BRITISH LEADER LONG SCHOOLED IN ART OF WAR

Sir Douglas Haig, Thorough Scot, Has Fought on Three Continents

TIRELESS STUDENT OF FOE

Future Field Marshal Began to Watch German Tactics Twenty Years Back

ALMOST MISSED HIS CAREER

Medical Board Wanted to Reject Applicant Because of Color Blindness

FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

While the Germans sing their hymns of hate to England and never miss a chance to scrawl "Gott strafe England" on the walls of any city they capture, it was not England alone, but the whole, far-flung British Empire which, to Germany's intense disappointment, was brought into the war when the Kaiser made his first colossal blunder of invading Belgium.

As one evidence and symbol of the solidarity of that unshaken empire, note the fact that the man who commands, and for more than two years now has commanded, the British Expeditionary Forces on the Western front, is not an Englishman at all. Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig is a Scotchman.

Just as Canada and New Zealand and Australia sent fighters of imperishable memory into the battle line, just as Wales contributed Lloyd-George, and Ireland Sir John French and Kitchener, so Scotland gave to the Empire's Army its commander-in-chief.

Sir Douglas is very Scotch. He is a Fifer, son of a distinguished family of the ancient Kingdom of Fife, the Fifeshire branch of the Haigs of Bemersyde, of whom Thomas the Rhymer sang centuries ago:

"Tide, tide, what e'er betide,
There'll aye be Haigs in Bemersyde."

Thrifty, Tenacious, Patient

He is ever so faintly Scotch in accent and Scotch in the brevity of his speech. Commentators on his work since this war began like to trace in his thorough-going transformation of the hastily assembled British armies into one great, smooth-working war machine all the preeminently Scotch characteristics of simplicity, thrift, tenacity and patience—patience inexhaustible. It was a born Scot who planned and carried out the battle of Messines Ridge.

When the war broke loose in the Summer of 1914, Lieutenant General Haig, as he was then, was little known outside the Army circles in which he had moved and had his being since he left Brasenose College, Oxford, back in the early eighties. He was a soldier's soldier.

Unlike K. of K. and Lord Roberts there was no popular impression of him even in England, let alone on the American side of the Atlantic. Yet when, in the closing weeks of 1915, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief to succeed Sir John French, nearly every one in England was pleased and no one in England was surprised.

Why General Haig Was Chosen

There were several reasons why General Haig was the expected, the obvious, choice. In the first place, from the very beginning of the war, he had brilliantly distinguished himself, emerging with credit even from Mons, where he extricated his troops with comparatively small losses. He was commander of the First Army Corps and later of the First Army in those early, desperate days.

Then, again and again, till they read like a chant of praise, Field Marshal French's dispatches throughout the first year sang the glories of Sir Douglas Haig. Again and again they spoke of his "energy and vigor," his "skillful, bold, decisive" strokes, and in many more such terms gave "heartfelt thanks for the brilliant leadership displayed by Sir Douglas Haig." It was just as though Sir John French had been grooming as his successor the general who had been his companion-at-arms and chief of staff in the old days of the Boer war.

In the second place, English leaders must have said to themselves that in Sir Douglas Haig they had at once the finest and most completely typical product of the Army which had been sufficient unto the needs of the Empire in the days gone by, an army trained in wars the world around, but wars which seem petty and piddling now when compared with war on a scale for which, of course, no living man in 1914 was prepared by actual experience.

In India and Africa

In actual fighting before 1914, Sir Douglas Haig had never commanded any body larger than a regiment. He had spent his time in Injia's sunny clime, "a servin' of 'er Majesty the Queen." He had won his spurs when, under Kitchener, the Union Jack was hoisted over Khartum, and he was chief of staff under French in South Africa in the days of Kimberley and Paardeberg.

"Lucky Haig" they called him in those days. Perhaps it was because he got into the Army at all only through the intervention of the Duke of Cambridge after a British medical board had solemnly barred as color blind (and, therefore, of no use whatever) the man who was in time to undertake the biggest and the hardest job ever intrusted to a British soldier in history.

Perhaps they called him "Lucky Haig" because he had more than one narrow escape from death in those earlier and more adventurous days perhaps because this dashing and handsome cavalry officer made friends and found favor everywhere, and was rapidly advanced through the grades. He is only 57 now, ten years younger, for example, than General Foch the senior member of that firm of chieftains who are dedicated to the task of ridding France and Belgium of every form of German life.

Something More Than Luck

But there seems to have been something more than luck in the advance of "Lucky Haig." He was from the first a tireless student of strategy and tactics and, what is more, he was a student of Germany. When, long ago, during the days of his Indian service, he had earned his six months' furlough, he did not spend that time in England, but in Germany, learning all he could about the army system of England's future enemy. Recently Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood said of him:

"Haig knows more about the German army than any officer in England, and probably more than most men in England. Twenty years ago he wrote to me from Germany, where he was spending his leave, a letter so full of prophetic knowledge that I sent it to his young wife to keep, because some day some one who writes his life will see what he forecast 20 years before he went to fight the Germans."

His hours of danger, such as are the daily portion of his men today, Sir Douglas experienced in his earlier campaigns. His first recognition in the Army came as the result of some brilliant and hazardous reconnaissance work in the Soudan, when, before the battle of Atbara, he advanced within a few hundred yards of the enemy's positions, obtained the information that Kitchener needed and came galloping back amid a storm of bullets.

During the Boer war, on the day of Cronje's surrender at Paardeberg, he was thrown from his horse into the rushing waters of the Modder River, and would have been lost if a brother officer had not rescued him just in time.

Narrow escapes he has had, too, since this war began. Once he was watching the progress of a battle from a haystack when some German projectiles landed right beside it, and he lived to tell the tale only because they failed to explode. One day a barn was obliterated just after he had stepped out of it. Then, though a commander's post is well behind the lines, there is a favorable story of how, during one desperate moment in an early battle, when every man down to the cooks and the servants was being flung into the line to avert irretrievable disaster, the chief appeared and by his very appearance turned the tide.

"Suddenly along the Menin road, as the story is told, "Sir Douglas Haig comes riding, superbly mounted as he always it, beautifully spruce with brilliantly burnished field boots, behind him his escort of the Death-or-Glory boys. To the men, pushed to the breaking point of their strength, the apparition of that calm, debonair figure, firm and resolute, was a gift of fresh confidence to hold out."

It is always this magnificent appearance of Sir Douglas Haig which lends color to all the anecdotes about D. H. or Duggie, as his men are wont to call him behind his back. "The Fifer" is a gallant figure, the perfect cavalry type, tall, alert, broad-shouldered. A dashing hussar in his youth, he has kept in training by polo. He is fair and blue-eyed His forehead is broad and intellectual, the forehead of a thinker. His chin is thrust forward aggressively, the chin of a fighter. He is probably the best-looking single object on the western front.

You will never see him in anything so prosaic as a motor car if a horse will serve his purpose, and in his gleaming boots and clinking silver spur chains there is a hint of the old pageantry of war; but his job is behind the lines, and for the most part you must think of him at his desk bending over a map.

Like a Vast Estate

Visitors to his headquarters bring away the impression of a Scotch laird who had settled down to the management of his own vast estate. Everything is simple and strict there, and the Army is run as if it were a quiet family matter, with the minimum of clicking heels and military formality, a state of affairs the Germans could never understand.

"When history relates the story of the great battles of the Somme," says Lord Northcliffe, "it will tell how Sir Douglas Haig and his staff had their quarters in a modest dwelling, part of which was still occupied by the family who owned it. Thus it was that the voices of children running up and down the corridors mingle with the ceaseless murmur of the guns and the work of the earnest little company of men whose labors are never out of the thoughts of their countrymen throughout the Empire."

There are children in Sir Douglas Haig's own home waiting the day when the great job is done. He married in 1905 the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, and because his bride was one of Queen Alexandra's ladies-in-waiting, the wedding took place in Buckingham Palace, with the wedding breakfast given by the King and Queen. A week before the present German offensive was launched, Field Marshal Haig's first son was born.

HUMBLE PRIVATE WINS AS OFFICER'S COUNSEL

Lieutenant Michael is free. The case of the People of Paris vs. THE STARS AND STRIPES, Lieutenant Michael appearing as defendant, tried on Monday of this week in the police court of the ——th Arrondissement, resulted in a suspension of judgment. Which was quite fitting, as the whole thing arose from a lapse of judgment on the part of some staff members of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

It appears that, contrary to police regulations, which had been quite forgotten by the eager, late-toiling staff of this paper, a light was left burning in the upper story of No. 1, Rue des Italiens, G-2, A.E.F. Paris, France, far into the night. Said light was a brilliant affair—just like the paper whose sanctum it illuminated. (Advt.) It was so brilliant, in fact, that it shone right through the royal purple curtains that shield the late toilers from the gaze of the passing multitude.

A passing gendarme—which is French for cop—spotted the light. He was a regular spot-light artist. Lights at night convey an invitation to Zeppelins, Gothas, Taubes, Fokkers, and other Germanic craft to c'mon-over-Skinnay, and get the range on Paris and kerplunk their bombs. Lights at night, therefore, are dangerous; doubly dangerous for the people who expose them.

For the sake, therefore, of shielding THE STARS AND STRIPES from the enemy's attentions, and saving the surrounding buildings from what would be left over after the Boche had had his little hate, the gendarme — which is French for patrolman—took the number of the building and the number of the room, turned in his report to Desk Sergeant—Desk Sergeant—oh, whatever is French for Clancy, and made out a complaint.

Easy to Hang It on Him

The next morning, sure enough, the patrolman on the day beat called on Lieutenant Michael — because Lieutenant Michael gets around a lot and was therefore the easiest one to hang it on to—with a summons directing him to appear before the police tribunal at five o'clock that afternoon. He acquainted Lieutenant Michael with the nature of the charge, gravely saluted and walked out.

The lieutenant rushed to the rear of the office and engaged counsel right away in the person of an oldish looking private from New England who had never been inside a law school and who therefore was unbiased. Counsel, of course, advised him to plead guilty. Young lawyers always do.

That afternoon both Lieutenant Michael, representing THE STARS AND STRIPES, and his counsel entered the arrondissement station at the appointed time and proceeded to the court-room. "*Je suis un avocat américain,*" the self-styled lawyer began in his best correspondence school French, just to indicate that he was an American lawyer. His Honor bowed graciously, motioned both counsel and culprit to seats, and began.

The Case for the People of Paris

He laid down the law about the exhibition of lights after sundown in Paris. He pointed out the danger that might arise from that practice if indiscriminately indulged. He was very nice about it, and counsel did not disagree with him on a single point. Neither did defendant. Neither does anybody who has lived through an air raid.

"*Nous sommers très—très,*" counsel began, in making his apologies to the bench for the oversight of the defendant. "*Nous sommes très—très*—oh, hell, Lieutenant, what's the word for 'sorry?'"

"*Triste,*" proclaimed Defendant Michael. "*Très tristes!*" counsel finished triumphantly.

"I understand," his Honor broke in, in excellent English, "you are very sorry, *messieurs*. It is of nothing—of nothing, I assure you! The charge is dismissed."

All the way down the stairs the gendarmes saluted the acquitted and his lawyer. At the doorway the happy pair paused.

"The French Bar is very cordial," said defendant.

"French bars are noted for cordials," replied the low-brow counsel.

HOW FIRST A.E.F. UNIT WON THE FOURRAGERE

The only American unit that has thus far been honored with the right to wear the *fourragere* can claim at least one distinction that no other American unit that wins it in future can hope to achieve. The unit is—or was originally—*Section Sanitaire Américaine No. 5*, and the distinction is that the first of the two citations necessary to give it the privilege was made before America entered the war—to be exact, just a year and three days before.

S.S.A. No. 5, though attached to the French Army, is just as much an American unit, officially and through its personnel, as any infantry or artillery on the Lorraine line. Obviously, it didn't start that way, or it couldn't have won its first citation on April 3, 1916.

First Aid Hospital Organized

The unit had its origin, in a manner of speaking, in a motor car. Taxicabs saved Paris—read on, were not going to spring that old one again—and in like manner privately owned motor cars loaned to the French Government helped to save thousands of wounded heroes of the Marne by evacuating them to the rear.

Among the willing donors of cars was Herman H. Harjes, partner of J. P. Morgan and a financier known on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Harjes organized a first aid hospital not far from Paris, attached to which were five borrowed automobiles, all driven by American volunteers.

The little organization throve, was subsequently given over to the management of the American Red Cross, and finally, last December, became Sanitary Section 646, U.S.A.A.S.

So much for how it became an American unit—now for how it won the *fourragère*. One citation is not enough to secure that honor. Still, one is necessary for a starter, and the Section got its start April 3, 1916, when, during the battle of Verdun, "it assumed during a period of 11 days of fighting. . . . with an absolute disregard of danger, the evacuation of a zone particularly shelled by the enemy." Those were the words that appeared in a French Order of the Army.

The second citation, dated November 30, 1917, characterizes the Section as "a personnel *d'élite* who showed during the attack of October 23 to 25"—the brilliant French stroke along the Chemin des Dames—"the richest sense of duty. It assured in a minimum of time, despite great material difficulties, the evacuation of all the wounded of its division over roads hardly practicable and continually under a violent bombardment. It attained this remarkable result only by its exceptional qualities of physical and moral endurance."

Still More Honors

In addition, the Section has received an Army Corps citation, has had its colors decorated with the *Croix de Guerre* with palm twice, and carries on its *fanion* four *Croix de Guerre*. Thirty-eight members of the Section also wear the war cross.

That isn't all. Recently it received the following letter from American G.H.Q.:

"The Commander in Chief has noted with pleasure the splendid work done by S.S.U. 646, which has twice caused it to be cited in French orders, and thereby won for it the honor of the *Fourragère*. He directs you to extend his congratulations to the officer and men of this unit."

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE SECOND LIEUTENANT—NEW STYLE

He's younger than most of us—far younger than the Top,
And, bein' young, he's full of pep and keeps us on the hop;
He hasn't been in long enough to sour on the game;
He's tickled as a kid with it—that's why we bless his name!

He puts us through all sorts of stunts to liven up the drill,
He laughs when he turns corners sharp and takes a muddy spill;
It's up and in it all the time—he never seems to tire,
And doesn't know what duckin' means in face of Fritzy's fire.

He always calls us "Fellows"—never pulls the line, "My men";
He likes to think he's one of us; and, back in billets, when
He has to make inspections, he'll sit down and chin a while,
And as to all this "Yes, sir" stuff, "Oh, can it!" That's his style.

At shows, he plays his uke for us, and sings his college glees,
And if there's a piano, wow! He sure can pound the keys!
On hikes he always starts a song, or sends along a laugh—
And those are things, you darn well know, that help us stand the gaff.

I never cared for college guys when I was in the States;
I thought they were a snotty lot, a bunch of underweights,
But if our Loot's a sample, why, I've got to change my mind—
He's got the guts, the bean and go to pull us through the grind!

CAM SHE LIB

EDIBLE MATTRESSES FOR ARMY SLEEPERS

Hay Beds Will Be Passed Along to Four-footed A.E.F. Comrades

Hay, there!

Hay yourself! You're going to sleep on it. Oh, yes, you are; oh—yes—you—are! And, when you do, you'll like it a lot. It's ever so much more aristocratic than the straw you've been sleeping on all winter.

Step right along up with you nice, new, white, decootified bedsack, dig into the fragrant pile and help yourself. Stuff it in well along the cornes, and don't let a big lump get into the place where the middle of your back comes. But don't take more than 15 pounds of it; that's all the new order allows you, whether you're a light or a heavy sleeper.

You're going to get this hay every month—that's what the order says. "All organizations now in France," it goes on, "may, on the first forage return submitted after receipt of this order, requisition for hay for use in filling bedsacks, at the rate of 15 pounds per man per month. Organizations hereafter arriving in France"—that's a hopeful touch in the order—"may requisition similarly on their first forage return submitted after arrival. Thereafter, hay for bedsacks may be taken from the regular forage allowance, except in cases where the amount required for bedsacks is in excess of the amour. required for feed, in which case the necessary extra amount will be requisitioned for."

That, you see, covers infantry outfits where the amount of hay required for feed is not so very large. One spoonful of hay to every pail of slum is the correct formula, as we recall it.

So far, so good. Here's an unkind cut. This is the order: "Used hay which has been emptied out of bedsacks will be feed to animals."

Yes—sir! Fed to animals! The same hay upon which you toss and turn and toss and turn and toss and turn and toss and turn after having partaken of Louis's underdone beans and overdone beef—that same hay will, at the end of the month, be taken out—by you—and put into a pile for the delectable munching of Pyramus and Thisbe, Vin Blanc and Vin Rouge, David and Jonathan, Weber and Fields, Castor and Pollux, Lewis and Clark, Cohan and Harris, and all the other hayburning teams of four-feet attached to the troop or battery.

"Pretty good hay," one old long-eared hee-hawer will grant to his mate, between mouthfuls. "Came out of the little Jones boy's bedsack. He's light—had to drink about two gallons of water to pass the weight test—and he hasn't taken much of the springiness out of it."

"Haw," Friend Harness-Mate will reply, also between mouthfuls. "I've got it on you! I got the hay from the Colonel's sack, and hay what's been slept on top of by officers is much nicer!"

DIDN'T SEE ANY HORNS

A certain chap had just arrived from the States at General Headquarters, and immediately after being assigned to duty started an inquiry as to just how he might find an opportunity to see the General.

"I want to see a real live general, and I want to see him before I write home," he said. "You know it will be great stuff to tell the folks about."

He was told that as a general rule there was a certain hour in the day when one could see the General, but it would necessitate missing a meal. The next day he missed the meal, and after 40 minutes of patient waiting was rewarded by being able to get a glance at the General as he stepped from the G.H.Q. building into his waiting automobile.

The letter that he wrote home included this sentence:

"I saw General Pershing today. He don't have horns. I think he is just plain O.K."

TO MARGARET

A doughboy near the front obviously fell into a poetic stupor recently while thinking of his "Margaret," who evidently lives "somewhere within the bounds flying Old Glory."

A crumpled, mudstained note, penciled, and bearing an acrostic was found in the fighting zone by a member of the Q.M.C. The acrostic bore nothing by which the author or the character therein could be identified. The acrostic follows:—

M any greetings, little girl,
A cross the sea to you I hurl.
R ed and white and Yankee blue
G allantry wave here for you.
A lsace has it planted there—
R ather were it everywhere!
E ssay in prayer, girl of mine,
T hat it soon wave on the Rhine.

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