The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1918.

SALVATION

There is a man touring the A.E.F. entertainment circuit with a good speaking voice and the art of using it. At his first appearance the other night he was assisted by an elderly man who played the piano and a couple of ladies who sang. He played a brass instrument half the evening and then interrupted his performance to speak.

He told a story about a little soldier in barracks who, kneeling beside his bunk to say his bedtime prayers, was hit in the back with a shoe flung by a big, burly soldier, and wound up with a stirring appeal for orthodox Christianity with a request for those of his audience who wanted to come to God to "stand up."

In the story of the boot flinging, we were about to say, of course, the little soldier invites the big soldier outside, thrashes him, and then turns out to be a famous lightweight pugilist. The story made us reminiscent. It took us back to the days of our boyhood literature. We recollected that Jack Harkaway or Dick Merriwell, or some one of our schoolday idols, had done the same thing. In fact, the similarity was so pronounced that we, personally, doubted if any soldier, praying at his bedside, ever was hit in the back with a shoe. And we doubted, too, if the man who told the story knows very much about this Army that he has come to save.

There are a good many men in this Army who hold the belief that a man who, with a gun in his hand and a smile on his face, takes his chance in the battle line in this war, who faces death for the principles for which we are fighting, is working out his own salvation, and that he doesn't have to stand up in an entertainment hall in a back area to accomplish that salvation, either.

And we have chaplains, men in Army khaki and steel helmets and gas masks, men who stand at our side in the front line—men of God if ever there have been—who not only hold, but were the first to express this conviction.

THE LIBERATORS

Not the least among the thrills experienced by the advancing Yanks engaged in wiping out the St. Mihiel salient was the thrill, brought home to them by the welcome of the redeemed villagers, of being actual freers of soil from German domination, actual liberators of people who had long groaned under a detested foreign yoke.

It was a new and strange thrill to most of them, and it left them blushing and shamefaced when the good folks of Thiaucourt and the other little towns got through kissing and hugging them. But, after all, this business of liberating is nothing new to the American Army.

In these days of success and of great endeavor for further success, it is good to remember that the forerunners of this Army of ours liberated, with the aid of their French Allies, some thirteen struggling colonies. Later their descendants helped the young republic of Texas to throw off the Mexican yoke. Again it was American fighting men who emancipated the black man. Twenty years ago this summer an American Army brought liberation to the republic of Cuba, now one of our Allies.

From somewhere back in the past we seem to hear the strains of:

Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that sets you free!

Lexington to Lahayeville, the Alamo to Apremont, the story is the same—"the flag that sets you free." It is the particular business of that flag, and of the men who follow it and love it, to win freedom for themselves and for others. So it has been in the past, so it is now, may it always be.

DOUGHBOY

Once, in a distanct and reckless moment, THE STARS AND STRIPES led the horse up to the trough and announced that, thereafter, everybody in the Army would be, in our eyes, columns and vocabulary, a doughboy.

We remember that we defined the field of this blanket nomenclature as being bounded on the one side by General Pershing, and on the other, by our leatherneck cartoonist.

Well, the horse didn't drink. The world and the war have gone blissfully on. An Engineer is an Engineer, an Artilleryman is an Artilleryman, a Cavalryman is a Cavalryman and an Infantryman is a doughboy.

So be it. We will say in defense that the decision was made during the time when the but recently defunct "Sammy" made us desperate. If anybody has any appropriate nicknames for the Engineers, the Cavalry or the Artillery, we might be induced to try them out. But we won't agree to sponsor them.

Anyhow, "Yanks" got over.

ON THE WAR MAP

With a western front which has had "something doing every minute" for more than six months, it has perhaps been the tendency to regard the various outlying fronts as rest areas which are very nice as show places of war but not altogether the real thing.

Anyone who thought so had another think when the news came from far Macedonia and farther Palestine that Allied troops had gone through the line in each place for gains that are being measured not by yards or single kilometers, but, in one case at least, by the destruction of a hostile army.

Actually the side shows have not been such dull exhibitions as they might seem compared to the three-ring stunts being pulled off under the big top. Now, however, they have shown that they are in the war as much as any other part of the show. They are worth watching, even if it is hard to find the places on the map. For they are on the war map, on it strong.

THE INFANTRY

Science and invention have given the modern war much—machine guns, long range artillery, airplanes, tanks, gas. They have added frills, they have made war superficially different, but they have not changed its basic form.

The greatest instrument of the Army of today, the instrument which stands out conspicuously above all others, is the same instrument which made or broke all armies of history—the infantry.

Everything in an army is subservient to the infantry. The artillery is to break down resistance before it, the tanks are to clear its path, gas is to retard it.

We see a combat airplane in a fight to the death far above us. It is clearing the sky so that observing airplanes can assist the artillery in assisting the infantry. Stevedores at a base port work overtime to unload shells from a ship, engineers rush the shells by train to a railhead, ammunition trains carry them forward to the guns, the gunners fire them to last a path ahead for the infantry, or to throw over a barrage to protect it.

Those are just simple examples. Sometimes the reasoning is more involved and complex, but it always, in this war as in all wars, leads to the infantry.

Plodding their way through rain or dust, fighting through shrapnel or gas, the infantry is the sun of the planetary system of the Army. The other services, highly important as they all are merely subsidiary planets revolving about it.

The infantry is of that branch of the service which in terms of military science, is defined as "the arm of accomplishment."

SEEING FRANCE

If you're up at the front and all that you can pull in the line of leave for a while is a 48 or 24-hour pass, you can at least get a change of scene and learn something about one of the big centers of northern or eastern France in that space of time. Even if the place is bombed while you're there just to keep you from being homesick for the line, it will do you good, unless the Boche bombing is a lot more accurate than it has been hitherto.

If you're able to take your regular leave of seven days plus time on the road (as everybody will be able to in time) you can see a lot of the country, and seeing France is eminently worth while.

The mountains and lakes of Savoy, the coast of Britanny, the rumpled up hilly country of Auvergne, known and loved by Lafayette—these are just a few of the places you may visit in turn as your leave times roll round, for more of these leave centers are going to be established soon. As time goes on every well-behaved member of the A.E.F. will have all the chance in the world to get a good clear all-round view of one of the most attractive countries in the world, with travel and hotel bills paid by a benevolent and appreciative government.

Take it by and large, it is rather worth coming 3,000 miles over a see-sawy old ocean to take in a country such as France, particularly when it can be done so reasonably and thoroughly. Lots of wise and great folks of our States have scraped and saved and broken their necks to do it in times past, for they knew it would do them good to know France, her people, her scenery, her industries, her shrines. It will do us good, too; and it will cost next to nothing.

PRISONERS

One of the best means of gauging the extent of the whole series of Allied victories since July 18 is the vast hauls of prisoners that have been made—hauls whose total, within the space of two months, amounted to not quite 200,000.

It is so very convenient to judge the extent of a successful operation by such figures as these that we are apt to put their value higher than it actually is.

Two hundred thousand of the enemy, put out of action as definitely and completely as the unnumbered host of the slain and mutilated represents no mean achievement. But it would be fatal to jump at the highly erroneous conclusion that all we have to do to win the war is to take the whole German army prisoner—with a sprinkling of Austrians and others.

There is no harm done, however, in taking all we can. There is plenty of room for them, plenty of food for them, plenty of exercise behind the lines—meaning the Allied lines.

ON WHEELS

Motorized America is riding more and more boldly into the fighting zone. It is waging war on the principle that where it is possible to send men into danger, it is possible to send alongside them all the material things needed for their safety and comfort. Forward is the aim of every branch of the A.E.F., and the Q.M.C. is vying with the Medical Department in its elaborate provisions in the zone of shell-fire.

Hot baths and changes of clothing are being taken to men still wringing with the sweat of battle. Front line meals are of easily prepared food, and there is even soluble coffee and solidified alcohol to heat it. The Medical Department is establishing mobile auto-transported hospitals so near the trenches that a long list of once fatal wounds are being treated before their dangerous complications set in.

Gasoline motors and wheels—speed in everything—are all parts of the new science learned from the efficiency of business—efficiency in war.

The Army's Poets

WHEN THE GENERAL CAME TO TOWN

We wuz workin' in th' offus—
That is, all exceptin' me—
An' I wuz jest a-settin',
As a orderly should be.

When a feller wearin' eagles
Perchin' on his shoulder straps,
Poked his head right in th' winder,
An' he talks right out an' snaps,

"Who's th' officer commandin'
Over this detachment here?"
An' th' looey he salutes him,
While us rest wuz feelin' queer.

"I am, sir," th' looey tells him,
Wonderin' what th' row's about.
"Pershing's comin' in five minits,"
Says th' kernel, "all troops out."

Gosh, how we did hurry,
For we looked a doggone fright—
Some had hats a-missin',
An' they warn't a coat in sight.

First we cleaned up in th' offus,
Then we swept up in th' street,
An' it wasn't many seconds
Till th' place wuz hard t' beat.

Next we hunted up our clothin',
Borried some an' swiped some more,
Then th' looey got us standin'
In a line afore th' door.

Mighty soon around th' corner
Come two scrumptious lookin' cars,
An' they wasn't any license
On th' first one—'cept four stars.

When th' car had stopped right sudden,
Then th' gineral he stepped out,
An' without much parley-vooin'
He begin t' look about.

They wuz lots o' darkey soldiers
What wuz lined up in a row,
An' he shore looked at 'em careful,
Walkin' past 'em mighty slow.

An' th' Frenchmen come a-flockin',
An' they couldn't understand
Why he warn't a-wearin' medals,
An' gold braid t' beat th' band.

Then he made a little lectur,
Givin' all them Frenchmen thanks,
Since they'd acted mighty kind-like
In a-dealin' with his Yanks.

All th' peepul started clappin'
When his talk kum to a close,
An' a purty little lassie
Offered him a dandy rose.

Shore he tuk it, smilin' pleasant,
Like a gift he couldn't miss—
An' th' little maid wuz happy
When he paid her with a kiss.

Then he stepped into his auto,
An' he hurried on his way—
While us guys went back t' workin',
Feelin' we had had SOME day.

Corp. Vance C. Criss.—Engrs.

TO THE WEST WIND

West Wind, you've come from there,
Surely my Girlie
Breathed in your truant air—
Did you kiss my Girlie?
Seemed then a-sleeping she,
As you passed merrily?
Whispered she aught of me,
Dreaming full tenderly?

West Wind, turn back your speed;
Blow to my Girlie!
Turn back, you wind, and heed—
Hie to my Girlie!
Elfin-like seeming,
Close to her hover;
Into her dreaming
Say that I love her

Corp. William S. Long,
—Aero Squadron.

BLACK AND WHITE

I was like the child
Who believed there was
A Santa Claus
But had never seen him.
Only
I have seen another world
And know it exists.

I used to think that
There was only one world—
A world of
Mud
And bursting shells
Which killed and wounded
Me and my pals;
A world of
Hizzing bullets
And mustard gas,
And cold, sleepless nights,
And no food for days,
And Huns who cried
"Kamerad!"
(When their ammunition was gone),
And filthy clothes,
And cooties
And cooties
And cooties.

But now I know that there is also
A world of—
Clean sheets and pajamas,
And good food
And plenty of it,
And kind, gentle women
In white
Who give you cocoa and soup,
And doctors who give you more than
"C.C." pills,
And peaceful days
Without a single shell,
And peaceful nights,
And officers who wear white collars
And have only heard of cooties,
And visitors who sit on your bed
And murmur "How thrilling,"
And street cars and taxis,
And buildings without
A single shell hole in them,
And everything
I only dreamed of before.
Gosh! but it's a wonderful war—
BACK HERE.

Harv.

THE OL' CAMPAIGN HAT

No more against a battle-sky with swooping pilots lined,
No more where charging heroes die my peaked top you'll find.
In training camps and peaceful climes the war is not for me,
Yet still I dream of other times and what I used to be.
The Mauser crackles once again—the smoky Springfield roar
Avenges those who manned the Maine upon the Cuban shore.
Fedora-style I did my bit in jungle sun and dirt,
And now I've got a mortal hit, just like the old blue shirt!

I hear the tingling 'Frisco cheers, the squat "Klipatrick" sway,
As boldly swung we from the piers—Manila months away.
Luzon, Panay—I saw them all, Pekin was not the least—
O I have felt the siren call that sweeps from out the East
Below the line of Capricorn in divers times and places;
I've heard retreating yowls of scorn from herds of Spiggot races.
The Rio Grande and Vera Cruz—I knew them like a map,
And now it looks as though I lose—the jackpot to a cap!

No more against a blazing sky where hard-pressed Fokkers flee,
No more where charging heroes die, my peaked top you'll see.
The trade-mark of the Johnnie's gone, but just between us two,
I'll bet you I come back again when this damn war is through!

Albert Jay, Cook, A.E.F.

WHAT MATTERS

How happy I shall be, O mother mine,
If only, after our hard fight is won,
My part, though small, shall license you to speak
With pride of him who is your son.

It matters not if I am at your side
To comfort you and ease your ripening years
For though you grieve the loss of him you loved,
Pride, then, will quickly vanquish sorrow's tears.

It matters only if, midst sharpnel's scream,
And bullets, gas and ravages of Hun,
That I whom you have reared with tender love,
Shall live or die as you would have your son.

Corp. L. H. Pillion, Inf.

THE STORY THE CITATIONS TELL

Perhaps the story told most frequently in the citations accompanying the award of the Distinguished Service Cross is the story of utter unselfishness, of single-hearted devotion to the dangerous task of ministering, under enemy fire, to the wants and needs of others. This principle of utter unselfishness, of utter self-forgetfulness in the ardor of helping the other fellow to come through, may rightly be said to be at the bottom of every act for which the coveted decoration is awarded.

Take, for example, the case of Private Carl W. Dasch, of the Headquarters Company of a certain Infantry regiment, who won his Cross for extraordinary heroism in action northeast of Château-Thierry. Of him the citation says:

During the entire period 26 July to 1 August, 1918, he carried messages between the firing line and battalion headquarters through heavy enemy shell-fire. On returning from the firing line he would pick up a severely wounded man each time and carry him through the barrage to a first aid station. He finally became so exhausted he could not continue his work, yet he had to be ordered to report to the aid station for treatment. During the whole series of engagements he did not sleep, and taxed his physical endurance to the utmost at all times, setting to his comrades an example of utter disregard of danger and of exceptional devotion to duty.

Private Dasch might well have argued to himself that he was performing highly important and dangerous duty in carrying his messages back through the enemy barrage, and that it would be folly to try to saddle himself with a heavy, wounded man, unable to help himself, on each trip. He might well have argued that it was the better part of valor to save his strength for the work he had to do, that he would be serving the cause better by conserving his health, by snatching a little rest when he could.

But Private Dasch let none of those considerations weigh with him. His mates were in need, and he gave them all that was in him until he could give no more. Even then he struggled against the inevitable; and perhaps the clause in his citation that best describes what manner of man he was is: "Yet he had to be ordered to report to the aid station for treatment."

Take another example, that of 2nd Lieut. Elmer T. Doocy, Infantry, awarded his Cross for repeated acts of extraordinary heroism in action near Suippes, northeast of Châlons-sur-Marne, on the 14th and 15th of July, and near Sergy, northeast of Château-Thierry, on the 28th, 30th and 31st of July. The citation says of him:

After being severely wounded, with utter disregard of his own safety and comfort, he remained on duty with his platoon under heavy fire of gas and high explosive shells. Again, on Hill 212, near Sergy, he led his platoon and that of another wounded officer forward into a machine gun nest under heavy fire, capturing four prisoners and two machine guns, and two days later, at night, near Sergy, at great risk of his own life, he bravely went out in front of a German sniper and brought back into the line a wounded corporal of his platoon.

The story of the exploits that won the D.S.C. for Corporal Sidney E. Manning, Infantry, who displayed extraordinary heroism in action near Croix Rouge farm, northeast of Château-Thierry, on the 27th of July, furnishes another case in point:

Corporal Manning was in charge of an automatic rifle squad. One gunner was killed and one carrier and himself wounded by shell-fire. Although wounded, he took the rifle and ammunition and continued the advance. On reaching the top of the hill he was again wounded by machine gun fire; he still advanced with his platoon. On reaching the bottom of the hill, his platoon was forced to withdraw, being flanked on both sides. He remained at the bottom of the hill alone and covered the withdrawal, keeping the enemy from closing in on his platoon. He then rejoined his platoon, having received nine wounds.

Then there is Corporal Rufus Wiseman, Infantry, in charge of a detail for carrying ammunition to a machine gun section northeast of Château-Thierry, from the 29th of July to the second of August. Corporal Wiseman, his duties performed, had been given permission to withdraw to the rear. Instead, he remained with his detail for four days on the firing line under heavy enemy bombardment and machine gun fire, assisting the machine gun crew. During those four days he was suffering from the effects of gas, but refused to be evacuated.

Northeast of Château-Thierry, on the 29th of July, an attacking battalion sent out a call for ammunition. In response, Supply Sergeant Byron W. Peyton, Infantry, drove a combat wagon in broad daylight into the front line positions near Fère-en-Tardenois, and, says the citation accompanying the award of the Cross to him, "delivered the ammunition required by his comrades on the front." Again, it was service of others, blindness to risk when he might bring them that which they needed, that made the deed what it was.

Among the posthumous awards of the Cross, awards to men who gallantly made the attempt to succor others in distress and who failed only with the spending of their lives, the same principle stands out. It is written after the name of Private Charles J. Kane, D.S.C., and after that of Private John Turano, D.S.C., both of the Infantry:

Attempting to bring his captain, who was lying wounded and exposed to fire, to shelter near Vaux, 1 July, 1918, he was himself killed, thereby sacrificing his life in an effort to rescue his commanding officer.

Aside from the underlying principle of service to others, the obliviousness to danger when the lives of comrades can be saved, by running the great risk, another thing stands out amidst the names on the D.S.C. award lists. It is that not a single race that goes into the great melting-pot of races which we call America is unrepresented among the gallant and self-sacrificing, and not a single race has a monopoly on the virtue of unselfish bravery.

There are Luzis and Grabinskis, Haltmanns and Kochenspargers, Thomases and Simpsons, Sullivans and Martins, Camerons and McKennas on the roll of honor, all equal in glory, rivals of one another only in the amount of service they can render to their fighting mates, regardless of from what stock those mates may have sprung. Men of many old nationalities, they know only the one flag now, the flag that they, by their sacrifice and daring, have helped to advance on the age-old battlefields of the Old World, bringing the message of hope and cheer from the New.

The story that the citations tell is that the valor of the fathers is not dead; that the spirit of service, of sacrifice, of absolue unselfishness in the face of death lives in and moves and permeates the America of today at war.

THE ORIGIN OF YANK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The nickname Yank, as applied to the A.E.F. soldiery, has something of charm in the tradition of the word. Persons interested in the history of words may have noted with interest a footnote in Cooper's "The Deerslayer:"

It is singular there should be any question concerning the origin of the well-known sobriquet of "Yankee." Nearly all the old writers who speak of the Indians first known to the colonists make them pronounce the word "English" as "Yengeese." Even at this day it is a provincialism of New England to say "English" instead of "Inglish," and there is a close conformity of sound between "English" and "Yengeese," more especially if the latter word, as was probably the case, be pronounced short.

The transition from "Yengeese," thus pronounced, to "Yankees," is quite easy. If the former is pronounced "Yangis," it is almost identical with "Yankees," and Indian words have seldom been spelt as they are pronounced. . . . The liquids of the Indians would easily convert "En" into "Yen."

Bill Huddle, Base Hospital 36.

LEAVE AND LOVE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

As a deeply interested reader of your paper and a great friend and admirer of America, I beg to ask your influence through the columns of THE STARS AND STRIPES to try to change this most unfair order of leaves to Great Britain or Ireland only for those related by ties of blood.

We have had dear friends serving with the United States Army in France since last winter and have invited them to spend their furlough over here with us; the disappointment is very great to all of us that such an order prevents our friends from joining us in our homes.

We sincerely hope that a reversal of this order may be speedily brough about, enabling American officers and soldiers to have their furloughs in the homes that are waiting to give them a hearty welcome, and to show our appreciation of what Uncle Sam's boys are doing for us.

As one's fiancée is not a relative, how can an engaged couple meet when the engagement is between an Englishwoman and an American in France? Why cannot a special permit be granted to the soldier to spend his furlough with her family?

We all fully realize war conditions, but hope that as soon as a favorable opportunity presents itself, these leaves will be spent over here.

E. H. S., one of your Allies.

[The General Order governing leaves specifically states that leaves for soldiers to visit immediate relatives (father, mother, wife, child, grandparents, brothers, sisters, uncle or aunt), or for other very exceptional reasons may be granted. Obviously the fiancé does not come within the stated category of relatives, although possibly the fiancée may properly be deemed an "exceptional reason." This is a poser for the regimental commander to decide. Relative to your query as to how engaged lovers, not being related, can meet, we can only soy: *Nous ne savons pas*, but leave it to love to find the way.—EDITOR.]

LEAVE IN ITALY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I am writing to see if I can not enlist you in helping the Italian-American boys now serving in France.

A great many of them have relatives in Italy. Why is it that they cannot spend their leaves with them?

ITALIAN-AMERICANS
of the — Engrs. (Ry.).

[One reason for not granting leaves to Italy is because of the long railroad journey involved, G. O. No. 6, G.H.Q., which governs the system of leaves and furloughs in the A.E.F. states: "Leaves for soldiers to visit immediate relatives, or for other very exceptional reasons, may be granted for other areas than those alloted to their units." The granting of leaves for exceptional destinations is up to the regimental commander or the corresponding administrative commander for units not belonging to regiments.—EDITOR.]

CAESAR'S VIEW

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

It's seldom that an Artillery officer gets an opportunity to delve into the works of Shakespeare, but having been sick in a hospital, I've been more fortunate than others.

A quotation by Caesar caught my eye, and I think it will be equally interesting to other members of the A.E.F., should you feel inclined to publish it in your most excellent and interesting paper. Here it is:

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Pretty good, eh? R. H. M., F.A.

VOICE FROM BLIGHTY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The eulogy of the S.O.S. in your issue of August 23 was read by all in that less fortunate branch with much interest. There is a part of the S.O.S., however, that went "unheralded and unsung," and that is our portion of Base No. ——, the S.O.L. section of the S.O.S., otherwise known as the ground section of the Air Service in training in England. We are sometimes known as the Cripples division, owing to the fact that many of us have been turned down for real service on account of physical deficiencies. Despite our ineligibility, we suffer many a pang on reading the accounts of what the Yanks are doing at the front, and we pine for the time when we will become a small part of the forces in France. So some time when you are in a charitable mood again, try to send us a "Cheerio" from over there and lighten a little the habitual gloom we work in here in Blighty.

WM. E. ROLLO,
2nd Lt., Sig. R.C.A.S.

TO FIGHT, TO WORK OR TO WAIT

By J. W. MULLER,
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Sept. 26.—Three million square miles from ocean to ocean and from the Lakes to the Gulf, our man-power in one single day came forward and enrolled itself to do whatever America wants done—fight, work, or stand and wait.

We needed no brass bands, no fireworks, no impassioned oratory, no trickery to make ardor. In magnificent quiet they stepped forward from bank and anvil, from plow and clerk's desk, from summer resort and tenement, rich and poor, great and small, a nation composed of the finest, most beautiful material that any land on earth can desire—a nation of the common people, made more than ever before one common nation whole and indivisible by a common love for country, for principle and for ideals, ready to surrender everything material that men hold dear; willing themselves wholly, unreservedly to the land they love.

If this land is a melting pot, it proved in a few hours on September 13 that the melting has produced pure gold. But that September 13 proved that the United States is something far greater, finer, grander than a mere melting pot. It is not "a nation still to be."

It is a true nation, massive, spiritually cemented, and no man who has been so greatly privileged as to live on this one day when 14,000,000 men stepped forward and offered themselves can doubt ever again that such a nation must and will surely endure.

How poor and futile now seem those voices, once clamorous, that prophesied divisions in a land so huge and heterogeneous! How petty and babbling seem those who thought that they must awaken this nation of ours! There is no magic wand that could have produced the spectacle of this one never-to-be-forgotten day. Force could not do it. Sudden emotion could not do it. That astonishing, peaceable, perfect enrollment was possible only to a nation of steady, clear visioned, indomitable and unyielding purpose. There was no South, no North, no East, no Middle West. It was the United States, not a bundle of States, but a sisterhood with one will, one passion, one devotion. September 13, 1918, has proved forever that the stars in our flag are true symbols of the people over whom the flag waves. America's eyes are on the stars, and toward the stars press America's feet, willing if need be to press any bitter path to reach them.

This message I, though merely an insignificant citizen, venture to send you as from all America. Though an ocean lies between you and us, we are tied together, brother to brother, man to man, by one and the same sure and mighty resolution.

So far as is known today, there was not one single serious complication in all that mighty enrollment. Certainly no report of one had reached Washington when this dispatch was filed, and as tens of thousands of eyes watched every detail of the nation-wide operation, with a network of wires ready to send every detail of important news, it is safe to say that there has hardly been a township election in the United States that passed with such perfect decorum and self-discipline.

Self-descipline is a term that future historians will surely use as best expressing the prominent American trait brought out by the war. It was self-descipline that made the police merely idle spectators over a whole continent. It was self-discipline that brought the 14,000,000 out soberly, willingly, making it neither a drama or a holiday, but a simple day of obvious duty gladly performed. And it was American discipline and efficiency that provided the smoothly working machinery, largely composed of volunteers, who made the huge operation possible in one single day.

HE MADE A HIT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

At the G.H.Q. Y.M.C.A. there is posted a picture of Marshal Foch, photographed in the splendor of his many medals and decorations.

However, some observing doughboy, fresh from under the eyes of the vigilant Marine M.P.'s, has found a flaw in the Marshal's make-up and with eager and bold hand has pointed an arrow to the Marshal's upper coat pocket, which is unbuttoned. At the other end of the arrow he has pencsiled in large letters the word "Note."

The Yanks all enjoy the photograph, and Marshal Foch has found a new line of popularity, for all of the soldiers who turn away from the bulletin-board are heard to say something about the Marshal and a good soldier.

Pvt. JAMES M. DARLEY, Engrs.

PACKAGES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In your issue of August 30 appears the statement that if every man in the A.E.F. were allowed a five-pound package for Christmas it would require 700 cars a day for ten days to transport the gifts from the base ports.

Many and various are the figures we have concerning the number of Americans in France, but let us use for this agrument 2,500,000. A five-pound package for each of that number would be 12,500,000 pounds, which, divided into 7,000 carloads, as stated, would give a load of less than a ton per car.

I realize fully the difficulty incident on handling packages, but such a statement as that is surely open to question.

Corp. J. M. NICKERSON,
—A.T.S. Detch., Stevedores.

YOUNG AMERICA

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The following has been received from the C.O., George Hosmer Branch Library, Detroit:

Thanks ever so much for THE STARS AND STRIPES. We keep it on the magazine table and it is read a lot, perhaps more than anything else. In this German neighborhood I like to have everything possible to encourage patriotism. The majority of our Boy Scouts have German names, but they are as patriotic a crowd as there is in town.

So you see your sheet is influencing youth who in days to come will form the drafts for the protection and continuance of the Great Republic.

W. H. H. HUTTON, JR.,
Lt.-Col., A.S.S.C.

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

(From the New York *Globe*, July 2, 1918.)

Of inestimable value as portraying our armies over-seas far more clearly than we could observe them if we were on the ground, and seeing only dissociated portions, continues to be THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official newspaper of the A.E.F.

Written by Americans, of Americans, and for Americans transplanted in France, it breathes freshness, virility, wholesomeness. It has no politics, no policy, no partisanships. It sets out to be a mirror in which all units of that growing Army—Infantry, Artillery, front-line troops, training divisions, Service of Supply men, Medical Corps, Engineers, Stevedores—can see each other and learn what each is doing. It knits them and cultivates *esprit de corps* among the million already in France, with every indication that it will do the same for the millions arriving.

And the tone is amazing. There isn't a guess in its latest number as to the length of the war, the crumbling of Austria, the starvation of Germany, etc.—all those wild alarums tormenting us over here and diverting our minds from the single end of achieving victory. As THE STARS AND STRIPES portrays them, the Americans at the front are young men buckling earnestly to the job in hand as ambitious young men in peace-time business would do, seeing their aim clearly and not letting themselves be diverted. They are shown to us as intensely wholesome and almighty human. Even the wounded hop along gaily on the crutch of unfailing humor.

A favorite occupation of the American public used to be to make guesses as to when, where, and how the Great American Novel would be born. Well, it is being born now—once a week—and not here, but in France.

PRAISE FROM TEXAS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

You are certainly getting out a fine paper in THE STARS AND STRIPS. It is splendid. Considering the disadvantages under which you are working, it might not be too extravagant to say that you are doing a marvelously fine piece of newspaper work, in the good old American way.

G. B. DEALEY,
Dallas, Tex. "News."

A GRAVE SOUGHT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Anyone present at the time of the death of Charles Roger Ellis, of Battery A, — F.A., or who can give any information as to his burial place, will confer a great favor by communicating with

ERNEST CARTER,
Ritz Hotel, Paris.

IN MEMORIAM

(Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, Killed in Action, July 30, 1918.)

The grave does not enclose thy matchless voice
Thou lyric prince, nor hide the wondrous choice
That made thy gifted life a sacrifice
To Liberty, and gained thee Paradise.

Grant us who weep at thy heroic death
Some passing spark of that diffuest breath,
Outpouring music to make heaven ring,
Where thou, and thy sweet Rose, and angels sing.

Chaplain Thomas F. Coakley.