


AFTER THE WAR LITERATURE


—By WALLGREN

THE WAR FROM THE INSIDE OR TEN MONTHS IN THE BRIG
BY PYT VIN BLANC



ALSO THE AUTHOR OF 'FAMOUS COURT MARTIALS'

I'LL EXPOSE THE WHOLE SCANDAL!



A THOUSAND TO ONE.
AN INTIMATE STUDY OF THE PERSONAL PROCLIVITIES OF THE COOTIE
BY CORPORAL SCRATCH A. E. F.


I'LL GET 'YOUSE YET!



THE AUTHOR IN PURSUIT OF HIS FAVORITE SUBJECT

WHY I JOINED THE ARMY
BY MUSTERDOUT

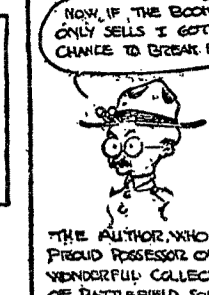
AM I GONE NEAR GOING TO FRANCE AT THAT?



THE AUTHOR—WHO HELD A HIGHLY LUCRATIVE POSITION BEFORE THE DRAFT.

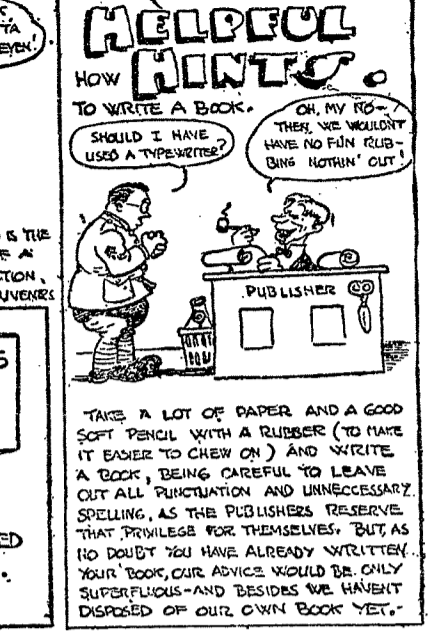
THE HORRORS OF WAR IN THE S. O. S.
BY Q-M SGT. SOUVENIR

NOW IF THE BOOK ONLY SELLS I GOTTA CHANCE TO BREAK EVEN!



THE AUTHOR, WHO IS THE PIOUS POSSESSOR OF A VENDORFUL COLLECTION OF BATTLEFIELD SOUVENIRS

HELPEFUL HINTS TO WRITE A BOOK.
SHOULD I HAVE USED A TYPEWRITER?
OH, MY RO—THESE WE WOULDNT HAVE NO FUN REUB—BING NOTHIN' OUT!



TAKE A LOT OF PAPER AND A GOOD SOFT PENCIL WITH A RUBBER (TO MAKE IT EASIER TO CHEW ON) AND WRITE A BOOK, BEING CAREFUL TO LEAVE OUT ALL PUNCTUATION AND UNNECESSARY SPELLING, AS THE PUBLISHERS RESERVE THAT PRIVILEGE FOR THEMSELVES. BUT AS NO DOUBT YOU HAVE ALREADY WRITTEN YOUR BOOK, OUR ADVICE WOULD BE ONLY SUPERFLUOUS—AND BESIDES WE HAVEN'T DISPOSED OF OUR OWN BOOK YET.

I'M THINKING OF WRITING A GOLD FISH TO THE LIFE!



K. P. THE FAMOUS COOK WHOSE DRAMATIC SEQUAL—'WHY IS CORNED WILLIE?' IS TO BE PUBLISHED SHORTLY

ARMY COOK BOOK
A THOUSAND DIFFICULT WAYS TO PREPARE SLUM WITHOUT A HANG-UP—ALSO ONE OTHER RECIPE.
BY K. P.

I HATE TO BE POPULAR!



THE ECCENTRIC AUTHOR 'TOP SERGEANT' IN ONE OF THE NUMEROUS DISGUISES HE CONSTANTLY WEARS (FROM MODESTY?)

ALONE IN THE WORLD
BY TOP SERGEANT
PUBLISHED BY NOBODY DOES

I WISH I COULD BUM THE PRICE OF A SHAVE!





PHOTO OF THE AUTHOR TAKEN IN A CASUAL CAMP IN FRANCE..

'JAWBONE' OR SEVEN MONTHS IN FRANCE WITHOUT A SOUS
BY A CASUAL
PUBLISHED BY LOAN CO

I HOPE NO ONE WILL SUSPECT ME OF HAVING LET A WAR CORRESPONDENT WRITE MY BOOK FOR ME!



OFFICER HIGARANK, WHOSE BOOK IS BOUND TO BECOME POPULAR.

PASSING THE BUCK
BY A COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

A.E.F. WOODSMEN COULD FENCE IN THIRD OF GLOBE

Forestry Division Works 107 Sawmills at 76 Points in France

FUEL FOR RHINE ARMY NOW

Raw Material for Railroad Ties, Bread Cases, Artificial Limbs All in Day's Grind

Imagine a barracks 600 miles long and 20 feet wide, big enough to house the whole American A.E.F. at the time of the armistice and to spare; imagine a flag pole 435 miles high; or enough fuel wood to make a pile three feet wide, three feet high and 600 miles long.

That is one way of showing what the Forestry Division of the A.E.F. has accomplished from the time it got under way in 1917. And the 17,000-odd members of its personnel were still whirling around at a merry old clip when the Kaiser sneaked out of the ring.

The standard gauge railroad ties produced would build a line of railroad 1,091 miles long, or from St. Nazaire to Berlin via Tours and Paris. The small ties, 24-inch gauge, would build a double track paralleling 185 miles of trenches. The pickets, posts and poles, if all cut into six-foot fence posts, would make a fence, with posts a rod apart, reaching one-third of the way round the earth. The piling would have made the aforesaid flag pole.

At present the forestry men, working 107 sawmills at 76 places in France, are busy clearing up, and getting out fuel wood for the Army of Occupation as well. Incidentally, they are members of the biggest regiment in the world, the 20th Engineers, and to them are attached, in addition, 28 Engineer service companies.

Tent Pins to Dock Piling

The boys have worked out lumber for coffins, part oak and part pine, which were made up by French factories. They have furnished baseboard which went into the manufacture of artificial limbs. Their spruce cuttings have gone into aircraft. They have sawed and cut lumber which went into hard bread cases and into the wheels and tongues of the Motor Transport Corps, vehicles. Their round products ranged all the way from tent pins to dock piling, 100 feet in length. And there was in contemplation at one time, in connection with the forestry operations, a box factory capable of handling a million and a half feet of lumber monthly, or enough for 72,000 bread boxes 32x15x13 inches.

As a further evidence of the zeal and energy with which the forestry men were doing their task, the total October output was 50,794,500 feet, board measure, of sawed material; 692,208 railroad ties, 106,588 ties for light railways at the front; 7,518 piles for new dock projects; 151,464 staves of fuel wood and 248,820 pieces of miscellaneous round products.

Soon after the entry of the United States into the war it was seen that the demand for lumber for the American Army would far exceed the maximum cargo space that might be allotted. Lumber was needed in large quantities and it was needed quickly.

The decision was reached to organize two forestry regiments, and America was combed for men experienced in this line. Two units, the 16th and 20th Engineers, were formed, reinforced by service battalions.

The job of producing logs and bringing them from the woods to the mills and to the railroads required the construction of narrow-gauge railroads 80 centimeters, one meter, and three feet wide, and standard-gauge sidings and spurs. This involved a total length of about 150 miles, 1,592 trestles, 48 cross-trestles, where trestles were needed, trestles were promptly erected. There is one at Captieux (Gironde) 450 feet long, 45 feet in height at its highest point and requiring 120,000 feet, board measure, of lumber.

Working Day and Night
The men made their own camps, set up their own mills, built their own logging railroads and sidings, and their own loads and wagons. They even turned into harness makers on one occasion when harness were unobtainable, and though the result looked like a cross between a junk dealer's equine at home and the trappings of a circus mule, it held—and that was what counted.

WITH THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION ON THE RHINE

Little did the doughboy think, when first he encountered the French language—that before many months had passed he would be searching through German villages for some one who could comprehend French and so would understand him. Yet, so it is these days along the Rhine. A handy lexicon is being prepared which turns all the doughboy's French into German. With these phrases he will find his every legitimate need met. Here is a sample page.

C'est la guerre.....Er ist der Krieg
Finée in guerre.....Der Krieg ist aus
Deux Rieres.....Zwei Eler
Un cognac.....Ein Kognac
Toute droit.....Immer gerade aus
Knoere.....Och eins
A diele and the Rhine.....Lichts
A gauche.....Links
Pah bouh.....Nicht gut
Sate boche.....Edel Deutscher*
A diele and the Rhine.....Lichts
Ziz-zing.....Getrunken
Meret, Mamzelle.....Danke, Fraulein
Trois francs.....Pünzig Mark
*This is not a literal translation, but it facilitates conversation for beginners to use it on the Rhine.

The sight of sights at Coblenz is the towering statue of the first Wilhelm, which prances victorious at the Battery, or, rather, at that city point where the A. E. F. and the Rhine flow together. Doughboys swarm over it, climbing the stairways and emerging high above the river just under the huge, uplifted roof of the conqueror's horse. There is an inscription, of course, and it runs something like this:

"Nimmer wird das Reich zerstört Wenn wir einig sind und treu."
A passing German was asked by two Yanks to translate. He was delighted to oblige.
"I cannot it exactly übersetzen, aber it means that Deutschland is unquerable and the Rhine is unquenchable. But the Yanks had tottered on their way.

When the 9th Infantry entered the agreeable town of Remagen on the Rhine, they observed the occasion by making the astonished river banks from Drachenfels to Bonn echo with some of the jazziest strains ever lifted from the regimental band. They were doubtless moved to this festive deed by the sight of the main hotel which had, until recently, been known as the "Deutscher Kaiser Hof."

Now that name of unpleasant memories was erased, and what greeted the entering Americans was "Central Hotel" in bold—even unblushing—letters. Very likely by this time the neighboring hostelry has been named the Commercial House and is opening a sample room.

The Germans in Godesburg had all sorts of delicate ways of expressing their morning hate. The Canadians who took over that prosperous Rhine town found that the porcelain fixtures in the wash-rooms were trade-marked "Britannia."

It isn't the well-stocked American kitchens which make the Rhinelanders as green as a prisoner uniform. They yearn for our white bread, it is true, and for our real coffee, but it is our soap they will sell their souls for and our rubber that astonishes them.

It is interesting to see a curb full of Germans staring wide-eyed at a passing American company, each member of which is clumping luxuriously through the December mud in high, swash-buckling rubber boots.

All the Rhineland towns occupied by the Americans are populous with natives who prout about asking for some news of relatives in America. They all seem to have them, as we might have been prepared to expect by the considerable number of German-Americans who were smoked out back home in 1914.

The other day two Yanks had lost their way in the country and decided to ask for directions from a German seen approaching them.
"Hi, probably speaks English. He looks as if he had an aunt in Brooklyn."
"Looks more as if he had an uncle in Milwaukee. But let's ask him, anyway."
So they did, and the native responded
was quickly discovered that the only sawmill worth while in France was the one that was operating 24 hours a day. The rule is told of one little mill, rated at 10,000 board feet in ten hours, that became uneasy during two ten-hour shifts, and just to show what it really could do, put out a total of 63,800 board feet; and that of a 20,000 foot mill which cut 122,000 board feet in 20 hours. The miller it averaged between 80,000 and 85,000 feet a day.
At the time of the St. Mihiel drive an urgent order came from the First Army for several million board feet of road plank, to be used for the transportation of artillery. And the mills turned from their rush orders to get out this plank. There wasn't enough in the yards. The men had to go out into the woods and cut down the trees. The instructions to the mills read: "This is your big opportunity. Don't fail." The splendid news of the wiping out of the St. Mihiel salient in 27 hours was ample proof that they didn't.

with a voluble jargon that set them straight. That done, he explained, "I like America," he volunteered. "I have ein bruder in Fresno, California."

Trundling across the river from Anbernach one day recently were 22 supply wagons that had come all the way from El Paso for this express purpose. They had come down to meet them, because, long ago, he had lived in Kansas City and had served in the Missouri National Guard. He was looking for his old captain. He was too late. His old captain was killed on the edge of the Forest of Argonne.

The first man in the Army of Occupation to cross the Rhine died the following day. He was an Engineer who, two weeks before, was struck and injured by a train in the newly established railroad at Coblenz. Across the river was a Red Cross hospital, packed with German wounded, and there he was carried. When he died, the next day, he was buried in the little village churchyard. The wounded enemy soldiers in the hospital chipped together and bought the wreath that lies now on his grave.

There are certain couriers with the Third American Army who should worry about the paymaster. They had been hiding their Morganic talents in the humble guise of dispatch riders, and their daily courses lay between Metz or Nancy on the one hand and Luxembourg, Trier or Coblenz on the other. They noted that the value of the mark fluctuated wildly between these cities. They noted, for instance, that on the same day when they had been asked 125 francs for 100 marks in Luxembourg, they were asked 145 marks for 100 francs in Nancy. So, on the side, they dabbled in international finance. For 500 francs (it can be done by craps) they would buy 625 marks in Nancy. This would bring them around 750 francs in Luxembourg next day. With this they would acquire more

than 1,000 marks in Metz. And so on and so on. They should worry about the paymaster.

These wagons have been present at all the battles from the Ourcq to the Meuse, they knew Montfaucon and Juvigny. This, however, was not their first excursion on German soil. They laughed, these veteran wagons, at the juvenile elation of the other supply companies over this great adventure. For they had been in German territory as long ago as last May, when their regiment led the American forces into the semi-Alpine fastnesses of Alsace.

One of the most crowded cafés in Coblenz is run by a German aviator named Wahl, who used to fly in the old days with the late Lincoln Beachey and other Americans back home. So he has much talk about flying with his many American patrons these days. His café is always jolly and bright and prosperous.

There are many like it in the attractive Rhine towns. So much pleasanter places to stay these days than Soissons and Fismes and Arras.

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NANTES GIVES CLUB

Citizens of Nantes have made a gift to American officers of that port of an Officers' Club. The club, which is located at 4 Rue Voltaire, consists of a complete floor for continuous use, with the additional privilege of a banquet hall on the street floor when desired. There are five club rooms, including a billiard room, library, writing room and buffet-auditorium. All are elaborately furnished. They have been turned over to the Americans for their exclusive use for the duration of their stay in France. There will be no expense whatever, all rent and light charges being waived.

"All I've done in France is drill, and ride around in box cars."
"Ah, training and entraining, eh?"

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