

SINGLE REGIMENT TAKES 54 WAIFS; TOTAL HITS 261

Banner Week of Campaign Gets Boost in Strenuous Fighting

K.P. BUYS ONE ON HIS OWN

Every Platoon in B Company Becomes Parrain Along With Officers

TWO FOR BASE HOSPITAL No. 5

Y.M.C.A. Secretaries in Base Camp Also Bid for Pair—Contribution Comes From States

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Enlisted Personnel, Major J. W. Stillwell, Captain G. H. D., etc.

TAKEN THIS WEEK

Strenuous fighting on the front doesn't have anything but a stimulating influence on the adoption of French war uniforms in the A.E.F.

The Americans got out and wrote a few pages in history with the machine gun and the bayonet—and right in the same week 68 children are adopted under THE STARS AND STRIPES plan and all previous records are surpassed.

The "Reveille" isn't a new 4-20 a.m. bugle call. Don't worry. It's a little white newspaper printed every once in a while with a mimeograph by an Ohio regiment, on letter sized paper, and by virtue of utilizing both sides of the sheet, it has two pages.

Things were pretty slow with the regiment some time ago. The boys didn't much to do but move around the trenches and lay in wait which would be the company to bring in the first Boche prisoner.

The result: 18,500 francs forwarded for the care of 57 children for a year and enough more pledged and collectible next day to provide for 17 more.

The regiment becomes, as Private Cecil J. Wilkinson, editor of the "Reveille" suggests, the "ace of aces" in THE STARS AND STRIPES orphan adoption plan; and what with the other adoptions of the week, the total number of children in THE STARS AND STRIPES family went up to 91.

The "Reveille" began its campaign with this announcement: "Adopt a French Orphan."

"Back home they may have their Liberty Loan wild winds and their Thrift Stamp campaigns, but those little financial undertakings are mere carbon copies of a regular knock-em-down-and-take-it-from-em Drive that is hereby launched by the "Reveille".

Nothing of Military Nature Can Pass Censor, Says New Ruling

Post card pictures of scenes in the intermediate section of the S.O.S. may be sent home to America, after all.

This doesn't mean any and every postcard that strikes the S.O.S. man's fancy, however. Probably, as soon as he hears this, he will run off to buy two dozen assorted views and three dozen of the barracks in which he spent his third night on French soil.

But it can't be done. Views of a non-military nature alone are permissible. Barracks are altogether too military to be allowed.

The new ruling puts out of commission the one published in last week's STARS AND STRIPES that post cards would come under the censor's hat.

Photographs may also be sent from the intermediate sections provided they disclose no military information. A picture of an entire outfit would be barred, for instance, but one of two members of that outfit playing leapfrog in heavily marching order would be triumphant.

CAMPAIN HAT BACK

The campaign hat is coming back—Easy! Don't throw up your sweaty overseas caps and call the O.M. king, as the Roman mob did in Gen. Caesar's day.

The foresters will be the only troops near the front who will wear it—that is, at present. Everybody else is free to hope, however.

In the meantime, the S.O.S. lads had better be digging down in their barracks-bags and fishing out the old hats they were told, long since, to put away; or, if they've lost them, they had better form in line right outside the supply sergeant's diggings and pester the life out of that much-pestered individual until he comes across with new ones.

MERCHANT FLEET SECOND IN WORLD; TEN MILLION TONS

America Has Built 629 Vessels in First Five Months of Year

TWO SHIPS A DAY IN MAY

Gross Tonnage Constructed Thus Far in 1918 Reaches 687,000

NEW YORK, June 13.—The Department of Commerce statistical report shows that, in the first five months of this year, we have built 629 vessels of 687,000 gross tons.

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VERDUN BELLE, MARINE'S PAL, FINDS HER OWN

Trench Broken Mother-Dog Waits for Master on Battle's Rim

RETRIEVES OFFSPRING, TOO

Happy Family Reunion, Human and Canine, Is Held in Field Hospital

SEPARATED AFTER LONG HIKE

Young Soldier Started for Front With Seven Unweaned Puppies Added to His Pack

This is the story of Verdun Belle, a French dog who adopted a young leatherneck, of how she followed him to the edge of the battle sound. Chateau-Thierry and was waiting for him when they carried him out. It is a true story.

Belle is a setter bitch, shabby white, with great splashes of chocolate brown in her coat. Her ears are brown and silky. Her ancestry is dubious. She is under size and would not stand a chance among the laughter-broods they show in splendor at Madison Square Garden back home.

No one in the regiment knows whence she came, nor why, when she joined the outfit in a sector near Verdun. She singled out one of the privates as her very own and attached herself to him for the duration of the war.

Belle was as used to war as the most weather-beaten poilu. The tremble of the ground did not disturb her and the whining whirr of the shells overhead only made her twitch and wrinkle her nose in her sleep.

She weathered many a gas attack. Her master contrived a protection for her by cutting down and twisting a French gas mask. At first this sack over her nose irritated her tremendously, but once, when she was trying to claw it off with her forepaws, she got a whiff of the poisoned air.

It was a great relief. She sniffed the air and after that, at the first order, she tucked her head under the mask. You could not have taken it from her until her master's pat on her back told her everything was all right.

In the middle of May, Belle presented a proud but not particularly astonished regiment with nine confused and wriggling puppies, black and white or like their mother, brown and white, and possessed of incredible appetites.

When the Yanks jumped into the second Battle of the Marne, they came from far and near, came by train, came by camion, came afoot, came by little carted how so long as they got there.

It was a great relief. She sniffed the air and after that, at the first order, she tucked her head under the mask. You could not have taken it from her until her master's pat on her back told her everything was all right.

In the four dressing-rooms of a divisional evacuation hospital through which the procession of wounded must pass on its way from the field hospitals, hundreds of soldiers were treated last week.

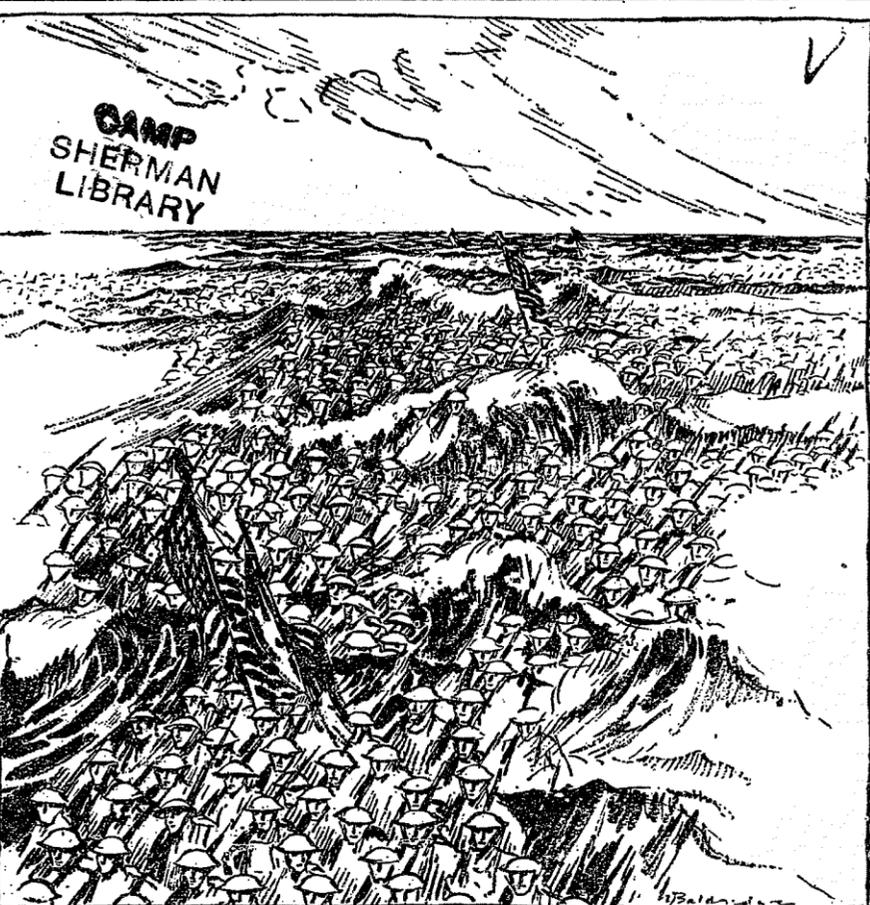
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15,000 TROOPS, ON BOARD 18 TRANSPORTS, SAILED FROM NEW YORK YEAR AGO TODAY AS FIRST FIGHTING CONTINGENT OF A.E.F.



THE WAVES OF THE ATLANTIC

FAT OF THE LAND FOR YANK TROOPS GOING INTO LINE

NEW YORK, June 13.—Crop prospects continue to improve even beyond last month's favorable outlook.

The Government forecast is now for 931,000,000 bushels of winter wheat, and there seems very fair reason to hope that the final harvest may reach the billion mark.

Spring wheat is in splendid condition, with the weather continuing favorable.

The oat and rye crops also promise to break the record if we are ordinarily lucky in weather from now on.

Speaking of weather, it was our rugged winter of 1917-1918 that got the ground in shape for the smashing crop that is going to come out of it.

Now the laugh is the other way. For all this wheat is going to you and your brother warriors, to the refugees whose homes you will win back.

When the Yanks jumped into the second Battle of the Marne, they came from far and near, came by train, came by camion, came afoot, came by little carted how so long as they got there.

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BUMPER CROP PROSPECTS

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U-BOATS' VISIT TO AMERICAN SHORES WAKES NO ALARM

NEW YORK, June 13.—Our Tontine well wisher's latest exploit in moving his portable battlefront to our fishing and snarfishing preserve between the Virginia beaches and the bowery threatened for a few days to create a famine in capital "I," headline type in the newspaper offices, but it really didn't excite the public very much.

There was a refreshing difference between this attitude and that exhibited in the Spanish-American war, when every city along the Atlantic coast demanded the protection of the entire American Navy for itself every time somebody saw smoke on the horizon.

New Yorkers, for example, this time enjoyed the visible demonstration of instant readiness and adequate equipment afforded by the coast patrol and the Navy yard.

At night the city darkened itself, and did it with neither panic nor objection. The Great White Way went out of business as easily as though the mere blowing out of a candle were involved.

Many of us are almost thankful to the submariners because the vast aggregation of electric signs that decorated the front pages by day and night was out of business temporarily, at least.

The householders all obeyed the request to douse or shade their lights and nobody blinked except irrevocable Coney Island, which mournfully announces that it will have to go out of business if it is not permitted to set the heavens ablaze nightly.

The illustrious amusement proprietors of the Great Hot-Log resort proposed to compromise by putting the lights out for three days of the week, but the police suggested that they arrange the matter with the Kaiser.

Toward the end of the week the submarine news was pretty well backed off the front pages by accounts of what the infantry and Marines did on the Marne, and everybody was very much tickled.

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Many Rookies Among Four Regiments of Infantry and One of Marines

13 TO 19 DAYS ON VOYAGE

Vessels Stole Out of North River and Separated Into Groups Under Navy's Escort

JUBILANT WELCOME IN PARIS

Children Knelt in Streets as Old Glory Was Borne Through City to Tomb of Lafayette

A year ago today our first contingent of fighting troops set sail for France. Under cover of darkness, in the early morning of June 14, 1917, the transports of the first convoy slipped silently down the waters of the North River, across the harbor of New York and out to sea.

The greatest secrecy hedged about their sailing, but the denizens of the water front on both the Manhattan and the Jersey shores and the dwellers in the sky-scraping apartment houses on Riverside Drive must have guessed what was in the wind, for all during the two preceding days the troop-laden ships had been moving out from the Hoboken piers and taking their place in a line in the middle of the Hudson from 90th Street down.

After some consideration and debate, the War Department had decided to send General Pershing and his headquarters to France without delay and to leave one division of the Regular Army follow him as soon as possible.

The Commander-in-Chief and his staff had set sail from Governor's Island on May 28, and on the day of his landing in Liverpool, June 8, came the order of embarkation to the part of the first division that was to sail in the first convoy. The next day, and for several days thereafter, for the most part in the midnight hours while Hoboken was fast asleep, the troops filed quietly aboard.

Meanwhile, the leathernecks were as silently and as secretly boarding their transports in Philadelphia.

There were, roughly, 15,000 soldiers. Some ambulance and hospital men there were, some motor truck drivers and Signal Corps experts, and some stevedores, but the greater part of the troops that took their farewell look at the Goddess of Liberty a year ago today were infantrymen.

They represented the Marine Corps and the Regular Army, but a Regular Army that had, a few weeks before, been abruptly and violently expanded to several times its familiar size.

More than three-quarters of the lucky 15,000 were out-and-out rookies, and some of them had not been in uniform more than a week when they found themselves aboard the first transports.

Some of them had the faintest idea of what "fight" meant, and some of them were a little vague about the fine distinction between shelter-halves and chevrons.

It was the theory of the first great rush overseas that the boats should take them as they found them, and that what they lacked in training and equipment they could pick up in Sunny (laughter) France.

It is a very different looking first contingent that is now doing itself proud in the field. But even at the beginning every one greeted every one else as "old Timer" and the work "rookie" was a fighting word.

Every man aboard those transports had a certain amount of knowledge of the world, and a certain amount of courage.

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