

PRESIDENT PAYS GLOWING TRIBUTE TO MEN OF A.E.F.

Proud to Be Fellow Countryman of "Such Stuff and Valor"

NOW ON SEA FOR FRANCE

Tells Congress Trip Is Necessary to Make Good What Soldiers Offered Lives to Obtain

The Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, President Wilson, left New York on Tuesday night for Brest, aboard the George Washington, formerly a German liner.

Peace Likely by Spring

In his address to Congress, delivered on Tuesday before he sailed, the President set forth his reasons for coming to Europe at this time, saying among other things that "we may hope, I believe, for the formal conclusion of war by treaty by the time spring has come."

The Allied Governments have accepted the basis of peace which I outlined to Congress on the eighth day of January last, as the Central Empires also have, and very reasonably desired my personal counsel in their interpretation and application, and it is my duty to give it in order that the sincere desire of our Government to contribute without selfish purpose of any kind to settlements which will be based on the principles of justice and equity may be made fully manifest.

The peace settlements which are now being agreed upon are of paramount importance, both to us and to the rest of the world, and there are no other considerations or interests which should take precedence over them. The gallant men of our armed forces on land and sea have conscientiously fought for ideals which they know to be the ideals of their country. I have sought to express these ideals; they have accepted my statements of them as in substance their own thoughts and purpose as the associated Governments have accepted them. I owe to them to see to it as far as in me lies that no false or mistaken interpretation is put upon them and no possible effort omitted to realize them.

Tribute to A.E.F.

The President began his address with a resumé of the work of the United States in the last year of war, announcing that a year ago we had sent only 145,918 men overseas, but that since then we had sent 1,350,513. "In all this movement," he added, "only 753 men were lost by enemy attack."

After paying tribute to the Allied nations, preceptors to the United States in the art of war, and reviewing the executive organization of America's effort at home, the President launched the following tribute to the A. E. F. and to the Navy:

No soldiers or sailors ever proved themselves more quickly ready for the test of battle or acquitted themselves with more splendid courage and achievements when put to the test. These of us who played some part in directing the great processes by which the war was pressed irresistibly forward to a final triumph may now forget all that and delight our thoughts with the story of what our men have done.

Their officers understood the grim and exacting task that they had undertaken, and performed it with an audacity, efficiency and courage that have become a part of our history.

PROPER DISCIPLINE PASSPORT FOR U.S.A.

Returning Troops Must Present Soldierly Appearance

Commanding officers of all districts and bases in the S.O.S. from which troops are to be sent to the United States are instructed, by G.O. 209, to take measures to insure that proper clothing, equipment and discipline—particularly discipline—of troops before their departure, in order that all members of the A.E.F. may make a creditable appearance upon their arrival in the United States.

The order further directs that the camps, cantonments, billets or barracks occupied by outgoing troops will be carefully and thoroughly policed when vacated. It adds that where units do not appear to be properly disciplined, all time possible preceding their embarkation will be devoted to disciplinary training; and it instructs all officers, commanding units or detachments that are returning to maintain discipline on board the transports and to insist upon a creditable and soldierly appearance of their men at all times.

In addition, the order enjoins commanding officers to rank to see that the members of their commands do not send or take with them to the United States any loaded gas bombs, grenades, cartridges, fuses and detonators, or any portions of them, which are still dangerous or any other kind of explosive that would endanger life.

THE SOUVENIR

You may keep old Fritz's helmet For your Sue or Kate or Ann, You may hold your German rifle For your little girl to scan; No gas mask did I capture, No rifle and no lance— The only capture that I've made Is the heart of a child of France.

ALLIES JOIN YANKS IN GREATEST OF ALL THANKSGIVING DAYS

American Turkey Tastes Same Here as West of Plymouth Rock

C-IN-C. SPEAKS AT G.H.Q.

Voices Gratitude to Men in Khaki Who Loved Liberty Better Than Life

The "greatest of all Thanksgiving Days," in the words of the Commander-in-Chief, was celebrated last week throughout the A. E. F. all the way from the ports to the threshold of Germany. And the amazed civilian population he held a slaughter of turkey and wondrously mightily.

At Chantonnay the Allied Missions attended, with officers and men stationed at G. H. Q., the ceremony in the courtyard, where General Pershing spoke and where the surrounding walls echoed with the chorus of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "America." General Pershing's speech follows:

Debt of Gratitude Repaid

Fellow Soldiers: Never in the history of our country have so many people come together with such full hearts as on the greatest of all Thanksgiving Days. The moment throbs with emotion seeking to break through to God.

Representing the high ideals of our countrymen and cherishing the spirit of our forefathers who first celebrated this festival of Thanksgiving, we are proud to have repaid our debt to the land of Lafayette and to have lent our aid to save civilization from destruction. The unscrupulous invader has been driven from the desolated lands of his unloving conquest, and the tide of conflict which, during the dark days of mid-summer, threatened to overwhelm the Allied forces, has been dashed to the sea by the valiant soldiers of battle die away and the beaten forerunners of the conquering armies should pause to give thanks to God for his unending mercy.

Victory was our goal. It is the hard-won gift of the soldier to his country. Only the soldier knows the cost of the gift we now present to the nation. As soldiers inspired by every spiritual sentiment, we have each silently prayed that the success of righteousness should be ours. Today, with thanks to God for his unending mercy, His strength has given us the victory, and we are thankful that the privilege has been given us to serve in such a cause.

New Outlook on Life

In this hour of thanksgiving our eternal gratitude goes out to those heroes who loved liberty better than life and who sleep in silence, but whose names are inscribed on the roll of the immortals. To all have come a new outlook on life, a clearer perspective regarding its station. Contenders of the new power, of duty and of honor, and a deeper sense of responsibility to the nation and to God.

May we give thanks that unselfish service has given us this new vision, and that we are to return to our families and our country with higher aims and a firmer purpose, alike enabling to ourselves and to those who have held the long vigil and have watched and prayed for us that we might worthily represent them.

The Mainstay of Peace

This spirit that has won the victory is to become the permanent and indispensable mainstay of peace and happiness. It is not a matter of individual choice, but of obligation, and we should proudly accept it as such. If the glory of our military service has been the spontaneous offering of loyalty, it is too precious to be cast aside by indulgence—too sacred not to be cherished.

The nation awaits the return of its soldiers, believing in the stability of character that has come from self-discipline and self-reliance. Conditions of the new power, the stern school of war and discipline has brought to each of us, American mothers await with loving hearts their gallant sons. God for the trials successfully met and the victories won. Still more should we thank Him for the golden future, with its wealth of opportunity and hope of permanent and universal peace.

DON'T GIVE ANYTHING AWAY

A.E.F. officers and men are instructed by Bulletin No. G.H.Q. not to give away or abandon to the civil population any articles of uniform or equipment, serviceable or unserviceable, even those which are private property. All such articles, if it is provided, will be turned in for salvage.

FREE EDUCATION WHILE YOU WAIT FOR ORDERS HOME

World's Largest School Enterprise Will Open January 1

47,000 TEACHERS IN A.E.F.

They Will Supply the Faculty and Instruct the Eager Yank in Anything He Burns to Learn

If you want to utilize the long winter evenings that are even now descending upon the A.E.F. in learning something that you have not had time to learn during the busy fighting months of the spring, summer and fall—preferably something that will help you in holding down your old job or in helping you to corral a better one after you get back to the States—the machinery is all set for you to do so.

Now that the armistice has come, there is going to be a chance for every Yank, from tobacco to Bostonians, to learn something, by book or by hand, that he can draw on when he gets back into long trousers again. Beginning January 1 every outfit in the A.E.F. will have a school established in its immediate vicinity, and every one of those charming parlaygoers known as billeting officers has been instructed by G.H.Q. to provide the proper accommodations for the school.

If the school in your locality does not teach just the things that you want, the things that fit your particular line, you have the option of taking a correspondence course conducted by men who have made correspondence courses and university extension services famously useful throughout the West.

All Free and Voluntary

Just to show the variety of things you can take up in your spare time, we list for you five lines of work in the training area of your day's work in the S.O.S., here is the way the list of subjects starts off:

"Agriculture, automobile manufacturing and salesmanship, business courses (stenography, bookkeeping and so forth), electrical physics."

The list goes on and on, and it is that you can pick up before starting for home, a brand new lot of education that may mean money in your pocket in future years. With the possible exception of some advanced courses in European universities, it will be all free—what is more, you haven't got to acquire it if you do not want to. It's up to you.

Although there are 1,500 cases of text books either here already or on the water coming over, it will not all be "book-learning" in the A.E.F. schools. If you want to take a course in chemistry, for example, you will get laboratory work, and that is what counts. If you want to learn new things to do to the soil back on the old farm so that you can work it more profitably, you will get actual work on actual soil. If you want to learn horse-dressing, you will practice on real horses and mules.

47,000 Teachers in A.E.F.

By signing up for a course in anything from architecture to just plain learning to spell, no Yank should get the idea that he will have to stay over here to complete it. The minute your unit is ordered back home, you will be ordered back home, whether you are a student or not. If, however, you are in no hurry to get back—perhaps there are a few such—and want to complete the course you have started on, you will have the option of staying on here—and even of putting on citizens' clothes—after completing your work.

Though the work is being undertaken Continued on Page 3

ARMY'S HAM ACTORS WILL GET TRY OUT

Vaudeville and Parlor Play Artists May Tour A.E.F. Circuit

Amateur or professional vaudeville artists in the A.E.F. are to have a chance to show their comrades just how well their acts get over, according to a plan which the Y.M.C.A.'s entertainment department has been working out and is soon to put into execution.

Vaudeville contests are to be staged in every Y but in France and beyond, the participants being furnished with an audience of their peers and given a try out before the men of their own posts. Those that get over big will then be sent to other units under the direct supervision of the divisional Y director, and there given a further try out before a new and strange audience.

The survivors of that ordeal will have an opportunity to appear before the audiences in still other units, under the supervision of the Y regional directors, and the ones that come through the best will, if the transfers or furloughs can be effected, be sent to some central point, probably Paris, to be fitted up and sent over the A.E.F. entertainment circuit.

All Sorts of Shows

As a sort of companion piece to its educational activities, the Y is working on its entertainment program in every branch, in order to assure every Yank as many shows as can be secured and of as much variety as possible. The aim will be to develop the theatrical and other talents in the ranks of the A.E.F. rather than to import professional entertainers from the States, although a considerable number of the latter are already on the way over.

2,000,000 LETTERS WRITTEN BY ARMY TO ITS FIRST C.O.'S

Postal Figures Show Entire A.E.F. Got Busy On Dad's Day

CHRISTMAS DELIVERY SURE

Thousands of Messages Penned by Soldiers to the Fathers of Their Fallen Buddies

Far and away the greatest shipment of mail ever sent by an Army overseas to its home country, far and away the greatest consignment of mail from Americans abroad to the United States, far and away the greatest concentrated letter writing bee in history—such is the history of Father's Letter Day as celebrated by the A.E.F. on November 24, just 13 days after the signing of the armistice.

From the advanced posts of the Army of Occupation 'way down to the lumbering camps near the Franco-Spanish border, from the aviation centers in the north of Scotland—about the latitude of Labrador—down to the Riviera and well into boot-shaped Italy, the day was marked by a scratching of pens and heads, with the result that the humming mail from the A.E.F. mounted, counting in the shipment of December 2, which was even then full of Dad's Christmas Letters, to the total of 8,632,500 pieces and fully 2,000,000 out of that 8,632,500 carried in the upper right hand corner of the envelope this legend: FATHER'S XMAS LETTER.

Entire Army Wrote

The way it works out is this: The homebound mail for the week prior to the one in which the Father's Letters were dispatched comprised 6,381,540 pieces. The homebound mail for the week in which these letters were sent, Stateward comprised 8,632,500 pieces, sent off in three shipments on November 26 and 27 and December 2. That makes an increase for the Father's Letter week of 2,251,000 pieces of mail.

Granting that a quarter of a million of these letters were not collected, addressed to the old man, or to somebody else's old man, but just written because after having written the old man, we remembered other members of the family—in other words, that writing seemed so interesting, that we completed for the time being, the writing habit, we still have 2,000,000 letters to the Dads of the A.E.F., and that 251,260 knocked off is a good, liberal knockoff. At any rate, the postal authorities are sure that at least 2,000,000 Father's Letters went off which means that everybody in the A.E.F. who could write or dictate did so.

The steamship Chicago which sailed for God's Country, where the old man lives, on November 26, carried the majority of the 4,794,900 letters sorted on the 24th, 25th and 26th by the Postal Service in the United States, and when the last truck left the terminal late in the afternoon of November 27 to catch the fast steamship Tendaris, every Dad's Letter received up to that time was headed for the old man's front porch in the States.

Three Ships Carry Letters

The third shipment, that of December 2, saw 3,837,900 more letters go out, many tens of thousands carrying the magic formula, insuring special delivery service, in the upper right hand corner. But the race isn't over yet—not by half, as the gang down at Nantes and St. Nazaire and Rouen will be the first to tell you. Just to prove that it isn't, look what Rouen did. Rouen was eighth out of the nine ports last week; this week, for the week's totals, it leads the bunch.

Here's the way they line up according to the official figures for the fourth week of the big drive, with the figures for the four weeks together in the second column:

Table with 4 columns: Port, 4th Wk., For 4 Wks., 4th Wk. (continued)

Downhearted? No!

Though the dock gang at Brest had hoped to make it three straight "topping" weeks, having led the weekly lists twice in succession, they are not downhearted—NO! Haven't they got the premier position in the contest thus far? YES! You ought to have heard them yell when the news came through. Yes, and they'll yell again when President Wilson, aboard the George Washington, comes steaming by their little old port on Tuesday next, and tell him right out and out how Brest stands. The noise they're saving up for that day will make Mr. Wilson think of certain autumn days in 1912 and 1916 to find anything equaling it in volume and vigor.

New A.E.F. Record

Brest's transportation heads, Lieutenant Colonel Stern and Major O'Neill, think that they can finish the race next week, if they are given enough ships, but our correspondent has neglected to add whether or not they stated, when interviewed, that they were willing to back up that assertion with money. It would be a good bet to take, at that, for Brest is going to have a busy time next week, with the President and Mr. Lloyd George and everybody disembarking there. And "humans" like the President and the Premier, don't come as tonnage unloaded. Now if it were only Mr. Taft— (Sh! Typewriter, mind your manners!) Anyway, the Brest bunch gave Major

Continued on Page 2

S. O. S. TURNS IN 418,000 FRANCS FOR ADOPTION OF 836 ORPHANS



MOTHER OF THE WAR ORPHANS

This is Miss (or, since we're in France, Mlle.) Marie Perrin, head of THE STARS AND STRIPES Bureau of the American Red Cross, which is the official name of the committee that handles the A.E.F.'s French war orphan family. The family now numbers 2,646.

Miss Perrin determines what is best for all of them, or, at any rate, her committee does, and they, or their guardians, come to her for advice about domestic and other matters and for money.

Miss Perrin is French by birth and American by adoption and was a member of the Faculty of the Ethical Culture School in New York City until the war started, when she returned to France for relief work.

She now has the distinction of being the mother of the largest personally conducted family in the world.

BREST IS LEADER AT HALF WAY MARK IN RACE TO BERLIN

Rouen, However, Jumps From 8th to 1st in Figures for Week Past

MISS WILSON BOOSTS DRIVE

President's Daughter Tells Bordeaux Gang How Home Folks Root for S.O.S.

DING!

Half-mile post on the Race to Berlin—four weeks' freight tossing concluded, four more to go. Here they come down the stretch, in the following order:

Brest, Marseilles, Rochefort, La Pallice, Le Havre, Bordeaux, Rouen, St. Nazaire and Nantes.

But the race isn't over yet—not by half, as the gang down at Nantes and St. Nazaire and Rouen will be the first to tell you. Just to prove that it isn't, look what Rouen did. Rouen was eighth out of the nine ports last week; this week, for the week's totals, it leads the bunch.

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THIRD YANK ARMY NOW WELL ON WAY TO COBLENCE TOWN

Treves, Entered Monday, Yields Up 14 American Wounded

"SMOKE" SHOWER FOLLOWS

Victorious Troops Received Silently by Populace—C-in-C. Issues Proclamation

Yank troops comprising the American Army of Occupation are now firmly implanted on the soil of Germany.

The Third American Army, keeping abreast of the French on its right and the English on its left, crossed the Luxembourg frontier on Sunday and penetrated into the ex-Kaiser's former empire. They are now half way to Coblenz, the city on the Rhine designated for American occupation until peace is finally signed and execution of the armistice terms is completed.

The Third Army started its 100-kilometer hike from Luxembourg to the Rhine before sun-up on Sunday. On Monday it entered Treves, where 14 American wounded were liberated.

The reception of the Americans has been about the same as that accorded the victors of the war. The German populace has met the victorious Allied armies in silence and submission, and so far as the American zone is concerned, there has been no untoward act against the troops.

The happiest people in Treves on the Army's way were the 14 Yankies who lay wounded in the Red Cross Hospital on the edge of the town. Four officers and ten enlisted men, they had been carried there one by one during the summer and fall from the battlefields of France, gradually to form in one wing of the old barracks a little American colony of hope and pain.

It had been out of the question to move them and many German wounded under the care of a competent staff of German doctors and nurses, who treated them well and served their wounds with expert hands. Quite two weeks ahead of our troops came two American surgeons to look to their welfare, and by Monday American surgeons were in charge of their cases.

All afternoon their cots were surrounded by visitors. To the casual observer, those fourteen Americans appeared to have suddenly acquired half the cigarette supply of the Third American Army, and certainly they had the first copies of last week's STARS AND STRIPES to reach Germany.

One of the fourteen was a private who had been crippled by machine gun fire as long ago as last July at Chateau-Thierry, when the fear of the German host still lay like a shadow across the world. He had been hampered, felled and transported through an endless chain of field hospitals and finally moved by train to Germany. Even in his wildest dreams that hot August night when they carried him from the station at Treves to the hospital across the way, he could not have hoped that before

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Biggest Lump Contribution in History of A.E.F.'s Giving

EVERY ARM REPRESENTED

Lusty Fortune Will Be Used to Care for Children of France's Redeemed Areas

ARMY NOW PARRAINS TO 2,646

140 Boys and Girls Taken Outside the S.O.S., Making 976 the Grand Total for Star Week

Surpassing several times over the biggest previous donation, the record contribution to THE STARS AND STRIPES Christmas Gift War Orphan Fund came in this week. It was from the S.O.S.

It was the fund which the S.O.S. in a campaign lasting only a few weeks and conducted more or less quietly under the leadership of Lt. S.O.S., so far as the rest of the Army was concerned, raised during the busiest period in its history.

It was gathered at the base ports between the launching and landing of bulging nets of freight, on the lines of communication between the passage of crowded trains, in the construction camps, at the air centers, at the mess tables in the barracks, at entertainments, in the offices, where everybody from the orderly to the general was figuring out the details of moving an Army two ways at once.

Trunkful of Francs

The money came from all the reaches of central and southern France from the hold units working up on the edge of the battle zone to the furthest reaches of the French forests where the news has not penetrated to the hardy American woodsman yet that the armistice is signed. It came in to the Christmas Gift War Orphan Fund manager at Tours in check in the form of paper money in all of the departments of France. Some of it was new and crisp—fresh from the paymaster. Some of it was finger-stained, tattered and crumpled worn.

It filled a box bigger than a traveling salesman's trunk, and when it was tall counted it was found there were 418,000 francs, enough to provide for the support of 836 down-on-their-luck youngsters, enough to play a big and important part in ameliorating the acute suffering in the sections of France recently freed from German rule. In departing, took most of the food and a lot of other things they could carry.

The big contribution came with the understanding that it would be used for the children of those redeemed areas; with the exception of certain contributions, the committee staff, the Adjutant General's Department, the railroads and the French civil government is again functioning. This will be a matter of weeks only.

Big Order for Red Cross

The Red Cross committee already is at work selecting and listing the children who are to join the A.E.F. family. They will complete their work, allot the children and begin the expenditure of the much-needed money as soon as the Adjutant General's Department, the railroads and the French civil government is again functioning. This will be a matter of weeks only.

Among the various services and organizations represented in the S.O.S. contribution are:

The Transportation Corps, the Medical Corps, including base hospitals and ambulance companies; the Ordnance Department, the Chemical Warfare Service, Provost Marshals and Military Police, the offices in the District of Paris, the General Purchasing Agent, Depot Divisions, the General Staff, the Adjutant General's Department, Base Section staffs, the Air Service, casual camps and depots, Division of Light Railways and Loads, the Engineers, the War Risk Insurance Section, the Motor Transport Corps, the Quartermaster Corps, the Judge Advocate General's Department, the Requisitions and Claims Department, the Chief Surgeon's Office, the Chief Engineer's Office, and the Signal Corps, including the telephone operators.

With the contribution came this statement:

The S.O.S. contribution to THE STARS AND STRIPES Christmas Gift Orphan Fund is made as one big contribution from the Service of Supply, every branch of the service being represented. We request, names of individual contributors and organizations are not printed, as has been the custom of THE STARS AND STRIPES since its inception. The success of the service is being represented by the names of individuals or organizations, and organizations are not printed, as has been the custom of THE STARS AND STRIPES since its inception. The success of the service is being represented by the names of individuals or organizations, and organizations are not printed, as has been the custom of THE STARS AND STRIPES since its inception.

The spirit of self-sacrificing does not exist among its members. Every man's shoulder is at the wheel, regardless of whether he be common or noble, commander or soldier, and his care is not whether he be Motor Transport or Medical Corps, railroad engineer, doughboy or horse soldier when it comes to tending the needs of the S.O.S. The success of the S.O.S. are more localized in France than are the others of the A.E.F., and many of them are already identified with the local life of a harbor, command, and general station. The Biblical injunction of not allowing the right hand to know what the left hand does, and the fact that one man's ten francs may mean more sacrifice than another's hundred francs to the S.O.S. orphan contributions being made as a lump sum, invidious comparisons by showing the different sums contributed by organizations and individuals being avoided.

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S.O.S. Tops 1,000 Orphans

As a matter of fact, the figure of 836 does not cover the contribution of the S.O.S. in its entirety in its campaign;

many S.O.S. contributions came in to THE STARS AND STRIPES office...

50,000-Franc Donations
Instances of conspicuously generous giving in the S.O.S. campaign are many...

2,646 in Orphan Family
In addition to the record adoption of 836 Christmas gift war orphans...

Enclosed please find five hundred francs, a Christmas present from you...

Objective Exceeded
The 103rd Supply Train of the 28th Division adopted 12 children...

Red Cross Swamped
Camp Hospital No. 4, at A.P.O. 702, became the sponsor of 10 children...

Political Equality for Women
What we all thank God for with deepest gratitude is that our men went in force into the line of battle...

After paying eloquent tribute to the war work of American women, the President added this significant paragraph:

The least tribute we can pay them is to make them the equals of men in political rights, as they have proved themselves their equals in every field of practical work...

Speaking of the demobilization period and after, the President reviewed the project of the Secretary of the Interior to provide land for "those who are ready and willing to go to the farms..."

The maintenance of our forces on the other side of the sea is still necessary. A considerable proportion of these forces must remain in Europe during the period of occupation...

Obtaining photographs of the children will be difficult because the territory is still under military government...

ORPHAN CAMPAIGN CLOSING DEC. 16
The Christmas Gift War Orphan campaign of THE STARS AND STRIPES will close on Monday, December 16, at noon...

Table listing names and addresses of donors to the orphan campaign, including Capt. J. L. Smith, Major J. L. Smith, etc.

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2,000,000 LETTERS WRITTEN BY ARMY TO ITS FIRST C.O.'S

Continued from Page 1
or rather evidently did not take the trouble to reflect, that the articles in THE STARS AND STRIPES...

Letters for Bereaved Fathers
One of the features of the greatest epistle-story spree in American history was that, as this paper suggested, the men of the A.E.F. wrote not only to their own fathers, or their own Dutch uncles, but also to the fathers of those of their buddies who had fallen in action...

One Boy's Letter
But the prize letter of the day, the best of all in our opinion—and we have seen and heard of many—was written down at Saizerais, France, by a man whose name we will naturally omit. This was the way his Father's Christmas Victory Letter read:

My Father—Today throughout the Army soldiers are writing to their fathers, so I am sending a word of devotion to mine. I want first to tell you that I have felt your presence at my side through times of strife and hardship...

YOU GOTTA GO HOME, BUT—
Unless your home is somewhere in Europe you cannot be discharged here, to linger longer under the Lombardy poplars or Unter den Linden at your own sweet will...

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It was their first official act on rejoining the A.E.F. after their long separation. And the heart of the old man of every one of them will fairly burst with pride...

What Happened at Nice
At the other extreme of the A.E.F., down in Nice, where the leaves grow (but unfortunately do not accumulate) on the sunny Riviera, the ink was spilled right and left in the big Jetty Casino, where high-browed officers at the next desks to enlisted men would lean over and blushing inquire, "Say, Jack, is they two n's in 'affectionate'?"

Continued from Page 1
Christmas his own army would come and get him, come nearly 800 kilometers to get him, that the first December sun would look down on American troops occupying the old garrison on the hill...

Fair Dealing for Civilians
The American Army will hold itself in its dealing strictly to the rights of people, as well as to the principles of war and usages acknowledged by the civilized world...

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THIRD YANK ARMY HOW WELL ON WAY TO COBLENCE TOWN

Continued from Page 1
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AMERICA IN GERMANY

II—Coblence

Coblence, the principal town on the left bank of the Rhine to be occupied by the American Third Army, lies at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, the latter being by now almost as familiar to the German-bound Yanks as the Mississippi or the Missouri. In peace times Coblence had a population of about 50,000, and the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which lies just across the river, is capable of housing a garrison of 100,000 men.

The city is situated on a sort of triangular peninsula, formed by the junction of the two streams. In the early days of the Roman Army of Occupation, not much store was set by the site, and instead of being elevated to the dignity of a "castrum," camp, or "oppidum," town, Coblence was merely a posting station on the Rhine Road. Ad. Coblentz, or "at the confluence," it was called, which the latter Germanic tribes shortened and mangled, as is the way with things Germanized, into Koblenz, or Coblence.

Coblence, then, is—or rather was—the capital of the province of Rhenish Prussia, the seat of both the civil and military authorities for that district. In addition to the great garrison across the river, the town itself furnished quarters for 5,000 troops. Bounded on the north and east by the two rivers, it is a town of large champagne manufactures. As one of its German chroniclers piously puts it, "most of this is exported to England and the British colonies." Down to the establishment of the federation of Rhenish towns, considerably before the Thirty Years' War, Coblence's commercial importance was practically nil.

Many Times Besieged In the days when German overseas trade amounted to something, Coblence was an important center, being the seat of large champagne manufactures. As one of its German chroniclers piously puts it, "most of this is exported to England and the British colonies." Down to the establishment of the federation of Rhenish towns, considerably before the Thirty Years' War, Coblence's commercial importance was practically nil.

The Thirty Years' War saw the city alternately besieged and garrisoned by the Swedish, French and Prussian troops. In 1688 although the town was nearly destroyed by the French cannonade, Marshal Boufflers was compelled to retreat without being able to force an entry. During the German occupation it became the seat of the Elector of Treves, but after the rise of the French republic and the defeat of the Prussian army at Valmy Coblence—spelled that way instead of the German way—was officially pronounced the capital of the department of Moselle and Metz.

This it remained through the Napoleonic wars, the Little Corporal himself visiting it in 1804 with his spouse Josephine, and again on his way through to Russia. "The Russian campaign," blowing up, the French were compelled, on January 1, 1814, to evacuate the town, which then became Prussian. This it remained until early this week.

Birthplace of Metternich

Besides being fought over by many nations, Coblence has one particular claim to fame for having introduced to the world Prince von Metternich, the greatest trouble-maker of the whole nineteenth century. That famous, or rather infamous diplomat, author of the remark, among others, that "Italy was only a geographical expression," first saw the light of day in Coblence in 1773 in the Metternich Hof, which building is still one of the sights of the town. Over the hills two and a half miles west is the village of Metternich, his family's seat.

An earlier von Metternich, the Elector Lothar, formed the Roman Catholic League at Coblence in 1609. For the city, like Cologne, is overwhelmingly Catholic, and always has been. Of its churches, perhaps the most interesting to the American Army is the Carmelitenkirche, which was the German garrison's own place of worship.

There in the choir are set forth, clustered around the picture of the Virgin, the representatives of the nation saints of Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery and Engineers—Sts. Maurice, George, Barbara and Joseph respectively, all obviously named before St. Bertha came into reign. Another and perhaps more handsome church is that of St. Castor, founded as far back as 836, with its four picturesque towers that form one of the most striking landmarks as one approaches Coblence from the Rhine side.

Over the Hills is Ems

Over the hills to the east of Coblence is Ems, the famous watering-place, famous also for the "Ems telegram" from Emperor William I, doctored by Bismarck in order to leave France no choice but to go to war in 1870. There is another remembrance of 1870 on the plateau of Karthause, to the west of the town, where 10,000 French prisoners were quartered pending the signing of the last Treaty of Versailles. Further to the north, beyond the Moselle, lies another point of interest for lovers of France, a blunted pyramid of lava erected in memory of General Marceau, who fell at Altenkirchen in 1796. The inscription upon it tells how the general was "a soldier at 16, a general at 22 years," but it tells nothing of his blockade of Ehrenbreitstein in 1795. However, there is near by another monument to the famous General Hoche, who held "the Gibraltar of the Rhine" until the peace of Leoben. Ehrenbreitstein, directly across the river, will undoubtedly be within the ground to be held by the Americans on the right bank of the Rhine. This fortress, which rises to a peak 350 feet above the river and 573 feet above sea level, is inaccessible on three sides and connected with the neighboring heights only from the north. Deep wells dug into the side of the hills are said to assure the occupying garrison of its water supply for three whole years.

Thrice Captured

Despite its seeming impregnability, it has been three times captured and held. In 1631 the French obtained it, through the treachery of the Elector Philip Christopher. In 1637, back in the days of Louis XIV, the German imperial general, Johann von Werth, invested it, and started out the French Garrison. After Hoche's conquest of it in 1799, the fortifications were dismantled by virtue of the Peace of Lunéville in 1801.

So great store did Prussia set by Ehrenbreitstein, however, that in 1870 she forced France to pay 10,000,000 francs for the express purpose of restoring it, later adding to that many marcs of her own.

More peaceful recollections of the place are furnished by recalling that the poet Goethe, in 1774, visited the thal, or little village at the bottom of the fortress promontory, to see his friend M. de la Roche, then chancellor of the elector of Treves. The locality was also loved of the Grand Duchess Louisa of Baden, as the Loutsenthurm, or tower of Louisa, to the south of the fortress proper, bears evidence.

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

PROVING THAT WHEN YOU GO WITH THE ARMY TO LUXEMBURG, YOU LEARN SOMETHING



"He nearly fell out of his chair laughing."

Somewhere in Belgium, Nov. 19, 1918. Begotes Heindrick: Wasst ist dass Henry. I bet you don't 'kn'ow.' That is German for his ker say.

Well Henry I am sure having some experience in this old war. Our outfit is going to Germany as the army of occupation. We are in Belgium now which ain't very far from Germany. Luxembourg is where we are headed for on the map and I got my old gun and a couple of hand grenades in my hip pocket so if they start anything I'll be ready to protect myself. Luxembourg is a tough place I guess considering all them proostans that come from just the other side of there. I bet I and Buck will have to take turns about sleeping or somebody will come along and beat one of us.

But at that Henry I am learning to parley some German just the same so I can tell them Luxembourg tufts where to head in at. If you don't think so just listen to this. Trinkwasser flegelkeller Nach Coblentz ortskommandatur achtungsfeldbahn verboten sehr gut. Ain't that good for just reading the signs along the road for 3 days.

Of course Buck is learning me some German to because he parleys it pritty good. His old man come from Germany you know. Buck don't remember from what part he come but he is German all right.

Well Henry of course Luxembourg ain't never been at war with us but it's nearly the same because they let the Germans pass over their country and their army set round and played krap or something while they did it. I don't see why the ugly old dutches didn't stop the German army like the Belgians did. Let them be a grand dutches all rite to let them huns come across her country. Look how easy the Belgian army stopped the huns for a few days till the French could get their army together to meet them. The Luxembourg army could have kept them from going into Belgium before they did.

Well Henry we are billeted at a Belgium farm house tonite. Buck and me is sleeping where a German was sleeping not over 10 hours ago. The bed is so fresh I can smell timberer yet. But I guess it will take something stronger than that to keep his legs moving toward Germany. We come 23 kilometers tonite Henry.

Well Henry I will write a letter from Luxy as soon as I get there.

So long Henry S. T. B.

Luxembourg, Nov. 21, 1918.

Dear Heindrick: Well Henry we are here and I guess my old gat and them hand grenades will never be used any if I have to use them Henry. I been looking all afternoon for a place to put them when somebody ain't looking.

Henry Luxy is sure enough not German. I don't know whether it is most French or American but there is a awful lot of both here. The stores and windows and everything in the windows is just like at home. Everywhere you go there is American signs and American flags.

Henry when we marched through town it was even better than that morning when our co. marched off to war the first time. There was people lined up on all sides of the streets and everybody was throwing flowers at us and talking American. Besides speaking French and German and American there is another language here to that sounds like opening a bully beef can with a dull old bayonet that they spoke that to us.

But Henry I have discovered a army which you could be the general to without even hurting anybody's feelings but your own. And I guess if I had of went to school a little longer I could maybe be one of your captains or something.

I never did know Henry why it was that the Luxembourg army didn't try and stop the Germans from marching across their country. But I know now Henry. The Luxembourg army has got just as many men in it as our co. had after our top kicked the bucket that time with the pneumonia. There is 249 including generals and sekund loots.

Henry I would sure hate to have to belong to it. Just think how many times a guy would have to be on K.P. and on guard in a year in a army like that. And I bet the O.D. gets tired of his job all rite.

Henry there is one thing though I bet which would seem awful nice. If you wanted to get a discharge or something you wouldn't die or something while you was waiting for it because the general wouldn't be very far off like he is in our army.

I bet this army has got a whole warehouse full of red tape which it ain't used. Our army ought to buy it now so they could get it cheap because they will have to use a lot of it getting us birds mustered out pritty soon.

Yes Henry when we got into Luxy the whole Luxembourg army was lined up to receive us and every man was present but a couple of sekund loots that had a pull with the general or something and got off so they could bum around town with stray privs of the U. S. army. There was 2 other buck privs of the Luxembourg army which was on sick call but the old doc. I guess was in a hurry and wanted to be in the parade and marked them dooty so they had to get in it to.

Henry the dutches of Luxy who they call the grand dutches or something isn't ugly at all. She is only 23 and is as pritty as a picture. I seen her with Gen. Pershing and when the Gen. wasn't looking I carried on a brief flirtation like that talkum powdered society editor of the news used to say which I guess made quite a hit with her because when I seen her out riding in her cab this p.m. she smiled and nodded her head like she recognized me. Ain't it great Henry to be able to flirt with a head of a country.

Well Henry I got a date on tonite and

So has Buck. We are going out to a swell place where we are invited to stay as long as we are in Luxy. I hope they got a hot bath up there Henry.

So long Heindrick S. T. B.

P.S.—I am glad I am invited out because prices of things is fierce here. This a.m. I bought some erfs for breakfast and they cost a mark apiece. I guess they thought I was a easy one Henry.

Luxy, Nov. 23, 1918.

Dear pal Henry: Well Henry Buck and I went to the big dinner that night. Everything was all rite only they had gone and invited a couple of sekund loots who didn't feel just rite because of us being there. There was a officer there to from the Luxembourg army. We didn't know he was a officer of course and Buck and me thought he was a corporal or something. Buck ask him which squad he had and he nearly fell out of his chair laughing. Henry he was the commander of the Luxy army.

Nearly every parade I ever seen Henry has had some sailors in it to but there wasn't any in the parade the other day when we come into town. So I asked this general or what ever he was why there wasn't no sailors in it and he said it was because the admiral of the Luxembourg navy lost one of the our locks and couldn't make the rife in time. I guess maybe he did all rite because the river is pritty steep in places. But I would of liked to of seen the Luxy navy. I'll bet it is some outfit.

Well Henry we are going up into Germany toot sweet. We will be hanging round the border for a few days I guess from the looks of things and then we will go over as soon as the Germans get out of our way. If it wasn't for this silly old armistice, I guess we would go anyway.

Well so long Henry S. T. B.

P. S. Buck has just lokated his uncle. He is the guy who sweeps out down at the casino after the dance. Buck found him a German girl down there to.

G.H.Q. FIGHTS RUM IN GENERAL ORDER

Steady, Men; Open Ranks for Breath Inspection—Herch!

Old John Alcoholism, gasping his last gasps in the States after a body blow calculated to put him down and out next July for the "period of demobilization," is on the way again. This time G.H.Q. takes a few pinches at him in G.O. 213. G.O. 213 calls attention to a circular of instructions recently issued by the French Minister of War which declares that "the consumption of alcohol and alcoholic drink has now become a danger throughout the country," and then goes on to advise C.O.'s how to minimize the danger. Insofar as members of the A.E.F. are concerned:

The active assistance of all C.O.'s will be lent to the French authorities in the enforcement of existing French laws. All places, whether regular drinking places or not, and all persons found to be furnishing prohibited drinks to American officers or soldiers, or serving them with drinks outside of the prohibited hours, will be reported to the nearest French military or civil authority, as may be most expedient. All cases of intoxication of members of the A.E.F. will be investigated immediately upon discovery, with a view to ascertaining the place or persons responsible for supplying the intoxicants, and prompt report will be made thereof to the French authorities.

All alcoholic liquors are prohibited to soldiers under French law. The sale is permitted only of wine, beer, cider, pear cider and hydromel. American commanding officers are instructed to consult local French authorities as the best means of co-operating in the suppression of the drink evil.

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BAND SCHOOL CONTINUES

The A.E.F. band school at G.H.Q., organized for the purpose of training bandmasters and preparing them for commissions, and to familiarize American musicians with several musical instruments little used in the United States, will continue in session, despite the fact that, owing to the armistice, no commissions will be granted.

Bandmasters now attending will complete the course and then be given a certificate of eligibility for a commission. The oboe, the bassoon and the French horn are the instruments the use of which it is intended to promote.

M.P.'s MULTIPLY

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NOW BEAT IT! Dig in your toes, Fritzie! You've got to go some to get ahead of these Yankee-made Interwoven SOCKS TOE AND HEEL Socks THE FRENCH SHOPS HAVE THEM

YANKS TAKEN IN BOECHE SEICHEPREY ATTACK RETURNING

Black Bread Mixed With Sawdust and Acorn Coffee Their Food

MISTREATMENT FOR SOME FIVE MONTHS A CAPTIVE

See Revolt Start When German Marines Beat Officers and Throw Several in Rhine

Seicheprey prisoners, after seven months in German hands, are returning home.

These Americans, members of the 102nd and 104th Infantry Regiments, 26th Division, captured in the course of the famous attack in the Toul sector on the morning of April 12 and 20, 1918, tell different stories of their treatment.

Among the first five to be released, two declare they were beaten several times and that they were half starved.

Other Americans held at the same place, Mülhheim, suffered like treatment, they assert.

The other three, who were fortunate enough to be employed at the Red Cross Post at Limburg, had no tales of personal brutality to tell, but declare that the other Allies, as well as the Russians, were handled viciously.

Privates Charles Monson and Richard Brightman, of the 102nd, and Patrick F. Meehan, of the 104th, were the men who worked at the Red Cross Post. Privates James Goldrick and Leonard Colburn, of the 102nd, were put to work in a wire factory at Mülhheim.

Attack by Trained Troops

The Germans, 15 companies of them, that attacked at Seicheprey were specially trained shock troops. They had no rifles or bayonets, said Monson, depending on revolvers, hand grenades, knives and a few electrical bombs.

It was the first attack in force against a point of the line held by American troops.

In the Yankees' own trenches the Germans stripped their prisoners of boots, shoes and overcoats, handling roughly all those who resisted, and in one case shooting dead an American who was slow in obeying orders.

From Seicheprey the captives were forced, wounded included, to walk in their stocking feet to Thiancourt, where they were herded into a church and the wounded given first aid treatment.

From Thiancourt they were taken by train to Comblanchien. Here the separation process started, the officers there were five or six—going to the officers' camp, the men themselves being split up in small groups and distributed over various internment cities.

Many, including the five named, were sent to Thiancourt, where they were incarcinated. From here Monson, Meehan and Brightman went to Limburg, while Goldrick and Colburn went to Mülhheim.

"The Pumping Station"

Comblanchien was called by the Americans "the pumping station," because it was here that the German officers spent days in an effort to extract military information. Each man would have something different to impart, so that, at the end of the day, when the officers compared notes, they were in despair over the diverse answers.

"Why, damn it," exclaimed one German officer to Monson, after several hours of close questioning, "we know more about the American Army than you do."

"Why ask me, then?" Monson retorted.

The food for the captives comprised the well-known black bread plentifully mixed with sawdust, soup, mol, on Sundays, coffee (made of peaches), Goldrick and Colburn said this menu never varied day in and day out. They worked, if on the day shift, from 7 a. m. to 5:15 p. m., and if on the night shift, from 7 p. m. to 7 a. m.

Their captors were not unnecessarily cruel to them, but did not go out of their way to do little favors, either. The Russians were handled worse than dogs, their plight being pitiful, Monson said.

At Limburg it was the duty of Monson, Brightman and Meehan to sort the Red Cross packages intended for Allied prisoners and attend to their proper distribution. The packages first were taken to a huge room, termed by the prisoners "The Chamber of Horrors," where German non-coms opened them, seeking weapons and other contraband.

As cigars, fruit and soap were worth their weight in gold in Germany, these articles were frequently stolen from the bundles and blocks of wood substituted. There were cases, too, Monson said, in which some prisoners never received packages, their captors refusing to answer the cards of inquiry sent via Switzerland.

Baths Allowed on Saturdays

On Saturdays the men were permitted to bathe, but as there were many prisoners, it was impossible for all to bathe on one day. Many prisoners, too, were covered with sores and vermin, and this made bathing dangerous.

On November 8 or 9, according to Goldrick, several hundred German marines appeared suddenly in Mülhheim, attacked the officers, beat many of them and threw several into the Rhine. They then bade the soldiers there to tear the insignia from their uniforms and become "citizens."

It was the first concrete evidence the officers had had of the revolution that there had been a great mutiny at Kiel and other cities, and that a revolution had been proclaimed.

That same day they were marched to the Mülhheim railroad station and sent to Limburg, where thousands of other Allied prisoners had been concentrated. From here they were taken to Metz. At Metz many were ridden two kilometers out of town on trains and then told to "heraus."

Others, including Brightman, Goldrick and Colburn, walked to Toul.

The failure of the Germans to reach Paris last year sealed Germany's doom, Monson said he was told. The stockade was a failure, and the mighty air raids of the Allies terrified the inhabitants of the Rhine cities. When General Foch began to roll up the Toul line, it was the beginning of the end.

Meehan reached the border with a big square suitcase filled with bursting with souvenirs and Red Cross gifts. He had everything from a huge Scotch plaid to a piece of "Jerry punk." And, with a broad grin, after crossing the line, he lifted a false bottom from the suitcase, revealing papers, letters, diaries, post cards, propaganda and other flat thin documents that the enemy was not permitting to leave the country.

PVT. PHILIP ROSEN SINGS WAY HOME FROM PRISON CAMP

Yank Runner Owes Life to Captured British Medical Officer

Just the Same He Learned to Talk French Like a Frenchman While in Hun Hands

After five and a half months' imprisonment within the German lines, Private 1st Class Philip Rosen, runner in the Machine Gun Company of the 9th Infantry, is "back in the Army again," having started back on the morning of the armistice of his own accord.

Except for five weeks which he passed in a captured French hospital at St. Gilles in the Laon region, he saw no English-speaking people until, after a 200-kilometer hike across Belgium and France, he reached Hirsin, above St. Quentin, on November 18.

During the major part of his captivity he was the lone American in a camp of 100 prisoners. He has now seen no English-speaking people until, after a 200-kilometer hike across Belgium and France, he reached Hirsin, above St. Quentin, on November 18.

For a week he hiked it every day as long as there was daylight, stopping at Belgian farmhouses to beg a piece of bread or a drink of water, or to ask permission to sleep in a barn overnight.

He was educated at Townsend Harris High school in New York, leaving at the end of the second year of the course, in 1911, to go to work. Up to the time when, in April, 1917, he of his own free will and accord, held up his right hand and swore to support the United States against all enemies whomsoever, he was a ladies' garment cutter for a clothing firm.

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HOW FRITZ DID IT



U. S. Army Official Photograph

through. And not one of the 1,500 got a single piece of mail in all the time they were prisoners.

No provisions were made for their entertainment, nor did any chaplains visit them. Their quarters were examined by no neutral commissions. Every day they were marched out to work at 6 o'clock and kept at digging trenches and constructing munition dumps in the back areas, having to start this heavy work on nothing more than a tier of substitute coffee. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon they were through work and given a meal of watery vegetable soup, sometimes graced with a few morsels of fat or meat. At night they received their bread ration for the day, either 500 grammes of war bread or 250 grammes of biscuit, which they invariably ate on the spot. Work went on seven days a week, with no holidays and for it they were paid 30 pennig, or 7 cents, a day.

Hiking it for France Because of his facility at both French and German, Rosen accepted the hard grind of the prisoners' labor, being employed almost exclusively as interpreter. Through this position he was able to keep in fairly close touch with the way the war was going, because of the German and French papers he was able to pick up and read.

It was by reading one of those German papers, the Kolnische Zeitung's army edition, that, on the morning of November 11, he got wind of the proposed armistice and decided that the time had come to cut loose. Without saying by your leave to anyone, he started out broad daylight a little before noon, a week, with no holidays and for it they were paid 30 pennig, or 7 cents, a day.

For a week he hiked it every day as long as there was daylight, stopping at Belgian farmhouses to beg a piece of bread or a drink of water, or to ask permission to sleep in a barn overnight. He was educated at Townsend Harris High school in New York, leaving at the end of the second year of the course, in 1911, to go to work. Up to the time when, in April, 1917, he of his own free will and accord, held up his right hand and swore to support the United States against all enemies whomsoever, he was a ladies' garment cutter for a clothing firm.

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relief. The Germans used to sell us one cigarette for five cents, or five-sevenths of our day's pay. If we wanted to smoke a cigar—and a German one at that—we had to save up for four days, for the cigars cost 25 cents. At that, you could heat them for two for a nickel in the States."

Father a Rabbi

Rosen's home is at 125 Rivington street, on the East Side of New York. His father is Rabbi Zavel Rosen. He was educated at Townsend Harris High school in New York, leaving at the end of the second year of the course, in 1911, to go to work. Up to the time when, in April, 1917, he of his own free will and accord, held up his right hand and swore to support the United States against all enemies whomsoever, he was a ladies' garment cutter for a clothing firm.

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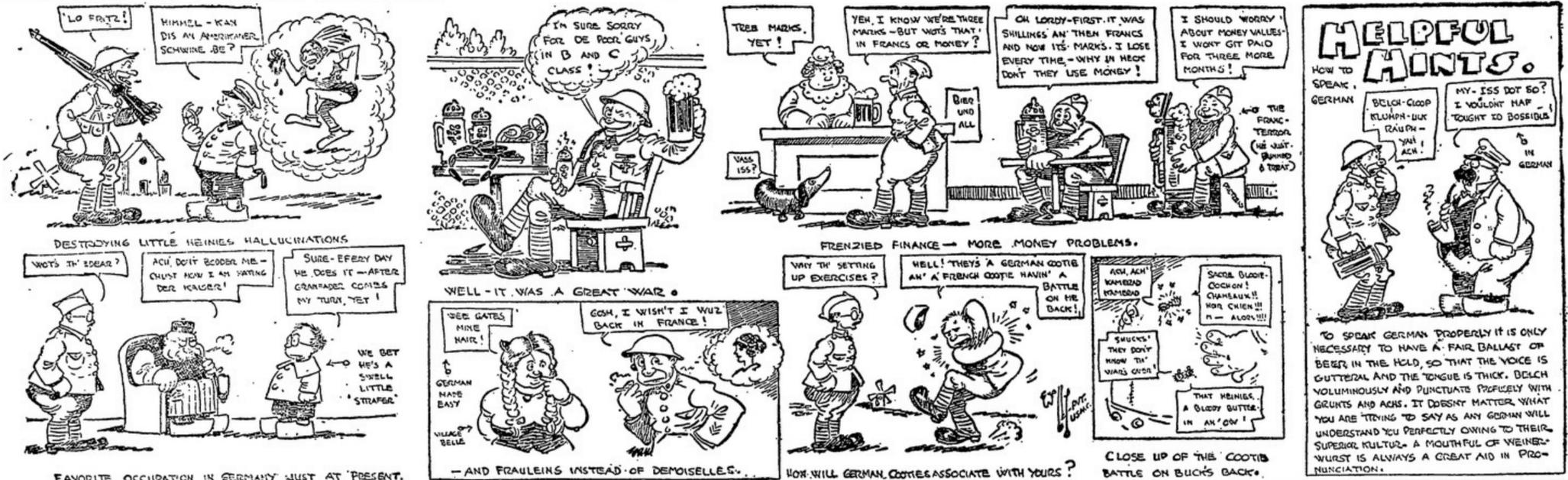
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# YANKS ON THE RHINE

-By WALLGREN



### HELPFUL HINTS.

HOW TO SPEAK GERMAN

MY- ISS DOT SO? I WOULDN'T HAF TUGHT TO BOSEIBLE

BELOH-GLOP KLUMPH-LUK RAUHN-YAH! ACH!

SO SHAL I QUAKHAL! NON CHIKEN!! N-ALOH!!!

THAT REMINDS A BLOODY BUTTER IN AN 'OV!

TO SPEAK GERMAN PROPERLY IT IS ONLY NECESSARY TO HAVE A FAIR BALLAST OF BEER IN THE HOLD, SO THAT THE VOICE IS GUTTERAL AND THE TONGUE IS THICK. BELCH VOLUMINOUSLY AND PUNCTUATE FREQUENTLY WITH GRUNTS AND ACHS. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU ARE TRYING TO SAY AS ANY GERMAN WILL UNDERSTAND YOU PERFECTLY OWING TO THEIR SUPERIOR CULTURE. A MOUTHFUL OF VIKING-WURST IS ALWAYS A GREAT AID IN PUNCTUATION.

## MANY AIR FIELDS TO HAVE LIBERTY CLUBS

**Local Entertainment Center Idea Started With Motor Mechanics**

**O. D. AND BORROWED ACTS**

**Eats Follow Weekly Shows at Orly**

**Romorantin and Tours to Have Own Organizations**

If you have not yet heard of the Liberty Club, the chances are that you soon will. The Liberty Club follows the Liberty Motor. This does not mean that to have a Liberty Club you must have a Liberty Motor; it means only that the Liberty Club already established, and those now being established, are located at important A.E.F. aviation centers.

The parent Liberty Club, at Orly Field, a few kilometers south of Paris, already numbers a thousand members, and clubs will soon be in operation at Romorantin, Tours and elsewhere. Later the idea will probably be carried to as many other fields as may want to adopt it, and the chances are most of them will.

The Liberty Club's aim is simple. It simply attempts to provide a good time. To join it you just chip in as much as you choose—say five francs. In return you get one weekly entertainment, followed by what used to be called a collation, consisting, in this case of sweetened cakes and coffee—served not in mess cups but in honest crockery mugs.

**Runs Its Own Shows**

The Orly Field Liberty Club, for instance, runs its own shows (that is the Liberty Club idea), securing its talent from a good-sized O.D. personnel and borrowing the rest from the Y.M., the Red Cross and the K. of C. When Lieut. George W. Fuller, who organized the club and the idea, wants a couple of outside acts, he simply runs into Paris and secures the loan of as many acts as they can spare.

For example inasmuch as the organization tables of Motor Mechanic outfits do not provide for any feminine membership, the lieutenant one night recently brought out to the field a dancing, singing, story telling, piano playing quartet known as the Yankkee Girls—the Misses Blanche Savoie, Louise Coffey, Eva Lee Bowcock and Frances Trevett—who had just come over from the States (a region west of Orly) as Y.M. entertainers.

Orly's Liberty Club holds its big nights—these come every Thursday—in the mess hall. This makes the eats more readily available after the show. Orly has a 15 piece orchestra, but at the last performance several members were suffering from arthrititis.

**Messhall Orchestra Pit**

Those who were able to play occupied the orchestra pit, which is a marvel itself. It is dug down some four feet deep, four wide, and the length of the regulation Adrian barracks messhall, and in the day time it is covered over so that Motor Mechanics trooping into mess shall not be precipitated there. With its mixture of G.D. and loaned acts, all directed and put on by the organizations themselves, the Liberty Club idea may be regarded as a good sample of what the Army can do when it manages its own entertaining. The other clubs will be patterned after the Orly idea. The one now starting at Romorantin already has 200 members, and has yet to give its first entertainment.

## HUMOROUS WALL STREET

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Dec. 5.—Wall Street is still laboring under the Money Board's restriction on speculative accounts, and has to let all sorts of good chances pass without succeeding in making an old-time market. Therefore, while there is considerable dealing, prices keep teetering without any killing for bears or bulls.

The daily output of Wall Street's best minds on the future and on reconstruction makes the best humorists matter now appearing. The wisest remark was made last week by a prominent banker, who said:

"I won't make any statement about the world's future because I don't want to look back a year from now and read what a darned fool I made of myself."

## PHYSICAL EXAM FOR ALL

All officers and men of the A.E.F. who are ordered home will be physically examined before the day set for departure, and those afflicted with venereal disease in a communicable stage will be retained in France and placed in segregated camps, says G.O. 215.

## AT THE BASE PORTS

There may not have been any turkey for Thanksgiving, except in a few isolated instances, but there were slathers of mince pies.

"We had 50 of 'em," said a cook in an M.P. outfit recently. "Fixed 'em out of the regulation fixings, with five gallons of boiled-down cider and two quarts of cognac."

"Where'd you get the cognac?"

"Took it off the prisoners," explained the cook.

Most of the Army in France sees most of the country, or at least much of it. But in the base ports you will find men who got off the boat there, have been on duty there up to 17 months ever since, and who are now looking forward to the day when they will set sail from there for home. Some of them have not even been outside the city limits of the port they were sent down in. The war has been no tourist stint for them.

The A.E.F. has not been small town stuff for a long while. Also, France is as big as Texas. But there are people who forget we are still two million strong.

A lady who had just arrived as a member of an auxiliary organization stepped up to an M.P. in a base port.

"Have you seen Pvt. Brown of the 15th Division?" she inquired.

"Don't know him, ma'am," answered the M.P.

"That's funny," said the lady. "His division landed here only three weeks ago."

Then there is the story of the officer, fresh from America, who stepped up to another M.P. and asked if there was a store in town that sold Sam Browne belts.

"Yes, sir," said the M.P. "Several."

"But where can I find the cheapest?"

"I don't know, sir," said the M.P. "I've never had occasion to buy one."

Frequently among the new arrivals, especially if they have come through England, you will find officers with canes, in open contravention of some general order or other that is posted in most A.P.M. offices throughout France. It is betraying no one's confidence to state that it is the M.P.'s special delight to confiscate this contraband equipment.

And if you think this touch of vanity is confined to officers, let it be known that six stick-swinging buck privates were recently rounded up from one boat.

Speaking of canes, there is the story of the colored soldier who was caught sneaking one into his quarters before the provost. What persuasive charms he exercised is not known, but he emerged a few minutes later with the cane still in his possession. This time, however, it was wrapped up in a piece of newspaper.

One member of an outfit that is doing M.P. work at a base port decided that, as the war was about over, it was a good time to go home. Somehow he got aboard a transport and smuggled a sailor's suit. That wasn't camouflage enough, however. He forgot his face. So when he went up into town again, an M.P. simply asked, "Hello, Bill. Where'd you get the disguise?" and led him docilely away, but not toward the transport.

Some A.E.F. brigades are notoriously comfortable, and the prisoners therein are messed accordingly. Officials in one port woke up to this fact when a man attached to a neighboring hospital where the living conditions were not to his liking got himself arrested six times.

He rather gave things away the last time by calling up the M.P. office from the hospital.

"I'm going AWOL, again," he said. "Send up a couple of guards."

Some of those games of poker or black jack which helped make life worth while at the club back home aren't in it with that game of chance which is participated in by every man, from buck private to general, when an outfit moves in the A.E.F.

Maybe a man will get his equipment when he reaches his destination and maybe he won't. It is more likely the case that the colonel will be trying to make out with some private's wardrobe, while the private may be smoking the colonel's best cigars.

At any rate, all these things, or at least similar ones, happened the other day when 12,000 stevedores were suddenly put on the march, 4,000 men vacating one camp near Bordeaux and being replaced by 8,000 others.

One captain gobbled up all over the new camp hunting his pet stove, but if it was still on the premises it had been skillfully camouflaged. A lieutenant saw his whole outfit dumped in front of the new headquarters and went up to survey his domicile. When he returned his pile of belongings had shrunk alarmingly.

On the other hand, another officer in some mysterious way is richer than before moving, for in his old quarters he nightly slept in an ordinary cot. Now he reposes in a nice French bed, and his only explanation is that Santa Claus brought it.

## EVERYBODY TO RATE EVERYBODY BELOW

**Colonels and Less to Be Written Up by Their Bosses Dec. 15**

A new rating of all officers of the A.E.F. below the grade of brigadier general will be made on December 15, in accordance with the provisions of G.O. 85, War Department, 1918, under the rating scale system adopted by the War Department and now used by the Army in the United States. G.O. 210, G.H.Q., which covers this new rating, says that after December 15, ratings will be made quarterly commencing April 15, 1919.

Lieutenants are to be rated by the captain under whom they serve, the captains entering the ratings on the rating report sheet and forwarding them to the major of their battalion. The major is then directed to approve or revise each rating and to forward the forms through channels to division headquarters, from where it will be sent to G.H.Q.

Captains will be rated by the major of the battalion in which they serve, and the ratings will be approved or revised by the colonel of their regiment, who will forward the forms as in the case of the lieutenants.

Majors and lieutenant colonels will be rated by the colonel of the regiment in which they are serving, and the brigade commander will approve or revise the ratings of his colonels, to be approved or revised by the division commander.

The intent of this rating process is to

provide that each officer shall be rated by those of his superiors who are most intimately acquainted with his accomplishments. Division commanders and chiefs of staff corps and bureaus are directed to see that this purpose is fulfilled even though in exceptional cases the ratings may be made by officers other than those indicated. The aim is to secure a just and equitable rating for all officers, as each rating will serve as a permanent record of the efficiency and duty of each officer while serving with the A.E.F.

Another paragraph of G.O. 210 amends a previous general order, making the rule now read that officers will wear the insignia of their rank on all occasions, and that the Sam Browne belt will be dispensed with only while on duty requiring the wearing of side arms, such as guard of prisoner convoy.

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"Unsurpassed for excellence of finish and regularity of make."

**MORMON PRESIDENT DEAD**

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Dec. 5.—Joseph H. Smith, president of the Mormon church, has died at the age of 80 years. He was the Mormons' "prophet, seer and revelator."

As a child he passed through the persecutions in Missouri and Illinois when his father and uncle were shot in jail, and he was a scout in the famous Mormon army when the United States invaded Utah.

He had a remarkable career, and played a great part in creating the present mighty Mormon community.

**DELPAK**

NEW YORK

Underwear Soft Collars Pajamas Handkerchiefs

MADE IN THE U.S.A.

The Allies' victory will very soon allow Mr. Letti, who has been mobilized since the beginning of the war, to resume the management of his hotel—"THE LOTI," rue de Castiglione, Paris—which has been known since its opening in 1913 as the "Paris house for the best society."

**THE BRISTOL MFG. CO.**

BRISTOL, Conn., U.S.A.

Knit Underwear for Men, Shirts and Drawers for the Army, "Sandman" Sleeping Garments for Children

"Unsurpassed for excellence of finish and regularity of make."

**CHANCE TO STAY OVER HERE**

French-speaking officers of units ordered back to the United States are to have a chance to remain in France for a few months, if they desire. All units going home are ordered, in Bulletin No. 14, Hq., S.O.S., to submit a list of officers who parley-vo and want to, who, if qualified, will be assigned to the Receiving, Requisition and Claims Service to assist in disposing of claims from French inhabitants.

**GETTING LOCAL COLOR**

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Dec. 5.—Two Gothamite authoresses recently tried their hands at shoplifting, in order to get punch into their literary work. Now the unitary laws of New York will give them further realistic experience in the workhouse.

**The "jump-off"!**

Robert Burns, for all his mildness, takes the "jump-off" like a veteran! His mild Havana "registers" with Yanks. Ask at the Canteen!

**Rob't Burns**

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Eat 'em alive!

**YOU'VE probably seen several of these little greetings of ours—we don't want you men in France to think of them as advertisements at all.**

All we want to do is to send you men a word of cheer; to let you know what the folks back home are thinking and doing. If these little notes help to give you an idea of how hard everyone at home is working for you and how proud they are of you, they've done their part.

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London Paris Toronto

### NINE DAY VETERANS SAIL RIGHT BACK

#### Cootieless and Germless, Air Service Men Quit England

### A.E.F. HAS NEW BOOM TOWN

#### It's Camp Knotty Ash of Unsavory Memories, But You Wouldn't Recognize the Old Dump Now

Twenty thousand American soldiers have sailed from England for the United States since the armistice. The exodus began November 22, when 6,700 men boarded the transports at the rate of 3,000 per hour per ship.

Some of these, the first Americans outside of sick, wounded and men on special missions, to give up their membership cards in the A.E.F. had been in England eight months. Some had been in England only nine days. None, with the exception of some flying officers who have seen active service in France and Italy had ever been in France as members of the American Army.

The first to go were assembled at Camp Knotty Ash, near Liverpool—Knotty Ash, where some thousands of Americans spent their first nights on foreign soil and did not like it. It is not the same Knotty Ash now. It is capable of housing 4,000 men during their two or three days' stay at the camp have been erected, replacing a good share of the dirty white tents that used to keep most of the water out at the top, but let in enough to make up for the undergrowth. There are streets and sidewalks, and an adequate drainage system, but there is still mud when it rains.

#### No Flu, No Cooties, Can Leave

Here the 20,000 spent their last nights on English soil as American soldiers; here they underwent the twicedaily tests that make it certain that each case of flu shall get back to America unless it reaches the transport by wireless, that not a single cootie shall enter the port of New York through the risk of concealing himself in the undershirt of some member of the American Air Service.

Knotty Ash, before the war a brewery surrounded by scattered clusters of small detached cottages, a development project of the kind that makes western Long Island what it is today, is just now, Queen's Drive, its main thoroughfare, is one Army truck after another, and every truck is piled high with those blue or O.D. protruberances known as haversacks. The haversacks, the barrack strings are drawn tight over O.D. helmets—issued, but never used.

The drive itself, too, is lined with barrack bags—whole piles of them surrounded by a guarding detail that passes the time in barbershopping the same pieces of victory wool with the accompanying douches created at certain hours at a recent November 11: "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding" or "My Little Girl," with special emphasis and gusto on that last line, "And I'm coming back to you!"

They are coming back to her as fast as the debarkation officer can get the ships into Liverpool and the men aboard. They are going on at the rate of 25 per minute per gangplank, which means that there is no standing in line—the line is always moving.

Charles Jones, Pvt., A.S., steps up to the little table on the wharf right behind Timothy Johnson.

"Jones?" calls the checking officer.

"Charles!" answers Private Jones, and precious time is saved.

#### Almost Got to France

Special details trained several hours beforehand, take care of the homeward bound soldier when he steps on deck and steer him straight to his bunk. The guides are not sailors—they are soldiers picked from the departing squadrons and one of them stands at every turn. If necessary no more than a yard from the guide ahead of him, to see that no one strays from his appointed destination.

Arrived in their bunking spaces, the men are kept there for as long as need be, with a sentry at the door, and are not allowed to leave the compartment until the passengers are all aboard. This is not much of a hardship, as only on a big boat could they be kept confined for more than an hour. On the biggest transport that has thus far gone back, 96 guides were at the turns to direct men to their quarters.

They are going home with good United States money in their pockets, too, these men who have never seen France. One group, by the way, nearly did see France. They went down through England and were on another transport at Southampton ready to leave when word came that they were not going in that direction. Back to Knotty Ash they went. That was the day after November 11.

The American Red Cross, which is operating a dollar exchange under government orders, paid out nearly \$124,000 in return for the equivalent in pounds, shillings and pence in the first five days of embarkation preparations alone. The average per man was \$20 to \$25. The lowest amount cashed was three shillings, and there were probably a lot of headbents who didn't even show up at all.

Life at Knotty Ash is more than just cashing money and waiting for the boat, however. And what hardships there are sit just as heavy on the heads of the officers as they do on those of the enlisted men. Nobody can leave the company street except on duty, and anyone reported as being in Liverpool without proper authority is held for disciplinary action. Equipment C must be in the hands of each man before he can hope to pass final inspection, and his identification tag must be properly marked and in the proper place.

#### Old Friend Reappears

Carloads of O.D. blouses and trousers have been distributed at the camp, and if any man goes back looking like six months of O.P. he will be held for some dry clothes on the boat to do it. And in this fresh equipment there appears an old friend, if it really was a friend—the canvas leggin. Wrap leggin are not available, and as every man must have two pairs of some kind of leggin, the chances are that only one pair will be issued.

Troops arriving at Knotty Ash are paraded twice a day for medical inspection as a precaution against shipping any infectious cases, particularly influenza sufferers. Every man's temperature is taken at one of these inspections, and suspicious cases have their taken twice. No one who shows any degree of fever on the day of embarkation is allowed to embark. The transports, as a health precaution, are carrying only two-thirds of capacity.

### BILLET STRATEGY



### THE LITTLE INNKEEPER OF DAMPICOURT

The little innkeeper of Dampicourt had no time last week to clean and polish up her tiny tavern, which stands at the fork in the roads where the traffic from France turns up toward Brussels or down toward Luxembourg. The metal on the little bar sadly needed shining, but she had to stand out at her door and wave her apron as the Americans went by, wave her apron and cry "bon jour, Monsieur" at every truck and Marine in the endless procession leading to the Rhine.

It was the procession she had promised her downhearted neighbors they should see one day, and she had earned her own right to witness it by her unflinching loyalty and labor for the Allied cause. For, like many another woman in Belgium, the little innkeeper of Dampicourt kept up a tireless propaganda to sap the enemy's morale.

She had showed just about as much submission as King Albert and the fortress of Liege. The first day the Germans came she went out to read their proclamation hung at the crossroads, but she turned away muttering when she saw it printed in German.

"You should know how to read German," a young officer snapped at her.

"If you had told us, Monsieur," she snapped back, "when you promised years ago to respect our neutrality that you did not intend to keep your promise, we might have started in then to study your language."

This was war declared between them. For a time she was content to serve at night on that venturesome committee of citizens who clandestinely carried food to the wounded French, some of whom managed to hide for a whole year in the forest, hanging on there in the everlasting hope that the end of the war would release them. Besides, she had the satisfaction of refusing to serve drinks to the Germans.

She and her husband had the little inheritance they had planned to expend on a new and quite gorgeous inn; they could live on that. To be sure, they had to billet such officers and men as were assigned to them, but when one of them left word to be called at a certain hour she would entrust her musical alarm clock with the task, and at the appointed hour the German would be awakened by the defiant strains of the "Marseillaise."

Later she found plenty to do bucking up the other villagers who gave way to despair when the German soldiers at Dampicourt indulged in a somewhat premature celebration over the fall of Verdun.

"Nach Paris," they would chant as they goose-stepped past her door.

"Yes, you will get to Paris," she would answer, "as prisoners."

Then, as the German rations dwindled and dwindled she used to rub it in. She would walk past the men as they sat by the roadside, grumbling over their black bread with its poor accompaniment of margarine.

"Is that what the Kaiser eats?" she would ask glibly, and giant inwardly when they growled among themselves.

#### Invitations to Dinner

Later she found that the Americans, echoes of whose battle reached her from the Argonne, were playing much the same game. Their balloons and other aircraft were showering the German troops with leaflets that set forth a doughboy's breakfast menu, compared it with the German ration and invited the unfortunate Boches over to dinner, which invitations, by the way, were accepted by the thousands, whole companies filing into our lines with the leaflets in their hands, filing in with a simple trustfulness which, it should be said, was not betrayed. They got the dinners.

Well, some of these leaflets suffered as far as Belgium. The little innkeeper bribed all the children of the village to collect them from the fields and she would keep them for circulation at the psychological moment when she would catch a Boche company at mess on its way toward the front. Of one such company, only ten were left, when the division marched out again, and she chuckled to herself and was very happy.

When the first shells from the big American naval guns near Verdun reached Montmedy, she told her neighbors that the end was very near, but when the armistice was actually signed, it seemed so incredible a thing that all that day she could only sit before her fire in a kind of trance. She was aroused from this quickly enough, however, by the tidings that the Germans were planning to withdraw their artillery with Belgian horses.

#### Outwitting the Huns

"They have no right," she said, and was straightway galvanized into action. Before night, she had organized the children of the village into battalions to lead the horses off into the woods and loose them there until the danger should be over.

There were a hundred and one such tasks to perform and the inn really hasn't had a proper cleaning yet. This was that youngster with a hand on his arm marked "M.P." who fainted outside her door and had to be nursed all one day in front of her fire. Then there were all the jolly passersby, who seemed to have an unlimited capacity for what they called "sofs." Then there were the columns upon columns of Infantry, who simply must be hailed with a fluttering apron and a "Bon jour, Monsieur, bon jour."

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### HUMAN STANDARD TO GOVERN WAGE SCALE

#### Jobs Will Not Be Lacking in U.S. When A.E.F. Goes Home

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Nov. 28.—Public opinion is already viewing the matter of labor wages at home after the war with the idea of the human standard. We hear nothing of the old argument that wages must come down in mere accordance with the good old law of supply and demand.

This does not mean that there is no discussion of reducing wages. There is a good deal of it in private discussion and much in public, but it is approached with a spirit vastly different from that of the old days. The view of labor as a commodity appears to have been definitely eliminated even from the minds of the most hidebound conservatives.

So far, there has been no disruption due to the cessation of the war. Though no definite, all-embracing program of reconstruction or adjustment has yet been even initiated, our existing war agencies are functioning very well in fact, letting down our war industries gradually and replacing war orders with peace orders, while simultaneously diverting raw materials into the peace industries. As all the various Government boards remain in power until the actual end of the war, we thus have some months ahead of us for immediate action, and we should be able within that time to formulate a national program for general readjustment.

There is not the slightest sign that jobs will be lacking at present, and as to wages, there is the leading thought that any changes in them must be only in harmony with corresponding changes in living costs, so that the human standard shall not suffer. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo believes that a considerable readjustment is already smoothly under way, and that we have not nearly so difficult a problem as might be anticipated.

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### ISSUE BUNK SPACE NEW A.E.F. WRINKLE

#### Forty Feet of Floor Wherever Possible for Every Yank, Is Plan

In the general scheme of things a man is entitled to at least 40 square feet of floor space as bunking quarters, and this will be the rule in the A.E.F. whenever practicable. Bulletin 94, G. E. O., adds that under no circumstances will soldiers be billeted with floor space of less than 20 feet per man.

New construction of barracks will be on the 40-foot scale, if material is available, and in no case will be less than 20 square feet. If the square feet cannot be provided in barracks, tent space will be added until each man has the minimum allotment.

Even bunks, under the new order, which is designed to prevent the communication of disease, are to be separated by a partition. Whenever double tier bunks in sets of four are used, a partition two feet high and three feet long, measured from the head toward the foot of the bunks, will be constructed. The tiers of bunks will be placed 5 feet 4 inches apart, whenever possible, this distance being too great for a germ to jump, and if the 5-foot-4 rule isn't practicable, the distance of separation must not, under any circumstances, be less than 2 feet 8 inches.

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# BRITAIN'S DAY IN U.S.A. December 7

According to a press telegram from New York, Saturday, December 7, is to be a great day in America, devoted to your English speaking Ally—Britain.

SUCH a stunt will be as pleasing to you of the American Expeditionary Forces as it is to us, for Britain is as worthy of your nation's honor as America is entitled to ours. Here are two nations naturally bound by a common mother tongue coming to know each other, and the understanding must surely promote a spirit of co-operation that will go far to rebuild the prosperity and harmony of the world.

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