

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, JUNE 14, 1918.

A YEAR AGO TODAY

A year ago today the first fighting troops of the A.E.F. set sail from the port of New York. A year ago today, in the still dark hours before dawn, while all the city slept, the first convoy dropped silently down the river and out to sea.

Though it was Flag Day, no flags could wave then on their way; no cheers or music sounded a farewell from the shore; no harbor craft might boom a thunderous Godspeed. But the prayers of America were with them—and with them the hearts of America.

They were not many—not more than 15,000. A large part of them were raw recruits. There was no bombastic notion in any one's mind that this little handful of soldiers could at once and alone add materially to the strength of the long, stern line of the Allied defense. Yet surely no more important contingent of like size ever went forth to battle since the world began. The reason they were welcomed like conquering heroes in the streets of Paris on our first 4th of July in France, the reason they were sent at that time at all, was because that first contingent was the pledge of the hundreds of thousands who have already followed them, a token and a prophecy of the millions on the way.

FLAG DAY

All over America today, in every country where the representatives of America are engaged in carrying out the American vision, on the high seas where the fleet of America keeps its ceaseless watch and ward, the Flag will be flown. The occurrence of Flag Day this year finds the banner in more distant places, at one and the same time, than has ever before been the case.

It is a far cry back to the days when the Flag had but 13 stars in the blue field alongside its 13 stripes. But the glorious thought of the day is not in the extension of those stars to 48, nor in the multitude of far removed spots on which today the Flag is planted. It is, rather, that the Flag of 48 stars stands for exactly the same ideal of liberty as did the Flag of 13 stars; that the America of 1918 is as alive and alert in the defense of that ideal as was the America of 1776.

The Flag has never led the way to war save when human freedom was at stake. The Flag's glory has been that it has always emerged triumphant and untarnished from the fray. The Flag's honor—and the honor of all that the Flag stands for—is in our keeping. The Flag must never be besmirched. The Flag will never touch the ground.

FRED BLAKELY—HOW!

As evidence of how all America is back of us, some of the little unconsidered stories that slip into the crowded newspapers back home these days are more impressive than the staggering total of Liberty Loan subscriptions, more eloquent than the most resounding patriotic speech that echoes across the Atlantic.

In a West Virginia mining town, one Fred Blakely is known as the man who loads more tons of coal in a day than any other man in the state. That means something in a year when the miners are determined that the earth shall yield for the Allies more fuel than it ever did before. Fred is saking for the A.E.F. He is dog tired at night, but somehow he has managed every week to knit a sweater for some soldier in France.

GLORY BE!

It is good news that a new system of Army pay is under consideration in the high councils of the A.E.F. It is better news that the whole spirit and purpose of that contemplated revision is the creation of a system by which each and every soldier, no matter how far he has strayed as a casual and no matter what the condition of his service record, will get each month enough money for his real needs, get it quickly and get it easily.

We have had evidence aplenty of men going seven and eight months without a son of pay. Last winter, we would see again and again a service record in which "Pay due from enlistment" was about the only entirely reliable entry.

Soldiers have made the rounds of the hospitals and come up smiling but broke in a replacement division. Here and there in their wand-rings they had hopefully signed a payroll, but always moved on their way before the frames arrived.

It is small wonder if some of them, when they heard anyone speak of the Yank as the highest paid soldier in the world, wondered where he got that stuff.

It is true that an emergency measure permits several paying points in the A.E.F. to deal out, on improvised and supplementary service records, a flat \$7.50 to every man as his pay for the

month just past, no matter where his original service record might be or what its state. But it is also true that, complicated by all the frills of insurance, allotment and Liberty loan, dependent for its success on the whole-hearted co-operation of officers who are newcomers to the Army, and strained by the rush and shuffle of a farflung expedition ever on the move, the old pay system, whosoever the fault, has not worked to the satisfaction of the most important man in the Army—the private.

When a new system is finally launched, whatever its character, it will prove an immediate success only if every officer in command of troops bends every energy to the task of mastering the new machinery and seeing that it works. The officer who is careless in this matter, who can bother about his own pay and sleep comfortably of nights before he has done everything in his power to see that his men are paid, is not fit to wear a Sam Browne belt.

THE ANSWER

Submarines appear off the coast of America and sink a number of small vessels and a fair-sized steamer. And then—And then some three thousand applicants appear in one day at the Naval Reserve recruiting offices.

And then the riveters of the country set a new all-around record.

And then Secretary Daniels announces that the road to France has been kept open and will be kept open.

A few folks were probably frightened. It was the best thing that could happen to them.

The big result is this: Everyone who wasn't fighting mad before is fighting mad now.

It was the ruthless submarine campaign that brought us into the war. A ruthless submarine campaign at the doors of America isn't going to drive us out. It will just drive us on all the harder.

THE HANDS OF THE A.E.F.

America seeks as her reward in this war only the great gain that will come to all decent countries from the mere fact that the Prussian menace has passed like the passing of a nightmare—the peace that comes to all good people when a dirty bully, who has been roaming loose in the land, is caught, beaten and made powerless.

America will ask for no land or riches when this war is done.

From time to time it is well that we should renew this pledge of our high purpose. It has been expressed often and in many words. It has seldom been said in fewer words or with greater eloquence than in a Spartan speech by General Johnson Hagood, when, in the presence of the victor of the Marne, he spoke in behalf of the Army.

"We come to France for no material gain," he said. "We expect to divide no spoils. We come to fight for what we believe is right, and when the victory is ours, we shall return empty-handed, unless it be, perhaps, to take our dead with us."

BULL

Have you heard that the Empty Stenth Division was practically cut to pieces in its gallant attack last Sunday—or perhaps it was Wednesday?

Have you heard that its sister division, the Empty Stenth plus One, was about to return to America to fight the Mexicans?

What! You didn't even know we were at war with Mexico? Where have you been these past twelve months?

You have probably been minding your own business of soldiering. And the men who have been spreading these stories have been minding their business very badly.

Of course, there's something behind all these wild yarns that are continually struggling for circulation in the A.E.F. That one about the Empty Stenth's being cut to pieces, for instance. It must be true, because who do you suppose told us? A lieutenant who had not been with the division for two months.

What's the use of waiting to get information from G.H.Q. when there's a handy man like that around?

"JUST THINKING"

We are in receipt of a copy of a poem, sent us by Pvt. Melvin Ryder, which, according to him, purports to have been "passed on from soldier to soldier, and edited somewhat," and to have been written by William Burke, 3400 Emerald Avenue, Chicago, Ill., whose A.E.F. address is unknown.

The poem in question is, with the exception of a paltry few words and punctuation changes, (one of which destroys the rhyme which the original had), a direct duplicate of "Just Thinking," written by a member of the editorial staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES, on the afternoon of either February 4 or 5, in the office of the Chief of the Press Division, I.S., G.S., at _____, France, and printed on the first page, top of second column from the left, of the second issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES, on February 15, 1918.

From the nature of the copy—even the same title, "Just Thinking," is used—the "poem" purporting to have been written by William Burke is manifestly a taking down of the original; probably, from the nature of the changes, an attempt to reconstruct it from memory, or more uncharitably, an attempt to cover up the adoption of it as his own by a slight switching of the phraseology.

THE STARS AND STRIPES isn't calling William Burke to account—yet. It is "just thinking."

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

As in the early days of 1914, French troop trains are decked with poppies and roses, with every flower of field and garden. And just as in those days when the war was young, the poilu, after four years, rides up to the front, blithely, lustily singing, and with roses stuck in his cap and blouse.

Germany told the world that France was "bled white." Germany lied, and knew that she lied. The soul of France, reflected in the eyes and voices of her fighting men, is both unvanquished and unvanquishable.

The Army's Poets

SOLDIER SMILES

They may talk of kings and princes,
And the glory of their show;
You may sing of knights and ladies
In the days of long ago.
You may paint a vivid picture
Of the wonder-worlds to see,
But the smiles on soldier faces
Look the best of all to me.

They are gassed and shelled and tortured,
They are shocked and shot and shattered,
And you marvel when they speak;
They will give their all in battle
That the world may be made free,
And their smiles are sweeter
Are real miracles to see.

They have smiled since they were babies—
Lantern, love have been their charms—
And their smiles were patriotic
When their country called to arms;
They go laughing to the trenches,
Filling fighting lines with cheer,
And with smiles they come back wounded—
These are smiles that puzzle me.

Kings and kaisers may be mighty
As the bloody brutes of war;
They may use the worst of weapons
Never dreamed of 'er before;
But they're smug and contented
Over land and on the sea,
For the soldier-boys of Freedom
Fight—and smile—the whole world free!

CAPT. ALLEN A. STOCKDALE,
Base Hospital No. 1.

THE FAMILY TREE

My great, great, great, great granddad, so runs a family tale,
Was a death or glory chronicler in a sassy old mail;
Whose quaint and Chesterfieldian way of showing
Marked affection
Was to split a tooth and bore a hole in a feudal
friend's complexion.

And later on his progeny took uncontrolled
delight
In holding up the weekly stage in bright and
broad daylight,
And frisking all the sturdy squires, until the
sun went out.
That Dick Turpin was the devil in hell (which
no one seemed to doubt).

Saw from knight and highwayman descend
some gentlemen of France,
Who wore embroidery on their vests and ribbons
on their pants;
And they raised hoity ho, I'm told, with
dukes and kings and lords,
And carved their way to name and fame with
their jewelry counter swords.

And then there was a set of blokes, back on my
family tree,
Who scrapped in Rome's arena, to cure them of
quandary,
And one of 'em stood on a bridge and with
good old Roman cheer
Rough-housed Sextus' army with a cheese-knife
and a spear.

And I suppose, still farther back, that some big
ape-faced guy
Amused himself by heaving bricks at fierce
dinosaurs,
And tamed his next-door neighbors by balancing
a howler,
As a sort of invitation, on his prehistoric
shoulder.

And oftentimes, these has-been boys sit past
my three-plank cot,
And rattle their rusty ordnance and bowtell
their bitter lot;
And one old whiskered veteran with envy sighs
"Why wasn't this Holo-Zollern there when I
was boss of Spain?"

And they reach out from the shadows in which
their forms are hid
And they slap me on the shoulder and they
say: "Go get 'em, kid!"
Say: "When those old scrappers hang around,
They ain't no room for four—
And I know them Germans will catch hell—
and my family here."

HOW TO KNOW

Where've I been and what've I seen?
Towms and such that what you mean?
That's sort of an answer's easy to give,
But to put in words the thing we right—
The actual things we've all been through,
To picture—well, just as to you,
Is more than any one can do.

What is it like up on the line?
Have you got a couple years of time
To spend on a couple of years of time
And endeavor to word the man we right—
So you may know without being there
How the machine gun lads and the doughboys
Or the coolies go crawling everywhere?

How does it feel to go over the Top?
I can shiver up my shoulders, but then I must
stop.
Oh, we know, all right—as a mother knows
How it feels to her when the one boy goes
And doesn't return—as some of us do
And some of us don't—each time, when it
through—
You'll have to wait till it happens to you.
MEL RYDER.

WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS

The West Wind is the home-bound wind
As it blows across the sea;
And every time it breathes of love
From a lonely heart to thee.

And the West Wind sings as it sweeps along
Where it plays on the white-capped foam;
But it will not pause, for it bears a song,
And the theme of the song is—Home.

And the West Wind whispers, soft and low,
As of old in the lullaby,
As a father hears, as it starts to blow,
The sound of a baby's cry.

Then he sends a kiss to his little child,
And the West Wind bears it home;
While a doughboy down in the front line trench
Wings a prayer on the wind in the gloom.

For France is the East and the wind is West,
And the sea is a long, long way,
But the bridge of the sea is a wispy of love
At the close of a lonely day.

So the West Wind bears on its broad, broad
breast
As it swings its way o'er the sea,
A thought of love to a million hearts
And a throb of love to thee.

To thee does the West Wind bear a thought—
Dost thou hear it over there,
Oh, mother heart, and baby dear,
On the soft, sweet twilight air?

And, woman God save, dost thou hear it, too?
For it goes like a dart to thee;
Hark! It blows on the path of the sunset warm,
West bound on the eastern sea.

For the West Wind is the Home Bound Wind,
And it blows from the eastern sea;
'Tis the Wind of Love in the hand of God,
And it blows from the fields of France.

WM. L. STIDGER.

THE LEGIONNAIRE SPEAKS

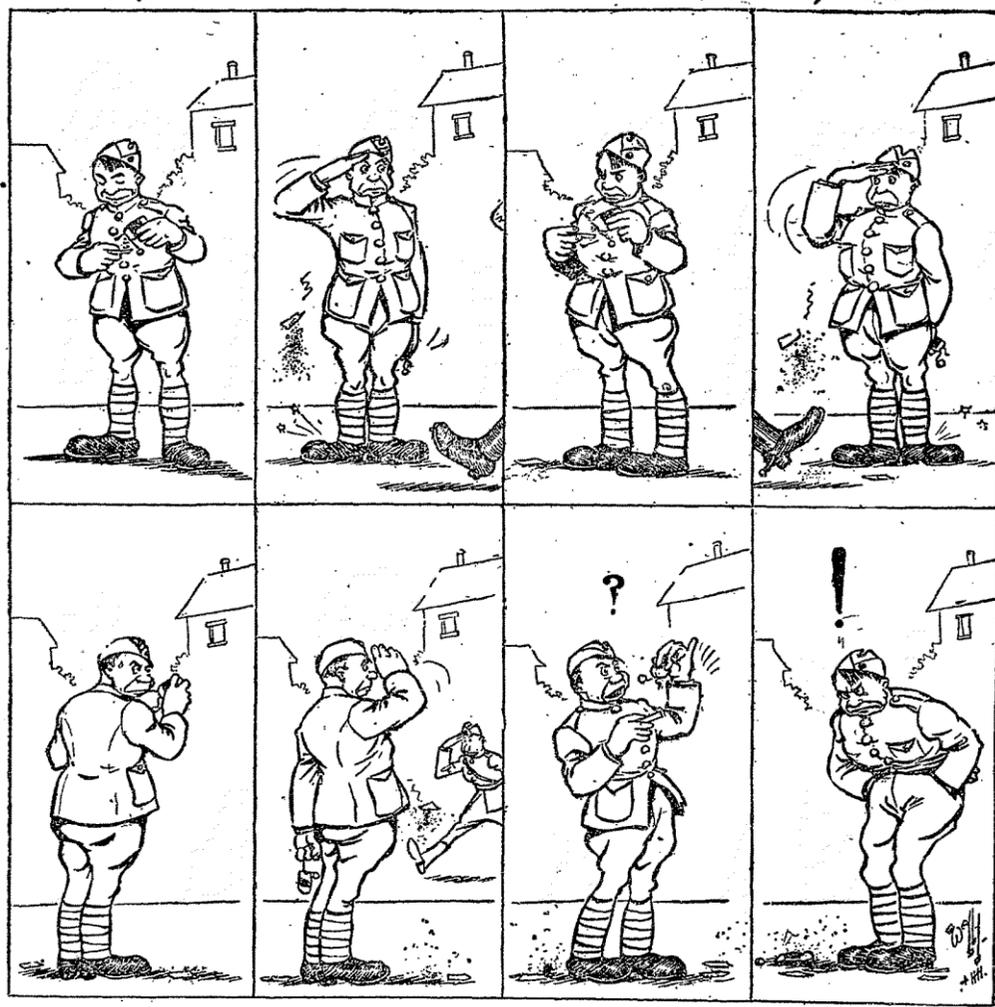
I've just come back from the swamp land,
From the land of muck and mire,
Where the earth is a ditch of blood and pith
And iron and flesh and fire.
I've been up to my knees in waters that freeze
And suck out the lives of men;
While the shells shriek by till you pray to die—
And I'm going back again.

I'm a fool, you say? Let another pay—
I've done my bit? Not I;
For the things I know of the Prussian foe
Will haunt me till I die.
So what is the use, while manhood's juice
Is still in my flesh and blood,
Of trying to stay back here and play
With the slacker and the "dud"?

So it's Flanders for me, the Land of the Free,
The land that is free from the curse
Of men who are dead for the honor is dead.
Men are dead while they live, which is worse
Than to suffer and fall at the clarion call
Of Liberty, Justice and Truth.
So I'll go to the front and I want men—
I give you my all, my Youth!

SGT. LION A. DEYOUNG—Supply Train.

YES, AND YOU'D HAVE SAID IT, TOO



AN OLD, OLD CHURCH IN FRANCE

It isn't much of a church, as churches go. It has had very few wealthy parishioners and benefactors. In the course of its seven centuries of existence, it has served the needs of the little farming community of which it is the center; and having done that, it has done enough. It had never seen any people other than its own quiet, kindly parishioners up to the advent of *les Americains*.

It is, in fact, a homely little church—humble, even as the little billet town in which it is situated is homely. The rude painter of an earlier day had even more horrible than the reality the picture of the good saint going through his martyrdom. The wood-carved cherubs look dyspeptic and doleful—quite unlike the cheery little altar boys who through the chance of eye and uninspiring features. The pews are rickety, and in ill repair. The windows are gaudily bright when the sun strikes them, and more dull splashes of color when the sky is lowering. It is an ugly church.

But to the Americans who weed their way up the hill toward it every Sunday morning, its look around its unpromising interior, and conjure up from its form and substance the memories of other churches they have left behind. They know that the statues and pictures and bas-reliefs, ancient and incomplete as they are, stand for the same things that other and comelier statues and pictures and bas-reliefs stand for in other churches, some in France, some in America. And knowing that, they sit back and are content.

On a Sunday morning, when the Americans struggle up from their huts and billets, and the good people of the countryside follow their way in on farm wagons and tottering carryalls, the courtyard square in front of the church, deserted during the weeks save for the daily guard, moment formation, becomes thronged again. The Americans perceive, with a sense of kin-to-homeness, that the good old custom of "visiting" before church time is the same in France as it is in America; possibly it started in France for all they know. Here Monsieur Jacques, who fills his little farm some three or four kilometers outside the village, stops to hohob with Monsieur Jean, who runs the little cafe-store at the bottom of the hill. And here Madame Jacques has a reunion with Madame Robert, her sister, and amidst the children tugging at Madame Robert's skirts—such handsome little children, and all dressed up in their Sunday clothes!

It is, in one sense, a depressing sight, that

of the crowd in the courtyard. Save for the lawny Americans in O.D., there are no young men to be seen. The old men, most of them veterans of 1870, hobble painfully over the stones and up the steps leading into the church. Few if any of the middle aged men—and there are few enough of them—are missing the little buttonhole decorations, the little breast badges, that broken service well rendered in the field during the present war; the majority bear mute testimony elsewhere to their participation in the conflict. And many of the women, the rangy-limber, suitemanned hardworking farmers' wives and daughters, and the no less sturdy housewives of the village itself, are clad in black.

Here and there may be a *poilu* on leave, his old uniform of antebellum days on again, its red and gold and dark blue standing out in sharp contrast to the horizon hue of his fighting garb. Beside him, never letting go of his arm and never taking eyes from his face, walks another or wife or sweetheart. Neighbors stop them from time to time in their progress toward the church, shake the *poilu* by the hand, and ask him how it goes; admire the new decoration on his breast; finger it, slap him on the back, and pass on. The children look up at him with wide-eyed admiration and awe: Is he not a man who has done great thing for *La Patrie*?

Into the church they drift by twos and threes, farmer and tradesman and farming woman and housewife and *poilu* and American and, not to be forgotten, the youngsters. The youngsters' church manners, it may be said in passing, are the finest in the world. To be sure, the credit goes mainly to the little girls, for the boys are practically all herded inside the altar rail under the watchful eye of the *curé*, so that not even the most roguish of them would dare misbehave. But behave they all do; and the view from the front of the church, showing all those little curl-and-bonnet-framed faces, like so many real cherubs just above the pew tops, with the motes and consequent discomfort of going up there and turning around to look at.

The service begins. The little choir, mainly composed of young girls in their teens, does its best trying not to flat the high notes, but flat them it does. As the service wears on and the deeper pitched chants come into play, there is always an old man way in the back of the church, himself a former chorister, who, after carefully adjusting his *pinoc-nez*, will clear his throat and help in blowing out the Gloria or the Credo. At the latter part, if the *curé*, the preliminary portion of the mass

concluded, comes—still chanting the creed in unison with his choir—down the aisles to take up the collection.

It has been a happy time for the *curé* and the little parish since *les Americains* came. *Les Americains*, in their home churches, were most of them brought up to believe that one paid ten cents for a seat, and put ten cents into the collection plate—at least. So here, they see no reason to do otherwise, and in go the francs and the half-francs, all along the O.D. line; although Madame, the washerwoman, with her large family and her husband away at the war, puts in but her widow's mite, one ten centime piece.

And many little things have been done by *le curé* for the poor of the parish during the winter just past—many a man has been tided over the fuel shortage and the rest, thanks to the tactful help of the good father, reinforced by the contributions of his new soldier parishioners. And the little church has never known such Christmas and Easter collections in all its long history.

The *curé* reascends to the altar and the service is resumed. Encouraged by the kindly aid of the old man in the rear pew, the choir attempts one of the quaint and beautiful old hymns to the Virgin—whose statue is there, all banked in evergreens the year round—and renders it lovingly and well. Comes the tinkling of the bell; the awed hush of the moment of the consecration of the bread and wine; the tinkling again at the breaking of the host; and then, bravely but pathetically, the choir breaks forth into the age-old prayer for peace:

"*Agnus Dei, qui tobis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.*"

They have chanted the *Agnus Dei* bravely, hopefully, patiently, these four years. Still they chant it, their hopes still high, their voices still unwavering.

The service draws to a close. The tiny altar boy staggers his way down and up the altar steps again under the load of that huge missal from which the priest reads the last gospel. That concluded, the congregation, French and American, rises and sings the "Little Psalm."

"*Crisis! O Lord, all ye nations,*" it runs, "Praise him; all ye people. For his mercy has been confirmed upon us; and the truth of the Lord remaineth forever."

The sun comes bursting in through those gaudy, splashed windows up above, and lightens there below the representatives of the two nations, united to defend the fruit of the Lord, and to make it prevail. And at that moment the little ugly old stone church becomes strangely transfigured and beautiful.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

From the San Francisco Examiner, May 31st.

The spirit of the American Expeditionary Force in France—the A.E.F.—is it has been initialized—is the noble spirit of helpfulness. Our soldiers who have gone overseas to take their places on the battle line have gone with the feeling of being on a crusade to help a wounded and bleeding friend.

Nothing shows more plainly this truly fine spirit of our men, this extraordinary attitude for an army of fighting men, than the plan that has been undertaken for company units in the forces to finance the support of French orphans and children of crippled French soldiers.

With one hand, so to speak, will our men fight against the common enemy, and with the other help alleviate the suffering that the enemy already has wrought. It is truly something which justifies superlatives.

Read how THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official weekly paper of the A.E.F., appeals for support of this fine plan:

"In France there are thousands of children who need help—orphans, children of crippled soldiers, children of the invaded districts whose parents may now be laboring behind German lines at the point of a bayonet, or may be dead. Of all those who have made sacrifices for liberty, their sufferings are the most acute. Of all causes, theirs is the worthiest, the most pressing. Some are ill, all of them are hungry and poorly clothed. The picture of these children is the saddest of the whole war. Some of them know who their parents are, or were; others do not. Some do not even know their own names and are simply given a number and are enrolled as 'unclaimed.' They are public charges.

We of the A.E.F. know the French children. Not a soldier in France but admires and loves them. They were at the dock to greet us. They followed our columns, they have been with us ever since. To the elder world of France we are yet an untried army. But the youth of France has not suspended

A COOTIE REMEDY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In your copy of May 31st, I notice you give a cartoon on how to get rid of cooties. Here is the way I treat them and think it is a good remedy.

First, get a rope of wire, rope preferred, that is about 30 feet long and has two ends. Be sure you get both ends. Then place one end on the ground and the other in the air, climb up and place some cheese or butter—butter preferred—on the top, then come down and hide. You will not have to wait long before a Mr. Cootie will be along. He, of course, hears the cheese or butter up on the rope or wire, and goes up to get a bite. Now, climb up yourself and cut the wire or rope about two feet below Mr. Cootie and place on that end an ice cream cone. Then come down and hide. Mr. Cootie will get all the butter or cheese he wants and start down, not knowing the rope or wire is cut, and fall in the ice cream cone and freeze to death.

The same cheese or butter will work for a day or more, if you remove the dead immediately.

W. D. B.
who is working for the cause.

GOOD IDEA

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Owing to the amount of tonnage the Government must dispatch every day, we lose the privilege of receiving packages from home.

My solution to this perplexing problem is this: Let every man who receives the daily home town paper pledge himself to cancel the subscription.

We all know that the papers are from a month to six weeks old, and when they do come, not only is the news stale, but they come in such bunches that it is hopeless ever to wade through them all.

This morning two of our men received between them about 75 papers, needing a special bag for transportation from the postoffice. When you figure the weight of 75 papers, and see in your mind's eye thousands of our men going through the same performance, then you can see where our tonnage is being wasted.

What do you think of the idea? If it is any good, get behind it.

ARTHUR M. VOGEL,
Central Med. Dept. Lab.

YOU ARE NOT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Three friends and I served in the American Field Service, two in the Camlon and two in the Ambulance. Are we entitled to wear American Army service chevrons for the periods of six months we served? We are all in the American service now.

H. ELLIS SIDLER; Sgt., Hq. Co., — Engrs. Ry.

[No. The service chevrons is only awarded for service with the A.E.F. There was no A.E.F. before April 6, 1917—for a short while after. But no one has any right to go back beyond that date—computing his claim to the gold stripe.—Ed.]