

US AND THE ARTISTS

-By WALLGREN



ARTILLERY PUPILS LONG ON FIGURES

Y-Azimuths and Magic Numbers Make War a Course of Algebra

BUSY AROUND THE CLOCK

Reveille at 5 a.m. and Nothing to Do After 9 p.m. Except Study Next Day's Lessons

"It's a great life, if you don't weaken."

This was the immortal thought leaping from the mind of Capt. A of the Field Artillery, just arrived for a final course at a French Artillery school back of the lines.

This thought came into being as the French instructor, facing the rolling, hilly range off beyond, concluded: "The co-ordinates of your gun position are 852,436 and 610,344; your Magic Number is 6285; your Y-azimuth is 3020; you will be ready to open fire next."

Less than a year ago, Capt. A of the Field Artillery was a sane business man or middle-aged lawyer back home. He hadn't opened or heard of a book on mathematics for 17 years. He had never heard, and had never expected to hear, of a Magic Number. If any one had said Y-azimuth to him, he would have replied politely that he had never studied the Chaldean language. He knew an azimut was, in a vague, disinterested way, but the only mill he had ever heard about ground out flour. And a co-ordinate meant absolutely nothing in his busy life.

3500 Plus 155

Yet here he stood, 3,500 miles away from home on French soil, with a battery of 155's hidden back of a knoll some hundreds of yards away waiting for the exact computation and command from him that would deposit a big shell within the immediate neighborhood of a small trench five kilometers away upon the range.

Capt. A was only one of a good many hundreds between 30 and 40 who were in exactly the same fix and who didn't feel any better about it in the midst of youngsters just out of college who were able to take the Magic Number Y-azimuth stuff at a gulp.

"Did I come over here to shoot Germans," pondered Capt. A, "or to show up Wentworth and Henry J. Calculus?"

Nevertheless, on a French artillery range, it had to be done. For the French are not only keen mathematicians; they also know the great value and necessity of mathematics applied to artillery, the two games being about one and the same.

Capt. A had already received instruction in material, how to take a breach block apart and put it back, how to charge a recoil cylinder, all about powders, fuses, sights, rammer staves, lanyards and the rest of it, but he was now captivated into the main job, the firing job, the job that was to do the work and blow up a hidden trench or battery some miles away, using a map, a fuse, a shell and a gun mainly for this purpose.

He had probably never read a map in his life before, except to bound Idaho back in his school days. But he soon found the French didn't care any more about maps than they did about winning the war. For one of the first mottoes on the artillery school walls is this: "Three minutes on the map saves three hours on the terrain."

Up front under fire may have its drawbacks, but you'll never convince Capt. A and his co-workers that it isn't a life of dewy ease compared to artillery training back of the lines at one of the artillery schools.

His Daily Schedule

Take a brief look at Capt. A's daily schedule—up at reveille, 5:30 a. m. Then a battery of over 200 men to look after; non-coms to help train; B.C. detail waiting for instruction; two stables of horses to handle and care for, numbering over a hundred head; drills, company accounts, gas mask instruction and a thousand details tossed at him, with \$500,000 worth of property in his control.

Is that all? Not quite. For we haven't come to the school work yet. In the forenoon he must put in four hours on the range, working out firing data, locating co-ordinates, reading maps, measuring angles, making corrections for wind, temperature, barometric pressure, temperature of the powder, weight of the projectile and drift. And he is doing this under the eagle eye of a Frenchman who knows the game and who believes in absolute exactness and the order of things.

On one occasion Capt. A, weary of the slower process, shifted abruptly and hit the target.

Did he receive the commendations of his French instructor? He did—like Kelly did.

"You hit the target," said the French captain in a disapproving tone, "but you broke a rule."

The next thing that came near being

THE BUCK TELLS ABOUT IT

"I guess I won't be glad again to see the folks at home; To plant my Army hob-nails on a good, old fashioned street; To have the old cup tilted at its angle on my dome, And tell 'em all about it up and down the old-time beat.

"To tell 'em everything I saw From New York to the Rhine; To tell 'em how we butted in; And helped to break the line; But not until it's over And we've slipped 'em merry hell— For until the Hun is beaten, There'll be not a thing to tell.

"I guess I won't be ready when they start the other way, To slog along the good, old town that waits across the sea; To put the final touches on the things I've got to say, And take a bugler back to shoot when he blows reveille.

"To tell 'em all there is to tell About each daily stunt; Of shell and gas and shrapnel, And of life along the front; But not until it's over And we've cracked the Kaiser's spell— For until the Hun is beaten, There'll be nothing fit to tell."

broken was Capt. A's patience, but he finally saw that the French instructor was right. One wild shot might hit any target, but it takes "the rule" to keep on hitting it.

If He Makes a Mistake

After a momentous struggle, Capt. A finally gets his bracket, swings into his fire for improvement and from there goes into fire for effect. But somewhere in the course of his problem he makes a mistake and then some one drops the following cheerful thought:

"Up on the front line last week Capt. B made a mistake of 60 mills and fired into his own trenches. It is not known yet whether he will be court-martialed or merely sent back home as inefficient."

Whereupon cold and clammy heads of perspiration attack Capt. A's manly brow as he jumps in to make a quick correction of the error.

This is one of the big shadows that constantly envelops the Artillery officer—the knowledge that a mistake on his part will not merely mean a waste of powder and ammunition, but may also cost the lives of many infantrymen in the first line trenches. Back home, his mistake might cost him a few dollars. Here it may cost him more than a few lives. War and business are not quite one and the same.

Having gotten deflections, shifts, co-ordinates, Magic Numbers, Y-azimuths, reciprocal laying, K-sub-zero and such out of his system, is Capt. A through for the day?

Not quite. He gallops back to lunch and then plunges into a series of lectures on artillery firing, orienting, radio, telephone communications and a dozen or so other devices attached to artillery work. He manages to get through by retreat and from there beats it to supper.

To rest for the next day? Not yet. For after supper there is a lecture on gas warfare, camouflage, aerial observation or wireless. This brings him up to 9 p. m.

Ready to hit the well known hay? You can gamble your last franc that he is, but how about the studying he has to do for the next day's job or the next examination? Or the details he hasn't been able to finish through the day? Or the assignments for his lieutenants and non-coms for the day ahead?

Sees No Terrors in Line

The front line or the dugouts back of the same may contain sudden death, but they look good to Capt. A, who refuses to believe that anything could carry greater complications than his present artillery school job. The thought of a massive shell bursting squarely on top of his dome brings no depression. He feels that he, too, can say, "O Death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory?"

But through it all, serene, polite, guiding but always thorough, the French instructor or his American aide leads him gently on the way with compassion, probably, but without respite. And his younger lieutenants, out of college, bring the greater responsibilities, pulling gently along through the mathematical highways and tell him to "Cheer up and forget it" when he complains.

There are times when Capt. A feels that he can't go much further on the same road. There come to him sudden thoughts that his mind is caving in and that his brain is taking on the outlines of an omelette. Life is nothing but trouble and his dreams are broken by his own shells falling in his own front lines and by telephone communications gone to smash.

He rallies a bit the next day and is told that after a battery had been gassed, the battery commander was held directly responsible, as lack of discipline must have caused it. By the time he begins to cheer up, something else descends upon his scarred and battered soul.

But he has this in his favor—the old American knack of playing out the game. And later on, when his battery is up front, these few words furnish the answer:

"The accuracy of the American Artillery played an important part in the day's advance."

NO CHANCE A-TALL

After they stopped Sundays off at the base ports, the stevedores, for a time lived in the hope of being able to work themselves into a vacation by discharging cargo faster than the ships could bring it in. But it didn't work out.

"We hub decided," explained Joseph Washington, "dat dere ain't no chance of eber catchin' up—not in dis heah swah, anyhow."

Workers Live in 38 Camps Throughout New York State

BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES! AMERICA, Aug. 22.—The New York State Woman's Land Army now has 28 camps scattered throughout the State, with about a thousand women farm workers representing all classes—college girls, factory girls, and stenographers, all working efficiently and all fitting in wonderfully. They stand the gaff and produce the goods.

They are doing even such work as clearing wood lots and handling logs, and they like it. Astonishingly few back out when they see what they are up against, and farmers who were inclined to grin at city-bred females now admit respectfully that you never can tell how much muscle and grit may be hiding under frivolous shirtwaists.

A big drive for recruits will be launched this month. The physical health of the workers has improved strikingly, and this fact will aid recruiting.

WOMEN WITH A.E.F. TO BE IN MOVIES

Y.M. Has 600 Here—Hello Girls Will Get In Limelight

The women who play so important a part in the auxiliary services of the A.E.F., as well as those directly connected with military operations, are to be filmed by the historical division of the Signal Corps.

Our telephone units, of course, will occupy a considerable share of the limelight in the five reels planned to tell of women's war work in France.

Numerically, the women workers of the Y.M.C.A. will probably figure largely in the auxiliary service, for of these there are nearly 600 in France today, of whom 416 are behind the hot chocolate and sandwich and cigarette counters. There are two dozen wearing entertainment uniforms, and there will be more soon.

It is probable that with the Red Cross and our own Army nurses added, this will be the biggest cast of women ever posed for a motion picture.

PICKED ON THE FLY

When the airplanes come sailing back across our lines and make for their waiting fields, the watchers below have no means of telling who mischief they have been up to, whether they have had an unprovoked and leisurely survey of the enemy or a hair-raising battle in the air.

Once in a while they get an inkling. The other day, when a returning plane swooped low to drop its hastily scribbled message, those who ran forward to pick up the little metal tube in which it was stuffed found that the tube had been pierced by a bullet.

MUSICIANS WANTED

Important Wind Instrument Players wanted to recruit one of the select bands in the A.E.F. to 200 persons. Clarinet, flute, oboe, and French horns particularly needed. Promising according to ability. State qualifications and musical experience on first and second horn applying. All letters answered.

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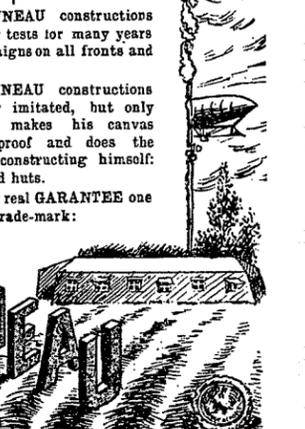
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WRIGLEY'S

Hank, the Yank, is a hearty lad. He isn't any angel, but he's not so very bad. He knows he's right when he makes a fight And then he scraps with all his might! When he gets back to the U. S. A. I reckon we'll celebrate Hank's birthday!

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