

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1918.

GENTLEMEN, TO FRANCE!

In the hour of victory, what member of the A.E.F. could hope to express in mere words the feeling of eternal comradeship and eternal gratitude of the men of the A.E.F. for France?
 We know the great part that our other gallant Allies have played in this war. We are proud of them and what they have done. By the blood they spilled they will ever remain our Allies. But we are sure that all of them join us, in one accord, in this hour of triumph in raising the goblet of Victory to la belle France and drinking deep to her unquenchable spirit of liberty, equality, fraternity, to her undiminished and unconquerable poins.
 To France, then, each of us, her Allies—and God shower her bountifully in the good time coming for all that she went through, for all that she endured in the black years of the war.

ALL FOR YOU, UNCLE SAM

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon advanced troops of the First American Army took that part of the city of Sedan which lies on the west bank of the Meuse. . . . The enemy's principal lateral line of communication between the fortress of Metz and his troops in northern France and Belgium is by the success of the American Army no longer open to him.
 In such words the American communiqué published last Friday morning announced the cutting in two of the German army on the western front, the accomplishment of one of the principal objectives of the great attack at the enemy's vitals which the American Army launched on September 26 between the Meuse and the Argonne, the post of honor in the last grand offensive of the war.

Another prime objective of the American attack, the greatest battle in American history, both in intensity and number of troops engaged, was the penetration of the German positions in the Meuse-Argonne region to a depth sufficient to bring about the capture of the enemy forces between the Argonne and the sea, or, by the threat of such capture, to compel the withdrawal of the enemy holding that portion of the line from France and the greater part of Belgium.

A third important objective of the American attack was to wrest from the Boche the precious Briey basin, the source of three-fourths of Europe's iron supply.

Despite the desperate efforts of the enemy to keep us from cutting his army in two, we cut it in two. With equal determination, we were driving the enemy's divisions before us in the sure achievement of all our objectives when the finger of Time on Monday morning pointed to 11 o'clock, and fighting ceased all along the front under the terms of the armistice dictated to and accepted by the enemy.

But the hand of time can never erase from the pages of history what American divisions did at the post of honor in the world war of 1914-1918. The story of American valor along the Meuse and in the Argonne will shine radiantly through the ages. It will glow in the printed word as long as men read of the deeds of their fathers, as long as the passion of liberty swells in the bosom of mankind. And the glory of that story will be none the less resplendent because of the knowledge that only a year before they went forth with boyish smiles and boyish confidence to face the flower of the German host, massed to hurl them back and under orders to hold their positions at all costs, by far the greater part of the personnel of the American divisions had been childishly ignorant of the A B C of war.

Green troops were sneeringly called by the enemy. Green troops our Allies could rightly have classified us, and probably did, before those terrible nightmare days of the war last spring and summer. And green troops we knew ourselves to be, compared with poilu and Tommy, Joe, Aussie and Canuck. But, bringing youth to the war-worn battle hosts, we believed in our youth. We believed in the holiness of our cause and the job given to our hands to do. We knew that in our keeping were the liberties of the Republic. We believed in America unconquerable. And that is why today the words Marne, Belleau Wood, Chateau-Thierry, Oureq, Vesle, St. Mihiel, Argonne, Meuse, Montfaucon, Fismes, Montsec, Cantigny, Bellecour, Hamel, Seicheprey, Sedan are shining in deathless splendor in Columbia's diadem.

HOLD YOUR HORSES

The armistice is not peace itself. It merely brings peace nearer. It stops actual fighting for a period of 36 days, but hostilities do not cease. Indeed, the armistice can be denounced—and fighting resumed—by one of the contracting parties on 48 hours' notice. The armistice is a military state of affairs, and while it is on we shall be subject to call to perform all of our soldierly duties. Therefore, it is up

to us to see that we are in shape and ready to perform them.

There is a lot of work to be done in policing the newly taken over territory. It is a job that will require much patience and much restraint. It will hold many of us here for quite some time to come. And the way that we handle it will be watched by all the world.

It is not all over but the shouting. It is all over but the working. There are quite a few things that we must finish up before we get our marching orders to proceed up the old gangplank and say "Hoboken, James," to the pilot. The sooner and the straighter we get that basic fact through our heads, the better off we will be, both as regards our job and our feelings toward it.

So, let's all hold our horses.

WILLIAM THE COWARD

While the rearguards of his army were frantically battling with machine guns and rifles to cover the retreat of that once formidable host, William Hohenzollern, late German Kaiser and King of Prussia, fled to a neutral country to gain respite from the wrath of the world. The commander-in-chief of the German army, he deserted it in his hour of greatest need.

In that flight over the Dutch border we have at last the full measure of the self-styled War Lord. We see now of what stuff he was made who exhorted his soldiers to be "as terrible as Attila the Hun," who boasted of his shining sword, who proudly traced his lineage back to Frederick the Great. We hear nothing now from him about "old Fritz up there in the Elysian fields." Old Fritz probably has thoughts of his own, and not at all flattering to his descendants. Military failure would be unforgivable enough to his hard old Prussian soul, but flight—behold what a Hohenzollern has come to!

Others can and will judge William Hohenzollern for his plotting, his sinful ambition, his breaking of his nation's word. But whatever crimes against humanity the jury of civilization may find him guilty of, the soldiers of the world will never forgive him for running away while the alternative of death in the face of his country's foes or honorable surrender lay open to him—for seeking safety in a neutral land and leaving his men to their fate.

William the Damned he has been called, and with justice. But in the eyes of all soldiers, his own included, he will go down in history as William the Coward.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE

A writer in a recent number of The Outlook, appraising the work of the various auxiliary organizations with the A. E. F., dismisses the Salvation Army in a few lines with the note too well concealed sneer that it makes its principal appeal by feeding "the boys" with home-made pies and doughnuts. In the same article he has a great deal to say about the importance of religious work among the members of what he apparently is not at all certain is not a God-forsaken army.

If Mr. Odell, the self-appointed investigator in question, will turn to the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to Mark, in a book called the Bible, and read it with eyes that see and an understanding mind, he will learn that two thousand years ago Jesus Christ fed a multitude, that was far from his home, with the loaves and fishes to which it was accustomed.

WANT TO GO HOME?

It looks now as though we would all be going home sooner or later, and the bets are on as to when that happy date will be. That is, all of those of us who take care of ourselves this coming winter will go home. Therefore, it would seem to behoove us all to take care of ourselves.

Those who were here last winter will remember what pneumonia and a few other things did to some of the gang. We wouldn't want to have any of the much larger gang now over come down with any of those things, nor would we want to contract them ourselves. And we can avoid them, to all practical purposes, by following just a few simple rules.

If we don't cough or sneeze in one another's faces; if we use our handkerchiefs for coughing or sneezing, and keep those handkerchiefs clean; if we refrain from spitting anywhere indoors except in the old sawdust boxes, and from spitting on paths and steps and in corners; if we take off and dry our clothes as soon as they get soaking wet; if we resist the temptation to double up in bunks no matter how cold it is, the chances are that we will avoid the so-called winter diseases and be fit and proper to walk up the gangplank with the old outfit. And that, of course, is the one thing that every mother's son of us wants to do.

ANNIVERSARIES

We are nearing the tail-end of the year, nearing the bustling and frosty (for some of us) season which, because two of them happen to fall always exactly one week apart, we call the holidays.

For some of us it will be the second holiday season in France. For most of us it will be the first. Some of us will look back to last Christmas and glimpse a cinder-floored Adrian barracks or a blessed trick at K. P. among the snowy Vosges—because didn't we have apple pie, and doesn't it pay to be K. P. when there is apple pie in the offering? Some of us will look back, not on the snowy Vosges, but on an equally snowy tablecloth—snowy, that is, insofar as mortal eye could see it under the load of good things—and on the home fires burning within sight.

The holidays will come again, the same holidays, the same anniversaries. But when we go home there will be other anniversaries—the day we landed, the day we entered the line, the day we were set down in the S. O. S., the day we won the D. S. C., the day we were wounded, or made corporals, or left the hospital. Among all of these there will be some one day that will stand out above all the others. It will be a different day for every man, so far as 365 can be divided into 2,000,000. And every one will observe it for a different reason.

The Army's Poets

WAR

He did not care if he never returned
 Back to the world that he knew.
 He left it, a youth with shriveled soul,
 And his heart—it was not true.

But there on Flanders' blood red fields,
 Where men are broken or maddened,
 He fought the battles of flesh and soul
 While he had red blood to waste.

He swallowed the acid taste of fear
 That rankled up in his throat;
 And fought the one great fight of man,
 And crossed, with God, the moat.

Yes, crossed the moat and won his fight,
 And went through the purging fire—
 And a man like the pure white lilies aloft
 Sprang from out of the mire.

He did not know and could not see,
 But war has opened his eyes;
 It showed him the road to Heaven or Hell,
 And how a brave man dies.

Yes, how he dies and how he lives,
 And should fight the battles of peace.
 So now it matters if he never returns,
 When this wild turmoil shall cease.

LLOYD LUZADRE, Pvt., Inf.

"I LOVE YOU"

I've heard a lot of music
 As a commissioned ensign.
 I've listened to the operas
 And the moaning saxophone.
 I've listened to the jazzers
 When they did their racy worst.
 But for harmony that's scrumptious
 I know I heard it first
 When Yvonne, la plus jolie,
 Said, as she looked at me,
 "Je vous aime!"

The zinks who play on glasses,
 And ring the shiny cimes,
 Or the organ at the movies—
 I've heard them lots of times,
 And the Wops who play the zither,
 And according to Hoyle,
 Have left my ears aching,
 But they never touched the soul
 Like Marie, qui est belle,
 When she whispered, all so well,
 "Je vous adore!"

I've heard John Philip Sousa
 Play all his famous stuff,
 And the art of the Victrol
 Has lured me oft enough;
 But though I give them credit
 In their amateurish way,
 When it comes to downright music
 I heard it first that day,
 When Odette, ma chérie,
 Murmured tenderly,
 "Je t'aime!"

JOHN PERRE ROCHE 2nd Lt., Q.M.C.

BALADE OF THE WACHT AM RHEIN

Some years ago, mein herr, you planned
 To give the world to Berlin's sway
 By having wrought in every land
 And crime and horror and dismay.
 No doubt your tender heart will say
 You wish your methods to refine—
 Now things look quite the other way
 And France may post her Wacht am Rhein.

The London-bombing spree was grand
 And shelling Paris seemed but play,
 But Brown—"Oh, Wilhelm, your hand!"
 And Brankfurt—"Kamerad, keep away!"
 When Ypres first gasped in chlorine spray
 How German chemists' eyes did shine!
 How will you take your next gas shall say
 When England mounts her Wacht am Rhein?

Deft was the foul assassin's hand
 The Lashimian's souls to slay—
 Why should you, my heroic women stand,
 Mein herr, more safe from death than they?
 Arras and Rheims in ruins lay,
 Are Bonn and Mannheim, then, divine
 While Aachen keys the Wacht am Rhein.
 JOSEPH MILLS HANSON, Capt., F.A.

A COOTIEFUL DREAM

There's a dream that comes to me sometimes,
 When angels stand at my bed,
 A vision that's so hectic and so gay,
 There's nothing left to be said.
 I bask in its golden wonder,
 Like some Arabian night,
 This dream that comes to me sometimes,
 To me in my cootieful plight.

I dream that somewhere there's water,
 Just gobs and gobs in a tub,
 That steam like geyzers in action,
 And towels, yes, Turkish, to rub
 My crusted frame to a pinkness,
 And I love that, practically pure—
 And I fall to rubbing the cooties
 And pry for my dream to endure.

MOTHER

Once upon a stormy night
 Of crashing clouds and clanging rain,
 And dead, brown leaves whirling in flight,
 From branches groaning as in pain,
 Within a house there lay a child:
 Feral body weary, pain-defied.

Death hovered near, within, without;
 Winds whirled and wailed, while watchers wept.
 One smiling form, in sleep, stayed
 When others, over-wearied, slept:
 What weariness, what wind above,
 Can overcome a Mother's love?

As morning dawned, the sun's bold face
 Melted the clouds, absorbed the rain:
 The wind ceased from his weary chase—
 And in that house, atop some pine,
 A Mother, "twas thy tender care
 That saved my life, thy trusting prayer.

So, through the years, when some friends failed,
 Or did not share a helping hand,
 When mischance came, and others failed,
 When faith was feeble, strength unannounced,
 Mother, on thy loving breast,
 I gained new courage, hope and rest.

Mother, though I am far away,
 And cannot seek thy sympathy,
 Thy loving spirit of yesterday,
 Still fills my heart and strengthens me,
 God bless and keep thee, Mother mine,
 Till we can meet in peace again.
 FARMER W. KURSH, M.T.C.

THE NIGHT IS DONE

Some whispered words, and then I was alone
 In the vast temple of the Night;
 How much I needed like an early youth
 When darkness holds a myriad crouching forms—
 Another infancy.

Now and then crashed into the solemn harmony
 Of the stars,
 In high staccato notes, some animated gun;
 Or glintingly explained against the night some
 Lingering and dying in the air,
 Silence and dark return.

Again the stars, unnumbered save by an infinity,
 And each perhaps a solar scheme,
 Now following a hopeless course of grim fatality,
 As I.

But what is death to them? How do they die?
 Death—'twas not a noise—'twas just imagination.
 If senseless form and motion have no end,
 Why then should I exist?
 And their beginning, 'ere the nebulae—
 If mystery enshrouds the first, why not the last?

A friendly sound; some whispered words, Relief.
 The night is done.
 WILLIAM GILLIGAN, S.C.

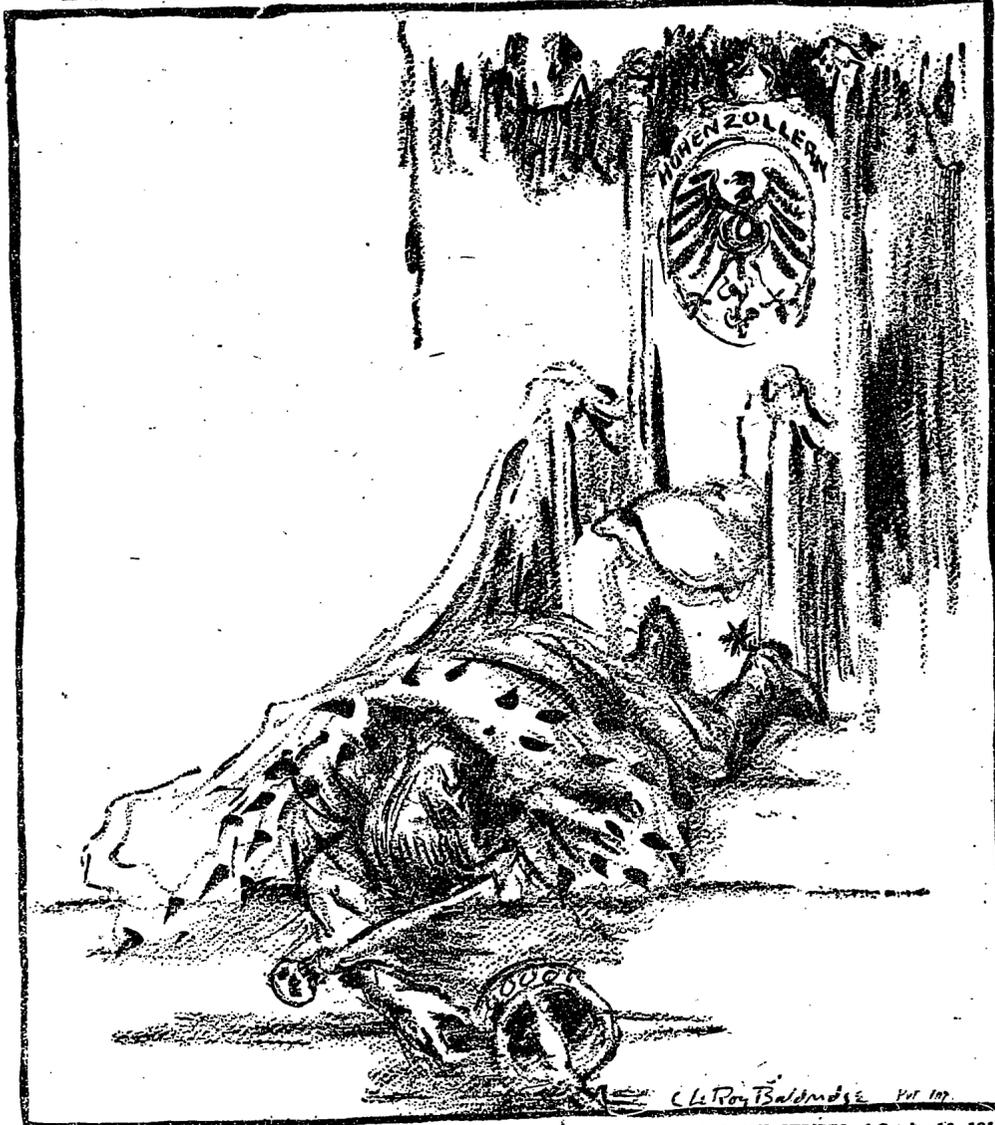
TO OUR DAY

The day of calm, the day of care,
 The day of duty and weaving;
 The day of day, the day of dare,
 And heavy hearts a-heaving.
 The day of doubt, the day of deeds,
 The day of day, the day of a-falling;
 The day to follow Him who leads
 Against the foe assailing.

The day of minds, the day of men
 So meet with purpose merging;
 The day of night, the Rule of Right,
 And all the world a-springing;
 The day of day, the day of day,
 And then—our foe a-falling;
 The day of days when Truth meets Truth,
 And O, the victory, dawnning!

COR. R. V. RANDOLPH, U.S.A., P.O.

THEN WE WILL HAVE PEACE



Reprinted from THE STARS AND STRIPES of October 18, 1918

COMING UP FOR AIR

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 Having had a life-long acquaintance with the two Vin sisters, Rouge and Blanc, and having contributed enough francs to assure all of the estimable owners in France a life of comfort and ease, I now take up the old hat and with a determined grasp, with a husky voice and inky eyes, to mutter, as did the Yank doughboy capturing a Boche machine gun and swinging it around 180 degrees, "Turn about is fair play."

For (every worthwhile argument, like a good golf game, must begin with that clarion sound), as I briefly mentioned above, having aligned myself with the wets for so long, I now intend to give my support to the dries. Which brings me to the point at issue.

Certain well meaning souls and superstitious stomachs have determined that our dear United States—the birth place of such famous celebrities as Tom Collins, Mint Julep, Johnny Walker, the brothers Haig and many more; those beloved States—embracing the fourishing cities of Milwaukee, New Orleans and New York, famous respectively for its original brown bottle, its gin fizz, and the borough cocktails, Manhattan and Bronx—those well meaning and S. S. mortals have decreed that henceforth and forever ad infinitum our States one and all shall be freed from the taint of liquor.

I am thoroughly and heartily in accord with the prohibition movement, but I modestly believe that prohibition will never come about without my aid. And so it is that I appeal to you, my brothers of the A. E. F., through the greatest 50 centime weekly extant, to give me your support.

You will all agree that you have drunk your share of liquor—maybe more than your share. Down with liquor, say I. Remember our motto: "United we stand, divided we stagger." Let us organize and formulate our plan here in France so that when we return home we can deal liquor a staggering blow.

I shall unfold my plan now and I openly invite discussion through these columns.

There are two ways of getting rid of liquor:
 (1) By prohibiting its manufacture.
 (2) By drinking it.

We must adopt both means, for even were the manufacture of liquor to cease this minute, there would still exist thousands of quarts still to be done away with. It must be done away with (even the most teetotaling Prohibitionist will grant this) but we want to do away with it with the minimum of effect upon those who have to do this great work—the drinkers.

Now, you can't raise your hand to an oncoming 77 and say "Stop." It can't be done. Neither will the one word "Kamerad" stop the doughboy's bayonet. These things must cease gradually. So with this drink business. It can only be stopped gradually (the superior minds of the S. O. S. will easily follow the logical nature of my argument) and I propose to bring this about by water.

"What is water?" I can imagine and mud-covered doughboy water is that which, when dropped gently from Heaven, causes one to be what is known as wet.

Now that I have made clear what water is, we will proceed with the question at issue, viz., how to make the country safe for prohibition.

Firstly, as I said above, we will by force of legislation prohibit the further manufacture of liquor. Secondly, we will get rid of the remaining liquor with the least harm to those who feel it their duty to down it. And this we

will do by the simple expedient of compelling all bartenders to serve all their liquors with a certain percentage of water contained therein—say 33 per cent for a starter.

Every day thereafter the bartender will be compelled to add 1 per cent more water and therefore 1 per cent less liquor. You can easily see that in 33 days a customer will be drinking a mixture containing 33 per cent water and 62 per cent liquor; in 20 days, 53 per cent water and 47 per cent liquor; in 60 days, 93 per cent water and 7 per cent liquor. At the end of 66 days it will be time to call a halt. Thereafter the percentage will remain fixed:

Thereafter the percentage will remain fixed: 1 per cent water and 99 per cent liquor until the liquor in the country is exhausted. The change in proportion will have been accomplished so gradually that the steady drinker will scarcely have noticed it, and at the end of 66 days he will enjoy the new mixture as much as he formerly did the reversed proportions, and with the minimum of harm. I, as president of the W. C. T. U., will have to grant that 1 per cent liquor mixed with 99 per cent of water is a harmless concoction.

The occasional drinker would discern the change, but he doesn't count the steady drinker in our prohibition. We will have him in a little more than two months ordering his favorite drink and consuming it with as much zeal as he formerly did a drink containing 98 per cent more liquor.

The advantages of my plan are obvious:
 (1) The drinker still drinks and enjoys his drink, but derives no harm therefrom. So we have the happy temperate drinker.

(2) The chief hue and cry raised against prohibition is silenced, for the bartender is not thrown out of a job and he is making 98 per cent more than formerly, for the water tax is negligible. Furthermore, he is doing a good work for civilization.

(3) Liquor is being gotten rid of in the best possible way.

(4) Prohibition attains its deserved place and we are all happy.

The campaign can be conducted with the aid of Monday morning talks on sobriety, Monday of course being the best day to get over your arguments.

Sir, I modestly submit my plan for the approval of the A. E. F. I invite discussion.

Humbly yours, HARV. HOLDER of the following records:
 1914—Winner of the Yale-Princeton Stone Ale Championship.
 1915—Winner of the Pan-American Mixed Drinks Championship.
 1916—Member of the Intercolligate Schooner Crew at Poughkeepsie.
 1917-18—Official taster of all liquors left behind by the Boche.

GINGER IS FOUND

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 We notice your advertisement in THE STARS AND STRIPES in regard to the whereabouts of a dog named Ginger.

We beg to state that the above mentioned dog has been transferred permanently to the Aero Squadron at this post. Said dog was arrested by the civilian police of Wendover for killing one chicken, and was fined seven shillings and six pence.

Upon his return to camp, he was court-martialed by the Judge Advocate of this post for not bringing the chicken home. However, upon further investigation the authorities realized his worth and promoted him to sergeant first class, which rank he now holds.

Any further information in regard to said dog may be communicated to the undersigned.
 PVT. PAUL ASSEY,
 Headquarters American Forces, School of Technical Training, Halton Park Camp, North, Wendover, Bucks, England.

A CLOTHES CURE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 In your edition of October 25 you bemoan the fact, and justly so, that our justly famed O. D.'s are in a quite wrinkled condition after coming from the sterilizer for the suppression of cooties and other vermin.

Allow a suggestion from one who has had a little experience along this line. Fold the trousers and blouse similarly to the way in which they were when issued, then tie in a bundle in the usual way, and when sterilized hang where they can air for 30 minutes or an hour.

PVT. FRED P. OUBOUS, M. D.

A SISTER'S PRAISE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 Since coming over here, about three months ago, I have had to travel around France alone a number of times. It has been no easy task for a woman speaking only a few words of French.

But always I have found the local American M. P.'s, the men stationed at the Provost Marshal's and P. T. offices, were my everlasting help in time of need. Their unflinching courtesy and willingness to go out of their way to help me check baggage, get my transportation and locate lost baggage was a source of wonder, in face of all the demands made on them.

When individual members of these organizations made time in the mad rush to see that I got a seat, carried my hand baggage to the train for me and invariably tried to put me in compartments with Americans, and once or twice ran back and thrust into my hands copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES or American magazines, my admiration was boundless.

They are a little heralded part of the A. E. F., and I take this opportunity of paying them this humble tribute. Nothing too good can be said for them and for every member of the A. E. F. with whom I've traveled, all of whom seem to have taken upon themselves the duty of looking after their American sisters engaged in war work.

KATHLEEN HILLS, A. R. C.

WORK AND PLAY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 Our organization has never contributed any news to our own paper, so here goes a little item which may be of interest to other Engineer bands. Our band consists of 27 pieces, a volunteer band, doing our eight hours' work per day, two hour rehearsals and four concerts per week. However, we do not stop there, but are putting on vaudeville acts, minstrels and other pieces. In our bunch we have a number of professional vaudeville performers and actors.

Now that you know us, we'll cite the news. At one camp where we were stationed 15 members of the band erected a barracks 100 by 20 feet in four days and in beautiful order. On the fourth night we selected two orchestras from the band, moved a piano from a nearby town and put on a dance. French girls were there in number and a wonderful time was had by all.

At the next camp we traveled to we put on a 14 act vaudeville show. The band here has a quartet known as the "Castle Four." This is the original "Castle Four" known to the vaudeville patrons in the States.

Perhaps other bands are engineering as well, but we write hoping other windjammers will know that there is one outfit over here furnishing the boys with entertainment galore.
 ENGINEERS' BAND.

A REB SPEAKS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 About this pro and con argument relative to Yank as a monicker for the A. E. F. I am sure that you have heard a host that they did not surrender. Until I was quite a husky chap I believed that "damn Yankee" was one word, and Republican its synonym, and knew the rebel yell as a college boy knows his college yell.

In our own ante-bellum days I wore the typical, according to Northern writers, Southern slouch hat, rode horseback and shot squirrels. I still think that "Dixie" should be our national air, pronounce "corn" as "cawn," think that Robert E. Lee was the world's greatest general and Jefferson Davis, suh, the world's greatest statesman.

Speaking for myself and a not-overly-small group of fellow rebels, and exactly satisfied with the honest, hard-fisted, firm-jawed, and seemingly-inevitable nickname of Yank, and say, with one of the papers back home: "Let Yank be the official battle name of our boys, and the rebel yell their official battle cry."
 W. E. DAVIS, Fvt., F. A.

ANSWER?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 Would you kindly advise me, through your valued columns, who it was that put the S. O. L. in soldier?

PVT. HAROLD AMMONS, ENGRS.