TRENCH SHOWMEN PUT ON A MUSICAL NIGHT

Program in Their Rest Camp Features Mouth Organ and Trench Fiddle Numbers—Also a Prize Recitation

By W. J. PEGLER
Correspondent of the United Press With the A. E. F.

The men of L Company had a "musical evening" back in the rest camp on the night before they went back into the trenches.

The big Swedish supply sergeant played everything he knew on his trench-made fiddle—whittled out of ration boxes during odd moments of the previous week's turn in the line. A young boy from Milwaukee, with a German-sounding name, whose daddy can't speak English without a Weber and Fields accent, gave the "Star Spangled Banner" on a mouth organ. Slim, the cook, sang "Poor Boy," which has seventy-five verses, while all the rest of the men sang in a harmonious undertone of minors, "plinky-plinky-planky-plunk," in imitation of the banjos which were lacking from the musical company.

Willie, the sixteen-year-old corporal whose age shows "21" in the orderly room, sang "Cucaracha," the rollicking Villista song which many an Amex soldier learned on the border. And Johnson, the captain's orderly, contributed two wailing Gaelic melodies with some steps that jarred half the candles down off the shelf and threw the hut into semi-darkness.

Machine Gun Joins In

The camp is not far from the front—not as far as from your home to the office if you live in a big town. At one moment when the captain was "ordering" Johnson to do the dance for the boys, there fell a lull in the entertainment and you could plainly hear some machine gun down in the trenches probably spraying at a Boche working party or patrol. Except for this and the occasional thump of a gun, there was very little doing and the front had settled down to the nighly silent business of patrolling.

Johnson is an accomplished lad. Born in Ireland nineteen years ago, he sailed for America five years ago and joined the American Army when it wasn't much of an army as European nations measure their armies. In six month's life in France he has learned to speak French, which makes his fourth language—Gaelic, English, French and Polish, which he learned from another member of the regiment.

Little Mike Francis, from the hills of North Carolina, told how he dodged the revenuers when he was distilling illicit corn-juices on the acres willed to him by his old dad. Mike is the pigeon specialist of the company. He cares for the carrier pigeons. When asked about his qualifications for the job he said he had had lots of pigeons when a boy.

"What kind of pigeons did you have?" the captain asked.

"Two kinds," Mike replied readily, "great big ones and little bits of ones."

However, Mike showed by his further discourse on carriers that he really knew something about pigeons, so he got the job. He has made good in the trenches and now he claims to have invented a gas mask which will protect the faithful winged messengers from the enemy's poison fumes.

A sergeant from Anadarko (Okla.), won the Y.M.C.A.'s first prize just before the regiment went into the trenches in a contest to advertise the atrocities of the Boche and perk up the regiment's fighting spirit.

One lad submitted a photograph of a girl, clipped from a back home newspaper. She is a very pretty young woman. He wrote below the photograph: "Protect Your Sister from the Boche." This got second prize, but the attempt that copped the five bucks was the poem from the Anardarko sergeant, printed in the first issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES and here repeated for the purposes of this story:

By the rifle on my back,
By my old and well-worn pack,
By the bayonets we sharpened in the billets down below,
When we're holding to a sector,
By the Holy Jumping Hector,
Colonel, we'll be Gott-straffed if the Blankteenth let it go.

And the Boches big and small,
Runty ones and Boches tall,
Won't keep your boys a-squatting in the ditches very long,
For we'll soon be busting through, sir,
God help Fritzie when we do, sir,
Let's be going, Colonel Blank, because we're feeling mighty strong.

The sergeant recited his poem and brought down the house. There was a lot of yelling and the captain had to lift his hand in a gesture of restraint on the noisy cheering.

But the damage had been done. There was a vigorous and angry knocking on the door, and in the silence that followed the machine guns were heard again.

The captain went to answer the summons and stepped outside to talk with a second lieutenant of an engineer company stationed near the front to build a light railway.

Just One More Song!

"Captain, don't you think your men ought to be made to consider someone else?" the second lieutenant demanded in an irritated tone. "I've been working since five a.m. and so have my men. We are tired. This noise is disturbing us and it's now 8:30. My men have got to get sleep and so have I."

Always a diplomat, the captain apologized, accepting the entire blame.

"Well, I'll have just one more song," he bargained, "and then we'll quit."

"Thank you, sir," said the second lieutenant, and he turned back along the path to his billet.

Probably the captain had the engineers on his mind when he came back into the hut.

"Let's have the engineer's song," said he.

They whooped it up.

And the next night at dusk they marched back into the line—mud, filth, hardship, peril, patrols, shrapnel, minnies, the Boche and rats that grow big as chickens, for another spell in the trenches.

DOUGHBOYS HIKE TO BATTLE

Continued from Page 1

you can form a faint conception of what the ——— Infantry went through on that day of January, 1918. If not, you won't be able to get even the glimmer of an idea of what it was like.

Skating, Not Hiking

Keeping step was impossible, of course, and there was only a bluff at maintaining columns of four formation. Every movement on the treacherous ice was as perilous as learning to skate. In the first five hundred yards there was not a man in the regiment except the mounted officers who escaped a tumble and lots of them went down again and again. Yet it was rare for anyone to fall out and stragglers were few. With it all, the progress made was remarkable, and the temper of the men—after that first outburst of cussing—admirable.

Wagon trains and motor trucks had as bad a time of it as the men on foot. The mules were splendid. Sliding along in apparently haphazard fashion, they managed to hold up where a horse would have given up the struggle forthwith. The narrowness of the road increased the difficulties of navigation. I counted six four-mule teams in the ditches bordering the road in the first mile out of Mudville. Squads had to be detached from the companies to get them out, and to gather up the supplies and baggage strewn over the landscape.

At the end of the first hour's marching, during a ten-minute breathing spell, I discovered a fellow New Yorker in one of the companies.

"How's the hiking?"

"Say, this ain't hiking, it's skating, and I've done plenty of that out in Pelham Bay Park," was the reply. "I'm getting along great, outside of a few fractures of the funny bone and internal concussions the first two or three times I forgot to watch my step. If the Bushes have any shrapnel that's harder than this road they're doing well."

Gothamite Sticks It Out

I noticed this chap again a couple of hours later. He was at the tail end of his platoon, limping badly. An officer told him he could climb aboard one of the supply wagons if his feet hurt him. He just shook his head, and kept on hiking. Before the war he was selling gents' furnishings in a Sixth Avenue department store.

The officers without exception watched their men as a collie watches the ewe lambs in a flock. Most of those who were mounted got off their horses as soon as they were outside Mudville and marched the rest of the way on foot. I saw one of them offering his horse to a badly winded private, and another, despite a slightly sprained ankle, refused a lift in a passing staff car.

The regiment reached a morose hamlet we'll call Manureburg because that's what it principally was at half past ten. They had covered nine miles, more than half the day's distance, in just two hours and a half. And they came in singing! None of the new, much-plugged war ditties, but the doughboys' venerable battle hymn

"The Infantry, the Infantry, with the dirt behind their ears,
"The Infantry, the Infantry, they can't get any beers;
"The Cavalry, the Artillery and the bloomin' Engineers.
"Why they couldn't lick the Infantry in a hundred thousand years!"

At the doors of their low, raking cottages the inhabitants of Manureburg silently watched the long column struggle through the village, slipping, and sliding, and coming down in heaps like a scrimmage on the ten-yard line. Although there were no Americans billeted there, all the peasants seemed to know the meaning of the march. "Ils vont aux tranchees," the whisper ran. "They are going to the trenches." Chiefly they marvelled that on such a day "les americains," who are so rich and so magnificently equipped, should be travelling so far on foot. French troops nowadays are moved about in motor-trucks whenever the distance to be traversed is more than twenty or thirty miles.

There is an alleged café in Manureburg, but only four men succumbed to its temptations. All four of them were cooks. They fell out of line in a body, stormed the café, gulped down a quart of champagne, and were back in their places all in the space of four minutes. The adroitness with which they thus violated regulations camouflaged their misdemeanor from their officers and they remained completely undetected. Outside of this quartet, I don't believe a single man in the regiment had a drink all day long.

Dine in Roman Style

A mile beyond Manureburg the column halted for half an hour. Dinner was provided from the ambulating kitchens, which in most cases managed to keep up with the hikers. Beans, bacon, rice, coffee and bread was the menu. It was hastily devoured in the Roman style, that is, reclining on the mixture of ice, snow and mud that plastered the roadside ditches. Everybody but the officers flopped on the ground as soon as the "fall out" order was given, and lots of the officers looked as if they wished they didn't have to set an example of leadership and dignity by keeping on their feet.

The morale, which had never been low, began to climb to a lofty altitude after dinner. Singing became more general and the gentle art of kidding, never neglected for long in the U.S. Army, was resumed. One of the companies was the principal butt of the jesters. It is yclept the Foreign Legion because it numbers among its members doughboys of Italian, Portugese, Spanish, Chinese, Indian, both red and brown, Scandinavian, Hungarian, Roumanian, Russian, Polish, and South American parentage—some twenty nationalities in all.

"Those guys'll need a platoon of interpreters to tell 'em when to go over the top," one buck private loudly proclaimed.

"Say, you ought've seen 'em this morning," another rejoined. "Fifteen of 'em stood at 'tention and saluted when the captain sneezed."

Three or four miles beyond Manureburg the road dipped down into a flooded area. The regiment struggled through icy water up to its knees. "Come on in, the water's fine," the front ranks yelled, and "Join the Navy and see the world," a patriotic soul exclaimed.

The only somber note in the entire day's progress was the sudden suicide of a private. Just before the troops reached the town in which they were to pass the night this youth pointed his rifle at his head and pulled the trigger. There was no explanation for his act, other than that he had seemed in a despondent mood for several days. He had enlisted at the start of the war and had a good record as a soldier. The suicide put an end to both singing and kidding for the rest of the day, and the regiment turned in at the wooden barracks provided for its use by the French in a sober frame of mind.

Supper was disposed of even more swiftly than dinner had been. Afterwards every doughboy did just two things—took off his soaking-wet shoes and went to sleep. With one blanket under him and three rolled around him, he lay on the low wooden bunks covered with straw in a comatose slumber until reveille the next morning. They say the snoring that arose from these bunks made the Boches think a barrage was being laid down at Verdun.

The —— Infantry hiked some sixteen miles over those ice-plastered roads that first day. Their casualties, apart from the suicide, were four men down with mumps and one man crippled with rheumatism.

NO TALKING IN RANKS!

Jock: "What's the difference between a collie dog and a classy boulevardier sucking a cane?"

Bock: "You've got me; spring it."

Jock: "One is a model collie and the other is a mollycoddle."

TWO WAYS TO FUSS A NURSE

Not long ago a witty private attached to a base hospital was confined in a ward by illness for several days. He was in the habit of "rubbing it in" on his comrades. He knew no limit and frequently his glib tongue sent shafts of biting satire into the very hide of his fellows, but his good nature mollified the effects.

In this particular hospital privates and nurses were not permitted to associate with one another and promenades were taboo within the hospital grounds or elsewhere. Strict compliance with the orders had been observed as far as the attending nurses and ward patients knew, and therein the "wit" handed out a stinger to his kind nurse.

"We had some time on that moonlight promenade the other evening—didn't we, nurse?" said Mac in a loud voice. This impertinent question raised sixty heads from their pillows and sixty pairs of eyes were gazing at friend nurse. She looked puzzled, blushed several times and then scowled, but Mac lay quietly, observing the effect of his intimate question on said nurse. He hesitated long enough to temper his joke, and, seeing that the nurse was smiling it off, said:

"Oh! That's all righty, all right; but you're not any more ashamed of it than I am."

THE WRIST WATCH SPEAKS

I am the wrist watch.

Before the war I was worn by women. Bejeweled and fragile, I hung about their dainty wrists, looked at more for the gems that adorned me than for the time I kept.

I was also worn by lounge-lizards, the boys who had their handkerchiefs tucked up their sleeves, who would be soon be seen without their highly-polished canes as without their trousers, the little lads who tried to sport monocles and endeavored in vain to grow mustaches and to cultivate un-American accents.

I was the mark of the woman and the she-man. I was ridiculed by stage comedians, by cartoonists of the press, by haberdashers and men's outfitters of all sorts. To buy me was to buy social ostracism at the hands of one's fellow-creatures. To wear me in public, in the allegedly more rugged portions of the Middle West, was to invite physical violence. To flaunt me in the face of the Arizona cowboy—my whole works tremble to think of the consequences!

But now—behold me, revivified, reglorified, part and parcel of the practical equipment for the most practical of wars!

Tuned to the minute, I give the time for the marching millions from the base ports to the front.

From the general down to the newly-arrived buck private, they all wear me, they all swear my me instead of at me.

On the wrist of every line officer in the front line trenches, I point to the hour, minute and second at which the waiting men spring from the trenches to the attack.

I, the once-despised, am the final arbiter as to when the barrage shall be laid down, when it shall be advanced, when it shall cease, when it shall resume. I need but point with my tiny hands and the signal is given that means life or death to thousands upon thousands.

My phosphorous glow soothes and charms the chilled sentry, as he stands, waist deep in water amid the impenetrable blackness, and tells him how long he must watch there before his relief is due.

I mount guards, I dismiss guards. Everything that is done in the army itself, that is done for the army behind the lines, must be done according to my dictates. True to the Greenwich Observatory, I work over all men in khaki my rigid and imperious sway.

I go where I please without passes. Perched above the deft and delicate fingers of surgeons, I am present at all operations. On the hairy forearms of the husky artillerymen, I am there with every tug of the lanyard, and can feel the firm biceps tighten from below.

I am in all and of all, at the heart of every move in this man's war. I am the witness of every action, the chonicler of every second that the war ticks on its way. Lifted forever and forever above the poodle-dog class of useless ornament, I am the instructor, the arbiter, the consoler, the friend of every officer and every man.

I am, in this war, the indispensable, the always-to-be-reckoned-with.

I am the wrist watch.

COMPANY FUNDS PROFIT THROUGH A. E. F. NEWSPAPER

Every Soldier Subscription Means Immediate Luxury Money

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BULLETIN No. 10 GIVES PLAN

All Profits From Publication of THE STARS AND STRIPES Also to Go to Companies

How company funds can be swelled materially through subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official publication of the A. E. F., is made clear in Bulletin No. 10 which has been sent by G. H. Q., A. E. F., to all unit and detachment commanders of the American over-seas command.

The price of a three months' subscription for soldiers is four francs. If the number of subscriptions in a company totals 150 or over, one franc of each individual subscription price is added to the company fund.

If the total number of unit subscriptions is 100 or over, but less than 150, seventy-five centimes of each individual subscription price go into the company fund. Sixty-five subscriptions will mean that fifty centimes of each individual subscription price go immediately into the company fund, while a total of subscriptions below sixty-five will give the company fund twenty-five centimes of each subscription price.

Thus, no matter what the number of subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES in a company organization, the company fund will benefit, and every soldier knows the luxury-buying power of every additional penny in a well handled company fund.

In addition to benefiting immediately through receiving a share of every three months' subscription price to THE STARS AND STRIPES, the company funds will also participate in the profits accruing from the publication of the paper, profits that are confidently expected to result from civilian subscriptions and advertising.

Besides setting forth how company funds will profit from the publication of THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official bulletin also tells the easiest method for members of the A. E. F. to enter subscriptions for the paper. The bulletin follows:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
France, February 8, 1918.

BULLETIN No. 10.

1. The Commander-in-Chief has authorized the publication of a weekly newspaper by and solely in the interests of the personnel of the A. E. F.

2. This newspaper—the only official publication of the A. E. F.—has been named THE STARS AND STRIPES. It will be published every Friday, beginning February 8, 1918, for the durtion of the war.

3. THE STARS AND STRIPES will give the A. E. F. the latest news from home by cable, through its American staff correspondent, a life-long newspaper man of national reputation. He will not only cable over and explain the important happenings of each week—he will also cable the A. E. F. the latest news of sports at home.

4. THE STARS AND STRIPES will give the A. E. F. news about itself, keeping every unit as fully informed as possible as to what the entire A. E. F. is doing. The folks back home have been getting this news all along; now it will be given every week to the members of the A. E. F.

5. In addition, THE STARS AND STRIPES will serve as a medium of publication for poems, stories, articles, caricatures and cartoons of army life produced by members of the A. E. F.

6. In brief, THE STARS AND STRIPES will be strictly and solely an A. E. F. newspaper; bringing to its members regularly every week the news which up to now it has received at best irregularly and in an unsatisfactory manner. In addition to this, THE STARS AND STRIPES will be an excellent medium through which you may keep relatives and friends at home informed of such interesting information as they can obtain in no other way.

7. It is hoped that there may be a large subscription for THE STARS AND STRIPES in every company or corresponding unit of the A. E. F.

8. The individual subscription for three months for any member of the A. E. F. is *four francs*, paid in advance. In order to facilitate the handling and accounting for subscriptions, the following plan for handling the same in company or detachment lots is made:

No. of subscribers.	Proportion of authorized strength.	Price per copy of organization.	Period.
150 and over...	3/5	Fr. 3.00	3 months
100 and over...	2/5	Fr. 3.25	3 months
65 and over...	1/4	Fr. 3.50	3 months
64 and below.		Fr. 3.75	3 months

By this plan the company or other unit makes for its fund the difference between the amount charged the organization and the individual subscription price of *four francs*.

9. Regimental and similar unit commanders will designate an officer to consolidate and handle the subscriptions and funds for the regiment or unit, and also to see that the weekly bundles for each company or detachment are promptly delivered. Company and detachment commanders will make a settlement every three months with the officer mentioned above. The list of subscribers will be kept in the company and not forwarded.

10. When all subscriptions are paid, the officer designated in each regiment will forward the funds with a statement showing number of subscriptions per company, through the Division Adjutant, to the Treasurer, STARS AND STRIPES, G. H. Q., A. E. F.

11. As soon as the number of subscriptions in each unit has ben approximately determined, it will be reported to the Divisoin Adjutant, who is authorized to use the telegraph to notify THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division, G. H. Q., A. E. F., at the earliest possible moment of the total number of subscriptions in the division, giving these figures by company units, so that the necessary number of copies to fill the subscriptions may be printed and forwarded each week.

12. The required number of papers to fill subscriptions will be delivered each week through regulating stations along with other supplies for organizations. Station commanders will take the necessary steps to have these papers delivered promptly to company offices for distribution to individual subscribers.

13. Individual subscriptions for officers and men not attached to organizations will be received and handled by the nearest officer designated by a regimental or similar commander as outlined in paragraph 9.

14. Members of the A. E. F. wishing copies sent by mail to friends can pay for such subscriptions at the base rate, *four francs* for three months. Designated regimental officers (see paragraph 9) will forward such names and addresses, with postal money order for the total amount, to Treasurer, STARS AND STRIPES, G. H. Q., A. E. F.

15. The heartiest and promptest cooperation of all organization commanders is desired in order that THE STARS AND STRIPES may reflect the greatest possible credit on the A. E. F.

BY COMMAND OF GENERAL PERSHING:
JAMES G. HARBORD,
Brigadier General, Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:
BENJ. ALVORD, Adjutant General.

NOT IN THE AERO CORPS

—Merely A Mess Sergeant Going Marketing

AMERICA DROPS POLITICAL GAME TO WIN THE WAR

Continued from Page 1

news usually effective in scaring the stock market had practically no effect on it. Even the bad news about the sinking of the Tuscania caused no flurry. The steadiness appears to indicate an extremely strong general confidence.

Whole Nation Tested

NEW YORK, Feb. 7 (delayed in transmission).—During the month just past the whole nation has been decidedly tested. The unexampled weather and the fuel scarcity put a severe strain upon all classes of the population. The entire country, with all its teeming cities and mixed populations, withstood the test in perfect order. Admirable conduct was in evidence everywhere.

The American people proved that self-government works. There was no occasion anywhere for the authorities to suppress disorder; there was no need for appeals to patriotism. The people faced the problem quietly, resolutely, patiently.

One of the extraordinary aspects of the situation was the unexpectedly great efficiency under sudden strain of American local government, city and state. Excellent cooperation was afforded in meeting the needs of the Federal Government. Municipal machineries everywhere worked wonderfully well, and a general willingness to subordinate personal and sectional interests was everywhere to be observed. In other words, the communal spirit was universally exhibited.

A Splendid Answer

The five-day factory suspension order afforded another drastic test of the national spirit and good sense. It was met with a response which was inspiringly good. An intelligent, broad view of the situation was general, and the order was obeyed in spirit as well as in letter. Violations of the order were astonishingly few. Thus the first actual demand on the American people for some sacrifice and some actual privation for the furtherance of a great purpose has been answered splendidly.

The people's attitude toward the present discussion in Congress on war matters has also been good up to date. There is no indication anywhere of an inclination on the part of the nation to be carried off its feet. The public attitude is earnest, but patient. An intelligent desire to know all the facts is prepondering any display of temper

American Prinicple Works

The people have shown, in a big, dignified way, their determination to know the whole truth, and to give a fair, calm hearing to all. They have made it clear that no man with a good case need fear the verdict of his country. They have created a court of public opinion before which any man might be glad and proud to appear.

I believe the Army in France may rest its full faith on the big fact that the American principle does work. We must doubtless expect other events affecting the nation's courage, and cannot expect a continuously perfect reaction, but the past month has assuredly proved the soundness of the whole body of the people, and has given an example of surprising solidarity without loss of the typical American independence of thought.

BEATING THE BLUE PENCIL

Here's one way correspondents have of gently evading the censorship and still staying in the good graces of the censors:

"I visited today a unit that is commanded by a major who is still in his early thirties," a correspondent will write. "This young major is the son of a former President of the United States, who has very prominent teeth, who occasionally, mind you, will drink a milk punch just before retiring if he has had a particularly strenuous day, and who is the inventor of numerous phrases, such as 'the shorter and uglier word,' 'you and I are practical men,' 'the strenuous life,' etc., etc."

A CHANT OF ARMY COOKS

We never were made to be seen on parade
When sweethearts and such line the streets,
When the band starts to blare, look for us—we ain't there,
We're mussing around with the eats.
It's fun to step out to the echoing shout
Of a crowd that forgets how you're fed,
While we're soiling our duds hacking eyes out of spuds—
You know what Napoleon said.

When the mess sergeant's gay, you can bet hell's to pay
For the boys who are standing in line;
When the boys get a square, then the sergeant is there
With your death warrant ready to sign.
If you're long on the grub, then you're dammed for a dub,
If you're short, you're a miser instead,
But, however you feel, you must get the next meal—
You know what Napoleon said.

You think it's a cinch when it comes to the clinch
For the man who is grinding the meat;
In the heat of the fight, why, the cook's out of sight
With plenty of room to retreat.
But a plump of a shell in a kitchen is hell
When the roof scatters over your head.
And you crawl on your knes to pick up the K. P.'s—
You know what Napolon said.

If the war ever ends, we'll go back to our friends—
In the army we've nary a one—
We'll list to the prattle of this or that battle,
And then, when the story is done,
We'll say when they ask, "now what was your task,
And what is the glory you shed?"
"You see how they thrive—well, we kept 'em alive!
You know what Napoleon said."

NO RECIPE REQUIRED

Hash is a staple dish in the American home, but not in the Army. Therefore, when a mess sergeant repeated the hash diet several days, one of the privates made several remarks about the food to his pals.

"How do they make that 'ere hash?" he asked innocently.

An ebony-hued lad who had been second cook on a Mississippi packet looked at the questioner and smiled.

"They don' make hash; it jus' accum'lates."

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Branches in all principal French towns, amongst others the following:
Amiens, Angers, Angoulême, Bar-le-Duc, Bayonne, Belfort, Besançon, Bordeaux, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Brest, Caen, Calais, Cannes, Cette, Chaumont, Dieppe, Dijon, Dunkirk, Epernay, Epinal, Fécamp, Havre, La Rochelle, Limoges, Marseilles, Nancy, Nantes, Nice, Orleans, Rennes, Rochfort, Rouen, Saint-Dizier, Saint-Malo Toulon, Tours, Trouville, Troyes, Vannes, Versailles, Vitry-le-François, Bourges Clermont-Ferrand, Isodun, Nevers, Saint-Raphaël, Vierzon.