

NO GARRETS FOR SOLDIER STUDENTS OF ARTS IN PARIS

O. D. Painters, Sculptors and Architects Work in Best Studios

MEN OF GENIUS INSTRUCT Military Discipline There, but It Cannot Interfere With Artistic Atmosphere

In the famous Pavillon de Bellevue, just outside the gates of Paris, where, in the happy pre-war days, maidens in diaphanous gowns danced barefooted under the tutelage of Isadora Duncan, young men in the garb of fighters are devoting themselves seriously to study. There are 230 of them, all told. They constitute the Best Arts colony of the American Army.

In the suite of rooms that were Isadora Duncan's now are soldier bunks, tier on tier, and where maidens romped in the large dancing hall, men now apply themselves to architectural drawing.

Instructing these men are noted artists, sculptors and architects of the United States. To them come men whose names are known the world over whose beautiful paintings and wonderful structures and renowned statues are discussed. They include some of the greatest artists of France, and they are giving much of their time to advising and assisting the soldier-students at the Pavillon de Bellevue.

The little-colony of artists is quite isolated. There is, of course, a military commander, Maj. G. H. Gray, and he has a staff of officers and service company under him. But military discipline at Bellevue does not interfere with the artistic atmosphere.

Honor System in Effect In fact, an honor system is in effect at the school and discipline is being maintained by a student council. There is an hour of physical drill each morning and military courtesies and rules must be adhered to. But artists are artists, be they temporarily in the uniform of the fighting man or not, and Major Gray is enough of an artist himself to appreciate that.

The Pavillon de Bellevue, where the Army art colony works and eats and sleeps, is an edifice overlooking the picturesque St. Cloud and Meudon forests. It will be a pleasant memory to many French men and women who, in the long-ago days before the races at Longchamps to the popular life that once was and which heralded for its cuisine and its wines.

When came the war, and the pavilion was converted into a hospital. Now it has come into its own. Bellevue really is a school of fine and applied arts. Only advanced students attend. Those who desire to begin the study of arts go to Meudon. There are courses in painting, sculpture and architecture. Under the latter are courses in interior decoration, etching and engraving.

Lloyd Warren, one of the most noted architects in New York, is dean of the school. Assisting him in architecture is Archibald Brown, John Galen Howard, prominent San Francisco architect, and lectures and Leslie Caldwell, whose interior decorating is internationally known, instructs in his chosen profession.

Sculpture and painting classes are conducted by Capt. Ernest Heikotto, of San Francisco, Solon Borglum and Laredo Tait, all widely known. Each morning, following physical drill, classes in French, which all must attend, are conducted. The afternoons are devoted to studio work. It is arranged that each day a group of students shall go into the studios of famous French artists and sculptors or to study buildings of noteworthy architectural design.

As compared with the attic-living studios, the men at the Pavillon de Bellevue are living on top of the world. Provided with everything they need, furnished with sleeping quarters and food, and taken into the confidence of famous artists, they are able to study under the best possible circumstances.

Trips to Other Art Centers The men who are studying architecture are encouraged to take trips to cities outside Paris where noted buildings are, there to observe famous architecture of the world at first hand.

Bellevue can accommodate 300 students. The course is for three months. There are no military grades in the classes. Approximately 60 per cent of the students are taking architecture, 30 per cent painting, and ten per cent sculpture.

The art colony at Bellevue is only one group of the 2,000 men of the A.E.F. who are studying in Paris. Many who are attending the University of Paris are living in the Latin Quarter—not the Latin Quarter of the old days, but situated in its precincts about the Boulevard St. Germain and St. Michel enough of the old traditions to make it seem real.

Our A.E.F. Contemporaries

A Holland bridge is a contrivance always open when you have no occasion to go across and always closed when it is imperative that you get to the other side. They extend over canals and look much better on picture postcards than in actuality. The bridge is in charge of attendants who get paid to draw away the bridge whenever an American vehicle is about to cross.

The sidewalks on the bridge are ornaments; pedestrians crossing are evidently "verboten" to use the sidewalks, and obey the law to the letter. We should be glad we have no such bridges in American cities. They could only serve one good purpose. If you should come home late to dinner and find out of good excuses, you could always fall back on the old standby and tell wifey the bridge was up and you couldn't get across. —Windmill (Antwerp-Rotterdam Base).

When that season of the year will we leave for home? Aw, spring it!—Cro (Central Records Office). Private 1st Class Nelson returned today from his three days in Paris. He had a looking very bad and reports a splendid time while in that wonderful town. He also stated that Morris, Ill., has nothing on Paris for entertainment.—Barrage (18th Field Artillery).

Negro Drill Sergeant: "Tanshun, right dress! Say you nigger in left center, pull in dat lip a trifle—dat's good. Now when I give 'Front!' I want to hear dose eyelids snap.—Cootie (9th Inf.).

"The Soldiers' Friend" Chicago Examiner reports the "148th Field Artillery, at St. Agnan, ordered home in March." The year is not specified.—Long Range Sniper (66th Field Artillery Brigade).

And then among the most interesting exhibits is the man who paid a nice little pile of francs for a helmet of the War of 1870 and bought a perfectly serviceable headgear from the Beaune Fire Department.—11th Regiment Bulletin Students, University of Beaune.

GENERAL ORDERS 1. To get my discharge, take all Government property in view and beat it for home. 2. To accept my discharge in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and being ready to get up and be re-called before I get out of sight and hearing. 3. To take the quickest train and not stop at any military post on my way home. 4. To repeat all rumors from billets more defiant from headquarters than my own. 5. To receive, believe and pass on to my children all statements that agree with Sherman's idea of war. 6. Not to quit until I have again after being properly discharged. 7. To talk to no one about enlisting. 8. In case of the presence of an enlistment officer, to give the alarm. 9. To allow no military person on or near my premises. 10. In all cases not covered by instructions, to claim exemption. 11. To allow no whiskey, beer and ale not cased. 12. To be especially watchful at night and allow no one to pass without buying a drink. —Silent Salvo (77th Field Artillery).

SUGGESTION FOR COLLEGE YELL Avez-vous du tabac? Avez-vous du tabac? Donnez-moi! Donnez-moi! HENNESSY! —As You Were (Students, University of Rennes).

Some of the girls at the Y didn't like our paper, just said so outright, and that made the boys' opinions, and they thought we had something "nice" in it and rushed over to the studios of famous French artists and sculptors or to study buildings of noteworthy architectural design.

Dear Editor:—Will you kindly tell me

18,000 CIVILIANS WORKED WITH A.E.F. Tower of Babel Crowd Had Nothing on Labor Bureau's Wards

When the American Army in France called for civilian workmen to help win the war at so much per day, the Procurement Division of the Labor Bureau of the A.E.F. sent into most of the labor markets of the world for the needed men.

On the day the armistice was signed, 18,000 laborers, representing nearly every nationality under the sun, had been produced. They were a strange mixture of races. The languages they spoke were as many as the breeds of humans on earth. But they could and would toil for the dollars the Government of the United States was willing to pay, and so they became a militarized part of the American Army.

The Procurement Division of the Labor Bureau, headed by Lt. Col. George B. Haines, is now engaged in the work of returning to the countries from which they were recruited the batches of contract workers. It planned to dispense with all Spanish-speaking laborers, Portuguese and other such labor as soon as possible and employ French laborers almost exclusively for the work that still remains to be done.

The laborer of the future, chief of the Labor Bureau, now has approximately 7,757 civilians under contract. They hail from the ends of the earth.

The laborer of the future, chief of the Labor Bureau give an idea of the potpourri of races that made up Uncle Sam's contract army in France. Besides Spanish-speaking laborers, there were Danish, Portuguese, Bulgarian, Andorrian, Samolian, French Colonial, Luxembourgish, Argentine, Serbian, Norwegian, Moroccan, Mexican, Guadeloupe, Tunisian, Turk, South African, Jugo-Slav, Egyptian, Peruvian, Brazilian, French, Ottoman, Tripolitan, Uruguayan, Cuban, Haitian.

"Only the Lord knows," says Colonel Haines, "what breeds of men the 'mixed' laborers are." Instructions for the recruitment, transportation and organization of labor for the A.E.F. were issued on April 15, 1918. The work was carried on in close co-operation with the French Government, which had a very complete organization for the hiring of contract labor. Offices were opened in Paris, Nantes, Toulouse and Lyon. Bureaus were established at Bayonne and Perpignan, and the great employment system

HOSPITAL TRAINS MADE LONG TRIPS TO AID WOUNDED

No. 63 Covered 26,135 Miles, Carrying 23,601 Patients in Year

Wars mean long journeys. Witness the A.E.F. Witness the German army retreating across the Rhine. Witness, also, any United States hospital train, and for the sake of argument witness Hospital Train No. 63 in particular. She has covered 41,837 kilometers so far, and the end is not yet. And 41,837 kilometers, according to the latest exchange tables of the Disbursing Quartermaster, means 26,135 miles. Some trip.

A hospital train, according to the A.E.F.'s own dictionary, is an equipage of 15 cars, each about 5 feet long, nine of which are ward cars with a capacity of 36 beds each; one a pharmacy car, with 12 beds for serious cases, a dispensary and a special nurse performance given by a Boche kitchen car with mess halls; one the personnel's own quarters, with 33 beds and lockers; a staff car for officers and nurses attached to the train and a supply car. The total bed capacity for patients is 360—a figure, however, generally exceeded in removing wounded from the scene of a major operation.

There is a crew of three officers and 22 men, including three cooks and a train mechanic. She has made 56 trips with patients, ten in the British service. She has worked from many fronts, but in particular she has borne wounded Americans from the furnaces of Chateau-Thierry and St. Mihiel and the Argonne to the clean, white hospitals of the States. She has carried 23,601 patients, only two of whom died en route. That is her service record.

Some Job to Unload Them There is a whole lot of system about loading and emptying a hospital train. It took some time to learn it. Take the occasion when "63" arrived at a certain hospital for her first visit. She was greeted by a scrupulously equipped detail of medical men—all wearing Hospital Corps belts and carrying medical axes. Now, there are various suppositions as to just what a medical axe is for, but no one had ever before presumed to employ it to get wounded out of cars, unless there had been a wreck. The detail went to work. They got the wounded out on to the station platform, litter after litter, falling busily until a terrible yell—a cry of outraged feelings rather than of pain—rent the gale. A bustling medical man, stooping over one litter, had inadvertently backed his axe handle into the eye of an adjacent patient.

"Take those axey axey axes and those belty belty belts to hell out of here!" he cried. Thereafter the unloading process worked with greater smoothness. There is considerable tact, too, about placing the patients in their bunks. To put the more seriously wounded in the middle bunks in the tiers of three, so that they can be treated the more easily, is the obvious thing to do—so obvious that probably no one would think of it unless he had, at least once, actually guided a trainload of wounded across half of France.

"Sixty-three" has figured in only one serious accident. On December 29, 1917, near Saumur, she rode into an open switch and crashed into two American locomotives on a siding, telescoping the leading car and killing two members of the French train crew. No patient or member of the American personnel was injured.

Frederick Bradford Smith, 3rd, submits his claim (by proxy) to being the oldest child born to a member of the A.E.F. He was born to Lieut. Frederick and Mary Baldwin Smith November 27, 1918.

Buck Pvt. N. J. Franke, Company D, 302nd Water Tank Train, claims to be the champion sleeper of the A.E.F. His present record is 24 hours and 15 minutes with nothing off but his hat. He challenges anybody to a contest, regardless of conditions, time or place.

Cpl. Anthony Brosinsky, Company 11, 4th Infantry, 3rd Division, claims the record of having the most back pain coming to him of any man in the A.E.F. He hasn't been paid since November, 1917, and, according to his service record, which has passed through the hands of several errand company clerks and top sergeants, he owes the Government \$17.

Cpl. Jay S. Nushbaum, Headquarters Company, 318th Infantry, holds a record that is hard to beat. He was inducted into the military service on May 18, 1918, arrived at Camp Lee, Va., on the afternoon of May 19, left for port of embarkation on May 20, and sailed on May 22. He arrived in France on May 30, 1918. The time elapsed after his arrival at camp until service with the A.E.F. was 11 days.

Pvt. G. J. W., 327th Supply Company, demands the hand-drawn fountain pen for having written the most letters of any man in the A.E.F. From the day he entered camp last April he has written two letters every day, one to his mother and one to his sweetheart. Postcards and letters to friends, he boasts, brings his record up to a three-per-day average.

That he is the only barber in the Army, American or any other kind, who gave the boys hot towels, massages, toilet water, shampoo and tonic on the front lines during the campaign near Abbeville; she has weathered anti-aircraft barrages and had shrapnel splatter on her car roof.

Chaplain Harry F. McLaughlin is touted by his outfit as the oldest soldier in the A.E.F. He enlisted in 1873 and has not been off duty since he entered the war. He is 62 years and six months old.

Fifty-five West Pointers in one company is the boast of the 527th Engineers. The roster of Company D shows: 57 from West Point, Georgia; 13 from West Point, Alabama, and 15 from West Point, Mississippi.

The show-line speed record is claimed by General Mess Hall No. 2, Reserve Camp Montoir. The total personnel working in two shifts, day and night, is 219 men, feeding an average of 3,500 per meal. The time consumed in serving 3,264 men from the time they first reached the serving table until the last was served was 25 1/2 minutes.

The 30th Ammunition Train, 79th Division, claims the oldest man enlisted from civil life. The man is Alfred Dominique, of Company D. He is 74 years of age and has served in the Army for 44 years of age.

Jerry Martin, of the 82nd Division show, claims to have the only circus act in the A.E.F. "They challenge anybody to produce anything like them. The big boy is Stanley Tucker, of Company B. His native haunts are around Englewood, Mo. He is 6 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 210 pounds. During the fruit picking season he always made more money than any one else. He didn't have to use a ladder. The little fellow is Alfred Dominique, of Company D. He is from Meadville, Mo., and weighs 110 pounds. In writing to THE STARS AND STRIPES he failed to give his height.

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Wagoner Champ E. Martin, Supply Company, 28th Infantry, claims to be the tallest man in the A.E.F. He is 6 feet 8 1/2 inches tall and has been able to get but one uniform issued to him since he enlisted. Otherwise, his uniforms have been made to order.

His overseas cap covers a 7 1/2 head and he wears 13EE shoes. That's Pvt. Arthur B. Farrar, Battery A, 101st Field Artillery.

Pvt. A. E. Scerth, now on duty with the Senior Chaplain's Office at Le Mans, has been in France one year during which time he has never received pay from the U. S. Army and has only received one letter.

The 88th Division has issued an open deft to any other division in the A.E.F. to produce more experts than the 88th. The division index of occupation—in which the men are experts—was compiled and it was found that of the 16 groups contained in the regulation Army index, the Clover Leaf has one or more experts in every branch and every sub-branch with but seven exceptions. If the division had a balloonist, dog trainer, brush maker, employment manager, hydraulic press operator, heating and ventilating engineer and psychologist, its percentage would be 100.

To make up for this deficiency, the personnel office had to add 14 groups to the Army index. They are lacemaker, oyster dredger, refiner, rectifier, coffee grinder, wrestler, pugilist, student, papermaker, cigar maker, florist, bartender, silk weaver and ball player.

Thus the division has really 113 main groups in which men are experts. Can any other division beat this record?

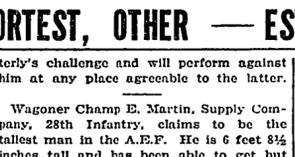
Private Truman, of the 33rd Artillery Brigade, challenges any one to produce a larger building in the A.E.F. than the De-Lousing Factory at Genieret. "It was," he says, "175 feet wide and 2,356 feet 4 1/2 inches long." Further statistics proffered deal with the 60 carloads it took to keep the bath water hot and the 100 barrels of soft soap consumed each day in the bath.

First Rhine Doughboy: Why is it that observation balloon always up in the air above Ehrenbreitstein? Second Dillo: Looking for the relief for the Third Army I pose.

Company L's kitchen for a few days. Company L's cooks and K.P.'s broke him in.

Pvt. W. Engel, Company I, 125th Infantry, has a letter which he claims is a record. It has been across the ocean twice, has been in six different hospitals, three classification camps, four companies, is entitled to one wound stripe (wounded in right-hand corner), and one service stripe.

A pair of Army hob-nailed shoes, issued



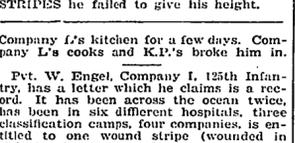
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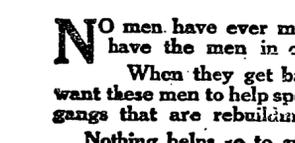
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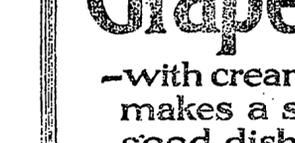
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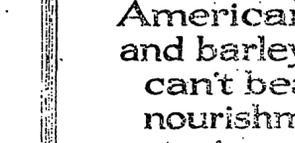
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THE BRISTOL MFG. CO. Bristol, Conn., U.S.A. Knit Underwear for Men "Sandman" Sleeping Garments

NEW-SKIN

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

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