

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' comfort.

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THE GREAT INVESTMENT

The father and mother of one young American killed in action wrote recently to a mother outside whose window back home hangs a two-starred flag, and it is our privilege to quote this passage from their unflinching letter:

WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

At the convention of the International Dancing Masters' Association held in Chicago, plans were announced for a "dancing masters' unit" soon to embark for France "to instruct American soldiers regarding the newest steps."

IS SPANKING TOO GOOD?

"Where did the field clerks get the right to put on service stripes? They have them on at G.H.Q. All the soldiers are taking them off. They say they won't wear them if the field clerks do."

WE, THE ENVIED

Your old pal who is cussing his luck because he is on the Mexican instead of the Lorraine border writes to you: "Gee, but you boys must be going fine, from all I hear! Gosh, how I envy you!"

A LETTER HOME

Abel Katz, late of Salem, Mass., and more recently of Battery D in a certain regiment of Field Artillery, A.E.F., wrote a nice long piece about the war in the form of a letter to his mother. As Mrs. Katz showed it to someone on the home town paper, and as the home town paper immediately printed it with a picture of Abel taken by the best photographer in Salem, we are privileged to reproduce some of its choicer passages.

Dear, dear—a gross flattery of the Army mess, an entirely false claim for Abel's division, a baseless slur on the regulars,

and a witless libel on the American Army, all in one well-meaning letter home. What are we to think of the mental powers of Abel and his like who pen such rubbish?

What are we to think of the mental powers and sense of responsibility of the censor who passes such rubbish and so transmits it to gullible Salem?

THANK YOU, GERMANY

The A.E.F. doesn't talk about itself. It may think about itself, it may even think well of itself, but it says nothing itself. One unit may say of another, "Say, they fought like hell, didn't they?" But it won't say it of its own particular unit.

LETTERS

My buddy reads his letters to me, and, say, he sure can write! I have to sit and chew my pen and even then the way it reads when I get through I know it's pretty bad.

"DIRECTED TO PROCEED"

There's a vacant spot on the billet floor where he'd spread his blankets after mess: No side arms on the dusty floor—

BEEN THERE?

Did you ever hear a bullet whizz, Or dodge a hand grenade? Have you watched long lines of trenches dug by doughboys with a spade?

OUTSIDE!

Oh, I've had a turn at 'shov'lin' And just now I'm workin' heavy. And I'm thinkin' of the trials Of a (Railway) Engineer.

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The Army's Poets

Dedicated to the gallant peasants of sunny France, who own them, and the officers of the A.E.F., who made the selection for the proletariat.

I've slept with horse and sad-eyed cow, I've dreamed in peace with bearded goat, I've laid my head on the rusty plow,

And with the old done table d'hôte, I've chased the supple, leaping flea, As o'er my outstretched form he sped,

And heard the spearing rooster crow, And when the rabbit from my bed, I've marked the dog's contented growl,

His wagging tail, his playful bite; With guinea pig and wretched owl, I've shared my resting-place at night,

While overhead, where cobweb lace Like curtains drapes the oaken beams, The spiders skipped from place to place,

And sometimes through the eaves' dreams, And when the morning, damp and raw, Arrived at last as if by chance,

I've crawled from out the rancid straw And cussed the stable barns of France. And sometimes when the day is done

And lengthening shadows pointing long, I dream of days when I was young, And street cars in my daily song,

But over here—ah! what a change, The clouds are German-silver lined— Who worries when we get the plow?



FROM THE FLEET

When Bishop Brent, chief of the chaplains of G.H.Q., paid a visit recently to the fleet, he carried with him a letter from the Commander-in-Chief to the Commander of the fleet.

BECOMING A CITIZEN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In May, 1916, I secured my first citizenship papers. My second papers were not due until May, 1918.

ASK THEM

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: A few questions which I think might be of interest to enlisted men:

YOUR HOME PAPER

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I see where one of your correspondents objects to the sending to France of home town newspapers because they waste valuable space.

THE COLONEL IT IS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Please inform me who can O.K. a requisition for parcel post from the States. The postmaster in my home town claims that no one under the rank of colonel can O.K. it.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Being a constant reader of THE STARS AND STRIPES and knowing that our paper will always endeavor to benefit the condition of the American soldier, I beg to offer a suggestion.

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PLAYING THE GAME

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Yesterday someone asked why it is that all of the other branches of the service are represented in the columns of our paper except the Cavalry, and whether the Cavalry is the dormant section of the Army.

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