

BUREAU IN FRANCE FOR BAY STATE MEN

Recently Arrived Committee to Bring Massachusetts Nearer Troops

FIRST OF KIND FOR A.E.F.

Group of Well Known Citizens Will Get Line on Every Commonwealth Soldier Here

"Massachusetts is 3000 miles away. We're here to bring it nearer to the Massachusetts men in the A.E.F."

That, according to Chairman Charles S. Baxter, is the purpose of the visit to France of a committee of prominent Bay State citizens who will aim to bring home to the thousands of Massachusetts men already here that not only their own country, but their own commonwealth as well, is behind them heart, soul and pocketbook.

The committee has been appointed by the governor as the officially representative body of the people of Massachusetts, and as such has received the official authorization of Secretary Newton D. Baker of the War Department.

Mrs. Louis A. Frothingham is accompanying the committee and has offered suitable provisions for the establishment of a central bureau and home for Massachusetts men which she will maintain at her own expense.

Dr. Prince to Stay Here

Dr. Morton Prince of Boston, a physician of national fame and a member of the National Academy of Sciences, founder of the Lafayette Escadrille, who was subsequently killed in action, is also with the committee. Dr. Prince will remain in France after the return of the other members, as executive manager of the bureau.

To make plain the aim and scope of the committee's work it is necessary to review a little of the recent history of Massachusetts, particularly some that has been written on her books since the arrival of soldiers from her sons in France.

Under this act the governor also appointed a Soldiers' Help Bureau, with Dr. Prince at its head, which named sub-committees throughout the State, of about five members for each 30,000 of population, to represent separate communities.

An effort was made to have in each committee some resident, man of means, who would be particularly interested in the welfare of the State's soldiers by reason of having a husband, son or brother in service.

Line on Every Soldier

These local committees gathered every kind of information relating to the soldiers, picked up traces of them if correspondence between the men and their families was interrupted by reason of the men's being shifted, and kept accurate registers of every obtainable fact in the record of the community's individual soldiers.

It is also on record at Boston. The local committees, having tabulated every available fact about their own men, sent the results to Boston, where the name and history of every Massachusetts soldier is now filed. And it is some considerable file.

Wherever a Massachusetts soldier has gone, he has never yet been able to reach the end of the string by which the committee keeps in touch with him. At Washington there is an authorized agent of the State who secures at first hand any important information concerning a Massachusetts man, at home or abroad, and who informs the Boston central committee by wire if necessary, of anything entitled to a place on the soldier's record.

More Than Cold Tabulation

But the committee's work has not consisted merely in a cold tabulation of several tens of thousands of young men's military careers. It has kept the men in touch with their families, investigated their needs wherever they happened to be, talked with their officers personally where it has been possible, and seen to it generally that the soldier from the Bay State realized that the people of the commonwealth were not only behind him but took a personal interest in his well-being.

Then one day a certain Massachusetts camp became suddenly a very empty spot. There followed a long gap in letter writing which even the Public Safety Committee could not fill, and then letters began to arrive carrying no stamps, but marked "Soldier's Mail." Massachusetts, or a good part of it, had come to France.

To Let Every Bay Stater Know

Well, to make a long story short, they're here. They haven't yet shaken dust with every Massachusetts man in France—that would be some little job for a considerably larger committee. But they will soon get in touch with every Massachusetts unit, visit in person as many as can be reached—which will take them considerably nearer the Boche than they have ever been before—and see that every Bay Stater hereabouts is notified of their presence and purpose.

WAR SECRETARY HERE TO STUDY A. E. F.

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the danger and it was a profoundly impressed Secretary of War who landed a little later on French soil. Mr. Baker had 40 minutes in which to pay his compliments to the French and American authorities in the port of debarkation and to stroll through the busy streets of the ancient town. Then his train for Paris called him and in Paris the busy hours began. There were the calls to work and the meetings. During the first 24 hours he was able to call upon Premier Clemenceau, President Poincaré and Ambassador Sharp, to be visited by Marshal Joffre and return the visit.

This last was in the nature of a reception, for they had met and conferred before during the memorable visit of the hero of the Marne to the United States nearly a year ago. Before he left, Mr. Baker made two trips to Versailles for further hours with General Bliss.

War Deserted for Toys

His second day in Paris was a repetition of the first with General Boeh, M. Viviani and M. Pichon among the French leaders with whom he conferred. Yet the day was not all business, for one of those at the luncheon Mr. Baker gave at the Carlton was his brother, Captain Henry Baker, who came up from the front to see him, and then, late in a busy afternoon, he escaped incredibly from the press of affairs, dodged his waiting motor car and swung off down the street at a great pace, aiming, as it turned out later, for a toy shop he had passed and noted in his memory the day before.

During his first day in Paris the Secretary of War issued in French a formal statement that was at once a greeting to the people of France and an interpretation of his visit to their shores.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE MEDICO

He's just a human question mark; for nerve he can't be beat— "How often do you change your socks? How often do you brush your teeth? How often do you change your underwear? Pop-pop he goes, like pistons, on the range!

"How often do you take a bath? How often do you shave? Hold in your chin and stomach, too, and make your eyes believe! Are both your parents crazy? Let me see—stick out your tongue! Here, orderly, a pair of pills!" And then you're stung.

He posts the village water so you doesn't drink a drop. He makes the K.P.'s work away with scrubbing brush and mop. He never gives you "quarters," but "light duty" when you're sick— And, if he thinks you're shaming him, he can make it awful thick.

At worst, he is a nuisance, but at best he's on the job! He's knocked out half the outfit's colds; when mumps was raising hob in all the other regiments, we only had two cases; Oh, we do what he tells us now, and go and wash our faces!

ONE REGIMENT WINS 16 CROIX DE GUERRE

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colonels galloped the length of the regiment and through the battalions, and finally "took the review" as the tribute of their own comrades to the new decorations.

These crosses were won mostly in two parties, on February 23 and February 25. In the first one, 26 Americans went over in a party of 100, the rest being French. The Americans were under Louts, Koob and Davis, and were picked volunteers—picked from a solid battalion of volunteers.

Won't Tell How They Did It

They went at dawn, they behaved with great spirit, and they brought back 23 prisoners. The particular deeds which man by man they did to win the Croix it is impossible to get. The French citations are as general as possible, and no man whom I have interviewed can tell me—or will tell me—just how he behaved.

These eight complete the 16 crosses won by this regiment.

The men decorated are Lieutenants Koob, George W. Davis and H. K. Davidson, Sergeants George F. Dever, Harold E. Elmer and Sullivan, Corporal F. T. Hurley, Bugler Thomas Hammond, and Privates F. E. Hurley, Edward A. Larkin, Lipsie, Claude E. Seitz, Plagg, Mott, and Stewart W. Miller, and Chaplain Boucher.

Dever's citation was: "Took part in a *coute à main*, and displayed remarkable courage and decision in its execution."

Seitz "has proved his courage and coolness under fire in the face of the enemy."

Lieutenant Davidson, "under an intense bombardment, at the head of his troops, which were under fire for the first time, was cool and absolutely fearless."

Plagg, "under a very heavy artillery and machine gun fire, went to an exposed post and took command of the situation."

Sergeant Sullivan's cross came for a piece of nerve which deserves description. He was one of three men in a dugout, the others being Corporal Homer Wheaton and Private Smith. They were about to distribute hand grenades, as Fritz was just coming ahead with a party.

What Sergeant Sullivan Did

A soldier came in with a box of the grenades, and somehow dropped it. Some of the grenades went off, in a manner not yet explained, and killed Wheaton, wounding Sullivan and Smith.

Sullivan, to quote his citation, "after being wounded in an explosion in which a man was killed, took his post in a firing position, held command of the section, and inspired the men by his courage under heavy artillery fire." That is to say, the brave fact that he was wounded and had had a miraculous escape didn't phase one of the Sullivan's. "Shell shock" seems to be a disappearing factor in the American soldier.

Tommy Hammond is a bugler. He was a liaison agent, which means a messenger, during two of the parties. Being a messenger means traveling back and forth through the barrage, from the front to the *poste de commando* of the company. This is done by feeling one's way in the dark among shell holes, keeping the sense of direction carefully, and dodging whenever a shell or a sweep of machine gun fire seems to be coming one's way. And the intensity of the barrage in these parties is incredible; the rolling is continuous, and a person watching from a vantage point is unable to understand how any being can live in the area being pounded. There is no discount on the feats performed by liaison agents; their record is not.

Took Charge of Hun Front Door

Corporal Hurley distinguished himself during the course of the parties by taking charge of one entrance of a German dugout all alone; at the other entrance a group of French soldiers occupied themselves by chucking grenades down and

shouting to Fritz to come out and be captured. Hurley stood steady, pouring rifle fire down into the pit and facing the momentary probability of being potted himself, for he was a fair mark for anybody within.

Mr. Baker's Pilgrimage

"Naturally, every visit to France at this time is a pilgrimage to the temple of heroism, and it will be a real inspiration to see the great leaders and their armies which have defended for such a long time the frontiers of liberty against every attack."

"In America as in France we have a civilian secretary of war and the civil power is supreme. That is one of the characteristics of free institutions for the maintenance of which we are fighting. The duty of the civil power is to bring to the front all the necessary supplies, to organize industrial resources and to supplement the efforts of its armies, and in America today the thought which dominates everything is the war industry is organized, the production of supplies has begun to attain the level which we have fixed, war materials are accumulating and a great army is finishing its training with the aim of joining the body of troops which is already here."

"Our President has nobly defined the spirit with which America has entered the war and his subsequent declarations reflected the sentiment of the entire country. 'We have staked all our resources on victory.'"

POLITICIANS GO SLOW IN STARTING THINGS

Continued from Page 1

suites and continues to dig away at the Fusion fund and the gambling scandals. There has been a lot of fight in the assembly at Albany over the Brown bill, designed to empower the New York State industrial commission to waive all laws against child labor, overwork, and other factory conditions whenever it may be deemed necessary for war purposes.

A Marvel of Cheerful Silence

There is general speculation as to the possible purposes behind the bill, but Senator Brown declares it is nothing but a patriotic effort to help speed the State's productiveness. Very little newspaper discussion has been given it, but this bill will have a big effect on the gubernatorial campaign in New York and may reach into national politics before it is done with.

Francis efforts have been made by the

newspapers and politicians to find out from William Hays, the new Republican national chairman, what the Grand Old Party claims to do, but Hays is a marvel of polite and cheerful silence. He has seen Senator Penrose, Colonel Roosevelt, and all other Republicans of all factions, and after a fortnight's continuous consultations, declares that utter harmony exists, without apparently a single unkind thought or word anywhere. The big Republican guns so far support Hays' contention by benignant remarks which sound as if the Elephant and the Bull Moose always had been one united animal.

AMERICANS MAKE FIRST RAIDS INTO GERMAN TRENCHES

Continued from Page 1

marked, in a disappointed tone of voice—but such is human nature. I remained a moment or so longer, but the fighting seemed to have moved off into the distance. I made my way back to the captain's post of combat, and waited there with him. We sat there silently together—neither of us could find anything to say. After what seemed many hours—it was only 20 minutes—a French officer stepped into our little chamber from the French *poste de commandement* next door and said in matter of fact English: "They have just sent word to us over our telephone that the objective has been reached."

Wife Severed in His Hands

There was another interval of suspense, and then we heard from a runner that another attacking party, the one to the left of us, was isolated, the telephone wire having been cut by shells. The captain told me about an artilleryman who had been captured and taken to a barrage, when a strand of it was severed in his hands by a bit of shrapnel. Exactly the same thing, I recalled, had happened to another runner in another sector a few days before. In each case the man placidly continued his work.

"The funny thing about this fellow today," the captain went on, "was that he got into a row with his brother, who was out with him, over something or other, and bawled him out. The brother happened to be a sergeant and promptly threatened the gunner with arrest. 'Say, you don't think I'd stand for being arrested while this fighting's going on, do you?' the gunner told him."

Half an hour later two mud-begrimed, panting privates pushed a pair of German prisoners down into the dugout—the first of the bunch to be brought in. They were about 30 years old.

The French questioned them through an interpreter. The interrogation lasted about an hour. Then the captain was asked to put a bridge across. The first of the Boches to be brought in, however, we knew it must be O.K., so we started off.

Colonel Gets Drop on German Officer

Chief of Divisional Staff Sets Good Example on Lorraine Front

Colonel —, chief of staff of a division now occupying part of our new front in Lorraine, recently went over the top and brought back a souvenir in the shape of a German helmet—with the Boche in question was a stout Bavarian lieutenant, so that the Colonel established a dual record, in that he was the first American officer to capture a prisoner, and that prisoner was the

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NEWLY WON GLORY DOESN'T WORRY HIM

Raid Hero Sees Name in Print, but Can't Stop to Read About It

He was an old sergeant of regulars. Unobtrusively he made his way up to the counter of a canteen near G.H.Q., and purchased some tobacco. Then—

"What's this?" he inquired, pointing to a pile of papers nearby.

"That's THE STARS AND STRIPES, the Army paper, sergeant," replied one of the clerks. "Want to look one over?"

Interested, the sergeant reached for a copy. As he did so, his overcoat came open a bit disclosing over his chest—the *Croix de Guerre*.

"Who are you?" inquired the clerk. "Walsh," replied the wearer of the medal, "Patrick Walsh."

"For Pete's sake! Look at the first page of the paper, then! There's your name, and all about how you got that Cross there. Here, take a copy!"

Wonderingly, Sergeant Walsh glanced at it. Sure enough, there it was: "SERGEANT PATRICK WALSH—Detroit, Mich.; 47 years old."

"Well," he remarked, at length, "they got the name right, all right."

"Go on, read the rest of it, sergeant, and tell us something about it," persisted the clerk. "Tell us how you won your medal; come on!"

"Ah, there's nothin' to tell," mumbled the old sergeant, a blush bursting right through his bronzed hide. "Nothin' to it, young feller. All part o' the game."

"No, I guess I'll read the rest of this paper when I get time. I've got to go by and report at Headquarters now. Much obliged; so long!"

What the paper had to say about Sergeant Walsh was this: "The German captain commanding the raiders ordered him to come out of his dugout. He shot the captain dead with his automatic, called out to a companion in time for him to make away with a second German entering the dugout, and by so doing saved his company's log-book from the enemy's hands."

"That was the achievement which gained him the *Croix de Guerre*, together with a hearty slap on the back from Premier Clemenceau of France. He was one of the first six Americans to receive that coveted honor since our entry into the war. But you'll never get the story from him."

Sergeant Walsh is now on detached service, to act as orderly to Secretary Baker during the war secretary's tour of inspecting the A.E.F. in France. It's an honor—a big one. But he calls it simply "part o' the game."

COLONEL GETS DROP ON GERMAN OFFICER

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TWO KINDS OF SOLDIERS

Captain: "Well, Jim, what do you think of this war game anyway? Glad you joined up?" Private Jim (wearily): "Well, sir, a guy what goes to war for Old Glory and the U.S.A. and to avenge martyred Belgium and repay France for what she has done for us and all the rest is on the right track. But a guy what they call a 'soldier of fortune'—what goes around the world looking for other people's private wars to butt into for the fun of it—why, he, sir, is my humble opinion, is just a plain fool!"

A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

Swell—A guy that sleeps in pajamas. Lucky Stiff—A bird who's quarantined for measles when the rest of the outfit has got to go for wood. Willy-boy—The critter that still objects to washing his mess-kit in the same pail with the other 249 men.

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