

The Stars and Stripes

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

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office No. 702, Paris, France. Editorial: Guy T. Viskniski, Capt., Inf., N.A. (Editor and General Manager); George Rice, 1st Lieut., F.A., N.G.; Alexander Woolcott, Sgt., M.D.N.A.; Seth T. Bailey, Sgt., Inf.; 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.; C. Le Roy Baldwin, Pvt., Inf.

Business: R. H. Waldo, Capt., Inf., U.S.A.R.; William K. Michael, 1st Lieut., Inf., U.S.A.R.; Milton J. Ayers, 1st Lieut., Inf., U.S.A.R.; Adolph Ochs, 2nd Lieut., Cav., U.S.A.R.

Staff Circulation Representative for Great Britain: Wm. C. Cartinhour, 2nd Lieut., A.G., U.S.A.R., Goring Hotel, London, S.W.1. Advertising Representative for Great Britain and Canada: J. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: The Dorland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 8 francs for six months; to civilians, 10 francs for six months. Local French paper money not accepted in payment. In England, to soldiers 6s. 6d. for six months, to civilians 8s. Civilian subscriptions from the United States \$2 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G. 2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1918.

The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of August 16, 1918, was 183,539, an increase of 13,329 over the previous week.

THE FIRST ARMY

The First Army, A.E.F., has been formed. In other words, a great American combat force is in the field as an organized, unified operating mass.

What that means to those of our friends who have watched the detailed process of constructing the A.E.F. into a fighting organization with ample bases of supply—and ample supplies in them—and well-guarded lines of communication that stretch across three thousand miles of sea, all of us can, in some measure, realize, for it fills these, our friends with that same spirit of justifiable pride which it instills in us.

But what does it mean to Germany? Not mind, simply because we are Americans, but in the abstract, because we represent so much new Allied blood.

The German Government promised the German people that the decision would be reached in 1918. The reason for reaching a decision this year was based, as everybody in Germany knew, on the necessity for delivering the knock-out blow, by sheer weight of numbers, before the new Allied blood, represented, as it happened, by American troops, could be infused into her enemy's ranks.

Germany tried to reach that decision. She tried it before American units had become strong and coherent enough to be effective in the field. She tried it again. She tried it indirectly against Italy through the medium of Austrian troops. She tried it yet again in the west, this time being opposed by American troops in numbers sufficient to count.

Then the huge salient she had erected on the Marne was pricked and collapsed like a bubble. Then French and British dentists in the other great bulge that hung over Paris. Men and guns in vast quantities fell into Allied hands. But it was not only men and guns that Germany lost. She yielded to the Allies that priceless trump card of war, the initiative.

The creation of the First Army, then, means two things. It means that America has become a force to be counted upon, to be reckoned with. And as a natural corollary, it means that Germany, foiled in five months of bitter fighting, with only three good fighting months left her before a winter sets in that will be grievous to her people, has not only not won the decision, but is no nearer to it than she was before.

Germany is not beaten, but never has she come so close to admitting in the words of her own mouth, that her defeat was not only possible but, unless 1918 could bring a decision, virtually certain.

THE MIDDLEMEN

Hereafter every article which the American Red Cross gives to members of the A.E.F., will bear the following seal: "Gift of the American people through the American Red Cross to those in service."

The Red Cross thereby states that it is only the middleman, the agent of the American people, who are the real givers, and the servant of the enlisted man.

So, too, are all those other societies—Y.M.C.A., K. of C., Salvation Army, any and all of them—which for want of a better title we group together and call relief organizations. (If someone can think of a better title, those societies and this newspaper would be greatly obliged.)

So, too, when it comes to that, are all the commissioned officers of the United States Army—the agents of the people, the servants of the enlisted man.

AUSTRIA

What is going on in Austria? The Allied High Command undoubtedly knows, so far as anybody can be said to know, for it is doubtful if Austria herself knows exactly whether she is drifting, or when and how she will get there.

There has been an Austrian "crisis" for months. It has been reflected in cabinet changes that have followed each other, smash upon smash, until even the young emperor must be hard put to it to remember who his prime minister is.

It is reflected in anti-German uprisings in Bohemia, bread riots in populous cities, daring words spoken in high places as well as on the street corners of Vienna.

Rarely has history shown such a scene of inward turmoil and conflict, of a nation at war within itself, considerably, at outs with its ally, and very much at outs with the rest of the world. If it did not deserve everything that has happened to it, it must still happen to it, it would almost fill us with an emotion akin to the pity which

we feel towards an unconvertible drunkard lolling in a gutter.

For Austria is not innocent. She did try to back down when she saw that her intended rape of Serbia was not, after all, to be suffered unmolested. But she was glad to go Germany's way. And she is still going Germany's way, for all the "crises" and all the woes on which she had not bargained.

Austria is still an enigma. But that enigma is to be solved in only one way—by beating her. Who beats her, and on what front, does not matter. If she is to be beaten from the inside, so much the better, but that is only something to be hoped for without in the least being counted upon.

MAN POWER

They said that the day of the individual in war was done, that the age of the hero was over, that in the struggle of the twentieth century only multitudinous masses counted or could even be discerned in the conflict, that, on the battlefields of the world, the opposing armies were but giant machines with each human an infinitesimal, inconsiderable cog. To those watching from 3,000 miles away, it seemed as if only the gallant chasse pilots darting lonely across the perilous skies had inherited the glory that used to be.

All this they said, and more. It is not true.

Those so fortunate that their work takes them to the front know it is not true. They see that, in every branch of the service, from the chaplains to the men of the ration details, war today calls for—and receives—as much individual initiative, as shining a personal courage as ever the marvellous world saw at Thermopylae, at Balaklava, at Missionary Ridge. There every hour they see some man no one ever heard of before reveal a blazing display of high valor that lights up like some most potent flare the black night of war.

And this newspaper is doing some service if, by recording from time to time the passing of such gallant spirits as Captain Lehigh or Private Scott, it reminds all its friends behind the lines that the Yank and his brothers of the Allied Armies are no cogs, that on the Somme and the Vesle and the Piave this war is being fought—and won—by men.

THE BATTLE OF THE OURCO

Shortly after one triumphant but slightly soiled regiment came out of the line near the Ourcq, all but one final suit of underwear was drawn in the process of rehabilitation. Then, under a sheltering tree in a rain-drenched wood, the major leading one battalion was discovered in warm and unseemly controversy with a private.

The bone of contention was the last previous pair of clean drawers. Who should have them?

The desirable drawers changed hands several times in the course of the argument. Those watching from a distance saw a good many impassioned gestures. They heard, we do not regret to say, some profanity.

Finally the major emerged victorious. The private got the drawers.

SPANKING THE CROWN PRINCE

Applying the Slipper of Civilization, the Allies have done their best through the last four years to make the German Crown Prince a fairly decent boy by spanking him at every opportunity.

They first laid him across their knee at the opening Battle of the Marne and administered one of the soundest spankings of all time. Later on, at Verdun, the Slipper of Civilization descended again with telling physical effect. In his last Marne drive, the Allies again let the slipper play a busy tattoo for the good of the world.

In spite of all this personal and extensive chastisement, the Crown Prince is one of those bad boys beyond reform. The Allies, by proper and constant application of the slipper, have done their best to make him fit to live with. But he is apparently beyond all reformation.

There seems to be nothing left to do except lift him gently by the scruff of his thin neck and drop him in his cell. There, back of the iron bars, he can still dream of an open road to Paris and the wine cellars of France until his keeper arrives and wakes him up to partake of his frugal meal.

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE

The American boys are camped near us, and they are a fine lot of chaps. We got on tip-top with them. There are a lot of them attached to the New Zealanders, and you would think they were brought up together, the New Zealanders and the Sammies, they get on so well together. And take it from me, Max, they are the finest lot of boys you'll ever see.

This tribute from a New Zealander at the front, contained in a letter to an English friend, disproves the adage that listeners never hear good of themselves. Of course, we have the friend's permission to listen and to reproduce one of the finest little compliments the A.E.F. has had to date.

It is so obviously sincere, genuine, heartfelt and enthusiastic that, just this once, we are willing to forgive the writer for calling us Sammies.

BEATING HISTORY TO IT

The Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4, 1776.

The German armies began the invasion of Belgium on August 2, 1914.

The Lusitania was torpedoed on May 7, 1915.

The United States declared war on Germany on April 6, 1917.

These dates are given not because they may have any special connection one with the other, not as a lesson in history, not to settle a bet between A and B.

They are given for the benefit of anyone wearing more than two service chevrons. They are given for the very special and particular benefit of a member of the A.E.F. who was seen the other day wearing six service chevrons.

Perhaps he is celebrating the surrender of German Southwest Africa, or the capture of Grandisil by the Italians, or the evacuation of Prazemysl by the Russians. We see by our war diary that all those things occurred, around three years ago.

The Army's Poets

PEACE

They cry for peace who never saw the red, Warm, flowing blood of soldiers' blood. Whose dabbly limbs have yet to feel 'The tearing thrust of pagan steel— They cry for peace!

They cry for peace whose eyes shall never see The tortured remnants of a wounded man. Whose sluggish minds can never know The covering thing that dealt the blow— They cry for peace!

They cry for peace who have not seen the Curse, The Burning Cross, the Child, the Church, the Nurse! They have not borne the yoke, And yet, of all who live, they spoke— And cried for peace!

They cried for peace, while here our soldiers stand Upon the sacred soil of France, beloved land, And thunder, while they fight and fall, "Yanks! Give them Hell!" till comes our call Of Victory—and Peace!

L. T. S.

AN AVIATOR'S PRAYER

I leave the earth and take to wing, And soar aloft in spiral flight; The while I hear the angels sing, And see afar celestial light.

For Thee, O God, I mount on high, By aid of swift propeller blade, Guide Thou my course until I die, Embarked on this supreme crusade. Chaplain Thomas P. Coakley.

THE "X X"

Once was a German raider and many I sent to death. For I straddled the weak in the darkness, with never a chance for breath. They called me the "X X" and, godless, I stayed for the Hun. But, when I had been converted, I'm ashamed of the things I've done. Once I was gray as a bound of hell, as I stunk of the white-capped main. But now, in my garb of blue and white, they'd never know me again. I remind myself of a sinner who's taken to swamping a harp. In robes of peerly splendor (St. Peter's weave and warp). Even my guns are camouflaged, cloud white and blue, sky blue; I'm rather proud of my get-up, and I even speak French, "entre nous." So, freighted with boys in khaki, with the Stars and Stripes at my peak, I watch for the signs of perfidition and a chance for my guns to speak. J. P. H. Ho, Div

KEEP SMILING

There's many a weary heart tonight, There's many a lonely soul. There's many a pal who longs for his gal While playing the soldier role. There's many a service flag flying, There's many a vacant chair. There's many a mother who prays for the other As he mixes it up "Over There."

The home town is not the same old town Since we fellows have all sailed away; The old corner bar is finished by far. Our absence does not make it pay. There's no one who'll sit your oldish gal— They've drafted all those who would try— And daddy, old sport, has been holding the fort Since the day we all bid them goodbye.

There's many a party awaits us; When we finish our job over here; There's many in C.O.D. from general to K.P., Who'll be glad when they hear of our cheer. But, meanwhile, let's all keep on knitting; Till we've baffled the Hun 'cross the Rhine; Then we'll roll up our packs and make for the bound homeward in double-quick time. R. V. Brady

THE FLIES OF FRANCE

We tried 'em out on sulphur, but they seemed to like the smoke. They buzzed all around and brought back millions more. We mixed 'em up some sugar and formaldehyde and laid 'em out. But they got turned up—marked "Lunch Room" on our door.

We got some Red Cross netting, didn't have to pay a cent. And weaved 'em over every hole and crack; Two pulled apart the threads and let the rest come sailing through. We're still looking for the hole to chase them back.

They're affectionate and friendly, they like to stick around. In your stable, billet, kitchen, office, mess; They know no union hours—if you think they'll let you sleep. You're sort of S.O.L.—you miss your gess.

When you crawl into your bunk and pull your blankets round your head, And say your "Now I lay me down to sleep," You think you feel a coolie walking' post along your spine. It's a fly that just came in to take a peep.

They make dugouts in your sugar, perish nobly in your meat. Every meal you drink your cafe a la moucher; When you open up the jam pot, they come buzzing out to do suite. And you wish you had an anti-fly cartouche.

Some day when we go sailing home—way off in the bye and bye. When it's all over, something to forget, Well all remember France for here ever-present fly— "Doggone the luck, they're pestering me yet!" Alister B. Alexander, 2nd Lt.

INES ON HEARING A SONG

Beloved, in the midst of battle, With bombing planes my head above, Often I think of something that'll Delight thee, love.

Up at the front, near Hunnish holdout, Often I dream of thee, I find, No matter how far, 'thout seldom out of my mind.

A dozen times, perhaps, per diem, Thy cision I cut away with its light. For instance, at the dear old Y.M.C.A. last night.

A woman sang. . . It was the song that Thou sangst the night I left thee. Oh My love, how long, alas! how long that Has been ago!

And all my thoughts began returning To days ever over I set sail, It was a song, I think, concerning "The nightingale."

And as she sang I saw thy vision Here at the grin and grisly front, And—may I speak with some precision? May I be blunt?

She sang. . . and they were not forgotten, Though absent, had been overlong. She sang the song that I know how rotten Thou sangst that song. Franklin P. Adams, Capt., N.A.

MY PAL

We were pals away back home, and when the draft called me I went with its light. We chucked our jobs together just to get into the game.

We was my bunkie; back at camp On many a rainy night, We planned the day when we would strike a claim.

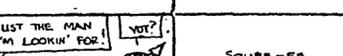
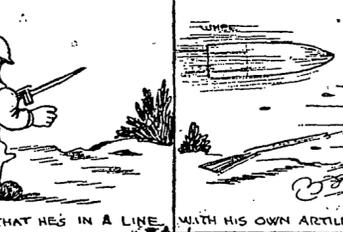
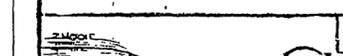
It was great to fight beside him; with a terrifying yell, As the shrapnel fell like rain, he'd shout, "Now, give 'em hell!" Steady there, old kid, let's go. That's the way, stick to it, ho. But a sniper picked him off one day—he fell.

He's still my pal; as I fight on, I know that he is by. And ever does he urge me on; again I hear his cry. "At 'em, Bud, now give 'em hell!" Once more the old familiar yell— My pal is watching, guiding, from his place on high. Pvt. Frank Eisenberg, Tel. En.

A PLEASANT DREAM



BUCK HAS ADVANCED SO FAR FRONT, THAT HE'S IN A LINE WITH HIS OWN ARTILLER FIRE.



ITALY AMONG US

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: As a newspaper worker temporarily engaged in another occupation, let me express my appreciation, both from a technical and patriotic standpoint, of the paper you are putting out. Particularly, let me express my approval in regard to your decision to limit, or eliminate, rather, the staff page. I think the papers back home would do well to follow your example.

I did not take part in the big push, as I was gassed the morning of July 15. But my company did.

Let me say, Mr. Editor, that some of the bravest and best soldiers in this Army of ours today are the sons of Italy. They have been Wops and Dagoes to us for years in the United States, but they should be respected brothers from now on. They are all wool and a yard wide, and they have a surprising conception of why they are fighting. There was a preponderance of them in the company, and they all were volunteers. My heart links when I think I will never see many of them again, but they shall ever live in my memory. One, my platoon sergeant, was the personification of faithfulness and willingness. "For five days and five nights during and after the serap at . . . last April he had two hours' sleep."

I take of my life to him, and may God speed him on his way to the greatest reward. Pardon my digression, but I feel I must say a word of praise for the Italians, the people to whom the Americans have given an insufficient need for sturdiness of character, and, in this light, a purposefulness which cannot be equalled by the most understanding. W. W. Major, 2d Lt., Co. B., Inf., Base Hospital No. 30.

HOW WE BEHAVE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Your editorial about the forthcoming Y.M.C.A. drive hits the nail on the head, and you may be sure it is appreciated by all of us on this side.

It will interest you to know the kind of reports about the A.E.F. which the Y.M.C.A. is circulating over here. In a recent tour of the country, Dr. John R. Mort and Mr. George W. Perkins addressed great meetings, attended by the most influential men of the country, gathered at Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Antonio, Atlanta, Boston and New York. I quote the following paragraphs from Dr. Mort's speech, delivered at these meetings:

"Right here let me say that I resent many institutions and charges which I have seen and heard with reference to our American Army. I know that Army. I have seen thousands of its members overseas, and I wish to say that there has been no army like this American Army."

I was talking with the provost marshal in one of the unnamed ports. He said to me that among the eight thousand men he had landed in the previous week and had passed through port, he gathered only three bottles. In all these crowded weeks that I spent on the other side, I did not see one drunken American soldier or sailor!

"A little later I was having luncheon with General Leshner, and he volunteered this remark: 'I noted for by any statement of my own; he said: "Mr. Mort, I honestly believe there never has been an army averaging higher in character and efficiency, going forward on a more important and animated by a more unselfish spirit and higher ideals."

In an article by a prominent Y man who spent six months at the western front, the author says: "I had an interview with Bishop Brent and he said: 'I have been in France many months, traveling all over France, and I have seen more than any drunkard in our army. Bishop Brent gave me permission to say: 'I have been here in France more than a year now and in all that time, although I have traveled all over France, I have not seen ten drunken soldiers.'"

Testimony of this sort is brought back by practically every Y.M.C.A. man who returns from the other side, and our organization is proud to be one of the channels through which such reports are transmitted to the American people. Bruce Ruxton, Chairman, Publicity Committee, National War Work Council of the Y.M.C.A.

New York, July 23, 1918.

A MOVIE SUGGESTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: At a recent movie night in a Y hut, the writer's attention was called to the unusual interest displayed in movies of an educational character.

Soldiers from the States are arriving at this camp weekly and those of us who are spending one or two service stripes have noticed a woeful lack of knowledge regarding

WHY WE SAY "BOCHE"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Why are the Germans called Boches? Long before the United States entered the war, I asked a German of my acquaintance in an American city that question. He replied very gravely that it was a "fighting name," equivalent to the very worst name one man can call another in America, and that since the French seemed to have forgotten the origin, the German people were not disposed to recall it for the benefit of literary people, but they would revenge themselves just the same for the insulting epithet.

The added that his father had been an officer in the German army during the occupation of Paris in the war of 1870-71, and had told him about it. I could get nothing more out of him.

When we finally got into the war I became more curious as to the origin of the name and asked numbers of people in France, all of whom merely shrugged their shoulders and said it was a term always applied to Germans and everything German. That standard of classified knowledge in France, Petit Larousse, says it was probably derived from a German word, *Alboche*, meaning a dull witted, heavy sort of man.

Finally, I was billeted with a Frenchman who possessed an encyclopedic dictionary, with a date showing that his edition was printed in the early '80's. Him I asked and he looked up the word, finding that it was "Parisian slang for 'libertine.'"

This got us both interested and we visited an old French officer, however, said that about the time of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870-71, the word "boche," derived from *barbocheur*, had a very distinct meaning:

It implied a libertine of the very lowest and most abandoned type and, for all he knows, it may be so used today in certain circles of Parisian low life. He said that the habits of the majority of the German officers in Paris were such that the name described them exactly, and that Germany, over the word "boche" (spelled, you see, in the French and not in the German way) to the representatives of Prussian militarism and Junkerism, who had their feet for a time on the necks of the French people.

This meaning for the word "boche" supplies the American soldier with an epithet which describes a man as he is, without reference to accidental occurrences in the family history. A Boche is a boche because he would rather be a boche than be decent. It is a good word and sounds better than several other words now used as "cuss words," and, being pregnant with meaning, should be incorporated in the English-American language as capable of definition in a family dictionary, yet with numerous attributes well understood. Hereafter, our dictionaries can say: "Boche. A depraved type of man."

INVESTIGATOR.

[This is very likely the true explanation of the origin of "boche." There is at least one other, however, which has a logical history. In the days of the Franco-Prussian war, the Parisian gamin used "boche" as a termination in slantifying his daily speech, much in the manner of our own "log Latin." Thus, *alloche*, only one of any number of words to be so used, became *alboche*, and the Germans of that day were called that. Later, as slang styles changed, the trick was forgotten, but *alboche*, subsequently shortened to *boche*, still survived. It took the present war to make it eternal. The termination probably worked itself into the Parisian vocabulary through the fearful and wonderful *argot des toucherbans*, the dialect of the Parisian butchers, which is as clear to an ordinary Frenchman as real French is to a Yank who has just stepped off a transport. It is interesting to note (purely as a coincidence, for the words have no etymological significance) that the German word *boch* means spiteful, and the word *Bochell malice*.—Editor.]

It is the writer's thought that much could be taught to our soldiers, both in training in the States and over here, by the use of an educational film to be shown in Y huts, a film which would show a group of American soldiers saluting in the correct manner, not only when encountering officers, but also on the occasion of a ceremony at military functions. Ser. P. D. Ponn. — Aero Sqdn.

CALORIES AND SUCH

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: To be of value and to play his part in this great game, a man must be in good physical condition. If he is not in good condition, he ceases to be an asset and becomes a liability. Having had several years of experience in the manufacture of foods, I think that some changes in a few of the articles in our diet would be the means of turning many men from liabilities into assets.

There are 16 elements in our body—these same 16 elements are in the soil. Remove one element and nothing will grow. A farmer puts back into the soil in the form of fertilizer those elements which the crop of the year previous had removed.

Our body is continually using up the elements in our body. The only way they can be replaced is through our food. If we fail to feed ourselves any of these elements, something is going to happen. The doctors cannot supply us with the elements in medicine form, as the body will not absorb them in inorganic form.

If the pneumonia germ is stronger than our body, we get pneumonia. If we get hit and the blood is in good condition and the bone has sufficient calcium, etc., it will mend quickly and properly, or if we are gassed, nature has the materials to rebuild quickly and strongly. Thus, a man's stay in a hospital may be considerably shortened. Multiply this by thousands and it is easily seen what an important part our food will play in this war.

White bread, white rice, white sugar, refined corn meal, etc., are robbed of their most important elements—the mineral elements—in the process of refining. Chickens fed on white bread exclusively have died quicker than chickens which were starved. A Japanese surgeon was made a baron during the Russo-Japanese war for findings which showed that white rice as a main diet caused beri-beri. Experiments conducted by our own Army sur-

geons in the Philippines verify this. Besides being robbed of its valuable mineral elements, corn meal is often bleached with sulphur dioxide. A German sea raider was forced to put into a Virginia port because her crew came down with beri-beri, caused by a main diet of potatoes, meat, white bread and coffee. Where fresh vegetables and fruits are scarce, great care must be used in the feeding of troops. Unsulphurized Barbados molasses should be used in place of corn syrup (glucose). Glucose not alone lacks nourishment, but food authorities debate its being harmful. Our hard-fact should be made of whole wheat flour, etc., are robbed of their most important elements. An increase in the issue of dates, figs, and raisins I believe would be followed by an increase in the health of the men.

The caloric theory has proved itself a failure. A man can be starved to death feeding him double the amount of calories that scientists tell us the body needs. If the body only needed calories, we could chew gum cotton and drink gasoline.

INFANTRYMAN, N.A.

SENDING IT HOME

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: It is necessary to pay postage on copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES which members of the A.E.F. desire to send to their homes in America?

Some A.P.O.'s demand payment of postage, others do not.

First of all, all men before embarking for overseas are told to leave all their postage stamps in the United States, as they will have no need of them. If it now proves necessary to pay postage on the official paper of the overseas forces, the statement is somewhat misleading.

W. W., 1st Lie