

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces, authorized by the Commander-in-Chief.

Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

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Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Fifty centimes a copy. No subscriptions taken. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G-2, A.E.F., 32 Rue Taibout, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg, 12.95.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1919.

YOUTH

The French for A.E.F. has always been "la jeune armée Americaine." It has so been translated in solemn official documents; more important, it has so been translated in the hearts of the French Army and of the French people. And the "jeune" is more than a qualifying adjective; it is a tribute to whatever of zest, whatever of enthusiasm, whatever of élan the fighting American has shown.

It is the American Army's greatest asset—its youth. It was its greatest asset in the tumultuous months before the armistice, and it will continue to be its greatest asset when, no longer an Army, but a body of citizenry whose own future is America's future, it takes up once more the workaday tasks which it left to shoulder rifles, rustle supplies or juggle pick and shovel.

Those tasks will not seem so workaday as they did in the middle ages before 1917. And the doers of those tasks will look beyond today and envisage tomorrow. Youth can do that.

IT DEPENDS

It all depends on the point of view.

Cpl. Fred Sedberry, Company M, 13th Regiment, U.S.M.C., writes:

With all due respect for you and your estimable paper, I wish to say a few words in behalf of the Marines in regard to the editorial of December 29 entitled "Marines and the A.E.F." We can't understand why it is the Army is so anxious to take away from us the praise we won at Cantigny. The fact is you are determined to take it away, why not do it in a fair and above-board way? The editorial you published is a disgrace to the entire A.E.F. It is not a member of the regiments who in that fight, but I am a Marine, and every Marine all over the world, from China to the Philippines and from the islands, took pride in the reports printed in papers all over the civilized world in that fight. My greatest ambition now is to be a ranking officer of Marines for a short while so I could take the credit for the A.E.F. and see if the paper that is claimed to be for the entire A.E.F. has the right to publish an editorial like that.

Sgt. John A. White, 5th Regiment, U.S.M.C., writes:

In regard to your article "Marine and Doughboy," please allow me to state a few of my experiences that perhaps might have some bearing on the long-talked-of subject. I don't know of a Marine who will not agree to the fact that the 3rd and 23rd are every bit entitled to the glory which the Marine units have attained in that great war. However, in spite of these articles, these arguments will still be contested for years to come. I would hate to ever have to enter any wars without our sidekicks, the crack 3rd and 23rd. So never mind me now.

Whether or not "these arguments will still be contested for years to come" depends on whether you look at the question through the eyes of a Corporal Sedberry or of a Sergeant White.

THE ARMY'S POETS

Although we speak without the confirmatory authority of Smith's Classical Dictionary, which is not to hand (you can't have all the comforts of home even during an armistice), we believe, none the less, that we are spelling the name correctly when we say that it was Tyrtaeus who, ousted from Athens because he was a poet and, therefore, presumably poor soldier stuff, forthwith journeyed to Sparta, composed a new set of battle anthems for the war-loving folk who adopted him, and sent them singing into victory against the people who had exiled him.

The Tyrtaeus of our day are legion. But their influence—witness Rupert Brooke, Francis Ledwidge, Alan Seeger—is as potent, as direct, as definite as was that of their forerunner. And we of America, though this is not the place to discuss whether or not America has produced a warrior poet in her own armies, like to think that the inspiration of song, our own song, has had its share in our share of the victory.

All of which is only a modest way of calling attention to the Army's Poets, who conduct their column forum this week, as usual, in the same place and at the same length. They need no apologists. We of the paper know only this: that no part of the paper is read more religiously, studied more sedulously, clipped more consistently.

It has surprised us. We did not expect that O.D. poems would come in at the rate of 70 a day, with no further hope of reward for the writers than the appearance of their brain-children in print. We did not guess that that part of the Army which does not write poetry (we are convinced that it is a minority) reads it to a man.

All of which goes to show that when you go to war you learn about a lot of things besides fighting.

GERMANY'S SHORTAGE

History may decide that, all things considered, Germany's fatal shortage was neither in white flour nor in copper nor in rubber. It was in humor.

The Allies could never escape the feeling that, in addition to being terrible, Germany was also rather ridiculous. It was a certain disconcerting Englishman who pointed out to Germany at the start that, even in her invasion of little Belgium, the spectacle she presented of a huge, whip-cracking bully striding into a room and stumbling over a door-mat had in it a disastrous element of the comic. But then, Germany celebrating the fall of Verdun, Germany pounding nails into her wooden Hindenburg, Germany glowing with pride over her non-combatant fleet, was always a little absurd.

And the Kaiser! The Kaiser all dressed up like a Christmas tree ready for the triumphant entry into the Nancy that never fell, the shining War Lord scuttling out of his realm as soon as his troops were in trouble. Wilhelm, in any country with a sense of humor, would never have been able to play his rôle out to its ghastly conclusion. He would have been laughed off the stage in the prologue.

And this same lack in these laughless people led them to misread as a symptom of weakness what was really a sign and a source of strength—the puzzling laughter that floated to them across the waste of No Man's Land. They were bewildered by the British. They could never understand the humor of a people who could catch at the Kaiser's sneer and make a fond and jubilant war cry out of "The Old Contemptibles," who could ruin the "Hymn of Hate" for the Germans by learning it themselves and singing it in the trenches with particular relish for the refrain: "We hate England." And the French, whose gaiety had misled the Germans into thinking them negligible and frivolous, proved to be quite a serious people on the hills before Verdun. Then it began to appear that the American regarded himself fully equipped so long as he could go into battle armed with a tooth-brush and a grin; and it is probably true that his army laughed more per kilometer than any other army in the field. If the first distant sound of endless Americans on the march seemed at all ominous to Berlin, the threat must have grown when, at last, it was reported from the front that the Yank was the most baffling and most deadly of all offensive weapons—the soldier who fights with a smile.

THE OFFENSIVE

With the German army demobilizing like butter melting in the sun, with the Rhineland as tranquil an enemy country as ever a military force was called upon to occupy, with every one furiously arguing as to just whose blow and whose battle really won the war anyhow, the American Army has nothing to stand guard over these days except its own reputation. Whoever, within its own ranks, does anything to injure that reputation is the only enemy in sight at present.

Such an enemy is the corporal—or, for that matter, the colonel—who, after planting himself in a conspicuous spot, fills himself up with liquor till he slops over. Far be it from us to oppose the right of every freeman American citizen to make an ass of himself in public, but we do not have to be M.P.'s to object to his making an ass of the A.E.F.

That tiny fraction of officers and men are really traitors in their small but nauseating way. For them there ought to be something particularly painful in the way of punishment—as the Mikado used to say, "something with boiling oil in it." They make us sick.

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS

The winter of our discontent is at hand, and the Shakespearean scholars in the A.E.F.—there ought to be dozens of them—might paraphrase further and say that only the sun of New York can make it glorious summer.

For the young 'uns of the Army, the stripesless and the single stripes, it is the first French winter, at least the first they have enjoyed (laughter) in France in olive drab. For the most seasoned of veterans it is only the second. And the seasoned veterans can tell the less veteranish that you need a whole lot more than two to get used to them.

It would undoubtedly have been a more comfortable war, followed by a more readily endurable armistice, if it could have been held in a clime where the Q.M. would not have had to issue socks, heavy, woolen, and other accoutrements of the season. Such not being the case, the A.E.F.—or as much of it as can get neither to Germany nor home—rises to the height of its injured dignity and asserverates that discipline or no discipline, it positively will not salute Generals January and February. It will do well, however, to respect them to the extent of keeping its feet dry.

THE CAMPAIGN HAT

It seems, after all, that we can't have it. As announced last week, there aren't enough of the grand old lids to go around. What few there are left the Q.M. declines to hand out, for the simple reason that he doesn't want to play favorites—although any of us would be willing to give him two out of three on a chance of shaking the overseas cap.

But the Q.M., as might be expected, is no gambler, so he won't let us flip for the ones that are left. The only thing we can do is to sleep on our overseases until we flatten them out into some kind of shape, and wear them as far down over our left ears as the law will allow—jauntily, as if to toss them off with an air.

Anyway—and here's where the sour grapes come in—the old campaign hat will never rate up the same now that we have found out that rabbit hair is its main ingredient. It would be hardly decorous for one of the most belligerent bodies of men to go about topped with the fleecy covering of the pacifists' mascot.

THE TREMENDOUS FACT

There is virtue in the old barroom classic, "Don't swear here; it sounds like hell."

A recent visitor to the American Army, a man of years and judgment, was asked, before first impressions had had time to wear off, what he thought of the American soldiers.

"Well," he said, "they've certainly got the hammer out."

It would be a bad symptom if 90 per cent of the members of every division in the American Army didn't believe that his particular division was the best division in the American Army—and didn't say so upon occasion. But if discretion and temperance are not shown in the saying, it is in danger of sounding like boastfulness, or, worst still, like knocking, as the visitor thought it was. And it is likely to sound like what the sign on the wall said about swearing.

It would do no harm for every one, unit enthusiast or otherwise, to keep in mind one tremendous fact:

Every member of the A.E.F. (with such a small number of exceptions that they are insignificant) did everything that was asked of him—or died or was wounded trying; and man can do no more.

The Army's Poets

"NOW THAT IT'S ALL OVER"

Did you ever hike millions of miles,
And carry a ton on your back,
And blister your heels and your shoulders, too,
Where the straps run down from your pack,
In the rain or the snow or the mud, perhaps,
In the smothering heat or the cold?
If you have why then you're a buddy of ours,
And we welcome you into our fold.

Did you ever eat with your plate in your lap,
And yce cup on the ground at your side,
While cooties and bugs of species untold,
Danced fox-trots over your hide?
Did you ever sleep in a tent so small
That your head and your feet parted tag?
Then shake, old man, you're a pal of ours,
For you've followed the same old flag.

Did you ever stand in a front line trench,
With Fritzie a few feet away,
With Jerries and Minnies a-whistling around,
And gas coming over all day?
With No Man's Land a sea of steel
And a tempest of bursting shells?
Then, come in, old man, and toast your shins,
For we're all just back from hell.

J. K. M.

SHIPS

A ship there sailed—my dreams return
To the days of yesterday.

To the night and your feet parting kins,
The ship that brought me here!

A ship will sail—my visions turn
To the days of yesterday.

To love's sweet charms, the waiting arms,
To the ship that brings me home!

Arthur Morris, A.E.F.

THE THIRD ARMY RESPONDS

To those who turn our way
Across the distant route—
To those who count each day
Unhiding Timpani's note—
To those who watch and wait
Beyond the sea-girl span—
Whose dreams still hold the Western Gate—
Gentlemen—Our Clan!

To that which overhead
Now flutters at the Rhine—
Whose ripping rolls of drum and tin
Still shield the Staff and Line—
Whose glory is no wealth
From lowland up to crag—
Stained hills and valleys red—
Gentlemen—The Flag!

To those who may not take
The great and historic bound—
To those in Honor's wake
Who hold the silent mound—
Who, by the cross-marked sword,
Stained hills and valleys red—
Who stay to keep eternal guard—
Gentlemen—Our Dead!

Granland Rice, Third Army, U.S.

FROM FORCE OF HABIT

Don't think it quaint in after years
If on a bill that's in arrears,
A former vet of our fighting force
Should absent-mindedly endorse
"With ind. forwarded for the necessary action."

If yours should be the lovely chore
Of work in some department store,
Don't be surprised if a former high
Should phrase his wants in manner so:
"A pair of drawers, summer, and I cravat, is—
Sue."

If you should be in Hackensack
And check your hat—let it fly back,
The banish of the gay cafe
Is just as apt as not to say:
"Does the Captain wish his hat?"

And when you move in later years
And trust your goods with many fears
Of safe usage to a moving crew,
The boss will likely say to you:
"I'll send the detail right up."
John Pierre Roche, Lt. Q.M.C.

"NOW I LAY ME"

"Now I lay me down to sleep"
In yonder star I seem to see
Myself a little child again
With lissip lips, at Mother's knee.

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep"
As then I prayed, long years ago,
While Mother's hands were clasping mine
Her head, in reverence, banded low.

"If I should die before I wake,"
And leave this world of blight and pain,
Beyond the range of our bayonet shell—
Beyond the sight of comrades slain—

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take,"
That "mid Thy Hosts I may remain,
Until my Mother comes to me,
And clasps my hands in hers again."
John P. Biggs, Pvt. Co. M, 357th Inf.

IN OUR MESS HALL

There's a crackler boy from Georgia and he's strong for Robert Lee,
A sport or two from dear old Herald Square;
Reside a Jersey skeeter sits a hunk from Tennessee,
Who lunks with Bobby Jones from Delaware.

A Texas ranger loans his knife to Kane from
Erie's "The Great Lakes" and a Hoosier chop
A kid from Carolina cuts the bread;
A limy from Australia is the first to crack a
smile.

When the bald-head Pete from Naples shows his
head,
A tango-kid from Rector's and a Hoosier chop
A chap from Pennsylvania serves the beans;
A two-gun man from Tucson says the "chow
is roarin' good."

And so does "Dad" Joe from New Orleans,
The skipper hails from Oregon—out where the
roses grow
And where the birds are sizing all the time—
In fact you'll find it just the same, no matter
where you go.
From Maine "we" down to Dixie's sunny
clime.
Howard A. Herty, Sgt. Maj. Inf.

TO FRANCE VICTORIOUS

Throw down the gleaming bayonet, O France!
You who have led so nobly and so long,
Silence the trumpet with the victor's song.
Down through the festive market places dance,
Where Natalie again with sacred glance
Welcomes her Jaques returned, where all
along
The lighted streets smiles once again blance,
And all is sure where yesterday was change.

Lead on from out this gayety and light
To fields where silence broods and red swords
rust
Among black, shattered villages, still red
With unforgetten blood. Lead where the night
Grows holy with the brave! Yours, France,
the trust,
O Guardian of the great heroic deed,
John Farrar, Air Service, U.S.A.

TO MY WIFE

Why ask me if I think of thee
When not a moment flies
But thou art in my memory,
Thine image, 'fore mine eyes,
The sun nor gains the distant West,
Nor glids the foaming sea,
The lark at morn nor leaves her nest,
But I think, I think of thee.

The rose, the lily, everything
Doth bring thee to my mind,
Even the little blue bird that sings
Their carols of the wind,
There's not a pleasing sound I hear
Nor lovely thing I see,
But wakes out of thee, my dear—
I think, I think of thee.
Win. S. Corran, Capt., 64th Inf.

BACK TO THE LINE

"Ramplin' at the line,
Splashin' my way through the rain,
With a chaffin' pack slung on my back,
Bound for the trenches again.

Flashes of light in the distance,
Splashes of red on the sky,
The sound of a shell creatin' hell
In a convoy creepin' by."

Our line moves on like a shadow
Pushin' its way through the wreck,
Each man in his place, and his face
And streamin' cold down his neck.

Silent and grave, movin' forward,
Each havin' thoughts all his own,
As we tramp the path of the War Lord's wrath
Where the fires of hell are blown.

Dreamin' o' home an' the old folks,
An' the fields o' yellow grain,
An' the old rock apper, an' everything—
Bound for the trenches again.

Sgt. Fair.

WAITING



The Hardest Fight of the War

WHEN SICK CALL BLOWS

Shorty filled his lungs with foggy air,
Coughed a little—for he had once been passed—
—made another try, and lifted his bugle.
Sick call, that most meditative and philosophical
of summonses—broke forth, announcing
that the doctor was waiting.

The first sound rounded into the building.
"Where's the sick book?" This from the
doctor, who wore the bars of a first lieutenant.
"Left it here yesterday, sir," said the Com-
pany I sergeant.

The doctor pawed through some papers,
while his corporal and the Company I ser-
geant exchanged muffled words.

"I sent it back yesterday," announced the
corporal. "You fellows are always losing it."
"Hill you did," said the sergeant, still in
an undertone, "it's around this shack. What's
the good of it, anyway?"

"Important record. But nobody could de-
out that Company I book, the way you fellows
keep it."

The doctor located the book. The sergeant
from Company I grins, and the medical de-
partment corporal lighted a fresh cigarette,
while the sergeant copied the names of his
sick and marked them all under the "In line
of duty entry." "Yes."

"First man!" called the doctor.
"Hornfield, James R.," read the corporal.
"Hornfield, James R.," preferred to explain
by actions. If you don't show an Army doc-
tor, he thinks you are stalling. So he dropped
his breeches to the floor and rolled his shirt
up under his arms.

"Boils. Look at 'em. Gotta have the big
one opened, I think." He looked up honestly
into the doctor's countenance—and was im-
mediately frozen with embarrassment. The
doctor was in the act of tipping his hat, his
gaze turned over Hornfield, James R.'s shoul-
der, and a polite smile wreathed his face.

Hornfield, James R.'s shirt went down and
his breeches up with the speed of an escaped
window blind in an old maid's bathroom.

A burst of laughter from the bunch around
him told him that there was no lady present.
He had been hoaxed. The doctor snorted.

"Aw, have a heart," begged Hornfield,
James R.

He was furnished a chair and his boil treat-
ed, but not before he had supervised the pro-
cess by explicit directions to a private first-class
of the medical department.

"Humes, William!" called the corporal.
Humes, William, had quite an alarming set-
ting of symptoms. It was like an almanac de-
scribing pale pains for pinkish people, and
included colic, gall stones, shell shock, eye
strain, the acute pain of appendicitis (on the
left side), an ingrowing nail on the great toe,
a bad cold, and a desire to be reclassified.

"Castor oil," ordered the doctor, and the

waiting corporal dipped heavily in purplish
ink and wrote "Duty" in bold script. The
party of the alarming symptoms took his
dose manfully, and walked away with firm
tread.

"Johnson, Hugo V.!"
"Sick?" questioned the doctor.
"No, sir. I'm only after a couple CC's,
that's all."

"Honest man," quoth the medico. "Give him
two for his very own, and six more for any
friends he may have."
"Can't pronounce the next name," said the
corporal. "I've been treating his itch; it's
that 'French itch'."

"Let's see," said the doctor. "Whaddymeant
"French itch?"

"Well, I think they get it because they can't
boil their laundry—you know what I mean;
several of 'em have it."

The unpronounceably named one lifted his
chemise of uncouth wool and awaited judg-
ment, scratching a meditative scratch over
the itchiest spot. Numerous inspections by
medicos during his service, by these men who
never took your word for anything, left him
interested, but unmoved.

"Let's try five per cent sulphur ointment,"
suggested the doctor. "If you use it stronger
you may get a sulphur dermatitis and keep on
scratching the dermatitis."

The chemise dropped, was tucked in, and
the unpronounceably named one departed with
a fresh can of ointment.

Several had colds. There was a case of a
burn, with infection, and a couple of bunks
who had rigged things up in order to make
a try for quarters from the doctor. One of
them really got quarters.

The doctor signed the books and several
of the most of us and completely wipe out others,
reports his top brought over to him. He sat,
raving, on the edge of a table. The tele-
phone bell rang and he answered the call.

"Yes. . . . Glad to know you're here, sir.
Very muddy, yes. Let me send over
the ambulance. . . . Yes, sir. Inspections
don't worry us, as a rule, but I've been going
it since Jones left. . . . Yes. Right
over, with the cur."

He hung up the receiver and got his feet
on the floor. Orders were unnecessary. Even
the top was already sweeping the floor. And
the corporal was hurrying outside, carrying a
pail of soiled dressings, while two other men
re-arranged bottles and bandages in even
order, while the orderly began to police up
around the stove.

"Don't overlook anything," said the doctor
to the top.

"We'll be ready," replied the top, and he
spat on his hands and took fresh hold of the
top-sided broom.

Sick call was over.

USSUS.

THE NATIONAL ARMY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

This letter aims to express a thought which
has been in mind for several months, gradu-
ally growing until now the conclusion of the
fighting makes it fitting that it be written
and published.

As an officer of the National Army I wish
to express my very high appreciation of and
admiration for the men who served in that
class. It is not simply the battles which they
won; it is the splendid spirit of eager co-
operation with which they responded to
instruction that made my work and that of
my fellow officers a pleasure and an inspira-
tion. It is this that I admire; it is for this
that I am more than grateful.

It was not a pleasant task that confronted
us when we received our commission on the
15th of August, 1917. It was to be our task
to make an army from the bottom up. The
men whom we were to receive (the first
500,000) were to be not merely completely
ignorant of all military training, but—
were told—they would be unwillingly inducted
into the service, uninterested in the war, and
often sullen and insubordinate. The work of
the initial organization would be further com-
plicated by the difficulty of imparting dis-
cipline to the new recruits and maintaining
it in the newly formed regiments. Few of us
believed that the average American would be
kindly to the disciplinary system which is the
backbone of an army. All of us were sur-
prised at the ready acceptance of that system
by the drafted men.

And there was a spontaneous courtesy,
withal, on the part of the men, that made
the work of the officers a genuine pleasure
instead of a burden. And there was nothing
sectional about this spirit. Although our
outfit was originally composed of Southerners,
it was soon completely changed until it con-
tained men from nearly every part of the
country. But, whether the men came from
Alabama, or Maine, from New York or
Texas, they were all uniformly courteous and
eager to learn. An instance of deliberate
insubordination or disobedience was ex-
tremely rare. When it occurred the offender
was as promptly disowned by his fellow sol-
diers as he was rebuked and when necessary
punished by his officers.

I count it a high privilege to have served
both in training camp and in the field as an
officer over the drafted man. I believe that
my fellow officers without exception would
join me in extending to him the most grate-
ful congratulations.

Dt ROSE MURPHY,
Capt., 321st F.A.

CAMP LIFE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—

The subject of weather is worn threadbare,
because it is a little story you may have heard
which exactly illustrates our experience at
the present time. One of our soldiers was
playing along on the main road last week
when he saw a short pole sticking out of the
mud. Upon investigation he found it was a
rifle, and digging down reached a Cavalry-
man, who remarked shortly but pointedly that
the mud was rather annoying. He asked that
his horse, under him, be excavated and he
then saw that the horse was standing on a
load of hay cheerfully mauling away.

Life in our camp is a constant round of
pleasure and luxurious ease. In the morning
one rises before the sun, quickly slips on wet
boots and swims out to reveille. Then we
break the ice in the water pail and perform
the sacred rite known as "the morning wash."
After that, a dainty breakfast of quarter-inch
bacon and burned oatmeal, sans sugar, washed
down by a lubricating fluid falsely named cof-
fee. We have a suspicion it is the salvaged
oil from motor truck transmissions. The fare
is sometimes varied by the substitution of
thick disks of a strange rubber compound
mixed with tinfoil. These are called "flap-
jacks" because they flap only after being
swallowed.

The men then gaily prance out to work,
singing happily all morning and praising their
officers in various ways and odd phrases. After
luncheon has been served and the silver and
linen put away again, another dashing bout
with the pick and shovel helps to keep dull
care away until 5 p. m., when all return, and
dress for dinner.

Motoring is popular. Henry Ford's original
three cars are proudly cherished here, and
occasionally stagger to town and back when nec-
essary. Sometimes a wheel comes off, and then
we pick ourselves from the road and land the
driver for not killing us. It's a gay life, and
we will never forget it after the war. When
we return to porcelain bathtubs, subway ex-
presses and clothes that fit, it will be with a
spirit of regret and fond memories of A.P.O.
741 with its gallant troops.

Samuel Jack, 501st Engrs.

LOOK WHO'S HERE

Hole-in-the-Ground, France, Dec. 26, 1918.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I have not received reply to my letter of re-
cent date, and to add insult to injury, your
paper was put before me dated December 20
wherein the poor hard-worked, under-paid,
ill-used top comes in for such treatment at the
hands of your cartoonist that would warrant a
court-martial for lese majeste.

Why do you not expose the thousand and
one advantages you buck privates take of the
unsophisticated high muck-a-muck, the num-
ber of shivering moments you keep him wait-
ing until you are good and ready these dark
mornings to fall in, the details you duck, the
pitiful yawns you try to stuff down his throat
about being sick, weary for the brother tops
and then give him the grand ha, ha! But just
because he shows a real honest and generous
consideration for you and desires to relieve
the already overburdened pack of more weight
and to keep your delicate tummies from get-
ting pains by eating too much sweets, you
misinterpret his good intentions and put him
to ridicule before all the Kettle Polishers?

This is a most severe breach of military
discipline, and Mr. Cartoonist, were you in
my company, I would see that you were de-
prived of pie and ice cream every day for a
month. Mind you, the cap does not fit me,
because my negroes are too honest and above
board; but I am sorry for the brother tops
who are not so fortunate as I. And it is for
them that I desire to chastise you.

Redeem yourself. Anything you can do
towards wiping the stains off the badly de-
smerched reputation of the three striped dia-
mond will be greatly appreciated by
Yours sincerely,
SAM GOLDTROPE,
1st Sgt., Co. B, 549th Engrs.

[Attention of 1st Sgt. Goldtrope is respect-
fully—that's right—invited to cartoon on Page
7.—Editor.]

WILL UNCLE SELL?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

There is a lot of guessing going on as to
what disposition will be made after the war
of the great quantity of tools, machinery, etc.,
now owned by the United States Government.
Among these vast stores of equipment there
are untold quantities of tools of every descrip-
tion, used in every trade, craft and profession
known to man.

Many of us will have to buy a whole new
kit or chest of tools when we go back home,
and those who do not need a complete kit or
chest will be glad to add to their present lay-
out, and at the present high cost of tools
quite a hole will be knocked in the savings
fund of most of us and completely wipe out others,
while some who for various reasons (alloy-
ments or cognac) haven't anything saved will
have to do as best they can.

It has occurred to me that it would be quite
a worthy scheme for our Government to give
the A.E.F. an opportunity to purchase such
tools, used in their occupations require at cost,
to be shipped back to the States by the pur-
chaser. Of course, if we were allowed to buy
these tools care should be taken that no dealer
be allowed to step in and take the lot, thus
depriving us of our chance.

TONY VANDANEA, Sgt., 466th Aero Squadron.

WHERE THERE IS REST

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I submit the following as a really original
A.E.F. joke.

Homesick Corporal (surveying pensively
vast construction project upon which he has
been engaged for 11 months): When I
get back to the States I'm going somewhere
and settle down where there has been nothing
built new for 25 years.

Homesick Sergeant (absently): Come to my
home town.

A. G. GARNER, Sgt., Co. A, 509th Engrs.