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.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Guy T. Viskniskki, Capt., Inf., Officer in Charge.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: The Dorland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 8 francs for six months; to civilians, 10 francs for six months. Local French paper money not accepted in payment. In England, to soldiers, 6s. 6d. for six months; to civilians, 8s. Civilian subscriptions from the United States $2 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2,A.E.F.,1Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95. London Office, Goring Hotel, London, S.W.1.

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.

It is right and just that we should borrow details of proved practicality, borrow them impartially from friend and foe. We can do this without parading in other people's dress, without seeming other than we are—to-wit, Americans.

If an All-Ally uniform—the same for Frenchman, Englishman, Italian, Belgian, every one—had ever been thought feasible or desirable, it would have been adopted long before America ever entered the war. It was never even thought of.

Every individual in the A.E.F. probably has his own conception of what the ideal uniform should be. But every one will agree that it should brand its wearer as an American soldier as distinctively and as unmistakably as does the U.S. on his collar.

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. And today we know that, for the first time in centuries upon centuries, Nazareth is under the rule and protection of the Christian, civilized powers, and freed forever from the domination of the Turk.

Nearly 2,000 years ago it was that the religion of humanity, of right and justice, came out of Nazareth. Now, after years of Saracen and Turkish maladministration, a good thing has come again into Naareth in the shape of the forces of humanity, of right and justice, that have wrestled the holy place from the infidel.

Jerusalem, Bethlehem retaken—and now comes Nazareth! The shades of Godfrey de Bouillon, of Richard Coeur de Lion and of the good St. Louis of France must look down with envy upon the forces of our British Allies who, in this twentieth century, have made the great dream of Christendom come true.

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.

Very wisely refraining from pointing out that all the new boats Uncle Sam has built are being devoted to the single task of eliminating the German menace to the world, the German pamphlet writer apparently thinks he can produce such a frame of mind among British soldiers that Germany might still win by peace the chance to get ready for its next war. Germany wants peace before its fangs are pulled.

We may now look for the prolific German booklet writers and German airmen to tell American soldiers again that America has no interest at stake in this war, and that American soldiers are being used to further Great Britain's selfish gobbling up German colonies.

The American answer to this sort of stuff will consist in a rather crude gesture performed by the juxtaposition of the nose and the thumb of either hand.

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 doughboy is destroying forever the myth of a blustering, money-grabbing, hypocritical nation that the people of many lands had been told lay to the west of the Atlantic.

In France the Americans are meeting thousands of Chinese, wholly different in features, color and costumes, young men of good physique, some of them highly educated in their own country. Their presence here is a sign of an awakened Asia that is not going back to sleep. These Chinese in France will affect tremendously the future of China, particularly in its relations with the United States. Behind the mask of uncomprehended language the Chinese soldier is a shrewd observer, sensitive to impressions.

In some places the Americans are meeting soldiers of India, tall, straight-limbed men of natural dignity who have with them the traditions of a lasting civilization that from all signs is approaching under the empire of a new period of greatness.

There are other strangers here, too, 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. That way is to share in the adoption of one of the little war waifs of France.

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 billet 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. And what better recompense could we make to our own mothers for their care of us than to do our share in caring, in their names, for the fatherless, motherless children of our sister Ally?

Not all of us can be generals. Not all of us can even be first-class privates. But we can, each and every man of us, be a Santa Claus in O.D. to some child who, without our aid, would have to wait with tear-dimmed eye at the foot of the chimney in vain.

MONEY IN HIS POCKET

One of the offices 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.

In due time the private was called before a board of officers to be examined for a commission. He satisfactorily answered all the questions asked him. He convinced the board, apparently, that he had all the necessary qualifications of an officer. His lieutenancy seemed a certainty until one of the board, concluding the examination, asked: "Is there any reason you couldn't fill this job as well as a sergeant as a lieutenant?"

We don't know whether this particular private got a commission or not. The solitary instance doesn't make any difference. The episode is an assurance that a watchful eye is being kept on Uncle Sam's bankroll and calls attention to the fact that we have opportunities, in more than one direction, of carrying out our oath of service to the United States, and that one of these ways is smothering the flame of personal ambition which burns in all human beings and giving the United States the best service of which we are capable at the lowest practical cost.

GREETINGS, WOCS

The A.E.F. extends a callouded and possibly rather grimy, pick-and-shovelly, gasolincy, 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 Wocs.

Well and good, but how are you going to pronounce Woc? Shall it rhyme with sock, just as Waac rhymes with sack—or, as some people pronounce it, with sock, too? Or shall it rhyme with soak?

If it is Woc and sock, Waac and sack (or sock), there is bound to be some confusion. Somebody will say Woc, and every one will think he means Waac. Also vice versa.

Our suggestion is that the O be made long—it's long in Overseas, and it is the O in Overseas that goes to make up Woc. We offer that suggestion for what it is worth. And since we speak through the tongueless medium of type, no one is going to tell how we pronounce it, anyway.

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.

All this the enemy can learn simply by going out after it, almost without asking any questions, without any one's opening his mouth wider than he should.

Still, he has to go out after that information, and he has to send men (or women) to get it. His task is far more complicated thereby than if it were simply a question of intercepting letters or getting some simple youth to tell all he knows.

The more Germans we can keep busy hunting up stuff, the fewer Germans there will be to bear arms.

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.

Bulgaria, too, was one of the veterans of the war, for all her size. She has been fighting off and on for six years, and wars these days are apt to tell on a small nation in six years.

Then, too, her Czar, as crafty, cunning and treacherous a ruler as Europe has known in many generations, saw the handwriting of defeat on the wall for his Teutonic allies.

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.

"He's been through hell three times, you say,
and turned up with a grin?
He's faced the great unknown so much it holds
no fear for him?
He's seen the highest lights of life and deepest shadows, too?
He knows what glory means when mixed with
mud, red blood and blue?

"He's slept in the slush and rain and hummed
a tune as the big guns barked?
He's eaten a single meal a day, and kept ragtime in his heart?
He's fallen three times, you say, in the dark,
with limp, still things around,
And he called the nurse 'kid' and asked her to
help him get back to that ground?

"No wonder the mouth is grim and set, no
wonder the eyes a-dream;
The best and worst in life and death the plain
buck private has seen.
Ah, well, I suppose he'd like to quit and get
an easier job.
No? Not he? He told you, you say, he
wouldn't trade bunks with God?"

William I. Engle, Pvt., Inf.

THE BUGLER

(A patient in Base Hospital 46)

"I can't blow taps no more."
He says to 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?

"The moon was full and white,
And shinin' free,
About the way it's shinin' there tonight.
We started up, and Buddy got it right—
A piece of shrap. it dropped him out the fight
Alongside me.

"We laid him in the clay;
And it was me
That sounded taps; there was no other way—
I can't blow taps no more . . . but say!
I tapped a German skull the other day,
And that squares me!"

Pvt. Lin Davies.

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

At first we wuz gay as the ship slipped away
From the land where 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 ther town
Till we couldn't see nothin' o' her.

Say, then we felt blue, an' you couldn't tell who
Felt the worst, fer we all darn near cried;
'T was jus' like when night is a-comin' in sight
An' you've been where somebody's died.

First thing we knew came a roar, an' it grew
Till I'll bet that the Kaiser could hear;
Fer there off one side, lookin' at us with pride,
Wuz Liberty! Who wouldn't cheer?

I s'pose she's still there with the crown in her
hair
An' her lamp givin' light to the land;
That may all be so, but there's lots of us know
How we still feel the touch of her hand.

Sometimes in the night, when there ain't any
fight,
An' we're standin' on guard all alone,
Like an angel o' grace she comes near, an' her
face
Cheers our hearts which wuz colder'n a stone.

In the thick of a scrap, with sweat oozin'
like sap,
She puts her cool hand into ours;
An' like that everywhere, we c'n feel that
she's there
With her help, and her smile like the flowers.

Sgt. Frederick W. Kurth, M.T.D.

SALVATION ARMY LASS

She didn't join
To make some coin;
For sake of fun or spree.
She didn't roam
Away from home
And comforts 'cross the sea.
She didn't haft
To dodge the draft,
Though she's but twenty-three.
She came because
She thought it was
The place she ought to be.

She's where the boys
Make lots of noise
And shells make lots of gas;
She always meets
With lots of eats
The wounded as they pass.
She smiles at all,
The big an' small,
She never gives no sass.
She's our best bet,
Our little pet—
Salvation Army Lass.

Charles D. Bourcier, 1st Lieut., Inf.

BEFORE A DRIVE

Loud splitting motor truck and wagon trains,
And caissons and guns and infantry,
All jammed together in the dark
And mud and rain of northern France,
Moving toward the Front.

Night after night it had been thus,
With days of hard, relentless toil
Spent over maps of war and battle plans.
With one or two or three, perhaps,
Short hours of sleep in every twenty-four,
Only what chance afforded—
Till I had lost all trace of time;
Day meant but heavy toil,
And night dull tramping onward in the mud,
Buffeted about by caissons and guns and motor trucks;
Life was but mud and rain and weary men.

And then—one evening ere the march began,
I chanced to pause and gaze into the West,
And there was all the beauty of the world
Lying a-top the rain be-jeweled trees
In stripes of crimson, lavender and blue
And all the other colors known to man!

Then darkness came, and I was tramping
northward once again,
Buffeted about by caissons and guns and motor trucks,
But lo! the road that night was smooth;
My feet were steady and my heart was gay,
For I had looked into the West I love
And there had seen the magic of your smile.

Charles Lyn Fox, Inf.

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 months crept by at Seicheprey
The growing handful stayed,
With growling guns at midnight,
At dawn, the lightning raid,
And learned, in Seicheprey trenches,
How war's red game is played.

September came to Seicheprey:
A slow-wrought host arose
And rolled across the trenches
And whelmed its sneering foes,
And left to shattered Seicheprey
Unending, sweet repose.

Joseph Mills Hanson, Capt., F. A.

TRIBUTE

What shall we say of them, the dead who died
Upon the fields of France to crush the foe?
How shall we show our pity and our pride?
How shall we crown their glory and their woe?
Not by the means of futile words of praise—
The nameless dead do never ask this gift—
Not by the splendid monuments we raise
Nor by the half-mast flags we sadly lift;
But let this be their glory, be their due,
Let but their single thought speak for them here:
In that rich moment when they gave each knew,
E'en as he lost the things he'd held most dear
That, matter not what be Life's unseen plan,
He'd played his part, and proved himself a man.

Robert A. Donaldson, S.S.U.

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 refilled 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 Charlemague 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.

Even the communiqués, however, can still provide an occasional thrill that sets the mind ringing. One of them came a few days ago in a matter of fact phrase in an official report from the British forces in Palestine:

"On the north our cavalry, traversing the field of Armageddon—"

The words set the blood pulsing. They conjured up two pictures—one of an embattled Israelite host fighting for the land and liberty into which it had entered after generations of slavery and oppression; the other of a simple, inspired hermit, looking out over the blue Aegean from "the isle that is called Patmos" and visioning the ultimate battle of battles, the victory of the legions of Heaven over the legions of Hell, the final triumph of Good over Evil.

There have been, then, two Armageddons: the actual flesh-and-blood battle between the Canaanites and the Israelites, and the allegorical struggle, portrayed in the Revelation of St. John the Divine, in which "every island fled away, and the mountains were not found."

The story of the first Armageddon is as graphic and dramatic a tale of war as the Old Testament can record—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. Jabin 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.

Sisera meanwhile had gathered together his nine hundred chariots "and all the people that were with him"—how many the account does not state, but apparently a formidable enough force.

The Israelites, led by Barak, advanced down the mountain, rushed on the Canaanites, broke their ranks in such furious assault that the foe was put to flight, "and all the host of Sisera fell upon the edge of the sword; and there was not a man left."

Not a man left—except Sisera. At the beginning of the rout he had "lighted down off his chariot, and fled away on his feet." He fled to the tent of Jael, wife of Heber the Kenite, with whose house he was at peace. The story continues:

And Jael went out to meet Sisera, and said unto him, Turn in, my lord, turn in to me; fear not. And when he had turned in unto her into the tent, she covered him with a mantle.

And he said unto her, Give me, I pray thee, a little water to drink; for I am thirsty. And 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 took an hammer in her hand, 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, behold, as Barrak pursued Sisera, Jael came out to meet him, and said unto him, Come, and I will shew thee the man whom thou seekest. And when he came into her tent, behold, Sisera lay dead, and the nail was in his temples.

So much for the first battle of Armageddon, the real flesh-and-blood battle, quite as bloody, 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 thunderings, and lightnings; and there was 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."

"On the north our cavalry, traversing the field of Armageddon—"

Even in this war there are a few thrills left.

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 nom-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 Sammie on to us. I am more than delighted to see there were enough sane people left to squash that.

The title, if it can be called such, of Yank is one every true American should be proud of. When I believe this and express this belief, I am also expressing the belief of my father, and when I state further that I and my people for several generations back are natives of Virginia, and that my father was with General Lee's men at the end of our internal strife in '65, I think you will appreciate my sentiments. The term Yank, to my way of thinking, is synonymous with true Americanism. Let us drop the discussion and feel happy that the term Yank, as applied to us, is one we reverence and are proud to answer to, and that the extremists have been unable to accomplish their desire in tacking any new name to us.

R. A. Bennett,
2nd Lieut., S.C.

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 for you. Why is it that an Engineer cannot 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.

There are many of our men who are tired of bombproof jobs and want action, but cannot secure a transfer.

I have applied for transfer both to the Tank Corps and the doughboys, but have not heard anything from either application. We have done our bit with the pick and shovel. Why not give us a show with the rifle?

J. B. J.

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.

Not all of the Yanks, however, will be yearning for a peek at Piccadilly, a squint at the Strand, or a trek up to Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare used to dictate highbrow stuff into a phonograph funnel.

Unbeknown to most of the doughboys, many thousands of their brothers of the Air Service already have had their tour de luxe of England and have learned to say "Frawnce" and sip tea precisely at 4:30 in the afternoon.

As a matter of fact, the United States, for almost a year, has maintained a small army of Air Service troops in England under a reciprocal agreement serving two purposes—one, relieving a corresponding number of English mechanics for use at the front; and, two, training American mechanics on up-to-the-minute types of airplanes and engines—Bristol Fighters, Avros, S.E. 5's, Snipes, Camels, D.H. 4's and D.H. 9's, behemothic Handley-Pages, and what not.

Thousands of these mechanics arrived in England as early as last December and January, and regularly every month well-trained and highly specialized squadrons—pursuit, 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.

When the first of these American contingents arrived in England from the United States, the British welcomed them with perfunctory hospitality, but as friendships ripened and the British discovered that the American lads were not Cherokee, Blackfeet or Pawnee Indian bucks, likely to run amuck at the slightest provocation, they opened wide the doors of reserve and sowed the seeds of a splendid camaraderie.

This laboratory work of Uncle Sam's has progressed to such an extent that Yank soldiers from Kalamazoo, Keokuk, 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 compases, 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 ailerons—in fact, learning everything there is to know about the anatomy and aerodynamics of an airplane.

And, besides these European college courses at Uncle Sam's tuition, the men are getting plenty of mutton, rice, jelly and sight-seeing pilgrimages thrown in for good measure.

Nearly one thousand enlisted men are attending classes regularly in one of the big British technical schools. After finishing their courses, which run anywhere from one week to 10 or 12 weeks, they are graduated and sent back to their squadrons, ready for the call from France.

As shown by 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.

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.

There are other activities of the American Air Service in the British Isles which cannot be touched upon. But it can be stated that our government's plan of training American mechanics in close proximity to France has proved of great value to the heads of the Air Service, A.E.F. There is at all times a steady stream of personnel ready to be poured into active service at the front, for the Air Service men in active training in little old England number into the thousands.

Airman.