

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F.

FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1919

APRIL 6, 1919

Two years ago this coming Sunday, the Congress of the United States resolved "that the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared; and that the President be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial German Government; and to bring the conflict to a successful termination all of the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States."

That pledge has been kept. The conflict has been brought "to a successful termination." The anniversary of our entrance into the war sees our manhood vindicated, our honor unimpaired—sees America loved, admired and respected as never before in the history of the world.

That anniversary will be, and ought to be, a day of thanksgiving for all Americans, but particularly for us who have been privileged to aid by tangible effort the accomplishment of the great mission. It also will, and ought to, be a day of reflection, a day of rededication of ourselves to the following of the principles which the President, as our spokesman, outlined when we threw in our weight on the side of the free nations.

And in that rededication of ourselves, in the process of looking backward over these two most glorious years of our country's history, let us not forget that "the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

In peace as in war, the great fight for right and justice—America's fight—must be ours, personally ours, to the very last day of our lives.

LIARS

On another page of this issue will be found a series of extracts from back-home papers recounting deeds of valor that have never been fittingly recorded before, for which no decoration has ever been awarded or even authorized. If such a decoration ever were authorized, it might be permissible to suggest the bottom of a corned Willie can suitably engraved and suspended from the neck by a string of cognac bottle corks.

The one comforting fact that can be drawn from all these yarns of returned soldiers who go seeking the bubble reputation in the limotype's mouth is that they come from no one group in the Army. You may think it is a behind-the-lines failing exclusively, and then you bump into a tall one concocted by a soldier who really was up in it. You may think it is a Marine failing—until you find an Infantryman telling a worse one.

It all depends on the man. His outfit has nothing to do with it. And it is unfair to blame the outfit for the sins of one of its members. But it is fair to the rest of the A.E.F. to expose the line of bunk which some of its former members are getting away with. It is easy to get away with it, but it is also tolerably easy to expose it.

ON BEING AN M.P.

There have to be M.P.'s, just as there have to be briggs, and arm jabs, and Saturday or Sunday inspections, and closing hours for cafes, and other military unpleasantness. But you cannot have a brig to the full satisfaction of your being because it is only a place, or an arm jab because it is only an act, performed more often than not by a doctor whom you will never set eyes on again.

But an M.P. is different. An M.P. is a person—more than that, he is a brother in arms. He wears red trimmings and a black brassard and sports side arms, but beneath this redoubtable show is the twin of the 38 undershirt which descends to your own knees, the same model 42 drawers which protect your own chest from the raw winds of spring.

There are, of course, some M.P.'s who are rather too conscious of their authority, who really delight to trail the bait in a saluting trap and snake in the suckers. And on the other hand, there are M.P.'s who dislike to hold a man up for a pass just as much as the man held up dislikes the act and the M.P. along with it.

An M.P. is human. That's what makes his job so hard.

100 PER CENT

It's hard to be perfect in these times. The halcyon days are gone when, by one good deed, a citizen could become canonized, the action automatically bringing the issue of a halo and wiping out all the black marks on the slate.

Nowadays the normal man has a sneaking sympathy with that much-abused Athenian who blackballed Aristides merely because he was tired of hearing him called "The Just." And the A.E.F., being a nor-

mal sort of Army, is human enough to grumble a good deal at institutions and persons, even though in them the good far outweighs the evil.

But there is one class against whom even the most confirmed grumblers are silent. We have all seen much of girl canteen workers—Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., Salvation Army and perhaps others—so it cannot be due to ignorance that no word of criticism has risen. We know that they gladly left home to do anything they were given to do; that their hours are long; that their task is hard; that for them there is small hope of medals and citations and glittering home-coming parades; that they meet too often the rough thoughtlessness of the soldier, intent only on filling his own stomach.

Knowing these things, it is with all the greater esteem that we accord them a record of 100 per cent for their unceasing kindness and service.

We thank you, sisters.

PETTY LARCENY

A bit of fooling having been submitted to this newspaper as the work of Bernard J. Richard, Company C, 21st Machine Gun Battalion, was printed on this page three weeks ago under the heading, "M.D.R." Immediately there poured in information to the effect that it was originally printed in "Life" and written by Neal O'Hara, a Boston newspaper man now in the Navy.

The theft of which said Bernard J. Richard thus stands accused is a form of weak-mindedness, rather than criminality—a curious form from which many members of the A.E.F. seem to be suffering during these trying days. For instance, THE STARS AND STRIPES has, within the last month, received, one at a time, between 50 and 60 copies of a poem beginning:

Silver threads among the black— Darling, I am coming back. Now that Europe's peace appears I'll be home in seven years.

The copies never vary except in one striking particular—that of the signature. Each time it comes in, it appears to be the work of a different man.

REPEATERS

Casualty reports are being read the world over and from their reading come comparisons of losses suffered by the Allied armies and others. Vital statistics are being compiled for the information of these readers.

Each reader draws his own deduction, and with this as a working basis proceeds to make it serve the purpose he likes best. It so happens that the chief classification used in the preparation of vital statistics, particularly by the military, is the well known and often misleading term "casualty" or its plural. Webster, whose word analysis and definitions have been universally adopted, gives only a vague interpretation of this word. He says of it "in pl. Mil. & Nav.—losses caused by death, wounds, discharge, capture, or desertion."

For the information of those readers who search "Casualty Reports" for specific and accurate figures, let it be known that one soldier may be a "casualty," whether dead, alive, wounded, discharged, captured, deserted, AWOL, or missing. And let it be further known that the same man is undoubtedly tabulated under more than one status, the result being that he would total two, three, four or more in the final reckoning.

THIS IS THE LIFE

Thomas Carlyle, who wrote largely of illustrious and supposedly illustrious Germans, and who also (which is more important so far as the A.E.F. is concerned) wrote a history of the French Revolution, was once stopping at a house in the country where his stumbers were systematically disturbed by the raucous reveille sounded in the wee sma' hours by an adjacent rooster.

He complained to his hostess, who expressed sorrow that the crowing troubled her guest.

"Madam," replied Carlyle. "It isn't the crowing, it's the damned waiting for it."

Which might be modernized into the following unanswerable conundrum:

Why is a transport whistle like a rooster's crow?

IN PRIVATE LIFE

The (so called facetiously) battles of Paris, and Tours, and St. Aignan, and so forth ad lib, ad lib, may be, or may have been, notable engagements in their time. But, good heavens! think of the future.

Think of the coming battles of the club, of the dining room, of the—er—ice cream parlors. Verily, it is a disturbing prospect. Think of all the generals there will be to lead these battles, and the colonels and the majors and—but we shall go no further. Already it is beginning.

Maybe it is just habit acquired by compliance with army paperwork rules, but there may be another reason for this signature appended to a recent communication from Ridgefield, N.J.:

D. V. LOWE,

1st Lieut. U. S. A., Discharged.

THEY HELPED

It is but just and right that we, as custodians of the A.E.F.'s paper, say now and here that we could not have sold THE STARS AND STRIPES for many times the 50 centimes asked for it; that we could not have got it out to the Army at all; that we could not have incorporated in it the advertisements from back home which made it, in fact and appearance, a real newspaper, without the aid of certain civilians, ununiformed and unsworn, in the State, City and County of New York.

We refer to the Erickson Company, the director and employees of which not only secured the American advertising for us, but distributed THE STARS AND STRIPES to agents and advertisers in the States, attended to the billing, kept the books, sent out promotion matter, and, in short, ran the American end of this paper's business all along—and without a cent of financial reward. Their reward was that by so doing they were able to serve and make happy the A.E.F., and themselves happy in consequence.

It was all the reward they asked.

The Army's Poets

BON CAMARADE

We both were tramping the same way And both were glad of the golden weather. He spoke no English; I could say Ten words of French. We walked together.

We both were proud that we fought for France, And called each other "Camara-de." He left at length with a gay "Bon chance," And all the cigarettes I had.

RALPH LINTON, Cpl., 149th F.A.

TO A DEPARTED BUDDIE

Remember, Jim, in the years gone by, When we were kids with hopes no high, We each loved Mollie, but never told, And I kissed her once—and it made you cry—

Remember, kid, when we went to school, How we'd chuck our clothes by the swimmin' pool, And in we'd go for a splash and swim, And we called our teacher a "nutty old fool!"

Jimmie boy, remember the years We danced our way on the Road of Fears And then one day when the world went mad We learned for the first the meaning of tears?

Jimmie, old pal, when the hour came, That took you away to a greater game, You went like a man! It was part of your fate, And now I am weary, and never the same.

HOWARD A. HERTZ, Reg't Sgt. Maj., Inf.

THE LIVING

I, laughing, try to sing my joy— For France, dear France, is free! (A widow clasps her trembling hands And smiles through tears at me.)

I gather close the tricolor (Oh, visioned, murdered child!), Embracing so the men of France Who, though the years have fled Across the fields and back again— It was not all "Advance!"

Retreating, one long agony While keeping faith with France. The ravaged girls and women Whose eyes were once so clear— I sing my song the louder, Their story not to hear.

If grief be ours, we may rejoice: Be mute, unless you know The happiness and anguish These people undergo.

The fighting has been ended And fear of further loss: But France can see it hanging there— A figure on a Cross. For France—Eternity knows what Mary felt And John (who loved her Son) When Jesus died, a Sacrifice— Another victory won!

CAROLINE GILTINAN, Chief Surgeon's Office.

A WASTE OF TIME

Will the ticker be missed from the sinister wrist When we're dressed in our slacks, as of yore? When preposterous vests ride the swells of our chests, And a tie glows where none glowed before?

When the "chambré-de-fer" with its bellicose air, Is as common as dust on the sea, Will the wrist-watch fade to the same dim shade As the circular, fuzzy puttee?

For there's many a man of the Boche-hunting clan Who went over the top with a smile, And a sort of air of the devil-may-care, And a mischievous smile; But you know very well that this dodger of shell Would turn pale and go into a fit. If you asked him to dare—as a civvie—to wear A chronometer strapped to his mitt!

So, it seems to appear, this is perfectly clear: There's a watch on the Rhine for a while. But the watch on the wrist will no longer exist When we doff our bellicose gear. Then, a watch on a string will be really the thing And the other will leave but a trace In the narrow, pale turn that the sun didn't burn.

Where the bracelet of time had its place. *Or in the language of our ally, the Q.M.: "Ties, neck, brilliant, L." **American movement.

ARTHUR S. CRANE, 2nd Lt., 168th Inf.

SHE'S MY GIRL

I got a letter Yesterday, An' it said "That she's my girl"— An' it said "That she's my girl"— An' it said "That she's my girl"—

That she just heard That I was in the hospital. An' both my arms were shot off. An' she (She's my girl)— An' she said "She was prostrated An' that she'd Take care of me When I got back. Dearest, An' it was signed "An' she's my girl, An' I ain't In the hospital. An' both my arms are on. But she Can take care of me When I get back. An' when I get back, I'll show her That my arms Ain't shot off. Get home. O. A. C.

THE LOST PAYROLL

Each month the men are wont to sign Upon a certain given line The payroll. So 'tween court, While kings were hunting men for sport, A courier was needed bad. So, lo! a youth with features glad, Escaped to step into the breach And forthwith the men to reach. So mounting mule that balked and reared, With payroll spotlessly prepared, He rode away upon his steed.

Two days the G.O. straddled his eyes, Emitting long and earnest sighs, And many anxious hours spent, For him who with the payroll went. The third day dawned and passed anon, And sank another Francus sun; And slowly came the dark around, And still the C.O. broadly frowned. But hark! a voice in dull command, Requests his animal to stand; And then across the threshold he Who went away so gloriously Stood. And with a beated look, As though he sensed he'd been took, Become a critic of his spur, And stuttered, "I am back now, sir." Continuing his brainless stare, "—I was over there, I had the men there names to sign. And think that I—that I signed mine." "Come in! Come in!" The Captain said, And to a seat the youth he led, "Give the roll and let me see. If it is signed as it should be. The stripping quivered on his chair, And brushed away a mammoth tear, And forming words at dreadful cost, He whispered, "It is gone, it's lost!" The skipper dropped his outstretched hand, And looking for a place to land, He looked once more upon the loon, And sank away into a swoon.

PLACER MARVIN, Cpl., Co. M., 5th Pioneer Infantry.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Red were her lips, as I pressed them to mine, Warm as her tender heart—sweeter than wine. While wars the soft cheeks, wet with her tears, Tears born of sorrow and womanly fears.

Blue with the blueness of night-sky and sea, Were the eyes of the woman that God gave me.

M. L.

FOR SOME OF US THE WAR WILL NEVER END



IN HIS SPARE TIME

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

It has come to my notice that members of our great organization—the A.E.F.—have had resort to the columns of your excellent paper in making known to the public some of the great and wonderful feats executed during the past war. Such being the situation, surely the following feat deserves mention: On a bright day of last September, as I was sitting beneath the carriage of my trusty cannon of the six-inch type, word was received that the Infantry was going over the top without the aid of a barrage. I mentioned the fact to a sergeant who presided over a brother gun. He, being a big-hearted lad, thought it suicide for the boys to go to the attack without the soothing effect of a hell-ripping artillery to precede them. It did no good to try to calm Sergeant Speedum by telling him that the guns had not yet been brought up, save for three, besides the fact that the nearest ammunition was at a dump a hundred yards distant.

Nothing daunted, Sergeant Speedum's face took on a determined grin. Acting on the second, he threw his coat aside and sped to the dump, secured ammunition, and soon had the three guns spitting fire. I, thinking the man loco, sat down and watched proceedings. By this time the Infantry had started from the trenches, but, to their surprise, the barrage was there. The amiable sergeant's speed was so great that in passing back and forth from the ammunition pile the friction of the air against the shell set off the percussion cap, but, meeting the predicament, he would unscrew the mechanism and extinguish the spark before the explosive ignited. In this manner he carried the ammunition the hundred yards (one shell per trip), loaded and fired the guns, besides thoroughly cleaning and oiling the guns after each dozen shots.

I wish to state that this story is entirely false and in justice to my brother I wish you would kindly so state in your next issue. This article stated that Sgt. Joseph Dillon was the adopted son of Wesley R. Childs, a Y.M.C.A. worker of Kansas, and that when Childs learned that his son had been killed in action, he at great personal risk searched the battlefield, while shells were still falling, finally finding the body, and with the aid of two men and a chaplain buried his son.

The facts in the case are these: My brother's father and mother died when he was quite young and for a while he boarded with Childs, but was never adopted by him. He was wounded in action on September 29, 1918, and died a few hours after being taken to the rear. He was buried by Father Tierman, chaplain of the 129th Field Artillery. Childs did not know he was killed until three days after he was buried, when Childs secured a chaplain and had service performed over his grave.

ROBERT J. DILLON, Finance Bureau, A.E.F. YOU TRY IT, WARREN To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: We have just received a consignment of caterpillar tractors, also several saddles and sets of spurs, and we are not just sure whether regulations say to sit in the saddle or post. Also which is the most sensitive part of tractor anatomy to use spurs on? WARREN N. EMBICK, Co. E, 4th Am. Tr.

BON VOYAGE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

With no desire to start a divisional controversy, I beg of you not to mention the 82nd Division so often. It is quite embarrassing to the officers and men to receive such publicity. We want to be modest like some of the divisions that come from the large cities where large newspapers are published.

Next to the M.P.'s, I think we did the most to win the war. We arrived over here last and are going home first. We weren't in the lines long, only being in once for 26 days without relief, and our artillery stayed in for 37 days. We never had any fust battles on, because it isn't healthy to get lost at the front. Most of the casualties were caused from over-eating and consuming the large quantities of chocolate, etc., the various welfare organizations who were at "the front" fed us upon. Some day in the dim, damn distant future somebody will be pawing through the archives at Washington and discover there was an 82nd Division in the war, for won't the proof be there in black and white on the many memoranda and orders issued from G.H.Q.? Then let the bands play and the press agents get busy, for the 82nd will come into its own.

But perhaps, after all, there may be some truth in the old saying that silence is golden, for we are now at Bordeaux and on the way home. If we had had our press agent with us along in the Argonne and St. Mihiel we might now be in Germany.

PRIVATE PETER.

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of April 5, 1918.

A.E.F. PATROLS MAKE DAYLIGHT CALLS ON HUNS—First Bags Prisoners, Other Explores Enemy Lines in Vain—Thirty Flee Before Five—Guests Fail to Find Single German in 600-Yard Tour of Hostile Defenses.

SIXTEEN YANKS CITED BY FRENCH FOR GALLANTRY—Medaille Militaire to Be Awarded Hero of Shell-Wrecked Dugout.

GENERAL FOCH, NEW ALLIED CHIEF, LIVES, TEACHES AND THINKS WAR—Leader of Entente Forces in Giant Defensive Never Conceded Defeat.

WAR ORPHANS FIND FRIENDS IN A.E.F. UNITS—Five Mascots Sure of Year's Care as Result of First Week's Work.

NEW OVERSEAS CAP NOT A PIN-CUSHION—Even Insignia of Officer's Rank Can't Be Worn on A.E.F. Millinery.

A CORRECTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In your issue of October 11, 1918, page 8, there appeared a story regarding the death of my brother, Sgt. Joseph Dillon, of the 35th Division, who was killed in action in the Argonne on September 29, 1918.

I wish to state that this story is entirely false and in justice to my brother I wish you would kindly so state in your next issue. This article stated that Sgt. Joseph Dillon was the adopted son of Wesley R. Childs, a Y.M.C.A. worker of Kansas, and that when Childs learned that his son had been killed in action, he at great personal risk searched the battlefield, while shells were still falling, finally finding the body, and with the aid of two men and a chaplain buried his son.

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ROBERT J. DILLON, Finance Bureau, A.E.F.

YOU TRY IT, WARREN

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NAMING NO NAMES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

For the sake of variety let's give the gold bars a rest and give the silver stars a chance. The following incidents have actually occurred and any Artillery officer will appreciate them. Soon after the armistice, when the first series of inspection barrages were being put down in all combat divisions, a certain division commander, while viewing a regiment of Artillery on a special inspection, noticed the horse gas masks strapped upon the halters of the animals as they passed proudly by. He turned to the regimental commander and said, "I don't exactly see the reason for bringing out those nose bags for this inspection?"

The same officer, on reviewing the same regiment upon its march toward Germany, noticed a few wooden boxes containing fuses for the high explosive shells fastened on the limbers of the caissons. He complimented the B.C. upon his forethought in bringing along boxes from which to feed grain to the animals en route. Another officer of equally high rank, after watching a battery of light guns firing on a range during their training period, inquired of the executive officer if the next problem would be fired with shrapnel or quadrant.

JOHN A. FRIEND, Pvt. 1st Cl., Co. A, 16th Inf.

LOST IS RIGHT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Sometime ago we read in your wonderful paper of the famous Lost Battalion. We revel in the account. Now we think we have reason to advance a claim to similar recognition and publicity. We want to be known as the Lost Machine Gun Battalion. Our reasons are as follows: In THE STARS AND STRIPES of March 21 under the heading, "Recent Departures," we have discovered that we sailed from France on the good ship Rijndam, ostensibly bound for the United States.

Now, if the Rijndam arrives in the States without the 144th Machine Gun Battalion, there is only one conclusion to be drawn, and that is that we were lost in transit. The States papers will copy your announcement of our sailing; our people will read that we have sailed for home, but we'll never arrive.

Perhaps we did sail and we are only dreaming that we are sitting in the rain on the beach at Paulliac watching the transports come and go. It would be awfully jolly to wake up some sunny morning, pop our heads over the rail and see Miss Liberty proudly watching us come home. But we fear that it is no dream.

In that case, what is going to be done? Will searching parties scour the seven seas for years to come for some trace of us? Will there be an investigation into the system that allows an entire battalion to evaporate without leaving a trace? Such questions as the above vex us as we sit in the rain on the beach at Paulliac watching the transports come and go.

But the chief question of all—will our paper see that we are duly recognized as the Lost Machine Gun Battalion? We would appreciate any help you can be to us in this matter. And now comes the San Francisco Examiner and says that the 144th Machine Gun Battalion has arrived in the United States and that California is very happy over the return of her troops.

ENLISTED MEN OF 144TH M.G. BN., A.P.O. 705-B, A.E.F., France.

UP IN IT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I noticed in your paper of March 21 a letter signed by "Afother of 'Em," claiming that he recently came back from the front and knows a few things about what went on up on the line. He wants to know of any one who has been there and seen a colonel lead a second lieutenant over the top.

I want to say that I have been there and saw a colonel go over the top in a raiding party on the morning of November 10; I also saw a general on the front line at Châtel-Chery in the Argonne about October 8, when 77's, one-pounders and trench mortars were shelling the line, he being the only commissioned officer on the line at the time, picking out emplacements for machine guns.

We had this kind of colonels and generals in our division. I also want to state that I was a sergeant at the time, acting commander of my company. The first sergeant of my company was acting major of the battalion. I have seen the major in command of the regiment on the front line time and again, when liaison was poor, getting information and helping get the men straightened out, there being no commissioned officers in the companies, all being killed or wounded. The enlisted men of my regiment seeing these officers on the front lines regained their spirits and pushed ahead fighting.

About this raid on November 10, I want to state that I was one of the lieutenants second in command. The first lieutenant in command of the raid was recommended for a D.S.C., and personally I think that the colonel deserved a D.S.C. Furthermore, will say that I am not handshaking with generals, colonels or majors.

ANOTHER OF 'EM.

A REAL LINGUIST

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Here's a puzzle I worked out while a prisoner in Germany. Make a sentence of four words using the same word each time and speak it in six different languages.

The answer: The sentence: Yes we see you. The four words: Yes out si yah.

The six languages: English, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German.

JOHN A. FRIEND, Pvt. 1st Cl., Co. A, 16th Inf.