

## "Over There"

By 1st Class Private CHET SHAFER  
American Expeditionary Force,  
Somewhere in France

On this side  
Everyone  
learns  
to  
operate  
independently.

And just because you happen to have a twenty-franc note, don't think you're the object of popularity. You're merely a victim of notoriety.

THE LOWLIEST PRIVATE WILL RESPECT A SERGEANT AND EVEN GO SO FAR AS TO SPEAK TO HIM PUBLICLY IF HE THINKS THE SERGEANT HAS A FEW CENTIMES HID AWAY IN HIS OLD PANTALOONS.

They use  
the same rules  
over here  
as over there,  
but  
the  
impression  
is much  
deeper.

And an officer with an overseas cap angling down over his forehead and a set of bars clinging jauntily to the cap is just twice as significant.

ONE OFFICER WHO ABIDED WITH GENTLE FOLK IN A SMALL VILLAGE BACK OF THE LINES SLEPT ON A BED WITH A MATTRESS THREE FEET THICK. HE SAID IT FELT JUST LIKE LYING IN STATE.

ALL FAT MEN IN OVERSEAS SERVICE SLEEP AT NIGHT. THE 125-POUNDERS ARE ALL SPIKED.

For the benefit of those who are coming along later it might be well to state that the American bugle calls are used exclusively.

Just as plain as ever.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE MAY BE DIFFERENT, BUT THERE ARE NO PRIVATE SOLDIERS RECORDED AS YET WHO FAILED TO UNDERSTAND AN INVITATION 'OUT TO DINNER.

Only 70,000 prisoners this week.

WITH 50 TOWNS AND 2,000 PRISONERS.

Oh! Hunt! Hunt!

IT IS SO MONOTONOUS.

JUST ONE GREAT VICTORY AFTER ANOTHER.

THE GREATEST MISFORTUNE EDWARD HAD ON THE TRIP OVER WAS THE LOSS OF THE KEY TO A SARDINE CAN.

There's just two words that make a soldier love the sea.

WHAT'S THEM, ALEX?

LAND, HO!

And the beggar who had the most fun on the trip made the strap adjustments for the Red Cross nurses.  
DON'T

Neglect to send all of your copies of "Trench and Camp" to the home folks. They will read its columns with great enjoyment and keep the papers for you to read when you return to your home.

### HEROES ALL!

Serjt. BERNARD J. FINNERTY, infantry. "He bravely attacked a group of the enemy without assistance in a bayou near Auberive, France, July 16, 1918, and drove them out, thereby saving his unit from surprise attack. While engaged in this courageous enterprise he was killed."

Second Lieut. JAMES S. TIMOTHY, U. S. M. C. "Although weakened by gas poisoning, inflicted while serving with the French in the Verdun sector, he declined medical assistance and served with heroic fortitude with the marines. In the operations of June 15, 1918, near Chateau Thierry, he inspired the officers and men with whom he was in action by his fearlessness and fortitude until instantly killed by a high explosive shell."

Corpl. ROBERT FINNEGAN, infantry. "On May 27-28, 1918, at Cantigny, France, although mortally wounded, he concealed that fact, encouraged his men by his example of fortitude and continued to fire his automatic rifle until he became ex-

## American Corporal, Fo n In Germany, Bags Huns By Giving Orders In German

This story, printed in "Stars and Stripes," official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces, shows how one real American of German birth was alive to the true situation when Germany started the war. It shows how he is turning his knowledge of German to a good use.

—Editor.

This is the story of Corporal Kaler, of Company M.

There may have been some suspicion of him at first because he was born and raised in Germany. Some doubts may have lurked in certain minds in the company even after he was made a corporal for his excellent work under actual battle conditions. But all doubts were dispelled forever when he jumped into the fight south of Vesle and came out of it accredited with six Germans—two killed and four taken prisoner. And his folks had named him after the Kaiser.

He was named Wilhelm when he first saw the light of day in Munich 25 years ago. But he grew up a Socialist, distrusting the German government in general and the Crown Prince in particular.

That is why, smelling the battle from afar, he cried, "Ha! Ha!" and deserted from the German army shortly before the war broke out, at a time when his ship happened to be in Hoboken. Therefore, while his three brothers were serving in the German army, he was out of reach in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Then came a time when America decided to enter the war. So did Wilhelm—the very next day.

His knowledge of German made him a very handy man about the reg-

iment when it was ordered into the line, but it was not as an interpreter that this knowledge served him in good stead during the savage free-for-

### HUGE SALVAGE

What 7,000 men can do in reclamation and conservation is shown in the last month's report from Kelly Field, Division of Military Aeronautics. Some of the items saved and reclaimed are:

Articles:	Value
Old paper, baled and shipped	\$300
Oil barrels	400
Straw	200
Bags	600
Garbage	500
Tin cans	300
Metals	300
Total	\$2,300

Add to the above, great piles of old clothing, tents, paper bags, motorcycle parts, airplane fittings, engine parts, rubber tires, wood, hay and all miscellaneous articles that would be discarded for ordinary use in peace time, and this furnishes the stock-in-trade of the Reclamation Division of the field. "DON'T THROW IT AWAY" is the watchword which prompts the piling up of these masses of material, and thus helping further to carry the war into Germany.

The potentialities held by a pile of so-called "junk" are tremendous. The fruit and milk cans, for instance, that the Kitchen Police smash every day, bring money to the Government. They sell for \$16 a ton.

all, wide-open warfare which marked the passage of Company M from the Ourcq to the Vesle. He used it to baffle and bewilder the boches by more than one order roared out naturally in the dark.

Once, when Kaler and part of a platoon were almost marooned at an outpost that had overreached itself, he could hear a column of Germans filing along the edge of their woods with evident intent to surround them. The German order was straight ahead, and from where Kaler and his pals lay quaking in the underbrush, they could see an endless succession of gray legs trotting by. Then, sharp and authoritatively, a voice from the bushes ordered, "Gehen sie zur rechter Seite." The column veered off obediently to the right, and before it could be steered back again Kaler and his bunch had made good their escape.

Again, when, from his vantage point on the edge of the woods, the corporal saw four German prisoners break away from an American who was trying to bring them in, he called out across the field:

"Kommen sie voruber." The escaping four stopped dead in their tracks, wheeled and hustled docilely over to the spot whence the voice had issued, and a moment later Kaler had them covered and started for the rear. Those were his four prisoners.

Another boche he killed with his rifle and another died at the end of Kaler's bayonet. In spare moments, between such tasks, he harangued the prisoners on their sin of working for the Kaiser. But how could they help themselves, they asked plaintively.

"Why, that's easy; come and fight with us," said Wilhelm II.

### A. W. O. L.

