

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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TEAM MATES

The United States is in this war for good and sufficient reasons of its own. Its aim is to lick Germany. To lick Germany quickly and thoroughly it must work in complete harmony with its Allies. Therefore, any man who, by word or thought or implication, seeks to destroy that harmony is doing his part in marring the job of the United States and therefore in prolonging the war.

England's purpose in this war is sincere and honorable. So is France's. So is Japan's. So is Italy's. So—God knows!—is Belgium's. So it is with all our other Allies.

We know all this, but there will be those who will come amongst us and hint in an underhanded way that such is not the case. They will tell us that we are fighting England's battle, France's battle, Siam's battle, Liberia's battle—any battle but our own. They will ask us, for example, why we, who fought two wars against England, are found on her side today. They will ask us why we are over here in Europe at all, butting in on a fight that doesn't concern us.

The answer to all such questions and insinuations is this: We are over here to fight the battle of the United States, first, last and all the time. If, in fighting that battle, we help other nations to fight theirs, all right; for they in their turn will help us—as they have helped us in the past—to fight ours. We are here as members of a team, and it is only by team work with our Allies, the other members of that team, that we shall win out. Anybody who, by open word or insinuation, questions the integrity of our Allies thereby questions our own. If he is their enemy, he is ours, and should be dealt with as such.

Trying to promote dissension among the Allies is the main object of German propaganda today, as it has been for some time. Germany knows well the motto of one of our own States, "United we stand, divided we fall," and is therefore seeking to divide us. The only way to meet that propaganda is to nail, and nail hard and quick, the spreader of it. Whether he is sowing it of his own accord or repeating it second hand makes no difference, for he is thereby playing our enemy's game. And there is an ugly word of two syllables coined expressly to describe such a man.

OUR FIRST "C. O."

He knew no compromise with tyranny. He knew there could be no peace for his country based on such a compromise. He had pacifists to bother him in his day, did George Washington. He had to contend—as we have not—with traitors in high military place. He had to deal with those whose love of a foreign country was greater than that they owed to the land of their birth and upbringing. But he steered his course, he kept the faith in democracy that was his, and he saw his fight through, for seven long years and more—because he knew his cause was just and righteous.

He was a stern man, a cold man in his military dealings, a strict disciplinarian. Relaxed, he was one of the most human, one of the most simple and unassuming Christian gentlemen that has ever graced our country's roll of honor. He never spared himself when danger or fatigue was to be encountered. He was just, and humane. That is why men followed him over icy roads, with bleeding feet, with scanty rations and scantier ammunition—to victory!

He sought nothing for himself. Had he but nodded his head, he might have been military dictator—king—of the country he had saved and the nation he had helped to establish. But, his two terms of the presidency concluded, he returned to his beloved Mt. Vernon, beside the banks of the Potomac. And there, less than a year ago, the spiritual descendant of the Tory statesmen who had sought to subdue him came, with bared head, to pay tribute to his zeal for liberty, his devotion to its championing.

He is with us today, in spirit, is George Washington, for we are fighting the self-same fight that he fought, defending human liberty against military tyranny, helping to make the world sweeter and fairer to live in and work in. We are his army just as much as was that tattered band of Continentals, clad in motley uniforms, carrying motley weapons, which he transformed from a mob into an instrument of victory. The United States Army, like the United States Senate, is a body of con-

tinuous existence; and the army of which we are members is the same, in spirit and purpose and continuity, as that which Washington commanded. It has never gone to war save on behalf of human liberty, and it has never been defeated. It has therefore the proudest heritage—and cleanest record—of any army in the world.

From the Abode of all good and clean fighting-men who have departed from this world, we may be sure that, as we celebrate the anniversary of his birth this year, George Washington looks down and is well pleased. He sees the infant nation of his day transformed into a mighty force for the betterment of the world and the furtherance of the ideals to which he dedicated his great life. He sees that nation lined up in battle array side by side with his ancient ally, France, endeavoring to its utmost to repay France for the precious aid which La Fayette and the Comte de Rochambeau rendered him in his struggle.

But, even beyond that, he sees, in the same line of battle, the forces of the new England, the democratized England, the liberty-loving England which we may now hail with pride and affection as our Mother-Country. And because he knows that his struggle and that of his compatriots was one of the most vital factors in the upbuilding of that new and democratized and enlightened England—that in fighting America's fight he was also fighting the battle for English liberalism—he beholds with joy the reunion of the race. He glories in the realization that time and mutual understanding have healed the wounds of the old war. And he exults in every fibre of his fine old liberty-loving soul to see the two nations carrying on his work in concert. For George Washington, before he became commander-in-chief of the Continental army, was an officer of British colonial forces, and helped in clearing the pathway of civilization for the white men in the new land. Now he sees the two armies he served presenting a united front against the common enemy of civilization, the savage-at-large of today.

There is much to think of, much to be thankful for, upon this anniversary of the birth of the man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"—as he was, is, and always will be!

THE URGE TO POESY

Not so very long ago an American poet who really ought to be better known (his name is Richard Hovey and he died in 1900) summed it up this way: "Three secrets that never were said: The stir of the moth in the spring, The desire of a man for a maid, The urge-of the poet to sing."

With the first three we are not particularly concerned. The spring isn't here yet, for one thing, and the authorities differ as to when it will be. The second needs no explanation. The third—ah, that's the one that puzzles us! Why is it that a man who was a paying teller or a housepainter or a dog-catcher in civilian life becomes, the minute he dons khaki, a fervent would-be poet possessed of a highly irrepressible urge?

To be sure, an American soldier, if inclined to take serious thought, has about the most wonderful theme in the world to adorn with real poetic treatment—a nation, seeking no material advantage for itself, going to war that the world may be forever rid of tyranny and the consequent menace of future wars. But it's seldom he tackles so lofty a theme. Usually he contents himself with putting into verse the new and interesting thoughts that come to him from his contact with a country and a civilization which have hitherto been a closed book to him: In jotting down rhymes about his bunkmates, his officers, his chow, his drill, in short, all about this great life of soldiering. Usually, he is said, he does a pretty good job of it, for the poetry that gets close to the everyday realities of existence is far more apt to live and thrive than is the poetry which deals with abstract virtues and principles.

For our own part, we hope the American soldier will not hold in his poetic urge as closely as he holds in his chin at "Ten-Shun!" It's nothing to be ashamed of, that desire to "bust into song," everybody's felt it at some time or another, and has felt better for giving in to it. And, the chances are, if a man feels strongly about what he writes he will also want to have other people feel strongly, too; so he seeks to have his work printed.

Send 'em along then, you Amex versifiers! THE STARS AND STRIPES wants to see your warbles.

THAT LETTER BACK HOME

Too many chaplains, too many company commanders have had tearfully phrased letters sent to them by parents (and others) asking how and where their sons or friends are, and asking why they do not write home. Of course, it is commendable if a man is too busy, in preparation for the biggest task of his life, to write overmuch, but a man ought to be able to write something, at least once a week, to the good people back home who are backing him and the whole army of which he is a part with their hopes and prayers and taxes and voluntary contributions. Even if it is only the stereotyped "I am well," scrawled on the reverse of a Y. M. or K. of C. postcard, it is something. And that something makes all the difference in the world to the anxious watchers in the States.

A man has not discharged his whole duty to the nation by allowing the nation to feed, clothe and arm him and transport him to France. One of his most important duties, once he is landed here, is to keep the people nearest and dearest to him informed of his well-being, of his progress, of his will to win out and to help others to win out. Newspaper correspondents help greatly in keeping the people back home in-

formed, but they cannot cover every unit, they cannot relate the particulars of every individual case. Every man must be the correspondent—the press-agent, if need be—for his own family circle. No newspaper story, however complete, accurate or thrilling, will ever take the place of his own, personal account of the things he encounters. Those people at home have made many sacrifices in order to keep us on the line here. They should be rewarded by being kept as well informed as possible of the service their representatives are rendering the Cause.

HOW DO YOU SALUTE?

It is an old story, which most of us the A. E. F. have heard from everybody over us from the "top" up or down, as our rank may be. It is this business of saluting—this very necessary business of saluting. There have been talks about it, and things written about it, but the best thing on the subject that has yet come to the attention of THE STARS AND STRIPES is this, by Lieut. Col. Andrew J. Dougherty, formerly of the Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., and now of the 357th Infantry, National Army:

"When an enlisted man, a lieutenant, a captain, a colonel, a general salutes his superior, he says by this act, 'I will obey you'; and the smartness with which the salute is made is an exact measure of the way we will obey. When an officer returns the salute of an inferior in rank, he says: 'I will strive to the limit to prepare myself to lead you to victory.' A soldier will fight as he salutes. This act, repeated scores of times daily, forms a habit which neither fear nor sickness, nor physical weakness can break."

"A soldier will fight as he salutes." How many of us ever thought of it in that way before? And how many of us, with that thought in mind, want to put ourselves down before the public as sloppy fighters?

The moral is plain.

"GAS-ALERT!"

Guilty people are always superstitious. Look at the Germans—how they knock on wood!

It is to be hoped that the Government weather stations soon to be installed here will not be manned by any of those "prophets" of the 1916 Presidential election.

Artists back home who draw pictures of us (as we are supposed to look) are doing rather better these days. The last portrait of a "Sammy" (yes, they still call us that!) to come into THE STARS AND STRIPES office had every detail of the uniform right except the buttons, the pockets, the collar ornaments, the belt, the puts, and the hat. The trousers, at least, were correct. That is some improvement.

The more one sees and hears of the American troops over here, the more one is inclined to believe that the United States would surely be up against it if Ireland were to make a separate peace.

That A.E.F. cold storage plant somewhere in France is to our minds, the proper place to put the company bugler who always is late on blowing recall from drill and always early on blowing reveille.

"You will realize, as I think statesmen on both sides of the water realize, that the culminating crisis in the struggle has come, and that the achievements of this year on one side or the other must determine the issue."—President Wilson to the Farmers' Congress at Urbana, Ill.

The farmers will do their part, we feel sure. Meanwhile it is up to us, also, to make hay.

Now that second-lieutenants are wearing gold bars on their shoulders it is up to someone in authority to propose mahogany bars for sergeants! Yes, and ivory bars for certain corporals! And—yes, again!—reinforced concrete bars for some privates that we know! And—oh, yes—bars of soap for all of us!

The National Guard of Hawaii is the only portion of that once famous organization not now mobilized. We Americans are far too tender-hearted. Think of turning loose all those ukelele players on the Boche!

"How are the Americans off for officers? Mr. Baker says they had 9,000 officers of all ranks in April of last year, but that they now have 110,000. That is truly an American masterpiece of accomplishment—to see 9,000 troops on a hundred thousand men and all their "deers!"—Colonel Gaedke, in the *Bronzezeitung*.

It is not perfectly conceivable, Herr Oberst, that America may have had 110,000 men fit to be officers in April, in addition to the 9,000 already commissioned? You may remember what Napoleon the Great had to say about Marshals' batons in knapsacks!

On the whole, the announcement that Mr. Henry Ford is about to build a fleet of anti-submarine craft has not occasioned very much surprise among A.E.F. chauffeurs. They have piloted some of the fivver craft under veritable submarine conditions on top of what once were roads.

Sieves are reported to be very scarce in the Scandinavian countries. To relieve the shortage, we might send the good people some of the roofing from the barracks which the engineers put up for us.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE GENERAL

He wears a cord of shining gold, a collar decked with stars.
To show he is the favorite son of Mister J. H. Mars.
We tumble out the guard for him, and snap up to salute;
Because he's been a Dad to us, we all swear he's a beauty!
He rolls around the country in a big, high-powered car
And chins with other Generals, who come from near and far;
Then he backs into his office, where he works till late at night
A-planning and a-planning how he's going to make his fight.
He never has to walk a post, or scrub the cookshack pans,
But he has won a harder job than any other man's;
He may not have to tote a pack and wallow through the muck,
But if his plans go woosy, why we all are out of luck!
He doesn't work with bayonet, or gun or hand grenade,
But all the same, his life is not one grand, long dress parade;
He has to lie awake at night, and fuss with maps all day,
And that's the reason why his thatch is prematurely gray.
It takes all kinds of fighting men to give the Boche the pip,
From back up to colonels; but the General has the grip
On all the whole darn shooting-match; and, since he knows his game,
We'll follow him through hell and back, and never mind the flames!

PEACE PRELIMINARIES —By Charles Dana Gibson



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A DOUGHBOY'S LETTER TO KAISER WILHELM

To Wilhelm Hohenzollern, of Potsdam, Pless, Berlin, and other places:

The other day I came across a reported speech of yours in one of a bunch of papers from back home, in which you inquired—as if you really wanted to know—why we Americans were over here. In this speech you said you didn't see what business it was of ours to be over here at all, and you intimated that you didn't think that any of us knew why we were pitted against you and your kind.

But, although I suspect you know pretty well what brought us here, I am going to do what very few people nowadays care to do—take you at your word, and give you the information you say you want. A cat may look at a king, and I rather guess an American doughboy may write to an emperor.

So, here goes.
We are against you and your kind because—

You planned and plotted and worked for this war for a quarter of a century and more, knowing full well what misery it would bring, knowing full well how many lives it would sacrifice, but caring not a bit as long as it brought you and your kind the power you sought.

You had it within your power to arbitrate the Serbian-Austrian controversy at the outbreak of this war, and thus preserve the people of Europe; and you passed it up.

You held the insufferable Austrian reply to Serbia, which Serbia could not have complied with except by giving up her nationality, for fourteen hours, with power to change or modify it so that Serbia might accept, and war be averted; then you let it be released, and backed it up.

You invaded, with fire, sword, and iron heel, a country whose neutrality you were sworn to respect—Belgium.

In Belgium and Northern France you visited upon the natives such crimes as would make the tortures practiced by savage tribesmen seem tame by comparison.

By your orders fathers of families were lined up against walls and shot in the sight of their offspring.
Nursing mothers were hacked about the body, and their children impaled on bayonets.

Young girls were forced into a condition worse than slavery, worse than death—and then branded with the red cross of Prussian shame.

Young men and old were deported from their native land, to work for you as no better than slaves, at miserable wages, while fed on insufficient food.

Children in arms were left to perish without nourishment, and those of less tender age were left to shift for themselves, in a shell-wrecked, flame-ridden country.

Property of individuals was seized without compensation, and turned over to you and yours for use in continuing your warfare.

On the high seas you instituted the practice of sinking without warning the vessels of non-combatants, sending to a watery grave both little children and

their mothers—as in the case of the Lusitania.

You instructed the commanders of your submarines even to fire upon the crews and passengers of torpedoed ships while they were in open boats, in heavy seas.

On land, you revived the horrible practice of crucifixion, and applied it to prisoners of war.

You practiced other mutilation and disfigurement upon prisoners.

You incited your non-Christian allies, the Turks, to massacre thousands upon thousands of helpless Armenian and Syrian Christians.

You lent yourself to a deliberate campaign of murder, rape and pillage in Serbia, the better to handicap that invaded country in rehabilitating itself.

In diplomacy, you, through your foreign minister, openly urged Mexico and Japan, two countries with which our nation was at peace, to make war upon us.

You tried to poison our press, our Congress, our public men with your lies about our present Allies. You set up a corruption fund of \$50,000,000 for the subversion of the legislative department of our government.

You organized strikes, fomented plots, tried in every way to cripple peaceful industry in our own country. You attempted, on a large scale, to incite a

considerable proportion of our population to rise against the rest of us.

You ordered us to keep off the high seas under pain of being torpedoed—unless we followed your degrading and ridiculous instructions as to the manner of marking and sending our ships.

In short, you have, for the last three years and a half, spared neither men, women nor innocent children in your scheme of making war—you have preached "frightfulness" everywhere and everywhere you have practiced what you have preached.

You have blasphemously proclaimed God to be your ally, and have exhorted your troops to main, burn, rape and kill "in the name of the good old German God." You have made God out to be a god of cruelty and oppression, even as the savages have—whereas, we know that our God is a God of love and of freedom.

You have poisoned wells indeed, in the occupied districts of Northern France; but, even worse than that, you have poisoned the wells of truth for the entire world.

That, in brief, is why we are over here—that is why we are against you. That is why we will, in concert with the other civilized nations of the world have at you until your power to work such woe is no more. And not until that has been done will we go home.

AN AMERICAN DOUGHBOY.

MENTIONED IN ORDERS

RATIONS FOR THE TRENCHES

An increase in the ration allowance of troops actually serving in the front line is authorized, up to the end of March, as follows: Coffee, 50 per cent; sugar, 33 1/3 per cent; meat, 25 per cent; candles, 100 per cent; matches, 50 per cent.

It is also stipulated that canned soups be substituted for the meat component of the ration, when practicable, on a basis of two ounces of soup for one ounce of meat. These regulations hold good for the months from November to March, inclusive, in future.

SAVING OIL AND GASOLINE

Chauffeurs and others engaged in caring for the automobiles of the A.E.F. are warned that necessity exists for the strictest economy in the use of gasoline and oil. Accordingly, the strictest observance of the following rules is enjoined upon all persons responsible for the operation and maintenance of motor vehicles:

- Under no circumstances will gasoline be used to clean motors or vehicles.
- The use of motor transportation for other than military purposes is strictly forbidden.
- Carburetors will be kept adjusted so that the maximum efficiency is derived from the minimum expenditure of fuel.
- Motors of vehicles not running will not be allowed to run longer than one minute.
- Drastic disciplinary action will be taken in every case of violation of this order.

LIBERTY BOND PAYMENTS

An allotter may transfer Liberty Bonds before payment of full purchase price, but remains liable to the Government for the full purchase price, unless the Government accepts the assignee as debtor.

All persons who subscribed to the Second Liberty Loan under the allotment plan, and who are paid on individual pay accounts, are advised that the amount of the allotment to be charged on the pay accounts for the month ending July 31, 1918, should be \$4.75 for each \$50 bond, instead of \$6.75, as previously announced. All organization commanders are

directed to make the necessary notation on the retained form of allotments made by members of their organization for the purchase of Second Liberty Loan bonds, and on which the tenth allotment is given \$6.75, to show that such tenth allotment is \$4.75. In addition, all disbursing officers who make payment of accounts on which are entered charges for the allotment due for the purchase of Second Liberty Loan bonds will exercise care that the tenth allotment provides for a deduction of \$4.75 for each \$50 bond. It will not be necessary that a new allotment form be made out to cover this change.

COURT-MARTIAL FORFEITS

That portion of an enlisted man's pay required to be allotted to dependents is beyond the power of courts-martial to forfeit, because it has been otherwise disposed of by Congress. The remaining portion, being subject absolutely to disposition by the enlisted man, is subject also to forfeiture by sentence of courts-martial. Consequently the enlisted man's pay must be disposed of so as to satisfy:

- The compulsory allotment
- Obligations to the Government, including fines and forfeitures.
- Voluntary allotments.

The only exception to the foregoing rules is that men absent from duty under the provisions of General Orders 45, War Department, 1914, forfeit all pay, including compulsory allotments, whether allotted or not, for such absences.

TO OWNERS OF HORSES

Although the War Department has been requested to stop the shipment of private mounts abroad, it is provided that all private mounts now in France may be retained by their owners as long as the circumstances of the service permit. It is further stipulated that, upon change of station, private mounts will be sent overland.

MORE FUEL ALLOWED

On account of the inclement weather, and the fact that the majority of the troops of the A.E.F. are quartered in temporary barracks which are difficult to heat, the allowance of fuel previously specified is increased 50 per cent for the months of February and March, 1918.