

AMERICA RAISING BIGGEST POPULAR LOAN IN HISTORY

Quota for Each District Exactly Double Mark of Third Campaign

FIRST HONORS FOR ALASKA

Towns and Villages Race for Over-subscription, With Many Set Figures Already Passed

BY J. W. MULLER American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 2.—Greatly, wholly confident, but with a sure and clear knowledge of the magnitude of the task, the United States entered last Friday night on a campaign for the greatest popular loan in history.

No man doubts what the result will be. No man has doubted it, but there will be no easy-going campaign based on that absolute, bright confidence. America has turned itself into an enormous human machine, driven by 100,000,000 soul power. American enthusiasm is on the job, 100 per cent incandescent, to make this money campaign a genuinely holy crusade. American common sense is on the job 100 per cent solid to see that no practical method shall be neglected.

Crowds Gather at Start

The great loan campaign began in New York with extraordinary manifestations of enthusiasm, so spontaneous that no preconceived plans could have made the pageant half so impressive. Martially beautiful as was the towering city, with the flags and the liberty altar and the circling airships, and stunning as was the united roar from sirens and factory and ship whistles, the most admirable part was the crowds that gathered to start the work and to subscribe.

The quota to be raised by each of our 12 Federal Reserve Districts is exactly double that of the last loan: New York district, \$1,500,000,000; Chicago, \$850,000,000; Cleveland, \$600,000,000; Boston, \$400,000,000; St. Louis, \$200,000,000; Richmond, \$150,000,000; Dallas, \$100,000,000; Atlanta, \$150,000,000; Dallas, \$100,000,000.

Outside of the city, Erie County has the steepest job, being stamped to raise \$65,000,000. Monroe County has \$20,000,000 and Onondaga \$21,000,000. The 12 northern New York counties in this reserve district must raise \$143,850,000.

Race for Over-subscription

A hot race for the honor of reporting over-subscription began instantly after the campaign opened. Telegrams rained New York Treasury Department neck. Villages, towns and cities competed. The department had barely opened in the morning when a telegram from San Francisco reported that the Alaska Packers' Association had subscribed \$1,370,000, completing the entire loan allotment in Alaska town, village and fishing camp in Alaska.

Fort Dodge, Iowa, reported that its allotment, \$2,000,000, was raised exactly on the stroke of midnight on Friday. St. Albans, Vt., reported an over-subscription of \$300,000 two hours after the drive opened. Before noon on the first day of the drive over a dozen places reported over-subscription of their entire quotas.

The Boston district subscribed more than 10 per cent of its quota the first day. Two hours after the opening New York City's subscriptions totaled \$125,000,000. At the end of the day the indications were that the New York district had raised \$200,000,000.

Boom in Middle West

Hundreds of individuals subscribed small fortunes in the first hours of the drive. Brooklyn raised \$100,000,000 the first day. Secretary McAdoo's home Irvington-on-Hudson went over the top with more than \$250,000 before the loan drive actually opened.

The Middle West did so well in the first hours of the drive that the dispatches promised the quota in three days. The first subscription in Baltimore was an individual one for \$1,000,000, and the second was for \$75,000.

Two trainloads of trophies captured by our Yanks started on last Saturday for a 22-day trip through the New York Federal Reserve district, with an escort of "Pershing" soldiers, Canadians, French Foreign Legionnaires and speakers. They will visit all the 14 northern counties of New Jersey and all rural New York.

In City Hall Park, New York, the women will erect a Liberty shaft of 50,000 bricks, each brick representing a \$50 bond bought there at the foot of the shaft. At the suggestion of Mrs. Wilson, the new merchant ships and Army tanks will be named for the communities showing the largest over-subscriptions and the largest percentage of the population subscribing.

ONE PACKAGE FOR EVERYONE IN A.E.F., CHRISTMAS PLAN

Soldiers Will Send Special Label to Home Folks, G.O. Explains

RED CROSS TO COOPERATE

Standard Size and Weight Limit of Three Pounds Specified for Holiday Bundles

We are going to get Christmas packages, after all.

Every one of us will get one—exactly one—a small one, to be sure, but the real thing; and nobody will be left out. And here, in a new General Order which will be read to each organization in the A.E.F. as soon as it arrives, is the whole arrangement:

"The following regulations will cover the sending of Christmas packages to members of the American Expeditionary Forces for Christmas, 1918: "1. The Adjutant-General, A.E.F., will issue through organization and station commanders an official coupon to each officer and soldier or other member of the American Expeditionary Forces which, when properly filled out by the person to whom it is issued and mailed to a friend or relative in the United States, will permit the person receiving it to send one Christmas package not larger than 9 inches by 3 inches by 3 inches, and not exceeding 3 pounds in weight.

May Use Standard Container

"2. Standard boxes or containers for this purpose may be obtained in the United States from the local or nearest Red Cross chapter, but it is not necessary that these Red Cross boxes be used, provided the package conforms in weight and size to the conditions of Paragraph 1.

"3. Packages not conforming to the standard form adopted by the Red Cross will not be accepted.

"4. Each soldier will write as clearly as possible (printing in block letters preferred) on the line provided therefor, in ink if possible, his name, rank, Army serial number, company, regiment, and arm of service. The following is a specimen copy:

OFFICIAL COUPON. AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES. CHRISTMAS PACKAGE COUPON.

DIRECTIONS: One Christmas package not heavier than three pounds and not larger than 9 by 4 by 3 inches will be carried free from Hoboken, N.J., to each American soldier in Europe. Standard boxes conforming to the above regulations, upon application, by local chapters of the American Red Cross in the United States. Christmas packages must not contain perishable articles, or any articles prohibited by the postal laws of the United States. Packages NOT CONFORMING TO STANDARD REGULATIONS WILL BE RETURNED TO THE SENDER. THIS COUPON IS AUTHORITY for any post office to accept on or before November 20, 1918, a Christmas package conforming to the above regulations for the soldier named hereon. Postage to Hoboken, N.J. must be prepaid.

THIS COUPON MUST BE PASTED ON THE PACKAGE TO SECURE ITS TRANSMISSION.

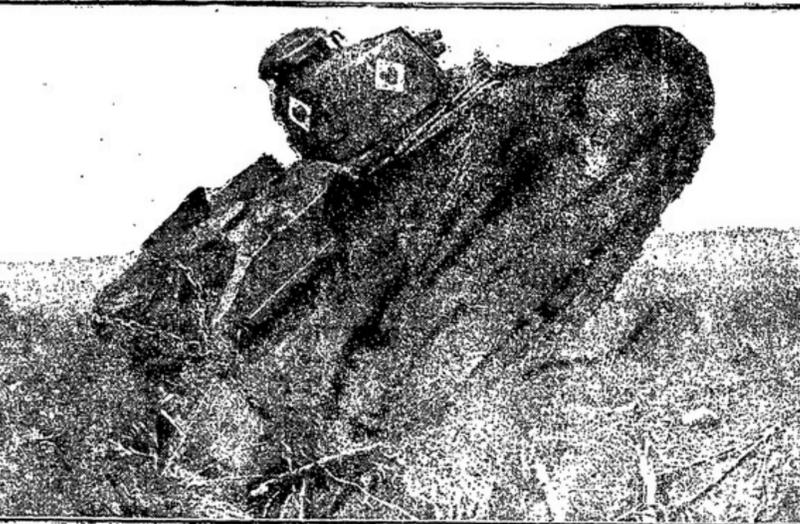
"5. After properly addressing the coupon as above described, the soldier will immediately mail the letter to the person in the United States from whom he expects his Christmas package. He will request the person in the United States receiving the coupon to paste it on the Christmas package which that person may desire to send to him. So addressed, this coupon will form the address of the soldier and the authorization for the shipping agent to accept over-seas. The person in the United States, after affixing the coupon, will then prepare postage to Hoboken, N.J. If the soldier has no parent or relative to send the coupon to, he may mail it to the Red Cross in Washington, D. C., who has agreed to send one package to every soldier whose parents or relatives are not able to do so.

"6. Commanding officers will personally supervise the issuing of coupons.

"7. It is especially necessary that soldiers be advised of these regulations.

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ALLIANCE—FRENCH WITHOUT, YANK WITHIN



Tank Advancing Into Action After Nosing Its Way Across Deserted Trench. U.S. Army Official Photograph

COMMISSIONS FOR THOUSANDS OF MEN IN RANKS OF A.E.F.

Privates and N.C.O.'s to Get Chance for Bars Under S.O.S. Plan

LETTER APPLICATIONS O.K.

Boards to Give Exams—Combatant Candidates Will Get Three Months in School

Tens of thousands of officers must be commissioned within the next few months, and at least several thousand of them are going to come from the enlisted ranks of the A.E.F.

Announcing his confidence that a large number of men of good officer material have already demonstrated their ability in their work in the ranks over here, the Commanding General, S.O.S., has issued Bulletin No. 30, saying that every effort is being made to facilitate the granting of commissions to men in the enlisted ranks of their organizations who have shown their worth by actual service.

This promise especially interests men of long service in the A.E.F., who have felt they were being handicapped because of the large numbers of officers commissioned in the States in the special cases of newly-commissioned officers from the States came into organizations in France which had long been working efficiently with enlisted men who possessed every qualification for a commission.

Two Courses Open

At the same time, obtaining a commission by an enlisted man in France was regarded as a difficult procedure, because commanding officers were loath to permit departure of the non-commissioned officers and privates who were the backbone of their organizations. In fact, a general rule had permitted only a small percentage of unit's personnel to enter candidates' schools in any one month.

The new bulletin announces two procedures for men desiring to become officers. Those wishing to enter combatant branches must attend the three months' course in the Army Candidates' Schools. Commissions in the S.O.S. branches will be awarded on the recommendation of a board of officers, after examination.

Permanent examining boards for each S.O.S. branch will be established as required. The examining board for the new Army Service Corps already has convened at Blois. Any examining board will be made up of officers.

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THE BIG WEEK

Military Operations

Western Front: Anglo-Belgian attack between Dixmude and south of Ypres. British attack between north of Cambrai and north of St. Quentin, with Colonial and American troops in action. French take St. Quentin, advance toward Laon, reach Aisne north of Vesle, push up toward western end of pass through Argonne forest. Americans advance between Argonne and Meuse.

Macedonian Front: Allied armies split Bulgarian forces into three parts and invade Bulgarian soil.

Palatine Front: British, with some French units, complete capture of remaining Trarke, making total of 50,000 prisoners and freeing whole country of enemy, and push on to Damascus.

Prisoners

The number of prisoners captured on all fronts since the beginning of the Allied counter-offensive on July 18 now exceeds 350,000. Of this total, 150,000 have been made since September 15. Of this 150,000, well over 60,000 have been taken on the western fronts alone.

Territory

The Allies now hold more land in France and Belgium than has been in their possession at any time since the first battle of the Marne in 1914.

Political Developments

Bulgaria has signed an armistice with the Allies and hostilities have been suspended.

The German chancellor, von Hertling, and the German foreign secretary, von Hintze, have resigned.

Plank for Everyone

In the division that swept up and beyond Bethincourt the Engineers at the zero hour were lying abreast of the third Infantry wave, each man carrying a plank. When the great hunt started, they passed through the third wave, through the second, through the first, so that by the time that first wave came up to a swollen, swampy stream a kilometer ahead of the jumping off place, there were the Engineers tossing their planks down to make a swift and decent footway.

Over the footway a brigade passed on.

Then up came the planks, to be fashioned in a twinkling into a broad, substantial bridge over which, by 9 o'clock that first morning, heavy traffic was lumbering slowly forward.

As night fell at the end of the third day, their colonel could have been seen, ensconced in his headquarters. His headquarters was a limousine car. He was neatly uniformed, except that, in defiance of all regulations, he wore another neck of show. His work had not got past the point of enduring either. In one hand he held a cup of coffee, the first warm thing he had seen.

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GUNS AND GUN FOOD MOVE INTO BATTLE AS PIONEERS TOIL

Roads Come Into Being Where Pick and Shovel Blaze Speedy Trains

BRIDGES FOR BIG TRUCKS

Dugout Stones Made Into Thoroughfares; Crumbled Villages Become Suddenly Useful

When the Infantry moves forward many miles through the rain over such a scarred and tortured countryside as stretched ahead of the American Army in the Argonne, the immediate task is pushing the heavy artillery and ammunition up behind them. The immediate problem is first instantaneous creation of roads where no roads had been for years.

In such times and such places the Yankees realize as never before in their lives that the pace and ease of an advance in France varies inversely as the square of the mud.

In such times the men of the hour are those Engineers—both Engineers and Infantry—who are the pathfinders for the guns.

They were hard at work at dawn on the 26th. With the first doughboys to go rip-roaring out of the 20 miles of dismal, mist-veiled trenches went Engineers with wire-cutters and foot-bridges.

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YANKS IN BATTLE AS BRITISH CRACK HINDENBURG LINE

Americans and Australians Fight Way Across Roof of Canal Tunnel

PICARDY MUD STILL THICK

Enemy Fights Well Behind Concrete, but Can't Prevent Piercing of Famous Position

While the Americans, in their own offensive, were nosing their way through the Roche defenses northwest of Verdun this week other American units, fighting side by side with the Australians, for the first time in this war that Yanks and Aussies have lined up together in a major operation, took part in the victorious British advance in Picardy.

To these troops went the distinction of playing an important role in fighting which pierced the main defenses of the Hindenburg line at a point where that barrier of freedom was especially strong and where the Germans were prepared to resist with desperation.

The Americans who fought in Picardy were on the right wing of the British advance from north of Cambrai to St. Quentin. Their objectives, and those of the Australians with whom they fought, were certain points beyond the line of the St. Quentin Canal on a stretch of front where that waterway, running underground for 3 1/2 miles, passes through what is known as the Bellecourt tunnel.

The purpose of the attack was to get across and safely beyond the line of this canal, which, ever since the retreat of the Germans in 1914, has formed one of the principal strongholds of the Hindenburg line, and which, since the Roche line flung back this summer, has provided a water-front needed against the dread tanks almost priceless in its eyes.

Hillcrest Well Fortified

The hillcrest above the tunnel, the only stretch between San Quentin and Cambrai where this water protection did not exist and where an attack by tanks could be expected, had been fortified with all the astuteness of the German general staff. The canal tunnel, which, in wide, was utilized as an elaborate place of storage for supplies and ammunition and quarters for reserves.

Other tunnels in the vicinity were taken over and repaired. These subterranean passages were amplified with a system of Roche-bait, tunnels, huge, deep dugouts, trenches, concrete pill boxes and scattered but plentiful machine gun emplacements. It was this system of surface and underground defenses, as nearly impregnable as the Roche could make it, that the Yanks assaulted and pierced.

The Americans started the attack at 5:30 o'clock on the morning of September 29. Previously they had fought their way to their jumping off place, taking a few days before, Guillaumont Farm, Quennoy Farm and a little hill known merely as "The Knoll," all exposed positions in the Hindenburg line. But these captures had only stirred their ambition to go farther.

The fighting on the 29th had all the frills of a modern, western front battle—an intense artillery barrage, tanks, a smoke barrage, patchy machine gun resistance from the enemy, gas and mud.

Some of the tanks were captured by Americans, followed the barrage across the Hindenburg strongholds with such spirit and enthusiasm, such dash and success that the vocabularies of the indulgent and happy Australians was taxed to give praise.

Southern Entrance Captured

By 2 o'clock in the afternoon the Americans had crossed the hillcrest above the southern half of the tunnel, had captured its southern entrance and beyond the tunnel had fought and taken Roy and Cabaret Wood Farm. They had gone through the main strong points of the Hindenburg line above St. Quentin on schedule.

And at 2 o'clock the same afternoon the Australians, with a cheer from the Americans, charged so heavily the pill places at least, it could be heard even above the deafening barrage—telegraphed through the Americans and carried on.

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FIRST ARMY AGAIN IN MAJOR ATTACK, GAINS IN ARGONNE

Americans Strike Between River Meuse and Great Tangle of Forest

NEW DIVISIONS IN BATTLE

Yanks Who Push Ahead Northwest of Verdun Never Knew Rigors of Winter in France

At dawn on September 26, 1918, the First American Army, flushed with its first swift success at St. Mihiel, struck its second blow on a wide front northwest of Verdun—struck and drove the Germans from many a town and village, from many a hill and valley they had held since the first weeks of the world war.

All that region the night before had been blasted by such a concourse of guns as had had no precedent in American history, and by sundown of the second day the Infantry, which swarmed forward through the mist of Thursday morning, had fought its way far into the thick forest of Argonne, had carried by storm the forbidding heights of Montfaucon, had restored village after village to France, and had sent more than 8,000 prisoners trotting back through the chill September rain to the waiting pens behind.

The attack was made on a 20-mile front. The communications that troops from 12 States—Pennsylvania, Kansas, Missouri, Ohio, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, Oregon, Washington Colorado Wyoming and Montana—were participating in the action.

In all that battle-line there was not a gunner at his lanyard that was not straining to push his kitchen forward, not a doughboy crouching ominously in the mud who did not know—and who was not immensely heartened by the knowledge—that at his own Army's left the French were fighting victoriously in Champagne; that to the east the British, Belgians and Yankees were forging ahead.

News Flashed by Wireless

It knew that he and his were taking part in the largest combined military movement since the Western front had ever known—that they were taking part in a battle which, with intervals of quiet and taut expectancy, stretched from Lorraine to the North Sea.

The impression of a rain of blows upon the enemy's stiffened head was conveyed through the air from the high wireless station on the Eiffel Tower in Paris, which sped to the uttermost quiet of the fighting front not only the news of progress in other sectors of France, but also the tidings of German disaster in far Macedonia and the Holy Land.

The proof of such concerted fighting could be seen on the steep slope and crest of the American front—most quiet and noted in the feebleness with which the German artillery made answer to our own during the first two days of the battle. It could be noted in the serene with which reserves came to the rescue when this third and fourth days and in the nature of the most quiet and taut expectancy, stretched from Lorraine to the North Sea.

Here was part of a division of which the other part was mixed up with the French in Champagne. Here was another division that had been caught and thrown into the gap while on its way north. Absent to some part of the German line in Flanders that had been striking for help.

On Memorable Ground

And in all that battle-line from Verdun to the other side of the great forest that has been won by France who did not know he was fighting on ground that lay beyond our power to hold and defend; that he was starting out from Hill 304 and Le Mort Homme of tragic memories; that he was advancing from blighted fields immortalized by those dead soldiers in horizon blue who stood dead there three thousand months of 1916 and said of the invading horde: "They shall not pass."

Ahead of the doughboys, and beckoning to them, loomed Montfaucon, that village on a hilltop which is the highest point between the Aisne and the Meuse, and from whose summit a finger pointed to Heaven, the Crown Prince watched in 1916 the vain slaughter of his countrymen.

Now that watch tower is but crumbled stone—crumbled stone of which some has been sent to France to make a road over which the trucks and cars are trundling with slum and coffee for American doughboys.

Never Knew a French Winter

But to those Americans whose prayer every morning and every night of their lives is that this young Army shall do the home folks proud the factor in this battle of greatest interest is just the fact that the initial attack on the whole 20-mile front was launched by divisions of which not one could tell what a winter in France is like. The attack was launched without taxing a single one of the really veteran divisions of the A.E.F.

What is more, two of the newly arrived divisions had never been in the line before, had never entered even the quietest sector, had never ducked their heads before the banishes wait of a German sniper or heard an American gun fired in anger.

One of these two newcomers—and surely this single fact will thrill a hundred million hearts back home—one of these green divisions, these Freshmen of the A.E.F., was met on the first day by a division of the celebrated Prussian Guard, and on that day eluded those famous troops across seven kilometers of devastated France.

Guns Begin to Speak

It was at 2:30 on Thursday morning that from every ridge and hillside from the Meuse to the Argonne, the guns began to speak. From far to the west at Champagne and from over to the east of Verdun there had come the sound of distant firing for three hours past, and

37 CHRISTMAS ORPHANS TAKEN; 42 A WEEK NEEDED FOR 500

TAKEN THIS WEEK

- Personnel, Depot P. O., A.P.O. 762, 1
- Battery F., Field Artillery, 2
- Zt. Frank J. Gillian, Inf., 3
- Re. Phil Birney, Boston, Mass., 1
- Pvt. Hollis R. Scott, Inf., 1
- Co. D., Rd. Labor Bn., 1
- 1st Platoon, Co. F., Inf., 1
- 2nd Platoon, Co. F., Inf., 1
- 3rd Platoon, Co. F., Inf., 1
- 4th Platoon, Co. F., Inf., 1
- Hqs. Section, Co. F., Inf., 1
- Convalescent Officers, C.H. No. 5, 1
- Sgt. D. L. Garabant, Co. F., Inf., 1
- Tr., 1
- Miss Rosemary Ames, Wheaton, Ill., 1
- Camp Hospital No. 31, 1
- Co. D., Engrs., 1
- Chief Car Inspector's Office, 1
- Co. E., Inf., 1
- Sgt. 1st Cl. Carl H. Germents, 1
- Enlisted Men, M.R.S., 1
- Lt. Robert E. Miller, A.S., 1
- Amb. Co., Sanitary Tr., 1
- Captain J. W. Birney, 1
- Captain B. Inf., 1
- Commissioned Officers, Amb. Co., 1
- Aero Squad, 1
- Co. C., Engrs., Forestry, 1
- Total, 37

Thirty-seven adoptions, credited to the A.E.F. and friends at home during the week when that same A.E.F. was rounding out the finest month in all its five seasons of existence, represent the achievement of the first days of the Christmas Gift War Orphans campaign, a campaign that is going to see a round half thousand French war waifs made certain of a year's care before Santa

ADOPT A CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHAN!

This is the slogan of a campaign which THE STARS AND STRIPES has inaugurated to accomplish, between now and Christmas, the adoption of 500 child mascots, by the A.E.F. units and members—a campaign to secure food, clothing, comforts, schooling for 500 little French children whose fathers had paid the supreme price for liberty.

We are out to give at least 500 little French boys and girls a CHRISTMAS PRESENT WHICH WILL LAST A WHOLE YEAR.

We have these children listed, photographed, investigated, by the American Red Cross—all ready for adoption. And we offer them to the O.D. Santa Claus from overseas—FIVE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHANS AT 500 FRANCES EACH.

Runners Up for Honors

There are two runners up for the honor of being one in the new campaign. A company of Forestry Engineers took four orphans, and a battery of field artillery three. Individual members of the A.E.F., from captains to lieutenants to sergeants to one buck private, are represented, as well as individuals and organizations at home. Lieutenant E. W. Willing, of the Depot P.O., A.P.O. 762, received his copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES promptly on time last Friday morning. Soon after 9 o'clock that day came a telephone message to this office, inquiring if the speaker could be supplied with an orphan for the detachment, one of whose parents had been in the postal service of France. As a result of his promptness the detachment gets two things—the honor of being the first on the new list and, second, one orphan. The lieutenant, despite his expedition,

did not win in a walk. His phone call just beat out the following self-explanatory telegram:

"There are guns of many calibers, there are barrages that leave anybody who gets mixed up in them deaf for days, but none of these noises has ever so much as approached the bang with which the Christmas Gift War Orphans campaign got off.

The Infantry leads. Infantry units took 11 of the 37 adopted. A single Infantry company in a regiment which battled across the Ourcq last summer and opened its fall season by helping to smash the St. Mihiel salient took five, one for each platoon and one for the headquarters section.

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Thirty-seven Christmas Gift War Orphans were adopted the past week. Eleven weeks are left before Christmas. That means that an average of 42 children must be taken by A.E.F. units and individuals every one of these remaining 11 weeks.

Come One, Come All

For the benefit of anyone else—private major general or foot soldier in good standing—it is being announced here and now that any request from anybody in the A.E.F. (and even outside it) is always accepted, without going into committee of the whole about it or looking up the adopter's pedigree in the Blue Book.

It has been said time and again in chronicling this labor of love that every branch of the Service was represented on the list of patrons, and immediately afterward some brand new branch would pop up to disprove it. It has happened again. The new branch this week is the Convalescent Officers. A group of them at Convalescent Home No. 5, at a chateau town in the department of Indre, bids for a girl.

Captain — wants an orphan adopted

Christmas bring once again happiness and peace into the little lives, is the sincere wish of the following self-explanatory telegram:

Battery F., Field Artillery.

Battery F. beat the lieutenant to it in one respect, anyway. It contributed the first cash in the campaign. (This is no aspersion on the lieutenant, inasmuch as after telephoning, he sat down, wrote a letter in support of his contribution, and enclosed a perfectly good money order.)

The campaign was not many hours old when a request for an orphan came in from a man who we are willing to bet is the most soldier in the A.E.F., Pvt. Hollis R. Scott, Headquarters Co., Infantry, asks: "Please notify me at once if my request to adopt an orphan is accepted."

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It has been said time and again in chronicling this labor of

FIRST AMERICAN ARMY ATTACKS IN SECOND MAJOR OPERATION

now and again one of our own great shells had gone howling overhead. The day had been one of shifting clouds and occasional autumnal rain squalls. Now the moon shone clear and the stars were brilliant, but over the land a heavy white mist like a wet cloth, a sheltering mist through which the ever-thickening traffic crept silently along the roads that led to the battlefield.

Then, quite suddenly, all the guns spoke at once. It was the beginning of a three-hour bombardment which smashed German roads and wires, mired German batteries, sought out and pulverized German P.C.'s, fell like a rain of death on moving German troops, and drove scuttling under ground all living creatures over there.

No Answer Awakened

There was no answer. If there had been, it could not have been heard. For so many miles as one could see, by the myriad, ceaseless flashes in the night, our own guns were cursing from every crest and clump. At first you could hear the whine of our own shells, the echo from hill to hill, the harsh swishing of the water in the swamps, the angry rattle against the hedgebacks and even, sometimes, the shrill, sharp commands, heard like foot ball signals from some nearby battery. But as the fury reached its crest, the whine of our own shells, the tones were lost in the instant succession of the shots.

The cargo of many a ship, the strain and sweat of many a stevedore, the sale of untold thousands of Liberty bonds, the toll of many millions of devoted hands came into their own in that bombardment.

Its intensity can be estimated from the fact that the count of the rounds fired on one-third of the American front amounted to 10,000 from the larger guns and 70,000 from the 75's.

It is some time since we have been so content to shoot only one gun a minute, it seemed to the toilers underneath as though a strange, restless hush had settled over the world. One of these toilers, a driver on the high seat of an ammunition truck, shivered into his leather jacket and coughed to his steering wheel: "Oh, Lord, thanks be I'm not on the other end of that noise."

Just Before Zero

That noise reached its most deafening climax in the last few minutes before the zero hour. That is the period of most painful expectancy, when anxious eyes follow the creeping minute hands on thousands upon thousands of synchronized watches. At 5:20 the first faint sign of dawn would be showing in the long waiting line of the guns. The Infantry would be up and over the top. And every one behind them, from the generals to the cooks, knew in his proud and confident heart that for a time there would be only one problem. For all the rest, there would be only the problem of keeping up with the doughboys.

Then 5:30 came and an observer, crouched in such a vantage point, say, as any one of those look-outs which indent the parapet on the crest of Hill 201, must needs strain his eyes through the mist that blanketed the valley below. The trench and the hill were hidden from view. Then, a few moments later, and it was a sight to carry with him to his grave, out from under the edge of the mist, swarming like a multitude of tiny bees from some giant hive, out and on and up the hill the doughboys went.

In an instant, the wires hummed with the signals. Signals flew from the hill tops, pigeons sprang into the air with the tidings and overhead the hovering aircraft paused, wheeled and started back. Soon from each of them would drop to some open field a gleaming cylinder, irascible in its passage through the air by its fluttering streamer of white, messages from the air to the waiting commanders in the rear.

"Over on the Minute"

The burden of all these messages was pretty much the same along the whole 20 mile front. Take one flashed back by a corporal, squinting, telephone in hand, from a front station. He may have tried to keep his voice level and military. His report, as it was caught on the typewriter in some message center far behind, will come down thus: "Over on the minute." It read:

It meant that the line—which had held at least that much ground for four long years and which had not moved an inch either way for more than a year—the line was moving at last, and toward Germany.

Then, as the Infantry rushed forward, smothering or passing by the rear guard machine gun nests and rounding up the disorganized German troops whose retreat had been cut off by the barrage, every other arm of the service took up the strain of moving forward.

At the end of the second day, the counter attacks began, came thicker and faster in the days succeeding as the resistance stiffened, brought with them fierce, close hand-to-hand fighting as the battle line swayed back and forth. But for the first two days, it was a matter of pursuit, and not of attack. The main task was keeping up with the Infantry.

Moving Up Starts Early

That movement had begun at midnight the night before. At midnight some battalions of 75's had fired a few rounds and then parked up to start forward. At 1:00 a.m. the counter attacks began, came thicker and faster in the days succeeding as the resistance stiffened, brought with them fierce, close hand-to-hand fighting as the battle line swayed back and forth. But for the first two days, it was a matter of pursuit, and not of attack. The main task was keeping up with the Infantry.

The pace set for them can be gauged by the fact that one regimental column, after marching the first 10 miles at its old stand until 9 on Thursday morning, jumped forward eight kilometers and was at work in Cuisy by noon of the first day. By sundown of that first day the Infantry lines in some places had gone forward more than 10 miles, and the pace of the march which dragged the weary, the urgent message ran back: "Guns before all else, and then food for the guns. Rations second, ammunition first."

To get the guns up, meat and coffee must wait. Everything except the ammunition—must wait. If horses drag the 75's through the mud should be killed or, having done their level best, should drop from exhaustion, then human muscles must push the guns on their way. If a big gun should capsize in some shell hole and despite of many attempts to be righted, it must be abandoned on the spot. The shell hole, its position and open fire from there. More than once these things happened.

The problem of moving up the guns and the other supplies was made both supremely important and supremely difficult through the fact that the days of battle in terms of the terrain over which the

Americans were fighting—one of the most difficult battlefields in Europe—was by the conditions in which four years of battle had left that terrain. Here was a stretch of French country all little hills and valleys. In the summer of 1914 it was beautifully carpeted with green, field after field of well husbanded farms, with here and there a golden wheat field embroidered with scarlet poppies, and here and there a village of stone-homes with red-tiled roofs.

Now it looks as though the hand of some grotesquely gigantic leper had reached out of the East and touched it. It is a desolate country. There are no homes, no life, no verdure. Here and there is some crumpled stone where a house once stood, here and there the blackened stump of a blasted tree. For the rest there is only a scorched, bleak countryside, pitted with shell holes and mine craters like the face of the moon.

From these shell holes German rear-guards turned their machine guns on the backs of the advancing Yankees. From them, as the mists of the first morning cleared away, Germans emerged in hatches large and small, to be taken into custody by the mopping-up parties and sent to the rear in thousands. The number of prisoners captured on the first day.

Still the Prisoners Come

Not only that first morning, but off and on through Thursday, Friday and Saturday, little groups of them would trickle out of the underground hiding places whether they had taken refuge when the shelling began and whence they had been afraid to come out, so deep-rooted was their conviction that Americans were accustomed to hold their prisoners in the rear. They would be found by Yanks on a still hunt for souvenirs.

Two famished Boches emerged as late as Saturday from a deep dugout that was not more than a good rifle shot from the dugout of a general commanding an American reserve battalion.

Aside from these shell holes and remnants of abandoned trenches, the waterless, foodless land for several kilometers in depth offered not a vestige of shelter, not a hedge or even a clump of green behind which a gun might hide, or in the scant protection of which a line of trucks might move unmolested.

One Wall for a Village

As for the villages which the first few days recaptured, some are so completely obliterated that runners passed through them in broad daylight, never once stopping that a village had ever stood there.

One messenger, knowing that a general P.C. had been set up in a certain town which looked imposing enough on the map, found when he came to the place that only a part of one wall of one house remained to identify it. Against this wall, a telephone was placed.

"Where is the divisional P.C.?" the runner asked of the officer at the telephone. "You're in it now," replied the officer with a grin.

Of other towns, such as Cuisy and Montfaucon or Béhémont, more is left, but not enough on which to build anew, and sometimes you can recognize the church, where weeds grow rank through the stones of the floor, only by the remnants of painted angels littering a heap of stones which was another altar.

But it was neither in terms of battle nor in terms of restoration that this ter-

rain presented its most serious problem during the first few days of the battle. It was in terms of traffic.

Roads over which no vehicle had passed since the summer of 1914, roads recognizable after four years only as serpentine paths weaving discontinuously among the shell holes, roads in which mine craters yawned past all hasty bridging, these had to receive and bear during the first three days a volume of heavy, ceaseless traffic that would have worried a dozen Lincoln Highways.

In Terms of Traffic

That is why the pioneers—both Engineer and Infantry—went for days and nights without stopping to sleep or eat. That is why the clink of pick and shovel working ahead of the trucks, working water can trucks, lumber wagons, and in the ears of the American Army. Their was the task of getting the guns up, and get them up they did, faster in some places than in others, but still the guns moved on through the rain, and the ammunition followed.

Even had the roads been perfect from the start, the traffic problem would have still been enormous, and those who went through it will never forget the paralyzing congestion. Every one helped. Every one had to help. The sight no one could stand was the spectacle of a long train of ambulances, stalled in the rain, the drivers raging, the ambulance crews, only the wounded within silent and uncomplaining save when one of them might reach out and ask for a smoke or a pull on a passing canteen.

Perhaps, when it meant just a short impossible blockade, an officer would come down from a truck and call for volunteers. "These men have paid the price," he would call out in the darkness, "and we've got to see them through to the hospitals. Maybe we can cut a road through this wire and mud that will skirt these fouled trucks blocking the way. Pitch in, everybody."

Road Built in Twinkling

Then down from the trucks, out from under tarpaulins, emerging here from a lustily made bed beside the road or there from a roadside kitchen, the volunteers would jump down from a truck and make in a twinkling, the litters would be carried across its torturing bumpy surface, the ambulances would trundle after and a little later the train of wounded would be creeping on its way to beds and warm food and expert, compassionate hands.

In such traffic jams, when an occasional ill-advised cart full of officers' baggage would be chucked ruthlessly to the side and when stubborn drivers must be coerced to breed in them then and there the right common spirit, the strong-armed M.P. was the king of the road and the hero of the hour. Every cross road clamored for him over the wires. Things went best where the M.P. at the corner was a square-jawed, hard-boiled Yankee who, when a truck seemed disinclined to do his bidding on the instant, would waste no words but draw his gun suggestively and say: "You do what I tell you or I'll blow what little brains you've got to the other end of Hell."

At the End of the Sixth Day

With roads laid under and in front of the moving traffic, with such M.P.'s to straighten out the tangles, slowly through the mud and rain the guns moved up. By the end of the sixth day the Yankees in the Argonne had pushed on in some places to a depth of 12 kilometers.

YANKS SHARE IN CRACKING HINDENBURG LINE

Continued from Page 1
The advance that added one more peril to the Americans' positions in Pierard and crossed the since fulfilled threat to St. Quentin.

The fighting during the morning was bitter. That shortly after noon the Americans had sent back upwards of 1,200 prisoners is not so much an indication that the Boche did not fight as that the Americans did. Concrete pill boxes there were in plenty against which rifle fire was ineffectual, and which were out of commission by the tanks or stilled when they had been encircled after the occupants had been routed or slain with bombs. On more than one occasion after the first advancing wave had passed over the terrain, the second wave, advancing in its wake, found the Germans reestablished in their former positions, having come up from underground. Pitted battles between small detachments were numerous.

Concrete Aids Enemy

"Fritz fought well behind concrete," said one doughboy, receiving treatment at a field dressing station for a shrapnel wound in the arm, "but as soon as we got him into a corner it was 'kamerad.'" The towns of Bellecourt and Nauroy fell to the Americans only after severe fighting, the defense being by machine guns in great numbers, but the southern entrance of the Bellecourt tunnel, the most important, possibly, and certainly the most interesting of the American objectives, fell without a struggle.

The effectiveness of the smoke barrage put up to conceal the operations of the Americans was enhanced by a shrapnel mist which hung over the battlefield and the company detailed to take and hold the tunnel entrance, deviating slightly from its direction, crossed the hillcrest above the canal to the north of its objective. They had gone on for several hundred yards when they captured a dozen Germans who had been routed by a tank. The actual taking of the tunnel mouth after this episode is thus described by one of the sergeants who participated:

"One of our men spoke German, and he asked one of our prisoners where the entrance to the tunnel was. The German offered to guide us to it. We approached it from above, and as we got near, eight or ten Germans who had been standing just inside ran up the bank shouting 'Kamerad.' We took them in tow and went down in front of the tunnel. We could only see down a little way. There were many machine guns around and a sort of con-

crete breastworks. I believe some of the Germans were mounted in concrete. "We shouted down the tunnel and ordered the Germans to come out. After a couple of minutes some Germans came out in single file with their hands up. There were 150 of them, including three or four officers, one a captain.

Entering the Tunnel

"After that we entered the tunnel. It was fitted up like an Old Folks Home. The waterway was about 30 feet wide, with a broad low path on each side. Caverns had been dug out of the side, and all sorts of things were stowed there, including food. The canal was full of barges, which had been fitted up for troop quarters. We went up several hundred yards and there was just one more barge for another 100 yards. It was intended for the use of troops. Most of them contained bunks. A few were fitted up as mess halls and as officers' quarters. "There was one with a piano aboard and a moving picture screen, evidently used as a combination canteen, concert hall and movie theater. There were galleries leading off in several directions, and apparently another gallery above the tunnel itself.

"There was a fire in some of the cooking ranges and food actually on the fire. We had a hot meal an hour after we took the place, and during the afternoon and night we used it as a sort of emergency station for wounded."

Begun by Napoleon

Thus fell the southern end of the Bellecourt tunnel, the construction of which was begun by Napoleon in 1814, half a century after Louis XIV had started and abandoned a similar project. A few hundred yards eastward, the ruins of which are still existent. For four years the Germans had utilized the tunnel as quarters for troops and a vast, secure place of storage for supplies of all sorts. The Americans who took it were the first to examine it, other than German, since 1814.

East of the canal, after the Australians had pressed ahead to carry on and exploit the gains of the Americans, bitter fighting took place. In many places the Boche fought with desperation, and, with the mud, which made Yanks and Aussies alike and indistinguishable the one from the other, it was no wonder that many Americans strayed into Australian detachments and advanced with them and that many a hard tilt found these men from two widely different parts of the globe fighting shoulder to shoulder.

But the mud was not responsible for

PRISONERS ON WAR WORK

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 3.—Even the prisoners are shouting for a chance to do war work. New Jersey is now considering what labor it can set them to, and Maryland already has turned over about 400 to the Baltimore Department of Public Works, to the United States Health Department, and the railroads.

MOTORLESS SUNDAY RECORD

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 3.—Our motorless Sundays have so well saved gasoline that we have already been able to send to France ten ships with 50,000 barrels aboard each. There has been no break anywhere in the "motorless" observance.

RADIATORS MADE INTO GUNS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 3.—Instead of turning our swords into plowshares, we are turning radiators into guns.

The first carload of cannon built by the New Jersey Radiator Works for destroyers, transports and merchantmen have been delivered, tested and found O.K.

Apartment dwellers earnestly hope that after the war the radiator makers will return to making radiators which are equally hot stuff.

"Come over in 1917, eh? What boat?" "Search me, it's so many years ago I've forgotten."

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Under General Orders No. 6 and 38, Enlisted Men in the American E.F. may go to leave areas for 7 days, with board and lodging paid by the Army.
The three areas now open are—
SAVOIE—French Alps, lakes, etc. Center: Aix-les-Bains.
BRITANNY—Sea Coast. Centers: St. Malo, Dinard, Paramas.
AUVERGNE—Mountain Section of interior France. Centers: La Bourboule and Mont Dore.
Entertainment provided by Y.M.C.A.: Other leave areas will be opened soon.
Accommodations secured by application through C.O.'s of units to P.M.G., H.Q., S.O.S.

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Has opened reading, writing and rest rooms at
3 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.
These rooms are open daily from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. and all Soldiers and Sailors of the Allied Forces are cordially welcome at all times. The Christian Science Monitor, other publications of the Society, the Bible and the Text Book of Christian Science, "Science and Health" with "Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy, will be furnished free by the Committee to any Soldier or Sailor of the Allied Armies upon request.
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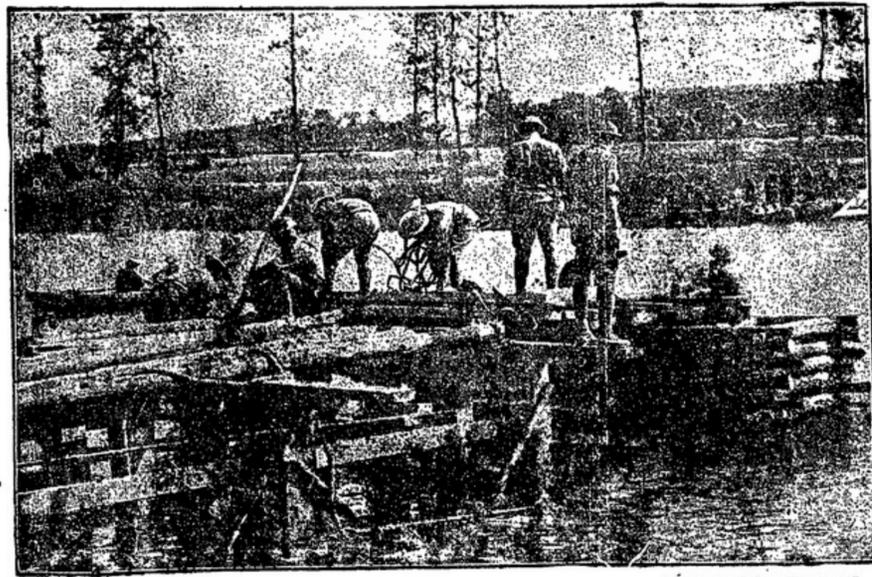
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THIS IS THE WAY THE ENGINEERS DO IT



U.S. Army Official Photograph

PLANES IN FIGHT AT VERY OUTSET OF ARGONNE PUSH

Boche Flyers Are Brought Down by the Dozen as Infantry Romps On

GREAT RACE FOR BALLOONS

Captain Climbs Out on Burning Plane and Hangs by Lift Wire During Descent

The first day of the Argonne battle was a great day for America's flying men. They brought down Boches by the dozen, and when a balloon started skyward it was a tussle to see who would get it first.

Bullet Pierces Gas Tank

A captain and a lieutenant were flying at a high altitude when a stray bullet from the enemy lines pierced the gas tank, setting their plane on fire.

Lights in No Man's Land

Yet another lieutenant was attacked by five enemy planes and forced to light in No Man's Land. He landed safely, got under cover, and later made his way into the American lines.

ONE PACKAGE FOR EVERYONE IN A.E.F., CHRISTMAS PLAN

Continued from Page 1. diers and their coupons to the United States at the earliest possible moment.

FRATERNITIES MAY CLOSE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 3.—The college fraternities of the country will probably reduce and perhaps wholly cease their activities for the duration of the war.

LIBRARIES EVEN FOR SMALLEST OF UNITS

A.L.A. Plan Will Care for Isolated Groups Who Want to Read

BOOKS FOR OUR PRISONERS

Technical Collections for Railway Engineers, Chemical Corps Workers and Others

Any unit of the A.E.F., however small, however isolated from the rest of the American soldier in France.

Two Ask About Bees. Recently two sweet-toothed doughboys in two different divisions each wrote for a work on bee culture.

COMMISSIONS FOR THOUSANDS OF MEN IN RANKS OF A.E.F.

Continued from Page 1. board may recommend that a candidate is fit for service in another branch.

Job for the Pioneers

In the region just to his left, a road had opened up to three kilometers at the end of the first day.

SAVING WRAPPING PAPER

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 3.—The golf clubs won't get coal this winter.

GERMAN CLUB A HOSPITAL

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 3.—The New York Catholic War Fund has established a 200-bed hospital in the Bronx.

J. COQUILLOT

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is the only razor which sharpens its own blades

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The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1918.

THE NEW UNIFORM

When—and if—the proposed new uniform becomes a reality (whether or not the changes are those now up for the approval of the authorities), it is the earnest hope of every man in O.D. that his clothes, whatever their cut, will bespeak him an American.

NAZARETH

“And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see.” We know what that good thing was that came out of Nazareth.

MORE GAS

The Germans have opened with a new barrage of high explosive literature, trying to gas British soldiers with jealousy. German airmen have dropped pamphlets saying American shipping accomplishments already have eclipsed Great Britain's ocean trade.

TIES THAT BIND

In the S.O.S., as well as at the front, the American soldier is fighting for his country's cause in one way which is apt to be overlooked. He is making friends with men who come from China and Japan, Africa, India, Russia and Australia, and the friendships of this chaotic war-time are going to count in the relations between nations when this war has been won.

THE WHITE FLAG

There are several reasons why Bulgaria, the smallest and weakest link in the German chain, should be so willing to cry quits. The most important of these reasons is that Bulgaria was being soundly trounced. Allied troops were already on her soil; her sorely driven army was divided in three.

HE WANTS A RIFLE

I have noticed that you publish the howls of those who don't like the way things are going in the A.E.F., so here is another howl from me. Why is it that an engineer cannot transfer to the Infantry? I enlisted in the Engineers under the impression that my regiment was to do sapper duty, but after landing in France, 14 months ago, we were put to work on the railroads.

who will not be so hard to understand—Australians and New Zealanders, and the Italians, already close to American hearts and ideals through ties of blood. We are making friends of them all. We want to understand them, just as we want to be friends of France and England.

THE O. D. SANTA CLAUS

We may or may not get Christmas packages from home this year. Even if we do, there are so many of us over here that the packages will have to be rather small. But packages or no packages, there is one way in which we can make this Christmas bright and glad, not only for ourselves, but for others.

The prayers and gratitude of the youngsters that we thus help to live will follow us through all the years to come. Their little letters, couched in just-beginning French, or perhaps in even more just-beginning English, will lighten up the gloom of many a rainy day.

MONEY IN HIS POCKET

One of the officers at Headquarters, S.O.S., until recently was in charge of a captain. The captain's chief clerk and second in command was a private who, by long experience in civilian life, was especially fitted for the job.

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

At first we wuz gay as the ship slipped away from the land, when we'd lived all our lives. An' we laughed an' we sang till the whole harbor rang. An' threw kisses to mothers and wives.

SAVATION ARMY LASS

She didn't join To make some coin; For sake of fun or spree. She didn't read no books, she didn't know no Greek.

BEFORE A DRIVE

Loud splittin' motor truck and wagon trains. And caissons and guns and infantry. All jammed together in the dark.

MAKE THEM WORK FOR IT

“What's the harm in mentioning that in a letter home? The Germans can find it out, anyway.” This is probably one of the most frequent kicks at the censorship.

SEICHEPREY

A handful came to Seicheprey When winter woods were bare. When ice was in the trenches And snow was in the air.

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The Army's Poets

PRIVATE JONES, A.E.F.

“Who is the boy and what does he do, and what do the gold stripes mean? And why is his mouth so grim and hard while those eyes of his are a-dream?”

THE BUGLER

(A patient in Base Hospital 46) “I can't blow taps no more.” He says to me, “I've lived all our lives.

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THE BOYS



“The Boys Have Done What We Expected of Them”—President Wilson

ARMAGEDDON IN FACT AND IN ALLEGORY

War, especially this war, is so filled and refilled with thrills, that both observer and participant are apt to become spiritually calloused from the very surfeit of them. Battles rage again where Clovis and Charlemagne fought and Caesar before them, but a rapt world inquires only whether a certain prosaically numbered hill, which was there in Caesar's day, or a railroad junction, which was not, has been taken, held or passed.

The oppressed Israelites, distraught, and in their own minds, incapable of breaking the chains that bound them, sought the advice of Deborah, a prophetess. Deborah summoned Barak, the Israelite leader, and bade him gather an army of ten thousand, promising on her side to lure Sisera and his nine hundred chariots into the river Kishon.

she opened a bottle of milk, and gave him drink, and covered him. Again he said unto her, Stand in the door of the tent, and it shall be, when any man doth come and enquire of thee, and say, Is there any man here? that thou shalt say, No.

VIRGINIA SAYS YANK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Primarily, my object in writing is merely to have a little talkfest over this much discussed question as to the proper non-de-plume (if that isn't the right word, hit me hard) to be given the American soldier in France.

AIR SQUADRONS IN ENGLAND

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: When the war is over and the doughboys have learned to pronounce “Friedrichshafen,” have absorbed most of the rain in Lorraine, and have been put through the steam room, the refrigerator room, the rub room, and been fumigated with formaldehyde, there is likely going to be a grand rash of applications for side trips to England before the jaunt back to the U.S.A.

This laboratory work of Uncle Sam's has progressed to such an extent that Yank soldiers from Kalamazoo, Kokuk, Klamath Falls and Corpus Christi now are carrying on the work in some 75 British airdromes, and, in addition, hundreds are going to school, learning how to adjust compasses, how to monkey with the mechanism of 200-pound bombs, how to vulcanize rubber, how to blacksmith, how to do acetylene welding, how to true up fuselages, rig airerons—in fact, learning everything there is to know about the anatomy and aerodynamics of an airplane.

TEXT-BOOK WAR NOT THEIR WAY OF DOING THINGS

General and Colonel Refuse to Follow Division's Progress on Map

KITCHENS ACT LIKE TANKS

Chief Started It by Going Out on Raid and Taking Boche Officer Prisoner

One of the most honorably battle-scarred and generally irrepressible of all Yankee divisions, which celebrated General Pershing's birthday by romping across from 15 to 18 kilometers of Lorraine, has since been busily engaged, during the bit of breathing spell which followed the St. Mihiel drive, in shaking a reproving finger at (and trying vainly to conceal its amused pride in) two of its higher commanders.

Those two—one a brigadier general and the other a lieutenant colonel—showed once more in that drive that they didn't care too much what all the text-books ever written might say as to the proper way to do things in the rear. When the rest of the boys were advancing, they were bound to be in the lead.

This spirit is infectious throughout that division. A stranger within its area during an advance gets the notion that every movable man in it from the first brigade commander to the last supply sergeant is strolling every minute to get to the will-o'-the-wisp front line.

Kitchen That Went Over

The very kitchens seem to think themselves tanks. The chief cook of one regimental headquarters is proud of the fact that in an earlier engagement he and his hot stove got so far forward that the 800 men who fed him talked of it as "the kitchen that went over the top."

When the infantry was shelling ahead on that memorable September 12, an M.P., trying valiantly to outguess the wild skein of traffic, halted this particular kitchen at a cross roads and started to give an interminable converging train of trucks the preference. The cook glowered, rose, and in a fearful voice proclaimed: "You great big, well-fed stiff, do you realize that if I don't get ahead now, those doggone doughboys won't get anything hot to warm their bellies."

General Started It

It's partly the general's fault. He began it last winter by sneaking off on a raid and coming back with an astonished Boche officer as his personal prisoner. He is the despair of the M.P.'s, because he is always showing up at the front without a helmet or gas mask.

Usually they find him no further back than the third infantry position. Always they find him afoot. It is unwise to take a horse and impossible to take a car where he goes.

As the sun came up on September 12, he might have been seen by his fellow officers (and he certainly was seen by the Germans) standing, erect, adventurous and oblivious, on a painfully exposed parapet. One hand held his field glasses to his eyes, the other was clenched in excitement as the infantry moved charged through a wood. His adjutant—call him Smith for the purposes of this story—stood at his elbow. Machine gun bullets were hissing and hitting all around. A captain jumped up out of the trench and touched the general on the arm.

"If I might suggest, sir," he said, "your position is dangerous. The machine guns are reaching here."
"Oh, oh, what's that? Oh, yes, quite right, quite right. Thank you, Smith, this with a glare at his adjutant, "set down in that trench at once."
And up went the glasses for a further engrossed study of the operations ahead. More oblivion.

Who's! Go the Maps

When the line finally came to a halt, a chuckle rippled across the entire division as it became known that the general had selected as his P.C. a point two or three kilometers from the regimental P.C.'s of the brigade under his command—two or three kilometers ahead, mind you. One of the sergeants in charge of the maps there was soon telephoning frantically for more.

"What's become of your own supply?" division asked, naturally enough.
"A shell just wiped out my office," said the sergeant sulkily.
Sometimes they remonstrate with the general. They remonstrate with his fellow-heretic, the colonel, a great deal. At the end of September 12's exploits, a captain approached him, respectful but firm.

"Sir," he said, "in this fight I noted that you were usually abreast with the platoon leaders. If you were not my superior officer I should not hesitate to say that you had exposed yourself like a damned fool. As it is, I can say nothing, sir."
The colonel banged on the table till all the candles in the dugout became agitated.

No Need of Runners

"No, captain," he protested, "you're wrong, dead wrong. I ought to have been right where I was. No need of runners or telephones, then, to get to someone in authority. What is more, it helps the line. When they're in a tight place and they see this leaf, they say to themselves, 'Well, if that old devil can stick it, guess I can.' Or, what's better, they think, 'Say, if he's here, we ought to be way on ahead somewhere.' And, captain, during an advance that's a mighty good thing to have them thinking. So they ought, you know. So ought we, all of us—all be way on ahead somewhere."

Perhaps the captain was thinking of an earlier battle, how the colonel's adjutant was killed at his side at a time when both of them were not merely abreast of, but ahead of, the front line. Perhaps he was thinking of any one of a number of incidents in the more recent engagements.

The crossing of the Rup de Mad, for instance. That is the name of a trickling stream which winds past Mazeris, a stream which the rains of early September had swollen to a little river, ten feet wide and from five to six feet deep. At a bridge leading up to the town, where enemy machine guns, covering the bridge, held forth, a brigade came to a halt.

Obviously it would be good if a detachment could approach the town from some point below the bridge. Fifteen doughboys were trying it, but no officer was with them, and they were halted at the edge of the fordable stream by a

THE REVISED D.S.C.



The design of the revised Distinguished Service Cross is more simple and severe than that of its predecessor. The new cross has four plainly beveled cross-pieces; in the earlier the arms each contained the design of an oak leaf. The eagle, too, is altered slightly. The reverse side of the new cross is plain, as the reverse of the old cross bore a wreath and the words "For Valor." The words "E Pluribus Unum," which were in the ribbon held in the eagle's claws in the first cross, are replaced in the new one with the words "For Valor."

Steady rain of machine gun bullets. Yet the town was the gate to the bridge, and the bridge the gate to the valley. The colonel grabbed an Engineer officer, thrust a rifle into his hand, and put him in charge of the 15.

"We've got to get them, boys," he said out. "Open fire, every man of you, and then swim for it."

At the word, the colonel himself plunged into the river and struck out for the other shore. The doughboys followed with a splash and a whoop. A moment later they were dashing toward the town, wet and ferocious, firing as they ran. Not a shot answered, and 10 men, left to hold Mazeris, surrendered peacefully. Three of them had been killed by rifle fire from the 15. The bridge was cleared. Across, at a jog trot, came the whole brigade.

So it went. So went that day and the next, and by sundown of the 13th, that division, with the minimum of casualties, had amassed a maximum of plunder—plunder that ranged all the way from a thousand loaves to at least that many bottles of beer, candy and bonbonettes, telephones and pancake flour, kitchens and cabbages.

The Colonel's Epitaph

When the excitement was all over, the chaplain (who is worth a chapter all to himself) came chuckling to the colonel. "Well," he said, "they tell me they've written your epitaph."

"Who have?"
"The boys in your old battalion."
The colonel faltered unsteadily. He remembered that hike he and set them, the drill and the drudgery, the ceaseless work.

"Let's have it," he said, resigned to the worst.
The chaplain quoted the epitaph. It read:
"With Bill was a son-of-a—, but a game one."

SIX HELLO GIRLS HELP FIRST ARMY

Average of 40,000 Words a Day in St. Mihiel Fight Alone

Six women operators of the Signal Corps—six American girls who jumped at the chance to be there—were in at the start of the St. Mihiel push of September 12, at the headquarters of the First American Army.

During the six days that followed the 12th's initial leave they kept on their jobs, handling an average of 40,000 words a day over the eight lines they operated, and working any hours that were asked of them, day or night.

When they finally did move out of there, it was only to move with the First Army's headquarters to another part of the line, where they arrived in time to do similar yeoman service when the September 26 drive opened on the front northwest of Verdun.

To Give Everyone a Chance

The lucky half-dozen—Chief Operator Grace, Blunker and Operators Esther V. Frost, Evelyn E. Hill, Berthe M. Hunt, Marie Large, and Suzanne Prevost—were chosen out of a total of 225 girl operators all just doing for the chance to go up forward. It was a hard job to pick out the ones who were to go, so anxious was the whole force to get a crack at the big show at close range.

In fact, the only way that peace could be kept in the Signal Corps family was to promise the girls who weren't picked for the headquarters job on the two big shows that the up-front work would be rotated as often as possible, so that every one might know what it was like to be handling the calls on which the success or failure of the operation might depend.

The six American girls, while up front, rough it with the best of the Army, billeted, to be sure, but subject to all the discomforts and dangers that come with being billeted in the forward area over which the Boche avions fly when they can.

According to their superior officers, both in the Signal Corps and on the General Staff, they have shown remarkable spirit and utter absence of nerves. And, needless to say, they have filled every one of the 500-odd male soldier operators in the A.E.F. telling away further down the line and answering the calls of the Telephona Sextette, with a green and rankling envy.

OLD SONG, A.E.F. STYLE

There is a tavern in a town, in a town. And there my true love sits him down, and sits him down.
Till an M.P. yells, "It's nearly seven, Jack!"
It's time 'at you was gettin' back!"
(Note—The only trouble with this version is that the M.P. wouldn't be so ill about it.)

HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

Yankee camouflage artists are getting so blooming clever with their trick foliage and fernway effects that they are fooling the animals as well as the Hunns, R.R. and C., or the department of Reus, Requisitions and Chains, at S.O.S. headquarters had just received a claim for 2,000 francs from a French woman for the loss of two cows which, she alleges, died from eating camouflaged grass draped around a pillbox which the Yankees had set up in the back meadow lot on her farm behind the British front.

There is a colored labor outfit in the S.O.S. engaged in quarry work near a base port. A few weeks ago, in the course of opening up some new ground, they discovered an old Roman burying ground with many skeletons, coins and relics. The find made quite an impression on the minds of the Anders, and there were many speculations as to whether the shades of the departed legionaries still hover around in the vicinity of their last resting place. The general opinion was that a man ought to be on his guard when out late at night.

About that time the sum of 60 francs disappeared from the counter of a nearby Y.M.C.A. hut. The captain of this outfit doesn't know a great deal about classical psychology but he has learned a lot about it in the field. He called the lot together one night in the Y hut and told them of the disappearance of the money. Then he outlined the history and characteristics of the old Romans.

"Boys," he said, "there was one thing a Roman liked worse than anything else, and that was a thief. If the ghosts of those old fellows who were buried up there on the hill should learn that somebody in this outfit had 60 stolen francs in his pocket, I don't know just what would happen. I'm going to put my hat now on the table and turn out the lights. The guilty man will know what to do."

There was quite a shuffling of feet and milling around in the hut, and then all was quiet. When the captain turned on the lights again and looked in the hat he found not only the 60 francs, but 300 more, and a few odd centimes for good measure.

Army correspondence, with its official circumlocutions and endless indorsements, is not always such dry and tedious reading as the letter concerning the loss of "1 knife, carving," which, when it reached his fifty-ninth indorsement, in a disengaged officer threw in the waste basket. Occasionally it becomes fairly human, as witness the following indorsement which a major in the S.O.S. tacked on to an application for a commission:

"1. Sergeant Blank isn't much good. He knows more about Army Regulations and General Orders than anybody, which indicates a wasted life. He is a good drill master, which doesn't fit this organization just now. He is inclined to be sober, not appreciating that 'Man, being reasonable, must get drunk. The best of life's but intoxication.' He has spent his youth in pursuits other than railroading, which indicates an illogical intellect. He attends to his business so closely that I am always suspicious of him."

"2. Anybody that knows how can perform his present duties, whether the rank be less, equal to or greater than his."

"3. In addition, Sergeant Blank is anxious to get to the front (with a capital F), and I recommend him for the Pioneers."

One of the stories that you can pry out of the Signal Corps boys if you're right smart about it, and one which, when forced to, they tell with not a little glee, is how they fixed up the telephone and telegraph connection for General Pershing's private car when the General was on his tour of the S.O.S. along in the summer.

The force at Base No. 7 got the word at 7:30 p.m. one night that the car would pull into the yards the following morning, and that a special telegraph-telephone line was to be connected up to it. They turned out in the dark, and worked like Trojans, but just as they had everything fixed up and were ready to hit the old blankets, conscious of a good job well done and no revelling to worry about as a reward, along came a messenger with the whole arrangement on the kibosh.

Nothing daunted, they set to work all over again, and when the job was completed they checked up and found that it had taken only 45 minutes' extra work to clear away the old tackle and fix the connections up as good as new. Immediately the General's car pulled in, the war bulletins were being ticked off and handed to him in a steady stream of tape, and the phone central on the car was talking with central at Base No. 7 within exactly three minutes.

There is a scheme on foot to have flashed on the moving picture screen every Y but in the S.O.S. that boasts a screen a table of comparative figures about the discharge of freight from the several base ports. These figures will appear on a set night every week, or as near to the set night as possible. They will be in the nature of a "standing of the Clubs." The husky Sledgehead lads will at last have a little contest on which to wager as an antidote to the war-weary monotony of "Come, big Dick," and "Ah, baby! Pair o' box-cyans!"

September 22 was a red letter day in the Army lives of the Rancor screen. Engineers stationed around a certain base, for on that date the first All-American train set out from there for the front. The word "All-American" is used advisedly, for the trains were made up in our own yards of our own cars, engines and all, and manned throughout by our own crews. They were all American but the rails and scenery.

Incidentally, the Railroad Engineers at Base No. — (the same place the first All-American special started from), by the way would have you know that the dear old base now boasts some 200 miles of track. This, they will tell you without your asking, makes it one of the biggest, if not the biggest, railroad yard inaugurated anywhere on earth. To the great discomfiture of their brother railroad workers further up the line at X, they point out that X is a mere piker, being unable to count on a measly 90 miles of trackage around the entire project.

FROM AMERICA'S MOTHERS

The War Mothers of America, assembled in national convention, have sent the following cablegram to General Pershing:

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 19, 1918.
General John J. Pershing:
America Forcibly A.E.F.
National Convention War Mothers of America sends following to President Wilson and you: Millions of war mothers of America, represented in National Convention, stand loyally behind you in your determination to make no peace until Germany and her allies surrender unconditionally.
Gertrude Schulz, President.

NOT TO CARRY BUNDLES

Military dispatch motorcycle messengers are authorized in G.O. 159 to carry important official letter mail only. Packages, unless they comprise bundles of important official letters, will not be accepted by messengers save in cases of emergency, and then only upon an order signed by a general officer in person.

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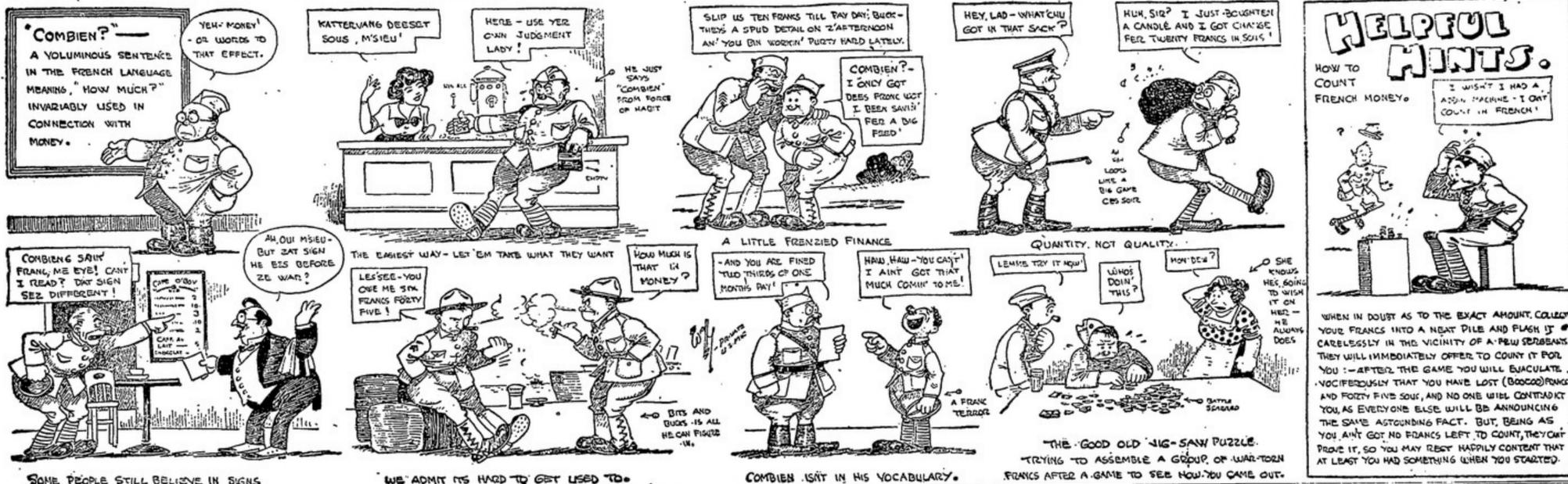
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THE BATTLE OF COMBIEN

—By WALLGREN



SYSTEM WITH SOUL AT BIG BLOIS CAMP

Clearing House for Soldiers Decides Fate of Thousands Weekly

OFFICERS STAND REVEILLE

It Blows at 6 a.m., Too—Physical Grading of Discharged Patients Main Task Classification

High on a hill looking away toward the River Loire, across a valley to the walls of a castle in which some of the fiercest and most momentous deeds of French history were enacted, is a great walled camp, where the military fate of thousands of American soldiers is being decided every week.

The only American Army classification camp at Blois, at Blois, is the clearing house for soldiers—officers and enlisted men—who for any reason are detached from units in which they came to France and are going through the army machinery that will place them back in their original unit, in another military organization, or return them to the States as unfit for further military duty in France.

By far the greater number of soldiers who pass through the classification camp at Blois are wounded or sick soldiers just discharged from hospital, men who so far as possible by the workings of Army system will be returned to the same regiment or unit in which they were serving when wounded or taken sick.

More Than a Reservoir

But Blois is more than a reservoir, with one gate open for incoming men and another for outgoing. For within the walls of the old French barracks enclosure there is a system with a soul, which attempts to appraise every individual soldier, weigh his worth to Uncle Sam and send him out to serve where he is best needed and at that for which he is best fitted.

Except on direct orders from headquarters, where a company commander has requested that a man fit for immediate duty at his original status be returned to that unit, the men are processed from the classification camp to replacement camps where the assignments are made.

Officers ordinarily receive their assignments to duty through headquarters, S.O.S. In general their life at the camp is practically the same as that of the enlisted men. They must stand reveille at 6 a.m. and answer special roll calls at 8:30 and 1:30. Lights in all quarters must be out at 9:30 p.m., and all officers are required to be in quarters by 11 p.m. Officers also must read the lists of bulletins posted on a board seven times a day, waiting for their own assignment to appear.

Divided in Four Classes

The principal function of the Blois camp, however, is the physical grading of soldiers, mostly those discharged from hospitals. Classifications are under four main divisions, several of which are subdivided. They are:

Class A.—Men fit for the front.

Class B1.—Men temporarily unfit, but likely to become A. Fit for heavy duty away from the front.

Class B2.—Men likely to become A, but, when classified, fit for light duty only.

Class C1, C2 and C3.—Grading for convalescents who would ordinarily be unfit for Class A.

Class D.—Physically unfit. To be returned to States.

These classifications are the ones which are relied upon at the replacement camps in making assignments. They are made when the man enters the classification camp. And entering the classification camp is some complicated but speedy job.

The men arriving at the camp usually show considerable wear. Most of them have had long train journeys and their clothing is old and worn, their faces grimy and unshaven. They feel just as they look. They are lined up for enrollment in an entrance company. They present their service records and any other credentials, and give information required.

Then the men are passed through a string of barracks buildings. They go in at one end, dirty and unkempt. They come out at the other end, newly dressed, clean shaven, with trimmed hair, and with that springy feeling of a man just bathed. And in those buildings they have told their troubles, all the vicissitudes of their Army life, including the ball-up in their allotment, the court martial that was an accident and the family worries back home—and they have been looked over by a collection of medical officers.

Through the Mill

The work of sending the men through is handled with the expedition of a well-ordered assembling room of an automobile factory. The soldier tells something or acquires something almost at every step. He starts near the entrance

by having a sheet made out, with his name, unit and other details given, and blank spaces for all the departments he will pass through. Then, after telling how much he was paid last and when, and straightening out his allotments and insurance, he takes the medical examination and passes to the medical examiners, by whom he is graded A, B, C or D. If necessary a date is set when he will be notified to appear before the board again for regrading.

From the medical officers, he goes to the vocational classification room. Here he is questioned as on his calling in civil life by a series of questions under a system devised by Thomas A. Edison.

Chance for Every Job
If he had been shoeing horses in the States and had come to France as an Infantryman, he may find himself in the Cavalry or Field Artillery after this examination. If he had been a piano maker in the States, he may find himself transferred from his Artillery unit to a repair shop of the Air Service. Misplaced chauffeurs, draftsmen, and clerks in special lines all are picked out here and listed with the possibility they may get into just their line of work.

The soldier then passes to the next room where he receives \$7.50 pay. Next his kit is inspected, and he receives shoes, any new clothing he may require—and two sacks of tobacco. Here too he is assigned to one of seven permanent companies for drill purposes, inspections and quarters.

The bath-room is next. Men go under the showers in squads on a time-table schedule. When they have dressed they pass on to the barber-shop—the best one in France, everybody in the camp says. There are eight chairs, manned by soldier-barbers. Shaves and haircuts are 25 centimes each. There is even a 25-centime shoe shine.

Schools at the Camp

There is one lieutenant in charge of all this entrance work, but all the details are handled by enlisted men—most of them privates.

Schools for typists and stenographers are maintained at the camp, and it is planned to provide other special training.

Many special units are formed at the Blois camp. Prisoner of war guard companies are made up here, and special types of labor companies are also organized.

ADOPTED PARENT NOW BENEFICIARY

Amendment to War Risk Act Also for Alimony Payers

A father or mother by legal adoption may now be made the beneficiary of a soldier's war risk insurance by an amendment to rules announced by the War Risk Section, S.O.S.

The amendment enables many soldiers to change beneficiaries. Many, having been unable to name their adopted parents, had permitted their insurance to remain in force only as a protection for themselves against total or permanent disability or had named some other beneficiary. Many, on being informed of the ineligibility of the adopted parent, have permitted their insurance to lapse. If not more than six months have elapsed, these applications may be reinstated upon payment of back premiums and notification to the War Risk Section.

Must Be Legal Adoption

The War Risk Section emphasizes that the adoption must have been a legal one in compliance with the statutes of the State in which the parties resided. Another change in rules relates to payments to soldiers' divorced wives who have been awarded alimony decrees. It provides that if a soldier has had a decree of alimony entered against him and has remarried, the amount of the alimony will be deducted from his pay, if provided he has a compulsory allotment in favor of his wife.

Under the new rule, however, the Government undertakes to pay a divorced wife who has been awarded alimony an allowance equal to the amount of alimony decreed, but not exceeding \$15 a month.

A third revision of rules specifies that where there has been a change in the family conditions resulting in a change of the amount of allowance paid by the insurance bureau, the amount of payment for any one month shall be determined according to family conditions existing on the first day of that month.

AFTER THE COURT MARTIAL

No. 1.—What's the answer, Jack?

No. 2.—Two-thirds of three months and two months in the brig.

No. 1.—Not so bad as three-thirds of two months'.

No. 2 (after figuring deeply).—Why not?

No. 1.—Cause they might promote you in the brig.

HOW THE YANK IS FARING IN ITALY

If you do not know what "Esercito Americano" means, it is because you belong to that somewhat larger fraction of the A.E.F. which is visiting France rather than Italy. If your adventures in Latin ever carried you as far as Caesar's Commentaries, you may remember that only Roman Poch was forever assembling an exercitus and going forth to conquer somebody with it. "Esercito Americano" is simply American Army as written in a fine Italian hand.

The A.E.F. in Italy is some three months old and is just about as fluent in Italian as the A.E.F. in France was fluent in French about this time last year. It has been going through the same pathetic struggles on the question of whether to turn to the left or right, whether to try to order two fried eggs or trust to fate.

Aside from the fact that the dough-boy in Italy says "bon giorno" when he means "bon jour," and says "presto" when he means "tout de suite," he is not greatly different. Indeed, he is remodeling the helpless Italian language pretty much as France's tongue has been altered by the Yanks.

Instead of saying "buona sera" when he means "good evening," he says "buon Surab," and gets away with it. Does he say "A rivederci" for "Au revoir"? He does not. He says: "I leave you dirty." As for "come state," which is Italian for "how are you," he says

"come and start me," and the Italians understand.

The Yanks have been very pally with the British troops in Italy. The Tommies at one superb camp on the Riviera welcomed some passing Americans with loud cheers and profuse apologies that something had gone wrong with the Scotch plan to skirt them in with burp-pipes.

The Tommies there assembled confided to the newcomers that this was a cushy front and promptly invited them to a game of cricket, which polite offer was firmly declined.

Unfounded, the Tommies bided their time, and when some American jacksies chanced to pass that way later, they immediately proffered the cricket field as a baseball diamond, and proved courteous, but somewhat confused, spectators at the Army and Navy game then and there played.

The canteen in an Italian caserma—that means barracks, as any one who has ever slept in a caserne might guess—is much taken aback by the rush

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who avail themselves of the Mail Forwarding Department, should advise their correspondents in the States to send their mails to this new address. In the meantime, mails addressed to 16 Charing Cross, London, as before, will, of course, be fully protected.

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Plymouth—MAYFLOWER OFFICERS' INN, 119 Elliott Street.

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Meals served.

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LINCOLN LODGE, No. 10 School Lane.

Lincoln—St. Martin's Hall.

Plymouth—Foresters' Hall, The Octagon.

Southampton—12 Above Bar.

Grantham—16 Fiskin Street.

Inverness (Scotland)—Northern Meeting Rooms.

Dormitories, showers, writing rooms, quiet rooms, entertainments.

Meals served.

Moderate prices.

of business which a nearby American detachment involves. One caserma had blankets and white sheets waiting for the newcomers, but the canteen was quite unprepared for a detachment of millionaires. Or so the Yanks seemed when compared with the Italian soldiers, who are paid 10 centesimi a day. Ten centesimi sounds like a small fortune till you try to exchange it for sous, of which it is worth exactly two.

Men with 24-hour passes swarm to the nearest restaurants. The thing to ask for is a trattoria. This is not something to eat, but the restaurant itself. Once inside the trattoria, it is better not to aspire to meat. It will be rabbit, no matter what you order.

Eggs are safer. Order "due uove fritte." That's easy. Or "due uove alla coccia." But would you recognize "uove in frittata" as an omelette? "Caffè nero" will do to wind up the meal. But bring your own sugar.

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Features of All Standard Makes Embodied, New Wrinkles Added

NOISELESS AS TOURING CAR

Lubrication System Easily Got At, Steering Wheel Equalized, Double Ignition System

The first of the new Liberty trucks which will eventually be standard for the entire A.E.F. has arrived at a base port.

The forerunner of thousands of its kind has aroused the greatest enthusiasm among chauffeurs and motor experts who have seen it in action. It has all the power possible and all its parts are as readily accessible for repairs and oiling as a truck racing car or even a Ford. The best features of all the standard motor trucks on the market are embodied in the new Liberty truck, and some new wrinkles that will eliminate many of the difficulties encountered in actual warfare have been added.

The Liberty truck is the result of a conference of all the big automobile engineers of the United States and the Army experts of the Motor Transport Corps with the object of producing a standard motor truck for the Army that would be the best American genius could produce.

The automobile engineers laid bare all their professional secrets and gave the Army the benefit of their knowledge of the Army's difficulties with commercial trucks. Their slogan, and that of the M.T.C., was, "Let's go!"

Real Golden Silence

What will endear the new truck to the heart of everybody who dislikes the careless whizzing shell is its noiseless operation. Instead of clattering around Dead Man's Curve like a runaway junk wagon, to the great annoyance of the Boche and the consequent activity of his batteries, the Liberty truck will purr along as noiselessly as the finest touring car, the motor experts say.

Among advantages which are instantly appreciated by chauffeurs and repair men is the ready accessibility of the lubrication system. The springs, for one thing, are kept constantly lubricated by an oil box which sends the oil to the springs by a hollow spring hanger. The entire transmission gear is oiled by simply pouring in the oil through a filler cap on the outside of the frame.

The steering wheel is so well equalized and adjusted that even though the truck is loaded to its capacity, it can be steered with the same ease as a touring car. There are double spring bumpers on both the front and rear to eliminate smashing of the trucks in case of a collision. The motor itself is brand new and of special design, with the least possible vibration and noise in action.

Specialty Designed Lights

All parts of the truck can be easily removed for repairs. The motor is cast in block with removable heads so that the valves can be ground and carbon scraped as readily as on a Ford. The radiator is of a special type with a shutter that can be drawn over it in cold weather to prevent the freezing of the radiator. A double ignition system is employed, with batteries and high tension magnets giving two spark plugs to each one of the four cylinders. The two plugs operate at the same time, so that if one system goes out of commission, the other will carry on.

Specialty designed lights of low power are attached to the front of the truck and throw a small circle of light in front of each wheel. The driver is thus enabled to pick his way along a road pitted with shell holes without revealing himself to the enemy because the lights cannot be seen at a few hundred yards on a dark night.

There is no self starting device to get out of order on the truck, and the motor may prove a little stiff to turn over on a cold morning. It must be admitted. But for the rest, it has all the attachments except those for golf clubs and lunch hampers.

M.P.'S DUTIES GIVEN IN GENERAL ORDER

Can't Be Used for Guard or Fatigue Details Outside Organization

The military Police Corps has achieved the dignity of having pretty nearly a whole page in a G.O.C. No. 158 devoted to a statement of its duties.

Here they are:

To patrol and maintain order in the area or areas occupied by organizations to which they have been assigned, and to assist in maintaining march discipline of troops and regulating traffic generally.

To enforce all authorized A.E.F. regulations in the theater of operations in reference to (a) road traffic in towns, cities and territory.

(b) General or special police orders.

To supervise and control the travel of the military and militarized personnel of the A.E.F., and to issue the proper travel permits and passes for the latter type of personnel.

To protect the inhabitants and their property in the theater of operations against acts of violence on the part of soldiers and camp followers.

To arrest or detain in accordance with orders all persons subject to military law committing or suspected of committing or having committed offenses against existing military law, standing or routine orders.

To co-operate with and establish friendly relations with the local civil and military authorities, and to furnish them such information and reports as may be authorized.

To co-operate with the 2nd Section of the General Staff and furnish such aid as possible.

To investigate places in their area suspected of being used for illegal purposes and to keep in observation persons under suspicion of being concerned in illegal acts, and to take necessary action in accordance with civil or military law and regulations in force.

To call upon other military units of the A.E.F. when necessary for assistance in the execution of their duty.

But it is not the duty of the Military Police Corps to furnish standing guards or fatigue details for any purpose except for their own interior administration.

THE TWO GERMAN OFFENSIVES



ECHOES FROM THE ARGONNE FIGHT

An American private spied a rooster prowling round a farm house in No Man's Land just after the Americans had captured Very. Being angry, and having an appetite for roast chicken, this American private decided to crawl up on the rooster and trap him in the building.

The American was about to lay his hands on the astonished rooster when a German entered the rear door of the building bent on the same mission. Both were so surprised that they stood for a moment and glared at each other, then the American motioned for the German to do a right flank on the prey they were after and both closed in on him.

The rooster was captured by the American, who later returned to the American lines with both rooster and German in tow.

Later, at the regimental P.C., the German roasted the chicken for his captor, who shared it with him.

The following letter was written by an American soldier to his mother in California a few hours before the beginning of the Argonne drive:

"Dear Mother: We are going in to battle the Boche tonight. It is our first time in, as you know, so of course I am thinking of you more or less. But don't forget, Mother, my thoughts are of you. I am taking advantage of a few hours' rest and writing to you, as I know you are always wanting to hear from me. But don't worry one bit, Mother dear. If the Boches get me I will get ten of them while they are about it.

"This will be all until next time. Lovingly, "Benjie."

The "next time" never came for Benjie. When the burial squad found this letter in his shirt pocket he was lying with his face toward Germany, his right front finger pressing the trigger of his rifle. A few yards in front of him was a German machine gun nest. There were nine dead Germans in the pit.

One Artillery unit worked hard during the afternoon of the second day of the attack to get its pieces into position. It had moved up for the second time, and had not fired a shot.

It was four o'clock when the lieutenant in command gave orders for every one to start by. The gunners were to fire their first volley into the German lines.

Everyone stood waiting for the final word when the telephone rang and word came that the Infantry had advanced so far that it would be necessary to move up again before going into action.

"Oh, hell!" said a gunner; "those Infantry guys ain't got no respect for us at all!"

A German Artillery unit was in the act of being relieved the first night the Americans swept forward. The advance was so swift that both the old unit and the relieving unit were captured at the gun positions.

A truck train was lined up on a dark road running parallel with the front and only a few kilometers back while a company of Pioneers mended a broken culvert.

A colonel who was unfortunate enough to be at the rear end of the jam and who was quite anxious to be on the move, turned on the electric lights of his automobile in hopes that the light would enable the men toiling on the roads to work faster.

A Pioneer private paused, pick above his head, when he saw the sudden flare of light.

"Hey, you rube!" he shouted. "What are you trying to pull off down there? Do you want all the German artillery in the country turned on us? Can that stuff or I'll come down and kick a lug out just to pass the time."

There was no reply. But the light went out.

A Yankee truck driver's right forward wheel had just sunk with an air of finality into a half-filled shellhole on the road near Avescourt, and he was throwing over a terrific barrage of profanity when he suddenly stopped short and his jaw dropped.

Then it closed in a grin as broad as the Sacramento, from whose distant shore he had come forth to war. He was contemplating the approach along the roadside of four stalwart and imposing officers of the famous Prussian Guard. On their shoulders, as they marched along in the drizzling rain, was a stretcher, and on the stretcher lay a wounded doughboy smoking a cigarette.

crossed, he might possibly have noticed the condition of the road.

"Hey, fuddle, are you from Cuisy?" The doughboy halted and saluted.

"No, sir," he said, "from Philadelphia." He and his prisoners were both many meters on their way before the lieutenant recovered sufficiently to go on with his inquiry.

One of the hardest jobs any one had in the first drive west of Verdun was the job of a grizzled old mess sergeant in charge of a roadside kitchen set up in a trench, at proper intervals, a company of Engineers at work on the roads.

He had just enough rations to feed them for one day, and, except for the occasional casuals any kitchen can handle, he knew he must refuse all stragglers.

Yet his kitchen was in full sight of the road, along which all day long there straggled those slightly wounded youngsters from the line who were quite able to foot it to the nearest ambulance camp. Some of them had had nothing to eat for three days. Every one of them, at the smell of the hot coffee, would stop wistfully and ask for a bit of bread or something. Always the old sergeant had to shake his head. By noon he had aged ten years.

"I'll kill me yet," he said at last. "I know they have only to cross the next crest to find food and drink aplenty, but I remember how my mother never turned an eye from her door when asked for something to eat. They might be burglars, but she wouldn't take a chance."

A young sergeant from Baltimore humped on his way. The mess sergeant could hear him explaining to the other wounded boy with him.

"We can't blame him. If he fed us, he'd have to feed them all, and that's where'd he be? I guess he's a good old scout, at that."

NO A.E.F. CAMPAIGN FOR LIBERTY BONDS

But Soldiers May Buy Issue Under Present Allotment Plan

There will be no competitive campaign for the sale of Fourth Liberty Loan bonds in the A.E.F. "Enlisted men who have but small margin of pay remaining after discharge of their fixed monthly obligations," G.O. 104 goes on to state, "will not be encouraged to assume additional burdens."

Steps, however, will be taken to see that members of the A.E.F. are instructed as to the character of the bonds and given every opportunity to subscribe. It is added that organization commanders will see that soldiers do not obligate their pay that they are unable to provide for their families.

Officers, enlisted men and permanent civilian employees may buy bonds on the Army allotment system, just as bonds of the Second and Third loans were bought. Men wishing to buy a \$50 bond will, as formerly, allot \$5 monthly for nine months and \$4.53 the tenth month, and the proportion will hold for purchases in higher multiples of \$50.

Such allotments are to be charged on payrolls and pay vouchers beginning with those for October, 1918. The formula to be used is: "To the Secretary of the Treasury for purchase \$50 Fourth Liberty Loan Bond, 1 coupon detached."

Company funds, surplus exchange and general mess funds may be invested in Liberty bonds and War Savings Stamps with the approval of the company, exchange or mess councils of administration.

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PRaise FROM CANADA

The following cablegram has been received by General Pershing from the Prime Minister of Canada:

On behalf of the government and people of Canada, I send warmest congratulations upon the important victory which has just been won by the grand Army under your command, and which, I am confident, is only the prelude of still greater achievements that will insure an enduring peace through the triumph of our common cause.

ACCORDING TO SCRIPTURE

Juggins: Why does the Cap'n always stick to vin blanc?
Muggins: Guess he's obeying the G.O. about not looking on the wine when it is red.

"Whatta got for breakfast this mornin', sergeant?"
"Got a nice mess o' slum."
"Thought it was about time—we didn't have any slum since last night."

TAILOR A. BUND

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