

CAPTURED MARINE BACK WITH YANKS AFTER EIGHT DAYS

Nodding Guard and Pick Handle Give Donahue Chance to Escape

KICKED BY HUN LIEUTENANT

Officer Who Tries to Get Information Decides He Will Have to Look Elsewhere

GERMAN DOGS GET FRIENDLY

But Boy Who Kept Eyes Open Is Far Happier When American Voice Bids Him Halt

This is the story of Private Donahue. It is the story of a young Marine who, in the midst of a confused and savage night skirmish on the edge of a ravine in Torgy way, northwest of Chateau-Thierry, vanished from the ranks of his company and was not seen again until eight days later, when, hungry, dirty, tired, sore and happy, he crawled into the American lines at dawn.

How he got into "Germany" he is not sure. He remembers a rush of troops in the dark and a blow over the head. The next thing he remembers, he was lying on the ground outside a candle-lit tent.

There was a nightmare scuffle and bustle going on around him. It was still dark. His hands were numb. His clothes had been ripped open and his pockets emptied. As he found out later, they had taken everything, his dog-tag, his note-book full of his thoughts on war, his money, his letters and clippings and snapshots from home.

He Got His Information

Someone was standing over him, speaking to him in passable English. It was a German officer—a lieutenant, he thought. He scrambled to his feet. The lieutenant eyed him sternly.

"How many Americans are over here?" The young Marine, as though he had been rehearsed in the part for weeks, looked his captor square in the eye and answered:

"Thirty-two American divisions and 40 divisions more."

The next moment he lay sprawling in the dirt, and from that posture into which the lieutenant had kicked him he was rewarded by the music of that worthy relapsing into angry German:

"Schweiner Amerikaner, Schweiner Amerikaner!"

The refrain was caught up by the underlings who hustled him away. Of all the jabber that reached his ears during the next few days, that was what he heard oftenest. It was all he understood. It was the favorite form of address used by the weary succession of guards put over him.

As he was the only prisoner in sight— Continued on Page 2

TWO KINDS OF BADGES FOR MEXICAN SERVICE

General Order Lays Down Law as to Who May Wear Them

This is the real low-down on the Mexican service badges, and on your right to wear them.

There are two kinds of badges. The first is, in the terms of a general order, to be issued to all officers and enlisted men who saw service under the following conditions:

(1) In Mexico, afloat or ashore, as members of the United States Expedition, between April 21, 1914, and November 26, 1914.

(2) In Mexico as members of the punitive or other authorized expeditions between March 14, 1916, and February 7, 1917.

In Engagement With Mexicans

(3) Those who were actually present and participated in an engagement against Mexicans between April 12, 1911, and February 7, 1917, in which there were casualties on the side of United States troops.

(4) Those who were present as members of the Mexican border patrol, between April 12, 1917, and February 7, 1917, in proximity to an engagement between Mexicans which resulted in casualties against their own company, troop, battery or detachment.

This first badge has a narrow stripe of green at either end. Between them are three wider stripes, the central one of dark blue, and the flanking stripes of yellow. The order of the colors, then, is: Small green stripe, wide yellow stripe, wide dark blue stripe, wide yellow stripe, small green stripe. A badge of that description may be worn only by those officers or men whose service falls under one of the four classifications given above.

The Second Badge

The second badge, which will probably be in more general use in the Army, may be worn by any one who saw service with the border patrol beginning with the summer of 1916—that is, by anybody mobilized on the American side of the border and doing duty along the boundary, regardless of engagements, incursions, etc.

This badge has a wide center of green watered silk, flanked on either side by narrow stripes of green, yellow and dark blue, the green on the outside and the dark blue on the inside. The order of the stripes, then, is: Narrow green, narrow yellow, narrow dark blue, wide center of green, narrow dark blue, narrow yellow, narrow green.

A badge of that description is all that may be worn by those officers and men now in the A.E.F. who took part in the so-called National Guard mobilization on the border in 1916 and whose service does not warrant their wearing the first badge with the other stripe arrangement.

BAD DAYS FOR WHALES

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.) America, June 27.—New York's darkening order is a thing of the past. Not only the city itself, but Coney Island, too, is blaring riotously, with every bulb working overtime.

German submarine visitors have been practically forgotten by the big city, and even the newspapers have no space for them any more.

The only sufferers now are the whales and porpoises which are experiencing shocking fatalities every time a merchant ship's gunners see one, proving again that it is the innocent bystander who always gets the bullets in the shindy.

Seven dead whales washed ashore between Capes Henry and Hentopen testify to the enthusiastic accuracy of the gunners.

HUNDRED MILLION IS AIM OF OCTOBER Y. M. C. A. CAMPAIGN

Greater Share of Fund Will Be Devoted to Work Among A. E. F.

SECRETARY TO A REGIMENT

Plans Call for More Men to Expand Activities as Army Increases

CANTEENS PUSHED AWAY UP

Smokes and Sweets Now Being Carried to Front Line and Beyond—Y. W. to Raise Money, too

The Y.M.C.A. will begin next October a campaign to raise in the United States a fund of \$100,000,000, the greater part of which will be devoted to work among the A.E.F., it was announced in France this week. How large a proportion will be appropriated for activities in France will depend on the number of men here when the fund has been collected and the number of men still in training or stationed in the States. No effort will be made to raise funds on this side.

The fund will be used to expand the scope and work of the organization as the Army itself expands. More money will be spent more Y.M.C.A. men will be brought over more soldiers will be reached.

The Y.M.C.A. plans provide for one secretary to a regiment, and perhaps one athletic director as well. Heretofore men have of necessity been assigned to certain centers where Americans were numerous enough to make a but highly desirable. When American units entered the line, and now that American units are entering the line in ever increasing number and proportion, the plan of a man to a center has not exactly faded out of sight, but has at least been relegated to the background.

Last Campaign Raised \$55,000,000

The Y.M.C.A. men who will come over, also in ever increasing number and proportion, will be of two classes, and two only: over the draft age, or permanently physically disqualified, and already rejected for Army service by Army physicians.

Ever able-bodied man of military age in the service of the Y.M.C.A. has now been sent back to America. One of the last to go—only a few days since—left for his home a victim of shell shock, to take his draft examination.

The last Y.M.C.A. campaign, waged and won before many of us left the States, had as its goal \$35,000,000, of which \$11,000,000 was to be devoted to work among American soldiers in France.

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PLAN TO RECLASSIFY ALL A. E. F. OFFICERS

New Personal Bureau Will Compile Waiting Lists for Commands

A system for the gradual reclassification of all officers of the A.E.F., with a view to assigning each to the position wherein he can be of the greatest value to the whole force, is to be established under the auspices of the newly inaugurated Personnel Bureau, working in conjunction with the Adjutant General's department.

The Bureau is also charged with securing a careful distribution of trained regular officers throughout the Army.

In addition to suitable staffs, and to compile waiting lists of officers suitable for command of battalions, regiments, brigades and divisions.

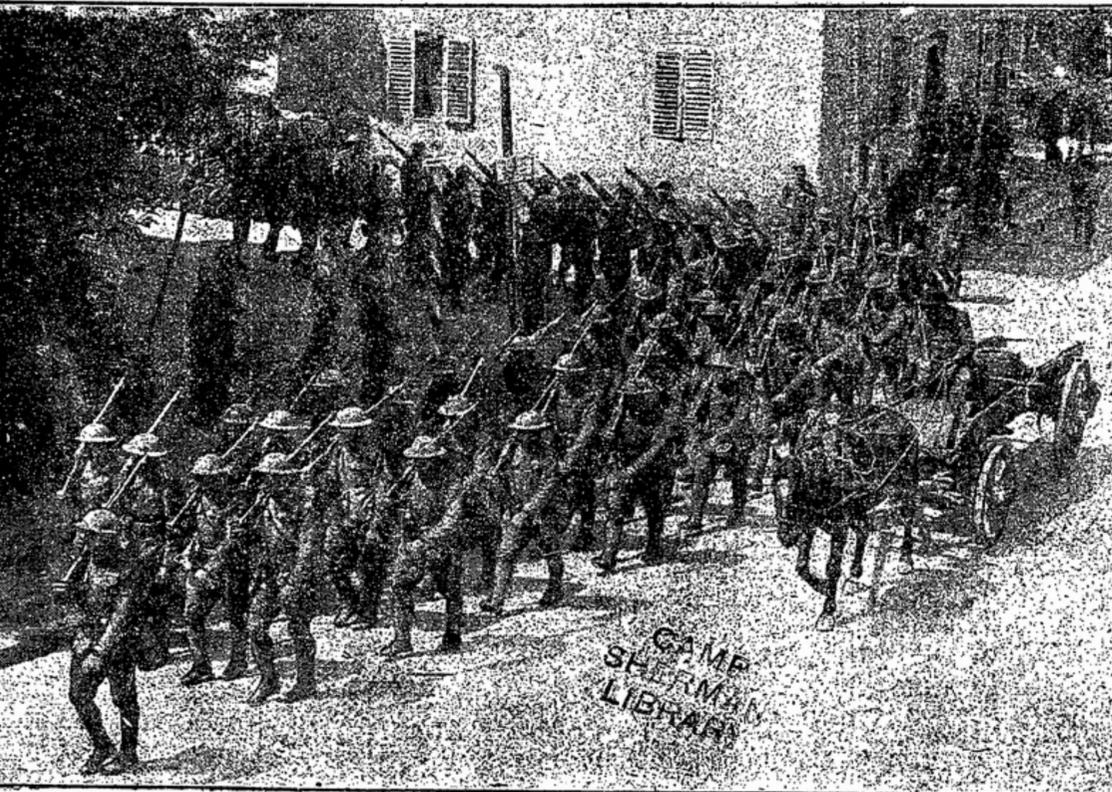
In general, as the order establishing it sets forth, the Bureau is to "keep in touch, by means of reports and by personal visits, with the needs of all parts of the A.E.F. for commissioned personnel, and to be ready to make recommendations to the Chief of Staff on the subject."

LILLIAN ADOPTS RECRUITS

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.) America, June 27.—Lillian Russell is helping recruiting on the good ship Recruit, which defends Union Square, New York, from any submarine that might approach through the subway.

Lillian has adopted 50 recruits, and has had herself photographed with the whole family.

FIRST YANKS TO SET FOOT ON ALSATIAN SOIL



It is now possible to announce that American troops occupy three points in the line that runs through German territory

FRANCE'S PREMIER VISITS G. H. Q. A. E. F.; COMFORTS MOTHER

M. Clemenceau Enters Village as Soldier's Funeral Is Being Held

TALKS TO NEW ARRIVALS

"I Know What Your Comrades Have Done," He Tells Them in Straight American

One incident attendant upon the important Franco-American conference held on Sunday last at G.H.Q. will live long in the minds of those who witnessed it.

Accompanied by General Foch, General Pershing and General McAndrew, chief of staff, M. Clemenceau had made his way to a little village where the troops of an American division just arrived in France were quartered.

The general commanding the division, together with others of its officers (being unswayed of the visit of the premier, the generalissimo, and their own commander-in-chief), had planned to go to the funeral of a French soldier—a soldier unknown to them, but honored by them as representative of his race and its sacrifices.

"All France Welcomes You"

At news of the impending arrival of the premier and the generals, the funeral service was postponed, but the people of the village were gathered about, waiting for the ceremony to begin.

Turning first to the Americans, the guests of the nation he represented, he said, in the good American that he mastered during his residence in the United States.

"I am pleased to see you Americans in France. Having just arrived, perhaps you do not realize the gratitude that France has for America in joining us in this fight for justice and liberty. You have seen how the people of the village have received you with open hearts, but what I want you to know is that all France welcomes you in the same way."

"It impresses me very much to see you newcomers. I know what you will do because I know what your comrades have done, for you Americans are all alike. The war is not waged by France, nor by England, nor by America, but by all civilization."

Language Doesn't Matter

Then he turned to the French people and addressed them in their tongue.

"I beg your pardon for speaking in a language which you do not understand, but it really does not make any difference, for you must have been able to divine what was in my heart and, consequently, on my lips."

At that point they stepped out of the throng an old woman. In halting accents she told the premier that her son had been killed, and that it was for his funeral that this crowd of her townsmen, together with their American allies, had assembled.

Quitting the generals, M. Clemenceau stepped forward to greet her. He took her by the arms and talked to her for a little time in a low tone. No one heard what he said, but when he had done, he leaned over and quietly kissed the old woman on both cheeks.

Rejoining General Foch and his hosts, the premier returned back to G.H.Q.

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The issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES two weeks from today—July 12—will be in honor of Bastille Day, July 14, the national holiday of France, and will be FRANCE NUMBER

STARS FOR SERVICE ARE NOT AUTHORIZED

No One in A.E.F. Entitled to Wear Widely-Rumored Decoration

No one in the A.E.F. is entitled to wear a star or any other insignia inside the V of his service chevrons.

The only stars apart from generals' which A.E.F. soldiers are authorized to wear are those referred to in General Order 26, which concerns awards, wound and service chevrons and decorations generally. It says:

"Other citations for gallantry in action published in orders issued from the headquarters of a force commanded by a general officer will be indicated in each case by a silver star three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter worn upon the ribbon of the Distinguished Service Cross and upon the corresponding ribbon."

CHILLY JUNE IN EAST

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, June 27.—June days in the East have been so rare as to be almost unknown. Frosts were reported last week from several localities.

THE NEW OVERSEAS CAMP



This is the New Overseas Camp. It posed for its once before, but unfortunately for the cap and the picture, the head on which the cap was set was too large for the cap. So we had to go out into the Army camp in hand, like the Prince in the story of Cinderella—who was looking for a foot, not a scap—and try and try until we found a chit and suitable head for the cap to pose on. These are they.

89 YANKEE SHIPS WILL LEAVE WAYS ON JULY FOURTH

Day's Launchings to Exceed Those of Fiscal Year 1915-1916

37 OF STEEL, 52 OF WOOD

At Least One Vessel Will Take Water at Every Shipyard in United States

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, June 27.—We have drafted Father Neptune as our chief assistant in celebrating the Fourth of July as it has never been celebrated since the Declaration of Independence. We shall launch at least 89 ships, on the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Gulf of Mexico.

Thirty-seven of these ships will be of steel and 52 of wood. The deadweight tonnage will reach 438,880, which is 12,000 tons more than was put on the ways in the course of the entire American launchings for the whole year of 1901. It represents 3,000 tons for every year of our independence. It is one-third more than the entire ocean going tonnage launched in the fiscal year 1915-1916, when we began speeding up ship construction.

The July 4 launchings will exceed by 15 the number of hulls launched during the whole month of May, which set the world's record. They will exceed that month's record tonnage by 95,000 tons deadweight. There is not a single ship-building place in the country that will not have at least one launching.

Two 12,000-Ton Vessels

The 37 steel vessels will have a total tonnage of 254,000, and include the 12,000-ton cargo carrier William Brewster, the 12,000-ton Challenger, the 13,800-ton sister ships Independence, Victorious and Defiance, three refrigerating ships of 9,400 tons each, and eight freighters with a displacement of 8,800 tons each.

The average tonnage of the steel ships is 6,862, and of the wooden ships 3,500. The smallest ship is the Lake Pearl, 2,500 tons, to be launched on Lake Michigan.

The deliveries of steel ships to the Shipping Board during the first two weeks of June numbered 16, with a total dead weight tonnage of 82,000. The Atlantic coast yards turned out three, the Pacific yards five, and the Great Lakes yards eight. The ten most quickly built steel ships were constructed in an average time of 99 days, as compared with the 12 months required before the war.

Liberty Takes the Water

During the past week we launched, at Kearney, N.J., the big ship Liberty, the first of the ten cargo carriers of 9,200 tons each. The launching took place just ten months after the first ship was driven for the Kearney yard. There is now being added to the yard an immense ship repair plant, with a dry-dock large enough for the biggest vessel in the American transport service.

\$20,000,000 contract has been awarded by the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, at Camden, N.J., to extend present facilities and build four big troopships. The corporation will spend \$10,000,000 building four enormous additional ways to construct ships 625 feet long and of about 10,000 dead weight tonnage. A huge coiler was launched there this week by the name of Winding Gulf, with a displacement of 8,700 tons.

The nation's steel men pledge themselves to deliver all the steel that the ship fabricating plants may require.

HOW DRAFT HITS CLUBS

Only 34 National League players out of 246 are exempt from the draft. The American League is even harder hit, according to latest advices from Washington. Only 20 men on the Johnson circuit are exempt. The figures include coaches and players in semi-retirement.

Many big league owners are trying to follow the example of the Washington club, which made a great hit at Boston in a game with the Red Sox when it produced Sam Rice, out of the Army on a three-day furlough, and got him into the game again. The crowd roared itself hoarse.

The National has no ruling limiting the number of players, so players-soldiers may appear on many Johnson line-ups.

An important point for you to understand is that the Bill was brought in as a regular and ordinary matter of legislation, with no previous agitation of any kind and practically without any previous general public discussion. It was "not in any sense produced under the influence of excitement or emergency. This Bill clearly presents the firm and cool purpose of the American people and government to go the uttermost limit and to keep on going.

The newspapers the same day printed the War Department's announcement of the wholly unexpected vast number of men already in France, and the Senate military affairs committee approved the provision in the Army appropriation Bill empowering the President to call to the colors all men of draft age who can be trained and equipped.

2,250,000 HOLDERS OF WAR RISK POLICIES

Nineteen Billion Dollars of Government Insurance Protects Fighters

From Washington comes the news that almost \$19,000,000,000 of Government insurance has been written on more than 2,250,000 applications from soldiers and sailors. Up to June 10, the Bureau of War Risk Insurance had paid out more than 3,000,000 checks, totalling more than \$25,000,000 in family allowances, death and disability compensation and insurance payments, and the bureau will soon be paying out more than a million checks a month.

In his cable to General Pershing, the Adjutant General described these results as "the greatest insurance achievement and the strongest protection ever accorded to his fighting men by any nation."

The Commander-in-Chief replied: "All ranks of the A.E.F. appreciate deeply the generous measures the government has taken to provide insurance for their families, in proof of which more than 90 per cent of the men have taken out insurance. This wise provision has helped our loved ones, has united the Army and the people in our strong determination to triumph in our most righteous cause."

STEAMER REPAIRS AID IN MAIL DELAY

All Now Going Well Again—Packages Can Come Over from States

The recent slowing up in the arrival of home mail for the A.E.F. is partly accounted for by the fact that two liners have been undergoing repairs in dry dock. Their troubles are now over, however, and the mail shortage is already just one more unpleasant incident coming over as fast as the folks back home send it and boats can carry it.

There wasn't anything special the matter with the liners. They had not collided with a submarine. It was only a case of barnacles, or whatever (its a steambreaker is heir to that) which it to be confined to quarters four or five.

Mail is not now coming over in the quantity that used to keep the postal authorities going at top speed to get it sorted and distributed. The order making it necessary for a man to have his C.O.'s signature in order to go to the bank, the latest information being that packages may still be sent from America to soldiers in France provided the latter obtain such sanction.

ARMY OF 4,000,000 PROVIDED FOR IN ARTILLERY PLANS

Ammunition Bill Reported in House Calls for 5 1/2 Billion

EVERY KIND OF ORDNANCE

Record Measure Specifies Fullest Possible Equipment for Modern Combat Force

PERMANENT NAVY ENLARGED

Enlisted Strength Increased by More Than 46,000 to Maintain America's Fleet in Future

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, June 27.—The new ships that the United States is building will have the right kind of stuff for cargoes. The appropriations committee of the House of Representatives has reported the largest appropriation Bill in American history for artillery and ammunition, a total of \$2,455,000,000.

The field artillery program, including contract authorization for the future, provides for three armies of 1,375,000 men each.

Congressman William P. Borah of Missouri, chairman of the fortifications subcommittee, in a memorandum accompanying the Bill said:

"While no plans were laid before the committee other than the plan for equipping 3,000,000 men for field operations in France, and, therefore, any surpluses indulged in are personal, I can draw from this program of big guns only one inference, and that is that the American Army will be prepared to cross the Rhine in full force, commensurate with any obstacles which it may encounter."

For a Modern Army

While the Bill is technically called the Fortifications Bill, it is really a Bill to provide the fullest possible equipment for a modern army, including trench mortars, gas bombs, railway mounts, motor gun batteries, and every kind of ordnance from light field artillery to the mightiest siege guns.

It includes plans for building a huge arsenal near Pittsburgh for making big guns, from steel ingot to finished weapon. There is a big development of facilities throughout the continent of cal plants, shell-filling plants and plants for the extraction of toluol from gas, petroleum and coke ovens.

An important point for you to understand is that the Bill was brought in as a regular and ordinary matter of legislation, with no previous agitation of any kind and practically without any previous general public discussion. It was "not in any sense produced under the influence of excitement or emergency. This Bill clearly presents the firm and cool purpose of the American people and government to go the uttermost limit and to keep on going.

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Permanent Navy Strength 131,485

The House has accepted the Senate amendment to the annual Naval Bill, increasing the permanent enlisted strength to 131,485 against the present authorized strength of 85,000, thus making it evident that the nation intends to maintain a fleet in future that will keep America in rank with her importers.

The Government has taken over a \$7,000,000 manufacturing plant and will utilize it for making gas masks. It has also taken over practically all of the great Bush Terminal plant in South Brooklyn, New York.

YANKEE ITALIANS MAY MARCH IN ROME

Company of American Infantry Likely to Visit Lyon July 14

Twenty American soldiers, natives of Italy or of Italian origin, who have been either wounded or decorated for bravery, may be sent down to Rome to take part in the great Fourth of July celebration which is to be held in that capital this year. A recommendation to that effect has been made, and will in all likelihood be carried out.

There is a very good chance, too, of a company of American Infantry, with an American band, being sent down to Lyon for the celebration of the Fourth of July, the great French national holiday, better known as Bastille Day.

The people of Lyon have just completed a bridge, built during the war, and on Bastille Day they are going to dedicate it. And the reason they particularly desire the presence of American soldiers at the dedication is that the bridge's name is to be Le Pont du President Wilson.

APPEALS WAY INTO SERVICE

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, June 27.—Augustine Cody of Yonkers, N.Y., was turned down by the draft board because he had only one leg.

Augustine filed an appeal, proved he could run a hoisting engine, and has been accepted for qualified service in the spruce forests for airplane production.

FLYERS' TRAINING JUST LIKE LIFE IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Eighth Grade Pupils Are Moved Along to Higher Course

COLLEGE COMES AT FRONT

Beat of Them Never Get Done Learning, According to Wise Old Timers

TRAINING CENTER ON ITS TOES

Western Boom Days Recalled at Mudville-in-France Where Our Aviators Are Made

Throughout the A.E.F. these are busy days—working out the final touches and putting the finishing touches on Uncle Sam's war making machine—and nowhere is the activity more marked than in the Air Service.

The first references to our aviators at the front have been made in the official communiqués during the last few days. "Our aviators brought down two hostile machines yesterday"—"our airplanes bombed the railroad station and sidings at — last night. Several direct hits

These statements have been modest, dignified and laconic. But they have been momentous in their significance. They tell the message that American aviators have made a beginning. They signify something done, something doing and this spirit is reflected throughout the whole Air Service.

Real American Bustle

The American training centers in France are beehives of activity. Machines are in the air, engines are being tuned up. The flyers are flying and the ground men are working. Camps, too, signify something done, something doing. The bustle is the kind that accomplishes things—systematic, efficient, happy, American.

The United States maintains the largest aviation center in France and several smaller ones. At the biggest one most of the A.E.F. flyers get their preliminary and advanced training in the handling of aircraft, and at some of the others they learn the advanced points of the game—machine gunnery, bombing and the like.

"Learning to fly is simple," the instructors say. "Anyone who can run a Ford can run an airplane."

They mean merely to fly. But mere flying, and being a military aviator in these days, is widely different. Nearly anybody can learn in a surprisingly short time to take a machine up, make a couple of circles and a landing.

More Than Mere Flying

Mere flying may be as simple as running an automobile, but circling around over a battlefield observing for artillery with shells bursting near and hostile machines in the air or bombing, or harassing infantry with machine gun fire is much more than mere flying. The successful military aviator is a man trained high in the technique of his craft, with a whole bag of tricks that the old exhibition flyers, for instance, didn't need to know anything about.

Becoming an aviator in the A.E.F. is like going to school all over again. At the biggest training center, simple and advanced flying is taught. There are eight fields, like the eight grades of our grammar school, and the beginner starts at the first and completes his course at the eighth.

In the first grade, he runs a "grass cutter." He learns about the motor and the controls and skims around the field getting familiar with the craft. Then he goes to the second field and for the first time gets off the ground. He sails a stable, substantial, foolproof machine and makes "hops." By the time he has passed through the intermediate fields and attained the seventh and eighth grades, he is doing acrobatics in a trim, sensitive little battleplane and flying in squadron formation.

After this he graduates from the grammar school of aviation and is ready for "high school."

At the Airmen's High School "High school" is another training center. If the pupil is to be a bomber, he goes to bombing school; if an observer, he attends an observer's school. If he is going in for combat or chase work, he becomes an expert on the machine gun. In any event, the aviator must be more than a mediocre machine gunner.

After "high school" comes "college"—the front. Like all students, the aviator has a lot to learn after he leaves school, and this higher knowledge he gets at his work. At the front he learns fast. One experienced aviator said the other day:

"Most people learn something new every day, but a war time aviator does better than that—he learns two or three things a day, and sometimes a whole lot more."

The largest training camp of the A.E.F.—all of them for that matter—grew quickly. Ten months ago its site was a series of grass grown fields dotted with a few wooded stretches and bisected with small gullies. It was eight to ten miles from a railroad.

Late last summer a company of Railway Engineers arrived at the nearest town on the railroad line and began to lay a track out to the projected training center. They met some obstacles in the shape of hills that they didn't bother to surmount—they simply went around—and in a few weeks finished a railroad that got where it started for even if it did go 12 miles to get nine.

Muddiest Spot in France

Then came more soldiers, mostly Air Service men, who started to work building the training center. These men will tell you that the site was the muddiest section of France last winter (anybody who was anywhere else in France last winter is entitled to sneer at this), but they worked hard and did the job.

Now the air center is a city. There are streets and rows of long barracks, Y.M.C.A. and Red Cross buildings, offices, warehouses—even a round house and a fire department. It is a duplicate of a boom town in the West. Little locomotives switch cars of freight and supplies up and down Main Street; the general merchandise store, with a Q.M. sign over the door, does a rushing business, and men bustle about in greasy overalls and work clothes as long as there is daylight.

CANNED MONKEY MEAT DOESN'T SUIT YANKS

Awfully Nice, But They're Glad to Leave It for Somebody Else

RATION PARTY SOME TRICK

Chicken and Fresh Milk Aren't Unknown, Though, Even in Front Line

The days of free forage in a land flowing with milk and honey, as described in this newspaper a fortnight ago, lasted through the first memorable week when the Yankee troops rushed across country to pitch into the Germans at Chateau-Thierry. Then the cooks and supply personnel caught up with the fighters, and ever since the food problem of that sector has been the task of garnishing the French rations issued there.

The staple of that diet is a canned something that the soldiers in their scorn call monkey-meat, little dreaming that they are not borrowing a name the French themselves had fastened on it long before the war. It has always been called "singe" in these parts.

As a matter of fact, it is Argentine beef, but the ones who do not try to prove that it is really gassed mule will continue to you their discovery that it is either boiled or some other South American animal which the natives coax from its lair and drive into the can. The can is then sealed up and stored for 30 years.

Not Unless They Have To

The Yankees do not care much for it. To be frank about it, they will not eat it at all unless they have to. It is issued, of course, as part of the emergency ration which each man must carry with him in his case, the communications should be broken, but when it comes up as part of the regular ration supplies, the men up front have been known to let great heaps of the cans accumulate untouched. Over one such heap a front-line war erected a sign which read:

"Awfully nice. Please take one."

No one had accepted the invitation at last accounts. Even in the front line the men are seldom driven to depend on the monkey-meat. Every night, somewhere between ten and midnight, a hot meal is served out in quantities sufficiently generous to leave a goodly supply of slum and coffee to make another meal, another meal heated by the little alcohol cans with which each soldier is provided. The hot meal is brought up in the ration carts at night to within a few hundred yards of the line—often a ticklish and exciting journey with the shells bursting all around. Many a ration runner is killed at his job, and more than once in these past weeks a mess sergeant has returned to the ration pile to find the man he had left on guard there lying dead beside it.

Wrecked Cart Their Salvation

Once in a while a shell hits and captures a ration cart, and one such well-stocked wreck served in good stead a corporal and six other Marines who, in one forward rush, became isolated in a ravine and held their position there in the shelter of some rocks for a week before the American line moved forward, and they were with friends once more. Out in the field near their a battered ration cart lay on its side, and each night one of the marooned Marines would crawl out on his belly and bring back food for the bunch.

One company was so dissatisfied with the menu served by the ration carts that they repeatedly and cruelly raided the enemy lines and came back with the enemy chow.

The whole ration question, from the soldier's point of view, has settled down into the problem of devising ways and means of avoiding a meal of monkey-meat.

One battalion of Infantry is jealously guarding an old French wicker cradle in which 90 four-week-old chicks are growing up into promising mess. One of them, hit by a bit of shrapnel, has lost a leg, but hops valiantly around on the remaining one like a small and downy stork.

Watch Those Artillerymen

One company of Engineers is tenderly cherishing a cow which issues them milk every day. They keep an eye on her for fear the Artillery roughnecks in the next wood will steal her in the night and make her issue them once and for all four fine quarters of fresh beef.

Another cow was caught by some Marines in a ravine. Whoever had been her owner had long since fled that part of the world, and she was theirs for the killing. But none of them had the heart. So they took her out in No Man's Land and tied her there, knowing that a German run would soon do their dirty work for them.

But the gentle bovine seemed to lead a charmed life, for the rising sun of the third day disclosed her still browsing contented and intact. Whereupon the hungry Marines rose and went forth and slew her. And that night there was great feasting and rejoicing in the camp of the Marines.

FRANCE'S PREMIER COMFORTS MOTHER

There the party was met by M. André Tardieu, commissioner-general for Franco-American relations, General Mordeau, his principal military secretary, and General Weigand, of the Inter-Allied council at Versailles. Then—

GIVES LIFE FOR SCIENCE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 27.—Major Eugene Wilson Caldwell, M.O.R.C., is dead at Roosevelt Hospital, New York, a martyr to science. A noted X-ray specialist, he had suffered for many years from burns incurred in developing the ray for the sake of humanity. He had just completed an invention for the Government which will reveal with great exactness the location of foreign substances in the body.

THE WEEK'S BATTLE LINE

The week ending Wednesday, June 26, witnessed the spectacular defeat of the Austrian offensive in Italy.

That offensive, to which the greater part of the Austrian army was dedicated and which was made at all, according to opinion in the Allied capitals, only on the stern insistence of Berlin, was launched on June 15 on a front of 130 kilometers from the Asiago River to the sea. The plan was to capture Treviso and Venice, overrun the northern end of the peninsula, and nullify Italy as a factor in the Alliance.

Opposed to the Austro-Hungarian forces, re-inforced this time by no German contingents, were Italian, French and British divisions. America was represented by bombing aviators, who shared in the destruction of the Piave bridges. The offensive started badly. The resistance was immediate, the Allied forces in the mountain area counter-attacking on the second and third days with such success that the Austrian right was decimated and hurled back. Along the Piave, however, the Austrians succeeded in crossing at three sectors, notably Montello and San Dona.

Their positions there proved untenable, thanks to the fierce counter-attacks of the Italians, happily reinforced by the Piave itself, whose swollen waters swept away bridge after bridge and thus left helpless and stranded the enemy divisions which had gained a footing on the right bank.

On Sunday, those divisions began a disordered retreat, and by Tuesday the right bank was cleared of their survivors. Wednesday brought the news that Italian cavalry had crossed to the left bank in full pursuit. Vienna had assigned 60 divisions to the Italian offensive. Of these 40 have been identified as sharing in the battle. The Italians took 20,000 prisoners in the first 10 days and Rome estimates the enemy losses at over 200,000, or more than four times the Italian losses.

The week witnessed no major change in the battle line in France. On the front between Soissons and Rheims, two German attacks on Bligny Hill, near Rheims, were vigorously repulsed by Italian troops.

The American communiqués during the week reported a German raid repulsed in the Volvre and gas attacks there and in Lorraine. Further minor advances in the region northwest of Chateau-Thierry were reported on June 21 and on the 24th, but rather than the breakdown with heavy loss of a German counter-attack south of Torcy. On Tuesday evening an American attack south of Torcy yielded 240 prisoners, five of them officers, 19 machine guns and other material.

CAPTURED MARINE BACK WITH YANKS

Continued from Page 1

the only American save for five or six wounded Yanks he once saw carried past him on stretchers—he was not made one of a party of prisoners to be shipped directly to the rear, but rather was he handed back from group to group and made to work his way. From sun-up to sun-down he worked with the camouflage men, masking batteries, cutting branches, and piling brush on bough of leafy green to screen the roadside heaps of ammunition boxes.

Shared Captors' Mess He had no blankets to roll in at night, but his captors shared their mess with him, pouring out each time an unsavory soup or gruel, and tossing him chunks of coarse bread to sop it up with.

Each day a different soldier took him in tow. Each day the shifting sound of the artillery told him he was gravitating slowly toward the rear. Each night an armed guard watched over him. Then one night—the seventh—the guard, who sat huddled with his back resting against a tree, dropped off to sleep. Dark was just settling over the patch of woods on the edge of which they had turned in. By the moonlight that filtered down through the branches he could see the guard's head nodding, nodding. He itched to get his hands on the rifle, but the guard was holding it up right between his knees as a sort of prop. Donahue was afraid even to try to disengage it.

He groped about for a weapon. His hand landed on the short, light end of a broken pick-handle. It wouldn't do. He looked for the other piece, found it, hefted it. It would do. With that piece of wood he took one vicious swing at the head of the guard, saw that nodding head stop nodding and slump forward. Then Donahue went away from there.

Woods Thick With Them All around him Germans were sleeping audibly. The woods were full of them. He had heard the unintelligible, gradually subsiding hubbub of their talk as they settled down for the night. He bumped into more than one of them, but they only grunted and swore while he held his breath and, after a time, crept on. After a journey that seemed to last hours and must have lasted at least ten minutes, he reached the edge of the woods and crawled under a bush to think.

Very close to him the German artillery was making an occasional crashing reply to the Allied shells which whirred, naturally overheard in an unending chorus. Gunfire is a comfort. It was easy enough to take his bearings, and, though he could only guess how far he had moved in the days of his captivity, he thought "America" could not be more than eight kilometers away, perhaps not that far if the bunch had advanced any in the interval.

He knew his only chance was to crawl there by night and lie low by day. He started out.

All that night he crept along—hugging the hedgerows and the shadows, stopping to listen, lying still as death when soldiers were tramping by, crawling on again, dropping flat, crawling on. All the next day he lay, hungry and thirsty, in a friendly out-field, with the grass standing straight around him so that no one would notice him from the field's edge.

Several times some soldiers made short cuts across, and passed so close he could hear them talking. Once an artilleryman, riding a horse and leading another,

GRANDE MAISON de BLANC

LONDON PARIS CANNES No Branch in New York GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT, HOSIERY, Ladies' Lingerie LOUVET BROS., Prop. O. BOYER, Manager

A Line from Home

We hope that this little advertisement, put here by the makers of such well known writing papers as Eaton's Highland Linen and Crane's Linen Lawn, will seem to you like a line from home. It is intended to show interest in you and your welfare and to give a little support to the newspaper published in France.

Lafayette, when he came to this country and offered his sword to the American Colonists fighting for liberty, little dreamed that the day would come when a newspaper named The Stars and Stripes, and printed in the American language, would circulate in France among so many native born Americans as now make up the subscription list of The Stars and Stripes.

Eaton, Crane & Pike Company

New York Pittsfield, Mass. U. S. A.

BALL PLAYERS SAY THEY'RE PRODUCTIVE

Work or Fight Order Raises Hob with Elevator Men and Waiters

When in LONDON You will Stay at the WALDORF HOTEL

Aldwych, Strand

As in the days of peace so in the days of war, it is the best and the most economical Hotel in the West End.

E. LUCARINI Late of the Hotel Lotti, Paris, General Manager TELEGRAMS: WALDORFIUS, LONDON

Standard-Bearers of America! You have come to the Home of

Perrier

Delicious with lemon, sirops, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France.

DRINK IT TO-DAY

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8 RUE DUPHOT Telephone: Gutenberg 01-95 THE SMALLEST BUT SMARTEST UMBRELLA SHOP IN PARIS

ALL GOOD MEN & TRUE

Fighting in France are invited to look in and see us when on leave in London—we pride ourselves on our first-class cooking and quick service. We are right in the heart of the West End, will take up no more of your time than is necessary for a substantial luncheon, a dainty tea or a well-served dinner. Good orchestra and an atmosphere of genuine refinement.

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To the Boys of the U.S.A.:

We are proud of our gallant soldiers and sailors and have confidence that the Spirit of Liberty they exemplify, and their Sense of Justice, will guide and strengthen them in the noble effort now under way to stamp out the attempt to shackle the free people of the world.

Our facilities are at your service

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GEORGE GROSSMITH & EDWARD LAURILLARD'S ATTRACTIONS

The First that Imports the New York Success and Keeps them Successful in London.

SHAFTSBURY THEATRE

Shaftesbury Avenue—Gerrard: 3243

"BE CAREFUL, BABY!"

(which, in the States, was "TWIN BEDS")

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Every Evening at 8. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2.

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"YES, UNCLE!"

(Much the Most Successful Musical Comedy in London)

With the famous company and super-beauty-chorus, that was recently transferred from the Gaiety Theatre, lock, stock, and barrel.

NOTE: American Soldiers on leave in London will enjoy best, and should visit first, GROSSMITH & LAURILLARD'S shows. This firm imports all the most popular New York successes, and stages them in London on American lines and with American disregard of expense.

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EVERY EVENING 7.40

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THE LONDON COLISEUM

CHANCING CROSS, Facing Trafalgar Square

Europe's Principal Variety Theatre

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME WEEKLY

ATTRACTIONS for WEEK of July 1

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MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY.

DRILLS, TAPS, DIES. HIGH SPEED CARBON STEEL MACHINE TOOLS

THE BUTTEROSI SYNDICATE
TELEPH: PASSY 87-30
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QUIET WEEK ON ORPHAN SECTOR; ONLY 18 TAKEN

Lull Only Presages Opening of Smashing Franc Offensive

- AIRMEN AGAIN TO THE FORE
Y.M. Secretary Qualifies for Individual Honors as Booster—S.S.U. Heard from
TAKEN THIS WEEK
Lt. J. K. Jr. 1
Aero Squadron 1
Herbert H. Knox, New York 1
3rd Plat. Co. C. Field Sig. Bn. 1
Enlisted Men. Battery 1
Y.M.C.A. Base Hosp. No. 8 1
Co. D. — Balloon Squadron 2
Aero Squadron 1
Co. B. Hdqrs. Bn. G.H.Q. 1
Co. B. — Supply Train 1
Co. E. 6th Bn. — Engrs. 1
Aero Squadron 1
Bellevue Camp. Co. B. — Engrs. 1
S.S.U. Convois Autos. 1
S.S.U. — Convois Autos. 1
Repair Section, U.S.S. 1
Major Newbold Morris, O.D. 1
Previously adopted 300
Total 318

It was a quiet week on the orphan sector. There was nothing but local actions. The airman—balloon and plane—did some reconnoitering and took a few mascots. The Y.M.C.A. at Base Hospital No. 8 sent in for its third, a New Yorker heard about the scheme and forwarded a draft for 500 francs, two Sanitary Corps units got busy for one each, and a naval repair section running between France and the States asked for one.

Otherwise there is not much to report. All told, requests were received for 15 orphan-mascots, running the total of THE STARS AND STRIPES family of fatherless and homeless children up to 318. The progress was below the average of the last five or six weeks, during which the number of requests for orphans ranged from 24 to 32. But it wasn't a very noticeable slump—just a lull bound to occur, probably, in the best regulated orphan campaigns.

We expect big things in the future, though, with all the new troops coming over, "Troops rushed to France"—"45,000 in one convoy." We've been reading these headlines. Eight hundred thousand soldiers in France—that we know of—and only 318 orphans adopted! If these newcomers don't get busy pretty quick, we'll have something to say about it.

In Line for Individual Honors
W. I. Kelsey secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Base Hospital No. 8 has qualified for distinguished service honors in the orphan campaign. He makes collections at the Y.M.C.A. meetings and has a box for donations in the canteen.

ON GUARD IN ALSACE



HUNDRED MILLION IS AIM OF OCTOBER Y.M.C.A. CAMPAIGN

Continued from Page 1
France and England. Actually \$50,000,000 was raised, of which \$20,000,000 was appropriated to overseas work. Of this last-named sum about a million was devoted to the Foyers du Soldat in the French Army. A little went to work in Italy. Three million was for work in Russia, and the Y.M. isn't yet quite sure what to do with that three million. The rest—over \$15,000,000—has been devoted to work among American soldiers on foreign service.

W. I. Kelsey secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Base Hospital No. 8 has qualified for distinguished service honors in the orphan campaign. He makes collections at the Y.M.C.A. meetings and has a box for donations in the canteen.

Up to last Sunday he had gathered enough for the support of two children for a year, and at the regular Sunday night meeting he explained the scheme and, before departing, the gathering contributed a round 500 francs for a third. The adoption of a child each by three Aero Squadrons and two by a Balloon Squadron places the airman second only to the infantry in the number of children adopted. Balloon Squadrons alone have taken nearly a score during the last three weeks.

HOW TO ADOPT AN ORPHAN
A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs (\$87.72) for its support. The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or refugees from the invaded districts, as specified by the adopting units.

"AMERICA'S ANSWER" SHOWN ON SCREEN

Film Presented in Paris Is Given Enthusiastic Reception
FOLKS IN STATES TO SEE IT
Base Ports, Front Line, Patrols and Campaign Hats Are All Displayed

With the 6th Cavalry Band playing the national hymns of the world's two greatest republics and then getting the audience in voice with "Over There" and "When Yankee Doodle Starts to Parlez-vous Français," with Marshal Joffre, General Tasker H. Bliss, the ambassadors of Great Britain and the United States, and a host of notables looking on, and with several truck-loads of wounded Yanks present to corroborate the title, "America's Answer to the Hun," the first official American war movie, was shown Wednesday afternoon at the Gaumont Palace, Paris.

HUSKIEST OLD MEN

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.)
AMERICA, June 27.—Northern Pennsylvania claims the five huskiest old men in existence. It points proudly to Edwin Grimes, 87, who cut and stored 20 tons of hay, stored 120 bushels of winter apples, made maple syrup and tended a vegetable garden in order to replace young men at the front.

ZEBRA STRIPES OFF CHOW CARTS

Solid Colors Will Replace Rattlesnake Trimmings to Economize Paint
Zebra stripes on chow carts are to be a thing of the past for some time anyway. The powers-that-be have come to the conclusion that "the effectiveness of this painting is very slight," and so one of the most overworked words in the army is going to have a little rest. You guessed it: Camouflage.

NOT WANTED IN ARMY

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.)
AMERICA, June 27.—A convict who is serving 20 years on a manslaughter charge for strangling his lady friend has offered to enter the Army in exchange for a pardon. Governor Whitman of New York has declined the offer.

The Very Best Method for Self-Tuition in FRENCH is 'Le Français Par Vous-même'
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED
ONE COPY: 6 Francs
M. de VALETTE, 6 Rue Toullet, Paris
Also at all Good Bookshops

AMERICA'S loyalty to her sons abroad is daily proven by careful conservation of time and money. It is significant that, as the spirit of thrift grows, the sales of Firestone Tires ever increase. Most Miles per Dollar from tires, gasoline and car has become a national duty, as well as a matter of personal saving.
FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO., Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.
Firestone

G.O.P. WILL FIGHT FORD'S CANDIDACY

Lewis Seems Stronger in New York—Minnesota Surprise

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.)
AMERICA, June 27.—The Republicans apparently will fight Henry Ford's candidacy to succeed William Alden Smith as senator from Michigan, and Ford says in return that pacifists can do some fighting themselves when necessary. Merton Lewis, attorney-general of the State of New York, looms up stronger daily as an opponent of Governor Whitman for the New York gubernatorial nomination, and Whitman's adversaries have forced Republican State Chairman Glynn to accede to a Republican conference at Saratoga, which will be practically a convention, though officially called a conference.

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RT. JACKSON & CO.
171 & 172 Piccadilly, LONDON, W.1.
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War Catalogue on Application
INDIVIDUAL PARCELS
for Officers, Troops, or Prisoners of War.
Canned Desserts, Fruit Cakes, Preserved Ginger, Sweet Pickles, Tomato Sauce, Pickled Onions, Spiced Ham, Pickled Mushrooms, Pickled Peas, Pickled Beans, Pickled Carrots, Pickled Turnips, Pickled Apples, Pickled Lemons, Pickled Onions, Pickled Mushrooms, Pickled Peas, Pickled Beans, Pickled Carrots, Pickled Turnips, Pickled Apples, Pickled Lemons.

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GALLIE SERBIA The Middy March
ALFORD The Middy March
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EMMETT-ADAMS God Send You Back to Me Song
FINCK Cheero Song
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ALFORD Colonel Bogey March
ALFORD The Great Little Army March
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ANCLIFFE Smiles, then Kisses
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Send for Complete List of Reed and Brass and Military Band Music Also Catalogue of Instruments and Fittings for Military Band and Orchestra
HAWKES & SON, DENMAN STREET, Piccadilly Circus, LONDON

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1918.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

The Y.M.C.A. will soon go up and down the highways of America in a campaign to raise a new bank account, for their working fund must grow apace with our Army in France.

We hope they get it. It means new shelters and new stages for Elsie Janis and those who are to follow in her fancy steps. It means movies and music, huts and hospitality, chocolate and cheer.

We hope, too, that the over-zealous will not be suffered this time to raise any fraction of that fortune on false pretenses; that no effort will be made to pry open pious purses by means of alarming stories about the inequities of Army life.

So affirming, the signers of that document proceeded solemnly to "publish and declare, That the United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States..."

They launched their protest and levied their war against exactly the thing which their descendants are fighting today: "The establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States."

It is the first chapter in the gospel of President Wilson that the treaty of peace which will conclude this war shall suffer no such injustice, no other such breeder of bitterness and fear, shall recognize no such thing in modern times as a country held captive, a population held prisoner.

To emphasize this argument, America has already sent across the Atlantic the largest army that ever crossed an ocean. There to it will add, please God, enough contingents to make the point quite clear, for the only language that the Hohenzollerns understand is the language of the guns.

They must be told that the lost provinces are no lost cause, and that the thunder of American artillery in the echoing mountains of Alsace is saying now in accents unmistakable.

CHERCHEZ LA TETE ROUGE Has anybody around France seen any red headed orphans?

If so, THE STARS AND STRIPES would like to know it. To date we have denied that there are any, but several requests for them, coming to the war orphan department, have raised the suspicion that maybe we are wrong—that maybe somebody has seen some. We haven't been able to find any and neither has the Red Cross.

WILHELM OWNS UP The Kaiser is speaking: "When the war broke out, the German people did not clearly realize what it meant, but I knew quite well, and the first outbreak of enthusiasm neither blinded me nor made any change in my plans or calculations."

"I fully realized that England's participation meant a world war. It was not to be a strategic campaign, but a struggle between two conceptions of the world—either the Prussian and Germanic conception of right, liberty, honor and morals must continue to be respected or the English conception must triumph."

Two of the Americans began to talk to each other in German. It might have been first year high school German or it might have been wirklich Berliner, the dialect the Kaiser talks to God in. But it was German.

"You'd better cut it," said the third American. "This is France. Use your bean."

If you know any German, hang on to it. It is as valuable to know your enemy's tongue as it is to know your friend's. But the place to polish up your acquaintance with your enemy's language is not your friend's train.

The Kaiser now comes out in the open. He admits that he tricked his own people, that he lied to all the world when he declared that Germany had taken up arms "to free Europe of the Slavic menace"

"The Prussian and Germanic conception of right, liberty, honor and morals." The men at the front know that there is no right, liberty, honor or morals in the Boche who will play the "kammerad" trick, bomb hospitals, maltreat prisoners, and ravish the women of an invaded country.

"One of them must be overcome." Yes, Kaiser Wilhelm. That is why we're over here.

1776-1918

One hundred and forty-two years ago this coming Thursday, a little band of Americans gathered together in a stuffy upstairs room in Philadelphia and set their names to a document that was destined to change the history of the world.

The document set forth "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

So affirming, the signers of that document proceeded solemnly to "publish and declare, That the United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States..."

They asserted, and with reason that their "repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury," just as their descendants, who also strove to keep the peace, were answered by the ruthless Government of Germany.

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The Army's Poets

THE DRIVER

I'm a slouch and a sloop and a shuffer, And my ears they are covered with hair, And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse— I'll be "priv" until "fini la guerre."

And my nose, she shines like a countess, And my right hand she grasps the reins— And they pull like twin bats from Hades, And they're quick as a demon's wink.

Oh, it's often I'm late at formations, And it's taps I completely disdain, And my bunk, she brings tears from the captain, And the coolies are at me again.

But when there's a piece in the mire, With her muzzle just rinning the muck, When it's hustle for me and my buddies— If they don't they are S.O. of luck.

And when there's some route that's receiving Its tender regards from the Hun, Then we gallop hell bent for election To our duty of feeding the guns.

The gas, the gas, the gas, the gas, They brighten our path as they burst, But they've never got me or my chevrons— They'll have to catch up to us first.

I'm a slouch and a sloop and a shuffer, And my ears they are covered with hair, And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse— I'll be "priv" until "fini la guerre."

But my horses, they neigh when I'm coming, And my sergeant knows how hefty they drag, And they kick me and they kick my buddies— Here's to him an' to me an' to the flag!

F.M.H.D., F.A.

TRENCH POEMS

I—On the Fire Step

The sun goes down and a hill, For half an hour all is still, The sky grows dark, the stars appear— We watch the moon through cloudlets steer.

We hear the rattle of the wheels Of ration-carts, with store for meals, And then—no more the green and gray— Turas brooding night to broad mid-day.

Next, we can hear machine guns fire— They cut into the foe's barbed wire— One hundred rounds, and then they cease: Again is No Man's Land at peace.

In dugouts deep the tired men snore While big rats run across the floor, And men who sleep on the left are right— 'Tis hard to sleep when coolies bite!

The breeze wafts over No Man's Land The martial strains of a martial band: The Hun, no doubt, rejoices in glee— Over tales of transports sunk at sea.

But our guns—spot that German band— The gas shells scream the No Man's Land For fifteen minutes, then all is still, And—no more music behind the hill!

Day now breaks; our shift is done, For daylight fights are not the Hun, We thank our stars—an easy snout: "A quiet night on the front this morn'!"

Sgt. JOHN J. CURTIN, Hides Co., 1st.

THE NEW ARMY

Who are those soldiers Who go marching down? They're the young fellows Of your old home town.

The butcher's son, the baker's, His Honor's lad, too; The old casual mixture Of gentle and Jew.

Don't they march manly! Ay, they step light; And swing by the papers They'll see they're right! Y. R. KIRK, S.S.U. 648.

CAMOUFLAGE

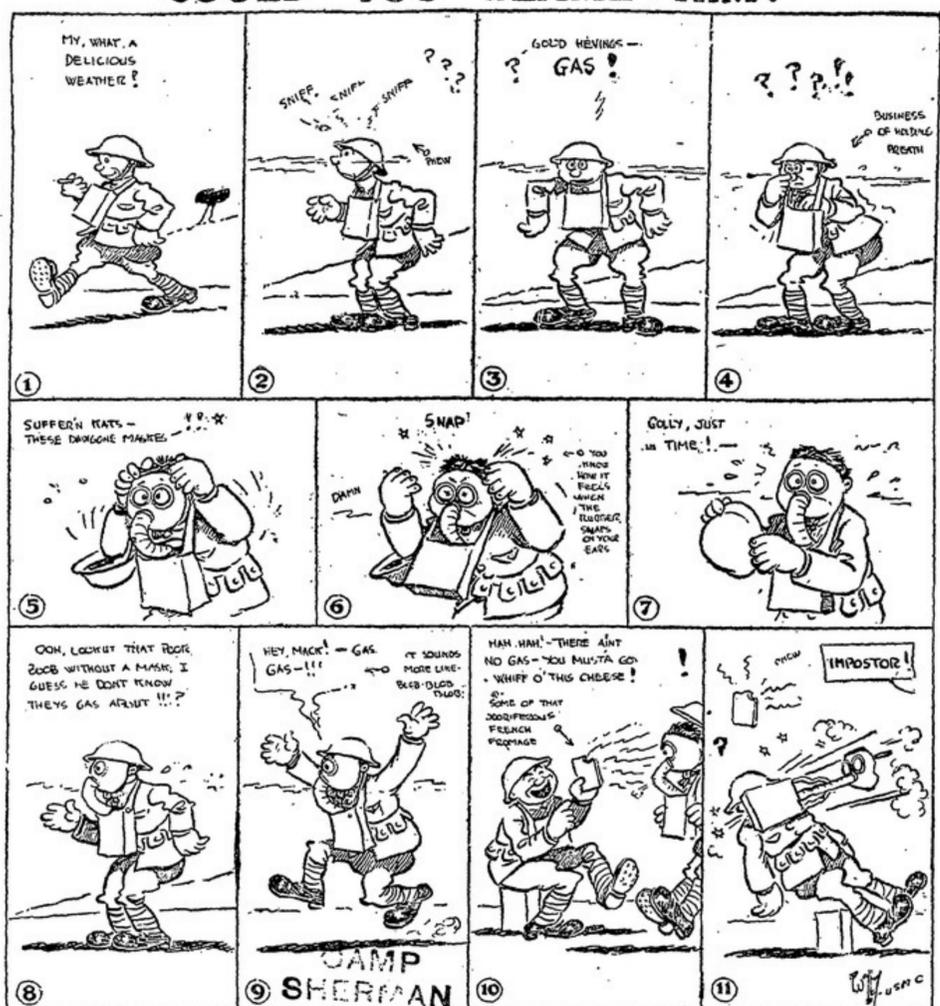
They tell us tales of camouflage, The art of hiding things; Of painted forts and lowered guns Invisible to the enemy's eyes.

Well, it's nothing new to us, To us, the rank and file; We understand this camouflage— We left home with a smile.

THE MUMPS

Once I thought that war was a terrible thing, That France was a helluva spot, That once you arrived you were all out of luck.

COULD YOU BLAME HIM?



AN ARMY SUNDAY IN FRANCE

If you're in luck enough to be what our French friends call en repos after doing a trick up front; if you're out of luck enough to be quartered in one of those feverishly energetic "rest" camps of which our British cousins are so fond; if you're just plain occupied in an American training area...

SOME of the historic streams have fish in them. Some of our O.D.-d friends—perhaps you're one of them—have got the juvenile fishing habit; so, after a week of digging trenches and other things, they start Sunday right by delving for worms, pestering the supply sergeant for twine, making M'sieur...

Get anything? Sometimes, but rarely and poorly—for how can you cutie fish when you can't speak their language? Still, a stray catch or two will give you credit for good intentions with the cook, for by producing a fish or two for the officers' mess he can lord it over them all the rest of the week and force them to get around on time to meals.

Fishing isn't a bad Sunday sport, as Sunday sports go; and, the nearer the sea you are, the better it is. Of course, there are other places you can walk to besides the old Swinmire Hole or the quiet bend in the river where it's just overcast enough to fool the fish.

Unfortunately, however, it is usually up on top of hills and things, which makes for much larking; and unfortunately, too, it usually has jealous guardians who have to be box-barraged with sons before they will open up and show it to you.

If you have a ukulele, and the guy next you has a banjo, and the guy on the other side can burrow the new lieutenant's mandolin by virtue of being the new lieutenant's orderly, there is every reason to believe that you have the Sunday-a-problem solved—except for the old-fashioned soldiers who believe in sleeping while they have a chance, and are usually fussy about being mutually attracted.

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back, and are usually ready and willing to get back, by evening chow-time.

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now, sooner or later; with the delight of his admiring inhabitants of the billet town, and to the relieving of the American chest.

Naturally, if the company's baseball outfit has arrived, and there are 18 men who are not on guard or kitchen or anything, there's only one thing to do with Sunday afternoon. (Dr. Kneeland, of the Lord's Day League, is not in France.) Even if there are not 18 men free, even if there is no real bat, just nothing but a wagon tongue, fished right from under the stable sergeant's nose; even if there is nothing but an old, busted and rain-soaked indoor baseball, all you need is only one thing to do with Sunday afternoon, namely, Old Doc Cat, with steel Stetsons for bases, and no gloves. On occasion, the outfield may be dispensed with, and two teams of six made up. On any occasion, the umpire can be eliminated.

IF it rains, as it is just as like as not to do, the weather man of Europe being a pro-German and generally a skunk, there are the indoor pastimes of Sunday: Shirt-picking, reading, shaving, sock-changing, and oiling up the old gun. Lots of things get done on rainy Sundays in the A.E.F. that never would get done at all, otherwise; so, perhaps that remark about the weather man is a bit unfair.

But rain or no rain, the great and goosy sport of writing home flourishes apace in every camp, in every rest billet, in every place where the A.E.F. lays down its pack. Censoring officers are said to dread Sunday nights almost as much as if they had to go to prayer-meeting.

There is always some kind of a church carrying on in the morning, whether under French or American auspices; that much is sure about an Army Sunday in France. There are always three squares a day, with a little extra tacked on at noon or night, to be obtained by the simple expedient of holding up a vacant mess-kit and an equally vacant face. There are always places to walk to, for one purpose or another, and always other people—either local or Army talent—with whom one may walk. And there most always is—and if there isn't, it's a darn shame and should be remedied at once—a place where you can write without having a baseball clipping off your ears, and the wherewithal for the writing process.

OH, a Sunday in France, under Army auspices, isn't a bad Sunday; that is, as Sundays go and—oh, well, say it—as Armies go. It's not so very different, save for the chicken and ice cream at dinner and the Sunday paper all day, from some Sundays we have known back home.

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COLLAR AND POCKETS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: When are officers of the Army to have field service uniforms that merit that name? And into the Navy, then, to be changed and meet the requirements of active service. The enlisted uniform is about to be modified. But our officers are still wearing in the field a high stiff collar and a coat that has no pockets worth the name.

Serviceability in the field should be the keynote to the design of our apparel. Those of us who have lived in dugouts rushed across rough ground, lain for hours flat on the ground, slept with our heads on, or done any active exertion over battle ground know how binding and uncomfortable the high collar is to our physical and mental state.

Those of us who have tried to carry a notebook, map, pencils, bombs, tobacco, matches and so on in the flat patch pockets of the coat know that, even were it possible to make adequate room for necessary articles, the pockets at once become unsightly, bulging, inconvenient.

Let us copy—if we must use that word—when such change is for the better. Let us have a coat of the British style, that we may breathe better, move better, carry better, and fight better. LINDY, M.G.B.N.

[We can't agree with "Lieut. M.G. Bn." that a change in uniform will enable the American to fight better. The American's fighting qualities do not depend upon the cut of his uniform. Personally, we favor the present uniform. It certainly tends to make the average American keep his head up—and a man who keeps his head up is a dangerous man in a front line scrimmage. The soldier who is not to be feared is he who slouches. Furthermore, the French seem to have fought pretty valiantly the past four years, and they have been

equipped with a collar similar to ours. As to our small patch pockets, we have the feeling that many a time they have prevented a man from carrying a lot of useless junk with him along the march and into the battle line. The best place, anyway, to carry the few necessities that one needs up front are the four pockets of the breeches, two in front, two on the hips. They are convenient enough to swallow the most luxurious battle line kit. The most unutilized looking American soldier we have seen in months was an officer who had rigged himself out in a coat of his own design, the bell pockets of which were bulging with heaven knows what. You know the national weakness for leading one's self down with all sorts of useless stuff. Of course, a big bell pocket would be a fine storage place for German helmets and other souvenirs of the front until they could be conveniently mailed back to Mabel. But that's no good reason for raising hell with the uniform, especially when there are many infinitely more important problems to be solved—one of them, by the way, being the defeat of the Boche.—ENTON.]

NOT AUTHORIZED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Can you inform me if there is any service stripe or campaign ribbon issued to American soldiers who have served in the war and who are now serving with American troops? If such is the case, could you inform me as to where the ribbon or stripe is to be obtained, and what is the number of the order permitting the wearing of this decoration? WILLIAM H. PARR, 2nd Lt., F.A., U.S.R.

[The War Department has authorized no chevrons or campaign badge to show service of Americans with the Allied armies prior to America's entry into the war.—ENTON.]

WITH THE FIRST ONES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In your edition of June 14th there appeared a very interesting article concerning the sailing of the first contingent of the American Expeditionary Forces one year ago.

In one paragraph the outline of the units comprising this first contingent was given. The members of Base Hospital No. 18 are desirous of knowing whether or not you forgot that they were among that first contingent. They sailed from New York harbor on June 14, 1917, aboard the U.S. Transport Finland in company with a regiment of Infantry.

We consider it a very great honor to have been in that first contingent and therefore feel that when the units comprising it are mentioned we should not be left out in the cold. E. P. R.

[Oh; only alibi that the historical records at G.H.Q. where we obtained the material for the article in question, made no mention of the unit now known as Base Hospital No. 18. We are, however, happy to place this unit in the first contingent of the A.E.F.—ENTON.]

CANADA'S OWN DAY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: As an ex-Canadian I was delighted with your editorial regarding Dominion Day, but always thought that it came on July 1st until now. Speaking of natives here getting mixed up on American history, what do you think of an editor who confuses Victoria Day, May 24th, with Dominion Day, July 1st? CHARLES H. STRATTON, 1st Lieut. Q.M.C., N.A.

[You win, Lieutenant. The date in that editorial was hopelessly wrong, but that's the only thing in it we're going to take back.—ENTON.]

AMERICA IN FRANCE

II--Picardy
Cantigny is an obscure old village less than an hour's walk from Montdidier. Though the walls of its chateau have looked down on many an invasion--in one century or another English, Spanish and German armies have fought through the countryside--and though it is set in a province rich in its memories of ancient France, Cantigny itself has found no great place in the pages of the French chronicles.

But its name is sure of a place in American history. For the village fell into the hands of the Germans during the great drive of March 21, and it was in recapturing it two months later that American troops made their first attack in force on a European battlefield.

Picards Always Warriors
For Picardy--ardent Picardy, as the greatest of French historians has called it--has always been a battlefield and its people always warriors.

When Francis I raised his army to do battle with his foes in England and on the continent, one of his legions came from Picardy, and the first regiment of national infantry in France's history was the "Regiment de Picardie," created by Henry III in 1558.

Even in peace (since the Picards fought. Nowhere else in France did the fight of the workers against all lordly injustice and oppression by the rich come so early. Nowhere else was the fight so hardy and so stubborn.

Some Famous Picards
From Picardy came Condorcet, the philosopher and writer, who with much interest in the new republic in America, and who died in prison by his own hand in the days of the Reign of Terror.

From Picardy came Calvin, the leader France gave to the Reformation.

From Picardy came Camille Desmoulins, whose passionate eloquence on that famous July Sunday in 1789, when he harangued the crowds from a table in the Palais Royal gardens, stirred the wrath which spilled the first blood of the French revolution, and which two days later led to the storming and capture of the Bastille.

From Picardy came Peter the Hermit, the strange, swarthy little man who led the Peasants' Crusade, the first of the gallant expeditions which Christendom sent to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the desecrating hands of the Turks.

Barfleur and Wimpfen, and rode on his mule from village to village, appealing to the crowd in churches and market places, and gathering in his wake a horde of 30,000--a grotesque rabble of peasant men, women and children, beggars, cutthroats, ne'er-do-wells and adventurers, who straggled across Europe as far as Asia Minor, where the Turks cut what was left of them to pieces.

In the days to come, when sightseers from America make a pilgrimage to the streets of Cantigny, they will find it no more than a good afternoon's walk up the road to Amiens, where Peter the Hermit was born.

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION
Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities.
SAMPLE SUREFIRE LETTERS, No. 1 Copy, Fill in Blanks to Suit Yourself

France, July
Dear
Well, as I promised you when you came down to camp a good ago. I am writing to you regularly, every about the life of "this man's army," "over here," as the boys so slaugly put it. Things have been pretty well straightened out now, and we have just taken over a long stretch of from the

They are mighty fine soldiers, those only they've got some awfully funny ways of putting things. For example, they say " " when they mean " " when they mean " " when they mean " " and so forth. But we get along fine with them, except that for the life of us we simply can't manage to drink their

Not that we are doing very much of that sort of thing over here, because the Army rules are very strict and we get good warm served to us times a day to go with the and and that form the greater part of our rations. Still, it isn't half as good as the you used to make for me when I came around to see you on evenings. And I have almost forgotten what your home-made tastes like. Sometimes, when I think of you, seems very far away.

I wonder if you are going to much these days, and who is taking you to them. I hope it isn't some who could have joined but didn't, or some guy in a proof job that is hollering from the sidelines. It's a terrible world, ain't it, when you can't be in two places at once? But never mind; " " as our Allies say.

Well, give my best to your and try to think a little of me if you can with all your work on. And thank you again for those you ed for me; they've come in mighty handy.

As ever yours,
*Those three dots can mean anything; good stuff.

OLD AND NEW STYLE--NO. 2
In camp back home: Sir, Lieutenant Blank, U.S.R., reports to the Major for duty.
Over here: Sir, I am under orders to report here for work.
Farther north, over here: Well, here I am, sir!

REVEILLE IN THE LINE



Wondering what to put on next an all and grumpy anyway at having to about the way the American soldier is--even as he is now in the very form is that he isn't scratching his head ju "There's a reason"--out, out.

d hating to have to put on anything at get up for reveille at all--that's just whenever he hears the "Up you come" test of front-line trenches. And the best to think up names for his sergeant.

LITTLE LESSONS IN AMERICAN

A FREE COURSE WITH SUCCESS GUARANTEED AFTER TEN MINUTES' STUDY

AUTHOR'S NOTE.--Did you ever take one of the Y.M.C.A. courses in French, 13 lessons, 15 francs? After you have mastered the language and have learned all about elision, you know that egg is "uhf," but three eggs are "trwa zeff."

what is known as obsolete or archaic American. The following is of interest only to students of history. During the great European war, the States gradually became dry, and the following terms were dropped from common usage:--

LESSON NO. 1.--Translate into English the following American:--
The lootez tme awanta t'office. I startzontops t'ese some steveotors billda road. Wanta shovels warkidella while. He dropiz shovelnest "Abstusnia, Absthru!"

ARMY PLAIN ENGLISH
AMERICAN AMERICAN. In 1901 in the brig. India lock-up. Lunch is served. Therez chow Time out. Extinguish. Two beerzina rye. (Sometimes called by railroad men "One boiler-maker and two helpers.") Money ontha wood (also, cash ontha cushion). Heerzow. Heerz looken.

LESSON NO. 2.--Study the following translation of English into American:--
ENGLISH
Why do you not write to me, dear, and so let me know that you are steadfast in your plighted troth? Alas, I fear lest your affection is fixed on some one--more charming than I say? It is long since a message has come from across the seas to console and comfort me. When you parted from these shores, you declared that not an evening would pass without a letter or a note from you to your devoted

LESSON NO. 9.--Army American differs from plain American. Note carefully:--
ARMY PLAIN ENGLISH
AMERICAN AMERICAN. In 1901 in the brig. India lock-up. Lunch is served. Therez chow Time out. Extinguish. Two beerzina rye. (Sometimes called by railroad men "One boiler-maker and two helpers.") Money ontha wood (also, cash ontha cushion). Heerzow. Heerz looken.

LESSON NO. 3.--Slide the following English into American:--
All at once. When did you get your last pay? Come on, boys, it is time to get up. Count off. At rest. Let him up. Salute. Lights out.

LESSON NO. 10.--The medical department has a phraseology peculiar to itself:--
MEDICAL AMERICAN. ENGLISH.
Marken duty. Only half dead. Fallen line.

LESSON NO. 4.--American can be written on a typewriter. Try this once on your Olivet:--
Nowzha time ferall good menta cumta th'adit their party.

LESSON NO. 11.--In the United States there still survives old army American:--
OLD ARMY AMERICAN. ENGLISH.
Pursh india mill. Continue them in jail. King go home. May I visit my family? Where d'we gofurn? Letters are very late. Malizin hour late. Met my fiancée. Sawwah girl.

LESSON NO. 5.--French can be translated directly into American:--
Comment allez-vous?
"Honsoir, mademoiselle."
"Lo kindz wherzu goen?"
"Combien?"
"How mutch bit?"
"An revoir."
"Et long."
"AVEZ-VOUS?"
"Got teny?"

LESSON NO. 12.--Civilian Americans are scarce. Their language is not now understood by the American E.F., although derived from the same sources:--
CIVILIAN AMERICAN. ENGLISH.
Thoid woman. Wife.
Thoid man. Father.
Thoid car. Automobile.
Thoid shoe. Shoe.
Thoid job. One's employment.

LESSON NO. 6.--Technical terms in American are difficult for English-speaking people:--
ENGLISH. AMERICAN.
Ford. Camopner. roadhouse.

LESSON NO. 13.--This is devoted to the extraction of 15 francs for the course of 13 lessons:--
AMERICAN. ENGLISH.
Feence. FRANCIS X. COURTELIN. Motor Assembly Base.

LESSON NO. 7.--In sports American is widely employed, although English is understood by many athletes in the American Expeditionary Forces. Take this lesson to a ball game and translate the phrases into English:--
Atta boy. He bingedit. Kill th'ump. Cron in. Ah gwan, he's safe. Put Hoover. Heesey. Nocken. Swatt. Huns.

LESSON NO. 8.--Here we come to IDENTIFICATION TAGS WILL BOTH BE ROUND

"Each the Size of a Silver Half Dollar," Says New G.O.

You have got to wear around your neck from now on, if you haven't already, two aluminum identification tags. The difference from the old ones will be--if there is a difference in your case--that both of them be round, "each the size of a silver half dollar," as a new general order puts it. The old square ones (or as nearly square as they could be cut in a hurry) are going to go by the board.

Every officer and enlisted man of the A.E.F. and every civilian attached thereto, will wear the two tags, the second suspended from the first by a short piece of string or tape.

In the case of officers, the tags will be stamped with the name, rank, regiment, corps or department of the wearer and the letters "U.S." either in such form as "U.S. Infantry," or "U.S. Air Service." In case the officer is not a member of an organization, corps or department, his tags will be stamped simply with letters, "U.S.A."

Enlisted men's tags will bear the wearer's name on one side, with the letters "U.S.A." The other side will bear his army serial number.

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OFFICIAL BOUNCER FOR SHOW UP FRONT

American Aviator Chases Away Hun Flyer Who Tries to Butt in

In an open-air theatre right back of the lines, sheltered from the rude gaze of dead-head Boche spectators by a mounding wood, some five companies of Infantry put on a real show the other day in honor of "the ladies, bless 'em." The Salvation Army sisters and the Y.M.C.A. women had done so much for the doughboys to take the curse off war that they felt they simply had to do something for them in return.

They put up a real stage, with Army blankets for curtains. They scaped up a piano from somewhere--the piano detail won't tell, but the instrument had a German name on it. And they drafted all the musical, comical, linguistic and otherwise talent in the five companies to make the show a success--the rag-time keying from "Lady Evelyn," the Tula-Tula dancier (in military life, B company's second cook), the stringed quartet, and, if course, the regimental band. To top it off, they got the chaplain and the colonel to speak from the stage, and the colonel took advantage of the auspicious occasion to tell them how good they were.

Toward the end of the program they heard machine gun firing--just like rain outside a regular theatre, or like the "thunder from without" in "King Lear." Looking up toward and through the tree tops, they saw an American plane diving into a Flying Dutchman. Whereupon the aviator was thereby christened the official bouncer for the open-air theatre; and he did his bouncer job well. The Boche put to flight, the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the audience of 1,500 rose and went to its stations.

After the vaudeville shows, the officers of the five companies entertained the seven Y.M. and Salvation Army women at a dinner that boasted a strawberry short-cake--real, and the first one ever seen at the front, according to report. Three of the officers are said to have walked 15 miles and back to collect the berries for it. But who wouldn't?

WHAT THE D STOOD FOR
LONDON, June 27.--A new play was found in the Army Headquarters' team when play was called in the game against the Northolt Air Service (A.E.F.) at Chelsea Saturday. After he had made a couple of handlinger catches, started the grandstand with a few long throws, and got a few smashing swats at bat, people began to ask one another, "Who is the tall new comer?"

He wore a white uniform with a "D" on it. Some one learned that the "D" stood for Detroit. Then came the sensational news that the player was LaFite, star twirler for Hughie Jennings in 1910, 1911, 1912, and 1913, and later with the Brooklyn Federals.

LaFite is now an M.O.R.C. captain attached to the London base and will be seen in future games.

TIFFANY & Co
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LONDON, 221, Regent Street, W.
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You--or the folks you send it to--have got to pay duty on it. That is, if you send anything dutiable home, don't think that just because you have A.E.F. on your address, that lets it get by duty free. It doesn't, not by a long shot.

You are hereby informed (through the medium of a G.I.Q. bulletin, if you won't be by us) that "there is no authority of law under which packages containing articles included in the dutiable list of the Tariff Act are exempt from duty, even though sent by soldiers or sailors in France to their friends or relatives in the United States."

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SUMMER DAYS IN THE AMERICAN SECTORS



There is such a thing as being tired; there is such a thing as being absolutely all in; and there is such a thing as going into battle so clean tuckered out that, as soon as it's over—well, here's an instance.

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Lying side by side at the dressing station, they were telling each other how they got there. Gas, shrapnel, gas and shrapnel, machine gun bullets—every refinement of war was represented in their disabilities.

Only a poor Artilleryman did not join in the exchange of experiences. Someone asked him why.

"Nothing happened to me," he said.

"What are you doing here, then?"

"Strapped into a shell hole and sprained my ankle."

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"I wanta go back, I wanta go back, I wanta go back to the farm."

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When the Army moved in, the birds displayed some uneasiness, but this passed in a day or two. Now there are four youngsters in each of the three nests. The three mothers and fathers fly proudly about sallying out through the windows now and then to return with a worm or two.

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into their gas masks and rolling in the dirt to muss up their uniforms a bit. They have come up here into the jaws of death and the only thing they're afraid of is that some one will call them rookies."

The most valuable commodity at the front is matches. There comes a time when the last drop of gasoline or the last inch of tape is gone from the patient lighters, and the conservative fellows known to have matches can be counted on the fingers of one hand. These become the most popular men in the command.

There is a case on record of one regiment which went three weeks on 12 boxes of matches. When these were gone some head soldier discovered a way of knocking the ball out of a cartridge, pouring out the powder and lighting it. This lasted until some of the officers began to wonder where their ammunition was going.

Then someone found that a tent rope, ignited at one end, would smolder for hours. This worked until the supply sergeants found out about it.

Finally, a set of watches was arranged, and men were appointed whose duty it was to keep a light going for a certain number of hours. Everybody in the regiment is smoking without difficulty now, though there has been only that one carefully nourished light for a week.

This isn't a true story, but it's a favorite with the boys up front.

A German prisoner was being questioned, and the quiz finally led around to the whys and wherefores of the war. He was asked if he realized the great cause for which the Allies were fighting.

"Certainly," he said. "The Italians are fighting to whip the Austrians; the French are fighting for their country; the British are fighting for the seas; and the Americans are fighting for souvenirs."

Following a night skirmish, a Yank appeared at a field dressing station.

"Got a bullet in the leg," he declared.

"Where?" asked the doctor.

"That's the funny thing about it," said the soldier. "I didn't feel it, and I can't find it, and I walked all the way here, but my leg is all blood from the hip down."

"Come into the light," commanded the doctor.

Investigation disclosed a punctured—and empty—cannon. The water had seeped down to the soldier's breeches, and he had decided that it was blood.

A battery of French seventy-fives, pressed to its maximum, can put over an astonishing number of shells. On one occasion such a battery, manned by Americans, fired steadily into a German position for half an hour. When it subsided the Infantry advanced and captured a German officer and four soldiers, all that were left of the German force.

The German officer was questioned by an intelligence officer. At the conclusion, he said:

"If it isn't asking too much, before you take me back, I'd like to see that three-inch machine gun you fellows have got."

He was writing home.

"You ask me," he said, "to tell you what kind of a noise a shell makes as it comes through the air. Many have tried to describe it and couldn't. But if you really want to know, the noise a shell makes is exactly like either of two things. One is the noise of the shell that came along just ahead of it, and the other is the noise of the shell that comes along just after it."

When the civil population left Xville, it took along with it everything it could. But it could not take its ported geraniums. The ported geraniums, how-

ever, still bloom in the red ardor of June. The Yanks see that. Even dignified and not-to-be-trifled-with M.P.'s have been surreptitiously caught watering them.

"They were loading up an ambulance for the long ride back from the field hospital. The patients were being classified into the customary groups of litter and sitting-down cases.

"How about you?" they asked a doughboy who had some shrapnel in his hip. "Can you walk?"

"Sure," he answered. "How far is it?"

"About 40 kilometers."

He scratched his head as though he hated to be shown up. So they explained that they expected him to walk only as far as the ambulance.

The Y.M.C.A. man in the field frequently is the banker for his unit. One was standing alone at the side of a road five or six kilometers behind the lines. All his pockets were obviously overtaxed, and his coat was bulging so that only the lowermost and topmost buttons could connect with their corresponding buttonholes.

"It's money," he explained. "Money and watches. I've got 17 watches and 50,000 francs. The boys got paid before they went in and most of them turned it over to me. I was going up with the ambulance, but they asked me to stay behind and watch their valuables."

Y.M. men also keep an emergency fund for change. There is only one thing that a soldier needs change for: 10 miles from the nearest store.

"Lemme have 20 francs in silver, please," requests one private.

"Can you give a 10 franc note for this chicken feed?" asks another.

"Sure," says the Y.M. man. "How's the luck running?"

"Tough, ain't it?" he commented, as they lifted him into the ambulance.

"Oh, you're all right," said the corps man cheerfully. "Just a couple of tanks of shrapnel in a couple of places where a couple of hunks of shrapnel can't do any harm."

"That ain't what's worrying me," explained the doughboy. "But here I am going back to a base hospital wounded, and the only Germans I've seen since I came to France were three prisoners."

They call them the Harrison's. There are six of them—the mother and five children, ranging from ten down to two. They still cling to the little farmhouse where the children were born, even though the Hun tide has swept to within less than four kilometers of their home.

Guns boom about them all day; Boche planes circle overhead and are driven back; everyone around town wears steel helmets—everyone but the Harrison's.

It would probably be lonesome for

them if the Yanks weren't there. And it would be lonesome for the Yanks if the Harrison's weren't there.

An Air Service major who hasn't yet earned his first service chevrons—it isn't his fault—has won two wound stripes to make up for it. He took gas for one and had a Boche bullet hit him in the air for the other. Incidentally, he had enlisted as a private, and to gain the double wings had to have the age limit raised. He is 40 years old, a Spanish war veteran, with a wound brought back from the Philippines as a trophy and a big game hunter.

To an American engineer sergeant serving with the British belongs the distinction of having been wounded on each of three successive days—within a little more than 24 hours, in fact.

He was grazed one night at 11:58, shrapnel peppered the ambulance in which he was being carried back and left him another memento.

At last he reached the hospital. Soon after the following midnight the hospital was bombed. The Engineer sergeant became a three-star, three-stripe casualty.

Thus then gave him up as hopeless. At any rate, they haven't followed him any further.

Except on the night after pay-day, the life of an M.P. in the S.O.S. is pretty soft. When he has directed two newly arrived officers to the mairie, told another where he can get a good beef steak and explained to a fourth that "for an *consulle le Bullin*" does not mean "Here you can confer with a boot-maker," he calls it a day's work.

It is different up front. The M.P. in a shelled cross-road leads no life of Riley. He must be on his toes all the time, for he knows that if he misdirects

to be a spy of international fame, and that the lucky captor would be decorated and rewarded with a six months' furlough on Broadway.

Nowhere in the A.E.F. is the sense of

rumor so keen as at the front, and few of the senior divisions have not vibrated in response to the crazy report that they were all going to be ordered to America for exhibition purposes.

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The lieutenant was eyeing some of the new replacements.

"They're the right stuff," he said. "I caught some of them rubbing dust

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LADIES - 4/6 per set.
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