

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1919.

MEMORIAL DAY

"I shall forget him in the morning light; And while we are gallant he will not speak; But at the stable door he'll say good-night." It isn't quite the same as it used to be; the dark stallions, the pale faces, the black pomp of despair of civilian days. There's a new feeling toward death, a better understanding. It is no longer strange and mysterious; it has moved among us; it has struck suddenly, mercifully, often.

We left him perhaps without a handshake when he piled into a cation and rolled away, or when we crawled out of the fox-hole he was just gone; or maybe we didn't hear about it at all until long afterward because, Armywise, he had been transferred and we hadn't.

And, while we didn't think about it then—things were happening mercifully fast and furious and we couldn't think at all—now we have assembled our thoughts and decided what we were really fighting for, and so it all seems a part of the plan, loss as well as victory, death as sure as disharge. So he will be with us, not in the busy rush of the life we'll take up again, but quietly at the day's end—living and real; for his going from us was unmarred by the harsh convention of civilian death, and quite cheerily, across the golden shadows, we'll answer his good-night.

CANTIGNY

Ran the American communiqué of May 28, 1918: This morning in Picardy, our troops, attacking on a front of one and a quarter miles, advanced our lines and captured the village of Cantigny. We took 200 prisoners and inflicted on the enemy severe losses in killed and wounded. Our casualties were relatively small. Hostile counter-attacks broke down under our fire.

Ran the American communiqué of May 29, 1918: In the Cantigny salient we have consolidated our positions in spite of heavy artillery and machine gun fire. Renewed counter-attacks broke down under our fire.

And the communiqué of May 30, 1918—just a year ago today—wrote the finish to the story by tersely stating: The enemy has again been completely repulsed by artillery and infantry action in attacks against our new positions near Cantigny.

Thus, in the brief and soldierly words of the communiqué, is told the story of how the first American-planned and executed attack of the war made good, and with a vengeance. But the communiqués do not tell how much the sign and token of Cantigny meant to the weary and harassed Allied world.

A little over two months before, the Hun had launched his great offensive designed to split the French and British Armies and sweep the latter into the sea. Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig had wrenched the Allied peoples with his famous "Back to the wall" order. General Pershing had made his offer of "All that we have is yours" to Marshal Foch, newly-made commander-in-chief of the Allied Armies; and the world turned, expectant, to see what all that we had could do.

And that part of our then so little assigned to the supremely important sector northwest of Montdidier and southeast of Amiens, at the very apex of the salient created by the enemy in his March 21 offensive, did surpassing well. It proved beyond a doubt that the American fighting man could be relied on not only to deliver the goods in a smashing attack, but to hang on and hold his hard-won position in the face of the worst of counter fire. It gave new quickening to the heart, new blood to the cheeks, to hear it sung that "the Yanks are coming." For at Cantigny, for the first time on a European battlefield, they came, saw and conquered.

After that first test, the Allied leaders no longer hesitated about putting American troops into positions of responsibility. At Château-Thierry, in the Marne defensive, in the great Soissons-Marne counter-offensive of July, and at St. Mihiel, they amply justified the trust reposed in them, until, after those weary weeks in the Argonne, they finally broke through and destroyed the enemy's most vital lines of communication on the entire Western front. The promise of Cantigny in the late spring was fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, in the late fall before the gates of Sedan; and the harvest of victory was reaped.

Of the men who fought at Cantigny, not so very many are now left among us on this Memorial Day anniversary of our first signal success in the war, for the great division which took and held that town in Picardy has traveled far and gone through much in the year that is past. But those members of the 28th United States Infantry and of the battalion of the 26th United States Infantry that took part in the attack and went through the two days' nightmare that succeeded it have today the right, if ever fighting men had, to shake each other by the hand in remembrance of that time a scant twelve months ago; for there they gave hope to the world.

THE GOLDEN CHANCE

Those two million men from America, known to the world and more intimately to France as the A. E. F., have all but completed their service to the United States. More than half of their number already have returned to America, home and friends, and many have taken their former places in America's industrial life. This evolution has been the natural re-

sult of service, transferred from a civil to a military basis, and actual experience with a victorious Army. Few of those who missed this experience will know what they lost. A study will reveal the advantages these returning men will have in their present status, as compared against themselves two years or so ago.

Comparison will be made. The opportunity has come. The results will prove themselves, and soon will be evident in the very life of the nation. Men who stooped, bent-kneed and with head and eyes down, on their way to their offices two years ago, will enter them erect, sturdy and resolute, with chin up and eyes to the front.

Some came to the Army and with it to France who could not write their names, who had never boarded a railroad train, who saw the ocean for the first time on that voyage, who knew nothing of the greater inventions or progress of civilization. These will return, improved by study, travel and experience in a greater world than they ever imagined, and will profit thereby. Their individual profit will be less than that which they will bring to their communities and through them to all America.

They have lived to be new men, and, what is singularly fortunate, they return to a comparatively new land.

What an opportunity is theirs!

THE SOLDIER GRAVE

Before we are demobilized, great plans are being made for an army of bronze and marble to mark the resting places of our soldier dead. Unchecked, such a movement will mean that individuals, units, veteran organizations and even States will be contesting to erect the most costly, the most impressive or the most artistic monuments, and to place such simulacra over their respective dead at the earliest possible date.

The mausoleums will be raised in a country noted for its historic art; they will be viewed for generations to come by travelers from all nations, and they will stand representative of American art.

A commission should be appointed from the ranks of America's foremost artists for the purpose of selecting a uniform design, as has been done in England, Belgium and Italy. No opportunity should be lost to make our cemeteries as beautiful as possible, and such a committee could employ the natural scenic effects to advantage. Trees and flowers could be planted to beautify them as gardens, but such beautification would fail if the course to be followed depended upon the purses of individuals or communities.

The committee should select the design that would mark all graves the same, let such inscriptions be upon the tombstone as the relatives might wish, but under no consideration should a wealthy family be permitted to lavish its grave with costly sculpture, when the lad who died just as bravely as the other and with ideals quite as high must rest under some memorial drained from a meager purse.

They are America's dead, and America should stand over them and see that they are all cared for in the same proportion, with the same expenditure, and with one plain, solemn design created by the co-operation of the best American artists. If this course is taken, taste, art, beauty and grace will not be lost in a conglomeration of inharmonious structures.

THE GREAT UNKISSED

Those of us of sufficient antiquity will recall that after the Spanish-American war (because at that time we really had the idea that it was a war), one Richmond Pearson Hobson returned to the United States to gain the reputation of being the most kissed person in modern history. We were too juvenile then to envy him particularly, for our idea of kissing was a hated tribute we paid for getting stuck at "post office" or some other childish game.

However, we marked down in our mental note books the fact that frequent osculation was an easy, though disagreeable, means of getting famous. And, being young and ambitious, some of us may have conceived the notion of reaching the presidential chair by a route of labial salutations.

But what a fall is there, our countrymen! Here we have been in foreign climes for a couple of years or less, and so far not a single member of the A. E. F. has gained notoriety through the caresses bestowed upon him. True, the average three-day leave man, on returning from Paris, has modestly refrained from recounting his exploits, and his buddies may have drawn their own deductions. But not a word of it has ever gotten into the newspapers. Not a man has worked his way into the limelight of publicity by these means.

However, it is apparent that the A. E. F., whatever reputation it may have made in battle, is in crying need of an expert kisser.

Are we to allow a hero of that minor skirmish known as the Spanish-American war to go ahead of us in any respect? Never!

So it is up to the Yank to get busy in short order and put it all over the record of one Richmond Pearson Hobson.

CIVVIES

The soldier who returns home, receives his discharge and dons his civilian clothes, will more than likely make a better impression on his future employer than one who remains in uniform. This is not true in all cases, but the employer would like to know just how his prospective workers will look in mufti.

A patriotic employer would like to hire a man on his war record, but a Yank's chances for a position will be much less if he tries to take advantage of his olive drab and his service in France alone to get him the position. Every one is proud of the khaki he has worn, but the mere fact that a man has been in France does not mark him a hero. We know that full well over here, and the people at home realize it also. It is the old stand-by of personality, individuality and service.

For us the work is almost over, the time has come to go to work; in fact, in many cases, to hunt for work. And the employer wants the man that is under the uniform, not the uniform alone.

The Army's Poets

AMERICA MILITANT

They march again whose feet we thought were stilled. They strike whose swords we thought were scabbarded. From every cross-crowned bivouac of the dead The long lines form in ranks imperial-willed. Tremble, injustice, high and seven-hilled, Go hide thy face and wash thy hands of red. Shoulder to shoulder sweep with tidal tread The dawn-eyed youth cut down and counted killed. Before their sun-woven banners kings shall kneel. Great governors shall look and bend them low, And every fortress wrong shall know their steel. And never a gun-strong hill shall stay them no, While tender blades shall spring beneath their feet. And children follow safely where they go. H. S.

MAY THIRTIETH

O'er the graves of heroes fallen On the hillside and the plain, Tortured earth to nature answering, There shall bloom her flowers again. Not a place will be forsaken, Not one spot to earth left bare, Blending with a thousand colors. Faith will show her flowers there. You will see the snow drop glisten, Pale and pure, its fragrance shed; Here a group of lilies blossom Where they said all life was dead; Violets in purple mourning; Columbine in fragile grace— Rivals all to striving given. Just to mark our heroes' place.

Comes the poppies' flaming brilliance (They'd in blood of noble strain) Long it haunts its crimson velvet 'Ere it droops to earth again. Deep within earth's peaceful bosom Pillowed 'neath the flowery crest Not forsaken, not forgotten Lie the heroes of our quest. O. M. DUNN, Base Hosp. 31.

THE CAPTURED GUNS

In Paris streets the captured guns in frowning silence stand, Broken, unlimbered, torn and rent, encumbering the land. Spawned of hate, sired of hate—to hell consigned their art— As France, triumphant, leaps from them to her ascending star. Now little ones can pat these guns and ride upon their snouts; They can play at games among them with child-like screams and shouts. But sadly does the poppa pause—and bitter is his thought— To him, they are the symbols of a hundred battles fought. To him, they grimly represent a million graves up there. His crippled, blinded comrades, the wail of world despair. He knows the price to bring those guns to rest on Paris streets— The price in blood, the blasted homes, the marching and retreats. He knows the price that France must pay throughout the years ahead; How all that live must render their accounting to the dead. The dead that died with Christ to bring a Resurrection Morn; The dead to whom all men must bow for Liberty reform. And yet it is most fitting—and it was for this they died— That boys and girls might play and romp, and run about and hustle and bustle; That mothers looking on may know that those subjected guns Mute standing tell the end of war, the safety of their sons. PAUL L. EVANS, 26th Division.

FROM FRANCE

When I am home again I'll build an open grate. To force the joyous beam. Of dreams that linger late. I shall be back in France. For I am one that loved her lengthy lanes. The wanderings of Chance. The incidents by her roadside and the trains Of cautious along her lime-pressed roads That groaned at lifting hills and leaden loads. And at my grate with fantasy aglow. How sweet 'twill be for you to know The France I love. But I am not at home again; There is no open grate. And longing breathes of empty pain That years necessitate Until I am home again. Yes, I am one that loves the bended elm Where Corot turned the loam To leafy dells that whispered realms Of rhapsody and quiet transept dream; But I am still in France, and things can't seem As I will leave them then before my grate. With you beside me listening as I prate The France I love. 169665.

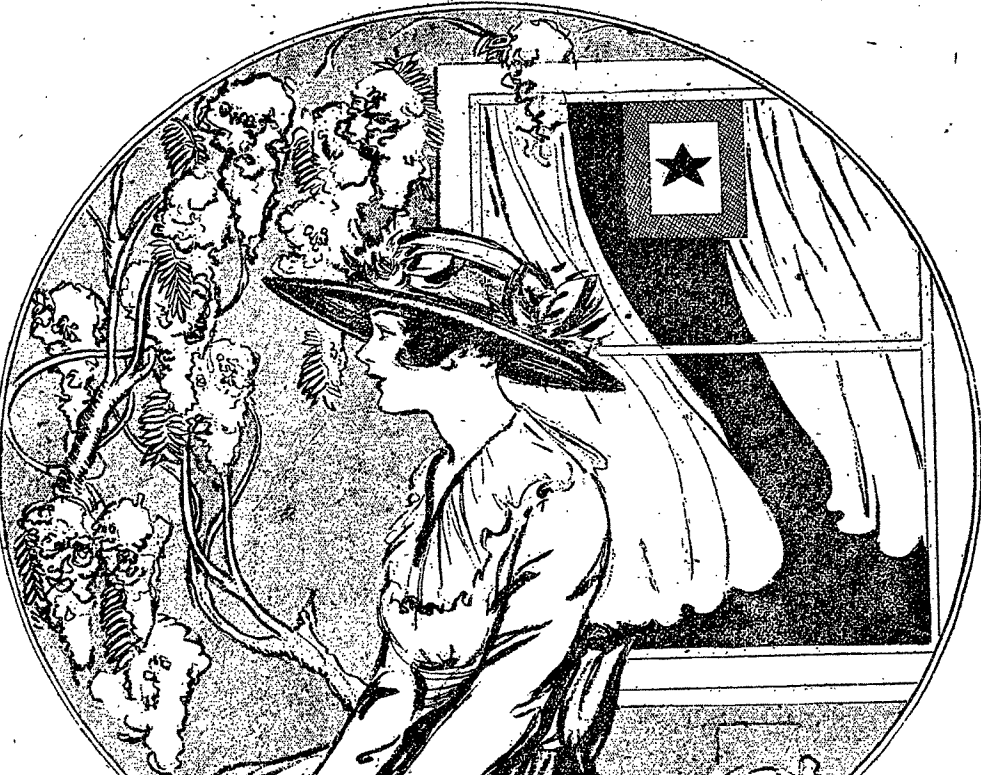
THE PASSING OF THE COOTIE

The cooties got together And held a big convention To discuss the question whether They should call the world's attention To a matter quite neglected In the Conference of Nations; For the cooties had suspected He was going to lose his rations. For, with armies all disembled, 'Twould be ultimate starvation; So the cooties all assembled To work out a good salvation. "The question is alarming!" "Why, with all the world disarming. How are we going to feed?" For weeks the cooties wrangled Upon how to exist. When the complications tangled With a new and sudden twist; A bad and faithless cootie Had wandered from the rest. Neglected his real duty For another's sweater-vest. Now, the major was commanding A camp of sanitation And was constantly demanding A clean extermination. At all the cooties replied: "Till there was ne'er a trace, But—look!—the major scratches! See the anger on his face!" A cootie, without losing A precious moment from musing And acquainted with the crime No cootie shall be living. When this day's sun has set? Swears the major, unforgiving, "My leaf is on that bet!" He got his scouts to find them, And then filled the place with steam; His muscles was then to grind 'em; You could hear the cooties scream. Now the cootie-curse is over, 'Cause one cootie left the rest To be a traitor rover. On a major's sweater-vest. Howard J. GREEN, American Military Supply Depot, Rotterdam, Holland.

I WANT TO GO HOME

"I want to go home," wailed the privt. The sergeant said, "You're a damn fool. 'Er I'm sick of the camp an' the drilling 'Er I'm willing to do the rest of the game; 'Er I'll give me in any old way. But me girl's all alone an' I want to go home. 'Er I want to go home today. 'Er I've marched till my throat was a crackin'. 'Till I craved for the sake of a drink. 'Er I've drilled till my neck was a brackin'. An' I haven't had gumption to think; An' I've done my whole share of polin'. An' guard an' I'm tired of my day. For me girl's all alone an' I want to go home. An' I want to go home today. 'Do they need us, a dyin' in camp life? They say it's the water and the hush; We think it's more likely we're hushieck. But the life of the camp is not the life. An' they know we can fight if we have to. An' they won't have to show us the way. But me girl's all alone an' I want to go home. An' I want to go home today." B. J. FORD, Depot Service Co. No. 48.

MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 30, 1919



To those who bravely suffer, memory is kind. The wistaria when summer has burned away the last leaf, blooms again in Autumn more beautiful than ever.—Old French Saying.

LES GLYCINES

The wistaria is withered. That was purple by our doorway On that fearsome, springtime morning Sweetheart, when you marched away. Now the walls are drab and ugly, And our hedgeway parched and dusty; Summer mocks the tear-sweet picture Of our last, glad, wistful day.

But as sure as laughing Maytime Stole you from me, Soldier-Lover, Took the purple from my doorway, Left my heart a weeping tomb, So will Autumn bring the memory Of your gentle, strong caresses, Bring you, too—I have the promise— The wistaria's second bloom. H.R.B., Artillery

SMELL IT!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In a world with minds ranging from that of a conscientious objector to a Bernhardt we may expect to find some interesting specimens. There appeared in the Army and Navy Register of April 5, 1919, a poem entitled "The League of Nations," by Owen P. White. Being a more or less superficial student of psychology and a profound student of bunkology, I desire to recommend to other students of these closely related subjects the following heroic poem: THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS Build not a League of Nations To force the world to peace. For the strength of man will perish Whenever war shall cease. For the strong man comes from battle Stronger for having been. And war is a righteous victory O'er all the forms of sin. War gives us our fine traditions, 'Tis for us our best defense; War makes our women love us And only a weakling hen Could despise the man in glories And cry for the day to dawn. When strong men will not battle, And red blood will not dawn. For 'tis on the blood of heroes That the strength of the world has fed, And always the brood of heroes Has the van of nations led. So build us no League of Nations, Paltry and weak and poor, Having no great incentive. To cause it to endure, Having no faith nor honor, Having no soul nor heart, Having no human feeling, No spirit to impart. Let the world's fine men of action But live to their best ideal. And we need no League of Nations, We need no man's appeals. To cause no right to wrong, And to make the truth survive, For to spill the blood of heroes Is to keep the race alive. Owen P. White, Nantes, France, March 10, 1919.

Now, as it is the mind of Mr. White that I wish to study and not the meter of the poem, certain additional data is required. Perhaps some one in the A. E. F. can supply it. What is, wanted is information as to whether or not Mr. White got his inspiration for the above lines while with a company of Infantry in the Argonne or at Nantes in company with Mademoiselle Vin Blanc. CURTIS.

WE'RE ALL YANKS NOW

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: It has just come to my notice that some 30,000 New Englanders in the 90th Division have issued a proclamation to the A. E. F. that they are not cowboys and Indians, but were put into the 90th as filers-up and not, perhaps, as they desired. The statement is correct, insofar as I am able to find out. And in justice to all concerned, I want to say to the members of the Texas and Oklahoma divisions are cowboys and Indians. Too, I want to make clear that none of these are of the scaly variety the Hun idea to the contrary. In fact, I suspect that quite a number of the officers and men from these two States have not only attended the higher schools of learning, and moved in the more polite circles of society, but have even invaded the classical halls of learning in the New England States and carried off honors. Now, I am truly sorry that the supposedly educated gentlemen from New England have taken the appellation as an insult and feel so humiliated by associating with Indians and ignorant plainmen. For I have been highly impressed with the good qualities and learning of these men from the far Eastern States and their Americanism, which latter I rank more than anything else in the present emergency. Besides, it seems that all have formed lasting friendships with us regardless of their former residence in the States. I am not unaware of the fact that environment has a great bearing upon the personality of the human being. And since these gentlemen have been in our rough midst for so long a time they must needs deteriorate. This perhaps caused the proclamation, which was mentioned in your paper.

But inasmuch as the division has been in Germany for several months, they have had an opportunity to see not only France and its delightful portions, but have seen the Rhine, land and the river itself, the hardly less famous Moselle, and all the old historical scenery. This, I hope, will somewhat offset the deleterious influence that plainmen must have upon miseducated men. Had they been in their original units, perhaps they would never have seen all this. Now, I am trusting, too, that the more refined atmosphere of the aesthetic East will soon restore them to their former state of being.

As for my part, all A. E. F. members who have done their bit, regardless of place, rank or previous position in civil life, look good to me. M. D. SLOAN, Cpl., Co. I, 359th Inf., 90th Div.

THAT'S EASY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Some 1,600 soldiers of the Tank Corps were transferred to the Motor Transport Corps at various points. Six hundred of us came here. Our old organizations have gone home. There are some prospects that we, too, may soon be on our way. In the meanwhile, we should like THE STARS AND STRIPES to tell us whether we will be discharged as Tank Corps men or as Motor Transport men. We would be greatly obliged, L. S. PATTON, Pvt., M.R.U. 301.

[It is our opinion that we will all be discharged as civilians.—EDITOR.]

A WILLING WALKER

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In a recent issue, Cpl. Cizek makes a challenge for a long-distance hike, choice of route left to contestant. Kindly telegraph acceptance tout de suite on the proviso that the Engineers build a bridge across the big pond for the route which I select from Brest to Miss Liberty. ANTHONY FRISKE, A.P.O. 727.

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES OF May 31, 1918. HEALTH OF A. E. F. BETTER THAN THAT OF TROOPS IN U.S.—"Excellent" Is Medical Department's Report on Conditions Here. YANKS TAKE VILLAGE IN SURPRISE ATTACK AND HANG ON TIGHT—Neat Stroke at Cantigny Our First Assault in Force. LONG TROUSERS LATEST DECREE OF ARMY TAILOR—Regulation Spiral Wraps Will Still Be Worn, However. WHOLE COUNTRY HAS A MOVE ON: VIM IS KEYNOTE—Red Cross Drive's Success Proves Colossal Power of United Effort. TOBACCO ISSUE EVERY TEN DAYS—All But Five Per Cent of Army Smokes, Q.M. Learns.

SOME SHIP!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have read with much interest Sergeant Thurston's and Corporal McDonough's accounts of the tremendous amount of mail certain members of the A. E. F. received. They failed to speak of how it was transported across the Atlantic; therefore, as a member of the marine profession, I feel righteously indignant. I was born in the hull of an old steamboat and have been steamboating ever since, and you may credit my story as authentic and true in every detail. The boat that carried this mail was the "Jim Johnson." Those vast quantities of mail were insufficient to serve as ballast for her. The "Jim Johnson" was built in sections on the plan of the famous "Heckman Hinged Hull." She was equipped with 50 hinges, so she could make a short turn like a freight going around a curve. This feature made it possible for her to turn around in the Gulf of Mexico. The Leviathan and Titanic were built to serve as her lifeboats, but the sparrows began building in them, so, to maintain her spick and span appearance, they were lowered and cast adrift. When the "Jim Johnson" first came to New Orleans she made so much smoke the chickens went to roost at noon. This being it was night, and the sun was obscured for three days thereafter. Her smokestacks were so tall that 68 days elapsed after her fires were pulled before the smoke could pass out of them. There was an auto race track around each funnel, and a Ford would burn four gallons of gasoline while making one round on high. We also had a nice baseball diamond on top of the pilot house with a grandstand capable of seating 17,000 fans, which was nearly half of the crew, off watch in the afternoon. The captain was a great fisherman. I remember when we were at Baton Rouge he tried to catch the famous "Big Tavern Catfish" by tying a five-ton anchor to 2,000 feet of steel cable and baiting his hook with a team of four-year-old mules. The fish swallowed the bait, but broke the line and got away. The head gizzard only allowed her to pass through the Panama Canal once because she stopped to unload her forward hatch at Seattle before the stern cleared the first locks of the canal. The mate had a turnip patch around the base of the flag staff, and one night I left the gate open, and Betsy, our pet cow, got in, ate a large hole in one of the nicest turnips, and then crawled into the hole and gave birth to 216 pigs. I was fired for carelessness. Corporal Nikolai, of this company, was clerk on the "Jim Johnson." He worked 16 hours a day writing up the crew's pay checks. In one month he saved nine barrels of ink by not dotting his 's and crossing his 't's. I would like to speak in detail of the famous "Jim Johnson," but another time will do. I am Dame Truth's ablest champion. FRANCIS A. VAN DEN HEIN, Cpl., Co.-M, 351st Inf.

SWEET MORPHEUS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I am a teacher in our company school. While I am thus engaged, am I required to stand reveille? Is this governed by orders from G.H.Q. or by the top sergeant? PERPLEXED PROFESSOR, Cpl., Co. A, 66th Inf. [Higher intelligence does not excuse one from reveille, unless the headwork is used along the proper channels. We would advise you to confer with your supply sergeant; he might put you wise.—EDITOR.]