hell. Muy malo! Bombista! Por Cristo!!!

Alikim Salaam Private Harry Papazian, former Sultan of Armenia, relinquished all rights to his harem of beautiful Nubian girls to don the uniform of the U. S. A. Harry is small, but wicked. Allah! Allah!! Allah!!! Look out, Turks!

Answering the "Y" phone: "Is Erquihart, Platt or Shanahan in the building?"

In the lecture room last week one of the instructors said, in speaking of drying wet plates: "Wipe off all moisture with a piece of damp chamois." Our old friend, Hot-Stuff Scott, made his notes to read: "Wipe off with a bit of chemsie." We have deduced from this trivial evidence that Scotty must be quite a lady's man. Dancer sez: "He looks like one of them there birds they coop up in the park and costs a dime a year to feed."

Not only has the Spanish influenza hit our camp, but a third company was forced upon us. We are trying to figure out which is worse.

Found in "C":
 Rumor's pipe.
 Erquihart's pajamas.
 Four dozen cigarette butts.
 A pair of sock supporters.



Airscout's Who's Who!



INSTRUCTOR HERBERT F. LANG of the Copying Department joined the air service on March 22, 1918. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., March 21, 1896, where he made his home since childhood.

During the time he was attending high school and the years following his graduation he has spent in the photographic profession. Due to his competency, Lang was appointed official photographer to the Egyptian expeditions conducted by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.; University of Pennsylvania and Harvard University, under Professor Clarence S. Fisher, who was in charge of the scientific and historical research work in Egyptology.

Due to the fact that war broke out in 1914, Lang was unable to join the expedition, then operating in the vicinity of the Great Pyramids and the Sphinx in the Nile country, but instead devoted his time to the study of Egyptology in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston.

For the past two years Instructor Lang has been associated with the Bachrach Studios, operating in all the large cities of the East.

Although he has been very successful in the photographic game, he says that one of these days he may surprise his friends when he branches out as a full-fledged lawyer, because—s-sh!—he has been studying law on the q. t. for some time.

But there is no chance, girls—Lang is married. Yup! Almost a year, and what pleases him most is to think that she is here with him now.



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DORM. 5---
"SOME" DORM.

Someone unearthed a piece of brass pipe at one time and for a while, throwing this around on the floor of a morning, awakened all the tired "soldiers" in the dorm. But we have become so used to its musical notes that they don't bother us at all, at all! So roll is now called each morning by the Acting Room Sergeant and occasionally this brings forth a sleepy response. We wonder who wakes the A. R. S. Must be the last one in, from the hours most of them keep.

We have with us Auers, the ex-drummer; Musgrave, the mail orderly, and Simpson and Myers, just plain instructors without a reputation. They, possibly, are the best 'sleepers' in the entire school, both Simpson and Auers having been known to sleep an entire day without eating, which is going some. However, when night drew down the shades, we noticed they both stirred uneasily, arose and went forth. Which reminds us that Auers goes out before mess in the evening quite frequently and causes us to wonder if she feeds him because she loves him, or whether she charges board. Myers sleeps so well that he spent one night with his hand resting on the hot radiator and wondered what had caused the burn. And Musgrave had to be held up in bed one morning while the medic sprayed his nose as he (Musgrave) slept.

Those of us who do awaken, however, enjoy greatly Shortly Hancock's antics as he slowly comes to life and sits on his bunk scratching himself. If he hasn't "cooties" now, possibly this scratching is done in the way of a little practice. Who knows? He'll have to do his scratching before he arises, however, if this cool weather lasts. Another source of merriment for the Owls in the dorm is to hear Freher howl when he is appointed room orderly. And if anyone does not believe these boys are Owls, walk into the dorm some morning at 2 a. m. and note the gobs of emptiness.

Sparling wants to know who painted the word "Hot" in front of Air Service on his foot locker, and wonders whether anyone was attempting to insinuate that it was applicable in his case.

We also have the only Acting Room Sergeant who was broken and remade all in one day. The latter because no one wanted the job in this particular dorm on account of the high percentage of Gold Bricks.

Who can suggest some method whereby Smalke can be persuaded to sweep under his bunk?

And why did ex-Drummer Lang's wife return to Rochester so suddenly after being home only five days.

Does Johnson's wife know anything about his two auburn-haired friends? Someone notify her. They can always be found at the skating rink.

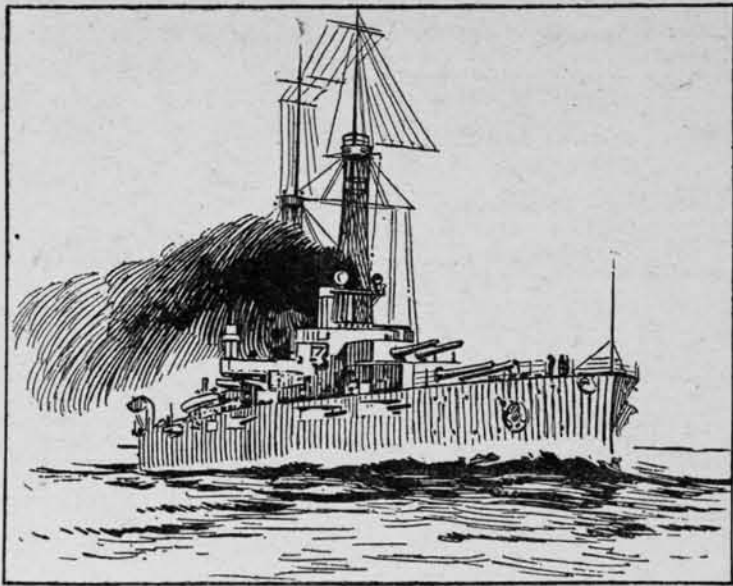
Haberman is on pass, and we miss his flow of superheated air and the good opinion he had of himself.

Where was Barktowitz one Saturday night, and what did he do that he was sick all day Sunday and Monday?

Bradley, Sorenson, Fulton and the A. R. S. seem to be the only well behaved men in the dorm, even though Fulton does sleep with his knees drawn up and has to be awakened at about 2 or 3 a. m. and told to put them down.

We thank you for the space.
You're welcome. Come again and often!—Ed. Snapshot.

My Brother Bill's a Ossifer.
My brother Bill has gone t' war
T' fight an' whip the dirty Hun,
An' we have got a service star
Hung in our window—only one;
But I think it should be least two,
'Cause brother Bill's a ossifer;
An' 'fore this bloody war is through
He's boun' t' make a awful stir,
An' show the world that William Drew
Is worth a dozen other men,
'N'en he will surely get his due—
They'll make him brig'deer general
then,
An' Genrul Pershing will depend
On brother Bill for everything,
An' he will be his closest friend
Right inside of the military ring.
My brother Bill can shoot the best
Of all the soldiers now in France,
An' he will plunk the Kaiser's vest
If ever he should get the chance.
He's six feet tall, my brother is,
An' straight as teacher's two-foot
rule—
He's strong's a elephant an' his
Ol' punch is like a kickin' mule.
He ain't afraid of nothin' 'tall
In all the world, 'cause he's so brave—
He didn't wait his country's call
But, like a hero, went an' gave
Hissel'f t' Uncle Sam, an' now
He's first lieutenant an' he's got
A golden medal tellin' how
He'd always rather fight than not.
When he comes home there'll be some
stir—
The town'll meet him with a band,
An' all the girls'll coo an' purr
An' whisper: "Ain't he simply grand?"
CARL L. BROWNSON.
Rochester, October 1.



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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1 NO. 21

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 23, 1918.

FREE TO SOLDIERS

Y. M. "Over the Counter" With the Secretaries

The Sorrows of Quarantine.
Sad, sad—Rochester has the "Fleuzie"—they've shut up everything in town (except the gossips "they say there's over 200 per cent of them soldiers sick at the Infants Summer Hospital," etc.) the S. A. P. Yank has nowhere to go except the "Y-K. C." Hut.

Too bad—well, here's the movies over at the Hut. Let's go.

Any old day, Bo, they tell you there's nothing stirring. What's the noise? Wow, it's the Jazz Band knocking the spots off all the music that's fit to play. Lookit that guy slide over them keys! An' a saxophone, a fiddle and a cornet. Great snakes! What's that racket behind the stove? Why, Clarice, that's Private Harold Wilkins doing his celebrated imitation of a "trap drummer." What's he got to drum on? As if that mattered. Ain't he got a chair? He can use the back and the seat of that. Lessee, 1 oil stove, 1 ash can cover, 1 pie tin, 1 coal hod and, hey, get offen that stuff—that's the Airscout Contribution Box you're pounding on! We'll have to have it re-blocked at the hatters before it'll hold any more contribs.

Four hours, you say? Yessir, they've been having a musical marathon and as soon as one man wants a smoke, some body else takes his job. And the rest sing and whittle and dance.

Roy Miller can certainly shake his feet, can't he? But he's got competition—there's some classy bunch o' buck and wing boys here. Say, didja know we had anything like this at the school? Neither did I. That boy's got anything at the Gaiety skinned a mile.

Funny thing, when the movie was a going, did you see those two dough-boys playing "midnight pool"? There was just enough light from the counter to show up the balls and b'gosh they played two games.

Mason, the movie man, was down and he's fixed it so that after this the pictures will go from Rochester up to Madison and there won't be any more seeing pictures twice.

"I've been in the army four weeks and three of it I've been in quarantine," said one man, "but if it's like this at the hut every night it won't be so bad—good gang here."

At 10.30 the big bunch started to go out, but a new feller came in, who could dance, so everybody went back and gave him the double O—yeh, he was good, too.

Well, if life is going to be just one quarantine after another, we might as well cut loose and see what we've got in our own crowd—they call us Goldbricks and we might as well go back to the gold mine and dig out our own entertainment. After all, it's the best kind. R. B.

The Volunteer "Y" Man.

First Night On the Job.
The hardest thing for any man to keep on believing is that folks are about the same all over the civilized world. We all know it, but we have to keep finding it out.

Put a bunch of boys into uniforms and they may look different from the outside, but they're just the same kind of folks as the rest of us.

In five minutes behind the counter, I got over the feeling of strangeness and was memorizing prices and the places where the goods were kept so that I shouldn't give too little or tell someone we didn't have something if we did. And then it was a case of hustle. A normal man has a grand appetite for candy! This evening the cash register recorded 329 transactions. I believe a fair sized department store would result if we had everything called for.

My deepest impression is the uniform courtesy and friendliness of the boys in uniform. I believe the same number of men in civilian clothes would have had a lot of grousing to do, that they would have been short and curt, but our boys buy with a smile and share everything with the gang.

I talked Kansas City, Bangor, Canton, Massachusetts, Pittsburgh and Boston with boys who were homesick for those places and thanked my stars I had been there and could talk about home places.

I suppose it's old stuff, but I feel that the United States Army is a wonderful institution and that it brings out the very best qualities in a man—and that our Yanks will never regret the time they put in the army.

The Hut isn't home, but it certainly is the soldier's clubhouse and he does well to make the greatest possible use of it. R. B.

A Stern Remark.
An editorial note in a recent issue of the Wall Street Journal says: "It is stated unofficially that, in an effort to keep it visible to their enemies, wearers of the Iron Cross are pinning it on in a different place."

Learns Something Every Day.
Some men are only a habit. New ideas hurt some minds as much as new shoes hurt some feet.
It is better to be an optimist with one leg than a centipede with a grouch.

Heard at the Hospital.
When a woman gets sick and has to go to bed, she arranges the scenery so that she looks pathetic and interesting. But when a man gets sick and has to go to bed, he usually looks like something the cat brought in.

Don't Get Too Close.
A kind farmer has sent in three barrels of apples for our Kodak gang this week. I notice that one rotten apple will spoil several companions. I wonder if it is that way in the army.

Every Man Has a Chance.
One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.

To-morrow Is Another Day.
There is an old Southern saying: "There is a whole day to-morrow that ain't never been teched."
The memory of yesterday and the hope of to-morrow distinguish us from the other animals.

On the Mourners' Bench.
"Come up and jine de army of de Lord, sister."
"Ah done jine."
"Where you jine?"
"I jine de Baptist Church."
"Lawdie, sister, dat ain't de army; dat's de navy."

Scriptural Lesson.
"Father, I've come back," said the Prodigal Son hopefully.
"That's what they all say," growled the father. "Trot out the gloves and show me, kid."

What Is Knowledge?
Daily we realize how much of study and reading escapes us. There may be a brain wrinkle or two to show for



the struggle, but the actual mental assets are shockingly low. Knowledge means not the things we remember for a time, but the things we cannot forget.

Going Away from Here.
I asked a buck private: "How do you like life at Kodak Park?"
"Like it!" he said. "If I had my way, I'd go so far from here it would take nine dollars to send me a postal card."

Only the Price of One.
Overseas a chaplain saw a Kiltie making for a "pub." "Donald!" he shouted. "Oh, Donald!" The Kiltie turned, gave him a hasty look, frowned and darted into the bar. The chaplain waited until he came out, and said reproachfully: "Donald, didn't you hear me calling?" "Yes, sir," Donald answered, "I did, but I only had the price of one."

No Creeds in the Army.
An Irish poet wrote the following lines. They apply to-day:

Gets "Commish" and Goes Away!

There is in every group that has been together for some time, one whose influence, though at first unnoticed and unseen, eventually shines forth as one of the guiding stars of the tribe. To Lieutenant Kattleman, the instructors' organization owes a great deal. Though his work was unconsciously done, it was very effective—perhaps because of that reason—and did much to keep up the spirit of the staff.

When there was any stunt to be "pulled" he was always on the spot lending whatever aid and comfort necessary to help push affairs along. We are not sure, but from the way that he went at these things, it seems



LIEUTENANT C. H. KATTELMAN.

that he has had much experience in such matters. How "Kat" carried through the instructors' banquet no one can appreciate unless acquainted with the details.

Wherever "Kat" was, there was jollity, always ready with a smile, kind greeting, or pleasant, snappy remark suitable for the occasion, and always felt like "one of the boys." We will never forget, however, the note of sadness in the poem he sprang at the banquet which sounded as though he would never get across. It was always a pleasure to ask his opinion about ideas in the bud, for one learned to expect a sensible and practical viewpoint of the situation, and he got right behind it with all his portly enthusiasm when aid was needed.

Good luck, Lieutenant, and hope to be with you soon.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

CAMP SCANDAL

Sensational items in the daily newspapers seem to indicate that certain Rochester policemen and other officers are trying to gain a reputation for efficiency by stirring up charges of immorality around Kodak Park. A cleaner, better set of boys than we have here in the S. A. P. cannot be found anywhere. They are better, as a group, than the average college community. It certainly is an honor to be associated with them. They have contributed much to the life of Rochester; giving material assistance to the latest Liberty Loan of upwards thirty thousand dollars, and sending representatives into the local campaign to give it vigor and military color. The soldiers of Kodak Park have been seen often in parades and their band has added to many a patriotic occasion. The citizens of Rochester are properly proud of our Kodak men and will be slow to believe any reports against them.

The Rochester authorities better devote their energies to cleaning up civilian offenders. Our soldiers are perfectly able to control themselves. Much of what has been said about the woman question involving Kodak Park is absurdly false, and the rest is greatly exaggerated.

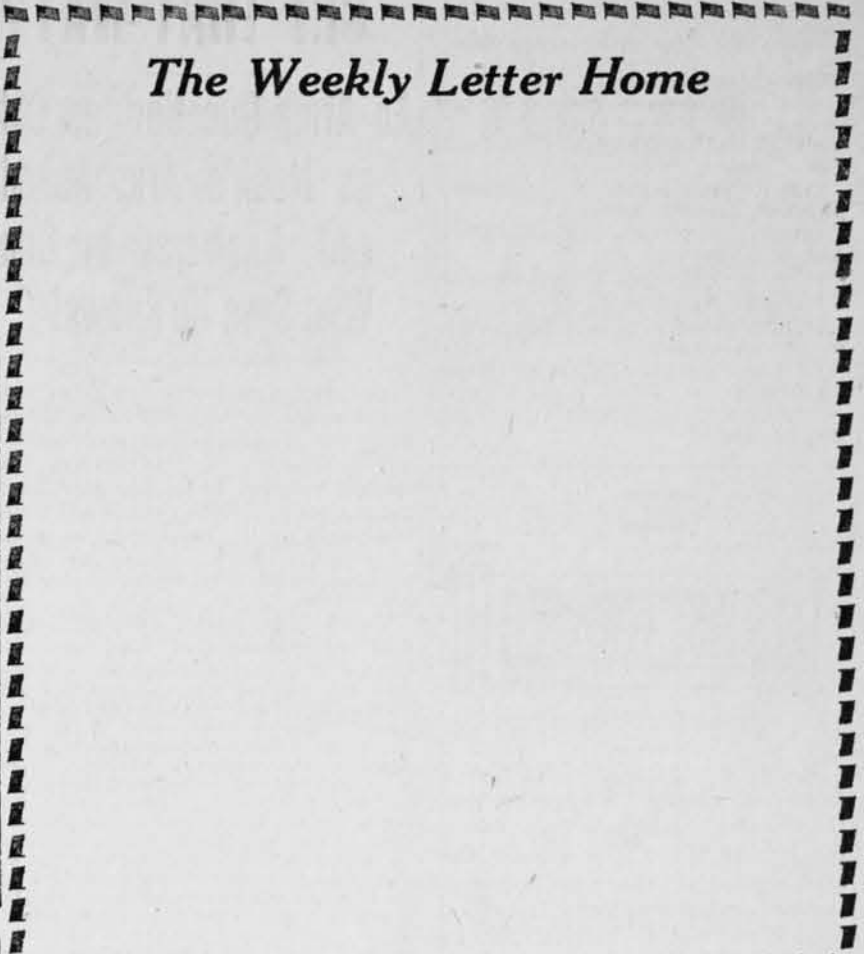
I asked one of the boys what he considered a camp scandal to be, and he said: "It was when nobody does nothing, and everybody goes around telling it." That definition sizes up, very accurately, our situation as to immorality.

MENDING AND DARNING

Y. M. C. A.-K. of C. has only one function at Kodak Park and that is to be of service to every soldier.
Being away from home-care, our boys must feel the need of someone to darn socks, mend clothes or underwear and sew on buttons.

You are requested to report your wants in these particulars at the hut counter and we will arrange to have a group of women come in with a sewing machine one day each week, or more if necessary, to do this work.

The Weekly Letter Home



Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH

Classes in elementary conversational French will be organized at the hut for soldiers if there is a demand for such instructions. Any men interested will kindly report their names at the hut counter.

ON TO FRANCE!

Oh, the tide is running out,
We must put our boat about,
We must turn our course for other shores than these.
Oh, the tide is running fast,
We must leave the life that's past,
We must follow, follow, follow, overseas.

HE WON THE BET

A man in Pennsylvania has just died who volunteered for service in the Civil War and was rejected on the ground of poor health and because he was too old. He offered to bet he



Q-M-Fine! Perfect!

wasn't. It looks now as if he was right, though it took him over half a century to prove it.

A PAINFUL THOUGHT

Don't waste time trying to get something for nothing. Adam got the apple without money and without price—and you know the result.

THE FIGHTING MAN

When the wise ones pant that you simply CAN'T, it's fun for the fighting man to laugh and TRY with a daring eye and prove to the world he CAN. Success is sweet when it crowns defeat and you learn this much is true: It's fun to fight when you know you're right, and your heart is in it, too.

BE SINCERE

A hypocrite never succeeds. It is just because he cannot make the other fellow believe what he says. It is absolutely impossible to make men believe what you yourself do not believe. Be sincere.

HUMAN BALLOON

In the army, when advanced in rank, some men grow; others merely swell.

GONE---BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

To many who will pass along Main Street East to-day the familiar faces of the Kodak Park soldiers who had charge of the "Over the Top" bond selling feature in front of the Hyde Drug Company's store will be greatly missed. Probably no single phase of the campaign appealed more to the popular interest than did this and the "Through the Trenches" novelty on the south side of Main Street East, directly opposite "Over the Top."

No small amount of real talent was put forth by the Kodak Park boys in khaki in their efforts as bond salesmen, which netted the Liberty Loan considerably more than \$500,000. The Jazz Band, which graced the sidewalk alongside "Over the Top" in the closing days of the campaign, attracted thousands of passersby. As many as 300 people congregated at one time to enjoy the performance, and to many the antics of the khaki-clad boys were as good as a vaudeville show.

Private Marsh, formerly a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, held sway with his violin at "Over the Top" until he was taken ill with the influenza. Other soldier-musicians were Private Wilkinson, traps, of the New York Orchestra; Private Dey, saxophonist of Lameroup's Orchestra of Detroit, and Acting Sergeant Thompson, the champion whiz-whizzer of Indiana, playing the Hawaiian taro-patch.

Aside from the musical treat afforded passersby, the musicians, with Private Beach, Clancy, Cook, Bartlett, Goldstein, Johnson and Jester, did Rochester a real service in selling Liberty Bonds. Their efforts are deserving of more than passing praise.

Nor is that all that may be said in commendation of the Kodak Park soldiers in connection with the Fourth Liberty Loan. Officers and enlisted men of the United States Army School of Aerial Photography subscribed \$27,000, and turned in \$19,600 in cash. Under the army plan, the school's quota was \$7,500, which sum was oversubscribed nearly four times.

Ballade of an American Lad

Copyright, 1918, by Edgar A. Guest.
This is our pride and our boast:
Though to his death he may go,
Ever he'll stand at his post,
Never he'll turn from the foe,
Offering blow for a blow,
Face front to battle he'll stand,
But never a baby shall know
One scar as the mark of his hand.

Prussians may charge in a host,
Frightful as demons below,
Leaving no women engrossed
Their shame like the stain on the snow,
Daily more savage they grow
To main at their leader's command,
But never a mother shall show
One scar as the mark of his hand.

Never a blood-dripping ghost
Shall stalk from some Flanders chateau
And come from that war-ridden coast,
Till the cock in the barn yard shall crow,
To haunt him with terrors, Oh, No!
If he live to come back to our land,
On the helpless there never shall glow
One scar as the mark of his hand.

L'ENVOI

God of men! We are proud it is so,
That never his need shall demand
That women and children must know
One scar as the mark of his hand.

THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y.
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10

Editorial

WE HATE OURSELVES.

Many times have we submitted it! In fact, we proclaim it from the "Over the Counter" column on Page One to the last of the "Rank Verses" that may or may not grace the bottom of the news column on Page Four.

Once we rose to remark that the Trench and Camp at Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas, thought well of our "Weekly Letter Home" feature—and cribbed it!

Now we proclaim to all Airscouts that The Snapshot again has been the trail blazer, this time opening the path of Trench and Camp of Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Fla., through the Everglades of the Southern state to the soldier boys' homes. "To the Folk Back Home" is the title of their letter home feature—a direct steal from The Snapshot.

Give us credit!

Dormitory 5 is still with us! According to the last issue of The Snapshot, Dorm. 5 was the only Dorm. in the S. A. P. Where are the others?

More "Out of Focus" is needed. While the quarantine is on, it's a fine chance for pen pushers to get busy—and kid the other fellow a little.

We hate to think of the time when there won't be enough news to fill the old sheet, but that time sure is coming—if somebody don't get busy!

Barbers Now Ready To Snip Off Bond Coupons

Private Le Roy Musgrave, the well known Mail Orderly of U. S. A. S. A. P., boldly walked into the barber shop at the Aerial School on October 16 and, after using but little of his usual smooth line of persuasion, departed with more than \$1,000 in real American money.

Beside working the prescribed number of hours each day on the mail force and getting not more than the allotted amount of bunk fatigue, Private Musgrave has been a whirlwind, both in the vicinity of the school and downtown in selling Liberty Bonds.

The popular barber in the Airscout Barracks was no exception to the wiles of Musgrave, who first approached him in terms of a \$500 subscription, although he knew full well that Mr. Basher had already purchased two \$100 bonds. Wishing to test the metal of Mr. Basher, Musgrave egged him on to the tune of 800, 900, and finally displayed the limit of his nerve, saying, "Make it an even thousand and we'll call it square," which Mr. Basher did without a tremor. Not satisfied with this, Musgrave turned on Mr. Basher's assistant tonsorial artist and when Mr. Gardener came up for air he also was the proud possessor of a bond at a handsome price.

Musgrave says it's a great drive and that our barbers sure went "over the top," spot cash and not a whimper. Attention, you bloated plutocrats, who take the crooked path around the Liberty Trench on Main Street!

STOP! READ THE EDITORIAL!

HOW DO YOU GET THAT WAY?

An Army Question, as Old as Noah's Ark, Asked and Answered by One Who Says He Knows!

The guy what salts down his old pencil striped in the cedar chest, hands down his 69 cent pair of sleeve linklets (guaranteed not to tarnish) to his kid brother, kisses his gold-filled collar button bye-bye for the last time and packs up the balance of his duds in a 14x26 cowhide, is the guy what is living up to his duty as an American citizen.

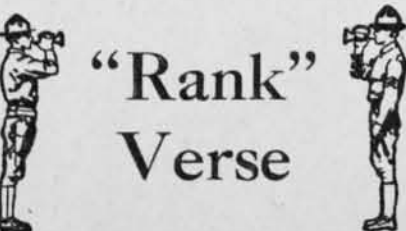
He might have been a sort of a chap that hung outside of Hing-too-Foo-Chow-Chow Parlor twelve minutes before deciding to spend the dollar he was going to send to the Cash-if-you-have-it—credit-if-you-want-it House, but when it came to lose himself in an army shirt and pack his Blue-Jays in a pair of size fourteen Endicott-Johnson (Contract 33 June, 1917), he threw up his hands and yelled "Kamerad." Take me, Major, I'm it, take me in your army. Oh, yes, he was there.

And as he lay in his bunk that night he thinks of home—and mother. He wonders if they'll get Jim. He wonders if his brother got his arrow Shrunk at Hop Lees. He wonders what time they get up in the morning. He wonders how much time they will give him to get laced up when some leather-lunged veteran begins to jazz the army piccalo in the wee hours.

And bye and bye his wonderings are no more. He finds himself on the drill grounds amidst a sea of every American citizens wearing army tents for shirts and he knows, too, that they have a few pet ones packed away in their 16 D's. And at length he realizes he is in the army. The next day dawns and he begins to realize he is nothing but an army worm and, as all army worms, he must crawl into his hole and pull same in after him. (Old time stuff—Ed. Note). He realizes he doesn't need to wear garters to keep his socks up anymore. He begins to "carry on" and "heads-up" as well as the rest of them. And soon a great change manifests itself. A fellow is a worm just as long as he considers himself as such and then he —. There is a great secret order in the army. It originated in the Kaiser's Horde. Yea—a wonderful order—the A. B. O. G. B.—The Absent Brothers of Gold Bricks. They swear almighty by the opening chorus of their trade-mark—"Absent." Of course, the BIG CRUSH of the German army together with the Clown Prince are the Moguls Supreme of the order. So he finds himself.

And when it is time to sign the payroll, he shuffles off and pens his John Hancock. Yea, boe! And verily, thirteen days later he properly indexes himself among the S's, looking rather meek, files up to the table where upon is spread a pile of dirty G. B. (Ed. Note. It is our opinion the author means here Green-backs—not Gold Bricks). Around the table is seated everyone from the Commandant of the post to the Corporal's House Maids.

"Sundickle!"
"Here Sir!"
"Twenty-nine cents."
"Twenty-nine cents"—and there upon everyone repeats the command (sort of a sixth sense). Twenty-nine cents. Exist Sundickle, pensively.
After deducting insurance, laundry, allotment, Liberty Bond payment, barber, tailor and a few other incidentals from thirty beans, one must needs feel he is well provided for.
It is then etiquette in the army of Democracy, to say—"How do you get that way?" and then you say in return—"All you do is to sign the payroll, then whistle it, and then sing the first and third stanzas only. You know it ends up with a cent. Very appropriate for the occasion because this is the rule rather than the exception—End up with a cent."
By Inst. HERBERT F. LANG.



"Rank" Verse

Call Me Yank.

Dey're going to call me Sammy.
My God! What have I did?
Why don't they make it "Cutie Dear?"
Or "Ferdinand" or "Kid"?

I wonder for dat handle
Just who I got to tank?
Why don't dey cut dat Sammy stuff
And stick to good old "Yank"?

Bo, dere's a name I fall for;
It's big and strong and frank.
Bo, dere's a name dat's got some pep—
A good, loud bellowed "Yank."

I'll bet some sewing circle
Or some newspaper crank
Wished dat dere "Sammy" on me.
Hell!

Why don't dey call me "Yank"?
—From Stars and Stripes.



As every issue of The Snapshot harps on the band, more or less, our contribution may not be out of place. As the band leads the way to so many occasions, we deem it a privilege to put them at the top of the column, unless this looks like Chinese ciphering to The Editor. Due credit must be given to the gas blowers for their successful performance when the Airscouts marched over Tuesday morning to pay their respects, to Major Barnes, who was ill at the time, and, as usual, the unexpected happened.

Instead of the anticipated flying out of the window, we were greeted with a most gracious smile. But "Birdie" couldn't voice his objections strong enough against the trombone, which reminded him of a cow. He is going to suggest getting one, for a cow gives milk besides!

Why was Red "red?" Some ruddy complexions come from outdoor life, others from the pharmacists, and still others from the mainstay of the brushpushers' art—shoe polish. But Red Nugent's, no doubt, came from more or less continued blushing. The other day when a fair young damsel—they're all fair—told Red his fortune—and, by the way, that is coming to be the modern excuse for holding hands—he must have thought he was facing a firing squad, for she told him a lot of unpleasant things, the truth not always being agreeable. Red tried to make himself scarce, but he couldn't even get his feet under the chair. What happened after that is more than we can tell, but an observer came through with flying colors.

Why did the plane refuse to plane when Mazdon went up? Perhaps Pop wasn't destined to go in that direction, eventually, but then again, two hundred and eighty-five (285) pounds is quite a lift and "Com'on, Skinnay" says that the fat men ought to go to the Devil. We would suggest a more pretentious plane, with wings, having a spread of an acre or so, and a power house as motive power.

Hancock and Bradley went out to take some pictures along the hillside with an axe and broom and camera, (of course). Why the heavy artillery to assist them in shooting was not evident at first, but from a number of tree stumps and clean paths that remained, we should have guessed that they would not let such things as trees and leaf-strewn paths interfere with good compositions.

They tell us that Camp is concocting what he calls a Hash Solution for combined developing, fixing, toning, wash'em and dry'em, all in one process. Sergeant Slitter has one better. Says he: "Why all that mess? Expose through a Type X on Solio Paper and come down with a finished print. The vibration of the plane will accelerate the action."

Wonder where Sergeant Sladek is those days! Hunting up and exterminating the "flu," some one informs us. Some day you'll be wantin' to sit by the fireside, George, and wonderin' what is the matter with the old chimney.

It pays to advertise! No matter how—just get it across. Is that why T. B. X. spends so much time in the Guard House? Not that he likes it, but it sort of helps the cause along.

Sergeant McKinney, M. P. (not Member of Parliament) is doing his bit in holding down this epidemic. He almost caught a roadhouse on a rampage the other night. Wonder whose it was!

Rainy weather does not seem to dampen the spirits of the Jazz Impromptus a bit. In fact, it almost inspires them to murder.

Who was Mark Twain thinking of when he said: "To be good is to be noble, but to teach others to be good is nobler and no trouble?"

Never saw so much indignation as was aroused last Friday evening over an item in the Times-Union. It was as dastardly an attack as was ever published in a newspaper. The person responsible will, no doubt, hear more about it. It is such statements that give insidious propaganda an opportunity to degrade the American Army.

The "Y"-K. C. secretaries are doing a good deal to make the hardships of quarantine more pleasant, and yet, it is difficult for the older men to realize that Angelo has "gone west."

Wanted—A piano and five minutes.
Ask Tulp.
Twashzh wee!

Twaszhh waa!

DORMITORY 5 STILL WITH US!

It is hard enough to gain a reputation without losing it. Why did you do it, Fulton? Bartowitz never had one to lose, but, oh! "blue-neck," our heart aches for you. Yes, we heard you when you came in. About 2 a. m., wasn't it?

We have here a bunkie named Hyer, Who called his chum, Meyer, a liar.

To restore peace and love,
Hyer offered his glove—
What's the use, he can't Hyer Flier Meyer.

It is rumored that Sergeant Keyes and Instructor Addison have everything in readiness for the opening of their Bible class next Sunday. It is not yet decided who will deliver the sermon or address, but judging by the way Keyes is applying himself to the Good Book these days, it would cause little surprise amongst us if he would have the honor. Services in Latrine "A," 10 a. m. "Suffer, Ye Gold Bricks, and Come Unto Me."

We are glad to have Sister Simpson back with us again. We trust it won't be long 'ere the bloom of youth will be restored to your cheeks.

Karger, it's tuff you lost out on the "fluey pot." What's the score—one down and four to go?

Now Haberman always breaks in a pipe by the English method. Have you tried it out yet, Bradley.

Johnson, now laid up in the hospital, nearly suffered a collapse last Thursday when he read The Snapshot. He says: "For the love of Mike, fellers, don't send a Snapshot to my wife. If she ever knew I was out with two brunettes, she'd—well, anyhow, she don't trust brunettes. Gee! just 'cause a guy's married, that doesn't prevent him from having a good time once in a while, does it?" (Chicago papers don't please copy.)

FIRST AIRSCOUTS TO DIE OF SPANISH INFLUENZA

Ray G. Teetshorn of Houston, Texas, a private at the United States Army School of Aerial Photography, died last Monday in the Infants Summer Hospital. He contracted influenza only a few days before, and the disease rapidly developed into pneumonia. His death was the first at the Infants Summer Hospital.

Mr. Teetshorn was 29 years old and a popular young business man in his home city, having been secretary and treasurer of the Teetshorn Company. He was of athletic build, weighing more than 200 pounds, and had been very active in all student affairs since coming to the school. He was an expert photographer, and for that reason chose that branch of the service when enlisting some months ago. M. E. Teetshorn, the young man's father, arrived in Rochester a few hours after his death. He returned to Houston with his son's body.

Frank J. Shelvey.

Private Frank J. Shelvey, aged 26 years, a student at the United States Army School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, died on Sunday evening at the Infants Summer Hospital at Charlotte of influenza. He had been ill about a week.

Private Shelvey had completed his course in the school and was detailed as a member of the U. S. A. S. A. P. Band, in which he played the cymbals. He also was a member of the Madison Barracks Band, as well as the Frolics. His home was in Waterbury, Conn., where his mother now resides. Private Shelvey was well known throughout the country as a contortionist, being a member of the "big time" vaudeville team known as The Three Shelveys. As such he often had been booked here.

Besides his mother, Private Shelvey leaves his two brothers, both of whom are in service. One is in France, the other in a training camp in this country.

Walter W. Welz.

Private Walter W. Welz, aged 26 years, a member of Company 1 of the United States Army School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, died Monday in the Infants Summer Hospital of Spanish influenza. His home was in Warsaw.

James R. Cartwright.

Private James R. Cartwright, aged 25 years, enlisted in Company 2 of the United States Army School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, died Monday of Spanish influenza in the Infants Summer Hospital. His home was in Trenton, N. J.

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For the Soldier Boy
HERE AND OVER THERE

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Special Cigarette Rubberoid Khaki Case, holding 30 cigarettes; specially constructed for the soldier and sailor \$1.00
Flash Light and Batteries; all sizes, 75c and up.
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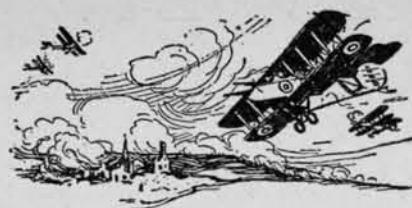
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Airscout's Who's Who!

This column is devoted to buck privates and "acting colonels" only. Officers are referred to the "Why's Why?" Column.



FRED H. COMMANDER, sort of a humorous edition of Napoleon, was graduated from the College of Hard Knocks. He's little, but he's loud. You wouldn't think so, the charming twinkle of his kindly eyes is bewitching, but just get him started and you will wonder why the fifth of July doesn't come. Calm and quiet on the surface but his weird personality gives one a feeling of "lots of reserve" or "reduction potential."

"LIZZA Beth" is that sinister little fellow in that special cage just over the fence of the Washing and Drying Department, where he has so many friendly enemies. There is or has been hardly a photographer in the Aerial School who knows the photographic game as well as Commander, for he has traveled several years as demonstrator for Eastman Kodak Company. He seems to be so capable of getting work out of an outfit that one wonders what he is doing "over here." But 'tis not for us to reason why and if some day he is yanked out suddenly and put into active service over a unit many of us would like to be in that outfit.

"Lizza" has no cause for complaint of the way his co-workers have treated him for when he first joined the ranks Captain Place directed that the instructors treat all newcomers into the staff with all due consideration and respect, but how could one help pick on "Lizza Beth."



"Column of Squads"

Private Frank C. Prochaska, known for his genial disposition and courteous treatment of those who call at the "Y"-K. C. Hut, has left the school and gone to his home in Oak Park, Ill. He was discharged because of physical disability.

Simcox of Dorm. 3 returned from a week's furlough at home with a happy and contented smile upon his face and a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes. He explained that he had surrendered unconditionally and that she was a "Daisy." Congratulations, Simcox, old boy. We wish you the best of good luck.

We always knew Mile-a-Minute Miller was swift, but never thought he had speed enough to catch the "flu."

One or Another.

She—Isn't Jack just wonderful? Think of it; he's already been promoted to field marshal.
He—From private to field marshal in two months.
She—Did I say field marshal? Well, perhaps it's court marshal—I know it's one or the other.—Boston Transcript.

AIRSCOUTS TO PLAY FOOTBALL

A restriction, or quarantine, at the U. S. A. S. A. P. always has stirred up interest in outdoor sports. It has not failed this season, and the most logical source of outlet for all the pent-up energy is the game that was made for soldiers—football.

The call for tryouts met with a hearty response, and the boys pitched right into it. This needs no further proof than the number of bandages being carried around by bunged-up heads, etc. They are smiling and happy, though, for they got them "in action."

There are a number of stars (which remains to be seen) the embryo of the S. A. P. team, who have played on college elevens. Practice is well under way and schedules are being made for games in the near future. Instructor M. A. Messegue, who played with Washington University, is rapidly whipping the team into shape. The following men are striving to "make" the team:

- Clem E. Nugent, captain.
- M. B. Weidenthal.
- F. P. Slatler.
- J. C. Strever
- P. H. Thors.
- H. J. Hildgen.
- R. E. Suits.
- I. J. Ingraham.
- M. Green.
- H. L. Brugh.
- H. T. Johnson.
- B. Corlett.
- I. Swarts.
- C. E. Ellsworth.
- A. R. Mitchell.
- J. H. Jacobs.
- F. R. Navin.
- C. H. Smith.
- K. P. Comstock.
- A. H. Newbanks.
- C. H. Powell.
- G. H. Platt.
- C. A. Hicks.
- H. A. Beaton.
- D. Kennedy.
- J. C. Cashion.
- L. Shanahan.
- C. B. Morton.
- K. M. Pathe.

Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny.

Oh, Johnny, oh, Johnny,
How they do dress;
Oh, Johnny, oh, Johnny,
They wear less and less.
They cut their waists low at the neck,
And cut their skirts way up to—
Well, it's just the limit.
But, say! Oh, Johnny, oh, Johnny,
It sure is great
It makes my heart just glow,
And while brains they have nix,
They are on to love tricks
And the men surely fall,
Oh, Johnny, oh, Johnny, oh!

The Clown Prince.
His nose is red,
His eyes are blue,
His chin recedes,
His armies too.



Out of Focus!

REMEMBER WHEN:

Chapter X.

We had a REMEMBER WHEN column in The Snapshot?

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Chapter IV.

What happened to the guy what wrote this column last week?

Very Hard Luck.

A rookie in camp, being broke, wired to his father: "Dad, send me \$10 at once, as I am on the hog."

Promptly his father wired back: "Ride the hog home. We're out of meat."

His Concern.

"Now, Rastus," asked the captain, "don't you want to make your will before you go over?"

"Will, nuthin', suh! De only will I've worryin' about is will I come back?"

Oversea Examination.

A rookie was getting ready for his oversea examination. The captain asked him if he had a scar "about" him. He replied: "No, sir; I have two packages of Camel and one package of Omar cigarettes over in my blouse."

Attention! Don't hold the phone too long. Someone else is waiting to use it. Be considerate.

Did any one notice mail orderly Musgrave's new wrist watch? Some girl, Roy! You certainly have had it soft since you have been here, with an auto all summer. Well, some people are lucky, so let the good work continue, for we'll say she must love you, as the watch is a beauty, even with a compass attached.

The War Industries Board has ruled that babies' diapers must be made smaller. The mothers of the country are protesting against this attack on the rear of American Infantry.

After December 1, the pretzel will lose its life-long companion.

SKETCHES IN THE BARRACKS



"Fun in Quarantine"!

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You Men With Soldier Friends In Other Camps Will Be Glad To Know

—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men. You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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GUARDS COME UP FOR AIR AND MORE HUMOR!

Viena Bros. are with us again. Consequence—there are not many dull moments while they are around.

Oh, boy! Oh, boy!!! Oh, boy!!! Oh, boy!!!! Scrap Iron!!!!!!

Price, the would-be farmer, is back after a month of what he claims was hard labor.

Larkin, was that your mother we saw you with the other night?

Kahatka is some reader. Averages one book a day now.

We have lost a good guard in Ingram, but it is the band's gain, and besides, he will get a chance now at the "blow" himself.

Murray is back on the job once more, after a week at the Infants' Summer Hospital. Flu may be all the style now, but Murray has no use for it.

Gold Brick Crawford is also back from the same camp.

Who does the young lady's ring belong to, O'Neil? Bring her around, and make us acquainted.

Sergeant Hallpike has returned from a two-weeks' furlough with his folks at Shamrock, Okla. Glad to see you back, Sergeant.

Three would-be pool sharks have sprung up amongst us Rosentengel, Walters and Lamoglia.

Flue has started another game in Dorm 26, called Rummy, but what's in a name? It is a perfectly nice game, and besides, we are in the army now.

O'Neill is sure some checker player, and he is sorry that his friend, Libervurst, has gone for he feels sure he could beat him now.

Miller, if you love us, stop brushing your underwear mornings and show a little pep. Honest, you get our goat.

Laverdure is at home, attending his mother's funeral. Our deepest sympathy, Conrad.

Conrad is the champion gloom killer, and despite your broken English, we enjoy it.

"Dat's all right, rest!"—Harrison.

Harrison, you have some voice, and we would like to hear more of it.

Stenchcomb, we don't know much about you, but leave it to us to get acquainted.

Guards are all in Dorm 26, so the rest had better look to their laurels, as we are out to have the best looking Dorm.

Sergeant Johnson had a lesson in astronomy Saturday when he came in contact with the fan motor in the Wash Room. He claims to have seen stars, ranging from the size of a wash tub down.

Siems is nursing a sore knee. Reason: Cross signals on Tackle Around.

Ginsburg is not seen much, but we know he is on the job nights.

To and from mess, march in formation. So snap into it!

Anyone who thinks New Jersey isn't the only state on the map can argue it out with Vayda.

Officer, call a cop! Larkin is here again.

Sergeant of the Guard Siems is hollering for help. He has this to pronounce—Schoenbaechler.

McNulty is back from his vacation at the Infants' Summer Hospital. Guards are glad you are back, so is a certain "someone else."

Four letters, all in the same mail, and the same writing, for Kahatka. Gee, but it's great to be happily married.

Machen, one time guard, now at Gertsner Field, Lake Charles, Va., reports mosquitoes as large as butterflies. You are welcome to them Jack.

O'Neill says: "Larkin and Murray have been opening each other's mail, by the names they give each other."

Come on, Crawford; you all just got to get up!

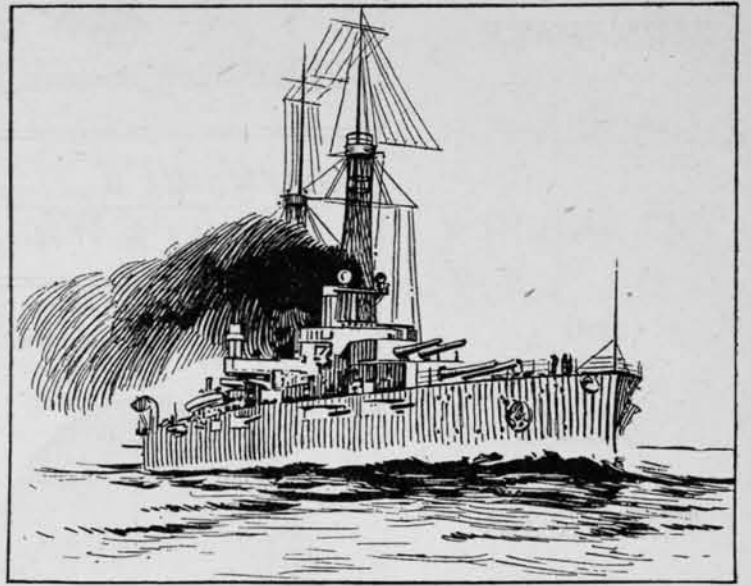
One of the guards overheard an argument the other day between two Third Company men. One wanted to know if the lieutenant was an officer of the day, and what was he doing up at night?

Larkin is back from his furlough, and is just as dizzy as ever. He is feeling a little blue in regard to losing his girl, but he said he would get even with somebody, and he was out with a party the other night who is out of the draft age, and he feels sure he will be able to keep this one.

Has anybody seen Miller's whisk-broom and powder puff? He shines his shoes for fatigue!

O'Neill received a pretty box of cake and things like that, but you can't prove it by him.

Since Rosentengel started playing pool he eats mess at the "Y." Ask Lamoglia. Come candy, Jimmie!



MUCH as pictures from home mean to you now, they will mean even more when you are **OVER IN FRANCE**

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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1 NO. 22 ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 30, 1918.

FREE TO SOLDIERS

Y. M. C. A. **"Over the Counter"** K. of C. **With the Secretaries**

Pool and Candy—
Pool players are great candy eaters. For some mysterious reason, there is heavy buying at the end of every contest. The losers are awful grouchers. When they buy they usually cry. Certain goldbrick sharks who sleep on the table from morn to dewy eve are fairly fed-up on canteen goods. Said one to his mate: "Well Joe Clark have you had all the Candy you want?" "No, I only had all I can eat", was the cheerful answer.

Cited for Good Fellowship—
To cite for good fellowship all deserving men at Kodak Park S. A. P. would include practically the entire roster. However, certain men have freely given their services at the hut to entertain their fellows. These deserve special mention, the piano player, the trap drummer, counter men, singers, movie operators, bandsmen, dancers, and all who add to the fun, helping to drive dull care away.

We acknowledge assistance from the following: Joseph Chester Clark, E. T. Baldrige, Sidney C. Baker, Clyde L. Cook, Sergeant Denham, Robert J. Duggin, Charles Davidyen, Privates Dey and Douglas, Connie Hicks, Sam Harrison, Harry Murphy, H. A. Riebe, Forest Spinney, Harold Wilkins, K. F. Sincox and Frank Prochaska.

Kodak Park Benedicts—
Quite a number of our brave men have committed matrimony of late. Far be it from us to join the pert paragraphs who speak lightly of the married state. Some mean philosopher has said: "Marriage separates a bachelor from a lot of illusions." Therefore to marry implies courage. Hats off to the Benedicts!

With the Cavalry—
"Is the Major's horse sure-footed?" "I think so, because he kicked the stable sergeant three times in the same place last week."

Never Say Die!
In commenting on his own life William Marion Reedy says: "Sometimes I think the only secret of success is to survive. In short, mere health is an advantage that is incalculable."

able. The person who has the strength may, simply through his power to persist, triumph over his own weaknesses, trrors and sins."

Right Wins—
The Germans have found out that no good thing is a failure and no evil thing a success.

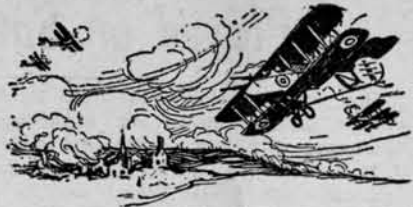
Alabaster Soldiers—
At drill C. O. asked one of our Buck Privates: "How does it happen you are ten minutes late?" "Please sir, I must have overwashed myself," quoth B. P.

Cheer Up!
"There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so." Heaven and hell are conditions of mind. See things are less dreadful than they seem and fear is an admission of inferiority.

Checking Cameras—
At the hut, cameras and other articles will be checked on request, but Y. M. C. A.-K. of C. cannot be responsible or guarantee the safety of such articles. Trouble having resulted from the practice of allowing persons other than the owners to take out cameras on request, the rule has now been adopted to give a receipt to the owner when the camera is checked in, and to give out the camera only upon the application of the owner, upon his producing the receipt and being positively identified.

Elementary French—
Last week we offered to start a class in elementary conversational French, if demand developed. A few men have registered their names at the desk. If you are interested, please make it known at once so that instruction can begin without further delay.

Darning Socks—
Earlier in the year the hut offered service in the way of mending and darning for the soldiers of our group. Not many men availed themselves of this. We now repeat the offer and will attend to your mending and sock darning gratis if you will register at the counter for this service.



Airscout's Who's Who!



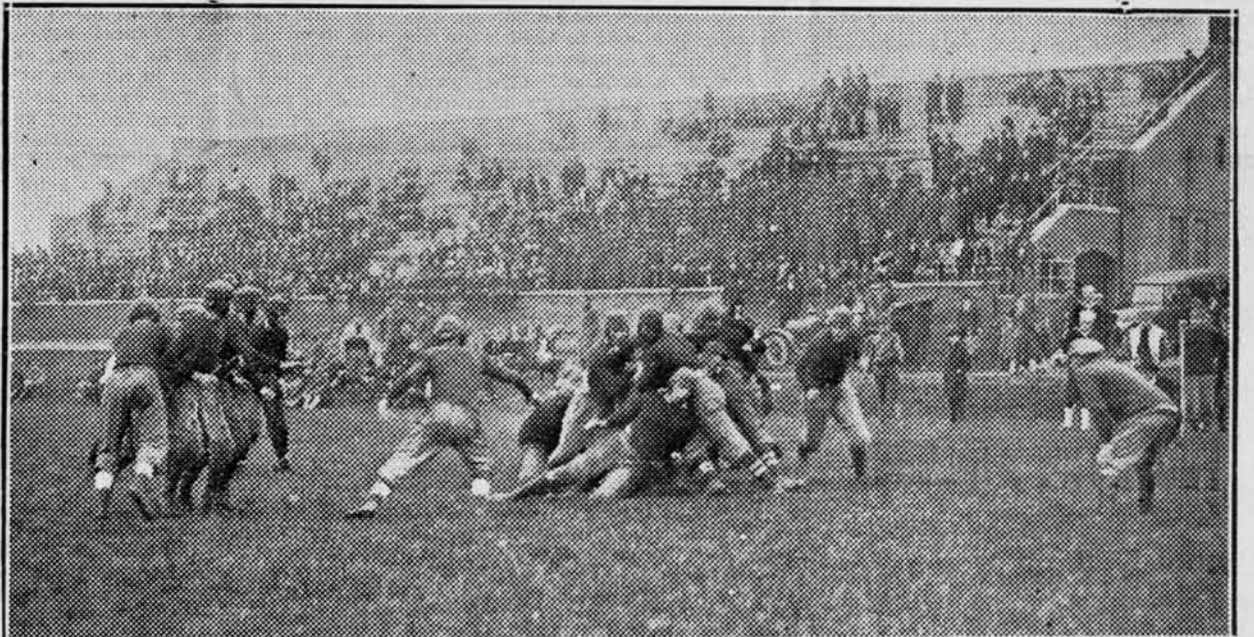
BENJAMIN HARRISON ALEXANDER BEACH, alias Mail Wagon for the U. S. A. S. A. P., spoke his first piece in the Garden of Eden, Cass Co., Michigan, back in the eighties, just long enough ago to make him eligible to unite with President Wilson in order to make the world safe for the Re-

The Weekly Letter Home

publicans and Democrats. His early childhood was uneventful, and he spent most of his time traveling through the celery farms of Michigan, but at an early age he studied in the University of Hard Knocks and has been in every city west of Charlotte, N. Y.

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

Highlights from Saturday's Big Tussle



—Photos by R. M. Kamrass.

Upper—One Phase of the Battle. Lower—Major Barnes, at right, and Lieut. (Adj.) Lindorff, Watching the Game.



From One Who Knows

In Behalf of the Soldiers.
Editor, Times-Union:
A few days ago there was an article in the papers about the police of Rochester cleaning up at Kodak Park Photo School. I think that if the police would get busy and clean up the city and vicinity of the pro-Germans that were low enough to put such an article in the papers about our soldiers they would be serving the country best.
The soldiers pass my house six times a day when they go back and forth to mess and I have met a good many of them. They have called at my house and I never met a finer lot of boys. They proved they were gentlemen by their behavior in the presence of my wife and daughter. I think they always prove they are the same when in the presence of any respectable people, and that some of our young civilians that stand on street corners and make remarks at young ladies as they pass by, or take their girls and run up and down the street and get in front of your house and holler and yell or come poking around at 2.3 o'clock in the morning and wake you up do not prove themselves half the gentlemen that the soldiers are.
A Resident in the Vicinity of Kodak Park.

VARSITY TRIMS KODAK PARK LADS IN AFFRAY FEATURED BY HOST OF CASUALTIES; TOUCHDOWN GALORE

Just as a little rehearsal for life in the trenches or near them, the Student Army Training Corps at the University of Rochester walloped United States Army School of Aerial Photography at football Saturday afternoon, 32 to 0. Enough casualties were carted away from the varsity athletic field in Main Street East to call for a first aid station and several field hospitals.

Neither team had rehearsed enough for the rehearsal to call itself a team, although the individual luminaries were many. The Varsity far outweighed the S. A. P. boys, who, with half their original lineup shot away through injuries, put up as game a fight as the marines at Chateau-Thierry. The loss of Lieutenant Ray (Beany) Brown, whose ribs were slightly bent in the second quarter, and M. B. Weidenthal, one of whose ribs was broken in the same chapter, failed to take the heart out of the Airscouts. Beany Brown put up the same sort of game against his old college mates that he did when he wore the yellow back in '10, '11 and '12. It was necessary to rush Weidenthal away in the S. A. P. ambulance, as it was feared that the broken rib had punctured a lung.

Put Out in First Play.
Bell, one of the fifty or sixty substitutes put in for the Varsity by "Doc" Edwin Fauver, was the main casualty for the students. In the first play he entered he tackled Messesee, throwing him for a loss, and was carried from the field in a dazed condition.

Mostly because of lack of practice, the Airscouts failed to make a single first down in the game. The first touchdown for the Varsity was put over by Red Adams after only five minutes of play. The Kodak Park boys toppled on the ball after Varsity fumbled time after time, but always were held or thrown back, and Nugent's boot was relied on to put them out of danger. Then Adams, the two Hummells and Sullivan mixed in

with a forward pass or so, would take the ball straight down the field for a tall. Altogether, the Airscouts did not have the ball in their possession for more than five minutes.

The Varsity scored twice in the first quarter and once in each of the other three. At the end of the first half the ball was resting on the S. A. P. three-yard line. In the same quarter D. Hummell failed in a drop kick from the 15-yard line. In either case line bucks would have netted touchdowns.

Old Snake Line Again.
The grandstand was fairly well filled with members of the Student Army Training Corps and the Kodak Park boys, with a few of their feminine friends. Between the halves the old snake line of the U. of R. wriggled across the field, with the Kodak Park band playing from the grandstand.

It was announced at the game that more football uniforms are needed by the Kodak Park boys. They appeared Saturday in the scarlet and white jerseys and moleskins of the Jeffersons. The score:

- U. OF R., S. A. T. C. KODAK P., S. A. P.
- O'Reilly Schiller, Swarts
- Sykes Algren
- Left tackle.
- Rummerl Hilgen, Strevor
- Left guard.
- Day Weldman
- Center.
- Hill Jacobs
- Right guard.
- Gosnell (Capt.) Powell
- Right tackle.
- Crotty Larkins, Hicks
- Right end.
- Sullivan Weidenthal, Cashen
- Quarterback.
- C. Hummell (Capt.) Nugent
- Left halfback.
- D. Hummell Brown, Messesee
- Right halfback.
- Adams Comstalk, Thors
- Fullback.

Score: U. of R. 32, S. A. P. 0; touchdowns, D. Hummell 2, Adams 2, C. Hummell, Sullivan; goals from touchdowns, D. Hummell 2; time of halves, 22 and 16 minutes; referee, Edwin Fauver; linesmen, Herman Norton and Leo Lyons; time-keeper, Michael Doherty.

THE AIRSCOUTS' SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y.

FREMONT CHESTER, Editor. W. G. BROADBOOKS, Business Manager.

MAJOR JAMES BARNES, Commanding Officer, Censor.

LIEUT. THEODORE J. LINDORFF, Adjutant, Associate Editor.

LIEUT. RICHARD GILDERSLEEVE, Associate Editor.

INSTRUCTOR MEYER, Photographer. WALTER HUNTER, Cartoonist.

SERGEANT HARRY H. MURPHY, Director of Correspondents.

LE ROY MILLER, K. of C. Representative.

EDWARD R. FOREMAN, Y. M. C. A. Representative.



Column of Squads

Get acquainted with Cy Statt, the new K. of C. secretary! Cy's young, but he's handsome! Especially in his new uniform! ! !

For nearly a week, we've tried to get Cy to loan us one of his pictures for reproduction in The Snapshot.

The "Y"-K. C. secretaries wish to thank the following in the name of the boys for kind donations sent in during the week:

- Miss M. Manion, 185 Columbia Avenue, Victrola records. Mrs. Elizabeth H. Yost, 25 Harper Street, one set of Wilkie Collins books. Clarence A. Wheeler, St. Paul Street, two barrels of apples. Mrs. Joseph Adolph, 85 Ohio Street, sandwiches and apples. Alvin H. Dewey, Victrola records.

and with the aid of a pulmotor was of these flying bicycles coming down the street.

Macklin and K. C. Miller pulled some acrobatic stuff to-day, 'tis said, and a Packard had noive enough to get in Mac's way. Miller is alive, however, suffering from minor injuries 'tis said.

On account of the men letting their joints rust, another special order went through which resulted in the men drilling from four to six hours daily, with the instructors as drill masters. For Squads Right the command is Pyro A, Squads Left is Pyro B, and Dismissed is Hpyo.

Say, Editor, did you ever get out of bed so quickly to get to work that you forgot to fix your worldly possessions in a military fashion? Let me tip you off, in case you have a Class 1-A Questionnaire, and that is, when you get in the army, keep your bed made up. The writer was sentenced to hard labor for this fault, and was seen on the parade ground with a sack gathering waste papers, bottles, yesterday's cigarettes, cores of apples, etc.

Jack Miller, the King of the Garage, hauled Flu around so long he liked it well enough to go to the hospital for a furlough. The boys say if he stays a month he won't catch up the sleep he lost the past few weeks. He's a good guy, though, Ed and we're hoping he gets back soon. Yourell has gone down to keep him company, but both boys are doing fine.

We had Valentine come down to the "Y" and take the wrinkles out of the piano, and he sure made some music. Come again, Val.

The quarantine still sticks around the place, and is about as welcome as Reveille. Something is always taking the joy out of life.

Well, Ed., guess this cleans up most of the stuff. If you ain't got no room to put this stuff in next week, it won't make much difference, but save the paper.

Sincerely, ADELBURY, The Mailman.

273 Park Street, Medford, Mass., October 22, 1918.

Mr. Editor: Dear Sir—Here we are again! If this stuff don't suit you, give it the razzle dazzle and send it "over the top" of the W. P. B. JOHN JOY.

P. S.—The boy has gone to Baker's Field.

The Significant Private.

Gee! It's great to be a general in command of all the arms Assembled on the battlefield in village, town and farms A'studying out the strategy to bring the conquest near, But I'd rather be a private than a famous brigadier.

It's fine to be a general, making calculations cold Among his maps and plans to make offenses strong and bold. Though he's cunning and resourceful, he's a masterhand to fear I would rather be a private than a famous brigadier.

For when I am a private I am right among the boys I have sworn to be a partner in their sorrows and their joys We are comrades that are heart to heart, our nation we hold dear So I'd rather be a private than a famous brigadier.

It's great to feel the good red blood a-coursing through your veins In personal encounter "It is worth those greivous pains," The brigadier behind the lines can't get in combat here So I'd rather be a private than a famous brigadier.

As brigadier he knows not of the joys of soldier life Or the glories of the trenches gained

Soldier Football Team Asks Local Pigskin Chasers for Game To Be Played on Saturday of This Week

The soldier boys at Kodak Park want a football game for Saturday. The name of the team, officially, is the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography and, although it was beaten last Saturday by the University of Rochester S. A. T. C. team and lost a number of players through injuries, is anxious for more games.

The boys have decided that they would like to take a crack at some of the semi-pro and amateur teams, such as Jefferson, B. & L. Senecas, Westcotts, All-LeRoy or any team that

will class with any of those mentioned.

The places of the men injured last Saturday have been filled and the boys are out practising daily.

Any team which has open dates, especially Saturday of this week, is asked to communicate with Roy Miller or M. A. Messegee at the Y. M. C. A.-K. C. hut at Kodak Park.

Here is a chance for some of the local teams to perform a service of a patriotic nature by playing the soldier team and giving them some much desired practice

EXHAUST FROM S. A. P. GARAGE

Sergt. Jack Miller, alias Mile-a-Minute, has outclassed the birds by getting hloed of the combination wagon donated by the Cunningham people, and now it is used as an ambulance, hearse, fire wagon and patrol wagon. In civil life, Jack was an instructor in skating. Won't say what kind, but 'tis said he has been on many a skate.

Harry Wilkins, the good-looking blond, drives Birt No. 1. Sweet Cakes not only drives he—out of his machine, but can beat h—out of a bunch of kitchen utensils. Did you ever see that guy use a pair of drumsticks? Eh, Newt., he's a bear.

W. F. Machlin, alias Wildfire and Ace of the Squadron, not only drives his bird, but, should be commissioned as a lieutenant because of his ability as a flier. Speaking of Link Beachey cutting Dadoes, this bird has him backed off the map. It is reported his wife nearly had a nervous breakdown when she saw him come down Lake Avenue Speedway on one wheel, lighting a cigarette with one hand and fixing his puttee with the other.

Hi Yourell, the Chicago Barney Oldfield, is another one of those eighty-car that's bound to fall apart before the month's over. Yourell uses a lot of judgment when in a pinch, as one day a street car got in his way and he tried to move it. The writer happened to be a passenger and beat the undertaker by exactly seven seconds. This bird never wants his jumping head examined because they will send him to the Nuthouse on an indefinite furlough.

Motorcycle Mike Herbert, Harley Davidson Groth, acting private and acting fool of the platoon, is another one of those cut-em-up birds who never heard of the word SLOW.

Bennie Etner returned last week from a fifty-day furlough, recuperating from a nervous breakdown caused by one of the flivers and Jack Miller's cussing.

Emma Grath, the "showforet" of Jack's crew and the most perfect lady in the outfit, also manipulates one of those Detroit louses and can also drive with one hand, powdering his pfsog with the other.

Noonan, the Cadillac driver, has things pretty soft as far as we can figure out, and spends 5 per cent of his time driving and the other 95 per cent keeping the back seat clean.

Sunshine Rose, the mysterious Raffles, who Dodges both day and night, is an officer in the day and a black and white hat at night. Did you ever see him promenading up and down Lake Avenue with his cookie? This boy sure has a Hart-Schaffner sign beaten clean.

Canary Bird Michael Durack, the hammer and chisel mechanic, spends most of his time cussing the chauffeurs for breaking their cars and the other fifty looking for something to fix them with. Mike has been down to the Flu House the last few days, trying to doctor up his own machine.

Red Nugent and Feather-weight Corlett, the boobys who pilot the five-ton carts, can not be put in the speed

in this eternal strife Of the trench feet or the fever that we get while stationed here, So I'd rather be a private than a famous brigadier.

He knows not of the thrills and fears when we go "o'er the top," Or the gasps of exultation as the cursed Huns we stop, Of the care we get from "Red Cross" when we're lying wounded here So I'd rather be a private than a famous brigadier.

He knows not of the "joys" I have when in trench mud knee deep, Of the tremors that run up my spine while charging in my sleep, Or of the cooties dear to me, "I'm never lonesome here," So I'd rather be a private than a famous brigadier.

—John Joy, Medford, Mass.



"Rank" Verse

Eat an Onion!

If the influenza's got you And you start to cough and sneeze, Eat an onion! If your eyes begin to water And you're weak about the knees, Eat an onion! If your head starts in to buzzin' And your nose is sore and red, And the chills and burning fever Make you want to hunt your bed, Don't give in, for you can beat it. Here's a safe and simple way To drive the dread disease away, And make it go to stay: Never mind about the doctor, Never mind about the nurse; Throw away the pills and powders, They will only make it worse. EAT AN ONION!

ECHOES FROM THE BAND ROOM

The Band is about to get on its feet again. Most of its members are back again after a visit to Fluville.

You ought to see Williams directing our new piece, "March of the Bersaglieri."

Baker wants to know if there is anyone who can beat Patterson playing cteckers.

Yes, the secretaries at the Hut are enjoying our melodious noise every morning and afternoon now.

Wonder who called Newberry on Wednesday while we were rehearsing. No, Ostrom has not expressed his opinion of Lawrence yet.

Won't someone volunteer to play the piano at the movies every night? They may ask the Band, if you don't.

Who gets more mall than Little Patty?

Hancock thinks we should put more Jazz into our funeral marches. Wanted—An elevator boy. See Litteri.

Lazelle has returned after a short visit to his summer home (Charlotte). To be sure, the Hut would make an ideal place to rehearse if we could keep the side door open. The cornets and trombones can't get enough air through the windows.

Extra—Barr did, AT LAST, buy some cigarettes.

Does anyone know why Kaufmann and Brugh use the Bell 'phone every night at 7.45?

Who called Cook a Gold Brick? Sure, we are getting some new music. Just wait until our leader gets back from the hospital; we will make you sit up and take notice.

Father Sparvin is still displaying his knowledge to all who will listen to him.

No, all the members of the band are not nuisances. Most of them belong to the well known organization, P. G. B. (Professional Gold Bricks.)

Poor Ostrom! He says no maiden will ever steal his heart, and we agree with him.

Was about to forget to mention Lizzie Storer. Yes, IT'S still with us. ('Nuff sed.)

It is rumorde that the Band will have a two-hour rehearsal each night between 11 and 1 o'clock. Any of the Airscouts objecting to this rare treat will make his complaint at once.

There goes the call for Reveille; I love to hear it summon me. I love to get up in the morning, too. I do, I do; like (Hell) I do.

their just rewards. Will it be stripes or brass bars? It may be both, fellows.

Hancock and Bradley wish me to state, through the medium of The Snapshot, that they are now ready to offer their services to the men in the school, free of charge. Of course, these gentlemen need no introduction—they have been print connoisseurs for weeks. Free criticisms of prints for the asking.

Freher saw his first game of football Saturday. I wonder if he formed the same opinion that Captain Willson did of our college game. He thought it was ideal training for trench warfare, but the pleasure—nix; give him parlor rugby every time. Well, Freher?

SPALDING ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT will keep you smiling when at play ARMY AND NAVY EQUIPMENT to make you comfortable when on duty A. G. Spalding & Bros. 40 CLINTON AVE. NORTH



Gold Bricks.

The Editor's idea of a gold brick is the bird who waits until Sunday night to write his news for The Snapshot and then expects the printers to work overtime setting it up for the next issue.

Or, the bird who gets a copy of The Snapshot every week and doesn't even take the time to suggest an "Out of Focus" item.

Then, too, there are some Gold Bricks who get The Snapshot every week merely to have something to criticize.

Early copy is need for The Snapshot. Everything for the following issue of the paper is set on Monday—and every bit of copy for that week's Snapshot should be in the contribution boxes, either at the Postoffice, or "Y"-K. C. Hut by noon on Saturday. Extra trips for belated copy have been made cheerfully by the editor every week, sometimes on Sunday morning, again the same evening, and on Monday morning, but getting that copy into the next issue of The Snapshot is never certain.

Thing it over! What have YOU done to make The Snapshot what it is to-day?

Then—GET BUSY ! ! !

FROM THE MAILBAG!

October 25, 1918.

Dear Mr. Editor: In your last edition you said the dope was running low, and for fear you haven't enough to fill out the sheet, I'm going to write you about the boys.

You ain't seen our football team, have you, editor Well, boy, we're going to have Some Team! Never in my life saw a bunch of rooks get rounded into shape as quickly as these birds. We're for them, too, and will back 'em to the limit. In order to keep them in A-1 condition, we give them Class 4-A Exemption, which allows them a few minor privileges, such as no Reveille, no Drill, No Frog Squat Exercises, no Guard Duty, etc. Outside of that, they are worked to death. Come up and see them some time.

Two of our privates looped the loop this week and, in other words, now have \$14 more every month to squander. Weidental, the inventor, instructor and demonstrator of every kind of a camera from an Ingersoll to an Eastman L type, is now the possessor of three stripes and a company. His first opportunity to use the stripes was to put Battling Urguard and Skinner, Jack Nesbit under arrest for demonstrating the Pug Stuff coming home from chow.

John J. Smalter, pilot of the Post Office crew and a resident of Menominee, Mich., was presented a Christmas present for his services, due to his ability to pacify the angry mob when they don't get their mail, and his remarkable choice in picking assistants to help run the mail wagon. Mr. Editor, it is a fact that a guy's mail is more important than the beans we so often encounter at chow, and Sergeant John is the boy who sees that they get it. Still they say that Michigan boys ain't got no style!

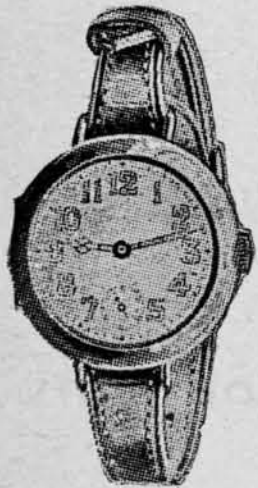
Someone hung a crepe on the motorcycle crew to-day when a fifteen minute an hour effect went through Parliament. Course there wasn't any sense to it, but it seems that the Chief of Police thought he was losing too many cops, and pedestrians were all running for a pole when they saw one again brought to life. Mac suffered mostly when explaining to the Q. M.,

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and can be
depended on
to satisfy the
boys "over
there" or the
boys "over
here."

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For the Soldier Boy
HERE AND OVER THERE

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Out of Focus!

WHY NOT:

Have Reveille at 6.30 instead of
standing in the mudholes before day-
light?

Go through the back way to mess
and save about four miles walked
daily, the same as Instructor Hamley
does?

Extend the restricted post from the
Four Corners to Charlotte?

CAN YOU IMAGINE
(After the restriction):

- Chapter V.
- Movies at the Hut?
- The pool table busy?
- The Kodak Park scandal?
- A guard at Wagg's Corner?
- Connelly getting in at 11 p. m.?
- The "Y" movies without a break?
- Macklin doing 15 miles an hour?
- Urguard and Nesbit fighting?
- Shanahan exempt from formation
on account of a bum finger?
- A pleasant instructor?
- An instructor with a map?
- The Q. M. walking?
- Jerry pigeon-toed?
- A regular bath tub?
- Vibelius a private?
- Mazdon on guard?
- Dorm 12 without a criticism?
- A M. P. without a cannon?
- Quarantine being lifted?
- Collar buttons once more?
- Flu flying?
- The instructors doing K. P.?
- No Airscout's Snapshot?
- Karger staying in one night a week?
- This war being fought on union
basis?
- Fighting from 7 a. m. until noon?
- Resuming fighting at 1 p. m., after
lunch, and knocking off at 5 p. m.?
- Getting double pay for overtime?
- No fighting on Saturday afternoons,
and enjoy Sunday as a day of rest?
- A guy thinking the war could be
conducted that way?
- Finding someone in bed in Dormi-
tory 5 at 9 p. m. any night?
- Tulpin refusing to exercise his vocal
chords?
- Addison failing to read his Bible
every morning? (Mother, please take
notice)
- Carpenter wearing some trimmed
chinweed?
- Harrison leaving the ladies alone?
- Enjoying some sleighride parties
this winter?
- Eating Christmas dinner at home?

DO YOU THINK:

- Connelly will ever get a commission
as an aviator when it makes him
dizzy to do an about face?
- Carpenter will ever give someone
else a chance on the pool table?
- Neil Clarke will ever have a mes-
senger to deliver his 'phone calls for
him?
- The restriction will be lifted before
Christmas?

**WAR CAMP COMMUNITY
SERVICE NOW FULLY
ORGANIZED IN CITY**

Announcement is made of the ap-
pointment by Joseph Lee of Washing-
ton, president of the National War
Camp Community Service of the Fos-
dick Commission on Training Camp
activities, of the following Rochester
people to act as an executive commit-
tee for the work of the War Camp
Community Service in this locality:
Bertram E. Wilson, president; Elmer
E. Fairchild, Henry D. Shedd, William
F. Smith, J. Warrant Castleman, Rev.
Dr. Horace J. Wolf, and Miss Edith
Hale.

James J. Carmichael of Rochester,
recently elected president of the Ki-
wanis Club, has resigned that office
and given up his business to become
executive secretary of the War Camp
Community Service in the Rochester
district, succeeding George E. Mayer
of Brooklyn, who organized the work
here about two months ago. Backing
Mr. Carmichael, in addition to the
executive committee named above, is
a central committee of 45, represent-
ing all of the various philanthropic
and social welfare organizations of
the city, with the Mayor as honorary
president.



JAMES J. CARMICHAEL.

Offices of the War Camp Commu-
nity Service are at 127 East Avenue,
where Mr. Carmichael makes his
headquarters. One of the first activi-
ties engaged in by the new execu-
tive secretary was the furnishing of
uniforms and other equipment for the
football eleven composed of soldier-
students from the United States Army
School of Aerial Photography, which
played its first game yesterday with
the University S. A. T. C. team. Some
of the uniforms were loaned by the
Jefferson football team.

Mr. Wilson, president of the execu-
tive committee, will immediately ap-
point a number of working commit-
tees to assist Mr. Carmichael in the
work here. Herman J. Norton, su-
pervisor of recreation and physical
education in the public schools, has
been made chairman of the commit-
tee on athletics and recreation.

**MECHANICS AT
BAKER FIELD IN
SNAPSHOT'S FOCUS**

Sergt. Howard every morning at 8
A. M.: "Let's go."
Sergt. Kelley has a new invention
he wants to try out. What won't some
fellows do for a ride?
Crew Chief Avery has a new ship—
"the ambulance."
Private Murphy at 9 A. M. in front
of kitchen rubbing his eyes: "Any
breakfast left, cook?"
Sergt. Sarubbi: "Push! Push!"
Private Gisleson has no more dates
with the dentist. We wonder why.
We also hear that Gis is acquainted
with a number of saloonkeepers in
town. Nice to have friends, Gis.
Private Stroup from Montana says
this would be a good state if we had
more sheep. Sorry you don't feel at
home, Montana.
Sergt. Dings is just back from a fur-
lough. Heard he was selling Ford
crankers while away.
The cooks are wondering where all
the tin cans went to. "Ask Kelly!"
The chief trouble of the Chief Rig-
ger: "She's tail heavy."
The hangar chief—to be found any-
where but in the hangar.
Private Henson: "I's not from Ala-
bam; I'se from Maryland, sah!"
Private Hess: "Still making souve-
nirs."
Private Petrolla: "Who is the guy



The big event of the week was the
football team's scrimmage practice
with the University of Rochester
eleven. It had all the earmarks of a
real game. The players went up there
wrapped in smiles, and they were torn
up so that they didn't even wear that
on the return home. As individuals,
the starchy firmament was congested,
but the question comes to mind: "Did
any of the team retrospectively inquire
before the game: 'Am I my brother's
keeper?'" There didn't seem to be
any joints or hinges in the line, though
the advance guard made an attempt
to put up a stiff game. A little more
scrimmage practice may make some
bones more pliable, if they don't break.

"Squads East! Squads West!"

Once more, dear drill, I with rap-
tures behold thee . . .
The parade ground is once again be-
ing flattened down by systematic foot-
work, and the I. D. R.'s are being
dusted off. It's an ill wind that blows
nobody good, and Airscouts are learn-
ing a lot of things they had forgotten.
We have been admonished never to
hesitate at the execution. Why mur-
der a good thing?

Freher has a pretty new step on the
moving pivot that is somewhat difficult
to describe. It is somewhat like the
beginning of a chorus girl's kick mixed
with a little goose step.

When "Major" Minor came rushing
in the other evening cuffless, or rather
leggingless, or both, he took us by
surprise. Where was he that he left
so suddenly as to forget his leggings,
and what had happened? All were be-
wildered until Minor caught his breath
and explained that he had forgotten to
put them on, and only got as far as
the doorway!

Heard and seen in copying depart-
ment:

Stud pulls out plateholder and for-
gets to put in slide. There appears on
the surface a beautiful, rich, creamy,
yellow emulsion. Said stud looks at it
in blank amazement and dashes for
the dark room door. Instructor recoils
in animated astonishment and shouts:
"If you hurry, you may make it!"

Humor in a cemetery: Hunter
wants to know what "Auf Wiedersehn"
means on a tombstone. Thinks it's the
language of the dead; sounds like one
"Kamerad" speaking to another.

Says commander at the mess hall
Monday mornings: "Why go to the
'Dirty Spoon' for a sour stomach when
you can get it here free?" However,
no one can deny it's great stuff—fur-
nished by the Deity and cooked by the
Devil.

Letters from boys in this division
over the other side state that they are
working some long hour shifts. There
is loads of work, and need for a great
many more men. There's still hope
of seeing La Belle France through a
hut window. Get in all your training
now.

Work like Helen B. Happy

What was the matter with the foot-
ball team's following last Saturday?
Cheers were conspicuous by their ab-
sence.

The team, individually, is a good one
and can stand a little backing up. Next
time let 'er whoop, and remember that
Egypt is the only nation that is proud
of her mummies.

that invented landing tees?"

Private Beegan is wanted on the
'phone every half hour. What is your
line, Charles?

Private Nicodemus: "Can you show
me the way to the Grand Central Sta-
tion?" Was she a nice girl, Nick?

Private Hopkins sheared so many
sheep on the coast that he thinks he
can cut hair. How about it, Robert?

Crew Chief O'Connor, just back from
a furlough, says he was sick. Don't
blame you, chief; we would be sick,
too, for an extra few days.

Sergt. Marcellus, arriving at camp
at 5 A. M.: "Who in h— turned this
camp around?"

Heard the other day at the field:
Sergt. Howard, emerging from the
hangar, calling: "Benedict."
Benedict (doing bunk fatigue):
"What do you want?"

Sergt. Howard: "Come down here!"
Private Benedict (very much riled at
having been disturbed) "Howard, I'll
kill you when this war is over."

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CIGARS

NOTES FROM THE GUARDS

As a guard, Lavedere would make a great checker player. Conrad, your pipe is out.

Bowes has been transferred from the guard detail to the ash gang.

Stinchcomb hails from Georgia, and we are sure we have one man from that state that we can rely on, but Crawford may come around all right after he gains his strength again.

Wm. R. Notman and wife were visitors of Commander of the Guard Halpike one night last week.

George Kahapka said they never spell his name correct — just put KAHAPSKI. How's that, Georgie?

The Vieira brothers look so much alike that the other day O'Neill started a conversation with one and finished it with the other.

If some fellow has a blowout every day on Lake Avenue, Larkin's salary will be \$1.25 a day.

Register Larkin.
Check Crawford.

Walters, you had better carry a brick in your pocket. Don't ask why. Ingram, pass the cigars around. They smell good.

LOST—One whisk broom. Finder please return to Miller, but, by the way, whose broom did Murray have yesterday? Come on, Bill, you have got to give it up.

Oh, dear! McNulty, you're just wonderful. Bless your heart! Harrison, push that broom, so don't get out of it.

"Oh, I am lazy to-day!"—Lamoglia. Well, Jester, you're on guard again. Don't kick. We heard enough.

Bill O'Neill has a nice ring. Who did you say gave it to him? Who? That one with the gray hat?

Rosie, we like your friend. Why can't you bring her around? We would like to know her.

Hard Bolled Seims—! Enough said!

Say, Anderson, when are you going to hang out your sign—

"SHOES TO REPAIR"

No, not cameras.

Larkin, by the way, who's your friend on the porch?

The overseas division is ready. We all expect a wrist watch at least.

We almost won a prize last Saturday for the best dorm. Only the table wasn't washed.

Vayda, you sure look good in those hobnail shoes. The government needs a new floor in the hall, so be easy with it.

Mauseth was real good Saturday, and washed two cots. Go to it, old boy—a good help to your wife after the war.

Welcome to our dorm., Svoboda and Levey.

Ginsburg forgot to take the moon in the other morning. That's the time we got you sleeping.

Sergt. Johnson is spending a ten-day furlough at home. We all hope you have a good time, Johnnie, and not leave out the girl!

Who has charge of this dorm.? I have, sir.—Siems.

Murray, you dizzy bird, where are you going after the war? If it is New York, we hope you get lost.

Well, George, don't you think we had better start another attack upon Murray?

HOW THE REPORTER GOT THE WEDDING

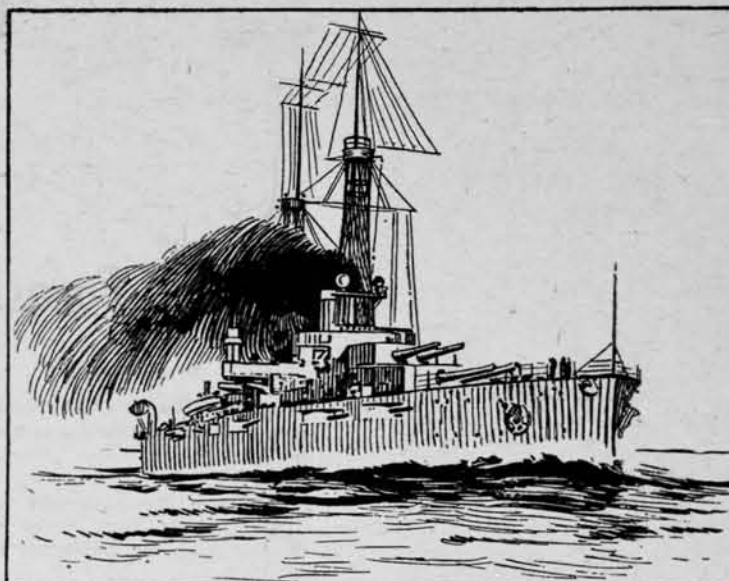
"Good morning, Mrs. Kissen-Run," said the reporter from the Morning Glory. "I came for the details of your daughter's wedding."

"Ah, yes," murmured Mrs. Kissen-Run distractedly, as she bent puzzled brows over the nose warmer she was knitting for the soldiers. "Have a stitch—a seat, won't you. You'll pardon me if I keep on working as I talk, but I've just learned this new stitch and I'm afraid to stop it until I'm quite sure of it."

"Well, my daughter, Odora, was married at 11 o'clock—six under and hop two—11 o'clock this morning to Mr. Percy Crummet, the groom. The bridesmaids were—purl and duck and purl two—Miss Gladiola Tiffin, Miss—reverse and drop four—Miss Webbit Flounder, Miss Pauletta Tehee and Miss Agacia Cocoa. They wore—skip six and purl four—white spiffled dargandle over cheamie silk. The bride—six half-Nelsons and a pirouette—wore embroidered mulloon and carried—bend two and hesitate—a bouquet of hot-house stosties and chump fern. The—sink one and double—officiating minister was the Rev. Clyde Line."

Unsteadily the reporter made his way out and the next day's Morning Glory printed the following account of the wedding:

"Miss Percy Duck and Mr. Chumy Tehee were united in six half-Nelsons by the Rev. Embroidered Mulloon yesterday morning at drop four. The bridesmaids were Miss Sink Double, Miss Bouquette Reserve, Miss Skip Two and Miss Reserve Hop. The groom carried a cheamie cocoa fern and was dressed in six pirouettes and a double."



MUCH as pictures from home mean to you now, they will mean even more when you are **OVER IN FRANCE**

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77 AND 79 EAST MAIN STREET



THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1 NO. 23 ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 6 1918. FREE TO SOLDIERS

Y. M. "Over the Counter" With the Secretaries

Soon! The boys "over there" are now writing from "Somewhere in France;" but pretty soon it'll be "Somewhere in Germany."

Wil-HEL-m. One of our boys leaned up against the counter, lighted a cigarette, inhaled deeply, and remarked in a drawing voice: "They say the Kaiser's name is pronounced 'Wil-hel-m.' Yes, indeed, we will-HELL-'im."

Efficiency. The Scotchman's definition of efficiency is fairly accurate: "It's nae rememberin' so mooch; it's thinking ahead."

John's Way. Take John Burrough's advice and try to have a boy's heart below a man's head.

Open Season. The soldier hunts the Hun, When he's on duty; And when his work is done, He hunts the cootie.

Fifty-Seven Varieties. Dr. Hervey Wood says of different types in the English Army: "The Englishman loves his beer and his Bible; the Welshman prays on Sunday and preys on his neighbors during the week; the Scotchman keeps the Sabbath and everything he lay his hands on; the Irishman does not know what he wants and is never content until he gets it."

Our Rochester Honor-Roll. The casualty lists of late have carried the names of many Rochester boys. They have died that we might live.

How exciting it was when we sent them away! Down the street crashing bands announced the theme, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Cheers, increasing to a steady roar, heralded the coming of the troops and their escort.

From Armory to train surged on the steady brown tide, through living banks, where hearts pressed hearts closely into one great heart of Rochester, thrilled with the pulsing of its young blood.

What can be said in praise of these boys? Their passing speaks for them. They are our jewels. The rest of us talk; they have acted. They have DARED. God bless them, every one!

In a Mirror. The faults you see in the other fel-

low are nine times out of ten your own faults; otherwise you wouldn't recognize them.

Good Things Take Time. A wise man said: "The Lord takes a hundred years to make our oak, but only two months to make a squash."

Peter Preaches. If you like dogs, our hut must please you, because the place is fairly carpeted with dogs.

You can learn a great deal from a dog if you will observe his ways. They all have their faults, but, in common, they possess certain virtues which men lack. I have an airedale named Peter. He has never occupied a pulpit, so far as I know, and yet he is capable of preaching the best of sermons in his own peculiar doggish way. He reminds me of the young man who, on being examined for the ministry, was asked: "Under whose preaching were you converted?"

"No one's preaching," was the prompt answer. "I was converted under my mother's practicing." That is the way with Peter's preaching. He doesn't bark about it once a week for a slight consideration, but he just lives loyalty and love and happiness, and a kind of dumb ecstasy of good-fellowship and devotion all the time. When I go away, he raises his face to high heaven in wailing protest. He will leave his food any time to see me safely started on my journey. When I come back I am certain of that quick rush with its choking cry of welcome. The moods and conventions of society are unknown to Peter. The meannesses of men are not in his make-up. As the standing committee on hospitality he requires no admonition to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." He is always on the job. He continues to leap to my breast with cries of joy whenever I care to come, no matter what the world says of me, or what I have ever done, even to him. His love is changeless, frank, entire. He never explains, he never apologizes. He is never insincere.

A dog's constant sermon is EX-PRESSION. They teach you to keep your enthusiasms and dare to show them; frankly to tell your friends you love them while they live, and now wait to whisper eulogies in their dead ears; to be loyal without regard to consequences; to let love rule; to be trusting as a puppy; to run in circles for the sheer joy of being alive and running; and in all things to show the vigor and spontaneity of youth.

(Continued on Page 2)

Still Using "GAS" AT THE S. A. P. GARAGE

Sergeant Jack Miller says Beach is losing time at the S. A. P. He ought to be with the Intelligent Department of the Old Ladies Home.

Ask Chauffeur Macklin what he is worried about and hand shaking with Beach. There must be something that Mac wants Beach to do for him.

Chauffeur Joe Giarth wasn't fast enough to escape the flue. Now he has his meals served in bed. Speedy recovery, Joe.

Chauffeur Yourell is still at the Infant's Summer Hospital. Hurry up, Yourell, as we miss you.

The funny part of it all I heard Buck Private Beach bawling out Sergeant Jack Miller about stealing his girl. Go to it, Beach, Jack is deaf.

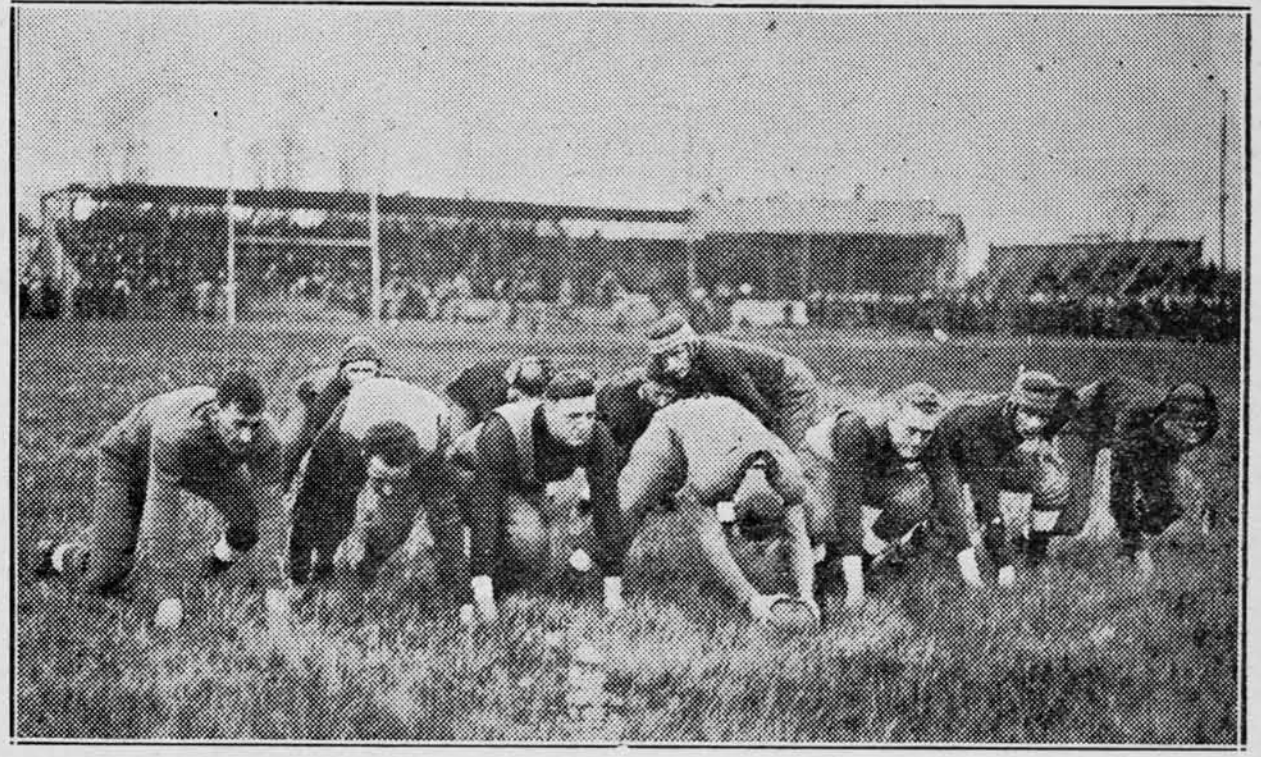
Wish Addison would hurry back from Charlotte. We have at least fifty religious fanatics ready to be converted and I can't do it alone being but newly saved myself.

Heard at the Hut—Sergeant Murphy walked by with his (M-P) band on his arm. A young lady asked—"Who is he in mourning for?" Someone said—"That means he is in mourning for More Power."

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

SOLDIER FOOTBALL TEAM WHICH MADE FINE SHOWING IN GAME WITH JEFFS ON SUNDAY



The football team of the soldiers at the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography (Kodak Park). Left to right in front line—MESSEGE, r. c.; STEEVER, r. t.; SPARLING, r. g.; WEISMAN, c.; DINGMAN, l. g.; SHILLER, l. t.; CLARK, l. e. Back line, left to right—AMULEXAN, r. h.; COMSTOCK, f. b.; NUGENT, l. h.; CASHION, q. b.

able comment. It is just the way of an American patriot who does not lament that he cannot serve in the khaki, but finds another way to serve those who can go to fight. He stated last night that a good many of the pies he had baked himself and, another bent over an elderly woman deal of credit is due to him. The Airscouts Jazz Band kept a lively lot of music going and enabled the happy party to add a bit of dancing to the "end of a perfect day." "Oh boy!" exclaimed one well-filled happy lad, "who wouldn't be a soldier when they treat you like this? Me for the army!" Another bent over an elderly woman and said: "See, ma, I told you it wasn't all tears and sorrow." The most touching part of it all came when Mr. Justice was cheered by the boys and his face lit up at their expression of appreciation in a way that told it was all that was needed to amply repay him for all he had done.

2nd COMPANY HAS APPLICANT FOR INSTRUCTIONSHIP

"Overdeveloped," alias "Yellow, Safe Light," is at it again. Sidney will certainly make a fine instructor.

Has anybody seen Irky or Nesbit lately? When Gold Bricks fall out, etc.

JEFFERSONS BATTLE HARD TO BEAT AIRSCOUTS BY 6 TO 0

Rochester football enthusiasts had their first glimpse of real football this fall, when a big crowd saw the Jeffersons vanquish the Soldier eleven from the U. S. School of Aerial Photography, 6 to 0 at Sheehan's field Sunday afternoon. Pep, fight and all of the gridiron game came back into vogue, and it was an appreciative crowd that urged on the efforts of the Reds and the Airscouts. The Soldiers had a big following.

The Jeffs assumed the offense for most of the first half and for a while showed the old Flying Red, by going right down for a score. The Airscout eleven, however, got the right stuff worked up and began to make traveling hard for the Reds. It was not until the game was more than half over, however, when the Soldiers began to do any real offensive work. The Jeffs played better football, with the soldiers supplying the fight and doggedness.

Summary: JEFFS. U. S. S. A. P. Dowe. Left End.

Heinlein	Schiller
Cahill	Dingman
Sullivan	Weisman
Ester	Sparling
Raithel	Strever
Frickey	Messegee
Lyons	Cashion
MacDonald	Nugent
Clark	Amaluxen
Witter	Comstock

Substitutions—For the Jeffs: L. Angevine for Clark; Clark for Heinlein; Hushard for Clark; Clark for Sullivan; Argus for Angevine. For the U. S. S. A. P.: Ahlgren for Strever; Suits for Nugent; Powell for Ahlgren.

Score by periods:
 Jeffs 6 0 0 0-6
 U. S. S. A. P. 0 0 0 0-0

Score—Jeffs, 6; U. S. S. A. P., 0; touch-down, Lyons. Referee, Lee Brown, Ithaca; umpire, Lieutenant Ray Brown, U. S. A. S. A. P.; head linesman, Caske, Jeffs; timers, Carson, Jeffs, and Smith, U. S. A. S. A. P. Time of quarters, 10 and 12 minutes.

"Daddy" Justice and His Family of Airscouts Do "Justice" to Big Spread of Hallowe'en "Eats"

Huge jugs of cider and miniature mountains of fried cakes and big brown pumpkin pies appeared and disappeared Saturday evening at the Y. M. C. A.-K of C. hut at Kodak Park. Bushels of yellow pears and red-cheeked apples decorated the interior of many a khaki-clad youth and fat brown cigars topped off the generous Hallowe'en spread that was enjoyed there while the rest of Rochester went partyless this fall. Witches may have sneaked about the hut and peered in at the windows,



ROBERT JUSTICE.

His enthusiastic barks mingled with the frequent shouts of "Yea Bo!" telling of some soldier anatomy being indiscreetly crammed with Hallowe'en goodies.

While the merriment increased and the party became more and more of a success, an elderly white haired man sat a little apart from all the fun and beamed upon the happiness displayed by his "boys." In his quiet way, seeking no notoriety and frowning upon any praise that is given him, he has adopted the whole school of airscouts, and each and every lad in khaki is as dear to him as if each were his own son.

The name of Robert Justice is the passport to an unusually good time at Kodak Park, and the boys have come to love this quiet, kindly old gentleman whose greatest pleasure is making his "boys" happy. They are all the family he has, and there is nothing too good for them. Many little stories of what he has done for them are just now becoming known. When the boys have been out for hikes, he has filled his wagon with bottles of "pop" and followed them until, hot and thirsty, they paused for a rest, whereupon their thoughtful benefactor provided each one with soft drinks with which to quench his thirst.

He has given them other parties, and is planning a dinner and dance for them somewhere in the near future. The god-father of the Kodak Park soldiers is not a man endowed heavily with earthly goods, but he is sharing all that he has with his beloved lads, and is bringing contentment and happiness to many a boy far from just such a father. He is not content to be partial to two or three, but must have them all to look after.

Will Remember "Daddy." It is quite certain that some day when the boys now in training are at a harder task "somewhere in France," there will be many who will wish for the simple smile and big-heartedness of one "Daddy" Justice, who tries to do his good deeds and slip away unobserved, and who shrinks from any laud-

but they were totally unobserved, and it is pretty certain that the ever-present Rex took care of any black cats that prowled about the neighborhood.

THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

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10



THANK YOU!

Last week we made mention in this column of the need of "early copy." This week we got it, and credit is due all contributors to The Snapshot.

By getting copy in early—by Saturday noon at the latest—assurance is given that the article will appear in the following issue of the paper. Then there is room at the last minute to write something about late happenings at the S. A. P.

Every week the usual line of correspondents' notes from various units, such as dormitories, companies, garage, "Y"-K. C. Hut similar bodies of Airscouts, should be in the contribution boxes, either at the Postoffice or Hut, by Saturday noon.

Trips for copy are made every Thursday and Saturday, and on Monday the stragglers are attended to. Get YOUR copy in early EVERY week!

"OVER THE COUNTER"

(Continued from Page 1)

Three Cheers for Elroy!

My Y. M. C. A. hat is off to K. of C. Secretary Elroy Miller. Yea-Bo! As an announcer, a dancer and singer, an actor, a motion picture manager, and a genuine hustler in every way. Roy Miller should have rows of medals across his manly breast. The roaring chorus that greets him from our gang when he appears on the platform at night to announce events shows his heart rating. He deserves all the applause he gets because he delivers the goods on every occasion. The secret of his popularity lies in the fact that he is a real man, kind-hearted, sympathetic, unselfish, and every-ready to serve a friend. YEA-BO!

The World-Beater.

Who is the best trap-drummer in the world? HAROLD WILKINS!

Robert Justice.

Elsewhere in this issue is an account of the Halloween party given by Robert Justice. It is a deserved tribute to a good man.

There is a spiritual significance in these acts of kindness which Mr. Justice has done for our boys which is greater than the material comforts he has furnished so often. Out of the kindness of his heart he has given himself with his gifts. He exemplifies the truth that it is not what we give but what we share that counts, for "the gift without the giver is bare."

Robert Justice is a gentle, modest, unassuming, self-effacing man. He loves to make others happy. When he comes to serve our men, again knight-hood is in flower. We salute his soul of courtesy.

"How sweet and gracious, even in common speech. Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!"

Wholesome as air and genial as the light, Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers, It transmutes aliens into trusting friends, And gives its owner passport 'round the globe."

Professor John Miller.

Sergeant John Miller is thinking of organizing a young ladies' seminary after the war is over. Candidates for the faculty are now being considered. Only those with a high batting average need apply. Further details will be announced later. If you think you can qualify, tell it to Jack.

Perhaps We'll Have a Crocheter 'Midst Our Band!

Wonder who is teaching Lettieri the art of crocheting. He is doing so well that he thinks he will soon be able to challenge any girl in Rochester.

Private Storer (Sister Theresa) will, next week, give a lecture on how to polish your fingernails with shoe polish. All are invited.

Private Lawrence (Sister Eva) has the \$1,000 smile. But look at his face when he tries to blow the cornet! Oh, Pumpkins!

Did you notice Newberry with the eye glasses on Friday evening at the hut? Don't he look graceful with them on?

Did you ever hear of such gallantry? The Band volunteered to shovel forty tons of coal at the hospital. Some kind lady asked how many liked cake. They all forgot they were shovelling coal for awhile. "Can you imagine that?"

TEXAS CYCLONE HITS DORM. 17

On the whole this is some dorm but just now it has the appearance of the after effect of a Texas cyclone. The flue sure has done its bit and quite a bit at that.

Larkin has a chalk mark about his cot and makes sure he does not sweep over it.

Hess' only kick is that he sleeps too close to "Fatty" Brown while Machon is six bunks from the other three Musketeers which is away too far for that bunch.

Preble's Indians have not been on the war path for sometime. What is in the wind, chief?

Who is room sergena for to-morrow? We have had about six in the last week.

Higgins has the appearance of that guy Rumer but it is a straight stem. Credit to you, Jack.

The only thing we lack is an alarm clock for Machon as the bugle has no effect whatever.

Echoes from Homney Hess' bunk—"Shut that doah."

We also have in our midst Buck Private Mains, direct from the Lynn Marshes. Where is that town, Fred?

We have two genuine goldbricks wished on us but we were greatly surprised the other day when they both blossomed out in fatigue clothes.

The Band has its trouble also.

By the way, "Fatty" Brown has only had four new cots. What seems to be the trouble, Robert?

When it comes to guard duty, we will say that Higgins is there. Ask the 3rd Company.

We also have Flagley, the "bunk" artist. Monday he did fatigue for having a dirty bunk and on Tuesday the Lieutenant told us all to fix ours like his. It was a good lesson, old boy.

French Classes Organized.

Two evening classes in conversational French have been organized running from seven to eight o'clock and eight to nine, every night. A few more men could be received if immediate application is made. Register at the counter.

Cy's Suit.

"Fine feather's make fine birds." Or, as Henry Ward Beecher said: "Clothes do not make the man but they make more of a man." K. of C. Secretary Cyril J. Statt was a smooth lad in citizen's clothes, but since the new uniform has come, Oh, Boy! Rumor says Hickey-Freeman Clothing Company, the makers, will use Cy's picture for winter advertising. We can easily believe it. Also we may as well confess that this paragraph is inspired by jealousy, and was thought out while we were holding Cy's horse, the daily job of the humble Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

THE TABLE TOP YODOCK

The Man with the Dimples in His Hat.

All the way to Princeton and back because he prefers to be an Instructor at the U. S. A. S. A. P., than to be an Aviator.

Can you imagine a man with red blood, an American, pass up a commission, a chance to become a Pilot, to become an Instructor back here? Some say it is a woman, some say "Lemon Pie" whatever it is, it's beyond all understanding and he could have been a Captain in the Infantry if he had stayed. He says so himself, so it must be true.

Come around any day at any time and he will tell you the story of his Army life and (in) experience. We believe he is related to the calves Papa. Oh! if the squirrels could only catch him alone.

He is waiting now for his commission and yet they send all the way to India for Ivory.

A Long Suffering Listener.

GUARD MOUNT SENDS NEWS

Did Murray shoot his last two bits, or was it keys in his pocket?

Jimmie sure can make 'em face up. Siems quit while he was ripe.

Too bad for Walters; his hands got damp.

The only thing Murray can pick up is the bones. Ab-so-lute-ly.

Miller still believes that the old whisk broom will return to the fold.

Vayola is the best li'l molder we have got.

Scrap Iron (with the impossible name) has been bitten by the hook worm. He gets tired drawing his breath.

Where did Kahabka go Friday afternoon with Lizzie Miller?

We mourn the loss of Guards Rosie, Mac and Ingham. They've gone to Kentucky to work.

Did you ever see the li'l Lovey back home? Ask the Verris Twins to show you the family album.

Gussie Anderson is some photographer. At taking pictures he'd make a good truck driver.

Who comes from New Jersey? Nuff sed!

Stinchcomb is very noisy—keeps bad hours.

Discovered—Miller's brush. Ask Kahabka for details.

Certain fellas have a new girl every night. Brown knows.

Who ever heard of Haddam on the Conn? Ask the boy by the door.

Why did O'Neil change his bunk? Did the dust from Miller's brush get him?

We know why Murray changed. He didn't like the rapid fire of the gate.

But he sure has a dizzy neighbor on the left now.

Wonder what Mauseth is taking for his system now. Ask O'Neil. He may have had a sample.

Jester can rattle the cubes some, but he makes a better street banker.

Comrade, it's your move. Hit sure his.

Sergeant of the Guard Siems. Nuff sed!

Jimmie takes the whole family out now.

If you want to see red hair blaze, just walk in the light of Meester Harrison's retouching box when he's in the hole.

Walters and his neighbor, Sergeant Gibanee, are the silent watchers of the mess route. "Show your pass!" "How long you had it?" "Two months." "Must be good."

Ginsberg, the guy who turns on the sun.

There are two other new guards in our midst, but very quiet. We'll get th neames later.

They Tell Me—

The Commander of the Guard to the Sergeant of the same:

"The Guards have got to work more or you'll be to blame."

They got to rise at 5.30.

Clean up everything that's dirty; See to it now; everything must work right.

I'm Commander of the Guard, Sergeant Halpike."

The Sergeant of the Guard to the Commander of the same:

"The Guards' work to me is quite plain."

I must make 'em sweep and mop.

Then change a janitor to a cop; Everything must run like peaches and cream.

I'm the Sergeant of the Guard—Siems."

We mourn the loss of Guards—

Wydrzynski

Siems

O'Neil

Walters

Kahabka.

They've gone to work in Chicago.

JOTTINGS FROM DORMITORY EIGHT

* Van Arsdale just flashed in from the hospital on his way to East Orange, N. J., on a two weeks flyer. Glad to see you back, Van, and there is room left for your bunk.

Prongay is back again as sassy as ever, and as we need Privates on Saturday and Wednesday mornings—good boy—"Parley Voo, Prongay."

Sergeant George Sladick, with his quiet little smile, also is on the list. Same old George, in the same old way.

We miss the Jazz leader, also a favorite expression of his. I don't know how the Formula Department can do without him—we can.

We also miss the rattling of the clogs. Hurry back, Sergeant Slat.

Many inquiries on the phone call for Muchie. Oh, Juliet, where art thou? Romeo is plining.

Every morning—"Come on, Maz. Going to sleep all day?"

Six A. M.—any day—"Wake up, Carp. Come and get sprayed."

Usual reply—"Nothing doing, I always go down later."

DORM. 5 IS WITH US AGAIN

Long doesn't drill or march in any of the formations any more, says he has "Nitral Stenosis." A strange name to call that thing under his nose. And we can't decide whether the N. S. makes his voice hoarse or whether "the growth" is the cause of the hoarseness.

Brother Ex-Drummer Ames is back—resigned from the Medical Corps. Glad to have you back, Paul.

Stracke, late of Baker Field, is with us, too. Trust you'll like the treatment mited out to you and stay.

Habens is back from a furlough; looks fine and evidently feels so, too. He denies that he is married; therefore, we wonder why he called for help two or three times during the night and on a Saturday night, too. Dreaming about anyone in particular?

From what we have seen as an instructor in "Military Science," Hyer should make a good Hod Carrier.

What do you mean Sparling, "in executing squads right remember one man faces to the left in marching?"

Johnson is still nervous for fear friend wife may get hold of a "Snapshot." Really, fellows, you shouldn't have mailed that last one to her—the one that mentioned the two brunettes.

Doc Sparling is now playing football. When Mazdon heard that he decided there was still hopes for him. However, that's neither here nor there; the point is that Sparling needs a maid to help him lace his suit up. He says he used to wear it eight years ago and it looked as though he had gained about a hundred pounds since. In fact, it fits him about like an orange skin would fit a pumpkin. But to compensate for that he wears a wonderful pair of red socks. Some class!

Now that Ames and Meyers are back we are enjoying the usual morning indoor sport of trying to wake them up. This is rather a long process. It almost seems as if they went to bed and died during the night and we have to resurrect them in the morning.

Sorenson awoke the other morning with a foot so sore that he could not walk on it. Someone unkindly suggested that every time he opened his mouth he put his foot in it and that possibly this had occurred during the night and then thought Assly shut his mouth.

Every time Barkowitz talks he sprays us with 2633x39 germs. Looks like an army serial number, doesn't it?

We are all glad that Hancock and not one of us picked Bradley for a friend for when ever there is any slicking up to be done in the dorm, Hancock has to do it.

Freher put up his usual kick when he was made room orderly.

Signs of spring—Inst. Bradley has received the seed catalogue he sent for last week.

Inst. Fulton made quite a record the other night by holding his breath for five minutes. Was she red-headed? "Timekeeper" Freher will vouch for the above mentioned record.

Doc Ames is back with us again. Doc, as you remember, has but two bad habits; one is a constant desire to lose himself in a couple of blankets and slumber, and the other is—oh, why pick on him?

Inst. Johnson has consumed four novels in the last two days. (Local item.)

Anybody expecting a warrant (for arrest or otherwise) may procure some stripes quite reasonable by applying to Dorm 5. Also trench leggings.

Deacon Addison of Dewberry Corners has returned to the institute after a few weeks sickness. We look forward to Sister Keyes making a few visits soon to discuss the problem of compiling a pocket compendium of "church-parlor tricks."

Cheer Leader Lang is conducting extensive experiments on that cute little thing on his upper lip these days. He has used vaseline, cold cream, gasoline, castor oil, nux vomica, eau-de-cologne and, lastly, hair tonic, but none seems to suit his purpose, he says. We wonder why Johnson is drinking so much coffee these days. If we thought Lang was responsible, we would remove him from the table.

HAIL TO THE NEW MEMBER OF COMPANY THREE

Hail to our new member, "Density" Thomlinson. We have it on good authority that "density" is to start a class in advanced Gold Brick-ing, and he is well fitted for the work. Ask any member of the old First Company.

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REGENT

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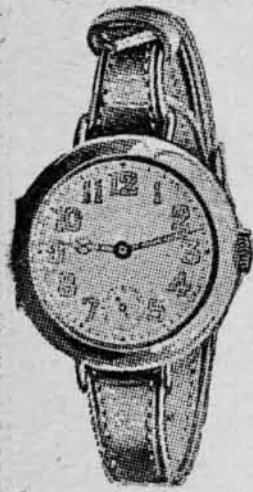
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For the Soldier Boy
 HERE AND OVER THERE

Just a few suggestions that may interest you:
 Gem Razor with 7 blades in military khaki case. The soldiers special at.....\$1.25
 Special Cigarette Rubberoid Khaki Case, holding 30 cigarettes; specially constructed for the soldier and sailor.....50c, 75c and \$1.00
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 Military Watches\$10 to \$25
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Out of Focus!

REMEMBER WHEN.

Chapter XI.

We stood Reveille and Retreat while the flag was hauled up and down on the flagpole on the grandstand?

The old 4th Co. erected the present flagpole?

The instructors did About Face and stood Reveille somewhere behind the grandstand?

The instructors company was reported by the corporals and there was no roll call?

A certain sergeant lost the instructors company because he commanded "Halt" in place of "March"?

Sergeant Vibelious, after lecture in "Y"—"Second Co. fall in out that door."

CAN YOU IMAGINE.

Chapter VI.

Brown taking two bowls of "homney" at mess?

Harvey enjoying a joke?

Rosentangle out of a pool game?

Mazdon without a special?

Roy Miller imitating a stew?

A day not without rain?

Douglass 5-ft. 3'?

A twenty-five cent hair cut?

Bowes as an entertainer?

Women hysterical over Bowes?

Yourell back on a cycle?

Life at Baker Field?

Murph without his name in the S. S.?

Carpenter singing "They go wild simply wild over me"?

Medics without salts and pepper?

Isham not carrying his shotgun?

Christianson doing M. P. in a parlor?

Germany allowing us birds to go on home?

U. S. A. S. A. P. without the 2nd Co.?

How pleased Cornell will be with Vibelious' soldiers?

Rex is rehearsing with the band and gets good harmony with same. Keep it up, Rex, you'll be the leader soon.

Higgins wrote to some friends and told them he was in the "Army." How does he get that way?

How we will miss Neil Clarke's lyric tenor cannot be expressed in words. But good luck, Neil, come back and see us some time when you get the "commish." P. S.—Beware of (wild women).

War Time Toasts.

Here's to General Pershing, American, true blue, who will show the Kaiser what the Yanke-Doodles can do!

Here's to the Yankee boys in Alsace-Lorraine, who will give pepper-sauce to the Hungarian!

Here's to the sailorboys in blue, who are fighting for the Red, White and Blue!

Here's to the boys in brown, who will turn Germany upside down! Charles Saffron.

We didn't think it was in you, Lang! Where'd you get the cheer leader stuff? Good work! Let's have more of it. We didn't feel much like yelling after the second half Saturday, but we did the best we could.

REGARDING C. I. OSHAM

C. I. Isam stepped up about eighteen rounds of the ladder this week, and, consequently, draws \$14 more monthly.

The past few months he has been acting provost sergeant and, due to his conscientious go-after-em, speed-em-up ability, received his warrant this week.

Sergeant Isham comes from Chi and was connected with a museum in civilian life as an animal tamer. "Now, Rex, Lay down!"

Isham has trained several species of the canine family, but Rex seems to be his standby.

Now, Sergeant, let's clean them up. Fatigue is so interesting.

Oh! Buddy, were you at the hut Saturday evening, when our new K. of C. Secretary, Cy Statt, knocked out the "Y" man with his new uniform? We think Cy will have some new stunts to pull off.

Nurse Wade is the champion of the Infant Home. Where do you get that noise, Wade?

Private Billman is now doing K. P. What did you try to do, Viv, blow up the Infants' Home?

"The Four Musketeers"—Brown, Machon, Hess and Higgins. Nuff Sed.

From Sergeant Jack's Letter.

From Patsy Riley
 Best Show in Town
 Casino Theater
 Boston, Mass.

Ethel, your daughter!

For Jack from Patsy x x x x

Even in Jack don't love me, give him these five kisses for me.

Ethel.

X x x x x—for Jack from me.

Ethel.

O o o x x x Hugs and kisses from Patsy.

X x x x x x x x x x

The above are taken from actual evidence in the hands of The Snapshot Editor. That they prove the popularity of the Flu King is certain.

The apples on reserve at the hut will ever be right to eat?

Have you ever noticed how the butter disappears after Chandler visits the kitchen? Guess butter and bread is a Boston style.

Safford likes to get up in the morning but not at 11 p. m., to change his bed. What's the matter, Buddie, don't you know the army regulations yet?

Say, boys, have you seen the night caps worn by Messrs. Freas and Gifford while on duty as nurses? Some caps, but of no practical value for indoor use.

As a poser for pictures, Corporal Christman cannot be excelled. In his uniform he cuts some figure.

Corporal La Fleur is absent every evening. Where does he go, Carlsen?

Wanted—A young buck private capable of keeping Marie's hands warm at the box party. Apply in own hand writing, stating past experience. For further particulars apply to Ford. Several other men, among them being Private Cote, failed to make good. The only expert at the party was Geritson.

Spell Gold Brick, Larson.

Southard (Sitting Bull) is now on his way to his commission of Major General. He has been appointed third cook at the Infants' Home. Has also been appointed acting corporal of Ninth Squad since Stermer has been received at the Infants' Hospital.

"Gold Brick" Olson is still upholding the dignity of his nickname, this time by accepting the appointment of the head of the Supply Department.

Papazian is now Gold Bricking on the dish washing job. That so, Harry?

"Swede" Larson seriously disturbs the slumbers of the night nurses by his foghorn voice. Inasmuch as the foghorns on the lake boats keep everybody awake all night, and Larson does the same by day, the nurses would like to know how long the punishment must last.



Airscout's Who's Who!



INSTRUCTOR R. E. SUITS is one of the young "old men" who journeyed up from Langley Field to help put the Rochester School of Aerial Photography on its feet. Most of the old crowd who slept in the immortal Red Barn at Langley are spread all over the globe.

Where Suits expects to land we can hardly surmise but will not be surprised if it is Siberia—with the rebellious spirits. It has not been considered a disgrace to have served in that wild country for many great minds have been sent into oblivion there. Having been on his way to France for so long, Suits has given up hope of ever getting there, and the beautiful anticipations have dissolved into a dream.

"R. E." is not quite six feet (not by a long ways) but he has a big smile and cute too (so the ladies say) and Suits knows how to take advantage of a good thing. Perhaps the fact that he was brought up in the Hoosier State in Indianapolis (a beautiful city) has something to do with his kindly demeanor.

We would miss Suits' lively smile greatly so that is why he is kept here, for a cheerful look is as good as a meal sometimes. Hope he wears more than that before the war is over.

NOTES FROM THE "QUESTION MISTER"

The backbone of the army is the Q. M. and the mess hall, and little has been said of our Q. M. It is located in a far remote corner and operated by the most agreeable men in the outfit. The questions asked them are typical of an information bureau, but the answers are more like an excited traffic cop.

Q. M. Sergeant Hilliard having a post graduate degree of eighteen falls behind his service record is the man who keeps things moving. He's gentle, always ready to accommodate one, never makes a mistake on sizes and is the exact man for the position. His assistant, G. M. Boyle, the stenographer with a bull dog appearance, can outfit a man with the greatest amount of speed regardless of the fit of any man in the army. Shoes look alike to him and one is lucky to get within three sizes of correctness. Don't suppose you have ever noticed his outfit, have you? Shows careful choice in sampling and extra care in correct style. We often wonder—how he gets by with that stuff.

John Sagan, clerk of the department and the boy with the smile, is a direct descendent from Poland, and his ambition is to see that we are dressed properly and we wonder if the clothes he hands us are to wear or to keep for souvenirs.

Kieth, Forbush and McGowan spend most of their time either looking for their pencil or something to do. Office boys are always a necessity.

Rubber Goods

United States Rubber Company, Rochester Branch

24

Exchange St.

Good Neckwear For 50c

is not an easy thing to find anywhere. Mighty few stores that will give you to-day what your 50 cents used to get for you.

But We Are Doing It

Come in and see the splendid scarfs we are offering for half a dollar. Good now—good for Christmas.

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Everything for the Soldier

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Save 25 to 50 per cent on uniforms and equipment by purchasing direct from manufacturer.

SOL T. NEVINS & CO., INC.

NEW SHOP AT NEWPORT NEWS.

1664 Lake Avenue

Headquarters and factory at Ithaca, N. Y.



You Men With Soldier Friends In Other Camps Will Be Glad To Know

—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men.

You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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LOWEST PRICE
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Special Prices to Airscouts
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Wrist Watches, \$4.50 Up

Do You Wear Glasses?
Have you an extra pair in case of accident? Victory may hinge on your perfect eyesight.

Special attention given Uncle Sam's boys.

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Every arrangement for making your money available in England or France has been completed. Apply
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Main Street East and Stone Street

H. P. BREWSTER CO.
Wholesale Tobacconists and Importers of Cigars
77 AND 79 EAST MAIN STREET

FEW AIRSCOUTS AT BAKER FIELD

Airscouts are as scarce on the farm as the proverbial needle in the haystack.

Snap into it, you Y. M. C. A.-K. C. birds, and don't forget the boys on the farm.

Our friend, Sergeant Howard, is sojourning in South Norwalk for a week. "Rain, rain, go away, come again some other day."

"Doc" Stewart's headquarters is the favorite hangout for the Gold bricks. After Retreat, the boys get busy playing checkers and old maid.

Lindeman and Benedict, who have been starring with the Broadway show entitled "Why Girls Leave Home," have returned for a well earned rest. Lindy was the reason and Ben demonstrates why they returned.

For rent—A perfectly good cot and blankets, rarely used. Inquire Bill Fisher.

George Venetis says if you don't like this country go back to the old country.

Markowitz claims he was thrown out of better saloons than the rest of the boys. He is willing to wager his month's pay on it. Hold on to your \$1.30 Mark, Rose may need it.

Bevenue says when he goes out for a good time he don't care if he breaks a dime.

Venetis went to see "Doc" Stewart for a back sore.

Dusey walks around as if he had lost his last friend. It must be due to losing his cane. How we did envy that highly polished cane of yours, Dusey, hope you find it.

Grant and Hoke are in a class by themselves. Grant, at least, sleeps in the Lorry.

Alderman had to cancel a perfectly good date with his girl last Sunday afternoon when no more passes were issued.

Bevenue asked me to write that he has stayed in since the quarantine went into effect.

From the speed our wood sergeant Heffer is working he will have enough wood cut for all winter by next week. Carr, our horse artist, leaves the cap on the water wagon open when it rains so he will save a trip.

Sergeant Major Irwin, thanks for the pass. Come again. I see you like Pie.

It's a great life on the farm when it rains, and I know that we get more than our share.

I always knew Shultz needed a nurse. Has she got a friend, Shultz? I'll bet you don't send this notice to your queen in Buffalo.

"Mile a Minute" Kearns was caught staying in one night last week.

All jazz lovers should visit the motorcycle fiends' tent for their favorite amusement.

"Gold Brick" Mairi was observed shaving last week. Frank says he shaves every month whether he needs it or not.

I've got my opinion of a cook who can't boil water without burning it. I don't mean you, Markowitz.

Boys, allow me to introduce Potato Sergeant Parmelle.

Do you remember these golden old days When

We could leave without a pass? We didn't have to answer Reveille? We used to have ice cream three times a week?

We didn't need a fire in our tent? It didn't rain so much?

We did guard duty once a week? We had over three hundred on the farm?

We had good chow to eat?

Bevenue says there are two good cooks on the farm and he's both of them.

Emory lost out on a meal and went hungry because he failed to bring his note.

Airscouts in Programme of 57 Varieties

On Wednesday evening, October 30th, the "Y" opened up with a corking good program proving that the boys have some class. This isn't the first real time we have had as never a minute goes by that the secretaries are not doing something for us. They provide movies while we are in quarantine, answer two thousand and seventy-six 'phone calls daily, mail our letters and packages, scrape up books, magazines, pool table, piano and everything.

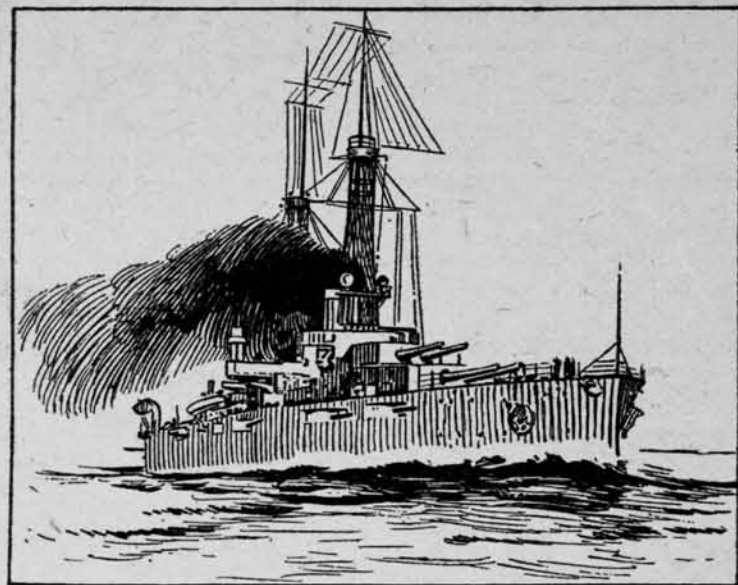
Roy Miller, K. of C. secretary, concocted a programme in ten minutes composed of the following:

Song—"I'm Sorry, Dear."
Private Hicks, former Cabaret artist and comedian.

Violin Solo—"Swans Down."—Bulsherieke
Private McCarthy.

Saxophone Solo—"Corn Beef and Oysters."
Private Day, the Jazz Boy.

Solo—"Just a Dream."—Inst. Mazdon



MUCH as pictures from home mean to you now, they will mean even more when you are
OVER IN FRANCE

Tell The Home Folks That
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RESTAURANT A LA CARTE—OPEN 6 A. M. TO 1 A. M. Orchestra 6 to 8 P. M. AFFABILITY and COURTESY of Employees a Feature.

HOTEL ROCHESTER

Rochester, N. Y.

MILTON ROBLEE, Mgr.

Special Rates to the Army and Navy Boys

Side Splitter and Lining Joker. Private Bowes.
Fiddle Solo—Private Clark, Oklahoma's oil can, assisted by Vehellus the pianist.
Finale—Hungarian Rhapsody. Drummist—Private Cashion. Fiddler—Private Wischoski. Blow Pipe—Private Day. (Lord knows what)—Private Beach. Ex actor and world beater in monologue—Sec'y Roy Miller.

The star of the eve was Private Bowes whose fifteen minutes of jokes caused one convulsion, six riots, twenty-three cases of heart burn and worlds of popularity. As an entertainer, he's a fish merchant. We are planning several more of the numbers. Watch for the announcements.

Ouch!

"Don't you think that my daughter plays the player-piano with feeling and expression?" asked Mrs. Matchmaker.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Bachelor. "I notice that she throws her whole sole into the music. . . ."

Our Daily Special.

Men Are Mistars, And Women Are Mysterles.

Must Improve.

Germany must improve her manners before she can sit with good mannered nations at the peace table.



THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. I NO. 24 ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 13, 1918. FREE TO SOLDIERS

Y. M. "Over the Counter" K. of C. With the Secretaries C.

Oh, yes, we all marched in the peace parade last week Thursday. It is not necessary to keep a bee to get stung! However, how about Monday, November 11?

Football Remnants.
"Why are all the girls so crazy over those battered-up football players?"
"I suppose it is because of the inmate feminine love of remnants."

The War and Faith.
When the war started there were many folk who said Christianity was dead. The end has proved the truth of Scripture: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The Kaiser chose the crop when he chose the seed.

In the collapse of Germany the prophecy has been fulfilled: "God will scatter the peoples who delight in war." The gospel message remains pure and undefiled. Carlyle said: "When the oak tree is felled, the whole forest echoes with it; but a hundred acorns are planted silently by some unnoticed breeze. Battles and war tumults, which for the time din every ear, and with joy or terror intoxicate every heart, pass away like tavern brawls." The laws of God are written on the tablets of eternity. Christ lives and love will yet rule in the hearts of men.

Ancestry and Morals.
When he was president of the University of Rochester, Dr. David Jayne Hill once said to the senior class: "Your lineage may be the most distinguished. You may find the missing link, you may trace your ancestry way back to a monocellular being in some pool of slime, and you may have your pedigree framed and hung on your parlor wall, but this does not make it right for you to tell a lie, or do a dishonorable act."

With the Draft Board.
"Why have you signed your questionnaire P. P. P. Peter J. J. Jones?"
"Because that is my name. The minister who christened me stuttered."

Like Burs on a Dog.
Cultivate vices when you are young and when you are old they will not forsake you. They stick.

Courage.
Over and again this war has demonstrated in countless individual cases that courage does not consist in the

absence of fear, but in the subjugation of fear.

Weather Strip.
Roy Miller tells the story of the Western man who named his baby "Weather Strip," because the kid kept the draft away from dad.

A Good Suggestion.
A wise old owl lived in an oak, The more he heard the less he spoke, The less he spoke the more he heard. Why not be like this wise old bird?

Time Hanging Heavy.
"Time hangs heavy on his hands all right."
"How is that?"
"He wears an Ingersoll wrist watch."

At the Dirty Spoon.
"Do you call this steak fit for a Christian to eat?"
"We ain't providin' for de religion of our customers, sir!" said the waiter.

Take Inventory.
In the American Army have you been a liability or an asset?

The Surprised Burglar.
"Did youse git anything?" whispered the burglar on guard as his pal emerged from the window of the barracks.

"Naw, de blokes wot lives in here is all soldiers," replied the other in disgust.
"Dat's hard luck; did youse lose anything?"

It Don't Pay.
A hundred years of worry will not pay a cent of debt.

Let Me Think!
"Well," said the absent-minded Kaiser as he slipped off his crown and scratched his head, "What on earth did I start this war for anyway?"

The Traps Again.
"I hear that Jerry is learning to play the traps."
"Does he play the traps?"
"From the noise, I supposed he tortured them."

The Future.
"Were half the power that fills the world with terror, Were half the wealth bestowed on camp and courts, Given to redeem the human mind from error, There were no need of arsenals nor forts."

WE'RE SURE PROUD OF DORM. 5!

Well, it looks as if Dorm. 5 started something! Notice how the others fell in line? Gee! but I bet the Editor is proud of us! Some day we are going to give the Editor a picture of "us" for the "A. S. S. S."

As soon as Instructor Fulton noticed his press agent had "written him up" again in the Snapshot, he passed around some smokes (election cigars). No, it wasn't for the writeup. NO—he was afraid Friend Wife might mysteriously receive a copy of the paper. You know when it mentions him in a breath-holding contest with a _____, but "when good fellows, etc."

Flyer Hyer has a new way of attracting 'em. He says it works like magic. You get it at the Toilet Goods Department for three plasters a dram. Phew!

Well, talk about a regular camp, fellows! What do you think of a place where a fellow can play gold in his leisure moments? Oh, this army life is great stuff. Ask Stracke. Where'd you get the stick, buddy?

We're all white men, Addison. We like candy.

Meyer's soul (sole) burned up 't'other night when he accidentally stepped on a hot steam pipe. Those were harsh words, brother.

How proud we are of our rising Drill Instructors, Barkowitz, Hyer, Ames and Karger! But the trouble is they start to rise too early. Can't we have a little less noise, so the rest of us can sleep, although we realize how you must envy us. Oh, for the life of a D. I.

BAKER FARM SENDS NEWS OF INTEREST TO ALL

When Ruth gets married, she won't have to do the cooking. Why? We are the cooks.

Fisher said cinnamon is good in ice cream.

How does Markowitz get that nice girl that we saw him with last week? I have seen some good bartenders, but we've got one that has them all beat.

I like New Haven very much, but Rochester for mine.

Picture yourself in a nice, up-to-date flat with Ruth—I mean you, Abe. Don't wait until after the war. Ruth can fall in at the head of the mess line three times a day at Baker Field.

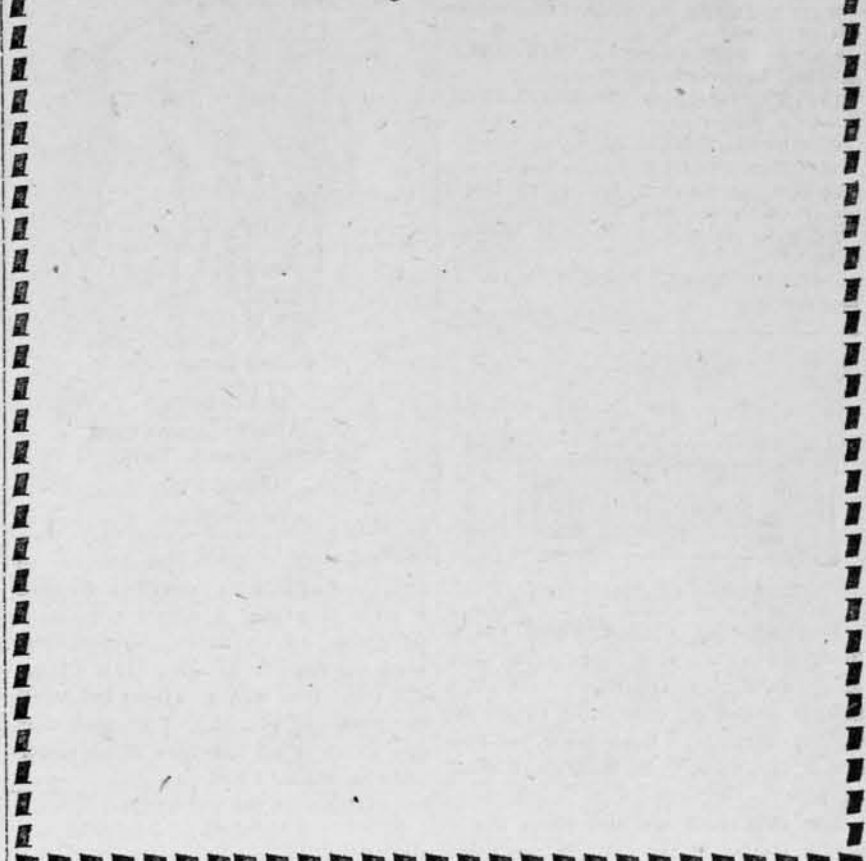
I won't mention Ruth's name again in this issue.

It Happened in Dorm. 5, as Usual

Yup, it was kinda late, fellers, when We crept in Tuesday night. It was 'lection Night and no more Restriction For the Flu. Five of us ambled Up the stairs And into the Dorm. together. There Were a few in bed, But most of them were out Somewhere else. I guess Sparling Just got in because he was Standing beside his bunk. I yelled A whisper to him, but he didn't answer Me—so did Freher and Karger, But still he said Nothing. We thought probably he didn't

Want to say Anything for fear he might Wake up somebody, so we forgot About it and undressed ourselves and Turned in. Soon We were Asleep, but somehow or other I Didn't sleep sound. I kept thinking Of Sparling standing up there Beside his bunk. I sat up and Looked toward his cot and peered Through the darkness. Yup, he was still there. He had One hand on His leather grip and the Other on his Barracks Bag. This was As close as I could make out in The dark. I was worried. I thought perhaps, he had a "Jag" on and fell asleep standing Up. Something seemed to prevent Me from going over. About three A. M. I Fell Asleep. The first thing I knew, I was Sitting up in Bed, rubbing my eyes. It was Reveille. I looked over and

The Weekly Letter Home



Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

SENECAS BEAT AIRSCOUTS IN CLOSE BATTLE BY 6-0 SCORE

Once more the Airscouts as the soldiers from the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park are known, played a sterling game of football when they met the B. and L. Senecas Sunday afternoon at Busch Field, and once more they lost by a score of 6 to 0. The scoring was made in the first quarter, and after that the ball seasawed back and forth on the field, with either team having any decided advantage over the other.

The Airscouts lost one beautiful chance to score when they fumbled on the three-yard line, and another time one of the soldiers failed to notice that the ball was on-side and waited for an opponent to touch it, when he could have grabbed it up and made a touchdown through an entirely clear field. One more chance the Soldiers lost was on a forward pass. Messegue was entirely free and uncovered, but Suits threw it directly over the scrimmage line and the ball was lost.

The following is the summary of Sunday's game:

B. & L. SENECAS.	U. S. A.-S. A. P.
Pearce, Dow	Left end.
Meehan, Stock	Left tackle.
Drasch, Brink	Left guard.
Whitman, Golden	Center.
Schriner, Lozer	Right guard.
Kasper, Kirchner	Right tackle.
C. Kirchner	Quarter back.
Pillow, Rowe	Right half-back.
Schnarr, Klein	Right half-back.
Haag, Scofield	Full-back.
Martin	Suits

Score—Senecas 6; Airscouts 0. Touchdown, Haag; time of quarters, 15 minutes; referee, Lieu. Brown; umpire, Berlove; linesmen, Schuler and Cox; time-keeper, Whitman and Mahaffey.

There was Sparling still standing There. I jumped up and pulled On the light and then it was Easy for me to See that it Wasn't Sparling at all. Honest, I never saw such

Guys in all my Life. The birds in the Dorm got Together and stuffed Sparling's Football togs and with the aid of Every loose article in the Dorm Made a dummy and called in Sparling. Gosh-darn their hides, anyway!

Exposures of Dormitory 6

Why does Sergeant Keyes call out the names of a select few each morning? Maybe he is afraid that we may get up and steal out before 7 o'clock.

Someone played a prank causing one of our students about 200 CC of embarrassment. On Dormitory 6 a sign hangs reading, INSTRUCTORS (on the top line) Q M (on the bottom line); this, someone reversed the lower line thus reading M Q. So one morning a rather timid etheral photographer stole up to Dormitory 6 door and amid the impressive sound of sweeping brooms a knock was heard. To make a long story short, it seemed that the student had just begun his week of development instruction and no doubt the day before had inhaled the lecture about the terrors of Pyro A and M Q, some think not being entirely clear in his mind about M Q he ventured to the lair of M Q INSTRUCTORS to be set right. HE WAS.

Wensley has been acting professional palbearer (not a new army rank). Maybe he likes the job or it may be just possible that he goes for the ride.

Thors was all comfy one morning and in walked Lieutenant Devine, whose duty it is to beg the instructors to get out of bed so as not to be late for breakfast. Thors left his bunk as though the floor had suddenly dropped. He was heard to remark that nothing encouraged wakefulness so much as the presence of a lieutenant. His eyes actually snapped back wide open.

We are honored with the presence of the newly appointed H. M. I. Strauss. Sleeping in file are members of his staff, Camp, Weldon, Thors, Sergeant Keyes and, last but not least, Hirschberg, who seems to be under the impression that the position of right guide is between the front and rear rank in "Squads right about." We saw you!!!

Gasoline Hound Nugent's favorite morning duty is to poke that rusty

head of his out from under the blankets and "request" all the other Q M's to arise. Then back under the covers he goes until higher authority dickers with him to "roll out."

The height of optimism was demonstrated when Military Instructor Camp commanded his company "at ease" when part of the men stood in water deep enough to float a modern submarine. We're for you, Camp, if you can get away with it.

Our roomers are quite cosmopolitan. We even have a Bowl-she-vee-kee who hails from department that may some day promise a perfect fit. Around a table stood six, Muffled sounds were heard, But, only one of the six stirred, And he reached out his hand, For the others had been fanned, Was he called the liberator, Or was that noise caused by the radiator!

General Orders to Kitchen Police

1. To take charge of the spuds and all gravy in view.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any stray sausages that come within sight or hearing.
3. To report any bread sliced too thick, to the mess sergeant.
4. To report all calls for seconds.
5. To quit the table only when satisfied that there is nothing left.
6. To receive but not pass on to the man next to me any meat, cabbage or beans left by the non-coms, buck privates or cuckoos.
7. To talk to no one that asks for onions.
8. In case of fire in the mess to grab all eatables left by others in their escape.
9. To allow no one to steal anything in the way of grub.
10. In any case not covered by instructions, to call the company clerk.

SKETCHES AROUND THE BARRACKS



FATIGRAPHER!—Manicuring the Parade Grounds.

THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y.

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Editorial

JOYS OF QUARANTINE.

Not wishing anybody any tough luck, we would rise to remark that, only during quarantine does The Snapshot get enough copy to fill its weekly editions. Last week we had some "left over." In fact, quite a bit of it.

But this week we had room for it—and more. Early copy is the most pleasant surprise imaginable. Yet only during the quarantine was it experienced.

The Snapshot is printed in the Job Department of The Rochester Herald. Monday is given the Airscouts for all news composition. Therefore, copy for the following issue must be in the hands of the printers by Monday morning.

Copy is collected from the Post-office and "Y"-K. C. Hut three times a week, the last trip being made on Monday mornings to collect the strangers' copy. But that never can be assured space in the current issue of The Snapshot.

Snap into it! If you want The Snapshot to continue, say so! If not, let us know.

FROM THE MAILBAG!

Editor of the Snapshot. Dear Sir:

I wish it to become known that I, George X. Stracke, have returned to the old post after spending several months at Baker Field.

I cannot understand why I was not tendered some sort of a reception by the men of the school together with the S. A. P. Band as I alighted from the Charlotte car last Saturday afternoon! Do you know that I pictured in my mind all the boys lined up at attention in front of the flagpole and the old band tearing off some such piece as "The Conquering Hero Comes," but alas, I failed to see my hopes materialized.

I sauntered up the four flights whistling "Fling Wide the Portals." As I did so I tried to imagine myself mounting the stairs to a speaker's platform with a vast throng of people surging about me something like the scene where the high-diver climbs a long ladder to a little platform 760 feet above a tank of mortar into which he proposes to jump.

As I arrived at the head of the stairs I made a bee-line for Dorm 5. I entered rather dramatically thinking it would lend color to the scene but instead, sir, I suffered one of the most humiliating moments of my life. Instead of the occupantsumping up to the tune of "Tention, some of the men yelled something about gas masks and respirators.

Now, a fellow of my caliber should not be subjected to such scurrilous remarks, sir. Between you and me, I don't believe the fellows here realize who and what I am. Why, I never doubted for a moment that I was by far the most popular cadet at the school. I always aim to be sociable in fact, I even go so far as to inquire into all matters either personal or otherwise, among the men here.

I offered to run the band, I like to meet the other fellow's girls and tell them who I am, it has always been my one endeavor to make suggestions to the commandant. I never lose a chance to remind the professors at the school how things should be run. Now, sir, I believe you should offer me a seat on the editorial staff of this paper. I make the last suggestion to you because I am of such a considerate and broad-minded nature.

I did not care to ask my captain once if I could wear stripes—I was too considerate so I helped myself and when the supply of cherrons got low I handed mine over to others who



O-Di says, THE FIRST EIGHTEEN YEARS ARE THE HARDEST

needed them more. The captain so approved of this he rewarded me with a little vacation. I didn't even have to dress up or salute, either—just wore my fatigue uniform all the time.

I trust you will give this letter all the publicity you can. I suggest that you print it on the first page under a big headline. I am,

Yours for publicity, GEORGE X. STRACKE.

P. S.—I have ordered ten thousand photos of myself to be given away with each copy of next week's "Snapshot."

West Bloomfield, N. Y., October 28, 1918.

Mr. Fremont Chester. Dear Sir:

I received your paper to-day and in it saw an article on camp scandal and wish to say a few words in that line. As I have four cousins in this world war, I think I have a perfect right to defend them and other soldier boys as well, and must say that those Rochester policemen and other officers can't have very much to do when they are making such false reports and I, for one, don't believe one word of it. I lived in Buffalo the summer that we had that trouble with Mexico and so, of course, saw lots of soldiers and will say I never saw a nicer lot of men in my life ad they always acted as any gentleman should and hope our boys in Rochester will do the same thing. I think it is a rotten shame to get such scandal about and not be anything to it.

When we realize what our boys are doing for us even giving up their very lives, and also think everybody in this world has enough to do if they mind their own business and let other people alone. Maybe I am making this pretty strong but I just can't help it. When I read that article I thought it was pretty near time someone stepped in and had something to say on the matter as that is not the only one I've read. I am ready to defend our boys in every way that I can, come what may.

I am sending a couple of poems as they are both good. I will now close and am as ever, a true friend of our soldier boys.

M. B. C. Things To Worry About. You can't freeze a cootie.

Editor, The Airscout's Snapshot. Dear Sir:

On October 30 I became involved in the cash drawer at the canteen, and am pleased to say that at the finish it registered more than was in the drawer. This was my last impression as a first nighter, when I tumbled into Louis Ford's Knapp and was whisked away to the club.

The weather was rather disagreeable; in fact, it was raining one of those rains that don't even hesitate at rubber. But once inside, one forgot all about the weather and entered into the spirit of the occasion with the reflection that he was glad to be of some assistance.

Some hut! It puts one in mind of the lumber camps that you read about in stories, the only difference being the sprinkling of the fair sex, which, I should say, made it much more enjoyable. And what a lot of ink is spread on paper! Fellows writing sisters—of other fellows. And talent! Why the Jazz and vaudeville which followed the movie would make a lot of Temple shows turn green with envy.

I used to wonder why the fellows who went down to the hut to render their little assistance were so enthusiastic. Now I know. Each one of these huts is a world in itself. As our friend Roy says, if you would travel from the Sunny South to the Frozen North; from the land-locked harbors of the Pacific to the sand-swept capes of Virginia and enjoy it where it is always comfortable within, even though it is raining without, the hut is the place to go. Then on top of all this add the report of Foreman and Statt that the cash is over—why! fellows you can't even tie it, let alone beat it!!!!

I am, fully impressed, J. W. HUFF.

DER KAISER'S LAST WILL AND HIS TESTAMENT!

Fictitious Document That Indicates The Handwriting on the Wall for His Teutonic Majesty.

From the fast decaying body of a Hun youth, found entangled in a mess of barbed wire in that portion of Northern France formerly chalked on military maps as "No Man's Land," was found, in pamphlet form, the last will and testament of Wilhelm Hohenzollern. To the last, the youth had carried the document, presented him for a stroke of valor early in the war. He had died for what he believed his country represented and believed in, and the little pamphlet was one of his choicest possessions.

How he had been deceived, may be gathered from a hasty survey of his Kaiser's will. In the opening paragraph of the document the Kaiser, "Will-Hell-Em" is said to realize that he is soon going to "cash in his checks" and that, as his "sole executor and hangman," he appoints that bonehead, "the Emperor of Austria."

We cannot say authentically whether the final wishes of the-Kaiser have been recorded or not—we can only give the provisions of the alleged will:

- 1. I give and donate to France the province of Alsace and Lorraine. I do not own it, therefore, I am returning stolen property. I do not deserve any compensation for it, and it's a sure thing I wouldn't receive anything for it, either.
2. Servia may have Austria.
3. Russia may have Turkey for the Czar's Christmas dinner.
4. To Belgium I would like to present all the swelled ears, black eyes, crooked noses that she handed me for illegally trespassing on her soil.
5. The United States may have all my entire fleet, consisting of dreadnaughts, torpedo boats, destroyers, submarines and the rest of the bunkers in general—whatever is left afloat. He will take them, anyway, so this is only a foresight, dear Unkel Sam.
6. To England, better known as Johnny Bull, I surrender my army—that is, all that is left of it. General Haig seems so persistent in converting my soldiers into bologna sausage meat.
7. And the University of Science and Museum of National History, I donate to you the world's famous "must-in-touch-it" of "Coat hanger." Ach, to Louise, I mean mein mustache, the greatest freak of nature in the world, or any other to come.
8. Not forgetting Mrs. Pankhurst, and the other nervy women, I present my mailed fist. They will find it very handy when they wish to force an entrance by their tactics of militant stunts.
9. Last, but not least, I leave to Dr. Cook, Perry or Sir Shackleton the North Pole. I've been forced to climb it so many times that it seems as though it's my second nature. And all the gates of Heaven are closed against me.

Where shall I go? Go to H— (Sealed and signed)

LIMBURGER WILL-HELL-EM. There were other things in the will, which are vulgar and cannot be quoted in The Snapshot, but upon it were the skull and crossbones and the names of the attested witnesses, "Barron Von Limburger and Con Hamburger Sandwiches."

And, last but not least to mention, the official seal.

J. C. C.

OVERHEARD ONE NIGHT IN ONE OF THE DORMS

"It was a very dark night and I was just saying good-night to my girl when along came a flivver and pulled into the garage. I pulled into the trees, when along came two M. P.'s and arrested the sergeant driving the flivver—for being out of bounds and out after eleven, because the instructors are even restricted. The M. P.'s were friends of the sergeant's, but they were on duty, and it was a case of love and duty, and duty prevailed. The sergeant was very much perturbed as he was afraid it would go on his service record that he had been arrested and spent the night in the Guard Room.

"I followed them up, keeping in the dark, when they were overtaken by another instructor, but he was only a private. He shouted: 'What's the hurry, fellows?' and they arrested him. He put up a kick about being old friends, but they reminded him he was in the army and a soldier and they were doing their duty.

"I wonder if they will be court-martialed or not, but I would love to be there and hear what the sergeant has to say and what reason he can



"Column of Squads"

Instructor Sergeant Weidenthal, recently H. I. of Dept. 1 and the newly formed Military Science Department, lastly quarterback for the Airscouts' eleven, and as a result an inmate of the hospital, nursing a few bent ribs, opens his heart in gratitude for all that the men at school have done for him. "Weedy" has taken this means of reaching his host of friends. He will not be with us much longer, for he expects to leave for Langley Field on Wednesday, where he hopes soon to add a prefix to his name. We all wish you the very best of luck and success.

The Airscouts' football team has evidently attracted nationwide attention, because Pacific Coast newspapers have been received by men at the barracks with glowing accounts of our first game.

give for going to Freeport without leave.

"By what I hear, if Ingraham could only sit on the bench of Justice at the Court Martial, I'm sure he would deal out justice in terms of years. Anyway, they have the sergeant worried because he was on the list for Cornell."

Soldiers' Wives Tell Troubles to Insurance Bureau

"You have taken my man away to fight and he was the best fighter I ever had." Such was one of many pitiful complaints received at the War Risk Insurance Bureau in Washington. Another more fortunate woman writes, "I have received my insurance Polish and have since moved my Post-office." Other remarkable outpourings, as they were received by a deputy at the United States Marshal's office from a friend employed at the bureau, follow:

"I aint got no book learning, and I hope I am writing for inflammation."

"She is staying at a dissipated house."

"Previous to his departure, we were married to a Justice of the Piece."

"I have a four months old baby, and he is my only support."

"I was discharged from the army for a goitre, which I was sent home for."

"I am left with a child seven months old, and she is a baby and can't work."

"You ask for my allotment number. I have four boys and two girls."

"Please correct my name, as I could not and would not go under a consumed name."

"To whom it may concern: Please return my marriage certificate, baby hasn't eaten in three days."

"Now, Mrs. Wilson, I need help bad; see if the President can't help me, I need him to see after me."

"Both sides of our parents are old and poor."

"Please send me a wife's form."

"Dear Mr. Wilson: I have already written to Mr. Headquarters and received no answer, and if I don't get one from you, I am going to write to Uncle Sam himself."

"You have changed my little boy into a girl. Will it make any difference?"

"I aint received my pay since my husband has gone from nowhere."

"I have not received my husband's pay since and will be forced to lead an immortal life."

"Please let me know if John has put in his application for a wife and child."

"Now you will have to keep me, or if you don't, who in the hell will?"

"My boy has been put in charge of a spittoon (Platoon). Will I get more money now?"

THREE SALUTES

To the Service Flag.

"I honor our Service Flag, and the men whom it represents. I pledge allegiance to the cause for which it stands—one world family, one brotherhood, with God the Father of us all."

To the Christian Flag.

"I pledge allegiance to the Christian flag, and to the Savior for whose kingdom it stands, one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love."

To the U. S. Flag.

"I pledge allegiance to the American flag and to the republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."



Lieut. Poynter stopped with us one day last week, long enough to tell of overseas conditions not very far from here. Down at Langley, where several original Airscouts went recently, they are having their battles with the mud. They were sent out into No Man's Land for days at a time, and on one occasion they were dug in for a day and a half pulling the motor lorry out of the mud.

How they do come back! Sergeant McGargle, one of the "old school," who established an immortal reputation for himself by detecting the peculiarities of Sergeant Morgan's road louse under the microscope, has found an opportunity to drop into Rochester again. Mac says it feels like old times again, and goes into thrilling ecstasies when telling how he enjoys flopping into a bunk in Dorm 8, as in the good old days when knights were young and chivalrous. This isn't the first time he has been back in Rochester. Perhaps there's—Mac is very evasive and won't let on. Being right down in the midst of things in Washington, we believe Mac is an encyclopedia on the war, but he won't let on that he knows anything.

To break up the monotony of color of the solutions on the shelves, someone has been placing green mixtures around. It looks pretty and the aesthetic sense for pretty colors is worth developing. But as those happened to be fixing baths, there were very strenuous objections.

Says Strauss to Douglass: "Let me tap you with this hammer; 'twill but give you a bump." Returns Doug to Strauss: "Let me hit you with an axe; 'twill but give you a dimple." Then truce was signed.

After considerable experimenting, Grafe has discovered that it is not necessary to eat three times a day. He eats but once—but what a meal!

Peculiar how some striking looking characters can't take good pictures. Ever see a photograph of Carpenter? Shoe laces, collar buttons? Funniest sight in the world as you see him sitting there wrapped in thought and surrounded by his whiskers.

When it gets to such a point that they call him up at the mess hall in the midst of a hearty meal, then it must be getting really serious. Mazdon loves his meals, but then there are other likes and dislikes to consider. And yet they say nobody loves a fat man.

Sergeant Keyes says his clothes dry in spots. Why wear that kind of shirts, Keyes?

Mesegee wants some kind of headgear to start the football game with. Are we supposed to use our heads when we play football, men?

Someone had a collision in last Sunday's game, and his headlights went out.

Sergeant Oppramella, who has been doing neck exercises at Baker's farm all summer, is with us again. Yes, boys, he's in again and says he needs a rest, now that the vacation is all over. It's great up there by the banks of the Genesee, ain't it, Oppy? But there are not many left to bawl out, so he has come back for new worlds to conquer. Oppy has been "in" so long that he has worn his shirts threadbare and full of pinholes—where his medals hung.

The Battle Cry.

Copyright, 1918, by Edgar A. Guest. On! though to death we go, On through the fields of pain, Laughing at leaden rain, Dealing them blow for blow, Falling—but not in vain!— Dying—but living still,— This be our battle cry: "Freedom they cannot kill. Right was not born to die."

What matters death or pain? What matters you-or I? All men are born to die. They who depart, remain Under earth's friendly sky, Giving young blood a thrill, Holding old standards high; Our dreams they cannot kill, Our flag will always fly!

Back from war's dreadful bourne, Out of the smoke and grime, Out of the death and slime, Our spirits shall return, Brave to the end of time. Here youth shall greet us still, Here shall our banner fly; Freedom they cannot kill, Never her soldiers die.

PICCADILLY

ENTIRE WEEK—NOVEMBER 10 TO 16
Douglas Fairbanks
 In His Own Brilliant Stage Success
"He comes up Smiling"

NOVEMBER 17-20
FRED STONE
 Of Montgomery and Stone, in His First
 Screen Play
"THE GOAT"

REGENT

NOVEMBER 14, 15, 16
Constance Talmadge
 In Another Merry Matrimonial Melange
Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots

NOVEMBER 17-20
ENRICO CARUSO
 World's Most Famous Operatic Star, in
"MY COUSIN"

MOKO CLUB

POCKET BILLIARD PARLOR
 Full Line of
Cigars, Tobacco and Confectionery
 Ladies' and Gents' Shoe Shining Parlor
 1528 Lake Ave. GEO. H. MACKENNA

Goods Called for and Delivered
Hinton Quick Shoe Repairing
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A Regular Watch for "Regular" Soldiers



Our new Waltham Military Strap Watch, illuminated dial, 15 jewels, \$15 to \$25.

Our Wrist Watches are guaranteed timekeepers and can be depended on to satisfy the boys "over there" or the boys "over here."

Stephen Burritt
 Jeweler

42 MAIN STREET EAST

For the Soldier Boy HERE AND OVER THERE

Just a few suggestions that may interest you:
 Gem Razor with 7 blades in military khaki case. The soldiers special at... \$1.25
 Special Cigarette Rubberoid Khaki Case, holding 30 cigarettes; specially constructed for the soldier and sailor... 50c, 75c and \$1.00
 Sold at Cigar Counter.
 Flash Light and Batteries; all sizes, 75c and up.
 Thermos Bottles; pints and quarts, \$2.00 and up.
 Finally try Mollie, the shave luxurious; new method of shaving; no soap, no lather, no brush; softens the beard instantly.
 Large tube... 25c
 Send us your Photo Film. We print and develop. Quick services. Low prices.

Guilford Drug Co.

Three Stores
 Main and Aqueduct Streets
 Main and North Streets
 State and Andrews Streets
 (First Two Open All Night)

BEFORE YOU LEAVE

That Parting Gift Should Be Your Photograph. Cherished the Most and Cost the Least.
 Special Prices Every Soldier Can Afford
THE EAST AVENUE STUDIOS
 60 EAST AVENUE Opp. Regent Theater

Handy - Dalton - Mott Co.

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS
 Military Watches... \$10 to \$25
 Eversharp Pencils and Fountain Pens \$1.00 Up.
 48 Clinton Ave. S. Rochester, N. Y.
 Phone, Stone 5101-J



Out of Focus!

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Chapter VII.

Jack Miller with a smile?

Connelly when he read "The able Top Yodock" in last week's Snapshot?

Mile-a-minute Miller paying a candy bet after losing five games of pool?

The same one begging pennies to get enough to buy some cigarettes?

Any of the S. A. P. boys climbing off the water wagon just to celebrate the fake rumor of peace?

Trupin in a hurry?

Anyone willing to be Clark's pardner in a game of pool?

Friend Wife: Take Notice!

There is a certain young lady in Rochester who is admiring Fulton's photograph. Each night she gazes upon it before retiring with eyes that speak of love and devotion. We wonder whether she knows he is married.

Dormitory 5 News. Puzzle: Will Fulton's wife receive a copy of this week's Snapshot?

Oh, Julia, C'mon Over!

Rabbit Unold says the Rochester girls are like Jersey mosquitoes—lots of nice ones.

Why is Rabbit Unold happy these days? Ask Julia!

Rabbit Unold, the Jersey Skeeter, has at last found a sweetheart. Some class to Julia!

Frightfulness of Peace.

At the "Y"-K. C. Hut shortly after noon mess last Thursday word was ached from some mysterious source that Old Kaiser Bill's enemy had taken the "peace" dope measured out by General Foch.

When Eddy Forman inhaled this news, he took the count and, when finally revived, in sorrow said: "My God, if this be true, of what use to me will that beautiful new uniform be?"

Cheer up, Eddy, you can parade your ?? before your wife in your paternal domicile in any event!

Send 'Im Over!

A dog was watching his master in khaki, kissing the family goodbye. "Huh," said the dog to himself. "I hope he's goin' to take me with him. I'd live to bite a Hun."

No "In and Out" for Him!

"Now, then," said the captain to his men, "we'll go through the drill quickly. 'Fall in!'"

The men did. But one man started to walk off.

"Here, Rich, where are you going?" the captain asked.

"Back," was the laconic answer. "I'll be damned if I go through such fool stunts again. You don't know your own mind one minute after another."

Irky Plus Press Agents.

Who is Irky's friend in Ridge Road, and who is his press agent? We envy you, Irky.

Irksome Irky is studying to become a Gold Brick. Some student!

Some Combination!

Irky Unold and Platt

How's This, Jack?

Says Jack Miller to the Editor—"You're goin' to give me a good write-up this week, aren't you?"

Editor—"What've you done?"
 Jack—"Why, I had charge of the transportation for the peace parade last Thursday. Say, and you ought to think up a new name for me—that bird out at Baker Farm stole the 'mile-a-minute' stuff. Wouldn't 'Speed Demon Miller, or something like that sound good?"

Perhaps YOU'VE Forgotten.

That Sea Full Rumer has moved to Dorm. 12, where Gold Bricks are ever welcome.

That Jerry Cashion's bow legs would make some propellor if Jerry's engine broke down when flying.

That Shanahan believes in living up to family traditions and, like his grandparents in Tipperary, Louis keeps pigs in Rochester.

That Albino Hjurstedt is getting pretty friendly with the Lieutenants during drill.

That Raymond Berry didn't have the "flu," but went to the hospital for three weeks to escape hash and beans.

More Press Agent Dope.

There's something very nice about Alderman—his girl, of course.

Alderman claims he would always rather take the cash, but I guess he would be satisfied to get credit, at least for some of the writeups under the caption of Baker Farm Notes. How about it?

Wasted Effort.

A squad of rookies, composed of various nationalities, mostly Italian, on being given the command "Mark time!" all executed the command with the exception of one small dark-skinned son of Naples.

The sergeant asked him why he did not execute the movement and he replied:

"Donna want to."
 "Why not?" sharply demanded the sergeant.
 "Cause-a we walk-a like deuce and don'ta get-a no place!"

Why Another?

"You say you love my daughter?"
 "Love her, my dear, sir! Why, I would die for her. For one soft glance from her lovely eyes I would throw myself from yonder cliff, and perish."
 "Indeed! Well, I'm something of a liar myself, and I fancy one is enough in a small family like mine."—Cartoons Magazine.

Deleted by Censor.

"Where do you come from in the States?" an American soldier in France was asked.

"You'll have to pardon me, sir, but the captain tells me not to divulge valuable military information."

A Chinless Quince.

Look at the son of a Kaiser—
 He never can look a bit wiser;
 He still is inclined to be thin,
 He also inclines to no chin!

Yankee Toast.

Here's to the day when we dine
 On the banks of the old river Rhine;
 For Marshal Foch
 Can sure push the boche,
 And Jack Pershing himself has done fine!

Deadly Dope.

We are mixing up soup for the Hun,
 To be shot from the mouth of a gun.
 Powder and steel and T. N. T., too;
 Just look here, Vilhelm, vot's coming to you!

A Genuine Hypocrite.

"Say, sergeant, what is a hypocrite?"
 "A hypocrite, my son, is any man who rolls out in the morning with a smile on his face."

Concerning Dogs.

Outside the hut this conversation was heard: "I would like to buy the dog, but my sergeant objects to dogs."
 "Better take him, sir. It is easy enough to get another sergeant, but you'll never get another dog like him."

This incident started me thinking of my own Airedale, Peter the Great. As dogs go, my mutt is a good one. He is intelligent and possesses other attributes supposed to constitute excellence in dogdom. When he was a pup, having no disposition to loaf on the job, he put in his regular nine or ten hours a day every day, including Sundays. In cold weather half of these hours was spent dashing madly from the front to the back windows, and about five hours were devoted to chasing his tail—of which analysis shows only a chemical trace.

The Children's World

Copyright, 1918, by Edgar A. Guest

They'll be laughin' in the future,
 They'll be rompin' in the street,
 They'll be growin' plump an' rosy
 On the food they'll have to eat;
 There shall be no sad-eyed mothers
 Watching starving babes grow thin,
 An' no children robbed of childhood
 When this bitter war we win.

They shall come to joy an' gladness,
 Each shall have a dog or cat.
 Little cheeks shall bronze in summer,
 Little legs grow strong an' fat.
 There shall be no sad-eyed mothers
 Watching starving babes grow thin,
 An' no children robbed of childhood
 When this bitter war we win.

Oh, we'll make this whole world over
 For the little girls and boys.
 Then no gray-garbed brutes shall venture
 To deprive them of their joys.
 They shall play their games unhindered,
 They shall race about and run
 In a world that's fit for children
 When we've finished with the Hun.

He always furnished a concrete example of motion without progress, and much effort with little accomplishment. For he never found what he was looking for outside the windows, and he never yet captured his tail, and he never will. During spring and summer he runs in endless circles, bites holes in the sod and falls over his own feet; he watches the birds and when they alight in the trees he tries to climb up after them. As a climber his work leaves much to be desired. The birds never know he started; yet he persists in furnishing bark for the trees.

All of which teaches me that activity without direction is useless, and ambition without ability is punk. Plus dog, even a fool may win wisdom.

The Soldier's One Enjoyment.

The "New King Arthur," called "an opera without music," opens with the following Song of the Troops:
 And we think that our employment
 Should be rid of more annoyance,
 Since the soldier's one enjoyment
 Is escaping with his life.

When the battle-axe is crashing
 And the cavalry are dashing
 And the mighty swords are flashing
 And the deadly arrow shoots,

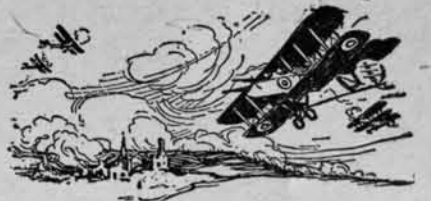
We remember with dejection
 (Though it smells of insurrection)
 That we're simply a collection
 Of compulsory recruits.

When the chances look most narrow,
 'Tis a memory to harrow
 That our grave may be a barrow
 Far away from child and wife.

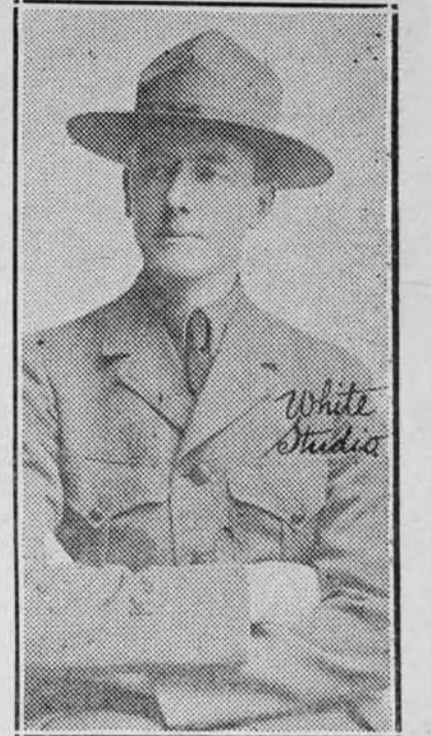
And we feel without aspersion,
 After every new exertion,
 That the soldier's one diversion
 Is escaping with his life!

Motto for the Hut Door.

"Come in without knocking. Go out the same way."



Airscout's Who's Who!



CYRIL J. STATT, the new Knights of Columbus secretary at the "Y"-K. C. Hut, is a member of Rochester Council 178, with which he had been actively identified for the last ten years. He is associated with the Fourth Degree and is grand scribe of Musa Caravan 25, Order of the Alhambra. He is putting a lot of "pep" into the hut activities and is fast making many airscout friends.

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—That in our War Service Bureau are some of the publications from the numerous army camps around the country. They are papers like the "Trench and Camp" from Camp Zachary Taylor. The "Camp Dodger" from Camp Dodge at Des Moines, Iowa. There are other papers there that will likely interest many of you men. You are cordially invited to come and read these papers and make yourselves quite at home in the—

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S. O. L.

This column is devoted to real, honest-to-gosh photographers who enlisted in the air service with the hope of becoming generals.

With Gold Brick Arnold on pass, Mascot Brooks, Pillow Case Sergeant Simpson and Third Assistant Supply Sergeant Scottow on sick leave, the Supply Office Lunatics manage to present a "busy" appearance.

Instructor "Violet" Murray spends most of his time writing letters to admiring maidens. The rest he spends working on his course of lectures in supply work. When will you have a class, Herman?

S. O. L. Toomey has been graduated from night school and is now a full-fledged stenographer with a typewriter all her own. Isn't she the sweet young thing? Look out, Larry, or you'll be losing her!

If you want to make Kunz mad, ask him if he can distinguish a good L. S. Cover Glass from a cracked one.

Assistant Electrician Gulna c is a busy boy these mornings, getting up before breakfast to oil the motors so they won't disturb the sleeping G. B.'s with unwarranted squeakings.

Wish that band wouldn't practice before breakfast. They do say it disturbs the beauty sleep of Supply Private Jimmie Ball.

Why can't they call the roll Tuesdays and Fridays and let us answer from our bunks? Don't see the use of getting dressed just to answer "here" and then go back to bed again. It breaks up team work.

Wonder why Rendebach had the phones moved to his desk? Most of the calls are for "Herman" or "Milton"—maybe he wants to hear what they find to talk about so long.

When you going to get your stripes, Jimmie?

"Waste Products" Toomey is collecting old hypo, glass, etc., etc. Bring on your rags, bones, bottles, and junk, boys!

Referring to Chevrons and Gold Baby Pins!

I don't know whether it was Pluto or Archimedes that made the statement that some men, when advanced in rank, grow, while others merely swell; but, never-the-less, the gazzabo knew how to pull the philosophy stuff.

You don't need a pair of Navy Binoculars to see that.

Some fellows can take a dose of stripes or shoulder a pair of babypins just as easily as a giraffe could contract a severe case of sort throat. On the other hand some birds feel themselves so far up in the air that breathing comes hard and their heads swell up like a dried apple from the moisture up there.

It makes no difference whether Sergeant Flukus was a pauper's lawyer in civilian life or president of the Flinkus and Flukus Consolidated Crutch Company, we are, never-the-less, bound to respect him.

Perhaps he wasn't any more entitled to the triple karet anymore than the Adam was to the forbidden fruit; but he got there just the same.

On the other hand, he might have been the chappie that was forever disposing the glad-glimmer like Solomon handed out the wisdom stuff. Perhaps he always had one corner of his mouth pointing in the direction of the great dipper and the other to Cerebus. No one would even hesitate a moment if they were called upon to donate to the merry tingle in order to buy an arch-support for his eyebrows.

Ten minutes of two looks better than twenty to four, fellers. Remember that when you are plotting your own map—your outer countenance.

In the army it makes no difference who you are; it is what you are that counts.

So, fellers, be not so good to yourself as to others. Some day your chance may come and when it does, take it without a whimper. Be your self—don't change—remain yourself—be one of us.

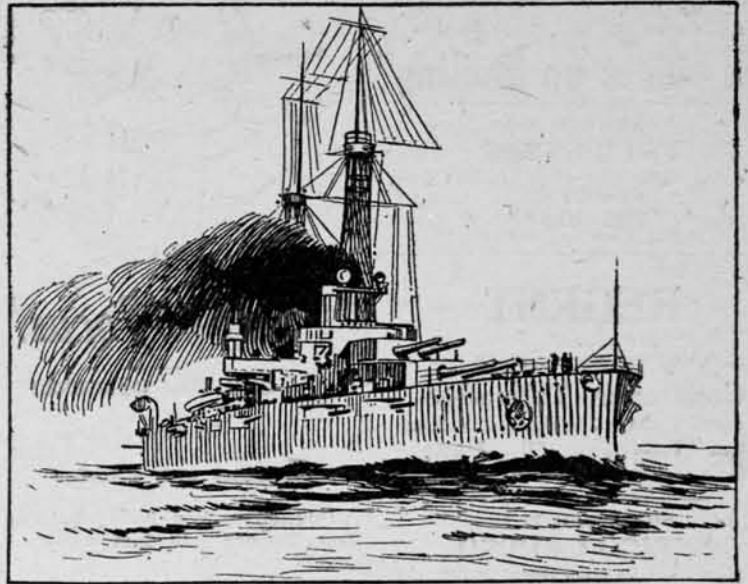
MORAL—Don't develop a cranial limp by walking over the other fellows' neck.

—By Instructor Herbert F. Lang.

HOSPITAL NOTES SENT TO TOWN BY SICK AIRSCOUTS

Ever notice Kregloh making his second call to the mess counter? He says it takes so long for the first "mess" to reach its destination he gets his second helping before he realizes he already has had a "handout."

Thought Thomas had left the "fu" factory. Guess it must be his ghost we see around so frequently. Well, which it is—and why?



MUCH as pictures from home mean to you now, they will mean even more when you are **OVER IN FRANCE**

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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1 NO. 25

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 20, 1918.

FREE TO SOLDIERS

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION FOR AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS IN ROCHESTER TRAINING SCHOOL

Arrangements under Discussion for Formation of Organization of All S. A. P. Graduates, Instructors and Officers for Purely Social Purpose---Annual Reunion in Flower City Among Plans of Originators of Idea.

With the armistice signed, Hun armies receding into Germany and rapidly being demobilized, with peace in sight and the time when Airscouts of the United States Army School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park will be allowed to return to civil life not far off, thoughts of many in the school are turning to the time when the institution will be nothing but a memory.

Shall that memory be kept fresh, or shall the years to come find a fast fleeting recollection of the days when the German hordes were fast marching on Paris, and Uncle Sam began to teach civilians, here in Rochester, how to fly o'er the enemy lines and reveal, by the aid of the camera, his weak spots?

Since the S. A. P. was organized here, several thousand young men have been graduated. They have come from all parts of the country—from the Frozen North to the Sunny South and from the beyond the Rockies to the eastern shores. The course has held them in Rochester for better than a month. While here they have been treated royally, feted by civilians, and made to feel at home. Rochester has done as much, if not more, than any city of its size in the country for the boys in Khaki training here.

Then Why Forget?

Then, why should they forget the Flower City? Why should they cast aside all memories of the school—without a question the biggest and most modern institution of its kind in the world?

Rochester always will be remembered with pleasure by the Airscouts. Many warm friends have been made here, and in numerous instances Airscouts have courted and married Rochester girls. In the Flower City

many an Airscout has seen a chance to re-established himself in civil and business life. Rochester will be the future home of countless young men who have come here because of the School of Aerial Photography.

Before it is too late, then—before the last farewells are said—it is urged by those considering the proposition, than an alumni organization of Airscouts be formed. For a nucleus, it is proposed, graduates of the school who are still stationed here might get together and elect officers. Those going through the school now could be initiated upon the successful completion of their course.

Instructors and officers, no doubt, will take kindly to the idea of perpetuating the associations of the S. A. P. Airscouts who have left Kodak Park and now are in various camps in the country, as well as in France, undoubtedly will want to talk over old times in years to come.

With that in view, it is proposed to hold reunions of the association every year. Before the school is closed, it is hoped that a definite organization can be perfected, and a tentative date set for the first reunion.

Thousand Would Return.

Of the many graduates of the school, it is probable that close to, if not more than 1,000 Airscouts could be persuaded to attend the reunions. A convention of that size undoubtedly would attract considerable attention, and the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations would see that the visiting Airscouts received the same courtesies and attention they have enjoyed in the last six months.

But so much for the future! For the present the task is to secure a permanent organization here in Rochester before the school closes. That can be done now as well as later—the sooner, the better.

BAND'S COOK SAYS HE STAYS IN ALL EVENING

What causes Cook to be so kiddish in the morning?

He says it is due to staying in "his own backyard" at night.

What key is five flats, Cook?

Did you hear anyone say "I'll be ruined before I leave this army, with all your nagging?"

Why disturb the man's slumber—Reiber.

Notice: Next Sunday a collection will be taken up to buy Lettieri a new squeal stick. Kindly omit pennies.

I wonder what makes our drummer so nervous when he gets on Main Street. Will he be kind enough to tell us?

Lizzie (Storer) wishes to inform his near relatives that he still exists.

Can you imagine Ostrom at a burlesque show?

Quick, Waston, the Needle!

If a woman should go up in an aeroplane and never came back, would they say the aviator?

If a man should invent an aeroplane that couldn't fall down, would they call it a safety razor?

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

Y. M. "Over the Counter" With the Secretaries K. of C.

Justice to Murderer.

The spectacle of Germans yelling to America for food while their hands are yet dripping with our blood, reminds us of the man convicted of murdering his father and mother, who asked mercy of the court on the ground that "he was a poor orphan!"

How to be Happy.

Perhaps you are a sore soldier because you have never reached France, and the big push is over. Well, if you don't get what you like, you must like what you get. Having everything you like won't make you happy, but liking everything you have, will.

Don't Spread Your Tail.

When you go back to civilian life don't be too chesty and put it all over the boys who missed the chance to get in. It is dangerous to spread your tail in this country, for the proud peacock of to-day may be only a feather duster to-morrow.

Nothing for Nothing.

"Well, Buddy, I see somebody in the football game gave you a black eye.

"Gave it to me—like fun they did. I had to fight for it!"

Midnight Pool.

The Gold Bricks who dote on midnight pool proceed upon the theory that "he lives longest who is awake the most hours."

Out Flew Enza.

Like the comic opera joke, "We had a little bird and its name was Enza; we opened the door and Infuenza." After weeks of trouble it is past, and this week willingly we open the hospital doors as Out-flew-Enza. Our convalescent invalids will all be back on the job in a few days, and the "flu" scare then will be ancient history. Along with the rest of the country the S. A. P. had a bad experience with the plague, but the enemy now is routed.

Life, which used to be a brave flight between heaven and hell, has come to a long and anxious tiptoeing between the microbe and the antiseptic. In old times the chief question was, "Is it right or wrong?" The chief question to-day is, "Is it sterilized?"

Champion Joseph C. Clark.

Right down here at the little old S. A. P., we have a real pool champion.

Joseph Cester Clark is his handle and he will meet and defeat any man in the U. S. A. uniform, soldier or sailor, for blood, money or marbles. On Thursday night, Nov. 14, he met Jerome R. Keough in a match played at our hut. Keough is past champion of the world having won the title five time against all comers. He challenged Joe Clark, offering a handicap of sixty points, that is Keough was to

run one hundred while Clark made forty. It was a great game, and Clark won by clicking off forty, while Keough was only eighteen. Later they ran to one hundred and finished, Keough, 100 and Clark, 67. Keough had two runs of 28 and thirty. Mr. Keough, who is not only a wonderful player, but a fine judge of the game, said that Clark had world championship material in him if handled properly.

We are all very proud of Joseph Chester Clark. His trophy, an iron cross, is displayed on our outer walks, and our "defi" is up before the whole country. We dare any soldier or sailor to tackle him, under any old rules, "all shots, one foot on the floor," or "one foot in the building."

Joe Clark invented pool, he swallows pool balls for pills, he brushes his teeth with cue chalk, he sleeps on the pool table, and he can clean up any would-be-champion blindfolded and with both hands tied. If you don't believe it challenge him!

For arrangements, consult Manager Speed Trupin.

Eliminate the Non-Conductor.

In the American Army the great effort has been to develop the spirit of the hive—each for all and all for each. The result has been a something in the air, an atmosphere, a tradition, a grip, a pressure, an urgency, an uplift, a quickening of the will, an enthusiasm, an esprit de corps. Now that the war is over we are in great danger of losing much of this. Youth is liable to cool off quickly, and more genuine courage is needed now to keep up the mark than was necessary to face fighting. It would be a great accomplishment of every branch of the wonderful American Army could go back to civil life with a post-war record as good as its war record. Morale must be maintained to the last, in order to make a "garrison finish."

Our own group at the S. A. P. is characteristic. There is a feeling of let-down and devil-may-care with the coming of peace. Our thoughts have suddenly turned back to the affairs of civil life and all are restive to get back home. Nevertheless, we have a majority of men who are always alert and alive. Their individual enthusiasm can fuse into a collective enthusiasm which will carry us all through to the end with flying colors if we eliminate the non-conductors. In every group there are always a considerable number of men who are non-conductors, that break the circuit, that insulate the real live wires, and so prevent the emergency of a mental current. Hence to eliminate one who is inert may be of more avail than to acquire several who are awake. When good fellows get together, one false note mars the whole melody. Looked at in this light our chief need is to eliminate these non-conductors. They must not be allowed to contaminate their neighbors

with the virus of listlessness; we must concentrate on them and charge them with so much current that they will become live wires. Let us all determine a strong finish for the school, marching on to the end full of pep, and shoulder to shoulder. Eliminate the non-conductors.

Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat.

A word to the army critic. If you don't like the way your government and your officers are working for you, fire them all, and reorganize by doing all the work yourself. Otherwise, SIT STILL IN THE BOAT.

Congratulations!

Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, Mr. James Morris Connolly of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park and Miss Emma Elizabeth Hoffmeier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Hoffmeier, 24 Avis Street, were united in marriage by Rev. Addison H. Groff in the parsonage of the Dewey Avenue Reformed Church. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Jessie Hoffmeier, and Mr. Joseph Chester Clark, also of the Aerial School, was groomsman. The double ring ceremony was used.

AERIAL STUDENTS GIVE LOVING CUP TO D. A. R.

Soldier students of the United States School of Aerial Photography showed their appreciation of the hospitality that Irondequoit Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has shown them ever since the establishment of the school by presenting the chapter a handsome loving cup Saturday evening at the weekly dinner for the boys at the D. A. R. Chapter House in Spring Street. Sergeant Mandon made the presentation and Mrs. Frank F. Dow, regent of the chapter, accepted the cup.

Irondequoit Chapter has kept open house to boys of the aerial school from the first week of its existence. It has entertained 10,000 students all told, giving three dinners a week for them, with the indorsement of the War Camp Community Council. At the dinner last night, at which 200 soldiers were present, all the entertainment was provided by the men themselves, including music and stunts. After the dinner adjournment was taken to The Homestead in South Fitzhugh Street for dancing. The boys will meet again this evening at the Chapter House, when the women of Immaculate Conception Church will have charge of the programme, and it is expected that Rev. Augustine M. O'Neill, rector of the church, will speak.

Amazing Promotion.

She—"Isn't Jack just wonderful! Think of it; he was in France only three months and he's already been promoted to field marshal.

He—"From private to field marshal in three months?"

She—"Did I say field Marshal? Well, perhaps its court marshal. I know its one or the other."

AIRSCOUTS TAKE SECOND DEFEAT AT HANDS OF S. A. T. C. OF UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER

Toward the end of the game between the University of Rochester S. A. T. C. football eleven and the team representing the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at University Field Saturday afternoon, the Airscouts put in a substitute player named Comstock. A past master at the game of football, long and rugged, with ability on both the offensive and defensive, that player soon made his presence felt, but the game was lost when he entered, and the University boys rung up another victory, the score being 17 to 0.

Had Comstock been in the game from the start, the score might have been different. But he was not started because of injuries received in practice, and his participation at all was merely one last chance that the Kodak Park soldiers might score.

U. of R. S. A. T. C. U. S. A. S. A. P. O'Reilly Left end

Day	Left tackle.	Schiller
Rumrill	Left guard.	Streber
Miller	Center.	Welsman
Street	Right guard.	Baldridge
Sykes	Right tackle.	Arbuncle
Bell	Right end.	Messegee
Sullivan	Quarterback.	Cashion
Gilles	Left halfback.	Nugent
Loeser	Right halfback.	Crawford
D. Hummell	Fullback.	Suits
O. of R. S. A. T. C.		3 0 7 7—17
U. S. A. S. A. R.		0 0 0 0—0

Touchdowns Sullivan, Hunt; goals from touchdowns, Hummell 2; goal from field, Hummell; substitutions, Cochran for Gilles, Crotty for Day, Hyland for Street, Hunt for O'Reilly, Farrand for Bell, Heberger for Cochran, Hill for Loeser, Barnsdale for Hyland, Mason for Sykes, Reed for Rumrill, Comstock for Suits; time of quarters, 10 and 12 minutes; referee, Lee Brown; umpire, Leo Lyons; linesmen, McKinney

The Meaning of the May Flower

Copyright, 1918, by Edgar A. Guest. Looking back, it seems to me, God knew war was going to be—Knew in ages past and gone That the day was coming on When the troops of hate and lust, Tramping honor in the dust, Would set out to overthrow All that's noble, here below; So against such a danger, He Sent the Mayflower out to sea.

Little did the pilgrims know, When they knelt upon the snow, Thanking God in humble prayer For deliverance, then and there In their breasts was sowed the seed That should serve a mighty need; That in time should be unfurled One flag in a troubled world

That should fly on land and sea Symbolizing liberty.

Now to-day our work we find, That is what God had in mind When the Mayflower took to sea; Here America should be Strong of limb and clean of heart, Trained in every human art, Cherishing the seeds of truth, Ready with its finest youth To defend, in danger's hour, Freedom from the tyrant's power.

Now we see behind God's plan, When America began, Here the fires of freedom burned, Here succeeding ages learned Truth's great lessons; here to-day, Putting selfish thoughts away, Millions march from field and hill, God's great mission to fulfill. 'Twas to set the whole world free That the Mayflower put to sea.

THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y.
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Editorial

A Word in Passing.

The armistice has been signed. Before many moons the peace treaty will have been satisfactorily adjusted, and thousands of young men will return to civil life.

By that time, if not sooner, the United States School of Aerial Photography undoubtedly will be discontinued and the Airscouts once more will take up civil and business life where they left it when called into service.

But a word in passing! This week Airscouts receive the 25th issue of The Snapshot. Since early in June the official paper of the S. A. P. has appeared regularly. Just how long it will continue is problematical—yet it it conceded that ere long it must stop.

The Snapshot has not been a money making proposition in the usual sense of that phrase. It was not intended so. But the paper has paid expenses and a trifle over. It has been given to Airscouts free of charge each week. Everyone has been able to procure a copy each week, and many get several copies to send home.

For all that, credit is due Rochester business men, who have subscribed to advertising space in The Snapshot. Many did so with little thought of remuneration, and many have advertised regularly with no other motive than to help maintain the paper for the S. A. P. boys.

Ere we part, let's give credit where it belongs. Let's patronize The Snapshot advertisers and let them know that we appreciate their aid.

FROM THE MAILBAG

U. S. A. S. A. P.,
After the Armistice.

To the Editor:

I regret to inform you that you interpreted my middle initial in correctly in my letter to you last week. My middle initial is "A", the whole being G. A. S.

Phew! Boys, open the window and ventilate the place! It flows incessantly. Some of these big light companies ought to offer me a big bonanza for my services, but I have waited in vain for their offers to come forward.

Perhaps, now that it has been brought before the public's eye, through the Snapshot, the public utilities committee of some of the nations' metropolises will see the advisability of employing me.

Or, again perhaps, Uncle Sam may need me in France. The Germans may try to come back, a la Jess Willard.

Again thanking you for printing my little say so, and promising you 20 per cent rake off on anything that may come my way, due to this publicity, I am,

As ever yours,
GEORGE A. STRACKE.

WONDER IF THEY CUT OUT THIS BIRD'S PRESS AGENT

James J. Mellman, self-confessed lady-killer athlete, general good fellow, Gold Brick, etc., is back at Baker Field, after being at Fort Ontario, where he was operated on.

U. S. A. S. A. P., Military Band



Top row—W. R. Young, C. E. McPheeters, Loizeaux, J. B. Paprocke, J. P. Barr, F. W. Babcy and C. E. Hancock.
Second row—A. M. Patterson, E. V. Lawrence, C. J. Ostrom, R. C. Lazalle, Baker.
Third row—H. L. Brugh, O. P. Young, J. E. Newbury, L. A. Storer, J. Kaufman, H. A. Riebe, C. L. Cook, L. C. Rohrer, L. G. Spawm.
Bottom row—D. A. Letteri, O. E. Williams.

As Usual, It Happened in Dormitory 5

The other morning—
It was after 6.30—
Sergeant Keyes was
Routing out the
Gold Bricks.
It looked like a
Pile of blankets,
But, way underneath he
Found a still, small
Buddy.
It was—, but what's
In a name?
In the same Dorm on
Another morning,
It was early, or
Late, according to
Your standpoint.
Meyers had his
Foot on the radiator.
It was sizzling—his
Foot, but the
Windows were open
And there were
No ill effects.
Karger raved peacefully
In his sleep about
The girl he was out
With that night.
Just then Addison
Came in, full of
Good resolutions and
Just then he stumbled
Over Sparling's foot
And the air was
Rent with—but why
Speak about it?
'Twould only hurt
His tender feelings.
He woke up Simpson,
Who flung a shoe
And hit Freher
On the nose,
But he awakened not.
Amos stirred uneasily,
Then all was
Peaceful again.
There was nobody
Else in bed.
Yea, verily, I
Say unto you,
It all happened
In Dormitory Five.

JOSIAH WIGGINS.

"Made in Germany"

(Copyright, 1918, by Edgar A. Guest.)
In the days of peace for the world at large
They stamped their mark on the goods they
made;
But never again will they flaunt their name,
For they have made it a badge of shame.
They've stripped it bare of its outward
pride
And shown the greed and the lust inside
And men will shudder whenever they see
Hell's label red: "Made in Germany."
Before their eyes, dead men will float
Who were left to die in an open boat.
To the end of time, will pictures rise
Of demons high in the summer skies
Seeking the haunts where the wounded
lie
To murder them as they hurry by.
Nor all their skill nor their art will hide
The captive boy that they crucified.
A little child with his right hand gone
Will live when the years have traveled on
As the sign of the German heart and
schools
With the crimson blood of the babes in
pools.
And the innocent dead, with their faces fair,
Bombed by the cowards high in air,
Will rise long after the war shall cease
To shame the Hun in the years of peace.
Made in Germany! men will start
As they see that badge of the German heart
On whatever that stamp of shame is seen,
There will be the curse of a thing unclean.
They have fouled, with sin, what was once
their pride.
And they shall live by the world denied;
For wherever that mark through the years
is met
There will rise the scenes that men can't
forget.
With the American Army in France,
July 12.—Five American bombing
airplanes out of a squadron of 21 failed
to return from an intended raid on
Confans last night. It is supposed
that these are the five machines which
a German official statement reports
captured.



"Rank" Verse

The Dance of Death.

Upon seeing Partridge's famous cartoon in Punch, reproduced in Literary Digest:
"The Kaiser—"Stop! Stop! I'm tired,"
"Death—"I began at your bidding; I stop when I will!"
You called for the dance on the fields of France,
The Demon dance of Death;
And Death accepted your boastful word,
While a million fiends awoke and heard,
And huzza'd with their hell-hot breath!
You called for the dance, and you dined with Chance
As Belgium you did rape;
But your sons now bear the brand of Cain
And crosses shadow each hill and plain—
While your doors are black with crepe!
You called the dance and laughed at Chance
As you dreamed you were God's first mate;
Ay, you dreamed you would dance a sickening hour,
And scourge the world with your damning power,
While you stacked the cards of fate!
You called for the dance, and you mocked God's chance
But the cards have built your tomb;
Your hands are numb, and your brain doth ache
And your pounding heart at last shall break,
As you stare at your coming doom.
So you now beg Death with your gasping breath
The demon waltz to stop;
But a madder music Death jeering plies,
While the whirligig faster and faster flies
Till the tortured world in agony cries,
And maniacs writhing drop!
You dared Death's dance; now pay for the chance,
Ay, pay the frightful toll—
Where every train is a hated hearse
And every laugh is an orphan's curse—
Ay, pay with thy blackened soul!
WILLIAM H. TOMPKINS.
Rochester, January 17.
My Questionnaire.
With all proper acknowledgments
By **W. E. NESOM**
The hours I've spent o'er thee, fell chart,
Have seen my whole career laid bare,
My life dissected part by part—
My questionnaire, my questionnaire!
Each blank filled up, each yes or no
Put down, unqualified, unmixed,
And, half a hundred times or so,
My signature affixed:
How much I owe, how much I've spent,
How old I am, what weight, how tall,
What sum I monthly pay for rent—
I've told it all, God wot, I've told it all!
My middle name, long time forgot,
My creed, the color of my hair,
My crimes—thou hast them, hast thou not,
My questionnaire, my questionnaire?
What hours of bitter mental toll,
What delvings into dead events,
What burnings of the midnight oil
Thy column represents!
The annals of a well-spent life,
My trifling faults, my virtues rare,
The very age of my dear wife—
They're written there, gadzooks,
they're written there!
—JUDGE.
Contemplations of a Buck.
Rolled in my O. D. blanket,
Safe from the bugle's blast,
With my lucky star (how I thank it!)
High in the heavens at last,
I rest in the old-time fashion;



Sergeant Diehl, one of the Big Ten who went to Cornell for a special session, is the only one who seems to have been fortunate to visit us. He says it's a great place and worth while looking forward to, but boys will be boys and they wanna come back. They are getting good treatment and don't have to turn in until 8 p. m., except Wednesday and Fridays, when they are allowed out until 10 o'clock. Ain't it grand?

Was it Suits who found a nice looking telephone number in his pigeon hole, with the information that there was a box left at that number for him? Perfectly delighted and ticked at the idea that he had not been entirely forgotten, Suits called up and asked for the package. It was a rude shock when the gruff voice at the other end said that there was no box left there for him, but he could readily have one made. "What do you mean?" says Suits. "Why, this is the undertakers," says the voice apologetically.

If you have any ambition, get acquainted with Instructor Hirschburg right away. He has a little book—we forgot the name of it—but it guarantees one who knows it from cover to cover, to become a captain, or at least a colonel in three weeks. Tells all about how and where to wear medals, like the V. C., D. S., I. C., U. C., B. V. D., etc. If you get past the ever-changing insignias, you are doing well, for few of us have.

There was nothing too good that could be said about Bakers Farm during the summer, but why are they strolling back like a lot of refugees now with the approach of the healthy fall season? It would be fine weather, all right, if there wasn't so much of it, and they say they would enjoy it better if someone would not forget to turn the steam on in those tents on cold mornings, and not worry them when breakfast time comes around.

Did you ever notice that when you get "paged" in the army, you fall under a strain of mixed feelings? And on top of it all emerges the idea that you are to look for trouble.

Some time ago Hildgen was looking up a time table. This was before Peace Day, so that, no doubt he had a hunch. It was a clever maneuver to get down to the Metropolis on the Big Day. Don't ask for any more information. Just watch for the occasion when Hil is looking up Baldecker's Guide to Excursions Up the Rhine.

Klinker Whiskers hasn't done anything wrong since the last time, but has had the courage to make a downright, frank confession and told us why he is in the aviation service. A fortune teller once reminded him that he was no good on earth and as this was an opportunity to get as near to heaven as he will ever get, it was truly a godsend.

Dorm. 8.—"All That I Want Is Love."
Sings back dorm. 7—"All that you'll get is a brick."

I rest in the old-time way.
For resting still is my passion,
As it was in a former day.

"Taps" is consigned to quiet;
Its echoes are dead and gone.
It sleeps with the Dirge of Diet
And the Herald of the Dawn.
The sergeant's face has vanished,
And every voice is still.
"Fatigue" and "guard" are banished.
Leashless, I rest at will.

General, prince or colonel,
A buck or a Bonaparte
Crowned with laurels vernal—
Sleeping, are one at heart.
So out with the candle's sputter;
The gift of the gods I'd reap.
From the depths of my bunk I mutter,
"Pipe down and let me sleep!"
—The Spiker.

Pass it Along.
"When a bit of sunshine hits you after passing of a cloud,
When a bit of laughter gets you, and your spine is feeling proud,
Don't forget to fling it at a soul that's feeling blue,
For the minute that you fling it, its a boomerang for you."

No Women Angels.
Our boy, Abe Douglas is a philosopher. He told me that he had it all doped out that there were no women angels, because artists always pictured angels as flat-chested men.
"Well, Doug," I inquired, "why then don't angels wear whiskers?" The answer was, "Because all men get into Heaven by a close shave."

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HERE AND OVER THERE

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Out of Focus!

The Tell Tale.

Heard on the street Sunday night at 11.30 o'clock: "Police yourself, Rumer, you're all burdocks."

Lemon Pie.

There seems to be some doubt as to the meaning of the expression Lemon Pie, even since the last issue of The Snapshot.

According to the I. D. R. and the various military camps spread over the U. S., a Lemon Pie is a slacker, or a man who is yellow all through, without enough crust to go over the top.

Page Yodock!

What is a table head, Yodock? My old friend Elbert Hubbard used to say: "Never explain, your friends don't need it and your enemies won't understand you, anyway."

But why marry him? Perhaps in pity. One never knows the working of a woman's mind. I do hope she will like Rantoul, Ill., even if she is talked to death.

Dorm. 5 Again!

Well, they certainly have some press agents. Some think he is a conceited ass, but, anyway, he certainly has a great opinion of his literary ability.

Everybody is now talking of what they are going to do when they get into "civvies," but I haven't heard anyone mention the fact that they were going to work.

Sergeant Keyes thinks he has too many file closers, so he has made a few squads of N. C. O's.

Have you seen Maydon playing soccer? He will be playing "Bumble Puppy" next.

From Baker Field.

What keeps Alderman in at nights now?
 Poor Ruth!

When will the cane come back?
 Duse.

What is Markowitz's main idea?
 Ask Rose—she knows!

Rochester for Markowitz after everything is settled.

I can make gravy out of corn starch. Can you, Fishes?

But—Oh, you Ostrom!
 We see your downfall!

Our reporter has become such a Gold Brick that he is too tired to sit a rehearsal through—and play his instrument. Some G. B.!

And dear little Eva (Lawrence) has no time to practice any more.

But we notice an improvement in "Pap." Nearly on time the last few days.

Who said that?
 Who is the young lady that called Ostrom on the telephone on Friday morning and caused him to neglect his duty? Oh!!! Ostrom!

And the two in town? Sh! Sh!
 If mama only knew!

And how mad he tried to make us believe he was!

Oh, you kid!

All men with dog muzzles at Baker Field must put them on.

Carson, out you come! Whoo, Dick!
 There was a young lady from Lynn, Who was so exceedingly thin;
 That when she essayed To drink lemonade,
 She slipped through the straw and fell in.
 —Josiah Wiggins.

We Don't Believe in Signs Now!

We Don't Like To criticize, But, Did you see The sign Roy Miller, that Affable K. of C. Man made the Other night? He brought it Out of the Backroom of The hut and Showed it to Carpenter, who Was standing at The counter. Roy Said, "Look! This Is my first Attempt at Sign writing." And Carpenter said "You don't need To Tell people About it." Then Pop Maydon loomed (Loomed is right) Up on the horizon, And Roy said: "Look, Pop, What do you Think of this?" And Pop gave one Look and said "Well, I don't Know what's wrong, But it looks like Hades to me." So Roy did not Post the sign, And we are Wondering yet What the sign Meant—and There you are! We don't Believe in Signs no More.

A. D. C.



Airscout's Who's Who!



M. A. MESSEGEE.

Good soldiering comes from long and disciplinary drilling as the game of football is in many ways similar to the game of war, good football is a result of steady and proper coaching under an efficient master. Messeggee is a disciple of one of the best football strategists in the country, Gilmore Doble, who has coached the Washington University team to victory and forestalled any defeat during the past three years. On the coast, Doble's name is synonymous with champion football teams and there has been more than one occasion when under his direction, Washington University has been led to pile up scores of over 100 points—making scores as fast as they could be made.

Such was the man from whom Messeggee learned the game of football. A team scraped together at a camp where there is no official supervision is, at best, a hazardous undertaking; but Messeggee, undaunted, jumped at the opportunity of welding together a working organization and under his management there has been a finely developed team, worthy to represent the airscouts. In the face of many discouragements, the team is "there" with the right spirit and after sufficient practice, should show us what a well-drilled organization soldiers should accomplish in sports.

They 'adn't learned no horders but "Ooray!" and "Give 'em 'ell!" But the only thing that bothered us about them leggy lads Was 'ow in 'ell to get the chow to feed their "Kamerads!"

So we're standin' all together in a stiffish frin' line, If anyone should awsk you, you can say we're doin' fine. But the only thing that bothers us—an' that don't bother much—Is 'ow in 'ell to get the dirt to bury all the Dutch.

Gaw's trewth! It's rotten fightin' that all our troops 'as seen, The 'Un's a dirty p'yer, becos 'e's alwys been: But the only thing that bothers us in 'andin' 'im our thanks Is 'ow in 'ell we'd done it if it were not for the Yanks.

Oh, the English and the Irish, an' the 'owlin' Scotties, too, The Canucks and Austryleuns, an' the 'airy French Pollu, The only thing that bothered us don't bother us no more; It's why in 'ell we didn't know the Yankee boys before! —Anon.



O. McMURRAY, a former Airscout at the U. S. A. S. A. P., who now is in France with the 20th Photo Section, according to word received here.

THE YANKEES ON THE MARNE

Oh, the English and the Irish, and the 'owling Scotties, too, The Canucks and Austryleuns, and the 'airy French Pollu— The only thing that bothered us a year before we knew, Was 'ow in 'ell the Yanks 'ud look, an' wot in 'ell they'd do.

They 'adn't 'ad no trynein', they didn't know the gyme, They 'adn't never marched it much—their shooting was the syme; An' the only thing that bothered us that day in lawst July Was 'ow in 'ell the line 'ud 'old if they should run aw'y.

Them leggy, nosey new 'uns, just come across the sea— We couldn't 'elp but wonder 'ow in 'ell their guts 'ud be. An' the only thing that bothered us in all our staggerin' ranks Was wot in 'ell 'ud 'appen w'en the 'Uns 'ad 'it the Yanks.

My Word! it 'appened sudden w'en the drive 'ad first begun: We seed the Yanks a-runnin'—Caw-blibly, 'Ow they run! But the only thing that bothered us that seed the chase begin Was 'ow in 'ell to stop 'em 'fore they got into Berlin!

They didn't 'ave no tactics but the bloody manuel.

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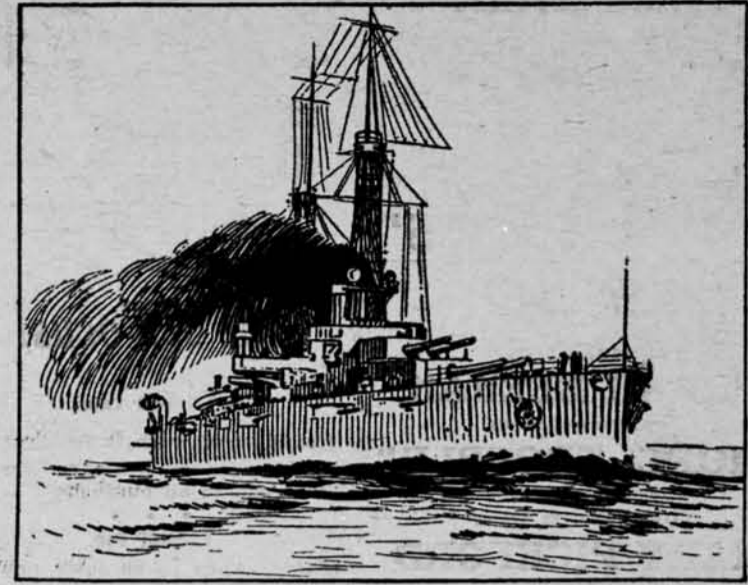
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WE HAVE OUR TROUBLES

By Inst. Herbert F. Lang.
 Gee! Fellers, but isn't it hard when they ask
 They ask
 A guy what never took a picture in his life
 Except perhaps the time when you sort of snuggled up close to the piano
 Pretending
 You were going to sing a song—maybe
 It was "Bringing in the Sheaves" Or something like it
 And she was going to play
 And while she was playing—you took her picture—
 Off
 The piano. And that was the only ever took
 And when they try and make an aerial
 Photographer out of you
 Without a minute's notice in picture you
 Five weeks time
 It's
 Tuff—I tell you.
 And when you learn everything
 What you're expected to know
 About stereums and musics
 And revised lettering
 And how to handle a tank at 75 degrees
 And pancreatic plates
 And contact prints and
 You are sure you can tell what
 Side is the emotional side of a plate (photographic) and
 You master
 All
 The rudiments of something called gold-bricking what you must learn yourself
 And after you are sure you know
 All the perpendiculars of aerial photography, then you have one week left
 And they call it a formula or formulae
 Or
 Formulus or something and
 A guy who wears glasses and smokes
 Big black cigars,
 Like General U. S. Grant used to do back in the terrible war in '61,
 And stands on
 A
 Box and looks wise
 Like an owl
 Looks wise and asks you
 What a centimeter is and you tell him they use 'em
 In
 Your town, but they call 'em
 Quartermeters, and
 Everyone laughs
 And someone yells 'tention and
 Everyone jumps
 Up like he
 Was scared
 And in comes an officer
 Who says
 "Rest"
 And you call
 His bluff and lay down on the edge
 Of the sink
 And almost fall in, only you don't.
 And just to show how smart he is, this guy—what has a name like a fish—something like tarpoon or scorpion—
 Asks us questions in front of the C. O.
 He asks me
 "What is the coadination usually exemplified when hydroquinine disintifuzes with amalgamated Prussian acid." Of
 Course I never had that before
 So he
 Asked me another. How many see sees
 Did I see
 Before I
 Added my artic acid to my Sodfite of sulphium and
 Right away
 I told him
 And he gave me 65 in
 Deficiency which I thought was good.
 But when the examination came
 He asked me
 A question
 Which stuck me. He asks
 Me was metol a developing
 Agent and seeing I didn't
 Know anybody by that name I
 Says No, he ain't.
 I says Metol is a German
 City and I flunked and
 Flunked
 Hard.
 Oh, what's the
 Use?
 Some Hiker.
 Examining Physician—We can't enlist you with those feet. You'd peter out on a 15-mile hike.
 Kentucky Mountaineer—Wal, stranger, mebbe Ah would, but Ah done walked nigh on to a hundred miles gettin' here, an. now Ah gotta walk back agatin.



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THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT



VOL. 1 NO. 26 ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOV. 27 AND DEC. 4 1918 FREE TO SOLDIERS

Y. M. C. A. "Over the Counter" With the Secretaries K. of C.

At parting we propose this toast:
 "Our Commandant, Major James Barnes!"
 Soldier, scholar, friend and every inch a man. First in our respect and first in our hearts' best love.
 Drink the bumper to the last red drop and shatter the glass, for we'll never meet his peer. Wherever he goes may prosperity smile upon him and happiness bless.
 When the major rides away it's three times three and hats in the air, while this ringing shout goes after: "Call us again when you will and we'll follow you to the ends of the earth!"

Into the Port of Dreams.

Thanksgiving Night I went up idly into the movie loft in search of a tool and, turning in the darkness to descend, suddenly I was confronted by the picture of the hut spread out below, and my heart was gripped with unexpected emotion at the realization that soon it would all be only a dream.

The room was flooded with light. The big stoves glowed with friendly warmth. In the far corner, to piano accompaniment, Hal Clark was drawing a sure, sweet bow over his beloved violin, filling the air with tonal beauty. Soldier boys were writing letters home at the side shelves. Some were playing checkers and chess. Groups of players bent over the two pool tables. Men were chatting and laughing about the stoves or moving in the room. An impromptu quartette was humming near the counter. Roy Miller was perched on the high stool by the cash register, radiating good cheer to all comers and chaffing the pool players as they made or missed their shots. Dick Trupin was there, grinning at his champion, Joe Clark. Harold Wilkins was fussing over his trap drums, getting ready for the next concert. Jack Miller was hugging the two dogs, Duke and Colonel, while old Rex was stretched out twice his length over the floor under foot. Abe Douglas with his banjo was sitting on the counter. Carl Thompson, surrounded by an admiring group, was drawing cartoons for the closing vaudeville show. "Pop" Mazdon was offering sarcastic comment and Sergeant Ingraham was chuckling over the show. Everywhere about the room were men I had come to know and love. From my elevated position in the darkness I seemed like one in a dream, looking into a lost room, and my eyes knew tears as I groped toward the vanishing picture.

So it is out and away, into the port of dreams. School, hut, the lights, the good fellowship—these friends, the music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye, all fade into the days gone by—

When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh—
 The older, golden glory of the days gone by.

Bow-wow and Kiyoodle.

No true history of S. A. P. can ever be written which leaves out our dogs. The best parade appearance the boys make is when they are marching to and from mess with old Rex proudly leading on. And every day, and all the time, in the hut we have had an assortment of bow-wows and kiyoodles sleeping, eating, fighting, barking or joyfully submitting to general teasing on the part of all the soldiers. Besides Rex there are the regular boarders, Duke, and Colonel, and Bingo, and Peter the Airedale, Nigger, Brownie and Bull, and transients galore. At night they sleep in the hut under the long counter or near the stoves. We have furnished lodging and board, and the price is three cooties per night. Jack Miller brings in breakfast of choice scraps from the mess hall, and the pack is ever happy.

What will become of our dog family when the school is ended? Rex and some of the others have run away from perfectly good homes to attach themselves with complete devotion to the soldiers. They fawn on any man wearing a uniform, but growl with suspicion at civilians. Their hearts will be broken when they lose their gods of S. A. P. Doubtless they will haunt the deserted hut, waiting for the boys who never return. They cannot understand what it all means, and their world will be at an end. Like the dogs of Belgium, they will howl out their lives over the ruins of their lost home, breaking their hearts for the pals who come no more.

Good-by, dogs, take care of yourselves!

A Rose to the Living.

Eulogy is too rarely given the living. We heap flowers over dead friends, saying: "There, now smell of them." It is better to praise folk while they can hear. "A rose to the living is more than sumptuous wreaths to the

dead." Which reflection leads me to hand a bouquet of genuine appreciation to Fremont Chester, the founder, editor and publisher of The Snapshot. If nobody loves a fat man, even less, it seems, ordinarily does anybody love an editor. He plans and he hustles and he produces good stuff, but usually fails to get sympathetic reaction. The editor of one of our leading dailies once told me he had written for more than thirty years and was convinced that no one had ever read a line. His sense of failure was based on the fact that the editor of a city paper necessarily has many more readers than he can ever meet, and therefore cannot judge results of his writings. With The Airscout's Snapshot it is different.

The paper has been given away to soldiers at the counter. There the secretaries meet the readers and the news contributors, so we know positively how the paper stands with the boys. We are not guessing when we say to Editor Chester: "Your paper has been a grand success." Every issue has been awaited eagerly, discussed and laughed over and passed on to homes and other camps. The Y. M. C. A., K. of C. secretaries rise to declare the verdict of all, that Fremont Chester has done a fine bit of service in founding and maintaining The Airscout's Snapshot. He has held the mirror up to the S. A. P., and The Snapshot will remain the chief record of the life of the school. It will be filed permanently at Washington, in the Museum of the Rochester Historical Society, in the archives of the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. will be preserved by the boys, and in future years will be of increasing value.

Mr. Chester, please accept a big red rose.

Farewell Notice.

The farewell frolic held in the hut Wednesday night, December 4, was enjoyed by a crowded house. The stage setting was elaborate and the "all home talent troupe" brought out the following performers: Singers, Messrs. Sam Harrison, Halpike, Isham, Addison, Stonehouse and Hicks; saxophone soloist, Mert C. Dey; lightning cartoonist, Carl B. Thompson; blackface

Important Notice!

As this is the final issue of the Airscouts' Snapshot, advertisers are urged to make prompt settlement so that the affairs of the paper may be closed up as expeditiously as possible. Attention is called also to the fact that THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION HAS BEEN MOVED FROM 209 Livingston Building TO 221 EXCHANGE PLACE BUILDING — and all remittances and communications intended for the publishers should be addressed accordingly. We thank you!

THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

Honest, boys, "Sparks" Sherman was caught mending up plate racks recently by no less than a lieutenant. How in the world can you live under that Sherman?

And the good old Gold Bricking days are nearly over, and it looks like some of the old hands at G. B. are going to learn a new tune of what work is in the future, when it is "pack up."

comedians, Messrs. Klucken and Motchenbacher; Sam Tulpan's famous quartette, Hal Clark, violinist; and Elroy Miller, Yea Bo, as the gladiator. H. A. Riebe directed the cornet band in selections before and after the vaudeville, and the great Jazz Band added to its reputation with the following players: H. A. Riebe, cornet; Harold Wilkins, trap drums; Mert C. Dey and Hancock, saxophones; Carl B. Thompson, violin; George A. Clark, piccolo, banjo; Forest Spinner, piano. Mrs. Edward R. Foreman and Forest Spinney furnished piano accompaniments for the performers. Joseph C. Clark acted as stage carpenter and scene handler. Discovered at rise was a camp fire, about which were lounging soldiers singing and playing on instruments. Enter a file of soldiers from the front carrying rifles and singing "The Last Long Mile." Stacking the guns, they joined the group, and every man contributed to a general jolliest. It was a great night and a big show, the best of a long line which have been pulled off at the hut.

The Weekly Letter Home

Boys—Make The Snapshot serve two purposes! Write your letter in the above space and mail The Snapshot to the folks back home!

AIRSCOUTS ORGANIZE PERMANENT ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, PLANNED TO BE NATIONWIDE SOCIETY

Instructors of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography went in a body to the Lyceum Theater last Friday evening to make a stereoscopic observation of an extremely clever, high-class comedy, "Twin Bunks." It was the only occasion except pay day that the entire staff of instructors attended in a body. The men were mosaiced in the center of the house, which afforded everyone a clear vision. It may be said that, quite naturally, everyone was on edge awaiting a possible over-exposure after following the co-ordinates of the programme and discovering that two exposures would be made in milady's boudoir (Acts 2 and 3).

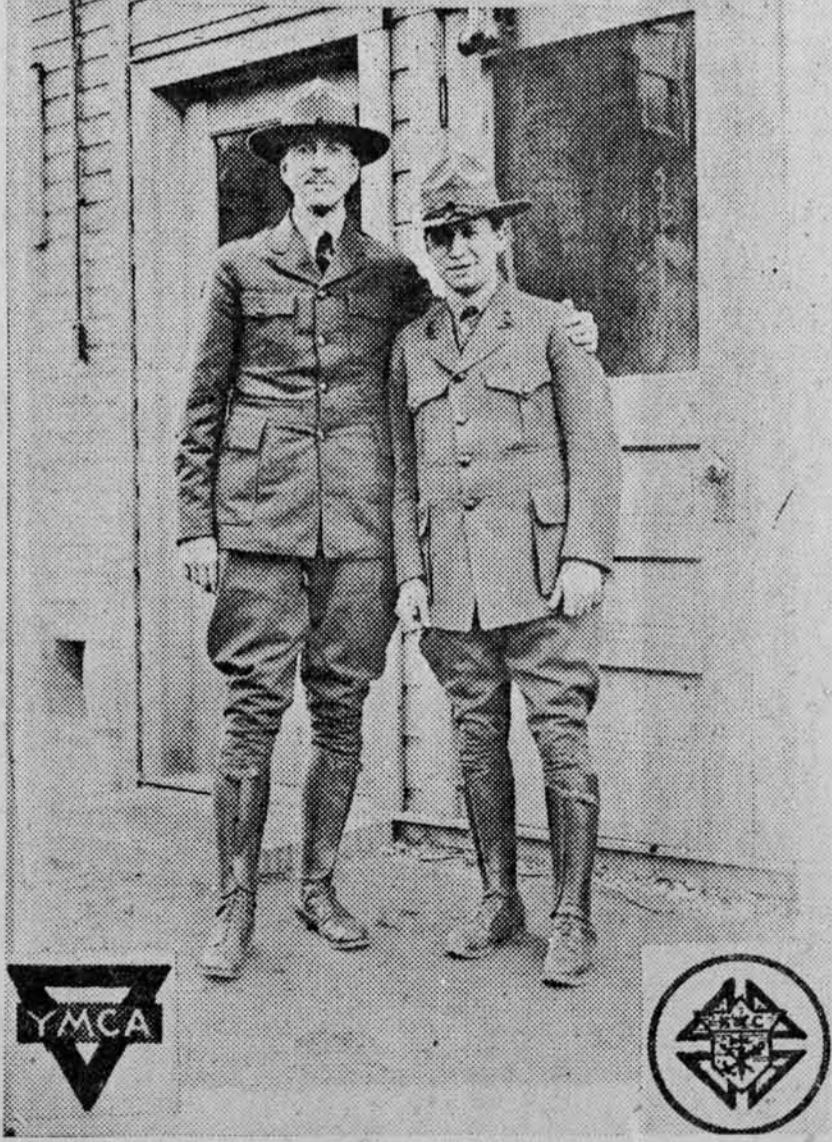
Major James Barnes and his staff of officers, who were cordially invited by the men, were met at the entrance of the theater by an escort of honor and were guided to boxes decorated with the national colors. The officers enjoyed themselves, and it was noticed that they took a prominent part in applauding the clever bit of drama.

After development had ceased and the shadows changed into highlights, the instructors felt into lock-step and wended their way, snake fashion, down Main Street, dodging automobiles until they arrived at Odenbach's Cafe, where they filed in and took their places at tables arranged in E formation. The speaker of the evening, Sergeant Perry H. Thors, had them seated and enjoy themselves to the utmost. A very delightful supper was then served, and the fact that everyone did justice to the repast need not

be mentioned. Instructors Addison, Carpenter, Commander and Talpin rendered songs, much to the amusement of the men. Instructor Moitschenbacher took hold of the men and pulled out harmony by the hand. It must be said that he was quite a success as a song leader. The lantern slide section of the school composed a catchy song, which included every instructor in that department, portraying in verse natural pastimes of the men.

When the eats finally disappeared, the speaker took the floor and outlined a national organization to include all men graduated from any of the Aerial Photographic Schools for the purpose of promoting good fellowship among the men and for the further advancement of aerial photography as an art and science. A yearly convention in the popular city of Rochester was suggested and met with instant approval. The initial organization meeting was voted an overwhelming success, and cheers took possession of the orderly meeting for several minutes. When order was finally restored, a vote of gratitude was given to the head civilian instructors of the school, who were present, for making possible the tasty supper. A nominating board was appointed during the evening, to report at a meeting to be held Monday and suggest prospective office holders for the current year. The board consisted of M. Reed, Sergeant L. Norris, Sergeant R. Thors, Sergeant W. Hunter and Sergeant L. Strauss.

U. S. A. SCHOOL OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY ROCHESTER, N. Y. Y. M. C. A.—K. OF C. RECREATION HUT



The Recreation Hut at Kodak Park, U. S. A. S. A. P., is the only joint Y. M. C. A.-K. of C. hut in the world. Since the hut opened, three secretaries have served for the Y. M. C. A.: John A. Wells, J. Gilbert Cox and Edward R. Foreman; and three secretaries for the

K. of C.: Angelo J. Newman, Cyril J. Statt and Elroy Miller.

Above appear the pictures of Edward R. Foreman (left), Y. M. C. A., and Elroy Miller (right), K. of C., who were in charge when the Hut closed.

'Twas Ever Thus at S. A. P. Garage

U. S. A. S. A. P. garage is still running. We are blessed with two more repair men. Welcome, Kellogg and—

Anyone in need of woolen socks apply to Sergt. Jack Miller.

Since the chains broke on Chauffeur Macklin's machine he is taking an unlimited furlough.

Chauffeur Giarth is back on the job again, having tire trouble, as usual.

Chauffeur Wilkins has an engagement to play the drums at the Loges Theater, New York City, as soon as he gets his discharge from the army.

Chauffeur Newman almost lost a perfectly good job last week. Ask him—he knows.

Chauffeur Itner has been demoted and is driving a Ford again.

Chauffeurs Rose and Kieth still love the ladies.

Chauffeur Neugent worked all morning coaxing his truck to run. Feed her honey, Red.

Corporal Corlett says a Ford should run on its reputation, but we do not agree with him.

Chauffeur Durack's favorite tool is a hammer and cold chisel.

Our expert motorcycle mechanic, Herb Groth, has returned to us again after having a week's vacation for looping the loop.

Chauffeur Macklin says he does everything the twentieth century way. Corporals Corlett, Rose, Kieth and Neugent are going into the undertaking business after they are discharged.

Line Up.

They line us up for Muster,
 They line us up for Prayer,
 We're lined up for Inspection;
 We're lining up all day.

We line up when there's Roll Call,
 For Chow, for Drill, to Pray;
 And sometimes they will line us up
 Just to see how we look that way.

They line us up for Guard Mount,
 At Reveille (to begin),
 We line up when we draw our duds
 And when a guy kicks in.

We'll be lined up forever
 Until we pass away,
 And then you'll hear some Johnnie shout:
 "Line up for Judgment Day!"

SO IT SEEMS—People ask who the Czecho-Slovaks are. They are the men who put the "trot" in Trotzky.

THE AIRSCOUT'S SNAPSHOT

Published weekly in the interests of the Soldier-students of the U. S. A. School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park, Rochester, N. Y.
Publication office, 221 Exchange Place Bldg.

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W. G. BROADBOOKS, Business Manager.

MAJOR JAMES BARNES, Commanding Officer, Censor.

LIEUT. THEODORE J. LINDORFF, Adjutant, Associate Editor.

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WALTER HUNTER, Cartoonist.

SERGT. HARRY H. MURPHY, Director of Correspondents.

ELROY MILLER, K. of C. Representative.

EDWARD R. FOREMAN, Y. M. C. A. Representative.

10

Editorial

THE LAST EXPOSURE.

With this, the 26th issue, the Airscout's Snapshot will cease publication. Founded six months ago, it has appeared regularly at the United States Army School of Aerial Photography at Kodak Park every week, and has become a part of the student life of the school.

Just what part it has played in the history of the institution remains for the Airscouts to judge. Its purpose was to give the soldier-students a publication of their own, in which they might record the various activities of their school life in Rochester. It was not thrust upon the Airscouts, but was issued following appeals from the soldier-students themselves, and after attempts to start a paper at the school had failed.

The Snapshot has been made possible through the generosity of Rochester advertisers. It has been published at minimum cost to the merchants, and has been supplied to the Airscouts without cost, and in sufficient numbers to give every soldier a chance, not only to read the paper, but also to send a copy home.

All advertising contracts were made for a period of six months, the time given by Captain Betz, former commandant, as the probable duration of the school. Therefore it has been necessary to discontinue the publication of the school paper a few weeks prior to demobilization.

However, if at any time there arises a need for the reappearance of The Snapshot, whether as a souvenir for future annual reunions or to keep alive interest in and memories of the U. S. A. S. A. P., the publishers will gladly co-operate with the Airscouts in their efforts.

YALE LOCK FOUND!

The original of the Yale lock has been uncovered in a man that could not be opened by a combination of one regular citizen and three soldiers from the barracks.

These three called and interviewed a certain person who takes pleasure in managing a certain burlesque show in this city with prospects of penetrating to the cockles of his heart and asking for a slight reduction in the purchase of a huge block of admissions for a little gathering to be given for the instructors, possibly the last get-together party of the men who have done their bit in Rochester in turning out full-ledged aerial photographers for work in France.

To our great surprise and astonishment we were met very abruptly with a decided negative. No explanation was offered except that he wished his theater to remain safe and that he wanted to continue the reputation of the house as being a ladies' theater. We retreated, deciding that a lock as tight as he is could not be opened with a hammer in the form of this notice.

However, we do expect the men from the school to be particularly careful and not go to a theater where their presence would demoralize the reputation of this theater.

We would have had respect for this party had he mentioned the fact that his show was not going well and that he could not very well afford to cut the regular price, but it was his way and the attitude he carried when he refused the request of the Airscouts.



SERGEANT J. J. DAVIS.

The accompanying photograph is no more than our sergeant, Davis, in an artillery dress uniform.

Sarge has an army record as long as the state of California, and more positions than H. C. Witmer.

During the Mexican hubbub he was associated with Pershing's scouts, enlisting December, 1914.

In 1915 he took seventh place in the international rifle match and was immediately made military director in the use of all firearms from the Colt 45 to 10-inch howitzers, except the Browning automatic rifle.

Under General Bell he was on the fighting staff as bayonet instructor of the 33rd Division. During his regime at Camp Logan, Texas, he bucked bronchos at the remount depot.

At the first officers' camp at Fort Sheridan he acted as military instructor on the rifle range. From Sheridan he maneuvered to Madison Barracks, N. Y., and then to Rochester. In August he was made sergeant of the school. His wife has been with him at Rochester and they have made many friends in and around the post.

NOTES FROM BAKER FARM

Glad to see you back again, Lott. But, say, how do you get those 30-day furloughs?

Benedict to the cook: "How about a steak, boys? You're a pretty good fellow. Bev. fix me up, will you?"

Dusenchon, our genial mess sergeant, roams around the camp as if he had lost his last friend.

The mechanics are persistently inquiring for his home address. We wonder why.

Maori almost spoiled his perfect record by shaving last week, but say he expects to shave again by Christmas.

Harig, won't you please give me your girl's address when you leave Rochester?

Markowitz came near kissing his girl last week, only she said "No." If she said "Yes," he'd have got one.

I don't understand how a good looking girl like Rose can fall for a face like Mark possesses.

Fischer gave the occupants of Tent 39 the shock of their lives by retiring early one night.

Ask him who doctored up the cocoa. Curran, alias Mile-a-Minute, was observed blocking traffic by going at the snail pace of fifty miles an hour.

Who exchanged the Q. M. stove? Ask Shaefer.

Schiller wants to know why he was taken off the egg list.

Hello, Grant. Staying in to-night? All right. So am I.

Famous sayings of George Venitis: "Cause you're in the army now." "All present and accounted for." "One too many. Put him K. P." "Squads right! Halt! Count off!" "As you were, rest, dismissed."

S. and Co., the famous cook, will demonstrate the art of cooking. Bill Fischer is president of the company.

Boys, if you want to know what will be done with us, ask Bill Fischer.

You can't insult "Abe" Decker. He claims to have been insulted by experts.

Where do we go from here, boys? Well, boys, I'm leaving Saturday.

That's what Schall has been telling us since July. But we still notice him in the mess line.

"Doc" Stewart's tent is the last tent to remind us of the good, old summer time.

The cooks are having the time of their lives trying to sleep in the bedlam of noise which ensues every night in the adjoining.

The boys at the field would have had a great Thanksgiving dinner, had it arrived.

Alderman, who has been a good boy for the past two weeks, is at it again and is running Markowitz a close race for staying out nights.

Stewart took the boys out for a good time Friday night. Who was the girl you had, Stew?

If Fischer don't stop seeing Bertha, we'll need a straightjacket soon.



Airscout's Who's Who!



SERGEANT C. I. ISHAM.

Commonly known as "Chicago Kid," hails direct from Chicago via the Madison Barracks route, and has been a non-resident of our school the past few months. He was manager of the planning and cutting department at Hart, Schaffner & Marx and a member of the Harmony Quartette of Chicago for four years, and produced records for the Victor people.

He belonged to the Illinois training corps under Captain Wooden and was then transferred to Madison Barracks, N. Y. Here he acted as callisthenics instructor and took part in the Signal Corps Frolics.

Finding army life too monotonous, he received a ten-day furlough and added another member to our camp by returning with the missus.

Immediately after the war he will be found at 1315 Rosedale Avenue, Windy City, Ill.

Alderman wonders who his press agent is that has been writing Ruth up in The Snapshot. Who is Ruth, anyway?

Geel! It's nice to be a guard at Baker's Field this freezing weather!

Well, good-by to dear old Baker's Field. Au revoir!

TOOT.

Special notice—Fischer rented his cot to himself last week.

Wanted—Good printer to work in Rochester. Must live in New Haven. Address S. O. L., Box, Ruth.

Where, oh where, is Dusy Cane? Lost—A silk shirt. Reward offered if found. Apply Baker Field Tent 5. Ask for Markowitz.

Seen—Markowitz, staying in Saturday night. What's wrong, Rose?

An easy way to get a new hat is to join the army, Rose.

All that will be left at the field will be a dog and four cats and Carson. They will all stand for Retreat.

Connors, McGraw, Murphy and Kelly, the four Jewish boys wanted to whip Markowitz, the Irishman, last week—just for fun.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM DORMITORY SIX

Owing to the fact that the walls in Dorm. 5 are being pushed out, the bunch formally in that Dorm. had to scatter to the other halls of bedlam. As a result, Diamond Specialist Simpson is now one of our bunk mates. It was this celebrity who elected the style of wearing his instructors button on his pajamas and also this same party spent nearly a month arranging a lecture which was given recently, entitled "How To Select a Diamond for Your Best Girl."

Strever and Algon must have been firemen in civil life because every morning they crawl out fully dressed. It can't be because the dormitory is cold for it is comfortably heated with



JOHN T. CASPERSON

First class sergeant, entered the army September 22, 1917, at Great Falls, Mont. Why he chose Great Falls is more than we can understand. From there he was sent to Camp Lewis, Washington, and warranted corporal of the 316th Motor Supply Train. Here he was acting assistant truck master and bayonet instructor.

In April Madison Barracks was in need of a company commander and John filled the bill.

In July he was again transferred to U. S. A. S. A. P. at Rochester and chose the camera repair course and received his warrant as provost sergeant in August.

November 25 he was made sergeant, first class, of the school, which duties he now performs. No, girls, he's not married.

EVIDENT THAT SERG. HALPIKE IS A POPULAR MAN

Sergeant Halpike, commander of the guard, is a man who deserves honorable mention for the way he has guarded our camp. During his regime not one man has been shot at sunrise for ralling on Eliseses' Chariot for a three hour's dream.

Sergeant Halpike is the man who is always in for everything, and never hesitates when asked to appear on the programme. He is gifted with one of



those voices one ordinarily pays good money to hear, but, like Schumann-Heink, he donates it for one amusement.

Halpike has made a great many friends in the soldiers and civilians, and is the type of man we like. Between midnight and the morning bugle every fellow rests perfectly well, knowing that Sergeant Halpike's men are on the job.

We're you for, Seregeant.

steam. So we must have hit it correctly.

Brooks was called for wearing his sweater outside his shirt. In answer he said that it was not as warm as wearing it under his shirt. The questioner was still firm, so Brooks after hesitating for a moment replied that he could take it off quicker if it got too warm. Motto—He still wears it on top.

Thors was feeling his way to Bunk 3 one evening rather late when the O. D. was stealing silently around with a flashlight, being rather dark in the dorm, after 12 o'clock he called out, "Shoot the light over here old top, to see if my bunk is still here." In a moment the light flashed over his way and with it came a voice saying, "When someone does you a kindness thank him for it." Thors was all apologies.

McFarlin's Reduced Military Apparel

Whipcord and serge officers' uniforms that were \$52.50 and \$55 are now \$42.50 and \$45.

Big, heavy storm coats that were \$57.50 are now reduced 20 per cent.

Adler — Rochester Trench coats, with detachable fleece linings, formerly \$55, now \$48.

Leather puttees and officers' caps at 20 per cent. reduction.

McFarlin Clothing Company

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A-1 Taxis \$1.50 An Hour

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Stons 428

54 Plymouth Avenue South



"Column of Squads"

In passing, we promised we wouldn't say anything about that basketball game in which the Airscouts were defeated by the Centrals by a score of— but what's the use? Wait for Saturday's game with the Kodak Park boys!

And we won't more than mention the fact that the Thanksgiving football game resulted in a victory for the Jeffersons by the score of 19 to the proverbial nothing. Tuff luck!

Then, too, Mary B. Courneen of West Bloomfield, she of the Thrift Stamps and tobacco money, sent The Editor a pretty Thanksgiving card, wishing all Airscouts turkey and all the fixin's.

We ust can't close without a word of appreciation for Will's G. Broadbooks, our business manager, who made The Snapshot "go."



"Rank" Verse

I called him Mine.
I called him mine when he got here.
I thought he was truly mine;
Such a dear little dimpled darling
Elsewhere you may not find.
I held him tight in my arms,
I pressed him to my heart,
And blessed God for the gift He gave me,
And prayed we might not part.

In silence and in wonder
I watched him as he grew;
The prayer to always keep him
Was useless, that I knew.
I watched him grow strong and sturdy,
I loved the pure white brow,
I called him mine when he got here,
But his country's calling him now.

Yes, calling her brightest and youngest,
The loyal, the brave, the true-hearted.
That's what my boy is. Did I tell you?
And can I keep him and never be parted?

I called him mine when he came here.
I thought he was truly mine,
But he was only mine to care for;
He was only loaned to me.
SERGT. J. I. DAVIS,
U. S. A. S. A. P.

PICCADILLY

DECEMBER 5-6-7

WALLACE REID

"THE MAN FROM FUNERAL RANGE"

DECEMBER 8-11

Geraldine Farrar

"THE HELL CAT"

REGENT

DECEMBER 5-6-7

SHIRLEY MASON

and ERNEST TRUEX

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IN ARMY A WEEK AND FEEL LIKE A VETERAN

Special Correspondence of Jim and Mary Released for Exclusive Use of The Airscout's Snapshot.

Dere Mary—
You bet I aint no slacker. I ben in the servis a week now and I feel like a vetran. I got my soljer soot the furst day but I had to pay a tayler \$1.75 to fix it so I could wear it to a party. You see Mary this here U. S. A. S. P., which means some are photographers, has a wuartermaster place where they fit you with your soljer soot, but your friends have a fit when they see you. That scotch fello in there throwed a soot at me, and said beet it kid, so I took a slant at my new beady to wear, someone up and yells, attension! loud like that, and all jumped from their bunks and stands in line like a stature, and a big fello with whiskers comes in and looks around like he lost something, I stood there like a dummie, not knowing what was going on, when this fellow passed me, he looked straight at me, and stopped. He said how long you been in the servis? I said two days, how long you been in. He didn't even seem interested in my question, but shoved out his arm and said see that, and pointed to some black cord swed on his sleeve, and then pointed to his sholder and there was a thing like a gold oak leaf, he then pointed to his soot and said see that, I said hel, you got nothing on me, look at this and I showed him my soot. He seemed discusted and went out. I later found out he was the Mazor doing inspection, it being Saturday. They want everything sanitarie for Sunday, the rest of the weak it don't matter much. Well Mary, this here school is rite in Rochester, and we can go to the citie after retreat. Thats when they take the flag down for the nite, they take it down because someone might steel it in the dark, and that would be a clamity. We stay out till 11.00 on weak days, except Saturday when we can stay out all nite. At 11.00 the bugler blows tadoo. They call it tadoo because the bugler don't feel very good all the time and he leaves sort of a impression on you, that the first thing you hear in the a. m., will be him still blowing, but on a different tune called reveille. Som day he will be sorrie for such non-sence as we have to get up when he changes to reveille, and I am scared some tough bird will try to chook him.

Well Mary Im glad i joyned the army before the Kiser dedicated his throne or else your brohter John mite of sed sumthin mean about me. I aint scart of him any more cause I got lots of mussle, an I kno I can lick him. That guy on the draft bord who sent me hear toled me the wuartermasters would give me any kind of a job. He said I could have my pick, but they gave me a shovel insted.

I want to the classifikashum office the next day I come here. A Sargent looked me over and asks me a lot of questions. He wanted to kno what kind of bizness I was in befor I got in the army, and I toled him it was a hell of a bizness cause I had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morin to milk the coes, feed the hogs and do the chores but there wasnt no horn to wake me up.

My Captain, a sweed, toled me the next day I was to do K. P. at the Kodak Kitchen, it aint hard work and I get lots to eat, so you dont see me putting up a kick. I peeled pertaters, till my hands got chaped and then peeled onions till my eyes watered, and then dished up goulish for them bums til my arms aked. They eat like they never eat before. You should see the fine chiny dishes they eat off of. I had to wash em.

They sent me to Bakers Field too days ago, thats where they keep the airplanes. First thing I went on guard duty. That means I had to walk a post. It wasnt no post either. When I got to one end I had to turn round and walk to the other. I done that over and over till the gun on my sholder begin to hurt. It got so heavy I had to lay it down on the ground. I picked it up though every time a second lieut. came long, cause you got to sloot them fellos. I sleep in a tent there, with 7 others fellos, that is I tried to sleep, the guy on the right side gets my goat, everytime I wake up I heard him snoring, the guy on my left talks in his sleep about a motor boat he had in civilian life on the Lantic Ocean. I wish that boat had been submarined before he joyned the army, cause if he don't stop talking

about it he is going to have a bomb dropt on him, the size of my fist doubled up. Then it rains every day and the winds howl at night, and the tent keeps flappin me in the mug. I cant sleep scared the tent will blow away into the river. Thats where we do our abluitions, and shaving and swimmin, and get our drinking water from. Nothin like havin a river handy to throw things in. We dont hav pillos in the army, you mite askt your mother to send me one. Of course I dont need any, but I could sell it to hank Perkins, that would give me enuf monie to buy some cigerets. I guess a fello has to smoke in the army to be soshable.

I had lots of fun at that party Mary I went to the other nite. We can take a lectric car rite in front of the school but it has a trolley on it. Its not one of them gasoline things, the M. T. C. guys have a monopoly on all gas eating machines. Thier organization is perfect, if you have government bizness into the citie which requires a machine, you first have to fine a M. T. C., clerk, and he is usually doing bunk fatigue, then he looks up his Lieut, who says whether or not you can ride, and give you a slip of paper, you take this paper to the garrage, but you can't find a gas hound about and you spend a half hour looking thru the Y, and the barrax, and finally discover one sound asleep, you hate to wake him, but this government bizness comes before sleep, and when you finally get the hound woke up, he says why pick on me. Then he spends about half an hour fixing his car and putting gas into it, and in about an hour you are ready to start. The brains of their works is called Windy, but it takes a long time for the wind to get into motion. After you get started, you go 15 miles an hour, but the thing which recrods the speed tells some awful lies, because it is always near 30 to 35. I forgot about the party, it was at a church and we had some ice cream and played some gaims. It make me thin of the church fair last winter whe Deakon Harrisons wife scooped out the cream, but this time we didnt have a fork over any dime. You ought to see the peach of a girl I met. Of course, Mary she wasn't as nice as you cause I alwaz wuz parshul to red hair. We got to talkin bout everything and she sez what do you all do in school, and then she said I reckon youll be goin over soon. I said over where and she sed why to France of course. I sed plenty time, they didnt need me there cause I couldnt talk French nohow. I ought to stay where English is spoke. She was a suthern girl and talkd queer like. She sed she wuz a war worker but I toled her she didnt have to work any harder than I did. Course you got to make lowanecs fer educashun to travel so fur. Still thur looks makes up for that.

I went to a show last Monday, of course I didnt have to pay nuthin' the girl I met at the party took me. I wanted to shoe my apprecisshum so I bought a bag of peanuts on the way there for a treet. Thats my disposishum Mary. Generous all over. We found our seats were in the balconie, furst row, next to me was a kernel and he got mad when I dropt peanut shucks on the floor under his feet. I tried to make beleaf that girl with me was you Mary so we held hands when the lites went out in the theayter. Dont you tell yer muther Mary or she wont send me that can of jam she promised me.

Well the show was so good I forgot to eat all my peanuts. It started like a minstrel show and I had to laff all the time. One fello sang strolling round the camp with Mary and it maye me thing of you. Their was wun peace called It Maye be Wrong, I kno it yuz wrong cause the fellos in the orkestry thought they wuz on the stage and they begin to dance, just as ef they wuz crazy. O I forgot to say ther wuz a song on the program called Father Is Going to be with us soon, it is a humdinger Mary. I bet yer father would throw 57 fits if he herd it. They had Sofie Tucker in an act, and it was reel good, she had a stunnin dress on, and she had a orkestra, and rite in the middle of the act she kised every one of her orkestra, and they acted like they had been gased. Wished I could play a harp of somthin I would join her orkestra, not that your kises are not sweet enough Mary, but this Sofie knos how to do it rite from sperience, it takes practice Mary.

And say Mary I forgot to tell about our thanksgiving dinner at Dodak. It wuz grate, we had everything from soup to nuts, with musix and speeches throwed in. It wuz so good that the officers ate with us, guess they know when we have a good meal Mary. They had a coarse dinner Mary, that a foreign term, so you wont understand it, they named the diferent dishes after the diferent officers in the school, the namin wasnt so bad til they got to nuts, of course some officer had to be the goat. The cigars were called Non-Coms, and Cigerettes called Privatas, well Mary you know I always did like Non-Coms so I stuffed my pockets, the



Out of Focus!

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Chapter VII.

Snow November 22?
What February will be like?
Being sent home?
The instructors without Connoly?
How all these sergeants were made?
The Fourth Company without Mexico Dennam.
Who the guy is, that answers the 'phone and always says: "Oh, that fellow's married?"
What \$150, or thereabouts, a month would seem like?
All the machines in the garage working?
Banjo Douglass five feet tall?
Mazdon without a special?
Ten minutes at the "Y" in the day-time without the band blowing you off the bench?
Trupin, the vocalist, with us again.
Furguson, or Hawverd, Morrison, Callaway, Worthington, doing fatigue?
WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF
Mazdon got married?
We'd get discharged?
We could get up without a bugle?
Comstock refused to play football?
We were all aviators instead of making people think we are?
Someone would give us some real cigarettas?
Suits lost his Flower City residence?
Carpenter shaved his lip?
\$8.50 was all we were worth a month?
The mess hall was only two miles away instead of where it is?
De Ford Smith never got a phone call?
Tompon (Y ka kee) went to work?
Trupier had to unload coal?
Macklin didn't break 22 motor-cycles weekly?
Sergt. Miller died?
This were the last Snapshot?

privates had a tough day of it, they always do. It was a grate day Mary and I am very thankful because the Mazor, of whom I spoke before said we would all be home soon, and everybody cheered. But I bet they wont get meals like that at home and dont have to pay a cent for it. Its wonderful when you think of it Mary.

Well Mary, the Captain called me into the office and said I had been promoted to fire guard, that means I got to keep the hot air goin around the garrage to keep the machines from frezin. Well good by Mary I got to use the cole shovel.
Yours til my hart gits cold.

JIM.

P. S.—You wont care Mary if I go to see that girl I met at the show to-night it gets lomsome to have nothin but a cole shovel to look at.
J.
From Sgt. W. J. Schluter, Q. M. C.

From the Mailbag

Rockland, Me., November 23, 1918.
Dear Editor of Snapshot:
To the boys of the old "Fighting Fourth" from Madison Barracks and the "Frolisome Fifth" at the S. A. P., who remember "Goldie Tyler" (nee Priv. R. W. Tyler), who was discharged for a faulty heart in June, the following may be of interest:
Twin sons were born to Mr. and Mrs. R. Waldo Tyler at Silsby Hospital, Rockland, Me., Sunday, November 17, at 7 p. m. The first son was named Ralph Betz Tyler, the second Charles Sumner. The mother is doing nicely.
Sincerely yours,
R. W. TYLER.
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SYNCOATED NOTES FROM 'S. A. P. BAND

Ask the Band boys what wakes them up in the morning.

Answer—Riebe, the human cyclone. Nuff sed!

Lazelle, our genial, although playful companion, complains that he will surely be ruined if he stays in the army much longer. Why the belligerent attitude, Ribert?

Say, fellows, did you notice Ostrom "pipe off" those diving nymphs last week at the Victoria?

Oh, Boy! I'll bet he knows every one of them by their first name by now.

We heard Newbury say the other day: "Oh, Burgh, OUR girl wants YOU to call her up."

Poor Newbury—The girls certainly treat you rough, don't they?

I wonder where Charlie Hancock stays "till 2 a. m., every morning?"

Baker, the bugler, says, "Well, I blow them in sweet, even if they do come out a little sour."

Our Band will challenge any outfit in the command to a coal shoveling contest. And yet they call us Gold Bricks.

Swan, you ought to write a book on concentrated farming. You will make more money selling the idea than you will practicing it.

Patterson is going to start a class in early morning gymnastics. He already has some recruits.

The only real pep old Charlie Hancock ever shows is when we are playing "Lasses Trombone." Charlie says, "Tis great stuff."

Ostrom would like to arrange an engagement for the Band to play at the burlesque show. That would make a fine excuse to get there, wouldn't it, Carl? But we are wise now, you boy!

Letteri, our solo piccolo artist, spends much time and most of his money commuting to Buffalo. Who can guess the reason? Will we all get an invitation to the big affair, Dominick?

I say, Babey, isn't it too bad that there isn't more evenings in a week?

I'm afraid you never will be able to keep up with your calling list under present conditions.

I'll say that McPheeters can also sympathize with you. He is in the same fix.

Somebody asked yesterday when is the Band going to get their warrants?

Bill Young doesn't drink coffee and Spawn says that is the reason he has a "peaches and cream complexion."

This may also account for his being able to stay out till 4 a. m. every night.

Sister Eva says, "Bring on your men and I will take care of six, but I won't guarantee how they will look afterwards, because I scratch, bite and kick."

But on musical comedy, "she" is the "best yet." I don't think.

One night when Eva failed to return home we became uneasy and called the city jail but she was not there. Where?

No answer from our drummer as to his nervousness on Main Street. We mean the big drummer.

Riebe is getting real "hard boiled." By the time he has this same bunch six months longer he will be capable of handling Eva and the rest of the girls.

Bugh is like the owl. He sleeps in daytime and wakes at night. But unlike the owl he gets his dates all mixed up. "By Cripes! I won't stand for that!" So says Spawn.

Charles F. Hancock intends to go South on the first train when he is mustered out. Hey, Charley, me, too!

Although Patterson is from Georgia, you can't freeze him. He is just like a polar bear. The more air the better he likes it.

Wonder why "Pap" gets up so quick when you mention sweeping out?

Who said Rohrer couldn't dance? Just watch him at the farewell dance.

The scheme "Old Dad" Williams tried to work, so he could be home for Thanksgiving, was found out, so he will eat dinner with the rest of us.

Lazelle is now a real member of our band. His initiation having been finished last week.

So also with Baker.

The checker championship is undecided as yet. Will advise later as to who wins.

Said a medical man the other day when he wanted someone to take down screens at hospital

"When I want some work done quickly, I go to the band, because four band men are as good as a dozen ordinary men." Which we consider quite a compliment.

We thank Roy Miller for his treat of cigarettes some days ago. Come again!

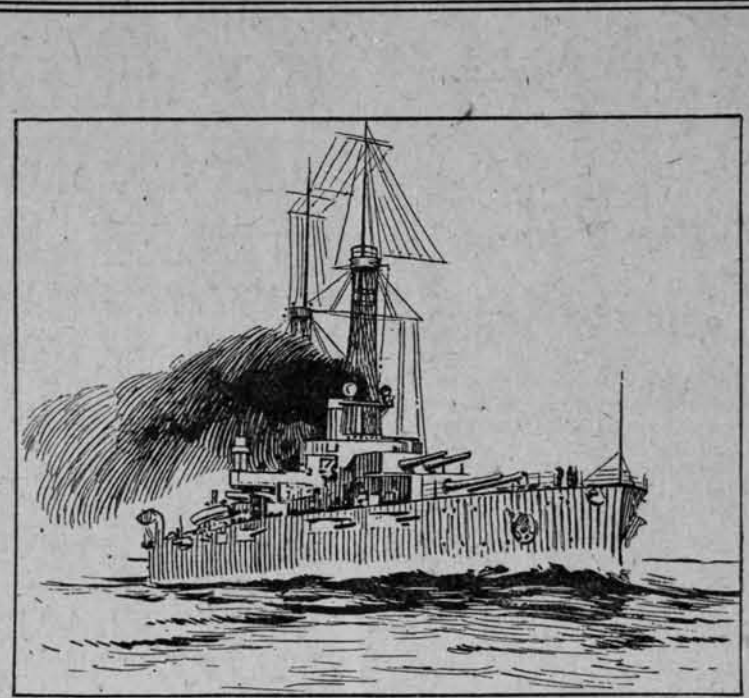
AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE—

"Judge," said the man at the bar. "There's no use of trying to square this thing up. My wife and I fight just so often and just so long, and we can't help it. So there you are."

"And about how long do you keep it up?" asked the judge.

"About two weeks, Judge."

"All right, I'll give you fifteen days in jail—in other words, you are interned for the duration of the war."



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