

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1918

THE LITTLE CHILDREN

She is five. She believes in fairies. Her great confidant is her brother, twice her age, whom she calls "Boy."

"Boy," she said, "wisfully, one morning, 'I wish I had a dicky bird like Glenn has.'"

"Well, Janet, why don't you save the pennies the fairies leave you under your pillow every night and buy one?"

"But, Boy, you see I have to buy thirt-tumps with the pennies that the fairies leave."

"But, Janet, you could save your pennies and buy the dicky bird and then afterwards buy thirt-tumps."

"Boy! You know I can't stop buying thirt-tumps because you know I must tend my money down to Washington to buy shoes for the goldiers and things for the goldiers to eat and warm clothes for them, too."

"Yes, I guess that's right, too, Janet. But after we've licked the Germans, then you can save your pennies and buy the dicky bird, can't you?"

The little children throughout America are saving their pennies, darning themselves their hearts' dearest desires, that we, their country's soldiers, may have shoes and things to eat and warm clothes, too. Every night they esp their prayers for our safety, our triumph over the dreadful enemy of mankind.

Blot out all the other reasons—the little children are sufficient reason why we must fight on until the Hun is beaten. For they are the hope of the world.

THE HUN

The Hun has bombed hospitals, off and on, all during the war. Hitherto he has covered it up by complaining that the houses of mercy were placed too close to the front, near military centers which are perfectly fair game, and that any strafing of the helpless was quite incidental and, therefore, in a sense, regrettable. But his recent attack in force with more than 20 aeroplanes upon a plainly marked group of hospital buildings far behind the British lines—the raid having obviously that objective—far surpasses all his previous performances of frightfulness.

The Hun no longer apologizes. He no longer pleads "military necessity" as excuse for his slaughter of the helpless. He glories in his guilt.

Fatuous people who still believe, in the face of such proof as this, that a negotiated peace with "liberal" Germany is within the range of probability ought to be led quietly by the hand and placed in a retreat for the fool's-bench. There is only one way to deal with the Hun. Thank God, we have learned that way!

PERSPECTIVE

"American Smash Big Hun Attack." "Yankies Strew Battlefield With German Dead."

They are called headlines. They stretch across many columns in certain back home newspapers, sometimes across the entire front page, often in type as big as the second line in the market's chart we all faced not so very long ago. Somewhere else on that front page you may read, if the issue was published sometime in latter March or April, the story of a not forgotten little scrap that was being staged those days up Pearly way.

We are doing our best, and it is as fine to do our best in a night patrol in a quiet sector as in a major offensive. We have been tested, and our own G.H.Q. has told us that we have not been found wanting. But we do not want the folks in America to misjudge our share up to the present.

So we ask the home paper to save a little of its large type for the big days that must come.

OUR OWN "SOLDATS NOIRS"

In many a shanty back home there was jubilation when the cables brought the news that two American legions had won the Croix de Guerre for their great valor in France. Of Johnson, the French citation said: "He gave a magnificent example of courage and energy." Of Roberts, the phrase is simpler and more eloquent. This is their tribute to him: "A good and brave soldier."

Any one who knew American history, any one who had pondered the records of the Civil War and the Spanish American War, could have predicted that the American blacks would fight the now battles with all the fierceness and dash and exaltation of the old.

Now the slaves of a century ago are defending their American citizenship on a larger battlefield. Now is their first chance to show themselves before the whole world as good and brave soldiers, all.

SPEEDING UP

A cable report in our last week's issue told how the ship Tuckahoe, of the new emergency fleet, was built in 27 days, two hours and ten minutes. "Every man of the

Camden shipbuilding force put his heart and muscle into the fight for the record, and the builders and the men hardly took time to eat. They cut their lunch hour and ran, not walked, back to the job, and made a record for steel construction."

That is the kind of news we like to hear from the States—cheery news, heartening news, news of big things being done with pep and hustle, news of big things done in a better, quicker way. We like to think—and we have no reason to think otherwise—that that is the way everything connected with our war effort is being pushed in the States, and pushed to the limit.

As for the men who put that ship on the ways in that record time, we salute them. They proved themselves our backers, and right valiant backers, too. More power to their muscles; their hearts are all right!

THE RIGHT TO WRITE

It has been reported to us that in one camp the harassed lieutenants, swamped with the job of censoring mail, took it upon themselves to forbid their men writing more than one letter a week. If this be true, they not only exceeded their authority in a high-handed manner, but flagrantly violated the letter and spirit of a general order.

So important as a factor in morale does G.H.Q. consider the exchange of letters between the A.E.F. and home that part of a general order was devoted to the subject in such terms as these:

"To write home frequently and regularly, to keep in constant touch with family and friends, is one of the soldier's most important duties. . . . All officers should realize this fact, and both by encouraging their men and providing them with the proper facilities, do everything in their power to interest them in the vital question of writing home."

What the aforesaid lieutenants did in their bullwink, through what they considered over pressure of work, other officers may have attempted for reasons of their own, in theirs. We can imagine nothing less enviable than the plight of such officers if the news of their ruling were to reach G.H.Q.

THE NEW HEADGEAR

The new overseas cap is on the way. Specimen copies of it already in circulation bring great relief to the tired eyes.

The latter-day contraption is nifty. It is easy to adjust on the human dome. It is handily stowed away in a pocket or under a steel Stetson. It makes the wearer look far more like a soldier and far less like the organ-grinder's faithful accompanist than did its unfortunate predecessor.

For the part that THE STARS AND STRIPES is alleged to have played in the amelioration of our common cranial covering, we assume no credit. The first *chapeau* was bound to defeat itself, if only it were given time. All that this paper has done has been to help the poor thing end its misery by giving it the publicity which its poor, vain, starved soul so ardently invited.

The adoption of the new headgear leaves us, however, with a vast amount of material, in prose and verse and art, directed at the late lamented cap, which for reasons of space pressure we have been unable to use. We are holding that material in reserve, in the event of a possible counter-attack of the malady known as rush-of-cap-to-the-head. Some of it is so good that we are tempted to print it anyway. Perhaps we will.

COME ON, YOU JOKESMITHS

Have you a funny man in your unit—a squad, platoon or company humorist who is always pulling a good line? Excuse that question; we didn't mean to ask it in just that way. Of course, you have a funny man, lots of him. What we meant to ask was this: How many funny men have you?

We don't want a census. We aren't going to start a contest and award a year's subscription to *Punch* or *La Vie Parisienne* to the unit producing the greatest number of humorists. We've got a brighter idea even than that.

Every time your humorist springs a good line, write it down, stick it in an envelope, address it to us—you can see where we are at by consulting the upper left-hand corner of this page—and if it looks good in type as it sounded to you, we'll use it.

Keep your ears open and your fountain-pen full. Remember, too, that paper is expensive—yours and ours; that jokes aren't measured by the metric system, and that brevity, more so in the Army than anywhere else, is the soul of wit.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE

Three hundred years ago, when French soil was overrun with enemy troops and the forces of a witless prince were leaderless and without heart, a peasant girl came up out of the fields of Lorraine and in her own hand caught up the sword of France.

The memory of that deliverance has been handed down through the centuries as one of the proud possessions of the land, a tale for old men to repeat beside the hearth and for old wives to tell again beside the cradlesides at night. So when the black August of 1914 brought with it a new invasion, it is not strange that, all through the first nightmare weeks, the air was full of strange prophecies that the matchless maid would return to lead her soldiers, or that a new Joan of Arc would come out of Lorraine with shining sword in hand.

She did not come. And yet a miracle no less full of wonder was wrought by the womanhood of invaded France.

Mothers and wives sent their men to the front and, turning, took up the burden of the work laid down. There were stalls and shops to be kept going, subways and trolleys to be run. The women hitched themselves to the plows, tended the stock, tilled the fields and brought in the harvests. They fed the armies. Anxious, lonely, saddened, they shouldered the work of the country, and the smiling fortitude of them has been a thing to thrill the heart.

In the days when the war is done and from time to time little groups of A.E.F. veterans meet in reunions, one toast will bring every man to his feet with glass uplifted and a cheer on his lips.

"Gentlemen, I give you the women of France."

The Listening Post

THE STRANGE CASE OF EDGAR ALFRED ALLEN AND OSCAR A. MCGINNIS

When Edgar Alfred Allen was a little boy with curls, He used to cut out paper dolls and play around with girls; He never did a naughty thing, he never was a knave; And all the people on the block said: "My, he does behave!"

At school he always studied till he got the highest mark; At college Edgar never went with boys upon a lark; He never lost his temper, and no matter what occurred, He never would articulate a naughty, naughty word.

Now, Oscar A. McGinnis was a different sort of lad; He was the kind of whom the neighbors said: "That boy is bad!" He pulled the hair of little girls and gave them all the creeps, And people used to say he played at marbles—and for keeps!

When Oscar went to college he was captain of the team, Although the old professors held him not in high esteem; A virile, brave, intrepid, fearless man was Oscar A., And one who everybody said was sure to make his way.

Well, Oscar joined the Army, as the brave men always do, And Edgar Alfred Allen? Why, he joined the Army, too. And after several months in camp they both achieved the chance To come and fight the glorious battle over here in France.

Edgar Allen, who in boyhood's days was never known to swear, Displayed conspicuous valor, and he got the Croix de Guerre. And Oscar A. McGinnis, who'd been fearless all his life, Likewise achieved the Croix de Guerre for bravery in the strife.

MORAL
This is the little story of two soldiers overseas. As to the moral of it, it is anything you please.

According to the captain of a certain colored regiment, when the men were first instructed in throwing grenades there were no casualties, but lots of excitement. Early in the practice with live grenades, one man was seen to launch a sputtering missile before the word of command had been given. He was called upon for an explanation.

"Why, Cap'n," he said, "that there thing begun to swell in mah han', an' Ah jes' natchy had to throw it."

"I just finished a story by H. C. Witwer, in *Collier's*," writes G. S. M. "At the crucial moment the hero and his comrades, with gas masks on, let forth a yell of triumph which could be heard even to the Boche trenches. We should like to hear Mr. Witwer holler with a gas mask on. Gask, you can't even sing 'Where Do We Go From Here?'"

Discovered, the Perfect Simile: As perfunctory as an officer's return salute to a Y. M. C. A.

BLESS HIM!

A man we loathe Is John McSwett; He can't forget The job he left. J. V. S.

Celle qui me plait Est Benoit Blah; On l'a entendu Dire "Oo la la!" M. R. S.

The telephone system where Medical Mique, who is a mad, mad-war, is stationed reminds him of the Hicville Power Co.—two rings for the C.O., one long for the Adjutant, and three rings for the Colonel. "Well," writes Medical Mique, "I'm in the Colonel's office, and it's a busy place, so the phone is going all day. Yesterday we had about five long distance calls in an hour, and in between were sandwiched a few calls from the various offices. So the Old Man was making a circle from desk to 'phone. On the fifth call he gets kinda peeved, and he says to me, 'This continuing ringing puts me in mind of a mad house.' 'Oh, I replies, like a flash, 'It puts me more in mind of a three-ring circus.'"

In a certain P.A. band there is a pure-blood Sioux Indian playing the tuba. "Do you suppose," queries Basil Underwood, "that future she-neposes will claim that their ancestor was a veteran of the Little Big Horn?"

"AND THE ONLY TUNE—"

Mary Young, who's come to stay, Plays the piano at the "Y" all day; And the only tune she's beaten frail Is that picked on "It's a Long, Long Trail." M. M.

Tom, Tom, in the next door billet, Sings all night till he holler "Kill it!" He gives us more than we can stand Of "Keep your head down, Ailemand."

Well, the five-star final sporting complete Overseas Cap is out. This one, it is reported, has enlisted for the duration of the war.

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

"The American telephone girls have got their new summer dresses pretty near ready. Same are made of alpaca and are mighty becoming to the girls."

"When we get home again we are going to suggest to Ted Shome that he put cards in the subway cars showing what the next station is, like they do in the Paris Metro. It is a lot easier to read them than to guess what a guard means when he hollers 'Scandy Segon' the nex'."

"These are the days when the man who called it 'Sunny France' when what he was talking about is just our luck that the weather will change by the time this is printed."

"Well, here it is the month of June already, the month of strawberry shortage in the U.S.A. Oh, well, we don't have to buy 'straw' berries, anyway."

"The tobacco ration is a grand scheme, but what will we cigar smokers do about it?"

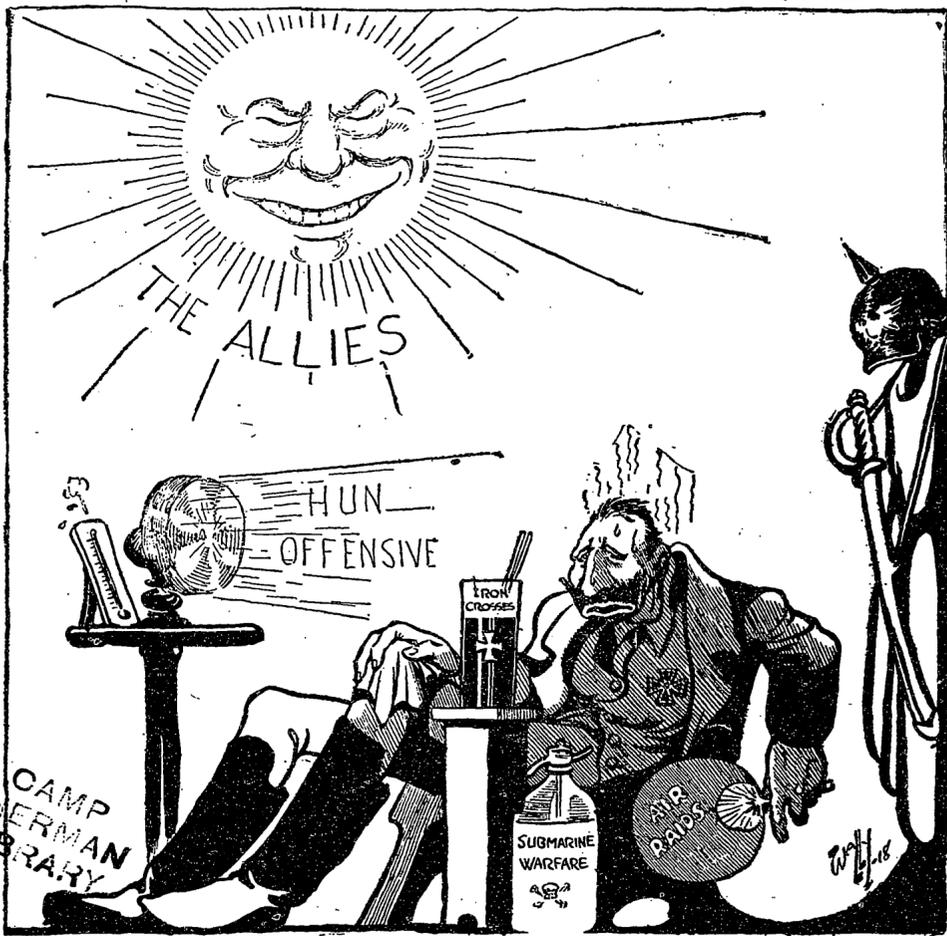
"Fred Ludendorff has had a very busy week of it, what with I thing & another."

Sign on the wall of a stevedore regiment's barracks: "You must not use Bad Languis around Quarles. EF caught WILL, deprive of a pass for 48 oures, mens going to Y.M.C.A. costs must be button up and keep that way while there. Before going on Passes your shoes must be clean, button on your clothes and cleaned." The result, as to neatness of appearance of the regiment, is just as good—probably a whole lot better than—if Henry James had written the notice.

There are so many cooties up where a lot of our boys are now fighting that—but it deserves a paragraph all to itself.

They call the place an insector. F. P. A.

GETTING HOTTER ALL THE TIME



WAR AND THE FAITH

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In your issue of May 10th, I notice that provisions are being made to minister to any group of co-religionists. Here at G.H.Q. we have some 150 to 200 Jewish men. Some of these men have been here nearly a year and until two weeks ago have never had an opportunity to attend Jewish services. Thanks to the assistance and courtesy of the local Y.M.C.A. secretary, Mr. R. M. Guess, our Friday evening services, which are being held at the Y, are attracting nearly all who are able to attend.

Bishop Brent and Chaplain Moody, Headquarters Chaplains, suggested that I write you regarding further publicity through the columns of your worthy paper. As yet we have no Jewish chaplain here, and I have been obliged to officiate at our services. So far it has been a pleasure to me, as I have had some theological training in London.

Would it not be possible to have a chaplain here? If not permanently, then just to meet and speak to the Jewish boys some Friday evening. Bishop Brent said something about bringing here Chaplain Voorsanger, a Jewish rabbi who is stationed at Base Hospital No. 1, but the Bishop left last Tuesday and I do not know whether or not he has done anything about it. Anything that you might do for us would greatly appreciate.

Pvt. Leo Strauss, Co. D, Hdqrs. Bn.; G.H.Q.

[G.H.Q. recognizes the great value of religious ministrations for the soldier in time of war, and is doing all it can to see that every soldier has the opportunity to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience and his custom in civil life. But we must not overlook the fact that war conditions frequently make it impossible for a soldier to have provided for him the sort of service he was brought up in. That being the case, it behooves those of us so situated to worship God in company with our more fortunately placed comrades, whether they be Catholics, Protestants, Jews or Christian Scientists. After all, it is not the creed we worship, but God Almighty; and to the One Living God we surely can all come, under the leadership of whatever chaplain may be at hand, and all of us, as equally His children, humbly pray for that Divine guidance and strength which, whatever betide, will enable us as soldiers to live, and, if need be, die, courageously, for the right as God has given us the power to see and know the right.—Editor.]

IST IND.—FORWARDED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: It has come to the attention of the writer that considerable difficulty is being experienced not only in the delousing of the men's clothing, but also the men themselves.

The disinfectors now in operation should care for the clothing problem, but the men surely can all come under the writer's suggestion here-with.

If the officer in charge of THE STARS AND STRIPES has ever visited a zoo, he has doubtless witnessed the various antics of the monkeys here. The writer calls to mind one very avuncular habit or custom, and that is the monkeys picking insects from one another. It is suggested that a carload of monkeys could be easily purchased at small cost in Algiers or Northern Africa, where they abound.

These monkeys could be apportioned, say three to a company of Infantry, where they would quickly become useful pests.

A SUFFERER.

THEY ALSO FIGHT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: It's a funny thing that we never see much about the Engineers in the papers. Why is it? Are they so insignificant that they can't even write a few words about themselves, or do they feel that people will know who and what they are?

These questions were asked me a few days ago, and, to tell the truth, I have often thought about the same thing, and to me there seemed but one answer, and that is that they are too busy working, working at hard labor, or it may be possible that their modesty keeps them from advertising themselves.

If you will look around, you will see some big, strong, husky lad, or it may be some little birdy birdy (it's all the same), with a red and white hat cord on his hat—that is, if he has been lucky enough to keep his dome from being adorned with the famous Overseas Chapeau—well, he is an Engineer; although the chances are that it isn't his fault, as probably, when he was in the recruiting barracks the top called him into the office and, after looking him over and deciding that he was

WAR AND THE FAITH

no good as a soldier, shoved him out with the first bunch of Engineers.

But to go on with what I was saying—when it comes to downright hard work you have got to give it to the Engineers.

Their emblem is that queer looking house that may stand for anything from a guard house to a young fort. When the "Man Higher Up" dished out emblems he made a great mistake in not making theirs a crossed pick and shovel; but still that statement may be rather unjust, as those boys can do ANYTHING.

When Uncle Sam started to make up his Army he got together his Infantry and then his Artillery and then, after getting them straightened out, he decided that some day it might be necessary to fill up their ranks, and so he happened to think of the Engineers. Of course, he couldn't leave them out, as they can do anything or make anything from digging latrines to building bridges, from skinning baby mules to operating a hospital, from passing the keys of a Corona to running a full-fledged American locomotive.

That's the kind of boys they are.

Oh, yes, they can also write when they want to, so let us hear from some of them; let us see that word Engineers more often in THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Richard S. Pettemper, Hq. Detch., — U. S. Engrs.

HEALERS AND HEROES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Being a member of the Medical Department unfortunately located in the S.O.S., which was not our choice, I feel that little recognition is given to us for what service we render.

Setting aside the fact that we all are doing our little bit in this Great Cause, yet it is to be understood that there are men in this branch of the service who I would consider are exposed to as great danger as the men in the trenches, although it is not thought of as such. And on this point let me cite as an example the men who are placed in quarantine with those sick soldiers or sailors who have been afflicted with contagious and deadly diseases. Yes! You may feel it is all safe, but who knows but that while performing your duty you may become afflicted even after all precautions, and you yourself may experience your last fight on earth or be afflicted to such an extent that some part of your physical form may be handed to us?

Because it has been our fate to be in the S.O.S. is that any reason why we should not be recognized for our services? 'Tis true, living conditions are different, but none of us could positively say that we weren't going to endure hardships.

As I understand it, the service stripe was not given for the purpose of distinguishing those who endured the greatest hardships, but for recognition of service. If, then, what has been my argument does not come up to the standard, truly what else could?

Therefore, let the service stripe stand for its meaning, and if it be the will of the Government to distinguish those who have withstood the greatest hardship, then I, in the S.O.S., do not make claim for such distinction.

Trusting that this may make clear the conception a good many have of the medical department of the S.O.S. A. O. W.

[If such views as the writer of this letter feels actually are held concerning the Medical Department, they have not come to the notice of this newspaper. And as far as the service stripe is concerned, the very example cited in a recent editorial on the award of the gold chevron to every man in the A.E.F. was that of the Medical Department man in a base section who was charged with just such cases as the writer mentions, and who, it was shown, underwent actual physical danger as great as that undergone by a liaison agent venturing back and forth and back again across a barrage-swept field. If A.O.W.'s grievance is just, we shall gladly take up the cudgels in his behalf. But first let there be further evidence to the real existence of a grievance.—Editor.]

ANOTHER BOUQUET

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: To those of us who are living in our old haunts back here the reading of your paper gives a feeling of amazement. That you can publish it at all is splendid, but that you can put into it so vividly the spirit of America is something inspiring indeed. If I were carrying a rifle and hadn't heard from the folks in an age, I should, I am afraid, find myself lost without THE STARS AND STRIPES.

C. H. Tulson, Waterbury, Conn.

THEY CAN'T BE WORN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Will you please advise me, if possible, if a soldier now serving with the A.E.F. and who has had previous service with the Canadian Forces is authorized to wear service or wound chevrons or both, which were obtained while serving with the Canadian Forces, on the American uniform? I can find no general orders covering this question.

C. McCARTHY, Sgt. Ord. Detch., — F. A.

[Campaign and service badges and wound chevrons are regarded, in the American service, as part of the uniform, and the regulations governing the wearing of them are found in Uniform Regulations, S.R. No. 41. There is no authority for wearing any except those authorized and prescribed by the United States Government.—Editor.]

SAMMY vs. YANK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: There seems to be a bit of discussion in THE STARS AND STRIPES about the name SAMMY being unsuitable and even disagreeable for the members of the A.E.F. In the issue of May 17th a poem culogized the term Yank, and suggested its use instead of the trite and familiar term Sammy. I wonder if our poetic friend recalls the fact that that term once represented a stuporous state in our own house and would not appeal very strongly to some of our loyal friends.

Sam is the familiar name which fittingly characterizes our beloved nation. It means the whole nation and not a part of it; it stands for everything big and noble. And out of respect for these loyal hearts, let us cut out some of our pride and be simply Sammies.

SEIGEANT, — Aero Squadron.

[No name that ever ends with the diminutive "y" or "ie" will ever, in the opinion of THE STARS AND STRIPES, be adopted as its own by the personnel of the A.E.F. A nickname, to become universally popular, must at least have a rugged, manly sound. Sammy lacks this primal requisite, and hence, as far as the great majority of the A.E.F. is concerned, has long since been kicked out of doors.—Editor.]

MAKE APPLICATION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Are there any provisions made for the recognition and promotion of enlisted men of the Naval Medical Detachment on detached duty with the U.S.M.C. serving under Army regulations?

An Act of Congress of 1916 authorizes only "non-commissioned officers of the U.S.M.C., etc." for promotion in that branch of service. S.O. 22, G.H.Q. A.E.F., 1918, declares only "soldiers" of the A.E.F. are eligible, etc. It is seen that we are not considered in either provision. In view of the country's need of officers, is it not only just and equitable for the Army to recognize our service relative to benefits received under Army Regulations, ACTOR ANAXANDR, Chief Pharm., Mate, U.S.N.

[Members of the Naval Medical Detachment serving with the U.S.M.C. in France are members of the Naval establishment and can only be promoted therein. Such a person is legally eligible for a commission in the Army, and with the permission of the Navy Department, an application to be sent to a training school for officers might be approved.—Editor.]

A LONE STAR GIRL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I want to tell you how fine a letter I have been fortunate enough to read a copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES (think it). A friend of mine received a copy from a boy over there, and very kindly passed it around. In three days' time it was positively read ragged.

The night I had it at my home an ex-Confederate General, who was made blind and deaf by the Civil War, came over to hear me read it for the sake of his grandson in France. And another friend wanted to read it because her son is there. And so it goes.

You can't know how glad we are to have something tangible between us and you, something that helps us to shut our eyes and see you as you really are. I nearly said, "Thank the Lord," when I started this letter by addressing it to Paris instead of "Somewhere."

It's the vagueness, that Heaven-knows-where-ness about you all being over there that hurts, and THE STARS AND STRIPES takes so much of that feeling away. It makes the A.E.F. a personal, vivid, alive thing, and when one finishes reading it, he feels as if he had talked and laughed with the boys.

With every good wish to the paper.

Miss Mary Y. Grimes, 3902 Speedway, Austin, Tex.