

The Stars and Stripes

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AMERICA SPEAKS

Those graves we decorated last Friday are yet too fresh, the heroes who sleep within them yet too vivid in the memory of their comrades, for any voice to dare raise itself in any part of the world and with impunity assert that America's 70,000 dead are dead in vain; that they fought only because they were told to fight, and that they neither knew or cared for what they died.

There are actually members of the United States Senate who have so far and so soon forgotten the sacrifices of these men that they make bold to say they came to France because they were sent, and that "there wasn't one in ten of them that had ever heard of a League of Nations."

Thus while many were forgetting and others with faces set rearward were plattitudinizing about "glorious death," "superb discipline" and "sublime patriotism," last Friday America herself was speaking in high and thunderous tones, in the person of the only man who could speak for her, from a hillside under the guns of Mt. Valerien and overlooking the great city where the counsellors of the nations are gathered to make peace.

And what was America saying? She was verifying her signature to the contract made with these men before they were sent out to their death.

She was rededicating herself to her spoken promise to make the world safe for democracy.

She was asserting for the hundredth time that a "concert of free peoples" in a League of Nations was the one great crowning principle for which these men were asked to fight and die.

Finally, she was declaring her purpose not to betray the dead.

"They have left us to see to it that their cause shall not be betrayed. It is our privilege and our high duty to consecrate ourselves afresh on a day like this to the objects for which they fought. The thing that these men left us is the great instrument which we have just created in the League of Nations. The League of Nations is the covenant of Governments that these men shall not have died in vain."

Let congressmen and senators and governors and plenipotentiaries take note of America's voice from the cross-covered hillside of Suresnes.

PAY UP

Debtors, obviously, can be divided into two classes: Those who repay and those who do not. Paying one's debts promptly establishes a credit, and, if not overdue, an anchor to windward which may ride out financial squalls in the future. Debts unpaid establish a reputation as unsavory as the yellowest act of cowardice on the battle line.

There is, indeed, the incident of a returning hero who was being banqueted and honored by his neighbors, friends and fellow-townsmen. An overseas comrade sat quietly through it all, and when someone queried as to the reason, back came this answer in even, incisive tones: "I can't quite see him as a hero. He owes money to half the company and hasn't made any attempt to repay."

There is, too, another side of it. Departing for home carries with it thoughts of what should be brought back for the folks and for friends. Little things of this nature cost money.

Are you depriving some comrade of his earnest desire to remember those in the States by not repaying the loan he made you out of the kindness of his heart at a time when no one else could give you the money? Even a few francs will buy a gift. And their non-repayment not only means one person less to be remembered, but forces into the mind of the lender a feeling toward the borrower which will not be effaced even by the remembrance of danger-sharing joys and hardships along the front, or toll in common in the S.O.S.

CHATEAU-THIERRY

A brief year ago the 2nd and 3rd American Divisions, now keeping their steadfast watch on the Rhine, were making world history—the former along the Paris-Metz road northwest of Chateau-Thierry, the latter along the Marne and even in the streets of the famous old town itself. In fact, it was on this very June 6, 12 months back, that the 1st and 3rd Battalions of the 5th Marines, with the 167th French Division on their left, sallied out after the Boche at 5 o'clock in the morning through the broken woods north of little Champillon. Ten hours later the remainder of the 5th Marines, the 6th Regiment of the same corps, and the 23rd United States Infantry went onward and outward into the inferno of the Bois de Triangle and the Bois de Belleau—an advance followed on the next day by that of the 9th United States Infantry north of the Bois de la Morctte, culminating in the capture of Hill 204 and Monneaux.

A week earlier, the 7th Machine Gun Battalion of the 3rd Division, then under fire for the first time, had been catapulted into the battle for Chateau-Thierry proper, an encounter of full 96 hours' duration, at the conclusion of which the German rush on Paris was, as we now know, definitely stopped. The American communiqué of June 4 reported that "on the Marne front a German battalion which had crossed the river at Jaulgonne was counter-attacked by French and American troops and forced to retreat to the right bank. It sustained

severe losses in killed and prisoners." And there and then was the 3rd rechristened the Marne Division, even as Belleau Woods became the Bois de la Brigade des Marines—and Chateau-Thierry became a household word throughout all of thrilled, proud and eager America.

As did the 1st at Cantigny, the 2nd and 3rd in the Chateau-Thierry sector won a moral victory comparable only to their brilliant success at Arras. What their Allies thought of the Yanks can perhaps be best expressed by a French order, issued at the time of the engagement, which ran:

The courage of the Americans was beyond all praise. The Colonials themselves, though accustomed to acts of bravery, were struck by the wonderful morale in the face of fire and the extraordinary sang froid of their Allies. The episode of Chateau-Thierry will remain one of the most beautiful deeds of this war.

And so it will remain, during all the years to come, when American grown-ups will wend their way with bared heads to the cemeteries of Belleau Wood and Monneaux, while children at school in far-away America will learn, with zest and pride in the learning, the story of those great deeds of the early summer of 1918 beside the banks of the Marne.

THE KINGDOM IN THE CLOUDS

The daring attempt of Hawker, the fine non-stop flight of Roget, and the actual crossing of the Atlantic by Read, all coming so closely upon the heels of one another, threw open wide doors, long since ajar, to a new land of adventure and romance.

Americans are to be pardoned a justifiable pride in the accomplishment of the N-C 4. Certainly the A.E.F. was thrilled by the feat of Read and his crew. In offering them our grateful and heartfelt congratulations, we are not in the least less appreciative of the sportsmanlike flights of the two representatives of our Allies, Britain and France.

They are all pioneers of a new land, whose long and limitless frontiers, whose vast possibilities and whose unknown riches, stir the imagination of a war-weary world and challenge the spirit of adventure as nothing else has done since Columbus made his little trip in 1492.

THE COSTLY MUFTI

It is estimated that the returning soldiers will pay the tailors and ready-made clothiers approximately \$60,000,000 to take them out of uniform and restore them to civilian status.

Soldiers and officers alike recall the exorbitant prices they paid these same tradesmen for insignia and other necessary extras when they answered the call to arms, two years ago, more or less. It is natural for them to reason, and reason in a very serious way, whether they will be obliged to pay the same unreasonable prices for their civvies.

These men have been working for Uncle Sam at a much-reduced income, as compared with what they received in business, for these two years or so. The war has cost them real money. They have not shared in the profiteering. On the contrary, they have been obliged, in many instances, to deplete entirely their savings accounts and even contract debts in order to keep the wolf from the door at home and to provide the necessaries of life, in a measure, for themselves.

It is with this in mind that they think of the prices they must pay to re-clothe themselves for business. Hotels, restaurants, railroads and other institutions have offered privileged rates to the returning soldiers. Here's hoping the tailors and ready-made clothing houses will fall in line.

STILL ON THE JOB

In these balmy days of feverish paper work, winding up of A.E.F. duties, joyful embarkations, and thoughts of home and civilian jobs, one is apt to overlook that there is still a front or two where the breath of war hangs not lightly in the air.

The same sun which shines so brilliantly these days over the waters which wash against the great hulls of departing transports is shining equally brilliantly on those heights of the Rhine bridgehead along which khaki-clad warriors keep eternal vigil.

There is no let-down. The Allies and the Central Powers are still officially at war. While tramping slowly up the gang-plank, and while hanging over the rail to watch the receding shores of France, we should not forget those whose faithful adherence to duty is making it possible for others to get home more quickly. Somebody had to stay. In thanking our lucky stars that we were not selected we must remember the boys who were and who have accepted their portion with the same stoicism that characterized the A.E.F. in its most hectic days along the front.

CRIES OF "HEAR, HEAR!"

If the gentleman who got off that classic line about man wanting but little here below could take a slant at the A.E.F. in these almost-after-the-war days, he would resign his seat in the Poets' Corner and put in an application for membership in the Ain't Nobody Lives Upstairs Club.

Because the A.E.F.—or its vociferous personnel, anyway—is off that wanting little here below stuff. In letters home, in columns of the daily newspapers, anywhere and everywhere that it can get its voice heard, it is out on the sidelines with a megaphone.

It wants a whole lot. It'll say it does. Officers oughter be allowed to wear their Sam Brownes in the States the same as over here. They should. They should not.

The Umptieth Division oughter been sent home long before the Umpteenth, because—Who says so? We do. Tain't so.

Why t'ell shouldn't guys discharged over here keep on wearing their uniform instead of civilian clothes if they want to? Why t'ell should they?

And despite all this mass of bellow and blab by a considerable group of serious shouters, the leaders of the Army and of the nation—blind to these crying details—are concentrating on the minor detail of getting peace signed.

Ain't some people dumb?

The Army's Poets

TO SLIM JIM STIMSON To Slim Jim, Just him, And the swiftest of his bamboo cane; Sometimes "Stim" To the rest of them When he comes to their thoughts again. Oh, his laugh was long Like a lilt o' song, And many a maid in France Took to the likes of his airy sway, Laughed to his lips with her heart astray, Sobbing a bit when he marched away, To thrill with a soldier's chance.

To Slim Jim— R's him I'll remember when years grow dim, For a wine cup's brim Fit the smile of him, When he lifted his glass with the best of them, I'd go anywhere If going there Could stir a bit o' song, Leaving the lights of these wild, gay nights, Hiking again through a field of frights, Acting and seeing the same old sights, To drink with Slim along. J. P. C.

WHEN ROSES BLOOM When roses bloom in Lebanon, I'm going home to stay, With blood and battles I'll have done For ever and for aye. Let those who want adventures grand Go sailing to the foreign land, And there for conquest make their stand— When roses bloom in Lebanon, I'm going home to stay!

When winter's snowy blasts have gone Before the suns of May, And summer's warm garments spun Of flowers bright and gay, Let those whose spirits have no rest Go sailing on a knightly quest, To unknown islands of the West— When roses bloom in Lebanon, I'm going home to stay!

And when the golden summer sun Leads forth his bright array Of buds and leaves and blooms that run Along the foreign coast, Let others plan their daring schemes, And follow wondrous, ghostly gleams That haunt the hinterland of dreams— When roses bloom in Lebanon, I'm going home to stay! WILL LOUR.

"I DIDN'T DO NOTHING" I'm getting rather sick, you know, About those birds who brag and blow And tell just how they up and fit and ruined Bill the Kaiser, But do you think when I get back I'll stand out on the same old track? Ah, no, not I. I've learned a bit, I'll prove myself the wiser.

When I get home I'll modest be, I'll shun undue publicity, And when I'm braced by some astute, ambitious young reporter, I'll let a bluish effuse my brow, And say: "Aw, you just go on, now, I never done a single thing except what I had oughter."

I'll show such shyness, meek and rare, That he will think, "This guy is there, He must have gone and went and pulled a bunch of that stuff heroic." And then he'll up and write a screed, And fake some noble, valiant deed That makes me out a combination D.S.C. and Stoic.

And all my friends will never guess, Because I never need consoling, I didn't do the things he said from St. Mihiel to Arras. I'll need no mention that the war Was fought by me a year or more Upon the boulevards—the boulevards of Paris. TIP BLISS.

GOING BACK They tell us there'll be no great convoys zigzagging, All t'ibed to the speed of the laziest ship; No destroyers to meet us with sailors wig-wagging, And dropping depth bombs to enliven the trip. There'll not be the subs nor the lookouts to warn us, And we'll not have to wear a life-belt day and night; The little gray chasers will simply just scorn us, And guardian cruisers will stay out of sight. At night from the port holes the lights will be shining, We'll smoke up on deck without fear of a call; Don't think that I'm doing a bit of repining, But, brother, it won't seem like trav'ling, a-tall. CHARLES N. WERN.

"ARMY BLUES" When the gloom is on a feller An' he's feelin' downright blue, Every day he gets a letter Hopin' that he'll soon be through. An' you want to be movin'— How you'd like to see the gal— Wonder if the stock's improv'— Like to meet Bill Jones, your pal. An' you sit an' dream an' ponder, Thinkin' of the days to come, The country's drab back roun', An' there's no vin or rhum.

Still, you'll get more satisfaction From the sight of old New York Than from any action, Or the poppin' of a cork.

Now the war is up and ended, An' we've cracked the Kaiser's dome, An' the fight for good's suspended— Why not take a boat for home? I. E. CLARK.

S.O.S. TO DOUGHOBY It may not sound like a helluva lot, now that the grind is through, To have labored seven days a week, back in the rear for you; Barracks and railroads and docks and such are easy to build, no doubt, But when you've constructed a million or more, you're dead to be mustered out.

When your back's been lame for eighteen months, and your feet are soaked and sore, And the wind comes back from the front, "More speed! We're using more and more." And the rain's a soppin' up the ground till your knees are down in the mess, When deserters make for the danger zone—it's hell in the S.O.S.

No, we ain't been up in a front line trench, and we haven't done D.S.C., and we don't pretend to a thing, old scout, in the line of bravery; Our job's mostly just been to sweat and muddle around in muck; But 'twas good for you lads in front of us, that while you fought—we stuck. RALPH UNDERWOOD.

LAMENT OF THE EX-THIRDS Sometimes I wish I was back as a buck again, Just a plain rank-Yank all outa luck again, Hobnails and wraps and my shoulder straps bare, All very fine, "blacc reserved for the officers" "Quel vin, messieurs!" and "Liqueur with your coffee, sirs!" Any real guy would be glad to pull off his spurs, Meet his old buddies and say, "Put her there!" It isn't that we can't get by with the best of them, Most are good scouts—but you know the rest of them, Colonel or buck, if he's square why, who cares? True the Sam Browne makes a hit with the peep-out, But it costs him four times when he pauses to wet his throat.

Any real guy will admit it will get his goat, Playing him ood for the trinkets he wears. Course we are proud for the sake of the folks at home, (They ain't familiar with all the rough jokes at home Poked at in the shavettails in every fresh crop). So sometimes I wish I was back in the ranks again. Sain.

Nothing like it, bluffing it, for nobody's thanks again, One of the hell-may-care two million Yanks again, Friends with the world and me sitting on top!

ANOTHER SCRAP OF PAPER? NO!



"DEM BONES"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: As a constant reader and member for a considerable period of the A.E.F., I desire to call your attention to what seems to many of us to be a serious omission from the honor roll of our forces.

In fact, it appears to be a sad commentary on the appreciation of those who have certain well-known bits of metal and ribbon at their disposal that they have not yet given public recognition to the services rendered our soldiers by two heroic figures who, although silent and invisible, have, nevertheless, been a strong factor in bringing about the defeat of the Hun.

I refer, sir, to Messrs. Big Dick (from Boston) and Little Joe (residence unknown). The above personages are well known to all, and it would be a waste of your valuable space to attempt to cite the occasions on which they have contributed materially to the morale and ultimate success of the A.E.F.

Suffice to say, they have been with us since the early days of our modest arrival here; they have shared our "Hammies & Cheesies" by two heroic figures who, although silent and invisible, have, nevertheless, been a strong factor in bringing about the defeat of the Hun.

Not only as morale builders of the first class, but as material and financial factors of great importance, Messrs. Big Dick and Little Joe are entitled to the serious consideration of the Powers That Be. No financial transaction among members of the A.E.F. has been complete without their presence; they have been instrumental in transfers of bullion of immense significance (to those concerned). It is no exaggeration to say that millions of the silver francs of France have been exchanged through their instrumentality without the loss of a single centime.

So, Mr. Editor, I appeal to your sense of fairness and to the influence which you wield to exert yourself in favor of the two members of the A.E.F. whose claims I have so inadequately set forth. And if there be a disposition to consider their case favorably, I character, Little Phoebe, should not share in the honors conferred upon her brothers Richard and Joseph. I am sure that in making these suggestions I voice the sentiments of the entire A.E.F., at least that major portion of the A.E.F. which is familiar with the immortal and ennobling game of craps. D. F. IRVING, Captain, Horse Marines.

WHY WORRY?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have been losing much sleep lately over the question of who will be the last A.E.F. man to leave France; perhaps you can shed some light on the subject. As long as there are any troops left in France there must be a medico to paint them with iodine, a Q.M. to feed them, and an M.P. to make them behave. Therefore, it follows that the last three men to leave will be a medico, a Q.M., and an M.P.

Which of these three will go first? Not the medico, for the Q.M. or the M.P. might be sick after he left. Not the Q.M., for then who would feed the medico and the M.P.? And surely not the M.P., for there would be no one to safeguard the morals of the two left behind.

The only solution I can suggest is for all three to remain indefinitely. ANXIOUS.

(Find out who the last man will be and send him home now.—Editor.)

DEADLY PARALLELS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Here is a suggestion from a member of the A.E.F. for a few striking comparisons that should make good reading: Pie and Slum; Elsie Janis and Others; Red Chevrons and More Gold Ones; Privates and Swivel Chair Heroes; Dead Yanks and Profiters; Squads East and Westward Ho; Olive Drab and White Flannels.

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES OF June 7, 1918.

AMERICANS HELP TO STEM GERMAN DRIVE ON PARIS—Hold Up Advance at Three Points on Far-Flung Battle Front.

NEW PAY SYSTEM FOR WHOLE ARMY IS BEING DEVISED—Britain's Plan of Separate Book for Every Soldier May Be Adopted.

SHIPS AND STEEL AND POWDER, TOO, COMING ON ASPACE—America's Material Contribution to War Grows Week by Week.

A.E.F.'S BIRTHDAY COMES TOMORROW—NOW A YEAR OLD—Story of Staff's Duration and Arrival Told for First Time.

NO PICTURE CARDS FROM S.O.S. TOWNS—Place May Be Mentioned, But Views Are Still Under Ban.

UNIT PUBLICITY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Will you kindly give the following as much publicity as has been given some of the units in order that the American people may know what they have done during the war? If so, why not make it compulsory for all commanding officers to make a detailed statement of what his unit has accomplished while in France, and swear to the truth of it, so that it may eliminate the competition as to just who did win the war?

It is my honest opinion that I express the sentiments of a large per cent of the American Expeditionary Forces when I say that every individual who prints or causes to be printed a statement as to what his division did, against what others didn't do, should be severely censured, and every editor who prints such an article should be given the same treatment. WILLIAM W. CARROLL, 16th Inf.

THE PRIZE SOLUTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In regard to the origin of the word "doughboy," please let me contribute my bit. The word dates back to the time when the Infantry wore spherical buttons on their blouses. Doughboys at that time were a kind of dumping that they put in soup. Being about the size of the blouse buttons, the term was applied to the Infantry on account of the buttons they wore. The Cavalry at that time wore flat buttons on their blouses; hence, the term doughboy applied only to the Infantrymen.

OLD REGULAR ARMY MAN, 22 Years Service.

CHEVRONS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: About our service chevrons: Why should they not show exactly the service we performed and it be taken for granted that the public has sense enough to understand that all who were in the service could not get over here, no matter how eagerly they desired it?

Why should the situation be now so falsified that a man who has served, for instance, 18 months in the States and five months and 20 days over here may only wear one blue chevron? Let the chevrons speak the truth, the whole truth, and let us keep alert to see that hereafter they speak nothing but the truth. LATE ARRIVAL.

WHO'D 'A' THOUGHT IT?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Here's something for the A.E.F. to put under its hats. You may think the French are holding you up on prices over there. So did I, and I did not hesitate to crab about it. Well, I am back in the States, and I have found out something I did not know before, which is to the effect that the French are not in it at all. There is a certain class of people in these, our United States, that put the French way back in the shade for that sort of thing. They work on the theory that every soldier is so darned glad to get back to God's country that he is suckier enough to pay any price for anything.

And what is more, they are getting away with it. They are the smallest and meanest of the whole family of profiteers. You will have no trouble in recognizing them; the dollar mark is their ensign everywhere.

Just a few examples in regard to prices will be sufficient. Probably the first one you will see will be the guy that wants to sell you a postcard picture of the ship that brings you back home—for two bits. Another light on you will be service chevrons at 50 cents each, and all sorts of fold-de-rol A.E.F. jewelry, pins and ribbons of no value whatever. There are plenty of tailors who will have the crust to soak you \$1.50 for 20 minutes' work on the tail of your new blouse. And if you happen to be isolated from your commissary at any time and fall in with a civilian lunch vendor, prices will soar somewhat as follows: Undersized sandwiches, 25 cents; chocolate bars, 20 cents; oranges, 15 cents; etc.

It looks as if everyone with anything to sell is out for all the loose change you happen to have in your pockets. Another thing that they would be fools not to make all the money they can; but the plain fact is they outcharge the French completely. If you object to being stung, just give them the emphatic razz. FREDERICK TURNER, Pvt., Sec. 571.

SOME FOLKS' LUCK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I expect you are used to hearing grouches, but can you explain this one?

My uncle in England wrote me soon after Christmas that my presence was desired in England to settle my father's estate. I replied that I would put in my application for a pass and would, no doubt, be there in the course of a few weeks. Since then I have put in applications on five different occasions, and today we leave for the United States. I put in an application for transfer to a company that is staying here, but last night was told to pack up and leave with my company. My service record is clean. Myself and five or six others in my company cannot understand why we cannot go, when a number left yesterday for England from another company.

As it is, I will have to return to England after I am mustered out in the U.S.A. I believe that the regulations of the Army are intended to be fair and impartial, but in the face of such circumstances can you wonder that many soldiers are going to hold very radical views when they are discharged from the Army? E. B. SIDBALL, Farrier, 11th Vet. Hosp.

IT'S A HARD LIFE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I took a walk in the Bois de Boulogne this morning, generally walk, if the men whose duty it is to exercise our cars in the parks of Franco on Sundays should be instructed to be more sociable and to take us along with them sometimes. JOHN HALL, Capt., Sorbonne Detachment.