

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1918.

WHEN AMERICA CAME IN

The list of 117 men of the 104th Infantry who were decorated with the Croix de Guerre for the fight they fought at Apremont Wood is fresh evidence of how infinite is the variety of that blend of peoples which we call America.

Read the list of names and see how many are the nations which have contributed to that New England regiment, true army of a democracy made up of the hopeful men and women who, consciously or unconsciously, came to our shores because ours was a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

French, Irish, Scotch, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Serbian, Lithuanian, Russian—all are here. And German. For we may guess that some of the names in this honor list point back through the generations to those Germans who, long ago, sailed heart-sick from the Fatherland because their revolution had failed and who now are sending their children and their children's children back across the seas to fight on the soil of invaded France the ugly Prussian tyranny they themselves had fled from Germany to escape.

John B. Desvalles, John H. Murphy, Max Levine, Fred D. Christiansen, Nicholas Waskiewicz, Richard M. Weiser, Arthur L. McDonald, Frank B. Amaral, William Penn, Ygnas Perodun, John Stefanick, Egiste Donnison, Warren R. Proulx, Charles F. O'Leary, William F. Wruck, David A. Casagrande, Stanley Grezwacz, Lee P. T. Jacques—why, it reads like a roll call of the peoples of the world.

It was all the world that went to war with Germany when America came in.

THE ANSWER

A German statesman the other day, with the pointlessness of a man who has just discovered something, remarked: "We got through the British line and gain 25 miles of territory, and their answer is a man power." Bill taking men of 50 into the Army.

"How," he asked, "can we whip an enemy like that?"

He was discussing one of those powerful nations which German militarists had hoped, in one powerful blow, to crush. We should like to direct his attention to France.

From a hundred different sources comes the word this spring that the French Army never has been in finer fettle, that never has it shown the dash, the spirit, the irresistible will that it does now. French divisions go into the line, not only with enthusiasm, but with rejoicing—with a do or die spirit that is unconquerable. And it but symbolizes a nation that, after four years of war, talks not of defeat, but determinedly of victory.

How can Germany whip a nation like that?

After a year of preparation, the United States has a million and a half men drilled and equipped. She has her factories humming on munitions and her shipyards building 60,000 tons of ships a week.

How can Germany whip a nation like that?

How can Germany whip these three nations?

There is but one answer—and Germany herself will know it before many months have passed: Germany can't.

YOUR PAPER BACK HOME

This paper of yours, soberly, modestly and literally, has made a big hit back home. It hasn't made its hit only because of its subject matter and get-up and style; it's made its hit largely because it's been your paper.

The folks at home are interested in everything that pertains to you, your work, your play, your chow, your clothes. The main, we might say the sole, reason why this paper of yours has made good with them is because it's stuck close to you. It proposes to stick just as close in future.

Big papers at home, with big things to take up their space, have laid themselves out to reproduce whole first pages of THE STARS AND STRIPES in full, with explanatory stories underneath. Little papers, to whom such a sacrifice of space means a mounting cost of white paper and a loss of advertising wherewithal, have done the same, regardless of expense. Never in the history of American journalism did a new paper, a young paper, a weekly paper published 3,000 and more miles away from the United States, get such publicity, such praise, from its contemporaries. And you are the ones responsible. We hope you're pleased.

Of the many pats-on-the-back we have received as your representatives, one specimen will suffice. It is from The Editor and Publisher, the foremost "newspaper man's paper" of the United States. It says: "THE STARS AND STRIPES is more American in tone and style than many

of our home newspapers, and it mirrors the spirit of the American Army."

We can ask for no more than that. We hope so to work from now on, for you and with you, that we shall continue to be worthy of that description.

ON BEING A BUCK

We quote the following from a "Doughboy's Dictionary" as published in Judge, of New York: "BUCK PRIVATE—The poor devil who does all the work and gets the least pay."

Oh, dear! Judge, like so many of our well-meaning contemporaries back home, has got it all wrong.

"The poor devil!" Say not so. The buck private is the luckiest guy in the Army—the luckiest and the happiest. Everything is done for him, everything planned out for him, everything issued to him when it can be got, every higher officer exists but to serve him and make his path easier and to take the worry and the fret and the planning off his shoulders. In fact, the Army takes everything off his shoulders but his pack and his gun.

"Who does all the work?" Wrong again; the buck goes to bed at taps, and—unless he is on guard or K. P.—has nothing on his mind but his hair until reveille. The Loots, and the Skippers, and the Oak-leaves and the Eagles and the Stars know no taps. Their name is certainly not Eva-I-don't-care.

THE TAPE WHICH IS RED

They tell us there's a Bill—it may be an Act by now—in Congress, designed to place in the President's hands a pair of shears, with which to cut red tape. Because of its author, it has been dubbed the Overman Bill. It might well have been called the Superman Bill, as anyone who has become entangled and, ensnared in red tape can readily guess. But be that as it is, the ways are greased for it, and the chances are that it will soon, if it hasn't already, become the law of the land.

So far so good; but what are we going to do with all the vermilion ribbon which the President will be able to sever, once the Bill is in good lawn-mower order? Shall we make it into spiral putts for the artillery, or Christmas decorations for the cookshack? Shall we shred it into hairs, and equip with wigs a real red-headed regiment, to throw terror into the Boche? Or shall we boil it and bleach it and take all the redness out of it, and use the tincture for tomatoing beef?

Anyway, think it over. There must be a use for it, as there is for all waste products. At home, it may serve for stringing up spies and for lassoing enemy aliens. Over here, it might serve for wrist watch reinforcements, or to draw through the bores of rifles so as to clean 'em. On second thought, though, we'd rather keep it away from our rifles. It has a bad rep.

There'll be a lot of it to use.

IT TELLS ITS OWN STORY

There is a hotel in France which is much frequented by men of the A. E. F., generally transients, who stop there between train journeys to enjoy their first sleep in real beds in many months, to eat dinner and breakfast off a real tablecloth, and to taste the nearest approximation to the comforts of an American home which the Y. M. C. A. can give.

In the reading room of the hotel is a guest book, on the cover of which is a notice bidding the reader write his name and a happy thought within.

What are these happy thoughts? Bright lines? Home town boasts? The old familiar autograph album humor? Many of them are, but at least every other one reads very much like this:

"God bless the women of America who have come over here to help us."

Stand us face to face, and we aren't very sentimental. We aren't given to blubbering, or gushing, or soft-soaping. But the secret of that little book establishes a bond of sentiment that every man-jack of us is proud to echo.

NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!

We have some admirable verse sent in to us from time to time (Rude Voice from the Rear: "Then why don't you print some of it once in a while?") Well, we continue unfulfilled, sometimes we suppress our desire to publish a submitted poem because it is so very good it was printed somewhere else long before we ever got a chance.

Just such a poem—called "Flying? Not Me!"—came in through the mails only the other day and was reluctantly laid aside because one of the editors recalled having laughed heartily over it when he read it for the first time in his home town newspaper before he left the blessed States.

That poem came in twice, by the way, twice in the same week. The second man to send it to us—he was a lieutenant and conscientious—was careful to mention that he did not know who wrote it. But the captain who sent it, by cheerfully ignoring the question of authorship, conveyed the impression that it was a little thing of his own he had tossed off in an idle moment. That, at least, was the impression created in the minds of a guileless and unsuspecting editorial staff which—he it said by the way of a gentle warning—is not quite so unsuspecting as it used to be.

SEND THE WORD

Want any more of that tobacco you got with the little ready-stamped post card in it? Want anybody else to get any of it? The hundreds of thousands of people who contributed to the "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund" feel mighty well pleased when those little cards come back to them. Have you neglected to return yours? Then it's time you looked after it. For it is the returning of those cards that keeps the smokes coming. So send the word, and see if your ship doesn't come in.

The Listening Post

A BALLADE OF MATTERS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN

(Being an American version of M. Francois Villon's stangy ballade) I'm not a simp; I'm not a joe; I'm on when cream is full of flies. And by their clothes I always know A lot about these dressy guys.

I know black clouds from sunny skies; I know a dead one from a pop; I know the phony from the prize— But to myself I am not hep.

I'm jerry to the fashions, bo; I make the clerics by their ties; I know the high birds from the low, And chortle tartly from apple pies. I know the vegmen and the Cys; I know "Both gates!" and "Watch your step!" I know the Bourbons from the ryes— But to myself I am not hep.

I know the sunshine from the snow; The truthful man from him who lies; I know 16 from Double-O; Ben Davises from Northern Spies. I know some Janes who have some eyes; I know the honey from the skip; I know just how to balladize— But to myself I am not hep.

L'ENVOI Prince, I am Jeremiah Wise; Grab it from me, that is my rep; Excepting only this revise: But to myself I am not hep.

Speaking of soda fountains, there was the man who asked the soda clerk for a glass of plain soda, without flavor. "Yes," said the clerk. "Without which flavor would you like it?"

"Oh," the customer replied, "I'll take it without strawberry." The clerk looked among the syrup bottles. "Sorry," he said. "Can't do it. I can give it to you without vanilla."

TO MOTHER AMERICA FROM HER SON

Mother America, U.S.A., Western Hemisphere, Dear Mother: May 12 is Mother's Day, and the boys are all celebrating it by writing to their mothers. You are the only mother I have, and so I am writing to you.

I hear from you every day, as it is you who really blow reveille and taps, and give me all that comes between them; and I know you hear from me through the papers every day. But there are things, things, things, the papers haven't room to print, such as how I feel. Well, in a word, I feel great. It's great to be up in the front line, where none of us—even those who already are at the front—spends more than about a quarter of his time.

It's great to be up there, with a real chance at the enemy, who actually isn't trying to harm me as much as he is you. It's you he's after, mother dear, and it's you I think of—it's you all of your sons over here are thinking of—as we go over the top, or wishing it was our turn to. That is why we are doing our job as well as we are doing it—which the French and the British tell us is pretty fair—their knowledge that you are there thinking and planning for us, with your wisdom and deep love, is what makes this whole game over here seem much easier. That is why it is so terribly worth while.

I see by the papers that you are well and happy. I'm doing my best to keep you well and to make you happy—because after the war, mother, you are going to be a lot happier than we ever have been. We are going to have a new kind of happiness—the earned kind, the broadest, biggest kind. It's a fine war that gives us that, even if it does keep me away for a while from your little old dinner table.

Not that we don't get good eats here. We do, and all we want. And the Salvation Army slips us doughnuts and pies—and such doughnuts and pies! Ma, you won't get mad if I say they're at least as good as yours. I'll say they are.

Well, mother, I am no hand at writing letters, so will close hoping to see you soon—that is, soon after the war. With all my love to you, dear mother, From Your loving son, JOE W. DOUGNEY.

P.S.—Remember me to all the girls.

Pay \$1,500,000 Yearly for Gas They Don't Get.—New York Evening World headline. Things sort of even up. Over here we get a lot of gas the Boche has to pay for.

A doughboy's notion of a Perfect Day: The war over, a box-seat at the Polo Grounds next October, and General Pershing throwing out the first ball.

If Charlie Chaplin joins the Army, as the cibles say he is going to, the Q.M. will probably have to devise the issue custard pie.

All of us have had our shot at stating America's war aims, but our favorite is the Kansas man who says, "Yes, but what good is your wealth, or your honor, or your position going to do if you are forced to say 'Wie geht's?' every morning?"

THE ACCENTED SYLLABLE

Bill's fighting for his country. If there's to be a rain, Lorraine is where he's fighting— With the accent on the rain.

Another thing the Army is developing is the vicarious smoke. "Walter Garde of Hartford just sent you a lot of cigarettes through the mail," writes a doughboy. "You will be glad to know that I enjoyed every one of them."

In Portland, Oregon, the women have proposed that they shall censor vaudeville shows. As this is likely to shorten the shows and it will be too costly to entertain performers to fill in the gaps, teams will probably just stand there silent for eight minutes, or for as long as it would take them to perform or talk the deleted parts.

And some rival vaudeville house will probably give a midnight performance, admission by card only, of nothing but the deleted parts of various acts.

THE INTREPID BARD

When shells are bursting around the front, I hate the old typewriting stunt. And when the bullets whizz, why, then I find it hard to hold a pen.

I find it hard, in a shell-torn land, To hold a pencil in my hand. In fact—there is no need to stall— I do not like to write at all.

There are duller things than war. Think, for instance, of being a traveling salesman in France and landing in one of those little burgs about three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon.

"I don't know what you could be a traveling salesman for," commented the soldier to whom the foregoing observation was made, "unless it was for pitchforks."

The helmet worn by Rome's greatest general was more extreme than our caps.

It isn't possible that you are waiting to be told?

Oh, well, all right. It was over Caesar.

SPIRAL PUTTEES

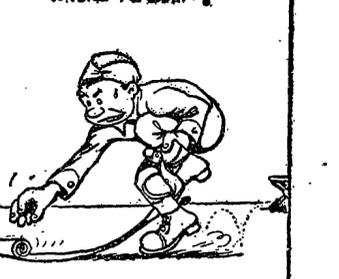
THESE WRAP LEGGINGS IS GREAT. IF YOU PUT 'EM ON RIGHT—



I NEVER TRIED 'EM BEFORE. BUT I—?



GOSH DURN YE— WHERE YE GOIN'?



SUFFERN KATS—!!



OH, LORDY! I GIVE UP— SOMEBODY BRING ME A PAIR O' SNEAKS.



IF THESE THINGS AINT THE GOLDENBEST!



(REMARKS CENSORED)



OH, LORDY! I GIVE UP— SOMEBODY BRING ME A PAIR O' SNEAKS.



OH, LORDY! I GIVE UP— SOMEBODY BRING ME A PAIR O' SNEAKS.



THE WHY OF REPLACEMENTS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: The gentlemen of the General Staff at G.H.Q. have their little troubles, too. In fact, it's a fair guess that they have rather more than their share.

The top sergeant in the line has to keep the boys in the company lined up and feeling good, and the captain in the line has to keep the non-coms on the job; and the major worries all night about his captains and lieutenants.

But the men at G.H.Q. have the whole A.E.F. on their minds to worry about; and so far as statistics show, that's about the biggest job that Americans have tackled since Abraham Lincoln steered a straight course through our four worst years.

One of the toughest organization problems which G.H.Q. has to face, and one which is just now coming in for considerable talk throughout the A.E.F., is the working of the replacement system. The situation is this:

Capt. B. has a crack company somewhere in the line, and the boys are all pulling together like a big-league nine. Maybe they were originally a National Guard company all from the same little town, and the bunch all know one another and hang together like a college frat or a gas-house gang. It would break Capt. B.'s heart to lose any single one of them; and a vacant place at the mess table would show up just like the vacant chair around the old fireplace at the old homestead.

Now one day there is a little party somewhere along the line, and some of the boys of Co. X take their gas masks off a little too soon, or indelicately step in front of one of Fritz's shrapnel shells. So Bill and Fred and Joe and half a dozen others have to go to the hospital for repairs and alterations.

And right here is where the replacement system comes in. The very next week after Bill and Fred and the other boys are "evacuated to the rear," as the official order puts it, Co. X may have some very important business to transact with the Kaiser. No one can tell in advance how long the boys are going to be gone, and the company must be kept up to fighting strength. The vacant places have to be filled, and filled "foot sweet." So the replacement system gets in its work, and sends up some Total Strangers from the base replacement depot.

It is especially important to get the non-commissioned vacancies filled, and these are taken care of one-third by promotions within the unit (so as to give the other members of the company a chance), and two-thirds by replacements. This follows the figures which the experience of the French and British has shown works out about right.

FROM A BELGIAN SOLDIER

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Thanks very much for THE STARS AND STRIPES. I received a few days ago and which did interest me very much. I find it very difficult to give you my impression about it, for I am forgetting my English more and more, but I find it purely translated in the two articles. "To Be Read With Pride" and "Kid Is Alone."

The thing that struck me most was those photographs of children on the front sheet which contrast so much with the other articles full of gaiety and wit or with news from home. And I think that contrast the most typical feature of the paper: gaiety and lightheartedness, but also a keen remembrance of the high purposes for which you came over here.

But how could it be otherwise? Being the A.E.F.'s paper, it only translates the splendid spirit of the whole American Army, which has already begun to show her pluck and courage on the fighting line.

Since the last attack of the Germans, which was quite unsuccessful, as you must have read in the papers, nothing very peculiar has happened on our front.

HENRY STASSIS, Soldat, Armée Belge.

PROVED AGAIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: How does this strike you? Chaplain Patrick Dunigan of our regiment was recently attached to the Sanitary Detachment, thus confirming the old adage that "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Pvt. S. B. HICKEYS.

Here is where the trouble comes in. The Total Strangers from the rear don't belong to the machine which Capt. B. has worked so hard and carefully to build up, and while they may be the best soldiers in the world, the members of the old Co. X don't feel that they quite fill the places of Bill and Fred and Joe. They realize that the unit must be kept constantly at fighting strength, but they feel as if when Bill and Fred and Joe get out of the hospital, they ought to come right back and take their old places.

But the men at G.H.Q. have come to the conclusion, after studying the experience of other armies, that it can't always be done. And a little study of the matter shows that they are undoubtedly right.

The transfer of troops is a mighty difficult problem at best, and to send each man who is evacuated to the rear back to his original unit, and then take back those who have been sent to take their places, would involve a double transfer which a moment's thought will show is practically impossible. The men sent to the rear will, perhaps, each be out of the game for different periods, and if each one were returned to his organization, it would involve many separate items of transportation, and (which makes it more impossible still) additional separate items of transportation for the men who were sent to take their places, for these men would have to be sent back to the replacement depot again.

The result of trying to do this would inevitably be endless confusion and delay. So the only practical plan is that worked by the replacement order, by which the men sent to the hospital, or for other reasons evacuated to the rear, are transferred to a replacement organization and dropped from the rolls of their units; the replacements being put permanently in their places, while they, when ready for duty again, are sent to fill the next call. It's hard; but it's necessary. C'est la guerre.

So when we are inclined to criticize the working of the replacement system, the men at G.H.Q. ask us to think over these hard little facts. In the practical working of the system, every effort is going to be made to keep units together; and if Co. X needs replacements again at some later date, and Bill and Fred and Joe are available at the base depot, they are transferred to be sent right back again. But it is impossible to do this in every case. So the only thing to do is to look the situation in the face and make the best of it.

It is hard to see Bill and Fred and Joe lost to the company. But, like a lot of other questions we have to face, there is just one answer—c'est la guerre.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

"MIGHTY GOOD READING"

(From the "New York Evening Mail," April 9) The first number of THE STARS AND STRIPES, the newspaper published by and for the American Expeditionary Forces in France, has just reached here, and mighty good reading it is.

It is an eight-page sheet with news, cartoons and features. The news is red-hot (the cartoons are "dippins") and the features would make the mouth of a syndicate manager water.

Some one who knows the possibilities of mother earth when your mouth is full of her writes "Beauty Hints" that would give Lillian Russell points.

Some one else sits himself down and lets the bullets go whistling past while he gets into a funny picture the humor of ordering a dozen eggs from a Frenchwoman who doesn't understand American or a French accent manufactured in Oshkosh.

There's a first-class sporting page. You can guess that from the heading of it—"Russia Benché; No More Weak Hitters." But it has home news, too; items about the racing prospects and the rowing prospects and so on. And there's "Doughboy Stuff from the Inside," which sends many a lad with a more cheerful heart toward No Man's Land.

And listen. If you think anybody has an easy job at the front in his spare time, subscribe for THE STARS AND STRIPES and read "How an Army Chaplain Escapes from Boredom."

"More Changes for Irish."—Headline. Well, good fighters always wear out a lot of clothes.

"YOU HURL THEM"

HENRY F. CARON, Corporal.—Courage and devotion remarkable in the combat of the 10th of April. At the end, mortally wounded, he passed the remainder of his grenades to a comrade saying: "I cannot use these; you hurl them at the enemy."

Upon the scroll of holy flame There flashes Corporal Caron's name. Not all of hell could make him yield His soul on honor's fiery field.

Wounded to death, he nobly fell To save the land he loved so well. And to the comrade at his side Gave his grenades, and bravely cried: "I cannot use these"—thus cried he—"You hurl them at the enemy."

Let this his Requiescat be: "You hurl them at the enemy."

A FIELD NOTE BOOK

JUST LIKE WASHINGTON

An outfit on the march establishes a new headquarters at each over-night stopping place. Today the field desks are set up in a city hall, yesterday they were in a farmhouse, tomorrow they may be in the parlor of a chateau. A student of history can come back to America from France and understand easily enough why it is that every colonial mansion in New England claims to have been at one time the headquarters of General Washington. If Washington's army had to play as many one-night stands as some of the Americans in France, the explanation is easy.

TOOLS THEY WERE

A certain truck driver for the Y.M.C.A. always carries on his car an extra large padded box marked "Tools." One day a division inspector's curiosity was aroused and he demanded to be shown the contents of the chest. To all appearances, it contained nothing but canned oil, hardware, salmon, beans, confiture, chocolate and a coil of sausage.

"Well," demanded the inspector, "where are the tools?" The driver grinned and produced a cup, a plate, a knife, a fork and a spoon. "Here they are, sir," he replied, "—eatin' tools."

EASILY EXPLAINED

The Major: This is better coffee today than we have been having. Cooky: Yes, sir—this is American coffee. The French issue ain't got the ammonia that our has.

KIDDING HIM

Sergeant: Wanna jam sandwich? Rookie: Sure, I— Sergeant: Here's one, then—two pieces of plain bread jammed together.

NO RUBBERNECKING

An outfit of doughboys just moved into billets in a new position close to the line. Out of a cloud bank soared an aeroplane. Somebody shouted in excitement; it bore the Boche cross. The doughboys poured out into the farmyard to gaze at it. "Get under cover!"

The voice seemed to be one of authority, so the crowd obeyed. The old Frenchwoman at the farm was scornful, almost indignant. The Americans must be cowards, she said, particularly as there was no commissioned officer to order them inside.

An investigation followed. It discovered that the man who had given the warning to seek shelter was a cook. The major heard about it—and laughed. Instead of giving the cook a bawling-out, he commended him. "That's the idea, the C.O. remarked. 'Our game now is to keep out of sight. There is no question of courage involved. What we are here for is to spring a surprise. Don't do your rubbernecking in courtyards or you'll gum the works.'"