

The Authentic, Never Before Published War Diary of Alvin C. York, Praying Sergeant, Who Became America's Most Distinguished Soldier in the World War-More Honest Thrills Than Any Best Seller.

#### CHAPTER J. A HOME-SPUN HERO.

FIRST saw Sargt. Alvin C. York in New York City the day he returned from France in the spring of 1919. What a day it was! Mobs werywhere, with banners, bands, bells, whistles, binging, screaming, clanging, whistling, and in every other way acclaiming the big here of the day. Everybody's here, everywhere. Ticker tape in endless waves streamed down from the tall buildings and flaked the streets until it seemed has though a blizzard had swent over them. The And the street of the streets with it scened as though a blizzard had swept over them. The sergeant himself, in commenting on this scene, or rather siege, of rapture, remarked: "There was a right smart crowd of people out and it seemed as though most of them knowed me." Of course they "knowed him." How could they bein it? They had read and heard so much of help it? They had read and heard so much of him. For weeks newspapers had printed endless stories of his extraordinary feat in the Argonne Forest. Marshal Foch and Gen. Pershing had

platoons, and whole companies charge them and go down like ripe corn before the reaper's blade. And this big, gangling mountaineer had whipped a whole battalion of them!

At first I was sceptical. Who was not? It sounded too much like a fairy tale. It just could not be done. It was not human. Yet it was done. Therefore, it could be done and it was human. It was one of the best documented stories of the war. Appreciating that it was an almost un-believable feat, the officers of his division very wisely lost no time in checking up and verifying it beyond the slightest shadow of a doubt. They

In the spring of 1927, while driving through Tennessee, I resolved to swing into the mountains Tennessee, I resolved to swing into the mountains to visit York in his own home. I wanted to see him in his mountain setting, "in that thar coun-try whar I belong." I wanted to know how he was faring in his seclusion, "far from the madding crowd." that had once so worshipfully acclaimed him. I wanted to get the feel of the man, the sol-dier, the mountaineer, the hunter, the preacher, the American. I had no thought at that time of writing with him his story. I just wanted to satwriting with him his story. I just wanted to satisfy a personal urge, so deep-stirring that it had been part of me since that memorable day when

everything the speaker says. It is just a way of his, and it baffles strangers, often making them think that he is either not interested or does not

Here, then, they were, children of the house of York, three generations of them under one roof, and now for the first time in their lives in a real house, with a Delco light plant furnishing modern

house, with a Delco light plant furnishing modern illumination, with a little organ of their own on which to play accompaniments to hymns, and with several shelves of books. Shy, almost self-effacing, they withdrew as if by common, consent into the background, allowing only the sergeant to do the honors to the guest. The fire blazed on the open hearth. One of the sergeant's brothers carried in a fresh chunk, and it immediately began to smoke and then burst into a bluish flame. The sergeant and I moved close to the fire, and we both talked away with much gusto. Not of the war-not yet—not of his dreams for the future—but of life and men and nature and rifles and dogs and hunting and chil-dren. When chore time came his brothers slipped unnoticed out of the house, and the sergeant and I continued talking until long after dusk had setunoticed out of the house, and the sergeant and I continued talking until long after dusk had set-tled over the valley. He invited me to stay around the country for several weeks so as "to git ac-quainted." He would show me around, tramp me through the woods with "them thar hound dogs of mine." take me out bee-hiving way up there on "Peevy Mountain." overlooking his farm, and berbares chooting must be the arm perhaps arrange a shooting match in his own

people in the mountains when 1 was a boy. We hadn't neither the time nor the money to get much l'arnin'. The roads were bad. There were creeks to cross. So I growed up uneducated. And I never will stop regretting it. Only the boy who is uneducated can understand what an awful thing ignorance is. And when he is suddenly pushed out into the world and has to live with educated people and has to hear them discussing things be cert understand he then sortar realized things he can't understand, he then sorter realizes what he has missed. And I'm a-telling you he suffers a lot.

suffers a lot. When I joined the Army I immediately knowed what a terrible handicap my lack of schooling was. When I went over to Parls and visited all sorts of places and seed things I didn't know nothing about nohow, I jes wished I could have had my early life over again. I jes knowed I would have got some l'arnin' somewhere. Then when I come back home again and found so many people knowed and wanted to meet me I kinder felt all mussed up about it. But until I begun this book I never fully understood how necessary an educa-tion is and how little chance you have to get anywhere without it. When I sit down to write where without it. When I sit down to write I know what I want to say, but I don't always know jes how to put it down on paper. I jes don't know how to get it out of me and put it in words. I sin't had the training. Hit's no use kicking about it. I suppose I have to do the best I can. I can't do no more. All the same I do with L could have hed the advantages of good wish I could have had the advantages of good schools and books and teachers.

I have promised myself that I am going to get these things for my children, and for a heap of these things for my children, and for a heap of other children, too. I'm a-dedicating my life to building schools in the mountains. If it is neces-sary I'm going to build good roads and bridges and provide transportation so that the children can get to these schools, too. If they can't afford it nowhow I'm a-going to give them a chance to work their way through. Before the war, because I hadn't read many

Before the war, because I hadn't read many books. I was kinder ignorant of many of the things that people in the world outside of these

weren't all "long hunters," and they weren't all born here, but most of them growed up and hunts ed and fought and explored through this moun tain country and have left their traces all around. Davy Crockett used to hunt coon in our valley, and, as I said, there are to this day a lot, of Crocketts in Jimtown. Over near Jonesboro there is a big beach tree with this inscription on it:

D. BOON cilled A BAR in The YEAR 1760

XEAR 1700 There's a muzzle loader, a hog rife we call it, in most every mountain cabin. The rife is mighty near the first tool that a mountain boy learns to handle, and there is always plenty of squirrels, turkeys and foxes and coon for him to get his eye on. Even today hunting brings tol'able good money in our country. Coon skins bring around \$12, fox pelts are well worth going after, and turkeys make right smart vittles. In after, and turkeys make right smart vitiles. In-between jobs there is a right smart amount of money to be picked up if you know how to tote a rife the right way. There you have one of the main reasons why our mountain boys are such good shots. good shots. Next to a man who reads his Bible, we moun-

tain people most admire one who knows how to tote a rifle. I riccolect that when I first went into the Army and went out on the rifle ranges at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga. and seed some of them Greeks and Italians shoot, hol hol I didn't have much respect for them, nohow. They was the worstest shots that ever shut eyes and pulled a ... trigger. But later, when I had done been with them over there in France and seen them fighting in the front-line trenches like a lot of mountain cats. I kinder realized that there are other there an the honorine trenches like a lot of mountain cats. I kinder realized that there are other things in life besides using a rifle properly. But jes the same, I kinder like a man who knows how to squint down the barrel of a muzzle-loader and bring the bead up until it cuts the center. Most mountain people are like me. That's one of the trasons why we still think a tol'able lot of

of the reasons why we still think a tol'able lot of Daniel Boone. There was a shooter! Whenever he He never even shot them through the head. He barked them—that is, he either shot so close to their head or between their body and the bark of the tree that they died from the concussion. That's shootin' I'm a-tellin' you. Of course, the big balls they used in them times helped some, but hit was shootin' jes the same. He was a right-smart may with a hunter's knife, too. Over in the Indian country when he was hungry and wanted meat and dares'n fire off a rifle for fear of the Indiany he would leap on the back of a buffalo and cut him down. And they say that the buffalo is one of the meanest and hardest fighters that there is on hoof

#### Feudists

Although we have much the same blood and live Although we have much the same blood and live in the same sort of mountains and are a much-alike people, we-uns in the Cumberlands of Ten-nessee have never gone in for the killings and feuds like they have acrost the Kentucky line. J don't know the reason. I don't even know that there is a reason. I jes know that we have had very few feuds, while over there in the mountains of Kentucky and West Microlia they were of Kentucky and West Virginia they were bearcats for them.

The trouble with these-here fouds is that they have been exaggerated until the outside public thinks that all mountain people fight and kill each other when hit ain't so. Even in the feud districte families not involved and even strangers, provided they keep their mouths shet, are not in any danger at all. But even so the feuds are bad enough. They generally start over some

little thing. The terrible Hatfield-McCoy feud in Pike County, Ky., begun over an argument over some hogs. One of the Hatfields drove razorbacks from the forests and put them in a pen in String-town, Ky. A short time after one of the McCoys saw the hogs and claimed them as his'n and demanded that they be turned over to him. That started things First there were trials and then shootings and killings; and it didn't end, neither, till heaps of people were shor and a most awful lot of valuable stocks and property mussed up right smart. Even women and children were beat up and killed. And although a most awful lot of people were shot down in this terrible feud, only one of them was ever hung. But feuds are dying out. Larnin' is getting into the mountains. Roads are being built. Officers are going after the killers. And better'n all, the mountain people are beginning to understand hit's ali





Sergt. Alvin C. York, who Gen. Pershing pointed out as the greatest civilian soldier of the war.

officially mentioned it in their dispatches. The roturning doughboys guaranteed that it was true. every word of it, and there were the medals and decorations on his chest for all the world to see

More stories had poured forth of his exotic mountain background, his deadly skill with rifle and pistol, his amazing knowledge of woodcraft, his tender solicitude for the American wounded during the battle in the Argonne, his chivalrous prestment of the German prisoners, his great piety, and, most unbelievable of all, his having iginally been a conscientious objector! Certainly a dramatic personality, fiting magnificently the acene and the spirit of the day. I was one of the thousands that stormed the streets of the city. A returned wounded soldier

myself. I felt poignantly the meaning of this luproarlous wecome, its joy, and, almost as much its undercurrent of sadness. I knew machine guns. knew the staccato bark. the spitting yellow flame. the swish of bullets, and the double-distilled hell they sowed wherever they fell. I knew that they fired 600 shots a minute in a steady stream like water from a hose. I knew that a skilled machine gunner could cut his initials on a sandbag. And T kn w that German machine gunners source straight. Again and again I had seen squads.



carefully examined and took the affidavits of the surviving doughboys who were with York, but who, according to their own statement, took little or no part in the actual fight with the machine They revisited the battlefield and checked guns. up the account of the battle the following morning and again after the armistice. Their report was thorough and convincing:

The story has been carefully checked in every possible detail from headquarters of this division and is entirely substantiated. Sergt. York's own statement tends to underestimate the desperate odds which he over-

And there was the Medal of Honor awarded by a special act of Congress. No wonder that New York, after one glimpse at this sturdy and freckleface mountaineer with his flaming red hair, went wild with ecstasy

The following morning I chuckled when I read in the newspapers that "he weren't a-going to commercialize his fame nohow. He weren't agoing on the stage or in the movies, but he sure would like to ride in the subways." It was the language of the mountaineer and the soldier, direct and decisive, and also of the boy, eager to play and see the wonder works of the world. More than ten years have fled since then. The world has returned to its normal every-day tasks Meanwhile, Sergt. York has slipped back to "the little old log cabin in the mountains and them-thar hound dogs of mine and the life whar I belong." Now and then there would be brief mention of him in some newspaper of a lecture he had given in this and that city, of his interest in building schools and roads in the mountain country, and of his efforts to lead his people to some of the finer things in life. Once in a while some one would retell in a magazine story of his Argonne fight. But that was all. Even his famous war diary, of which much has been writen, has not, save for occasional excerpts, been put into print. The man himself has remained a mystery, possibly because he had already become a legend.

#### I saw him in New York on his return from France. Several months later, after an exchange of letters with Sergt. York, I received an invitation from him :.. come to the mountains again and be his guest for a few weeks. "Come right on down here," he wrote, "and I'm a-telling you we will show you what mountain hospitality is like."

The sergeant lives on the big farm which the Rotary Club o' his native State purchased for him. He himself built his house, a square, two-story frame building, with large windows, a spacious porch, and two gigantic fireplaces—a solid, com-fortable dwelling place almost on the edge of Wolf River and within hearing distance of the roar of the mill dam.

The sergent himself, by his sheer size, seemed to overshadow all the other members of the house of York. He's the largest of the sons. Ae stands over 6 feet in his socks. He is easily the outstanding personality in the house of York. He would have been that without his war record, if only for his colorful career in the mountains prior to the war. He was clean shaven, with a neatly trimmed moustache, as red as the hair on his head, and with the flush of a healthy child in his full cheeks. As he advanced 'o greet me I noticed for the first time that he walks with a firm tread, bearing down with all his weight first on the heels, and taking with all his weight, first on the heels, and taking long, measured strides as of a man accustomed to mountain climbing. So individual is this gait of his that it is easy to recognize him from a dis-tance just by seeing him walk. Through contacts with men of the world he has acquired a certain outward fineness, almost polish, without, however, losing his mountain manner. He is ploy of morelosing his mountain manner. He is slow of movement, but not awkward. He dresses well on occasions. Indeed, in a suit of gray tweed he looks very much like an English country squire. He converses well, too, once he has overcome his shyness. He has not lost it all yet, despite his travels and his associations with strangers. Indeed, on first acquaintance he is almost as reticent as his when he warms up to a subject his mountain rewhich doesn't at all mean that he agrees with

woods so that I could see the hill billies come together "with them that hog rifles of theirs and do some real shooting, busting turkeys' heads," Of course, I accepted the invitation. I had to

go back to Jamestown, and so late in the evening I bade the sergeant farewell and left, he agreeing to meet me in the morning. It was a quiet night Not a breath of wind. Not a stir in the trees. The mountain blurred and blended in the sky. The mill dam back of the sergeant's house roared in a ceaseless monotone. Cow bells tinkled continuccaseless monotone. Cow pens tinkled continu-ously, sometimes in the valley and sometimes far, far away in the mountains. Dogs barked. Other-wise all was quiet in the Valley of the Three Forks of the Wolf, where lives the most celebrated American soldier of the World War.

Early the following morning I met the sergeant again in the office of the York Agricultural Institute. As if moved by common impulse, we plunged headlong into reminiscing of old days at the front. We yarned about camp days, rout marches, dugouts, fox holes, trenches, gas attacks, harches, dugous, lox holes, trenches, gas Attacks, bayonet charges. In short, we were re-living and re-fighting the stirring days of the war. It was then that I suggested to him that the story of his life be written for publication. This story is told in York's own way. Great

care has been taken to preserve his mountain dia-lect, though it must be remembered that during the past ten years the sergeant has read many books and has met people all over the country, all of which has made his speech more literary than that of the service the service that the service the service the service that the service that the service the service that the service the service the service that the service the serv that of the average mountaineer.

So this is his own story, told in his own way, and documented with his war diary, his little au-tobiography, and the affidavits and statements of his officers and comrades-in-arms.

#### THE STORY.

I ain't had much of the l'arnin' that comes out of books. I'm a-trying to overcome that, but it an't easy. If ever you let life get the jump on you, you have to keep hiking to catch up with it again and I never knowed the truth of this like I do now. It ain't my fault. It ain't nobody's fault. It jes happened. We were most all poor

Sergt. York back home in the Tennessee mountains happy over the prospect of a wild turkey dinner.

here mountains were arguing and quarreling about. I had never heard tell of this racial su-periority and never even knowed there was such a thing. I jes sorter imagined that people were more or less alike and that there were good and bad and all kinds among all peoples, and my ex-perience in the World War bore out this belief of mine.

I was in the All-American Division, made up of boys from all over. In my platoon there were Greeks, Italians, Poles, Irlsh. Jews and a German, as well as a few mountain boys and some Middle West farmers. It didn't occur to me nohow to look too carefully at their branding marks. The was jes American soldier boys to me and that was all, and I would be a heap bothered if I was to try to make up my mind which of them was the best. I didn't find out then, and I'm a-telling you I haven't found out since, that jes because a man comes from some particular place or country he's any better'n anybody else. It an't where you come from, it's what you are, that counts. But when I come home from the war and got to goin' around mixin' with people I begun to run into this talk about racial superiority. I didn't understand it. It didn't mean nothing to me no-

So when I say that a heap of great men have come from these mountains of Tennessee, Kentucky and North Carolina, I don't mean to say that we're any better'n anybody else, and I ain't admitting, either, that we're any worse. I am jes stating the facts. Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett. Andrew Jackson, Sam Houston, John Sevier, James Robertson and Coonrod Pile—there they are, and that's a right smart lot of real people. They

The people of the mountains always have made moonshine. Their ancestors larned to make it over there on the borders of Scotland and northern Ire-land, and they brought the habit over with them. jes' like they brought the habit over with them, jes' like they brought their Old Testament faith and their love of liberty and fighting. Even Daniel Boone and old Davy Crockett most liked to have a drink now and then. I guess they jes had it in their blood. But the mountain peoples hated to pay the revenue tax, which they thought was often; most unfair most unfair.

wrong and don't profit nobody, nohow.

So they done went ahead and made it in the canebreaks and back in the timber where the cificers could not get at them. They used to make it like this long before there was any prohibition Then when prohibition come along they felt they jes natcherly still had to have their liquor. It jes natcherly still had to have their liquor. It was profitable to make it for other people, too, for they always growed corn in these mountains and it was hard to get it out to market. Roads were bad and the towns and cities were a long way off. It was easier to turn it into liquor and move it out or sell it to their neighbors. I ain't a-tryin' to excuse moonshiners. I don't drink liquor myself nohow, and I don't believe in moonshinin'. I'm a-tellin' you I would like to see them all cleared out. I'm only tryin' to extract them.

out. I'm only tryin' to experiment them. A few years ago they solve imes used to fight and kill and it wasn't safe for an officer or a posse to try to get in and get them, but that's all changed now. Lots of folks still make moonshine. I guess they make more of it than ever, but they have larned that it doesn't pay to kill revenue men. So when they are caught they light out or else give up without much trouble.

(Copyright, 1929.) (TO BE CONTINUED.)

# NEW TOWNS SPRING UP UNDAUNTED BY FLOODS

M 1.7MI, FLA. (U.P.).—New towns have sprung up almost overnight to replace those which were destroyed near Lake Okeechobee by the hurricane flood of September 18, 1928. have for the once ubiquitous saloon which marked the wild and woolly West and the Alaska gold rush, and which is lacking in the Everglades, these towns suggest the settlements of a frontier era. On every hand extends a vast, unsettled prairie, broken along the few roads and near the settlements by huge, green fields of beans, potatoes or sugar cane.

sugar cane. Florida's black gold, the soil of the Everglades. Is like gold in that its lure is irresistible, even in the face of danger, even in the possibility of an-other destructive hurricane flood. This rich muck soil, black as coal, has been created by the denposition of vegetable matter over a period of housands of years.

The little hamlet of Belle Glade, which was com-Bletely wiped out by the vast wall of water which the hyrricane of September 18, last, blew from the lake, has risen again, despite the fact that it was the scene of great loss of life. A number of two-story buildings, including a modern drug store, which dispenses ice-cream sodas to dusty engineers and farmers, and a tent which serves as a motion-picture theater, have sprung up along the main dirt street of the town. Conically shaped spees dot the horizon in clusters. They are the homes of agricultural workers. But they might well suggest the Indian villages of an earlier day. if one desires to pursue the comparison of the setlement of the frontier West.

The land is really a wild frontier. For 70 miles to the south it is traversed by no roads until one trikes the Tamiami Trail, between Miami and fampa. Farther there is no cross-glades road until you strike Cape Florida, 50 miles south of the trail. In the dense forests of the great cypress swamp south of Lake Okeechobee one comes upon Seminole Indians tanning the skins of deer. ofter and panthers. But in the fringe of higher and skirting the lake, and to a depth of 10 to 15 niles from its borders, colonization is proceeding at a stride that might lead strangers unfamiliar with the history of the district to believe that the mettlers were taking advantage of a recent land opening.

It is this rush to the land, despite the hurricane flood at Moorehaven in 1926, and the more recent and disastrous flood of 1928, that gives reason for urgency in measures to control the floods of unruly Lake Okeechobee.

It was through this fertile Floridian frontier that President-elect Hoover, Maj. Gen. Jadwin, Gov. Carlton of Florida and their entourage of ex-perts, newspaper men and photographers passed a few weeks ago over roads of dry muck which rose in black clouds behind the motorcade.

The settlers are betting that another hurricane will not spill the lake upon their farms next fall. They are filling up the country which was devas-tated. Indeed, much of it is already filled up, and large areas of new land have been or are being brought under cultivation along the southern borders of the lake. Around South Bay, shattered homes, which the water carried back to the dunes, tell the story of the hurricane, but in areas where the storm made a clean sweep everything is new. Trucks line the roads: caterpillar tractors are seen plowing up the rich land like persistent beetles. The settlers are praying that the Government will help them and, from information that has filtered to them, they believe it will. One of the engineers is said to have suggested a type of con-crete dykes. 31 feet above sea level, which he thought might well be built along the edge of the lake as a protection to the settlers in the adjoining lands and also to prevent the floods from Okeechobee from sweeping to the lower lands of the glades.

Even the most casual observations of the ex-perts, which are by no means to be accepted as official dicta, have been picked up like the sig-nals from an African war drum and, whether correctly reported or not, have inspired great hopes throughout the glades region.

The Government, however, is not primarily in-terested in the reclamation of the Florida Everglades. This duty it passed over to Florida in 1850, when public swamp lands were ceded to the various States. Florida among others, on condition that the States reclaim them for agriculture. But the Government is interested in the flood

control of the lake and in the maintenance of navigation thereon.

## Lincoln Treasures in Old Homestead

Lincoln, Ill. (U.P.) .- Hidden treasures-letters and documents which were thought to have been of small value then they were stored away and made priceless with the passing of the years-are being brought to light by William W. Latham in the famous old Lincoln home in this city. Latham, recently went through a number of old newspapers which were left him by his father,

Col. Robert R. Latham, a close friend of the Civil War President. These papers related many of the high lights in politics during the struggle between the North and South.

During the early eightles the old Latham homestead was the center of much social activity in that section of the country, and many Presidents. including Lincoln and many other noted statesmen, were guests in the Latham home. Now the home is thrown open to the public and attracts many visitors from all parts of the world. The large high eeilings and spacious rooms with their wide walls and benutiful arched passageways foretells of the splendor of the age.

The old drawing room has as some of its fur-nishings a solid rosewood sofa, matching chairs, and a huge organ made also of the same wood. A small table fountain from Rome is to be found in the center of the room and is a center of wide attraction.

#### Desk 175 Years Old.

Many odd chairs of peculiar design with artistic figures made by an early wood carver, together with numerous upholstered chairs, are to be ob-served in almost e ery room. The bed which Lincoln is said to have used

while a guest of the Lathams is an elaborate affair with four large posters about 6 to 8 inches in diamet and is made entirely of walnut. It is more than 200 years old.

A desk of rare workmanship in one of the rooms was repaired in 1883, and is about 175 years old Col. Robert Latham was assigned the task of laying out the town of Lincoln in 1853, and the old Latham home was constructed three years

The town was named for Lincoln by Latham because Lincoln named his son "Robert" for him. Cause Lincoin named his son 'Robert' for him. Lincoin often protested calling the town Lincoin, for he remarked that "Anything called Lincoin never amounted to a damn." Lincoin finally con-sented to have the town named after him, and in doing so the town was the first to bear his name. and the only one of several bearing his name to which he personally consented.

## French Build Boats for River Warfare. Paris (U.P.) .- The French admiralty has in-

vented a new type of warship, a 2,000-ton cruiser carrying its seaplanes and seven-inch cannons, but of such shallow draught that it can go far inland on navigable rivers and shell towns far from the

boats for far campaigns," and in the new naval building program which parliament has just voted. there are credits for the construction of two such ships. They are fathered by George Leygues minister of marine, who has almost single-handed brought the French navy from a very inferior position to a ranking very well toward the top. The "avisos" are destined primarily for the- de-fense of France's great colonial empire. They will be put on duty in African waters, and dispatched . Some of the rivers in the African colonies out. are navigable for hundreds of miles, so that the little cruisers could dash into a trouble area, land a few marines and follow up the foot troops with naval artillery.

Since they are to be used principally in the tropics, the ships are built especially for that climate. The entire shell will be doubled with a lining of isolating material, through which air will be forced. This will protect the interior of the ship from the excessive elevations of temperature Since engine-rooms of steam-driven ships would be unbearable for the crew, the new cruisers will have Deisel motors similar to those on submarines. Special attention is paid in the crews' quarters, for the comfort and hygiene of the officers and men. These are the first such cruisers to be built in the world.

## Monumental Book

Peping (U.P.).-Manchurian officials, headed by he "young general," Chang Hseuh-liang, announce that they are financing the publication of one of the largest and most famous books in the world. The book in question is the Szu Ku Chuan Shu, or Chinese literary encyclopedia, a compliation of Chinese classic literature from the beginning of Chinese classic interature from the beginning of written history down to the Emperor Chien Lung. This monumental work, which was compiled by order of Chien Lung, with the sid of thousands of scholars, exists in only four copies, one of which is in Peping and the other three in Mukden, all of course hand written. The present publication will be the first in printed form.

# Sees Expulsion of Trotsky as **Proof of Abandoned Doctrines**

#### By J. W. T. MASON

#### (Written for the United Press.)

EON TROTSKY'S expulsion from Russia by the Moscow government is the most im-portant action taken by the Bolsheviks since they came into power to demonstrate that they have abandoned their extremist doctrines and are anxious to develop friendly relations with other powers. Trotsky's exile will considerably strengthen the more compensative provide in Massar and the more conservative groups in Moscow and means that the middle class. bourgeois point of view is to have increasing prominence.

Trotsky is still a rabid revolutionist. He supports the doctrine of the absolution of the work-ing classes in Russia gainst the moderate con-servatism of the Russian peasants. He favors also the continuance of international propaganda by Russia to bring about a communistic world revo-lution in order to suppress all classes except the laboring class, and all of that number, too who do not accept his own leadership.

Trotsky considers himself the sole heir of the Lenin tradition. Like Lenin, he has made his mind a vast network of theories. His book knowiedge is extensive on the subject of communism and capitalism. He has worked out to the smallest detail formulae for a materialistic world, controlled by the manual workers.

The practical obstacles which have checked the application of this plan in Russia, Trotaky at-tributes to the limited scope allowed him in the fact that Russia is only a part of the world. Hav-ing failed in Russia, he demands control over the entire planet to prove that he is right-or to bring civilization down to destruction. If the latter consequence were to happen, Trotsky would mount the pile of ruins and proclaim that all was well, for the way now was cleared for an entirely fresh start.

Stalin, who now controls the Moscow govern-ment and who ordered Trotsky's expulsion, has been disillusioned by the failure of Bolshevism to make its theoretical plans work. He is attempting to reconcile Russia's communistic activities with some of the ways of western "efficiency"

which result from cooperation of labor and capital. He is opposed to international mischief-making; st least in the open, and has a far more developed sense of realities than Trotsky. He is not affaid of being considered inconsistent. He always had more practical intuitions than Lenin, and Lenin was suspicious of him on that account.

It is questionable, however, whether Stalin is willing to go far enough in his reconciliation policy. He realizes that the Russian peasantry. can not be subdued by the town working class; as Trotsky desires. But, at the same time, he must move slowly so that the workers shall not be alienated. His work in Russia may well be to do no more than prepare the way for the in-evitable abandonment of class rule and then to step alide for those who can create a more some step aside for those who can create a more conciliatory atmosphere.

Stalin has more enemies in Russia than any other man. There are thousands of supporters of Trotsky still in the country and though their power has been greatly weakened by the exile of their leader, nevertheless, they have underground, ways of working. There is a growing realization. however, among the Russians that Stalin's policy of practicality is the only one promising good results in the near future. But the ruthless methods of Stalin have hindered his success.

Increasingly, the Bolsheviks are condemning his work not because they do not realize its value but because they wish to "get even" with Stalin. Trotsky will inevitably continue to attack him, from outside Russin. Trotsky is a very able an-tagonist—far better in the role of opposition than, as a constructive leader. Trotsky's chunty is not likely to cause a return to the externe principle. likely to cause a return to the extreme principles of Bolshevism but it quite possibly will aid the conservatives in Russia by causing Stalin's eventual replacement by some other leader of the conservative wing.

There are signs that the conservative Bolane-viks are making ready to use any reaction against Stalin to throw him overboard, for jealousies are quite evidently at work in the right wing at Moscow. Stalin, however, is by far the ablest practical politician there and his counter-blows are will matters for the future to see.

coast. These new warships have been named "dispatch



CHAPTER 2. DAYS OF RECKLESSNESS.

DAYS OF RECKLESSNESS. MOST all of the mountain people have jes natcherly growed up with rifles. From the cradle they are sorter used to the smell of powder and the presence of the old muz-zle-loader, powder horn and doeskin shot pouch hanging in a corner of the cabin. The moun-tineer's arm has a sort of natural crock for an old rifle gun. The rifle played a big part in the conquering and development of this here mountain country. I sin't got much poetry in me, but any I have I sorter spill out on rifles and shooting and hunting. I am sorter used to these things. I understand them. I know how to make the most of them.

of them.

hunting, I am sorter used to these things. I understand them, I know how to make the most of them. I am telling you I would much sooner take up-my muzzle loader than a pen or pencil, and I am much more useful with it, too. The early ploneers not only knowed how to use their rifles, but they knowed how to make them. The long-barrel, muzzle-loading type of rifle made in the mountains of North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky was the best and most accurate-shoot-ing gun in the world, and up to 100 yards it still is. At the two last turkey-shooting matches held in our valley, seven out of ten of the tur-keys had their heads busted with the muzzle loaders and only three with modern rifles. The distance was 'most always 60 yards, but the old muzzle loaders also brought down turkeys at 150 yards, although they are not so good as the modern rifle at that distance. Before the American pioneers made and sort of perfected these here muzzle loaders there was really no accurate rifle guns in the world. The old filtilocks, muskets and blunderbuses, which they used over there in Europe, were not much account, nohow. They were never even sure of goin' off, and even when they did they made a noise like a cannon. They often done more damage to the shooter than to the one he was shootin' at, Most often the powder flared back into the eyes of wheever was equintin' down the barrel. Them-there guns might have been all right over there to much and there was plenty of time to re-load and the more noise the better, but they never would have got nothin' nohow over here. The hunters who come into the American wilder-ness fightin' Indians and shootin' game for food jes couldn't afford to Iniss. They had to have a rifle gun that they knowed would shoot straight; that would shoot 'mose there' flared it; that they could reload pretty quick, and that wouldn't make too much noise for the Indians to hear. They couldn't get these guns nowhere. There weren't any. So they begun to make them themsives. And they made the first accurate, depen

mountaineers begun to get busy and made then own. They are very cheap to keep up. Loading ain't no bother if you know how. First of all, you stand the old gun upright with the buft rest-ing on the ground. Then you pour the powder out of a powder horn, made from the horn of a buck or a steer, into the charger, which is generally carved out of the tip of a buck's horn. The amount of powder you use, of course, de-pends on the distance you expect to shoot. Natcherly, a long shot takes a bigger charge of powder than a short shot. You pour the powder out of the charger down the muzzle of the gun. Many shooters are so expert that they can meas-ure off the powder in the hollow of their hands and empty it into the muzzle, scarcely losing a grain. Then the patch is placed over the end of the muzzle. This-here patch is generally a place of blue denim or bed ticking and it is best when it's greased or tallowed. The ball is then taken out of the shot pouch, which is made of soft doeskin and placed on top of the patch and pressed with the futurb into the barrel. Then the ends of the patch are trimmed off and the bullet and the patch The Tammed hard down are future.



, Knife fights and shooting were common. It sure was tough.

is even better sport to shoot at the turkey at 150 yards. We tie them to a stake out in the open and from a standing position have to hit them above the knee and below the gills. That's

them above the knee and below the glils. That's shooting, too. But the big event of these-here shooting matches is the beeve. "Beeve" is jes plain moun-tain talk for beef, and I guess 'most all over the world a beef means a steer. The beef is driven alive to the shooting ground. Its value is fixed by the owner, and then shots are sold at so much each until the price is made up If the much each until the price is made up. If the beef is worth \$50, generally 50 shots are sold at \$1 each. The owner takes the money. Each shooter can buy as many shots as he likes, but



In 1911 my dear father takened sick and died of typhoid fever. He was kicked most awful bad by a mule he was trying to shoe. She lashed out and got him. She was the only one that ever outsmarted him. She would not have done it, nohow, only he didn't know she was mean. He was most awful sick for some time and I think it led up to his death.

That left my mother with a family of eleven small children. Although I was only a young boy, I had to go out and work with the men to help support mother and the smaller children.

Hog Wild.

After my father died, in 1911, I sorter went to pleces for a few years. I know I shouldn't have. I ought to have hewed to the line closer than ever, but I didn't. I was at that age, tco, when a young man thinks that it's right smart to drink and cuss and fight and tear things up. I sort of felt that that was the right smart way to come my man And coming into your manhood is like suddenly coming into a lot of riches—you may not appreciate it at first, and sorter squander it. I begun to drink and gamble jes a little at the start, but it growed on me. I got in with a crowd of gay fellows and before long I sure was drifting. There was plenty of liquor around. It was very cheap-about 65 cents or 75 cents a quart. Poker and other gambling games were pretty popular. and smoking and chewing was supposed to be the thing. I was a big fellow, strong and hard, too, from blacksmithing and farming and hunting. I didn't know my own strength. I thought I could whip anybody. At the beginning we used to have a few drinks of a week-end and sit up nights, gambling our money away; and, of course, like most of the others, I was always smoking and cussing. I don't think I was mean and bad; I was jes kinder careless. But the habits grew stronger on me. Sorter like the water that runs down a hill-at first it makes the ravine and then the ravine takes control of the waterthat's the way it was with me. I jes played with these things at first, and then they got ahold of me and began to play with my life. I went from bad to worse. I began really to like liquor and

gambling, and I was 'most always spoiling for a fight.

There was a bunch of us. There was Everett Delk, Marion Leffew and Marion Delk, who is dead now, and a couple of my brothers. We were a wild crowd—wilder than wild bees when they're

wild crowd—wilder than wild bees when they're swarming. Of a week-end we would go across the Kentucky line and get drunk and look for trouble, and we shore enough found it. Back in the days before the World War the Kentucky-Tennessee State line was a tough place. There were drinking shacks, "blind tigers," we used to call them, 'most every few miles. I am a-telling you Sodom and Gomorrah might have been bigger places, but they weren't any worse. Killings were a-plenty. They used to say that they used to shoot fellows jes' to see them kick. Knife fights and shooting were common, gambling and drink-ing were commoner, and lots of careless girls jes' used to sorter drift in. It shore was tough. They ing were commoner, and lots of careless girls jes used to sorter drift in. It shore was tough. They used to build these wooden shacks right on the line, half in one State and half in the other. If you come from Tennessee and wanted to buy liquor and booze you went across to the Kentucky part of the building. If you come from Kentucky you crossed over to the Tennessee side. That was to befool the law and sorter protect yourselves and the people who were running the places. We used

He went to the house and swallowed a most aw-ful lot of buttermilk, which sorter brought him around. He then went back around the field and around. He then went back around the heid and collected all the liquor that was left and took it back to the house and hid it upstairs. Then he kinder kicked and shook us awake. We was scat-tered here and yonder, jes' wherever we give up. We began to come to and go into the house all the way from seven o'clock thil midnight. Next morphog we didn't pope of us know what we had morning we didn't none of us know what we had done with our whisky. We thought we drunk it all. We felt like it, too. But Everett went upstairs

and got it and we went to it again. That was the kind of drinking we used to do. Another time we had to light out from home and go over near the State line and hide us from and go over near the State line and hide us from the grand jury, which was after us. They wanted us for diquoring up and fighting and carrying weapons. They didn't have any specific charges against us. They jes' wanted to get us before them and question us. And we jes' knowed if they ever got us before them and got to questioning us we shore would give each other away and be indicted. So we went over there near the line and jes' drinked and gambled and played around until it kinder blew over. it kinder blew over.

Oncet they got me for being mixed up in carry-ing and selling a weapon. I used to always tote a gun around with me and a knife too. I went before the jury and got out of it right smart. I pleaded my own case and proved to them that it was not my gun, that I was jes' delivering it for somebody clse. But hit shore was close and they some body else. But hit shore was close and they come near getting me. Another time I was riding home on a mule, drunk as a saloon fly, and sorter wanting to shoot things up. It was in the very early morning. I saw some turkey gobblers sitting on the fence and up in a tree. I had a pistol with me. I jes' couldn't resist seeing if my nerve was all right. I jes' fired six shots from a long way off end the eir was full of feathers and long way off, and the air was full of feathers, and there was six dead turkeys stretched out on the ground. Now that was one time that my marks-manship got me in bad. I was brung up before the court, but was able to buy out of it. Turkeys are pretty valuable around our way. especially when it's near Thanksgiving, and it's a pretty serious offense to mess them up.

Once Everett and I were full of booze and riding home on the same mule, both of us, one behind the other. How we done it I don't know; neither of us could sit up straight. But we done it In the darkness we saw something white sorter floating on Caney Creek. Everett thought it was a white pillow, and I didn' know what it was. We were that we needed to be a solution to be the solution of the solution. that full that we couldn't see straight. I got out the old gun again and let fly and we heard an awful squawking and fluttering about in the water, and whatever it was begun to float of. water, and whatever it was begun to hoat off. Everett went down to investigate. He said there was feathers and blood all over the water. Then we knowed I had killed a tame goose. I had shot it plumb through the breast. So we thought we had better get out while the going was good, and we did. It was Mr. Moody's goose, and I guess he doesn't know to this day who it was that bumped it off it off.

Not having no money never bothered us much. We could make it all right at shooting matches. I sure could bust a turkey's head at 'most any distance and cut the center out of a target and win the prize money most any time. I used to do the shooting and Everett would do the betting and then when we won we would buy us some more liquor.

I am a-telling you I kept going from bad to worse, drinking more and more, and gambling whenever I had the chance or the money, and fighting a whole heap. I was never oncet whipped

or knocked off my feet. I jes kinder thought i could whip the world and more than once i set out to do it,

out to do it. I was in a couple of shooting frays, too. You see the only book I had read was the life of Frank and Jesse James. It made a big impression on me I used to practice and practice to shoot like them James boys. I used to get on my mule and gall lop around and shoot from either hand and pump bullet after bullet in the same hole. I used to even throw the pistol from hand to hand, and shoot jes as accurate. I could take that old pistol and knock off a lizard's or a squirrel's head from that far off that you could scarcely see it. So you see I was kinder handy when it come to hit ting the mark. I never did kill nobody. I never did really fire at anybody; that is, not to hit them. I often shot a few bullets in their direct to no frighten them off. Once we hired for a fellow to take some cattle from Wolf Fliver to Chanute. We got \$4 for that. So we took, it to Lick Creek and bought us that much whisky That was enough to make us pretry full. We was riding along on our mules and we met up with Will Huff, and we decided to have some fun with, him. I got out my little pearl-handle revolver and began to shoot at the ground underneath his mule's belly. That sorter knocked the rocks loose and they fiew up and hit the mule and it got to bucking and throwed Will off. He was not hurt, but he was most awful mad. Then we got to firing under my mule and it ju-

but he was most awful mad. Then we got to firing under my mule and it bucked me off. I was that wobbly I couldn't sit straight and I jes sorter fell off, and I lay where I fell, too. Everett got him a paling off in the fence and proceeded to bring me around by slap-ping me with that old wooden paling. I come to and, thinking somebody was after me, I jumped on the old mule and galloped like an express train through the trees. I guess an express train couldn't have catched me. I lost my hat, but I kept on a-going, shooting and hollering and cuss-ing as I rode. After a few miles I fell off and went to sleep again.

went to sleep again. I got into a knife fight, too, with one of the boys in our valley. It was on a Sunday morning after church and that made it worse. We, were after church and that made it worse. We were both full of moonshine and that started it. We sure would have cut each other up, but some of the other boys got between us and separated us. It was over a girl. I am a-telling you that re-wine and women make a bad mix-up. Then there was a fellow named Maxey. We had a most awful argument down at a stave mill, and he sold part time we met he was coing to get me

he said next time we met he was going to get me. A few days later I decided to wait for him on the road and run him off. So when he come along I fired a few shots near his feet and knocked up the dust and told him to go, and he done went, too. I never seed him again.

too. I never seed him again. I ain't a-boasting of these days. I am kinder ashamed of them now. They was most awful bad. They couldn't have been worser without me killing or hurting somebody, but I never did that. I did enough just the same. I drunk liquor when-ever I could get it. I was drunk 'most every week-end. I gambled away most of my hard-earned money. I was always chewing and cussing. I was always wanting to whip somebody. I am a-saying again that old Kentucky line was a tough place, and the boys around there was tough, too, tougher than hickory, and I was one of them. I was always in trouble or looking for trouble, and it looked as if sconer or later I would get it and get it a right smart.

would get it and get it a right smart. I was hog-wild.

(To be continued.) (Copyright, 1929.)

pressed with the thumb into the barrel. Then the ends of the patch are trimmed off and the bullet and the patch are rammed hard down against the powder. The ramrod is generally a straight piece of hickory whittled into shape. A couple of whangs with this-here ramrod packs the ball into place. The patch lies on top of the powder and sorter straps the ball tight in the barrel so that the explosion can't escape. Last of all, the little perfussion cap is put in place. Then the gun is ready for firing. All this takes just a short time. Many of the old-timers can reload these old guns on the run. Of course, if you're a hunter you have got to know all about guns and how to handle them. Guns are like hounds, they have a lot of this-here temperament, and you have got to kinder get acquainted with them. Sometimes you have got to kinder kid them. A gun will shoot a certain way one day and altogether different the next day. You have got to know whether they shoot fine or full, or to the left or to the right; how the wind affects them, and the sunlight and the clouds; even how they shoot on damp days and dry days. I have a whole collection of them at home. I have an automatic shotgun and a 25.20 riffe and that old muzzle loader of my father's. It's the cap-and-bell type. My father done used home. I have an automatic shotgun and a 25.20 rifle and that old muzzle loader of my father's. It's the cap-and-ball type. My father done used it in the shooting<sup>§</sup> matches, and that's what I use it for now. It's a sure gun for that sort of work. It jes don't know how to miss nohow. And I have a .45 pistol. I sure would like to have the one I used in the fight with the ma-chine guns in the Argonne. I tried to get it. The War Department searched through about 50 000 nistols for it, but I guess somebody got 50,000 pistols for it, but I guess somebody got a-hold of it and knowed it was a good one and

decided to keep it. I kinder think that the reason why the moun-taineers are among the best shots in the world is because they have growed up with rifles. They know all about them. They know how to They know all about them. They know how to take them to pieces and put them together again. They know how to doctor them when they're sick, and many of them even know how to make them. I am a-telling you that's understanding a gun. Then they are always using them out in the woods shooting at all sorts of game. Of course, that's great practice. Then 'most all of them live pretty healthy outdoor lives and go in for regular hours, natheral food, and the right amount of sleep. So their sight and their nerves are 'most always good.

And then there's the shooting matches, which are always very popular in the mountains. Bust-ing a turkey's head and cutting the center of targets makes for expert marksmanship. A righttargets makes for expert marksmanship. A right-smart heap of the men who went to Kings Moun-tain and whipped Ferguson went right from one of these-here shooting matches. They were a-hav-ing a big time of it. They were shooting for beeves and turkeys at a big match at Gilbertown. N. C. when they received word from Ferguson. telling them if they didn't lay down their arms and return to their rightful allegiance he would come over them-ther hills and smash their set-tlements and hang their leaders. They was les about the best shooters in the mountains and tiements and nang their leaders. They was les about the best shooters in the mountains and they went straight from that shooting match and connected with the backwater men and went up Kings Mountain and showed Ferguson how American mountaineers, armed with American muzzle-loading rifle guns, can shoot.

#### Shooting Matches.

Most every Saturday of late we have been hold-ing these old-fashioned shooting matches on a hillside on my farm here in Pall Mall. Last Sat-urday we had one. We usually shoot for turkeys and end up the day with a beeve. We the the turkeys behind logs with only their heads show-ing and shoot offhand; that is, standing up from a mark 60 wards away. We draw for positions ing and shoot offnand; that is, standing up from a mark 60 yards away. We draw for positions and then take our turn shooting. We never know when the turkey is going to put his head above the log, or how long he is going to keep it there, or whether he is going to bob or weave just as you have drawn a fine bead on him. He pleases himself about that, and I am a-telling you a turkey gobbler tied behind a log is sometimes the contrarinest bird I ever knowed. He jes seems to know the right moment to duck.

the contrarinest bird I ever knowed. He jes seems to know the right moment to duck. We generally pay 10 cents a shot and we get the turkey when we bust its head. Sometimes we do that right smart and the owner of the turkey don't get much out of it. Other times, when the wind and the light are agin us, he will collect a heap of dimes before anybody busts the turkey.

which the heap of dimes before anybody busts the turkey. My father was p'int-blank certain death on turkeys' heads. He jes didn't know how to miss them. He really was a most wonderful shot. Often they ruled him down: that is, they made him shoot near the last, and sometimes they would never let him shoot nohow. They made him act as judge. I recollect a hill-billy from one of the back creek brought in oncet two big tur-key gobblers. He tried to raise a heap of money on them by laying down unfair conditions, but the mountaineers are pretty smart. They jes wouldn't shoot. He brought the price down to a nickel a shot. Still they wouldn't shoot. He had ruled my father out, but at last he let him in to sort of start things; and he sure enough busted that old turkey's head the first shot. The same sort of thing happened over the second turkey, and my father had a pretty good day of it-two big turkey gobblers for 10 cents. It

Guns are like hounds. You have to kinder get acquainted with them.

he has to pay for each shot. The first and sec-ond prizes are the hindquarters; the second and third the forequarters, and the fifth the hide and tallow. That is generally how they are divided up.

The mark to shoot at is the dead center of a criss-cross cut with a sharp knife on a board. Each shooter generally prepares his own board, and he prepares it according to his own liking. Some shooters blacken their boards over a fire of grass and twigs, and then put a little square of white paper either below or above the center of the criss-cross, according to the way they like to draw the bead. Others most like a plain white board with a black mark either under or above the center of the criss-cross. The shooting is generally so expert that you 'most always have to cut the center—that is, at least touch it with the bullet if you hope to even get a smell of the meat; and if you hope to win one of the first choices, ho! ho! you generally have to take the center out, bust it right out; and that's got to be a most powerful true shot. After each man shoots, his board is initialed and held by the judge until the prizes are settled. Often the shots are so close that the bullet has to be cut in half and placed in the balle and a compass used to determine which is the closest shot. My father 'most always was a judge and used to use the compass, and now that he is no more, my brother Sam generally does it.

#### Boyhood.

I was borned in Pall Mall, in Fentress County. Hit is under the mountains-that is to say, in the valley below. Hit is called the Valley of the Three Forks of the Wolf, because Wolf River forks into three branches not far from our home. Hit is in the Cumberland Mountains, in the eastern part of middle Tennessee, not far from the Kentucky line. I was borned in a one-room log cabin with puncheon floors and the walls made of rough-hewn slabs. These walls were chinked with bark and mud, but, jes the same, in the winter time the wind would whistle in through the walls and up

wind would whistle in through the waits and up through the cracks in the floor. Some of them there floor cracks were so big we could look and see the chickens and pigs underneath. I was the third in a family of eleven children---eight boys and three girls. Most all of them were big and red-headed, and I was borned and growed up the biggest of them all. There was a whole litter of us and we jes sort of growed up like a lot of little pigs. I don't mean we was allowed to be dirty like pigs. I don't mean that we were be dirty like pigs. I jes sorter mean that we were 'most always turned loose out of doors on the mountain side, kinder running wild, playing and hunting around. We was sort of brung up by the hair of the head

begun to work almost as soon as I could walk. At first I would help mother around the house, carrying water, getting a little stove wood and carrying and nursing the other children to keep them from yelling around after mother while she was trying to get a bite of dinner for us all. I would go out to the field with father before I was 6 years old. I would have to chop the weeds out of the corn. Father would be plowing with the old mule and I and my brothers would follow after until he was out of sight, and then we would steal off and play and scrap around, and then when we would get home he would give us some hickory tea, as he called it.

As I growed up I began to look around for some work, but there wasn't much of it in the little valley. Father took me into the rockhouse, where I helped him to blacksmith. He taught me to handle them there mules and not to back up on them. I got to know horses and mules right smart, and I picked up the blacksmith business. But I most loved getting out with father to help him shoot. We would hunt the reu and gray foxes in the daytime and skunks, possums and coons after dark. Often we would hunt all day and do the blacksmithing at night. I did a heap of farming, too. I worked for Mr. E. J. Williams and others for 40 cents a day. to go over there 'most every week and after we was filled up with liquor we would go back in the

trees and gamble and roam around, or go dancing and looking for trouble. The liquor we used to drink in those days was most often jes' plain Tennessee or Kentucky moonshine. That's powerful liquor. There was aplenty of it, and we jes' natcherly knowed how to put it away. We would often drink over a quart each a night, and two or three quarts each over a week-end. That's a lot of liquor. We used to think it right smart to drink each other down.

It recollect oncet a bunch of us got us each a quart of moonshine whisky and a quart of apple brandy, and we had a sorter drinking bout. We would drink so long as we could stand up, but when we fell over or passed out we would what you might call disqualify. The one who drunk the most and stayed on his feet the longest got all of the liquor that was left. We bought the liquor at Ball Rock, which is right on the line, and then we come back around Caney Creek and went to it.

There were six of us and we shore put away a lot of that there liquor. My brother Herry and Albert didn't last long. They each put away about three quarts of that apple brandy, and that way about the end of them. Everett Delk and me guzzled up a quart each, and then I am a-telling you we were rarin' to go. We started out for Jim Crabtree's house. There was some right-smart girls there: fine girls and good-looking, too. And though we could hardly stand nohow, we kinder thought we would like to have a litle dance with them. We crossed over through a sage field and drunk some more liquor. I guess that old field was pretty flat country, but it seemed most swfully hilly to me. I knowed I was a-going, and sure enough, another drink and I was flat on my back; but Evenett kept

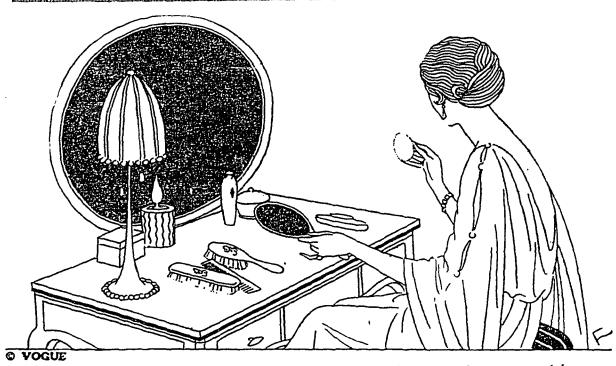
a-going and a-drinking.



And then there's the shooting matches which are always very popular in the mountains.

arean all contractions and an and an an an and build are called a the analysis of the state of the state of the and have a find the second fille of the second s A By VIOLA PARIS CHARM FROM THE DRESSING-TABLE





The well-equipped dressing table greatly facilitates one's pursuit of beauty.

THE greatest help in being perfectly and com-L pletely "groomed" is a well-equipped dress-ing table. The secret of the lovely Parisienne —not essentially the beautiful Parisienne—is the completeness of her tollet. This is not the result of hours spent in beauty salons, but simply the result of a fully equipped toilet table and persistence in using it. Many women are confused by the great variety

of cosmetics that are advertised or are recom-mended to them by friends. There seem to be 50 many "best preparations." so many described in superlatives. What are you to believe, what are

First of all, I think that there is no absolutely "best" preparation or line of preparations. There are, instead, many excellent ones. Whatever suits your own skin best, that is for you. It may not be suitable for the next woman, but it is in

harmony with your individual needs. Now, just what do you need as the basis of your home treatments, the stock of your dressing-table? home treatments, the stock of your dressing able . This depends, of course, on the kind of treatment you follow, and also on your purse. There are certain essential preparations that the dimity-draped table will confine itself to, and there are others that are distinctly pleasant, yet luxuries that only the taffeta-and-satinwood boudoirstable may claim. Here, however, is an essential list for your guidance.

For the Skin.

1. First of all and most important (for most women depend largely upon it for their facial cleanliness)—a good cleanser. It may be either a lotion or a cream. You will find that it is always economical and wise to juy such a preparation in

large quantities, provided that you have found one that suits your skin and that you know it to be pure and pleasant.

2. Cleansing tissues, or absorbent cotton, or an old soft cloth that you replace constantly for scrupulous cleanliness—for removing every vestige of surplus cream.

3. A good astringent lotion—or witch-hazel with a few drops of tincture of benzoin, if you prefer for special cleansing of the skin and for use after bathing the face.

4. A good face lotion of a very light cream - to protect your skin before exposure (and before make-up) and for use in softening the skin (particularly the hands).

(Note)—In addition to these, you may need special preparations, such as a bleach a tissue cream or a muscle oil.

8. Face powder of a very fine quality-in two or three different shades, for mixing to match your complexion exactly as it varies from summer tan to winter pallor.

6. A soft powder puff, religiously kept clean, or fresh absorbent cotton. Several puffs, so that you may wash and dry them frequently, are a wise and not very costly investment.

7. Rouge-liquid or solid, whichever you prefer. I always keep several shades on hand, ranging from vivid to dark, for use with different color schemes, so that I can harmonize my rouge (as well as my lipstick) with my costume. Night light and sunlight also require different shades of make-up.

8. Lipsticks-in two or three different shades, to blend with your rouges. If you are planning to wear a red dress or hat, be sure to match your lipstick to it.

#### For Brows and Lashes.

9. A small brush for the cyebrows and lashes A camel's-hair brush is excellent and not expen-sive. More efficacious shaping can be done with the little brush than with tweezers.

10. An eyelash cream or a box of mascara, for evening use-or if your brows and lashes are abnormally light. "Beading" is vulgar outside of the precincts of the theater, but a slight darkening of the cyclashes in the evening is permissible. You may like to have a pencil, as well, but it is not so easy to apply and is not really a necessity. Making up the eyes takes the lightest hand and the most discerning eye to "put it across" naturally.

#### For the Hair.

11. A sturdy comb for general and frequent use.

One that combines coarse teeth for untangling and fine teeth for dressing the hair is the most practical.

12. A hair-brush with good bristles. Both this and the combs should be plain utilitarian articles. kept in a drawer away from the dust. They should also be treated to frequent cleansings

13. A special small fine-tooth comb, for cleaning the scalp and for stimulating the circulation. 14. Hair tonic, to suit the color and the quality

of your hair. Two or three times a week, you should rub some of your favorite hair tonic into your scalp, remembering that it is less the tonic and more the massage that benefits your hair.

#### For the Nails.

15. A flexible nail file, not for cleaning, but for shaping the nails. If you are inclined to pick up your file to clean your nails, you had better purthase a long prefessional file that has no point on the end and rid yourself of this bad tempta-

16. Orange-wood sticks and emory boards—the first for cleansing the nails and the second for smoothing rough edges of the nails and cuticle. 17. A pair of sharp nail scissors or clippers. These are indispensable for hang-nails and for removing any bits of cuticle that get torn. I never believe in cutting the cuticle itself, but removing

torn pieces of cuticle is another matter. 18. Nail polish—liquid or solid, whichever you prefer. If you use the liquid variety, of course you must have nail polish remover and usually a separate tint, as well. Never use the extreme-car-mine colors—nothing looks worse than conspicuously red finger nails.

19. A nail buffer, if you use paste and powder polishes. A few buffs on the liquid polish brightens it, also, but, in any case, be sure not to warm the nails with the buffing.

20. Vaseline. You may use a cuticle cream if you every night with a soft orange-wood stick will work wonders.

You may prefer to keep some or all of these preparations in your bath-dressing-room cabinet rather than on your dressing-table, but, in any event, I think that you will want and need all of them in whatever form you find best suited to your individual taste. I have not mentioned tollet water and perfume. Whether you regard these as essentials or luxuries, they are for your personal selection.

THE WASHINGTON POST: SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1929.

SERGEANT YORK'S OW Edited by

#### CHAPTER S. WAR.

IFE'S tol'ably queer. You think you've got a grip on it, then you open your hands and you find there's nothing in them. It doesn't go in straight lines like bees to their hives or quail from the covey. It sorter circles like foxes and goes back again to where it begun. After I had given up liquoring and gambling and fighting and the wild life. I kinder thought I could settle down in peace and make amends for my sins by working hard and doing all the good I could. I got me a job farming with Rosy Pyle. I worked from sunup to sundown. I kept up my singing lessons and I spent any spare time I had read-ing the Bible and doing church work.

lessons and I spent any spare time I had read-ing the Bible and doing church work. Of course, often the old longing to go out and bedevil around would come over me, but I jes prayed and resisted the temptation. Some-times Everett or Marion or some of the other boys would drop around and tell me they were pitting on another gay party and invite me to join them. Then it was that I was most sorely tempted. I prayed most awful hard and got a good hold on myself and didn't go. Each time I refused it was so much easier next time, and every day it became easier. In a few months I got them there bad things out of my mind. I was thinking of better things, more worthwhile things. I was beginning to find peace in my soul. And, of course, there was a girl; a little slip of a girl. I knowed her since she was younger than sorter growed up together. She was younger than me, and it may have been on account of that net and it may have been on account of that or because I was careless and didn't notice things, when I was drinking and sinning around—any-way, I hadn't noticed how she had growed up from girlhood to womanhood. But when I was saved and working hard and going in for the decent things again. I begun to watch her com-ings and goings pretty close. I didn't see much of her at first. I guess she had heard of my wild life and sorter wasn't interested and kept out of my way, but when I got religion the church work brought us together. We did not speak to each other at first. She was kinder shy; and hain't heven been out of the mountains and hain't height for the church. There hain't been nothing flighty about her, nohow. And I'm a-tellnothing flighty about her, nohow. And I'm a-tell-in' you she was pretty, always as fresh as a flower in the mornin' with the dew on. I kinder noticed her hair. You jes couldn't help noticing it. I jes couldn't, nohow. It was sort of soft and filter and there was so much of it and noticed her hair. You jes couldn't help noticing it. I jes couldn't, nohow. It was sort of soft and silky and there was so much of it, and she done it up hice in two big braids wound up in the back with a blue ribbon woven in. And I seed her eyes was blue and big and kinder shined with goodness, and though I never thought of it be-fore. I jes knowed blue was my favorite color. I am a-tellin' you there was somethin' grand about her, the way she talked in that quiet voice of hers that sometimes got shaky; she was that shy, and the way she looked at you with those big blue eyes as though she was jes trying to see inside of you and help you be good. I jes wanted to be near her and talk to her; and there was many a time when I was out tramping in these-here mountains with them hound dogs of mine and scouting for coon when I would jes sit down on some log and look over the valley on that-there mountain where she lived and wish I could be there and tell her how much I thought of her and how there was nothing in the world I would not do for her if she'd only let me. That's how much I cared for her. *Courting.* 

#### Courting.

Her parents were agin me. I couldn't blame them, nohow. But I wasn't in love with them at that time. I was in love with Gracie, and we managed to steal meetings, and nobody but us knowed much about them, nohow. There was a long, winding lane between our homes. It was lined with big shady trees. And there was wild bonavuckle there and best of all it sorter dinhoneysuckle there. And, best of all, it sorter dipped out of sight between the ped out of sight between the two miles. It was sorter made for us to meet in. So of an evening Gracie would come along this way to get the cows for milking, and I most awful sudden found out there were a heap of squirrels along that old lane. So I would tote the old muzzle-loader and go hunting down that way. I don't recollect getting many squirrels. But I kinder used to algetting many squirrels. But I kinder used to al-ways go back there every evening. I was happy. I was happier than I had ever been before. You see, I found love, too. When you have found that and peace of soul you aré beginning to find out what life is all about. I guess them-there two things, love and peace, are what folks call the fundamental things. The World War done broke out, but as you don't pay much attention, nohow, to a cloud when it first comes up in the sky, so I didn't pay none to the war. I scarcely heard or seed it. It didn't touch me. It didn't mean nothing to me. I knowed it was in Europe, but that meant nothing to me. I knowed big nations were fight-ing, but I didn't know for sure how many and nothing to me. I knowed big nations were light-ing, but I didn't know for sure how many and which ones. I didn't know what it was all about. It was a long way from our peaceful little valley to them-there battlefields way across the sea. I read a little about it in the papers, and I heard them talking about it around the store. Not much, though, jes a little now and then. So I went on with my farming and my church work and trying to court Gracie, when people So I went on with my farming and my church work and trying to court Gracie, when people were not around and I was.lucky enough to meet her there in the lane. And I am a-telling you that kept me a-going. I had no time, nohow, to bother much about a lot of foreigners quarrel-ing and killing each other over there in Europe. I had had fighting and quarreling myself. I had found it bad. I had learned that it didn't profit a man nohow, and I had given it up for-ever, I hoped. I didn't want to go in for it, no-how. I jes wanted to be left alone to live in peace and love. I wasn't planning my life any other way. I didn't see that I had anything to do with them-there things away over in Europe. I kinder figured out that if some people were quarreling and fighting in the valley next io ours it wasn't none of my business to go over there and interfere, and Europe was so much far-ther than any neighboring valley. That's what the war meant to me. there and interfere, and Europe was so much lar-ther than any neighboring valley. That's what I didn't think our country would get into it. nohow. I didn't think we had anything to do with it. I never even dreamed that we would go over there and fight. Even when we got into it in 1917, it seemed a long way off and I didn t figure on being called. But the little cloud was growing blacker and bigger, and even in our little valley there was a heap more of this war talk. Some of the boys were talking of going away and fighting, and there was a tol-able lo: of talk of the draft and of how we would all have to go. I couldn't see it that way. I couldn't sorter get interested, and I jes didn't want to fight, nohow. I wasn't unpatriotic or disloyal or anything back had always fought for their country. I knowed we were all good Americans in the moun-tains, but that-there World War seemed such a long way off. So I didn't pay much attention to it. I didn't let it bother me. I jes kept on a-going as I had been ever since I had been saved. Gracle's Promise.

bad days, and I didn't want to begin now. 1 turned my back on all of those rowdy things and found a heap of comfort and happiness in relig-ion. I joined the church. It was the Church of Christ in Christian Union. I had taken its creed and I had taken it without what you might call reservations. I was not a Sunday Christian I and I had taken it without what you might call reservations. I was not a Sunday Christian. I believed in the Bible. And I tried in my own way to live up to it. It was the only creed of my church. To be a member I had to accept the Bible as the inspired word of God. I did. And the Bible said, "Thou shalt not kill." That was so definite a child could understand it. There was no way around or out of it. So you see there were two reasons why I didn't want to go to war. My own experience told me that it weren't right. And the Bible were agin it, too. But Uncle Sam said he wanted me and he wanted me most awful bad. And I had also been brought up to believe in my country. I knowed that even in the Civil War, when Tennessee was a doubtful State, my two grandfathers had both

doubtful State, my two grandfathers had both fought straight out for the Union. I knowed that my great-great-grandfather, old Coonrod Pile, had been one of the ploneers who done helped to build up this here country, and he hain't never hesitated to use a gun, and I kinder felt that my ancestors would want me to do whatever my country demanded of me.

#### Conscientious Objections.

So you see my religion and my own experience sorter told me not to go to war, and the memory of my ancestors jes as plainly sorter told me to get my gun and go and fight. I didn't know what to do. I am a telling you there was a war going on inside of me and I didn't know which side to lean on. I was a heap bothered. Hit is a most awful thing when the wishes of your God and your country sorter get mixed up and go against each other. One moment I would make up my mind to follow God, and the next I would make up my mind to follow God, and the next I would hesi-tate and almost make up my mind to follow Uncle Sam. Then I wouldn't know which to fol-low or what to do.

I wanted to follow both. But I couldn't. They were opposite. And I couldn't reconcile them nohow in my soul. I wanted to do what was right. I wanted to be a good Christian and a good American too. I had always figured that the two were sort of connected. And now I was beginning to find out that they were kinder opposed to each other. If I went away to war and fought and killed, according to my reading of the Bible, I weren't a good Christian. And if I didn't go to war and do these things, according to Uncle Sam, I weren't a good American

war and do these things, according to Uncle Sam, I weren't a good American. So I was the most bothered boy in all of these mountains. I didn't know what to do or where to turn. I walked the mountains night after night, trying to figure it out. I read the Bible over and over. I prayed and prayed, often late into the night. I got away off in the woods and I got out that little Government card telling me to register for the draft. I turned it over. I read and studied it. I jes couldn't make up my mind that the Bible were wrong. And I couldn't make up my mind Uncle Sam were right. I was a soul in doubt. I'm a-telling you, I was most, unhappy. In doubt. I'm a-telling you, I was most unhappy. Pastor Pile was the registrar. He had a store and the postoffice at Pall Mall, and the Govern-ment done instructed him to take the registration for the draft. I went to him and we talked it over, and we read the Bible and prayed together. No matter how we looked at it, we always come up against "Thou shalt not kill." That was the word of God and that was how it was revealed in His Holy Book. There was no gitting past that

So when I registered I claimed exemption from the draft. I wrote on the paper: "I don't want to fight." And that there paper with that state-ment on it is now in the War Department in Washington D.C. Washington, D. C. A few weeks later I filed this application:

August 28, 1917.

· 1

1-13 ATTEL WORLD ALL MARKET

I heard them talking about war around the store.

1917, on the ground that I was a person who was a member of any well-known religious organization, organized and existing May 18, 1917, whose then existing creed or principles forbade its members to participate in war in any form and whose religious principles are against war or participation therein, in ac-cordance with the creed or principle of said religious organization.

religious organization. I do further solemnly swear that I am a member, in good faith and good standing, of the Church of Christ in Christian Union, which, on the 18th day of May, 1917, was or-ganized and existing as a well-recognized sect or organization whose existing creed or prin-cluses forbed a its members to participate in ciples forbade its members to participate in war in any form.

I do further solemnly swear that my reli-gious convictions are against war or partici-pation therein in accordance with the creed sala rell organ

mussed up inside worser'n ever. I thought that the word of God would prevail against all of the laws of man and of nations. I thought there must be some mistake somewhere. I knowed those words in the Holy Book come from God.' I knowed He meant them and I knowed they must be right. I thought that I would not be a good Christian if I did not do all in my power to stick to them oncet I done accepted them. So I appealed to the Board again. I was sorter fighting

N. B.-This notice of claim of appeal must be filed with the District Board to whom it is addressed within 10 days after the mailing of the notice to the person that he has been certified to the District Board.

Certinea to the District Board. So you see how I fought against going to war. I didn't hate hobody; I didn't want to kill nobody. I jes wanted to live and let live. I jes wanted to live my life in peace and I jes wanted to be let alone to love God and my fellowmen; and though the Germanis were a long way off and I didn't know them, I figured jes the same they were my fellowmen.

For the third time the Board refused to exempt me and wrote confirming their decision that I would have to go.

Form No. 157, prepared by the Provost Mar-

shal General. Notice of Decision of District Board of Claima of Appeal Filed by Person Called. To Alvin Cullum York,

To Alvin Cullum York. Pail Mall, Tenn.: You are hereby notified that this District Board, having considered your claim of ap-peal from the decision of Local Board, County Fentress, and having considered all affidavits and the record with respect to said claim of appeal, has, this 6th day of October, 1917, affirmed said decision. DISTRICT BOARD FOR MUDDLE DISTRICT OF

MIDDLE DISTRICT OF MIDDLE DISTRICT OF STATE OF TENNESSEE, By ERWIN L. DAVIS (Chdirman). W. H. HANFORD (Secretary).

I wrote it in my little diary: June 5, 1917. Pall Mall, Tennessee. Well, the first notice I received was to go and register. So I did. And then I began to think that I was going to be called to be examined.

#### Physically Fit.

I was lean and hard at that time. I'd, been hunting, farming, blacksmithing, and driving steel. I had no fat on me at all. I was all bone and muscle. And I knowed I was physically fit.

#### October 28. 1917.

Jamestown, Tennessee. I was called to re-port to the Local Board for examination. So I went and when they look at me they weighted me and I weighted 170 lbs., was 72 inches tall. So they said I passed all right. Well, when they said that I almost knowed that I would halt to go to the army.

#### November 10th.

Pall Mall, Tennessee. So I just went on with my work and I received a Little Blue Card that told me to be ready for a 24-hour call at any time.

I didn't pass judgment nohow on the members of the Board. I knowed it was written, "Judge not lest ye be judged." I was not even angry. I larned-to kinder hold in my anger. I was only sad and sorry and bothered deep down in my soul. I thought that if I/wanted to follow God and do His blessed will that was my own affair, and I would be left alone to do it. And I wented and I would be left alone to do it. And I wanted to be left alone. I told them this again and again to be left alone. I told them this again and again. I wrote it in my application. I swore it out in my affidavit, and they said jest the same I had to go! And, worst of all, Pastor Pile, who was my friend and spiritual adviser, and who didn't want me to go any more'n I did want to go myself, had to be the one to register me. I often wondered why we have got to do things we don't want to do nohow, why, when we want to live in peace, we have to go away to war; why, when we say we are Christian nations, we don't try to live in peace and kinder respect people who love peace peace and kinder respect people who love peace instead of sending them off to fight and kill, like

they were going to send me. And the worstest thing of all was that it was my country that was sending me. I'd always my country that was sending me. I'd always loved my country and believed in it. I was will-ing to live and work for it. If it wanted me to, I was willing to die for it. I hain't never been afraid to die, I am a-telling you. But my country wanted me to do more'n that; it wanted me to go and fight and kill others, and it said that it was right for me to do this and God sold it was right for me to do this, and God said it was not right. And there I was that way. I didn't know what else to do but pray for the light. Then I received word to report.

#### Gracie's Promise.

Gracle's **Promise**. One summer afternoon I got my old squirrel gun and went down the lane as usual and met Gracie. I distemember what we talked about or how it happened, but I know we come to an un-derstanding. I walked back home the happiest man that ever could be. I was kinder drunk with happiness. I had Gracie's promise that she would marry me. Her folks were agin me but she was for me. I sorter lived in a dream for the next few days. And then all of a sudden, out of no-where, so it seemed to me, life sorter took me by the back of the neck and tried to lift me out of our little valley and throw me into the war over our little valley and throw me into the war over there in France. I received from the postoffice a little red card telling me to register for the

I can't tell you how I felt. I just can't describe it. I was all mussed up. Everything was going from under me. Fight! Kill! And I'd been converted to the Gospel of peace and love, and of "Do good for evil."

That's how the war come to me, in the midst of all my peace and happiness and dreams, which I felt all along were too good to be true and just couldn't last.

In my records in the War Department in Wash-ington, D. C., there is a little narrow pink slip, marked:

- Conscientious Objector.
- York, Alvin C. Desires release as he is conscientious ob-
- A. G. 383.2 Exemp. Religious sects.
- 4-19-1
- 1918.
- So long as the records remain I will be officially known as a conscientious objector. I was, I couldn't have been anything else nohow.

'At first I jes couln't imagine I would have to light. The war seemed too far away to be mixing manup in it. And I didn't want to be in it no-how. I never had killed nobody, not even in my County of Fentress.

certify that I am 29 years old and reside at Pall Mall, Tenn. I hereby respectfully claim discharge from selective draft on the following ground, that

(1) A, person who was a member of a well-recognized sect or organization, organized and existing May 18, 1917, whose then existing

I do hereby bind myself to report in person and to notify said Local Board, at once, when-ever the conditions entitling me to discharge I, Alvin Cullum York, Serial No. 378, hereby A. C. YORK, Pall Mall, Tenn. cease to exist. Subscribed / d affirmed to before me this 1st day of Sept., 1917. BLAINE WILLIAMS, Notary Public. State of Tennessee, County of Fentress.



Mother York and her daughter-in-law, Gracie, the beautiful young wife of Sergi, Alvin York.

creed or principles forbade its members to participate in war in any form and whose participation therein in accordance with the reed or principles of said well-recognized religious set or organization.

But the local board refused to exempt me. LOCAL BOARD FOR THE COUNTY OF FEN-TRESS STATE OF TENNESSEE.

JAMESTOWN. TENN. Scrial No. 378. Order No. 218.

Scrial No. 378. Order No. 218. Alvin Cullum York. Denied, because we do not think "The Church of Christ in Christian Union" is a well-recognized religious sect, etc. Also, we understand it has no especial creed except the Bible, which its members more or less inter-pret for themselves, and some do not disbelieve in war-at least there is nothing forbid-ding them to participate.

#### Followed God.

Then I was bothered more than ever. I done what I thought was right. I followed God, so I thought, even against the judgment of my country. I done wrote to the board that I didn't want to kill; and because I belonged to a church which was opposed to war. And they done refuse my appeal. But that didn't convince me nohow. I couldn't accept the written word of man against the written command of God. So I appealed against their decision. 1 wrote them: LOCAL BOARD FOR THE COUNTY OF FEN-

## TRESS, STATE OF TENNESSEE. JAMESTOWN, TENN.

To Local Board: I. Alvin Cullum York, Pall Mall, Tenn., now hereby claim an appeal to the district board for Middle District of Tennessee, Nashville, Tenn., because you denied my claim for discharge, which was based upon the ground that I am a member of a well-recognized religious sect or organization existing May 18, 1917, whose then existing creed or principles forbade its members to participate in war, &c. A. C. YORK, Pall Mall Tenn.

And I also forwarded two affidavits, one from Pastor Pile and one from myself: 1. Affidavit of Person Whose Discharge Is

Sought. State of Tennessee.

Jounty of Fentress, to-wit: I. Alvin Cultum York, do solemnly affirm

that J am 29 years old and reside at Pall Mall, Tenn. and that Serial Number 378 was given me by 146 al Eoard L. B. for County Fentress, and that chim for my discharge was filed with said Local Board on the 28th day of August,

Pastor's Affidavit.

3 Affidavit of Clerk of Minister in Support of Claim for Discharge. State of Tennessee,

County of Fentress, to-wit:

I, R. C. Pile, Minister, do solemnly affirm that I am the minister of the Church of Christ in Christian Union, and I hereby certify that A. C. York, who is personally known to me, is now a member of said religious sect or organization.

I do further solemnly affirm that the said religious sect or organization was organized and existing on the 18th day of May, 1917, and was then a well-recognized religious sect or organization, and that the then existing creed or principles of said religious sect or organization forbade its members to participate in

war in any form. I hereby bind myself that if the said person whose discharge is now sough ceases to be a member of said religious sect or organization. religious sect or organization are changed so as not to forbid its members participating in war in any form, or whenever the conditions entitling such person to discharge cease to exist I will at once notify said Local Board and will also request my successor in office to give such notice. R. C. PILE.

Church of Christ in C. U. Pall Mall

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 3d day of Sept., 191--. BLAINE WILLIAMS.

Notary Public State of Tennessee, County of Fentress, But it weren't no use. They denied my appeal.

Notice of Decision of District Board on Claim of Appeal Filed by Person Called. To Alvin Culturn York. Pall Mall, County of Fentress, Tenn.

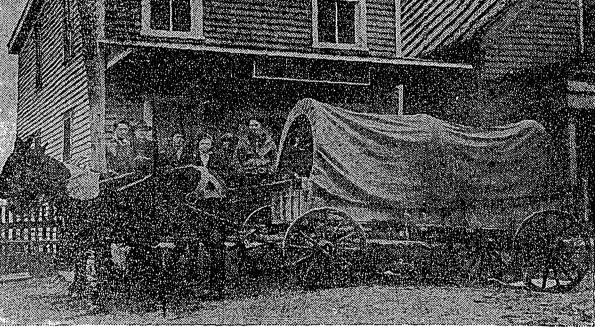
You are hereby notified that this District Board, having considered your claim of appeal from the decision of Local Board for County of Fentress, and having considered all affidavits and the record with respect to said claim of appeal, has, this 6th day of October, 1917, affirmed said decision.

DISTRICT BOARD FOR MIDDLE DISTRICT OF

STATE OF TENNESSEE, By ERWIN L. DAVIS (Chairman). W. H. HANFORD (Secretary).

Another Appeal.

I was now most awful worried. I was sorter



Covered wagon bringing mail to the postoffice at Jamestown, Tenn., where Sergt. York filed his claim of appeal to the district board after being denied a claim for discharge by the local board.

against fighting. I mean I was fighting hard so I would not have to go to war and kill. It was

N EW YORK. — The prize fighters, ball players and profes-

sional amateurs of tennis

make so much noise the

year around that it is easy to forget that there

is such a thing as genuine amateur athletics in this

country. But, on fall days, when I am covering

days, when I am covering the training of the foot-ball teams at West Point. New Haven, Cambpidge, or Princeton, I see verita-ble pageants of sport, a part of the regular aft-ernoon routine, which remulas me that sport

reminds me that sport has not yet become en-tirely r matter of guar-

antees, contracts and ex-

This is a great realm of athletics, which the

people outside the col-

leges do not seem to wot of. The reason probably is that a copy desk can not build a head on a

story which merely states that the young men who

dor at the young men who dor at the United States Military Academy have this day scored a stirring

again upon his conviction on a charge of journal, ism in the first degree.

Jack Dempsey can command the banner lines in all the sport pages by announcing that he is

pense accounts.

Jamestown, Tenn., a claim of appeal to your Honourable Board from the decision of the said Local Board, wherein said Local Board denied my claim for discharge, which claim was based upon the ground that I am a mem-ber of a well-organized Religious Sect or organization, existing May 18, 1917, whose then existing creed or principles forbade its members to participate in war in any form and whose convictions are against war or participation therein in accordance with the religious sect or organization.

Form No. 151, prepared by the Provost Mar-shal General.

Notice of Claim of Appeal by Person Certified to District Board.

To District Board for Middle District of Tennessee, Nashville, Tenn.: I. Alvin Cullum York, Pall Mall, Tenn., hereby give notice that on the 13th day of September, 1917, I filed with Local Board for

the County of Fentress, State of Tennessee,

A. C. YORK, Pall Mall, Tenu.

DBODY'S BUSIN By WESTBROOK PEGLER



Jack Dempsey can command the Banner-lines in all sport pages by announcing that he is thinking of going into training.

thinking of going into training, although he has fought only 56 rounds in the last ten years. On the same day 5,000 students playing in intramural victory over the inmates of another hall in a game of soccer, polo or quoits. It is much easier to support the banner line across the sport page with a story intimating that William T. Tilden II has been declared no amateur football games can not command a whisper in print.

. . . . One day last fall I waited just inside the gymna-sium doors at the Military Academy for the var-sity football team to come out for practice and

#### November 14, 1917.

Jamestown, Tennessee. So later I sure received a card that said report to your Local Board. So I went to Jamestown, Tenn., and reported to the Local Board and I stayed all night that night with Doctor Alexander,

I knowed that I had to go. Of course, I could have run away and hid in the mountains, but I inaint never run away from anything before, ex-cept sin. I hain't never run away from my country. I hain't never done anything agin my country so I would have to run away. So I didn't. I could have stayed in Pall Mall and jes waited to see what happened, but then I knowed what would happen. The soldiers would come for me and takened me, and if I resisted there would be a fight, and maybe a killing, and that's jes what I didn't want to happen. I didn't want to fight or kill at home or anywhere else. So I reported. November 15th.

Oneida, Tennessee. The morning of the 15th I started for the camp, which was Camp Gordon. I went to Oneida, Tenn., and stayed there until about 2 o'clock a. m. the next morning, when I entrained for Atlanta, Ga.

I jest went to that old camp and said nothing. I did everything I was told to do. I never once disobeyed an order. I never once raised my voice in complaint, but I was sick at heart jes the same. in complaint, but I was sick at heart jes the same. I heard the boys around me talking about what fun it would be to go over seas and fight in the trenches. I heard them telling of how many Germans they were going to kill if ever they got a chance. I heard all sorts of things about the glory of war. But I couldnt 'see it like they seed it nohow. I prayed and prayed that God would show me His bleesed will. And back there in the mountains Pastor Pile prayed and Mother prayed, too, and I jes knowed that all of those prayers would not be in vain. I jes knowed it.

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watched a pirade of athletes pass by, like the fig-ures on a frieze depicting athletes in our time. There were boxers who would box more in one month than Dempsey and Tunney boxed in their combined reigns as champions bound for the gym. There were fencers and gymnasts, polo men in breaches and helmets, soccer men and track men in shorts, lacrosse men in their armor with their

curious snowshoe bats on their shoulders, tennis players and golfers, and whole companies, it seemed, of football pl.yers of various squads and teams hurrying to their practice or their matches at various points on the reservation.

At Cambridge I waited by the fieldhouse one afternoon for Arnold Horween and saw a scattering of young runners in rather moth eaten green shirts and dilapidated track shoes leaving the dressing rooms on a run. There were some alien football players, too, charging out of the locker rooms and hurrying away to one of the fields outside the main stadium.

#### . . . "Who are these fellows?" I asked.

Well, the track men were down from St. some-thing or other college in New Hampshire to run in a meet with one of the Harvard class teams, and the football players were the varsity from some other minor college off in the hills keeping a date with the Harvard sophomores

Polo men were passing, walking their ponies, to the fields across the road. A hundred students were playing tennis. Football men by the dozen hurrica by, scuffing gravel with their cleats. A pistol was popping over yonder somewhere as a squad of sprinters practiced starts.

As I prossed the bridge returning > town at dusk the last of the carsmen were drawing their shells onto the float.

But only the varsity team was making the aport pages that night.

I wonder what is my idea in roing into all this. Can it be that I am trying to make the people think



sorter like a forest fire, when you fight fire with fire. I didn't understand it all. I only knowed I was troubled more'n I ever'd been before. I was up against the biggest thing I ever'd been up against. I'd used God's holy command in order to get an exemption from war. And now men who claimed they were jes as good Christians as I was, and were good churchmen, too, although they didn't belong to my church, disallowed the words of God, as I had sent them in, and told me that I would have to go to camp and learn to fight I would have to go to camp and learn to fight and kill for my country. So I appealed again:

THE WASHINGTON POST: SUNDAY, 'APRIL 7, 1929.

Edited by RGEANT YORK'S OWN STOR TOM SKEYHILL

#### CHAPTER 4.

THE SWORD AND THE BIBLE. WAS detailed to Company G, 328th Division. That was a fighting division and was soon to be ordered overseas. I knowed that unless something happened I would have to go up into the front-line trenches and shoot and kill my brother man. I knowed that would be soon, too. And I didn't want to do that nohow.

So at last I went to my company commander, Capt. Danforth, of Augusta, Ga., and I told him everything. I told him I belonged to a church that was opposed to war and that I didn't wish to that was opposed to war and that I didn't wish to be placed in a position that it might be necessary for me to kill a fellow man. I told him I hadn't never talked about this in camp or disobeyed orders. I hain't never shirked my duty at no time. I hain't never refused to do anything he had ordered me to do, and I wasn't planning on refusing. I told him I knowed I was it blaining of and would have to obey. I would continue to be a soldier if I had to. I would go overseas. I would go in the front-line trenches. I would even kill Germans if I was ordered to. But I told him I wanted him to know I didn't believe in killing nohow, and that it worried me aplenty. I told him all of this as man to man straight from

the shoulder. The captain told me that there were several conscientious objectors in the camp, but that he sorter believed I was honest and sincere. I told him then how I had prayed and prayed. He assured me that he would consider everything I had told him and give me a right square deal. A few days later he told me he done spoken to the battalion commander. Maj. Buxton, about me, and that the major asked him if he believed I was sincere and when he said he believed I was, the major done told him to bring me to his head-

- major done told him to bring me to his head-quarters for questioning. Maj. Buxton was from Providence, R. I. He was the first New Englander I ever knowed. He was La very good man, but at that time I was most troubled for his soul. I disliked to think that such a good man as he appeared to be would be willing to go to war and lead other men to fight. I couldn't understand how he could sorter square war and killing with his professed religious beliefs. So use pright Carb. Danforth took me to Mai So one night Capt. Danforth took me to Maj. Buxton's room to discuss these things with him. Before I done went I prayed to God for guidance. I took my Bible along with me. We all got together in his room in Camp Gordon, which is in Georgia, not far from Atlanta. The major's room was like most of the officers' headquarters, jes' a plain, small room. There was a little bed in it and some camp stools. There was a trunk in the corner and some military clothes hanging up or scattered around and jes one light, a small electric light that hung down from the ceiling. The major was very friendly-like; he always was with us boys. He told us to sit down. He said he didn't want to discuss this question as a battalion commander discussing it with an officer and a private. He wanted us to discuss it as three American citizens interested in a comas three American citizens interested in a com-mon cause. He said he respected any honest religious conviction and would be glad to discuss things as man to man. He asked me why was I opposed to going to war. I told him that I belonged to a church which disbelieved in fight-ing and killing. He then asked me what was the creed of the church. I told him the only creed was the Bible, and I also told him that I done accepted the Bible as the inspired word of God and the final authority for all men. So he then asked me what did I find in the Bible that was agin war, and I told him it was written. "Thou shalt not kill." He kinder looked at me for a moment and then asked if I accepted every-thing in the Bible, every sentence, every word. thing in the Bible, every sentence, every word, jes as completely as I accepted the Fifth Com-mandment, "Thou shalt not kill." I told him I

He then begun to read other parts of the Bible which he said proved that a man under certain conditions could go to war and fight and kill and still be a good Christian. He read a number of quotations. He read them well and accurate. I was kinder supprised at his knowledge of the Bible

to feel His presence there. I disremembered a heap of what we said, but I know that I mentioned that when St. Peter struck off the ear of the high priest's servant, Christ, in restoring the ear, told Peter to put up the sword: "They that live by the sword shall die by the sword." But that-there Maj. Buxton knowed his Bible right smart. He come right back at me and answered that at the same time Christ also said: "For my kingdom is not of this world; but if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." The major then would my servants ngit. United States of America was an earthly govern-ment and its servants must fight for it whenever its liberties was threatened, and he reminded me that Christ meant by this to emphasize the duties of Christians to their government. Maj. Buxton

ended by quoting from Ezekiel: When I bring the sword upon a land, if the people of the land take a man of their coasts, and set him for their watchman: If when he seeth the sword come upon the

land, he blow the trumpet, and warn the people: Then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet and taketh not warning, if the sword

come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head.

He heard the sound of the trumpet, and he took not warning, his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his

But if the watchman see the sword come and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned, if the sword come and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity: but his blood will I require at the watchman's hands. and told me to take as long as I liked, and to come to him whenever I wished to. Then he said good-night, and Capt, Danforth takened me back to my lines.

I spent considerable time turning the major's arguments over in my mind that night and I worried and prayed 'most all through the night until reveille. The next morning I wrote in my little diary: MARCH, 1918.

Camp Gordon, Georgia. Oh, these were try-ing hours for a boy like me, trying to live for God and do His blessed will, but yet I could look up and say:

# Oh, Master, let me walk with Thee In lonely paths of service free, Tell me Thy secret, help me to bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

And then the Lord would bless me and help me to bear my hard toiles.

But I couldn't get no understandin's around that-there old camp. I hain't been used to that. I sorter can't get alone with myself when there's crowds about. And I knowed I jes had to be alone crowds about. And I knowed I jes had to be alone to fight it out with myself. Hit was one of them-there sort of battles where nobody can help you nohow. You have jes got to help yourself. And I kinder knowed that the only place where I could do that was back there in the incunteins where I belonged. There's heaps of peace there. I jes knowed I had to go back, or else I would always be sorter twistin' in torment like them-there lost souls that day't never son the light pobew souls that can't never see the light nohow. So I applied for leave and I was given a pass

for ten days. MARCH 21-3'ST. Pall Mall, Tennessee. So I got a pass after a while for ten days. So I went home and



read over and over again them-there passages from the Bible he had read to me. I kinder balanced them against the passages that made me a conscien-tious objector. I had tried to bring the two together. I knowed the "Lord worked in marvelous ways. His wonders to perform." I knowed that He had His own way of saying and do-ing things. I knowed that if it was His will He would even use war as an instrument in His hands. I tried ment in His hands. I tried to look at it this way. I talked to Pastor Pile again and again. But all I got from all this was to get more and more confused than ever. I jes didn't know which He wanted me to do. So I went out on the mountainside and asked Him sorter straight out

from the shoulder. I went off to a quiet place not far from my home. I went down and prayed and I prayed all the afternoon, through the night and through part of the next day. I asked Him to have day. I asked Him to have pity on me and show me the light. I begged Him to comfort me if it was His will and tell me what to do. And as I prayed there alone a great peace kinder come into my soul and a great calm come over me and L received my over me and I received my assurance. He heard my prayer and He come to me on the mountainside. I didn't see Him, of course, but He was there jes' the same. I knowed He was there. He understood that

I didn't want to be a fighter or a killin' man, that I didn't want to go to war and hurt nobody nohow. And yet I wanted

to war and hurt nobody nohow. And yet I wanted to do what my country wanted me to do. I wanted to serve God and my country, too. He understood all of this. He seed right inside of me, and He knowed I had been troubled and worried, not because I was afraid, but because I put Him first, even before my country, and I only wanted to do that which would please Him. So He took pity on me and He gave me the as-surance I needed. I didn't understand everything. I didn't understand how He could let me go to war, and even kill, and yet not hold it agin me. I didn't even want to understand. It was His will and that was enough for me. So at last I begun to see the light. I begun to understand that no matter what a man is forced to do, so long as he is right in his own soul he remains a righteous map. I knowed I would go to war. I knowed I would be protected from all harm, and that so long as I believed in Him He would not allow even a hair of my head to be harmed. I arose and thanked Him, and went home over the mountains, singing a hymn. I told my little old mother I was going and not to worry. I was coming back safe and sound. I told my brothers and sisters and I told Pastor File. And for a while I was happy and at peace with myself and with my God. But when I went back to camp and seed all the boys there getting ready to go to the war, some of

But when I went back to camp and seed all the boys there getting ready to go to the war, some of the old worries come a piling back on my soul. I knowed I was all right. But I kinder got a-figurin' that the whole thing was a heap bigger than my heap b own personal peace of soul. I might be safe my-self, but in going over there and fightin' I might be helping to have them killed and a heap more of others, too, and that worried me. I knowed He was going to watch over me, be-cause I done done what I thought was right. But I wanted Him to watch over all of us, and I knowed He would only do that if we were all right and if our cause was right, too. I kinder felt now that it was right. But I wasn't sure. It's most that it was right. But I wasn't sure. It's most awful hard for a weak human being, all sort of torn up with doubt and worry, to walk his way in perfect faith and understanding. Pastor Pile wrote direct to Fresident Wilson and explained things to him and asked him to release me. The letter come on down to our camp in Georgia. But I didn't follow it up. I didn't make any more claims for exemption. I didn't try to get out nohow. I knowed I was to go, but I was still worrying about the war in general. worrying about the war in general. We moved up to Camp Upton, N. Y. and pre-pared ourselves to go overseas. So I went to the captain again, Capt. Danforth, of Augusta, Ga., and asked him to please explain to me what we were fighting for and why we were leaving our homes and going over there to fight people we didn't even know and had never met before. The captain kinder looked at me, funny like, as though he had thought he had settled all of that with me once before. But jes' the same he was patient. Lieut. Stewart, who, later on, was killed in the Argonne, was there in the orderly room with him and he was patient, too. They explained to me how the Germans done broken her promise to me how the Germans done broken her promise to Belgium and done overrun those countries over there and put so many people to the sword; that unless they were stopped they would keep on un-til they done overrun the world. They jes' had to be stopped and we Americans were going over there to help stop them. Then I begun to understand, not clearly yet, but kinder like.



Sergt. York's little old mother, whom he told he was going to war and not to worry.

> Our battalion commander was Maj. George Ed-ward Buxton, jr., from Providence, R. I. He was a New Englander. His beginnings went away back; so far back that I guess he can scarcely trace them himself. He was one of the finest men I had ever met. He was one of the most larned men too; and he was a right-smart mixer. He was one of the best soldiers I ever knowed. Before America come into the war he was over there on the other side writing for the Providence, R. I. Journal. When he returned home he jes R. 1. Journal. When he returned nome he jes knowed America was coming in, so he got busy doing everything he could to prepare us for when our, turn came. He takened part in the pre-paredness campaign with ex-President Roose-veit. He went to Plattsburg and he was one of the first officers to be commissioned there. He want the outer the country preparedness went all over the country preaching preparedness. He was a most wonderful man at handling soldiers. He had a battalion mixed up of all sorts. And yet he knowed most all of us and under-And yet he knowed most all of us and under-stood us and figured out the way to handle us. He was young for a commanding officer, in his early thirties, I reckon. He was handsome, and in his major's uniform he looked a right-smart soldier. He had a kinder habit of getting us soldiers together and talking to us, something like a father talks to his sons. I'm a tellin' you he sorter looked upon us as his sons, too. And in quicker time than it takes a coon to jump out of a tree he made that torn-up battalion all around us into a happy family.

they come together in the forest they would hold out their right hand to show they didn't have a gun in it and that they were friendly. That was the beginning of it, so the major ex-plained to us. And after a while it was sorter takened up by the English army- and made over into the salute. And so Maj. Buxton pointed out that if we didn't salute him and his officers he would take it that we were not friendly, and if the officers didn't salute us back we were to take it that way.

that way. After that there was no more trouble about this saluting business. Our boys were so friendly they would salute every chance they got, and the major had to sorter slow us down. I ricollect and other little talk he gave us. He said in every war there was always one famous battalion that come out of it and sorter lived forever. He hoped that battalion would be ours. And every war always produced its outstanding here. He didn't know where that here was in the American Army, but there was jes as good a chance of him being in our battalion as anywhere else. And Tim a-tellin' you after we heard him speak like that we all kinder made up our minds to be better sola-tellin' you after we heard him speak like that we all kinder made up our minds to be better sol-diers and maybe try and be that outstanding one ourselves. His favorite advice to us was "Keep moving and always use your head." I'm saying here and now that's right-smart advice. Capt. E. C. B. Danforth, jr., was my company commander. He come from Augusta, and was a Gerogia "Cracker." He was a Harvard man. That

Gerogia "Cracker." He was a Harvard man. That didn't mean nothing to me in those days. It didn't mean much to the other boys either. All we knowed was that like the major he had a heap of larnin'. He was tall and tough jes like a hickory pole. He must have been about 23 of 24 years old, and he had as much sense as a much older man. He was the fightinest man. too, and when he was in action our boys used to say he was that hard that the bullets used to bounce off him. The major and the cantain together ward that hard that the bullets used to bounce off in him. The major and the captain together were as good a combination as a pair of red bones when you have them out after the foxes. They ran together. If ever I have to go to war agin I'm a-telling you I wouldn't ask for anything more than to have them two leading me. Wherever they go I am willing to follow. And that's jes about how most of the other boys under them for

feel. My own platoon was made up of a gang of the toughest and most hard-boiled doughboys I ever heard tell of. There were bartenders, saloon bouncers, ice men, coal miners, dirt farmers, actors, mill hands and city boys who had growed up in the black alleys and learned to scrap ever since they were knee high to a duck. They were mixed up from 'most every country.' They were meaner and more full of fight than a hive of wild bees. They could out-swear, out-drink and out-cuss any other crowd of men I have ever knowed. They sorter looked upon leave-breaking as a divine right. Our sergeant takened 48 hours' leave and stayed away ten days. He was busted for that, but later on he got his stripes back. He had to. He was the only one who could drill and keep us in hand. One of our corporals went on leave and missed the best and had to follow us to France

the only one who could drill and keep us in hand. One of our corporals went on leave and missed the boat and had to follow us to France. They were always spolling to have it out with somebody. They were fighters and that's all about it. If you looked at them sorter sideways for even second you were in danger of being on the wrong end of a punch. If you didn't drink they kinder recorded you as being ignorant, and it you didn't regarded you as being ignorant; and if you didn't cuss a blue streak every time you opened your mouth you were considered to be most awful illiterate.

A heap of them couldn't talk our language at all, and any number of them couldn't sign their own and any number of them couldn't sign their own names. The only way the captain could get them to larn to write was by telling them they could n't get their pay unless they could put their signa-tures to the pay sheets. Ho! Ho! But jes the same, they were my buddles. I didn't understand them at first. I didn't know nothing about them nohow. I didn't cuss or drink or fight. I didn't go A. W. O. L. (absence

was kinder surprised at his knowledge of the Bible. It made me happy in my soul to know that my battalion commander was familiar with the word of God. I always thought Maj. Buxton was a good man, and now I knowed he was. Jes the same, he was for fightin'. I remember he begun by p'inting out that Christ once said: "He that hath no sword, let him sell his cloak and buy one." I 'lowed that was in the Bible. But I reminded him that Christ also said: "If a man smite you on one cheek, turn the other to him. that the Christ who drove the money changers from the temple with the whip would stand up and do nothing when the helpless Belgian people was overrun and driven from their homes.

By this time he was at it right. We both knowed the Bible. I knowed now that I was on the right track. I knowed that if we studied the whole business, the words of the Lord, we must come to a right understanding. We talked along these lines for over an hour and every now and then Capt. Danforth joined in. We didn't get annoyed or angry or even raise our voice. We jes examined the old Bible and whenever I would bring up a passage opposed to war, Maj. Buxton would bring up another which sorter favored war. I believed the Lord was in that room. I seemed somehow

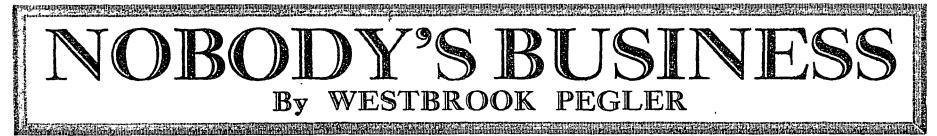
WHEN --

Our boys would salute every chance they got and the major had to sorter of slow us down.

The major made a great impression on me that high A right-smart impression, too. He had kinder opened my eyes to things which were in the Bible, which I knowed were there, but which I hadn't thought of as he had thought of them. I ain't admitting that he had convinced me. He got me to thinking more and more, And riore than ever now I didn't know what to do. I jes sat there and prayed and thought. He must have knowed it, too. He sorter looked at me and smiled, jes like my father used to. Then I told him that I would like time to think it over, and that in the meantime I would go on jes as I'd been, doing everything I was told to do and trying to be a good soldier. He shook hands with me

while I was at home we had several services at Greer's Chapel, and the Lord blessed us and we had a fine meeting. Rev. R. C. Pile and others were helping, and there were a number of people saved during this little meeting. So the Lord was with us. Bless His Holy name!

I knowed now that if I went back and told the major I was still opposed to fighting he would let me out or have me transferred into another branch of the service where I wouldn't have to kill. He knowed now that I was sincere. He was a good man. He would help me. But something in me had kinder changed. I was beginning to see war in a different light. I had takened to heart and



EW YORK .--- Pasvo Nurmi continues to place one foot

before another with such speed and style that the other runners, with the possible ex-ception of Edvin Wide, the Swede, seem like so many house flies try-ing to wade through so much glue. It was so when Paavo was in this country four years ago, and it was so in the first race of his present American program at Boston when he fin-ished a 2-mile run, pulled up or coasting, almost a full lap ahead of the nearest trailer on a circle measuring 12 laps to the mile. I used to have the statistics on Paavo's

records, but after 1epeating them about a dozen times I filed them on the floor to avoid the temptation to repeat them again on dull afternoons in the winter. Anyway, no sta-

fistics could give an impression of that strange, distant character who first came to America in the second-class section of a humble ship, ran away from the best middle-distance runners in America time after time, ignored all attempts to heroize him, snubbed his competitors and never permitted America to understand him.

In response to the gossipy human curiosity re-carding the private life, the personal preferences and quaint characteristics of great athletes, strenuous efforts bordering on the burgiarious were made to pry into Paavo's physical and tempera-mental seclusion when he was over here on his first tour. It did not seem possible that an athlete of such humble economic circumstances could per-sist in the aloofness which Pasvo evinced under

such a temptation to strut and preen and brag. Luis Angel Firpo had been something like that, but at the behest of Tex Rickard, who pointed out that he must be affable to the newspaper writers. Luis Angel was affable to a limited degree—that is, he would permit the photographers to shoot off flash bombs in the confined area of his breakfast room, filming his pork chops with a deposit of burned blasting powder and he suffered himself to be interviewed by character analysts of both gen-ders for the Sunday magazine supplements, who then wrote about the brooding light in his eyes. But Pavo has been the nearest approach to a

robot or a martian than I ever have seen. He would not even go as far as to say, "No speak Engleesh," but would either look straight through

WHEW -LOOKIT LOOKIT HIM COME! HIM GO!

> you or walk right past you as though he were alone.

One night in the old Garden he ran away from the great Joie Ray as if Joie's hasty little half shoes had been spiked to the planks of the rim. and when Jole waylaid him after the race, as it was called out of kindness to him. proffering his hand to his conqueror. Paavo jogged straight past him to his dressing room. It was either a mag-nificent show of aristocratic disdain or the act of a man too dull to understand the amenities of the situation. Jole stood there, gazing stupidly at his own hand and, not believing that any one could have refused to exchange handclasps with him. scampered after him. There was a crowd of Finns in Paavo's dressing room, and by the time Jole could shoulder his way through the press at the door-Nurmi lay on his back on the rubbing table. with Hugo Quist, his manager, dousing rubstuff on him and spanking the muscles of his thighs with a

"I am Joie Ray," he said. "I want to shake hands "I am Joie Ray," he said. "I want to shake hands with Nurmi. The didn't recognize me outside." "Let him in." said Hugo, and Joie came up to the rubbing table.

"This is Joie Ray, the fellow who ran against you: the great American runner," Hugo said io Paavo. "Shake hands with him."

Nurmi's pale blue eyes, which always seem either haughty or brooding or just fishy, accord-ing to your own reading of the expression which

never changes, were gazing at the solled ceiling of a foul little cubby hole under the stairway. He did not turn his head to look at Joie Ray nor lift his hand to take Jole's. But Ray, not to be denied his gesture and somewhat taken aback, grabbed Nurmi's fingers and gave them a limp flip. He stood by a moment in utter nonplusment, then burrowed through the Finns to the exit.

Hugo Quist had Nurmi sequestered in his mod-est home in an apartment house in the Bronx and usually when any one called to inspect Paavo in the intimate phases of his life Paavo was out running in the park or sleeping or otherwise inaccessi-ble. Although it was inevitable that he would be run down and cornered in time. Paavo completely licked American curiosity as to what sort of a man he was beyond the fact that he was a man with beautifully symmetrical legs, the heart and respiratory apparatus of the human ideal, who ad a knack for picking up his feet and laying them down again.

On the night of his first race in the old Garden Mr. Al Copeland, one of the greatest track ath-letes of his own time and as fine a judge as any of the form and quality of runners, sat back after watching Paavo's first lap on the splintered pin rim and said, "Yes, he's a runner." And Walter Camp, who was not in the habit of sitting up nights watching students, policemen and clerks in solled white underwear flounder around the indoor tracks felt repaid for his trouble in souling into tracks, felt repaid for his trouble in squirming into the crowded arena to watch Paavo Nurmi pick them up and lay them down.

During that campaign Paavo always seemed to consider himself as one man on the track running against the watch which he was supposed to carry in his hand, but whether he did carry a watch or not nobody could definitely tell. It may have beer a time-table or it may have been nothing at all and his gesture a more theatrical move, for he was inscrutable, and you couldn't be sure whether he was putting on the drama for the sake of the gate receipts or actually timing himself like an engi-ncer in a cab, knowing that he had only to turn on the speed to make his legs move faster.

His fantastic feat of running in New York, Chi-cago and New York again on three successive evenings and breaking the existing records for each distance undertaken will be remembered above other achievements just as great because it was so

startling. And whether he is an amateur or a professional never got close to him. But whether Paavo was doing so well that he felt he could afford to ignore the great millionaire maker or wasn't making any money and didn't want to make any, he has never said. The matter of his earnings, great or little or not at all, has no bearing on the fact that Paavo ran away from the greatest runners that America could put on the planks and set people to writing poetry about his grace, rhythm, symmetry and mystery of a silent little yellow-haired outlander in a pale-blue shirt.

We were to be peacemakers. And it was written in the Bible, "Blessed are the peacemakers"—that was we-uns. We were to help make peace, the only way the Germans would understand. But I couldn't help a-wonderin' why there wasn't some other way to get peace except by fightin' for it.

#### Soldiering.

And all of this time while I was struggling with my doubts I was going on with my training and sorter fitting into camp life. I obeyed orders. I did everything I was told to do. I tried my best to be a good soldier.

#### November, 1917.

Camp Gordon, Georgia. I was placed in the Twenty-first Training Battalion, and there I was called out the first morning of my Army life to police up in the yard all the cigarette butte, and I beucht that the variation has a didn't amorn but I did it just the same. I hain't never travelled much before going to

camp. I hain't never been out of the mountains before, and I'm a-telling you I missed them right smart. It's pretty flat and sandy country down there in Georgia, and there pain't no strength or seasonin' in it. Hit shore needs hills and mountains most awful bad.

#### December, 1917.

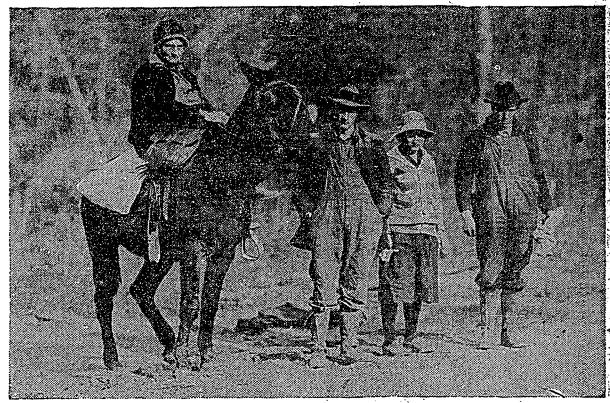
Camp Gordon, Georgia. So I stayed there and did squads right and squads left until the first of February, 1918, and then I was sent to Company G, 328th Battalion, Eighty-second Division. The Eighty-second Division was known as the

All-American Division. We wore the Insignia AA on our shoulder. We were made up of boys from 'most every State in the Union. There were some mountaineers. Not many of them, though. Jes' a few. There were Jews from the East Side of New York; there were English and Irish boys from the mill towns of New England; there were Greeks and Italians from some of the big citles in the East; there were Poles and Slavs from the coal mines of Pennsylvania, there were farmers from the Middle West; there were cow punchers from the Middle West; there were cow punchers from Oklahoma and Texas, and there were even some German boys. One-fifth of our men were of foreign birth, and several hundred were not even citizens of the United States. A right smart number of them couldn't speak or understand the American language. And a whole heap couldn't read or write, or even sign their own names.

#### February, 1918.

Camp Gordon, Georgia. So there they put me by some Greeks and Italians to sleep. Well, I couldn't understand them and they couldn't un-derstand me, and I was the homesickes, boy you ever seen, hol hol I had never had nothing to do nohow with foreigners before. When I first heard them talk I kinder thought they were angry with each other; they seemed to talk so fast and loud. I couldn't pronounce their names nohow. There was a great big Pole in our outfit whose named was Private Theodore Sok. That was easy. We jes' called him Sok. There was another, Private Maryan E. Dy-mowski. I never could get the straight of that nohow. And then there was Private Joe Konotski. I couldn't do much with that either. And there was Private Mario Muzzi and Michael Saccina. These are only a few of the foreigners we done had in my platoon. But they kinder give some idea of what a mixed-up gang we had in the All-American Division.

around us into a happy



A group of mountain folks, friends of Sergt. York.

I ricollect a heap of our fellows were sorter short on this saluting business. So one day the major got us together and talked to us. He told us that we were soldiers and we had to salute. Then he explained to us that we had to salute. Then he explained to us that when we saluted an officer we weren't admittin' nohow that we were under him or inferior to him; we were jes letting him know that we were his friends. He told us how the salute began. It was over there in England. They had a big civil war something like ours here in America. The side that was beaten was mussed up earling had. Some of them were killed. Some of them were put in jail, some of them were shipped away acrost the seas, and a whole heap of them were driven into the forest where they were hunted jes like wild animals. They had to keep moving jes in order to keep alive. Their sufferings sorter drew them together. Of course, they were desperate and did a lot of killing. But not among themselves. Whenever

without official leave). And I was a conscientious objector. So they didn't understand me either. But most of them let me alone. And that's all that I asked for. So they let it go at that. I guess Maj. Buxton and Capt. Danforth must have lost a heap of sleep there trying to figure out how to handle that-there gang of wild men But I'm a-thinking them-there officers knowed in their hearts that if ever they got them safe overseas and into the front-line trenches they would have a bunch of fighters under them that never would stop until they done mussed up the Germans right smart and busted a hole right through that-there old Hindenburg line. But the puzzling thing was to keep them together and to handle them in the right sort of way until they were overseas. That was a job, I'm a-tellin? you, and I ain't a-foolin' nohow. Them-there boys jes had to fight.

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# Analysis of Increase of Militarism Below Border

By J. W. T. MASON.

N TORK (U.P.).—Mexico's revolutionary activities indicate more than anything else that the country's military chieftains are not yet ready to see their nation's government pass under civilian control. President Portes Gil is not a military man of experience. He has essentially the legal mind and represents far more the civil population than any other chief executive Mexico has had since the overthrow of the Diaz "autoc has had since the overthrow of the Diaz "autoc-nacy." The military powers of Mexico believe they are exclusively responsible for the regime which succeeded Diaz and they do not want to recognize the superiority of a civilian administration.

In this respect, Mexico is divided into two geographical parts. The north, especially Sonora. is predominantly military. The rest of Mexico in-clines far more toward civilian control, though there are independent military leaders with politi-cal ambitions in the gulf district. The main strength of the revolution against the Portes Gil administration had its initiating center in Sonora. The Sonora mlitarists have always been known in Atexico as the most skillful in strategy, while Sonora's proximity to the United States has permitted military supplies intermittently to drift across the border.

#### Resentment Again 2 Calles.

There is widespread resentment among the Sphoristz against ex-President Calles, too. He is the most successful of the Sonora militarists and sained the presidency largely through Sonera's help. But he recently turned his back on his old comrades in arms and sought to give Mexico a civilian government through Fortes Gil. Sonora-accepted the challenge by revolting. Fortes Gil's military incompetence caused him

All and the second s

to make Calles minister of war on the insurrec-tionist outbreak. Calles, taking active control of all military operations, really assumed charge of the Mexican government. Military control thus

the Mexican government. Military control thus superseded civilian control after scarcely three menths experiment with the latter. Callee is making wer predominantly against Sonore's generals, who regard him as a traitor to themselves. That is why, at the first outbreak of the reveat, they declared that the insurrectionary movement would continue as long as Calles' re-mained in Merico. With him out of the new them mained in Mexico. With him out of the way, they consider their power over civilian administration

in Mexico City will eventually reassert itself. The resumment of the northerners is bound to continue for a long time, even though Galles be successful in the major field battles. There is a division of sentiment between the northerners a division of sentiment between the northerners and the rest of the Mexicans too deep for early healing. The northern threat against civilian rule is bound to hang over Mexico for a long time. Portes Gil's term as provisional president has two years to run. If in that period Calles can defi-nitely suppress the militaristic spirit of the north, he will have worked a miracle. Should he be unable to do so a militarist will probably be the next Mexican president, governing, as all successful. Mexican rulers have governed in the past, through the support of the army.

Church Supplies Transit. Malden, Mass. (U.P.).—The Rev. Edward L. Loomis, Baptist pastor, has purchased on behalfs of his church an expensive sedan. In litelderly, and invalid members of his congregation will be driven to church each Sunday to hear him preach



CHAPTER 5. TO THE FRONT.

Harry Parsons, of Brooklyn, N. Y. He'd been an actor and he was jes a natcheralborn entertainer. He used to lead us in singing. He used to entertain us at night, and when we were out on a long rout march and were tired out he would gather us around and go to it and then we would all get to laughing and singing. That's one of the ways he handled us. He was a big husky sort of fellow. He knowed how to handle that plasort of fellow. He knowed how to handle that pla-toon. He didn't fight unless he had to, and then he thad a habit of biting his teeth together and putting his chin out and letting fly with both hands at the same time. And when he did that somebody went down, and it was never him. But he never manhandled our fellows unless he had to. But when he had to he made a right-smart job of it. Something must have happened to him over there in the Argonne, because when he come home hs was changed. He went back on the stage but

he done lost his power to entertain. "Then we had two of the wildest fighting corpo-rais that ever knocked them down and dragged them out. One of them was Bernard Early. He used to be a bartender in Connecticut. The amount of liquor he could put away was most amazing. And when it come to fighting he jes couldn't be beat. Early come from Ireland where they jes natcherly breed fighting men. In and around the camp, in the saloon or over in the front lines in France, it was all the same to Bernie. If there was a fight he was happy. If there wasn't he was kinder always looking for one. But he was He was a right-smart soldier, too, most awful brave. I guess he hain't never known what fear

was. His particular buddy was another corporal. William S. Cutting. He was a Pole from around Boston and New York, where he used to be an ice man. He was always rarin' to go. You ought to've heard him talk. He was funny-oncet he said that when he got into the front-line trenches if the Germans ever threw bombs at him he would jes eat them-there bombs for breakfast. Thesehere two corporals were jes about the hard-bolled-est soldiers I ever knowed. It took me a long time to understand them, and I'm a thinkin' I ain't mever really done it. But jes the same, once they done gone into action, it shore enough cost the Germans a heap more bother than a whole swarm of hornets or bumblebees ever could have.

Among the privates was that-there Sok. For a long time I didn't ever know that was his real name. I thought it was a nickname. When he went berserker over there at the front it looked

went berserker over there at the front it looked as if he never would stop nohow until he got right through to Berlin. Then there was Michael Saccina, a little Italian. I think he come from New York. After the fight in the Argonne he likened the German major's whistle to the little whistle on a peanut stand at here in New York. home in New York. That sorter speaks for itself. And there was Joe Konotski and Walter Swanson and Muzzi and Beardsley and Johnson and a Heap of others; all of them most awful hard Tightin' men and most awful hust awful hard fightin' men and most awful tough soldiers. Most of them were always causing a lot of trouble; but they bothered the Germans a heap more than they bothered anybody else. I ricollect, too, we had a couple of farm boys from the South with us. Ho!

No! When we were in New York, before sailing, they got their safety razors. They didn't understand them nohow. One of them fixed up his razor and tried to shave with it, but it weren't no good. He looked at it and said: "Anything the Government gives you for nothing ain't never no good." and with a sort of disgusted look on his face he throws ed it away. The other one tried several times without even cutting a hair. Then he throwed his away too, and said he "never had no use for the Democrats nohow," and now they were in power they had to go and buy razors that wouldn't shave. Ho! ho! They were trying to shave with

the wax paper on the blades! So these were the sort of soldier boys that I was So these were the sort of soldier boys that I was in with in the Eighty-second division. Jes a bunch of hard-living, hard-fighting doughboys; always spolling for a scrap. But when you got to know them, they were jes about as fine a bunch of buddles as ever got together and did squads right and squads left, and when they got into it over there they iss kept on agoin.' over there they jes kept on agoin.' Of course, it takened me a long time to get to know, them. In camp I never did think I would larn to understand them, and I guess they couldn't figure me out nohow. They knowed that I was a conscientious objector, and they hadn't much use for that. They jes didn't understand. Some-times they got to teasing me most awful bad, but I never done any arguing with them. I hadn't anything to say or any fault to find, and I wasn't going to quarrel or fight with them no matter what they done. I didn't want to fight nobody and least of all American doughboys So we went on training together through the early months of 1918.

takes too long to reload. It don't carry far enough, and it's too heavy. So I had to get used to the Army rifle. And I did. I cleaned it up. I takened it to pieces. I put it together agin. I nursed it and doctored it. I learned all about it. Then we went out on the rifle ranges to practise shooting. The mthere Greeks and

I did a heap of thinking and praying.

Italians and Poles and New York Jews and some of the boys from the big cities hadn't been used to handling guns. Some of them didn't even know how to load them, and when they fired they not only missed the targets, they missed the back-grounds on which the targets were fixed. They

alone. I had to carry my suit case, too. Hol hol It kinder hurt to say good-by to Mother. And It kinder hurt to say good-by to Mother. And I jes knowed I would never forget that-there last meeting in the lane with Gracie. But I ain't a-writing about those things. There are some things in your life that you can't do nothing else with but jest sorter feel deep inside of you. And that's the way it was with me.



grounds on which the targets were fixed. They missed everything but the sky. It shore was dangerous scoring for them boys. Of course, it weren't no trouble nohow for me to hit them great big Army targets. They were so much bigger than turkeys' heads. And an Army bull's-eye is about a million times bigger than a criss-cross cut with a sharp knife on a piece of board or a tree; and that's the target we most often used in our shooting matches at home. We had to cut the center right out to win anything. That's the sort of shooting I was used to. So I made a tol'able score on the shooting ranges in camp. I got my pass to go home in late March. I takened the train as far as I could and then I hiked the last 12 miles over the mountains, alone, I had to carry my suit case, too. Hol hol

MARCH 29. Pall Mall, Tenn. So I had to start back

MAY 24. Floraville, France. We eat our breaklast at Eu and then hiked to Floraville, and we stayed. at Floraville a few days.

Field Marchal Haig and his staff inspected one of our battalions here. The British commander made a right-smart impression on the boys. While he was with them he went and inspected one of the kitchens. One of the cooks was a great big cellow from Tennessee, and the field marshal asked him if everything was all right, and he said, "No, everything is all wrong, most awfully, all wrong—there was no salt." The field marshal with him, and asked for an explanation. The quartermaster said the two last salt ships were torpedoed and there was a shortage. The field marshal then instructed him to immediately send. some salt to the American kitchen. That kinder tickled our boys. Our own Gen. Pershing also inspected us. We

were anxious to make a right-smart impression on him, because we knowed if we did we would get up to the front-line trenches so much quicker, and our boys were les rarin' to go. Gen. Persi-ing made even a better impression than Field Marshal Haig, and he seemed sorter satisfied with us. So you see here we were in France. And we were inspected by two commanders in chief and we got by all right. We shore were a different outfit to the rambunshus crowd of half-wild men that first got together in Camp Gordon, in Georgia.

Anyone who thinks that soldiering is jes goin back in again and fighin', is jes plumb foolin back in again and fighin', is jes plumb foolin' himself. Weeks pased and we never seen a trench except the training ones. We never once heard the sound of guns. All we did was hike, and hike, and hike—and then hike again. They shore kept us a-going-hiking. It seemed as though they had sent us to France to kinder test out the strength of them-there American military shoes.

JUNE 4. Mons Babert, France. Hiked here and we stayed a few days.

And the boys were beginning to think by this time that we weren't a-fightin' outfit at all. We were jes sorter touring France-on the hoof. Ho! ho! I didn't mind it much because I was used to hunting and tramping over the moun-tains. But them-there Greeks and Jews and Italians from the cities shore filled their shoes full of blisters. But then hopt a gainates the full of blisters. But they kept a-going jes the same. I'm a-tellin' you them boys were coming along right smart. I was beginning to get kinder fond of them. They were sorter human jes like the mountain boys I had knowed all my life. Of course, they were not as strong or as good hikers or shooters, but I was beginning to larn they had a few things about them which the mount-

ain boys didn't have no-how. Them-there city boys shore nursed their leet, jes about as careful as I nursed my guns. JUNE (no date). Fresseneville, France. Went on to Fresseneville. JUNE (no date). Toul, France. Entrained for Toul and we got to Toul and got off the train.

JUNE 20. Lucy, France. Hiked to So you see I didn't see much of England. I'd traveled over 3,000 miles from my home to get there, and when I did get there all I did was hike and catch trains and keep moving. I might Lucy Lucy. Of course, of a night time if we was near a town some of the boys got leave. Some of them got all tanked up with vin rouge and cognac, and being coldient them jes as well have been in Georgia, only the English country was more beautiful. It was soit of rolling-like and the parks and fields were so neat and tidy that it 'most looked as though they had special gardeners to look after every and, being soldiers, they was right smart when it come to finding them-Of course, we were all anxious to get to France. there pretty French girls. Some them knowed more about hunting and finding them, too, than I did about trailing coon and fox back there on the mountains at home. They were fuller of fight than ever. It was in them and it had to come out. They couldn't get at the Ger-mans yet, so they sorter practiced out on them-selves. There was a heap of Irish and Poles in our platoon, and one night in one of the cafes one of the Irish boys said he didn't believe the Poles could fight nohow. Ho ho! That shore started it! They went at it with fists and belts. They turned that cafe into a no man's land, only worse, and we had to turn out the guard to stop it. I'm atellin' you, there was nothin' mean or bad about the boys. They was jes sorter full of I didn't go into the towns much. I had put all of the drinkin' and fist-fightin' away behind me. I left it back home on the Kentucky line. I didn't have a drink all

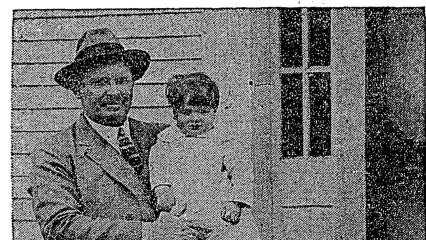
that was all. They did what they wanted to do. So did I. Our ways were different. We let it go at that. I did a heap of reading from the Bible. I read it through several times over there. I worked on my little dhry. I was a awful slow writer and thinker. And though I didn't put much in it, it tuk up plenty of time les the same. I used to go around, too, a little with Corpl.

Murray Savage. About this time we were going in again for bayonet practice. We had to rush the dummies the instructors set up and stab bayonets into them and muss them up. That sorter set me to worrying agin. I knowed the time was com-ing when I might have to do the same thing to the Gamana. And though I knowed now that we the Germans. And though I knowed now that we were fighting for peace, still it made me feel queer to think I might have to cut up human beings. I still didn't want to kill. I still did feel somehow that it was wrong—terrible wrong for hu-man beings to take each other's life. I don't know why I still felt like this. But I did jes the same.

#### **JUNE 26.**

Ramracourt, France,---We hiked a little ways and then taken the train for a short ride and then we got off train for a short ride and then we got off train and hiked to Ramracourt and we stayed at Ramracourt until after dark and then we went up and took over the front line trenches for the first time first time.

We were going in at last. We could hear the guns away in the distance now, jes like the thunder in the hills at home. We seed a right-smart lot of deserted trenches with wire en-tanglements, all sharled and mussed up. We seed gun emplacements half full of water. We passed an awful lot of graves with little wooden crosses at their heads. I'm a-tellin' you that brought it home to us. And all the roads were sorter blocked up with troops coming and going and blocked up with troops coming and going an blocked up with troops coming and going and artillery transports. As we got up closer, we could hear the rifles barking and the machine guns spitting, and soon the bullets started coming over. They were stray bullets. The Germans were firing in the front line ahead of us and they were miss-ing the parapet and coming right back among. us. It was the first time that we were under fire, and convert we ware a little nervous The and, of course, we were a little nervous. The officers told us boys that it was all right that not injure us, and not to mind them. And one not injure us, and not to mind them. And one of them-there Italian boys grinned and give as his opinion that it didn't matter whether they were strays or not, that if they hit us they would do jes as much, damage as if they was aimed at us. As we got right up close some of the boys began to duck as the bullets come over. And then somebody else 'lowed that weren't no use ducking nohow, because you never hear the one that hits you. We went in and takened over the front line at night time.



**JUNE 27.** 

Mount Sec Sector, France, And we leaved the Twenty-sixth Division, boys at night in the Mount Sec Sector at Ramicorn and we stayed there until the 4th of July.

It was a quiet sector where they put new troops into training before sending them out to No Man's Land. The Greeks and Italians and all the other boys done fairly well. They shore were turning out to be the bestest soldiers. I was often turning out to be the bestest soldiers. I was offen out on No Man's Land. I done some patrolling. I handled an automatic squad. We were simed with French sho-sho rifles. They were sort of portable machine guns. They fired about eight-een shots without reloading. They were not much good nohow. They were big and clumsy. They were too heavy. They were not accurate or silent. You never could be shore you would hit what you fired at, no matter how good a shot you were. All you could do with them was make a lot of noise, and waste a heap of ammunition and hope for the best. They weren't near as good as the for the best. They weren't near as good as the sawed-off shotguns.

We had a heap of big stuff from the artillery coming over and some gas, and we had to put on them pesky gas masks agin. The German snipers were always after us. They were good marksmen. They could bust a periscope 'most every shot. They knowed how to keep our heads down, too. The bullets was always coming over, humming and buzzing around our ears, jes like a lot of mad-hornets or bumble bees when you rob their nests.

I did a heap of thinking and praying at this time. And more'n ever I jes knowed I was going to get back all right. I believed in God and in His promises. And I knowed as long as I did that He would believe in and watch over me, and there one night in that old front-line trench, I wrote in my diary:

#### JULY 1.

Mt. Sec. Sector, France. A few words on Christian witness in war and why a Christian does worry. Yet there is no use worrying about anything except, the worry of so many souls who have passed out into the deep of an unknown world and has left no testimony as to the welfair of their souls. There is no use of worrying about shells, for you can't keep them from bursting in your trench nor you can't stop the rain or prevent a light from going up jes as you are half way over the parapet—so what is the use of worrying if you can't alter things, just ask God to help you and accept them and make the best of them by the help of God; yet some men do worry and by doing so they effectually destroy their peace of mind without doing any one any good. Yet it is often the re-ligious man who worries. I have even heard those whose care was for the soldier soul. deplore the fact that he did not worry, I have heard it said that the soldier is so careless, realizes his position so little.

Up there in the front line I knowed as I had never knowed before what a comforting thing religion is. So I clung to my faith all the time. I read my testament everywhere. I read it in the dugouts, in the fox holes, in the front lines and everywhere. Hit was my rock to cling to; hit and my diary.

The trouble with our boys when we went into this quiet sector, was they would want to go out on top of the trenches and start something. They was wanting to get into it and get it over. I knowed now that the Greeks and Italians and Poles and New York Jews were fighters. Hol ho: As right-smart fighters as the American-borned boys. They didn't want to lay around and do nothing. And they would even go on top and get the Germans out. Once one of them come up to me right there in the front line and asked me. "Where is the War?"

They was always wanting to go over the topand keep a-going. They shore were ambitious. Well, we would stay in a quiet sector for a few days. Then we would pull out and hike off to another, and then another, until we gradually worked our way into the real fighting sectors.

#### MARCH. 1918.

MARCH, 1918. Camp Gordon, Ga. Well, they give me a gun and oh my that old gun was jes full of Greece and I hed to clean that old gun for enspection. So I had a hard time to get that old gun clean. So when I got this gun I begin to drill with the gun, and we had to hike once a week. So I have seen many boy fall out of the hikes. We would haft to take long blies with all our stuff on haft to take long hikes with all our stuff on our back and carry that gun. Ho! ho! And we would haft to go out before daylight and have sham battles. So I begin to wan a pass to go home.

That first Army rifle that was issued me was all full of grease, gun grease of some kind. Of course, I didn't like that. The rifles we used in the mountains we always kept clean. They were most all muzzle loaders. And I'm a-tellin' you up to 100 yards they could out-shoot them-there Army rifles any time. But, of course, a muzzle

Pall Mail, Tenn. So I had to start back to my company, and that was a heart-breaking time for me, as I knowed I had to go to France. But I went back to my company, trusting in my God and asking Him to keep me, although I had many trials and much hardship and temptation. But yet I could holy and up set: yet I could look and up say: O God, in hope that sends the shining ray. Far down the future's broadening way; In peace that only Thou canst give; With Thee, O Master, let me live. Then it was that the Lord would bless me, and almost felt sure of coming home, for the Lord was with me.

#### APRIL 19.

Camp Gordon, Ga. So we left Camp Gordon in the afternoon.

APRIL 21. Camp Upton, N. Y. We got to Camp Upton, N. Y., so we stayed there a few days and drilled. APRIL 30.

Boston, Mass. We went to Boston, Mass.

MAY 1. Boston, Mass. About 4 o'clock am we got

on board the old Scandaneven ship and start-ed for France.

We left Boston and sailed down around to New York Harbor and we stopped there until we got our convoy, and then we lit out. And that was the first time that I had ever seed the open sea. It was too much water for me. Like me, Mark Twain, whose parents come from Jimtown, was borned inland. And he never seed the ocean until he growed up. And when he stood on the beech and seed it for the first time, his friends asked him what he thought of it, and he said, "It was a success." But when Mark said that he weren't on the ocean. He were on the shore. And when our old boat got away out and begun to pitch and toss I jes knowed Mark was wrong.

We wanted to get into it and get it over. We had a sorter idea that they would rush us right to those old front-line trenches and let us get at the Germans without losing any time. MAY 21.

stood

in the evening.

Southampton.

England to France.

few acres of them.

Southampton.

19.

Over There.

MAY 16.

MAY 17.

MAY 18.

England.

MAY 19.

MAY 20.

Southampton, England. Stayed there the

Southampton, England. We started from

a little camp called Knotteash on the 17.

Liverpool, England. We got off the boat

Camp Knotteash, England. We stayed at

the trip right smart.

We went to

That kinder impressed me. It sorter made up for their bad shooting. I sorter got to like them more.

Laharve, France. So we got to France at Laharve, there we turned in our guns and got British guns.

We crossed the English Channel on the H. M. S. Viper. It was more like a bucking mule than a boat. We were only on it for a few hours, but a boat. We were only on it for a few hours, but that was a-plenty. Long before we landed, I didn't care whether we stayed up or went down, whether we got there or didn't get there. I didn't care about anything. I was kinder miserable. I missed the mountains of Tennessee more'n ever.

We spent our first night in France in a little camp outside of Laharve. We had to turn in our guns and get British guns. I had takened a liking to mine by this time. I had takened it apart and cleaned it up so often that I had learned every piece, and could almost put it back together with my eyes shut. The Greeks and Italians and Jews and Poles were improving. They had stayed continuously on the rifle range for a month or two, and got so they could do shoot-ing. They were fairly good pals, too. But I missed the mountain boys. I was the only mountaineer in the regiment. I was the largest in our platoon. We got our first gas masks in Laharve. That brought the war a whole heap closer. I never did

like those pesky gas masks. We traveled in box cars. They were marked, "Forty men or eight horses." One of our boys who was detailed to load the cars, went to the captain and said: "Captain, I loaded the 40 men all right, but if you put the eight horses in too they will shore trample the boys to death. Ho! ho! MAY 22.

Eu, France. Taken the train at Laharve and come to a little place called Eu.

the time I was in France. I didn't have a fist fight or an argument. I didn't swear or smoke either. I wasn't any better'n any of the other boys. It was jes my way of livin',

Sergt. Alvin C. York and his three sons in front of his home in the Valley of the Three Forks of the Wolf.

July 4. Carniville, France. Then we come out to Carniville and stayed there until July 17.

July 17. Ramicorn, France. Went back in the lines again and stayed until July 25.

July 25. Ramicorn, France. We come out.

August 2. Montrees, France. We went in again in the sector at Montrees.

#### August 8. Montrees, France. Come out again.

While we were in these so-called quiet sectors, four of our men were detailed to take the chow to the front-line outposts. It was night time, of course. They were given the necessary pass words, But one of them, on the return, got separated and also forgot the pass words. This was serious. Then he done something which sorter showed the kind of soldier he was. He waited quietly for about half hour until another soldier come along. He then halted him in the customary way advanced him, received the password, and let him pass by. He done pretended he was on guard duty and so done received the password and got back all right. He was a Greek and he spoke very little English, but that didn't stop him nohow. I'm a-telling you that's soldiering for you; that's using your head!.

The Greeks and Italians and Poles and New York Jews, ho! ho!-they were men. I was beginning to understand them.

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Bv EVELYN GRAHAM. (Copyright, 1929. All rights reserved.)

INSTALLMENT NO. 17.

W HILE Princess Mary has never been an overanxious or nervous mother, she has supervised every detail of her small sons' welfare.

A friend of the princess, herself also a young mother, once asked her if she had not anxiously "I did," replied Princess Mary, "but not so

eagerly as I did his first real smile. I do so want them to grow up with a sweet temper.

And those who have anything to do with the boys are sure her wish is to be gratified. Their upbringing has been of the simplest kind and, like the royal children themselves, they are never allowed to swank or condescend because of their royal blood

In his tender years the Prince of Wales was inclined to presume upon the fact that he was one day to be King of England.

Often his sister has laughingly informed him he must have been uplifted by the sight of his christening cake, which was surmounted by a cradie on which was a crown over which waved the royal arms and the Union Jack.

Today the prince is the most charming and un-

affected of young men. . But Princess Mary still sometimes teases him about what his grandfather once referred to as his "bumptious" days and asks him if he is still as fond of being saluted as he was when, as a baby of 4, he would, if he could escape his nurse's vigilance, run past the guard in order to see them salute him.

#### Holidays at Sussex Seaport.

. This year George and Gerald went to Little-hampton for their holidays, as some years ago did their small relative. Lord Macduff, who often slumbered placidly in his perambulator on the sands while his mother, Princess Arthur of Con-

naught, watched by his side. Few of the visitors to Littlehampton had any Few of the visitors to Littlehampton had any idea that the two sturdy, brown-limbed lads in jerseys, shorts and shady hats were King George's grandsons.

They played happily on the sands, mixed freely with other children, and enjoyed themselves much as docs the average healthy child on its annual holiday. They are both very fond of the sea and on one occasion the younger, Master Geraid, walked fully dressed into the water----"just for fun." he cheerfully explained to the nurse, who rushed anxiously after him.

When I saw them they were brown as ber-ries, with the clear, healthy tan of sturdy childhood. Their socks had slipped down in the most approved manner of boyhood. Around his left knee Master George wore a bandage showing how in one of his games he had slipped and cut it on a stone.

Both boys are growing very quickly just now and promise to rival their father in height. They are particularly fond of building sand castles at which the younger is even better than his brother.

#### True Yorkshire Lads.

On one occasion they had erected a very stately edifice, surrounded by a most and with a flag on top. Then, as they were contemplating it with great pride there arose the difficulty of naming the sand mansion.

"It's a beauty," Master George observed, with a quite perceptible swelling of his small chest. "What shall we call it?" "Buck'n'harn Palace," hopefully suggested his

younger brother. "Oh. no." came the quick answer, 'it's too good for that. We'll call it Goldsbro!"

Princess Mary, when rebuking her small boys for some childish misdemeanor, would sometimes

tell them. "I never did that when I was little." Once Master George-becoming, like every

child, a little weary of the prospect of maternal perfection—looked up into the face of his grand-father, on whose knee he chanced to be sitting, and asked, "Grandpa, was Mummie always good when she was little like me?"

King George looked at his daughter and his eyes began to twinkle. "Always, my dear, always." he answered. "particularly when she was asleep."

#### Likes Books of Biography.

Princess Mary reads a fair number of novels though she is not particularly interested in the ultramodern school of fiction. She also likes biography and books of travel.

Lord Lascelles is interested in volumes deal-ing with art in all its aspects and subscribes co all the recognized monthlies and quarterlies devoted to the interests of the collector.



Hon. George Lascelles is growing to be a big boy and last month he turned out to see the Bramham Moor Hunt, this photograph having been taken at that time.

### The family life at Goldsborough Hall differs little from that of any large country house. Both Lord Lascelles and the princess have simple tastes, which, perhaps, was one of the things that first drew them together While the household is al-ways ordered, with a due regard to what is fitting, there is no ostentation, no excessive luxury and no waste.

Both Princess Mary and her husband take a keen interest in all vital questions of the day and the men of affairs and the professors of science whom they occasionally meet, find them

unusually well informed on the progress of mod-ern thought and the latest scientific developments

Of all the members of the British royal family.

Princess Mary is the least traveled. True, she paid visits to Norway and later to Germany in her early girlhood, made a postwar tour in France as a V. A. D. commandant and, after her marriage, spent part of her honeymoon in Italy, but she has not been able to visit the tarefung corpores of the empire as have her far-flung corners of the empire, as have her brothers.

Princess Mary delights in travel. During the early years of her married life she would certainly have indulged in it more extensively if it had not been tor the arrival of her two sons, when she rightly considered it was her duty to remain at and personally superintend their early upbringing.

When the younger boy was nearly 4 and the elder over 5, Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles decided that they might safely leave them to the care of the nurses. The choice of destination was left to Princess

Mary, who unhesitatingly decided on Egypt. The thought of that land of old enchanments had always fascinated her, an attraction which had been fostered by accounts given her by other members of the royal family who had visited the land of the Pharaohs.

Lord Lascelles whole-heartedly concurred in his wife's choice of an itinerary for their tour.

Their itinerary mapped out, they left London for Egypt on March 8, 1928, a week after the sixth anniversary of their wedding day, accompanied by Viscount and Viscountess Boyne. The visit was not an official one, but it was not

# as private as had been their honeymoon trip, for during the tour there were to be the usual num-ber of presentations and official functions.

#### Undeterred by Cairo Riots.

At Victoria Station they were received by the Hon. Alexander Shaw, deputy chairman of the P. & O. Line, and the Hon. Elsle Mackay, who later lost her life attempting to fly the Atlantic with

lost her life attempting to fly the Atlantic with Capt. Hinchliffe. Miss Mackay, who was a daughter of Lord and Lady Inchcape, had personally superintended the decorations in the staterooms which Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles were to occupy. Later the princess sent her a special message of thanks. After chatting a little, Princess Mary and Vis-count Lascelles caught the Bombay express for

Folkestone and from there crossed the Channel. On March 9 they embarked on the Ranchi for Egypt, where they were to be the guests of Lord and Lady Lloyd at Cairo for a month.

At this time serious riots were taking place at Cairo and there was some mention of the royal would not hear. She insisted that the itinerary should not in any way be altered, and that the



Egypt's dual rulers are seen above. At the left is Lord Lloyd, who has been British high commissioner since 1925 and whose wife is the daughter of Hon. Frederick Canning Lascelles, who was the second son of the fourth Earl of Harewood and who was thus an uncleof the present Viscount Lascelles. At the right is Faud I. King of Egypt.

## carefully arranged program should be carried out

carefully arranged program should be carried out in every detail. They arrived at Port Said on March 14. There they were met by Said Zulfikar Pasha, Lord Lloyd and Lord Inchcape. Here Princess Mary had her first glimpse of an Eastern port, with its color, its ever-changing panorama, its strange sounds, its strange sights and its still more strange smells.

But they could not linger at the port. After the greetings were over, they embarked on board the

Suez Canal Co.'s yacht Aigrette and sailed to Ismalia, where they lunched. In the afternoon they traveled to Cairo by special train.

#### Train de Luxe Had Mishaps.

To the princess' great delight there was a guard of honor of Girl Guides awaiting her on the platform. She walked eagerly down the lines, saying a few words to the commissioner in charge

Walting to words to the commissioner in charge before passing on her way. Walting to welcome Princess Mary at Cairo were Lady Lloyd, her hostess; N. H. Henderson, Sir John and Lady Percival, Dr. Gwynne, the Anglican Bishop of Egypt and the officer commanding the Second Batalion of the Royal Scots. Princess Marvis own regiment Mary's own regiment. At this time the train de luxe from Luxor, one

At this time the train de luxe from Luxor, one very similar to that used by the princess, met with a serious mishap and arrived four hours late, and with two coaches burned to the ground. Fortunate-ly, no lives were lost, but a rumor became current that it was actually the train on which Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles had traveled, and much anxiety was caused in all quarters until the truth had been ascertained. Princess Mary found in Cairo the expectations of

had been ascertained. Princess Mary found in Cairo the expectations of all her dreams. This was her first touch with the East and for the first few days she reveled in the newness of her surroundings and the quaint-ness of the customs with which she was surthing she saw, and made a point of seeing some-thing of the life led by the real natives of Egypt, especially the Arabs.

Always interested in the arts. Princess Mary spent the first morning of her visit in the Cairo Museum, while Lord Lascelles went to call upon King Fuad.

Princess Mary was attracted greatly by the Tut-Ankh-Amen section of the museum What she saws there increased her eagerness to pay a personal

visit to the Valley of the Kings. In the afternoon, accompanied by Lady Lloyd, she also went to call upon King Fuad who con-ducted her to Haremlik and presented Queen Nazli to her.

At first a little shy, Queen Nazli was soon at her ease with her royal visitor from the West, and for two hours the two ladies talked together in French of these things which are always dear to the femi-nine heart. After Princess Mary's departure, Queen Nazli expresseed the greatest pleasure at having met her.

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RGEANT YORK'S OWN Edited by STO TOM SKEYHILL

#### CHAPTER VI. AT ST. MIHIEL.

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#### August 16.

PONTA MOUSSON, FEANCE. Went to Ponta Mousson and stayed there in the front until August 24.

August 24. To we-uns, all dirty and tired from being in the front line trenches and hiking all over France. Ponta Mousson was a kinder earthly paradise. It is in the valley on the banks of the Moselle River It was late summer, jes the time when the fruit is ready for picking. The trees and vines were loaded with grapes and apples and everything. The gardens were all kept up nice, with every-thing kinder ripe and ready, and there was plent of green grass and shade and cool, clean water. It was hard for us to imagine that we were still in the war. The city wasn't mussed up at all. I. hadn't been shelled no how. We heard there had been a kind of agreement between the French and Germans to leave it alone. So it had stayed there all by itself and unharmed for four years. We bathed and rested there. And got us some good fruit and laid out in the sunshine until we felt sort of remade all over again. August 24.

# August 24. Liverdon, France. Come out to Liverdon and stayed there until September 1.

September 1. Ponta Mousson, France. Went back to Ponta

When we entered the town this time we found that the French population had jes left before we arrived. Everything was left standing jes as it was. Even the tables were set and the food was was. Even the tables were set and the loss that is stole in still standing on the stoves. Some of us stole in and had the best food we done tasted for a long time. The beds were made; everything was clean and orderly. You see, the French population had been done told that the drive was beginning and been done told that the drive was beginning, and they had lit out as fast as they could, only taking with them what they could tote in their arms. About this time the Germans started to send over some big shells. They done a whole heap of dam-age to the nice little town and they done mussed up the orchards and done scattered the fruit all over the place. A little while later we heard the most awful explosion, jes as if an ammunition dump had been blowed up. We found out that our artillery done moved up some big naval guns. They were much bigger than tractors, and most awful long. They shore let the Germans have it. We could hear the big shells whinin' and whizzin' over our heads on their way to Metz, which was 15 miles away.

over our heads on their way to Metz, which was 15 miles away. We were now getting ready for the St. Mihiel drive, which was to be the first real battle we were in and the first major offensive for the American Army. It done opened with a most awful barrage from our big guns. It was the awfulest thing you ever heard. It made the air tremble and the ground shake. At times you couldn't hear your own voice nohow. The air was full of airplanes, and most of them American planes. There must have been hundreds of them. They were diving and circling around all over the place like a swarm of birds. We seed several right-smart fights away up there above us. One day we was sitting in a the of birds. We seed several right-smart lights away we up there above us. One day we was sitting in a trench, looking up and watching, when one of them-there East Side Jews lowed that he might be killed in a airplane accident, but if ever he was, the airplane would have to light on him. For a few days before the attack we waited on a little in hillside jes outside of Ponta Mousson, on the banks which the river. Then we moved up into the frontof the river. Then we moved up into the front-line trenches. We waited in them about a day and a night until the artillery done done its work, and it done done it right smart, too.

#### September 12.

St. Mihiel, France. And the big American drive started and we went over the top the night of the 12th; then we took a little town by the name of Norroy and went on to the top of another hill beyond Norroy.

Early on the morning of the 12th the guns let down a most awful heavy barrage, louder than a thunderstorm. And at daybreak we went over the top. We cut our way through the barbed wire and advanced on the little village of Norroy. But fast as we went forward the Germans kept on moving backwards, faster. They jes wouldn't stand and fight it out. Our battalion was right in the thick of it, and some of the other companies got mussed up right smart, but ours never lost a man. I don't know why, but we didn't. I'm a-thinking the Germans were in too much of a hurry to take careful aim. There was a plenty of machine-gun and artillery fire, but it didn't seem to find us. I done heard tell that it takes nearly a ton of lead to kill a man in a war. I kinder be-lleve it. There were bullets and shells everywhere, but the boys kept on a-going. None of them fell. There was no holding that there League of Nations of ours.. They wanted to push right on and not stop until they got to Berlin. They cussed the Germans out for not standing and they kept yelling at them to wait and fight it out. We con-tinued from Norroy on to the top of the hill beyond until we got in advance of their own flank and the Germans were enflading us. So we was ordered by our captain to dig in until some of the other troops got up. When we captured Norroy we mopped up the houses and went through the town looking for prisoners. A lot of our boys takened prisoner several barrels of wine. So they knocked the bungs out of them and drinked a whole mess of it. Then they were fuller of fight than ever. And there was one big house there, all locked up. It looked like headquarters, but when we done surrounded it and stormed it was a storehouse and it was full of Belgian hares. These hares rat. all over the place and our boys done chased them I'm a-telling you those barrels of wine and then there hares shore demoralized my Greeks and Italians. And when we started back in the night one of the boys takened a milk goat that was son. And when the officer done called to him and asked him what he was doing with that goat. he answered, "Sir, I am jes going back to put a little cream in my coffee." little cream in my coffee." When we dug in the hillside beyond Norroy we seen a little vineyard. We were very hungry, and them there grapes jes natcherly made our mouths water. So we begun to slip back after the grapes, but the Germans had an observation balloon, one of those big courses belloone up in the stic and but the Germans had an observation balloon, one of those big sausage balloons, up in the air, and they seed us and directed the German artillery to tech us off. So we had orders not to go back there any more. But that night I decided to go back and get me some of them grapes. I jes stalked back and was keeping very quiet so I couldn't be seen when a shell landed near and I jumped and ran and I done run right into my own captain. Capt. Danforth, of Augusta, Ga. He liked grapes, too, ho! ho! and we both fied. The Germans threw a lot of gas shells into Norroy, and we had to wear our gas masks for several hours. I had been made corporal before this battle. So I led the squad. I kinder think they almost led me. I mean I was supposed to be in the front and they were supposed to follow. But no matter how fast I went they wanted to go faster, so that they could get at the Germans.

The Greeks and Italians, the Poles and the Jews and the other city boys were still firing pretty wild. They were still mostly hitting the ground or the sky. They burned up a most awful lot of Uncle San's ammunition. But rey kept on a-go-ing jes the same. They were that full of fight that wild cats shore would have backed away from them

The St. Mihiel offensive must have been as com-plete a drive and as well arranged as ever could have been by any general of any army. It was a great success. The feeling of the majority of the boys was 100 per cent for Gen. Pershing. As a whole the Army was back of him, believed in him, and would follow him anywhere. They seemed to think as a general he was a right smart success. Aiter a few days in the front lines we were takened out to rest in a little valley jes back of Ponta Mousson. But I never did hear of that-there goat any more. I don't know whether the boy got the cream for his coffee or not.

#### The Argonne.

SEPTEMBER 17. St. Mihiel, France.—We come out to some woods and camped there and got us something

#### to eat. SEPTEMBER 23.

St. Mihiel, France.—We come on back to some more woods and then we stayed a few days.

SEPTEMBER 24. St. Mihiel, France.-We started for the Argonne forest.

We takened a little narrow gauge railroad to a place somewhere in France. We didn't know where it was. I don't think anybody except the officers knowed that. Here we come upon about 100 old French buses. They were big and painted white. The drivers were Chinese and most of them spoke French. I done never seen China-men before, and I jes couldn't keep my eyes off them. Some of our boys afterwards done told the story, I don't know how true it was, that one of them-there Chinamen kept a-pesterin' one our doughboys for a souvenir. The doughboy took a Mills grenade out of his pocket—one of them pesky little things, you pull the lever and in five seconds it explodes. Well, he pulled the lever and then handed it to the Chinaman and told him to put it to his ear and listen to it tick. Hol hol Them Chinamen were the awfulest drivers you ever seed. They must have sorter had the idea they had to get us there before they even started. We takened a little narrow gauge railroad to a

they had to get us there before they even started. The way they done tore and bumped those old French buses over those old French roads was enough to make your hair stand up straight. I'm a-thinking we were in more danger from them than we were from the Germans when we were in the front line. Two of the trucks turned over, but nobody was mussed up bad. It now seemed to me that we had most all of the nationalities in the world around, and there were all them-there different races in my platoon. They were the American-borned and the foreign-borned boys; they were the French and those Chinese drivers and the Germans over the way. Hit shore was a lot of traveling and meeting people for a moun-tain boy who never traveled more'n a few miles before he left home. The war brings out the worst in you. It turns enough to make your hair stand up straight. I'm

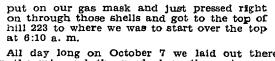
The war brings out the worst in you. It turns you into a mad, fightin' animal, but it also brings you into a mad, fightin' animal, but it also brings out something else, something I jes don't know how to describe, a sort of tenderness and love for the fellows fightin' with you. It's sort of clean, like a fire of pine logs on a frosty night. I had kinder got to know and sorter understand the boys around me. I knowed their weakness as well as their strength. I guess they knowed mine. If you live together for several months sharing and sharing alke you learn a heap about each and sharing alke, you learn a heap about each other. It was as though we could look right through each other and knowed everything with-out anything being hid. I'm a-telling you I loved them-there boys in my squad. I had forgiven them for their bad shooting. I had forgiven it if they drank and tore things up before going to the front. Anyway, that was their own business. It was no affair of mine. If they got happiness that way, it was all right with me. I guess they sorter figured they were going to be mussed up and may-be killed when they got into the trenches, so they figured they might jest as well enjoy things while they had the chance. If that's the way they figured it out, it was all right with me. If they cussed a whole lot, I don't think they meant it to be as bad as it sounded. It was their own way of be as bad as it sounded. It was their own way of expressing themselves; that's all. Even if a feilow doesn't drink or smoke or cuss, like me for in-stance, he has no right to find fault with others, provided they don't interfere with him. He has no right to pass judgment, and I didn't nohow. I kinder think away down underneath I sorter loved them for their weakness most of all. They were my buddles. That's a word that's only understood by soldiers who have lived under the same blankets, gathered around the same chow can, and looked at death together. I never knowed I loved my brother-man so much until I was a doughboy. I knowed men could be strong and rough, but I never understood before that they could be so tender and loving, and I jes couldn't baar to think of anything happenin' to them. It was too awful to think of them-there boys being wounded or killed. I kinder did a lot of thinking and praying about these things as we moved out into the Argonne. Somehow, I seemed to jes know that we were going to get into it, right in themthere woods.



Sergt. Alvin C. York on the scene of his exploit.

OCTOBER 7. Argonne Forest, France. We layed in some little holes on the roadside all day that night we went and stayed a little and come back to our little holes and the shells busting all around us. I seen men just blowed up by the big German shells which were bursting all around us. So the order came for us to take hill 223 and 240 the 8th.

It was raining a little bit all day, kinder drizzly and very damp. Lots of big shells bursting all around us. We were not up close enough for the machine guns to reach us, but airplane, were buzzing overhead 'most all the time, jes like a lot of hornets. Lots of men were killed by the artillery fire. And lots were wounded. We seed quite a lot of our machine-gun battalion across the road from us blowed up by the big shells. The woods were all mussed up and looked as if a terrible cyclone done swept through them. But God would never be cruel enough to create a God would never be cruel enough to create a cyclone as terrible as that Argonne battle. Only man would ever think of doing an awful thing like that. It looked like the "Abomination of



at 6:10 a. m. Ail day long on October 7 we laid out there in the rain and the mud along the main army road running from Varennes to Fleeville, and watching the attack of the first battalion, which takened Hill 223 in the afternoon. Shells were bursting all around and a whole heap of stray bullets were buzzing through the air. Airplanes were fighting overhead. It was all most awful. Through most of the night we laid out there, too. It was that dark you couldn't see nothing nohow. Lights were flashing from the gunfire. There were all sorts of sounds and noises. It was raining worse'n than ever. The ground was soft and mucky and all cut up. We were wet through and dirty and kinder tired. About 3 a. m. in the morning, the morning of October 8, our cap-tain, Capt. Danforth, come to us and told us we were to move on to Hill 223, which was to be the jumping-off place for our attack, which was to be jumping-off place for our attack. which was to be at daybreak. Our objective was the Decauville



ordered.

OCTOBER 8.

Argonne Forest, France. And they was to give us a barrage. So the time came and no barrage and we had to go without one. So we started over the top at 6:10 a. m. and the

Germans was putting their machine guns to working all over the hill in front of us and on

our left and right. So I was in support and I could see my pals getting picked off until it almost looked like there was none left.

I don't know what happened to our artillery

from a lieutenant from the Third battalion. He done stood near 6-foot-6 tall. And he come up on top of the hill, dragging what looked like a toy cannon with him. It was a trench mortar. He did the best he could with it, but it didn't help much nohow. The Germans met our charge across the valley with a regular sleet storm of bullets. I'm a-telling you that-there valley was a death trap. It was a triangular-shaped valley, with steep ridges covered with brush, and swarm-

a death trap. It was a triangular-shaped valley, with steep ridges covered with brush, and swarm-ing with machine guns on all sides. I guess our two waves got about halfway across and then jes couldn't get no further nohow. The Germans done got us and they done got us right smart. They jes stopped us in our tracks. Their machine guns were up there on the heights overlooking us and well hidden, and we couldn't tell for cer-tain where the terrible heavy fire was coming from. It 'most seemed as though it was coming from everywhere. I'm a-telling you they were shooting straight, and our boys jes done went down like the long grass before the mcwing ma-chine at home. Our attacks jes faded out. We had to lie down flat on our faces and dig

We had to lie down flat on our faces and dig in. And there we were, out there in the valley,

all mussed up and unable to get any further, with no barrage to help us, and that-there German

machine-gun fire and all sorts of big shells and

laid down the meanest kind of a barrage, too, and the air was jes full of gas. But we put on our masks and kept plugging and slipping and slid-ing or falling into holes and tripping over all sorts of things and getting up again and stum-bling on for a few yards and then going down again, until we done reached the hill. The First Battalion had takened it the day before, but they hadn't mopped it up. And there were some sulpers and German machine guns left there hidden in the brush and in fox holes. whole battalion couldn't put them out of action a nohow by a frontal attack. I doubt if a whole division could get to them that way. But they

nonow by a frontal attack. I doubt if a whole-division could get to them that way. But they had to be takened somehow.
Our platoon sergeant, Henry M. Parsons, from Brooklyn, N. Y., done exposed himself again and again trying to locate exactly where the machine guns over there on the left front were firing from. He hadn't no chance nohow of getting in touch with the captain. He had to use his own judgment. He done done it. He ordered the left half of our platoon to crawl back a little and try and work our way down around on the left and then push on through the heavy underbrush and try and jump the machine guns from the rear. He didn't know how many of them there were. He didn't know for sure where they were hid. But he figured\_it was the only chance. So three squads of us dropped back and made our way around on the left. Sergt. Bernard Early was in charge and Corpl. Harry Savage and Corpl. William Cutting and myself each led our squads. The privates under us were Dymowski, Weiler, Warcing, Wins, Swanson, Muzzi, Beardsley, Konotski, Sok, Johnson, Saccina, Donohue, and jumile.

#### So, you see, there were just seventeen of us. October 8th.

Argonne Forest, France.—So there was sev-enteen of us Boys went around on the left flank to see if we couldn't put those guns out of action.

According to orders, we got around on the left and in single file advanced forward through the brush toward where we could hear the machine-gun fire. We done went very quietly and quickly. We had to. We kept well to the left and deep in the brush. At first we didn't see any Germans, and we were not under heavy fire. Jes a few stray bullets. Without any loss and in right-smart time we done skirted the left side of the valley and were over on the hill somewhere near where the German machine guns were placed. The heavy brush and the hilly nature of the country hid us from the enemy. We were now nearly 300 yards to the left in front of our own front line. When we figured that we were right on the ridge that the Germans were on, we done stopped for a minute and had a little conference. Some of the boys wanted to attack from the fiank. But Early and me and some of the others thought it would be best to keep on going until we were well behind the German lines and then suddenly swing in and try and jump them from the rear. weil behind the German lines and then suddenly swing in and try and jump them from the rear. We done decided to try and do this. We opened up in skirmishing order and sorter flitted from brush to brush, using all the cover we could and pushing on as fast as possible. We had now sorter encircled the German left end and were going away in deep behind them without them knowing anything about it.

October 8th. Argonne Forest, France.—So when we went round and fell behind those guns we first seen to Germans with a Red Cross Band on their arm. So we ask them to stop, and they, did not, so some one of the Boys shot at them and they run back to our right. So we all run after them.

They jumped out of the brush in front of us and run like two scared rabbits. We called to them to surrender, and one of our boys fired and missed. And they kept on a-going. And we kept on after them. We wanted to capture them be-fore they gave the alarm. We now knowed by the sounds of the firing that we were somewhere behind the German trench and in the rear of the machine guns that were holding up our big advance. We still couldn't see the Germans and they couldn't see us. But we could hear them is machine guns shooting something awful. Savmachine guns shooting something awful. Say-age's squad was leading, then mine, and then Cutting's. Sergt. Early was out in front, leading the way.

October 8th.

#### OCTOBER 3.

Zona Woods, France.—We camped over night on a high hill in the woods. OCTOBER 4.

Argonne Forest, France.-We had went on into the Argonne Woods where we stayed over night.

The battle of the Argonne started the night of the 25th of September, but we were sorter in re-serve. We camped each night well back in the woods and moved up a little bit at a time. At first we noticed the woods hadn't been shot up much. We hadn't reached the main battlegrounds. But as we got closer, I'm a-telling you we knowed there was a war on. The woods were all mussed up and the ground was all torn up with shells.

OCTOBER 5. Argonne Forest, France.—We went out on the main road and lined up and started for the front and the Germans was shelling the roads and airoplanes was humming over our heads and we were stumbling over dead horses and dead men and shells were bursting all around me and then it was that I could see the Power of God help men if he would only trust Him. Oh, it was there I could look up

and sav: O, Jesus, the great rock of foundation where on my feet were set with sovereign grace: through shells or death with all their agitation that thou wilt protect me if I will only trust in Thy Grace. Bless Thy Holy name



One of the officers asked him what he was doing with that goat and he answered, "Sir, I'm just going back to put a little cream in my coffee.

Desolation" must have been. And all through the long night those big guns flashed and growled jes like the lightning and the thunder when it storms to pass the wounded. And some of them were on stretchers going back to the dressing stations and some of them were lying around moaning and twitching. And oh, my! the dead were all along the road and their mouths were open and their eyes, too, but they couldn't see nothing no more nowhow. And it was wet and cold and damp. And it all made me think of the Bible and the I'm a-telling you the little log cabin in Wolf Valley in old Tennessee seemed a long, long way

#### THE ARGONNE FIGHT.

#### OCTOBER 8. Argonne Forest, France. So the morning of

the 8th just before daylight we started for the hill at Chatel Chehery. So before we got there it got light and the Germans sent over a heavy barrage and also gas and we

Railroad, which was about 3 kilometers to the northwest of the hill, and further on almost in the center of the Argonne Forest. We were to bust that old railroad so as to stop the Germans from sending in their troops and supplies. With the captain leading, we marched over the Aire River on a little shaky, wooden bridge which the engineers had thrown up for us, on through the town of Chatel Chehery and on up to Hill 223. It was so dark and everything was so mussed up and the going was so rough that it was most awful hard to keep contact and to find the hill. But we done kept on a-going jes the same. We were marching, I might say floundering around, in col-umn of squads. The noise were worse than ever, and everybody was shouting through the dark, and nobody seemed to be able to hear what any-body else said. We should have reached the hill before daybreak. But we didn't. It weren't nobody's fault. The going was too tough. So as soon as they were able to see the German artillery it into us with a heap of big stuff. One of their shells bust plumb in the middle of one of our squads. and wounded or killed every man. They done

gas cutting us to pieces. There was scarcely none of our front wave left. Lieut. Stewart, who was leading the platoon in front of where I was lying, went down with a shot through the leg, but got up again and ralled the few men he had left and led them forward until he fell dead with a and led them forward until he fell dead with a bullet through the head. I couldn't see Capt. Danforth. He was on the other side of the hill on the right. I could hear shells and machine guns there, too, and I knowed he was getting it

One of Uncle Sam's youngest "rookies," Woodrow Wilson

York, son of Sergt Alvin C. York.

The German machine guns has done stopped our attack. We jes couldn't go on. We could scarcely even lift up our heads as ,we laid flat on the ground. But all the time we knowed we had to get through to that railroad somehow. We jes had to.

We jes had to. About this time we figured that the worstest machine-gun fire was coming from a ridge over on our left front. We knowed then that them-there machine guns would have to be put out of action before the advance could go on. We also knowed that there was so many of them and they were in such commanding nositions that a they were in such commanding positions that a

Argonne Forest. France...\* \* And when we jumped across a little stream of water that was there they was a Bout 15 or 20 Germans jumped up and throwed up their hands and said Comrade. So the one in charge of us Boys told us not to shoot. They was going to give up any way.

It was headquarters. There were orderlies, stretcher-bearers, runners, a major and two offi-cers sitting or standing around a sort of small, wooden shack. They seemed to be having a sort of conference. And they done jes had breakfast too. And there was a mess of beefsteaks, jellies, jams and loaf bread around. They were unarmed. All except the major. And some of them were in their shirt sleeves. By the way they were going on we knowed they never even dreamed that there were any Americans near them. Of course, we were 'most as surprised as they were, coming on them so sudden. But we kept our heads and jumped them right smart and covered them and told them to put up their hands and to keep them up. And they done it. And we fired a few shots just to sorter impress them. I guess they thought the whole American Army was in their rear. And we didn't stop to tell them any different. Sergt Early, who was in command of us, told us to hold our fire, as we had them here they proved and to be an ericant of them any theore they appreciately the barder of the barder. It was headquarters. There were orderlies

command of us, told us to hold our fire, as we had them, but to keep them covered and to hurry and search and line them up. Just as he was turning around from giving this order and we were moving forward to obey, some machine guns up on the hill in front of us and between us and the American lines, suddenly turned around and opened fire on us. Early went down with five bullets through the lower part of his body and builtes through the lower part of his body and one through his arm. Corpl. Savage was killed. He must have had over a hundred builtes in his body. His clothes were 'most all shot off. And Corpl. Cutting was also all shot up. Six of the other boys were killed or wounded. That ma-chine-gun burst came sorter sudden and unexpect-ed. And it done got us hard. The moment it begun the German prisoners fell flat on their faces. So did the rest of us American boys who were still standing. You see, while we were capturing headquarters the German machine gun-ners up there on the hill seed us and done turned ners up there on the hill seed us and done turned their guns around and let us have it.

After the first few bursts a whole heap of other machine guns joined in. There must have been over twenty of them and they kept up a continuover twenty of them and they kept up a continu-ous fire. Never letting up. Thousands of bullets kloked up the dust all around us. The under-growth was cut down like as though they used a scythe. The air was just plumb full of death. Some of our boys done huddled up against the prisoners and so we were able to get some protec-tion and at the same time guard the prisoners. Some others crawled under cover or jumped up and got behind trees. I was caught out in the and got behind trees. I was caught out in the open a little bit to the left and in front of the group of prisoners and about 25 yards away from the machine guns, which were in gun pits and trenches upon the hillside above me. I was now in charge.

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By EVELYN GRAHAM (Copyright, 1929. All rights reserved.) FINAL INSTALLMENT.

JRING the course of the visit which they paid to Egypt in March, 1928, Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles left Cairo on the evening train for Luxor, traveling up the Nile under a blazing sky against which the mountains shone with a darkness that predicted even greater heat.

Reaching Luxor, they at once took steamer for Wadi Halfa. The steamer Moroe arrived at Assouan but remained in midstream and before -they landed they were entertained to a river fan-tasia arranged by the governor, a delightful en-tertainment which gave the royal party the greatest pleasure.

So far Princess Mary had found the climate agreeable.

agreeable.
 Egypt with its palms, its earthen houses, its against striped villas on the river banks, its graceful black-robed feminine figures, dark against the black-robed feminine figures, dark against the golden background, its orange gardens and its fracted temples outlined against the vivid tur-figures sky had laid its inescapable spell upon her.
 The was sincerely sorry when the growing in-figures to the heat made it advisable to cancel the intended visit to Khartoum.

The party decided to pay a short visit to the

noon of March 20.

#### One Elephant Not Enough, Here Princess Mary visited the native shops. She bought some silverware and some beautiful specimens of Soudanese ivory, including a small ivory elephant which she announced was for the children.

Soudan and arrived at Wadi Halfa on the after-

On hearing this, very gently Lord Lascelles took her by the arm and laughingly led her back to "Buy another at once," he urged "You know

"Buy another at once," he urged for know they'll fight over it." The 1934 party also visited the Rest House, reminiscent of both Gordon and Kitchener. The princess plucked a few leaves from the rose-tree which Gen. Gordon himself had planted. During their stay at Wadi Halfa, the weather had been perfect, the temperature seldon excession or 90 degrees.

ing 90 degrees. After dinner the governor had arranged an exhibition of native dancing which the party went to his gardens to view. Many of the native dances are quaint rather than graceful, but the visitors admired the skill and untiring energy of the performers.

performers. The next day the princess made der first jour-ney into the desert traveling into that strange, rackless waske to view the Second Cataract and the Abusir Rock. Native boys clad only in goat skins swam the cataract for her entertainment.

On the way back the party visited the Twelfth

On the way back the party visited the Twenth Dynasty Temple of Buhen and in the afternoon left once more for the north. The Bariam Fair was due to begin on the 22d of the month. Before leaving the princess and Lord Lascelles presented a generous sum of money to be distributed among the poor during the fair, an action which greatly increased their popularity. popularity.

#### Had Ride on Camel.

On the way back to Luxor the party stopped at Assouan. There Princess Mary had her first experience of camel riding. The camel behaved well, but its royal rider, not a particularly good sailor, was not much attracted by the "Ship of the Desert," whose rolling motion as it lurches

the Desert," whose rolling motion as it furches over the sand is at first far from pleasant. Between Assouan and Luxor the party halted at various places of interest, including Edfu, where the natives manufacture pottery remarkably like that depicted on ancient monuments. Edfu is interesting chiefly for its Egyptian temple, once

is interesting chiefly for its Egyptian temple, once dedicated to the Egyptian Apollo. The partly stayed four days at Luxor and dur-ing that time Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles spent a wonderful day visiting the Tombs of the Kings. They also saw the longiy Tombs of the Gueens and visited the famous temple at Karnak On the morning of March 31, the party arrived back in Calton.

back in Calro. In the afternoon they attended a race meeting

at Gezira. The small Arab horses proved ex-tremely swift. But though Lord Lascelles had several small bets, his knowledge of horseflesh availed him little at Gezira. In the evening Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles

attended a banquet given in their honor at Abdin Palace by King Fuad. It was a wonderful enter-tainment, carried out with true Egyptian splen-dor. All the leading British residents were in-vited and the evening was a marked success.

presented the princess with an illuminated address of welcome. The address was in itself a work of art, being most wonderfully decorated with her name and initials in hierglyphics, and illumined

with eastern emblems. Paid Visit to Palestine.

On concluding their Egyptian tour, Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles went for a short visit to Palestine, where they were the guests of Lord and Lady Plumer.

Lady Plumer. On April 14, they visited the Hebrew University at Jerusalem, and afterward they were most in-terested spectators of the caremony of the Hoay Fire in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which, built originally by the Errpress Felcure, in the of Constantine the Great, is supposed to contain within its limits the scene of the code of the burial and resurrection of the Messiah. The following day Princess Mary attended cit-vine service at the Anglican Cathedral of St. George.

George.

After a brief tour of the city, over which she wished to spend a longer time, the royal party left by car for Lygia, where they were to take the train back to Egypt. On the way they visited the Jewish colony a

Dilb and spent some time talking to its principal The P. and O. boat Ranchi was stopped

specially for the princess and her husband. After Lord Lloyd had seen them safely on board, he

returned to Cairo, while the royal couple continu-ed their journey home. This tour of crincess Mary has whetted her appetite for further travel. It is no secret to say that the next time that she can make a foreign tour, it will probably be to India, in which coun-try she is intensely interested. THE END.

Italian Humane Body Active Rome (U.P.) .- The Rome branch of the Society for the Protection of Animals has received permission from the office of the Governor of Rome to build a dogs' cemetery such as already exists in other large capits 3.

The society also is constructing a kennel at its own expense for stray dogs, to which is to be attached a pension for receiving canine boarders during the summer months when their owners go on holiday. A lethal chamber for the painless destruction of animals also is being prepared.

The society offered the municipality to take over the work of rounding up stray, unmuzzled dogs, at present undertaken by a special squad. of city police, but the governor's office preferred to keep this service in its own hands.

Met Egyptian Queen's Daughter. Throughout Holy Week the princess accepted no invitations and fuifilled no public engagements, save that she attended the Egyptian queen's tea party at the palace in order that she might meet the princess of the royal family who would have been deeply disappointed had she not been pre-sented to the English princess of whom she had heard so much and of whom Queen Nazil had scoken in such and of whom Queen Nazil had

heard so much and of whom Queen Nazi had spoken in such glowing terms. On Easter Monday there was a dinner and a ball given in their honor at the residence and Princess Mary danced almost the whole of the time, her partners being some of the British residents and the more prominent officials. Later she attended the first act of an amateur performance of Merrie England at the Royal Opera House. Afterwards she complimented the chief performers upon their acting and also upon

chief performers upon their acting and also upon the way in which the play was produced. Mr. Beasley, president of the British Union.



THE WASHINGTON POST: SUNDAY, 'APRIL 28, 1929.

SERGEANT YORK'S OWN STOR TOM SKEYHII

### CHAPTER VII. ONE MAN AGAINST A BATTALION.

#### October 8.

RGONNE FOREST, France-So by this time A some of the Germans from on the hill was shooting at us. Well, I was giving them the best I had and by this time the Germans had got their machine guns turned around and "fired on us, so they killed six and wounded three. So that just left eight and then we got into it right by this time. So we had a hard battle for a little while.

a little while. But I hadn't time to give no orders nohow. There was such a noise and racket all around that I would not have been heard even if I had done given them. I had no time nohow to do nothing but watch them-there German machine gunners and give them the best I had. Every time I seed a German I jes teched him off. At first I was shooting from a prone position; that is, lying down, jes like we often shoot at the targets in the shooting matches in the moun-tains of Tennessee, and it was jes about the same distance. But the targets here were bigger. I jes couldn't miss a German's head or body at that distance. And I didn't. Besides, it weren't no time to miss nohow. I knowed that in order to shoot me the Germans would have to get their heads up to see where I was lying. And I knowed that my only chance was to keep their heads down. And I done it. I covered their positions and let fly every time I seed anything to shoot at. Every time a head come up I done knocked it down. down.

Then they would sorter stop for a moment and then another head would come up and I would knock it down, too. I was giving them the best I had. I was right out in the open and the ma-chine guns were splitling fire and cutting up all around me something awful. But they didn't seem to be able to hit me. All the time the Germans were shouting orders. You never heard such a racket in all of your life. I still had.'t time or a chance to look around for the other boys. I didn't know where they were now. I didn't know what they were doing. I didn't even know if they were still living. Later on they done said that in the thick of the fight they didn't fire a shot. Then they would sorter stop for a moment and

shot. Of course, all of this only took a few minutes. As soon as was able I stood up and begun to shoot offhand, which is my favorite posi-tion. I was still sharpshoot-ing with that there old Army rifle. I used up several clips. The barrel was getting hot and my rifle ammunition was running low, or was where it was hard for me to get at it quickly. But I had get at it quickly. But I had to keep on shooting, jes the

same. In the middle of the fight a German officer and five men done jumped out of a trench and charged me with fixed bayonets. They had about 25 yards to come and they were coming right smart. I only had about half a clip left in my rifle, but I had my pistol ready. I done flipped it out fast and teched them off, too. I teched off the sixth man

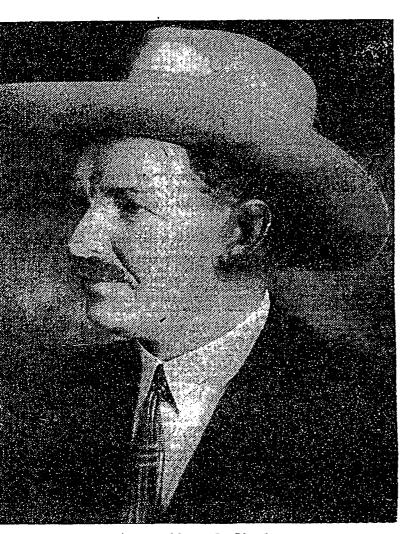
I teched off the sixth man first, then the fifth, then the fourth, then the third, and so on That's the way we shoot wild turkeys at home. You see, we don't want the front ones to know that we're getting the back ones, and then they kept coming until we get them all. Of course, I hadn't time to think of

they quit shooting and come down and give up. I think he had done been firing at me while I was fighting the machine guns. I examined his pistol later and sure enough hit was empty. Jes the same, he hadn't pestered me nohow. After he seed me stop the six Germans who charged with fixed bayonets he got up off the ground and walked over to me and yelled, "Eng-lish?" I said, "No, not English." He said, "What?" I said, "American." He said, "Good Lord!" 'Then he said, "If you won't shoot any more I will make them give up." I told him he had better. I covered him with my automatic and told him if he didn't make them stop firing I would take his head next. And he knowed I meaned it. So he blowed a little whistle and they come down out of the trench and held up their hands and began to gather around. I guess, though, one of them thought he could get me. He had his hands up all right. But he done had a little hand grenade concealed, and as he come up to me he throwed it right at my head, but it missed me and wounded one of the prisoners. I had to tech him off. The rest surrendered without any more trou-ble. There must have been about 50 of them. October 8.

#### October 8.

Argonne Forest. France. So we had about 80 or 90 Germans there disarmed and had another line of Germans to go through to get out. So I called for my men and one of them answered from behind a big oak tree and the others were on my right in the brush so I said lets get these Germans out of here. So one of my men said it is impossible so I said no lets get them out. So when my men said that this German major said how my men said that this German major said how many have you got and I said I have got a plenty and pointed my pistol at him all the time—in this battle I was using a rifle or a 45 Colts auto-matic pistol. So I lined the Germans up in a line of twos and got between the ones in front, and I had the German major before me. So I marched them straight into those other machine guns

and I got them. The German major could speak English as well as I could. Before the war he used to work in Chicago. When the prisoners in the first trench surrendered I yelled out to my men to let's get them out. And one of my men said it was im-





the fifth; then the fourth; then the. third, and so on.

Corporals Early and Cutting then came up to-wards me. Corporal Cutting said: "I am hit and hit bad." He was wounded in the arm. He done had all the buttons shot off his uniform and there was a great big "X" shot in his helmet. Corporal Early said: "York, I am shot and shot bad. What shall I do?" I knowed by the look of him that he was very badly wounded. He was dazed and in most awful pain. I done told them they could come out in the rear of our column with the other boys. I ordered the prisoners to pick up and carry our wounded. I wasn't a goin' to leave any good American boys lying out there to die. So I made the Germans carry them. And they did. And I takened the major and placed him at the head of the column, and I got behind him and used him as a screen. I poked the Colt in his back and told

as a screen. I poked the Colt in his back and told him to hike. And he hiked. I guess I had him bluffed. It was pretty hard to tell in the brush and with all the noise and confusion around which way to go. The major done suggested we go down the gully. Then I knowed that was the wrong way. And I told him we were not going down any gully. We were going straight through the German front line trenches back to the American lines. It was their second line that I had captured. We sure did get a long way behind the German trenches. And so I done marched them straight at the old German front-line trench. And some more machine guns swung around to fire. I told the major to blow his whistle or I fire. I told the major to blow his whistle of I would take his head and theirs too. So he blow-ed his whistle and they all done surrendered. All except one. I made the major order him to sur-render twice. But he wouldn't. And I had to tech him off. I hated to do it. I've been doing a tol'able lot of thinking about it since. He was probably a brave soldier boy. But I couldn't af-ford to take any chance, and so I had to let him have it. There was considerably over 100 prison-are now. It was a problem to get them back safely ers now. It was a problem to get them back safely to our own lines. There were so many of them there was danger of our own artillery mistaking us for a German counter-attack and opening up on us. I sure was relieved when we run into the relief squads that had been sent forward through the brush to help us.

#### October 8.

Argonne Forrest, France. So when I got back to my majors P. C. I had 132 prisoners. We marched those German prisoners on back into the American lines to the Battalion P. C. and there we come to the Intelligence Department and Lieut. Woods come out and counted them and

that I give them later when I tuk them back. But they won't surrender, and there was no way

the story even to my own mother. For years 1 done refused to write about it for the newspapers, and wasn't at all pleased when others wrote about it.

But now that the story is coming out I want it to come out right, and I want everything brought out. Everything. There were others in that fight besides me. Some of them, Sergt. Early for in-stance, and others too, played a right-smart part in things until they were shot down. I'm a-tell-ing you they're entitled to a whole heap of credit. It isn't for me, of course, to decide how much credit they should get. But jes the same, I'm a-

out for me but tech them off. Jes the same I have tried to forget. I have never talked about 1t much. I have never told

ments give a right-smart account of the goings-

on in the forest that awful morning. Most all of the documents are copied from the

on in the forest that awful morning. Most all of the documents are copied from the originals in the War Department in Washington, or in the possession of Maj. George Edward Bux-ton, jr., the official historian of the Eighty-second Division. Here is the account of Capt. Danforth, our com-pany commander, of what he knowed of the fight: "At 6 a. m., on the morning of October 8, 1918, the Second Battalion, 328th Infantry, attackeed from Hill 223 in the direction ten degrees north of west, with its objective, the Decavulle railroad, about 3 kilometers away. The battalion had moved into the Argonne sector with other Units of the Eighty-second Division on the night of October 6 and 7. All day of October 7 we lay along the main Army road running from Varennes to Fle-ville, and watched the attack of the First Bat-talion, which in the early afternoon gained the height of Hill 223. "About 3 a. m., October 8, the regimental com-mander sent for the company commanders of the second Battalion and issued instructions for the attack of the battalion to be made from Hill 223 at 6 a. m. I was in command of Company G of this battalion and immediately upon regeling

at 6 a. m. I was in command of Company G of this battalion and immediately upon receiving these instructions began moving my company across the Aire River to the designated jump-off line on Hill 223.

"I reached this hill at 5:50 a.m., and deployed

"I reached this hill at 5:50 a. m., and deployed my company for assault in two waves, two pla-toons in the front wave and two platoons in the supporting wave. The left support platoon was commanded by Sergt. Harry M. Parsons, one of his corporals being Alvin C. York. "At zero hour we began the advance, moving down the slope of Hill 223 and across the 500-yard open valley toward a steep wooded hill to our im-mediate front. On our right was E Company, 328th Infantry; on our left, Unit 5 of the Twenty-eighth Division, though throughout the entire day we had no contact whatsoever with these troops on our left. our left.

"Upon reaching about the center of this valley we were stopped by a withering fire of machine guns from the front, from the unscalable heights of the Champrocher Ridge on our right and from a heaving wooded hill on the left. From this point the advance was very slow, the men moving by rushes from shell hole to shell hole, a few feet at a time. At some time during the morning the fire from the left flank slackened and we were enabled to gain the hill to our immediate front.

Edited by

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other companies of the Second Battalion. This ob-jective—the Decauville railroid—we took about 5 p. m. With the handful of men that were left we A organized a position and held it throughout the night of October 8 and 9. "On the morning of October 9, at about 10 o'clock, Cpl. York, with seven men, reported to me on the railroad. Cpl. York, when questioned about his whereabouts and activities during the previous day's fighting, said that he had been sent with a detachment to silence some machine gun nests on the left of the valley, that this detach-ment had become heavily engaged, losing half its strength, and that he had captured about 150 prisoners. He stated that all noncommissioned of-ficers of the detachment had been killed or wounded, that he had taken command and had shot a number of Germans during the engage-ment, and that he had carried his prisoners from headquarters to headquarters, finally delivering them to the military police many miles to the rear. His statement to me on the morning of October 9 was the first time that I knew anything of his fight on our left flank and offered the best explanation of why the fire from that point had slackened on the morning of the 8th. "After coming out of the lines I, fully investi-mend the detachment for me on the morning of

explanation of why the fire from that point had slackened on the morning of the 8th. "After coming out of the lines I fully investi-gated this detachment's fight and recommended Cpl. York for the Distinguished Service Cross, and later, after a more careful study, for the Con-gressional Medal of Honor. "E. C. B. DANFORTH, JR." While Capt. Danforth was fighting hard to lead the front wave forward, our own platoon com-mander, Sergt. Harry M. Parsons, was left in charge of us boys on the extreme left: "State of New York, County of Kings. "Harry Parsons, of the City of New York and County of Kings, State of New York, being duly sworn, deposes and says: "I was the platoon sergeant of the First Platoon. G Company, Second Battallon, 328th Infantry. Eighty-second Division; we had no commissioned officer, and I was in charge of the platoon. The platoon was made up of Greeks, Slavs. Swedes, Jews, Irish, Germans and Italians, all American citizens of course. There were also a number of farmers and a few mountaineers, one of whom was Alvin C. York. On the morning of October 8. 1918, we marched through the town of Chattel Cheherry, and up on to Hill 223, where we waited for the zero hour. Without artillery support we



that. I guess I jes naturally did it. I knowed, too. that if the front ones wavered, or if I stopped them the rear ones would drop down and pump a volley into me and get me.

Then I returned to the rific and kept right on after those machine guns. I knowed now that if I done knowed now that if I done kept my head and didn't run out of ammunition I had them. So I done hol-lered to them to come down and give up. I didn't want to kill more'n I had to. I would touch off a couple of them and holler again. But I guess they couldn't under-stand my language, or else they couldn't hear me in the awful racket that was going on all around. Over twenty Germans were killed by this time.

were killed by this time.

#### October 8.

Argonne Forest, France \* \* \* and I got hold of a German major and he told me if I wouldn't kill any more of them he would make them quit firing. So I told him all right if he would do it now, so he blew a little whistle and

Sergt. Alvin C. York.

possible to get so many prisoners back to the American lines. And I told him to shut up and to let's get them out. Then the German major became suspicious and wanted to know how many men I had. And I told him I had a -plenty. And I told him to keep his hands up and to line up his men in a column of two and to do it in double time. And he did ft. And I lined up my men that were left on either side of the column and I told one to guard the rear.

counted 132. We were ordered to take them and to Regimental Headquarters at Chathel Chehery; and from there all the way back to Division Head-quarters and turn them over to the Military Police. We had such a mess of German prisoners that nobody seemed to want to take them over. So we had to take them back a right far piece ourselves.

On the way back we were constantly under On the way back we were constantly under heavy shell fire and I had to double-time them to get them through safely. There was nothing to be gained by having any more of them wound-ed or killed. They done surrendered to me and it was up to me to look after them. And so I done it. I had orders to report to Brig. Gen. Lind-"Well, York, I hear you have captured the whole damned German army." And I told him I only had 132,

#### Official Story of Fight.

I didn't want to kill a whole heap of Germans nohow. I didn't hate them. But I done it jes the same. I had to. I was cornered. It was either them or me, and I'm a-telling you I didn't and don't want to die nohow if I can live. If they done surrendered as I wanted them to when I hollered to them first, and kept on hollering to them. I would have given them the protection

telling you a heap of those boys were heroes and America ought to be proud of them. So, I'm a-going to publish the documents and I'm a-going to do it right here. They speak for themselves.

I might add that if there are any differences in them its kinder well to remember that no two people ever see the same thing alike. It is also true that people who are not trained to write down what they have seed and been through—and most of them-there boys were not trained that wave and the set of the set way—ain't always in agreement when they write about the same thing. Jes the same, the docucapturing a great many machine guns and driving the enemy to the west. During the progress of the fighting across this valley I was with the as-sault waves and gave no orders for the employ-ment of the support platoons, which had been ordered to follow at 300 yards.

We marched those German prisoners on back into the American lines.

"Abcut noon I left the assault wave and with one runner returned to bring up my support platoons, running into a group of 44 Germans in the edge of the woods just outside our left flank. which group surrendered to my runner and me without firing a shot at us. I sent these prisoners to the rear, located my support platoons, returned

went over the top at about daylight. Our platoon was upon the extreme left flank of the division, and was in the second wave, about 100 yards in the rear of the first. The Germans quickly opened on us with machine guns, securely entrenched in the ridges and brush on our front and left flank. Our first line was mowed down; Lieut. Stewart was killed and the survivors were forced to dig in. The machine gun fire was something terrible. If the advance was to be continued somehow of other the machine guns would have to be put out; and I knew the advance had to be continued at CONTINUED ON PAGE 5, COLUMN 1.

WHO'S WHO IN THE CANINE WO 

## "Tut," of the White House, Now Heads the List of Notable Dog Aristocrats.

#### By KATHLEEN READ COONTZ.

N March 4, the canine register-as yet unpublished—underwent a change as far as the leading names are concerned. For on that day Tiny Tim and Palo Alto trotted out of the White House and Tut stalked in.

the White House and 'lut stalked in. Tut, the big German police dog, an important member of the Hoover household for years, jour-neyed back and forth with the family from Wash-ington to California, is in every sense qualified for the "First Dog in the Land" title. Splendid in appearance and distinguished in breeding. Tut will eniff the official and diplomatic atmosphere, and tread the paths trod before by those other "first doggies" he has supplanted.

Tiny Tim, the red chow that cuddled against his mistress, Mrs. Coolidge, when she waved goodby to Washington from the rear end of the car, had had rather a brief reign at the White House. As long as Rob Roy lived he was king. Never before had Mr. Coolidge made a close companion of a dog. it is said. But the intelligent white col-he won his heart completely and whether he was in his office, in the dining room or cut on the Mayflower, Rob Roy was by his side. Prudence Prim likewise shadowed her mistress, and was immortalized in the beautiful painting of Mrs. Goolidge by Howard Chandler Christy, which hangs in one of the lower corridors of the execu-

tive mansion. Prudence Prim languished in the Black Hills of North Dakota last summer. Rob Roy, after a memorable fight for his life by specialists at Walter Reed Hospital, died in September and was buried in the famous Aspin Hill Dog Cemetery. on the outskirts of the Capital, the one of two in the country, where many canine celebrities repose. Rob Roy's death left open the place of "first dog" and at the time there were five applicants for the honor at the White House. King Cole, the handsome black Belgian police dog, Diana and Bessie, white and yellow collies, Palo Alto, the bird setter, and Tiny Tim, the red chow. The last named animal managed to wiggle his way into Mrs. Coolidge's heart, and Palo Alto, while he could never take the place of Rob Roy, had at least convinced the President that he would make a desirable hunting companion, so these two received the favors and left with the family to make their home in Northampton.

Bessie. Diana and King Cole were given to a White House doorkeeper, a Washington friend and & Capital policeman respectively. No doubt to the end of their days they will cherish in their intelligent minds the memory of the radiant lady with whom they romped on the big south lawn of their erstwhile home.

Paul Pry, the collie and favorite for a short time at the White House, is still "pulling his rough stuff" with the marine company to which he was sent when his manners excluded him from the White House

Laddie Boy, airedale, was perhaps the first White House dog to make the front page of the metropolitan papers. He was a real personality during the Harding administration, even if he was a "cake eating dog." This epithet was slung at him one day by the son of one of the senators whose own canine tried to engage Laddie Boy in a fight without avail.

This honor of "making the front page" is most often an unsought and unexpected one in the canine realm, as in the realm of mankind. While distinguished pedigrees and distinguished homes may put some doggies in the front ranks, the hero list is largely made up of creatures of unknown name and sometimes unknown origin who spring out of obscurity if only for a short time to call forth the admiration of the world.

Take Toodles, a spaniel, and Jack, of the Irish terrier family (but distantly connected), who had conferred upon them not long ago, by the Con-necticut Humane Society, gold studded collars for "conspicuous bravery" in faithfully guarding the body of old man Schmitt, who perished in the woods whither he went with his canine friends.

Then there was Argonne, police dog, who leaped into fame last summer by waging a flerce and terrific fight with a wildcat near Montague, N. Y, where the family were having a vacation and where the two children's lives were threa-tened by the wild animal. As the wild cat leaped Argonne met it in midair, and fought to the death the thing that had menaced the life of his charges.

Brunner, of Tulsa, Okla., was a hero whose story is that of a self-made canine. At a comparatively early age he assured his future against officialt odds, very much on the order of the Horatio Alger heroes. Brunner's family tree was not very clearly defined, but he nad a look, which decided the reporters who sought his life history, after his valorous act, that an airedale must have clossed the family paths somewhere back there Anyhow, Brunner, sleeping in the hospitable basement of the family who had adopted him. sniffed gas one night, and making his way to the sleeping anartments succeeded in rousing the entire family before he himself succumbed. But he was nursed back to health by a grateful household, and today wears a decoration reserved for heroes.

Nebraska has its hero in the canine "Who's Who"--yet to be written.--In the shaggy brown spanicl named "Duke." Duke saw the child of Mr. and Mrs. Garrison, of McCook, threatened by a poisonous viper. Finding himself out-matched in strength. Duke employed superb tar-ues in darting back and forth between the child as the snak poised to strike, yelping loudly until help came. help came.

Joe, a big white bulldog, won his laurels and placed his name on the hero list several months ago when he dragged his little playfellow, Charlie of Spartanburg, S. C., from the home, which had been demolished by a tornado in the absence of the family.

Mazie, a shepherd, saved her mistress, Evangeline, Booth, national leader of the Salvation Army, by summoning aid when her mistress suffered a relapse in the night during her recent illness. These are but a few of the 1928-1929 canine heroes. Each weck adds another name to the shining list; creatures unknown, unhonored and sometimes unsung who have risked their lives in service.

The "mascots" form a section all to theniselves in the canine register. It is not given many dogs, or humans either, for that matter, to receive the applause of the world as did Stubby, mascot for the Twenty-sixth Division and the most decorated

dog of the World War. He was in all of the major engagements in France and returned with a breast full of medals. He wore one wound stripe, three service stripes, a life membership in the Red Cross and other decorations from numane societies for "heroic res-cues on the battlefield." He was formally 1.ceived by two Presidents and marched at the head of every American Legion parade until his death several years ago. Today a plaster cast of his body encases the heroic ashes.

Another illustrous record was made by Jiggs, famous Marine mascot. Jiggs had enjoyed every thrill from a parachute descent to a submarine He talked the language of the Marines journey. so they said-and his deeds in war time and peace time were broadcast. A social affair of much prominence was the "high dog" luncheon partici-pated in just before the Military Athletic League meeting at Madison Square Garden last year. Here Rags, of the Army; Jiggs, of the Marines; Rookiell, of the National Guard, and Davy Jones, of the Militia, all duly registered at the hotel, sat down to "chow" and a few exchanges of military passed away. Military heroes are proverbially "high livers!" snarls. It was not very long afterward that Jiggs

Peaches, the Bronx Emergency Squad mascot belies her name and her small, dainty appearance in her taste for thrills and fast living. Wild rides are her specialty, and not all of the cush-ioned baskets can make her miss one call out of the ambulance.

Neither can they go too fast nor too loud for Al. mascot of No. 9, of the Capital Fire Engine Department. Al manipulates the bell, and no mat-ter whether it is the President's dog or the President nimself who gets in the way, he is warned to step lively as the big truck goes hurtling through the streets.

The section of the register of canine "Who's Who" given over to the explorers is an important

There is no more intriguing tale of how an individual got started on the "big adventure" than that of Titina, handful fox terrier. Two years ago in Rome Titina sniffed adventure in the handsome uniform of an officer passing by

and followed it up. That uniform contained the person of Gen. Umberto Nobile and after her adoption Titina got adventure to her heart's content. That she possessed all of the mettle in ner make-up necessary for explorers was testi-fied to by the men who were marconed on the ice floes of the North Pole and whose rescue wrote a spectacular chapter in history. Titina's is still the only name on the list of canine ad-



"Tut," the new White House autocrat, delivers The Post to his master.

venturers who have flown over the North Pole. and she arrived safely in Rome with her reputa-tion as an explorer unblemished.

Diamond and Snowball. Eskimo dogs, are running a close race for fame in the Byrd expedi-tion. Adventure seems to run in the families, both are mothers and leaders of teams in which their sons pull.

Winners of beauty contests and champions have no trouble in getting recognition. Perfection demands its toll wherever and whenever found. And none the less in the prize-winning canine realm. Meet the debutante, Chow Ching Li, who won top honors in her class in 1928: So Big, the Boston terrier champion; the international collie

champion, Laund Lindbergh; Minstrel Boy, the English sheepdog; the great international cham-pion Irish setter, Higgin's Red Pat, who holds a record for championships never equaled by any dog on either side of the Atlantic; the champion. Junker Von Soolbad, the youngest shepherd dog to become champion of America and half brother to the illustrious Strongheart.

Among those aristocrats of dogdom—the Great Danes—there is Champion Lindy V. D. Mayflower, whose ancestors, although not quite Mayflower passengers, were distinguished pioneers in the

Canine world in America. America is a land of promise to dogs as well as immigrants and one of the most recent dog immigrant families which have found favor here is the basset hound. The basset hound, which was a favorite in France when Louis XIV held his formed court in forthe all form the the term the famous court, is fast gaining favor in this country. The basset is said to hold great possibilities for sporting, and its historic background adds a New Jersey may be the brunt of wise cracks in

New York theatrical circles, but no dog of dis-cretion will sniff at it, for the registered canines from that State have been adjudged more honors than those from any other State. The Giralda events are in a class to themselves and if a dog makes the Newark Kennel Club his future is assured.

As yet London is the only city in the world that boasts an exclusive dog club, in a building of its own and with luxurious quarters for its members. Rugs cover the floors and a profusion of soft cushions are scattered around, while lounges line the room in which is a great open fire. Satin-lined wicker baskets are provided for the toy breeds, and pugs, poodles and pekes can be very comity while their mistresses are shopping The membership fee is half a sovereign, which does not include meals, baths and tips.

Francie, the "ritziest" name in dogdom, disports her four-pound black and tan terrier self in this club when she is in London with her mistress. this club when she is in London with her mistress. Mrs. Sidney Williams. Arriving in New York the other day, Mrs. Willams gave reporters a few hints on what the well-dressed doggie should wear. Francie's wardrobe cost \$4.000 and includes sports, afternoon and evening blankets, with ap-propriate jewelry to match. And Francis. His the typical flapper, is not, it is whispered, averse to a cocktail now and then!

If Francie "puts on the dog." Hector is veritably a "lucky dog" Last month, when his mistress, Mrs. Mueller, of Berlin, shoved her blg black Alsatian dog up to draw a ticket for her in the Prussian State lottery, Hector, knowing her need more than any other, obligingly drew a 'ticket which won 50,000 marks (about \$12,000). "He was always lucky," sighed his mistress, kissing his head. his head.

One of the most interesting names in the canine register—as yet unpublished—is that of Babe, the terrier that is the "canine fly" of Georgia. Babe belongs to the foreman of a strucbut toral steel gang. Babe may be a mongrel, but she likes to dwell in high places nevertheless. When Brockman is working on a building crowds

gather to watch Babe lightly leaping along the narrow steel girders or clamoring across the chains of the huge cranes suspended hundreds of feet above ground.

Then there are the prominent doggies who are wealthy in their own names. King, Great Dane, for whom a trust fund of \$10,000 was recently set aside for his care in the will of his mistress, Mrs. Elizabeth Wall, of New Jersey, and Pal, a collie, who is the sole object to which Adolph Munch, of New Oricans, left \$5,000 last Novem-ber. Every now and then some one dies and in his will demonstrates that the "more he has seen his will demonstrates that the "more he has seen of men the better he likes his dog" and another name is added to the list of canine inheritance taxpayers.

In theatrical circles and in the movie world there is a number of well-known canine personages. Rin Tin Tin and Strongheart lead the star list in the movies, while Jessie, a dachshund, de-lighted many an audience last winter when she lighted many an audience last winter when she played with ner mistress, Mrs. Fiske, in "Merry Vives of Windsor." So-iso, the buildog given the singer, Alma Gluck, by Dame Nellie Melba, at Meibourne, doesn't appear in the concerts, but she manages to get into print a good deal. Gwmn, the little spaniel belonging to Lillian dish and valued at 65,000, created quite a furore last summer in New York by getting kidnaped-for ransom.

Lastly, there are those dogs that are perform-ing daily genuinely altruistic services in the world. Eminent in this "philanthropist" list is Burn, of the Salvation Army headquarters, in New York. Bum is just a mutt and hasn't saved any bodios, but he has saved a lot of souls, and that's Sodies, but he has saved a lot of souls, and that's now Bum is writing his name in the canine book of fame. The numan wrecks that drift into the Bowery—the Great Gray Way—always find an understanding heart when they stumble into the Army's headquarters and get licked by Bum. When the preachers tail to touch the "wreck." they call in Bum. ands going out, leave them together. Brigadier Winchell, a veteran Army worker, says. "If Bum can't provide a link of friendship with him, nobody can." Bum omits the words and him, nobody can." Bum omits the words and shows his understanding with his eyes and tail. Bum gets a birthday dinner every year at the mission and a big write-up in the papers as the "soul saver supreme."

"soul saver supreme." Another magnificent service is being given by Lux, the black and tan police dog belonging to Senator Schall, of Minnesota. Lux is high up in congression i circles. for he is practically the sanator's eres Since the blind senator has owned Lux he has known what it is to be entirely inde-pendent in his movements around the Capital. Lux takes the senator everwhere and Renneyd Lux takes the senator everywhere, and Pennsyl-Lux takes the senator everywhere, and Pennsyl-vania avenue can't be so crowded but that Lux will lead safely across it. He walks rather fast usually, and when he slows up his master, who wears the leasn over his arm, knows there is a reason to slacken his own footsteps. Lux knows the directions, right and left, and he understands "To the Senate." "To the restaurant," "Get a pa-per" and some other orders. He has led his matter a number of times to

He has led bis master a number of times to the White House. With Congress in session he may again be going to call on "Tut."



# Matt Henson — A Hero Forgotten

THE WASHINGTON POST: SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1929.

Peary's Colored Associate Through Three Decades Now Engulfed in the Oblivion of **Obscure Government Service**— A Master of the Mysteries of the Arctic-Linguist, Expert Mechanic, Huntsman and of Indomitable Courage—The Only Man Beside Peary and Four Eskimos to Stand at the Top of the World in Triumph.

## By E. H. LAWSON

ONSUMMATE genius is required to shock ur-bane society. But to knock society cold for twenty years there must be something su-The source of the source of the source of the source of the second supremely different—something savoring of the classic maladjusted in a world of jazz. Frigidity and heat, black and white, in classic championship combination, were brought into existence when Commander Peary, North Pole discoverer, assigned Matt Henson, his negro assistant, the job of soldering broken alcohol cans at a temperature 57 degrees below zero in the open. But society has never warmed to Matt Hensón. It freezes when it hears his name, buttons, up its overcoat, and shrugs as if to say-"B-r-r-r-r!"

When Matt Henson tried to solder alcohol cans, When Matt Henson tried to solder alcohol cans, holding the soldering iron with Polar bear gloves of his Arctic suit, his grip was so clumsy that imminent danger of setting the alcohol affre caused him to try mittens instead. When mittens mugged up with frozen solder he tried bare hands rubbed with ice. When bare black hands touched the metal of the cans. they froze to blue. So back 'he went to mittens and Polar bear gloves—to a task for a demon in hell. Banai and bored, so-ciety inquired. "What could a soldering negro be doing in the Arctic, the place where they don't grow?"

The fact that Matt Henson spent his early years The fact that Matt Henson spent his early years in Washington, however, has led some to brave the frigidity of investigation. The Nation's Capi-tal often warms to her own, and faces cold facts without a shudder when native sons are involved. So, after twenty, years, when Bob Bartlett and Donald McMillan, Henson's companions of 1908 and 1909, are again venturing into the Arctic, there 'is a movement crystallizing to bring the negro in out of the cold and warm the cockles of big heart, with a nod and some recognition of This heart with a nod and some recognition of manhood before he checks out on the last trip to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

It was twenty years ago April 6 that Henson built him an igloo where he "reckoned" the North Pole might be, and awaited the arrival of the commander, as he had called Peary for 30 years. With Henson were four Eskimos and a team of dogs, the survival of the fittest that Henson had picked for Polar traffic. By the time the com-mander arrived at the Pole, an hour and forty minutes later, Henson had an igloo ready for him, as well as steaming hot tea, and all that goes with Polar Cap service. goes with Polar Cap service. Each of those men who stood at the Pole, the first of humankind to penetrate its mystery, is dead, long since, save Henson. But the negro for twenty years has experienced the living death of oblivion. The 1909 claim of Dr. Frederick Cook of discovery of the Pole, and the consequent con-fusion of the controversy which caused the United States to withhold recognition from Peary as its clacoverer for a decade, until all other nations of mearth had done him honor, caused Henson to re-ceive the lev shoulder which the American public cerve had done him honor, caused henson to re-ceive the icy shoulder which the American public has accorded him. The cold fact remains, nevertheless, that he went to the top of the earth in the days be-fore the aeroplane, the dirigible and the radiowent to the top of the earth in the days be-fore the aeroplane, the dirigible and the radio-and there was a degree of superior manhood in-volved in the going—and that the Congress of the United States, nor any other governmental agency. has never put any premium whatever on the feat of the negro Washingtonian who brought Peary back to civilization. The United States, through Feary's act, laid claim to the Pole itself. If Henson had not brought Peary back, there would have been another story. Henson personally got such a thrill out of his adventures for 30 years with Peary that he has never ask anybody for honors. President Tait gave him a Government job in the Customs Service in New York, at the instance of Booker T. Washington, some years ago, and he has held it ever since, with but few around him either at work or in the neighborhood where he lives to realize the nature of the man within their midst. His thorough apprenticeship with Peary from 1891 to 1909 materially assisted in winning for America what had been an international prize for four centuries. It was enough thrill for him to see the Stars and Stripes flying at the Pole. He asked no more.

The negro who accompanied Peary was known among all interested in Arctio exploration as "a better dog driver and sledge handler than any human being." Bob Bartlett and Donald Mc-Millan, received many a lesson in handling Eskimos and Eskimo dogs from Peary's black assistant. And while they trekked toward the Pole in 1909, like Peary, there was no doubt in their minds as to Henson's place and part in the Polar expedition. He took his chances as one of seven to be accorded the honor of accompanyof seven to be accorded the honor of accompany-ing the commander on his final drive across the ice cap, and won the honor by sheer fitness in survival.

eurvival. Peary invented and Henson built the sledges which made the trip to the Pole. He was a master mechanic, a navigator, a Polar hunter, a seafaring man, a linguist, an Eskimo among the Eskimos. He pioneered across the ice cap in a thrilling race for honors with Capt. Bob Bartlett and calculated his pioneering by a dead reckon-ing that Peary found as sure as the instruments he carried. He located musk oxen, hunted them down, skinned, nacked and stored them to fight down, skinned, packed and stored them to fight off the dreaded scurvy. He whipped up the cour-age of the Eskimo when it shrank before the trip farthest north—when there was no other man with Peary who could speak the Eskimo tongue.

tongue. His records of temperature, estimates of dis-tances traveled, solar observations, his experience of 33 hours at the North Pole itself, and his record breaking speed from the Pole to Cape Columbia have never brought a ripple of national applause or commendation from any American except men of the expedition who were left be-hind as Peary journeyed to the farthest point of the earth. To leave modern city life and go back to Stone Age existence is, indeed, hardship. But to dress like an Eskimo, live in Eskimo dens, and eat Eskimo food, has no comparable punishment in any prison of medieval or modern times. The black man who endured this hardship cheerfully because of loyalty to his country is now 62, and still hale and hearty in the oblivion assigned him.

Donald McMillan, in writing of him in 1920,

Two camera studies of Matthew A. Henson. (Oval) Henson as he appeared immediately after the sledge journey to the pole and back, and (right) a fulllength view of the only American who stood with Peary at the top of the world.

sledges and 130 dogs, in open winter, to  $87\,^{\rm o}$  6' north, returning later to New York.

Shipping with Peary on the Roosevelt July 6. 1908, Capt. Bob Bartlett in charge, Henson had special duties assigned him. He was the man special duties assigned nim. He was the moth who went ashore among the natives of the noth-country, traded with them for skins, dogs and lines, and mede arrangements for walrus hunt-ing to which he introduced Harry Whitney. From Cape York to Etah he equipped the ship, under Peary's direction, with necessities for Polar ex-location and called with the commander Cant ploration, and sailed with the commander, Capt. Bartlett, McMillan, Marvin and the rest, in a blinding snowstorm through Cape Sabine, around the Bache Feninsula and from Ellesmere Land half way across Buchanan Bay until finally, after fighting ice with boots on all of 24 hours for 21 dows Cape Shoridon was reached



As the nights and days went on, other support ing parties were returned to the ship. The illfated Marvin started back with one, only to lose his life in the cold waters of the Arctic. His feet were badly frozen when he started on the return at 85° 38' north. Henson read the Twenty-third Psalm and the Fifth Chapter of Matthew at a little private service before the Cornell professor began his ill-fated journey. The open water of the Big Lead swallowed him. From this point the commander directed Capt. Bartlett to pioneer. The captain proved a real man, in Henson's esti-

mation, all the way to 87º 48', which was his farthest north. His pioneering was over loose snow, like granulated sugar, packed hard by the wind. It was April 1 when Bartlett, then a British subject, was sent back.

"This brave man," said Henson, "who had borne the brunt of all our hardships, like the true blue, dead game, unconquerable hero that he was, set out to do the work that was left for him to do-to knit the broken strands of our upward trail together, so that we who were at his rear could follow in safety."

follow in safety." Bartlett left six behind to make the final Polar dash—Peary. Henson. Ootah. Egingwah, Seegloo and Ooqueah. There was a stretch of 130 miles before them. With Henson's proven ability at gauging distances, the commander took the reck-onings as he made them and did not resort to Polar observations until the party was within a hand's grasp of the Pole. But in this upward-climb Henson found Peary relentless. Through toll, fatigue and exhaustion, spurred on by the great influence that dominated his life, he did not sleep. not sleep.

not sleep. If Henson had admired Bartlett, Marvin, Mc-Millan and Borup, he found occasion to admire the commander now. For when it came to cook-ing a meal, building an igloo, or doing any of the work that called for superior manhood, Peary proved his quality in the eyes of one who had hitherto lightened burdens for him. Eskimos and hitherto lightened burdens for him. Eskimos and Henson fell asleep in their tracks through sheer fatigue. Peary awoke them as soon as they enored and spurred them on and on. On April 3 Henson, his sled, with Peary's sextant, mercury, colls of plano wire for soundings, and other valuable ma-terial, fell into the water and was rescued by Ootah and the dogs. Peary the same day was immersed in the waters of a lead and had to be rescued.

rescued. Three days later. April 6, Henson reckoned he had reached the Pole. He waited for Peary to come up with him. The commander took his bearings. They were slightly beyond the goal. Peary dug out of his equipment his old silk flag and named the last, most northerly camp on earth, "Camp Morris K. Jessup." The Stars and Stripes were nailed to the Pole by a white Ameri-can and his black assistant The six men, Caucasian, Ethiopian and Mongo-lian. remained 33 hours at the extreme north, tak-

The six men, Caucasian, Ethiopian and Mongo-lian, remained 33 hours at the extreme north, tak-ing soundings and making observations, and then started their fast trek back to land. The reaction of exhaustion set in on the commander, and save for his executive faculties he proved a dead weight on the hands of his retainers. He had fought Nature on the way up, and felt the ef-fects of sleepless nights. His brain and body yere fatigued. His face was lined and seamed, and, in fact, the faces of all were lean and gaunt. Their beards were more than an inch in length. Eut the light of victory shone in the eyes of one and all. Henson brought the exhausted commander off the Polar Cap before the thaw set in. S. Starting on April 7 over the backward trail carefully laid by Bartlett and others of the sup-porting parties, on April 25 they sighted the Roosevelt at Camp Sheridan. The smell of hot coffee made Henson hysterical. He took a sip of, relaxing for the first time in 68 days, fell asleep. Peary had reached the Roosevelt seven hours ahead of Henson, whose work in the various Peary had reached the Roosevelt ahead of Henson, whose work in the various

"He was indispensable to Peary and of more real value than the combined services of all four white men. With years of experience equal to that of Peary himself, an expert dog driver, a master mechanic, physically strong, most popular – with the Eskimos, talking the language like a native, clean full of grit, he went to the Pole with Peary because he was easily the most efficient of all of Peary's assistants." He was born in Charles County, Maryland, August 8, 1866, along the Potomac River, about 44 miles below Washington. He came to Wash-ington at the age of 3, where four years later he lost his mother. Taken in charge by an uncle, he was sent to the old school on N street near Seventeenth street, taught by the sister of the famous educator, Horace Mann. At an early age he went to Baltimore and shipped as a cabin boy to China, Japan, the Philippines, North Africa, France and Southern Russia. He met Peary on his return to Washington in 1888. The commander was then a civil engineer in the line to factor way they in the side of

The commander was then a civil engineer in the United States Navy, but with the idea of Arctic travel in his mind. Hencon went with him to North Greenland in 1891 when Dr. Fred-erick A. Cook was a member of the expedition. He also sailed on the Falcon in 1893 with Peary and remained in the North during the winters of 1894 and 1895. He participated in the long 450-mile race with death across the ice cap of Greenland in 1895 with Peary and Hugh Lee. from Independence Bay to Anniversary Lodge, with 3 sledges and 37 dogs, to determine the northern terminus of Greenland. On June 1 he had one sledge and nine dogs to return with, arriving at Anniversary Lodge three weeks later

arriving at Anniversary Lodge three weeks later with one dog. He went back in 1896 to assist in bringing to this country three meteorites, "The Woman," "The Dog" and "The Tent." When Peary, in 1897, determined to discover the North Pole, Henson spent from 1898 to 1902 in the Arctic regions, about North Greenland, meeting every experience except death. This experience made it natural that, when the Roosevelt was completed in 1905, he should accompany Peary with 26 men, 20

Sheridan was

During the winter at Cape Sheridan, Henson watched and nursed the commander to keep him physically fit for the forthcoming ordeal. He was the ship carpenter, interpreter, barber, tailor. dog-trainer, and Eskimo bouncer. While Peary read books on the Arctic and Antarctic topics. Henson read Dickens' "Bleak House," Kipling, the calendar and the Bible. He built sledges designed by Commander Peary and shared the apprehension all when, after eight days of hunting without shot-no deer, or musk oxen, or game-the Arctic night came on with its appalling silenceexcept when the wind blew.

One of the negro's most peculiar experiences in the Arctic wind was when he saw 150-pound rocks picked up by the storm and blown 100 feet to the edge of a precipice to fall over like rain, and a 100-pound box of supplies take an aerial joy-ride and strike Commander Peary. It was on February 18, 1909, that he was sent from the Roosevelt twelve miles across the ice pack to Porter Bay to pick up a cache of alcohol left there the previous week, solder up the leaks, and take it to Cape Columbia. The alcohol leakage was due to jolting of sledges over rough ice. Soldering was done in the darkness of Arctic night. On one side of an oil-stove furnace Henson was in danger of freezing to death, while on the alcohol side he was likely to burn alive, with hot solder dripping on tins containing such a liquid. He converted the oil stove into an alcohol burner and used it to heat the soldering irons.

When Ootah, his Eskimo companion, froze his foot at this job, Henson thawed it out by taking off the Eskimo's kamik and placing the frozen foot beneath his bearskin shirt until it was half thawed out. Then he produced an improvised banjo from one of the sledges and taught Ootah a double shuffle and Virginia breakdown to keep the blood in circulation.

At the launching of the Polar drive in February, 1909, final instructions of the commander were to the effect that Henson would take the lead at daybreak and pioneer. He started at 6:30 on the

STORY

morning of March 1 with three Eskimo boys, using pickaxes to get through the ice, making the road easy for the others who were to follow. When sledges split by reason of the roughage, he made one out of two at 52 degress below zero. This meant the undoing of lashings, unloading of the loads, using the brace and bit, threading sealskin thongs through holes, thawing frozen hands in armpits, and working like a demon when tingling fingers indicated life had returned to them.

Donald McMillan developed in this cold a sore heel that would not heal. In a dangerous zone. with the ice liable to open at any moment to let the party sink in cold water or drift, it became necessary to send back a part of the party. George Borup had already turned back to the ship. Mc-Millan returned March 14 to The Roosevelt with five Eskimos. Henson continued to pioneer, with Ootah, Ahwahtingwah and Koolootingwah, in soft ice where sledges would sink to the crossbars, where the dogs became demoniac, at one time sullen and stubborn, and at another excited and frantic.

When the dogs balked like mules, Henson took the leader, or "king-dog," and clubbed him in the presence of the rest, so that they became submissive and pulled willingly. He crossed the first big lead on floes, where practically every sledge was smashed and turned over to him for repairs. Then, on soft ice that undulated beneath the sledges so on sort ice that undulated beneath the sledges so that he had to walk wide like a Polar bear, and fish the sledges out when they broke through, Henson pioneered on. He met pressure ridges 60 feet high to be climbed with the sledges, and go-ing down on the other side with dogs and 550-pound load proved a nice job. Peary ordered Hen-son on March 19 to pick out the best dogs for continuence of the journey to arrange the load continuance of the journey, to arrange the loads in 10 sledges so that the rest might be sent back to the Roosevelt. This job took from 8 o'clock until 2 of Arctic night.

of the return trail naturally made him

last to find the ship. This is the story of the Farthest North of Matt. Henson. It is only different in detail from the story of other brave men who ventured to reach. story of other brave men who ventured to reach the Pole and who have ventured since them. A Congress of the United States recognized the com-mander. Some day, perhaps, it will take note of the brave black Washingtonian. Or, perhaps, the classic frigidity of the negro explorer's feat is so-superbly different from negro tradition that none; will venture to give a hand to one of a few alive whose combined heroism and achievement, for sheer verve, makes fair comparison with the hero-ism and achievement of Col. Lindbergh.

## Tylosaur Found.

Lawrence, Kans. (U.P.).—A new species of Tylo-saur, a huge reptile which hundreds of centuries ago floundered in the Cretaceous inland sea in western Kansas, has been placed in the Dyche Museum at the University of Kansas here.

Martin, curator of the department of paleontology at the university, in the chalk beds of western

Kansas and has recently been mounted by him. The specimen is unusually important, accord-ing to Martin, as it represents a new species; of, the Tylosaur group and is probably the smallest specimen of this family thus far known. The skull of the animal is missing, but if com-plete would measure about 12 feet, Martin said. The largest Tylosaur from the Kansas cretaceous, formation measured 40 feet.

**DBODY'S BUSINESS** By WESTBROOK PEGLER

# SERGEANT YORK'S OWN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.

all costs. Our company commander, Capt. Dan-forth, was over on the right, on the other side of the hill, fighting against desperate odds. I had no opportunity of getting in touch with him and he had no chance of getting over to us. But I figured at all cost the machine guns had to be silenced. It was an awful responsibility for a noncommis-It was an awful responsibility for a noncommis-sioned officer to order his men to go to what looked to be certain death. But I figured they had a slight chance of getting the machine guns. So I made the decision—and I now know that it was the wisest decision I ever made. I ordered the left half of my platoon, what remained of four squads, to deploy through the heavy brush on the left and work their way over the ridges to where the German machine guns were firing—and on the left and work their way over the ridges to where the German machine guns were firing—and then attack the machine guns and put them out of commission. Sergt. Early was in charge of the four sections, and Cpl. York, Cpl. Cutting and Cpl. Savage were in charge of the squads. The thirteen private soldiers were Privtes Symoski, Wiley, War-ing, Wins, Swanson, Muzzi, Beardsley Konotski Sok, Johnson, Sacina Donahue and Wills. Led by Sergt Early as ordered, the men immediately ad-Sergt. Early as ordered, the men immediately ad-vanced through the brush on our left flank and vanced through the brush on our left flank and disappeared. A few minutes later we heard heavy firing from the direction which they had taken, and shortly after the German machine gun fire ceased. It, was after this that Cpl. York and seven privates returned with 132 German prisoners. Cpl. York marched in front of the prisoners and was in absolute command. Unquestionably, the silen-cing of these machine guns played a tremendous part in our success in finally reaching our ob-jective. HENRY MASON PARSONS. Subscribed and sworn to before me this the 1st day of May, 1928.

1st day of May, 1928. BESSIE M. SWAIN, Notary Public. My commission expires on the 29th day of

March, 1929. Here is Corpl. Bernard Early's own account of how he led us behind the German lines:

Bernard Early, of the City and County of New Haven, State of Connecticut, being duly sworn.

deposes and says: As senior noncommissioned officer in charge of the left half of First Platoon, G Company, Second Battalion. 328th Infantry. 82d Division, on the morning of October 8, 1918, I led what remained of our squads, totaling seventeen men, from the valley under Hill 223, in the Argonne Forest, around our left flank in an attempt to deposes and says:

up my battalion's advance to the Decauville Rail-No command was on the extreme left of our division. I led my men through the thick under-growth about half a mile toward where we fig-ured the German machine guns were. Then I decided to swing in behind and attack them from the rear. On account of the nature of the counfry the Germans were unable to see us. just as we were unable to see them. So far we had no reasualties. When we were behind the German

lines we surprised a German stretcher-bearer, who immediately ran, and we trailed him through the undergrowth deeper in behind the German linés

We jumped a little stream and suddenly, unexpectedly, discovered the headquarters of a Ger-man machine gun regiment. There must have been at least 100 Germans, including three offivere also runners, orderlies and others. They were having breakfast, and we complicity sur-prised them. We fired several shots to intimi-date them and rushed them with fixed bayonets. date them and rushed them with fixed bayoness. I was out in front leading them and, seeing the Germans throwing up their hands, I ordered my men to cease fire and to cover and close in on them. I then ordered my men to line them up In the act of turning around, issuing this order.

a burst of machine gun bullets struck me. I fell with one bullet through my arm and five through the lower part of my body. I called on Corpl. Cutting to take command and get the prisoners out, and, if possible, later on come back and get

A little later Corpl. Cutting was wounded and Corpl. York took the men. I was carried back with the German prisoners

to our first-aid station. There I was operated on and some of the bullets were taken out, and I

was sent to the hospital. was sent to the hospital. This statement was read to Bernard Early after being taken, and he stated the same was correct. BERNARD EARLY. New Haven, April 11, 1928.

State of Connecticut, County of New Haven, ss: I certify that the above is the statement made by Bernard Early, of said City and County of New Haven. State of Connecticut, to which he made oath before me.

LEWIS L. FIELD.

Commissioner of the Superior Court for New Haven County. Here is the official affidavit of Private Percy

Beardsley: Second Battallon, 328th Infantry, Second Battallon, American E. J

Second Battalion, 328th Infantry, Thirty-second Division, American E. F., Frettes, France, Feb. 21, 1919. Affidavit of Private Percy (1,910,246) Beardsley. Personally appeared before me, the undersigned. Private Percy (1,910,246) Beardsley, first being duly sworn according to law, says that he was present with Sergt Alvin C. (1,910,421) York, porthrest of Chotal-Chebarry on the morning of October 8, 1918, and testified to the distinguished personal courage, self-sacrifice and pres-ence of mind of Sergt. Alvin C. (1,910,421) York, as follows

On the morning of the 8th of October, 1916, Sergt. York was a corporal in G Company, 328th Infantry, and I was a member of his squad. Our battalion./the Second Battalion of the 328th Infantry, was attacking the ridge northwest of Chatel-Cheherry. The battalion had to maneuver across the valley under heavy machine-gun

fire, which came from our right and left as well as in front of us. Very heavy fire came from a hill on our left flank. Sergt. Parsons was our platoon leader, and he told Acting Sergt. Early to take three squads and go over and clean out the machine guns that were shooting at our left flank. He circled the hill first in a southerly and then in a southwesterly direction until the noise of the machine guns sounded as if the guns were between us and our battalion. We went down the west slope of the hill into a ravine filled with heavy underbrush, and there found two Germans and fired at one of them when he refused to halt. We were following the one who ran and came onto a battalion of Gerone who ran and came onto a battallon of Ger-mans grouped together on the bottom and slope of the hill. Those nearest us were surprised, and, thinking they were surrounded, started to surrender: but a lot of machine gunners halfway up the hill turned their machine guns on us. killing six and wounding three of our detachment. All three of our other noncommissioned officers were shot and there was left only Corpl. York and seven privates. We were up against a whole battalion of Germans, and it looked pretty hope-less for us. We were scattered out in the brush. ome were guarding a bunch of Germans who had begun to surrender, and three or four of us fired two or three shots at the line of Ger-mans on the hillside. The German machine gunners kept up a heavy fire, as did the Ger-man riflemen on the hillside with the machine man rinemen on the niliside with the machine gunners. The Germans could not hit us without endangering the prisoners whom we had taken at the very first. A storm of bullets was pass-ing, just around and over us. Corpl. York was nearest the enemy and close up to the bottom of the hill. He fired rapid!y with the rifle and pistol until he had shot down a German officer and many of his men. The officer whom Corpl. York shot was leading a charge of some riflemen, with bayonets fixed, down the hillside toward us. Finally the German battalion com-mander surrendered to Corpl. Yorke, who called mander surrendered to Corpi. Yorke, who called the seven privates remaining up to him and directed us to place ourselves along the middle and rear of the column of prisoners, which we assisted him in forming. When, we moved out some Germans on a nearby hill continued to fire at us. Corpi. York was at the head of the col-umn where he placed two German officers in umn, where he placed two German officers in front of him. A considerable number of German prisoners were taken on our way back over the hill. Corpl. York made them surrender by having the German battalion commander call to them to give themselves up. PRIVATE PERCY BEARDSLEY.

France, this 26th day of February, 1919, EDWIN A. BUCKHALTER, First. Lieut, 328th Infantry, Bn. Adjutant. Private George W. Wills, first being duly sworn, according to law, also signed exactly the same document word for word document, word for word. (Copyright, 1929.)

N EW YORK-One sporting society whom I find it with difficult to sympathize is the class composed of professional lovers of dogs. There is a phoney sentimental implica-tion in the very name of the dog as a species anyway. Among them, the percentage of mean and cruel ones, slobs. four-flushers and snivelers is about the same as it is a mong humankind, which may be taken as a mild boost or the contrary, according to one's opinion of the human race. But such the regimental habit of thought about dogs that the merest mention of the species calls to mind the qualities of nobility, humor, pa-tience, fidelity and heroic sacrifice, as though all dogs partook of a common high character.

The human race has a better perspective on its own members There is no such tendency to elevate

mediocre people to fellowship with Lincoln, Lind-bergh, Pershing and Sergt. York merely because they are all built along the same general archi-tectural lines. On the contrary, heroic status is hard to win and as hard to hold, whereas it is hard to win and as hard to hold, whereas it is widely accepted that all dogs are faithful unto death merely because, at the rate of once in three months, some exceptional dog wakes the inmates of a burning dwelling or nips a little girl by the hern of her dress and swims ashore after she has fallen off a dock.

#### 50,000 Other Dogs May Have Yawned on Dock

In the meantime, 50,000 other dogs may have yawned on the dock while the little girl did the best she could for herself, bitten letter carriers or children, or committed all the varieties of nulsance that dogs are masters of, without loss of prestige. The so-called German or Belgian police dog strikes me as the most successful and shameless imposter of them all, for he is a dashing brute and quite bold when attacking a grocer's boy or a nurse pushing a baby carriage, but I have seen a fox terrier chase a perfect bench-show specimen indoors. Yet, because he holds his head high and his ears up with the jaunty manner of the modern racketeer, he is commonly accepted as a very fine

fellow, and it seems that to be chewed by him is a distinguished honor, second only to a kick in the trousers from Charlie Chaplin, himself. The professional lovers of the dog, as seen at the bench shows, always impress me as loving the dog less than the price he will bring. It is a puzzle that any one who professes to love dogs for themselves, as all the breeders do, should be so eager to sell them off to all conters. I remember a dog lover who was exceedingly fond of his stock and always seeing subtle glints of humor and character in the most ordinary expressions and antics of his dogs. There had been a litter of Spitz puppies and he had sold them all but one. which was his special pet, and, as he said, not for sale.

#### Unfortunate Dog Doomed to Live Life of a Cat.

However, there came along a breezy lady from Broadway—this was in a winter resort—and bought the last puppy for \$75. She was going to

take it back to her kitchenette apartment in New York, which, of course, meant that the unfortu-nate dog would live indoors like a cat for twentythree and one-half hours of every day and go out on the end of a leash for the other thirty miniltee

sale, and he loved the father and mother of the sate, and he loved the father and mother of the litter all the more for this transaction, which closed out the batch at precisely \$300. The lady who bought the dog took it into the hotel bar for its first meal and under new management and fed it marshmallows and wine.

It is an interesting fact, also, that those who profess to love the dog most are the very ones profess to love the dog most are the very ones who practice mayhem on puppies, mutilating them with fashionable cuts so as to give them a false appearance of alertness. This appearance, in turn, imparts a false financial value, so, in the end, it seems that the professional dog lover's love for the dog isn't strong enough to spare the animal this torture when a matter of price is involved.

#### Police Dog a Fad, But Is Nuisance in Cities.

The common owner of one pet dog, who seems The common owner of one pet dog, who seems to be the genuine dog lover, by the way, would not scissor away a section of his dog's ears or snip off its tail, merely to make it seem brighter. The clipped ear stands to a point and the docked tail, relieved of that ballast, doesn't droop, but all this beauty surgery adds to the animal's char-acter or natural conformation, and therefore seems to have no accurs. to have no excuse. Such remodeling is strictly a matter of fashion, and, that being the case, there is no telling when some arbiter of canine style will decide that the really swanky animal should have only three legs. I realize that in doubting the marvelous char-

acter of the so-called police dog one commits an outrage against a tradition that sprang up and became popular only because there seemed to be no point in opposing it. The police dog is a fad' today like the pug of 1900, but, unlike the pug-he has become a nuisance in the cities. And the affection in which he is held by the breeders may be gauged by their willingness to sell him into the cramped life of hotels and apartments, where he is as much at home and as convenient as a dairy cow

#### Nondescript of Small Size Herds Sheep,

He may be a very useful dog in his native bon dition, whatever that may be. One hears that ne does a good job herding sheep when put to it but in such traveling as I have done where dogs are used to boss the herds, the dog employed was a scrubby but highly intelligent hondescript of small size. The dog seemed to find no romantic quality in his work; but merely roved around keeping the flock together without indue fuss or strutting, like an efficient policeman working on the crowd at a world series. world series. (Copyright, 1929.)

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The lady took the dog into the hotel bar and fed it marsh-

mallows and wine.



#### CHAPTER 8. OFFICIAL STORY OF THE FIGHT.

TTHE complete official record of Sergt. York's unbellevable feat has to include one more document—the writer's own account, as it was taken down at divisional headquarters a short time after the fight. I don't much care to publish the first part of it, but it is a part of the document and is an exact copy of the original, which is in the War Department in Washington, and I simply ain't got no right to leave any of it out. I have to publish it all, or not at all. So I have no choice but to put it all in. I might say that this is the first time that this document has ever been published.

The records of the Eighty-second Division reveal no more extraordinary act of individual gallantry and achievement than is accredited, after careful investigation, to Sergt. Alvin C. (No. 1,910,426) York, Company G, 328th Infantry. York is a farm-er, 31 years old, whose home is located at Pall Mall, Tenn., in the mountainous and northeastern corner of the State

corner of the State. On October 8, 1918, York was a corporal in G Company, 328th Infantry. This company was the left assault company of the Second Battalion, which jumped off from the crest of Hill 223 just north of Chatel Chehery and attacked due west, with its objective, the Decauville railroad, 2 kilo-meters due west. The success of this assault had a Tar-reaching effect in relieving the enemy pres-Argonne forest. The local success achieved by this battalion was, in itself, of outstanding propor-tions. About 300 prisoners were taken and nearly

200 dead Germans left on the ground and material captured which included four 77s, a trench mortar battery, a complete signal outfit and 123 machine guns. The attack was driven through in spite of resist-ance of a very savage char-acter and most destructive enemy machine gun and ar-tillery fire. The battalion suffered enfilade fire from both flanks.

The part which Sergt. York individually played in this attack is difficult to fully estimate. Practically unassisted, he captured 132 Germans (three of whom where of the about 35 were officers), took about 35 machine guns and killed no less than 25 of the enemy, later found by others on the scene of York's extraordi-nary exploit. York is well known in his section of Tennessee for his remarka-ble skill with both rifle and

The following story has been carefully checked in every possible detail from headquarters of this divi-sion, and is entirely sub-stantiated.

Although Sergt. York's Estatement tends to underestimate the desperate odds which he overcame, it has been decided to forward to higher authority the ac-count given in his own words: "Sergt. Harry M. Parsons was in command of a

platoon of which my squad was a part. This platoon was the left support platoon of G Comparty, my squad forming the extreme left fiank of the platoon. The valley was covered by machine gun fire from the right (pointing to the map), from the front, and from the left front. Machine guns from the left front were causing a great deal of damage to our troops advancing across the val-ley. Sergt. Parsons was ordered to advance with platoon and cover our left fank do for work platoon and cover our left flank. As the fire was very hot in the valley, we decided to skirt the foot of the hill on our left and thereby gain some

stream (pointing at map). The Boche then turned to the right and ran in the direction from which we had come. When we reached the point where we had come. When we reached the point where they turned, we stopped for half a second to form a skirmish line. I jumped about four paces away from a sergeant and we told the other men to scatter out because we thought there was going to be a battle and we did not want to be too close together. As soon as we formed our skirmish line we burst through the bushes after the Boche.

"This little stream of which I spoke runs through a guich into the valley. On either side of the stream there was a little stretch of flat, level ground, about 20 feet wide, which was cov-ered with extremely thick bush. On the east bank of the stream was a hill having an exceed-ingly steep slope. This hill was somewhat semi-altrular in shore and afforded socilar protect circular in shape and afforded excellent protec-tion to any one behind it. Along the top of the hill were the machine guns firing across the valley at our troops.

"We burst through the undergrowth and were upon the Germans before we knew it, because the undergrowth was so thick that we could see only a few yards ahead of us. There was a little shack thrown together that seemed to be used as a sort of a P. C. by the Germans. In front of this, in a sort of semicircular mass, sat about 75 Boohe, and by the side of a chow can, which was near the P. C., sat the commanding officer and two other officers. The Boche seemed to be having some kind of conference.

"When we burst in on the circle, some of the Boche jumped up and threw their hands, shout-ing 'Kamerad.' Then the others jumped up and we began shooting. About two or three Germans

This picture of York mired on Creek Bed Road shows that France wasn't the only place where he had to contend with mud.

> were hit. None of our men fell. "Sergt. Early said: 'Don't shoot any more. They are going to give up anyhow,' and for a moment our fire ceased, except that one German continued to fire at me, and I shot him. In the meantime, the Boche upon the bill with the machine cuns swung the left guns to the left oblique and opened fire on us. I was at this time just a few paces from the mass of Boche who were crowded around the P.C. At first burst of fire from the machine guns all the Boche in this group hit the ground, lying flat on their stomachs. I and a few others of our men, hit the ground at the same time. Those who did not take cover were either killed or wounded by the Boche machine gun fire the range being so close that the clothes were literally torn from their bodies. Sergt. Early and Corpl. Cutting were wounded, and Corpl. Savage was killed. In this first fire we had six killed and three wounded. By this time those of my men who were left had gotten behind trees, and two men sniped at the Boche. They fired about half a clip each. But there wasn't any tree for me, so I just sat in the mud and used my rifle, shooting at the Boche machine gunners. I am a pretty good shot with the rifle, also with the pistol, having used them practically all my life, and having had a great deal of practice. I shot my rifle until I did not have any more clips convenient and then I used my pistol.

grenade, about the size of a dollar and with a string that you pull like this when you want to explode it, at me, but missed me by a few feet, wounding, however, one of his own men.

"I just let the Boche come down the hill and then poured it into them with my pistol, and I am, as I said before, a pretty good shot with the pistol. I shot the lieutenant, and when he was killed the machine-gun fire ceased. During the fight I kept herring a pistol firing from the midst of the Boche who were lying on the ground. This was evidently the commanding officer shoot-ing, as he was the only one in the crowd armed with a pistol and all of his clips were empty when I examined them later. "When the machine guns ceased firing the com-

"When the machine guns ceased firing the com-manding officer, who spoke English, got off the ground and walked over to me. He said, 'English?' I said, 'No, not English.' He said, 'What?' I said, 'American.' He said, 'Good Lord.' Then he said, 'If you won't shoot any more, I will make them give up.' and I said, 'Well, all right, I will treat you like a man,' and he turned around and said something to his men in German, and they all threw off their belts and arms and the machine gunners threw down their arms and came down the hill

"I called to my men, and one of them answered me from over here, another from over here, and another here (they were pretty well scattered), and when they all come to me 1 found that there were six left besides myself.

were six left besides myself. "We searched the Boche and told them to line up in a column of twos. The Boche commanding officer wanted to line up facing the north and go down through the valley along the road which runs by the foot of the hill, but I knew if they got me there it would be as good as they wanted, on account of the machine guns on the opposite slope, so I said, 'No, I am going this way,' which was the way I had come, and which led through the group of machine guns placed here (pointing at the map), which seemed to be outpost guns. We had missed this machine gun nest as we ad-vanced, because we had gone further to the left. / "When we got the Boche lined up in a column of twos, I scattered my men along and at the of twos, I scattered my men along and at the rear of the column, and told them to stay well in the rear and that I would lead the way. so I took the commanding officer and the two other officers and put one in front of me and one on each side of me, and we headed the column. I did that because I knew that if I were caught on the side of the column the machine gunners would shoot me, but that if I kept in the column they would have to shoot their officers before they could kill me. In this manner we advanced along a path and into the machine gun nest, which is situated

here (pointing at the map). "The machine gunners, as I said before, could not kill me without killing their officers, and I was ready for them. One of them aimed a rifle at me from behind a tree, and, as I pointed my pistol at him, the commanding officer said. 'If you won't shoot any more I will tell them to surrender.' He

did, and we added them to our column. "I then reported with the prisoners to the Battalion P. C. They were counted there and there were 132 of them. I was there ordered to deliver the prisoners to brigade headquarters. which I did, and returned to my company the next morning."

It is further interesting to note that Sergt. York was a member of the Church of Christ and Christian Union. During the training days at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., he, informed his company commander of his church atfiliations, and was seriously troubled by the fact that one of the fundamental tenets of this faith is a pronounced opposition to war. This continued to cause York the most genuine perplexity, although he carefully refrained from accepting the military he carefully refrained from accepting the military status of conscientious objector, declaring that he proposed to obey all orders while a member of the Army. His mental doubts were finally dis-sipated by his company commander in a long interview before embarking at Camp Upton, N. Y., at the end of which York stated that the purposes of American participations were of such a character that he felt himself able to take part with a clear conscience.



I had been living for God and working for Him sometime before I come to the Army. So I am witness to the fact that God did help me out of that hard battle.

P. C. and Col. Wetherill told us to take them to brigade headquarters at Varennes. Another group of prisoners were added to those we had and 1 turned over at Varennes 208 prisoners to the military police, and a receipt was given to Corpl Clark, who had joined us after the fight was over. The prisoners which were captured and which were counted at the Battalion P. C. by Lieuts. Woods and Garner, I am told, amounted to 132. I counted them roughly by myself and thought there were about 146."

#### Above the Battle.

About 10 a.m. on the morning of October 9 I reported to Capt. Danforth at the railroad. On account of the long distance we had to go back from where we handed over the prisoners and the most awful rough nature of the country and the mix-up and confusion everywhere, it taken me 'most all night to get back to him again. The company done been all mussed up and there were only a few left, but they kept on a-going through everything, and they done busted that old rali-road. The captain asked me where I had been. I told him of the fight with the machine guns around on the left flank, of how the other non-commisioned officers had ben killed or wounded, and how I had taken command and marched them prisoners away back behind the lines to divisional headquarters. He asked me why I hadn't handed them over at battalion headquarters and then pushed on and joined him. I told him that there was a whole heap of prisoners and nobody would take them from me and 1 had to take them all the way back. I told him 132, he looked at me with a funny-like expres-sion He seemed kinder surprised.

I had been away from Capt. Danforth and the company for over 24 hours, and I knowed he wanted me most awful bad now. He wanted every man he could get, because there was only a few left Jes the same I had been doing a heap of thinking about the boys we had left behind in the fight. There was jes a chance that some of them might be only wounded and still lying out there in pain and needing help something terrible. I felt I jes had to go and look for them. So asked the captain if I coudn't take some stretcher bearers and orderlies and go back and look around, and though he needed me most awful bad he said it was all right, I could get the detail men and go back. So I got me two stretcher bearers and led them back to the place where I done fought the German machine guns. When we got there the salvage corps had already done come and cleaned up the place, they packed up the equipment and takened it away. And they done buried the dead, our own boys and the Germans. The ground there all round looked like the most tornedest thing I ever had seen. There was an old canteen lying within a few inches of where I stood. It had eighteen bullet holes in it. There was a shrapne helmet a couple of feet away, and it was all sorter sieved, jes like the top of a pepper box. The ground in front and on both sides of where we done stood was all soft and torned up with bullets. The bush on either side was also torned

up and there was a sort of tunnel cut in the brush behind me. Everything destroyed, torned up, killed—trees, grass, men. Oh, my, it was a ter-rible sight. But we didn't find no wounded now-We not only searched with our eyes, we where. searched with our voices. We yelled, thinking that maybe some one was in the bushes. But no one yelled back. There weren't no wounded that we could see, neither American nor German. There weren't no bodies around neither. All was terribly quiet in the field. And I jes couldn't help thinking of the boys that only the day before was alive and like me. Demowski-dead. Weiler--dead. Warring-dead. Wins-dead. Swanson-dead. Corpl. Maury Savage, my best pal, dead. Oh, my it seemed so unbelievable. I wouldn't never see them again. I would never share the same blanket with Corpl. Savage. We'd never read the Bible together again. We would never talk about our faith and pray to our God. I was mussed up inside worser than I had ever been. I'm a-telling you when you lose your best buddle and you know you ain't never going to see him again, you sorter know how terrible cruel war is. There was nothing I could an onw for Corpl. Maury Savage or any of the other boys that done lost their lives. I could only pray for their souls. And I done that. I prayed for the Greeks and Italians and the Poles and the Jews and the others. They were all brother men of mine. Maybe their religion was different, but I reckon we all believe in the same God and I wanted to pray for all of them. So we went back, and I remember the boys that

so we went back, and I remember the boys that got wounded, and was a-hoping and praying they would get well. Early got five bullets in the body and one in the arm. And Cutting was bunged up right smart. His helmet was broken. The buttons were shot off'n his uniform, and he was hit in the arm.' Well, I had come through it all without even a hair of my head being harmed. It seemed sorter hard to believe that i done come through alive. Two men on both sides of me and two others right behind me were killed, and I hadn't been touched, I tried to figure it out how it come that everybody around me who was exposed done got picked off or wounded and that I alone come out unharmed I have been trying to figure it out ever since. And the more I figure the more I am convinced that it wasn't no mere luck or jes an accident. It must have been something more and bigger than that. The officers and the experts who went over the battleground afterward, some of them several times, and who takened the statements of all of us who came through the fight, have tried to give their own explanations of how I come through. Some of them say that for fear of hittin' their own men who were prisoners the German ma-chine gunners had to range their fire and shoot high, and so the builets done passed just a few inches over my head. I'm admittin' that that's a smart lot of reasonin's, but jes the same they didn't fire too high when they opened on us They hit a whole heap of other boys all around me. They cut up the ground at my feet when they riddled that old canteen and shrapnel hel-met.

Others say that the German machine gun-ners were surprised and kinder rattled. They hadn't even dreamed that there were any Ameri-cans behind them or even near them. Then when we burst in on them they thought that we were the advance units of a big American attacking force which done either got in be-hind them or surrounded them. And that made them mighty panicky. I'm admittin' that that's good reasonin' too. There can be no doubt at all but what we did surprise them. We takened headquarters with only a few shots fired. But jes the same the German machine gunners were quick and was used to being in tight quarters. These were veteran troops that we done run into. They had been in the war a long time and done fought through many battles. They knowed what it was all about. Then there was so many of them and they had such a whole heap of machine guns that it don't stand to reason that they all sorter lost their nerve and give up. I can't admit that nohow. I know different. They fought like a heap of wild cats. I mean the machine guners did. They kept up a contini-ous fire for several minutes. They killed and wounded a whole heap of our boys. They were surprised and some of them might have been panicky. But not all of them. Some of the officers have sorter suggested that I was the "right man in the right place." They done tried to make the point that I was a right-Others say that the German machine gun-

panicky. But not all of them. Some of the officers have sorter suggested that I was the "right man in the right place." They done tried to make the point that I was a right-smart sharpshooter; that I knowed how to handle weapons; that I could shoot equally well with rifle or pistoi; that I could shoot from either hand, or from any position; and that this jes happened to be my favorite distance. They also claimed that I always was cool and deliberate under fire. I ain't so foolish as to deny that I know a whole heap about guns. I do. I know, too, that I am a tol'able good shot. But I don't care how good a shot a man is, hit ain't in the nature of things for one man with an Army rifle and a pistol to whip 35 machine guns that can each fire over 600 shots a minutes; from a pint-blank range of between 20 and 30 yards. Some of them officers have been saying that I being a mountain boy and accustomed to woods and nature done all these things the right way jes by instinct, like an animal when it is cor-nered. There may be something in that. I hadn't never got much larnin from books, ex-cept the Bible. Maybe my instincts is more natural than of men who ain't been brunged up like I was in the woods and in the mountains. But that aln't enough to account for the way i come out alive, with all those German soldiers and machine guns raining death on me. I am willing to admit that all of these ei-planations have a whole heap of truth in them.

I am willing to admit that all of these ex-planations have a whole heap of truth in them. I am willing to admit that maybe I had all the breaks, and had them right. Jes the same, there was something else. There had to be something was something else. There had to be something more than man power in that fight to save me. There can't no man in the world make me be-lieve there weren't. And I'm a-telling you the hand of God must have been in that fight. It surely must have been divine power that brought me out. No other power under heaven could save a man in a place like that. Men were killed on both sides of me and all around me and I was the biggest and most exposed of all. Jes think of them 30 machine guns raining fire on me p'ntof them 30 machine guns raining fire on me p'nt-blank from a range of only 25 yards and all of them-there rifles and pistols besides, and those bombs, and then those men that charged with fixed bayonets, and I never receiving a scratch, and bringing in 132 prisoners. I have got only one explanation to offer, and only one-without the help of God I jes couldn't have done it. the help of God I jes couldn't have done it. There can be no arguments about that. I am not going to believe different as long as I live. I'm a-telling you that God must have heard my prayers long before I done started for France. I'm a-telling you He done give me my assurance somehow that so long as I believed in Him He would protect me. That's why when I bade my mother and Gracie and all my brothers and sis-ters and Rosy Pile good-bye before sailing for France I toid them an not to worry, I would be safe. I would come back.

safe, I would come back. I done settled it all with my God long before

ea a little ways up about here (pointing to the map), when we were held up, the machine guns from our left front here (pointing to the map). Sergt. Parsons told Sergt. Bernard Early to take two squads and put these machine guns out of business. My squad, being the left squad, was one of those chosen. "We advanced in single file. The undergrowth

and bushes here were so thick that we could see only a few yards ahead, but as we advanced they became a little thinner. In order to avoid frontal fire from the machine guns we turned our course slightly to the left, thereby working around on the right flank of the machine guns and somewhat to their rear, which caused us to miss these forward guns (pointing at the map). As we gained a point about here (pointing at the map and deisgnating a point somewhat in the rear of the machine guns), we turned sharply to the right oblique and followed a litle patch which took us directly in rear of the machine guns. As we advanced we saw two Boche with Red Cross bands of their arms. We called to them to halt, but they did not stop and we opened fire on them. Scrgt. Early was

deading and I was third. "As I said before, we were proceeding in single .file. We immediately dashed down a path, along which the Boche was running, and crossed this

"The Boche machine-gun fire was sweeping over the mass of Germans who were flying flat, and passing a few inches over my head, but I was so close to the mass of Germans who were lying down that the Boche machine gunners could not hit me without hitting their own men. There were about 50 Boche with the machine guns and were under the command of a lieutenant. By this time, the remaining Boche guns had been turned around and were firing at us, and the lieutenant with eight or ten Germans armed with rifles rushed toward us. One threw a little

Supplementary statement by Sergt. Alvin C. (1910.426) York, Company G. 328th Infantry;

"After the German captain had made the Germans remaining on the hill surrender and the firing stopped, Corpl. Early and Cuting came up. toward me. Corpl. Cuting said: 'I'm hit and hi bad,' and Corpl. Early said: 'York, I am shot, and shot bad. What shall I do?' I told him: 'You can come over out in the rear of our column with the other boys.' Private Donohue helped Corpl. Early out to the edge of the woods where they met a stretcher bearer from G Company with a stretcher, and Corpl. Early was carried back to Chatel Chelherry, when the German prisoners car-ried him to the ambulance. Corpl. Early was shot through the lower body. Corpl. Cuting was shot three times in the left arm. Private Muzzi was Muzzi walked out themselves. No German wounded, as far as any of us know, came out with our prisoners. The wounded German lieutenant was brought out, I think, afterwards by German prisoners who went back for him. When we got back to the Battalion P. C., the prisoners were counted by Lieut. Woods and Lieut. Garner. Lieut. Woods told us to take them to the Battalion

I went overseas. I done prayed and prayed to Him; He done given me my assurance that so long as I believed in Him He would protect me, and He did.

#### OCTOBER 8.

So you can see here in this case of mine where God helped me out. I had been living for God and working in the church work sometime before I come to the Army. So I am a witness to the fact that God did help me out of that hard battle; for the bushes were shot off all around me and I never got a scratch. So you can see that God will be with you if you will only trust Him and I say that He did save me. Now he

will save you if you will only trust Him. I know, of course, that people will say that if He protected me, why didn't He protect the other American boys who were killed, and the Ger-mans, too? He was their God as well as minc. mans, too? He was their God as well as minc, and if He was a just and righteous God, why didn't He protect them? I can't answer that. I an't a-going to try to. I don't understand the way in which He works "His marvels to perform." them and bow my head and bless His holy name. and believe in Him more'n ever.

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# **Babies'** Shoes, Faded Flowers, Old Love Letters and Other Sentimental Souvenirs, Oftener Than Jewels, Loot or Liquor

### By ALAN MACDONALD

O thousands of persons they are the most mysterious things in the world. Scores of husbands and wives are sure they contain evidence of deep-dyed dereliction on the part of emoothly unfaithful, undetectable consorts Countless heirs, close and distant, of rich men believe they house directions for big bequests to the heir in question, or diabolical plots to rob him of a just heritage. Myriad wise ones figure they hold fortunes in rare liquors and dop, not to say purloined jewels. They are the modern safe deposit vaults. There are many companies that make a neat profit by owning and renting them, and almost every bank nowadays has a block for the conveniences of its clientele.

If this summary strikes you at first glimpse as a bit too lurid for every-day truth, turn back your memory to the sensationally strange drath of Arnold Rothstein. Here was Rothstein, noto-rious Broadway gambler or ruthless, cunning. plotting, sure-thing player, as you like, but none the less a man who was known to have controlled millions in property and money; a man of family and friendships, of color and contradiction. One day, while police and Federal agents celved in the mystery of his passing, there came word that the officials had obtained a court order which alone would enable them to break into Rothstein's safe deposit box at the American Exchange Irving Trust Co.'s branch at 735 Seventh evenue. New York.

Long after the bank closed, the box breakers so thered in the practically described money tem-set. Newspaper men waited word of the finds So did many, many readers of that day's prints thad been rumored there might be millions in bonds lost or stolen in Wall street and never recovered. There might, too, be a secret record of great gambling, bootlegging or narcotic plots. And might be some personal record, some key to this mysterious gambler's life and soul! Some memento, said the romantics, of an early love affair, some sentimental thing of the days before Rothstein became a figure of sinister power. But

no. . . . "There was nothing of sentiment in the man." one of the lawyers connected with his estate, echoing the rest, told me. "In the box was \$2,000,000 in stock certificates of his various real estate

enterprises. \$10.000 in jewelry he held as collateral and a \$20.000 insurance policy made out to lnez Morton, a former show girl." . . . .

SAFE deposit men do not like to talk about their business to outsiders. They are not supposed to know what is in the boxes, and in gen-eral they do not. But box holders frequently die without making proper provisions for disposal of their property, or they get in tax or other suits and the Government officials open their boxes under court orders, or they disappear, and in due time, under process of law, the property is taken from their boxes and held in a general vault against their belated return. In all these instances the safe deposit manger is on hand, of course. So in time he gets to know many things concerning what the average man keeps in his vault at the bank.

One of the most interesting and genial of New York's vault men is H. T. Magruder, of the Han-over Safe Deposit Co. For years he has edited the Safe Deposit Bulletin, official organ of the tault men. I went to him and asked: "Was Rothstein typical. Doesn't any one keep old let-ters?" Magruder smiled. "They do," he said; "also faded portraits of sweethearts, ancestors, vault men. rusty medals, love letters, odd confessions, even bables' shoes!" And he told me a most curious case, in contrast to the gambler.

man in the case was, apparently, a successful Wall street business man connected with a brokerage house. The Hanover Safe Deposit Co i fil rent you a small box for \$5 a year or a larger one with a record rental running up to \$7,500, as is the figure with one held there by a large stock and bond house. The applicant wanted a goodsized box; he produced proof of good financial standing and business reputation and was given what he wanted. Time passed. He came and went, putting in and taking out packages.

After a while he ceased coming. Two years passed and the company, under the law of this State, sent him a notice that if he did not come and pay the accumulated rental within 30 days  $h\mu$  would be dispossessed. He did not put in an ppearance. Mr. Magruder went to the box and orced it. Imagine his surprise. Inside was a iorced it. Imagine his surprise. Inside was a businesslike revolver and a rose, withered and faded! No wonder if the vault men speculated about this mystery. In any event he put the things away for a few days and as luck would



He paid his overdue box rent, and took away-a jaded rose

have it he was making the official record prior to placing the gun and the flower in the general safe when who should come in but the owner! He was dilapidated, comparatively; obviously had

fallen on hard times. From a slender roll he paid the box rent and took the faded rose! Whether a lost love brought the unfortunate broker back to the safe deposit company for the

faded rose or not, the fact is that love plays a much larger share than practical Wall street ever would imagine in dictating the things that persons keep in safe deposit vaults.

Somewhere in New York, for instance, is a come-ly and efficient stenographer—for aught I know she may now be a private secretary—who comes regularly to a safe deposit box which she rents in a savings bank. A girl employed by the com-pany learned after some time that her sole use for the box was to keep love letters and souvenirs. The love letters and keepsakes are from her husband-her secret husband; secret because she married him against her parents' wishes, based, so I was told, on religious grounds. She can not, of course, keep the letters at home and also keep her secret. Some day, she hopes, conditions may change—but then, quite probably, the safe de-posit idea will have become a habit.

Not so long ago a man died who had a box in one of the bigger company's vaults downtown. In due time the vault was opened. Inside was a collection of letters and a neatly typed manuscript. Investigation showed that the manuscript was a story—almost a novel. Through it ran annotations relating to the dated letters. The title of the manuscript was "The Tragedy of My Life." The records showed that through a long and varied life the man had kept this record of an early. futile love affair. Death seemingly came so quickly that he was unable to destroy his chronicle and so keep it from alien and commercial eyes.

A certain vault manager tells of a young man who rented a box to keep safe a \$1.000 engagement ring which the girl of his choice had refused. Another relates the story of a man who for years kept a record of the comings and goings of a wife he suspected of wrongdoing and who came in one day, insisted on seeing the letters and records burned in the bank's heating plant and went out quite happy and apparently content. Still an-other prizes the story of how a widow sent her second husband, shortly after their marriage, to the safe deposit vault wherein she had kept among other things and presumably forgotten, her first husband's ashes.

#### . . . .

WILLS, of course, are kept in sufe deposit company boxes by a great majority of renters. Some strange difficulties arise when the renter passes without designating any one who can open the safe in case of his death or absence. Many times, it appears, the renter dies without even telling his heirs, assigns and relatives that he has a safe deposit box, and on occasion his will is in the more or less unknown box. Many interesting searches have been the result. And it has even happened that months have elapsed before the company has opened the box, because of non-payment of rent, to find a will few suspected to exist.

A downtown vault manager was surprised a short time ago to have three exceedingly embit-tsred men call upon him. They wanted to know if a certain individual who had recently died had a box at the bank. After consulting the records the manager was able to say that such was the case. Well, one of the three was a brother of the

deceased and his two companions were nephews. The wife of the dead man was very ill and was without funds. In fact, the brother had been contributing to her support, and at her suggestion they had come for whatever property her dead husband might have in the box. They talked very disparagingly of the box owner, calling him a miser who had always been niggardly with his wife. They had little doubt that the old skinflint had nothing in the box, but they wanted to satisfy them-

selves. The manager told them that they would have to get a surrogate's order before they could be per-mitted access to the vault box and after some questions they went away. A few days later they were back with the order. On the way to the vault they had a few more derogatory remarks to make about the dead man. Fancy then their surprise when on opening the box they found it con-tained a fortune of \$200,000 in gilt-edge bonds!

OF liquor and loot, as far as I was able to see through the vault managers' eyes, there was little trace. Occasionally, I was told, the police do unearth a narcotic cache in a safe deposit vault, but the instances were rare and far between. The same applied to thieves and their plunder. Only rarely is stolen stuff unearthed in vaults. Vault managers declare that the general rule, of trying to keep the customer lists free from men unable to furnish good financial and reputational recommendations is an effective bar against the crock. Then, too, as one of my informants observed, a thief is usually afraid to trust his loot in a bank. for he knows that if by any chance he is turned up and given publicity prosecutors easily locate and attach his plunder.

Yes, there is some liquor stored away, but-un-less the managers were afraid of me and pub-licity-nowhere near so much as you would thinks

#### Sentenced to Haircut.

Akron, Ohio (United Press).—Basilo Conterecer, 15, received a unique punishment here when he was sentenced by Juvenile Judge H. C. Spicer to

was sentenced by ouvernic outso in C. Spice a have his long girlish hair cut. Basilo was extremely proud of his 5-inch tresses that lay in perfect waves over his head, and pleaded with the court for mercy. "Please don't cut my hair," he begged. "I like

it long." But Judge Spleer was firm. Basilo was arraigned on a charge of playing "hookey" from school.

"Perhaps you could get to the bus on time if you took less time to comb your hair," the court commented.

A few minutes later a barber had shorn the long brunette locks—envied by the girls—from the anguished youth's head.

## Girl of 3 a Heroine.

Lunenberg, Mass. (U.P.).—Although only 3 years old, Mary Eskola was the heroine of a fire hero. When flames broke out in her parents' isolated farmhouse, she ran nearly a mile to give the alarm.

# Sergeant York's Own Story Edited by TOM SKEYHILL

CHAPTER IX.

#### THE ARMISTICE.

10

There was some more big battles ah:ad-terrible battles. And I was only wishing and praying that a good God would bring all this man-killing desolation to an end.

### OCTOBER 9TH.

OCTOBER 9TH. Argonne Forest. Well now as we went is finiting our way through the this, i.e., of the Argonne woods we could is a the cryes of our boys who were a start shot, and, oh, my, we had to siets by the dead and with the dead. But where were seeing so many of our bays and so say as we seen our fallen comrades. Goodby, pal; I don't know where you is camping now:

Whether you've pitched your tent 'neath

whether you've pickned your tent heath agure skies.
Or whether o'er your head the bleak storn winds blow.
I only know that when your final call

come for you It almost broke my heart to see

you go. But, I trust, pal, that you are ready to meet that last call. Yes, and now you be careful that the last final call

don't find you not ready to meet your God in peace.

OCTOBER 10TH. Fleeville, the Argonne Forest. We got to Fleeville.

OCTOBER 12TH.

OCTOBER 12TH. Somerance, the Argonne Forest. We had got to Somerance, and during this time we had lost heavy on our men and was still losing them, as you know that you can't fight in war without losing men. and the Germans was shelling us awful with big shells, also gas, and the boys laying there that they couldn't hurry. Oh, my, I can't tell you how I felt, and when those big shells would come over and burst. then I heard my comrades crying and mourning. All we could do was to trust God to protect us and look up and say: and say:

Good-by, o'd pal, your body sleeps heer 'neath the sod. Your coul. I pray, has gone home to God.

But yet I can't know the greenwood tree that leads into the vale beyond. Not yet. So close by this, pal, my soli-tary bunk I had to make to stay over night, and, oh, how lonely, how sad, no tongue can tell. But yet God was with me. Is God with you? If not, please don't do as many others have done---put it off to long. So we stayed in the front at Som-erance until we git releaved by the 80th Div, boys.

by we stayed in the new were solution. We stayed in actual fighting in the Argonne from the time we went in, which was the morning of October 8 to November 1. Over three weeks. Fight-ing in the front line all the time and through those terrible woods. And we were both mussed up right smart. The woods and us. Those old woods were ell ruined. And we were all shot to pieces. There were not many of them there Greeks and Italians left. But what was left were still fighting like a statul of wildcats. I shore did like those boys now: They were my bud-dies Yes: they were still burning up a most awful amount of ammunition. But they always kept on agoing. Al-ways. The nearest I come to getting killed in France was in an apple or-chard in Somerance in the Argonne. It was several days after the fight with they machine guns. We had a very heavy barrage from the Germans sud-denly drop down on us, and we were



The fightin' hadn't done stopped yet.

We went down there for a rest. We bile. I would just go to a place and had been in the Argonne for several the boys would come around and I weeks without any relief and were tired weeks without any relief and were threa and worn out and went down there to rest during the ten-day leave. We were staying in private places. We jes went around seeing the historical places, the old Roman baths and up on the mountain.

#### NOVEMBER 10.

Aix-les-Bains. I went to church. I think the man gave us a very good talk. His subject was the angel help-ing the wounded to the aid station. And there I also seen the old Roman baths that they said was built 122 years before Chaint before Christ. And then it all come to an end. All

of this killing and destroying.

f this killing and destroying. NOVEMBER 11. Aix-les-Bains. And the armistice was signed. And they sure was a time in that city that day and night. Yes. Say, did you think that the armistice was sign on the eleventh month on the eleventh day and the eleventh hour of 1918? And another thing, did you ever know that the war just lasted 585 days from the time that the Presi-dent declared war against Germany until' the armistice was signed, and did you ever know that in this little did you ever know that in this little short time of 585 days that the Americans was over here in France a holding a 77-miles front in the Argonne forest?

I don't know that I can jes exactly tellimy feelings at that time. It was awfulnoisy, all the French were drunk, whooping and hollering. The Ameri-cans were drinking with them, all of

the boys would come around and a would hold a meeting and talk to them. I spoke in the Y huts and out in the open to the battalions and to the as-sembled troops on the ground. I got reord representation everywhere. Our sembled troops on the ground. I got good representation everywhere. Our division chaplain, the Rev. C. Tylor, of Milwaukee, often traveled with me. He was a nice man and a powerful preach-er. I first talked to the boys in our Eighty-second Division and then I went to other outfits.

to other outfits. On one of these trips they done drove me about 80 miles an hour on a motor-cycle over those old French roads. It was asking too much of God, traveling like that. In front of the machine guns in the Argonne I couldn't protect myself. So I expected Him to look after me. And He done it and I came out unbarmed. But there was no sells? out unharmed. But there was no sen53 rushing like mad over those old roads on a motorcycle. So I wouldn't do it.

The boys were longing to get home. They felt they had done their jobs. The They felt they had done: their jobs. The war was over. They were kinder rest-less. I was that way, too. Now that there was nothing much to do, I began to get homesick again. I began to think more and more of the log cabin in the Valley of the Three Forks of the Wolf at home in Tennessee, and of my little old mother, and of Gracie. Oh. my How show those cold, wet

Oh, my! How slow those cold, wet days in camp went by: There was nothdays in camp went by: There was noth-ing to do and so much time to do it in. I don't like fooling around like that nohow. I kinder think the waiting, waiting, waiting pestered, me a heap more than the war itself did. It jes seemed as though that old ship to take us home would never come.

## FEBRUARY 12TH.

Prouthoy; France. I sit a round I day didn't to anything.

FEBRUARY 14TH. Prouthoy. Cold-and snowy and sit by the fire all day.

FEBRUARY 15TH. Prouthoy. Cold and snowy and never did anything.

FEBRUARY 16TH. Prouthoy. I went to church. It was Sunday and a rainy day, and we had a nice talk. FEBRUARY 17TH.

Prouthoy. I never done anything much for I was not feeling good.

FEBRUARY 18TH. Prouthoy. I didn't do much.

FEBRUARY 26TH. Prouthoy. On the night of the 26th of February I taken the a vant

there captains and lieutenants mad. They ordered me to call out the guard and get the boys off the floor. But that and get the boys off the floor. But that was a harder job than busting the Hin-denburg line. The boys hung on to the girls and didn't want to give them up or stop dancing nohow. The officers were just as determined to keep the dance private, that is, for themselves and their girls. So I sorter arranged an armistice between them. I roped off that old cance floor and stationed the guards along the rope. So the officers were able to dance at one end. And the boys kept-some of the girls and danced at the other end.

the boys kept-some of the girls and danced at the other end. Later on in March I got me a leave pass and went to Parls. The first time I didn't do much but hike around and see the sights. I done heard a lot about that-there opera. I had never heard of the word before. All I knowed about it from what the boys told me was that it was music, a lot of them stringed instruments plaving together. was that it was music, a lot of them stringed instruments playing together, so I hiked me to the place and bought a ticket and they done charged four dollars for a seat! I sat through it all right. I liked the orchestra, but I don't think I'd ever again spend four dollars to see another opera like it. I went out to Versailles and wandered through the nelseas there. I went to the tomb to see another sport into the through out to Versailles and wandered through the palaces there. I went to the tomb of Napoleon. I went to where they buried the unknown soldier, but I didn't stay long because it sorter made me sad; and I didn't want to be sad in Paris; but I was sad jes the same. Of course, I could have gone out like a whole heap of boys and fooled around with the mademoiselles and the vin rouge, and sorter tried to forget the war and them-there Germans I done killed in the Argonne. But I didn't drink and I had a girl of my own back home in the mountains. So I hiked around all day and at night time I jes got out in the streets and mixed in the crowd and them went home to bed, crowd and then went home to bed.

MARCH 28. Paris. I rode on the Paris wheel and took a train ride down to Se Louis 14 Plait at night.

Louis 14 Plait at night. I kinder think that bestest of all I enjoyed my ride on the Paris wheel. I'm a-telling you that when it started to go round and round with me on it and the sky and the ground all got mixed up. I not only forgot the war, I done forgot everything, ho, ho. I went back to Paris again in April.

I was ordered to represent my division as a non-commissioned officer at the first meeting of the American Legion. That was when it was formed.

APRIL 7. Paris. I arrived in Paris at 8:30 Paris. 1 arrived in Paris at 8330 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. was our meet-ing. I was there on time at the Hotel De Gabriel. So we had the meeting all day until 5:30 p. m. the meeting adjoining.

Prouthoy. On the night of the 26th of February I taken the a vant and started for Bordeaux. At last we moved on to Bordeaux. En Route to Boudeaux. I was on the train and it came an awful cold snowstorm about 3 p. m. So we was in box cars and it was cold and snowing and we had no fire. So it was pretty tough. But that was better than sleeping in those old French barns where the cows sleep in the parlor and the chick-ens in the dining room, hol ho! It was even worse in Bordeaux. Jes coid, stormy days with nothing to do tourse, we didisome drilling and march-ing. And there were guards and re-views which somehow now that the ware once in a while though things did get a bit exciting. One night the of-ficers had a dance in the 'Ahus. There was neither strength nor season-ing in a while though things did get a bit exciting. One night the of-ficers had a dance in the 'Ahus. There was neither strength nor season-ing in a while though things did get a bit exciting. One night the of-ficers had a dance in the 'Ahus. There was neither strength nor season-ing in a while though things. did get a bit exciting. One night the of-ficers had a dance in the Y thu. The ploked outsmost of the pretty girls, and ho. And they sort of crowded the offi-cers.: I'm a-telling you that mare the cers.: I'm a telling you that mare then the gris were kinder willing, too 'ho. the girls were kinder willing, too, ho, ho. And they sort of crowded the offi-cers. I'm a-telling you that made them where my hotel was. She was a right smart girl. She smiled and then takened me to a street car and put me on it and told the mademolselle con-ductor where I wanted to go and to let me off when I got there. She sure did, too. So, you see, I never takened any girls home in France, but one of them had to take me home; ho; ho! One day some of us boys heard that the Queen of Roumania was coming in on the train, so we hiked down to the station: And, sure enough, she come and when she seed us she smiled and waved her hand. I was faitly close to her. She looked very pretty and she sorter walked like a queen. She had on a black dress and a kind of black yell.

the machine guns. We had a very the machine guns. We had a very heavy barrage from the Germans sud-denly drop down on us, and we were drunk. I whooping and hollering. The Ameri- a whooping and hollering much. I had jes gotten back there and that might. I had jes gotten back there and the shalls are going to burst and what size they are. It is a sort of soldier's instinct. And this morning they were close, but not close enough to scare us. And then they got closer. And we dug faster. I have dug on farms and in gardens and in road work and on rail- road, but it takes big shells dropping close to make you really dig. And I'm a-telling you, the dirt was flying. And then bang!--one of the big shells struck the ground right in front of us, and we all come down again. Nobody was hurt. But it sure was close. NOVEMBER 1.

#### NOVEMBER 1.

Arconne Forest. So we came out of the lines to a German's rest camp, and there we got something

I was made a sergeant just as juck as I got back out of the lincz. But, oh. my! so many of my old buddies were missing, and we scarcely seemed the same outfit.

NOVEMBER 2. Argenne Forest. And then we star 3d out and hiked to a French camp.

NOVEMBER 4. (No place given). We loaded on Funch buses to go to French camp.

#### NOVEMBER 5.

(No place given). We got to a French camp.

#### NOVEMBER 7.

Aix-Les-Bains. I taken train for Aix-Les-Bains. I had a furlough for ten days.

#### NOVEMBER 8.

NOVEMBER 8. Aix-Les-Bains, So I got to Aix-Les-Bain and went to the Hotel De Albion, and I stayed at this hotel from the 8th to the 16th, and I went around and seen some fine scenery. I got on a motor boat and went over to Itala, and there

scenery. I got on a motor boat and went over to Itala, and there I seen some good scenery. There was a bunch of us had been given a ten-day leave to Aix-les-Bains. I traveled by motorcycle and automo-

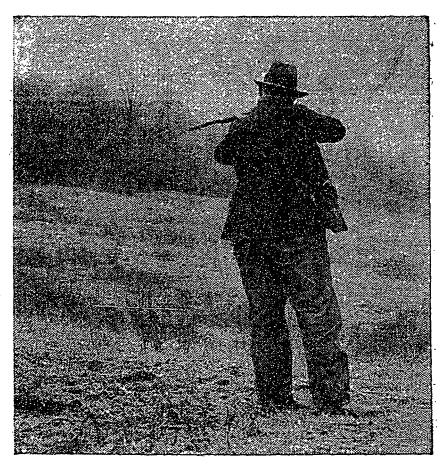
NOVEMBER 17. Champlette, France, Well, I'll go on—so I stopped at Champlette and the French had a dance that night and they had to go by my bed to where they were dancing and the girls would pull my feet until I couldn't sleep for\_them.

#### NOVEMBER 25.

NOVEMBER 25. Long, France. I went to see President Wilson and wife at Long, where they had a review. So there was a large crowd there. I enjoyed myself very well but I didn't get any dinner. So I was not enjoying a Xmas dinner, you see, ho ho. So I went back to my company that night and it was after dark. So Mrs. Wilson was dressed very nice and she had a smile on her face all the time. She was wearing a Smart Seal Skin Coat with a Big Fox Col-lar and a close fitting Seal Skin Toque with a bright red rose trim-ming on one side and a little bunch of holly at her throat. So she looked very pleasing and Mr. Wil-son was wearing a large black slitt hat with a light gray fur coat. He also had a smile on his face. So that cheered the boys to see Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and hear them talk, ho. the time. She was wearing a Smart

#### FEBRUARY 13TH:

Prouthoy. It was so cold and snowy that I never did anything but sit by the fire.



Sergt: York's thoughts turned to the Tennessee mountains, where wild turkey hunting was the only excuse for using a gun.

APRIL 8. Paris, I seed the Queen of Rou-mania. She is a very good-looking lady, so I stayed in Paris until 8:26 on the night of the 9th.

I liked Paris all right. It was a right-I liked Paris all right. It was a right-smart city. Jes the same it sorter con-vinced me more than ever that cities don't mean much to me nohow. I knowed in my own heart that I wouldn't give up my mountains and the hunting and the shooting for all of the cities in the world. So soon as my leave was up I went back to the camp near Bordeaux. And I jes sat around there in the rain and the mud doing nothing and waiting for that-thar old ship to come and take us home. Oh, my! The days went by slower and slower. It jes seemed as if we would never get away from France. I'm a-telling you them were the homestck-

never get away from France. I'm a-telling you them were the homesick-est days I ever had in my life. At last we got ready to sail. The boat done came. I'm a-telling you I was tickled. So were the boys. But when we got down to the wharf and began to load there were so many of us the boat wouldn't hold us all. And, ch, my! I had to stay behind with 66 oth-ers and do some more waiting. That was pretty tough. I'm a-telling you. But the next day another old boat came along and we done sailed jes the same. (Copyright, 1929.)

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#### WASHINGTON POST: SUNDAY, MAY 19, 71929. THE

# Sergeant York's Own Story Edited by TOM SKEYHILL

#### CHAPTER X. HOME. MAY 10.

N board U. S. S. Ohio. In the morning we went down to the docks and eat us a little and then we got on the U.S.A. Ohio boat at 2:26 p. m. We broke loose from the shores of France and by dark we was out of sight of land.

#### MAY 15. At sea. Awfull rough.

We had about three or four days of storms and most awful rough seas. I was right-smart sick for several days. Had to stay down part of the time in my berth and part of the time on top of deck. I sure would have liked to see some trees or those old mountains. Oh my, that sca! I didn't feel like talking or doing anything but lying down and being left tol'ably alone. And then I knowed, too, that they were going to give me a big reception when I arrived in New York. They done wared out at sea. And that hed me worried. I would hev got out and walked if I could hev.

#### MAY 22.

Hoboken, N. J. At 2 p. m. I landed and the Tennessee Society had a fiveday furlough for me to see New York City. So I stopped at Waldorf Hotel.

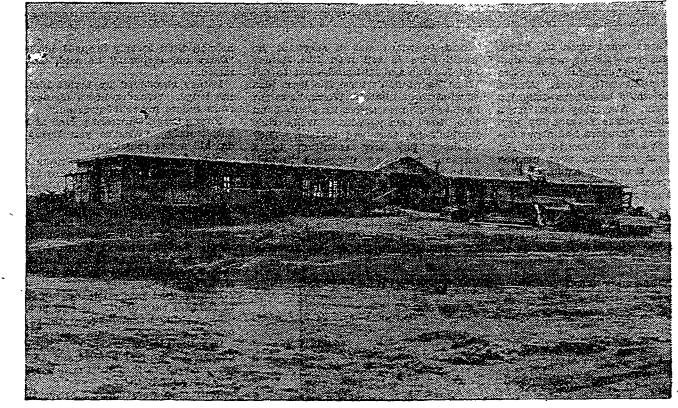
"Oh, my, I can't tell you how I felt when our ship steamed up New York Harbor and I seed the sky-scrapers sorter standing up against the sky. In the distance they looked les a little like the mountains at home when you see them from a long way off.

Oh. my, I was so homesick!

I jes knowed I would never leave my country again. I didn't want to nohow. I stood there in front of the ship as we steamed up the harbor and when we passed the Statues of Liberty I sorter looked her in the eyes and I kinder understood what the doughboy meant when he said: "Take a good look at me, Old Girl. Take a good look at me, because, whenever you want to see me again you will have to turn around."

I knowed, of course, that a committee from the Tennessee Society was going to meet my boat. And they did. They tried to make a most awful fuss over me. They seemed to think I done done something wonderful. I couldn't see it that way nohow. I done done my duty like most any other soldier would | couldn't get through. That made me have done when he was up against the same thing.

The Tennessee Society met me at the boat with a car. There was a right- got to figuring it out-and I couldn't smart heap of newspaper men there, figure that I wanted anything spetoo, and they made me stand around cial. Hit's kinder funny that when and have my picture taken. There you can have anything you want, you bole heap of cameras. So VOI see I was under fire again. And they life. So hit seems to me hit ain't havdone questioned me. And by the time they had finished writing about me in Hits the wanting to have them that their papers I had whipped the whole counts. They kept insisting. So I German Army single-handed. Ho, ho! Those newspaper men! But they were very nice. They gave me a right smart reception in New York City. They drove me through the streets in an open car; and the streets were so crowded we could only go slow. It seemed as most everybody knowed me. They throwed a most awful lot of paper and ticker tope and confetti out of the windows of those big sky-scrapers. I wondered what it was at first. It looked like a blizzard. I didn't understand that it was for me until they told me. I thought it was a New York habit. And p very nice habit, too. They takened me to the Waldorf Astoria, where they had a whole suite of rooms for me. There were two beds in my room. Twin beds. That kinder tickled me. I didn't know which one  $t \rightarrow sleep in$ . So, I tried them both. The Tennessee Society done give me



Sergt. York is responsible for the building of several such schoolhouses as this in the Tennessee mountains.

busied a plenty. But I got through it are most awful narrow and plumb full all right. I didn't know what all the of people. I figured it was sorter funny plates and knives and forks and spoons that people would be willing to crowd were for. So I kinder slowed up and together and work and live in such jes kept a couple of moves behind the others. So I knowed what to do. In the middle of that there old banquet sky in other parts of America. But I got to kinder dreaming about home then you see I was a country boy and and the little log cabin and my mother and Gracie and them there hound dogs of mine. I knowed I was to be with them soon, and I sorter couldn't go on the stage and into the movies. think of anything else.

Jes the same, everybody was nice and meant well and they all done their best to give me a right smart time. Next day I hiked a-plenty all over that old city. So you see I was still hiking. I done more of that when I was in the Army than anything else.

I tried to get my mother over the long-distance telephone, but we homesicker than ever.

They told me I could have anything I wanted in New York City. I seem to want

cramped-up spaces when there's such a heap of open country and grass and didn't understand the city life. About this time they begun to pes-

er me with a whole heap of offers to They offered so much money that it almost takened my breath away. I thought to myself, wouldn't- I look funny in tights, ho, ho. Besides, I sorter felt that to take money like that would be commercializing my uniform and my soldiering. I knowed if I hadn't been to war and hadn't been a doughboy they never would have offered me nothing nohow. I also knowed I didn't go to war to make a heap of money, or to go on the stage or in the movies. I went over there to help make peace. And there was peace now. So I didn't take their thirty pleces of silver and betray that-there old uniform of mine. I would have been interested in helping to make that I was in the Army. They done

would know how to handle that old money and big business were things I the pictures if I didn't have to be in silverware without making too many jes didn't understand nohow. The it myself and if they would do it, not bad breaks, I'm a-telling you I was streets in that part of New York City to make a heap of money for themselves or for me but jes to show what the boys done done over there, and also to show what faith will do for you if you believe in it right. But I knowed they weren't interested in that. They jes wanted me to show how I done killed the Germans in the Argonne. So I wouldn't have nothing to do with them nohow. They also offered me a heap of money to write newspaper stories and sign advertisements. But I didn't want to do that either.

> I jes wanted to be left alone to go back to my beginnings. The war was over. I had done done my job and I had done it the bestest I could. So I figured I ought to be left alone and allowed to go home to the mountains where I belonged. I sorter felt, too, that if they wanted to do something right smart for me they might help me to get a soon-go for home. The Army officers understood me and I South to be demobilized as soon as they could get the papers fixed up. I'm a-saying right here that they treated me right smart all the time

played the game with me and they played square. So far as I am concerned, the officers and everybody connected with the Army done done the right thing by me. They were rightsmart folk.

In late May I got my transportation papers to Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and there I got my discharge papers and transportation home. But I can't tell you what I felt like when I got home in May, 1919. The mountains sure looked good to me. The mountain people, thousands of them, come from all over jes to say howdy. All of my big brothers were there and my sisters and my mother.

As soon as I got back to the little old log cabin in the Valley of the Three Forks of the Wolf I went a-hunting-not for coop, or possum or fox or souirrels-went a-hunting for Gracie I done found her, too. And what ] said to her and what she said to me and what we said to each other ain't nobody's business nohow.

Then I went out on the mountainside where I used to pray, and when it was all quiet and there was nobody around nohow I returned thanks to God. He had given me my assurance that even if I dian't think it right I should go jes the same; and would be protected from harm; and would come back without a hair of my head injured. I don't know what I said to Him. I disremember. I jes felt.

And, oh. my, what a joyful time I had with them-there hound dogs of mine. I done set down and looked at them and patted them and they wagged their tails and licked my hands, and then, ho, ho, they bayed and sorter circled round, and sorter lit out for the woods; jes to sorter remind me that they hadn't been foolin' round nohow while I was away; and they still knowed where the coons and possums and the foxes were.

In a few days I had the old uniform off and the overalls on. I done cleaned up the old muzzle-loader. It was all over. I was home.

#### A Heap o' Larnin'.

Nothing seemed to have changed much. The little old log cabin was still there at the head of the spring and the water in it was a-running and a-singing the same as ever. The razorbacks were rooting for acorns and hickory nuts jes as before. Their bells, and the cowbells, too, sounded much the same. The dogwood blossomed understood them and they sent me white and the redbud pinkish-like, jes as they used to. Though I seemed to notice them more now. The hills were as they always were, blue and kinder dreamy. And the people hadn't changed nohow. They were putting in their crops, working from sumup to sundown. The same crowd of mountain boys and girls were to be seen at the store. The little church on the hill was doing tol'able well. Rosy Pile held his Sunday school the same and the kiddies larned their lessons and some of them fell off to sleep jes about the same.

a banquet, and there were a whole heap of people sitting down to the big dunner. There were generals and statesmen all over the place. They asked me that many questions that I kinder got tired inside of my head and wanted to get up and light out and do some hiking. There were a heap of speeches. They seemed to be having a sorter competition saying nice things about me. They told me I was famous And I thought to myself, if this is fame, having to stay at a big hotel with several rooms all to your-

self and two beds to sleep in and a b.g banquet where there are so many people you couldn't remember them nohow, then fame ain't the sorter thing I used to think it was

Of course, everybody was nice. But

anything ing things that matters so much. thought I would like to have a ride in the subway. You see I thought it was right smart to have them tunnels under the ground and be able to go all over New York City that way, so they done got a special train and rode me all over New York City in the subway. I liked that, ho, ho.

#### MAY 23.

New York City. I was looking at New York City. On the night of the 23d I took the train for Washington, D. C., honorable Hull had had come to get me.

Washington, D. C. So I got to Washington this morning about 6 a.m. So we drove a car all over Washington almost looking at the city and I had the honor to meet Secretary Baker of War and shake hands with him.

Congressman Cordell Hull takened me in charge and showed me all over Washington, D. C. He takened me to the White House to meet the President, but the President was done gone. So I met Secretary of War Baker. And we talked about the war. And he was most kind and considerate. I went to Congress. They takened me there on the floor of the House. and the members all come around me. And there was nore questioning and a whole heap of cheers and applause. By this time I was sorter feeling like a red fox circling when the hounds are after it. I was beginning to wonder if I ever would get back to my own home again.

The next day I went back to New York City again; and they takened me to the stock exchange in Wall street. That didn't mean nothing to me nohow. A country boy like me jes couldn't understand what i' was all about. Rifle I'm a-tilling you it was a tough corner guns, hounds, foxes, coons, mountains, for a mountain boy to be in. Between shootin' matches-I understand these answering questions and kinder watch- things. I belong to them and 'm mg the people around me eat so I 1-thinking they belong to me. But

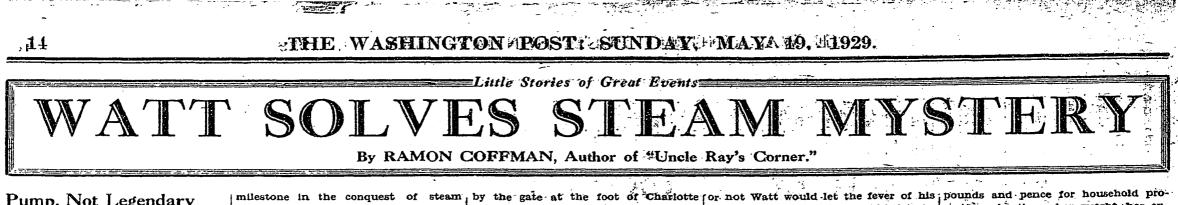


Sergt. Alvin C. York upon his arrival in New York.

The war had come and gone. Millions of boys had been killed and wounded. Millions of dollars had been poured out jes like water. Homes all over the world had been desolated, Some of the old countries had been all mussed up and new ones had come up and sort of takened their places. The whole outside world seemed to have changed. But not our valley. Everything there was kinder the same.

But I knowed, though, that I had done changed. I knowed I wasn't like I used to be. The big outside world I had been in and the things I had fought through had teched me up inside a most powerful lot. The old life I had lived seemed a long, long way behind me. It seemed to be a sort of other life in another world. I knowed I had changed. 1 was sort of restless and full of dreams and wanting to be doing something; and I didn't understand. So I sat out on the hillside trying to puzzle it out.

Before the war I had never been out of the mountains. I had never wanted to be. I had sorter figured that themthere mountains were our shield against the iniquities of the outside world. They sorter isolated us and kept us together so that we might grow up pure-blooded and resourceful and God-loving and God-fearing people. They done done that, . too, but they done more'n that. They done kept out many of the good and worth-while things like good roads, schools, libraries up-to-date homes, and modern, farming methods. But I never thought of these things before going to war. Only when I got back home again and got CONTINUED ON PAGE 14, COLUMN 1.



## Pump, Not Legendary Teakettle, Leads to First Steam Engine

Was Watt the inventor of the steam engine or simply its improver? Did his wife help or hinder his work? These are two of the questions treated by Ramon stream of changes unprecedented for Soffman in this article, which like- their swiftness and import in all the wise indicates that Watt's experiments were brought about by the sight of a model of Newcomen's. steam pump, rather than by the as he was, to nervous headaches, traditional teakettle.

HERE was a dreamer in Scotland 166 years ago, a young fellow in his middle twenties. By trade he was an instrument-maker, with his workshop in a small room provided by the University of Glasgow. By inclination he was an inventor, one of those curious folk, who seem never satisfied with the present, but who desire to improve whatever they touch. By name he was James Watt.

Watt had turned his hand to many a fi d--besides preparing models for the students of mechanics at the university, he had made spectacles, flutes, violins and guitars. At one time he was asked to build an organ, and he undertook the enterprise with such v 30r and skill that his production "clicited the surprise and admiration o, the musicians."

Steam was in those days a power known but little used. An ancient Greek had made a wheel which was turned by escaping steam, and others had toyed with the idea in later times. Denis Papin, that pathetic figure given to the world by France, had done far more than toy with steam; he had devited engines which would run by the plessure of hot vapor, he had striven to drive a boat by the power of steam and had succeeded in a crude, faltering way, but he had fought with an u yielding world, had flung his titanic g nius into currents and eddies which would have none of him.

It was the work of Simon Newcomen which came down in the line of direct succession to James Watt. A century b fore, Newcomen had produced a steam pump, which was fairly effective

power. Left to itself, Newcomen's engine would not have meant a great deal in the directing of man's activity.

Mankind needed something more than the freeing of mines from water, more than the mechanical power supplied by clumsy water-wheels or problematical windmills. Fate was ready, if the string were pulled, to reveal a long march of the human drama.

Who should pull the string? Was it to be this young Scotchman addicted, scarcely schooled, save by his own undirected efforts to acquire learning? Perhaps, and then again, perhaps not! A turning point in Watt's life and conceivably in the life of mankind, came when a model of Newcomen's pump was brought to Watt's workshop in the University of Glasgow.

"Can you repair this steam pump so that I may show my students how it works?" asked the professor. "I'll see what I can do," replied

Watt. When the professor had left, Watt

examined the model. He studied the method by which the power of fire passing through 'water was supposed to bring about mechanical movement. At. length he managed to effect repairs so that the little machine worked indifferently well. The piston moved when pressed by the steam, but it moved for only a short period—and then there must needs be delay for the production of more steam.

Many a man would have let it go at that, would have busied himself with the next job of the day. Watt did busy himself with other things, as he was compelled to do in order to earn his living, but the thought of Newcomen's model kept recurring to him. Why should there not be a pump which would better harness the power of steam? Were there not possibilities unnumbered for an engine which could be steadily driven by steam?

Giving further study to the model from time to time. Watt saw some of its defects. The heat of the steam was wasted in large part by going to warm the cool cylinder. How could that be avoided?

"I had gone," Watt tells us, "to take In getting water out of mines-effec- a walk on a fine Sabbath afternoon. Without dreams there could be no in- much more. Instead of a perception process, but hardly more than a good early in 1765. I had entered the green vention; but the question was whether ence on the immediate demands of a walk on a fine Sabbath afternoon. Without dreams there could be no in- much more. Instead of a petty insist-

house. "I was thinking upon the engine when the idea came into my mind that as steam was an elastic body it would rush into a vacuum, and if a communication were made between the cylinder and an exhaust vessel it would rush into it and might be there condensed without cooling the cylinder."

This was the flash which was to bring bout the separate condenser, provided that Watt could apply his thoughts to action. He had difficulty there, grave difficulty. Clever though he was putting his hands to the making of mechanical odds and ends, he was prone to allow his larger ideas to become la-

"Can you repair this steam pump, so I may show my students how it works?" asked the professor.

tent, to express them in terms of Miller, a woman gentle of heart, cheerdreaming rather than in fashioning ful, courageous, filled with faith in the patterns in the material world. Without seeds, there could be no

man with whom she joined her lot.

marriage; but the marriage of James

Watt proved to be a case exactly the

reverse. Into his life came Margaret

To her husband Margaret gave crops; but if the seeds are kept from home-a blessing without which he for the soil there still can be no crops. long years had struggled-and she gave

street and had passed the old washing brain turn into the action of his hands. motion, she threw her weight, her energy, her courage, to the other side of The works of men, the bigger things, the things which count, have somethe scales. times been impeded or destroyed by

-""James," she would say, "let some of these other things go-you are on the track of achievement; put the ideas you have sketched into action-make your machine!"

Vision though she had, this woman could scarcely have surmised the magnitude of the stakes for which Fate was playing when she urged her husband toward the bigger goal. It would have required a seer to foretell the myriad engines which were to turn the wheels of factories, the locomotives hurtling across continents, the majestic steamers traversing every ocean; but she saw enough: The trend of Watt's life was brought more toward expression; the seeds were placed in contact with the soil.

The years which followed were rich in effort, rich in disappointment, rich in accomplishment. Step by step, Watt switched his trials from the improving of a steam pump to the production of a steam engine for general purposes. Falling into debt through his experiments, he took in partners; and arrast succeeded in perfecting va practical steam engine, an engine which in 50 years was to revolutionize the industrial processes of Europe and America. The engine which propelled Robert Fulton's steamboat up the Hudson was built in England in Watt's factory.

The gentle wife who did so much behind the scenes to make the dream come true lived long enough to see only the beginning of the justification of her faith; but history owes to her a place among the immortals.

In the midst of all the honor and plaudits which came to him, Watt had the courage and honesty to say: "I am not the inventor of the steam engine-I am simply its improver." Those words might well be engraved upon his tombstone, for they betoken a nature which would not seize false credit, which preferred to let his work rest purely for what it was. Every inventor is in truth an improver, when careful analysis is made; but we may say without undue laudation that James Witt deserves to be ranked as the chief improver, the chief inventor, of the modern steam engine.

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**Own Story** 

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.

Sergeant York's and turkeys and slaughtered and in the right. So I kept on fighting jes after them, I'm a-thinking they're a- If they're too poor to pay their way. I done got the old board going to be handed over to me. And I'm going to give them a chance to side. They set up a table, the largest put out. I done got the State Board of then I'm a planning to sorter turn work their way through. If they live I ever seed, and they done piled hit up Education to handle the promotion. them into a mountain college for vo-back in the mountains where the roads with all the meats and eggs there was The school is a quasi-State institution cational education. I'm a-going to are too bad to get out, I'm a-going to and with sweet potatoes and combread today. And hits a-coming. At this teach the mountain boys and girls the build good roads to them. I don't and milk and jams and cakes and a moment we have two fine new school trades; dairying, woodworking, carpen- know of no part of America nohow that whole mass of other things. We were buildings with right-smart teachers and tering, fruit growing, the breeding of needs all of this worser than we do. married on the mountainside above the up-to-date equipment in Jimtown. And pure-bred live stock, dressmaking, and In our county alone there are over 1,000 so on. I'm going to have them in- boys and girls between the ages of 6 spring and under the shady trees and that's only the beginnings. with the blue mountains and green As soon as I can get the money to structed in health and hygiene. I'm and 18 that can't even read and write. grass and the flowers all around. make them self-supporting, and have going to train them to be self-support- And I'm a-telling you it's not their Then I begun what I felt was my proven that I can successfully look ing. fault. life work. I went to the State Highway Of course, in such things as electric." lighting, sewerage; water supply and Department and asked them to build a road through the mountains. And up-to-date homes our mountain towns they done done it. They built what and villages are sorter away behind we now call the York Highway, right the times. But I'm a-thinking if I can bring larnin' to the children they across our county. Then the other counties done noticed it and built roads will grow up and change all these on either end. And today we have a things. I can't influence the older dean A. Guer people much nohow. They're sorter right-smart road running through thishere mountain country. And there set in their ways. But if I can get the children to school and to college. were only mountain trails and old dirt And does the sparrow sadly I wonder if the poppy shows roads that were no good nohow and the rest will come. The slightest envy of the rose? mourn I'm a-going some day to have roads creek beds here before. That was the Because he was not goldfinch all through these here mountains; to beginning. Or if the pansy wastes its time have modern homes and all sorts of Then I begun to work for a school, born? Regretting that it cannot : other improvements and sanitary aran up-to-date school in our county climb? rangements in our towns and villages; We done needed it most awful bad. I cannot say, but fancy not. and, most of all, to have a, heap of We only had a few schools here. They schools and a right-smart mountain Do blossoms of a yellow hue Each seems contented with his vorid, and the glory of them; and he were all frame buildings, and some college. Complain because they are not lot. I ain't going to show no favoritism blue? nohow. I fought with Catholics and few of the teachers were even college Tis only man who thinks that Protestants, with Jews, Greeks, Italgraduates. So. you see, we needed new Do birds which Cod designed ians, Poles and Irish, as well as Amerhe buildings and up-to-date teachers and to sing ican-borned boys in the World War. equipment most awful bad. So I Some other man would rather Envy the wild ducks' fleeter They were buddles of mine and I So He was tempted. So everybody raised about \$15,000 myself and the be. larned to love them. If there is any since, who is called on to do good, is State and the county each put up \$50,of them in these here mountains we'll tempted. So I, an unlarned mountain 000. That gave me \$115,000,00 to build make a place for them in these schools. new schools. I wanted a modern, up-I'm a-going to give all the children in But I done come through it all all to-date vocational school, which later the mountains the chance that's 3coming to them. I'm a-going to bring them a heap o' larnin'.

to kinder thinking and dreaming, I sector realized hit.

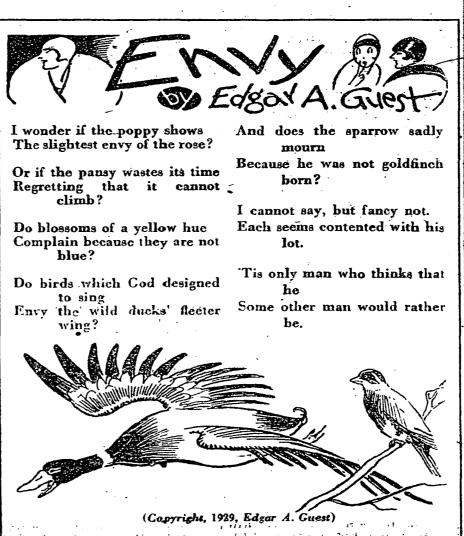
Then I knowed we had to have them. We jes had to. And the more I thought the more I kinder figured that all of my trials and tribulations in the war hed been to prepare me for doing just this work in the mountains. All of my suffering in having to go and kill were to teach me to value human lives. All the temptations I done went through were to strengthen my character. All the associations with my buddles were to help me understand and love my brother man. All of the puins I done seed and went through were to help and prepare me. And the fame and fortunes they done ofacred me in the cities were to try me out and see if I was fitted for the work Ho wanted me to do.

Again the devil taketh him into an esceedingly high mountain and sloweth him all the kingdoms of the said unto all these things will I give of them were well-nigh uninhabitable. thee, if thou wilt fall down and wor- There was only one high school. Very ship me. Then saith Jesus unto him get thee hence, Satan, for it is written. thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve.

boy, was tempted too.

right. My prayers and the prayers of on could be sorter developed into a my mother and Pastor Pile and a whole mountain college. The board they give heap of other friends were answered So I talked to Gracie about these So I have had a most awful hard fight. dreams of mine. She understood. She a much worser one than the one I had done always understood. So we done with the machine guns in the Argonne. get married. Gov. Roberts, the Gover- The politicians and the real estate nor of Tennessee, done come down to people tried to use me. The smallour valley and performed the ceremony. | town bankers tried to get in on it. Thousands of people come from all over | Jealous factions wanted to get a-hold Tennessee to see the goings-on. And of it and handle it their way. So it the mountain people provided the done got held up. And oh, my, I had

me couldn't see things the way I did vittles. They brought in goats and hogs a turrible time. But I knowed I was



THE END. (Copyright, 1929.)

Pawnshop Rate Cut.

Peping (U.P.) .- Pawnshops in Peping hereafter must charge their clients only 20 per cent a month, the municipal government has decided . Previously. it, was legal, to charge 30 per . cent a month, the over it is the partitle ten