# "All Quiet on the Western Front"

CHAPTER XXX

Gradually a few of us venture to stand up. And I am given crutches to hobble around on. But I do not make much of them. I cannot bear Albert's gaze as I move about the room. His eyes always follow me with such a strange look. So I sometimes escape to the corridor;—there I can get about more freely.

On the next floor below are the abdominal and spine cases, head wounds and double amputations. On the right side of the wing are the jaw wounds, gas cases, nose, ear and neck wounds. On the left the blind and the lung wounds, pelvis wounds, wounds in the joints, wounds in the intestines. Here a man realizes for the first time in how many places a man can get hit.

Two fellows die of tetanus. Their skin turns pale, their limbs stiffen, at last only their eyes live —stubbornly. Many of the wounded have their shattered limbs hanging free in the air from a gallows; underneath the wound a basin is placed into which the pus drips. Every two or three hours the vessel is emptied. Other men lie in stretching bandages with heavy weights hanging from the end of the bed. I see intestine wounds that are constantly full of excreta. The surgeon's clerk shows me X-ray photographs of completely smashed hipbones, knees, and shoulders.

A man cannot realize that above such shattered bodies there are still human faces in which life goes its daily round. And this is only one hospital, one single station; there are hundreds of thousands in Germany hundreds of thousands in France, hundreds of thousands in Russia. How senseless is everything that can ever be written, done or thought, when such things are possible. It must all be lies and of no account when the culture of a thousand years could not prevent this stream of blood being poured out, these torture-chambers in their hundreds of thousands . A hospital alone shows what war is.

I am young, I am 20 years old; yet I know nothing of life but despair, death, fear, and fatuous superficiality cast over an abyss of sorrow. I see how people are set against one another, and in silence, unknowingly, foolishly, obediently, innocently slay one another. I see that the keenest brains in the world invent weapons and words to make it yet more refined and enduring. And all men of my age, here and over there, throughout the whole world see these things; all my generation is experiencing these things with me. What would our fathers do if we suddenly stood up and came before them and preferred our account? What do they expect of us if a time ever comes when the war is over. Through the years our business has been killing; it was our first calling in life. Our knowledge of life is limited to death. What will happen afterward? And what shall come out of us?

• • •

After a few weeks I have to go each morning to the massage department. There my leg is harnessed up and made to move. The arm has healed long since.

New convoys arrive from the line. The bandages are no longer made of cloth, but of white crepe paper. Rag bandages have become scarce at the front.

Albert's stump heals well. The wound is almost closed. In a few weeks he should go off to an institute for artificial limbs. He continues not to talk much, and is much more solemn than formerly. He often breaks off in his speech and stares in front of him. If he were not here with us he would have shot himself long ago. But now he is over the worst of it, and he often looks on while we play skat.

I get convalescent leave.

My mother does not want to let me go away. She is so feeble. It is all much worse than it was last time.

Then I am sent on from the base and return once more to the line.

Parting from my friend Albert Kropp was very hard. But a man gets used to that sort of thing in the army.

• • •

We count the weeks no more. It was winter when I came up, and when the shells exploded the frozen clods of earth were just as dangerous as the fragments. Now the trees are green again. Our life alternates between billets and the front. We have almost grown accustomed to it; war is just a cause of death like cancer and tuberculosis, like influenza and dysentery. The deaths are merely more frequent, more varied and terrible.

Our thoughts are clay, they are moulded with the changes of the days;—when we are resting they are good; under fire, they are dead. Fields of craters within and without.

Everyone is so, not only ourselves here—the things that existed before are no longer valid, and one practically knows them no more. Distinctions, breeding, education are changed, are almost blotted out and hardly recognizable any longer. Sometimes they give an advantage for profiting by a situation;—but they also bring consequences along with them, in that they arouse prejudices which have to be overcome. It is as though formerly we were coins of different provinces; and now we are melted down, and all bear the same stamp. To re-discover the old distinctions, the metal itself must be tested. First we are soldiers and afterwards, in a strange and shamefaced fashion, individual men as well.

It is a great brotherhood, which to a condition of life arising out of the midst of danger, out of the tension and forlorness of death, adds something of the good-fellowship of the folk-song, of the feeling of solidarity of convicts, and of the desperate loyalty to one another of men condemned to death —seeking in a wholly unpathetic way a fleeting enjoyment of the hours as they come. If one wants to appraise it, it is at once heroic and banal—but who wants to do that?

It is this, for example, that makes Tjaden spoon down his ham and-pea soup in such tearing haste when an enemy attack is reported, simply because he cannot be sure that in an hour's time he will be alive. We have dissussed at length, whether it is right or not to do so. Kat condemns it, because he says a man has to reckon with the possibility of an abdominal wound, and that is more dangerous on a full stomach than on an empty one.

Such things are real problems, they are serious matters to us, they cannot be otherwise. Here, on the borders of death, life follows an amazingly simple course, it is limited to what is mostly necessary all else lies buried in gloomy sleep—in that lies our primitiveness and our survival. Were we more subtly differentiated we must long since have gone mad, have deserted, or have fallen. As in a polar expedition, every expression of life must serve only the preservation of existence, and is absolutely focused on that. All else is banished because it would consume energies unnecessarily. That is the only way to save ourselves. In the quiet hours when the puzzling reflection of former days, like a blurred mirror, projects beyond me the figure of my present existence, I often sit over against myself, as before a stranger, and wonder how the unnameable active principle that calls itself life had adapted itself even to this form. All other expressions lie in a winter sleep, life is simply one continual watch against the menace of death—It has transformed us into unthinking animals in order to give us the weapon of instinct—it has reinforced us with dullness, so that we do not go to pieces before the horror, which would overwhelm us if we had clear, conscious thought —it has awakened in us the sense of comradeship, so that we escape the abyss of solitude—it has lent us the indifference of wild creatures, so that in spite of all we perceive and the positive in every moment, and store it up as a reserve against the onslaught of nothingness. Thus we live a closed, hard existence of the utmost superficiality, and rarely does an incident strike out a spark. But then unexpectedly a flame of grievous and terrible yearning flares up.

Those are the dangerous moments. They show us that the adjustment is only artificial, that it is not simple rest but sharpest struggle for rest. In the outward form of our life we are hardly distinguishable from Bushmen; but whereas the latter can be so always, because they are so truly, and at best may develop further by exertion of their spiritual forces, with use its the reverse; our inner forces are not exerted toward regeneration, but toward degeneration. . The Bushmen are primitive and naturally so, but we are primitive in an artificial sense and by virtue of the utmost effort.

And at night, waking out of a dream, overwhelmed and bewitched by the crowding faces a man perceives with alarm how slight is the support, how thin the boundary that divides him from the darkness. We are little flames poorly sheltered by frail walls against the storm of dissolution and madness, in which we flicker and sometimes almost go out. Then the muffled roar of the battle becomes a ring that encircles us, we creep in upon ourselves, and with big eyes stare into the night. Our only comfort is the steady breathing of our comrades asleep, and thus we wait for morning.

• • •

Every day and every hour, every shell and every death cuts into this thin support, and the years waste it rapidly. I see how it is already gradually breaking down around me.

There is the mad story of Detering.

He was one of those who kept himself to himself. His misfortune was that he saw a cherry tree in a garden. We were just coming back from the front-line, and at a turning of the road near our new billets, marvelous in the morning twilight, stood this cherry tree before us. It had no leaves but was one white mass of bloom.

In the evening Detering was not to be seen. Then at last he came back and had a couple of branches of cherry blossoms in his hand. We made fun of him and asked him whether he was going to a wedding. He made no answer, but laid them on his bed. During the night I heard him making a noise he seemed to be packing. I sensed something amiss and went over to him. He made out it was nothing, and I said to him: "Don't do anything silly, Detering."

"Ach, why—it's merely that I can't sleep—"

"What did you pick the cherry branches for?"

"I might have been going to get some more cherry branches," he replied, evasively—and after a while; "I have a big orchard with cherry trees at home. When they are in blossom, from the hay loft they look like one single sheet, so white. It is just the time."

"Perhaps you will get leave soon. You may even be sent back as a farmer."

He nodded, but he was far away. When these peasants are excited they have a curious expression, a mixture of cow and yearning god, half stupid and half rapt. In order to turn him away from his thoughts I asked him for a piece of bread. He gave it to me without a murmur. That was suspicious, for he is usually tightfisted. So I stayed awake. Nothing happened; in the morning he was usual.

Apparently he had noticed that I had been watching him;—but the second morning after he was gone. I noticed it but said nothing, in order to give him time; he might perhaps get through. Various fellows have already got into Holland.

But at roll call he was missed. A week after we heard that he had been caught by the field gendarmes, those despicable military police. He had headed toward Germany, that was hopeless, of course—and, of course, he did everything else just as idiotically. Anyone might have known that his flight was only home-sickness and a momentary aberration. But what does a court-martial hundreds of miles behind the front-line know about it? We have heard nothing more of Detering.

# What Shall the Floor-Covering Be?—Here's the Answer

*Home-Making Helps*

By ELEANOR ROSS

"FURNISH from the walls in," counselled one decorator.

"Furnish from the floors up," said another. Too often we must take our walls and floor as we find them, and whatever adjusting has to be done about chairs and tables and other decorative pieces depends wholly on these backgrounds.

But this doesn't impose narrow limitations, by any means. A living room floor is not merely a well-carpeted surface. There are all sorts of ways to treat it, and manufacturers seem to be sitting up nights creating new textures that tempt one to change.

Rugs, of course, are the staple. And how to choose a rug competently is a study in itself. Volumes have been written on Oriental rugs, and certainly it is worth reading carefully any one of the standard textbooks on the subject before investing a few hundred dollars in these artistic textures. Roughly speaking, there are only six classifications of Oriental rugs—Turkish, Persian, Indian, Turkoman, Chinese, Caucasian. But within each group there are dozens of varieties and grades. And it shouldn't be assumed that just because a rug is an "Oriental" it is good and will last a lifetime. Cheap rugs are made in the Orient in great abundance. And similarly, there are being made in this country today reproductions of Oriental rugs which are exquisite in color, texture and design, easily comparable to authentic Orientals.

As far as lasting forever is concerned—that's a pleasant fable. Any rug, no matter how well made, if given the rough wear and tear of daily use, will look worn after a number of years. It may still preserve some of its early beauty, but obviously will not be new. The only way to insure an Oriental rug lasting a lifetime is not to step on it too often.

Oriental rugs show to advantage only on fine waxed floors. For plain floors an all-over rug of plain color with a darker border is always safe, especially if the wall paper is figured. In that case, small rugs placed before a favorite armchair, the piano or fireplace, will add a bit of color to relieve the plain expanse. The exposed floor surface should always be slightly darker than the rug.

Two new developments in flooring make it possible to introduce striking decorative ideas. One is the increased use of tiles for flooring in many rooms other than kitchen and bath. In foyer, hall, dining room beautifully colored tiles are gradually becoming popular. They may be waxed or glazed, but otherwise require no great care, and they have excellent lasting qualities. Occasionally a living room done in Spanish or Italian style has a tiled floor, covered in one or two places with small rugs.

Of course, tiles are relatively costly, although once laid they last a long time. But now the manufacturers of linoleums are developing floor coverings that imitate these beautiful tiles very well—and naturally they cost less. Linoleum, too, has graduated from kitchen and bathroom, and by virtue of its new design it becomes suitable and dignified for the living rooms of the house. Like tile, linoleum serves as a basis, and a more decorative note is introduced by the addition of a few small rugs at proper points.

Another advantage of linoleum as a floor covering is suggested by the old floors dilemma. Many houses have old floors—not fine old floors that have improved with age, but rather hopeless ones. Linoleum is much less costly than laying new floors. Also it is both covering and finish, is easily cleaned, and if a good quality is purchased in the first place it has long wearing capacity.

# Salem High to Have All-School Party Next Week

The all-school party to be given at the senior high school Friday, November 15, will have an international theme, with the various entertainments to be planned along national lines, Ruth Fick, director, told the dean of women and nine class advisors Friday noon in making preliminary announcement of the plans. Miss Fick is student body vice president and chairman of the social committee. The event will also be in the nature of a get-acquainted reception for the sophomore class members.

First all-school entertainment was held at the high school last spring, and was such a genuine success that the student body officials are carrying the plan forward again this year, even if it does entail handling more than 1,000 young people.

# 'KING' RETURNS TO HIS ISLAND DOMAIN

HAVANA, Oct. 19. — (AP) — "Faustin II" called King of La Gonave island, Haiti, who is known in the United States marine corps records simply as Sergeant Faustin Wirkus, arrived here today from Miami en route to his "kingdom." He had been visiting in Newport, R. I., where, reports say, there is a young lady who would be queen.

Sergeant Wirkus' ascent to the throne of La Gonave is one of the most romantic in recent years and one that caused great interest throughout the world five years ago.

At that time Sergeant Wirkus volunteered to spend a year at Gonave, then a wilderness of dangers. He was taken to the island by plane and soon after the natives went into a huddle for this was fulfillment of a prophecy made by their king, Faustin II, that he would return to his people from the skies.

When Kirkus made his impromptu and unannounced descent upon Gonave he jumped into a trone. Since then he has been undisputed "king" in the eyes of the natives. Employing his knowledge of farming, picked up during his youth on a farm in Pennsylvania, Kirkus has put his people to work and has helped them introduce more modern methods.

The "white king of Gonave" goes to his people today by plane after an absence from the throne of two months and a leave from the marine corps.

POCATELLO, Ida., Oct. 19. — (AP)—James A. Frederickson, sheriff of Fremont county, Idaho, was sentenced in United States district court here today to serve three months in jail and pay a fine of $500 for contempt of court.

# SILVERTON P. T. A. TO TAKE SCHOOL CENSUS

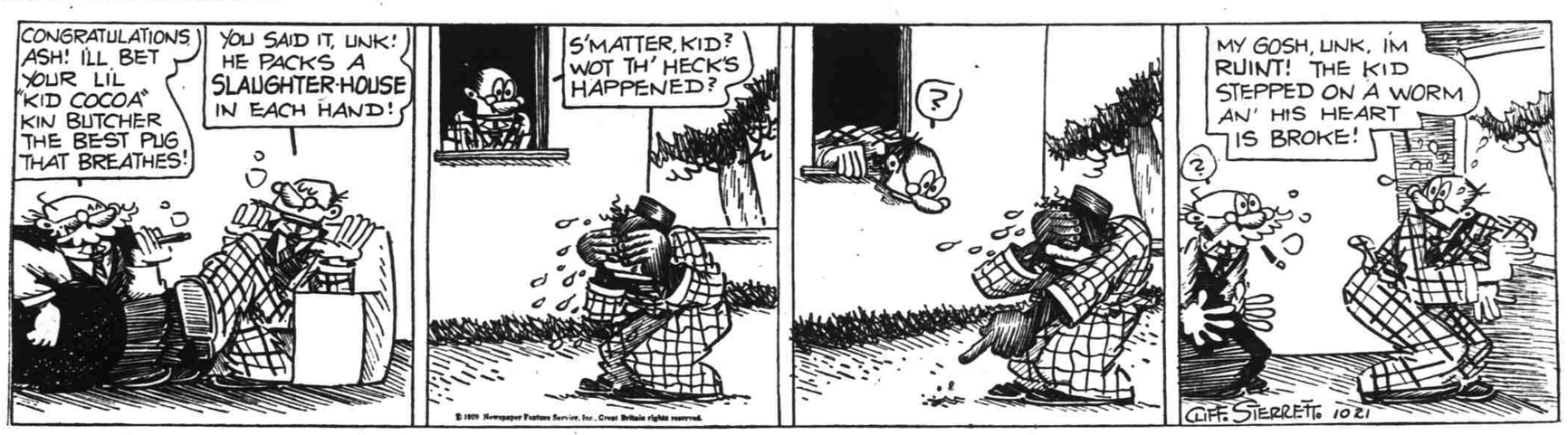
SILVERTON, Oct. 19—Members of the parent-teachers' association will take the school census again this year as they did last.

All arrangements have been made and about forty members of the circle are ready to begin the work in the various districts. The committee hopes to have the work completed by October 25th.

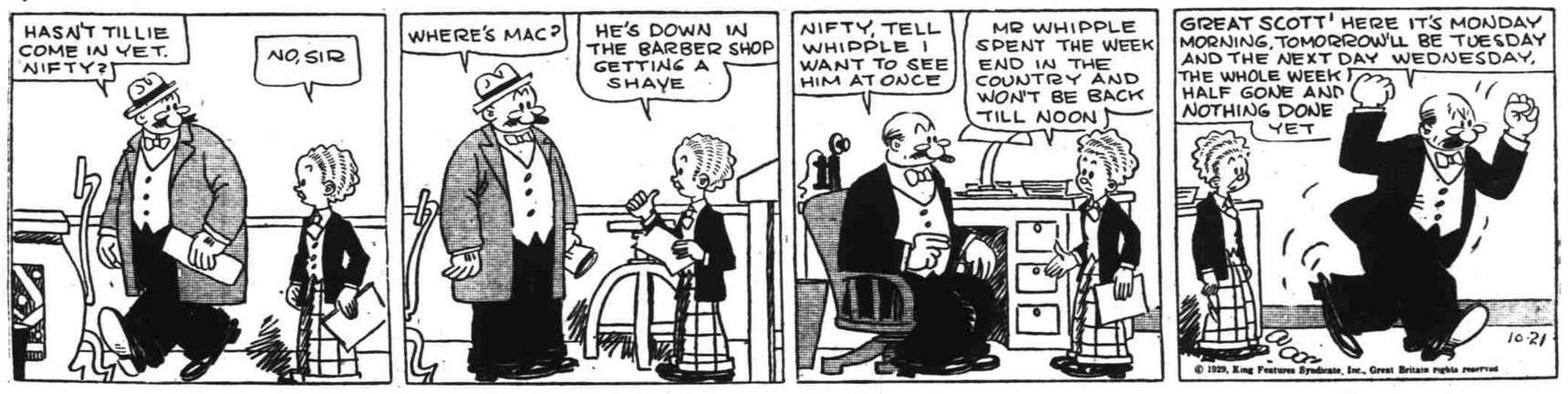
Last year the school census was taken by the Parent-Teachers association and the method proved very successful.

Notice to Subscribers:
The Special Bargain offer to Mail Subscribers of the Oregon Statesman for $3.00 per year by mail is not good within Salem City limits.

POLLY AND HER PALS — "The Worm That Turned—Kid Cocoa" — By CLIFF STERRETT




TILLIE, THE TOILER — "A 'Weak' Beginning" — By RUSS WESTOVER




LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY — "For The Press" — By BEN BATSFORD


# CLOGGED EAR CANAL IS EASILY CLEARED

**Dr. Copeland Warns Against the Practice of Inserting Things Into the Ear, for It Is the Most Common Cause of Wax Deafness.**

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York.
*Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.*

TO HAVE anything interfere with the hearing is disagreeable indeed. Usually deafness is a matter of very slow progress. Sometimes, however, like a clap of thunder, there comes on sudden deafness.


DR. COPELAND

The most common cause for this experience is the movement of a plug of wax into a new position. This wax has been accumulating for months, perhaps for a year or more.

A bath may permit the admission to the ear canal of just enough water to displace the mass. Or the water softens the edges of the ball of wax and the detached material may fill in the limited space.

The deafness that comes so suddenly may disappear just as quickly. Efforts at relief by poking the ear with the little finger may be successful. The wax is moved away from the ear canal, or turned just enough to permit the sound waves to get past it.

It is rare for such an accumulation of wax to take place. It is safe to say that it never will take place if you do not fuss with the ears.

Many persons practice the bad habit of inserting into the ear canal, a toothpick, hairpin, or even the end of a pencil. Such an instrument may readily push the wax into the ear. Repeated day after day, there gradually grows up a ball of wax of considerable size.

Many times I have said, in jest, of course, that nothing should be put in the ear except the point of the elbow. It is a mistake to use any instrument in an attempt to clean this organ. Left to itself, the wax will carry itself out of the ear.

If you suspect that there is more wax than should be, let your doctor use the syringe, washing it out with water. It may be necessary to apply a little olive oil to soften the mass. The next day it can be removed with water and without pain.

Should it happen that the mass almost fills the canal, the oil will fill up this passageway and increase the deafness. This will disappear when the water causes the plug to come away, clearing the passage.

Many a person is going about with impaired hearing from this cause. When the deafness can be overcome so easily it is a pity to endure it.

## Answers to Health Queries

G. T. Q.—What should a girl of 16, 5 ft. tall weigh? 2. What do you advise for freckles?

A.—She should weigh about 110 pounds. 2. Use equal parts of peroxide and lemon juice as a bleach.

• • •

J. H. Q.—I am a man of fifty and am troubled with constipation. What do you advise?

A.—Correct the diet. Eat coarse breads, such as whole wheat and graham, with your meals. Take a teaspoonful of mineral oil daily. For further particulars kindly a self-addressed, stamped envelope and restate your question.

• • •

L. B. Q.—What will reduce large knees?

A.—Regular, systematic exercise and vogorous massaging of the knees.

• • •

E. R. Q.—What is the cause of brittle nails?

A.—This condition is due to some constitutional disorder, such as anemia, some nutritional or blood disorder, and very often to the use of hard water and caustic soaps. Improve the general health by exercise, proper diet and correct living.

• • •

N. O. P. Q.—Should one reduce while nursing a baby?

A.—This would be a very unwise thing to do.

• • •

READER. Q.—How can one reduce a double chin?

A.—Eat sparingly of starches, sugars and fats. Get regular, systematic exercise.



TOOTS AND CASPER — "One Black Eye For Another" — By JIMMY MURPHY