

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces, authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1918.

The circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES this week passes the 400,000 mark. This is the forty-second week of your newspaper.

THANKSGIVING

America, on Thanksgiving Day, 1918, has good cause to be thankful. After 19 months of war, she has seen her effort mightily avail on behalf of the forces of right.

FATHER

Americans hate sentiment—at least, they think they do. That is why it is such a hard job to write to the old man.

"WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?"

Since the armistice we have noted a tendency on the part of certain persons to claim all or the lion's share of credit for the victory over the common foe for this, that or the other Ally, according to the writer's or speaker's nationality.

A LADY KILLER

The Army Edition of the Chicago Tribune is conducting a feature letter column in answer to the question, as ungrammatically expressed as it is lacking in taste: "American or French girls, which is best?"

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN

Those of us who are fortunate enough to have been selected for the Army of Occupation have a far more difficult task than that of merely policing a certain strip of ground.

The only saving thing about the above

letter is that the gratuitous, high-handed insult is equally distributed among the women of the two republics. It is no more, and no less, offensive to the one than to the other.

If "An Officer" would recite it to each of the innocent conquests which are obviously such fair game for him, his own future would be clear. He would not spend it in an old maids' home, but in an analogous institution.

IN BEHALF OF AN OLD FRIEND

In the regions where once was the front the shrapnel no longer spits its leaden death and the wild Jack Johnsons no longer rumble aloft. The old steel Stetson has lost what one of our painfully exact French scholars would call its "raison d'être for being."

PLEASE, NO JOYRIDERS

Now that it is all over, we begin to scent trouble from afar. We can foresee troops and hordes of American civilian sightseers, male, female and pacifist, coming galumphing across the Atlantic.

THE EYES OF A NATION

The following order entitled "Conduct of Officers on Shore" was recently issued by Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, then commander of United States Naval Forces in French waters:

THE YOUNG MAN

It seems to be the idea of a few individuals that the uniform of an officer is a license. That this is a false and fatal idea seems hardly necessary to state.

ODE TO A SIDE CAR

Oh, it's hell to sit in a side car when the trucks are crashing by. With never a spark in the darkness to cheer one's

TO SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

Somebody died today in France. Somebody's life for his country has gone; somebody beyond the liquid expense

The Army's Poets

CHATEAU-THIERRY O God! how vast The distance seems to loom 'Twixt these heroic men and me, High Priests of Liberty!

OF THESE

Through the long cold hours of a Flanders night While I stand at post in a lone "O.P." And mark each shell that falls in the dark, My eyes sore strained every light to see, I think of thee!

THE TREES OF FRANCE

Some joyous fairy with the gift of art Has set you picture-questly through the land, Along fair roads, and just so far apart, Or dancing down the meadows hand in hand.

YOUR SOLDIER

It is for you, Through endless nights Of mud and rain, back bent beneath His pack—on towards the shell-streaked sky

SONG OF THE FLYER

Oh, the life of a flyer may surely be gay, For he sings with his heart beating strong, And he drifts on the breezes beneath the white way

C'EST LA GUERRE

There's a little red roofed house beside a road-side in Dordogne; I have passed it many times in sun and rain, And I always get a greeting and a smile that warms my heart

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RELIGION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In the religious department (?) of THE STARS AND STRIPES of October 25, page 4, column 2, is an editorial (?) entitled "Soul Savers."



THE STOMACH SPEAKS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Herewith the diary of a doughboy's stomach, by Old Man Stomach himself.

THE SALUTE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In a recent issue of your paper there was an article comparing the American and French salutes.

MIKE MESSKIT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Herewith picture of our company mascot, lost in a small town somewhere near Dijon.

LETTER PAPER

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I would like to offer a suggestion that may be of benefit to some members of the American E.F.

LIBERTY LENDERS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: It isn't very often that we have an opportunity to burst into print, but we believe that at least a fairly reasonable excuse for so doing has turned up.

OUR MISTAKE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Your edition of THE STARS AND STRIPES dated October 25 states that 1,718 men will be wearing three service stripes by the end of October.

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