

The Stars and Stripes

The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

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

VOL. 1—NO. 23.

FRANCE, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1918.

PRICE: 50 CENTIMES. UNITED STATES, 10 CENTS. GREAT BRITAIN, SIXPENCE.

FRANCE TO THE A.E.F.—JULY 14, 1918

FRANCE celebrates on July 14 her national independence, as the Americans observed theirs July 4. On these two solemn days, American and French hearts beat in unison. All feel that the moment approaches when, thanks to their common efforts, the defeat of Germany will allow all the free nations to celebrate at last the independence of the world.

July 11, 1918

(Signed)

J. JOFFRE

114 SHIPS SPLASH IN TWENTY STATES ON RECORD FOURTH

Total Countrywide Launchings Include 19 Craft for Navy

BUILDING KEEPS RIGHT ON

New Keels Begun in Many Yards Before Crafts Are Quite Off Ways

1,430,793 IS YEAR'S TONNAGE

Figure More Than Double Germany's Peace Time Output—30,000 Ships Fly Stars and Stripes

BY J. W. MULLER American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

AMERICA, July 11.—We made the Fourth of July splash, all right. We beat the 80 ships we had expected to launch by making it 95. Counting 19 war vessels, the total was 114.

Everybody launched ships—that is, everybody who owned a shipyard. Owing shipyards is getting to be the favorite occupation of our best families. A total of 474,500 tons was launched. Of the steel ships produced, the Gulf yards launched one of 3,500 tons; the Great Lakes yards launched 11, aggregating 37,000 tons; the Atlantic coast, 12, coming to 86,000 tons, and the Pacific coast 18, with a total displacement of 161,000 tons.

Of wooden ships, the Gulf yards produced 13, 54,000 tons; the Atlantic coast 12, 42,000 tons; the Pacific coast 27, 91,000 tons. That makes the total 42 steel ships, of 237,500 tons deadweight, and 53 wooden ships, of 187,000 tons deadweight.

From Maine to Oregon

Twenty States launched ships, the launchings taking place at Bath, Me.; Elizabethport, Camden and Newark, N.J.; Portsmouth, N.H.; Shooter's Island, N.Y.; Wilmington, Del.; Philadelphia, Chester, and Cornwells Heights, Pa.; Baltimore, Md.; Savannah, Ga.; Jacksonville and Tampa, Fla.; Mobile, Ala.; Pascagoula and Mossport, Miss.; Morgan City and Lake Charles, La.; Annapolis, San Pedro, Humboldt Bay, Oakland and San Francisco, Cal.; Seattle, Tacoma, Aberdeen, Bellingham and Olympia, Wash.; Astoria, St. John's and Columbia City, Ore.; Cleveland, Lorain and Ashabula, Ohio; Chicago; Duluth, Minn.; Detroit and Ecorse, Mich.; Tawas, Manitowish and Superior, Wis.; and Buffalo, N.Y.

Portland, Ore., was all prepared for a huge splash, with 11 ships totalling Continued on Page 3

TEN BOCHE BULLETS NICKED THIS FLYER

But Seven of Them Only Went Through Lieut. Harwood's Clothes

There aren't many soldiers who get three wounds at one time and seven bullet holes through various articles of their wearing apparel and don't lose a day from duty. Yet it was done this week by Aviation Lieut. B. P. Harwood, a participant in one of the most spectacular air battles since American aviators have been flying at the front.

Lieut. Harwood, as observer, was flying well back of the German lines in a biplane piloted by Lieut. Frederick J. Lahr when, at a height of 2,000 meters, four German planes dived to attack three of them were chased off by three American planes, but the fourth soared down from behind, his machine gun firing. Lieut. Harwood replied with his gun, but it jammed after a few shots. Turning the situation, Lieut. Lahr turned the nose of his biplane downward and went into a tight spiral in an endeavor to shake the Boche off. In the meantime, a fourth American combat plane dived for the German.

Getting Back Home

In line, the three machines whirled downward to an altitude of 500 meters where Lieut. Harwood found he had been wounded. One bullet had grazed his forehead, another his chin and a third his throat, none doing much more than breaking the skin. He counted seven bullet holes in his clothes and there were between 25 and 40 in the airplane.

Lieut. Lahr was unhurt, although his headrest was shot away.

BIGGEST HOSPITAL OPEN

AMERICA, July 11.—The Army has opened, at Fox Hills, Staten Island, N.Y., what is probably the biggest hospital of its kind in the world.

It cost over \$3,000,000 and was completed inside 100 days by 2,500 workmen.

There are 83 buildings on the fine site, and the hospital can care for 3,000 men.

It has a theatre with a seating capacity for almost that number of patients.

ONE MOVABLE HUT TO EACH DIVISION, K. OF C. PROGRAM

Theater, Sporting Goods Emporium and Canteen All on Wheels

EVERYTHING GIVEN AWAY

Secretaries Will Be Assigned to Units With Which They Were Stationed in States

A movie and vaudeville theater, sporting goods emporium and up-to-date canteen on wheels—that is what the Knights of Columbus are going to have with each American division in France. Ten of these triplicate joy-bringers are all ready to move out now, and will proceed to their destinations the minute that the official travel permits for the secretaries come through.

Mounted on auto trucks and trailers, each one of these outfits is going to move under its own power whether it listeth, with a tent, three secretaries, a movie machine, boxing gloves and baseball outfits aboard.

Once arrived in a divisional area—whether up front or in the rear doesn't matter—the sec. in charge is going to pick out the most convenient place to dump the whole thing; and within half a day thereafter he and his helpmates (and the odds are he will not lack of them) will have the whole blooming outfit raring and ready to do business at the same new stand.

Then, when the division moves, all that the sec. and his assistants will have to do will be to dump all their stuff on the auto trucks and the trailers again, fall in in their proper station in the line and move with the division. The divisions simply can't lose 'em, so long as the gas and the tires hold out and the Boche shells don't connect with the paraphernalia of the Chevaliers de Colomb, as the natives call them.

The way divisions are moving forward it seems to be a pretty fairly logical way to solve the hut problem, say the K. of C. men.

Everything Given Away

While this K. of C. department-store-afloat, this caravan of cheer, will have a regular canteen attached, nothing in that canteen smokes, sweats, papers, or clatters. Whatever the K. of C. has is going to be given away. There may not be an awful lot, but there'll be enough to go once around every time the outfit comes around. And the K. of C. further recites that it proposes to stick to that clause that its future abode becomes a fit place to put a skating rink.

As for the men who will man these portable huts (tents, rather), the K. of C. authorities plan to send, as far as possible, the same men to the same divisions—that is, to have the secretaries will also be over (by proxy, by proxy) as well as certain hitherto unheard-of Anglo-American by the name of Charles J. Chaplin.

ARMY ASPIRANTS MUST BE QUALIFIED

Common School Education and Degree of Adaptability Necessary

MISS RANKIN FOR SENATE

AMERICA, July 11.—Miss Jeannette Rankin, Representative from Montana, will fight for the Republican nomination to the United States Senatorship as a successor to the late Senator Walsh. Uncle Joe Cannon is out for re-election to Congress in spite of his 80 odd years, and his opponents down Danville, Ill., may ask plaintively, "if he thinks his job in Congress is eternal."

JUSQU'AU BOUT!



MILLION EVERY DAY WAR RISK AVERAGE

June Figures Are for 8,000 Men—All Business at Base Ports

All war risk insurance underwriting in France is now being handled at the rate of \$1,000,000 a day, a stupendous figure.

The only men who have been eligible for insurance since the expiration of the final period of grace in April are those who have been in the service less than 120 days. This, of course, virtually limits the number who can still take out policies to a small percentage of the newcomers.

Every man whose Army career is less than 120 days old is now being reached as soon as he steps off the boat, or at least before he leaves the base port for the front. If he has a policy for less than \$10,000, he has an opportunity to increase it. If he still wants to wait, and has time to wait, he is given application forms which he can send in at his leisure, provided he does so within that 120 days.

Every opportunity to insure himself has, of course, previously been afforded him in the United States.

ARMY ASPIRANTS MUST BE QUALIFIED

Common School Education and Degree of Adaptability Necessary

All officers and non-commissioned officers, chosen for instruction at the Army and Corps schools, must, in addition to good general qualifications, have a good common school education, some degree of adaptability to play the roll of instructor and, if they come from artillery or machine gun organizations, a knowledge of arithmetic to include common and decimal fractions. This is the substance of a general order, according to which reports from the schools indicate that hitherto in many cases organization commanders have not exercised sufficient care in the selection of men for the schools.

TWO RECORD CLAIMERS

AMERICA, July 11.—If you want any skinning done, send for Bill Townsend, of the State of Maine, by chowder!

Bill, who is 70 years old but feels just as young as heuster be, claims that he has the world's record for skinning.

His figures are: One muskrat, 40 seconds; eight foxes, 46 minutes. Los Angeles proudly lays claim to the American garbage record, having reduced its garbage to two-thirds—mostly by inserting it into chickens and then extracting eggs from the other end.

NATION'S WHEELS WORK SMOOTHLY; CONGRESS ON JOB

Shaking Down Process Bearing Fruit in Steady Accomplishment

AMERICA, July 11.—We all feel that our nummish national machine has shaken down and is working in a manner which few of us would have dared to prophesy or even hope for a year ago. This applies not only to our industrial and other material organization, but to our political and civic machineries. Our cities and States are functioning well. Nobody could have anticipated such efficient interlocking of State and Federal machineries.

The same may be said of Congress. We hear little talk now of the so-called subservience of Congress to the executive branch of the government. The nation is beginning vaguely to realize that the legislative branch of the government is doing business with much more efficiency than our past ideas of Congress had led us to expect and that the Capitol is predicting helpful and intelligent results. The President's request for authority to take over the wire lines, will apparently be acted upon favorably during the week. What opposition there is does not follow the issues raised in the specific case of the Western Union, but is based rather on the apprehension by uncompromising opponents of public ownership that these war measures may be used by advocates of public ownership as a wedge when the war ends.

FARM OR OLD JOB WHEN WAR IS OVER

Open Every Door to Returning Soldiers, Say Secretary Lane

AMERICA, July 11.—"Give me \$22,000,000 and I will provide a plan that will give every man of the A.E.F. a chance to return to the life he lived before the war or to go on a farm."

Thus spoke Secretary Lane before the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, telling his hearers that it was not too early to prepare the way for the return of our soldiers to civil life.

He urged the reclamation on a vast scale of all America's unused lands, and proposed the use of the returning soldiers on that project. While the great reclamation was in progress, the workers, of course, would be supported and at the same time would be earning each his homestead.

Secretary Lane would allow each man 40 years in which to reimburse the government for improvements to his homestead. "Every man must get a chance," he said. "No door must be closed to him, but every door opened. He must be made to realize that by his own effort he can open any door."

Of the 250,000,000 acres of land owned by the government, 15,000,000 acres are redeemable swamp land.

TO SAVE NEWSPRINT

AMERICA, July 11.—The War Industries Board, in a sweeping effort to conserve news print paper, suggested to the publishers of the country that they discontinue the handing out of free copies to advertisers, exchanges and the like, and that they do away with "returus." The publishers promptly announced steps to meet the Board's suggestion.

The Board has also shut down on brass beds and similar metallic furniture, and tells us that we must make the old ones last.

WORK OR FIGHT!

AMERICA, July 11.—In order to release more men for war work, in compliance with the Government's "work or fight" order, the big New York City hotels and clubs have dismissed all their waiters and hired waitresses to work in their stead.

14TH AN A.E.F. HOLIDAY

July 14 is hereby declared a holiday for all troops in this command not actually engaged with the enemy. It will be their duty and privilege to celebrate the French Independence Day, which appeals alike to every citizen and soldier in France and America, with all the sympathetic interest and purpose that the French celebrated our Independence Day. Living among the French people and sharing the comradeship in arms of their soldiers, we have the deeper consciousness that the two anniversaries are linked together in common principles and a common cause. BY COMMAND OF GENERAL PERSHING.

PAYDAY A MONTH WILL BE ASSURED UNDER NEW PLAN

Some Money for Every Man in Whole A.E.F. Every Thirty Days

AMOUNT NOT YET DECIDED

System Will Not Affect Those for Whom Ghost Now Walks Regularly

A pay system will soon be adopted in the A.E.F. by which every man will receive every 30 days some of the money due him.

What this plan will be, just how it will operate, how much of his pay a soldier will be allowed per month, these and other details cannot now be announced. But it can be stated with certainty that a new plan will be put in operation, and that there will never be again, once that plan is in operation, a soldier in the whole A.E.F. who has gone without any money at all for more than the customary month which everyone has to wait.

The new plan will not interfere with men who are now fortunate enough to be paid regularly, month after month, with only a few days' fluctuation of the date one way or another.

Details Not Announced

It is not now possible to announce how closely, if at all, the new plan will follow the one outlined in this newspaper a few weeks ago when the fact that official steps towards a revision of the pay system were being definitely taken was first made known to the Army.

The men who will benefit by the once-a-month-sure plan are, of course, a relatively small proportion of the whole A.E.F. Now that the million mark has been reached, that proportion, however small it may be, is growing all the time. Wounded men make up a good part of the number. A wounded man means a service record temporarily strayed, and a misplaced record, under the present plan, means no money. Men newly arrived from the States are also to be moneyless for a varying period under present pay methods. But the payless payday is to be a thing of the past.

DOLAN'S CONFESSION LENGTHY PROCESS

Not That He's Particularly Sinful, but He Doesn't Know French

Did you ever go looking up your sins in an English-French dictionary? Take it from Private Edward Dolan of the Engineers, it's a tough job.

Private Dolan had wanted to go to confession for a long while. He finally found a priest who was stationed near the particular part of the front which was his habit at the time. The priest couldn't talk English and Dolan couldn't talk French, but he confessed just the same.

Here's how. The priest had a little English-French dictionary. He lent it to Private Dolan. Dolan looked through it until he found some of his sins listed. Then he found point them out to the chaplain. It took Private Dolan about two hours to make his confession, and he's not a particularly sinful member of the A.E.F. at that.

ELEGANT BUMS IN FLIGHT

AMERICA, July 11.—Ever since it became not only unfashionable but illegal to loaf in the Empire State, there has been a steady, soft-shoe exodus from the purlieus of that commonwealth—the flight of the elegant bums.

One well-known man, when summoned for a violation of the anti-loafing law, made the interesting plea that he was ever so hard-worked taking care of his wife's money.

FALL OF BASTILLE FIRST GREAT BLOW IN FREEING FRANCE

French Revolution Flamed Into Being 129 Years Ago Sunday

PETTY RULER POWERLESS

Paris Mob Ruled City From Moment of Attack on Hated Symbol of Tyranny

REAL TROUBLE BEGAN JULY 12

News of Necker's Dismissal Spark That Kindled Oppressed People to Fury of Revolt

Sunday will be France's Fourth of July. And just as France observed our Fourth of July, so will all America celebrate the 14th, Bastille Day.

It was on July 14, 1789, that the mad-dened people of Paris, too long oppressed, trilled with too long, and risen at last in the first fine wrath of the Revolution, advanced upon and carried by storm the formidable and sinister fortress which was known as the Bastille.

With its rusty old cannon pointing at the heart of the crowded city, with its unspeakable dungeons, where men could be locked up forever without trial at the mere pleasure of the king, it had stood in the minds of a bitter and hungry people as a symbol of all the incredible oppression and misrule which now was to reap the whirlwind. That is why they stormed the Bastille. That is why the anniversary of its fall is celebrated as the birthday of French liberty.

The old Marquis de Lafayette, governor of the Bastille, had guessed what was in the wind, and, since the night of the 12th, had lifted the drawbridges which spanned the ancient moat and withdrawn with his reinforced guards to the interior of the many-towered prison. All that night and all the next night, uneasy sentries paced the battlements, alert for the trouble they could hear brewing in all the streets and cafes and forges of the unsleeping city.

For it was on the 12th that the ominous mutterings of the crowd broke forth in fury. News of the Necker, a minister they trusted, had been dismissed by the silly king, had been brought by courtiers to Paris, and to the resentful multitude, gathered that sultry July afternoon in the Palais Royal Gardens, Camille Desmoulins uttered the fateful call to arms.

The Young Lawyer from Picardy

He was a fiery young lawyer from Picardy, and for all his stammering, his passion gave him an eloquence that kindled the Revolution. With hair streaming and a pistol brandished in either hand, he was lifted to a table in front of the café. For a moment they called that table the table of the Revolution—and there warred Paris that imported Swiss and German troops, already in and near the city, were primed for butchery at a word from the tricky king, primed for a Saint Bartholomew's Massacre of patriots. It was the supreme hour for Frenchmen and mankind. "To arms!"

The crowd caught up the cry, "To arms!" Surging forward toward the Hotel de Ville, they were charged with drawn sabers by the Prince de Lambese at the head of a German regiment, and the first blood of the Revolution was shed. That was 129 years ago today.

All that night and all the next day the bells sounded and the fever of the people grew. A people's militia—within a few hours the name the National Guard heard by Lafayette—was formed in a twinkling and to the standard locked many a deserting battalion from the forces of the old order.

Still the cry was "To arms!" But they had none. The city was ransacked. Anything would do. Armors gave up their stock or, if they did not, saw their shops plundered. The king's own Garde-municipale yielded strange and fearful losses from the age of Chivalry, a golden royal sword or two, and two funny, silver-mounted canons which his Majesty of Sinn had formally presented to Louis XIV in days gone by.

Storming the Invalides

Then the multitude captured in a Seine boat five thousandweight of gunpowder, which the panicky authorities were trying to smuggle out of the city. They charged the Invalides, whose friendly guards fired never a shot, and in whose cellars was found and a very arsenal—28,000 muskets, hidden under straw.

So they got powder and guns. Then all night and all day, while the women sewed the cockades of the new Tricolor and the cooks worked overtime, the anvils of the blacksmiths rang with the fashioning of many pikes. Thus, in no time, was a rag-tag-and-bobtail army equipped for the desire of its heart—the siege of the Bastille. "To the Bastille!" became the war cry, caught up in the streets, sped by every tongue, passed from one end of raging Paris to the other.

The seige began at one in the afternoon of the 14th. The old governor knew that his moat was impassable, knew the