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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MORTALLY HURT, SERGEANT HELPS WOUNDED MATES

General Pershing Cables D.S.C. Man's Family Personal Tribute

FRENCH GIVEN NEW CROSS

Major and Lieutenant are Honored for Gallant Share in American Raid

22 MORE WIN DECORATION

Medical Department Well Represented in Second List of A.E.F. Heroes

Twenty-two more men have won the Distinguished Service Cross, the new American decoration which recognizes only "extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy" and which was awarded for the first time in history last week.

In the long list of names, each with its brief chronicle of gallantry, the case which immediately arrests the attention and most readily kindles the imagination is that of SERGEANT THEODORE PETERSON of the Medical Department. He was on duty with a detachment assigned to a certain regiment of field artillery, and, even after he had been mortally wounded while that regiment was in action on March 5, he kept stubbornly at his work, directing the care of the wounded brought in and, in order to save the lives of the men about him, himself giving the first gas test. He died that night.

To the kin of Sgt. Peterson back home, General Pershing has sent over the cables, through the War Department, a personal message of sympathy and tribute—the first message of its kind to go from the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. to the family of a soldier in America.

General Pershing's Message

The message is as follows:—

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

The Medical Department is well represented in the new list of awards, and Sgt. Peterson's name is added to the honor roll of a branch of the service that has been distinguished for bravery and sacrifice in all the armies of the Allies since the great war began.

Many other branches of the service and nearly all ranks in our Army are represented in this list, which is made up of 11 officers and eight enlisted men. Two of those officers are of the French Army and the conferring of the Distinguished Service Cross upon them is its first award outside the forces of the A.E.F.

They are MAJOR JACQUES CORBABON and LIEUT. DE LA GICLAIS. Major Corbabon, an officer of the French Mission attached to the American troops, took part in an assault on the German positions in the salient du Feys on March 9, an assault during which three lines of German trenches were overrun.

He voluntarily joined an American infantry company while it was undergoing a severe fire that lasted about three hours, and in the official report of the engagement to Washington, you may read the words:—

Major's Courage Sets Example

"This officer, by his coolness and conspicuous courage, had a marked effect on this organization during its baptism of fire."

Lieut. de La Giclais, stationed with one of our batteries of field artillery, entered its quarry while it was under heavy shell fire and helped materially in encouraging the American artillerymen.

Three of the new Crosses must be sent overseas to homes in America, for the men to whom they were awarded gave their lives in the winning of them. One of these was Sgt. Peterson. The others are PVTS. HERMAN GENTRY and LENNIE FILLENGEN of the infantry. They stood by their posts in the face of blasting shell fire on March 5 and died of the wounds they then received.

Already told in these columns at the time when they won the *Croix de Guerre* were the records of COL. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, Chief of Staff; CAPT. THOMAS P. HANDY, Artillery; SGTS. VARNER HALL and JAMES WEST and CORPL. EDGAR H. FREEMAN, AMOS TESKE an HOMER WHITED, five infantrymen who made up a patrol that went out into No Man's Land on the night of March 4 and, encountering there a German patrol of 11 men, attacked them, routed them and returned in triumph with two prisoners. All have been awarded the D.S.C.

Lieutenant Puts Men First

Another winner of the *Croix de Guerre* to be decorated with the D.S.C. is 2nd LIEUT. A. W. TERRELL, Artillery, whose award recognizes his gallant conduct of his battery under heavy shell-fire near Pexonne on March 6. Both his colonel and his brigade commander credit him with having sustained the morale of his men and aided greatly in their success. Surgical aid had to be given to those of his men who were injured before Lieut. Terrell would accept it, although he himself was so severely wounded that his leg had to be amputated later.

Other names that appear on the D.S.C. roll of 22 are given here together with the brief record of achievements:—

COL. GEORGE E. LEACH and LIEUT. COL. WILLIAM H. DONAHUE are cited for their share in the action of March 5 near Pexonne which won the decoration for Lieutenant de La Giclais of the French Army.

CAPT. RICHARD SMITH, Signal

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FROM RAGS TO RICHES

[By cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—"Ra-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-aggs!"

That familiar street call promises to become the slogan of the rich. No longer does the junkman boneyardward plod his weary way, claid in habiliments similar to those he buys, as a sort of emblem of his trade. Instead, he rides about in all the glory of the Duke of Essex Street, in his own Rolls-Royce.

Such, at least, was the impression created by the obvious prosperousness of the members of the National Waste Material Dealers' Association as they appeared at their annual dinner. The dinner was held, not down in the Bowery, but up at the Hotel Astor, where foreign notables and home-speaking products are toasted and feted all winter long. And when, in war times, any body of people have the temerity to order—and pay for—a dinner in any one of the hostelries of the Broadway-Forty-second Street belt they must be prosperous.

One of the guests present hazarded the modest opinion that the rags - bones - and - bottles business hadn't been so bad this year. In fact, he confessed to having done a $45,000,000 business himself the past 12 months.

The junkmen—pardon, the Waste Material Dealers—announce that Uncle Sam himself is soon to become one of their number. He, they declare, will have about $1,000,000,000 worth of abandoned stuff to reclaim annually.

LIQUOR BATTLE HAS ALL SIDES IN BAD TANGLE

New York Wets and Drys Struggle in Cobweb of Amendments

BOOZE OUT IN 28 STATES

Stand Taken by Others Will Depend Largely On Result of Eastern Vote

SUGARED CIDER GETS K.O.

No More Kick in Apple Juice, Says New Internal Revenue Department Officer

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

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Our old demoniac friend Rum has definitely taken a bad second place as the expert tangle-footer, for prohibition has tangled New York State politics more weirdly than ever politics were tangled in the history of Albany, even in its most unregenerate days when the "Tub of Blood" and other famous Albany hostelries fairly slopped over wtih red liquor.

In the strategic mix-up last week the dry advocates and the wet advocates surrounded each other and got their respective trenches so confused that now nobody knows who's who. The State prohibition amendments and the Federal prohibition amendments are all jammed together with each other and with the various referendum amendments. Wet advocates are suporting prohibition referendums and dry advocates are recklessly supporting light wine and beer, while little detached forces are clinched in a death grip over bone dry prohibition and no prohibition at all.

Well-known and astute politicians are sitting anxiously and cagily at high observation points, wondering what flag is the safest to fight under. Their painful plight is a source of distress to all kindly observers.

Bay State Watches New York

Everybody realizes that New York is the stronghold of that cordon of States that still remain wet. Soon Massachusetts is to vote on the question, and it is assumed that New York's action will have great effect there. On April 16, 38 cities in New York State will vote on local option. Twenty-five per cent of the voters must sign a petition before such an election can be called, and in nearly every one of these cities that necessary percentage was greatly exceeded. It was the woman's vote that rolled up the striking majorities.

Governor Hobby, of Texas, has signed the dry Bill, leaving only Gila monsters and tarantulas as legal distilleries in the Lone Star State. Out in Chicago the liquor dealers are helping temperance along by phophesying that the price of a glass of whiskey will soon be 25 cents. The liquor stock there is so low that 1,000 of Chicago's 6,000 saloons are expected to close May 1. New York City's stock, however, seems to be adequate, but the prices range from 25 to 40 cents and on up.

The Internal Revenue Department has made the cruel decision that sugared cider is booze. This is a sad blow at the ingenious drink experts who have been putting a pleasant kick into innocent apple juice.

Twenty-eight States Now Dry

Twenty-eight States now have State prohibition and six of these have ratified the Federal amendment. Three other States, originally considered wet, have also ratified the Federal amendment, but thus far have passed no State prohibition law. These are Delaware, Maryland, and Kentucky.

It now looks as if only ten doubtful States were left to make up the 36 needed for the Federal amendment to become the law of the land. Many of these, however, will not have another legislative session until next year.

In the meantime, the action taken by New York and Massachusetts will probably affect seriously the course taken by the others. Most observers believe that New York is likey to avoid immediate action by calling for a State referendum on the Federal amendment.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

By Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vin'age where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As you deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

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HELLO GIRLS HERE IN REAL ARMY DUDS

Signal Corps Colors Adorn Hats of New Bilingual Wire Experts

THEY HAVE SERGEANTS, TOO

Company of 33 Regulars Represents Half of States of Union

UNCLE SAM PRESENTS "HELLO, GIRLS!"

A Melodious, Mirthful Extravaganza in Three Coils Produced for the First Time in France, under the auspices of the A.E.F. Protective and Benevolent Society for the Suppression of Huns, in the Theatre de Guerre. Performances in both French and English. Assisted by a chorus of 33—COUNT 'EM—33 Real American Telephone girls, representing half the States in the Union, and able to get anybody's number the first time—including the Kaiser's.

Such, in brief might well be the handbill announcement heralding the arrival in France of the vanguard of the Hello Girls' detachment, which has come here to handle switchboards, adjust switches, calm and soothe irate C.O.s—at long distance—who are trying to cut in and tell the Quartermaster just what they think of him, and to disconnect promptly any brusque and over-military persons who will persist in saying *Cochon!* or "——!" when they hear an undue buzzing on the line. In short, the 'phone girls—thirty-three, count 'em, thirty-three—are here to take the phone-using portion of the A.E.F. by the ears, and put it in its proper place.

They arrived just the other day, and like everything else that's new and interesting in the Army—yes, they're in it, too—they were lined up before a Signal Corps camera and shot. Grouped about the base of a statue in a little Paris square, they presented a pleasing sight. (American girls always do.)

The ladies of the line wear a real Army costume, save that their campaign hats are dark blue and that they have shown great originality by substituting the skirt for the more conventional O.D. breeches and putts. Their hat cords, those lovely orange and white things that the Signal Corps wears (so suggestive of fillets of orange blossoms), are the real thing. So are their buttons. And they've got it on the rest of us in that they know how to sew on those buttons when they come off.

Their insignia, too, are real and terrifyingly complicated. The rank is indicated by arm bands. An Operator, First Class, wears a white brassard with a blue outline design of a telephone mouthpiece. A Supervisor, who rates with a platoon sergeant, wears the same emblem wtih a wreath around it. The Chief Operator or "Top," has a wreath, a mouthpiece, and blue lightning flashes shooting out above the receiver—which is most appropriate for a Top.

But the Top says those Jove-like lightning flashes don't mean anything in particular. To be sure, she will insist on discipline, if it's required, but thus far she hasn't had any occasion to let loose thunderbolts at the heads of her charges. No, the girls will not have first call at 6:15 and reveille at 6:30, the way the doughboys do. Fancy ask-

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KILL NO HEN, IS HOOVER'S CRY

But Poultry Folk Say, "She Shall Die"

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Smite not the chickens! Slay them not! Such is the word Hooverian that's gone throughout this patient land in saving food unwearyin'.

But what hen ranchers want to know is this: When hens quit layin', and, quite unloyal, go on strike, ain't that excuse for slayin'? Shall they be left to eatful ease, to slumbers sybaritic, while other idlers work perforce 'neath measures manumittic?

The agriculture profs are het, from Ithaca to Vassar: they'd take the cackling, slacking hen and bayonet or gas her. But gentle souls, who love all fowls (including Broadway chickens), do vent their fears in loud alarms and vow to raise the dickens.

And so the merry battle goes twixt poultyrmen and eggmen, as bitter as the age-long fight that's waged by cops and yeggmen.

RESTAURANT KEEPERS LEARN WHAT MEAT IS

Tripe, Kidneys and Liver All Come Under Food Board Ban

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—"Are women people?" bids fair to be supplanted as a plaintive query by "Are tripe, kidneys, liver and other innerds to be considered as meat?"

The Federal Food Board says yes. The New York restaurateurs say no. The latter claim that the only reason they served the foregoing internal delicacies on meatless days was that they were under the impression that such masterpieces of the interior decorator's art were not meat at all. But the Food Board, which has the final say, reclares that they are meat, no matter how may red herrings the Gotham restaurant men may draw across the trail.

As a consequence of serving said tripe, kidneys, liver and the rest, several well-known and (up to now) popular eating places in the Greater City have been closed for three days, as punishment for the ignorance of their proprietors. Those unfortunate gentlemen are spending the period of enforced leisure in studying upon what is meat and what isn't, so that in future no prying food investigator can come into their places and, after sampling, exclaim:

"Looks like mince; tastes like mince; dog-gurned ef 'taint mince!"

NAT GOODWIN STARS IN SUIT

Actor Declares Soda - Vinegar Baths Are Just Nerve Soothers

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Nat Goodwin takes baths in a mixtuer of bicarbonate of soda and vinegar, but that is just to soothe his nerves, and he has hotly repudiated the insinuation that he takes them for any other reason. The insinuation was made in the course of a suit brought by the well-known husband and actor to recover $13,000 back salary due to him from a movie producer.

The defendant company does not pretend to have mislaid Nat's service record, but does intimate that he was often late to rehearsals or failed to show up at all. Goodwin testifies that no matter how lare he stayed up the night before, he was always able to look the camera in the eye at the appointed hour next morning.

SERGEANT HERO OF GAS ATTACK NEAR SOISSONS

Strips Off Mask When Working Party Is Caught Between Lines

30,000 SHELLS COME OVER

Americans Get Share of Artillery Storm That Precedes Big Offensive

CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY

All the world knows now how the Boche began his present offensive, with an artillery attack on all along the western front. In most places the attack took the same character—a shower of gas shells of unprecedented vigor and continuance.

In the Soissons sector, there was 36 hours of shelling, intense for an hour, then less so for an hour and a half, then intense again. The spotters say that 30,000 gas shells fell on the front occupied by the Yankees.

Statistical matters, however, were not what was troubling a sergeant of the infantry which comes from where oats are often made of shoe pegs. The sergeant, just before the attack began, had a squad out in No Man's Land, in front of the American wire, as a working party.

When the shells began to fall close, it became immediately apparent that they were gas shells, and the squad went into masks with a promptness which has saved the Americans from the infernal devices almost altogether.

Search for Way Home

As soon as it became sure that this was going to be something more than a shower, as Noah said, the sergeant concluded it would be best to take his working party in. He ordered them to follow him, and went along the wire, looking for the lane through it to safety.

The lane is not so easy to find anyway; add to the ordinary difficulty, due to the necessity of camouflaging it against the Boche, the uncertain light conditions and the fact that the whole party was seeing through the panes of British box respirators, and it is easily understood that that squad was up against a stiff and dangerous proposition.

Good Place To Be Out Of

It began to look very serious. Gas attacks heretofore have prefaced attacks, and as the intensity and length of this barrage increased it began to seem more and more as if the attack to come would be correspondingly in force. Certainly it was no time for a mere squad to be out alone in No Man's Land, to say nothing of the probability of an American counter-barrage setting up at any minute.

The sergeant looked over his men; dumb and hideous in their life-saving masks. He led them back once more, down the wire, to where he thought the hole ought to be. Then, as simply as if he was turning in for breakfast, he stripped off his mask that he might see the way, and hunted that lane through the wire on the run.

That is all there was to it. He found the lane almost immediately, waved his squad up to him, and took them through to safety. He put on his mask again, but, of course, he had been gassed, as he knew he would be when he took it off.

The sergeant is in hospital, but latest report is to the effect that he is safely on the road to recovery.

TAKE AS YOUR MASCOT A FRENCH WAR ORPHAN

Every Company, or Even Smaller Unit, in A.E.F. Has Chance to Adopt and Maintain Its Own Waif—Just Name Your Choice

500 FRANCS WILL SUPPORT CHILD FOR YEAR

American Soldiers Can Play Godfather at Prodigious Outlay of Four Cents a Month Through "Stars and Stripes" Plan

Who wants to extend a timely helping hand to our best friends on this side of the world—the children of France?

Who wants to help adopt a war orphan?

THE STARS AND STRIPES believes every American soldier in France does, and has arranged the opportunity. In conjunction with the American Red Cross, a plan has been formulated by which a company or other unit or group may adopt for a year a war-stricken child to feed, clothe, and start toward an education and a useful life.

In France there are thousands of children who need help—orphans, the children of crippled soldiers, the children of the invaded districts whose parents may now be laboring at the point of a bayonet behind the German lines, or may be dead. The story of their tribulation is well known. Of all those who have made sacrifices for liberty their sufferings are the most acute. Of all causes theirs is the worthiest and the most pressing.

Some of these tots saw their fathers go off to war two or three years ago. They never saw them afterward. Others saw their fathers come back blinded or crippled so seriously that they no longer can provide for their families. Their mothers, perhaps their elder brothers and sisters, are woking now, struggling to keep the family together and alive. Food and clothing are lacking.

Name Any Kind of Child Mascot You Choose

Still others—those who lived in the territory entered and now held by the Boche—are homeless. Their fathers and mothers are held by the Germans because they can work; the children have been sent into France because they cannot work. After living four years in huts and cellars, they have been sent into their home land, but among strangers. Some are ill, all of them are hungry and poorly clothed. The picture of these children is the saddest of the whole war. Some of them know who their parents are; some do not. Some do not even know their own names, and are simply given a number and enrolled as "Unclaimed." They are public charges.

These children need assistance. They deserve the prerogative of every child, *a chance*. No one is able to help them more than the men of the A.E.F. No one, THE STARS AND STRIPES believes, is more willing. So this opportunity has been arranged. You can take your choice—an orphan, a tot bereft of a father by the war and living with its mother or other relative, the child of a crippled soldier, or one of the needy youngsters from the north who have no one to look to now but strangers. You can name the age of the child and specify whether you want, for your live, human, thankful, little company mascot, a boy or a girl.

We of the A.E.F. know the French children. Not a soldier in France but loves and admires them. They were at the dock to greet us wtih their handshakes and salutes and their *bon jour Americains*. They followed along with the column as we marched through the streets, and they have been with us at our billets and in our idle hours more or less ever since.

They were the first to utter the American "goodbye" and "good night," and, although they invariably used the former upon meeting and the latter in the daytime—as inappropriately as we used our first French—it was English, English painstakingly mastered as a compliment to us. They went all the way to meet us. They were our first and are our firmest friends in France.

Ministers and mayors greeted us, French officers entertained our officers in their clubs and homes. But it was the children who gave us our real, spontaneous, undoubtedly genuine welcome.

Four Cents a Month per Man

To the elder world we are still an untried Army. But the youth of France has not suspended judgment. They know us, understand us, trust us. We are their ideals and their idols—everything a man and a soldier ought to be. And now we have a chance to do something for them.

Five hundred francs a year. That is all that is required to adopt a war orphan. It amounts to nothing for a company or a detachment. It means a few sous per month per man. THE STARS AND STRIPES, in announcing this plan, has considered the compulsory allotments, insurance, Liberty Bonds. Yet, with all these, we are still the soldier spendthrifts of the world, and spend most of our money selfishly at that.

A unit of 200 men say adopts a child. That costs 500 francs, $87.72. It means about 2.50 francs per man. Spread over a year, the time it will maintain the tot, it means a little more than four cents a month. Is there a soldier in France who would begrudge four cents a month to a French orphan? Or ten cents, a whole dime? Or two contributions of 1.25 francs three months apart?

Five hundred francs is next to nothing for the average A.E.F. unit. To a French child, it is food, clothing, a home, education—life itself.

But THE STARS AND STRIPES recognizes the difference between intention and achievement—between being willing to do a good deed and doing that deed. Everybody will be willing to contribute, but some one in each organization will have to start the ball rolling. The chaplain can do it, the C.O. can do it, a lieutenant can do it. If these officers are too busy, the money may be gathered through the top sergeant's office or by a designated enlisted man or committee. There is a live man in every unit. He is the fellow who organizes the shows and stages the boxing matches. He can help.

There are no rules as to how the money is to be collected, and there is no limit upon the size or kind of adopting organization, provided it is certain it can meet the obligation incurred.

Officers Can Come in, Too

Nor is the opportunity restricted to enlisted men. Officers and groups of officers—regimental and divisions staffs, and the like—are equally eligible. The children of France have been impartial in their attention and friendship. They have not discriminated against shoulder bars.

After you have read the accompanying rules, talked it over, and raised the first instalment of the contribution, send it to the War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, specifying what sort of child you want adopted, if you have a preference.

We—with the aid of the American Red Cross—will see that the money is wisely expended and guarantee you bigger returns on the investment, in dividends of satisfaction for a good deed well done, than you ever got before.

The staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES adopts the first orphan—and we're only a corporal's guard.

Who takes the second?

HOW TO ADOPT A WAR ORPHAN

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs for its support.

The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or homeless waifs from the invaded districts. The adopting unit may select its child from any of these classes and specify its age and sex.

The money will be sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES to be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement.

At least two hundred and fifty francs will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter.

All of the money contributed will go to the children. The expenses of administration will be borne by the Red Cross.

A photograph and a history of each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be advised of the child's whereabouts and hereafter notified monthly of its progress.

The Red Cross committee will determine the disposal of the child. It will either be sent to a practical agricultural or trade school or supported in a French family.

The Red Cross committee will regularly visit the schools and homes of the children and supervise the expenditures of the money upon them.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which the money may be raised. It may be gathered by an equal assessment upon the members of a unit, by passing the hat, by giving an entertainment—in any way the unit sees fit.

The funds may be handled through the C.O., the top sergeant's office, or by any one in a unit designated for the purpose.

Address all communications regarding these children to War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.