

514 MASCOTS NOW ON MARCH TOWARDS GOAL OF THOUSANDS

Eight More War Orphans Find Parrains Among Units of A.E.F.

FEEL JUST LIKE CARNEGIE

Engineers Say They Get Million Dollar Kick Out of Six Franc Investment Per Man

TAKEN THIS WEEK

Lt. David K. Este Fisher, Jr.	1
Miss Laura Hannold	1
Y.M.C.A. Base Hosp. No. 8	1
Mess 30, Lightning Division	1
First En.	1
Enlisted Men, Unit 11, Base Hosp.	1
No. 32	1
Previously adopted	506
Total	514

The A.E.F. French war orphan family total, which went over the top at 500 at about the same moment, as near as we have been able to figure out, as the Yanks went over the top at and around St. Mihiel—how's that for a good omen?—has gone a few notches nearer the "thousand by Christmas" goal set this week by THE STARS AND STRIPES. Requests for the adoption of eight orphans comprised the fruits of the week—that and the receipt of a testimonial.

The testimonial is from Sgt. E. A. Barnes of a platoon which three or four months ago became parrains of a little girl whose mother's death followed her father's at the front by a few months and who now, through the assistance of the Americans, is living with her grand-mother, herself an exile from the invaded districts, and going to school.

Time has taken the edge from her sorrow now, and the affection which she lavished on her father and mother in the days before the hand of the Hun entered her home she has transferred to the platoon of khaki clad gent from across the sea.

Writes Once a Week

Being some hundred kilometers from them, her sentiment is expressed in letters. She writes at least once every week, and usually oftener, and the fact that answers are irregular deters her not except that she worries, if the interval is too long, for fear her godfathers have all been killed.

Altogether, she is a more or less typical little member of the A.E.F. family, and it is apropos of her that Sergeant Barnes has written:

"We're a 20-minute bunch up here," says the sergeant. "We're hard boiled and proud of it. But if you want to see a hard boiled bunch get soft and melt, you ought to be around when we get a letter from the kid. Every time we hear from her we throw out our chests, get proud of ourselves and act as important as a bunch of officials at a cornerstone laying. We feel like Carnegie giving away a library. We get a million dollar kick out of a six-franc investment, which is a bargain if there ever was one."

Which testimonial goes as it stands.

Battalion Takes Three

The First Battalion of the Infantry was the ace of the week in the new adoptions. The commanding officer, Major Paul Dubois, sent in 1540 francs without restrictions. The sum will care for three children for a year, will take them through the fifth winter of this war, will give them food, clothes, schooling, comfort.

W. I. Kelsey, Y.M.C.A. secretary at Base Hospital No. 8, sent in 500 francs for the 12th orphan adopted by that hospital, the money having been gathered by small contributions by the staff and patients. The pictures of the orphans adopted by Base Hospital No. 8 are pinned to the wall in the canteen, together with a brief summary of the history of each. The collection forms a fragmentary chapter in the sorow which the war has brought to the fatherless children of France.

Mess 30 of the "Lightning Division," forwarded through Chaplain S. M. Robinson, 500 francs, and wrote:

"Some Dashing Little Maiden"

"We desire to adopt some dashing little maiden of old France whose lot has fallen into hard times. If the picture we receive of her is large enough, it will get a deal of interest will be bestowed upon her. We all hope some day to see her. We shall by all means write to her."

But at the rate of eight a week we'll never get to 1,000 by Christmas. We need several times that many. The A.E.F. will have to show speed in doubling the total in the next three months, to bring comfort and solace, perhaps life itself, to the 500 little fatherless children which, mind you, we have ready for adoption—all investigated, photographed and everything.

HOW TO ADOPT AN ORPHAN

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F., agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs (\$57.72) for his support. The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or refugees from the invaded districts, as specified by the adopting units.

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 250 francs will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter.

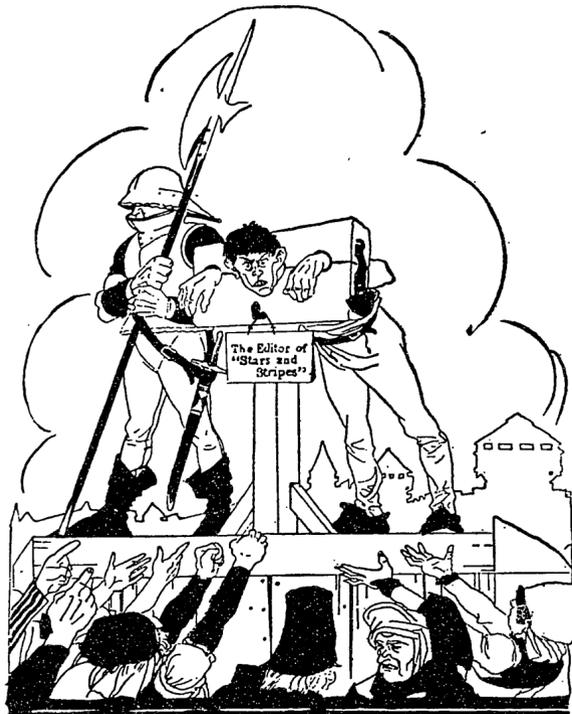
Photographs and the history of each child will be sent to the adopting unit, which will be notified of the child's whereabouts and advised monthly of its progress. The Red Cross will determine the disposal of the child. It will be maintained in a French family or sent to a trade or agricultural school.

No restrictions which money may be raised. Donations and communications regarding the children should be addressed: War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

AULD LANG SYNE

Inspecting Officer: And what were you in civil life, sergeant? In Old Regular in civil life, sir? In civil life I was a soldier, sir.

MADE IN GERMANY.



The cartoon reproduced above will explain itself when it is stated that it came from "America in Europe," a newspaper printed in English by the America in Europe Company, Frankfurt-am-Main, Postfach 75, Germany.

Under the cartoon, in double column measure under the heading, "Again the Pillory for Liar!" "America in Europe" had this to say about the Army newspaper:

Under the illustrious title of Stars and Stripes there exists a publication cherished by the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces. A casual perusal of any of its numbers will convince the reader that the editors, in contradiction to all gallant and chivalrous soldiers, have made it their general object to throw mud at their enemies in war. We absolutely refuse to believe that American fighters are in any way responsible for the mad howl against the Hun set up in the columns of Stars and Stripes and for the sake of America's good name we protest against this disgraceful employment of our beloved emblem.

But a simple protest won't do in the case of Stars and Stripes of August 2. In the six columns of its front page, a bunch of lies is offered, so vile, so silly and—so stale that we must nail the name of the paper on our BILLYEY FORT PLATS. It is up now to General Pershing who despises vituperation of one's enemy, to stop the scandal and protect our Stars and Stripes against further disgrace.

This American newspaper wants to be up-to-date and yet indulges in warming up again that four-year-old English lie of German soldiers chained to their guns. Have those liars never thought

themselves of the gross nonsense to assume that cowardly soldiers do better, that is deadlier service against the enemy when they are chained to their guns? It takes all the impudence that only brazen ignorance and unlimited superficiality can provide to invent such lies. On a count of its extreme absurdity this particular lie did not live long after its English birth.

To see its resurrection now in an American newspaper puts every good American to the blush. Of course the chained to their guns lie is entwined by smaller though not less violent lies. But no more of it; the liars have been caught and nailed.

The story "in the six column of its front page" in THE STARS AND STRIPES for August 2, which occasioned the above outburst from "America in Europe," described a few German tricks played in the fighting between the Marne and the Ourcq.

Among these may be mentioned the following:

Crying "Kamerad" only when ammunition has given out.

Chaining machine gunners to their guns.

Disguising airplanes with French markings.

Shipping members of Hospital Corps wearing red cross brassards.

Employing men wearing red cross brassards to carry a stretcher on which reposed a tenderly blanketed machine gun.

Using bullets with such a mutilating and tearing force as to lead to the conclusion that they were of the explosive variety.

UP IN THE SALIENT

German soldier: You stay here unt hold den vile I retreat.

Austrian ditto: Ja, but yet do I get out of it?

German soldier: Vy, you lucky dub, you get a square meal ven dey capture you.

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Chance to Rescue Craft

American Engineers decided a month or so ago that there was a chance to save the 120-foot craft by cutting them in sections and hauling the sections on motor trucks back through the French territory to another canal far behind Verdun.

There were difficulties in the plan. First, all the work would have to be done secretly. This would mean that the work of cutting each large into pieces would have to be camouflaged and that the engineers would have to use their saws and acetylene blast flames at night under cover.

Then there were obviously other things to be considered, such as making a good road for the motor trucks so that the sections could be got out of sight before daybreak after they had been taken from the water.

Solving the Problem

The plan had been pronounced feasible. Back at the Inland Water Transport headquarters engineers had perused blue prints and maps. On the morning of September 13, there was a council of engineers in which details were being talked over. There were still some obstacles, and there were differences of opinion. It was agreed the boats could be cut in pieces all right, but the big question was how to haul them back further into France.

Then a message was sent into the council. A captain read it aloud: "This morning our troops operating in the St. Mihiel sector made considerable gains. They advanced at some points a distance of five miles. The operation is still continuing."

"Well, well!" said the general. "We'll haul the boats out with mules."

Second observer: No, that's a gang of K.P.'s bringing up the week's allowance of noodles.

LEMPUSKI'S ANGER VENTED ON ENEMY

Unruly K. P. With Torn Trousers Captures All But One of 50

"Sir," said the corporal of the fourth squad to his captain, "Private Lempuski will not obey my commands. When I say 'Right shoulder arms,' he comes up to left shoulder, and when we're out drilling he can't remember his place in a skirmish line."

The captain scratched his head. "Lempuski? Isn't that the Polish fellow you brought to me yesterday about his torn trousers?"

The corporal confirmed his suspicions. "Well, turn him over to the mess sergeant and tell him to make a K.P. out of him," said the captain.

On the first day of the battle that wiped out the St. Mihiel salient, Private Lempuski discarded his kitchen apron and went over the top with his company. He did not join his old squad, but faced the enemy as an individual, acting as a separate command. He had no rifle, as his had been lost during one of the regiment's moving days. He stuffed his pockets full of grenades and trusted to luck.

Following close on to the heels of the creeping barrage, the Americans swept forward, and Lempuski swept with them. One of the first group of dugouts the Americans reached was at the edge of a farm and it was here that Private Lempuski proved himself a soldier.

Standing in the door of one of the dugouts he saw a German captain. He ordered the captain to surrender, which was quite unnecessary, however, as the captain had decided upon that course long before the barrage had passed over.

Not only the captain surrendered, but three lieutenants and 40 men filed out of the dugout and lined up to be taken prisoner. There were 50 of them all told, but the last one to come out hurled a potato masher at Lempuski, which riled Lempuski's temper, whereupon he picked up a discarded German rifle and shot the German who threw it.

Lempuski marched his 49 prisoners back to the regimental P.C. and presented them to the intelligence officer. "I shoot one feller," he said; "the pretty mean guy."

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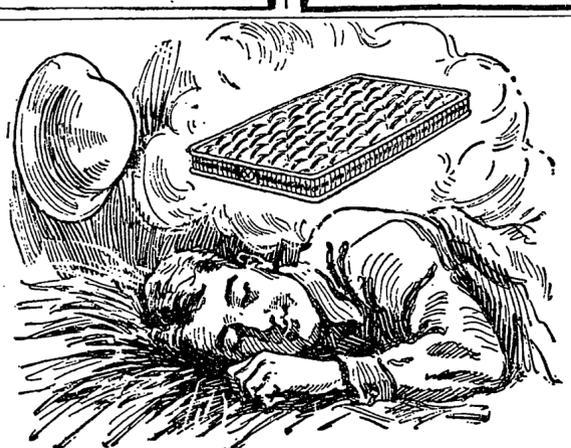
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In Billets

When from the trench the doughboy drags his weary feet, he never lags, but hurries on as best he can—a single hope spurs on the man. For billets, though they're pretty mean, and often not so very clean, at least afford the tired lad a chance to sleep—for which he's glad. He hustles, with a happy grin, to find some straw to snuggle in. At first a bed of down it seems, but soon discomforts mar his dreams. So, having passed some sleepless nights, the drowsy doughboy homeward writes: "I wish an OSTERMOOR could be shipped here by Parcel-Post to me."

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