

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1918.

CELEBRATING ARIGHT

Not with drums and trumpets and salvos of artillery and oratory are we, over here, celebrating the anniversary of America's entry into the war. We are celebrating it with a dedication of ourselves, through our Commander-in-Chief's offer to the High Command, "for all we have and are," to the great task of helping our Allies drive back the invader. We're going to be in it, and to put into it all we know how to put into it. That is celebrating aright.

A glorious privilege lies before us. It goes without saying that we will make the most of it. For our second year of the war there could be no more inspiring inception than this: An American Army, trained and eager, going forward in concert with the representatives of our two great sister-democracies, to meet the Hun upon the plains of Picardy.

The eyes of the world are upon us. Forward—forward for the right! As it is written, so shall it be: "Where breathes the foe but falls before us. With Freedom's soil beneath our feet. And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

AS BAD AS THAT?

The Y.M.C.A. has established an enlisted men's hotel in Paris. It provides beds with sheets, baths in red tubs, a library, a billiard room, the only American boot-black stand discovered in France, a canteen where American women serve ice cream and lemonade, an entertainment hall with frequent movie shows. It is a little bit of home, and the tired soldier from the trenches or training camp is wont to wonder if it isn't also just a little bit of heaven.

And the dining room! Your mess sergeant ought to see it. It is comfortable and pleasing, as only Parisian dining rooms can be. Electric lights in cut glass chandeliers, mirrors, plush seated chairs and cushioned seats along the walls in which you sink six inches or three feet or thereabouts. Everything is ideal except—on every officer in the room, on every panel of the wall is this glaring sign: "Rooms must be PAID FOR IN ADVANCE and meals WHEN SERVED."

After reading these, one gets a mental picture of a soldier shinning down the fire escape to evade room rent, or sneaking out of the door to avoid payment of his dinner check. We were just wondering if it is as bad as that.

SACRIFICE

Every once in a while you will meet a man in this rising young Army who, having sacrificed much to don the olive drab, feels that he did his bit when he enlisted and that little more—certainly little more initiative can be decently expected of him.

He seems vaguely to understand the impression that General Pershing will eventually recognize that heroic mood he was in on the day of enlistment and will gratefully reward his sacrifice. Unconsciously and it is human of him—he measures his value to the Army not by what he brought to it, but by what he left behind him. "I only regret," he almost seems to say, "that I have but one life to begrudge to my country."

But the Army cannot recognize that kind of sacrifice. If that were the measure, we are all in much the same boat. Nearly every one of us gave up something—pretty dear when, for the best reason in the world, we left the best country in the world behind us. Perhaps it was a two-year-old boy; perhaps it was a million-dollar home on the Sound. Maybe it was only a hope. But the man who sacrifices everything to become a slack and indifferent soldier has done nothing to make his country incoherent with gratitude. After all, the only kind of sacrifice worth mentioning in the Army is the kind that Sergeant Peterson made the other day under the fire of the German guns. The only kind of soldier likely to cause the Kaiser any embarrassment at all is the kind whose passion for service burns undiminished, not till the hour of enlistment, but till the hour he is killed or mustered out.

THE SALVATION ARMY

In the old days when war and your home town seemed as far apart as Paris, France, and Paris, Ill., you were a superior person who used to sneaker when you passed a street corner where a small Salvation Army band was holding forth. Perhaps—Heaven forgive you—you even sneered a little when you heard the bespectacled sister in the yoke bonnet bang her tambourine and raise a shrill voice to the strains of "Oh, death, where is thy sting-a-ling." Probably—unless you yourself had known the bitterness of one who finds himself alone, hungry and homeless in a big city—you did not know much about the Salvation Army.

Well, we are all homeless over here and every American soldier will take back with him a new affection and a new respect for the Salvation Army. Many will carry with them the memories of a cheering word

and a friendly cruller received in one of the huts nearest of all to the trenches. There the old slogan of "Soup and Salvation" has given way to "Pies and Piety." It might be "Doughnuts for Doughboys." These huts, pitched within the shock of the German guns, are ramshackle and bare and few, for no organization can grow rich on the pennies and nickels that are tossed into tambourines at the street corners of the world. But they are doing a work that the soldiers themselves will never forget, and it is an especial pleasure to say so here, because the Salvation Army, being much too simple and old-fashioned to know the uses of advertisement, have never asked us to. You, however, can testify for them. Perhaps you do in your letters home. And surely when you are back there and you pass once more a "meeting" at the curb, you will not snicker. You will tarry a while—and take off your hat.

DOMINIES AND DOUGHBOYS

One of the benefits to arise from this war is going to be the knowledge that the average parson (meaning the lucky parson in khaki) will gain about the average soldier (meaning the average man). This knowledge will do the parson a world of good. In the light of that knowledge, he may be able, in turn, to do a world of good to the average man—in time.

What that knowledge will consist of largely depends upon the parson himself, and the viewpoint he takes in dealing with his difficult job. Taking it by and large, though, it is safe to say that if the parson is a "regular guy" at heart, he will learn that the average man has an awful lot more good in him than the whole brood of parsons (and those who train parsons) ever suspected; and that the average man is a lot more responsive to the things of the spirit—though in his own way—than the average parson could have dreamed possible.

The parson will learn, too, that it is not always the man, say, who curses the worst who is bound for perdition. He will have seen that same man comfort children frightened by bombardment, with the tenderness and skill which their own mothers could not bring to bear. He will have seen that same man go out and rescue a wounded comrade under fire. He may see that man pay the supreme sacrifice without a whimper. And, having seen all that, the parson will be mighty lenient in judging that man on little scores.

Cussing, of course, isn't to be condoned for a minute—by parsons or anybody else. But the point is that the parson will get down to bed rock in his appraisal of men, and not spend too much time fussing about their exterior embellishments. When he gets down there, the doughboy can understand the dominie. The former will lose his distrust for the latter and the latter will lose his skepticism about the former. And what can be fairer than that?

WATCH YOUR LETTERS

That familiarity breeds contempt crops up even in our letter writing. Unless he has kept his ears stuffed and his eye blindfolded, every member of the A.E.F. should by this time be familiar with the rules on censorship. Yet violations still occur. Some men seem to forget the rules, or at least to grow more careless in applying them, in direct ratio to their familiarity with them.

Bear in mind that those rules are formed on experience, the experience of all our Allies—and even of our enemies—during four years of incessant warfare. Their purpose is not to keep news from your friends at home, but to keep useful items from the ears of the enemy. Without in the least violating those rules or helping the enemy, you can tell the people at home anything of real interest to them, everything except pandering to their idle curiosity.

After all, the purpose of censorship, of the labors of your company officers, and of the Base Censor, is to save your lives—it is up to you to co-operate in that effort if you are interested in saving them, and in winning the war.

POLITICS PUT AWAY

Partisan politics, the dispatches from the States inform us, is now a thing of the past. The minority party in Congress no longer obstructs simply for the sake of obstructing, but constructs—constructs for the sake of obstructing Germany. The acid test applied to every measure that comes up is not, "Was it introduced by a Democrat, by a Republican, by a Progressive, by a Prohibitionist, by a Socialist, or by an Independent?" but the far simpler and saner one, "Will it, if passed, help to win the war?"

That news is most encouraging to us over here, most heartening and refreshing. The first thing we realized when we landed here was that we would have plenty to do in fighting Germany without fighting among ourselves. We have stuck to the preparation for the former task, and let the latter alone. And, with the people in the States behind us following the same plan of action, all Potsdam can't stop us!

LETTERS—AND LETTERS

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, of Parnassus, South Norwalk, Conn., and way stations, in the course of an article on "The Art of Letter Writing," in a recent number of *Musey's Magazine*, has this to say:—"If only some confidant of the soldiers at the front, or of the girls they left behind them, could be allowed to select from what one might call the soldiers' and sweethearts' mail, and print a wee hint of what he found, I think that probably we should have, for use and for all the future, the most poignant volume of love-letters ever printed for the faith and comfort of human hearts. It would probably, I think, be the most heart-breaking book in existence; but how full it would be of reassurance that the one elemental force and confidence of the earth remains indestructible, against all the mechanisms of atheism!"

Heart-breaking? Don't you believe it, Mr. Le Gallienne! Our girls don't send us "sob-stuff," they send us cheer and joy in their letters. In return we try to send cheer and joy back to them. Anyway, please, PLEASE don't try to get into our mail-bags. We have trouble enough as it is getting the letters sent us from across the ocean. Let the present, and posterity, too, wait until we can get back and edit our letters ourselves.

The Listening Post

GIRLS I'VE LEFT BEHIND

ELIZABETH
Lady of whom I am bereft.
Whose features cross mine errant mind,
Fairest of all the girls I left behind.

We had, we tain, a snappy time;
We had our days of red-romance.
You're somewhere in Wisconsin; I'm
In France.

To stall has never been my wont,
My way is blunt, my words are true.
Miss you? Don't ever think I don't.
I do.

I miss you, O my dear. And yet
I still must suffer and be strong
Without you, Bessie. I shall get
Along.

For, though I thought a lot of you,
You used to get me hopping, Liz.
When you would telephone: "Guess who
This is."

That trick, my lady, o'er the sea,
I could not stand in any June.
In brief, my Bessie, it gave me
A pain.

This is the object of my rhyme,
My Bessie for whom once I burned:
Fuss some one else as far as I'm
Concerned.

Not that doubt as to the essential greatness
of the French ever was entertained by this
Howitzer of hilarity. But we never really
knew the uttermost genius of the people until
last night at a dinner. The French do something
to even a parsnip that makes it taste
like food.

BLESS HIM!
A drink we like
Is Freddie Elizz;
He never bleats:
"I'll say it is."

There were a lot of authors in Paris during
the air raids, and some of them unconsciously
gravitated toward the six best cellars.

THINGS WE USED TO BEEF ABOUT
I.
The size of the hunk of ice-cream they put
in our crushed strawberry ice-cream soda.

And here is where I think it only right that
I should trill a
Few notes to thee, my favorite drink. O
Frosted Sarsaparilla!

Most of us never see the home papers any
more, but the odds are 10 to 2 that these are
some of the headlines we are missing about
now:
WAR FORCED ON GERMANY, SAYS
KAISER
COHEN'S HOMER WINS FOR TIGERS
TEACH CHOP RUINED BY FROST
MCGRAW SAYS ELLIS HAVE GREAT
TEAM
MISS BURSTEIN NABS NET TITILE
NOT A CANDIDATE, SAYS HEARST
Any other suggestions?

"I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT"

Marguerite, you never write me,
Never knit the sportive sock.
Though the vermal breezes bite me
And the gaseous zephyrs mock,
Never line of cheer you send me,
Never smokes of any brand
Though the god of war may bend me,
Like a cruller in his hand.

One year back it was not so, Peg:
Sure you liked to have me 'round.
For we took in many a show, Peg,
And went sailing on the Sound.
You were always game for dances,
And for films full of weeps—
Since my regiment in France is
You are off'n me for keeps!

How explain your interest lagging
When the war is all the rage?
True, khaki is not glad-ragging
And we cannot view the stage
As we used to—(sad sighs heave I).
Hah! I think I have a cog:
Strike me blind! I don't believe I
Yet have sent a line to you!

It takes all kinds of warriors to comprise
a great army, including the doughboy who
asked for some hotlers and a calendar when
he took out his War Risk Insurance.

TUNE: "I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS"
I cannot sing the old songs,
Not that I don't know how;
But I cannot pull the old stuff—
I'm in the Army now.

Our notion of a preferred fire insurance
risk is the average briquet.

"THAT COMIC LOOKING CAP"
A mother sat one morning out in Quincy,
Illinois:
Her thoughts were fondly turning to her far-
off soldier boy.
She said, "I wonder where he is, my own,
my darling Jeff.
I only know he's somewhere with the well-
known A.E.F."

Just as those poignant words she said, a letter
was delivered:
A photograph dropped from it. "Oh, who
can that be?" she shivered.
"He used to be a snappy boy, a handsome
looking chap.
But he doesn't look like a son of mine in that
faded funny cap."

"HE USED TO BE SO PRETTY."
Did the subject of this ditty,
Before he wore that comic looking cap,
He was such a handsome kid
Before he wore that lid—
Now I cannot bear to look upon his map!"

The Listening Post is requested to state that
those golf-stick insignias are reports, the in-
signia of the chemical corps. "A man came
up to me the other day," says a chem. lieutenant,
"and offered to give me a stroke a hole."

FRANCE FLICKERINGS
**Ye scribbled a French hair cut last
Saturday and is doing as well as could be
expected.

**A second lieut., who used to be tennis
champion of the U.S. is engaged to be married.
Looks like a love set, hey?

**Several of the overseas caps are adorning
the heads of our boys. Well, it is the war, as
our Allies so well say.

**Our circ. mgr. is a busy man these ele-
gant spring days.

**Orphan-adopting is the order of the day.

"AND THE ONLY TUNE"
Tom, Tom, the corporal gay,
Stays all night and half the day;
But the only tune that he can steer
Is: "Oh, boy, where do we go from here?"

Weber and Fields, like the patriotic Ameri-
cans they are, have discarded their old
Boche dialect. By Cheve, Meyer, didd you
never?

Apparently Chautauque Hindenburg hasn't
read the Allied traffic regulations.

He thought he was on a one-way street.
F. P. A.

FIVE HUNDRED FRANCS WILL SUPPORT HIM FOR A YEAR



A FIELD NOTE BOOK

MOTHER MARIE'S WELCOME

When the Huns broke into Mother Marie's
cottage, she was tending three wounded
French soldiers. The Huns ordered her to
get out.
"Will you take care of my *poilus*?" she
pleaded.
"No."
"Then I must," she insisted.
She tended them three days and nights,
then the Huns put her under guard for dis-
obeying orders.
Last week she was repatriated. The relatives
of the men whose lives she had helped
to save met her at the station and gave her a
royal welcome.

She is going back in a few days from Paris
to her old home. When she gets there, she
will find the houses rebuilt and refurbished,
and a notice about a *croix de guerre* on the
parlor table.

PRECIOUS SCARS

We were sitting in the inn courtyard of the
Pink Owl in Beauville.
"Some day," my friend observed, "the
scars on these walls will be of real commercial
value."
"Why?"
"Because tourists from America will flock
here: some of them ex-A.E.F. men, some of
them the folks back home who now so eagerly
are poring over the war news. The Pink Owl
has 19 scars, disfigurements now, but after
the war every one of them will do its bit to
attract the attention and the trade of the
romantic-minded tourist."
Sounds highly probable, doesn't it?

"STRIPERS"

When you see an American naval officer
strolling around town and you want to know
his rank, don't look for the indication of it on
his shoulders or his collar, but count the
stripes on his sleeve. In nautical circles, an
ensign, corresponding to a second lieutenant
in the army, is a "one striper." A lieutenant
junior grade, who ranks with an army
first lieutenant, is a "one-and-a-half-striper."
And so on up the line. A "two striper"
(lieutenant, senior grade) rates with the
army's captains; a "two-and-a-half striper"
with majors. A commander is a "three
striper," a captain (equivalent to colonel) a
"four striper."

ENCORE TIPPERARY

One still hears "Tipperary" being sung
near the front as a marching song. Yet the
British ceased to sing it long ago, and the
Americans haven't revived it. Then who does
sing it? The *poilus*. What is more, they
render it in English. Not more than half
of them know what it means, but that mat-
ters little. For it is an evidence in music
of the brotherhood of the Allies—and that
means considerable.

WAR-TIME SEE-SAWS

The Tommies describe those big belts of
steel that are sawed in half to make arched
roofs for dugouts as "elephant iron." The
French gamin describes them as "rockers."
Whenever two youths of France discover one
of these half-sections on its back with the
ends sticking up, they balance a plank across
it and merrily proceed to see-saw.

VARIETIES OF SLUM

Everyone knows that there are at least
three different kinds of slum—the watered
kind, the more solid variety and the occa-
sional special sort that wears a pie-crust.
The Marines describe these three types in
sea-lingo: "slum with the tide in," "slum
with the tide out," and "slum with an over-
coat."

UGHT TO BE VIVACIOUS

Our artillerymen always have nicknames
for the guns they serve. The French go us
one better. They have names—formally
painted on the gun barrels. One of the most
highly descriptive caught our eye on the road
up to the front the other day. It was
christened "Gaby."

Fair, fat and past 40 is this secretary
of the Red Triangle. Has the smile that
won't come off. Every doughboy within miles
around the hut knows him and likes his
cheery personality. That is why, perhaps,

"SOUL OF THE DOUGHBOY" IN PRINT

(From the "Philadelphia Press," March 10, 1918)

In homes throughout the United States
which are distinguished by the familiar ser-
vice flag can be found these days copies of a
newspaper which is far removed from pink tea
journalism, a newspaper which breathes the
civic breath of American battlefields in Eu-
rope, whether they be those of cooties-filled
dugouts, mud-filled trenches, or mental battle-
fields on which the French language lies more
or less murdered by American tongues and
noses.

It is THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official
newspaper of the American Expeditionary
Forces. It contains in its pages cartoons, edi-
torials, news and verse which exhibit the
clean, rough, stout-hearted soul of the dough-
boy abroad. It is published by doughboys and
written by doughboys, with the exception of
news cabled from America or London, or con-
tributed by staff correspondents of American
newspapers in France.

THE STARS AND STRIPES is in existence
to keep the Amer force as well informed about
events in France and the United States as are
the folks in "Homeburg," and to chronicle
the hopes and longings of men who for the
first time in history have become foreigners—
for until you read the French advertisements
in the publication you do not realize that
thousands of Americans who have called on
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The paper is published weekly. A copy
dated "France, Friday, February 15,
1918," which has come to the *Phila-
delphia Press*, is only eight pages long.
But there is no negligible passage in
it. There is no padding, but it has an under-
tone which hints feelings that can be expressed
only in persiflage, as the depths of the ocean
are topped with foam. And for this reason
there is more in those eight pages (every one
of which is as compelling to the attention as a
renewed declaration of war, or a new draft
of the Declaration of Independence written by

WHAT YOU THINK OF US

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
A distinct success is mild praise for this
journalistic enterprise. Its greatest strength
lies in its ability to transport the reader "over
there" for at least a few moments.
Pvt. P. B. HARRINGTON.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
Copies of your splendid paper have reached
our camp and the men are delighted with its
appearing and appearance. They have already
taken a number of subscriptions.
L. J. DARTER, Sec. Y.M.C.A.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
The editors sure have spizzierintum and
every word of the paper is darned interesting.
Pvt. HOWARD W. BUTLER.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
Your paper has the real American jump.
Good luck!
CHARLES H. GRASBY.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
This company received THE STARS AND
STRIPES last evening. It took fine with the
boys, and they agreed it was the next best
thing to receiving a letter from home.
Pvt. R. H. AMSTRONG.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
Permit me to extend my sincerest apprecia-
tion of THE STARS AND STRIPES, and to
congratulate you on the successful *début* with
which you have brought it out. It is the snap-
piest and most vigorous paper I have seen,
and reflects the spirit of the A.E.F. at the
front, in training, and en route.
Pvt. MEYER AGEN.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
I read with interest your recent comment on
the "Old Subscriber," and while I may not
be able to sign myself as such I can sign as
"One of the First Subscribers" for I was so
anxious to get the paper that I was one of
four from this company that sent our sub-
scription money to your office rather than wait
until arrangements were made to have it sent
to this organization in bulk.
It is a splendid paper and I wish you all
success in the enterprise.
CORP. GEORGE C. POTTER.

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