

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F. all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1918.

The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of July 26, 1918, was 145,606, an increase of 15,856 over the previous week.

FOUR YEARS

Four years ago today the gray army of Germany advanced to the threshold of Belgium.

It was Der Tag—the day, the planned-for, longed-for day when the good German sword was to be drawn from its scabbard and, in one swift, terrible campaign, carve out of Europe a German Empire.

At the threshold, the German rulers asked free passage over a territory which, by all the most solemn covenants known to nations, they had promised not to enter in time of war.

The next day—the third of August—Germany declared war on France, and on the fourth, after a pause while the watching world held its breath in an agony of suspense, England drew her sword.

By her initial act of faithlessness Germany stood morally bankrupt before the peoples of the earth. To men of vision it was then and there apparent that from that hour she could not be treated with man to man.

That, through the four bitter years which have followed, has been the silent, all-controlling, inexorable fact of the war. It was summed up with the finality of doom last August when America said to the Pope: "We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure."

Four years. Four years of blood and incommunicable woe, four years of such sacrifice and courage as have renewed the world's faith in the spirit of man.

When the anniversary came, he had seen the oil-lamp begin, falter, fail, shrivel and turn into an historic disaster.

He had seen, in the searred valley of the Marne, the beginning of the end.

SHIPYARD ATHLETIC PATRIOTS Shipyard work is a great institution at all times. So is baseball—in the Army.

IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN The bombardment will be terrific; you will wear up under it without weakening.

THE ONES WHO KNOW It was announced on July 4 in Washington that a million American soldiers had sailed for France.

Within the last fortnight or so, their newspapers have ladled 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.

YANKS IT IS Nicknames are not manufactured. When they are, the "nick" doesn't stick.

It wasn't manufactured for the American Army. It wasn't carefully thought out by any pre-arranged mental drive.

Yanks, as applied over here, has lost its old American turn. It no longer means a soldier of the North.

SIX MONTHS OLD With the current issue, THE STARS AND STRIPES sows its first service chevron.

"COLONELIFEROUS" When William Allen White wrote the biography of Colonel William Rockhill Nelson of Kansas City fame, he was at a loss to account for the colonel's title.

I DID NOT KNOW Dawn, with a rose tint in the sky— Over the top of the world, in silence— No shell announced our coming night—

THOSE LUCKY BOYS IN PARIS Here with General Pershing's army, scattered broadcast over France, There's a thought in the mind of a soldier, from the line way down to Nantes:

TO WIN THE WAR Ships, we are told, will win the war. And so will food.

THE JUDGMENT Who comes all robed in white, His wounds ablaze with light, The fresh blood oozing through Like poppies drenched with dew?

FROM A SCHOOLBOY To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I betcha you've been wondering where I've been.

REMEMBER THE DATE To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Chevrons! Suppose you have heard about enough on this subject, but here is one.

JUST A LITTLE GIRL To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Some time in April I had occasion as chairman of the Ammunition Train to send a letter to each home represented in my unit.

The Army's Poets

THE MAN Here today in the sunshine I saw a soldier go Out of Life's heated battle into the evening glow.

THE ARMY TROUBLE-SHOOTER Up and away in the hush of the morning, Speeding through lanes where the wild throats sing.

LIASON I've got a pal in the doughboys— Says the Artillery barrage rocket guard— And every night as I watch my post,

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OH, AIN'T IT—?

A 7-panel comic strip titled "OH, AIN'T IT—?". Panel 1: "WHEN YOU SUDDENLY DISCOVER THAT YOUR NAME IS ON THE PASS LIST". Panel 2: "AND YOU GO TAKE A GOOD CLEAN SHAVE". Panel 3: "AND YOU BORROW A NICE NEW BLOUSE WITH GOLD CHEVRONS SEWED ON IT". Panel 4: "AND YOU FIND THAT YOU'RE ELECTED TO GO ON AN EMERGENCY WORKING DETAIL". Panel 5: "AND YOU GO TAKE A GOOD CLEAN SHAVE". Panel 6: "AND YOU GO TAKE A GOOD CLEAN SHAVE". Panel 7: "AND YOU GO TAKE A GOOD CLEAN SHAVE".

MY BILLET

This old house, shell-torn and wrecked, still stands complacent, undisturbed, in the midst of this little, desolate French village.

THE FIRST COMMUNION CERTIFICATE OF YVONNE, dated 1908, the only thing left hanging on the wall, in its cracked frame, brings back the children's voices.

WHEN THE BOHE BROKE THROUGH OUR LINE, I stood at the door of that old, old house, my billet, and fought like a madman to keep him back.

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THE TRAVELS OF A BUCK

ONCE upon a time there was a doughboy. There have been, of course, off and on, quite a number of doughboys, and in order that nobody's feelings shall be hurt, it is necessary to specify that this doughboy might have been any doughboy.

THE FIRST PLACE they reached was the regimental supply officer. He opened them, and out popped the Buck.

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