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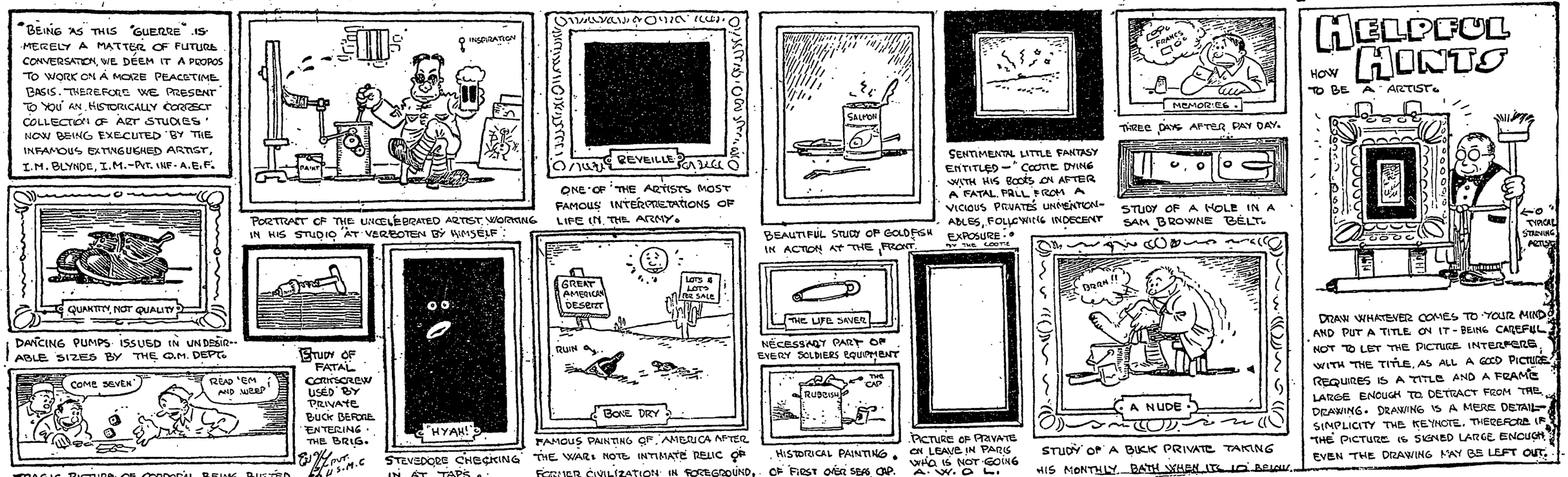

LONG JOURNEY FOR YANK WHO FOILED BOCHE

Officer, Wounded While Seeking Rations, Gets Surprise at P.C.

TWO RUNNERS RENDER AID

Liaison Men Ignore Lieutenant's Warning to Take Shelter and Draw Fire Instead

All this happened, it need hardly be stated, when the war was still a perfectly healthy war, before the 77's had lost their kick or 75's their ability to make suitable response.

The first battalion of an Infantry regiment in the 77th Division was holding on. It had to hold on a good two and one-half kilometers from its jumping-off place at the edge of the Argonne forest for the simple reason that the division supposed to come up on the left had not gone that far, owing to difficulties of the terrain and the stubbornness of enemy rearguards. And the woods between the battalion and the rest of the regiment were chuck full of Germans.

On the second day rations were not so heaped up as they might be, nor was ammunition. The problem was to get word back to the regimental P.C.

Accordingly, a young lieutenant who acted as liaison officer and battalion adjutant and two of his runners, Jack Munson and Sam Hirschowitz, found themselves, after an afternoon of fruitless search for the first two or three runners who had been strewn along the battalion's northward trail, the ultimate men. Together they forsook the beaten paths over which they had come romping up on the first day of the attack, and, compasses and maps in hand, started to steer southward."

Lying Doggo in Underbrush

This was about 7:30 in the evening. On bellies, knees and hands they wriggled their way through the dense underbrush, lying doggo whenever they heard German voices.

Finally, they decided to take a chance on making faster tracks in a more nearly upright position. Skulking at three-quarters height, taking advantage of every bit of underbrush, they sped on their way. Then, suddenly, out from behind a cluster of brush, not 20 feet away, popped up the heads of three German officers.

"Down!" whispered the lieutenant to the two runners. Cautiously the lieutenant raised his head—and also his pistol arm. Over the top of the brush just beyond he could see the gleam of a luger's barrel. But he could also see the forehead of the Hun officer.

Both fired. The Hun fell back, shot through the forehead. His two comrades fled. The shot from his pistol had just cut the American lieutenant's forearm.

Ooze Instead of Crawl

Bandaging his forearm, the lieutenant and the two runners crawled on. Before they had gone far they were acutely aware that progress in an easterly direction also would be unwise, for they could hear German voices all about them shouting, "Achtung! Amerikäner!" and could sense that a general beating of the bush in their locality was in progress. From then on they oozed rather than crawled until they got to a clump of bushes sheltering a little hole hardly big enough for three.

Lying there in the dark, they heard German reliefs being posted. For an hour or two they listened, trying to divine whence the voices came. Then they made a startling discovery.

"Boys," whispered the lieutenant, "those voices first came from over there toward the west, and then from the north and west. Now they seem to be coming from all around us. We're surrounded. It's a case of cut and run."

Nearer and nearer the voices came. The lieutenant didn't like the way that Hirschowitz's shoes, with their steel plates and horse-shoe heels, showed up so bright and shiny at the edge of their little shelter, and told him to pull them in. Then, when the voices drew unmistakably near, the lieutenant put his proposition:

The Lieutenant's Plan

"Room here for two to hide in the bottom of this hole," he said. "I'll make a jump for it and they'll think I'm the only one. You know the lay of the land from here on, and after they get through looking for me, try to get in. So long."

He straggled clear of the shelter, took one quick look around, and then made a dash for it.

The bullets were around him in an instant. They clipped the grass about him. He turned just once to look and saw that both Munson and Hirschowitz, regardless of their own safety, had sprung up and were both running in opposite directions, the better to draw fire from him and help him to escape.

Ahead of him he saw a funk-hole. He slid for it, leaped in, and came down directly astride a Boche. In front of him a bigger Boche towered, just in the act of pulling his shirt off.

Something Was Very "Los"

"Was ist los?" said the lieutenant. It was all the German he knew.

The big Boche paused half way through the operation of pulling off his shirt. It was well over his eyes. "Was ist los?" he repeated. "Was ist——"

He reeled back, shot twice through the breast. Emptying his revolver through the back ribs of the man under him, the lieutenant gained the rim of the hole and started for a knot of trees.

There he lay, with the mutterings of Germans sounding now faint, now near. A drenching rain began to fall.

Four hours went by. It was about 3.30 in the morning. Not having heard any Germans for some time, the lieutenant raised his head. Pretty soon it would be getting light.

With another look at his compass, on and out and south he crawled, his wounded forearm paining him every time he tried to lean on it. For three hours he went on, playing dead Indian every time he heard anything that resembled the sound of a scouting German.

An hour later he pulled himself up to attention before his colonel.

The Colonel's Hot Cakes

He started to tell his story, but the colonel shut him up. "Sit down and eat those hot cakes," commanded the colonel, "and don't try to talk."

"But, colonel," remonstrated the lieutenant, "they're your own hot cakes. I ought not to——"

"Sit down and eat 'em!" said the colonel. "That's the trouble with most of you young officers; you don't obey soon enough. I'm going to send you on a long journey as soon as you finish."

The lieutenant downed the cakes.

When he had finished, the colonel consented to hear his story of the battalion's plight. He had got just enough of a hint of it to have his relief parties form up while the lieutenant was eating.

"That's all right," he assured him. "We push on today, and your friends will be all right." Then he slapped a large War Department envelope on the lieutenant's knee.

"There's your job," he said. "A long long journey, and I want you to get after it right away."

The lieutenant opened it, taking out an order to proceed to the United States on duty as a liaison instructor.

It was at this juncture that both Munson and Hirschowitz arived at the regimental P.C., safe and sound. The lieutenant slung a borrowed musette over his shoulder and went down the road toward division headquarters.

WITH THE YANK IN LONDON TOWN

The greatest city in the world was not on the calling list of the vast majority of men in the A.E.F. Few enough have seen Paris, but probably a hundred have visited Paris for every one who has been in London. Troops who landed at Liverpool or "rested" in southern England on their way to France may have caught more or less distant glimpses of the metropolis, with or without leave, and of course the little group of Americans stationed at Base Section No. 3 headquarters got to know it pretty well. A few men with relatives in the British Isles have also had at least a fleeting look at the city.

But no American soldiers reached London as out and out visitors in any considerable quantity until the men of the 27th and 30th Divisions, after fighting with the British from Flanders to the Somme, eating British rations, and drinking British tea, were allowed the British soldier's recompense—a trip to Blighty.

Aussies there are by the score in London, with their distinctive fedores and their reputation of being the highest paid fighters on any front, past or present.

An American was sitting on the top deck of a motor omnibus when an Aussie climbed up and sat down beside him.

"Ay, Yank."

"Ah there, Aussie."

"Well heeled, Yank?"

Now even though several million men have been fighting together, and risking their lives for each other and all that, still there are limits, especially when a perfect stranger broaches another perfect stranger on the subject of a loan. At least, it looked like a bid for a loan. So the Yank, not wanting to seem inhospitable, framed a little white lie.

"Well, I don't know. You see, we haven't been paid yet."

"Fine," said the Australian. "Then let me pay your fare."

America in London is the Navy, not the Army. You will see a dozen Yanks in blue for one in O.D. You call them sailor, and they call you soldier. Also, to their immense credit, they do not try to tell you the story of the American who walked all over town looking for the Church of England.

An enlisted man in the Air Service who sailed from England for America the other day carried home with him a sum of money—his own—which is probably a world's record to date for departing American soldiers. The day before his departure he cashed in £339, which came to $1,627 in the kind of money he wanted. He might have been just a hard working buck private or a high salaried M.S.E., but the inference, right or wrong, is that they roll just as true in England as they do in France.

England will be cleared of Americans long before France or Germany will; in fact, the clearing process is almost over and done now. Most of the men stationed there have already departed. Several hospital patients are still present, wearing the blue slacks and coats which the convalescent in a British hospital always wears. The difference is that the Tommy convalescent usually adds a violent red tie to the combination.

An American patient thought that even that was not display enough, so he let the tie hang outside. You don't have to look to hear him coming.

The M.P. follows the Army, unless he goes ahead of it, and, of course, there are M.P.'s in London. If the soldier visitor is on his good behavior, and has the documents to prove his right to be there, he is mighty glad to have the M.P.'s around. They know the town.

"How can I get to Holborn?" you ask the M.P.

"Nineteen 'bus," he answers without stopping to think.

He knows the 'bus numbers and the eccentricities of the Underground as well as the hobbies themselves do, and that is saying a lot.

HOT COFFEE CHECKS FLU AT ST. NAZAIRE

Colonel, Cooks and K.P.'s Steam Germs Out of Newcomers

It was hot coffee—thousands of gallons of it—that ended the deadly influenza epidemic in the dark autumn days when that disease was working ravages among American troops en route to France.

All summer and fall great hosts of Yanks poured in and out of Camp 1, St. Nazaire. The grippe became noticeable in September.

One week a great fleet of transports arrived at St. Nazaire together, bringing 28,000 men, among whom the disease had made alarming inroads. The germ was everywhere. There were many sick. But there were still more just in the receptive stage. And an American colonel saw at once that the camp weather would aid the disease.

So, when the camp was filled to capacity, he ordered the large kitchen kept open day and night. For two weeks it operated unceasingly, manned by a staff of 75 cooks and assistants. The troops were arriving at all hours of the day and night; and during the first two days of the rush full meals were served continually all day and all night.

At 2 and 3 in the morning there could often be seen long lines of shivering men waiting for the steaming food. When, at the end of the first two days, the men appeared in better shape, the night service was reduced to hot coffee only. This, however, was obtainable at any hour. Seventy-five cans of coffee, it is estimated, were served every night during these tense two weeks.

The men arrived, chilled, damp and slightly coughing. The hot, hearty drink proved the necessary stimulus. It supplied the heat required to offset the flu germs. There was plenty of it. It was served rapidly and generously by willing hands. Thus did St. Nazaire roll back the flu wave.

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