

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1918. APRIL 19, 1918

The men who fought at Lexington and Concord were fighting exactly the same thing that we are fighting today—tyranny. They stood for exactly the same principle—human liberty.

Today—143 years after the event—the descendants of those embattled farmers stand side by side with the descendants of the men who opposed them, united once and for all and dedicated to the greatest task that has yet fallen to the lot of free men—the deliverance of the world from the military and political domination of the Hun.

Chasing the red-coats down the road, and only pausing to fire and load, blazed the trail for liberty in England, and by their vigorous resistance opened the eyes of England to the indignities into which her Teutonic King and his Tory servant had led her.

WE'RE ALL DOUGHBOYS

A letter in the editor's mail signed "Subscriber" -- we are too young to get letters from "Old Subscriber" -- asks fairly if we are aware that there are other kinds of soldiers in this army besides doughboys. Answer: We are not.

GETTING TOGETHER

They're doing things sensibly over in the States. They're getting together for the purpose of getting more firmly behind us. As was shown in a recent dispatch from our American correspondent, labor and capital are arriving at an agreement destined to secure industrial peace in America for the duration of the war.

THE HOME FIRES

It is all very well for us to sing "Keep the Home Fires Burning" on the march and in camps, but we should not let our efforts stop at that. To be sure, the song is meant largely for use at home, but there is a lesson in it for us as well.

anxiety of people kept in the dark about our lives and fortunes, the anxiety of people preyed upon by doubts and fears and rumors, the anxiety of people who love us with unfathomable devotion.

Keeping the people nearest to us well informed about our health, our interests, our pastimes, our progress is no less a duty for all of us than is the more immediate duty of keeping ourselves fit to strike at the enemy.

THE WAR AND "THE GAME"

We quote the following from a Paris contemporary: "Publication of a newspaper is an industry necessary to the successful prosecution of the war, according to a decision handed down by the District Draft Board in Syracuse, N. Y."

The second sentence of the dispatch, however, leaves considerable doubt in our minds. Having ruled as it did, there is a certain logic in the board's exemption--or deferring the call-up--of a practicing newspaper man.

The newspaper men of the United States, as a class, have been among the first to enlist and enroll, among the first to get over here. We doubt if any other profession can show a higher average of voluntary enlistments for national service, particularly for active service with the fighting forces.

THE BIG IDEA

The war orphan adoption plan is not new. It might almost be said to have started with the war. Back home, most of us probably gave our mite for some helpless waif, just as we contributed a quarter apiece to the "Tobacco for Tommy" fund.

TO HELP WITH THEM!

"Force," said President Wilson at the close of his tremendous and clarion speech at Baltimore, "force" to the utmost, force without stint or limit, righteous and triumphant force, which shall make the light of the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in dust."

There is no other argument the Germans understand. The notion that started this war by tearing up a treaty thereby rose against the world as an enemy with whom the world would never be able to treat.

"My word is as good as my bond," said a shady character in an old musical comedy. "I think school about," the comedian replied. The Germans are like that.

We have only one claim to fame. It is this. Never, so help us, have we nauseated and unnerved a doughboy by calling him a Sammie.

FASTER AND FASTER

The cables tell us that American troops are sailing for France in numbers far exceeding the Government's fondest expectations. Hardened, trained and equipped, they are setting forth at three the recent rate for a battlefront three thousand miles from home.

The Listening Post

ICE CREAM SODA

(Note.--Ice Cream Soda is a delectation popular in the United States of America.) You may talk of gin and biere. When you're quartered over there in New York or Abilene or Sleepy Hollow, but when belts are growing tauter, it is ice-cream soda water.

We have tasted of Bordeaux, Samped Dubonnet and Caud, We have had a glass of port in a pagoda; But we'd give a large amount Of our kale to see a fountain.

You may miss that noble institution, the American drug store, but you don't have to buy postage stamps, use the telephone or the directory, or ask where the Whoozis family lives. All you really miss is the soda fountain.

BLESS HIM!

A man we like Is Serg. McFate; He never shouts; "Fall in, detail!"

There are--oh, yes, there are--unreasonable demands made in the Army sometimes. We wonder whether the man who wanted to know why the toothpicks weren't pointed on both ends has joined the Army yet.

You remember his sister--the one who bought a pound of animal crackers and asked the grocer to leave out the elephants, because they scared the baby.

When you haven't had a letter in more than three weeks-- And you look over the mail, expectantly and hopefully-- And, finally, a letter addressed to you comes along--

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

W. Hohenzollern of Potsdam, Germ., is doing his spring shelling these days. "Cpl. _____ was seen _____ day on the streets of _____ He was looking _____, his folks may be interested in learning _____.

A MERRY BALLAD OF THE EM-BUSKED CIVILIAN AND HIS WILD LIFE IN GAY PAREE

Now, the embusked civilian has no troubles, not at all; He is never called upon to fight the foe; He can live in Paris gaily, eating ten-franc dinners daily.

But, in the main, civilian life in Paris has its charm; Now the chestnut-trees are budding in the squares; You can stroll along the boulevards and seldom come to harm.

GRAND CHORUS

Suggestion to Paris chauffeurs: Why not blow the horn once in a while? These French billiard parlors are all right, but they make you long for a game of quietest pool.

A FANCY

There was a man who fancied That by driving zood and fast He'd get his car across the track Before the train got past.

There was a Boche who fancied, With many a German curse, That he would run this planet And the whole darned universe.

There was a Boche who fancied, That he would run this planet And the whole darned universe. They aren't allowed to send stuff to us any longer unless we ask specifically for it.



"WHAT! YET ANOTHER?"

AN M.P. SPEAKS OUT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In your paper of March 22, one of your main headlines reads: "Men in ranks to have opportunity for bars." Below you tell just how many men each of the various organizations can send except "trains and M.P.s."

"DOPE" WANTED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Being off in a corner of France and more or less cloaked by reason of our attachment to the B. E. F., we are a little out of touch with the latest "dope"; therefore, this letter.

WRITE THE Y.M.C.A.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Noting that Somewhere in France there is a lot of baseball equipment, I rise to inquire how, when, and where our company might obtain a small bit of same? We need six or seven fielders' gloves, a dozen or so of baseballs, and five or six bats.

HE LIKES THE ED PAGE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have just finished reading the editorial page of your edition of March 8, and am moved to make a few remarks. I was in the newspaper business for a number of years and in several parts of the United States. But the last thought that ever entered my head was that I would have to come all the way over to France to find a sure-enough, honest-to-goodness editorial page.

GERMANY

THE WHAT, THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF THIS WAR

By FRANK BOHN

Question: What are we here for? Answer: Because our country has declared war on Germany and Austria. Try again. Because the Germans are a beastly lot, and have just naturally got a damned good beating coming to them.

Kaiser or Lover? "Do you mean to tell me," I inquired, "that you love the Kaiser more than you love the young officer at the front to whom you are going to be married?"

Why Germany Has Not Kept Pace The whole life of Germany, political, social, and intellectual, is soaked through and through with the principles and methods of medieval barbarism.

HE LIKES THE ED PAGE To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have just finished reading the editorial page of your edition of March 8, and am moved to make a few remarks. I was in the newspaper business for a number of years and in several parts of the United States.

Every great conflict in American history has made us more democratic. Italy organized her national life on a democratic basis in the third quarter of the nineteenth century.

In Germany, not only government, but the whole social order, is totally different. The German Revolution of 1848, which had it been successful, would have democratized and civilized Germany, was an utter failure.

Germany is today an absolute monarchy. The Reichstag, or congress, of Germany, has no real power. The Kaiser rules Germany through the physical power of his army, and his right of personally appointing all the ministers of government.

Neither the great rich nor the lowly poor here any respect for themselves. The only class which is respected are those who are born and bred as aristocrats and officers. These officers can and do amuse themselves by pushing working people, college professors, and even men of wealth and business importance, off the side-walk into the gutter.

It is not uncommon for the poorest German working girl to take her week's salary and give it to a soldier for the honor of walking down the street with him of a Sunday afternoon. When an officer enters a cafe in Berlin, and finds no vacant seat, any civilian, man or woman, is supposed to rise and courteously surrender his seat to the uniformed representative of his Imperial Majesty.

In Germany, every class below the Junkers may be properly described as cringing slaves who are permitted to exist in the land for the sole purpose of serving and honoring the aristocracy. All the schools and universities, nearly all the newspapers and books that are permitted to be published, all the clergymen of every church, without one known exception, advocate this slavery, this debauchery of the human mind and the human soul before the power that rules.

This war is a death grapple between this social system I have here described and the sort of life you know back home. Both can't go on in this modern world. Either the German people will learn to rule and respect themselves through the defeat of their Kaiser's army and the fall of their government, or that government will, through victory, set an example which will sometime be followed throughout the world.

Let us consider our own America. If we lose or compromise the issues of this war, we shall necessarily become one vast war machine, preparing night and day for the next war, which would come in ten or 20 years. In that case, we should lose our democracy, for we would be in the very act of preparing to defend it against imperialism and militarism from without. Rather have our whole American people perish in the fight than lose in a cause so great as this. Remember, above all, that a patched-up "peace" which compromises the issues would not be a peace at all, but only an armed truce.

That is why we are in this fight to stay, whether it takes one year or three years or ten years.

READING IN THE TRENCHES

Up front one of the most crying, almost screaming, demands is for something to read in spare time. We know of an old copy of the Bystander which has been passed around by a whole battalion. Happily, it contains at least two first class quips. Here's one: "The German people are going to vary their diet by eating earth. This is good news, for, as everyone knows, you cannot have the earth and eat it."

Here's another: "What steps can we take to help Belgium?" asks the Frankfurter Volksfreund. If we know Sir Douglas Haig, the steps they will take will be jolly long ones toward the Rhine."