

YANKS IN BELGIUM READY FOR ATTACK AS BIG NEWS COMES

White Flags of 1914 Yield to Black, Yellow and Red Standards

BOCHE SHAPES DISAPPEAR

Field Gray Host That Sang on March Four Years Ago Hur- ries Off Home Eastward

In the fall of 1914 an American writing for American newspapers tramped through the slippery mud from Brussels to Roulers, marching with the victorious troops of the German Kaiser. Four years later he tramped over these same cobbles once more; but this time as a doughboy of the United States Army. Never was there presented to anyone a contrast more dramatic.

The first time these roads were packed with field-gray men; an endless machine-made, irresistible, moving mass, singing as it went. Like water, this torrent flowed down every channel toward the French border.

By the roadside and in the fields the browns and purples of autumn were spotted here and there with flaming red, the reds of the German uniforms. Right at the border roadside where the singing army brushed by him there was one. His hand almost touched the stone marking the frontier line.

Watching this scene were groups of huddled peasants, scared, stupefied. They listened to the booming guns and tried to guess whether the sound was getting further from them or was being driven back.

The Only Flags in Belgium

And as one looked about the countryside he saw from the windows of almost every house a white cloth of some sort tied to a stick—pathetic attempts of the peasants to save their homes. There were no other flags in Belgium.

In 1918, on November 10, an outpost of the 91st American Division, fighting in Flanders, rode into Hoorebeke St. Cornille at night on the morning of the 11th. Just as dawn was breaking over a hill two German field kitchens doing a Ben Hur, cans and lids bumping about and flashing in the early sunlight.

A captain of a headquarters company of a California outfit followed immediately and knocked on a door of the village to ask for a man named Smith. At once he was fairly suffocated in the embrace of a Flemish grandmother.

"You ask for a room!" she cried. "For four years the vaches have been taking all without asking!"

She flung open the door. "Here, Americans, here, here, here, here, here. He seemed cold. From somewhere they dug him up a stove, and built a fire. He seemed hungry. Soon he dined on Belgian hare. The old man of the farm, who could think of nothing else, insisted upon presenting him with his heavy home-made white cloth of some sort tied to a stick which was being enacted in thousands of liberated homes a big five foot black, yellow, and red flag was found flapping over the doorway.

American Attack Planned

The next morning, at six, an American attack was planned at this place. Crisp with a biting frost, the day began clear. Through the purple haze hanging over the hill opposite, now and then a Boche shape could be seen lurking for an instant. Behind a stone wall five hundred yards from a German machine gun nest Lieut. Crawford, eying his watch, sat with his battery. His men were waiting for the chance. The harassing fire from the artillery had begun.

Then comes news to delay the attack until nine.

Rumors. Messages. More waiting. Yanks all in position.

At a quarter of an hour before the time for the barrage to start, and the artillery men stand by their guns.

From the temporary trench of an advance post a major looks through his glasses. Certain movements in the turnip fields across the valley appear strange to him: people running and jumping about.

"Belgians," he comments. "There can't be many Germans there now with all that excitement going on."

Never to Take Place

Then at that moment came that famous order from Marshal Foch which everyone has now read so many times that he knows it by heart. The attack of the All-Western division was never to take place.

And from where the German lines had been came little groups. They were Belgians with a saggish wheelerbarrow load of household goods—coming home.

The doughboy who had been twice in Belgium under such different circumstances walked back to the headquarters mess for breakfast. There was no excitement, little comment. A cook was toasting bread on the top of the kitchen.

A top sergeant came by, called attention and read the order suspending hostilities. Two Yanks sitting in the stone courtyard near at hand cleaning their rifles never stopped work.

"What'd he say?" asked someone in the rear as the top walked away.

"Didn't get all of it," answered his buddy. "Oh, damn!" said the cook. "This toast got all burned."

BRIG. GEN. CONNOR S.O.S. CHIEF STAFF

Brigadier General W. D. Connor is now Chief of Staff, S.O.S., succeeding Brigadier General Johnson Hagood, who has taken command of an Artillery brigade in the advance area.

General Connor had been commanding general of Base Section No. 2, S.O.S., since August 10. Until May 1 he was Assistant Chief of Staff at G.H.Q., and before taking command of Base Section No. 2 he had been Chief of Staff of the 22 Division and commanding general of the 61st Brigade.

General Connor was graduated from the United States Military Academy in the class of 1897, and served in the Spanish American War and the Philippine Insurrection.

THE FRONT AS A REST AREA

Just as mass was being said on the morning of November 11 within the walls of a pretty little church, in Michigan, the father of that church, who went to war when the home runner sailed for France over four years ago, William Davitt, died for his country on a far-away battlefield—died as the last shots were fired on the Western front. He died almost on the stroke of the eleventh hour.

Father Davitt was miles away from his regiment when it was rumored around that the last battle was about to be fought. He was acting as corps burial officer. To remain back of the lines while his regiment fired the last volley, however, was not the thing he intended to do.

Before setting forth that evening, Father Davitt procured a large American flag to be hung up in front of regimental headquarters the day the fighting ceased. Then he set out to join his regiment, which was now in the thick of it.

By traveling all night, catching rides in various trucks and motor cars, he reached the front at 9 o'clock on the morning of November 11, just in time to see his regiment go over the top for the last time.

It was 11 o'clock by the colonel's watch when Father Davitt climbed a tree in front of the regimental headquarters and hung up the flag which he had brought along for the purpose.

After hanging up the flag he climbed down, saluted, and then gave a loud cheer for the end of the war, after which he walked a few feet away and stood still. It was while he was standing there that a shell whizzing in from a German battery and exploded a few feet away. Father Davitt was killed instantly.

It was almost dark when a company of doughboys entered a town that had just been evacuated by the retreating Germans. Pvt. Stevenson began searching for a place where he might spread his blankets for the night.

Entering a room, he found a spring bed, white sheets, white pillow cases and a fireplace. "Oob-la-la!" he said, and began taking off his shoes.

A few moments later a woman entered. She explained that a German count had occupied the room for a number of weeks, and that at the very moment there were people reposing under the bed a trunk full of fine linens and nightgowns which the count might return for at any time.

That night Pvt. Stevenson slept in a soft wooden nightgown, and at last accounts he was doing his best to square matters with his first sergeant because of being late for reveille the following morning.

Though a strange, unbelievable peace settled over the Argonne last week, life changed little for the road menders.

One pensive negro was gravely lading the soupy mud out of the center of the highway when his roving eye was caught by the gleam of two service stripes on the sleeve of a soldier who was walking laughing by. The road worker paused in his labors and gazed incredulously.

"My Gawd," he murmured, "dat white man has been a whole year in dis country an he kin still laff."

At Varennes, they still show the place where the doughboy fainted.

For the greater part of a week he had been busy there at the humble tasks of general police when into his bailiwick burst an American Frenchman who explained that Varennes had been his home before the war and that he had to leave it hastily when the Germans came four years before.

After that much explanation, he began to prospect about as though he were looking for oil, finally found the bearings, placed the dial to the right from the plunger, ten to the north, four to the east. Then he dug. He dug and he dug and at last the doughboy saw—disinterred from the very spot where he had been pattering all week—the tidy sum of 20,000 francs in gold.

When the Artillery brigades along the Meuse found themselves in possession of a bewildering array of guns but not a single target, they at least had the satisfaction of realizing that they had done quite a bit of shooting while the shooting was good and they also had the leisure to do a bit of figuring.

On November 1st—the day when the Kriemhilde line went all to smash—the guns behind the doughboys in the First American Army fired, during the hours, from three in the morning until noon, some 29 trains of ammunition, each train made up of 30 of those ten-ton French railway cars. This ammunition ranged all the way from the little shells fired by the 75's to the huge projectiles weighing 1,400 pounds each and fired by American guns of larger caliber even than the Big Bertha that pounded away at Paris last spring.

A doughboy was sitting at the side of a road that led toward Germany and was doing his best to scratch the middle of his back.

"Why don't you take off your shirt and go after him right?" one of his comrades inquired. "Don't you know the war's over?"

Two American lieutenants were leading a German officer back to the regimental P.C., where the German was to be given a receipt for ten prisoners he had delivered back to the Americans. The enemy officer, according to military rules governing such affairs, was blindfolded and a lieutenant marched on either side.

As the trio neared the P.C., they were forced to cross a bridge which had in the center of it a mine that was exploding several days before.

"Let's drop the son of a — through that hole and be done with him," one of them suggested, jocularly.

Later, after they had passed the bridge, the German became tamed in his own way. One of the lieutenants helped him out of it.

"Thank you," he said in excellent English. "You are exceedingly kind to me today."

Second Cook Oscar Scholds was very weary when his regiment marched into Louppy. It was 10 o'clock at night, and nearly all of the billets were crowded. He searched around until finally he decided to crawl into an open window and roll up in his blankets no matter who was sleeping within. He found a place on the floor and laid down.

It was nearly daylight when a doughboy colonel awoke and found something resting heavily on his chest. He squirmed out from under the weight and went to sleep.

The next morning Cook Scholds discovered that he had been using the colonel's stomach for a pillow.

Many were the stories of tragedy and comedy related through the long Ardennes evenings around the American campfires last week.

There was that story of how a regimental P.C. quite unintentionally

stormed and captured Chaumont. This was not the well known but never mentioned Chaumont in Cabot's G.H.Q. but a less pretentious settlement just below Sedan. It fell to the Americans during that lively last week when the troops raced toward Sedan.

Certainly when a major, the adjutant, the intelligence officer and eight liaison men strolled in one fine day to set up several German quarters there for the 165 Infantry, they little dreamed that the Germans had not long since been driven from the town. There the mayor and all the jubilant women and children of the village were waiting to greet them. Waiting to greet them also were several German machine gunners who opened fire on the festive party and had to be overcome by force of arms.

Among the best of the campfire yarns was the one about the soldier who envied his companion's new shoes. Where had he got them? Why, off a German.

"I guess I'll have to go out an' get me a pair," he said, and vanished toward No Man's Land. He came back two hours later, superbly shod. But why had he been so long?

"Well," he apologized, "it took me some time. I had to kill 47 different Germans before I could find one with a pair of shoes that would fit me."

Then there was the story the Red Cross man told of the doughboy he found sitting pensively in a field while shells from our guns were roaring overhead. The invisible mid-air express trains, and while, less noisy, but more disturbing, the shells from the German guns were ending with a wall and burst all about.

"What are you thinking about, Buddy? Making your will? Are you wondering why you were ever not enough to enlist?"

"No," said the doughboy gloomily. "I was wondering how I was ever not enough to let a man hold me up in Chicago last spring. He only had a '32."

All through the week, the Yankies, encamped in and around the towns they had just liberated along the Meuse, celebrated the armistice with the good people of those towns, who lay awake nights devising ways and means of being hospitable to the Americans. The favorite in one town—and he was always to be found enthroned on the limber of some kitchen—was a small boy of eight who, when the Germans fled and all the citizens went down to the cellars to wait for the battle tide to sweep past, stationed himself boldly in the doorway and in the ears of the retreating Boches shouted scornfully: "Nach Paris! Nach Paris!"

Just how it happened that they slipped by the guard neither of them seems to know, but two American soldiers, although intending to drive from the front lines to the rear, became tangled up as to directions and drove toward Germany.

They reached a point 20 kilometers beyond the American outposts before they were aware that they were going in the direction opposite their destination. Then upon entering a town, they rounded a corner and stood face to face

with a German major and four enlisted men. The Americans glared at the Germans and the Germans glared at the Americans.

After several moments of observation, the Americans turned around and came back, choosing a new route, which took them through towns partially inhabited, but where there were no Germans. In every town they passed through they were forced to stop and talk with the inhabitants, and once the entire female population kissed them. Everywhere they were welcomed with great joy, for they were the first Americans the inhabitants had seen.

Pvt. Lewis made down his bed in the corner of a building that was just in the edge of what would have been No Man's Land had the armistice not intervened.

"I sure didn't think I'd ever sleep here," he said to a comrade.

"Why, I was popping away at a sniper from that hole there in the corner just a couple of days ago. Gee, but it seems queer!"

"And what was the sniper doing to you?" some one inquired from the other corner.

"Well," said Lewis, "he was sure raisin' hell with my life insurance."

A heavy truck loaded with ten cases of eggs and several other cases of food for a divisional mess, rumbled along toward Germany. The cases jolted around and bounced up and down as the truck hit the high places in the road. It looked as though the eggs might be scrambled long before they reached their destination.

"Look out for them three bottles of champagne in the corner box!" the driver of the truck shouted back to a comrade who sat straddle of a box. Don't let 'em get broke, for God's sake!"

The sharp notes of reveille floated over what had, but a few days before, been No Man's Land. A buck private, with his hair standing on end and apparently half asleep, crawled out from under a pup tent, rubbed his eyes and spluttered, "Ain't this war hell!"

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Q.M. TO TAILOR SUITS FOR A.E.F. OFFICERS
Fitted, Ready-Made and Mail Order Clothing to Be Provided

The Quartermaster's plan whereby American Army officers may buy uniforms at cost, as outlined in this newspaper several weeks ago, is explained in detail in a new G.H.Q. Bulletin, No. 89, announcing the establishment of the Tailoring Branch Center of the Q.M.C. The T.B.C. will provide officers' uniforms under the following conditions: By measure and personal fittings. By measure, using Quartermaster Form No. 164, "Directions for Measuring for United States Army clothing." By supply of ready-to-wear tailored uniforms.

Officers desiring personal fittings will apply to the Officer in Charge, Tailoring Branch Center, Ellysée Palace Hotel, 103 Avenue des Champs-Élysées, Paris. Officers who wish to order uniforms by mail will fill out Q.M. form 164, send it to the above address, and state address to which uniform is to be sent.

How to Go About It
Officers desiring ready-to-wear uniforms will apply to the Depot Quartermaster, Paris, stating sizes and kinds desired.

The charge for uniforms will be actual cost. This, in the case of tailored and fitted clothing, will vary. The cost of uniforms made to measure but not fitted and of ready-to-wear uniforms will be announced in the Q.M.'s price list of subsistence stores.

Officers, the bulletin adds, will not be permitted to go to Paris for the special purpose of providing themselves with uniforms.

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