WARFARE IN MOVIES NOT AS WE WAGE IT

Villain Badly Fooled When He Hurls Ostrich-Egg Grenade

TANK BREAKS SPEED LAWS

Caterpillars Fail to Turn, But That Isn't Enough to Stop Armored Terror

Special Correspondence of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, May 9.—Those American-made war-dramas must be giving the folks back home a swell idea of what The War isn't like. They go big over here, proving the Englishman's contention that he, too, has a sense of humor.

Up at that picture place in Tottenham Court-road where there's always a Chaplin film of venerable age and flickery action, they trotted out a five-reeler today called "On to Berlin."

William Fox is accused of producing "On to Berlin."

The villain twirls his mustache and the hero, as usual, wears his flannel shirt carelessly open clear down to his belt buckle in regular hero fashion, so you can see him inflate his chest till it sticks out like he'd swallowed a basketball.

An audience with a bunch of war-wise-guys in it can tolerate the old dramatic flubdub on the ground that the theatrical business is entitled to its own little tricks. But it was when William Fox put the super-athlete, super-daredevil and super-soldier through his military paces that the soldiers in the place began to wonder whether Fox was trying to kid them or meant this as an on-the-level film.

How Not to Do It

For Paul Mordaunt's first stunt Mr. Fox had him throw some hand-grenades. First of all, the villain, a captain, tried it. He couldn't boost his egg more than ten yards. And no wonder, because the action of the piece compelled him to throw like a girl.

Paul, however, steps up and grabs a hand-grenade.

"Oh, gawd!" groaned a Chicago Canadian. "Look at that grenade, will you? Size of an ostrich egg."

The Maple-leafer offered a free tip to American producers for their guidance in future war films. The grenade is about the size and shape of a pear and you never throw it but hurl it, because you will snap your elbow to splinters if you try to throw them, especially Paul's size the way Paul did it.

Well, next there was a tank. This was certainly the Slivers of the whole tank circus. Both ends were "front." The funny design wouldn't have caused too much mirth- it was when the tank began to charge that the boys from Festubert and Messines howled for the author.

One turn of the crank and —— zip! That old tank raced right out of the picture, going like a Fifth Avenue bus. And the caterpillars were stock-still, not turning a single tread.

Well, let's see, what else?

Hard to Recognize Tommies

Oh, yes; the Russian general got his share of laughs when he crashed into the scene wearing an American officers' barracks cap and a cosmopolitan kind of coat. The British Tommies in the crowd failed at first to recognize their brother Tommies of the film, the latter being camouflaged under the wrong kind of a trench hat. These helmets were recognisable as being French, or at least more like the French iron millinery.

Once or twice some American ambulancers raced on to a nice smooth battlefield with a great big Stars and Stripes and Tricolor flying at the stern of each car. Out of special consideration for Paul's rank as star of the piece, one car made a special trip for him, leaving lots of other wounded lying about the ground, although there was room in the car for at least four more. And anyway, if they had waited a minute, Paul could have walked in because, as it developed later, all he had was a headache—or maybe it was a hang-over.

Just Like Old Times

There were Boches wearing spiked helmets in this day when the enemy troops have been wearing their distinctive style of steel helmets for a couple of years. Soldiers were shown in action without their gas masks at the alert position. No, by, golly, they didn't have any masks at all.

A German prince is shown leading his men into a regular dog-fight of a street battle and presumably shouting "Hoch!" or "Bock!"

The Crown Price will feel flattered if he sees this part because they do say he never takes chances nearer the line than division H. Q.

Paul is the fair-haired boy to fool them all. He manages to go right through our own lines (this is the West Front, too) and through the German ranks, going at least 75 miles an hour on a lathery hoss without ever seeing a German except the Prince, who is abducting the pretty nurse in an automobile. Paul shins up a tree in broad day, climbs into the window of the Prince's bedroom and shoots him.

It seems that the sentries they usually have around a Prince's place are all out in back of the stadio shooting craps when this part of the film is made. Anyway, they let Paul get by without the slightest challenge.

So they'll probably be courtmartialed and executed.

And it will serve them right, too, because it would be a shame to let everybody connected with "On to Berlin" get off without punishment.

MASONIC CLUB OPENED

The first Masonic club to be opened in the A.E.F. is maintaining "open house" in the vicinity of A.P.O 708 and, according to word sent out to the Masons in the A.E.F., is worth any trouble occasioned in the search of it. It is in a one story stone building and includes a well fitted assembly room with a real piano and writing, card and committee rooms. It is open from 6 to 10 P. M. daily and from noon on Sundays.

The club was dedicated recently. The attendance was almost four hundred and canvas leggings mingled in the audience with bars, leaves and stars. There was music by a military band and a buffet luncheon.

Colonel ——, in his speech of dedication, said:

"We will be very glad to receive among us any non-Masons who have a real desire in their hearts to carry out, or assist in carrying out, the very high principles of Freemasonry."

TWO LITTLE HUN VICTIMS AND THEIR STORY

Marcel Vicart

Suzanne Vicart

Another typical example of the brutality practiced by the Germans against the innocent residents of the invaded districts of Northern France was disclosed recently when the American Red Cross investigated the case of a destitute grandmother and her four grandchildren whom they found homeless and penniless.

The family name of the children is Vicart. Rendered homeless by the first Hun onrush in 1914, they have suffered most of the terrors that the Boche could contrive and the war produce.

The Vicart family consisted of a mother, father and four children. They lived happily in a little village near the Belgian frontier. With them resided the aged parents of the mother. The father was a foreman in a *brasserie*.

When the Germans began their brutal invasion of Belgian in 1914 the father joined his regiment to fight for his home and country. Soon after he had left the Germans overran and partially destroyed the village. The entire population was removed to Belgium and held in a camp for a month when, in groups and under guard, they were removed and distributed over captured territory to till the soil.

The grandfather of the children died. The mother, her children and their grandmother, contrived to keep together and were detailed to work a farm from which the owners had fled. The mother befriended a French reservist who was a fugitive from the Germans. For a year she kept him secreted in a cellar, skimping the scanty allowance of herself and her children to give him food.

Eventually the reservist was discovered. The mother was sentenced to death. Then, as if to show that they were capable of even greater cruelty, the Germans denied either the grandmother or the children to see their mother and finally, because the grandmother was too old and the children too young to work on the land, sent them into France.

It was not for months after they got to France that they learned the mother was living and that the sentence had been commuted. She now is in the Holzminden prison camp. The father still is at the front. He has been fighting throughout the war.

The difficulties of the Vicart family have been partially solved by including two of the children in the mascot adoption plan of THE STARS AND STRIPES, thus insuring them, at least, of the necessities of life for a year.

Marcel, aged 6, has been adopted by the Y.M.C.A. at Base Hospital No. 8, and his younger sister, Suzanne, by Lieut. John P. Healy of the Air Service.

"WATCH YOUR STEP" HIS MOTTO NOW

Under Best Regulated Censorship, Accidents Will Happen

This is what Jimmy, back home, got from Hank, over here:

"Dear little girl--You certainly were the finest and nicest and sweetest thing in the world to send me those socks—and to think that you knit them all yourself. I tell you, a fellow appreciates things like that when they're done for him with such a spirit, and" etc. etc., etc.

"Well, it's getting late, little girl, and they will soon put the lights out. There is a bombardment on outside, but I don't mind it a bit while I'm thinking of you. I can shut my eyes and see just how you looked that day at the Sunday School picnic out at Quaker Lake.

"No more tonight; I am writing regular here in the 'Y.M.' tent, every week, and hope you get my letters as regular on the other side of the 'big pond.' You don't know what your letters mean to me, in keeping me 'bucked up,' as we say in the Army, and everything. God bless and keep you! As ever yours, HENRY." x x x x x x x x x

"O.K., I. Knowitt Hall,
2nd Lt., Inf., U.S.R."

"He's doty,' snorted Jimmy, when he read it. "Must have had shell shock or something to get that way. Of all the slush---'

* * * *

This is what Kitty, back home, got from Henry, over here:

"Gee, Jimmy, but you ought to have been with us on the party we pulled yesterday night! Wow! I never had so much fun since I've been over here. All of us pulled down two or three months' pay, as the Eagle hadn't been around these parts for a long time, and we all had rolls that would have choked a horse. We went down into town on a truck and I guess we bought up every blooming thing that there was there, and then some. And we ran into a funny, red-headed guy in a cafe who was a ventriloquist and who had the M.P. outside there just looney calling him in and everything and then throwing his voice out and calling him back out again. Funny? I never saw the beat of him! and he could sing, too! He had one peach that went: (Song is omitted.)

"After that we all got back to our diggings and started in *some* sesh with the old bones. I cleaned the Top and my corporal, rolled 'em out of everything they had and they both have longevity pay, too. And next week I draw leave, with all that mazuma for massaging a perfectly good trench thirst and everything. Oh, boy! I guess I won't look good to these French janes when I flash that roll. Some of them are knockouts for looks, too—better than any you see in the States. With best wishes and hoping to hear from you soon, I am, Yours, HANK."

"O.K., I Knowitt Hall,
2nd Lt., Inf., U.S.R."

What Kitty said when she got that cannot be put down here. Kitty is a lady. When she finished that missive, she was a very red-eyed and snuffling little lady. She is yet, whenever she thinks of it.

The moral? It's obvious. "One envelope open at a time."

HOW IT HAPPENED

Tears filled the soldier's eyes,
Though brave and true was he,
For he was peeling onions
By the hour on K.P.

STORIES OF THE LORRAINE LINE

It happens that the German commander directly opposed to one of our machine gun batteries is an old acquaintance of the commanding colonel's. The German, years ago, was a military attache at the same place where the colonel was stationed.

"He hasn't bothered us much lately," said the colonel, the other day. "He knows I'm on this side, and he probably says to himself German words to this effect: 'Hell, it's not worth while bothering about that dub So-and-So.'"

Rosy-cheeked, clean, looking as though he were ready to stroll into the Blackstone or the Ritz or the St. Francis to afternoon tea, a young private stood over the Salvation Army stove turning doughnuts. It was not far from the front line trenches, and the town was well shelled.

This young man turns doughnuts every day for one Army, and goes into the trenches every night for the other. He says he likes to do it, and that he doesn't need much sleep. He was asked about his previous occupation.

"I used to be a truck driver in Hartford," he said, pronouncing it Haahtf'd, in the manner of the native Nutmeg."

Along came the second lieutenant, whistling, whistling, whistling. Cadenzas he manipulated in the grandest coloratura style.

Along came the colonel.

"Lieutenant," said the colonel, "just because you're between gold bars is no reason to imagine yourself a canary."

Sign in the Lorraine district:
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SO SAY WE ALL OF US

Satan was in a forgiving mood.

"What did this bird do?" he queried.

"He burned down an orphan asylum and operated a wholesale opium joint," replied the furnace superintendent.

"Let him go—he may be all right at heart. How about this poor zob?"

"He lynched four innocent negroes, started a revolution in Hayti, and—"

"You sub demons are too blamed fussy. And that goof sneaking back into the corner?"

"He wrote a popular song entitled, 'When the Sammies Sail over the Sea.'"

"Thass enough," bellowed Satan. "Shoot him onto the griddle with the southern exposure and phone the janitor to turn on more juice. There are some things even the devil can't stand for."

PRISONER AT FIRST, THEN GUEST OF TOWN

American Aviator in Italy Finds Brand New Thrill in Flying Game

One American aviator knows just how it feels to land in enemy country and be arrested and jailed as a prisoner of war. He didn't actually land in Germany or Austria to get the thrill, either. It happened in Italy.

The airman, a native of Philadelphia, was making a prescribed distance flight from an Italian training field with a low mountain peak as his objective for a turning point. He was traveling high with clouds below him most of the way.

When he reached the peak he became confused and misread his compass. Instead of making a half turn he made a full circle and continued straight ahead. About the time he thought he must be getting back near the training field he descended several thousand feet for a close look at the country. It was unfamiliar. He continued until his gasoline ran low and then made a landing in a small valley. No sooner was he on the ground, though, than he was surrounded by a threatening crowd of Italians armed with pitchforks, other agricultural implements and antiquated fire arms. His protest that he was an American was unheeded. They assumed he was an Austrian aviator who had lost his way, and led him off to jail.

It was not until an Italian from a nearby village who had lived in New York appeared that the American established his identity. But, after he had proven who he was—that he was an *americain* come to fight the Austrians and Germans—he was the honored guest of the town. The mayor entertained him for a week while the American waited for gasoline and a truck to tow his machine to a starting ground.

WAR RISK WINS AGAIN

Twelve to nine in favor of War Risk was the final count of the game between the War Risk Section and a company of the Engineers at A.P.O. 717. After Scott, of the Engineers, had been bumped for five runs in two innings he was yanked and replaced by Flannery. With George Morris and Byron Beardsley in fine shape for mound duty, the War Risk nine is prepared for all comers. Teams at A.P.O. 717, anywhere else in France and also nines in the U.S. may accept the defi—to play on their home grounds. The score:—

War Risk Sec...	3	2	0	0	1	2	0	2	2—12
Engineers	0	0	0	2	3	1	1	2	0— 9

HOSPITAL NO PLACE FOR TANK ASPIRANT

Corporal Who Wanted to Go Home Had Different Idea From Surgeon's

The personnel training for the work of the Tank Corps is apparently developing the Tank Corps tradition of "getting there" regardless of speed and obstacles.

A corporal of the corps, who was mashed up in an accident a few days ago and taken to a hospital for treatment, announced to the surgeon and the nurses as soon as his leg was in its case that he wanted to go home. The surgeon and nurses have heard similar requests before, and did not respond to the Tank corporal's plea. He then informed the nurse confidentially that he was "going home" anyway and was going to start that night.

The next morning Corporal —— was missing from his cot. So were his crutches and his clothing. He was heard from at "home," which in his case was the renovated stable where his particular Tank Corps unit was at work. The stable is 20 miles away from the hospital, and Corporal —— had made it on crutches after walking all night and all the next day through deep mud and incessant rain.

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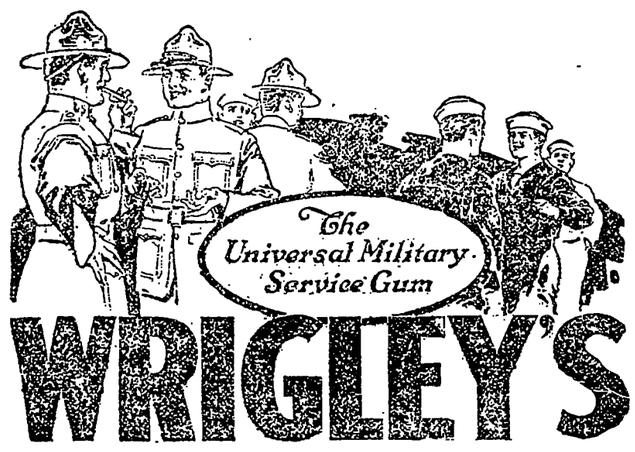

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