

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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FRIDAY, May 16, 1919.

THE PEACE PACT

"Ah, love, could you and I with him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?"

And so it is with the Peace terms. They do not please everyone, why even the Germans don't like the treaty and it was made especially for them!

Says the British Independent Labor Party Leader: Harsh, military and provocative.

Says another British M.P. who thinks the indemnity too small: Most unsatisfactory.

Says an Irish statesman: No good since it doesn't settle the Irish problem.

If the American delegation to the conference had written the terms there is no doubt that they would have been different, just as it would have been far and away another story if Italy or even France or Britain had taken an unchecked pen in hand. Compromise was necessary, as it always will be when strong men meet.

And if some of the fine idealism, some of the altruistic perspective of President Wilson's 14 points is lacking from the mandate that the vanquished enemy must accept, there is still, underlying the whole stern message of reparation, punishment and unyielding command, the promise of the League of Nations. Therein lies the hope of eventual and certain justice to the peoples of the world—a pledge that those peoples shall be guaranteed their right to live, move and have their being without fear of another call to kill, however righteous that call may seem to the few who would sound it.

The Peace Treaty is written in the bitter blood of millions; the League is traced in the hoping letters of life for those for whom the millions died.

STRAW VOTING

That top sergeant of kings who coined the most megacephalic motto of all the ages, "I am the State," even he would stop, look and listen before proclaiming himself the A.E.F.

But where kings, angels and otherwise, would fear to tread, often, too often, clowns rush in neck deep.

"The A.E.F. favors Such-and-Such for President," "A.E.F. Unanimous Against Prohibition," "Soldiers Favor Return to Pension System," and so on ad infinitum, are some of the headlines smeared across newspapers in the States from coast to coast these days, all well savoring of the crowned head in question.

Somebody is playing a cruel joke on the homefolks. It all brings to mind a certain cabinet pow-wow of Abraham Lincoln's official family. A grave subject was under discussion. One by one the ministers rose and with some heat expressed their opinions as to its decision.

Lincoln alone kept his counsel. At the end, the President called for the "ayes" and "nays." The whole cabinet voted against the resolution. The great man rose and struck them dumb with the simple announcement, "The ayes have it."

The great silent thinking force of the A.E.F. is like Lincoln. It will let others do the talking; it will render its verdict at the ballot box.

GOOD MANNERS

This happened at St. Aignan, the well known casual trap, way station on the route to America, first stage on the road toward long trousers and ponce shirts, where the soon-to-be-civilian waits and waits and waits, and gets deloused, and physically inspected and deloused again, and has his service record checked and O.K.'d, and waits.

A casual private was walking down the main highway that leads from the railroad station to the river. Several hundred thousand men of the A.E.F. have passed along that road in their day. In the doorway of the A.P.M.'s office stood a group of second lieutenants, about a dozen of them, all newly made.

The casual private casually saluted. And the group of a dozen stood erect, clicked its collective heels, and returned the salute as honestly and according to regulations as though the combined General Staffs of all the Allied Armies were passing.

The casual private walked on, not without a quickened pulse, realizing that there are two sides to discipline, and that courtesy loses nothing from being common to all men.

NOMAD'S PARADISE

Wise in the wisdom of Solomon were the eminent gentlemen who decreed that the classes of leaves given members of the A.E.F. should be the class permitting one to travel anywhere in France except within the jurisdiction of specified leave areas. For such a decree is touching the heart of the nomadic wanderer, who, especially in the springtime, bears within his heart the lure of the open road.

From the base ports to the old German border they may be found, these ports of call, far outside the beaten track; quiet places, with few or no troops in them, few or no M.P.'s, no points of interest barring a church or two—nothing but an echoing, dust-filled street, with sunbeams or moonbeams flinging their long shadows athwart the ancient walls.

A low-beamed inn, where one may purchase omelets at four francs the dozen instead of ten, and a bottle of Medoc for one-quarter the price charged elsewhere; and one or two of these curious bureau-drawer beds in which

The Army's Poets

LILACS

The lilacs nod above my garden wall
This sunny springtime day,
And down the leafy lanes where blackbirds call
Their fragrance breathes the May.
Yet still, though here home's deep content is set,
Whenever lilacs bloom,
Above a garden wall I see them yet
In France, long springs ago.

The village vesper chime was in the air,
The rooks, winged slowly by,
And one with lilac blossoms in her hair
Has watched the daylight die.
A flower of her ancient land she seemed
Beneath the lilac spray,
The young renewal of its hands unlearned,
Each with its fragrant May.

Along the leafy lane the blackbirds call,
And spring is in the breeze;
Bloom still the lilacs by that garden wall
In France, beyond the sea?
Here deep content of home breathes everywhere:
No more my feet will stray;
But stands she still with lilacs in her hair
When falls the dusk, in May? J. M. H.

JIM RANKIN'S KIND

Then there's Jim Rankin's kind,
In this man's Army,
Blinkin' away at the G.O.—
"An' next time," slashes of Saber Tongue,
"It's the brig!"

Well, Jim turns kind of sour on life,
But he's mostly sittin' pretty, an' all's Jake
Till one night—March, an' row—
When J. Phue's distillery sprung a leak,
Jim grabs a nasty trick,
Guardin' close palamas at the railroad
Four on—on a hard-boiled corporal
Hand-flingin' for another stripe, see?
Well, long about ups
Somehavin' got Jim's trigger-finger squeezin'
An' his Adam's apple slippin' pivot
An' choppin' his "Halt,"
Like it's in company-front of syllables.
But he's, "tain nothin' but a French skirt, see?
Just a bit of a French skirt, see?
"Damn!" says Jim—so roiled at finkin'
(The good nature soaked out o' him)
He hands the kid a rough "Allez!"
But the little dame's a-sneezin', see?
An' she ain't no bigger'n his toad-sticker,
An' half negligee, an' spillin' wet—
An' didn't seem like she had no home,
Larkin' round a night like that—
So the ammielick falls for a taleleg, see?
Slips the droppin' 'uz his slicker
(A-oddin' like he understood)
An' then he gets what she's achin' hungry
Egojn' wistful o' them feed cars.
An' he cusses fierce,
Count o' leavin' 'em a chuck wagon
Bulgin' fat with white bread, see?
(An' a hand-shakin' corporal on!)
But next you know he's cussin' soft—
Like it ain't a rough "Allez!"
An' he's ditched the hardware
An' is haulin' into that lunch cart.

Two months now, Jim's been in,
Never shippin' a day o' dirty detail,
But whether he's steerin' front of a bayonet
Or savatin' blood on a pick,
She's always there—the little dame—
Skippin' by his side.
An' prattin' crazy at him—
All day a-prattin' at him—
An' Jim a-oddin' like he understood,
An' rain or shine, no odds,
She's dolled up in that slicker
(Twice round an' trahlin' some)
An' Jim—well, seein' like he's plum happy—
"Whaddya know, o' timer," he hollers out last night,
"I got my kid to chawin' gum!" T. G. B.

PLAIN CUSSIN'

Did you ever get to talking to a Y.M.C.A. girl, or a Red Cross girl, or some other girl over here who understands your language as well as you do, and suddenly you'd stop and gasp like a dying trout, and turn red and go away from that place without a word of explanation?

Of course, you have. We all have. We realized that, in classic parlance, we'd pulled a bone.

Then we'd generally go back to our billet and try to forget all about it by reading or playing Canfield with ourselves for our month's pay. And whenever we saw that girl again, we'd cross the street and be hugely interested in watching the watering cart get filled.

Probably the A.E.F. is, altogether, as clean minded a bunch of soldiers as ever helped win a world war. But these words and phrases—which we consider as purely decorative and don't mean a thing thereby—have a habit of crawling into the seams of our conversation, even as the festive routine crawls into the seams of our shirts. And some folks don't understand that they're just ornaments.

And have you ever thought how much worse it's going to be when you get home and go to your girl, and, entirely without your volition there pops out a stream of sky-blue language? O-o-h, Lord!

But we believe a remedy can be effected. Take 30 minutes off every day between now and the time you go home and see how full you can pack it with words that aren't cusses. And for every cuss dock yourself one prime at mess. Then you can go home without a muzzle.

Because there isn't any real reason why cussin'—plain or fancy—should be necessary.

Not a single, damn one.

HERE AND THERE

They have seen the Rhine and the Rhone, the Alps and the Apennines. The slopes of the Pyrenees have been their playground, as the Arcadian valleys of Alsace were their attained objective.

They have looked on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and have watched its lateen sails curvetting against the sunset, hinting of the treasure-laden East for whose possession a mad Power was willing to wreck a world. They have gazed into the Rhine's dark flood as it swirls around the black rock whence the Lorelei, with her song's enchantment, lured the boatman to his doom.

They have trudged as conquerors through the gloom of Rhineland forests where Siegfried, as the legend tells, overcame monsters and established an example of the efficacy of Will-to-Power for countless generations of Teutonic tribesmen—the latest of whom so recently attempted to impose that wicked philosophy upon the rest of humankind.

They have seen the soaring splendor of Gothic cathedrals and the rude outlines of crag-arched castles left by robber-barons, enduring memorials of the will and method perpetuated by the German general staff in its plans and performances.

And having seen these things, and more, embracing so much of the wonder and the beauty of the Old World, they are going home to America, to look upon their own land with new vision and enhanced appreciation.

The Hudson and the Mississippi and the Columbia are going to look better to the returning doughty than ever in his life. Ex-members of the A.E.F. are going to realize the charm of the Berkshires, the Blue Ridge and the Ozarks as never before, and the Rockies will be to them a glory and a pride forever.

Not a green and nestling valley in the pleasant land of France, but will be seen to have its match in the old home state. Not any of the beauty or the majesty they have beheld overseas, but will have its fellow some place, or many places, in America. Many of the boys may even consider their own country more beautiful, more interesting, more everything, than anything this side of the Atlantic, for all of 2,000 years and more of effort and tradition.

And then there will be the joy of American barber shops and American pic, and the splendor of skyscrapers seen from the river at night, and the thrill that comes when the express elevator jumps for the twenty-fifth floor.

JOYCE KILMER

Today the Sixty-ninth parades—
I cannot see them through the trees

The trees who lift their arms in thanks
That those they love have wandered back,
And call a benediction down
Upon the ones who stayed behind
To guard the trees of France.

The trees who through the winter days
Unbendingly present their arms,
The trees who stand so proudly there,
The thin line of eternity,
Not show nor rain can wash from them
Their certain immortality.

The Sixty-ninth parades today—
I cannot see them through the trees H. J. M.

EN ROUTE

Cascades of chattered French
Outside the window of your compartment,
Flat wheels, square as a stamp—
And snoring, and snoring,
That makes married life a horror
Multiplied by many;
And whistles—always whistles,
Sibilant, persistent, insistent

A hur of dim lights
Through the dew-wet windows;
A sleepy R.T.C.
On a station platform:
The restless languish
Of your fellows,
Sensing the unattainable—
Comfort:
And always whistles,
Strident, rasping, futile.

Feet like ice,
And a chill breeze
Through a broken window
Delighting your eyes,
The consciousness of a neck,
Stiff and aching;
Lips that twitch;
Wakefulness and yawns—
And whistles, always whistles,
Harsh, harrowing, purposeless.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE,
Lieut., Q M C

SWAN SONG

O you Breast camp,
O D. rest camp,
Feast of sea-sweet Brittany,
Tin-can-camp camp;
We love best
Same as we love recruit!

Yankee guest camp,
By-requint camp,
Put o' chow an' tents an' things;
Stake and jessie camp,
You're the best camp,
Sure as pigs have purple wings!

O you Breast camp,
Heaven best camp,
Happy soldiers all about;
Joyful camp,
Hear the rest camp,
When my keeper lets me out.

T. G. B.

WAITING

Thou wait'st for now, oh Time, and thou, too,
Tide;

Delays of others thou canst ne'er abide,
Thou, Father Time, must walk thy narrow road,
Reaping the harvest which thy scythe hath
mow'd;

While Tide, thou daughter of the Mother Moon,
You cast adrift all others who come not soon
Enough to please the fancy of the sea;
The troops will soon be sailing o'er the sea,
When is the date of our departure due?
Oh Time and Tide, how long wait we for you?
CHARLES MANLEY

THE M.P.'S WILL GIT YOU

"Uncle Sammy's Army has come to France to stay,
To sweep the streets and alleys up and keep the
huns away;
But now the war is over and the fighting all
is done,
We want to go to Paris just to have a little fun.
But one thing keeps us here in camp: it is the
leave M.P.'s."

He's always got an eagle eye to catch you in a
sneer;
So don't you try to take a trip, and don't you
chance about
Or the M. P.'s will git you if you don't watch out!
Once there was a doughty boy who thought he'd
try a stroll,
And when he went to bed at night—he didn't
go at all;
The sergeant thought he saw him leave his bunk
there by the wall,
And when they turned the covers down he
wasn't there at all,
They called his name at reveille, he didn't an-
swer "Here";
They seeked him all through England, France
but finally they found him locked in walls with
bars so stout
Well, the M.P.'s will git you if you don't watch
out.

H. C. C.

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR?



TO REST IN PEACE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I have read with much interest articles appearing in various papers regarding the advisability of sending the bodies of our boys back home.

Is it kind, is it right to disturb the dead? Is it kind to bring fresh sorrow into homes already racked with pain? The identity of our boys will never be lost, for France will consider it a sacred trust to keep their resting places green and beautiful. Let them lie in the land for which they gave their lives, for the spirit of our boys will never die and will always be comfort to those left behind.

Is there one boy who would have wished to be taken home in the condition that must be? I do not think so. The late Colonel Roosevelt, who had lost much in this war, stated freely that the boys would prefer to lie where they fell, and let their own son sleep in France.

"No doubt the sentiment of the 'resting place' would comfort many parents, but would not the last memory of the living give them greater and more lasting strength and courage?"

Let the gold star shine forth, watching over and keeping fresh the memory of the boys who sleep in France.

WILLARD M. CLARK,
Sgt. Hq Co., Hospital Center, A.P.O. 731.

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Says France's Premier of Americans.

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A WRONG IMPRESSION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I request that you publish this letter as soon as possible.

Recently an article, "The 2nd Division at Château-Thierry," by General Omar Bundy, U.S.A., appeared in Everybody's Magazine, and on page 64 of the Literary Digest for March 15, 1919, appears the following, to which I take exception, in reference to General Bundy's article:

"In this authoritative account by the high command officer, some disputes as to just what parts were played by different units of Marines and Infantry are cleared up. There is mention, for instance, of an Infantry unit that attacked by mistake, and thus, even though ordered back to the previous line and so deprived of official glory, nevertheless, may claim, unofficially, the honor of participating in the great advance. As General Bundy puts it in his carefully corrected account:

"In the attack on Bovesches, a battalion of the 23rd Infantry, finding that the Marines on their left were advancing, also eagerly entered the fight. It was not the intention that they should advance at that time, but this fact does not appear to have been understood by the battalion commander, and it was, no doubt, a disappointment to him, as well as to his battalion, when he received orders to retire to his old position. The results of the day's fighting were a number of prisoners and some machine guns and trench mortars. Our own loss in killed and wounded had been heavy."

As my battalion, the 3rd, was on the right of the 23rd Infantry position, and Maj. (now Lieut. Col.) E. C. Waddill's battalion, the 1st, was on the left, the article is apt to give the wrong impression, and, in fact, has caused two marked copies to be sent to me. I did not enter the attack of June 6-7, 1918, because I found that the "Marines on our left were advancing" but I did so because I was ordered to attack. I received orders at 4:15 p.m. June 6, that I would attack at 5 p.m. As General Bundy states that he wrote the article mostly from memory, I feel that this point is probably not as clear to him as it is to Lieutenant Colonel Waddill and myself, also some other officers of our staffs who were present at the time we received our instructions.

Now, the editor of the Literary Digest comes forth with his criticisms based on what General Bundy has written, and has not noticed that General Bundy stated his article was written mostly from memory and that he probably knew nothing of what instructions the battalion commanders had received. So now I would like to say a few words, as I think I owe it to all who are or were members of the 3rd Battalion, 23rd Infantry, because it looks as if I put them up against a proposition through "mistake." If I took my battalion forward on June 6 through "misunderstanding," and "attacked by mistake," why was I not relieved of command and court-martialed, because the casualties were pretty heavy? But as I have stated before, I never heard that the battalion should not have taken part in the attack until I read General Bundy's article.

The editor of the Literary Digest also states: "Some dispute as to just what parts were played by different units of Marines and Infantry are cleared up," and "so deprived of official glory, nevertheless, may claim, unofficially, the honor of participating in the great advance." I am not attempting to detract from the record of the Marines, because they have done good work, and, particularly, or "unofficially," my glory for the 3rd Battalion, 23rd Infantry; but I do ask for fairness, and I claim that the editor's remarks are extremely unfair, because he has made such strong statements before he has made an attempt to learn what instructions the battalion commanders, 23rd Infantry, had and know the truth of it.

CHARLES B. ELLIOTT,
Lieut. Col. Inf.

FOR LIMBER LEGS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Now that American sports and games are spreading all over France there is one thing that has been overlooked and to which I would like to call your attention and ask your help.

I have in mind a cross-country hike and kindly ask your co-operation in getting the necessary permission and having the proper arrangements made to pull this off as a sporting event or to demonstrate the value of military training.

The hike is to be against time, or competition with light marching order. If it is left to me to decide the route, I would choose Geneva (Ain), and Brest as the starting and finishing points, or any other route agreed upon.

I have been in France with Co. A, 23rd Engineers, for 11 months, and at present am attached to Co. B, 512th Engineers, at Luxy, Nièvre. I have done some hiking in the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands and feel confident of accomplishing the proposed hike.

JOHN J. CIZEK,
Cpl., Co. A, 23rd Engrs., D.S.
[Ain't you had enough bikin' yet, buddy?—Editor.]

WELL? WHO KNOWS?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

On the editorial page in a recent issue you attempt to answer two questions under the heading "Ask Grandpa." Allow me to correct you. The word "doughboy," as applied to a gravel scuttler, did not originate in the Philippines as you state, but in the Indian campaigns which followed the Civil War. Perhaps, you do not remember Frederick Remington's picture of "The Doughboy," drawn in the late 50's. It was of a plains Infantryman in full kit.

As to "buck private" you are right as far as you go. In the Civil War, buck first assumed its place as the national indoor sport, and in those days it was actually played with a buck which passed with the deal. So originated the term, "passing the buck," as applied to interior Army tactics, and naturally, the private being the man to whom the buck is eventually passed, became himself the "buck."

GRANDPA.

OUR OWN TRIBUTE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Permit me to make a suggestion that may attract the eye of someone who could start the movement.

Why can't the American Expeditionary Forces collect from its members enough money to raise a memorial fund to the comrades we are leaving behind in France. Such a monument could be placed at Washington, and would mean more to us than any the civilian population would erect; it would be our own gift and our own pride.

W. T. A.
Pvt., Machine Gun Bn.

STILL BLOWING

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The writer is a bugler with the outfit shown below, and having blown against some of the best boys in the Army and captured the prize in an Army meet in 1913, he is now eager to compete against any of them, or those in the States.

This is a challenge, and I would be pleased to have you give it space.

J. H. CHAMBER,
Bugler, Co. A, 34th Inf.

CHESS AND CHECKERS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I have entered my name as a public entertainer at chess and checkers for the American Expeditionary Forces. I would like to arrange a chess match with the French chess champion and with the London chess champion. I hope to meet James Ferris, the Scotch champion, in a checker match for the international title.

You can let all chess and checker devotees know that I expect to start a tour of France in the near future. I will play simultaneous chess and checkers with as many as 100 players at one time, and will play blindfolded games with as many as 15 players at a time. A letter from those interested in a chess or checker tournament would be appreciated.

N. W. BANKS,
Cpl., Co. E, 310th Am. Tr., A.P.O. 727,
World's Checker Champion.

LOST WEST POINTERS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

To you we come with a heart-breaking query—that of another lost unit. Perhaps in the sympathy our condition may create, others may become more satisfied with their own. I refer to the West Point Candidates' School.

After writing the exams on March 21, we were promoted an early departure either to our divisions or the States, according to the very late reports, we are still here at Beaune. We have been granted a life scholarship with the A.E.F. University and are endeavoring to enjoy its advantages.

Nobody knows; nobody cares for us. We are denied the privilege of returning with our outfits. The fact that our present organization is a provisional one has caused our folks to surmise things. The situation is, indeed, embarrassing and we trust that you will suggest a remedy.

P. W.

WHO SAID FARINE?

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STICK IT OUT!

[Stick it out! that's what we're doing—Editor.]

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Why can't the American Expeditionary Forces collect from its members enough money to raise a memorial fund to the comrades we are leaving behind in France. Such a monument could be placed at Washington, and would mean more to us than any the civilian population would erect; it would be our own gift and our own pride.

W. T. A.
Pvt., Machine Gun Bn.

STICK IT OUT!

[Stick it out! that's what we're doing—Editor.]

STRAW VOTING

That top sergeant of kings who coined the most megacephalic motto of all the ages, "I am the State," even he would stop, look and listen before proclaiming himself the A.E.F.

But where kings, angels and otherwise, would fear to tread, often, too often, clowns rush in neck deep.

"The A.E.F. favors Such-and-Such for President," "A.E.F. Unanimous Against Prohibition," "Soldiers Favor Return to Pension System," and so on ad infinitum, are some of the headlines smeared across newspapers in the States from coast to coast these days, all well savoring of the crowned head in question.

Somebody is playing a cruel joke on the homefolks. It all brings to mind a certain cabinet pow-wow of Abraham Lincoln's official family. A grave subject was under discussion. One by one the ministers rose and with some heat expressed their opinions as to its decision.

Lincoln alone kept his counsel. At the end, the President called for the "ayes" and "nays." The whole cabinet voted against the resolution. The great man rose and struck them dumb with the simple announcement, "The ayes have it."

The great silent thinking force of the A.E.F. is like Lincoln. It will let others do the talking; it will render its verdict at the ballot box.

GOOD MANNERS

This happened at St. Aignan, the well known casual trap, way station on the route to America, first stage on the road toward long trousers and ponce shirts, where the soon-to-be-civilian waits and waits and waits, and gets deloused, and physically inspected and deloused again, and has his service record checked and O.K.'d, and waits.

A casual private was walking down the main highway that leads from the railroad station to the river. Several hundred thousand men of the A.E.F. have passed along that road in their day. In the doorway of the A.P.M.'s office stood a group of second lieutenants, about a dozen of them, all newly made.

The casual private casually saluted. And the group of a dozen stood erect, clicked its collective heels, and returned the salute as honestly and according to regulations as though the combined General Staffs of all the Allied Armies were passing.

The casual private walked on, not without a quickened pulse, realizing that there are two sides to discipline, and that courtesy loses nothing from being common to all men.

NOMAD'S PARADISE

Wise in the wisdom of Solomon were the eminent gentlemen who decreed that the classes of leaves given members of the A.E.F. should be the class permitting one to travel anywhere in France except within the jurisdiction of specified leave areas. For such a decree is touching the heart of the nomadic wanderer, who, especially in the springtime, bears within his heart the lure of the open road.

From the base ports to the old German border they may be found, these ports of call, far outside the beaten track; quiet places, with few or no troops in them, few or no M.P.'s, no points of interest barring a church or two—nothing but an echoing, dust-filled street, with sunbeams or moonbeams flinging their long shadows athwart the ancient walls.

A low-beamed inn, where one may purchase omelets at four francs the dozen instead of ten, and a bottle of Medoc for one-quarter the price charged elsewhere; and one or two of these curious bureau-drawer beds in which

THE ARMY'S POETS

LILACS

The lilacs nod above my garden wall
This sunny springtime day,
And down the leafy lanes where blackbirds call
Their fragrance breathes the May.
Yet still, though here home's deep content is set,
Whenever lilacs bloom,
Above a garden wall I see them yet
In France, long springs ago.

The village vesper chime was in the air,
The rooks, winged slowly by,
And one with lilac blossoms in her hair
Has watched the daylight die.
A flower of her ancient land she seemed
Beneath the lilac spray,
The young renewal of its hands unlearned,
Each with its fragrant May.

Along the leafy lane the blackbirds call,
And spring is in the breeze;
Bloom still the lilacs by that garden wall
In France, beyond the sea?
Here deep content of home breathes everywhere:
No more my feet will stray;
But stands she still with lilacs in her hair
When falls the dusk, in May?