

**The Stars and Stripes**

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1918.

**SHOOT THE MAIL SACKS**

We of the A.E.F. don't want to read history. We're too busy trying in our humble way to make it. But what we would like to read, regularly and often, is home gossip, conveyed to us in letters from the States.

The folks back home assure us that they're writing to us regularly and often, but we aren't hearing from them regularly and often. We want to know if the baby has had the colic of late, if the Scandinavian servant girl has violated neutrality by leaving in the middle of washday, if Jones next door has returned the lawn mower he borrowed a year and a half ago. The papers won't tell us those highly important things, but our letters will. Therefore, it's our letters they want.

"A guy is bound to fail of being a proper soldier if he don't get no family mail." We quote from a pertinent poem in the first issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES. It's true. You may feed and clothe and arm and equip an army till it may be said to be soldiering *de luxe*, but you don't make men happy and contented—and, therefore, good fighters and fighters—unless you fix it so their mail catches up with them. Mail is as necessary to the morale of armies as socks and shoes and other mundane things—and should, we opine, be forwarded inland just as fast as, if not faster than, those other necessary articles are forwarded.

"The gang" is well fed. It is well clothed. It is getting acclimated and settled down to the long grind. Its only kick is that it doesn't get its mail from home as regularly and often as it would like to get it—as regularly and often as it is entitled to get it. Chain mail made men brave in the old days; home mail makes men even braver in these days.

We're not blaming anybody. We wouldn't know whom to blame if we started out to try it. But somewhere between the base ports and the training area and front there is mail—mail for us, and we'd give two months' pay to be reading it—now.

**MAKE IT \$10,000**

Now that the time for taking policies has been extended, we have until April 12 to sign up for more war risk life insurance than previously contracted for, or to take it out in case we haven't availed ourselves of the privilege already. If we haven't attended to this highly necessary piece of business we had better do so at once for "automatic insurance," covering every man in the A.E.F., expired on February 12. If we have taken on a policy for less than the \$10,000 allowed us, it is now up to us to boost that policy up to the maximum before April 12.

The life of every man of us over here is worth \$10,000 to the folks left behind. We owe it to them to see to it that, if anything happens to us, they are as well provided for as we can arrange. In case of disability to ourselves, we owe it to ourselves to be as well protected as possible against financial loss arising from our inability to resume our former occupations.

The premiums are small, ranging from \$6.50 a month for a man of 21 to \$8.10 a month for a man of 40. The sacrifice of spending money which we will have to make to pay those premiums is insignificant in the face of the protection and security it will afford those for whom we ought to provide. It is trifling when we consider what help and comfort it will bring us in the event of our being disabled.

Whoever hasn't had himself insured for \$10,000 up to date had better get after it right away. This war risk life insurance is the best and the cheapest in the world. The man who doesn't take out the maximum policy will be taking chances with the future welfare of those dependent on him, will be taking chances with his own future welfare. So let's all heave to to make the A.E.F. a \$10,000 per man insured Army by April 12.

**GOOD OLD NAVY**

Were it not for the United States Navy's being consistently and persistently on the job in co-operation with the navies of our Allies, we wouldn't get a thing to eat; we wouldn't get a thing to wear; we wouldn't get any guns or anything to put in them. The Navy's work is done in silence, shrouded in fog and screened by spray. It is done in cold and sleet such as even we have never known. It is done, day in and day out, with infinitely more peril and risk than attends our work, day in and day out. But it is done uncomplainingly, it is done manfully, it is done in a workmanlike, thorough, American way.

Good old Navy! It is keeping the sea lanes open that our support and our sustenance may be brought safely across to the base ports. It is helping in no small way to quash the "tin fish" that lurk in the deep. It is living up to its splendid traditions. If John Paul Jones, Stephen Decatur, David Farragut and George Dewey were walking the quarterdecks of the Navy today, we warrant they would be well pleased. Good Old Navy! Our very best salute to it!

**"THE LADIES—BLESS 'EM!"**

The old toast of every wardroom and Army mess gains in strength and significance in war time, particularly in a war like this, in which the work of women has played such an important part. At home and over here, American women are toiling early and late to minister to our comfort, to do things which will release more of us for active service, to help in every way toward the victory that means so much to us, and so much to them. No wonder that "The Ladies—Bless 'Em!" finds an echoing "Amen!" all along the line.

Woman's place is no longer in the home. It is wherever she chooses to put her feet down—behind the canteen counter, in the hospital ward, in the army office, in the munitions factory, in short, anywhere she chooses to go. Over here she has more than made good in every line of endeavor she has tackled; and we would be sadly lacking in chivalry and sportsmanship and everything else to deny her that open avowal of our admiration and regard.

It's like seeing home folks, "real Christian folks," to meet American women over here, in the Y.M. huts, in the hospitals, in the homes they have established for the care of the children of France. It's a mighty fine thing for this man's army, spiritually and materially. So—"The Ladies—Bless 'Em!" with everybody in the cheer and a tiger on the end!

**OUR ALLIES IN TRADE**

We are supporting our Allies in war, and our Allies in war are supporting us. Similarly, our advertisers are helping to support THE STARS AND STRIPES; we want you to help us in helping to support them.

Firms over here, firms in the States, have given us their advertising because they know that we are getting out a paper for you, and that we reach you. They have come to us in order to get better acquainted with you, to see if they cannot be of service to you. In coming to us, they have enabled us also to be of service to you by getting out a bigger and better paper than we could have done without their assistance.

Give them the first call on your trade, then, wherever you can. A firm that advertises in THE STARS AND STRIPES proves by so doing that it has your interest at heart.

**CLOTHES AND THE MAN**

While the campaign hat and the venerable canvas leggin have been separated from us, and hars and service stripes are in the process of being added unto us, there has been an agitation to change the uniform even more radically. The proposition is to substitute for our chaste and modest high-collared blouse a coat with the low and rolling collar which finds so much favor among the officers of the British forces.

Such a coat would be comfortable no doubt, but, really, haven't we got a lot more important things to do over here than to crane our necks to ease? What if our blouse is a bit close? Shall we wear it when we do our fighting? Not if we know it; we'll fight as the men at Lexington and Concord fought—in shirtsleeves!

Furthermore—spare the high collar and spoil the soldier. Whatever may be said against the present regulation blouse, its top surely does keep a man's head up and his chin in. And when a man has his head up, his chin in and his eyes front, on the alert for anything that may come along—look out for him!

**BRAG**

Let us be confident, but not over-confident. Let us be encouraging to the people at home when we write to them—encouraging, but not misleading. Let us not claim to do more than we can, but to let our performance surpass our claims. Let us leave bragging to the Germans—they're better at it than we are. In that department, and that only, let us concede their superiority.

Confidence in ourselves, in our commanders, in our backers at home, in our Allies will help us win this war. Brag won't win it. Brag doesn't win wars. The things that win wars are ships and steel and leather and lungs and—guts!

So let the bull-artists of Berlin have a monopoly of the boasting—until such time as we can be sure that, due to our efforts and those of our Allies, they have nothing left to boast about. Then, and then only, we may crow, and crow indeed!

**THE FLAPJACK FLOPS**

The flapjack has tottered to its fall. Deprived of its necessary accompaniments of sugar, butter, syrup and so forth by a heartless food administration, it is now wheat-rationed, and thus robbed of its pristine strength and vigor. The breakfast food of our fathers, the blanket-like, batter-made beatitude of our boyhood, is threatened with extinction. It will soon wither and die.

No more will its mottled surface be seen simmering in the frying pan, surrounded by a halo of steaming unctuousness. No more will it rise in air and do an aviator's flipflop under the deft manipulation of Lizah, who has cooked griddlecakes for generation after generation ever since people stopped voting for Douglas or Fremont. No more will it be deposited, hot and smoking and redolent of waving wheat fields, aromatic maple groves, and sweet and wholesome dairies, upon the plate of the American breakfaster. It goes to its long rest, along with the relics of horsehair sofas, Congress gaiters, canolines and beaver hats that clutter up the family attic past all hope of spring house-cleaning.

The last of the griddlecakes will not be grossly eaten—perish the thought! Let it be transported across the country on a flat car, enthroned upon a frying pan of gold and banked with a border of buckwheat blossoms. Let reverent pilgrims from far and near wend their way to the stations which it graces with its presence, and with bared heads kneel and kiss the foot of the pedestal on which it reposes. Let it be brought to Washington, and there, in a new circle—the Circle of the Flapjack—find interment suited to its dignity and its service to the nation.

Let not the minions of the National Museum or the Smithsonian Institution lay their profane hands upon it. Let it have its place apart, its hallowed spot set aside from all other repositories of things American. For it will always be first in the hearts—as it was in the mouths—of the great people it nourished and made mighty; and who, in conquering its indigestibility, made themselves fit to conquer the enemies of all mankind!

**THE OLD ARMY MAN**

He's seen service in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Canal Zone, in China, in and about Mexico. He is on his way now to collect more honors for work well done over here. The veteran non-com or private of the old army may "crab the game" now and again, but he's seen enough soldiering to know how to crab it intelligently and constructively. You never hear him grumbling in the senseless way that some of the more recent recruits are apt to affect.

When the young ones complain that they don't get grapefruit and cinnamon toast for breakfast, porterhouse steak and mushrooms for dinner, and lobster à la Newburgh for supper, do you hear him kick? Not much. He's been in places where wormy hardtack was a luxury, and where canned Willy of the vintage of Andrew Jackson was a feast. When the tenderfeet knock about muddy trenches, is his voice also heard in lamentation? Not by a long shot. He's campaigned for days in the swampy rice fields of the Philippines, without rubber boots, without hot food, without the prospect of a relief coming up before long. When others cavil at the length of the hike, does he chime in? No; he's had his nostrils filled with alkali dust too often.

"Gallop'ing fifty miles a day Upon a diet of beans and hay."

Just drop around to the old army sergeant's billet or dug-out when things seem a bit rough—just drop around and ask him what he thinks of them. You will go away convinced that this business of soldiering in the year of grace 1918 is a picnic, an office outing, a club field day, a preparedness parade, compared to what it might be. Just drop around and see him when you feel as though you were off the army for life; it will do you a world of good. The old boy has forgotten more about real roughing it than you ever read about, and still he isn't soured on the proposition. In fact, he is the most persistent optimist in the Army of which he is the backbone. More power to him!

**"GAS—ALERT!"**

"Germans Get Tanks Ready For Great Offensive."—Headline. Including the Crown Prince?

Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson pays the American woman the high compliment of calling her "highly intelligent," due, no doubt, to the number of Sir Johnstone's "farewell matinees" she has attended.

To judge from Mr. Hoover's recent speech before Congress, it is as hard or the U-boats to stop food from coming over here as it is hard for passengers to stop it from coming up on the way over here. We pity the U-boats.

Ex-President Taft recently officiated as referee at a ring bout between Jackies at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. About six years ago, Professor Taft was in a three-cornered fight himself, so the ordinary kind of *souped* should hold no terrors for him.

Some patriotic women want to change the name of Bismarck, North Dakota. Governor Frazier, however, replies by saying that "as Bismarck has been out of German politics for some time and had nothing to do with the present trouble," he thinks the change inadvisable. Nothing to do with the present trouble, say you? Isn't the old "blood and iron" policy still adhered to? Bismarck is as alive today as he ever was; that's why we're over here.

After the welcome they get at Aix-les-Bains, any of the boys in the first contingent should know just how to act if, after they get home, they ever should be minded to run for public office.

It's a mean thought, but somehow we cannot help suspecting that the chimpanzee arrested in a New York hotel while promenading around in masculine garb was not the only fake in civilian clothes at large at the time.

There are some consolations for those who help to edit a new newspaper. Up to date we haven't received a single communication of irate tenor signed "Old Subscriber."

Cheer up, Russia! In years to come you will be saying just as nice things about Mr. Trotsky as the D.A.R. and S.A.R. say about Mr. Benedict Arnold.

We have our own suspicions that the people at the bottom of this low collared blouse agitation are none other than our old friends, the leather necks.

"New York Yanks Are After Cobb"—Headline in our favorite paper. Which one? Ty or Irv?

You might say, if you were inclined to be funny about it, that the southpaw pitcher depicted on our front page of last week was about to pay the Kaiser a left-handed compliment.

"Kuhlmann Gloats over Prospect of Food From Ukraine"—Headline in the esteemed Herald.

And the German common soldier would gloat over the prospect of food from anywhere.

Germany is threatened with a beer shortage. The barley crops have failed, and, therefore, brewing is at a standstill. However, we and our Allies are brewing a lot of trouble for the thirsty Boche.

"By the Act of May 11, 1908, and the Act of June 3, 1918, enlisted men, Army bands and members thereof are forbidden from engaging in any competitive civilian employment."—Opinion of the Judge Advocate General.

What? No more pie eating contests.

**THOUGHTS ON GLORY —By Charles Dana Gibson**



Reproduced by courtesy of "Life."

**CONCERNING COMMUNIQUES**

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Your paper will doubtless record life and war as your own troops live it—and it's a man sized job all the way through. If you want a novel feature, one useful to your readers, start to translate official communiques into common language of everyday life.

Whoever writes those communiques runs short on words and comes out strong in phrases that convey a lot when one understands what they mean. It requires a little time and experience to gather that knowledge oneself. So, by doing the translation, you will be putting your boys wise right away and helping them to understand the war talk of Sachers.

"Enemy guns very active" may seem pretty bare as a description. But, once you get to know what it indicates, you will find there's hide hair and horns on the thing pretty plentifully. But without some guide, one doesn't grasp this until one has had some taste of them.

Really, "enemy guns very active" means to the fellow who is within the sphere of their activity that the big drums of war are being constantly beaten with deafening sound. In the day, the ground reels under you, and in the night your bed rocks from the seismic tremors that run through the earth. If you look outside, you see great yellow flashes jumping madly along the horizon and the scream of Fritz's "heavy stuff" goes rasping through your ears.

This is only one place where an interpreter of communiques would come in useful. February 19, 1918. JACKSTAFF.

**NEWSPAPERMAN'S BOUQUET**

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: My congratulations to the A.E.F. on having the most complete and typical newspaper of any military force in the world.

I have just read the first issue; in appearance, typography, and news it is typically American. As a newspaperman I say frankly that THE STARS AND STRIPES is the best thing I have seen since I left the States, and how such a small staff could have done it is beyond my comprehension.

I enclose five francs so that I may be guaranteed three months of it, at least, after my return to America in the near future.

Respectfully, GLENN GONDON, Tulsa, Okla., "World." France, February 8, 1918.

**"THE BEST PAPER"**

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: The first copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES arrived yesterday and, of course, there was a scramble for same. We think it is the best paper on this side of the pond. Here is wishing it good luck and success. February 14, 1918. SGT. R. W. GRIMES.

**GLORY BOYS**

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Re "A Picture Without a Title" in today's STARS AND STRIPES. Call 'em "Glories," or, in singular, "Glory," collectively, "Glory Boys," keeping in mind the chorus of John Brown's Body, "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah." ADELBERT G. HUBERT. February 15, 1918.

**A LOST BROTHER**

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: My brother is with the A.E.F., France, and I have been unable to obtain his address, our correspondence having gone astray. I have the honor to ask you to be kind enough to publish the following in your paper: Any man knowing the address of Frank A. Bagot, of Brooklyn, New York, please send same to his brother, R. N. Bagot, No. 522.801, 5th C.D.A.C., B.E.F., France. ROBERT M. BAGOT. February 8, 1918.

**FROM A BRITISH EDITOR**

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: My hearty congratulations on the excellent papers you are getting out. It is sure to be a big and permanent success if you continue to maintain the standards you have already established. POMEROY BURTON, Paris Administrator, British War Mission to the United States. February 20, 1918.

**CAN YOU TELL A SLICKER?**

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Great currency is being given back home to three new war-time catchwords—"slickers," "bomb-proofs," and "safety-firsts." All are meant to characterize the soldier who wears a U.S. uniform, but prudently treads in paths where no duck boards are required. Washington dispatches relate that the capital is crowded with "slickers" seeking commissions in offices. As Rear-Admiral Samuel McGowan sarcastically puts it, "The town is overrun with men having flat feet and great executive ability."

Maybe so! It is not the writer's purpose to enter into any over-seas debates. But one discussion that does interest him is a point raised by Senator Stone of Missouri, who suggests that none but fighters should be allowed to wear uniforms at all. "What I have in mind," he says, "is that there are thousands and thousands in France today—and elsewhere—wearing uniforms who never do and never expect to get within the sound of hostile guns. I believe that there ought to be some distinguishing marks on uniforms to separate men who go into the trenches with their guns and those who put their lives at stake from those who are holding positions that keep them out of the zones of danger."

As a matter of fact, something like this has already been ordered in France for men stationed in the Zone of Advance. But when you come right down to cases, the degrees of "slickerism" are altogether too fine to be drawn by gold sleeve-marks.

You may say that only the men in the first line of trenches should get the gold thread. Immediately some one will indignantly insist that the first line is quieter and safer than the second—and he will be fairly right about it, for most of the shells go past the first line into the more densely populated supporting trenches.

Then what are you going to do about Headquarters Company? Some of its men volunteer for orderly duty. Should they be given only half a stripe? And should trench mortar men, machine gunners and aviators be rated a stripe and a half? The Supply Company might be awarded three-quarters of a stripe,

and the men on the colonel's staff a few golden stitches.

How about a man who gets detached from a fighting unit by order of someone higher up? Doesn't such a fellow rate something for good intentions? He may go to his "ambushed job," as the French phrase it, with a heart like lead, and sneak around Paris or the town nearest his camp only after the lights are dimmed, so his friends "on leave" won't run across him and twist him. He may hope in his heart that a Boche bomb hits him; he may even secretly exult when the anti-aircraft guns begin popping. I know one such who declares that he is going to get to the front "even if he has to desert to do it."

Some of this discussion of "slickerism" hits marks that richly deserve the blow. Other fellows smart under sneers that had better be reserved till all the facts are known. For my own part, I point no scornful finger at any man, either in the States or over here, until I "have the goods" on him.

I am sure that most of the men of my acquaintance who hold office jobs back home are eating their hearts out to be "over here," and that most of the "ambushed" fellows I know in France would give an arm—or more to be able to say in answer to the question "What did you do in the Big War?"—"I fought it in the trenches!"

The point is, we can't all be in the trenches. "Thousands and thousands" of us must do other things because we are best qualified for those other things—paper work, hauling supplies, laying out railroads, ministering to the sick, keeping double entry ledgers, doing orderly duty, making munitions, handling boxes at the docks.

The case of the first sergeant is typical. Under the new A.E.F. organization, he is relegated more or less to paper work, while a platoon sergeant or a gunnery sergeant takes his place in the field. But if you want to fight, throw this up to some veteran Tom and call him a "slicker." You'll get what's coming to you if you do, and nobody will weep long over your sod.

—Yes, this is written from an office. What are you going to do about it? EMBUSQUE. France, February 25, 1918.

**OPINIONS OF THE JUDGE ADVOCATE**

**VACANCY FOR LIEUTENANTS**  
A man who has completed one year's service in the National Army may become a candidate to fill a vacancy in the grade of second lieutenant in the Regular Army created or caused by the increase due to the operation of the Act of June 3, 1916, but not for a vacancy not so caused. The phrase "except as to promotions" in Section 2 of the Act of May 18, 1917, applies exclusively to officers.

**RANK IN NATIONAL GUARD**  
The National Guard as an organization never becomes federalized. Its members become a Federal force only when drafted into the Army of the United States, and its officers become officers of the United States only when, upon the draft, they become appointed officers of the Army of the United States. Therefore, service as a commissioned officer of the National Guard as such, either out of the service of the United States or in the service of the United States, for constitutional purposes, can not be counted in determining rank within Section 1219, Revised Statutes.

**RIGHTS OF ENLISTED GERMAN**  
A citizen of Germany who is an enlisted man in the Army of the United States is not forbidden by the President's proclamation of April 6, 1917, to go within one-half mile of any fort, etc., when ordered to do so by his superiors.

**OPERATIONS ON SOLDIERS**  
Under paragraph 53, Compilation of Orders, an enlisted man commits no offense by refusing to submit to a surgical operation advised

**FRAUDULENT ENLISTMENT**  
An enlisted man in the National Guard deserted before the National Guard was drafted, and enlisted in the Medical Department, United States Army. After the drafting of the National Guard, he was discharged from the latter enlistment for fraudulent enlistment. It was held that he was included in the draft of the National Guard; that his present status is that of a deserter from the military service of the United States; and that he is not eligible for reenlistment.

**WHAT "DIVISION" MEANS**  
The forty-eighth article of war provides for the execution of the sentence of a court martial dismissing an officer below the grade of brigadier general in time of war "upon confirmation by the commanding general of the army in the field, or by the commanding general of the territorial department or division. The word "division" means territorial division and not tactical division.

**DATE OF ENLISTMENT**  
A drafted man is enlisted from the specified in the notice of the local board or the adjutant general of the State for the to report to the local board or at a definite place for military duty. His pay begins that date.