

PRESIDENT WILSON'S WAR ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS TO THE A.E.F.

To THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Please convey to the officers and men of our Expeditionary Force my warmest greetings on this the anniversary of the entrance of the United States into this great war for Liberty, and say to them that we all not only have greatly admired...

(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.



WAR ORPHANS FIND FRIENDS IN A.E.F. UNITS

Five Mascots Sure of Year's Care as Result of First Week's Work. BROTHER AND SISTER TAKEN. Infantry Company Adopts Andre and Simone Lamulle and Promises Presents.



MARIE LOUISE PATRIARCHE, FRENCH WAR ORPHAN, ADOPTED BY THE STARS AND STRIPES.

It has started. The announcement last week by THE STARS AND STRIPES of a plan whereby a company or other unit of the A.E.F. may take as a mascot a French war orphan...

On March 30 the captain commanding the company wrote: "This company wishes to adopt two children, a boy and a girl, preferably brother and sister. It is desired that they be of sufficient age to accept gifts, such as boxes of dainties, from the company."

Since a few weeks after the war the mother has been working in a factory, trying to support her five children. She has kept the little family together, living in a dilapidated house at Amberg...

Marie is the S. & S. Orphan. We must tell you about THE STARS AND STRIPES orphan. She is black-haired and black-eyed and has dimples. Her name is Marie Louise Patriarche.

Waifs from Invaded Districts. The children from the invaded districts make the saddest picture of all. After living a strange, terrible existence during the first years of the war, they have been returned to France...

LABOR TRUCE PLAN MAY END DISPUTES

Strikes and Lockouts to be Taboo During War, if Scheme Works. MEDIATION BOARD SOUGHT. Rights of Both Workers and Employers Would Be Recognized and Safeguarded.

They propose a mediation board to be known as the National Labor War Board, with many local boards to deal promptly with controversies, and they suggest the following basic principles:—

Can't Discharge Union Men. No strikes or lockouts during the war. Rights of workers to organize and bargain collectively should be maintained.

HOUSE O.K.'S BILL FOR ANOTHER LOAN

Steady Financial Market Promises Issue Quick Sale

NEW YORK, April 4.—The campaign for the new Liberty Loan began this week. The House passed the bill with little discussion. The only important debate was over the policy of raising more loans without also increasing taxation to provide part of the needed revenue.

SIXTEEN YANKS CITED BY FRENCH FOR GALLANTRY

Medaille Militaire To Be Awarded Hero of Shell-Wrecked Dugout. GENERAL'S PRAISE FOR TEN. Lieutenant Who Laid Down Life Given Signal Distinction of Mention in Army Orders.

Sixteen more Americans have received citations from the French for gallantry in action, in addition to those whose citations have already been noted in THE STARS AND STRIPES in connection with the awards to them of the Croix de Guerre.

General's Praise for Ten. Lieutenant Who Laid Down Life Given Signal Distinction of Mention in Army Orders.

They're a shameless bunch, these Americans. They'd just as soon stroll around in New York and in daylight as at night. What's more, they've done it twice lately, and gotten away with it both times.

Cited by General of Division. Ten Americans are cited by the general commanding a certain French infantry division—two lieutenants, two sergeants, three corporals and three privates.

HE WAS A GALLANT SOLDIER. ("Request you express my personal sympathy to nearest living relatives of Sgt. Peterson. After being mortally wounded, Sgt. Peterson gave detailed instructions to the wounded first gas test in order to save the lives of the men about him. He was a gallant soldier, and I have awarded him a Distinguished Service Cross.—PERSHING.")

He was a gallant soldier, though he never knew the thrill of charges, or adventure of the raid; His duty lay in healing, not in rallying forth to kill— His hour of trial found him unafraid.

HE MAY TASTE CANNED BILL

NEW YORK, April 4.—Nelson Morris, chairman of the board of directors of the Chicago packing house of Morris and Company, has just been placed in Class 1A of the draft by the Chicago Appeal Board.

A.E.F. PATROLS MAKE DAYLIGHT CALLS ON HUNS. First Bags Prisoners, Other Explores Enemy Lines in Vain.

THIRTY FLEE BEFORE FIVE. Guests Fail to Find Single German in 600 Yard Tour of Hostile Defenses.

They leaped to the ground at the side of the observation post. "Hullo!" shouted the five Americans. The Boches paid no heed. The Americans did not call again. They fired, and the two refractory Boches dropped in their tracks.

Only Called Once. They leaped to the ground at the side of the observation post. "Hullo!" shouted the five Americans. The Boches paid no heed. The Americans did not call again.

Slamming This Guy Baker. "And another thing," persisted the would-be giver of the chance, "another thing that gets my goat is the way the papers back home slams this guy Baker, the Secretary of War. He's up against a helluva tough job for even a lawyer to handle, and the editors that's pandering him would probably do a darn sight worse with it. Hell, he must be a smart son-of-a-gun or the President wouldn't have picked him out for it."

Not Like Old Times. "Tell you what, guy," said one of the hardest of the car-propellers. "Things is better than what they use to be. Time was when we got nothing but canned willy and hardback for Sunday dinner, and didn't get any days off after drivin' the Big Birds up to the front, and hangin' around all night. Now, though, things is better all along the line. Guess somebody must of tumbled to his job down in Washington!"

RUSHING THE CASSEROLE. [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—There are poultry specialists for cocktails, there are those for both cocks and hens. Wicked and malfaisant poultry dealers who want to evade the poultry profiteering prohibition have started a side-door trade in the regular old barroom style.

GENERAL FOCH, NEW ALLIED CHIEF, LIVES, TEACHES AND THINKS WAR



GENERAL FERDINAND FOCH

CIVILIAN IN DERBY HAT HEARS ALL ABOUT ARMY

G.H.Q. Chauffeurs Regale Interested Stranger With Views on How to Outfit a Million Soldiers Overnight

Down at—sh, you mustn't give away the town's name—down at—, then, they have a garage, as is properly the case with all well regulated G.H.Q.s. In that garage are a lot of chauffeurs, as is the case with most garages.

What That Smash Did. And he was. With troops danglely withdrawn from his already weakened left, he formed an utterly unexpected shock division for the center at that turning point in the history of the battle which was followed by a German retreat all along the line.

Leader of Entente Forces in Giant Defensive Never Concedes Defeat

HIS STRATEGY AT MARNE

German Retreat Started by Deliberate Weakening of French Line to Form Powerful Wedge

SOLDIER FROM BOYHOOD UP

Instructor at Ecole de Guerre Now Puts Theories of Lifetime into Successful Practice

Ferdinand Foch, the grey-haired French general to whose hands has been entrusted the task of coordinating the Allied forces on the western front, is a man already in his 67th year who has lived war and taught war and thought war since he was a youngster not yet in his teens.

At the time when he is assuming his new and heavy responsibility, it is interesting for Americans to note that, in the popular French mind, General Foch is chiefly illustrious for his part in the two great crises of 1914 which led him to be known in every French home as "the man of the Marne and the Yser."

Those characteristics would have been predicted of him by the students who sat at his feet in the long years before the war when he was first instructor in strategy and tactics and later director at l'Ecole de Guerre, the post-graduate West Point which prepared the commanders of the French Army.

There he used to labor against the military tendency not to see anything but the earthly part of the military art and to leave to one side what Napoleon called "the part divine." War, as Foch taught it in his course on strategy, was no exact science, but "a drama, terrifying and all his own, and his favorite: "A battle won is a battle in which you will not confess yourself beaten."

A Motto That Worked in Practice

His students had occasion to recall that aphorism a good many times in the course of Foch's daring and incredibly stubborn tactics during the battle of the Marne. Then he commanded the Ninth Army in the middle of the retreating French line, and his fellow generals will always remember that in those desperate days after Charleroi, Foch, with his ever-receding forces, began each day's operations with an offensive movement. He always fought and he always voiced an unswerving confidence. His part of the Marne, he said, was said to himself, would be a battle won if refusing to admit defeat would do the work.

When the famous Prussian Guard pressed particularly hard, Foch cheerfully observed: "Since they are laboring to smash us with such fury, it must be because their business is going badly elsewhere and they are trying to even things up."

They have smashed in my right, they have smashed in my left. In the center I am doing the smashing.

What That Smash Did

And he was. With troops danglely withdrawn from his already weakened left, he formed an utterly unexpected shock division for the center at that turning point in the history of the battle which was followed by a German retreat all along the line. As commander of the French forces in the battle of the Yser, when it was decided, come what might, to make a stand on the banks of that little stream in Flanders, General Foch displayed the same capacity to work miracles with scanty forces, always appearing at critical moments with the necessary reinforcements conjured up out of nowhere.

tinge was nothing like this, but when the final account came to be written, it will probably quote the English general as saying: "Then the only thing left for us to do is to get killed."

To which General Foch replied in characteristic fashion: "No, Monsieur le maréchal, we must hold out first. Only after that can we let ourselves die."

Little Spectacular Work A good deal of water has passed under the bridge since the battle of Flanders, and while increasingly important tasks have been assigned to General Foch, it has been in work that has appealed less to the popular imagination. He commanded the French forces in the battle of the Somme in 1916, and later he became Chief of Staff, the link between the Army and the Government.

Still later, he represented France in the Supreme Allied War Council at Versailles, and last Fall he went to Italy to take the experience of a supreme strategist in mobile warfare to the aid of the Italians not yet come to a halt at the Piave.

General Foch—whose name is pronounced Fawsh—was born on August 4, 1851. He is, then, a year older than Marshal Joffre. Even as a boy he was a devoted student of Napoleon and had acquired before he was 12 the Thiers history of the consulate and the empire.

He was a simple soldier in the closing weeks of the Franco-Prussian War while he was still in his teens, but his great preparation for the present war was made in his years as teacher and director at the War School, where, like Woodrow Wilson, he expounded the theory of what later he was to practice in the great war he foresaw and for which, like Lord Roberts in England, he ever preached preparedness.

Small, like Napoleon, but Not Stout In stature, General Foch is little, like the Napoleon he knows so well, but, unlike Napoleon, he is not stout. He has grey-blue eyes, bristling grey hair and mustache, and his face is heavily lined. He is not a man of many words and he requires of his staff absolute precision of report. The officer who starts in by saying "I think that maybe..." might as well stop right there. The general is once once again a conference by saying "It's rather a difficult question," got no further without General Foch's protesting: "Don't say 'difficult.' If it weren't a difficult question, I hope that we, who are, after all, supposed to be the brains of the Army, would not be bothering with it."

On Sick Report Twice Ever since the beginning of the war there have been alarming reports in circulation about General Foch's health. Paris is forever agitated by the news that he is desperately ill. According to one story, his retirement was seriously proposed at one time, but there came a protest from one high that, however much his body might be ailing, his head was in the field and quite indispensable to the safe conduct of France.

As a matter of fact General Foch has never been on sick report since the war began, except for two brief periods, each due to an automobile accident. When hostilities began and the government laid hands upon all civilian motor cars, an excessively fancy Rolls-Royce, which had belonged to a beautiful star at the Comédie-Française, fell to General Foch, and, with so much to do, he was always in such a tremendous hurry that twice it struck him—once into a tree.

General Foch is a deeply religious man. As a boy he went to a Jesuit school, and he has lived in the Catholic faith all his days. How great is this source of strength to him, those know best who have campaigned with him throughout this war, who, at the end of many a day, have watched him at twilight in some little Belgian town where he would slip away and go alone to the church to pray. And they have thought how different was his faith and his way from the faith and the way of the German leaders whose religious sentiments could be heard all over the world.

General Foch has given all his hours to the war since it began, and in its first desperate days his son and his son-in-law were killed.

T. R. ON PLATFORM SHOWS OLD TIME PEP

"This is the People's War," He Tells Maine G.O.P. Convention

PARTIES UNITE FOR NATION Many Former Progressives Announce Allegiance to Democrats or Republicans

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, April 4.—Colonel Roosevelt has made his eagerly anticipated address at the Republican State Convention in Maine, his first public address since his operation. He spoke with his old-time vigor, declaring for a war to the finish and praising the Republican party for its whole-hearted and disinterested patriotism. He said: "This is the people's war. It is not the President's war. It is not Congress's war. It is the war of the people of the United States for the honor and welfare of America, and of mankind."

Not a Political Bombshell

So far, there has been much less newspaper discussion of it than is warranted when he speaks at important gatherings. This is probably due in part to the overwhelming interest of the daily news from the front, but partly due, doubtless, to the fact that the speech was not in any sense the political bomb-shell such as the public might have expected.

It leaves the national political situation as before, with the Republican party lined up with the Democratic in full support of the war and differing not on policies but mainly on the question of practical efficiency in conducting it to a successful military conclusion.

National Politics Vague

The Maine convention adopted resolutions pledging support of the war and approving the organization of a Joint Congressional expenditures committee. The Progressives are asked to join the party again. A motion to endorse woman suffrage was voted down in the committee on resolutions, eight to seven.

National politics in the country generally is still too vague to present an indication of next autumn's issues. At present, the maneuvering is confined largely to the Democrats and Republicans, but the signs accumulate that many independent parties or movements may spring into existence before the end of the summer.

Little is heard from the Progressives in the mass, but individual Progressives here and there have declared their allegiance to the Democratic or Republican party, according to their individual circumstances. Everybody has been watching New York State politics, but getting little illumination, because the State politicians are stepping very softly. If any politician on either side knows how to capture the woman or farmer vote this year, it is keeping a dark secret.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives has passed the Federal Prohibition amendment, but nobody knows what the Senate will do.

Service of the Rear

We don't know who wrote this, but we are very certain that it has been written. As proof we have on hand some 5,459 copies, more or less, sent us by admiring friends all the way from last-class privates to colonels. It has certainly made a hit in the since-rechristened S.O.R., and we are glad to pass it on to the boys further up and the folks further back.

When this cruel war is over And the boys go marching home, I'm afraid I'll be an outcast And forever have to roam; When would chevrons they exhibit, And their service stripes of gold, And they tell admiring ladies Of their doughty deeds and bold, I'll be missing from the circle And nobody there will hear How I—I was but a hero In the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

CHORUS For I'm an S.O.R. boy—also an S.O.L., I never pulled a trigger, or sent a Boche to hell; I never saw a dugout, in fact was never near any— For I performed my duty in the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

When we passed that Glorious Statue That our liberties uphold, We looked forward to the future With ardent spirits bold; We prated on Democracy And the freedom of the seas, And how we'd get the Kaiser And bring him to his knees; How we'd face the German legions Without a trace of fear— But, ah, we had not reasoned With the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

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I've done some provost duty, Took a turn in warehouse "A"; Hit up the docks at midnight When the front was short of hay. I've seen the boys in trenches, They built a mile of track; Chopped wood and dug some ditches Just to keep from getting slack; But though I've done my duty As I saw it straight and clear, I shall never get a medal In the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

CHORUS For I'm an S.O.R. boy—also an S.O.L., But I've always done my duty and I've tried to do it well; So I hope at the time they will grant my prayer so dear And let me kick the Kaiser in the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

EVERY DAY IS LABOR DAY IN N.Y.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—The New Jersey anti-looting law has brought several thousand sons of rest to work. In Newark more than 1,000 men have applied at the official departments for opportunities to exert their carefully hoarded savings.

An anti-looting bill has been introduced in New York State as well, and Georgia may do the same.

HOW TO ADOPT A WAR ORPHAN

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs for its support. The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or homeless waifs from the invaded districts. The adopting unit may select its child from any of these classes and specify its age and sex.

The money will be sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES to be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. At least 250 francs will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter.

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The Red Cross committee will determine the disposal of the child. It will either be sent to a practical agricultural or trade school or supported in a French family. No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which the money may be raised. It may be gathered by an assessment upon the members of the unit, by passing the hat, by giving an entertainment—in any way the unit sees fit. Address all communications regarding these children to War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

DELIVERY SYSTEM FOR Q.M.C. WARES

Trucks to Carry All Kinds of Stuff Up Beyond Railheads

REGULAR GYPSY CARAVAN

Camions Will Handle Everything from Cut Glass Cuspidors to Iron Ear-laps

It used to be (accuse on the "used") "Roll dem bones!" Now it's "Roll dem stores!" The Q.M.C. has long been in the department store business. True, it hasn't issued any green trading stamps, or gone in for fancy crockery or ladies' lingerie or provided rest rooms on the third floor or done any of the other things a department store is supposed to do back in the States; but it is at last going to establish a delivery system. Better than that; it is going to move its wares about on trucks or wagons and invade those portions of France situated beyond the ultimate railheads. Its stores are going to be on wheels.

Yes, sir! The Q.M. is going to crank his cars like the Arabs, and as noisily steal away up front, in the manner of the most approved gypsy caravans. He is going to invade your peaceful rest billets back of the lines, and shout from behind his board counter across the back of the curtain: "Well, boys, any turkicker, canned goods, knives, nappkins, Providence jewelry, beads, trinkets, wampum, cut-glass cuspidors, brown derbies, purple velvet belly-bands, iron ear-laps, folding green tomato pies, or anything else to-day? Nope? All-right—All right! Giddap, Hill! He drive on, and catch the next bunch o' suckers!"

Further than that, as a sort of a base for these bring-the-market-to-you affairs, the Q.M. is going to establish a sales store of the permanent variety in each sector occupied by the A.E.F. Each store will be centrally located in advance of the railheads. Articles of equipment or clothing desired by officers may be drawn from the stores at their demand. And thus does the A.E.F. fulfill its well-known and popular slogan of "All the comforts of home—with mud thrown in free!"

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An anti-looting bill has been introduced in New York State as well, and Georgia may do the same.

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The Red Cross committee will determine the disposal of the child. It will either be sent to a practical agricultural or trade school or supported in a French family. No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which the money may be raised. It may be gathered by an assessment upon the members of the unit, by passing the hat, by giving an entertainment—in any way the unit sees fit. Address all communications regarding these children to War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

WAR ORPHANS FIND FRIENDS IN A.E.F. UNITS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] PARIS, April 4.—The American Red Cross has received a list of 100 war orphans who need help from the A.E.F. units. The orphans are of various ages and are in need of clothing, food, and shelter. The A.E.F. units are being asked to adopt these children and provide for their needs.

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A.E.F. PATROLS MAKE DAYLIGHT CALLS ON HUNS

Continued from Page 1

shot, 30 life-size Germans rose from that spot. By the time he had exhausted his magazine, the 30 were in full flight in the direction of the Rhine.

It was well after 8 o'clock when the officer and his octette of prisoners and guards sashayed through our wire and into our lines, unharmed. The daylight was as obvious as two-and-two-are-four. But what was the difference?

The second "information party" took place at another part of the line. For a long time the Americans had been wondering just how thickly populated were the enemy's firing trenches that faced them. They had an idea that they were very lightly held, but they wanted to make sure. The only way to be absolutely certain was to conduct a daylight inspection of those trenches.

Two officers and four men were told off for the job. The morning broke clear—almost too clear for what had been considered safety on that front in former times—but with the promise of faint clouds showing back of the enemy's lines. Hoping for rain or fog, the six waited before going over. The clouds disappeared, however, and at 8 o'clock, with the sun well up, the Americans decided to wait no longer.

From Shell-Hole to Shell-Hole

Over they went, pistols and rifles in hand, grenades slung to their waists. They slid head-first into the nearest shell-hole, and from there into the next, seeking cover all the way. Finally, the watchers on "the American shore" saw them make their way through the enemy wire and down into the firing trench. Then, for four hours, they were out of sight.

The six who constituted the patrol dropped to the bottom of the trench and scanned the ditches for 300 yards, with arms raised ready to fire. No Germans. They penetrated into every dugout, the muzzles of their weapons preceding them, but still no Germans. Then they returned to their starting point and went along the trench system for 300 yards in the opposite direction. Again, no Germans.

It was just noon when the watchers in our advanced post deserted the head of one of the party up over the enemy's parapet. About the same time the enemy spotted the head, and began to pot-shot at it. Clearly, there was nothing left to do but to beat it. Accordingly, all six slipped merrily across No Man's Land, at high noon, and came back unscathed, with all the information required and a good healthy appetite for chow into the bargain.

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WAR ORPHANS FIND FRIENDS IN A.E.F. UNITS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] PARIS, April 4.—The American Red Cross has received a list of 100 war orphans who need help from the A.E.F. units. The orphans are of various ages and are in need of clothing, food, and shelter. The A.E.F. units are being asked to adopt these children and provide for their needs.

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4	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.50	5.50
5	3.00	3.50	4.00	5.00	6.00

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SNAPSHOT TROPHIES FROM THE LORRAINE LINE



Secretary Baker and General Pershing studying Engineering plans



Sergeant John Leizing and the German prisoner he captured single-handed.



Mr. Baker and General Pershing greet a Red Cross Canteenier



Some of the Boche prisoners captured by Americans

2,300 AT WORK FOR AMERICAN RED CROSS

Vast Organization Has Entire Charge of Twenty Hospitals in France

CANTEENS CLOSE TO FRONT Caring for Wounded Only One of Many Colossal Tasks Successfully Undertaken

Two thousand three hundred persons are working now in the ranks of the American Red Cross in France. Radiating from a central directing headquarters, a five story building of offices, itself a monument to the American capability of organization on a huge scale, they are carrying the sympathy and practical help of the United States into every corner of this country.

Operating Score of Hospitals It has in service 500 ambulances, automobiles and camions to bring wounded from the fighting zones. It is operating 20 hospitals for the wounded and assists in the operation of five others.

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Shelters for Children Twenty-six unfinished apartment houses in Paris are being completed at the instigation of the Red Cross to provide shelter for children and other refugees, and in the same connection 70 dispensaries are operated for the French civil population, as well as big tuberculosis barracks.

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NEW OVERSEAS CAP NOT A PINCUSHION

Even Insignia of Officer's Rank Can't Be Worn on A.E.F. Millinery

Wear no insignia on your monk—parade, overseas cap. That's the order, a new order. No insignia of any kind are to be worn on the overseas cap.

Wear no insignia on your monk—parade, overseas cap. That's the order, a new order. No insignia of any kind are to be worn on the overseas cap.

WIN YOUR BARS AND WRITE YOURSELF UP

Captains and Lieutenants Must Keep Their Own Record Books

Do you want to keep tabs on yourself in a nice, pretty book, write in all the nice, pretty things you want to about yourself, and have no one say you may be contradicted you? Then become a captain or a lieutenant; they're the only ones that can get away with it.

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IT LOOKED LIKE FLOUR, BUT OH! HOW IT MIXED!

It looked like flour. But it floured! That, in brief, is the story—the whole story-in-a-hour-bag of how three nationalities came to grief over a case of mistaken identity.

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CAMOUFLAGED NOISE LATEST FROM FRONT

Burlap Coverings Prevent Tin Derbies from Playing Tunes on Wire

The camouflaged tin hat is the latest in spring styles in the Army. It appeared first among a number of men a few weeks ago, and is now becoming a real sensation.

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"YOUTH WILL BE SERVED"

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THE ANNUAL SPRING DINNER
of the Club which had been announced for April 6th
HAS BEEN POSTPONED.
The date for the Dinner will be decided upon later.

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Special facilities afforded officers with accounts with this institution to negotiate their personal checks anywhere in France. Money transferred to all parts of the United States by draft or cable.
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PARIS
All soldiers are welcome at the WALK-OVER Stores, where they can apply for any information and where all possible services of any kind will be rendered free of charge.
LYONS, 12 Rue de la Republique
NAPLES, 215 Via Roma
The WALK-OVER "French Conversation Book" and Catalogue will be sent gratis any soldier applying for it.

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT
"Damn my luck," said the doughboy at the front line, straining painfully. "Just when I get a good chance to see a good air battle, I get a stiff neck."

A Few Horrors of War That Writers Don't Mention
"In our hut," writes Corporal No. 3. "We were agreed that these magazine writers were all wrong on their so-called horrors of war stuff, and we would like to submit the following as a few horrors that have been omitted:
"The guy who tells you what a soft job he used to have.
"The bunkie who wants you to read the letters from his girl back home.
"The amateur French conversation-alist.
"The guy who used to take a bath every day.
"The private who sleeps in pajamas.
"Our captain at the Saturday inspection.
"The man with the trombone snore.
"Slave in a French barber shop.
"Reveille in the winter.
"Loss of pass privilege.
"Loss of lat cord.
"K.P. on pass day.
"Army stew.
"Jaddition.
"Beans."

Not the Stomach Kind
When the Q.M. person recovered—and his recovery took time—he faced his irate audience, and began:
"Lady and gentlemen! A horrid mistake has been put over on us. The stuff you thought was flour wasn't no—I mean any—such thing. It was meant for feet and not for stomachs. It was to ward off trench foot—not hunger."
Then he dived into the rear of his store, and hid behind a barricade of beans and karo. The angry mob lifted his hands in horror, screamed with frantic and impotent rage, and tore its collective hair. Pandemonium is mild for what followed.
At length, a still, small voice:
"Well, it's our luck that it didn't grave and it didn't parisse and it didn't huncrone. Think of what would have happened if they'd eaten it!"

What Ails the Gravy?
But, somehow, the gravy didn't grave. The flour seemed to turn up its nose at the humble folicles of beef that were mixed in it, and refused to associate.
Louis stirred it and stirred it and stirred it; but nothing doing. It simply wouldn't mix, any more than you could expect an old first sergeant to mix with a bunch of "recrooks." It wasn't being done; that was all.
Leaving Louis and his boss the mess sergeant in perplexity for a moment, let's see what happened to the second purchaser, a French *sergent de char*, or whatever they call him. With a loud "Hail, M. le chef," he deposited his find in front of the organization's canteen-coop.
"It will be good"—we translate very freely—"for giving the poor *enfants* a little *patisserie*. Ah, the poor ones! So long have they been fed on coarse *vivandes* and *pain de guerre*."
Dutifully, M. le chef started in to work it into good kneading substance. But the American flour wouldn't patisse for a cent. "*Sacré nom de —*," exclaimed the Gallic cook at length, waving his hands about his ears. "What *diable* has possessed the flour? It is gone zig-zag, or something!"
The third purchaser had long wanted flour. He nearly kissed the Q.M. person when it was handed out to him. Trolling a lusty *barcarole*, interspersed with a few stray snatches from "La Tosca," he sallied to his cooking-station.
"Good for da macaroni-spaghetti!" he shouted into the cook's ear, embracing him the while. "Cook it up, dammada queeck!"

Still It Won't Work
Cook obediently, poured a goodly portion of the white powder into a large and cavernous pan. Lustily he stirred it, anxiously he watched it. But it didn't macarone. And it didn't spaghetti.
The first thing the Q.M. knew, he was receiving a delegation of mess sergeants, all trying to explain, with frequent drabs on the profane literature of three imperishable languages, why his flour was no good and why he was ditto for having issued such stuff.
Before they were half through, the steward of the officers' club, who had promised his patrons pancakes and found his flour wouldn't pank; the Y.M. guy, who had promised his patrons doughnuts and found his flour wouldn't dough; the hospital Lady Bountiful, who had promised her patients some daintie and found that the flour wouldn't daint; and about a score or more of irate ctit

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TAKE OUT THAT POLICY
Only seven days remain in which members of the A.E.F. will be permitted to take out War Risk Insurance. The time was to have expired February 15, but an extension of 50 days was allowed, making April 12 the final date for policies.
Men who wish to increase the amount of policies they already hold also have until a week from today in which to attend to the matter.
Take out that protection now!

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces, authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

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THE STARS AND STRIPES, G.2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 9-95.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1918.

CELEBRATING ARIGHT

Not with drums and trumpets and salvos of artillery and oratory are we, over here, celebrating the anniversary of America's entry into the war. We are celebrating it with a dedication of ourselves, through our Commander-in-Chief's offer to the High Command, "for all we have and are," to the great task of helping our Allies drive back the invader. We're going to be in it, and to put into it all we know how to put into it. That is celebrating aright.

A glorious privilege lies before us. It goes without saying that we will make the most of it. For our second year of the war there could be no more inspiring inception than this: An American Army, trained and eager, going forward in concert with the representatives of our two great sister-democracies, to meet the Hun upon the plains of Picardy.

The eyes of the world are upon us. Forward—forward for the right! As it is written, so shall it be: "Where breathes the foe but falls before us. With Freedom's soil beneath our feet. And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

AS BAD AS THAT?

The Y.M.C.A. has established an enlisted men's hotel in Paris. It provides beds with sheets, baths in real tubs, a library, a billiard room, the only American hot-black stand discovered in France, a canteen where American women serve ice cream and lemonade, an entertainment hall with frequent movie shows. It is a little bit of home, and the tired soldier from the trenches or training camp is wont to wonder if it isn't also just a little bit of heaven.

And the dining room! Your mess sergeant ought to see it. It is comfortable and pleasing, as only Parisian dining rooms can be. Electric lights in cut glass chandeliers, mirrors, plush seated chairs and cushioned seats along the walls in which you sink six inches or three feet or thereabouts. Everything is ideal except—on every officer in the room, on every panel of the wall is this glaring sign: "Rooms must be PAID FOR IN ADVANCE and meals WHEN SERVED."

After reading these, one gets a mental picture of a soldier shinning down the fire escape to evade room rent, or sneaking out of the door to avoid payment of his dinner check. We were just wondering if it is as bad as that.

SACRIFICE

Every once in a while you will meet a man in this rising young Army who, having sacrificed much to don the olive drab, feels that he did his bit when he enlisted and that little more—certainly little more initiative can be decently expected of him. He seems vaguely to be the man who has sacrificed much to don the olive drab, feels that he did his bit when he enlisted and that little more—certainly little more initiative can be decently expected of him.

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and a friendly cruller received in one of the huts nearest of all to the trenches. There the old slogan of "Soup and Salvation" has given way to "Pies and Piety." It might be "Doughnuts for Doughboys." These huts, pitched within the shock of the German guns, are ramshackle and bare and few, for no organization can grow rich on the pennies and nickels that are tossed into tambourines at the street corners of the world. But they are doing a work that the soldiers themselves will never forget, and it is an especial pleasure to say so here, because the Salvation Army, being much too simple and old-fashioned to know the uses of advertisement, have never asked us to. You, however, can testify for them. Perhaps you do in your letters home. And surely when you are back there and you pass once more a "meeting" at the curb, you will not snicker. You will tarry a while—and take off your hat.

DOMINIES AND DOUGHBOYS

One of the benefits to arise from this war is going to be the knowledge that the average parson (meaning the lucky parson in khaki) will gain about the average soldier (meaning the average man). This knowledge will do the parson a world of good. In the light of that knowledge, he may be able, in turn, to do a world of good to the average man—in time.

What that knowledge will consist of largely depends upon the parson himself, and the viewpoint he takes in dealing with his difficult job. Taking it by and large, though, it is safe to say that if the parson is a "regular guy" at heart, he will learn that the average man has an awful lot more good in him than the whole brood of parsons (and those who train parsons) ever suspected; and that the average man is a lot more responsive to the things of the spirit—though in his own way—than the average parson could have dreamed possible.

The parson will learn, too, that it is not always the man, say, who curses the worst who is bound for perdition. He will have seen that same man comfort children frightened by bombardment, with the tenderness and skill which their own mothers could not bring to bear. He will have seen that same man go out and rescue a wounded comrade under fire. He may see that man pay the supreme sacrifice without a whimper. And, having seen all that, the parson will be mighty lenient in judging that man on little scores.

Cussing, of course, isn't to be condoned for a minute—by parsons or anybody else. But the point is that the parson will get down to bed rock in his appraisal of men, and not spend too much time fussing about their exterior embellishments. When he gets down there, the doughboy can understand the dominie. The former will lose his distrust for the latter and the latter will lose his skepticism about the former. And what can be fairer than that?

WATCH YOUR LETTERS

That familiarity breeds contempt crops up even in our letter writing. Unless he has kept his ears stuffed and his eye blindfolded, every member of the A.E.F. should by this time be familiar with the rules on censorship. Yet violations still occur. Some men seem to forget the rules, or at least to grow more careless in applying them, in direct ratio to their familiarity with them.

Bear in mind that those rules are formed on experience, the experience of all our Allies—and even of our enemies—during four years of incessant warfare. Their purpose is not to keep news from your friends at home, but to keep useful items from the ears of the enemy. Without in the least violating those rules or helping the enemy, you can tell the people at home anything of real interest to them, everything except pandering to their idle curiosity.

After all, the purpose of censorship, of the labors of your company officers, and of the Base Censor, is to save your lives; it is up to you to co-operate in that effort if you are interested in saving them, and in winning the war.

POLITICS PUT AWAY

Partisan politics, the dispatches from the States inform us, is now a thing of the past. The minority party in Congress no longer obstructs simply for the sake of obstructing, but constructs—constructs for the sake of obstructing Germany. The acid test applied to every measure that comes up is not, "Was it introduced by a Democrat, by a Republican, by a Progressive, by a Prohibitionist, by a Socialist, or by an Independent?" but the far simpler and sanner one, "Will it, if passed, help to win the war?"

That news is most encouraging to us over here, most heartening and refreshing. The first thing we realized when we landed here was that we would have plenty to do in fighting Germany without fighting among ourselves. We have stuck to the preparation for the former task, and let the latter alone. And, with the people in the States behind us following the same plan of action, all Potsdam can't stop us!

LETTERS—AND LETTERS

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, of Parnassus, South Norwalk, Conn., and way stations, in the course of an article on "The Art of Letter Writing," in a recent number of *Munsey's Magazine*, has this to say:—

"If only some confidant of the soldiers at the front, or of the girls they left behind them, could be allowed to select from what one might call the soldiers' and sweethearts' mail, and print a weekly hint of what he found, I think that probably we should have, for use and for all the future, the most poignant volume of love-letters ever printed for the faith and comfort of human hearts. It would probably, I think, be the most heart-breaking book in existence; but how full it would be of reassurance that the one elemental force and confidence of the earth remains indestructible, against all the mechanisms of atheism!"

Heart-breaking? Don't you believe it, Mr. Le Gallienne! Our girls don't send us "sob-stuff," they send us cheer and joy in their letters. In return we try to send cheer and joy back to them.

Anyway, please, PLEASE don't try to get into our mail-bags. We have trouble enough as it is getting the letters sent us from across the ocean. Let the present, and posterity, too, wait until we can get back and edit our letters ourselves.

The Listening Post

GIRLS I'VE LEFT BEHIND

ELIZABETH
Lady of whom I am bereft,
Whose features cross mine errant mind,
Fairest of all the girls I left behind.

We had, we twain, a snappy ting;
We had our days of red-romance.
You're somewhere in Wisconsin; I'm
In France.

To stall has never been my wont,
My way is blunt, my words are true.
Miss you? Don't ever think I don't.
I do.

I miss you, O my dear. And yet
I still must suffer and be strong
Without you, Bessie. I shall get
Along.

For, though I thought a lot of you,
You used to get me hopping, Liz.
When you would telephone: "Guess who
This is."

That trick, my lady, o'er the sea,
I could not stand in any June.
In brief, my Bessie, it gave me
A pain.

This is the object of my rhyme,
My Bessie for whom once I burned:
Fuss some one else as far as I'm
Concerned.

Not that doubt as to the essential greatness
Of the French ever was entertained by this
Howitzer of Hilarity. But we never really
knew the uttermost genius of the people until
last night at a dinner. The French do something
to even a parsonip that makes it taste
like food.

BLESS HIM!
A drink we like
Is Freddie Elizz;
He never bleats:
"I'll say it is."

There were a lot of authors in Paris during
the air raids, and some of them unconsciously
gravitated toward the six best cellars.

THINGS WE USED TO BEEF ABOUT
I.
The size of the hunk of ice-cream they put
in our crushed strawberry ice-cream soda.

And here is where I think it only right that
I should trill a
Few notes to thee, my favorite drink, O
Frosted Sarsaparilla!

Most of us never see the home papers any
more, but the odds are 10 to 2 that these are
some of the headlines we are missing about
now:
WAR FORCED ON GERMANY, SAYS
KAISER
COHEN HOMER WINS FOR TIGERS
TEACH CHOP REINED BY FROST
MCGRAW SAYS ELIAS HAVE GREAT
TEAM
MISS BURSTEIN NARS NET TITLE
NOT A CANDIDATE, SAYS HEARST
Any other suggestions?

"I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT"

Marguerite, you never write me,
Never knit the sportive sock.
Though the vermal breezes bite me
And the gaseous zepkyrs mock,
Never line of cheer you send me,
Never snakes of any brand.
Though the zeal of war may bend me,
Like a cruller in his hand.

One year back it was not so, Peg:
Sure you liked to have me 'round.
For we took in many a show, Peg,
And went sailing on the Sound.
You were always game for dances,
And for films full of soap.

How explain your interest lagging
When the war is all the rage?
True, khaki is not glad-ragging
And we cannot view the stage.
As we used to do (and sighs heave I),
Hah! I think I have a clue:
Strike me blind! I don't believe I
Yet have sent a line to you!

It takes all kinds of warriors to comprise
a great army, including the doughboy who
asked for some hotlers and a calendar when
he took out his War Risk Insurance.

TUNE: "I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS"
I cannot sing the old songs,
Not that I don't know how;
But I cannot pull the old stuff—
I'm in the Army now.

Our notion of a preferred fire insurance
risk is the average briquet.

"THAT COMIC LOOKING CAP"
A mother sat one morning out in Quincy,
Illinois:
Her thoughts were fondly turning to her far-
off soldier boy.
She said, "I wonder where he is, my own,
my darling Jeff.
I only know he's somewhere with the well-
known A.E.F."

Just as those poignant words she said, a letter
was delivered:
A photograph dropped from it. "Oh, who
can that be?" she shivered.
"He used to be a snappy boy, a handsome
looking chap.
But he doesn't look like a son of mine in that
there funny cap."

"He used to be so snappy."
Did the subject of this ditty,
Before he wore that comic looking cap,
He was such a handsome kid
Before he wore that lid—
Now I cannot bear to look upon his map!"

The Listening Post is requested to state that
those golf-stick insignia are retorts, the in-
signia of the chemical corps. "A man came
up to me the other day," says a chem. lieutenant,
"and offered to give me a stroke a hole."

FRANCE FLICKERINGS
**Ye scribbled a French hair cut last
Saturday and is doing as well as could be
expected.

**A second lieut., who used to be tennis
champion of the U.S. is engaged to be married.
Looks like a love set, hey?

**Several of the overseas caps are adorning
the heads of our boys. Well, it is the war, as
our Allies so well say.

**Our circ. mgr. is a busy man these ele-
gant spring days.

**Orphan-adopting is the order of the day.

"AND THE ONLY TUNE"
Tom, Tom, the corporal gay,
Stays all night and half the day;
But the only tune that he can steer
Is: "Oh, boy, where do we go from here?"

Weber and Fields, like the patriotic Ameri-
cans they are, have discarded their old
Doche dialect. By Chove, Meyer, did you
never?
Apparently Chouffeur Hindenburg hasn't
read the Allied traffic regulations.
He thought he was on a one-way street.
F. P. A.

FIVE HUNDRED FRANCS WILL SUPPORT HIM FOR A YEAR



A FIELD NOTE BOOK

MOTHER MARIE'S WELCOME

When the Huns broke into Mother Marie's
cottage, she was tending three wounded
French soldiers. The Huns ordered her to
get out.
"Will you take care of my *poilus*?" she
pleaded.
"No."
"Then I must," she insisted.

She tended them three days and nights,
then the Huns put her under guard for dis-
obeying orders.
Last week she was repatriated. The relatives
of the men whose lives she had helped
to save met her at the station and gave her a
royal welcome.

She is going back in a few days from Paris
to her old home. When she gets there, she
will find the houses rebuilt and refurbished,
and a notice about a *croix de guerre* on the
parlor table.

PRECIOUS SCARS

We were sitting in the inn courtyard of the
Pink Owl in Beauville.
"Some day," my friend observed, "the
scars on these walls will be of real commercial
value."
"Why?"

"Because tourists from America will flock
here: some of them ex-A.E.F. men, some of
them the folks back home who now so eagerly
are poring over the war news. The Pink Owl
has 19 scars, disfigurements now, but after
the war every one of them will do its bit to
attract the attention and the trade of the
romantic-minded tourist."
Sounds highly probable, doesn't it?

"STRIPERS"

When you see an American naval officer
strutting around town and you want to know
his rank, don't look for the indication of it on
his shoulders or his collar, but count the
stripes on his sleeve. In nautical circles, an
ensign, corresponding to a second lieutenant
in the army, is a "one-striper." A lieutenant,
junior grade, who ranks with an army
first lieutenant, is a "one-and-a-half-striper."
Army so on up the line. A "two-striper"
(lieutenant, senior grade) rates with the
army's captains; a "two-and-a-half-striper"
with majors. A commander is a "three-
striper," a captain (equivalent to colonel) a
"four-striper."

ENCORE TIPPERARY

One still hears "Tipperary" being sung
near the front as a marching song. Yet the
British ceased to sing it long ago, and the
Americans haven't revived it. Then who does
sing it? The *poilus*. What is more, they
render it in English. Not more than half
of them know what it means, but that mat-
ters little. For it is an evidence in music
of the brotherhood of the Allies—and that
means considerable.

WAR-TIME SEE-SAWS

The Tommies describe those big belts of
steel that are sawed in half to make arched
roofs for dugouts as "elephant iron." The
French gamin describes them as "rookers."
Whenever two youths of France discover one
of these half-sections on its back with the
ends sticking up, they balance a plank across
it and merrily proceed to see-saw.

VARIETIES OF SLUM

Everyone knows that there are at least
three different kinds of slum—the watered
kind, the more solid variety and the occa-
sional special sort that wears a pie-crust.
The Marines describe these three types in
sea-lingo: "slum with the tide in," "slum
with the tide out," and "slum with an over-
coat."

UGHT TO BE VIVACIOUS

Our artillerymen always have nicknames
for the guns they serve. The French go us
one better. They have names—formally
painted on the gun barrels. One of the most
highly descriptive caught our eye on the road
up to the front the other day. It was
christened "Gaby."

HOW PUDGY LIKED IT

Fair, fat and past 40 is this secretary
of the Red Triangle. Has the smile that
won't come off. Every doughboy within miles
around the hut knows him and likes his
cheery personality. That is why, perhaps,

"SOUL OF THE DOUGHBOY" IN PRINT

(From the "Philadelphia Press," March 10, 1918)

In homes throughout the United States
which are distinguished by the familiar ser-
vice flag can be found these days copies of a
newspaper which is far removed from pink tea
journalism, a newspaper which breathes the
civic breath of American battlefields in Eu-
rope, whether they be those of coties-filled
dugouts, mud-filled trenches, or mental battle-
fields on which the French language lies more
or less murdered by American tongues and
noses.

It is THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official
newspaper of the American Expeditionary
Forces. It contains in its pages cartoons, edi-
torials, news and verse which exhibit the
clean, rough, stout-hearted soul of the dough-
boy abroad. It is published by doughboys and
written by doughboys, with the exception of
news cabled from America or London, or con-
tributed by staff correspondents of American
newspapers in France.

THE STARS AND STRIPES is in existence
to keep the Amex force as well informed about
events in France and the United States as are
the folks in "Homeburg," and to chronicle
the hopes and longings of men who for the
first time in history have become foreigners—
for until you read the French advertisements
in the publication you do not realize that
thousands of Americans who have called all
the world foreign have now assumed that role
themselves.

The paper is published weekly. A copy
dated "France, Friday, February 15,
1918," which has come to the *Phila-
delphia Press*, is only eight pages long.
But there is no negligible perispage in
it. There is persilage, but it has an under-
tone which hints feelings that can be expressed
only in persilage, as the depths of the ocean
are topped with foam. And for this reason
there is more in those eight pages (every one
of which is as compelling to the attention as a
renewed declaration of war, or a new draft
of the Declaration of Independence written by

an entire people), than there is in many
volumes of "war speeches" made after din-
ner.

The copy at hand is the second number of
Volume I, which is to be added to the suc-
ceeding numbers "published every Friday, be-
ginning February 8, 1918, for the duration of
the war."

Poetry which has filled the heart of an
American:—
"Waitin' and watchin' and worrin'
If the Hun's comin' over tonight—"
from the fire-step of a trench, tops an article
on the sinking of the *Tuscania*, which shows
the inmost soul of Uncle Sammy's Army. The
only two-column story on the front page is
not cluttered with the raving of a Varlamov.
It is an illuminating article on the care of
feet, plain feet, flat feet, feet with bunions,
and every sort of flat which are not just the
sort of feet which will do the prosaic duty of
helping idealistic America whip the material-
istic Hun. It isn't gripping reading for a poli-
tician. But this newspaper is not written for
politicians. It is written for the men who
have taken a "stand" for the Government—
on their own hiked-tired feet.

There is a picture of an American soldier,
topped with the helmet which has superseded
the obsolete campaign hat. And underneath
is an article which pleads for a title for that
soldier—any title which is appropriate—but
not "Sammy," or "Johnny," or any other
rehashed nickname.

On the inside pages are words which pul-
sate with noble purpose, and short sentences
which are redolent of sweet-soaked khaki, of
mud-covered shoes, of night-tired eyes and
sore feet—things which are not written of ex-
cept when real men write. These American
men don't get cold feet figuratively, but they
get them actually. They don't get sore heads,
but they get sore muscles. And they don't
camouflage the fact. Discomfort likes com-
pany, as well as misery. THE STARS AND
STRIPES is company.

WHAT YOU THINK OF US

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
A distinct success is mild praise for this
journalistic enterprise. Its greatest strength
lies in its ability to transport the reader "over
there" for at least a few moments.
Pvt. P. B. HARRINGTON.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
Copies of your splendid paper have reached
our camp and the men are delighted with its
appearing and appearance. They have already
taken a number of subscriptions.
L. J. DARTER, Sec. Y.M.C.A.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
The editors sure have spizzierintum and
every word of the paper is darned interesting.
Pvt. HOWARD W. BUTLER.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
Your paper has the real American jump.
Good luck!
CHARLES H. GRASBY.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
This company received THE STARS AND
STRIPES last evening. It took me with the
boys, and they agreed it was the next best
thing to receiving a letter from home.
Pvt. R. H. AMSTRONG.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
Permit me to extend my sincerest apprecia-
tion of THE STARS AND STRIPES, and to
congratulate you on the successful *debut* with
which you have brought it out. It is the snop-
piest and most vigorous paper I have seen
and reflects the spirit of the A.E.F. at the
front, in training, and en route
Pvt. MEYER AGEN.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
I read with interest your recent comment on
the "Old Subscriber," and while I may not
be able to sign myself as such I can sign as
"One of the First Subscribers," for I was so
anxious to get the paper that I was one of
four from this company that sent our sub-
scription money to your office rather than wait
until arrangements were made to have it sent
to this organization in bulk.
It is a splendid paper and I wish you all
success in the enterprise.
CORP. GEORGE C. POTTER.

HER TABLE IS SPREAD FOR MEN IN THE RANKS

Desolated French Mother Finds Solace in Stuffing Boys of A.E.F. with Goodies that Smack of Home Cooking

This is the story of a little, gentle-voiced, old Frenchwoman, who runs the best restaurant in France—or so its patrons think, at least. There are, or have been in times past, restaurants aplenty for officers only, but here is a place most jealously guarded for enlisted men, privates preferred. Not that a colonel cannot get his dinner there, but it will not be so cheap nor so abundant nor so quickly served, for Madame Cocaud cooks for the love of the thing and her heart is with the boys in the ranks.

It has only been since the arrival of the Americans that Madame Cocaud has run a restaurant at all. For nine-and-twenty years she kept a small, lazy little *brasserie* in the square opposite the *Mairie* in a morsel of a French town so old that, with someone to guide you, you can still find portions of the wall the Romans built back in the days when the Germans were just beginning to be a nuisance. There she lived with her son and tilled mightily in order that he might have as good an education as any boy in all that part of the country.

She had her way, and he was rapidly gaining reputations at home and abroad as a teacher and lecturer—a lecturer on peace, as it happens—when the war came and off he went to the front. It was in the second fall of the war that word of his death came to the little house across the way from the *Mairie* and the light of Madame Cocaud's life went out. She was left alone with her memories, a silent, stricken woman who seemed to have forgotten how to smile.

Then Came the Americans

Then one fine day someone hit upon her town as the very site for what is now a rapidly expanding American Army post, and one hot, midsummer afternoon, the first Americans came rattling over the flagstones of its narrow streets. Most of them made for the taverns where the signs swung free and the little green tables invited all and sundry to sit down in front.

But one tired and dusty boy put his head in Madame Cocaud's door and asked for some eggs. He called them "woofs," but she understood, and as he looked very young and very hungry she prepared him a great plate of them and retired into the back room to wipe her eyes furtively on the corner of her apron. It was only when he insisted with great vehemence on paying something that she reluctantly named some preposterously small price and so found herself launched unexpectedly in the restaurant business.

Why Madame Is Famous

For, from then on, it has not been easy, any night, to find a corner at Madame Cocaud's—a cramped little place at best, all hung with strange brass pots and pans and festooned with still stranger strings of sausage. From that corner, through the mist of smoke

that hangs like a heavy fog in the old, "me-stained" kitchen, you can see her bending over the hearth, chuckling to herself as, from a single fire of crackling twigs, she brings forth marvels in the way of omelettes and *bifteck* and *pain perdu* and *saucesses* (country style).

Best and most famous of all are her *crêpes*, the delicate French griddle-cake of which no one has even been known to "have enough." They say it takes 20 years to learn to flip-flop them in the pan and then flip-flop them to your plate as she can do it. She used to make them only for that boy of hers when he was at home for school for his vacations, but now she has so many boys to feed, she sometimes has to call upon a neighbor to help with the *crêpes*. She even has hopes—probably vain ones—of training a few of the Americans to cook their own.

Madame Smiles Again

The neighbors have begun to notice that Madame Cocaud is smiling once more for the first time since the second autumn of the war. They notice, too, with no little disapprobation, that she is charging an almost indecent minimum for her dinners. They argue with her about this. Some day the Americans will be gone, for the war cannot last forever, they say, and she should be storing away a little profit against the lonely years to come. "Dane, you!" is her reply. "What would I do with a fortune? On whom could I spend it?"

Indeed, she seems to think of herself as a sort of special mess sergeant for the American Army. It is a community affair with her. When business is brisk, she is so preoccupied with her frying pan that she often begs the boys to come around some other night to settle their accounts. When, before the ban on these things, her own stock of sugar or *confiture* ran low, she rather expected them to open up their boxes from home and replenish her shelves. And they did it, too.

Equality and Fraternity

It is true that now and again one of them will bring down a jar of syrup, say, with instructions that it be saved just for his own use (like a shaving cup in an old-fashioned barber shop), but at this point her scant knowledge of English invariably deserts her. When he comes again, he is sure to find she has blandly passed the syrup till the bottle is empty.

Once there went forth a staggering order that no American soldier in that part of the world might so much as cross the threshold of a place where even light wines were sold, on penalty of death or kitchen police. It looked like the end of Madame Cocaud's. There were great sinkings of the head, and one long day with the old silence and the old order in the place.

After this much suspense, Madame got out her finest lace *coif*, donned her finest gown (slightly low-necked), and called upon the major. She had, she said with a perfectly straight face, long been waiting for an excuse to stop the sale of liquor on her premises. Thereafter, nothing more demoralizing than *café au*

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE FIRST LIEUTENANT—OLD STYLE

He's longer on the setting-up than any loot we've got— He makes us bend and bust our backs in weather cold or hot: He's fierce inspecting billets, and he's fierce on mounting guard. And that poor first platoon of his sure gets it awful hard.

He takes a detail out to work, and works 'em to the bone. He hikes a detail back from work; you ought to hear 'em groan. When he starts up the double as they're coming to a hill— He loves to pass the other gangs, and leave 'em standing still.

You never can get by him with your hands tucked out of sight: "Your pockets were not made for that," he'll tell you; 't'p'raps he's right. "Salutes? You've got to snup 'em up until your shoulder burns— At that, you never match the one the Loot himself returns!"

He never seems to sleep at all, he never's known to rest; The old 'uns all are strong for him; the young 'uns say, "A pest!" The old 'uns, though, know how he won those silver shoulder-bars, And, knowing that, they hope some day he'll sport the golden stars!

It should ever be served within her walls.

Once more the doors opened and the frying pan sizzled over the twigs.

It was to such a place, lured by the growing renown of the *crêpes au saucisses*, that a great American lady—known to every ready of society columns and women's pages back home—descended on Madame Cocaud's for one of her "sweet little dinners" and the "quantities and quantities of atinos, phere" that went with them.

She was so obviously a grand lady that Madame Cocaud paragonously assumed (or pretended to) that she was at least the wife of the President of the United States. For that one night, the place was disorganized, the enlisted men could hardly get waited on at all and there was great sulking in the corners. Madame Cocaud was desolated and the next night, when the great lady came again, it was not the dinner of the enlisted men that was slow in reaching the table.

And Then Came the Captain

Why the enlisted men were treated with such special consideration, few of them guessed and none knew for sure till one memorable night not long ago when a passing captain took *in chambre priée* and ordered wine while the bar was still on it. He was much surprised when the handmaiden replied that they never served it.

Madame was summoned. She confirmed the dreadful rumor. The captain assured her he had the money to pay for it. One did not have to be rich, she replied, to dine at her place. Besides, to sell wine, it was *defendu*.

"But," protested the captain, "I am an officer and those rules are local and are for enlisted men at that."

"So is this place," said Madame Cocaud, her voice trembling, but her eyes aghast. "I prefer them. My son was in the Army, Monsieur," and this was the end of the conversation, "my son was in the Army and he was a simple *soldat*."

SCARED?—YOU BET THEY ARE

Cadet Aviators Can See No Romance in Initial Flight

"Are we scared when we make our first flight?" said a cadet aviator talking of his back-home training. "Of course we're scared. It's fun to look at the pictures, and to imagine yourself up there in the clouds, but when it comes to stepping into your machine beside the instructor and expecting all that dead-

weight of engine and blood and bone to shoot you a mile in air on two frail-looking cloth wings—you're scared.

"But it's just that look at the instructor that saves the day. There's no romance of aviation in his eye. He's married and got a family not so many miles from the field, and his kids don't stand crying on the doorstep all day wondering whether papa will be brought home in a wheel-barrow at supper time. And when supper time comes papa always walks up the steps just as sound of body as though he'd been floor-walking all day.

"That's what gives you confidence. This instructor person isn't batting an eye, and if there's a gleam in it, it's at the prospect of a steak at the end of the day's work—if that fool pupil with the quaking legs will only hop into the machine so that the trip can start. And the fool pupil makes his teeth chatter and climbs aboard. There's no rah-rah stuff about that instructor, and that's just what keeps your pulse down to somewhere near normal when you shake a day-day at Mother Earth for the first time."

THINGS THAT DON'T INTEREST THE A.E.F.

The "news" that Count von Wiener, schenitzel of somewhere thinks that he sees signs of peace on the horizon.

The speeches of the Kaiser.

The yawp of the professional "military critic" who has never been nearer Europe than Eastport, Maine.

The speeches of the Kaiser.

The fear of hypersensitive souls, in great art centers like the stockyards and Grove City, that this horrid war will have a debasing effect on table manners for the next century to come.

The reported discovery that there is just as much graft under a system of municipal government by commission as there used to be in the good old days of a party-elected mayor and board of aldermen.

The speeches of the Kaiser.

The promise of freedom, made by Germany to Poland, and the pledge of electoral reform in Prussia.

Any German promises.

The observation of Professor U. Genix, of Hysteria University, U. S. A., that, due to the war, more babies have been born with red, white and blue eyes this year than ever before.

The speeches of the Kaiser.

WHY IS IT?

That, just after you've located a pulpit in a camp about four and a half kilometres-away, and have promised to hike over and see him on the following Sunday if it's a day off, you always find your name on the K. P. or guard list the night before, and have no way of letting him know you can't get there?

That, just after the Skipper gives you a hand on something you've done, and you begin to think you're aces high with him and everything's going fine, yours has to be the only gun in the platoon with a speck of rust on it, and you have to begin all over again?

That, just after you've broken in a new pipe, and got it in such shape that it doesn't burn your tongue or take the top of your head off every time you smoke it, and you begin to think it's the best pipe you ever had, you have to go and drop it out of your pocket on the hike, and start breaking in a new one all over again?

That, just after you've got comfortably situated in a billet, and have put up a shelf for all your stuff and a rack for your gun and your harness and everything, and have a bacon-kin and custard and all fixed up so you can read after taps without the sergeant getting wise, the General has to take it into his head to move the whole blooming outfit and you have to tear everything down?

That, just after you've got your mail all straightened out, and the folks at home writing to correct address, for a wonder, the P. O. department takes it into its head to renumber all the stations, and your letters all go straggling for another month?

DOC DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM

But One Convalescent Must Have Felt Worse for a Minute

This comes from a base hospital. Private X had undergone an operation. He was wheeled from the operating room into a ward and at the end of an indefinite period recovered from the anaesthetic, held an inventory of himself and brightened.

"I feel better," he said. "And now I'm glad it's all over."

"Huh," said the man in the cot on his right, "don't be too sure it's all over. They left a sponge in me and had to cut me open again to get it."

"Yes," said the man on his left, "and the doctor left his scissors in me and had to probe for them again."

Just then the doctor entered the ward. "Has anybody," he asked, "seen my hat?"

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN

There's no use pulling a long face—much more is gained by a smile; cheer up, dig in, keep busy, do the best you can all the while. At times you may feel you're ill-treated, but a grinch won't help to show that your estimate of ability is quite correct, you know. Don't forget you're in France for a purpose; discomfort is part of the game that comes with the signal honor of adding U. S. to your name. Remember, by pulling together, morning and noon and night, we'll hasten the doom of the Prussian and prove that our cause is right. So cheer up, smile and keep busy; acquire some hop and spin; we're in this war to the finish; make your motto "Work, Grin and Win."—Major Joseph Caccavajo, Engrs., C.S.R.

ALL KINDS OF TALENT FOR HOSPITAL THEATER

Actors, Actresses, Scene Shifters, Stage Carpenters, Costumer and Playwright are Recruited on Short Notice

It may be some time before E. H. Southern and his troupe are ready for the A.E.F. circuit and Elsie Janis (*mother-reinforcement*) cannot be in every Y.M.C.A. hut every night of the war, but in the meantime, every camp and post behind the lines can put on its own show. And most of them do.

Not long ago Base Hospital No. Blank decided, apropos of nothing, to go into the theater business for one night only and discovered, upon investigation, that all of the dramatic lights necessary to stage a complete show were hidden under olive drab somewhere about the premises.

The director, bred in that celebrated dramatic school, Dartmouth College, proved, with a howling success, that you have only to scratch an American soldier to find a playwright, a scene-painter, an orchestra leader, a costume designer or what you will.

It was decided that there must be a play, a real play with scenery and costumes and dialogue and plot and everything for at least one part of the program. Did any one have a play in his barrack bag? A canvass was hastily held which yielded nothing but one water-soaked copy of "Michelet" and this was rejected as being a little too elaborate and not quite so full of superfluous laughs as the occasion seemed to require.

There could be no recourse to the familiar custom of telephoning Samuel French & Co. to send up 20 short and snappy comedies for selection. There was no way for it but to detail an enlisted man to write a piece at once, so a poor wretch, who had once published an article on the decline of the drama, was obliged, for his sins, to retire with a typewriter and, some time between retreat and taps, come forth with the *Great American Play*.

He did—thoughtfully making six carbon copies while he was about it so they would not exempt him to type the parts for distribution among the cast. Knowing that there were many dazzling nurses in the hospital, he was free to have as many feminine figures in that cast as his heart desired. Knowing that about the hardest thing to find in France would be, not a bowl of sugar, but a suit of Kaunusheit, we-makes-clothes-for-young-men apparel, he thoughtfully made the male characters all soldiers and, just to give the story a special glow, he laid the scene back home shortly after the declaration of peace.

You could see the handsome young surgeon opening up once more the apartment he had locked behind him when he went off to war. You saw him renewing acquaintance with a pair of silk socks and watched him studying as a curiously a copy of a New York newspaper that had been left at the door the day he shook the dust of New York from his feet.

"Why its front page is all about the Kaiser," he mused. "I wonder whatever

became of him." Thus stealing Will Roger's stuff.

The question of a star was quickly settled. One of the non-coms had played several hundred roles as a preliminary to enlisting, and stuffing his part into his pocket, he was able to memorize it as he tore about the countryside on an ambulance. But what about costumes? After a brief silence the wardmaster of the first surgical ward shyly confessed what he had kept dark up to that moment—that in civil life he had been a Fifth Avenue dressmaker.

Found—A Real Stage Hand

It took him no time to make the chosen nurses look like the society women in a five-reel movie drama. Fired by this example, a corporal of engineers, enlisted as a carpenter, admitted that he had been a stage-hand for 25 years and knew more about scenery than any other living man except the night watchman of Cain's storeroom in New York.

The workmanlike "center-door fang" set he then proceeded to execute out of some wood and canvass substantiated his claim, which was proved beyond all doubt when you heard him slipping the ropes on the opening night. You had only to shut your eyes to think your self backstage at the Grand Opera House in Chicago.

It all had to be done in a hurry. It's not safe to dally with rehearsals in the A.E.F. Selected a cast for a performance two weeks later and by that time your company is all over the map of France. Select \$ 10, m. as a rehearsal hour and you will find your leading heavy has been put on night duty and your *lignonee* has just been isolated in charge of a scarlet fever shack. Rehearsals must be held when chance offers. The ambulance driver and his orderly can go over their scene together while burning up the local highway; the nurse and the wardmaster can rehearse their song while giving an ear irrigation at night if the patient is helpless. It had to be that way this time.

At the eleventh hour, the well-laid plans went all to pieces when it was found that neither the scenery nor the audience would fit into the mess hall. A theater must be found in 24 hours. It was. A detachment of engineers found it. They pitched their tents, evacuated their own barracks, knocked out one end, put up a stage and installed as professional a set of electric headlights, foots and spot as any tragedienne could ask.

AS YOU WERE

"I'm going over the top," observed the truck driver as he finished up the washing of the body.

"Sound off," said the piano-tuner as he played a chord which failed to harmonize.

"Column right," announced the accountant as he finished checking his figures.

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UNCLE SAM PINCH HITTING ON WESTERN FRONT

This April finds him over the sea, Where, answering a nation's call, On blood-marked plains of Picardy He plays the greatest game of all.

The April perfume in the air One year ago could only mean That soon he should be playing where The chalk-lines mark a field of green.

BASEBALL SCRIBES SPEND DULL WEEK

Funeral of International League Only Really Lively Event

TURN THEN TO EXHUMING

Meanwhile Training Camp Games Begin and Charlie Herzog Roams the Reservation

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—Baseball news was so thin last week that America's baseball writers filled the void with tales culled from the depths of antiquity and have had heated discussions about the pitching style of players slain about the pitching style of players slain about the pitching style of players slain...

WORLD'S BOXING TITLE TO BE SETTLED JULY 4th

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 4.—Jess Willard and Fred Fulton have signed papers for a match for the world's championship, to be fought July 4 at a place yet to be named. Willard is to receive 75 per cent of the net profits and Fulton is to get a flat sum of \$20,000.

Colonel Miller, former owner of 101 Ranch, the promoter of the bout, has reserved the right to sell or transfer the bout to such persons as he may see fit. A large flock of promoters is already on the scene with large lumps of promised money. Most of these affluent persons scorn any bid lower than \$125,000 as first offer.

Baltimore, New Haven, Denver, New Orleans, and Chicago have made offers for the great educational affair, but the heavyweight's manager is very coy and is evidently planning to get a higher price per pound for Willard-Fulton flesh than Shylock wanted for his pound.

Worried pugilistic scribes are printing mournful stories about Willard's condition, picturing him fat up to the ears, but Willard's friends indignantly deny that he is defying Hoover by hoarding fat, and hint that the heavyweight's wife has the championship in her charge and will not let it leave the family for want of training.

AIR SQUADRON NINE TRIMS Q.M.C. TEAM

Smashing Getaway Helps to Put Game on Ice for S.O.S. Players

The 49th-497th Aero Squadron defeated the Quartermaster Team in a game played recently in the S.O.S. by a score of 6 to 2. The Aero men started with a comfortable lead of three runs. Hill's pitching was a feature. He had 16 strikeouts to his credit.

Table with columns: Player Name, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Lists players like Sweetman, Cunningham, Hubbel, etc.

BORDER CHAMPIONS YIELD TO ENGINEERS

French Spectators Applaud Stolen Base With Cushions Full

A ball game recently contested between Company A, Engineers, and Company H, Infantry, was made more interesting by the fact that Company H claimed to have held the championship on the Mexican border, during their stay there in the summer of 1916. This was the second game engaged in by the Engineers, but they had too much punch for the doughboys.

At times the Engineers displayed great ability, and at other times they did not, especially when "Chief" Myers, not the old Athletic star but his namesake, stole the base in the eighth inning when all three bases were occupied. The game was witnessed by a good-sized crowd of Americans and Frenchmen, and the Frenchmen thought Myers had pulled off some great feat.

Eva Dart, former Westminister star, showed her ability by stealing five bases, also garnering three hits and scoring three times. For the doughboys, Hollywood was star batsman, garnering three swats.

Table with columns: Player Name, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Lists players like Hollwood, SS, 3; Myers, SS, 1; Hubbel, 3B, 0; etc.

FOLLOWING IN GOTCH'S STEPS

Will the next world's champion wrestler emerge from the middle western farmer-boy? Evidence points that way. For it now is becoming more and more apparent that the most promising of the contenders for the honors held by Frank Gotch of Iowa is Joe Stecher of Nebraska. Though Stecher's recent match with Zbyszko was officially a draw, the multi-side critics say that the cornhusker showed far more science, and that Zbyszko saved himself from defeat through sheer strength alone. Stecher is today one of the greatest attractions to box office receipts in the American sport world, and in consequence is looked ahead for a season almost as long as a baseball player's. He is of all the big fellows the quickest and most spectacular. Though the novelty of the famous scissors hold wore off long ago, the dread of it among his competitors has never lessened. Zbyszko was officially a draw, the multi-side critics say that the cornhusker showed far more science, and that Zbyszko saved himself from defeat through sheer strength alone.

SPORTING COMMENT

It would be interesting to see some accurate figures upon how devotees of various sports have turned out for war duty. These might show some surprising results. The impression is that tennis would stand high in the list and professional baseball and professional boxing somewhere near the bottom. An unexpected contender for first honors might be cricket. This is suggested by the fact that the Western Massachusetts Cricket League has been in existence for 25 years and that its players have volunteered for war service. We wonder if any other sport has an average as high as one in four?

WANT TO ARRANGE SCHEDULE

A.G.O. Athletic Association Anxious To Hear From A.E.F. Teams

The A.G.O. Athletic Association, Headquarters, S.O.S., which has 75 members, has formed a baseball team. Equipment is furnished by the Y.M.C.A. This organization was formed with a view to entering into all forms of athletics—baseball, soccer, basketball, tennis or any other game in which a rival can be found. The management is anxious to hear from other A.E.F. teams with a view to arranging a definite schedule. Communications should be addressed to D. A. Kelly, A.F.C., A.G.O., Hqs., S.O.S.

NEW JOB FOR SCHAEFER

Although both men have finished their playing careers, Germany Schaefer, famous clown of the coaching lines, and Ed Walsh, the White Sox spitball artist, will still be in the public eye this year. Harry Hempstead of the New York Giants promised to help out Lafayette College in baseball this year, and has sent Schaefer there to act as coach. Walsh, who has been coaching the Yale squad this spring, will later on help get the Sox twirlers in shape and act as tutor for the newcomers.

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WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

Rocky Kansas and Willie Jackson fought a ten-round draw at Buffalo recently. Jess Willard has purchased a farm and house near Lawrence, Kansas.

Johnny Griffiths won from Joe Welling in 15 rounds at Akron, Ohio. Joe Egan and Bryan Downey have been suspended for 60 days each in Wisconsin for their recent poor bout.

Frankie Cullahan won from Scranton Willie Ritchie in ten rounds at Wilkes-Barre. Fred Fulton stopped Jim Harper of Kansas City in two rounds at Chattanooga.

K. O. Mars won over Benny McNeill in 10 rounds at Cincinnati. At Boston Young Britt won from Billy De Voe of Red Wing, Minn., in a 12-round go.

Harry Greb easily beat Jack Dillon in 12 rounds at Toledo, Ohio. Jack Malone stopped Billy Long in seven rounds at Milwaukee and Billy Kramer and Steve Choinisky went ten rounds to a draw.

Mike O'Dowd, claimant to the middleweight title, led a St. Paul draft contingent to Camp Dodge, where he joined the Army. Jack Reed, of Toledo, has been barred from boxing in Minnesota for six months because he broke an agreement to box Andy Anderson.

David Astley is trying to get a passport to go to England to box Jimmy Wilde in May. Harry Greb made short work of Jack Hubbard at Lonaconing, Md., stopping him in the third round.

Fred Dyer won from Frankie Mack at Boston in a 12-round go. Willie Devore won a fierce 15-round go from Jabez White of Albany at Akron, Ohio.

Tommy Tobson defeated Walter Mohr in 12 rounds at Chelsea, Mass. Johnny Hillman gave Ted Lewis all he wanted in their six-round go at Philadelphia. Lewis barely gaining the decision in the papers. Some of the critics called it a draw.

Patry Cline had the better of Tommy Coney in their six rounds at Philadelphia. Johnny Schauer stopped Jack Reed, the Australian lightweight, in 12 rounds at Des Moines, Iowa.

Jack Malone stopped Young Denny in eight rounds at Milwaukee. Australian boxing fans are planning the erection of a monster statue in honor of Bob Fitzsimmons.

Batting Kunz won over Chic Brown in 20 rounds at New Haven. K. O. Brown, former New York lightweight star, has been rejected by the Army because of a bad eye.

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CHIEFS SEEK GRIDIRON

There is plenty of baseball talk throughout France now, and it's probably a little early to discuss next season's football prospects, but they are being debated, nevertheless. Two famous Indian players already have held a pow-wow on the outlook for next fall and laid plans for a conquest of the gridiron.

They are Elmer Prophet, a great grandson of Chief Teunseh, and Meede Steele, a descendant of the Sioux tribe which helped to capture and bring to justice the famous Apache outlaw, Chief Geronimo.

Prophet, an Army field clerk in the A.G.O.'s office, figured in many a hard fought battle for Haskell Institute. Steele won his spurs at Carlisle. He is a member of an American artillery band.

When certain middle western contingents reach France, there will be many Indians who, while they are waiting to get a chance at the Kaiser's scalp, will be available for football and other American sports.

DIAMOND FLASHES

Gus Getz, former Red, is to be given a trial by Cleveland. John Nealon, of Scranton, has signed with the Braves.

Jack Eibel, of the Richmond International League club, has been purchased by the Red Sox. The American Association will charge 30 cents for bleacher seats and 60 cents for grand stand seats this year.

The New York Yanks have released Dan Tipple and Cliff Markle to Mike Kelley's St. Paul club. St. Paul traded Boardman and De Fate to Omaha for Shortstop Krug.

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GIANTS MAKE FLYERS DO ASCENSION STUNT

Schaefer Lets the Aviators Down by Pitching Behind His Back

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—Aviators, Abe Martin might have predicted, are all right as baseball players if you can keep 'em from going up in the air.

The Army aviators training at the Waco aviation camp met the New York Giants in a exhibition game at Marlin, Texas, for the benefit of the Red Cross.

The aviators arrived with enthusiasm, partly in aliphis. They then demonstrated that they do not play ball as well as they fly. Toward the end of the game Germany Schaefer, who is calling himself Herman this season—who was in the box for the Giants, pitched from behind his back to give the aviators a chance. If the Giants had not cased up, the score might have been 20 to 0. The result was 9 to 7.

Soldiers figured in another game with big league talent. Seventeen thousand men in training in Georgia saw the Yankees defeat the team of the 124th Infantry at Macon, Ga., by a score of 12 to 4. The Yankees scored 11 runs in the first inning, but the soldiers refused to let gloom overcome them and the game finished amid a roar of laughter, and music.

TIGERS' ROWING SCHEDULE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—The Princeton faculty committee on outdoor sports announced last week that the Tigers will participate in three rowing races on Lake Carnegie. It will race the Harvard varsity and Princeton against the Cornell team on May 4 against Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania, and on May 25 will race against Cornell and possibly Yale.

The ruling of the faculty that Princeton shall not participate in races away from home will keep Princeton from the Annapolis regatta on the Severn. Princeton is reducing its rowing expenses to a minimum. There is still much doubt as to what colleges will compete in the Severn regatta.

QUIMET GETS OLD RATING

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—Sergeant Francis Quimet, former national amateur golf champion and present Western amateur champion, has been placed in his old position at the top of the handicap list of the Massachusetts Golf Association with the rating plus 2.

The next highest rating is given Jesse E. Gullford, former champion of New Hampshire, who is placed at scratch.

MOLLA'S 1918 DRIVE IS ON

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—Miss Molla Bjurstedt, national woman tennis champion, has added the national indoor titles by defeating Miss Eleanor Goss 6-8, 6-4, 6-4 in the women's annual indoor championship tournament in the Seventh Regiment Armory.

DUKE KAHANAMOKU ON STAGE

Duke Kahanamoku, the crack Hawaiian swimmer, will be seen in America this summer, having arranged to appear in a theatrical circuit, giving exhibitions in a motor tank.

STAR SHELLS

By Q.M. SG., STUART CARROLL, Q.M.C. Mrs. August Belmont, urging economy at a woman's luncheon in New York, said that she had worn but one hat all winter—"Herald."

Time was when Miss August B. had more than one chapeau. But that was long ago, ah, oui.

'Twas many a year ago; And now, she wears only one—she has her eye on the lens.

For concerts (classical and jazz). For her societies. Let's hope while killing off the Hun, That Miss August B.'s Headgear is nothing like the one We're wearing overseas!

Then there's the case of the New Jersey Hun who was forced to kiss every star in Old Glory. Consider the greater punishment, judge, had you substituted stars from big leagues.

ADD CAMOUFLAGAGE Sir.—We saw him again yesterday, the bound in the Metro station who lounges near the Gare Chasse sign until the cars come, then runs like hell to a 2nd class coach. "Me."

CORRECT Football players in the Army Never find they're out of luck; And they make the best of captains. For they're trained to pass the buck.

And no wonder the War Chief was strong for his Doughboys. What Baker wouldn't he?

The gentleman at the little desk with the mustache—aye, Carmen, the mustache belongs to the gentleman, not to the furniture—informs us that when one has surrounded a certain number of comrades, a Pearl White movie has to appear all of its own. "Is it because you can see a whole string of pearls?" questioned we. And he held his peace.

Pacificists et al may note that while Col. Teddy strained an organ in his ear, he can still serve 'em decilled tongue at the same old stand.

MUSINGS Satan, Satan, I've been thinking What a keen old world 'twould be If the Huns were all transported To thy boarding house with thee.

He was in Paris on leave when the Huns started the bombardment with that gun 75 miles away. And he was hit in the arm by a fragment of a shell. Not hurt but very much disgusted, he wandered to the hospital singing, "Out of a city of millions, Fritz, why did you pick on me?"

THE NEWER VERSION Said the kernel of a South Carolina regiment, A.E.F., to a kernel of a North Carolina regiment, A.E.F., "Good mornin', kumel, how many awfuns have you all adopted?"

The long-range gun got on his nerves On Easter day; its deadly curves Inspiring him to call the Huns "The sacrilegious sons-of-guns!"

Billy Sunday announces that he will leave the States and come here to fight the devil in the trenches. All together, boys— Gawd help Kaiser Bill!

The Boston Braves have purchased infielder Conway from the Worcester, Mass., club.

BOXING GLOVES AND LAYNETS ARE TWIN BROTHERS

"Boxing gloves and laynets are twin brothers," says a certain professional champion. "The gloves, cutters and laynets are closely imitated in laynet fighting."

None too many boxers have taken a particularly keen interest in finding out anything about laynet strokes. The speaker in this instance, however, is a champion of the U.S. Marine Corps, a sergeant stationed at the League Island Navy Yard. His name, as perhaps you've guessed, is Fighting Sammy Ketcher.

No city knows better than Cleveland what a boon the country's recent adoption of the "summer hour" will mean to outdoor sport. Cleveland set her clocks forward to Eastern time several years ago, and swiftly became the leading city in the land in amateur and scrub baseball. Attendance at the professional parks doubtless suffered somewhat, for the effect of adding an extra hour of play to the afternoon stimulated thousands of city folks to avail themselves of that time for exercise. Instead of sitting on a bench and rooting for a club of paid athletes, the Clevelanders got into the habit of playing the game themselves.

Joe Ray, the famous Chicago runner, has become the running marvel of all ages. He has covered more miles under 4:20 than any other athlete in history, and his mile at Philadelphia recently over a rather slow track in 4:18 stamped him as the king bee of all present day runners. His mark of 2:14 for the 1,000 yards when he was not pressed by any of the other contenders was quite a surprise. He equaled Johnny Overton's mark for the distance and would have surpassed it had he been pressed in the least. He finished both of these events in the fine shape and does not appear to have reached his limit.

War conditions in intercollegiate circles have resulted in the formation of a brand-new college athletic association. The Connecticut Valley Intercollegiate Athletic Association was formed, the members being Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Holy Cross, Dukes, Middlebury College, and the New Hampshire State College may come in later. The first meet is to be held at Springfield, Mass., the middle of May. The new organization may last only as long as the war, when some of the members will go back into the New England Association.

Harry Heber, veteran swimmer of the Illinois A.C., who has announced his retirement from the sport several times, is planning another comeback. He has been in training all winter and recently, while acting as anchor man for his relay team, helped win the Central A.A.U. title for the Illinois A.C. He came within a fifth of a second of the world's record in his 60 yard swim. His fast time makes him a formidable candidate for the outdoor title events this summer, and he should give Duke Spaulding, the Hawaiian crack, a hard tussle when he comes over to the States this summer.

News from the States has it that Frank Moran has retired once more. After his defeat by Fred Fulton, he took a boat trip to New York, and after attending to a few business affairs he is going back to Camp Wadsworth and will resume his duties as boxing instructor there. Moran says his quick defeat at the hands of Fulton was a severe blow to him and that in the future he will devote all his time to teaching the youngsters to box. Until his defeat by Fulton, Moran had an idea that he could still grab the title from Willard in a return match.

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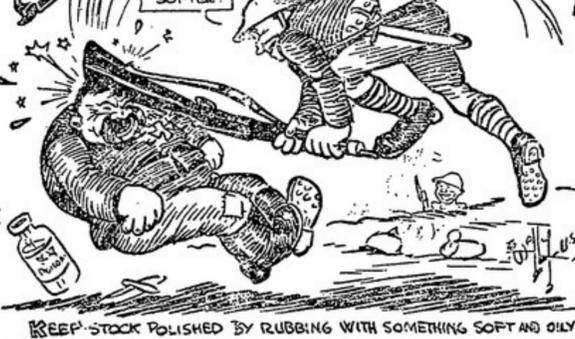
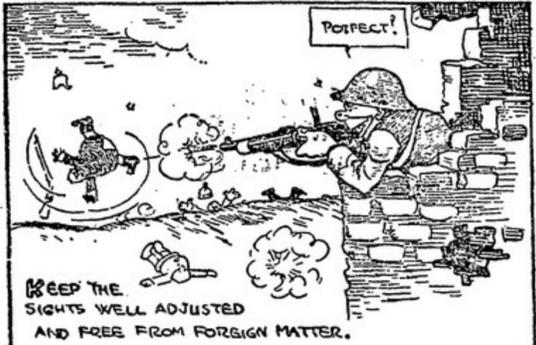
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DIRECTIONS FOR THE PROPER CARE OF THE RIFLE

-By WALLGREN



HELPFUL HINTS

No. 8 - HOW TO EAT SLUM WITH A BAYONET.

GOSH YOU'RE PURTY GOOD DUKE - I ALLUS GITS MINE IN ME EYE.

WELL I AINT HAD NO MESS TOOLS FOR SO LONG I KINDA GOT LOTS A PRACTISE!

DISGUSTING, ISNT IT? WE NEVER DO THAT.

NO, I ONLY USE MINE FOR STEAK.

CAMP SHIPMAN

THE BAYONET SHOULD NEVER BE USED TO CONVEY ANY FOOD OR SLUM TO THE MOUTH UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. SLUM AT ITS BEST IS MOST UNRELIABLE AS TO FORM AND WHILE SOME SUCCESS MIGHT BE ATTAINED WITH HEAVY MARCHING ORDER SLUM THE LIQUID VARIETY IS MOST DIFFICULT TO MANIPULATE - IN THIS CASE YOU MIGHT UTILIZE THE GROOVE RUNNING DOWN THE CENTER OF THE BLADE, FIRST ACQUIRING A LIBERAL GROOVEFUL OF SLUM AND THEN PERSUADING IT TO DRIP FROM THE POINT INTO THE MOUTH OR ANY OTHER VICINITY MOST CONVENIENT. - THE BAYONET MAY ALSO BE USED AS A TOOTHPIECE IN LIEU OF A FORK.

YOU GOTTA HAVE A PASS UNLESS YOU'VE GOT ONE

And If You Haven't Got One, You've Gotta Show It Anyway - You Know How It Is at Inspection, Don't You?

You've heard of how closely the captain inspected your gun on that Saturday morning when you forgot to wipe the dust from the trigger guard, and how careful the major was the other morning when he inspected your tent and found that cigarette stub you had so neatly concealed under the tent flap.

And, of the other hand, Private Brown cleaned his gun thoroughly and Corporal Smith polished his tent carefully, both anticipating a minute inspection. But when the officer came round at nine o'clock he merely balanced Brown's gun in his hand while he looked at the grimy but cord and then handed the piece back to its owner. And when he reached Smith's tent all of his attentions were turned upon Smith's torn trousers, and he never once gave the tent an oblique look.

I'm a thorough believer in preparedness now. If you're prepared, you need never expect to be molested; but the minute you're unprepared you can begin to look for the inevitable. Here's more proof of it, and this story can be backed up by Special Order No. — and the A.P.M. records of several different way-points between Inter. Medical Supply Depot No. — and Gray Fare.

A Mission of Great Importance

Armed with a special order pursuant to authority contained in paragraph 30 and so, Sergeant Scheffer — he's red-headed, so we call him Red for short — and I detrained at the big city depot and bit off one of the main big drags bent on a mission of great military importance, as such errands are to all those entrusted with them.

"Here comes one of them M.P. guys," says Red. "I'd better get this pass out so's not to delay us any."

Red gets out the pass and conceals it in his hand, so he'll be ready for this M.P. when we get up to him.

We met him and kind of slowed up waiting for him to demand a pass, but he walked by with his eyes on a pretty mademoiselle and never so much as gave us the once-over.

"Huh!" Red grunts to me in surprise. "I guess these M.P.'s ain't so strict as I've heard about."

"Because one dog is friendly that's no sign the next one won't bite," I warns him, and we makes our way on up to the place where we're going.

"Duty before pleasure" is always my motto; so we finished up our little affair and found that we had three hours to the good before our train pulled out.

We were standing in front of the Opera Comique figuring out what kind of program was on for the afternoon, when Red calls my attention to an M.P. sergeant sunnery along our side of the street.

"You won't see this sergeant lettin' us get by as easy as that other guy did," says Red. "Guess I better fish out my pass."

"Hello, fellows; goin' to take in 'this show'?" this M.P. sergeant says, and bows on down the street.

"Well, well," Red says. "What good's a pass to us anyway?"

It Did'n Matter Anyway

When the show was about half over Red lets a little squeal out of his throat that attracts the attention of the entire audience. He starts breathing hard and diving from pocket to pocket like he'd made a sudden discovery that someone had rolled him for his wad of francs.

"Been robbed?" I asks him.

"What'd you do with that pass anyway? Did I give it to you?"

"No," I says. "You didn't give it to me, Ponquillo!"

"It's gone, or I'm a liar!"

We got up and went out in the daylight where we could see better. But nowhere could we find that slip of paper.

"Oh, well," I says, after we'd looked some more. "It doesn't matter much. We won't need it anyway."

About that time somebody taps me on the shoulder, and here's an M.P. standing over me. He looked as though he might have come from down Texas or from somewhere else where men grow big and tall.

"You got to show your pass in this town," he says in a gruff voice. "or else you're in dutch. It's lots of bother," he goes on, like he wanted to apologize, "but you know regulations require it. Of course it only takes a minute or so, anyway."

"I guess we're in dutch, then," I says, and looks at Red. Red's going

THE PLUTE

He may be a plute in the circle back home, but it don't get him nothin' out here: His belly may ache for a glass of champagne, but he's lucky as Hell to get beer. His custom, you know, in the land of the free was to rise from his bed about nine —

A valet would dress him and button his shoes and bring him his breakfast and wine.

But how things have changed since the draft sucked him in! — he rises at 6:30 noon.

And, drinking black coffee, remarks on the fact that he's walked half a mile for his chow.

His sleep once was lulled by the sound of the storm as it whistled and roared round the house; Perhaps he was awakened, but slumbered again, as snug and as warm as a mouse.

But now he is billeted out in a barn on straw in an old cattle stall. While jack rabbits scampering over the field are seen through the holes in the wall.

Oh, how things have changed since the draft sucked him in and cast his small world in dull gloom! He shivers and shakes when a storm whistles now and blows all the snow in the room.

But think of the folks in the circle back home who sigh for the one that is gone: They quickly forget what a nuisance he was and patiently wait for the dawn Of the day that shall bring him from out of the war, and back to his comfort and ease: They dream no more deep he has drunk of the cup, and the knowledge he's gained by degrees.

Oh, how things have changed since the draft sucked him in is told by his coating of tan; He went as a number — and to and behold! He comes to them now as a MAN.

— SGT. RICHARD C. COLVANA.

"WELL I'LL BE----!"

MUSTACHE COMES WITH BARS

Somewhere in France, they're all here — or they will be.

Private Bill Jones, late customs inspector at San Francisco, walked into a depot quartermaster's office, a copy of Paragraph —, S.O. —, in his hand. It was evening and only a major and a captain were present.

"What do you want?" asked the captain.

"Transportation, sir," replied Private Jones, putting forth his best salute.

"This order says I've got to go —"

"Well, I'll be —," said the captain, interrupting. "This is the last place I expected to see you!"

"Well, for the love Mike!" exclaimed Private Jones. "I'd 'a' known you in a minute if it wasn't for that mustache and the — a — shoulder bars."

The captain used to be in the immigration department in San Francisco and he and Private Jones used to work together.

NOT LIKE SILVERTON

Private X was strolling along the crooked main rue of an ancient village, displaying a passive interest in spots where German air bombs had dropped not many days before — but only a passive interest, because it was Christmas and he was, for the first time, far from home on Christmas Day.

Private Y pronounced the same rue. They met.

"Well, I be —," They both said it. Private X and Private Y used to live in the same block in Silverton, Colorado.

"I got a letter from my mother and she said you were over here," said Private Y. "But, Holy Jimminy! I never expected to see you."

"Remember Daisy A —," Well, she told me you had finished training, but she didn't know whether you had started for France or not.

"Remember last Christmas Eve when we were at that party at Jim Z's house?"

"Yes," said Private Y, "and here we are."

"Yes, here we are," "But," said Private Y, "they talk a lot about this burg, but can you see anything to it?"

"Nothing. Not a thing. Silverton's got it all over this place seven different ways."

"You bet it has," said Private X.

TRUE TO FORM

"Freddy," says an infantryman who knows him, "was the laziest man I ever knew. When he was away on vacations, he'd take carbon paper along, so as to make the same letter he sent to his mother and his girl at the same time. He used a trot for all his Latin in high school, and always copied his algebra from someone else. He never took a girl to a dance or anything; he was too lazy to go around and fill up her dance order for her, and rustle punch for her and her mother. He just staggared everything, and bummed on us for dances."

"When war broke out and all the boys in Billville were hustling around trying to get into this and that, we didn't see Freddy doing a blooming thing. They'd call me when they want me, seemed to be his way of looking at it, and nothing we could tell him seemed to make any difference. He jeered at us of the local militia company as we went hiking off with our packs on. None of that for him! Finally we heard Freddy had disap-

FREE BAND SCORES FOR A.E.F. MUSICIANS

Even If Yours is an Orchestra, Write Miss Sawyer Anyway

If any bandmaster in the A.E.F. has failed to receive an allotment of new scores from Miss Ray C. Sawyer since coming to France, it was an oversight or an accident and he should write her at once, addressing his lamentation to her apartment at 79 Hamilton Place, New York City. Miss Sawyer is the New York business woman who has taken upon herself, as a little side line after a hard day's work, the task of supplying new music and plenty of it to all the bands in American fighting forces.

Miss Sawyer, whose undertaking was launched when she recklessly adopted a camp band one day last summer, has established co-operation with all the music publishers, and the pieces she gets are so fresh that the ink is often still wet on them when the bundles are made up for distribution. Those bundles have gone to all the camps in America; they have reached the Marine band in Pekin, have been played by the native scout bands in the Philippines, have been heard far out at sea and have come over by thousands to the A.E.F.

Those units have shifted so often and so rapidly that Miss Sawyer is afraid she has lost track of some of them. If your organization cannot boast a band but has an orchestra, ask for orchestra scores. If you have only a piano and a pianist, say so. If you have none of these things, but want to gather round and sing, and if the latest thing in your repertoire is the Irving Berlin ballad they were whistling about New York when you sailed away last June, write to Miss Sawyer. The music publishers give the music. Miss Sawyer distributes it and the bands and orchestras of the Army and Navy play it.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR DOUGHBOYS

Ride a big truck, through mud, rain and muck. To see a fat major get quite out of luck; Leaves on his shoulders, and spurs on his heels. The language he uses shows just how he feels.

Jim stuck his mug out, right by his dug-out. Eating his rice and beans; A Boche sniper spied him and sent one beside him. And grazed off the seat of his jeans.

Little Jack Hornier sat in a corner Opening his Christmas box; 'Twas then about the end of March, But he found lots of heavy-weight socks!

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