

The Stars and Stripes

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CHRISTMAS, 1918

Whether spent in Germany, France or the United States, this Christmas to come is going to be the most joyous in the memory of the present day generation of Americans. The festival celebrating the coming of the Prince of Peace will take on a new significance, because the Prince of Peace has at last come into His own, and the mighty edifice of civilization that bears His name has, after four long years, proved that it can and will endure and that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Those of us who cannot be at our own fireside this Christmas will not grieve at the separation, for we well know that the people at home will be with us in spirit on that day, undistracted by the anxieties and doubts that filled their minds a scant year ago, and looking forward with hope and joy to the day of our proud return. They will have our gifts, our messages of love and cheer to tide them over until our actual homeward, now at least within sight. "And their joy no man shall take from them."

It is going to be a merry Christmas all around—the merriest and best until the one that's coming next year, when Sock, I. Heavy, issue, will make its appearance by the chimneys of about 2,000,000 American homes.

THE DAYS THAT ARE COMING

"As for the future, we know that the nation that has asked us to come across the seas and fight the battle there, which we have, again expects great things from us, and these great things will be judged only so far as we maintain our self-respect and only so far as we try to rise to those ideals with which the nation has fed us since our early infancy.

"We must be honorable and true and self-restrained and noble.

"We go back not to an old order, because the old order has passed away. We go back to the home land to make all things new, not merely living according to principles which controlled society in past days, but to bring new power to those principles and establish a new era in the economic world, social world and religious world.

"As this war has attained, at last, the making of the world safe for Democracy, so must you and I come back and make Democracy safe for the world."

That we will, Bishop Brent; and thank you for the words with which you, as Senior Chaplain of the A.E.F., have thus outlined the duty that lies before us as citizens of the New America.

THE GOB'S PART

The American sailors in European waters, and the sailors of the other navies of the Allies, are getting a lot of satisfaction out of the surrender of the German navy. However, there is the rankling fact that the surrender was a peaceable one not directly compelled by their force of arms.

In the days to come, when we are talking it over, it is probable that a lot of dialogues something like this are going to take place:

Ex-Soldier: "Hille, you fellows didn't win the war. We licked the German army, and that forced the German navy to surrender."

Ex-Sailor: "Well, you couldn't have licked the German army if we hadn't starved it out."

Whereupon, the discussion will be on the verge of that hopeless argument, Who won the war?

We should like to remark again that no individual nation, person, act or organization won the war; that the cooperation of them all did it.

And we should like to say of the sailors that, even though they were denied the "big battle," their service was "active" enough to have satisfied the most of us. If we had to choose, for instance, between the first line trenches and the little destroyers that escorted 2,000,000 soldiers into port with a loss of 300, we would say, "Give us the trenches."

The gob who patrolled the sea in a chaser that "didn't get torpedoed because it didn't hit the water often enough" is, at stomach, a better man than we are.

TO THE CARDINAL

At the moment when the Belgian bands, leading the rejoicing columns of troops back into their homeland, are sounding forth that great anthem which tells how the Belgian "arising from his tomb, has reconquered by his courage his name, his rights and his flag," it is of the Allies who have known and watched him, and through doing so have grown to love and revere him, stand with bared and bowed heads in honor of Cardinal Mercier.

Truly he was and is, as the poet said: One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward. Never doubted clouds would break, Never dreamed the right would worsen, wrong would triumph, Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

In the days when the hosts of darkness strode forth to his country, when the whole world stood aghast at the enormity of the German crime, his voice was the first to be lifted in righteous, indignant, stirring protest, regardless of the consequences to himself. For more than four long and weary years he has been in the best sense of the word, a pastor to his people, the comforter of his flock, ready and willing to lay down his life for them if the conquerors made that the price of his

zeal in their behalf. With strong and comforting words he has heartened his nation's soldiers and the armies of its benefactors, telling them that those who lost their lives in combating the monster would find them again, that by dying they would be saved.

A great priest, a great patriot, a great Christian—above all, a great soul is he; such a man as all the Allies, regardless of race or creed, delight to honor, and are better in mind and spirit for having honored—Mercier of Belgium.

THE WISE ONES

In these days of mild anticipation of getting back to the States, of speculating on whether or not the Government is going to charge us for all the equipment we are shy, or wondering if the boss will make good on his "same old job back after the war" offer, it would not be unseemly if we did a little something ourselves against the day of our restoration to civility and long trousers. For one thing, we could save a little money.

We do not believe that this newspaper can be accused of having been a preacher of financial conservatism. While the fighting was on and lives were at stake, there were more important things to talk about than money. And now we have no thought of presenting a solution for the \$33 a month (and up) disposal problem which confronts every doughboy and his brethren of other services every month—if he is lucky. But we want to mention that the wise ones are laying away a supply of francs against the day when they can get something more than slum and beans to eat—if they've got the price.

A hundred dollars or so is going to mean a lot to a lot of returning soldiers who began saving in time.

FROM AN AMERICAN MOTHER

On November 11, the day that the armistice was signed, an American mother wrote the following letter to her son in France. It is but one of many such now being received in the A.E.F. Here it is: My very dear boy: The days we have longed and prayed for are here, the days of peace—I for one do not regret it. There must be millions of us who wake with the old, old horror still heavy on our hearts, and will for many days to come, but I mustn't "fall down" as you would say.

When we think of what the young, untried, boyish, buoyant Army of ours has done our heads go up with a toss, I assure you. How we long to show every man of you the tender pride the country holds for our boys and how we long to see and know and hear tales of the wonderful Tommies and polkas and Aussies and all the rest of those you have known and liked and bunched and bunched with since we last twisted a goodbye smile out of our reluctant features.

You speak of the anniversary of the day you left, and went out where our arms could no longer protect you, and when we suffered not only all the perils and dangers you met, but all that had never been told or written. But—peace has come! What a birthday this has been for me! What a Christmas this will be for everybody.

Well, we will all have some dinner parties some day, and you shall all sing of the arms and the men at my fireside. . . . I shall forget—no, never forget—your boy's name, your boy's name, and hear young, happy, exultant voices and laughter, and know that Youth has come into its kingdom again.

God bless my son, above them all, for all his brave, steadfast confidence that this day would come, as it has come!

"YANKS"

While we had hoped to make the first deliveries of "Yanks," the book of A.E.F. verse collected from the files of THE STARS AND STRIPES, by November 15, certain unforeseen circumstances, such as a formidable document signed on the dotted line by a number of German emissaries and the celebrations consequent thereupon, coupled with the difficulties attendant on getting a book out on time by a Yankee editor whose knowledge of French would hardly qualify him for acceptance by the Forty Immortals, prevented, unfortunately, the issuance of the precious volume until the day before Thanksgiving.

Now, however, we are going strong, with the first edition all bespoken, and the second, or Victory Edition, proudly slipping down the ways.

There will be more editions to follow, to judge from the way our kind and admiring friends are sandbagging, sniping and grenading us in order to obtain copies to send home as a keepsake of the war. Just give us a little time in which to negotiate, through the medium of three interpreters, the delivery of more copies, and a little more time before we can put the official "bon à tirer" on the revised proofs for the later editions, and a little more time to shake hands with our French printing compatriots, and we'll kick through with all the "Yanks" you desire.

THE LAST ACT

The war is ending like a melodrama. There were some who feared for it the dread conclusion of a tragedy. There were some who, in the anxious days of Verdun and again last May, thought that the Germans would win the war; that they who had drawn the sword would not perish by the sword. To have thought that was—well, it was something like atheism.

But now it is plainly as a melodrama that the last act of the great play unfolds—such an outrageously happy ending as few playwrights would dare to indulge in. See how virtue is rewarded and villainy put down. See how the chief villain has already made his exit (with curses) while the gallery hissed. And now, from the left wing and from the right, through the center door fancy and from around behind the back drop, do we detect the entrance of all the principal characters, assembling before the footlights for the last fine blast from the orchestra and the fall of the final curtain!

FOR FRANCE'S CRITICS

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

The Army's Poets

ANSWER!

Did you give of your best to this Army, old boy, Out of all that you had? Did you do, then, the things you were given to do Without even a murmur, my lad? Did you, white like a pup when the order was hard, And going rougher than hell? Can you lift up your head with the rest of the bunch? For your Best is your All—and it's well.

You may not have so fancied that job you were on— It may have been a misfit; But if, of your store, you gave them the best, If you did that, thank God, it's your bit.

ON THE MEUSE

How happy is tonight— When all thy hills Rest from the buffeting of years of strife.

How happy is tonight— When all thy dead Rest in the victory they have bought with life!

How happy is tonight— When all the world, Freed from the agony and threat of war, Rests for a moment peaceful evermore.

MOONBEAMS

Ah, pale white moon, that shines so bright for me, Carry a message far o'er the rolling sea, To one who's waiting, waiting for the Dawn That from this turmoil in laughter shall be born.

Say all is well, and that my heart with longing Waits for the day, when, all the world a-singing, Glad meetings shall be brushed away, Everyone smiling, hearts will all be gay.

And pale, white moonbeams, tell her to be strong; Love's adoration—that's my only song. Though days be dreary, nights be long and lone, When it is all over, our joy will atone.

BELGIUM'S DESTROYED ART

Here lieth Beauty in the Belgian gate, Done to her death by yon distempered host: Here in the dust of slaughter have men lost A loved form, child of the pregnant weight Of centuries, born of no sudden fate; But like a babe with travail and great cost Brought in the world, nourished amid the frost And flame of Time and reared to ripe estate.

And shall the Butcher pay? Ay, even now The bloody cleaver from his hands we wrench: Gold shall he give and the labor of his days; Even though he sorrow in his time, and bow in penitence, still shall he bear the stench Of his own murder while he fully pays!

THE END OF YOUTH

In northern France my soldier lover lies, My soldier lover, with his clear boy's eyes, And with his smile, so brave, so sweet, so wise.

He heard the call of Death on Honor's field, And answered: "Here!" his soul to service sealed, High-hearted at the pledge Truth had revealed.

I glory that he lived and had his share Of that great glory, given those who dare Give all for Freedom—but I care! I care!

What of the promise of his youth and mine? What of our home and hopes of love's design? What of the lonely years in lone, lone line? VIRGINIA A. G. NELSON, Y.M.C.A., A.E.F.

"BY THEIR FRUIT"

(Dedicated to Lieut. A. P. B.) "Tis said the soldier bears a savage heart— Ah, no; too oft the khaki blouse conceals A gentle heart that only strife reveals. As playing 'till life's name a noble part: And 'neath the soldier's rough exterior Will often thro' a breast with friendship rife For all humanity, the British strife Gush quite to taint his spirit fair. For here, amid the army of the free, The soldier yearns not for the steel or gun, Save that: thereby the play'll be rightly won And make the world free for humanity. 'Tis said the soldier's at heart a brute? Judge him according to his deeds and fruit. FRA GUIDO, F.A.

THE GHOST

(The soldier speaks) With unbound hair, of brown of white, On bare and silent feet, She came to me again last night— My vision strangely sweet.

She seemed to ask a gift of me With all her lovely charms, What did she hold so carefully Within her bended arms?

Her eyes again made tender plea: They rob me of all rest! Would I could understand and see What lay against her breast. CAROLINE GILMAN, Chief Surgeon's Office.

I LOVE YOU, DEAR

I love you, dear, I did not know until I came So far away. Perhaps the flame Of war has taught me that I love you, dear.

You are so near, I see you in the clouds and trees. Your voice I hear—the whispering breeze Reminds me, and the song of birds, That you are near.

I need you, dear, The days are long and I am shy, But unafraid, for you are nigh, I thrill, light-hearted, for I know I need you, dear. MELVIN RYDER.

WHILE GLOWS ONE STAR

While glows one lone, bright star In night-veiled sky, Hearts will not want in faith, Dreams will not die.

While blooms a lone red rose 'Mid thistle and weed, The soul will wake to song, And noble deed.

And while 'mid hosts of slaves One heart is free, Celestial tunes will leave the sky With paens of liberty. FRA GUIDO, F.A.

LITTLE KID OF FRANCE

Little kid of France, With your bashful glance, Somber eyes askance, Standing in the door: Come, be rough, wily, Stretch your hand, if shyly, Be a trifle smily, If there is a war.

Little kid of France, With your funny pants, Dare to take a chance, Come and get it soon, Please don't be so chary, Wide-eyed and so stary, Though we're strange and scary, We are strong for you. JOHN PIERRE ROCHE, Lt., Q.M.C.

DAVE HORNSTEIN

(The Marse, July 26, 1918) Upon the river's bank you marched to death, That Liberty forevermore might live, And when that ravaged goddess gasped for breath, You gave her freely all you had to give.

The soil is richer for your lying there; The air is sweeter far the breath you brought, Though dim your eyes, yet see you not how fair And peaceful flows the river where you fought!

Sleep on, oh, comrade; yours a holy sleep, And meeting God at last, your journey cease: Our task to travel on and sacred keep The memories of your bid to bring us peace. ARTHUR MORRIS, A.E.F.



REBUKED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: We are all in a certain Base Hospital for obvious reasons. We are all of and from fighting units of the A.E.F. We have all been in France long enough to wear at least one, and some of us two service chevrons.

The reason of this epistle, dear editor, is the column a certain newspaper over here is, and has been conducting in regard to "Which is Best, American or French Girls?" Before we go further, let us state that we, one and all, hold the highest possible regard for both American and French girls.

But—we do not feel that we can respect our fellow members of the A.E.F. (including officers) who have contributed to the aforementioned column. As it helps fill up space for the paper conducting it, suffice to say that our estimates of that paper is decidedly small, and let it pass.

However, we consider it on a basis with enemy propaganda. We consider it an insult to both American and French girls. Besides this, it is plainly to be seen that some of our fellow members of the A.E.F. (including some officers) have taken this small means of publishing their petty grievances against certain girls of their acquaintance of either nationality.

We are rather plainly spoken in this letter, but even then it does not do justice to our feelings. We hope you, the editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES, will not be adverse to printing this, and remain,

Respectfully yours, Sgt. D. B. GREEN, Inf. Corp. E. A. REEVES, 6th Marines. Pvt. LOUIS C. LANN, U.S.M.C. Corp. C. D. ROBINSON, M.G. Bn. ISAAC C. PRICE, F.A. G. J. CLINE, S.C.

REFERRED TO G.H.Q.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Now that the big show is over (or at least we hope it is), what are the powers that be going to do for the casual doughboy?

I mean the fellow who has been up on the lines, wounded, sent to a hospital, evacuated, pushed on further to a casual depot and finally "detained" somewhere in France doing odd jobs.

Is he ever going to get his pay? I and my buddies have anywhere from six to ten months' pay coming. I have only received 86 francs since July 4, 1918, and I am one of the lucky ones among our little troupe of wandering casuals. So much for the financial end.

Now, nearly every doughboy from the time he landed in France has done nothing but drill, drill, drill, and then fight fight fight. I and my pals have gone through all of this until interrupted by a trip to a base hospital. Don't any one misunderstand me and think I'm an L.W.V. or something like that. All this and my pals have gone through in six sacred duty, and we've proved we had the chance to give our all for our country and all we're registering the kick for is to get in on some of the velvet that has been manifest in some sections of the A.E.F.

While in the hospital, I saw a corps man go off to Paris on his third seven days' leave; he's been over here for months. At the casual depot an attaché went on his second pass in seven months. Here at this post the old timers are preparing for their excursion. I ask, how do they get that way? Where do we casuals, and the thousands like us, come in? We've been up and at 'em dodged G.I. cans and potato mashers and still don't get any mail, dry, or a most divine pass. That S.O.L. in soldier certainly makes itself known in my boarding house.

Oh, yes! Let I forget, are us and co. ever going to get a chance to relax and have a little fun? Go to Paris or some of the leave areas we've only in the newspapers? It certainly gets your goat to hear the other fellow telling you about the good time he had had here or there while on pass.

Yes, I agree with the wise guy who advises to hit up the old man so often until he gives you a pass to get rid of you. But where is the money? Why can't the people who guard the service records snap out of it? Is there

WORK FOR G-2

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I noticed in your issue of November 17 the little article headed "ANSWER," in which there seems to be some doubt as to who put the S.O.L. in soldier.

It's true this is a moot question which all of us would be glad to have solved, but in order to get to the root of it we would be obliged to delve deeper into the leaves of history than the rule of perpetuities would allow.

What is worrying us more than anything else is, "Who put the H.E.L. in Wilhelm?" We know who put the "H.L." in Wilhelm. No one will dispute that. Suggest that G-2 get on the job. HENRY M. FOWLER.

WE PASS THE BUCK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: We have been much interested to read in our paper the accounts of the work of the American Army in the region of the Meuse River. We entered that campaign at the night the push started, September 25, or, rather, in the early morning of the 26th and we were in it for more than 80 days of the roughest kind of work.

Nobody's looking for any credit or bouquets or any of that stuff. The job was there to do, and the 33rd did it, and did it well, at that, but it kind of gets your goat after what we went through up there north of Bethincourt and around Convoeye to pick up your interesting account and read that the boys from Ohio, Texas, Maryland, Virginia, and so forth were in it, and never a word about the boys of the 33rd from Illinois. What do you say?

This makes my second letter to THE STARS AND STRIPES. The first was on the subject of the golden stripe a little argument—and with the able assistance of the next issue of your paper, in which you devoted a beautiful space to the letter written by the answer thereto. I was able to gain a positive victory over the enemy back there at the base hospital. I am sure you will be just as anxious to do justice to the really fine work the boys of this division did in the Meuse campaign.

[We hate to do it, but in justice to ourselves we must pass the buck on this omission to the authority at corps headquarters who did not include the 33rd Division in the list of "those present" furnished us.—ENRON.]

OLD WORLD RELATIVES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Now that the war has been practically concluded, may we expect that the government will make arrangements to give permission to soldiers having relatives on this side of the water to visit them before returning to the States? I know that many, including myself, will be highly disappointed if we do not have this opportunity while here.

A LONE YANK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: While going through a French hospital in Lyon some time ago, I ran across a poor, lone negro soldier who had been wounded and sent there for treatment—the only American in the large ward in which I found him. Over his bed, on the bottom of a soap box, scrawled in heavy, black pencil, appeared these words: "English spoken here."

TROS. B. SHINE, Capt. Q.M.C.

A KID DOUGHBOY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have just come out of a hospital, having been wounded at Belleau Wood in July. When I was in the hospital I looked in all the copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES in the lists of the D.S.C. awards for the name of a little chap by the name of Dowling. All I know about him is that his name is Dowling and that he belongs to the 104th Infantry, 26th Division.

He is only a kid, but he saved my life and some of the other fellows' lives, too, when he was wounded and in the same ambulance with us. I am an old timer, serving my fifth enlistment. I was in Cuba in '98 with the Regular Army, but I have never seen a kid with as much sand as this lad, and I want to see him go home with the credit coming to him for what he did up in the Château-Thierry drive.

On the way to a dressing station, our ambulance was struck and knocked off the road by a shell and the kid was wounded again, but he got out with another fellow and put the wounded driver in his place, and then the kid drove that damn ambulance into another road where there weren't any shells landing and kept the car going until he fainted dead away. We stayed there until another ambulance came along and changed into it and so reached the hospital. The lad was badly wounded, the greatest kid I ever saw in this land, and I want to see us out, we would all have been killed. After a while, he went to a different hospital and we didn't see him any more.

I am mighty thankful I am alive, and I would like to see the kid again. I hope you will do what you can to let the fellows in the A.E.F. know what kind of youngsters we've got in the service. I think the lad would get a cross; I hope you can find him and make the kid happy.

From an old timer who wants to see the young lads that have got the goods in them get what's coming to them. PVT. JOHN MEREDITH.

AMERIQUES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Being a member of a notorious band of stow-away artists entitled to a Croix de Guerre des Embusqués, I feel I need no further introduction and am certain you will grant me sufficient space for the publication of this little idea of mine concerning a fitting name for the entire A. E. F.

Nicknames seem to be attached, as a rule, by chance, and heretofore the A.E.F. has had many, none of which has been entirely satisfactory, judging from complaints. THE STARS AND STRIPES backed up the name Yanks, which in a way fits all right, but still it hardly fills the bill, inasmuch as we have always applied this term to soldiers of the northeastern States. The A.E.F. being composed of soldiers from every town, county and State of the most cosmopolitan country in the world, it seems to me that it should have a name befitting this particular occasion, a name that, unlike the overseas cap, will not be a copy or a hand-me-down.

You will not doubt agree with me that all members of the A.E.F., regardless of rank, are equal representatives of the grandest country on earth, America. Therefore, I suggest to you the French word "Amérique," so instead of saying the Yanks did this or that, just say the Amériques did it. W. B. MURPHY, Pvt., 13th Engrs. (Ry.).

DEMOBILIZATION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: To help along the problem of demobilization of the A.E.F., it would be advisable, in my opinion, to ascertain the number of men who would prefer to be discharged from the service while in France.

If provisions are made to care for such cases, it would bring a legitimate joy to many good soldiers, lighten the heavy burden of transportation and curtail the Government's expenses. PVT. LEONARDO ACCIARDI, 304th Sth. Tr.