

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1918.

A COOK

Following is the D.S.C. citation of Cook Harry C. Rickett, Inf.: He maintained his kitchen at Chateau-de-la-Fleur, near Villers-sur-Fos, France, on July 28-29, 1918, during a bombardment so intense as to drive all other kitchens out of the village.

WHEN IN ROME

The French people have always been extremely forgiving towards us for our national shortcomings. They do not expect us to grow Frenchified by living and fighting with them.

news value which in turn produces a certain circulation increasing value, I think every circulation manager should insist upon having a definite place for the list every day.

THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS

Except to those who had been following the progress of the gallant Czechoslovaks in Siberia as they battled for our common cause against German and Bolshevik, the news that the United States had formally recognized the Czechoslovak nation meant but little.

Deprived of their independence since the Battle of the White Mountain in 1620—the very year when the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth—the Czechoslovaks of the provinces of Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia and Silesia, though hedged in by Germans and Magyars who hated and oppressed them, have never ceased to keep before their eyes the vision of a nation once again its own master, worthy of the glorious past when it held all Europe at bay for 20 years—when its beautiful capital, "Golden Prague," with its famed university, was the shining light of middle Europe.

As comrades we welcome them into the great and goodly partnership of those who fight for the right of all nations, great and small, to decide their own destinies, to shape their own futures.

UNION

A woman of the North who has spent many years in the South has this to say in a personal letter that has just come to France: "I am glad that I was here when the war broke. You see, a Yankee still had a cloven hoof and a spiked tail, down here in Arkansas. But the war has done what years had failed to do and done it in a matter of months. This country is just one flame of loyalty. Here and there is a draft dodger or a slacker or a disloyal utterer, but his shrift is short. Our flag, our country!—this from women whose fathers and grandfathers fought for the stars and bars.

Arkansas farmers went to Ohio, to Iowa, to Illinois and Wisconsin this summer on better farming trips. They wrote to the papers about it afterwards. Not only splendid farmers, but most hospitable. Treated us royally. Agreeably surprised. Want to go again. "And now the women don't want to call our soldiers Sammies. 'The boys just hate it,' said one the other day, secretary of the local U.D.C. 'It is such a sissy name! They're YANKS, that's what they are. That sounds like a man. We're all YANKS, everyone of us today.' "The Arkansas Gazette, the most influential paper in the State, uses that formerly hated word in the headlines, adopts it, glories in it. Yes, we've got a country now."

LISTEN TO THE BAND

The decision that the Army's bandmen are not to be used as stretcher bearers, except in cases of extreme urgency, was not made at the bandmen's request. It does not mean that conductors, clarinetists and bass drummers are too good to carry their wounded comrades off the field. Nobody is too good for that.

OVERCHARGING

The A.E.F. knows and appreciates the fact that authorities of the French Government, as well as local officials in centers where many American troops are stationed, are doing all in their power to prevent exorbitant charges for goods sold to soldiers. It is a condition to which the soldier is peculiarly sensitive, not so much because he objects to the extra sons or francs, but because they hate to be played for a sucker.

Overcharging in towns and cities near the great cantonments in the States has grown to the proportions of a nation-wide scandal. A camp paper in the Middle West, a copy of which has just reached this side, devotes its front page to an account of a running fight between its editor, a lieutenant, and the local chamber of commerce, which denied the figures used in comparing town prices with those that prevailed at the post exchange and Q.M. stores. The town figures were secured by two privates who visited the town and entered every store catering to soldiers with a payday look on their faces.

The great god Greed is not a national divinity.

The Army's Poets

THE MACHINE GUN Anywhere and everywhere, It's me the soldier's love, Underneath a parapet, Or perched on a machine gun, Racking up the barrage fire, And always wanting more; Chewing up a dozen disks To blast an enemy corps, Cracking splittings, demon like, Rent-riven through and through— Pussy, mussy Lewis gun— Three heroes for a crew!

Advocate of peace am I, Which some some won't admit; Say! I like to see the crowd Come out and do their bit! Out to where the boys have died, That peace on earth might come Sooner than if He above Had bused His hopes on some! Whimper not, my friends, when men Have holy work to do, Turning up the Vickers gun— Three heroes for a crew!

OUR ANSWER They jeered at us in bitter, scornful rage, They thought their flaunted strength would make us yield, Forgetting that we won our heritage With brave men's blood on many a battle-field. They said our craven sons would not face death, They did not know our latent, untapped power; They held us lightly as a feeble power— That comes and goes, forgotten in an hour. They did not know how rightfully we prize The liberty for which our fathers bled; But now they see with anxious, fearful eyes, A valiant manhood, that was never dead; Our cannons' roar gives answer to their jeers, The only answer that the vandals fears. Pvt. Geo. E. Parker, Inf.

FOR BACK-HOME LEGISLATORS If the States go prohibition ere the year that we go home, And from Oklahoma to Hoboken are done dry, I will hide my time till muster out; then once again I'll roam And across the blooming ocean I will lie, But I won't have any revellé aboard the blooming ship, Nor a life boat drill whenever there's a squall, For by that time all the submarines will sure have got the pip, And I won't mind being seasick—not at all! There's a farm not far from Somewhere, where we used to see the corn, And I know that I can buy it for a son; There are pigs and geese aplenty, and the village church's chime Rings the hours and the quarters all day long. But my banker for the simple life is not because of these, But because of thirst—the means which thirst to quell I shall find upon my petite ferme as easy as I can. And you bet that I won't find it in the well! For the farm has vine-clad hillsides, and its luscious fruit I'll tend Till the time is ripe for pressing into vin, And if I can be patient for a dozen years, I can pull off quite some party there—oh, man! Let the others marry Daisy, and the rest sing "Home, Sweet Home," An honest "Home" I'll happily remain If the States go dry and dreary—and be quite prepared to show 'em On my vineyard-covered acres in Lorraine!

THE ARDITI O I ain't a poet or a soldier, 'Cause I've forgot my rhyme or two, And now I've got a wee bit older, I'll be packin' a gun with you. But I seen yer bits in the paper 'Bout all them heroes in France, And, say, side of the guys I've seen down here, Your heroes ain't got a chance— I'm talkin' now 'bout a ragoo bunch— And it is us what they're called, And they're the reason, I gotta hunch, That the Austrian drive has stalled, They ain't the nobles of great renown, Like youse read about in books, They're the guys from the roughest part of town, If a feller can judge from looks, But it's not where they're from or who they are That matters a damn just now; They're belted a lot towards winnin' the war, And they're showin' the Austrians how, When the Fritzies see the Arditi come, They run like hell for their lives, For though these daggers carry no gun, They have three devilish knives, With one in his mouth and one in each hand, He'll cut 'em up over the top, And there isn't a Boche in all Deutschland Who ain't scared stiff of this wop. So sing o' your heroes who fight for France: Sing loud, for your success is nenny, But 'fore you get the chance, Make room for this song o' mine, Herbert Henry Darling, Jr., A.R.C. Amb. Ser., Milan, Italy.

THE GIRL OF GIRLS When the war god reached out his talons And showed me the way to the fray, My sweethearts shed tears by the gallons— There was weeping and gnashing that day. Don't blame them for crying like babies; I'm surprised they covered at all, 'Cause I've made a hit with the ladies, Just one look at me and they'd fall. Take Evelyn or Peggy or Jennie— They surely were there with the looks, And I've never regretted a penny I blew in on flowers and books. And Mildred—that kid was a thriller, A complexion like peaches and cream; She was sweeter than Marilyn Miller, And Phyllis—oh, boy, what a dream! And now that I'm over the ocean, I remember them each by their smile; But there's one who gets all my devotion, And I'm thinking of her all the while, When my clothes need mending and scrubbing, And only one sock I can find, And my knickerbockers swollen with rubbing, Why, Phyllis, you're not from my mind, My thoughts are for one who is dearer Than Phyllis or Peggy or Mae, I'd give the world to see her nearer— Each day she smiles, but smiling and gay, Corp. Howard A. Herty, Co. B, 1st Army Hq.

ODE TO OUR MESS Do you mind the hard times we were wont to endure, If wife served up a tough steak; How shocking we were, said nasty things— sure, At the least "overweight" in ma's cake? Disgusted were we with Tony, the Greek, If his menu lacked aught of variety; "Same old steak," we would say, week after week. For we were fed up to satiety, But the times, they have changed, opportunities, too, And today we could do with some lamb, And a stew would sniff good, to me and to you. You bet, we would all "give a damn!" He's not a good sport who would set up a squeal. We don't want to discourage Fred Kniffin, In the c'r's, he it said, the most of us feel, Old man, your meals they are "spiffin." But when we get back and we hit the old town, "The hell sure be a hulluva-fuss— At meal time, when we are getting things down, Ma will have to be careful of us. John K. Smyth, A.F.C.

LIBERTY BONDS To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have been hearing recently of soldiers who wanted to go on leave and who were trying to sell their Liberty Bonds at bargain counter prices, some of them offering \$50 bonds for \$40. The purpose of the Liberty Bonds is to furnish our Uncle Samuel with the money necessary to win the war. A man could put a million dollars into second-hand Liberty Bonds at 20 per cent discount, and he would not have furnished one cent to help win the war, for the simple reason that Uncle Samuel had already received the money for those bonds, and it is a foregone conclusion that the man who has sold them at a loss of \$10 on each bond is not going to take the money and buy more bonds at par from the Government.

Back home the man who charges two cents a pound too much for sugar is called a profiteer, and held up to the scorn of the whole community by having his shop closed and huge placards tacked up announcing why. Wouldn't the man, then, who has money to put into Liberty Bonds, but instead of buying them in the right way, takes advantage of another man's temporary need for money to cheat him out of \$10 and the Government out of \$50 be a profiteer, and more?

AT A BASE HOSPITAL To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: A few remarks heard at one of our new Base Hospitals: Patient: "Nurse, tell me what these pills 'll do; that salmon we had yesterday's 'goner poison us all." Nurse: "Huh! I had salmon too, I got up at 6 a. m. and I'm feeling fine; get up out of bed and you'll feel better." Patient No. 2: "I'm gonner see the C.O. about the grub they dish out here and were supposed to be sick men too, I ain't ate nothin' in three days now; if they'd gimme my clothes back, I'd get out of here." Patient who is able to go for his chow: "There wuz four files in the plate handed to me, and when I tried to wash it the mess sergeant said 'Whaddye means by holdin' up the line? What that guy needs is promotion nearer the front.'" Patient No. 4: "What's that the Cap'n said? No patient allowed to go fifteen feet from the ward? I see 'm keepin' 'm tied up in this place!" Sick Soldier: "Yep, it's the only place God made complete—New York!" Nurse from near Chi.: "You've never been to Chicago, I can see that." (and then they rag one another for the next 'steeen minutes.) Patient: "I'm gonner ask for a transfer to the brig. I might have a little freedom there." Patient No. 7: "If they keep us here much longer, they'll have to send us to a hospital." (Cheers.) Patient No. 8: "Nurse, what's good for punks in the heart?" Nurse: "A furlough home." Patient No. 8: "You win." Patient No. 9: "I know a doctor who would make a fine horseshoer." Patient minus some toes: "I'd like to see 'em try to dress it without givin' me a shot. I ain't gonner stand for it." Patient No. 10: "The first three nights I was here I couldn't sleep. I kept beggin' 'em to give me a shot, but nothing doing. The fourth night I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and fifteen minutes later the wardmaster wakes me up and says, 'Here's a sumptin' that'll put yer to sleep!' And some folks say 'Don't cuss! be the man your mother thinks you are.'" Nurse: "Who'll help me carry this mattress outside?" Patient minus leg: "I will." Another person in pajamas: "Nurse, what class 'm I in, D. C. B. or A?" Nurse: "What are you trying to do, gold-brick it?" A blue patient: "Here I am dyin', and I'll bet that June of mine is doin' Broadway with some slacker! I don't wish him any hard luck, but—" Patient No. 20: "Here comes that sweepin' detail again." Bugle sounds in the distance. "And listen at the bugle calls. I thought we had graduated from that kind of war." "Still another patient: "I see they're gettin' 'em from 18 to 45 now; they ought to send them over too sweet; learnin' squads east and west ain't gonner do 'em a damn bit of good." Patient minus arm, in severe pain most of the time: "Nothing. We've been through beanoucan hell, and now we're spendin' a short vacation in heaven; yet a soldier must grumble. He always longs to be where he ain't, and when he gets there, it's 'Where do we go from here, boys?' The gift edition was received yesterday. We thank you, all of us. Sgt. SOLL MOSKOW, M.G. Co., — Inf.



"—to make the peoples of the world secure against every such power as German autocracy represents!" —Woodrow Wilson Washington, D.C., Sept. 1, '18.

HE LIKES "AMEX"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: The other day I received a letter from a French girl who had asked me what name I preferred in place of the much condemned "Sammy." I told her I preferred "Amex," and very prettily she pointed out that "Amex" is so much like the French word "amis," meaning friends. Let us adopt "Amex"; it stands for all America has sent forth to win her battles. "Yank" is virile enough, but as the French girl put it, before the war it was used in a sort of contempt, "as rough as a Yankee." Do you get the point? Pvt. MEYER AGES, M.D., — Engrs. ["Amex" failed to get over, probably because it was so obviously a manufactured word, even more so than "Sammy." Yank is not only virile, but it has stuck. The simile, "as rough as a Yankee," which very likely was a pretty well-deserved rebuke to the rapacious tourist whose absence from France is now so happily noticeable—did not gain general currency, perhaps for the reason that it, too, was manufactured. It is interesting in this connection to note that the French-Canadian has a verb, *se yankeifer*, which means "to become a Yankee." Thus, *il s'est yankeifié* would be translated, "He has gone to live in the United States."—Editor.]

IMPERISHABLE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: While occupying a quiet sector a young officer and I were wandering about the trenches and thinking of far off home. Presently we came to a spot where we could look out into No Man's Land and not be seen, and there were growing there some beautiful blue flowers, ignorant of war and apparently happy and contented. We decided to have them, and so crawled out and picked them, and later in letters we sent them home with their own little story. Mine went to Pennsylvania, and the other officer's flowers went to far off Texas. The following little poem came back from Texas to the other officer from his dear mother. It is no other than a loving mother who could place these words together, and if they mean anything to you, you are privileged to publish them. Blue columbine from far-off France, Sent me, my son, by you; It takes me overseas, lad This bit of blooming blue. I see you now 'mid battle scenes— My heart keeps close to you. It forms another link between— This bit of blooming blue. And now when skies are downcast, With clouds gray through and through, I'll still have this from out the past— A bit of blooming blue. Lt. L. N. D. MITCHELL, — M.G. Bn.

FROM SAN ANTONIO

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: It is with the greatest pleasure that I send you a few words of greetings from San Antonio, the town that loves all soldiers. Having a dear son in France makes THE STARS AND STRIPES doubly dear to me. He sends it to me each week. We people of the U.S.A. are going to paste the Kaiser with W.S.E. the 25th of this month and Texas alone is going over the top with \$81,000,000 worth, and if he is not "stuck up" well enough to holler quits, we will double the dose. Of all the papers and magazines that come to me, there is none so dear as THE STARS AND STRIPES, as it diminishes the distance between us and the boys, "Somewhere," and "Everywhere," in France. Mrs. W. C. FAULK, San Antonio, Tex.

STILL ON THE JOB

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: It seems proper that your paper should bring to the attention of members of the American I.L.P. the advisability of warning their friends back in the States not to swallow anything and everything in the shape of disquieting rumors and to avoid writing to Americans in France letters which will be likely to depress them. Warning might also be given against repeating "line tips," rumors of the "ain't it awful" type, etc. Not only adults but school-children should be given to understand that when the circulation of such matter comes to their notice, they should trace it to its source, or as near there as practicable, and if the offending party does not promise to quit, or a stranger or known enemy sympathizer is involved, the matter should be reported to the nearest United States attorney, or to the Department of Justice at Washington. While the bulk of the country is without a doubt enthusiastically back of the Allied cause, the German propagandists are still on the job, and unrelied vigilance is the duty of everyone. A few days ago I received a letter from a village in the center of the hunting grounds of a certain organization in the Northwest which shows the result of local neglect in such matters. Absolutely no question of German ancestry or intentional disloyalty is involved in this case. In addition to purely personal matter, and in a total of less than 600 words, the following points were covered: 1. Regret at my coming to France. 2. Belief that my wife misses me more than I realize or she will admit. 3. Inability of women to understand "man's delight." 4. Statement that "over 6,000 have now died in training camps in the United States." 5. Mention of the funeral of one of the first boys to leave the village for camp. 6. Fear that my brother-in-law will fall an easy prey to pneumonia. 7. "Saw in a paper" that a writer in China pronounced the pneumonia cases in the camps to be "a form of the old black death that they had in the 15th century." 8. Our being in the war indicates deficient civilization and lack of Christianity. 9. Inability to comprehend that good may come from the present war. 10. Argument against barring German language from the public schools. It is almost entirely by the vigilance of individuals in their everyday conversation and correspondence that the efforts of enemy agents to undermine the morale of the nation can be neutralized. Members of the American I.L.P. who are at loss to find something censor-proof to write in their letters cannot put this matter up to their home folks any too strongly. T. J. MEAN, Office Chief Engineer.

PACKAGES FROM HOME

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: The express purpose of this letter is to set forth a proposition which seems to be heartily favored by the big majority of officers and enlisted men of this detachment. The proposition is this: That the forwarding of newspapers from the United States to troops in France be discontinued and that in place of the newspapers, the people at home be permitted to send packages with a limit of, say, three pounds. Nothing to be allowed to be sent unless written for by the soldiers and approved by their company commander. Also that magazines be included. Our argument is that when the papers arrive here they are from one to two months old and that we get the biggest part of the news in the Paris editions of the papers printed over here. Also that if there is any special piece in the papers that one folks wish us to see they can clip it out and send it in a letter. There is very little interest shown in the arrival of newspapers, of which we receive from one to four sacks with nearly every mail. The space taken up by the packages would not nearly equal that taken up by newspapers and would thereby save considerable tonnage. The magazines of course are fully appreciated, in as much as if they are a month or two old when they reach us, the stories and articles are still new to us. As quite often happens, our folks at home have little things that they would like to send the boys as presents on birthdays, and also there are things that one folks wish us to see although he can get them over here, he either hasn't the money or cannot get the quality he wishes. We would be greatly pleased if you see fit to back this matter, if you would do all you could to help. R. D. DALL, Corp., — Inf.