The Stars and Stripes

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YOU WANT TO GO HOME

When you are out on guard on the border of No Man's Land and they've left you alone with your thoughts and the darkness, you conjure up a vision of Main Street in your home town and perhaps you tell yourself that you would give everything you own in the world—Liberty bonds and all—just for a berth on the next ship sailing for America. But would you? Would you really?

You want to go back to New York. You want to see Fifth Avenue all shining in the morning sun and to push your way through the great, jostling, good-natured crowd that churns about Times Square. You want a long, lazy afternoon up at the Polo Grounds, a plate of wheats at Child's, a comfortable seat at the Palace, where you can settle back and smoke and listen to good, old, noisy Nora Bayes. Good Lord, how you want to go back.

But not now. The home-town of your dreams is the home-town as it was and as it will be once again, but not as it is today. Today, and just so long as this war lasts, you could not spend a single happy hour within its gates. No man could. The man who would willingly hug Broadway while the heart of the world beats in France is a man who would stay in bed on election day and who would sneak off to Coney in the hour of a Lincoln's funeral.

You want to go back home. There are no words to tell how much you want to go back home. But not till this war is over. Not till this job is done.

JUST PLAIN GRUB

We are getting whole wheat bread, the kind that makes muscle and bone and sinew. It is one of the most important components in a fighting man's makeup. It gets to us pretty regularly and is distributed pretty freely. But just because it is plentiful and free, let's not waste it. People at home have had to put up with corn pone and rye bread in order that it might be spared for us.

We also get meat—good big chunks of beef and slabs of bacon and the rest—right along, rich in the fats which are so indispensable to our building up. But just because it's plentiful and free, let's not waste it. People at home have instituted meatless days in order that we might have it.

So it is with all the rest of the food that is handed out to us. In every case, our gain has come through careful saving by the people at home. We owe it to them—as well as to our own sense of self-respect—to see that it is not wasted or thrown away. And this is meant for the ultimate consumer just as much as for the mess sergeant and the cook.

THE PHONETTES

They're here and there. They say "seventy-five" instead of "sixty-fifteen," as the French ones do. They say "Hold the wire" instead of "*Attendez un moment*"; "General Pershing" instead of "*le Général Peurchigne*," and "THAHN-KEW!" instead of "MAHRSEE!" In short, it seems like home to hear them talking over the wires.

The original 33 of the phonettes' Expeditionary Forces have made good on their jobs. Equally at home in French and English, they juggle the two languages about with marvelous dexterity, and all without disturbing a back comb. Their work is important work. We wonder how we got along without them all this time.

But, best of all, they never say, "A dollar and a half extra, please! You talked with the young lady for three-quarters of an hour overtime!" In the first place, they attend to calls on Army business only. In the second, there aren't any dollar and a halfs in France. So they haven't a chance to deliver that irritating message of bygone days. Our relations are wholly pleasant. We thank them.

THE NAVY'S ARMY

Of all the arms of our national services now fighting in France the least understood in the popular mind is the Marine Corps.

The Marine are not the Army men. Neither are they the sailors. They are not infantrymen, cavalrymen, military policemen, artillerymen, aviators, engineers, signalmen nor in the Q. M. Yet they are trained and equipped to act in all of these special capacities, occasionally adding to the list some of the duties of the sailor, such as splicing a rope, manning a ship's gun or pulling an oar.

Back home they used to wear a dress uniform, their dearly prized "sea-goin' blues," which reflected the variety of their work jacket of true navy blue, but with chevrons of yellow, like a cavalryman's; trousers of infantry shade, but with stripes of red like an artilleryman's. The one mark of naval service that they carried to France when they came across in forest green campaign uniforms was the old marine cap emblem—the eagle, globe and anchor.

All this may seem a bit puzzling, but there is available a handy short cut to a clear understanding of the status of the Marine Corps. Simply describe it as "the Navy's Army." As official orders put it, the Marines in France are "detached for service with the Army by order of the President." They are a section of a complete little mobile army which forms about one-sixth of the personnel of the United States Navy.

The body of Marines attached to the A.E.F. probably are fighting farther from the seaboard than any contingent of "leathernecks" in our country's history. That they are serving faithfully, so far from their old haunts, is proven by praise from the highest source. General Pershing, at a recent review, paid them the compliment of declaring that he wished he had half a million of them. A generous tribute, which the Marines will long and gratefully remember.

DON'T "BETTER YOURSELF"

One of the saddest figures in Army life is the high-spirited youngster who, with beating heart and head erect, makes for the nearest recruiting station, offers his all to his country, and then 24 hours after reaching camp hears the whisper, "Better yourself," and starts on a career of self-seeking sycophancy.

He has been infected, and it is an infection that spreads. Probably it spreads the more rapidly in our Army just because advancement in America has been so splendidly open to the humblest citizen, because we have all heard the get-ahead gospel since childhood, because each and every one of us started out with the notion that he stood a fair chance of being President some fine day.

The Kaiser has no great cause to fear the major who, on the first day of his majority, says to himself, "Now, how soon can I become a lieutenant colonel?" instead of "O Lord, help me to shoulder this new responsibility."

A real scholar has no time to think about promotion. He does his job for all he is worth and takes what ranks come along.

The young lieutenant who, instead of bending all his wits to see how much work he can get done every 24 hours, spends all his time scheming for a captaincy, is a pretty poor lieutenant and would make a pretty poor captain. He is like the doughboy whose rifle is never clean except for inspection. He does everything for show, and there is no health in him. He really belongs on kitchen police, although that would be hard on the cooks.

Don't "better yourself." Better the Army.

WHOOPING IT UP

"Dilly-dallying Congressional investigations probably are resulting in some good and much delay, but they undoubtedly set forth the fact that ships are coming to meet the need, that the War Department has effectively accomplished a tremendous task, that the Navy justly deserves immense credit, that things on the whole are striding forward, and that, despite comparatively inconsequential maladjustments, critics and kickers and growlers who clasp their hands in delight at the seeming partisan achievement in some trivial disclosure are, as a matter of fact, about the most unpopular people over here."

This extract from a personal letter proves that things back home are not only moving, but gathering momentum. And slow-moving bodies that get up sufficient momentum are hard to stop. The "critics and kickers and growlers" seem to be finding it out, too.

Such folks apparently don't stand in any better at home nowadays than they do in the A.E.F.

GETTING INTO THE GAME

The knell of "informal" athletics seems to have been sounded by the decision of the Board of Athletic Control of Princeton University. Princeton is coming back in all branches of intercollegiate sports, coming back strong in good old ante-bellum style. But it will cut down expenses, because the war is certain to cut down receipts.

We of the A.E.F. aren't all college men, but we all like to follow college sports pretty nearly as much as we do big league ball. And we know that every college player can't get to France, that the President himself has urged students to stick to their books—when they get their diplomas, they can then (if we've left any Boches for them) get their guns and come across.

But until they come, let them stick to the old athletic program we loved to follow. If we're here this fall we want to anticipate for weeks ahead the outcome of the Harvard-Yale, Penn-Cornell, Kansas-Nebraska, Washington - California and Army-Navy games. And when the games have been won and lost, we want to know that they were the old time blood-and-iron variety of football, played by regulars, not by "informal" teams whose members aren't to be awarded their letters.

1848

Seventy years ago Germany tried to have a revolution. Its fate was the natural fate of any uprising in a country whose government includes a powerful mechanism for the very purpose of suppressing the slightest manifestation of an organized popular will. But the failure proved that even a people who are not adept at rebellion can attempt to take affairs into their own hands once they see the certain justice of their course.

When Russia threw off the shackles of Czardom, the world began to look toward Germany. Revolutions usually move in groups—they did in '48—and it might happen again. And there are already signs within the German Empire that point to something more portentious than dissatisfaction grudgingly endured.

But whatever way they point, there is a German revolution going on outside Germany of which the world has perhaps taken too little account. Many a German name in the A.E.F. has been handed down by a son of '48 who fled the Fatherland to seek liberty overseas. The vision of a free Germany was always before the eyes of the men of '48; they died with it before them, some of them between '61 and '65. But the grandsons of many of them, thoroughly American, are now American soldiers, fighting for the fulfillment of that same vision. Kaiserism knows they are here, and Kaiserism feels no whit more secure for knowing it.

The Listening Post

GIRLS I LEFT BEHIND
II.
FLORENCE

Flossie, how I used to kid you
Just as regular as spring,
When I used to say the lid you
Wore was not a pretty thing!

How my habit was to spoof you
For affecting such a style
That the gear that used to roof you
Brought the wide satiric smile!

How I hurled my mighty humor
At your bonnets red and black!
Little dreaming it a boomer-
Ang to hit the slinger back.

So, as we say here, *O di mi!*
Though I miss you greatly, Flo,
Gosh, I'm glad you can not see me
In my overseas chapeau!

Speculating on how devotees of various sports have turned out for war duty, the Sport Page believes that "tennis would stand high in the list and an unexpected contender for first honors might be cricket. This idea is suggested by the fact that the Western Massachusetts Cricket League boasts that no less than 25 per cent of its players have volunteered for war service." Well, 25 per cent isn't bad. But of those ranked in the First Ten in tennis in 1916—there was no official ranking in 1917—nine are in various branches of the service. The other (he ranked No. 5) is Mr. Ichiya Kumagae, of Japan.

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

***Pvt. —— —— of —— spent —— day in ——.

***Quite a little rain here and hereabouts last week.

***We had our first casualty last wk., our fountain pen falling on the floor and getting out of kilter. Same, however, has been repaired.

***Ig Paderewski, the w.k. pianist has been commissioned a Col. by the Pres. Ataboy, Ig, say we.

***News are scarce this week.

Just how far the long-range gun can shoot is a matter of speculation. Which means, in the Army, that it is the subject of endless debate and argument. It brings to mind the old baseball sketch that Weber and Fields pulled—Heavens, can it be?—22 years ago. "I know a man," Fields used to say, "who can throw a ball five tousand yards." "It's possible," was Weber's comment. "Its impossible," Fields would say. "I seen it myself. My brudder throws a ball five tousand yards." "Oh, well," Weber used to say, sticking out his red-vested stomach, "*he* could do it."

THE CHEMICAL CORPS

They get no song to boost 'em along, they get
no words of cheer;
For what they do is a job so new some of us
don't know they're here;
But they work away in the lab all day to
help us win the war;
Let's not forget we owe a debt to the men
of the Chemical Corps.
For it's HCl to give 'em hell, and H2SO4
C2O5 and TNT—the men of the chemical
Corps!

It's a shame, perhaps, to kid the overseas cap: but it's a shame not to.

BLESS HIM!
A bloke we like
Is Charlie Handy;
He always gives
Us half his candy.

Dear Post:—

What is the thing you say when some gazabe sneaks up on you unsuspecting like, flashes a pic of his best girl or his kids with an "Oh, boy! whaddye think o' that, hey?"

This is my pet peeve, as I'm a bum liar, and when a guy flashes the map of some dreamy-eyed weeping willow on me, or that of some kid, I haven't the heart to tell him the truth, so I just stand around and stammer and let her go at that. Please ship me some stereotyped phrases that I can slip such birds without losing my standing

BUCK.

FOR GIRLS

1. "I didn't know you knew Theda Bara."
2. "How could such a lovely girl waste her time on a guy like you?"
3. "She's just what you deserve."
4. "She's only what you deserve."
5. "I'll bet it doesn't do her justice."
6. "She ain't too thin, she ain't too fat: I'd give my life for a girl like that."

FOR KIDS

1. "Tough luck. They look like their pa."
2. "Hooray! They look like their mother."
3. "What a beautiful looking child!"
4. "What an intelligent looking child!"
5. "What a healthy looking child!"
6. "What a mischievous looking child!"

With a judicious use of the preceding, Buck, you can't go far wrong. If anybody has any other reservible, rapid-firing comebacks, shoot 'em along.

This department, by orders as well as desire is on the well-known water camion for the duration of the equally celebrated war. Which, however, is no reason to suppress the news that, according to the *Herald*, "Miss Frederica Hennessy has left for Cognac."

It is the whimsical notion of the sport. ed. that the preceding giggle should appear in our three-star edition.

THINGS WE USED TO BEEF ABOUT. II.
The loquaciousness of the American barber.

Germany is soapless. The German scrapes his face with the aid of water alone. If the news should arrive that he has to eat his razor blades, it would just naturally break our heart.

TO A NURSE

Well, Miss Blank, you have now in the ward under your management a no account bugler. Ain't he the funniest looking gink y'ever saw, with his close cropped hair, pug nose, and those two big ivories? And after I've gone you'll breathe lots easier and thank the Yumping Yupiter that you're relieved of that Calamity. And you'll forget all about me after this here war is over and we all return home and get used to Broadway and civilization again. You'll never think of me again. And if you did, it would only be as a gawkey looking youth. And you'd never mention it to your friends.

BUT—if by chance, although it is not likely—I rise to prominence, and get to be a general, or a millionaire, or a cartoonist, or commit a murder, or something like that, you'll tell everybody you know about it, and how I was in your care at a hospital in France, and you won't think of me as a homely, good for nothing ignuts, but as a Brave Doughboy who Risked His Young Life for His Country. Then you'll remember me, as the soprano says.

Well, nurse, it's not probable, so I guess I'd better quit raving and oblige,

Yours,
JACK,
The kid who had the mumps.

A second lieutenant at a rest camp writes that he's darned near a hero.

Sure, we get him. Down where the billets are the thickest.

F. P. A.

WE'LL MORE THAN GET HIS GOAT YET!

WHAT THEY THINK AND DO AT HOME

A MESSAGE FROM TWENTY-FIVE STATES
By FRANK BOHN

Just before I left New York, in the middle of February, I received a letter from Colonel Clement Sulivane, late of the Confederate Army. Colonel Sulivane commanded the rear guard brigade of Lee's army on the retreat from Richmond.

After the surrender at Appomattox, Col. Sulivane, who was one of the most devoted followers of his great leader, served as private secretary to Lee, sharing his quarters in Richmond. Living now in a quiet, beautiful town on the eastern shore of Maryland, the Colonel's 79 years have affected neither his ability to think nor his capacity to feel deeply and passionately in a cause which inspires his devotion.

"This war arises from one of the greatest and most sacred of causes," the Colonel wrote me, "in which men have ever borne arms. It may last five years and we must plan to place an Army of five millions of men in Europe. How great a regret it is to me that my advanced age prevents me from again drawing my sword, this time for the United States of the world, on the frontier of France!"

A Nation With One Voice

So speaks America—every section and every State. Since the declaration of war I have traveled 2500 miles through the U. S. A., going into nearly 30 States, and speaking publicly nearly 200 times on the issues of the war.

In a desert town in west Texas, a shrewd old cattleman came up to me one day after my lecture and said he wished to speak with me on a matter of great secrecy and confidence. When we were quite alone he gave me a piercing look out of his shrewd eyes and said:

"I've got a plan to end this here war right away."

"Go ahead," said I, "the whole world wants to hear."

"Shoot the Kaiser at long range. I'm the best marksman in west Texas," said he, "and can get the Kaiser at a mile with my 30-40. If you fellows can get me that near to the old cuss, I'll do the rest. I'm willing to take a chance."

"The trouble would be," said I, "to move you and your 30-40 up to within a mile of his nibs. If you can figure that out, too, and pull off the job, I'll guarantee you a national fund that will buy you the best cattle ranch in west Texas."

If any of you fellows in the trenches have a little time off and can help the old man to solve his problem, I wish you would write to THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Speaking in all the important towns in New Mexico and Arizona, I arrived on the Pacific Coast, which I found resounding from San Diego to Port Angeles with war activities. The crowd at Pasedena was just as enthusiastic as that at Wallace, Idaho. The two best States for volunteers in the whole Union were Utah and Oregon. I spoke ten times in the former State, and 20 in the latter, but as nearly all the vouluteering had been done before I got there, I didn't succeed in doing any har n.

One thing impressed me above all else among the crowds of farmers, lumber men and miners—all the women and girls came to the meetings doing their knitting, and I spoke to the tune of the clicking needles. They all seemed to be happy to be doing something personal and direct. Judging by the number I saw on the job, all the far-western men in the service here should have four sweaters and ten scarves.

Slowly but surely, the determined spirit of the Revolution and the Civil War is laying hold of the mind and soul of America.

In a small town in the valley of Virginia, a United States Senator, who is known to be against the war, was scheduled to speak at a Chautauqua in September. When the citizens heard that he was coming they held a meeting of protest. Being sent to take his place I found one of the most enthusiastic crowds I have ever faced. In his remarks preceeding my address, an old citizen declared that Virginia was prepared to do as much in this war as she did when Lee and Jackson led her soldiery.

Let every soldier now in France get this fact firmly and finally fixed in his mind—our country will see this war through at any sacrifice. You will never go home until victory is ours—complete victory—with our Army, and those of our long suffering and heroic Allies, camping in the streets of Berlin.

Just One Thing to Think About

During the 25,000 miles I traveled in America I found everywhere the rush and hurry of war preparations—building ships, making munitions, growing crops, making clothes, all for the war—as though there were nothing else in the world to think of but beating Germany flat. When I wound up my trip, and sat down to think it all over, the first conclusion I came to was this:

Those folks back home, boys, the common people of America, the farmers, the coal miners, the people that do America's work and are never heard of outside of their own community, are about the finest outfit in the history of the world. When it comes to understanding what they are fighting for and sacrificing for, those relations and neighbors of ours in the little old towns in New England and Virginia, or out on the western prairie, are perfectly sure of themselves. No people in the history of the ages were ever so ready, in mind and soul, for a final test of their full strength.

Just one thing more. You don't look for news from home with half the anxiety that your people look for news from you. I didn't keep count, but I'm sure that at least 43,000 people spoke to me personally about someone they had in the Army or Navy. Don't forget to write often. Three short letters a month are better than one long one.

TO BE READ WITH PRIDE

(From the Kansas City *Journal*, March 10, 1918.)

A new paper has reached the *Journal's* editorial desk. It is entitled the STARS AND STRIPES, and the initial number is eight pages in size. THE STARS AND STRIPES is the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces and it is printed "somewhere in France."

Its columns cannot be read without gaining a new insight into the devotion of the men who are fighting the cause of democracy against the infamous Hun, who becomes, if possible, more infamous with every new revelation of his bestial barbarity in the papers fresh from the presses.

One cannot read in THE STARS AND STRIPES the articles, the poems, the jokes, the "plain, unvarnished tales" of German cruelty and brutishness without looking into the warm and beating hearts of the Americans who are carrying the old flag beside the Union Jack, the fleur de lis and the banners of the other Allied nations.

There is little if anything of glorification of American patriotism, for the publishers of that paper are too heroic to be boastful and too good to be self-righteous. There is a significant abundance of "funny stuff," little jests and jingles, jokes and quips, which might not "sell" to the American "funny" magazines, but which testify eloquently to the American soldier's light-heartedness, as well as to the necessity of laughing at a time when tears would be more natural.

To laugh as one stands on the brink of hell and gazes down into the pit of torture and suffering does not betoken indifference, but quite the reverse. The preservation of reason and of the sublime purpose which animates the men in khaki demand these laughs which mask the righteous curses that are directed toward the barbarous enemy.

Space does not permit even a synopsis of the interesting things in this much "esteemed contemporary," which ought to be read by every American. None could read it without feeling a new pride in the men who are so worthily representing the greatest democracy in the world in this gigantic war against the greatest autocracy in the world. Nor could he read it without feeling a new consecration to the task of doing over here everything that is necessary to bring victory to the boys "over there."

"Seventy thousand negro troops will be called into the American Army at an early date. They are mostly from the Southern States."—Chicago "Tribune."

Thanks—a lot—for the information in that last sentence. We suspected as much.

"Corn Will Win Democracy's War"—Still another headline.

Pop-corn?

A WORD FROM HOME

There's a fellow needs a letter,
Will you write him just a line?
It will make him feel much better
To receive this friendly sign
That we march in love beside him
Wheresoever he may roam,
Share his life, whate'er betide him.
As we think of him at home.

He has borne his country's burden,
Sailed away to face the fight;
Will you cheer him with this guerdon:
You are with him day and night?
Just sit down and write a letter,
Full of vim, of news, and cheer,
It will make him feel much better
For you thinking of him here.

There are days when he feels badly
In his dugout far away;
Send him greetings, freely, gladly,
Tidings from the U.S.A.
Stand beside him thigh and shoulder,
Send your spirit, with a might;
It will make him fight the bolder
Just to read the lines you write.

Just sit down and write a letter
Full of happiness and mirth,
It will make some boy feel better
As he burrows in the earth;
Make his dugout one fine mansion,
Make his night-watch bright as day.
Sit right down and send good tidings
To the boys who sailed away!

G. W. D. Jr.

"KID US ALONG A LITTLE"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Saturday I had the pleasure of reading the first copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES, and in the language of the crude and uncultured West, from which I hail, thank the Lord, "I've got to slip it to you," for it was one good, snappy, readable sheet with punch and pen, the *sine qua non* of modern journalism, scintillating in every column.

I happen to be working in an office that took a census of the various departments at these headquarters to ascertain the approximate number of copies desired. I thought that the sheet would be one of those typical "army" publications with heavy wit sandwiched in between dreary selections from the I.D.R. and incomprehensibly technical dissertations on the avoidance of venereal diseases. I was most pleasantly surprised, and have read and re-read the sheet with great pleasure.

From "civir to civir" THE STARS AND STRIPES hit me right. The picture of that grinning "let's-give-'em-hell" doughboy on the front page with the breezy little appeal for a regular name for him started me off, and I perused the rest of the paper with great glee. The story of the hike of the regiment bound "up the line;" the "Route Step—March" classic; the comment on the sinking of the "Tuscania;" the verse on "Gee, but this thinkin's hell," and the sketches and cartoons were particularly good. Why, the sketch of the fish who used his helmet for a candlestick and forgot to remove the candle before inspection was a masterpiece that should live. And the "Route Step—March" brings back some of the hikes on the blistering border as vividly that when I read it I could almost feel the sweat start running down my back.

I'm a newspaper man—that is, I was a long, long time ago, seven months to be exact, and so possibly appreciate a sheet like yours a little more than the man who hasn't learned to love the smell of printer's ink and the rattle and clatter of typewriters and linotype machines, but I know, from the enthusiastic comments in headquarters, that THE STARS AND STRIPES is going to go good, and mighty good, with the A.E. F. And I'm just dashing this letter off in the hope that maybe a little bit of sincere praise might help. Newspaper men, as I know so well, don't get much from their work but the satisfaction of knowing they've done something good, and I know that applies especially to you fellows. If at any time I can do something for the sheet, can contribute anything, I'll be only too glad if you'll say so.

Keep up the good work, make THE STARS AND STRIPES a bright, breezy sheet, kid us along a little, don't let the publications get too serious, for most everyone over here in uniform has enough of the serious and needs more of the frivolous; and, for the love of Mike, don't let anything happen to that artist, for we need his stuff.

DAVID R. ERWIN.