

RECORD BROKEN AS 68,000 EMBARK FOR HOME IN ONE WEEK

Brest and St. Nazaire Sending Troops Aboard Transports as Fast as They Come

This has been a week of joy and satisfaction for members of the A.E.F. The 29th Division, scheduled to leave France in June, finds itself at St. Nazaire, ready to sail eight weeks in advance of the original plan, the 36th Division reported ready for the Army of Occupation is descending upon Le Mans, the 79th Division, also due to leave

All of this is in keeping with the record of the last week, when all troop movements records were broken, with total snailings of 66,015 men and 2,644 officers. This brought the total snailings for the A.E. F. up to 731,177 enlisted men and 37,993 officers. At least 23,000 troops were loaded aboard

first 25,000 troops were loaded aboard waiting transports on Thursday, April 17, and here the homegoing process has been so thoroughly systematized that many of the units arriving were immediately loaded aboard the ships, without first going to the embarkation camp. The 77th Division, for example, went direct from trains to transports.

Two Divisions Since April 1
At St. Nazaire the activities were equally as great as at Brest, two divisions having been sent out this month, and it is expected that many of the 29th Division will have sailed before the end of the month. The 25th Division was the first to leave and then the 25th Division bade farewell to France. Now the 29th is moving into the embarkation camp and will be well under way toward the States by the first of next week.

One of the features of the sailings during the past week was the departing of 19 Base

Hospital ships. They were as follows:
Hase Hospital 19, 20, 25, 30, 32, 38, 48, 70,
11, 26, 35, 36, 41, 47, 9, 17, 53, 67, 68.
The first National Army Division arrived from the
first National Army Division, which was on April 13,
1918, the movement toward Brest and then
was starting a movement which by the time they
crossed the Atlantic Ocean had become a move-
ment beyond the Statue of Liberty, a gold
fascimile of which is embroidered on the
left sleeve of every member.

The sailing of this division abroad
the ship left the French port of Dunkerque
made a record likely to stand for some time.
Division Headquarters of the 77th arrived
Wednesday night and left Thursday aboard
the ship. The 77th Division, which also
carried the 356th Infantry Regiment and
Artillery Brigade Headquarters, The Mount
Vernon's load consisted of 223 officers and
5,523 enlisted men, including more than 800
wounded soldiers. The loading was done in
less than eight hours. The same day
22,690 men aboard American ships, ready to

This morning the giant transport Leviathan, carrying 12,000 members of the Rainbow Division, and the smaller, speedy Aquitania, carrying 5,500 doughboys and machine gunners of the 77th, are putting in at adjacent docks in Hoboken. These two ships are but a small part of the great fleet at this minute on the water speeding the A.E.F. homeward.

Brest Is Dusty Now

To the 77th Division, however, goes the distinction of being sent directly aboard

waiting transports, without first proceeding to the embarkation camp at Brest. At least one of the transports recorded this speed. None of the organizations' runs took more than 36 hours at Brest. Dust, good old summer dust, met the soldiers as they boarded the lighters at the embarkation pier. It was a good reminder that the rain came at last to the rain-swept hills of Brittany where, during the past five months, American soldiers have found only rain and mud. The 3d Marine area, where the 77th Division chafes for the general victory the time came to proceed to the embarkation port, has been flooded and the roads have resembled rivulets rather than highways.

There is at least one happy division in the A.E.F. and it is the 29th, composed of National Guard from Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky. They are leaving the Le Mans area from the general vicinity of Ballon, on the eve of departing for the States, some of the units having already arrived at St. Nazaire. Through some inadvertence and delay, however, it is possible which the officers will not state—the division finds itself eight weeks ahead of the home-going schedule set by G.H.Q. some months ago.

Weeks Ahead of Schedule

The 29th was one of the divisions set for return in June, but the fact that the Army Transport Service has gotten up such

The 32nd Division within the past few days moved from its outpost in the Army of Occupation bridgehead at Brest, where it had followed the 33rd during the coming of the 31st. The 32nd Division started entraining in its areas around Diekirch, in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, to the east of the 31st.

The 33rd will move across France in the same way as its predecessors, the 42nd and the 32nd. The Sixth Corps Headquarters

Troops will move with the division, beginning next Monday. It will take 26 troop

trains to carry the movement through. The corps headquarters has been at Villeneuve, just over the border in France. Entrainment will be at three or four points in the divisional area, the trains leaving at 6 a. m., 12 noon, 6 p. m., and 12 midnight. There will be approximately 1,000 men to each train. The run to Brest will take 68 or 70 hours. The trains will be American, though there are

American throughout, except for the officers' passenger coaches, and the soldiers will travel 16 men in an American baggage

Changes in Third Army

In the meantime, the 1st and 2nd Divisions have spread themselves out to occupy the position in the middle of the bridgehead formerly held by the 32nd; the 4th Division has moved northward to take over the section vacated by the home-bound 42nd Division two weeks ago, while the vanguard of the 6th Division has come from near Toul to take over the 1st Division. Transportation of Polish troops is being

Transportation of Polish troops through
Coblenz held up the continued transfer of

IDENTIFY ALL BUT 4 PER CENT OF DEAD

America's Heroes to Rest in

Fields of Honor in France

When America pays tribute to the

Quietly, reverently and with a personal touch that is often a stranger to the humdrum routine of army work, America's fallen soldiers are being laid away, each in a separate coffin to rest forever in the land for which they fought. If the nearest kin

already many who in their first grief asked that this be done have written to say that they prefer soldiers to be left among the comrades with whom he fell.

Under the care of the Q.M.C.'s Graves Registration Service the bodies are being gathered from the temporary burial places where they were placed, perhaps under shell fire or in the rush of the battle. Those who lie in unmarked graves are identified, a letter, photograph or a relic placed in the grave, and a record that less than 4 per cent remain upon the roster of the unknown dead. Often a link in the evidence must be sought as far away as America.

Fields of Honor in France

France has given three fields of honor at Romagne, at Thincourt and at Beaumont.

Over each of the graves the permanent memorial will stand four feet high, replacing the humble markers whose drab color hid them from the eyes that might have directed enemy fire on living comrades.

These fields of honor, which the Frenchmen have offered and which they have offered to care for, will be under the custodianship of America, for while the land was accepted gladly, America chose to tend the graves of her sons herself.

At Paris and at Tours, bureaus of the Graves Registration Commission of the Quarter Master Corps are located, and here information is available for those seeking to locate graves.

The Pocket

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presentation in France.

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THEY'S

A large, stylized illustration of a hand holding a cigarette, with a textured, stippled background. The hand is rendered in a high-contrast, black and white style, with the fingers gripping a cigarette. The background is filled with a dense, repeating pattern of small, dark, irregular shapes, creating a textured effect. The overall composition is bold and graphic.

Time

S will
helps
on.

TOILET MATCHES

MUST NOT ENLARGE PLACE OF AMERICA IN WAR'S HISTORY

Educators at Beaune Ask
Fairness in Giving
Credit to All

MINOR CHANGES IN SYSTEM

Educational Work Will Operate
Under Supervision of Army
Much as Under Y.M.C.A.

National flag-waving of the junker, "Ober Alles" type, as the underlying basis for teaching history is to be distinctly out of order in Yank schools, judging from opinions expressed by educators at the conference at Beaune last week of Army School officers and Educational Commission advisers from all parts of the A.E.F.

Many of the educators deplore the provincial attitude of history writers who glorify the achievements of their own country at the expense of others, and there is a well-founded fear that each is now likely to continue along the same lines concerning the late war. The result will be twenty-odd histories by the historians of twenty-odd countries, each proclaiming to the world at large that his country and no other defeated the Central Powers. The result will be, at the least, a hot argument, and at the most, a breeding of suspicion and narrow-minded nationalism with the ever-present danger of engendering a new rumpus.

Germany, which not only fostered this spirit but calmly adopted an Almightiness, as first witness and as irreducible fact, is pointed out as an example of what not to do, and of what self-glorification leads to.

One result of this view among conference members has been the preparation of a memorandum, urging the establishment of a permanent bureau of education in the League of Nations, for the purpose of conducting conferences. This memorandum has been presented to the Peace Conference by the American Educational Commission.

Pass Up "Who Won the War?"

In brief, what the educators want is this: They want the Yanks at home and abroad, to be taught history with all special stress on the eternal question: "Who Won the War?" They want the facts in the case clearly stated, with each nation given due credit, and with every other allied nation given its share. The conference was a get-together meeting in which obstacles which had been met since the Army Schools were opened were discussed and which the results of the work were revealed. The Yank, it is found, is proving as apt a pupil in education as he was in warfare.

The future of American education after the war was discussed by Prof. John Erskine, member of the commission. Reciting the benefits of the work being done, the speaker said experience had shown that American soldiers know what they want, and that studies should be provided in America to take care of those wants, rather than by arbitrarily handing out courses. He urged the revamping of modern languages, and he said anyone should be given opportunity to study what he wants at any time with no age limits for education.

Train Officers for Business

Col. Ira L. Reeves, commanding officer, and president of the A.E.F. University at Beaune, made a strong point of training officers for business. The war, he said, has shown that officers are needed for other than combat divisions, and he urged that the training in business, in commerce and other activities, the better to be able to perform the duties of the S.O.S. Another discussion of the educational work of the regular Army divisions in peace time. The idea is to make each soldier a practical electrician, or mechanic, or chemist, or something of the kind, so that he can get a good job when he leaves it, if he wishes. G.O. 65, taken from the A.E.F. manual, says that the Y.M.C.A. went into effect a week ago. Generally speaking, the organization will function as it has under the Y.M.C.A. with slight changes, and the Army will take over the expense of operation. The instructors brought overseas will be retained under contract, and they will be accorded the same privileges as regular officers. They will wear a specially devised educational insignia on the right shoulder.

Anxious to Study by Mail

The Army Correspondence courses are popular among the Yanks, 300 to 400 applications being received daily from members of the A.E.F. The courses are sent by mail. The courses on salesmanship, on automobile repair work and on farm management are especially sought after. There are offered in 22 courses, more to follow. Tuition and materials, of course, are free. American officers and men in Paris are invited to attend courses of lectures at the Grand Amphitheater at the Sorbonne, started last week and continuing until the next week. Frenchmen and Americans are lecturing on current topics, such as "The French Public Opinion," "The Cathedral of Reims," "The Battle of Verdun," and "The Modern Theater." Lectures have been at 3 p.m. except the one on April 25, which will be 10 a.m.

YANKEES IN BERLIN USE RED CROSS FLAG

Bride's Specially Made Emblem Reaches Goal of Allied Ambition

There is no American flag flying over the Hotel Adlon, Berlin, where the Americans are on duty in the German capital before their headquarters. But there is a big Red Cross flag flying from the balcony to show all and sundry that the Yanks are there purely and solely on a benevolent mission. Now, then—

There came to Berlin a short time ago an American medical officer, a captain from a famous division in the Army of Occupation, and he carried with him into the city a Red Cross flag five feet wide and nine feet long, which had been made for him by his bride just before he came overseas. That flag had waved its humanitarian folds before many a August and from many a tent and ruined building in the advanced areas on many fronts. It had even been spread out flat on the ground to warn the Boche airmen that the terrain in the immediate vicinity was not belligerent—if they cared to respect it as such.

The captain was pleased to have brought the flag to Berlin—it would please his wife. And then his eyes rested on the big flag floating over the Adlon, and an idea struck him.

In the very near future a Red Cross flag which has flown on many fronts, and which, in addition, has flown over the Hotel Adlon in Berlin is going to be among the captain's most treasured possessions back home. And, to prove it, he took several pictures and had written on the white field in one corner of the flag.

PLEASANT EASTER, BUT—NO STORY

Reporter in Brig Gums Up
Plans for Some Real
Bordeaux Dope

(Editor's Note.—THE STARS AND STRIPES hoped to have in this issue an interesting story from Bordeaux. There is no story from Bordeaux. The following letter from Bordeaux explains clearly why there is no story from Bordeaux. But, anyway, we have something from Bordeaux.—E.D.)

This story is written in the brig at Bordeaux by a duly accredited reporter of THE STARS AND STRIPES. The date is April 20, the time 3:30 p.m. It is a pleasant Easter. It seems that there is a Bolshevik funeral, or a Socialist parade or something in the Grande city today and the French authorities have asked the Commander of Base Section No. 2 to keep all American officers and soldiers off the streets from noon until 7 p.m. And the C.O. issued orders accordingly to his M.P.'s, secret and in uniform. All Yanks were warned days in advance of the order.

Came noontime on Easter day at Bordeaux and the streets cleared of khaki and of sailor blue. The duly accredited reporter of this journal dined at the Hotel du Bordeaux as befits a Q.M. Sgt. Senior Grade, after which he stood jauntily in the doorway watching the passing polites and fair Bordeauxians enter the "Opera opposit".

Came 2 p.m. on Easter day at Bordeaux. The d.p. reporter found standing and staring at a street tresome and wandered to the news stand on the corner. He reached the corner at the same time as a pleasant looking gentleman wearing the latest of what- ever is French for a Hart Schaffner & Marx outfit.

"What's your name, son?" inquired the pleasant looking gentleman.

"I'm living in the hotel here," replied the reporter, carelessly brushing his three service chevrons with his right hand.

"Saw you countered the model," you gotta come with me."

Came 3 p.m. on Easter day at Bordeaux. Came simultaneously the pleasant gentleman and the reporter before Captain Summer of the Department of Criminal Investigation. Came shortly after the verdict: "You'll have to stay here until 7 o'clock."

Along the highway and lowways came other pleasant looking gentlemen in civilian clothes, each with a copy of military papers ranking from buck to colonel. They have legitimate papers the punishment isn't severe.

In the room with the d.p. reporter all the members of the Army are represented and most of the auxiliary organizations.

It's 4:30 p.m. now. The date is still April 20. And after 7 o'clock it will be a very pleasant Easter.

ARMY FARMERS WILL HELP FILL MESSKIT

War Garden Plan, Immense
Success Last Year, Is
to Be Revived

The vegetable war gardens which constituted a feature of the work of feeding the A.E.F. during the season of 1918 will figure again this year in the family life of the American Army in France.

The latest dope from the Supplies Division of the Chief Quartermaster's Office at Tours, which is charged with the direction of activities of the A.E.F. hoe wielders, conveys the information that turnips will sprout this year where daisies used to grow.

Never, Givres, St. Aignan, Le Mans, Contres and Versailles are the camps which will operate gardens this year, and at Allery, Beaune, Beau Desert, Bazolles-sur-Meuse, Chaumont, Mars-la-Tour, Nevers, Rimsourt, Savigny and Talence are hospitals scheduled to work the soil.

While thousands of members of the A.E.F. will be combining practical and theoretical gardening, other thousands will be diligently learning the theoretic side of farming in the College of Agriculture at Beaune and in the A.E.F. Farm School at Tours. Last year place already more than 2,400 men have set to work to learn the secrets of the soil from 350 acres of land and 75 instructors. The school was headed by Prof. H. J. Baker, formerly director of agricultural extension in Connecticut.

The decision to repeat last year's procedure was taken on the showing made by the agricultural corps last year, when 6,951,000 pounds of vegetables were raised and a net profit of 504,000 francs realized. The gardens saved the Q.M.C. money by turning over the product at cost, the agriculturists helped to simplify the tonnage problem and considerably amplified the A.E.F. food supply.

The war garden plan was conceived in December, 1917, when the war garden plan of the French and British Armies were re-organized and the territory occupied by American troops looked over. The agricultural situation in France was then in a critical stage, as farm implements and tools were scarce, and materials had all been mobilized.

The Gardens Bureau, Q.M.C., at Tours, was established as the administrative office, with a sub-distributing agency at Verdun where such an agency of the French. Combat divisions took part in the movement, but most of the work was done by the medical and hospital areas of a permanent status. Fifteen hundred acres were under cultivation during the summer of 1918.

After the armistice was signed, the garden operations were confined to the camp and hospital gardens designated to be operated in 1919. Now there are practically 2,000 hectares being prepared for seed.

TWO SECRETARIES ON RHINE

The American Army along the Rhine and in Luxembourg and the Marines observed the Easter-time in fraternizing officially and unofficially with their respective civilian chiefs—secretary of War Newton D. Baker and Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels.

Secretary Daniels reviewed and addressed 15,000 Marines of the 1st Division and 12,000 Marines of the 2nd Division at the 33rd Division in Luxembourg, the 83rd and 90th Divisions in the Ardennes, and the 1st Division on the left bank of the Rhine, and visited Coblenz, American bridgehead headquarters.

Secretary Daniels' visit included a boat trip on the river, on which rides a small auxiliary fleet of the American Navy. The Ehrenbreitstein, a German fortress, was now flying the American flag, and he viewed a motor show of the 17th Field Artillery.

The historic heights above Vallendar, where the ex-Kaiser used to hold his glittering reviews of the German army corps stationed at Coblenz, the Secretary of the Navy watched his batallions file past; after decorating them he replied, in answer to questions of "When are we going home?" "Our boys in the Navy want to go home, too, but we feel it is our duty to see that you get home first, and we are going to do it pretty soon."

GUERRE LA FLA SCORED VICTORY IN LAST MOMENTS

Lieut. Luke, Missing Since
Argonne Drive, Sleeps
in Lonely Grave

18 VICTIMS IN 17 DAYS

Intrepid but Unruly Arizona Aviator Had Meteoric Career in War

The final chapter can now be written in the story of Lieut. Frank Luke, Jr., the young Arizona flyer who, after a meteoric appearance among the foremost American aviators, vanished from sight over the German lines in the first days of the Argonne drive. His grave has been found in the cemetery of the little village of Murvaux east of Dun-sur-Meuse, and from the stories of the wondering villagers can be pieced together a narrative which shows that he fought to the last moment and, as always, fought hard and fought alone.

Lieutenant Luke scored his first official victory on September 12—the first day of the St. Mihiel drive. He was killed 17 days later. On that day he brought down his eighteenth Boche. The observer said of him that he seemed to have something of some lunatic notion of a single season.

Fence's record was not holding him in check. He fought fights against heavy odds, few alone when he was under orders not to, flew at times and under weather conditions when he was supposed to be safe in camp, and, toward the end, he was ordered to strange fields for his replenishments of food and ammunition, fearful, if he showed up at his own airfield, lest he be held in the emergency. There were orders out to sentence him to a month of ground work as soon as he showed up.

That was September 12, the day after the burning balloons. It was signed "Luke." At 5:05 two Boche balloons were shot down. Luke was in the air. He was ordered to blaze and fell. Luke was not seen again.

The Legend of Murvaux

On October 18 a telegram from the International Red Cross reported him as "killed in action," and late in December an American officer, returning from a prison camp in Germany, reported that in the village of Murvaux, the countryside round about there had already grown up a legend of a young American flyer who, just before sundown on the fourth day of great battle, wrought destruction among the German balloons, and who then, mortally wounded, came to earth and, in hand, stood off the enemy until he fell dead in the field. He was buried there, in the village churchyard.

From that legend, as enlarged and corrected by the affidavits of 15 French men and women and children, the Luke identification has been made. They saw his plane streak across the sky, headed straight for a captive balloon and, as it came, they saw the pilot pick him up when he crossed the lines.

Dipping, wheeling, dodging, he eluded his pursuers. He destroyed the balloon, and then the chase grew hotter and though the fire from scores of machine guns and anti-aircraft guns was by that time throwing up an almost solid barrier of bullets, he was wounded. In this last dash he was wounded.

Dark was coming on and he was ten kilometers away from the front. He was guessed that he knew he was done for and that his idea was to do as much damage as he could in his last few moments of life.

Flying low over Murvaux, he poured all the ammunition his machine gun had into the enemy troops and material assembled there. In that last desperate effort he managed to kill six Germans and wounded as many more. Then he landed in a field. The villagers saw the Germans running, and they saw him. He was automatic to defend himself and then topple over on the ground.

No Straw, No Winding Sheet

The villagers say that the German commandant of Murvaux would not allow straw to be placed in the cart that dragged Luke to the cemetery and that he drove off some women who brought him a winding sheet. This officer, they say, gave the body a contemptuous kick and said: "Get that out of my way as quick as possible."

Luke was a second son. He was born May 19, 1897, the son of Frank Luke, of 2200 West Monroe street, Phoenix, Ariz. His most sensational exploit was on September 18, when he destroyed two enemy balloons in the vicinity of Mars-la-Tour and the same day, single-handed, destroyed three enemy planes in a combat that lasted only ten minutes.

While he did not win his first official victory until September 12, his own combat reports show that on August 16 he had shot down five enemy planes and machines and brought down one. Official confirmation was lacking and it is believed that it was the expression of some skepticism at that time which Luke took into the trouble-seeking, guerrilla warfare he waged from then on. Those who saw his later work believe that that battle of August 16 should be put on his official score.

A.E.F. SHOP TALK

Requests of individuals and persons, regardless of their rank or status, for captured war material suitable for souvenir or trophy purposes will be turned down by the A.E.F. The material will be saved and distributed according to Congressional authorization.

Telephone operators of the A.E.F. have been given the right to wear service and wound chevrons when they are in the usual uniforms of the organizations. They will wear them under the same regulations as those governing the members of the Army Nurse Corps.

Twenty-two new huts have been opened in the Le Mans area by the Y.M.C.A. Following a new plan, several were named after States. Dedication of the additional huts also saw the opening of the largest Y.M.C.A. auditorium in France at the forwarding camp in the Le Mans area. Maj. Gen. C. W. Read, commanding officer of the embarkation center, at the Le Mans, and the Salvation Army in France, the 21st Division, were among the speakers at the dedication ceremonies.

A total of 12,076 foreign decorations have been given to members of the A.E.F. according to records at General Headquarters. Of these, 10,632 are French, 823 being Croix de Guerre. The other decorations are as follows: British, 473; Belgian, 594; Italian, 374; Greek, one; Montenegrin, one.

The Community Motion Picture Bureau, 32-Rue de Surenne, Paris, operating the cinema departments of the Y.M.C.A., the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board and the Salvation Army, is seeking men of executive ability and business experience to work for it. Men of mechanical and electrical experience are preferred.

The War Department is expected to issue an order that the spiral puttee, first adopted by the Army in 1914, be worn under regulation in the States by all dismounted enlisted men and by all officers while on duty in the field.

Q-M. BESTS 3,000 MILE HANDICAP

Continued from Page 1

have been required for the entire winter of the troop program had been carried out. Forage has been a great problem in the A.E.F. Tens and tens of thousands of animals had to be fed, hay, oats and bran as hard to find in France as a needle in a haystack, and nothing harder to transport. During the war, irrespective of large purchases in Europe, the forage section of the Supplies Department landed 239,299,744 pounds of hay, 428,366,980 pounds of oats, and 33,612,910 pounds of corn in the A.E.F. ports at a cost of \$4,410,391.

Cold storage and refrigeration was necessary for the millions of pounds of meat destined for A.E.F. consumption. It is believed that the A. E. F. had the largest ice box in the world. It was at Glives, was 336 feet by 110 feet, and when it was full held 6,500 tons of fresh meat, or enough to feed New York, London, Chicago and Paris for a day. There were 16 others in the A.E.F., none of which was so large, and all of which had a capacity of 10,374 tons of meat. Plans had been made for the installation of 15 new cold storage plants with a capacity of 15,000 tons when November 11 came with its many changes in all calculations.

There were 1,500 vegetable gardens in the A.E.F. last season all run by the Supplies Division of the Quartermaster Department. They were well scattered in 58 different parts of France and raised 75,000,000 pounds of vegetables at a cost of only \$1,572.41, recovering at 91 per cent of only one-third the market price in the States. The Quartermaster Department did a gasoline and oil business in France, which in size and character might give a considerable idea of the scope of the work. It handled a total of 27 large storage and distributing stations and was preparing to install 66 more when the war ended.

The work of the Quartermaster Department of the A.E.F. was divided into nine parts, including Administration, Supplies, Personnel, Finance, Accounting, Salvage, Remount, Construction and Repair, and Graves Registration.

Of the different phases of its activities represented by these different divisions, the functions of the Division of Supplies were the largest and most important. This one division was charged with 15 different and distinct duties—clothing, subsistence, bakeries, animal drawn transportation, traffic, traveling officers, supplies and stationery, fuel, forage, cold storage and refrigeration, administration, garden service, storage and warehouses, gasoline and oil and miscellaneous.

This division kept the A.E.F. wardrobe so full that there has never been any dearth of clothing in the A.E.F. It fed the American Army and fed it better than any other Army in history was ever fed. The figures in calories prove it and those who have suffered from a bad meal must remember the old adage about "many a slip between the cup and the lip" and look elsewhere than the historical records of the Quartermaster Department for comfort.

"Give Us This Day"

To this division of the Q.M.C. the A.E.F. looked for its daily bread and not without getting it. The production of bread in the A.E.F. increased from the first baking of 11,378 pounds of bread on August 3, 1917, to 1,830,000 pounds on November 30, 1918, when there were 63 bakery establishments operating through the A.E.F. A mechanical bakery was placed in operation at Is-sur-Tille, December 1, 1918, with a normal capacity of 500,000 pounds of bread daily and 750,000 pounds of bread weekly. Arrangements had been made to establish two more like it to keep pace with the 4,500,000 Army program cut short by the armistice.

The A.E.F. had a woodpile and a coal bin of sufficient proportions to keep any ordinary Army service bus replenishing their stocks. There were eight coal storage yards, each with a capacity of 1,219,000 tons and they were kept nearly full all the time. Up to October 1, 1918, there had been 325,000 cords of wood in the A.E.F. and 250,000 cords of them coming from the French and 75,000 cut by us.

However, winter was coming on, the A.E.F. was getting larger every day, and the peace was seen, so what was called the Fuel Wood Project Advance Section was formed with 5,500 enlisted men under the command of a competent forestry officer. They men followed closely in the wake of our advancing armies, sometimes working in woods filled with gas and in their third months of service they had cut one-third of the total amount that would be needed for the winter.

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Orders promptly executed by our English Staff
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had been required for the entire winter of the troop program had been carried out. Forage has been a great problem in the A.E.F. Tens and tens of thousands of animals had to be fed, hay, oats and bran as hard to find in France as a needle in a haystack, and nothing harder to transport. During the war, irrespective of large purchases in Europe, the forage section of the Supplies Department landed 239,299,744 pounds of hay, 428,366,980 pounds of oats, and 33,612,910 pounds of corn in the A.E.F. ports at a cost of \$4,410,391.

Cold storage and refrigeration was necessary for the millions of pounds of meat destined for A.E.F. consumption. It is believed that the A. E. F. had the largest ice box in the world. It was at Glives, was 336 feet by 110 feet, and when it was full held 6,500 tons of fresh meat, or enough to feed New York, London, Chicago and Paris for a day. There were 16 others in the A.E.F., none of which was so large, and all of which had a capacity of 10,374 tons of meat. Plans had been made for the installation of 15 new cold storage plants with a capacity of 15,000 tons when November 11 came with its many changes in all calculations.

There were 1,500 vegetable gardens in the A.E.F. last season all run by the Supplies Division of the Quartermaster Department. They were well scattered in 58 different parts of France and raised 75,000,000 pounds of vegetables at a cost of only \$1,572.41, recovering at 91 per cent of only one-third the market price in the States. The Quartermaster Department did a gasoline and oil business in France, which in size and character might give a considerable idea of the scope of the work. It handled a total of 27 large storage and distributing stations and was preparing to install 66 more when the war ended.

The work of the Quartermaster Department of the A.E.F. was divided into nine parts, including Administration, Supplies, Personnel, Finance, Accounting, Salvage, Remount, Construction and Repair, and Graves Registration.

Of the different phases of its activities represented by these different divisions, the functions of the Division of Supplies were the largest and most important. This one division was charged with 15 different and distinct duties—clothing, subsistence, bakeries, animal drawn transportation, traffic, traveling officers, supplies and stationery, fuel, forage, cold storage and refrigeration, administration, garden service, storage and warehouses, gasoline and oil and miscellaneous.

This division kept the A.E.F. wardrobe so full that there has never been any dearth of clothing in the A.E.F. It fed the American Army and fed it better than any other Army in history was ever fed. The figures in calories prove it and those who have suffered from a bad meal must remember the old adage about "many a slip between the cup and the lip" and look elsewhere than the historical records of the Quartermaster Department for comfort.

"Give Us This Day"

To this division of the Q.M.C. the A.E.F. looked for its daily bread and not without getting it. The production of bread in the A.E.F. increased from the first baking of 11,378 pounds of bread on August 3, 1917, to 1,830,000 pounds on November 30, 1918, when there were 63 bakery establishments operating through the A.E.F. A mechanical bakery was placed in operation at Is-sur-Tille, December 1, 1918, with a normal capacity of 500,000 pounds of bread daily and 750,000 pounds of bread weekly. Arrangements had been made to establish two more like it to keep pace with the 4,500,000 Army program cut short by the armistice.

The A.E.F. had a woodpile and a coal bin of sufficient proportions to keep any ordinary Army service bus replenishing their stocks. There were eight coal storage yards, each with a capacity of 1,219,000 tons and they were kept nearly full all the time. Up to October 1, 1918, there had been 325,000 cords of wood in the A.E.F. and 250,000 cords of them coming from the French and 75,000 cut by us.

However, winter was coming on, the A.E.F. was getting larger every day, and the peace was seen, so what was called the Fuel Wood Project Advance Section was formed with 5,500 enlisted men under the command of a competent forestry officer. They men followed closely in the wake of our advancing armies, sometimes working in woods filled with gas and in their third months of service they had cut one-third of the total amount that would be needed for the winter.

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it bathed 328,452 members of the A.E.F. and disinfected 1,350,522 articles of clothing and equipment.

Despite marvelous motor development in the war, and the motorization of everything from howitzers to soup kitchens, the horse and the mule played a big part in the war. Under the Remount Division of the Quartermaster Department. Through its division the A.E.F. was provided with 24,288 horses and mules, 75,645 of which were sent from the States, 135,722 bought from France, 21,030 from England and 10,446 from Spain. It is interesting to note that of the 75,645 horses and mules brought from the States, 95 ship loads

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1919.

THE HUMBLER RUINS

Toward Reims the feet of the pilgrims turn and, for years to come, will turn. Mankind passes in reverent procession before the martyred cathedral, the great maimed church, which, for all its wounds—perhaps a little because of its wounds—stands today as stupendously beautiful, as magnificent, as unconquerable as the Winged Victory of Samothrace.

But he who has seen Reims and only Reims has not looked upon the pathos of the war. Let him go, rather, to some such watch tower as Hattinchatel or Montsec and look down into the valley strewn with little roofless villages which lie white in the spring sunshine, as white and as dead as the bleached bones left along the desert route by some forgotten caravan.

Let him go down into the villages. Let him seek out such a spot as Mazeris, say, and speak there for a while with the gaunt, white-haired woman who, amid the ruins of her home, is trying to begin again. She points to a bit of land still blighted by the battle that swept over it, still riddled with shell holes and tangled with wire.

"That land," she says, "is all we have. So we have come back to it. Mais ce n'est pas gai, Monsieur."

No, it is not much fun, Madame. Life never is much fun for "the people who go to bed tired and wake up without the stimulation of lively hope." In all the complex responsibility for the war can be found no faint suggestion that any of the fault was theirs. Yet on them has fallen its heaviest burden. For them the peace that is to be must be made a lasting one. If it be not—why, God pity them. And if, through the shortcomings of any statesman, it be not, may God have mercy on his soul.

THE SURROUNDED BATTALION

No single episode of the A.E.F.'s history has a stronger hold on the imagination of the folks back home than that of the beleaguered battalion—the episode of the surrounded ravine in the Argonne Forest. It is one of the few stories that have already taken on the character of legend.

Now the unfortunate battalion is surrounded again—surrounded by a great mass of inaccurate detail and misleading comment. For example, the battalion commander is—and always will be—fondly known from Maine to California as "Go-to-Hell" Whittlesey, under the delusion that he made that ringing reply to the German call for surrender, when, as he has always scrupulously explained, he made no reply whatever, ringing or otherwise.

Then, too, some not altogether dispassionate observers, feeling that the legend has outgrown all reason, cannot resist a tendency to belittle the achievement. They say that Colonel Whittlesey, once finding himself surrounded, should have fought his way back to the main body of divisional troops before his own forces were too spent by hunger, wounds and exposure. In saying this, they overlook the fact that that course would have abandoned to their fate, while there was yet hope of saving them, 80 American boys wounded in the advance on the ravine.

Other critics find relief in contemplating the obvious fact that the battalion would never have been surrounded at all if the division had functioned perfectly and nothing gone wrong. Naturally. If nothing had gone wrong, we should never have heard of the Charge of the Light Brigade nor would there be any thrill for us now in the word "Gallipoli."

It was the staunch spirit displayed by the men throughout that ghastly week which filled with enthusiasm the forest witnesses who chanced to see them when, emaciated and exhausted, they were carried out at last. That enthusiasm spread from the forest to the uttermost ends of America. The home folks said: "These men have done their country proud." And the home folks were right. They usually are.

GOSH!

You can lie in other mediums than by word of mouth or key of typewriter. The wielder of the brush and crow quill seems to be hard at work making the world safe for Ananias.

Most of our artists, apparently, never got to war, or, if they did, they are still at it, with no opportunity for drawing.

And when one of the leading American humorous papers publishes a full-page sketch of a home-going soldier leisurely strolling up a gangplank, all by his lonesome, and shaking hands with a poilu who has sauntered down to the dock to see him off; when we see this and think back upon our first going on board ship, close formation and in a personally conducted expedition supervised by 'steen thousand officers and non-coms and embarkation officials and gobs and super-gobs and other dignitaries, we feel that "art for art's sake" may possibly have pulled a bone. It should be: Art, for God's sake!

US FOREIGNERS

Many of the A.E.F. have already started, or are about to start, upon a pilgrimage, the gravity of which should not be underestimated. The travel directed being necessary in the military service, it has been deemed expedient to send a considerable section of the Army to America. It may be for years and for some it may be forever. Perhaps there are those among us who will never again view the consecrated rain-

swept shores of Brest or the beloved marshes of the St. Aignan concentration camp. But as good soldiers, we must obey.

G.H.Q. has refrained from making known the cause of this migration, but it is certain that it would not have been undertaken had not the exigencies of the situation demanded it. The A.E.F., being traditionally bound to America by bonds of sentiment, has been called upon to do its bit. It may be that the present troop movement is forced upon us by some Indian uprising near Schenectady or Newark or other settlements in that vast wilderness; it may be that our intrepid men may have to stem a stampede of angry buffalo, which, the French tell us, roam wild from Vermont into South Carolina, and from whose hoofs, it is charged, is manufactured the national American dish—canned willie.

But whatever the cause, let us go to do our bit. Furthermore, let us remember that Americans are Americans, with their own customs and ideas—primitive, no doubt, but none the less to be respected. Even in a land as sparsely populated as that, it would never do to antagonize the natives by openly sneering at their peculiar institutions—the Saturday night bath, the Thanksgiving dinner, the occasional change of underclothes, the longitudinal pants that will not come unwrapped. They, too, as well as we, have a certain sneaking fondness for their country. If we cannot accept their ways, we can at least tolerate them.

And let us go with a dry eye and a merry smile. When we bid farewell to our mademoiselles, and our trench shoes, and our cooties, and all that we hold most dear, let us not break into hysterics. We must remember that we are soldiers.

This is grim business, yes, damned grim business.

SUBPOENAING THE EXPERTS

Just now you belong to the Army. Pretty soon the Army will belong to you. What are you going to do with it?

You are returning, or soon will return, to that citizen body of which the Army is but a servant, an employee, an instrument. Presumably you have devoted considerable thought to the good and bad qualities of that instrument. In all probability you have come to the conclusion that, if a decent amount of attention had been paid to it in times of peace, it would have been a little readier when the world called on us to use it.

When you go back and have abandoned as futile your original intention of lying in wait for your old top to paste him one in the snoot, are you going to vanish into the legions crowd and forget all about the Army? Remember, it will be peculiarly up to you, both as a voter and as expert, to see that next time, if there ever is a next time, it shall be found as fit and clean and flexible an instrument as work and vision can make it. Are you going to keep an eye on the next Congressional committee that sits down to rewrite the Army legislation?

After all, it will be your Army, you know. What are you going to do with it?

UNDER DOGS

"Why," asks a casual, "are we casuals the undesirable of the A.E.F.? Nobody loves us."

That last part has a reminiscent sound. Years ago a plump actor, Macklin Arbuckle by name, gained fame and fortune by an almost identical remark. Just as the curtain went down at the finale of one act he was wont to groan dramatically, "Oh, hell, nobody loves a fat man!"

And then the management raised his pay, and people sent him flowers, and pretty girls wrote letters to him telling him how they just perfectly adored chubbiness, and Mr. Arbuckle took on more weight and led the life of Riley.

Thus it goes. The under dog gets all the frankfurters from a sympathetic public, while the vainglorious winner has to sneak up the nearest alley with a canned willie tin tied to his tail.

So with the casual. He may think his lot is a hard one, but let him wait until he gets home. Some evening he will go to call on Her, and maybe find Her in the company of his hated rival, a man who went to France in a regular division, and stayed in a regular division, and came home with a regular division, and everything. And when his h.r. gets through telling his thrilling tale and she calls upon him for his story, he can bury his face in his hands and murmur:

"Ah, woe is me! I was only a casual. I got deloused more, and M.P.'d more, and S.O.L'd more than any other guy in France. Nobody loves a casual!"

Then as his rival, recognizing the inevitable, cases toward the door, she will throw herself in his arms and warble: "Oh, Rupert, you poor, dear thing! How you have suffered! Let me be your little caquette!"

Oh, boy! Everybody's going to love a casual!

PIGS IS PIGS

There is an impression, more or less current even among our friends, that when the candy bin of the A.E.F. begins to run low, some figure juggler on THE STARS AND STRIPES gets busy and replenishes it on paper.

Men who are cheated out of their candy feel that they must bark somewhere, but in this case they are barking up the wrong tree. The bin is actually replenished often enough, but soon emptied again by a class of folk whom, like the poor, it seems we must ever have with us.

The much-abused candy writer of THE STARS AND STRIPES last week paid a visit to the headquarters of the Q.M.C. at Tours. He emerged in a very sweet frame of mind and a story of the arrival of a ship bringing 2,000,000 pounds of candy. He happened to stop in for a minute at the Tours sales commissary and while there saw one member of the A.E.F. pocket and pay for 25 pounds of candy and walk satisfied away. A little later the sign "no candy" greeted a long line of waiting men.

All of which reminds one very much of a familiar barnyard scene in which a certain animal gets in a certain place with all fours and the rest clamor for the leavings.

The Army's Poets

WHEN THE ORDERS COME

There's a boat a-ridin' anchor
In the port of St. Nazaire,
And her bow's a-aimin' westward
For some good Atlantic air;
You can have my whole durned outfit
For I haven't got a care
When a ship's a-loadin' cargo
For a harbor over there.

They can have the French they taught me
As a bloomin' souvenir
I know another language
That is sweeter to my ear;
They can have their watered cognac
And their old left-over beer
For we've finished up the business
Till there ain't no liquor here.

There's a Goddess in a harbor
With a bugle at her lip
And she blows the notes of Recall
To a soldier-laden ship
And my buddy's over water
With a bottle on his hip—
And he's got it all protected
If his happy feet should slip.

They can tell Marie Louise
That I'm off to Sandy Hook,
That the lovin' ways she taught me
Ain't no use to this old crook—
That no second will be issued
And she needn't come to look
Cause the address ain't my address
That I scribbled in her book.

Oh! My baby, I'm a-comin',
And I'll strut the avenue
And I'll just go happy, honey,
That I don't know what to do;
Well, I'm ready for paradin'
For I've seen the Heinties through,
But I'll march at no attention
When I lay my eyes on you.

J. P.

LINE TO A DISCONSOLATE BUDDY

Well, if you've lost your sweetheart, Bill,
Remember, there's the sun,
Remember, there are Roman pines,
And fragrant China tea,
Scented like lilacs and sandalwood
And poppies from Candy.

Yet is the sprawling desert fierce
And clean with smattering light
From sharp Sierras where we watched
Someday's handiwork flight;
And landlits there are still, old Bill,
If you go looking right.

Tequila hasn't lost its sting,
Nor pipes their honest taste
As you ride home across the range
Coyotes make a waste
Of almost howling when black clouds
Across the moon are chased.

The rough caress of winter winds,
The bipine's soothing rill,
Softness of poppies, spring grass, snow
And possum roasted white,
The obvious fun of fishing
For black bass with a pole.

The world is full of joy, Billy,
And full of things to see,
Fantastic, new and beautiful
To such as you and me—
But, mostly, there are ships, old top,
As fair as any she.

Garg.

WHO?

Who won the war? "This hard to say:
Each has a different story,
And each will argue, you and nay,
While splitting up the glory.

Now in the States, one says 'twas wheat;
Another says 'twas tractor;
And oil and cotton, lumber, meat,
Are named as leading factors.

'Twas ships alone, the Jackie hears:
The S.O.S. claims credit,
The M.P.'s and the Engineers
Are sure their members led it.

The Y will say 'twas chocolate:
The officers, saluting;
But one thing is as sure as fate
And none I've heard disputing.

For on this point they all agree:
'Twas simply nothing to it;
Whoever put the 's in peace
We doughboys didn't die it.

WILLIAM H. DANFORTH,
Pvt., Co. A, 127th Inf.

SONG OF THE CAMIONEERS

Gaily with cheer, cursing at fears,
Twelve hundred southerners
Served with the French, nothing could quench
Their courage in earing up shells to the trench.
So, fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

To hell with the Hun! Speed up the guns!
We're belching mountains, tons upon tons;
What if we croak? The Hun has not broke,
Any way living is only a joke.
So, fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

Fighting for France, in the Advance,
Long before others were given the chance,
'Carefree and gay? Gamble your pay?
Yesterday's gone, but the day is today!
Fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

Meuse to the Somme, ranting their room,
Whatever the sector, they're always at home;
Fighting for Right, cursing with might,
Cursing in camp until late in the night.
Fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

DAVID DARRIEL,
Maillet Reserve.

I WONDER—

When Alexander led his marching army
Across the western part of Asia's shore,
I wonder if he made them stand inspection,
Or if his "hard-boiled top" was always sore.

I wonder how the mess-line was in Egypt,
When Caesar sent his soldiers there to fight,
I wonder if the gladiators M.P. forces
In front of Cleopatra's every night.

I wonder if Napoleon had a non-com
To lead a dirty detail every day—
Polish the Alps, and pile the ten-ton boulders
In G.I. cans, and carry them away.

Of all the time I've spent in meditation,
Cast-off of the race aquatic,
Some day I will say my wish is,
Your tyrannic reign despotic.

CLIFF L. WALTON,
Q.M.C. Detach., A.F.O. 101.

ODE TO AN O.D. FISH

Pensive, piscatory, pink 'n' un,
Tantalizer of my hunger,
Animal I hate to think on,
Basest food by any monger.

Once I worried not about you—
That was in my days of civilian—
Thought you decent as a trout, you
Indiscernible gold villi-vill.

Most despicable of fishes,
Cast-off of the race aquatic,
Some day I will say my wish is,
Your tyrannic reign despotic.

Lucky thing for you I deem you
Sunk too low to be worth damnin'—
But I'll get you, make you scream—you
Thrice accursed Army salmon.

TIP BLISS.

AN INVALID'S WAIL

Heroically stirred, for the cause of right
I sailed the salty sea to fight,
But I have not fit to no great extent,
Tho' the weeks have come and the weeks have went.

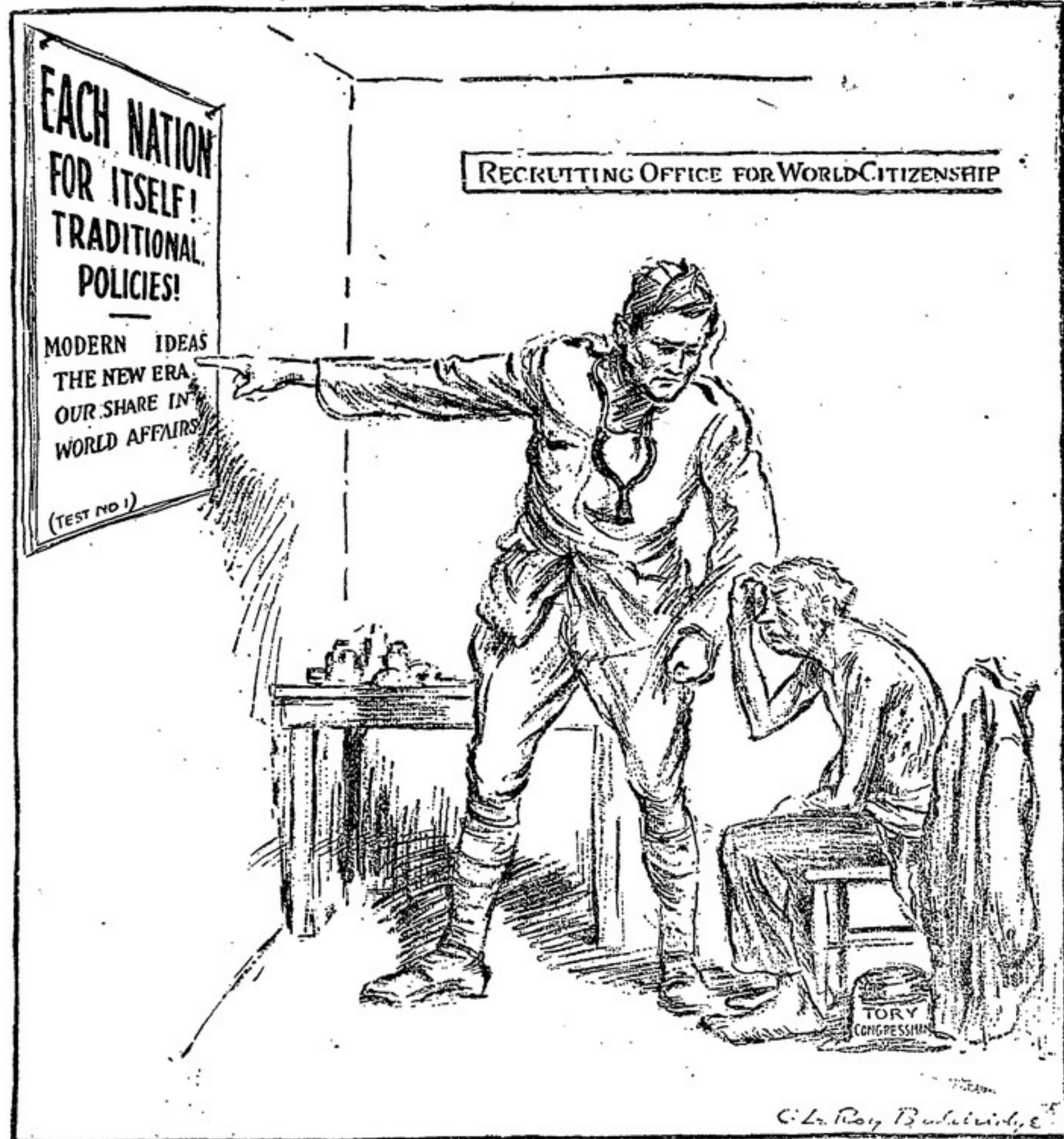
First I ketched the mumps, which inflated my
cheeks,
Then I enjoyed the scarlet fever for weeks,
Yoh! I had everything from the croup to the ptp,
Dandruff, bone spavin, the heaves, erysip,

And when the spring drive was raising Ned
I was pressing the springs in a feather bed,
While the boys were beating the Hun for fair
I was cheating myself at solitaire.

While my pals were lying in gore and gas
I was lying to M.P.'s who asks for my pass,
But! When the lads came back with their Croix
de Guerre

A Red Cross will be all I'm entitled to wear.
Woe is me!
MELVIN LOSTUTTER,
Pvt., U.S.M.C.

UNFIT FOR SERVICE



He Can't Read the Last Words

WHAT AN OUTFIT!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I have read with no little interest the different unusual records of the soldiers of the A.E.F., and, while some of them are good, I am afraid all of your efforts in securing same were unnecessary, as our company alone can furnish some records that will eclipse any of the A.E.F.

Take the subject of baseball. One of our lads from Brookline, Mass., whose services were demanded by every manager of the two big leagues, turned them down because his Sunday school teacher didn't believe in professional ball playing. During our first stay in the trenches the Hunns were very much surprised one morning to see a huge stand erected between our first and second lines with a lone occupant, and they immediately attempted to dislodge him by hurling over shells of every caliber. Imagine their surprise when Harold would reach out and grab them and, by a quick snap, return them in time for the Jerries to get the advantage of the explosion. After several attempts the Boche quit in disgust and every morning Harold would take his seat and calmly sit and spit derision at his baffled pursuers.

In the matter of length of service, I believe Old Man Charlie Cogle of our outfit holds the record. He enlisted in 1860, and served with honor as a machine gunner during the Civil War under General Grant. He accepted his discharge after the close of the war, but immediately re-enlisted after several intensive disputes with his wife. You would be surprised at the agility of the old man, and it is quite interesting to hear him tell of some of his experiences during 1861-1865.

The tallest man in the service, without a doubt, is Tommy Shinn, who is 8 feet 4 1/2 inches. The reason you have never heard of him before is because of his extreme sensitivity about his height and the fact that he never shows himself.

The shortest man in the service is Burley Mey, whose actual height is 3 feet 2 1/2 inches. He succeeded in passing the medical examination by exchanging the examining doctor's glasses for a pair that possessed great magnifying power. He and Tommy Shinn are pals, and it is a pretty picture to see them together.

Our entire company holds the record for length of service in France, as we came over a day ahead of General Pershing. It has never been mentioned before, as we were not supposed to arrive until after our Commander-in-Chief.

We have one man in our company who made 55 out of a possible 50 on the rifle range. The last shot tore through the bull's-eye and, striking a rock, glanced back and went through the bull's-eye again.

We will have another record before we leave France as a truck driver who had heard through a chauffeur at G.H.Q. told one of our wagoners that our outfit was scheduled to follow the A.E.F. home, and we can truthfully state that we were the last organization to leave France.

CORPORAL TOM.

OUR ERROR, SIR

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In justice to all concerned, it is desired to correct a detail (typographical error, doubtless) in the article "Defenses Broken in Final Lunges at Line of Meuse," page 8, issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES of April 11.

When the 5th Division forced the crossing of the Meuse it was Company F, of the 7th Engineers, that laid the first bridge over the river and canal at Brioules under enemy fire, and not Company E, as stated.

Company E could have and would have done the work, but it was not their job, and, although they had some carrying details assisting, the whole of Company F was engaged, and the responsibility was theirs alone.

W. R. SWAN,
Maj., Engrs., Commanding.

YOU WIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

More dog-tag poker. Cpl. C. L. Taylor is running the joker wild, so I am running the deuces wild and forgetting Hoyle altogether. Under the rules of the game, my hand is not foul and it reads 2266677. In other words, a full house and a pair to nigger with.

CPL. GEORGE L. PELTCHER.

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of April 26, 1918.

HUN ATTACK SMASHED BY YANKEE DEFENDERS—Long Encounter Northwest of Toul Results in Expulsion of Enemy from Our Lines With Heavy Losses.

BATTLE'S NEW PHASE INDECISIVE AS FIRST—German Attacks Gain Some Ground, But no Objective Is Won—Drain on Enemy Manpower Exceeds Verdun Effort.

GOLD SERVICE CHEVRONS FOR ALL A.E.F. MEN—One for Each Half Year—Washington Gives Coveted Decoration to Z. of A. and S.O.S. Alliance Must Show Right to Wear It.

GIRLS MOST IN DEMAND AS AMERICAN MASCOTS—Fourth Week of Campaign Brings Orphan Adoptions up to 60.

CLEMENCEAU, "LE TOMBEUR" SCORES AGAIN—Wrecker of Cabinets Adds Austrian Sculp to His Belt Ornaments.

WE'LL STICK—Our History Has a Way of Repeating Itself.

NO WEDDING BELLS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I wish to express my appreciation of the editorial "Wedding Bells," which appeared in your paper on April 11.

I am now a casual and have four chevrons equally divided on my sleeves. I was in the Infantry, but I'm a Q.M. now in a venereal camp. My outfit is home and discharged.

My sweetheart expresses sympathy for me in my present condition and wishes me well. But she does not think she would care for a husband who could not respect the girl he had asked to be his wife. So she said goodbye.

I am not a venereal patient; have never been one. Neither am I responsible for my present condition. The Boche snipers are to blame. However, I am sending her your editorial in hopes that she may think better of her decision.

S. M. T.,
Hq. Co., Bussans.

ASK GRANDPA

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I would appreciate the answering of the following two questions in your next issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Why call an Infantryman a doughboy?

Why and where did the name "buck private" originate?

A. E. SANDERSON,
Air Service.

[The word "doughboy" originated in the Philippines. After a long march over extremely dusty roads the infantrymen came into camp covered with dust. The long hikes brought out the perspiration, and the perspiration mixed with the dust formed a substance resembling dough; therefore, their lucky brothers, the mounted soldiers, called them "doughboys."

A private was called a "buck" as far back as the Civil War. We have no Civil War veterans on the staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES, with the exception of a couple of typewriters and an alleged automobile, so we give up.

CENSORED O.K.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Why is it that we second lootes are the fall guys for all the bunk you fellows on THE STARS AND STRIPES hand out to the A.E.F.? I've read your columns since THE STARS AND STRIPES came into existence, and if I remember right you censored the very first issue with reference to "the poor loote."

I've even reached the point where I walk down the regimental street and salute sergeant majors. I'm even bawled out by corporals. Why not put us into squads and put a corporal over us?

A. L. FIRCH,
2nd Lt., Infantry.

Censored O.K. by
L. K. JOHNSON,
Corporal, Q.M. Corps.

"TEN YEARS"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

As an addition to your story on some of the old names in the A.E.F., let me add the following: picked from pay vouchers in the finance office, Hq., B.S. No. 2. I will say that these victims have all undergone the Sam-brownizing process, and I suppose I am liable to treason or lese majeste or something for taking their names in vain, but here goes.

First comes Lieut. Winter N. Snow, of the Air Service. I suppose that some mechanic could remark to his companion, "Snow is in the air," and the latter could reply, "Yes, Winter will be here soon" with perfect propriety, even in the middle of July. Everybody will agree that the place for Lieut. William E. Ford is in the Motor Transport Corps, but were I in need of denial attention I should hesitate before consulting Arthur E. Hurt, 1st Lieut., D.C.

It is common knowledge that many an American soldier is marrying a French girl, but I know of a captain who is Marion Nine. I have picked up a few stray francs from zealous payroll clerks who were willing to back financially their conviction that a man could not draw pay as a lieutenant and a Sergeant at the same time by showing them the voucher for Lieut. Donald E. Sergeant. Along the same line is the case of Lieutenant Major, a rank unheard of until prefaced by Lieutenant Major's first name of Joseph, and an Army-Navy mix-up is the first conclusion when one sees a Commodore who is a Lieutenant—Lieut. Commodore P. Stewart.

No officer should be broader, figuratively speaking, than a chaplain, but even the senior chaplain of Base 2 is Petty—Capt. Orville E. Petty.

Now, how many months at extra hard labor do you think I ought to get for this?

WANT A PICKLER? PLENTY AVAILABLE FROM ARMY RANKS

Or Personnel Bureau Can Supply Anybody from Diver to Dog Man

LIST A.E.F. BY VOCATION

704 Necessary Occupations Given for Smooth Operation of U.S. Army Machine

"Request names," read the new man in the personnel office of the Central Records Office, "request names of five men each with qualifications for the following occupations: pickler—good grief, what's a pickler?—dining car conductor—holly mackerel—pigeon fancier—great scotch cats—detective, mucker, inside train conductor, outside troublemaker, motion picture scene builder, epi-epi-epidemiologist—wot th—" "Say," he accented the sergeant major, "there's a general, or somebody, tryin' to kid us. Look at all these phony jobs he wants us to fill. What does he think we are, anyhow, a supply station for a side show?"

The sergeant major looked over the list. "There's nothing unusual about this. A pickler's a man who cleans metals by acid. They want the dining car conductor to take care of the eats somewhere. The pigeon fancier is to train carrier pigeons. The detective's probably for M.P. duty. A mucker is for mining or quarrying. These troublemakers are for worrying you are telephone repair men. They want the motion picture scene builders for camouflage work. An epidemiologist is a medical man experienced in infectious diseases. Sure, I guess we can supply all those all right."

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When it found, as had France and Great Britain, a need for greater man power in the more technical parts of the Army machine it promptly organized itself vocationally in a scientific and business-like manner. To achieve this result, the personnel bureau, attached to the Central Records Office, was organized on May 20, 1918, and continued in G.O. 100, June 20, 1918. To the records, and the personnel bureau, attached to the Central Records Office, was organized on May 20, 1918, and continued in G.O. 100, June 20, 1918. To the records, and the personnel bureau, attached to the Central Records Office, was organized on May 20, 1918, and continued in G.O. 100, June 20, 1918.

Following the organization of the personnel bureau, the entire A.E.F. was scoured for available material for specialized work. The result was the finding of a mass of material such as had never been suspected, and thousands of men, who otherwise would have remained buried in organizations in which they would have been unable to put their expert qualifications at the service of the Government, were found and placed where they could realize 100 per cent efficiency. Most organizations of the A.E.F. have been organized on such advantage that they now resemble well built watches, with the work of the personnel bureau as the balance wheel.

Whereas, in the past, armies have been organized as so many fighting and supply units, the individual is now taken through the vocational work of the department organization for his purpose. This has been demonstrated time after time when soldiers were taken from the front or from S.O.S. organizations, where they were doing nothing more than comes to the common lot of a soldier, and given a chance not only to keep in touch with their previous training, but also to give their greatest efforts toward the successful termination of the war. In this line the individual has made good to such an extent that he has been recognized as an exceptional material and commissioned a promotion that might have been extremely improbable under the old system.

Here, for instance, are a few requests which have been received in a few days by the personnel bureau and which are typical:

"Send names of twenty men with experience as cashier or treasurer of industrial or banking institutions."

"One hundred men whose special occupations appear in the records as 'Athletic Director,' 'Playground Director' or 'Athletic Coach or Trainer.'"

"Request names of a sufficient number of translators to provide for the translation of French, German, Russian, Italian, Hungarian, Serbian, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Polish, Japanese, Chinese, Czech, Spanish, Portuguese, Rumanian and Persian."

"Request names of ten expert comptometer operators."

"Request names, rank and station of 12 enlisted men speaking the Alsatian dialect."

They're All in the Army Now

And, just to show that none of the information you set down on your qualifications cards back in the preliminary days when you made them out went to waste, here are a few oddities in that list of 704 occupations which are considered essential for the proper conduct of this A.E.F. of ours:

Bulletin painter, outdoor advertiser, scenery painter, water and ice bacteriologist, piano tuner, confessor, killer butcherer, circus tent man, police investigator, hay and grain merchant, nitre bluer, topman (mining), carguarder, psychologist, dog trainer, sucker-up or holder-on (structural steel work), swimmer, braindoctor, hairdresser, sewing machine operator, undertaker and—even reporter and editor.

A consolidation of vocational strength for the entire A.E.F. has been prepared for record purposes, and the statistical value of this is such that it will require years for the American people, knowing little of the real requirements of war, to appreciate the vocational strength of the Army which served in France, Belgium, Italy, Russia and Germany. This report, containing 95 pages, each 16x22 inches, is now in possession of General Headquarters.

AFTERWARDS

The years go by and a man forgets
Old barricades in the bitter fray;
The ancient wrongs and the dull regrets
He knew so well in a younger day;
The slogging hikes and the sudden fears
That haunted him in the mud and rain
Are gilded soon in the passing years,
Wiped clean again of the crimson stain.

"Never again"—is the doughboy's cry,
And deep in his soul he means it all;
But after the months have drifted by,
He leans again to the bugle call;
Soon forgetting the army slum,
The blasting shell in the swampy glen,
His dreams sweep back to the rolling drum
And a life on the open road again.

The reveille of a rainy dawn—
An endless road with a gun and pack;
A "bawling out" where the line is drawn
With never a chance to answer back;
Broken dreams where the Fokkers drift,
Even the stockade, dull and gray,
Drudgeries of a K.P. shift—
"They all look good when you're far away."

—Grantland Rice.



TO MY SOLDIER,
By a Red Cross Girl.

Think of me waiting, as the old house waits—
(Door on the far, the latch-string always out.)
Rooms left unchanged, fires in the cheery grates,
The same familiar knick-knacks strewn about.

And like the lamp that never fails at night—
Its wordless welcome from the porch to burn.
Know that my love grows with a constant light,
Pointing the path till home your foot-steps turn.

—Cro (Central Records Office).

Our idea of a Sammie is a person who hasn't been roughened by experience—whose fond units are afraid to call him "Sam" for fear he'll want to "sew" "longies." The long and short of it (the Texas and Rhode Island of it, as it were) is that we are NOT Sammies. Neither are we Claudius or Percival or Wilbur, or Toof Guys.—Lorraine Cross (79th Division).

Life's Darkest Moments: Personal of the evacuation lists.—Mehun News (Ordnance Troops, A.P.O. 741).

A large colored boy in the front rank was bothered by the fire of the machine gun behind him who had a great deal of trouble keeping in step. Finally, in sheer desperation, the big lunk turned and exclaimed: "Boy, if you all don't stop tryin' tuh climb mah spinal column in that mannah, I's so kwine tuh demobilize yo' in fo' counts."—Cro (Central Records Office).

An article in THE STARS AND STRIPES contains the statement, "Stick to your job." Well, we're stickin' 'em in—we're Reprimand (Overhaul Park 731, M.I.S.U. 305).

At first she wrote him every day. Always with a hug and kiss. She wrote to him so often that the system of the war was changed. And then one day he mailed away. And forgot that hug and kiss. And began to write her letters.

Gandy Dancer (11th Company, Transportation Corps, 11th Grand Division).

Did you ever talk with a British soldier? Here are some of the words he uses, most of which you won't find in any dictionary:

Topce: The tin hat.
Tamboo: Fox hole.
Buckshee: Extra; buckshee lully means extra willie.
Kulle: Rifle.
Cump: A.G.I. can at the front.
—Coolie (9th Infantry).

How many of you know what these words mean? They were once ordinary words in every soldier's talk: The bean-shooter, so over the hill, hobtail, kangaroo

LOST A BARRACKS BAG? ASK GIEVRES

200,000 of 'Em Are Down
There and the Detail
Wants to Go Home

Maybe it is rather odd, but the men of the Central Baggage Office at Gievres really want to go home.

But what is more odd is that they can't go home unless about 200,000 members of the A.E.F., whose barracks bags are in Gievres, write to Gievres, describe their bags and have them sent to them.

"Help us find the owners of these bags, and thus help us get home," might be said then, to be the new slogan of the toilers at this port of missing blue cloth containers.

Of the 200,000 barracks bags in the warehouses, about 15,000 have only the names of the owners on them. Hundreds belong to men who were formerly with divisions or organizations but who have been dropped from divisional rosters, so it is news is received that a man's former division has sailed he doesn't get the idea that his baggage went with it.

The Central Baggage Office, the address of which, incidentally, is A.P.O. 713, American E.F., is awfully the friend of the enlisted man. It wants to hear of his baggage troubles in order to remedy them if possible. It insists, however, on his full name, rank and serial number, and the name of the organization of which he was a member when he came to France.

If he lists a few of the personal but distinctive articles which he left in the bag, so much the better, but he needn't for the love of Mike, any toothbrush or trench mirror or anything of those things with which 2,000,000 of the rest of the A.E.F. also possess—or used to possess. But that picture of "TIEP," for instance, or of the folks, or a description of those blue silk pajamas or yellowish necktie some big-hearted hunt wished on him at the training camp is what the Gievres office wants. They are the things that help find lost baggage. And every bag mislaid should describe in detail all the markings on the bag.

If a man is in France or in Germany, in his letter to the Central Baggage Office, he should say where he wished the bag sent. If the bag is not in the warehouse, the office will try to find it for him.

hobtail, coffee cooler, eagle screams, punk dogs, hombre, pronto, yellow-legs, wagon heys.—Coolie (9th Infantry).

Any one in possession of a longer name than this one—Allen Cranberry Thurman George Aloysius Smith—will be awarded the rubber cruller, until now the undisputed property of Lieut. A. G. T. G. A. Smith.—Let's Go (M.T.R.P., A.P.O. 772).

"Say, what would you rather be, a lieutenant with a bar on your shoulder or a civilian with your shoulder on a bar?"—Courier (Base Section No. 2).

My parents told me not to smoke. I don't.

Nor listen to a naughty joke. I don't.

They tried to clear I mustn't wink. At pretty girls, or even think. About intoxicating drink. I don't.

To flirt or dance is very wrong. I don't.

Wild youth chase women, wine and song. I don't.

I kiss no girls, not even one. I do not know how it is done. You wouldn't think I had much fun. I don't.

—Rumbler (Advance Overhaul Park, T-1).

Blessed be the soldier that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed. Qu'est-ce Que C'est (American Students, University of Toulouse).

The S.O.S. initials may mean any of the following: Sonny's Own Sons, Stuck Overboard, Sailing Orders Sometime, Seconds On Slum.—Courier (Base Section No. 2).

NOTE.

All members of this detachment will have their clothes pressed at least once each week. The supply officer will furnish barracks for enlisted men while their uniforms are being pressed. Apply between 2:45 and 2:50, to supply officer.—Les Benux Jour (Students at University of Poitiers).

Weather Forecast—It was pretty nice for a while, wasn't it?—Pontanezan Duckboard (Camp Pontanezan, Great).

Joe Elverson, the efficient top kick of Headquarters Troop, stopped us the other day and said, "What's all this I hear about your paper saying top sergeants are no good and ought to be sent home?"

"It's a base libel," we said, "where's nothing to it at all." We then went on to explain how the policy of this paper has always been one of reserved friendship toward all top kickers.

"Absolutely," we never said they ought to be sent home. We think they ought to be kept over here until the last round is mended, the last mule salvaged, the last street polished.

It is from us to suggest that the country has the services of such valuable men.—Lorraine Cross (79th Division).

he is sailing before it could possibly get to him, he should give the address in the States where he wishes it sent. The office wants to reunite him and his belongings, and will make every effort to do so.

If the office cannot find a man's bag and he can prove that it was lost, and can certify as to the value of the lost articles, then in accordance with Bulletin 105, G.I. Q. 1918, there's a way of being reimbursed.

As applied to clothes, ours are worryproof.

Years of successful trading have proved that all-wool fabrics plus highest type of tailoring satisfy most men.

The occasional worrier gets his moneyback!

Everything men and boys wear.

ROGERS PEET COMPANY
Broadway at 18th St. "The Four Corners" Fifth Ave. at 41st St.
Broadway at Warren

NEW YORK CITY

"Always put off until tomorrow the worrying you could do today."

Years of successful trading have proved that all-wool fabrics plus highest type of tailoring satisfy most men.

The occasional worrier gets his moneyback!

Everything men and boys wear.

YANKEES ARE GONE BUT LORRAINE HAS MEMORIES FOREVER

Shaft in Ruined Town Honors First Americans Killed in Action

OLD INHABITANT TALKS

Tells Tale of Peaceful Days in "Bon Secteur" Before Men from Overseas Arrived

In most of the towns and villages which mark the sectors southeast of Nancy, where American soldiers entered the trenches for the first time, the people have forgotten what Americans are like. A stray soldier in olive drab is a sensation. The children run after him in the street, but they have become so unfamiliar with the manners and customs of the animal that they never mention cigarettes or chewing gum.

In all that Lorraine countryside from St. Nicholas to Baccarat, where the 1st, 42nd, 37th and 77th Divisions got their baptism of fire, there are only a few striking reminders that America, after all, had some part in the war. One is the lone cluster of M.P.'s stationed at Lunéville under the delusion that AWOLs might invade the town, as if a man on a spree would ever think of going to Lunéville.

Another is the flashy painting of the Statue of Liberty which smiles the eye of every stranger who enters the public square at Evilly. It occupies the whole side of a house, for all the world like an American breakfast food advertisement, and it is all that is left of some Franco-American fête celebrated in the days when France was all agog over American intervention in the war.

Then, remote, solitary, impressive, stands the white memorial shaft which the good people of Lorraine reared among the ruins of Buthémont les Bains. In honor of the first three American soldiers to be killed in action. All around it is desolation, fields still denuded from the long absence of the plow, dugouts and trenches undisturbed save by the soft spring rains, and wire everywhere. The village is on a hilltop and the white shaft is visible from far across the rolling countryside.

On one side the inscription reads:

First Three Killed in Action

"Here, in the soil of Lorraine, lie the first three American soldiers killed by the enemy, November, 1917, Cpl. J. B. Gressard (of Evansville, Ind.), Corporal F. E. Wright (of Pittsburgh), Pvt. Merle D. Hay (of Glidden). As sons worthy of their great and noble nation, they fought for right, for liberty, for civilization against German imperialism, the curse of the human race. They died on the field of honor."

Not there in the square, but a stone's throw away, in the field that slopes down from the settlement the three, all of Company F, 16th Infantry, are buried—buried in a little American cemetery of 12 graves, each grave sodded and planted with flowers, some of the crosses decorated with metal medallions that show the crossed flags of France and America. The whole cemetery is marked by a great cross of birchwood, with the figure of Christ nailed to it. It is very different from the hasty graveyards that had to be made in the later days when our dead numbered thousands.

The other nine soldiers who lie in that first of our battlefield cemeteries are:

Cpl. Russell W. Sprague, Company C, 1st Engineers.

Pvt. Harry L. Miller, Battery F, 5th Field Artillery.

Pvt. Charles Bismiller, Battery F, 5th Field Artillery.

Pvt. Harry Meyers, Company A, 26th Infantry.

Pvt. Peter Wojtalewicz, Company K, 18th Infantry.

Pvt. Earle E. Aurand, Company I, 26th Infantry.

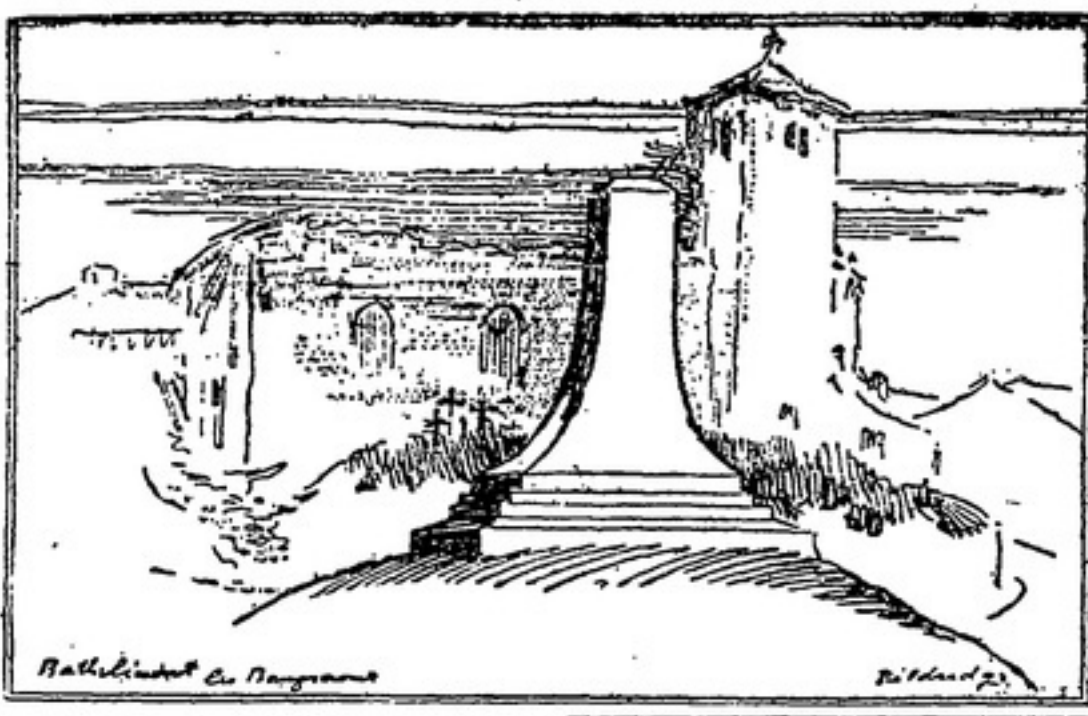
Pvt. Abraham Meadows, Headquarters Company, 26th Infantry.

Sgt. John F. Czajka, Company I, 26th Infantry.

Pvt. Stanley Janowicz, Company I, 26th Infantry.

The German raid in which Glidden, Enright and Hay were killed is a legend now.

WHERE FIRST DEAD LIE



in Buthémont les Bains. The old one-legged Frenchman who holds out to greet the occasional pilgrim will, as he sits on the wall smoking an American cigarette, tell all about the heroism shown that night. He will tell, too, how it was the coming of the Americans which brought ruin to the previously undisturbed village on the hill.

It Was "Un Bon Secteur"

"Yes, we were close to the line," he says. "There are the French trenches just over the crest of that hill. But it was un bon secteur. Until the Americans came the Germans had very few guns opposite us, and they never fired them. In the first three years not a shell struck in the town. We could go and come in peace. Then the Americans came and, mon Dieu, what they did pull the strings of their guns. All day and all night, Monsieur. And the Germans were furious and began hitting out right and left. Still, what would you? If they had not come our houses would be whole today, but poor Buthémont, it would be a German town. That was a long time ago, and life is very hard here now. We have to journey far for ravitaillement. C'est la misère. Are there any American troops left now in France, Monsieur?"

He might hobble far through that part of Lorraine without finding an answer to his question. Sommerviller can hardly remember whether it was the dust-covered wooden barracks or the Marlie which sheltered our first divisional headquarters in the line. That was back in October, 1917, when Major General Sibert was coming to the 1st Division and the troops had gone into the trenches brigaded with the French, long before the communiques first told the world that we had taken over a sector "northwest of Toul."

But if that land of lace and glass and model workmen's cottages has been drained of Americans ever since the 37th shook the dust of lineament from their feet last September, there is a still older American area which is still populous with Yankee troops. That is the first training area around Gondrecourt, into which the men of the first contingent were introduced while the world was still echoing from the thunder of our first Fourth of July in Paris. All the first training villages are now in possession of the 8th Division, and in Menaucourt, where the Marines were put through their first paces and, greatly bored, were obliged to listen to a lot of stuff about trench warfare, the 35th Infantry is in undisturbed possession.

"This used to be the old Marine headquarters, didn't it?" asks the three-stripe passer-by.

"I don't know," replies one of the present occupants. "When are we going home?"

"I don't know," says the three-stripe passer-by.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

Valpar Varnish has been "doing its bit" in the aviation service of the Allies ever since the war started. It is accepted as the standard varnish for airplanes and seaplanes, as well as for all other varnish purposes.

VALENTINE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

10,000 IN TANK CORPS THANKED BY C-IN-C.

Organization Was on Way to Becoming Biggest of Its Kind

The ten thousand-odd officers and enlisted men who comprised the Tank Corps of the A.E.F. have been officially commended by the C-in-C.

At the conclusion of hostilities the Tank Corps organization had become a formidable force, and had the war continued America would have had a tank service in the field greater than any of the Allies.

A letter written by General Pershing to Brig. Gen. S. D. Lockenbach, commander of the Tank Corps, follows:

"Now that active operations have ceased and many of your personnel are returning home for an early separation from the service, I desire to express to you, and through you to the officers and enlisted men of the Tank Corps, my appreciation of the work that the Corps accomplished."

"From the beginning its history has been a consistent up-hill fight for accomplishment against almost unsurmountable difficulties in the way of obtaining tanks for training or for fighting. Due to untiring efforts, a certain limited number were obtained from our Allies, the Corps was recruited from the pick of the personnel of all arms of the service, tank schools were started on a practical basis in France and England and by the middle of summer the Corps took the field with several battalions. Its history in active operation, though short, is a bright and glorious one. In both the American offensives at St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne of the First American Army, it was of material assistance in the advance. In the breach of the Hindenburg line with the British near Le Cateau it also won glory. The high percentage of casualties among officers and men tells the tale of splendid morale and gallantry in action of your personnel and of their unselfish devotion to duty."

"It gives me great pleasure to thank all officers and enlisted men of the Tank Corps, and in the name of their comrades of the American Expeditionary Forces, to convey our appreciation and admiration of their splendid work and gallant record."



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The Rich Satisfying Substantial Kind—

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Since 1842 by
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The Stars and Stripes
Remember

If it hasn't this Red Hoven Label
MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
It isn't B.V.D. Underwear

THE B.V.D. COMPANY
NEW YORK

CONGOLEUM Gold Seal ART-RUGS

When you get back to the good old U.S.A., don't fail to have the dealer in your home town show you the latest patterns.

Congoleum is the famous American floor-covering—beautiful, durable, waterproof and sanitary, yet low-priced.

It is not only made in the form of Art-Rugs, but also in Art-Carpets (3 yards wide) and Congoleum (2 yards wide) for use over the entire floor.

It comes in a wide range of artistic designs suitable for any room where a low-priced floor-covering is desired. Look for the Gold Seal when you buy.

The Congoleum Company
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Boston The Company Chicago



YOU can tell the wearers of the Boston Garter—but you can't tell them much about garters. ["Hut Stuff"] You know them by the neat appearance of their ankles and they know all that is worth knowing about garters.

Every Buddy Knows the
Boston Garter

—Bv WALLGREN

[illegible]

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is not only economical—
al. It saves its blades in
aves blades, but it keeps
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