

The Stars and Stripes

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GUNS AND THE MEN

The American artillery doesn't advertise itself. Modestly, yes, even shrinkingly, it hides its battery positions behind a mess of camouflage, sloping down the earth by the side of its guns so they won't cast conspicuous shadows. It does most of its work by night, rather than in the glare of day. But it is due to it to say that its work so far in this war has been, literally, "all-fired good."

Americans are long on accuracy. They don't like to be short-changed or short-ranged. Americans are long on mathematics, whether of the book-keeping or angle-of-trajectory for whatever they call it) variety. Americans so we like to think—are long on sticking to a thing, in spite of heavy odds. Our artillery has convinced us, and our Allies, too, that it is manned by typical Americans.

Primarily the infantryman's friend, the artilleryman who is up on his job is everybody's friend—that is, a friend to everybody except Fritz. But we who have heard the reassuring rattle of his accurately laid batteries out in front of us can forgive him his little hate, because we share it, too. We can't advance without him, and Fritz can't advance with him. In this war as never before it can be said that the artillery delivers the goods, express charges prepaid.

THEY ARE HELPING US

Like the looks of those old home ads in the paper—gum, and razors, and smokes and all—don't you? The man who got 'em for us, and got 'em on short notice by cable, and didn't charge us anything for getting them either going or coming, is A. W. Erickson of the city and county of New York. He's helped us and still continues to help us; we're for him.

Like that news from the U. S. A.—sports, and live politics, and dope on what the people at home are thinking about the war—don't you? The man who got it for us, and got it on mighty short notice by cable, and isn't taking a cent for getting it, and still continues to get it, week after week, is J. W. Mulder, also of the city and county of New York. He's helped us; we're for him.

Like that news from London—about what the gobs and the doughboys and all the rest, marooned in merry (even in wartime) England, are up to—don't you? The man who, though up to his neck in work (Government work at that), volunteered to send that to us, and at no cost to us, is George T. Bye, late of Kansas City, State of Missouri, region of the Middle West. He's helping us; we're for him.

We're for 'em all, in fact. They're for you, or they wouldn't have done as they have done in an effort to be of service to you. And because we're for 'em, we want you all to know about them. They deserve it.

EACH MAN IN HIS PLACE

This man's Army. The work of a great nation in a still greater hurry—is not yet completely shaken down and, of course, many a man is not yet in his right place. That has been true of all the hastily assembled armies of the nations Germany assailed. The adjustment takes time.

They say that conscription was finally inaugurated in Britain not so much to get men, of which the volunteer system had already produced enough at the time, but rather to make easier the getting of the right man in the right place—the need of which dawned on the government when it sought the one man in all the Empire who could best execute a certain expert task in chemistry and found him busy carrying a stretcher on the Belgian front.

A man is in his right place when he is doing the work he knows best at a task the Army needs fulfilled. The mere fact that you are not working at your own trade does not mean that you are out of place. The Army cannot use all the arts that flourish in civil life. The Grand Rapids man whose life work it was to cut worm holes into shiny new furniture so that it could sell for antique, might, for example, find some difficulty in reaching just his proper niche in the A.E.F.

Somewhere, in the A.E.F., on the other hand, one of the most gifted of America's younger actors is serving as a mess sergeant. The fact is worth mentioning because he is such a wonderful mess sergeant that the hungry hordes he feeds think it would be a crime if he went back to the stage after the war. They will probably advise him to let the drama go to the dogs and start in to put Child's restaurants out of business. One of the fine chapters in the history of this war will tell the story of the men who had to go to war to find out they could do more jobs than one.

But if you are not in the right place yet—if, close at hand or far away, is a task you could do better and, at the same time, a task that needs to be done, you will get your chance. Don't get discouraged while you wait for it. The adjustment takes time, but it is sure to be made. It has to be. Not for your sake, of course, but all for the sake of a better Army, for the sake of the great cause—making the world hot for the Kaiser.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Everybody in Italy has been talking about the wonderful tour of the Allied bands, comprising the musicians of the Garde Republicaine of France, the Grenadier Guards of England, and one American band (unfortunately not named). By their stirring rendition of the battle hymns of the Allies they have done more than tons of pamphlet propaganda and diplomatic oratory could possibly do to keep Italy solid for the war in the face of last autumn's reverses. They have heartened and rejuvenated an entire nation, as the splendid reception accorded them bears testimony.

Those of us who can still remember having been civilians (and there are not a few of us who can do so without effort) can also remember being thrilled by the music of a military band. But somehow, after the tumult and the shouting back in the States was over, we didn't hear bands. Over here, unless we are in the battalion which is billeted in the same town with the regiment's musicians, we seldom hear any martial music, to put pep into our step and inspiring thoughts into our minds. If we belong to units that do not boast of bands—to hospital detachments, the Q.M. corps, and other so-called "segregated units"—we are lucky if we hear any music at all; at least, by American practitioners.

True, we usually hear first call in the morning—after a good deal of a struggle; but first call is not music, it's a curse. Day in and day out we hear mighty little music. And we'd like to hear more.

We have a hunch that we'd like longer, and keep cheerful longer, if we might hear more of it. Not that anybody has been kicking on our hiking, or kicking at our kicking; oh, no! But it's an undisputed fact that music and fighting men march hand in hand down the pathway of civilization. And so we'd appreciate an introduction to our hand-maiden.

"ALL PRESENT"

Infantry, Marines, Medical Corps, Machine Gunners, Air Service, Engineers, Quartermaster Corps, Cavalry—they're all represented on the staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES. Pretty near all of the old army "staples" are included, with the exception of the Artillery, and we hope to have the cannoners represented soon. As it is, we have them writing in to us now and again. We prefer their paper contributions to their steel ones—infinitely. So do the Germans.

Look over the list of branches of the service again: doughboys, leathernecks, ozzards, typewriters, highflyers, roadled jokers, Q.M.s, billy-bowlegs—they're all present or accounted for. Any man from any branch of the service—yes, even from the quartermaster's outfit—can send in stuff about his particular "line" with the supreme conviction that it will receive sympathetic treatment at the hands of some one on the staff who knows something, a little something, about it. We aim to be as representative as the Reichstag is not. In short, we aim to serve YOU!

"VOT ISS"

Will the "stage German," the round, beery-faced person with the funny accent and the funnier spectacles, be on the boards when we return to the States? Will he still be playing "Tannenbaum" and "Ach, du lieber" on his "leedle" *pfife*, accompanied by the dolorous whining of his faithful dachshund? Or will he be driven from the spotlight even as Germany will be driven from her "place in the sun," driven from the vaudeville house even as Germany will be driven off the ocean?

Our guess is that he will. In a way, it's too bad, for in the years before the war he was "a source of innocent merriment" and not at all connected with the propaganda scheme, at least, not obviously. But, like other institutions which were harmless although German, he will probably have to pay the penalty for his Teutonic origin. And he will not be alone.

Of soldiers who fought in other wars it has been said that they forgot and forgave far more readily than did the civilians of the nations engaged. Not so, we fear, with this war; there is too much which can never be quite forgotten, too much which can never be quite forgiven. Other wars were, for the most part, good stand-up-and-go-to-it affairs, with a certain amount of chivalry on both sides. In this one, there has been no chivalry on the German side to be remembered, and to play its part in the healing process.

Thus does ruthless, *rucksacklose* warfare take its toll of innocent amusements. Thus do simple and kindly and well-meaning people have to pay for the misdeeds and misplottings of people in high place who are neither simple nor kindly nor well-meaning. Thus has Germany made detested and abhorred throughout the world everything that bears the imprint of Germany. She has her rulers to thank; soon we will have them to spank.

SQUADS—READ!

Recently in the columns of *The Daily Mail*—you see it cost three sons just to get this editorial started—the Mr. Wells who wrote "Mr. Britling" has been engaged in a lively argument to prove that less attention should be paid in the English schools to the dead facts of ancient history than to the living facts of our own time.

"While the pedigree of the Electress Sophia, the wives of Henry VIII, and the claims of Henry V to the crown of France are rubbed into the mind of every boy who is to go on to a university course or a professional career with the utmost industry, the chances are about even that he will never even hear the name of Alexander Hamilton until he reaches man's estate."

Is that," asks Mr. Wells, "a state of affairs that ought to continue?"

Well, it can't be stopped this week very well, and if the English schoolboy doesn't know all about Alexander Hamilton, the American doughboy is even vaguer about William Pitt. Probably, what with the preparatory course in hand grenade throwing he took in the open lot across the street back home he will worry along somehow without this useful information, and yet it might not be a bad idea if the American Library Association, which is now planning to drop small libraries of five hundred books each at many points along the A.E.F., were to include, along with Anna Katherine Greene and the rest, a few simple histories of the pot that boiled over in August, 1914. It is probably true that an American flier can hit the bull's eye of a Prussian ammunition dump without ever having heard of the Franco-Prussian war, but it is almost equally true that a fairly convincing article could be written to prove that the chief reason why the Germans are trampling over Russia just now is because so many of the Russians did not know how to read.

Certainly the more the American Army knows about the ugly story of the German Empire, the madder it will get and the bigger the punch there will be in its drive. Most of us have to depend for our knowledge of Joan of Arc, in whose land we are fighting, on the movie of her story made by that bouncing American girl, Geraldine Farrar, and most of us, at the mention of the name of Bismarck, try to remember whether it is in North or South Dakota.

NATIONAL FRIENDSHIPS

An American soldier was talking with a gamin in London.

"Have you ever been in Liverpool?" he asked.

"Naw," replied the youth. "I live in London."

To the boy the explanation was sufficient. He lived in London. Of course he had never been to Liverpool. Why should he go to Liverpool?

This is an example of provincialism which is less pronounced in the United States than any other country. But it exists in the United States to a degree. The man who lives in New Orleans is not acquainted with Seattle. The man who lives in Seattle is not acquainted with New Orleans. Not one American in a hundred has trod Broad Street in Philadelphia, Peachtree Street in Atlanta, Market Street in San Francisco, and Main Street in Kansas City. Not one in a thousand has been in Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon. There are 100,000,000 Americans who live outside of New York—and most of them have never been there.

The United States is so vast that few persons have even a fairly intimate knowledge of its various sections. Few have a direct personal interest in other places than the one in which they live. Distance restricts association.

Over here in France it is different, our view broadens. We come to look at the United States as a whole. A news dispatch from New York or Salt Lake City is "news from home." An American is a friend whether he comes from Charleston, South Carolina, or Butte, Montana. The limitations of association are gone. Our hunkie is from a city 2,000 miles from where we live. But we learn of his home town and he learns of ours.

In a certain squad seven different States are represented. This is not uncommon. New friendships are springing up and we are learning things about our own country—over here in France—that we never knew before. And many of the friendships will be lasting. They will be continued by correspondence and visits when we get back. The making of international friendships is regarded by sociologists as the great virtue of the war. Is not the making of national friendships as important?

CHEER UP, MR. MARTIN!

Mr. E. S. Martin, the erstwhile genial editor of *Life*, must be low in his mind. Listen to what he says about the news that the folks back home are getting about us:

"Let us be sorry for the good newspapermen who supply the papers with printable stories about our troops in France. What they send us is largely twaddle, yarns of trifling importance, long drawn out, sentimental tales and jokes. No doubt they could do better if they had freer hands, but, after all, the war is not being conducted for the edification of readers, and camouflage for the folks at home may be as necessary and as useful as camouflage for the enemy."

We don't believe for a minute that Mr. Martin considers news about the Army of the United States as "twaddle." As for the rest of his sweeping assertion, let us remind him that there are lots of things of trifling importance about war that are none the less interesting. "Sentimental tales?" Wars can't be fought without sentiment. Jokes? They're as necessary for the men who fight wars as beef and bacon and shoe leather.

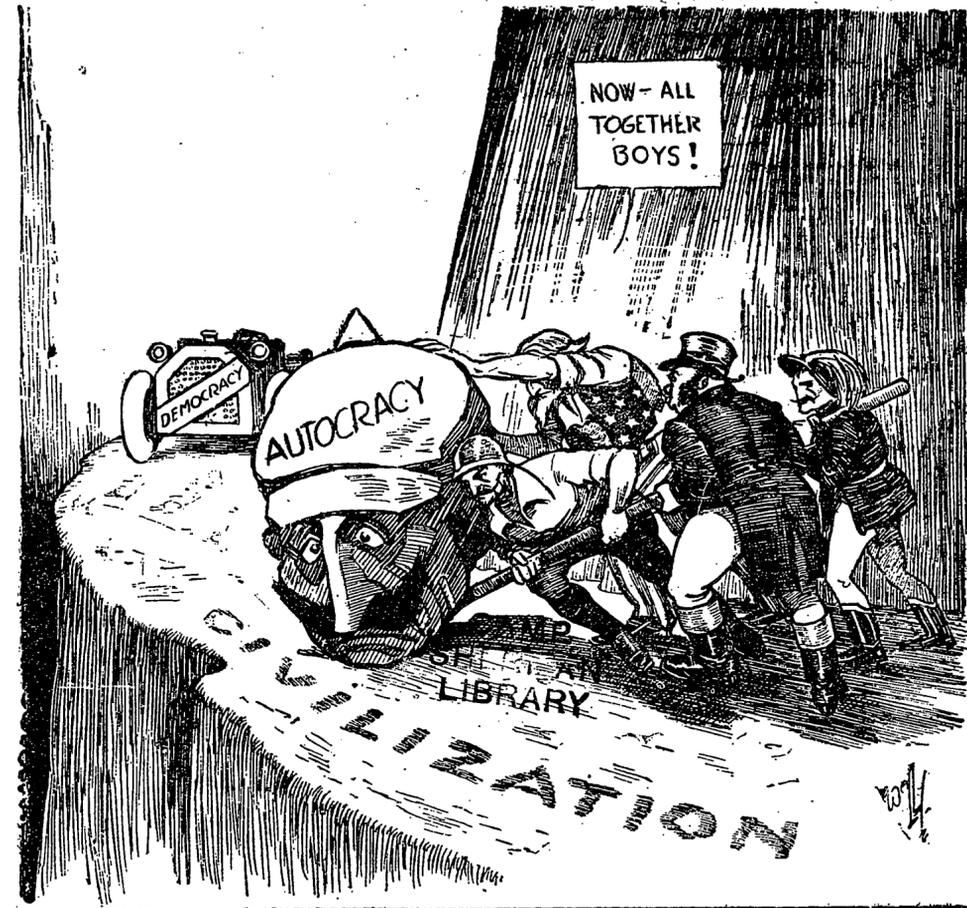
We are glad, though, that Mr. Martin realizes that the war is not being conducted so much for the edification of readers as for their preservation and protection. That is why he does not get more of the "yarns" of real importance which he seems to crave. Camouflage, capable of deceiving the alert enemy, there must be—plenty of it. That is why the casual reader has to suffer along with the enemy.

But Mr. Martin is not done there: "The war just now is not as good a topic as it has been. There is very little left to it except duty and mud. There is little promise left in it of glory comfortably endowed for anyone."

Duty and mud? Plenty of both, to be sure, but a lot more besides, Mr. Martin. Get it out of your head that this war is a dreary, written-out, stale undertaking. It's full of life, full of color, full of interest, full of promise, full of hope! Don't pan the war, Mr. Martin. It has helped many of us to find ourselves, has taught us lessons of sacrifice and service. In short, Mr. Martin, we—over here—are finding it a damned good war, the best we ever attended.

So please cheer up. We like you much better that way.

'RAUS MIT IHM!



—By Wallgren

"GAS-ALERT"

The difference between English and American journalism is this: When halibuts fall in England, they are described as being "big as pigeons' eggs." When they fall in the United States, nothing less than "big as hens' eggs" will suffice.

"Altenly Strikes Again—Three Mile Gain."—Headline.

This man Altenly must be in line for the title of all-Allied line plunging halfback.

Illers in New Jersey? Wow! Every Jerseyite has a permanent and engrossing occupation: Swatting skeeters!

The sergeant up in the new Lorraine sector who cussed the artillery for knocking "his" pillbox to bits is very much in the same fix as the little Scotchman in the story.

Jock went over the top, and the minute he struck the enemy trenches he got a good fat Boche with his bayonet. Before he could pull his weapon out, Big Sam, one of his platoon mates, came jumping along and skewered the same Boche. "Ye don't fou! Ye don't fou!" hollered the little Jock, jumping up and down with rage. "That's my Boche! 'Giu ye want to speecheer yin, garn gi' a Boche o' yer ain!" Which seems as good advice for Americans as for Highlanders.

They're starting "swat-the-fly" campaigns in the States about now. We're starting "swat-the-Hun" campaigns over here.

Secretary Baker arrived at the Gare Montparnasse all right. But the blue Muses of Paris who greeted him were not clad in flowing robes, but in tight-fitting khaki.

"Raid on Freiburg"—Headline. If it were Freiburg that was raided, it's dollars to doughnuts we'd hear something from the grand old State of Maine, by 'chowder!

At one of the big flying fields in France they ask you: "Are you an officer or only a flying lieutenant?"

The new increment of men for the National Army will begin to move into the cantonments on March 20. If the date had been three days later, some German paragrapher would have been furnished with an easy wheeze.

Washington, D.C., went dry last November by Act of Congress, and since then the demand for water has been so great that the Committee on the District of Columbia is seeking to build a new aqueduct. That's the trouble with the stuff that's brought in in suitcases: it requires so many chasers to get it down.

"German Troops in Suburbs of Odessa."—Headline. If they're anything like American suburbs, the Boche will have an awful job getting to work on time in the morning.

The Zeppelin recently made an "abortive visit" over Yorkshire, England. The report is still being investigated as to their having been bombarded with Yorkshire puddings, shot from the anti-aircraft guns; if it proves true, Germany will probably call it "British frightfulness." But wait until the Zepps collide with the Scotch haggis!

America, it seems, has sent enough food abroad this year to feed 10,000,000 people. And we got all the beans.

They robbed us of an hour's sleep every night coming over on the transport. Those were the earliest reveilles we ever knew. And now, on top of that, comes this French scheme to save daylight. As Tommy says, "If calls him a bit thick."

Living in caves up on the Chemin des Dames seems to have turned our mild and gentle New Englanders into veritable cave-men, from the way they treat the visiting Boche.

The woman who wrote "Keep the Home Fires Burning" was killed by the Germans in a recent air raid on London. The man who wrote "I Did Not Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" was still living at last accounts.

Butter and *patisserie* may not be had for the asking, but no one will go hungry as long as there are eggs. For as the old proverb has it: "I'u oeu' is as good as a feast." Help!

Masks off! All clear!

FATE AROUND THE CORNER

In the starlight, smoking after-dinner cigars while we samtered down the desolated main street of a bombed village, we fell to talking about fate.

Our meeting had been strange enough—literally bumping into one another after ten years, in this clump of ruins close to No Man's Land, and making mutual recognition in the flash of two pocket bull's eyes. But such encounters are more or less an everyday thing in France. They hold our attention for a brief while; then stir us to more general reflections.

"I look at myself sometimes," my old friend was saying, "and it seems to me that I'm somebody else. Some fellow in a dream or in a book. You know what I used to be like. A rather commonplace sort of chap leading the regulation city man's grooved life. Breakfast, subway to the office, three hours at a desk, luncheon, four more hours at a desk, subway again, reading the evening paper and hanging on to a strap, then dinner."

"I ate about the same kind of meals at the same table night after night, went through the same round of mild amusements with a brief No Man's Land, shooting my fellow man and being shot at in the light of the star shells, and skowered the same Boche. 'Ye don't fou! Ye don't fou!' hollered the little Jock, jumping up and down with rage. 'That's my Boche! 'Giu ye want to speecheer yin, garn gi' a Boche o' yer ain!' Which seems as good advice for Americans as for Highlanders."

"Look at me now! Just when grey hairs were beginning to sprinkle around my temples, I shake off my years and go back to the age of adventure. I wear a uniform and join in the Great Crusade."

"I put out to sea on a warship, land in a strange country and struggle with a new language. I march away to the trenches with a steel casque on my head, I live in a dug-out, wallow in mud, creep on my belly into No Man's Land, shooting my fellow man and being shot at in the light of the star shells. I'll be doing or whar adventure wait around the next corner."

We puffed at our cigars and laughed. "No adventure awaited us at the next corner—any of course, we didn't really expect one. But as we were nearing the town square, a distant booming set up in the north."

Neither of us had time to remark upon it before an anti-aircraft gun barked from a position close by. A searchlight flashed into the sky, wavered, held steady, and another shell burst. Suddenly, half a dozen brilliant per-

gils of light were sweeping aloft and the ground was trembling with the roar of guns and the thud of Gotha bombs.

My companion streaked it across the square. For a moment I decided to be nonchalant. Then I changed my mind and streaked out after him. By that time he was out of sight. Shrapnel bounced in the square. Head cover! The nearest house, half ruined, had an inviting open front door. I dived in.

For half a minute curiosity held me there, looking through the iron grill. Then prudence suggested a look around. A little slit of yellow light came from the rear of the house. I called out to know if this was an *abri*.

An old man with a candle pushed open a cellar door. No, this was no public shelter, but for an American officer he and his good wife always kept open house.

I descended after him into a little wine cellar about six feet high, six in width and ten feet long. Its furniture consisted of a table, a stove, a bed, and two chairs.

"They insisted that I must take one of the cellar walls from my overcoat sleeve as solicitously as they would have dressed a wound. I felt quite overwhelmed by their kindness."

It was nothing, they said. For six months they had spent every evening in this little cellar and they were happy to have at last an unexpected caller. They would give a house warming. With three glasses of claret we went through the ceremony.

After that Monsieur and I smoked American tobacco. Once in a while a bomb fell—br-r-r-r—stear would hold up another finger and say: "That makes—near the square."

We talked about Paris. Monsieur and Madame hoped Paris would not be flighty about the raids.

"Now we," observed Madame, "have had a lot of this sort of thing and we've learned not to mind it. All Paris has to do is to act sensible and go down into the cellar till the racket's over."

I reassured them as best I could, and, as the racket now was over, took my departure. It wasn't quite a bit out of Arabian Nights, but to a city man who has been leading a grooved life for 32 years, it could pass as one of the adventures which await us these days just around the corner. C. P. C.

THE ADVENTURES OF AUSSIE

The appearance of the current issue of *Aussie*, the Australian soldiers' magazine, in a smart cover of stiff, glazed paper, has created a mild sensation in the world of army journalism. In France such paper is as rare these days as platinum and just about as expensive. Everyone wondered where they got it and how.

The acquisition of this precious stock was one of the adventures of a breezy little publication produced under the exciting difficulties that naturally beset any magazine issued in the field.

Cover-paper there was none until the editor, Lieut. Philip Harris, found this and he found it by burrowing under a shell-punctured section of Armentieres. Guided by a native who knew where an *imprimerie* had flourished before the Huns came, he worked his way through the ruins until he reached the cellar and found this stock, unspoiled, for by a freak of destruction, the collapsing plaster had asked and formed a water-tight roof for that cellar. Its purchase was easily negotiated with the surprised and gratified owner, who had never expected to see his paper again, much less sell it.

Another shell-shocked town supplied *Aussie* with its new printing machine, and in just this way its medley of type was assembled. To the most stock brought overseas from home in the first autumn of the war has been added from time to time the odds and ends of Lieut. Harris has been able to disinter by poking in the rubbish of ruined *imprimeries* in towns like Bapaume and its neighbors. The most stock was easily secured for the making of its cuts—at the Australian headquarters in France, so it is written by the men in the forward area. Only contributions from the field are acceptable. Copy, therefore, is seldom clean, for drawings must be made on scraps of paper in the trenches and poems scribbled out along the margin of a newspaper in the shelter of some shell-hole.

In the same way, the circulation of each issue reaches out to the first line trenches. They are used to that. It was one of the exploits of the British postal service in the field that the Australians, during one celebrated advance and under the redoubt and tension of a creeping barrage, were able to receive and read *The Daily Mail* account of their magnificent progress of the day before.

When the days of its less pretentious predecessor when plant, staff, editorial sanctum and all could be piled into a single motor lorry and moved along with the Army—could be and was, often.

Those predecessors were *The Honk*, of which the first issue appeared aboard the transport that brought the first Australian troops to France back in 1914, and *The Rising Sun*, the paper that entertained the boys last winter. The name *Aussie*, of course, is simply the new name the Australian soldier has given himself.

All three magazines have been edited by the same man, an officer risen from the ranks since this war began. Before August, 1914, he was a newspaper man in Sydney, New South Wales, and like all real newspapermen, worked at one time or another on all the papers in his town. He writes part of each issue of *Aussie*, which is made up of sketches, stories, poems and jokes—and ads. Some of these last are reliable but cruel. Witness this one from the latest issue:

"AUSTRALIAN BEER FOR SALE. The AUSSIE BREWERY COMPANY is pleased to be able to announce to all members of the A.E.F. in France that the BEST 'BHANDS OF AUSTRALIAN BEER' may be obtained at all hotels in N.S.W., Victoria, Queensland, S.A., W.A. and Tasmania."

WHEN I'LL BE BACK

When the Huns have finished running From our bayonets and gumming, I'll be back. When we reach that bunch a lesson, And they make a peace confession, I'll be back. When we fill them full of shell, And the sensible rebel, And the others run like hell, I'll be back. When we push that pack of swine, Back against the river Rhine, I'll be back. When the Kaiser does the trick And he joins old ex-Cza' Nick, I'll be back. When he learns the situation, And he gets his abdication, And there's peace throughout the nation, I'll be back. —CORFOL HARRY PHILLIPS.