

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, JUNE 21, 1918.

DISCOURAGING

"It is more or less discouraging to the reserve officers," writes an officer to this paper, "to see no advancement as a reward for conscientious effort when provisional second lieutenants who completed the same course—"

It is more or less discouraging—or would be for some people—to be a private, spend a tolerably uncomfortable winter in a dugout or an Adrian barracks, neither of them steam-heated, and then, when spring comes, hike a hundred and fifty kilometers along a dusty road into battle and die there.

For there are a whole lot of old-fashioned people in the Army, both officers and men, who have come into the war to serve their country.

Of course, there's nothing to be said for them. It's such a terribly old-fashioned idea.

THE CAMPAIGN HAT

The man in the S.O.S. sighs for a chance with the death or glory boys up front and, once a week or thereabouts, expresses his regrets in verse. But now he has a mighty consolation. If a soldier is a forester—

That much reconquered territory it now holds. The overseas cap still holds the Z. of A. It—or something equally flexible and pocketable—is the only practical cap up front in the land of shrapnel, where the steel helmet is a blessing and a necessity.

There are miles away from the German guns and whose daily work and life does not call for a hat in any way different from the one worn in the basest of base ports.

The time honored sombrero may be expensive and it may take up a lot of room. There is no doubt that it gets perverted out of shape the day before inspection. But it keeps the sun and the rain out of a man's eyes, it keeps him from looking like a German prisoner, and it lets him go abroad in the daylight without a feeling that all his good people of France are humming under their breaths that popular ditty of a generation ago: "Where did you get that hat?"

CHATEAU-THIERRY

Infantry and Marines share alike the glory of Château-Thierry. Not all the fighting was in that little junction town on the Marne, or even near it; but, thanks to our Yankee passion for labelling things, the swift succession of attack on attack along that whole sector during the first vivid days of June is likely to go down in the history of France and America as the battle of Château-Thierry.

If the future historian of that fighting shall record that both Infantryman and Marine won their laurels which shall never fade, glory which shall never be dimmed, he will be stating the truth, but stating it in more words than he needs.

For instead of writing Infantryman and Marine, he can say simply, "The American soldier."

A LIBEL

Germany torpedoed the Sussex, with Americans on board, Germany later, as a result of our protest, solemnly agreed to cease her ruthless submarine warfare.

Yet six weeks after she had given that promise, Count von Bernstorff, her ambassador to the United States, asked his Government to advise him in plenty of time before the submarine campaign was resumed—in order that he might make preparations to cripple the United States if, as a result of the resumption, it came into the war.

We have this new revelation of German duplicity from no less a person than Secretary of State Lansing. In the light of it, and the great mass of similar evidence in possession of the United States of the utter worthlessness of Germany's word, to call Germany the skunk among the nations is grossly to libel the skunk.

CITED

The temporary adoption of French war orphans and the children of war-maimed soldiers under THE STARS AND STRIPES plan received a fine impetus last week when an Infantry regiment— which we are fortunate in being able to designate more specifically as "an Ohio regiment"—took 54 mascots.

The regiment made a campaign for francs which was directed by the chaplain and two buck privates and forwarded a cigar box full of more or less tattered paper money. It was a generous offering. But the money was gathered just after payday, and we are assured that its collection didn't impoverish any of the 3,600 men concerned. Yet it will provide comfort and

education for a year for 54 children at a critical period in their lives, and appreciably lessen the difficulties of many widowed mothers and little brothers and sisters.

The memory of this Ohio regiment will be cherished long in France.

THE UNIFORM

An imposing motor car whirls through the town filled to the brim with imposing beings all adorned with the Sam Browne belt. It passes a knot of soldiers who snap to attention and salute smartly before retreating. They are already gazing at the tail-lights when one of the men in the tonneau catches on the wind the muttered comment: "Oh, hell, it was only those war correspondents."

There are so many men in and about the A.E.F. who are not soldiers at all, but who can be distinguished from officers only after a careful scrutiny in a bright light, that it is small wonder some of our French friends are puzzled and our own enlisted men confused.

A letter on this subject, written by a plaintive private and published on this page a fortnight ago, suggested that "the wearing of the Sam Browne belt be restricted to duly commissioned officers of the Army and that the seal, with the eagle, arrows and all be worn on the garrison caps of officers alone."

A good many agree with him. A good many think, for that matter, that the war correspondent, the Red Cross worker, the Y.M.C.A. secretary, the Knights of Columbus and the Salvation Army man should each wear a uniform so distinctive in cut and color that he could be recognized a block away—that, thus attired, he would be happier and the whole Army better off.

The fewer the Distinguished Service Crosses awarded the greater the honor each will carry. The less freely and the less promiscuously the Sam Browne belt is distributed, the more it will mean and the greater respect it will command.

GO AHEAD, GERMANY

Germany wants to get Von Rintelen, the arch-plotter and co-worker of Bernstorff, Boy-Ed, Von Papen and company, now held prisoner in the United States, back in the fold. With characteristic German tact, she informed the United States that if he were not exchanged there would be severe reprisals on American prisoners in Germany; and all the world knows what German reprisals mean.

The reply of the United States was swift, sharp, and clear. It told Germany that if she maltreated any American it would "inevitably be understood to invite similar reciprocal action on the part of the United States with respect to the great number of German subjects in America."

The old Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is stiff business, but it is the only kind of business which the Hun understands. There are scores of Germans in the United States for every American interned or held prisoner in Germany. Go ahead, Germany, America has served notice.

THE ONLY TEST

From time to time we are wont to ponder "on the stuff of which heroes are made." We reflect upon it subconsciously, just as some of us ruminate—or once did ruminate—on how we are going to feel under fire. Psychologists never have been able to classify and catalogue the qualities that go to the making of a hero. There is no way of telling one in advance.

Ofhand, no one would have said a few months ago that a dentist named Aloysius Lucius Lamar Lyle would be a hero. Without passing an opinion as to whether or not his mother raised him to be a soldier, it is fair to assume that she didn't name him for one.

And yet Aloysius Lucius Lamar Lyle joined the Army and came to France as a dental officer, and two or three weeks ago was cited for unusual bravery on the battlefield. Under heavy shell fire, he went to the aid of a wounded man in peril of bleeding to death, quenched the flow of blood and carried him to safety.

The only test for a hero is the opportunity.

A BIT OF AMERICA

She is an old, or at least an elderly woman. The place where she lives is a particularly ugly little American manufacturing town; its inhabitants are largely what we used to call foreigners.

The State had been helping her for many years. It was not much, but that monthly allowance, which she called for regularly at the office of the city clerk, was the slender thread that kept both ends of life together.

When she paid her April call, the city clerk reached for his books and began to go through with the monthly formula. "But, 'Please," she said, "I don't think I need the money any more, sir. My circumstances have improved. I'm working, and I think the Government needs the money more than I do."

The town is ugly and dirty. It has given the Army a little legion of youths most of whose names are the bane of many a company clerk's existence, and have nearly prostrated with lockjaw many a top sergeant calling the roll.

But it is a bit of America.

TRUE TO FORM

In 1905 the Kaiser awarded to Mr. Wilson-Marshall of New York, winner of the ocean yacht race in that year, an alleged gold cup which he declared to be worth \$5,000. Recently Mr. Wilson-Marshall decided to auction off the cup for the benefit of the Red Cross. It brought in \$125,000, and the successful bidder had it sent off to a dealer's to be cleaned up and put in shape.

The dealer assayed and tested it, and then reported that, instead of being of gold, the cup was made of German pewter; and that, far from being worth the \$5,000 the Kaiser claimed for it, it was only worth \$35.

The Army's Poets

SONG OF THE CENSOR MAN

Oh, I am the man with a mightier pen Than the chisel the lawgiver knew; The snip of my shears is more dreaded of men Than the scow of that Napoleon drew.

Oh, it's snip, snip, snip is the rhythmic swing Of my shears in the morning light. An elastic clip is the raucous ring Of their voice in the starchy night.

Oh, I know all the secrets that ever were told, Till eery unfortunate prays. That the book of omnipotent knowledge I hold May be sealed to the end of my days.

JOHN FLETCHER HALL, Sgt., Acting Chaplain, Inf.

BEEFING

It seems I'm never satisfied No matter where I go My job is easy, my duties light, I still find grief and woe.

When we were in the U.S.A. I thought we had no chance. And I wasn't really satisfied Till on my way to France.

When they try to please me And dish out first class chow, And there's sugar in the coffee, I'll holler and howl.

THE MEN OF THE WEST

From the great West, where, with a do and dare, Their father went, they come; From great cities fair, and the forests where The great fir grows, they come.

Oh, she's nothin' sweet to look at an' no symphony to hear; She ain't no pomp of beauty, that's a cinch— She howls like Holy Jumper when a feller shifts.

THE TANK

Oh, she's nothin' sweet to look at an' no symphony to hear; She ain't no pomp of beauty, that's a cinch— She howls like Holy Jumper when a feller shifts.

When the Hochee see you comin', they will set the air to rumbling. A wavin' of their legs to reach the woods.

When the great last rush is over and the last grim trench is past, She will roll in high right through old Berlin town.

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THE PRIVATE



THE ONCE OVER

Beauty isn't everything, even when you're soldiering. And a lot of strange equipment will get by at inspection if you have an excuse—always providing the excuse is good enough.

Once upon a time there was a man. He might have been a civilian or he might have been a soldier; I don't know and it doesn't matter.

Once upon a time there was a man who landed at a base port in France. "Where's the front?" he asked.

"The front?" echoed the Engineer sergeant— "you can't get off at a base port without bumping into an Engineer sergeant, can you?"

"Who said it was?" countered the M.P. "You get your travel orders O.K'd and stamped and I'll start you toward the front."

After the inspection the major-general made a little speech. It was about as follows: "I want to compliment you men on what you have done. From all I hear, you have been doing wonderful work beyond mere verbal praise.

Now, will you kindly come to our assistance and tell us the number and date of the order which authorizes the wearing of these stripes and state just how they should be worn (insurrections, etc.), and just who is entitled to wear them? Or, best of all, if you could send me a copy of the above-mentioned order I could then lead forth a certain ass to his proper pasture, teach him to know it and stay there in the future and all would be lovely.

Now, there arose in our midst a certain somewhat newly-arrived member who was entitled to only one of the coveted stripes, and who was also one of those chaps who loves to put flies in the soup for no other reason than that he loves to do just that.

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GETTING BACK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Will you kindly advise me how I can return to my own outfit? Since leaving the hospital I have been in two outfits, and if there is any special request for transfer to be made, I should like to know.

I would surely enjoy being back with the boys I came over with last September.

[G.H.Q. has announced that every effort would be made to get a man in a replacement unit back with his old outfit, wherever such a transfer was practicable. A general order states that replacement organization commanders will issue detailed instructions to insure the return of officers and soldiers to their original units whenever the efficient operation of the replacement system is not affected by such assignments. The case of every individual so situated is, therefore, in the power of the replacement commander, who must judge each case by its own circumstances.—Editor.]

Nothing New Yet

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: A number of officers would like very much to have you publish in our paper some additional information concerning the Bill which was passed by Congress granting to officers having dependent families commutation for light, heat and quarters.

They wish to know if this money is payable to them here in France or if it is paid directly to their families in America.

[THE STARS AND STRIPES of May 10 (fourth column, first page) gave all the information regarding the above law in the possession of G.H.Q. As soon as G.H.Q. is informed of the Controller of the Treasury's interpretation of the law, it will be published in your newspaper. It is presumed, however, that this commutation will be paid wherever any officer entitled to it may direct.—Editor.]