

The Stars and Stripes

The Official
Newspaper
of the A. E. F.

By and For
the Soldiers
of the A. E. F.

VOL. 1—NO. 25.

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DATA NECESSARY BEFORE DELIVERY OF LIBERTY BONDS

Allotment for Second Issue Is Completed With July Pay

LAST INSTALLMENT SMALLER

Holders Will Begin to Reap Benefit on Interest Before They Get Their Securities

Payment on the allotment plan for bonds of the Second Liberty Loan by listed men of the A.E.F. will be completed August 1—or as soon thereafter as the paymaster gets around. The A.E.F. will thereupon become the owner of several millions in Government securities—of just how many millions it is wholly impossible to say. How are you going to get yours, and when are you going to get it?

Those two questions are far easier to ask than to answer. It will require considerable time to get all the allotments in and the complete individual accounts checked.

But in order to effect as prompt a delivery as possible, statistical and personnel officers of all organizations and detachments are directed to forward to the Quartermaster General at Washington, on ordinary payroll form 386, War Department, an alphabetical list of all enlisted men of the A.E.F. who are on July 31, will have completed their allotment payments on the bonds. Most of these allotments were made in favor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

Must show Certain Data

This list is to be made out when the July payroll is prepared, and will be forwarded as soon as possible after the close of the month. It must show the following data:

- The soldier's present rank.
- The date of his enlistment.
- The organization in which he was serving at the time the bond allotment was made—that is, in October, 1917.
- The amount which has been deducted from his pay on account of the allotment, so far as that amount can be ascertained from the records of his present organization.
- The soldier's signature, if practicable. If the signature cannot be obtained, the reason for its omission must be stated.

Names of men who made allotments to banks other than the Federal Reserve Bank of New York must not be included in these lists.

"One Coupon Detached"

The allotment for bonds as made out in October called for the delivery of the bond or bonds "one coupon detached." It is the detaching of this coupon—the drawing of the first interest in other words—that makes the final installment smaller than any of the nine that have preceded it.

On a \$50 bond, the monthly allotment for which has been \$5, the final payment will be \$4.75; on a \$500 bond, the final payment will be \$47.50, or so on as many times \$4.75 as the soldier holds \$50 worth of bonds.

The bonds will either be held awaiting your order, if you did not specify to whom they were to be delivered, or be delivered to whomever you may have specified—a relative, your own bank, or whatever your choice was. If the bonds are being held awaiting your order, the War Department will care for them until the end of the war.

If You Want Them Yourself

If you want the bonds delivered to you personally, it is necessary to apply to the Depot Quartermaster at Washington. The same procedure is necessary in case you want the bonds delivered to some one whom you did not specify in your original allotment.

All this procedure will doubtless entail some confusion and delay. The bright part of the situation is this:

- Uncle Sam is still paying you, and your pay will be so much bigger hereafter, with the bond allotment automatically stopped.
- The bonds will continue drawing interest for you, no matter where you or they may be.
- The bonds will be worth considerably more after the war than they are now.

DON'T KISS THE SOLDIERS

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, July 25.—Charges that in the order of the day against the least authorities of St. Paul, Pa., they have prohibited sentimentally inclined women and girls from congregating at the railroad station when troop trains arrive.

Cynics say the order is aimed to prevent them from kissing soldiers instead of the resident population.

CANDY MAKER PUNISHED

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, July 25.—Sweets to the sweet. As a penalty for having a larger sugar supply on hand than is permitted by Food Board orders, one of the biggest candy makers in the United States has been compelled to shut down his factory and all his stores for a week.

Also—he has been forced to post a conspicuous sign before each store, telling why it is closed.

DESTROYER QUICKLY BUILT

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, July 25.—The Fore River shipyard at Quincy, Mass., has just launched a destroyer which was built in three months.

Before the war, two years was considered the ordinary time for building one, from the signing of the contract until the craft was put in commission.

COLLEGE MEN IN SERVICE

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, July 25.—Recent estimates show that about 250,000 graduates, students and officers of American colleges, have enrolled in the national service.

BIG SAVING IN GRAIN

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, July 25.—Conservation measures put into effect by the American people have enabled the country during the fiscal year just closed to ship 340,800,000 bushels of wheat and other essential grains to Europe.

This is 80,000,000 more than were shipped the previous year. Owing to the failure of the 1917 wheat crop and the corn shortage, we had only about our normal consumption, therefore these big shipments represent actual savings from our own wheat bread.

Y.M.C.A. CANTEENS TO SELL TOBACCO AT Q.M.'S PRICES

New Schedule Quotes Well Known Brands at Low Figures

TO BE IN EFFECT AUGUST 1

Army Will Allot Organization What Can Be Spared and Deliver It in France

Y.M.C.A. canteens will in future sell cigarettes and tobacco at the same prices as are charged by the Army's quartermaster's stores.

The new schedule, which will be put into effect August 1, is the result of an agreement reached between the Army and the directors of the Y.M.C.A. in the United States. Later, other articles may be sold on a similar plan.

The revision will remove one of the A.E.F.'s principal sources of complaint against the Y.M.C.A. canteen methods. The change, it is figured, will result in an annual loss of \$3,000,000 for the Y.M.C.A.

The plan will work out as follows: The Q.M. will sell the Y.M. as much tobacco as can be spared and deliver it in France, the Y.M.C.A. War Work Council standing by an additional cost that may result.

In other words, the Y.M. will give to the soldier the difference between the Q.M.'s prices and the cost of the tobacco and of the freight and cartage in addition.

Paid Own Expenses

Heretofore the Y.M. had to pay these last expenses out of its own pocket, and has added them to the selling price of the tobacco. This had to be done because the canteens were being run on borrowed money. The canteens came not because the Y.M. wanted to take the job, but because Army officials asked the Y.M. to undertake the work, and the Y.M. agreed to it.

In this work the Y.M. had no right to draw on the funds that had been donated, as this money was given for a specific purpose. So, in order to carry on the canteens the Y.M. looked around for a loan, and found one close at hand—its own gift fund. But it was a loan just the same, and one that had to be paid to the last penny.

The new price schedule, which represents a decided cut on prevailing prices back home just now, is as follows:

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| Cigarettes | 50 centimes. |
| Camels | 35 " |
| Sweet Caporals | 30 " |
| Lucky Strikes | 20 " |
| Marlboro | 20 " |
| Star | 35 " |
| Prince Albert | 40 " |
| Velvet | 25 " |
| Bull Durham | 30 " |

THRIFT STAMP SALES NEAR TWO BILLIONS

Thirty Four Million Individual Subscribers Are Already Listed

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, July 25.—The National War Savings Committee announces that \$1,000,000,000 worth of War Savings and Thrift stamps have been sold, with over 34,000,000 subscribers already listed.

The New York City district has reached \$70,000,000, and feels sure of reaching its \$100,000,000 goal. The War Savings director for the city declares that New York alone is now putting enough money daily into the Treasury to cover the subsistence of all the soldiers taking part in the big advance.

We figure that our individual savers are now supplying your food and 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition daily. The money that is going into the Treasury regularly every day is bigger than the entire daily cost of running the Government before the war.

SAVING BABIES' LIVES

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, July 25.—One thousand nurses and welfare workers have started work in New York City, examining all babies under five years of age to reduce infant mortality.

This is in conformance with the Presidential proclamation to the effect that reduction of mortality to its lowest point will save 100,000 lives annually to the nation.

SHIPBUILDERS WIN BET

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, July 25.—There's no loser like a game loser. The men employed at a Baltimore shipbuilding plant offered to bet their president that they could get a ship into the water 21 days ahead of schedule.

He bet \$2,000 to their \$1,000 that they couldn't. They won. He paid.

REAL MAIL TRAINS WORKING FOR A.E.F.; OTHERS TO FOLLOW

Delivery in Some Cases Cut from Two Days to Two Hours

SPEDIER TRIP TO STATES

M.P.E.S. Officer Goes Home to Instruct Troops in Intricacies of Army Addresses

Real railway mail trains, with the sorting of the precious envelopes and packages going on while the mail is being rushed to its destination, are now actualities in the A.E.F.

Already there are in operation railway mail trains between Tours and G.H.Q., from one of the base ports through Tours to Paris, and from two of the base ports to Tours, where the Central Post Office, A.E.F., is located. And there will be more to follow, notably one direct between Paris and G.H.Q.

Each one of these mail speeding devices comprises a postal car, an express car, and two bulk cars, with three men to each crew. Strung along the sides of the cars are sacks, one for each station on the route, and the letters are sorted and thrown into those sacks in time for them to be thrown off at their proper destinations. The system is almost exactly like that employed on the railway mail trains in the United States.

From Two Days to Two Hours

The value of these trains is primarily for mail within the A.E.F. It is estimated that, in certain instances, the time needed to get a letter from one point in France to another will be cut down from two days to two hours. That will make for the speeding up of all correspondence—even including the kind that goes "through channels"—and will enable the average A.E.F. man to get closer and quicker touch with his pals in other units, or with his old unit if he is detached from it, in hospital or otherwise.

The new system will also help in hustling mail to the States, and in that connection it is proposed soon to establish a mail train running from Nantes, in the S.O.S., through to one of the base ports in the near future, with more to follow. So at last it looks as if Dad won't have to wait all those weeks and six weeks. "Mother much worried," the way he used to—that is, if Dad is the cabling kind.

Mail from the States will be generally accelerated by the speeding-up process applied to the other two kinds of mail.

Always a Rush Job

Unloading a mail boat at a base port is always a rush job, and usually has nothing but a general hunch as to when the boat is to come in. When one does come in, they bend all hands to the job, and get the mail sorted as speedily as they can, and shoot it along the line, even to the uttermost regulating stations up front. To protect that mail in transit, they see that it doesn't go A.V.O.L. or get strayed from the unit for which it was intended. One man of the M.P.E.S. rider in every car of first-class mail that is loaded at a port and shot up to a regulating station. Soon there will be also a man for every car of second-class mail.

Transfer clerks have also been placed at every station in France where mail is to be distributed. The M.P.E.S. rider is situated in that area. The duty of the transfer clerk is to receive the mail sacks dropped off at his center and see to its distribution to the various A.P.O.'s lying in his domain.

In case his station is at a railway junction, he is in order to give the mail from the main line on which the railway mail train runs to the lines that will reach the A.P.O.'s that he serves. This is a new profession in the A.E.F.—that of postmaster and enlisted man combined.

Telling Them How Back Home

To facilitate still further the hastening of mail from the States to the fighting forces, an officer of the M.P.E.S. has been sent back to the old country for the express purpose of instructing the troops that are coming over in the necessary postal arrangements which they must make in order to give the folks their correct addresses in France. This officer is also collaborating with the Federal postal authorities in the interest of more accurate sorting of mail before it is put on the ships, and in speeding the getting-over process generally.

Every effort is being made to see that the casual officer or man detached from his unit gets his mail in fair time and gets it all. As soon as the Central Records Office gets personnel enough to keep a record of each man up to the second, this will be a mere matter of minutes in noting the new address on the envelope.

AMERICA'S RICH MEN MAY PAY MORE YET

Surtax on Incomes of Over \$300,000 Already 63 Per Cent

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, July 25.—The Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives is working on a new tax bill. Suggestions are advanced that an 80 per cent surtax be laid on incomes over \$300,000. The present surtax is 63 per cent.

There are also proposals to raise the present 4 per cent normal individual income tax all the way from 5 to 20 per cent. Another proposal is for a straight doubling of taxes on all incomes from \$20,000 to \$100,000.

Nothing definite has yet been decided, but the committee expects to have this biggest revenue bill in history ready for Congress on time.

JOHN KUKOSKI—YANK



Private John Kukoski, U.S.M.C., not only won the Distinguished Service Cross, but received a congratulatory telegram from General Pershing announcing the fact and complimenting him on his feat. His citation reads: "At Chateau-Thierry, France, on June 8, 1918, alone charged a machine gun and with the utmost bravery captured it and its crew, together with an officer."

PHILIPPINE VETERAN KILLED IN BIG DRIVE

Sergt. Payne Served Under Capt. John J. Pershing in Mindanao

Sergeant James Payne, Co. L, Infantry, one of the most fearless and most experienced of the older non-coms in our Army, died on the battlefield on the first day of the Allied offensive.

Another year and a half and he could have been retired if he had wanted to be. He had seen service in many lands—numbered in the battle of Verdun—landed in Mindanao under Capt. John J. Pershing.

When war was declared, Sergeant Payne was offered a captaincy, but he refused. He had it in the back of his mind that he wanted to win his commission in the field, and recently his recommendation for a lieutenantcy was sent in.

He served all last winter as first sergeant, but when spring came, he asked to be reduced to a sergeant because he wanted to go out and lead a platoon. They say he used to love to stand up himself and draw the machine gun fire so that his men could locate the gun and make away with it.

It was in that way he was killed.

NOT ALL OUR DATA TO GO ON REGISTERS

Men of A.E.F. Mustn't Tell Whence They Come or Whither They Go

Members of the A.E.F. who register at French hotels or lodging houses will not in future state the place from which they have come or the place to which they are going. Regiments or organizations also will not be mentioned. Rank and branch of service will be stated.

With the above exceptions, the French law requiring certain data on every transient will be wholly complied with. The information demanded and to be supplied by men of the A.E.F., as well as anyone else, is the surname, first name, date and place of birth, nationality, profession (which for the A.E.F. is soldier), date of arrival in commune, and record of identification papers, insofar as the latter does not interfere with the above exceptions.

WASHBOILERS HELPING OUT

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, July 25.—The New York State Food Commission is wiggling for washboilers, not for washable shirts, but for canning what they can in the State food conservation campaign.

TROUBLE HUNTERS SHOW THEIR WORTH WHEN DRIVE OPENS

Signal Corps Men, All Specialists, Work Under Fierce Barrage

168 CUTS IN KILO OF WIRE

Liaison Experts Find Time to Help Corral Good Batch of Prisoners as Well

Any story of the fighting south of the Marne—or anywhere else, for that matter—that does not mention the Signal Corps' part in it would be almost as complete as the story of Jonah with the whale left out.

One of the first Hun shells fired in the opening barrage of the fifth great offensive—a barrage that French officers declare was comparable to that which ushered in the battle of Verdun—landed in a wood, upset a tree, and dropped it neatly across a tent occupied by a Signal Corps lieutenant.

The Signal Corps did not need to be prodded into action, however. The Signal Corps was already in action. It had been tolerably busy, in the preceding days, to keep communications intact—if doing skilled work of the most delicate kind under fire can ever be called easy.

But the barrage started things. The wires were torn into shreds, and it was up to the Signal Corps men to put the shreds together again. Not once, but time and again, while they were splicing two tattered ends, a shell on either side of them would rip the wire in two new places. They worked fast, but the shells came faster.

One wire was cut in 168 places in a kilometer of length. In another piece of wire of half a kilometer, the longest whole fragment that remained measured exactly eight feet.

One sergeant was in a front-line dug-out when the shells began to arrive. A message was coming over. He started to take it. A shell landed just outside the dug-out. So the sergeant left the dug-out and calmly started to cut in on the torn strands, when another shell killed him.

Wireless Also Suffers

Wireless suffered as much as wires. The slender antennae on slim bamboo poles, both front and rear, were ripped out of the ground time and again. Sapphires were hastily erected in their place and the apparatus once again got in working order, but not for long. The shells kept coming faster than the sapphires could be put up.

The men who did the work, and suffered as heavily as any combat unit engaged.

FROM SECY McADOO

WASHINGTON, A.E.F.:

In the brilliant achievements of your gallant Army and their French comrades, the country is thrilled with the valor and the deeds of our heroic soldiers. Congratulations. McAdoo.

YANKEES RECKON BOCHE CAPTIVES BY THE THOUSAND

Roads Thick With Prisoners Before Fight Is 12 Hours Old

FORMAL AFFAIR IN QUARRY

German Doctors Taken in Drive Are Put to Work at Our First Aid Stations

Where, in earlier engagements, they had taken prisoners by fifties and hundreds, the Yankees in the first days of the great Allied counter-offensive took prisoners by thousands.

Before their part of the drive had run its first 12 hours, while the Hipp-hip-hooray of the first rush was still in full exultant swing, thousands of bewildered Boches were trudging solemnly to the rear of the American lines.

When the story of this offensive comes to be written in full, it shall be told of one banner regiment of Infantry that it alone captured 2,250 Germans in 48 hours. They were taken in such numbers that sometimes they had to be dispatched to the rear unguarded.

The rush was so swift and so unexpected that high commanders within the forces of the enemy were caught before they could make a discreet withdrawal. Majors abounded in the Yankee nets, and the captains and lieutenants captured were too many to mention. And there were better than majors—though, naturally enough, the higher you go the fewer.

You can never make a safe judgment as to the morale of an army from the morale of prisoners, for when any man falls into the hands of the enemy he feels as though the world were coming to an end. So it is quite humanly comprehensible that when the mighty Count von Wenden was taken, he was surrounded him, he radiated the impression that the war had either come to an end thereby or might as well stop gracefully instead of petering out.

Mighty Count Von Wenden

The Count, who was formerly aide-de-camp of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, and whom we found as a lieutenant-colonel commanding the 3rd Bavarian Infantry, had taken refuge in a quarry along with 200 Germans of various ranks.

His cave was surrounded early in the day and the unsuspecting Count, in a hurry to get out, was only able to guard the entrances to the quarry and take occasional pot shots into it. All day the invested 200 held out, and then toward sundown they surrendered. They did not shout "Kamerad, kamerad!" Nor did they surrender in the good old-fashioned way, following a fashion almost forgotten in this death-or-glory war.

For at sundown the Count sent out a white flag, and with it a formal note of surrender. This was gravely received and answered, and a little later the Count, followed by an imposing company.

He seemed a little offended at something. Possibly he was faintly surprised not to find General Pershing waiting outside on a milk-white charger. Certainly he was vocal with indignation because no motor-car awaited him.

Mopping Up the Caves

The American officers expressed their regret—may, their grief—that none was available, and the last seen in that neighborhood of the former side of the front was the helmet of a German soldier with the rest of the 200—hiking 15 kilometers to the rear.

Many such caves and quarries are to be found in the contested countryside between the Aisne and the Omeux. They are perfect places for P.O.'s, and they are formidable refuges for beaten forces of the enemy. It is not surprising that the Yankees who had mopping-up duty to do last week, most of the Germans did not want to die at all. The resistance from within the caves could hardly be called stubborn.

One mammoth cave did threaten to become a serious problem. The enemy drove their riderless horses into the opening, drew the machine gun fire on them, and then charged the cave themselves.

One such cave had many guns on many floors. It had ammunition and food to serve a regiment, and it had bullets for 2,000 men.

Little Sergeant Hercules

It was in a deep, inaccessible dugout that one high German commander was found—the one the Yankee regiment concerned in his capture believes to have been a major-general. Certainly, as mentioned him as if he were very precious to the German Army, and he was whirled away in an auto to a high French headquarters as if he might have information important enough to seek without a moment's waste of time.

But no prisoner capture was more impressive than the loss of 250 Boches, including eight officers, whose meek and pitiless surrender was negotiated on the first day by a single Yankee sergeant. The sergeant is only five feet high and his name is Hercules.

Sergeant Hercules Korgis is a Greek by birth, but in the French war he preceded the present explosion of Europe, and he was gay with many medals when he went to America and settled down in West Lynn, Mass.—settled down, as you have already guessed, in the restaurant business. Of course, he enlisted the first crack out of the box. He showed himself one of those small but terrible fighters and his regiment treasured him.

In the first morning of the advance, Sergeant Korgis was shot through the chest.

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YANKS HAVE SHARE IN GREAT VICTORY OF ALLIED ARMS

Germans' "Peace Offensive" Turned from Failure Into Disaster

ENEMY USES 60 DIVISIONS

Americans South of Soissons and Along Marne Push Foe On Into Deep Pocket

On July 15, the Germans, under the generalship of Ludendorff, launched on a front of 120 kilometers their fifth great offensive of 1918—the biggest and most ambitious move they had undertaken since the drive of March 21.

They called it, and they taught their troops to call it, their Friedensturm or Peace Offensive. By that very name they promised their patient people a final blow of such force that the Allies would be driven to accept a German peace.

Ten days later the fight was still on. In those ten days more than 60 German divisions had been engaged and badly mauled. More than 30,000 German soldiers had vanished as prisoners behind the advancing Allied lines. Between 400 and 500 German cannon had been taken and a great mass of German material had either been seized by our troops or destroyed hopelessly in the disordered German retreat.

Despite a most bitter resistance, victorious Allied armies were still advancing over reconquered territory. The great citadel of Rheims not only had not been taken; it stood safer than ever. And the threat of a march on Paris was indefinitely postponed.

Initiative Passes to Allies

Above all, the initiative had passed to the Allies. Only a fortnight before, the German military critics had been boasting that the Allied Allies could never resume the initiative. They explained, "whoever says initiative, says victory."

Ten days after the launching of the German offensive on which enemy military leaders had spent a month in preparation and on which they based such high hopes, the German Army had some 40 divisions of his army caught in a narrow and steadily narrowing pocket—what was left of the bold salient he had thrust down between Soissons and Rheims in May. On three sides of this pocket, French, British, Italian and American troops were attacking, pounding mercilessly on German lines that had already receded at some places to a depth of 14 kilometers.

This pocket is almost as difficult to leave as it is dangerous to occupy, for a large part of its densely crowded area swept by the Allied artillery, and its railroad line from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry was soon crossed and cut by the advancing Franco-American troops.

narrow Path Through Center

This left only a narrow, insufficient path down the center of the pocket—at best a pitifully insufficient corridor for the retreat of the German divisions, and for the reinforcement and adequate supply of the pocketed divisions, and now a corridor incessantly bombarded by the French, British and American aviators.

As the news of the turn of the tide reached Berlin, the observers at that city, and the military observers everywhere, by expatiating on the fact that in the first rush of their drive, they had succeeded in crossing the Marne and establishing a strong bridge-head on its southern bank. Their journals dwell lovingly on that fact in their issues of July 15.

The very next day, the last living un-captured German had vanished from the southern bank of the Marne, and the pontoon bridges swung across its waters during the next two days were Allied bridges. At many places the avil chorus of the German soldiers was played by the numbers of the American soldiers.

On Sunday, French and American soldiers were marching through the ruins of Chateau-Thierry and the American communiqué of Tuesday night told how our troops that were swarming over the Marne had gained possession of Jauronne, the last village whose capture promised some of the most savage encounters of that first June day when the hurrying Yankees took a hand in the fighting in this sector.

Failure Becomes Disaster

It was on July 15 that what had appeared up to then to be merely an historic German failure was turned with dramatic swiftness into an historic German disaster.

It was on July 18, while Ludendorff was trying as best he could to make good on his promise that the Germans had gained between Rheims and the Marne, that General Foch suddenly appeared on the front between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry with an unexpected army of French and American troops.

began. It was the first appearance of the American soldier in the Allied offensive. It was the first major Allied offensive since the arrival of the A.E.F. At many points in the line which dipped down from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry and up from there to Rheims, American units were engaged. They were in the thick of it. Where they were, the fighting was hottest.

Exultant and Swift Advance
The advance of the infantry was exultant and swift. With tanks ahead of them and their own guns behind them, they went over the top singing. Up hill and down, across fields, across streams, across ravines, the infantry moved, driving the enemy before them, moving so fast that once a private found himself leading a platoon far in advance of his line and had to fight his way back. They moved so fast that sometimes they didn't bother to take their prisoners back. They just chased them. They didn't stop to load the machine guns couldn't keep up with them. They set a fearful pace for those following loyally with ammunition and supplies.

The various American regimental and brigade P.C.'s, the field hospitals and the other points which served and sustained the doughboys had the novel and exciting experience of moving forward three times in 48 hours. The running toilers of the Signal Corps, what with the pace of the infantry and the thunder of the barrage, found work in the forward area an impossible task during the first few days.

Messages had to be sent on their way by the T.P.'s or ground telegraphy, and by that ancient and honorable institution—the runner of the battlefield. The runners covered themselves with glory and one of them made spectacular distance by carrying a German bicycle and taking it for his own.

The craving for speed was contagious, and many a time when a French cavalryman would fall, you would see a Yankee make a leap for the horse, mount it at a running jump and go charging ahead with a strange, heathenish battle cry all his own.

Enemy's Guns Used
German battery commanders were seized and sent to the rear. When a Yankee gun would be put out of business, a German gun and German ammunition would be pressed into service in its place. And there were enough un-battered German guns and unexploded German ammunition left behind in the front to keep busy all the extra artillerymen the Americans could muster.

As the pressure was applied on the western side of the pocket, so it was applied also from the south and the east, and the yielding enemy withdrew from Chateau-Thierry on the morning of the 27th.

The French and American troops that moved through the town that day and the next found the French and American flags flying from the masts. Here and there in the ruined streets an American soldier or fragment of an American flag was found as mute monuments of the men who died in those streets that first day the German offensive was halted in early June.

YANKES RECKON BOCHE CAPTIVES BY THE THOUSAND

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neck by a German machine gun and, thus wounded, he was taken prisoner. He was borne off into an easily defended, well-entrenched position where a German machine gun company lay in wait for the Yankees who swept by them and far beyond.

As the day wore on, these Germans saw that they were trapped, but they also saw that they could make their captors pay a heavy price for their final submission.

A Wild Looking Envoy
Sergeant Korzis, who like most restaurants, speaks a smattering of half a dozen languages, drew on all the German he knew for an eloquent harangue that carried the day. Early in the afternoon they decided to surrender and sent him forth to negotiate their safe passage to the rear.

With his wound dressed but still painful, with mud and blood all over him, he was a wild-looking envoy when he ran into some French soldiers, who decided he was a spy and were all for shooting him then and there.

He distressed them from this drastic action, pursued and caught up with some stray Americans from his own outfit, laid the case before them, and led by one Corporal Wiley, they went over for the formal surrender.

There was one nervous, excited exchange of shots between a party of four Yankee machine gunners and one distrustful Yankee before the whole 250 marched out of the ravine and were escorted by the sergeant to regimental headquarters.

There his own officers, present as the sergeant and had him sent back in the ambulance to the field hospital. His wound had been well dressed by a German surgeon, who later became one of his prisoners.

One grizzled sergeant was somewhat taken aback when 75 forlorn German youngsters he had captured began to snivel dejectedly. The sergeant appeared loudly for the help of someone who could talk Boche. "Tell 'em not to worry," he said. "Tell 'em no one's going to hurt them. Tell 'em they've never been so well off in all their lives."

German Officers as Litter Bearers
Many German first-aid stations, stacked with fine equipment, fell into American hands, and a German lieutenant, attended by a large train of German medical corps orderlies, were among the captives of one regiment. They were promptly put to work under an American medical corps major. All day they dressed the wounds of the injured German prisoners, and when one of these was able to stand, they worked expertly on the Yankees whom German shells and German machine guns had wounded.

Indeed, many of the prisoners had no sooner been taken than they were put to work as litter bearers. The regimental aid stations had plenty of work for them to do, and, as a German lieutenant, it was his duty to protest that in the rush of things, he, an officer, had actually been required to carry a common litter.

One Medical Department private who had worked tirelessly with the wounded and impressed every man with his hands on, after the business of carrying hurt Yankees and the hurt Germans to the doctors, was up to his neck in this work when a German major expostulated him beyond measure by refusing flatly to sell his hands with such menial service. "I am an officer," he explained coolly. The private brandished an ominous dagger he had just acquired as a souvenir. "Officer, hell!" he said. The major carried the litter.



HOSPITALS TAKE ELEVEN ORPHANS; EIGHT FOR NO. 1
Week's Orders of 20 Put Total Within Reach of 400 Mark

WHISTLEVILLE TOOTS IN
And Somebody Else Announces That He's Discovered a Real Red-Headed Kid

TAKEN THIS WEEK
Nurses of Base Hosp. No. 5 (No. 1) Harvard, U.S.A. 1
Hospital Order, Mars-sur-Allier, 1
Lt. Stanley P. Smith, A.S. 1
Co. A, 1st Engrs, G.H.Q. 1
Enlisted Ord. Detach., Base Hosp. 1
Detach. 1st Engrs, 1st Whistleville 1
The Women's Club, Laramie, Wyo. 1
Base Hosp. No. 46 1
Detach. 1st Engrs, 1st Whistleville 1
Co. G, 1st Engrs, 1st Whistleville 1
Bakery Co. No. 1 1
Mrs. Charles E. Hillwood Myers, Philadelphia, Pa. 1
Previously adopted 370
Total 390

Twenty fatherless French children found godfathers under THE STARS AND STRIPES plan this week, running the total of the A.E.F. orphan family up to 390 and putting it within easy striking distance of the 400 mark.
It was Hospital No. 1, of the score of children adopted, for the period of a year, 11 were taken by hospitals, and of these 11 the personnel of Base Hospital No. 1 became the parents of eight, equaling the mark set by Base Hospital No. 8 and qualifying for honorable mention for distinguished orphan service.
"We had to take care of our time," wrote Base Hospital No. 1, "but if you will devote just a minute to the enclosed check, you will see that it is for 2,500 francs. It is the first payment for eight orphans. The remaining 700 francs will be coming your way about pay day."
"We didn't know how many to take at first, but finally decided that if Base Hospital No. 8 was taking a bunch, we ought to have one for every day of the week, with a couple for Sunday. So here you are."

Nothing to Do but Work
"Way back here in the S.O.S., we haven't had any chance to get into the limelight because we haven't done anything except work. But if you'll address the photographs of the children to Vichy, the mail man ought to know where to bring them."

Following Base Hospital No. 1 came the nurses of Base Hospital No. 5. The enlisted men of Base Hospital No. 5 adopted two children a few weeks ago and the nurses decided they wanted an orphan, too. They chose a boy. Women always do.

Then came the hospital center at Mars-sur-Allier and Base Hospital No. 46. While the French and Americans were observing Bastille Day, July 14, the personnel of Base Hospital No. 46 got busy and voted to commemorate the day.

From the "top of the Rockies," the Women's Club of Laramie, Wyo., sent 700 francs to adopt an orphan in honor of "the horse of Wyoming."
It isn't because the trains whistle there that 13 Engineers, Ry., detached for duty just back of the line, all the town they are quartered in "Whistleville." As a matter of fact, it isn't considered healthy for the trains to whistle at Whistleville, because, if they do, the whistles start to do some whistling, too. Whistleville is called Whistleville in honor of the lieutenant in charge of the detached 13-Lieut. W. E. Whisler.

Anyhow, the 13 whistle-loss railroaders of Whistleville made a pro rata assessment and gathered 700 francs for a war orphan, although they're wondering how they did it. Dividing 13 into 700 and making sense out of it is our idea of a tough war.

On the Red-Headed Trail
And here is some news for the fellows who wanted a red-headed orphan. We're on the trail of one. That is, Private D. Donnell has written from the S.O.S. about a red-headed girl and the Red Cross is looking her up. She isn't really an orphan, but, as near as Private Donnell can find out, her father was crippled at the front and was discharged, and is now in jail for larceny committed after he returned home.
"I don't know the details," says Private Donnell, "but I do know that there is no bread-winner in the house. If the case is considered worthy by the Red Cross, the little girl—she is only two—will be included in the list of children for adoption, and there will be a red-headed child for someone.
She didn't steal anything—even if her father did."

JEWISH COMMITTEE HERE TO HELP A.E.F.
Huts Will Be Erected in Localities Which Have Not Been Reached

With a view to rendering effective the contemplated activities of the Jewish Board for Welfare Work in France, and co-ordinating the services along the lines already established by the Y.M.C.A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army and other kindred auxiliary bodies, a committee representing the Jewish Board for Welfare Work has arrived in France, and will engage immediately in the work of looking into conditions in order that the board's plans may be put into operation.
The war work of the Independent Jewish Association has been recognized for religious, social and recreational work in the Army camps in the United States, and it is the plan of the Jewish Welfare Board to erect buildings in France in order that the religious and social welfare of Jewish soldiers in the A.E.F. may be promoted.
The movement will be conducted along lines similar to those in vogue in the S.T. camps of the association in the United States, and there will be a corps of chaplains to supervise the activities.
In order to prevent duplication of effort, buildings will not be erected in places where the Y.M.C.A. and K. of C. are already established. The plan is to erect buildings in localities heretofore unworked. Jewish chaplains will be attached to encampments where the Y.M.C.A. and K. of C. structures are available.
Congressman Isaac Spiegel of New York is chairman of the Jewish Board for Welfare Work Committee in France. The other members are Dr. H. G. Enclow, of the Temple Emmanuel of New York; Dr. Jacob Kohn, Rabbi Congregation Anshe Chesed, New York City; and John Gold-linar, executive secretary.
The committee has established temporary headquarters at the Hotel Regina, Paris, to which all communications relative to the board's activities should be addressed.

70 PER CENT OF Y.M. SUPPLIES FOR FRONT
Smokes and Eats Reach Advancing Troops Ahead of Commissary

Seventy per cent of the Y.M.C.A.'s supplies of smoking and eating material will be sent to combat troops as long as American units are in the line. The remaining 30 per cent will go to the S.O.S. The proportion has been definitely decided on and is already being put into effect.
The Y.M. has demoralized its own transport service during the past two weeks of lively fighting in order to fill every available truck, camion and camoulette with supplies for men at the front. Supplies have been carried in this manner as near to the advancing front as conditions would permit, and then transported to the men by jacks taken up to the line by Y. M. secretaries.

Smokes, Chocolate, Cookies
The material has been given away to the troops in the line and also to the wounded who have arrived back at the field hospitals.

Special supplies wanted at the front are smokes, chocolate and cookies, and the Y.M. has expedited their delivery to the front and some of the more rapidly advanced troops in the present advance have been reached before their own commissaries were able to catch up with them.

FIELD CLERKS' PAY CHANGE
Army field clerks have lost their per diem allowance by the terms of a bill signed by President Wilson on July 9. The act does not apply to field clerks, Q.M.C.

Army field clerks will receive, however, the continuation of quarters allowance pay check in the Quartermaster Corps, which is the same as that allowed a second lieutenant. They will also receive the foreign service increase of 10 per cent in their pay.
In future, Army field clerks traveling on Government business will receive the mileage rate allowed commissioned officers—that is, seven cents a mile.
The total of all these changes will result in a slight reduction in the Army field clerk's monthly check.

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ONE MAN AND A BATTLE 60 MILES LONG

When a battle stretches away along a front of more than 60 miles, when a battle which marks a turning point in the history of the world is still bitterly waged, no living man can tell its tale. But one who has been in the thick of it can tell at least what he did and saw and heard.

If on Saturday evening, along a narrow path that skirted a fantastic forest of giant trees not far from the Ourcq, you had been watching from the opposite side of the ravine, you might have seen an unforgettable panorama of a regiment of Yankee Infantry. The slanting light of the setting sun was reflected by their helmets as this scarred and victorious regiment came trudging wearily, happily towards the first sleep it had known for three nights.

If you had sat down under the trees with any one of them or listened to this or that group telling its adventures till long after dark settled over the forest, you would have learned more of the battle than all the maps and pieces by military experts will ever tell you.

If by chance you had found yourself in company with a young sergeant, who is the gas non-com of his outfit, and if later you had sat down with him to eat your stum, you might, with a little prodding, have drawn forth his rambling reminiscence of the 72 hours he had just lived through.

This then is the story of a sergeant who prefaced his tale by saying that, after all, he had not had much to do with the fight.

It was late Wednesday, just before sundown, that we knew we were going into an attack. The day before—that was Tuesday, the 19th, wasn't it?—we had suddenly pulled up stakes, piled into trucks and started off for somewhere, we didn't know where.

We were going along roads we didn't know through a countryside we'd never seen before. The boys were all singing and kidding because they thought, most of them, that they were going into a rest area. They wanted to do nothing in the world except sleep for about a week. Lord knows, they'd earned it.

We had traveled all that night and all the next day before we ran into some Frenchies, who fell on our necks. They told us there was to be a big advance the next morning and that we were going in, too. They told us it was to be an advance on a 50 kilometer front all the way from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry.

We laughed at those wild prophets, but a little farther on we saw a lot of French tanks trundling ahead as if they meant business. You should have heard the roar at the sight of them. You could hear the bunch passing the word along. "Oh, hell, there's going to be another party."

Armies-Fill the Road

I don't think I can ever tell you what the roads were like that Wednesday night. It seemed to us as if all the soldiers from all the nations in the world were moving, moving, moving. There were French lancers, French of many a uniform, Japs and doughboys, doughboys, doughboys—horses snorting, drivers coaxing, cursing, doughboys laughing—tanks, ammunition trains, ambulances, supply trains, mules, horses water carts, wheels, wheels, wheels, guns, guns, guns—all creeping along in the mud and the dust and the rain—all creeping over little, rot-

ten, twisting country roads that climbed hills and dipped down into valleys, roads all cut up by shell holes that hadn't been mended since Joan of Arc advanced along them.

There never was such a jam since the world began—all in darkness so black you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. We could hear, we could feel the nightmare confusion. We couldn't see it except when a flare of lightning lit up the whole country just for a second and then went out and left the blackness blacker than ever.

I passed a colonel, a brigade commander, I think, fresh from a hospital in Paris, trying hard to have his car weave in and out through the traffic in the hopes he could reach his outfit in time for the night. I stretched away so far I knew that those Frenchies had been right. It must be a big advance, an advance all along the line.

All along our platoon you could hear the bunch chucking and whispering and getting set—and some of them were singing over so softly, I remember hearing "Foggy Harvard." Yes, and "Old Nassau." And a lieutenant was humming "My Little Girl."

Then, at 4:30 sharp, the barrage opened. From the sound of it, I think all the guns, big and little, French and American, from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry went off in the same moment.

They were told that that was just what happened, that the watches were synchronized. These guns spoke as if a single hand had fired a single gun—the biggest gun the world had ever known. I have been under the guns or within sight of them every day and every night since March or pretty nearly. I thought, I knew what gunfire was, but I never knew real gunfire before.

One Minute More

It was 4:34. I could see the captain crossing himself and saying a little prayer to himself. Come to think of it, he wasn't a Catholic, as far as I know. But it doesn't matter. I suppose we all crossed ourselves mentally.

And the 4:35! Zero! The time to begin! And we began. Oh, boy, you should have seen the way that platoon went over the top — as pretty a line as ever you saw. I could hear the sergeant swearing like a demon at them. "Right dress, there, or dirty, lousy doughboys; right dress, or I'll drill your damned feet off when I get you back in camp! Right dress!"

And so we went, with a rolling barrage to clear the path. I don't know much what happened next, except the rush and only Germans hiding in dugouts, Germans at machine guns trying to stop us.

A raving was our last objective and we landed there breathless and not just the worse for wear. A moment later and I could hear the colonel's voice behind us: "Is this Company K? Good work—great work—keep it up!"

We kept it up—ten kilometers before midnight. Maybe it was 12. Things aren't very clear in my mind—the order of things. You may remember we had already been two nights without sleep and almost without food and water.

I circulated a good deal. That was my job, to keep in touch with the captain and do liaison work for him each time he established a P.C. I did—until they killed him. Then we sort of wandered about doing what we could. There to lead us in the second rush, through a rotten swamp, that I lost my cane—my

lucky cane. A French Jann had given it to me, and I never was without it. I carried it on all our battlefields. I carried it this time—and lost it. I can hear the lieutenant now. "Sergeant," he said, with a funny look, "where's your cane?" And I knew what he was thinking and he knew what he was thinking.

It couldn't have been much after six when I got my first prisoners—four of them lying limp on a pile of wire, playing possum. I just tapped one of them on the shoulder. "Come on, Heinie." And they came—like lambs.

Once, when an open wheat field was crowded with, one bunch that you couldn't see, the wheat, the Boche planes came after us—came in strong, I think, and shot us up pretty badly.

Roping a Major General

We opened up on them with our rifles, and we brought two down. Yet they said the day of the rifle was over! I haven't any sharpshooter's medal, but I joined up with a bunch that was taking pot shots at some machine gunners in the woods, and the old rifles seemed to work pretty well.

That night there was gas in a town we took, and that meant plenty of work and some waste hours spent in the masks. It was the next morning, Friday morning, that we captured the major general. They say that's what he was. I don't know myself.

As a matter of fact, when a dozen of us finally got down into his dugout, which was deep as a well with several flights of steps, there were French soldiers from three different outfits, and there were three of our regiments represented in the dozen. That shows you how things got mixed up in that hell-hole.

He was very tall—the general—and he was standing with his great cap drawn around him when we stumbled in on him. He rose and went up the steps and out without saying anything.

As he walked along, a little doughboy sitting by the roadside was smoking the main's. The big prisoner stopped dead short, reached under his cape, drew out a gold cigarette case, put a cigarette to his lips, bent over and took a light from the doughboy. Then, with never a word, he stepped back into line and marched away. The doughboy was left sitting by the road, his cigarette hanging loose between his fingers, his mouth wide open.

A Stray German Shell

It was that day, Friday, that we passed the German aviation field with the hangars all burned in the wake of their retreat. It was that afternoon, in a little town ten kilometers from Chateau-Thierry, that a stray German shell caught a group of us standing in the little court.

It was about 4 in the afternoon, and the officers and men of several outfits had come together to hold a hurried council. Some of us—15, I think—were killed outright. Some were wounded, badly wounded. Some of us were merely knocked flat. I was merely knocked flat.

But the major was hurt and the captain—my captain and one of the best men that ever walked—they killed him. He didn't suffer, I think. He was conscious only a minute before he died. But he knew me. "Goodbye, Jack," he said—just that—and died, with me bending over him. He had been a wonderful friend to me.

We didn't have much time to think about it—those of us who weren't hurt.

Going Over on the Double

One outfit got held up several hours, had to stand there fretting and fuming and cursing, and then later had to double time across a pitch-black country to get to the front line in time to go over with the barrage.

We were hungry and thirsty. When a whole army races over the hills and far away, they are pretty apt to get separated from their kitchens. I will say that some of the outfits got hot breakfast in the front line Friday morning. That means the supply boys worked like the devil, I can tell you. But that Wednesday night we had nothing except iron rations since we started, and hard-tack sure makes you crazy with thirst.

In the woods that evening—a sort of wild enchanted forest, it was, like the places in Andersen's fairy tales—we got a little rest and a little water. It came from the water carts and we filled our canteens. Those of us that had any sense kept a little for use later on. It was just as well, for there were only two wells in all the sector we took. I was pretty busy checking up the gas masks. That was my job, you know. A good many of the bunch had lost theirs. They always do. I had none to give them, so I confiscated—well, stole—some French gas masks and passed them around.

Even Light Packs Go

It must have been about midnight when the order came to chuck everything, even our light packs, and start on. That shows what a hurry we were in.

I don't remember much about that part, we were so tired. There's no way I can tell you how tired we were. I saw one lieutenant, game as he could be, sensible and think of three times before he finally laid him out on the side of the road. Just exhaustion, that's all. I could see the major himself—he was wounded afterwards—standing in the ditch by the road passing out ammunition with his own hands. There's a prince for you—that major.

I remember we marched along the roads in darkness and wondered when the artillery preparation would begin. We knew the guns were on hand because we could see them, big guns, powerful, silent and waiting. We never guessed there wasn't going to be any artillery preparation at all. A little later we met the French guides, waiting for us in the mud and the dust and the rain—all creeping over little, rot-

BACK FROM PATROL, HE'S A SECOND LOOT

Newly-Made Shavetails Find No Roses Strewn in Path

How would you feel if you had been out in No Man's Land all night as a sergeant in charge of a patrol: if you had been almost bludgeoned by a couple of hand grenades flung at you by mistake by your own men: if they told you, on reaching your platoon headquarters way up forward, tired, dirty, and very much in favor of going to sleep right there, that there were "further orders" for you: and you found out that those orders made you—you, all fagged out and muddy and everything—into a real live second lieutenant?

The course of events just outlined above actually happened to one of a batch of 1,200 odd newly appointed shavetails. Then, on top of that night, they made him march in full kit from 3:30 until 7:30 in the morning in order to reach a headquarters further back in time to get transportation and things to a place where he could get outfitted. Another man took his place at dusk in an observation post up front. Soon after he was treated to a shower of Boche 77 shells, one kerplunking by him and his companions every three minutes. He was then a sergeant, and a newly made sergeant at that. He stayed a sergeant all of that anxious night—that is, as far as he knew. Then, when he crawled out the following morning and made his way to the P.C., he reported to be tagged and told, "You're a loot, you are; good work!" And oh, boy! Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

Trouble Hunters Show Their Worth When Drive Opens

Trained at Camp Upton

This particular batch of 1,200 odd sprouters of gold bars represent the product of the "First Officers' Training Camp," held at Camp Upton, back home early this year. Nearly three-quarters of them were picked from the ranks of the troops training at Upton, some of the remainder being drawn from civil life. The latter class received the pay and allowances of privates, first class. It wasn't until June 3 that they were made sergeants, and not until a few days ago that their commissions came through.

They had a pretty fast record, also, in that the school ended on April 5, and on April 6 they set sail for France. It wasn't long after that they got into the line, and put to practical use the things they had learned in training camp. And, whether or not Fritz was wise to what was going on, it is significant that, on the very day when they were called away on their last full-marching-order hike with rifles and all, Fritz attacked five times on the very front which they had just left.

All of Fritz's attacks, it may be added, were busted up in orthodox style by the American artillery.

BARGE LINE ON MISSISSIPPI

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 25.—A Government barge line will begin to operate on the Mississippi River in September. It will have 100 barges and 20 tug-boats according to present plans, and will carry a million and a quarter tons of freight.

OLD O.D. MADE OVER FOR OUR PRISONERS

Torn, Stained Uniforms to Be Patched and Dyed for Boche

You remember that old uniform of yours that you turned in when you came out of the line—the old one, all over slum and tobacco stains on the front and grass stains on the rear, with the sleeve ripped when you tried to wrestle with your bunk mate and the pants torn when you were in too much of a hurry to get through the wire?

A sight, wasn't it? And you thought that when they handed you out a new one that you'd never see the old one again?

But you may, though. No, it won't be issued back to you or to any of your gang. When you see it again, it will be fairly well patched and dyed green, and worn by a rather beery-weary looking person, presumably blond, who will be trudging along the road or working by the side of it with some others all rigged up the same way.

You will hardly know the old uniform. The blouse will have a large, stenciled "P.W." in the middle of the back. The pants will have a large stenciled "P.W." covering the large and (presumably) mottled area beneath. And the "P.W." stands for "Prisoner of War."

Trouble Hunters Show Their Worth When Drive Opens

Continued from Page 1

gaged doing it, were all picked special. None of them had proved they could do anything under the sun in the trouble line before they left the States, and who were now proving that they could keep it up under conditions not exactly like those under which American trouble men had ever worked before.

They all volunteered for the work, and every man of them knew what it meant. They worked in pairs, and sometimes one, sometimes both, were struck at their task. The order in which they were to go out was on a roster, and the only difficulty was to prevent them from squeezing in ahead of their turns.

Flanked by Germans

Four Signal Corps men, a sergeant and a corporal among them, and 15 Infantrymen were in a front-line trench when the Germans came romping in on both sides. The 19 Yanks were apparently caught—flanked on both sides, with no means of escape in the rear.

The only clear spot was forward, out toward the river, from which the enemy was advancing. So the 19 went forward. They reached the shelter of a railway embankment and the Germans, 150 strong, occupied the trench.

\$15,000,000 TO YALE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 25.—John W. Sterling, whose name is hardly known to the present generation of New Yorkers, has left \$15,000,000 to Yale. Governor Elliot Yale, whose name Yale took more than 200 years ago, gave the infant college only \$900, or something under \$4,500.

Mr. Sterling's bequest is one of the greatest lump gifts ever made to an American university.

Yale's productive funds in 1916 were less than \$10,000,000.

Mr. Sterling organized the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and was personal attorney for H. H. Rogers, James J. Hill, James Stillman, William Rockefeller, Lord Strathcona, and Lord Mount Stephen. He graduated from Yale in 1864.

HOTEL FAVART

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Artistic Portraits. 40% reduction on usual prices.

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ATHLETES MAKE BEST FIGHTERS

That's why we know that the big lot of Taylor Athletic Equipment sent to the troops is in good hands. In one order, some 40,000 sets of Taylor's following in competition with all other makes:

- 59,750 Taylor League Base Balls
- 500 Taylor Basket Balls
- 1,200 Taylor Foot Balls
- 3,500 Taylor Baseball Gloves
- 1,500 Taylor Mitts
- 1,500 Taylor Bladders

Here's the glad hand, boys, and I wish, with all my heart, I were there with you. If I can do anything for you let me know. Alex. Taylor

HOTEL CONTINENTAL

3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

DRUG STORE

REQUISITES FROM ROBERTS & CO AMERICAN DRUGGISTS. PARIS, 5 Rue de la Paix, PARIS.

The "1st 13"

A limited number of complete files of the first thirteen issues of THE STARS AND STRIPES are now available. Owing to the great demand for this valuable collection it was necessary to reprint several issues, thereby increasing the cost of the set to 10 francs. Send a 10-franc note or postal money order (\$2 from U.S.A.), and the bundle will be mailed to any address in the Allied World. Address:

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All Soldiers and Sailors received and welcomed by The Catholic Army Bn. Assn. of Canada. The Catholic Women's League of England.

MARK TIME!

EVERY now and again the Allies in the field—on the march—arrive at a marking-time period. Leave is rather easier to obtain—and a brief trip to London comes within the bounds of possibility. When you come over—no matter where you may be staying—remember that for Luncheon, Dinner, Tea, or Dinner, there is no better rendezvous in the West End than the

ELYSEE RESTAURANT,

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YOU DEFY RAIN WIND MUD SNOW

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WEEK ON TRANSPORT JUST LIKE OLD DAYS

Corporal Bill Wins Prize by Telling All That Happened

GOBS GROWING FUNNIER

All the Ancient Jokes and Lots of New Ones Help to Kid Men in O.D.

On board the U.S.S. (?), 25th June, 1918.

Dear Friend Karl,—It is now a week since I first set foot on one of Uncle Sam's transports, so I thought I'd use up some of my time writing you a letter and telling you what a time I am having.

When we started out for the transport we found out how considerate the Gen. was for us. While we were in camp we were quarantined, so he had us leave when it was dark so that we wouldn't see the towns and feel sore because we wasn't allowed in it. It also saved us from sunburn and being sunstruck, this night march did.

Before we were put on the transport we were put on an excursion boat (of course we were crowded, but that stopped a lot of fellows from seeing anything, which prevented homesickness) and given an hour ride in the harbor.

When we finally arrived at the transport everyone wanted to be first on board.

Well, my company was first, and we were all glad, but I knew there was some catch in it or else we would not have been first.

There was, just as I thought. The first company on had to go down furthest in the ship, and that's why we were first, I guess.

When we saw it we got sore, but I'm sure we did not say anything we could be court-martialed for.

Didn't Like Chambermaid

There was an ensign or admiral or something detailed to our sleeping quarters to show us where we were to sleep and to act as chambermaid. But we didn't like the way he acted, so we dismissed him when we knew where our bunks were.

The man who built our bunks sure didn't want us to be lonesome at night when the lights went out, because he made sure to put us close together. Why, he built them so close that if I stretch my legs, I've got to make excuses to my fellows who claim that I try to push them out of bed.

I have a top bunk, and the first thing that struck me when I got into it was an artistically white painted solid iron beam. I hit it with my thinker, and every time I put my Stetson on I remember the beam. Of course, my lump on my head will soon go away, I know for a fact. Why, it is only half as large as it was one week ago.

They are afraid of the ship getting filled with water, so they left the springs out of our bunks.

We aren't allowed to smoke, but every cot has its pipe. That was a joke, didn't laugh?

It is a tough job to go to sleep here, and the Gen. knows it, so he has us start a half hour before sunset so that we are asleep by 4 a.m., when he wakes us up.

Just Water and Sky

Anyhow, the boys are all happy, and every night when the lights out, about eight, harmony quartets sing us to sleep.

The first day out we amused ourselves by watching the ships and the changing color of the water, but on the second day we only had the water and sky to look at, which was tiresome.

On the third day the Germans did their best to start something with their subs, but our gunners were rather cruel to us, because they sunk one before we all saw it, and scared the rest of them away.

Every day we have some music handed to us by the band, because the authorities believe that it takes wine, woman and song to make a soldier happy. Realizing this, they gave us everything but the wine and woman.

We also had church service, and it was well attended by those who wanted to be there, those who had nowhere else to go, and those who were caught in the crowd.

We are drilled every meat time. We get two a day, and eat them on the double so that we will know how to do it when we start for Berlin, and then we won't have to stop for meals.

I miss the candy most, and every day there is a regular subway crowd near the canteen trying to get the much desired sweets.

Decks, Decks and Then Decks

Every day we have a few minutes in which to see how fast we can run up the stairs so that we can get on deck if a sub presents us with an honest-to-goodness torpedo and gives us a bath.

There are more decks on this ship than there are articles of war for us to obey. A fellow said that we must get our water on the well deck, so I tried, and think he was kidding, because I couldn't find any wells or faucets either. There is another deck that they call the hot deck, but it's the same as any other one, and hasn't even a canoe on it.

The forecastle don't look like a castle either, and don't leave anyone tell you it does, 'cause I know different.

I thought they sent messages by crows like we do pigeons, because a fellow said there was going to be a crow's nest. But it is only a big box on the end of a pole where a fellow sits and watches for land. Gee, they have some funny names for things, don't they?

I heard some sailors say the gun watch was broke, so I didn't want to see a sub come and get me, so I told a fellow I know who can fix watches. He went up and wanted to fix it, but they wouldn't let him. They said it would be all right when they got paid. Then they laughed at me. Some people are never grateful.

Saw some fishing fish today, and heard that they built their nests on the rollers and feed on the crust of the waves. I didn't see any nests, so I ain't sure yet.

I was looking for some seaweed fields, but a sailor said they spoiled them all when they built the steamer lanes for these here boats.

I am getting tired of seeing nothing but ocean and sky. It must be easy to run a transport. All we have done since we left was follow the fellow in front of us.

I was told our company must eat in 20 minutes, so I will close now because the captain will get sore if I don't eat when he says I should. I will write more some day soon. So long.

Yours truly, BNL (Corp.).

P.S.—If you ever join the Army, join

ONE OF OUR OWN HEAVIES



as an officer, because they don't have to leave the boat until last, and it sure is tough to be the first to get out.

The chaplain of Infantry who sent in the above letter wrote as follows: "Permit me to submit the prize-winning letter which took first place in a large field of contestants while our organization was crossing the Atlantic. Six money prizes, contributed from the chaplain's fund, were given after the unanimous decision of three judges, a brigadier general, a British captain, and a naval ensign. The theme given by the chaplain for the men to write upon was, 'One Week on an Army Transport,' and no less than 500 words could be written nor more than 1,000. 'Human interest' was the only point of excellence to decide as to who the winners were. The whole contest served to relieve the monotony of a sea voyage, and the judges stocked up with laughs to last them for the entire campaign."—Editor.

A.E.F. FACES IN FUTURE

(A few little scenes after the war, back home.)

"Mr. Smith, this is Mr. Blanken-camp."

"Glad to know you."

"Glad to know you." Say! Your name is awfully familiar. Didn't you serve with the Marines over at—?"

"Why, yes?"

"And didn't you once lend me a light when I was all out of briquet juice and happened to be going by your diggings with an unlit pipe in my face?"

"Seems to me I do remember a mutt with a phiz like yours, straying up in our neck of the woods one morning looking like a lost soul; yes, I remember swapping addresses with him after lighting his stove for him. So you're it, are you?"

"I am that—shake!"

"Shake!"

"Mr. Brown, here's a man I'd like to have you meet—Mr. Passbuck."

"Hi—Mr. Passbuck, glad to know ya! He's see—Passbuck, Passbuck? Name's awfully familiar. Weren't you down at Jenesispas in the spring of 1917?"

"Yes, yes!"

"And weren't you third assistant deputy quartermaster down there?"

"Yes; why? Were you there, too?"

"For awhile. And I also remember some conversation with a young lieutenant who was trying to palm off a ton of condemned birdrack on my poor overworked and over-cared outfit."

"He didn't know it was condemned at the time, sir; honestly, he didn't!"

"I remember I told that young squirt to go to hell."

"You did, sir, and with all the variations." But he hasn't gone yet!"

"So I see. Well, let's forget it. What is it you want to sell me now?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Say, excuse me for butting in, but I've seen you some place before."

"Where? In France?"

"Sure, that's just what it was."

"You were doing M.P. work up at Beauville just before the push, weren't you?"

"All of that?"

"Yes, all of that. And you didn't like the way I had my ornament pinned on to my overseas, and you said something about it, and I asked you where in the name of time you got that stuff, and we had quite a talk. Don't you remember me?"

"None, old-timer; sorry to say I don't. I pulled in so many guys up there I couldn't possibly remember 'em all. So you were one of 'em, eh?"

"Youse! Got anything to say now about the way I've got my derby on?"

"Hello, there, old scout! You don't get me all, do you? Don't you remember slipping me a swig out of your canteen up at Bloo-bloo one awful hot day in the June of 1918?"

"Seems to me there was a guy somewhat like you up there, at that. I thought there was something about you I recognized."

"We had to move on so darn quick I didn't get your name or even have a chance to say thanks, or a thing. But I always swore that if I met that bird back in the States, I'd pay him back in something better than plain eau. Will you stop inside?"

"Thanks; I don't mind if I do."

ONE FOR THE CRITIC

In a certain French city they still tell the yarn about a veteran major of the Medical Reserve who, in the summer of 1917, during his first months of service in France, ardently devoted considerable of his time to his newly-found French acquaintances and their tastes for art. In a Burgundy museum the major was being escorted by a coterie of native military officers and his daughter, a civilian in the service. The daughter had accumulated the elementary lingo necessary to conversation. The father wished to express his admiration for a famous replica in bas-relief. He turned to the young woman and whispered: "What shall I say to show I think it's pretty?" And the daughter whispered something hurriedly into his ear. With something of a well-ordered expression of profound joy, the American officer beamed on his French host and then, thrusting both arms at the work on the wall, cried: "Ah, pomme de terre, pomme de terre."

SURE TO OPEN UP ON HIM

"Thin: Walk across that field with you? I should say not!"

"Fat: Whassamatter? Ah! I fit company?"

"Thin: Yes, but that Hun siffage will take you for a whole platoon."

"Say, cook, got anything to eat?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say we had anything to eat, but we can give you a kifful of slum."

FUEL ALLOWANCES LAID DOWN BY G.H.Q.

Wood to Be Used Where Practical to Save Coal and Coke

"There'll be a hot time in the old town, but not too hot. G.H.Q. says please not. The utmost necessity exists for economy in the use of fuel, and all commanding officers will be held strictly accountable for conserving the supply. Further than that, wood is to be used where practicable in preference to coal or coke.

Here are the authorized allowances: For troops not in trenches: Summer period (April 1 to October 1) Coal: 1 1/2 lb. per man per day, OR Wood: 2 lb. per man per day. Winter period (October 1 to April 1) Coal: 1 1/2 lb. per man per day, AND Wood: 2 1/2 lb. per man per day. Please note that OR and AND. There's a difference.

For men in the trenches the allowances are as follows: Summer period—Coke: 2 lb. per man per day AND Charcoal: 1/2 lb. per man per day. Winter period—Coke: 3 lb. per man per day AND Charcoal: 1 lb. per man per day.

All these issues are to be regarded as covering cooking (including indoor kitchen mess ranges and field ranges) and warming buildings occupied as billets, for washing, etc., except a few special places, such as laundries and baths, which have their own fuel allowances. The order also warns against the use of coke or charcoal in unventilated quarters. In such cases they emit a gas that can do as much damage as the flame's own. They are to be used only in the open and in well ventilated quarters.

GREEN AS THEY MAKE 'EM

Rankings: Hasn't been over here very long, has he? Linkins: Long? Why, he doesn't know the difference between a Croix de Guerre and the Mexican service stripe.

"Say, feller, where's the field kitchen?" "Over in that wood yonder." "Well, what's in a feller's kitchen doin' in a wood?"

SOLDIERS Have your Portraits taken by WALERY 9 Rue de Londres, Paris. Tel: Gut. 50-72. SPECIAL PRICES TO AMERICANS

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You have come to the Home of



Delicious with lemon, sirups, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France.

DRINK IT TO-DAY PARIS, 36 bis Boulevard Haussmann

AIRPLANE INSIGNIA MORE LIKE ALLIES'

American Machines Not to Carry Stars—Germans Copy Circle

The star on a bulls-eye background of red, white and blue originally adopted as the official marking for A.C.O. planes, has been abandoned for a bulls-eye with a red outer circle, a blue inner circle and a white center, now the official insignia. The star, it was found, might be mistaken for a cross, the German marking, at a high altitude or when seen at an angle by another airplane.

The adoption of the new design makes the American insignia uniform with that of our allies. All Allied aircraft bear circular markings containing their national colors, and when an A.E.F. soldier sees an airplane with a circular marking he will be safe in assuming that it is a friendly craft—unless the circle is solid black.

If it is solid black, the machine is German. The Boche is trying to deceive again, and is painting some of his machines with a black circle. This is not so conspicuous as the cross. At a distance it takes a keen eye to distinguish the color of the circle, and if an inquisitive Allied airman approaches to get a closer look, the Boche has time to fly back to the safety of his own lines.

The designs which will become most familiar to the Americans will be various arrangements of red, white and blue, the national colors of England, France and the United States. The French markings are, from the outside in, red, white and blue, and the British blue, red and white.

The Belgian and Italian markings are made up of the national colors of the two nations. The Italian is of a red, white and green, and the Belgian of black, white and yellow.

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GRANDE MAISON de BLANC LONDON PARIS CANNES No Branch in New York GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT, HOSIERY, Ladies' Lingerie LOUVET BROS., Props. O. BOYER, Manager

SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME DES FILATURES, COUPOURTES ET TISSAGES BESSONNEAU is the creator of Aeroplane Sheds, Ambulance Tents, Hospital Sheds, Sanitary Huts. The BESSONNEAU constructions have stood their tests for many years in several campaigns on all fronts and in all climates. The BESSONNEAU constructions are now being imitated, but only BESSONNEAU makes his canvas properly waterproof and does the whole of his constructing himself: Tents, sheds and huts. To have every real GARANTÉE one must have the trade-mark: "Ah, pomme de terre, pomme de terre."

THERE'S NO CAN TO OUR TAIL The JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores is the ONLY Military Store in Britain where Membership Tickets are not required. The membership system for dealing with a Store is one of those antiquated English schemes that are laughed at in America. The idea is to keep the Store "exclusive," by only supplying people who subscribed annually for a ticket, the number of which has to be quoted before goods are bought. AMERICANS are welcome to walk into the JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores as if they owned it. We have NO tickets in any shape or form. We can't talk your "dialect," but we subscribe to the Saturday Evening Post, run a fleet of Ford Delivery Vans, and know that "Omar Omar spells Aroma." BETTER even than that, we understand American Military Requirements because our Managing Director and our Military Expert have recently returned from America after studying the subject at New York, Washington and right in the Cantonments. ONE OF OUR representatives is in New York this very minute and we are all out to serve the great Army of America as conscientiously as we supply the Armies of the other English Speaking Peoples. Let us talk our MILITARY BOOTS Our own factory has no time for anything but Military Footwear and with the special facilities our leather experts possess for obtaining selected leather we can guarantee "Junior" boots to give satisfaction. While great emphasis is laid on Strength, Weight and Resisting Power we employ only the best craftsmen so that the interior workmanship is as perfect and comfortable as a Slipper. FIELD BOOTS Hand Made Regulation Models The four popular patterns—Norwegian Ski Front (as illustrated), Nine Hole, Lace to Top and Three-Buckle Top—hand made throughout in selected Nugo Greased Calf with DRI-PED Soles Absolutely waterproof and reliable in wear. £7 10 0 Regulation SERVICE BOOT of best grain hide with welted service cap and Chrome Waterproof Sole 45/- Regulation MARCHING BOOT of best Tan grain Calf with Chrome Sole. Waterproof 57/6 Regulation SERVICE BOOT of grain Nugo Cigaged Calf with Dri-Ped sole Hand made throughout 63/- Officer's TAN WILLOW Hand seven Polishing Boot With or without service cap 65/- "On Leave" Walking Shoe in fine Tan Calf with Service cap. Hand made 57/6 "Lotus" Norwegian Ankle Boot. Selected stout sole 55/- Regulation REAL PIGSKIN Leggings. Perfect fitting 37/6 EQUIPMENT Booklet — Post free JUNIOR ARMY & NAVY STORES LIMITED The First Service Stores WITHOUT TICKETS 15 REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1. in Piccadilly Circus—the Center of London and 17 & 19 UNION ST., ALDERSHOT, etc.

FRANCO-YANKO RALLY ROUTS HUN TWIRLERS

I rooted for him from the bleachers when he was a school-mate of mine...

He now leads his soldiers to battle. This athletic school-mate of mine...

THE SPORTING PAGE GOES OUT

This is the last Sporting Page THE STARS AND STRIPES will print until an Allied victory brings back peace.

The reasons for the decision to discontinue an ancient institution are almost as numerically great as Allied shells crashing into German lines.

They are at least sufficiently thick to pulverize or blot out any objections that might be offered by those who have yet failed to see the light.

This paper realizes the great aid sport has given in the past in developing physical stamina and enduring morale among thousands of those now making up the nation's Army.

It recognizes the value of such training for the future. It was sport that first taught our men to play the game, to play it out, to play it hard.

But sport as a spectacle, sport as an entertainment for the sidelines, has passed on and out. Its glamor in a competitive way has faded.

THE STARS AND STRIPES appreciates in full sport's abiding value and the countless thousands of well trained men it has sent into the line.

There are tennis and golf champions, football players galore, track stars without number, boxers and ball players who have traded the easy glory they knew at home for the hard, unglorified grind of the S.O.S.

Neither is there space, entertainment or policy in attempting to handle the scores of hundreds of ball games played all over France.

What, then, is left, in the main, for a sporting page printed in France within hearing of the guns? Such headlines as these—'Star Players Dive for Shipyards or Farm to Escape Work or Fight'...

THE STARS AND STRIPES is printed for the A.E.F., not to help perpetuate the renown of able-bodied stars, who, with unusual qualifications for war or useful work, elected to hear only the 'Business as Usual' slogan above their country's call for help in the greatest war she has ever known.

There is but one Big League today for this paper to cover—and that league winds its way among the S.O.S. stations scattered throughout France and ends at the western front.

When it finally came to a point where any number of able-bodied men were rushing into various occupations at the point of the boot, when the Secretary of War was forced to produce a ruling that would make hundreds of these men 'work or fight'...

There is no space left for the Cobbs, the Ruths, the Johnsons, the Willards and the Fultons in the ease and safety of home when the Ryans, the Smiths, the Larsens, the Bernsteins and others are charging machine guns and plugging along through shrapnel or grinding out 12-hour details 200 miles in the rear.

Back home the sight of a high fly drifting into the late sun may still have its thrill for a few. But over here the all absorbing factors are shrapnel, high explosives, machine gun bullets, trench digging, stable cleaning, nursing, training back of the lines and other endless details throughout France from the base ports to beyond the Marne.

Sport among the troops must go on—for that is part of the job. Sport among the youngsters back home must go on—for that, too, is part of the training job.

But the glorified, the commercialized, the spectacular sport of the past has been burnt out by gun fire. The sole slogan left is 'Beat Germany.' Anything that pertains to that slogan counts. The rest doesn't.

KHAKI OR OVERALLS FOR BALL PLAYERS

Secretary of War Can See But One Big League—in France

OLD GAME REALLY DOOMED

Only Few Men Left to Clubs by Late Ruling With Small Chance to Continue Race

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 25.—The Secretary of War's ruling that baseball is a non-essential occupation has caused the magnates without number, though whether prognostications had been decidedly bad for a long while.

The magnates either trusted to luck or couldn't find good alternatives. They are now sick abed or wiggling feebly for the funeral to proceed.

The ruling fell with the crash of a 10-inch shell among players and magnates alike. President Dan Johnson immediately telegraphed all American league club owners to know whether they would abide by the Secretary's decision at once.

A brief glance at the few players unaffected by the order shows what havoc will be wrought by the ruling. The Chicago Nationals, after complying with the order, will have only four players left.

President Tener issued a call for a National league meeting to take up the matter, but whatever the magnates may think about it, there seems to be no way out except to cash the parks for the duration of hostilities.

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Eastern League Through The Eastern league will suspend next week, and the Southern has already suspended, so there is some talk of gathering left-overs from disbanded minor leagues and making a stab at continuation of the game.

Practically ever star will be whipped—Cobb, Sister, Johnson, Collins, Speaker, Ruth and others who have gained fame in past years will be lifted from the diamond by the new ruling and sent to khaki or overalls.

How much is a pennig? Somewhere around a sou. And how much is a mark? There's only one mark—the Kaiser.

WORLD'S STAR BATSMAN A TEN PER CENT PLAYER

Unhonored and unused, the greatest natural batsman that the big leagues ever saw is now living somewhere in obscurity.

Probably not 100 persons in the United States even know that he was the greatest hitter because his career in the big show was short and his ability to flatten the pill was considered by the fans as more or less sporadic.

Bill Kay is his name. His present whereabouts cannot be divulged to the breathless reader because the writer doesn't happen to know.

Adlie handed the title to Kay after a thorough and prolonged test, and not on impulse. Bill was playing with the Washington club at the time, and the Cleveland slug noticed that he was banging everything on the nose.

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WILLARD THE MOST UNPOPULAR CHAMP

Heavyweight Title Holder Exact Opposite of John Lawrence Sullivan

John Lawrence Sullivan, the big Boston Howitzer, was far and away the most popular champion boxing has ever known.

Naming the most unpopular champion the game has ever drawn is just as easy. His name is Jess Willard, and Willard has smashed all past records by being more unpopular than Sullivan was the other way.

It is not the fact alone that Willard has boxed only ten rounds since he stepped Jack Johnson over three years ago. That part of it hasn't helped him.

Willard has made no effort to contribute his services except on rare occasions where he was practically dragged into action for some short interval at water exhibitions.

Willard's case is not forgotten through the war. It will be still less forgotten when the war is over. His hide may be thick, but it is fairly sure to be punctured when the day of reckoning arrives.

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BIG BOXERS CLASH TO RAISE WAR FUND

They Almost Split Madison Square Garden in Various Bouts

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 25.—Madison Square Garden was nearly split apart by fighters this week in behalf of the War Department's training camp activities fund.

George Ashe and Billy Miske hammered each other for fair. Camp Zachary Taylor sent up a middleweight wonder in Sergeant Ross, who went in against Augie Ratner.

There is a rumor that Jack Dempsey and Fred Fulton will at last get together this month, but the fans refuse to become excited and want to be shown. They will have to see the two men in the ring before they believe it.

But Nelson celebrated his 36th birthday on June 6. He was born in Denmark, but he arrived in the States with his parents when still a young lad.

Benny Leonard's real name is Benny Lerner. This was discovered recently when Benny spent \$20 to telephone to his mother from San Francisco.

Is there any AMERICAN BARBER SHOP in Paris? Yes, there is a very good one with American reclining Barber Chairs

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WILSON

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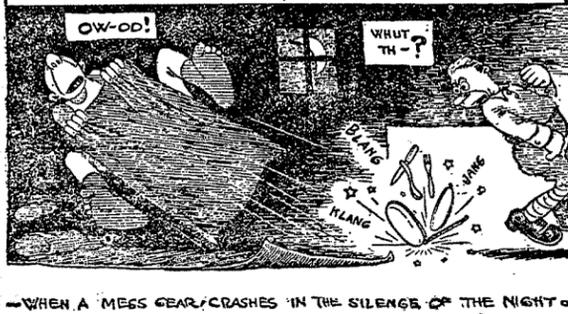
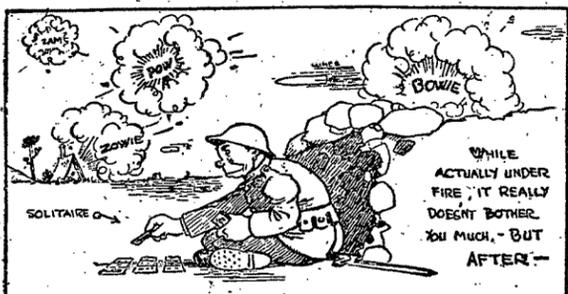
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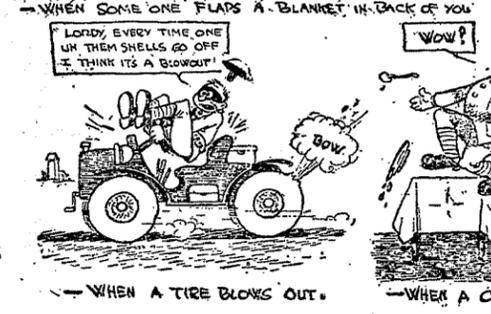
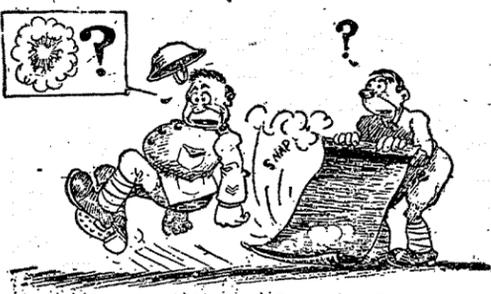
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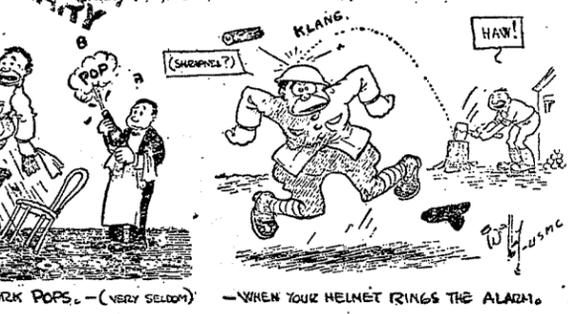
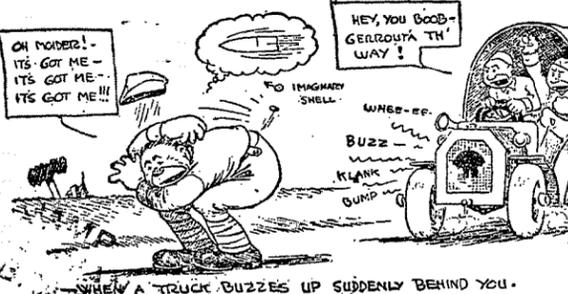
-By WALLGREN



-WHEN A MESS GEAR CRASHES IN THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT-

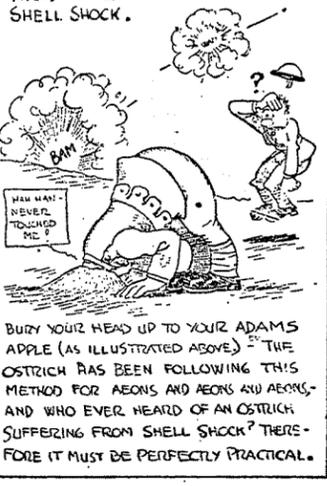


-WHEN A TIRE BLOWS OUT-



-WHEN A CORK POPS - (VERY SELDOM) - WHEN YOUR HELMET RINGS THE ALARM-

HELPFUL HINTS



CRACKER PLANTS, COFFEE ROASTERS, ALL SAVE TONNAGE

Hardbread and Java Now Made Ready for Mess Tables in France

G. I. PAILS SHIPPED FLAT

Square Cans for Round, Bales Replace Boxes, All to Make More Room

Your Uncle Samuel, through his duly appointed and qualified agent, the Q.M.C., is now operating in France three cracker factories devoted exclusively to the production of hardbread for the emergency ration. Your Uncle Samuel, through his duly appointed and qualified agent, is now operating in France three coffee roasting establishments which will eventually produce enough of the bean to draw one for the dark for 3,000,000 men three times a day. Result: You get fresh, tasty hardbread, and you get coffee whose appetizing aroma has not been wasted on the sea breezes coming over. That, however, is purely incidental. The big fact, more important than the aroma, is that your Uncle Samuel is saving tonnage, saving it in big things and in little, leaving no single item unconsidered that will make an inch more room in the holds of the vessels that are now bringing men and supplies to France on a scale on which nothing was ever brought anywhere before in the history of this earth.

The Army's Crackers
But since the cracker factory and coffee roaster have been mentioned, here's the rest of them. The three cracker factories are French establishments which have been taken over by the Q.M. just to make hardbread. The Q.M. is supplying material, fuel, everything but the labor, and he is paying the labor. One of the factories used to turn out 15,000 pounds of assorted crackers daily, but as the Q.M. specializes on one kind of cracker, only the output will probably be considerably increased. A buck private who used to be a cracker expert in the days that were in the main works at one of the plants. You never can tell what the Army will use you for until you're in it. The Q.M. Handy Hardbread for Emergency Rations is not manufactured according to any special formula. It is, however, tastier and fresher than the American made variety because it hasn't been in the tin box so long when you eat it. In complexion, it is rather brimmet than blonde. The three coffee roasting plants are now all in fighting trim. All the machinery is installed, and it is the most modern of its kind. They now produce 500,000 rations of roasted coffee a day, and 30 days from the start they will be ready to produce 1,000,000 a day if they are needed. Eventually this output can be raised to 3,500,000. The coffee will be brought to France green, unlike the people who drink it. When coffee is roasted in the States, it loses on the way over a lot of the fine aroma which is 50 per cent of any coffee, a statement which will make a whole lot of abused Army cooks feel good.

Where Tonnage Comes In
But what in the world has all this got to do with tonnage? Just this: Tonnage is not so much a question of weight as it is of room. Flour and the other ingredients of the emergency ration take up far less room than does the product, especially since that product has to be boxed. When coffee is roasted it swells. Also, it has to be shipped with some regard for future use. Green coffee, far less bulky in itself, can be dumped into a vessel as unceremoniously as you want. The Q.M. is also having the raw material for Army hardware sent over rather than the finished product. Sheet metal takes up considerably less room on sheet metal than it does as G.I. pails or field ranges. Clothing is being made and bought in England and France as far as is practicable. When it has to be shipped, it is held by hydraulic pressure, so that summer undershirts now come over in 600-pound packages as big as an office desk. Nothing is boxed that can be bundled; boxes are thick, and thickness means lost space. Speaking of desks, the field desk now comes over already filled with all the necessary equipment. The inside isn't allowed to come empty. Shoes are coming unboxed, making a saving of 20 per cent in room. Syrup cans are no longer round; they are square. Round cans leave a lot of space between when they are piled together. Vegetables are not imported; they are

AROUND THE FLYING FIELD

Disguising airplanes with markings of the Allies is an old, but still practiced game with the Germans. The latest instance of this sort of trickery is reported from an American sector. On several occasions a German airplane with French markings and, in addition, two small American flags painted on the under side of its lower wings near the fuselage, appeared over the American lines. Owing to its disguise, it was unmolested. It descended to a low altitude and then opened fire with its machine guns. It was able to make a sally down the line and get back into German held territory before satisfactory measures could be taken against it. The Allied aviators were advised and it doesn't come any more.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

TREATMENT OF NON-COMS
Non-commissioned officers were invented back in the good old days when officers had so much lace around their necks that they couldn't see their men, and such high-heeled, gold satin shoes that they couldn't hike with them. In consequence, the non-com became it. He still is, and is not about to get tag with bucks simply to get rid of being it. Non-coms should be treated—often—and with respect. If they show any inclination to buy in return, their wishes should be scrupulously respected. Even if they are so forward as to want to buy first, they should be allowed to do so. They have their little peculiarities, just like other people, and one must give in to their quaint whims and fancies. For example, a non-com hates to see lights going after taps when he is not in the game. This may be easily obviated by asking him to sit in front of the cardboards or ivory he may be given that contented feeling which will send him off to bed forgetful of the fact that the candles are still burning. But dexterity is essential to the accomplishment of the happy end, and must be enough in the pot to make it worth the non-com's while. The best thing about non-coms is that they do not need orderlies—as, if they too plainly show the need of them, they are non-coms no longer. Their main needs are matches, mugs, and men to leave in charge of quarters when they go out to play ball. And since they have had half of their chevrons taken off them, they aren't half as terrifying as they were before. Still, one must never speak of a Top as "a rough diamond."

Supply sergeants and mess sergeants are the aristocracy, the millionaires among non-coms, and should be kowtowed to just as much as you kow-tow to the aristocracy and millionaires in civil life.

AS THEY DEFINE THEM

There's a stalwart lieutenant-colonel of Artillery who, before he and his regiment defied the tin sharks and come over to an A.P.O. so close to the big show that the officers foregather nightly after taps and watch Fritz put on star-shell displays while they hearken to the dispatch of the big 'uns, was assigned to the diverting task of examining aspiring young college grads who coveted the captaincies and privileges of provisional lieutenants in the regular army. And the colonel totes about in his wallet, and vouchers for, these two examples of the fitness of some of the Genus Grad to disport in a Sam Browne. It should be added (whisper!) that he held the appointments in Boston—and at "Toch."

Two questions: (1) Define a writ of *habeas corpus*. (2) Define expatriation. Two answers thereto: (1) The writ of *habeas corpus* is the statement of the rights of man and that all men are created equal. (2) Expatriation is the act of holding the children punishable for the deeds of their parents.

A.E.F. LIMERICKS

There was a young fellow from Tours, Of rapid promotion, quite sure, Till he got in a row With the adjutant—now For the Army he's not much amou'!

There was a young man from Nevers, Who went out on a heluva tear; He was ugly and hard, For he beat up the guard, And pulled out his major's back hair.

A shavetail there was at Vittel, Resting up from a gaseous spell; Though the doc said "No licker!" This lost got a flicker, And most ignominiously fell.

CHECKS AWAIT OFFICERS

Over 150 checks for officers are being held up by the Chief Disbursing Officer, at A.P.O. 702, for lack of sufficient address. The Q.M. asks that officers who have been looking for overdue checks communicate with the above office.

FINALS ON LIBERTY LOAN

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 25.—Final figures on the Third Liberty Loan are \$4,176,518,850. The New York district leads with \$1,150,000,000, Chicago is next with \$660,000,000 in round numbers. Cleveland third with \$405,000,000, Philadelphia fourth with \$362,000,000, Boston fifth with \$355,000,000, and San Francisco sixth with \$288,000,000.

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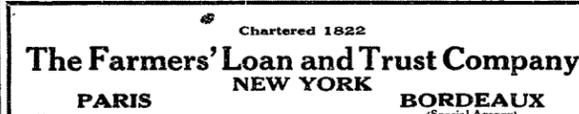
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ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONT FROM SOISSONS TO BELOW THE MARNE

In its first drive an American platoon, after advancing several kilometers, came into possession of a building which had been a German regimental headquarters.

In the room which had been the office of the commandant was a dead dog. Attached to his collar was a metal tube. In the tube was a message calling for assistance from a German machine gunner.

A private of the luck species was watching a plane duel in the skies. "Quite a sight," said a voice beside him, and his head nearly dropped off when he saw that it belonged to the general commanding the division.

A long line of German prisoners, four abreast, in which were some Germans who admitted riding forward not many weeks ago in trains bearing the placard, "Nach Paris," marched southward along a dusty French road.

"Out droit a Paris," he explained, "tout droit," which is the French road direction for straight ahead.

Burly, dirty, whiskered, all in, but enthusiastic, a sergeant recounted the exploits of his platoon to his colonel. This was a tale of the Boche infantry met and beaten in a trench.

An M.P. was standing in the doorway of the hotel de ville. It had been a quiet day, as days go a little way behind the lines.

Once more he got up, and this time made the church without any further Charlie Chaplin incidents. And he began to ring the bell like all get out.

All kinds of things happen to helmets, and almost as many kinds of things happen to trousers.

Easy come, easy go. One of the German regiments opposite the Americans, the members of which are, by this time, probably listed as missing, believed prisoners had just been paid when the curtain went down on their activity in la guerre.

Rules specify that no P.V. shall be deprived of his personal effects—iron crosses and the like—but almost any captured German is willing to sacrifice anything he has for real tobacco.

When one Boche arrived before the examining officer and was told to empty his pockets, he laid out five partly filled sacks of American makins, and not many more. He had a trench knife, a French cross, his helmet, a trench knife, and all the buttons he could spare.

It was not until after he had arrived that he discovered it was a French and not a German hat he had seized. He won't repeat his remarks when he made the discovery.

The composition of the perfect M.P. is as follows: Suspicion, 90 per cent; more suspicion, 10 per cent; total, 100 per cent and then some.

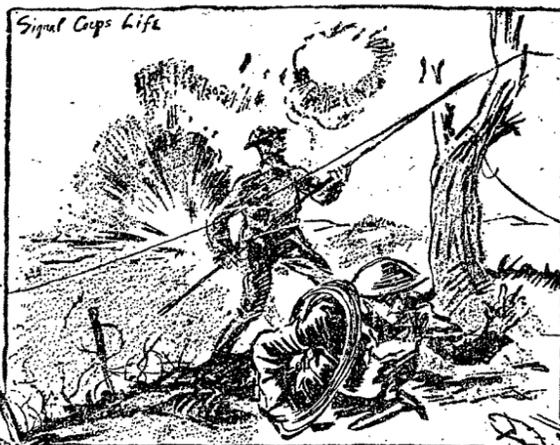
He belonged to that five per cent slice of the Army that doesn't smoke. His unit was stationed in a wood, and as he had all the Yankee's skill with a pocket knife, he whittled himself a pipe in his spare time.

One of the regiments which took part in the "Soissons push" was relieved in the line just after night.

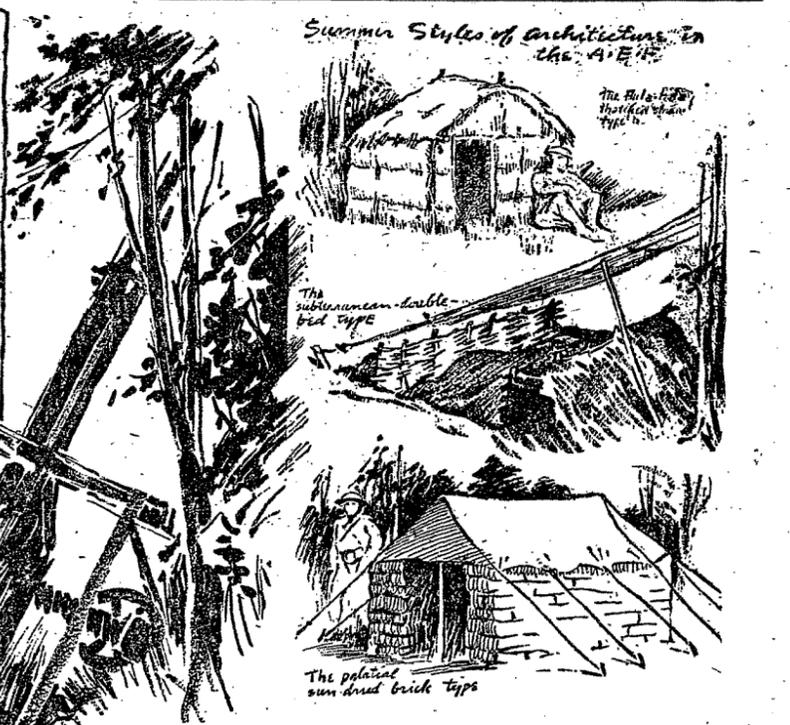
If you have any doubts, you can ask a certain French lieutenant colonel who is attached to a certain American divi-



CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY



From sketches of American front by Capt. C. B. Balbridge



which accompanied them, and he compiled. He spent the next half-hour painstakingly gathering the fragments of a map which, when pasted together, showed all the Boche artillery positions in his sector.

He was going along a road toward the front when an M.P. stopped him. Most people do get stopped.

The colonel tried to explain, but the M.P. simply couldn't see him, and the colonel was at the end of his wits and his language.

The little Irishman came flying over the road, via motor, and cleared his superior in short order. But if it hadn't been for the little Irishman, there is no telling where the French colonel would be now.

A cavalryman who was doing Paul Revere work between a headquarters and the line tied his horse to a tree and proceeded on foot to his destination.

He he a private or a general, "writing home" usually occupies the first leisure minutes of a soldier just out of action.

When he reached the gas hospital he was in a state of extraordinarily good humor.

How much stuff does a Yank take into the line? It all depends on the Yank. In one squad you will see a man carrying full pack, including extra shoes and overcoat, and wearing a whole string of corned Willie cans.

Nothing makes an American soldier prouder of his organization than being in action with it. Any man up front will tell you that his platoon is the best in the company.

"Our colonel," said one doughboy, "may be stout and not much for height, but you ought to soldier under him. He's a regular fellow. Why, he's the kind of a guy that if he was in the ranks would make a good private."

A French officer stood on a hilltop south of the Marne and trained his glasses on the field where Yank and Boche were having it out.

He belonged to that five per cent slice of the Army that doesn't smoke. His unit was stationed in a wood, and as he had all the Yankee's skill with a pocket knife, he whittled himself a pipe in his spare time.

One of the regiments which took part in the "Soissons push" was relieved in the line just after night.

At 1:30 the bandmaster called his command together and marched it to headquarters to serenade the colonel. They started with "Over There," with the accent on "We won't be back till it's over."

The farther you get into France—in other words, the nearer you get to the front—the less French you hear. That explains why the headquarters troop was discouraged.

Your M.P. must escort the prisoners to the rear, and there has been quite a lot of this job lately up Chateau-Thierry way.

The doughboys in the push south of Soissons have the greatest respect for the French tanks that went over the top with them and almost a love for their little French operators.

"The tank I was with saved my life five times," said one admiring soldier, "and if I ever run across the Frenchman who was operating the machine gun on the high side I'm going right up and kiss him French fashion, whiskers and all."

A German lieutenant came before the officer who was listing and tagging prisoners. "What's your name?" he was asked. "Johannes Jacob!"

"Any relation to Wilhelm Jacob?" asked the American officer. "A brother," said the Boche in surprise.

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which accompanied them, and he compiled. He spent the next half-hour painstakingly gathering the fragments of a map which, when pasted together, showed all the Boche artillery positions in his sector.

If the open fighting that some of the troops are undergoing keeps us well have to invent some new slang. They still speak of going over the top, but it isn't satisfactory because, as a matter of fact, there sometimes isn't any top for the reason that there isn't any trench—or not much of a trench, anyhow.

"Going out after 'em" has been used. Anybody got any other suggestions?

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