

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1919.

VETERANS ALL

The air these days is crowded with suggestions for the forming of a veterans' association to preserve the American comradeship of the war, to inherit the task and the glory of the G.A.R. Tomorrow a caucus will open in Paris to plan, tentatively, an organization to perpetuate "the relationships formed in the military service."

If such an organization is to thrive and serve America, it will be tied to no creed or party. It will grind no axes. It will forget the distinctions of rank which the Army happened to require for its job in hand; for, of course, times have greatly changed since the days when the society of the Cincinnati and the Loyal Legion were formed for officers only and the descendants of officers.

Rather will it try to carry back into civilian life something of the shoulder-to-shoulder spirit of a citizen army, drawn from all social classes, all geographical sections of the people that sent it forth—a citizen army in which the scholar divided the millionaire's buttoned shelter-halves with the laborer, in which the descendants of the Mayflower company buddied with the later immigrants.

Naturally, it will, for a time, look back through the softening mists of memory on these days of camp and bivouac, and yet, if its chief stock in trade is reminiscence, if it looks only backward, then will the germ of death be in its fiber at its very birth, and its days will be short in the land.

The only veterans' association worth forming will be one that speaks to all the millions of America's youth that were enlisted to fight once more the age-long fight for freedom and, as they melt back into the body of American citizenship, calls on them to fight that fight all the days of their lives.

There's nine two million fellows from the country of the best

Who know the cause for which their comrades died.

Who have crossed the sluggish shallows where their little life streams ran.

And broadened just a trifle, you will find; And their vision's clearer, clearer, and they hold just that much dearer, dearer, and they hold The great and glorious land they left behind!

NOT A PIPE DREAM

Statistics are a lot of fun, provided you have plenty of time in which to fool with them.

Take that little matter of 3,174,871,794 cigarettes—all smoked by the A.E.F. Assume the length of the average normal cigarette to be two and three-quarters inches, take several reams of foolscap, a gross of pencils and a half day off and you will find that if you laid them down butt to butt, they would extend 134,307.09 miles, or rather more than five times around the earth.

It would scarcely be practicable to prove this by experiment, because unless guards were posted at short intervals, little French boys would start picking up the first mile before the butt-laying detail had got out of sight.

Some difficulty would also be encountered in crossing the Steppes of Russia, the Great Wall of China, the Pacific Ocean and San Francisco Bay, but everything should be smooth sailing thereafter along the Lincoln Highway. Crowds would undoubtedly be on hand at every city and village. The local chambers of commerce throughout the United States would compete to have the nicotine chain extend through their respective communities. The Atlantic once reached, a halt would be necessary until pontoon bridges had been constructed from New York to St. Nazaire.

But by that time most of the detail would probably be AWOL.

OUR OWN HUNS

There are all sorts of fools in the A.E.F., including those who cannot see a wall without scribbling their names upon it. This form of weak-mindedness is not confined to the enlisted personnel, as is evidenced by the great accumulation of silly and offensive verse inscribed on the walls of the toilet in one of the earliest clubs for American officers in France.

It is not even confined to the A.E.F. Arras was not in an American sector, and yet the statue of the Virgin, which was marvelously spared in the destruction of the cathedral there, was not spared the desecration of having scores of names and regimental numerals carved upon it.

But the most recently discovered offense of this sort must be debited to America. A visitor to the grave of Sgt. Joyce Kilmer, the poet, who lies with 700 others of the Rainbow's dead in a little cemetery on the bitterly contested heights beyond the Ourcq, noted that some one had made off with the dead soldier's identification disk, and that on the plain wooden cross was scrawled, for all the world to read, the otherwise undistinguished names of two American sightseers.

Pretty rotten, wasn't it?

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

History is making giant strides these days—as several hundred persons have sagely remarked—both at home and over here. The A.E.F. has done its share, but its efforts pale into insignificance compared with the tremendous achievements of those who couldn't, or didn't, get over. Though we, in our simple way, have conceived the fancy that we were keeping tolerably busy playing ten-pins with dynasties and autocracies, the shameful truth is that we have

been leading lives of languorous luxury. We have been destroying institutions: the folks at home have built 'em up and knocked 'em over, just for the helluvit.

There is—or, rather, was—for example, the "shimmy shiver," a creation designated by its adherents as an original dance of the naughty-naughty variety, and by its opponents in a number of polysyllabic and opprobrious terms. The master mind which invented the shimmy shiver had not begun to operate when we left home, and we never had a chance to learn it. Now, we read in the papers, it has been abolished, along with Schlitz, campaign hats and other agencies of the Evil One, and we never shall have a chance to learn it.

Some day, maybe, a group of depraved individuals will gather down in Sid Johnson's barn on the Onion Creek Road for a revival of this gone-but-not-forgotten dissipation. There will be a sentry on the door to guard against constabular interference, and all will be merry while the shimmy shiver until the small hours. But the ex-member of the A.E.F. who has been lured thither through the specious promises of a silver-striper must turn his face to the wall and blushing confess that he doesn't know how. And then the multitude will turn upon him and demand accusingly: "What were YOU doing during the great war?"

BAD BOYS

Few A.E.F. war stories will be repeated more than the accounts, already shrouded in the pleasant haze of exaggeration, of the Battle of Bow Street.

An M.P. knocked in the head from behind, a bobby or two laid out cold, General Harum Skarum in command, and devil take the hindmost—it was as funny as it was unfortunate.

It will mean harder work for the A.P.M. in London; it will probably restrict the privileges of leave men in England, who heretofore have enjoyed an amount of freedom with which they were favored nowhere else.

At its best, it is a regrettable affront to hospitality.

THE PREACHER WAS RIGHT

There is one class of war profiteer, common to France, America and every other fighting country under the sun, that Congresses and Chambers of Deputies and Parliaments have, so far as we know, failed to reach. It is a very innocent class. Business comes to them; they do not have to go out after it. Their pre-war rates have been boosted slightly, but they always were high. And they do not strictly represent, in this particular aspect of their activities, a strictly essential war industry. But it would be an awful war without them.

We refer to the photographers. More cameras, both amateur and professional, have been focussed on members of the military profession during recent months than artillery.

It is, perhaps, an innocent vanity. The family archives would be incomplete without a likeness of George in his first O.D.'s, with his right arm twisted around out of all human semblance that his corporal's chevrons might be better displayed. And what a boon for second lieutenant! The most skilled eye cannot tell gold from silver bars in a photograph.

BEHIND THE LINES

THE STARS AND STRIPES begins this week the publication of a series of articles covering in brief summary the work of several departments of the A.E.F. whose roots have necessarily been laid in the S.O.S. These, with the battle series which has now been running for several weeks, will form virtually a synopsis of the American Army's activities in France.

The line of cleavage is not so marked, however, as the strictures imposed in the writing of these two series might make it appear to be. Where did the S.O.S. end and the front begin? Not, surely, with the dotted line marked on our headquarters maps. Was it simply a question of being beyond sound of the guns? Or beyond airplane reach?

The mere definition does not, after all, really amount to much. The vital thing is that there had to be an S.O.S. and that there had to be personnel to run it. If the conformation of the globe had made the Atlantic ocean a narrow creek which a squad of Engineers could have boarded up in half a day, it would have been different.

Now that the war is over, there is one fact about the S.O.S. that the S.O.S. might be pardoned for forgetting. Somebody said, in the distant past of 1917, that it was better to plan for a seven years' war and have it last seven weeks than to plan for a seven weeks' war and have it last eight. If the S.O.S. could have been organized on the theory that the war would end at 11 o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1918, it would have been one of the nicest bits of calculation ever worked out.

Only, if the war had lasted until 11:30 that same morning, there would have been an awful lot of court-martials.

WELL, WELL!

In the February 22 issue of The Saturday Evening Post there is a picture of our troops hoofing it along the Moselle River drive outside Grevenmacher with a cluster of affable natives waving them on their way. The caption of the picture reads, "American Soldiers Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Down the Banks of the Rhine Into Germany." Presumably, they then sailed up the Thames and landed at Paris, the capital of Italy.

THE Y.M.C.A.

Recently there was published on this page a staunch defense of the much-belabored Y.M.C.A. which came in the morning mail from a brother of an Irish Marine who signed himself "Silent Sufferer." Other sufferers, about equally silent, have sent in ever since a deluge of replies, almost all of which, it is only proper to acknowledge, dissent with emotion, not to say violence, from his viewpoint. These answers will be left regretfully unpublished, not, as some of their writers predicted, because this newspaper is timid, but because, in order to print even a third of them, it would be necessary to get out a special supplement. Besides, they did not have novelty to recommend them.

The Army's Poets

WAITING

Oh, I've fought in the fight
For the Truth and the Right,
From the Marne to the shores of the Rhine,
I have shed my blood
In the crimson flood,
With never a groan nor a whine.
But now that it's done,
And the victory won,
I'm a child, with a childish pray;
For the waiting game
Is the hardest game,
With a tear never felt "up there."
Ev'ry night while I wait
In this hole that I hate
For the ship that will carry me home,
Wild dreams fill my brain
And I scream with a pain
Never felt in the hell of Argonne.

All the days mock at me
And wild passions set free
Are the foes that no bullets can kill.
So I pray as a child,
With the faith of a child,
That pray: that puts steel in my will:
"Oh, God, keep me straight,
In these days that I wait,
As you staided my soul at Sedan.
That I may not fall,
That back home I may sail,
With clean heart to my native land."
E. A. HANCOX,
Pvt., Co. E, 15th Regt., U.S.M.C.

DRINKIN' ON THE RHINE

A soldier from Milwaukee lay dying in the rear,
There was lack of vicious comfort, there was lack
Of even beer.
He had fought the fight of absence—fifteen days
He'd been away:
As he gasped his last a comrade bent to hear
What he might say:
"Tell the boys I'll soon be pushing up the daisies
Here in France,
While the Allied hosts in Germany are holding
Their advance,
That I'll never live to realize this one fond
Dream of mine—
Of drinking beer in Bingen, dear Bingen on the
Rhine."

"Ah comrade, it shall never be! I'm done, and
that's no lie,
But, oh, for one good schooner or a stein before
die!
I'm sick, so sick of plinard and the wines they
serve you here
That the signing of the peace pact makes me
think of frothy beer.
Serve in some old quaint Bierlokal reeking of
the smell of kraut,
Not by some coquetish mam'selle, but by
Gretchen fat and stout;
And I'd forget about the days of cognac and of
wine
With a pall of suds before me, there in Bingen
on the Rhine."
DAVID DARRAH, Mallet Reserve.

HELL, YES!

"Private Williams, take the floor;
How much, please, is two plus four?
Three times seven, minus eight,
Leave just what, you'll kindly state?
If you have six porcupines,
Five fall down and cracked their spines,
Just how many would remain?
Write it down and make it plain."

Now ain't that a healthy way
For a soldier man to play
Ev'ry evenin' more or less?
HELL, Yes!—HELL, Yes!

"Private Johnson, take the floor;
Please bound Lever Labrador,
How much cheese does Spain import
From the Duchy of Connaught?
If you went to Timbuctoo
What canal would you pass through?
Where's the biggest swamp in Maine?
Tell us that and make it plain."

Now ain't that a lovely song
For a man who's big and strong
N' achin' for some happiness?
HELL, Yes!—HELL, Yes!
"Private Murray, take the floor;
Scan this philippic Singapore,
How did Alsace come to France?
Name King William's maiden aunt,
Tell us how Napoleon
Won the battle of Bull Run,
Who in Louis Quinze's reign
First used soup? Now please explain."

Now ain't that a gorgeous tune
For a soldier guy to croon
Night—an' mornin's, too, I guess?
HELL, Yes!—HELL, Yes!
"Private Perkins, take the floor;
Scan this philippic Laylock,
Who was Kant and who was Locke?
Why did Hickry Dickry Dock
Run about and play when he
Might have read philosophy
And learned to talk in high-brow strain?
I dare you, sir, to make it plain."

Now ain't that a scrumptious way
For a hulkin' man to play?
Next they'll teach us how to dress.
HELL, Yes!—HELL, Yes!
T. G. BROWN, Cpl., 51st Pioneer Inf.

THE STRETCHER BEARERS

While they're passin' round these Croix de
Guerrres an' D.S.C.'s an' such,
There's a guy I'd like to recommend—he isn't
mentioned much.
His job is nothin' fancy, an' he doesn't get much
fame.
He is just a stretcher bearer, but, believe me, Bo,
he's game.
(Who am I? Why just a doughboy. Perhaps
You know my rep.)
An' I used to kid the Pll Brigade for gettin' out
of step;
But since we had this war of ours, I've seen what
he can do.
An' perhaps this little story may explain my
change of view.

I was lyin' there one morning, with my nose
jammed in the dirt,
While the boys around me made the tiny
dust-clouds spurt.
In half a wishin' I was thinnin', an' a-longin' to
be home,
Or any place away from there, from Mexico to
ahead,
An' I knew we couldn't reach him, so I gave him
up for dead.
But two stretcher bearers started, an' I figured
they was gone.
Still they never hesitated—just went on, and on,
and on,
They just sort of hunched their shoulders like it
was a shower of rain,
An' they went out to my buddy—an' they brought
him back again.

It's not so hard to face the Boche an' let him
shoot at you,
When you've got an automatic an' can do some
shootin', too,
But those two boys went marchin' out, without a
single chance
Except to push up daisies in some sunny field in
France.
They saw their job an' did it, without any fuss
or talk,
Just as calm an' serenely as you'd start out
for a walk.
Believe me, that takes courage, an' I'll hand it
to them, then,
And you, non-combatants, but they're
soldiers and they're Men.
FRANK G. TILSON.

LEFT BEHIND

I got a letter from
My girl. She said,
I love you,
When the mud is
Thick, and
You have a large pack on
Your back
And you are hungry
And tired
Think of me,
I love you,
And one day we were
On the march,
The mud was
Thick, and
I had a large
Pack on
My back
And I was
Hungry
And tired, when
I fell to thinking
Of her.
And
A lieutenant
Gave me
A swift kick
And set me to
Double timing
Catch up.
HARRY L. PARKER, 1st Lieut., Inf.

TORIES



SCENE IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES, 1775

"What's this union of States these radicals want to form?"
"Oh, just another wild scheme—a society to unite the various elements over the whole country.
But of course it can never be successful—our interests are too divergent—civilization is not yet ready
for those hazy dreams—too idealistic. . . ."

WHAT ABOUT COMPANY FUNDS?

Now that we are going home, what about the dollars, francs, marks, lire, shillings and kopeks which the companies of the A.E.F., scattered through Europe, have been accumulating in their company funds—the spare and buckshee piles of assorted simoleons that have drifted into the profits of post exchanges, company barber shops, tailor shops?

Almost every company in the A.E.F. has its own collective bank account—a fund that is the property of all the men in the company as long as the company retains its organization. But the company fund becomes the property of the Government when the company ceases to exist. And there are a whole lot of companies which will go out of existence very soon. The company fund problem is a big one these days at the embarkation camps.

Army Regulations prescribe that the fund of the company may be expended only for the benefit of all the company—it may not be divided pro rata among the men even to escape the necessity of handing it over to the Government.

The expenditure of the fund is in the hands of a company council which is authorized to designate things for which payment may be made, subject to rules which have been formulated from time to time by various headquarters and the standing rules of Army Regulations under Article XXXIII, Paragraph 327.

In general, wide latitude is permitted company councils in determining how they shall spend the company money, so long as the spending is for the good of all the men—for their comfort or pleasure—and not for the specific benefit of a few. Full accounts of all receipts and expenditures must be kept and audited at least once every three months by a higher authority than the immediate commander.

A recent General Order provides that all company funds will be in unquestionable order before the officer directly responsible for their supervision is permitted to embark with the organization for the States, and this officer and necessary witnesses may be kept in France for the purpose of straightening up affairs after the organization has embarked, should such a step be necessary.

So, the question, "What shall we do with the company fund?" is being talked over everywhere in the A.E.F. today, except in those organiza-

tions which didn't believe in any rainy day savings or in which the collective epicure appetite automatically depleted the fund each month to the point where it is not worth talking about.

In a great many organizations heading seaward, however, the company fund is a real asset, containing 10,000 francs and more. In one company stationed rather far from supply bases, dissatisfaction arose over the mess, and a committee inquired into the possibilities of supplementing issue food with commissary purchases. They met with the explanation that the company's 10,000 francs was being saved to buy oranges on board ship, or possibly food at other stages of the demobilization journey homeward. The mess became better immediately. Cases of unutilized company funds may be caused by lack of facilities to obtain proper benefits, by pressure of work or other things.

Most company commanders and company councils have taken care of the fund energetically. In many companies anniversary banquets have been given. In others money was spent for photographs of memorable places associated with the company's fighting, prepared in the form of a souvenir booklet. The souvenir booklet idea has had a wide adaptation, some outfits getting up illustrated adaptations containing the company roster.

Company baseball and football teams have been given the backing of company funds in many cases, supplementing aid received from Army auxiliary organizations. Musical instruments were purchased as common property. Costumes for elaborately staged company shows were also furnished out of the funds, and the general expenses for such shows were underwritten by the fund. Before a certain General Order went into effect there threatened to be a shortage of Belgian police dogs in France, due to the demand in the market created by company fund buyers. In fact, there have been so many and such novel uses to which company funds have been put that they can't all be listed here now.

To help companies which may be trying to decide what to do with their funds, THE STARS AND STRIPES calls for letters from the whole A.E.F. on what other companies have done. What company has or had the largest company fund? How was it raised? For what is it being spent? What unusual accomplishments or uses were associated with the funds?

IT'LL BE OVER THEN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
You may have noticed that I am not a delegate to the Peace Conference and have not been publicly referred to as an important adviser of Marshal Foch.

I, therefore, take this opportunity of presenting my thoroughly unsolicited opinion of what shall constitute the final proof that the Boche are "finesh," regardless of the number of locomotives, etc., they have not delivered.

Of course, I understand from the papers that on November 11 last an armistice or something of the kind happened in certain parts, though as yet "business as usual" flourishes in the S.O.S. You have accordingly not seen any communiques from me officially consenting that the war is now history.

Paint a little picture of imagination, with yours truly as the main squeeze.

I sit in the big concrete stands, respectable black civvies replacing my erstwhile O.D., and a sack of peanuts on my reverend knee. One hand holds a wicked bottle of Coca-Cola, and by my heroic side sits Lulline, anon swinging her dainty foot a bit and venturing a timid question as to why the home boys always wear their uniforms. And there, right out there, all around out there, is the green grass, over which sweep the summer winds of a cloudless day, such as little children in Brest and La Pallice think is in heaven only.

Then a groover comes right over the middle of the rubber, and the sound of a solid slam comes out of the big mitt, and the Commanding Officer yells "Strike three," and the hard-nosed crowd whines "Robber"—right there I shall pronounce the war officially closed and the Kaiser officially gone where I am trying to keep most folks from going.

W. S. GOLDEN,
Chaplain, Camp Hospital No. 39.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
Why is it that the commissary at Bourges sells chocolate candy to officers only? This question was asked me a hundred times at Bourges last week.

[We bite. Why does it?—EDITOR.]

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of March 15, 1918.

AMERICANS MAKE FIRST RAIDS INTO GERMAN TRENCHES—Two Lorraine Sectors Are Scene of Invasion of Enemy's Lines—Shells Play Mighty Jass—Doughboys Gain Their Objectives and Return With Prisoners in 47 Minutes—Mad-Spattered Colonel Gay—Sergeant Rises to Profanity When Big Guns Batter Pillbox That He Wanted to Take.

ONE REGIMENT WINS 16 CROIX DE GUERRE—Whole Trench Mortar Section Cited as Sequel to Raid on Chemia des Dames.

FREE QUARTERS AND BOARD FOR MEN ON HOLIDAY—Dollar a Day to Buy Meals for All at Designated Leave Center.

NIGHT PATROLS ALWAYS ACTIVE IN TOUL SECTOR—Separate Instructions for Every Man Who Goes Out Between the Lines.

MOST OF ALPHABET IN MILITARY LAURELS—S.O.S. Is Latest Tag to Make Place for Itself in Army Records.

WAR AS IT AIN'T

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

After having served in the line for endless months I have wired Mother to take in the service flag, as I find that I know nothing—absolutely nothing—about war and things bellicose. This conclusion was forced upon me after wading through a heap of America's leading (or misleading) periodicals.

The type of magazine which has led me to believe that all my experience has gone for naught, and that when it comes to things military I am a gross ignoramus, is that which consists of a series of illustrations surrounded by words. The pictures are sine qua non and the words incidental, although oftentimes they serve to explain the sometimes puzzling illustrations.

I could go on at great length and in great detail, but I shall merely give a few examples, which may help others to educate themselves along military lines:

(1) A cover on a humorous weekly depicts a Marine, resplendent with decorations. Forming a background, similar to the painted canvas woodland scene which the photographers employ, are a doughboy and a sailor. (From this picture I assume that Uncle Sam's fighting forces consist of the Marines, the Navy and the Army.)

(2) A picture of a doughboy apparently going over the top with an automatic in one hand and a bayonet in the other. The shells are bursting near by, but he pays no attention to them. He is minus blouse, helmet and gas mask. There is no title to this picture. Feeling a bit sorry for the dauntless youth, especially should a war bit of gas blow his way, I suggest "S.O.L." as a title.

(3) The next picture which came under my scrutiny was fortunately labeled "The Officer," else I should still be at a loss to discover just what the artist meant to depict. This poor chap, probably some friend of the artist, wore a helmet with a beautifully embossed eagle thereon. Being dressed strictly according to regulation, he wore upon his collar two crossed guns, where the vast majority of officers, probably less familiar with the regulations, wear the U.S. and U.S. where the same ignorant majority plin the crossed guns. As he was apparently just about to go into the line, judging by the fearless expression upon his countenance, he naturally was wearing his Sam Browne belt. In lieu of service stripes he sported two inverted Vs. He was astride a white charger, and, in addition to a .45, he carried a saber and a guidon. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the artist's name was not affixed to this drawing.

(4) This picture was a sketch of "our boys, over there, in the trenches." Apparently, the Boche had just sent over beaucoup gas, for our valiant lad was ringing a bell by means of a huge rope (this part of the swatch was probably posed in the local belfry back home in Springfield). The other two lads were looking out for themselves. The one was about to adjust his gas mask, with nose and mouthpiece out. This innovation might be tried in the next war. The other lad, doubtless a contortionist in civil life, was attempting to don his mask over his helmet. In the distance, mounted on the top of the parapet, was a weapon—possibly one of the new Browning guns which have been so widely used by our forces—consisting of a barrel of some 75cm. caliber with a pistol grip at the breech. There was no title to this sketch. None was needed.

From these few examples you can readily see how my views of modern warfare have changed, and for this reason I have appointed myself a committee of one for the S.O.I.A. (Suppression of Imaginative Artists).

WITH ISSUE INK?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—
I suggest that men who are proud of the organization or branch they have served in have its symbol tattooed on their left arms corresponding to the shoulder pad. Then if they are changed about, or if certain well-meaning lawgivers prevent them from wearing the badge in the States, they will still have a record of which they will always be proud, which will always have for them its associations, and which no one can ever take from them.

Lieut. J. H. TOWNSEND, JR.