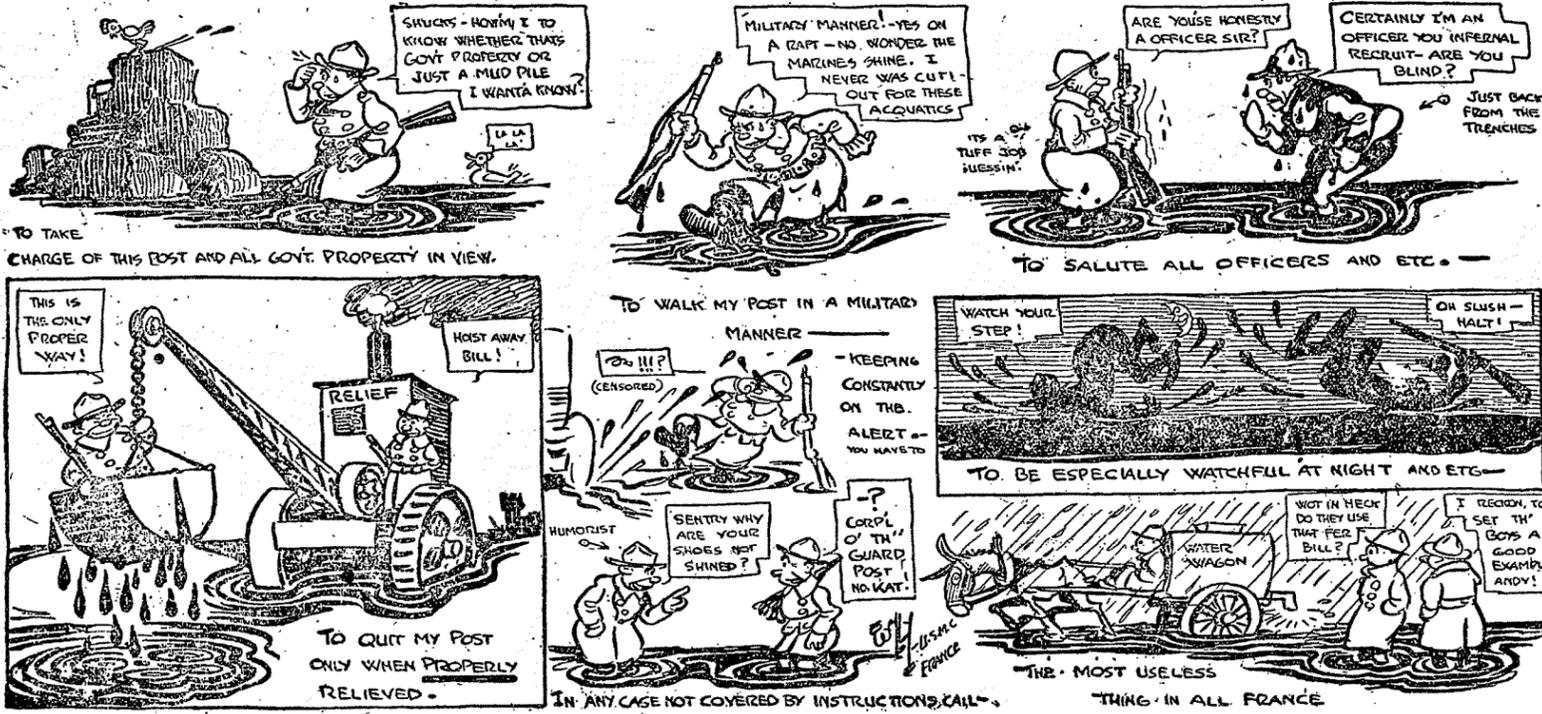


GENERAL ORDERS IN SUNNY FRANCE

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

—By WALLGREN



BEAR DRIVE HITS SOUVENIR MARKET

But German Factories Are Making War Mementoes Right Along

GOVERNMENT TAKES HAND

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

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

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

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

Issue Iron Crosses

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

If the traffic keeps up, it won't need an edict of Allied and neutral powers to prevent the Germans from having an Army. The cloth is being made over into clothes for children—the Germans are inherently good fathers—and the surplus is being used for the production of radical Rhine Republics, at least.

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

Warehouses Cleaned Out

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

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

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

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

BANTAMS IN RING FOR SHORTEST HONORS; OTHER ESTS ENTERED

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

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

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

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

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

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

But Cpl. Frank E. Burke, Headquarters Detachment, 90th Division, Army of Occupation, tops him under by three inches, according to his own statement.

Four feet nine and one-half inches north and south is the claim to fame of Master Engineer Joseph T. Preziosi, HQ, 1st Battalion, 25th Engineers, A.F.O. 716.

Pvt. Leo Ruff's admirers in the Motor Dispatch Service claim that he is the most youthful, smallest and hardest-boiled man in the A.E.F. His specifications are: Arrived in France sub rosa with an Artillery outfit. Was 15 years old at that time, weighed 95 pounds, was 4 feet 6 inches tall. He smokes black caten cigars and chews tobacco; he has numerous medals of honor; he is a service stripe piker when they refuse to fade him for any amount. Private Ruff is immensely proud of his long-since dingy service stripe and wishes that it were on his right sleeve. Finally, he has spent part of his service as a guest of the A.P.M.'s hotels throughout the A.E.F.

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

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

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

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

When Pvt. A. R. Aschmann got his first letter from home it had earned one service stripe and was well on the way to the next. He landed in France April 15, 1918; his first letter reached him February 19, 1919. It informed him that his parents had been writing every day. He was a casual from the 40th Division and was put in Company F, 128th Infantry, 32nd Division, where he has been ever since, except for a little time spent in hospital. Private Aschmann is now in Wiennau, Germany.

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

dogskins, some of goatskin; tank guns (no one seems to want these unwieldy weapons), sausage grinders, boot guards, spurs, helmets; rubber knots, German Red Cross arm-bands, prisoner of war arm bands (yellow with red lettering), various insignia, such as the crossed flags of the Signal Corps, the 100 foot of the field telephone battalions, and the snaky orange insignia of the Medical Corps.

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

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

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

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

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

The Mallet Reserve, the famous Franco-American unit of the French Service Automobile, presents this claim: "More shells were fed to the French and American three-inch guns that blasted the Germans off the Marne and Vesle and Oise by this organization than by any other of its size in France. Between the 6th of June and the 11th of November, when the armistice was signed, the American drivers alone heaved over 8,000,000 shells of all varieties to the guns. In addition, they also heaved 23,483 tons of infantry ammunition. This hauling didn't mean transferring from one depot to another; it meant hauling from the railroad to the guns themselves."

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AWOL VISITS BERLIN BUT FINDS NO GRUB

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

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

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

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

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

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

an AWOL who wanted to see Berlin worse than I did, and so he came—and he was half starved. We sneaked out of town and beat our way west, partly on freights and partly on passenger trains. Once a Prussian officer in uniform tried to throw us out of a first-class compartment, but we told him we'd take his old train and run the whole thing into the American lines. He told us we'd just have to get out—and we told him to put us out.

"The civilians trading in square, sold us their war, and they asked us when the Allies were going to let food come into Germany and why we got into the light. We told them that it was because of their damned atrocities, and they said yes, but it was the fault of Junkers, and they said 'I'm glad I won't,' he concluded, 'but I wouldn't go again—not for all the vin rouge in France. 'Tain't worth it—not by a damn sight!'"

MUST GUARD ARMY STORES

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

The chiefs of all supply services, commanders of units, depots, dumps or posts at which property may be handled will be held responsible in future for all deterioration or loss of property as a result of neglect.

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



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PVT. BRITON ABSENT WHEN OUTFIT SAILS

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

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

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

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

as many other French children have been, taken care of and then lodged. Then came the orders to move to the port. Through the regulating station André accompanied the unit, while his father kept in touch with the commanding officer through the medium of the French mails. Then they moved to the embarkation port and simultaneously the father appeared in St. Nazaire. Down to the docks the two walked, keeping abreast of the first four and hurrying to reach the gangplank before the first man went aboard.

"To every soldier André said 'Goodbye.' After they were all aboard and assigned to quarters there was a wait of several hours during which the child paced the entire length of the dock laughing and talking with all of them. Finally, just as dusk was gathering and the rain seemed to fall heavier than ever, the final whistle blow. Out from the docks the big ship moved steadily and at the rear every member of the squadron was endeavoring to shout a last farewell to the private who had been left. The youngster kept smiling, jumping, waving his hand and throwing kisses toward the khaki-clad forms, fast fading in the twilight.

Then the ship turned and the squadron was lost to view. Simultaneously André burst into a mournful wail, which could only come from the broken heart of a child. "They are going, my friends, the Americans," he wailed in French. "They will never come back," he wailed on.

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