

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...

FRIDAY, May 16, 1919.

THE PEACE PACT

"Ah, Love, could you and I with Him conspire To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire, Would we not shatter it to bits and then Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?"

And so it is with the Peace terms. They do not please everyone, why even the Germans don't like the treaty and it was made especially for them!

Says the British Independent Labor Party Leader: Harsh, military and provocative.

Says another British M.P. who thinks the indemnity too small: Most unsatisfactory. Says an Irish statesman: No good since it doesn't settle the Irish problem.

If the American delegation to the conference had written the terms there is no doubt that they would have been different, just as it would have been far and away another story if Italy or even France or Britain had taken an unchecked pen in hand.

And if some of the fine idealism, some of the altruistic perspective of President Wilson's 14 points is lacking from the mandate that the vanquished enemy must accept, there is still, underlying the whole stern message of reparation, punishment and unyielding command, the promise of the League of Nations.

Therein lies the hope of eventual and certain justice to the peoples of the world—a pledge that those peoples shall be guaranteed their right to live, move and have their being without fear of another call to kill, however righteous that call may seem to the few who would sound it.

The Peace Treaty is written in the bitter blood of millions; the League is traced in the hoping letters of life for those for whom the millions died.

STRAW VOTING

That top sergeant of kings who coined the most megacephalic motto of all the ages, "I am the State," even he would stop, look and listen before proclaiming himself the A.E.F.

But where kings, angels and otherwise, would fear to tread, often, too often, clowns rush in neck deep.

"The A.E.F. favors Such-and-Such for President," "A.E.F. Unanimous Against Prohibition," "Soldiers Favor Return to Pension System," and so on ad infinitum, are some of the headlines smeared across newspapers in the States from coast to coast these days, all well savoring of the crowned head in question.

Somebody is playing a cruel joke on the homefolks. It all brings to mind a certain cabinet pow-wow of Abraham Lincoln's official family. A grave subject was under discussion. One by one the ministers rose and with some heat expressed their opinions as to its decision.

Lincoln alone kept his counsel. At the end, the President called for the "aves" and "nays." The whole cabinet voted against the resolution. The great man rose and struck them dumb with the simple announcement, "The 'aves' have it."

The great silent thinking force of the A.E.F. is like Lincoln. It will let others do the talking; it will render its verdict at the ballot box.

GOOD MANNERS

This happened at St. Aignan, the well known casual trap, way station on the route to America, first stage on the road toward long trousers and ponce shirts, where the soon-to-be-civilian waits and waits and waits, and gets deloused, and physically inspected and deloused again, and has his service record checked and O.K.'d, and waits.

A casual private was walking down the main highway that leads from the railroad station to the river. Several hundred thousand men of the A.E.F. have passed along that road in their day. In the doorway of the A.P.M.'s office stood a group of second lieutenants, about a dozen of them, all newly made.

The casual private casually saluted. And the group of a dozen stood erect, clicked their collective heels, and returned the salute as honestly and according to regulations as though the combined General Staffs of all the Allied Armies were passing.

The casual private walked on, not without a quickened pulse, reflecting that there are two sides to discipline, and that courtesy loses nothing from being common to all men.

NOMAD'S PARADISE

Wise in the wisdom of Solomon were the eminent gentlemen who decreed that the classes of leaves given members of the A.E.F. should be the class permitting one to travel anywhere in France except within the jurisdiction of specified leave areas. For such a decree is touching the heart of the nomadic wanderer, who, especially in the springtime, bears within his heart the lure of the open road.

From the base ports to the old German border they may be found, these ports of call, far outside the beaten track; quiet places, with few or no troops in them, few or no M.P.'s, no points of interest barring a church or two—nothing but an echoing, dust-filled street, with sunbeams or moonbeams flinging their long shadows athwart the ancient walls.

A low-beamed inn, where one may purchase omelets at four francs the dozen instead of ten, and a bottle of Medoc for one-quarter the price charged elsewhere; and one or two curious bureau-drawer beds in which

sleep the French—these things are to be found, and with these the olive drab wearer who was a wanderer in civilian days is content. For him there can be such a thing as too much of his comrades, too much of all the garish, flaring entertainment and revelry that keeps one's nerves a-jangle and one's eyes heavy-lidded and open.

Such a place, for instance, is Troyes—somewhere in France. To the average Yank, Troyes is merely a milestone on the road to the usual leave center. But to the gypsy Yank it is a port of call, a haven where he can rest in peace and comfort—though, alas for him, there are M.P.'s here, albeit kindly ones—until such time as instinct urges him to take to the road again. It is safe to say that 75 per cent of the A.E.F. insignia have been seen on its streets, for it is one of those towns to which the nomad turns his steps as unerringly as a homing pigeon is guided to its nest. Troyes is rather large, and it is neither beautiful nor attractive; but neither are Port Said or Shanghai, yet all form a Sargasso Sea for drifters.

There is a Y.M.C.A. but there, too, but it, like the town, is quiet and hospitable, where one can sit and dream, or read and write, or buy the omnipresent cup of chocolate and a sandwich. But there is no vast conglomeration of troops, no mad revelry, no bustling, hustling leave center atmosphere, nothing but the ever-present poultice in his horizon blue, and the townsfolk who mind their own business after the good French fashion, and take it for granted that others will mind their own.

Wise, indeed, in the wisdom of Solomon were they who decreed that there shall be places which include places like Troyes. They are scattered all over France; and none but the dyed-in-the-wool wanderer knows their co-ordinates. And he guards his secret jealously.

PLAIN CUSSIN'

Did you ever get to talking to a Y.M.C.A. girl, or a Red Cross girl, or some other girl over here who understands your language as well as you do, and suddenly you'd stop and gasp like a dying trout, and turn red and go away from that place without a word of explanation?

Of course, you have. We all have. We realized that, in classic parlance, we'd pulled a bone.

Then we'd generally go back to our billet and try to forget all about it by reading or playing Canfield with ourselves for our month's pay. And whenever we saw that girl again, we'd cross the street and be hugely interested in watching the watering cart get filled.

Probably the A.E.F. is, altogether, as clean minded a bunch of soldiers as ever helped win a world war. But these words and phrases—which we consider as purely decorative and don't mean a thing thereby—have a habit of crawling into the seams of our conversation, even as the festive crotche crawls into the seams of our shirts. And some folks don't understand that they're just ornaments.

And have you ever thought how much worse it's going to be when you get home and go to your girl, and, entirely without your volition there pops out a stream of sky-blue language? O-o-oh, Lord!

But we believe a remedy can be effected. Take 30 minutes off every day between now and the time you go home and see how full you can pack it with words that aren't cusses. And for every cuss dock yourself one prime at mess. Then you can go home without a muzzle.

Because there isn't any real reason why cussin'—plain or fancy—should be necessary.

Not a single, damn one.

HERE AND THERE

They have seen the Rhine and the Alps and the Apennines. The slopes of the Pyrenees have been their playground, as the Arcadian valleys of Alsace were their attained objective.

They have looked on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and have watched its lateen sails curvetting against the sunset, hinting of the treasure-laden East for whose possession a mad Power was willing to wreck a world. They have gazed into the Rhine's dark flood as it swirls around the black rock whence the Lorelei, with her song's enchantment, lured the boatman to his doom.

They have trudged as conquerors through the gloom of Rhineland forests where Siegfried, as the legend tells, overcame monsters and established an example of the efficacy of Will-to-Power for countless generations of Teutonic tribesmen—the latest of whom so recently attempted to impose that wicked philosophy upon the rest of humankind.

They have seen the soaring splendor of Gothic cathedrals and the rude outlines of crag-erched castles left by robber-barons, enduring memorials of the will and method perpetuated by the German general staff in its plans and performances.

And having seen these things, and more, embracing so much of the wonder and the beauty of the Old World, they are going home to America, to look upon their own land with new vision and enhanced appreciation.

The Hudson and the Mississippi and the Columbia are going to look better to the returning doughty than ever in his life. Re-examiners of the A.E.F. are going to realize the charm of the Berkshires, the Blue Ridge and the Ozarks as never before, and the Rockies will be to them a glory and a pride forever.

Not a green and nestling valley in the pleasant land of France, but will be seen to have its match in the old home state. Not any of the beauty or the majesty they have beheld overseas, but will have its fellow some place, or many places, in France. Many of the boys may even consider their own country more beautiful, more interesting, more everything, than anything this side of the Atlantic, for all of 2,000 years and more of effort and tradition.

And then there will be the joy of American barber shops and American pie, and the splendor of skyscrapers seen from the river at night, and the thrill that comes when the express elevator jumps for the twenty-fifth floor.

The Army's Poets

LILACS

The lilacs nod above my garden wall This sunny springtime day. And down the leafy lane where blackbirds call Their fragrance breathes the May. Yet still, though here home's deep content is set, Whenever lilacs blow, Above a garden wall I see them yet In France, long springs ago.

The village vesper chime was in the air, The rooks moved slowly by, And one with lilac blossoms in her hair Has watched the daylight die. A flower of her ancient hand she seemed Beneath the lilac spray; The young renewal of its years endeared, Each with its fragrant May.

Along the leafy lane the blackbirds call, And spring is in the breeze; Bloom still the lilacs by that garden wall In France, beyond the seas; Here deep content of home breathes everywhere; No more my feet will stray; But stands she still with lilacs in her hair When falls the dusk, in May? J. M. H.

JIM RANKIN'S KIND

Then there's Jim Rankin's kind, In this man's Army. Jim'd been up twice Blinkin' away at the C.O.— "An' next time," slashes of Saber Tongue, "It's the brig!" Well, Jim turns kind of sour on life, But he's mostly sittin' pretty, an' all's Jake Till one night—March, an' raw— When J. Pluve's distillery sprung a leak, Jim grabs a nasty drink at the railroad Guard's elbow pullmans at the railroad Four on—an' a hard-boiled corporal Hand-blazin' for another stripe, see? Well, long about taps Somebody's got Jim's trigger-finger squeezein' An' his Adam's apple slippin' pivot An' choppin' his "Halt," Like it's in company-front o' syllables. But, he's got "nothin' to do" nothin' Just a bit of a French skirt, see? "Damn!" says Jim—an' so roiled at funk'n' (An' the good nature soaked out o' him) He hands the kid a rough "Allez!" But the little dame's a-sneezin', see? An' she ain't no bigger'n his toad-sticker. An' half negligee, an' spilla' wet— An' didn't seem like she had no home, Larkin' round a night like that— So the clunkier falls for a taleigh, see? Slips the slippin' liz his slicker (A-soddin' like he understood), An' then he gets wise she's achin' hungry Egoin' wistful o' them feed cars. An' he cusses fierce, "Count o' leavin' a chuck wagon Bulgin' fat with white bread, see? (An' a hand-shakin' corporal on!) But next you know he's cussin' soft— Like it might be a prayer— An' he's ditched the hardware An' is haulin' into that lunch cart.

Two months now, Jim's been in, Never slippin' a day o' dirty detail. But whether he's steerin' front of a bayonet Or savatin' blood on a pick, She's always there—the little dame— Skippin' by his side An' prattlin' crazy at him— All day a-prattlin' at him— An' him a-soddin' like he understood.) An' rain or shine, no odds, She's dolled up in that slicker (Twice around an' trillin' some) An' Jim—well, second like he's plum happy— "Whadd'ye know, o' timer," he hollers out last night, "I got my kid to chawin' gum!" T. G. B.

JOYCE KILMER

Today the Sixty-ninth parades— I cannot see them through the trees The trees who lift their arms in thanks That those they love have wandered back, And call a benediction down Upon the ones who stayed behind To guard the trees of France.

The trees who through the winter days Unobtrusively present their arms, The trees who stand so firmly there, The thin line of eternity, Not show nor rain can wash from them Their certain immortality.

The Sixty-ninth parades today— I cannot see them through the trees H. J. M.

EN ROUTE

Cascades of chattered French Outside the window of your compartment: Flat wheels, square as a stamp, And snoring, and snoring like he's understood, That makes married life a horror Multiplied by many; And whistles—always whistles, Strid, persistent, insistent

A blur of dim lights Through the dew-wet windows; A sleepy R.O. On a station platform; The restless lurching Of your fellows, Seeking the unattainable— Comfort; And always whistles, Strident, rasping, futile.

Feet like ice, And a chill breeze Through a broken window Defying your overcoat; The consciousness of a neck, Stiff and aching; Legs that twitch, Wakefulness and yawns— And whistles, always whistles, Harsh, harrowing, purposeless. JOHN PIERRE ROCHE, Lieut., Q.M.C.

SWAN SONG

O you Breast camp, O.D. rest camp, Feast of sea-sweet Brittany, Un-censored camp; We love best camp; Same as we love reveille! Yankee guest camp, By-request camp, Pull o' chow an' tents an' things; Jack and Jess camp, You're the best camp, Sure as pigs have purple wings! O you Breast camp, Heaven blest camp, Happy soldiers all about; Joyful camp; Hear the rest camp, When my keeper lets me out. T. G. B.

WAITING

Thou wait'st for none, oh Time, and thou, too, Tidel; Delays of others thou canst ne'er abide, Thou, Father Time, must walk thy narrow road, Reaping the harvest which thy scythe hath mowed; While Tide, thou daughter of the Mother Moon, You cast adrift all those who come not soon; O please to please the fancy I tie to— The troops will soon be sailing o'er the sea, When is the date of our departure due? Oh Time and Tide, how long wait we for you? CHARLES MANLEY

THE M.P.'S WILL GIT YOU

Uncle Sammy's Army has come to France to stay, To sweep the streets and alleys up and keep the Huns away; But now the war is over and the fighting all is done, We want to go to Paris just to have a little fun, But one thing keeps us here in camp; it is the leave M.P.'s. He's always got an eagle eye to ketch you on a spree; So don't you try to take a trip, and don't you chuse about it; Or the M.P.'s will git you if you don't watch out! Once there was a doughty boy who thought he'd try a stroll, And when he went to bed at night—he didn't go at all; The sorest thought he saw him leave his bunk there by the wall, And when they turned the covers down he wasn't there at all, They called his name at reveille, he didn't answer "Here"; They seeked him all through England, France and everywhere, I hear; But finally they found him locked in walls with bars so stout, Well, the M.P.'s will git you if you don't watch out. H. C. C.

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR?



TO REST IN PEACE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have read with much interest articles appearing in various papers regarding the advisability of sending the bodies of our boys back home.

Is it then, is it right to disturb the dead? Is it kind to bring fresh sorrow into homes already racked with pain? The identity of our boys will never be lost, for France will consider it a sacred trust to keep their resting places green and beautiful. Let them lie in the land for which they gave their lives, for the spirit of our boys will never die and will always be a comfort to those left behind.

Is there one boy who would have wished to be taken home in the condition that must be? I do not think so. The late Colonel Roosevelt, who had lost much in this war, stated freely that the boys would prefer to lie where they fell, and his own son sleeps in France.

No doubt the best of the last "resting place" would comfort many parents, but would not the last memory of the living give them greater and more lasting strength and courage?

Let the gold star shine forth, watching over and keeping fresh the memory of the boys who sleep in France.

WILLARD M. CLARK, Sgt., Hq. Co., Hospital Center, A.P.O. 731.

STILL BLOWING

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: The writer is a bugler with the outfit shown below, and having blown against some of the best boys in the Army and captured the prize in an Army meet in 1913, he is now eager to compete against any of them, or those in the "Army." This is a challenge, and I would be pleased to have you give it space.

J. H. CHURCH, Bugler, Co. A, 34th Inf.

[The buglers are writing so many letters that we believe they could be induced to enter a contest in some far realm. What joy, with no notes of reveille to stir our slumbers while they would be away! But who on earth would blow "Prepare to Mount" if the boat was in the harbor waiting for us?—Editor]

CHESS AND CHECKERS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have entered my name as a public entertainer at chess and checkers for the American Expeditionary Forces. I would like to arrange a chess match with the French chess champion and with the London chess champion at one time, and will play blindfolded games with as many as 15 players at a time. A letter from those interested in a chess or checker tournament would be appreciated.

N. W. BANKS, Cpl., Co. E, 310th Am. Tr., A.P.O. 727, World's Checker Champion.

LOST WEST POINTERS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: You've got me with a heart-breaking query—that of another lost unit. Perhaps in the sympathy our condition may create, others may become more satisfied with their own. I refer to the West Point Candidates' School. After writing the exams on March 21, we were promised an early departure either to our divisions or the States, according to the very late reports, we are still here at Beaune. We have been granted a life scholarship with the A.E.F. University and are endeavoring to enjoy its advantages.

Nobody knows; nobody cares for us. We are denied the privilege of returning with our outfits. The fact that our present organization is a provisional one has caused our folks to surmise things. The situation is, indeed, embarrassing and we trust that you will suggest a remedy. P. W.

[Stick it out; that's what we're doing.—Editor]

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES OF May 17, 1918

"HONOR TO THEIR VALOR"— Says France's Premier of Americans.

THEY'LL BE OVER, GEORGE HIMSELF AND DOZENS MORE— Weber and Fields, Maude Adams, Elsie Ferguson, to Join A.E.F.—Billie Burke, Jim Corbett, John Drew, Lillian Russell; Nobody's Been Left Out.

CALL FOR MILKMAIDS GOES OUT IN STATES—Woman's Land Army Appeals for Overalled Volunteers.

MOTHER'S LETTER TO BE DELIVERED BY END OF MONTH— Sunday's Harvest of Home Messages Already on Way to States.

ARMY TAKES OVER JOB OF HANDLING A.E.F. MAIL—M.P.E.S. Will Also Care for Express Sent to or by Soldiers.

FOR LIMBER LEGS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Now that American sports and games are sprouting all over France there is one thing that has been overlooked and to which I would like to call your attention and ask your help.

I have in mind a cross-country bike and kindly ask your co-operation in getting the necessary permission and having the proper military arrangements made to pull this off as a sporting event or to demonstrate the value of military training.

The bike is to be against time, or competition with light marching order. If it is left to me to decide the route, I would choose Geneva (Ain), and Brest as the starting and finishing points, or any other route agreed upon.

I have been in France with Co. A, 33rd Engineers, for 11 months, and at present am attached to Co. B, 512th Engineers, at Luz, Nièvre. I have done some hiking in the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands and feel confident of accomplishing the proposed hike.

JOHN J. CIZEK, Cpl., Co. A, 33rd Engrs., D.S. [Ain't you had enough bikin' yet, buddy?—Editor.]

WELL? WHO KNOWS?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: On the editorial page in a recent issue you attempt to answer two questions under the heading "Ask Grandpa." Allow me to correct you. The word "doughboy," as applied to a gravel agitator, did not originate in the Philippines as you state, but in the Indian campaigns which followed the Civil War. Perhaps, you do not remember Frederick Remington's picture of "The Doughboy," drawn in the late 60's. It was of a plains Infantryman in full kit.

As to "buck private" you are right as far as you go. In the Civil War, however, first assumed its place as the national indoor sport, and in those days it was actually played with a buck which passed with the deal. So originated the term, "passing the buck," as applied to interior Army tactics, and naturally, the private being the man to whom the buck is eventually passed, became himself the "buck."

GRANDPA.

OUR OWN TRIBUTE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Permit me to make a suggestion that may attract the eye of someone who could start the movement.

Why can't the American Expeditionary Forces collect from its members enough money to raise a memorial shaft to the comrades we are leaving behind in France. Such a monument could be placed at Washington, and would mean more to us than any the Philistine population would erect; it would be our own gift and our own pride.

W. T. A., Pvt., Machine Gun Bn.

A WRONG IMPRESSION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I request that you publish this letter as soon as possible.

Recently an article, "The 2nd Division at Château-Thierry," by General Omar Bundy, U.S.A., appeared in Everybody's Magazine, and on page 64 of the Literary Digest for March 15, 1919, appears the following, to which I take exception, in reference to General Bundy's article:

"In this authoritative account by the high commanding officer, some disputes as to just what parts were played by different units of Marines and Infantry are cleared up. There is mention, for instance, of an Infantry unit that attacked by mistake, and thus, even though ordered back to the previous line and so deprived of official glory, nevertheless, may claim, unofficially, the honor of participating in the great advance. As General Bundy puts it in his carefully corrected account: 'In the attack on Bouches, a battalion of the 23rd Infantry, finding that the Marines on their left were advancing, also eagerly entered the fight. It was not the intention that they should advance at that time, but this fact does not appear to have been understood by the battalion commander, and it was, no doubt, a disappointment to him, as well as to his battalion, when he received orders to retire to his old position. The results of the day's fighting were a number of prisoners and some captured guns and trench mortars. Our own loss in killed and wounded had been heavy.'"

As my battalion, the 3rd, was on the right of the 23rd Infantry position, and Maj. (now Lieut. Col.) E. C. Waddill's battalion, the 1st, was on the left, the article is apt to give the wrong impression, and, in fact, has caused two marked copies to be sent to me. I did not enter the attack of June 6-7, 1918, because I found that the "Marines on our left were advancing," but I did so because I was ordered to attack. I received orders at 4:15 p.m., June 6, that I would attack at 5 p.m. As General Bundy states that he wrote the article mostly from memory, I feel that this point is probably not as clear to him as it is to Lieutenant Colonel Waddill and myself, also some other officers of our staffs who were present at the time we received our instructions.

Now, the editor of the Literary Digest comes forth with his criticisms based on what General Bundy has written, and has not noticed that General Bundy stated his article was written mostly from memory and that he probably knew nothing of what instructions the battalion commanders had received. So now I would like to say a few words, as I think I owe it to all who are or were members of the 3rd Battalion, 23rd Infantry, because it looks as if I put them up against a proposition through "mistake." If I took my battalion forward on June 6 through "misunderstanding," and "attacked by mistake," why was I not relieved of command and court-martialed, because the casualties were pretty heavy? But as I have stated before, I never heard that the battalion should not have taken part in the attack until I read General Bundy's article.

The editor of the Literary Digest also states: "Some dispute as to just what parts were played by different units of Marines and Infantry are cleared up," and "so deprived of official glory, nevertheless, may claim, unofficially, the honor of participating in the great advance." I am not attempting to deny from the record of the Marines, because they have done good work, and particularly, or "unofficially," any glory for the 3rd Battalion, 23rd Infantry; but I do ask for fairness, and I claim that the editor's remarks are extremely unfair, because he has made such strong statements before he has made an attempt to learn what instructions the battalion commanders, 23rd Infantry, had and know the truth of it.

CHARLES B. ELLIOTT, Lieut. Col., Inf.

WHO SAID FARINE?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: After reading in your issue of April 25, a question of why the infantrymen are called "doughboys," and the answer attributing it to the old days of heat and dust in the Philippines, I can't help but get someone right by stating the expression antedates the Philippine days by many years and infantrymen are really called "doughboys" because they are the flower of the Army.

"AN OLD ONE."