

## When the Engine Stalls on Dead Man's Curve!

THEY climb aboard their loaded truck at sundown, fifteen miles behind the lines. They rumble through the winding streets, out on the white road that leads to Germany!

The man at the wheel used to be a broker in Philadelphia. Beside him sits an accountant from Chicago. A newspaper man from the Pacific Coast is the third. Now they all wear the uniform of one of these organizations.

The road sweeps round a village and on a tree is nailed a sign: "Attention! L'Ennemi Vous Voit! The Enemy Sees You!"

They glance far up ahead and there, suspended in the evening light, they see a Hun balloon.

"Say, we can see him plain tonight!" murmurs the accountant from Chicago.

"And don't forget," replies the Philadelphia broker, "that he can see us just as plain."

The packing cases creak and groan, the truck plods on—straight toward that hanging menace.

They reach another village—where heaps of stone stand under crumpled walls.

Then up they go, through the strange silence broken only when a great projectile inscribes its arc of sound far overhead.

They reach a turn. They take it. They face a heavy incline. For half a mile it stretches and they know the Germans have the range of every inch of it. The mountain over there is where the big Boches' guns are fired. This incline is their target.

The three men on the truck bring up their gas masks to the alert, settle their steel helmets closer on their heads.

At first the camion holds its speed. Then it slackens off. The driver grabs his gear-shift, kicks out his clutch. The engine heaves—and heaves—and stalls!

"Quick! Spin it!" calls the driver. The California journalist has jumped. He tugs at the big crank.

"Wh-r-r-r-r-r-room!"

The shell breaks fifty yards behind. Another digs a hole beside the road just on ahead.

And then the engine comes to life. It crunches, groans and answers. Slowly, with maddening lack of haste, it rumbles on.

"Wh-r-r-room!" That one was close behind. The fragments of the shell are rattling on the truck.

Now shells are falling, further back along the road. And the driver feels the summit as his wheels begin to pick up speed.

Straight down a village street in which the buildings are only skeletons of buildings. He wheels into the courtyard of a great shell-torn chateau.

"Well, you made it again I see!" says a smiling face under a tin hat—a face that used to look out over a congregation in Rochester.

"Yep!" says the driver glancing at his watch. "And we came up Dead Man's Curve in less than three minutes—including one stall!"

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Later that night two American boys, fresh from the trenches bordering that shattered town, stumble up the stairs of the chateau, into a sandbagged room where the Rochester minister has his cot.

"Get any supplies tonight?" they ask.

"You bet I did!" is the answer, "What will you have?"

"What's those? Canned peaches? Gimme some. Package of American cigarettes—let's see—an' a cake of chocolate—an' some of them cookies!"

"Goshi!" says the other youngster when his wants are filled. "What would we do without you?"

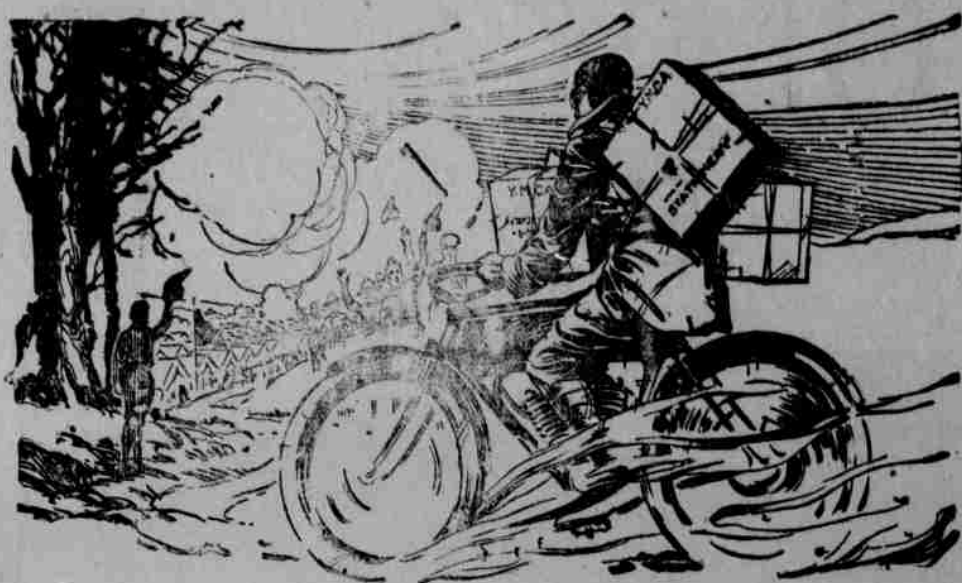
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You hear that up and down the front, a dozen times a night—"What would we do without them?"

Men and women in these organizations are risking their lives tonight to carry up supplies to the soldiers. Trucks and camionettes are creeping up as close as any transportation is permitted.

From there these people are carrying up to the gun-nests, through woods, across open fields, into the trenches. The boys are being served wherever they go. Things to eat, things to read, things to smoke, are being carried up everywhere along the line.

With new troops pouring into France, new supplies must be sent, more men and women by the hundreds must be enlisted. They are ready to give everything. Will you give your dollars to help them help our men?



## Did one of these 200 letters come to you?

A DUSTY courier slid off his motor-cycle at the big double hut in a French town and tramped up to the canteen. "Got a note for the secretary from my commanding officer," he said. He handed a piece of paper across the counter to a smiling middle-aged man.

This is the note the Secretary read:

*We landed here three days ago—miles from anywhere. Can you send us some supplies, especially writing paper? This is the first chance the boys have had to write home and we have no paper to give them.*

The older man looked up and grinned.

"Got you away off in the woods, have they?"

"I'll say they have!"

"Can you carry anything?"

"All you'll give me!"

From the shelves the secretary took big packages of paper and envelopes.

"Too much?" He asked.

"It will be gone ten minutes after I get back!" said the boy.

"Tonight," the secretary went on, "I'll drive out a truck with more supplies and a man to stay with you. And tell the boys that if their letters are finished, I'll bring them back with me tonight, and get them into the mails."

An hour later that motor-cyclist whizzed into camp, loaded down with writing paper, and in ten minutes letters were being written to 200 American homes.

The United War Work organizations know what letters mean to American soldiers. They know that fighters want to get letters and want to write letters.

So in every hut and on every ship your boys find writing paper, envelopes, ink, pens and pencils, and tables where they can get off by themselves and tell the folks back home how things are going.

Millions of sheets are given away free every week to American boys overseas. That is why the letters you get from your boy are written on the stationery of one of these organizations. It is one of the plans to bridge the Atlantic. Help keep the letters coming! Your dollars will supply a whole Company for several days. Dig deep today, help to bind together France and here.

### Why you should give twice as much as you ever gave before!

The need is for a sum of 75¢ greater than any gift ever asked for since the world began. The Government has fixed this sum at \$170,500,000. By giving to the seven organizations all at once, the cost and effort of six additional campaigns is saved.

Unless Americans give twice as much as ever before, our soldiers and sailors may not enjoy during 1919 their:

3,000 Recreation Buildings	2,500 Libraries supplying 5,000,000 books
1,000 Men of Mote Film	45 Heated Houses
1,000 Stage Shows	1,000 Big-brother "secretaries"
2,000 Athletic Directors	Billions of dollars of home comforts

When you decide to give, you make sure that every fighter has the cheer and comfort of these seven organizations every step of the way from home to the front and back again. You provide him with a church, a theatre, a cheerful home, a store, a game, a club, an athletic field—and a knowledge that the folks back home are working hard to supply their physical needs. Now give to make the battle that is winning the war!

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