

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

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So he came at last to a miserable shelter scragged in the lee of a rock. Here, two long legs protruded from under a brown German blanket, and here he prodded and shook with the deplorable countenance of his brother officer emerged yawning.

"Say," demanded the scout officer, "you save my stum? Gimme my stum?"

"Why, hello, Jim! Why didn't you come back, like you said you was? Where you been? You said you was comin' right back."

"Didn't you save me my monkey-meats? We went on a raid, damn it."

"Raid? What? What raid?"

"Oh, we went over to Torcy. Gimme my monkey-meats."

"Well, you see, Jim—the fact is—well, we got moved up here right after you left, and they attacked from in here, an' we came on in after them. Just got to sleep."

"I haven't had any sleep or any chow, or anything—two sardines, by the bright face of God!"

The scout officer pronounced upon a frowsy musette bag which the other had used for a pillow and jerked out a fire-blackened mess-kit. He wrenched the lid off and snarled horribly. "Empty, by God!"

His hands fell lax across his knees. He looked sadly over the blasted fields of Torcy, and he said, with the cold bitterness of a man who has tried it all and come to a final conclusion: "War—sure—is—hell."

There were places for rest down in the Touraine country, around the town Amiens called St. Oulon. Canals with poplars mirrored in them, where it was pleasant to loaf at the end of the day. The women were kindly and disposed to make friends; it is a pity there were not enough to go around. They had, also, an eye for corporals and sergeants; the bored privates and the bank, sentimental souls, sat singing "Sweet Adeline," or it may be something very different. The sergeant, a sensitive spirit, will presently see that they get some extra police duty.

CHAPTER X

The Rhine.

THE bugles went while it was still as dark as the inside of a dog. There was swearing and sickly yellow candle-light in the bitter, mean houses in a mean little Rhine province town, and the chow lines formed on the company galleys in an icy December rain. The rain pattered on helmets and mess-kits, and fell in slanting lines through the smoky circles of light where the cooking fires burned feebly.

The faces of the marines, as they filed out of the dark for food, were gray and frowsy. The cooks issued corn-bill hash, and dared any man to growl on the coffee. How the hell could it be billed enough, with wet wood and very little of that—been up all night, as it is—you sports just pull in your necks!

The companies gulped their ration in sullen silence, rolled damp blankets into the prescribed pack, and when the bugles squawked assembly, they fell in without confusion or enthusiasm. Platoon sergeants, with flash lights or lanterns, called the rolls; somewhere out in front, first sergeants received the reports; officers clumped along the lines to their units, grumbling—"All here, first sergeant!"—"Beg the capt'n's pardon—couldn't see you in the dark, sir—all present-counted for, sir!"—"Nice day for a hike. Major says, goin' to the Rhine today. Eighteen or twenty kilometers—don't know exact."

Damn such a war! 'D like the old kind, where you went into winter quarters—here? The captain pulled his collar around his ears. Presently a bad-tempered drawing-voice bayed, "Squads right—march!" There was a shuffle of hobnails in the mud, and the rattle of rifle-slings. The first battalion of the Fifth marines took the road. These German roads were all honestly metalled, but the inch or so of mud on the surface was like soap underfoot, and the overcoats soaked up the rain like blotting-paper. It was the kind of a morning with no line between night and daylight. The blackness turned to gray, and, after a while, the major, on his horse, could look back and see the end of his column. The battalion, he reflected, was up to strength again. It hadn't been this large since it went to Blanc Mont, the end of September.

He shut his eyes on that thought—a hundred and thirty men that came out, where a thousand went in—these replacements, and, after the armistice, more replacements. Perhaps the quality was running down a little. The new chaps didn't

Wheeler—New Soapstone bridge on Seaside road to cost \$19,730.



Men Walked Silent, Remembering the Old Dead.

seem as tall and broad as the old men, the tall, sunburnt Leather-necks that went out the road from Meaux, toward Chateau-Thierry, in the spring.

Odd, just six months since the spring. . . . But a few veterans and hard drilling between fights would keep the temper in an outfit. . . . one remembered a phrase in an order of the division commander—"The Second division has never failed to impose its will upon the enemy. . . . And today it crossed the German Rhine. . . . He swung out of his saddle and stood by the road to watch them pass; 1,200 men, helmets and rifles gleaming a little in the wet gray light."

The road led eastward through a country of low hills, sodden in the rain. Untidy clouds sprawled on the crests and spilled wet filaments into the valleys. The land was all in cultivation, laid off in precise squares and oblongs; some newly plowed, some sparsely green with turnips and rape. It looked ugly and ordered and sullenly prosperous. There was slow conversation in the column.

"Anybody know where we goin' today?" "Dumfno—now—I did hear the skipper's orderly say we'd make the Rhine, some time—" "How far?" "Some guy was lookin' at a map at battalion. Said it was about thirty kilometers." "It's always 'bout thirty kilometers in this dam' country—" "Yeah! But I remember one time it was twelve kilometers. The night was hiked up to Verdun, back last March. Had a Frawg guide—little shrimpy wit' a forked beard. Ask him how far, all he'd say was: "Dooz kilometers—dooz kilometers—"

"Hiked all night in the rain, like this, an' at daylight we came to a sign, wit' the name of the place we're goin' to, an' it said 'Dooz kilometers—that guide, he let on that he was right surprised—" But there were very few men in the column who remembered the hike to Verdun, in the early spring of 1918, in one company eight, in another eleven; in the whole battalion the barest handful. It had been a long road. The first way-station was the Bois de Belleau; a lot of people stopped there, and were there yet. And there were more, comfortably rotting in the Forêt de Retz, south of Soissons. And more yet, well dead around Blanc Mont. And a vast drift of them lurk in hospitals. Men walked silent, remembering the old dead. . . . Twelve hundred men hiking to the Rhine, and how many ghosts? . . . The mist rolled around the column.

"You replacements never knew Corporal Snair, that got bumped off at Soissons, dallyin' with a Maxim gun. He was a musical cuss, an' he used sing a song to the tune of the 'Mid Gray Mare—She Ain't What She Uster Be—somethin' like

"The U. S. flag will fly over Germany less than a year from now—" —and now it is, an' it's a pity he ain't here to see it—"Well, but he's restin' easy where he is—me, I'm cold as hell an' this dam' drizzle is drainin' down my neck—" There was nothing but the mist and the rain, and a mean, cold little wind with a bite in it. North and south, from the edge of Holland to the Metz gateway, all the armies were marching. Ahead, just out of contact, went the German armies. The battalion passed a dense little wood of fir—Christmas-tree woods, the battalion called them.

(To be continued)

New Era—State will build wider bridge across Parrot Creek.

Reedsport—New high school and gymnasium will soon be finished.

WAGNER CREEK

Mr. Howard Works is employed in tearing down the bridge at Coleman here on the Power place.

Mrs. James Barry and son, Gordon spent last Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Briner. They were celebrating Mr. C. E. Greens birthday.

The Wagner Creek school closed last Monday evening on account of the Infantile Paralysis epidemic although there are no cases in this locality yet.

Mr. H. S. Lynch has reported that some careless hunter killed one of his range cattle this year mistaking it for a deer.

Mr. H. S. Lynch made a business trip down to the Lewis ranch below Central Point last Tuesday.

Mr. G. A. Briner has his new barn very near completed.

Among those in Ashland Tuesday were Mr. J. T. Sawyer, and Mrs. Capp.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Slagle of Central Point spent last Sunday on the creek visiting their son Mr. H. T. Slagle.

VALLEY VIEW NOTES

William Glenn of Valley View and Perry Ashcraft of Ashland returned a few days ago from a hunting trip in the Dead Indian country and brought back a fine buck.

Orpha Arnold who has been ill with scarlet fever, has entirely recovered and is spending a few days with a friend in the mountains before returning to High School.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hilton of Klamath Falls spent last night as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. DeFord.

William Bruin of Talent who is road supervisor of this district was a business visitor in Valley View last Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Carter and family of Ashland spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Lennox and family.

Milton Nichols returned last Monday from a few days vacation spent near Roseburg, Oregon.

J. J. Van Kleek of Beaverton, Oregon, arrived Monday night to spend a few days with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McCracken.

Frank Glenn of Olympia, Wn., spent a couple of days last week visiting his sister Mrs. H. J. Carter of Ashland, and his brother William Glenn of Valley View.

Fred C. Hollibaugh of Ashland was a visitor in Valley View last Monday afternoon.

Mrs. W. F. DeFord and her guest, Mrs. J. W. Hilton of Klamath Falls spent last Thursday in Sams Valley visiting Mrs. DeFord's daughter, Mrs. O. R. Treshams and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Arnold and family who have lived for a number of years on the Waite ranch

east of Ashland have moved into town. The Waite ranch has been sold and the new owners have taken possession.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Bages of Medford, were callers at the J. R. McCracken ranch last Sunday.

J. H. Morse had his car badly damaged as the result of a collision in the old covered bridge a few days ago.

Mr. Gustine of Medford driver of the other car did not see Mr. Morse's car until too late to crowd to his side of the bridge and as the bridge is only just wide enough for two cars to pass if driven slowly a crash was unavoidable.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Hodgkin and family who have been visiting in

Valley View, left Wednesday morning for Fresno, Calif. They were accompanied by Mrs. W. DeFord who visited in Sams Valley the week.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The class debates tryouts were held Monday evening at seven-thirty, in the High School assembly.

The students who talked on the question—Resolved that the child labor amendment to the constitution should be adopted, were judged on argument, delivery, rebuttal, and future possibilities.

Three members were selected from each class to compose its

team. The placing were as follows: Seniors, Dena Joy, first; Dick Joy, second; Katherine Lucas, third; Juniors, Jack Barber, first; Tom Beckwick, second; Duane Malone, third; Sophomores, Stella Bailey, first; Frank Pemberton, second; Leverett Davies, third; The freshmen class was not represented.

The judges for the tryouts Miss Marks, civics teacher, Miss Clark, mathematic teacher and Miss Walters, physical training teacher.

The first round of the class debates will be held next Monday.

Miss Dwyer, lower English teacher, held a meeting of all those interested in the Anniversary play, last Thursday, after school. She told them the plots of the three different plays that she was considering and urged them all, especially the boys, to come out for the try-outs, which will be held later.

About twenty of the members

of the Girl's Athletic Association went on a hike last Saturday afternoon. They started from the

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