

WESTERN HUMOR IS FACTOR IN BATTLE

Wounded "Drummer" Asks
Chaplin to Get Mask.

MANY ASK FOR CIGARETTES

362d Infantry Sometimes Forced to
Withdraw Quickly Over Diffi-
cult Terrain.

BY COLAN C. DYMENT
American Red Cross Section With the 31st
Division.

TWENTY-THIRD ARTICLE.
The order to the 362d infantry and to the second battalion of the 361st to move forward from the Miller hill line at 7 A. M. of the 23rd caught both bodies not fully ready. The 362d, however, had a company or two in position, and promptly at seven they started up to the Miller hill crest, just northwest of the Clerges woods, in skirmish formation. Ten minutes later these men had to stop because of machine gun fire, and this delay gave the remaining companies of the 362d time to get into position and the second battalion of the 361st time to get straightened around.

The 362d made little headway with its morning attack. Fritz was in force on the second ridge and on ridges on right and left flanks, and from his artillery strongholds still farther back he was firing freely. After the initial threatening advance the wild westerners took to the shell holes and after an hour or so of futile prospecting for openings retired over the ridge again—the second withdrawal over Miller hill in 12 hours. In another 12 hours there was to be a third withdrawal over this notable ridge.

Lieutenant Joseph P. Swift, of the 362d machine gun company, one of Captain Lige Worsham's good men, lost his life on this morning. Swift was an Arizona and a fit man to be a lieutenant in Worsham's hard outfit. Worsham used to try to get men who would fight in peace as well as in war; Worsham's own personality took care of the discipline, and he got not merely at fighting discipline, but almost social graces as well. The machine gun men liked the lieutenant as well as the captain. "He was as good a lieutenant as ever walked," said Private George Weaver, a wounded Montanan from the machine gun company—a Willow Creek lad—whom the writer saw shortly afterward; and one thing that made Worsham so full of fight in the afternoon was the fact that Swift had been killed in the morning.

Invisible foe encountered.

Swift went down the far side of Miller hill to locate machine gun emplacements for his own guns. To Sergeant Sil Engstrom, of 615 East Seventh street south, Salt Lake, he said: "I was charged till I came back. I'll be back in a minute," and off he went toward a thicket at the foot of the hill in which there were Germans. It being the courage of thousands of 31st men thus to walk into invisible foes. From this thicket one sniper at least was working; already he had shot down two men; morning, while back on the ridge just behind him were both machine guns and snipers. Yet Swift was right on and found his emplacements.

He had started back for the guns before he was hit. The bullet came in at the temple, the right one, and emerged at the left one. Ten minutes later his men decided they would have to go back over the ridge. Swift was Lieutenant Swift down at the edge of that thicket, may be dead, maybe not dead.

Two men, who should have said good-bye when they went, got down the hill to him. They were Sergeant Engstrom and Corporal Edlin. They were sniped at but missed, American fire perhaps keeping the sniper from shooting, too straight. They found Swift still alive, but unable to speak, and he was dead when they left him. Astell took his revolver, and both got to their outfit again.

In the battle of Epinonville, two miles southeast on the 23rd, Swift had flanked two machine guns with one man, killing four Germans in one and one in the other.

Shell Kills Several of Group.
From this brush came also the bullet that killed Private Joe Piazola of Epinonville, Mont. The bullet passed just over Private Frank Hain of Manteca, Cal., and hit Piazola's neck. "Oh," he said, and when Hain looked he was dead.

Company D of the 362d had its first man killed in the morning. D was at nearly full strength for the Genes attacks, for at the beginning of the fourth day not one of its men had been slain, and not many wounded besides Bradshaw, Hanneman, Kitts and Tuorilla. But as D skirted the Bois de Clerges to get into position, about 7 A. M., a shell fell into a group. Corporal John Higginbotham, son of John Higginbotham Sr. of 601 Fourth avenue, Lewiston, Mont., and Private Leo E. Stover of Rosford, S. D., were instantly killed and Private Earl Scott was so badly hurt that he did not live long. Scott's father is Edgar A. Scott, on route 1 out of Creston, Wash.

One of the snipers who was harassing the 362d was a crack shot, and a crack shot in the 362d decided to get him. He was Harold R. Anthony, company D's efficient supply sergeant, who, in addition to looking after supply, had contrived to do more or less fighting during the first three days. On the 23rd Anthony had cleaned out a machine-gun nest, killing one gunman and coming away with the gun. Next day he had silenced, at 700 yards' distance from a ridge near Epinonville a sniper who had been firing at company D from his camouflaged nest in the brush. Anthony was a preacher's son, his father is Dr. Alex H. Anthony of Nashville, Tenn.

So Anthony went after this German sniper and was shot in the head, dying instantly. He was recommended for the distinguished service cross.

Private Bennie A. Cottle of Franklin, Idaho, a young married man, was killed in the early 23rd by a shell. Cottle's wife was a war bride.

After company D withdrew over the ridge and back toward the north edge of the Bois de Clerges, Sergeant Armstrong and Corporal Mitchell were wounded. Armstrong in leg and shoulder and Mitchell in thigh. There was beautiful nerve in these western men. Both lay out in the open and both called for cigarettes. In company D was a perfume drummer from San Francisco, Sergeant Charles Hildebrandt, and it was the perfume drummer who emerged from his shelter in

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the edge of the woods to give his tobacco to Mitchell and Armstrong. Neither man mentioned his wounds. What they said to Hildebrandt was, "Give 'em hell for me."

Hildebrandt was an awfully good sort. He too had his vein of quick western humor under all circumstances. He started toward Genes in the 3:40 attack in the afternoon, but out on the second ridge a shell struck his legs. In his scramble to get into a shellhole, Hildebrandt lost his gas mask, which lay tantalizingly outside the hole about 20 feet, at a time when the Boche was inflicting gas, h. e. and shrapnel.

Suddenly, who amid the inferno in front of Genes should crawl into Hildebrandt's shellhole but a 31st chaplain, presumably one of several brave chaplains in the division who took about what the doughboys took. The chaplain looked at the perfume drummer from San Francisco, saw he was all bloody and a pitiful sight and thought he was going to die.

"My friend," said the chaplain, "are you ready to meet your God?"
"Yes," said the drummer, "but for Christ's sake go out and get my gas mask."

The chaplain went for the gas mask, pitched it to Hildebrandt, and pushed on toward Genes.

After the retirement, which was over before 10 A. M., there were only scattered losses. Private Arvel R. Boyd of company A went to a barn for some straw, presumably for his muddy protection pit, and a shell hit the barn, knocking off a third of the roof. Boyd ran out a few yards and fell dead, apparently without mark, but bleeding at the ears. Boyd was from Minot, N. D. His was the only death in company A up to 3:40 P. M.—that historic moment that saw the beginning of the 362d's day of wrath.

Shell Kills One, Wounds Six.

Private Matthew Spears of company L, a Redding, Cal., boy, was one of the morning victims. He lay in a pit he had dug for protection. He was an automatic gunner and the shell that killed him wounded the rest of the squad, six or eight in number. Company I was then acting as a liaison group between the 181st and 182d brigades.

The corporal of Spears' squad was Roy E. Coleman of Esall Heights, Mont., who, wounded by the shell that killed Spears, died back of the lines and is buried near Very.

Not much has been written in this serial to date of the fine machine gun battalion supporting the 361st and 362d infantry regiments, the 347th, which contained a mixture of hard-fighting men from Washington, Idaho, Montana and Utah, principally, with sprinklings from everywhere.

The 347th, however, had been on the job all the time. It jumped off at dawn of the 26th behind the 361st, from the left of Avocourt, and followed it through the Cheppy woods. The first night it slept in the crocodile trenches on the ridge opposite Epinonville, with guns set up in case of counter attack. The second day it took part in the battle of Epinonville. Toward evening, Company A was swung to Eclifontaine, and the third morning took part in the clearing of Eclifontaine. The fourth morning found it back on the right wing again, prepared to protect the right flank in the attack on Genes.

Just before the charge of 3:40, Corporal Thomas W. Sullivan of Dubois, Idaho, and Corporal Richard Kennedy, a sister of whom lives at 2610 Jackson street, Seattle, both of Company A, moved into a trench and set up a machine gun. Sullivan saw Germans away on the hill back of Genes and was impatient to shoot, although they were yards distant. Kennedy said to wait a few minutes, that no one had orders to shoot. He and William Beaton of Malad, Idaho, were then about ten feet down the trench, facing Sullivan. The position was just north of the Bois de Clerges on the high hill.

Scam of Pocket Torn.

A sergeant in the second battalion of the 361st suddenly called, "First platoon to the rear." Kennedy was in the first platoon of company A of the 361st and he said to Beaton, "What that command?" Beaton answered, "I think it was." Another company A man put in, "Shall I bring the gun?" "Good," said Kennedy. "Don't leave the gun." Some men started to take down the gun, but the shells were so thick they decided to remain in the trench.

Kennedy, however, and one squad started back on the mistaken order. Kennedy himself having clambered over the trench with two boxes of ammunition. Thus did life and death hinge upon small things in the Argonne. A 77 fell close and Kennedy was struck in the breast, just at the seam of the pocket, the seam being torn a little. He seemed to go a yard into the air and cried, "Oh, my God, I'm hit."

Corporal Don M. Dondere of Tacoma gave him first aid, and Kennedy tried to get back of the lines. A quarter of a mile away Corporal Sullivan found him. Sullivan meantime had been sent to Eclifontaine for more ammunition and was on his way back. Kennedy was sitting down in a foxhole. "Well, Sully," he said, "I guess they got me." Sullivan stopped and asked an infantryman to hold Dan Woody's horse till Woody could help Kennedy on to a dressing station. Woody was another Idaho man. Kennedy had nearly stripped himself when Sullivan found him. He died on the way to the field hospital in the Bois de Cheppy, and is buried there.

The shell that fatally wounded Kennedy knocked down Private Samuel J. Scott of Waterville, Wash.

Tomorrow Lieutenant Dymont will begin the story of the great attack of 3:40.

EMPLOYEE LEVIES BARRED

Idaho Republicans Will Not Follow
Democrats' Example.

BOISE, Ida., May 5.—(Special).—There will be no 3 per cent money collected from republican employees at the state capitol during the next two years as was the case with the democrats during the past two.

CATTLE RANGE IN DEMAND

Department of Agriculture Agent
Making Survey in West.

LEWISTON, Idaho, May 5.—(Special).—J. G. Peterson of the United States department of agriculture was in the city Saturday conferring with O. P. Henderson, secretary of the Northwest Livestock show, regarding conditions in the livestock industry in Idaho. Mr. Peterson is in the bureau of animal husbandry and is making a survey of stock-raising conditions in the western states, with special regard to opening up new ranges for cattle.

HUN BAYONET WICKED ONE

Weapon Captured by Oregon Man

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MURDER TRIAL TO BE MAY 8

Seven Officers and Soldier Accused
of Killing Dr. Karl Liebknecht.

BERNE, May 5.—(French wireless service).—Diapatches announcing that that trial of the alleged murderers of Dr. Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg killed during last winter's Spartacist outbreak in Berlin, would begin May 8 in the German capital, show that besides the soldier named Runge, whose arrest was announced recently, seven officers also are listed as defendants.

The sawtooth bayonet has been placed on display by Mr. Walters.

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"Money couldn't buy the good Tanlac has done me, and I gladly recommend it for what it has done in my case," said Hon. Archie R. Anderson, of Houston, ex-sheriff of Harris county, Tex., recently.

Mr. Anderson is unquestionably not only one of the best-known, but one of the most popular men that ever held public office in "The Lone Star" state. After serving as deputy sheriff of Harris county for 12 years, Mr. Anderson was elected chief of police of the city of Houston. He had occupied this office only a short time when the sheriff of Harris county died. Mr. Anderson's friends persuaded him to make the race for the unexpired term of sheriff to which he was easily elected. He was honored with re-election seven different times and served the people in this important office for 15 consecutive years. Four years ago Mr. Anderson declined re-election and retired to private life. He cast his lot among the people of Houston and is a large property owner and foremost citizen of this interesting and prosperous city.

"I was in a run-down condition," continued Mr. Anderson, "and had no appetite at all. I could hardly sleep at night and never felt like getting up in the mornings. I was so tired. I had the worst form of indigestion, suffered all the time from gas on my stomach and was continually belching up undigested food. I had to take my coffee without sugar, as when I drank it with sugar I would just belch for hours. I would blot and sweat up like I was poisoned and suffered with neuralgic pains of the worst sort, and nothing seemed to help me only in a temporary way. I just can't tell you how I did suffer for the past four years and up to the time I began taking Tanlac. A few weeks ago,

"When I read the testimonials of some who had been relieved of troubles like mine I just felt like I couldn't make a mistake by taking Tanlac and it has done even more for me than I had expected. I began to feel better after taking my first bottle and have just now started on my third and I'm a different man already. I sleep like a log now and eat just any and everything I want without the slightest discomfort afterwards. I am glad to endorse Tanlac because it does the work and I'm telling all my friends just what I'm telling you. I never felt better in my life than I do since taking Tanlac. I am willing for you to publish my statement, and let every suffering person who may wish, benefit by my experience with this great medicine."

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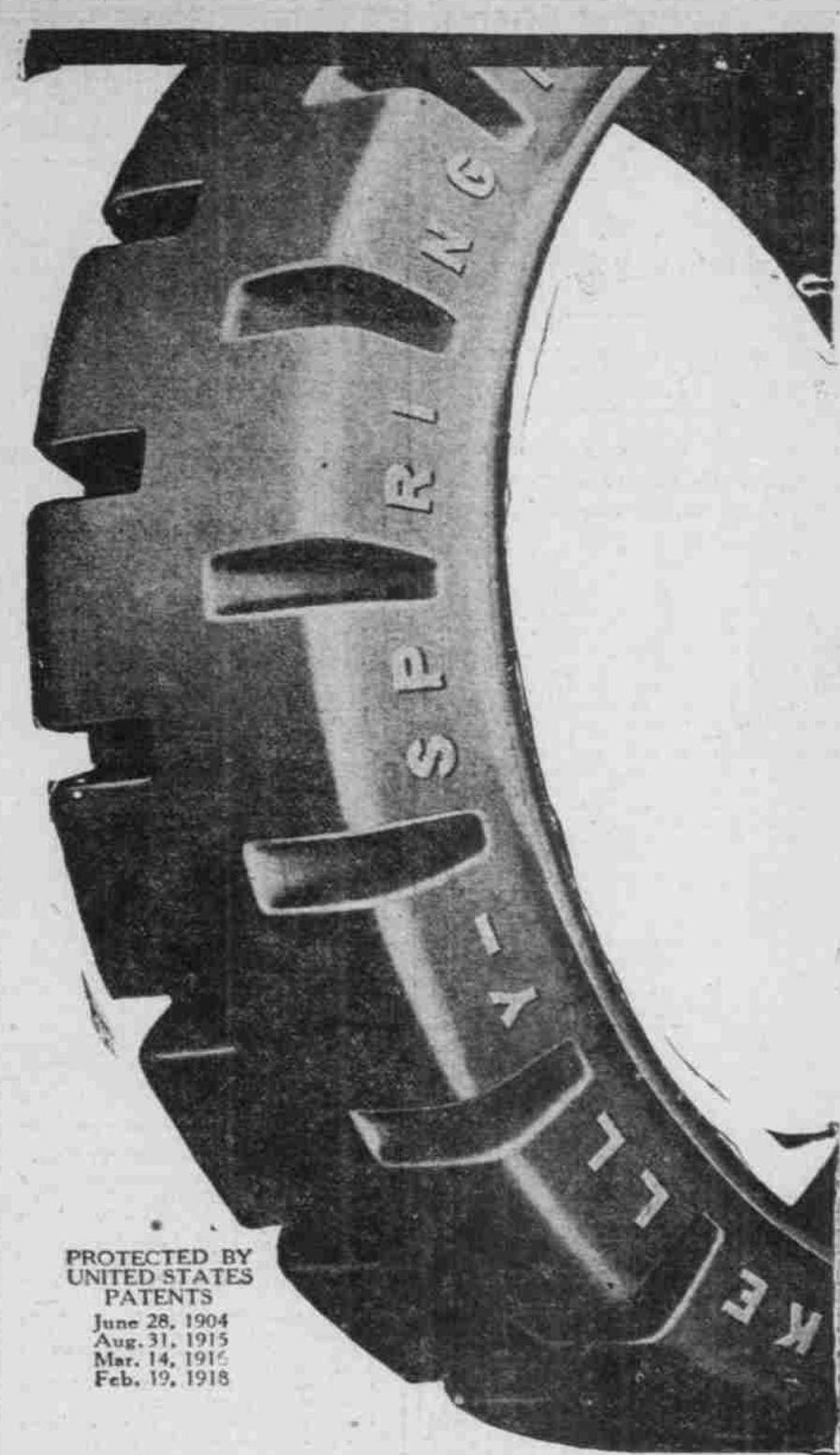
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