

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Force, authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1919.

AMERICA'S BOOTY

It has been said more than once that America entered this war for no material advantage. It will often be said again in the weeks of debate that lie ahead. Don't you believe it.

RUSSIA

To the teeming millions of Russia the signing of the armistice meant nothing. One of its articles abrogated the pernicious and illicit treaty of Brest-Litovsk, that humiliating document which, had it been allowed to stand, had it been more binding than a promise exacted by a murderer with a gun at his victim's breast, would have meant her dismemberment.

In terms of territory, the abrogation of the Brest-Litovsk treaty won back for Russia more than France gained by the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, more than Austria lost in the creation of a Czechoslovak state. But to sorely burdened, sorely-beset Russia it all meant nothing.

THE SCHOOLMASTERS

There is some reason to believe that, for a generation now, the custom among practical men of using "schoolmaster" as a term of mildly derisive pity will go out of fashion.

HANDS ACROSS THE CHANNEL

As Americans, the members of the A.E.F. are extremely gratified to learn of the rousing reception accorded their President in the British capital. As soldiers, they appreciate the tumultuous welcome to their Commander-in-Chief, and they are sure that the Navy, which has enjoyed even closer association with the fighting men of Britain than has the Army, appreciates it as well.

OF ONE ACCORD

"You knew what was expected of you and you did it. I know what you and the people at home expect of me; and I am happy to say, my fellow-countrymen, that I do not find in the hearts of the great leaders with whom it is my privilege to co-operate any difference of principle or of fundamental purpose.

WHAT A DAY!

If you are fretting about when you are going home, read this letter from a dough-boy who is already there: "I came home on the first transport. I was in a hospital in England and when I saw my name on the list of homebound passengers I was almost overcome with delight.

be imagined. At one stroke it knocks down the whole flimsy structure of doubt and mistrust which our enemies have been endeavoring, ever since the signing of the armistice, to erect in the minds of loyal Americans and their Allies.

PRAESIDIA REGNI

Perspective is the art of representing objects as they appear, relatively, to the eye in nature. It is the sense of proportion by which things seen in vista take on new values as when a line of telegraph poles draw closer and closer together until, in the dim distance, the space between them seems to vanish, and they meet.

So, in the perspective of history, tedious decades vanish from the sight of man and things separated by many years are appreciated at last as part of one continuous event. Thus it seems probable that the historian of 2019 will write down the Franco-Prussian War as having begun in the year 1870 and ended at the gates of Sedan in the fall of 1918.

And he will ask himself, this historian, what befell during the truce to make the vanquished of 1870, the victor of 1918. By what miracle could a nation that had emerged broken, humiliated, ruined from the first campaign, re-enter, the lists against an enemy far larger, for more populous, far, far richer in all the material arms and resources of military power, and emerge this second time triumphant?

It was no miracle. It was simply this, that, while the Germans had spent the truce making guns, France had spent it making guns and friends. Rising from the ashes of her first defeat, she reached out across the channel and struck hands with her enemy of a thousand years. Looking westward, she won back the old affection of America which had grown chill through half a century of neglect.

Let them write it large—that motto—over the door of the great chamber where now the delegates of civilization sit in council on the future of mankind.

PAPER WORK

The machine guns have quit, but the typewriters are still busy. Up and down the length and breadth of the Army they go battering their way on through service records, from-to-subjects, payrolls, requisitions, transfers, court-martial data, travel orders, clothing slips, passes, and—yes—orders home.

A BRITON'S VIEW

The purpose in presenting through their newspaper to the A.E.F. the summary of their labors from May, 1917, to the armistice, as prepared for the Secretary of War by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F., was to permit every man in service to know what America had been told officially.

Sometimes—although not often—the Yank is worried because he is charged with bragging a bit. For that reason it is well to know what others think of us. And, accordingly, there is presented on this page the British viewpoint as held by perhaps the best known of the British military critics, Lt. Col. Repington. The presentation of his views is permitted by the courtesy of the Morning Post, London, which retains copyright.

Although it is against the policy of THE STARS AND STRIPES to print anything which is not the work of a member of the A.E.F., exception has been made in this instance because there was no other sure way of getting these facts before the American soldiers in France and Germany. And it is their right to know the fine things said of them by a Briton who is qualified to talk about them.

The Army's Poets

WOODROW WILSON

(Presented to the President as a Christmas greeting from an American soldier.) Behold the man from out the West! He comes like cheerful guiding light; The friend alike of high and low. This dauntless champion of the right.

Again the West sends to the East As off the child to mother turns, A prophet bearing healing truth, Who ancient form and fancy spurns.

At last he comes to speak plain truth, Fix peace forever firm on high; To help us clear away the dross, To bring sweet reason's counsels nigh.

At last the people's cry is heard; Imperial thrones fall hour by hour, And now the men who worked and fought Are those who hold the reins of power.

Those simple unpretending folk, Who tread unseen life's toilsome way, Are those who braved both fire and steel, At every front of bloody fray.

But hark! The world attends his words, So free from passion's burning sting; So clear, so full of pregnant thought, Like chimes of Mercy. Hear them ring:

"America unselfish came, To stay the reckless war lord's hand; To aid the right, to punish wrong, Encourage freedom in each land.

"We ask no loot of land or gold, No spoils wrung hard from labor's brow; Let history teach her lessons hard, Let's build our children's future now.

"We simply ask the right to speak, For men who bore long years of strife; For widows and for orphans made, Who drink the draught of sorrow's life.

"They have no pen nor tongue of flame; Though dumb, their heart-beats move our heart, We sense the thoughts that fill their minds; We claim the right to voice their part.

"Since millions died for freedom's life, How precious must that freedom be! What price in blood the race has paid, To save the boon of liberty!

"Let's lay the soldier's saber down, Let's form a world court, strong and fair, Where all the nations shall complain, And safely ask for judgment there.

"Henceforth, the world should live in peace, Employ its power to strengthen life; No more should envy point the way To selfish ends and ruinous strife.

"We must build, where the fathers quit, A stately mansion for the world, From now henceforth let right rule might, The flag of war be henceforth furled." J. J. McS., Capt., Inf.

THE DOUGHBOY'S LILT

I'm jus' a happy 's I kin be; I gotta Lieut—ee workin' fer me—

Over in France in th' Great Big War, Up ther' in front mid th' cannons' roar— 'Twas diff'rent ther'.

This Lieut come in an' he says to me, "I need a job, Buck, an' you see—"

"Now ther's in France when this Lieut—ee Things m'ore right soon or somethin' broke, 'Twas diff'rent ther'.

I spoke right up, an' says, "M' man, I'm boss 'round here, y' understand—"

Oh, boy! C'n you imagine me Sayin' that t' th' same Lieut—ee In France? 'Twas diff'rent ther'.

He says, "All right; don't rub it sore." So I took 'im in m' grocery store.

Wow! Over here since th' Great Big War, Far from th' Front an' th' cannons' roar— It's diff'rent here.

I'm jus' 's happy 's I kin be; I gotta Lieut—ee workin' fer me. Lewis L. Curry, Sgt. Maj., Hq., 147th M.G. Bn.

A PRAYER OF VICTORY

All things come to Thee, O God! Thine own, to Thee remain. Though desolate the way we trod, We saw Thee in our pain.

The beauty and the might of truth, The starlight way of right, Were fast before our age and youth, Their vision and their light.

The deaths we died, the blood we bled, Was in the faith we hold, We were not those whose souls have fled Into that gloried fold.

Their Sanctus rings eternally, In a deathless fame, They died that this, Thine earth, might be Still worthy of Thy name. Paul Hyde Bonner, 2nd Lt., D.C.I.

APRES LA GUERRE

There's gonna be a jubilee when I come marching home, And hit the spots I know before the war; Just wait until I plant my kicks inside a paper room.

And read that sign of "Welcome" on the door!

I'm gonna bid a fond farewell to slum and army bean, Inspections, C.C. pills and second loots, And when I rise each morning at eleven-sev'n There'll be no bugle-calls or hungry coots.

Just turn me loose along the pike I used to know so well, Before the bloomin' Prussians butted in, And maybe I won't tell the folks just how we gave 'em hell, At the closed the small-time squareheads to Berlin!

We'll have a grand reunion of the boys who gave the call, When gallant France was bleeding on the rack; We'll tell about our Polu pal, the gamest in the band, And how we made old Jerry show his back.

And maybe on that happy night when we gave the call, We'll miss some old-time faces in the line— But in our hearts we'll keep a place for those who paid the toll, Whose memory gave us strength to reach the Rhine.

Howard A. Herty, Cpl., Inf.

JOHN DOE—BUCK PRIVATE

Who was it, picked from civil life And plunged in deadly, frenzied strife Against a Devil's dreadful might? Just plain "John Doe—Buck Private."

Who jumped the counter for the trench, And left fair shores for all the stench, An' mud, and death, and bloody drench? Your simple, plain "Buck Private."

Who, when his nerves were on the hop, With courage scaled the bloody top? Who was it made the "J. Doe" of the line? "J. Doe (no stripes) Buck Private."

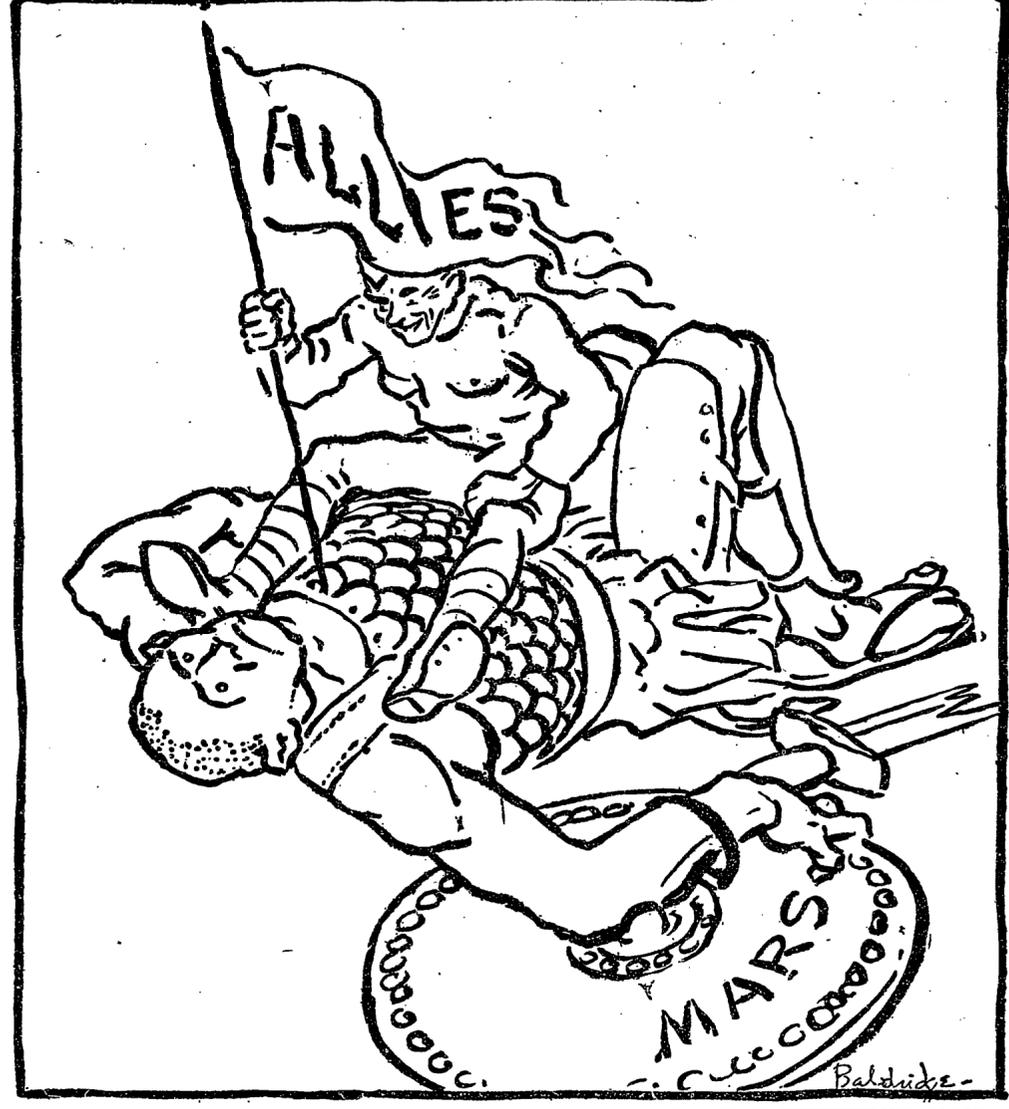
Who, underneath his training tan Is, every single inch, An' best of all, American? "John Doe, just plain Buck Private."

Who saw his job and did it well? Who smiles so bland—yet fights like Hell? Who rang again the Freedom bell? 'Twas only "Doe—Buck Private."

Who was it lunged and struck and tore His bayonet deep into Hun gore? Who was it helped to win the war? "John Doe (no brains) Buck Private."

Who, heading not the laurel pile That scheming other men beguile, Stands modestly amid the "Buck Private." "John Doe (God's kind) Buck Private." Allan R. Thomson, Sgt., Hq., Detch., 51st Div.

"NOW Do You Believe in a League of Nations?"



AMERICA'S EFFORT: A BRITISH TRIBUTE

By Lieut. Col. Repington, Military Critic of the "Morning Post," London

(Copyright, Reprinted by Special Permission.) A military critic in time of war is necessarily debarred from mentioning the numbers and units of the armies fighting on his own country's side while active operations are in progress.

When I was with the American Army toward the close of last year's campaign, only the first two divisions were in France, but with them had come a quantity of administrative troops and service to prepare the ground for others whose arrival was expected at dates fixed in advance.

In accordance with the plan, there were four American divisions in France by January 1 of this year, six on February 1, and eight on March 1, at which latter date only two divisions were fit to be in the line, and none in active sectors.

The British defeat at St. Quentin on March 21 found the American Army in France far from strong. The leading idea of our political War Cabinet—an idea never shared by our General Staff or our Command in France—was that we were over-insured in the West, and that the war could be and should be won elsewhere.

The American Government acceded to this request in the most loyal and generous manner. Assured by their Allies in France that the latter could fit out the American infantry divisions on their arrival with guns, horses and transport, the Americans packed their infantry transport in the ships, and left to a later occasion the dispatch to France of guns, horses, transport, labor units, flying service, rolling stock, and a score of other things originally destined for transport with the divisions.

The number of American divisions placed in France on the 1st of each month up to November 1, and the number actually in the line and in reserve at the same dates, have been as follows:

Table with columns: Date, In France, In Line, and In Reserve. Rows include dates from April 1 to November 1, 1918.

Had the war gone on, it was the intention of America to double these figures and to place 80 divisions in France by April, 1919. There is little doubt that this could have been done, but the numbers which had been brought across the ocean. The largest number of American troops employed in France at any one time was on September 26, on which day General Pershing's Meuse-Argonne offensive was launched. These numbers were:

Table with columns: Category and Number. Rows include Combatants (1,224,720) and Non-Combatants (433,764).

It was the settled policy of the American Government and of General Pershing to build up as rapidly as possible a great American Army in the east of France, but meanwhile to help others wherever help was needed. At Cantigny the Americans conducted a first considerable attack on their own account in the right sector of Mondidier and were completely successful. They helped to arrest the German rush from the Aisne to the Marne, fought fierce and bitter actions near Chateau-Thierry, and took distinguished part in Foch's great offensive, led by Mangin and Degoutte on the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry front.

It has always been my opinion since 1914 that, viewing the position in which the belligerent armies stood in France, an advance down the Meuse by the Allies was the right and decisive strategy when our forces were strong enough to undertake it as well as to guard themselves from the side of Metz. It was the Meuse-Argonne offensive, prolonged westward by the French Armies, responded to this idea, and when I learned that the leading rôle in it was assigned to the Americans I was very well pleased, because I trusted them.