Washington, DC.

Goes To Officers' Training Camp

ABOUT a year ago, Paul Ruthven Jones, while a salesman in the Washington Office, enlisted as a private in Troop "B," 1st District of Columbia Cavalry. This outfit was organized as a crack military unit to be the personal bodyguard to President Wilson, under the name of "The President's Own."

Paul Ruthven Jones

Before their plans were fully completed, however, the call of war sounded, and the troop was forced to abandon all prospect of special dress uniforms and escorts to the President on occasions of public ceremony, and to face the grim reality of preparation for service on the battlefields of France and Flanders.

Last September the 1st District Cavalry left for the training camp at Anniston, Alabama, where it was merged into a regiment composed of the famous Richmond Blues, and a crack New Jersey cavalry troop. Some time later, the entire regiment was transformed into field artillery, modern warfare having found little use for mounted troops, and became the 10th Field Artillery, National Army. About this time Mr. Jones was made a corporal.

Word has just been received by his brother, J. B. Jones, who has long been connected with the Washington Office as one of its most successful salesmen, that Paul has been admitted as a cadet to the Officers' Training Camp, which will shortly open at Anniston. As Mr. Jones is barely twenty-one years of age, and he is the youngest man in the camp, all of his numerous friends in Washington are proud of his progress. We feel sure that the best wishes of the Company and the entire organization will accompany Mr. Jones during his training at the Camp.

"Demonstration"
October, 1918.

"Forecast" Jan 16, 1919

LETTERS FROM THE BOYS

Joseph Tyrrell, formerly of Krail street, now in France, having left town May 28, 1918, sent the following poem, which was dedicated to the 79th Division of the 315th Infantry:

"M. P., the road from Avocourt
That led to Montfaucon?"
The road, sir, black with mules and carts
And brown with men a-marching on—
The Romauge woods that lie beyond
The ruined heights of Montfaucon.

North, over reclaimed No Man's Land,
The martyred roadway leads,
Quick with forward moving hosts,
And quick with valiant deeds,
Avenging Rheims, Liege and Lille,
And outraged gods and creeds.

There lies the road from Avocourt
That leads to Montfaucon,
Past sniper and machine gun nests,
By steel and thermite cleansed,
They've gone,
And there in thund'rous echelon
The ruined heights of Montfaucon.

JOHN MacKAY

John MacKay, son of George B. and Sallie MacKay, of 106 Midvale avenue, died Tuesday, October 15, of pneumonia, after a ten days' illness. The funeral took place Friday, the Rev. W. Cooke officiating. The interment was made at North Laurel Hill Cemetery.

His mother, father, two sisters and two brothers survive him.

He was employed at the Wheeler Manufacturing Company, Lehigh avenue and Eighteenth street.

"Forecast" Oct 24, 1918

"Forecast" Jan. 16, 1919

THE SILVER CHEVRON

There are thousands, tens of thousands,
in this great big land of ours,
Who are soldiers, but who've never
been in France,
Who have gone about their duties in
a pleasant, cheerful way,
But who never have been given their
"big chance."

Now, with the boys returning, they are
feeling out of place,
As they walk along the street
throughout the town;
For the people all are looking for the
gold stripe on the sleeve,
And the silver one is greeted with
a frown.

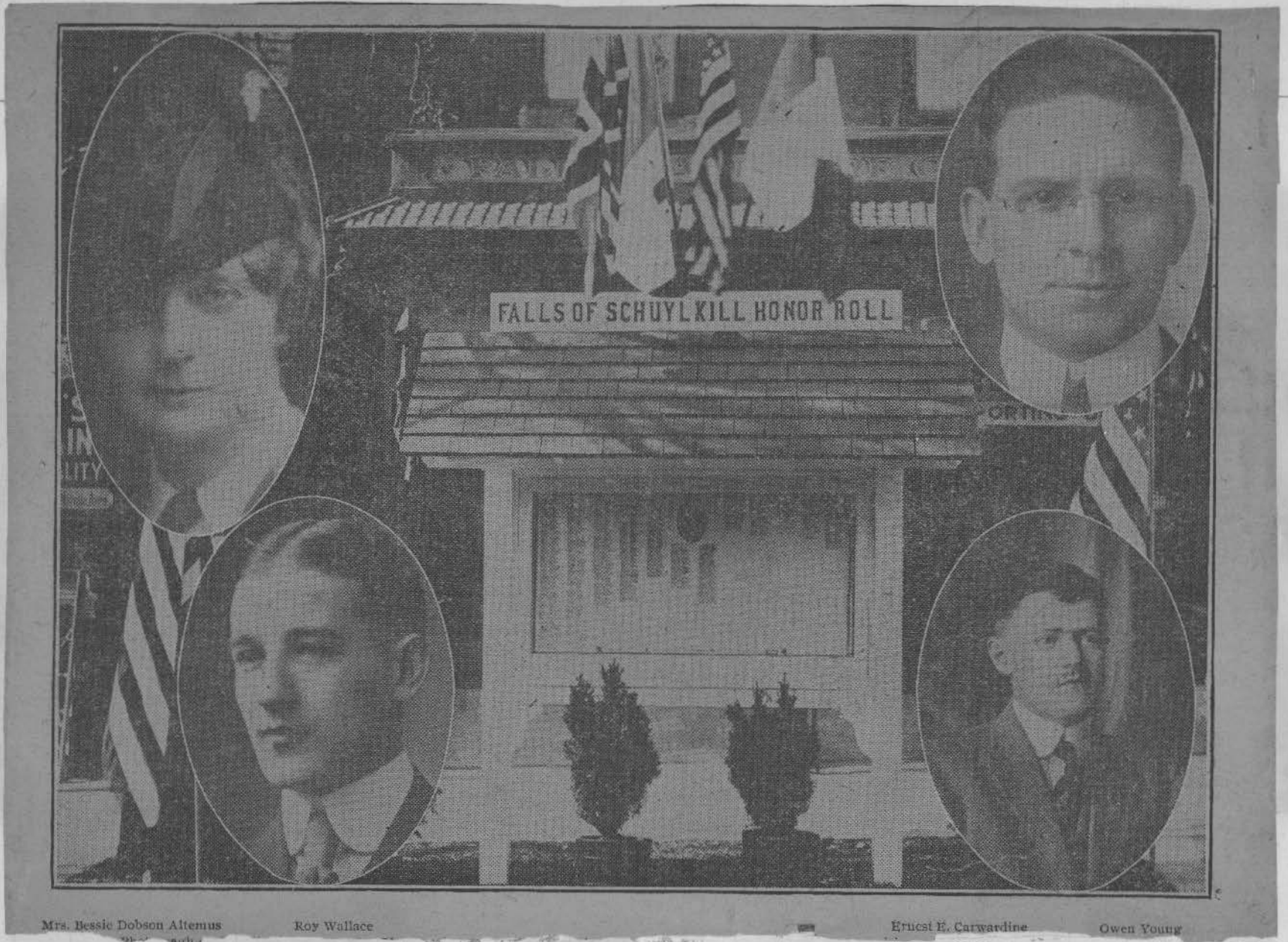
Can't they see that it's not our fault,
we were stationed over here?
Don't they know we'd rather been
across?
Don't they know when "Uncle" says a
thing we cannot disobey,
That Uncle Sam is every soldier's
boss?

Have a heart, I ask you people, don't
look down on us with scorn,
Please don't laugh at us—we know
that we don't fit;
We're not heroes—we've no medals, but
one thing you can't deny—
We are soldiers! and we know we've
done our bit.

—A Discharged Soldier.

Jack Chadwick, formerly of the 316th Machine Gun Company, U. S. A.

"Weekly Forecast" October 3rd 1918.



Mrs. Bessie Dobson Altemus Roy Wallace Ernest E. Carwardine Owen Young

See following page

"Weekly Forecast" 10/3/18

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Honor Roll Unveiling in Conjunction to Fourth Liberty Loan Parade And Speechmaking

The "Falls of Schuylkill Honor Roll," containing 607 names of the local boys who left home when the country called, was unveiled at 9 o'clock on Monday evening in the presence of 5000 persons by little Miss Mary Elizabeth Dobson Altemus, who walked through a passageway made across Midvale avenue, from the Honor Roll to a large truck decorated with bunting and flags, by a double file of Emergency Aid aides, clad in attractive uniforms, in conjunction with the Fourth Liberty Loan parade from Ridge and Midvale avenues to Calumet street, countermarching to Allegheny avenue, returning along Ridge avenue to the place of the beginning where speech-making upon the unveiling of the Honor Roll and the Fourth Liberty Loan was had.

The unveiling of the "Honor Roll" was the great event in the Falls of Schuylkill, attracting 5000 persons to the scene; the parade, however, is to be noted for the great numbers of men, women, young men and young women, and children, who took part; and the audience which listened to the addresses was the largest assembled in this section for some time. The turn-out by the people of Falls of Schuylkill and nearby places has demonstrated the conquering war spirit of the community to its fullest and foretold the attitude of the townspeople toward the Fourth Liberty Loan, which is that the Falls of Schuylkill will be a 100 per cent. subscription community.

The parade, which started at 8 o'clock, was escorted by mounted policemen followed by Marshal John Hohenadel and his assistant, Harry Hayes; Major Bessie Dobson Altemus and her Emergency Aid aides and the National League for Women's Service were next in line, after which came the faithful White House workers carrying a large American flag; the Red Cross folks were there in large numbers, as were the Boys' Brigade and the Girls' Legion; any number of men, women, young men, young women and children joined in the parade lines. Uniformed men with rifles fell into the parade shortly after it had started. Three musical organizations furnished the music, namely, the Philadelphia Police Band, the Lutheran Sunday School Band and the John and James Dobson fife and drum corps of fourteen pieces. Gus Thompson, of Calumet street, is especially mentioned for the splendid work of carrying a large replica of Old Glory along the parade route.

After the parade every one turned toward the Honor Roll. The Rev. William Cooke, pastor of the Falls Presbyterian Church, made the opening prayer, the significant phrases being "victory," "eventual peace" and the "brotherhood of men." At 9 o'clock little Miss Mary Altemus pulled the string, thus revealing the tablet with 607 names of Falls of Schuylkill lads in the war service.

In his address on the unveiling of the Honor Roll John E. Smithies spoke of the 607 local fellows away who are part of the great armies and the great navies to avenge the atrocities of Belgium particularly and the bloody slaughter of the Canadians. He pointed to the Bulgarian capitulation as an indication of the weakening of the enemy and praised America as the country that had saved Europe. He mentioned the names of the Reverend Fathers Ling, Hayes and Dr. Bonner, sometime at St. Bridget's Church, who are serving as chaplains.

His hearers were told that it was planned to pay for the Honor Roll by public subscription, but that he had been informed by Ernest E. Carwardine, editor of the "Weekly Forecast," that Mrs. Bessie Dobson Altemus had demanded to take charge of the matter and thus not a cent had to be asked. The names of those who

Continued on next page

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Continued from preceeding page.

helped in completing the Honor Roll were given by Mr. Smithies as: Roy Wallace, plans; John Mitchell, head carpenter at the Dobson Mills, and his associates, construction; Owen Young, of Germantown, whose mother resided in Falls of Schuylkill at one time, art work and letters; George Seddon, electrical work; P. J. Kelley and John Coates, sodding and plants; George Weer, Robert Foster and George Kelley, iron railing; L. Kersun, lighting; all the aforementioned making no charges.

In closing Mr. Smithies, in behalf of the people of the Falls of Schuylkill, presented little Miss Mary Elizabeth Dobson Altemus with a large basket of flowers; Mrs. Bessie Dobson Altemus with a floral bouquet and Owen Young with a bouquet.

The Honorable W. Freeland Kendrick, receiver of taxes of Philadelphia, and chief potentate of Lulu Temple, made the principal Fourth Liberty Loan address. His powerfully placed words gripped the listeners strongly. The large gathering, he asserted, was a great inspiration and an incident of patriotism which was manifest throughout the entire United States. He made brief reference to the enemy tactics, stating that the world must be made safe against the designing schemes of the Berlin crowd. He placed absolute reliance in the American boys, of whom 607 may be counted from the Falls of Schuylkill. He appealed to the people to perform their obligation and subscribe to the Fourth Liberty Loan.

The Rev. Father Kelly, assistant at St. Bridget's Church, hurled defiant speech at the Kaiser and predicated that the American warrior was not only on a parity with but superior to the automatons of the Central Empires.

A letter from Richard Joseph Kane, a Falls of Schuylkill boy, who was severely injured during the American attack on German strongholds, was read. The communication stated that he (Kane) had been put out, knocked unconscious by a Boche shell and did not know anything until one day he awoke at Base Hospital No. 20, where he saw four Falls boys, Jack Kelly, Ivan Crooks, George Allison and Jean Budith, who are helping to nurse him back to health.

Colonel Sheldon Potter, from Germantown, eulogized the two dead heroes from this town, Basil and Merkel, and suggested to knock the Hell out of the Kaiser with a dollar a week for a bond.

Lieutenant Mason, a discharged English soldier, who has seen 2½ years of active service before receiving his injury, in a droll manner spoke of the Prussians. His stories provoked much laughter.

The Rev. William Cooke, of the Falls Presbyterian Church, mentioned two things of many which had been gained by the war. One is national unity, which started with the Spanish-American war and was cemented by the German conflict; the second is the spirit of liberality which pervades all the people.

The Rev. Edward Ritchie, rector of St. James the Less Church, amplified on the duty to support the Government financially. Thomas Gavaghan was the last speaker to ask for a liberal response to the Fourth Liberty Loan.

The Rev. Father Kelly offered the closing prayer, imploring the blessings of an early and a complete victory.

The Falls of Schuylkill Male Chorus, directed by Joseph Smith, led the mass singing, between the addresses, of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," "Over There," "Old Gray Mare," "Never Let the Old Flag Fall," "Keep the Home-Fires Burning" and the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Chas. W. Bothwell presided at the affair.

"Demonstration" Oct, 1918

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DEMONSTRATION

PUBLISHED BY THE

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

DEMONSTRATION, issued monthly for the benefit of the Company's Managers, Salesmen and Representatives, is the property of L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co., and is not intended for general circulation.

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1918

Typewriter Industry is Recognized as Essential

(From the Official U. S. Bulletin.)

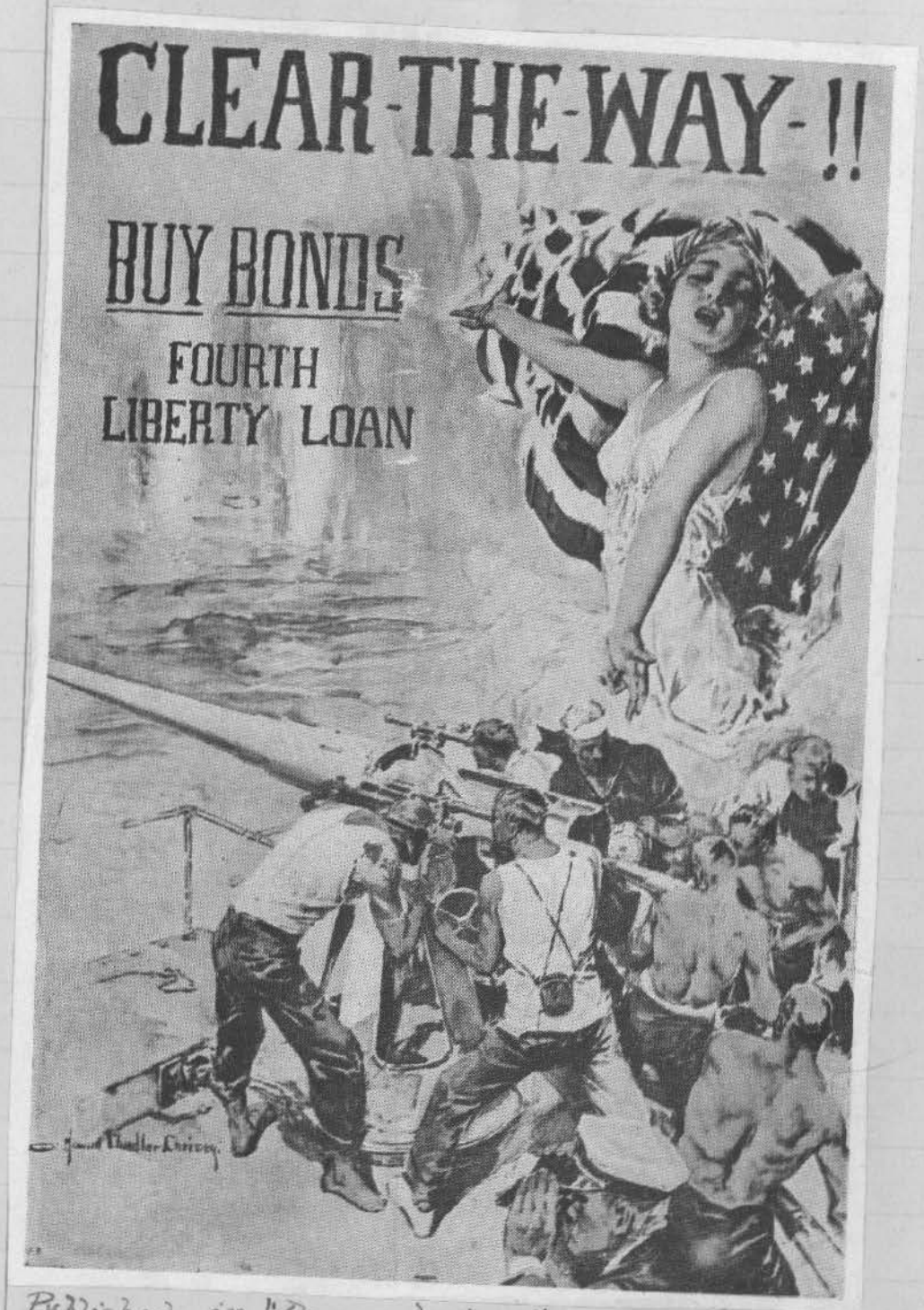
B. M. Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board, authorizes the following:

The typewriter industry has been recognized by the War Industries Board as essential, but no automatic rating will be given the industry for its materials, equipment, and supplies. Consideration will be given to application for priorities covering specific orders as such applications are presented by the manufacturers.

Plants Given Preferential Treatment

Claims of the industry to preferential treatment in the matter of priorities were presented to Judge Edwin B. Parker, priorities commissioner, by the war service committee representing the typewriter manufacturers. Existing contracts made with individual manufacturing concerns by the Government and for war work direct were exhibited in support of the demand. The priorities division of the War Industries Board decided that because of the large demands made on them by the Government and by the war work, including production of typewriters which they now have in hand, the following plants be accorded preferential treatment, and given a class 3 rating: Underwood Typewriter Co., Hartford, Conn.; Royal Typewriter Co., Hartford, Conn.; Corona Typewriter Co., Groton, N. Y.; L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co., Syracuse, N. Y.; Stenotype Co., Indianapolis, Ind.; and the Remington Typewriter Co. plants at Ilion, N. Y., Syracuse, N. Y., and Bridgeport, Conn.

Fac-simile of a Popular Liberty Loan Poster.



Published in "Demonstration" October 1918

Fac-simile of a Fourth Liberty Loan Poster.

I am Public Opinion!

ALL men fear me! I declare that Uncle Sam shall not go to his knees to beg you to buy his bonds. That is no position for a fighting man. But if you have the money to buy and do not buy, I will make this No Man's Land for you!

I will judge you not by an allegiance expressed in mere words.

I will judge you not by your mad cheers as our boys march away to whatever fate may have in store for them.

I will judge you not by the warmth of the tears you shed over the lists of the dead and the injured that come to us from time to time.

I will judge you not by your uncovered head and solemn mien as our maimed in battle return to our shores for loving care.

But, as wise as I am just, I will judge you by the material aid you give to the fighting men who are facing death that you may live and move and have your being in a world made safe.

I warn you—don't talk patriotism over here unless your money is talking victory Over There.

I am public opinion! As I judge, all men stand or fall!

Buy U. S. Gov't Bonds Fourth Liberty Loan

Contributed through Division of Advertising

United States Gov't Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Published in "Demonstration" Oct. 1918.

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"Philadelphia Record" Nov. 10th 1918

KAISER GETS OUT AND CROWN PRINCE GIVES UP CLAIMS TO GERMAN THRONE

Abdication Formally Announced by Chancellor Max, Who Stays to Arrange Regency.

SOCIALIST TO RULE NEXT

Deputy Ebert to Succeed Him Under the New Regime to Be Established.

REVOLT SPREADS SWIFTLY

Moves Rapidly to the West and Is Reported to Have Reached Cologne.

BEARS BOLSHEVIK MARK

Loyal Warships Threaten to Fire on Rebels and Machine Guns Chatter.

BERLIN BANKS SHUT DOORS

Payments Stopped Because of Headlong Rush of Panic-Stricken Depositors.

DOWN AND OUT

KAISER WILLIAM II

"Phila. Record" Nov 10, 1918 / "Bulletin" 11/13/18.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II

Born in Berlin, January 27, 1859, son of Emperor Frederick and Empress Victoria and grandson of first German Emperor, William I.

Educated by private tutor and in public school. Student at Bonn University, 1877-1879.

Married Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who bore him six boys and one girl.

Studied statecraft under Bismarck and at 29 became third German Emperor by the death of his father.

Proved hard-working monarch, visiting many countries of Europe. Encouraged industrial development.

Forced Bismarck's resignation in 1890. In 12 stormy years had three Chancellors, 19 Prussian Ministers and eight Secretaries of State.

Built great Kiel ship canal and other remarkable works.

Stood behind Austria in her annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and "bluffed Europe." Interfered in Moroccan situation, nearly bringing on war.

Built the German army and created a remarkable navy. Developed the German mercantile marine.

Demonstrated himself connoisseur in art, music and literature and proclaimed himself the elect of God, chosen by the Almighty, to rule Germany.

In 1914 backed Austria's right to chastise Servia for the alleged encouragement of the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, thus bringing about the general war.

Took the field with his troops as "my own Field Marshal."

Ill in the winter of 1914-15 and again in 1915-16.

Held throne despite demands for his abdication, until November 9, when after notifying Socialists he would not desert the Fatherland, he suddenly stepped down and out.

THE FLEEING HUN ROYALTY

(By Associated Press)

Conflicting reports come from Europe as to the fate of the former German Crown Prince. Despatches from London declare he was shot and killed Monday by frontier guards while trying to escape into Holland. However, a despatch from The Hague under today's date says that the former Crown Prince has arrived at Maastricht, Southern Holland.

The former German Emperor is at the castle of Amerongen, Holland. His wife, the wife of the former Crown Prince and other princesses are in Potsdam under the care of the Soldiers' and Workers' Council there.

The spectre of Bolshevism has appeared out of the turmoil of revolution in Germany and has received recognition at Berlin. This would seem to indicate the Socialist movement has taken a new turn.

It has been officially announced at Vienna Emperor Charles I has abdicated. This confirms cable advices received yesterday. The latest of the minor rulers of the German States to quit is Prince Heinrich XXVII of Reuss.

William Hohenzollern, former German emperor, is now in Holland, and has been visited by an official representative of the Netherlands Government.

According to advices from Bremen, the revolutionist sailors of the German navy have seized all the warships of the empire and have established their control of Helgoland. The training ship Schlesein is said to have been sunk by revolutionary warships.

Bolshevikist forces in the Lake Baikal region, in Siberia, have been defeated by the Czecho-Slovak and Allied forces. It is reported Bolshevist resistance in that section has been broken.

It is reported the new Rumanian Government has declared war on Germany.

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"Philadelphia Press" Nov. 10, 1918

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, never to hope again.

---King Henry VIII, Act III, Scene II

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"Phila. Press" Nov. 10, 1918.

Some Striking Features in the Career of the Downfallen German Emperor

Frederick Wilhelm Victor Albert Hohenzollern, former Kaiser of Germany and King of Prussia, ascended the throne June 15, 1888, at the age of twenty-nine.

He was born January 27, 1859, and was married on February 27, 1881, to Augusta Victoria, daughter of Grand Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg.

He has five sons in the German army and one in the navy—all carefully protected, however, from the ravages of war. He has one daughter, the wife of the Duke of Brunswick, who has also abdicated.

Wilhelm II is the son of Frederick III, whose father Wilhelm I, conducted the Franco-German War of 1870, with Bismarck and Count von Moltke.

Wilhelm's obsession for military glory is so intense that many doubt his sanity.

His other hobbies are hunting, yachting and reading, also a fondness for patronizing the liberal arts.

He is well versed in statecraft and boasted times without number that he was ruling by Divine will.

Wilhelm's efforts to vindicate himself of guilt for the war have amounted almost to a mania. He says repeatedly, "I did not will it," and has tried desperately to shift the onus to Allied shoulders.

In personal appearance, the ex-Kaiser is short and inclined to stoutness. He has a leaky ear and withered arm, both of which he takes great pains to disguise from the world.

The name "Huns" is applied to German soldiers because their Kaiser, during the Boxer uprising, advised his troops to make themselves feared by the Chinese, as the Huns were dreaded when they overran Europe under Atilla centuries ago.

"Philadelphia, Press" November 10th 1918.

EMPEROR AND SON RENOUNCE GERMAN AND PRUSSIAN THRONES

Regency to Be Set Up and Deputy Ebert, Socialist Leader, Will Be Named Imperial Chancellor—Prince Max Proposes Bill for Immediate General Suffrage and Constitutional National Assembly Which Will Finally Settle Future Form of Government.

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.

London, Nov. 9.—A German wireless message received in London this afternoon states:—

"The German Imperial Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, has issued the following decree:—

The Kaiser and King has decided to renounce the throne.

The Imperial Chancellor will remain in office until the questions connected with the abdication of the Kaiser, the renouncing by the Crown Prince of the throne of the German Empire and of Prussia and the setting up of a regency have been settled.

For the regency he intends to appoint Deputy Ebert as Imperial Chancellor and he proposes that a bill shall be brought in for the establishment of a law providing for the immediate promulgation of general suffrage and for a constitutional German National Assembly, which will settle finally the future form of government of the German nation and of those peoples which might be desirous of coming within the empire.

THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.

"Phila. Press" Nov. 10th, 1918.

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An American supply officer's ten minute headquarters while bringing his wagon train within the borders of a captured salient in Alsace. These temporary headquarters are put up and taken down with amazing speed.

Photo by W. N. U.

13

PEACE
EXTRA!

THE NORTH

It's All Here and It's All True

Entered as Second-class Matter in the Postoffice at P

148TH YEAR. No. 53 *** PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, NOVEM

WAR ENDS, GERMA
BY SIGNING A
HOSTILITIES

GERMANY SURRENDE

Armistice terms have been signed by Germany, the state departm
6 A. M. Washington time.

AMERICAN

adelphia, Pa., Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Weather Today: Fair

ER 11, 1918— COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY THE NORTH AMERICAN COMPANY 18 PAGES TWO CENTS

PEACE
EXTRA!

Y SURRENDERS
RMISTICE TERMS;
TO CEASE AT 6 A. M.

S TO MARSHAL FOCH

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11. (By Associated Press.)

t announced at 2.45 this morning. The fighting will cease today at

15 Phila "North American" Nov. 11th 1918

KAISER, SON AND HINDENBURG IN HOLLAND AFTER RAPID FLIGHT

War Staff Flees With Ruler; Deserts Army

HEAVILY ARMED AS THEY CROSS BORDER

Deposed Emperor Heads for Dutch Castle With Crown Prince

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—The former kaiser is safely out of Germany. He has made his way into Holland.

This information was made public today by the war department, following the receipt of a cable dispatch to the army general staff from The Hague. It follows:

"Press reports state that the kaiser arrived this morning in Maastright, Holland, and is proceeding to Middachten Castle, in the town of De Steeg, near Utrecht."

Phila. "Evening Bulletin" Nov 11th 1918

WORLD WAR ENDED AT GERMANS SIGN TRUCE

State Department Officially Announces Berlin's Surrender at 2.45 o'Clock A. M.—Armistice Was Subscribed to at 5 o'Clock A. M. Paris Time, With Hostilities to End Six Hours Later.

PREPARATIONS FOR PEACE CONFERENCE NEXT STEP; ALLIES AND U. S. WILL PRESENT UNITED FRONT

PRESIDENT PROCLAIMS ARMISTICE

(By Associated Press)

Washington, Nov. 11.—President Wilson issued a proclamation at 10 o'clock this foernoon, announcing the armistice with Germany had been signed.

The proclamation reads:

"My Fellow-Countrymen: The armistice was signed this morning. Everything for which America fought has been accomplished.

"It will now be our fortunate duty to assist by example, by sober, friendly counsel and by material aid, in the establishment of just democracy throughout the world."

"WOODROW WILSON."

(By Associated Press)

With the American Army on the Sedan Front, N[ov] 11.—Thousands of American heavy guns fired the p[arting] shot to the Germans at exactly 11 o'clock this m[orn]ing.

(By Associated Press)

Washington, Nov. 11.—The world war ended at 6 o'clock this morning, with red revolution in Germany and with William Hohenzollern, former Emperor, a fugitive from justice.

Announcement that the armistice terms imposed by the Allied and American Governments had been signed by the German envoys at midnight last night, 5 o'clock Paris time, and that hostilities would cease six hours later, was made at the State Department at 2.45 o'clock this morning.

Terms of the surrender of Germany were not made public coincident with this announcement, but they were to be given out later in the day. The momentous n[ews] of the ending of the war was given to newspaper correspo[ndents] verbally by an official of the State Department. He sai[d]

Phila "Evening Bulletin"
Nov 11th 1918

O'CLOCK THIS MORNING; TERMS DICTATED BY ALLIES

"Bulletin" 11/11/18

"The armistice has been signed. It was signed at 5 o'clock A. M., Paris time, and hostilities will cease at 11 o'clock this morning, Paris time."

Information that the armistice had been signed was transmitted to the White House immeediately after it was received by the government.

There is not the slightest doubt that the armistice terms provide for the complete destruction of the German military machine which plunged a world into five years of blood and torture, and which, like a Frankenstein, has now destroyed its masters.

It was officially announced at the War Department that all draft calls had been suspended.

There was no information as to the circumstances under which the armistice was signed, but since the German courier did not reach German military headquarters until 10 o'clock yesterday morning, French time, it was generally assumed that the German envoys within the French lines had been instructed by wireless to sign the terms.

Forty-seven hours had been required for the courier to reach German headquarters and unquestionably several hours were necessary for the examination of the terms and a decision.

It was regarded as possible that the decision may have been made at Berlin and instructions transmitted from there by the new German Government.

Germany had been given until 11 o'clock this morning, French time, (six o'clock Washington time), to accept. So hostilities ended at the hour set by Marshal Foch for a decision by Germany for peace or for continuation of the war.

PROCLAIMS HOLIDAY

Governor Brumbaugh Sets Aside Day For Peace Celebration

Harrisburg, Nov. 11.—An official holiday was proclaimed for the State by Governor Brumbaugh at a mass meeting of officials and attaches of the State Government held in the hall of the House of Representatives this morning.

The assemblage followed hours of celebrating in the streets of the Capital during which the Governor made speeches from a motor truck and was the first formal observance.

"Bulletin" 11/11/18

MAYOR CALLS ON CITIZENS TO CELEBRATE THE VICTORY

PROCLAMATION

Philadelphia, as the mother city of the republic and the home of that democratic form of government which is to become the inheritance of the whole world, should lead all other cities of the world in testifying her joy at the conclusion of an armistice which foreshadows the immediate cessation of hostilities and the coming within a short period of that peace for which we have all longed and labored and prayed during the course of this terrible world war.

As chief magistrate of Philadelphia, a city which for 235 years has been a symbol of liberty under the law and which had corporate existence and a worldwide influence before the republic of the United States was formed, I ask all citizens to celebrate this great victory for liberty whole-heartedly and in a manner which will testify that we are worthy followers of William Penn, worthy children of Penn's great experiment, worthy citizens of that city which has as its motto, "Let Brotherly Love Continue." Let our celebration be sincere and expressed in every possible way consistent with law and order.

And let us remember the terrible sacrifice which has been made by many overseas that we might enjoy this dawn of peace. Let us not forget that sorrow casts its heavy shadow over many Philadelphia homes as a result of a war tragedy. In our rejoicing over peace let us bear in loving remembrance those who have paid the last full measure of devotion by the giving of life to defend our land and nation, and the larger number who will, all through life, suffer from wounds received in maintaining the principles for which America stands, the principles declared in our own beloved Independence Hall.

And in our rejoicing over victory let us give thanks to Almighty God for His guidance and protection during the hour of crisis, and ask of Him wisdom to meet the new problems of the new day in a manner which shall work to the establishment of the larger liberty and the peace on earth with good will toward all men.

THOMAS B. SMITH,
Mayor

November 11, 1918.

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Phila. "Evening Bulletin" Nov. 11th 1918

LEADERS OF THE HOSTS OF VICTORY

MARSHAL FOCH

Marshal Ferdinand Foch is the embodiment of the French school of military thought represented by Napoleon's maxim, "Attack, attack, always attack."

As professor and as commandant of the French School of War, Foch instilled into the minds of the present generation of French officers the idea that morale is everything in war, and that a battle is never lost until faith in victory is gone.

Born in Tarbes, a little city in the Pyrenees, in August, 1851, Marshal Foch is sixty-seven years old. He was graduated from the Ecole Polytechnique, the French military school, and served as an artillery officer until he became a professor of tactics in the School of War, the advanced war college. In 1908 he was made commandant of the school, with the rank of General. Two years before the war he was placed in command of the Twentieth Corps, the "iron corps" of the French army.

In the first battle of the Marne the Twentieth Corps was in the centre of the line, Foch's headquarters being at Nancy. Afterwards Foch was placed by Joffre in command of the left wing, and defeated the flower of the German army in its efforts to reach the channel ports.

After a period of staff work, Foch was made Generalissimo of the Allied armies when the Germans broke the British line in the first of their 1918 offensives.

Marshal Foch is married and is the father of two daughters. He is deeply religious, never fails to visit church morning and evening, and has a brother who is a Jesuit.

GENERAL PERSHING

General John Joseph Pershing became known throughout America when Colonel Roosevelt, as President, appointed him a brigadier-general from a captaincy. That was in September, 1906, after Pershing had distinguished himself as an Indian fighter, a campaigner in Cuba and a subduer of the savage tribes in the Philippines.

Pershing and Roosevelt met in San Juan, where Pershing, in command of negro troopers, got the Colonel's Rough Riders out of a difficult position. Ever since the men have been warm friends.

After his promotion General Pershing became commander of the Department of Mindanao, in the Philippines, and fought his last important battle in 1913 at Bagsag. Recalled to the United States, he became commander of the Eighth Brigade, with headquarters at San Francisco.

During the Mexican troubles General Pershing served on the border, and in 1915, while he was in the field, his wife and three children burned to death at San Francisco in a fire at their home. Mrs. Pershing was a daughter of former Senator F. E. Warren, of Wyoming.

Under Major-General Funston's command General Pershing conducted a dash into Mexico after Villa, the rebel leader, in 1916. When the United States entered the war General Pershing was chosen to command the American troops in France, and has been abroad ever since.

General Pershing is fifty-eight years old. He was born in Linn county, Missouri, and was graduated at twenty from the Kirksville, Mo., Normal School. In 1886 he was graduated from West Point.

FIELD MARSHAL HA

As Foch was the right-hand Joffre, so Sir Douglas Haig ablest assistant of French in days of the war. Furthermore, been chief of staff to French Boer War.

"Typically a professional sold the general description of Haig. cool, clear-headed and silent. Whe a long period of service in India, h furloughed home for six months, he his vacation in Germany studyin German military methods.

Haig entered the British army in as an officer in the Seventh Hus His first field service was in the dan, where he won several medals meritorious conduct. After sharing lot of all British officers in his service India, he was returned to England w the rank of major-general.

Immediately before the war Haig w in command at Aldershot, the great E lish military establishment, and took First Army Corps to France with the "Contemptibles." With General Raw son, the honors of the early days of war were shared by Haig. In the ret from Mons he averted a disaster, and the operations along the Belgian a French coasts won high praise.

Marshal Haig is descended from th "Haigs of Bamersyde," the flower of Scotch stock. He is fifty-seven years old. His wife was the Hon. Dorothy Vivian daughter of the third Lord Vivian. Sh was a maid of honor to Queen Alexandra

"Bulletin" 11/11/18.

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1918.

AN ARMISTICE SIGNED

Acceptance of the terms of the armistice prescribed by the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Allies and the United States, is but a preliminary to the negotiation of the actual conditions of peace. But it may safely be assumed that, like the conditions of the armistice which was arranged with the Austrians, it is in such terms that it belies the possibility of any effective resumption of war on the part of Germany.

It is peace, in fact, for the present, and an assurance of the final, and what we like to call the permanent, peace on terms which the conquering forces of civilization shall dictate.

The consideration of the final peace, involving such a complexity of interests as to be fairly bewildering, the readjustment and satisfaction of wrongs that have been suffered for years, the establishment of new governments, the creation of safeguards against a repetition of the horrors of the last four years, is likely to be a matter of months.

But the terror of the sword, of shell and bomb and torpedo, has passed, and the world at large may turn toward the resumption of its ordinary activities, while its statesmen bend to the solution of their great problem.

The chorus of Thanksgiving echoes around the world today. The victory is that of civilization freed from a menace that, though craftily and viciously plotted for years, has only now been revealed in all its barbarism.

What must be the joy in Belgium and in France, swept and torn by the armies of the invader; what the sense of relief in England at the end of the terror! We of the United States, far away from the fields of devastation, glorying, as we have a right to glory, in the success at arms to which we have contributed so important a part, thankful for freedom from the danger that in a few years might have been ours as directly as it has been that of England, can yet but weakly sense the meaning of this day overseas.

There is peace in the world. The war cloud has passed. It may come again. We would not be over-sanguine that wars shall ever cease as long as men shall live. But if wisdom shall be given to the representatives of nations who are soon to gather in council, the diabolical plottings of an autocrat, holding sway over millions, as if in fact as well as in theory he were the representative on earth of the All Powerful Ruler in the Heavens, will never again be possible.

The War in Brief.
The Phila. Evening Bulletin
Nov. 11, 1918

STRIKING EVENTS OF WAR ENDED BY HUNS' SURRENDER

History's Greatest Struggle Has Raged on Land and Sea and in Air Since July 28, 1914

COST IN BLOOD AND WEALTH REACHES STAGGERING TOTAL

On June 28, 1914, the Archduke Ferdinand, Heir Apparent to the throne of Austria, and his morganatic wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, while on a visit to Sarajevo, Bosnia, were shot to death by Gavrio Prinzip, a Serbian student.

The world showed passing interest; dukes and princes, even kings had been slain before and nothing of importance had followed. There had been talk for forty years of a great world war that was to come sometime, but as civilization had advanced and engines of destruction had been developed to a staggering degree of power, people looked upon war as an impossibility; certainly the assassination of an Archduke would not bring it about.

It was playtime in Europe. Already the great summer crowds of American visitors on pleasure bent were pouring in at every port. They read of the murder and turned their attention to other things.

But in the chancelleries and Departments of State men wore an anxious look. It has been learned since that the mighty war machine and plans of the Hohenzollerns, after more than forty years of preparation, were ready for use, and only the pretext was sought to plunge the world into mourning that one man might dominate it.

France was believed to be a weakling; Russia, honeycombed with graft and incompetence, was looked upon as a negligible quantity; England was occupied with the suffrage and Irish questions, and would have no time or power to interfere, for Hohenzollern believed that Ireland and India would seize the opportunity to declare themselves independent. The United States was across the sea, peaceful without an army, without military experience.

On July 5, according to the confession of the Baron Wangenheim, German Ambassador to Turkey, to Henry Morgenthau, the American Ambassador to the Ottoman Empire, there was a secret meeting in Berlin and the decision was reached to use this assassination as a pretext for the long-planned war.

But the intended victims must be lulled to slumber. The Kaiser went to Norway on a pleasure tour. He must be "surprised" when the blow was struck.

Nearly a month passed. On July 23, humanity was surprised by the ultimatum delivered by the Government of the aged Francis Joseph of Austria to little Serbia; it imposed terms which no self-respecting nation could accept. They were uncalled for, insulting. The world cried out at the injustice of it all. Serbia, however, in the hope of preventing the carnage which now loomed as a terrible probability, accepted all the humiliating terms but one, and on this it asked further information. Austria answered with her cannon.

July 28 was the fateful date. The Kaiser had hurried back to Berlin, and every capital in Europe knew the portent of things. All efforts at mediation had failed. Neither Germany nor Austria, bent on war, would listen to reason or discuss matters.

Europe has been drenched with blood; millions of lives have been snuffed out, property worth hundreds of billions of dollars, has been destroyed, fair lands have been laid waste, ancient cities and priceless treasures of art and literature have been converted into shapeless ruin, and misery that man has not known before has spread to every quarter of the globe.

Today, his hopes blasted, every scheme gone awry, deserted by his dupes and allies, William Hohenzollern, deprived of throne and power, sees his once mighty empire a ruin in the hands of the Red Terror, and he is left alone to contemplate the terrible catastrophe he has brought about while the civilized world is singing Hosannas of Victory.

August, 1914, was a month of declarations of war. On the first day Germany declared war on Russia; on the third it declared war on France, and demanded of Belgium the right to march her troops through that neutral country to attack her neighbor on the west and south. But Belgium was true to her treaties and refused, whereupon the same day Germany declared war on Belgium. Then, to the disgust of Germany and Austria, Italy, the third nation of the Triple Alliance, declared her neutrality, basing her action that the alliance was for defense, and not offense.

England, a signatory to the treaty which guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium, demanded that Germany respect that treaty, but the German Chancellor termed this sacred obligation a "scrap of paper," and refused. August 4, England, rue to her promises, declared war on Germany. In anticipation her mighty High Seas Fleet had been mobilized and had sailed away. Germany's ports were blocked from the outset, and British men-of-war began scouring the seas for such of the Kaiser's warships as were not locked up at home. In a trice the German merchant marine sought shelter in neutral ports.

August 5, Montenegro declared war on Austria, and the American Congress voted money and planned relief for the thousands of American tourists in Europe who were cut off and left stranded by the war. August 6 Austria declared war on Russia. August 7 the German army occupied the city of Liege and the first British troops landed on French soil. The French took Altkirk, in Alsace. Two days later they took Muelhausen, and the same day Serbia declared war on Germany. August 11 German troops entered France by way of Luxemburg, and the day's declarations of war were of France on Austria and Montenegro on Germany. The next day England declared war on Austria.

On the 15th, from the extreme East came Japan's ultimatum to Germany to give up her Chinese possession of Kiao-Chau. On the 20th the Belgian Government abandoned Brussels. On the 25th the invaders destroyed Louvain, with its library and all its priceless, irreplaceable treasures of ancient volume and manuscript. The same day Austria declared war on Japan. The month found the Germans advanced as far as Amiens, in France, while Russia was pouring her armies into East Prussia and Galicia.

By September 3 the German rush had reached such a menacing position that Paris was imperilled, and the French Government removed to Bordeaux. But on the 7th the drive was checked and the Germans began to fall back, continuing to do so until much French territory had been recovered, and Paris was saved from any menace.

The submarine, destined to play such an important part in the war, showed its might on September 22 by sinking the British cruisers Aboukir, Cressy and Hogue. Antwerp fell to the invaders October 9, Ghent October 12 and Lille October 13. On that day Prinzip, whose shot was used as the excuse for the war, was placed on trial at Sarajevo. October 20 he was sentenced to twenty years in prison, and four of his associates were condemned to the gallows. On the 30th Russia declared war on Turkey.

With the war in full swing, incident followed incident without cessation. The more important events in chronological order follow:

1914.

November 1, British squadron sunk by German ships off Chile.

November 5, Great Britain declares war on Turkey and annexed Cyprus.

November 7, Japanese capture Kiao-Chau.

November 9, Germans surrender Tsingtau to Japanese.

November 18, Turks fire on U. S. S. Tennessee in Smyrna harbor.

November 19, American Government demands explanation from Turkey. November 27, Secretary Bryan announces that the Tennessee incident is closed.

December 2, Austrians capture Belgrade, Serbia's capital.

December 7, Serbians destroy Austria's army of invasion.

December 8, British fleet destroys German fleet, consisting of the cruisers Leipzig, Scharnhorst, Gniesenau and Nuernberg, off the Falkland Islands.

December 14, Serbians retake Belgrade.

December 16, Germans shell British coast towns of Scarborough, Hartlepool and Whitby, killing ninety-three civilians.

December 27, United States protests against British stoppage of American trade.

1915.

January 2, the Russians started the new year by invading Hungary at four points.

January 6, Russians defeat Turks at Sarikamysh, destroying an entire army corps.

January 25, British ships sink German cruiser Bluecher in the North Sea and win a battle against Boer rebels at Uppington, Bechuanaland, South Africa.

February 2, Great Britain makes food contraband.

February 3, Anglo-French fleet destroys four Turkish forts at the Dardanelles.

February 4, Boer rebels surrender to British, who also rout the Turks north of Suez.

February 5, Germany hurls a mighty force against Russia at Borijmow, and is defeated. British smash Turks at Suez.

February 11, the United States warns both Great Britain and Germany not to abuse the American flag or attack American ships.

February 16, America protests proposed German blockade of British Isles.

February 18, Germany rejects America's protest.

February 21, American steamship Evelyn sunk by a mine.

February 23, American ship Carib sunk by a mine in the North Sea.

February 27, General Botha leads a British invasion of German West Africa.

March 1, Great Britain declares a virtual blockade of the German coast.

March 10, German auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich runs the British blockade and later interns at Newport News, announcing the sinking of the American ship William P. Frye.

March 18, British battleships Irresistible and Ocean and French battleship Bouvet sunk in Dardanelles.

March 22, Russians capture the Galician fortress of Przemysl.

March 23, Allied troops land at Gallipoli.

March 25, Turks massacre American missionaries and other Christians to the number of 20,000 in Persia. Russia begins terrific battle in the arpathians and captures Lupkow Pass.

March 27, French capture heights of Hartmanns-Weilerkopf.

March 28, Germans torpedo British passenger steamship Falaba off South Wales, and 112 passengers are lost.

April 5, America demands reparation from Germany for the sinking of the Frye.

April 9, Germany agrees to compensate owners of the Frye. French capture Les Eparges, dominating the Woevre.

April 11, German auxiliary cruiser Kronprinz Wilhelm arrives at Newport News, and later interns.

April 12, German Ambassador von Bernstorff, ignoring the government, calls on the American people to stop exporting arms and munitions to the Allies.

May 2, Austria wins great victory over Russians in West Galicia.

May 7, British liner Lusitania sunk without warning by German submarine off Kinsale, Ireland, entailing the loss of more than 1,200 persons, among whom were more than 100 Americans. Contrary to all international law, the German Ambassador had impudently warned Americans from sailing on this ship.

May 8, Germans capture Libau, Russia.

May 13, President Wilson sends stern note to Germany, demanding reparation for the loss of American lives on the Lusitania and demanding that submarine attacks on passenger vessels cease.

May 22, Italy declares war on Austria.

May 24, Italians invade Austria.

May 31, Germany replies to American Lusitania note, and intimates that the vessel carried troops and munitions. Washington dissatisfied with the reply.

June 2, Teutons recapture Przemysl. San Marino declares war on Austria.

June 3, British advance in Mesopotamia and occupy Amara, Asiatic Turkey.

June 9, William Jennings Bryan resigns as Secretary of State.

June 10, President Wilson sends another vigorous note to Germany on the Lusitania matter and reiterates his demands for the observance of international law.

June 14, General Mackensen begins drive against Russians.

June 15, French airmen bomb Karlsruhe, in Baden.

June 22, Teutons occupy Lemberg.

June 30, Russians win naval battle in the Baltic Sea.

July 5, United States refuses to negotiate informally with Germany on its reply to the Lusitania notes. Government takes over German wireless station at Sayville, Long Island. British capture all of German Southwest Africa.

July 19, Greatest battle to date of the war begins in Russian Poland, with 6,000,000 men engaged and covering a front of 900 miles. Italians make big gains in Austria.

August 4, British reply to American protest asserts that nation is acting strictly in accordance with international law, and expresses a willingness to submit disputed questions to arbitration. Germany asserts in note that sinking of the Frye was legal.

August 5, Germans capture Warsaw, capital of Poland.

August 10, Turkish army of 90,000 defeated by Russians in Armenia.

August 14, German submarine sinks British transport Royal Edward, in the Ægean Sea, and 1,000 soldiers and sailors are lost.

August 19, White Star liner Arabic sunk by German submarine; 20 lives lost.

August 26, Germans occupy Russian fortress of Brest-Litovsk.

September 1, Germany agrees to sink no more merchant ships without warning.

September 10, President Wilson demands that Austria recall its Ambassador, Dr. Dumba.

September 22, Bulgaria orders her army mobilized.

September 24, Greece orders the mobilization of her army and navy.

September 25, Entente Allies begin big drive against Germans from North Sea to Verdun and take 20,000 prisoners.

September 28, British smash German line at Loos.

October 5, Germany disavows sinking of the Arabic and offers to pay indemnity. The United States demands of Turkey that massacre of Armenians cease.

October 6, French and British troops land at Salonika. King Constantine dismisses Premier Venizelos.

October 7, Austro-German invasion of Serbia begins.

October 10, Bulgarians invade Serbia and declares war against her. Greece refuses aid to Serbia promised by treaty.

October 15, Great Britain declares war on Bulgaria.

October 16, France declares war on Bulgaria.

October 19, Russia and Italy declare war on Bulgaria.

November 6, Germans capture Nish, Serbia.

November 8, Secretary Lansing tells Great Britain that blockade is illegal.

December 1, British army in Mesopotamia driven back to Kut-el-Amara. America demands of Austria an explanation of the sinking of the Italian passenger liner Ancona.

December 4, Henry Ford's peace ship sails.

December 9, Germany announces the conquest of Serbia.

December 16, Austria replying to the Ancona note, evades the issue.

December 19, British withdraw army from the Gallipoli.

December 23, America sends second note to Austria on the Ancona question. German reply to last Frye note is unsatisfactory.

December 25, Henry Ford, III, leaves peace party and starts for home.

December 30, Austria yields in part on Ancona matter, agrees to punish submarine commander and admits American contention as to the safety of passengers. British passenger steamship Persia sunk without warning in the Mediterranean. R. M. McNeely, American Consul, and 200 others drown.

1916.

January 7, Von Bernstorff agrees that no merchant ship shall be sunk until all passengers have been made safe and assures full satisfaction in the Persia incident.

January 11, Germans begin big offensive in Champagne and are repulsed by the French.

January 28, President Wilson asks all belligerents to agree to the disarming of merchant ships and to rules on submarine warfare.

February 1, British steamship Appam, supposed to be lost, enters Norfolk harbor under a German prize crew.

February 4, Germany refuses to admit the illegality of the Lusitania sinking.

February 14, all single men in Great Britain called to the colors.

February 23, Germans begin drive on Verdun.

February 26, Germans take Fort Douaumont, of Verdun defenses, after suffering heavy losses.

March 3, United States Senate tables Gore resolution warning Americans off armed merchantmen.

March 4, French report loss of auxiliary cruiser Provence, with about 3,000 soldiers.

March 7, House of Representatives tables McLemore resolution warning Americans off armed merchantmen.

March 8, Germany declares war on Portugal.

March 20, Allied airmen raid Zeebrugge.

March 24, British steamship Sussex, with Americans on board, torpedoed.

March 27, President Wilson demands explanation from Germany on the sinking of the Sussex.

April 1, Zeppelin raid on England kills 28, injured 44.

April 2, second Zeppelin raid on England kills 16 and wounds 100.

April 4, new British budget, $9,000,000,000, largest in world's history.

April 10, Germans start offensive near Verdun.

April 11, Germany denies sinking the Sussex, but admits sinking several others, including the Eagle Point and Manchester Guardian.

April 12, President Wilson sends ultimatum on Sussex to Germany and summons Congress to tell why. Russians capture Trebizond.

April 19, Russian army lands at Marseilles. French begin offensive at Verdun.

April 24, Irish rising in Dublin. Twelve persons killed.

April 28, British garrison at Kut-el-Amara surrenders to Turkey.

May 1, Irish rebellion ends. Leaders, including President Pearce, executed.

May 5, Germany tells United States illegal U-boat methods will stop if the United States force Great Britain to raise her blockade.

May 10, Germany admits sinking the Sussex.

May 23, French make large gains in Verdun section.

May 27, United States demands that Allies stop illegal seizure of mails.

May 31, Sea battle off Jutland. British lose fourteen ships; German losses heavy, but concealed.

June 2, Russia begins new offensive against Austria.

June 7, Earl Kitchener and staff lost when British cruiser Hampshire is sunk on the way to Russia.

June 11, Russians force Austrians back twenty-five miles on a 100-mile front, taking 108,000 prisoners.

June 15, Russians recapture Czernowitz.

July 1, Allies begin grand offensive on both sides of the Somme and make large gains.

July 5, General Foch captures second German system of fortified line on a ten-mile front and several towns.

July 10, German merchant submarine Deutschland reaches Baltimore.

July 12-14, British make substantial gains in France.

July 22, Russians pierce von Hindenburg's line at several points and also drive Austrians back.

August 1, German merchant submarine Deutschland leaves Baltimore for Germany.

August 3, Sir Roger Casement hanged for treason.

August 8, Italians capture Goritzia.

August 9, Germans execute Captain Fryatt of the British steamship Brussels for an alleged attack on a submarine.

August 23, Deutschland reaches Germany, completing the first round trip across the ocean of a submarine merchantman in the history of the world.

August 27, Rumania declares war on Austria and Germany declares war on Rumania.

September 25, Allies capture Combles and Thiepval.

October 7, the German war submarine U-53 reaches Newport, R. I.

October 8, U-53 sinks five British and neutral steamships off Nantucket and survivors are rescued by American warships.

October 12, Italians make new drive on Carso plateau.

October 16, Entente powers recognize Greek Government set up by Venezelos, occupy Athens and take over navy and forts.

October 29, British steamship Marina, with fifty Americans on board, sunk without warning.

November 1, German merchant submarine Deutschland reaches New London, Connecticut. Italians begin new offensive against Austrians and take 15,000 prisoners.

November 8, American steamship Columbian attacked by German submarine.

November 21, Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, dies.

November 22, Germans sink British Hospital Ship Brittanic. Fifty lives lost.

December 6, Austro-Germans capture Bucharest.

December 11, Deutschland reaches Bremen.

December 12, Germany and her allies propose peace.

December 14, Entente Allies demand reparation, restitution and security for the future.

December 21, President Wilson tells Europe America has been brought to the verge of war and demands peace terms as a basis for future conduct.

1917.

January 9, Allies reply to President Wilson giving peace terms.

January 22, President Wilson tells Senate peace without victory necessary if United States enters league to enforce peace.

February 1, Germany declares U-boat blockade and says that all neutral ships entering defined zone will be sunk without warning.

February 3, The United States severes diplomatic relations with Germany. Federal officers seize German liner Kronprinzessin Cecile. American steamship Housatonic sunk near Scilly Islands by submarine.

February 10, British passenger steamship California sunk without warning. Forty-six drown.

February 26, President Wilson asks Congress for authority to use armed forces to protect American rights and shipping. Cunard liner Laconia torpedoed, and three Americans were killed.

March 1, State Department reveals German plot to induce Mexico and Japan to invade the United States.

March 7, The President decides to arm merchant ships in spite of Congress' refusal to approve.

March 12, President Wilson notifies nations armed guard will protect American ships. British capture Bagdad.

Continued on next page

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March 14, American steamship Algonquin torpedoed without warning. Russian revolution announced in Petrograd. Czar dethroned.

March 17, British take Bapaume.

March 24, Massachusetts National Guard called out.

March 29, British defeat 20,000 Turks in Palestine.

April 2, President Wilson calls on Congress to declare a state of war with Germany.

April 4, Senate votes for war, 82 to 6.

April 6, House passes war resolution, 373 to 50, and President Wilson issues proclamation of war with Germany. German ships in American ports seized.

April 9, Austria severed diplomatic relations with the United States. British break German lines and capture Vimy Ridge. Brazil severs diplomatic relations with Germany.

April 10, Eddystone munitons works explosion causes 150 deaths.

April 21, British mission headed by Foreign Secretary Balfour lands in the United States.

April 24, French mission with Marshal Joffre lands in the United States.

May 2, American steamship Rockingham sunk by submarine.

May 5, Secretary Balfour addresses Congress.

May 11, President Wilson names American commission, headed by Elihu Root, to Russia.

May 12, British smash Hindenburg line from Arras to Bullecourt.

May 14, First American Liberty Loan, for $2,000,000,000 started.

May 18, National Guard called into Federal service to mobilize July 15. The President signs the draft bill calling into service men from twenty-one to thirty years.

June 5, Registration for the draft takes place.

June 6, British capture Messines-Wytschaete salient in greatest mining operation.

June 8, Major-General John J. Pershing, American commander, reaches England.

June 13, General Pershing arrives in Paris.

June 14, First Liberty Loan oversubscribed.

June 26, First American troops arrive in France.

July 13, First draft of 687,000 men called to colors.

July 17, Von Bethmann Hollweg, German Chancellor, resigns.

July 25, Austro-Germans capture Stanislau, Tarnopol and Nodvorna, Galicia, and Russians are in full retreat.

August 13, Greece definitely at war with Central Powers.

August 14, Pope Benedict proposes peace.

August 29, President Wilson tells the Pope no peace can be signed with the present German Government.

September 3, German aircraft raid Chatham, England, killing 108 British sailors in barracks.

September 7, German airmen bomb American hospitals in France, killing three persons.

September 12, Argentine dismisses German Minister Luxburg owing to American disclosures of his activities.

September 15, First American drafted men start for camp.

September 16, Kerensky declares Russian republic.

September 20, State Department reveals that Bernstorff had asked German Government for $50,000 to influence Congress.

September 24, Secretary Lansing discloses German plot to spread disease in Rumania by means of microbes.

October 1, Second Liberty Loan drive, for $3,000,000,000, begun.

October 4, British make gains in Flanders.

October 16, Sedition and arson sweep the United States and there are numerous fires and explosions in war industries.

October 20, Two German raiders in North Sea destroy nine merchant ships and two destroyers. American transport Antilles sunk by submarine and seventy lives are lost.

October 23, German Chancellor Michaelis resigns.

October 25, Italians driven back across the Isonzo.

October 27, First American shot fired at Germans by an artilleryman.

October 28, Americans capture their first war prisoner.

October 30, Italian army in full retreat.

November 1, British capture Beersheba, Palestine. Kerensky announces that Russia is tired of war, and that the Allies must assume the burden.

November 3, First Americans taken prisoner by Germans.

November 6, New American-Japanese agreement guaranteering open door and integrity of China announced.

November 7, British capture Gaza, Palestine.

November 8, Kerensky deposed.

November 10, Lenine announced as Premier of Russia by Bolsheviki. Trotzky Foreign Minister. Bolsheviki demand immediate peace.

November 19, American destroyer Chauncey sunk.

November 21, British use tanks in attack on Hindenburg line on a thirty-two mile front.

November 24, Bolsheviki begin peace negotiations with Central Powers.

December 4, President Wilson asserts Prussian military masters must be crushed and asks Congress to declare war on Austria.

December 5, Rumania forced to accept a German peace.

December 6, explosion on French munitions ship at Halifax kills 1,500 persons, injures thousands, destroys thousands of buildings and renders 20,000 persons homeless. American destroyer Jacob Jones sunk, sixty lives lost.

December 10, British capture Jerusalem.

December 27, Germany offers peace on basis of no annexations and no indemnities.

December 28, American Government takes over the railroads.

1918.

January 8, President Wilson states war aims.

January 15, American Government submits evidence that former French Premier Caillaux was involved with Bolo Pasha in a conspiracy to spread German propaganda.

January 17, Harry A. Garfield, Fuel Administrator, orders all factories except war plants closed for five days, and all mercantile establishments to close on eleven successive Mondays.

January 19, American troops take over Toul sector.

January 23, Austrians retreat on a wide front west of the Piave.

January 31, nation-wide strikes in Germany.

February 7, British transport Tuscania, carrying American troops, torpedoed off Irish coast. One hundred and seventy lives lost.

February 9, Ukraine signs peace with Germany and Austria.

February 11, Bolsheviki declare war at an end and order troops to disband.

February 19, Germans resume invasion of Russia and occupy Dvinsk.

February 21, British in Palestine capture Jericho.

March 2, American troops repulse Germans in Toul sector and along Chemin des Dames.

March 3, Bolsheviki sign an abject peace with Teutonic nations.

March 9, Rumania makes peace with Bolsheviki.

March 11, Secretary of War Baker reaches Paris. Austrian airmen bombard Naples and German airmen bomb Paris, killing 100 persons in the latter city. Americans raid German trenches.

March 12, sixty German airmen raid Paris, causing 179 casualties.

March 14, German troops occupy Odessa.

March 21, British begin big drive on fifty-mile front from Arras to St. Quentin.

March 23, Paris bombarded by long-range gun.

March 25, Germans capture Peronne and Bapaume. American engineers aid in opposing them.

March 28, British report destruction of entire Turkish army in the Hit area, Mesopotamia. General Foch named generalissimo of Allied forces.

April 3, French repulse massed German attack in Montdidier sector.

April 10, Americans enter Picardy and help beat Germans back from Amiens.

April 15, Germans take Messines Ridge and Balleul.

April 21, German picked troops penetrate American sector, but are driven back.

April 23, British naval forces raid Zeebrugge and Ostend, block harbor by sinking cement-laden vessels and destroy lock gates.

April 24, first half million Americans in France.

April 26, Germans capture Kemmel Hill.

April 30, France bestows war medal on 122 Massachusetts soldiers for valor.

May 1, alien enemy property taken over by U. S. Government announced as $280,000,000 to date.

May 2, Secretary Baker asks Congress for permission to raise an unlimited number of troops.

May 4, President Wilson commutes death sentence of four American soldiers.

May 11, National army men parade in London before King George.

May 19, Major Lufbury, American Ace, killed in air battle.

May 21, General Peyton C. March made Chief of Staff of the American Army.

May 22, German airmen raid Allied hospitals, killing several hundred.

May 23, British transport Moldavia sunk, 53 American soldiers drown. Germany releases a million Russian prisoners, reduced to skeletons, and most of them suffering from tuberculosis.

May 25, Mexico severs relations with Cuba. Costa Rica declares war on Germany.

May 27, Germans breach Allied line between Soissons and Rheims.

May 28, Americans capture Cantigny.

June 1, French counter-attack and recover much ground.

June 3, German submarines sink steamship and five schooners off American coast.

June 4, Americans and French hurl Germans back in Chateau-Thierry region.

June 6, Great German drive on Paris stopped by Americans at Chateau-Thierry.

June 11, American Marines capture Belleau Wood.

June 29, Americans arrive in Italy.

July 1, One million American soldiers in France. American troops land in Russia.

July 18, Marshal Foch begins great counter offensive.

July 22, Americans and French capture Chateau-Thierry.

July 28, Sixty-ninth New York Regiment crosses the Ourcq.

August 4, Americans take Fismes.

August 10, Americans in Somme region capture Morlancourt.

August 24, 1,500,000 American soldiers in France.

August 31, Americans and British recapture Mount Kemmel in Flanders.

September 1, Americans in Belgium take Koormezeele.

September 6, Americans join British in Cambrai-St. Quentin drive.

September 12, American First Army wipes out St. Mihiel salient in twenty-seven hours, taking 15,000 prisoners and reducing the battle line twenty miles.

September 29, Americans rip the Hindenburg line.

September 29, Bulgaria surrenders unconditionally to the Allies.

October 3, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria abdicates in favor of Crown Prince Boris. American First Army begins an offensive from the Argonne Forest to the Meuse and advances to the Kriemhilde line.

October 6, Germany, through Prince Max, the Chancellor, asks President Wilson to make peace move on basis of the President's conditions.

October 8, President Wilson asks Prince Max whether he speaks for the former Government or a new one.

October 12, Germany agrees to all of the President's peace terms as announced in January.

October 14, President Wilson replies, denying an armistice as long as Germany persists in illegal practices.

October 15, 2,000,000 American soldiers overseas.

October 19, The President rejects Austria's peace proposal on old terms.

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October 21, Germany makes new armistice proposal and denies atrocities.

October 24, President Wilson demands of Germany full surrender.

October 28, Germany replies that it awaited armistice proposals which would lead to a just peace. Austria accepts all the President's terms and asks for a separate peace.

October 30, Turkey unconditionally surrenders to the Allies.

November 1, King Boris of Bulgaria abdicates. Government taken over by the people.

November 3, Austria accepts all terms and unconditionally surrenders.

November 6, Secretary Lansing notifies Germany that Marshal Foch is authorized by the Allied Governments to receive German envoys and state terms of an armistice.

November 7, Americans capture Sedan. False report that peace had been signed leads to wild country-wide celebration.

November 8, German peace envoys enter the French lines and meet Marshal Foch.

November 9—Kaiser Wilhelm II. of Germany abdicates, and his eldest son and heir to the throne renounces all rights thereto.

November 10—Revolution spreads through all Germany. Former Kaiser and Crown Prince flee to Holland.

November 11—State Department at Washington announces, at 2.45 A. M. that the armistice had been signed at midnight. THE GREAT WORLD WAR ENDED AT 6 A. M. (Washington time).

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STENAY LAST TOWN TAKEN BY OUR MEN AS HOSTILITIES END

American Artilleryman Scribbled "Good Luck" on Final Shell and "Let 'er Go"

FLAGS WAVE AND TEARS FLOW IN RECLAIMED FRENCH CITIES

(By Associated Press)

With the American Forces on the Meuse and Moselle, Nov. 11 (Delayed).—The last French town to fall into American hands before the armistice went into effect was Stenay.

Patrols reported they had found it empty not more than a quarter of an hour before 11 o'clock.

American troops rushed through the town, and in a few minutes Allied flags were beginning to appear from the windows. As the church bell solemnly tolled the hour of eleven troops from the 90th Division were pouring into the town.

OUTSTANDING WORLD WAR FACTS

Beginning July 28, 1914, and ending November 10, 1918, the great war lasted four years, three months and fifteen days—1,567 days.

As the war map was painted, the Central Powers were victorious for four years less ten days. Then in just 115 days Foch and the Allies destroyed autocracy.

ESTIMATED COST IN CASUALTIES

THE ENTENTE ALLIES		THE CENTRAL POWERS	
Russia	7,000,000	Germany	6,900,000
France	4,000,000	Austria-Hungary	4,500,000
Britain	2,900,000	Turkey	750,000
Italy	1,000,000	Bulgaria	200,000
Belgium	350,000		
Rumania	200,000	Total	12,350,000
United States	75,000		
Total	15,525,000		

Grand total of estimated casualties 27,875,000, of which the dead alone number perhaps 10,000,000.

ESTIMATED COST IN MONEY

THE ENTENTE ALLIES		THE CENTRAL POWERS	
Russia	$30,000,000,000	Germany	$45,000,000,000
Britain	52,000,000,000	Austria-Hungary	25,000,000,000
France	32,000,000,000	Turkey	5,000,000,000
United States	40,000,000,000	Bulgaria	2,000,000,000
Italy	12,000,000,000		
Rumania	3,000,000,000	Total	$77,000,000,000
Serbia	3,000,000,000		
Total	$172,000,000,000		

Grand total of estimated cost in money $249,000,000,000, some of which may be retrieved by Germany's surrender.

GAIN TO HUMANITY

A solid establishment, now or soon, all over the world of the rule of the people.

"Bulletin" Nov 12, 1918.

"I shall not abandon my sorely tried people."—*The Kaiser.*
(But the "Sorely Tried" decided.)

23 Phila. "North American" Nov. 12th, 1918

Text of Armistice Granted by the Allies and th United States to Defeated Germany

I. Military Clauses on Western Front

1. Cessation of operations by land and in the air six hours after the signature of the armistice.

2. Immediate evacuation of invaded countries: Belgium, France, Alsace-Lorraine, Luxemburg, so ordered as to be completed within fourteen days from the signature of the armistice. German troops which have not left the above mentioned territories within the period fixed will become prisoners of war. Occupation by the allied and United States forces jointly will keep pace with evacuation in these areas. All movements of evacuation and occupation will be regulated in accordance with a note annexed to the stated terms.

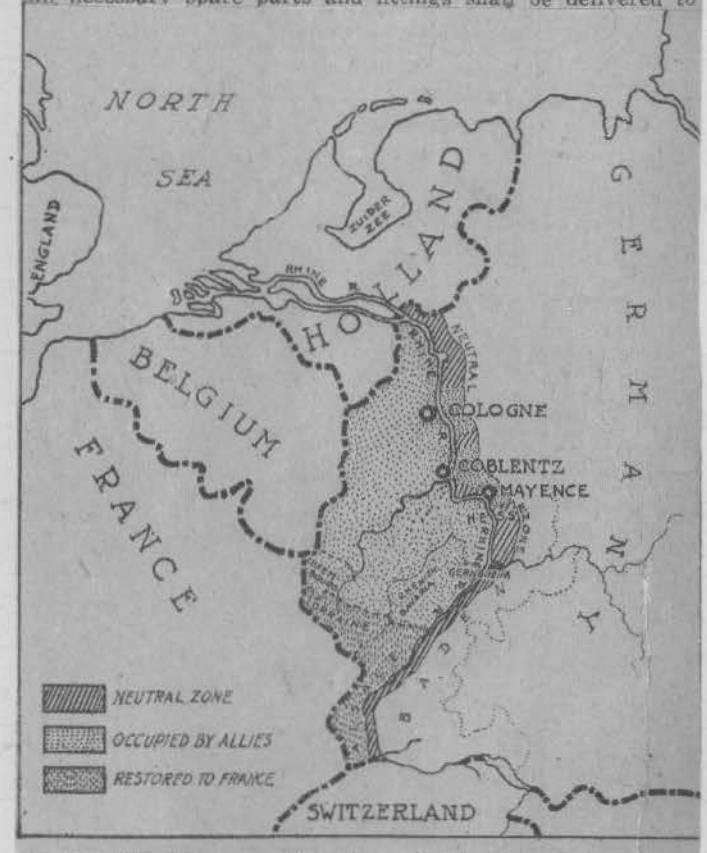
3. Repatriation beginning at once and to be completed within fourteen days of all inhabitants of the countries above mentioned, including hostages and persons under trial or convicted.

4. Surrender in good condition by the German armies of the following equipment: Five thousand guns (2500 heavy, 2500 field), 30,000 machine guns, 3000 minenwerfers, 2000 aeroplanes (fighters, bombers—firstly D. seventy-three's and night bombing machines). The above to be delivered in situ to the allies and the United States troops in accordance with the detailed conditions laid down in the annexed note.

5. Evacuation by the German armies of the countries on the left bank of the Rhine. These countries on the left bank of the Rhine shall be administered by the local authorities under the control of the allied and United States armies of occupation. The occupation of these territories will be determined by the allied and United States garrisons holding the principal crossings of the Rhine, Mayence, Coblenz, Cologne, together with bridgeheads at these points in thirty kilometer radius on the right bank and by garrisons similarly holding the strategic points of the regions. A neutral zone shall be reserved on the right of the Rhine between the stream and a line drawn parallel to it forty kilometers to the east from the frontier of Holland to the parallel of Gernsheim and as far as practicable a distance of thirty kilometers from the east of stream from this parallel upon Swiss frontier. Evacuation by the enemy of the Rhine lands shall be so ordered as to be completed within a further period of eleven days, in all nineteen days after the signature of the armistice. (Here the president interrupted his reading to remark that there evidently had been an error in transmission, as the arithmetic was very bad. The "further period" of eleven days is in addition to the fourteen days allowed for evacuation of invaded countries, making twenty-five days given the Germans to get entirely clear of the Rhine lands.) All movements of evacuation and occupation will be regulated according to the note annexed.

6. In all territory evacuated by the enemy there shall be no evacuation of inhabitants; no damage or harm shall be done to the persons or property of the inhabitants. No destruction of any kind to be committed. Military establishments of all kinds shall be delivered intact as well as military stores of food, munitions, equipment not removed during the periods fixed for evacuation. Stores of food of all kinds for the civil population, cattle, etc., shall be left in situ. Industrial establishments shall not be impaired in any way and their personnel shall not be removed. Roads and means of communication of every kind, railroad, waterways, main roads, bridges, telegraphs, telephones, shall be in no manner impaired.

7. All civil and military personnel at present employed on them shall remain. Five thousand locomotives, 50,000 wagons and 10,000 motor lorries in good working order with all necessary spare parts and fittings shall be delivered to



the associated powers within the period fixed for the evacuation of Belgium and Luxemburg. The railways of Alsace-Lorraine shall be handed over within the same period, together with all pre-war personnel and material. Further

material necessary for the working of railways in the country on the left bank of the Rhine shall be left in situ. All stores of coal and material for the upkeep of permanent ways, signals and repair shops left entire in situ and kept in an efficient state by Germany during the whole period of armistice. All barges taken from the allies shall be restored to them. A note appended regulates the details of these measures.

8. The German command shall be responsible for revealing all mines or delay acting fuses disposed on territory evacuated by the German troops and shall assist in their discovery and destruction. The German command shall also reveal all destructive measures that may have been taken (such as poisoning or polluting of springs, wells, etc.), under penalty of reprisals.

9. The right of requisition shall be exercised by the allies and the United States armies in all occupied territory. The upkeep of the troops of occupation in the Rhine land (excluding Alsace-Lorraine) shall be charged to the German government.

10. An immediate repatriation without reciprocity according to detailed conditions, which shall be fixed, of all allied and United States prisoners of war. The allied powers and the United States shall be able to dispose of these prisoners as they wish.

11. Sick and wounded who cannot be removed from evacuated territory will be cared for by German personnel, who will be left on the spot with the medical material required.

II. Disposition Relative to the Eastern Frontiers of Germany

12. All German troops at present in any territory which before the war belonged to Russia, Rumania or Turkey shall withdraw within the frontiers of Germany as they existed on August 1, 1914.

13. Evacuation by German troops to begin at once and all German instructors, prisoners and civilians as well as military agents now on the territory of Russia (as defined before 1914) to be recalled.

14. German troops to cease at once all requisitions and seizures and any other undertaking with a view to obtaining supplies intended for Germany in Rumania and Russia (as defined on August 1, 1914).

15. Abandonment of the treaties of Bucharest and Brest-Litovsk and of the supplementary treaties.

16. The allies shall have free access to the territories evacuated by the Germans on their eastern frontier either thru Danzig or by the Vistula in order to convey supplies to the populations of those territories or for any other purpose.

III. Clause Concerning East Africa

17. Unconditional capitulation of all German forces operating in East Africa within one month.

IV. General Clauses

18. Repatriation, without reciprocity, within a maximum period of one month, in accordance with detailed conditions hereafter to be fixed, of all civilians interned or deported who may be citizens of other allied or associated states than those mentioned in clause three, paragraph nineteen, with the reservation that any future claims and demands of the allies and the United States of America remain unaffected.

19. The following financial conditions are required: Reparation for damage done. While such armistice lasts no public securities shall be removed by the enemy, which can serve as a pledge to the allies for the recovery or reparation for war losses. Immediate restitution of the cash deposit in the National Bank of Belgium, and in general immediate return of all documents, specie, stocks, shares, paper money together with plant for the issue thereof, touching public or private interests in the invaded countries. Restitution of the Russian and Rumanian gold yielded to Germany or taken by that power. This gold to be delivered in trust to the allies until the signature of peace.

V. Naval Conditions

20. Immediate cessation of all hostilities at sea and definite information to be given as to the location and movements of all German ships. Notification to be given to neutrals that freedom of navigation in all territorial waters is given to the naval and mercantile marines of the allied and associated powers, all questions of neutrality being waived.

21. All naval and mercantile marine prisoners of war of the allied and associated powers in German hands to be returned without reciprocity.

22. Surrender to the allies and the United States of America of 160 German submarines (including all submarine cruisers and mine-laying submarines) with their complete armament and equipment in ports which will be specified by the allies and the United States of America. All other submarines to be paid off and completely disarmed and placed under the supervision of the allied powers and the United States of America.

23. The following German surface warships, which shall be designated by the allies and the United States of America, shall forthwith be disarmed and thereafter interned in neutral ports, or, for the want of them, in allied ports, to be designated by the allies and the United States of America and placed under the surveillance of the allies and the United States of America, only caretakers being left on board, namely:

Six battle cruisers, ten battleships; eight light cruisers, including two mine layers; fifty destroyers of the most modern type. All other surface warships (including river craft) are to be concentrated in German naval bases to be designated by the allies and the United States of America, and are to be paid off and completely disarmed and placed under the supervision of the allies and the United States of America. All vessels of the auxiliary fleet (trawlers, motor vessels, etc.) are to be disarmed.

24. The allies and the United States of America shall have the right to sweep up all mine fields and obstructions laid by Germany outside German territorial waters, and the positions of these are to be indicated.

25. Freedom of access to and from the Baltic to be given to the naval and mercantile marines of the allied and associated powers. To secure this the allies and the United States of America shall be empowered to occupy all German forts, fortifications, batteries and defense works of all kinds in all the entrances from the Categat into the Baltic and to sweep up all mines and obsructions within and without German territorial waters, without any question of neutrality being raised, and the positions of all such mines and obstructions are to be indicated.

26. The existing blockade conditions set up by the allies and associated powers are to remain unchanged, and all German merchant ships found at sea are to remain liable to capture.

27. All naval aircraft are to be concentrated and immobilized in German bases to be specified by the allies and the United States of America.

28. In evacuating the Belgian coasts and ports Germany shall abandon all merchant ships, tugs, lighters, cranes and all other harbor materials, all materials for inland navigation, all aircraft and all materials and stores, all arms and armaments and all stores and apparatus of all kinds.

29. All Black sea ports are to be evacuated by Germany; all Russian war vessels of all descriptions seized by Germany in the Black sea are to be handed over to the allies and the United States of America; all neutral merchant vessels seized are to be released; all warlike and other materials of all kinds seized in those ports are to be returned, and German materials as specified in Clause 28 are to be abandoned.

25 Continued from preceeding Page

30. All merchant vessels in German hands belonging to the allied and associated powers are to be restored in ports to be specified by the allies and the United States of America without reciprocity.

31. No destruction of ships or of materials to be permitted before evacuation, surrender or restoration.

32. The German government will notify the neutral governments of the world, and particularly the governments of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland, that all restrictions placed on the trading of their vessels with the allied and associated countries, whether by the German government or by private German interests, and whether in return for specific concessions, such as the export of shipbuilding materials, or not, are immediately canceled.

33. No transfers of German merchant shipping of any description to any neutral flag are to take place after signature of the armistice.

VI. Duration of Armistice

34. The duration of the armistice is to be thirty days, with option to extend. During this period, on failure of execution of any of the above clauses, the armistice may be denounced by one of the contracting parties on forty-eight hours' previous notice.

VII. Time Limit for Reply

35. This armistice to be accepted or refused by Germany within seventy-two hours of notification.

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VICTORY, PEACE, ANARCHY

(By Associated Press)

Defeated on the battlefield, deserted by their Emperor, and subjected to terms tantamount to unconditional surrender, the German people have made an appeal to President Wilson. Conditions described as "fearful" prevail. Dr. W. S. Solf, the Foreign Secretary, says in his appeal millions face starvation if the Allies do not take steps to overcome the danger.

Mutinous sailors who are in control of most of the units of Germany's navy may, even at this late date, risk battle against the Allied fleets rather than surrender their vessels under the terms of the armistice. Wireless messages to the various units have been picked up, calling upon the sailors to "defend the country against this unheard-of presumption." The messages directed that the units assemble in Sassnitz harbor, on the east coast of the Island of Ruegen, off the Prussian coast.

Holland is said to be preparing to intern William Hohenzollern and his son, the former Crown Prince, as well as other military officers who sought refuge with them by crossing the Dutch frontier. This action may prevent the former Emperor from returning to Germany, should events take a sudden turn, and following the example of Napoleon in 1815.

Allied warships have entered the Dardanelles. British naval forces have occupied Alexandretta.

Field Marshal von Hindenburg, who was reported to have fled to Holland with his royal master, has joined the revolutionary forces. He has asked the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council to send delegates at once to main headquarters.

See 1st Column.

Everywhere in Germany the momentum of the revolution seems to be increasing. The great Renish Westphalian industrial region is in the hands of the "Reds," while Potsdam and Doeberitz have surrendered to the forces which have taken over control in Berlin.

There are evidences of friction between the military authorities and the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council in northern Germany. It is reported civil administration have been previously organized where there is any danger of a conflict.

British forces reached Mons, Belgium, before the hour for the cessation of hostilities. This city has a sentimental interest to all British subjects, for it was there that "Kitchener's contemptible army" had its first real baptism of fire in 1914.

The Americans closed the campaign in France by capturing the village of Stenay.

It is announced that, by a suplimentary declaration to the armistice, it was agreed by Germany that, in case the vessels stipulated in the armistice were not turned over within the specified time to the Allied Powers, the island of Helgoland might be occupied as an advance base to enable them to enforce the terms of the agreement.

When the last shot was fired the Allied battle line, from the Dutch border to Switzerland, was approximately as follows:

The frontier of Holland, north of Selzaete to Ghent to east of Auderarde to Graumont to east of Mons, to east Maubeuge and thence east of the Franco-Belgian border to north of Rocreoi. Thence the line was along the Meuse to Mezieres to Sedan and across the river in the region of Stenay. Then southeastward south of Montmedy and northeast of Verdun to the Moselle near Pagny, northeast of Pont-a-Mousson. The line then paralleled the Lorraine frontier to west of Markirch where it entered Alsace, whence it ran southward to Switzerland, on a line about twenty miles west of the Rhine.

France had been entirely cleared of the invaders except for the narrow strip of territory from the Meuse to Alsace.

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THE ALLIES WATCH ON THE RHINE

The area indicated by dots shows the invaded territory of Belgium, France, Luxemburg and Alsace-Lorraine that must be evacuated in fourteen days. The area blocked out with little squares shows the land to the west of the Rhine which Germany must evacuate in twenty-five days. This will then be occupied by Allied and U. S. troops. The lightly shaded area to the east of the Rhine shows the neutral zone, and the black half circles show where the Allied armies will establish bridgeheads of 30 kilometre radius in the neutral zone.

BERLIN ASKS MILDER TERMS OF AMERICA

Dr. Solf, Foreign Secretary, Urges President to Use His Influence With the Allies

FEARS HOME STARVATION

(By Associated Press)

Washington, Nov. 12.—The appeal of Dr. Solf, Foreign Secretary at Berlin, for intervention by President Wilson for mitigation of the armistice terms to save Germany from starvation, was delivered to Secretary of State Lansing today by Hans Sulzer, Minister of Switzerland.

It was sent imm diately to the President.

(By Associated Press)

London, Nov. 11. (Delayed.)—The German Foreign Secretary, Dr. W. S. Solf, has sent a message to Secretary of State Lansing. A German wireless despatch gives its text as follows:

"Convinced of the common aims and ideals of democracy, the German Government has addressed itself to the President of the United States with the request to re-establish peace. This peace was meant to correspond with the principles the President always has maintained. The aim was to be a just solution of all questions in dispute, followed by a permanent reconciliation of all nations.

"Furthermore the President declared he did not wish to make war on the German people, and did not wish to impede its peaceful development.

"The German Government has received the conditions of the armistice.

"After the blockade, those conditions, especially the surrender of means of transport and the sustenance of the troops of occupation would make it impossible to provide Germany with food and would cause the starvation of millions of men, women and children, all the more as the blockade is to continue.

"We had to accept the conditions, but feel it is our duty to draw the President's attention most solemnly, and in all earnestness, to the fact that enforcement of the conditions must produce amongst the German people feelings contrary to those upon which alone the reconstruction of the community of nations can rest, guaranteeing a just and durable peace.

"The German people, therefore, in this fateful hour, address themselves again to the President with the request that he use his influence with the Allied Powers in order to mitigate these fearful conditions."

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TERMS OF THE VICTOR

The conditions of the armistice, as accepted by the German authorities, constitute a full equivalent for unconditional surrender, and contain nothing to shade the satisfaction of the American people, or their rejoicing which greeted the announcement without waiting for the detailed statement of terms.

The prime object of the war was to remove the HOHENZOLLERN menace of the world by crushing the military power which had been a constant threat for years preceding the opening of the war. In the parlance of the day, the business of war was to "lick the Kaiser," and put an end to his dream of German dominion over the rest of creation through the force of arms at his command. When that should be accomplished there were collateral and consequential objectives of correcting wrongs which had been perpetrated, of punishing crimes which had been committed, and of setting up safeguards for the future. But these were problems of peace.

The signing of the agreement of the armistice was the complete capitulation of German militarism. In the withdrawal of the German army beyond the Rhine, the surrender of an immense quantity of its equipment and supplies, the possession of the three important gateways of the Rhine to the forces of the Allies and the United States, and in the complete abandonment of naval forces, by the direct surrender of the greater part of the effective fleet and the disarming of the rest, the military power that but a few weeks ago was the boast of the HOHENZOLLERN is reduced to a state of utter helplessness.

But the conditions of the armistice go even further. The robberies perpetrated through the treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest are renounced. The gold stolen from Belgium and from Russia and Rumania is to be restored. Reparation is to be made for damage done, and Germany must make material contribution to the work of rehabilitating the countries which she has devastated.

There is yet more to be demanded in settlement of the debt which the folly of the Prussian has saddled on the people of Germany. Severe as the immediate terms are, they do not measure to the full of the penalty or the compensation which is required. But civilization can wait patiently for the final settlement. The temporary bonds are sufficient to guarantee that Germany will keep the peace.

The whine which is reported to have been uttered by Dr. SOLF, the German Foreign Secretary, will evoke little sympathy. The terms of the armistice are not hard upon the German people. They are humiliating, it is true, but the pride of the nation is not immune. Rather is its humbling one of the essentials of the peace for which the war is waged. The victors will not be unmerciful, but they would be less than just if one dot were to be stricken from the conditions which have been imposed.

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A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE

Holland has no welcome for WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN. Switzerland is not likely to be more hospitable. Norway shudders at the suggestion that he may seek refuge at a castle on her coast. To return to his own country would place his life in such jeopardy that he is likely to resist the efforts of the Dutch Government to rid itself of his presence.

The late partner of "Gott," the wielder of the flashing sword, the egotist who thought himself the destined ruler of the world, is now without a country, a wanderer on the face of the earth, and a fugitive for the rest of his life from justice.

In all the world there is not so lonesome a figure as that of WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN. He needs no St. Helena to complete his isolation. His sad fate is to live on among those who hate him with a perfect hatred, and to behold the wreck which his mad ambitions have created. And this is the man who fondly hoped to combine in himself the careers of ALEXANDER, CAESAR, JENGHIS KHAN, TAMERLANE, ATTILA and NAPOLEON. The latter has long been his chief admiration.

The most notable artistic result of the career of NAPOLEON, curiously enough, was celebrated in verse and song by Germans. It was HEINE who wrote "The Two Grenadiers," and SCHUMANN set it to music, winding up with the strains of the Marseillaise. Nothing more wonderfully exemplifies that hold on the imagination of men exercised by NAPOLEON.

There will be no returning grenadier weeping over the fall of the German Emperor, willing to let wife and child starve if only the Emperor may return triumphant and ride over his grave. That devotion in a mysterious way NAPOLEON earned, but not a jot of it inheres in WILLIAM II. No song will be composed in his memory for future generations to sing, no praise of philosophers or constitutional lawyers will be offered up. He staked all on the hazard of a die, and he lost. He dies as the fool dieth. And not the least of his punishment is that while dead in every worthy sense, he must live on to be consumed by remorse, a living death from which he may by no means escape.

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GERMANS SOBBED AT TRUCE

Appealed to Foch for Mercy, But Marshal Was Obdurate

Paris, Nov. 12.—German armistice envoys sobbed when they heard the terms of the truce, according to details received here concerning this momentous event.

Dr. Mathias Erzberger, a clerical leader, was one of the first speakers in the armistice conference. Addressing Marshal Foch, he said:

"Marshal, have you any sympathy for the German people? We want peace."

Marshal Foch replied:

"Sir, I have the terms of protocol which, being signed, will bring peace."

Immediately the generalissimo began reading. As he proceeded the German broke into tears.

The signatures were finally affixed to this momentous document aboard a private train used by Marshal Foch as his headquarters. The German courier failed to arrive from Spa, but a wireless message was sent to the envoys in France advising them to sign. The German envoys who remained in France stayed up all night Sunday night awaiting word from Spa. When news arrived that the conditions were accepted they hastened to Marshal Foch's private train and the generalissimo was aroused. The famous French soldier formally received word that the Germans had come to sign.

Erzberger was the first of the Germans to put his name to the world famous document.

The other plenipotentiaries followed and they then returned to the chateau, where they had been stopping, for breakfast. In the meantime news of the suspension was being flashed up and down the battle front.

Marshal Foch called at the Elysee Palace shortly before noon yesterday to announce officially to President Poincare that the armistice had been signed. He attempted to return to his headquarters as inconspicuously as possible, but was recognized by a crowd and cheered vociferously.

The new German Government, it appears, considered the armistice conditions at a sitting late on Sunday at Berlin. Having decided to accept them, it telephoned instructions from Berlin to Spa, German headquarters, authorizing the delegates to affix their signatures to the agreement.

The courier, who was waiting at Spa, left immediately for the lines and crossed them without incident, north of Chimay. He reached the Chateau de Frankfort at about two o'clock in the morning and found the German plenipotentiaries waiting for him. They asked, after the had read their instructions, to see Marshal Foch who was in his special train in a switch near the Chateau.

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LIBERTY MOTOR BEST IN WAR

Chaplain in France Says America's Invention Surpasses Anything Now Possessed by the Allies — Germans Terrified at It.

THE REV. JAMES L. NICHOLS, of Seaford, Del., a chaplain in France, has written an interesting letter about the Liberty Motor to a friend in Philadelphia. The letter follows:

There is one thing that I know that you and all true Americans are interested in. That is the Liberty Motor airplane. When I was told that the big factory we used to pass in Elizabeth, N. J., was a Liberty Motor factory, I never dreamed that I would be as closely associated with that great air machine as I am and have been. I listened to the criticisms, and felt a little hurt because it was America's recognized supreme effort in face of apparently impossible conditions. The other nations at war had not only searched the heavens and earth to surpass each other in the air, but had whipped up science to her utmost limit, and had gone far beyond anything the world had ever dreamed. America was calmly told that she must go beyond that, as what they (the other nations) had done would be out of date in six months. America accepted the ponderous task, and bent back and brains to it. She brings forth the product of her vast effort and calls it out of the very nature of her own soul—Liberty Motor.

Criticism began before the ink in the drawings was dry. That criticism and every criticism has not only hurt the feelings of every genuine patriotic American, but has seriously, very seriously, crippled her effort. One of the first criticisms was that America, instead of wasting time on making something new, should have bought airplanes from France and England. Ever since I have been in France I have been on one of the fields, and perhaps the greatest in the world, where these machines are received.

France and England frankly stated that they needed practically every machine they could put out, but generously made room for some for America. There were two results. First, not near enough machines, and, second, often in order to do what was promised, machines that were not as perfect as they should be. Our boys paid the price. They complained, and I am not surprised.

Then the criticism came that America was so long getting her machine ready for service. It took the rest of the nations 1900 years to make an airplane! Nineteen hundred years of Christian civilization, and then they say, "Our machines are not perfect; give us something better." Was it reasonable to expect the Giant of the West, with all his unequalled achievement, to do such a task over night? Almost in the time it takes for a beautiful dream our men of genius came forth with the answer—and with the machine. Hands cannot work as rapidly in creating as brains and it was months, necessarily, before the vast amount of needed machinery and buildings could be made, and then the product of our genius brought forth.

One day in May a friend came out to my camp to visit me, the latter part of May. He showed me an article in one of the great American papers stating that there was only one Liberty Motor completed and tha tit was still at the factory. It was of a date in May. I confess I was a little ruffled and invited my friend to come with me. We went about 200 yards down the field and I showed him five airplanes, all of the same type, and said: "You can read. Come here." I assisted him to get up and look into the pilot's seat. "Why!" he said, "these are Liberty Motors. Why haven't we been told about it?" I simply said, "Because the rest of us are not fools."

I asked the French experts about it early in May when I saw my first Liberty Motor, and they frankly stated it was a wonderful machine; the most wonderful and powerful that ever went up into the air. Of course, there were adjustmnets to be made and little things to perfect.

Today these things have been done, and in spite of all criticisms the one airplane that has had the honor of completely outdoing the Hun is the Liberty. It is so fast they cannot dive on its tail from the clouds. It can be maneuvred to such an extent with its superior speed to go thousands of feet higher than any airplane yet invented. I have been told that the Germans have business somewhere else when formations of the Liberty Motor go over the line. This wonderful machine that has been so criticized has gone far beyond the highest expectations of its builders and our Government. As I sit here and write I can hear them as they go up from our field—sometimes right over me. There are other planes going up, bu tthere is no other that has the sound of tremendous power that the Liberty has, and one only needs to hear it a few times to pick out the Liberty. How many there are in France I do not know, and I would not tell you if I did. But suffice it to say that it is a crushing reality to the Germans.

Targets

The life of a member of the nobility in most parts of Europe is much like that of a casual wanderer in the Maine woods at the height of the hunting season.—Boston Herald.

Phila "Bulletin"
May 17th 1919

Elkton Marriage Licenses

Elkton, Md., May 7 (Special).—Marriage licenses were issued today to Adam Alexander and Ada Caddie, John Chadwick and Florence Watson, William Worthington and Kaisie Faughton, Ralph D. Littlefield and Olga Gutekunst, John Jamiswski and Wanda Schodowska, Frank Szpapalewski and Emma Schlapska, all of Philadelphia; Robert C. Heller and Mamie Burton, Trenton; George J. Pinto and Bessie Williams, Washington. Richard Edek and Sadie Greer, Allentown, were refused a license because the prospective bridegroom is a minor.

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Philadelphia "North American" Editorial Nov. 13, 1918

AMERICA AT SEDAN

DURING the suspense and the culminating tumult that have made these last few weeks so memorable for Americans, their minds have been intent upon three things—the approaching triumph of democracy over kaiserism, the coming of longed-for peace, and, back of these two thoughts, a deep yearning for the return of our troops. Who that mingled with the surging throngs of celebration did not hear a thousand times the exultant cry, "And soon our boys will be coming home!"? Who, indeed, did not himself shout it aloud, or whisper it in his heart? This is the sentiment, after all, that wins wars—the loyal pride of a free people which sends its sons to brave death for a just cause, and the affection which gives the soldiers the spirit to endure and to conquer tho they die.

Yet by one of the paradoxes of this amazing war, Americans have failed to realize how great is the debt they and the world owe to those well-beloved troops that are resting on their glory-covered arms over yonder. The battles of the final campaign were so tremendous, the victory so swift and complete, the collapse of the enemy a spectacle so enthralling, that we have not appraised justly the decisive achievements of the armies of the republic. It is a high tribute to them, in a way, that we have accepted as a matter of course feats of sheer courage and tenacity that would add luster to the annals of French and British veterans.

But the nation has not yet caught from the whirl of events the momentous fact that it was American forces which held the crucial sector in the line, which fought their way to victory thru the most formidable of the enemy's defenses, which smashed his strongest concentrations, and finally broke the very backbone of his resistance. Ypres and Verdun, Arras and Reims—around these and a hundred other names cluster glories which we cannot share; but history will not forget that it was Americans who took Sedan, and thereby sealed the fate of Prussianism and made the scene of its evil triumph half a century ago the place of its doom.

Even without this crowning accomplishment, the record of America's fighting men, her soldiers and marines, would be notable. Troops from this country buffeted back the Prussian onslaught at Chateau Thierry in July and signalized the turning of the tide; they stormed forward with the dauntless French below Soissons in the counter-offensive that forced the invaders to begin their fatal retreat; they set a new mark in military efficiency by capturing in thirty-six hours the great St. Mihiel salient, where the Germans had been intrenched for four years; detachments participated gallantly in battles in Flanders, Picardy and Artois, and a division of former national guardsmen, with the British and Australians, went crashing thru the mighty Hindenburg line between Cambrai and St. Quentin in what was perhaps the greatest demonstration of military effectiveness in the war. But in the drive northward along the Meuse river there were heroism and endurance that made it worthy of the scene, the territory of Verdun, and the issue of it was vital to the whole plan of France's deliverance.

To understand its importance it is necessary to study on the map the general outlines of the military problem, with particular reference to the lines of communication by which the Germans supplied their armies and by which they had to retreat.

In this aspect the line might be considered in three sectors. That from the North sea to Lille was served by railroads running in easterly direction thru Brussels to Liege and thence into Germany. The territory from Lille to Laon was served by lines passing thru Namur to Liege. And the west-to-east sector from Laon to Verdun depended on rail connection thru Mezieres to Luxemburg. These three groups of railroads were in general terms perpendicular to the German front. There were for the Germans west of the Meuse only two passages of communication with Germany—Liege and Luxemburg—for between them lay the rough, hilly region of the Ardennes, with meager transport facilities.

Besides these perpendicular lines there was a lateral line which formed the chord of the arc of the German front. This was the railroad system running in a general northwestern direction from Metz thru Montmedy, Sedan, Mezieres, Hirson, Avesnes and Valenciennes to Lille. The map will show that this was the veritable backbone of the German occupation. If it were severed the German army groups in Belgium and the north would be separated from those around Metz and further south; and if the [illegible] line thru Mezieres were cut, one of the two German avenues of

retreat would be closed.

Another illustration will show the vital importance of the sector to be attacked. When the Germans invaded France their line swung westward and southward in a great wheeling movement, the pivot of which was between Metz and Verdun, and in their retreat that movement had to be reversed. Thus the position mentioned was in the nature of a hinge, which at all costs must be held intact while the 200-mile line northward was swung back.

It was the task of breaking that hinge and cutting the invaders' railroad backbone between Metz and Mezieres that Marshal Foch put upon the First American army. Just as he had placed Americans in the post of honor to guard the Paris highway at the Marne in July, so he called upon them to smash the pivot-point of German resistance in September.

This was a tremendous undertaking. None knew better than the Hun that his very life depended upon holding that line; therefore he had fortified it with every device imaginable, and when the attack began he flung into its defense his most powerful divisions. Thus after the initial rush, on September 26, the Americans met a resistance so furious that for weeks the battle raged almost without quarter. Supported by the French on their left, they fought their way foot by foot thru the Argonne forest and over the deadly heights north of Verdun. Progress was so slow that news of the terrible fighting was obscured by the dramatic victories being won on other fields; but Foch knew that every mile gained there was worth ten miles gained elsewhere, and watched with solicitude the terrific encounter. The Germans, too, were conscious of their peril. As the Americans hewed their way northward along the west bank of the Meuse they drew closer and closer to the railroad approaching from the other side, and the German command ordered this "most important artery of the western armies" to be protected at any cost. "Upon it," said a captured order, "the future of Germany depends."

Not since Verdun, indeed, had there been fighting so desperate and sanguinary as that which is still furnishing a growing list of casualties, especially of Pennsylvania troops. Of the conquest of the Argonne woods a correspondent wrote: "Few more terrible chapters will appear in the history of the war than that which relates the pitiless struggle being waged in the black depths of the mined and tunneled recesses of this tragic forest"; and further east, along the Meuse, the Americans had to overcome fortified zones many miles deep, with numberless machine-gun nests ambushing every foot of the tortuous advance.

In a word, the battle of the Meuse, which raged without cessation from September 26 until the capture of Sedan on November 6, was comparable in intensity to the mighty struggle at Verdun in 1916; in that time the Americans advanced thirty-four miles over territory where the crown prince sacrificed 500,000 lives in vain attempts to break the heart of France; and the Americans overcame successive enemy reinforcements which in the aggregate represented more than one-fourth of the total German strength in men and guns on the western front. What it all meant was suggested by a high officer of the Allied armies:

> In front of the Americans are the pick of the whole German army. The country is the most difficult on the whole front. The Americans have got to fight for every foot of ground, and kill the fellow who is holding it. Machine-guns are as thick as rifles on the ordinary front, and are handled by the most experienced machine-gunners in the world. Marshal Foch realized that this was a most difficult and vital section when he gave it as a post of honor to the Americans. The sector had been considered impracticable for a sustained offensive. One of the greatest battles of the war—a European Battle of the Wilderness—is now being fought by Pershing. It will loom large when the history of the war is written.

"These troops," said a London newspaper, "but newly trained, inheriting no long military tradition and molded by no iron-bound system, have overcome the pick of the German legions. The cost has been heavy, but the result has been amazing." That result, with the extension of the attack to the east bank of the Meuse, was the severing of the life-line railroad of the invaders—both their supply communications and the second of their two paths of retreat. The dramatic climax was the crossing of the river on November 6, when the American forces swam the stream and scaled the wall of a canal under murderous fire and drove the Germans headlong from their defenses. The measured words of Marshal Foch to General Pershing, sent on completion of the final advance, were a decoration:

> The operations by the first American army already have assured, thanks to the valor of the high command and to the energy and bravery of the troops, results of the greatest importance. I am happy to send you my warmest congratulations.

We have been able to give only a meager sketch of a battle which will rank in history as decisive; for it was the American offensive on the Meuse that drained the man-power of the Germans until they could not even hold the Hindenburg line, and it was that action which destroyed even the hope of a successful retreat and dictated acceptance of the armistice terms. When the war ended, as an American writer has observed, half the German army was retiring upon Waterloo and the other half was already at Sedan, and the soldiers of this republic have had a glorious share in the triumph so strikingly symbolized. History will record in enduring terms the h[ero]ism which Punch has phrased in an admiring jest: "The valor of the Ame[ri]can altereth not: it is the law of the Meades and Pershings."

DEATH WINS RACE WITH CUPID

The picture above is Grace D. Walker, 3431 Queen Lane, a Red Cross worker, affianced to Howard R. Duncan, whose picture is shown below. Private Duncan died of pneumonia at Camp Dix. Miss Walker is in France and is unaware of her sweetheart's death.

DEATH BEATS GIRL IN 6,000-MILE RACE

She Reaches Hospital in France Too Late, Then Misses Ship—Fiance Dies at Dix

SHE DOES NOT KNOW YET

It was only a line.

Dead—Howard R. Duncan, a private, of pneumonia.

The Camp Dix hospital authorities posted the notice, with a number of other casualties, on the official bulletin board today.

But in that one line was recorded the tragic climax of a race of 6,000 miles across the Atlantic between Death and Cupid. And Death has won.

The girl, two traveled overseas with the Red Cross to meet Howard R. Duncan, her affianced husband, missed him by a few minutes at the dock when he sailed from Bordeaux for home.

And now once again she is too late. But the girl does not know.

Before the war Grace D. Walker, 3431 Queen lane, confessed to friends that she lived a very "tumpty-tump" sort of life. She was a private secretary to the dean of the school of education at the University of Pennsylvania. Days were one round of "tumpty-tumps" on a typewriter. Then came the war.

Her engagement with Duncan had been announced. A few weeks and he was at Camp Meade. A month and he was in France with the 315th Infantry. Miss Walker signed for overseas service with the Red Cross and was assigned to the Paris office. After being there a few months she learned Private Duncan was in a hospital at Bordeaux.

The red tape of the army does not permit of affianced couples meeting in hospitals in France and it was only with much difficulty that she obtained permission to go to the base hospital. Finally she received a furlough over Thanksgiving Day.

The wild race, ending in disappointment, is described in a letter she sent to a friend here. After describing the preliminary steps in the journey she says:

"At last the hospital. After inquiring at the office if I could visit the ward at the unusual hour and procuring permission and the guidance of a Pittsburgh boy I started out for Ward 8. I expected to find there the cause of my Thanksgiving.

"But when we got there every bed in the ward was spick and span, smooth and clean; the orderly said no one had slept in them for weeks. I am afraid I gulped. But I remembered how men are transferred about so I asked for a nurse. She came and after a little searching through her records found that Howard R. Duncan, 315th Infantry, had been evacuated to Ward 51. Then she smiled a tolerant smile when I squeezed her and squealed, 'Oh, joy!'

JUST A DAY TOO LATE

Ward 51 was only about a half mile away. Just across a little muddy space and then ward 51. I had lost my guide on the way, and I stood for at least five minutes outside the door and wondering what I would do when I saw him. I was very much afraid I would cry. I knew I mustn't cry—I knew I mustn't faint. Because I had sent him a telegram on Monday I knew he probably would be watching the door every minute.

"At last I opened the door. But there was no one there that looked like H. R. The back of one chap startled me for a moment. At last I found voice enough to ask: 'Can you tell me is there a Howard R. Duncan in this ward?'

"It was answered by a voice that said: 'He was; but was evacuated yesterday.'

"I smiled and asked: 'To where?'

"'To America,' replied a fellow in bed.

"'I don't believe you,' I said. But the orderly who was dressing a fellow's leg verified the news.

"'Yes, he left here yesterday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, to go back to the States.'

"Fortunately I had tight hold of the bed and had not given up my hold on hope. In a few minutes I learned how bad his wound had been and that the boat was scheduled to sail at 5 o'clock that morning. There was a possibility that it had not left the dock.

"I said: 'I have come all the way from Paris to spend Thanksgiving Day with him, and I must see him.'

"'Is that what made Duncan so anxious to go to Paris?' asked one chap.

"I then went to the office of the commandant. He called up the dock and found that the boat would leave in thirty minutes. I knew that I could not make the town itself in thirty minutes, but I argued that if a ship is delayed a few hours longer. So, trying awful hard to keep the directions in my mind, I started for the dock. On the first tram car were a few American soldiers. One of these chaps suggested that I go to the American Base, from where, he said, a truck left every half hour for the dock.

"At last I reached the base. The sentry on duty looked at his watch and said that a truck would leave for the dock in seven minutes. Feeling that my errand demanded the sympathy of all I confronted a Major —— with my tale. He packed me in between the driver and himself and drove off to headquarters at the dock.

MISSES SHIP BY MINUTES.

"We rode as far as the truck went and then got off and started to walk. The hospital ship we learned was to leave from "A," the extreme dock. Bordeaux is wet and muddy, but near the docks it is wet and muddier.

"At last we neared Dock A. All the way I had been trying to thank my major friend. When we finally arrived my heart sank when I saw an ominous space—just enough lapping water to accommodate a big ship.

"Major —— answered the sentry's salute by asking him if a nospital ship had left the dock any time that morning.

"And then my doom was sealed.

"'Yes, sir; she just pulled out—there she goes—she's barely out of sight.'"

Miss Walker had written to friends here of her intention to return to this country immediately. When these friends called up the hospital they found Howard Duncan had died only a few hours before.

He was twenty-five years old and lived with his sister, 34th and Abbott sts. Before entering the service he was employed with one of the southern railway companies. He had been wounded in the leg while acting as a liaison officer, but had almost recovered.

"Bulletin" Jan. 28, 1919.

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"North American" Jan. 29, 1919

DIES AS HIS FIANCEE SEEKS HIM IN FRANCE

While his fiancee searched in vain for him in hospitals in France, Private Howard R. Duncan, 315th infantry, died of pneumonia in the base hospital at Camp Dix. His fiancee, Grace D. Walker, 3431 Queen lane, followed the young soldier to France last fall, when she enrolled as a Red Cross worker in Paris.

She heard that Duncan had been wounded, and on Thanksgiving day obtained leave of absence to visit the hospital where he was a patient. She arrived at the hospital an hour or two after he had left and was on his way to America.

(31)

"Demonstration" Jan. 1919.

He Is The Son of "E. K."

The accompanying photograph shows Edgar L. Stephenson of Co. B, Curtis Bay Ordnance Depot, South Baltimore, Md. Mr. Stephenson is the son of Edgar K. Stephenson, who is so well known to all of our organization.

Edgar L. Stephenson

W. B. Sabin In France

W. B. Sabin, prior to the war, was connected with the credit department of our Washington office. He volunteered a few days after war was declared and has been in France since July, 1917, attached to headquarters, Engineers' Staff.

W. B. Sabin. Washington

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N. American Jan. 17, 1919

The Amendment

ARTICLE XVIII. Section 1. After one year from the ratification of this article, the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, for beverage purposes, is hereby prohibited.

Section 2. The congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

THE NORTH

It's All Here and It's All True

Entered as Second-class Matter in the Postoffice at Phi

148TH YEAR. No. 120 **

PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, J

BOOZE BANISHED BY AMENDMENT RAT

H AMERICAN

...Pa., Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Weather Today: Rain

...ARY 17, 1919— 20 PAGES TWO CENTS

...VOTE OF NATION; ...IFIED BY 38 STATES.

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"North American" Jan. 30, 1919.

U. S. PROCLAIMS ADOPTION OF PROHIBITION AMENDMENT

Ratification of the prohibition amendment was proclaimed yesterday by Frank L. Polk, acting secretary of state, as follows:

TO ALL to whom these presents shall come, greeting:

Know ye that the congress of the United States at the second session, sixty-fifth congress, begun at Washington on the 3d day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seventeen, passed a resolution in the words and figures following, to wit:

Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution of the United States:

Resolved by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled (two-thirds of each house concurring therein), That the following amendment to the constitution he, and hereby is, proposed to the states, to become valid as a part of the constitution when ratified by the legislatures of the several states as provided by the constitution:

"Section 1. After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof, from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.

"Section 2. The congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

"Section 3. This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the constitution by the legislatures of the several states, as provided in the constitution, within seven years from the date of the submission hereof to the states by the congress."

And, further, that it appears from official documents on file in this department that the amendment to the constitution of the United States proposed as aforesaid has been ratified by the legislatures of the states of Alabama, Arizona, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, South Carolina, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

And, further, that the states whose legislatures have so ratified the said proposed amendment constitute three-fourths of the whole number of states in the United States.

Now, therefore, be it known that I, Frank L. Polk, acting secretary of state of the United States, by virtue and in pursuance of Section 205 of the revised statutes of the United States, do hereby certify that the amendment aforesaid has become valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the constitution of the United States.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the department of state to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 29th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

FRANK L. POLK, Acting Secretary of State.

Pages 36 - 38

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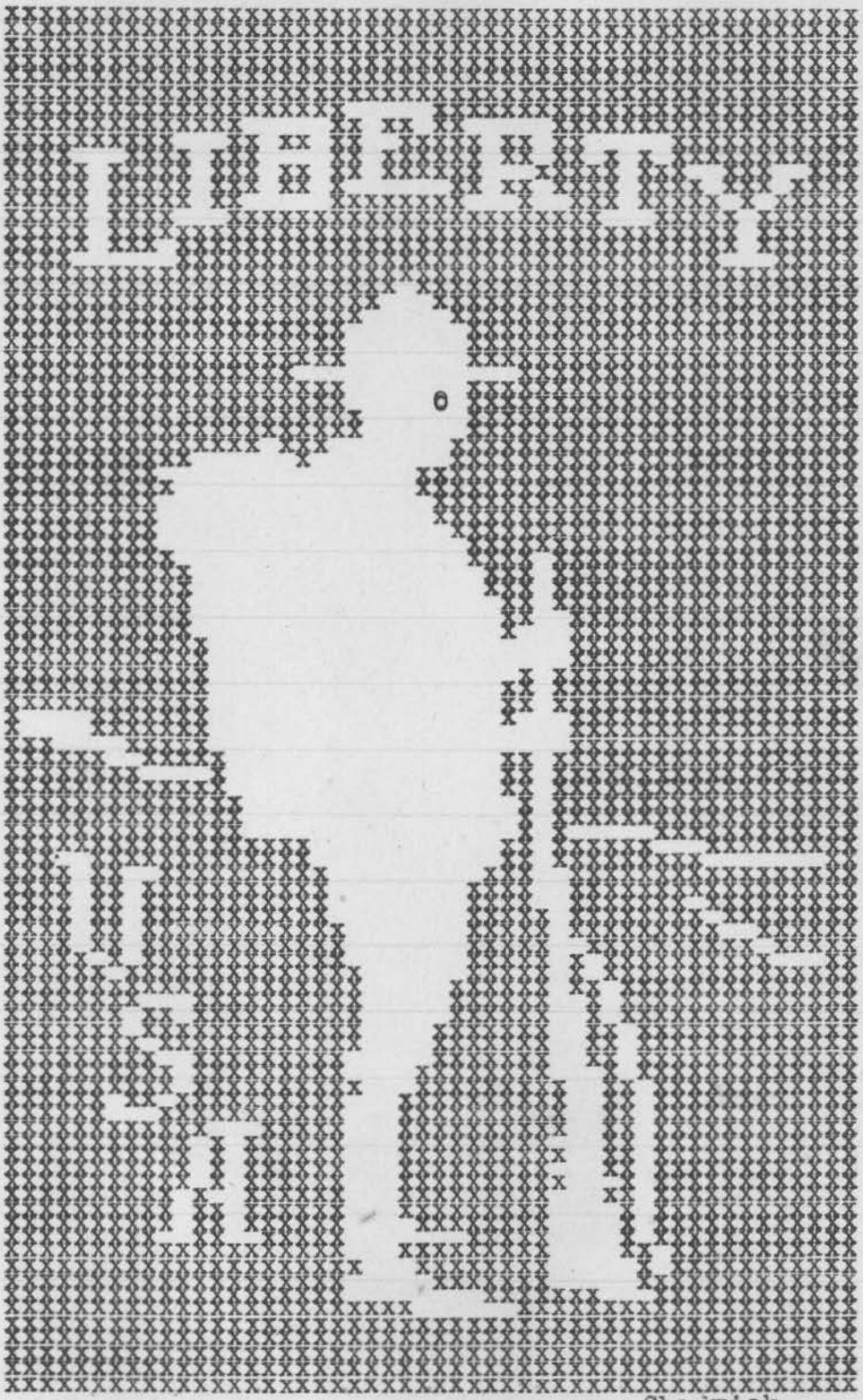
Chadwick
8/30/18



Chadwick
8/27/18

War History of the Iron Divison. (28th)

The "Evening Bulletin"
Phila, Pa.

Beginning November 18, 1918
And ending December 10, 1918

WAR HISTORY OF THE IRON DIVISION
A GLORIOUS RECORD OF HEROISM

How the National Guard of Pennsylvania Magnificently Upheld the Best Traditions of the Nation—Famous 28th Awarded "Red Keystone" for Fighting Valor, a Unique Distinction in American Army—A Tale to Make Our State Proud

CONNECTED RECITAL OF THEIR EXPLOITS AGAINST HUNS TOLD HERE FOR FIRST TIME

Article No. 1.

"YOU are not soldiers! You are men of iron!"

Such was the tribute of an idolized general to the men of the Twenty-eighth Division, United States Army, after the division had won its spurs in a glorious, breath-taking fashion at the second battle of the Marne in July and August.

The grizzled officer, his shrewd, keen eyes softened to genuine admiration for the deeds of the gallant men and with real sorrow for the fallen, uttered his simple praise to a little group of officers at a certain headquarters.

It was too good to keep. It was repeated with a glow of pride to junior officers and swept through all ranks of the entire division in an incredibly short time. The gratified and delighted soldiery, already feeling the satisfaction of knowing their task had been well done, seized upon the words and became, to themselves and all who knew them, the "Iron Division."

The words of praise have been attributed to General Pershing; Whether they actually emanated from him has not been clearly established. That they did come from a source high enough to make them authoritative there is no shadow of doubt.

Furthermore, to make the approval wholly official and of record, there has come to the division from General Pershing a citation entitling every officer and enlisted man to wear on his left sleeve, just under the shoulder seam, a scarlet keystone, an unique distinction in the American Army. The citation called the Twenty-eighth the "Famous Red Fighting Division," but even this formal designation has not supplanted, in the minds of the soldiers, the name of "The Iron Division," which they regard as their especial pride.

In addition to this citation for the division, there has come to the 109th Infantry Regiment of this city, and the 112th Infantry Regiment, of the central and northwestern part of the State, particular distinctions of their own. They have been cited as regiments and awarded the fourragere, a braided cord to be worn looped about the left shoulder by every officer and enlisted man.

And, to make the record complete, scores of the officers and men have been cited for gallantry and awarded the Distinguished Service Cross by General Pershing, while others have won the French decoration, the Croix de Guerre.

So it is that the former National Guard of Pennsylvania has carried on the fame and glory which were the heritage of its fathers from the Civil War and from every other war in the history of the nation. At the cost of many precious young lives and infinite suffering, it is true, but that is war, whose recompense is that the victory was America's and that our men magnificently upheld all the traditions of their land.

Regiments and smaller units of the division which did not get into the line in time for that first swift battle look with envy upon their comrades who did and pridefully appropriate the division's new-found honors, announcing themselves "members of the Iron Division." And when their own time came, they lived well up to the title and reputation.

Held up to scorn and contempt for years as "tin soldiers," made the plaything of the pettiest politics, hampered and hindered at every emergency and then thrown in a sector where it was believed they would have a chance to become fire-hardened without too great responsibility falling to their lot, they met the brunt of the last German advance from the Marne, held it and sent the enemy back, reeling, broken and defeated, saved Paris and won the grateful and admiring praise of their veteran French comrades in arms.

Throughout all the years of upbuilding in full belief that the time would come when they would have a chance to vindicate their faith in the National Guard system, a devoted group of officers and enlisted men remained faithful and unshaken. The personnel fell and rose, fell and rose. Men constantly dropped out of the service as their enlistments expired and the burden of recruiting and training new men was always to be met. It was discouraging work, but carried forward steadily and unfalteringly.

Persons who visited the National Guard of Pennsylvania in its training camps, especially the last one in this country, Camp Hancock, at Augusta, Ga., were impressed with the quiet confidence with which the older officers and enlisted men viewed their handiwork. Many of the newer men in the service, catching the spirit of confidence, voiced it in boyish boastfulness.

"These men are ripe and ready," said the older, more thoughtful ones. "They will give a good account of themselves when the time arrives. They are trained to the minute, and Pennsylvania never will have need to be ashamed of them."

"Just wait until this little old division gets to France," bragged the younger ones. "The Hun won't have a chance. We'll show 'em something they don't know. Go get 'em; that's us."

And today, Pennsylvania, mourning, grief-stricken, but aglow with pride and love for that gallant force, agrees with both.

THIS CITY'S GREAT SHARE.

It is but natural that Philadelphia should have had a major part in this epic tale of American arms. The city had more than a brigade in the division. Not all of them got into the Marne fight, but the Pennsylvanians who were engaged were preponderantly from this city.

Thus history, in a measure, repeated itself. On the field of Gettysburg a handsome monument marks the crest of Pickett's charge, the furthest point to which his fighting men penetrated. Here they were met and stopped by the famous Philadelphia Brigade. Had they not been stopped, military authorities have agreed, the battle of Gettysburg would have been lost and the whole course of the war probably would have been changed, possibly bringing victory to the Confederacy. But they were stopped by the Philadelphians. From that time the cause of the Confederacy was a losing one, and for that reason the monument marks "The High Water Mark of the Rebellion."

It is not inconceivable that, when the time comes to erect monuments on the battlefields of the Great War, one will stand at or near the tiny village of St. Agnan, in the Department of the Aisne, France, marking the high water mark of the German bid for world domination.

Here it was, at this village and its vicinity that Philadelphia troops met and defeated the flower of the German army, halted the Boche drive and sent the Huns staggering backward in what turned within a few days to wild flight. The Germans, in their first rush through Belgium and France in 1914, came closer than that to Paris, but with less chances of success. Then, virtually everything was against them except their own impetus. Last July, everything favored them, and the entire world awaited with bated breath and agonized heart the news that Paris was invested.

AND THE GUARD HELD FAST.

When it seemed that nothing could prevent this crowning blow to our beloved ally, the advancing Germans struck a portion of the line held by Pennsylvania's erstwhile despised National Guardsmen. Instead of news that Paris lay under the invader's hand, came the gloriously thrilling word that he was in retreat before our very own men, and that it was again a Philadelphia brigade which had turned the tide.

THE 28TH DIVISION

The Twenty-eighth Division of the German army in the war became known throughout the German forces in France and in Belgium, and through Germany, also, as the "Flying Shock Division," because of its exploits of daring and its fighting qualities.

The Twenty-eighth Division of the American army, formerly the National Guard of Pennsylvania, has been unofficially named the "Iron Division" and officially called the "Famous Red Fighting Division" and has been decorated as a division for its gallant part in the war.

WHAT "IRON DIVISION" IS

Commander — Major-General Charles H. Muir; later, and up to present time, Major-General William H. Hay, General Muir having been promoted to command of the Fourth Army Corps.

Division Headquarters Train and Military Police.

Headquarters Troop.

107th Machine Gun Battalion.

Fifty-fifth Infantry Brigade—109th Regiment Infantry (Old First and Thirteenth); 110th Regiment Infantry (old Third and Tenth); 108th Machine Gun Battalion.

Fifty-sixth Infantry Brigade—111th Regiment Infantry (old Sixth and Sixteenth); 112th Regiment Infantry (old Eighth and Sixteenth); 109th Machine Gun Battalion.

Fifty-third Field Artillery Brigade, Brigadier-General William G. Price, Jr., of Chester—107th Regiment Field Artillery (old First Artillery); 109th Regiment Field Artillery (old Second Infantry, later Second Artillery); 108th Regiment Field Artillery (old Ninth Infantry, later Third Artillery); 103d Trench Mortar Battery (old First City Troop).

103d Regiment Engineers (old First Engineers).

103d Field Signal Battalion.

103d Ammunition Train.

103d Sanitary Train.

103d Supply Train.

lets centering about these three towns, the regiments were billeted.

Then ensued another period such as tries a soldier's patience to the uttermost—a time of waiting for something big to do and having all the time to carry on with what seem like trifling tasks.

Here another feature of the advanced training was noted by the men. For weeks, now, they had been hearing the sound of the big guns at the front, but only as a low, growling rumble, so distant that, although it was ever present, after a day or so it became so much a part of the daily life that it was forced upon the attention only when the wind was from the northeast.

Here, however, it was louder and more menacing and by that token alone the men would have known they were closer to the front lines. Their surmises in this regard were strengthened by the added gravity of the officers and the frequency with which they were summoned to headquarters for consultation.

(Continued tomorrow.)

10/19/18

HOW CITY'S 109TH BRAVED FOE FIRE IN FIRST ACTION

Bulletin's History of Iron Division Tells of Pennsylvanians' War Baptism

TROOPS MOVED AT NIGHT AND DUG IN BEFORE DAWN

Article No. II.

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By the time the men had been in these billets three days, they were disgusted thoroughly with their failure to get farther. Hourly they grumbled among themselves at the delay, and told themselves it was "N. G. P. luck," to be held back so far at such a time.

However, there came a break in the monotony for the 109th. The men of the various regiments had been arranging for a mild sort of celebration of the Fourth of July, with extra "eats," concerts, sports and other events. The 109th had gone to sleep the night of Wednesday, July 3, to dream of the "doings" of the morrow, which loomed large in view of the deadly routine they had been following so long.

They were not to sleep long, however. Shortly after midnight they were routed out and the companies were formed. "Something was up," though the men in the ranks knew not what. Officers knew that an emergency had arisen to the north and that they were under orders to hasten there with all speed, presumably for their first action.

The lads stumbled from their billets, many of them no more than half awake, doubting, confused, excited, demanding to know, being told wild rumors by their fellows, the most credible of which was that the Germans had broken through in the north and that 'the old Hundred and Ninth is goin' in to stop Fritz, an' we sure will do that bit thing." Small wonder that there was more than a usual touch of asperity in the commands snapped out in the dark, or that the doughboys seemed able to handle themselves and their accoutrements less smoothly and smartly than usual. Off to the front at last, in the dead of night! What an experience for these Philadelphia men!

MIDNIGHT CALL FOR 109TH

That the emergency was real and that they were not merely the victims of another practice hike, soon became clear. Hardly was the column under way than the order "double time" was given and off they went at the smart dog trot that takes the place of running for an army on the march. Only when men began to lag behind was the return to regular "quick time" ordered. Officers and noncoms busied themselves with urging on would-be stragglers, keeping the ranks closed up and encouraging the men.

Hours passed thus. The thrumming of a motor was heard ahead and the column halted. A sidecar motorcycle appeared. Riding in the "tin bathtub" was a staff officer. He talked aside briefly with Colonel Millard D. Brown, 21 W. Tulpehocken st., Germantown. His message was that the regiment would not be needed at that time and that it was to return to billets.

A short rest was ordered. The men dropped almost where they stood, many not waiting to unsling their equipment. Not until daybreak was the order given for the return march. The men thought of the weary miles they had come in the cool of the night, glanced up at the scorching sun, remembered that lost Fourth celebration, and set off on the return march, slower and more wearisome than the northward journey, when every yard seemed a task to face.

It was not until the day was almost gone that the last company was safely back in billets. The Glorious Fourth—truly the strangest the men ever had spent—had come and gone. As they dropped into exhausted sleep that night, the last thought of many was of the familiar celebrations of the day at home and of what their loved ones had been doing.

A SPOILED FOURTH OF JULY

When word had filtered through to the other regiments that the 109th was on its way to the front, the celebration of the Fourth had turned to ashes in their mouths and they very frankly were green with envy. When they heard the next day of the outcome of the move, they chuckled at the discomfiture of the 109th and regretted they had not put more "pep" into the events of the day before.

Some days before this, several platoons of picked men from the division had been sent into a sector west of Chateau-Thierry for advanced training under fire with French forces. They were not expected to have a very hot time. The sector was extremely lively, but not just then flaming with activity, as were other places.

Two of these platoons, from the 111th Infantry, under command of Lieutenants Cedric H. Benz and John H. Shenkel, both of Pittsburgh, made an extraordinarily good impression on their French comrades. The sector continually grew hotter and hotter until the French, early in July, launched repeated attacks on the village of Vaux and on hill 204, close by.

These two positions were particularly difficult, and the French went about their operations under the watchful eyes of the learning Americans with all the skill and craft that long campaigning had taught them. Finally, just about the time their own regiments back in billets to the east were growing stale from monotony, the Americans around Vaux were invited to occupy positions where they could observe closely the whole operation. The platoons from the 111th had made such a favorable impression on their French hosts that the commander of the latter made a proposal to them.

SEIZE CHANCE FOR ACTION

"You will have every opportunity to observe the action," he said, "and that is all that is expected of you. If, however, you so desire, such of your numbers as care to may participate in the assault on Hill 204."

Participation in the attack was voluntary. Those who wanted to go were invited to step out of the ranks. The two platoons stepped forward as one man, went into the battle beside the French and under French command, laughing and singing, and covered themselves with glory. This was the first occasion in which units of the Pennsylvania Division had been in action, but as it was not under their own commanders it cannot properly be regarded as a part of the divisional activity.

Word of this action seeped back to the regiments and created a profound impression. The doughboys talked about and envied their companions and pledged themselves, each in his own heart, to maintain that high standard of soldierly character when his moment arrived.

Meantime, the regiments had gone plugging ahead with their training work—rifle shooting, bayonet work, hikes and practice attacks succeeding each other in bewildering variety.

The work was interrupted July 5 by the arrival of messengers from brigade headquarters. The regiments were to move up in closer support of the French lines. Marshal Foch had shepherded the Germans into a position where their only possibility for further attack lay almost straight south from the tip of the Soissons-Rheims salient. The French forces there were expected to make the crossing of the Marne so hazardous and costly an enterprise that the Germans either would give it up almost at the outset, or would be so harassed that the push could gain little headway. In any event, the American support troops—including our own Pennsylvanians—were depended on to reinforce the line at any critical moment. And for that reason it was imperative that they be within easier striking distance.

So, very early on the morning of July 6, the bugles roused the men from their slumbers and word was passed by the sergeants to hurry the usual morning duties, as there was "something doing." No larger hint was needed. Dressing, washing, "police duty" and breakfast never were dispensed with more rapidly, and in less than an hour after first call the regiments were ready to move.

MARCH OF 109TH DELAYED.

The 110th and 111th and the engineers moved off without incident, other than the keen interest aroused by the increasing clamor of the guns as they marched northward, to the new positions assigned them. Parts of their routes lay over some of the famous roads of France that had not suffered yet from the barbarous invaders, and made fairly easy going. At times they had to strike across country to gain a new and more available road.

A doughboy, pressing close to where a fine old tree leaned protectingly across the sun-baked road, reached up and pulled a leafy twig. He thrust it into the cord on his hat, and laughingly remarked that "now he was camouflaged." His comrades paid no attention until he remarked later that it was a good thing to have, as it helped keep the flies away. Thereafter

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The first article, published in The Bulletin yesterday, told how the Iron Division received the right to wear on the left shoulder of its uniforms of officers and men the distinguishing mark of the scarlet keystone, and the 109th and 112th the right to wear the fourragere, a braided cord loop, on the shoulder. Yesterday's instalment left the Iron Division waiting impatiently in billets for a chance for action. Today's instalment takes them into the front line.

To get the proper perspective on the Philadelphia Brigade, it is necessary to go back a few years in the history of the National Guard, before the various reorganizations to which it was subjected. Some years ago the First Brigade of the National Guard consisted of the First, Second, Third and Sixth Infantry Regiments. Of these the First, Second and Third belonged entirely to this city. Headquarters and one battalion of the Sixth also were here, with the other two battalions scattered through nearby counties.

Later the Fourth Brigade was organized and the Sixth Regiment became a part of it. During the service on the Mexican border in 1916, the Second Infantry, a part of the old First Brigade, became the Second Artillery. In the great re-organization at Camp Hancock last winter, the First Infantry became a part of the 109th Infantry, together with the Thirteenth, from Scranton and vicinity; the Third became a part of the 110th, with the Tenth, from western counties, and the Sixth became a part of the 111th, with the Eighteenth from Pittsburgh. The old Second became the 108th Artillery.

Thus, the 55th Infantry Brigade of the 28th Division made up of the 109th and 110th regiments, was preponderantly a Philadelphia organization, while the 56th Infantry Brigade, made up of the 111th and 112th, the latter formerly the Eighth, from Harrisburg, and the Sixteenth, from Oil City, was largely so. Hundreds of Philadelphians also are included in the 103d Engineers and various other organizations of the division.

FINAL TRAINING IN FRANCE

Thus the division went to France and entered upon the final phase of its training, being split up by brigades and brigaded with British troops to "learn the ropes" of modern fighting. The men were discouraged by their exceptionally long training period. They felt within themselves that they were ready for the front line and the evident hesitation of the military authorities to put them there was distressing. Many of them began to doubt that they would see actual fighting. They had longed and waited for so many months that it is no exaggeration, on the word of the men who have returned, to say that their very dreams were colored with the keen desire to try their mettle on the enemy.

According to the system worked out by the high command for bringing new troops up to front line calibre, they should then have gone into their own camp within sound of the guns, but behind the actual "zone of operations." There the division should have been reassembled and gotten to functioning properly and smoothly as a division, and then have been moved up by easy stages. It should have occupied one billet area after another, each closer to the lines, until it should actually have been under artillery fire behind the fighting line. Then, with its nerves tautened and having learned, possibly through some losses, how best to take care of and protect itself, it would at last have been sent into the front line, but even then not without some misgivings and it would have been carefully watched to see that it reacted properly to the new conditions.

In the progress of this customary routine, the work of assembling the division was begun a few miles northwest of Paris. Division headquarters was established at Gonesse, a little over ten miles from the heart of Paris. The four infantry regiments and the engineers were scattered through a myriad of villages in the vicinity, billeted in houses, stables, buildings of any kind that could be turned to adequate shelters.

Established thus, the organizations extended over a considerable stretch of territory. The 109th, for instance, was at Mitry and Mory, twin villages, but a short distance apart and usually referred to, for convenience, as one place, Mitry-Mory, eight miles by airline from division headquarters.

ARTILLERY TRAINS ELSEWHERE.

The 53rd Artillery Brigade, including the 108th Regiment, still was hard at its training work miles away and the doughboys, surmising that they would not be withheld from action to wait for the guns, gave thanks that it was the old Second, and not one of their regiments, that had been turned into artillery. Men of the old Third, particularly, recalled that it had been generally expected, when there was talk of transforming an infantry regiment to artillery, that theirs would be the regiment to be chosen, and that the naming of the Second had come as something of a surprise.

The infantry regiments had thus been assembled during June and a long and a wearisome wait impended while other units moved into the divisional concentration. No leaves were granted to go to Paris, although the crown of the Eiffel Tower could be descried above the haze from the city by day and at night the searchlights thrusting inquisitive fingers of light through the far reaches of the sky in search of prowling Hun airmen seemed to point the way to joys to which all had long been strangers.

From the other direction came, when the wind was right, the dull rumbling, like distant thunder, which they had learned was the guns.

Longings were about evenly divided between the two directions. If they could not go up to the front, whither they had been headed for these many months, they would have liked to go to Paris. Failing of both the front and Paris, they would have liked to go "any old place away from here." Which is typical of the soldier, "here," wherever it may be, always being the least desirable place in the world.

So the doughboys and engineers whiled away the long, warm days, drilling and hiking, doing much bayonet work, polishing and cleaning rifles and other equipment and variously putting in the time as best they could, and fretting all the time for a chance at real action. That may be said to have been one of the most trying periods of their long probation.

It may not be amiss to recall the general situation on the Western Front at this time. After a winter of boastful preparation, during which they advertised in every possible way that they expected to launch in the spring the greatest effort they had yet put forth to break through the Allied lines, the Germans, on March 21, strengthened by hundreds of thousands of veteran soldiers released from Russia through the farcical Brest-Litovsk treaty, boiled forth from their lines on the fifty-mile front from Arras to La Fere.

This was an effort to force a break at the juncture of the French and British lines about St. Quentin. It did not succeed in this, but a great wedge was thrust out to become a grave menace to Amiens, an important British distribution centre.

Very shortly after this move was checked, the British army in Flanders was heavily attacked, on April 9, in the region of Ypres, and thrown back so badly that Field Marshal Haig issued his famous appeal to the troops "fighting with their backs to the wall."

The British line finally held, and, French reinforcements arriving, began to react strongly in counter-attacks. Again the boiling western line simmered down, but on May 27 the German Crown Prince's army flung itself out from the Chemin des Dames, in Champagne, and by June 3 had reached the Marne at Chateau-Thierry. Here forces which made their way across the river were hotly attacked and driven back, and this drive came to a halt.

One week later, on June 10, the fighting was renewed from Montdidier to Noyon in a thrust for Compiegne as a key to Paris. This was plainly an effort to widen the wedge whose apex was at Chateau-Thierry, but Foch had outguessed the Germans, knew where they would strike and held them. The attack was fairly well checked in two days.

FACED CRITICAL SITUATION.

This was the situation, then, in those late June days when our Philadelphia soldiers pined for action within sight of Paris. The American army had been blooded in the various drives, but the 28th Division had not yet had a taste of the Hun action. Marines, the First and Second divisions of the Regular Army, engineers and medical troops had had a gallant part in the defense of Paris, and even in defense of the channel ports, in the Flanders thrust.

Dormans, Torcy, Bourosches, Bois de Belleau, Cantigny, Jaulgonne, these and other localities had won place in the annals of American arms. Wherever they had come in contact with the enemy, without exception, the American troops had "made good" and won the high encomiums of their British and French comrades. Is it any wonder, then, that thePennsylvanians chafed at the restraint which held them far away from where such great things were going forward?

It was at this critical juncture, the darkest hour of the Allied cause, that President Wilson, waiving any question of national pride, directed General Pershing to offer such troops as he had available to be brigaded with the French and English to meet the German assaults.

The reason for this was simple. The American Army had not yet been wielded into a cohesive whole. Its staff work was deficient. It was merely a conglomeration of divisions, each possibly capable of operating as a division, but the whole utterly unable to operate as a whole. By putting a brigade of Americans in a French or British division, however, the forces of our co-belligerents could be strengthened to the full extent of the available American troops.

BRIGADED WITH THE FRENCH

The American offer was promptly and gratefully accepted. Came the day, then, when our Pennsylvania men were ordered to move up to a sector below the Marne, there to be brigaded with a French army. The artillery brigade had not yet come into the divisional lines and few, even of the officers, had seen their comrades of the big guns since leaving Camp Hancock.

Of all this, of course, the men in the ranks knew nothing. To them came only the command to "fall in," which had always presaged the same weary routine of drill and hike. This time, however, when they found lines of motor trucks stretching along the road seemingly for miles, they knew there was "something doing" and word swept through the ranks that they were off for the front at last.

When, finally, the truck trains got under way with their singing, laughing, highly cheerful loads of doughboys and engineers, it was not directly northward, toward Montdidier, nor northeast, toward Soissons, where the latest heavy fighting had been going on, that they moved, as the men had hoped, but eastward.

Through Meaux and la Ferte-sous-Jouarre they moved. At the latter place they came to the Petit Morin River and from there on the road followed the valley of the little river more or less closely. Through pretty little villages and, here and there, more pretentious towns they whirled, singing as the spirit moved them and waving cheery greetings to the townsfolk, who, apathetic at the sound of many motors, stirred to excitement when they realized the soldiers were "les Americaines."

After their period of inaction, the men enjoyed the ride immensely, even though a crowded motor truck careering at full tilt is not the most luxurious mode of travel, especially for those on the inside. It is, however, so much better than hiking that your soldier regards transportation thus almost as he would riding in a Pullman at home.

STILL FAR FROM FRONT

When at last the column came to a halt, those in the vanguard learned the town at hand was Montmirail. Except that it was east of where they had been, this meant little. They had small idea of the number of miles they had traveled, but they knew from the looks of the country and from the attitude of the eagerly welcoming residents that they were not very close to the battle line.

Clustered all about the countryside for miles were countless villages. Part of the troops passed through Montmirail and went further east to Vauchamps. The trucks in the rear of the long column turned off at Verdelot. In the tiny ham-

lets centering about these three towns, the regiments were billeted.

Then ensued another period such as tries a soldier's patience to the uttermost—a time of waiting for something big to do and having all the time to carry on with what seem like trifling tasks.

Here another feature of the advanced training was noted by the men. For weeks, now, they had been hearing the sound of the big guns at the front, but only as a low, growling rumble, so distant that, although it was ever present, after a day or so it became so much a part of the daily life that it was forced upon the attention only when the wind was from the northeast.

Here, however, it was louder and more menacing and by that token alone the men would have known they were closer to the front lines. Their surmises in this regard were strengthened by the added gravity of the officers and the frequency with which they were summoned to headquarters for consultation.

(Continued tomorrow.)

10/19/18

HOW CITY'S 109TH BRAVED FOE FIRE IN FIRST ACTION

Bulletin's History of Iron Division Tells of Pennsylvanians' War Baptism

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there were many grasping hands when trees or bushes were within reach, and before noon the men bore some semblance to the Italian Bersaglieri, who wear plumed hats.

The going was not so smooth for the 109th, however. The farther the regiment moved along its northward road the louder and more emphatic became the cannonading. Both the officers and men realized they were getting very much closer to artillery fire than they had been. A spirit of tense, nervous eagerness pervaded the ranks. The goal of the long months of hard training, the achievement of all their dreams and desires seemed just ahead.

They had passed the little village of Artonges, where the tiny Dhuys river, no more than a bush and tree-bordered run, swung over and joined their road to keep it company on the northward route. Pargny-la-Dhuys was almost in sight, when a shell—their first sight of one in action—exploded in a field a few hundred yards to one side.

At almost the same time an officer came dashing down the road. He brought orders from brigade headquarters for the regiment to turn off the road and take cover in a woods. Pargny and the whole countryside about were being shelled vigorously by the Germans with a raking, searching fire in an effort to locate French batteries.

The shelling continued with little cessation, while the 109th in vexation hid in the woods south of Pargny. The doughboys became convinced firmly that the Germans knew they were on the way to the front and deliberately were trying to prevent them, through sheer fear of their well-known prowess. For many a Philadelphia soldier had been telling his comrades and everybody else for so long that "there won't be anything to it when this division gets into action," that he had the idea fixed in his mind that the Germans must be convinced of the same thing.

Three times the cannonade slackened and the heckled Pargny was left out of the zone of fire. Each time the 109th sallied forth from its green shelter and started ahead. Each time, just as it got well away and its spirits had begun to "perk up" again, the big guns began to roar at the town and they turned back.

This continued until July 10. When orders came that morning for the regiment to proceed northward, there was much gibing at Fritz and his spite against the regiment and little hope that the procedure should be anything more than another march up the road and back again.

Surprise was in store, however. This time the guns were pointed in other directions, and the regiment went over the hill, through what was left of Pargny after its several days of German "hate," and on up the road.

Just when spirits were soaring again at the prospect of marching right up to the fighting front, came another disappointment for the men. A short distance north of Pargny, the column turned into a field on the right of the road and made its way into a deep ravine bordering the northern side of the field. Ensued another period of grumbling and fault-finding among the men, who could not understand why they still saw nothing of the war at first hand.

109TH UNDER SHELL FIRE

The discussion was at its height as the men made camp, when it was interrupted by a screeching roar overhead, followed almost instantaneously by a terrific crash in the field above their heads and to the south.

"Whang" came another shell of smaller calibre on the other side of the road, and then the frightful orchestra was again in full swing. Suddenly that little ravine seemed a rather desirable place to be, after all. Most of the men would have preferred to be in position to do some retaliatory work, rather than sit still and have those shells raking through the air in search of them, but the shelter of the hollow was much more to be desired than marching up the open road in the teeth of shell fire.

An air of pride sat on many of the men. "Old Fritz must know the 109th is somewhere around," they reasoned.

Three days passed thus, with the regiment "holed up" against the almost continuous bombardment. Little lulls would come in the fire and the men would snatch some sleep, only to be roused by a renewal of the racket, for they had not yet reached that stage of old hands at the front, where they sleep undisturbed through the most vigorous shelling, only to be roused by the unaccustomed silence when the big guns quit baying.

Runners maintaining liaison with brigade headquarters and the other regiments were both better off and worse off, according to the point of view. Theirs was an exceedingly hazardous duty, with none of the relatively safe shelter of the regiment, but, too, it had that highly desirable spice of real danger and adventure that had been a potent influence in luring these men to France.

Liaison in a military sense, is the maintaining of communications. It is essential at all times that organizations operating together should be in close touch. To do this men frequently do the seemingly impossible. Few duties in the ranks of an army are more alluring to adventurous youth, more fraught with risk, or require more personal courage, skill and resourcefulness.

At last, however, the tedious wait came to an end. Saturday night, July 13, the usual hour for "taps," passed and the customary orders for the night had not been given. Toward midnight when the men were at a fever heat of expectancy, having sensed "something doing" in the very air, the regiment was formed in light marching order. This meant no heavy packs, no extra clothes, nothing but fighting equipment and two days' rations. It certainly meant action.

OFF TO THE MARNE AT LAST.

Straight northward through the night they marched. Up toward the Marne the sky was aglow with star shells, flares and shrapnel and high explosives. The next day, July 14, would be Bastille Day, France's equivalent of our Independence Day, and the men of the 109th commented among themselves as they hiked toward the flaring uproar that it looked as if it would be "some celebration."

The head of the column reached a town, and a glimpse at a map showed that it was Conde-en-Brie, where the little Surmelin river joins the Dhuys. Colonel Millard B. Brown and the headquarters company swung out of the column to establish regimental post command there. The rest of the regiment went on northward.

A mile farther and a halt was called. There was a brief conference of battalion commanders in the gloom and then the first battalion swung off to the left, the third to the right and the second extended its lines over the territory immediately before it.

When all had arrived in position, the first battalion was on a line just south of the tiny hamlet of Monthurel, northwest of Conde. The second battalion was strung out north of Conde, and the third continued the line north of the hamlet of St. Agnan, northeast of Conde.

Then the regiment was called on to do—for the first time with any thought that it would be of real, present value to them—that which they had learned to do, laboriously, grumblingly and with many a sore muscle and aching back, in camp after camp. They "dug in."

There was no sleep that night, even had the excited fancies of the men permitted. Up and down, up and down, went the sturdy young arms, and the dirt flew under the attack of entrenching picks and shovels. By daylight a long line of pits, with the earth taken out and heaped up on the side toward the enemy, scarred the fields. They were not pretentious, as trenches go in this war—scarcely to be dignified with the name of trenches—but the 109th heaved a sigh of relief and was glad of even that shelter as the Hun artillery renewed its strafing of the countryside.

Runners from the 109th carried the news to brigade headquarters that the regiment was at last on the line. Thence the word seeped down through the ranks, and the men of the 110th and 111th and of the engineers got little inklings of the troubles their comrades of the old First had experienced in reaching their position.

IN TRENCHES NEAR FRONT

Roughly, then, the line of the four regiments extended from near Chezy, on the east, to the region of Vaux, beyond Chateau-Thierry, on the west. The 103d Engineers held the eastern end. Then came, in the order named, the 109th, 110th and 111th. The 112th was busy elsewhere, and had not joined the other regiment of its brigade, the 111th.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

11/20/18

KEYSTONE SOLDIERS FOUGHT LIKE VETS IN MARNE BATTLE

Old French Campaigners Amazed at Coolness of Yanks from Pennsylvania

HELPED TURN TIDE IN HUN LAST DRIVE

Article No. III.

OUR Pennsylvania regiments now were operating directly with French troops, under French higher command, and in the line they were widely separated, with French regiments between.

The troops faced much open country, consisting chiefly of the well-tilled fields for which France is noted, with here and there a clump of trees or bushes, tiny streams, fences and an occasional farm building. Beyond these lay a dense woods, extending to the Marne, known variously in the different localities by the name of the nearest town. The Bois de Conde, near Monthurel, was the scene of some of the stiffest fighting that followed.

The real battle line lay right along the Valley of the Marne, a little more than two miles away, and the men of the Pennsylvania regiments were disappointed again to learn they were not actually holding the front line. That was entirely in the hands of the French in that sector, and French officers who came back to visit the American headquarters and to establish liaison with these support troops confidently predicted that the Boche never would get a foothold on the south bank of the river. The river, they said, was so lined with machine gun nests and barbed wire entanglements that nothing could pass.

That evening, Sunday, July 14, runners brought messages from brigade headquarters to Colonel Brown, comanding the 109th, and Colonel George E. Kemp, 1616 S. 20th st., this city, commanding the 110th. There were little holes in the French line that it was necessary to plug, and the American support was called on to do the plugging.

Colonel Brown ordered Captain James B. Cousart, 5030 Willows, av., this city, acting commander of the third battalion, to send two companies forward to the line, and Colonel Kemp, from his post command, despatched a similar message to Major Joseph H. Thompson, Beaver Falls, Pa., commanding his first battalion.

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Captain Cousart's little force was established in the line, Company M below Passy-sur-Marne, and Company L back of Courtemont-Varennes. The two companies of the 110th were back of Fossoy and Mezy, directly in the great bend of the river. The Dhuys River enters the Marne near that point and this river separated the positions of the 109th and 110th companies. Fossoy, the farthest west of these towns, is only four miles in and air line from Chateau-Thierry, and Passy is about four miles farther east.

"PLUG" HOLES IN FRENCH LINE

The reason for this move was two-fold: Marshal Foch had manipulated his forces so that it was felt to be virtually certain the next outbreak of the Germans could be made only at one point, directly southwest from Chateau-Thierry. If the expected happened, the green Pennsylvania troops would receive their baptism of fire within the zone of the operation, but not in the direct line of the thrust. Thus, they would become seasoned to fire without bearing the responsibility of actually stopping a determined effort.

The second reason was that the French had been making heavy concentrations around Chateau-Thierry, and their line to the east was too thin for comfort. Therefore, their units were drawn in somewhat at the flanks, to deepen the defense line, and the Pennsylvania companies were used to fill the gaps thus created.

French staff officers accompanied the four companies to the line and disposed them in the pockets left for them, in such a way that there were alternately along that part of the front a French regiment and then an American company. The disposition of the troops was completed well before midnight. The companies left behind had watched their fellows depart on

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this night adventure with longing, envious eyes, and little groups sat up late discussing the luck that fell to some soldiers and was withheld from others.

The men had had no sleep at all the night before and little during the day, but no one in those four companies, facing the Germans at last after so many weary months of preparation, thought of sleep, even had the artillery fire sweeping in waves along the front or the exigencies of their position, permitted it.

Eagerly the men tried to pierce the black cloak of night for a first glimpse of the Hun lines. Now and then, as a star shell hung its flare in the sky, they caught glimpses of the river, and sometimes the flash of a gun from the further shore gave assurance that the Boche, too, was awake and watching.

GREAT GUNS OPEN BATTLE

About 11.30 o'clock, the night was shattered by a ripping roar from miles of French batteries in the rear, and the men lay in their trenches while the shells screamed overhead. It was by far the closest the Pennsylvania men had been to intensive artillery fire, and they thought it terrible, having yet to learn what artillery really could be.

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As showing the dependence placed by the Germans on their own ability to follow such a schedule, it may be permissible here to recall that during the fighting an automobile bearing the black and white cross of the Germans was driven into a village held by Americans. It was immediately surrounded and a German major, leaning out cried, irascibly:

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engaged fourteen divisons—approximately 170,000 men—in the first line in this part of the battle-field. Behind these, in support, were probably fourteen additional divisions, some of which, owing to the losses inflicted on those in the front line, were compelled to take part in the fighting. No figures are available as to the number of French, but their lines were so thin that Americans had to be thrust in to stop gaps, and there were fewer than 15,000 men in the Pennsylvania regiments.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

11/21/18

STATE TROOPS CUT THROUGH HUN HORDE WHEN SURROUNDED

Former N. G. P. Groups Caught in Swirl of Marne Drive Slashed Way Back

INDIVIDUAL GALLANTRY MARKED PLUCKY STAND

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ARTICLE No. IV.

NOTHING human could halt those gray-green waves in the first impetus of the German assault across the Marne. They gained the bridge heads, and were enable to seek cover and spread out along the river banks. The grim gray line, like an enormous, unclean caterpillar, crept steadily across the stream. When enough men had gained the southern bank, the assault was carried to the Franco-American lines.

Machine guns in countless numbers spat venomously from both sides. Rifle fire and rifle grenade and hand grenade explosions rolled together in one tremendous cacophony. The appalling diapason of the big guns thundered unceasingly.

Up the wooded slope swept the Hun waves. The furious fire of the defenders, whatever it meant to individuals, made no appreciable impress on the masses. They swept to and over the first line.

Then, indeed, did the Pennsylvanians rise to heroic heights. Gone was most of the science and skill of warfare so painstakingly inculcated in the men through months of training. Truly, it was "kill or be killed." Hand to hand, often breast to breast, the contending forces struggled. Men were locked in deadly embrace, from which the only escape was death for one or both.

One lad, his rifle knocked from his hands, plunged at an antagonist with blazing eyes and clenched fists in the manner of fighting most familiar to American boys. They were in a little eddy of the terrible melee. The American landed a terrific "punch" on the point of his opponent's chin, just as a bullet from the rear struck home in his back. The rifle, falling from the hands of the German, struck the outflung arms of the Pennsylvanian. He seized it, even as he fell, plunged the bayonet through the breast of his enemy, and, the lesson of the training camps coming to the fore in his supreme moment, he gurgled out the ferocious "yah!" which he had been taught to utter with each bayonet thrust.

GROUPS FIGHT BACK TO BACK.

The companies were split up into little groups. Back to back, they fired, thrust, hewed and hacked at the swarming enemy. No group knew how the others were doing. Many said afterwards they believed it was the end of all things for them, but they were resolved to die fighting and to take as many Huns with them as possible.

Then came the great tragedy for those gallant companies. Something went wrong with the liaison service. It was such a thing as is always likely to happen where two forces of men, speaking different languages, are working in cooperation.

An officer suddenly woke to the fact that there were no French troops on the flanks of his command. The same realization was forced home to each of the four companies. The now famous "yielding defense" of the French had operated and their forces had fallen back in the face of the impetuous German onslaught. Four companies of Pennsylvanians alone faced the army of the German Crown Prince.

In the midst of that Gehenna of fighting, no man has clearly fixed in his mind just what happened to cause the separation of the line. Certainly the French must have sent word that they were about to fall back. Certainly the companies, as such, never received it. Possibly the runners conveying the orders never got through. Maybe the message was delivered to an officer who was killed before he could pass it on.

Whatever the reason, the French fell back, and there were left in that forefield of heroic endeavor only little milling, twisting groups, at intervals of several thousand feet, where our valiant Pennsylvania lads fought on still for very dear life.

The Boche hordes swept onward, pressing the French. The Americans were surrounded. Captain Cousart and a handful of his men were severed completely from the rest and taken prisoners. Lieutenant James Dwyer, at the other flank of Company L, and almost half a platoon met a similar fate. Lieutenant Maurice J. McGuire was wounded.

Lieutenant James B. Schoch, 1201 Pine st., was next in command of Company L. Not far from him, Sergeant Frank Benjamin, 4204 Chester av., was still on his feet and pumping his rifle at top speed. From forty to fifty men of the company were within reach. The Lieutenant and the Sergeant managed to consolidate them and pass the word to fall back, fighting.

FIGHT WAY THROUGH HUNS

That is just what they did. Part of the time they formed something like a circle, fighting outward in every direction, but always edging back in where they knew the support lines were. They literally fought their way through that part of the Prussian army that had gotten between them and the regimental lines.

At times they fought from tree to tree, exactly as they had read of Indians doing. When they were pressed so closely that they had to have more room, they used their bayonets, and every time the Hun gave way before the "cold steel."

Here and there they met, singly or in small groups, other men of the company who had become separated. These joined the party, so that when, afer hours of this dauntless struggle, Lieutenant Schoch stood in front of headquarters, saluted and said: "Sir, I have brought back what was left of L Company," he had sixty-seven men in the little column.

During the day other men slipped from the shelter of the woods and scurried into the company lines, but there were sad holes in the ranks when the last one to appear came in.

Company M was having the same kind of trouble. A swirl in the fighting opened a gap, and an avalanche of Germans plunged through, leaving Captain Mackey and a dozen men utterly separated on one side. It was impossible for them to rejoin the company, so they did from their position exactly what the men of Company L were doing, fought their way through the Prussian-crowded woods to their own lines.

28TH DIVISION ONE OF FOUR "FIGHTING RED DIVISIONS"

Three other National Guard divisions and four Regular Army divisions share with the 28th, or Iron Division, the former National Guard of Pennsylvania, the honor of being singled out by General Pershing for special honors.

The other National Guard divisions are the 26th, from New England; the 32d, from Michigan and Wisconsin, and the 42d, or Rainbow Division. The latter is made up of National Guard troops from twenty-seven States and the District of Columbia, including a battalion of machine gunners from Lancaster, Easton, Bethlehem and Reading, Pa., and medical troops from this city.

The four National Guard divisions are designated by General Pershing as "Fighting Red Divisions." Each has been awarded a scarlet insignia as a divisional decoration of honor, that for the 28th being a keystone. General Pershing's formal citation has not yet reached this country, but Major William C. Williams, 1721 N. 18th st., of the 109th Infantry, brought back with him from France the memorandum issued to the division on receipt of General Pershing's order. The divisional memorandum, directing the wearing of the keystones, is as follows:

Headquarters 8th Division.
American Expeditionary Forces,
France.
October 27, 1918.

Memorandum:

A red keystone has been designated as the distinctive insignia for this division. Keystones are to be worn on all coats and overcoats, including trench and short coats worn by officers and the mackinaws issued to engineers, motorcycle drivers, etc., but not on the slickers.

A standard size of keystone of selected color and quality of cloth has been adopted and contracted for by the Quartermaster Department. These will be issued at the rate of two per man and no others will be worn. They are to be sewed on the left sleeve with red thread, the top to be on the line of the seam.

(Here follows a diagram showing the size and proportions of the keystones.)

By order of
Major-General Hay.
W. C. Sweeney, Chief of Staff.

Lieutenant William B. Brown, of Moscow, Pa., near Scranton, senior officer remaining with the bulk of the company, became commander, but his responsibility was short-lived. Five bullets through the head at once ended his career within a very few minutes.

Lieutenant Thomas B. W. Fales, 4407 Spruce st., now became commander of the little band, as the only officer left with the main body of the company. Lieutenants Edward Hitzeroth, 3419 Race st., and Walter L. Swarts had disappeared, prisoners in the hands of the Germans, and Lieutenant Martin Wheeler, of Moscow, Pa., also had been separated with a few men.

There were thirty-five men in Lieutenant Fales' command. He rallied and reformed them and they began the backward fight to the support line. They made it in the face of almost insurmountable odds and, what is more, they arrived with half a dozen prisoners. Enough men of the company had been picked up on the way to make up for casualties suffered during the running fight.

WOUNDED OFFICER SAVES MEN.

Lieutenant Wheeler, who had been cut off with part of a platoon early in the rush, ordered his men to lie down in the trenches, where they were better able to stand off the Germans. He himself took a rifle from the hands of a dead man and a supply of ammunition and clambered out of the trench. Absolutely alone, he scouted along through the woods until he found a route that was relatively free from the German advance.

Then he went back for his men, formed them and led them by the selected route, fighting as they went against such of the enemy as sought to deter them. All of this Lieutenant Wheeler performed while suffering intense pain from a wound of the hand, inflicted early in the engagement. After reaching the regimental lines, he had first aid treatment for the wound and continued in the battle.

Lieutenant Eugene R. Crossman found a wounded corporal who was unable to walk. He remained with the corporal and they became entirely isolated from all other Americans. They were given up for lost until the next night, when a message arrived that a patrol from another American unit on another part of the battle front, miles away, had brought in the lieutenant and the corporal, both utterly exhausted and almost unbalanced from their experience.

The lieutenant had dressed the corporal's wound roughly and then had started to lead him in. They became lost and wandered about for hours. At times the lieutenant carried the corporal on his back, when the wounded man became unable to walk. Again they were forced to take shelter in a thicket, when parties of Germans approached, and to lie, in imminent fear of death, until the enemy groups had passed on. Finally they heard voices speaking in English and came on the American patrol.

A message came back to the regimental lines from the beleaguered, hard-pressed M Company for ammunition. Supply Sergeant Charles McFadden, 3d, 4052 Walnut st., set out with a detail to carry the ammunition forward. They were trapped in a little hamlet by the advancing Germans. McFadden sent his men back on the run, as they were badly outnumbered, but himself remained behind to destroy the ammunition to prevent its falling into the hands of the Germans.

HUNS IN FRENCH UNIFORMS.

He saw men approaching him in the French uniform and believed he was safe, until they opened fire on him with rifles and machine guns—by no means the first instance in which the Germans made such use of uniforms other than their own. Sergeant McFadden saw it was hopeless to try longer to blow up his ammunition and fled. He ran into a machine gun manned by three Germans. He took them at an angle and before they could swing the gun around to bear on him, he was upon them. Two shots from his rifle and a swift lunge with the bayonet, and the machine gun crew was out of the way forever.

The Germans were coming on, however, and to reach his own lines, McFadden had to run almost a mile up a steep hill. A bullet passed through his sleeve, another through his gas mask, one through his canteen, four dented his steel helmet and another shot the stock off his rifle, but he himself was untouched. He had taken off his outer shirt because of the heat. As he came up the hill toward his own lines, his comrades, not recognizing him in that wildly running figure, opened fire on him. He dropped to the ground, ripped off his undershirt and waving it as a flag of truce, made his panting way into the lines.

The two companies of the 110th were passing through almost exactly similar experiences. Company B was surrounded and split. After a fight of twenty-four hours, during which it was necessary time after time to charge the Huns with bayonets and rally the group repeatedly to keep it from disintegrating, Captain Fish, whose home is in New Brighton, with Lieutenant Claude W. Smith, of New Castle, and Lieutenant Gilmore Hayman, of Berwyn, fought their way back with 123 men. They brought with them several prisoners, and carried twenty-six of their own wounded.

The rest of the company, surrounded in the woods, also made a running fight of it, but was scattered badly and drifted back to the regimental lines in little groups, leaving many comrades behind, dead, wounded and prisoners.

The same kind of thing befell Company C, of which a little more than half returned. Captain Truxel and Lieutenants Wilbur Schell and Samuel S. Crouse were surrounded by greatly superior forces and taken prisoner with a group of their men.

Corporal Alvey C. Martz, of Glencoe, Somerset County, with a patrol of six men, was out in advance of the company stringing barbed wire right along the river bank, when the German bombardment began. They dropped into shell holes. At the point where they lay, the wire remained intact and the Hun flood passed around them. When the hail of shells passed on in advance of the charging German lines, they arose, to find themselves completely cut off from their comrades.

PATROL FIGHTS WAY THROUGH

"We've got to fight boys, so we might as well start it ourselves," said Martz, and his matter of fact manner had a strong steadying effect on them all.

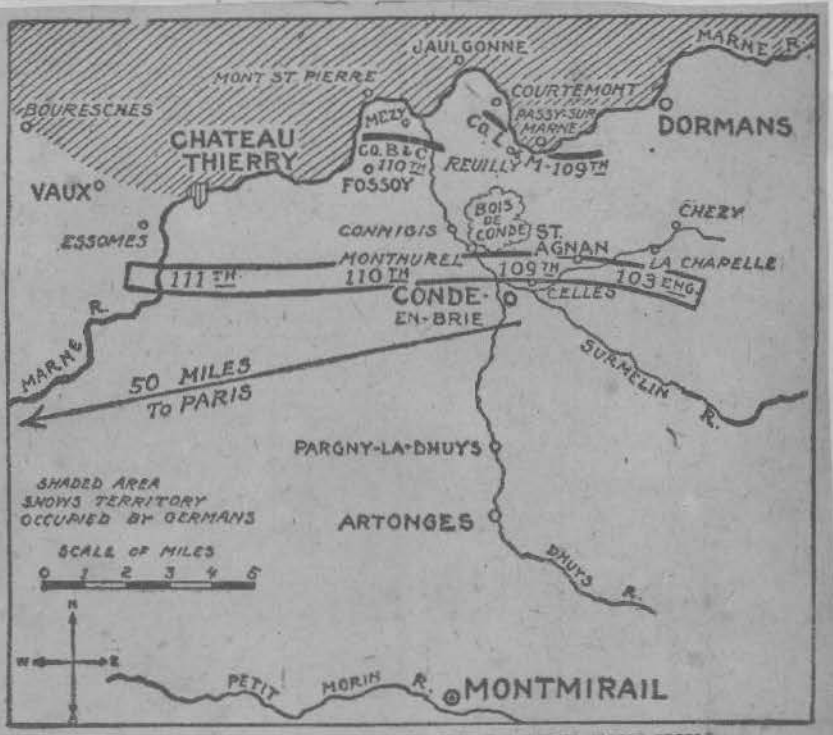
Remember that it was the first time any of the youths had been face to face with the Germans. It was the first time they had ever been called on to fight for their lives. Less than a year before they had been quiet civilians, going about their peaceful trades. Martz had lived with his parents on a mountain farm in a remote part of Pennsylvania, six miles from the nearest railway. Add to this the fact that they had learned in their brief soldiering career to lean heavily upon their officers for initiative, instructions and advice, and what these men did attains epic proportions.

They came out of their shell holes shooting. No crafty concealment, no game of hide and seek with the Hun for them. Lest their firing might not attract enough attention, they let out lusty yells. Groups of Germans before them, apparently believing they were being attacked from the flank by a strong force, fled. The seven men gained the shelter of the woods. For two hours they worked their way through the forest, fighting desperately when necessary, and hunting anxiously for the place where they knew their company had been. It was not there.

When, at last, they glimpsed American uniforms through the trees they thought they had come up with the company. But it was only Sergeant Robert A. Floto, of Meyersdale, Pa., of their own company, with half a dozen men.

Corporal Martz relinquished command of the party to Sergeant Floto. A little farther on they met another American, who joined the party. He was "mad all through" and on the verge of tears from anxiety and exasperation at his own helplessness.

"There were seven of us cut off from the company," he told them, "and we ran slap-bang into all the Boche in the world. I was several feet behind the other guys and the Fritzes didn't see me. It came so sudden, the boys didn't have a chance to do anything. When I took a peek through the trees, about a million Germans were around, and my gang was just being led back toward the river by two Hun officers.



WHERE FORMER N. G. P. FIRST MET THE HUN

Brigaded with French troops, the old National Guard regiments of this city, now the 109th, 110th and 111th infantry regiments and the 103d Engineers, fighting as infantry, occupied a support line below the Marne, indicated on the map, on July 15. Two companies of the 109th and two of the 110th had been sent forward to the front line to fill gaps in the French forces. Their position at the time the Germans started their last offensive also is shown on the map. These four companies were badly cut up and the regiments had some heavy fighting in this region, as set forth in the historical narrative of the 28th Division, now being published daily in The Bulletin.

11/22/18

KEYSTONE YANKEES, FAR OUTNUMBERED, BROKE HUN MORALE

28th "Gave 'em H—l" So Vigorously That Six Foe Divisions Called for Help

COULDN'T STAND BAYONET OR EQUAL STALKING GAME

Article No. V.

BACK in the regimental lines, while Companies L and M, of the 109th, and B and C, of the 110th, were being mauled badly by the Germans, anxiety had gone steadily from bad to worse.

Enduring the storm of shells with which the Germans continued to thresh the back areas for miles, the troops did not have, for some time after the battle began, the excitement of combat to loosen their tight-strung nerves.

They saw the French come filtering out of the woods before them, and watched eagerly for their comrades, but their comrades did not come and, as time passed, it was realized the detached companies were having a hard time.

The vanguard of the Prussians reached the edge of the woods shortly before daybreak. Men on watch in the American trenches saw hulking gray-clad figures slinking among the trees close to the forest's fringe and opened fire. As the day grew the firing on both sides waxed hotter, and soon a long line of the enemy advanced from the shelter of the bois. They were met by a concentration of rifle, machine gun and cannon fire such as no force could withstand. The first waves seemed simply to wither away like chaff before a wind. The following ones slackened their pace, hesitated a moment or two then turned and ran for the timber.

From that moment, our men were themselves again. They saw the Germans were not invincible. They themselves had broken up a Prussia Guards attack. All their confidence, self-reliance, initiative, elan, came to the fore. They felt themselves unbeatable.

But one swallow does not make a summer, nor does one repulse of an enemy make a victory. Time after time the Germans returned to the assault. Groups of them gained the wheat fields, where they felt protected from the fire of our men. Obviously, they expected to crawl through the wheat until they were on the southern edge of the fields, where, lying closely protected, they could pick the Americans off at leisure.

STALK EACH OTHER THROUGH WHEAT

Whole platoons of our men volunteered to meet this move and were permitted to crawl forward and enter the wheat. Then ensued a game of hide and seek. Germans and Americans stalking each other as big game is stalked, flat on their faces in the growing grain.

But the Germans were no match for Americans at this kind of thing. There is something—a kind of heritage from our pioneer, Indian-fighting ancestors, probably—that gives to an American lad a natural advantage at this sort of fighting, and scores of Germans remained behind in the shelter of the wheat when the tide of battle had passed far away, with the spires of grain nodding and whispering a requiem over them.

Before dawn of that fifteenth of July, word was received from Colonel McAlexander, commanding the 38th Infantry of the old regular army, which was in front and to the right of the 109th, that the Germans had crossed the river and penetrated the Allied lines. He added that if they gained a foothold in the Bois de Conde, or Conde Wood, a high, wooded tract just north of Monthurel, the position of the 38th would be seriously menaced.

Captain William C. Williams, 1721 N. 18th st., commanding Company H, 109th, and Captain Edward J. Meehan, 1937 Ridge av., commanding Company D, of the same regiment, were ordered into the wood. The companies were led out and took positions on both sides of a narrow ravine in the wood.

Presently the French began to appear, falling back. First they came one or two at a time, then in larger groups. As they hurried by they gave some indication of the heavy fighting they had gone through and which still was going forward up toward the river.

Captain Williams took a platoon of his company to establish it in a strong position to protect the flank of the company. While doing so, the firing, which had been growing closer all the time, broke out right at hand and Captain Williams discovered he and his men were cut off from the company. The Captain was shot in the hand at the first fire and several of his men were wounded, but the Captain rallied his little party and they fought their way back and rejoined the company. Captain Williams was wounded twice more, but so serious was the emergency that he had a first aid dressing applied and continued the fight without further treatment.

Both Captain Williams and Captain Meehan since have been promoted to the rank of Major and have been awarded Distinguished Service Crosses. Major Williams is an old regular army man. With the rank of sergeant, he was attached to the former First Pennsylvania Infantry as an instructor and served in this capacity during the Mexican border duty in 1916. Later he was commissioned Captain and assigned to command Company H.

A party of Huns made their way

I figured I couldn't do anybody any good by firing into that mob, so I came away to look for help."

"Guess we'd better see what we can do for those guys," remarked Martz in the same cool, almost disinterested manner he had used before. Everybody wanted to go, but Martz insisted it was a job for only two men. As a companion he picked John J. Mullen, 4891 Merion av., this city. Mullen was not a former Guardsman. He was a selected man, sent from Camp Meade several months before with a draft to fill the ranks of the Twenty-eighth Division. But he had proved himself in many a training camp to be, as his comrades put it, "a regular fellow." He was a bartender before he entered the army.

OFF TO RESCUE PRISONERS

So Corporal Martz and Mullen, surrounded by a goodly part of the Crown Prince's crack troops, 3,000 miles from home, in a country they never had seen before, cut loose from the little group of their comrades, turned their backs on the American lines and hiked out through the woods toward Hunland to succor their fellows in distress.

The little prisoner convoy was not making great speed and the two Americans soon overtook them. The first torrent of the German advance had now passed far to their rear. The two Americans circled around through the woods and lay in ambush for the party. The prisoners, because of the narrowness of the paths through the woods, were marching in single file, one German officer in the lead, the other bringing up the rear.

"You take the one in front and I'll take that bird on the end," said Martz to Mullen. Martz was something of a sharpshooter. Once he had gone to camp with the West Virginia National Guard, just over the State line from his home, and came back with a medal as a marksman, although he was only substituting for a man who was unable to attend the camp.

They drew careful bead. Out of the corner of his eye Mullen could watch Martz, at the same time he sighted on his German officer. Martz nodded his head and the two rifles cracked simultaneously. Both officers dropped dead. The prisoners looked about them, stunned with surprise. Martz and Mullen stepped out of the woods. There was no time for thanks or congratulations. They hurried back the way they had come. The released men had no trouble arming themselves with rifles and ammunition from the dead lying in the woods.

They soon overtook Sergeant Floto and his men. The party was now of more formidable size and as the Germans by this time were broken up into rather small groups, the Americans no longer felt the necessity of skulking through the woods, but started out as a belligerent force, not hunting fight, but moving not a step to avoid one.

A few hours later they joined another group of survivors, under Captain Charles L. McLain, of Indiana, Pa., who took command. He vetoed the daring rush through the Hun-infested woods by daylight and ordered that the party lie concealed during the day and proceed to the American lines after nightfall.

"We need a rear guard to protect us against surprise," said Captain McLain, and after what had gone before it seemed but natural that Corporal Martz and Private Mullen should be selected for the job when they promptly volunteered. With little further adventure the party arrived in the regimental lines after about thirty-six hours of almost continuous contact with the Germans.

In each regiment the survivors of this first real battle of the troops of the Pennsylvania division were formed into one company for the time being, until replacement drafts arrived to make up for the heavy losses.

This, then, is the tale of what happened when, as so many soldier letters have related, these four companies were "cut to pieces," and this is why L and M Companies, of the 109th, and B and C Companies, of the 110th, figured so largely in the casualties for a time.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

SUMMARY OF THE TALE

The history of the Pennsylvania National Guard in the war, known generally as the "Iron Division," officially as the Twenty-eighth Division, is being told in The Bulletin in connected narrative form for the first time.

Some of the gallant exploits of individuals and of units have been told from time to time through despatches and letters and tales of homecomers, but much of the daring and dash of Pennsylvania's troops heretofore has been obscured in the larger picture of the war. Here has been collected all the available mass of detail from the time our boys left to the war's end.

The first article, published in The Bulletin Monday, told how the Iron Division received the right to wear on the left shoulder of its uniforms of officers and men the distinguishing mark of the scarlet keystone, and the 109th and 112th the right to wear the fourragere, a braided cord loop, on the shoulder. The second instalment carried the Division through Hun barrage to their first battle line on the Marne, where they dug in under cover of night. The third article described their amazing coolness in the terrific and unprecedented bombardment of their positions in Germany's supreme and last effort of the Second Marne. Yesterday's chapter told how they cut through the Hun horde when surrounded, with many conspicuous individual gallantries.

through the woods to a copse on the flank of the first battalion of the 109th, where they established a strong machine gun nest. From that position their fire was especially harassing to the battalion, and it was found necessary to clean out that nest if the position was to be maintained.

CLEAN OUT MACHINE GUNNERS.

Accordingly Captain Meehan led Company D out from the shelter of their trench without the special protection of artillery fire. A piece of shell caught Captain Meehan in the shoulder and the impact half swung him around, but he kept on. Captain Felix R. Campuzano, 6228 Spruce st., with B Company, went out in support of Captain Meehan's men, and Captain Campuzano was struck in the hand.

Company D spread out like a fan and stalked that copse as smoothly and faultlessly as ever a black buck was stalked in the heart of Africa by an expert hunter. Occasionally a doughboy would get a glimpse of a Boche gunner. There would be a crack from the thin American line, always advancing, and virtually every shot meant one Hun less. There were few wasted bullets in that fight. The storm of lead from the machine guns was appreciably less by the time the Americans entered the shelter of the woods. Once they reached the trees, there was a wild clamor of shouts, cries, shots, the clatter of steel on steel.

Presently this died down and Americans began to emerge from the woods. Not so many came back as went out, but of the Huns who had crept forward to establish the nest, none returned to their own lines. Our men brought several enemy machine guns back.

Captain Williams, still with H Company in a well-advanced position, was pressed closely by advancing Huns, but believed his position could be held with help. He despatched George L. MacElroy, 136 E. Fisher's ave., Olney, a bugler, with a message to Colonel Brown, asking for assistance.

Nineteen years old, and only recently graduated from his status as one of the best Boy Scouts in this city, young MacElroy trudged into the open space before Colonel Brown's quarters, saluted and stood stiff and soldierly while he delivered his message. He looked very young and boyish, though his grimy face was set in stern, wearied lines under his steel helmet.

Colonel Brown read the message and started to give an order but checked himself as he noticed the messenger swaying slightly on his feet.

YOUNG BUGLER A HERO

"My boy, how long has it been since you had food?" he asked.

The question, and particularly the kindly tone, were too much for the overwrought nerves of the lad.

"Forty-eight hours, sir," he responded, and then, his stoicism gave way and he collapsed.

"Get something to eat here and take a sleep," said the Colonel. "You need not go back."

"No, sir," was the reply. "My company is up there in the woods, fighting hard, and I am going back to it. Captain Williams depends on me, sir."

And back he went, although he was persuaded to rest a few minutes while a lunch was prepared. He was asked to describe his experiences on that journey through the German-infested woods, but the sum of his description, given in a deprecatory manner, was: "I just crawled along and got here."

With such spirit as this actuating our men, it is small wonder that the Germans found themselves battling against a stone wall of defense that threatened momentarily to topple forward on them and crush them.

MacElroy was wounded slightly and suffered a severe case of shell shock a few days later. He has been in the hospital ever since and was awarded the French War Cross for his bravery.

Bugler MacElroy was by no means the only lad who did not eat for forty-eight hours. Those in the forward lines had entered the fight with only two days' rations. Many of them threw this away to lighten themselves for the bitter contest. Subsequently food reached them only intermittently and in small quantities, for it was almost an impossible task to carry it up from the rear through that vortex of fighting.

SUFFER FROM LOSS OF SLEEP

Sleep they needed even more than food. For five days and nights hundreds of the men slept only for a few moments at a time, not more than three hours all told. They became as automatons, fighting on though they had lost much of the sense of feeling. It was asserted by medical men that this loss of sleep acted almost as an anesthetic on many, so that wounds that ordinarily would have incapacitated them through sheer pain, were regarded hardly at all. When opportunity offered, more than one went sound asleep on his feet, leaning against the wall of a trench.

After that first splendid repulse of the German attack, the Crown Prince's forces, with typical Teuton stubborness, launched assault after assault against our line. Officers could be seen here and there, mingling with the German soldiers, beating them and kicking them forward in the face of the murderous American fire.

It was during this almost continuous game of attack and repulse that there occurred one of the most remarkable and dramatic events of the whole period. The Boche had been gnawing into the lines of the 110th, in the centre of the Pennsylvania line, until it seemed nothing could stop them. Probably the most terrific pressure along that sector was exerted against this regiment.

For twenty-five hours it had given virtually constant battle, and officers and men felt they soon must give way and fall back. Y. M. C. A. men serving with the Americans had established themselves in a dugout in the face of a low bluff facing away from the enemy, where they and their supplies were reasonably safe from shell fire, and from these dugouts they issued forth, with a courage that won the admiration of the fighting men, to carry chocolate, cigarettes and other bits of comfort to the hard pressed doughboys and to render whatever aid they could. Several of them pleaded to be allowed to take rifles and help withstand the onslaught, but this, of course, was forbidden.

PIGEON REVEALS HUN PLIGHT

The Rev. Francis A. La Violette, of Seattle, Wash., one of the Y. M. C. A. workers, had lain down in the dugout for a few minutes' rest when he heard a flutter of wings about the entrance. He found a tired and frightened pigeon, with a message tube fastened to its leg. Removing the carrier, he found a message written in German, which he was unable to read. He knew the moment was a critical one for the whole line. He knew there were grave fears that the Germans were about to break through and that, if they did there would be little to hold them from a dash on Paris.

He rushed the message to headquarters, where it was translated. It was a cry of desperation from the Germans, intended for their reserve forces in the rear. It said that, unless reinforcements were sent at once, the German line at that point would be forced to retire. The pigeon had become lost in the murk of battle and delivered the message to the wrong side of the fighting front.

In half an hour word had gone down the line, and tanks, artillery and thousands of French troops were rushing to the threatened point. With this assistance and the knowledge that the Germans were already wavering, the Pennsylvanians advanced with determination and hurled the enemy back. Headquarters was dumfounded, when prisoners were examined, to learn that six divisions of Prussians, about 75,000 men, had been opposing the Allied force and had been compelled to call for help.

On the right of our line the enemy thrust forward strong local attacks, driving our men from St. Agnan, and La Chapelle-Manthodon. St. Agnan, three miles south of the nearest spot on the Marne, was the farthest point of the German advance. Almost immediately the 109th Infantry and 103d Engineers, in conjunction with French Chausseurs Alpin (Blue Devils), launched a counter attack which drove the Germans pell mell out of the villages and started them on their long retreat.

SILENCE MACHINE GUN NEST.

Just before this counter attack began the 109th was being harassed again by a machine gun nest, and this time Company K was sent out to "do the job." I did, in as workmanlike a manner as D Company had on the other occasion. Lieutenant Walter Flechter was wounded, as were several enlisted men.

When the counter attack finally was launched Captain Walter McC. Gearty, 2558 N. Hutchinson st., acting as major of the First Battalion of the 109th, led the advance of that regiment. They ran into a machine gun nest that was spitting bullets like a summer rain. The stream of lead caught Captain Gearty full in the front, and he dropped, the first officer of his rank in the old National Guard of Pennsylvania to meet death in the war.

His men, frantic at the loss of a beloved officer, plunged forward more determinedly than ever and wiped out that machine gun nest to a man, seized the guns and ammunition and turned them on the already fleeing Boche.

The Americans had discovered by this time the complete truth of what their British instructors had told them—that the Hun hates and fears the bayonet more than any other weapon of warfare. So they wasted few bullets. Rifle fire, they discovered, was a mighty thing in defense, when a man has a chance to steady himself and aim with precision while the enemy is doing the advancing. But when conditions are reversed, the best rifleman has little chance to shine in pressing forward in an attack, so it was the bayonet that was used this time.

The men had gone "over the top" without a barrage, but they had the best protection in the world—self-confidence, which the Hun had not. The Prussians had had a taste of American fighting such as they had thought never to experience, and for thousands of them the mere sight of that advancing line of grim, set faces, preceded by bristling bayonet points, was enough. They did not wait to be "tickled" with the point.

Others, however, stood their ground boldly enough and gave battle. As had been the case for several months, they depended little on the individual rifleman, but put virtually their whole trust in machine guns and artillery. With their ranks shorn of their old-time confidence and many of their men fleeing in panic rather than come to grips with the Americans and French, there was little chance to stem that charge, however, and the enemy fell back steadily, even rapidly, to the Marne.

(To be continued tomorrow)

11/23/18

GUARDSMEN WON HANDILY DESPITE HUN TREACHERY

"Iron Division" Proved Themselves Not "Tin Soldiers," in Battle Furnace Near the Marne

VICTORS IN FACE OF ODDS OF FOE'S DASTARD TRICKERY

ARTICLE NO. VI.

IT was in following up the German retreat from their "farthest south" back to the Marne, that our men learned the truth of what they had heard and read so often, that the German is as good a fighter as any in the world when he is in masses, but degenerates into a sickening coward when left alone or in small groups.

It was during this time, too, that they learned the truth of the oft-repeated charge that Germans were left behind, chained to machine guns so they could not escape, to hinder an advancing enemy and make his losses as heavy as possible.

Repeatedly groups of our men advanced on machine gun nests in the face of vicious fire until they were in a position to make a sudden rush and, on reaching the guns, were greeted by uplifted hands and bleats of "Americans, kamerads! kamerads!"

On the nature of the individual Americans depended what happened. Sometimes the Germans were released from their chains and sent to the rear as prisoners. Sometimes the bayonet was used as the only answer to such tactics. And who shall blame either action?

When, as frequently happened, it was a case of man to man, the Pennsylvanians found that it was a rare German who would stand up and fight. Long afterward they told gleefully of finding, here and there, a Hun who bravely gave battle, for our men frankly preferred to kill their men fighting rather than to slaughter them or take them prisoner.

Some of the Americans were so eager to keep close on the heels of the retreating Huns that they did not stop long enough thoroughly to clean up machine gun nests and other strong points. Groups of the Boche hid until the main body of the Americans had passed on, then raked them from the rear with machine gun and rifle fire, snipers concealed in trees being particularly annoying in this way.

In scores of instances our men found machine guns and their gunners both tied fast in trees, so that neither could fall, even when the operator was shot. It was reported reliably but unofficially that machine gun nests had been found where the Germans, in the short time they had been on the ground, had arranged aerial tramways of rope from tree to tree, so that if a machine gun nest were discovered in one tree and the gunners shot, the guns could be slid over to another tree on the ropes and another group of men could set them going again.

Many of the Huns "played dead" until the American rush was past, then opened fire on the rear. This is an old trick, but Allied soldiers who tried it early in the war discovered that the Germans countered it by having men come along after a charging body of troops, bayoneting everybody on the field to make sure all were dead. The Germans, however, knew they were safe in trying it with our men, for they were well aware Americans did not bayonet wounded men or dead bodies.

CATCHES BOCHE 'PLAYING 'POSSUM'

Sergeant McFadden, who has been mentioned before, was making his way through the woods with a single companion when he noticed an apparently dead Boche in a rifle pit. He got a glimpse of the face, however, and noticed the eyes were closed so tightly the man was "squinting" from the effort. McFadden jabbed his bayonet in the German's leg, whereupon he leaped to his feet and seized the rifle from the astonished American's hand. He threw it up to fire, but before he could pull the trigger, McFadden's companion shot him.

At one point, below Fossoy, the Germans not only went back to the river, but actually crossed it in the face of the 110th Infantry's advance. Reaching the banks of the river, however, the enemy was within the protection of his big guns, which immediately laid down such fire that it was utterly impossible for the Americans and French to remain. Having had a real taste of triumph, the Pennsylvanians were loth to let go, but fell back slowly, unpressed by the Germans, to their former positions.

It was on this forward surge back to the Marne that Pennsylvania's soldiers began to get real first-hand evidence of Hun methods of fighting—the kind of thing that turned three-fourths of the world into active enemies of them and their ways, and sickened the very souls of all who learned what creatures in the image of man can do.

PRISONERS USED AS SHIELDS

They came on machine gun nests, in the advance between Mezy, Moulins and Courtemont-Varennes, to find their comrades who had been taken prisoner in the earlier fighting tied out in front in such a way as to fall first victims to their friends' fire should an attack be made on the gunners. Men told, with tears rolling down their cheeks, how these brave lads, seeing the advancing Americans, shouted to them:

"Shoot! Shoot! Don't stop for us!"

They saw eight airplanes, painted with the French colors, swoop over the lines, soar low near a barn where a battery had been planted and drop tons of bombs, shaking the earth and demolishing everything about as if an earthquake had occurred. Fortunately, in this instance, the battery had been moved to another location, but the same planes poured streams of machine gun bullets into the ranks of our men until driven off by machine gun and anti-aircraft fire.

Not the least of the difficulties of our men was the fact that the Germans mingled a certain quantity of gas shells with their high explosives and shrapnel. Ordinarily, soldiers learn to distinguish gas shells from others by the difference in the sound of the explosion, but in such a bombardment as this the sounds are so commingled that even that protection is denied.

Therefore, it was necessary for the men to wear their gas masks almost continuously. While these are a protection against the poisonous fumes, they are far from being pleasant. Not only is it more difficult to see and breathe, but what air is inhaled is impregnated with chemicals used to neutralize the gas. Yet for hours at a time, the men had to go through the inferno of fighting under the handicap of the masks.

VICTIMS OF FLAME-THROWERS

Men returned to the rear with great burns upon their faces, hands and bodies. From some the clothes were burned away almost entirely, and others reeled along like drunken men, almost blinded. They reported that they had seen Germans in the woods with what looked like large tanks on their backs. As the Americans approached to give battle, these Huns turned short nozzles toward the oncoming soldiers, and from the nozzles leaped great streams of flame, extending as much as thirty feet.

A part of the 111th infantry confronted, at one time, a small wood, which the French believed masked a strong machine gun nest. A patrol was organized to reconnoiter the position, composed partly of volunteers and partly of men chosen by officers. One of the volunteers was Private Joseph Bennett, of Gulph Mills, Pa., above Norristown, a member of the headquarters company of the 111th. The party consisted of twelve enlisted men under command of a French lieutenant.

They advanced with the greatest care, their line extended to more than the normal skirmish distance. There was not a sign of life about the wood. Coming closer, they saw the body of an American soldier propped against a tree. The French officer signaled for the men to close in toward this point. As they did so, four machine guns, concealed by the Hun ghouls behind the American body, raked the thin line of approaching men with a terrific fire. Every man in the party except Bennett was killed instantly. Bennett fired one shot and saw one of the Boche plunge forward from his hiding place and lie still. Then a stream of machine gun bullets struck his rifle and destroyed it.

SMOKE BOMBS FOIL ENEMY

Bennett flung himself to the ground and dragged himself to the body of the French lieutenant. He took a supply of smoke bombs with which the lieutenant had intended to signal the result of his expedition. Setting these in operation, Bennett heaved them over in front of the machine gun position. They promptly threw up such a dense cloud that the Gulph Mills man was able to stand up. Under cover of the smoke he advanced and threw hand grenades into the position, killing the remaining three Germans. Then he returned to his regiment, the sole survivor of the scouting party of thirteen men. The Distinguished Service Cross was awarded to him for that act.

Bennett had another remarkable experience. He is one of the biggest men in his regiment, standing a little more than six feet, and weighing about 200 pounds. He was with Private Joseph Wolf, of Pottstown, against whom charges had been preferred for some infraction of discipline, and who would have been under arrest but for the need of every man in the fighting.

In the advance, they saw a sniper in a tree just drawing a bead on an American lieutenant. Bennett was almost directly under the tree, and coolly picked off the sniper. In falling, the body dislodged a second badly frightened German. Bennett, watching the grim little tableau, had not lowered his gun, and the live German fell directly on his gun, impaling himself on the bayonet. The force of the blow almost dropped the big American.

It was a little later, after they had driven the Germans back to the Marne and had retired again to their original positions, that there came to the Pennsylvanians a highly pleasing estimate of their prowess as viewed by the British. A runner from division headquarters brought up a copy of a great London daily newspaper in which appeared the following comment:

HIGH PRAISE FROM BRITISH

"The feature of the battle on which the eyes of all the world are fixed, and those of the enemy with particular intentness, is the conduct of the American troops. The magnificent counter-attack in which the Americans flung back the Germans on the Marne after they had crossed was much more than the outstanding event of the fighting. It was one of the historical incidents of the whole war in its moral significance."

One other bit of cheering news came to them, passing down through the various ranks from headquarters. It told something of what the intelligence officers had gleaned from the study of documents taken from enemy prisoners and dead. One of these latter had been an intelligence officer. He was killed after writing a report on the quality of the American troops and before he had a chance to send it along on its way to German Great Headquarters. Our men learned that in this report he had written that their morale was not yet broken, that they were young and vigorous soldiers and nearly, if not quite, of the calibre of shock troops, needing only more experience to make them so.

With his troops back at the Marne and balked from moving southward, the enemy now tried to move eastward along the banks of the river toward Epernay. The checking of this move fell to other troops, chiefly French, while our men lay in their trenches, the victims of a continuous, vindictive bombardment, without apparent purpose other than the breaking of that morale of which the dead intelligence officer had written.

The men did not know what had happened. They knew only they wanted either to get away from that sullen bombardment or get out and do something. They were not aware that Foch had unleashed his armies between Chateau-Thierry and Soissons and that the enemy already was in flight from the Marne, the bombardment being designed to keep those terrible Americans in their trenches until the last Huns had recrossed the river to begin the long retreat northward.

LISTEN TO RECEDING BATTLE

Until July 21, the Pennsylvania regiments hugged their trenches, nursed their minor hurts and their deadly fatigue, and wondered what was going on out yonder where the fate of Paris and possibly of the war was being decided. The roar of artillery had gradually died down and the men realized that the front was moving away from them. This could mean only one thing—a German retreat; and our soldiers were gladdened, despite the sad gaps in their ranks, with the knowledge that they had played the parts of real men and splendid soldiers in making that retreat compulsory.

Uppermost in the mind of more than one old National Guardsman, as evidenced by scores of letters received here since that time, was the thought that the despised "tin soldiers" of other days had "come through" with flying colors, and had put their fine old organization well beyond the touch of the finger of scorn.

So, on July 21, the regiments were ordered back out of the ruck of battle and away from the scene of their hard six days for a rest. They went only a few miles back, but it was a blessed relief for the men—too much and too sudden for some. Men who had come through the battle apparently unscathed, now collapsed utterly as their nerves gave way with the release of the tension, like the snapping of a tight-coiled spring, and more than one went under the physicians' care from that rest camp, miles away from German fire.

Not all were allowed to rest, however. Details were sent to the scene of the recent fighting to clear up and salvage the wreckage of war, to hunt for wounded and to bury the dead. This was not the least trying of their experiences for the men engaged. The bodies of well-liked officers were dragged out from tangles of dead Huns and buried tenderly, each grave being marked by a little wooden cross on which was placed one of the identification disks taken from the dead man, the second being turned over to statistical officers for record purposes.

DEAD HUNS SURROUND BODY

A week had passed since the first engagement, and the burying squads had no pleasant task, from the physical standpoint, entirely aside from the sadness and depression it entailed. The men got little touches of spiritual uplift from things they found on the battlefield. Such as, for instance, the body of little Alexander Myers, of Green Lane, Montgomery County, a private in Company M, 109th who had been known in boxing circles about Philadelphia as "Chick" Myers. He was found with five dead Boche about him. And the body of Sergeant Coburn, of the same company, who had been married two days before he sailed for France, was found prone on an automatic rifle with the ground before him literally covered with dead Huns

In the burial detail of the 111th was Harry Lewis McFarland, of Fallston, Pa., near New Brighton, a private in Company B. He had been grieving bitterly over the fact that his brother, Verner, had been missing since the company was cut up so badly in the first German advance. Moving about among the dead, he turned one over, face up. It was his brother. In his hands was his rifle, still clenched tightly. In front of him, in such position that it was plain he had done the execution himself, lay seven dead Germans.

Such was the spirit with which our men fought and died, and such was the price they charged for their lives.

Back in the rest camp, the companies were mustered and the rolls checked off with the known statistics regarding those not present. Figures on the casualties of the 109th in those six days of action have reached this country. They show four officers and 75 enlisted men killed; 10 officers and 397 enlisted men wounded; six officers and 311 enlisted men missing, a total of twenty officers and 783 men, or 803 casualties for the regiment, out of more than 3,000 men—approximately twenty-five per cent. of losses. The 110th suffered about as heavily, and the 111th scarcely less. The 103d Engineers had been more fortunate. Their hard time was yet to come.

RAIN ADDS TO TROUBLES.

It was in this period that the weather changed. The fine, hot, sunshiny days gave way to pouring rains, which turned the roads into quagmires and added immeasurably to the miseries of the men. However, officers commented on the fact that there was little complaining. Men who had grumbled in the training camps back in America when the beans were cold for lunch, or when they had an extra hour's work to do, or when the wind blew chill while they were "on sentry go," now faced actual hardship with dauntless spirit and smiles. In some places the men marched through mud up to their knees. At night they slept in the open with the rain pouring on them. When the hot sun shone once more, their clothing steamed.

More cheering news came to the men while they rested. The companies that had been in the front line with the French when the Germans drove across the river and had suffered the heaviest, were mentioned in special orders for their gallantry, and the report went down the line that several of the officers and men were to receive decorations.

With indomitable good humor, which served to cover their hurts to some extent—as many a small boy laughs to keep from weeping—officers and men made the most of things that struck a funny vein. In this connection, there was much "kidding" of Captain George M. Orf, 6317 Ross st., Germantown, statistical officer of the 109th.

DISCHARGED OFFICER "CARRIES ON."

Sunday, July 14, Captain Orf received his discharge from the army because he had been found to be suffering from an ailment that unfitted him for military duty. He wrote a request at once for a re-examination and revocation of the order of discharge. Pending action on his request, he was, technically and to all intents and purposes, a civilian. Actually, he went right on with his duties, "carried on" throughout the German drive and the counter-attack, came through without a scratch, and stayed right with the regiment through further hard fighting and campaigning to August 9. Then he received final word, a rejection of his appeal and orders to proceed home at once. During this period, his fellow officers declined to address him by his military title, but went out of their way to speak to him and of him as "Mister Orf."

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

11/25/18

OUR GUARD WRESTED VILLAGE FROM HUNS IN SHIFTING BATTLE

Fought Hand to Hand in Debris of Epieds, Just Razed by Their Artillery

CAUGHT FOE BY SURPRISE AFTER HIDING IN WOODS

ARTICLE NO. VII.

AFTER only a few days and nights of rest, the regiments were moved off to the southward a few miles, then turned sharply to the west, thus passing around a district that still was being shelled heavily by the Germans in an effort to hold the Allied forces back until they could get their own materials out of the Chateau-Thierry salient.

Thus they came again to the Marne, which turns sharply south at Chateau-Thierry, and here they made camp again and received contingents of "casuals"—that is, men unattached to any regiments—who had been sent along to fill up the depleted ranks. The shattered companies were refilled, Companies L and M, of the 109th, and B and C, of the 110th, becoming almost new organizations. The newcomers were made welcome and proved to be good soldier material, but few of them were Pennsylvanians.

The march was resumed July 24 over a road paralleling the railroad line from Paris to Chateau-Thierry, which followed the course of the river rather closely, except for its numerous bends. The doughboys were anxious to see Chateau-Thierry, which already, even among these lads who were out of touch with events in other parts of the war area, had loomed large in their talk. They had heard much of it and of the achievements there and in the vicinity of other American troops, notably the marines, and they were eager to see it.

They saw it, however, only in glimpses from the far side of the river, for they kept on up the road and did not cross the river there.

That night they bivouacked in woods along the Marne. Here the 109th had its first taste of night air raiding. The regiment halted at the little town of Chierry, just east of Chateau-Thierry, but on the south bank. One battalion remained there, another crossed the river on pontoon bridges, left behind by the French and Americans now in pursuit of the fleeing Germans, and remained in the hamlet of Brasles for the night, and the third was ordered out to guard the bridges.

THEIR FIRST AIR RAID.

About 3 o'clock in the morning sentries heard the whir of airplane motors, and fired their rifles. The sharpshooters of the regiment rushed to the edge of the woods with rifles and supplies of ammunition, and the anti-aircraft guns around Chateau-Thierry set up their baying. The 109th's marksmen tried a few shots, but the range was too great for effective shooting, and the flyers turned tail and disappeared in the face of the air barrage from the big guns before they got within good rifle range of our men.

Next day the regiments remained in camp, and that night another battalion of the 109th stood guard on the bridges. This time the flyers apparently had crossed the river to the east or the west, for they came up from the south, directly over the bridges at Chierry, probably returning from an attempt to raid Paris.

They rained bombs. There was no possible chance for the marksmen this time. Rather it was a question of keeping out of the way of the death-dealing missiles hurtling earthward. Again the anti-aircraft guns gave tongue, and after ten minutes or so of this explosive outburst the airplanes disappeared. Then the 109th learned something of the difficulties airmen experience in trying to hit a particular mark. Although the river had been churned to foam by the hail of bombs, only one bridge was hit and the damage to it was so slight as to be repaired easily.

OFF FOR THE FRONT AGAIN.

Early next morning, July 25, the period of inaction came to an end. The regiments were ordered out on a route to the northeast, carrying them somewhat east of Fere-en-Tardenois, in the middle of the Soissons-Rheims "pocket," which fell some days later.

Orders were for the Pennsylvanians to press along that route with all speed until they effected contact with the retreating enemy, and to exert all possible pressure to harass him and press him as far and as rapidly as possible.

Gradually, as the regiments pressed forward, the sound of the firing became louder, and they realized they were overtaking the ebbing tide of Germans. Officers, having learned by bitter experience at the Marne the value of the British suggestion to do away in battle with marks distinguishing them as of commissioned rank, stripped their uniforms of insignia and camouflaged themselves to look like enlisted men. The officer casualties in those first few days of fighting could not be maintained without working irreparable harm to the organizations.

Orders were issued to beware of every spot that might shelter a sniper or a machine gun. The regiments deployed into lines of skirmishers, greatly extending the front covered and reducing the casualties from shell fire. Patrols were out in advance, and every precaution was taken against surprise by parties of Germans that might have been left behind in the retreat.

ON THE HEELS OF THE GERMANS.

The Germans still were using gas shells, and again the masks were inspected carefully and donned. Overhead, enemy aircraft circled, but Allied airman and anti-aircraft guns were active enough to keep them at a respectful distance. They were unable to harry the Americans with machine gun fire. Occasionally, a bombing flyer, protected by a covey of fighters, would get into what he believed to be a favorable position for unloosing a bomb, but these did no damage to the thin lines of our troops.

At night they made their way into the forests and lay there. There was little sleeping, but the men were grateful for the rest. They evaded the vigilance of the airplane observers, so they were not molested by a concentrated artillery fire, against which the forest would have been poor shelter, but the continual roar of the artillery and the occasional shell that came with a rending crash into the woods effectually disposed of any chance to sleep. The men crept close to the trunks of the larger trees. Some dug themselves little shelters close to the trees, but the night was a terible one, and the day, when it came, was almost a relief.

The regiments now were in a region where the Germans had been long enough to establish themselves, where they had expected to stay, but had been driven out sullenly and reluctantly, fighting bitter rearguard actions the whole way. Our men had their first opportunity to learn what it means to a peaceful countryside to face a German invasion.

IN SCENE OF DESOLATION

The wonderful roads for which France so long has been noted were totally effaced in places, sometimes by shell fire, often with every evidence of having been mined. Here and there were tumbled heaps of masonry, representing what had once been happy little villages, many of the houses centuries old. Trees and grape vines had been hacked off close to the ground, and often the trunks of trees were split and chopped as if in maniacal fury. Where the Huns had not had time to chop trees down, they had cut rings deep into the trunks to kill them.

They saw the finest homes of the wealthiest landowners and the humblest cottages of the peasants absolutely laid in ruins—furniture, tapestries, clothing, all scattered broadcast. Handsome rugs were tramped into the mud of the fields and road. It was as if a titanic hurricane had swept the entire country.

There had been no time to bury the dead, and the men actually suffered, mentally and physically, from the sights and the stench. At one place they came on a machine gun emplacement, with dead Boche lying about in heaps. Close beside one of the guns, almost in a sitting posture, with one arm thrown over the weapon as if with pride of possession, was an American lad, his fine, clean-cut face fixed by death in a glorified smile of triumph.

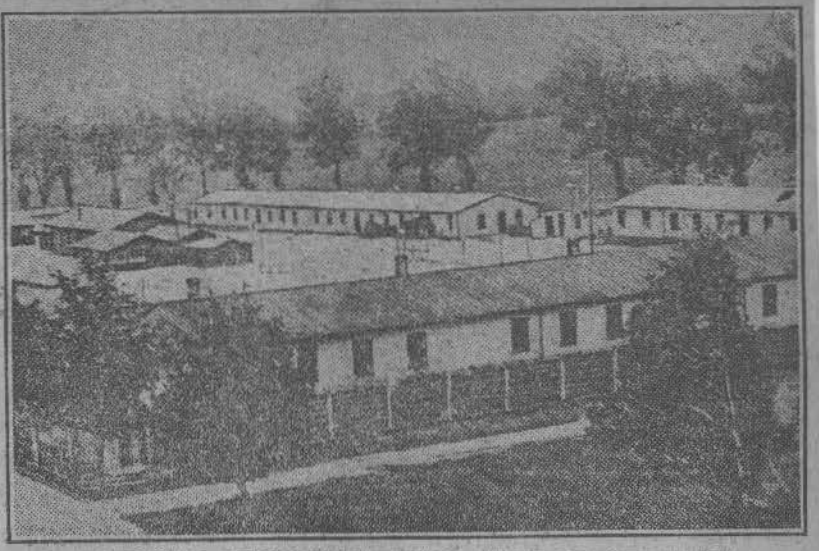
SALUTE DEAD AMERICAN HERO.

Scores of officers and men almost unconsciously clicked their hands up to the salute in silent tribute to this fair-haired young gladiator who had not lived to enjoy his well-won laurels.

It was about this time that the Pennsylvanians saw one of the few really picturesque sights in modern warfare—a touch of the war of olden times, which had been seen seldom since Germany went mad in 1914. Troop after troop of cavalry, some French, some American, passed them, the gallant horsemen sitting their steeds with conscious pride, their jingling accoutrements playing an accompaniment to their sharp canter, and round after round of cheers from the Americans sped them on their way to harry the retreating foe.

During a brief halt along a road for rest a part of the 110th Infantry took shelter under an overhanging bank while a sudden spurt of heavy enemy fire drenched the vicinity. There were few casualties and the officers were just beginning to congratulate themselves on having chosen a fortunate position for their rest when a large high-explosive shell landed on the edge of the bank directly above Company A. Two men were killed outright and several were wounded. Lieutenant George W. R. Martin, of Narberth, rushed to the wounded to apply first aid treatment.

The first man he reached was Private Allanson R. Day, Jr., nineteen years old, of Monongahela City, Pa., whom the men called "Deacon," because of a mildness of manner and a religious turn of mind.



AMERICAN OFFICERS' PRISON CAMP IN GERMANY

This is a view of Camp Villingen, Baden, Germany, where American officers were quartered after being captured. In this camp were assembled the thirteen officers shown in another illustration, including several who were attached to the 28th Division, the former National Guard of Pennsylvania.

THINKS FIRST OF FRIEND.

"Well, Deacon, are you hard hit?" asked Lieutenant Martin, as he prepared his first aid application.

"There's Paul Marshall, lieutenant; he's hit worse than I am. Dress him first, please, sir. I can wait," replied the Deacon, who died later of his wounds.

The Pennsylvanians had thought they hated the Hun when they left America. They had learned more of him and his ways below the Marne, and they found their loudly-voiced threats and objurgations turning to a steely, silent, implacable wrath that was ten times more terrible and more ominous for the enemy. The farther they penetrated in the wake of the Boche the more deep-seated and lasting became this feeling of utter detestation. Not for worlds would they have turned back then. Had word come that peace was declared it is doubtful if the officers could have held them back. The iron had entered their souls.

During the progress of all these events east of Chateau-Thierry, the 112th Infantry had come up and had been in the desperate fighting in the vicinity of that town, so that when the Franco-American attack from Soissons to Bussiares, on the western side of the pocket, began to compel a German retirement from the Marne, that regiment was right on their heels.

The 110th and the 111th were close behind and all three soon came into contact with the fleeing enemy and participated in the capture of Trugny, Epieds and Courpoil. The taking of Epieds was hailed by military observers and correspondents who saw the action as one of the best managed and most daring hits of work in the drive.

In all these engagements the greatest difficulty the officers had to contend with was the eagerness of the men to come to grips with the enemy. Repeatedly they overran their immediate objectives and several times walked into their own barrage so determinedly that officers, unable to halt the troops so hungry for revenge, had to call off the barrage to save them from being destroyed by our own guns.

THE TAKING OF EPIEDS.

The taking of Epieds and Trugny forms the basis for a tale in itself. Almost in a straight line as our men were advancing from the Marne came first Trugny, then Epieds, then Courpoil, the first named about four miles from Chateau-Thierry, the latter about five and a half, with Epieds midway. Beuvardes was about two and a half miles beyond Courpoil. Other American troops besides the Pennsylvania regiments co-operated in the capture of Trugny and Epieds.

The Germans, while struggling desperately to get their immense, defeated and tired army out of the Soisson-Rheims pocket, were rushing fresh troops down through the salient to withstand the shock of the Allied assaults, and it was these new forces that had penetrated as far south as Trugny and Epieds and held them strongly with machine guns and artillery and considerable forces of infantry.

For thirty-six hours they held the Americans at bay, every effort either to penetrate or flank the towns being repulsed with a fire that no troops could withstand. Finally, as the village virtually fell about their ears under the ceaseless bombardment of the Allied guns, the Germans in Trugny retired on Epieds, leaving, as usual, strong machine gun posts to hamper the American advance.

Epieds was even more difficult than Trugny. Hourly the town became smaller under bombardment and less of a protection under the pounding of the guns, the buildings dissolving to powder. Three times the Americans entered the village, and, fighting from street to street and house to house, drove the Germans out. Each time the enemy ranks were reformed, stiffened with new troops, returned to the assault, and, after more street fighting, forced the Americans out.

BIG GUNS WIPE OUT VILLAGE.

Finally, Pennsylvania troops, learning that the heavy artillery to the rear had caught up and was just over the crest of a hill to the south, penetrated the woods covering hills on either side of what remained of the village, which was now in German hands. Then word was flashed to the artillery. The batteries were moved up to the crest of the ridge, in full view of the village, and almost instantly launched a hurricane of fire that beat down the last vestige of a building. When they lifted their fire to cover areas beyond, clouds of dust and heaps of German slain marked where Epieds had been. There was not so much as a considerable heap of bricks left standing.

German troops, held back in support, anticipating an American rush for possession of the site, launched a spirited assault. When the debris that had been Epieds was alive with the gray coats, the Americans on the surrounding hillsides emerged, yelling, from the woods. Before the Germans could rally from their surprise, countless numbers of Boche had been slain, wounded or taken prisoner, and a scattered remnant fled northward.

The Pennsylvanians pressed on immediately. The 109th Infantry now was rushing up from the Marne to resume its meteorlike career as a fighting unit beside its fellow regiments of the old National Guard, and word was received that the

PHILADELPHIA OFFICERS OF IRON DIVISION AND COMRADES IN GERMAN PRISON CAMP

Here is a group of American officers in a prison camp in Baden. Among them are several from Pennsylvania, including two from this city, who belonged to the 28th (Iron) Division, formerly the National Guard of Pennsylvania, and who were taken prisoner in the last offensive of the Germans below the Marne. From left to right they are: Standing—Lieutenant Barrington, Jacksonville, Fla.; Lieutenant Gray, Richmond, Ky.; Lieutenant William B. Brown, Moscow, Pa., near Scranton, an officer of Company M, 109th Infantry, known to his soldiers as "High Pockets" because he is so tall, who was for long reported dead; Assistant Surgeon Stevens, New York, of the Navy; Captain James B. Cousart, 5030 Willows av., this city, commander of Company L, 109th, who was acting major when captured; Lieutenant Taylor, Bellefonte, Pa., and Lieutenant Sloan, Merchantville, N. J. Seated—Captain William C. Truxal, Meyersdale, Pa., commander of Company C, 110th Pennsylvania; Lieutenant Dow, Chicago; Lieutenant Gee, Pennsylvania; Lieutenant Walter L. Swarts, Scranton, Pa., of Company M, 109th; Lieutenant Edward Hitzeroth, 3419 Race st., this city, of the same company; Lieutenant Cheesman, Kansas.

53d Field Artillery Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General W. G. Price, Jr., of Chester, was hurrying up to participate in its first action.

This brigade is composed of the 107th Regiment, formerly the First Pennsylvania Artillery, from points through the State from Phoenixville to Pittsburgh; the 108th, formerly the Second Pennsylvania Infantry, and later the Second Artillery, from this city; the 109th, formerly the Ninth Pennsylvania Infantry, and later the Third Artillery, from Wilkes-Barre and vicinity, and the 103d Trench Mortar Battery, made up of men from the old First Cavalry, largely members of the old First City Troop, oldest military organization in the country when it was disbanded.

Still other organizations of the 28th Division hastening to the front were the Ammunition Train and the Supply Train. The division was being reassembled, for the first time after leaving Camp Hancock, as rapidly as the exigencies of hard campaigning would permit.

PRESS RELENTLESS PURSUIT

With the 112th and 111th in the van, the Pennsylvanians pushed northeastward after the Germans. It was at times like this, when the Huns had stopped, apparently determined to make a stand at last, only to be blasted out of their holding positions by the Americans and continue their flight that, as so many officers wrote home, they "could not run fast enough to keep up with Fritz," and the artillery was outdistanced hopelessly.

Repeatedly our doughboys had to be held up in their headlong rush to permit the artillery to catch up. It being useless to waste life by sending infantry against the formidable German positions without artillery support, our lines were held back until the struggling field guns could come up to silence the German guns by expert counter battery work.

The Pennsylvanians were wild with eagerness and excitement. None but the officers had access to maps, and hundreds of the men, having only hazy ideas as to the geography of France or the distances they had traveled, believed they were pushing straight for Germany and had not far to go.

One and all realized fully that, when they began their fighting, the Germans for months had been moving forward triumphantly. They realized just as well that the Germans now were in flight before them. Each man felt that to his particular company belonged the glory of that reversal of conditions. Thus, scores wrote home: "Our company was all that stood between the Boche and Paris, and we licked him and have him on the run"—or words to that effect.

They were like a set of rabbit hounds, almost whining in their anxiety to get at the foe. Deluged by high explosives, shrapnel and gas shells, seeing their comrades mowed down by machine gun fire, bombed from the sky, alternately in pouring rain and burning sun, hungry half the time, their eyes burning from want of sleep, half suffocated from long intervals in gas masks, undergoing all the hardships of a bitter campaign against a determined, vigorous and unscrupulous enemy, yet their only thought was to push on—and on—and on.

The likeness to rabbit hounds is not uncomplimentary or far-fetched. One soldier wrote home: "We have had the Boche on the run in open country, and it has been like shooting rabbits—and I am regarded as a good shot in the army."

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

11/26/18

IRON DIVISION MEN EMBELLISH RECORD BY MANY HEROISMS

Great Sacrifices, Amazing Escapes Stirring Courage in Pursuit of the Huns

ONE CHAP AVENGES OFFICER BY PICKING OFF 18 OF FOE

ARTICLE NO. VIII.

CAPTAIN W. R. DUNLAP, of Pittsburgh, commander of Company E, 111th Infantry, and Captain Lucius M. Phelps, Oil City, of Company G, 112th Infantry, with their troops, led the advance beyond Epieds. Courpoil was a mass of machine gun nests and again the Pennsylvanians engaged in street-to-street and house-to-house fighting, with countless instances of individual bravery and heroism and many casualties.

But the main body of Germans was cleared out without such a struggle as there had been at Epieds, and detachments were left behind to "mop up"—that is, killed or make prisoner any straggling Germans that might have been left behind.

Courpoil is on the western edge of the forest of Fere, and into that magnificent wooded tract the Germans fled. The occasional small woods, dotting open country, through which they had been fighting, now gave way to heavily timbered land, with here and there an open spot of varying extent.

An American brigadier-general, who has the reputation of being something of a Haroun-al-Raschid among the men, left his dugout in the rear at night and went forward to the front lines to get personal knowledge of the dangers his men were facing. Scouts having reported that the Germans were preparing to launch an attack in hope of delaying our troops, the general started for a position from which he would be able to see the attack and watch our men meet it. He became confused in the forest and arrived at the designated observation post later than he had intended. He found it had been destroyed by a shell just a few moments before he reached it. Had he been on time he certainly would have lost his life.

He took up another position and Lieutenant William Robinson, Uniontown, Pa., started to lead forward the first line of Americans to break up the German formations. Standing on a little ridge, the general saw the young officer, whom he had known for years, going among his men, cheering and encouraging them, when a huge shell burst almost at the lieutenant's feet. A party of his men rushed to the spot, but there was not even a trace of the officer.

"I'll sleep alone on this spot with my thoughts tonight," said the saddened general, and he did, spending the night in a shell hole.

The Americans battled their way in little groups into the edge of the forest, like bushmen. This was the situation when night fell, with a fringe of Americans in hiding along the southern edge of the woods. The forest seemed to present an almost impenetrable barrier, through which it was utterly hopeless to continue an effort to advance in the darkness.

OFFICER SCOUTS AT NIGHT ALONE.

So scattered were the groups that had forced their way into the shelter of the wood that it was imperative headquarters should know their approximate positions in order to dispose the forces for a renewal of the assault in the morning. In this emergency Lieutenant William Allen, Jr., Pittsburgh, of Company B, 111th Infantry, volunteered to find the advanced detachments of our men.

Throughout the night he threaded his way through the woods, not knowing what instant he would stumble on Germans or be fired on or thrust through by his own men. It was a hair-raising, daredevil feat of such a nature that he won the unstinted admiration of the men and the warm praise of his superiors. When he found himself near other men he remained silent until a muttered word or even such inconsequent things as the tinkle of a distinctly American piece of equipment or the smell of American tobacco—entirely different from that in the European armies—let him know his neighbors were friends. Then a soft call "in good United States" established his own identity and made it safe for him to approach.

AVENGES LIEUTENANT'S DEATH.

As the first streamers of dawn were appearing in the sky off in the direction of Hunland, he crawled back to the main American lines, and the report he made enabled his superiors to plan their attack, which worked with clock-like precision and pushed the Boche on through the woods.

Corporal Alfred W. Davis, Uniontown, Pa., of Company D, 110th Infantry, was moving forward through the woods in this fighting, close to a lieutenant of his company, when a bullet from a sniper hidden in a tree struck the corporal's gun, was deflected and pierced the lieutenant's brain, killing him instantly. Crawling up a ravine like an Indian stalking game, Davis set off with blood in his eye in quest of revenge.

When he picked off his eighteenth German in succession it was nearly dark, so he "called it a day," as he remarked, and slept better that night for thought of the toll he had taken from the Germans to avenge his officer.

In the woods the Germans fought desperately, despite that they were dazed by the terrific artillery fire. Hidden in tree tops and under rocks, with even their steel helmets camouflaged in red, green and yellow, it was difficult for the attackers to pick them out in the flicker of the shadows on the dense foliage.

While the attacking waves were advancing it was discovered that touch had been lost with the forces on the right flank of the 110th, and Sergeant Blake Lightner, Altoona, Pa., a liaison scout from Company G, 110th, started out alone to re-establish the connection.

He ran into an enemy machine gun nest, killed the crew and captured the guns single handed. Then he went back, brought up a machine gun crew, established a snipers' post, re-established the communications, returned to his own command and gave the co-ordinates for laying down a barrage on a line of enemy machine gun nests he had discovered.

LONG HUNT FOR AMMUNITION.

Toward nightfall of one of these days of desperate fighting it was discovered that the ammunition supply of the first battalion of the 110th was running low, and Corporal Harold F. Wickerham, [illegible], Pa., and Private Boynton David Marchand, Monongahela City, Pa., were sent back with a message for brigade headquarters. When they reached the spot where the headquarters had been they found it had been moved. They walked for miles through the woods in the darkness and finally came to a town where another regiment was stationed, and they sent their message over the military telephone.

They were invited to remain the rest of the night and sleep; fearing the message might not get through properly, however, and knowing the grave need of more ammunition, they set out again, and toward morning reached their own ammunition dump and confirmed the message orally. Again they refused a chance to rest, and set out to rejoin their command, which they reached just in time to take part in a battle in the afternoon. Such are the characteristics of the American soldier.

Somewhat the same fate as befell Epieds came to the village of Le Charmel. After violent fighting lasting two hours, during which the village changed hands twice, it was blown to pieces by the artillery, and our men took possession, driving the Germans on northeastward.

HUN RESISTANCE STIFFENS

The Pennsylvanians now began to feel the change in the German resistance as the Boche retreat reached its second line of defense, based on the Ourcq river, and the fighting became hourly more bitter and determined. This, as well as the dense forests, where the Germans had strung a maze of barbed wire from tree to tree, slowed up the retreat and pursuit. Also the density of the woods hampered observation of the enemy from the air and therefore slowed up our artillery fire.

The process of taking enemy posts by frontal assault, always a costly operation, which had been used in the case of taking towns hitherto encountered in the drive, because of the greater speed of operation, was changed at Beuvardes, which was "pinched off" exactly as Cambrai, St. Quentin, Lille and other large cities were taken later by the British farther north.

The town was held strongly by Germans with masses of machine guns, and offered what threatened to be serious opposition to the advance. However, the Pennsylvanians, who operated in conjunction with French troops on their left, infiltrated La Tournelle from the west and the Forest of Fere from the east. Thus Beuvardes was encircled and became untenable to the Germans, and many prisoners and machine guns were captured.

The process of infiltration from a military standpoint means exactly the same thing as the word means in any other connection. A few men at a time filter into protected positions close to the enemy until enough have assembled to offer battle, the enemy meanwh le being kept down by strong, concentrated fire from the main body and the artillery. Although much slower than an assault, this is extremely economical of men.

HEADQUARTERS MOVE OFTEN

During this progress from the Marne northward, the various headquarters had found some difficulty in keeping in touch with the advancing columns. A headquarters, even of a regiment, is not so mobile as the regiment itself. There is a vast amount of paraphernalia and supplies to be moved, yet it is necessary that a reasonably close touch be maintained with the fighting front.

The German method of retreat necessarily resulted in the Americans' going forward by leaps and bounds. Strong points, such as well organized villages, manned by snipers and machine guns in some force, held the troops up until the German rearguards were disposed of. Once they were cleaned up, however, the American advance, hampered only by hidden sharpshooters and machine guns in small strength, moved forward rapidly. It was reported, for instance, that one regimental headquarters was moved three times in one day to keep up with the lines.

Most of the time, regimental, and even brigade, headquarters were under artillery fire from the German big guns, and it was from this cause that the first Pennsylvania officer of the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel was killed, July 28. He was Wallace W. Fetzer, of Milton, Pa., second in command of the 110th.

Regimental headquarters had been moved far forward and had been established in a brick house in a good state of preservation. The office machinery just was getting well into the swing again when a high explosive shell fell in the front yard and threw a geyser of earth over Colonel Kemp, who was at the door, and Lieutenant-Colonel Fetzer, who was sitting on the steps.

A moment later a second shell struck the building and killed three orderlies. This was good enough evidence for Colonel Kemp that his headquarters had been spotted by Boche airmen, for the artillery was registering too accurately to be done by chance so he ordered a move.

LIEUT.-COL FETZER KILLED

Officers and men of the staff were packing up to move and Lieutenant Stewart M. Alexander, Altoona, Pa., the regimental intelligence officer, was finishing questioning two captured Hun captains when a big high-explosive shell scored a direct hit on the building. Seventeen men in the house, including the two German captains, were killed outright. Colonel Kemp and Lieutenant-Colonel Fetzer had left the building and were standing side by side in the yard. A piece of shell casing struck Colonel Fetzer, killing him, and a small piece struck Colonel Kemp a blow on the jaw, which left him speechless and suffering from shell-shock for some time.

Lieutenant Alexander, face to face with

the two German officer prisoners, was blown clear out of the building into the middle of the roadway, but was uninjured, except for shock.

It was this almost uncanny facility of artillery fire for taking one man and leaving another of two close together, that led to the fancy on the part of soldiers that it was useless to try to evade the big shells, because if "your number" was on one it would get you, no matter what you did, and if your number was not on it, it would pass harmlessly by. Thousands of the men became absolute fatalists in this regard.

Major Edward Martin, of Waynesburg, Pa., took temporary command of the regiment and won high commendation by his work in the next few days.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

11/27/18

D'ARTAGNAN STUFF AS OLD N. G. P. ROUTS HUNS FROM CHURCH

Keystone Assaulters Fought on Winding Stone Stairs to the Belfry

FOE OFFICER LEAPED OUT FROM PARAPET TO DEATH

ARTICLE NO. IX.

It now became necessary to straighten the American line. The 109th had come up and was just behind the 110th. It had taken shelter for the night of July 28 in a wood just south of Fresne, and early on the morning of July 29 received orders to be on the south side of the Ourcq, two miles away, by noon of that day.

The men knew they were closely in touch with the enemy once more, but this time there was none of the nervousness before action that had marked their first entrance into battle. They had beaten back the Prussian Guard, the flower of the Crown Prince's army, once, and knew they could do it again. Furthermore, there were many scores to settle. Every man felt he wanted to avenge the officers and comrades who had fallen in the earlier fighting, and it was a grimly-determined and relentless body of men that emerged from that wood in skirmish formation before dawn of July 29.

Almost immediately, parts of the line came into action, but it was about an hour after the beginning of "the day's work" that the first serious fighting took place. Company M, near the centre of the 109th's long line, ran into a strong machine gun nest. The new men who had been brought into the company to fill the gaps that were left after the fighting on the Marne had been assimilated quickly and inoculated with the 109th's fighting spirit and desire for revenge.

Although the company had gone into its first action as the only one in the regiment, with the full complement of six commissioned officers, it now was sadly short, for those bitter days below the Marne had worked havoc with the commissioned personnel as well as with the enlisted men.

GOWARD AND FALES KILLED

Officers were becoming scarce all through the regiment. Lieutenant Fales was the only one of the original officers of the company left in service, so Lieutenant Edward B. Goward, 1616 N. Marshall st., one-time reporter of The Bulletin, had been sent by Colonel Brown from headquarters to take command of the company, with Lieutenant Fales second in command.

The company had to advance down a long hill, cross a small tributary of the Ourcq, which here was near its source, and go up another hill—all in the open. The Boche were entrenched along the edge of a wood at the top of this second hill, and they poured in a terrible fire as the company advanced.

Lieutenants Goward and Fales were leading the first platoons. The company was wild with eagerness and there was no holding them. Here was the first chance they had had since the Marne to square accounts with the unspeakable Hun, and they were in no humor to employe subtle tactics or use even ordinary care.

With queer gurgling sounds behind their gas masks—they would have been yells of fury without the masks in place—they swept forward. Lieutenant Goward ran straight into a stream of machine gun bullets. One struck him in the right shoulder and whirled him around. A second struck him in the left shoulder and twisted him further. As he crumpled up a stream of bullets struck him in the stomach. He fell dying.

DIES IN RESCUE ATTEMPT.

Seeing him topple, Lieutenant Fales rushed toward him to see if he could be of service. He walked directly into the same fire and was mortally wounded. Goward managed to roll into a shell hole, where he died in a short time.

The men did not stop. Led only by their non-commissioned officers, they plunged straight into and over the machine gun nest directly in the face of its murderous fire which had torn gaps in their ranks, but could not stop them. They stamped out the German occupants with as little compunction as one steps on a spider. The men came out of the woods breathing hard and trembling from the reaction to their fury and exertions, but they turned over no prisoners.

The machine gun crews were dead to a man.

Goward and Fales had been especially popular with the men of the company, and their loss was felt keenly. Goward was distinctly of the student type, quiet, thoughtful, scholarly, doing his own thinking at all times. He had been noted for this characteristic when a student at the University of Pennsylvania. He came to work for The Bulletin immediately after his graduation, and almost at once was assigned to reporting the recruiting activities of the old First Infantry, then preparing for service on the Mexican border.

WAS WELL-LOVED OFFICER.

It was believed generally we were going to war with Mexico, and Goward, as he expressed it at the time, could not "stand the pressure;" so he enlisted in the First. He was assigned to Company M, and, between that time and when he was sent to the Officers' Training School at Camp Hancock, in 1916, he had passed through the grades of private, corporal and sergeant, and was first sergeant of the company until he took up training for a commission. He belonged essentially, therefore, to the company, at the head of which he died, and the men loved and respected him.

It is doubtful if any soldier in our armies had weighed more carefully the questions at issue in the war, and Lieutenant Goward's whole-hearted, devoted patriotism was of the head as well as of the heart. What he had learned of the German war-makers after going to France had changed somewhat his scholarly nature to that of an active, militant crusader, and he was regarded by fellow-officers and enlisted men as one of the bravest in the regiment.

Lieutenant Thomas B. W. Fales, like Goward, was a veteran of the Mexican border. He was a nephew of John Wanamaker, and about thirty years old when he enlisted in the First City Troop as a private. When the Troop was sent to the border he was made a corporal, and while there promoted to sergeant.

On the outbreak of the war with Germany he went to an officers' training camp where he won his lieutenancy, assigned to the 109th Infantry, and with that regiment went overseas. He was cited for bravery in action when he reassembled his company on a shell-swept and exposed position, led it into a charge and then safely brought it back with Hun prisoners.

Lieutenant Fales was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and [illegible] a member of the insurance firm of Fales & Dutcher. He was an athlete and noted for fearless daring.

Both Goward and Fales are buried on the side of a little hill near Courmont, in the Commune of Clerges, Department of the Aisne, their graves marked by the customary wooden crosses, to which are attached their identification disks.

From then on, the rest of the day was a continuous, forward-moving battle for the regiment. Every mile was contested hotly by Hun rear-guard machine gunners, left behind to harass the advancing Americans and make their pursuit as costly as possible.

The 109th reached Courmont and found it well organized by a small force of Germans, with snipers and machine guns in what remained of the houses, firing from windows and doors and housetops. They cleaned up the town in a workmanlike manner, and only a handful of prisoners went back to the cages in the rear.

It was in this fighting that Sergeant John H. Winthrop, Summer Grove [illegible] y., Bryn Mawr, performed the service for which he was cited officially by General Pershing, winning the Distinguished Service Cross. The sergeant was killed in action a few weeks later.

He was a member of Company G, 109th Infantry. All its officers became incapacitated when the company was in action. Sergeant Winthrop took command. The official citation in his case read:—

"For extraordinary heroism in action near the River Ourcq, northeast of Chateau-Thierry, France, July 30, 1918. Sergeant Winthrop took command of his company when all his officers were killed or wounded, and handled it with extreme courage, coolness and skill, under an intense artillery bombardment and machine gun fire, during an exceptionally difficult attack."

CHRONOLOGY OF THE 28TH

Action of the Twenty-eighth (Iron) Division in France falls naturally into three campaigns—resistance to the last German offensive, south of the Marne; pursuit of the fleeing Germans from the Marne to the Aisne, and the Argonne offensive of the American Army. Here is an outline of the division's activities from the time it left the State:

Movement to Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga., August 20 to September 15, 1917.

Movement to France, April 10 to May 18, 1918.

Under shell fire in rear of line below the Marne, July 6.

Stopped last German offensive and participated in counter attack July 15 to 21.

Marne-Vesle drive, July 24 to August 4.

Battles for Fismes and Fismette, August 4 to September 4.

Vesle-Aisne drive, September 4 to September 10.

Rest billets in St. Mihiel sector, under constant shell fire, while being incorporated in First American Army, until September 25.

Argonne offensive, September 26 to October 10.

Towns and positions freed of invaders by division, alone or with other troops: St. Agnan, La Chapelle-Monthodon, Bois de Conde, Epieds, Trugny, Courpoil, Le Charmel, Fresnes, Roncheres, Courmont, Bois de Grimpettes, Sergy, Fismes, Fismette, Blanzy-les-Fismes, Barbonval, Glennes, Neuvilly, Boureuilles, Varennes, Montblainville, Baulby, Apremont, Chatel-Chehery, Fleville.

Meanwhile, the 110th had been having a stirring part of the war all its own, in the taking of Roncheres. As was the case with every other town and village in the whole region, the Germans, without expecting or intending to hold the town, had taken every possible step to make the taking of it as costly as possible. With their characteristic disregard of every finer instinct, they had made the church, fronting an open square in the centre of the town and commanding roads in four directions, the centre of their resistance.

MEET GERMAN TREACHERY

Every building, every wall, fence and tree, sheltered a machine gun or a sniper. Most of the enemy died where they stood. As was the case 90 times out of every 100, they fired until they dropped from bullets or thrust up their hands and bleated "Kamerad," like scared sheep when our men got close enough to use the bayonet.

Some time before, however, the Pennsylvanians had undertaken to make prisoners of a German thus beseeching mercy, and it was only after several men had fallen from apparently mysterious fire that they discovered the squealing Hun, hands in air, had his foot on a lever controlling the fire of his machine gun. Thus, he assumed an attitude of surrender in order to decoy our men within easier range of the gun he operated with his foot.

So it is small wonder that the men of the 110th went berserk in Roncheres and made few prisoners. They played the old-fashioned game of hide and seek, in which the men in khaki were always "it," and to be spied meant death for the Hun. From building to building they moved steadily forward until they came within range of the village church, when their progress was stayed for some time.

There was a cross on the roof of the church of some kind of stone with a red tinge. Behind it the Germans had plant-

LIEUT. THOMAS B. W. FALES

His name appeared yesterday in the official casualty list for the first time. He was killed on the battlefield last July, leading the men of Company M, of the old First Regiment, in a charge against the Huns. He was a widely known Philadelphian and beloved by many for his sterling character and daring.

ed guns. Three guns were hidden in the belfry, from which the bells had been removed and sent to Germany. Gothic walls and balconies, from which in happier days the plaster statuettes of saints looked down on the fair, green fields and peaceful countryside of France, sheltered machine gunners, snipers and small cannon.

HOLD FORT IN CHURCH.

Sharpshooters of the 110th finally picked off the gunners behind the cross, but the little fortress in the belfry still held out. Detachments set out to work around the outer edge of the town and surround the church. When they found houses with partition walls so strong that a hole could not be battered through easily, sharpshooters were stationed at the windows and doors and they were able to hold the German fire down so well that other men were able to slip to the shelter of the next house. This was all right until they came to the roads that radiated from the church to the four corners of the village. They were not wide roads, but the terrific fire that swept down them at every sign of a movement by the Americans made the prospect of crossing them like a first class suicide. Nevertheless, it had to be done. The men who led this circuitous advance waited until enough of their comrades had arrived to make a sortie in force. The best riflemen were told off to remain behind in the houses and to mark down the peepholes and other places from which the fire was coming. Automatic riflemen and rifle grenadiers were assigned to look after the Huns secreted in the church.

When these arrangements were completed, the Americans began a fire that reduced the German effort to a minimum. Our marksmen did not wait for a German to show himself. They kept a steady stream of lead and steel pouring into every place from which German shots had been seen to come.

CLOSE IN ON STRONGHOLD

Under cover of this sweeping hail, the men who were to continue the advance, darted across the road, right in the open. They made no effort to fire, but put every ounce of energy into the speed of their legs. Thus a footing was established by a considerable group on the other side of the road, and the remaining houses between there and the church soon were cleaned up, so that reinforcements could move forward.

Still the church remained the dominating figure of the fight, as it had been of the village landscape so many years. Its stout stone walls built to last for centuries, offered ideal shelter, and before anything further could be done it became imperative to wipe out that nest of snarling Hun fire.

Using the same tactics as had availed them so well in the crossing of the road, a little band of Americans was enabled to cross the small open space at the rear of the church. Here a shell from a German battery had conveniently opened a hole in the solid masonry. It was the work of only a few minutes to enlarge this, and our men began to filter into the once sacred edifice, now so profaned by the sacrilegious Hun.

FIGHT ON STEEPLE STAIRS

The bottom of the church was turned quickly into a charnel house for the Boche there, and then our men were free to turn their attention to that annoying steeple, which still was taking its toll. One man led the way up the winding stone stairs, fighting every step. Strange to relate, he went safely to the top, although comrades behind him were struck down, and he faced a torrent of fire and even missiles hurled down by the frantic Huns who sought to stay this implacable advance.

Eventually the top of the stairs was gained. A German junior officer, who evidently had been in command of the stronghold, leaped over the low parapet to death, and three Huns, the last of the garrison, abjectly waved their arms in the air and squalled the customary "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

Mopping up of the rest of the town was an easy task by comparison with what had gone before. Then, with only a brief breathing spell, the regiment swung a little to the northwest and reached Courmont in time to join the 109th in wiping out the last machine gunners there.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

11/28/18

N. G. P. CUT THROUGH EVERYTHING HUN HAD AND CAPTURED WOOD

Literal Hail of Machine Gun Bullets, Shrapnel and Gas Could Not Stop Them

FIVE TIMES FORCED BACK, THEY KEPT ON AND WON

ARTICLE No. X.

NOW came an achievement of which survivors of the 109th and 110th Infantry Regiments—the Fifty-fifth Infantry Brigade—will retain the memory for years to come. It was one of those feats that become regimental traditions, the tales of which are handed down for generations within regimental organizations and in later years become established as standards toward which future members of the organization may aspire with only small likelihood of attaining.

This achievement was the taking of the Bois de Grimpettes, or Grimpettes Wood.

The operation, in the opinion of officers outside the Fifty-fifth Brigade, compared most favorably with the never-to-be-forgotten exploit of the Marines in the Bois de Belleau.

There were these differences: First, the Belleau Wood fight occurred at a time when all the rest of the Western Front was more or less inactive, but the taking of Grimpettes Wood came in the midst of a general forward movement that was electrifying the world, a movement in which miles of other front bulked large in public attention; second, the taking of Belleau was one of the very first real battle operations of Americans, and the Marines were watched by the critical eyes of a warring world to see how "those Americans" would compare with the seasoned soldiery of Europe; third, the Belleau fight was an outstanding operation, both by reason of the vital necessity of taking the wood in order to clear the way for what was to follow and because it was not directly connected with or part of other operations anywhere else.

Grimpettes Wood was the Fifty-fifth Infantry Brigade's own "show." The wood lies north of Courmont and just south of Sergy. It is across the Ourcq, which is so narrow that some of the companies laid litters from bank to bank and walked over dryshod, and so shallow that those who waded across hardly went in over their shoetops. At one side the wood runs over a little hill. The 109th and 110th were told, in effect:—

"The Germans have a strong position in Grimpettes Wood. Take it."

The regiments were beginning to know something about German "strong positions." In fact they had passed the amateur stage in dealing with such problems. Although, perhaps they could not be assigned yet to the expert class, nevertheless they were supplied with groups of junior officers and "noncoms" who felt—and justly—that they knew

something about cleaning up "strong positions." They no longer went about such a task with the jaunty sang froid and reckless daredevilry that had marked their earlier experiences. They had learned that it did themselves and their men no good and was of no service to America, to advance defiantly in the open in splendid but foolish disregard of hidden machine guns and every other form of Hun strafing.

FRONTAL ATTACK NECESSARY

Yet when it came to the taking of Grimpettes Wood, they had no alternative to just that thing. The Germans then were making their last stand on the line of the Ourcq. Already they had determined on, and had begun, the further retreat to the line of the Vesle, at this point about ten miles farther north. Such places as Grimpettes Wood had been manned in force to hold up the Franco-American advance as long as possible. When they were torn loose, the Huns again would be in full flight northeastward.

Grimpettes was organized as other small woods had been by the Germans during the fighting of the summer: the trees were loaded with machine guns, weapons and gunners chained to their places; the underbrush was laced through with barbed wire; concealed strong points checker-boarded the dense, second growth woodland;—that when the Pennsylvanians took one nest of machine guns they found themselves fired on from two or more others. This maze of machine guns and snipers was supplemented by countless trench mortars and one pounder cannon.

The taking of the hilly end of the wood was assigned to the 110th, and the 109th was to clean out the lower part.

It was a muderous undertaking. The nearest edge of the wood was 700 yards from the farthest extension of the village of Courmont that offered even a shadow of protection.

The regiments swung out from the shelter of the village in the most approved wave formation, faultlessly executed. The moment the first men emerged from the protection of the buildings, they ran into a hail of lead and steel that seemed, some of the men said later, almost like a solid wall in places. There was not a leaf to protect them. Hundreds of machine guns tore loose in the woods, until their rattle blended into one solid roar. One-pounder cannon sniped at them. German airmen, who had complete control of the air in that vicinity, flew the length of the advancing lines, as low as 100 feet from the ground, raking them with machine gun fire and dropping bombs. The Pennsylvanians organized their own air defense. They simply used their rifles with more or less deterrent effect on the flyers.

ONE-POUNDERS WORST OF ALL

The shiping one-pounders were the worst of all, the men said afterward those, and the air bombs. They messed one up so badly when they scored a hit.

It is a mystery how any man lived through that welter of fire. Even the men who survived could not explain their good fortune. That the regiments were not wiped out was a demonstration of the tremendous expenditure of ammunition in warfare compared to effectiveness of fire, for thousands of bullets and shells were fired in that engagament for every man who was hit.

A pitiful few of the men in the leading wave won through to the edge of the wood and immediately flung themselves down and dug in. A few of the others who were nearer the wood than the town scraped out little hollows for themselves and stuck grimly where they were when the attackers were recalled, the officers ralizing the losses were beyond reason for the value of the objective.

Neither officers nor men were satisfied. Private soldiers pleaded with their sergeants for another chance, and the sergeants in turn besought their officers. The Pennsylvanians, had been assigned to a task and had not performed it that was not the Pennsylvania way. Furthermore there were living and unwounded comrades out there who could not be left long unsupported.

A breathing spell was allowed, and then word went down the lines to "have another go at it." The men drew their belts tighter, set their teeth grimly and plunged out into the storm of lead and steel once more. It must be remembered that all this was without adequate artillery support, for what guns had reached the line were busy elsewhere, and the others were struggling up over ruined roads.

WIN ON SIXTH ASSAULT

Again on this second attack, a handful of men reached the wood and filtered in, but the attacking force was driven back. It began to seem as if nothing could withstand that torrential fire in force. Three times more, making five attacks in all, the brigade "went to it" with undimmed spirits, and three times more it was forced back to the comparative shelter of Courtmont.

Then headquarters was informed July 30, that artillery had come up and a barrage would be put on the wood.

"Fine!" said the commander. "We will clean that place up at 2.30 o'clock this afternoon."

And that is exactly what they did. The guns laid down a barrage that not only drove the Germans into their shelters, but opened up holes in the near side of the wood and through the wire. The scattered few of the Pennsylvania who still clung to their places just within the first fringe of woodland made themselves as small as possible, hugging the ground and the poles of the largest trees they could find. Despite their best endeavors, however, it was a terrible experience to have to undergo that terrific cannonading from their own guns.

Finally, the barrage lifted and the regiments went out once more for the sixth assault on the Bois de Grimpettes. The big guns had lent just the necessary added weight to carry them across. The Germans flung themselves from their dugouts and offered what resistance they could, but the first wave of thoroughly mad, yelling, excited Americans was on them before they got well started with their machine gun reception.

Our men went through Grimpettes Wood "like a knife through butter," as one officer expressed it later. It was man against man, rifle and bayonet against machine gun and one-pounder, and the best men won. Some prisoners were sent back, but the burial squads laid away more than 400 German bodies in Grimpettes. The American loss in cleaning up the wood was hardly a tithe of that. It was a heroic and gallant bit of work, typical of the dash and spirit of our men.

LOST IN GAS CLOUD

After the first attack on Grimpettes Wood had failed, First Sergeant William G. Meighan, of Waynesburg, Pa., Company K, 110th Infantry, in the lead of his company, was left behind when the recall was sounded. He had flung himself into a shell-hole, in the bottom of which water had collected. The machine gun fire of the Germans was low enough to "cut the daisies," as the men remarked. Therefore, there was no possibility of crawling back to the lines. The water in the hole in which he had sought shelter attracted all the gas in the vicinity, for Fritz was mixing gas shells with his shrapnel and high explosives.

The German machine gunners had seen the few Americans who remained on the field, hiding in shell holes, and they kept their machine guns spraying over those nests. Other men had to don their gas masks when the gas shells came over, but none had to undergo what Sergeant Meighan did.

It is impossible to talk intelligibly or to smoke inside a gas mask. A stiff clamp is fixed over the nose and every breath must be taken through the mouth. Soldiers adjust their masks only when certain that gas is about. They dread gas more than anything else the German has to offer, more than any other single thing in the whole category of horrors with which the Kaiser distinguished this war from all other wars in the world's history. Yet the discomfort of the gas mask, improved as the present model is over the device that first intervened between England's doughty men and a terrible death, is such that it is donned only in dire necessity. Soldiers hate the gas mask intolerably, but they hate gas even more.

MADE ILL BY POISON VAPOR

So Sergeant Meighan, hearing the peculiar sound by which soldiers identify a gas shell from all others, slipped on his mask. It never is easy to adjust, and he got "a taste" of the poison before his mask was secure—just enough to make him feel rather faint and ill. He knew that if his mask slipped to one side, if only enough to give him one breath of the outer air, he would suffer torture, probably die. He knew that if he wriggled out of his hole in the ground, however inconspicuous he made himself, he would be cut to ribbons by machine gun bullets. So he simply dug a little deeper and waited.

If this seems like a trifling thing, just try one of the gas respirators in use in the army. If one is not available, try holding your nose and breathing only through your mouth. When you have discovered how unpleasant this can be, try to imagine every breath through the mouth is impregnated with the chemicals that neutralize the gas, thus adding to the difficulty of breathing, yet insuring a continuance of life.

And remember that Sergeant Meighan did that for fifteen hours. And then ask yourself if "hero" is an abused word when applied to a man like that.

Furthermore, when in a later attack on the wood, Company K reached the point where Sergeant Meighan was concealed, he discovered in a flash that the last officer of the first wave had fallen before his shelter was reached. Being next in rank, he promptly signaled to the men that he would assume command, and led them in a gallant assault on the enemy position.

MANY QUALIFY AS HEROES.

There were other men in the 109th and 110th regiments who displayed a marked spirit of gallantry and sacrifice, which, by no means was confined to enlisted men. Lieutenant Richard Stockton Bullitt, of Torresdale, an officer of Company K, 110th, was struck in the thigh by a machine gun bullet in one of the first attacks.

He was unable to walk, but saw, about a hundred yards away, an automatic rifle, which was out of commission because the corporal in charge of the rifle squad had been killed and the other men could not operate the gun. Lieutenant Bullitt, member of an old and distinguished Philadelphia family, crawled to the rifle, dragging his wounded leg. He took command and continued firing the rifle.

Five more bullets struck him in different places in a short time, but he shook his head defiantly, waved away stretcher bearers who wanted to take him to the rear, and pumped the gun steadily. Finally another bullet struck him squarely in the forehead and killed him.

After the wood was completely in our hands a little column was observed moving slowly across the open space toward Courmont. When it got close enough it was seen to consist entirely of unarmed Germans, apparently. Staff officers were just beginning to fume and fuss about the ridiculousness of sending a party of prisoners back unguarded when they discovered a very dusty and very disheveled American officer bringing up in the rear with a rifle held at the "ready." He was Lieutenant Marshall S. Barron, Latrobe, Pa., of Company M, 110th. There were sixty-seven prisoners in his convoy, and most of them he had taken personally.

HEADQUARTERS SHELLED AGAIN.

That night the regimental headquarters of the 110th was moved to Courmont, only 700 yards behind the wood that had been so desperately fought for.

"We'll work out tomorrow's plans," said Major Martin, and summoned his staff officers about him. They were bending over a big table, studying the maps, when a six-inch shell struck the headquarters building squarely. Twenty-two enlisted men and several officers were injured. Major Martin, Captain John D. Hitchman, Mt. Pleasant, Pa., the regimental adjutant; Lieutenant Alexander, the intelligence officer, and Lieutenant Albert G. Braden, of Washington, Pa., were knocked about somewhat, but not injured.

For the second time within a few days, Lieutenant Alexander flirted with death. The first time he was blown through an open doorway into the road by the explosion of a shell that killed two Ger-

man officers, who were facing him, men he was examining.

This time, when the headquarters at Courmont was blown up, he was examining a German captain and a sergeant, the other officers making use of the answers of the prisoners in studying the maps and trying to determine the disposition of the enemy forces. Almost exactly the same thing happened again to Lieutenant Alexander. Both prisoners were killed, and he was blown out of the building uninjured.

YOUNG OFFICER SHELLPROOF.

"Getting to be a habit with you," said Major Martin.

"This is the life," said Lieutenant Alexander.

"Fritz hasn't got a shell with Lieutenant Alexander's number on it," said the men in the ranks.

The shell that demolished the regimental headquarters was only one of thousands with which the Boche raked our lines and back areas. As soon as American occupancy of Bois de Grimpettes had been established definitely the Hun turned loose an artillery "hate" that made life miserable for the Pennsylvanians. In the 110th alone there were twenty-two deaths and a total of 102 casualties.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

[11/29/18]

SHELL-PELTED WOOD A HARROWING HAVEN FOR PENNSYLVANIANS

Secret Night Shelter Was Hidden Ammunition Depot Deserted by Fleeing Huns

AND BOCHE BOMBARDED IT OVER THE 109TH ALL NIGHT

ARTICLE NO. XI.

THE village of Sergy, just north of Grimpettes Wood, threatened to be a hard nut to crack. The 109th Infantry was sent away to the west to flank the town from that direction, and the 110th co-operated with regiments of other divisions in the direct assault.

The utter razing of Epieds and other towns above the Marne by artillery fire, in order to blast the Germans out of their strongholds, led to a decision to avoid such destructive methods wherever possible, and the taking of Sergy was almost entirely an infantry and machine gun battle.

It was marked, as so many other of the Pennsylvanians' fights were, by the "never-say-die" spirit that refused to know defeat. There was something unconquerable about the terrible persistence of the Americans that seemed to daunt the Germans.

The American forces swept into the town and drove the enemy forces slowly and reluctantly out to the north. The usual groups of Huns were still in hiding in cellars and dugouts and other strong points, where they were able to keep up a sniping fire on our men.

Before the positions could be mopped up and organized, the Germans were strengthened by fresh forces, and they reorganized and took the town again. Four times this contest of attack and counter-attack was carried out before our men established themselves in sufficient force to hold the place. Repeatedly the Germans strived to obtain a foothold again, but their hold on Sergy was gone forever. They realized this at last, and then turned loose the customary sullen shelling with shrapnel, high explosives and gas.

While the 110th was engaged in this grim work, the 109th recrossed the Ourcq, marched away down the south bank to the west of Sergy, and crossed the river again. Officers, feeling almost at the end of their physical resources, marvelled at the way in which the regiment—sanguine, steady and dependable—swung along on this march.

FACE HARDSHIPS BRAVELY.

Like all the other Pennsylvania regiments, food had been scarce with them because of the pace at which they had been going and the utter inability of the commissary to supply them regularly in the circumstances. When opportunity offered, they got a substantial meal, but these were few and far between. There were innumerable instances of their going forty-eight hours without either food or water. The thirst was worse than the hunger, and the longing for sleep was almost overpowering.

Despite all this, the two regiments set off for the conquest of Sergy with undiminished spirit and determination, and the two grades of men, commissioned and enlisted, neither willing to give up in the face of the other's dogged pertinacity, spurred each other on to prodigies of will-power, for by this time it was will-power, more than actual physical endurance, that carried them on.

The 109th took position in a wood just northwest of Sergy and sent scouts forward to ascertain the situation of the enemy, only to have them come back with word that the town already was in the hands of the 110th, after a brilliant action.

The 109th now came on some of the most nerve-trying hours it had yet experienced, though no fighting was involved. A wood north of Sergy was selected as an abiding place for the night and, watching for a chance when Boche flyers were busy elsewhere, the regiment made its way into the shelter and prepared to get a night's rest.

SPEND NIGHT OF TERROR

They had escaped the eyes of the enemy airmen but, unknown to the officers of the 109th, the wood lay close to an enemy ammunition dump, which the retiring Huns had not had time to destroy. Naturally, the German artillery knew perfectly the location of the dump, and set about to explode it by means of artillery fire.

By the time the 109th, curious as to the marked attention they were receiving from the Hun guns, discovered the dump, it was too late to seek other shelter, so all they could do was to contrive such protection as was possible and hug the ground, expecting each succeeding shell to land in the midst of the dump and set off an explosion that probably would leave nothing of the regiment but its traditions.

Prooably half the shells intended for the ammunition pile landed in the woods.

Terrible as such a bombardment always is, the men of the 109th fairly gasped with relief when each screeching shell ended with a bang among the trees, for shells that landed there were in no danger of exploding that heap of ammunition.

The night of strain and tension passed. Strange as it may seem, the Boche gunners were unable to reach the dump.

COLONEL BROWN TRANSFERRED

In the night a staff officer from brigade headquarters had found Colonel Brown and informed him that he was to relinquish command of the regiment to become adjutant to the commandant of a port of debarkation. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry W. Coulter, of Greensburg, Pa., took command of the regiment.

Colonel Coulter is a brother of Brigadier-General Richard Coulter, one time commander of the Tenth Pennsylvania, who is now commander of an American port in France. A few days later, Colonel Coulter was wounded in the foot, and Colonel Hamvel V. Ham, a regular army officer, became commander. As an evidence of the vicissitudes of the Pennsylvania regiments, the 109th had eight regimental commanders in two months. All except Colonel Brown and Colonel Coulter were regular army men.

The 110th was relieved, and dropped back for a rest of two days, August 1 and 2. The men were nervous and "fidgetey," to quote one of the officers, for the first time since their first "bath of steel," south of the Marne. Both nights they were supposed to be resting they were shelled and bombed from the air continuously, and both days were put in at the "camions sanitaire," or "delousing machines," where each man got a hot bath and had his clothes thoroughly disinfected and cleaned.

110TH GETS REST AND BATH.

Thus, neither night nor day could be called restful by one who was careful of his English, although the baths probably did more to bolster up the spirits of the men than anything else that could have happened to them. Anyway, when the two-day period was ended and the regiment again set off for the north, headed for the Vesle and worse things than any that had gone before, it marched away whistling and singing, with apparently not a care in the world.

It was about this time that the first of the Pennsylvania artillery, battalion of the 107th Regiment, came into the zone of operations, and soon its big guns began to roar back at the Germans in company with the French and other American artillery.

The guns and their crews had troubles of their own in forging to the front, although most of it was of a kind they could look back on later with a laugh, and not the soul-trying, mind-searing experiences of the infantry.

ARTILLERY FORGES TO FRONT

The road that had been so hard for the foot soldiers to traverse were many times worse for the big guns. The 108th, Philadelphia's own artillery regiment, for instance, at one time was twelve hours in covering eight miles of road.

When it came to crossing the Marne, in order to speed up the crossing, the regiment was divided, half being sent farther up the river. When night fell, it was learned that the half that had crossed lower down had the field kitchen and no rations and the other half had all the rations and no field kitchen to cook them. Other organizations came to the rescue in both instances.

At 6 o'clock one evening, not yet having had evening mess, the regiment was ordered to move to another town, which it had reached at 9 o'clock. Men and horses had been settled down for the night by 10 o'clock and, as all was quiet, the officers went to the village. There they found an inn keeper bemoaning the fact that, just as he had gotten a substantial meal ready for the officers of another regiment, they had been ordered away, and the food was already, with nobody to eat it.

FAREWELL TO GOOD MEAL

The hungry Philadelphia officers looked over the "spread." There was soup, fried chicken, cold ham, string beans, peas, sweet potatoes, jam, bread and butter and wine. They assured the innkeeper he need worry no further about losing his food, and promptly took their places about the table. The first spoonsful of soup just were being lifted when an orderly entered, bearing orders for the regiment to move on at once. They went under way again, the officers still hungry, by 11.45 o'clock, and marched until 6.30 A. M., covering thirty kilometres, or more than eighteen miles.

The 103d Ammunition Train also had come up now, after experiences that prepared it somewhat for what was to come later. For instance, when delivering ammunition to a battery under heavy shellfire, a detachment of the train had to cross a small stream on a little, flat bridge, without guard rails. A swing horse of one of the wagons became frightened when a shell fell close by. The horse shied and plunged over the edge, wedging itself between the bridge and a small footbridge alongside.

The stream was in a small valley, quite open to enemy fire, and for the company to have waited while the horse

was gotten out would have been suicidal. So the main body passed on and the caisson crew and drivers, twelve men in all, were left to pry the horse out. For three hours they worked, patiently and persistently, until the frantic animal was freed.

They were under continuous and venomous fire all the while. Shrapnel cut the tops of trees a bare ten feet away. Most of the time they and the horses were compelled to wear gas masks, as the Hun tossed over a gas shell every once in a while for variety—he was "mixing them." The gas hung long in the valley, for it has "an affinity," as the chemists say, for water, and will follow the course of a stream.

High explosives "cr-r-r-umped" in places within two hundred feet, but the ammunition carriers never even glanced up from their work, nor hesitated a minute. Just before dawn they got the horse free and started back for their own lines. Fifteen minutes later a high-explosive shell landed fairly on the little bridge and blew it to atoms.

The 103d Field Signal Battalion, composed of companies chiefly from Pittsburgh, but with members from many other parts of the state, performed valiant service in maintaining lines of communication. Repeatedly, men of the battalion, commanded by Major Fred G. Miller, of Pittsburgh, exposed themselves daringly in a welter of fire to extend telephone and telegraph lines, sometimes running them through trees and bushes, again laying them in hastily scooped out grooves [illegible]

Frequently communication no sooner was established than a chance shell would sever the line, and the work was to do all over again. With cool disregard of danger, the signalmen went about their tasks, incurring all the danger to be found anywhere—but without the privilege and satisfaction of fighting back.

Under sniping rifle fire, machine gun and big shell bombardment and frequently drenched with gas, the gallant signalmen carried their work forward. There was little of the picturesque about it, but nothing in the service was more essential. Many of the men were wounded and gassed, a number killed, and several were cited and decorated for bravery.

Among the gassed was Frederick W. Molly, 3818 Brown st., a member of Company C. He formerly was a member of the 110th Infantry, during the service on the Mexican border, but his employment by the Bell Telephone Co. led to his transfer to the signal service.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

11/30/18

THROUGH STEEL HAIL OF HATE AND MIRES N. G. P. CHASED FOE

Drenched, Muddy, Gassed and Shelled, They Prodded Hun Retreat to the Vesle

"FIGHTING PARSON" HELPED IN HIS OWN PECULIAR WAY

ARTICLE No. XII.

When the Hun grip was torn loose from the positions along the Ourcq, he had no other good stopping place short of the Vesle, so he lit out for that river as fast as he could move his battalions and equipment. Again only machine guns and sniping rearguards were left to impede the progress of the pursuers, and again there were times when it was exceedingly difficult for the French and American forces to keep in contact with the enemy.

The 32d Division, composed of Michigan and Wisconsin National Guards, had slipped into the front lines and, with regiments of the Rainbow Division, pressed the pursuit. The Pennsylvania regiments, with the 103d Engineers, and the 111th and the 112th Infantry leading, followed by the 109th and then the 110th, went forward in their rear, mopping up the few Huns they left in their wake who still showed fight.

It had begun to rain again—a heavy, dispiriting downpour, such as Northern France is subjected to frequently. The fields became morasses. The roads, cut up by heavy traffic, were turned to quagmires. The distorted remains of what had been wonderful old trees, stripped of their foliage and blackened and torn by the breaths of monster guns, dripped dismally. In all that ruined, tortured land of horror on horror, there was not one bright spot, and there was only one thing to keep up the spirits of the soldiers—the Hun was definitely on the run.

Drenched to the skin, wading in mud at times almost to their knees, amid the ruck and confusion of an army's wake, the Pennsylvanians trudged resolutely forward, inured to hardship, no longer sensible to ordinary discomforts, possessed of only one thought—to come to battle once more with the hateful foe and inflict further punishment in revenge for the gallant lads who had gone from the ranks.

All the time they were subjected to long-distance shelling by the big guns, as the Hun strafed the country to the south in hope of hampering transport facilities and breaking up marching columns. All the time Boche fliers passed overhead, sometimes swooping low enough to slash at the columns with machine guns and at frequent intervals releasing bombs. There were casualties daily, although not, of course, on the same scale as in actual battle.

PASS ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE

Through Coulonges, Cohan, Dragegny, Longeville, Mont-sur-Courville and St. Gilles they plunged on relentlessly.

Close by the hamlet of Chamery, near Cohan, the Pennsylvania men passed by the grave of Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, who had been brought down there by an enemy airman a few weeks before and was buried by the Germans. French troops, leading the Allied pursuit, had come on the grave first and established a military guard of honor over it and supplanted the rude cross and inscription erected by the Germans with a neater and more ornate marking.

When the Americans arrived the French guard was removed and American soldiers mounted guard over the last resting place of the son of the onetime President.

Just below Longeville, the Pennsylvanians came into an area where the fire was intensified to the equal of anything they had passed through since leaving the Marne. All the varieties of Hun projectiles were hurled at them, high explosives of various sizes, shrapnel and gas. Once more the misery and discomfort of the gas mask had to be undergone, but by this time the Pennsylvanians had learned well and truly the value of that little piece of equipment and had imbibed thoroughly the doctrine that, unpleasant as it might be, the mask was infinitely better than a whiff of that dread, sneaking, penetrating vapor with which the Hun poisoned the air.

The "blonde beast" had his back to the Vesle and had turned to show his teeth and snarl in fury at our men closing in on him.

HEADED TOWARD FISMES

The objective point on the river for the Pennsylvanians was Fismes. This was a town near the junction of the Vesle and Ardre rivers, which before the war had a population of a little more than 3,000. It was on a railroad running through Rheims to the east. A few miles west of Fismes the railroad divides, one branch winding away southwestward to Paris, the other running west through Soissons and Compiegne. The town was one of the largest German munitions depots in the Soissons-Rheims sector and second in importance only to Soissons.

Across the narrow river was the village of Fismette, destined to be the scene of the writing of a truly glorious page of Pennsylvania's military history. The past tense is used with regard to the existence of both places, as they virtually were wiped out in the process of breaking loose the Hun's grip on the Vesle River barrier and sending him flying northward to the Aisne.

The railroad through Fismes and in its vicinity runs along the top of an embankment, raising it above the surrounding territory. There was a time, before the Americans were able to cross the railroad, that the embankment became virtually the barrier dividing redeemed France from darkest Hunland along that front. At night patrols from both sides would move forward to the railroad, and, burrowed in holes—the Germans in the north side and the Americans in the south—would watch and wait and listen for signs of an attack.

PATROLS CLOSE TOGETHER.

Each knew the other was only a few feet away; at times, in fact, they could hear each other talking, and once in a while defiant badinage would be exchanged in weird German from the south and in ragtime, vaudeville English from the north. Appearance of a head above the embankment on either side was a signal for a storm of lead and steel.

The Americans had this advantage over the Germans: They knew the Huns were doomed to continue their retreat, and that the hold-up along the railroad was very temporary, and the Germans now realized the same thing. Therefore, the Americans fought triumphantly, with vigor and dash; the Germans, sullenly and in desperation.

One man of the 110th went to sleep in a hole in the night and did not hear the withdrawal just before dawn. Obviously his name could not be made public. When he woke it was broad daylight, and he was only partly concealed by a little hole in the railroad bank. There was nothing he could do. If he had tried to run for his regimental lines he would have been drilled like a sieve before he had gone fifty yards. Soon the German batteries would begin shelling, so he simply dug deeper into the embankment.

"I just drove myself into that bank like a nail," he told his comrades later. He got away the next night.

FOUR DAYS IN 'NO MAN'S LAND.'

Richard Morse, of the 110th, whose home is in Harrisburg, went out with a raiding party. The Germans discovered the advance of the group and opened a concentrated fire, forcing them back. Morse was struck in the leg and fell. He was able to crawl, however, and crawling was all he could have done anyway, because the only line of retreat open to him was being swept by a hail of machine gun bullets. As he crawled he was hit by a second bullet. Then a third one creased the muscles of his back. A few feet farther, and two more struck him, making five in all.

Then he tumbled into a shell hole. He waited until the threshing fire veered from his vicinity and he had regained a little strength, then crawled to a better hole and flopped himself into that. Incredible as it may seem, he regained his own lines the fourth day, and started back to the hospital with every prospect of a quick recovery. He had been given up for dead, and the men of his own and neighboring companies gave him a rousing welcome. He had nothing to eat during those four days, but had found an empty tin can, and when it rained caught enough water in that to assuage his thirst.

Corporal George D. Hyde, of Mt. Pleasant, Company E, 110th, hid in a hole in the side of the railroad embankment for thirty-six hours on the chance of obtaining valuable information. When returning, a piece of shrapnel struck the pouch in which he carried his grenades. Examining them, he found the cap of one driven well in. It was a miracle it had not exploded and torn a hole through him.

"You ought to have seen me throw that grenade away," he said.

THE "FIGHTING PARSON"

In this waiting time it was decided to clean up a position of the enemy that was thrust out beyond their general line, from which an annoying fire was kept up constantly. Accordingly, a battalion of the 110th was sent over to wipe it out.

The Rev. Mandeville J. Barker, rector of the Episcopal Church in Uniontown, Pa., is chaplain of the 110th, with the rank of first lieutenant. He had endeared himself to officers and men alike by his happy combination of buoyant, gallant cheerfulness, sturdy Americanism, deep Christianity, indifference to hardship and the tender care he gave to the wounded. He had become, indeed, the most beloved man in the regiment.

He went over the top with the battalion that attacked by night on the heights of the Vesle. It was not his duty to go; in fact had the regimental commander known his intention, he probably would have been forbidden to go. But go he did. He had an idea that his job was to look after the men's bodies as well as their souls, and when there was stern fighting to do, he liked to be in a position where he could attend to both phases of his work.

The attacking party wiped out the Hun machine gun nest after a sharp fight and then retired to their own lines, as ordered. It was so dark that some of the wounded were overlooked. After the battalion returned, voices of American wounded could be heard out in that new No Man's Land, calling for help. Dr. Barker took his life and some first aid equipment and water in his two hands and slipped out into the dark, with only starshine and the voices of the wounded to guide him and, between the two armies, attended to the wounds of the men as best he could by the light of a small pocket torch, which he had to keep concealed from the enemy lookouts.

HELPS WOUNDED ENEMY

One after another the clergyman hunted. Those who could walk he started back to the lines. Several he had to assist. One lad who was beyond help he sat beside and ministered to with the tenderness of a mother until the young soul struggled gropingly out into the Great Beyond. Then, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, the beloved "Sky Pilot" started back.

But again the sound of a voice in agony halted him. This time, however, it was not English words that he heard, but a moaning petition in guttural German: "Ach Gott! Ach, mein lieber Gott!"

The men of the 110th loved their "parson" even more for what he did then. He turned right about and went back, groping in the dark for the sobbing man. He found a curly-haired young German, wounded so he could not walk and in mortal terror, not of death or of the dark, but of those "terrible Americans who torture and kill their prisoners." Such was the tale with which he and his comrades had been taught to loathe their American enemies. Dr. Barker treated his wounds and carried him back to the American lines. The youngster whimpered with fear when he found where he was going, and begged the clergyman not to leave him. When he finally was convinced that he would not be harmed, he kissed the chaplain's hands, crying over them, and insisted on turning over to Dr. Barker everything he owned that could be loosened—helmet, pistol, bayonet, cartridges, buttons, and other odds and ends.

"All hung over with loot, the parson was, when he came back," said a sergeant in telling of the scene afterward.

"PARSON" GETS FOUR BOCHE

"The Fighting Parson," as the men called him, did not fight, actually, but he went as close to it as possible. On one occasion snipers were bothering the men. Dr. Barker borrowed a pair of glasses, lay flat on the field and, after prolonged study, discovered the offenders, four of them, and notified an artillery observer. A big gun casually swung its snout around, barked three times and the snipers sniped no more. Two or three days later, the regiment went over and took that section of German line and found what was left of the four men. "The Parson's Boche," the men called them.

Toward the last of the action below the Vesle, a group of men of the 110th had established an outpost in a large cave, which extended a considerable distance back in a cliff—just how far none of the men ever discovered. After they had been there several days, Dr. Barker arranged to cheer them a little in their lonely vigil. The cave had been an underground quarry. The Germans had occupied it, knew exactly where it was and its value as a hiding place, and kept a constant stream of machine gun bullets flying past its mouth.

For three weeks it had been impossible to enter or leave the cave only after dark. Even then it was risky, for the mouth of the cave was only about fifty yards from the German trenches and slight sounds could be heard. After dark the Hun fire was laid down about the entrance at every suspicious noise. Sometimes the men inside would amuse themselves by heaving stones outside from a safe position within, to hear Fritz turn loose his "pepper boxes."

MOVIES IN CAVE UNDER FIRE.

Despite these difficulties, Dr. Barker got a motion picture outfit into the cave and gave a show of six reels to the men stationed there, after which Y. M. C. A. men entertained them with songs and eccentric dances. Men who saw that performance, in the light of torches and flambeaux, will never forget the picture.

Toward the last there were sounds from the farther interior of the cave, and two American soldiers walked into the circle, blinking their eyes. Nobody gave much attention to them, supposing they just had wandered away a few minutes before, until one of them interrupted a song with the hoarsely whispered query:

"Got any chow?" Which is army slang for food.

"Aw, go lay down," was the querulous reply of the man addressed. "Ain't yuh got sense enough not to interrupt a show? Shut up, will yuh?"

"Gee, but I'm hungry," came the answer. "I need some chow. We been lost in this doggone cave for two days."

PATH OF IRON DIVISION NORTHWARD FROM THE MARNE

After they had stopped the last offensive of the Germans, in the vicinity of Conde-en-Brie, Pennsylvania's former National Guard crossed the Marne and drove the Germans northeastward. The arrows indicate the general trend of the division's drive. They participated in the taking of Trugny, Epieds, Courpoil, Le Charmel, Beuvardes, Fresnes, Roncheres, Courmont and Bois de Grimpette, below the Ourcq, and Sergy, just north of that stream.

LOST IN CAVE TWO DAYS.

Investigation developed that he was telling the truth, and Dr. Barker produced from some mysterious horn of plenty some chocolate, which the famished men ate with avidity. With the natural, healthy curiosity of American youth, they had set out to explore the cave and had become lost in its mazes. Only the lights and noises of Dr. Barker's concert had led them out.

An instance of the attitude of mind of the Pennsylvania men, who felt nothing but contempt for their foes, and of how little the arrogance and intolerance of the typical Prussian officer impressed them, was given by members of the 111th Ambulance Company, working with the 111th Infantry.

Soldiers of Pennsylvania Dutch descent had amazed the Germans more than once, not only by understanding the conversation of the enemy, but by their intense anger, almost ferocity, which they displayed on occasions when confronted with "the Intolerable Thing" called the Prussian spirit. Offspring of men and women of sturdy, free-minded stock who fled from oppression in Europe, they flamed with the spirit of the real liberty lover when in contact with the Prussian.

DROP INSOLENT HUN MAJOR

A little group of the 111th's ambulancers when carrying back the wounded, met a German major who was groaning and complaining vigorously and demanding instant attention. The contrast between his conduct and that of American officers, who almost invariably told the litter-bearers to go on and pick up worse

was gotten out would have been suicidal. So the main body passed on and the caisson crew and drivers, twelve men in all, were left to pry the horse out. For three hours they worked, patiently and persistently, until the frantic animal was freed.

They were under continuous and venomous fire all the while. Shrapnel cut the tops of trees a bare ten feet away. Most of the time they and the horses were compelled to wear gas masks, as the Hun tossed over a gas shell every once in a while for variety—he was "mixing them." The gas hung long in the valley, for it has "an affinity," as the chemists say, for water, and will follow the course of a stream.

High explosives "er-r-r-umped" in places within two hundred feet, but the ammunition carriers never even glanced up from their work, nor hesitated a minute. Just before dawn they got the horse free and started back for their own lines. Fifteen minutes later a high-explosive shell landed fairly on the little bridge and blew it to atoms.

The 103d Field Signal Battalion, composed of companies chiefly from Pittsburgh, but with members from many other parts of the state, performed valiant service in maintaining lines of communication. Repeatedly, men of the battalion, commanded by Major Fred G. Miller, of Pittsburgh, exposed themselves daringly in a welter of fire to extend telephone and telegraph lines, sometimes running them through trees and bushes, again laying them in hastily scooped out grooves [illegible]

Frequently communication no sooner was established than a chance shell would sever the line, and the work was to do all over again. With cool disregard of danger, the signalmen went about their tasks, incurring all the danger to be found anywhere—but without the privilege and satisfaction of fighting back.

Under sniping rifle fire, machine gun and big shell bombardment and frequently drenched with gas, the gallant signalmen carried their work forward. There was little of the picturesque about it, but nothing in the service was more essential. Many of the men were wounded and gassed, a number killed, and several were cited and decorated for bravery.

Among the gassed was Frederick W. Molly, 3818 Brown st., a member of Company C. He formerly was a member of the 110th Infantry, during the service on the Mexican border, but his employment by the Bell Telephone Co. led to his transfer to the signal service.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

[11/30/18]

THROUGH STEEL HAIL OF HATE AND MIRES N. G. P. CHASED FOE

Drenched, Muddy, Gassed and Shelled, They Prodded Hun Retreat to the Vesle

"FIGHTING PARSON" HELPED IN HIS OWN PECULIAR WAY

ARTICLE No. XII.

When the Hun grip was torn loose from the positions along the Ourcq, he had no other good stopping place short of the Vesle, so he lit out for that river as fast as he could move his battalions and equipment. Again only machine guns and sniping rearguards were left to impede the progress of the pursuers, and again there were times when it was exceedingly difficult for the French and American forces to keep in contact with the enemy.

The 32d Division, composed of Michigan and Wisconsin National Guards, had slipped into the front lines and, with regiments of the Rainbow Division, pressed the pursuit. The Pennsylvania regiments, with the 103d Engineers, and the 111th and the 112th Infantry leading, followed by the 109th and then the 110th, went forward in their rear, mopping up the few Huns they left in their wake who still showed fight.

It had begun to rain again—a heavy, dispiriting downpour, such as Northern France is subjected to frequently. The fields became morasses. The roads, cut up by heavy traffic, were turned to quagmires. The distorted remains of what had been wonderful old trees, stripped of their foliage and blackened and torn by the breaths of monster guns, dripped dismally. In all that ruined, tortured land of horror on horror, there was not one bright spot, and there was only one thing to keep up the spirits of the soldiers—the Hun was definitely on the run.

Drenched to the skin, wading in mud at times almost to their knees, amid the ruck and confusion of an army's wake, the Pennsylvanians trudged resolutely forward, inured to hardship, no longer sensible to ordinary discomforts, possessed of only one thought—to come to battle once more with the hateful foe and inflict further punishment in revenge for the gallant lads who had gone from the ranks.

All the time they were subjected to long-distance shelling by the big guns, as the Hun strafed the country to the south in hope of hampering transport facilities and breaking up marching columns. All the time Boche fliers passed overhead, sometimes swooping low enough to slash at the columns with machine guns and at frequent intervals releasing bombs. There were casualties daily, although not, of course, on the same scale as in actual battle.

PASS ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE

Through Coulonges, Cohan, Dragegny, Longeville, Mont-sur-Courville and St. Gilles they plunged on relentlessly.

Close by the hamlet of Chamery, near Cohan, the Pennsylvania men passed by the grave of Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, who had been brought down there by an enemy airman a few weeks before and was buried by the Germans. French troops, leading the Allied pursuit, had come on the grave first and established a military guard of honor over it and supplanted the rude cross and inscription erected by the Germans with a neater and more ornate marking.

When the Americans arrived the French guard was removed and American soldiers mounted guard over the last resting place of the son of the onetime President.

Just below Longeville, the Pennsylvanians came into an area where the fire was intensified to the equal of anything they had passed through since leaving the Marne. All the varieties of Hun projectiles were hurled at them, high explosives of various sizes, shrapnel and gas. Once more the misery and discomfort of the gas mask had to be undergone, but by this time the Pennsylvanians had learned well and truly the value of that little piece of equipment and had imbibed thoroughly the doctrine that, unpleasant as it might be, the mask was infinitely better than a whiff of that dread, sneaking, penetrating vapor with which the Hun poisoned the air.

The "blonde beast" had his back to the Vesle and had turned to show his teeth and snarl in fury at our men closing in on him.

HEADED TOWARD FISMES

The objective point on the river for the Pennsylvanians was Fismes. This was a town near the junction of the Vesle and Ardre rivers, which before the war had a population of a little more than 3,000. It was on a railroad running through Rheims to the east. A few miles west of Fismes the railroad divides, one branch winding away southwestward to Paris, the other running west, through Soissons and Compiegne. The town was one of the largest German munitions depots in the Soissons-Rheims sector and second in importance only to Soissons.

Across the narrow river was the village of Fismette, destined to be the scene of the writing of a truly glorious page of Pennsylvania's military history. The past tense is used with regard to the existence of both places, as they virtually were wiped out in the process of breaking loose the Hun's grip on the Vesle River barrier and sending him flying northward to the Aisne.

The railroad through Fismes and in its vicinity runs along the top of an embankment, raising it above the surrounding territory. There was a time, before the Americans were able to cross the railroad, that the embankment became virtually the barrier dividing redeemed France from darkest Hunland along that front. At night patrols from both sides would move forward to the railroad, and, burrowed in holes—the Germans in the north side and the Americans in the south—would watch and wait and listen for signs of an attack.

PATROLS CLOSE TOGETHER.

Each knew the other was only a few feet away; at times, in fact, they could hear each other talking, and once in a while defiant badinage would be exchanged in weird German from the south and in ragtime, vaudeville English from the north. Appearance of a head above the embankment on either side was a signal for a storm of lead and steel.

The Americans had this advantage over the Germans: They knew the Huns were doomed to continue their retreat, and that the hold-up along the railroad was very temporary, and the Germans now realized the same thing. Therefore, the Americans fought triumphantly, with vigor and dash; the Germans, sullenly and in desperation.

One man of the 110th went to sleep in a hole in the night and did not hear the withdrawal just before dawn. Obviously his name could not be made public. When he woke it was broad daylight, and he was only partly concealed by a little hole in the railroad bank. There was nothing he could do. If he had tried to run for his regimental lines he would have been drilled like a sieve before he had gone fifty yards. Soon the German batteries would begin shelling, so he simply dug deeper into the embankment.

"I just drove myself into that bank like a nail," he told his comrades later. He got away the next night.

FOUR DAYS IN 'NO MAN'S LAND.'

Richard Morse, of the 110th, whose home is in Harrisburg, went out with a raiding party. The Germans discovered the advance of the group and opened a concentrated fire, forcing them back. Morse was struck in the leg and fell. He was able to crawl, however, and crawling was all he could have done anyway, because the only line of retreat open to him was being swept by a hail of machine gun bullets. As he crawled he was hit by a second bullet. Then a third one creased the muscles of his back. A few feet farther, and two more struck him, making five in all.

Then he tumbled into a shell hole. He waited until the threshing fire veered from his vicinity and he had regained a little strength, then crawled to a better hole and flopped himself into that. Incredible as it may seem, he regained his own lines the fourth day, and started back to the hospital with every prospect of a quick recovery. He had been given up for dead, and the men of his own and neighboring companies gave him a rousing welcome. He had nothing to eat during those four days, but had found an empty tin can, and when it rained caught enough water in that to assuage his thirst.

Corporal George D. Hyde, of Mt. Pleasant, Company E, 110th, hid in a hole in the side of the railroad embankment for thirty-six hours on the chance of obtaining valuable information. When returning, a piece of shrapnel struck the pouch in which he carried his grenades. Examining them, he found the cap of one driven well in. It was a miracle it had not exploded and torn a hole through him.

wounded men, was glaring, but finally the bearers good-humoredly decided to get the major out of the way to stop his noise. He was not wounded severely, but was unable to walk, and they lifted him to the stretcher with the same care they gave to all the wounded.

Promptly the major began to upbraid the Americans, speaking in his native tongue. In the language of a Billingsgate fishwife—or what corresponds to one in Hunland—he cursed the Americans, root, stock and branch, from President Wilson down to the newest recruit in the army.

Thomas G. Fox, of Hummelstown, Pa., one of the bearers, understood his every word and repeated the diatribe in English to his fellows, who became restive under the tirade. At last the major said:

"You Americans think you are going to win the war, but you're not."

That was too much for Fox and his companions.

"You think you are going to be carried back to a hospital, but you're not," said Fox. Whereupon the litter was turned over neatly and the major deposited, not to gently, on the hard ground. For some time he lay there, roaring his maledictions. Then he started to crawl back, and by the time he got to a hospital, he had lost some of his insolence.

(To be Continued Monday.)

12/2/18

ENGINEERS OF 28TH, FACING HEAVY FIRE, BUILT VESLE BRIDGE

Waist-Deep in River Churned by Shells, With Many Losses They Got Infantry Across

DOUGHBOYS STALKED FOE THROUGH RAZED VILLAGE

ARTICLE NO. XIII.

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HUN infantry in considerable force held Fismes. Their big guns had been moved back across the Vesle, tacit admission that they had no hope of holding the south bank of the river, although the strength of the force in the town indicated the customary intention to sell out as dearly as possible to their dogged and unfaltering pursuers.

Lying in woods and whatever shelter they could find, our infantrymen for two days watched French and American batteries moving into position. It seemed the procession was interminable.

"There'll be something doing for Fritz when those babies get going," reasoned the Pennsylvanians.

French and American forces already had crossed the river east and west of Fismes, almost the geographic centre of the line between Soissons and Rheims, and to stabilize the line it was essential not only that Fismes be cleaned out, but that the river crossings be forced and Fismette taken.

Forward bodies of infantry continually had been feeling out the German positions in Fismes, and reconnaissance parties from the 168th Infantry, formerly the Third Iowa National Guard, of the Rainbow Division, entered the southern edge of the town Saturday afternoon, August 3.

They clung there desperately until the next day, but the Germans so deluged them with gas, which hung close because of the heavy atmosphere, that it was inadvisable for the little party to remain. Their reconnaissance had been completed, and they were ordered to return to their lines. The information they brought back aided the staff materially in arranging the general attack.

The Germans had placed heavy guns on the crests of hills one or two kilometres to the north of the river, from which they could pour in a flanking fire.

A few hours after the return of the men of the 168th, the massed French and American batteries turned loose with a racket that seemed to rend the universe.

DROWN OUT GERMAN GUNS

The Germans had been dropping shells intermittently since daylight, but even this spasmodic fire stopped entirely under the hurricane of shrapnel, high explosive and gas shells that swept the town, the river crossings and the country to the north. It was a case of "Keep your head down, Fritzie boy," or lose it.

The artillery preparation was not protracted. After an hour or so, it steadied down into a rolling barrage of shrapnel and gas, and the first wave of attackers went over. The 32d and 42d (Rainbow) Divisions, exhausted, had been brought out of the front line, and Pennsylvania's iron men slipped into place. It fell to the fortune of the 112th Infantry to lead the advance on Fismes, and, supported though they were by other regiments and by tremendous artillery fire, it was the 112th Pennsylvania that actually took the place.

There was the usual harassing fire from enemy machine guns and snipers to the south and east, but these quickly were silenced, and the 112th romped into the southern edge of the town.

Then ensued a repetition, on a larger scale, of the street and house fighting that had been experienced before in other villages and towns.

HOT FIGHTING IN STREETS

Scouts crept from corner to corner, hiding behind bits of smashed masonry, working through holes broken in house walls and into cellars. A haze of dust kicked up by shells hung in the bright sunlight.

Every open stretch of street was swept by rifle and machine gun fire from one or both sides. Americans and Germans were mingled so that sometimes they shared the same house, firing out of different windows on different streets, varying this procedure by attempts to kill their housemates. As the Americans crept slowly forward, always toward the river, the Germans showed no slightest inclination to follow their comrades to the north bank, and it became apparent they were a sacrifice offered up by the German command to delay as long as possible the progress of "those terrible Americans." They had been left behind with no hope of succor, simply to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Quite naturally, they fought like trapped wolves as long as fighting was possible. When convinced they had no further chance, they dropped their weapons and squalled "Kamerad."

Two officers and some wounded men worked their way into one of the houses. Inside they found two unwounded men from Pittsburgh. Almost as the two parties joined forces, one of the unwounded Pittsburghers, venturing incautiously near what had been a window, stopped a sniper's bullet and fell dead. The wounded were made as comfortable as possible to await the coming of stretcher bearers and the two officers and one enlisted man started to investigate the house.

ODD TABLEAU OF DEATH

They were crawling on all fours. They came into a dismantled room and raised their heads to look over a pile of debris. They looked straight into the eyes of two Germans. One had a machine gun, the other a trench bomb in each hand. These German trench bombs are known among our soldiers as "potato mashers," because they are about the size of a can of sweet corn, fastened on the end of a short stick, by which they are thrown, and they are a particularly nasty weapon. The German with the bombs was whirling them about slowly by the handles—"just like a pair of Indian clubs," as one of the Americans described it afterward.

HUN PRISONERS SKETCHED BY PHILADELPHIA DOUGHBOY

These four Germans were members of a machine gun crew which was captured by a patrol from the 110th Infantry. Private George A. Gibbons, a member of the patrol, who made the sketches, writes: "I made them pose for me and they were very glad to do it. They constituted a machine gun post that bothered us for a while, until we decided that they should not play with that gun."

But, although the deprivation of sleep, food and drink continue, it is undeniable that, however the physical being may support the loss with decreasing discomfort, the effect on the senses is almost that of an opiate. Men lose their sense of proportion. Everything ordinarily of prime importance recedes into the background except the necessity of going on and on and on.

It is no wonder that the soldier, in such case, feels his own fate is a small matter, as it is likely to be sealed at any minute in the same way as that of his comrades; no wonder that he faces death with the same indifference as a man at home faces a summer shower.

BEYOND FEAR OF DEATH

This, then, is the state to which our Pennsylvania infantrymen now had been reduced, and in consequence their deeds of personal heroism began to multiply. This was the period when individual men achieved most frequently the great glory of the service—citation and decoration for bravery in action. They had overstepped, individually and collectively, all the bounds of personal fear of death or injury.

The Germans hurled one fresh regiment after another into the inferno that was Fismette, in a determined effort to dislodge that pitiful handful of Americans that had found lodgment on its river edge. Five times fresh, vigorous forces, with scarcely a lull, were hurled at the position, and all the time the guns kept up an incessant cannonade both on Fismette and Fismes and on the back reaches of the Allied front, and the attacking forces supported strongly by airplanes and machine guns.

The tide of battle swayed back and forth as the Americans, reinforced at intervals by small groups of men who succeeded in crossing the river, worked their way forward, only to be hurled back by vastly superior enemy forces, and hero after hero stalked, actor-like, across the murky stage. Some gallant acts were recorded and, duly and in due time, won their reward. Many more never were heard of, for the reason that participants and witnesses were beyond mortal honor, or else the only witnesses were part and parcel of the heroic act and, therefore, according to the Anglo-Saxon code of honor, their lips were sealed: they could not tell of their own fine deeds.

111TH DISTINGUISHES ITSELF

It was the 111th Pennsylvania that came into its gallant own in the first penetration of Fismette, and its men took high rank in that heroic galaxy constituting the Iron Division.

Probably the most noteworthy deed of individual heroism was that of Corporal Raymond E. Rowbottom, Avalon, Pa., a suburb of Pittsburgh, member of Company E, and Corporal James D. Moore, Erie, Pa., member of Company G, both of that regiment.

They were on outpost duty together with automatic rifle teams in a house beyond the spinning mill on the western edge of Fismette. The mill had been one of the hotly contested strongholds of the Germans because of its size and its thick stone walls. The situation was such that loss of the firing post in the house would have endangered not only a battalion which was coming up under Lieutenant L. Howard Fielding, of Llanerch, Pa., but also would have made the whole military operation more difficult, if not impossible.

A flare thrown from a German post landed in the room where Rowbottom and Moore had established themselves, and in a moment the place was ablaze. This was the night of August 12. The flare had been thrown for the particular purpose of providing illumination for the German snipers and machine gunners to see their target. The fire started by it not only answered this purpose better than the flare alone, but also distracted the attention of the American outpost, and threatened to drive them from the house.

EMPTY CANTEENS ON FIRE.

There was, of course, no water in the house except the relatively small quantity contained in the canteens of the men. With this absurdly inadequate supply and their own bare hands, fighting flames in a room as bright as day and under a heavy concentrated machine gun and sniper fire, Rowbottom and Moore extinguished the blaze and then calmly resumed their automatic rifle work. For hours they went thirsty, until their throats parched and their tongues swelled. For this deed, both men were cited and decorated.

Five wounded men were left behind unavoidably, when a detachment of the 111th was called hurriedly back from an advanced post, which it was seen could not be held without too great a sacrifice. Private Albert R. Murphy, 1266 S. 23d st., Philadelphia, a member of the sanitary detachment of the 111th, volunteered to go out after them. Despite seemingly insurmountable obstacles and constantly vicious fire from scores of enemy marksmen, Murphy stuck to his task until the last man was back, although it took three days and nights of repeated effort. He, too, was cited, and received the Distinguished Service Cross.

A sergeant of Company C, 111th Infantry, was shot August 10, and lay in an exposed position. Sergeant Alfred Stevenson, of Chester, a member of the same company, volunteered to go to the rescue. He successfully made his way through the enemy fire to the side of the wounded comrade. As he leaned over the man to get a grip so he could carry the burden, a sharpshooter hit him. Stevenson raised up partly and said to the wounded man: "Gee, they got me that time."

CARRIES IN WOUNDED MAN.

As he spoke, the sniper shot him again, and he fell dead. The wounded man lay in a clump of bushes, and between there and our lines was an open space of considerable width. When Stevenson did not reappear with the wounded man, Corporal Robert R. Riley, of Chester, a member of the same company, with two comrades, asked permission to go after the two. At their first effort, all were wounded and forced to return to the lines.

Corporal Riley's wound was not severe, however, and he insisted on making another attempt. This time he reached the spot, only to find his old schoolmate, Stevenson, dead, and the man for whom the effort was made, able to crawl back after having first aid treatment. Riley collapsed on his way back and was carried in by Private Edward Davis, and sent to a hospital, where he recovered and was decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross.

August 10, a detachment of men of the 111th captured some enemy machine guns and a quantity of ammunition. Corporal Raymond Peacock, Norristown, a member of Company F, was the only man available who knew how to operate the enemy gun, a Maxim. He had been wounded so badly in the left shoulder just before, that the arm was partly useless, nevertheless, he volunteered to go forward and operate the gun. He participated in a spirited assault, firing the weapon with one hand, until he was wounded again. A Distinguished Service Cross was his reward.

RUNNERS UNDER HEAVY FIRE

An officer of the 111th called for a runner to take a message from Fismette back to Fismes. The path that had to be covered was raked with big shells and machine gun bullets, and the man who volunteered had gone only a short distance when he dropped, riddled by a score of bullets. Undaunted by the sight, Private Lester Carson, of Clearfield, Pa., a member of Company L, promptly volunteered. He went out with a duplicate message, and his luck held, for he got through over the same route, by an exercise of daring, aggressiveness and care, and delivered the note. He, too, was decorated.

For five days of the most intense fighting, from August 9 to 13, Private Fred Otte, Fairmount City, Pa., a member of Company A, 111th Infantry, acted as a courier between his battalion headquarters in Fismes and the troops in Fismette. He made several trips across the Vesle under heavy shell and machine gun fire, and when the bridge was destroyed he continued his trips by swimming the Vesle, despite wire entanglements in the water. For this he received a Distinguished Service Cross.

Bugler Harold S. Gilham, Pittsburgh, Company H, and Private Charles A. Printz, Norristown, Company F, both of the 111th Infantry, not only volunteered as runners to carry messages to the rear, but on their return showed their scorn of the enemy by burdening themselves with heavy boxes of ammunition, which was badly needed.

Sergeant James R. McKenney, Pittsburgh, Company E, took out a patrol to mop up snipers. When he returned, successful, he was ordered to rest, but begged and obtained permission to take out another patrol.

WINS CROSS BUT DIES

Sergeant Richard H. Vaughan, Royersford, member of Company A, 111th, although gassed severely and wounded badly in the head by shrapnel, refused to be evacuated and, after having his wound dressed, continued to command his platoon for four days until relieved. He died some time later of his injuries, and the Distinguished Service Cross that was awarded to him for his gallantry was sent to his father, Dr. E. M. Vaughan, with the text of the official citation, which concluded:

"By his bravery and encouragement to his men, he exemplified the highest qualities of leadership."

Corporal James V. Gleason, Pottstown, Company A, 111th, was commended publicly and received the Distinguished Service Cross for his "great aid in restoring and holding control of the line in absolute disregard of personal danger and without food or rest for seventy-two hours."

Lieutenants Walter Ettinger, of Phoenixville, and Robert B. Woodbury, of Pottstown, the former an officer of Company D, the latter of Company M, 111th, spent three sleepless days and night aiding and encouraging their men to hold a position.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

12/4/18

28TH AMBULANCIERS RAN SHELL GANTLET OVER SHAKY BRIDGE

Twice the Span Was Shattered Just as They Crossed and Twice Repaired for Them at Fismette

THEN THEY FORDED RIVER, UNDER FIRE, WITH LITTERS

ARTICLE NO. XV.

THE Germans made an attack in force on Fismette, August 12, preceded by an intense bombardment and accompanied by a rolling barrage, which was too pretentious to be met by the small American force in Fismette. In the face of those onrushing German hordes, there were only two things possible—to die heroically, but futilely, or retire. True to American army traditions, under which men never are required to lay down their lives uselessly, the American force slowly, reluctantly and stubbornly retired across the river.

instantly, the Franco-American guns gave tongue. They laid down on Fismette a bombardment that no troops could endure long. With the Walls falling about their ears, the Germans began to flee. And then the task of conquering that stubborn little village was begun again.

The advance was led by men of Company A, 111th, under Captain James Archibald Williams and Lieutenant H. E. Leonard, both of Pittsburgh.

They swam the Vesle under a hail of missiles, for the enemy was centering much of his fire on the bridges, and the shrapnel and machine gun bullets fell on them like rain.

Drenched from head to foot, the Pennsylvanians got a footing on the northern bank only to find they were unsupported on each flank. Undaunted, they plunged forward into a little ravine that seemed to offer some protection. On the contrary, they found there had settled into it most of the gas with which the enemy had been deluging the town. Various kinds of the poisonous vapor, mustard gas, sneeze gas, tear gas and chlorine gas, had accumulated in a diabolic mixture, perpetrating one of the worst examples of this form of Hun deviltry the men had met.

Gas masks already were in place, however, and forward they went on the run. Machine guns chattered angrily at them, and the gunners stood their ground until the flashing bayonets of the Americans were almost at their breasts. Then they either broke and fled, or bleated the customary plea for mercy.

While all this was going on, shells had wrecked all the bridges over the river, except one, and that one was so damaged that it was considered unsafe. So the little force in Fismette had to hold on alone until reinforcements could be gotten across. It was at this time that there entered into fame a new set of candidates for military decorations.

AMBULANCE MEN TO THE FORE.

The men of the Twenty-eighth Division's Sanitary Train had been performing their arduous and perilous tasks in a gallant and self-sacrificing manner, but they now achieved the apotheosis of bravery.

In the cellar of a house in Fismette there had been assembled twenty-eight American wounded, and it was necessary to evacuate them across the river so they might reach hospitals and receive proper treatment.

Five times the house had been struck by shells, and it was necessary to clear the debris off the wounded men. Sergeant William Lukens, Cheltenham, Pa., and a few other men, had remained on duty there. Four times his comrades had to dig Lukens out when shells buried him under avalanches of earth and rubble. Captain Charles Hendricks, Blairsville, Pa., remained in the cellar three days and four nights, and twice was buried by shells.

The ambulance men who finally carried the wounded back across the river, after hair-breadth escapes and thrilling experiences, were led by Captain George E. McGinnis, who lived at one time at 3133 Frankford av., and commanded the old Ambulance Company No. 2, N. G. P., made up largely of Frankford and Tacony men.

DRIVES CAR UNDER FIRE.

The advance party of the rescuers set out from Fismes in a touring car. It was made up of Major Frederick Hartenz, Pittsburgh; Major Edward M. Iland, Coraopolis; Captain McGinnis, and Privates Walter McGinnis and Walter Frosch, both of this city. Frosch was at the wheel. They took the road down the hill on the southern slope of the Vesle at breakneck speed, for caution was useless. They were in full view of scores of enemy gunners, and their car at once became a target, being hit several times, but Frosch continued to drive without so much as "batting an eye."

Over the unsafe bridge they rushed at top speed and, to the amazement of the watching Americans, the structure held. Then the car tore up through Fismette to the dressing station, around which big shells were beating a terrible tattoo.

The men hurriedly looked over the situation and then made a preconcerted signal to the ambulanciers, waiting on the other side of the river.

When the signal was received, the ambulances came out from cover and dashed for the river. They were marked conspicuously with the Red Cross, but that seemed only to make them an especial target for the enemy. The cars were manned by James T. O'Neill, of Aldan Delaware county, who used to be a bellboy in the St. James Hotel; James R. Dunn, 5830 Hagerman st.; Joseph M. Murray, 4640 N. Camac st.; Samuel Falls, 722 S. 50th st.; Alfred Baker Tacony; Originnes Blemuller, Tacony who is known to his comrades as "Mike;" Jack Curry, 3608 Hamilton st.; Harry Broadbent, 7328 Tabor st.; Raymond Onyx, 124 E. Willard st.; John F. Maxwell, Williamsport, Pa., and Albert Smith, Frankford.

ESCAPE HIT BY MIRACLE.

On the trip into Fismette the ambulances escaped a hit, miraculous as it may seem. They went around corners on two wheels, thundering" and rushing through the narrow little streets, littered with dust and debris, and came to a halt in the lee of the dressing station. Their crews leaped to the ground and began the work of loading the wounded.

The Hun artillery and machine gunners vented all their varieties of hate on the gallant little band, intent on an errand of mercy. It seemed as if the whole German army had determined they should not get their wounded back to Fismes. With more indifference to the fire than they felt for the clouds of flies that really annoyed them, the ambulance men worked quickly and coolly.

O'Neill was sent back to see if the bridge still were standing. Instead of contenting himself with making sure of this from the brow of the river slope, he bethought himself of a cache of medical supplies near the river, and continued on foot to the spot, carrying back with him a burden of supplies. Officers watching the splendid exhibition of chilled-steel nerve through their glasses from the far side of the river, alternately cursed him for "a blazing young fool," and blessed him for being "the kind of young fool that does things."

BIG SHELL JUST MISSES.

O'Neill reported that the bridge still was standing, and at 3 o'clock in the morning the first ambulance was loaded and sent away. Captain McGinnis went with it. The second ambulance left a few minutes later. Broadbent and Maxwell still were loading. O'Neill had made another trip to the river to see if the bridge still held out.

The first two ambulances just had cleared the river when a shell landed fairly on the bridge and broke it in. O'Neill ran back to tell his comrades, and as he arrived a big shell fell just outside the cellar. Broadbent was knocked down and deluged with earth at the entrance. He scrambled back into the cellar at top speed, but one of the wounded men in the ambulance, apparently too badly hurt to move, beat Broadbent into the shelter.

One of the patients was wounded again in the leg, and one of the ambulanciers held his hand over his cheek, where a screw from the side of the ambulance had been blown clear through. Three tires of the ambulance were punctured, the sides were perforated like a sieve, and the roof was blown off by shell fragments.

The patients were unloaded and carried back into the cellar to await a quieter moment. Repairs were made to the bridge, and Captain McGinnis returned in a car and ordered the ambulances to get away. They started again at 7 o'clock in the morning, but found the bridge again a mass of ruins, and had to return.

CARRY WOUNDED TO RIVER.

At last, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, there came a lull in the enemy fire, and two more of the ambulances began their perilous race across the river. For the second time they just cheated a big shell which landed on the bridge immediately after the second car had crossed, and the structure was put out of service beyond hope of quick repair.

Then the gallant ambulanciers remaining in the Fismette cellar calmly proceeded to carry the rest of the wounded on litters down the hill through the German fire, under protection of a well organized defense by our fighting men. They forded the river, holding the litters above their heads, while shells threw up waterspouts and bullets pattered like hail all about them.

On the southern bank, ambulances stood out in the open, backed almost to the water's edge, their drivers smoking cigarettes and watching and calling advice to the men in the water. Thus the last of the wounded were taken from under the noses of the enemy.

In organizing a protective offense to cover the evacuation of the wounded, First Sergeant Thomas J. Cavanaugh, of Pittsburgh, a member of Company D, 111th Infantry, distinguished himself in such a manner as to receive the Distinguished Service Cross.

EXPOSES HIMSELF TO FIRE.

With a small force of men, he captured a building in the outskirts of the village and organized it as a strong point. He then took a position at a street intersection where, by stepping around the buildings one way, he was protected from enemy snipers and machiners, and by turning the corner, he was open to their fire sweeping down the road the ambulance men had to cover. Cavanaugh when an ambulance was ready to move, stepped into the open, like Ajax defying the lightning. If the Germans were not firing heavily for the moment, he whistled a signal to the ambulance men that it was safe to go ahead.

He was wounded by shrapnel, but refused to go to the rear until he collapsed, an hour and a half later. The next day, having had his wound treated, he insisted on resuming his position as a human target for the benefit of the ambulance men and their wounded.

Captain Edmund W. Lynch, of Chester, commander of Company B, 111th, who was killed a short time later, and Lieutenant Edward S. Fitzgerald, New York City, exposed themselves in the same way and for the same self-sacrificing purpose at other important corners.

And the fight for possession of the village went forward ceaselessly. A daring and clever bit of work by a party of machine gunners under Lieutenant Milford W. Fredenburg, of Ridgeway, Pa., an officer of Company D, 112th, had considerable influence on the final driving of the enemy from the town.

ATTACKS ENEMY IN REAR

The lieutenant led his machine gunners filtering through the German lines at night, like Indians, a man or two here, another there. They assembled beyond the town, took shelter in a woods and, when the fighting was most furious the next day, they were able to pour a disconcerting fire into the rear of the German force.

Lieutenant Rippey L. Shearer, of Harrisburg, with men of Company G, 112th Infantry, crossed the river in water up to their necks, in which the shorter men either had to swim or be supported by the larger ones. They had the centre of the advance, and they captured a building that had been used as a tannery and had been a German stronghold. It was a desperately brave and costly bit of work, for which the Pennsylvanians were highly praised.

Captain Fred L. McCoy, Grove City, Pa., commanding Company M, 112th, held the left flank. He and his men fought their way down the river bank to where an old stone mansion, known as the Chateau Diable, had been a thorn in the side of the American attack. They stormed and captured the building, taking thirty machine guns, a large quantity of ammunition and many prisoners.

Captain Lucius M. Phelps, of Erie, commanding Company C, 112th, and Captain Harry F. Miller, Meadville, Pa., commanding Company B, 112th, led their companies in an advance east of the tannery until they were in strong position behind some stout, stone walls, whence they were able to turn their guns on the enemy stubbornly clinging to the northern fringe of the village.

12/5/18

67

TRENCH MORTARS AT WORK

The 103d Trench Mortar Battery, made up very largely of members of the old First City Troop, of this city, representing some of the socially prominent families here, came into its first general action at this time. They advanced with the infantry, lugging their Stokes mortars across the river and up the hill. They set up their "stovepipe" weapons, and soon the banging of the mortars, hurling their slow, lazy-arc bombs, joined in the chorus that was beginning to sound the knell of German hopes of hanging on to any part of Fismette.

West of Fismette, the broad Rheims-Rouen highway became, in the course of these operations north of the Vesle, an objective of commanding importance to the Americans, for the purpose of breaking up lateral communications along the German line.

Captain Arthur L. Schlosser, of Buffalo and Captain Robert S. Caine, of Pittsburgh, who went to France as lieutenants of Company G, 111th, on their own initiative began a raid that developed into a successful attack and resulted in the capture of the highway where it crosses the Vesle.

Captain Schlosser, who was almost a giant in size, carried a rifle himself and, instead of having his men advance in company formation, led them filtering through the woods. He captured two Maxim guns, killing the crews, and he and Captain Caine and their men held their positions against counter-attacks by the remnants of three German divisions.

LIEUT.-COL. DUFFY KILLED.

Not all the losses were confined to the attacking troops. The enemy artillery, continually shelling the back areas, took its sad toll of American life and limb. The 103rd Engineers, who had been performing prodigies of valor and of laborious work, suffered the loss of their second in command, Lieutenant- Colonel James J. Duffy, of 3417 Spring Garden st., this city. As he stepped into a motorcycle side-car in front of headquarters the evening of August 17, to make a tour of the lines, a huge shell exploded immediately behind, killing him and the cycle driver instantly.

Back on the hills south of Fismes, the Pennsylvania artillery all this time had been earning the right to rank in the Iron Division glory roll with their doughboy comrades. At one time, just as a battery had geared up to move and the men already were astride their horses, a big shell dropped plump on the lead team of one of the guns.

"Steady," called an officer, and the men sat their plunging, trembling horses as if on parade. It was an ideal time for a costly stampede, but the conduct of the artillerymen won the highest praise of the officers and men of other units who saw the incident.

BATTERY DRIVER SHOWS NERVE

Two men were killed and three were wounded severely, and two horsese were blown to bits. The wheel driver trotted to the first aid station to get help for the wounded men, and the battery went on. After delivering his message, the driver obtained a supply of powder and shell and went on the gallop to the battery position to deliver it. Then he said to men about him:

"Now, if you fellows have all the stuff off and one of you will help me down, I'll get you to tie a knot around this leg of mine."

Only then was it discovered that he had been attending to other woundede men and to the ammunition needs of the battery with a bad gash in his own leg from a shell fragment.

Members of the headquarters companies of the artillery regiments maintained communications constantly, stringing telephone wires in the face of heavy enemy fire in almost inaccessible places. There was no thought of failing. When some men died in an attempt, others promptly stepped into the breach to "carry on."

(To be continued tomorrow.)

DRIVE OF TWO MILES IN OPEN BY THE 28TH THROUGH SHELL FIRE

Iron Division Crossed Vesle and Valley Crest in Great Mass "Like a Movie Spectacle"

CO. G. OF THE OLD FIRST WINS UNUSUAL HONOR

ARTICLE NO. XVI.

STILL the German guns from their hilltops poured in a galling fire on the American positions; still their snipers and machine gunners hung on in Fismette; still the crossing of the Vesle under bombardment was so hazardous that an attack in force was impossible.

The fighting in the streets of the town swayed back and forth until August 28. That day the Germans came down out of their hills in a roaring tide. They boiled into Fismette and drove the little force of Pennsylvanians back to the river, where an amazingly few men managed to hold a bridgehead on the northern bank, but the town once more became German territory.

Then our gunners began systematically to level it, for the command had lost all hope of taking it by infantry assault without an unjustifiable loss of brave men.

Meanwhile, however, great and portentous things had been happening elsewhere on the long battle line. In Flanders, the British troops, with American brigades fighting shoulder to shoulder with them, were driving the Germans eastward. Farther south, the French were harrying the fleeing Germans. And American forces around Soissons were pounding away in such a way as to make the positions along the Vesle untenable for their stubborn defenders.

The enlisted men knew little or nothing of this, and even the junior officers were surprised when word came back September 4 from patrols north of the river that they had met almost no opposition from the enemy. Even his artillery fire had fallen off to a little desultory shelling, so at once a general advance was ordered.

Roads in the rear instantly became alive with motor trucks, big guns, columns of men, wagon trains and all the countless activities of an army on the march. The sight of the main force crossing the river was a wonderful one to the officers standing on the hills overlooking the scene—one they never will forget.

LIKE SCENE IN MOVIES

The long columns debouched from the wooded shelters, deployed into wide, thin lines and moved off down the slope into the narrow river valley.

Below them lay the villages and towns of the Vesle, pounded almost to dust by the thousands of shells that had fallen on them during the weeks the two armies contended for their possession. The men went down the hill exactly as they had done so often in training camps in war maneuvers and sham battles.

Only an occasional burst of black smoke and a spouting geyser of earth and stones showed it was real warfare. And even that had been simulated so well in the training that—except that now and then a man or two dropped and either lay still or got up and limped slowly back up the hill—the whole thing might have been merely a drama of mimic warfare. Many of the officers who watched did compare it, in fact, with scenes they had witnessed in motion pictures.

Despite the occasional casualty, the line moved steadily forward. On reaching the river, there was little effort to converge at the hastily constructed bridges. Men who were close enough walked over them, but the rest plunged into the water and either waded or swam across, according to the depth where they happened to be and the individual's ability to swim.

PRESS ON TOWARD AISNE.

Once on the north side, they started up the long slope as imperturbably as they had come down the other side, although every man knew that when they reached the crest of the rise they would face the German machine gun fire from positions on the next ridge to the north.

Without faltering an instant, the thin lines topped the rise and disappeared from the watchers to the south—and the fight was on again.

The German machine gunners resisted, retiring only foot by foot, but the American advance could not be checked. It had been freely predicted that the enemy would make a stand on the high plateau between the Vesle and the Aisne, but the pressure elsewhere on his line to the west and north precluded the possibility of this and he plunged on northward.

The advance of the 109th Infantry, which moved across the river from Magneux, somewhat to the west of Fismes, was not so simple and unopposed as that of other units. Colonel Samuel V. Ham, regular army officer commanding the regiment, led the firing line across the river and in its advance toward Muscourt.

109TH'S COMMANDER DECORATED.

In a hot engagement, he was wounded so severely that he was unable to move, but declined to be evacuated, and remained on the field ten hours, directing the attack, refusing to leave or receive medical attention until his men had been cared for. The Distinguished Service Cross was awarded to him, the citation declaring that "Colonel Ham exemplified the greatest heroism and truest leadership, instilling in his men confidence in their undertaking."

Colonel Ham was the third commander the regiment had since going to France. Colonel Brown had been transferred, and Colonel Coulter wounded. All except these first two were regular army men, and the regiment had eight commanders in two months.

The Pennsylvanians went on to the high ground from which the lowlands to the north were spread out before them like a panorama, and in the misty distance, fifteen miles away, they could descry the towers of the cathedral at Laon. This was, in a sense, the Allied promised land. It was defiled and invaded France and, furthermore, Laon had been, since 1914, the pivot of the German line, the bastion on which the great front made its turn from north and south to east and west.

The five miles of hill, plateau and valley lying between the Vesle and the Aisne were not crossed with impunity, however. It was on the Aisne plateau that another company of the 109th wrote its name high on the scroll of honor.

CO. C, 109TH, BADLY CUT UP.

A small wood below the village of Villers-en-Prayeres obstructed the advance of the 109th. It had been organized strongly by the Germans, and was fairly alive with Boche machine gunners and snipers. Company G, of the old First, was ordered to dispose of it. The orders were carried out in what the official communique of the next day referred to as "a small but brilliant operation."

Considering the small extent of the action and the fact that it was only an incident of the whole battle, the fact that it was mentioned at all in the official reports speaks volumes for the men who carried it out.

The glory and distinction were won at a bitter cost. Company G, after the fight was over, ranked side by side with Companies L and M of the same regiment and B and C of the 110th for their gallant stand and heavy losses south of the Marne. There were 125 casualties in

the company of 200 men. Included among them were Sergeant Frederick E. Bauer, 3331 N. 9th st., Sergeant John H. Winthrop, Summer Grove av., Bryn Mawr, Distinguished Service Cross man; Sergeant Graham McConnell, 718 N. Union st.; Corporal Thomas S. B. Horn, 2718 N. 11th st., and Private Charles A. Knapp, 2701 George st., all killed; Lieutenant Harold A. Fahr and Sergeant Earl Prentzel, both of Willow Grove; Corporal Theodore G. Smythe, 32 N. 41st st.; Bugler Howard W. Munger, 3423 N. 16th st.; Privates Gus A. Faulkner, 2963 Belgrade st.; Charles Juenzer, 4136 N. 5th st.; Thomas Biddle, 2705 Stiles st.; Robert C. Dilks, 3529 Elliott st.; Frederick C. Glenn, 451 Winona st., Germantown; Charles Lohmiller, 2920 W. Flora st., and Bernard Horan, 1919 Poplar st., all wounded.

STRUCK TEN TIMES, UNHURT.

Private Paul Helsel, of the same company, who lives in Doylestown, came out of the battle with six bullet holes through his shirt, two through his breeches, the bayonet of his rifle shot away, and a bullet embedded in the first aid packet carried on his hip—but without a scratch on his person.

The Americans were subjected at times to a heavy artillery fire, especially while crossing the plateau. For about two miles it was necessary for them to advance in the open on high ground, plainly visible to the German observers, and there was little cover. Both heavy and light artillery swept the zone, but with slight effect and without checking to any degree the forward movement.

The movement of the Americans over the plateau was effected without material loss because, instead of advancing in regular formations, they were filtered into and through the zone, never presenting a satisfactory artillery target.

The German stand on the Vesle had enabled them to remove the bulk of the supplies they had accumulated there, and what they could not remove they burned. Vast fires, sending up clouds of smoke in the distance, marked where ammunition dumps and other stocks of supplies were being destroyed that they might not fall into the hands of the Americans. Thus it was that the progress from the Vesle presented a different aspect from that between the Marne and the Vesle, where the way had been impeded in places by the unimaginable quantities of supplies of every conceivable kind the Hun had abandoned in his flight.

By September 10, the pursuit had come to an end. The Americans and French were on the Aisne, and the enemy again was bristling in defiance across a water barrier.

ARTILLERY IN TROUBLE.

The artillery regiments followed the infantry as far as the high ground between the rivers, and there took positions to blast the Huns away from their hold on the Aisne and start them backward to their next line, along the ancient and historic Chemin-des-Dames, or Road of Women.

Battery C, 107th Regiment, of Phoenixville, commanded by Captain Samuel A. Whitaker, of that town, a nephew of Samuel W. Pennypacker, one-time Governor of Pennsylvania, was the first of the Pennsylvania big gun units to cross the Vesle.

The night of September 10, the 107th was relieved by the 221st French Artillery Regiment, near Blanzy-les-Fismes. The French used the Americans' horses. They discovered they had taken a wrong road in moving up and, just as they turned back, the Germans, who had learned of the hour of the relief, laid down a heavy barrage. A terrible toll was taken of the French regiment.

Lieutenant John Muckel, of Battery C, with a detail of men, had remained with the French regiment to show them the battery position and bring back the horses. When the barrage fell, he was thrown twenty-five feet by the explosion of a high-explosive shell, and landed plump in the mangled bodies of two horses. All about him were the moans and cries of the wounded and dying Frenchmen. He had been so shocked by the shell explosion close to him that he could move only with difficulty and extreme pain. He was barely conscious alone in the dark, and lost, for the regiments had gone on and his detachment of Americans scattered.

SHELLS FOLLOW OFFICER.

Lieutenant Muckel, realizing he must do something, dragged himself until he came to the outskirts of a village, which he learned later was Villet. Half dazed, he crawled to the wall of a building and pulled himself to his feet. He was leaning against the wall, trying to collect his scattered senses, when a shell struck the building and demolished it.

The Lieutenant was half buried in the debris. As he lay there, fully expecting never again to rejoin his battery, Sergeant Nunner, of the battery, came along on horseback and heard the officer call. The Sergeant wanted the Lieutenant to take his horse and get away. The Lieutenant refused, and ordered the Sergeant to go on and save himself. The "non-com" then committed the militarily unpardonable sin of insubordination, by refusing to obey, and announcing that he would stay with the officer if the latter would not get away on the horse. At last they effected a compromise whereby the Sergeant rode the horse and the Lieutenant helped himself along by holding to the horse's tail. Thus they caught up with the battery.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

ROUTE OF IRON DIVISION'S FIRST CAMPAIGN

The map shows the general route of the former National Guard of Pennsylvania in its drive from the Marne to the Aisne in July and August. Entering battle on July 15, above Condis-en-Brie, the Pennsylvania doughboys had virtually no rest until September 9 and 10, when they were withdrawn from positions along the Aisne.

12/6/18

28TH QUITS AISNE FOR A REST, BUT IS RUSHED TO BATTLE

After Sixty Days of Fighting With Only One Day in Billets, Division Goes to Argonne

OLD GUARD'S SLOW DRIVE ONE OF HARDEST IN WAR

ARTICLE No. XVII.

HAVING reached the Aisne, the Twenty-eighth Division now was relieved and ordered back to a rest camp, after about sixty days of almost unremitting night and day fighting by the infantry and approximately a month of stirring action by the artillery.

Thoroughly exhausted, but serene in the knowledge of a task gloriously performed, their laurels thick on them, and securely in possession of the manfully earned title, "The Iron Division," what was left of our Pennsylvania men turned their backs on the scene of action and prepared to enjoy a well-earned period of repose and recreation.

It was not to be, however. Disappointments, of which they had been the prey for more than a year, dogged their footsteps. When on the road, moving toward a rest camp as fast as they could travel, orders reached the division to proceed eastward to where General Pershing had begun to assemble the American forces, hitherto brigaded with French and English troops and operating under French and English higher command.

The emergency that had led to this yielding of American prestige has passed, and our men now were to pass out from under the French and English commanders and become a part of the American First Army, under command entirely of American officers and staffed by Americans, the whole army subject only to General Pershing and to the supreme commander, Marshal Ferdinand Foch.

The grumbling men in the ranks, disturbed and peevish over another sudden change, were mollified somewhat to find their efforts of the last weeks were appreciated in high places, as evidenced by a general order from division headquarters, in which General Muir, said:

"The Division Commander is authorized to inform all, from the lowest to the highest, that their efforts are known and appreciated. A new division, by force of circumstances, took its place in the front line in one of the greatest battles of the greatest war in history.

"The division has acquitted itself in a creditable manner. It has stormed and taken points that were regarded as proof against assault. It has taken numerous prisoners from a vaunted Guards division of the enemy.

"It has inflicted on the enemy far more loss than it has suffered from him. In a single gas application, it inflicted more damage than the enemy inflicted on it by gas since its entry into battle.

"It is desired that these facts be brought to the attention of all, in order that the tendency of new troops to allow their minds to dwell on their own losses, to the exclusion of what they have done to the enemy, may be reduced to the minimum.

"Let's all be of good heart! We have inflicted more loss than we have suffered: we are better men individually than our enemies. A little more grit, a little more effort, a little more determination to keep our enemies down, and the division will have the right to look on itself as an organization of veterans."

So away they went to the southeast and came to a halt in the vicinity of Revigny, just south of the Argonne Forest and about a mile and a half north of the Rhine-Marne Canal. Here they found replacement detachments awaiting them, and once more the sadly depleted ranks were filled.

The division was under orders to put in ten days at hard drilling there. This is the military idea of rest for soldiers, and experience has proved it a pretty good system, although it never will meet the approval of the man in the ranks. It has the advantage of keeping his mind off what he has passed through, keeping him occupied and maintaining his discipline and morale.

The best troops will go stale through neglect of drill in a campaign—and drill and discipline are almost synonymous. As undisciplined troops are worse than useless in battle, the necessity of occasional periods of drill, distasteful though they may be to the soldier, is obvious.

"A day in a rest camp is about as bad as a day in battle," is not an uncommon expression from the men, although, as is always the case with soldiers, they appreciate a change of any kind.

This rest camp and its drills were not destined to become monotonous, however, for instead of ten days they had only one day. Orders came from "G. H. Q.," which is soldier parlance for General Headquarters, for the division to proceed almost directly north, into the Argonne. This meant more hard hiking and more rough traveling for horses and motor trucks until the units again were "bedded down" temporarily, with division headquarters at Les Islettes, twenty miles due north from Revigny, and eight miles south of what was then, and had been for many weary months, the front line.

FACING MORE HARD WORK.

The doughboys knew that something big was impending. They had come to believe that "Pershing wouldn't have the Twenty-eighth Division around unless he were going to pull off something big." They felt more at home than they had since leaving America.

All about them they saw nothing but American soldiers, and thousands on thousands of them. The country seemed teeming with them. Every branch of the service was in American hands, the first time the Pennsylvanians had seen such an organization of their very own—the first time anybody ever did, in fact. Infantry, artillery, engineers, the supply services, tanks, the air service, medical service, the high command and the staff, all were American. It was a proud day for the doughboys when showers of leaflets dropped from a squadron of airplanes flying over one day and they read on the printed pages a pledge from American airmen to co-operate with the American fighting men on the ground to the limit of their ability and asked similar co-operation from the foot soldiers.

FLYERS PLEDGE SUPPORT

"Your signals enable us to take the news of your location to the rear," read the communication, "to report if the attack is successful, to call for help if needed, to enable the artillery to put their shells over your head into the enemy. If you are out of ammunition and tell us, we will report and have it sent up. If you are surrounded, we will deliver the ammunition by airplane.

"We do not hike through the mud with you, but there are discomforts in our work as bad as mud, but we won't let rain storms, Archies (anti-aircraft guns) nor Boche planes prevent our getting there with the goods. Use us to the limit. After reading this, hand it to your buddie and remember to show your signals."

It was signed: "Your Aviators."

"You bet we will, all of that," was the heartfelt comment of the soldiers.

Such was the splendid spirit of co-operation built up by General Pershing among the branches of the service.

To this great American army was assigned the tremendous task of striking at the enemy's vitals, striking where it was known he would defend himself most passionately. The German defensive lines converged toward a point in the east like the ribs of a fan, drawing close to protect the Mezieres-Longuyon railroad shuttle, which was the vital artery of Germany in occupied territory.

If the Americans could force a breakthrough in the Argonne, the whole tottering German machine in France would collapse. Whether they broke through or not, the smallest possible result of an advance there would be the narrowing of a bottle-neck of the German transport lines into Germany and a slow strangling of the invading forces.

GNAWED WAY THROUGH LINE.

After the first tempestuous rush there was no swift movement. The Yanks gnawed their way to the vaunted Kriemhilde line, hacked and hewed their way through it, overcoming thousands of machine guns, beset by every form of Hun pestilence. Even conquered ground they found treacherous. The Germans had planted huge mines, of which the fuses were acid, timed to eat through a container days after the Germans had gone and touch off the explosive charge to send scores of Americans to hospitals or to soldiers' graves.

To the Americans, not bursting fresh into battle as they had done at Chateau-Thierry, but sated and seasoned by a long summer of continuous campaigning, fell the tough, unspectacular problem of the whole Western front. While the world hung spellbound on the Franco-British successes in the West and North, with their great bounds forward after the retreating Germans, relatively little attention was given to the action northwest of Verdun, and not until the close of hostilities did America begin to waken to the fact it was precisely this slow, solid pounding, this bulldog pertinacity of the Americans, that had made possible that startling withdrawal in the North.

So vital was this action in the Argonne that the best divisions the German High Command could muster were sent there, and, once there, were chewed to bits by the American machine, thus making possible the rapid advances of the Allies on other parts of the long front.

FOUGHT HARD FOR GAINS

The Pennsylvania men looked back almost longingly to what they had regarded at the time as hard, rough days along the Marne, the Ourcq and the Vesle. In perspective, and from the midst of the Argonne fighting, it looked almost like child's play. Back home over the cables came the simple announcement that a certain position had been taken. Followers of the war news got out their maps and observed that this marked an advance of only a mile or so in three or four days, and more than one asked: "What is wrong with Pershing's men?" It was difficult to understand why the men who had leaped forward so magnificently from the Marne to the Aisne, traveling many miles in a day, should now be so slow, while their co-belligerents on other parts of the front were advancing steadily and rapidly.

A very few minutes spent with any man who was in the Argonne ought to suffice as an answer. Soldiers who were in the St. Mihiel thrust and also in the Argonne, coined an epigram. It was: "A meter in the Argonne is worth a mile at St. Mihiel." The cable message of a few words nearly always covered many hours, sometimes days, of heroic endeavor, hard, back-breaking labor, heart-straining hardship and the lavish expenditure of boundless nervous energy, to say nothing of what it meant to the hospital forces behind the lines and to the burial details.

September 24, division headquarters of the Twenty-eighth moved up to a point less than two miles back of the front lines, occupying old, long-abandoned French dugouts. That evening Major-General Charles H. Muir, the division commander appeared unexpectedly in the lines and walked about for some time, observing the disposition of the troops. He was watched with wide-eyed but respectful curiosity by many of the men, for the average soldier in the ranks knows as little of a division commander as of the Grand Llama of Thibet. Frequently he cares as little, too.

The General cast a contemplative eye aloft to where countless squirrels frolicked in the foliage of the great old trees, chattering in wild indignation at the disturbers of their peace, and birds sang their evensong on the branches withered by the breath of war.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

12/7/18

KEYSTONE ARTILLERY DID REMARKABLE JOB IN NEAT CAMOUFLAGE

Cut Hundreds of Trees in Argonne, Wired Them in Place, and Let Them Fall All at Once

CANOPIED TILL VERY MINUTE OF "MILLION DOLLAR BARRAGE"

ARTICLE NO. XVIII.

THE Iron Division now was assembled completely, functioning smoothly and efficiently, every unit working as a cog in the one great wheel. The artillery brigade, which had made its bow to modern warfare in the Vesle region, was established well to the rear of the infantry.

It had rushed at top speed from the Aisne plateau, making some record hikes. The guns were moved only by night, and each day the weapons were camouflaged, usually in a friendly patch of woods. One night they made thirty miles, which is covering ground rapidly, even under the most favorable circumstances, for an organization with the impedimenta of an artillery brigade.

There were times, in those long night marches, when the little, natural light from a moonless sky was blotted out by woods through which the roads passed, and the artillerymen moved forward in absolute blackness. To have a light of any kind was dangerous, because of the frequent night forays by enemy flyers, and therefore forbidden. Patrols went along in advance to "feel" the road, and the men with the guns and caissons followed by keeping their eyes on the ghostly radiance from illuminated wrist watches worn by officers with the advance patrol.

When it came to the work of placing the guns for the preparatory bombardment of the offensive, the position assigned to the Pennsylvania regiments was in a forest so dense that, to get an area of fire at all, they had to fell the trees before them. But concealment of battery positions in a surprise attack is a vital consideration, and to have cut down hundreds of trees would have been an open advertisement to enemy observation planes of the location of the batteries.

To overcome this difficulty the trees that it was necessary to remove were sawed almost through and wired up to others, which were untouched, to keep them standing until the last moment. To get their field of fire, it was necessary for the men of some batteries to cut and wire as many as a hundred trees. In this way everything was prepared for the opening guns of the bombardment except the actual fall of the cut trees, and not the keenest eye nor the finest camera among the Boche aviators could detect a change in the character of the forest from the air.

FELL SECTION OF FOREST.

At dusk the night of Wednesday, September 25, the artillerymen cut the wires holding the trees and pulled the monarchs of the forest crashing to the ground to left and right of the path thus opened up, leaving the way clear for the artillery fire. A total of more than a thousand trees were cut, held and finally dropped in this way for the three regiments.

At 11 o'clock that night, a signal gun barked far down the line. The gunners of every battery were at their posts, lanyards in hand, and on the instant, they pulled all together.

That has become known in the army as "the million dollar barrage," because enlisted men figured it must have cost at least that much. Whatever it cost, no man in that great army ever had heard the like. It ranged from the smaller field pieces up to great naval guns firing shells sixteen inches in diameter, with every variety and size of big gun in the American army in between.

There had been talk in the war of a bombardment "reaching the intensity of drum fire." No drums the world ever has heard could have provided a name for that bombardment. It was overwhelming in the immensity of its sound, as well as in its effect. There were 3,000 guns on the 54-mile front.

Toward morning, the twelve ugly, squat weapons of the Trench Mortar Battery, under Captain Ralph W. Knowles, 6321 Ross st., Germantown, added their heavy counterpoint to the monstrous serenade that rent the night. They were in position well up to the front, and their great bombs were designed to cut paths through the enemy barbed wire and other barriers, so the infantry could go forward with as little trouble as possible.

"OVER THE TOP" AGAIN

"Zero hour" for the infantry was 5.30 o'clock that morning of September 26. Watches of officers and non-commissioned officers had been adjusted carefully to the second the night before, and when the moment arrived the long lines went over the top without further notice.

The old National Guard of Pennsylvania was only one division among a great many in that attack, which covered a front from the Meuse clear over into the Champagne, and linked up there with the rest of the whole flaming Western front. The American Army alone covered twenty miles of attacking front, and beyond them extended General Gouraud's French army to the west.

The full effect of the artillery preparation was realized only when the infantry went over. The early stages of the advance were described by observers as being more like a foot ball game than a battle. The route was virtually clear of prepared obstructions—although there was hardly a stretch of six feet of level ground—and the German opposition was almost paralyzed.

The whole field of the forward movement was so pitted with shell craters as to make the going almost like mountain climbing. Over this field a part of the great battle of Verdun in 1916 had been fought, and the pits scooped out by the artillery of that time, added to those due to the constant minor fire since, lay so close together that it was utterly impossible for all the men to make their way between. The craters left from the Verdun battle could be distinguished by the fact that their sides were covered with grass and that once in a while a few bones were to be seen, melancholy reminder of the brave men who lied there.

SHELL HOLES IMPEDE MEN

Seen from observation posts in the rear, the advancing soldiers presented an odd picture, dropping suddenly from view as they went into a hole, then reappearing, clambering up the far side. They plumped over the edges, often into a pool of stagnant water with a bottom of slimy mud, and the climbing out was no easy task, burdened as they were with equipment.

It was now the season of the year when the days still were fairly warm, but the nights keen and frosty. The men started out in the chill of the morning with their slickers, but as the day advanced they began to feel these an unbearable impediment in the heat and rush of battle, and they discarded them. When night came they bitterly cursed their folly, for they were wretched with the cold.

The early morning was gray and forbidding. A heavy mist covered the land, hampering the air force in its work of observation, but overhead the sky was clear, giving promise of better visibility when the sun should heat the atmosphere and drive the mist away.

The infantry, with machine gunners in close support, went forward rapidly. They came to the first German trench line and crossed it almost without opposition. An amazing number of Germans emerged from dugouts, hands up, and inquired directions to the prison cages in the American rear. The Pennsylvanians were just beginning to feel the effect of the loss of morale in the enemy army.

ENEMY ARTILLERY WEAK

To the surprise of our doughboys, the artillery opposing them was weak and ineffectual. To this fact is attributed the great number of what are known as "clean" wounds in the Argonne fight—bullet wounds that make a clean hole and heal quickly. In view of the great number of men struck in this campaign, it is extremely fortunate this was so. Had the German artillery been anything like what it had been in other battles, our casualty lists would have been much more terrible, for it is the shrapnel and big shells that tear men to pieces.

Beyond the first German line, which was just south of Grand Boureuilles and Petite Boureuilles, flanking the Aire river, the German defenses had not been destroyed, and the resistance began to stiffen. Out from their shelters, as soon as the American barrage had passed them, came hordes of Germans to man their concealed machine gun nests. The lessons of the Marne-Aisne drive had been learned well by the Pennsylvanians, and there were few frontal assaults on these strong points, many of which were the famous concrete "pill boxes"—holes in the earth roofed over with rounded concrete and concealed by foliage and branches, with narrow slits a few inches above the surface of the earth to permit the guns to be sighted and fired.

When the infantry came to one of these that spat flame and steel in such volume that a direct attack threatened to be extremely costly, they passed around it through the woods on either flank and left it to be handled by the forces coming up immediately in their rear, with trench mortars and one-pounder cannon, able to demolish the concrete structures.

IN MAZE OF BARBED WIRE

The infantry passed beyond the area in which the artillery and trench mortars had wiped out the barbed wire, and ran into much difficulty with the astounding network of this defensive material woven among the trees.

The Germans had boasted that the Argonne forest was a wooded fortress that never could be taken. American troops proved the vanity of that boast, but they went through an inferno to do it. The wire was a maze, laced through the forest from tree to tree, so that hours were consumed in covering ground that, but for the wire, could have been cov-

ered in almost as many minutes. The men literally had to cut and hack their way through yard after yard.

The towns of Boureuilles, great and small, flanking the river, were cleaned up after smart fighting, and the advance was continued up the beautiful Aire River valley in the direction of Varennes.

The Pennsylvania infantry was advancing in two columns. The 55th Brigade, including the 109th and 110th infantry regiments, was right along the river, and the 56th Brigade, made up of the 111th and 112th, went through the forest on the left, or west of the river. On the right of the Twenty-eighth Division was the Thirtieth Division, consisting of National Guard troops of North and South Carolina and Tennessee, and on the left was the Seventy-seventh Division, selected men from New York State.

The town of Varennes stands in a bowl-shaped valley, rich in historic significance and at the time our men reached there, gorgeous in autumnal coloring. It was at Varennes that Louis XVI was captured when he fled from France.

Coming up from the south to the high ground surrounding Varennes, the Iron Division forged ahead faster than the troops on their right could move through the forest. Before the officers and men of the liaison service could apprise the Pennsylvania commanders of this fact, they discovered it for themselves when a hot fire was poured in on their flank from German pill boxes and other strong points.

It was decided, however, as the troops were rolling onward in fine style, not to halt the Iron Division until the other division caught up, so Major Thompson was sent off to the east with a battalion of the 110th to look after that flanking fire. The battalion disappeared into the woods, and in a little while a sharp increase in the sound of the firing from that direction indicated that it was hard at work. After some time it came back into its position in the line. The other division had easier going for a time as a result of the efforts of the four companies of Pennsylvanians, and the embarrassing fire from the right flank was silenced.

After several German "pill boxes" had been reduced and entered by the Pennsylvania troops, it was discovered that they were, like so many other German contrivances of the war, largely bluff. In instance after instance, where the intensity of the fire from these places had led our men to expect a garrison of a dozen men, they found only one. The retreating Germans had left a single soldier with a large supply of rifles to give the impression of a considerable force manning the fort. Prisoners said their instructions had been to fire as rapidly as possible and as long as possible and to die fighting without thought of surrender.

GENERAL MUIR SNIPED AT

When the Pennsylvanians forced their way to the lower crest of the ridge looking down into the valley where Varennes lies, the edge of the Argonne forest to the westward still was occupied by enemy machine gunners. Officers of the division stepped out from the shelter of trees and looked over the ground with their glasses to plan the next phase of the attack. German snipers promptly sighted them and in a moment bullets were singing through the trees above their heads and to both sides, but they remained unperturbed.

"Get me an idea of what is over in that wood," said General Muir to his aides, and Lieutenant Raymond A. Brown, of Meadeville, Pa., and Captain William B. Morgan, of Beverly, Mass., started out on the risky mission. Lieutenant Brown's pistol was packed in his blanket roll. He borrowed a rifle and a cartridge belt from a private soldier.

Three hours later they returned and made reports on which were based the next movements of the troops. They told nothing of their experiences, but Lieutenant Brown had added a German wrist watch to his equipment, and Captain Morgan showed a pair of shoulder straps that indicated the troops opposing them were Brandenburgers.

As they went down the far side of the hill toward Varennes, the Pennsylvania soldiers saw an amazing evidence of German industry. The whole slope was terraced painstakingly and furnished with dugouts in lines leading off the terraces. The shelters of the officers were fitted out with attractive porticos and arbors.

AMERICAN MUSIC IN DUGOUT

As evidence of the hurried retreat of the Huns, who apparently had not dreamed the Americans could advance so swiftly through their leafy fortress, a luncheon, untouched, lay on a table in an officer's dugout. At the head of the table was an unopened letter.

In another dugout was an upright piano, which must have been looted from the town and lugged up the hill at the cost of great labor. But, most astonishing of all, on the piano was sheet music published in New York, as shown by the publisher's name, long after America entered the war. Our officers puzzled over how the music could have got there, but found no solution.

Varennes itself was virtually a wreck by the time our men arrived. Most of the buildings were cut off about the second story by shell fire. An electric power station, installed by the Germans and damaged by them in an attempt to wreck before leaving, was repaired by Pennsylvania mechanics, and soon was ready to furnish illumination for the Americans.

Crates of live rabbits, left behind by the Germans in their flight, were found by the Pennsylvanians and turned over to the supply officers, and in the evening an officers' mess sat down to a stewed rabbit dinner in the open square of the ruined town, in the shadow of the gaping sides of the wrecked church.

This meal, and others for some days, had added to regular army rations a plentiful supply of cabbage, radishes, potatoes, cauliflower, turnips and other vegetables, taken from the pretty little gardens the Germans had planted and nurtured carefully.

(To be continued Monday.)

12/9/18

'KEYSTONE' CHAPLAIN LED MEN TO VICTORY WHEN OFFICERS FELL

Major General Muir Also Took a Company Over the Top in Face of Machine Gun Fire

HUNS AT BRUNNHILDE LINE GAVE 28TH STIFF BATTLE

ARTICLE NO. XIX

WHEN the Pennsylvanians were at Varennes, a great automobile came roaring down the hill from the south and slithered to a halt where a group of our soldiers had been lolling on the ground resting.

They were not there by the time the car stopped. Instead, they were erect and soldierly, every man at attention, and hands were jerked up to the salute with sharp precision. For the flag on the car bore four stars, and it was all the men could do to keep from rude "gaping" at the tall, handsome man inside, who called to them pleasantly:

"What division is this?"

Most of the men were tongue-tied with surprise and embarrassment, but one responded:

"The Twenty-eighth, sir."

"Ah! You have an enviable reputation", was the reply from the man in the car. "I should like to lunch with your division today."

As the car passed on, a group of very red-faced private soldiers looked each other in the eye in a startled way, and one voiced the thought of all when he said:

"And that was General Pershing! And he spoke to us! Gee!"

The 103d Engineers again were covering themselves with glory in this Argonne drive. Time after time they were sent out to repair existing roads and construct new ones, often working right on the heels of the infantry, for only after they had performed their work could supplies be brought up to the fighting troops and the artillery maintain position to continue the barrage in advance of the infantry and machine gunners.

The 103d Supply Train, too, performed its work under incredible difficulties. Doughboys rarely thought to give a word of praise to the men of the big camions. More often their comment was: "Gee! Pretty soft for you fellows, riding around in a high-powered truck while we slog through the mud!"

But to those who knew of the trying night drives in utter darkness over roads that not only were torn to rubble already by shells, but were subject at any time to renewed shelling; of the long stretches without sleep or food or drink; of the struggles with motors and other parts of the trucks that fell heir to every kind of trouble such things are liable to under great stress—only to that understanding few, and to the supply chaps themselves, were their activities regarded as subject for praiseful comment.

Had the Supply Train "fallen down on the job" and "chow" not been ready at every opportunity—which truly were few and far enough between—Oh, then the doughboys would have howled in execration at their brothers of the big lorries.

ALL WORK TOGETHER

The same kind of credit was due as much and given as rarely to the 103d Ammunition Train, which kept all the fighting men supplied, without stint and without break, with the necessary powder and steel to keep the Hun on the run.

Even the men of the four Field Hospitals found themselves nearer the front than such organizations usually go. So well had the plans been made for that opening assault, that it was realized the hospitals would have to be well forward to avoid too long a carry for the wounded after the first rush had carried our men well beyond their "jumping off place."

The hospitals took position in the night and erected their tents, so they would not be subject to air bombing before the attack and so their presence would not betray the concentration of forces. French officers who passed along the American front inspecting it the night before the assault were amazed at this concentration, and so were the field hospital men when the bombardment was started and they found themselves far ahead of the big guns. In the morning they discovered, to their astonishment, that they had been thrust in between the first line of infantry and the support.

Throughout the Argonne fighting, as they had done from the beginning of the division's activities, they performed their work in as thorough and capable a manner as did any of the organizations in the Division, and found their chief recompense in the gratitude of the wounded and suffering who passed through their hands.

On one occasion "Jerry," as the soldiers called Hun airmen, made a night visit to the 110th Field Hospital. This is made up almost entirely of men from Tacony and Torresdale and used to be Field Hospital No. 2, N. G. P. It is commanded by Major Charles P. Brady, organizer of Frankford Hospital, in this city.

HIDE UNDER KITCHEN RANGE

When the first air bomb dropped, there was a wild scramble by the men to get under cover. Some, in their haste to get out of sight of the German vultures, crawled under a field kitchen, in which

a roaring fire was going. They stuck it out until the airmen went on, but it was noticed for some time that they slept lying on their faces and hunted the softest spots when they went to sit down.

As the two Pennsylvania columns battered their way forward, a double liaison service was maintained between them, first by patrols of men and second by telephone communication. The service of communication was under the direction of Colonel Walter C. Sweeney, chief of the divisional staff, originally a Philadelphian, but now hailing from Virginia.

The circuit of communication was not broken once, largely because of the alertness and ability of Lieutenant-Colonel Sydney A. Hagerling, of Pittsburgh, the divisional signal officer, and the staunch, untiring and efficient work of the 103d Field Signal Battalion. Each brigade commander knew always precisely how far the other had advanced. Both regular army men, they united in giving full credit for the remarkably successful advance to the high quality of the troops, the superb handling of the artillery by Brigadier-General Price, and the unexcelled "team work" of officers and men of each branch of the service and of branch with branch.

GENERAL MUIR LEADS COMPANY

At one time, emphasizing this remarkable spirit within the Division, Major-General Muir appeared in the front lines one morning, just as the first wave of infantrymen was about to go over in a charge against a machine gun nest. Standing talking to the regimental commander, General Muir fidgeted for a few moments, and then said:

"I think I'll command one of those companies myself."

To the amazement and great glee of officers and men, he did, the commander of the chosen company acting as second in command. Enemy shells landed all about the General, who manifested as much agility and energy as the youngest private. A shell fell within twenty-five feet of him, but fortunately it was a "dud" one that failed to explode. There was vicious machine gun fire all about, but the nests were cleaned out and Boche gunners and guns were captured. General Muir rejoined the Colonel. He was breathing hardly faster than usual as he remarked:

"That was fine! It took me back to the old days in the Philippines."

A few days later, the General was out again among the troops, accompanied by Colonel Sweeney, Captain Theodore T. Boal, of Boalsburg, Pa., Lieutenant Edward Hoopes, of West Chester and Corporal Olin McDonald of Sunbury, all of his staff.

DRIVES OFF HUN FLYER

German planes were hovering overhead, and suddenly one of them dropped like a plummet to a few feet above the ground and began to spit machine gun bullets at the group. A wounded soldier had just come out of the woods, stood his rifle against a tree and started back to a first aid station. General Muir seized the rifle, took careful aim at the flyer, about 300 feet above and fired twice. Whether he scored a hit could not be determined, but the airman fled after the second shot.

In the course of the advance, the artillery went forward in echelons. That is, batteries from the rear moved up and took position in advance of other batteries, which in turn moved up in advance when the farthest battery had taken up the fire.

The Pennsylvania artillery cut a swath two miles wide through the forest, doing their work so thoroughly that beautiful green hills, which could be descried by powerful glasses in the distance, were—by the time the beholders reached them—nothing but shell-pitted, blackened mounds, ragged with beards of shattered and splintered trees, looking for all the world, as men from the Pennsylvania mountain country observed, like the hills at home after a forest fire.

When the artillery reached Varennes, which was, of course, not until after the infantry had gone far beyond, they ran into a severe enemy shelling. It was then, October 2, that First Sergeant T. O. Mader, of Audenried, Luzerne County, a member of Battery A, 109th Artillery, performed the deeds that won for him

ROUTE OF IRON DIVISION'S DRIVE IN THE ARGONNE

The former National Guard of Pennsylvania was one of the American divisions which, by launching a blow at the "back door to Germany," broke the back of the Hun army so badly that only the armistice saved it from a military catastrophe. The Pennsylvania division followed roughly the valley of the Aire, taking Boureuilles, Petite Boureuilles, Varennes, Montblainville, Apremont, Baulny, Chatel-Chehery, Exermont and Fleville. It was withdrawn when on the outskirts of Grand Pre.

THE TALE IN RETROSPECT

Tomorrow there will be completed in these columns the first connected narrative of the experiences and exploits of the old National Guard of Pennsylvania, which went to France as the 28th Division, known also as the Keystone Division, and emerges from the conflict with the well-earned popular title of the "Iron Division."

Publication of this history was begun in The Bulletin November 18, and has been continued daily since. The first week's instalments told how the division was cited as a "Famous Fighting Red Division" and won a scarlet keystone as a divisional insignia, to be worn on the left shoulder of every officer and enlisted man. The awarding of a fourragere, a braided cord to be worn in a loop about the left shoulder as a decoration of honor for the 109th and 112th Infantry regiments, also was set forth, and the arrival of the troops in positions below the Marne and their first battle, ending in defeat for the Germans, was described.

The second week's articles described the first air raid inflicted on our men, and told of their swift, hard campaign from the Marne to the Vesle, with many incidents of gallant conduct by individuals and organizations.

Last week the tale was told of the taking of Fismes and Fismetter, on opposite sides of the Vesle river; the advance to the Aisne, the withdrawal—ostensibly for a rest—that ended in a rush to the Argonne Forest, where the division again covered itself with glory. The whole narrative has been studded with anecdotes of the individual heroism for which our Pennsylvania Guardsmen distinguished themselves.

ficial citation and the Distinguished Service Cross.

BATTERY SERGEANT A HERO

He helped to guide sections of the battery over a shell-swept road, when the fire was so severe that eight men were wounded and ten horses killed. The horse that Sergeant Mader rode was killed under him. The driver of a swing team had difficulty in controlling the horses of a section, and Sergeant Mader sent him to another section and himself took charge of the fractious team.

He continued with the section until he was wounded so badly he was unable to control the frantic horses. He refused to have his wounds treated, however, and continued to direct the gun carriages to places of safety. Then, disregarding his own condition, he requested the medical officers to give first attention to other wounded men. The official citation stated that "Sergeant Mader's conduct was an inspiration to the men of his battery."

Another "second in command" was put out of action at this time, Lieutenant-Colonel Olin F. Harvey, of the 109th Artillery, being severely wounded in the leg by a shell fragment.

Beyond Varennes, the infantry found the going harder than before—much harder than anything they had encountered since going to France. The Germans had their backs to their boasted Brunnhilde line, and fought with desperation to hold off the advancing Americans until the vast Hun armies in the north could extricate themselves from the net Marshal Foch had spread for them with such consummate skill.

PUSH ON TOWARD APREMONT

Montblainville and Baulny presented only temporary problems to troops flushed with victory, and they pushed toward Apremont, below which they suffered the first serious check of the drive. Once more there was need for the tremendous effort and heroic endeavor, and once more the Pennsylvania troops measured up to the need.

Men who had distinguished themselves on the Marne, the Ourcq, the Vesle and the Aisne, maintained nobly the reputation for bravery they already had established, and they were emulated in inspiring style by men whose names had not figured before in the Iron Division's roll of honor.

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SLAUGHTER OF HUNS BY 28TH 'PITIABLE' IN TAKING APREMONT

Pennsylvanians Had Attack Ready as Boche Ran Into It With Bungling One of Their Own

GUTTERS ACTUALLY RAN RED WHEN YANKS TOOK THE TOWN

ARTICLE NO. XX.

THE taking of Apremont was the greatest struggle the Iron Division had in its fighting career. Much has been said and written in the war of "the blood-soaked fields of France" and "streams red with blood." Officers who were at Apremont solemnly vouch for the fact that there was a time in that town when the water running in the gutters was blood-incarnadined.

And not all of it was German blood.

The town was held in force, much as Fismes and Fismette had been and presented much the same problem. So strong was the position, that every approach to it was covered by heavy concentrations of machine guns and snipers. No longer were one or two Germans left in a nest to fire many guns as fast as they could. The enemy had brought up strong reinforcements of comparatively fresh troops, and gave every evidence of a determination to stand. Not until compelled to by superior force, did he let go, and then it was only to launch one counter-attack after another.

It was at this time that Sergeant Andrew B. Lynch, 2646 S. Franklin st., Philadelphia, won his Distinguished Service Cross by a remarkable act of daring and self-sacrifice. As a member of the headquarters company of the 110th Infantry, he was on duty with the one-pounder section of his company in a position slightly north of the village. Under orders he removed his guns to the rear and, after establishing the new position was told that his commanding officer, Lieutenant Meyer S. Jacobs, had been taken prisoner.

Sergeant Lynch and Corporal Robert F. Jeffery, of Sagamore, Pa., organized a rescue party of five and instantly moved forward and attacked a German patrol of thirty-six men who had Lieutenant Jacobs in custody. Fifteen of the Germans were killed, and Sergeant Lynch personally took three prisoners and released his lieutenant unwounded.

ORGANIZES FRESH ATTACK

Immediately after the return to the American lines, Sergeant Lynch took command of seventy-five of his company who had been held in reserve. Drawing his revolver, the Sergeant commanded the men to follow him, launched a fresh attack, drove the enemy back two-thirds of a mile and established a new line in a ravine northwest of the village. The official citation remarked that "Sergeant Lynch's conduct exemplified the greatest courage, judgment and leadership."

Lieutenant John V. Merrick, of Roxborough, Philadelphia, with D Company of the 110th Infantry, had gained an ob-

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The Trench Mortar Battery of the Artillery brigade was rivaled by men of the trench mortar platoons attached to the headquarters companies of the various infantry regiments, which carried their heavy weapons through the almost fathomless mud, in and out of shell craters, exhausted by the heat of the days and the bone-chilling cold of the nights. Despite their heavy burdens, the mortar platoons always were close at hand when the infantry stopped, baffled by the mazes of wire, and called for the "flying pigs" to open a path.

Men of every regiment filled stellar roles in this smashing advance. Lieutenant Godfrey Smith, Gwynedd Valley, Pa., overcame innumerable obstacles and passed through many dangers to establish and maintain telephone communication between the advance posts and the rear areas of the 112th Infantry. Color Sergeant Miles Shoup, of Braddock, had charge of the runners and liaison work for the same regiment and displayed great personal bravery.

Shoup had the reputation among the other men of bearing a charmed life and he was termed "a remarkable soldier" by more than one officer. In the advance of the morning of September 28 Colonel Dubb became separated from his command and Shoup volunteered to search for him. He found the Colonel after passing unscathed through a terrific artillery and machine gun fire, then returned the same way and organized additional runners to keep the communications intact.

ASSEMBLES MEN UNDER FIRE

At night the Germans suddenly opened a smart barrage with big guns, and men of the 112th became scattered. Lieutenant Smith assembled the men while the fire was going on, finding them in various shelters. It was necessary to wear masks because the Boche was mixing in an occasional gas shell with his shrapnel and high explosives, but Lieutenant Smith persisted until he had returned the men to their various battalion positions and re-organized the companies.

On another occasion, Lieutenant Smith was laying telephone wire with a detail of headquarters company men. When the supply of wire ran out, he crawled through the woods to a German telephone line, within a short distance of German positions, cut the wire and brought back enough to continue laying his own line.

An officer of the 112th noticed that every time he called for a runner from any one of three companies, it was always the same man who responded. The man was Private Charles J. Ryan, of Warren, a member of Company I. When a lull came in the activity, the officer investigated in person, because the men assigned to act as runners should have taken turns, and he suspected the others were imposing on Ryan, which is subversive of discipline." To his amazement, he learned from the unanimous accounts of all the men, including Ryan, that the latter had insisted that the other runners should let him take all the assignments to duty. The officer put a stop to this agreement.

CHAPLAIN LEADS ATTACK

France puts her clergymen into the army as fighting men, on the same basis as any other men. America exempts men of the cloth from military service, but offers them an opportunity to serve their country and humanity, as well as their calling, by acting as chaplains to the fighting men. As such, they are supposed to have nothing to do with the fighting. But there come times, in the heat and rush of battle, when quick action by the nearest man of ability and judgment points the way to victory.

Such an occasion arose the second day of the Argonne drive when all the officers of a battalion of the 111th Infantry were incapacitated. Lieutenant Charles [illegible] Conaty, of Boston, a Catholic priest who was a chaplain in the 111th, was the only commissioned officer remaining with the battalion. He promptly jumped into the breach and led the battalion in a victorious charge. Lieutenant Conaty had not been recovered long at that time from the effects of gas he inhaled when working close to the lines in the Marne-Vesle drive.

A German sniper wounded the "bunkie" of Thomas Corry, of Pittsburgh, a member of Company I, 111th Infantry. Corry started out to stalk the sniper in revenge. He spent the whole day at it, and returned with half a dozen prisoners, all the snipers he had found except the ones who showed fight and had to be killed.

NARROWLY ESCAPE HUN TRAP.

A major of the 111th at one time sent a runner to the 109th Machine Gun Battalion to ask for aid at once. Company B, of the gunners, under Captain Daniel Burke Strickler, of Columbia, Pa., set out at once with a guide. They followed the guide over one hill, but saw no sign either of the enemy or a hard-pressed battalion of their own men. At the bottom of the next hill Captain Strickler called a halt and asked the guide if he were sure the battalion was at the top.

The guide replied that they were hardly 100 yards away, and started up the hill alone to make sure. He had gone not more than twenty feet when a masked machine gun battery opened up and the guide was riddled. Captain Strickler ascertained the location of the infantry lines from a wounded man who happened along on his way to the rear, and started for them.

The infantry, however, had been having a tough time, and had been directed to retire while the artillery laid down a barrage. Unaware of this, Captain Strickler led his men up the hill and walked into the edge of our own barrage, but the company escaped without the loss of a man.

The effect of the American pressure now was being felt far behind the German front lines, as was evidenced by the sheets of flame by night and clouds of smoke by day that signaled the burning of heaps of stores and the explosion of ammunition dumps far to the north.

Advancing around Apremont, the 111th ran into difficulties and was delayed. Runners carried the word to the Fifty-fifth Brigade, and Captain Meehan and a battalion of the 109th were sent over to help. They cleaned out the Bois de la T'Aibbe, which was garrisoned strongly and offered almost an impregnable front, so that when the 111th disposed of its immediate difficulties it was able to move up to the same front the rest of the regiments occupied.

(To be concluded tomorrow.)

jective to which he had been assigned and was holding the western end of a ravine near Apremont. He found his men were subjected to both a frontal and an enfilading fire and were without proper shelter. He ordered a withdrawal to a safer position and in withdrawing he was struck through the elbow and hand by machine gun bullets.

Suffering intense pain, he declined to be evacuated, and for two hours bravely and skillfully directed his men and brought them back to the company, with stragglers from other units who attached themselves to his party.

Captain Charles L. McLain, of Indiana, Pa., who had distinguished himself below the Marne, again came into prominence at Apremont. He learned that Company C, 110th, was without officers. His own company was in reserve. There was no superior officer at hand, so without orders he turned over command of his own company to a junior officer, took command of the orphaned C Company, and led the first wave in a hot attack. He was wounded in the leg, but continued at the head of his men, hobbling along with the aid of a cane, until his objective was reached. Then he allowed them to send him to a hospital. Both he and Lieutenant Merrick recovered from their wounds and rejoined their regiment.

GERMANS WALK INTO TRAP

In the fighting close around the village of Apremont, the men used shell craters instead of digging trenches, organizing them as strong points. An attack on the Germans was intended for 5.30 o'clock in the morning. About 300 Pennsylvania infantrymen in the town were awaiting a barrage that should clear the way for them to advance.

Oddly enough, the Germans had arranged for an attack for almost the same time. The Pennsylvanians were supported heavily by machine guns. The Germans launched their attack first, and the result was more than the Pennsylvanians had expected to achieve in their own attack, and it was won with less cost. The Huns came straight at the shell craters and were crumpled in masses. Those that managed to get by, ran into the waiting infantry in the town, and the ones who survived that fight turned and fled, right past the machine guns in the shell holes again.

It was pitiable, officers said later, or would have been if the Americans had not realized that the Germans had so much to answer for. Hardly a handful of the several hundred Germans who began that charge lived through it.

At last the Germans launched one great attack, in which they apparently had every intention of driving the Americans from the village and the surrounding positions, with every hope of being successful. They came on confidently and with undeniable courage. The fighting that resulted was desperate. Our Pennsylvania men stood up to them like the gallant veterans they had become. The fighting was hand-to-hand, breast-to-breast. In many spots, man contended against man in a struggle as primitive, as dogged and as uncompromising as any fighting ever has been. When a contest narrowed down to one or two men on a side this way, there was but one outcome for the loser. There was neither time nor inclination on either side to surrender, nor time to take prisoners. Death, quick and merciful, for one or the other was the only possible eventuality.

SWEEP OVER MAJOR'S SHELTER

Our men fought like tigers, but the Germans outnumbered them somewhat and, after their first rush, had a certain advantage of position. The 109th Infantry bore the brunt of this attack. Major Mackey, who as Captain Mackey had won a high place in the fighting annals of the Division in the battle below the Marne, was in his post command in an advanced position when the attack was launched. The "P. C." as the army shortens post command, was in a cellar from which most of the house above had been removed by artillery fire. With him were his battalion adjutant and a chaplain. He was keeping touch with the rear and with the regimental post command by means of telephone and runners.

The runners ceased arriving and the telephone connection was severed. Only then did the men in the cellar realize the attack was gaining ground and that they might be in danger. Suddenly from directly over their heads came the angry "rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat" of a machine gun, like a pneumatic riveter at work on the steel skeleton of a skyscraper back in God's country. Simultaneously, the bawling of commands in hoarse-voiced German told them that the visitors who had taken possession of the ground floor of their subterranean domicile were the pestiferous Boche.

It is hardly necessary to add that Major Mackey and his companions kept quiet, expecting every moment to be called on to surrender. But Fritz had his hands full. Reinforcements were seeping up to the front line of the Americans, and they were beginning to make a stand. Then the officers and men of Major Mackey's battalion saw what the major had heard—the Hun machine gunners standing on the American P. C.

It called for no special command. There was a wild yell of anger and defiance, and away the Pennsylvanians went to the rescue. The reinforcements were right at their heels. The Germans had shot their bolt and would have been compelled to retreat very soon anyway, but the plight of Major Mackey and the other officers hastened it. In a very short time the enemy was in flight northward once more.

HEAVY LOSSES IN DIVISION.

It was after this fight that Company H, of the 109th, buried twenty-four of its men, said to have been the largest loss in killed of any company in the division in one engagement in the war. The losses all through were exceedingly heavy. There were instances of companies emerging from the combat under command of corporals, every commissioned officer and every sergeant having been put out of action and, in at least one instance, a battalion was commanded by a sergeant, the major, the captains and the lieutenants of all four companies having been incapacitated. It was costly, but it wrote the name of Apremont on the records of the division as a word to thrill.

From Apremont the advance veered over to the west, still following the course of the river, toward Chatel-Chehery. When the artillery reached Apremont it ran into trouble again. One battery of the 109th was shelled and knocked to pieces. Guns were torn from their carriages, limbers and caissons blown to bits, horses killed and several men killed and many injured.

Colonel Asher Miner, of Wilkes-Barre, went out in person and assisted in rallying the gunners, bringing order out of chaos and directing the men to a new position. Speaking of Colonel Miner's presence of mind, his constant presence at the scene of danger, the care with which he looked after his men and equipment and his general efficiency and ability, Brigadier-General Price paid him a high compliment.

"Colonel Miner showed bravery on many occasions," he said, "but it is when men do what they do not have to do that they are lifted to the special class of heroes. Miner is one of these."

It was only shortly after this that Colonel Miner was injured so severely in the ankle that his foot had to be amputated.

TAKE FARM STRONGHOLD.

Just after leaving Apremont, fighting rod by rod, almost foot by foot, the infantry advance had a brisk engagement in the clearing out of Pleinchamp Farm. As was the case with the other farms of France that figured so frequently in the war news, this consisted of a considerable group of centuries-old buildings, built of stone with exceedingly thick walls, offering ideal protection for machine guns, snipers and one-pounders.

The buildings were situated so that an attacking force against a building was open to hot fire from most of the others. It was cleared of the Germans in a brilliant little engagement, however, and our men began to close in on Chatel-Chehery. They were now in the act of driving their way through the Kriemhilde line, the second German defense line in that sector, which the Germans had predicted never would be broken.

The 112th Infantry again came to the fore in this work. Hills 223 and 244, names that are purely for military purposes, and appeaer only on the military maps, presented formidable obstacles in the path of the regiment. It is not, however, the American way to stand about and talk of how strong the enemy probably is, so the 112th took another hitch in its belt, clenched its jaws, and set out in a rush for Hill 244. Rather to their surprise, they swept over the eminence in their first rush. Neither machine gun nor rifle fire could halt them. It was not the 112th's day to be annoyed, and it continued to wipe out the German defense positions on Hill 223 in the same way.

The night before this attack, Sergeant Ralph N. Summerton, of Warren, sat in a kitchen of the regiment, feeling about as miserable as one man may. He was suffering with Spanish influenza, and had on his body and legs a number of exasperating wounds, inflicted when a German "potato masher," or trench bomb, went off close to him. He had refused to go to hospital, because he felt he was needed with the regiment, but he had on his blouse two medical tags, indicating he had been treated for both the disease and the wounds.

"FLU" VICTIM LEADS FIGHT

Lieutenant Dickson, the battalion adjutant, and Lieutenant Benjamin F. White, Jr., a surgeon, entered, and Summerton asked Lieutenant Dickson how things were with the regiment. The officer remarked that there were no officers to lead I Company in the attack next morning, and Summerton started out.

"You'd better either stay here or go to hospital; you're a sick man," said the medical officer, but Summerton disregarded the advice, went to the company and assumed command, and led the first wave in the assault on Hill 244 next morning. He actually was the first to the top of the hill, and performed the feat under the eyes of the brigade commander, although he was almost reeling from his illness and his wounds. Not only that, but after gaining the crest, he continued to lead the attack until he got a rifle bullet through the shoulder, which put him out of action.

The regiment went next against Chene Tondu Ridge, and here the whole Division came to a pause. It took just four days to reduce that stronghold. It was a case where nothing could be gained and much might be lost, by trying mere force and haste, so it was cleared of Germans by a regular course of siege operations in the tactics with which the Pennsylvanians now were so familiar. Some men spotted the German firing positions and concentrated their streams of bullets on them, while others crept forward to protected posts. These in turn set up a peppery fusillade, and the others crept forward. So it went on, steadily up hill, steadily gaining, until, in the evening of the fourth day, the tired doughboys of the 112th lay down and slept on the crest of the ride in token of their victory. They had redeemed it for France.

FIND PRINCE'S HUNTING LODGE

These were the chief defenses that had to be overcome before the troops came to Chatel-Chehery itself. There, much the same kind of fighting as at Apremont took place, although not on so fierce and extensive a scale.

Near Chatel-Chehery, in the depth of the woods, the soldiers found a hunting lodge, which prisoners said had been occupied for a long time by the German Crown Prince. They said that, unmindful of the great tragedy such a short

WHERE THE IRON DIVISION WON ITS GLORIOUS TITLE ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE

The map shows the relative locations and the routes of the two great drives in which the former National Guard of Pennsylvania achieved fame. To the left is the Soissons-Rheims pocket, with the route of the 28th Division in its drive from the Marne to the Aisne marked by arrows. Its next and hardest campaign was up the valley of the Aire river, northwest of Verdun, also indicated by arrows. When the armistice was signed most of the division was facing toward Metz, in readiness for a drive on that fortress. The positions there are marked by arrows.

distance away, a tragedy for which he was at least partly responsible, he entertained parties of gay friends at the lodge and went boar hunting in the forest. That he was more or less successful was attested by several large boars' heads on the walls.

In the course of their progress up the valley, our men had captured a railroad that had been part of the German system of communications. With it were taken seven locomotives and 268 cars. The locomotives were of odd construction, to American eyes, having a big flywheel over the boiler, and on each a fanciful name was painted in German on the side of the cab. Locomotives and cars were camouflaged to make them blend with the trees, bushes and ferns of the forest. An effort had been made to wreck them, but four were repaired easily and in a few hours after they were seized men of the 103d Engineers had the railroad running full blast and performing valuable service.

Our men had taken also a complete fifteen-cottage hospital. It was built attractively on the side of a hill, and winding paths connected the buildings, which were of red brick and painted concrete.

In the modern operating room was a gruesome sight. Evidently the hospital force had fled in haste at the approach of the Americans, for on the operating table lay a German with one leg amputated. He was dead. From the fact that the surgical implements lay right at hand, with some other details, it was apparent the surgeons had deserted the man on the table at the moment of operating.

GET SAWMILL AND LUMBER

Another valuable capture was an electrically-operated sawmill, with 1,000,000 feet of prepared lumber. All of this, with several electric power stations, were set to work immediately for the benefit of the division.

Moving on from Chatel-Chehery, the Division took Fleville and then came to the outskirts of Grand Pre, which promised to make itself worth the taking of any Division, and, indeed, did prove quite a stumbling block.

It was no stumbling block for the Iron Division, however, for its service of fourteen days in that magnificent drive was paid as enough for one body of men, and it was ordered withdrawn. The organizations were relieved October 9 and 10. They moved southward, crossed the Aire and came to rest in positions around Thiacourt, sixteen miles southwest of Metz and about four miles back of the front lines. Division headquarters were established at Euvezin, several miles southwest of Thiacourt.

The artillery was detached and sent scurrying away along the rear of the roaring battle line, where the Germans now rapidly were nearing the collapse of their arms, toward which our men had done so much. Straight away northwest they traveled, mile after mile, mile after mile, and when at last they came to a halt, the gunners, to their utter amazement, found themselves in that devils' cauldron of the whole war, Belgium.

Here they were attached to the army of pursuit, which was intended to hound the retiring Germans to the last ditch, but the signing of the armistice intervened before they saw real action. The artillerymen had thought they knew something about devastation and desolation from what they had seen theretofore, but the sights in Belgium taught them that they knew nothing of such things. That ghastly, bleak, barren land, clawed to pieces like a carcass under the beaks of carrion birds, by four long years of war, filled the Pennsylvania gunners with horror and abomination of the Hun.

IN PLACE ON NEW FRONT

Back with the Division, the men had only a day or two to rest in the billets about Thiacourt. Then, just after the middle of October, the Fifty-sixth Brigade moved up toward the front and took position on a line of Haumont, Xammes, Jauiny. They now had become a part of the Second American Army, which obviously was getting into position for a drive on Metz, and our men looked forward to more strenuous work.

The Fifty-fifth Brigade was to have relieved the Fifty-sixth in ten days, but this order was countermanded. The Fifty-fifth instead moved up and took position on the left of the Fifty-sixth, and it was approximately in these positions that the signing of the armistice found our men.

They had some more sharp action before the end of hostilities, but in the face of the rapidly approaching collapse of Germany, it attracted little attention. They then were moved back somewhat, and went into a real rest camp based on Heudicourt. The right to wear a gold chevron on the left cuff, in token of having been six months in overseas service was attained November 18.

After a fine rest, and when the Army of Occupation was well advanced toward the Rhine, under the terms of the armistice, the 28th Division was chosen as one of several to make up a line of support to the troops entering Germany and was assigned to a position with a base in Lorraine. This selection, involving no actual hard work and the satisfaction of at least having a direct share in the final triumph, came as a distinct honor to the Pennsylvanians in recognition of their remarkable services and sacrifices in the last months of the Great War.

Some days before the signing of the armistice, General Muir had taken leave of the Division with every sign of deep regret. He was going to take command of the Fourth Army Corps, and Major-General William H. Hay succeeded him in command of the Twenty-eighth.

General Murr once more took occasion to voice his admiration for the Division as a whole, and directed that special orders, commending each unit and mentioning some of the special feats it had performed, be issued to the commanding officers of the units. These in turn were reproduced by the commanding officers and a copy was given to each man.

In concluding this record, probably nothing could be more appropriate than to quote the order of its fighting commander, citing its glorious action. The communication read:

"The Division Commander desires to express his appreciation to all the officers and soldiers of the Twenty-eighth Division and of its attached units who, at all times during the advance in the Valley of the Aire and in the Argonne Forest, in spite of their many hardships and constant personal danger, gave their best efforts to further the success of the division.

"As a result of this operation, which extended from 5.30 o'clock on the morning of September 26 until the night of October 8, with almost continuous fight-

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ing, the enemy line was forced back more than ten kilometers.

"In spite of the most stubborn and at times desperate resistance, the enemy was driven out of Grand Boureuilles, Petite Boureuilles, Varennes, Montblainville, Apremont, Pleinchamp Farm, Le Forge and Chatel-Chehery, and the strongholds on Hills 223 and 244 and La Chene Tondu were captured in the face of strong machine gun and artillery fire.

"As a new division on the Vesle River, north of Chateau-Thierry, the Twenty-eighth was cited in orders from General Headquarters for its excellent service, and the splendid work it has just completed assures it a place in the very front ranks of fighting American divisions.

"With such a position to maintain, it is expected that every man will devote his best efforts to the work at hand to hasten that final victory which is now so near."

(The End.)