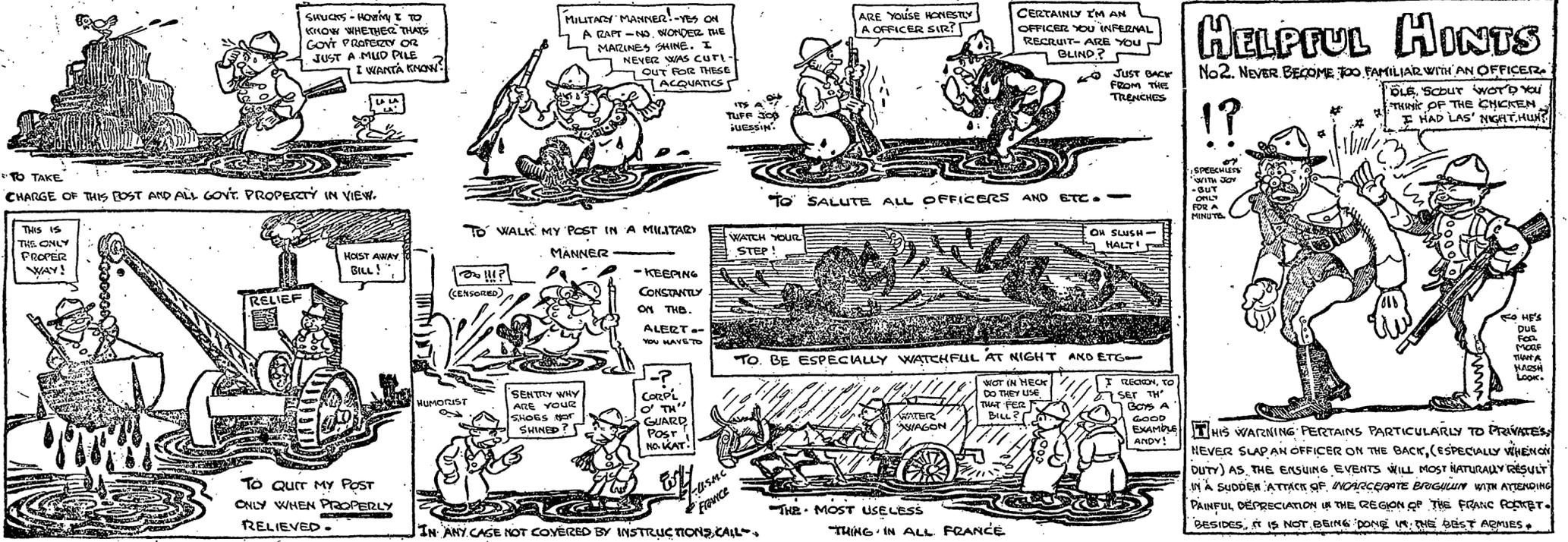


# GENERAL ORDERS IN SUNNY FRANCE

Reprinted from THE STARS AND STRIPES of February 22, 1918, and included in "Wells: His Cartoons of the A.E.F." now being sold for the benefit of the War Orphan Continuation Fund.

—By WALLGREN



## HELPFUL HINTS

No. 2. NEVER BECOME TOO FAMILIAR WITH AN OFFICER.

!?

SOLE, SCOUT WO'D YOU THINK OF THE CHICKEN I HAD LAS' NIGHT, HUN?

SPEECHLESS WITH JOY—BUT ONLY FOR A MINUTE.

SO HE'S DUE FOR MORE THAN A WASH LOOK.

THIS WARNING PERTAINS PARTICULARLY TO PRIVATES; NEVER SLAP AN OFFICER ON THE BACK, (ESPECIALLY WHEN ON DUTY) AS THE ENSUING EVENTS WILL MOST NATURALLY RESULT IN A SUDDEN ATTACK OF INCORRECT BRILLIANT WITH ATTENDING PAINFUL DEPRECIATION IN THE REGION OF THE FRANK POCKET. BESIDES, IT IS NOT BEING DONE IN THE BEST ARMIES.

## BEAR DRIVE HITS SOUVENIR MARKET

But German Factories Are Making War Mementoes Right Along

## GOVERNMENT TAKES HAND

Specimens for Historical and Experimental Use Deplete Stock at Doughboy's Disposal

The dry remark of the American officer in Trier that there are more German helmets in the United States than there are in the entire Kaiserland has more than the customary grain of truth in it. The battlefields have been swept clean, and though there may be a few warehouses in interior Germany as yet untouched it probably won't be long before their contents will be on their way to occupied territory, ready for sale to the first Yank or Allied purchaser that happens along.

Although it has not been officially revealed that there are factories in Germany turned their lathes and machines for no other purpose than to satisfy the insatiable American craze for souvenirs, it is known there are several plants turning out little things such as rings with miniature Iron Crosses on them, buttons, ashtrays, etc. One of these is at Essen, while others are scattered about in the vicinity. Frankfurt, also, is believed to harbor a factory making a specialty of war mementoes.

The plant near Essen is said to be going strong on rings made out of gun metal, and brightly burnished to look like gold. Indeed, many Yank purchasers are of the impression that these rings are of gold—but the only gold in Germany, if German authorities and newspapers are to be believed, if it is not in the toe of some stocking or in the pot under the fireplace, is in German banks, or on its way to pay for damages.

## Issue Iron Crosses

When the war began, Wilhelm der Zweite had millions upon millions of belts and belt buckles, tons upon tons of Iron Crosses and wound medals, buttons, cap buttons, and all sorts of other ornaments. Much of this was left over when the war ended, even the Iron Crosses, though, as every Yank knows, they were distributed as a sort of regular ration, helmet or C.C.'s. And it is these leftovers that are now being sold.

If the traffic keeps up, it won't need an effort to raise the price of the stuff to prevent the Germans from having an Army. The cloth is being made over into clothes for children—the Germans are inherently opposed to ragged suits—and the Government is expected to intercept the flow of the stuff being sold over the counters. A German Army without Iron Crosses and other pretty and glossy baubles certainly can't expect to inspire the devotion of radical Rhine Republicans, at least.

There are no Iron Crosses for sale in Coblenz, that is, not officially. There was a great "Fest" here and the traffic in one of the foundation stones of the Kultur, and the shop keepers withdrew them—from their windows; and they're rather hard to get.

## Warehouses Cleaned Out

The big German warehouses at Mottenich, across the Moselle, about whose contents fabulous tales have been seen into the hinterland of the S.O.S., and which proved such a Mecca for officers, seeking, one and all, at least one shiny helmet of the type sent to America to be used as prizes in the Victory Loan—the contents of those warehouses, be it repeated, are merely ragged shadows of their former selves. The helmets are "spoofed." And if you so much as whisper the word "souvenir" in a sort of wistful, hungry way at Mottenich you are apt to be massacred in ice cold blood, or, if the intention is feebly particularly jovial, you will be referred to an American soldier's helmet, regulation issue, suspended on a nail behind the commanding officer's desk, and which are printed the words: "This is the only kind of helmet we have for souvenirs." And even that sign may have to be taken down pretty soon.

As a matter of fact, much of this ordnance material is already in the S.O.S. or on its way to America in fulfillment of a G.H.Q. order to the effect that the Government had taken a hand in the souvenir game, and that it wants everything it can get for historical, photographic and experimental purposes.

Three classifications were made of the stuff in the warehouses. Part of it goes to the salvage department at Tours for photographic purposes. Twenty specimens of every object found were collected for the engineering collection at Is-sur-Tille, from where they go to the States. And then there is the historical collection which was shipped first to Givres, and then to America.

There were many lugers and Mauser pistols, but these, somehow, disappeared mysteriously shortly after the first doughboys marched into Germany. And the Germans took away all the leather they could carry—so that all that was left, in addition to a lot of ancient firearms, which were carefully collected and catalogued, was the following: muskets, infantry packs, some of dogskin, some of calfskin, some of

## BANTAMS IN RING FOR SHORTEST HONORS; OTHER ESTS ENTERED

Are you a record breaker? Who is the shortest man in the A.E.F.? Who weighs the most? Who weighs the least? Who is the youngest? Who is the oldest? Who has been longest in the Army?

'Back to sarge to brig and then on the road to shoulder bars—and all this for the love of a woman, is the speed record of "Corporal Ordinaire," of the 800th Aero Squadron.

After eight months as acting sergeant, the corporal states that he was promoted from buck to a proud wearer of three chevrons, reduced to corporal and put in the brig for going AWOL in order "to keep an engagement with one of France's sweetest and fairest daughters."

When the young lady visited the prisoner in confinement, however, the C.O. caught a glimpse of the demoiseille, had a change of heart, and recommended the corporal for a commission.

Maybe there's nothing in a name, but it seems that the C.O.'s name was Wilder.

Cpl. Henry Spadola, 4th Company, 4th A.S. Mechanic Regiment, declares that nobody has anything on him when it comes to height. "I am only 4 feet 10 inches," he says, "and weigh 99 pounds."

And Master Engineer (J.G.) Harry Prewett wishes to go on record that he wants to go home worse than any other man in the A.E.F. and will prove it to any of the 1,500,000 competitors who are willing to listen.

Jack Stephens, Q.M.C., enters the first child contest with the claim that young Miss Stephens was the first A.E.F. child born overseas. She arrived July 21, 1918, at London.

Sgt. J. T. Owen, Company L, 110th Infantry, anxiously breaks the candy record by admitting that he received two issues in one week.

The Mallet Reserve, the famous Franco-American unit of the French Service Automobile, presents this claim:

"More shells were fed to the French and American three-inch guns that blasted the Germans off the Marne and Vesle and Oise by this organization than by any other of its size in France. Between the 6th of June and the 11th of November, when the armistice was signed, the American drivers hauled over 6,000,000 shells of all varieties to the guns. In addition, they also hauled 23,483 tons of infantry ammunition. This hauling didn't mean transferring from one depot to another; it meant hauling from the railroad to the guns themselves."

They're all after Charles Brady's record, and Richard Pralbo, Company C, 107th Field Signal Battalion, suggests that Brady go out in the sun and get melted down to the Protain height of 4 feet 10 1/2.

The band of the 104th Infantry comes into the decoration limelight in that eight members were decorated by the French, eight by the D.S.C., and 13 have received divisional citations. The average age of the bandmen is 21 years.

Looking for the man in the A.E.F. who wears the most wound stripes. Is he in your outfit?

Molon-sur-Yevre has a captain of the Q.M.C. who has been in active and continuous service of the United States Army for 37 years. They believe there that this is a record.

When Pvt. A. R. Aschmann got his first letter from home it had earned one service stripe and was well on the way to the next. He landed in France April 18, 1918; his first letter reached him February 19, 1919. It informed him that his parents had been writing every day. He was a casualty from the 40th Division and was put in Company F, 128th Infantry, 32nd Division, where he has been ever since, except for a little time spent in hospital. Private Aschmann is now in Wienua, Germany.

The 7th Battalion, 20th Engineers, assigned to the French Army, finished operations with them on January 31, 1919. This battalion used the 5,000 feet of the field telephone line, and in eight and one-half months cut 15,982,493 feet, the greater portion of which was standard gauge ties, together

dogskins, some of goatskin; tank guns (no one seems to want these unwieldy weapons), sausage grinders, boot guards, spurs, helmets; rubber knaps, German Red Cross arm-bands, prisoner of war arm bands (yellow with red lettering), various insignia, such as the crossed flags of the German old issue chest, P. of the field telephone battalions, and the snaky orange insignia of the Medical Corps.

And then there are the coffee roasters. The German "roast beans" used to be issued raw, and had to be roasted in the field. There are also choco cans—which need no comment except to add that the Germans did issue choco cans.

And all this is in charge of the 303rd Advanced Ordnance Depot, members of which eat, sleep, are entertained and do their guard duty all within the precincts of the warehouse enclosure.

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## AWOL VISITS BERLIN BUT FINDS NO GRUB

Hardened Sinner Glad He Went, But Never Again, He Declares

"It was a long way to Berlin, but I got there," he concluded.

He was a private—class unknown—the only distinguishing markings about him being three service stripes and crossed rifles. He had been given a 14-day pass to anywhere in France except Paris, but he had decided to go to the German capital instead. "It belongs to the Allies, anyway," he told a small group of listeners at Coblenz.

How he wormed through the American and German lines, he didn't state, though as he went via freight car that mystery seems solved. It took him six days to get there and five to get back. And Berlin disappointed him.

"No grub," he said, "at least none that doesn't cost you beaucoup marks. There was some shooting going on when I was there, but not much, and everybody's walking around as if he expected to get shot in the back. Why the heck they don't move out into the country where there is enough grub cheap, I don't know. Maybe it's because you can't get out of town unless you walk. I saw trains pulling out, leaving ten times as many people behind as there were on board."

"I met a fellow who came over in the same boat with me, and we asked each other the same question: 'What in the name of time are you doing here?'" He was

## MUST GUARD ARMY STORES

Public property and all army stores must be carefully protected against deterioration, theft and loss, according to G.I.Q. Bulletin No. 15, and pains taken to arrange all stock in a manner that will facilitate the taking of inventories and frequent checks.

"I'm glad I want," he concluded, "but I wouldn't go again—not for all the vin rouge in France. 'Tain't worth it—not by a damn sight!"

Officers of the Inspector General's department and all special investigators are ordered to include in their reports data as to the care and storage of property at supply stations and to recommend measures for improving this phase of service.

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## PVT. BRIOTON ABSENT WHEN OUTFIT SAILS

Aero Squadron Forced to Leave Its 11-Year-Old Mascot Behind

When the 153rd Aero Squadron left St. Nazaire recently on the transport Mexican one of its members was left on the dock. It wasn't because he was AWOL, for he had arrived with the first soldier and had watched them all board the boat. It wasn't because he was sick, for in all France perhaps there isn't a soul who appears more robust and healthy. It was simply because he is 11 years old and lives in France.

In other words, André Brioton is without a unit. He is a casualty by reason of the removal to the States of the organization which had adopted him.

André couldn't possibly go aboard the boat and therefore couldn't leave for the States, because his daddy was close by and wouldn't take a chance on losing his boy. Months ago André had been adopted,

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