

NOBODY GOES HOME BROKE FROM BREST

Disbursing Q.M. Hands Out at Least a Few Dollars to Everybody

MANY ACCOUNTS SQUARED

Even Casuals Sans Pay Books and Service Records Get Parting Souvenir of France

There is another remarkable thing at Brest besides rain. It—rather he—is a major in the Quartermaster Corps, who is good-natured in spite of the fact that his job is to pay up the troops that flow daily into the various embarkation camps located near the port. And right now the last lap of the journey—the time spent at Brest before the whistle of the transport blows good-bye—is mighty short.

The major doesn't pass the buck on appeals for some of Uncle Sam's money. Probably he doesn't want to anyway. He can't, for his headquarters is the court of last and final appeal for unpaid mileage vouchers, commutation orders and ration money.

None of the numberless cases which come to him for decision, from brigadier generals to mail couriers, he usually finds a way to make people leave their claims at the A.E.F. Besides disbursing dollars, real American dollars, at the rate of three million a month, and arranging for the exchange of the equivalent of some two million more, he has time to listen to countless pleas from both officers and enlisted men who have been passed upon with pen for an answer when they have applied before for reimbursement.

Real Problem Arises

The toughest problem, however, for the Q.M. is in paying many of the stray soldiers who arrive at Brest. Many of them have been separated from everything they should have except their own kit, their uniforms and service records, pay slip, pay book, all are sometimes lacking. And then is the real problem.

Not a single soldier goes through Brest without receiving some pay. Sometimes only a casual's stipend may be given, but in the great majority of cases—and two infantry regiments are being paid daily—everyone is made up with the U.S.A. In fact, some doughboys, fortunate enough to have been in France for more than a year and separated from their records as late as last April, have been paid to February 1.

Many soldiers reach Brest without sufficient papers to assure them prompt payment. But that isn't their fault.

Job for Q.M. Diplomats

The diplomats of the Q.M. are used in cases where officers have completely incomplete authority for their claims. They are an officer who traveled from a far point in the interior of France to Brest, probably by way of Paris, on the strength of an order signed by a first lieutenant of infantry, who disconnected himself from his unit. For once, the buck was passed, and the officer didn't get his claim.

So great is the crowd in the Q.M.'s room that an order is stationed at the respect door, and he is accorded all the respect bestowed on a paying teller in a bank-home bank.

A.E.F. SHOP TALK

A consignment of 450,000 cigars from the German Red Cross to 49,000 German prisoners of war in A.E.F. prison camps is on the way, according to a message received by the Adjutant General's office at G.O.

While the Army post office does not make expenses, it took in \$52,500 on the side by selling postage stamps during December. Christmas packages took most of the stamps. Many Christmas packages were slips of Government paper, as the A.E.F. bought money orders for \$1,585,000 in December. Money orders are sent to the Army of Occupation in Germany owing to the absence of a definite exchange rate.

Reserve officers returning home will be allowed to wear their uniforms three months after being transferred to the inactive list, according to War Department Circular 102.

Uncle Sam came out of hostilities with a fair share of his live-stock still alive, recent figures showing that there were 159,047 animals in the A.E.F., exclusive of guinea pigs, monkeys and rabbits living at medical research laboratories. The total includes 26,465 cavalry horses, 113,011 draft horses, and 4,324 draft and 6,417 pack and riding mules. The forward areas had 118,950 of the animals, the S.O.S. 56,287.

The K. of C. has opened an Enlisted Men's Club on the first and second floors of the Dietrich Strauss, Trier, a former popular German restaurant and grill.

Family photographs, Bibles, diaries and other possessions lost by soldiers going through the debussing plant and other parts of the embarkation system at Brest are being collected by the Salvage Branch at that port. They will be returned to owners, if possible. Soldiers who have lost anything in the mail are requested to communicate with the Salvage Officer.

The 469 field ovens of the A.E.F. are capable of supplying 2,500,000 pounds each of field and garrison bread, but their daily output lately as set by the demand, has been averaging about 750,000 pounds of each daily. The field bread has a thick, crusty, moist, is of good texture and will not dry out, but keeps in good condition for long periods. The garrison bread is intended to be eaten soon after baking and is much the same as bakeries sell back home.

The Chaplains' School at Le Mans has been closed. Chaplains relieved from duty sent to the Combat Officers' Replacement Depot at Gondrecourt for reassignment, according to G.O. 16.

On the French-Lorraine border at Villorrupt the 30th Signal Battalion on January 25 gave a "Victory Dance" in the ball room of the Salle des Petes theater, at which the mayor of the town introduced to the Camp Devens, Mass., boys all the charming mademoiselles of Villorrupt society. A good time was had by all, as they say in Worcester.

There were 241,300 men engaged in labor operations in the S.O.S. on January 1. The 58th Division is sending home \$1,200 in money orders, sending 30,000 letters and receiving 75,000 letters every day, according to the men who handle its postal business. In addition it takes \$50 a day for stamps on the packages of helmets and other souvenirs the men are sending home. Toasts to fallen comrades were drunk at a reunion banquet at La Valbonne when 30 of the 600 American officers who arrived in France in September, 1917, at the pioneer La Valbonne training camp made plans to organize a La Valbonne society. The La Valbonne officers were in the first group of 2,000 men sent from the first of training camps in the States. They received instruction from English-speaking French veterans before being assigned to pioneer American divisions in France.

Information and welfare board has opened an information and welfare center at Le Mans, and a clubroom at 26 Rue Chanzy, Le Mans, has been provided for the many French soldiers stationed in the vicinity. Memorial services were held on the 23rd, recently by officers and men of the 126th Infantry, 32nd Division, in honor of their late commander, Col. Joseph B. Westledge, who died November 23, and of the unit's soldiers who had fallen in battle. Colonel Westledge was removed from the woods at Avoucourt, where he had been very ill, during the Aronne battle. He never recovered. Chaplain Patrick R. Dunigan, former chaplain of the 32nd, delivered the eulogy.

THE FRONT—AT LAST

(Written by Major Sinkler Manning, of the 316th Infantry, 70th Division, who was killed in action on the Meuse, November 6, 1918. He was a son of Governor Manning of North Carolina.)

Now I am free to do, and give, and pay,
Not stinting one for other debts I owe.
My debts were these: To smile with friendly show
On all about, too close for other play;
To say to all the nothings I could say,
And miss the silence which my friends would know;
To heed the clock that ticked me to and fro
To ill-done tasks, long-drawn, diluting day.

But now I am come to a wide, free space
Of easy breath, where my straight road doth lie;
And all my debts are funded in this place
To one debt, though the figures mount the sky.
My debts are one, my foe before my face—
I shall not mind the paying when I die.

SINKLER MANNING.

AROUND THE SIBLEY STOVE

These are the days when they gather
around the Sibley Stove and tell once
more the tales of the war that was.
Send us the best one you have heard.

The Australians have just about all the laurels they can carry back to their home under the Southern Cross, but one of their finest came in an informal citation conferred on them in the midst of a battle by a lieutenant of the 27th Division, which fought with them on the British front. He had just captured a Boche who spoke English and was looking him over for possible souvenirs.

"What's them words on that there buckle?"
"Got mit uns."
"What do they mean?"
"They mean we can't be defeated because God is with us."
"Oh, hell," replied the Tank, undiscouraged. "we've got the Aussies with us."

The chaplain, whose seductive brogue is music to his regiment, was glowering balefully at the acres of Argonne mud, when the corps inspector ran across him. Things had not gone exactly according to the ordained schedule in that particular sector on the day before and the corps commander had expressed his displeasure by relieving two unit commanders.
"But here's the regimental inspector," the corps inspector ventured to inquire.
"The regiment's all right," the chaplain replied grimly, "it always is. But you can't tell me that. You know you look like hell. Hard to keep your tail up when you've had a kick in it."

The Bear Cats of the Tank Corps up with the British were in the midst of a wild night of the 27th Division, which was a dose of splinters in his eye and sank to the floor, exclaiming: "My eye is gone!"
"Aw, hell, keep a-scraping!" yelled Corporal Connelly. "You've got another eye, ain't you?"

Colonel Blank, he who had been such a tartar at all inspections that his name was a byword in his regiment, was in the thick of the Argonne fighting and for six days was unable to shave. For six days he was unable to pry the mud from his clothing or rake it from his hair. And in this un-familiar state he was hailed at the end of the sixth day by a doughboy who was setting a moment of leisure to shave by a mirror hung on a knife stuck in a tree.
"Hey, there Buddle!" the doughboy shouted. "Do you know you look like hell? Better come up and get a shave or Colonel Blank will land on you like a ton of bricks."
Colonel Blank accepted the invitation.

Around the Sibley Stoves of the 4th Division up in Germany, they still tell the story of the surgeon who swam the Vesle under fire one night, and in the morning, still under fire, received his outfit, which was just coming up, with all the iodine and C.C. pills it wanted, not to mention the bandages he had all ready in case they should be needed. The story, too, of the chaplain who was holding burial services one day when a squadron of six German airplanes came over and dropped some bombs. Ten casualties toppled over into the open grave.

Officers who used to eat at the general's mess in the 78th Division will never quite forget the painful pause that occurred when, as often happened, the subject under discussion was the division's insignia—a flash of lightning rampant on a scarlet semi-circular field, fit emblem of the Lightning Division. But a newly arrived major did not know that the general himself had designed the insignia.
"It goes big with me," he confided cheerfully. "But what does it represent? A cat having a fit in a bottle of ketchup?"
The pause followed.

Members of the 4th Division are calling it the premier train of the "Hobnail Express" which marched into Germany at the conclusion of the armistice. And there is a certain lieutenant in the 4th Infantry who is being hailed as one of the best engineers in that service. On that hike into Germany—and every one agrees that it was a hike from any point from which it might be considered—officers and men of the 4th helped their comrades with their heavy packs. And at the conclusion of one 25-mile joint one day this particular lieutenant came plugging in with five of his men's packs on his broad back.

During the Argonne battle a straggling negro soldier was impressed into service by a hard-working American battery. For several minutes he appeared awe-struck, as the belching 75's sent their missiles of death toward the Hun lines. Then he became animated and persistent. A shell was rammed home and discharged, he listened, with head cocked until he thought he heard its explosion in the German lines.

AIRPLANE LANDED IN HER BACK YARD

But Is It a Concealed Weapon,
or, Third Army Experts Inquire

Whether an abandoned German airplane, hidden from sight in the back yard of a woman's home, is a "concealed weapon" is a question that is puzzling the salvage chief at Third Army headquarters. Recently, following an order that all inhabitants of the American bridgehead area must turn over German military property to a woman who came into the office at Coblenz and said she had a flying machine in her back yard which had been left by the Germans.
Investigation disclosed one of the latest types of Fokkers, in perfect condition. The woman claimed the plane had landed in her yard a short time before the Germans came to occupy Coblenz. The Germans told her to keep it, she said, but the order, she realized, had transferred the machine into a white elephant, and she wanted it removed. She didn't exactly want it in the first place, anyway, she asserted.
Among other things that have been handed over as a result of the order are more than 150 horses and countless belts. To date, however, there have been no tigers or helmets or belt buckles.

TEXAS, VESLE HERO, PINES IN GERMANY

Captain He Rescued Sails for Home Minus Hard Hoofed Friend

Somewhere on the Atlantic is a captain of Field Hospital 18 who leans on the rail all day with his yearning eyes turned toward the Rhine. Somewhere in Germany, dreaming of the promised home in America, amid green meadows and vine-clad outfields, separated from the captain by an increasing expanse of green waves, is Texas, an Army mule that saved the captain's life and dumped him into the Vesle.

Here is the story as Texas told it to a demobilized doughboy with whom he secretly fraternizes after taps:
"We were attached to the 26th Division at Thioncourt and I had been working like a doughboy caring for the wounded when the Boche blew the roof off our hospital. I used to dog-rob once in a while for the captain before we got into action, so I wasn't surprised that he was right when the stable sergeant, who was also a friend of mine, I once kicked a second lieutenant that started to bawl him out, came down and ordered me to report to the orderly room right away.

Important Job to Do

"I went up and the captain says to me, 'Texas, I got an important job to do across the river and I am calling for volunteers to go with me.' 'I'm your mule,' says I, speaking up the way I'd been taught, 'Let's go.' 'We went. Just as we got to the middle of the bridge across the Vesle the Austrians began to adjust on the bridge. They got an over and two shots and I knew (having nerves on the guns myself) that they had us bracketed and, allowing for dispersion, I knew they might get a target any minute. So I increased the cadence and was half way over when I saw a 77 coming about 500 meters away.

"I could tell by the trajectory that it was meant for me. There was but one thing to do—a thing I hadn't done since I was a rookie. Buck! I bucked and sent the captain into the river just as the shell hit and smashed the bridge to splinters. I was thrown into the water, but got across safely and waited for my skipper. He came out, cold and spluttering, but with such words of gratitude that I'll never forget.
"I can't tell you what he said, for it might get to the papers and they aren't allowed to mention names recommended for D.S.C.'s, but I can tell you he promised to get me my discharge and take

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SOME PARADOXES IN O.D.

Work of classifying the American troops serving with British according to their trades or civil life callings was recently finished. Most of these soldiers, in small specialized groups such as hospital and engineering units, had come to France in May or June of last year, before the vocational classification system devised by Thomas A. Edison was put into use among troops in the States. The survey showed the change from civil to military life had made some paradoxes. A lawyer was found taking care of horses, a diamond cutter who had worked years at his trade in Holland was polishing floors in hospital wards, a draftsman who spoke German and French and was a first-rate sailor as a side line was driving spikes in a railroad company, and a piano factory workman who used to string the wires on sounding boards was doing paper work when they needed experienced men in his line at the airplane assembly centers.
All sorts of specialists were dug up at jobs which required no training whatever. Among them were electricians, carpenters, electricians, concrete workers, pigeon fanciers, chemists and laundrmen. All of them may get a chance to follow their old callings in the A.E.F.

"Let's go and eat at a restaurant."
"Nope, I ain't hungry tonight. I'm goin' to regular mess."
Doughboy (to M.P.): What you goin' to be when you get home, Jack?
M.P.: Dunno. Anything but a cop.

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On the Importance of Men's Hats

MY hat's in the ring!" says one man.
Another man starts an argument with a third by telling him, "That isn't so." "I'll bet my hat that it's so," replies a man so convinced that he'll bet the limit.
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