KHAKI-CLAD REPORTER TELLS HIS OWN STORY

The Censor Hampers His Style, and the Bugle Routs Him Out Early—but Not Always Bright

By A PRIVATE

"Show a leg!"

At hearing this raucous command of the sergeant in charge of quarters, about 6:20 a.m., I open one eye, wearily, oh, so wearily, and reach for a fag. The fag firmly fixed in my face, I proceed to hunt for trousers, sox, and the other essentials to a correct appearance at reveille, twenty minutes later. At the command "Outside ev-a-body" I jump into rubber boots (for I never can get enough time to wind those spirals and adjust those glove-fitting shoes before roll call), throw on an overcoat, and beat it for the door. Once outside, I stand shivering at attention while the Top, in accents meek and mild, reads off a list of some 170 odd names.

In short, I am one of the gang, I am of the army, armily, whether a reporter in uniform or not. And though I enjoy it, and wouldn't be anywhere else for the world, and though army reporting is a lot more interesting than even divorce court covering, it is a lot different from reporting for a paper back home. I often think of that when I am standing out there in line, waiting for the Top to get through with the four syllable names and get down to mine; and the comparison between those days and these never fails to make me laugh.

Perhaps it may make you laugh, too. Want to hear about it? All right; here goes:

A reporter in cits' clothes knows no taps. If the city editor started to check him up on the hours when he got home at night, he would think the city ed. crazy, and would walk in with a kick to the Old Man. To be sure, reporters on evening papers have to selfimpose some sort of a reveille so as to get to their offices somewhere near on time in the morning; but they are universally pitied, and more often than not unjustly scorned by their brethren of the morning paper persuasion.

And They Call it a Hard Day!

On a morning paper, though, a metropolitan paper where conditions are pretty fairly typical, the day goes something like this: The reporter wakes up sometime before noon, bathes, shaves and shines at his leisure, growls over the copy of the paper before him at the way they have cut his stuff, and lunches at his ease. The leisurely luncheon out of the way, he gets on the 'phone.

"Hello, Desk," he drawls. "Anything for me right away?"

"Nope," says Friend Desk. "Not just now. Call up again in an hour or two, and if we haven't anything for you then, just take a roll down here and sit in on a game."

Can you imagine calling up the Skipper or the Top just before drill time, and getting an answer like that? You can—like you-know-what!

Or, suppose, just to keep up appearances, the civilian reporter does drop into the office about—with accent on the about—the time he is supposed to begin work in the afternoon. He hangs around a while, reading exchanges, playing pinochle with the day assistant Desk or matching pennies with the office boy. The Desk may ask him to take a short story from some district man on the end of a 'phone, or may send him out to call on Mrs. Suffering Catts to know what is the matter with the internal management of the Animal Rescue League. That done, it is usually eats time; and if it is in a big town and the winter dinner season is on, the chances are the Desk calls him over and says:

This They Call a Hard Night!

"Blank, here's a ticket to the annual banquet of the Society for the Suppression of Original Sin, up at the Sawed-off. You can eat there if you want to, but if you don't you can go to a show—Ned will fix up a seat for you—and just drop in for the bull. We're full of ads tonight, so don't make it over a half a col., and try to get back here along about eleven o'clock. If it's late and there's anything hot, just 'phone it. General —— —— is down for the last speaker, but hell! You can quote him without having to stay for him. He can't talk about anything but preparedness, so just say in your story that he talked on that. Professor ——— may spring something hot if he makes an ass of himself, but if he doesn't, don't bother to quote him. That's all."

The civilian reporter has one thing in common with the army reporter: When he gets orders he says, "Yes, sir." But that is about the only thing he has in common. The army reporter salutes after saying "Yes, sir," or simultaneously with it; the civilian reporter would as soon be seen on the street without his cane and gloves than he would be seen saluting anybody.

To go back to that night's work, as laid out by the Desk. The civilian reporter, after having dined well and looked in on a couple of acts of a lively show, strolls into the grand ballroom (or "bullroom," as it is known in the trade) of the Sawedoff, right up in front to the press table, just in time to ring in on the coffee, liqueurs and cigars. He nods casually to the two or three prominent clergymen at the speakers' table, is slapped on the back by an ex-President of the United States, pokes a couple of Senators in the ribs, and waves an airy "Hullo, General!" to the guest of honor (whom he doesn't intend to listen to). Then he takes his place with his fellow scribes and starts in to draw thumbnail sketches of Professor ——, who, he confidently hopes, will make an ass of himself, and so please the Desk.

How the Mighty Lose Out

The speakers begin. They say nothing. They never do—that is, the early ones. About eleven o'clock the Assistant Night Desk, getting a ring, hears something like this:

"Hello, Night Desk? Blank calling—S.S.O.S. dinner. Nothing doing. General ——— hasn't talked yet, but you can quote him as saying that we have got to adopt universal service if we are to hold our place among the nations of the world. He always says that, and he looks as if he had it on his chest tonight, too. Prof. ——— didn't say much; just took a fling at some pacifist colleagues of his—not much pepper in it. Wanna gimme a rewrite man for it?"

"Nope," retorts the Assistant Night Desk, wearily. "Gotta jam on tonight, and can't handle it. Forget it, and gwan home."

"Thanks," says the reporter, and hangs up. But, instead of going home, he consorts with those of his kind who are homeless, takes off his coat, and demands a stack of chips and a stein. If he gets to bed before 3 a.m., he is original to the point of being peculiar. And he calls that a day's work.

Nothing like that in army reporting. No, Sir! In the first place, there are no graft assignments, no dinners, no art exhibits, dog shows, pink teas, or—wonder of wonders!—no Allied Bazaars. In the second place, there are no easily obtained interviews with the great and the near great. To get an interview for a metropolitan paper, the civilian reporter usually just sends in his card. The army reporter, having no card, has to talk to an orderly, a sergeant major, an adjutant, a chief of staff—if he is going that far—before being admitted; and each time he has to repeat his message, stand attention, salute, and keep to the third person. It's a lot better for him to do it that way, at that; he doesn't get the swelled head that, it is to be feared, is one of the most frequent possessions of the civilian reporter who has been about a bit.

No More Kidding the Colonel

The ex-regular reporter who goes into the army reporting game renounces once and for all the privilege of kidding the Colonel. The colonels he was used to in civil life most got their titles from being on governors' staffs, or by coming from the Mint Belt of the south. Not so with the army colonels he has to interview; they are the real thing.

"The real thing." Perhaps that's, after all, the main difference between the newspaper game back home and the game as it is played for an army newspaper over here. Back there, talk about preparedness, for example, was abstract; and, uttered as it was over groaning banquet boards, it seemed far away and unreal. Over here one is reporting real, concrete preparedness, and not just one man's idea of it. Then, too, with pacifists and all the other pests of a reporter's life; one could guy their speeches over there, because they seemed to be such harmless, soft-brained folk. But over here? One has no patience with them or their mouthings. The reporter who, after a taste of work on a paper gotten out by the army, for the army, went back to his old work in an American city would certainly look at lots of things from very different angles.

No "Where? When? How?

The big difference, though, is in the question of accuracy. "Where did it happen?" is the first thing the City Editor used to ask about a fire or an accident. You told him. "Put it in the story," he would add, if you were green on the job. Over here, while the City Editor-in-Shoulder-Straps would like to know, for his own information, where a thing happened, he doesn't add, "Put it in the story." Not by a long shot; he isn't in the business of giving information to the enemy. Neither—for the same reason—is he particularly concerned with time or date; which again makes quite a difference. But it's all in the game, and it's all very necessary that it should be so.

There are no free theater passes for army reporters, because there are no theaters in the Zone of the Advance, except the Theater of War. There are no season tickets to the ball games, for there is no baseball schedule. There are no days off, and there is no such thing as a raise or a bonus for a big story put over. But in spite of all those hitherto expected things, reporting in uniform is a great game, if you don't weaken.

Condiment Can—4.3 ounces tin.

Cup—5.5 ounces aluminum and 0.6 ounce of other metal.

Fork—1.5 ounces metal.

Front Sight Cover—2 ounces iron and steel.

Gun Sling—1 ounce brass, 7 ounces leather.

Haversack—1.8 ounces brass, 24 ounces cotton.

Knife—1 ounce iron and steel, 0.7 ounce aluminum.

Meat Can—0.3 ounce iron and steel, 12 ounces aluminum, 0.1 ounce other metal.

Oiler and Thong Case—1.5 ounces brass and 1.5 ounces leather.

Pack Carrier—0.3 ounce iron and steel, 6 ounces cotton and 1 ounce leather.

Pouch of First Aid Packet—0.3 ounce brass and 1.6 ounces cotton.

Rifle—107 ounces iron and steel, and 29 ounces wood.

Shovel—25 ounces iron and steel, and 4 ounces wood.

Shovel Carriers—5 ounces cotton.

Spoon—1.7 ounces metal.

The metal used in the bullet is a lead and tin composition inclosed in a jacket of cupro-nickel.—N. Y. Sun.

"ROUTE STEP — HRRCH!"

(A Medley)

"What was it, Sarge? Couldn't hear him!" (This in a whisper.)

"Route step, you boob! Go ahead and light up!"

"Aw-right! Aw-right! Wha'll we sing, Dinny? Oh, I know! 'All We Do Is Sign the Pay Roll'—mebbe he'll take the tip!"

(Everybody.)

"All we do is sign the payroll,
All we do is sign the pay roll,
All we do is sign the pay roll,
And we never get a gol-dern cent!"

First, they make us make allotments,
Then they make us take insurance,
Then they fine us in court-marrrr-shul.
So we never get a gol-dern cent!"

(By this time the head of the column has started a song of its own, the middle of the column is on something else, while the tail-enders are trying out their voices on something else again. The result is something like this):

"Oh, the minstrels sing of an ancient king of many years ago—On the rocky road to Dublin, we were swinging along, we were swinging along—Pity a soldier in Boston's great city—Drunk last night and drunk the night before—The engineers they wag their ears above the hills and ditches—Oh, won't you come up, come up, come up—The infantry, the infantry, with mud behind their ears, they'll lick their weight in wildcats and drink their weight in beers—s."

Then——(all together)—

"Wake up in the morning at the sound or rev-vul-lee,
I looks at the Skipper, and the Skipper looks at me;
The Skipper says, 'You ain't worth a dam,
For you're only a rookie and belong to Uncle Sam!'
Then it's home, boys, home; it's home we long to be—
Home, boys, home,—in North Amerikee!
We'll hang old Glory—

"Cheese it! He's comin' down the line!" (Silence.) "Left-right, left-right, left-right" (verbal camouflage by file-closers), "hup, hup, hup-hup-hup! One, two, three, four—ONE, two, THREE, four!"

"All right! He's beat it up!

Down in the guardhouse, waiting my discharge,
To hell with the sergeant and the corp'r'l of the guard!"

"Cheese it, Micky; here he comes again!" (More silence, punctuated by an occasional "left-right, left-right!")

"The COM-missioned officers, they are a——"

"CHEESE IT, I tell you, Jimmy! He was right in back of you when you started that! Lay-off, for Pete's sake!"

("He" proceeds forward. Gradually the various platoons get disintegrated again, and off they go.)

"Huckleberry Finn, if I were Huckleberry Finn, I'd do the things he'd do, I'd be a kid again!—Glawry, glawry hallelooooooo-yah! — One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back—I dowanna be a so-oldjer; wy should I fight, everyt'ing by me's all right?—My mother's an apple pie baker, my father he fiddles for gin—Hello, Broadway, good-bye France!—Jone of Ark, Jone of Ark—The girl I love, is on a magazine co-ho-ver—Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning, but's nicer to lie in bed—And when the guns begin to shoot we'll go and hire a substey-toot!—Damm, damm, damm the insurrectoes!—Americurr, I raised my boy for you——

(Everybody.)

"And if I had another
He'd stay at home with mother,—
Americurr, here's my boy!"

(Voice from up front)—"Atten——SHUN!"

(Silence—then a faintly whispered, "Oh, hell! Just as we was gettin' started!")

THESE THREE CAME BY MAIL ORDER

They came by mail order, these three big locomotives, just like the college yell of a correspondence school. They can make a lot more noise than any yell invented, and they have more pull than any scion of the German nobility. They were built in the U.S.A., for use in hauling U.S.A. ammunition, grub and other supplies up to the front in France, thereby putting that same German nobility out of action. They have been coming along as regularly as Texas election returns, two or three of them umph-umphing and whoo whooing through Paris every two or three days on their way from their port of entry up to the front. To see them run, and to watch them work out, you'd never suspect that they were assembled back in the States, knocked down and scattered around like the parts of a Chinese puzzle. They come across in big crates and at the base port are reassembled, turned up and set to running by a railroad engineers' outfit. They waddle along so well on the French rails that you feel they must like the country. It's just as if they'd rolled right out of the Loco works back home and had come right across the Atlantic under their own power.

WILL LUG ONLY 25 POUNDS

Experts Plan to Reduce Doughboys' Burden to Minimum

After a series of experiments in which efficiency and practicability were the chief factors taken into consideration, the amount of metal entering into the composition of articles required for the equipment of infantrymen in the United States Army has been reduced to a minimum.

The figures, compiled by the ordanance bureau in Washington, show that the soldiers carry 249.65 ounces of metal and 114.7 ounces of cotton, leather, wool and wood, the entire weight being about twenty-five pounds.

The articles included in the infantryman's equipment, with the weight in ounces, follow:

Bacon Can—0.4 ounce iron and steel and 8 ounces wood.

Bayonet—15 ounces iron and steel and 1 ounce wood.

Bayonet Scabbard—2 ounces iron and steel, one-half ounce brass, 1 ounce aluminum, 0.3 ounces of other metal, 1 ounce cotton, 2 ounces wood and 0.7 ounces leather.

Canteen—5 ounces aluminum and 1.8 ounces other metal.

Canteen Cover—0.2 ounce brass, 3 ounces cotton, and 1.8 ounces wool.

Cartridges (100)—47.7 ounces brass, 36.4 ounces metal in bullet, and 12 ounces explosive.

Cartridge Belt—10 ounces brass and 14.1 ounces cotton.

BEAUTY HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

By BRAN MASH

Ears, except those of the cauliflower variety, should be neatly dusted with a wet gun rag every day, and be kept at the alert position when the Top is reading off orders and kitchen details. They should be carefully covered in cold weather to avoid freezing, and, if frost-nipped, should be vigorously rubbed with mud or snow, whichever is handier at the time. They should be protected by drums and absorbent cotton when employed within the immediate vicinity of the heavy artillery, so as to conserve their usefullness for employment in listening posts up front.

Hair is being worn much shorter this season for the simple reason that it is easier to take care of that way, and that it does not lend itself to colonization quite so rapidly when clipped close. With the new Overseas cap, no man should complain of having contracted a headcold after his visit to the company barber. The Overseas cap may be worn all day when the tin helmet is not required, and at night may be replaced by the Red Cross knit helmet or an extra large sock.

Mustaches are absolutely essential to the social success, in exclusive French circles, of all members of the A.E.F. One should not, however, attempt to copy the trellis and formal garden designs of the native mustache. One should be content with the near-English, or toothbrush variety. The way the program is laid out for our troops at present, no man will have time to care for a large mustache as it should properly be cared for. It is well to remember that a mustache, to an American or Englishman, is only an incident; to a Frenchman, it is a career.

Mutton chop whiskers, while affected still by some of our British cousins both on the stage and off, have not yet become popular with members of the A.E.F., nor are they likely to be so in future. They are reserved for the exclusive use of somewhat Anglicized ambulance and Red Cross men and for itinerant members of investigating committees on morals.

The human face, which has been issued by Nature to almost every member of the A.E.F. at one time or another, can be best kept in condition, now that spring is coming on, by shaving in cold water. This may sound like harsh treatment, but it is none the less good advice. Shaving in cold water makes for ruddy checks, clean complexion, and ease in adjusting gas masks. For the latter reason, shavers should be particularly careful to cut a clean swathe about the chin.

The gas mask, being an indispensable adjunct of correct attire up front, has done away, in large measure, with the military beard as worn by Grant, Lee, Sherman, and other prominent Americans of the past. The beard may still be worn by officers behind the lines—if they dare—but is fast going out of date. For enlisted men, its use is restricted to veterans of the Revolutionary, 1812, Mexican, Seminole Indiana and Civil wars who may still be serving in the ranks.

The French invented perfume because, in the winter season particularly, they found it hard to obtain baths. For the same reason, the American doughboy sojourning in France during the winter and near-winter season may be permitted an indulgence in perfume of all descriptions which, if practiced in the States, would earn for him social ostracism. As long, however, as mess sergeants continue to permeate all their dainty offerings with the aroma of the succulent onion, and as long as the Boche insists on fumigating our clothes, hair and accoutrements with chlorine gas, the odors of perfume will never become really offensive to the American beak.

Noses should be worn plain, without any suspicion of undue ruddiness, save where the roseate hue may be legitimately traced to sunburn. They should be powdered, if at all, with the light dust of the region, after the mud leaves it—if it does. One may decorate one's nose with talcum powder, if one's squad mates will stand for it. This is often very comforting after a real good cry indulged in on the bosom of one's corporal. When not in active use, noses should be deeply buried in improving literature—and never in foam!

Nails, except on kitchen police, are expected to be kept fairly clean. They may be pared with potato knives, or plain bitten, for biting one's nails is about the only vice still unprohibited by official order. Pending the arrival of an issue of orange wood sticks from the States, one may borrow a file from the horse-shoer, blacksmith or the colonel's chauffeur to keep them in condition.

Lips, if one desires to keep them from chapping, should be tightly compressed on all occasions. This is by far the safest way.

A NEWCOMER IN FRANCE—

—Trying To Order a Dozen Eggs

GAME SAVES MAJOR'S LIFE

So Sammy Smiff is Let Off From Well-Deserved Punishment

Sammy Smiff almost got five days in the brig for saving the Major's life. His name really isn't Smiff, but we're calling him that today just to baffle the Germans.

When his battalion is in the trenches the Major makes it a practice to visit every foot of the sector every morning before breakfast.

One morning he had jut completed his tour and was walking back along the communication trench, near the battalion-post, when he heard someone appealing to something to "Come seven." He walked toward the voice which issued from the third-line trench to the right of the communication. The battalion post lay about 100 yards off to the left of the communication trench.

Get the geography right because it's part of the story.

"Oh-h-h Ba-abee! Shoot the ten francs," said Sammy Smiff's voice.

There are some kinds of shooting that are forbidden in our Army, even in the trenches. To "shoot the ten francs" is verboten.

Reaching the third-line trench, the Major turned not toward his battalion-post as usual, but to the right to interview Sammy Smiff.

Sammy's fellow shootsman saw the Major coming and got away.

Just then many things happened at once in the third-line down to the left of the communication trench. About twelve German shells banged where the Major would have been walking if he hadn't turned to stop the crap-shooting. They threw mud on the battalion post, but nobody was hurt.

The Major looked at the bursting shells and at Sammy Smiff. Then he put the bones into his pocket.

"You might have been sentenced to five days for gambling," said the Major, "but I'm letting you off this time."

THE STARS—FROM FRANCE

We see a lot of stars in France,—
Up in the heavens high they dance,
While we, on watch for scudding 'planes,
Gaze up in awe and rack our brains
In wonder whether, 'way up there,
Those little worlds have now a share
Of all the horror this world knows,
Of all the wartime's wails and woes.

Has every little world above
Its share of war-hate, share of love?
Has every one its sinking ships,
Its front lines locked in battle grips?
Has every one its racking strife?
Of sword and gun, grenade and knife?
Has every one a tyrant who
The peaceful millions would subdue?

Or is this little world of ours
The sole one knowing wretched hours
Of dreary vigil in the sleet,
Of waiting for returning feet
Of home-bound warriors? Have we, reft
In war, the only bad star left,
While all the others have outgrown
The age-old war 'twixt Folk and Throne?

We do not know now if we are
Upon the only backward star;
Nor do we know that only we
Do spite the planets' harmony.
We only know that we must purge
This world—our star—of tyrants' scourge;
That, when thus freed, 'twill shine as fair
And bright as any star up there!

AN ANGEL—BUT UNAWARE

It wasn't the kind of night to make anyone high spirited. The road was wet and slippery and the fog-logged air made it difficult to see more than a few yards ahead.

The transport driver had feelings to match. He kept making harsh statements about things in general and muttering unkind remarks to his unoffending horses, as he slowly picked his way along the shell-torn street of a shattered village.

Suddenly, the form of a woman came out of the darkness. The driver jammed on the brakes and tugged strenuously at the horses' heads. He stopped just in time to avoid running the woman down.

When he got back his breath, he vomited three mouthfuls of the great Australian language over the figure on the road. She stood patiently and listened.

He turned off the flow of words and motioned to her to get out of the way. But she made no sign of moving.

He emptied another collection of variegated language over her, and waited some more. No movement.

He asked the atmosphere emphatically what the unprintable language it thought of the woman. Then he decided that she couldn't understand Australian. So he tried French.

"Alley, toot sweet!" he shouted.

Still no movement.

"*Alley!*" he roared again.

Again no movement.

"Alley!—Alley!—Partie!—er—er . . . For Gawd's sake get out of the blanky road!!" he yelled in desperation.

Nothing happened.

He became silent. He was baffled. For the first time on record his remarkable accumulation of high-power language had lost its impelling power! He decided to put the "actions speak louder than words" proverb to the test. He threw down the reins disgustedly and clambered off the wagon for the purpose of expostulating at close quarters.

"Look here, you——"

He stopped short. He found himself talking to the stone image of an angel that had been unearthed from the ruins of a church and placed in position on the road.

A chorus of triumphant laughter came out of a ruined house.—*Aussie*, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

Christmas Box—A broken-into parcel partly filled with wristlets, mufflers, heavy sox, knit helmets, mittens, kidney pads and tummy bands that arrives in France about the middle of July.

Insurance Premium—Something that puts about one-sixth of your pay where you will never be able to get at it.

American Tobacco—An extinct species of weed, which used to be smoked by he-men in pipes, in cigarette papers or in cigar wrappers, without material harm to their nasal organs or tongues.

Abri—An underground shelter entirely populated by soldiers and cooties.

Trench—1. A hole in the ground, without beginning and without end, entirely filled by water and very frequently the object of the enemy's attention. 2. (Plural) Trenches—The things in which the people back home imagine we are all of the time.

Dugout—The most satisfactory life insurance policy sold in the less healthy portions of France.

Machine Gun—An arrangement alleged to be able to do the work of fifteen men but requiring the work of thirty men to keep it in operation and condition.

Court Martial—A scheme to separate you from your money, or your liberty.

Campaign Hat—An obsolete piece of headgear now seen only in historical paintings and on statues of Robert E. Lee, Ulysses S. Grant, Philip Sheridan, William Tecumseh Sherman, Frederick Funston, and other generals. Considered altogether too effete for usage by the hardy soldiery of the twentieth century.

Spiral Puttees—Part of a scheme to increase the size of fatigue squads by making a larger number of men late to reveille.

Underwear—The favorite ration of the goat, sheep-tick and flea.

Officer of the Day—A lieutenant troubled with sleeplessness and possessed of a bad habit of coming around between midnight and dawn and asking embarrassing questions.

ODD BIRDS IN FRENCH ARMY

"In an army like France's, one finds many odd birds among the simple soldiers," writes Charles B. Nordhoff in the Atlantic Monthly. "I was playing shinny' (we introduced it and it has become very popular in our section) the other evening, and, when a soldier took off his coat, four thousand francs in bills dropped out of the breast pocket. Another evening, in a café, a roughly dressed soldier stood up to give us a bit of music—and for an hour the world seemed to stand still while one of the greatest violinists of France (two years at the front, twice wounded, Croix de Guerre, with several citations) made us forget that anything existed except a flood of clear, throbbing sound. It was a rough, drinking crowd—a moment before there had been a pandemonium of loud voices and clattering plates, but for an hour the listeners were still as death—not a whisper, not even a hand clap of applause. It was, I think, the finest tribute I ever saw paid a musician. And so it goes; one never knows what variety of man is hidden beneath the uniform of faded horizon blue."

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