

How the Boys of A. E. F. View the War Game

Group of Editorials from the Stars and Stripes, Published by U. S. Soldiers in France

"COLONELIEROUS."

When William Allen White wrote the biography of Colonel William "Bill" Nelson, of Kansas City fame, he was at a loss as to how to describe the colonel's life, inasmuch as his subject had never been connected with a military establishment nor had even been on a governor's staff. Finally, Mr. White concluded that he was "just naturally coloneliferous."

As we look over our letters and papers from home it strikes us that there are going to be a lot of coloneliferous people at large over the war; not only coloneliferous, but senatorial, cantative and lieutenantish.

There seems to be, both at home and abroad, so many organizations outside the Army—the Reserve Auxiliary, the Junior Reserves, to mention only a few—having the bestowing of military titles as one of their most important functions that it will not surprise us at all, on our return, to find every male citizen over the age of 21 boasting a sublimity that denotes some form or another of commissioned rank.

"Good morning, Colonel," "How do Major?" "Ah, there, Captain." Thus it will go, all up and down the main street of our home town. And how proud and novel and singular and noteworthy and everything the average one of us will feel to be pointed out as the only real private in the place!

TO WIN THE WAR.

Ships, we are told, will win the war. And so will food.

But if we merely lie back on those two more or less abstract propositions—abstract so far as the risk in the line is concerned when he hasn't seen any water save the drops on the mouth of his canteen or tasted any food save iron rations for a week—we are passing the biggest buck in all history.

We are passing it in particular to Mr. Schwab and Mr. Hoover, and in general to the whole American people. Ships and food will win the war.

Ships by bringing armies and things armies need, food by filling the stomachs of armies and peoples. Revolution in Germany, starvation in Austria, disaffection in Bulgaria, rebellion in Turkey, a renaissance Russia—all of these things may come to pass, any of these things might let fall the keystone out of the arch of the Hohenzollern power.

But in being about any one of them, there is just one thing to do—just one way to win the war. That way is to defeat the German armies—all long them that the Kaiser can put into the field.

IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN.

The bombardment will be terrific. You will hear up under it without weakening.

Many faiths—without weakening—these were the exact words of General Almonst's order "to the French and American troops of the Fourth Army" on the eve of the German offensive—an offensive concerning which the allied command knew about everything there was to know.

It's a great life—especially when you help to turn that offensive into a victory. You're back the enemy's lines a mile, and several miles of country, and get a look at his back.

It's a great life when you count your prisoners by hundreds, and get so far ahead of your commissary that you go along on wild for a few days, and go pretty well at that.

If you don't weaken it is a great life. If you do—well, you get hooked. The old army philosopher had the dope right.

SHIPYARD ATHLETIC PATRIOTS

Shipyard work is a great institution at all times. So is baseball—in the army. But when hundreds of husky, alert, able-bodied professional ball players begin to shuffle from the diamond into shipyard work to escape the draft, the time is ripe for a trust-fund.

With thousands of their countrymen charging machine guns, working under shell-fire or grinding away back of the lines, it seems beyond belief that any well-trained athlete, fit for service, should be guilty of such yellow-hearted cowardice, traitors to their country's good, and worse than traitors to their own souls. The printed records stand as proof.

If these men can't be yanked into service, they should be stopped from continuing their old profession on Saturdays and Sundays. Their ostracism should be complete.

And Ty Cobb says he is "thinking of enlisting later on." Later on? Suppose every American had decided to make it "later on"?

YANKS IT IS.

Nicknames are not manufactured. When they are, the "nick" doesn't stick. Ten thousand of the world's greatest thinkers working ten hours a day for ten years couldn't plaster a nickname on the American army that would stick ten minutes.

For the American army has already received its nicknames over here that nothing can shake loose. That nothing can shake loose. That nothing less, nothing else.

It wasn't manufactured for the American army; it wasn't carefully

thought out by any pre-arranged mental device. It was just the nickname every one ever here took for granted.

Yanks, as applied over here, has lost its old American tinge. It no longer means a soldier of the North, means a soldier from the United States, North, South, East or West, so long as he wears the khaki of Uncle Sam and battles or works under the old flag. It means Dike and Yankee Doodle rolled into one. It is the symbol of a united country pointing in mass formation towards the Rhine and on beyond. It means that 1861 to 1865 is forgotten, demolished, blot- ted out against the mighty epoch of 1917—to a flash.

"Sammy" was a joke, and a painful one. "Buddy" failed to land. The others hit the seamy chute with equal olat. One nickname alone has with- stood the shell fire of discussion. It is Yanks—Yanks, representing North and South, East and West, anything wholly American.

You can't manufacture a nickname in a century, but one can be hooked in 300 in a day. Yanks it is.

THE ONES WHO KNOW.

It was announced on July 4 in Washington that a million American soldiers had sailed for France. It was announced in the house of commons last week that they were still coming over, that they were coming faster than ever, coming at a rate of 300,000 a month, 200,000 in British ships, 100,000 in American ships. You can do your own figuring.

The German people do not believe this. Within the last fortnight or so, their newspapers have larded out comforting assurances that the figures were grossly exaggerated, that the Americans had only one constituted division at the front, with the remainder of their forces sprinkled through the provinces of France to make a show.

It does not matter what the German people believe. They believe that Belgium flew treacherously at Germany's unprotected throat. They believe the war was started by England. Or by France. Or by Russia. It all depends on what official ex- planation is the fashion of the moment. They believe that William Hohenzollern of Potsdam is the great- est man since Jesus Christ.

But after all, it does not matter what the German people believe. For the German army knows.

TO THE CRITICS BACK HOME.

There are certain patriots back home who admit that they are willing to support the army program up to a certain point, but who insist that they have a right to rise up at any mo-

ment with any criticism they may care to make.

They begin their support with a leg- kel held in the right hand, looking for the first chance to let the brick fly.

No such fifty-fifty support is wanted by the A. E. F. This is no fifty-fifty war in any sense. There is no fifty-fifty stuff in the soul of the soldier who swings out over the top under heavy fire.

Those back home patriots who do not intend to go the whole distance with the A. E. F. with all they've got should never start at all. They are merely clogging up the road. They may mean well enough, but they are not hooked to our kind of a war.

There are but two kingdoms ahead—the kingdom of Liberty and the kingdom of Kaiserism.

"Under which king, Roman? Speak or die!"

THE FRONT.

This newspaper occasionally finds moments of embarrassment in the fact that it is written not only by and for but also about the American army, so that when in its excitement, it gives vent to a cheer for the Yankee soldier, it might seem to present the unflattering spectacle of the A. E. F. applauding itself.

But just now a great part of the A. E. F. is cheering from the bottom of its heart for another great part. To all the American soldiers whom fate touched on the shoulder and summoned into the second Battle of the Marne, every other American in France takes off his hat today.

They were called into a battle as fraught as Gettysburg in its consequence to the world for weal or woe, called in numbers greater far than ever the field of Gettysburg beheld. And through that hot fortnight of July, 1918, they fought the Marne and the Marne again, with such splendid dash and such high, exalted courage that today every other American in France salutes them reverently.

In that battle, they have so borne themselves that every other American soldier who wears his uniform a little more proudly, and to his eyes the star spangled manner gleams more brilliant in the morning sunlight.

CHAINED.

Dead German gunners have been found north of Chateau Thierry chained to their machine guns.

That is only a minor detail. The main fact is that all Germany is chained to Kaiserism, chained to a wild madness without a parallel in the world's history.

Chained to machine guns? Why not? A nation that is willing to re- main chained to Kaiserism, militarism and the madness of world dominion, regardless of any cost, would not be likely to bother about a chain that ran from ankle to machine gun.

It can do what it likes about this ankle chain. It is the other chain that we are going to break in behalf of the liberty, peace and safety of the world.

FIGHTING MEN.

Here are two pictures of fighting men.

The first picture carries a group of three men—Jack Dempsey, aged 23, standing over the prostrate form of Fred Fulton, aged 28, the conqueror looking on, beyond to the massive

(Continued on page 27)



The FRANKLIN TOURING CAR

The One Fine Car That Fits In With The Times

Just two things stand out in the motor car situation today: First, motor cars must be economical; and second, they must give facts to prove it.

The imperative national demand for economy in motoring, as in every- thing else, gives rise to many loosely made claims. But these are days when claims are at a discount and facts are demanded.

Economy is more than a phrase—it is a fundamental. The known economy of the Franklin Scientific Light Weight Touring Car is demonstrated by its consistent delivery of—

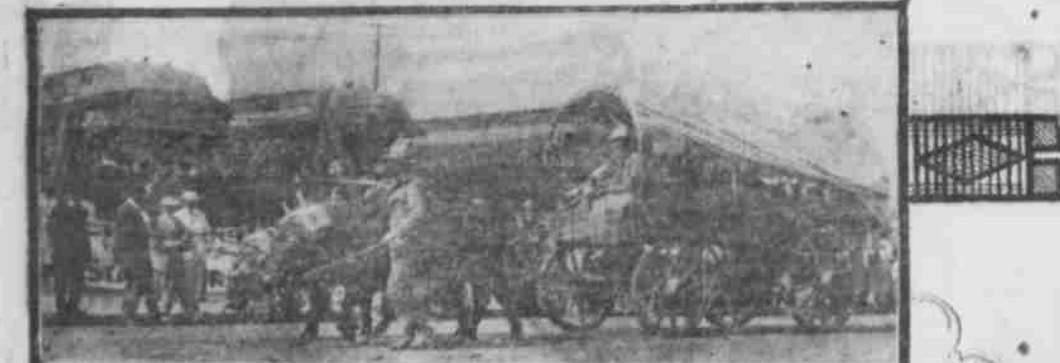
20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10
10,000 miles to the set of tires—instead of 5,000

In other words, when you buy a Franklin, you know just what to expect in the way of a motor service that meets the national need of Haste—without Waste.

These are the facts of the Franklin: Its economy is due to its design, which has attained the ideal of Lightness with Strength. And with it, go the remarkable Franklin easy riding, easy handling, durability, safety, and high resale value.

All of which is readily demonstrated by a ride in the Franklin Car; and conclusively proved by the experience of Franklin Owners.

The Pendleton Auto Company



TYPICAL SCENES DURING THE ROUND-UP

Do not overlook
Do not overlook
Seeing the

YUBA TRACTOR

on exhibition at
THE ROUND UP