MULE SKINNER'S LIFE ISN'T WHOLLY DULL

But Missouri Coachman Himself Won't Ever Admit It

GOSSIP WHILE SHELLS DROP

Animals and Correspondent Only Ones to Get Skittish on Trip to Front

By C. C. LYON

Correspondent of the Newspaper Enterprise Association with the A. E. F.

"You've got to take off your hats to the boys who drive the mule teams up to the front," said an old Army officer at mess one evening.

"They travel these roads night after night regardless of how many shells the Germans throw over at them. I've seen the shrapnel and the high explosives breaking all around them, but they merely stop occasionally to inspect the holes in the road and then drive on with their loads of food and ammunition for the men in the trenches.

"They expose themselves a lot more than the men in the trenches."

I decided one dark night I'd ride up to the trenches with one of the supply trains.

I hailed one wagon as it came along and climbed up on the seat. A boy named Harve was driving the four mules, while the other boy, Butch, had to see that the supplies reached the right trenches and were properly distributed.

Here is the talk I heard on the ride up to the trenches, as I remember it:

Butch: Didja know today's my birthday, Harve? Twenty-four.

Harve: That so? Whatcher girl send ye?

Butch (proudly): Nice pair bedroom slippers.

Harve (kiddingly): Nice pair bedroom slippers? Say, they'll be fine in these muddy dugouts, won't they?

Had Something on Butch

Butch (rather peevish): You've got no room to talk, kid. I noticed you didn't get a doggoned thing from your girl when you had a birthday in January.

Harve: My girl's too sensible to be wastin' her money on birthday presents, Butch. We're both savin' our coin these days. We're going to get hitched the day I get back home.

Butch: That's right, Harve? You're really goin' to get married? Putter there, old top! Here, too. Me and Mary fixed it all up in our last letters.

(Here followed several minutes of silence).

Harve: Why not have a double wedding', Butch?

Butch: How could we when we don't live in the same town?

Harve: Well, we could all elope to Covington, Kentucky, couldn't we?

Butch: Say, boy, your head isn't solid ivory after all. That would be fun, wouldn't it? Guess I'll write Mary about it. You write your girl, too, will you?

Harve: Sure th—

B-A-N-G!

(A big German shell exploded about ten yards to the left of the road and about 50 yards ahead. The mules reared and kicked and tried to run away).

Them Skittish Army Mules

Harve: Whoa, doggone yer ornery hides. Damn these Army mules, anyhow. Never saw such fools in all my life. The more shells they hear, the more skittish they get. Never will have any sense. There, that's more like it. Now, go along.

Lyon (somewhat nervously): That was SOME shell, wasn't it, boys? Do you think they'll be encoring us?

Butch (disinterestedly): I guess so. They usually shell this pike about the time we're taking up the supplies.

Harve: Sure thing, I'll write my girl, Butch. And, say, I've got an uncle down in Paducah, Kentucky; we'll all go down there and visit him on our honeymoons.

Butch: Now you said it, bo. Count on little Willie here.

(Another considerable silence, during which time much machine gun firing could be heard off to the left).

Harve: I'm homesick as the devil to see my girl. When do you think it will be over, Mr. Lyon?

Lyon: Well, it's hard to tell, boys. I'm going home to see my son graduate from high school whether the war is over or not. He'll be six this coming August and is starting to school in September.

Hope in a Nutty Kaiser

Butch: Say, just listen to this crepe-hanger, won't you, Harve? Gee whiz, we'll be too old to get married then. They'll be sendin' Harve and me to an old gentlemen's home.

Harve: Don't let 'im kid us, Butch. I heard an officer sayin' only today that the Kaiser has gone nutty and that he'll be throwin' up the sponge before the Fourth of July.

Butch: Go on and talk some more like that, boy. I always did think you had a great head on you.

B-A-N-G! B-A-N-G!

(Two shells exploded in quick succession near by. More mule antics and considerable strong language from Harve).

Butch: Them guys are wastin' a lot of good ammunition on us tonight, ain't they?

Lyon (with increased nervousness): Yes, and I hope they waste everything they put over this way.

Harve: If the war—

"H-A-L-T!"

(It was the commanding voice of a sentry and he had a gun in his hand).

Harve: Well, this is the end of the line. They have to carry the stuff from here on. You're going to walk back, Mr. Lyon? Well, so long. Remember, any time you want to come up again, this is YOUR wagon.

Butch: Them are my sentiments, too, Mr. Lyon.

Thus they gossiped as the Germans shelled.

THEIR GEOGRAPHY

Two Californians sat in a Y. hut waiting for the movies to start. Beside them sat a Rhode Islander.

"There ain't a pretty city in the East," said Californian No. 1.

The Rhode Islander pricked up his ears.

"Oh, I don't know," said Californian No. 2. "Detroit and Minneapolis aren't so bad."

The Rhode Islander sighed, and recalled the Far Western trip he had once made to Erie, Pa.

Private Daze (who has lost his way in a communicating trench): Say, ain't there a drug store on one of these corners? I want to look at a street directory.

HOME IS WHERE THE PIE IS

[*Photograph by S. C., A.E.F.*]

"Home is where the heart is"—
Thus the poet sang;
But "home is where the pie is"
For the doughboy gang.
Crullers in the craters,
Pastry in *abris*—
This Salvation Army lass
Sure knows how to please!

Watch her roll the pie crust
Mellower than gold;
Watch her place it neatly
Within its ample mold;
Sniff the grand aroma
While it slowly bakes—
Though the whine of "Minnie" shells
Echoes far awakes.

Tin hat for a halo!
Ah, she wears it well!
Making pies for homesick lads
Sure is "beating hell";
In a region blasted
By fire and flame and sword,
This Salvation Army lass
Battles for the Lord!

Call me sacrilegious
And irreverent, too;
Pies? They link us up with home
As naught else can do!
"Home is where the heart is"—
True, the poet sang;
But "home is where the pie is"
To the Yankee gang!

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Church Manners

By BRAN MASH

To people who have not been in the habit of going to church before joining the Army, except to other people's funerals and weddings, the how, why and wherefore of good behavior in church is, in large measure, all Greek. In the Army, however, when there is nothing else to do on a Sunday morning, the chances are, like as not, that you may be inveigled into attending a service. Some colonels anxious to coddle the mother vote at home, institute church services for the whole regiment, and get everybody to go by the simple expedient of falling everybody in, presumably for a wood detail, and then springing church on them.

But whether your attendance at church is voluntary or involuntary, there are certain rules of deportment which must be lived up to, or the visiting brethren and sistren may put you down as a most irreligious young man. And, as religion has not entirely gone out of fashion in the United States, but is even said to be patronized more than ever by some of our best people (who have to do something to "help win the war"), it is a good thing to get hep to.

With the spring coming on as it is, it is a safe bet that most of the church parties held from now on will be staged in the open. Accordingly, a few words about the open air service, its limitations and its exigencies, are now in order.

Never spit in ranks during the course of the sermon. If you haven't had time to stow your plug before falling in, and the old juice is fairly oozing out of the corners of your face, of course you have got to spit; but don't spit audibly. Let it trickle gently, and—if you have one—try to conceal it by use of a handkerchief. If you have no handkerchief, let 'er drive—as inaudibly as you can—taking care to have it carom off your corporal's newly shined shoes.

The proper position during the course of the sermon, hymns, and so forth is a modified parade rest. You are commonly supposed to be standing at ease, but the half-and-half parade rest looks more pious. The militariness of the attitude need not, however, prevent you from murmuring "Old stuff!" to your neighbor when the parson gets reminiscent or forgetful and repeats himself.

If you are in the front rank, adhere to a perfect parade-rest position throughout the course of the ceremonies. You are right out there where the colonel and the staff and the dominie can spot you, so there isn't any other choice. The only thing to avoid is the colonel's eye when the parson starts to dilate on the evils of shooting craps.

Don't be in too much of a hurry to time the preacher. Incessant lifting of the wrist watch arm is quite out of place. You'll get plenty of time to inspect the face of that interesting piece of chronometry when the Good Man begins on his 20-minute prayer.

If they pass hymn cards or hymn books or prayer manuals or anything else down the ranks, help yourself, and pass them on. Adhere to the old Army rule of taking anything that's free and some things that aren't. If you are green at the art of reading responses, try to time your reading with that of the nearest Episcopalian. Get your cadence from him, and don't hit up the stride.

When it comes time to sing, sing the air. Never try to fake a tenor as you are apt to come to grief. Besides, if he gets an idea that there are too many tenors in the outfit, the colonel is apt to be a bit scary about taking you up front, and may transform you all into labor battalions. If you must fake anything, fake a bass.

Don't look up during the prayer—not even to study the adjutant's face. The chances are he might be looking up, too, and that would prejudice your next application for leave. Keep your eyes demurely down—just as French girls are said to do, but don't.

The only difference between an indoor and an outdoor service is that the former is apt to be longer, because the preacher doesn't feel cold. Also, there are usually seats, in which case the parade rest position may be abandoned. Simply squat in the accustomed manner, but do not cross your legs. And never, on any account, go to sleep. Nobody sleeps in the Army.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE STABLE SERGEANT

He always calls for details and he always makes 'em hump—
With curryin' and harnessin' you're always on the jump;
He never makes it pleasant there for skinner or for beast,
And of all the freaks I've met with I can grant that guy the least!

He's fussier 'bout those cussed plugs than mothers are with kids—
In handlin' the bloomin' orutes we do just as he bids;
For he ain't got no conscience 'bout reportin' us at all,
And when he starts to cuss us out—he oughter hire a hall!

He lives up to his orders 'bout not swearin' at the teams;
He saves up all his swearin', though, to use on us, it seems.
He blisters all the atmosphere and makes the chaplain wild,
But when he drives a sulky mule, he's gentle as a child.

He's got no use for humans such as us, who do the work;
He bosses us as if he was a bloomin' Boche or Turk.
The only thing he cares for are the animals he's got.—
If we don't treat 'em proper, Gosh! that man can make it hot!

A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

Service stripes are now being worn among the older set in the A.E.F., lending quite an air of distinction to the same.

Some of the boys in the British aviation service tendered the Boche across the way a neat little bomb-shower last week, a couple of their American cousins taking part in the sport. A pleasant time was had by all except the Boche.

The exclusive skinner family is contemplating an all-A.E.F. mule show for an early date in the spring, to take the place of the historic New York horse show. The contesting teams will have their whips tied with red, white and blue ribbons, and their mouths tied up with gas masks. Leaves—vacations, not the kind the major wears—will be awarded to the contestants getting the most work out of their charges. A beauty prize, for which both mules and skinners will be eligible to compete, will also be contested for.

Most of the better class of people hereabouts are going in for aviation this season rather than yachting and golf.

Many prominent baseball fans in the A.E.F. attended the opening of the season in States—by proxy.

A personally conducted tour of the United States is soon to be made by a select and well chaperoned party of 50 doughboys. They will aim to tell all about what it is like "over there," as this place is affectionately called. Among the societies before which they will appear are, no doubt, the D.A.R., the S.A.R., the A.O.H., the Y.M.C.A., and lord knows how many chambers of commerce.

KNEW HE WAS UPSIDE DOWN

He was a cadet aviator, and came, as lots of cadet aviators do, from the South. They were asking him—"they" being his womenfolks, for this happened before he left the States—what it felt like to fly upside down. Looping the loop in the air isn't nearly so thrilling as it seems—not nearly so thrilling, for instance, as the precipitate plunge of the Coney Island variety of loop. But when he told them so they could hardly believe him.

"Ah couldn't believe it mahself," he explained, "but when mah pipe rose right out of mah pocket and went sailin' up past mah haid, whah when I jes' figured Ah must be upside down."

SNORING HATH CHARMS, BUT WATTELL ARE THEY?

'Twas the Night Before April, and All Through the Barracks Not a Creature Was Stirring, Until—

After six weeks in one barracks, we thought we had learned all there was to know about military snoring. A writer on Pneumonia Alley had taught us so many tricks in plain and fancy midnight snorts, sounded so many keys in nasal music hitherto unheard by normal ears, that we believed there was nothing more to know.

There was the Jersey Snore, pitched in A sharp, with something about it that reminded a man of a muggy summer evening in the itchy sands.

Then there was a Philadelphia Snore—the habitual kind. It reminded a man of a saunter down Chestnut Street, a sort of perpetual, habitual cadence, or the ebb and flow of an easy life, unconscious of the existence of anything but—Philadelphia.

Also the raucous Chicago snore, that had an elevated sound to it, with a rattling loop of racket at the end of each agitation of the darkness. It was a musical movement par excellence, born of the spirit of git-there, thick with the suggestion of the redolent stockyards. You could fairly hear in it the phonographic record of a "night-drag" taking a compound-cross-over in Englewood, at 38 miles an hour, hell-bent for peoria.

Something New Under the Sun

These were great snores of their kind, and as we got accustomed to them, while throttling our curses in the darkness and damning the transports that left us with half a lung apiece to curse with (and no lights, livers or tummies)—well, as has been hinted, along came April, and sweet peace and then—and then—in walked the Brand New Snore.

The writer has slept on the shores of the soothing Pacific lulled to dreams by the rattle of the dice wheels at Venice, Cal., and the ecstasies of an all night "movie party" at a nearby cafe. Also, he has hob-nobbed with Morpheus amid the murmuring cedars, while far below him sighed the uneasy waves of Puget Sound. The yang-wangee bing-bong of a Chinese orchestra in B.C. has failed to phase his innocent rest, nor has the howl of "the winds that wonder 'mid the sphere" put the K.O. on the sandman when his bunk happened to be staked out atop the ridges of the Rockies.

In short, he thought he was a pretty fair sleeper, until the coming of the Brand New Snore.

It had been a quiet March day, the last one, in fact, on the calendar. Some of the boys had been *en ville* to see March-April. None of them, our frizzle-whiskered friends at home to the contrary notwithstanding, was "*bookoo zig-zag*." The nightly business of chinning was *fini m'sieur*, and all went merry as a bean into a mess-kit. But hark! What is it slithers the silence like the voice at the feast of Belshazzar? We knew there were some new ones in the "Casualty Camp"; certainly this is one of the worst yet. Ay, yea, bo, and then some!

Not a Bit of Competition

Not another snore on the job, and without competition, like Standard Oil just after being dissolved, this—this unspeakable nasal noise slides seductively through the silence. At first it is as shy as a country maid at her first lawn-party. It ambles around through the darkness, lingering just long enough above each sleeper to rouse him. Then it gathers in volume. The buzzer-phone is a sickly wheeze by comparison.

Lay-On MacDuff and all the rest of Macbeth's Bloody Crew would have given four bits apiece to get the use of that sound for the ghost scene. It would have added a hundred per cent to the gate money the first time the show took the rails.

"R-r-re-e-e-e ***** zzzzzzzz-kkkkkk—plloooooop." Ninety-nine per cent efficient, and getting away from friction all the time! Boy, *could* that lad snore? He'd been out of the transport a scant two weeks. Maybe that snore was originated there, on some dark night when he was wishing all the world hard luck. Or maybe it had been thrust upon him when he was still gamboling playfully on the green. Or maybe he was born with it. Whatever the explanation, he surely had Considerable Snore.

Groaning in their sleep, the Philadelphia bunch turned over, grunted, awoke, and listened fearfully. Had the spirit of Quakertown come to brood over her loved ones? Softly one of the Fifth Ward wonders began to hum in the darkness, "There's a Quaker down in Quakertown—". His humming was lost in the competition.

Dreams of Super-Mosquitoes

The Jersey lads lay still in anguish, and pictured mosquitoes bigger than Providence has yet visited on a war-tortured world. But never a bite they got, only that steady-by-jerks wheeze, the pent-up melody of a hundred Washington County trollies in every snort.

Chicago lads, accustomed to the bay of the midnight loop-bound, the squeal-symphony of Porciana, the ki-yi of the morning papers, touched wood in a cold sweat and prayed as they had never prayed before.

There was only one way to settle the controversy. Merry badinage, proceeding from faint hearts, failed to still the snorer. Hard-boiled threats that would have won a Marine three stripes didn't even put a notch in the process of busting up the quiet of the Casual Barracks. It was the merest luck that in strolled another one of those Twelve O'Clock Fellers in this Nine Thirty O'Clock headquarters. He had the regulation flashlight, and—having not been awakened by it—he had his normal nerve.

A Lurch and a Snort

"Go get that!" whispered a hundred hoarse voices all at once, if not more unanimously. The Twelve O'Clock Feller approached the snore. He focused his light on the blanket, which hid the Vicious Vesuvius of Vagabond Vibration. Came a lurch of a certain bunk, a snort, a yawn. Many gurgles and guffaws. The thing was human after all. And the Brand New Snore, after stalking this Earth for Washington only knows how many years, was at last quenched, souzled, slugged, *finee mushoor!*

It hasn't come back yet. If it does, it'll be corralled and captured, crated and shipped to a certain well but not favorably, known German family. They've got a long period of uselessness ahead of them, and perhaps a snore like that would help pass the time away. They can have it. We don't want it.

That's the only way they'll ever get anything from us, though.

PVT. WALTER E. MAIR.

FIELD GLASSES FOUND!

Have you lost a pair of Signal Corps field glasses? Well, we just wondered, because a pair of Signal Corps field glasses has been found. Private First Class Frank D. Wolk, M.D. dental assistant, picked them up in a restaurant hard by his station, and would like to turn them over to the owner. Private Wolk may be addressed in care of this paper.

"Eyes right," pronounced the oculist, having finished the examination.

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THE AMERICAN ARMY

Officers and men of the U.S.A. forces are also adopting Pelmanism—urged to it by what they have seen and heard of its value at the front.

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