

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1918.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

The Y.M.C.A. will soon go up and down the highways of America in a campaign to raise a new bank account, for their working fund must grow apace with our Army in France.

We hope they get it. It means new shelters and new stages for Elsie Janis and those who are to follow in her fancy steps. It means movies and music, huts and hospitality, chocolate and cheer.

We hope, too, that the over-zealous will not be suffered this time to raise any fraction of that fortune on false pretenses; that no effort will be made to pry open pious purses by means of alarming stories about the iniquities of Army life, which—in matters of clean-living—is, after all, rather more decent than civilian life.

A thrill was felt in the uttermost reaches of the A.E.F., a thrill must have stirred every heart back home, at the news that American troops were holding a sector of the Allied line in Alsace.

From that dark day nearly half a century ago when Alsace and Lorraine were wrested from humiliated France as part of Bismarck's booty, the lost provinces have stood in modern history as the symbol of military oppression.

It is the first chapter in the gospel of President Wilson that the treaty of peace which will conclude this war shall suffer no such injustice, no other such breeder of bitterness and fear, shall recognize no such thing in modern times as a country held captive, a population held prisoner.

Cherchez la tete rouge. Has anybody around France seen any red headed orphans?

Wilhelm owns up. The Kaiser is speaking: "When the war broke out, the German people did not clearly realize what it meant, but I knew quite well, and the first outbreak of enthusiasm neither blinded me nor made any change in my plans or calculations."

Use your bean. Three Americans were riding in a French train. They had the compartment to themselves, save for one other man, a civilian, who for all they knew was a Frenchman.

Use your bean. If you know any German, hang on to it. It is as valuable to know your enemy's tongue as it is to know your friend's. But the place to polish up your acquaintance with your enemy's language is not your friend's train.

The Kaiser now comes out in the open. He admits that he tricked his own people, that he lied to all the world when he declared that Germany had taken up arms "to free Europe of the Slavic menace" of Russia, and for that reason only. He confesses outright that the war was launched to put the "made-in-Germany" brand on the earth; that it was a war for world-wide German domination; that it has been, all along, just the kind of a war that his enemies have said it was.

1776-1918. One hundred and forty-two years ago this coming Thursday, a little band of Americans gathered together in a stuffy upstairs room in Philadelphia and set their names to a document that was destined to change the history of the world.

So affirming, the signers of that document proceeded solemnly to "publish and declare, That the United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States..." and that as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do.

The men swear now by a captain they had all cursed for his severity in the tedious days of training, and a captain who, in those days, was a genial, easy-going favorite, is a favorite no longer.

One grim sergeant whose name used to be a hissing and a byword among the privates he afflicted is the hero of his company today. One fussy, prim old-time non-com whom the contemptuous lunks of a later vintage used to call "Granny" is only a memory—the memory of a soldier who fought like the very devil and who died, at last, magnificently.

You remember how you used to walk two blocks out of your way back home to get away from the man who wanted to "talk shop" after office hours? You recall how you used to plead an engagement and lie valiantly, whenever he sidled up to you of an evening and started in on costs, production, maintenance, and—horrors of horrors!—"efficiency"?

Shop talk. You remember how you used to walk two blocks out of your way back home to get away from the man who wanted to "talk shop" after office hours? You recall how you used to plead an engagement and lie valiantly, whenever he sidled up to you of an evening and started in on costs, production, maintenance, and—horrors of horrors!—"efficiency"?

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The Army's Poets

THE DRIVER. I'm a slouch and a sloop and a shuffer. And my ears are covered with hair, And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse—

TRENCH POEMS. On the Fire Step. The sun goes down and a hill, For half an hour all is still, The sky grows dark, the stars appear—

THE NEW ARMY. Who are those soldiers Who go marching down? They're the young fellows Of your old home town.

CAMOUFLAGE. They tell us tales of camouflage, The art of hiding things; Of painted forts and lowered guns Invisible to the enemy's eyes.

THE MUMPS. I once thought that war was a terrible thing, That France was a helluva spot, That once you arrived you were all out of luck.

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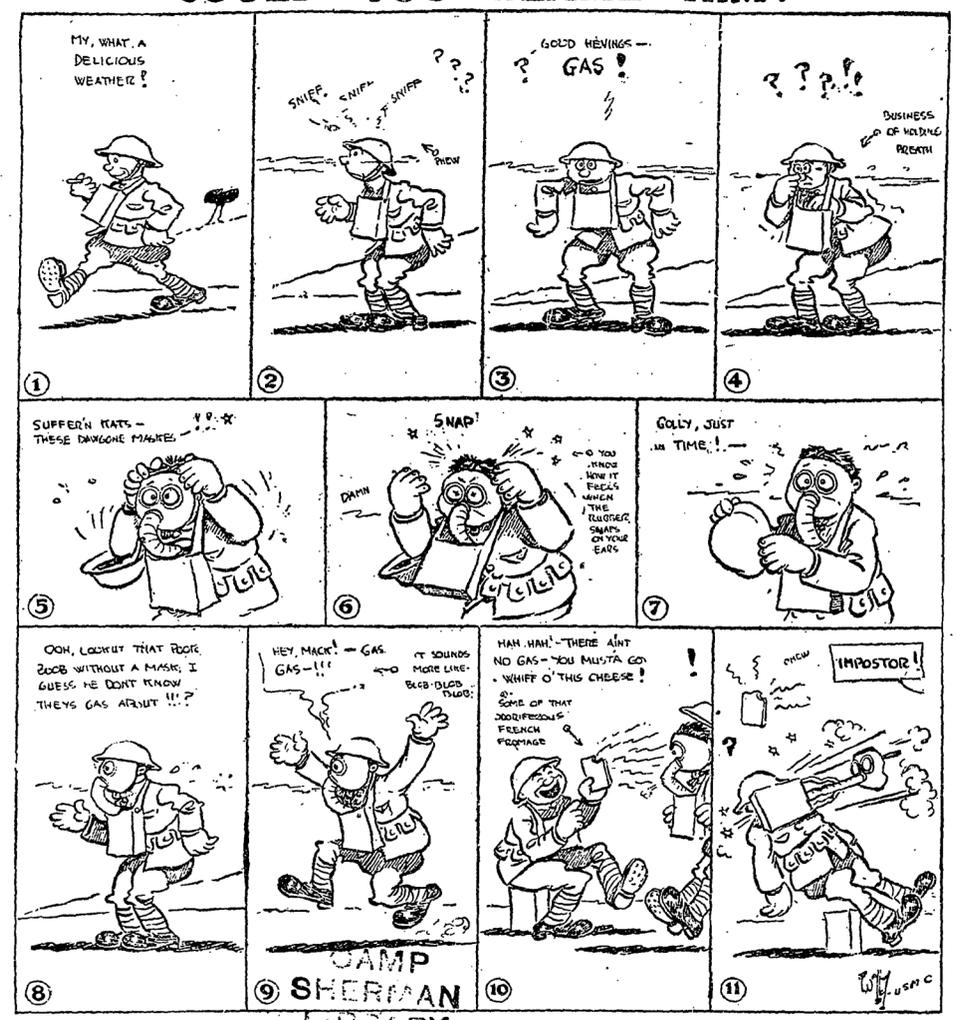
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COULD YOU BLAME HIM?



AN ARMY SUNDAY IN FRANCE

If you're in luck enough to be what our French friends call en repos after doing a trick up front; if you're out of luck enough to be quartered in one of those feverishly energetic "rest" camps of which our British cousins are so fond; if you're just plain occupied in an American training area...

SOME of the historic streams have fish in them. Some of our O.D.-d friends—perhaps you're one of them—haven't got the juvenile fishing habit; so after a week of digging trenches and other things, they start Sunday right by delving for worms, pestering the supply sergeant for twine, making M'sieur...

If it rains, as it is just as like as not to do, the weather man of Europe being a pro-German and generally a stunk, there are the indoor pastimes of Sunday: Shirt-picking, reading, shaving, sock-changing, and oiling up the old gun.

COLLAR AND POCKETS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: When are officers of the Army to have their uniforms changed? The uniform of the enlisted man is about to be modified. But our officers are still wearing in the field a high stiff collar and a coat that has no pockets worth the name.

NOT AUTHORIZED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Can you inform me if there is any service stripe or campaign ribbon issued to Americans who fought with the Allies previous to the entry of the United States into the war and who are now serving with American troops?

WITH THE FIRST ONES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In your edition of June 14th there appeared a very interesting article concerning the sailing of the first contingent of the American Expeditionary Forces one year ago.

CANADA'S OWN DAY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: As an ex-Canadian I was delighted with your editorial regarding Dominion Day, but always thought that it came on July 1st until now. Speaking of natives here getting mixed on American history, what do you think of an editor who confuses Victoria Day, May 24th, with Dominion Day, July 1st?

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