

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

CHAPTER XIV
It is nearly noon. The sun blazes hotly, the sweat stings in our eyes, we wipe it off on our sleeves and often blood with it. At last we reach a trench that is in a somewhat better condition. It is manned and ready for the counter-attack, it receives us. Our guns open up in full blast and cut off the enemy attack.

The lines behind us stop. They advance no farther. The attack is crushed by our artillery. We watch. The fire lifts a hundred yards and we break forward. Beside me a lance corporal has his head torn off. He runs a few steps more while the blood spurts from his neck like a fountain.

It does not come quite to hand-to-hand fighting; they are driven back. We arise on again at our shattered trench and pass on beyond it.

Oh, this turning back again. We reach the shelter of the reserves and yearn to creep in and disappear;—but instead we must turn round and plunge again into the horror. If it is not autumn, at that moment we could continue lying there, exhausted, and without will. But we are swept forward again, powerless, madly savage and raving; we will kill, for they are still our mortal enemies, their rifles and bombs are aimed against us, and if we don't destroy them, they will destroy us.

The brown earth, the torn, blasted earth, with a greasy shine under the sun's rays; the earth is the background of this restless, gloomy world of automatons, our gasping is the scratching of a quill on lips are dry, our heads are debauched with stupor—thus we stagger forward, and into our pierced and shattered souls bores the torturing image of the brown earth with the greasy shine and the convulsed and dead soldiers, who lie there—it can't be helped—why cry and clutch at our legs as we spring away over them.

We have lost all feeling for one another. We can hardly control ourselves when our hunted glance lights on the form of some other man. We are insensible, and if we cry through some dreadful magic, are still able to run and to kill.

A young Frenchman lags behind, he is overtaken, he puts up his hands, in one he still holds his revolver—does he mean to shoot or to give himself up?—a blow from a spade cleaves through his face. A second sees it and tries to run farther; a bayonet jams into his back. He leaps in the air, his arms thrown wide, his mouth wide open, yelling; he quivers. A third throws away his rifle, cowers down with his hands before his eyes. He is left behind with a few other prisoners to carry off the wounded.

Suddenly in the pursuit we reach the enemy line. We are so close on the heels of our retreating enemies that we reach it almost at the same time as they. In this way we suffer a few casualties. A machine gun barks, but is silenced with a bomb. Nevertheless, the couple of seconds has sufficed to give us five stomach wounds. With the butt of his rifle Kat smashes the pulp the face of one of the unwounded machine-gunners. We bayonet the others before they have time to get out their bombs. Then thirstily we drink the water they have for cooling the gun.

Everywhere wire-cutters are snapping, planks are thrown across the entanglements, we jump through the narrow entrances into the trenches. Hale strikes his spade into the neck of a gigantic Frenchman and throws the first hand grenade; a few seconds, then the whole section of trench before us is empty. The next throw whizzes obliquely over the corner and clears a passage; as we run into the dug-outs, the earth shudders, it crashes; dully and stifled, we stumble over slippery bodies; I fall into an open bell on which lies a clean, new officer's cap. The fight ceases. We lose touch with the enemy. We cannot stay

here long for we must retire under cover of our artillery to our own position. No sooner do we know this than we dive into the nearest dugout, and with the utmost haste seize on whatever provisions we can see, especially the tins of corned beef and butter, before we clear out.

We get back pretty well. There has been no further attack by the enemy. We lie for an hour panting and resting before anyone speaks. We are so completely played out that in spite of our great hunger we do not think of the provisions. Then gradually we become something like men again.

The corned beef over there is famous along the whole front. Occasionally it has been the chief reason for a flying raid on our part, for our nourishment is generally bad; we have a constant hunger.

We bagged five tins altogether. The fellows over there are well looked after, it seems a luxury to us with our hunger-pangs, our turnip jam, and meat so scarce that we simply grab at it. Hale has scored a thin loaf of white French bread, and stuck it in behind his belt like a spade. It is a bloody at one corner, but that can be cut off.

It is a good thing we have something decent to eat at last; we still have a use for all our strength. Enough to eat is just as valuable as a good dug-out, it can save our lives; that is the reason we go so greedily for it.

Tjaden has captured two water-bottles full of cognac. We pass them around.

The evening benediction begins. Night comes, out of the craters rise the mists. It looks as though the holes were full of ghostly figures. The white vapor creeps painfully round before it ventures to steal away over the edge. Then long streaks stretch from crater to crater.

It is chilly. I am on sentry and stare into the darkness. My strength is exhausted as always after an attack, and so it is hard for me to be alone with my thoughts. They are not properly thoughts; they are memories which in my weakness turn homeward and strangely move me.

The parachute lights shoot upwards—and I see a picture, a summer evening. I am in the cathedral cloisters and look at the tall, thin trees that gleam in the middle of the cloister garden, where the monks lie buried. Around the walls are the stone carvings of the Stations of the Cross. No one is there. A great quietness rules in this blossoming quadrangle; the sun lies warm on the heavy gray stones, I place my hand upon them and feel the warmth.

At the right-hand corner the green cathedral spire ascends into the pale blue sky of the evening. Between the glowing columns of the cloister is the cool darkness that only churches have, and I stand there and wonder whether, when I am 20, I shall have experienced the bewildering emotions of love.

The image is alarmingly near; it touches me before it dissolves in the light of the next star-shell. I lay hold of my rifle to see that it is in trim. The barrel is wet. I take it in my hand and rub off the moisture with my fingers. Between the meadows behind our town there stands a line of old poplars by a stream. They are visible from a great distance, and although they grew on one bank only, we call them the poplar avenue. Even as children we had a great love for them; they drew us vaguely thither, we played truant the whole day by them and listened to their rustling. We sat beneath them on the bank of the stream and let our feet hang over in the bright, swift waters. The pure fragrance of the water and the melody of the wind in the poplars held our fancies. We loved them dearly; and the image of those days still makes my heart pause in its beating. It is strange that all the memories that come have these two

qualities. They are always completely calm, that is predominant in them; and even if they are not really calm, they become so. They are soundless apparitions that speak to me, with looks and gestures, silently, without any word—and it is to alarm of their silence that forces me to lay hold of my sleeve and my rifle lest I should abandon myself to the liberation and allurement in which my body would dilate and gently pass away into the still forces that lie behind these things.

They are quiet in this way, because quietness is so unattainable for us now. At the front there is no quietness and the curse of the front reached so far that we never pass beyond it. Even in the remote depots and rest-areas the drone and the muffled noise of shelling is always in our ears. We are never so far off that it is no more to be heard. But these last few days it has been unbearable.

Their stillness is the reason why these memories of former times do not awaken desires so much as sorrow—a strange, inapprehensible melancholy. Once we had such desires—but they return not. They are past, they belong to another world that is gone from us. In the barracks they called forth a rebellious, wild craving for their return; for when they were still bound to us, we belonged to them and they to us, even though we were already absent from them. They appeared in the soldiers' songs which we sang as we marched between the glow of the dawn and the black silhouettes of the forests to drill on the moor, they were a powerful remembrance that was in us and came from us.

But here in the trenches they are completely lost to us. They arise no more; we are dead and they stand remote on the horizon, they are an apparition, a mysterious reflection drawing us home, that we wear and love without hope. They are strong and our desire is strong—but they are unattainable, and we know it.

And even if these scenes of our youth were given back to us we would hardly know what to do. The tender, sweet influence that passed from them into us could not arise again. We long to be in them and to move in them; we long to remember and to love them and to be stirred by the sight of them. But it would be like gazing at the photograph of a dead comrade; those are his features, it is his face, and the days we spent together take on a mournful life in the memory; but the man himself it is not.

We could never again, as the same beings, take part in those scenes. It was not any recognition of their beauty and their significance that attracted us but the communion, the feeling of comradeship with the things and events of our existence, which cuts us off and made the world of our parents a thing incomprehensible to us—then we surrendered ourselves to events and were lost in them, and the least little thing was enough to carry us down the stream of eternity. Perhaps it was only the privilege of our youth but as yet we recognized no limits and saw nowhere an end. We had that thrill of expectation in the blood which united us with the course of our days.

Today we would pass through the scenes of our youth like travelers. We are burnt up by hard facts; like tradesmen we understand distinctions, and like butchers, necessities. We are no longer troubled—we are indifferent. We long to be there; but could we live there?

We are forlorn like children, and experienced like old men, we are cruel and merciful and superficial—I believe we are lost. (To be continued)

Mother and Father had large valises. And there was also a trunk. As you could not for the world guess where they were I shall have to tell you. They were in a carriage leaving Jaffa, which is in far-off Palestine, on the coast of the Mediterranean sea. The Mediterranean, my dears, is big enough to be an ocean. You can, no matter how strong your eyes may be, see to the other side.

The shadow-children, you understand, were accompanying the real-children, who, in turn, were accompanying their mother and father on a trip around the world.

Now they were on their way to Vienna, the capital of Austria. "We won't get to Austria in a hurry," said Knarf. "Carriages can't go very fast."

Hand turned to Knarf and Knarf and laughed. "Silly," he said, "We don't go by carriage at all. We go by boat."

Knarf tried to act as though he didn't hear her. Soon they came to the dock.

"There," said Knarf, turning to Hand, "where's the boat?"

For a moment Hand was puzzled. Then Yam shouted: "There it is!" They looked. A large rowboat pulled up to the dock. Five dark-skinned men, wearing red fezes, were rowing. "O-oh!" Mij said, "we're going to Vienna in a rowboat. That will be sport."

Hand shook her head doubtfully. It didn't seem just right to her. Still, that was just what they appeared to be doing. Father and mother and the five children got into the boat, bag and baggage, and the dark-skinned men started rowing them out to sea. The men all stood up in the boat as they rowed.

"Will it take very long?" asked Flor timidly. He didn't like the way the boat was tossing.

"It will take days and—" Hand began, when suddenly she interrupted herself. "We won't be in this boat more than five minutes more!" She pointed straight ahead. They followed her finger and saw for the first time a steamer lying at anchor. They had not noticed it before, because it was partly hidden by a stone bulwark that extended out into the water.

Sure enough, just as Hand said, they rowed straight for the steamer and in five minutes they reached the side where a long flight of stairs reached down from the upper deck almost to the level of the water. The rowboat drew up close to this flight of stairs and one by one the real-children, then Mother and Father went up the stairs. Finally the

shadow-children followed along, although no one noticed them. They were used to not being noticed and didn't mind it in the least. In fact they even enjoyed it. It was like being invisible. At length after the boatmen were paid and the baggage all stowed neatly away in the staterooms, the whole family came up on deck to watch the ship get under way.

They heard the first-mate shout orders to the sailors. Then an immense machine on deck started turning noisily and up came the anchor at the end of a thick iron chain.

Hand turned to the others. "Now we're going to—" "—to VIENNA!" Knarf and Mij shouted in unison.

The clever little shadow-girl shook her head. "You two don't know any geography at all," she sighed. "I shall have to give you a lesson at once. Don't you know you can't get to Vienna by boat?" Mij looked shamefaced. But Knarf smiled. "Of course I know it. I said it just to see if you knew it too."

No one could get the better of Knarf. (Tomorrow: The Trip on the Mediterranean.)

WORD HUNT
(Trademark)
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In the English language there are SIX WORDS (each having just four letters) that begin with the letters J A

1	J	A	C
2	J	A	I
3	J	A	L
4	J	A	M
5	J	A	N
6	J	A	P

A device for lifting or moving a heavy body. Any of various mechanical devices. (YOU supply the missing letter.) To tire or wear out. Also, a mean horse. Also, a bad woman. Also, a kind of stone, commonly green.

To imprison. Also, a prison.

An upright place forming side of an opening, as a doorway.

To jest; play tricks.

A variety of coffee.

NOTE
Proper nouns, obsolete and archaic words, extremely unusual technical and scientific words that would offend good taste, and those plurals of nouns, and singular verbs, that are formed by the addition of a or es are purposely excluded from Word Hunts.

The solution for today's Word Hunt will be found on the Classified page

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CROOKS TO TEACH POLICE COURSES

CHICAGO, Oct. 1. — (AP) — Former pickpockets and safe crackers will lecture at the University of Chicago's school of police administration, Port August chief of police at Berkeley, California, and head of the school