

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; 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.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Fifty centimes a copy. No subscriptions taken. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G-2-D. A.E.F., 32 Rue Taibout, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg, 12.95.

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1919.

HEROES

What—or who—constitutes a hero in these days of home-going, recapitulation and early reminiscence?

It recently became the happy lot of one American city to welcome back the regiment which, with laughter and tears, with kit bags and cheers, it had sent forth a year and a half before to represent it in the legion which was to—and did—preserve democracy. The home coming was a gala event. The mayor headed the Reception Committee, which included the Governor of the State and dozens of lesser citizens. The Orator of the Day dwelt long and waxed enthusiastic on his speech of welcome. The lesser speakers did, too, and the newspapers had headlines and pictures and columns and columns about the returning heroes.

A close and heartless observer of the proceedings would probably have noticed that references to the returning regiment's activities in France weren't particularly specific. The Orator of the Day spoke of the glories of Cléon-Thierry and the Argonne, of a sacred cause threatened, but preserved, but he never quite got to the point of connecting the regiment up with these affairs. Even the newspapers were neglectful of details. But there weren't any close and heartless observers in evidence, and everything went off without a hitch.

As sometimes happened in this cruelest of all wars, this particular home-town regiment didn't win the war. It started out strong. It went through squads right and vice versa for many weary days; it chased an imaginary enemy over a big fraction of a whole State. After a long time it started for France, and got there. After another long time it was about to start for the front when the war ended. To be frank, it never got any nearer battle than a billowing area. Well, are the members of this regiment heroes?

And how about the Engineer regiment which went back the other day from Bordeaux, departing from the same humble barracks which it had occupied 20 months before upon its arrival in France with the disconsoling thought that it never had been more than 100 miles away from these barracks during the whole 20 months? And how about the bunch which got in on the tail end of the grand finale of the war for just 20 minutes of action before the enemy finally breathed his last? Are these fellows heroes?

It takes a firm heart to face the future with a military record which consists of having almost got to war. At any rate, if we're going to establish an arbitrary dead line and say, "Here begins heroism," let's make it so that every man who has spent a reasonable number of hours in a breakfast mess line waiting for that wonderful mutual creation of the mess sergeant, slum à la messkit, is a hero, and let it go at that.

"I WAS THERE"

On the heights beyond Stenay the Fifth Corps, A.E.F., has erected a martial monument, adorned with tin hat, bayonet and shell, set into concrete and brick, to commemorate its "farthest north" on November 11, 1918. It is not so large, as monuments go, but it has a certain dignity, a certain sound American plainness about it that makes it a worthy memorial to America's part in wounding up the war.

The dignity of that monument is certainly not enhanced by the penciling across its titular tablet of these names:

JURICE MCKENZIE, S.S.U. 617, KANSAS.
J. B. McDONOUGH, S.S.U. 617, WISCONSIN.

Probably the fact that they were detracting from the dignity of the monument never occurred to Messrs. McKenzie and McDonough when the "I-was-there" spirit got the better of them. It ought to occur to them now that such cheap self-advertising is not worthy of American soldiers. They weren't the only ones there by a long shot—nor will they be; yet, from the appearance of that tablet, it looks very much as if they were out to hog the glory.

By now Messrs. McKenzie and McDonough are undoubtedly far, far from Stenay, and, therefore, to compel them to rub out their childish pencil marks with their naughty little noses is somewhat out of the question. But the C.O. of S.S.U. 617 certainly must know of a lot of cars that need washing and a lot of G.I. pots and pans that need scouring. And in case the C.O. doesn't read this, the top—if they have tops in the S.S.U.—will do just as well, or maybe better.

FIFTY-FIFTY

"Every one is crazy but me and thee, and sometimes I think thee is a little queer." This is an old wheeze and never fails to settle the argument when somebody tries to force his private views on a large and wise majority.

But if you don't turn to the right when you drive up Fifth Avenue you land either in the hospital or the police station, while if you do turn to the right on the Strand you will land in the infirmary or the jail. Only, they'll spell it g-a-o-l.

These two strikingly different customs, however, have not materially interfered with pleasant and satisfactory relations between England and America for a number of years.

A few French and American all-crazy-but-me's are trying to get themselves sore

over the fact that (internationally speaking) p-a-i-n doesn't always mean what it spells. Nobody expects either side to yield its private opinions on the significance of words, habits or previous conditions of servitude, but it is a sorry being, soldier or civilian, who can't realize that all the brains are not under one kind of headgear or that all the rules for living and being are not promulgated from one side of the Atlantic.

OUR JOB

Even those who are no disciples of the established order must hope, in their more lucid moments, that America's coming progress toward greater social justice will be made without violence. To be sure, the more resolute reckon pain and blood as a light cost for progress. "Blood and pain," they say scornfully. "Never a child was born without them." But, after all, pain and blood means hungry children, desolate wives, sorrowing mothers. And such pain and blood as is unhappy Russia's portion today need never be America's.

For lucky America has a better start toward that social justice, of which the day is coming as surely as God made little green apples. That justice, for which we all hunger, will be reached more swiftly and more painlessly if the A.E.F. takes back into civilian life something of what it has learned in France.

Here was a democratic army. The family that came over in the Mayflower and the more recent immigrants met at last in the same company. The university products and the unlettered few rubbed elbows. The millionaire and the laborer shared the same pup-tent, and, what is more important, reviled the same slum.

All classes were scrambled together, and it will be the salvation of America if they never again become completely unscrambled. Pitching in together, they helped win the war. Pitching in together, they can help win the peace.

WHO WON THE WAR?

If all goes well, the peace treaty will soon be ready for signature. It is quite to be expected and altogether to be desired that no country will find that treaty exactly to its liking. Should any one country emerge completely satisfied it would mean that there had not been at the conference the full degree of mutual concession which marks the community spirit when functioning wholesomely.

The more acutely dissatisfied elements will be very, very audible. They will give utterance at the top of their lungs as follows:

"The war has been fought in vain."

You will hear that said so earnestly, and on so many sides, that it will be worth while keeping in mind what arrant nonsense it is. America's chief reason for going to war—also France's chief reason and England's—was self-defense. It was to avoid capture and enslavement by Germania on a tout. It was the same purpose which animates every posse of citizens who are out to catch a maniacal burglar.

That purpose has been achieved. The burglar-nation is in the lock-up. Our chief reason for going to war, then, has already been rewarded.

If the posse, before it breaks up, can readjust the affairs of the neighborhood so as to discourage future burglarious enterprises on the part of any nation, so much the better. But don't let any one kid you into thinking for one moment that we fought the war in vain. It was Germany who did that.

PROFITEERING

The profiteer is in a class by himself. He is not capital, he is not labor, although he may be each or both. But he is a profiteer before he is anything else. He is the person who sells the Army things that he has to have at such a neat profit that he has hundreds of thousands of dollars over with which to buy Liberty Bonds—not such a bad investment; he is the restaurant keeper near a camp in the States who charges 5 cents extra for ketchup; he is the worker on a Government job who soldiers (somebody has got to change that word) simply because he is on a Government job. He is a traitor in the guise of respectability, and far, far too often he gets away with it.

Folks back home may be used to him. They have seen him develop so naturally before their very eyes that they do not know him for what he is.

You can't see a tree grow, but you can see the difference if you don't look at it for two whole years. That advantage the A.E.F. has. When it gets back it will know the profiteer in a minute. And some of the reports of "trouble" at home are only profiteering camouflage put out to cover up profiteering. It won't work.

WHAT IS LACKING?

Letter writing, remarked a noted man of letters quite a number of years ago, is a lost art. Fascinated—for there is no other word, seemingly, that fits this particular hysteria—by the modern form of penning business epistles, and harassed by the constant demands on one's time by the myriads of activities that flash up in the course of a day, letters have degenerated into a slapdash note, on the one hand, and a 20-page rhapsody about nothing, on the other.

Neither reveals, as it should reveal, a cross-section of the writer's soul or thoughts; neither does it fling into soft, intimate perspective some personal little facet that gives the recipient a fresh grip on himself, a concrete, happy, optimistic dash of what the home folks are doing.

The war, while it lasted, threw the modern type of letter into the background. Letters to France became intimate, loving, personal—and long and frequent. Evidence is unmistakable that they are dropping back into the old rut again—with what effect on the Yank can be imagined.

"Aren't you writing to your soldier friends in France any more?" a matron queried of a girl who had maintained a voluminous correspondence right up to the day of the armistice.

"Why, no," returned the young lady surprised. "The war is over, isn't it?"

All of which has its own sweeping moral.

The Army's Poets

THE SONG OF ST. NAZAIRE
Hurry on, you doughboys, with your rifle and your pack;
Bring along your cooties with your junk upon your back;
We'll house you and delouse you and we'll douse you in a bath,
And when the boat is ready you can take the Western Path.

For it's home, kid, home—when you slip away from here—
No more alum or reveille, pounding in your ear;
Back on clean, wide streets again—
Back between the sheets again—
Where a guy can lay in bed and sleep for half a year.

Hurry on, you lousy buck, for your last advance:
You are on your final hike through the mud of France;
Somewhere in the Good Old Town, you can shift the load,
Where you'll never see again an M.P. down the road.

For it's home, boy, home, with the old ship headed west;
No more cooties wandering across your manly chest;
No more M.P.'s grabbing you—
No more alum and grubbing you—
Nothing for a guy to do except to eat and rest.

Move along, you Army, while the tides are on the swell,
Where a guy can get away and not the S.O.L.
Where the gold fish passes and the last corned willy's through,
And no top sergeant's waiting with another job to do.

For it's home kid, home—when the breakers rise and fall—
Where the khaki's hanging from a nail against the wall—
Clean again and cheerful there—
Handing out an ear full there—
Where you never have to jump at the bugle's call.

GRANTLAND RICE.

WAIT AND SEE!
You thought that I thought I romantic
Just Romeo-stuff when I kissed you,
An off-to-the-war movie antic—
You smiled when I wrote how I missed you.

You thought that squads east, the Atlantic
And distance and war quite convinces
A fellow he ought to grow frantic
And rave of his "Far-Away Princess!"

Well, perhaps my farewell was romantic,
And there's nothing to prove that I miss you,
But you'll know it's no movie-star's antic
The day that we land, and I kiss you!
H. R. B. Artillery.

TRIALS OF AN M.P.
"Who won the war?" This battle-cry
They shout at me as they pass by
From box-car doors, and at a glance,
I have them placed—three weeks in France—
Unwashed, unkempt and shabby, all,
Corn-willy fed, and so they bawled,
Their rage at me as they rush past,
A dandy bunch to dare to ask
Who won the war?

"Who won the war?" The brave M.P.'s
A drunken soldier flings the wheeze
And so I'm punished. I'm rather sore;
"What outfit Jack?" "The Q.M. Corps"
I have to laugh, but on I lead,
He sobers up and stalls and pleads,
But no avail, so on we go
Up to the cap and hat him know
Who won the war.

"Who won the war?" He's in a crowd,
And shouts it out so very loud
That you would think that he must be
The winner of a D.S.C.
But guess again; he's too afraid
To show his face, and how he stayed
Back out of sight, the cowardly stiff
Dares not come out and ask me if
We won the war.

"Who won the war?" He asks it low,
I turned around to let him know,
And then he laughs, "How are you, pal,
How are you, pal?"
A doughboy buck just buck on leave,
With wounds and years shown on his sleeves,
I set him right, I'll tell you why
I can't get peace; here is the guy
Who won the war.

B. W. L.

RIGHT OF WAY
I can parley voux with Francois, sprechen deutsch with Heinele Stein,
I like to interlard my talk with bits of foreign chatter,
I can order beer or beefsteak from the base ports to the Rhine,
Some times they don't quite get me, but that's my matter,
The pullu may say, "No compree," Fritz may night verstay,
But I keeps spoutin' foreign, for it sounds so distant.

I picked up some hally cockney, 'fore I'd ever won a stripe,
(I told the Johns I got it when I visited a duchess.)
I know sev'ral words of Russian, I think Dago talk's a pipe,
I know a comic Greek yank that's as funny as a crutch is.

(The company barber taught it me, one time he cut my hair—
I don't know what the words all mean, but he says it's a bear.)
I can wax 'em up some, but then, ca ne fait rien.
Variety in what I say has always been my motto.

I never sink down low enough to talk American,
(Except when I send roll-call—and then, of course, I've got to.)
But somehow something tells me, though admittin' I I hates,
Some day I'll say "God bless you, folks," in plain United States.

TIP BLISS.

THAT HAPPY DAY
New Yorkers may talk of the longing to walk
Down the Broadway of chorus girls, lobsters and steaks;
New Englanders sigh for the old apple pie
And the doughnuts that mother and no one else makes;

Many folks on these shores
In the middle of the night
Sight anew in their sleep Madame Liberty flame;
Most of us dream
Of the peaches and cream
In the smile of one girl—that is part of the game.

But what does it matter?
In all of this clutter
It's quite clear what's wanted by A.E.F. men.
What we all mean to say
Is "Hasten the day
When we have to put stamps on our letters again!" "510"

MERRY NYMPH OF MAYTIME
Merry nymph of Maytime
Whistling in the trees,
Sighing o'er the hilltops,
Weaving in to breeze;
Oft and oft I've sought you,
Daring little flirt;
Supposing I had caught you!
Really, that would hurt,
'Cause you're a nymph, a fairy,
A goddess of the spring,
Supposing that I caught you—
What sadness that would bring!
WILFRED C. DOLBE,
Sgt., 151st Co., T.C.

OUR DEAD
To you, our honored dead, who gave
Your all that Freedom's banner,
Free from shame, might proudly wave
Before the world forever.

To you who lie in peaceful rest
Beneath the silent crosses,
We pledge our all, our lives, our best,
To "Carry On" forever.

The charge you left we gladly take,
Not ask for aught, but that
Worthily, for your dear sake,
We "Carry On" forever.

WALKER, 6th Marines.

THE OFFICE BOY RETURNS



A MISUNDERSTANDING

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
In the New Republic of February 22 there was an article entitled "Misjudging France," in which it was said of the French that the "deepest desire of their hearts is to have their house to themselves."

I agree with the article on the whole—certainly the American doughboy has grossly misjudged the French nation—and certainly in many, many cases the people are heartily sick of him and would gladly see him in hell, heaven or Hoboken tout de suite. On the other hand, there is another side to it, of which they have not spoken.

My battalion has been billeted for four months in a small town not far from Dijon. Last November we marched down from the Argonne, a distance of about 150 miles. The town has perhaps 300 people altogether. A tourist might tell you that it was picturesque, but things have a rather different aspect when viewed from the tonneau of a limousine or from the dirt floor of an old barn, and whatever else it might have been it was certainly damned uncomfortable. Our battalion, about 1,000 strong, found themselves confronted with roofs that leaked and floors that seeped—with cooties and with mud, with endless inspections and drills, fatigues and marches, with rain for 53 (by actual count) consecutive days, to say nothing of a shortage of fuel, a lack of lights and few amusements. I think any fair-minded person could agree that obviously the thing to do was to drown your troubles in "vin blanc," and although I must say the men behaved remarkably well, still, there was all the drinking that the Army pay allows, and the things incident to it.

We stole honey and rabbits, smashed windows, tore up doors for firewood, shot wild birds with service rifles, with wonderful disregard to the safety of the French civique, and once in a while would start a killing party, which fortunately never killed anyone, although some polius told me they thought it safer at the front. Aside from these things there were the necessary evils incident to occupation, i. e., increased prices, ruined roads, and the general wear and tear.

Yet in spite of all these things, in spite of the fact that we had run over their town rough shod, there was not a woman in the town who did not cry when we marched away. I think the 60,000 francs we spent there each month, but I think it was more than that. Big, sunny, unburned, exuberant Yanks—as carefree and cheerful as schoolboys—how could anyone tell alone the kindly French people—help liking them?

You cannot tell me that the one desire of those peasants of Yonne was to see us go—no, not by a good deal. With all our faults they loved us still, and with all our talk there are lots of us who have learned to love the French. So, remember that there are lots of us who have formed here in France the strongest ties and affections and who, if occasion should arise, would gladly come again to fight for France and for the things for which she stands.

CAPTAIN, M.G. BN.

QUESTION NO. 4,176,502

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
I wish to take advantage of the knowledge of the staff of your paper by having them settle the question that is causing so many arguments in the A.E.F. and elsewhere.

Which division did the best fighting on the front?
Kindly publish in your paper at your earliest opportunity the standing of the different combat divisions. In doing this you will please the men of the A.E.F. and the folks back home.

CPT. M. J. DONOGHUE.

REST AT BREST

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Here is a chaplain who has seen the funny side of an iron bed with iron slats.

At a 90th Division mess the other day some one asked Chaplain Jackson where he landed on arriving in France. He replied "Brest." The first question was followed by a second, "How long did you lay there?"
"Oh, I didn't lay long," replied the chaplain, "I kept turning over." SOLDIER.

OH, YOU BEHAVE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
En route for home and mother, I have been kept at Brest for three weeks. When do you think I will be weaned?

SUCKLING SOLDIER.

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of May 3, 1918

CROIX DE GUERRE FOR 117 MEN OF 104TH INFANTRY—Regimental Colors Also Decorated After Impressive Ceremony.

"MOTHER'S LETTER PLAN GIVES EVERY MAN IN A.E.F. SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY FOR OBSERVING MOTHER'S DAY—Every Bit of Army and Government Postal Machinery Will Help to Speed Your May 12th Message Home if You Follow the Rule.

GENERAL McANDREW NEW CHIEF OF STAFF—General Harbord Given Field Command in Accordance With A.E.F. Policy.

"SOLDIER'S MAIL" NOW OUT OF DATE—Upper Right Hand Corner of Envelope to Be Left Blank.

SAME OLD STORY—NO PLACE TO GO—Willard-Fulton Bout Still Homeless. May Be Held in Oklahoma.

US EDITORS

Most of the mail which reaches the office of THE STARS AND STRIPES these days is composed of divisional histories explaining what Company E did in the great battle of St. Mihiel, and poems. Of the mass of poems it is possible to print only a small portion. The editor goes over them every day and selects the best—or what he thinks is best, which often does not accord with the opinions of the authors themselves. Contributors often write in after a month or so of waiting and ask to have their contributions returned. This is impossible. We do not save the contributions unless they are good enough for future publication. Anyone sending in material should state, providing he thinks his contribution good enough for some other publication, that it should be returned to him if it is not acceptable for publication in THE STARS AND STRIPES.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, however, is glad to go over all of the contributions and select the best. Sometimes the lowest buck private in the ranks composes the best poem, and it is from the lowly buck we receive the best doughboy letters. The practice of writing and contributing to THE STARS AND STRIPES is encouraged and not discouraged. But he who writes and does not get into print should not feel that his contribution has been carelessly thrown into the waste basket without consideration.

From a hundred like it the following "poem" is an example of what has to be sorted over daily:

One day our captain shouted
"I want a very brave volunteer
To go into the Kaiser's palace
And drink up all his beer."
After waiting a few minutes
One of them at last was found.
His name was Sgt. J. L. Fox.
A regular old-time booze hound.

After drinking up a barrel
He said he was feeling fine.
Then he grabbed the poor old Kaiser
And he made him double time.
History will never tell you
How the poor lad softly fell.
He was shot not with a rifle
For the fool got drunk as hell.

SCR. F. L. PAIN.

All of which explains why us editors have to take so many vacations.—[EDIRON.]

THE LAST SHOTSKI

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
We see by THE STARS AND STRIPES, which once in a while comes this way, that they are still trying to learn who fired the last shot in the great war. Just tell the boys in France and Germany to rest easy, for it won't be one of them. We throw them over every day here, all the way from a 45 to a 6-inch Howitzer.

And the funny thing about it is that they come back in the same manner. Put the boys in the great war. Just tell them they won the war, but just let them know while they are drinking the German beverage that the side show is still on with all attractions open. If you find any of those who are still keen to go, refer them to the transfer department and send them up.

Regards to all the boys on the Rhine and tell them to start thinking up some good stories, for there are fewer of us here; therefore, the bigger the stories—you know, Ed.—not so many from the home town.

A DOUGHBOY IN RUSSIA, 339th Inf.

LUCKY STIFFS!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
The next time that the standing of the clubs in the S.O.S. League is published in your palladium of the private's privileges, you might place the Transport Quartermasters down in the tail-end position, with a season's percentage of .000—mark the line "stct" and keep it there. I think that all T.Q.M.'s will agree with me.

Nobody quite understands it. We belong to the Army, and yet we're at sea most of the time. We are sailors, and yet do not wear navy uniforms. We do not belong to the Marines. What the hell do we belong to, anyway?

In the States, they say that we do not do overseas work, so they have allotted us silver chevrons. If we wear Home Guard insignia over here, it is glorified at by the first M.P. and tedious explanations ensue. Although the passengers we carry receive their 10 per cent the minute they come on board, I have never gotten mine, and never will get it. In the form of a compromise, we were promised silver adornments. Now we haven't even got the promise.

The Stars Browne belt is another irritant. If we forget to wear it here—phooie! If we forget not to wear it in the States—plus de phooie. If we leave it hanging around the ship, some deck ensign steals it to use as a razor stop. However, it looks real good in photos. Lots of the boys back home borrow 'em for the purpose.

When they start these veterans' associations, I wonder where we step in? We don't belong to the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, A.E.F., S.O.S., A.T.S., or, as far as I can learn, anything else. However, we will be exclusive and form our own, the insignia being a bunk crossed with an empty pocket-book.

However, the life is educating, and we pick up many things in our travels. For instance, in New York, you do not belong to the Q.M.C., but to the Q.M. Corps. In Bordeaux, they won't pay you unless you add your 10 per cent overseas bonus. I would like very much to comply with this rule, but Leavenworth does not appeal to me. In New York, too, you're not supposed to wear bars on raincoats. If you don't wear 'em over here, some France Terror is liable to mistake you for a "V" secretary and ask the loan of a bottle of cognac. In Newport News they're brown on overseas caps. In Paris, the only sightseeing you can do is at the A.P.M. office. In Equillac they won't let you drink after hours; Brooklyn, Hoboken and Le Rochelle are all about the same, and as for Norfolk and Jacksonville—!

The Home Guard tells us we're lucky because we go to France; the A.E.F. says we're lucky because we go to the States; the Navy says we're lucky because we're in the Army; and the Army says we're lucky because we're in the Navy.

But, as I said before, what do we belong to? Who are we? And what do we want? If there is some member of the J.A.G.D. in the house he might give up an evening in the Cafe de la Paix and straighten this out. And, strangely enough, this also comes from a

GOLD LOOXY.

ANY SECONDS?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
I read with much interest a challenge from James E. Paul, manager of Sgt. Allen Raynor, to out-eat any man in the A.E.F. and will say that I have under my charge a man who would accept the challenge under the following conditions only:

1. Every man in the A.E.F. contribute one month's pay for the purpose of buying grub.
2. A disinterested party to take the money and buy bacon, beans, rice and beef from the Quartermaster.

3. The Quartermaster to furnish 400 field ranges and 800 crooks be put on special duty to prepare the grub.
4. That four trainloads of ice cream and five carloads of cake be added as a dessert.

Should the above conditions be guaranteed Cpl. James F. Ingerham will make his appearance and dispose of that amount of grub in short order.
It may be of interest to know that Corporal Ingerham has had only three courts-martial for disposing of grub out of hours—one for eating a quarter of beef while carrying it from truck to kitchen, a distance of 50 feet; another for eating a bako-pan full of beans and two cases of tomatoes to wash them down, and the last for eating nine cases of corned willy without taking a single glass of water—or anything else—with it.
I will post 10,000 soap wrappers as a guarantee of good faith.

JOSEPH M. MADONA, Mgr., 47th Aero Sqdn.