

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1918

The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of July 19, 1918, was 129,760, an increase of 15,551 over the previous week.

THE SPIRIT OF THE A.E.F.

Enclosed is 14th francs for the care of two French orphans. This is being sent just on the eve of our entrance into battle; we will write more in detail later.

Thus wrote Company A—Engineers, a few days ago.

Hundreds of writers are writing millions of words trying to describe the spirit of the A.E.F., but we doubt if any genius of the pen will ever convey to paper the spirit of the A.E.F. so strikingly and completely as it is set down in those two simple sentences.

SPORT FOR WHO'S SAKE?

The five Artillerymen who used their field piece like a rifle on the southern bank of the Marne in the opening hours of the fifth great offensive of 1918, scattering the Hun hordes that were crossing the river until every man of the five was killed, did not ask to be allowed to wait over a battle and come in on the next.

Wherefore we can only shout "Bravo" in a faint and unconvincing voice when we learn that Ty Cobb is quoted as saying that he will enlist in the service at the close of the present season.

Wherefore we are moved to blush when Eddie Ainsworth, called in the draft, appeals to the Secretary of War.

Wherefore we are getting just a little bit annoyed at all the pother by big league magnates about the "essential" quality of the whole professional baseball industry.

We are, most of us, fans, either rip-roarers or mild ones. We like to follow the game of old, and now that the whole world is rocking, we like to see this touch of stability in it—a nation one hundred per cent in the war, but still the same beloved country keeping itself sane and healthy and supporting the same beloved game.

But if the row keeps up, some of us are going to lose our patience. And this newspaper, unless the whole petty, impatience squabble stops, may mysteriously lose its sporting page at the same time.

JUST PLAIN CUSSING

It is violating no confidence to state that some soldiers cuss. It is equally true that some cuss more than others. But it is not to be forgotten that some soldiers don't cuss at all.

Soldiers are just like other folks, a thing some people find extremely hard to understand. Cussing isn't by any means a vice peculiar to the military profession.

It isn't our purpose to condone cussing, or to advocate its free and unlimited coinage in the A.E.F. We merely wish to point out that it is a habit which some people bring into the Army with them, just as they bring other habits, such as brushing their teeth and parting their hair on the side. Being a careless habit, born sometimes of years of careless speech and a mistaken sense of emphasis, it doesn't at all imply blasphemous thoughts or irreverence towards the deity, on the part of the doughboy.

A soldier who cusses may not be what the ladies call a "nice" man, but it doesn't follow that he's an irreverent, godless wretch. He has seen too much of the works and wonders of God, too much of the divine in the actions of God's children about him to be blasphemous at heart. So, when some of the brethren, both here and at home, are inclined to be captious, we ask them to hold up a bit and reflect.

THE UNCHRONICLED

The aviators you hear about, the aviators whose names are written large and sent over the cables to the waiting world at home, are those gallant chasseur-pilots of the combat squadrons who are hailed by us all as each brings down his Hun.

But you never hear the names of those flyers of the observation groups who, from dim dawn to dark, reconnoiter over the enemy lines, taking pictures, spotting troop movements, unmasking batteries, the piercing eyes of the Commander-in-Chief whereby he may know—as he did in mid-July—where and when the enemy will strike.

Yet it is as scouts that the airmen have won their big place in the world war. Except in the heat of battle, when the chasseur-pilots turn in a twinkling into swift, light, infinitely mobile artillery and swarm down on the foe like an outraged hive of fierce, giant hornets, their sole business is to protect their own observation and play havoc with the enemy.

They but guard and serve the observers. The flyers of the observation groups are not even allowed to give battle in the air except in self-defense. They have more important work to do. Not for them is the glittering, spectacular rôle. Nor the glory thereof.

That is one of the ironies of war. It must be so, and, after all, there is no roll long enough to honor all the anonymous

fighters of this heroic age—no pen that has enough of eloquence to write the saga of the great unchronicled.

THE NURSES

The American nurse who was wounded on July 15 when German aviators wantonly bombed a Red Cross hospital was not the first of our nurses to win a wound stripe. There were women's names in the first casualty list of the A.E.F.—two nurses seriously hurt in the hospital bombing last September.

Like the doctors, all the training the nurses had had at home prepared them daily for the work the Army asked of them, and so, when war was declared, they were ready for immediate duty. That is why they were in the first contingent to reach France, and that is why, all through the first year, while other branches of the service were busy learning their new job, we were able to lend anywhere from 500 to 600 nurses at a time to the British armies. Two of them wear the coveted British Military Medal.

Now they are doing the same work behind the American lines, working in the base, field, camp, evacuation and mobile hospitals, working often under shell fire, tending the Yanks as they have tended the Tommies. If you had gone last week to one of those little emergency camps near the Marne, pitched a few miles behind the spot where the fighting was hottest, and where all day and all night long the ambulances drove up with their loads of grit and pain, you would have found there American women waiting with sure, patient, expert, compassionate hands to take up the healer's task.

The nurses share with the officers and enlisted men of the Medical Department the distinction of having not only useful but dangerous work to do even in the most sheltered areas of the S.O.S. There they must fight not Germans, but contagion.

They have had to fight not only the ordinary ailments such as mumps and measles, but they have had to battle with scarlet fever and spinal meningitis. One of our nurses has died of meningitis and another of scarlet fever. Scarlet fever, too, has disabled several others so that they have had to give up their work here and go back to America.

Recently a rallying call was lifted at home to summon 25,000 more trained nurses to the colors. It is a call to an honorable, vital, dangerous service, of which the proud chronicle will form one of the impressive and moving chapters in the history of the A.E.F.

THE LEAST OF THESE

It is not the support of a nation buying billions of dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds, breaking bottles over the stems of new ships, knitting socks or cheering us in the movies that brings home to us the magnitude of our trust.

It is all fine, but it is all too big for any one man of us to grasp. But we appreciate how great our trust is when we hear that the folks have had two pounds of sugar in six weeks, that the lady next door let her bread burn in the excitement of listening to our last letter, and that the lady next door to her is working in an office and keeping the children in school while her husband is over here.

And then an incident like the following, received by an officer in France from his wife in America, comes along and clinches that trust:

We have a poor district. All the people are of the laboring class; the women mostly do day's work. It is a wonder how they get all wanted to live to the Red Cross. Most of them are all ready and go to some nook and bring out two or three dollars (three even) every week. It is a wonder how they get it, but they do. They say they want to help take care of the boys over there, that it's the least they can do. One woman at home gave us one dollar, and her husband wished it was a hundred, but her husband had been in the hospital for six weeks and she had a hard time getting along.

GETTING OUT THE RABBITRY

Throughout France, and in whatever countries besides France the A.E.F. can be found, there are scattered outposts of THE STARS AND STRIPES, each presided over by a soldier and a car, usually a Ford. It is the business of the soldier and the car to get the paper distributed to the units to which he is assigned.

He gets it there, no matter how much the units may have moved about since the last issue, and often he moves along roads where shell pops send his heart into his mouth because he thinks they are blowing out. He is up against a circulation problem unique in the history of printing. But he delivers the goods.

It is not only through these soldier field agents, however, that the Army newspaper is distributed. The great French news agency of Hachette et Cie, cares for the newsstand sales all over France, and has cared for them so well that last week it handled 11 times as many copies as it did during the first week of our existence.

To do this, it did more than was strictly necessary from a purely business standpoint. It acted with a sense of that international courtesy that is helping materially to win the war.

AS THE HEADLINES TELL IT

Americans Make First Raids Into German Territory. One Regiment Wins 16 Croix de Guerre. A.E.F. Patrols Make Daylight Calls on Itans. Army Has Stood Test, Says G.I.I.C. Statement.

U.S. Engineers Once Again in Thick of It. Recognize them? They are not, as you might suppose, from newspapers two or three years old—hardly—or even from newspapers six months old. They were printed in this newspaper no longer ago than last March.

Now for the American communiqué of Wednesday, July 17:

"In the Marne sector our troops have entirely regained possession of the south bank of the river."

And of July 25: "Between the Aisne and the Marne our troops again broke the enemy resistance and continued their advance, taking many additional prisoners."

It's a long, long way back to the "first raids into German trenches" and "daylight calls on Itans."

No longer are we a handful of troops in training, a little group of raiding parties, going through a fiery test while an anxious world looks on. We are an Army, doing an Army's work.

The Army's Poets

THE A.E.F.

Their vanished dreams wait through the mist. They left the home fires burning. To face the shadow out beyond and take their fighting chance. And now, in endless marching sweep without a backward turning. Their lines are blotting out the roads, the long white roads of France.

And ghosts of years that used to be before the final order. And dreams of years that wait ahead beneath some friendly sun. Must fade through the mist, where out the shell-swept border. Their goal is now the western front until the job is done.

It's sweet enough to dream at dusk of eager, wistful faces. Or eyes that look across the sea to where the lost track runs. Of maple-shadowed lanes that wind through well remembered places. That come and go like startled ghosts bewildered by the guns.

It's sweet enough to dream and hear the lonely night wind calling. With ghosts of voices blown across the weary miles between. So hear them whisper back to you, as soft as rose leaves falling. Of life where summer days were long and summer fields were green.

How many years it used to be nobody may remember. For marching men have come between in never-ending lines. And fame, arrayed with shrapnel snow, is heavier than December. Where sullen guns amid the mud are waiting for the sign.

For Fate must gather in its toll and leave its legions sleeping. Where ghosts and dreams must bide their time until the fate is spun; Must fade together in the mist where, through the red dawn creeping. Their goal is now the western front until the job is done.

Grandland Rice, A.E.F.

AN AMBULANCE DRIVER'S PRAYER

'Mid blinding rain this larky night, Loud bursting shells each foot of road. Thy Light, O Christ, will guide me right, To save this gasping, dying load.

Their shattered limbs have followed thee. Their wounded hands have done thy work. They laid, O Lord, to make me free: They fought the fight—they did not shrink. Lieut. Chaplain Thomas F. Coakley.

C'EST CA

I shurely ain't must of a soldier. Or else they wud give me a gun. Instead of a ax and a crosscut. For fightin' agin th' dern Hun.

I'll own that it shure is some safer. Than back from th' hell-strovin' line; An' yit, jest a thinkin' o' safety, I'd me don't appear very fine.

There's never no chanet 't git medals. That'll shine mighty bright on yer breast. When once yu git back t' th' Homeland An' settle down fer a rest.

An' even th' bloomin' ole papers Don't carry no picters of us. In some ways, we might as well be A thousand o' miles from th' fuss.

An' s't I jest-kant help a-thinkin' O' what in th' devil we'd do With nothin' but crosscut an' axes— If ever them Bosches got through.

Corp. Vance C. Criss, — Engrs.

THE MULE SKINNERS

A wet and slippery road. And dusky figures passing in the night. The smell of steaming hide and soaking leather.

The muffled oath. The sharp command as troops give way to the river.

Then clatter on through mud and streaming weather.

The creak and groan of wheels. And batteries that rumble down the road With pounce and splash of hoof and chains a-rattle.

The driver's snuffing chirp. The tugging as the mules take up the load. And 'bove it all the roar of distant battle.

All night we do our job. Hauling the supplies up from the rear. Past streams of troops and hapless shell-shot habitues.

Through rut-worn roads. By blackened walls without a light to cheer. On through the night and storm and desolation.

This is the life we know. The seeming endless driving and the strain. The ever pushing, throbbing toil, exertion. The biting wind and cold and chilling rain.

Sleepless nights and lack of rest, privation. The life we lead. Reckless of screaming shell, and trusting chance.

A soldier's humble task, a soldier's ration; But who of us would trade His soldier's lot nor want to be in France? Who would not live in a soldier fashion? William Bradford, 2nd Lt., A.G.D.

STEVEDORES

They are the fellows you very seldom see. And they are the bases with the Q.M.C. A good many of us don't see the right way. In the Army we all have our own part to play.

Because he's not at th' front you may say he is slack. But nevertheless he's playing the Q.M.C. strongback.

And when it comes to handling supplies he's damn good. We haven't been looking at him just as we should.

These boys haven't shed any blood for Uncle S't. But they're hustling and bustling, fast, don't you forget.

Many wonder whether these fellows do good or not. Don't ask me, but watch these supplies get to the spot.

They shoot the goods both day and night; They shove food, clothing and ammunition with all their might. In fact, everything used in the whole A.E.F.—The big Q.M.C. couldn't do all that by himself.

Stevedores at the back are doing a big part; They would like to help stir the Kaiser's nest. But Uncle thought to have them handle supplies was best.

Sgt. Orion D. Barlow, Stevedore Regt.

AS THINGS ARE

The old home State is drier now Pressed into time and shipped to pasta. Of forty-seven trucks. Of seven desert huns. A-chewin' peanut shucks.

There everybody's standin' and Beside the Fishhill store. A-sweatin' dat an' spittin' rust Because there ain't no more.

The constable, they write, has went A week without a pinch. There ain't no jobs, so there's a gent 'At sure has got a cinch.

I ain't a-gonna beef a bit. But still, it's kinda nice. To know where there's some to git Without requestin' twice.

A SUBSISTENCY

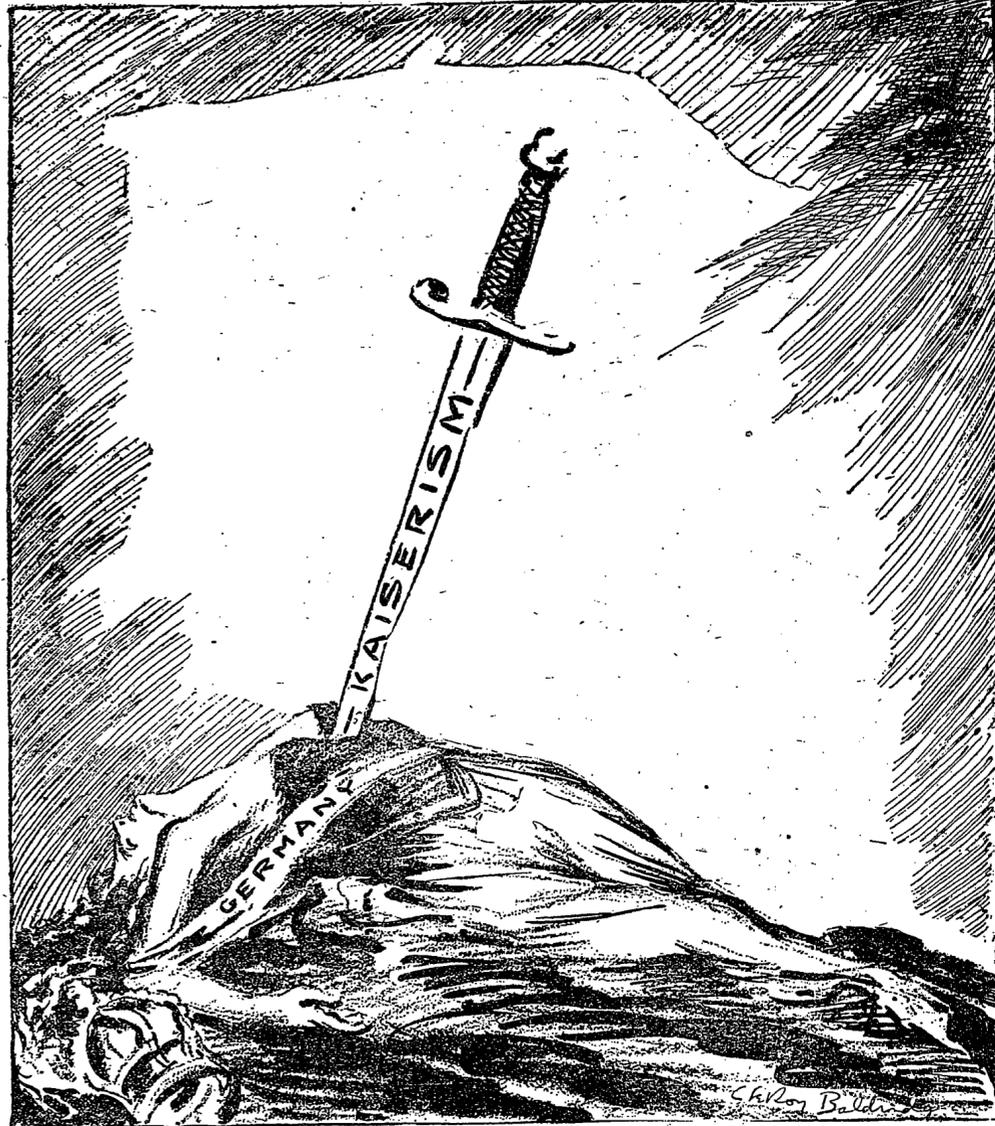
O compound of wrecked flesh, rent and torn asunder. How do we'er digest thy potency, I wonder—Cold, killed catle pounded into pasta. Pressed into time and shipped to pasta.

Greedy we eat thee, hot or cold or clammy. How welcome thou thuddest in the mess tin of the famished.

O compound of a jackal's feast, O carrion sublime. No matter how we scoff at thee, we eat thee every time.

Ah, CORNED WILLIE. Sgt. H. W. White, Engrs.

PEACE



THAT GIRL OF YOURS BACK HOME

That girl of yours, back home, has enlisted for the war. No, in the vast majority of cases she isn't coming over as a nurse, as a 'phone operator, as a Y.M. or Y.W. or Red Cross or K. of C. worker—no such luck, for everybody can't come over that way. But she has enlisted for the war, for the war work back home, and she's a mighty good soldier. And the reason she has enlisted for the war, and is such a good soldier, is you.

Yes, you! She may have been joking in the old days, when she said she wished she were a man, or she may have been boasting of her suffrage in a non-suffrage State. But now, with you over here and doing a man's job, every other man she ever knew either over here doing the same or training for it back in the States, or on the seas—perhaps her own brother—she isn't joking. And she means it. You can bet on that, you can bet your very rockiest son on it.

But since there are constitutional and military and other difficulties in the way of her lifting up her fair right hand and swearing to defend the United States against all enemies, she is doing war work competent authority. She is doing war work at home—everywhere save in church—she is doing it. The living day doesn't see her idle for a single moment. She doesn't consider her duty done when she has provided you with more than enough helmets, vestibels, sweaters, artillery gloves and so on. She goes right on knitting, tucking in her finished product to

the general storehouse of the Red Cross, or whatever agency it's at hand. Her only regret is that she can't do more for you and the rest of the Army; she has a great affection for everybody in the Army, from the general down to the lowest buck—for the simple reason that it is Your Army. In her eyes, its being your Army far overshadows its being General Pershing's.

In other ways—lots of other ways—that girl of yours is doing not her bit but her utmost level best. She has taken Mr. Hoover's warning to heart, and has learned to cook, to economize, to save and scrape as never before. She has become immensely interested in it. With the munitions factories outbidding everybody, her Mother has had to part with the sole remaining servant girl. That girl of yours has stepped into the breach, and is running the household, doing her own marketing and all, and running it remarkably well—with a lot of volunteer war work on the side, too.

She is finding out every day new things about her capabilities, new virtues in the people about her, whom perhaps she didn't used to think were so nice. New things about her country and yours, new things about the war, and she is doing a lot more reading on current problems than ever before, and could probably tell you more about the war and its causes than you know yourself. You know without being told that she follows, day by day, the progress of the A.E.F., as it is reported in the newspapers. Follows it with a keenest interest. But you don't know, you never can understand the flutter of anxiety she experiences every time she starts to read a casualty list—and she reads them all—and the great, overwhelming feeling of relief and gratitude she has when, at the end, she finds that your name is not on it.

And she isn't having one-fourth the fun she finds to have in the piping lines of peace. Her evenings, instead of being given over to the theater, to dances, to the movies, to bridge—or to you—are pretty lonely, these war-times. They are taken up with war-work, with news that you are taking up with war-work, but most of all, they are taken up with writing to you. And in that connection, don't you forget that there isn't an evening passes that the girl doesn't take out your last, grimy, smudged battered letter and read it over. She could do with a lot more letters like that. She is mighty lonely, take it all in all. All her men friends of your age are away, all her girl friends are just as busy as she is, her family is bound up with the war in one way or another—all the comfort she gets is from the recollection of the good times you used to have together, from hoping for more good news to come in the days after the war, from having you with her through your letters. If you only understood how much those letters mean to her, how much she treasures them (trinkets you are able to send to her, you would send more, for more of them. You would make those letters real letters, real, colorful glimpses of the grandeur of your war, you are embarked on—the great enterprise which she would give everything she has in the world to be sharing, danger and all with you.

She is lonely, but she is brave and loyal. She accepts without question the statements in your letters that you "are too tired to write more", that "my eyes will close in a few minutes"; she forgives you readily when there are long lapses between letters, because she knows how hard your job must be, and, woman-like, imagines it to be much harder than it really is. In other words, she is so thoroughly "in the war" with her work at home that she believes you are just as thoroughly "in the war" over here. It is up to you, then, to be so.

She is a fine, patriotic, sensible, altogether wonderful American girl—that you know, without being told. She believes in you absolutely, believes that you could never cringe, that you could never stoop to anything mean or cruel or unbecomingly vicious. It's a mighty large order to live up to the expectations of a girl like that, to be every day the kind of man she thinks you are, the kind that every girl has a right to expect that the man of her choice will be. But it's well worth trying, it's absolutely essential that you do try to square with her conviction of you, and keep the vision of her faith in you ever before you; not only for her sake and for your own, but for the furtherance of the cause which means so much to her and to you—the cause of freedom, which is the cause of America!

THE AM. TR. BOYS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Since reading several copies of your very interesting paper, we have decided that since you are a paper of the soldiers, by the soldiers, and for the soldiers we would ask that you allow us space in your columns to describe some of the work performed by the Ammunition Trains.

During the recent American operations and during the only real American offensive, we have been on the job every minute. All artillery preparations for an offensive must start with the Ammunition Trains, and when an operation is planned we have a certain length of time in which to transport ammunition to the batteries. It must go forward and it goes, regardless of weather, road conditions, and German interference.

As every one knows, we carry our "pizen" up at night and frequently over roads which are pitted with shell holes, badly worn and knee deep in mud, all without lights.

Not infrequently, our trains have been stuck, and this means work; we must be brought out, even if we have to jack them up and build a corduroy road for a short distance.

Often we have to run the gauntlet of German artillery fire, and quite recently we carried our train through a village which was being shelled and was burning, and when the walls of the houses had been knocked into the street.

Ours is one of the first organizations of its kind to be brought into action by the A. E. F., and during the time we have been in service in France we have never failed to get there and deliver the goods on time.

To give some idea of the dangers encountered by an Ammunition Train, will say that we have had four men from one company and three from another recommended for decorations for extraordinary bravery under intense artillery and machine gun fire. This will show that all our ammunition is not for the artil-

A.E.F.'S MUSIC GIRL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I cannot begin to tell you how helpful you have been in assisting me to locate the bands and orchestras in the A.E.F. that have organized since their arrival in France. Of course, the Infantry and Field Artillery and Engineer outfits while in camp in this country were taken care of and shipments are now going forward to their overseas.

You would be surprised if I were to tell you the large number of base hospitals, aero squadrons and various Engineer regiments that you have succeeded in putting me in touch with and are now on the "official adoption list."

General Pershing's order to increase the Army bands to 50 pieces is indeed very interesting, and you may assure your readers that I have made provision to double all shipments and to furnish additional copies of any selection which they may have received from me, upon request.

It may interest you to know that I have induced the composer of that famous ballad, "Baby's Prayer at Twilight," to write a typical Marine song. It has been submitted to Marine officials here and approved by them. The selection is now being printed and will be ready for general distribution in my July allotment.

Perhaps your readers would like to know that Irving Berlin is now in the Army Quartermaster Corps, stationed at Camp Upton. He has just put over a clever soldier song which promises to become as popular as some of his other successes, and is entitled "You've Got to Get Up in the Morning." This is now on the press, and our fighting musicians in France may expect copies in the next batch of music that they receive from me.

Just an American Girl. RAY C. SAWYER, 79 Hamilton Place, New York.

Very truly yours, E. H. DUFENBACH, Huntingburg, Ind., "Independent."

FROM INDIANA

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I am in receipt of THE STARS AND STRIPES, issues of May 24 and 31, and I want to tell you how much I appreciate the official newspapers of the American troops in France. I am receiving the paper through the kindness of my only son, Mark C. Dufendach, who is with the — Inf., A.E.F.

I enjoy reading THE STARS AND STRIPES, and never put it aside until I have read it from cover to cover. It gives me news from the scenes of action that I can not get through any other agency, and in reading it I feel that I am closer to my brave boy and all the brave boys who are gone from these shores and are fighting for the liberty of the world.

I enjoy your feature stories, "The Army's Poet," "Fragments from the Front," your editorials, and cartoons, in fact, every line that is published. Your make-up is perfect from a printer's view point. I wish THE STARS AND STRIPES could be circulated in every home in the United States.