withdrawn, when the October mists have lifted and the smoke has cleared away from the charred remnants of that historic forest, there can be written for American school books a story which will carry wonder and inspiration for generations to come.

And Gesnes! It sound so easy to announce the taking of Gesnes in the terse, unemotional communiqués. Just another French village recaptured. Just another pitiful heap of ruined homes restored to France. One of hundreds. Yet the troops that took Gesnes had first to root out 350 machine guns, had to draw them like fangs from some angry beast.

Already Gesnes is a land of legend. They tell of one Ohio boy who, a scout who lost his way in the village while Germany still held it and while his own pals were a good two kilometers below it. How he saw that the soldiers in the town were Boche soldiers, how he faded into a cellar and lay there without breathing until darkness came, and how, under cover of that darkness, he crawled unseen, unheard, unscatched, back to his own company—that is one story.

### Patrol Takes First Prisoners

Then there is the circumstance of the first prisoners captured in the town on Friday last—captured by a patrol that reached its outskirts ahead of time and saw, coming at them out of the mist, a patrol of 15 Germans headed by a non-com from Baden. The eight Yanks, most of whom could relapse into German at need, fell upon that German patrol, terrified them into silence, dragged them down into a dugout, and held them smothered there for two hours till the rest of the outfit took the town.

The Infantry went forward under a good barrage thrown over for them by guns that had been driven, shoved, dragged to the commanding hills, guns to which the tired, hungry Artillerymen hitched themselves when the tired, hungry horses failed at the task, guns moved forward along roads that German shells were plowing.

Never since America entered the war have our troops met such artillery fire, such a steady hail of shrapnel and high explosives. At St. Mihiel and on the Ourcq they were fighting an enemy who was half-resigned to the inevitable loss of territory and who was pulling out his guns in anticipation of a retreat. In Argonne, on the other hand, the Yanks have moved forward in the face of guns massed to meet them and ordered to hold the ground at all costs.

### Hail of Shell Far in Rear

The rain of those guns has, in the second week of the battle, extended more to the rear areas, opening yawning chasms in the new paths, striking dead such remote workers as the Engineers busy with the road materials or the waterboys at work on the steel tanks and the standpipes.

Here two brothers from Tennessee were killed as they slept side by side underneath their gun. There a shell found and wounded two Salvation Army lassies who had been at work night and day gently bathing the mud and blood-stained faces of the wounded as they were carried through a desolate, improvised first-aid station.

On ahead a shell found and ended the beautiful life of an old-time Army priest, a beloved chaplain who had always gone over the top with his flock. Some of his boys managed to drag his body to a heap of crumbled stone that had once been a little French church. They knew that would have pleased him. From there they buried him on the battlefield. The Germans who met them an hour later in the line found them scarcely softened by the service they had just attended.

### Fog, Rain, Raw Wind

A deal of fog, a little rain, some few hours of balmy autumn sunshine, but for the most part gray, threatening skies and a raw October wind—these have made up the weather of the second week. The fog lay so heavy in the valleys that the watchers from so superb an observatory as the crest of Montfaucon could only guess at the movements of the Infantry in the fields and woods below, while at many important times it virtually blindfolded the aviators. They could dart and circle so low that they all but scraped the treetops, and still they could not be sure what was astir on the ground below them.

The same low-hanging clouds served as good camouflage for the enemy planes, which could often approach unobserved. German planes came flying from afar to the Argonne in ever increasing numbers as the battle grew more and more angry. They came in great numbers and flew low on their hazardous missions, with the result that many were brought down by the anti-aircraft guns.

### Amateur Gets Plane

Last Friday, of five German planes that ventured over one area, four were nailed and dropped by the ground guns. One old-timer among the American non-coms, Sergeant James Clark, captured a heavy German anti-tank rifle—a rifle six feet long and so ponderous it had to be operated from a tripod. He had not been long in possession of this trophy before he was aiming it heavenward, and with it he ended forever the career of one German flyer.

Another German flyer, a youngster of 19, brought an American balloon to the earth in flames, was himself winged by one well-aimed shot, and yet, as his machine brought him down within our lines, he opened fire in his descent on the knot of groundlings that were shooting at him. He jumped clear of the machine, landed on his feet, and burst into a torrent of abuse of us.

"To hell with all Americans!" he shouted, or words to that effect. There was a doughboy rush for him, an M.P. rush to the rescue. A stranger would have thought the German's hour had come. Only the bystander who knew his Yanks realized that, while they handed it to the German youngster for his nerve, they wanted his pilot's badge as a souvenir.

### Spirit of 20 Miles

Of such a battle as the Battle of the Argonne no chronicle can ever set forth all the countless chapters of courage. No chronicler knows a tenth of the tale nor can begin to tell a tenth of what he knows. He can only suggest, by here a story and there a story, the spirit that has animated the front for 20 miles. Take, for instance, the story of the St. Louis captain, the story of the red-headed Ohio boy and the story of the dentist from Oklahoma.

The captain was leading his men, but they heard him call back to them as he went forward through a rain of machine gun bullets:

"Don't follow me, boys; it's too hot here."

Even as he spoke he fell. It was his last order to them, and they disobeyed it. One and all they went ahead.

The Ohio boy was a red-headed youngster, shot in the left eye. In the dressing station they had to cut the eye out. His head was bandaged up, and, ticketed as useless, he was put aside to wait for the next ambulance vacancy. When it came he was nowhere to be found. That was at 8 o'clock in the morning. At 5 o'clock that afternoon they found him in the front line, his drawn face dead white, his lips bloodless, his jaw set. He was firing his sho-sho. He had been firing it all day long.

### The Dentist from Oklahoma

The dentist from Oklahoma—his name is Lieut. Otto L. Hine—wrote his name into the history of his regiment when he took charge in a crisis of one regimental aid station.

It was being shelled. Several of the wounded had been killed; several of the litter boys had fallen at their tasks. Then, quite suddenly, because they were being swept by an enfilading fire, the regiment had to draw back two kilometers in the sway of the battle-line, and the aid station, with its colony of helpless wounded, was destined to stand for a time in No Man's Land.

Then it was that Captain Randall Wilson took a detachment of 75 men and went out to stand guard over that stranded hospital and that Lieutenant Hine buckled down to the task of evacuating the wounded to a place of safety behind the lines. From the middle of that afternoon till 10 the next morning they stuck to that job. In all, they covered the dressing and evacuation of 225 men.

That guard did not cease fighting nor that dentist his work till the last litter had disappeared in the direction of American lines.

# YANKS LEAVE HINDENBURG LINE FAR BEHIND

Continued from Page 1

lantry shown during the advance in the Bellicourt sector, lying roughly half way between Cambrai and St. Quentin—the most desolate, most battle scarred area, perhaps, in all that war stricken plain.

It was this reach of desolation which the Americans unfalteringly crossed in the face of the sternest resistance the Hun was able to put up, and with the number of defenders being constantly replenished by men coming on to the field to dispute progress through an intricate system of underground tunnels and dugouts, all of which radiated, apparently, from the greater tunnel of the St. Quentin canal.

### Through Hun Outpost Zone

It is related of several small detachments, numbering, in all, 200-odd soldiers, that in the fighting during the day which preceded the actual attack upon the line itself, they fought their way through the German outpost zone and advanced so far toward the main defense line that they were cut off from the rear by all communication except by runners, who crept back and forth at night, running a gauntlet of Boche machine guns and snipers.

Without food or water, these detachments remained in their advanced positions two or three days, fighting off occasional attacks by Boche patrols which sought to capture or encircle them.

When, on the following Sunday, the main American attack came, these little detachments were found and released from their precarious positions, and almost to a man these men, instead of going rearward and allowing fresher soldiers to carry on, went forward and fought two or three days more.

The main advance itself was hand to hand fighting most of the way, the greatest resistance coming from Boche machine gunners who waited in tunnels and dugouts until the barrage had passed and then came to the surface. These machine guns were taken by the dozens after they had either been rushed or encircled and bombed.

### Single-Handed Work

One private, an Italian from New York, is credited with the single-handed capture of two machine guns and their crews of four men each. He was a member of a platoon which, as the two machine guns opened upon them, dropped into a nearby trench.

The private volunteered to clear the path for his platoon, and, even before he gained the permission of the lieutenant, he slipped out of one end of the trench, and ten minutes later reappeared with the eight Germans marching before him. He had adopted the simple expedient of crawling around behind and surprising them, and they surrendered without resistance.

Another man, of a detachment similarly held up by a machine gun, crept out of shelter and, crawling on his stomach from shell hole to shell hole, killed the four Boches who manned the gun with five shots from his rifle.

On another occasion a group of Boche machine gunners were found ensconced in a concrete pill box impervious to rifle fire. Three Yanks volunteered to take it and crept around it, each with an armful of grenades. They threw grenades at the pill box until one passed through the narrow porthole to the inside.

Then, as it exploded, they dashed forward and dropped half a dozen more through the same opening. They found what was left of more than a dozen Boches inside.

A lieutenant, leading his platoon along a freshly captured trench, rounded a corner to see six Boches scramble from a dugout entrance and scamper down the trench. He gave pursuit and, when the chase was done, had accounted for five of the Germans with his revolver and taken the sixth prisoner.

In the midst of the fighting an American detachment was held up by a stronger group of Germans who, after delaying the American half an hour, were seen to be preparing for a strong counter-attack.

Beside the Americans was an abandoned tank. As the Yanks prepared to meet the German rush, one sergeant crept to the tank and examined one of the machine guns which, protruding from the side of the disabled monster, commanded the ground over which the Germans would have to advance. A few minutes later the Germans came. Those of them who did not fall to the lone sergeant's fire were made willing prisoners.

Another sergeant, a Norwegian who had not gained his American citizenship when he joined the Army, performed a remarkable rescue of part of the crew of a burning tank. Standing with his platoon behind an intense artillery barrage, he saw four wounded men crawling toward the American lines from shell hole to shell hole. With two other men from his platoon, he went out and carried them in.

### Four in Burning Tank

Then he learned that they were from a burning tank and that there were four more men in the tank. He went out alone to their aid, refusing to allow any of his platoon to accompany him, rescued three of them from the flames, which set fire to his overcoat, and brought them all back to safety. Earlier in the day the same sergeant had brought down a Boche airplane with machine gun fire.

Not the least spectacular of the exploits during the attack was that of a Catholic priest from New York. Three times this chaplain threaded his way back and forth across the battlefront, after going over the top with his battalion when the attack started with nothing but a prayer book in his hand. Then, on the following day, after tending the wounded all night, he and other chaplains worked under shell fire from daybreak until sunset burying dead.

### The Missing Three Hundred

Even after the Americans' part in the program of attack was finished, after they had gained their objectives and the Australians had telescoped through them to continue the gains, some of the Americans did not stop.

For several days there were, roughly, 300 Americans who could not be accounted for. It was ascertained that they had not been killed, that they were not wounded; they could not have been taken prisoner. They were simply missing.

An American captain who had come out of the line two days previously sought information from an Australian who arrived at a dressing station in an ambulance.

"'Seen any Americans?'" repeated the Aussie. "Seen 'em! I should say I have. And you ought to see 'em, too. They've been up there fighting for three days and they'll never get enough of it. If you're looking for them, you had better wait around until we come out of the line. They won't be back before then."

Not the least important result of the fighting around Bellicourt is the admiration and approval the Yanks have won from those veterans of European warfare, the Australians, and the sealing of friendship between them of which history will be bound to take note.

# 88 ORPHANS ADOPTED IN BEST WEEK

Continued from Page 1

orphans or, rather, for two children of crippled French soldiers. We are not so 'darn partickler' about who we get, but, if you permit us a choice, let's say one boy and one girl.

"The other day our company cartoonist put up on the bulletin board a row of possibilities, i.e., Frenhc kids of every description, size and classification of beauty and lack of it. Do what you can for us. We don't believe cartoonists, anyhow."

### Marble Hearts Melt

Even the marble heart of an M.P. was softened by the Christmas spirit. Actually! A lieutenant sent in 500 francs for a "young scrapper," adding, "It is the best catch I have made in a year of military policing."

There were, in fact, two adoptions to the credit of the M.P.'s. The second come from a divisional company of M.P.'s, most of whom used to be New York policemen, but who have got a beat just now along Shellhole Road instead of Fifth Avenue or the Bowery. The request called for two children and, not only that, it contained the information that the wherewithal for the adoption of two more children would be coming after—yes, you've guessed it—payday.

The shattering of the weekly total by the adoption of 88 Christmas Gift War Orphans was not the only record that went by the board. Company C, — Engrs., adopted seven orphans and sent in $619.47 in American money orders (3,500 francs). It is a new mark for generous giving in a single company.

### More a Little Later

What is more, Company C said, with the simplicity that bespeaks all true philanthropists, "We expect to add to this a little later." At the same time Battery E, —— F.A., a regiment represented last week by the adoption of two orphans, telegraphed their request for four children.

The allotment of Christmas Gift War Orphans to their adopting units is already under way by the Red Cross committee in charge of the work and the actual payment of money to the children will begin within a few days—for, so acute is the need, we are not going to wait until Christmas to start the O.D. Santa Claus of the A.E.F. on his first rounds. There are winter clothes to be bought, for one thing, and the days are growing constantly chillier.

If the record of 125 Christmas Gift War Orphans adopted in two weeks is a trustworthy sign, it looks as if the A.E.F. will have this entire family of a half thousand little boys and girls, who by the way, are all photographed, listed and ready for adoption, living in the comfort and cheer of a home by the time the first snow flies.

### How to Be a Santa Claus

Any company, platoon, detachment, office staff—in short, any unit of individual—can adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan simply by contributing 500 francs for its support for one year.

The money is sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES, and by it turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. The Red Cross itself stands all expenses incurred in administering the War Orphan funds. Thus, every cent contributed to take care of a Christmas War Orphan is spent on the actual care and comfort of the child.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised to adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan. But the sooner it is raised, the better.

Christmas is not very far off, and it is up to the A.E.F. to give itself a merry Christmas by seeing to it that at least 500 needy orphans of French soldiers who have given their lives in defense of their country and the common principles for which both Frenchmen and Americans are fighting can look forward to a year filled not with anxiety, but with real Christmas happiness and good cheer.

Send all communications regarding the Christmas Gift War Orphans to THE STARS AND STRIPES, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

Orphans were adopted this week as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sgt. E. B. Hussey, M.O.U., A.P.O. 702 | 1 |
| -- Amb. Co., San. Tr. | 1 |
| Miss R. Marguerite Gaylord, Branford, Conn. | 1 |
| Personnel Office, Inf. | 1 |
| Major Harold M. M. Hays, M.C. | 1 |
| Lt. S. C. Hutcheson, F.A. | 1 |
| -- Prov. Battery, A.A.C.A. | 1 |
| Machine Shop Truck Unit No --, A.P.O. 750 | 1 |
| Miss Eleanor Kellogg Taft, Waterbury, Conn. | 1 |
| "In honor of Irene Franklin" (bashful medico) | 1 |
| Co. G, -- Am. Tr. | 1 |
| Battery B, -- F.A. | 1 |
| The Sailor B.P. Box, Honorary Fund, U.S. Naval Air Station, ----, France | 2 |
| Co. B, -- M.P. | 2 |
| Battery D, -- F.A. | 1 |
| Battery E, -- F.A. | 1 |
| Battery F, -- F.A. | 1 |
| Co. B, — Inf. | 1 |
| Capt. L. H. Watres, Base Hospital 11 | 1 |
| Co. D, — Inf. | 2 |
| A Friend, -- Am. Tr. | 1 |
| 2nd Bn. Detail, Hqrs. Co., -- F.A. | 1 |
| Sgt. (and Mrs.) Dean Palmer, Q.M. Det., A.P.O. 706 | 1 |
| Medical Dept., -- Art (C.A.C.) | 1 |
| Base Censor's Office | 1 |
| Co. C, — Engrs. | 1 |
| Lt. John P. Healey, -- Aero Sqd. | 1 |
| Officers, Field No. 8 Aviation Inst. Center | 3 |
| "Ken" | 1 |
| "The Heavenly Four" | 1 |
| Med. Research Lab. | 1 |
| Amb. Co. No. -- | 2 |
| Adele Louise Happock, Tel. Unit, S.C. | 1 |
| Company C, — Engrs. | 7 |
| Lt. R. S. Saltus, Jr., F.A. | 1 |
| Officers Hqrs., — Brigade, F.A. | 1 |
| Amb. Co. No -- | 3 |
| Non-com. personnel, Statistical Dept., A.S. Hqrs. | 1 |
| Supply Co., -- F.A. | 1 |
| Det. 13th Co., -- M.M. Regt. | 1 |
| Mrs. Mary M. Hatmaker, Cincinnati, Ohio | 1 |
| Pvt. Chas. E. Supplee | 1 |
| Lts. Russell D. Ellis and Merrill S. Ady | 1 |
| Civil Postal Clerks, A.P.O. 702 | 1 |
| Col. Roger O. Mason | 1 |
| Co. K, — Inf. | 2 |
| Lt. T. H. Frankenberry | 1 |
| Major William W. Richardson | 1 |
| Co. D, — Am. Tr. | 2 |
| 16th Co., — Stevedore Regt. | 1 |
| Lt. Chas. E. Rigby | 1 |
| 20th Co. Det., Motor Mechs., A.S. | 1 |
| Co. E, — Am. Tr. | 2 |
| Supply Co., -- Art., C.A.C. | 2 |
| 9th Co., — Motor Mechs., A.S. | 1 |
| Co. C, — Engrs. | 1 |
| Battery E, — F.A. | 4 |
| Supply Co., — F.A. | 1 |
| Div. Surgeon's Office, Lightning Div. | 1 |
| Co. C, — Inf. | 1 |
| Sanitary Squad No. 1, Camp Hosp. No. 11 | 1 |
| — Balloon Co. | 1 |
| Enlisted Men, Co. A, 1st Army Hqrs. Regt. | 1 |
| Instructors, Army Candidates School | 1 |
| Enlisted Men, — M.R.S. Unit | 1 |
| Lt. Kenneth A. MacGowan | 1 |
| Dr. William P. Lucas | 1 |
| Previously adopted | 57 |
| Total | 125 |

## DELMONICO'S IS NO MORE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Oct. 10.—Delmonico's has gone into receivers' hands after a famous career extending back to 1827.

Before the war a single large affair often brought in from $2,000 to $5,000. Last week a military wedding was held there, and the only extra charge the accountants got on their books was $2 for a pitcher of cider.

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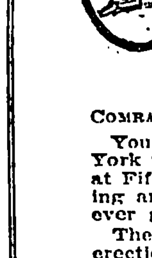

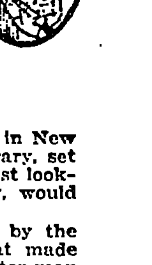

*From the Minute Man of '76 to the Minute Men of 1918 in France*

COMRADES:

You wouldn't know the best looking public building in New York these days. You wouldn't expect the Public Library, set at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street where the best looking and the best dressed girls in the world glide by, would ever get careless about its appearance, would you?

The other day its stately steps were transformed by the erection of a small billboard right at their foot that made passersby wonder. The next morning at 8 a. m. a painter-man roosting on a scaffold, got busy smearing that billboard with some sort of poster, and people wondered still more.

You see, they didn't know that General Pershing had cabled that he wanted a hundred thousand books a month for his boys at the front to read.

The War Department, reserving 50 tons cargo space per month in our ships, asked the American Library Association to gather the books needed. What? Why, of course those dignified old institutions grabbed off the chance, all over the country. And the New York Public Library certainly took off its coat and didn't give a hurrah how it looked for a time so long as it could help.

Those stately steps soon looked as if a rummage sale was at full spin on them.

Young store girls, middle-aged shoppers, and people with limousine figures all began to stock up books there. Books in great piles! You'd have thought the Public Library was being dispossessed for not paying rent.

In two weeks' time three hundred thousand volumes were dumped on those proud steps. And they weren't books such as a second-hand dealer who, like Atlantic City, seems to reject nothing would shrink from taking on. They were almost wholly works of fiction meant to liven up life a bit.

You know how sad or humorous most gifts are. Your only rich relative sends you a pair of suspenders when what you hoped for was a pair of those rather necessary garments which suspenders are designed to hold up. And some escaped lunatic sends you something no one else in the wide, wide world would have any use for. Well, a couple of these nuts at large horned into this friendly gathering. One sent a complete file of the "Undertakers' Review," to give away which must have cost him a twinge, and another robbed his eager heirs by sending a series of reports of Greenwood Cemetery.

But the most amusing gift of the campaign was furnished by a world-famous stage-woman, who is——er——well, just a trifle vain about her looks. She sent only one book. It bore her name on the cover as author. And its title was, "The Secret of My Beauty."

Hoping you enjoy hearing how things are going on this side, I salute you.

THE MINUTE MAN OF '76.

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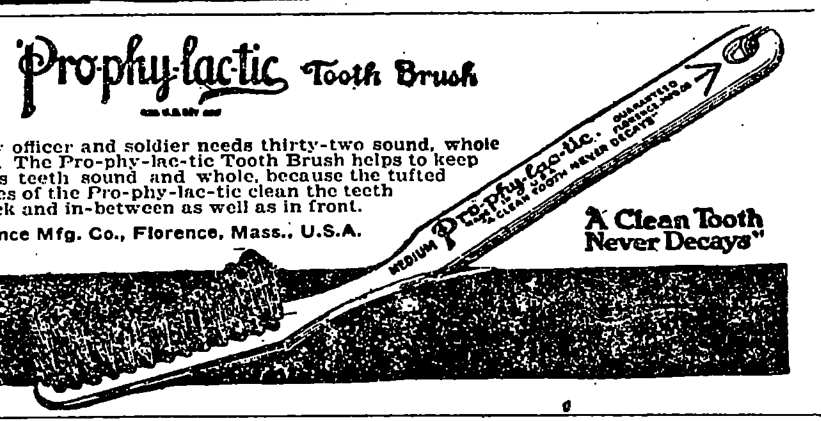

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-Abraham Lincoln

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