

The Stars and Stripes

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Editorial: Guy T. Visserick, Capt., Inf., N. A. (Editor and General Manager); Franklin P. Adams, Capt., N. A.; Alexander Woolcott, Sgt., M.D.N.A.; Hudson Hawley, Pvt., M.G. Bn.; A. A. Wallgren, Pvt., U.S.M.C.; John T. Winterich, Pvt., A.S.; H.W. Ross, Pvt., Engrs., Ry.

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THE STARS AND STRIPES, G. Z. A. E. F. 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France, Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95. FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1918. ALL AMERICA IS BACK OF YOU

Twenty-two million of our folks back home— one person out of every five of the total population of the country— brought bonds of the Third Liberty Loan.

That means that 1,000,000 more people became bond holders in this issue than did so in the second loan. But it means far more than that. It means that the American people have tellingly and concretely put the proof before the world that this is "their war."

Let us see: For census purposes a "family" is put down as five people. With one person out of every five in on this loan, what do we have? Every family in the United States represented— every family in the nation back of us to the limit with its savings and earnings, bearing active and concrete testimony to its faith in the A. E. F., to its devotion to the Cause for which the A. E. F. has taken the field.

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL There were times, in the ample leisure of our journey from America to France, when we enjoyed the transport crews, and there were times when we did not. A lot depended, for instance, on the weather. We enjoyed watching them work; we picked up snatches of their lingo and made it part and parcel of our own Army slang talk; we found among them fellows who had known Bill Jones and Joe Robinson for years, just as we had.

FRAT PINS AND BRASS TACKS The visitors' lock had spaces for "Occupation in Civil Life," "College," "Fraternity or Club," "It was thick with "Banker," "Journalist," "Bond Salesman," "Insurance Agent," "Doctor," "Light Work," "Y. M. C. A.," "Retailer," "Lawyer," "Manufacturer" and "Merchant" with "Yak," "Ohio State," "Seaman," "Parade," "Beekley" and "Washington" with "Bob," "Theta Pi," "D. K. E.," "Charter," "Amicus," "Psi U.," "Sigma Nu," "Gorgon Head" and "Skull and Serpent." It was thick with everything.

OUR ALLY, RUSSIA We call it Darkest Russia because we cannot see into it. The rest of the world has usually been hopelessly at sea about Russia, and the present day is no exception. If now you think of that great, floundering country as out of the war, you are making a grotesque mistake.

PASSPORTS Under the terms of a Bill which has just passed the House of Representatives, the President has full power to put restrictions on arrival and departure facilities in American ports.

ONE LANGUAGE German-language newspapers in the United States were always an anachronism. In time of war they are an insult to the sovereignty of the United States. We note with unfeigned delight that during the past few weeks quite a number of them ceased publication and that in many towns their sale has been prohibited by the local authorities.

THE EXILE'S NEWSPAPER A gentle reader whose home is within a brisk ten minutes' walk of the Place de la Concorde writes us in this vein: "I have lived in Paris for ten years because my husband's business is here and I am sick with my hunger for a sight of Battery Park and Times Square. I have found your paper more like a message from home than any thing I hear these days. The headlines are as American as Chicago or baseball or Fred Stone. I chuckle at the very sight of them and my husband cannot understand why because he is a Frenchman."

SOUVENIRS FOR SUSIE Don't go hunting "souvenirs for Susie" when you next go up front. If you do, you are more than likely to deprive Susie of the only souvenir she really wants to have you bring back from the war—namely, yourself.

He will get all he gets by force, and to extract from Russia all the cereals and other riches he desperately needs, he would come pretty near having to station one armed German on guard over each Russian peasant—a disposition of troops not altogether practical.

PRIVATE GAUGLER TO THE BAR

We are in receipt of the following letter from Ord. Sgt. Laura W. Holland, A. P. O. 717:

"In the May 3rd issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES in column 1 on page 5, under the caption 'The Army's Poets,' there appears a poem, 'The Hill Back Home,' credited to Pvt. Clarence W. Gaugler, Q. M. C.

"I do not want to rob any one of due credit, but the verse referred to was written and published in the States early last summer by a woman, though I do not recall the name, and entitled 'An Afternoon on a Hill.' The only difference is the word 'quiet' in the third line, which was originally 'kind.' The poem was reviewed in a July or August issue of The Literary Digest as an example of a poem written at that time and not inspired by the war and this was where I saw it. And in writing a friend back in the States I quoted it in a letter during the latter part of September."

It should be added, by way of further evidence in the case of the A.E.F. vs. Pvt. Gaugler, defendant, that when he sent in this singularly beautiful poem (not only signed with his own name, but with the explicit statement that he had "composed" it), it bore the title "One Afternoon on the Hill." That title was changed in this office in the belief that "The Hill Back Home" lent to the exquisite imagery of the poem some color of the war.

It would seem from this prima facie evidence, Pvt. Gaugler, that, unlike your accuser, you are not one of those who "do not want to rob any one of due credit." What have you to say to the charge that you are a thief?

FOOL! WELL, Father goes along down street to open up the store, he doesn't take the paper along with him as he usually does—he leaves it for Mother, who, after the youngsters have been gotten out of bed and fed and tidied up and sent off to school, will exercise a great deal of restraint and actually put off her trip to market, or her sweeping of the living room, or her morning's sewing, to sit down and digest that news thoroughly.

But Father doesn't finish that sentence. You know mighty well what he's wondering. So does Will. And Will, having a lot more to put on ever gave him credit for, discreetly shuts up.

WELL, old Mrs. Jones comes in to make some purchases. Mrs. Jones hasn't heard from her Jim this week for some reason or other, and asks your Father if he's heard from you recently. Father says yes, he has about a week ago. You were all right and well and said you had good things to eat and that the weather was getting better and that one of your pals had just been awarded his chevrons and that it pleased you, "Sound as if they were all pretty happy and well off," he tells the old lady; and oh! how she beams with relief! That letter of yours, you see, had done something for her, missionary work, under your Dad's handling.

"Remember me to the boy when you write to him, won't you?" says Mrs. Jones, on parting. "I'd write him myself, only I know they're all so busy I don't think it's fair for people they don't know real well to write to them, as if they were expecting an answer. My, I can remember when he was a little fellow, playing with my Jimmy up in the apple orchard on Condon's lot! I do hope I hear from Jimmy in a day or two."

"Let us know when you do," your Father tells her. "We're always glad to hear from Jimmy."

Mrs. Jones goes out; but other people come in, all morning long. And there isn't a one in them but seeks out Father and asks the same question. "Well, how's the boy? What do you hear from him?"

AT noon, when your Father goes home to dinner, there is a big news: A letter in a much-buffed and grimy envelope, written in pencil by filtering candle light— "from You." Kid Sister is turning at your Mother's skirts, dancing up and down and demanding, "Wead it, Muvver!" And your Mother—well, you just ought to see how flushed and pleased and happy she looks as she runs to the door on hearing your Father's familiar ring.

Johnny forgets all about the row he had with the new teacher, to listen open-mouthed to your Mother's reading of it, then, her tenth re-reading of it. Your Father doesn't say much, but he's just as open-mouthed as Johnny, when Aunt Hattie calls up on the phone—Aunt Hattie was always calling up about dinner time, you remember, and driving your Mother nearly frantic by so doing—why, your Father just lets his dinner grow cold while he tells her all about the letter.

THE streets of Homeburg look a lot pleasanter and "springier" to your Father as he walks back to work in the early afternoon. The people seem so much kinder, so much more friendly, and you're interested in them because they like you, and like your Father and Mother. They're every one of them your friends.

THE chances are that, on the day that that letter arrives, your Father is a bit late in getting back in the afternoon. So many people have stopped him on street corners, and he has been so busy with them, that it's a wonder he gets back to the store when he does. Old Dr. Squires, who aided materially in bringing you into the world, is among the first to inquire. Deacon Jenkins, yes, the crabbled old Deacon who won your first tin when you were a youngster, when he catches you with your gun coming out in his barn—wants to know how you are and what you are doing! So it goes, all the afternoon long.

YOU can imagine the evening. When the Adamses come over to sit on your porch in the new "daylight-saved" twilight that people are just beginning to enjoy, you're the first person for whom they inquire, and the last thing they say is, "And do be sure to give him our best. Our neighbors drop in, too, and every one of them leaves a message for you, and says nice things about you. And when the last of them have gone, and the youngsters have been sent to bed, with their prayers heard and their feet washed and everything, your Father and Mother just sit out here for about an hour later than they usually do, not saying much, but resting mightily happily, feeling mightily at peace with the world—thinking about you.

Great little old town, Homeburg. Full of nice, neighborly folks—every one of them a friend of yours. And they're helping your Father and Mother more than you, over here, can realize. They're helping you, too, by trying to keep in the hopeful frame of mind against the day of your coming back.

And what a day that will be for Homeburg!

WELL? "Here's what I wanta know." "All right, Ah, whatta you wanta know?" "If you get wounded, you get a stripe on your right arm?" "That's a fact." "Well, whatta you goin' to do if your right arm gets shot off?"

Today in Homeburg

YOUR Father got up this morning and came down stairs, going out on the porch first to secure the morning paper from the city before Johnny, who can never quite beat his old man down unless there's a quarter on the side in it, got there to devour the sporting page and the Boy Scout notes. Before your Father ate a thing, he went over that front page at a rush, to see how things stood with you over here. Then he took a look at the inside, to be sure he hadn't missed anything about the war. Thus reassured and fortified, he sat down to breakfast.

Father doesn't monopolize the paper at breakfast any more. Your Mother demands it as soon as he comes to the table, and goes through the war news with the same avidity as your Father. There's a little catch in her throat as she glances at the headlines. "And can Troops Beat Back Attack," and her hand trembles a bit as she pours out the coffee for your father. Then she goes over the story below that headline, taking in every word, and then reads it again—silently.

She pictures You in that repulse, in that fight, and the wonder it makes her quite a bit. But, being the best sport in the world, she makes a lot of satisfaction in reading that it was a successful repulse, that the Boche got worse than they gave, and that the line is all right. Still, she doesn't have very much to say at breakfast these days. And your Father says, "It's nothing, too—since he knows your father was thinking the same thing he doesn't talk about it."

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A PERFECT DAY (a la Hun) —By WALLGREN



"HEAD UP! CHIN IN!"

BY A PRIVATE

"They" laid down "the position of the soldier" in the I.D.R. because, after taking into account the experiences of all armies, that turned out to be the easiest position in which a man could stand—and look like a man as he stood forth in fair length of time.

Head up, chin in, stomach drawn in, arms hanging naturally by the sides but with the shoulders well back and the chest out, weight distributed evenly on both feet—everybody knows how it ought to be done. And there isn't anything finer to be seen on land or sea than "the position of the soldier" when it's done right.

"They" didn't lay it down simply to make us look just so. "They" laid it down because it was the most hygienic position they could figure out.

It gives the chest room to expand itself and breathe in. It puts the stomach right where it belongs, out of sight. It distributes the weight evenly on both feet, so that neither one gets tired or fallen or lumpy or anything from doing more than its fair share of the work. In short, it makes "a place for everything and everything in its place."

"The elements of "the position of the soldier" are supposed to be kept up at all times, particularly as far as the waist-armor portion of the soldier's anatomy is concerned. When they are so kept up, they make everything the soldier does seem a lot easier.

A man with a chestful of air can outmarch, outfight, outlive every day a man who hasn't got a chestful of air. A man who keeps his stomach where it belongs, by keeping his diaphragm in place, very seldom has any internal trouble.

A man whose shoulders are well braced by constant keeping-in-place finds his pack easier to carry, for there is something there to resist the pack's load, some foundation of muscle to keep the weight off his back.

"Keep your eyes off the ground, your head up and your chin in—and keep them that way all the time you're in France," is what a certain division commander told a greenhorn at inspection one day.

The general didn't give that command for the sake of military pose; he gave it for a good psychological reason. A man who looks everything square in the eye, with his head up and his chin in, is not going to be fooled, is not going to be caught off his guard, is not going to get readsores on the hike.

The only way to "get that way" is to reinforce the eyes, the head and chin by constant practice in keeping "the position of the soldier."

A FIELD NOTE BOOK

SAM BROWNE NEW STYLE

Necessity is the mother of a new use for the Sam Browne belt. When a regiment gets into the Z. of A., officers have to cut down their baggage allowance to the same basis as explorers making a dash for the North Pole. Under these circumstances, old-timers have learned that a Sam Browne belt can be turned to good advantage as a razor strap.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Scene: A roadside in France, Doughboy on a bank beside it, munching hardbread. Mess sergeant passes, upper right. Mess Sergeant: What you thinking about, Bill? Doughboy: What I'm goin' to buy after this war's over. Mess Sergeant: Have you made up your mind yet? Doughboy: Pretty near. I think it will be a restaurant. Exit mess sergeant, lower left. CURTAIN

WELL?

CHEVRONS AND CHEVRONS

BY THE EDITOR OF THE STARS AND STRIPES

In a recent issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES, mention was made of a coming change in the design of the Overseas cap, due in part, according to the article, to the articles and letters criticizing the cap which appeared from time to time in the above mentioned official news medium of the A.E.F.

If the Overseas cap is to be shorn of its embarrassingly humorous lines because of the notoriety which it attained in your columns, it is possible that, by directing your attention to some of the incongruities of service and wound stripes and the regulations pertaining to them, the powers-that-be will reverse judgment on some of the points involved.

First, the design of the new chevrons: The regulations declare that the angle formed by the sides of the chevron shall be 90 degrees. If there is any error or artistic quality attached to an angle of 90 degrees, the supporters of such a theory are few, for in all the arguments that I have heard not a soul has dared to vouch for the design of the chevron. Try it yourself. Draw a chevron with the 90 degree angle and then another with an angle of 60 degrees, the one necessary to form an equilateral triangle. Look at them and decide for yourself which pleases.

So much for the design. An article in our paper stated recently that all the trouble over who's who in the service chevron line had been settled by the War Department with the decision that every enlisted man and officer of the U.S. forces serving in France or England would be entitled to wear the chevron.

I am aware of the argument that has for its basis the theory that the man who is checking up corned willy on a dock is doing just as much to win the war as the chap with a rifle on the fire step. Yes, surely; but it is also well recognized that the quality of front leads for the time that he is there, an existence as uncertain as that of a candle flame in an open window. A puff may blow it out at any moment.

I don't suppose that suggestions are welcome, but it is a poor criticism that isn't followed by a suggested remedy. Hence, it would seem fair that the gold service chevrons were allowed to stand for service anywhere on this side of the Atlantic. In addition, let us have a silver chevron of identical pattern

TRAINS AHOY!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I'll to THE STARS AND STRIPES, the one real paper, for and by real men, the best little journal printed in France. Like Pearl's Soap, "We are never happy until we get it," and like Postum, "There's a Reason."

I'll to our Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry, Engineers, Signal Corps, etc., etc., who have proved to the world that they are excelled by none. And no one knows it better than our enemy the Hun.

But has anyone ever heard from the Ammunition Trains? As we receive the copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES we read about the above-named branches—but we seem to be "Mickys."

We are not kicking about anything, you understand. We read articles, poems, etc., written by boys from all branches of the Service, which are more than interesting. But evidently this Ammunition Train has not been represented in that respect, because of the lack of Scribes and Wits, also of spare time. There is no "Futigue" or "Recall" sounded in this world, for the detail from the shells, the retreat, with mess tucked in on the fly. And when the above named outfit gets their American up, and decide to work the Huns a bit, it is "double time" for us, with mess call abolished for the time being.

But since the first copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES were circulated, we have not heard from the Ammunition Trains. Why the camouflage? The French have nick-named the Train de Munitions "les embusqués," because we are not in the line when the Croix de Guerre are handed out. Not exactly S.O.R., but more like S.L. "Les embusqués" is right, but you who read this who have been behind the big guns that have laid a barrage for the boys in the trenches, and those of you who have been in the trenches behind a Hotchkiss

or a Springfield, confident in the fact that your magazine and clips were full, and the language was on time and your head was never think of the boys who were lying, hauling, cursing, driving, in pitch darkness, over shell-vest, mud-mired roads, by trucks and caissons, to assure you that this confidence is not erroneously founded? We wonder.

French families are awakened on dark, rainy nights by the heavy lumbering noise of heavily laden trucks passing by or the rattle of caissons, with the accompanying clatter of hoofs and the curses of the mule-skinner as they urge the animals on. It is the Train de Munitions, wet, dirty, hungry, tired and sleepy—"les embusqués," remember, but anyway it's not here, and the soldier who has been gassed in action is entitled to a sound sleep.

This letter is not meant for a protest, far from it. The best we can do under the worst of conditions is considered as merely our duty. But we were considerably interested in a poem that appeared in the columns of THE STARS AND STRIPES not long ago, and the sentiments of a certain S.O.R. boy. He thinks that he is "also S.O.L." as he states, how about us?

Comp. CLAS. F. LANQUETTE, Tr. Hq., — Am. Tr.

IF YOU'VE BEEN GASSED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Kindly advise the writer or state in your next edition whether or not a soldier who has been gassed in action is entitled to a wound stripe. Is gassing under the heading of slight wounds? I see names I know are given by the heavy lumbering noise of the wounded heading.

READER. ["Disabling by gas necessitating treatment by a medical officer shall be considered to be a wound." That is the wording of the regulation governing the wearing of the wound chevron.—Editor.]