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.

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

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

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

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G-2-D, A.E.F., 32 Rue Taitbout, Paris, France. Telephone: Gutenberg, 12-95.

FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1919.

FLEECING!

Imagine the reception Jason would have gotten at the court of Pelias had he returned with, instead of the Golden Fleece, the lame excuse that the baggage or embarkation officials had stripped him of his hard-won souvenir.

That ridiculous situation now confronts many a member of an expedition returning home after having successfully gotten, not the fleece, but the whole goat, of a certain gentleman quite as hard to cope with as the ancient King of Colchis and his corps of armed men.

For what member of the A.E.F. hasn't promised the folks at home a souvenir? "What'd you bring me?" is one of those second-nature greetings, generally supposed to be the property of children, that seems to have spread like measles and whooping-cough among the grown-ups since November 11, 1918.

In reply to which, it seems that, while some of us can dig down in the old barrack bag and bring forth that German helmet for Little Brother, that pair of shell vases for the family mantel-piece, that pipe for Dad, that cameo for Mamma, that head purse for Sister, and perhaps something small and round in a little box for Somebody Else, others of us must spend the rest of our lives explaining what became of ours.

Not that we can ever do it. All responsible deny responsibility. The embarkation authorities repudiate any connection with the mysterious loss of souvenirs. The Baggage service goes even further. "Why, that's not handling baggage," declares its chief; "that's grand larceny."

One has need of the old jingle to recall who at the fat and who ate the lean in the Spratt family, but the fact that the platter was licked clean rests quite clear in everybody's mind.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Some members of the A.E.F. whose knowledge of the French language and literature has increased in geometric progression with their added service stripes are inclined at times to grow a little hot under the already hot enough blouse collar when they see fun poked at them and theirs in the French comic press. In fact, some of them have openly expressed a desire to indulge in that old-fashioned pastime, once rampant in the Far West and Farthest South, of horse-whipping the editor.

Yet stay, brethren; all nations must have their little jokes at one another's expense. Have you forgotten Alphonse and Gaston of America comic supplement fame? Don't you recall the typical French count of the typical American-made musical comedy? And, after all, you must admit that, even as Alphonse and Gaston and the count were irresistibly funny from our standpoint, some of our number—naming no names and mentioning no branches (or grades) of the service—must, in their transplanted environment, inevitably appeal strongly to the Gallic sense of the ridiculous.

The only way out that we can see is to call, promptly and properly, those brother Yanks who will insist on making themselves—and the rest of us, because of the uniform—uncomfortably ridiculous in and out of season, and thereby furnishing the artists and text-writers with their themes. But after all, what of it if the Paris illustrators and master-craftsmen of barbed wit do get into us a little? They'll never, never convince old Madame Martine up Verdun way and little Pierre and Odette in St. Mihiel that we are anything but the most wonderful, wonderful soldiers in the world.

POLITICS

The returning Yank is in politics. Turn over the old home sheet and you will see where the lad that beat you back has announced his candidacy for some office that Old Man Jones used to carry on his Civil War Record.

Young blood is getting in. Brass bands, D.S.C.'s and golden chevrons—what voter can resist the temptation?

Still there is a field for the honest Yank to ponder. Who is not sick of graft; who would not recognize it? We used to smile over the home sheet when we were there—but here in France it's a different proposition. We want that smokestack over on the brewery—no, not the brewery, the milk plant—changed so it won't blow soot on Mrs. Smith's washing. We want to plant some blades of grass where they never dreamed of having them before—we want a little monument over there—we want Main Street just a little wider—and we want—we want a lot of things. We are going back to see that they are done, and if they need the Yank pep that chased the Hun out of St. Mihiel and a few other such places like the Argonne—if they want that kind of pep in politics—why, the Yanks are ready to give it to them.

The Yank in politics—sure—why not?

MISS NICOTINE

If reports of the antics of the antis are true, then the Cigarette Siren is a gone goddess. But there is a consolation in the fact that the anti-tobacconists are only hoping to be taken seriously. When 2,000,000 Yanks get back, there will be among them enough soapbox orators to champion the lady against the moral pedagogue.

But the Yanks will not be needed if it comes to a show down. The fanatics are tripping themselves up to the point of amusement that approaches disgust. Witness the following statement from the pulpit of a New Jersey church conference, and quoted as far west as Colorado:

"If deprived of their smokes for an hour they became so shaken that they could not hold their guns and had to be taken out of the trenches."

Dr. Clarence True Wilson is quoted as adding to his statement the further story of a friend whose life had been ministerial until he entered the welfare work of the Y.M.C.A. Among the duties of this former clergyman in France was the harrowing experience of lighting one cigarette after another that he might have them ready for unnerved soldiers deprived of their hop. The noble sacrifice, Dr. Wilson told the members of that congregation of ministers, had made of his friend an addicted cigarette smoker.

Pity the poor little Red Cross girl who must go back with the stain of a cigarette on her fingers, just from giving them away! Clasp your hands in horror over the picture of the A.E.F. degenerates that have been hurled to damnation in a dope-fiend fury created by the very public for which they were fighting! How horrible the tableaux are as they present themselves to our imaginations!

But, say, maybe we are still lying up there in the trenches—Peace may be only a hop-fiend's dream—

Douse that cigarette and pinch yourself!

TRUTHFUL LIARS

Not everybody is to blame for all the faults laid on his shoulders. Ananias may have been an eminently truthful gentleman who suffered from having been misquoted by a too ardent reporter.

Thus it is that, while THE STARS AND STRIPES has been branding certain flagrant untruths which have been appearing frequently in American newspapers condemning the broadcast recital of heroic deeds which returning soldiers obviously could not have performed, and the wearing of certain decorations which they obviously could not have rightfully worn, it has not been invariably the fault of the warrior.

Met at the pier or the railroad station by a newspaper man and questioned about his performances in the war, he may very likely have replied, "Oh, shut up. I want to get home and see the folks. I didn't do a blame thing in the war."

But that isn't what newspapers are after. Columns cannot be filled with stories of people who didn't do anything—or say they didn't, at any rate. And the city editor had told the reporter to get a good story out of this bird. So the reporter abandoned facts and delved into imagination, which is a much less troublesome source from which to extract material for copy.

Take a typical instance. Ex-Pvt. Buck Smith alights from the train at Jonesville and is accosted by the representative of the town newspaper. But Buck isn't interested in the newspaper at that time. He wants to see what the old house and the folks and Maggie look like after all these months. So he politely shakes the reporter and goes his way.

Naturally, the reporter has to do something. He spies some service stripes on Buck and, without the slightest notion what they are all about, hies him back to the office to pound out the following:

"Lieut. Buck Smith"—Lieut. looks so much better than Pvt., and, besides, Buck may have been promoted—"has just returned after having taken a glorious part in the war. He led the glorious charge in the battle of Tours, for which he received the Victoria Cross from the King of France, and also wears the Order of King Arthur, the Order of the Royal Garter, three fourragères, and a lot of other things. Jonesville is proud indeed of her distinguished son."

Next day Buck sees the paper and goes down and licks the editor. But the damage is done. And across the sea certain members of Buck's old outfit get the paper and cuss Buck up and down for a three-star liar. They're off'n that guy for life.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!

"I think anybody who has any control over a young woman is doing very wrong to let her go to France and entertain soldiers, dance with them, and so on. . . . Human nature is the same on the Marne as on Broadway. . . . Canteen workers and entertainers were not necessary."

This from Miss Elizabeth Marbury, a self-appointed investigator or something like that, who gave vent to her opinions in New York on the eve of her sixtieth trip to Europe.

Ain't it the truth? Think how much better a man you would be today if you had been left alone with your innocent imaginings and your boulevard mademoiselles and all that. But instead you were lured away to some lowly canteen by a siren girl worker to satiate your dissipated appetite with roast beef and potatoes, and maybe you actually indulged in vicious conversation, asking her whether she ever met Sadie Smith the time she went to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, because Sadie is your girl. And then you may have sunk to such depths of depravity as to show her Sadie's picture, and this scarlet vampire of a canteen worker actually admitted that she looked real nice.

Or it's possible that you forgot home and mother long enough to go to one of their awful entertainments. There you heard an American girl sing American songs and accompany herself on an American piano. You were so glad to see her that you could have kissed her, which shows how damnably dangerous she was. But in the cold, gray dawn of the morning after, you thought it over with your face suffused with crimson blushes, and wished—oh, how you wished!—that you hadn't allowed your young, virile manhood to be blasted by her songs of "My Old Kentucky Home," but had been left to spend your guileless evening in that little joint down the line where they serve you cognac in coffee cups at a franc and a half a hoist.

But virtue will triumph. Thank God for the Miss Elizabeth Marburys who make 60 trips to Europe, as self-appointed investigators or something like that, to lead us out of temptation and deliver us from evil.

Wouldn't our morals be the rotten old things without 'em?

The Army's Poets

SPRING AT HOME

It's spring at home.
At home, in spring
There comes to pass a lovely thing:
For, in the woods we used to roam,
Violets bloom and thrushes sing;
An earthly scent from the black loam
Breathes warm in spring.

At home in spring.
If I were back,
My love and I would take the pack
This Sunday morn, when everything
Is gay along our woody track
And the green bluffs are beckoning
Us to come back.

If I were back!
But I am here.
It's spring here, too; the skies are clear,
The bluffs are green, and there's a track
That makes my heart ache, it's so near
The like of ours. The aimless, slack
Feeling of spring is here.

But I am here
And you are there.
The more the woods are green and fair
The more my heart aches to be near
Your woman's heart that used to share
My springs. What can spring bring in Trier
With me here—and you there?

SANFORD R. GIFFORD,
M.C., E.H. No. 19.

OBLIGATO

Above the whine of steel on stone,
The creek of pack, the jar of feet,
From half-closed shutters to the street
There comes a fiddle's furtive moan.
The house is scarred with spattered shell,
The courtyard felt the greycoat's heel,
And deeper scars within reveal
Where on the earth his shadow fell.
Here hope and speech were chilled for long,
But, as the conqueror's conqueror comes,
Drab, grim and sure, without gay drums,
Tears melt the chill and start the song,
Heart glad with tears,
Pray let me in
To weep beside your violin.

For I, too, greet the tread of days,
Still harsh, but healing with the sword:
And sorrow, stirring, makes a chord
At first in plaint, but then in praise
For I have learned that pain kills pain
And know the petty demons fly
Where giants blaspheme earth and sky
Here long-locked lips may move again;
So wistfully
My heart slips in
To hope beside your violin.

H. R. B., Art.

"RENDER UNTO CAESAR"

The years had flown and I stood in awe
Before the gates of another world
And I watched the phantom hosts of war
In silence pass the gates of pearl.

At first came generals, old and gray—
Then colonels, majors and the rest;
And as the sentry blocked the way,
They said, "Let's pass, we've stood the test."

Far down the line, with wearied step,
Approached a soldier, bent and worn;
His ragged form showed loss of pep;
His ill-matched clothes were old and torn.

"Halt! Whose there?" the sentry frowns,
"And what were you in this great war?
For only those who wore Sam Brownes
Can gain admittance at this door."

"I'm just a buck from the big advance,
Who smiled at the vaulting tricks of fate;
I grinned at death and its fighting chance,
And now I deserve to pass that gate.

"At Ebermay, where the Marne ran red,
And the doughboys filled the Hun with fear,
We saw no painted signs which said:
'Enlisted Men Cannot Come Here!'

"We privates had a gruelling fight,
And in this place we'll not be barred."
And the sentry said, "Old pal, you're right."
Then he bellowed loud, "Turn out the guard!"

HOWARD A. HERTY.

BALLADE OF GREAT AIRMEN

Icarus crashed on altitude through low grade motor oil,
The bus of Archimedes slipped from grinding of the gears,
Elijah's *non-stop* flight, to date, with motor at the boil
(Since no one checked his barograph) less credible appears,
Darius Green's cheval de bois, in spite of current jeers,
Was but the obvious result when one with such a *flair*
Pulls prematurely on the steak—enough of these careers!
For now the sun is darkened, and brave warriors keep the air.

Prof. Langley's megatherium was quite au fait with Hoyle,
Though it could only cut the grass for twenty-seven years,
The Wrights, who glided with a heap of wheel-*parts and tin-foil*,
Confirmed, pro-tempore at least, the worst ornithic fears;
But Blériot was privileged of stumping all the seers
When he skimmed the cliffs of Dover with eleven feet to spare
In a 20 H.P. mousetrap and a tempest like *King Lear's*;
And now the sun is darkened, and brave warriors keep the air.

What shall we say of those who, dead today in honor, spoil
The foeman as of old? Their wing-tips are like gleaming spears,
Luminous o'er the land they guarded once—the sacred soil
Of France—Guynemer, Ball, Lufberry, far above whose biers,
Rough mounds somewhere in the cratered hell below, their peers
Who live but less: Fonck, Bishop, Thaw, D'Annunzio, still dare
Deeds epic and deeds knightly for the truth? —not praise, nor tears,
But now the sun is darkened, and brave warriors keep the air!

L'Envoi

O Prince of them that burn and cringe, lay waste the earth with sneers,
Protesting, while the temples fall, how hard the task to bear,
The droning of wings of destiny is in your ears:
See: Now the sun is darkened and brave warriors keep the air!

JOSEPH GISH.

WON OVER

Before I came over here soldiering
I was always the man inside,
And, I guess, if I hadn't put on O.D.
I'd have been there right up till I died.

The office desk as my battle ground,
My ledger the foe in the fight—
An electric light was my sun by day,
And often my moon at night.

But now I've been out in the great outside
I've opened my eyes to it all:
It's wooed me right here in the open air
And, gosh, how it's made me fall.

I've hiked in a sun that was blistering hot,
Often toted a pack through the rain,
But they've won me away from the roll top day
And I'll never go back again.

LLOYD M. THOMAS,
Lieut. Inf.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A BARRACKS

(Thanking Mr. Gray)

The bugler blows first call of coming day,
The drizzling rains upon the barracks sweep
The doughboys stir but in their bunks they stay
And lazily fall back to pleasant sleep.

Now comes a distant call of reveille,
And all the world is silent, chill and damp,
Save where the doughboys wrapped in blankets stay,
And echoed snores resound throughout the camp.

Save that from yonder nicely furnished room,
The hard-boiled top does to the clerk complain
That doughboys there prefer to sleep till noon,
And vows he'll chase them out into the rain.

Beneath the time worn shack the top appears,
Where flows the rain in many a steady stream,
Each in a narrow bunk but naught he fears
The raving they will substitute for dream.

A call upon his whistle, breathing scorn,
Is followed by the top's gruff voice to bawl—
"Get up, you lazy dogs, d'you know it's morn,
You fellers sure have got a lot of gall."

EDGAR BEATTY.

THE PROMISED LAND

OUR OWN GEOGRAPHY

PART 1. AMERICA GENERALLY

1. Seas, Etc.

1. The huge land mass known as AMERICA, the New World, the United States, the Land of the Free, and by other terms, extends from:
   a. The ATLANTIC OCEAN to
   b. The PACIFIC OCEAN or
   c. Vice-versa.

2. No other OCEANS are included in this stretch of territory, but there are a number of RIVERS, MOUNTAINS and other interesting NATURAL FEATURES, too complex for this GEOGRAPHY to have space to describe.

3. It may be mentioned, however, that among the principal MOUNTAIN RANGES are the Berkshire Hills and the Ozarks; and among the chief RIVERS the Santa Cruz in Arizona and the Quoquinnapasacasa-Anananagnog in New Hampshire. There are NATURAL FEATURES in almost every State.

2. American Peoples

1. The earliest American peoples was the INDIANS, who combined great skill with the Bow and Arrow with great love for Fire Water. All three institutions are now practically extinct.

2. Other and later American Peoples are ENGLISH, FRENCH, EX-GERMANS, IRISH, SCOTCH, RUSSIANS, JEWS, ITALIANS, GREEKS, POLES, PORTUGUESE, SPANIARDS, SERBIANS and many, many others.

3. The third and last type of American Peoples is AMERICANS, who still survive in isolated sections.

Questions

1. In what American city was Christopher Columbus born?
2. What are the principal mountain peaks in central Iowa? Is Kansas navigable in a 40-foot boat?
3. Describe the flora and fauna of America. What does a garlic blossom look like? Why does the rubber plant thrive only in Brooklyn? Does a Mexican jumping bean jump or only hop?
4. In which direction would you travel in going from east to west?
5. What is the best cure for rattlesnake bites?

PART 2. AMERICAN HISTORY

1. Wars, Etc.

1. America has warred with:
   a. England
   b. Mexico.
   c. Herself.
   d. Spain
   e. Germany
   f. Austria
   g. Prohibition

2. In compliance with the MONROE DOCTRINE and similar documents, America took on the last three named at once.

2. Political Parties

1. Political Parties in America consist of:
   a. Prohibitionists
   b. Whigs
   c. Anti-Federalists
   d. Republicans, Democrats, etc.

Education

1. Education is coming along swell at present.

Miscellaneous and General

1. America possesses many things of a miscellaneous and general character.

Questions

1. Describe the Keeley Institute.
2. What was the result of the Third Punic War?
3. What direct effect did the Boxer uprising have upon the administration of Rutherford B. Hayes? Why not?

A YANK MARKET

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Having read the other day how eagerly the German plenipotentiaries at Versailles were buying Paris newspapers printed in English, I hastened to buy up all of the papers at the boulevard kiosks and took them out to the Hotel des Reservoirs. They sold out in ten minutes at five francs each.

This prompted me to inquire into the other wants of the Boche delegation. I found them crazy for souvenirs, and was soon able to supply several American steel helmets, which brought 200 francs each, while French helmets were worth 100 francs.

American automatics were good for any price I wanted to ask, while Yank belt buckles went quickly at 20 francs a throw. I had to cut some off on the spot from doughboys who were on a Y. M. C. A. sightseeing tour.

Gas masks also netted a neat profit. The Boche are crazy for American cigarettes and soap, while chocolate goes fast at three or four times the commissary price.

I am now so rushed with orders that I have no time to get into Paris to lay in a stock. I am doing business through the fence around the palace park. Bulky articles are being tossed over, but not until the money is handed through the bars.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am going to leave for the States in a day or two and I'm no hog. I think you ought to let the boys all in on this good thing. It's my own idea, but I claim no royalties. Any doughboy who has been in the Army of Occupation knows what it is worth to get into the souvenir trade on a rising market.

IZZIE SHARPENSTEIN.
Pvt. Salvage Brigade.

A MOTHER'S THANKS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In answer to an article printed in your issue of March 7, I would say that "One of the Boys" is right. Little credit is given these women who went over under such trying circumstances. Recently I read an editorial in a Hudson County (New Jersey) paper headed: "What are we going to do for the Red Cross Nurses?" There are entertainments of all kinds given to the returned soldier, but nothing is done for that noble band of hard-worked, nerve-wracked women.

In all the drives we were told to give, and to give until it hurt. We gave, and we gave what was more precious to us, our daughters; but when we read such articles as yours we know that we have not given in vain and, in the name of one of them, I thank you.

THE MOTHER OF AN ARMY NURSE,
Cliffside, N. J.

WHAT'D BE SLICKER?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Inasmuch as this seems to be the open season for contests, I enter myself as candidate for the championship of the A.E.F. Slicker Loses. The conditions of the competition to be:

Each contestant to range himself beside a Q.M. warehouse (regulation size), filled with slickers to within seven inches of roof.

At a given signal, each to start losing slickers.

All slickers subsequently recovered to be deducted from contestant's score. (In a spirit of fairness I give warning that none of the 2,788,842 slickers lost by me has ever been seen again).

First man to empty warehouse completely to win the prize of a hand-embroidered umbrella.

Competition to be held on a comparatively dry day.

Supply sergeants to be excluded.

TRICK NON-COM.

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of May 24, 1918.

10,000 TONS DAILY AMERICA'S REPLY TO SHIP PROBLEM—Workers Seeking Record Cut Lunch Hour and Run to Jobs.

TWO BLACK YANKS SMEAR 21 HUNS; BIG SECRET OUT—Station Porter and Elevator Boy Win Croix de Guerre.

NO MORE PARCELS, SAYS P.O. ORDER—Ruling Forbids Sending of Even Requisitioned Material.

FRENCH WILL JOIN IN MEMORIAL DAY—Dead of Both Nations to Be Honored at Many A.E.F. Posts.

800,000 SOLDIERS OWN LIBERTY BONDS—Every Federal Reserve District Beats Quota in Recent Drive.

OUR LEGION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

There is much talk to the effect that the soldier organizations are to be used for political purposes and a lot of other such rot. Well, what in the name of time do they suppose they are to be used for? Our battle over here is not finished until we apply the 14 points of President Wilson to the United States and make the country a better place to live in, with laws that will provide a surer and better share of the profits to the workers, whether they be shovelers or bank clerks. We must have honesty in politics and get rid of the ring that makes for favoritism and graft.

If this is what the American Legion stands for, then you will find that the men who joined the colors will be for it, one and all. The work that the boys fought for, or were ready to fight for, but had to take jobs back of the lines instead, will be carried on when we are in civilian garb. The enlisted man has learned how to apply the square deal to his fellow men, and will insist that it will be applied when we return.

Another point that he will insist upon is that the American Legion, or whatever the veteran organization is to be called, shall be made up of men who served under the colors. There are rumors that an effort is to be made to include in its membership men who served with welfare organizations. Well, if the Army was not good enough for them while there was a fight on, then leave me out of the veteran organization. There are a few of them who did a good job, but they were not soldiers, and there is no more reason why they should belong than there is why the women who drove automobiles around in the States and wore fancy uniforms should be included in a veteran corps.

J. H. GASTON,
P.W.E.C. No. 19
and 18 Other Members.

ONE ON US

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

After reading your dope on the Leviathan in column one, page two, issue of May 9, the boys around here are trying to figure out whether it is a transport or a collier. The guy that wrote up that stuff about her carrying 56,000 tons of coal certainly was no piker on the black diamond figures. It's too bad he wasn't over home helping Garfield when they were short back there. We sure will have to hand that guy the gilt-edge coal-bin.

W. J. FITZPATRICK,
Sgt. 1st Cl., Q.M.C., Brest.

ALL TOGETHER, BOYS!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I have read with great interest the stories of large mess halls and other things of mammoth size which have appeared in the columns of your paper at different times during the past few months. I wish to state a few facts concerning the saw mill at which my father worked, and tell about some of the really large things which were a part of this mill.

I was born in northern Minnesota, and spent the greater part of my life in a logging camp not many miles distant. Mr. Paul Bunyan, the owner of the logging camp, had so much money that Croesus was a bum by comparison; and he owned, absolutely, every inch of the vast tract of land which comprised the largest lumber camp on the face of the globe. The food consumed by the combined Allied Armies in one week would be just sufficient to feed the kitchen force of this camp for one day.

The biggest season ever known in the logging industry was the winter of the blue snow. Even the intense cold was no handicap to the workers of the camp. The cold was so intense that it was impossible to get a thermometer that could register it, so a special one was built at a cost of $5,000. This thermometer registered 400 degrees below zero before the tube burst.

All the logs which were handled at this camp were dragged by one animal, the Blue Ox, so his size can readily be imagined. He was as wide between the eyes as the Champs Elysées. A clothes line was stretched between the animal's horns, on which 40 men at a time would hang their clothes to dry. A special blue steel camp was erected, where shoes were made for the ox, and 14 trains of 125 cars each were running daily between the Mesabi Iron Range and the camp, hauling pig iron that was made into shoes for the beast. The northern part of the Mississippi was diverted from its course so it would run through the camp in order to furnish an adequate supply of drinking water for the ox, whose capacity was so great that very little water reached the Minnehaha Falls and that caused a depreciation in the scenic value of the spot to American tourists, thereby involving Mr. Bunyan in various lawsuits that cost him more money than Croesus ever saw.

After the land in the vicinity had been cleared of timber, it was decided to kill the ox and break up the camp. It took eight Frenchmen three days to chop his legs off in order to bring him near enough to the ground so he could be struck in the head with an axe.

The same day the ox was put to death my Dad lost his job, because he had been hauling blue toothpicks for the dining hall, making six trips a day with a four-horse team, and not a toothpick remained when the camp broke up.

HARRY L. CUMMINGS,
Sgt., Co. B, 6th Sup. Tr.

HELP!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Please answer the following questions for me on your editorial page:

(a) Can a man be busted from private to bugler without a court-martial?

(b) Do privates have same privileges as the sergeants in Old Soldiers' Homes?

(c) When do I go home?

(d) Why not?

(e) How can a third lieutenant collect what the world owes him for being one?

(f) Who is going to check the last man on board ship?

(g) If a man refuses to get washed will he be ironed?

JENNY C. PA.

[Paint it with iodine.—Editor.]