

"WHEAH DO WE GO FROM HEAH" ASKS TENNESSEE YANK; THEY ARE FIGHTERS

BY LOWELL MELLET.
(United Press Staff Correspondent.)
WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, Aug. 12—(By Mail.)—The general never batted an eye as he pronounced this verdict on his own division:

"They're the best division in France, sir!"

Thus claims he didn't raise his voice and he didn't bang the table with his fist—he gave his men credit for having won the keenest competition of its kind that France has seen. This is the competition between the divisions. It has been a muddy way ever since there have been as many as two divisions over here in Europe. Each is striving to prove that in organization and in spirit it leads all the others.

"I'll tell you why," said the general. "These far-flung and Tennessee mountain lads of mine are all real Americans. I don't suppose more than a dozen of them ever saw a foreigner until we came over here. You go and look them over and see if I'm not right."

Which we did. Several companies of them were passing the general's house at the moment. They trooped along easily under the pack that some soldiers consider so heavy. They were cheerful and unworried.

Americans, All Right.

"Wheah do we go from heah," asked one of another.

The other replied that the captain had mailed for volunteers to storm the brewery in the next town. He didn't smile and the others who heard enjoyed it without smiling. And British Tommies working on the road put them down, no doubt, as some more of those serious Americans.

They looked just as good as the general said they were. But when we visited one of their camps half an hour later the first man to whom we were introduced bore a name as foreign as Luddendorf. That might seem to refute the general's theory. If this man, a captain, had not talked with a drawl that comes from being born in the land of cotton.

On a hill-side close by target practice with machine-guns was under way. Every now and then there came a burst of excited cheering. It sounded like a bull game. That was one of the reasons this was the best division in the army, the captain explained. There was keen competition among the men themselves and instead of keeping this feeling bottled up, it was encouraged in every way. Of course, he said, there wasn't much real necessity for teaching his men to shoot, since they came from a section where everybody knew how to use a rifle. A man who couldn't hit a board in a tree top at half a mile was considered a community disgrace.

good at yelling, too.

The yells of derision and delight continued from the hill tops. The Tennessee division was the best of the best troops when they most liked to yell. It was a fighting division, as the rebel yell.

They looked good, these Southern boys.

"I'll tell you why our division has the lead over the others," said a New York colonel. "We've been a division for twenty years, we're not a warbling outfit, like the rest. We've worked together for a long time and come over here together. And now we've got an abtlight, fighting division."

That was today. Day before yesterday it was the general commanding certain Illinoisans. The exact argument he offered in support of his contention that his is the best division in France can't be repeated without running counter to the censorship. To see the men, however, is to realize one of the grounds for his confidence. There is a certain airiness in their bearing that only rests on shoulders

where it belongs.

One Illinois officer advanced the belief that the German element in their numbers was a source of strength. The boys with German parents or German grandfathers, he said, could then have an extra proof to give of their Americanism, and they are giving it.

Another Best Unit.

"Did you ever see a crowd look quite as much at home?" asked a Pennsylvania major. "I tell you they were just made for this. Of course, it does not reflect any particular credit on us for we had certain natural advantages but as a matter of odd fact, it's the best division in France."

New England officers, who once used argument somewhat akin to that of the general of the far-hung, now simply smile and remark, "Can't say."

And the commander of the troops who stopped the German rush at Chateau Thierry, will, if passed, recall what the French army commander said of his organization, pointing out

that the French general had specifically named his division when he said it.

So it goes. The effort is becoming less and less to prove to the French and the British the kind of real Americans are made of. That has pretty well been demonstrated, most officers feel. The effort now of each division is to prove to the others that good as they are, there is one a little better.

RAIL, NIXES TRAVEL.

IN PLANES, DIVERS

SAN DIEGO, Sept. 12—A new era in sport angles opened recently when the aviation all-star football team, accompanied by a military band, fifty men in all, left for Los Angeles in powerful airplanes. At the same hour the Sub-Marine team from San Francisco swam from their base to San Pedro in two submarines. This is the first time on record of opposing teams traveling to the scene of the game in airplanes and submarines.



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