

The Official
Newspaper
of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For
the Soldiers
of the A. E. F.

Here's a page of stuff right from the trenches, assembled by The Review from a recent issue of the above named paper, published "somewhere in France."

The Listening Post

GIRLS I LEFT BEHIND

II
FLORENCE

Flossie, how I used to kid you
Just as regular as spring,
When I used to say the lid you
Wore was not a pretty thing!

How my habit was to spoof you
For affecting such a style
That the gear that used to roof you
Brought the wide satiric smile!

How I hurled my mighty humor
At your bonnets red and black!
Little dreaming it a boomer-
Ang to hit the slinger back.

So, as we say here, *O di mi!*
Though I miss you greatly, Flo,
Gosh, I'm glad you cannot see me
In my overseas chapeau!

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

*Pvt. _____ of _____ spent
_____ day in _____

*Quite a little rain here and here-
abouts last week.

*We had our first casualty last wk.,
our fountain pen falling on the floor and
getting out of kilter. Same, however,
has been repaired.

*Ig Paderewski the wk. pianist has
been commissioned a Col. by the Pres.
Ataboy, Ig, say we.

*News are scarce this week.

THE CHEMICAL CORPS

They get no song to boost 'em along,
they get no words of cheer;
For what they do is a job so new some
of us don't know they're here;
But they work away in the lab all day
to help us win the war;
Let's not forget we owe a debt to the
men of the Chemical Corps.
For it's HCl to give 'em hell, and
H²SO⁴
CO² and TNT—the men of the Chem-
ical Corps!

Dear Post:—

What is the thing to say when some
gazabo sneaks up on you unsuspecting
like, flashes a pic of his best girl or his
kids with an "Oh, boy! whaddye think
o' that, hey?"

This is my pet peeve, as I'm a bum
liar, and when a guy flashes the map of
some dreamy-eyed weeping willow on
me, or that of some kid, I haven't the
heart to tell him the truth, so I just
stand around and stammer and let her
go at that. Please ship me some stereo-
typed phrases that I can slip such birds
without losing my standing. Buck.

FOR GIRLS

1. "I didn't know you knew Theda
Bara."
2. "How could such a lovely girl waste
her time on a guy like you?"
3. "She's just what you deserve."
4. "She's only what you deserve."
5. "I'll bet it doesn't do her justice."
6. "She ain't too thin, she ain't too
fat; I'd give my life for a girl like
that."

FOR KIDS

1. "Tough luck. They look like their
pa."
2. "Hooray! They look like their
mother."
3. "What a beautiful looking child!"
4. "What an intelligent looking child!"
5. "What a healthy looking child!"
6. "What a mischievous looking
child!"

With a judicious use of the preceding,
Buck, you can't go far wrong. If any-
body has any other reversible, rapid-
firing comebacks, shoot 'em along.

TO A NURSE

Well, Miss Blank, you have now in the
ward under your management a no ac-
count bugler. Ain't he the funniest
looking gink y'ever saw, with his close
cropped hair, pug nose, and those two
big ivories? And after I've gone you'll
breathe lots easier and thank the Yump-
ing Jupiter that you're relieved of that
Calamity. And you'll forget all about
me after this here war is over and we
all return home and get used to Broad-
way and civilization again. You'll never
think of me again. And if you did, it
would only be as a gawky looking youth.
And you'd never mention it to your
friends.

BUT—if by chance, although it is not
likely—I rise to prominence, and get to
be a general, or a millionaire, or a car-
toonist, or commit a murder, or some-
thing like that, you'll tell everybody you
know about it, and how I was in your
care at a hospital in France, and you
won't think of me as a homely, good for
nothing ignu, but as a Brave Dough-
boy who Risked His Young Life for His
Country. Then you'll remember me, and
as the soprano says.

Well, nurse, it's not probable, so I
guess I'd better quit raving and oblige,
Yours,
JACK,
The kid who had the mumps.

A second lieutenant at a rest camp
writes that he's darned near a hero.

Sure, we get him. Down where the bil-
lets are the thickest. F. P. A.

"THE YANKS ARE COMING!"



EXTRY! DOCS BAG BANEFUL COOTIE

IT USED to be the engineer who was
always to blame for the wreck.
Now it's the louse.

Yes, the louse! The humble, inoffend-
ing shirt-bound, the cootie, the flannel-
buzard, the only backbiter in the army
that gets away with it—the louse, who
is so fond of man that he spens all his
time trying to get next to him. The
louse is the goat—or worse. Long a so-
cial outcast, he is now about to be iso-
lated and interned for the duration of
the war.

Exhaustive and painful researches,
conducted by the combined committee of
investigators from the American and
British expeditionary forces, have, so
to speak, "pinned the bug" on the louse
—yes, the louse! (If you don't like to
hear us say "louse," Geraldine, then go
somewhere where you can't hear us say
"louse," for we've got to say "louse" in
order to tell this lousy story.) Said in-
vestigators—medicos all—declare that
the louse, and none other than the louse,
is the communicator of the pet disease
of the exclusive Western front—namely,
trench fever. Therefore, the louse, one
of the most precious heirlooms of the
army, has got to go.

No Chance to Wriggle Out

He's been spotted, has the louse—from
the way he spotted his victims. He was
given every chance in the world to prove
himself innocent, but he writhed and
twisted and wriggled so much on the wit-
ness stand, under the cross-examination
of a high powered microscope, that he lit-
erally hanged himself. The fact that he
took the stand in his own defence didn't
help him a bit with the jury. The jury
was composed exclusively of doctors. No
wonder its verdict was cruel.

It's a long story, this story about the
louse. It starts out with the British-
American Committee, headed by Major
Richard P. Strong, U.S.M.R.C., gather-
ed together in solemn conclave to use up
part of the \$100,000 fund set aside by
the American Red Cross for research
work. They decided, right off the bat,
that the thing that needed research the
most—in the medical line, that is—was
the malady known as trench fever.

They started to work in a British hos-
pital in France. What they had to work
on consisted of one officer and seventy-
two enlisted men of the A. E. F., who
volunteered as experimentation subjects.
From them, and the things they did to
them, they gleaned the information that
not only is trench fever carried by com-
plete inoculation, but it is transmitted
in the serum of the blood.

Shrapnel?—Guess Again

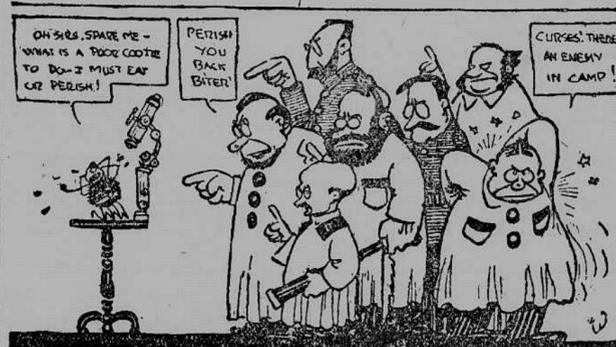
So far, so good. Now, what takes
blood out of a man, and gives it to an-
other? That was a poser for a while.
Somebody guessed shrapnel, somebody

guessed bread pudding, somebody else
guessed again, and there they were. It
looked like what our French friends call
an *impasse*.

Finally, one of the younger doctors,
who had just come down from an aid sta-
tion up front, scratched his head in
search of a thought. He didn't find a
thought but—

You guessed it. He found one. He
was a beauty (the find, not the doctor).
A nice little red one, his fat little belly
(the louse's, not the doctor's) all distend-
ed with a lot of red corpuscle juice. He
was just about to hop from the doctor's
head to the person of one of his brother-
practitioners (the doctor's, not the
louse's) when the doctor caught him, all
crouched for the spring.

"Eureka!" shouted the doctor, lapsing
into Greek in the excitement of the mo-
ment. "I've got it. It's the louse that
takes blood out of a man and gives it to
another. And, *pari passu, ceteris pari-
bus*," he went on, lapsing into Latin in a
state of lesser excitement, "if the man
bitten first has the trench fever, the
louse that bit him will, when he bites the
next man, transmit the trench fever to
him! It's as plain as the nose on your



face," he remarked, in conclusion, look-
ing squarely at the chairman of the com-
mittee.

Experiments Are Begun

But the committee, being composed ex-
clusively of medicos, refused to take his
word for it. Doctors never take any-

body's word for anything, and they
make no exception even with those mem-
bers of their profession who occasionally
dig up something original. As in this
case their brother had dug up only such
an unoriginal thing as a louse, they were
disposed to take his advice with a grain

of disinfectant to say the least. Besides,
he was young, and doctors all believe
that the young should be sat upon.

Nevertheless, they began experiment-
ing on a large scale with the body louse.
To be sure that they would get no body
lice which had been already inoculated
with *feverum trenchium* (or whatever
the nickname for it may be), they sent
to England for some body lice of pure
breed that had not yet been called upon
for overseas service in the ranks. After
a long search—to be fair to old England
—they succeeded in finding a few lice
which had not only not had trench fever,
but which had been hitherto unexposed
to mumps, whooping cough, measles,
trench feet, chilblains, grip, or house-
maid's knee.

These uninoculated, chemically pure
lice they brought back in a tin box to the
hospital in France. After they had been
rested up from their voyage across, the
doctors began feeding the little darlings,
one at a time, on men who were inocu-
lated with trench fever. Then they let
them jump to men who had not been in-
oculated. Result: The second bunch of
men promptly got the trench fever.

Getting the Goods on Him

This would have been conclusive proof
of the louse's guilt, for anybody but doc-
tors. Not so with them; they like to
give their patients a run for their
money, so they let the louse vamp on un-
til there was no possible doubt in the
minds of any of them that the louse was
the runner, the *agent de liaison*, or what-
ever you want to call him, who spreads
the disease from command to command.
They therefore got together, and pro-
nounced sentence upon the louse in a
body, without a single dissenting vote.

The louse, like a Turk, hates baths.
The louse, like a Bulgarian, hates steam
laundries. He hates soap as the devil
hates holy water. Therefore, the doc-
tors and the men of the Sanitary Corps
and the company commanders and every-
body concerned are going after the louse
by first going after the men with baths,
and steam laundries, and soap, with a
new zeal. At frequent intervals along
the front "delousing stations" are to be
set up, and there all men capturing lice
will be directed to report with their
prisoners for examination and detention
until the lice are all thoroughly disem-
barked.

Several packs of blooded louse hounds
are to be brought over from England
to join in the hue and cry. Louse hunt-
ing in the open, back of the lines, both
on horse and afoot, promises to become
one of the great sports of the spring
during the rest periods. The cry has
gone forth: "No peace with louseoc-
racy!"

"WELL I'LL BE----!"

MUSTACHE COMES WITH BARS

SOMEWHERE in France, they're all
here—or they will be.

Private Bill Jones, late customs
inspector at San Francisco, walked into
a depot quartermaster's office, a copy of
Paragraph —, S.O. —, in his hand. It
was evening and only a major and a
captain were present.

"What do you want?" asked the cap-
tain.

"Transportation, sir," replied Private
Jones, putting forth his best salute,
"this order says I've got to go—"

"Well, I'll be—," said the captain,
interrupting. "This is the last place I
expected to see you."

"Well, for the love Mike!" exclaimed
Private Jones. "I'd 'a' known you in a
minute if it wasn't for that mustache
and the—a—shoulder bars."

The captain used to be in the immigra-
tion department in San Francisco and
he and Private Jones used to work to-
gether.

Nobody Hurt, But—

There's a certain crossroads back of
a certain sector on the American front

that the Germans take a particular de-
light in shelling. Near the crossroads
there is a dugout. Men working near by
live there. Just at supper time on a re-
cent evening the Boche began shelling
the road. The men were in the dugout.
They heard a shell coming. Then it ar-
rived. It came straight through the

door, and went smack through the soup
kettle.

"Nobody hurt, but, hell, look at the
soup!" was the report of the sergeant
a few minutes later.

"That's one boy that certainly came
in without knocking," he added as he
surveyed the soup-sodden floor.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1918

WE'RE ALL DOUGHBOYS

A letter in the editor's mail signed
"Subscriber"—we are too young to get
letters from "Old Subscriber"—satis-
fiedly if we are aware that there are
other kinds of soldiers in this army be-
sides doughboys. Answer: We are not.
As we read the definition in the dictio-
nary known as "General Usage," a dough-
boy is an American soldier—any Ameri-
can soldier.

More and more, in the training camps
and in the trenches, over there and over
here, the name "doughboy" is attaching
itself to every living man who wears
the olive drab. Time was when it was
applied only to enlisted infantrymen.
Time was when there was a suggestion
of good-natured derision in it. But of
late, with the original doughboys in the
very vanguard of the A.E.F., the name
appears insensibly to have taken on a
new accent of respect. Infantrymen and
artillerymen, medical department boys
and signal corps sharks, officers and men
alike, all of them are called doughboys
and some of them are rather proud of
it. Our cartoonist—leather-neck though
he is—is a doughboy. So is General
Pershing. So are we all of us.

If "Subscriber" does not like the
name he need not cancel his subscrip-
tion, because, after all, it was no doing
of ours. If a better name—"Yanks,"
perhaps—gets into circulation, we shall
use it. If, on the other hand, "dough-
boy" should, in time, become the univer-
sal name for the American soldier, we
cannot claim to have invented it.

We have only one claim to fame. It
is this. Never, so help us, have we
nauseated and unnerved a doughboy by
calling him a Sammie.

TO HELL WITH THEM!

"Force," said President Wilson at the
close of his tremendous and clarion
speech at Baltimore, "force to the ut-
most, force without stint or limit, rig-
orous and triumphant force, which shall
make the Right the law of the world and
cast every selfish dominion down in
dust."

There is no other argument the Ger-
mans understand. The nation that
started this war by tearing up a treaty
thereby rose against the world as an
enemy with whom the world would never
be able to treat. You can no more de-
bate with a Boche than you can debate
with a bull or a burglar. The Germans
can never give their word now because
they broke it long ago. They cannot
pledge their national honor because—
as they have shown once more in dealing
with Russia—they have no national
honor.

"My word is as good as my bond,"
said a shady character in an old musi-
cal comedy. "I tink choost about," the
comedian replied. The Germans are
like that. They have become a people
who cannot even make a promise be-
cause a solemn promise from the Im-
perial German Government is negotiable
for even less than a German mark in
the markets of the world.

It was apparent in 1914, and it is
doubly apparent now, that the Germans
are a people with whom it is impossible
to confer and settle this matter out of
court. There is really only one satis-
factory thing to do with a German, and
that is to kill him. We must kill a
great many. Our job is long and hard,
but it is as plain as a pikestaff.

We have got to take the German army
and knock it into Kingdom Come. And
we need no better battery than the
warwhop of the great Kentuckian.

"To Hell," said Colonel Watterston,
"to Hell with the Hohenzollerns and the
Hapsburgs."

They are on their way.

FASTER AND FASTER

The cables tell us that American
troops are sailing for France in num-
bers far exceeding the Government's
fondest expectations. Hardened, trained
and equipped, they are setting forth
thrice the recent rate for a battal-
ion three thousand miles from home.
After much fitting and straining and
working, the great American war machine
is moving.