

POSTAL SERVICE'S BUMPS MANY, BUT DEFECTIONS FEW

Criminal Investigators Hot on Men Who Purloin Helmets and Such

WILD COMPLAINTS ABOUND One of the Just Ones Comes From Substitution of Corn Bill and Goldfish for Candy

There came to the headquarters of the A.E.F. post office recently several packages from the U.S. In one of these was found a pair of golf shoes, in another a coat and in others like articles. With them were letters from the senders stating the packages had been mailed to them by a certain postal employe in France, and inasmuch as the label bearing the address had been pasted over another label bearing the name of another addressee, the writers thought there must be some mistake, and so had notified the postal authorities at home.

There had been a mistake—one of those odd mistakes that happens in the best of well regulated O.D. families. The Department of Criminal Investigation attached to the Postal Express Service traced the packages straight back to the man who had sent them and searched his room. It was filled with an odd assortment of other "mistakes" in the shape of cameras, helmets, uniforms and jewelry. Confronted with this evidence, the occupant of the room confessed.

In another stolen article the D.C.I., which has established one fact: The A.E.F. postal personnel, consisting as it does in part of men who are not only patriotic but the remotest idea of becoming postal employes and who have been entrusted with valuable packages and letters to a degree which would make a man of a year away from home is long. From March 3 until May 1 there has come to the hands of the D.C.I. but one case of stolen registered mail and in that case the contents were a year's worth of postage stamps which had to the coming of the bromide axiom that "murder will out," has already been narrowed down to a point.

How the stamps from one region, both describing identically the same theft, have localized that theft and made it easy to capture the man who did it, it is worth that way of procedure in the hands of the fliers in postal thievery only know it.

Registered Mail Is Safe Registered mail in the A.E.F. goes through such a circuitous process, performs so many duties, and is so many times that one might get the idea that it is easy to get away with a job of rifling. The idea is as erroneous as was the Germans' notion that they could win the war by the time that mail is dropped into the box, each step is checked, through the post office to the motor trucks, at the stations, on the way to the post office, in the warehouses—where the divisional trucks get it—so that it is possible to narrow the theft down to a particular locality. The result is that the mail is safe.

Operators in the Criminal Investigation Department have many ways of tracing lost articles. There are the obvious ones, such as the marking of articles, or stamping marked mail through certain post offices. There are others which, just as obviously, cannot be made public. Above all, there is the use of the "X" mark, which springs from some apparently insignificant act of the culprit, which are always overlooked or forgotten, and which furnish the clue to the evidence. In general, they are safe. One man got away with a job the first time, but sooner or later the job is up.

There are many who interrupt the Yank at this juncture, "but what about that helmet I sent home some time ago and which the folks didn't get. Is there any way of tracing it?"

"No," answers the "world," answers the P.E.S., "but if the helmet wasn't registered, for it, too, has to travel circuitous routes, and it is unsafe to trust it to the post office. That helmet's address may have been dropped off, or it may have been rubbed off, and there may not have been an address in the first place. Through the post office not controlled by the A.E.F. it may have been delayed en route. In fact, there are any number of reasons why that helmet never reached home."

Leads Thoroughly Run Down Much of the detective work was done long before the bureau of investigation was organized, in the feverish days of pursuing the Red Cross, and in the less hectic days following the armistice, when the whole system of mail distribution was executing a right-about to handle the flood of outgoing mail from the front.

When things became somewhat stabilized, postal leads and complaints were run down thoroughly, and are now being taken on duty in the post office. How efficiently this is working is shown by the average of complaints reaching the special department organized to handle them. The average is one complaint to 25,000 letters.

There are about three letters written on each complaint, provided the late complainant has taken the trouble to disclose his name. In most cases, her boy's address. The letter of complaint is acknowledged; the soldier's commanding officer is notified, and the Central Post Office at Tours gets into it, too. Cases of laxity are frequent, as for instance that of a certain mail orderly in a certain hospital, who labored under the impression and belief that his patients did not come for their mail, bed-ridden or not, no mail would get to them. There are cases of Yanks who, after being notified to return to the front, did not do so without notifying anyone of their whereabouts, suddenly begin to realize that they've been lying in some bed for three weeks without having received a word from home, and away goes a hot letter to that home.

Finally there is the classic complaint of a certain member of the 2nd Division who declared, after being called before his commanding officer, following an inquiry from the complaint department, which had received a rather warm letter from the soldier's parents in the States, that, yes, he had been receiving mail, plenty of mail, but that there was nothing in that mail which called for a reply.

Mistletoe and an Officer One letter that caused mild astonishment at the post office was that written by an officer in this wise: He had sent home two shell cases, in two different shells. Each shell case had been filled with mistletoe. The shells, and most of the mistletoe had arrived safely but some of the mistletoe had either dropped out or had been lifted out. And, continued the writer, would the postal authorities please inform him why all the mistletoe had not arrived? Again, there is a record of the case of the girl who had written concerning her brother. Her letters were returned to her, she wrote, marked "Deserter." Hotly she denied the allegation, declaring the fellow in question, the department took up the case, and discovered that her brother was not only a deserter but that after being exposed, traces of his company he had joined another outfit, had fought with heroic bravery and was being seriously considered by his commanding officer for a decoration.

DEAD IN ARGONNE CAREFULLY BURIED

Great American Cemetery at Romagne Now One-Tenth Filled

One-tenth of the graves in America's greatest cemetery in France, near Romagne, in the heart of the Meuse-Argonne battlefield, are now filled. The cemetery when completed will contain nearly 30,000 American dead.

Officials of the Graves Registration Service at Romagne are making every effort to transfer first of all those bodies whose location and identification present the most difficult problem. The transfer of bodies from smaller cemeteries already developed will be left until the scattered graves have been cared for.

Parties from Romagne are now exploring the countryside daily in successful searches for isolated graves or groups of graves. An idea of the task sometimes presented the fact that at Fleville southeast of Grand Pré, 91 graves were found recently, wholly submerged by the flooded Aire, which had torn up the crosses and left them floating around in hopeless confusion. The water was drained off, the bodies exhumed and every one identified. The 91 now lie in Romagne.

To prevent any possibility of wrong identification, five separate checks are made on the location of every grave in the big cemetery.

An American Memorial League, whereby it is planned to have a French woman take care of some particular American soldier's grave in France, has been formed at Cosne (Nièvre) the league was formed at the suggestion of two American chaplains, one of whom is now in the States.

The objects of the league are: To care for the graves of American soldiers who have died in the next of kin, or in hospital; to select May 30 as an annual Memorial Day on which the graves shall be decorated, with appropriate services; to keep a record of the names and locations of the soldiers and to inform them of the care being taken of the grave and to furnish photographs on request.

Each local cemetery is composed of French women, the number to be determined by the number of graves in each community, and each matron is to be made president and secretary.

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In comparatively pleasant surroundings for a front line, the 27th Division lay still for a few days while supplies and ammunition, which had been unable to keep pace with the rapid nine-mile advance, were brought up and distributed.

On the night of the 15th, the 27th Division came into line, taking over the right half of the sector and thus giving to each division a front of about 2,000 yards, which was quite enough, as neither had received replacements lately and their combined infantry strength was only about 15,000. It was obvious that the enemy intended to make a stubborn stand on the line, as he had, as nearly as could be ascertained, five complete divisions and elements of six others on this part of the front.

Continuation of the present day-fight on the afternoon of September 14, when 30 men of the 27th Division captured 30 Germans in the dugouts along the railroad embankment and brought them back across the river.

At 5:25 o'clock on the morning of the 17th, in a drizzling rain and thick mist the attack was launched again behind a barrage. The enemy put down a heavy curtain of machine gun fire, but, despite the resistance and the slippery footing on the wet, chalked soil the troops went on, and the opposite bank was reached by the 27th Division.

Eventually, although the lot of the 27th was held back because of the difficulty experienced by the 24th Division in getting through the branch of railroad tracks south of Le Cateau the front pushed over the ridge, captured Molain on the left and extended to the north in front of the 27th Division.

Each night the vision would take up her post on the rock and, with treacherous songs, lure the dazzled man into destruction. The coming of the morning star away caused her to disappear amid the gray cloud wisps that surrounded the peak.

The Ronald, boldest and most impetuous of all the famous warriors at his father's court, situated not far from the region of the rock, heard this. This divine creature, and his fiery nature, rose to the point of a desire to behold her. Taking with him his spear, and telling his father, the king, that he was going hunting, he persuaded him and five other hunters to take him out in a boat close to the rock. Dusk was beginning to mantle the sky and the king's daughter, thinking as the men in the little craft came within sight of the headland, and just as the twilight shades were fading there appeared above the rock the creature of the night, there rose on the still night air a wondrously sweet melody, sung by a woman.

"The Lorelei," burst from the lips of the singer, and the king's daughter, "Sweet thou the false nymph on yon shelf!"

A gasp of admiration was the youth's reply. "What beauty!" he cried, and his hands grasping tightly the sides of the boat, his eyes stared fixedly at the enchantress above him. Happily the enchanted youth, and his father, were captured by the maiden, seeing only another victim in that beautiful vision, gazed down at him and drew him remorselessly toward her.

Swiftly flowed the waves, drawing the boat closer and closer to the rock—and there, with a splash, the king's daughter, and with a last despairing cry from the old boatman, the waves rushed up and over the pair.

When the old count heard the manner of his son's death his heart was filled with sorrow and wrath. He ordered the murderer captured forthwith. Several boatsloads of his bravest warriors armed themselves and sailed down the stream the very next night.

Again it was just at midnight that they approached the mysterious rock, and again the maiden appeared just as the evening star arose. A great gleam of light enveloped her hair as she murmured soft alluring melodies. When she caught sight of the men her eyes flashed imperiously and she called out to them: "What seek ye, weak creatures of the earth?"

"Thou, false enchantress," cried out boldly the leader of the party. "Thou who with thy diabolical songs hast slain the most beautiful youth in all the world."

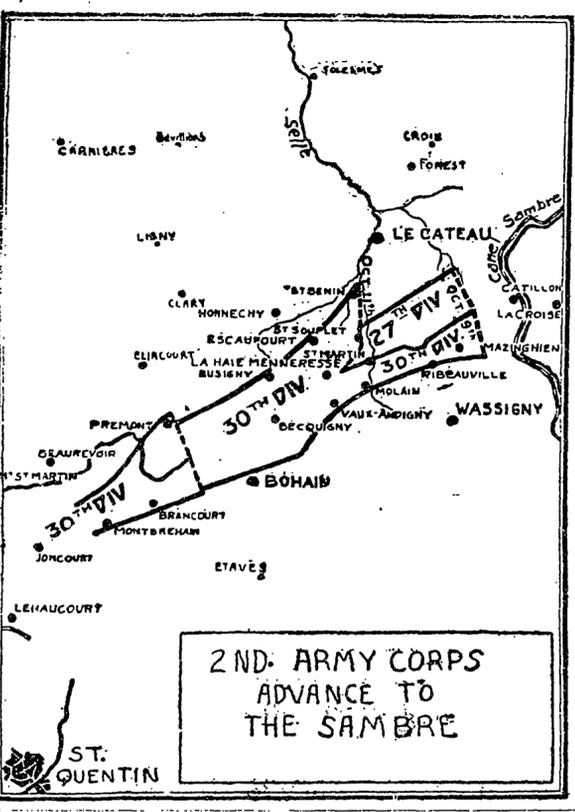
Beautifully she laughed, and her laugh was echoed amid the silent hills and cliffs of the Rhineland.

"The Rhine himself will come and fetch me," she replied, leaving the diadem from her hair and flinging them into the water. As if that was the signal, a storm immediately rose, and great waves appeared and rushed toward the boat, and billows rose from the waves, enveloped the rock and the maiden and carried her down into the depths.

From this time on the nymph was never seen again, but dwellers along the river, and boatmen who pass the cliffs at night, swear they can sometimes hear, when the moon is just rising, the voice of a woman in song, soft and sweet and low. Reimppaps having failed to take hold of doughnut wafles there is no record of an American soldier either seeing or hearing the Lorelei.

C.O. You say you want your discharge under G.O. 12. What distress is there in your family back home? Pvt. Dooly, my mother-in-law is worrying about me.

HOW YANKS, TOMMIES AND AUSSIES BESTED THE BOCHE



2ND ARMY CORPS ADVANCE TO THE SAMBRE

Continued from Page 1 things grew in fields and gardens, where houses still had roofs and windows and where civilians lived like normal human beings. Though now for a few days the rage of war was sweeping through this peaceful land, it could produce nothing like the effects which months and years of it had brought about elsewhere.

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ARMY'S PHOTO MEN FILMED HISTORY OF AMERICA'S SHARE

Camera History of War to Be Splendid Record of Achievement

BEATS BRADY COLLECTION From First Landing to March Into Germany Signal Corps Experts Were on Job All the Time

They are all doing it in the A.E.F.—writing histories; that is, all except the Photographic Division of the Signal Corps. That outfit intends to tell the world how it functioned during the war through the same medium whereby it advertised to the world at large its presence in the A.E.F.—through pictures.

The story of the part it played will consist of about 160 photographs, ranging from the landing of the first American contingent in France to the march into Germany after the armistice. Since then the Photographic Division has busied itself with sorting, classifying and cataloguing, with taking pictures of various American activities winding up their affairs in France and it will undoubtedly be present to film the departure of the last Yanks to quit French soil.

The camera men, traveling in units consisting generally of an officer, a sergeant first class, and a private first class, have shot from airplanes and balloons, made snapshots in caves and dugouts, and snapshots from all boxes and lumbering tanks.

In Thick of the Fight Some of the operators who were in the thick of the fighting from Seicheprey to Sedan have brought back pictures that are genuine classics, and which would arouse the envy of Brady of Civil War fame himself, or of the daring camera men who operate for the big motion picture concerns in the States. Indeed, many of the Yanks who took these pictures had already won recognition with some of the big motion pictures coming up their affairs in France and it will undoubtedly be present to film the departure of the last Yanks to quit French soil.

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THIRD ARMY SICK RATE LOWEST YET

Less Venereal Disease Than Among Civilians in America

At health headquarters of the Third Army the doctors point with pride to charts on the walls showing the excellent health of the Army of Occupation. The rate is lower than that of the late First and Second Armies. This is especially true in regard to the venereal rate, which is low—vastly lower than American civilian rates.

There is only one high point, appearing like a mountain or high wave on the charts. The mountain is where the flu was at its apex, on February 18. Since then the Third Army has been feeling better every day, thank you.

When statistics began on January 1 there were 280 men sent to Third Army hospitals every day out of 250,000 men. This brought this up to 629 men a day. Now only 70 men a day go to hospitals in the whole Third Army.

The venereal rate is so low that it cannot be compared on a basis so many per thousand—the fraction would be too small—so it is computed on a yearly basis. The rate April 27 was 22 cases per thousand men in the course of a year.

Among the wave charts, the 1st Division's is the most pacific. It has no waves—just a slightly varying line for the last three months. Sanitation did it, say the doctors.

A report from the Chief Surgeon's office at Tours says that in the area containing Vendome, Romorantin, Vernouillet, Bourges and Blois only 17 cases of venereal disease were found among 49,896 men in April, which is a yearly rate of 16.7 cases per thousand.

In another S.O.S. area containing five towns, with a strength of 18,688 men, 40 cases of venereal disease were reported. This would be a yearly rate of 111 per thousand.

shots of the beginnings of the S.O.S. and the first winter's training. There are silhouettes of troops going over the top at dawn, pictures taken at night in the trenches, by the flare of illuminating bombs and field pieces, in gas clouds, in pouring rains, on the old Toul front, in the woods near Baccarat, in Champagne, in the Argonne and the Ardennes. There are collected at this time the motion pictures and stills of the fights that are written into American history.

When the march to the Rhine began, each phase of that hike was portrayed, and when the fighters disposed themselves among the hundreds of towns and villages in occupied territory the photographic units sent busy rain and fillets of American troops amid historical and legendary associations.

In the end of April, 1919, about 35,000 still negatives for the pictorial record of the A.E.F. had been filed, and more than 50,000 identification photographs were catalogued. More than 500,000 feet of original motion picture negative had been filed and shipped to Washington. The photographic laboratory also has made photostatic copies of Army records for all branches of the service and photostatic slides for training and educational purposes throughout the Army.

Just a camera? The corporal replied "See?" And he pulled out the plate magazine, exposing the plates to the light so they would be of no value to the German intelligence officer.

Six other photographers of the U.S. Signal Corps units in the field received rounds in action. Three members of the personnel recently were decorated with the Commendatore Service Medal for serving with the French before America entered the war. Another member of the unit, on duty with the 20th Division, stopped long enough on his return from the front lines at Torcy, near Chateau-Chierry, last July, to round up seven Germans who had been left behind with a machine gun, and he brought them in.

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The number of photographers was increased in proportion to the number of divisions arriving in France until, at the end of hostilities, the total personnel reached 51 officers and 418 men.

The files contain photographic records of the American Army's activities in nine countries—France, England, Italy, Russia, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bohemia. There are snapshots of the beginnings of the S.O.S. and the first winter's training. There are silhouettes of troops going over the top at dawn, pictures taken at night in the trenches, by the flare of illuminating bombs and field pieces, in gas clouds, in pouring rains, on the old Toul front, in the woods near Baccarat, in Champagne, in the Argonne and the Ardennes. There are collected at this time the motion pictures and stills of the fights that are written into American history.

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In the end of April, 1919, about 35,000 still negatives for the pictorial record of the A.E.F. had been filed, and more than 50,000 identification photographs were catalogued. More than 500,000 feet of original motion picture negative had been filed and shipped to Washington. The photographic laboratory also has made photostatic copies of Army records for all branches of the service and photostatic slides for training and educational purposes throughout the Army.

The number of photographers was increased in proportion to the number of divisions arriving in France until, at the end of hostilities, the total personnel reached 51 officers and 418 men.

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