

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 Instituted 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 Savoie, 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 Savoie, no man is bound in any way to avail himself of those 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.

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 purpose, be granted leave for a period not to exceed 10 days, for the purpose of visiting his relatives in that country.

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 authorized in his leave papers, and will end at midnight after the passing of the number of days' leave granted him.

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.

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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.

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.

If you wanted to be funny about the thing, you might call this motorized dentist's parlor 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, to play one-tooth stands all along the countryside.

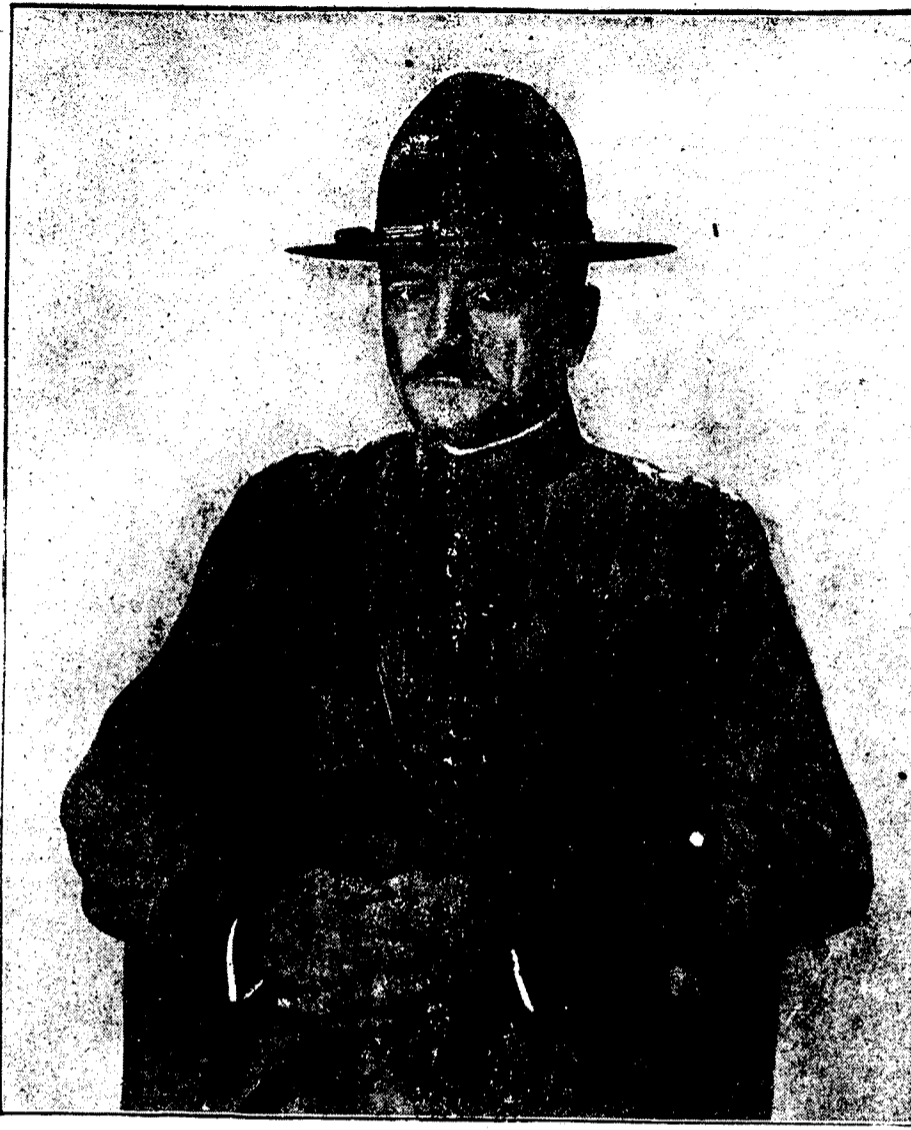
Useful As a Tank? Somebody had a nerve to invent it, all right, as if we didn't have troubles enough as it is, dodging the regimental dentist, and ducking shells, and clapping on gas masks, and all the rest.

For French Patients First. One of the Red Cross people, who was standing by ready for the command "Clear guns for action!" told THE STARS AND STRIPES that the peripatetic pain producer wasn't to be used so much for the American troops' discomfort as to fix up the cavities and what-not of the civil population of France.

ANZAC MAKES SAFE GUESS. A company commander received an order from battalion headquarters to send in a return giving the number of trench. He sent in the number as 2,001. H. Q. rung up and asked him how he arrived at this unusual figure.

Fed by French People. "Could they subsist on this food?" "No, but the inhabitants of Charleville formed a little committee to supply the prisoners with food and with linen. The food had to be given to them clandestinely."

A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHIEF



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 makes 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.

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

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—beer doing that ever since you came over here, haven't you?

You, Mr. Artilleryman, loading, unloading, standing clear, and all the rest of it until your back aches and your ears drums wailingly rave in—

With Speed and Drive.

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

Cold Storage Plants.

Wait! That's only a sample. The foundations are already on the ground for now—get this; it's straight dope, no bull for what will be the largest refrigerating cold storage plant in the world. Its construction by the time this article sees the light of print, will be well under way.

Regulars Lend a Hand.

The warehouses themselves are one story buildings, 60 by 30 feet in dimension, constructed in rows of fours, with loading and unloading tracks between them and with big doors in their sides, making easy the quick handling of the supplies to be stored therein.

Regulators Lend a Hand.

As if that were not enough in the line of construction, over in a corner of the mammoth reservation is a gas plant, and buster, too. This plant is already in operation and other plants of like size are busy in repairing machinery and in other work.

Don't Forget that War-Risk Insurance.

February 12 is

Hopewell, Va., the famous munitions city that, unlike Rome, seemed almost to have been built in a day.

Of course it has taken a tremendous force of workers to do all this, and it is going to take more and more and more as time goes on, and as more and more and more troops from the States keep pouring into the French seaports.

No Delay About Moving In.

Our Uncle Samuel, be it remembered, is a cautious old gent, and looks well on both sides before getting into a scrap; but once he gets in—and the canny old customer always picks the right side—he's in to stay until the whole job is cleaned up, and he's in right up to his shoulderblades. No more convincing proof of America's determination to see the thing through, can be had than a sight of Uncle Sam's big storage depot and all-around test shop.

A NEWS STORY IN VERSE

(The incident this poem describes was told by a British sergeant in a dug-out to the author—an American serving at the time in the British Army, but now fighting under the Stars and Stripes.)

Joe was me pal, and a likely lad, as gay as a gay could be; The worst I expected to happen was the leave that would set him free.

And Joe swung up in his saddle; I crawled in the trailer behind; The train moved off with a groan and a squeak, for the midnight work and the grind.

MB OUGHT TO BE GOOD. "Jim, I see that old Bill Boomers, from home, has been drafted."

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