The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

VOL. 1—NO. 38 FRANCE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1918. PRICE: 50 CENTIMES. UNITED STATES, 10 CENTS. GREAT BRITAIN, SIXPENCE

BASE PORT SLOGAN IN NEW CAMPAIGN IS "ON TO BERLIN!"

All Nine to Start in Scratch Race Beginning Week from Sunday

PENNANT FOR WINNING CITY

Platoons and Individuals Also to Be Honored—Size or Lack of It No Handicap

On to Berlin!

Wilhelm Hozenhollern and Co. can proceed with the presentation of their roaring farce, "The King and the Volcano," or "Peace Before It Goes Off," in nine acts and a grand finale—with the whole Prussian court, two generals, themselves, and 40 dancing socialists—but he can't expect to draw much of an audience from the soldiers at the American base ports in France.

If the Kaiser's pacific press agents have reached the base ports they haven't attracted much attention with their advance notices. The box office hasn't landed a sucker yet. So far as the men are concerned, the show may go on and be—well, darned—but it will play to an empty house. Personally, they're going right on to Berlin. They expect to be there in something under eight weeks.

The soldiers at the base ports are going to Berlin, according to the official memo on the subject, "over imaginary routes starting from the base ports and terminating at the German capital." The imaginary route, it may be said by way of explanation, is that furrowed, rocky path of success recommended by the correspondence schools and reminiscent millionaires, the Highway of Hard Labor. The route may be imaginary, but the hard labor isn't.

Start at Scratch November 3

Each of the base ports—there are nine of them—will start at scratch on November 3, and will try to outdo the others in the amount of freight unloaded from the bulging argosies which are arriving in France from the United States in platoons and companies, despite intimations contained in the third act of "The King and the Volcano" (great shipsinking scene by 12 German submarines).

It is a contest approved by the Commanding General, S.O.S., and everybody else who has heard about it, including the participants, and it will determine, once and for all, who's who when it comes to unloading ships. Also, it will bring reward and recognition to the hardest and most loyal toilers and speed up, at the wharves of our base ports, the bottle neck of our long lines of communication, the handling of supplies bound frontward.

The base ports have been slinging challenges and statistics at one another for several months.

"If the Stevedores at B—— had unloaded as much freight as we did," say the Stevedores at L——, "we would all be back in the United States now, running for office in the Amalgamated Society of Veterans of the European War."

"L——," says B——, "may think it can juggle freight, but they wouldn't have so much to say if they could see our figures for last week."

The "routes to Berlin" will be indicated on charts to be hung in the mess halls, Y.M.C.A. huts and other places in the port cities and elsewhere in the S.O.S. Each route will be divided into eight equal sections. Each of these sections will represent the amount of work—the amount of tonnage handled—that ought normally to be done at each port. This figure has been determined by taking the average of the work done at each of the ports for the last eight weeks.

Progress made by the rival ports will be totaled, converted into terms of "distance toward Berlin" and tallied up on the chart weekly. If L——, for example, handles in the first week of the contest one and one-fifth times as much freight as was its weekly average in the last eight weeks, it will be credited with having covered the first of its laps and a fifth of the second lap.

All on Equal Basis

In direct ratio to the work it does will each port proceed toward Berlin. The plan places all of the nine ports, irrespective of comparative size, upon an equal basis, as each will be judged and graded according to its own previous record. The basis will be the same for each—the basis of increased results.

Seven o'clock a.m., Sunday, November 3, is the starting hour for the contest. It will, of course, end when the first team reaches Berlin.

An officer at each base port will be designated by the commanding officer as "Contest Officer." He will explain the scheme to the men and safeguard the interests of his port in the competition. He will be assisted by a Y.M.C.A. secretary, who will be a sort of umpire and timekeeper. Moving pictures of the men at work will be made by the Signal Corps for exhibition in the United States and for the rest of the A.E.F.

The base port which reaches Berlin first will be awarded a pennant which it can fly alongside the post colors or from the forepeak of its tallest warehouse.

During the contest the port which is in the lead for any one week will be allowed to fly a special banner signifying its lead. This must be taken down if it loses its position. Brassards also may be worn by small units of men—platoons, companies or detachments—who make the best showing at their respective ports.

There also will be prizes for individuals in the final sum-up, and organizations, the number of which must not exceed a platoon, which make the best showing throughout the contest will be rewarded with special ten days' leave of absence at a leave center to be designated later.

The weekly progress will be announced on Thursdays of the following week to the participants, and the next day THE STARS AND STRIPES will print it to let the men at the front know how many shells and cans of corned willy they can figure on.

Q.M. BRANCH HEADS HOLD CONVENTION; UNIFORMITY GOAL

Chain Store Methods to Be Applied to Army's Outfitters

BIG BUSINESS HOUSE PLAN

Session Ends in Regulation Style With Banquet to Quartermaster General

Uncle Sam, who, since he has landed an army of nearly 2,000,000 men in France, has become the biggest business man in the world, has formally decided upon the adpotion of the most modern of American business methods for the handling of his vast enterprise.

Which is one way of saying that the Q.M. Corps, U.S. Army, is in the process of undergoing a series of the most radical changes in its existence and that hereafter its methods of working will be modeled, as closely as circumstances permit, after the efficiently organized and eminently successful big commercial institutions of the United States.

The first outward indication of this change in the policy of the Q.M.C. was a meeting at Hqt., S.O.S., recently of the Depot Quartermasters in charge of all the Q.M. depots of the A.E.F. in France and England.

It was a meeting of the sort which might have been called by the general manager of a big American automobile company to plan and discuss the next season's selling campaign. It was called and presided over by Major General Harry L. Rogers, Chief Q.M., A.E.F., and new Quartermaster General of the Army.

A Big Business Corporation

The "branch managers'" convention was in session three days. All its discussions were based upon premises about as follows:

That the Q.M. Corps is primarily a large business corporation with only as much military life and official red tape as conditions and its own activities demand.

That means and methods which have enabled great American business houses to deliver the goods will enable the Q.M. Corps to do the same.

That these methods should be applied as fast as possible.

That the Q.M. Corps is the servant of the troops on the line and that the service it renders must be as efficient as possible.

Branch Managers Debate

Whereupon the "branch managers," otherwise known as Depot Quartermasters, debated and adopted the first big change in their department, a change which will make all of the numerous Q.M. depots of the A.E.F. in France and England uniform in their method of arrangement and conduct.

This plan was worked out by the Inspection Division of the office of the Chief Q.M. under the direction of Major General Rogers. Systems at present in use in the various depots, the systems designed individually by the officers in charge of them, will be supplanted by the new method.

It is the boast of a big retail cigar and tobacco company in the United States operating hundreds of stores that each of these stores is identical and that a clerk aquainted with one of them could step into any of the others, take

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DODGING A HUN SHELL IN EXERMONT

20,000,000 BUY NEW LOAN BONDS; QUOTA IS PASSED

Oversubscription on Six Billion Issue Estimated as 150 Million

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 24.—We went over the top. To do it we had to raise one billion dollars of the Fourth Liberty Loan on the last day of the drive, and Uncle in Washington has announced that this trifling task was accomplished, with some insignificant millions to spare—probably about 150.

It was a jockeying race, and a small army of canny proletarians waited until the last minute before digging into their overalls and chucking out a few millions more or less individually.

Thus, in New York one trust company flipped 50 millions over the Federal counter, another 32 millions and three others 19, 18, and 16 millions respectively.

The list of individual and corporate contributions in New York City the last day whose subscriptions ranged from three millions to one hundred thousand dollars apiece filled a solid column in the newspapers. Proportionate large contributions marked the last hours of the drive everywhere.

Reports of subscriptions poured into Washington so fast that the Government army of statisticians, typewriters and financiers could not begin to keep up with the avalanche and had to hold up their hands and report that the full figures could not be given out for several days. The best that they can do is to guess that 20 million subscribers at least helped the loan along as against 18 million on the last loan, which we

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ONE MILLION SERVICE STRIPES IN DECEMBER

Only 1,718 Men Will Be Wearing Three by End of October

The third service stripe is beginning to make its appearance in the A.E.F.

Just now it is sported by only a few soldiers—such a very few that only a few of us have seen them—who worked a pull with the top sergeant, the Secretary of State or somebody and got under way for Europe while most of us were trying to find out whether Ypres was the name of a river or a French general. They beat General Pershing here by a safe margin.

There are 1,718 Yanks who will have completed 18 months' service in Europe before the end of October.

45,000 Three Stripes in January

The third service stripe won't become very fashionable in the A.E.F. for some time, however. It will be several months before their wearers won't have to stop and explain to all inquisitive newcomers that they didn't come over with Christopher Columbus on his return journey. At the end of November the number of "three stripes" will be 13,979, by the end of December 26,967 and by the end of January 45,290. It won't be until the end of April that the whole "first 100,000" will have been here 18 months.

But if three stripes are going to be rare for awhile, one and two stripes on the lower left sleeve will be numerous enough. By the end of this month 117,072 will be entitled to two stripes and 366,565 to one, and from then on the number of soldiers becoming eligible to their first stripe will be from 8,000 to 10,000 a day. By the end of December 1,000,000 officers and men will be entitled to one, two or three stripes.

YANK DIVISIONS BATTLE IN FOG ACROSS SELLE

Americans, Germans and Tanks Come Together in Wild Mixup

A week ago yesterday morning, when the darkness melted away into a heavy fog that hid even the opposite bank of the narrow, breast-deep river Selle, hid even the railroad bank paralleling the stream behind which German machine gunners waited, and hid the bluff a kilometer away where the Germans for two days had been digging in, two American divisions that in nine days had fought their way 32 kilometers past the Hindenburg line found themselves at the zero hour of a new attack.

These divisions, fighting with the Fourth British Army, two days before had come to an eager halt on the west bank of the Selle, south of the Le Cateau, in front of the newly blasted walls of St. Martin Rivière and Molain.

Now artillery was massed in the hills behind them. There was a gun for every 25 yards. They poured down on the opposite valley a tremendous load of shrapnel and high explosive shells, and all night before the going over time the machine guns played on the misty slopes where the enemy lay.

When the zero hour came the doughboys took the riverside towns of St. Martin and Molain in their first rush, and for five kilometers along the Selle marched into the fog—waded the river or crossed on the bridges which the Engineers threw down.

For hours there was fought in that blinding fog on the east slope of the

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HILL AFTER HILL YIELDS TO YANKS IN ARGONNE FIGHT

Contour Numbers Make Place for Themselves in American History

FOG AIDS CAPTURE OF 272

Lieutenant Born in Berlin Is One Hero of Attack Against Redoubtable Crest

When the American conquest of Argonne recedes into history it will take form as a dogged, inch by inch, foot by foot fight for a desolate and difficult land. And as the successive hilltops of that land rise now above the all blanketing October fog that hides the valleys, so memory will hold fast to certain hilltops that will rise sharp and clear above the mists of time.

These are certain crests, fiercely fought for, fiercely defended, fiercely won. Each is worthy of a black cross in the table of our regiments, just as conquered planes are marked after the victorious flyers' names in the table of our aviators.

Few of these bleak, forbidding hills are aided on their way to fame by some vivid, picturesque name. Dead Man's Hill, Montsec, Vimy Ridge, such phrases catch the popular eye and linger in the memory. But it is not so with the nameless crests of Argonne.

Richene Hill, there is, to be sure, and most valiantly was it stormed and won on the east bank of the Meuse. And then, of course, there is high Montfaucon itself. But, for the most part, the Argonne hills are known each by the contour figure which marks its height.

Numbers to Be Remembered

Yet, the Engineers can tell a stirring tale of how they took Hill 269, while those who fought for Hill 272 and Hill 288 and lived to tell the tale will never forget those numbers in all their days. And these are but three out of many.

It was on October 9 that Hill 272 was taken—a great day in the history of a great division which, in that week, moved stubbornly forward for six kilometers over a country so bitter and so hotly defended that it made all its earlier battlefields seem like fair playgrounds, all its earlier advances seem like joyous romps by comparison. The hill itself was taken by the famous first battalion of the old 16th Infantry which so distinguished itself under Soissons last July.

It would be almost true to say that Hill 272 was taken by one lieutenant, a young lieutenant of German birth, serving his first term in the line. This was Lieut. August F. Behrndt, who was born in Berlin back in the early '90's, but who was completely and hotly an American when the war came and found him practicing law in Kansas City.

Finally Gets a Company

When his division pitched in near Soissons, and again at St. Mihiel, he fumed a good deal because he was always assigned to the humdrum duties of supply and transportation. He champed at the bit with his desire to lead a platoon, and finally, in Argonne, his chance came. He was leading a company of his regiment on the morning of October 9 when the first battalion stole forward out of the woods and, under cover of a

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AMERICA'S BIGGEST BATTLE NEARS END OF OPENING MONTH

Enemy Resists Desperately as Argonne Fighting Continues

STRIKING AT FOE'S VITALS

Meter Among Disputed Crests Is Worth Mile of Ground Won at St. Mihiel

The setting of tomorrow's sun will bring to an end the first month of the Battle of the Argonne, which, measured by the number of troops engaged, is far and away the biggest battle in American history.

It was at dawn on the morning of September 26 that the first American Army, moving swiftly from the scene of its first neat thrust at St. Mihiel, struck northwest of Verdun the blow that was the initial contribution of the battle which blazed into sudden fury that week from Lorraine to the North Sea.

Since then the fighting has spread to the east bank of the Meuse, driven the last living uncaptured German from his hiding place in the Argonne forest, wrenched lofty Montfaucon from German observers, swept in a group of prisoners who now total many thousands, reclaimed nearly 40 battered villages, moved on in some places to a depth of 17 kilometers, and breached at at least two points the Kriemhilde line.

Measured by Resistance

But the success of this attck can scarcely be measured by those conventional signs. It must be measured rather by the fierceness of the enemy's resistance. It must be judged in the light of the whole animated Allied line.

To the Americans, as it happens, was assigned the task of striking at the enemy's vitals, striking where it was known he would defend himself most passionately. Ahead of the Americans when they started forward a month ago the German defensive lines converged toward an eastern pivot like the sticks of milady's fan, drawing close to protect the Mezieres-Longuyon railroad shuttle, which is the vital artery of Germany's occupation. Break through in the Argonne and the whole tottering German machine in France would crumble to pieces.

Hence the 30 German divisions, fresh or weary, whole or decimated, that have been thrown in to dam the steady Yankee Tide. Hence the angry fighting through drenching rain and knee deep mud, through swamp and forest, up frowning hills, only to meet another just ahead—on and on, inch by inch, foot by foot. For a meter in the Argonne is worth a mile at St. Mihiel.

Gnawed, Hacked and Chewed

After the first fine rush there was no swift movement. Rather it must be said that the Yanks have gnawed their way to the Kriemhilde line and through it, hacked and chewed their way past thousands of machine guns, finding even conquered ground treacherous with acid mines exploding ten days after it had been wrung from the enemy.

To the Yanks, not bursting fresh into the fight as they did at Château-Thierry in June, but going in after a long summer and fall of hard fighting, has fallen the tough, unspectacular task of the Western Front. But they have slogged on through acres of slimy mud, knowing full well that one very good reason why their brother divisions up north with the British and French were roping in thousands of prisoners and romping over many miles of liberated France was because they in Argonne were drawing and riveting there the best divisions that badgered Ludendorff could muster.

Of course, the news of the German peace gropings was flashed to the uttermost outpost in Argonne and rumor has run wild. The Kaiser has abdicated daily and Metz falls every afternoon, but on they have slogged, animated by such orders as these, which were read to one division as it pitched into battle:

> The Division Commander directs that the enlisted men of this command have explained to them by their officers the desirability and necessity of striking, at this particular time, hard blows. The enemy's peace offers are extended that he may preserve from destruction his fighting forces. The peace and security of the world in our time and generation can only be assured by the destruction of his army. Hard blows alone will wring from him the long peace to which we are entitled. The Commanding General cautions all that upon the entrance into action of this division, they must be prepared to endure hunger, cold and fatigue, and points out that the surest way to alleviate these conditions is to conquer. The utmost limit of endurance and achievement is required.

What It Sounds Like—What It Is

Seasoned divisions look back pensively to the fighting on the Ourcq and below Soissons as gentle play compared with the jobs they have met and finished in the mud of the Argonne.

When the cables send home the tidings that American troops have taken the Cote de Chatillon, it sound so simple a matter, but the clearing of that wood meant exactly 60 hours of sleepless, unremitting battle, 60 hours of murderous fighting in the rain. On up ahead, on the exposed crest, breathless watchers could see one lieutenant-colonel, celebrated in his neighborhood of the Army, leading a charge, pistol in hand, while they knew the bullets whistled past him. It was like the generals in the old Civil War lithographs. And the boys in this battalion could not and would not hug the shell holes with their leaders on the crest. To be sure, he was wounded later, but from his litter he had strength enough left to shake his fist at the chaplain and shout to him:

"Fooled you, didn't I? Thought you'd have the pleasure of burying me!"

Perhaps the home folks, spoiled by the sweets of the Ourcq and of St. Mihiel, are a wee bit disappointed when they hear that our troops east of the Meuse moved on only a kilometer and a half. Tell them, some one, that that meant five days and nights of the kind of fighting which, with its fine spirit and incredible endurance, would warm the heart of any American who could have witnessed it.

The capture of St. Juvin was a classic

ANOTHER RECORD BUSTED—144 ORPHANS IN WEEK, TOTAL 378

ADOPT A CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHAN!

This is the slogan of a campaign which THE STARS AND STRIPES has inaugurated to accomplish, between now and Christmas, the adoption of at least 500 child mascots by the A.E.F. units and members—a campaign to secure food, clothing, comfort, schooling for 500 little French children whose fathers have paid the supreme price for liberty.

We are out to give at least 500 little French boys and girls A CHRISTMAS PRESENT WHICH WILL LAST A WHOLE YEAR.

We have these children listed, photographed, investigated by the American Red Cross—all ready for adoption. And we offer them to the O.D. Santa Clauses from overseas—FIVE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHANS AT 500 FRANCS EACH.

She's busted again. Life in THE STARS AND STRIPES Christmas Gift War Orphan Department is just one record gone after another. Don't any more than get one made, set up and formally chronicled than along come a new lot of beardless Santa Clauses and smashes it.

One hundred and forty-four—that was the number of fatherless and homeless French children adopted by parrains in the A.E.F. this week. Last week's mark of 109, the previous high water line, went floocy—just like that—and the total of orphans adopted under the All-the-year-around-Christmas plan attained 378, placing it, in these days of discredited precedent, in imminent likelihood of going over the 500 mark we had set within the next few days.

The adoption of Christmas war orphans has progressed faster than THE STARS AND STRIPES had the temerity to figure on. Of course, we had kind of figured—

But, anyhow, when we investigated and listed 500 little war sufferers and sort of threw them on the mercy of the A.E.F. we didn't think they all would be adopted within five or six weeks. Not that we ever doubted the generosity and philanthropic proclivities of the A.E.F., but we thought that a big portion of it would be too busy shooing Germans down the Meuse to pay much attention to anything else.

Both Hands on Job

But the A.E.F., and especially that part of it now staging the liberty demonstration in the Argonne, just reached into its inside pocket with one hand while it fought with the other, and fished out francs for Christmas Gift War Orphans which, although somewhat damp and mudstained, were negotiable at the bank without parley. That is the best part of it.

At any rate, it can hereby be stated that adpotion of Christmas Gift War Orphans won't stop when the original Christmas contingent of 500 is allotted. There are plenty more, and we will go on.

As we said before, there are some hundreds of thousands of children who have lost homes and fathers through the war. The supply is, for practical purposes, limitless. We will just be able to make a little larger ripple on the troubled sea of French orphandom than we had planned, that's all.

The organization which contributed heaviest this week to the record breaking total was a distinguished battalion of a division which has written its name indelibly in American history in the last few weeks, the 1st Battalion,—Infantry.

One Battalion's Work

This battalion in one week raised 10,000 francs, enough to provide 20 fatherless children with home, clothing, food and schooling for an entire year. The money was gathered just after the battalion had been in the line and not many weeks after the French commander under which it once fought had had this to say about it in official annals:

> Picked troops who, trained by Colonel Hiram J. Bearse, who led the attack in the first line, carried out brilliantly and with splendid energy a particularly delicate operation; engaged battle with a superb dash; won a victory after a violent combat over an enemy who was both stubborn and superior in numbers, entrenched in concrete shelters, strongly supported by numerous machine guns and powerful artillery, and made use of, in the course of the action, infamous methods of warfare; heroically carried out their mission in capturing in heavy fighting a village where they maintained themselves all day in spite of four enemy counter attacks, and thus furnished the finest example of courage, abnegation and self-sacrifice.

There, now, is a parrain of which any child might be proud.

They adopted the largest number of the week, as we said, but not the largest number per capita. The latter distinction goes to an Ambulance Company whose identity must be concealed in the anonymity demanded by censorship.

This company, just to prove, apparently, the general unreliability of figures on past performances in general, adopted six children. It numbers 125 men and its contribution is the most liberal made by a unit of its size since the orphan department started doing business.

At Anniversary Banquet

The money was gathered at a banquet to celebrate the first anniversary of the company since its call into active service. This feast, held in the rear of a handsomely constructed barn in a billet area, has been described to this newspaper as follows:

Colonel Lewis W. Bremerman and some other officers were invited. The mess sergeant hit the mess fund for 500 francs for turkey and goose. It was a regular kind of a party, and the speakers took on considerable glory and applause.

A first class sergeant mentioned THE STARS AND STRIPES and orphans, set up a blackboard like a bookie at a race track, and began taking subscriptions.

The colonel, quite naturally, was invited, and he came clean with 100 francs. The captain got right up behind him. And then it came down to the five-franc boys who owed all the money they had coming next payday.

After the first count some 700 francs were needed. One private said he would raise his contribution from 25 francs to 50 if the high salaried sergeants could be similarly hooked. They were. The colonel tossed in another 50, and so did the captain.

There was another snappy round and the first class sergeant did some more counting. He then announced something over 3,000 francs, enough to take on six orphans.

So Ambulance, — is entitled to the cross of the first order for generous giving—if we had one.

Boys Pick Up Handicap

The officer instructors of the — Artillery School made the same distinguished showing as the ambulance company. They took six, too, but then they are officers. Five boys and a girl was the choice of the artillery instructors, and the choice dovetails right in with the scheme of things because the girls had been running ahead of the boys.

Next in numbers came Company B, — Inf. Company B tied the Infantry Company's previous high score by taking four children, all living in one village so that, perchance, parrains and mascots can hold a reunion together some day.

Adoptions by individuals were as strong as ever. Lieutenants maintained their usual safe lead, but two majors and two colonels came in this week after our delicate hint of last week. According to rank, this is the week's score:

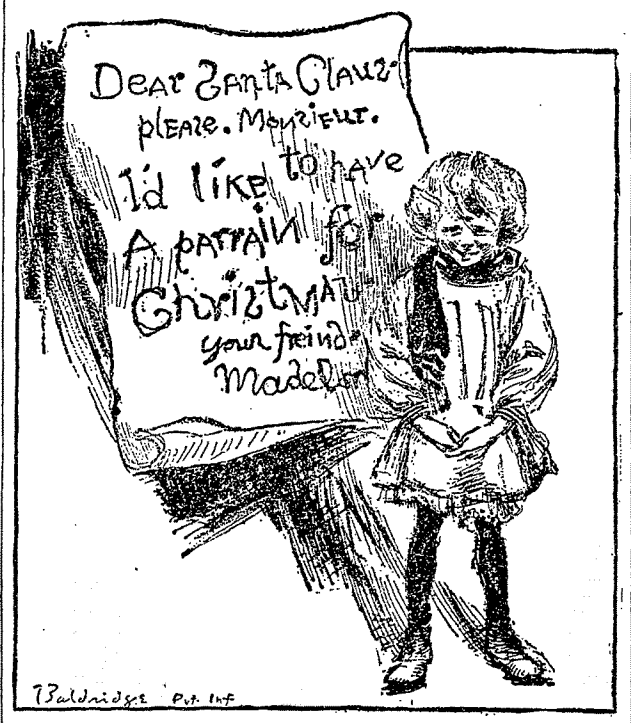
Lieutenants, 8; captains, 1; majors, 2; colonels, 2; generals, 0.

The accounting is considerably better than last week, when everything was a goose egg above captains. One colonel wrote out a check and sent it in as soon as he saw the score. Said he:

"I don't like to see a goose egg scored against the colonels, and hope that hereafter their score will be nearer that of lieutenants."

We have our usual distaste for discussing these questions in public this way, but where are our generals in this hour? We should like to know.

For the benefit of lieutenants, it may be said, too, that the above score doesn't include adoptions made on the Q.T. on behalf of young ladies in the States. Pretty good idea that. A lot of wise ones are working it.

Another adopter of the week was Company M, — Inf., acting on behalf of the City of Centralia, Wash. Company M was the first unit of the A.E.F. to become a parrian when THE STARS

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