

CROIX DE GUERRE FOR 117 MEN OF 104TH INFANTRY

Regimental Colors Also Decorated After Impressive Ceremonies

CORPORAL DIED GALLANTLY

Passed Grenades to Comrade, Saying, "Hurl These at the Enemy"

CHAPLAINS GIVEN CROSSES

Lieutenant Who "Fell Gloriously at the Head of His Men" Honored in Citation

ON THE FIELD OF HONOR

HENRY F. CARON, Corporal.—Courage and devotion in the combat of the 10th of April. At the end, mortally wounded, he passed the remainder of his grenades to a comrade, saying: "I cannot use these; you hurl them at the enemy."

HENRY R. KNIGHT, Lieutenant.—Remarkable coolness, judgment and valor in the lead of his section through a barrage to reinforce our first lines during the attack of April 12. He fell gloriously at the head of his men he was leading to the counter-attack.

On a high plateau within a few kilometers of the German lines, with the sun just smiling through the mist, like a mother through her proud tears, a French Army Corps commander decorated 117 members of the 104th Infantry, Massachusetts with the Croix de Guerre on Sunday afternoon, April 28. The regimental colors of the 104th also were decorated.

The 104th Infantry is the first American regiment in any war to be so honored. The award was made for the gallant and brave conduct shown in the three days' fight in and about Apremont Wood, which began April 10 and during which a bitter onslaught of the Germans was repulsed with great enemy losses. The regiment, heavily bombarded and attacked by superior numbers, checked the Hun advance and retook the trenches from which it had fallen back, capturing several prisoners in its brave stand.

Regiment Passes in Review — Except for the sound of the German guns reverberating through the lowlands, the plateau where the decorations were made might almost have been Boston Common. The men were the same kind of men who, one April day one hundred and forty-three years ago, at Lexington and Concord, fought for the same ideals of world honor and democracy.

As the regiment arrived at the reviewing ground, it was formed in line and prepared to pass in review. At the reviewing stand were the regimental colors and the soldiers who had been decorated. These faced the regiment, and stood about six paces in the rear of the reviewing officers. Led by the regimental band, the entire regiment, in column of companies, passed in review. And as the regiment, sturdily and unflinchingly, marched by their commanding general and the French commander, it was an effort for the onlooker to restrain a cheer; it was impossible, by any effort to keep the lump out of the throat; and the eyes of many French and Americans watching the inspiring sight clouded with pardonable tears.

NATIONAL CAPITAL OVERFLOWS BOUNDS

Maryland and Virginia Aid in Housing Horde of Workers

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—Since America entered the war, Washington has rapidly become not merely the nominal and political capital of the United States, but the business and financial capital as well, with the result that it is not big enough to hold its daily crowd. Already the city has overflowed the District of Columbia and is spreading into Maryland and Virginia.

NO JERSEY PEACHES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—A nipping Teutonic frost has killed New Jersey's peaches—but not the kind of peach that wears the striped hose on beaches. It's blighted all the tender shoots and doomed them all to failure, resisting nitrogen and such, and even sulphur spray-lure.

OVERALLS FOR NEWPORT

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—The greatest stronghold of loafing de luxe fell with a crash when the name of Rhode Island was added this week to the list of States that have passed Bills to make idling in war time a misdemeanor. For Newport is in Rhode Island.

SUCCESS OF LOAN EASILY ASSURED; HOW MUCH OVER?

West Continues to Show East How to Boost Liberty Figures

NEW YORK FAR DOWN LIST

City Hasn't Done So Poorly, However, With \$539,000,000 Already Subscribed

STATES IN THRILLING RACE

Iowa, Arkansas, Kentucky, North Dakota, Montana and Minnesota Exceed Their Quotas

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—We have been so busy with the Liberty Loan the past week, from end to end of the country, that we have left the battle news from the Western front, important as it was, wholly to our journalistic military experts.

These inspired strategists and seers, undismayed by four years of colossal misadventures in prophecy, filled the aching void voluminously, and have produced geographical and military wisdom extending in wonder even their past efforts.

In the meantime, the rest of us have worked on the naive idea that the best we could do was to boost the loan and let you do your job over there in your own way, while we satisfied our strategic craving by making tactical calls on the reserves in the American pants pockets.

West Wallops East — These American pants have done quite well, and the sex lacking that important garment have done equally well by exploring—by exploring, oh, whatever they keep money in.

The feature of the campaign is the hot contest between the different sections of the country, and the joyous way in which the West is putting it over the East. It took the East some time to believe it could be true, but it now realizes it and answers with a roar of mingled wrath and hurt pride.

The daily reports published throughout the country give the comparative standings of the rival sections, and the winning ones fly honor flags and otherwise exult selfishly at the expense of the tailenders.

When the third week of the campaign closed, with seven days more to go, the Kansas City, St. Louis and Minneapolis sections were the victors. They had subscribed their quotas and Chicago had drawn ahead of San Francisco by a head in a neck and neck race for fourth honor place. Dallas, Boston, Philadelphia and Cleveland followed in the order named, and Poor Old New York remained tattered after a grueling but vain attempt to get a grip on Cleveland's coat-tails.

Passionate New Yorkers were hoping vindictively that the Tenderloin City would prove to have a big surprise up its sleeve.

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"SOLDIER'S MAIL" NOW OUT OF DATE

Upper Right-Hand Corner of Envelope to Be Left Blank

It is no longer necessary to write "Soldier's Letter," "Soldier's Mail," "Officer's Letter" or "Officer's Mail" in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope when you post a letter in the A.E.F. Those expressions are now obsolete and need not appear on the envelope at all.

Normally, that upper right-hand corner will be left vacant. There are two exceptions. Whenever your letter is addressed to some one in France and is destined to pass ultimately through the French postal service, you must put "F.M." in that corner, for "F.M." means French mail.

The other exception applies only to the letters which your letter is addressed to some one in France and is destined to pass ultimately through the French postal service, you must put "F.M." in that corner, for "F.M." means French mail.

"MOTHER'S LETTER" PLAN GIVES EVERY MAN IN A. E. F. SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY FOR OBSERVING MOTHER'S DAY



"MOTHER'S LETTER"

You know what Mother's letters mean to you. You know how much she puts into them, how much you can read between the lines of her longing for you, of her prayers for you, of her hopes for your safety and uprightness and well-being. But you've no idea what your letters mean to Mother. You've no idea how many times she reads them over, how much she treasures them, how much she gets out of them—how much they buoy her up when times seem dark and work seems hard and you seem Oh! so far away. For every time that you re-read one letter of hers, she re-reads one of yours three times, easily.

Your letter, and the hope of the next one, are the only things she cares about these days, the only things she really lives for. She asks no more than to know that you are well. She knows—without your writing it or anybody else's writing it—that you are her son; and that, being her son, you cannot be anything but what is good and straight and clean and true and loyal.

She gets few enough letters from you as it is—at least, they seem few when one thinks of the distance and the irregularity of delivery and all—but she doesn't complain. She knows you are busy and working hard at work that she would have you do—she has brought herself to see the need, the bitter need for it and for much more of it—and she will forgive you if you cannot, because of your preoccupation in the task of making the world safer and better for all mothers and their sons, find time to scribble more than a few lines on a smudged-up piece of paper and put it in an envelope.

But you will never forgive yourself if you begrudge the time to write to her—even if it's only to tell her you're well and to send her love in just those brief words—on the day of all days in the year that is pre-eminently hers and hers alone—Mother's Day.

NO SICK IRISHMEN—CHAPLAIN'S ORDERS

Don't Catch Diseases You Could Just as Well Have Had at Home

If you're Irish, don't get sick. Because, if you do, you'll get hell. And you'll get it from one of your own chaplains, too. A certain chaplain in the A.E.F., who is of Irish extraction and proud of it, is down on sick lists. He thinks there's no place at all for the names of the Murphy's and Callahans and Boyles and O'Learys and Costellos and O'Neills and McCaffertys to be showing up at all, at all, as if it were the list of box holders at a St. Patrick's eve ball or the seating plan at the annual dinner of the Michael Davitt Club. This is what he had to say on the subject in his own language, a little while ago:

"I was lookin' at the sick list this mornin' and oheone! I saw on it the names of a dozen good boys be th' pr-round titles of Clancy, Reilly, Flannigan, and the like. I don't want to see that agin'." "Your country and your mothers didn't send you over here to die of disease. If you're going to get kilt, get kilt entirely—kilt while you're going over the top. And when you do it, make sure that you take a couple of Boche along with you!" "The Government hasn't time to waste in curing you of silly little diseases that you had all the time in the world and all the chance to get when you were back in the States without you coming over here to get them. You arn't childer any longer, nor yet is it byes ye arre. 'Tis men ye arre, by the token of th' uniform ye wear! And bein' men, what license have the likes of you to go and catch up with the ailments of childer such as the whoopin' cough, the measles, the chicken pox, the croup and the colic?" "Ye belong to a fightin' race, so ye do. If you're got to collect any ailments, I want you to come by them honest-like, in the course of th' fightin' fer which ye came over here. And I don't want to see a one of you on the sick list agin'!"

SAILOR NINE DISBANDED

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—The Boston Naval Reserve nine, composed of many former big league baseball stars, has disbanded because the cruel Navy prefers cannon ball pitching for them. Included in the list of stars is Jack Barry, former Red Sox manager.

IT'S THE STEEL STETSON

They're calling them the "steel Stetsons" now. Since the Stetson itself has gone the way of all flesh, there is no danger of confusion, and the "tin hat," the "Carnegie derby," or "Charley's scabbard bowler," as it has hitherto been variously known, has in consequence acquired a new name.

True, the steel variety—except in the case of the specially lined officers' issue—doesn't fit as snugly as did the Stetson of blessed memory, because this headband doesn't sweat up and warp the hat along with it to the contour of the human dome. But it's a lot safer than the average Stetson for wear in the northernmost regions of France where the sky is just full of a number of things, all day and all night.

ARMY'S SMOKE FANS FALL DOWN ON PLUG

16,000,000 Boxes of Cigarettes a Month Used by A.E.F.

You smoke every month enough cigarettes to reach from where you are to where you come from, be it Salem, Mass., or Salem, Ore. You smoke, to give an average figure for the A.E.F. that may be exceeded some months and not quite reached in others, 16,000,000 boxes of the pills; you also find time in that period to dispose of 3,000,000 cigars, 600 tons of cookies and crackers, 433 tons of her chocolate, 850,000 cans of jam, jelly and confiture and 20,000,000 sticks of chewing gum.

You fall down terribly on one item, however. You chew, in a month, only 60,000 pounds of plug. The Y.M.C.A., in announcing these figures this week, explains that such quantities are not always to be had, especially when the goods in question or the raw material has to be imported from America. The totals are the quantities desired, and these quantities are usually, but not always, available.

GENERAL McANDREW NEW CHIEF OF STAFF

Gen. Harbord Given Field Command in Accordance With A.E.F. Policy

Announcement was made Wednesday of this week of the appointment of Major-General James W. McAndrews as Chief of Staff of the American Expeditionary Forces, taking effect immediately. Brig-Gen. James G. Harbord, who has been Chief of Staff since the arrival of the first contingent of overseas troops, has been given a field command and goes to troops this week.

LIGHT ON MAIL DELAY

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—The first gun has been fired in Congress in the inquiry into the mail delays.

Every one in America has been loudly asking why it takes such an exorbitantly long time for letters to travel to and from between the States and the A.E.F. Now Congress has taken the matter up and, to judge from the preliminary skirmishes, it looks very much as if the Post Office Department were about to pass the buck to some one in France.

COLLEGE BASEBALL

Harvard 7, Princeton 7. Annapolis 11, Johns Hopkins 0. West Virginia 2, West Point 1. Yale 4, Cornell 1. Lafayette 8, Lehigh 4. Wesleyan 9, Amherst 0.

Every Bit of Army and Government Postal Machinery Will Help to Speed Your May 12th Message Home If You Follow the Rules

MAGIC WORDS WILL INSURE IT RIGHT OF WAY

Company Censors Will Work Overtime, Y.M.C.A. Will Provide Plenty of Paper, We Shall Remind You of Date, So Go to It

Sunday, May 12, is Mother's Day. Let the A.E.F. celebrate it by having every soldier, young and old, high and low, write home to his mother on that day. Over the cable will go the news that these letters are coming, the tidings will be spread in every home town newspaper in America, and the dawn of Mother's Day will bring to every mother of the A.E.F. the promise that, before the day is done, a letter for her will have started on its way from France.

That is the scheme which THE STARS AND STRIPES has conceived and hereby presents to you. G.I.Q. has heard and approved and is helping along; the Post Office is rising to the occasion; the Y.M.C.A. has promised that on that day its huts will be stocked with an inexhaustible supply of writing paper.

All the powers that be—including even the company censors—will move Heaven and Earth to speed those particular letters on their way as never before. The tracks are to be cleared for the precious bags laden with the envelopes marked "Mother's Letter." It is an order to "write them."

If you have suffered the greatest loss that can come to a man, if you have no mother to write to, then send your greeting to the one who is nearest and dearest to you in all the world and who has done the most to take her place. Write, if you will, to your bunkie's mother, telling her how he is fairly bursting with health, telling her what a lot all the men in his squad think of him, warming her heart with the news of his progress he himself was too shy to write.

Write "Mother's Letter" on the Envelope — Write home. Pack the page with love and good cheer. Fill it to the brim with reassurance, for you know how mothers worry. Then—and this is every important—up in the right-hand corner of the envelope, where, according to an order no longer in force, you have been accustomed to writing "Soldier's Mail," write instead "MOTHER'S LETTER."

Forget that mark, and you will have forgotten the password by which those letters will have the right of way over all others mailed throughout the A.E.F. on May 12. Leave it off, and your letter will have to wait till all the others have been censored, sorted and passed by. Those two words will have precisely the same effect as though the highest postal official in America had, with his own hand, written "rush" across the envelope. They will act like magic. They will make your letter cover in record time the distance between the door of your billet or your front line dug-out and the door of your home in the States.

For you can count on this—that the watchword "Make way for the Mothers' Letters" will keep its power even after the boat delivers them to the postal authorities in New York. G.I.Q. has cabled to Washington, announcing that every letter written May 12 and marked "Mother's Letter" is to be rushed along the lines on this side of the Atlantic and asking that they be treated in America as if every separate envelope had been stamped with a special delivery stamp. That means the utmost speed, the most efficient crews and thousands upon thousands of special delivery messengers bicycling through the streets of America to hundreds of thousands of homes.

Speed Assured on This Side, Too — John Clark, as head of the postal system of the A.E.F., has promised that every facility will be strained on this side of the ocean to hurry the Mothers' Letters on their way, from the moment they are dropped, bag after bag of them, in an Army post office till the moment the sorted mail is stowed away in some home-bound ship.

Between you and that post office stands the postal censor. THE STARS AND STRIPES, in the name of all the Army, hereby asks the company and other unit censors to tackle those letters the moment they are put in the mail box, to put aside all other business (except killing Germans) and all other mail except the envelopes marked "Mother's Letter." They are asked to work all day—and all night—if needed.

If the flood of these letters swamps them, let them call on the C.O. for assistants. Let them do anything and everything rather than have one of these letters loiter a needless moment on its way. Your own newspaper hereby makes the request, with the full approval of G.I.Q., in behalf of all the mothers of the A.E.F.

Regimental mail orderlies are warned that a fearful calamity will overtake them if they let the grass grow under their feet when that Sunday comes, and they must share in the job of speeding these letters as A.E.F. letters have never been speeded before.

May 12—Don't Forget the Date

Remember the date—May 12. Make a memorandum of it on whatever you write memoranda on, now that your cuffs are no good for the purpose. We will remind you of the date next week. We hope—and hereby ask—that every chaplain will speak of it on the two Sundays, May 5 and May 12, that every bulletin board in the A.E.F. will, from some hand, acquire a reminder, that a final word on the subject will be said at every reveille on the morning of Mother's Day.

The Y.M.C.A. will help. The promise has been made at headquarters in Paris that news of the scheme will go out to every Y.M.C.A. hut in France, and that no soldier need fail to write his mother on that day for lack of paper. It is not too early to get your paper now and stow it away where you will be sure to find it, for you cannot tell how near a hut you will be or how near a barracks bus when to morning of the 12th day you will be on your way.

So every one is going to help these letters along. You can do your part, too. Be sure that no military information strays carelessly into what you write. In the first place, it is up to you to give the censors just as little needless work as possible on that day's mail, and, in the second place, Mother isn't in the least interested in military information. She does not want to know about the Army and what it is doing. She wants to know about you and how you are feeling.

Therefore, plan the best letter you ever wrote in your life. Remember you have a Sunday to write it in. Write it in the bottom of your heart, and the boat that carries the Mothers' Letters to America will be a boat laden with as rich a freight as ever came home from shore to shore.

"FIRST SHOT" GUN TO BE SENT HOME

Veteran 75 Will Probably Be Set Up at West Point

The 75 millimeter gun that fired the first American shot of the war on October 23 probably will be sent to the States and set up as a trophy at West Point. This famous piece of armament has been withdrawn from the front and taken to a repair shop, having done worthy service.

Since its debut it has fired some 12,000 shots at the Germans. It participated in the barrage that prepared for a raid in which Americans had a share. Its barrel is grooved by German shell fragments, and the spokes of one wheel have been cracked by an exploding Boche mortar.

But it has been a good luck gun. Not a single member of its crew has been killed or seriously wounded, and it has been fired by more different gunners than any other American gun. The chivalric legend, "First shot at Ifuns," which it bears, has already been done over in more enduring paint.

FUNNY SECTIONS FORCED TO QUIT

Hooligan and Lady Bountiful Unite in Paper-Saving Campaign

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—The War Industries Board has become a sort of Foxy Grandpa. Nay, it has become, in the eyes of the artists whose work appears in Sunday supplements, a sort of gigantic Mommer Katzenjammer, with the artists themselves across her knees in the suppliant roles of Hans and Fritz. For the War Industries Board has decided that, owing to the need for conserving the white paper supply of the country, the comic supplements of our palladiums of liberty had better go by the board.

The board's Hawkshaw's have looked the situation all over and have come to the conclusion that, in order to keep the Congressional Record, the Sears-Roebuck catalogue, the telephone book, the bank-statement, the Standard dictionary, and all the new little, bright little war books safe for democracy, white paper has got to be saved somehow. Accordingly, consequently, the comic supplement designers have all turned overnight from Happy Hooligans into Gloomy Gusses.

"I never thought of that," you may hear one "artist" saying to another, in the correct Goldberghian manner. One power the President to cut through red tape as never red tape was slashed in Washington, before. With its provisions in force, he would be able to reorganize Government departments for greater war activity without ceremony and without delay. "Crepe-hunger!"

WOULD SLASH RED TAPE