

# The Stars and Stripes

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## AMERICA'S BOOTY

It has been said more than once that America entered this war for no material advantage. It will often be said again in the weeks of debate that lie ahead. Don't you believe it.

When a prosperous, law-abiding, property-holding citizen joins a posse in pursuit of a burglarious lunatic who has been looting and terrorizing the neighborhood, the advantage he seeks is most distinctly material. Decidedly material is the gain that is his when, at last, the terror is cornered, lassoed and cast into the brig.

What can more accurately be said is that America sought and seeks today no selfish advantage, no material thing for herself alone, no material gain she will not share with all the orderly human world. Her advantage she wants to share, and has to share, not only with the rest of the posse, but with the other citizens who, during the chase, remained, for one reason or another, discreetly hidden under the bed.

## RUSSIA

To the teeming millions of Russia the signing of the armistice meant nothing. One of its articles abrogated the pernicious and illicit treaty of Brest-Litovsk, that humiliating document which, had it been allowed to stand, had it been any more binding than a promise exacted by a murderer with a gun at his victim's breast, would have meant her dismemberment.

In terms of territory, the abrogation of the Brest-Litovsk treaty won back for Russia more than France gained by the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, more than Austria lost in the creation of a Czecho-Slovak state. But to sorely, burdened, sorely-beset Russia it meant nothing.

This Christmas saw peace on earth—on most of the earth—peace bought at a price that gives the word a more intense, a more hallowed significance. It saw, too, a country, potentially the mightiest in the world, plunging it knew not whither, delirious with the blood-lust born of that mockery of freedom—in reality a despotism more merciless than ever Romanoff or Hohenzollern dared aspire to—which is now the order of Russia's day.

## THE SCHOOLMASTERS

There is some reason to believe that, for a generation now, the custom among practical men of using "schoolmaster" as a term of mildly derisive pity will go out of fashion.

For a time the world is likely to remember that, in the greatest crisis of American history, it was a schoolmaster, an old pedagogue of politics, who, called from his quiet classroom, shaped and interpreted not only America's thoughts, but the ideas and aspirations of two hemispheres.

It will remember that in the darkest hour of the war it was the old professor of strategy from the Ecole de Guerre who was summoned to the command of the Armies of the Lord. President Wilson and Marshal Foch—schoolmasters both.

## HANDS ACROSS THE CHANNEL

As Americans, the members of the A.E.F. are extremely gratified to learn of the rousing reception accorded their President in the British capital. As soldiers, they appreciate the tumultuous welcome to their Commander-in-Chief, and they are sure that the Navy, which has enjoyed even closer association with the fighting men of Britain than has the Army, appreciates it as well.

The comradeship of arms cemented at such places as Bellecourt and Hamel on land and in many other places on the seas now merges into the comradeship of peace between the two great English-speaking peoples who, through the trials of war, have learned to like and respect one another as never before. The original friendship of the Yankee Marines for the Royal Welsh, formed in far-off China days, finds many a duplicate in the friendships formed during this past stirring year.

So, to its English friends who, in honoring its Chief, have honored also the Army of the United States, the A.E.F. in France begs to extend its thanks and its New Year greetings in the spirit of "Hands across the channel."

## OF ONE ACCORD

"You knew what was expected of you and you did it. I know what you and the people at home expect of me; and I am happy to say, my fellow-countrymen, that I do not find in the hearts of the great leaders with whom it is my privilege to co-operate any difference of principle or of fundamental purpose.

"It happened that it was the privilege of America to present the chart for peace, and now the process of settlement has been rendered comparatively simple by the fact that all the nations concerned have accepted that chart and that the application of those principles laid down there will be their explanation.

"The world will now know that the nations that fought this war, as well as the soldiers who represented them, are ready to make good—make good not merely in the assertion of their own interests, but make good in the establishment of peace upon the permanent foundations of right and of justice."

Thus the President spoke to the assembled representatives of the A.E.F.'s rank and file on Christmas Day. No more hopeful message for this hopeful season could

be imagined. At one stroke it knocks down the whole flimsy structure of doubt and mistrust which our enemies have been endeavoring, ever since the signing of the armistice, to erect in the minds of loyal Americans and their Allies.

No "difference of principle or of fundamental purpose"; ready to "make good not merely in the assertion of their own interests"—those are good statements for all of us to remember the next time the whisperers, the poison-peddles, venture to thrust their ugly wares before us.

## PRAESIDIA REGNI

Perspective is the art of representing objects as they appear, relatively, to the eye in nature. It is the sense of proportion by which things seen in vista take on new values as when a line of telegraph poles draw closer and closer together until, in the dim distance, the space between them seems to vanish, and they meet.

So, in the perspective of history, tedious decades vanish from the sight of man and things separated by many years are appreciated at last as part of one continuous event. Thus it seems probable that the historian of 2019 will write down the Franco-Prussian War as having begun in the year 1870 and ended at the gates of Sedan in the fall of 1918. He will know that the two wars were really but the campaigns of a single war. He will know that the long interval of what men spuriously called peace was but an uneasy and oppressive truce, a truce spanned by the memories and the undying faith of many men—among them Georges Clemenceau and Ferdinand Foch.

And he will ask himself, this historian, what befell during the truce to make the vanquished of 1870, the victor of 1918. By what miracle could a nation that had emerged broken, humiliated, ruined from the first campaign, re-enter, the lists against an enemy far larger, for more populous, far, far richer in all the material arms and resources of military power, and emerge this second time triumphant?

By no miracle. It was simply this, that, while the Germans had spent the truce making guns, France had spent it making guns and friends. Rising from the ashes of her first defeat, she reached out across the channel and struck hands with her enemy of a thousand years. Looking westward, she won back the old affection of America which had grown chill through half a century of neglect. When her great hour came, she had friends in every corner of the world, and Germany had not one. Vassals, yes, and abject neighbors, but not a single friend.

It was no miracle, and its secret might have been spelled out by any statesman from the Latin text that Vice-President Levi P. Morton wrote across the model for the Statute of Liberty that long has weathered the storms on the Pont de Grenelle in Paris. "Non exercitibus neque thesauri praesidia regni sunt verum amici—Not armies nor treasures but friends are the true protection of a realm."

Let them write it large—that motto—over the door of the great chamber where now the delegates of civilization sit in council on the future of mankind.

## PAPER WORK

The machine guns have quit, but the typewriters are still busy. Up and down the length and breadth of the Army they go battering their way on through service records, from-to-subjects, payrolls, requisitions, transfers, court-martial data, travel orders, clothing slips, passes, and—yes—orders home.

The Army typewriters—made, female and inanimate—never were busier than they are right now. Company clerks and sergeants major are more regal than they have ever been, not to say more pressed for time. But there is always the blessed thought that the way home lies along a path of carbon paper.

The Army typewriter—inanimate—has had to stand for a lot of abuse during these latter months. It is conceivable that it might take, perhaps actually has taken, two or three complete batteries of typewriters to get a single mess-kit moved from one barracks to the next. But a general could not send an army into action unless some other general ordered him to—usually by means of a typewriter.

## A BRITON'S VIEW

The purpose in presenting through their newspaper to the A.E.F. the summary of their labors from May, 1917, to the armistice, as prepared for the Secretary of War by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F., was to permit every man in service to know what America had been told officially.

Sometimes—although not often—the Yank is worried because he is charged with bragging a bit. For that reason it is well to know what others think of us. And, accordingly, there is presented on this page the British viewpoint as held by perhaps the best known of the British military critics, Lt. Col. Repington. The presentation of his views is permitted by the courtesy of the *Morning Post*, London, which retains copyright.

Although it is against the policy of THE STARS AND STRIPES to print anything which is not the work of a member of the A.E.F., exception has been made in this instance because there was no other sure way of getting these facts before the American soldiers in France and Germany. And it is their right to know the fine things said of them by a Briton who is qualified to talk about them.

## WHAT A DAY!

If you are fretting about when you are going home, read this letter from a dough-boy who is already there:

"I came home on the first transport. I was in a hospital in England and when I saw my name on the list of home-bound passengers I was almost overcome with delight. There is little need to go into details about the voyage across. We landed in the midst of a cheering mob, and a greater reception I never saw. But there was something lacking. When the veteran divisions coming home? was the question from almost every lip.

"Now, you can take it from me, and I've been here long enough to know, the people at home are not the fully equipped as the A.E.F. has before it. When America does a job, she does it well. There's no half-way business about it. And the people over here appreciate the fact that you are doing well. And when the job is done, and the last units come home, what a day! America is yours.

## The Army's Poets

### WOODROW WILSON

(Presented to the President as a Christmas greeting from an American soldier.)

Behold the man from out the West!  
He comes like cheerful guiding light;  
The friend alike of high and low,  
This dauntless champion of the right.

In him you see a noble type,  
Of statesmen taught in freemen's school,  
Where mind to mind and heart to heart,  
The people think and speak and rule.

Again the West sends to the East  
As oft the child to mother turns,  
A prophet bearing healing truth,  
Who ancient form and fancy spurns.

At last he comes to speak plain truth,  
Fix peace forever firm on high;  
To help us clear away the dross,  
To bring sweet reason's counsels nigh.

At last the people's cry is heard:  
Imperial thrones fall hour by hour,  
And now the men who worked and fought  
Are those who hold the reins of power.

Those simple unpretending folk,  
Who tread unseen life's toilsome way,  
Are those who braved both fire and steel,  
At every front of bloody fray.

But hark! The world attends his words,  
So free from passion's burning sting;  
So clear as light of pregnant thought,  
Like chimes of Mercy. Hear them ring:

"America unselfish came,  
To stay the reckless war lord's hand;  
To aid the right, to punish wrong,  
Encourage freedom in each land.

"We ask no loot of land or gold,  
No spoils wrung hard from labor's brow;  
Let history teach her lessons hard,  
Let's build our children's future now.

"We simply ask the right to speak,  
For men who bore long years of strife;  
For widows and for orphans made,  
Who drink the draught of sorrow's life.

"They have no pen nor tongue of flame;  
Though dumb, their heart-beats move our heart,  
We sense the thoughts that fill their minds;  
We claim the right to voice their part.

"Since millions died for freedom's life,  
How precious must that freedom be!  
What price in blood the race has paid,  
To save the boon of liberty!

"Let's lay the soldier's saber down,  
Let's form a world court, strong and fair,  
Where all the nations shall complain,  
And safely ask for judgment there.

"Henceforth, the world should live in peace,  
Employ its power to strengthen life;  
No more should envy point the way  
To selfish ends and ruinous strife.

"We must build, where the fathers quit,  
A stately mansion for the world,  
From now henceforth let right rule might,  
The flag of war be henceforth furled."  
J. J. McS., Capt., Inf.

### THE DOUGHBOY'S LILT

I'm jus' a happy 's I kin be;  
I gotta Lieut—ee workin' fer me—

Over in France in th' Great Big War,  
Up ther' in front mid th' cannons' roar—  
'Twas diff'rent ther'.

This Lieut come in an' he says to me,  
'I need a job, Buck, an' you see—'

Now ther's in France when this Lieut—ee  
Things mebbe right soon or somethin' broke,  
'Twas diff'rent ther'.

I spoke right up, an' says, "M' man,  
I'm boss 'round here, y' understand—"

Oh, boy! C'n you imagine me  
Sayin' that t' th' same Lieut—ee  
In France? 'Twas diff'rent ther'.

He says, "All right; don't rub it sore."  
So I took 'im in m' grocery store.

Wow! Over here since th' Great Big War,  
Far from th' Front an' th' cannons' roar—  
'Twas diff'rent here.

I'm jus' 's happy 's I kin be;  
I gotta Lieut—ee workin' fer me.  
Lewis L. Curry,  
Sgt. Maj., Hq., 147th M.G. Bn.

### A PRAYER OF VICTORY

All things come to Thee, O God!  
Thine own, to Thee remain.  
Though desolate the way we trod,  
We saw Thee in our pain.

The beauty and the might of truth,  
The starlight way of right  
Were fast before our age and youth,  
Their vision and their light.

The deaths we died, the blood we bled,  
Was in the faith we hold.  
We were not those whose souls have fled  
Into that gloried fold.

Their Sanctus rings eternally,  
In a deathless fame.  
They died that this, Thine earth, might be  
Still worthy of Thy name.  
Paul Hyde Bonner, 2nd Lt., D.C.I.

### APRES LA GUERRE

There's gonna be a jubilee when I come  
marching home,  
And hit the spots I know before the war;  
Just wait until I plant my kicks inside a pap-  
per room.

And read that sign of "Welcome" on the  
door!

I'm gonna bid a fond farewell to slum and  
army bean,  
Inspections, C.C. pills and second loots,  
And when I rise each morning at eleven-sev-  
en.

There'll be no bugle-calls or hungry coots.  
Just turn me loose along the pike I used to  
know so well,  
Before the bloomin' Prussians butted in,  
And maybe I won't tell the folks just how we  
gave 'em hell,  
At the end of the small-time squareheads to  
Berlin!

We'll have a grand reunion of the boys who  
gave 'em hell,  
When gallant France was bleeding on the  
rack;  
We'll tell about our Polli pal, the gamest in  
the band;  
And how we made old Jerry show his back.

And maybe on that happy night when we  
have called the roll the while?  
We'll miss some old-time faces in the line—  
But in our hearts we'll keep a place for those  
who paid the toll,  
Whose memory gave us strength to reach  
the Rhine.

Howard A. Herty, Cpl., Inf.

### JOHN DOE—BUCK PRIVATE

Who was it, picked from civil life  
And plunged in deadly, frenzied strife  
Against a Devil's dreadful might?  
Just plain "John Doe—Buck Private."

Who jumped the counter for the trench,  
And left fair shores for all the stench  
An' mud, and death, and bloody drench?  
Your simple, plain "Buck Private."

Who, when his nerves were on the hop,  
With courage sealed the bloody top?  
Who was it made the "E" line stop?  
'Twas only "Doe—Buck Private."

Who, underneath his training tan  
Is every inch a man!  
And, best of all, American?  
'Twas only "Doe—Buck Private."

Who saw his job and did it well?  
Who smiles so bland—yet fights like Hell?  
Who rang again the Freedom bell?  
'Twas only "Doe—Buck Private."

Who was it lunged and struck and tore  
His bayonet deep into Hun gore?  
Who was it helped to win the war?  
'Twas only "Doe—Buck Private."

Who, heading not the laurel pile  
That scheming other men beguile,  
Stands modestly aside the while?  
'Twas only "Doe—Buck Private."

Allan R. Thomson,  
Sgt., Hq., Detch., 51st Div.

# "NOW Do You Believe in a League of Nations?"



## AMERICA'S EFFORT: A BRITISH TRIBUTE

By Lieut. Col. Repington, Military Critic of the "Morning Post," London

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A military critic in time of war is necessarily debarred from mentioning the numbers and units of the armies fighting on his own country's side while active operations are in progress. For this reason I have hitherto been unable to refer in more than outline to the remarkable military effort which the United States has made in France this year, and gladly take the opportunity now afforded by the publication in America of General Pershing's dispatch and by the withdrawal of previous restrictions to do justice to a very splendid achievement.

When I was with the American Army toward the close of last year's campaign, only the first two divisions were in France, but with them had come a quantity of administrative troops and service to prepare the ground for others whose arrival was expected at dates fixed in advance. The program had been carefully drawn up. It anticipated the orderly arrival in France of complete units with all their services, guns, transport and horses, and when these larger units had received a finishing course in France and had undergone a period of concert pitch it was intended to put them into the line and to build up a purely American Army as rapidly as possible. After studying the situation, the program, and the available tonnage in those early days, I did not expect that General Pershing could take the field with a trained Army of accountable numbers much before the late summer or autumn of 1918. The anxiety which I expressed last January respecting the situation in France was partly due to this knowledge, which our Cabinet should also have possessed.

In accordance with the plan, there were four American divisions in France by January 1 of this year, six on February 1, and eight on March 1, at which latter date only two divisions were fit to be in the line, and none in active sectors. Everybody knows that the American divisions are strong. By the latest Tables of Organization, the fighting strength of the 28,123 all ranks. It was the policy of the A.E.F. to keep all divisions as near to war strength as possible, and the necessary drafts were sent to France to make good casualties. For the most part the divisions, even during the hardest fighting, were kept up to within 3,000 to 4,000 of their establishments.

The British defeat at St. Quentin on March 21 found the American Army in France far from strong. The leading idea of our political War Cabinet—an idea never shared by our General Staff or our Command in France—was that the implored help should be sent in the form of the A.E.F. in the West, and that the war could be and should be won elsewhere. This conception had now gone the way of other lost illusions, and while our War Cabinet feverishly began to do all the things which the soldiers had fruitlessly begged them to do for months before, they also prayed for the implored help to be sent in the form of the available infantry and machine guns, and placed at her disposal, to her great surprise, a large amount of transport to hasten arrivals. It is a pity that the transport was not sent earlier.

The American Government acceded to this request in the most loyal and generous manner. Assured by their Allies in France that the latter could fit out the American infantry divisions on their arrival with guns, horses and transport, the Americans packed their infantry tightly in the ships, and left to a later occasion the dispatch to France of guns, horses, transport, labor units, flying service, rolling stock, and a score of other things originally destined for transport with the divisions. If subsequently—and indeed, up to the day that the armistice was signed—General Pershing found himself short of many indispensable things, and if his operations were thereby conducted under real difficulties of which he must have been too sensible, the defects were not due to him and his staff, nor to the Washington Administration, nor to the resolute General March and his able fellow-workers, but solely to the self-sacrificing manner in which America had responded to the call of her friends.

The number of American divisions placed in France on the 1st of each month up to November 1, and the number actually in the line and

in reserve at the same dates, have been as follows:

	In France.	In Line	and Reserve.
April 1	10	3	4
May 1	16	6	6
June 1	24	9	9
July 1	32	20	20
August 1	37	25	25
September 1	40	21	21
October 1	42	30	30
November 1	42	30	30

In addition to the divisions there were, of course, large numbers of combatants belonging to the Army Corps and Army troops, while the non-combatants of the rearward services swelled the numbers which had been brought across the ocean. The largest number of American troops employed in France at any one time was on September 26, on which day General Pershing's Meuse-Argonne offensive was launched. These numbers were:

Combatants	1,224,720
Non-combatants	493,764
Total	1,718,484

Had the war gone on, it was the intention of America to double these figures and to place 80 divisions in France by April, 1919. There is little doubt that this could have been done, and that by the summer of 1919 General Pershing's armies would have been the most considerable of any single belligerent nation fighting in France.

No less than ten American divisions were ready early in the spring to stand shoulder to shoulder with the British armies in the north had active aid been indispensable. They were not fully trained, nor in the line, but a plan was made to use them according to their degree of training in case of a fresh German onslaught. Five of these divisions went south as the strain upon us grew less and British reinforcements poured in from all sides and side-shows. The five that remained saw three of their number, to our regret, withdrawn also, but the 27th and 30th remained, took a glorious part in the great battles with our 4th Army in October, fought bravely in three general actions and captured 5,000 prisoners and many guns. The 32nd American Regiment went to Italy, and, all new to war, forced the passage of the Tagliamento. Fine fighting contrasts the American record to the summer of 1918. General Pershing's armies would have been the most considerable of any single belligerent nation fighting in France.

It was the settled policy of the American Government and of General Pershing to build up as rapidly as possible a great American Army in the east of France, but meanwhile to help others wherever help was needed. At Cantigny the Americans conducted a first considerable attack on their own account in the line, but the 27th and 30th were completely successful. They helped to arrest the German rush from the Aisne to the Marne, fought fierce and bitter actions near Chateau-Thierry, and took distinguished part in Foch's great offensive, led by Mangin and Degoutte on the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry front. To all soldiers capable of understanding the true quality of the American divisions had taken their degrees in war and had passed with honors. Would the American Command and Staff prove equal to the greater exigencies of conducting a grand attack with a purely American Army? Some scoffers doubted, so I went to the east of France to judge for myself.

I have already described the true quality of the American divisions engaged. They were the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 26th, 32nd, 80th and 90th Divisions, and the 4th was subsequently thrown into the fight. In reserve were the 3rd, 35th, 78th, 80th and 91st Divisions. I was allowed to study the procedure of the directing staff and to watch the operations of the American divisions engaged. They were a complete American victory, all objectives were rapidly attained, and some 20,000 prisoners and 200 guns captured. There was a bit of a block on some of the narrow roads in the rear of the troops, and a few other minor observations might have been made, such as upon the hearty manner in which the troops finished two days' rations at their first day's lunch, and threw away their "stickers" when it stopped raining. But, broadly, I found nothing to criticize, and I thought that the whole affair was conducted by General Pershing, his staff and his troops according to the best and latest practices of the art of war.

It has always been my opinion since 1914

that, viewing the position in which the belligerent armies stood in France, an advance down the Meuse by the Allies was the right and decisive strategy when our forces were strong enough to undertake it as well as to guard themselves from the side of Metz. It was the matador's thrust in the bull fight. The Meuse-Argonne offensive, prolonged westward by the French Armies, responded to this idea, and when I learned that the leading rôle in it was assigned to the Americans I was very well pleased, because I trusted them.

Few people in England know that this operation was preceded by one of the most interesting and difficult staff operations of the war, namely, the transfer within 14 days of the bulk of the First American Army from the Metz front to that of the Meuse-Argonne, and its replacement by the Second American Army. No less than ten divisions began the Meuse-Argonne attack on September 26, namely, the 4th, 26th, 29th, 33rd, 35th, 37th, 77th, 79th, 80th and 91st, while three stood in reserve, all eventually to be thrown into the fight, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 20th, 32nd, 82nd and 92nd Divisions. Further there were placed at the disposal of the First Army the 42nd, 78th, 89th and 90th Divisions. A comparison of these divisional units with those which fought at St. Mihiel shows that ten divisions were withdrawn from the Metz front and aligned for the new operation. It was a fine piece of staff work, and no other staff could have done it better.

The initial attack by the ten leading American divisions on September 26 was most successful. It ran over the enemy and gained ten miles in depth in two days. During the month of October the Americans delivered no concerted and general attack, but were continuously engaged against a total of some 83 German divisions in some of the fiercest and most bitter fighting of the whole war. It was a narrow front, strongly held. The Germans could not afford to give ground here and fought like demons. The Argonne, with its deep gullies and tangled thickets, had earlier in the war seen some of the most sanguinary fighting of the campaign, and it was the same ground and the same kind of fighting that the young American Army had to confront. In that terrible month of combats with bullet, bomb and bayonet, and especially from October 1 to 18, the Americans must have suffered not less than 100,000 casualties, though the exact figure I do not know. They found themselves up against a proposition calculated to appeal the stoutest hearts. They fought it silently but grimly, doggedly and fiercely. The difficulty of supply was successfully overcome, despite the poverty of communications. The sight of fresh American divisions continually thrown into the fight at a time when the British Armies were hammering him mercilessly in the north broke Ludendorff's nerve and filled the enemy's mind with foreboding of inevitable disaster.

On October 25 the American line extended east and west a little north of Grandpre, and by the 31st Pershing was ready to launch his last great general attack. Preceded by a carefully-prepared artillery bombardment, this attack was delivered on November 1. It was completely successful and resulted in an advance of 40 kilometers in seven days. Under most adverse conditions, General Pershing had fulfilled his mission, and had not the armistice been signed on November 11, the Second American Army would that very day have been launched in the Briey direction and would infallibly have succeeded.

To my mind there is nothing finer in the war than the splendid good-comradeship which General Pershing displaced throughout and nothing more striking than the determined way in which he pursued the original American plan of making American arms both respected and feared. The program of arrivals, speeded up and varied in response to the appeal of the Allies, involved him in appalling difficulties.

To all American fighters and workers in the States and at the front, of all classes and ranks, our thanks, our heartfelt thanks, are due. Their association with our Armies will leave with us memories never to be forgotten—links the closest which join man to man, those of labors and dangers shared in common for a just and noble cause.

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