

FIRST BATTLE MARKED BY SPIRIT OF WEST

91st Men Wounded, Though Bent on Killing Huns.

DEATH IS BRAVELY FACED

California Soldier, Shattered, Gives Humorous Warning to Bearers of Stretcher.

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EIGHTH ARTICLE.
Still another California boy in the 353d Infantry who lost his life in front of the German rear guards, on the forenoon of September 26, was Private Clarence H. Hammell (2363731), of 647 Seventh street, Oakland. Hammell was first in company D to die. He was in the headquarters platoon, which had got away from the rest of the company in the fog, which about 11 o'clock ran into a machine-gun nest. As company D was a mopping-up company, this nest was thus in the rear of the first wave of the 91st Infantry. The point was just beyond the Cheppy-Very road, at the left of the Bois de Cierzee.

Hammell was 20 feet to the right of a shell-hole. Fifteen feet to the left of this shell-hole was Private August F. Miller of 1713 Golden Gate avenue, San Francisco. Fifteen feet to the right of the shell-hole was an L company man, who had got mixed in with the headquarters platoon in the confusion. As the machine-gun began to fire, Miller, the L company man, and Hammell all made a run for the hole. Miller was shot at and missed; he got into the hole and escaped, and doubtless is living yet. The L company man was killed just as he got his feet in the shell-hole. He was hit in the lungs. He said, "Oh," and was gone. Hammell, the Oaklander, was on the dead run for the shell-hole and had just half-way when he fell with a bullet through the head, and did not move after that.

Hun Snipers Shoot Accurately.

Over and over again all forenoon this sort of death kept happening. The snipers were protected by snipers with rifles. There used to be a notion in the United States that Fritz couldn't shoot. Wrong. The men whom the Hun left behind to delay the advance of the enemy could usually shoot like a westerner. He was one of that great band of professional snipers who from the English channel to Alsace, 300 miles, could be found from '14 to '18 hidden in trees, working from garrets of buildings, camouflaged on the ground, covered with branches sometimes, working with deadly precision from points where they could not be seen. At a distance of 1,000 yards the snipers were thick. Many men feared them more than the shell fire. On the second day, as will later be shown, they were almost as potent in holding up the advance as were the machine guns themselves. As for shell fire, a man usually felt that if he gets it, he'll get along somehow there isn't that personal deadliness about a machine gun, either. But it produces an eerie feeling when just ahead of a man is a sniping directly at you.

So J. H. Watts, private of company B of the 353d, met his death. Watts was a private of company B, of the 353d, and was commanding. The whole first battalion of the 353d had started out in support of the second battalion, but it was the western nature to push right ahead and by 10:30 o'clock many platoons, including the second of company B, were on the front line. Loin and his men then ran into numerous machine-gun nests in trenches on the side hills. Loin believed there were more than a dozen, and he had to fight them.

Watts was a runner in lead of a gun team. He started into a shell hole to set up his gun when he was shot in the chest. He lived 30 minutes. "How do you feel, Jack?" he was asked, and he said, "It hurts pretty bad, boys." Watts was from Fenrose, Wyoming. Mixed in with the men in this fight was a private from company E of the 353d, who was lost from his company. This was Ross Moore of Utah. Moore went over to help Private Watts. His samaritanism cost him his life. Probably the same sniper who had shot Watts shot Moore through the jaw. He was finally carried over to the edge of a wood and covered up with a slicker, still living. The other wounded were there. A man was left with them while others went out for stretchers. None could be had, so they came back to carry them in on improvised stretchers. When the 91st boys could get nothing better they fixed up a stretcher made out of a slicker with a gun at each end. It was 3 o'clock in the evening when they got back to Moore. He was dead.

"What became of the sniper who shot Watts and Moore?" asked the writer, who was "fighting over the battle" with company B. "I have his buckle now," said a big sergeant nearby.

Mitton Boy Killed Instantly.
There, too, were the Germans on the side hill. Loin and the platoons, an Oregon man lost his life. He was Private

Don't Let Soap Spoil Your Hair

When you wash your hair, be careful what you use. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle. The best thing to use is just plain multifold coconut oil, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and bears the most expensive soaps or anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, waxy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.—Adv.

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Ben Selling

Leading Hatter Morrison at Fourth

Neil Best (2781744) of company D of the 353d, whose home was in Milton, Best was a regimental runner. Probably he had just delivered a message and had got lost coming back. At any rate he appeared on the front line. The sniper shot him between the eyes and killed him instantly. Best was a good boy. "I was in charge of him several days before the battle when he was doing messenger work. The night was never too dark for him to go out," said Ross J. Calfee of company B, whose home is in Richmond, Cal.

The frequency of men's getting lost constantly shows in this narrative. The explanation is easy. The ground was entirely new. Officers carried maps and some of the non-coms, but the others knew little or nothing of the lay of the land. Directions were changed in the fog. A man might think he was going north and be going west. The official course of attack was 7 degrees west of north, but few of the men carried compasses. They were eager to go. One group was stopped by machine guns and the groups at the sides would go on ahead. Had the lines moved ahead in a straight and regular front, and had plenty of time been taken to rout out the snipers, the casualties of the first day or two might have been considerably smaller.

But the western soldier has no pretensions with waiting. Officers and men alike kept pushing on, stopping only when machine guns were right ahead. Doubtless this policy paid, for by mid-afternoon the irregular line was five miles north by northwest of the jump-off. Five miles in one short day, and that through a wild country, almost as hard to break through as the famous approach to Verdun. Those who lost sons on this day, when they read of the ground that was gained and of the degree of effort on German morale, may feel that the sacrifice, as deaths in the army go, had much compensation.

Soldier Badly Mangled.
After Watts and Best had been killed and Moore fatally wounded, Loin's second platoon passed by the left flank to re-establish communication with the main company. It had proceeded about 100 yards when German artillery opened. The platoon contained a corporal named Ernest P. Wall, between whose legs one of the shells alighted. That morning Wall had said to his sergeant, "Sergeant, if there is anything to do that is dangerous, give it to me. I want the toughest proposition there is. I haven't a scared bone in my body." Wall was off to the left when the shell fell, along with Sergeant Ed Wildt. They were not in sight of the rest of the outfit. Loin noticed the shell fall and called over to know whether someone was hurt. A voice answered, "No," and the outfit went on.

About an hour later, however, Private G. M. Wentworth of Oakland, Cal., saw and identified Wall. Sergeant Wildt was lying close by him, with both ankles and hip torn by shrapnel or shell casing. Wall was fearfully mangled. He had written a letter before they went in, which he asked to be mailed to his sister in case he was killed. The letter is believed to have been blown off. Even his identification tags were gone. The writer himself was two miles away at the time and did not see the body of Wall. Not up to many months later had Wall's name appeared in the division record of dead. Unless backed by the authority of the division records, this narrative will seldom speak of a man as killed; but an exception is made in Wall's case because his tags had been blown away and because he is carried as dead on the company roll.

Wildt and Hall had been very good friends and to escape the fearful sight beside him, Wildt rolled down the hill and therefore was missed by the stretcher bearers. So he lay for 26 hours. In the night it rained on him. When the bearers finally got him, his next afternoon and were by machine and his shattered ankles and hip on the stretcher, what do you think he said? He was a mine operator from Madera county, California, was Wildt. "Handle me damned easy now, or I'll get up and kick hell out of you," he said. The Western soldier had an abiding sense of humor.

Western Spirit Shows.
Borst, a private of company B, was another man who showed from what stuff the men of the west is made. Back in the trench where Watts and Moore had been shot, and within a minute of the shooting of Watts, a sniper struck Borst in the back, the bullet coming out at the groin. Sergeant Loin sent a man to give him first aid and he said, "Don't mind me, go and get those Germans." As the platoon was leaving Loin called back for stretcher bearers and just before the squads got over the hill he saw them pick Borst up. Borst was a University of Minne-



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Salem Man Is Suicide.
SALEM, Or., April 15.—(Special.)—The body of J. T. Cheshire, 67, was found on the bank of the Willamette river last night with a self-inflicted bullet wound in the head. He took his life because of ill health, according to a note left to his wife. He had been suffering from tuberculosis for several years. He had lived in Salem all his life and had been in the grocery business until a short time ago.

Knights to Attend Church.
VANCOUVER, Wash., April 15.—(Special.)—Vancouver Commandery, No. 10

New York's New Tunnel Open.
NEW YORK, April 15.—Without formal ceremonies the new Clark-street tunnel under the East River, connecting the Seventh-avenue subway with Brooklyn was opened today. Construction of the tunnel, which cost \$7,000,000, was begun in October, 1914.

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