

# The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1918.

THE STARS AND STRIPES now is printed at the plant of Le Journal in Paris, one of the most completely equipped newspaper printing plants in the world. Through the courtesy of the secretary general, M. Le Page, the presses of Le Journal were made available to us at a time when the problem of printing this paper (300,000 this week, and still going up) had become serious. This connection insures uniform, first quality printing of the entire issue.

The typographical work of THE STARS AND STRIPES will continue to be done in the composing room of the Paris office of the London Daily Mail, which was the first of our journalistic friends to extend a helping hand in the days of our recent infancy.

It is to the courtesy of these two papers, the one French, the other British, actuated by the same idea of helpfulness and cooperation which exists between the Allied nations as a whole, that this American paper on foreign soil owes a share of the modest success which it has achieved.

### ONCE AND FOR ALL

Germany wants peace, with her armies in the field still intact. As we interpret the expressions on the subject of peace being received by this newspaper, the American doughboy in France wants no peace until the German armies have been crushed by the decisive Allied victory which the German leaders know is remorselessly ahead, and which, once received, will make it impossible for them ever to try again (as is now in their minds) for world conquest. The American soldier in France wants the job of literally and figuratively "beating hell" out of Germany completed once and for all, now.

### WHICH SALUTE?

Many expert photographers have tried to take successful pictures of the American salute. It is no fault of the photographers, but no two of the pictures are alike. The reason is that no two of the salutes are alike.

Most American soldiers, however, agree in one detail of the salute. They duck their heads. The result is a semi-bow, semi-stoop, semi-anything.

It is not the fault of the men who salute or the officers who answer it. It is the fault of the salute itself.

Turn, now, to the French. The French salute keeps the head up for the simple physiological reason that the natural flexing of the shoulder muscles makes it easier for the head to stay up. To let the head drop is an effort—not a very hard one, but an effort, none the less. In our salute it is an effort to keep the head up.

Which salute is the finer, the more dignified, the more military?

### THE DAY OF REDEMPTION

St. Quentin, Lens, Armentières delivered, Cambrai purged of the Hun's four years' presence, Rheims freed from the threat of a grip that has vainly sought to close its bloody fingers about it—one by one the cities of France are being restored to her.

Not for months and years will they be the populous places they once were, but already their ruin-littered streets re-echo to the friendly tread of figures in khaki and horizon blue. For each of them the day of redemption has come. Behind the receding German line the flames of other cities reddened the night sky with the most portentous distress signal that the forces of covering militarism have ever sent up.

It is not only the cities that are being redeemed. Between them lie stretches of once blooming countryside, dotted in years gone with the red-tiled roofs of clustering farm villages. It is land that is being redeemed. It is France.

We are warned not to estimate the success of a military operation by the territory which it recovers; we know that a war may be won anywhere the victorious blow happens to be struck; that Napoleon was beaten in Belgium; that the crucial battle of our own Revolution was fought some miles north of Albany, N. Y.; that Bulgaria was beaten in Serbia.

We know all this, and yet the certitude of victory grows more certain to us as the Hun yields up mile after mile, village after village, city after city, yields it up with such anguish of heart as we, on our side, can but very dimly imagine.

### THE IMPOSSIBLE

Statistics seldom tell a finer story than those published in this paper last week on the arrival of American troops in France, the receipt of war material of all sorts at the base ports, and the record which the S.O.S. is making in handling that material.

More than 768,000 tons of freight discharged from steamers and stored or sent forward by train, a daily average of 25,588 tons of food, clothing, shells, powder, guns, medical supplies; 311,969 men, 10,398 every day, a soldier every eight and one-half seconds; 125 standard gauge freight cars put in service in one day, a total of more than 10,000 U.S.A. freight cars now in service; eight locomotives assembled and commissioned every day for the month, making a total of over 1,000 American locomotives hauling troops and supplies in France.

Ponder these figures. They are an epitome of one of the most remarkable indus-

trial and military achievements in history. They are an indication of the extent to which America has "gone to war"—an extent which the Germans said, and perhaps believed, was impossible. In these figures of the impossible accomplished the Germans can read their certain end, the end which a few at least of the calmer minds in Germany already see.

### SALUTING THE WOUNDED

When a Marine on service in the United States encounters a brother Marine who has been wounded in France and sent home, he snaps him a salute. Officers in that way salute plain buck privates, for the custom has spread, so the report runs, to all ranks of the Marines now in America.

The wounded man does not return the salute; often he cannot. He simply smiles or nods his recognition of it, just as it pleases him to do.

The other day, in France, two wounded doughboys, their saluting arms in slings and their heads swathed in bandages, were out on pass, taking the air in the hospital town. Along the street came a French colonel, an elderly, dignified gentleman, in full uniform, whose decorations betokened hard and daring fighting in previous wars and whose left arm bore the chevrons denoting four years' service at the front in this war.

He took one look at the two battered Yanks. Then he raised his right hand to the salute.

### ONE OF THE 500

"I was born at Pont-a-Mousson, a pretty town on the Moselle, and I was very happy there until 1914," writes little Yvonne Lorange, aged 11. "Father was a plasterer and made good wages. Mother kept the house, and my two brothers and I went to school, where we worked our best.

"On Sundays Father worked in the garden the whole morning; it was so pretty, that garden, with the squares of nice vegetables and the beautiful flowers. In the afternoon everybody went out for a walk. We used to go up to the Bois-le-Prêtre, and Father and Mother used to sit at the Père Hilarion's fountain and we children played about and gathered flowers under the big trees that now are gone.

"Unfortunately, the war broke out. Father started the very first evening to join his regiment, the 226th Infantry. He was grave, grave, and kissed us, saying: 'Be good, listen to your Mother, work well at school and think about your Papa who is going to defend France.' For a year Mother received letters regularly, and then nothing more.

"After many investigations, Mother heard that he had been reported 'missing' since the fight of Givenchy-en-Goelle, during the third battle of Artois in September, 1915. I heard that sad news in Algiers, where the children of Pont-a-Mousson had been taken in May, 1915, when the bombardment was frightful, and we could not live night and day in the cellars.

"I am very glad to know that, not only are you pleased to help the French orphans, you will also give us soldiers to drive the Huns away. It will be easy work for you! I love you already, but I shall love you still more when you have given Mother her home again."

### SAME OLD DAME

If there were no Essen, there would be no German army. The people of Essen must be kept in better humor, perhaps, than even the people of Berlin. If a wild rumor gets started at Essen, it has to be killed more quickly than it would anywhere else in all Germany. Here are a few of the rumors which the commandant of Essen has recently been kept busy suppressing:

Hindenburg has committed suicide. The German armies have joined the Anglo-French forces. Whole regiments have refused to obey orders. The British fleet has attacked and destroyed Heligoland.

These rumors are reported here, not that you who read may sit back and laugh at the discomfiture of the people who make Germany's guns, but to show that old Dame Rumor is the most neutral of all neutrals. Stories as extravagant as these, though of a more optimistic color, have been running more or less riot throughout the A.E.F., particularly in recent weeks. Here is one:

A distinguished visitor arrived at an important A.E.F. center very early in the morning—before reveille, in fact. Word that something big was in the wind got into one barracks, and, without resort to a bugle, everybody began hurriedly to dress. What was going on? Nobody knew, but within a few seconds the story that peace had been declared was sweeping through that barracks—and being believed.

### REACTIONS

Whence does an army draw its morale, that victory in itself which leads to other victories and in the end accomplishes the final victory?

What, in particular, is the source of the American Army's morale?

Do the men at the ports and through the S.O.S. toil the harder for the knowledge that Montaucon and Consenvoye and Cernay have fallen?

Do the men on the advancing Argonne line fight the harder for the knowledge that a united nation is lending its government billions of dollars as a practical proof of its devotion?

Are the people at home heartened by the thought that the armies of Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, a wall against which the German tide has dashed for four years, are now a moving wall, moving inexorably eastward? Are they heartened by the spectacle of Serbia, wholly overrun by her neighbors, rising and striking, with the aid of her Allies, so fiercely that one of those neighbors makes up his mind straightaway that this is a good war to get out of?

## The Army's Poets

### LAD O' MINE

It's thinking of ye  
That I am,  
Me darlin',  
Thinkin' of ye  
As ye used to be  
Wid yer little curls  
A-fallin',  
And yealif'  
A-climbin' up my  
knee,  
Ye would scrooch  
And scrunt amazin'  
And clap yer fists  
In glee,  
When it's yealif'  
Yer dad was praisin'  
For bein' so  
The like o' me.

But it's worryin'  
And weepin'—  
Are ye hurt?  
And is it bad?  
Are ye used to be  
Or are ye sleepin'?  
Sure, I'm thinkin'  
ye, lad!

It's thinkin' of ye,  
That I am,  
Me darlin',  
Thinkin' of yer letter  
In glee,  
Thinkin' of the  
Look of ye,  
And thankin' God  
above,  
That it's spared  
Ye are, me darlin',  
For yet a longer  
while.

Me darlin',  
Thinkin' of ye  
As ye are today—  
Sure the Riverin'd's  
Been callin'  
To steal my thoughts  
Away!

M. G.

### OCTOBER IN THE LINES

'Tis seldom that the guns are silent where we rest  
And yet, sometimes, they seem to pause for aye,  
And when they do, my fancies wander just as far  
As if it were October in our nest;  
As if the nest were built as we had planned it  
then.

As if I shrugged my shoulders in the crowd,  
Brushed off the dying leaf and hustled in  
To find you humming, singing half aloud  
And weaving whips of dreams before the fire,  
And waiting in our land of Heart's Desire.

Few are the evenings of the red October sun  
That, dying out beyond a hill in France,  
Can yield the beauties of another one  
When love and lips and autumn met by chance;  
Few are the golden glows within the dreamer's  
eye.

Not marred by splinters of the bursting shell,  
Where wild hyenas of the air shriek through  
the sky  
So close they hiss one's name, and nearer, tell  
One's buried sins of long ago, and then—  
Explode beyond—and miss—and leave us—men!

Ah, Love, tonight the red October leaf is down,  
A garb of fancy, withered in the sun,  
As if the soul within the oak had shed her gown  
To cloak her figure with a sterner one:  
So does your soldier throw aside the dreamer's  
skin.

To be re woven in some dusk with you,  
For fancy will be sweeter when it comes again  
And love will know a cost to hold it true;  
And thus he goes, as one who knows his will  
Emerge a victor—yet your dreamer still.

J. P. C.

### DER TAG

(In answer to the German toast, "Der Tag," in which the German war lords toasted the time when Deutschland would be "uber alles.")

Here's to the day when the whole thing is won!  
Here's to the day when the Kaiser is done!  
Here's to the day when we break his swelled  
dome!

Here's to the day that we go marching home!  
Long restless nights  
With cursed cootie bites  
Things of the past!  
Hot baths at last!  
Real dollar bills!  
No more O.D. pits!

Chicken instead of our canned willy chow!  
All of the ice cream the law will allow!  
Mess in the way we want to be messed!  
Dress in the way we like to be dressed!

### THE LOST TOWNS

Beneath the new moon sleeping  
The little lost towns lie;  
Their streets are very white and hushed,  
Their black spires tilt the sky.

Across the darkened meadows  
A plaintive night bird calls;  
The sea of fog that cloaks the fields  
Rolls softly to their walls.

Within their shuttered houses  
No midnight glances  
Their womenfolk are all abed,  
Their menfolk fight for France.

They dream, the little lost towns  
Of Alsace and Lorraine,  
The vision of the patient years,  
The old frontier again.

Sleep on, nor cease your dreaming,  
Who pitted men and crowns  
We'll bring you back, we'll bring you back,  
Oh, little, long lost towns.

Pvt. STEWART M. EMERY.

### GETTIN' LETTERS

When you're far away from home an' you're  
feelin' kind o' blue,  
When the world is topsy turvy, nothin' sets  
jest right for you,  
Yuh can sneer at yer troubles, an' yer cares  
yuh never mind.

When you've really had a letter from the Girl  
yuh left behind.

When the cook is downright nutty, an' his his-  
kits never raise,  
When he feeds yuh canned tomatoes for Jes'  
seventeen straight days,  
You can lift yer chin an' whistle, an' that's  
him fairer kin' mind.

If you've really had a letter from the Girl yuh  
left behind.

When the Captain's got a grouch on, an' has  
bawled yuh out for fair,  
When some pesky Lieut. has sassed yuh which  
to home he wouldn't dare,  
Yuh can lift yer chin an' whistle, an' that's  
easy, yuh will find.

If you've really had a letter from the girl yuh  
left behind.

When a letter comes yuh grab it right before  
An' yuh kit a little vision of the light that's in  
Her eyes;

Yuh can see Her smiles an' dimples, an' fer  
other giv'ing sermons.

When you've really had a letter from the Girl  
yuh left behind.

### AFTER THE WAR

Along the granite passes  
I shall lay me down to rest  
In the ranges where the prisoned ages frown:  
Beside the tumbling waters  
Fed from out a distant peak,  
Where an avalanche of sky is pouring down!

Along the mirrored fringes,  
Where the shore line Norway's stand,  
By the silent pools that dot the northern trails:  
Where God has chiseled sermons  
In his own and mighty hand,  
And the loon, a jeering unbeliever, waits.

The wind that courses wildly  
Down the scented forest lanes,  
I shall breathe until fairly drunken with its wines:  
(Like ardent, fiery liquor  
To my faded, slugging veins,  
Is the bonny, balsam odor of the pines).

And then, surfeit with nature,  
I shall lay me down to rest  
In a languid, dreamless, woodland sort of way,  
As the sun is hanging pendant  
In the airways of the West  
Like a medal pinned upon the breast of day!

ALBERT JAY COOK.

# THEN WE WILL HAVE PEACE



### SEEING HER SON

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
I live on the top of a hill, in downtown Los Angeles. Beneath me, all day the North and southbound traffic roars through the Hill Street tunnel. Across the street from me, all day, a comedy movie bunch makes uproarious pictures, to the tune of cracking crows and crescendo curses from a leather-tongued director. And all around me children, brown and white and yellow, shriek their various tongues. But today I have been oblivious. I have not been here, but in France.

For many weary moons I have read and re-read my few and scanty letters from over there, seeking, by patient application, to find in them a picture of life as it is lived by our boys. (I have only one of my very own in France, but others have sat "at the hearthstone of my heart" and gone away those many miles, leaving their place warm.) And I have read column after column of the work of the correspondents, seeking the simple knowledge of simple things, and the atmosphere of every day. Once in a while some illuminating touch would lift the curtain for a moment, and then it would fall again.

But today a magician arrived. He was dressed as a postman, but that must have been camouflage. And he cried, as I was leaving the house, "Wait! See what I've brought ye! An' I wonder could I buy one of 'em offen ye?" What he brought me was a huge bundle of THE STARS AND STRIPES, numbered one to twenty-five, and neither he nor any other can buy one of 'em offen me, but I would expect to be pursued by a Nemesis of sorts if I failed to give him two or three and distribute them generally where it looks as if they would do the most good. Only the first four and the last one I mean to keep forever and forever and forever.

All day I have been reading with chokes and chuckles, heedless alike of din or dinner. And it is evening now and I have to go out to make a talk to a W.S.S. society. This morning I was empty-headed. Now I am embarrassed with riches. And, best of all, the gray mist, which swallowed so much I cared about, has lifted, and thanks to you, I can visualize the boys—all of them. I don't pretend to say I have carefully read all twenty-five closely packed papers in the seven hours I have been at it, but I do claim to have gleaned enough to keep me from starvation while I go over them more slowly, one by one.

Just now the last impression on my mind comes from the issue of July 26. The story is under the caption, "One Man and a Battle Sixty Miles Long." I wish, in passing, to extend some sort of laurel to the writer. I think I know a classic when I see one. One does not need a de luxe binding to aid in the recognition of that writer's genius, who can put with such gripping force so simple, undressed a tale before the world, I wish I could learn I shall send you the business, so obsessed by his subject that he allowed it to write itself—but that is not possible. More probably, by far, he is a shining light in the world of newspaper men. Ordinary writers could not have kept that story so dramatically simple.

I do not think it is given to mere men to understand their mothers. They love and idealize them, but had this paper been edited for them alone, the wonderful touch that gives the boys back again would not be there. So, while I am glad your work is for the men, that very fact enables me to thank you for the mothers. I can see my own son, at last (a youngster in the Field Artillery, whose name I ran across in one of the papers, by the way!) in some other setting than fog.

I am due in the East for my Thanksgiving dinner—if Mr. Hoover is willing—and when I am settled I shall send you my subscription. In the meantime, allow me, with congratulations, to sign myself,

MARGARET B. WELDON,  
407 Court Street, Los Angeles.

### LIBERTY MEASLES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
In line with the housecleaning of the world now well under way, the American Red Cross Military Hospital, No. 9 (Skin Hospital), begs to announce its change of name of the disease known as German measles to "Liberty Measles." We recommend its adoption by all Allied medical officers.

W. H. MOOK, Capt., M.C.

### THEY CALL IT A DAY IN THE ARMY

Through the blackness of the morning the three shrill blasts of the whistle rasped, grating the ears, and rousing to semi-consciousness the sleep-drugged senses—not minds—of the fagged humans who sprawled in uncouth and animal-like postures over the dirty floor of the barn. Here and there a tousled shock of hair protruded from a miscellaneous pile of blankets, tents and hodgepodge of equipment. Stiff backs, legs and necks. Damn the hard ground!

God! Another day! On with the shoes, stiff and cold, smelling to high heaven. Leg-gins next, wrap ones at that—what do we care if they do go on upside down? We must make formation. A hitch to the underwear and belt and then on with the blouse, still wet with yesterday's cold sweat, damp and ill smelling. A hasty dive for gun and belt and out the door to fall in once more.

A drizzle of rain is falling. One hour for breakfast and preparations. Rolls are half made—then call to breakfast. Stand in line ten minutes and get porridge, coffee, and a slice of bread and bacon. Half an hour left. Wash? Impossible. Half a week's growth of beard and unbrushed teeth. Water, the Infantryman's mainstay, is scarce. Every drop must be husbanded.

Out in the rain to slap together the pack, grunting and cursing. The straps become twisted—will we ever be ready? Time to fall in and at least fifteen more things to go in—extra rations, shoes to be tied on that damned hat. Swing it up on the back, sling the gun and stagger into line, muttering and cursing. Up the steep hill, and the day's grueling work has begun. Everything goes pretty well—the soreness disappears from legs and the packs settle to a more comfortable position.

The first halt is welcome. Wholesale adjustments are in order. A bit thirsty, but bet-ter wait—the sun is coming out and a long march ahead. Sixteen miles today? Discussion varies.

That whistle! Up again; a stretch of road and the pack gets heavier. How long have we been going. Twenty minutes. Shift the rifle and plod some more. The sweat starts, saturating shirt, coat and trousers. Some sing; I would, too, if the sweat would keep out of my mouth. A little swig from the canteen—not much. Damn! I shouldn't have taken that much. I'll be up against it later on.

Two more hours pass. Mechanically halting and plodding. Dust—it will be worse in the afternoon. How far do we have to go, anyway? I wish I'd shaved. Dirty drops of sweat splash over my gun sling. Thank the Lord my feet don't hurt. Half the water gone and not yet time for lunch. It is hot, brutally hot, and the dust increases, stirred by passing lorries. On through a cloud of it. A bit faint? Nibble a bit of greasy hardtack that has been in the pocket for a week, getting chummy with old letters, loose cartridges and the stub of a pencil. Smoke another cigarette.

Empty, aren't you? Well, it's time for lunch. Into a hay field we pile—throw off packs and coats and flop down to wait for the kitchen. Another butt.

Half a cup of weak coffee, a mixture of corned willie and hardtack, and off we go to war again.

Sweat, sweat, sweat. Dust. Why didn't the water cart come up?

Let's day dream a bit; maybe it'll make the going easier. The Biltmore on the left—think I'll turn in for one of those long Tom Collinases in a vase with a big square chunk of cracked ice floating in it. It is a bit tiresome to walk any distance on pavements, isn't it? Raises the devil with your feet. All right, think I'll make it two. It's a bit hot, so home early for the old tub and dinner coat. A complete change and I'll be fit again.

Bingo! Five drops of sweat on that damn gas mask, which swings like a clumsy suitcase against the leg. Filthy underwear, sweat soaked, slides against the soiled body. Can't see three-quarters gone and four hours more to go.

Red sun higher and higher, more dust. Tongue like a blotter, and unbrushed teeth make things worse. What's that blue sign? 16 Kilos to X. Halt! Thank God. Off goes the pack. To hell with the extra trouble. It cut my shoulders the last hour. Think I've got a blister. Bzzz. That whistle.

God, I'm thirsty! Can't seem to day dream this time. Bumps in the road twist your feet a bit. What makes you stagger, you damn fool? That's the stuff, watch the other man's feet. One two—one two—one two three four. Carry on. Damn that expression. Water, water, water! Shift the rifle. Is that a chafe? Damnation.

Well, might as well have a couple of good swallows and know you're all through. Fini. Breeches getting soaked with sweat, pack cuts—wriggle with chafe at every step—water—why did I clean it up?

You don't want to club that man ahead of you and take his canteen. Damn fool. One two, one two.

French town, five estimatins. Maybe we'll stop here. No such luck.

Don't get ahead of the line—one two—water—God! I'd sell my soul for one swig. Twenty francs for a canteen full would be cheap. When you need something, you need it. Halt!

Off again. Sweat and dust in the eyes—you're not getting blind. That pack weighs a ton. Lots to think about—one two—one two—pack, sweat, chafe, blister, one two.

What's that? A pump? Think I'll fall out. No, you'd look like a jackass doing that. If the other worms can keep moving, you can, too. Well, we're by it, and you couldn't drink, anyway. One two. Don't bump into your next door neighbor.

What's that? Our town around the corner? Chlorinated water! Estaminet "Champagne Dix Francs." Home again! Got a cigarette?

Pvt. THEODORE EMERY, Inf.

### A MASTERPIECE

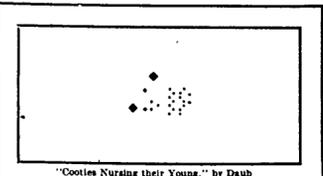
To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
I am taking the liberty of enclosing herewith a reproduction of the famous painting by the great artist Daub entitled, "Cooties Nursing Their Young."

This painting, as you will remember, received universal recognition by all the famous galleries of Europe and America, and particularly by Army critics. This picture is regarded as one of the masterpieces of the modern era of art, and will no doubt go down in history as one of the world's greatest pictures on this subject, and should prove to be the admiration and inspiration of many generations to come.

His conception was evoked in a moment of unguarded enthusiasm by the artist provoked for them alone, the wonderful touch that gives the boys back again would not be there. So, while I am glad your work is for the men, that very fact enables me to thank you for the mothers. I can see my own son, at last (a youngster in the Field Artillery, whose name I ran across in one of the papers, by the way!) in some other setting than fog.

I am due in the East for my Thanksgiving dinner—if Mr. Hoover is willing—and when I am settled I shall send you my subscription. In the meantime, allow me, with congratulations, to sign myself,

MARGARET B. WELDON,  
407 Court Street, Los Angeles.



face so filled with tenderness and mother love for her ungrateful offspring. Study that little fellow in the corner of the picture evidently just starting off by himself to make his mark in the world. See how bravely the mother bears the parting. See the little fellow trying to gyp his little sister out of her milk.

A thousand and one details stare one in the face, showing the deep study that the artist has given the subject. No one but a genius could possibly paint a picture like this. Notice the wonderful coloring and tones which even Rubens couldn't possibly duplicate in his palmiest days. Another masterpiece has been added to the world's collection.

The artist has given me permission to turn over the exclusive rights of reproducing this picture for the benefit of the A.E.F. to THE STARS AND STRIPES.

GEORGE N. LYNN,  
Sgt. Maj. P.A.