

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF TO THE A.E.F.

THE enemy has capitulated. It is fitting that I address myself in thanks directly to the officers and soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces who by their heroic efforts have made possible this glorious result.

Our armies hurriedly raised and hastily trained, met a veteran enemy, and by courage, discipline and skill always defeated him. Without complaint you have endured incessant toil, privation and danger. You have seen many of your comrades make the supreme sacrifice that freedom may live.

I thank you for the patience and courage with which you have endured. I congratulate you upon the splendid fruits of victory which your heroism and the blood of our gallant dead are now presenting to our nation. Your deeds will live forever on the most glorious pages of America's history.

Those things you have done. There remains now a harder task which will test your soldierly qualities to the utmost. Succeed in this and little note will be taken and few praises will be sung; fail, and the light of your glorious achievements of the past will sadly be dimmed. But you will not fail.

Every natural tendency may urge towards relaxation in discipline, in conduct, in appearance, in everything that marks the soldier. Yet you will remember that each officer and each soldier is the representative in Europe of his people and that his brilliant deeds of yesterday permit no action of today to pass unnoticed by friend or by foe. You will meet this test as gallantly as you have met the tests of the battlefield.

Sustained by your high ideals and inspired by the most heroic part you have played, you will carry back to our people the proud consciousness of a new Americanism born of sacrifice. Whether you stand on hostile territory or on the friendly soil of France, you will so bear yourself in discipline, appearance and respect for all civil rights that you will confirm for all time the pride and love which every American feels for your uniform and for you.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING,
General, Commander-in-Chief.

France, November 12, 1918.

themselves. Red Cross workers who search out and care for American wounded in British and French hospitals are going to carry paper and envelopes with them on Sunday. At the casual camps, too, the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. will provide writing materials and will also make them available in their canteens at the important junctions in the S. O. S. and Advanced Zones.

Suppose You're a Casual
If you happen next Sunday to be a homeless casual on your way you know not where to drop in at a canteen and get paper. If your stop is long enough, write the letter there. If it isn't, write it on the train and mail it the first time you get a chance.

There is a paper scarcity in France. At least one was reported when the Christmas letter plan first was discussed. But it has been overcome. The K. of C., for instance, has 6,000,000 sheets of writing paper and 4,000,000 envelopes for November distribution, most of which will be available for Dad's Christmas Letters. The Red Cross has printing plants in 20 French cities and towns at work on nearly 5,000,000 sheets of letter paper appropriately inscribed, with envelopes enough to put 'em in.

After you've got the letter done, get it to your unit's censor. In the upper right-hand corner, write:

DAD'S CHRISTMAS LETTER.
This is extremely important. That inscription will entitle your letter to special delivery treatment both here and in the United States. It will insure your letter's reaching your father for Christmas Day reading.

BREST COMES UP FROM BOTTOM AND LEADS PORT RACE

Continued from Page 1
Brigadier-General W. D. Connor, former commanding officer of the base section of which Bordeaux is the center, before leaving to become chief of staff, S. O. S., presented a red, white and yellow silk banner, to be the property of the winning Stevedore company each week. The 834th Company of the 89th Battalion, commanded by Captain Louis Albe, won it the first week, along with green and red brassards to be worn by its members. The men of the 834th, moreover, have been given other privileges, such as front row seats at Y shows and so forth, and the same privileges will be accorded each week to the company that comes out top dog.

Though both the day and night shifts on the Bassens docks near Bordeaux have to work in the dark, a band is always there alongside to play them off, as is the case at St. Nazaire, which now boasts five bands. The Bordeaux Y people have hired a real live lion cub from a French animal store to lend his roar to contests.

Marseilles all pepped up by its initial success, launched into all sorts of schemes to keep the drive going. The 134th Infantry band has been detailed at old Massilia, and in addition there is a jazz band, organized among the negro Stevedores, both white and colored male choruses and choruses, and a live minstrel company, all dedicated to the cause of boosting the contest.

Officers as Short Talkers
Every night at midnight one of the quartermasters turns out on the docks the gang along, and a number of officers have been drafted to act as four-minute speakers. The subscription for prizes to go to the winning company was started by the provost marshal and the pier commander with contributions of 1,000 francs each.

La Pallice, too, has its colored minstrel troupe, and the band of the 35th Engineers, Railway, from up in La Rochelle has come down to render its aid in the booming process. A parade on Sunday last saw 10,000 men in line, with three bands, just to let folks know that the Verdun port were up and kicking.

Rochefort, neighbor to La Pallice, has been unloading a lot of oil, but oil—along with horses, mules and men—does not count in the unloading contest. However, on every truck leaving the Rochefort docks is inscribed, for the benefit of M. P.'s, the sign, "Don't Hold Up This Truck. It's On Its Way to Hoboken." The slogan adopted for the second week of the big drive is, "Eleven Hours in Nine by Keeping Busy Every Minute."

The French civilians working at Rochefort did not knock off on Armistice Day, but worked all the harder, and what is more, all were on the job early next morning.

Prize Posters and Songs
Instead of one man winning St. Nazaire's prize for the best race poster, three of them have tied for the honor, so all three will get that coveted 7 day leave to Paris. They are: 2nd Lieut. Ely M. Behar, Q. M. C.; 1st Lieut. Simon Wasserman, 369th Engrs., and Sgt. C. R. Kingham. The prize song contest was won by Master Engineer, Senior Grade, Charles P. Leonard, with the following spirited parody on "Over There":
In Berlin, in Berlin, in Berlin Kaiser Bill said a prayer—
Heard the steves were coming and started running.
And just made Holland by a hair.
St. Nazaire, St. Nazaire, in the race to Berlin, Kaiser Bill how he's wiser.
To the Kaiser—and how he's wiser.
For we helped to put the fin to La Guerre!
At La Havre and Rouen, the British authorities have promised to lend hands to stir things up. At the latter place, the British and Belgian port officers are going to give prizes to the dock foremen whose men turn out the best, average each week.

Though in the cellar position this week, Nantes is not discouraged. Lieut. Curran, the port contest officer, has plastered the place with signs that read: "Be Careful. Every Accident Holds Us Back."

REVELLE OUSTS 77'S AS WHOLE FRONT QUIETS

Squads East and West Order of Day When Guns Stop Barking

REAL BUGLE, REAL DRILLS

Campfires Glow Where Lighted Match Might Once Have Brought Down Barrage

All last week the battle line along the Meuse, from Sedan down toward Verdun, presented the strange and somewhat comic spectacle of the American Army all dressed up and no one to fight.

From that never-to-be-forgotten eleventh hour of November 11 to dawn on the following Sunday, when the march to the Rhine began, the front was a rest area.

The river line, where only a week before it had been treason and madness to strike a match, now glowed with the embers of a thousand Yankee campfires. The bugle music of retreat sounded out at sundown across what had been No Man's Land. The food, kitchens, warped and weary from the strain of chasing the doughboys for 40 breathless kilometers, had a chance at last to trundle past them, settle down in front of them, and, thus strangely placed, bring forth an endless succession of well-earned flapjacks.

There, too, the free-and-easy, rip-and-leather-go-boys existence of the front gave way to all the fuss and feathers of cantonment life. Formal guard mount there would be as the afternoon shadows lengthened along the Meuse, and drills there were plenty, drills in fields to which the shell holes gave the look of new-plowed ground. Where but a week before the cannon had cursed and the machine guns rattled there could be heard no nothing but the harsh calls of "Squads left, damn you," and "Squads right about."

Roused by Reveille

The doughboy, roused on these frosty November mornings by the half-forgotten sound of reveille, and discovering that life in the front line had become suddenly so much more familiar, presence there of the top sergeant, crawled out of his canvas "chateau," shivered, cursed and, in the bottom of his heart, wondered if this old armistice was all it had been cracked up to be.

The front was a rest area, meaning that the troops, after the first wild uncheckered jubilation of the 11th, had settled down to work. It was drill, drill, drill for the Infantry and the Artillery. It was work from dawn to dusk for the Signal Corps wiremen getting ready to link the Meuse and the Rhine, too, for the Engineers and Engineers on the splintered river bridges and on all the roads approaching them. Now and again one of their quarry explosions would jar all the battlefields and start each time the agitating suggestion that the war had reopened for business.

The week was music stirring, heart-warming, memorable by the steady flow through our impatient lines of prisoners returning from Germany. Out of Longwy, out of Longuyon, and all the towns and villages of the frontier came a happy multitude of young and old, men and women, soldiers and civilians.

Whole Columns of Boys

There were whole columns of boys, kidnapped early in the war from up Lille way. They had been tolling dimly in the towns from which the Germans were now departing for good and all. When the order had come for the lines to withdraw beyond the Rhine, their captors turned them loose. Then, one and all, they set their faces toward Paris. Was it still there—Paris? Had it been bombed to pieces? The Germans said so. Had Clemenceau been killed? The Germans said so.

So the questions poured from them when once more they found themselves with friendly faces all about. They had not enough clothing on their backs nor enough food in their bellies, but one and all, they were grinning from ear to ear, and, one and all, they got fed somehow at the inexhaustible American kitchens as they trudged, through our lines, along the wonder-road that led to home.

Back to Their Own Division

Then there were prisoners of war as well. French, Italian, Russian—and American, some abruptly and dramatically released from their work on the roads behind the German lines, some formally delivered from the big prison camp in Luxembourg. Of these, the most eager and the most free were five Yankees, taken prisoner at Juvigny in September, who outstripped the rest and arrived one night, fagged out, hungry and footsore at the American line. By a freak of circumstance, they found themselves in the area of their own division.

"Who's there?" the sentry called. "Go to hell," a voice answered affectionately from the darkness. "I'm Hindy himself, if you all want to know."

The sentry forgot that he was a sentry and disobeyed four or five general orders in rapid succession, so great was his haste to welcome the wanderers. He threw down his gun, which hardboiled sentries never do, and shook hands all round.

That was after the Boches had started to fade silently away from their positions on the other side of No Man's Land, but even before their going, some recently captured prisoners began to trickle back to their own people. And if the War Diary is really complete, it will have an entry noting gravely how on the night of the 11th,

some 28 American prisoners were brought down to the barbed wire by their captors and there formally handed over in exchange for two cartons of cigarettes.

Thousands of Last Shots
Meanwhile, no chronicler can ever hope to set down all the yarns that were told and all the rumors that were spread around the campfires at night. From a hasty compilation of the statistics there furnished, an investigator could easily establish the fact that the last shot of the war was fired 78,926 times. At least that many shells have already been sold to Y. M. C. A. men and other Americans in France as certified souvenirs of the last moment of the war.

And the rumors. Just as the camps back in the States used to buzz every morning with the news that the outfit was going to France, so last week every organization in the Zone of Advance was on edge with the expectation of leaving before dark for Berlin. And, though home would not look so very terrible to most of us just now, it should be set down here that every unit not invited to the Rhine felt highly outraged at the omission.

Then, just as last summer the A. E. F. was agog over the question as to which outfit would parade in Paris on the Fourth of July, so now there has been an omnipresent bit of inside snuff according to which the divisions will march up Fifth avenue on Christmas Day. Each division is a little puzzled as to the identity of the other two.

Jazz for Famous Scot

It was after dark that the yarns and the rumors thrived. And the festivities, too. It was during that motionless week that the greatest and gentlest Scot of our time made a pilgrimage to Verdun. He found its battered streets packed with parading poilus, Tommies and Yanks, with here and there some soldiers from Russia and Italy and Algiers and far-off Annam.

He went to the old cathedral at night, drawn across the courtyard to the basement of the saintly College Marguerite, by the zippy discords from one of the jazz bands in France.

There he found officers and nurses treading the stately measures of the fox trot. He wandered through the dim candle lit corridors of the cathedral itself, in front of which, in a space of three square kilometers, the armies of Germany and France fought night and day through eight of the most bitter and most critical months in the history of man. Now, around each candle, a group of soldiers bent over something on the stone flagging and each group ever and anon, in a strange incantation which seemed, at times to form such phrases as:

"What's that? What's that? Baby needs a pair o' shoes. What's that? Read 'em and weep, I tell you. Read 'em and weep!"

CHANCE TO COME BACK

First Old Timer: Well, thank God this war's about over!
Second Old Timer: Yes, we can clean out a few of these civilians now and have a real army.

TIME TO LET HIM KNOW

"What's for dinner tonight?"
"Slum."
"Guess the mess sergeant still thinks there's a war on."

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THIRD ARMY WELL ON WAY TO KEEP WATCH ON RHINE

Continued from Page 1

known as the Army of Occupation, is made up of 250,000 troops, commanded by Major-General J. T. Dickman.

Six of its divisions had been in the thick of every big American fight since Marshal Foch launched the counter-offensive in mid-July.

There is the First, whose Infantry paraded the Champs-Elysees that first French Fourth of July in 1917, the First with its memories of Cantigny, Soissons, Mihiel and the Argonne. It is commanded by Brig-Gen. Frank Parker.

There is the Second, half Infantry and half Marines, that made Belleau Wood a name to conjure with in American history, that was very much in evidence at St. Mihiel, that jumped in to help General Gouraud in Champagne in October and from that task hustled over to the Argonne to take the center of the line when the smash was made on November 1. The commander is Major-Gen. John A. Lejeune, M. C.

First at Chateau-Thierry

There is the Third, the first American division to jump into the fight at Chateau-Thierry, the division that held the Marne on that historic July 15 when the last German offensive began and one of the divisions that were longest in the line during the Argonne battle. The commander is Brig-Gen. Preston Brown.

There is the Fourth, likewise a veteran of the Chateau-Thierry salient and a tower of strength during the entire first month of the Argonne drive. The commander is Major-Gen. Mark J. Hersey.

Besides these four are two divisions built on National Guard foundations—the 32nd and the Rainbow. The 32nd is made up largely of men from Wisconsin and Michigan.

On the Ourcq and the Vesle, one of its elements won from the French the name of "The Terrible Brigade" and the 32nd, before getting ready for its role in the Argonne, was used by General Mangin as the spearhead of one of his mighty thrusts below the Saint Gobain Forest. It is commanded by Major-Gen. William C. Haan.

Then there is the Rainbow, the division whose regiments come from New

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York, Alabama, Ohio and Iowa. The Rainbow has always been among those present at all American battles. It was part of the dam that General Gouraud reared to stem the German tide east of Rheims on July 15. It led the charge across the Ourcq on July 28, it pitched in at St. Mihiel, it took the Cote de Chateillon in the Argonne and in the last great week, it raced the First Division to the gates of Sedan. The commander is Brig-Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

The 5th, 89th and 90th Divisions were very much in the thick of the fighting this fall, and for the most part, side by side.

Fifth in the Argonne

At St. Mihiel, the 5th Division was in the front lines from September 12 to 15, inclusive. During the Meuse-Argonne battle it entered the front lines from October 13 to 20, inclusive, again taking its place there on October 27 and going through to the end. It is commanded by Major-Gen. Hanson E. Ely.

The 89th Division, commanded by Brig-Gen. Frank L. Winn, was in both the Meuse-Argonne and the Meuse-Argonne operations. It went into the latter the middle of September, remaining through October 7. After 12 days of relief, it returned to the front lines and was still there when fighting ceased.

The 90th Division, commanded by Major-Gen. Henry T. Allen, also took part in both operations. In the Meuse-Argonne battle it entered the front lines on September 26 and remained with the advance through October 10. Then, after ten days' relief from front line duty, it was returned and was in the thick of battle until the hour of the armistice.

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