

FLYERS' TRAINING JUST LIKE LIFE IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Eighth Grade Pupils Are Moved Along to Higher Course

COLLEGE COMES AT FRONT

Beat of Them Never Get Done Learning, According to Wise Old Timers

TRAINING CENTER ON ITS TOES

Western Boom Days Recalled at Mudville-In-France Where Our Aviators Are Made

Throughout the A.E.F. these are busy days—working out the final touches and putting the finishing touches on Uncle Sam's war making machine—and nowhere is the activity more marked than in the Air Service.

The first references to our aviators at the front have been made in the official communiqués during the last few days. "Our aviators brought down two hostile machines yesterday"—"our airplanes bombed the railroad station and sidings at — last night. Several direct hits —"

Real American Bustle

The American training centers in France are beehives of activity. Machines are in the air, engines are being tuned up. The flyers are flying and the ground men are working.

More Than Mere Flying

Mere flying may be as simple as running an automobile, but circling around over a battlefield observing for artillery with shells bursting near and hostile machines in the air or bombing or harassing infantry with machine guns is much more than mere flying.

Wrecked Cart Their Salvation

Once in a while a shell hits and captures a ration cart, and one such well-stocked wreck served in good stead a corporal and six other Marines who, in one forward rush, became isolated in a ravine and held their position there in the shelter of some rocks for a week before the American line moved forward.

Watch Those Artillerymen

One company of Engineers is tenderly cherishing a cow which issues them milk every day. They keep an eye on her for fear the Artillery roughnecks in the next wood will steal her in the night and make her issue them once and for all four fine quarters of fresh beef.

At the Airmen's High School

"High school" is another training center. If the pupil is to be a bomber, he goes to bombing school; if an observer, he attends an observer's school. If he is going in for combat or chase work, he becomes an expert on the machine gun. In many cases, the aviator must be more than a mediocre machine gunner.

Most People Learn Something New Every Day

"Most people learn something new every day, but a war time aviator does better than that—he learns two or three things a day, and sometimes a whole lot more."

Muddiest Spot in France

Then came more soldiers, mostly Air Service men, who started to work building the training center. These men will tell you that the site was the muddiest section of France last winter (anybody who was anywhere else in France last winter is entitled to sneer at this), but they worked hard and did the job.

GIVES LIFE FOR SCIENCE

There the party was met by M. André Tardieu, commissioner-general for Franco-American relations—General Mardeux, his principal military secretary, and General Weigand, of the Inter-Allied council at Versailles. Then—

CANNED MONKEY MEAT DOESN'T SUIT YANKS

Awfully Nice, But They're Glad to Leave It for Somebody Else

RATION PARTY SOME TRICK

Chicken and Fresh Milk Aren't Unknown, Though, Even in Front Line

The days of free foraging in a land flowing with milk and honey, as described in this newspaper a fortnight ago, lasted through the first memorable week when the Yankee troops rushed across country to pitch into the Germans at Chateau-Thierry. Then the cooks and supply personnel caught up with the fighters, and ever since the food problem of that sector has been the task of garnishing the French rations issued there.

The staple of that diet is a canned something that the soldiers in their swart and mud-stained tunics dream that they are but borrowing a name the French themselves had fastened on it long before the war. It has always been called "singe" in these parts.

Not Unless They Have To

The Yankees do not care much for it. To be frank about it, they will not eat it—at all unless they have to. It is issued, of course, as part of the emergency ration which each man must carry into the line with him in case the communications should be broken, but when it comes up as part of the regular ration supplies, the men up front have been known to let great heaps of the cans accumulate untouched. Over one such heap a front-line war erected a sign which read:—

"Awfully nice. Please take one."

No one had accepted the invitation at last accounts. Even in the front line the men are seldom driven to depend on the monkey-meat. Every night, somewhere between ten and midnight, a hot meal is served out in quantities sufficiently generous to leave a goodly supply of slum and coffee to make another meal, another meal heated by the little alcohol stoves with which each soldier is provided.

Woods Thick With Them

All around him Germans were sleeping audibly. The woods were full of them. He had heard the unintelligible, gradually subsiding hubbub of their talk as they settled down for the night. He bumped into more than one of them, but they only grunted and swore while he held his breath and, after a time, crept on. After a journey that seemed to last hours and must have lasted at least ten minutes, he reached the edge of the woods and crawled under a bush to think.

Watch Those Artillerymen

Very close to him the German artillery was making an occasional crashing rattle to the Allied shells which whirred nastily overhead in an unending chorus. Gunfire is as good a compass. It was easy enough to take his bearings, and, though he could only guess how far he had moved in the days of his captivity, he thought "America" could not be more than eight kilometers away, perhaps not that far if the bunch had advanced any in the interval.

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THE WEEK'S BATTLE LINE

The week ending Wednesday, June 26, witnessed the spectacular defeat of the Austrian offensive in Italy.

That offensive, to which the greater part of the Austrian army was dedicated and which was made at all, according to opinion in the Allied capitals, only on the stern insistence of Berlin, was launched on June 15 on a front of 100 kilometers from the Asiago River to the sea. The plan was to capture Treviso and Venice, overrun the northern end of the peninsula, and nullify Italy as a factor in the Alliance.

Opposed to the Austro-Hungarian forces, re-inforced this time by no German contingents, were Italian, French and British divisions. America was represented by bombing aviators, who shared in the destruction of the Piave bridges. The offensive started badly. The resistance was immediate, the Allied forces in the mountain area counter-attacking on the second and third days with such success that the Austrian right was decimated and hurled back.

Along the Piave, however, the Austrians succeeded in crossing at three sectors, notably Montello and San Dona. Their positions there proved untenable, thanks to the fierce counter-attacks of the Italians, happily reinforced by the Piave itself, whose swollen waters swept away bridge after bridge and thus left helpless and stranded the enemy divisions which had gained a footing on the right bank.

On Sunday, those divisions began a disordered retreat, and by Tuesday the right bank was cleared of their survivors. Wednesday brought the news that Italian cavalry had crossed to the left bank in full pursuit.

Venice had assigned 30 divisions to the Italian offensive. Of these 40 have been identified as starting in the battle. The Italians took 20,000 prisoners in the first 10 days and Rome estimates the enemy losses at over 200,000, or more than four times the Italian losses.

The week witnessed no major change in the battle line in France. On the front between Soissons and Rheims, two German attacks on Bligny Hill, near Rheims, were vigorously repulsed by Italian troops.

The American communiqués during the week reported a German raid repulsed in the Voivre and gas attacks there and in Lorraine. Further minor advances in the region northwest of Chateau-Thierry were reported on June 21 and June 22, but rather than a German counter-attack south of Torcy. On Tuesday evening an American attack south of Torcy yielded 240 prisoners, five of them officers, 19 machine guns and other material.

CAPTURED MARINE BACK WITH YANKS

Continued from Page 1

He had no blankets to roll in at night, but his captors shared their mess with him, pouring out each time an unsavory soup or gruel, and tossing him chunks of coarse bread to sop it up with.

Each day a different soldier took him in tow. Each day the shifting sound of the artillery told him he was gravitating slowly toward the rear. Each night an armed guard watched over him.

Then one night—the seventh—the guard, who sat huddled with his back resting against a tree, dropped off to sleep. Dark was just settling over the patch of woods on the edge of which they had turned in. By moonlight that filtered down through the branches he could see the guard's head nodding, nodding. He itched to get his hands on the rifle, but the guard was holding it up right between his knees as a sort of prop. Donahue was afraid even to try to disengage it.

He groped about for a weapon. His hand landed on the short, light end of a broken pick-handle. It wouldn't do. He looked for the other piece, found it, hefted it. It would do. With that piece of wood he took one vicious swing at the head of the guard, saw that nodding head stop nodding and slump forward. Then Donahue went away from there.

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He knew his only chance was to crawl there by night and lie low by day. He started out.

All that night he crept along—hugging the hedgerows and the shadows, stopping to listen, lying still as death when soldiers were tramping by, crawling on again, dropping flat, crawling on. All the next day he lay, hungry and thirsty, in a friendly oat-field, with the grain standing straight around him so that no one would notice him from the field's edge.

Several times some soldiers made short cuts across, and passed so close he could hear them talking. Once an artilleryman, riding a horse and leading another,

BALL PLAYERS SAY THEY'RE PRODUCTIVE

Work or Fight Order Raises Hob with Elevator Men and Waiters

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, June 27.—The War Department has explained and amplified its famous "work or fight" order, under which all men of draft age must engage in work held to be productive or join the Army. Waiters, elevator men, doormen, footmen, carriage openers and similar employees of apartment houses, clubs, and hotels are held to be non-productive, as are also domestics, sales clerks and men in similar occupations.

It is estimated that in New York City alone 40,000 will be affected. The hotel men thought in their haste that they could use girl waiters, but were suddenly confronted with a neat little section in the State excise law that bars girls from handling or serving liquor. One can readily foresee a great hunt for antique male waiters.

The ball players heatedly argue that they are productive, and the magnates acclaim the immense value of baseball to the morale of the nation—and also the incredible sums paid as income tax, to say nothing of the Liberty bonds bought by the players and managers.

The authorities have refrained from a decision and the magnates are keeping their fingers crossed in the hope that the powers on high will not kill the national game.

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No Branch in New York GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT, HOSIERY, Ladies' Lingerie LOUVET BROS., Prop. O. BOYER, Manager

A Line from Home

We hope that this little advertisement, put here by the makers of such well known writing papers as Eaton's Highland Linen and Crane's Linen Lawn, will seem to you like a line from home. It is intended to show interest in you and your welfare and to give a little support to the newspaper published in France.

Lafayette, when he came to this country and offered his sword to the American Colonists fighting for liberty, little dreamed that the day would come when a newspaper named The Stars and Stripes, and printed in the American language, would circulate in France among so many native born Americans as now make up the subscription list of The Stars and Stripes.

Eaton, Crane & Pike Company New York Pittsfield, Mass. U. S. A.

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We are proud of our gallant soldiers and sailors and have confidence that the Spirit of Liberty they exemplify, and their Sense of Justice, will guide and strengthen them in the noble effort now under way to stamp out the attempt to shackle the free people of the world.

Our facilities are at your service American Exchange National Bank NEW YORK CITY

GEORGE GROSSMITH & EDWARD LAURILLARD'S ATTRACTIONS SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

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NOTE: American Soldiers on leave in London will enjoy best, and should visit first, GROSSMITH & LAURILLARD'S shows. This firm imports all the most popular New York successes, and stages them in London on American lines and with American disregard of expense.

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