

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 1, 1918

M.P.'S

We used to think him pretty important when he first showed up in the base port town with his brand new M.P. band on his sleeve and his lordly way of locking up even the top sergeant if the top sergeant got drunk.

AMERICA

When, in 1910, Frank Savicki, late of Vilna, Russia, stepped ashore at Ellis Island, New York, immigration officials were in some doubt about letting him and his sister in.

PRICES

The Yankee soldier has found that there are two kinds of storekeepers in France. You will find the same two kinds in America.

SELF-MADE HEROES

Newspapers throughout the United States printed not long ago on their front pages a story, originating in an Ohio city, describing how one of that city's native sons—a lieutenant who had been a Princeton football star—had saved the lives of General Pershing and Marshals Haig and Foch.

DR. DONEY

The following is taken from the Evening Telegram of Portland, Ore.: Several sentiments against the distribution of tobacco amongst the American soldiers in France were expressed last night by Dr. Carl Doney, president of Willamette University, who spoke before the congregation of Century Methodist Church at "What I Saw in France."

PHYSICALLY UNFIT

Men who would not ordinarily be accepted for overseas duty are to be brought to France by tens of thousands to do their share of the gigantic tasks of the S.O.S. Men accepted in recent draft contingents have been graded into various groups of fitness, and one group is marked "Limited Service."

from one plane to another in midair. The sequel to this story is not yet at hand. There is a lesson in these back-home stories for those men in the A.E.F. who try to make their letters interesting for limited family circulation. Camouflaged romances usually have kick-backs. Stick to the truth.

THE Q.M.

Tempus fugit. Also, the world goes around. Which sage observations signify reminiscence and thought. It was—let's see—it was in August, 1917. We had approached the supply sergeant about the little matter of a shoestring. Didn't we know that shoestrings could be issued only on the afternoon of the second Thursday of an odd month when the moon happened to be in the last quarter and the Q.M. sergeant at the nearest depot wasn't suffering from writer's cramp after adding the 27th Indorsement to the letter of the supply sergeant of Aug. 8, 1904, or soap?

THE CASUAL

Here he comes and there he goes, the rolling stone of the Army, the best example extant of the guy that needs a friend. From the hospital, from D.S., from the training camp, from nowhere in particular he struggles by, his pack, his wardrobe, everything that he possesses in this war with him. Rations in kind and transportation, third class, have done their worst. It strikes a straw to which, perforce, he clings for a moment—a board which examines him and questions him, sorts him and grades him, decides his future for better or for worse. And then on again to—where?

DRESS UP THAT LINE

Find a map—the larger the scale, the better will it serve the purpose—and trace out on it the twisting, zigzaggy, raggedy line that represents the boundary between Belgium and Holland. It resembles a streak of lightning that didn't work the first time, was used once or twice more, and butted into a piece of hardback on the fourth try and collapsed.

THE ARTILLERY SCHOOL OF FIRE

The school is ended with great eclat. And the students merrily laugh and sing. But I'm not as one with the happy throng. For I've found that I don't know a gold-dorn thing.

LINES TO FATHER TIME

With flesh and iron and fuel and steam, Main seats you, nervous in constant scheme; Yet, racer and liner and aeroplane, I strip them all with a single dream— A wink and a nod and I'm home again.

AU REVOIR

"Goodbye, old boy, till we meet again." So rings our wish to friends that go. May their path as the ocean of life be calm, And in the darkness of night, may beacon stars glow.

TO DECIDE A BET

To decide a bet I would like to have you answer the following in your next issue: Can a first lieutenant, who, we will say, is a commander of a company, take two days' pay out of a private's wages without either a summary or general court martial? A says no officer can touch a private's wages without a court martial. B says it can be done. We will suppose said private was AWOL for two days.

OFFICERS ONLY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: A few nights ago I visited one of the cafés in this city and was informed by the waiter that it had been reserved for officers. As I had been in the habit of visiting this same café for the last six months or so, I was of course surprised, especially as I was in the company of a French family which included a French officer.

The Army's Poets

THE ROAD TO MONTFAUCON

"M.P., the road from Avocourt That leads to Montfaucou! The road, sir, black with ripples and carts And brown with men marching on— The Bougonne woods that lie beyond The ruined heights of Montfaucou—

IF I WERE A COOTIE

If I were a cootie (pro-Ally, of course), I'd hit me away on a Potsdam-bound horse, And I'd seek out the Kaiser (the war-maddened cuss) And I'd be a bum cootie if I didn't muss! His Imperial hide from his head to his toe! He might hide from the bombs, but I'd give him no show!

NO GREATER LOVE

Not all the saints lived in the distant past; Not all God's heroes died in bygone age; Each day those deeds of old are far surpassed By valorous feats inscribed on history's page.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

I ain't much worried 'bout them Boche, An' worry less about them Turks, An' th' Austrians ain't adoin' much, A-judgin' by their works.

TO JIMMY

Jimmy, pal, you're gone away, An' I never seems like day, Tho' the sun shines bright as burnished gold; We were bunkies, you and I, An' I'll miss you within me floods.

OUR AVIATION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: If you read the Literary Digest and many other of our leading American weeklies you will notice that they are still guilty of printing highly colored pictures of the American New Outfits just arriving from the States may wonder where our Aviation is, not recognizing the true American identification mark.

FIRST AID SOUGHT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Just a few lines letting you know we are still alive at Beaufort War Hospital, Fish Ponds, Bristol, England. We have been here about two weeks with nary a sign of any paymaster. I wish you would say what you can do about getting us some pay.

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"There lies the road from Avocourt That leads to Montfaucou! Past sniper and machine gun nests, By steel and thermite defam'd—They're gone— And there in various chicanes— The ruined heights of Montfaucou."

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A CHECK FROM HOME



NOW AS ALWAYS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: "He was in a safe place as commissary sergeant, two miles from the field of battle. His duty was to guard the ration units called for. Soldiers fight far better on full than empty stomachs, and so thought this practical commissary sergeant. After evening fell, two mule wagons loaded with food and hot coffee were going under heavy fire from the enemy straight for the boys at the front, and the driver of the first wagon—and the one which got through—was Sergeant McKinley."

HE WANTS ACTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I am a steady customer of THE STARS AND STRIPES, and I like to read it, but as I was reading it through I ran across a piece about a man wanting to be transferred to the Infantry, and he said it seems he can't get a chance, and wants to know why, and there has been a lot of howling about it.

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TWO LETTERS

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