

WELL, IT'S PROBABLY THE ONLY BIRTHDAY WE'LL EVER HAVE

EDITORIAL STAFF
CONSISTS WHOLLY
OF ENLISTED MEN
Buck Privates Strongest Numerically, With Scattering Non-Coms
MANY ARMS OF SERVICE
Machine Gunner, Air Service Delegate, Engineer, Quack Doctor in Original Quartet

The editorial department of THE STARS AND STRIPES has from time to time been somewhat taken aback by encountering a rumor that it consisted of a detachment of General Staff colonels or a committee of Y.M.C.A. secretaries. Some of the leading actresses back home have even been irritated enough to suggest that it appeared to be edited by Elsie Janis. To all of which charges, we can, and always do, reply: "Liar!"

The editorial staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES consists of enlisted men of the A.E.F. There have never been any commissions or even promotions awarded within its precincts.

To show what outfits of the A.E.F. and what newspapers back home contributed, the roster follows. The original staff, in the order in which it was acquired, was made up of these four:

Private Hudson Hawley, formerly of the Hartford Times, the New York Sun and the Yale Record, who was picked from the 101st Machine Gun Battalion. He wrote most of the first few issues. He was Bud Mash, Miss Information and everything else at the start, and later became one of the chief chroniclers of the S.O.S.

Sample of His Work
 Private John T. Winterich, formerly of the Springfield Republican, who escaped from the 96th Aero Squadron. He developed into the chief copy-reader, make-up man and head-writer of the A.E.F.

Private Harold W. Ross, formerly of the San Francisco Call and some 78 other American newspapers (one at a time). He came to the editorial staff from the 1st Engineers and immediately planned and established the original fund to which American soldiers have contributed more than 2,000,000 francs and which has taken under the wing of the A.E.F. 3,414 French waifs.

Sergeant Alexander Woolcott, formerly dramatic critic of the New York Times, was safely ensconced in the registrar's office of Base Hospital No. 3 when captured and borne off to Paris. When the war ended he became a warlike little sprig, he was sent to the front, where he remained for the most part until the armistice was signed, serving as chief copy-reader of THE STARS AND STRIPES and living in constant danger of death at the hands of some division that thought he was giving too much attention to the wretched, craven divisions on either side.

These four constituted the original staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES and remain in charge of its editorial department. One of them is managing editor—probably the lowest paid managing editor in the history of journalism. These four have written 99 per cent of the editorials we printed. In addition, they have helped make the world safe for democracy by serving as models for Wally's editorials.

More Non-Coms and a Private

To the original quartet were added, while the fighting lasted, Sergeant Seth T. Bailey of the Portland Oregonian and the Sun and the Cleveland Plain Dealer and Base Hospital No. 4, Corporal Jack S. Connolly of the Boston Herald and the 101st Field Artillery, and Sergeant Philip Von Blon, of the Cleveland Plain Dealer and Base Hospital No. 15. Sergeant Bailey, a peculiarly hard-boiled doughboy, descended on the sanctum in column of squads, sporting a Mexican badge, and developed before us a fine, well-kept, over a barrage of letters from "Henry's trial to Henry" which have enlivened the A.E.F. ever since. Bailey, Von Blon, Ross and Winterich all took their hands to the work of the front, for it took many men to cover that fairly lively beat.

Then certain officers, destined for other work in France, helped us out one at a time in passing. There was Lieutenant Charles Phelps Cushing of the Kansas City Star, who attended and shared the labor pains with which the A.E.F. gave birth to this newspaper. Captain Franklin P. Adams—P.P.A. of the New York Tribune—brought a column for a time and Lieutenant Grantland Rice, the sport writer, himself recited the funeral oration for the sporting page when it was buried for the duration of the war. Now on his way home, he promises to send us some hot sport dope by cable, but probably will forget about it. They are that way—officers. The divisional histories are the work of Captain Joseph G.I.L.Q., Tours, Paris and elsewhere, there is not, as far as is known, an issue printing press of a size large enough to print half a million copies of an eight-page weekly.

Saved!

It was the plan and expectation, in the event of a prolonged war, to recruit the staff from the men disabled in combat so that in time THE STARS AND STRIPES would have been written and edited entirely by newspapermen who had been wounded in the service.

It was a matter of pride that with an editorial staff no larger than here outlined—never larger than seven—until October the paper was not out every week until the armistice was signed. Then, with the news sources reaching out from Brest to Binzon, the job became more difficult and the obligation to do without help ended.

After the armistice, we acquired Sergeant Major Kenneth C. Adams and Sergeant Kenneth E. Key, both of the San Francisco 91st Division, Private J. W. Rixey Smith of the Chattanooga Times and Base Hospital 11, Private Arthur J. Good of the Bridgeport Times and the 32nd Field Artillery, Third Lieutenant Hilmar Bauhaage of Leslie's Weekly and the Coast Artillery, Battalion Sergeant Major Wilson Rogers, Jr., of the Baltimore Sun and the 10th Field Artillery and Private but Sporting Editor Nat T. Worley of the Washington Herald and the 11th Engineers.

Marine and Doughboy

Then there is the art department. The two privates who embody it can (and occasionally do) insist that all the artists who were commissioned to make pictures of the war. They are Private Abian A. Wallgren, formerly of any Philadelphia newspaper you can think of and the Washington Post, who did the weekly comic strip, was pried loose from the Fifth Marines, where, apparently, he acquired his undying affection for top-surgents. Wallgren is probably the best advertised and worst behaved enlisted man in the A.E.F. At least he is the best advertised, and that is going some. In the adjoining cartoon, the soldier without the sandwich is Wally.

Private C. Leroy Baldrige, Inf., after attending the German army in Belgium in 1914 as an artist, went to the Mexican front as a stable sergeant and to the Western front as a pilot. Eventually, discovering the A.E.F. he joined that, and ever since his drawings of the doughboys have been famous the world around.

The roster of the editorial staff, however, is not complete without the mention of four



Rube Goldberg Visits the Art Department

others, George W. B. Britt, Stuart H. Carroll, Frank Sibley and J. W. Muller. Britt, still the most melodious member of the Army Field Clerk Corps, despite the fact that he is the oldest man on the paper, established the Service Department of THE STARS AND STRIPES, where he receives all queries, such as "How can I match the enclosed sample of a broken tooth?" (We bite. How can you?) or "Has Mary Pickford died of the flu?" (Referred to Graves Registration Service).

Carroll, who is a Quartermaster Sergeant Senior Grade and therefore very, very wealthy, never could make up his mind whether to be in the editor's or business department and finally compromised on managing circulation and writing verse for the sporting page.

Much of the staff in the first issues was recruited from the stories filed by American war correspondents, but during that period is still "Old Man" Shigg, the Boss of the 26th Division, pitched in and helped directly.

J. W. Muller, a veteran American newspaper man, wrote all our cable dispatches from the other side, with no other reward than the satisfaction of sending a cheery greeting from home every week to a million readers.

And there you are. That is the editorial staff. One mysterious figure in the formation remains to be identified. That is the "man" who is blocked by another Frenchman and put in the page by an Englishman, with the line over it set by an American.

The page is made up by at least one American and an Englishman, working so close together that their heads sometimes bump, and when the chase is finally locked, the final typographical error (if he could find it), the matrix (which the French call a long) is made in the home of the printer, and the page made under the supervision of an Englishman.

THE STARS AND STRIPES has been set and printed since its founding in the printing room of the Continental Edition of the Daily Mail (London), at 36 Rue du Sentier, Paris. Here American soldiers, fusing their own and the editorial staff, under the denim in which American Engineers fust and night shirts, set the Army newspaper into type.

The printing, until last September, was also done at the Daily Mail plant, but in that month this work was transferred to the plant of Le Journal, Rue Richelieu, Paris. If the question is asked, and it is not an unanswerable one, as to why the Army does not see the whole process through itself, it can be answered by stating that, although there are hundreds of printers in O.D. in France and at least several dozen in England, G.I.Q., Tours, Paris and elsewhere, there is not, as far as is known, an issue printing press of a size large enough to print half a million copies of an eight-page weekly.

LADY REPORTERS? NO, BUT WE HAVE MARIE-LOUISE

There is only one person attached to THE STARS AND STRIPES for rations, and that is the morsel of a French girl adopted by its personnel—the first child in any of the 4,441 orphanages for whom the soldiers of the A.E.F. have been such good providers.

The tiny town of Pompadour in the Côte d'Or, New on the map, has a wonderful wine and of Marie-Louise Patriarche. Her partrains have it in mind that she should be well cared for after they have sailed for France. Already she has adopted 500 francs toward a fund for that purpose.

WHAT OUR OLD BOSS SAYS

It fell to my lot to propose THE STARS AND STRIPES, to give the paper its name, to set forth its aims and its policies, to organize it, and then to manage it, as officer in charge, until some weeks after the armistice.

But (barring an officer or two, who had to be around to satisfy Army traditions) THE STARS AND STRIPES has actually been produced by enlisted men, many of the lowly, or buck, variety.

A handful of enlisted men has written and illustrated the greater part of the paper—I believe, for its size, the most brilliant and—erratic editorial staff ever possessed by an American newspaper.

Enlisted men have helped compose and make up the paper. It has been distributed among the Army by enlisted men. The financial department has been managed by still others from the ranks—every line of its activities has been largely in the hands of enlisted men.

The story of THE STARS AND STRIPES is not an officer's. It belongs to the enlisted American soldier—specifically, not only to the writers and cartoonists, but also to the printer, the proof-reader, the compositor, the pressman, the binder, the carrier, the distributor, the collector, the advertiser, the subscriber, the reader, the man in the world who is fighting or writing or anything.

GUY T. VISKINSKI, Capt., Inf., U.S.A. Paris, France, Jan. 31, 1919.

WAR PUT BRAND NEW KINKS INTO CIRCULATION JOB

Humble Bread Ticket Supplied Clue to Distribution System

FIELD AGENTS DO THE REST

Two Hundred Enlisted Men Get Army Newspaper Into Hands of Its Readers

On the bright and happy morn of November 11, 1918, two gay and carefree young Americans were playfully discussing their views in one more or less muddy and decrepit Ford motor truck across a perfectly good highway which extended somewhere east of the Meuse and deployed in the general direction of Germany. After completing some kilometers of careless travel, they have in sight of a village, and one of the twain exclaimed, "Reckon we'll find some 'em there."

They drove casually into the quiet place, steered down the main and only street, and were suddenly confronted with a rough-looking bunch of persons wearing decidedly German uniforms and carrying very business-like looking rifles. The joyful hi-jinks came to an abrupt halt. "Whattell?" exclaimed the driver.

Briefly, but in fairly good English, they were informed that they were prisoners. They had motored into "Germany," and, as it lacked half an hour of 11 o'clock, there was war going on and they were prisoners. Their captors searched the bus, but found, to their sorrow, that it contained merely two large, fat mail sacks containing the latest editions of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Last Men Taken Prisoner

For the two young motorists, probably the last Americans captured during the late unpleasantness, were held agents of the Army newspaper attached to the 60th Division, and had been busily hunting for some advance units of that division when they fell into enemy hands. They were held captive until the hour of 11, and during the interval effected a few investments in first-class Boche souvenirs. Their captors, returned to duty and to the search for their subscribers, to whom the papers were ultimately delivered in the morning.

Then again there was a battery of 75's manned by American field artillery firing across a deserted highway one pleasant afternoon in the latter part of 1918. The firing ceased, and their lizzy, and returned to duty and to the search for their subscribers, to whom the papers were ultimately delivered in the morning.

From these little incidents one may gather the idea that the business department of THE STARS AND STRIPES has been a somewhat wild and woolly affair. Maybe one is right. But how could the business department of a newspaper with a 500,000 circulation in a go-getting Army be anything else?

Ask the Back-Home Experts

Put the problem up to any first-rate circulation expert in any American city. Ask him how he would get a paper, issued Friday morning, to 500,000 members of a moving, fighting army, and get most of them there before Friday night. He would first of all, before Saturday night, with no regular means of communication, and see what he says. Figuring on a peace-time basis, it couldn't be done. But figures from the front show that it wasn't done perfectly—ah, well—if everyone were perfect we wouldn't have an Army.

Two hundred enlisted men of the A.E.F. are handling the business of the paper. They came as they were needed, from all sorts of outfits, in all parts of the U.S.A. For months they worked with mighty small hope of reward, being on "detached service."

But on December 1, 1918, there was born one of the unique military units of this or any other Army, the First Censor and Press Company. The members of this unit are the first C. & P. In our office lingo the initials stand for "College Men and Printers."

The printers are not doing much printing, but back in July, when the Huns had an idea of blowing Paris into the river Seine, it became very important that the newspaper of Paris would move elsewhere.

Ready for the Emergency

In that case our French and British friends could do no more. They had no printing, and we at once assembled a mechanical force from members of the A.E.F. and were ready to publish THE STARS AND STRIPES in Paris until the Boche should come in and stop us with bayonets, at which time it was planned to drop the pen, and go home, in favor of the sword. We didn't get a chance to do this, as the printers went to work blithely as field agents or in the mailing department, or the treasurer's office. They are scattered all over the place.

As for the college men, they are as thoroughly scattered on all sorts of jobs. Occasionally in the office one finds a Sam Brown, but not many. The proportion smaller than in an infantry company. From almost the start, Lieut. A. Ochs, Jr., long held the combination of the safe as treasurer. Lieut. A. Ayers has fought the S. & S. battle for months as business manager. Lieut. William J. Michael was the first advertising manager. But the enlisted bunch will modestly admit that they have done the work.

Our big problems have found big cooperation from our friends and allies. The continental plant of the Daily Mail (London) handles the composition. The printing comes off the presses of Le Journal, a wonderfully complete newspaper plant to which

even our half-million press run is no serious problem.

For many months the white paper, precious stuff in France in wartime, has come through the efforts of the Societe Anonyme des Papeteries Darblay. Very soon now the first shipments of paper from the States will be rolling in on American cars from the base ports. The distribution question found a wonderful helper in Inchetti et Cie., the largest distributors of periodicals in France. They put the paper on sale at newsdealers throughout France and handled the express shipments to the military field agents and the Y.M.C.A. huts, expediting deliveries by hours and days.

More Books Coming

Month by month have come new methods and developments, until the business office has become an institution. From a couple of rooms at the Hotel St. Anne, the paper moved to its own offices at 1 Rue des Italiens and then to bigger offices, a whole floor of a big building at 22 Rue Taitebout. Then we got into a new line, with the publication of "Tanks," the book of A.E.F. verse, which has pleased beyond all expectations. Very probably there will be two or three other books in the next few months. "Wally: His Cartoons of the A.E.F." is now on the presses.

One little difficulty encountered by the business office was that, while lots of subscribers wanted the paper, none of them had permanent addresses. They just kept moving and moving.

Coupled with this circumstance was the additional trouble caused by the censorship. For several reasons, some obvious and some more military, THE STARS AND STRIPES did not possess and did not want thousands of issues of the paper at the location of troops. Hence, if Subscriber Bill Smith moved from A.P.O. 101 to A.P.O. 121, the S. & S. was unable to check up paper in the mail and let the postoffice department do the rest. If you remember anything about the speed with which second-class mail was moving around the A.E.F. in those days, you have some idea of why the distribution of THE STARS AND STRIPES was not exactly a howling success. More howling, anyhow, than success.

And still the business was growing by leaps and bounds, until one day in mid-October there were 50,000 subscribers and about that time the "coupon-ticket" idea was born. It originated with Capt. Richard H. Waldo, a circulation expert in civilian life, who was with the STARS AND STRIPES as business manager. And Captain Waldo admitted that he got the idea from Captain Mark S. Watson, P.A., of the "If bread can be rationed," said Waldo, "why can't THE STARS AND STRIPES?"

It could and it was. THE STARS AND STRIPES will have a circulation of about 500,000 copies. It will reach a majority of its readers on the date of publication, and nearly all the copies are ready to go the day following. It will serve to inform and amuse more than a million readers in France, and something like 200,000 copies will then be mailed to the United States. It will help to bring many thousands of francs to a fund for the support and education of the war orphans of France.

From an idea of a year ago there has grown an institution which would be the envy of almost any successful publisher in the world. It is a newspaper that should serve the principle laid down when a first look-form—a newspaper "by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F."

ARMY POETS SUBMIT 18,000 SAMPLES; 384 SEE PRINT

Army verse—sometimes two or three poems, sometimes 25—has appeared in every issue of the Army newspaper. And Army verse will continue to appear in every issue until the end of the war. It is a necessary part of the Army newspaper. It is a necessary part of the Army newspaper. It is a necessary part of the Army newspaper.

FOUR MEMBERS OF STAFF DIE WHILE IN SERVICE

Four members of THE STARS AND STRIPES staff have died in the service. None of them is listed as killed in action or died of wounds, but their sacrifice was made in line of duty, in some cases as a result of exposure at the front while carrying on the work of the Army newspaper.

Sgt. David I. Bowden, after some months as a field agent for the paper, came to Paris in November, 1918, to become a traveling auditor. Seized by the influenza epidemic, he struggled bravely against giving up his work, even to enter a hospital. Just when he thought he was well, and when he had come back to the office with renewed enthusiasm for his new work, a relapse set in, from which he died. He was buried at Suresnes on December 3, 1918.

Sgt. Homer G. Roland went through the trying weeks of the Arronche battle as a field agent for the paper. He was a member of the fighting. Despite his poor health, a buoyant spirit kept him on the go for long, hard hours, often under fire. He died of influenza on December 1, 1918, at the age of 28.

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A.E.F. NEWSPAPER JUST A YEAR OLD; MEET VOLUME TWO

Continued from Page 1
 was signed. It was pointed out that the same thing had been tried without success by every other army in Europe. The undiscouraged answer was that, given a public of American soldiers, a lively, slightly irreverent, plain-spoken newspaper, which did not smell to Heaven of propaganda and which was not choked up with deadly official utterances, could be established in France, and, by all that was holy, should be.

So, with a shoestring, some nerve, a few francs dug up from O.D. pockets, and General Staff, the paper was started. That working capital was long ago repaid, and a neat bank balance of lots more than a million francs can be fondled by the Inspector General whenever he feels like it. We have often been asked why we charged anything for our newspaper. There are several answers. To begin with, it would have been a long and uncertain project to start the paper unless it had promised to be self-supporting. Then the fact that the doughboy paid his ten cents for every issue made it possible for us to remind all and sundry from time to time that the paper was his and that every one else in the world could keep hands off. Finally, no American editor did or ever will respect reading matter that is thrown at him like a department store bulletin. Already vast sums have gone to company funds on our subscription system, and literally hundreds of company funds were started in that way. What will be done with the bank balance when the day comes for us to take down our sign and close the shop remains for the A.E.F. and its members to decide.

With a Single Purpose
 It would be well if we could ever find out what disposition of this fund the enlisted man of the A.E.F. prefers. The paper belongs to him. From the start it was dedicated to him. Practically all of it has been written by enlisted men, and its present somewhat violent managing editor is a first-class private some day, but he is not yet.

THE STARS AND STRIPES had and has but one purpose—to give the Army a voice which would stimulate the morale of the American Expeditionary Forces. Here, at its start, was a (then and now too self-confident) Army scattered to the winds of Europe, and in serious danger of losing all sense of belonging to a single army. To write for the Yanks training with the British, the Yanks fighting with the French, the Yanks loaned to Italy, and the Yanks venturing a bit on their own northwest of Toul—to tell each separate part and group that the others were helping—that was the idea.

And, as Yanks are all sceptics who can smell bunk a mile off, it was decided that the truth must be told, and should be told in a way that would be understood. We should have done had the A.E.F. filled, just how we should have extricated ourselves from our policy. The first-class private troops had gone in for strategic retreating, we don't know.

But, thanks to the combat divisions, the problem never troubled us. From that day in May, when the breathless squads from the 7th Machine Gun Battalion jumped into the fighting in the streets of Chateau-Thierry, the work of THE STARS AND STRIPES became easy. The editorial staff just hung on to the coat-tails of the irresistible doughboys and was carried to glory. Any error in sorting up the news did not have got out a readable newspaper, with the American Infantry providing the news, would properly have been shot.

The Distribution Problem
 If the editorial problem of THE STARS AND STRIPES had its curious features, this was doubly true of the business department. Here, for once, was a newspaper that did not care two sous about making money and that could look any damned advertiser in the face and tell him to go to hell.

Then why have ads at all, you ask. Because it was desirable to keep the paper afloat. It was necessary to keep the paper afloat. It was necessary to keep the paper afloat. It was necessary to keep the paper afloat.

This problem was solved by Captain Richard H. Waldo, formerly business manager of the New York Tribune, who brought up the business department of THE STARS AND STRIPES in the way it should go. He stayed with it long enough to establish the coupon system.

After many anxious weeks, when it must often have seemed likely to be bewildered on-lookers that THE STARS AND STRIPES was going to blow up and fall to appear at all, it gradually gathered momentum and proceeded under his own steam. Then, in the course of time, the editorial staff began to receive intimations that it was getting out a real newspaper.

"Constant Reader" Appears

"We suspected as much when the ruler of one of the most wonderful countries in the world sent a special emissary to hint that we were not giving that country quite the attention it deserved. Our suspicions deepened when the daily mail bag began to burst with denunciations from "Constant Reader" on "The Editor" in the "Editorial Department." They took on the tinge of certainty when a Captain in the Rainbow—the doings of which magnificent division have been chronicled in these columns at least as fully as those of any other—recently flared up with the allegation that we had not given his outfit enough write-ups and on that ground surely refused an obviously needed bath to one of our field agents.

However, not even this incident convinced us. What convinced us were the dark threats from occasional members of the international reputation, who, although it was known this paper was published by and for the enlisted men, were bound we should print just what they wanted just the way they wanted it. If we did not, they said, they would run and tell their dear old, dear, old, dear, old, dear, old friend—General Pershing.

"Then we knew we were a real newspaper at last." THE STARS AND STRIPES is up at the top of the mast for the duration of the war. It is an editorial in the first issue. It is a story in the second issue. It is a letter in the third issue. It is a poem in the fourth issue. It is a cartoon in the fifth issue. It is a drawing in the sixth issue. It is a photograph in the seventh issue. It is a news item in the eighth issue. It is a report in the ninth issue. It is a column in the tenth issue. It is a page in the eleventh issue. It is a volume in the twelfth issue.

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