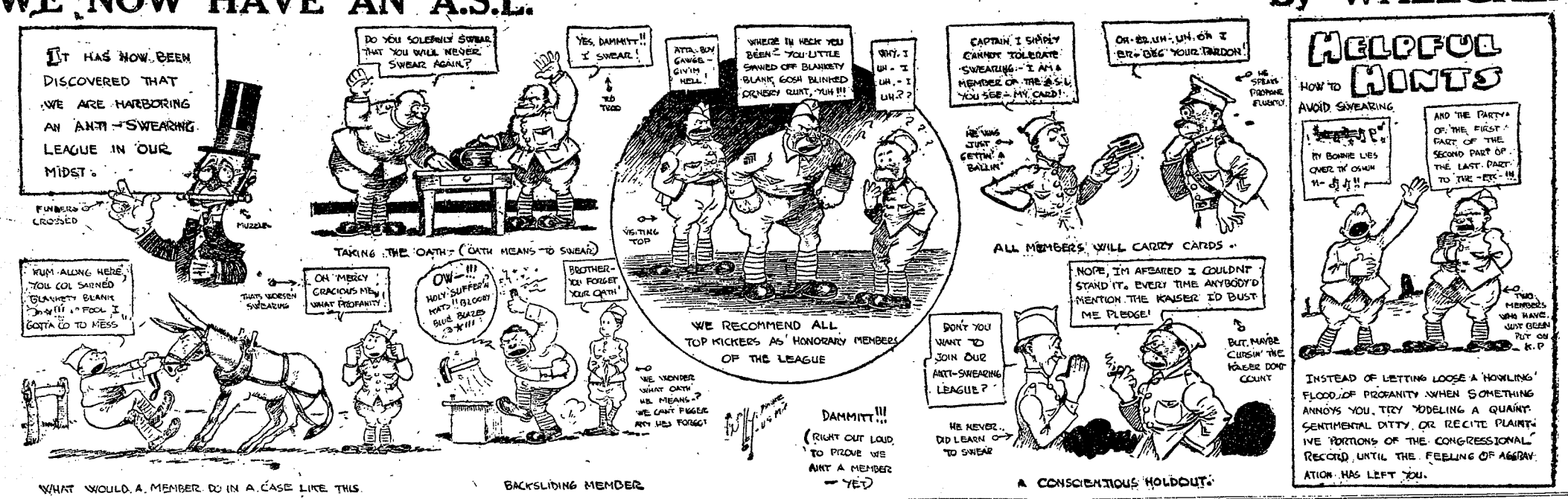
WE NOW HAVE AN A.S.L.

—By WALLGREN



PORTUGUESE WRECK MAKES BEACH A BAR

Yo Ho and 1,600 Barrels of Rum for 250 Forestry Engineers

PARTY LASTS TWO WEEKS

Rare Old Liqueurs Poured Into Mess Cups but "Business as Usual" Is Camp Sign

C Company of the old —— Engineers, now the —— Company of the newly-made —— Engineers, inhabits a stretch of the piney, sandy shores of France's Atlantic coast line. When it isn't engaged in making its sawmill quadruple its output of board feet per day, it likes to sneak off to the seashore and go in wading or in swimming in the altogether. Sometimes it rides to the coast in a jerky, puffy little train, sometimes it just plain hikes across country.

One Sunday not so long ago a small detachment beat it early for the coast. The rest were to follow later, after church, cleaning up, inspection and a few other things. But before the remainder of C could set off, up from the salt marshes came a panting courier.

"C'mon—quick—all of ya!" gasped the scout. "They's a Portuguese ship there that's been torpedoed and beached and blown to hell, and they's nobody around who owns the stuff. All the Frenchies is goin' to it, so it must be all right. Get a move on. Right down through the short cut in the woods."

"Whaddayamean stuff?" queried one of the skeptical woodsmen of C.

"Whaddo I mean stuff?" retorted the courier. "You poor boob, what does a Portuguese ship usually carry? It's licker!"

Canteen Cups in Hand

So it turned out to be when C Company arrived at the seashore in massed formation, canteen cups in hand. There on the sandy stretch lay some 1,600 barrels of rare old port, the kind that Lord Tenyson used to sip before sitting down to write "I'm to Be Queen of the May"; of rare old Madeira, the kind that Thomas Jefferson proferred to his guests at Monticello; and—tell it not in Tours, publish it not in the streets of A.P.O. 706!—much fine cognac.

There it was, with no owner's names attached—just thrown up on C Company's doorstep, as it were, like a foundling child. And C Company, out of the goodness of its fatherly heart—it has taken five STARS AND STRIPES orphans already and says it is going to put in for another after payday—just cuddled those dear little waifs of kegs to its brawny bosom and swigged away with a right good will.

By noon of that Sabbath day the lumber men had become so expert that they could tell by the sound when they kicked the barrels just what kind of nectar lay within. If it sounded bluff and hearty, it was good, old heart-warming port. If it sounded a little less uproarious, it was the dulcet and sweet Madeira. If it sounded real sharp and wicked like, they knew it was cognac and let it alone.

Night Shift Toils Hard

Along about eventide C Company called it a day and skipped back to its little O.D. home in the east, ready for the night shift to start cutting again. Mightily did the night shift labor, and when its work was over, set out again for the seashore. In turn, mightily did the day shift saw wood for its 10-hour trick—and set out for the seashore. In fact, the setting out and setting up process went on for a good two weeks, for 1,600 barrels is a long, long drink even for 250 woodsmen.

To C Company's credit, and also to allay the fears of the good people at home, be it said that they didn't overdo it. Their officers bear witness to that, and point with pride to the output record of both sawmill gang and logging groups during the two weeks of "the rain from Heaven," as the period will always be known in the company's annals. But, even now that it's all over, C Company's camp is no place to protest against unrestricted U-boat warfare.

P.W.'S BUILD OWN HOUSES

Some of the German prisoners at a certain base port are being employed on the construction of a 50,000-gallon water tank for the use of their captors and themselves and on the trench digging and pipe laying attendant on it. They have already put up a 10,000-gallon tank for the use of a cavalry remount station, and have made good progress on the larger one.

In addition, they are building their own barracks for use this coming winter. To hasten the construction of the barracks, they are now being housed in tents—comfortable tents, warmed by Sibley stoves and all, but still tents.

Observers note that they have made more speed on the barracks job since the cold nips began to come along with something approaching regularity.

DREADED DISEASES START LIKE COLDS

G.O. Tells How to Avoid Sickness Spread by Sneezing

COUGH ALSO IS DANGEROUS

Lots of Fresh Air in Sleeping Quarters, Dry Clothing, Are Keep Well Rules

On account of the coming winter, the constant arrival of troops and the prevalence of the Spanish flu throughout Europe, G.H.Q., A.E.F., in Bulletin No. 81 issues explicit instructions for the avoidance of the so-called respiratory diseases, which usually increase with the advent of cold weather and crowded living conditions.

The diseases which the bulletin's instructions are particularly aimed against are diphtheria, scarlet fever, meningitis, measles, tonsilitis, common colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and influenza, all of them transmissible by the secretions of the nose, throat and mouth, or from the breathing apparatus of the sick to that of the sound. Of them it says:

No body of men living together under military conditions can avoid the introduction of one or more of the above mentioned diseases in its midst, and the use of each and every means to diminish the opportunity of direct transmission from the sick to the well is imperative if widespread sickness is to be avoided, with loss of man power and of life itself.

Like Common Colds at First

It is pointed out that the infection of the sound man by the sick generally occurs before the nature of the illness is known, especially in the case of measles and influenza, both of which may at first show up like common head colds. The way the infection is spread is by the projection of the fine germ-laden spray from the air passages of one man into the air passages of another by sneezing, coughing, or spitting. In consequence, an anti-sneeze, cough and spit campaign is in order for the A.E.F., and the rules of it are summed up in these words:

Sleep as far from your immediate neighbors as possible. Sleep alternately, head to foot, and never pool the bed covering on account of cold.

Do not cough or sneeze directly in the face of a comrade. Use a handkerchief and turn your head. Keep the handkerchief clean.

Never spit on the floor, or indoors at all, except into a receptacle placed for the purpose. Do not spit on paths and steps, nor in corners.

Non-commissioned officers are charged with seeing that their men understand the reasons for these rules and that they obey them. They must report at once all cases of illness. For officers the orders are:

Keep track of the prevalence of colds, sore throat and of depressed health or spirits of any kind among your men. Use every endeavor to prevent exhaustion in marching, drilling and labor of all kinds by judicious use of rest and amusement. . . . Provide, as far as possible, for special drying rooms or sheds for wet clothing . . . Thin out the men in sleeping quarters as far as possible. . . . Scrupulous cleanliness and frequent airing of barracks and billets are enjoined. Devise a screen of shelter-half, or even newspaper between sleeping men.

To Note General Conditions

Medical officers are told not to be satisfied to see only men who report to them as sick, but to note carefully the general physical condition of the organization with which they are serving. But the bulletin makes it equally plain that the combating of the diseases mentioned "falls upon all who are responsible for the care of a party of men, the squad, the platoon, the company, the battalion and the regiment, and is by no means the exclusive province of the medical officers."

LOST BAGGAGE ORDERS

The Depot Quartermaster in charge of lost baggage at A.P.O. 713 wants officers to know that he is unwilling to forward baggage on the oral notification of any one except the owner, but will always promptly forward it on written or telegraphic instructions from owner or immediate commander. If officers visiting that station for the purpose of securing their baggage can give advance notice of their coming, their baggage can be picked out and be ready for them, and thus save time after their arrival.

NEW AIR MAIL SERVICE

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Nov. 7.—The Chicago-New York air mail service is to start in December. It is to leave each city at 6 o'clock each morning and will make the trip in ten hours in three legs.

The first leg, from New York to Bellefonte, Pa., is a distance of 215 miles; the second leg, from Bellefonte to Cleveland, is 215 miles, and the third leg, from Cleveland to Chicago, is 322 miles.

FRENCH SOLDIERS ON LIST OF D.S.C'S.

A.G.'s Office Seeks Whereabouts of Men Awarded Decorations

The names of four French soldiers are on a new list of D.S.C. winners whose whereabouts the Adjutant General's office is trying to ascertain. The Frenchmen whose decorations now await them are Master Gunner Joseph Bourdu, Corporal Jean Baptiste Carrère, Lieut. Louis Viaud and Inspector Alfred Dubois.

The list contains the names of several winners of the D.S.C. whose names were published in a similar list two weeks ago which, according to the A.G., "brought excellent results." In addition to the names previously published are those of several more men whose location is sought in order that the presentations can be arranged.

First Lieut. Paul Frank Baer, Cpl. Roger J. Bainbridge, Pvt. Frank J. Barczykowski, 2nd Lieut. Frank H. Barnwell, Pvt. Albert E. Barrows, Cpl. Waldo S. Bassett, Cpl. Anthony C. Bills, Pvt. David N. Blakley, Passed Asst. Surg. (U.S.N.) Joel T. Boone, Cpl. Raymond W. Boone, Master Gunner Joseph Bourdu, 2nd Lieut. Theodore E. Boyd, Sgt. Paul Braun, Pvt. Thomas V. Burns, Cpl. Garret Bush.

Gunnery Sgt. James Carbary, 2nd Lieut. Joseph B. Carhart, Cpl. Jean Baptiste Carrere, Pvt. Lester Carson, Capt. Charles J. Casey, Sgt. John Casey, Sgt. Walter L. Chellis, Pvt. Henry A. Cheney, Cpl. Anthony Chesney, Sgt. John L. Clabby, Pvt. James L. Clark, 2nd Lieut. Leonard Cox, Sgt. Louis Cukela, Sgt. John H. Culnan.

Pvt. Carl W. Dasen, Cpl. Newell B. Davis, Pvt. William H. Davis, Cpl. August H. DeFord, Pvt. Anthony Dogestino, Pvt. 1st Cl. Lexie Downham, Interpreter Alfred Dufois, Pvt. Franciszak Dudzinski.

Capt. Starr Eaton, 2nd Lieut. Hugh F. Edwards, Pvt. Burtice Endicott, Pvt. 1st Cl. William C. Evans.

Col. William H. Faga, Sgt. Oliver C. Farrant, Capt. George T. Fleet, Cpl. Harry B. Fletcher, Pvt. John C. Flocken, Capt. H. K. Foster, 1st Lieut. George W. Furbush, Pvt. Walter E. Furr, Sgt. 1st Cl. Joseph Galle, Pvt. Joseph J. Gannon, Pvt. Elmer W. Gardner, Lieut. (French) de la Gielais, Passed Asst. Surg. (U.S.N.) William T. Gill, Pvt. Thomas J. Gray, 2nd Lieut. Donald W. Green, 2nd Lieut. J. N. Greene, Pvt. Joseph Guewa.

Capt. James Norman Hall, Sgt. Byron W. Hamilton, Wagoner Edmund R. Hampson, Wagoner Clifford R. Haskins, Cpl. Robert J. Hassard, Pvt. 1st Cl. Hick Heydenberk, Pvt. Albert M. Hauss, Maj. Henry W. Hobson, Pvt. George W. Holly, Pvt. Jefferson Holt, Cpl. Joseph Hopta, Pvt. William J. Howe, Pvt. Eria C. Huffstedler, Pvt. Paul T. Hurley.

First Sgt. Benjamin James, 1st Lieut. Albert G. Jefferson, Sgt. Charles B. Johnson, Jr., Pvt. H. R. Johnson, 2nd Lieut. Scott M. Johnson, Pvt. William A. Justesen.

Cpl. Austin J. Kelly, Pvt. Charles Kemme, Asst. Surg. (U.S.N.) O. D. King, Sgt. Matez Kosak, Pvt. J. M. Kogler.

Pvt. Leslie M. Lane, Pvt. Herschel V. Lane, Cpl. Simpson Levan, Pvt. Ernest G. Lord, Pvt. Luzius Luzi.

First Lieut. Frank A. MacNamee, Jr., Pvt. Saterne N. Makas, Cpl. Sidney E. Manning, Pvt. Frank Marlin, Pvt. 1st Cl. Zelma Mason, Sgt. Earl R. McGuire, Pvt. William McIlgre, Cpl. Patrick McKenna, Pvt. Elias J. Messinger, 2nd Lieut. John C. Miller, Cpl. Bernard W. Montag, Cpl. James D. Moore, 1st Lieut. C. E. Murray.

Gunnery Sgt. John Nagazyna.

Pvt. Fred Otto.

Cpl. Albert C. Palusdip, Pvt. J. C. Parent, Cpl. Raymond Peacock, Pvt. George Plummer, Cpl. Thomas A. Pope, Pvt. James J. Pretty.

Pvt. Henry Quinn.

Pvt. Charles Radlington, Pvt. Robert A. Rhodes, 1st Lieut. Henry A. Riecke, Cpl. Robert R. Riley, 1st Lieut. G. C. Ripperge, Pvt. Phillip Roberge, Pvt. Joseph R. Rousch, Maj. Guy I. Rowe, Capt. Richard J. Ryan.

Cpl. Frank Sadkowski, Cpl. Nathan P. Saunders, Pvt. Charles Schultz, Sgt. Mitchell J. Seolie, 1st Lieut. James McB. Sellers, Pvt. 1st Cl. Walter A. Shaminski, Pvt. Royal H. C. Shepherd, Pvt. Carson L. Simmons, Cpl. Ernest T. Siebert, Cpl. Thomas J. Smith, 1st Lieut. Chanler Sprague, Capt. Paul N. Starlings, Cpl. Robert S. Storrie, Pvt. 1st Cl. Dan W. Sullivan.

Sgt. Charles M. Tarter, Pvt. Albert A. Taubert, Capt. John L. Taylor, Gunnery Sgt. Herman Tharan, Cpl. Robert M. Thornton, Cpl. J. J. Tickner, 2nd Lieut. Julius W. Toelken, 2nd Lieut. Allen A. Tuloy.

Col. L. S. Upton.

Cpl. Hugh C. Van Amburgh, Pvt. Victor Van York, Lieut. Louis Viaud, Pvt. Henry Vieira.

Pvt. Walter W. Wall, 2nd Lieut. Charles H. Weaver, Pvt. Anthony Wendell, 1st Lieut. Harry S. Wheat, Pvt. Ali C. Wilken, Cpl. Henry Willard, Capt. William C. Williams, 2nd Lieut. Allen F. Winslow, Pvt. Dolph Wood, Wagoner Robert L. Worden.

Pvt. John Zych.

"My girl writes me that she thinks my attentions are divided."

"Divided? Hugh! She means multiplied."

NEW TWIST TO IT

The original A.E.F. joke was, without much question, the one which described the American negro meeting his Algerian brother and accusing him of having forgotten his own language. Here is a variant on it which may be a little fresher.

A member of a Stevedore company, after attempting vainly to hold converse with an Algerian, entered his barracks with this announcement:

"Heah, you fellers. Outside Ah done got a cullud pusson who doan know who he is or whah he's from. I done think I was loss in France, but dis boy done got sunk widout a trace."

MORE ROOM FOR SOUVENIRS

Lower Berth: Hope we go back to the States in winter—when we go.

Upper Berth: Why?

Lower Berth: Then we won't have to squeeze our overcoats into our barracks bags.

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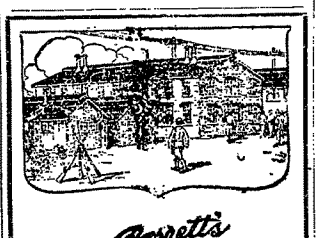

Après!
After "chow" what's finer than to bite the tip off a mild Robert Burns and light up!
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Tightening up our belts

SOMETIMES when we get all puffed up over the fine work you fellows are doing there in France; and we think, "Well, I guess we Americans are some fighters—"

Then we say to ourselves, "Where do you get that 'we'; what are you doing anyway?"

Then we get back to earth; tighten up our belts; work all the harder for you; save and send every word of cheer we can to you men who are doing the big things.

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