

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1918.

THE NEW UNIFORM

When—and if—the proposed new uniform becomes a reality (whether or not the changes are those now up for the approval of the authorities), it is the earnest hope of every man in O.D. that his clothes, whatever their cut, will bespeak him an American.

NAZARETH

And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see. We know what that good thing was that came out of Nazareth. We know that it was in the little town of Nazareth that the child Jesus grew to manhood, under the care and tutelage of Joseph and the gentle Mary.

MORE GAS

The Germans have opened with a new barrage of high explosive literature, trying to gas British soldiers with jealousy. German airmen have dropped pamphlets saying American shipping accomplishments already have eclipsed Great Britain's ocean trade.

TIES THAT BIND

In the S.O.S., as well as at the front, the American soldier is fighting for his country's cause in one way which is apt to be overlooked. He is making friends with men who come from China and Japan, Africa, India, Russia and Australia, and the friendships of this chaotic war-time are going to count in the relations between nations when this war has been won.

THE WHITE FLAG

There are several reasons why Bulgaria, the smallest and weakest link in the German chain, should be so willing to cry quits. The most important of these reasons is that Bulgaria was being soundly trounced. Allied troops were already on her soil; her sorely driven army was divided in three.

who will not be so hard to understand—Australians and New Zealanders, and the Italians, already close to American hearts and ideals through ties of blood. We are making friends of them all. We want to understand them, just as we want to be friends of France and England.

THE O. D. SANTA CLAUS

We may or may not get Christmas packages from home this year. Even if we do, there are so many of us over here that the packages will have to be rather small. But packages or no packages, there is one way in which we can make this Christmas bright and glad, not only for ourselves, but for others.

The prayers and gratitude of the youngsters that we thus help to live will follow us through all the years to come. Their little letters, couched in just-beginning French, or, perhaps in even more just-beginning English, will lighten up the gloom of many a rainy day on many a rainy day. But best of all will be the pleasure and pride it will give our own little sisters and brothers, safe, warm and well fed back home, to know that in their names we have done what we could to make other children happy.

MONEY IN HIS POCKET

One of the officers at Headquarters, S.O.S., until recently was in charge of a captain. The captain's chief clerk and second in command was a private who, by long experience in civilian life, was especially fitted for the job. The captain was called to other duty, and there arose the question of his successor. The captain recommended the private, and recommended, also, that he be made a lieutenant.

GREETINGS, WOCS

The A.E.F. extends a calloused and possibly rather grimy, pick-and-shovelly, gasoline, but unmistakably glad hand to the members of the Women's Overseas Corps. It is inevitable that they will be known to us, if not to history, as Woecs.

BEFORE A DRIVE

Loud splitting motor truck and wagon trains. And caissons and guns and infantry. All jammed together in the dark. How shall we show our northern France. Jammed toward the front.

MAKE THEM WORK FOR IT

What's the harm in mentioning that in a letter home? The Germans can find it out, anyway. This is probably one of the most frequent kicks at the censorship. There is, of course, a vast amount of information, and rather valuable information, that any spy not suffering from feeble-mindedness can get for the looking—what town is sheltering what units, what troops are arriving at base ports, what vessels they are coming on.

SEICHEPREY

A handful came to Seicheprey. When winter woods were bare. When ice was in the trenches. And snow was in the air. The foe looked down on Seicheprey. And laughed to see them there.

The Army's Poets

PRIVATE JONES, A.E.F.

"Who is the boy and what does he do, and what do the gold stripes mean? And why is his mouth so grim and hard while those eyes of his are a-dream? Only a private soldier, eh, and he holds his head that high? Putting on airs a bit, I'd say; nothing about him that's shy."

THE BUGLER

(A patient in Base Hospital 46) "I can't blow taps no more." He says me. (They'd kidded him outside the barrack door.) "I used to do it pretty well before—before I played my buddy off—it's war. But don't you see?"

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

At first we wuz gay as the ship slipped away from the pier, when we'd lived all our lives. An' we laughed an' we sang till the whole harbor rang. An' threw kisses to mothers and wives. But after a while as we stood there in file. An' the people wuz only a blur. Things sort o' calmed down, an' we jus' watched the town 'Till we couldn't see nothin' o' her.

SAVATION ARMY LASS

She didn't join 'Til she'd made some coin; For sake of fun or spree. She didn't read no books, 'Til she'd got 'em all. She didn't care 'cross the sea. She didn't lift. And she didn't do no draft. Though she'd but twenty-three. She came because She thought it was The place she ought to be.

BEFORE A DRIVE

Loud splitting motor truck and wagon trains. And caissons and guns and infantry. All jammed together in the dark. How shall we show our northern France. Jammed toward the front.

SEICHEPREY

A handful came to Seicheprey. When winter woods were bare. When ice was in the trenches. And snow was in the air. The foe looked down on Seicheprey. And laughed to see them there.

THE WHITE FLAG

There are several reasons why Bulgaria, the smallest and weakest link in the German chain, should be so willing to cry quits. The most important of these reasons is that Bulgaria was being soundly trounced. Allied troops were already on her soil; her sorely driven army was divided in three.

THE BOYS



"The Boys Have Done What We Expected of Them"—President Wilson

ARMAGEDDON IN FACT AND IN ALLEGORY

War, especially this war, is so filled and perfilled with thrills, that both observer and participant are apt to become spiritually calloused from the very surfeit of them. Battles rage again where Clovis and Charlemagne fought and Caesar before them, but a rapt world inquires only whether a certain prosaically numbered hill, which was there in Caesar's day, or a railroad junction, which was not, has been taken, held or passed.

The story of the first Armageddon is as graphic and dramatic a tale of war as the Old Testament ever recorded—and there are few chronicles more steeped in blood. Its heroes—rather, its heroines—were two women. The children of Israel had been suffering under the Canaanite yoke for 20 years. Jabiu was king of the Canaanites, and the captain of the Canaanite host was Sisera. He had nine hundred chariots of iron—the predecessor, perhaps, of the light tank.

The oppressed Israelites, distraught, and in their own minds, incapable of breaking the chains that bound them, sought the advice of Deborah, a prophetess. Deborah summoned Barak, the Israelite leader, and bade him gather an army of ten thousand, promising on her side to lure Sisera and his nine hundred chariots to the river Kishon. "And I will deliver him into thine hand," she said. Barak was not convinced. His reply was: "If thou wilt go with me, then I will go; but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go."

Deborah was willing to go. But for Barak's cowardice—if cowardice it was—she stipulated that "the journey that thou takest shall not be for thine honor; for the Lord shall sell Sisera into the hands of a woman." So Barak set forth with the ten thousand, and Deborah went with him. The Israelites took up positions on Mount Tabor, overlooking the plains of Armageddon, with the river Megiddo, from which the plain is named, running through it.

She opened a bottle of milk, and gave him drink, and covered him. Again he said unto her, Stand in the door of the tent, and it shall be, when any man doth come and enquire of thee, and say, Is there any man here? that thou shalt say, No. Then Jael Heber's wife took a nail of the tent, and beheld as Barak pursued Sisera, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples, and fastened it into the ground; for he was fast asleep and weary. So he died. And Jael, she that had killed Sisera, Jael came out to meet him, and said unto him, Come, and I will show thee the man whom thou seekest. And when he came into her tent, she took a hammer, and the nail was in his temples.

So much for the first battle of Armageddon, the real flesh-and-blood battle, quite as bloody, such as was not and never will be, for all the brevity of the Scriptural narrative, as one might desire. To paraphrase the other, the allegorical Armageddon, as told in the last book of the New Testament, would be as futile as to attempt a prose rendition of "Paradise Lost." The host in that other battle was gathered together "into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon."

And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air, and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done. And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there came a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great. And there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven, every stone about the weight of a talent; and men blasphemed God because of the plague of the hail; for the plague thereof was exceeding great. "Death and hell were cast into the lake of fire," writes the inspired saint. "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."

VIRGINIA SAYS YANK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Primarily, my object in writing is merely to have a little talkfest over this much discussed question as to the proper non-de-plume (if that isn't the right word, hit me hard) to be given the American soldier in France. Several names have been suggested, and at one time I was terribly afraid they were going to wish the Summe on to us. I am more than delighted to see there were enough sane people left to squash that.

HE WANTS A RIFLE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have noticed that you publish the howls of those who don't like the way things are going in the A.E.F., so here is another howl. I am not a transfer to the Infantry? I enlisted in the Engineers under the impression that my regiment was to do sapper duty, but after landing in France, 14 months ago, we were put to work on the railroads.

AIR SQUADRONS IN ENGLAND

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: When the war is over and the doughboys have learned to pronounce "Friedrichshafen," have absorbed most of the rain in Lorraine, and have been put through the steam room, the refrigerator room, the rub roast, and been fumigated with formaldehyde, there is likely going to be a grand rush of applications for side trips to England before the jaunt back to the U.S.A.

Thousands of these mechanics arrived in England as early as last December and January, and regularly every month well-trained day bombardment, night bombardment, army observation and repair—have been gallivanting across the English Channel to France after a thorough training course of from four to eight months in England, Scotland or Ireland, ready for active service at the front.

AIR SQUADRONS IN ENGLAND

This laboratory work of Uncle Sam's has progressed to such an extent that Yank soldiers from Kalamazoo, Kookuk, Klamath Falls and Corpus Christi now are carrying on the work in some 75 British airdromes, and, in addition, hundreds are going to school, learning how to adjust compasses, how to monkey with the mechanism of 200-pound bombs, how to vulcanize rubber, how to blacksmith, how to do acetylene welding, how to true up fuselages, rig airlooms—in fact, learning everything there is to know about the anatomy and aerodynamics of an airplane.

As shown in British practice, the average time required to train thoroughly a mechanic for any one type of machine is from three to four months. During this period of training, the American mechanics work side by side with the British enlisted personnel, thereby securing the advantage of the valuable experience gained by the British during the last three or four years. As American flyers also are being trained in England, several hundred pilots already have been turned out of British flying schools. Most of them are required to serve their apprenticeship with the British squadrons in France.