

AMERICAN TOMMIES CAN'T CHANGE OVER

Hundreds Have Applied for Transfer at the A.E.F. London Offices

CONFUSION IS AVOIDED

No Military End Would Be Served by Allowing Men to Quit British Forces

WELL-KNOWN YANKS ARRIVE

Ray Stannard Baker and Henry J. Allen Come Over to Do Their Bit for Cause

By GEORGE T. BYE London Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

LONDON, March 28.—Many a Yank foot in well-shined British Army shoes has clattered up the steps of the A.E.F. base section these last few days. Keep your eye on the shoes they dig in airily enough, considering their displacement. They straddle apart while their occupant gives the doorkeeper his name, age, dimensions of the mole of his knee and his favorite brand of cheese. The feet begin to jiggle about nervously. Then one leans on the other for comfort. When the doorkeeper has given the word they march deferentially into an interior office, and the heels click together while the thrill of a 100 per cent salute goes through the Tommy's whole anatomy.

But remember he's a Yank. His feet are fixed at the polite angle for a few minutes, then snap together for another heel click. When they retreat to the sidewalk, their speed is somewhat slackened and their manner no longer airy. These Yanks in the British Army have come to London on leave and have applied at the base section for transfer to the A.E.F. But it can't be done. There's no military advantage in it. The men are among friends whether they are under General Haig or General Pershing. It would mean confusion to move them. No, sorry; but it has been necessary to turn down hundreds.

"They Don't Want Me"

"I had a hunch I would be kissed on both cheeks if I came in to be transferred," a Yank Tommy said today. "I've been waiting five months to come here. And they don't want me. Well, I'll be hanged. Here I was imagining they'd give me a commission because I've been two years in the British Army—or at least make me an N.C.O. And they don't want me. "Well, it really isn't so bad. I can't complain a-tall, a-tall. But I used to get a-thinking in the trenches; pretty soon some of the guys from over home will be along down this trench line somewhere, and maybe some of 'em will be from Minneapolis where I come from. I helped build the motor speedway in Minneapolis. Ever heard of it? No, it's called the Twin City Speedway, and what did St. Paul have to do with it? St. Paul's nothing but a suburb of Minneapolis, I'm telling you. See there—that's how you get gassing with a fellow from back home. "I don't get altogether lonesome with the Tommies. They're damn the fellows. But they don't know nothing about Minneapolis and its suburbs, like this St. Paul you was mentioning. And I thought it would be a good way to pass the time, chinning with the guys from back home.

Hankering Gets Strong

"Then when I heard they were at last in the trenches, and I was standing by in our lines at night and thinking that down just a little ways to my right was a whole crew of nothing but Americans, why the hankering to join 'em got stronger and stronger in me. And it would have been pretty swell to be a sergeant over 'em 'cause if they're fighting in British style, I know the system to a T. "I might mention another little thing, and I don't want you to get the idea that I came over here to get rich. You understand that I came over here to fight—to clean up these dirty Boche. Well, us Tommies get something like a shilling sixpence a day, all the same as 30 cents American. Well, I figured I could make good use of about four times that amount, because I was making my good \$3 a day back home and I like to buy some things when I want 'em. "That's right. Smile. Smile your head off. I thought you'd believe I wanted to transfer for a little more change a day. But I didn't—so help me. And I can't, so let's let it drop."

Ray Baker Arrives

Ray Stannard Baker, of Amherst, Mass., is making our office at 13 Queen Anne's Gate his headquarters since he landed in London. He was one of our liveliest little radicals back home. And you remember how it came out about a year ago that "David Grayson," who used to write those dramatic, pastoral ditties in the American magazine under the general title of "Adventures in Concomitant" was none other than Ray Stannard Baker.

You should hear him talk. There's not a bolshevik bacillus in his body. He's all for fighting the Hun liberty-stealer. He glories in American's jumping into the scrap with all four feet. He has taken it upon himself to assure every Britisher that if they will only hold Germany's hands for a few days longer, that the Yanks will swarm over and end it all with their customary neatness and dispatch.

Boy, Page Henry Allen, of Wichita

If anybody sees Henry J. Allen you might tell him that William Allen White is sending an extra copy of the Emporia Gazette to this office for him. Or if Mr. Allen will send his French address, we will forward the copies. While Mr. Allen is working with the Red Cross his friends—the people of Kansas—are electing him governor of that State. Not a speech will Mr. Allen be able to make in his own behalf. There's a war on, and he feels his first place is alongside the Yanks in Europe. At the parties seem to have agreed on his election so you might get a little extra polite and call him "Governor Allen" when you tell him about those copies.

Don't forget that the F in A.E.F. means Forces, not Force. And don't write A.I.F. by mistake, unless you want your home mail to land in a regiment of Australians. They're good fellows, but they aren't interested in your letters.

SPRING THEN AND NOW

It's getting to be Spring back in the States now. It's getting real balmy up in New England. That, of course, it's been that way down South for a long time. The crocuses are just beginning to peep up in the formal gardens. In front of city halls, and in other places. Where people are paid to take care of them. And, too, in some places where people just do it because they like to. Pretty soon the boys and girls will be going down to the streams to pick pussy-willows, perhaps. And the first dog-tooth violet of the season. And pretty soon the high school botany classes will be let loose upon a peaceful and unoffending countryside. To read it, literally, limb from limb. Under the supervision of hawk-nosed, female teachers. Who wouldn't recognize beauty if they stumbled over it. Ugh!

Pretty soon, too, the law's ban will be lifted from the trout streams. And many a youngster will be "not present or accounted for". At school assembly in the morning, but will be off. Clad in his father's rubber boots and fishing jacket, Whipping the waters, tempting the speckle-bellies. With many a well-chosen angle worm. And, too, the boys will be out at the fishing institutions. Will close up shop for the day and seek the woods. And he about their catches when they get home at night.

Ah, oui! Those Springs in the States were great fun. But you never know what to do with that Spring restlessness. That came on you in those days, all of a sudden. Over here, though, when that feeling comes on you, there are plenty of jobs, right at hand; plenty of outlets. For your superfluous energy, stored up all winter. There are Boche snipers to hunt for in the trenches. Instead of the birds' eggs that we used to go after; There is wood to be gathered for the mess-shuck fire. Instead of wood for the hut we were always going to build in the woods; And, too, there is the joy and speculation. Lots to be done, or to spot the first German officer of the Spring. Instead of the first robin. We don't dig for bait any more—we dig for safety. And, instead of trying to fool the gamey fish with mottled flies. We try, and usually succeed, in fooling the Boche. With well-laid-on camouflage.

Ah, oui, again! It's a different kind of a Spring from any we've ever been through before. But it's a live one, and an interesting one. And a hopeful one, and a gay one. And—best of all the good things about it—There is nothing to keep us cooped up indoors. So here's to it! We're for it! It's Spring!

CARUSO YIELDS TO CHARLIE'S BROGANS

Summer Movies to Succeed Opera at Exclusive Metropolitan

[By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Just like the able-bodied mules of New Jersey, the Metropolitan Opera House of New York has to go to work and work all the year round. Hitherto the great cavernous auditorium has stood silent and dark and lay for five months of the year, but the announcement has been made this year it will be turned over to the movies for those months. The world of fashion was frozen with horror at the news. It is said that five of the box-holders in the Golden Horseshoe fainted dead away at the thought of Caruso's throat giving way to Charlie's feet.

The cultured few who think the Metropolitan is really not at its best unless it is presenting a Russian opera so strange and weird that no one will go to hear it are scandalized beyond expression. They say that the first mistake was made when they let their dear Geraldine Farrar make a name on the side by doing "Carmen" for the camera. They felt that was the entering wedge, the beginning of the end. The movie stars may make three or four times as much in a year as Caruso does, but they cannot charge as much per show, and the popular show-bus is immensely cheered by the news that the scale of prices for admission to the usually prohibitive Metropolitan will descend during the summer to the level of the ordinary pocketbook.

CRITIC'S OWN DRAMA PANNED BY JUDGE

Magistrate Thinks Alan Dale's Effort Belongs in Stable

[By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Alan Dale, the veteran dramatic critic, is a bitter bit. He, who has lambasted more plays on the New York stage than any other living creature, finally decided to write one himself, and even Chief Magistrate McAdoo, who hasn't interfered in the drama since the wild days of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," has taken a whack at it. This play, which is called "The Madonna of the Future," is all about a lovely girl who is ever so anxious to experience the sacred responsibility of motherhood, but thinks she ought not to be bothered by such further details as marriage and a permanent husband. She airs this view with such gusto that portions of the outraged public repaired at once to the police court, where the Chief Magistrate, in agreeing to enter a complaint, made this little fight in dramatic criticism: "The heroine says her highest ideal of maternity is that of the cow. I suggest that the proper place for the play would be a stable instead of a theater, with dialogue by veterinarians."

NEW YORK'S MAYOR DOCTOR OF LETTERS

Hylan Out-Gaynors Gaynor As Writer of Tart Epistles

[By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Mayor Hylan has dished on the city as another Mayor Gaynor, thereby proving that Brooklyn the place where ready letter writers and creators of winged phrases are produced. Despite the high cost of news print paper, the newspapers have to give him space daily because of his original remarks that seem decidedly. The city chuckles over the Hylan letter to the Interborough Company, in regard to that concern's gentle request for a six cent fare. The mayor suggests in his letter that the city's partnership in the rapid transit business seems limited to putting up occasional millions.

BALL GAME STAGED WITHIN HUN RANGE

Doughboys Play Full Nine Innings Despite Shrapnel Shower

HEAVY HITTING IS FEATURE

Office Bench-Warmers Upset All Dope by Knocking Out 14 to 12 Victory

What was probably the first ball game to be staged by the A.E.F. within home-run range of the Boches guns, with Hun aviators occupying dead-end seats in the sky, and with shrapnel splinters and other delicate offerings taking the place of the pop bottles and straw cushions that usually vend their way upwards in the course of an exciting contest, took place the other day somewhere along the western front where a certain infantry regiment was resting in between spasms of sliding into Fritzie spikes first. There were no peanut shells chucked around the lots, but there were a lot of other kinds of shells, and all served hot. There weren't any hot dogs, but up in the sky, not far off, a bunch of sausage balloons that almost looked the part. What score cards there were the artillery observers kept. In fact, they recorded some near hits from anti-aircraft guns within 200 feet of the diamond.

But that didn't disturb the contesting nines at all. It wasn't the first time they'd played off the home grounds, and they weren't a bit stage-struck. And as for the attentions which the Boche showered upon them? "Ball!" they'd holler, when a shell came whizzing over their way. "Too high, Fritz! gosh, you're way up in the air!"

All Dope Upset

It was some game, all right, but it upset all the dope. Who would imagine that these calloused and back-bent hands who toil all day and half the night in a regimental adjutant's office could squeeze out to the good at the end of nine innings with a balance of two runs in their favor, winning against such hardy outdoor sons of Mother Nature as a detachment recruited from the pioneers and the sultan's pliers? But that's what happened. The office-bench warmers put it over the pioneers and the signal platooners by a score of 14 to 12, in spite of the latter's wig-wagging and semaphoring and morse-coding from the coaching boxes.

Another way in which it upset the dope was in the time it took to run through the nine innings. The game, despite the shrapnel, the offerings of the aerial gallery, and the state of the turf and everything, took only one hour and 40 minutes. And, for a game played by men who haven't had a chance to go out for training, it was productive of heavy stuff. One homer, three three-baggers, five two-cushion clouts, and nine safe lingers constituted the gist of the day's work. We said the artillery had a monopoly on the long-range business?

The Muster Roll

To make the story perfectly military and everything, here are the figures and the muster rolls of the opposing nines, together with the game's vital statistics:

DETACHMENT. ADJUTANT'S OFFICE. PROCTOR, Ryan, Moore, Catcher. 1st base, Driscoll. 2nd base, Mangan. Shortstop, Dietz. Left base, Ryan. Right base, McLaughlin. Left field, Ryan. Right field, Tergensen. Center field, Steiner.

THE SCORE BY INNINGS. Detachment. 0 1 0 2 2 2 4 0 1—12. Adjutant's Office. 1 2 3 2 1 2 1 3 x—14.

BATTERIES

Detachment—Pitchers, Sergt. Ryan, Corp. Moore, Robertson; Catchers, Corp. Proctor, Ryan. Time of game, 1 hour 40 minutes. Home runs—Driscoll, three base hits, Driscoll, Proctor, Ryan. Two base hits, Proctor, Ryan (2), Mangan, Brady, Steiner, McLaughlin (2), Ryan, McLaughlin, Mollady. Sacrifice flies, Detachment, 1; Adjutant's Office, 2. Left on bases, Detachment, 8; Adjutant's Office, 5. Double plays, Detachment, 1; Adjutant's Office, 1.

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MORTALLY HURT, SERGEANT HELPS WOUNDED MATES

Continued from Page 1 Corps in commanding a field battery, won the Cross "for bold initiative and prudence" in conducting to a place of safety a party of 69 men who had been repairing and constructing communication lines in the vicinity of Et. de Manozzille. When this was done, Capt. Smith went back for a mortally wounded soldier who had fallen exhausted until he had brought him in.

CAPT. PHILIP J. McCAULEY and LIEUT. W. E. WORD, Artillery, conducted the movements of their battery in the action of March 5 near Pexonne, and are credited, along with Lieut. Terrell, with valuable service in sustaining the morale of the men.

CAPT. CHARLES J. CASEY and CAPT. LLOYD D. ROSS showed a special gallantry which won the commendation of their colonel and brigade commander while in command of their companies on March 5 in a two-company attack on the Boche trenches which was made along with French troops.

LIEUT. J. P. ROSENWALD, Medical Corps, who was attached to an artillery regiment during this same action, "twice entered the battery position under heavy fire" in his business of caring for the wounded.

LIEUT. H. H. HAVIES, Medical Reserve Corps, an American surgeon now on duty with the British Expeditionary Forces, is decorated for bravery displayed so long ago as January 8. Under unremitting shell fire, he entered a dug-out and stayed there after it had been shown because there were men there who needed him.

The life of a British soldier was saved because this surgeon was there to amputate his leg.

HELLO GIRLS HERE IN REAL ARMY DUDS

Continued from Page 1 ing a hello girl to do up her hair in twice that time!

The 33 were selected after a drastic combing-out process, after a call had been sent out for 150 bilingual operators, and had been answered by 1,750 applicants. All 33 are equally at home to "Voulez-vous me donner le Capitaine Blancque," and "Lemme speakta Cap'n Blank, please!" They can answer with "Oui, mon Commandant, attendez un moment," or "Yes, Major, just wait a minute, please." In short, they are capable plus. A bystander, who hadn't been properly introduced to the group, proffered some chewing gum and was promptly and properly spuehied.

When Private Duffy's mail came in they found a letter from Berlin. At first they thought they'd shoot him, but "Twas from Berlin, Connecticut.

PORTRAITS IN OIL COLORS

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