

# FIX BAYONETS!

The War at Close Range Described in a Remarkable Series By an Officer of the Marines

Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.

Illustrated by the Author from Sketches Made on the Battlefield

"Do what you will with an onion," the old Boche helmet made an excellent thing to cook with. You jabbed a few holes in it with a bayonet, so's to have a draft, and a mess-kit fitted over it beautifully. When you could get it, strips of high explosive, picked up around a 155-mm. gun position, made the best fuel, giving you a fine, hot, smokeless fire. Smoke was not desirable on the front.

This chap is frying hard bread in bacon grease; he will sprinkle a little beet-sugar on it and have a real delicacy. Filling, too. As he goes about this domestic labor, he is humming "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia." But the flies in the background are attracted by the smell—not the song.

He ate half the mess, with scrupulous exactness, and drank his coffee. He put the rest on the mess-kit, and covered Jim's coffee, now getting cold. He smoked a cigarette and talked shop with his platoon sergeant. He gave some very hard words and his last candle-rod to a pale private who admitted blistered heels, and then stood over the man while he rained his non-com's cane. He intervened his chair-chair gunners, and sent them off to beg new clips from the battalion quartermaster sergeant. It grew into the long French twilight; Boche planes were about, and all the anti-aircraft stuff in the neighborhood was furiously in action.

Toward dusk the Boche began to sign (75 and 150s into the wood northwest of Lucy). It became a place of horror, with stark cries in the night, between the rending crashes of the shells. About an hour before midnight the word was passed and the two companies got out and went up across the potential wheat-fields and into the Bois de Belleau.

That same afternoon an unlicensed colonel had come up to brigade headquarters. Wanted to go to Paris, he did, and the brigade commander said that the only way to get there was to bring in a prisoner. One prisoner: seven days' leave. He glad to get a prisoner, intelligence had word of a new division or so moved in over there last night; identification not yet possible.

This colonel took steps. He was a man of parts and very desirous of the Beshpots of the Place de l'Opera. There was an elegant French captain attached to brigade for no very evident reason—just attached—spoke English and knew stinches. Said to be an expert on raids. The colonel put it up to him in such a such a way: would he go? Yes, but certainly. Just a small raid. My Colonel? Oh, a very small raid. Now, as to artillery support—a map was broken out.

Brigade artillery officer—chap the colonel knew out on the Asiatic station—happened in. How about it—just about half as much stuff as you fellows wasted on the Tartar wall that time—oh? Sure! It could be arranged. Ten minutes' intensive; any one battery; where you want it? Best jump-off is from Terry's battalion—about here—he has two companies here.

(To be continued)



Old Boche Helmet Made an Excellent Cooking Pot.



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"I don't like monkey-meat. Before this smell—he waved his spoon petulantly—"go into my nose I never could eat it. But now you can't smell but one thing and, after all, you've got to eat."

"What th' hell, John?"—said—sniff! "Has that dead Boche on the other side of you begun to announce himself?" "Phew!" The second-in-command rose from the letter he was writing by the stub of a candle and sniffed busily—sniff—sniff—"Damnation! Captain, it's our supper!" With averted face he presented the grayish chunks of beef that reposed on the mess-kit. "Fraggs—throw it out!" He disappeared up the crumbled steps to the entrance of the hole.

A few minutes later he slid down again, followed by a shower of dust and clods by a battalion runner. "All the beef was bad, El Captain! What the young men are saying about the battalion supper would make your hair curl!—And here's our attack order."

Troops lay in the wood now; a battalion of the Sixth and two companies of the Fifth regiment outfit, half of which was still in line on the flank of the Bois de Belleau. These companies had come out at dawn, attended by shell-fire; they had plunged into the wood and slept where they landed. Unavoidable—except the wounded—by the methodical shooting, in which the Boche treated the place every day. Now, in the evening, they were awake and hungry. They squatted, each man in his hole, and did what they could about it. A sergeant looking hot, battered helmet, and dirty uniform. But you saw them cleaning their rifles.

The scout officer, with his hand out to lift any of the coffee which was in his independent helmet, heard "It's breakfast? Yeh, he's up there away with the lobster!" "Yeh, yeh dog-robbin' battalion runner—what's up? Hey?" "Scout officer? Over yonder, him with the green blouse—" and a solid half-ton runner, identified by his red harness and his air of one leader with vital information, clumped up and saluted sketchily.

"Sir, the major wants to see the battalion scout officer at battalion headquarters. The major said: 'Right away, sir.'"

The scout officer swore, inexpertly, for he was not a profane fellow, but with inflating feeling: "Good God, I hope it ain't—if you can keep my coffee hot, Tommy—be right back as soon as I can. Save my stum. Don't let anything happen to my stum—" The words trailed in the air as he went swiftly off, buckling his pistolbelt. The battalion commander was that kind of an officer.

The lieutenant growled in sympathy: "Somebody's always takin' the boy out of life, Jim, he's hungry as I am, an' that's as hungry as a bitch wolf. That's the trouble with this war stuff; man misses too many meals. No tellin' what the old man wants. Glad I ain't a scout officer. This war's hard on Jim—he takes it too serious. I'll wait, though." Absently he drank the tomato juice left in the can. He tried his coffee, and burst his mouth. "Wish I had the man here that invented this aluminum can-ten-cup! Time the damn can's root enough so you won't burn the side off your lip the coffee's gonna cold." Then, later: "Not boiled enough, Jim, he's used to being scalded on—never make a rustler, he won't."

"Well, he's long in comin'. Old man sent him forward to make a map or something, most probably. He tasted the stum. 'That Tompkins! Why the hell he had to stop one—only man I ever know that could make this monkey-meat taste like anything! And he goes and gets bumped off. Hell! That's the way with these kids. This needs

# SOCIETY

MRS. C. J. READ, Editor Phone 95 Res. Phone 325-R

**Lovely Party at Civic Clubhouse**  
Mesdames H. J. Carter, Harris Dean, Frank Jordan, C. I. J. Porter, Dewey Sackett and August Schuerman were the gracious hostesses Friday afternoon, September 23rd, at the Civic Club House, where they delightfully entertained about a hundred ladies with cards and needle work. Sixteen tables of bridge and eight tables of five bridge were in play in the main room while a large group of ladies were entertained with needlework and games in an adjoining room.

enjoyed a long gypsy hike up the Siskiyou Mine road, Saturday.

Very colorful and gypsy-like were the girls in their Campfire outfits flaunting vivid scarfs and sashes and carrying their lunches in bandana handkerchiefs tied to sticks and carried over their shoulders. Seven guardians accompanied the girls on their hike: The Misses Ellen Waters, Irene Clark, Edna Goheen, Irene Berg, Mell Carter, Ella McLeod, and Nora Ward.

**Merley Circle Meeting**  
The Merley circle of the Baptist church will meet at 2:30 p. m. at the home of Mrs. V. D. Miller at 457 Boulevard. All members are requested to attend as a very interesting meeting will be held.

**Meeting of P. N. G. Club**  
Friday afternoon, September 23rd, the Past Noble Grand Club of Hope Rebekah Lodge No. 14 I. O. O. F. met at the home of Mrs. Edna Storey on Alida street. After the close of the business session, the time was given over to fancy needle work.

The Civic club rooms were made most colorful and seasonal with huge baskets and vases of Autumn's choicest flowers, cleverly and artistically arranged and placed in the exact places to cast their glowing loveliness upon the assemblage—but the crowning artistic touch was brought out with the refreshments, each table had its two-toned pink, yellow, blue, lavender, or green color scheme carried out in fluted, petaled plates filled with delectable cake and dessert to match the plates and napkins. The tables in their different colors were cleverly alternated giving to the room an appearance of artistic beauty, delicacy and festivity.

At a late hour, the energetic workers were rewarded with a delicious picnic luncheon, consisting of salad, venison sandwiches, and coffee, served by the hostess, Mrs. Edna Storey and Mrs. Fern Randless. The members present were Miss Mollie Sanger, president, Mrs. Emma Jones, Mrs. Amy Moore, Mrs. Edna Storey, Mrs. Edna Keech, Mrs. Mollie May, Mrs. Dora Payne, Mrs. Jennie Gilbert, Mrs. Bessie Crouch, Mrs. Anna Walker, Mrs. Emma Worthington, and Mary Walker.

**Indoor Picnic By Faculty and School Board**  
The picnic given by the faculty of the city schools, to members of the School Board and their wives, proved a success despite the rain that drove them out of the park. They refused to allow the rain to dampen their ardor, and decided to hold an indoor picnic in the Junior High School.

On October 28th, the club will meet at the home of Mrs. Jennie Gilbert.

**Camp Fire Girls Hike**  
The Ashland Campfire girls enjoyed a long gypsy hike up the Siskiyou Mine road, Saturday.

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which is to be taken from "The Fundamentals of Music" by Earl Gehrkens. This book being recommended by the Federation of Music Clubs.

The evening's program was conducted by Mrs. Harold Aikins, the work being taken from the first two chapters of "Fundamentals of Music." The complete program follows:

Discussion of Rhythm, Mrs. L. S. Brown.

Piano Duette, "Gavotte" by Gossec, played by Mrs. Aikins and Mrs. Willits; Talk on Pulsion in Music by Mrs. Harold Aikins; Piano Duette, "Anitra's Dance," by Greig, played by Mrs. Aikins and Mrs. Willits; Variety of Tone Length, with blackboard illustration, Mrs. Estelle Albers; Musical Phrases, Mrs. Willits; Piano Solo, "Waltz," by Chopin, played by Miss Berna Haight.

**ASHLAND HAS IT**  
Mr. John Albert, who for many years has been a mail carrier in Central Point has moved to Ashland to make his home. Mr. Albert has recently purchased the Sanford property adjoining the Helman property, and this is one of the fine ranch home in the city.

Myrtle Point—Prospect oil well to be drilled to 400 feet if necessary.

Mr. Albert is impressed with Ashland, especially with her fine water system.

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