

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1918.

"RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG"

It occasioned quite a good deal of surprise, a little while ago, when it was started up by the band during the ceremony of presenting the regiment with its colors...

The old song is well worth a salute, at that. Next to "John Brown's Body" (or to be highbrow, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic") and the incomparable "Dixie," it is perhaps the best of the war songs...

With the Union referring to the union of the civilized nations of the world, banded together to crush the Teutonic menace, the words fit to perfection: Can't we resurrect some more of the songs our Dads and Granddads sang, and try them out?

ARE YOU WORTH IT?

It costs the United States \$50 a week to maintain each soldier in France. This is the estimate of Lord Northcliffe, through intimate association with the war and a comprehensive knowledge of America, should speak authoritatively.

Assuming the figure correct, are you, as a soldier, worth \$50 a week? One Liberty Bond representing, possibly, a widow's savings, a school boy's hoard.

War changes the value of everything, money included. That you may not have been a "850 a week man" at home does not indicate that you are not worth that over here.

The answer is that you are worth it if you are doing all that is expected of you—doing your duty. And this holds whether you're doing "squads" right into line, peeling potatoes on K.P. or helping hold a stretch of front line trench.

The American soldier's duty just now is principally to learn how to fight, to get in trim, and stay in trim. And to do this he must put his mind and his soul into the job and he must not endanger his physical fitness by excesses.

In the final analysis it is a personal proposition. It's up to you. Ask yourself, "Am I worth \$50 a week?" and if you can conscientiously answer yes, you are.

THE OPEN FIELD

"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of baseball," as Lord Tennyson so ably expressed it. The mere fact that the young man is apt to be found in khaki with the approach of this particular spring should not prevent his fancy from turning to baseball, as of yore. In fact, that is all the more reason why he should keep on, as far as his duties will permit him, with his devotion to the national game.

Not only with baseball, but with track athletics—with every kind of outdoor sport, in fact, for good athletes and good sportsmen stand a better chance of being good soldiers than do those who are unversed in the arts of exercise.

short, all the physical attributes of the really effective soldier. As a recreation for both player and spectator it cannot be beaten.

So, when the ground gets dry enough for a man to slide bases without being drowned, get that company team a-going, and get other companies' teams to get a-going so that you can have somebody to lick. See to it that your company team wins the battalion championship, the regimental championship, the divisional championship, the corps championship, the army championship, the A.E.F. championship.

It will be good for all of us if we can get out in the open back of the lines this spring, line them out, and spear the fast ones. It will be good for all of us when we go back into the lines, refreshed and toughened by that best of recreation and exercise.

THE HONOR AND THE GLORY

A distinction ceases to be a distinction when anyone can gain it. If we were all equal to writing Hamlet, the world would not look on the poet's corner in Westminster Abbey as a hallowed spot.

The Legion of Honor and the Victoria Cross have not been similarly cheapened, and the very fact that in spite of three and a half years of war they still remain guardians difficult of attainment increases immeasurably the prestige of their honored wearers.

Herein lies the difficulty. Can bravery be graded? If a man risks his life for his country, is there really anything more to be said? If a soldier does his duty, darts every peril without flinching, is it possible to say that another who has acted in exactly the same way displayed greater or less valor?

The list of rewards for valor announced in the latest War Department orders on the subject shows that there is ample opportunity for any man in the service to win at least one coveted distinction.

RUMORS

You know what you call them. You hear them all the time. The folks back home hear them, but they don't call them by the same name. Perhaps, on the whole, they're more susceptible to their influence than you are, being farther away from the realities with which they purport to deal.

There are all sorts of rumors. There are ugly ones, which are usually enemy lies or bogies made up out of whole cloth by the same kind of people that rock boats and scare children. There are dangerous ones—such as speculation on the time the unit is going to move, where it's going to, and so forth.

Of the uselessness of paying any heed to the first two classes of rumors, the great majority of men in the A.E.F. do not need to be warned. They "know that they'll know when they know it" and refuse to be influenced by any wild yarns that do not bear the earmarks of authenticity.

AS THE FIRST WINTER ENDS

The French Government knew what it was about when, early in December, it forbade the publication of weather forecasts. There were rough days ahead, and weather forecasting would have been about as unpopular a job as handling a leaky gas shell.

larity, and the natives protested in vain that such a winter was considered unusually rough in these parts. It might be so, but we had had no previous French winters to judge by.

But even at the time some of us knew we were getting the better sort of winter after all. News came from America of a coal shortage made even shorter by impenetrable snow blockades, of an ice-choked North River where barges should have been plying with the freedom of summer.

THE REAL THRILL

For most of us the thrills of soldiering have thus far been little ones. We had our first pleasant shiver the day we took the oath of allegiance. Then came the memorable morning when we first donned uniform, the first time we paraded down the avenue in ranks with colors flying at the head of the column and the band a-blare.

Then you go down into the muddy ditches and, once on the job, you have so many other things to think about that you forget your uneasiness. After all, these trenches are just like the ones back home in the training camp. The only difference is that the Boches are shooting at you.

And so it is in this game of war. The man who wears a uniform in war times never knows what duty he may be called upon to perform. He is a private today, but tomorrow morning he may be a corporal, and if he hasn't learned how to lead a squad, he will bitterly repent that he failed to prepare for the emergency.

Something may happen to your platoon sergeant. Whoever steps out to fill his place had better be all set for it.

Somebody in your back is going up from the ranks pretty quick to a warrant or a commission. If the non-com who draws those gold bars hasn't watched what a second lieutenant's work is like, he is going to be the joke of the company until he learns it.

Are you already a second lieutenant? You are content, perhaps, to know how to handle a platoon. But tomorrow morning every officer in the company but yourself may be packed off to a corps school and then you'll find your self pro tem with 250 men on your hands—a whole company to drill and discipline and ration and a baffling lot of "paper work" to tackle.

So all up and down the line. You who now are captains may, before spring sets in, be wearing gold or silver leaves. You who are majors may be leading regiments—either your own, or organizing new outfits of National Army men overseas.

So don't let your evenings all slip by in pleasant gossip around the Q.M. stove. Wake up to what you may have to face tomorrow morning—the chance to make good in new and bigger jobs. How about it? Can you climb, or are you a hopeless fixture?

Everything a man can learn about the Army game will come in handy. Don't lose any more time about it. Get busy!

German recruits at the Beverloo camp are said to have refused to sing "Die Wacht am Rhein." What they probably wanted to sing was, "Ach, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin!"

"Most Democrats are far more interested in fighting Germany than in fighting the Republican party, and most Republicans are far more interested in fighting Germany than in fighting the Democratic party."—New York "World."

Christy Mathewson has had himself vaccinated and his tonsils removed, so as to be in shape for the season. Now, an antityphoid "bing" in your old arm, Matty—

"Already football is becoming popular in America."—From the works of a certain English writer.

The French papers refer to Major Raoul Luffere in fondest affection as "L'ami americain" (the American boy); but we think a more appropriate title—and one that wouldn't lend itself quite so much to typographical errors—would be "high, low, Jack and the game."

To judge from the number of prisoners one of our patrols recently took in "The Ladies' Way" must be a peculiarly fetching one.

"Mr. Roosevelt has so far recovered as to be able to hold political conferences while in bed."—Daily Mail.

The entire world is convinced that terrible days are at hand.—Colonel Gaedke, in the "Schwabischer Tagwacht."

The descendants of those Frenchmen who, under Lafayette and Rochambeau, helped America to achieve her independence, have presented a set of national and regimental colors to each of five American regiments as an earnest of their continued affection for us, and their remembrance of the last great struggle in which their nation was allied with ours.

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YOU CAN'T FOOL FATHER!



After a cartoon by Carter, in the "Philadelphia Press."

"GAS—ALERT!"

"Reval is occupied by German Forces."—Headline. And, no doubt, "there was a sound of revelry by night."

Mars, according to the astronomers, as quoted in the "Herald," "will be in opposition on March 14." Somehow or other we had a sneaking idea that Mars had been in opposition since August, 1914.

"If President Wilson suggests that the German chancellor speak before the supreme tribunal of the world, I decline to accept such a tribunal as impartial."—Count Hertling. No criminal ever considers impartial the tribunal before which he stands accused.

"It has been stated that we intend to keep Belgium, a country with which in future we wish to live on friendly terms."—Count Hertling again.

Belgium, Herr Chancellor, has already had her taste of German friendship. She is not likely to cure for a second dose.

"Patrols advanced within ten miles of Hit."—From the British Mesopotamian communiqué.

From which we gather that Patrols probably got a base on balls.

"Lone Vancouver fishman attacked Prussian Guard."—Headline. Not only attacked, but surrounded them.

A press censorship is to be instituted over all newspapers printed in Greece and her islands. Wonder what Old Man Homer, whose work was syndicated in seven cities, would have said about that?

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THE WAR'S GREATEST LESSON

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Every American in France who sees this paper has a clearer understanding than ever before of what war is, what a catastrophe to an unprepared nation.

Even now we cannot have an understanding as clear as that of the English, French and Belgians, who have been seeing the bitterest evidence since August 1, 1914.

Certainly the people at home can't see, even as we do. Our mission is to make them see. If the war ends before America is one hundred per cent awake to the needs of universal service as a defensive measure, then we will have lost the great lesson of the war.

I have seen shell-torn fields where once was growing grain; desecrated churches where once a hungry people worshipped God; wasted villages once as calm and lovely as my own home in the Adirondacks.

I have seen little mounds beneath which lie men—like myself; and women—like my wife and little sister; and babies—like my own and my own.

I have seen ruin and misery which even time can never heal, and I know that this anguish, which now is scattered in eternal bloodstains over Europe, will some day be spread over my own homeland, unless America, partially awake, becomes fully awake.

It takes no imagination to picture my wife, my babies, my grey-haired parents, trod under foot by the Boer, just as before my very eyes, I've seen these tragedies endured by my French comrades.

If, the war over, the pacifist succeeds in diminishing by one iota our land's determination that never again will we, unprepared, be plunged into war—before God that pacifist is accessory before the fact and is guilty of murder and rape and arson of the slaughter of a nation, of the effacement of civilization.

Today I have written my wife and my sister and my mother (all are voters now). I have told them that this is the greatest lesson of the war. I have told them that, however eager I may be to see them again, I literally do not wish to see them until we citizens have come to pass—first, the victory of the Allies; second,

the realization by America that as a surety against such a war ever coming to our own soil, we must prepare.

We must keep our Army strong. We must keep our Army officers and many of our men in annual service, training the million youths who each year reach 18—training them to be better citizens than any of us, were until a few months before; training them to realize not only their privilege as citizens of our great western democracy, but their duty to uphold it; making of them men daring all, willing to suffer all, that our own beloved land may remain free and able to stand as the perpetual monument of freedom and justice and democracy.

We must with eternal vigilance throttle the idea of nonresistance, of unpreparedness. We have seen how German propaganda has dared to use as catpaws the pacifist dwellers of a fool's paradise.

We must keep our Army and Navy at the top point of efficiency. We must stand back of the former's General Staff and the latter's General Board. We must see that every man in the Senate and in the House does the same, and if one falters in his duty to you and to me, the ten million eight million soldiers of the first time, he must be replaced by a patriot.

Our votes are few. It is up to us to see that every relative, every friend, sees as we see. Begin it now and keep it up. God knows we do not want war as a pastime. But God knows that unless we prepare, unless we are strong enough to stand for our rights, we will get war whether we want it or not, and the next line on OUR OWN SOIL, around our own homes.

Write home today, and keep on writing home, and when we get back there some day, keep up the work. Damn the pacifist, damn the quitter. Damn the fool who will not see, unless we rid our land of their influence, we will get exactly what Belgium got. But there will be one difference. We will deserve it all as a punishment for our folly.

ONE WHO ENLISTED THE FIRST DAY OF WAR. March 4, 1918.

MENTIONED IN ORDERS

NO FRANKING FOR CIVILIANS

In a report furnished to the War Department by the Postmaster General, the rule is laid down that the privilege of franking mail is extended to the military men of the A.E.F., but not to agents and secretaries of the Y.M.C.A., to postal secretaries, etc.

TO MEN ON LEAVE

All men departing on leave from points within the Zone of the Advance are, in accordance with previously issued orders, to deposit their rifles, pistols and bayonets at the regulating station or some other designated point, and to have their leave orders stamped to that effect. Until further orders, "designated points" will be those fixed by the corps, division, or independent commanders.

CONSERVING BEEF TALLOW

Beef tallow is valuable. An order just issued directs all division and other quartermasters to collect with care all beef tallow not absolutely necessary for the use of their troops, put it in empty vinegar, oil or similar barrels, and to send it to the nearest quartermaster depot, where arrangements will be made for its storage. This tallow collected is to be used for making dubbin for the preservation of shoes.

COURTESY TO ALLIES

Officers, non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the Allied Armies attached to our forces for any purpose will be furnished necessary transportation to enable them to properly perform their duties in the organization to which they are attached.

March and organizations changing station will see to it that any officer, non-commissioned officer or enlisted man of the Allied Armies attached to their commands is furnished transportation for himself and baggage appropriate to his grade in each case.

In this connection attention is invited to the fact that these attached officers or enlisted men, when acting as instructors, may be obliged to carry additional equipment to enable them to properly perform their particular duty, and suitable transportation should be furnished in each case.

TO SCHOOL FOR COMMISSIONS

A policy has been put into effect requiring all non-commissioned officers to pass through the Army Candidates' Schools before being commissioned in the line.

HEADLIGHTS AND ALERTS

All automobiles belonging to the American Army are forbidden to use their large headlights between the time that first warning against aeroplanes is received and the time of notice that the danger is past. During this time only dimmers or oil lamps may be used.

TRAVEL ORDERS FOR STUDENTS

The commandant, Army Schools, American Expeditionary Forces, will issue travel orders, directing return to "proper" station of any student of the Army Schools who may have completed his course, or whom he may be authorized to relieve pursuant to instructions from general headquarters.

PRIOR SERVICE CREDIT

Officers and enlisted men of the National Guard are, when drafted into the Federal service, under the Act of June 3, 1916, entitled to credit for their prior service, both State and Federal, in the National Guard, for purposes of longevity and continuous-service pay. But this right is limited to those actually in the service as National Guards-