The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

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

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MEN ON LEAVE NOT TO BE LED ROUND BY HAND

Impression That They Will Be Chaperoned Wholly Erroneous.

SAVOY FOR FIRST GROUP

Zone System to Be Instituted and Rotated to Give All Possible Variety.

"PINK TICKETS" FOR PARIS.

Special Trains to Convey Soldiers to Destinations—Rules Are Explicit.

As a great deal of misapprehension regarding leaves, the conditions under which they are to be granted, etc., has existed in the A.E.F. for some time past, the complete and authoritative rulings on the subject are given below.

A.E.F. men whose leaves fall due on or about February 15 will be allowed to visit the department of Savoy, in the south-east of France, during their week of leisure. That department constitutes their "leave zone" for the present. When their next leaves come around four months hence it is planned to give them a different leave zone, and to rotate such zones in future, in order to give all an equal chance to see as much of France as possible.

While the Y.M.C.A. has worked hard and perfected arrangements for soldiers' accommodations and provided amusements at Aix-les-Baines, one of the famous watering-places in Savoy, no man is bound in any way to avail himself of those accommodations and amusements if he does not so desire. In other words, there are no strings attached to a man's leave time, provided he does not violate the obvious rules of military deportment. The widespread idea that there will be official or semi-official chaperonage of men on leave by the Y.M.C.A. or other organizations is, therefore, incorrect.

Leaves Every Four Months.

The general order from Headquarters, A. E. F., on the subject of leaves is both complete and explicit. Leaves will be available for soldiers only after four months' service in France, and will be granted to officers and men in good standing. The plan is to give every soldier one leave of seven days every four months, excluding the time taken in traveling to and from the place in France where he may spend his holiday. As far as practicable, special trains will be run for men on leave.

A man may not save up his seven days leave with the idea of taking one of longer duration at a later date. He must take his leaves as they come. Regular leave will not be granted within one month after return from sick or convalescent leave.

In principle, leaves will be granted by roster, based on length of time since last leave or furlough; length of service in France; length of service as a whole lot. Officers authorized to grant leaves are required to make the necessary adjustments of leave rosters so as to avoid absence of too many non-coms, or specially qualified soldiers at any time. Not more than ten per cent. of the soldiers of any command are to be allowed away at the same time, nor, it is stipulated, is any organization to be crippled for lack of officers.

Leave areas, as stated above, will be allotted to divisions, corps, or other units or territorial commands, and rotated as far as practicable. Allotments covering Paris, however, will be made separately from all other areas, so as to limit the number of American soldiers visiting Paris on leave. For this reason the leave tickets will be of different color, those consigning a man to his unit's regular leave area being white, and those permitting a visit to Paris being pink, dividing the American permissionaires into white ticket men and pink ticket men.

Exceptional Cases.

In case a man has relatives in France, it is provided that he may, for that reason or some other exceptional one, be granted leave for another area than that allotted to his unit with the stipulation that the number of men authorized to visit Paris shall not be increased in that way. For the present, officers will not be restricted as to points to be visited on leave, other than Paris. Any leaves which may be granted by Headquarters to go to allied or neutral countries will be counted as beginning on leaving France and terminating on arrival back in France. The French Zone of the Armies, and the departments of Doubs, Jura, Ain, Haute-Savoie, Seine Inférieure and Pyrénées Orientales, and the arrondissements of Basses - Pyrénées touching on the Spanish frontier may not, however, be visited without the concurrence of the Chief French Military Mission.

Leave papers will specify the date of departure and the number of days' leave authorized. The leave will begin to run at 12.01 a. m. (night) following the man's arrival at the destination authorized in his leave papers, and will end at midnight after the passing of the number of days' leave granted him. After that, the next leave train must be taken by that man back to his unit. Or if he is not near a railroad line over which leave trains pass, he must take the quickest available transportation back to connect with a leave train. Each man on leave will carry his ticket as well as the identity card prescribed in G. O. 63, A. E. F.; and he will be required to wear his identification tag.

Travel Regulations.

Before going on leave, a man must register his address, in his own handwriting. He must satisfy his company or detachment commander that he is neat and tidy in appearance. He must prove to that officer's satisfaction that he has the required leave ticket, and so forth, and sufficient funds for the trip

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OFF FOR THE TRENCHES.

When a certain regiment of American doughboys departed from its billets in a little town back of the front and marched away to our trenches in Lorraine, this poem was found tacked up on a billet door:—

By the rifle on my back,
By my old and well-worn pack,
By the bayonets we sharpened
in the billets down below,
When we're holding to a
sector,
By the howling, jumping
hector,
Colonel, we'll be Gott-Strafed if the Blank-teenth lets
it go.

And the Boches big and small,
Runty ones and Boches tall,
Won't keep your boys a-squatting in the ditches very
long;
For we'll soon be busting
through, sir,
God help Fritzie when we do,
sir—
Let's get going, Colonel
Blank, because we're feeling mighty strong.

TOOTH YANKING CAR IS TOURING FRANCE

Red Cross Dentist's Office

Lacks Nothing but the Lady Assistant

The latest American atrocity—a dentist's office on wheels!

Gwan, you say? Gwan, yourself! We've seen it: most of the chauffeurs have seen it; the Colonel and everybody else who gets about at all has seen it. That's what it is, a portable dentist's office—chair, wall-buzzer and all, with meat-axes, bung-starters, pinwheels, spittoons, gobs of cotton batting, tear gas, laughing gas, chloroform, ether, *eau de vie*, gold, platinum and cement to match. Everything is there but the lady assistant, and even she may be added in time.

If you wanted to be funny about the thing, you might call this motorized dentist's parlor the crowning achievement of the Red Cross; for, strange to say, it is the Red Cross, commonly supposed to be on the job of alleviating human misery, that has put the movable torture chamber on the road, to play one-tooth stands all along the countryside. But no one wants to be funny about a dentist's office that, instead of lying in wait for you, comes out on the road and chases you. It's too darn serious a matter; you might almost say that it flies in the teeth of all the conventions, Hague and otherwise.

It looks part like an ambulance, but it isn't. An ambulance carries you somewhere so that you can get some rest; a traveling tooth-yankery doesn't give you a chance to rest. It's white, is the outside of the car, just like a baby's hearse, and just about as cheerful to contemplate. On its side it says, "Dental Traveling Ambulance No. 1"—the No. 1 part gleefully promising, no doubt, that this isn't the end of them by any means, but that there may be more to follow.

Useful As a Tank?

Somebody had a nerve to invent it, all right, as if we didn't have troubles enough as it is, dodging the regimental dentist, and ducking shells, and clapping on gas masks, and all the rest. It is designed, according to one who professes to know about it, to kill the nerves of anything that gets in front of it; so we one and all move that it, instead of the tanks, be sent "over the top" and tried on the Boches. The minute they see a fully-lighted, white-painted car, with the dentist, arrayed with all his instruments of maltreatment, standing ready for action by his electric chair, those Boches will just turn around and run, and run, and run, and won't stop running till they get smack up against their own old barbed wire on the Eastern front. The crowned heads of Europe tremble before the advance of the crowned teeth of America, as you might say if you were inclined to joke about it; which we aren't.

For French Patients First

One of the Red Cross people, who was standing by ready for the command "Clear guns for action!" told THE STARS AND STRIPES that the peripatetic pain producer wasn't to be used so much for the American troops' discomfort as to fix up the cavities and what-not of the civil population of France. That was encouraging news, for while we don't bear our allies any ill-will, we think they ought to have the honor of trying out the experiment first "*Apres vous, mon chere Gaston*," as the saying goes.

After all the French people in need of dental treatment have been treated, however, the Red Cross person went on to say that it might be tried out on the Americans—yanks for the Yanks, as you might say, if you were inclined to be funny about it, as you ought not to be; but we prefer to think that the war will be over by that time. Anyhow, who ever heard of an American who would own up to having anything the matter with his jaw.

Be that as it may, when you see the cussed thing on the road, jump into the ditch and lie low. It's real, and it means business.

ANZAC MAKES SAFE GUESS.

A company commander received an order from battalion headquarters to send in a return giving the number of dead Huns in the front of his sector of trench. He sent in the number as 2,001.

H. Q. rung up and asked him how he arrived at this unusual figure.

"Well," he replied. "I'm certain about the one, because I counted him myself. He's hanging on the wire just in front of me. I estimated the 2000. I worked it out all by myself in my own head that it was healthier to estimate 'em than to walk about in No Man's Land and count 'em!"—*Aussie*, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHIEF

IN this initial number of THE STARS AND STRIPES, published by the men of the Overseas Command, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces extends his greetings through the editing staff to the readers from the first line trenches to the base ports.

These readers are mainly the men who have been honored by being the first contingent of Americans to fight on European soil for the honor of their country. It is an honor and privilege which makes them fortunate above the millions of their fellow citizens at home. Commensurate with their privilege in being here, is the duty which is laid before them, and this duty will be performed by them as by Americans of the past, eager, determined, and unyielding to the last.

The paper, written by the men in the service, should speak the thoughts of the new American Army and the American people from whom the Army has been drawn. It is your paper. Good luck to it.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F.

HUNS STARVE AND RIDICULE U.S. CAPTIVES

A.E.F. Soldiers Compelled to Clean Latrines of Crown Prince.

GIVEN UNEATABLE BREAD.

Photographed Sandwiched Between Negroes Wearing Tall Hats.

EMBASSY HEARS THE FACTS.

Repatriate Smuggles Addresses of Prisoners' Relatives Into France.

Ridicule, degrading labor, insufficient food and inhumane treatment generally are the lot of American soldiers taken prisoner by the Huns. This is the experience of three Americans captured last Autumn by the German Army at the Canal de la Marne au Rhin, in the forest of Parcy, near Luneville. The deposition of M. L. Rollett, a repatriated Frenchman who was quartered in the same town with the American prisoners, made before First Secretary Arthur Hugh Frazier of the United States Embassy in Paris, throws ample light on the methods of the Boche dealing with his captives.

"How were the Americans treated?" M. Rollet was asked.

"They were obliged to clean the streets, and the latrines of the Crown Prince [The heir to the German throne had his headquarters at that time in Charleville, the captured French town to which the Americans were taken.] This was done in order to make them appear rediculous. They were protographed standing between six negroes from Martinique; and when the photograph was taken the negroes were order to wear tall hats.'

"Did the Americans have sufficient food?" Secretary Frazier inquired.

"No," replied M. Rollett. "Their food was insufficient. They received a loaf of bread every five days, which was as hard as leather and almost uneatable. Occasinally they received a few dried vegetables."

Fed by French People.

"Could they subsist on this food?"

"No, but the inhabitants of Charleville formed a little committee to supply the prisoners with food and with linen. The food had to be given to them clandestinely."

M. Rollett, who left Charleville on December 19, 1917, to come into France by way of Switzerland, visited the Embassy to forward to the relatives of the three American prisoners messages saying that they were still alive. The addresses they gave him were: Mrs. James Mulhull, 177 Fifth street, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. R. L. Dougal, 822 East First street, Maryville, Miss; and Mrs. O. M. Haines, Wood Ward, Oklahoma. On the day the Americans were captured, he added, the American communique (published later on by the Germans) had reported five men killed and seven wounded.

"How did you bring these adresses away without being discovered?" the Embassy Secretary asked M. Rollet.

"They were written," he replied, "on a piece of linen which a young girl who speaks English had sewed under the lining of a cloak belonging to one of my daughters."

"Black Misery" in Germany.

In conclusion, M. Rollet was asked if, from his journey from Charleville through Germany to Switzerland, he could form any idea as to conditions in Germany.

"No," he answered, "because we traveled through Alsace-Lorraine at night; but the German soldiers talked very freely about conditions in Germany, and they said that life in all parts of the Empire is black misery. They all long for peace; and the soldiers are in dread of the British and French heavy artillery."

M. Rollett's deposition was subscribed and sworn to before Secretary Frazier on January 9, 1918, and a copy of it is in the archives of the American Embassy.

MARINES ADVISE SWIGGING.

For Hikers They Say, It Is Better Than Sipping.

Quantico, Va.—The drinking of water at frequent intervals while on long hikes is not recommended by U. S. Marines, stationed here.

While the average man should consume, according to medical authorities, from two to three quarts a day, troops on the march should drink this amount at regular periods and not sip a mouthful at a time, say the Marine officers.

In Haiti, the Philippines and other countries where the Marines have been compelled to hike long and hard, men who constantly sipped at their canteens were the first to become exhausted. On the contrary, the men who drank their fill every two or three hours, and not between times, proved to be the best hikers.

FREE SEEDS FOR SOLDIER FARMERS

Congress Votes Us Packets but Overlooks Hoes and Spades

PRIZES FOR BIG PUMPKINS

A.E.F. Garden Enthusiasts Speculate Upon Probability of Flower Pots in Tin Derbies.

Sergeant Carey, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Tomato buds, and Kerry spuds,
And string beans all in a row?

That's the song some of us will be singing when the ground gets a little softer—oh yes, it will be much muddied before long—and the grass, what there is left of it, gets a little greener, and the dickey-birds, begin to sing sweet "Oui, oui," in the tree-tops.

For be it known that by and with the consent of the Congress of the United States, that ancient and venerable and highly profitable body which votes the money to buy us our grub has, out of the kindness of its large and collective heart, extended its privilege of free seed distribution to the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you haven't received your little package of bean seed, pea seed, anise seed, tomato seed, lettuce seed, pansy seed, begonia seed, and what not, trot right up to the supply sergeant's diggings and ask him when it's coming in.

Oui, Oui—Spuds and Beans!

No kidding; you know yourself you're grumbling now because all you get in the line of vegetables is spuds, and beans, and tomatoes and beans, and spuds, and spuds, and beans, and beans, and spuds and beans, and beans, and beans, and beans, and beans, and beans and—what was that other vegetable you gave us last night, Mess-Sergeant?—oh, yes, beans; all of them canned, with now and then, on Christmas, St. Patrick's Day, Yom Kippur and Hallowe'en, a few grains of canned corn. If you want fresh vegetables, therefore, it's up to you to grow them. Unfortunate people who live in big cities are able to grow them in cute little window boxes, and thus cut down the high cost of living. Why shouldn't you, with a steel helmet for a flower pot, be able to do the same?

Go to the French thou sluggard

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ARMY MEN BUILD AN OVER-SEAS PITTSBURGH

Mammoth Warehouses and the World's Largest Cold Storage Plant Spring Up in Three Months.

FORESTERS AND ENGINEERS DOING THE WORK.

"Winter of Our Discontent" Sees Big Job of Preparation Speeded "Somewhere" in France.

You, Mr. Infantryman, out there for heaven knows how many hours a day jabbing at a straw-filled burlap bag and pretending it's old Rat-Face, the Crown Prince—been doing that ever since you came over here, haven't you?

You, Mr. Artilleryman, loading, unloading, standing clear, and all the rest of it until your back aches and your eardrums wellnigh cave in—

You Mr. Machine-Gunner, going out every day and lugging about a ton of assorted hardware and cutlery around a vacant lot—

You, Mr. Marine, land-logged, landsick, trying out your web feet in wading through the muddy depths of Europe instead of wading ashore through the roaring surr-yip! hi-ho, and a bottla grape juice!—

You, all of you, own up now! Doesn't seem as though you weren't getting anywhere at times, now does it? Doesn't seem as though you had many any particular progress, eh, what? Doesn't seem to have made the beef any tenderer, the supplies come up any quicker, the Q.M.'s clothing get issued any quicker? As far as you can see, things have been pretty much at a standstill, on account of the weather and whatnot, for some time, haven't they?

With Speed and Drive.

But that, Mr. Infantryman, Cannoneer, Machine-Gunner or whoever and whatever you are, is where you are, for one, dead wrong. The old U. S. is making all sorts of progress here in France—progress towards your comfort, and upkeep, and safety, and toward that of the millions who are coming along to play your game with you. Not in your particular section, perhaps, but, in a certain spot in inland France, the old U. S. has been engaged in big doings this winter, doing big things as only Americans can do 'em and putting them through with the speed and drive that, as we like to think, only the Yanks can put into an undertaking. And the work which the old U. S. has beeing doing at that particular place in France, has excited the outspoken admiration and surprise of every officer of the Allied armies who has watched it grow.

In three months this spot in France has been transformed from an insignificant railroad station—such as White River Junction, New Hampshire, or Princeton Junction, in New Jersey, say—surrounded by wild woodland and rolling plains, into a regular young Pittsburgh of industry. Fact! Not only a young Pittsburgh of industry, but a young St. Louis of railway tracks, a young Chicago of meat refrigerators, a young Boston of bean stowawayeries, a young New York water front of warehouses. Just for example, the warehouses already put up at this place will hold more stuff than the new Pennsylvania Railroad freight terminal in Chicago, which is some monster of its kind.

Cold Storage Plants.

Wait! That's only a sample. The foundations are already on the ground for—now, get this; it's straight dope, no bull—for what will be the largest refrigerating cold storage plant in the world. Its construction, by the time this article sees the light of print, will be well under way. It will have a manufacturing capacity of 500 tons of ice, and will be capable of handling 2,000 tons of fresh beef daily, besides having storage space for 5,000 tons of beef additional, to say nothing of other fresh food supplies whenever they may be awaiting shipment up forward to the men in the Amexforce. Every detail of its is absodarnlutely the last word in uptodateness.

Along with a refrigerating plant of that magnitude, there have also been going up—going up all during the time you thought there was "nothing doing" over here, too—a number of monster storage houses for ammunition and other inflammable supplies. These are built of real old honest-to-goodness hollow fireproof brick, brought all the way from the United States. And if that were not enough to safeguard the bonbons for the Boche contained in them, the storage depot has a waterworks system all its own; to construct it, a pipe line had to be laid half a mile—the distance of the plant from the nearest body of water. Hundreds of miles of auxiliary piping have already been laid, and the water supply will be more than adequate for mechanical purposes and for protection against fire.

Regulars Lend a Hand.

The warehouses themselves are one story buildings, 50 by 30 feet in dimension, constructed in rows of fours, with loading and unloading tracks between them and with big doors in their sides, making easy the quick handling of the supplies to be stowed therein. Goods for four branches of the service are to be stored in them—machinery, ordinance You see, we'd been pals from, childsupplies, medical necessaries, and all the varied articles handled by the Quartermaster's Corps. The construction of the buildings has been in the hands of a regiment of railroad engineers and a forestry regiment, assisted by companies detailed from regular regiments.

As if that were not enough in the line of construction, over in a corner of the mammoth reservation is a gas plant, and buster, too. This plant is already in operation and other plants of like size are busy in repairing machinery and in other work. Everywhere about the place there is incessant activity—regular "Hurry up Yost" speeduptiveness—in road building, well driving (some deep ones have been plugged down, too), in track laying, in hundreds of other ways.

Some plant, isn't it, to have been put up in the short time, comparatively, that we have been over here in France? It even puts into the shade the overnight growth of, say, [illegible] Co. [illegible] chance at it.

Hopewell, Va., the famous munitions city that, unlike Rome, seemed almost to have been built in a day.

Of course it has taken a tremendous force of workers to do all this, and it is going to take more and more and more as time goes on, and as more and more and more troops from the States keep pouring into the French seaports. The size of the plant, with the provisions for making it larger, prove, for one thing, that our Uncle Sam expects to send a lot more troops—and, what is more, intends to keep them well supplied with everything they need as long as they are here.

No Delay About Moving In.

Our Uncle Samuel, be it remembered, is a cautious old gent, and looks well on both sides before getting into a scrap; but once he gets in—and the canny old customer always picks the right side—he's in to stay until the whole job is cleaned up, and he's in right up to his shoulderblades. No more convincing proof of America's determination to see the thing through could be had than a sight of Uncle Sam's big storage depot and all-around tool shop. And, to clinch the argument even further, as fast as the shops on the big reservation have been put up, the machinery has been shoved into them and the work in them started as soon as the machinery was in place and oiled up.

No, Mr. Infantryman, Mr. Artilleryman, Mr. Machine-Gun-toter, Mr. Aviator, Mr. Wireless-buzzer, this has not been "the winter of our discontent"—as footless and no-use-at-all as your own work may have seemed to you sometimes. It has been the winter during which your old uncle has been laying a firm foundation for your comfort and safety and for that of the men who will follow you over—and believe us, he's done an almighty big, an almightily far-sighted, an all-around almightily creditable and thoroughly American, workmanlike job.

A NEWS STORY IN VERSE

(The incident this poem describes was told by a British sergeant in a dug-out to the author—an American serving at the time in the British Army, but now fighting under the Stars and Stripes.

Joe was me pal, and a likely lad, as
gay as gay could be;
The worst I expected to happen was the
leave that would set him free
To visit the wife and the kiddies; but
they're waiting for him in vain.
All along of a Boche wot peppered our
water and ration train.—
You see, w'd been pals from childhood; him and me chummed through
school,
And when we growed up and got married we put our spare kale in a
pool,
And both made a comfortable living;
'twas just for our mates and the
kids,—
Now the Hun—damn his soul—has
taken his toll, and me pal had to
cash in his bids.
That night when we left the ration
dump to face the dark ahead,
I can never forget the look on his face
when he picked up his kit and said
"Another trip to the front, old lad;
we'll take 'em their bully and tea:
"We'll catch hell to-night, but we'll get
there all right; take that little tip
from me."
And Joe swung up in his saddle; I
crawled in the trailer behind;
The train moved off with a groan and a
squeak, for the midnight work and
the grind
Then Joe looked 'round as we started
off, I could see his face all alight;
"I got a letter from home," he said;
"I'll read it to you to-night."
We pulled along through Dick Busch,
through Fairy Court and Dell.
When word came back from the blokes
ahead to give the nags a spell.
Joe slid outen his saddle, with a chuckle
deep down in his throat,
An' he walked back to me, as gay as
could be, and pulled the kid's note
from his coat.
Says he, "Listen, lad, for a kid it ain't
bad—it's her birthday—she's five
to-night—
It's a ripping note this— she sends
you a kiss—" and Joe, poor old pal,
struck a light.
He held up the kiddie's letter—we were
laughin' a bit at the scrawl,
All warm inside with a feeling—well,
you know what I mean, damn it
all!
When along come a German bullet, and
Joe, he wavered a mite,
Then without a word he wilted down.
They carried him West that night:
A bullet hole in his temple, by God, but
clutching that letter tight.
I've forgot all me bloomin' duties, for
me blood is boilin' with hate;
And I'll get that sniping rotter what
drilled me pal through the pate,
I'll teach the dirty beggar how an
Englishman sticks to his friend:
I'm saving a foot of cold steel for the
rat—so help me God to the end.

HE OUGHT TO BE GOOD.

"Jim, I see that old Bill Boosum, from home, has been drafted."

"Well, Hank, he ought to pass out some nifty hand salutes, all right."

"How's that?"

"Why, look at the practice he's had in bending his elbow!"

Don't Forget that War-Risk Insurance. February 12 is