

C-IN-C. TELLS OF A.E.F.'S SHARE IN ALLIED VICTORY

Report to Secretary Baker Is Army's War History in Epitome

MAY, 1917—NOVEMBER, 1918

First Installment Describes Task of Formation and Fighting Through St. Mihiel

In a report to the Secretary of War, the Commander-in-Chief has written for the folks back home an epitomized history of the A.E.F. The report deals with the organization and operation of the A.E.F., covering the period from May 26, 1917, to November 11, 1918. It has been given to the American people that they may know more about the great work that has been accomplished over here.

The Commander-in-Chief sets forth chronologically a summary of the history of the American Expeditionary Forces from the day back in May, 1917, when he sailed from America with a small staff until the armistice was signed. He tells of the formative stages of the American Army abroad and shows how by the ordination of branches of the Service and the co-operation of our Allies, it was possible to whip rapidly into shape the victorious A.E.F.

The Commander-in-Chief has many complimentary things to say about us. Whether we were in the S.O.S. working to feed and keep an army or up in the line giving the Boche a bit of his own hell, we got our share of credit. Concluding his report, the Commander-in-Chief says:

"Finally, I pay the supreme tribute to our officers and soldiers of the line. When I think of their heroism, their patience under hardship, their unflinching spirit of offensive action, I am filled with emotion which I am unable to express. Their deeds are immortal, and they have earned the eternal gratitude of our country."

THE STARS AND STRIPES will publish the report in full in two installments, of which this is the first. The second will appear in the next edition of this paper.

The first installment has to do with the building up of the great Service of Supply and the multitude of problems that had to be overcome, and carries the A.E.F. through its early training and its first combat operations—Selchepre, Montdidier and Cantigny—relates how America fought at Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood and on the Marne last July; tells of the Soissons drive and America's part in the reduction of the deep Marne salient, and brings the story of the A.E.F. up to the time when the First Army was organized and the famous St. Mihiel offensive planned and carried out. Here it is:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, GENERAL STAFF, SECOND SECTION.

To the Secretary of War—

My Dear Mr. Secretary:

In response to your request, I have the honor to submit this brief summary of the organization and operations of the American Expeditionary Forces from May 26, 1917, until the signing of the armistice, November 11, 1918. Pursuant to your instructions, I immediately upon receiving my orders, I selected a small staff and proceeded to Europe in order to become familiar with conditions at the earliest possible moment.

The warmth of our reception in England and France was only equaled by the readiness of the Commanders-in-Chief of the veteran armies of the Allies and their staffs to place their experience at our disposal. In consultation with them the most effective means of co-operation of effort was considered. With French and British armies at their maximum strength, and all efforts to dislodge the enemy from his firmly entrenched positions in Belgium and France having failed, it was necessary to plan for an American force adequate to turn the scale in favor of the Allies. Taking account of the strength of the Central Powers at that time, the immensity of the problem which confronted us could hardly be overestimated. The first requisite being an organization that could give intelligent direction to the formation of a general staff occupied my early attention.

General Staff

A well-organized general staff through which the commander exercises his functions is essential to a successful modern army. However capable our divisions, our battalions and our companies as such, success would be impossible without a thoroughly co-ordinating endeavor. A general staff broadly organized and trained for war had not hitherto existed in our Army. Under the Commander-in-Chief, this staff must carry out the policy and direct the details of administration, supply, preparation and operations of the Army as a whole, with all special branches and bureaus subject to its control. As models to aid us we had the veteran French General Staff and the experience of the British, who had similarly formed an organization to meet the demands of a great army. By selecting from each the features best adapted to our basic organization, and fortified by our own early experience in the war, the developments of our great General Staff system was completed.

The General Staff naturally divided into five groups, each with its chief, who is an assistant to the Chief of the General Staff. G-1 (General Staff-1) is in charge of organization and equipment of troops, replacements, tonnage, priority of overseas shipments, the auxiliary welfare associations and cognate subjects; G-2 has censorial, enemy intelligence, gathering and disseminating information, preparation of maps and all strategic studies and plans, movement of troops and the supervision of combat operations; G-3 co-ordinates important questions of supply, construction, trans-

SPORTS ONCE MORE

In next week's issue, THE STARS AND STRIPES will re-establish its Sporting Page, discontinued July 26.

In the issue of that date it was announced that the Sporting Page was out of the paper "until an Allied Victory brings back peace." The victory has come, and although peace isn't actually signed, the feature will not be withheld on a technicality. The fighting is over—the greatest world series in history is finished and the Allies have got the pennant—and in these days of occupying Germany and marking time the great value and necessity of healthy exercise and recreation is fully realized.

The policy of the Sporting Page will be to chronicle broadly and encourage all sorts of legitimate sporting events in the A.E.F., and to keep the A.E.F. posted on what is doing in the sport line at home and elsewhere.

CHRISTMAS GIFT TO WORLD IS NEW WATCH ON RHINE

Allied Armies Enter Upon Last Phase of Occupation

AMERICANS CROSS RIVER

Move Forward in Rainy December Dawn to Occupy Bridgehead Opposite Coblenz

On Friday the Thirteenth, in the fifth week of the armistice, the troops of the Allied Armies crossed the Rhine and so entered upon the last phase of the occupation. Today, the sentries who guard its bridges and pace their posts within the shadow of the ancient castles are not German soldiers. Polish and Tommies and Yanks, the three—and it is their Christmas present to a tired, thankful world—these three are keeping the watch on the Rhine.

It was just at dawn that the close-massed forces of the Third American Army moved forward in the dismal December rain to take and hold the bridgehead that is theirs today. By four bridges and four ferries, they moved quietly across the river, which is more beautiful than any our own country can show and which means more to Germany than any American river can ever mean to us. The Rhine, for all its castle-crowned steep banks, for all its massive and impregnable fortresses, is more than a mere moat to guard the Fatherland.

To the Germans, it is a river of proud memories, the silver thread on which their history is strung, the link of lore and legend, the inspiration of their songs for which through countless generations its hisping waters have crooned a soft accompaniment. And then, in the gray of a December morning, an American army moved across the German Rhine.

When Reveille Meant Nothing

For this great hour in the history of the United States, many Americans were up and abroad an hour in advance of the sun, though reveille meant nothing in their lives. Gray-haired staff officers, Salvation Army lassies, cooks from neighboring messes, couriers, artists, war correspondents, they were all there waiting at the Coblenz pontoon—the Bridge of Boats—for the electric moment when the Rhine bridges should give forth the music, the ever-recognizable, ever-stirring music of American music on the march. And then, they knew in their hearts it would be what the French would regard as an indifferent show. They knew from long and gloomy experience that the American Army simply refuses to be dramatic. They were right. There was no fuss and feathers, no flourish of trumpets, there never is.

On the stroke of seven, the first mounted men clattered forward over the cobbles of the quay and the order "Forward March" sounded from post to post along the river front. It was raining and there was scarcely enough light in the heavens to rival as yet the twinkling street lamps. Faintly silhouetted against the gray sky were visible the great ramparts of Ehrenbreitstein and not far below, where the Moselle swings into the Rhine, could be seen in sharp relief the stupendous statue of the first Wilhelm.

Following the Lovely Riza

This bridge—it was at the point where, according to Rhineland legend, the lovely Riza walked upon the waters from shore to shore a thousand years ago—this bridge was set aside for the First Brigade. It was the same brigade which, less than a year before, had, to the intense and audible amusement of the German Army, modestly settled down in the American old home sector "northwest of Toni."

First came Major Paul Daly of New York. He was on horseback and two mounted men followed close behind. Then, if history must have the prosaic order of march, came Brigadier General Frank Parker and some officers of his staff. Then some French officers. Then a Y.M.C.A. girl in a fur coat carrying a bunch of cookies and—bless her for a kind lady—three boxes of cigars.

Then the correspondent of the Chicago Daily News, accompanied by his dog Vesie, a plump and celebrated poodle who waddled across the Rhine ahead of the troops, wearing an intent look and bent as it afterwards developed, on searching for the first lamp-post on the left bank.

But the procession grew impressive enough as the doughboys tramped across, an endless column that thumped ahead, deliberately oblivious to the beauties of the Rhine or the significance of the occasion, listening indignantly to the patter of the rain on their helmets and wondering if the Quartermaster had enough shoes. Close to the further shore, the swaying, scarce-distinguish-

A. E. F. CASUALTIES LOWER THAN THOSE IN CAMPS AT HOME

Boche Proves Less Deadly Foe Here Than Does Influenza in States

TRANSPORT TOLL HEAVY

Number of Cases in France Third as Great as Year Ago, Says Chief Surgeon's Office

The world epidemic of influenza and pneumonia found the A.E.F. so busy fighting and so busy working during the tail end of this autumn that it refused to be crippled or hampered by disease at the time when the whole United States was being ravaged by the twin maladies, according to figures prepared this week by the Chief Surgeon's Office. In the nine weeks of September 6 to November 8, at a time when the American Army of 2,000,000 was fighting its winning battles at the cost of its heaviest casualties, the total of deaths reported in the A.E.F.—from all causes, from disease as well as casualties in battle—was 10,750.

Back in the United States in the same period, although the number of men in camps and cantonments was approximately half the number of men in France, the total of deaths was 19,559. However, many deaths in action in the nine weeks were not reported to headquarters in time to be included in the figures for these weeks and they are shown in figures for later weeks. It should also be said that the death rate in camps in the States declined markedly after November 1, figures for the middle week of November showing 903 deaths, one twelfth as many as the toll of the week of most deaths.

The proportionate rate of influenza and pneumonia in the A.E.F. for the period was only one-eleventh the rate of incidence in the States, the Chief Surgeon's figures show.

A. E. F. Twice as Healthy

And that is not all. The chief Surgeon says that right now the Army in France is "twice as healthy" as it was last year at this time. Between November 15 and December 15 last year there were 2,520 cases of influenza per 100,000 troops in France, while between November 15 and December 15 this year the rate was only 86, or one-third of what it was a year ago. For pneumonia, for the same periods, the 100,000 rate in 1917 was 208, and in 1918, 140. This period of the year ordinarily is regarded as favorable to the development and spread of disease.

September and October, however, were deadly months for soldiers on transports bound from the United States to France. In the two months 1,180 soldiers died at sea before landing in France, and 2,336 other soldiers died five days after landing in France, making a total of 3,516 deaths at sea and after landing lost to negligible figures in November.

Rapid and Steady Decline

This year, both influenza and pneumonia showed a rapid and steady decline in the A.E.F. after October 27, when the influenza rate per 100,000 was 610, and the pneumonia rate 100. On December 8, the influenza rate had fallen to 124 per 100,000, the pneumonia rate to 134.

The higher influenza and pneumonia rate in the States is largely attributed to the fact that the A.E.F. consists largely of men who have gone through the hardening processes of outdoor life, while the training camps back home contained a large percentage of men newly come from civilian life. The week of October 11 brought the peak of disease to the camps from the States, 90,393 cases of influenza, 17,882 of pneumonia and a death total of 6,266.

Pneumonia assumed unusual virulence in the A.E.F. during the week of October 27, when 75 per cent of cases died.

SERGEANTS IN HONOR GUARD OF PRESIDENT

A. E. F. Old Timers Sentries Around Their Chief's Paris Home

Paris Home

"Halt! Who's there?" The intruder, advancing, suddenly discovered that it is a first sergeant he is dealing with and is just a little more careful about explaining his mission than he would be with a common, ordinary buck private.

But what has the sergeant done? Why is he walking post? Sergeants are not supposed to do sentry duty. There is a reason, however. Around the Murat mansion, President and Mrs. Wilson's temporary home in Paris, American sentries silently pace their posts day and night. Their uniforms well pressed for the occasion, every button buttoned and their shoes shining as though they had just come from the Q.M.'s issue room, the guards are as spry and span as any you might find should you search the world over.

Almost All Non-Coms

AS PARIS ROARED WELCOME



President Wilson and President Poincaré setting out on the drive through the capitol last Saturday after the arrival at the Bois de Boulogne station

3,444 FINAL TOTAL IN WAR ORPHAN EFFORT

KEEP RIGHT ON COLLECTING

Units or individuals whom the wind-up of the War Orphans Adoption Campaign still finds engaged in collecting funds for adoptions need not think that their efforts are in vain and that their money will not be accepted. The task of collection can go cheerily on at their end and ours. A plan is now being worked out for the future maintenance and care of the A.E.F.'s orphan family, and details will be announced in this newspaper as soon as they have been definitely formulated.

ROUEN ONCE MORE IN FIRST POSITION ON HOME STRETCH

Nantes Climbs Into Second Place, Rochefort Drops to Third

BREST SIX WEEKS' LEADER

Double Mess Shift Helps to Speed Things Up at La Pallice—Record for Total

In the sixth week of the Stevedores' never-letting-up Race to Berlin the port of Rouen forged again to the front. Nantes, which has been climbing slowly but surely, came in second. Rochefort, which topped them all the week before, came in third.

But in the standing of the nine base port clubs to date, as they string out on the home stretch, it is the Presidential landing place of Brest that still leads, with Rochefort second and Rouen third. The licks that Brest put in during the second and third weeks of the contest are standing it in good stead, now that some of the tail-enders of the earlier days are forging to the front and pressing the Brittany port hard. Despite the fact that the memorable Friday the Thirteenth set Brest back quite a bit because it couldn't get transportation to haul the unloaded freight out of the way, the gang down there held its own, celebrating its Chief's arrival by emptying the hatches in great style.

Here is the way they line up for the six weeks of the contest: Brest, 763; Rochefort, 736; Rouen, 731; La Pallice, 725; La Pallice, 693; Le Havre, 689; Bordeaux, 630; Nantes, 605; St. Nazaire, 584.

And here is the way they came through for the sixth week: Rouen, 157; Nantes, 123; Rochefort, 121; La Pallice, 118; Marseilles, 117; Brest, 98; Le Havre, 96; Bordeaux, 90; St. Nazaire, 85.

Up at La Pallice the men are kicking because the contest is not going to last a few weeks longer. They declare that they have now a system that cannot be beaten. This is the way it was worked out:

Col. Sydney Grant, commander of the post, figured that a lot of good time was wasted by the men at meal times—that is, that everybody knocked off and went to mess at the same time. Consequently, he devised a plan whereby the men were to work in six-hour shifts, one crew coming on at 6 a. m. and working till noon, and the next crew coming on at noon with its chow, eaten at 11:30, all under its belts. This scheme has worked out very well, and while the men have to work two shifts on some days they don't complain a bit, because by doing so they have made such gains in the contest.

Rouen's application of Yankee ingenuity to the peculiar problems confronting it bore good fruit this week

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PRESIDENT WILL EAT HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER AT A. E. F. MESS TABLE

BREST AND PARIS HONOR LEADER OF SISTER REPUBLIC

President Sets Foot on French Soil While Sea Guns Boom

CAPITAL ONE VAST THROG

All Brittany Turns Out in Native Costume to Welcome Notable Addition to A.E.F.

Amid the booming of the guns from a mighty Allied fleet and the returning salvos of the French shore batteries, amid the frantic "Vive l'Amérique" cries of Brest's 90,000 population, quadrupled in size for the great day by an influx from all of Brittany and Finistère and the France that lies beyond, amid the enthusiastic "Yes!" and "At-boys!" of fully 100,000 Yanks, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, set foot on the soil of France Friday last, at exactly 3:22 p. m. by A.E.F. Signal Corps time.

At 4:22 p. m. on that same day, by the same time and token, the President sped out of the Brest railroad station on his way to Paris, there to receive on the morrow one of the greatest ovations in the history of that most enthusiastic and cordial of world capitals.

At any rate, no American who was present either at Brest or at Paris on one of those unforgettable days feels the same about his Americanism as he did before; they were days to make every American proud of his birthright, proud of his citizenship, proud of the service he had given his flag—prouder of them all than ever he was in the days gone by.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, in the name of the war orphans of France, has awarded the Distinguished Service Cross of the Real Christmas Spirit, of the 333 A. E. F. units, to the following organization for the act of extraordinary generosity described after its name:

THE A. E. F. France—For extraordinary generosity all over France between March 29, 1918, and December 16, 1918, while helping hold the German at bay in the first half of 1918 and in the latter part of July, and in August, September, October, and the first 11 days of November, assisting the Allied Armies of the West in the final driving back and defeating the German army in the hardest day-by-day fighting the world has ever known, and ever since in staying faithfully on the job to see that it won't have to happen again, THE A. E. F. found time and francs to adopt 3,444 French orphans of the war whose fathers had died fighting for the same cause for which their members proffered their lives. Throughout the entire war orphan campaign THE A. E. F. showed the highest contempt for destitution and poverty which, in many instances, followed its generous giving, and the concomitant thirst, hunger and loss of physical enjoyment. At all times and under all circumstances it was cool and collected, but for the most part collected. Home address: U.S.A.—and a little child shall lead them."

Over the all-A.E.F. war orphan campaign is the largest—as we say, it is "my biggest"—as we seem to remember having mentioned before—and, if we do not in it fatherly pride ourselves, the most grateful family in existence.

Three thousand four hundred and forty-four children (a three and three fourths; it's easy to remember) have been adopted by two million more or less unpaternal-looking soldiers from a foreign land, the vast majority of whom draw only \$33 a month and, as one casually remarked, don't get it when they do.

After running 39 weeks, from March 29, 1918, the campaign for the adoption of children closed Tuesday. It was scheduled to end Monday noon, but for the benefit of units hustling to get under the tape at the last minute, through the Post Office Department, and other bazzards of life, it was kept open 24 hours longer.

On Tuesday noon a total was struck, and it was found that the last week had brought in funds for the adoption of 462 children and was the best of the whole campaign, with the exception of one bunch, the funds for 838 of the 1,000 and more children it is going to adopt from the departments of France recently freed.

After this figure had been attained and the fact that the 500 Christmas orphans the Orphan Department asked the A.E.F. to adopt 11 weeks ago had been multiplied almost by six, all that could be done was to prepare the above citation.

If We Had Enough Drag—If the orphan department had enough drag with the C-in-C. and if it wasn't for the peace treaty's not being signed, the Atlantic ocean and a few other details, we would try to arrange a nice little presentation at which the A.E.F. would all line up and be kided on both cheeks by the fairest of the 8,444 (young lady of about eight, of course).

Preferably, this ceremony would be held in the vicinity of Omaha, Nebraska.

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Place Not Yet Named, but Chaumont Should Be on Guard

THEN TO SEE BATTLE AREA

Trip Over Devastated Regions Will Precede Opening of Preliminary Peace Conference

MAY BESTOW D.S.C. AND D.S.M.

Hope Held That Commander-in-Chief Will Award Decoration to His Soldiers in Person

The Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States will be with his troops on Christmas day. He will take his Christmas dinner in an A.E.F. training area. He will tell them something of his future plans for their welfare and that of the country which they have so well served.

All mess sergeants within a day's automobile ride from Chaumont are authorized to be on the guard, to assign their most conscientious R.P.'s the job of scrubbing off the old pantries shelves and mess tables in the eat-shacks. There's no telling, at this moment, which mess table the President will drop in on at noon of Christmas day. Certain it is that he will drop in on one of them, and preparedness is half the battle.

On Monday or Tuesday Mr. Wilson will leave Paris for the Vosges and Haute-Marne, and on Christmas Day he will review some portion of the Yanks now quartered in these two departments of France before reviewing the bill of fare of a smaller portion of them.

The President will visit some of the devastated areas in the north of France, there to see with his own eyes the places where the A.E.F. has been fighting. He will return to Paris in time for the assembly of the preliminary peace conference, and the views that he will expound before that all important body are already the subject of tremendous interest.

Yesterday the President paid his compliments to the head of a loyal Allied Nation, King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy, who with his son, Prince Humbert, was right royally welcomed in Paris. Tomorrow he will forego that with another great democrat, David Lloyd George, prime minister of England, and with Arthur J. Balfour, with whom, as head of the British mission that visited the United States early after our declaration of war in 1917, the President became intimate.

He will also meet the other members of the British peace mission, notably Andrew Bonar Law, who, though an hereditary Scotchman (like the President), is all the same a North American, having been born in Canada and knowing the United States and its problems.

The President's further plans during his stay in Europe are still more or less undecided, and any outline of them can be at best but speculative. It is regarded as certain, however, that he will visit and confer with some of the French and British generals—notably Mangin, Gouraud and Rawlinson—learn from them direct just what sort of fighters the Tanks who were under their command proved themselves to be during the stirring days of last summer and fall, and here to confer with their own lips the unstinted praise recorded in their official orders and reports.

That done, the chances are that he will accept King George's invitation to visit England, to review Britain's war effort, and to make at least two public addresses. One at London and the other at the ancient university town of Oxford. The University of Edinburgh in Scotland may possibly be the scene of a third gathering held in his honor.

If there are any members of the A.E.F. who are now duly entitled to the D.S.C. or the D.S.M., but whose medals have not yet been officially awarded to them, the hope is held that it can be arranged for the President to confer the decorations in person—since they are all supposed to be awarded by him, and have hitherto been conferred by the C-in-C, A.E.F., in the President's name.

It is also hoped by every man in the S.O.S. that it may be practicable for the President to make a tour of that area, as did Secretary Baker, and the plan is now, if he makes his proposed trip to Italy, to have him start early enough to take in the more important S.O.S. stations on the journey south.

"NO BULL," WRITES ELSIE OF A.E.F.

Symptoms of Oncoming Christmas Reach Her in London

Elsie Janis, who really ought to wear an A.E.F. service stripe—and a front line cross, at that, if they decide to issue it—has been thinking of us again. Over in London she felt the symptoms of oncoming Christmas, and the result is a letter to the A.E.F., which she assures us is "no bull." Here it is: Dear Boys:

A very well deserved Merry Christmas to you all. Some of you may feel a bit homesick, but just be thankful that you are alive and able to sit up and take notice of things—even though they may be German. The name of my new show is "Hullo! America!" It would be to change it to "Bravo! America!" Every-one over here is charming to me and the audiences are very enthusiastic, but no audience can ever take the place in my heart of the A.E.F.—No bull!

Good luck! See you when we all get home.

Elsie Janis.

P.S.—More love from mother.

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CHRISTMAS, 1918



BREST AND PARIS WELCOME HEAD OF SISTER REPUBLIC OVERSEAS

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Yankee guns got busy on their welcome salute to France.

At the same time there put out from shore a lighter, conveying M. Stephen Pichon, French minister of foreign affairs; General Tasker H. Bliss, military representative of the United States on the Supreme War Council at Versailles; Ambassador William H. Sharp, General Pershing and other French and American dignitaries. The lighter proceeded to the President's vessel, aboard which M. Pichon proffered the formal welcome of France to the chief executive of the United States, and received from Mr. Wilson the assurance that he was glad and proud to be there.

Just then the formal welcome of France burst from the ancient walls of the city of Brest, from the quays, from the hills and trees, from every point of vantage overlooking the harbor. "Vive le Président Wilson!" it started on the ramparts to the north and "Vive le Président Wilson!" it echoed from the rocky promontories to the south. And all the while some 10,000 or more Yanks, mainly from the big Pontonzeon embarkation camp, standing at east or at rest along the highway over which their President was to ride to the railway station, fretted and fumed because they couldn't leave ranks and yell their lungs out along with the Bretonese.

And what a show of holiday apparel Bretou put on! Ancient dames in heliolum kirtles, coifs and aprons of marvellous embroidery were out on the city walls, rubbing their spare old elbows against those of all the Yanks and gobs and polus who could get off—or who wore AWOL—to see the great sight. Matronly and maidenly Bretonese were out in their quaint caps, heliolum jackets and multicolored scarfs.

Finery of Old Times

But the ladies of Bretou had no monopoly of the gala garb, for all the old gentlemen of the famous old province had donned their distinctive velvet hats, their pea-jackets, their wide, bowled sashes and their false but none the less resplendent shirt-fronts. Yes, and the young ones, too, donned all the finery which their fathers had worn on their wedding days, and at family funerals, and christenings and other solemn occasions. The province of Bretagne dog deep into its cedar chests to display for its guest all the beauty and picturesqueness of the Bretagne of days gone by; and no more gently pleasing, quaint or lovelier sight could be imagined.

Meanwhile, down on Pier No. 3, where a brief day before Yankee Stevedores had been tossing the brown tins and hardback boxes into cars with a zeal that would have made Old John Boeche, had he been so minded, think twice about trying to bust the armistice, the Brest reception committee, actively aided by a clean-up squad of colored Yanks, was putting the final touches on the dainty little table reception into which the President was to step immediately he left the lighter.

In gorgeous blue and gold and white and black there shone from the walls the coat of arms of the proud little city—the fleur-de-lis of royal France on one panel, the ermine of Brittany on the other, the joined fasces and garlands of republican France, with its graceful monogram; the flags of all the Allies; the coat of arms of all the provinces of France, and the old E Pluribus Unum, eagle, scroll, darts and all. The walls were banked with palms, with myrtle, with evergreens, and festooned electric lights ran around the moulding. Altogether, it was a little piece of dreamland, gotten up in honor of the great man who, France confidently expects, will make all its dreams of peace and freedom come true.

Outside, on the pier itself, Yank sentries paced nervously up and down, obeying in strict literalness that most general of all general orders—"to observe everything that takes place within sight or hearing"—politely reminding

ing colonels, correspondents and everybody who tried to sneak a smoke to take the nervous edge off the waiting process and generally keeping the scene of the landing in order. Aides, Stevedore lieutenants, special mission and liaison officers scuttled about, giving last minute instructions and counter-instructions to each other and to anybody who happened to be around. French fonctionnaires did the same; so did naval officers of both countries; so did everybody, until at last all things were ready.

At five minutes after 3 the lucky possessors of binoculars on shore could see the President's engine being rapidly hauled down from the mast-head of the George Washington. The moment for which everyone had waited all that expectant day was approaching.

As the lighter Tundo, a leisurely, dour-ger-like sidewheeler, steamed away from the big liner's side, a mighty cheer went up from the massed thousands on the old ramparts, and 20,000 Yankee troops of the assembled fleet manned the rails and gave three rousing ones to boot. The guns barked anew, their flashes gleaming like fireflies through the fog. Far in a corner of one of the harbor forts the French field music sounded "Aux Champs." Down on the pier that awaited the President a French marine band broke into "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Tundo Draws Alongside

Now the proper thing to do when the National Anthem is played is literally to "face the music," to face it while standing at the stiffest attention and salute. The Yanks on the dock and near it, however, did nothing of the sort; they faced the President's boat, keeping their salute and attention the while. They relaxed for a moment when the band stopped for breath, only to stiffen again as it crashed into "La Marseillaise." And then—and then the Tundo drew alongside.

"Where's the President?" the murmur rang along the pier. In a minute the well-informed and movie-frequenting spotted Secretary Lansing and gave him a great cheer, to which he bowed a pleased and flushed return. In another instant the A.E.F.'s own General Pershing was deserted, and a lusty roar of acclamation went up. Mrs. Wilson drew another tremendous shout as she stood there, with a little silk American flag in her hand, waving and beaming at all her delighted countrymen. But—and there was the question—where was the President?

The Tundo bumped up alongside the pier like an ungainly rook trying to do his part toward dressing up the line. Nimble Yank Stevedores and French matelots grabbed hold of the ropes, and in a trice had hoisted the red, white and blue-festooned gangplank onto its counterpoise on the lighter. With a final wrench and twist, a last creaking of cordage and timber, the way was made safe for the Presidential party to alight.

One by one the good gray-haired counselors, French and American, mounted the steps leading to the gangplank from the deck of the lighter and stepped ashore. At sight of them the long line of young French marines along the dockside sprang to present arms, and their Jarlons sounded. Up to "present arms" came the sword of every French officer on the pier. But—where was the President?

First Citizen on Shore

More good gray-haired gentlemen, in frock coats and tall hats. More gray-haired gentlemen in olive drab and silver stars. More gray-haired gentlemen resplendent in Navy or horizon blue, with gold and silver decorations twinkling in the first bit of sunlight Brest had seen that day. And then—

"Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light—"
The marine band fairly vaulted into those first stirring bars. The Yanks who had been fussing with the gangplank snapped to attention. The hat of

every civilian in the crowd was doffed as if by instinct. And across the narrow little bridge, with alert, quick step, but in hand and smiling graciously, as if with a keen and boyish pleasure in the sights around him, marched America's first citizen, come to repay the visit of America's first and oldest friend, the Marquis de Lafayette.

It needed only ears after that to realize that the President had at last arrived.

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NEW WATCH ON RHINE XMAS GIFT TO WORLD

Continued from Page 1
able column of olive drab melted into the all-enveloping mist. Not so the flag, and the standards, when their turn came to cross the Rhine. Always they shone bravely from shore to shore.
It was the one touch of color in all that drab and cheerless morning, from the moment when, midstream, the river wind caught and flung them wide, till, dwindling, dwindling, they became only a point of scarlet in a curtain of mist like a poppy blooming in the cranny of a gray wall. And always, faintly from the other shore, came the music of the hand playing in the rain.

Massed Since Preceding Sunday
While the First Brigade, with ponderous trucks and smoking kitchens, moved over the pontoon, the Second Brigade was crossing by the beautiful three-span Pfaffendorf bridge near by. Below, the famous Thirty-second was crossing and below them the Second, while above, the Third had edged upstream a bit toward Bingen.

For this crossing, the troops had been massed on the left bank since the preceding Sunday, when the first cavalry trotted into Roman and the first infantry—a whole trainload of affable doughboys—arrived in Coblenz.

In their sector of the Rhine, certainly, the Yankees feel quite at home. They were sternly forbidden to wander out of it, for the various bridgeheads were kept as severely separate as watertight compartments, but the outposts could not help meeting occasionally, and on Thursday of last week, when troops that looked hauntingly like our own marched into Bonn, the Yanks discovered, to the great delight, that their neighbors below stream were the Canadians.

"Hail, Kennida!"
The exchange of courtesies would run something like this:
"Cheer, Kennida, what division?"
"The Second."
"Is 'at so? So's this."
"The Second American? Some division, from what they tell us."
"We'll say it is. Where's the British?"
"The Imperials? Oh, down stream somewhere."
"What's your main town?"
"Bonn."
"What kind of a place?"
"Ditto."
"How are things going?"
"Lovely. Just lovely. Couldn't be better if we were home in the States."
"Home in the States? Where do you get that stuff?"
"Oh, well, I'm from Iowa myself. Half of us are Americans."
"The hell you say. Then, why didn't you come over in our Army?"
"Because it didn't come over soon enough."
A thoughtful silence for a while.
Then:
"Well, see you in Iowa, Kennida."
"Right-o."
Thus it befell that Canada and America crossed the Rhine shoulder to shoulder.
Now the Stars and Stripes float from the skyline flagpole of Ehrenbreitstein.

Theatre Albert I 64 Rue du Rocher, St. Lazare (Metro: Gope-Tuliers) Every evening at 8:30 the great London success "The Man Who Stayed at Home" Last performance for the present Friday, Dec. 20, and Saturday, Dec. 21. On Sunday, Dec. 22, will be restaged "GENERAL POST" by J. E. Harold Terry. Special Matinee every Saturday at 2:30. Seats may be booked at Y.M.C.A. Information Bureau, 2 Rue Edouard VII. Tel. Cent. 65-32.

The Allies' Victory will soon Low MR. LOITI, who has been mobbed since the beginning of war, to esumethe persona management o has hotel, "THE LOTTI," which has been known since the opening, in 1913, as the "Paris Home" for the best society.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES U. S. ARMY AND NAVY JEWELRY WELFARE BOARD Headquarters: 41 Boulevard Hauman (near Opera—same building as a former Low & Trust Company) The OFFICE and CLUB ROOMS are open DAILY from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Well Furnished Rest Room Library and Writing Room Mail Enquiries Most Welcome ALL WELCOME

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Ehrenbreitstein sounds rather like the name of some cloak and suit house in New York, but it is really a fortress so formidable that it is called the Gibraltar of the Rhine. If, when they began to fashion it just after Waterloo, any prophetic soul had told the powers that were that a century later its garrison would echo to the tread of soldiers from the absurd, little sipping republic across the Atlantic, they would have flung him into his lowest keep as a dangerous lunatic.

The fortress, which copies the old hill-top castles of which the weather-battered ruins still crown down on the Rhine, was reared on the site of just such a stronghold as had stood for centuries there at the junction of the Rhine and Moselle. It is hollowed out from just such a sheer riverside rock as the Lorelei itself. Its vast underground chambers will billet a hundred thousand men. By spiral paths that lead through tunnels and over drawbridges, you reach at last its battlements, which rise full 355 feet above the river bed. From them you can see triangular Coblenz laid out like a relief map at the base of the fortress and survey the historic countryside from Stolzenfels to Andernach.

Ruedeker's account of Ehrenbreitstein is accurate, though vague. It contains what today is a serious error. It says: "Foreign officers are not admitted." Correct this to read "German officers." and the sentence may stand.
From Ehrenbreitstein itself, which is a small town opposite Coblenz, the bridgehead reaches for 30 kilometers into Germany.

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RETURNING TROOPS MUSTERED OUT IN THEIR OLD CAMPS

Units Go to Centers at Which Majority of Men Joined Army

MANY TO BE MADE CASUALS

Unassigned Will Be Discharged in Draft Area Cantonnements Nearest Home

Officers and men of the A.E.F. will be mustered out on their return to the United States in the camps or cantonnements at which they entered the Service, according to latest embarkation instructions.

Commanding generals of divisions or brigades, upon receiving orders to prepare their organizations for return to the United States, are to send in to Hq., S.O.S., a report by wire showing the percentage of their organizations which were inducted into the Service at each of the camps or cantonnements in the States. This report is called for at once in the case of commanders whose organizations already have been notified to prepare for return.

The same instructions pertain to commanders of regiments, battalions, companies or smaller units ordered to prepare for return.

Detached as Casuals

Upon arrival in the United States each regiment or separate battalion is to be sent to the camp or cantonnement in the draft area in which the greater percentage of its men entered the Service. Prior to leaving France, that part of the personnel inducted into Service at other camps will be transferred to casual detachments destined to the camps or cantonnements in which they were inducted into Service.

They will be carried as unassigned troops: Infantry, Engineers, Artillery, etc., and will accompany their regiment or battalion as detachments. However, no detachment of fewer than 25 men will be formed.

Men from camps for which there is no detachment will remain with the organization, or be reported as included in other detachments as may be necessary to send them to camps near their homes for discharge.

To the Old Home Camp

Upon arrival in the United States, the regiment or separate battalion will be sent to the camp from which the greatest number of its men came. The casual detachments will be placed under officers who come from the same area and sent to the camps where the men entered the Service.

Companies or smaller units, proceeding alone, will also be sent to the camps or cantonnements nearest the draft area from which the majority of their men entered the Service.

The Finance Department of the Q.M.C. has bought from the French Government all the American money in France to use for exchange and in paying embarking troops. The French Government has promised to deliver \$7,000,000 in American currency, and the pay stations at Brest, St. Nazaire and Bordeaux are now operating. Patients at the embarkation hospital centers of Savigny, Beau Desert and Brest are also being given American money in exchange for their French money.

ALL SERVICES PLAN RECORD CHRISTMAS

Gifts, Entertainments and Real Santa Claus in Every A.E.F. Hut

Christmas is going to be celebrated with a bang in every Y and K of C hut, every Red Cross canteen, every mess-shack and every ward of every hospital in the A.E.F. Every one of the structures mentioned is to have its own tree, and each of at least 1,000 Y huts will have its own set of Santa Claus whisksers.

Most important of all, though, there will be free Christmas presents for everybody, in addition to the 9x13x3 set sent from home. The gift from the Y.M.C.A. to every doughboy it can reach will be a box containing two large cakes of milk chocolate, two packages of cigarettes, a tin of smoking tobacco, and a package of gum. The K. of C. also promises Christmas presents, which will be in the nature of a surprise—an ample and satisfying surprise, moreover. It already has Christmas cards enough for everybody to remember the home folks.

In the hospitals every wounded or sick man will be directed to hang up an issue sock at the foot of his cot—preferably one of the big, heavy, winter ones, for the Red-Cross contribution is to be a hefty one. In addition to smokes, chocolate and eating tobacco, there will be parcels of nuts, candy, fruit and cookies. The present from the Red Cross will further include two handkerchiefs, safety pins and soap—in case, presumably, that the one hung up at the foot of the cot cracks under the strain.

Day's Entertainment Plans

The entertainment plans for the day are many and varied. To every Y hut in France has been sent the book of a Christmas minstrel show and a one-act play called "Mistletoe and Onions," designed to be played by men of the A.E.F. with or without help.

At the Red Cross headquarters in the Hotel Regina, with the American Red Cross the only card of admission needed, and silver stars counting for no more than first class privates' buttons. Also, there will be turkey at the Red Cross canteens in the Gare St. Lazare and the Gare du Nord, at 19 Rue Traversiers, at the Regina, and at two new hotels for enlisted men, which will open officially on Christmas Day. They are located at 8-10 Rue Hyacinthe and at 24 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III. The turkey and the party won't cost any Yank a sou.

3,444 FINAL TOTAL IN WAR ORPHAN EFFORT

Continued from Page 1 on account of its central location—being within easy hiking distance of all parts of the United States—and after the presentation was over we would say, "General, dismiss the Army." But, as suggested, there are so many things in the way of this plan that we haven't got the nerve to try it. For that matter there isn't any medal. It is like the lawyer's question—hypothetical. But the citation goes. That's real.

The final week's adoptions, to an even higher degree than in former weeks, included many notable features. It was the receipt of large contributions for large groups of children that swelled the total.

The 306th Engineers dispatched Chaplain Warren P. Grant with 23,000 francs for 46 children. Nearly all of this money was gathered before the signing of the notice while the 306th Engineers were waiting close behind the line ready to go in.

One Company Takes 12 The franc-raising started in Co. D when the captain explained the plan. A contest was begun by platoons. The Headquarters Detachment and the First and Second platoons took two each, and the rest of the platoons one. Privates Kachares and Speronis, both Greeks by birth, took a child between them, and made Co. D's total nine.

The rest of the regiment got busy. Co. E took 12. Co. A adopted eight. Co. B seven. Lieut. Col. T. T. Langer donated 500 francs and the field staff officers 1,000 francs.

The sailors of the U.S.S. Wyoming making a lusty response on behalf of the Navy, sent in 12,000-odd francs, enough to support 24 children for a year. It is the record lump contribution from the Navy.

The R.O.S. Detachment at A.P.O. 741 subscribed for 22 children.

The 100th Machine Gun Battalion of the 28th Division which, after the German war machine started to skip and boil over in the vicinity of Chateau-Thierry last July, spent most of its time under fire, subscribed for 12 children. There are 677 men in the battalion and 14 officers, and they gathered 7,000 francs for 14 children. The 100th started out to raise funds for the orphans several times, but every time it started it got orders to go into the line. It wasn't until the armistice was signed that it was really able to catch the paymaster and its breath long enough to make the collection.

The officers and enlisted men of Intermediate Ordnance Depot No. 2 headed a long list of subscriptions from the Ordnance Department with enough francs to make 13 orphans contented for 12 months.

The 21st Field Artillery adopted eight more orphans and made its total for the campaign 52. The 327th Field Artillery adopted an even dozen children.

The Balloon Service appeared conspicuously in the list again this week. The Army Balloon school and the Balloon companies stationed there became god-fathers of ten fatherless children.

In Memory of Its Dead

Evacuation Hospital No. 10 took five children, one each in the memory of the five members of the unit who died in France during the war against the Hun. Private Ernest J. Piper, Harry A. Sheets, Howard L. Scherick, Earl O. Weist and Harry E. Schreiber.

The S.O.S. wound up its contributions to the Christmas campaign by ordering 20 more orphans and making the total of the Christmas adoptions which have come through S.O.S. headquarters 1,044. In addition, 3,000 francs were forwarded from the Trianon theater in Tours, S.O.S. headquarters.

It was the sum gained in the previous week from voluntary contributions taken at performances and was in addition to 4,000 francs received for eight children the week before. All told, the Trianon theater audiences are god-fathers to 14 fatherless children.

The Air Service finished strong. The District of Paris headed this week's list of A.S. contributors with enough francs to give homes to nine children for a twelvemonth. The Second Aviation Instruction Center at Tours topped off its previous liberal contributions with a request for seven orphans.

Troops in the District of Paris adopted 11 children, four of whom were taken by the office of the M.T.O. Company D of the 13th Engineers sent in 200 francs for four orphans in addition to one previously adopted.

From the States, Herbert E. Knox, of New York City, sent 1,500 francs for three children, making four in his orphan group. "Three Little Yankee Girls" whose daddy is serving his country in France sent for an orphan from Palo Alto, Calif. Kappa Sigma Chapter of the University of Michigan forwarded 500 francs one week after it called upon its members for contributions.

The orphan department has begun a statistical check-up of the card index system to determine who's who in orphan fathering. The tally will tell the number of orphans taken by the different branches of the service, by units, by individuals, etc., and ought to settle a lot of debate as to which units have most distinguished themselves.

High Spirit of Generosity

Several letters have been received lately, mostly accompanying contributions, asking if the aforesaid enclosed contribution does not place them at the head of the list in their class. Many of the later contributions have shown a wonderfully high spirit of generosity among the members of contributing units.

Also, some of the organizations who made adoptions early in the summer have followed these by other adoptions from time to time and have amassed sizable groups of children by about the same sort of sifting-in process that the Germans tried up around Chateau-Thierry last summer with less success.

They have come in almost unnoticed until now they are here in strength. One battery of Field Artillery wrote in this week saying that it had noted the publicity given to organizations for making large contributions lately and called attention to the fact that since last summer it has been supporting 14 children.

As a matter of fact, it did more than call attention to the fact. It said, "Why the hell don't you say something about us?"

Well, we will, as soon as we get the check-up made. Several units and groups are still gathering funds. At a concert given under the direction of Lt. Col. Collis in Bordeaux Monday night, for instance, 2,700 francs were raised. Although adoptions have closed, such funds will still be received. They will be devoted to carrying out a plan for continuing the fund, now being worked out.

TAKEN THIS WEEK: 46th Aero Squadron, M.T.C. Garage, London, Detachment, 8th Aero, Field Officers, 6th Aero, C.A.C.

NEW LEAVE CENTERS IN WINTER PARADISE

Chamonix, Annecy and St. Gervais Now at A.E.F.'s Disposal

Enlarging upon the already well known Savoy leave area, the famous resorts of Chamonix, Annecy and St. Gervais, in the Haute-Savoie department of France, bordering on Switzerland, are to be open to A.E.F. permissionnaires the first named about the middle of January and the others February 1. When going at full tilt they will have accommodations for about 3,200 men at a time.

Chamonix, the most famous of the three situated on the slopes of Mont Blanc, is one of the world's finest places for the enjoyment of winter sports, such as skiing, skating, coasting and climbing, having but one competitor—St. Moritz, in Switzerland. Its climate is cold, bracing and invigorating—but for the benefit of the snow-bound Yanks in the east of France he said that, if they go there, they will be lodged in one but well heated hotels. For a general club and recreation hall, the Y.M.C.A. has leased the whole ground floor of the beautiful new Hotel Majestic, where dancing and music and movies and all the rest can be enjoyed.

Annecy, lying by the lake of that name, offers equal facilities for winter sports, and equal hotel accommodations. It was in the Lac d'Annecy, by the way, that "September Morn" was posed, and in the town that "September Morn" was painted. Although the original model has long since been enjoyed, her stay has been to give Annecy a much warmer climate than Chamonix and St. Gervais.

St. Gervais, separated from Chamonix by a short ride on an electric trolley line, offers facilities similar to the other two resorts.

SAILING FOR HOME

Embarkation reports show that the steamship Mongolia has sailed from Brest, having on board brigade headquarters of the 40th C.A.C., the 73rd C.A.C. regiment, the 74th C.A.C. regiment, and the 138th F.A. regiment, minus Battery E. The steamships Carthago and Sixola have sailed from Bordeaux full of casuals, and the steamship Heredia from St. Nazaire with casuals.

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ROUEN LEADS PORTS IN STEVEDORE RACE

Continued from Page 1

again, as the figures show. Incidentally—quite incidentally—it may be remarked that the job of guarding the German prisoners who work on the docks there has recently been taken over by some Belgian soldiers, nearly all of whom had been held captive by the Germans up to the day of the armistice.

Nantes, this week's runner up, has been having a good run of ships, and also of luck. At Rochefort, where the race made such a sensational jump during the fifth week, things fell off a little, but the contest officer promises it won't be for long, and adds that it was not the men's fault. Rochefort points with pride to the large number of coal ships that were dumped on them at the last minute of the fifth week, and to the way in which the grimy cargo was sped inland to places that needed it.

Plugging Along at Bordeaux

Down at Bordeaux the gang continues to plug along, battling every day against the reloading of cargo and the debarkation of troops that has held down the unloading averages. At that, Bordeaux, because of its size, its facilities, and the buskiness of its crews, has unloaded more cargo than any other port during the contest; but, unfortunately, that doesn't count in the averages.

For all the ports put together, the tonnage unloaded for the first 12 days of December was the highest for any 12 days in the history of the A.E.F. In that time 387,025 tons were taken off the ships. The next highest figures were those for the first 12 days of November, when 363,906 tons were unloaded. All of which would seem to prove that the Race to Berlin is still going strong, and will show a plenty toward the finish.

By way of adding a final punch to the race, it is announced from Hq., S.O.S., that not only will the best company in the winning port be sent home, but the best company in every other port will be booked for early debarkation.

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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE WAR RELIEF COMMITTEE Has opened reading, writing and rest rooms at 3 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. Those 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. 3 AVENUE DE L'OPERA.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN A. E. F. Club All University of Wisconsin men in the American Expeditionary Forces are invited to attend the WISCONSIN VARSITY CHRISTMAS DINNER Thursday, December 26, 1918, at 7 p.m., American University Union, 8 Rue de Richelieu, Paris. Tickets, English francs, on sale at the hotel desk and at the dining-room door. Picnic reply at once to Chairman, Wisconsin Dinner Committee, at the above address.

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The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Force, 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.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1918.

THE C-IN-C'S REPORT

General Pershing's preliminary report to the Secretary of War, the first half of which is printed in this week's issue of this paper, is more than a brief summary of American military activity in the war.

The description of the Service of Supply, the foundation upon which the whole A.E.F. rests, its organization and its working during the important months of the summer and fall, when it was not only necessary to move vast bodies of troops forward, but to supply also a man-sized army doing very active service on the front, proves that it has given a faithful account of its stewardship.

TWO FRIENDS OF FRANCE

In these days when the President of the United States is hailed on all sides as the great friend of France, accorded one of the memorable ovals of history, and has conferred on him by acclamation the full rights of a citizen of France's proud capital, it is good for us Americans to hark back in memory 140 years and recall at this festive time the first American friend of France, by name Benjamin Franklin.

He it was who made his way, clad in the garb of democratic simplicity, to the court of Louis XVI at Versailles, and there, by dint of the homespun common sense of his arguments, his homely, ready wit and the sincerity of his zeal for liberty, induced the monarch to lend to the thirteen colonies the wherewithal to keep their struggle alive.

But Franklin did even more than that. By precept and example he proved to the forward-looking but then hesitant French democratic leaders that democracy could and would pay. His silent part in paving the way for the downfall of the Bourbons and the triumph of republican principles has never been forgotten by France.

"Old Ben," the frugal and sagacious printer-man of Boston town and Philadelphia—co-founder of the great republic which we serve and abettor in the foundation of the great republic which is France—would have rejoiced in every fiber of his sturdy old soul could he have been with us this past stirring week.

VETERANS—NOT YET

The war isn't over yet, but already the call of the veterans' associations is being heard in the States. From the latest news sweeping across the ocean it appears that several of these organizations are in a more or less nebulous state, and one has so far crystallized as to appear in print with an advertisement for members.

This particular organization offers membership to "veterans of the world war, commissioned officers and enlisted persons (men and women) now in active service, or who have served honorably at any time in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps."

The plan and principles of this organization may be above criticism. The plan and principles of the others may be above criticism. But if we have more than one veterans' association for the members of the A.E.F., there is the danger, almost the certainty, of complexities and conflicts.

It would be ideal if the impulse for an organization to succeed the A.E.F. should come at the proper time—which is after

peace is signed and we really become veterans—from within instead of from without. If the promotion does have to come from the outside, however, the promoters certainly owe it to the A.E.F. to withhold operations until we have a sufficient number of world war veterans back in the States to constitute an adequate representation.

MARINE AND DOUGHBOY

No other incident in the annals of A.E.F. fighting attracted so much attention as Château-Thierry. It was "big news" in the States because it was the first time we met and beat the Boche on a grand scale. It was "big news" over here for the same reason, and had an added significance because it produced numberless internal debates in the A.E.F. centering around the question, "Who gets the credit for stopping the Germans?"

The Marines became big headlines in the papers at home. The 9th and 23rd Infantry, who had fought at their side, did not get an equal amount of publicity because the censorship rules (in now un-questioned wisdom) forbade mention of all military units by number. And fighting beside the 2nd Division was the 3rd which, so far as the first chalking up of credit was concerned, figured that it had got the worst of it all around. It was a situation entirely superficial in its effect. The most it did was provide a subject for in-exhaustible billet and trench debate among the units concerned.

Now the whole truth is out. The Army has the full account of Château-Thierry as printed in last week's issue of this paper, the second of a series of officially authenticated articles on American battles of the war. It is the first complete and detailed account of Château-Thierry printed anywhere. After reading it we find final judgment is simple. The 9th and 23rd Infantry, the 5th and 6th Marines and the Infantry units of the 3rd Division played equally important, equally gallant and equally difficult parts. These eight regiments, with the other units of the 2nd and 3rd Divisions, stopped the Boche at Château-Thierry.

The prowess of the 2nd and 3rd Divisions never will be appropriately chronicled in print—because it can't be done. And the same is true in varying degrees of a couple of dozen or more other divisions of the A.E.F. But so far as questions of who did what in this war are concerned, the series now being printed will go a long way toward clearing up some mooted question now under debate.

CHRISTMAS THEN AND NOW

It is a far cry from the approaching Christmas back to the one which, in 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers anticipated when they landed, hard by Plymouth Rock, just 298 years ago today. Then, cold, numbed and scantily rationed, the founders of the America-to-be had naught but a hope to cheer them on, and their faith in that hope's fulfillment. Now, their descendants see already before them that hope almost fulfilled; they have all but touched the goal of the ages.

Freedom and peace that Christmas of 1620 spelled to those hardy pioneers. Freedom and peace the Christmas of 1918 spells to the Americans of today, for the past week has witnessed the opening of conferences richer in promise to the freedom-and-peace-loving nations of the world than any ever held before. It seems now that at last those principles of government which the stern old Bradfords and Brewsters, Chapins, Aldens and Standishes swore and subscribed to in that memorable meeting in the cabin of the Mayflower are to be given a broader application and interpretation, to make their influence for peaceful and righteous living felt in the four corners of the earth. It is, verily, a prospect for all Americans to contemplate with modest satisfaction.

The little band of 1620 sought freedom for itself by fleeing from tyranny. The great army of 1918 has found freedom for itself and all the world by combating tyranny on its own ground, and laying it low. The liberty which, in the words of Milton, stood

On tiptoe in this land Ready to cross to the American strand has crossed again to the European strand, there to make its influence felt in the re-shaping of a new world—not the New World alone, to which the Pilgrims sailed, but a world in which there shall be no wars, or rumors of wars, in which all shall be righteousness and fair dealing and peace forevermore.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

On the same principle, presumably, that the best Italian opera performances are staged in New York, the best renditions of the American National Anthem are played by foreign bands. If there is a band in the A.E.F. that plays The Stars Spangled Banner without omitting the third and fourth lines—that is, the music accompanying

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous night O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming —we have yet to hear of it.

The omission makes it impossible to follow the tune with the words. It destroys the balance of the piece completely. In short, it Hooverizes without mercy one of the most un-Hooverizable possessions of the American people.

Last Friday, at Brest, a French marine band saluted the President at the landing pier with "The Star Spangled Banner," played as it ought to be played, with no omission. At the railroad station an A.E.F. band saluted the President with the curtailed version. Somehow or other it didn't seem right, on an historic occasion of that kind, to have any jarring note, or, rather, omission of notes, creep into the day's proceedings. Yet, so it happened.

A.E.F. bands can play "La Marseillaise" and "God Save the King" with the best of their Allied contemporaries. The more ambitious of them can put out a very creditable "Hymn Garibaldi" and "La Brabançonne." But not a one of them, within the hearing of any one we have talked to about it, can play its own National Anthem as it was written to be played.

What's the answer? Or is there any?

The Army's Poets

THE CHRISTMAS CALL

Far above the crash of conflict, ere the star shells flicked the morning. And we answered with defiance for the cause we love and know. In our memory cleft a picture of a day long since forgotten— And we thought of Grandma's turkey, and the Christmas tree, and snow.

We have slogged along the highways, we have heard adventure calling; We have banished dreams of comfort as we toyed with Fate each day; Still across the horizon, as the cold, gray dusk is falling, Stalks a vision of our kid days, and of Santa and his sleigh. Corp. Howard A. Herty, Inf.

TO THE GIRL OVER THERE

Let the glasses be filled With the rich sparkling wine. The blood of the grape And the soul of the vine. And quaff a rich draught Of the nectar divine. To the fairest of fair, To the girl over there, A toast in the vin rouge of France.

I would travel afoot, Weary mile upon mile, If the end of the road Would but lead me erewhile To the land of my dreams— In the light of her smile— To the fairest of fair, To the girl over there, A toast in the vin rouge of France.

Though far, far away, Still inspired by Love's ties, There is glancing tonight, In the depths of her eyes, The bright Light o' Love That for me never dies— To the fairest of fair, To the girl over there, A toast in the vin rouge of France.

Ah, much would I give For a glimpse of her face; But better by far, Would but Fate have the grace, Were a lingering kiss In a lasting embrace— To the fairest of fair, To the girl over there, A toast in the vin rouge of France.

Though the sea rolls between, My heart still is light, For the bright Star o' Love Can but lead me aright To the Garden of Love, But a vision tonight— To the fairest of fair, To the girl over there, A toast in the vin rouge of France. Corp. Vance C. Criss, Engrs.

THE STEVEDORES

Heave, ho! Heave, ho! Come on, let's go, in spite of mud and snow; Give us the cats, we'll put the go In cargo.

Bring on the ships, both small and great, We'll work 'em hard, 'em late, For we're the men who lift the freight Embargo.

Though cases drop, though tackle break, The sky may fall, the earth may quake, But one and all they fall to shake Our fetter.

And sun, and earth, and sea, and sky, We face them all, and all defy, For all, at worst, but serve to try Our mettle.

At heavy lift, at winch and crane, We do our task with might and main, We bend our backs, and sweat and strain Like cattle.

Through summer's sun, through winter's rain, In cold, discomfort, ache, or pain, We ply our muscles and help to gain The battle. E. B. H.

THE LITTLE WOODEN CROSSES

The little wooden crosses Upon a rocky hill, Where the autumn leaves drift down, And all is strangely still, The old, old church that broods o'er them, Has seen no fairer sight. In all the years that those who gave Their youth, and life, and light, To sleep beneath the wooden cross; Yet sweet their rest must be, Who thus have chosen a sacrifice, That all men might be free.

The path shall be to those who wait "Crosses" on mist and foam, When soldier boys come home, And this shall be their recompense, To lift the cross, they bear, Those were the gift a nation gave, An offering and a prayer, And long as mortal tongues shall live, Until the world grows old, New beauty and new glory, Their memory shall endure. Nell Grayson Taylor, U.S.A.N.C.

AT TWILIGHT

I sit here in the garden, dear, and watch the fountain play, And ask each little ripple to bear my thoughts away To you, somewhere in France.

The whippoorwill is calling through the jasmine to its mate, As my heart is calling yours and praying, To guard you, somewhere in France.

And evenings just at twilight, as all other love-mad things they bear, My soul takes wing, flies abroad, and rests, Dear heart, with you, Somewhere in France.

HE I'm sitting in my dugout, dear, and waiting for my chow, I think I'll get it through tonight—the Boche is quiet now, Somewhere in France.

We gave 'em beaucoup shells today, we'll give 'em gas tonight, And I'm oiling up my rifle to carry on the fight, Somewhere in France.

But through all this great adventure, at twilight every eve, My heart pleads guilty to the charge of "Absent without leave" Somewhere in France.

Sgt. Frank C. McCarthy, Aero Squadron.

AN INCIDENT

Lanes of barracks, Gray-white and rain-drenched, Where ambulances, Sag-end and mud-splattered, Slog their way past soldiers, Venturing near health, And the faded green band stand— An island in a sea of cement.

Through the propped shutter Of the information shack, An orderly's voice saying: "You wanted the dope of Sergeant Canfield? He died this morning at seven-thirty." Lt. John Pierre Roche, Q.M.C.

THE SONG OF THE MANDOLIN

We linger a while in the twilight As the heart of the mandolin Chords a song, a long sweet song, That floats through the elms—along—is gone To the heart of the girl I know.

Play sweetly—sing my mandolin, She hears in the twilight our song begins; The west wind blows—she, loving, knows The longing I'm singing at evening's close.

The mother waits for our melody On the evening winds from over the sea; To the home in the hills the music thrills, Gently whining with will and fill, The heart of the mother I know.

Play sweetly—sing my mandolin, She hears in the twilight our song begins; The west wind blows—she, loving, knows The longing I'm singing at evening's close. Melvin Ryder.

THE REALLY HOMESICK



A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM THE A.E.F. TO AMERICA

The Rhineland, Christmas, 1918.

Dear America: Your sons are coming home. The task you set before them is nearly done, and now, day by day, week by week, month by month, your ships are bringing us home.

If we have done well, it was for love of you. Dimly we understood that we had been sent forth to slay something which, if it thrived unchecked, would one day reach out across the seas and destroy you. Very clearly we understood that by ourselves you would be judged among the free peoples; that the hour had struck for us to show mankind the mettle of our pasture. And believe this—there was not one of us who did not walk a little straighter, live a little cleaner, work a little better, fight a little harder on that account.

Better citizens, because we know each other better. Rich and poor, high and low, rough and polished, East and West, North and South—the war has mixed us all together. Alabama and Iowa have joined to form a single brigade, and what a brigade! Oregon has fought shoulder to shoulder with New York and means more to New York than ever she meant—than ever she could have meant—before.

Better citizens because many of us—almost a million of us—have, for a time, dwelt in that strange, simple country which was called the front. Above all, better citizens because you, America, mean more to us than ever before. For one thing, we have had to learn what it is to do without you. Some for a little while, others for interminable months, we have been obliged to do without you. Of course, the whole A.E.F.—though we have tried to hide it in our letters—has been as abysmally homesick as the most jealous mother could have wished. But surely that was no bad thing.

Then, too, we have seen such shining things done in your name. We who were at Château-Thierry and northwest of Verdun have seen men in olive drab and forest green beside us show themselves made of such stuff as taught us a new wonder for the land that could breed them. There were some of us who had to set forth from our own front gate

and journey all the way to the Marne to discover America. We of this generation had come to take our country for granted. We had come to take our liberty as a matter of course, like the air we breathed and the unflinching sun. It was not so with the generation that wrung the first homesteads from the wilderness. It was not so with the generation that conceived the nation in liberty and dedicated it to the proposition that all men are created equal. It was not so with the generation that fought a civil war to prove whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, could long endure. But we—we of the easy rich man, inheritors of a fortune which only he could value who had by toil and sacrifice amassed it. Now we have done more than inherit the treasure. We have earned it. We were children of a great estate. We have added to it.

And so, dear America, we write you from the Rhineland, in the name of those who cannot return, in the name of the best of all, those who lie beside the Marne and the Ourcq and the Vesle and the Aire and the Meuse, we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The American soldier send you his love. A. E. F.

TELLING NO LIES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: The following is a conversation that took place a few weeks ago at the front. We had a short while before, listened to most explicit instructions that we were on no account to give any information as to outfit, destination, etc., while on the road. It was one of those inky dark nights that make a black cat look like a shining beacon light and we halted for a few moments outside the munition dump. About 20 of us were standing in a bunch when someone approached us and the following conversation took place:

Voice in the Dark: Are you going into the dump? One of the Boys: No, we're out giving the horses an airing.

Voice in the Dark: Don't get fresh, now; who is your commanding officer? Answer: We haven't got any.

Voice in the Dark: How many caissons have you got? Answer: Lots of them.

Voice (getting excited): You are addressing an official, what outfit is this? Answer: Horse section of the Aviation Corps.

Voice (very angry): Horse section of the Avia—, blankety blank blank. What in—do you mean? Answer: Well, we're always going up somewhere.

Voice (trembling with indignation): Who in—are you? Answer: I be the mess sergeant. Who be you? Sounds of retreating footsteps and someone making remarks not exactly suitable for publication in a newspaper intended for home consumption.

Roy B. Miner, Captain, Am. Tr.

WHO HAS MORE?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I notice in your issue of November 8 that the Stevedores at Base Section No. 2 are claiming championship honors for the large accounts of money deposited and sent home to relatives. If some of those Stevedores would visit Base Section No. 3 and look over the official records of the different companies there, they would go back satisfied that the interest on deposits at Base Section No. 5 will almost equal the amounts of money deposited at Base Section No. 2.

The 849th Company, formerly Company I, Stevedores, has a deposit of \$11,481 at the present date, with a company strength of 188 men, as the pay has been assigned 58 recruits with pay due from enlistment. As the C.O. of the company, I would be pleased to have any of the officers or men of Base Section No. 2 call on me and get pointers, especially after the new men are paid off. The company is the proud godfather of a French orphan baby, aged 7, Odette Breton by name, and is now about to present her with a handsome Christmas present, as all of our money is not deposited. JOHN DEAVY, Capt., U.S.A.

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To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I will relate here in a few words as possible an incident that occurred to me while walking down the main street of Tours.

In passing a second lieutenant of the Military Police, I was immediately pulled from the sidewalk and shoved into the street in a file of marching men by an M.P. that walked behind the lieutenant. We were directed down a side street and into a courtyard whereupon the lieutenant gave a lecture on military courtesy, and instructed an M.P. to take names and numbers.

I stepped up to the lieutenant and said: "Sir, I cannot salute, for my arm is stiff from a wound."

Thereupon he said: "Well, I cannot help that. I did not know you could not salute when I arrested you."

Where does this officer get his authority to arrest men, humiliate and insult them by having them pulled off the sidewalk, shoved into the street and marched through the main street of the town as if guilty of a crime, when he does not know whether the men can salute, for the patients of two hospitals close to Tours frequent the town on pass, and many of them, by reason of wounds, have had arms rendered incapable of saluting?

A DOUGHBOY.

TACTLESS

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ANOTHER ENTRY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I refrained from accepting Ensign Fred Anderson's challenge through modesty, as I have already attained sufficient fame in the ordinary world, but the exploits as recounted by Clarence D. Brooks, Air Service (what temperature?) and his aspirations to the laurels for quantity but cake baking brings back old-time triumphs to my memory, and in justice to my supporters and by their request, I will briefly outline my record hot cake days, and allow the conferees for the Croix de Cheval to decide if I may enter.

The record output of which I speak occurred in Luna City, the motion picture center of the world and several hours' ride from Los Angeles, in the outskirts of that city's business district. The greatest production in history was being filmed, Chicago's Loop at lunch hour looked like a deserted village in comparison with the crowd working for one director, and when you learn that 789

LOST A. E. F. LEGIONS ON CHRISTMAS MAP

Yanks Will Spend Holiday in Russia and Almost in Montenegro

HUNGARY HAS BATTALION

Another of Same Regiment, 332nd Infantry, in Austria, Third Still on Soil of Italy

Old St. Nicholas will be forced to travel the entire length of the Allied line in Europe this Christmas to distribute his 9x33's to the snowboys and doughboys of the A.E.F. For the snowboys of the Lost Legions of the A.E.F., the North became the German Coast of Russian Lapland, or in Hungary, where the Julau Alps end, must be remembered at Yuletide, as well as the doughboys in Belgium and those with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine.

It is now permissible for the first time to give the stations of the various units of the A.E.F. which have been scattered from the coast of Kola Penin, between Norway and the White Sea, to the shadows of the Montenegro mountains. In these distant battlefields the sign of the primitive found American soldiers fighting the same enemies as opposed the troops on the Western front proper.

The 330th Infantry Regiment of the 85th Division, composed of sturdy men from Minnesota, sailed from England on August 26 for the Murman Coast of the Far North. These were designated for the Far North because they were accustomed to rigorous climatic conditions. A battalion of the 310th Engineers and a hospital and ambulance company accompanied the regiment. These troops were sent to combat the military movement fostered by the Germans in the Far North.

Ohioans in Italy

To Italy was sent the 332nd Infantry Regiment of the 83rd Division from Ohio. It was accompanied by several ambulance companies. The close of hostilities found the regiment in Fiume near Treviso, capital of the province of that name in Italy and 18 miles northwest of Venice.

The First Battalion of the 332nd was at Cattaro, a strongly fortified port in the Austrian crownland of Dalmatia. Cattaro, which has a population of 6,000, lies at the foot of the steep Montegrin hills.

The Second Battalion was in line near Fiume, while the Third Battalion and the ambulance companies were at Treviso. Fiume is an important seaport of Hungary, 35 miles southeast of Trieste, on the Adriatic where the Julian Alps end.

THE HUN ATTACK THAT NEVER CAME

An Argonne Memory

When, at sundown on the evening of October 7, relief finally fought its way through to that battalion of New York's own which, for five historic days and nights, had been surrounded in a valley in the Forest of Argonne, it was known that the relief had come just in time.

It was known that the men had reached the limit of their strength, that they were dying—literally dying—from hunger and exposure, that their ammunition had dwindled to almost nothing, that they were in no position to meet the attack expected that night. But not until the Americans entered Germany did it become known how narrow was the escape which that celebrated relief furnished.

For, finding that their artillery could not reach the entrenched Americans and that these soldiers fortified there in the jungle ravine were, even at the last, in no mood to surrender, the Germans had sent for flame-throwers with which to burn to death every man in the Whittlesey battalion.

The flame-throwers were on their way; the first of them had already arrived. They were to have been used in an attack the next day. But that attack was never made. When the next day came, the relieving regiment had already hacked its way through, and the beleaguered battalion was safe.

This match was turned by the Americans who swamping expeditions with some of the discharged German soldiers now at large in Rhenish Prussia, came upon some who had been in the force that surrounded the Whittlesey battalion in the Argonne.

Many are the mysteries solved, the stories completed, the legends furnished in those chance encounters under the aegis of the armistice by soldiers who had fought opposite each other in the Argonne.

Not only do such chances come to stray soldiers on country roads. The high officers of both sides have certain missions to execute which occasionally bring them together at some staff mess, and, once the white-lipped restraint has been broken it may be guessed that there are interesting tales told across the table of why such and such a brigade made such and such a move of why on one night or another the artillery—ours or theirs—fell short of its mark, and so on and so on.

There are moments in these meetings that recall the verandas of the golf clubs back home, lively with hot but fairly amicable dispute as to why this stroke or that was made. They are like the post-mortems between the hands in poker.

NO OFFICERS' TRANSFERS

Bulletin No. 97, G.H.Q., stating that no more applications for transfer from one branch of service to another would be considered, applies only to officers, according to the Adjutant General's Department. It is based upon the policy of the War Department that no more commissions or officers' promotions are to be granted in the A.E.F. Transfers of enlisted men from one service to another are still permissible where adequate reasons are shown.

SHELL SHOCK RECOVERIES

In 95 per cent of so-called shell-shock cases occurring in the A.E.F., men were able to continue rendering military service in France. Sixty-three per cent were fitted to return to the front line duty after varying periods, according to figures made available by the Chief Surgeon's Office. Only 5 per cent of men suffering from so-called shell-shock were classified D for return to the States.

ALMOST OUT OF FRANCE



Homeward bound Yank, his pack adorned with the flags of the sister republics, registering with the embarkation officer at St. Nazaire before he steps up the transport's gangplank.

WITH THE PRESIDENT IN BREST AND PARIS

It was at Brest that this happened, while the good Breton townsfolk were decorating in honor of the President's coming the handsome little salle de reception on the new famous Pier No. 3. Gayly they pavoised it with all the colors of the Allies, with great flags bearing upon them the seals of Brittany, of Finisterre, and of Brest itself.

Only one thing stuck in their minds—was there not, perchance, some "emblème particulier" which M. le President would especially rejoice to see upon first landing on a foreign shore? Perplexed, they sought the advice of a certain member of the Yank Stewardette outfit then engaged on the pier. "Sure," he said. "What you want to get into the sketch is a big elephant—a whopping big elephant. The elephant is the emblem of the President's own political party, see?"

The delighted Brestittes thereupon started out to search high and low for an elephant. The job was difficult, seeing that the Tank of the Jungle does not exactly thrive in the atmosphere of Brittany. But finally the problem was solved. The Siamese consul at the port admitted, when interviewed, that he did have a large Siamese flag, with a large tusked elephant thereon. Yes, he would count it one of the great privileges of his life if he could lend that flag to the Brest reception committee, to do honor to the great Ally of his King.

The flag was duly installed. And with high hat in hand, stepped into the salle de reception, there upon his right hand the emblem of the G.O.P. beamed down upon him.

It was most fitting that, after the ceremonial rendition of "La Marseillaise" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," the French marine band on the pier should strike up, at once, for the President's hearing, "Le Regiment de Sambre et Meuse," with its poignant reminder of how that gallant company

Recut de morts aux cris de liberte.
Suisant la route glorieuse
Qui les conduit a l'immortalite!

Truly, they "received their deaths with cries of Liberty" following the glorious road which led to immortality." In a sense, it was a delicate compliment to the President, many of whose fellow-countrymen had fallen by the banks of that selfsame Meuse in the new fight for liberty.

It was Mrs. Wilson who bestowed the first official kiss of the President's party. The recipient was little Jeanne Hervault, the seven-year-old daughter of the deputy mayor of Brest, who presented her with a beautiful big bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. And little Jeanne, in her pretty pink and white embroidered frock and dainty little scalloped lace Breton cap, looked so beamingly pleased that no one can blame her for not wanting to wash her little red cheeks for a week. Certainly, she was the proudest seven-year-old in Brittany that day, and she looked it.

The first chauffeur to pilot the President in France was Q.M. Sergeant William F. Bartholomay, who hails from Forest City, Pa. He picked up his Chief at the dock in Brest and took him over the tortuous route up the Cours Dajot to the railroad station. He says he'll remember that ride all his life long, driving "the most saluted car in France."

On the way to Paris, the President's special train stopped at the little town of Plouaret for dinner. The 5:30 out of Brest passed the President's special at that point, and for the rest of the journey took all the applause meant for the presidential party.

A Y.M.C.A. man of the name of Little, who used to be a newspaper man before he broke out the Red Triangle, looks not a little like the President. As luck would have it, he sat next the window of one of the compartments, with his X hat off. And for miles and miles he was hailed with "Vives" and "Oorays!" until, overcome, he sought refuge in the aisle.

Golden rod, the national flower of America, bloomed on the streets of Paris the day the President reached the capital. Most of it—in fact, just about the whole supply—was bought up by Aussies on leave, each of whom stuck a sprig of it in his unforgivably natty hat for all the world to see.

The only trouble was that the golden rod was artificial. But it was all there was to be had, and even from a few feet away it looked like the genuine article. And it did its golden bit to help make the day American.

More than one American saw the President pass through Paris from the unimpeded vantage point of a tall tree, and at least one American brought his own axe with him so that he might lop off any offending branches. The branches weren't in the way, but the axe most decidedly was. He spent the hour before the carriages came in taking care that the axe did not drop

ONLY 75 AMERICANS HAVE H.Q. IN METZ

Men of Transportation Corps at Work on Armistice Clause

STOCK ROLLING WESTWARD

Locomotives and Cars Turned Over Must Be in First Class Condition

Into the bilingual atmosphere of the city of Metz they entered, on November 24, a little band of Americans. They were but 75 in number. In fact, only 75 Americans altogether were authorized to be in Metz. The Army of Occupation in Alsace-Lorraine is French. All other Americans, save the 75, whether they be bucks or generals, must be in Metz on the most urgent of official business or else be picked up as AWOL.

Upon the shoulders of this little group of Americans, all from the Transportation Corps, has fallen the task of carrying out Clause 7 of the armistice, providing that the German Government shall turn over to the Allies and the United States 5,000 locomotives and 100,000 cars.

The work consists of two distinct parts. One group of men has been assigned to the purely technical task of inspecting the engines and cars to be turned over. The rest of the party will accompany the inspectors as clerks, or will be stationed at Metz as headquarters.

The general plan to be followed is

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In appreciation of your sacrifices for our nation, the Mayor of the City of Milwaukee and the Milwaukee County Council of Defense, in behalf of the people of Milwaukee County, take this means of extending to you, at this holiday time, most sincere good wishes for your continued safety and personal happiness during 1919.

quite simple. The Germans are moving the necessary rolling stock westward from Germany into the territory between the Rhine and the French border, on the south of a line drawn from Verdun to Coblenz, and from the Rhine into Belgium on the north. All the rolling stock they way over the best converging lines of British and French: to the south of the Americans and French.

The locomotives and cars are being left, in many cases, on side tracks all over the railway system west of Coblenz. The two parties are gradually working their way over the best converging lines from Coblenz and Andun-le-Romain to Coblenz, stopping to inspect all locomotives, either live or dead, as they come upon them, either on sidings or the main line. All freight cars will be gone over also, and those presenting any serious defects will be rejected. Locomotives and cars must be in first-class condition.

The officers and men who are doing the actual work of inspection have all been selected for their technical ability and training. Upon their shoulders rests the responsibility of determining whether the Allies and the United States will receive the best equipment which the Germans have to offer.

Of equal importance is the statistical end of the commission's work, for a complete record is made in the field by a clerk of each engine or car inspected. These records are in turn sent to Metz, where they are inspected and summarized. From these records all statistics will be drawn for the approaching Peace Conference.

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Hands Across the Sea "Tues."
Last I saw you, dear old "Tues."
You were simply one big brute,
But "such cripples" would choose
Over There.
Keep the airplane flying straight
On to Berlin—give 'em latel
They deserve it, let me state,
Over There.
Football season's here, but phaw!
All the talent's in the war,
Scoring touchdowns more and more,
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TOE AND HEEL
IN THE SHOPS OF OUR ALLIES

C.-IN-C. SUMMARIZES A.E.F.'S SHARE IN ALLIED VICTORY

Continued from Page 1
port arrangements for combat, and of the operations of the Service of Supply...

The first Chief of Staff was Colonel (now Major General) James G. Harbord, who was succeeded in May, 1918, by Major General James W. McAndrew.

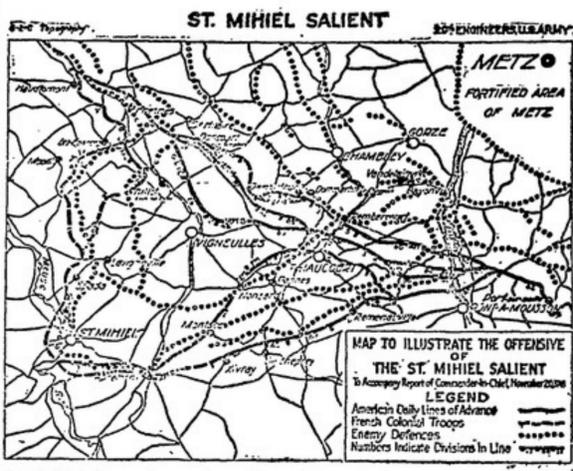
Organization and Training
After a thorough consideration of Allied organizations, it was decided that our combat divisions should consist of four regiments of Infantry of 3,000 men each...

Very early a system of schools was outlined and started, having the advantage of instruction by officers drafted from the front. At the great school center at Langres one of the first to be organized was the staff school...

American Zone
The eventual place the American Army should take on the Western front was to a large extent influenced by the questions of transportation and supply.

Artillery, Airplanes and Tanks
Our entry into the war found us with few of the auxiliaries necessary for its conduct in the modern sense. Among our most important deficiencies in material were artillery, tanks and airplanes.

Growth of the Service of Supply
To build up such a system there were talented men in the Regular Army, but more experts were necessary than the Army could furnish.



ST. MIHIEL SALIENT
The St. Mihiel Salient was a fortified area of Metz. The map illustrates the offensive of the American First Army in September 1918. The legend indicates that solid lines represent American Daily Lines of Advance, dashed lines represent French Colonial Troops, and dotted lines represent Enemy Defenses.

permanent influence in their lives and on the character of their future citizenship. The Red Cross, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army, and the Jewish Welfare Board, as auxiliaries in this work, were encouraged in every possible way.

Combat Operations
During our periods of training in the trenches, some of our divisions had engaged the enemy in local combats, the most important of which was Selcheprey, by the 29th on April 20th, in the Toul sector, but none had participated in action as a unit.

Battle of Saint Mihiel
On March 28 I placed at the disposal of Marshal Foch, who had been agreed upon as Command-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, all of our forces to be used as he might decide. At his request the 1st Division was transferred from the Toul sector to a position in reserve at Chateau-en-Vexin.

The Germans' Alsne offensive which began on May 27 had advanced rapidly toward the river Marne and Paris, and the Allies faced a crisis equally as grave as that of the battle of Verdun in March. Again every available man was placed at Marshal Foch's disposal, and the 3rd Division, which had just come from its preliminary training area, was hurried to the Marne.

Meanwhile, our Second Corps, under Major General George W. Read, had been organized for the command of our divisions with the British which were held back in training areas or assigned to second line defense. Five of the ten divisions were withdrawn from the British area in June, three to relieve divisions in Lorraine and the Vosges, and two to the Paris area to join the group of American divisions which stood between the city and any further advance of the enemy in that direction.

The great June-July troop movement from the States was well under way, and, although these troops were to be given some preliminary training before being put into action, their very presence in the field was a great support to the confidence of the older divisions. Elements of the 42nd Division were in the line east of Rheims against the German offensive of July 15, and held their ground unflinchingly.

Welfare of the Troops
The welfare of the troops touches my responsibility as Commander-in-Chief to the mothers and fathers and kindred of the men who came to France in the impenetrable period of months. They could not have the privilege accorded European soldiers during their periods of leave of visiting their families and renewing their home ties.

crossing at certain points on its front, while on either flank, the Germans who had gained a footing, pressed forward. Our men firing in three directions met the German attacks with concentrated fire at critical points, and succeeded in throwing two German divisions into complete confusion capturing six hundred prisoners.

The 26th Division which with a French division was under command of our First Corps acted as a pivot of the movement toward Soissons. On the 18th they captured the village of Torcy while the 3rd Division was crossing the Marne in pursuit of the retreating enemy.

On the 21st, after the Germans had fallen back from Trugny and Epiede, our 42nd Division which had been brought over from the Champagne sector, the 26th and fighting its way through the Forest de Fere, overwhelmed the nests of machine guns in its path.

The 3rd Division had made its advance into Roucheres wood on the 20th and was relieved for rest by a brigade of the 32nd. The 42nd and 32nd undertook the task of conquering the heights of Chateaufort, the 32nd capturing the village of Chateaufort and the 42nd capturing Hill 230.

With the reduction of the Marne salient we could look forward to the concentration of our divisions in our own zone. In view of the forthcoming operation against the Saint Mihiel salient which had long been planned, our first offensive action on a large scale the First Army was organized August 10 under my personal command.

The preparation for a complicated operation against the formidable defenses in front of us included the assembling of divisions and of corps and army artillery, transport, air craft, tanks, ambulances, the location of hospitals, and the moulting together of all the elements of a great modern army with its own railroads, supplied directly by our own Service of Supply.

The French were generous in giving us assistance in corps and army artillery with its personnel, and we were confident from the start of our superiority over the enemy in guns of all calibers. Our heavy guns were able to reach Metz and to interfere seriously with German rail movements.

From Les Eparges around the nose of the salient of Saint Mihiel to the Moselle River the line was roughly 40 miles long and situated on commanding ground greatly overtopping the enemy's tactical defenses. Our First Corps (82nd, 90th, 5th and 2nd Divisions) under command of Major General Hunter Liggett, resting its right on Pont-a-Mousson, with its left joining our Third Corps (the 30th, 42nd and 1st Divisions), under Major General Joseph E. Dickman, in line to Xivray, were to swing in toward Vigneulle on the pivot of the Moselle River for the initial assault.

The Stars and Stripes is the "right step" for keeping step with old friends! Hence these Christmas greetings and good wishes! Speed the day when you turn from things military to things civilian.

partly by the French. These divisions, accompanied by groups of wire cutters and other armed with Bangalore torpedoes, went through the successive bands of barbed wire that protected the enemy's front line and support trenches in irresistible waves on schedule time breaking down all defense of an enemy demoralized by the great volume of our artillery fire and our sudden appearance out of the fog.

The Meuse-Argonne battle and other operations will be described in the concluding installment.

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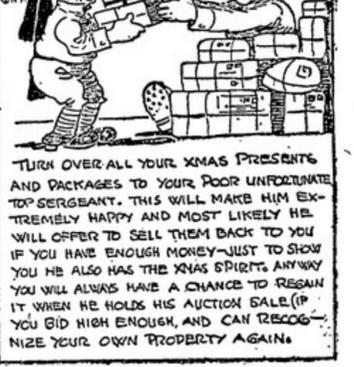
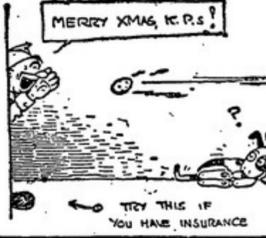
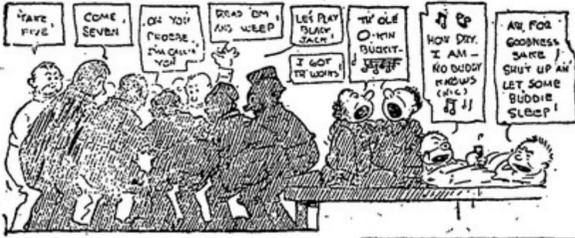
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WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY—

—By WALLGREN



THREE GENERALS NOW SEE THROUGH ARMY SPECTACLES

Not to Mention Many Other Officers and 25,000 Enlisted Men

600 WEARING GLASS EYES

Experts Carry 3,000 Pairs of Lenses to Germany for Use of Forces of Occupation

Last July, when the 20th Company of Marines was in the thick of the fight northwest of Chateau-Thierry, Cook Charles Martindale forgot about his shun for supper and set out for the battle. He wore many German eyes that he had picked up, but the Germans, through the medium of a bit of strapping, got Charlie's eye.

Followed some weeks in a hospital, where the cavity formed by the absent eye was treated. Then he was sent to the Medical Supply Base, where skilled opticians and oculists are working to help wounded soldiers and soldiers with defective eyesight. Several weeks later Charlie was sporting a glass eye, exactly the mate to his good eye, exact-even to the same glistening color when he smiled, so perfect a fit that the glass eye-bull rolls in perfect accord with the other.

Cook Charles Martindale is only one of some 600 soldiers in like plight that the Medics have fixed up. There are numerous cases of wounds which necessitate the removal of an eye ball. After the preliminary stages of recovery are passed and the walls and nerves of the eye socket are sufficiently well to permit the fitting of a glass eye, the soldiers are sent to either a Base Hospital or the Medical Supply Base, near Paris.

TASK IS DOUBLED FOR MEN OF M.T.C.

One-Way Job Has Become Double Track Affair After Armistice

There was one organization in France which, when the Armistice was signed, lightened up its belt a few more notches and announced that from that time forward it would be expected and was ready to do double work. It is now performing that same.

This organization is the Motor Transport Corps, which, by the way, has not been exactly idle for many months.

Before the armistice was signed, the Motor Transport Corps had more or less of a one-way job. It received new motor transportation from the States at the base ports, assembled it, oiled up its wheels and shipped it up front. It also operated service trucks and automobiles in practically every section of France in the S.O.S., in addition to its activities in the First, Second and Third Armies.

Now it is operating, and will continue to operate, in both directions, because it has to keep things moving to the front until the last American soldier clears out of France, and also has to keep things moving rearward in order to see that these same soldiers are safely embarked for the States.

The Motor Transport Corps has received, assembled and placed in operation in France in the neighborhood of 80,000 vehicles of all kinds.

Four-fifths of all the supplies and material have been loaded with freight, aside from material directly handled by motor transportation, has been taken from ships at base ports, loaded on trains, and then taken from trains to final destinations in all parts of the extreme front of motor trucks.

The front has been loaded with freight and it has been an off week to the Motor Transport Corps when they have not carried several hundred tons from the Atlantic seaboard right across France.

A.E.F. LETTER WRITERS SPREAD THEMSELVES

Easier Censorship Rules and Let Up in Fighting Keep Pens Busy

The arrival of non-fighting days has not increased appreciably the number of letters written home by the A.E.F., but, according to the Base Censor's Office, it has increased the contents of the letters.

We're writing them longer now. Whereas, in former days, a letter home frequently used to be a hundred words or so scribbled on one piece of stationery, the average soldier-correspondent now goes in for detail to the extent of anywhere from three to ten pages.

Since the "humanizing" of the censor rules, the censor's job has slumped off until now he has only two points to bother with, neither one of which, incidentally, has caused much trouble. These are criticism and reference to individual casualties.

Not Much Criticism

References to casualties are comparatively few, and the fact that letters referring to them must go through the Central Records Office is so well known that most of them go there without incident. As far as criticism goes, there isn't much.

In fact, the Base Censor has gleaned from his recent perusal of mail that the whole A.E.F. is pretty well contented and is taking philosophically the prospect of remaining over here several months. There is no crabbiness or kicking worth mentioning, according to the Base Censor.

MISS WILSON SEES LOVING HANDS' WORK

Visits Cemetery Near Bordeaux Where American Soldiers Sleep

The recent visit of Miss Margaret Wilson to Bordeaux brought to light a touching tribute which is being paid by the French mothers of Carbon Blanc, a village near Bordeaux, to the memory of 64 American soldiers who are buried in the cemetery near that town.

The French women have banded together to care for the graves. Each grave is cared for by about three of the women of the village.

While at Bordeaux, Miss Wilson expressed a desire to visit the American graves of the soldiers at Carbon Blanc. On her unannounced arrival, she found about a score of French women and children decorating the graves with flowers. On behalf of the women of America, Miss Wilson thanked these women of France.

Mlle. L. Dupal, mistress of the girls' school at Carbon Blanc, is head of the ladies' committee of the town which has charge of caring for the graves. Miss Wilson expressed her thanks to Mlle. Dupal and also to Mme. Maurel, wife of the mayor of Carbon Blanc.

PROFIT IN MESS WASTE

Base Section No. 2, Bordeaux, through mess hall salvage alone saved \$42,538.53 during October. Of this amount \$7,736 was received for greases and fats and \$1,814 for swill. The salvage service in this port also reclaimed and reused lumber valued at \$25,546 in that period.

The American Red Cross has opened a club for nurses and other women members of the American Expeditionary Forces at 2 Cours du Juillet, Bordeaux.

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Orange, Mass.

From the Minute Man of '76 to the Minute Men of 1918 in France

CONRADES:

In '76 I didn't see the newspapers and didn't have a chance to see or hear what our people thought of us and our doings. This time I am here while you boys are over there doing the fighting.

I wish you could see the papers nowadays. It would surely make you feel good to know what we think of you and to know how proud we are.

Before you boys got into the midst of things we heard about the Blue Devils, the Ladies from Hell and the Anzacs—now it is the "Devil Dogs" and the Yankees that are coming in for a glory.

Just listen to these headlines:

"Americans Stand Firm under Powerful Blow."

"Americans Capture — in Bayonet Fighting and Force Huns Back After Savage Counter-Attacks."

"United States Bayonets Rout Germans."

"Americans Win Big Battle, Hurl Enemy Across River."

"American Valor Praised by French."

"Marines Went Over the Top Singing 'Yankee Doodle.'"

And so they go. We knew it, didn't we? We knew it the day war was declared. George Cohan knew it when he wrote "The Yanks Are Coming." There's nothing to it now. The Yanks are still coming and coming fast. The whole world is banking on U. S. That's us.

Go to it boys—we're rooting for you.

THE MINUTE MAN OF '76.

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Finding the Mate

From two to three weeks is necessary in some cases before a perfect fit, a perfect match, can be accomplished. With some 3,000 glass eyes of every conceivable form and hue, a skilled optician, who, prior to entry into the Army, was connected with a prominent optical firm in the States, goes through the necessary steps preparatory to making two eyes where there is only one. He notes the diameter, the shape of the cavity, any peculiar features about the remaining natural eye, and perhaps after a dozen matches he finds one that is exactly like the other.

The result is a soldier, who can wink his right eye even though it is glass.

But the supplying of glass eyes is only one phase of the work of the Medical Supply Department. Some months ago a unit was formed with one of the foremost opticians in America as its commanding officer, and other eye specialists were chosen as lieutenants. The unit recruited only skilled men who were thoroughly acquainted with the intricate procedure necessary in turning out a pair of lenses.

For enlisted personnel the younger men of the profession were chosen. They are now sergeants and sergeants first class in the Medical Department. A staff of sixty skilled operators was gathered to put the bad eye of the American soldier into proper shape.

Lenses for Third Army

Not only is the work being carried on at the Supply Base, but auxiliary units, sent out from Headquarters and carrying large numbers of lenses and frames, are now located in various parts of France. Last week another unit was sent to the Headquarters of the Third Army, loaded with 3,000 pairs of lenses to provide for the needs of the dough-boy who strains his eyes figuring the relative value of the mark and the franc. The lenses carried into Germany have been cleaned and polished to such curvatures as are necessary to remedy most cases of defective vision.

However, if a soldier's eyes are in such a condition that the supplies in the field cannot restore his vision to normal, a specialist assigned to that particular army area and is then forwarded to the Supply Base at Paris. The glasses are then turned out direct and forwarded to the man's company commander.

The most up-to-date machinery is being used, exactly the same or in some instances even better than in general use in the States. The glass from which the lenses are finally turned out comes from the States. There is a slight difficulty at first, due to the fact that prior to the war all the optical glass—or practically all of it—came out of Germany. But it has been found by test that the American glass is as good as that from Germany.

When a prescription comes into the Supply Depot a pair of rough circular glasses are sent to an operator who, with the aid of a gasoline torch and a solution of hot pitch, welds each one on to

ALFRED NELSON CO.

261 Fifth Ave. New York U.S.A. Cable Address ALFREDARE New York

Breeches Makers

MILITARY NAVAL and CIVIC TAILORS

Quick Service to American Officers while overseas

PARIS MEYER & MORTIMER 10 Rue de la Paix

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Minute Tapioca Company

Orange, Mass.

From the Minute Man of '76 to the Minute Men of 1918 in France

CONRADES:

In '76 I didn't see the newspapers and didn't have a chance to see or hear what our people thought of us and our doings. This time I am here while you boys are over there doing the fighting.

I wish you could see the papers nowadays. It would surely make you feel good to know what we think of you and to know how proud we are.

Before you boys got into the midst of things we heard about the Blue Devils, the Ladies from Hell and the Anzacs—now it is the "Devil Dogs" and the Yankees that are coming in for a glory.

Just listen to these headlines:

"Americans Stand Firm under Powerful Blow."

"Americans Capture — in Bayonet Fighting and Force Huns Back After Savage Counter-Attacks."

"United States Bayonets Rout Germans."

"Americans Win Big Battle, Hurl Enemy Across River."

"American Valor Praised by French."

"Marines Went Over the Top Singing 'Yankee Doodle.'"

And so they go. We knew it, didn't we? We knew it the day war was declared. George Cohan knew it when he wrote "The Yanks Are Coming." There's nothing to it now. The Yanks are still coming and coming fast. The whole world is banking on U. S. That's us.

Go to it boys—we're rooting for you.

THE MINUTE MAN OF '76.

CHARLES DILLINGHAM

Sends Greetings to the Boys "OVER THERE" From the New York HIPPODROME "OVER HERE"

Lowney's Chocolates

Here Too!

an iron mould. They are then turned over to another operator, who adjusts them to a revolving wheel, and with the constant application of emery (from the States also), the glass is ground until it is approximately at the proper curvature.

After the glass has been edged so that it will fit in the eyelets, a pair of skeleton spectacles are produced, which are the best obtainable for army use—light, because of the amount of aluminum used; strong, because of a certain amount of silver in the compound. You can twist them, you can bend them, but the Medics are betting it will be a hard task to break the frames.

Everybody in the Army with eye trouble, anybody who has broken or lost his glasses, is, or should be, wearing Army specs. The generals, many other officers, and thousands of enlisted men are sporting Army glasses, made by American soldiers out of American products and turned out in an American plant. At the Base, 300 pairs are finished each day, and when there is a big rush for glasses the operators work day and night.

So far, 25,000 pairs of glasses have been turned out from the Base and the auxiliary units. There is no indication of a stop, for as often as a soldier has an eye strain or a headache or breaks his own glasses the Medical Department is ready with another pair.

As for the glass eye, not a single soldier will be permitted to go back to the States until he gets that glass eyeball, a gift from the Government. If he has not already been, he will be fitted in the near future—in fact, as soon as the wound will permit.

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You save blades with The AutoStrop Razor because you can't help it

THE blade is always in the Razor. It is a part of the Razor. You sharpen the blade without taking it out. You clean the blade without taking it out. You are never tempted to throw it away too soon just because you have it out. Instead you use it as long as it should be used—as long as it is good—and that is very long because

The AutoStrop Razor

is the only razor which sharpens its own blades

The AutoStrop Razor is thus not only economical—it is automatically economical. It saves its blades in spite of you, and it not only saves blades, but it keeps them free from rust, keeps them in fine condition.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Avenue, New York

London Paris Toronto

INVENTORY OF ALL A.E.F.'S PROPERTY NOW BEING HELD

Government Tackles Problem of Railroads, Docks and Warehouses

DISPOSAL QUESTION NEXT

War Department Representative to Return to France Next Month With Definite Program

Following the armistice and the general breakdown of the old war in general, the American Government has begun the job of finding out exactly what it has got on this side of the ocean in the way of physical property and deciding what is going to be done with it.

The United States has tackled the problem of disposing of the railroads, the railroad rolling stock, the docks, the warehouses, the telegraph and telephone lines, and the mill and one other thing brought to Europe or erected during the war. It is preparing to liquidate.

Edward R. Stettinius, special representative in Europe of the War Department, who supervised large purchases for the A.E.F. in Europe and who, for the last several weeks, has been engaged in consulting to the satisfaction of both parties, many big contracts made through the French Government between the American Government and French firms, and making other preliminary arrangements for the transition from a war to a peace basis, has left for the United States to discuss plans for future procedure. He will return to France in January after definite policies and details have been decided upon back home.

Scattered from Coast to Germany

The War Department already has begun taking an inventory of all the property of the United States in France. This will embrace the entire range of material used by the A.E.F. which now is scattered from the coast inland to the present zone of occupation.

It is recognized that much of this material was essentially suited for war purposes, and depreciated in value greatly with the armistice, but it is also known that much of it will have a high peace-time value. Also, it is certain that, while a lot of it will have to be returned to the United States, much can be advantageously disposed of on this side of the water.

Such articles as locomotives and rail way cars, and railway material in general probably will find a ready market in Europe, in view of the present scarcity, and non-production during the war has created a like demand for much other material.

No estimate yet has been made on the extent and value of the property, but it will run into many millions. Plans are being worked out with care looking toward the establishment of a system of disposal which will realize the best returns and create the least disturbance in private industry.

INSIDE GERMANY—AND ON THE WAY THERE

Just before the Third Army's march toward Germany began, a supply sergeant of the 2nd Division traded a sack of sugar to a farmer near Bar-le-Duc for a pig. He intended to fatten the pig and serve it to his company on Thanksgiving. But many moves were in store for the pig. The sergeant's company pulled stakes many times before the day of feasting. Every time the outfit moved, the sergeant loaded the pig on to a truck and sent it along with the kitchen.

Two days before Thanksgiving, on the banks of the Moselle, the supply sergeant confided to his first cook that the pig was fat enough for a king's feast, and directed that the animal be butchered that evening.

Previous to that time, one day in September, during an argument over the quality of a sack of potatoes, the mess sergeant had explained in the presence of all the cooks that he was a farmer and, therefore, should know good potatoes when he saw them.

But the cooks are now of the opinion that the sergeant isn't much of a farmer, for farmers are supposed to know all about domestic animals. At least, they should have some knowledge of pigs. For after the first cook had sharpened his best butcher knife and prepared a kettle of scalding water, he went out to butcher the pig. A few minutes later he returned to the kitchen, blushing.

"There won't be any Thanksgiving dinner in this outfit," he announced. "Our pig has got nine little ones."

The brutality of the German soldier, even to his own kind, was noticed by the Americans the minute they set foot in Coblenz, where German guards were still on duty.

Small boys who played around idle trucks and who gathered in flocks to inspect the rubber tires of American cars were beaten by the guards.

It was a happy day for the small boys of Coblenz when the American M.P.'s took charge of the town and the German guards passed over the long bridge of boats to the eastern bank of the Rhine.

Merchants of Germany are as up to date and canny as anyone else when it comes to inventing schemes to sell goods. That the Americans are rabid souvenir hunters was long ago a well-known fact in Germany, but not until the American Army of Occupation marched into the Rhineland did the German merchants have a chance to test this out.

A window on one of the main streets of Coblenz glittered with iron crosses the day after the Americans came. The next morning it glittered not, for every iron cross had been sold. Price, three marks each.

A German captain was left behind the "steering" German army for the purpose of delivering to the Americans a number of heavy guns that had been pulled up alongside the roadside.

When the advance guard of the American Army came in sight, it was rather amused to see the German captain wave a white flag over his head.

The white flag afterward proved to be a bed sheet, which is now guarded by Private Henderson's watchful eye for fear that it may suddenly disappear and leave him to sleep between two O.D. blankets.

"See anything of the pack I laid down on that fence a little while ago?" in-

quired a doughboy of a muleskinner as he sauntered along the banks of the Rhine.

"No," said the muleskinner, "but it's mighty queer what these mules will eat sometimes. They're awful critters when they're hungry."

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed the doughboy. "He must have had a good meal on my two blankets and a pair of dirty socks and a razor. Come to think about it, I had a box of C.C. pills in there, too."

A German captain approached a stablekeeper in Grovenmacher and asked if he might put his horses in the stable over night.

"For four years no German has ever used my stable," the stablekeeper told him, "and I don't propose to break that rule now."

"What are you going to do when the Americans come?" the German asked.

"If you don't let them use your stable they'll hang you."

"You lie!" said the stablekeeper. "I am an American myself, and I know something of their ways."

Born in Germany, he had left years ago, returning in 1914 just in time to be unable to get out again.

An American soldier came out of a baker's shop in Trier with five apple pies in his arms. He had gone out with a stone and he pitched headlong into the street, much to the amusement of the German population.

He got up laughing, rubbed the apple pie from his face, and returned to the bake shop.

A few minutes later he came out again, carrying in his arms the entire stock of the shop, which consisted of nine apple pies. "I'll learn 'em to laugh at me," he said to a comrade.

"What would you do if somebody entered your billet while you were out and took your razor and your clean socks and a box of cigars?" a Y.M.C.A. secretary demanded of a Red Cross captain.

The Red Cross man glared at his questioner out of the corners of his eyes and then spit accurately through a knot hole in the floor.

"I don't know whether you are allowed to cuss or not," he said; "but that's what I'd do. And I could sure make a good job of it, too."

The way American soldiers marched into a German town one day and were apparently at home the next gave the Germans a surprise. The Americans entered Coblenz on a Sunday, and on Monday morning an M.P. quietly patrolled his beat at every street crossing and doughboys went about the town as though they had always lived there.

One German said he had never known a detachment of soldiers to come into Coblenz and settle down to the general routine of affairs so quickly and so quietly as did the Americans.

"Nothing seems to surprise or alarm you Americans," he said.

Two weeks before the Americans crossed the Moselle and entered German territory the newspapers of Trier published an article signed by the mayor saying that if any German girl was seen with an American soldier she would be an outcast and would not be allowed to marry on German soil.

An American was walking up the streets of Trier the second night after the Americans came. The hour was late.

Something—two somethings, in fact—darted across an adjoining street and made their way quietly, except for a constant feminine laugh that echoed through the quiet streets, toward the residential district of the town. At another street crossing an American soldier and a rather pretty girl emerged from the side door of a restaurant and struck off up the main street, paying no heed to several pedestrians who were still brown the road.

A squad of doughboys slowly moved up the banks of the Moselle. "What the heck do you call that?" one of them asked, pointing toward a lumbering, puffing, groaning contraption that came slowly down the road.

The contraption was a steam roller. It rolled up to the squad of doughboys and stopped. A German soldier climbed down to the ground.

"I sell you das tink fur fifty marks," said the German.

The doughboys eyed one another in amazement. "Wouldn't it make a nice little souvenir to take home to my kid brother?" said the corporal.

"I'll give you half that much," offered another, whereupon the deal was closed. The doughboys unslung their equipment and loaded it on to the steam roller.

The German gave them some brief instructions about running it, and then the steam roller, puffing and groaning more than ever, turned round and moved slowly back over the road.

Two miles out of Trier an American lieutenant halted the steam roller and its passengers. "Where did you get that thing?" he demanded.

"It's ours. We bought it." Then the entire transaction had to be gone over carefully.

"Well, you climb down from there," the lieutenant ordered, "and don't buy everything that's offered you. A German tried to sell me a battery of '77's not over half an hour ago."

The doughboys walked into Trier.

An American lieutenant hailed a passing doughboy. "Can you speak any French?" he inquired, pointing to a dozen or so women and children who had gathered round him at an American outpost on the frontier. "I can't make out exactly what they want."

After speaking with the refugees, the doughboy replied with a grin: "Why, loot, the little girl there and her mother both want to kiss you."

The lieutenant blushed and granted the request.

A poll, for 24 months a prisoner in Germany, crossed into the American lines just as daylight broke one morning. He carried a haversack full of German war bread, and as he stood in the mess line at an American kitchen he distributed the bread among his American friends, saying, "Bon souvenir."

He reserved the last piece of his German bread to take home to his father.

SPECIAL POST OFFICE FOR Q.M.C. MEMBERS

Errors—Due to Improper Addresses Will Be Rectified by Plan

A special mail department has been created at A.P.O. 910 (Chateau du Loir) to insure prompt delivery of mail to members of the Quartermaster Corps.

To this post office will be sent all mail addressed to casual officers and men; all mail addressed to an officer or enlisted man by title and name, with the addition Q.M., but which does not specify his organization; all mail for members of the Q.M.C. which has not, for some reason, been delivered at the A.P.O. to which addressed and which has been returned to the post office to be redressed.

A card index system is kept, and every one in the Q.M.C. is represented. A large number of letters are at present in the files at this post office which it is impossible to forward because the addresses are incorrect and the correct address is not known.

Members of the Quartermaster Corps who are not receiving mail promptly are asked to write to the postmaster at A.P.O. 910 and tell him their troubles.

Christmas Greetings From All

GEMMILL BURNHAM & CO., Inc. 66 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn. U. S. A.

Advertisement for Max Schling Flowers, featuring a floral illustration and text: "FLOWERS can be sent to anyone at HOME for any occasion NOW OR AT ANY TIME DELIVERED any place in the United States within two hours after receipt of your order or written order. Send remittances through the American Express Co. Your order will be called at once and then telegraphed to its destination. Call-Address SCHLING, New York MAX SCHLING, Inc. The flower shop of New York 785 FIFTH AVE., Cor. 60th Street NEW YORK Members Florists' Tel. Del. Association"

Advertisement for Khaki A. Sulka & Co. SHIRTS AND STOCKS. 6 Rue Castiglione, PARIS (opposite Hotel Continental) NEW YORK - 22, 2nd Avenue

Advertisement for MACDOUGAL & Co., 1 bis RUE AUBER (Opposite American Express Co.) American Military Tailors. UNIFORMS TO ORDER IN 48 HOURS. Interlined Trench Coats, Embroidered Insignia and Service Stripes, Sam Browne Belts, etc. etc.

Advertisement for PARIS GARTERS. No metal can touch you. This is the PARIS trade mark. It's your guarantee of garter quality. GEMMILL BURNHAM & CO. Inc.

Advertisement for Whitman's Chocolates. In peace times a pleasant luxury. In war times a fighting food. Made in Philadelphia U.S.A. Since 1842 by Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.

CAN YOU USE 2,500 FRANCS?

FROM: The Franco-American Manufacturers' Association
TO: The Manufacturers of America (through the A.E.F.)
SUBJECT: Request for Ideas

THIS communication is addressed to the American manufacturer at home through the American soldier in France by a group of French manufacturers and American Army officers (engineers and chiefs of purchasing departments), now awaiting discharge, who have formed an association to buy the rights to make American-owned devices in France.

You, American soldier, know what France needs. You know what four years of war have meant to her in terms of pure physical destruction. You know that those crumpled, shattered, ground-to-dust heaps on the whole devastated stretch from the Belgian border to the Marne and the Moselle and beyond must be reshaped into the habitations of men.

You know that to make them habitable will require not only the resurrection of four walls and a roof, but also the manufacture of the thousand and one articles that make a home a home, a factory a factory.

France, her Army and her people, have come to respect the American during the war for two things: his fighting ability, and his practicality and genius for industrial organization and production in quantity.

You know, too, that the admiration is not all on one side. You know how French industries, going peacefully about their business in the summer of 1914, were converted overnight into war production plants that have been going at top speed ever since. You know that these same plants have manufactured many of the implements of war which enabled the American fighting man to acquit himself to the best advantage at the side of his Allies.

These plants must now adapt themselves to peace conditions. They are ready and willing to turn out such approved and commercially successfully devices as machinery, appliances, tools, conveyances—anything from a door knob to a locomotive. They have the plants, the labor, the capital. They wish to become Americanized in their choice of many articles of manufacture and in the methods of turning out those articles. What they seek is the partnership of the American manufacturer. They do not ask one cent of his money.

They will buy European rights for cash or arrange to operate under license. Special skill and equipment will also be required from America. For the "know-how" is as important as any other factor. America must supply that along with her designs for the product. It is

up to the American engineers who are helping to put the plan in operation to see that no lost motion is suffered in the re-starting of these French factories.

The choice, for the American manufacturer seeking a European market, lies between a helter-skelter scramble for European business and the sale to the Franco-American Manufacturers' Association (F.A.M.A.) of the right to make and market his products under his own name in France—virtually to establish a branch of his factory in France.

Here is where the American soldier comes in. Here is presented the opportunity for him to make 2,500 francs for himself and to strengthen commercially the bonds, already strongly forged by the common alliance of arms, between France and America.

Ask yourselves these specific questions: What has America got that France needs? What American devices do you know about that you think could be profitably made and marketed in France? What American manufacturer are you acquainted with, personally or through his products, who would be interested in the proposition outlined?

Send this advertisement to that manufacturer, with your views, based on your own experiences, of the opportunity that is open to him, sending to the office of the F.A.M.A. at the same time your A.E.F. and home addresses, and the name and address of the manufacturer with whom you have communicated.

Remember that the F.A.M.A. is not prepared to exploit any new article. It will deal only with firms of established reputation who are producing a recognizedly fine article. It prefers, also, to manufacture articles that are or can be protected in France by patents.

To every member of the A.E.F. who, in the manner explained, places the F.A.M.A. in touch with an American manufacturer from whom the F.A.M.A. buys the right to produce and market his device in France we will pay, on the completion of the terms of agreement, the sum of 2,500 francs.

The factories are waiting. We ask you to act quickly. Remember, some one else may be planning to write the very firm you have in mind. The F.A.M.A. will also be glad to have you, if possible, visit its Paris offices.

The FRANCO-AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (F.A.M.A.) RUE St. LAZARE, PARIS