

# The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1918.

## A SOLDIER

An incident that will linger long in the memory of those who took part in the gallant advance of the Second Division in Champagne came when, as will happen sometimes in all battles in all armies, the artillery was falling short.

The advance had been so swift that there were no wires by which the warning could be sent back. The need for action was so immediate that there was no time to send a runner back and no certainty that a runner could get back.

Then, abruptly and on his own initiative a Signal Corps sergeant started to shinny up a telegraph pole. Under the crossing fire from the two artilleries, in full sight and within wickedly easy range of German snipers and German machine gunners, he went up that pole and, from that high and conspicuous place, signaled the message back.

When he came down an officer congratulated him warmly and asked for his name and outfit. The sergeant grinned and started to fade away.

"But you don't understand," the officer explained. "I want to recommend you for a D.S.C."

"Yes," said the sergeant, just before he faded away entirely, "that's just what I thought."

## THE FATHERLAND

Picture yourself a German—not a roaring Prussian junker, or the enluské son of an emperor, or a Berlin banker, or a member of Krupp's directorate, but a plain, untitled, unblooded, hard-working, every-day German.

You have been fighting for four bitter years in what you had been told was the defense of your Fatherland, although, oddly enough, you have been defending it not on the soil of Germany, but of France, Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Poland and Russia.

You have been fighting in support of a dynasty in which you had the blind faith instilled in you by your forebears, to whom the overlordship of the Kaiser, whosoever he might be, has been synonymous with the glorification and expansion of your country, attended many times, as in 1806, 1869 and 1870, with war and bloodshed, but reaping its full fruits in victory—always in victory.

Two million of your brothers have fallen in battle. Far more than two million must live out their lives under the handicap of one of the thousand forms of mutilation with which war and the things of war can blast the flesh. Your family has for months had so little to keep body and soul together that years of feasting cannot blot out the memory of it. The sacrosanct dynasty is tottering. The Fatherland is going down to defeat.

To defeat? Can it be called defeat if a people rises up, throws off its dynastic shackles, exterminates its junkers or reduces them to "a virtual impotency"?

Let Germany hear, as she must hear, the great call of the free democracies of the world, and not one of her two million dead shall have died in vain.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE S.O.S.

A week's trip through a certain portion of the S. O. S. area brought out these facts: At one port some Engineers from the Pacific Coast were allowed 30 days in which to remove the concrete superstructures from two piers. They cleaned up the job to the queen's and the General's taste in 11 days.

The salvage plants are reclaiming for the Army and the Government some \$100,000 worth of material every day—\$3,000,000 worth every month—and the enlisted personnel is working 12, 14 and often 16 hours a day and sacrificing days off to see the work through.

The supply depots are hustling to the limit, making veritable young warehouse cities in the middle of blasted heaths in central France. The Railway Engineers are laying new trackage as never trackage was laid before.

So it goes, instance piled upon instance, all up and down the long line, from the base ports to the rim of the battle area.

## MUD

The semi-liquefaction of the ground in Champagne, Picardy and the other sectors occupied by our troops, the peremptory searching of suspected overcoats for secret marks and initials, the arguments over the extra blankets which have been kicking around, unnoticed and unclaimed, all summer, all are signs of the times. Winter is coming. It is still some weeks off, but it's coming.

Some quarter of a million of us know what winter in France is. We've been there. The rest of us suspect. There is no use trying to kid ourselves. It's no cinch. France has a winter climate which would drive a Los Angeles real estate man to silence. Some hardy spirits of the A.E.F. will undoubtedly have the temerity to bore the rest of us by recounting statistics of other winters in New England, Minnesota and the Arctic. They will say it's fine stuff (and borrow their bunkie's heavy coat as soon as he turns his back). The rest of us will say other things.

The British have written millions of words about the mud of Picardy—none of

them good. It is generally recognized as a worse enemy than the Boche.

We have, however, the consolation of knowing that the end of the front which we now mostly occupy isn't as bad as the British end for mud, at least, and that the Q.M.C., along in the shirt-sleeve days of last July, had completed arrangements to do the best it could for us.

Also, we have the satisfaction of knowing that it is just as bad on the Boche—and a bit worse, considering that we are winning and he is losing. He is going to have just as much mud as we are, as much snow, as much rain, as much cold, as we are.

It's going to be a tough winter for us—but it's going to be ten times tougher for old John Boche.

## "DO UNTO OTHERS"

Courtesy is almost unvarying in the A.E.F.—in the offices of R.T.O.'s, A.P.M.'s, everywhere, in fact, where soldiers are serving their fellow soldiers. The Golden Rule seems to be observed as if it were a general order.

Sometimes, however, when a soldier sees a soldier revelling in brief authority, and misusing it, he wishes there might fall to this man what they say came to a lieutenant in a certain A.E.F. rest area.

The story is that this lieutenant was bossing a detail when a mild-looking gentleman in a derby hat walked around a corner and inquired politely:

"Lieutenant, what part do you happen to be playing in the war?"

"I am the supply officer of the Umptieth battalion!" retorted the officer with combative dignity, as if scenting a chance to bawl somebody out. "And who is it wants to know?"

"I am the Secretary of War," said the man in civilian clothes.

## STERILIZED, BUT—

The American soldiers flagrantly conspicuous in uniforms which, from any angle, look like a relief map of the Peruvian Andes, are hospital guys. They are, or have been, in or around a hospital, and their clothes have been sterilized.

The most of us, who used to think they were shipwreck survivors, have gleaned this fact by this time—some of us by personal, not to say bitter, experience. Their clothes are sanitary. There isn't a cottie, a crustacean or a scratchamea likeita germ in the whole works. And it isn't the soldier's fault that the wrinkles are here. Trying to iron out these wrinkles has driven 27 French tailors to suicide and destroyed the faith of the most of the rest of them in human nature.

The soldiers have done their best. They have the virtuous knowledge that, though they may not be—in fact, most certainly are not—beautiful, they are chemically and microscopically pure. They may ponder anon on the passage in the I.D.R. which says something about "soldierly appearance," but virtue, of course, is its own reward.

We would like to suggest, however (speaking with the wistful sincerity of one who has been there), that the genius who invented this process of putting wrinkles in our clothes be given an indefinite period of D.S. and a nice spot where nothing will detract his attention until he has perfected a method of taking them out.

## SOUL SAVERS

All the way across on a ship that docked at a base port the other day, a certain Pharisee among the passengers unctuously let it be known that he was coming to France "to save the souls of our boys." He did not, let it be said to their credit, wear the uniform of any of the Army's auxiliary organizations.

For this man, and for every one of like breed, this newspaper has no words sufficiently strong in which to express its contempt. They are men, having ears that hear not, eyes that see not, brains that think not, hearts so filled with their own smug self-righteousness that they have not the faintest conception of the ever-recurring miracle of the Allied battle line.

Because they have never really comprehended the teachings of the Master they profess, they cannot know that the smiling, cursing, battle-stained doughboy needs no help in saving his soul. They cannot know that in offering and spending his life in a righteous cause the American soldier finds it. They can never comprehend that in saving the soul of the world the soldier saves his own.

## HOW MANY MORE?

First it was the Hindenburg line. Behind it, to sustain the fitness of things, should have come the Ludendorff line, but Ludendorff was probably too modest to accept the notoriety. Then, too, perhaps he was somewhat concerned about lending his name for such a purpose after the penetration and collapse of his colleague's "impregnable" defense system.

So we have had, or are still having, the Hundung line, the Siegfried line, the Brunhilde line, the Kriemhilde line. How many more are there?

The answer is easy. Germany will not run out of defense systems until she runs out of Wagnerian heroes and heroines.

## ALL WRONG

Stripes for being gassed are the same as stripes for being wounded. They are to be worn in the same place, on the right forearm, and to be pointed the same way. The Army view is that if you have been gassed you have had to have treatment for it you are entitled to a wound stripe, just as a man whose wound has had to be treated is entitled to one.

Therefore, the practice, common in some circles, of mounting gas stripes, so-called, on the left arm between shoulder and elbow, in the place where the other chevron or first class private's button used to come, is all wrong. It has no standing in orders or anywhere else.

What is more, the stripes, if placed up there, would sooner or later collide with the ever mounting procession of service stripes. Just figure it out for yourself.

# The Army's Poets

## ME—AN' WAR GOIN' ON!

Me!—a leadin' a column!  
 Me!—that women have loved!  
 Me!—a leadin' a column of tanks, an' traicin' them as hadn't seen the Stars!  
 Me, that ain't seen the purple hills before, all mixed in the skies  
 With the gray dawn meinin' to assure there; Me that have a poet's crownin' poetic;  
 An' the flash o' the guns on the skyline,  
 An' red wine—an' France!  
 An' me laughin'—and War!  
 An' Slim Jim singin' a song;  
 An' a lop-eared mule a-kickin' a limber  
 An' axles 'bout no grease hollerin' Maggie  
 at me!  
 Me, that women have loved—  
 An' War goin' on!

Mornin' comin',  
 An' me—a leadin' a column  
 Along o' them from the College,  
 Along o' them from the Streets,  
 An' them as had mothers that spilt them, and  
 Lovin' names in the Stars—  
 An' Slim Jim singin' a song,  
 An' Folks to Home watchin' them, too,  
 An' Maggie that never had loved me, lovin' me now,  
 An' thinkin' an' cryin' for me!  
 For me that loved Maggie, that never loved me till now—

Mornin' comin',  
 An' me—a leadin' a column,  
 An' a town in the valley,  
 Round the bend in the road,  
 An' Ginger straitnin' his neck  
 An' thinkin' o' Picket Lines—  
 An' me an' the rest o' them, thinkin' o' home  
 and eggin' down there in the village—  
 An' Coney startin' to close at Home  
 An' Maggie mashed in the crowd—  
 An' me—a leadin' a column—  
 An' War goin' on!

Me that hollered for water,  
 With a splinter o' hell in my side;  
 Me that have laid the sun a-cursin' the beggars and stretchers  
 As looked like they'd never a-come;  
 Me that found God with the gas at my throat  
 An' raved like a madman for Maggie,  
 An' wanted a wooden cross over me!  
 Me—an' Slim Jim back o' me singin'  
 An' traicin' a name in the fade o' the Stars—  
 An' me—a leadin' a column—  
 An' War goin' on!

Me—knowin' that some'll be ridin' that's walkin' tonight—  
 Knowin' that some'll never see Broadway again—  
 An' red wine in the valley,  
 An' Little Italy,  
 An' Maggie like mine—  
 Me—a-murmurin' a prayer for Maggie  
 An' stoppin' to laugh at Slim,  
 An' shoutin' "To the right o' the road for the Swol-zant-canze!"  
 Them babies that raise such Hell up the line—  
 An' marchin',  
 An' marchin' by night,  
 An' sleepin' by day,  
 An' France,  
 An' Red Wine,  
 An' me the steerin' wheel,  
 Me—a leadin' a column—  
 An' War goin' on.

J. PALMER CUSHING, Inf.

## THE HOLOCAUST

Not since Thine own most bloody Sacrifice  
 Upon the sacred hill of Calvary,  
 Has such a flood tide set toward Paradise,  
 The countless millions slain to make men free.

They are the pure in mind, the clean of heart,  
 Unspotted holocausts who kept Thy law,  
 Our first born sons who played thy victim's part,  
 Thy Judgment "To the right" in them no flaw.

Lt. Chaplain THOMAS F. COXLEY.

## THE ABSENT QUAD

"The Quad truck waits without, my Lord!"  
 "Without what, Captain Bank!"  
 "Without the steering arms, my Lord,  
 Without a lot of junk;  
 Without a vulcanizing patch,  
 Without a nut or screw;  
 She's minus top end wheels and valves;  
 She's shy a body, too;  
 Without a spring, a brake, a yoke,  
 Without a horn to blare;  
 Good gracious me, it beats the Dutch,  
 How much there isn't there!  
 We took her to the Park Repair,  
 As perfect as could be—  
 Just wanted to adjust some screws,  
 And now—  
 They swiped the lining, brake (ten feet),  
 They stripped the casings clean,  
 They monkeyed with her primer—  
 Oh, they acted mean!  
 But one thing saves the day, my Lord!  
 Our records can declare  
 That though we didn't get a Quad,  
 The U. S. number's all right!"

Sgt. ALLAN R. THOMSON, D.M.T.O.

## THE DOUGHBOY PROMISES

When you come back—  
 An' I'll be such returning  
 As only lips like mine can testify!  
 Then will my arms, that ache with endless yearning,  
 Find sweet succor from the regret of  
 Missing lettin' me see, to die,  
 Should you come back  
 Aged from the toll of fighting,  
 And I may be the one you set out,  
 What matters, so your heart has known no lightning,  
 Your soul has met the test without af-  
 flictin' me?  
 What is there, dear one, after that, to doubt!  
 Oh, but you must come back to me, beloved!  
 Wounded or no, you must come back.

HE

When I come back,  
 Beneath my helmet maddy,  
 There'll be a smile, stored through the strife  
 for you;  
 There'll be a kiss, tender and warm—aye,  
 With hint of Gallic skies for my real buddy,  
 (That's soldier talk, and soldier talk rings true).

As I come back,  
 Down the street flags adorning,  
 Half seeing all the pomp for sight of you,  
 Foretaste I'll know of gladsome days  
 a-borning.

For you, my one of Night at last to Morning  
 From the Long Trail that terminates for two.

Oh, but I will come back to you, my Mother!  
 Wounded? Who, I will come back!

ARTHUR MCKROON, Lt. Inf.

## WHEN PRIVATE MUGRUMS PARLAY VOOS

I can count my francs and santeams—  
 If I've got a basket near,  
 An' I speak a wicked "bon jour,"  
 But the verbs are awful queer,  
 An' I lose a lot o' pronouns  
 When I try to talk to you,  
 For "your eyes are nice and rapid"  
 I forget to parlay voos.

In your pretty little garden,  
 An' the bench beside the wall,  
 An' the sunshine on the asters,  
 An' the purple phlox so tall,  
 I should like to whisper secrets  
 But my language goes askew—  
 With the second person plural  
 For the more familiar "too."

In your pretty little garden  
 I could always "tut tute,"  
 But it ain't so very subtle,  
 An' it ain't not quite the same  
 As "You've got some dandy earrings,"  
 Or "Your eyes are nice and rapid"  
 But my adjectives got manly  
 Right before a lady noun.

Those infinitives perplex me;  
 I can say you're "tray joice,"  
 But beyond that simple statement  
 All my tenses don't agree,  
 I can't make the "cheo comprennes"  
 When I meet 'em in a trench,  
 But the softer things escape me  
 When I try to yap in French.

In your pretty little garden  
 Darn the idioms that dance  
 On your tongue so sweet and rapid,  
 Ah, they hold me in a trance!  
 Though I stutter an' I stammer,  
 In your garden, on the bench,  
 Yet my heart is in the French,  
 When I talk to you in French.

Pvt. CHARLES DIVINA.

# THE PEACEMAKER



## 11,000 DOUGHNUTS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
 Having been located at the First Corps School for over eight months, and having observed very closely the activities of the S.A. since it has been located here, I beg to bring to your attention a few accounts of its work which has been so commendable and of so high an order that it should be brought to the attention of the A.E.F. through our official newspaper, THE STARS AND STRIPES.

About six weeks ago the local Salvation Army hut broke what is believed to be all records by baking in one day 316 pies, which were served the same evening with coffee to the students of the school and members of the permanent detail of the school.

About four weeks ago a certain division was coming through here on its way to the front. It was a wet and chilly night, so the Salvation Army made coffee for the men, the coffee being made in large G.I. cans and passed out as the men marched past the hut.

A short time later word came that a certain unit had arrived about 20 kilometers distant and, it being difficult to get rations, the men were hungry. Immediately the S.A. got busy and baked 3,000 doughnuts, and in 12 hours' time was feeding them to these hungry men from the rear end of a large truck in which they had been hauled to destination. After the feed the unit assembled in the street and gave three rousing cheers for the S.A., and the colonel commanding was so overjoyed he wanted to take the Salvation Army workers to the front with him as a permanent detail.

In spite of the feats described, they went ahead and beat former records to a finish during the St. Mihiel drive. As soon as they heard it had started, they went to work and in two days baked 8,000 doughnuts, which were immediately sent to the front in trucks and distributed to the boys just as they had reached their objectives and were organizing their new lines. There is no need to describe what welcome a treat of this nature received. Virtually, the Salvation Army and the doughnuts went "over the top."

A great deal of the credit for the great work the Salvation Army is doing must go to three ladies of the hut, who do not hesitate to work over a hot fire hour after hour or to put forth every effort for the welfare of the boys in khaki.

Sgt. GROVER BOUNDS, Engrs.

## ITALIANS IN THE A.E.F.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
 Please announce in your newspaper that at 18 Rue de Varenne, Paris, the Italia gens Federation has established a secretariatship of information and assistance for the soldiers of Italian origin in the American Army and in all other Allied Armies.

Soldiers of Italian origin are heartily requested to write to or call on our Bureau freely for everything they want. Having hundreds of bureaus and correspondents all over Italy, the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, we are able to facilitate the relations between the soldiers and their families and to take up whatever kind of service or assistance your brave soldiers may need.

The Bureau has the encouragement and approval of the Italian and American authorities, and its work is in hearty cooperation with that of other organizations of the assistance of the soldiers. We have already given assistance to a large number of cases and have received many letters.

Rev. Dr. JOSEPH CAPRA, Director.

## A BOOST FOR OSCAR

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
 In reading your paper I often notice interesting letters concerning members of the American E.F., so I decided to tell you of a case in my company.

Cook Oscar Gies, when he learned that our battalion was selected for an assault battalion in the St. Mihiel drive, requested that he be allowed to accompany us instead of staying

## CONFIDENCE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
 Your paper being the only really official organ of the A.E.F. over here, it occurred to me that it might interest you to get an opinion of the American soldier from the Frenchman's point of view.

Recently, while passing through a small village just back of our lines, I noticed the following human document written in English and pasted on a wall near the road at the entrance to the village:

To Our American Friends:  
 The inhabitants who have so bravely suffered here since the beginning of the war have been obliged—by the orders of the General-in-Chief—to evacuate their homes for a few weeks on account of coming operations.

They went off sorrowfully, only being permitted to carry away a small package each and were obliged to leave in their cherished homes the belongings that they have acquired by years of labor.

Officers and Soldiers of the United States: I have told my people that I know your minds, and can rely quite confidently on your generosity and friendship.

Do not let the property of my dear refugees to the safe keeping of the Stars and Stripes.

Down with the Boche!

Brotherly yours,  
 Lt. MUMMAN, Prefect.

I can say that their confidence was scrupulously respected, and the village has been left intact by the many hundreds of doughboys who have passed through it.

Lt. CHAS. S. STEWART, Inf.

## SHE LIKES YANK, TOO

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
 Will you allow me a personal opinion, although I am "but an Ally and worse—a woman"? Yet I may have some claim to your indulgence; my husband, a soldier, has had three years' front service and six months' rear service, while I myself am doing my bit for my country as a secretary in a War office. I've lived two years in England and have some of my family in the States.

To come to the point, I would like to state my own personal idea as to the name "Yank," adopted by America's splendid boys. I prefer it to any of the other names chosen before; some of them are too soft to my mind, or rather too much made up. But why I think that you were right to adopt "Yank" is just because it used to be a trifle disdainful before. The same as our slang polli, Yank will be synonymous with hero, with all that's fine, proud, clean and stout-hearted, yet with a woman's sensitiveness for everything that appeals to the soul and heart.

I am doing all I can to teach my friends to know the real American, and am lending THE STARS AND STRIPES to those who know English. I only regret that our French customs do not allow of real free social relations between men and women. Both could gain by it. But, alas! the "retreat system" (pardon me for my free speech) doughboys and wild women will make a lady shrink all the way back into her shell for fear of being misunderstood. I have known myself to hesitate in being of use as an interpreter to an embarrassed Yank (I speak English nearly as fluently as I do French) for fear of being misinterpreted.

Mrs. HELENE LAMBERGER,  
 34 Rue des Granges, Besancon, France.

## SIGN HERE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
 Ducking into a shell hole to get a moment's rest from Boche machine guns just before we drove 'em out of Montauquet, September 27, I found a blood-stained war-income tax bill (received) lying in the mud. I seemed to hear it sing this little song as I shook the mud from it:

The way folks dodged me 'cross the sea,  
 The way they kicked and swore,  
 I thought that Gen'l'l William T.  
 Meant me, doinkin' war.

I never thought there'd be such coarse  
 Calumnies for man;  
 I thought was God's choicest curse  
 For those He wished to damn.

But, somehow, since I've landed here,  
 In all that grim and mud;  
 Since I have heard that whistle drear  
 Of bullets thirstin' blood;

Since I have seen a bright-eyed boy  
 March smilin'ly to death;  
 Seen men give golden lives in joy;  
 Heard gassed lungs gasp for breath;

Since I have seen our soldiers die,  
 That others might be free—  
 I, somehow, now don't think that I,  
 Was meant by William T.

Pvt. WILLIAM K. CONWAY, Inf.

## SEEN GINGER?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
 Just a few words to ask you if you will find and locate our mascot for us. We brought him all the way from California. He was only a little fellow, one and a half months old, when we got him on December 22, and he has been with us ever since. He knows drills about as well as any of us, and always stays with the officers or non-com in charge when they are trying to get the "retreat" on the Allied soldier's save an American, and he hardly ever broke away from us.

We landed in the southern part of England to embark for France September 27, in the evening, and when we turned him loose, next morning at breakfast, a bunch of outgoing troops coaxed him away. We don't blame them for trying to get a mascot, but I am sure if they knew how attached we are and how much we think of our dog, they would try to see that we got him back. I heard this bunch was going to Salisbury Plain, England, but I am not sure.

He is ginger colored, kind of heavy set, but small with U.S. cut on one side, and shields with wings and "37?" in wings on the other side, with identification tag marked Ginger hanging on the collar. Whoever has him knows whom he belongs to. So we say please communicate with us.

Corporal JOE VALENCIA, A.S.

## STEP UP, GENTS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
 I would like to find out through your paper, if we made a record in hot cake making. During the big drive on the Toul sector, we started in at 7:30 a. m., and continued one steady fry until 3 o'clock the next morning, making hot cakes on a plate four by four feet, making 12 large cakes at a time, three plates every five minutes, or something like 8,000 cakes in one stretch, without stopping.

I have talked to several cooks and they all seem to think this is the record. If any one place has beaten us, kindly let us know.

This is a Salvation Army flap-jack place, and the originator and operator is Ensign Fred Anderson of Tacoma, Wash. I shall be glad to hear from any cook on this just for the fun of it, and will be willing to run a race on trying for a canteen, when and wherever it can be arranged.

Ensign FRED ANDERSON,  
 Salvation Army.