

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.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1919.

BON VOYAGE

The George Washington, an old German liner now used as a transport for home-going troops, lies waiting in the harbor of Brest ready to take President Wilson back to America before the adjournment of Congress.

VALENTINE

This is a bad year for the valentine crop. Today, it is true, the postman is walking up the steps with a few hundred letters filled with hearts and flowers and cupids and beautiful mushy verses and a lot of paper lace.

THE PROHIBITIONIST

In these days of squads right and anti-cigarette leagues, Private Jack Burroughs, one of the A.E.F.'s rhymer legion, said something in four verses recently:

THE POILU'S THOUGHTS

What does the poilu think as he sits back in the corner of his little old smelly cafe listening to the occasional shouts of laughter from the uproarious group of Yanks dining at the center table and keeping silent when the speaker of the moment proclaims to all within a kilometer's range that America saved the world and Americans won the war?

WORSE THAN SHE FEARED

Here is a little incident which happened in France recently: A soldier in the A.E.F. got a letter from a mother in the States beseeching him to help her find news of her son.

TOWERS AND THINGS

"Dump 'em in any old way. We should worry. The war's over." It was a sergeant talking, and the objects which he was so much concerned about were the records of a detachment about to sail for home.

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER

Home-coming troops are being welcomed, as they should be, by the tooting of tug and factory whistles, cheers from the assembled populace, cries of delight from young women, known and unknown, and droves of reporters.

The Army's Poets

TO MY VALENTINE
Just a year ago today
I sent you a kiss from France—
Yes, the thing arrived in May—
That was just a circumstance.

TO PEGGY
Downy sock so neat and comfy,
Boon to weary feet,
May roads and trails be ne'er so bumpy,
Or rough the village street.

MY SOUVENIR
The souvenir I'm taking home
Is not a German gun;
It's not a German trench-knife;
Nor yet a German hat.

ONLY A LINE FROM YOU

I'm lonesome and I'm homesick
And I'm feeling mighty blue,
'Cause it's been a whole long month now
Since I got a line from you.

THE SONGS YOU SING

The songs you sing in far off lands
Are waltzes o'er to me,
And each fond strain sweet memory bears
From those pure lips of thee.

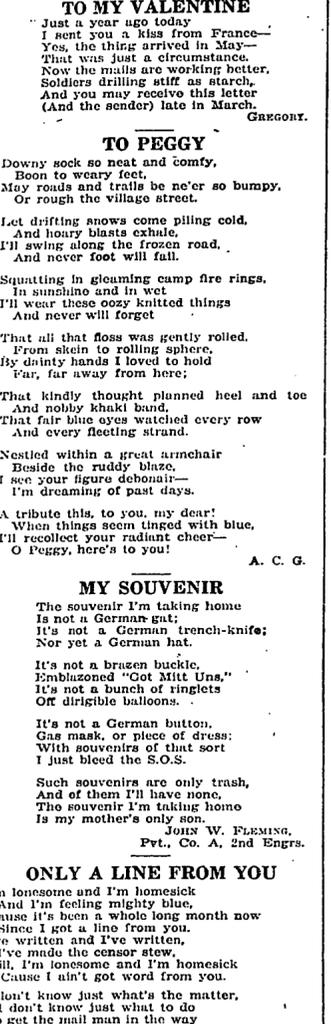
EMBERS

Yes, the time is humming heavy
For the bolts are hauling home—
When you look into the camera,
'Stead o' fire, you see the foam
Of a swaying, spraying ocean.

SO LONG, BUD

Well, I suppose the time has come to say "Good-bye, Bud,"
We're goin' home, our work is o'er, we've won.
An' 'fore we part, y'see, I'm givin' it to you,
An' 'fore you see 'er for what you've been an' done.

FAMILIAR SCENE ON THE FRONT (COVER)



Drawn by Four Flashing at his Chicago Studio

THE Y.M.C.A.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
I am not the guy who really won the war, nor did I see all the fronts, but there are a lot of other birds in this outfit who didn't get as far toward Berlin as yours truly.

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of February 15, 1918.
HIKE TO BATTLE TO THE TUNE OF DOUGHBODY'S HYMN—In Sleet, Along icy Roads, Amex Regiment Goes "Up There"—Covers 16 Miles in a Day.

SILVER OR GOLD

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
I see by THE STARS AND STRIPES of January 31 that the silver stripes are for men who served in the United States only and that gold ones are for men who served on European soil only.

NEED ANY K.P.'S?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Here's something for mess sergeants to work on.
My company of 160 men is fed in one large hall heated. They have china plates, cups and saucers, no chow line, but breakfast, lunch and 5 o'clock dinner is served on the table by regular waiters—picked up at inspections.

CAN IT BE DONE?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
We, members of the American Expeditionary Forces, wish to offer a suggestion concerning our prospective change from O.D. to civilian clothes, which will be forced to buy at very high prices.

AT LEAST A MAJORITY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
We are thinking of commissioning our mess sergeant just as soon as he becomes more efficient in producing that well-known and favorite dish of the Army—slum. First, however, we wish to give him every possible chance as an enlisted man. At present he holds the rank of Master Signal Electrician, draws five dollars extra compensation as Expert Military Telegrapher, and six dollars extra as mess sergeant.

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