

ultant rush down the slope to the stream. Recall was blown, but the boy who made the bugle sing from his post in the golden wheatfield was calling to deaf ears. There was no stopping the triumphant rush of the doughboys, who, with "Heaven, He'll Hoboken before Christmas" as their battle cry, had swept over the sloping ground, waded the Ourcq and, through a rain of machine gun bullets, rushed up the slope on the other side. It would have been as easy to stop an avalanche with a protesting hand.

Beating Hoyle to It Such advance battalions, storming the hill without the advantage of any artillery whatever and obliged to hold the crest for an hour or so before they could have fellow battalions shoulder to shoulder with them, were not exactly playing according to Hoyle, but some who shared it believe that if they had waited for a more orthodox and perfectly prepared advance, the Germans, too, would have been better prepared. The low lying mists in the valley of the Ourcq would have lifted their shattering curtain, and the Yankees might never have crossed at all.

Once across, the leading battalions dropped back to hide behind the crest of the first slope and there dug themselves in feverishly, dug trenches and threw their bayonets with their mess-tin covers, with their fingers anything for a little hole in the ground. Then, as never before, they learned to cherish the shovel, and those who had brought them along found, as many a dead German can not testify, that they are not half as bad as offensive weapons as they had hitherto been regarded. They followed the first rush across the river.

A Battle in Panorama The charge of the Infantry was an unforgettable spectacle to those living along to watch it, for the valley of the Ourcq is one of those basins from whose rim you can see a whole battle in panorama.

Such a watcher would have seen the doughboys advancing in skirmish formation as pretty and as perfect as ever they knew in the pleasant training fields—nor faltering in the least when any of their number fell, as many did.

He would have seen companies advancing warily on German machine gun nests, the captains exhorting and directing them like the football coaches on the sidelines at home. He would have seen them, rummy, anxious, standing up, their hands on their hips, their eyes on the enemy gunners with a deadlier aim. He would have seen a single company snuff out eight separate machine gun nests and doughboys turning the captured guns on the enemy. This reduced their very type of machine gun, and the thousands of rounds of captured ammunition came in ever so handy.

He would have witnessed prodigies of courage and endurance, man after man of all ranks wounded, but stubbornly refusing to be carried back. He would have seen wounded men crawling from the ambulances and fainting on their way back into battle, a wounded sergeant persuading his litter bearers to prop him against a fallen tree and let him take a few more shots.

There is not room in these pages to print a tenth of the names of the men who showed this spirit. But for illustration consider Capt. Ryan—Capt. Richard J. Ryan, once a fighter in the Boer War and more recently a lumberman from Watertown, N. Y.

Still There With the Rifle Capt. Ryan was wounded three times in the course of the first day, but it was not until his third and most serious wound, seven hours after his first, that he let them carry him away. Even then, just before he yielded, he might have been seen, his right hand raised, his eyes from his little dugout, reaching for a rifle and, at a distance of 400 yards, bring down a Boche he had seen standing to direct the machine gun fire.

Capt. Ryan had led one of the first companies to cross the Ourcq. "Drop your packs," he called to his men as they lay down in the trench. "Drop your packs. If you come back you can have them again, and if you don't, you won't want them! All you want now is guts and bayonets!" "Guts and bayonets!"

Company I caught it up gleefully, repeated it rhythmically, and made it their battle cry as they went down and across the Ourcq and up.

"Guts and bayonets! Guts and bayonets! Guts and bayonets!" And so it was.

### SISTERS CAN COME AS RELIEF WORKERS

#### Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., K. of C. and Salvation Army Get G.H.Q. Permission

So many are the American homes represented in the A.E.F. that the regulation withholding passports from relatives of its members made it impossible for the Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., Salvation Army and K. of C. to enroll for service in France all the women workers they needed. These organizations, therefore, appealed to G.H.Q. for some arrangement by which the sisters of officers and enlisted men would be allowed to come here for work.

In response to that appeal, General Pershing recommended such a change to Washington. In making his recommendation, the Commander-in-Chief suggested a number of safeguarding restrictions, to which number, Washington in authorizing the change, added still another.

It is now arranged that sisters of officers and men in the A.E.F. may come to France at the call of the heart of one of the four societies. A sister may come only if she is especially qualified by training for the post she is to fill. It must be a mere incident that she has a brother in the A.E.F.; she herself comes as a worker.

She must agree to make no effort whatever to visit any relative here, whether he be sick or well, and the organization enrolling her must agree to send her back to the States if she violates this rule. Furthermore, if, while here, she should marry any officer or enlisted man of the A.E.F., her organization must immediately send her home.

### MOGULS FOR FRANCE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 8.—The War Department has ordered 510 locomotives, American mogul consolidation type, for use on the military railroads in France, at a total cost of about \$25,000,000. Ten thousand cars, costing about \$18,000,000, are to be added to the equipment of the Service of Supply. About \$218,000,000 is being spent for Army warehouses, facilities, to take care of the rapid forwarding of supplies and munitions to the A. E. F.

## 20 MASCOTS TAKEN FOR FRENCH SHIPS ON WAYS IN OREGON

Men and Women of Portland Yards Adopt One for Each Vessel

### 10,000 FRANCS ON TAG DAY

Fourteen More Orphans Find Parrains, Mostly in France—Total Boosted to 439

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Aero Const. Squadron, Battery B, etc.

From half way around the world came a just response this week to the appeal of THE STARS AND STRIPES for aid for French war orphans.

The shipbuilders employed in the yard of the Foundation Company at Portland, Ore., Wis. branch of the Red Cross "Carry On Club," the Foundation Co., Portland, Ore., etc.

It is the second largest contribution to THE STARS AND STRIPES orphan fund, being exceeded only by that of the Ohio Infantry regiment which, a few weeks ago, became the godfather of 51 children.

The idea of adopting a French child for each ship built in the Portland yard of the Foundation Company originated with the Carry On Club, composed of 15 women employees of the plant.

Women Start It Going The Carry On Club read the announcement of THE STARS AND STRIPES plan which appeared in the March 29th issue, and immediately voted to "carry on" the plan.

The men approved of the plan, except in the detail of waiting until the other 10 ships were launched. They wanted quicker action.

On June 11, the day of the "tag day," the men approved of the plan, except in the detail of waiting until the other 10 ships were launched.

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## MAJOR CALLS BURKS; THEN HE REMEMBERS

Faithful Orderly Did Not Stay Behind to Tend Chief's Equipment

When the American regiment that took and held the town of Serzy came into the forest to get its breath, the men of the third battalion noted how, again and again, their major would forget for a moment and call for Burks.

Where had Burks put this and what would Burks say to that? Then you could tell by the look in his eyes that he was thinking how, in the height of the battle, he had lost his shadow. There was no Burks and never would be again.

Private Charles H. Burks of Malmers, Iowa, had been the major's orderly from the beginning. Wherever the major went, there Burks went, too.

It was one of the bywords of the regiment that whenever the major, straying far from battalion headquarters on some mission, would suddenly think of something he wished he had brought along, Burks was sure to walk from around a tree or emerge from a dugout with that something in his hand.

No one was surprised when those five bitter days that finally drove the Germans from the heights beyond the Ourcq found the major always in the very front, and it was taken as a matter of course that Burks should be there also.

Didn't Have to Be There Other orderlies might have pointed out to him that he did not have to be there, that he was doing his duty in regulation duty in staying safely behind to look out for the old man's uniform and tend to his equipment. No one had ordered him to the front, had they? He would have looked at them in mild surprise and gone on about his business—at the major's elbow.

Many a message Burks carried along many a perilous path those days. Then came a time when two messengers, trying to make their way to regimental headquarters through the deadly streets of Serzy, were dropped in their tracks and some one was needed to go along the same path for more. Burks volunteered, and the major sent him. It was his last errand.

Early in the morning after the regiment came out of the line, the major mounted a horse and rode off over the battlefield from which, by that time, all living Germans were gone. All day he searched and then, near a farmhouse, in an old apple orchard near a farmhouse, his search ended.

And they drew aside to leave the major standing alone with hared head by his orderly's grave.

## WEEK'S D.S.C. AWARDS

The Commander-in-Chief has awarded the D.S.C. to the following members of the A.E.F.: Corporal THOMAS J. SMITH, INF., on June 6, 1918, at Château-Thierry, after having been severely wounded, remained with his platoon, encouraging and urging on the men in the absence of their platoon sergeant, who had been killed.

Private LOUIS D. GOODRICH, ENGRS., on June 9 voluntarily carried an important message from Lucey-le-Rouge to four-schedes in daylight along an open road between the lines exposed to small-arms fire.

Sergeant GEORGE OLLER, INF., on July 1 near Vaux, volunteered and led a liaison patrol through a thick wood known to be strongly held by enemy machine guns. After being severely wounded he brought back four prisoners and valuable information.

First Lieut. CHARLES W. MYERS, M. R. C., at Vaux, July 1, established under heavy shell fire an advanced dressing station for the treatment and evacuation of men wounded in the first wave of the assault.

Sergeant LEWIS J. MILLER, ENGRS., about midnight, June 19 and 20, near Lucey-le-Rouge, with a few volunteers entered a wood which was being heavily shelled and gassed and recovered two wounded members of his platoon.

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## FARMER FINKLE SAVES HIS CORP

Take Him Prisoner? Not While the Hero Worshipper's Alive

This is the story of Private Burr Finkle. His lieutenant was able to get the details from him later only because Finkle labors under the impression that it is the story of Corporal Dan Carroll.

Finkle is a frocked soldier of 20 and they used to call him the Farmer, partly because he came from Middletown, N. Y. They used to kid him a good deal in Company K because it was so obvious that to Finkle the beginning and end of the world lay within the boundaries of his own squad and especially because the sun rose and set with his corporal.

"My corporal" was all that Finkle cared to know about the hierarchy of officers in the A.E.F.

On the day before his regiment helped storm the forbidding heights beyond the Ourcq, Finkle was obliged to listen to small facetious wagers being laid that his corporal would be taken prisoner before long. To which, while the company chuckled, he would reply darkly: "Not while I'm alive."

Shamrocks Ahoy! It was probably no memory of this vow, but just instinct, which made him stop dead in his tracks next day at the sound of a voice calling on the battalion for help. It was shortly after the first rush up the hill, and together with Private Oll of K Company, Finkle was going back for a rifle, when, from a distance and weakly, the voice called: "Shamrocks, shamrocks, save me!"

"That's my corporal," cried Finkle, and pointed to a spot some way along the slope where six Germans were bending over something that lay on the ground. "That's my corporal!" and started roaring to the rescue, with Oll close at his heels.

Inside the circle, as if about to be borne away in triumph by Carroll, shot through the foot. The Boches, the personnel of some nearby machine gun, had grabbed his automatic, but it had been discharged and they did not know what to do with it next. They aimed it at the oncoming Yankees, but no shots came.

Finkle shot and killed one of them. Oll killed a second. Finkle dropped a third with the butt of his pistol.

The fourth, fifth and sixth surrendered at once. They were marching in front, not suffered to lay hands on the wounded man, as the procession approached the regimental aid station, with Finkle's arms around his corporal.

Company K has quit calling him the Farmer.

## GUARDHOUSE GOSSIP

No. 1: I guess I stand pretty strong with the officer of the day. No. 2: Thasso? Why? No. 1: He came around to my post last night and said, "oh, what a relief!"

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## GOVERNMENT IS BOSS OF ALL LABOR HIRING

Employment by All Private Concerns Now Strictly Regulated

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 8.—All independent recruiting of labor throughout the United States has ceased, and labor is now under full Government control, exercised through superintendents of the United States Employment Service in 13 Federal districts, who in turn work through the State directors and community boards.

This plan restricts the private employment of common labor, reduces the expensive and unnecessary labor turnover, will draw on the non-essential industries for labor for necessary war work, and prevents the transportation of any labor from community to community or out of States without Government approval. State quotas of labor will be prepared for each State.

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