

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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THE STARS AND STRIPES is printed at the plant of the London Daily Mail's Continental edition in Paris. The paper stock is supplied by La Société Anonyme des Papeteries Darblay. Only the hearty co-operation of these two institutions, one British, one French, has made it possible for the A.E.F. to have a newspaper all its own. Unity of purpose among the representatives of three allied nations has succeeded in producing THE STARS AND STRIPES, even as it will succeed in wining the war.

"TO THE COLORS!"

With this issue THE STARS AND STRIPES reports for active service with the A. E. F. It is your paper, and has but one axe to grind—the axe which our Uncle Samuel is whetting on the grindstone for use upon the august necks of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns.

THE STARS AND STRIPES is unique in that every soldier purchaser, every soldier subscriber, is a stockholder and a member of the board of directors. It isn't being run for any individual's profit, and it serves no class but the fighting men in France who wear the olive drab and the forest green. Its profits go to the company funds of the soldier subscribers, and the staff of the paper isn't paid a sou.

If you don't find in this, your own weekly, the things in which you are particularly interested, write to the editors, and if it is humanly possible they will dig up the stuff you want. There are so many of you over here now, and so many different sorts of you, that it is more than likely that some of your hobbies have been overlooked in this our first number. Let us know.

We want to hear from that artist in your outfit, that ex-newspaper reporter, that short story writer, that company "funny man," and that fellow who writes the verses. We want to hear from all of you—for THE STARS AND STRIPES is your paper, first, last and all the time; for you and for those of your friends and relatives to whom you will care to send it.

THE STARS AND STRIPES is up at the top of the mast for the duration of the war. It will try to reach every one of you, every week—mud, shell-holes and fog notwithstanding. It will yield rights of the roadway only to troops and ambulances, food, ammunition and guns, and the paymaster's car. It has a big job ahead to prove worthy of its namesake, but, with the help of all of you, it will, in good old down east parlance, "do its god-darnest" to deliver the goods. So—Forward! MARCH!

FATHER ABRAHAM.

Just one hundred and nine years ago this coming February 12, there was born, in what was then the backwoods of Kentucky, the man whose career is most symbolic of the equality of opportunity afforded by our common country. By dint of hard work, laboring under the spell of poverty and of discouraging surroundings, Abraham Lincoln made himself fit to be nominated for and twice elected to the highest office within the gift of his countrymen. Not only that; he so qualified himself that he brought his country safely through the period which, next to the present one, proved to be the most crucial in its entire history.

He accomplished that tremendous task largely by the exercise of the most trying—and, to those who do not possess it, the most exasperating—of all the virtues: Patience. Patience which, moreover, was coupled with a rare sense of homely humor. When petti-fogging scandal-mongers sneaked up to him with tales that Grant, his most successful commander, was drinking to excess, he merely smiled; said he wished he knew the brand of whisky Grant used, so he could try it on some of his other generals; kept Grant in command (for he had his own sources of information as to the general's conduct), and held his peace, trusting to time to vindicate his judgment, as it did amply.

Then, too, in his relations with the Copperheads, the pacifists of that day, who would have, as Horace Greeley put it, "let the erring sisters depart in peace," Lincoln practiced patience—patience mixed with a keen appreciation of the humorous side of their frantic meanderings. Through all the dark days of those long four years he kept his poise, kept his head, kept his nation straight in the true course; and yet, wracked with anxiety, battered by

critics, he found time to laugh, and to show others the way to laugh.

Every American, at home or over here, would do well to take deep thought, on this coming anniversary, of what manner of man was "the prairie lawyer, master of us all." In spite of reverses to his armies, in spite of such criticism as never before or since was leveled at the head of a President, in spite of personal bereavement, in spite of the captiousness of his own chosen advisors, he saw his task through. To-day a united nation, united because he made it possible to be so, stands again in battle array to vindicate the principle which he held most dear: "That government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

It is our privilege, and our glory, as members of America's vanguard of liberty, so to fight, so to strive, that we may rightly be called the fellow countrymen of Father Abraham.

SQUARING THE TRIANGLE.

The decision of the American Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. in France not to accept as workers any more men who are eligible for military service will meet with the hearty approval of every member of the A. E. F. The stand of the Association in this regard will do away with one of the most frequently criticized features of its operation, and will awaken in the army a new confidence in the Y. M. C. A., and a belief in its sincerity and fairness.

The spectacle of a man of draft age, undeniably husky and fit for active service, cosily situated behind a counter during working hours, and when off duty enjoying all the privileges, and often wearing much of the insignia, of an officer when he had not been through the training and made the sacrifices to entitle him to such treatment, has more than once galled the feelings of the enlisted man, who, far less comfortably quartered, enjoying no privileges, knew that sooner or later he and his officers would have to take the chances "up there" while the "Y. M." man would remain in comparative safety behind. Such a spectacle inevitably led to the belief, in the minds of many men, that certain young gentlemen with "pull" were donning the Association uniform simply to escape the perils which all good men and true, wearing the khaki of the A. E. F., will sooner or later be called upon to brave. Naturally, such a belief lowered the standing of the Association in the eyes of the men actively engaged in preparation for the work of the fighting line.

THE STARS AND STRIPES feels sure that the Y. M. C. A. can recruit just as many "red-blooded" men, just as many "good mixers," among those who are older than thirty-one as among those of military age. What is more, it undoubtedly will draw from the older men a class more experienced in the handling of affairs, more accustomed to dealing with all sorts of their fellows. Viewed from any angle, the "Y. M." has taken a great step toward efficiency.

TALK AND RESOLUTIONS.

In a recent speech to representatives of the British trades unions, Premier Lloyd George of England said something which every American, both here and at home, would do well to bear in mind.

"If we are not prepared to fight, what sort of terms do you think we will get from Hindenburg? If you sent a delegation and said: 'We want you to clear out of Belgium,' he would just mock you. He would say in his heart: 'You cannot turn me out of Belgium with trade union resolutions.' No; but I will tell you the answer you can give him: 'We can and will turn you out of Belgium with trade union guns and trade unionists behind them!'"

In other words, mere boastful talk will not lick Germany. Guns, and the men behind them are the only things that will do the job. There is only one way for us of the A. E. F.—the men behind the guns—to bring about the peace which the world craves, and that is by resolving to make every shot from those guns talk to usiness.

STREET OF THE PRETTY HEART.

It might have been a street once, that shell-pocked thoroughfare, its cobble sidewalks awry, its curbing bitten out as though by the teeth of a stone-crunching giant. Scarcely one of the houses that lined it but had gaping shell-holes in walls, piles of clattered-down bricks before it, heaps of dust—all mute tokens of the devastation wrought by the enemy airmen during the raid of the night before. But, in the middle of that pathetic and ruined apology for a street the children were playing away, as merrily as if nothing at all had happened, shouting to one another in glee. And the name of that street—as the battered and half obliterated sign on the corner of the caved-in house at the end testified—was "Rue du Joli Coeur!"—"Street of the Pretty Heart!"

The "Street of the Pretty Heart!" It is symbolic of the way France has borne her struggle, her devastation—with the heart-free, care-free spirit of childhood. One may crush, but not conquer, a race whose children can find happiness amid such surroundings, can abandon themselves to play under the very shadow of disaster. The "Street of the Pretty Heart"—in that title is the secret of triumph of the spirit over the powers of darkness, the secret of the triumph of the spirit of France over the malignant and evil genius of her arch enemy.

SINGING ON THE HIKE.

We do not sing "by order" in this man's army, but that is no reason why we should not sing—just because we are not ordered to do so. Singing can clip more kilos off a hike, take more lead out of a pack, drive more dampness out of the clothing than anything else. Also, it is good for the lungs. What is good for the lungs is good for the heart.

And lungs and hearts in good condition are the best possible aids to the "guts" that will win this war.

We do not need to sing "highbrow stuff." We cannot imagine American troops going into battle as our Italian allies are said to, singing the national anthem, for the simple reason that we are not built that way, that's all. But we can sing something—even "All We Do Is Wait for Pay Day," or the famous ditty about the acrobatic grasshopper—and, if we do, we are more than apt to find ourselves feeling a lot better for it. Moreover, it will help the fellow back in the line who, because of his cold, a badly slung pack, a tight pair of shoes, or, perhaps, bad news from home, is finding the going just a bit hard. It is the job of all of us who feel fit to do all we can, to boost along the fellow who may not feel quite so fit. It's team play that counts.

So start her off! Pitch it low enough so everybody can reach it, and keep it going. It is an unbeatable tonic for an unbeatable army.

SPIES AND ASSES.

Beware of the man who, no matter what his uniform, no matter what his nationality, comes to you with tales of Germany's invincibility, prophecies that "the war will end in a draw," and so forth. If he is saying such things on his own account, he is a German propagandist, a spy, a paid liar, and should be reported and punished as such. If he is repeating them second hand, he is nothing but an ass, a dupe of some real propagandist, and he should be reported and punished just the same.

Germany thinks we are a credulous lot of people. Old Bismarck himself once cynically remarked that there was a special Providence that watched out for plumb fools and Americans. More recently, Von Papen, whom our Government asked to have withdrawn from his post as German military attaché at Washington, referred to us affectionately as "those idiotic Yankees." Consequently, Germany now hopes to weaken our resolution by sending among us these tale-bearers, these prophets of disaster, on the chance that some of us will be fools enough to bite.

The only sure and safe way to fool Germany in return is to report any man mouthing such pro-German sentiments, and report him at once. Your company commander will then see to it that further enemy activity by that man will be effectively stopped.

"GAS-ALERT!"

Great Britain is said to be making progress in the gentle art of extracting explosives from chestnut. Chauncey Depew was master of that art long ago.

"Keep the Home Fires Burning" is very pretty, and all that, but "keep the billet fires aglow" is a lot more practical.

Broadway, the papers tell us, is now dark after eleven o'clock at night, and thinks it a hardship. Shucks! We could mention some French cities that, until recently, were dark after four o'clock in the afternoon.

It may be set down as a plain, unvarnished, Teutonic lie that fuel has become so scarce in the States that minstrel shows will soon be abolished by Federal order because of a lack of burnt cork.

Just think! After the war is over 'till he like going from boyhood into manhood. We'll "graduate into long trousers" again.

Over in the States, Mondays have been declared legal holidays because of the shortage of coal. But over here, with coal and wood even scarcer, we drill on washday, whether or no.

What puzzles us is how Great Britain, on a diet of that war beer, can continue to produce tanks that terrorize the Germans.

Mrs. Margaret Deland says she wishes every soldier in the army might see "Damaged Goods." Shucks, Mrs. Deland; we all saw damaged goods when we got our belated Christmas packages.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab has given up his private car for the duration of the war, and will, according to a despatch from the States, "do his travelling in the conventional day coach or Pullman." We, too, have given up our private cars, and now our travelling in the conventional third-class carriages or "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8."

Cheer up, lads! Pity the poor chaps back home who got married to escape the army! Between Hindenburg and a mother-in-law, pick Hindenburg for an enemy, every time.

What has become of the old-fashioned trooper who used to be able to roll the makin's with one hand while holding in a bucking horse with the other? For that matter, what has become of the old-fashioned trooper?

"Austria Suggests Treating with N.S."—Headline. No thanks; not now. From past performance, the chance is too good that the drinks would be doped.

Trench coats were worn by the patriotic Wall Street brokers on the New York stock exchange during that cool-free day; as if, no doubt, to imply that Wall Street is just as dangerous as the trenches. There isn't much difference: In one, you may get separated from your kale, and in the other you may get separated from your bean.

"Hertling Thinks England Doesn't Wish for Peace."—Headline. It all depends on what you mean by peace, Herr Chancellor!

Now that the Chinese mission has officially visited the Belgian front, we suppose Hindenburg will take the queue and get out from in front of there.

It is a singular tribute to the originality of the A.E.F. that not one of its members has tried to write home that ancient wheeze about "the French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise."

The Kaiser said he didn't want any fuss made over his birthday this year. He even refrained from making a speech on that auspicious occasion. But, all the same, there are plenty of people who would dearly love to give him the fifty-odd spans to which his age entitles him, and, in time, will do so.

Now that they've started with bread tickets in Paris, they might do well in some other parts of France to begin issuing rain checks.

ON THEIR WAY.—By CHARLES DANA GIBSON



Reproduced by courtesy of "Life."

TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

To the fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, wives, sweethearts, and friends of the men in the American Expeditionary Forces:

We hear that you have been regaled with some alarming stories about us of the A.E.F. and our conduct here in France. In fact, some of those stories have been relayed to us, and if they weren't so far from the truth we might be inclined to get really mad. But knowing the authors of some of them—and some of the hysterical stripe have really been over here—our first inclination is to laugh.

But, after all, it's no laughing matter to be talked about behind our backs in such a reckless and irresponsible way by reckless and irresponsible people, though no doubt some of them have the best intentions in the world and think that they, and they alone, can save us. (They have probably told you that, and asked you to contribute money to their worthy cause, haven't they?) What hurts most, however, is the thought that, though we know you are loyal to us and have the firmest of faith in us, perhaps these dire tales may have caused you anxiety, may even have brought you to believe that perhaps, after all, we had become a bit neglectful of our trust; and that, so believing, you might have been sorely, and entirely unduly, distressed in spirit.

Be assured that these sensational stories are nothing but myths. Absolutely nothing else. And we have the facts to prove that they are. Listen:

The percentage of venereal disease in this army of yours is three-tenths of one percent—the smallest percentage on record for any army, or any civil population, in the world's history. It is a sober army, and a well-behaved one. The statistics in the possession of the Judge Advocate General's department prove that there have been, in proportion, fewer cases of drunkenness, fewer breaches of military discipline among its members than has been the case with any army whose records have been preserved.

Now, to take a specific instance. A certain self-constituted "board of morals" is quoted in a despatch from the United States to the effect that 1046 men of the "north-eastern States" were locked up in the guardhouse following their first pay day, for drunkenness.

That is the story; here are the facts:—Since the troops referred to as coming from the "north-eastern States" came to France, the total number of their men locked up in the guardhouse for all offenses—not for drunkenness alone, mind you—has been exactly 134 to date. In other words, the self-constituted champions of sobriety are off by a factor of eight in the number of men imprisoned for all offenses—including as it does those punished for infractions of rules, insubordination and the like—and passed the enlarged figures on to you as representing the number of men locked up for drunkenness alone!

Just to refute them again, here is a quotation from the report of a Protestant chaplain on active service with these same maligned troops from the "north-eastern States." Bear in mind, too, that this particular chaplain has been in the army but a short time, and therefore brings a fresh and impartial judgment to bear on the problems. This is what he says:—"In performing my priestly functions it has been my privilege to travel considerably among the troops, and it pleases me immensely to be able to state that I find moral conditions most satisfactory. The military authorities are diligent in removing temptation. We have a clean army; and I am honestly convinced that the men in France are in less danger morally than they would be in service in their own country."

"The men in France are in less danger morally than they would be in service in their own country." That last clause is worth repetition. Ponder on that, dear people at home.

Here's something more. The Catholic chaplain attached to these same maligned troops declare that, out of thousands of men admitted to the confessional, only three have confessed to sins of any magnitude. A correspondent of an internationally-known daily newspaper, whose business it is to get facts and to report them accurately, adds this:—"I was in the only town of any size in the whole area occupied by the troops referred to on the night when they were first paid off in France. The majority of those men received from two to three months' pay, totalling in many cases \$100 or more. The streets were crowded with soldiers buying up everything in sight, from candy and chocolate to clothing, but—it's the absolute truth—I did not see a single drunken soldier; while the provost guard records show the smallest number of arrests. Since then I have seen a good deal of the troops referred to as 'North-Eastern,' as a result of which I can unhesitatingly state that if the troops training in the United States conduct themselves as well, they're doing nobly."

Finally, the commanding officer of this same body of men—and our commanding officers are our severest critics and also our only really competent ones—volunteers this, by way of clinching the argument:—"I never knew any army garrison in the United States before the war to have anything like so good a record."

As to conditions in general, both Allied and neutral military observers have expressed themselves as astonished at the remarkably good behavior of this army of yours. The world does move. Armies no longer live by forage, loot, and pillage; but even at that, this pay-as-you-go, behave-as-you-go American Army has been a revelation to our European Allies.

Take it all in all, these American Expeditionary Forces constitute an army which is in every way a worthy successor to the first army of liberty, whose commander was George Washington. It is proud of its heritage, proud of you people at home who are supporting it and who are backing it with your labor, your money, your hopes, and your prayers, proud of the Government that sped it on its way overseas, proud of the cause for which it is fighting—the greatest cause which any army was ever called upon to champion. It would rather rot under the soil of France than to do anything which would cast discredit on the homes it left, which would impugn in any way the good name of the great people from whom it was recruited.

Bear all this in mind, good people back in God's country, if you hear any more stories about us made up out of the same whole cloth. If by any chance any of you should hesitate to believe us, write to our commanders, our chaplains, our doctors, expector to our authority. They will back us to the limit, and we, for our part, will guarantee to come home to you clean in body, exalted in mind and heart, and with the record behind us of a man's size job manfully done.

MENTIONED IN ORDERS

The "Oversea Cap," the latest thing in military headgear, has been officially adopted as part of the uniform for officers, soldiers and other uniformed members of the A.E.F. For the latter two classes, the cap will be of 20 ounce olive drab cloth, or perhaps a little heavier. There will be no show of coloring on the cap, and the stiffening of the flap will be the same color as the cap itself. When the cap is issued to a man, he will be expected to turn in his service hat to nearest Quartermaster depot.

The officers' Overseas cap will be the same model as that worn by the men, but the material will be that of the officers' uniform. For officers other than general officers, the stiffening at the edge of the flap will be the same color as the arm of the service to which the officer belongs, and will project far enough above the edge of the flap to give the appearance of piping when the cap is worn with the stiffening of the same color as the cap cloth itself, with a strip of gold braid an eighth of an inch to a quarter of an inch from the outside of the flap.

Except where the helmet is prescribed, officers actually commanding troops will wear the Overseas cap. At other times the Overseas or the service cap is optional.

TRENCH UNIFORMS.

Officers are also authorized to wear the so-called trench coat, with the insignia of rank

on the shoulder. This may also be worn on the raincoat. Officers serving in the Zone of Advance will be issued all articles of the enlisted man's uniform and equipment they need; and, when their duty in the trenches is over, they will return all such articles.

NEATNESS IN DRESS.

In connection with these new regulations concerning clothing, it is strictly laid down that every effort must be made at all times by the officers and men of the A.E.F. to present a neat and soldierly appearance. When men are not actually engaged on field service, it is directed that uniforms will be pressed and brushed, and that belts, leggings, shoes, boots, and brasses will be cleaned and polished. Even when on active service, it is required that advantage be taken of every opportunity to clean uniforms and equipment.

"No soldier," says the order, "will be permitted to leave his command on pass unless he presents a neat and soldierly appearance, which will be determined at an inspection by an officer."

AMBULANCE VENTILATION.

Ford ambulances in the service of the A.E.F. are to be bored with one inch auger holes at three-inch intervals in double rows through the wooden front just at the driver's back and immediately beneath the roof; in the tail-board, also, there will be fifteen holes. This is to secure proper ventilation, as deaths have been known to occur, in other Allied services, within the enclosed bodies of the ambulances which are equipped with exhaust gas heaters. Ambulance drivers are cautioned to investigate the condition of their passengers at five-minute intervals.

TYPHOID PROPHYLAXIS.

Any men in the A.E.F. who have not as yet taken typhoid prophylaxis will be required to do so in the near future; and, in all cases where it is shown that complete protective measures have not been taken, the surgeon will administer triple vaccine prophylaxis.

RED CROSS SEARCHERS.

One "searcher" of the American Red Cross may be attached to each statistical section of the Adjutant-General's department throughout the A.E.F. and in each hospital subsection, except in field hospitals. Information as to casualties, etc., will be furnished freely to Red Cross searchers subject to the necessary restrictions as to what may be forwarded, and at what times.

MORE RATIONS.

The meat, coffee and sugar rations of troops engaged in work involving hard manual labor of eight hours or more a day will be increased 25 per cent, up to the end of March. This holds true in future from November to March, inclusive.

RECKLESS DRIVING.

Reckless driving by chauffeurs is frowned upon severely in General Orders No. 11. In consequence of past accidents, it is now required that every driver of an A.E.F. motor vehicle which sustains a collision with any French vehicle or person, or kills or injures a domestic animal, will prepare a report on Form No. 124, Q.M.M.T.S., immediately after the collision and before resuming his journey. It is impressed upon the drivers that this must be done in every case, regardless of how trivial the injury may appear to be. The driver, after making out his report, will deliver it to his immediate commanding officer with the least possible delay. Court-martial proceedings must, in every case, be instituted against any driver who fails to render such a report immediately upon return to his station.

HARD LIQUORS.

Soldiers are forbidden either to buy or accept as gifts from the French, any whisky, brandy, champagne, or, in fact, any spirituous liquors. Commanding officers are charged with the duty of seeing that all drinking places where the alcoholic liquors thus named are sold are designated as "off limits." They are also directed to use every endeavor to limit to the lowest possible number the places where intoxicants are sold, and to assist the French authorities in locating non-licensed resorts.