

COURIER SERVICE SPREADS NET OVER TWO CONTINENTS

Greyhounds Unrivaled as Means of Rapid A.E.F. Communication

LINK ALL ARMY INTERESTS

Narrow Escape from Death and Constant Eluding of Spies All in Day's Work

Through the thick of the fighting, over dark and foggy and shell-torn roads, on merchant and war vessels, in crowded cities filled with frightened refugees, on trains, in automobiles, motorcycles and aeroplanes, they have been met, those Yanks with the white or silver greyhound meing over a blue field on their shoulders.

They are official couriers, members of the A.E.F., and also functioning in conjunction with the Peace Conference, the Food Administration and the various American Embassies.

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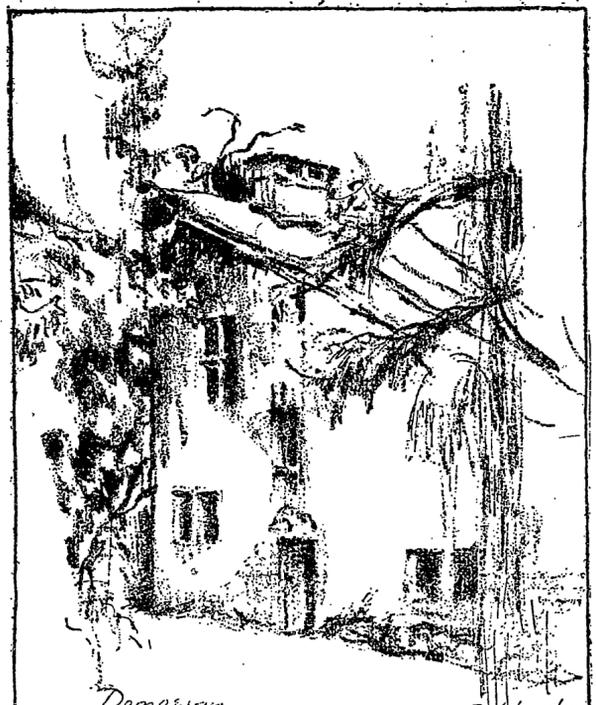
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WHERE JOAN OF ARC WAS BORN



Domrémy

Domrémy, the tiny village which is one of the great shrines of France because Joan of Arc was born there, has never been either a camping place or a leave area for American troops but, by hook or crook, thousands upon thousands of them have managed to make the pilgrimage. Even now, not an hour of the day passes without some Yanks crossing the threshold of the little house which was the home of the Maid. It has been so since the first contingent went into training in France.

That was in July, 1917, when the meager beginnings of the A.E.F. were established in the neighborhood of Neufchateau and Gondrecourt. The day was a busy one, not much more than a good brisk hour's walk from either. Then, too, it is on the main highway from Chaumont to Toul, so that every motor car, truck or ambulance that made the run rumbled past Joan's father's house and the old village church which guards jealously the font at which she was baptized. Joan's name naturally made no mention of Domrémy, but it would be a poor driver who could not manage a happy breakdown there.

Chamont never quite recognized Domrémy as an American area. Domrémy does. Though American soldiers are not supposed to be in Domrémy at all, the Hotel de

there so much need of energy, initiative, cheerfulness and determination. The messenger travels through countries where a state of war exists, where arms have been laid down but where peace has not been declared. He has need of initiative, devotion to duty, of philosophy and insight in the overcoming of every obstacle. He must be American to the core, he must have tact, judgment, quick decision, nerve, and the innate aptitude for dodging difficulties or getting out of unavoidable ones.

"It Keeps You Going" The other day one was asked if he liked his job. He had just arrived from Belgrade after eight nights on trains without heat or light. He had been in two fights with deserters, and two of the nights of the trip he had to sit up with drawn revolver over his pouch. He was tired, dirty, worn out. Yet he was ready, after a sleep and a bath, to head for Berlin.

"Like it?" he repeated in astonishment. "It's great stuff. It keeps you going." Couriers leaving for Constantinople go by train to Rome and by American yacht through the Mediterranean, the Grecian Archipelago and the Sea of Marmora, and thus an American area. Domrémy does. Though American soldiers are not supposed to be in Domrémy at all, the Hotel de

Foreign spies, of course, are not ignorant of the work of the couriers and the methods have been employed to gain possession of important papers, as well as the clever methods whereby the aggressive Americans circumvented them from one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of the war. At present they are a sealed book, and in many instances the true story of certain trips will never be told. In certain neutral countries, always hotbeds of intrigue, the couriers must be constantly on their guard. More than one Yank, worn out by the rigors of travelling amid disheartening conditions, and with youth calling out within him for relaxation, has received a most polite and hospitable invitation to dine out. Generally the idea is subtly conveyed that there will be charming young ladies and a most enjoyable evening.

But it is against such traps that he is especially warned—and a motion picture of the refusal, when thrown on some remote island, and a picture of a square-headed, bearded Boche spy chief gnashing his teeth in mortification.

Nor must important papers be left in any courier's luggage. The Colbyz couriers, comprising an officer and a non-com, leave Third Army Headquarters at 3 p.m., reach Cologne two hours later, pick up some British mail, are assigned to a sleeping car with their baggage, and arrive in the German capital the following evening. They return the next night.

The British are taking care of the dispatches for the American forces in northern Russia. They go to Murmansk, whence they are hauled by dog sledge to Archangel—concrete realization of the insidious "one man's mail."

Narrow escapes and circumvention of spies from almost an everyday part of the Yank courier's life. One of the narrowest escapes from death came to a Greyhound courier on one of the regular daily trips by plane from Paris to Brussels. He had left Paris as usual, about noon, in a big Greyhound plane and a French pilot. The 25-mile trip takes about two hours.

Close Call for Courier On this day the machine had soared successfully over almost the whole of the devastated area, flying at an altitude of about 2,000 feet when suddenly something happened to the controls—and down went the machine for 2,000 feet. Then, by a miracle, the planes caught the air, and changed the spin to a precipitous glide. It was only for an instant but it was enough to check the fall. The machine crashed to the ground, a total wreck.

SPUDS FOR ARMY'S MESSAGES NOW GROWN IN PARK OF KINGS

Garden Service Plantation at Versailles Would Open Huns' Eyes

One of these days the German peace delegates now foraging at Versailles may be allowed to take a short walk out of the Hotel des Reservoirs into the rear gardens of the palace and be introduced to a brand-new reason why they were wise guys to quit this war stuff when they did.

Just short of 1,000 acres of the farm lands of the old kings of France are thriving mightily there, bearing abundant crops to the constant labor of the many O.D.-clad farmers scattered over the landscape whistling as they go behind the plow and the hoe. And this is but one of 22 bulk-production farms operated by the Garden Service of the Q.M.C.

The purpose of the service was originally to supply the man in the front line with a daily allowance of fresh, crisp vegetables which were considered requisite to his physical upkeep. The Gally farm on the palace grounds of Versailles was turned over to the Q.M. last spring and a couple of hundred convalescent patients were sent from France hospitals to gain back rugged strength while helping to bring nourishment to their confederates at the front.

Spring Would Have Told Story The crops planted last year did not yield the abundance desired mainly because so much experimentation had to be done on the old soil worked by new and strange masters. Acre upon acre, however, was turned over and manured to get ready for a season of real crops this year. When the armistice was signed the winter work had all been completed and the huskies in blue denim overalls had been sent to the factories of the newly-arrived boatload or regular American farming implements.

It looked for a while as though the good work was going into the waste basket, for with the cessation of hostilities, the supply of labor from the hospitals dwindled down to almost nothing. However, for the spring plowing a battalion of 100-per-cent Americans of a color scheme all the way from ebony-polished to dull, to café-au-lait.

The farm is to be kept up through this season and as a result, the Army of Occupation on the Rhine will receive some daily supplies of such essentials to an Army mess as onions, potatoes, carrots, spinach, parsnips, cabbage and beans, green and white.

The Grand Parc of the grand old auto-courts of the years gone by stretches there before the beautiful, concrete illustration of the intelligent foresight and thoroughness with which the A.E.F. undertook the task of heating the Hun. So complete was the transportation brought by American industry that the casual visitor might for the moment think himself on a typical Southern plantation.

From reading the newspapers these days, one is forced to believe that there are no reporters left in the United States but who can tell one how it feels to be gassed. The returning soldiers and Marines are certainly throwing over a gas barrage, and the reporters stand around and swallow the fumes.

And even some of those who are still in France are gassing the folks at a long distance. Witness, for instance, one soldier's confession: Editor, THE STARS AND STRIPES: Recently my folks gave one of my letters to the—

Granted! This was probably a mix-up, and the soldier under whose name it was published is not to blame. But when several letters addressed to the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES explain like instances as "mix-ups"—well, somebody is guilty!

THE STARS AND STRIPES is in receipt of hundreds of letters from soldiers in the A.E.F. protesting against certain articles which have appeared in United States papers. It is impossible to publish all the scandals and expose all the wrongs. One of the most serious appears in the Rocky Mountain News, running as follows:

Montreal, Colo., March 9.—Dear Beatup, giant young Olathe baseball player, who was the sensational first baseman for the Rockies, was killed in action and who is now Lieut. Oscar Beatup, with the American Army of Occupation in his own home town.

The father, D. H. Beatup, was charged last week to read a letter from his son, Lieut. Oscar Beatup, to the friends of the player. The letter was a long one, and it was full of the most interesting details of the player's life. The father, D. H. Beatup, was charged last week to read a letter from his son, Lieut. Oscar Beatup, to the friends of the player.

Oscar himself may or may not be responsible for the above. But Oscar—and every one else, for that matter—should be more careful, however, about what he writes home to the folks.

In the Chicago Evening American of March 10 appeared the following under the hero's own photograph: Sgt. John A. Kelly, of the 102nd Infantry, Company K, is known to the athletic world as "Bolt" Kelly, is willing to swear that no ring boxer no matter how heavy could have given him what he has received—two 25-mil. marks of the great war, with eight heavy symbols of those who have served.

The 102nd Infantry was in the Toul area on the date mentioned was taken, May 25. If Sergeant Kelly has been with the unit over since the day it was organized, and that he does not remember the above-mentioned hero. "I think I ought to know the 'hustling' members who cover over the regiment at all," says Sergeant Lee.

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A BUCK'S DIARY Proving That Tops, Majors, Cooks, and Looeys What Has Been Put Hep by Tops Ain't No Friends of Nobody

Sunday, April 13.—Well, this is Sunday and I've been on K.P. all day as usual. One of the cooks got sassy long about 4 p.m. and wouldn't behave himself so I crowned him with a frying pan. He started to come at me and I lifted him one on the left ear which I guess will hold him for a day or two. Wanted to go down town to the picture show but Top says no. Bad guys who fight cooks can't have no passes he says. It's been a pretty day all day and I had a date with my demagogue too. But she's fashy. Anyway I bet I won't be on K.P. next Sunday. I mean a kitchen cop for two Sundays.

Monday, April 14.—I always hate to get up Monday. Being that I didn't get no rest yesterday I kind of took extra snooze and first thing I knowed away went the bugle for reveille and before I could get my socks on the old Top blew his whistle. I was in such a hurry to get out that I left my leggings off and when I got out in line first thing the Top seen was my legs. Where in hell you been he says. And where is your leggings? Stop staying out so late at night he says to me. And then mebbe you can get up in the morning. That was sure a swell thing for me to say to a guy who went to bed at 7:30 the night before. Well I drilled all forenoon on account of it. Of course I would of had to drill anyway but the Top put the loot wise about me and he had me doing extra drill. Well I drilled all forenoon on account of it. Of course I would of had to drill anyway but the Top put the loot wise about me and he had me doing extra drill. Well I drilled all forenoon on account of it. Of course I would of had to drill anyway but the Top put the loot wise about me and he had me doing extra drill.

Tuesday, April 15.—This morning I heard first call blow but went back to sleep because I was sick at the stomach. Got up while Top was giving setting-up exercises but didn't get out yet. Went on sick call after breakfast to keep from getting bawled out but while I was at the sick book, Top said I ought to eat. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book. So when I come back to breakfast I sure got hell. The Top said if I was sick I hadn't ought to eat, etc. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book. So when I come back to breakfast I sure got hell. The Top said if I was sick I hadn't ought to eat, etc. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book.

Wednesday, April 16.—Got up at 5 a.m. and was in line ready for reveille before Top woke up. He was sure some surprised places with him. I forgot all about not getting a haircut last week and that's the first thing the major saw. He ask me if I was going to braut it or what. I bet my hair ain't no worse than his pants, which has got a hole in the seat. That's the way it goes. I cleaned up my bun so it shined like a brand new frank and he didn't even look at it. Didn't drink any this afternoon. Shot craps out back of the latrine and lost 16 francs. Two of them was Napoleon franks so I only lost 14. Heard more dope about the division going to Paris to be visited. The doc said I heard another major say we will go on May 1st sure. Our battalion will be first to go. Hope so.

Thursday, April 17.—More drill. The corporal put me in No. 1 man in front rank and then bawled me out because I didn't know how to hold the pivot. Am now back in my old place. Well I suppose I have had stake for dinner. Had gold fish and stew. This is my last nite in camp. Buck saw Charlie Chaplain film and it is great. Am going tomorrow nite with my French fellow who drives the machine. Friday, April 18.—It is certain now that division will leave for Brest on April 29th. Today I mailed some souvenirs to Maggie. Went to picture show tonight but didn't go. Got up while Top was giving setting-up exercises but didn't get out yet. Went on sick call after breakfast to keep from getting bawled out but while I was at the sick book, Top said I ought to eat. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book. So when I come back to breakfast I sure got hell. The Top said if I was sick I hadn't ought to eat, etc. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book.

Friday, April 18.—It is certain now that division will leave for Brest on April 29th. Today I mailed some souvenirs to Maggie. Went to picture show tonight but didn't go. Got up while Top was giving setting-up exercises but didn't get out yet. Went on sick call after breakfast to keep from getting bawled out but while I was at the sick book, Top said I ought to eat. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book. So when I come back to breakfast I sure got hell. The Top said if I was sick I hadn't ought to eat, etc. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book.

Saturday, April 19.—Got up too late for reveille again and got another bawling from the Top. Had inspection of quarters at 10 a.m. and later inspection of rifles. Got a bawling from the major because I had a little speck of dust under my site cover. Top found my shoes at the head of the bed instead of at the foot and now I am on K.P. I am pritty fashy and it is a good thing the top comes in off on pass today or he might not be a cook long. I just found out who went to the show with my French girl last nite. I bet I get him tomorrow all right.

Sunday, April 20.—Well, this is Sunday and I've been on K.P. all day as usual. One of the cooks got sassy long about 4 p.m. and wouldn't behave himself so I crowned him with a frying pan. He started to come at me and I lifted him one on the left ear which I guess will hold him for a day or two. Wanted to go down town to the picture show but Top says no. Bad guys who fight cooks can't have no passes he says. It's been a pretty day all day and I had a date with my demagogue too. But she's fashy. Anyway I bet I won't be on K.P. next Sunday. I mean a kitchen cop for two Sundays.

Monday, April 21.—I always hate to get up Monday. Being that I didn't get no rest yesterday I kind of took extra snooze and first thing I knowed away went the bugle for reveille and before I could get my socks on the old Top blew his whistle. I was in such a hurry to get out that I left my leggings off and when I got out in line first thing the Top seen was my legs. Where in hell you been he says. And where is your leggings? Stop staying out so late at night he says to me. And then mebbe you can get up in the morning. That was sure a swell thing for me to say to a guy who went to bed at 7:30 the night before. Well I drilled all forenoon on account of it. Of course I would of had to drill anyway but the Top put the loot wise about me and he had me doing extra drill. Well I drilled all forenoon on account of it. Of course I would of had to drill anyway but the Top put the loot wise about me and he had me doing extra drill.

Tuesday, April 22.—This morning I heard first call blow but went back to sleep because I was sick at the stomach. Got up while Top was giving setting-up exercises but didn't get out yet. Went on sick call after breakfast to keep from getting bawled out but while I was at the sick book, Top said I ought to eat. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book. So when I come back to breakfast I sure got hell. The Top said if I was sick I hadn't ought to eat, etc. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book.

Wednesday, April 23.—Got up at 5 a.m. and was in line ready for reveille before Top woke up. He was sure some surprised places with him. I forgot all about not getting a haircut last week and that's the first thing the major saw. He ask me if I was going to braut it or what. I bet my hair ain't no worse than his pants, which has got a hole in the seat. That's the way it goes. I cleaned up my bun so it shined like a brand new frank and he didn't even look at it. Didn't drink any this afternoon. Shot craps out back of the latrine and lost 16 francs. Two of them was Napoleon franks so I only lost 14. Heard more dope about the division going to Paris to be visited. The doc said I heard another major say we will go on May 1st sure. Our battalion will be first to go. Hope so.

Thursday, April 24.—More drill. The corporal put me in No. 1 man in front rank and then bawled me out because I didn't know how to hold the pivot. Am now back in my old place. Well I suppose I have had stake for dinner. Had gold fish and stew. This is my last nite in camp. Buck saw Charlie Chaplain film and it is great. Am going tomorrow nite with my French fellow who drives the machine. Friday, April 25.—It is certain now that division will leave for Brest on April 29th. Today I mailed some souvenirs to Maggie. Went to picture show tonight but didn't go. Got up while Top was giving setting-up exercises but didn't get out yet. Went on sick call after breakfast to keep from getting bawled out but while I was at the sick book, Top said I ought to eat. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book. So when I come back to breakfast I sure got hell. The Top said if I was sick I hadn't ought to eat, etc. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book.

Friday, April 26.—It is certain now that division will leave for Brest on April 29th. Today I mailed some souvenirs to Maggie. Went to picture show tonight but didn't go. Got up while Top was giving setting-up exercises but didn't get out yet. Went on sick call after breakfast to keep from getting bawled out but while I was at the sick book, Top said I ought to eat. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book. So when I come back to breakfast I sure got hell. The Top said if I was sick I hadn't ought to eat, etc. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book.

Saturday, April 27.—Got up too late for reveille again and got another bawling from the Top. Had inspection of quarters at 10 a.m. and later inspection of rifles. Got a bawling from the major because I had a little speck of dust under my site cover. Top found my shoes at the head of the bed instead of at the foot and now I am on K.P. I am pritty fashy and it is a good thing the top comes in off on pass today or he might not be a cook long. I just found out who went to the show with my French girl last nite. I bet I get him tomorrow all right.

Sunday, April 28.—Well, this is Sunday and I've been on K.P. all day as usual. One of the cooks got sassy long about 4 p.m. and wouldn't behave himself so I crowned him with a frying pan. He started to come at me and I lifted him one on the left ear which I guess will hold him for a day or two. Wanted to go down town to the picture show but Top says no. Bad guys who fight cooks can't have no passes he says. It's been a pretty day all day and I had a date with my demagogue too. But she's fashy. Anyway I bet I won't be on K.P. next Sunday. I mean a kitchen cop for two Sundays.

Monday, April 29.—I always hate to get up Monday. Being that I didn't get no rest yesterday I kind of took extra snooze and first thing I knowed away went the bugle for reveille and before I could get my socks on the old Top blew his whistle. I was in such a hurry to get out that I left my leggings off and when I got out in line first thing the Top seen was my legs. Where in hell you been he says. And where is your leggings? Stop staying out so late at night he says to me. And then mebbe you can get up in the morning. That was sure a swell thing for me to say to a guy who went to bed at 7:30 the night before. Well I drilled all forenoon on account of it. Of course I would of had to drill anyway but the Top put the loot wise about me and he had me doing extra drill. Well I drilled all forenoon on account of it. Of course I would of had to drill anyway but the Top put the loot wise about me and he had me doing extra drill.

Tuesday, April 30.—This morning I heard first call blow but went back to sleep because I was sick at the stomach. Got up while Top was giving setting-up exercises but didn't get out yet. Went on sick call after breakfast to keep from getting bawled out but while I was at the sick book, Top said I ought to eat. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book. So when I come back to breakfast I sure got hell. The Top said if I was sick I hadn't ought to eat, etc. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book.

Wednesday, May 1.—Got up at 5 a.m. and was in line ready for reveille before Top woke up. He was sure some surprised places with him. I forgot all about not getting a haircut last week and that's the first thing the major saw. He ask me if I was going to braut it or what. I bet my hair ain't no worse than his pants, which has got a hole in the seat. That's the way it goes. I cleaned up my bun so it shined like a brand new frank and he didn't even look at it. Didn't drink any this afternoon. Shot craps out back of the latrine and lost 16 francs. Two of them was Napoleon franks so I only lost 14. Heard more dope about the division going to Paris to be visited. The doc said I heard another major say we will go on May 1st sure. Our battalion will be first to go. Hope so.

Thursday, May 2.—More drill. The corporal put me in No. 1 man in front rank and then bawled me out because I didn't know how to hold the pivot. Am now back in my old place. Well I suppose I have had stake for dinner. Had gold fish and stew. This is my last nite in camp. Buck saw Charlie Chaplain film and it is great. Am going tomorrow nite with my French fellow who drives the machine. Friday, May 3.—It is certain now that division will leave for Brest on April 29th. Today I mailed some souvenirs to Maggie. Went to picture show tonight but didn't go. Got up while Top was giving setting-up exercises but didn't get out yet. Went on sick call after breakfast to keep from getting bawled out but while I was at the sick book, Top said I ought to eat. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book. So when I come back to breakfast I sure got hell. The Top said if I was sick I hadn't ought to eat, etc. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book.

RED TAPE NEED FOR YANKS FREED HERE WHO SEEK PASSAGE

Stamp on Discharge Paper Makes It Equivalent to Passport, Though

Discharge papers and red chevrons do not constitute all that is needed to get back to the United States. Men of the A.E.F. who have received discharge papers and who wish to go home must take them to the Passport Bureau of the American Embassy, 3 Rue de Valenciennes, Paris, to be visited. The documents, papers must be stamped by the Préfeture de Police, 1 Rue de Lutèce, Paris, opposite Notre Dame cathedral.

Thus arranged, discharge papers will take ex-soldiers from a port in France to one in the United States. But if discharged men go home by way of England, a passport is necessary, in addition to discharge papers. This passport must be issued by the American Consul, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, stamped by the Préfeture de Police, and then, by the American Consul General in London, or by some other American consular official in Great Britain.

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SMITH COLLEGE GIRLS ALL-ROUND WORKERS

Carpentering or Interpreting All the Same to These Yanks

On August 13, 1917, a group of girls from Smith College arrived in the shell-torn towns along the Marne to aid refugees. They are still there, but they have done a lot of other things in the months since.

The girls had been trained as carpenters, chauffeurs, auto mechanics, nurses, cooks—to do anything, in short, that those times of necessity demanded. They had been attached to the Red Cross in January, 1918, and given 15 villages to care for. There they worked till Ludendorff launched his March offensive. They were then fully prepared to meet the new emergency. They were sent to Beauvais where they established and maintained a canteen for the wounded. As there was no American hospital in Beauvais then, American wounded were evacuated through French hospitals.

These hospitals could handle only 5,000, and the majority of the doctors and nurses could not speak the Yank language. It was in such an emergency that the unit was called upon for help. They visited the hospitals at Beauvais and mently aided the French by acting as interpreters and the wounded by giving them supplies.

It was not until May 28 that America was represented with a hospital in Beauvais. Transportation difficulties left even this one without nurses at first, and the girls from Smith College again saved the day by applying their skill in this new direction. The opening night was greeted by two air raids which caused the death of two American ambulance drivers and several French civilians. But, in spite of the raids, 300 seriously wounded Americans were brought into the hospital and cared for that same night.

On August 12, on three hours notice, the girls received orders to proceed to Cléteau-Théry to help evacuate wounded. Their particular duty was to act as nurses on hospital barges which made the trip to Paris on the Marne. On account of air raids, they were obliged to do all their traveling by day, so it took about 25 hours to accomplish the trip. For these boats they furnished eggs and fruit, purchased from their own unit fund.

About the middle of September they were summoned to the Verdun and Argonne sectors, attached to Evacuation Hospital No. 11, 8 miles from the front. There they needed canteen service. Here they also served by giving nourishment to the wounded and convalescents.

When the Army of Occupation was sent into the Rhineland, the girls of Smith College went with them.

Chocolates—man's kind!