

BOCHE GUNNERS LEND ZEST TO HOLIDAY NIGHT

Star Shells Light Way for Washington's Birthday Party Guests

GUNNERS RACE INTO LINES

Journey Through Modern Pompell Leads Squarely Across Bull's Eye of Hun Target

FOUR NATIONS DRINK TOAST

Frenchman, Italian and Briton Join In Honoring Memory of Republic's Father

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING 1st Lieut., U.S.M.C.R. Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

Thanks to motor transportation, a correspondent for THE STARS AND STRIPES had the chance to attend two Washington's Birthday parties the same evening.

The party in the hotel was conventional, but none the less picturesque. Half a dozen Americans, three French fellows in uniforms of horizon blue, two Italians and a stocky, good-natured Briton got to their feet and clinked glasses to the toast:

"Washington, Father of His Country!"

The toast had to be translated to the Italians via one of the Americans. The Italians drank it first before they knew what it was all about; then, again—and heartier—after they understood.

There was only one woman in the room, an elderly French Madame sitting at a little table alone and knitting. She looked up and smiled; then back to her stitches.

Outside it was chilly and raining. A single ray of yellow light filtered on to the wet pavement through the hotel shutters.

The press automobile, with dimmed lights, crept through the crooked streets to the outskirts of town and brought up beside a sentry box. There instructions were given that no lights should be shown and no motor horns sounded.

Along a long lonesome road lined with a double row of tall silhouetted trees, we sped for the front.

For an hour we had the road all to ourselves. The hum of the engine and the spatter of rain drops on the wind shield made the only sound.

Presently, a camion loomed up in the road and chugged past; then a rumbling train of ammunition wagons.

"Our boys," commented the driver, "can tell 'em by the helmets."

All of a sudden, out of the murk, something rushed by on our right, and something else, zoomed in the same direction, on our left. Zssst! Zssst! and both were gone.

"Our boys again," the driver chuckled. "Couple of machine guns on motors. Just racing, I guess."

The fireflies of the war. By this time we had reached a crest from which we could see a long distance beyond. Dead ahead, some tiny lights, like fireflies, were flashing.

"Those are the big guns," the driver explained. He paused; then whistled. "Lots of 'em tonight. Something on, I guess. Like as not they're celebrating the holiday."

Not until we pulled up at brigade headquarters could we hear the reverberations. In the closed car, with the motor churning, the front had seemed noiseless. But the moment the engine stopped and the door was flung open, the air suddenly became uproar.

You have heard the same sort of sound when a telephone line goes around. We broke out our gas masks, donned our helmets and reported at headquarters. Two minutes later we were humming along on the road again.

We brought up at the end of the ride in the center of what once had been a village square. What used to be a town was now a few jagged walls and some heaps of debris. Four men came out of the blackness of a ruined house to meet us. Two were Army officers; two, newspaper correspondents.

"Hurry!" cautioned the conductor of the party. "The square is likely any time to be shelled again. Things have been rather lively around here this evening."

"A Job To Our Liking" Along a muddy road, pocked with shell fire and occasionally as light as day from German star shells, we tramped in extended order until we came to another clump of ruins.

What seemed to be one of the most badly wrecked places of all—roofless and apparently about to crumble into a heap—sheltered our reception hall. In a little low-ceilinged place hidden in a corner of the ruin, we met the commander of the part of the line which we were about to visit. Less than an hour before our arrival a Boche shell had knocked a ton or more of debris down upon the bridge timbers of the ceiling and had dug up a big hole close by in the back yard.

Except for the fact that the concussion had put the office door out of commission and had jarred most of the furnishings down, and that, nothing had been affected. And, quite literally, nobody was losing any sleep over it. The runner who was to announce our "tourists" was fast asleep in his bunk in an adjoining room and had to make his evening dressing arrangements before he was presentable for company.

Meanwhile, the officers of the unit told us how pleased they were with the morale of their men. After the hard work of preparation back of the lines—so arduous that some of the boys had

AUSTRALIA TO UNCLE SAM

"Say, how do, old cobber, give us yer mit! Pleased to meet you I certainly am; We can now pull together in doing our bit." Said the Aussie to proud Uncle Sam.

"We've both got some stars on our banners, you know, And I guess that our blood's the same hue, And the old Southern Cross shining under below Sends a warm greeting ray out to you.

"We are absolute glad that you've joined in the fray, And have jerried to Fritz's true light. You can rest quite assured—on the odds I will lay— Now he's up against something to fight.

"We've seen lots of scrapping these three years of war, And we've stouped him—yes, time after time— And with your mighty help I guess he'll feel sore When he's knocked back to hell o'er the Rhine.

"So when you hop over the trenches with us, Pay no heed to his 'Kamerad' mania, But get into him with your bayonet, the cuss, And remember the sunk Lust-tania!

"You can never forgive such a treacherous bound— Giving that name insults any dog— And a ripe lasting friendship square dinkum we'll found When we've passed through the war's grimy fog."

—"Aussie," the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

SPORTS APLENTY WILL AWAIT MEN IN REST BILLETTS

All Kinds of Equipment To Be Available Within Sound of Guns

INSTRUCTORS TOUR FRONT

Boxing and Wrestling to be Taught Those Who Wish To Be Proficient in Arts

"Baseballs, bats, masks, catchers' and first basemen's mitts, felders' gloves protectors, bases, indicators, rule books, indoor baseballs, indoor baseball bats, volley balls, nets for volley ball, soccer balls, boxing gloves, quilts, punching bag outfits, basketballs—"

Sounds like the inventory of a sporting goods store, doesn't it? But it's just a partial list of what's going up front—in fact, it's on its way up there now—for the use of the men of the A.E.F. the minute they come down from the line to the rest billets in back. With such an outfit available for all, no one should complain of having nothing to do between tours of duty in the trenches.

Athletics for everybody—athletics right within the Zone of Advance—the games everyone is used to, the games everyone wants to play, with all the facilities for playing them, are provided.

Instead of "the bleachers" opening road," there will be the dull boom-boom of the big guns for a background. Instead of the skin diamonds of former days, there may be muddier fields, but fields there'll be. And for the men in the villages that are all up hill and down dale and don't permit of regulation size diamonds, there'll be indoor baseballs that won't go so far when they're lammed but what a felder can retrieve them without having to leap the barbed wire way up in front.

Nine For Each Company

Baseball nines, one for each company, are to be organized. Volley ball, basketball and soccer teams are to follow suit. Pars, in emphasis is going to be laid on boxing and wrestling, and instructors in those two many arts are going to travel round to every unit in each division, putting the men hep who are not hep to the best way in which to get the other fellow. As if that were not enough, provision also will be made for track athletics. In short, everyone with a hobby in sport will have ample opportunity to follow up his particular line and become even more proficient in it than he was before.

What to do in those so-called "rest periods," when units are in reserve, will no longer be a bothersome question. The spring itch to be out in the open will not go unsatisfied. Every man will be encouraged to "go to it" in whatever sport most suits his fancy, and will be given time in which to go to it. And the tools of sport will be on hand for him to use.

Recreation facilities have already been provided for one of the divisions in the forward area, and similar facilities will soon be available for all the others. The plan is, in baseball, to have the company teams play for the regimental championship, and then have the regimental championship lines play off for the divisional championship.

Inter-Divisional Series

When that series is concluded, there will be the inter-divisional series in each corps, and it may go on to the armies and possibly for the entire A.E.F. The company line that wins the A.E.F. championship will certainly have something to brag about when it gets back to the States, and the way things are arranged now, with the baseball talent in the Army pretty well divided up among the different units, one company's chance is just as good as another's.

RUSSIAN PEACE PUTS NO DAMPER ON HOME SPIRIT

Attitude Is One of Earnest Sympathy for a Blindly Struggling People

NATIONAL POLITICS BEGINS

Widespread Interest in Apparent Reconciliation of Progressives and Old Line Republicans

ENORMOUS CUT IN MEAT BILL

Saving of 14,000,000 Pounds in Four Months Largely Result of Voluntary Action

By J. W. MULLER American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The past week's big feature affecting the national mind was, of course, the sensational Russian news presented by the newspapers with its full weight and leaving no American ignorant of its import.

There is a pretty clear understanding everywhere of what it means, but apparently no disturbance at all of the public spirit. I believe that while people were more or less perplexed by the welter of contradictory Russian reports during the past few months, they came to the conclusion long ago, with characteristic American quiet, practical sense, that Russia was out of the running, and last week's news was only what they had been expecting in one form or another.

The most prominent quality of the public attitude is the almost complete lack of hot anger against the Russians. The general sentiment appears to be one of earnest sympathy for the big, blindly struggling multitude, and an unselfish hope that they will yet win their own true system of free and good government.

This attitude is not due to policy, but to the native democratic spirit of the American people. This is very gratifying because it indicates that when the time comes, the American nation may be expected to take its part in the settlement of world questions in a big, broad spirit of justice.

Much of the present spirit of confidence is due to the people's glad knowledge that America has stepped before the world with an utter repudiation of secrecy in international relations. I believe that this one fact has enhanced the national strength to a degree that most American publicists have not begun to conceive.

Shipyard Inquiry Starts This week the Senate investigation of the Hog Island shipyard begins. This shipyard is one of the largest engaged on work for the emergency fleet. When the charges of vast extravagance were made, they were received with remarkable quietness by the public, and prompt and open executive and Congressional action toward a full investigation plainly satisfied the country that it could depend on getting the full truth.

National common sense long ago told us that in a time of huge undertakings we must expect some failures, perhaps many, to measure up to the general public ideals. But such cases will not affect American morale so long as the country feels sure that the President and Congress boldly and openly hunt the offenders out.

The newspaper attitude toward the Hog Island affair is very good. The press is waiting for the full facts before attacking or defending.

Last week saw the beginning of national politics with the election of

Big Six in Luck Christy Mathewson played such good checkers at Camp Sheridan, Ala., recently while visiting there, that the soldier boys have persuaded the Y.M.C.A. to bring the Cincinnati Reds to the camp for their spring training.

The Y.M. pays half of the expenses and the Montgomery board of trade pays the other half, giving the Reds their spring training work free of charge.

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FARTHEST NORTH IN AMERICANISM



They call it the Lorraine line. It is only a single series of kinks in the great unbroken chain that stretches from the Swiss border to the North Sea, but it is already a familiar name in some 48 States. Scenically, the Lorraine line, or at least as much of it as is shown here, is rather small potatoes. Whatever its scenery might have been, it has been pretty well mussed up during the past three and a half years. The three young men, in company with several others not shown, are there to see that the musing-up process doesn't go any further. Perhaps they haven't had very much to do yet—it's not for us to say—but the main thing is that they're there and ready. Peary didn't have much to do when he got to the North Pole. But he got there. These fellows haven't reached it yet, but they represent farthest North for the legions who are to follow.

The road lies straight ahead. This little band of explorers is awaiting the moment and, in the meanwhile, seeing to it that the way never points backward.

MANY STARS REFUSE TO SIGN CONTRACTS

Big League Baseball Enjoys War of Its Own Over 1918 Salaries

SOLDIERS KEEN FOR BIG SIX So Reds Will Train Near Camp Sheridan, Ala., and Take On All Army Teams

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—Baseball managers and their players are enjoying a little war of their own, with the salaries of the men as the objective. Managers are declaring solemnly that they will not pay high salaries to the players during these hard times. But the players are merely sawing wood cheerfully and point significantly to the close approach of the spring training season.

Meantime, the fans view the managers' talk of putting baseball on a business basis with dubious thoughts in their minds, but cheered by the fact that the managers, while crying economy, are gunning merrily for one another's stars. But there have been few good bags thus far. Each club appears to be holding fast to its stars.

The sensation caused by the rumor that the New York Yankees might grab the famous Ty Cobb from the Detroit Tigers was short-lived, and there is no sign now that Tyrus intends to stray or to be enticed from his present berth.

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There is only one fly in the ointment. An Army officer will probably umpire the games played in the camp, which

means the guardhouse for all kickers on decisions. The Reds will take on all Army teams, and they also expect to have the New York Yankees, Detroit Tigers and the Cleveland Indians stop on their way to play exhibition games for the soldiers.

The New York Giants' three star twirlers, Schupp, Sallee and Perritt, have not yet signed their contracts, and Outfielders George Burns and Davey Robertson and Captain Arthur Fletcher also are unsigned, and the fans are beginning to worry about those stars. The Giants have four new players coming from the west, so it has been announced.

The Brooklyn club has half its players signed and Owner Ebbets also is beginning to worry a bit. Infielder Holt, formerly with the Brooklyn Feds, has signed with the Cleveland club.

Pitcher Ernie Kool of the St. Louis Americans has joined an aviation corps and is lost to the Browns for the year. Honus Wagner, the Pittsburgh veteran, has joined the "four minute" speakers at Pittsburgh. Just the right length for his ability as a speaker.

TO SAVE CHILD LIFE IS AIM OF NATION

"Children's Year" to Celebrate America's Entry Into War

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The anniversary of America's entry into the war will be commemorated by a splendid national movement to conserve child life. The campaign will be opened April 6 by the children's bureau of the Department of Labor. Each State will be asked to save its quota. The assistance of 5,000 local committees and of the women's committee of the Council of National Defense will be employed to carry the campaign into every community.

It is hoped to save at least 100,000 of the 300,000 preventable deaths under five years, and to safeguard 30,000 children under 15 years against the relaxation of the child conservation laws.

This year will be known as "Children's Year."

TIN SOLDIERS' PROVE METTLE IN FIRST RAIDS

Night Forays on Chemin des Dames Give Men Long-Sought Chance

CROIX DE GUERRE FOR TWO

Wild Irish Exceed Objective and Romp Through German Trenches 750 Meters

LIVE SOUVENIRS FOR COLONEL

Surprise Visit Across Line Without Preparatory Barrage Nets 15 Boche Prisoners

By FRANK P. SIBLEY Correspondent of the "Boston Globe" With the A.E.F.; the Only Correspondent Living With the American Troops on the Chemin des Dames

The Yankees tumbled out in the dusk, sorted themselves out in the trench, marched to the front side of the shell-splattered hills before the Chemin des Dames, and took position. Their reserves were in the tortuous tunnels of the four or five quarries that have supplied half the limestone of which Paris is built; their company headquarters were in woodchuck burrows along the paths down to the flat, and the battalions at the front were not in trenches, but in "strong points," here and there, facing the woods and the canal and the bastion and the river and the hills beyond where the Boche has his big and his batteries.

These Yankees are green troops, just completing their training. They had had fine recommendations from the French officers who trained them. They had shown good, and had earned the belief in their commander that he could tell his own men by their smartness—and they hated themselves terribly. And now, in the final period of training, they were checked into the front line against the stiffest fighters in the world. The French, however, did not leave the untrained men to their own devices, but went along as counselors and friends.

First "Tin Soldier" Shot Fired For a day or two, all was quiet along the sector. Fritz sent over his communications in the shape of shells from 10 to 3 each day, trying especially for the entrances to the caves of the reserve, and, of course, for the battery positions.

The American artillery won the first commendation of the French. These "tin soldiers," as they used to be called, sent their batteries into a shell of the infantry, and on Tuesday, February 5, at 3:45 p. m., fired the first "tin soldier" shot of the war from the first battery of the first regiment of the division. The delighted and peppery colonel from Brookline grabbed the empty cartridge shell and took it to his dug-out, where it now adorns the mantel.

The main point was that that gun was fired "in position." It has been in position ever since, and with all the rest of the guns in all the batteries has put up barrage after barrage with an accuracy that has won high praise from the French observers.

Before the end of the first week, and while the men were still getting used to watching for gas shells, there began to be a demand for action. The plans were making for raids, raids to get prisoners rather than positions, and information and experience rather than military advantages. But the men, not knowing this, began to ask when we were going to start something.

A confidence that was over-confidence in some cases made its appearance. The first casualty was of a young man who, hearing a noise out beyond the wire, started off all alone to get the first Boche prisoner. It was utterly against orders, of course—but he went. Coming back, he missed his direction, and approached a machine gun post. The machine gunners challenged, got no answer, and fired, killing the boy.

Another man lost his life by displacing the Boche. He tried to pass an open space, and a machine gun across the way got him.

Across to the German Wire On February 14, the orders came out for a raid the next night towards a certain position. An American lieutenant and 20 men, with a sergeant, went in company with a French group. The party got across all right to the German wire, and explored it for a length of 300 meters. Their task completed so near the Boche that they could hear them coughing, they started home again. Halfway across, they saw between them and their own lines the silhouettes of a group of Germans. Firing commenced, and a brisk fight was kept up for half an hour. It was later learned that 11 Germans were killed.

When the Boches stopped firing, the French and American party resumed their progress homeward. It was nearly dawn. A count-up showed a sergeant and eight men missing. The lieutenant started out again at once, though the German machine guns were peppering the open land already, to hunt the missing men. He didn't have to go far, for, almost in the same moment the party came in. They had lost their direction, and the sergeant had held them in a shell hole until daylight should show him the way home.

The party brought in a Boche prisoner, a young fellow. It appeared that the sergeant and one Frenchman had seen him making off in the dark and had chased him. He ran fast and the sergeant, dropping his gun, simply plugged him in the jaw with his fist. This was the first prisoner taken in this sector.

Sergeant Wins Croix de Guerre It was announced next day that the lieutenant and the sergeant had both been given the Croix de Guerre, the first decorations given to Americans excepting the one for the general of a division.

Two German attacks during the same week were stood off successfully, mostly by machine gun fire and barrage. A fine testimonial to what the French think of the Yankees was given when

"FIGHTING CHOW—COME AND GET IT!"



This is a war dinner. It isn't a formal affair, but it is a lot more important to the people partaking of it than any boiled shirt and swallowtail dinner they have attended in the past. It is their ultimate meal before going into the trenches on the Lorraine front and the old Army motto, "Eat all you can while you've got a chance," was followed out to the letter.

It didn't require a flashlight to take this banquet photograph. It was taken out in the broad daylight, with the not so very distant enemy guns providing the orchestral accompaniment. The menu was a simple one. The *pieces de resistance* (and some resistance, at that) consisted of sliced corned beef. The vegetables consisted of canned stewed tomatoes. And there was "with dinner" instead of dinner coffee.

This is one kind of a war time dinner—the informal kind. At midnight on February 21 or 22, whichever way you want to put it, the men in the sector northwest of Toul had a real "honest-to-goodness-and-eight-hands-around" formal dinner, to celebrate the birthday of an American general who, while he wasn't a specialist on trench warfare and didn't wear khaki, managed with the aid of his French allies to set thirteen young colonies free.

A real turkey dinner it was, served steaming hot in marmite cans, with the vegetable accompaniments that should go with the National Bird. In fact, it was a regular Washington's birthday dinner, all but the Washington pie. In order to cook it, the K.P.'s went out and chopped down a cherry tree with the mess sergeant's little hatchet, and burned it with due ceremony under the turkey. And K.P.'s dassent't tell a lie.

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