

WAR RECORDS OF U. S. CASUALTIES ARRIVE IN PORT

Several Hundred Packing Cases Are Needed to Transfer Data Covering Yankee Battle Losses

CAME UNDER STRONG CONVOY

Thousands Waiting in Homes for Official Story of Loved Ones Gone Soon May Be Informed

By Junius B. Wood
Special Cable to The Journal and The Chicago Daily News.

New York, July 21.—Several hundred packing cases of records unloaded from the Imperator contain data closer to the hearts of the great American public than any of the tons of documents accumulated by the A. E. F. They are records of the battlefields of Europe. Officially they are known as the casualty records of the expedition. For the thousands who have been waiting in homes in America for the complete official story of the loved ones who will not return the time has now arrived when Washington possibly can answer.

So important did General Pershing consider these records that they were sent across under a special convoy of officers and men and arrangements were made for a special train to rush them to Washington.

MYSTERY LOSSES BEING CLEARED
Though the expedition bureau of central records at Bourges, France, is not closed, its work in clearing up the mystery of thousands of casualties is practically closed. Others of these mysteries will go into the great unsolved. As long as there is a chance of clearing them the army will work, but the possibilities are dimming every day.

Lieutenant Colonel Ernest G. Smith, publisher of a newspaper in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and Major Nat. Baxter, a banker in Nashville, both of whom saw active service, are with the records. They are expected to remain in Washington many weeks helping to answer the deluge of inquiries which is expected as soon as it is known that these documents so full of tragedy have arrived. Considerable secrecy surrounded their departure and transportation across.

"Missing in action" is written after the names of only 45 of that host of Americans who crossed the seas to offer their lives on the battlefields of Europe. This in comparison with the French total of 265,000 and the British total of 121,000 missing, indicates the thoroughness with which the American expeditionary forces have accounted for every member of its ranks.

"MISSING IN ACTION" CAMOUFLAGE
"Missing in action" is the camouflage of oblivion which covers everything but tells nothing. The three words are military parlance for disappeared leaving no trace. It may come at night in the silent trenches or the sudden clash of patrol in No Man's Land or amid the crash and confusion of hours of fighting or in a hundred different ways of war's surprises. It is part of the accounting which the company commander, or somebody who takes his place, makes after each day of death and he counts his shattered stake at the end of the play.

Words cannot visualize the chaos of the front where lives are pawned and reports of deaths come hours later from those who have seen their comrades fall. By that time the lines have moved and there is no check up. A sergeant in a refrigeration plant in the S. O. S. went A. W. O. L. to get in the fighting, worked his way across France to the

"I ADVISE EVERY SICK WOMAN"

To Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I advise every suffering woman to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for it has done me so much good. I had female weakness, inflammation, pains in my sides and painful periods. I suffered for six years and tried many remedies without benefit. The doctor said I must have an operation. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers, and since taking it I am cured and have a nice baby four months old. I feel like a new woman, and have recommended your medicine to my friends. I would be glad to have everybody know what your medicine did for me, and if any write to me I will answer all letters."—Mrs. MARY CALIGURE, 317 South Main St., Herkimer, N. Y.

Every woman at some period or other in her life may suffer from just such disturbances as Mrs. Caligure, and if there is no interested friend to advise, let this be a reminder that this famous root and herb remedy has been overcoming these ailments of women for more than 40 years.

If any complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years' experience is at your service.



front and went over in the first wave. A man in the second wave reported he fell with his hole through his head and that when he came back, himself wounded, hours later the body still was lying there.

OFFICIALLY DEAD BUT LIVE
The man was announced by the war department as dead, but a month later he was sent to an American hospital in France. Two French stretcher bearers had picked him up, taken him to a "first aid" hospital, and made reports, had cared for him until he could be moved and then sent him to an American hospital.

A lieutenant with 25 men was going forward on a truck when it was squashed by a shell. Those who survived picked up the remains of the others, and he reported them as killed. Two weeks later one of them was reported from a hospital. All he remembered was the crash and the shell as it struck the truck and recovering consciousness in a hospital. Everybody else in the squad was sure he had been killed.

A division is to go over the top at dawn in the darkness several hundred new replacements come up and are divided among the companies. In the tense hour where not even a match can be struck a company officer writes down their names on a scrap of paper, spelling them as sounds plausible to him. A whistle blows for the attack and the wave moves forward.

IDENTIFICATION IS DIFFICULT
In half an hour some of them are casualties. When the day's fighting is over possibly the officer is one, too. Some are beyond identification, and weeks of patient tracing are necessary to prove that the same man who entered at some replacement camp miles away is the same one days later found unidentified on the front.

A night patrol is surprised and scattered, some are prisoners, others are killed. Then a part, cravens down to bury the dead. They work in total darkness, illuminated only by flashes of bursting shells, praying that the Germans will not send up any shells turning night into day. A scribbled address on an envelope is all that is found on one body. It may be the man's or a friend's. It is up to the bureau of records to make sure. Charles L. Hoffman, one man, was found with only a razor with the name 118th on the handle in his pockets. He was never identified and it is believed the razor came from some German soldier. Another was brought to a hospital in Brest when the Spanish influenza was raising havoc with our incoming transports, without even pajamas. A man had a finger shot off and started walking back along the road.

Five minutes later he was killed by a shell. He was buried and reported dead, but his comrades, convinced that he was alive, wrote to his family that he was only slightly wounded. Others were killed when the Germans bombed hospitals, yet company records and letters of their comrades reported them slightly wounded.

Similar cases could be multiplied by thousands. Individual reports amid such surroundings form the basis of any army's casualty lists. The marvel is that they were as accurate as they were.

On the day of the armistice out of 322,000 casualties, later reduced to 308,000 by the elimination of duplications and omissions, 18,800 were listed as missing in action. The mystery of many other thousands had been cleared up as the fighting progressed. A list was published with a request for a report of the fate of every man whose name was recognized. By February the number was reduced to 7500, and another list was published. Supplementary lists, each with a diminished number of names, were sent out by the bureau each month. Many of the men were found alive and serving with other outfits.

NAMES ARE OVERLOOKED
Others had been evacuated wounded back to the states and their names overlooked, others were prisoners in Germany, but half were dead. In most instances it was their former buddies who knew their fate, how the man had been blown into oblivion by an exploded shell, how he had been mortally wounded and died on the battlefield to be later hurriedly buried by others who did not identify him, how his body had been left behind when the company retired and the enemy swept over, or other facts which made his fate sure.

From the information gleaned in this way, central records office believes it is sure of the fate of all except the 45 who remain on the list. This does not mean that all the American dead except 45 are identified; between 900 and 1000 are in cemeteries with the word "unknown American" instead of a name painted on the white cross at the head of the grave. This number would have been reduced if it had been possible for the living to stop their harvest of death to bury the dead as they fell, the figures would have been smaller. Often it was days, frequently weeks, before the bodies could be placed below the ground. Tags and marks of identification then were missing.

IDENTIFICATION TAGS LOST
Carefree soldiers took the aluminum identification tags from around their necks to use for poker chips, gave them as souvenirs to French mademoiselles, traded with their buddies for good luck, lost them like the lost every day, or had them blown away by the shell which snuffed out their lives. Twenty-five tags were found hanging in a captured German dugout. A squad of men went in swimming, hung their tags on a branch and went away and left them where they were found and the men reported missing. In one French hospital hung the tags for all the American patients with their polyglot names wired on a single post, and when one died the hospital attendants took off the first tag and buried it with him.

Out of the 4851 American prisoners captured by Germany all have been identified except 21. The day of the armistice Germany turned them loose to go where they pleased. They straggled out of Germany in any way possible. Most of them headed for their old divisions and former buddies. All of them took their time and some were leisurely. One was located contentedly clerking in a store in Stockholm, Sweden.

He had reached a German port, boarded a sailing vessel and got off at the first dock. He has confidence that the American army would take care of him and get him back some time, but he did not bother to write to anybody, even his folks in America. Some of the 21 may be leading A. W. O. L. in Germany, but it is not believed any are in other parts of Europe so thoroughly has it been combed.

When the final search is made of the German war records some of the 21 and of the 45 may be located. The German records were extremely accurate, accounting for every enemy who came into their hands, alive or dead, that is, until the final rapid retirement.

wrong man as killed or wounded when another of the same name was it tended. In a single regiment were seven Dennis J. Sullivan, at one time five of these were casualties. It is easy to see how the multiplication of identical names increased through the expedition. These five were carefully identified and cabled to Washington, where the home addresses were to be added. However, the chances for a mistake were not over and when the casualty list finally was published two of them had been interchanged with the only two others of the same name who were uninjured.

Another cause of confusion in the casualty lists which now can be explained was through individual letters. Frequently a letter would announce a causal before the official report and attach a letter would tell of a casualty which never occurred. The American Red Cross had a corps of women workers called searchers and finders detailed at hospitals doing immense good by writing letters to the families of wounded men.

DISASTER FOLLOWS LETTERS
Frequently they also wrote with dis-

astrous results to the families of men who were not in the hospitals but whom well meaning patients thought had been killed or wounded. One noted instance was where a young woman, after visiting a hospital, was unable to write her letters for several days. Eventually she dated them the day she wrote, starting with the assuring sentence, "I talked with your son today." In the meantime one of the men had died suddenly from pneumonia.

When the war department notified the family that the boy had died on a certain date the letter was produced, indicating that the woman worker had talked to him on a date several days later. Much working of the overcrowded cables was necessary to clear up the case, and it was not until the young woman explained the thoughtless misstatement that the family reluctantly accepted the sad news as true.

Under general headquarter orders after 19 days the name of a man reported missing in action was dropped from the rolls and responsibility of the company commander for ascertaining his fate ceased. Weeks or months later would come the inquiry from the cen-

tral records office attempting to clear up the mystery. There had been other actions, probably the company commander was gone, more old timers had been wounded or buried in France and the task was hard, but usually there was somebody who remembered. There was fraternalism among the American soldier and he remembered his pals.

2000 Planes Salable, 500 Sold in 3 Months

Atlantic City, N. J., July 21.—More than 2000 airplanes of the pleasure type could be sold immediately if manufacturers could make deliveries, and more than 500 have been purchased or ordered in the United States during the past three months, according to a statement issued today by Henry Woodhouse, vice president of the Aerial League of America.

U. S. MAY REQUIRE MEXICAN APOLOGY

Carranza Said to Have Control in Places Where American Sailors Were Robbed.

Washington, July 21.—Nothing short of an apology from the Carranza government, together with evidence showing that the band of desperadoes who insulted the American flag, and held up and robbed a number of American sailors have been summarily punished, will be acceptable to the United States.

This was said to be the attitude of the state department today, as officials waited further explanation of the affront which occurred on July 8, near Tampico, Mexico. This is the territory where Carranza is supposed to be in complete control and because of this so-called control neither American soldiers nor sailors are permitted to carry side arms.

The defenseless condition of the American bluejackets made them easy prey for the bandits. Neither the state department nor the navy department had an additional report on the situation at a late hour today.

"Because it is admitted in official quarters that the incident represents the most grave feature of Mexican-American relations in the past year, the state department is hoping that the matter has already been adjusted by the American naval officers, now in Mexican waters. If the officers have demanded an apology and one has been given by the Carranza authorities at Tampico the crisis would be largely mollified. One additional provision, however,

would be necessary. It would be the capture and punishment of the bandits who committed the insult and robbery.

Due to over-extension of loans, the North Penn bank of Philadelphia has closed its doors.

There is one SAFE PLACE to buy your piano.

Get our selling plan. We sell standard pianos. Don't fail to attend our JULY SALE.

Sigman Wolfe & Co.
Manufacturers of J. Mott Oils

How much Turkish?

No cigarette names mentioned

There are only three kinds of cigarettes: (1) those containing Turkish tobaccos alone, (2) those containing Domestic tobaccos alone, and (3) those containing various blends of both Turkish and Domestic. We manufacture all three kinds.

Hence we have nothing to lose and everything to gain by advising you fairly and openly as to which one of these three kinds of cigarettes will probably suit you best.

"How much Turkish?" is the big question in choosing a cigarette and the more smokers we can help by this frank advice, the more steady, contented purchasers we can count on, year after year, for our various cigarettes.

Tear out this advertisement—show it to some friend.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF EVERY KIND OF CIGARETTES

Are you smoking too much—or too little—Turkish?

UNTIL you find the right answer to that question, you won't get one-half of the sheer enjoyment and comfort you should get from each day's smoking.

Maybe you have the answer already.

Maybe your present cigarette is exactly the right one for you. If so, hang on to it—you're lucky and this story is not meant for you.

But, unless you are positive—unless you KNOW—that your present cigarette suits you better than any other cigarette possible can, it will pay you well to understand this question of "How much Turkish?"

Turkish and Domestic—Blended

So the average smoker finds that the just-right cigarette is a happy medium—that he can smoke more often and actually get more solid pleasure out of his smoking, all day long, by choosing a cigarette which is of part Turkish and part Domestic tobaccos, combined in a good blend.

Such cigarettes are called "Turkish blend" cigarettes.

How to recognize a good "Turkish blend"

There are only two things that count in a "Turkish blend" cigarette. One is

Straight Turkish vs. Domestic Tobaccos

Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are very different from each other. Turkish has a delicate, smooth flavor and a very rich, heavy aroma—Domestic has more real tobacco character, and the better grades possess what tobacco men like to call "life" or "sparkle."

Some men (comparatively few, however) can smoke straight Turkish cigarettes all day long.

Others—many of them, our records show—go to the other extreme, and prefer

straight Domestic. They can't stand any Turkish at all. They find it over-rich or heavy—too much aroma.

And in between these two extremes is the big majority—the normal or average smokers.

These average smokers like the Turkish flavor—yes. But they find that Turkish tobacco is something like plum pudding or candy—awfully good, but too much is, decidedly, too much.

So the quality of the tobaccos themselves (both Turkish and Domestic), and the other is the proper proportioning of each to each in the blending.

But while there are many "Turkish blends" on the market, it is easy for anyone to pick the good ones. Here is a simple test. If a cigarette satisfies your own requirements on these three points, it is pretty sure to be both a good blend and the right smoke for you:

First—It must give you that real Turkish flavor—but not so much of it as to be too rich or heavy.

Second—Along with this Turkish flavor, watch also for that "life" and delightful "sparkle" or that ripe, cool mellowness, peculiar to certain Domestic tobaccos.

Third—The cigarette should let your smoke appetite stay sharp and crisp so that you will relish every smoke clear up to bed-time; and whether or not you happen to smoke more heavily than usual, it should leave you feeling keen and fine.

"How much Turkish?"

So begin with this question—"How much Turkish?" You'll have to answer it yourself, for each man's taste is his own. But keep thinking about it; for when you've answered it correctly, you'll have found "your" cigarette. And we know we don't need to emphasize how much that will mean to you.

Beginning next Week we shall resume the advertising here in Portland for one of our leading "Turkish blend" cigarettes. These advertisements will tell you more about "How much Turkish?" and we feel quite certain they will interest you.

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