

MEN ON LEAVE NOT TO BE LED ROUND BY HAND

Impression That They will be Chaperoned Wholly Erroneous.

SAVOY FOR FIRST GROUP.

Zone System to be In-tituted and Rotated to Give all Possible Variety.

"PINK TICKETS" FOR PARIS.

Special Trains to Convey Soldiers to Destinations—Rules are Explicit.

As a great deal of misapprehension regarding leaves, the conditions under which they are to be granted, etc., has existed in the A.E.F. for some time past, the complete and authoritative rulings on the subject are given below.

A.E.F. men whose leaves fall due on or about February 15 will be allowed to visit the department of Savoy, in the south-east of France, during their week of leisure. That department constitutes their "leave zone" for the present.

While the Y.M.C.A. has worked hard and perfected arrangements for soldiers' accommodations and provided amusements at Aix-les-Bains, one of the famous watering-places in Savoy, no man is bound in any way to avail himself of these accommodations and amusements if he does not so desire.

Leaves Every Four Months.

The general order from Headquarters, A.E.F., on the subject of leaves is both complete and explicit. Leaves will be available for soldiers only after four months' service in France, and will be granted to officers and men in good standing.

A man may not save up his seven days leave with the idea of taking one of longer duration at a later date. He must take his leaves as they come.

In principle, leaves will be granted by roster, based on length of time since last leave or furlough; length of service in France; length of service as a whole lot.

Officers authorized to grant leaves are required to make the necessary adjustments of leave rosters so as to avoid absence of too many non-coms, or specially qualified soldiers at any time.

Leave areas, as stated above, will be allotted to divisions, corps, or other units or territorial commands, and rotated as far as practicable.

Allotments covering Paris, however, will be made separately from all other areas, so as to limit the number of American soldiers visiting Paris on leave.

Exceptional Cases.

In case a man has relatives in France, it is provided that he may, for that reason or some other cause, be granted leave for another area than that allotted to his unit, with the stipulation that the number of men authorized to visit Paris shall not be increased in that way.

For French Patients First. One of the Red Cross people, who was standing by ready for the command "Clear guns for action!"

After all the French people in need of dental treatment have been treated, however, the Red Cross person went on to say that it might be tried out on the Americans—yanks for the Yanks.

Leave papers will specify the date of departure and the number of days leave authorized. The leave will begin to run at 12.01 a. m. (night) following the man's arrival at the destination.

Travel Regulations.

Before going on leave, a man must register his address, in his own handwriting. He must satisfy his company or detachment commander that he is neat and tidy in appearance.

OFF FOR THE TRENCHES.

When a certain regiment of American doughboys departed from its billets in a little town back of the front and marched away to our trenches in Lorraine, this poem was found tacked up on a billet door:

By the rifle on my back, By my old and well-worn pack, By the bayonets we sharpened in the billets down below, When we're holding to a sector, By the howling jumping hector, Colonel, we'll be Gott-Strafed if the Blank-teeth lets it go.

And the Boches big and small, Runtly ones and Boches tall, Won't keep your boys a-squattin' in the ditches very long; For we'll soon be busting through, sir, God help Fritzies when we do, sir— Let's get going, Colonel Blank, because we're feeling mighty strong.

TOOTH YANKING CAR IS TOURING FRANCE

Red Cross Dentist's Office Lacks Nothing but the Lady Assistant

The latest American atrocity—a dentist's office on wheels!

Gwan, you say? Gwan, yourself! We've seen it; most of the chauffeurs have seen it; the Colonel and everybody else who gets about at all has seen it. That's what it is, a portable dentist's office—chair, wall-buzzer and all, with meat-axes, bung-starters, pinwheels, spittoons, gobs of cotton batting, tear gas, laughing gas, chloroform, ether, and the gold, platinum and cement to match.

If you wanted to be funny about the thing, you might call this motorized dentist's partner the crowning achievement of the Red Cross; for, strange to say, it is the Red Cross, commonly supposed to be on the job of alleviating human misery, that has put the movable torture chamber on the road.

It looks part like an ambulance, but it isn't. An ambulance carries you somewhere so that you can get some rest; a travelling tooth-yankinger doesn't give you a chance to rest. It's white, is the outside of the car, just like a baby's barse, and just about as cheerful to contemplate.

Somebody had a nerve to invent it, all right, as if we didn't have troubles enough as it is, dodging the regimental dentist, and ducking shells, and clapping on gas masks, and all the rest. It is designed, according to one who professes to know about it, to kill the nerves of anything that gets in front of it.

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EMBASSY HEARS THE FACTS.

Photographed Sandwiched Between Negroes Wearing Tall Hats.

Ridicule, degrading labor, insufficient food and inhumane treatment generally are the lot of American soldiers taken prisoner by the Huns.

For Hikers, They Say, it is Better Than Sipping. Quantico, Va.—The drinking of water at frequent intervals while on long hikes is not recommended by U.S. Marines, stationed here.

While the average man should consume, according to medical authorities, from two to three quarts a day, troops on the march should drink this amount at regular periods and not sip a mouthful at a time, say the Marine officers.

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A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHIEF



Engraved by Sadag from a new photograph.

In this initial number of THE STARS AND STRIPES, published by the men of the Overseas Command, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces extends his greetings through the editing staff to the readers from the first line trenches to the base ports.

These readers are mainly the men who have been honored by being the first contingent of Americans to fight on European soil for the honor of their country. It is an honor and privilege which make them fortunate above the millions of their fellow citizens at home.

The paper, written by the men in the service, should speak the thoughts of the new American Army and the American people from whom the Army has been drawn. It is your paper. Good luck to it.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING, Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

HUNS STARVE AND RIDICULE U.S. CAPTIVES

A.E.F. Soldiers Compelled to Clean Latrines of Crown Prince.

GIVEN UNEATABLE BREAD.

Photographed Sandwiched Between Negroes Wearing Tall Hats.

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Repatriate Smuggles Addresses of Prisoners' Relatives into France.

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ARMY MEN BUILD AN OVER-SEAS PITTSBURGH

Mammoth Warehouses and the World's Largest Cold Storage Plant Spring Up in Three Months.

FORESTERS AND ENGINEERS DOING THE WORK.

"Winter of Our Discontent" Sees Big Job of Preparation Speeded "Somewhere" in France.

You, Mr. Infantryman, out there for heaven knows how many hours a day jabbing at a straw-filled burlap bag and pretending it's old Rat-Face, the Crown Prince—been doing that ever since you came over here, haven't you?

You, Mr. Machine-Gunner, going out every day and lugging about a ton of assorted hardware and artillery around a vacant lot.

You, Mr. Marine, land-logged, land-sick, trying out your web feet in wading through the muddy depths of Europe instead of wading ashore through the roaring surf—yip! his-ho, and a bottle grape-juice!

You, all of you, own up now! Doesn't seem as though you weren't getting anywhere at times, now does it? Doesn't seem as though you had made any particular progress, eh, what? Doesn't seem to have made the beef any tender, the supplies come up any quicker, the Q.M.'s clothing get issued any quicker?

But that, Mr. Infantryman, Cannoneer, Machine-Gunner, or whoever and whatever you are, is where you are, for once, dead wrong. The old U.S. is making all sorts of progress here in France—progress toward your comfort, such as sleep, and safety, and toward the millions who are counting along to play your game with you.

With Speed and Drive. But that, Mr. Infantryman, Cannoneer, Machine-Gunner, or whoever and whatever you are, is where you are, for once, dead wrong. The old U.S. is making all sorts of progress here in France—progress toward your comfort, such as sleep, and safety, and toward the millions who are counting along to play your game with you.

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Our Uncle Samuel, he is remembered, is a cautious old gent, and looks well on both sides when getting into a scrap; but once he gets in—and the right side—he is in to stay until the whole job is cleaned up, and he's in right up to his shoulderblades. No more convincing of our American determination to see the thing through could he had than a sight of Uncle Sam's big storage depot and all-around tool shop.

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Don't Forget that War-Risk Insurance. February 12 is your last chance at it.