"ONE OF THE FIRST FIFTY THOUSAND"

By SGT. H. BEN SCOTT

(Continued from page one.)

lieve that we were to attack at daybreak, the official time of the attack was not given until the word came for all officers to send their watches to the Post of Command to have them synchronized. With the return of these watches came the official orders that we were to attack at 4:35 in the morning and that we were to leave our present positions and take up our battle stations in a field of uncut wheat just outside the wood on the side facing the German lines. The start was to be made at two o'clock. We were ordered to pack our blanket rolls and all extra and unnecessary equipment and leave them behind. We were to take only our emergency rations and light pack. Two extra bandaleres of ammunition were issued and every man was asked to report if his rifle, side arms, etc., were in perfect condition. At two o'clock we began to move forward and upon reachin- the edge of the woods, we formed what is known as a "two-company front." This formation is simply dividing a company into two distinct lines, one behind the other at a distance of about twenty yards. In attacking, the front and rear rank of the companies in this formation comprise the "Waves" of attack—the first wave starts followed by the second wave and so on. In the attack about to start, my regiment, the 9th, formed the first and second attacking waves. Behind us were other regiments forming the 3rd and 4th wave and so on. In this attack, I believe there were four waves used all along the line. The idea of this "wave" method of attack is in order to present a solid front to the enemy at all times until the objective is reached and captured. For example, when a man in the first wave is "bumped off," the corresponding man in the second wave goes forward and fills the vacancy in the first, and this replacement continues so long as there are enough men in the succeeding waves to carry it on. It is known as the "Infilteration Method." Well, in this attack, companies "I" and "K" of my regiment took up their stations in the wheat field as the first attacking wave. My own Co. "M" with "L" Company, composed the support line or second attacking wave—we were the lads to fill the first gaps made in the front wave with a very excellent prospect that the waves behind would be filling the gaps made in our ranks before the attack was far advanced.

We took up our positions noiselessly and in perfect order and lay flat on our stomachs mid the shelter of the uncut wheat to await the zero hour—4:35. Thousands of men were hidden in that wheatfield within 300 yards of the enemy and yet so quietly had we arrived and taken up our positions that when the attack started, they were caught completely off their guard and given the surprise of their military existance. I personally, could not realize that thousands of others besides myself and comrades were hidden beneath that waving wheat. To the left of us were the 5th and 6th Marines and to our right were French colonial troops and to their right were more French and more American troops, all crouching and waiting. Just as we were waiting, in one continuous line which—extended from our positions on the northernmost objective at Sossions to a point near Rheims to the south—we were at the north flank of what was to prove the largest allied offensive since the war began, an offensive which only ended at Sedan when the signing of the armistice caused a halt.

And so we lay in the wheatfield, heads pillowed on our arms and watching the hands of our wrist watches creep toward the fateful zero hour. It would be sheer waste of time for me to even attempt to describe our feelings and emotions during those nerve-wrecking moments which preceded the attack. I don't believe there is a writer in the world sufficiently gifted to do justice to such a description. As close as I can come to it is to say that our feelings probably could be compared to those of a drowning man, who, having given up hope, is resigned and untroubled by his approaching fate but through whose mind flashes every incident of his past life since babyhood. Ordinarily in going "over the top" the men were able to keep up each other's spirits by laughing and joking but here we were not allowed even to whisper.

And here I come to the point where a description of the attack is in order and I realize that my literary "genius" is sadly "out o' luck" when it comes to giving a detailed battle description. In the first place, let it be understood that a man in battle actually knows less about it after it is over than anybody. To be frank, and though it may seem peculiar to one who has not gone through the experience, a man can't tell accurately immediately after a battle what he himself did during it. The normal function of a man's mind is shocked and knocked until it ceases to function and though he may do and continue to do exactly the proper thing as such condition and danger arises, it is more a primitive instinct which guides him than it is correct reasoning of mind. It all sifts itself down to a horrible dream, a nightmare of fire, of screams, of falling men, of shrieking shells, of terrific concussions in which a man becomes a machine, automatically doing those things which weeks and months of training have taught him to do without the necessity of thinking. When he emerges from the nightmare, his memory is heavy and it is hard to distinguish between those things he actually did and things he imagined he did.

At 4:35 in the cold gray dawn of the morning of July 18th, 100 per cent pure hell broke loose. Everyone of the thousands of allied guns which had been concentrated behind the lines to cover the advance of our infantry, opened simultaneously and it seemed as if the whole world had been torn to shreds in one gigantic continuous explosion; the earth rocked and swayed and toppled and rolled. The French 75's just behind us, laid down a creeping barrage in front of our advancing first wave and at the same moment, the German trenches 300 yards away were turned into one continuous fountain of spouting fire as the concentrated barrage of the heavier guns was laid down on them. The command, "Forward!" was given and the first wave began their advance across the wheat field. About 20 yards behind them and with men placed at five-pace intervals, we followed. The Huns had been completely surprised and those in the front lines were caught like rats in a trap—to come out of their dugouts to offer resistance meant to be blown to atoms by the shell fire and to remain underground meant a very possible entombment alive and most certain capture. They preferred to take their chances on either entombment or capture.

But, as soon as our advance started, the Germans laid down a counter barrage through which we must pass to reach their trenches. The front wave entered this barrage and immediately men began to get "bumped off" like flies. The fire was murderous and as those in front would drop by ones and twos and threes, we in the second wave would go forward and take their places. By the time we had passed through the worst of the barrage, all of the second wave had infiltered to the front and the third wave was coming in to fill our withering ranks.

We could not hurry for to do so would mean that we would catch up with our own barrage which was slowly advancing in front. To hurry meant probable death from our own guns—we walked in the face of all this hell. I have told you before how hard it is to see your pals knocked off to the right and left of you and not be able to render them any assistance or answer their smothered calls to you to come to them "just a second, Scotty old boy." Well here all those things happened over again with the exception that more men were falling and more calling than I had seen before. I expected to "get mine" every second but providence saw fit to spare me. As we advanced, the bulk of the enemy, who were in the reserve and support lines, fell back in hasty retreat but leaving in their wake and behind every shelter and in shell holes, machine gun nests to harass us and to protect and cover their get away. The gunners in these hidden nests were brave fellows and in being left behind by the main body, must have realized that they had been made the "goats" by their commanders and offered as a sacrifice to appease the appetites of allied guns and gunners. As we came closer, these hidden nests gave us increasing trouble and were forced to flank each of them and kill or capture their crews. This could not be done, however, save with the loss of scores of our boys in front of each nest. Generally the Huns would work their guns as long as they were undiscovered but as soon as they saw that their position was located, they would come out with the familiar "Kamerad" and uplifted hands.

When we reached their front lines, our barrage lifted in order to allow us to "clean-up" what few of the enemy remained alive. We being in the front wave, it was not our job to pause at these first lines but to continue on and leave the work of clearing the trench to the "moppers up" who followed. For 50 yards in front and behind the trench, the earth was plowed and whipped into a shapeless mass of upturned earth and rocks, the work of the big-gun barrage. As we passed over, I remember of picking my way in order to avoid stepping on the torn and dismembered bodies which littered the ground. The pungent and nauseating odor of human blood filled the air. Another place and a dismembered head grinned up at me from beneath its helmet which was still in place. Arms and legs still rolled and quivered in a fanatical way as the earth trembled from the shell shock.

After passing the trenches, Germans began coming out of their support and reserve dugouts and surrendering in groups and squads. They appeared very eager to gain our sympathy by being of what service they could in order to save their own hides and assisted in giving first aid to the American wounded and carried them back to the field-dressing stations in the immediate rear. German wounded were very scarce—they were all either dead or uninjured it seemed.

Contrary to popular conception, we very rarely had an individual human target for our rifles. Of course we fired continuously but only at places which appeared likely to conceal an enemy machine gun or marksman. Whenever we had a opportunity for a bead on a nice live target, said target and his hands in the air and running his voice shouting "Kamerad." As we advanced, the retreating enemy threw out increased numbers of concealed rear guards with machine guns who concealed themselves in small patches of woods, dugouts and shell holes, in fact every point which offered cover was sure to contain one or more machine guns which peppered away at us from all directions. My platoon captured at least 20 of these nests after passing the front trenches and as we advanced, our troubles seemed to grow in proportion. Every time we accounted for a machine gun nest, said nest accunted for one or more of my boys and it was heartbreaking. We really killed and captured more Germans in these nests than we did in the front lines. In the whole attack, I never once saw a German offer resistance or fight to the death after it was seen that his place of concealment was discovered—there were no "forlorn hopes" or anything like that but as long as they thought they were undiscovered they would work their little deathdealers overtime. Probably I shouldn't mention this, but on occasions when some particular nest would give us exceptional trouble before it was captured and when more than the ordinary number of our boys were its victims, the men would grow uncontrolably mad and show the crews no mercy when they finally came out with their hands up and a "welcome to our city" look on their faces—it was the cold steel for them.

Many of these nests had already been whipped out by our artillery fire and in passing one of these nests, I noticed a dead German with an unopened package tied on his belt. The address was still on the outside of the package and I immediately jumped at the conclusion that it was something to eat and being very hungry. I took it from him and opened it. It contained two hunks of black war bread not fit for a dog but would have probably been a delicacy for the Hun had he lived to enjoy it. I threw it away but some of the men picked it up and tried to stomach it. At another time, I being very thirsty and my canteen empty, I took a canteen from a dead German and turned it up expecting it to contain water. It was filled with beer instead and I gave it to a Sergeant in another section who drank it with relish.

(To be continued next week.)

In next installment—The Attack Continues. I am Picked off by a German Machine Gun.

Your Last Chance Is Before You.

FOR A SHORT TIME I will be on the job, at the old stand. You know me, you know my work. When I find a new location, I am through here. A word to the wise, etc

B. P. YOUNG, Photographer.

When in Lexington Try Our Luncheonette

We specialize in Home Made Candy, Individual Ices and Cakes. Our Catering Department is in compent hands and we guarantee satisfaction

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Breaks High Gear Non-Stop Record

Seven days of pounding over country lanes and through blocked city streets in Oklahoma—always in sealed high gear—each day showing an average of 624 miles and an average of 20.66 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Not once did the motor miss an explosion. Not even a spark plug was changed.

Let us show you an *exact duplicate* of this remarkable Model 90 car.

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Overland Model Ninety Five Passenger Touring Car, $985 f.o.b. Toledo

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ONE CENT A WORD

For Sale—Automobiles

FORD TAXI—Call phone 631-2 rings. Rates reasonable. Anywhere, anytime. Special rates to traveling men. O. D. Hamilton. 5-15-4t*

FOR SALE—Six Cylinder Buick touring car in first-class condition. Full set new tires. Apply to J. P. Ballinger, Carlisle, Ky. 29-2*

Radiators:—Auto, Truck or Tractor—smashed, twisted or sprung, repaired by experienced men. Auto Radiator Specialists B. Green, Pro., Phone 1320Y—223 E. Main, Lexington, Ky.

FOR SALE—Ford coupe, electric starter, in first class condition. Good tires. Apply to MARTIN'S GARAGE

The Brunswick - Balke - Collender tires are carried in stock by Graeter & Cheatham at the Main Street Garage.

FOR SALE—Oakland 8 touring car, 1917 model, run only 8,500 miles; starter, lights, bumper, 5 Goodyear Cord tires; excellent running condition. 3-13-tf Everett J. Beers

AUTOMOBILE TRIMMING —New tops and lights. See my complete line of Harness and Auto Tires and Accessories. John J. Archdeacon. tf

For Sale—Merchandise

MILLINERY REDUCTION SALE Come on now this will be your best chance for real bargains. Come and get choice. GERTRUDE PRATHER 5-29-2t

For late planting try our 90 day yellow seed corn. L. T. Potts.

Milwaukee Johnson Candy "always" fresh. Hopkins Drug Co.

A few hats left. Your chance for a bargain at Waugh Dry Goods Co.

SEED CORN Purity test, 99 Germination, 94 to 97. S. T. BARLOW

Khaki "Unionalls" for the boys—ages 3 to 16. Cole & Tune.

Physicians Prescriptions always given special attention. Hopkins Drug Co.

Invest your money carefully. Buy United States Government Victory Bonds. Then come to our retail office and we will give you an extra heavy envelope made especially for the safe keeping of bonds and other valuable papers. And don't forget to order your Dixie Gem coal now! Ratliff Bros. Company.

George H. Frank & Co., of Maysville, will make their first appearance in Carlisle on Monday, court day, and will have on display a big line of samples of mens and boys clothing. They will have their display at the Feeback Hotel sample room.

FOR SALE—We have a quantity of good kindling for sale. Apply to W. I. DORSEY

Panamas in shapes that will suit the youngest to the oldest at Sam Veach's.

Let us fit you with a pair of the new Walk-Over's. Cole & Tune. Panama hats $3, to $5. Cole & Tune

Mattie Adams can see the show free tonight at the Lyric if she will clip this notice and pay the War Tax of one cent.

Our store offers a host of suggestions to those undecided what to give for a graduation present. Make us a visit and we will help you out of your troubles—C. A. Pitman & Co. Jewlers

PLANTS Tomato—Sweet Potato. S. T. BARLOW

WAIT FOR US TO BUY YOUR HOT WEATHER SUIT. We will be in Carlisle on Monday, June 8th, with an immense display of hot weather suits, and know you want to buy one of these splendid heat resisting suits. They are splendidly tailored and you will keep perfectly cool in them on the hottest days. The line includes Palm Beach, Mohair and tropical worsteds. Prices to suit all. Also, a display of the spring weight suits. BE SURE TO SEE US. D. HECHINGER & CO., MAYSVILLE, KY.

THE MID MONTH RECORDS FOR MAY, ARE NOW ON SALE—Ja-Da (Ja-Da Ja-Da, Jing Jing Jing) And The Rainy Day Blues" The Greatest Dance Record that has been out for some time. "Mammy O'Mine" and "By The Camp Fire" "Alabama Lullaby" and "Dreams" "Chong" and "One and Two and Three and Four Rocky Bye" "That Wonderful Mother O'Mine" "I Can't See The Good in Good-Bye" "On A Little Farm in Normandie" "Little Old Lady O'Mine" "Some Day I'll Make You Glad" "Wait and See" "Aloma" and "Full O'Pep" Another Good Dance Record, "Sweet Siamese" and "Russiana" Dance. We also have a complete selection of High Class Records by Rosa Ponselle, and other noted Columbia Artists, J. H. Templeman Piano Co. J. G. James, Manager.

New stripe shirtings of Fiber silk, beautiful colors at Waugh Dry Goods Co.

Orange and Red Top Cane seed—Hillenmeyer's Potatoes for June planting—Paris Green in 1 lb. packages. Horse and Dairy feed. L. T. Potts.

"KEDS"

Ladies 80cts.
Misses 70cts.

S. T. BARLOW

Started House Cleaning? Then you'll need a new rug or a piece of new furniture. Tell us your needs. Sam T. Howe & Co. Inc. tf

"George H. Frank & Co. Maysville Foremost clothers will be in Carlisle Court Day with a complete line of Mens and boys clothing. Feeback Hotel sample room. A trial order will be appreciated."

We have many distinctive types of Quick Meal, Florence Wickless and New Perfection oil stoves. Howard Hardware Co.

The Whitest White Cakes—the Lightest light Rolls and the Best Biscuits are made when you use "White Rose" Flour. Made by the Carlisle Milling Co.

Sherwin Williams "Floor lac" will make that old floor new. Hopkins Drug Co.

For sale 14 beautiful building lots in Liberty Heights will sell any or all of them. H. C. Galbraith.

A SHIRT TALE—Tell the phone 147—When Shirts—Collars and other Laundry work is needed. I call for it Wednesday—Deliver Saturday, First Class work. Howard Wills.

Always a line of Eastman Kodak supplies at Hopkins Drug Co.

Brighten up those rooms with new Wall paper. From the cheapest to the best you'll find what you need here. Sam T. Howe & Co. Inc.

Your money back and a new pair of shoes FREE, if you find paper in the soles, heels or counters of a pair of shoes bought from Joseph Gordon.

For Sale—Miscellaneous

RUBBER TIRES—Best grade tires used and most reasonable price. Work must be satisfactory. We do repair work of all kinds. Horseshoing by experienced blacksmith. John Wells.

When in Lexington looking for new, and second hand furniture come to us for bargains, we handle everything. Fayette Furniture Co. 231-233 N. Limestone, Lexington, Ky.

BANK BY MAIL
4 per cent on Savings and Time Deposits 4 per cent. TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST CO. Lexington, Ky. Member Federal Reserve System.

The Victory Garden's success depends largely upon the use of correct implements. Our line is complete. Howard Hardware Co.

Rugs, Carpets, Mattings and Linoleums in several grades and patterns will be found at Kirkland's.

Sunday Dinners—Those expecting to take Sunday dinner at Central Hotel will please notify Mrs. Henderson by noon Saturday. 6-5-2t*

The most complete line of oil stoves ever shown in Carlisle. Quick Meal, Florence Wickless and New Perfection. Howard Hwd. Co.

See the New Young Mens waist seam suits. Cole & Tune.

Attention Player—Piano Owners, We have just received a big shipment of Player—Piano Rolls. Some of the Rolls for May are, "America Never Took Water and America Never Will" "Jazz Baby" "Singapore" "Eyes" "She's Waiting in Old Ireland" "Yama Yama Blues" "Jerry" "So Long Old Pal" "Any Thing is Nice if it Comes From Dixieland" "Don't Cry Frenchy, Don't Cry" and many others. J. H. Templeman Piano Co., J. G. James, Manager.

Oxy-Acetylene Welding. We repair anything in metal. Try us when others fail. Best equipped shop in the South Phone 171, Lexington Engine & Boiler Works.

FOR SALE—Many an article has been sold through the classified columns of the Mercury. Mrs. Duncan will give Teddy Bryson a ticket to the show tonight if he presents this notice and pays the War Tax of one cent.

If you want a high-grade quality of Silk, remember we have the very best in Crepe de Chine and Taffeta. R. T. Kirkland & Co.

Hemstitching and Picoting. Ten cents a yard. Mail orders given prompt attention. Miss Sousley. At O. L. Steele's, 130 E. Main st., Lexington, Ky.

Don't wait for "Rain" to make you decide the Roof needs repairing. Let me give you an estimate—Now. C. T. Dinsmore, Practical Tinner and Slater—Graeter Building.

New assortment of ties just in—look e'm over. Cole & Tune.

THAT GOOD COAL

That good coal we guarantee. Buffalo Jellico Block Coal to satisfy you perfectly and give you the service you have a right to expect. If for any reason you are not satisfied, return it and we will refund your money including any transfer charges you have paid. The E. A. Mathias Co. tf

Don't worry trying to clean that old rug; get a new one from Kirklands.

Get anything you need in the "Nyal" line and you are sure to get results. Hopkins Drug Co.

FOR SALE—A Baldwin Piano at $250; A Starr Piano at $235; and a Crescent Piano at $150. These pianos are all in perfect condition and practically brand new. The E. C. Christian Music Co., "Everything Pertaining to Music," 205-207 E. Main St., Lexington, Ky.

The Lyric Theatre is showing some splendid feature pictures here of late and if Mrs. Pevie Feeback will present this notice at the ticket office tonight she will have the pleasure of seeing one tonight. Just bring along one penny to pay the War Tax.

We make a specialty of farm plumbing and lighting, let electricity do your work, its fun to watch it. S. B. Oldham. Opp. Ratliff Bros.

List your property with Hutchings & Westfall, "The Wide Awake Real Estate Dealers"—They sell it in a hurry. Office—Under Deposit Bank next to Postoffice. Home phone 270.

Farm Supplies

ATTENTION FARMERS!

If you want to hurry your corn and tobacco crops before the fall frosts, use fertilizers. You not only mature your crops earlier, but increase the quantity and quality as well. We can accomodate you with any kind you want. Henry & Harvey.

SEED CORN

We can accomodate the Farmer with a high grade, high tested seed corn, both white and yellow. Come in and see for yourselves. Henry & Harvey.

FERTILIZERS-FERTILIZERS

Farmers, your late planted corn or tobacco this year should have fertilizers. We can accomodate you. Henry & Harvey.

Wanted—Miscellaneous

WANTED—The person who borrowed the Meek reel and steel pole belonging to the late Dr. J. Banta Glenn, to return same to this office.

WANTED—Carpenters, boat Builders, Joiners, Cabinet Makers, Millwrights, Tinsmiths Plumbers, Pipe fitters and Painters for work on high class yachts and phonograph cabinets. Steady work. Our shops are sanitary, light and steam-heated. The Matthews Company, Port Clinton, O. 4t ded as follows: Beginning at a p...

FOLKS are a heap like tobacco. Thar's hot-headed, bitey folks. Thar's flat, uninterestin' folks. An' then thar's folks like Velvet—mild, but hearty an' fren'ly, too.

Velvet Joe

Velvet

THE FRIENDLY TOBACCO

"Friendly" is a very good word to describe the positively pleasing quality that sets VELVET tobacco apart.

There is that indescribable something about VELVET that is associated in men's minds with the thought of a friend.

It is a satisfying smoke—never harsh; without a bite. Like a friend it "agrees" with you no matter how much you use it.

Long, patient ageing—in wooden hogsheads—does it. Friendship must ripen *slowly.* Good tobacco the same way. An army of men have learned this through VELVET.

Today is a good time to get a lot of comfort out of a pipeful of friendly VELVET.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

Roll a VELVET Cigarette

VELVET'S nature-aged mildness and smoothness make it just right for cigarettes.

15c

WANTED—500 pounds of home-grown cornfield beans. S. T. BARLOW

Lost, Strayed or Stolen.

LOST—Cap for gasoline tank of automobile (Chevrolet) between Main Street Garage and Catholic church. Reward for return to Graeter & Cheatham.

It's hot these nights but if Milford Williams will clip this notice and present it at the ticket office at the Lyric together with a penny he will enjoy the refreshing breeze of our electric fans and see a good motion picture tonight.

NOTICES

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Nicholas Circuit Court
Isaac Flora, Etc. Plaintiffs
Vs. Advertisement of Sale
McClelland Flora, Etc. Defendants
In Equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Nicholas circuit court rendered at the May term thereof, 1919, in the above cause, Ishall proceed to offer for sale at the court house door in Carlisle, Nicholas county, Ky., to the highest bidder at Public Auction on Monday, June 9th, 1919 at 2 o'clock P. M. or thereabouts, (same being county court day) upon a credit of six and twelve months, the following described property:—

A certain tract or parcel of land lying on the waters of Licking River in Nicholas county, Ky., and on both sides of the Upper Blue Lick and Sherburne turnpike, and bounded and abutted by the lands of Lewis Ishmael, George Clayville, Rosecran's Flora's heirs, Avery Byram, now Ballanger, and by Licking River, containing 30 acres.

For the purchase price the purchaser with approved securities must execute bond bearing interest from date of sale at the rate of six per centum per annum. Said bond having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

U. M. SWINFORD, M.C.N.C.C
F. V. Cox, Attorney for Plaintiff

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Nicholas Circuit Court
Malinda Lawrence, Etc. Plaintiffs
Vs. Advertisement of Sale
Joseph Scott, etc. Defendants
In Equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Nicholas Circuit Court rendered at the May term thereof, 1919, in the above styled action I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court House door, in Carlisle, Nicholas county, to the highest bidder at public auction on Monday, June 9th, 1919, at 2 o'clock p. m. or thereabout, (same being regular county court day) upon a credit of nine and eighteen months, the following described property:—

A tract or parcel of land located in Nicholas county, Kentucky, on the waters of Stoney Creek, and is bounded and abutted by the lands of Lute Anderson, the lands of the heirs of John Lawrence, deceased and the lands of the heirs of Harmon Scott, deceased, and the lands of the heirs of Ellis Roby, deceased, containing 50 acres more or less, being the same land owned by Susan E. Scott, at her death. For the purchase price the purchaser, with approved security or securities, must execute bond, bearing legal interest from the day of the sale until paid and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

U. M. SWINFORD, M. C. N. C C
Morgan & Darragh,
Attorneys for Plaintiff

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Grigg Hathaway, Etc. Plaintiffs
Vs. Notice of Sale
W. M. Tucker, Admr. Etc. Defendants
In Equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Nicholas Circuit Court rendered at the May term thereof, 1919, in the above cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale at public auction at the Court House door in Carlisle, Kentucky, on Monday, June 9th, 1919, at 2 o'clock p. m., (said date being regular County Court Day) upon a credit of six months the following described property:—

A certain tract or parcel of land, lying in Nicholas county, ky., on the waters of Somerset creek and bounded as follows: Beginning at a point in a hollow, corner to lot conveyed to George Crocket by Paulina Prather thence S. 19¾ E. 21.54 poles to a stone corner to Aaron Green's lot; thence S. 42 W. 8.20 poles to a stone on the east margin of a 12 foot street reserved by said Paulina Prather for the use and benefit of the owners and occupants of the lots adjoining said street, thence with the east margin of said street N 56¾ W 10.12 poles to a stone, thence still with the East margin of said street N 45¾ W 11.54 poles to a stone corner to George Crockett's lot, thence up the hollow on the South side N 41 E 8.46 poles to the beginning, containing 1 acre and 27 poles. There is however excepted out of this conveyance one-half of the above tract, or 2 roods and 13¾ poles, heretofore conveyed by Asberry Stone and wife to Marshall Smith, colored, being the same property heretofore conveyed to Alexander Hathaway by Asberry Stone, etc., by deed of date, December 20th, 1905 and of record in the office of the clerk of the Nicholas County Court, D. B. 23, Page 496.

For the purchase price the purchaser, with approved security or securities, must execute bond with approved securities, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent from the day of sale until said. Said bond having the force and effect of a judgment.

U. M. SWINFORD, M. C. N. C C
Morgan & Darragh,
Attorneys for Plaintiff

PHONE FOR APPOINTMENT Home Phone 208 Y **Gardner Glasses**

JUST A MESSAGE.

Just a message you may help us construe. Whether you have or haven't had the Flu. We want to tell you about our wonderful Tablets called K. U. Their contents have been used by all of our best physicians through our great country to wip out the Flu. They rid your system of all aches and pains. They restore you with vigor and vim. If they don't do all we claim them to, we will give your money back

Don't be without them in your home.

They are put up in 10c and 25c boxes. For sale by all druggists.
K—U. Chemical Co. Lexington Co.

Advertisement— tf

Eyes Examined Glasses Fitted Cumb. Phone No. 7

DR. WM. RILEY FRANKLIN
OPTOMETRIST
2034 First National Bank Bldg.
3-6-June 1 Paris, Ky.

We have the Ingersoll Radiolite watches, the kind you can tell the time by in the dark. Also the Ingersoll ite that helps you locate places in the dark without falling over chairs and losing your religion.

C. A. Pitman & Co.

FOR SALE—One 1918 Ford Sedan, good as new, with new tires. Martin's Garage

Owners Will Recommend Lalley-Light to You

Villisca, Iowa
Sep. 10, 1918

Lalley-Wilson Electric Co.
Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Sirs:

I am certainly pleased with my Lalley-Lighting Plant and do not see how anyone on the farm can get along without a lighting and power system as I consider *electric lights* on the farm as one of the most *essential* things on the farm.

Yours truly
F. A. ROBINSON

¶We know so well the satisfaction that Lalley-Light brings that we feel perfectly safe in referring you to any Lalley-Light owner in the neighborhood, or anywhere else.

LALLEY-LIGHT
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER FOR EVERY FARM

The Howard Hardware Co.

THE CARLISLE MERCURY.

VOL. LII CARLISLE, NICHOLAS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JUNE 12 1919. NUMBER 24.

EIGHTEEN NICHOLAS MEN WOUNDED IN WAR

Eighteen Nicholas County men were wounded in the world war, according to a list complied by the Kentucky Council of Defense through the State historian, Fred P. Caldwell.

The list of Kentucky wounded is now more than 3,000, and 73 men of the state were prisoners, two of whom died while in German prison camps. Every county in the state has contributed to the list of wounded, and 40 of the 120 counties have reported men made prisoner.

The records being complied by the Council of Defense and county historians will make up the war history of Kentucky, and those collected by each historian will form a permanent part of the records of the county. Next week the names of men who received decorations or special honors, will be published in the Mercury.

The following data was furnished The Mercury by County Historian, Miss Elizabeth Rice:

NICHOLAS COUNTY'S WOUNDED

1. Clifton C. Andrews.
2. David Carl Bailey.
3. Noel Gaunce.
4. John Jonas Hopkins.
5. Marion Carl Hughes.
6. Willie C. Hammonds.
7. Russell Jones.
8. Milton Kelley.
9. Millard Lawrence.
10. Sterling McKay.
11. Russell Mattox.
12. Henry C. Moore.
13. James Dawson McCarty.
14. Charles Thomas Rison.
15. Rolla Scott.
16. Herman Calvin Tolliver.
17. Sanford Carpenter Watkins.
18. Samuel F. Watkins.

RUSSELL JONES
Co. G. 16th. INF. 1st. DIV.

Entered the service at Fort Thomas April 25, 1917.

Saw active service at Catigny, Soissons, and at Chateau-Thierry.

The following account is given by him:—"I received a gunshot in my right elbow on July 18, 1918, while engaged in battle near Soissons. We were advancing through an open field about five o'clock in the afternoon, having been fighting the entire day. I noticed that several of our men were being killed, and upon looking up discovered that a Boche was hiding in a nearby tree and pouring fire upon us. Just as I raised my gun to fire, a shot entered my right arm just below the elbow, and came out at the elbow. I looked up at the tree in a few minutes and nothing was left except a torn and splintered snag.

I was then taken to the hospital where I remained until March 26, 1919. I was then discharged, having been disabled twenty percent, since the recovery could not be made complete.

My division, as a whole, had been cited for bravery seven times when I left them."

SGT. JOHN JONAS HOPKINS
2nd. DIV. CO. "C." 5th. M. G. BN.
(THE FIRST NICHOLAS COUNTY BOY WOUNDED.)

He enlisted in the regular U. S. Army April 28, 1917 at Ft. Thomas, Ky., and sailed for France December 24.

His division went into the lines to meet the enemy the first time March 17, 1918. Here he was wounded by high explosives. A piece of shrapnel penetrated his left foot; a small fragment hit him under the eye; and another piece struck him in the neck. He was sent to a French hospital where French surgeons operated on him and in seven weeks he returned to his division which was then advancing toward Paris.

He helped to take over the lines at Chateau-Thierry June 1, 1918. They drove the Germans back, hand to hand fighting every day until relieved July 14. Marching on to the Soissons Front they took part in that drive beginning July 18th. and continuing seven days, being relieved by the French. They were then loaded on the train and sent to the town, Nancy, where they were quartered for one week in a French cantonment and then put into the lines on the Toul Front. After holding the lines here for ten days, with no casuals they were relieved and hiked back to Toul to a training camp where they did hard training for two weeks, preparing for the big St. Mihiel offensive in which they took part for seven days. Being again relieved they again went to the city of Toul where they rested four days.

Marshal Joffre of France asked for the 2nd. U. S. Division to make the drive on the Champagne Front. This was done in order to reduce Blanc Mont and free Reims from artillery fire. Said division made this drive gaining their objectives and even more. It was one of the bloodiest battles in France. They held the lines for nearly two weeks but after relief came, hiked about thirty miles to the rear; trained for over a week; and then received orders to Argonne. This of course was their last engagement.

CORP. ROLLA JACKSON SCOTT.

Entered his country's service at Camp Taylor April 28, 1918. Within a short time sailed for France where he did active service, being "Over There" six months. Suffered a machine gun wound November 7, 1918 at Argonne Forest.

PVT. CHARLES T. RISON

Charles T. Rison, of Myers, Ky. went to Camp Taylor September 19, 1917. As a member of that famous U. S. 6th. Infantry, he went to fight, and to a finish.

At one time he was reported "killed in action." Later it became known that he was severely wounded.

PVT. RUSSELL MATTOX
32 Div., 128th. Inf.

Russell Mattox, son of A. D. Mattox who resides at Myers, Ky., was another one of those in training at Camp Taylor who went to fight the "Hun."

At Camp Beauregard, La., he was transferred again and again finally being assigned to the 77th. Casualty Co. and sent across the pond.

He was never in any trench fighting.

At Argonne Forest he was slightly wounded by shrapnel. His recovery was complete and he is now at home.

NOEL GAUNCE

Slightly wounded while carrying supplies. Still overseas.

MARION CARL HUGHES

Slightly wounded at Chateau-Thierry. Has re-enlisted and is now at Fort Thomas.

MILTON KELLEY

Twice wounded; shrapnel and machine gun.

MILLARD LAWRENCE

Wounded in the hand; also suffered from gas. Argonne Forest, Oct. 4, 1918.

ELECTION OF RURAL TEACHERS TOOK PLACE SATURDAY

Teachers' examination will be held June 20-21. I trust that every teacher is planning to attend K. E. A. June 23-26. Every other person interested in education is urged to enroll and attend this grand meeting. A splendid program has been arranged.

Last Saturday was the election of teachers, the result of which will be given below.

Division A:—Walnut Grove School—Miss Lois DeWitte, teacher. Headquarters School—No election; Hooktown, No election; Morning Glory—No election; Saltwell—No election; Barterville—No election; Small school—Mrs. Lillie Varner, teacher; Rose Hill—No election; Sugar Creek—Mrs. Nelle Brayfield; Crayton—No election; Barefoot—Miss Florence Shrout, teacher; Mt. Carmel—No election; Bald Hill—No election.

Division B.—Banta—Mrs. Laura Purcell, teacher; —Ellisville—Miss Mabel McClanahan, teacher; Stony Creek—Miss Hattie Brothers, teacher; Goose Creek School—Miss Ruth Dayton, teacher; Blue Lick School—No election; Pleasant Valley School—Mrs. Sallie Parsons, teacher; Kilduth School—Mrs. Ella McGehan, teacher; Ishmael School—No election; Myers School—Miss Chloe Crockett.

Division C:—Cassiday School—Miss Rena Henson; Upper Lick School—Miss Pearl Cassidy; Mt. Zion School—Miss Vivian Clay; Moorefield school—Misses Gertrude Booth, Elsie Booth and Lena Hazelrigg, teachers; Bell—Miss Virgie Tirrell, teacher; Jordon School—Miss Elizabeth Campbell, teacher; Maple Grove School—Miss Clara Wasson, teacher; Locust Grove School—No election; Cane Run School—No election.

Moorefield Colored School—Miss Marguerite Lewis, teacher.

Division D:—Wright School—Miss Margarette Martin, teacher; Mt. Vernon School—No election; Miranda School—Miss Ruth Henry, teacher; Henry School—Miss Hazel Woodall, teacher; Taylors Creek School—No election; Wilson School—Miss Lucinda Clay; East Union School—Misses Ethel Boots and Stella Wasson; Parks School—Miss Cordia Bell; Judy School—Miss Earl Botts; Miller Station School—No election; Henryville School—Holliday Skillman and Ethel Hawkins.

Eda S. Taylor, Supt.

WRITES OF NICHOLAS BOY NOW IN GERMANY

Evanston, Ill., May 31st, 1919.

Mr. John Stone,
Myers, Ky.

Dear Friend:—A few weeks ago I left the old town of Andernach on the Rhine where I had the pleasure of knowing your son, who was frequently my guest in the "Y. M. C. A." Hut.

You will be glad to know the boy was well and indeed I am sure you will be proud of his appearance when he comes home which will, I am sure, be in the near future. He wanted me to send you all his best wishes and to tell you how happy he will be to see you again.

I can testify that he has been a good soldier, a fine fellow and I am proud to claim him as friend.

The town of Andernach where we were together is the oldest city on the Rhine and the second oldest in Germany. It is a walled city and has some wonderful historical towers and ruins coming down from ancient times. The Roman General Drusus and his soldiers were there two thousand years ago and I often wondered if his boys from Rome in those faraway days thought as fondly of their native land, as the American soldier boy I am writing you about thinks of his. They would have to have been exceedingly patriotic to outbest him.

Very respectfully,
William C. Levere,
"Billy"

Box, 254, Evanston, Ill.

DR. REYNOLDS ANNOUNCES

Dr. B. Frank Reynolds authorizes the Mercury to announce his candidacy for Representative from Nicholas and Robertson counties. He stated to a representative of the Mercury that he had talked with a number of Democrats here on Monday, and that as his prospective candidacy seemed to meet with favor, he had decided to make the race. Dr. Reynolds is well and favorably known, both in this county and Robertson. He is a capable young Democrat, whose record is clean, and in a race made some years ago for this office, failed of election by only seven votes. Many of our older citizens will remember that his father, the late Dr. B. F. Reynolds, represented Nicholas and Robertson in the Legislature many years ago, and it has always been the ambition of the son to hold this office. If nominated, Dr. Reynolds will make his constituents a splendid representative. He is a man of practical turn of mind, of steady habits, and has been identified with all movements looking to the best interests of the county.

HENRY C. MOORE

Considerably injured by gas.

SANFORD CARPENTER WATKINS

Severely wounded in the hip.

SAMUEL F. WATKINS

Samuel F. Watkins, of Nicholas county, who enlisted February 25, 1918, reported at Camp Zachary Taylor February 26, where he was examined and passed A No. 1, for the service of the U. S. army. He remained at this camp until April 28, 1918 when he went to join Co. "E" 111th. Inf., 28th. Division on May 2, 1918. He set sail with this outfit May 5, and landed at South Hampton, England. He left here for Dover and Calais, thence to the vicinity of Nielle-Leo Bleguine for two weeks drill with the English. From here to Gonesse, nine Kms. north of Paris where he drilled two more weeks with the French.

He entered the lines July 16, 1918, on the Marne River above Chateau-Thierry at Cresancy; from here to Fossoy; then to Fismes on the Vessel River and to Aisne Heights where he was wounded September 6, 1918. He died September 8.

His character was excellent.

He also qualified on the rifle range but is unknown.

The battles in which he fought are as follows:—

Cresancy, July 16-19, 1918.
Fossoy, July 24-26, 1918.
Fismes, August 7-12, 1918.
Aisne Heights, September 4-6, 1918

Given under my hand this 23rd. day of May 1919, to the best of my remembrance, as a "pal" of Samuel F. Watkins.

Corporal John W. Anderson.

CARLISLE CHAUTAUQUA ONLY FOUR WEEKS OFF

With the Carlisle Chautauqua less than four weeks off the executive committee of the Carlisle Chautauqua Association is getting busy shaping up all details looking to a very successful season.

Ticket committees have been appointed and those in charge will probably begin the sale of tickets toward the latter part of the week. Season ticket for adults will be $2.20 and children $1.10. In both instances War Tax is included.

The following named compose the ticket selling committee:

TEAM NO. 1

W. H. Frey—Team Captain.

Jas. Gaunce, Henry M. Potts, Herman Mann, H. B. Bryson, R. W. Dalzell, I. B. Ross, John Harvey, E. J. Beers, Mrs. S. T. Judge, Wm. T. Parker, W G. Irvin, Rosa Collins, Jas. W. Norton, C. W. Kash, W. B. Stewart, Windsor F. Gaunce, H. T. Flora.

TEAM NO. 2

J. G. James—Team Captain.

Mose Effron, H. W. Smith, H. P. Cheatham, R. N. Brock, P. D. Darnall, J. William Howard, Miss Maud Dacres, Mrs. Fannie Soper, G. S. Dudley, W. F. Clark, Elizabeth M. Colville, G. F. Templeman, Ed Cummins, Mrs. Geo. W. Taylor, G. W. Taylor, and A. T. Gardner

TEAM NO. 3

Henry Carter—Team Captain.

Robt. Harper, U. M. Swinford, H. R. Ewing, Newman Effron, G. C. Myers, L. S. Hughes, F. B. Henry, Ida M. Howard, J. F. Gaunce, Lillie S. Kennedy, Jno. M. Brown, Nancy M. Colville, Clay Henry, Ed. Reed, Orie Hardin, J. W. Linville and Mr. and Mrs. N. H. McNew

TEAM NO. 4

Wyatt Insko—Team Captain.

Jno. N. Ross, Sam Hopkins, C. U. Bramblett, S. C. Vaughn, J. H Tilton, B. F. Reynolds, A. B. Tilton, Mrs. J. W. Mock, Newton Ritchey, Mary F. Fisher, C. J. Frey, Mrs. N. P. Scott, Wm. Conley, W. T. Norton, Sam E. Smith, Joe Gordon, and E. O. Dorsey.

TEAM NO. 5

W. F. Tune—Team Captain.

R. C. King, O. R. Gaffin, Mrs Anna K. Potts, Herdy Myers, Francis Tureman, Warren Fisher, M. V. Bostain, C. H. Peterson, H. M. Taylor, Frank C. Taylor, W P. Ross, Jane Tilton, Geo. H. Mattox, Sterling B. Blake, J. Wm. Thomas, M. E. Judge and J Cray Martin.

TEAM NO. 6

Jas. Myers—Team Captain.

Sam Holmes, Taylor Mathers, Jno. F. Morgan, Jno. M. Hamilton, Sam T. Howe, Jas. P. Tune, W. M. Roberts, Mrs. J. L. Barnett, B. P. Young, L. T. Potts, W. I. Dorsey, Angie Waugh, H. C. Reed, O. L. Wade, J. B. Durham, J. C. Tureman and Harry Kennedy.

$50,000 DAMAGE SUIT FILED

Tuesday evening Bruce S. Grannis, Commonwealth's Attorney, filed suit for $50,000 damages against James S. Muse, until recently in the mercantile business at the village of Muse Mills, in this county, the grounds for said suit being that it is alleged that said Muse, on the 20th day of the past May, in this city, in the business house of F. B. Henderson, and in the presence of said Henderson and of J. H. Mullikin, did give utterance to the following language:

"From what I hear, we haven't any Commonwealth's Attorney. They tell me that in that Owens case at Maysville, he (Owens) was sent to the penitentiary and they wanted to get him out and didn't know how to manage it. Someone suggested that they would take Grannis $1,200, and the man who was to take the $1,200 says: 'What if Grannis indicts me for attempting to bribe?' Very well then, you tell him we will indict him for accepting a bribe in the gambling at the Whitehall Hotel.' He takes the $1,200 to Grannis, gives it to him. Mr. Grannis sees Governor Stanley, gives him $600 and in five days the man was pardoned."

At the time these words were uttered, Mr. Mullikin informed Mr. Muse that he would tell Bruce Grannis of the matter at once, which he did and this suit is the result.

Here, where Bruce Grannis was reared and where he is well known, such false accusations might not do him much hurt, for no man not blinded by partisan or personal malice would give them a moment's consideration. But for a public official to be charged with an offense like this among people who did not know him and who had no means of finding out the truth or falsity of the allegations, would be very damaging indeed, and Mr. Grannis very properly took this step to protect his own good name and the good name of the office to which the people had elected him. There is too much of this same sort of slander on public officials going the rounds, and it is high time that those who are retailing that sort of slander should be called to an accounting. Mr. Muse will now have an opportunity to prove his allegations, which no one who knows Bruce Grannis will for one moment believe he will ever attempt to do. Mr. Grannis has made the most fearless and efficient prosecutor this district ever had, and naturally the men who have found themselves unable to defeat the ends of justice while he was in office, have hit upon the plan of discrediting him by such stories as that put in circulation by Mr. Muse.

That this case will be pushed to the uttermost is pretty well evidenced by the list of attorneys who will be with Mr. Grannis in the case: John P. McCartney, O. R. Bright and Slattery & Rees.—Flemingsburg Democrat.

Lines to Be Remembered.

The sight of a battlefield after the fight is enough to inspire princes with a love of peace and a horror of war.—Napoleon I.

DESPONDENT, FLEMINGSBURG WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE

At 6:30 o'clock Saturday morning, Mrs. Charles Gardner, a woman about thirty years old, who lives at Flemingsburg, in the edge of the town, stepped to the front door of her home, placed the barrel of a 32 caliber pistol to her head, pulled the trigger and fell dead.

C. D. Maxey, coroner of Fleming county held an inquest over the body and the verdict of the jury was that the woman's deed was the result of continued bad health, she having been an invalid a long time.

Besides her husband, Charles Gardner, Jr., to whom she had been married about ten years, she leaves two young children—a boy and girl. Mrs. Gardner's maiden name was Williams She was born and reared in Fleming county.

"ONE OF THE FIRST FIFTY THOUSAND"

Being an Authentic Personal Narrative of the Experiences of a Mt. Sterling Soldier who Helped Stem the German Tide at Chateau-Thierry, Belleau Wood and Other Shrines Where America's Blood was Spent Freely but Not in Vain.

By SERGEANT H. BEN SCOTT,
Co. M., 9th Infantry, 2nd Division, U. S. A.
(In The Mt. Sterling Sentinel-Democrat.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ATTACK CONTINUES; I AM PICKED OFF BY A GERMAN MACHINE GUN

By this time the main body of the Germans with whom we were dealing, were in full retreat, falling back on the city of Sossions in which we expected them to make a desperate stand and the taking of which we looked forward to with not a little dread. Machine gun nests were becoming less numerous and the enemy was now falling back so rapidly that they did leave behind were poorly concealed and easily accounted for. Some of these gunners voluntarily surrendered without firing a shot, realizing that it was hopeless to even attempt to stem the advancing tide of khaki. And so we soon began coming on the abandoned gun positions of the enemy—the guns which had slaughtered so many of my pals in that first counter-barrage after our attack started. As long as the front lines held, the artillerymen stuck to their guns but as soon as their observers saw our infantry flowing over their front lines they knew health demanded a hasty retreat. They didn't have time to bring up their horses and take the guns with them so they contented themselves in removing as many breechblocks as possible in order to render the guns useless to us. The crews of many of the guns were not even given time to take this precaution and as we came upon these perfectly good Hun guns, specially detailed artillerymen with us who had been trained to understand the mechanism of these German pieces, would simply turn them around and using the plentiful supply of abandoned German ammunition, pour volley after volley into the retreating ranks of their erstwhile owners. The slaughter caused by these guns compared favorably with that of our own guns besides giving the latter an opportunity to move closer. Passing the artillery positions it was "easy sailing" with only an occasional machine gun crew of extraordinary spunk giving us trouble. Their existance was generally brought to a fatal climax in short order. By this time our objective was in sight—the city of Sossions.

Sossions was situated in a hollow and overlooking the town on our side was a steep cliff. To gain the brink of this cliff overlooking the city, it was necessary for us to advance over a stretch of rocky, open ground which formed a perfect field of fire for the enemy guns. Toward the cliff we started at double time hoping to gain the brink of the cliff and lie down before the enemy guns could perfect our range. Immediately a hidden machine gun opened an enfilading fire on us and the boys began dropping like flies. We could hear the gun and knew that it was close on us but because of the peculiar echo which seemed to come from several different directions, we could not locate it from its sound. The gun continued to give us merry hell until we reached the cliff's edge and lay flat on our stomach's in which position we were out of the range of fire. Upon reaching the cliff, our commander, Capt. Worthington, was laying not far from me but raised himself on his knees in order to write a note, requesting that a barrage be laid down on the town to protect our further advance. While in the act of writing and before finishing the note I heard the dull thud which I had come to know as the impact of a bullet in human flesh and turned over just in time to see our brave, kind and greatly beloved commander sink to the ground. Several of us wiggled to his side but a machine gun bullet had passed through his forehead and death had probably been instantaneous. A captain of the 23rd Infantry came over, finished and sent back the message and our ranking lieutenant took command.

By this time we had advanced eight miles, every foot of which was under fire more severe than anything we had before encountered. Our left flank was supposed to keep continuous contact with our comrades of the 5th and 6th Marines. Our advance had been so rapid that we had lost contact with the Marines which left our left flank exposed and a dangerous gap in the line of which the enemy might be expected to take full advantage in case it was their intention to counter-attack. Fearing that the enemy was reorganizing and concentrating in the town for just such a purpose, it was our duty to close that gap and connect up with the Marines at all costs. And so our Lieutenant in command called for a Sergeant to take a platoon and go out to the left to locate and establish this contact with the Devil Dogs. I was nearest to the Lieutenant when this request was made and immediately volunteered and was accepted. Let me say something that I have not been telling you as my story of this attack has been progressing, and that is Company M, was pretty well shot to pieces by the time we reached the cliff and was only a skeleton as compared with the fine body of good old buddies who had left the shelter of the wheat field that same morning. We had punished the enemy terribly, it is true, but don't get the idea that we were not severely punished in return. There is no pen in the world that can do justice to a description of the torture and nerve strain we had gone through during those six hours. My platoon had been punished especially bad and thinned out to such an extent that there were not enough men left to accomplish the purpose in view and so I picked a few of the best men I knew in the other platoons and called for a few volunteers to go with us and after organizing them, started off. We had not gone 100 feet until our old friends, the Boche machine gunners, opened on us with such a murderous fire that I soon realized that it was nothing short of suicide to attempt to advance further, so I ordered my men down flat with their heads toward offending gun and their bodies lengthwise in order to make as small a target as possible. We were trapped on hard rocky ground without so much as a weed or shrub either in front or behind us, in full view of the enemy gun. To retreat meant the same—we decided to die where we were, with our faces toward the enemy. The Hun gunners realised that we were at their mercy and decided to do their job thoroughly and systematically. By this time we could see the thin stream of whitish vapor, which denoted the machine gun position, about 100 yards directly in front of us and coming from a small but well-built rock spring-house. It was useless to fire back for to do so necessitated our presenting a larger target and nothing short of artillery could have any effect upon their fortified position. The Huns started on the extreme right of our line and came down it methodically, just like a person taking a garden hose and giving each in line a good drenching in turn. They would average about three shots to a man, after securing accurate range, and then skip to the next. I could look down the line and see the first two or three shots cut the dust to the right or left of a man and then see the shock of the hit, see the men who had gotten their "dose" and had not been killed instantly, squirm in agony, and hear their groans—and all this very pleasant, as the reader can imagine, knowing that my time was coming. Little things of good and bad in my past life began to flash before me and I remember of pondering as to whether the good overbalanced the bad or the bad over the good. I remember of thinking of all the folks back home, and of my friends and of the good times I used to have— funny experiences came into my mind and I am not sure but what I grinned and maybe laughed out loud. I almost forgot about the machine gun and the fact that my turn was rapidly approaching but as I heard the cries of those already picked off getting closer, I came to myself and the old law of self-preservation asserted itself. I placed a small German trench shovel, which I had picked up on the way, in front of my head, figuring that the bullets would not penetrate the shovel and my steel helmet both. By the time I had made complete this precaution, my turn had come. The Huns evidently figured that they would give the guy with the shovel in front of his head a few extra rounds for I could hear more than my allotted number of bullets cutting the ground and striking the shovel in front of me. All I expected to do was to protect my head and I twisted arund slightly so as to get my head better behind the shovel. Just as I twisted a bullet took me through the thigh of the left leg. Realizing that I was not dangerously hit, I decided the best thing to do was to put on a little theatrical business in order to make the Huns believe that they had completed my portion of their work. And so I began to squirm and twist in the latest approved fashion for mortally wounded men—and got away with it—for I was happy to see the fire pass on to the next in line. When the bullet struck, I felt only a slight pain, about like touching my skin with a lighted cigarette. In the meantime, and while we were enjoying this death dance of Hun hate, the tanks in our rear had been signaled of our predicament and were coming over the hill to our rear. It did not take the tanks long to single out the position of the cause of our trouble and one of them slowly glided up to within 30 paces of the old rock-house and began to pound it with a onepounder gun. As soon as the rocks began to crumble, out came our five friends with uplifted hands and surrendered. We, who had such a short while before been shown so little mery by these Huns, had the satisfaction of seeing this performance and not a one of us who were alive but who secretly wished that we could try our rifles on them for at least three shots each. Following the capture of this nest, the rest of the company came up and began taking an inventory of our little —— Of the 18 or 20 who went out with me, 16 were wounded, several of whom were killed and many of the remainder past recovery.

The wound in my leg proved only a slight flesh wound and gave me very little pain and trouble although it was sufficient to put me out of the remainder of the action and necessitated the taking of nine stitches to close.

Here it was that I saw the tanks in action for the first time, giant monsters of armored steel with machine guns and one-pounders doing deadly execution in the ranks of the Huns. Ten of these tanks came up to our support and two formations of five tanks each. They continued on around the brow of the cliff and paved the way for the infantry advance into the town. With them, the usual artillery barrage was unnecessary and up one street and down another they paraded, cleaning up the few remaining Huns as they went. As it proved, the enemy had no intention of attempting to defend the town from capture and had retreated beyond, leaving only the usual number of machine gunners to cover their retreat. After watching the advance of the tanks into the town, my part in the action ceased and I started back to my regimental first-aid station where my wound was cleaned and dressed. On my way back, I had a unique experience which might be interesting to my readers. So rapid was our advance of the morning that in isolated incidents, machine gun nests had been overlooked and the crews of these guns, after the attack had passed them, they would come out of their hiding places, man their guns and content themselves with sniping at stragglers, runners and wounded men on their way to the rear. I started back along a little ravine and after going a short distance, I was told not to proceed further along the same path because of a machine gun up the way which had already picked off several wounded men. Altering my course in another direction, I finally came to a wheat field which I felt was far enough to the rear to be perfectly safe. Stepping out into it, I became immediately conscious of bullets passing uncomfortably close to me with the probability that I was the intended target. Skirting the field, I came to another path and started down it. All along the way I had been passing dangerously wounded and dead men. In some cases, a natural curiosity caused me to kneel down and look into the faces of these men to see if I could recognize the features of a former comrade—sad to relate in all too many incidents, my curiosity was rewarded in a grievous way. Finally I came to a wounded man lying directly across my path. As I reached him, he lifted his head slightly and imagine my surprise when I recognized the blood-stained features of my friend, comrade and pal, Ben McGuire, of Lexington, with whom I had roomed for several years while working in that city before the war, a member of my company and we went over together and had been inseparable friends in camp and trench. In all this bloody field of battle, it was the irony of fate that I should come upon my one best friend in a time of his greatest need. I laid down beside him and I don't believe anybody was half so glad to see me as him—and with good reason. He had been shot in the right leg shortly after the attack started and had been laying in the field since early morning. We talked awhile, telling each other of our comrades who had been "bumped off." McGuire had seen some fall that I had not and I had seen many of our mutual pals go to their last long sleep. As we talked machine gun bullets began to whistle overhead and we thought it best that I go on back to Regimental headquarters, I promising to return at once with help to get my pal. I went on back and after receiving the second dressing of my wound, obtained the loan of two Hun prisoners and started back after McGuire—found him where I had left him and the two Huns placed him on a stretcher and we started back. All the way back we amused ourselves by quizzing the prisoners, both of whom were young fellows and spoke French. To our questions they replied very courteously, saying the attack of the morning was the most complete surprise that they had ever experienced and that they were caught completely off their guard. Finally we reached the dressing station where we left McGuire in his place in the long line of waiting wounded. I remained and talked with him for some time and it was while here that good, kind brave Chaplain Wood, returned from the fields where he had been since the beginning of the attack, burying dead, giving last rites to the dying and uttering a word of hope and cheer to the wounded who were waiting to be carried off the field. He had braved gun-fire and bullets just as all of us without the satisfaction of replying in kind. In spite of his worn, tired and not easily camouflaged sadness, he tried nobly to fain cheerfulness and walking up and down the long lines of stretchers, he had a good word for each of the boys, remarking upon their spirits and bravery and closing with a statement to the effect that "no man alive is too good to be a private in the great American army." This remark brought forth suppressed cheers from boys on the stretchers.

Leaving my friend, I caught a ride on an army truck and rode back to the field hospital where I was given another temporary dressing and a shot of the anti-tetinus fluid to prevent blood poisoning. The treatment was administered directly into the stomach by means of a gigantic needle and syringe and made me about as sick as I ever hope to be. From here I went to a large French evacuation hospital where I was operated upon. The operation consisted of cutting away the ragged flesh on both edges of the wound, drawing and sewing the two edges together. Blood poisoning was the curse of the battlefield and no matter how slight the wound, very drastic and certain measures were taken to prevent it. The very thoroughness of these precautions no doubt saved as many lives as did the surgeons and doctors.

I stayed in this hospital two days and it was with reluctance that I departed. The transition from battlefield to hospital with clean beds, sheets, plenty of good food and pret-

(Continued on page eight.)

MARTIN McCANN TELLS OF WAR EXPERIENCE

Spartansburg, S. C. (Camp Wadsworth) left July 1st, 1918.
Washington, D. C. July 2nd, 1918.
Minneola, Long Island, New York.
New York City.
Hoboken, New Jersey.
Embarked for France July 9, 1918.
Crossed the Atlantic in nine days, landing at the quaint old seaport city of Brest on July 18, 1918 at 3 p. m.
Pontenezan Barracks, built in Napoleon's day, where he studied as a military student.
Nantieul Saacy, on the River Marne, August 1, 1918.
Azy.
Chateau Thierry.
Jaulgonne, August 4, 1918.
Cierges, August 5, 1918.
Roncheres, August 7, 1918.
Bois Meunere Woods, Sept. 4, 1918.
Fismes (Vesle River), Sept. 4, 1918
Roncheres, Sept. 9, 1918.
Dormans, Sept. 10, 1918.
Souilly, Sept. 10, 1918.
Ouaches Woods, Sept. 11, 1918.
Sivry Woods, Sept. 14, 1918.
La Maison Rouge
Blercourt
Rampnot
Brocourt
Dead Man Hill (near Verdun), Sept. 27, 1918. Morning of Drive.
Esnes
Bethlanville
Ma Iancourt
Montfaucon
Cierges
Nantillios
Brieulles-sur Meuse, in the Argonne Nov. 11, 1918. Armistice Day.
Haraumont Woods
Marveaux
Tellancourt
Marville
Mont St. Martin (last Village in France)

BELGIUM

Aubango

LUXEMBURG

Dippach, Nov. 29, 1918.
Mamer, Nov. 30, 1918.
Heisdorf
Consdorf, Dec. 1, 1918.

GERMANY

Holsthum, Dec. 2, 1918.
Preist, Dec. 5, 1918
Spang, Dec. 6, 1918.
Blekhausen, Dec. 7, 1918.
Putzborn, Dec. 7, 1918.
Pelm, Dec. 8, 1918.
Schalkenmeheren, Dec. 11, 1918.
Kaiserech, Dec. 12, 1918.
Octendung, Dec. 13, 1918.
Vallandar, Dec. 14, 1918. Crossed the Rhine.
Arzbach, Dec. 19, 1918.
Fort Ehrenbreistein, on the Rhine, Dec. 28, 1918. (2 P. M.)

FROM NANTIEUL SAACY ON THE MARNE TO RONCHERES

After a brief stay at Nantieul Saacy on the Marne in France, where big guns were seen lighting the sky ahead like flashes of heat lightning along the skyline where lay Chateau Thierry and a little beyond there the German line, Company H. left with the second battalion on the morning of August the 3rd, 1918, at the Major's command to move forward and we were off on the first lap of the journey through the battle grounds of Northern France that was to take us through three major offensives and eventually to the Coblenz bridgehead on the Rhine, in Germany.

The battalion moved off in the early morning sunlight along a picturesque road on either side of which lay wheat fields yellowed by the Autumn sun and flecked with patches of bright red poppies, and in the distance were lowlying green hills and patches of thick woods, a typical picture of the true type of beauty of the French landscape. After an all day march through scenes of varying natural lovliness, the little village of Azy was reached at sundown, at which place the company remained overnight, resuming the march in the morning. The old and historical village of Chateau Thierry was reached and passed through on the following days' march, and after a hard day's hike Jaulgonne was reached at nightfall. It began to rain as night fell and the men pitched shelter tents in the rain at dusk, within sight of the first slain man we saw in France, yet so tired were the men that they were soon asleep, unconscious of the grim evidence of war.

Our first construction work in France was done at Cierges the ruin reached on the following day's march, where a road was repaired, and some unburied dead in the vicinity were given burial. On August the 7th, 1918, the order was given to proceed to Roncheres to undertake needed road construction and other needed work there, so on the afternoon of that day the company moved to that place over roads that led through a country that began to show increasing evidence of the recent severe fighting that had occurred here, and the ruin of Roncheres was reached after several hours marching. This little red roofed cluster of shattered houses was set in a lovely rustic landscape, rich in vines and orchards, amid green lowlying hills, and was beautiful, even in ruins. But everywhere was seen evidence of the recent bitter hand to hand struggle that had but a few days ago taken place here. One pathetic sight was a large American grave by the road edge in the town that held fifty-two American dead, and among them was a major, a Captain, and two Lieutenants, all simply marked by their identification tag above them. After arrival here unburied dead were buried by us, weapons were salvaged, and the shattered houses made habitable as billets. Important road construction work was then begun, and the building of a bridge started, over which heavy artillery was later taken. The company remained about a month here engaged in work of this nature, until the roads, which had been in a very bad condition for considerable distances in this vicinity, were greatly improved. The company was schooled in gas here in a chamber erected for that purpose.

The March To Fismes On The Vesle

On September the 4th, 1918, company H. rejoined the Regiment at the Bois de Meuniere, marching to that place from the village of Roncheres. The Regiment had assembled here to move up to Fismes, which was then being bitterly fought for in the battle of the Vesle by the Germans who were trying to hold the advancing Allied line after the German retreat from the Marne. Promptly at three P. M., of September the 5th, 1918, our three battalions moved out of the woods and took the road that led to Fismes under a dark and threatening sky. Our marching was usually under heavy equipment, including entrenching tools, rifle and hundred rounds of ammunition, and steel helmets, but on this day our packs were taken in trucks, and we went ahead in a column of twos. The ground showed everywhere traces of severe fighting; dead men and animals were passed along the road, and a stormy atmospheric condition added gloom to the tragic picture. An early darkness fell, yet a little to the left ahead the sky seemed on fire along the skyline owing to a peculiar sunset effect. This died out after a time and we were marching through absolute darkness in utter silence, seeing but faintly the road ahead by fitful flashes in the sky. Wierd whistling noises sounded overhead from unseen batteries in action all around us in the darkness.

After some hours march through total darkness the ghostly indistinct outlines of the shattered walls of the outskirts of the ruined city of Fismes crept like gray, misty shadows out of the darkness, and the way was picked through the debris piled streets between jagged shadowy walls that once were buildings in darkness so intense that the man ahead could not be seen more than five feet away. This place was at intervals heavily shelled, but during the time that we passed through there was nothing but darkness and oppressive silence. Shortly after the Regiment passed through however, a heavy shelling of the city occurred from German batteries that had an accurate range. When this took place our company was lying on the naked ground along a strip of trees that fringed the city's edge, so we were ordered behind an embankment at the edge of a woods a short distance away, where we remained through the night, taking cover in the woods at dawn, and digging in for protection from shells and air bombs.

Work of a highly important nature was performed here in conjunction with other companies of the Regiment, a clearing being made through Fismes under heavy shell fire and constant German observation, the men being forced at intervals to take cover from the German fire. Road work was attempted by one platoon of the company beyond the city on a road lined on either side with dead which lay unburied owing to the heavy firing here, but no construction could be done as the men were compelled to seek cover in the shallow ditches along the roadside under a shower of one inch shells.

The danger in this vicinity was very great at night, and was intensified by the German strength in the air here and the large number of huge bombs dropped in the woods. Air duels were always taking place overhead and the sky was nearly always filled with aeroplanes.

Into the Meuse Argonne

September the 14th, 1918, finds the Regiment shifted to the Argonne front and the Regiment reached the Sivry woods after leaving the train at Souilly on this day. The Regiment was shifted to this front from Dormans, from which place it had assembled and entrained on the 11th of September, 1918.

The company moved out of here on the night of September the 19th to move on up into the Argonne. The march out of the woods was in darkness under a clear starlit sky, and after some hours' marching the company split on the road, two platoons moving to Brocourt and two platoons being ordered to La Maison Rouge. Owing to the clearness of a beautiful night German aeroplanes were in the sky and could be heard plainly bombing and machine gunning the woods and roads in the vicinity, making it dangerous on the bright roads stretched out like silver ribbands through the hills and forests showing up trucks and troops and artillery on the roads. Here and there trucks and troops were halted and motors silenced as an ominous whirr was heard up among the stars, and we passed thick black woods filled with artillery, ammunition trains and troops being secretly moved up into the Argonne for the big American offensive.

The third and fourth platoons of the company after some hours march along the moonlit roads reached the village of Brocourt and then entered a dense black forest one kilometer from the town near which was located an immense ammunition dump of thousands of shells of all kinds and sizes, including gas shells and air bombs, which were being secretly moved up into the lines on this front in preparation for the Meuse Argonne offensive which was to open on the morning of the 26th of September and which was destined to prove the last and most bitter major offensive of the war.

This half of the company worked here for days unloading cars of shells and loading them into long trains of trucks that were nearly always coming in an unending stream to supply the tremendous concentration of artillery in the Argonne. The men had to remain in concealment in the woods owing to German Aeroplane and balloon observation.

The first and second platoons, after separating from the third and fourth platoons on the road on the night of September 19th, 1918, moved on to La Maison Rouge over roads white in a clear moonlight in danger from a German aeroplane that was firing upon and bombing the roads and woods nearby. This plane was a little later brought down. The woods at La Maison Rouge were reached after some hours marching, where a huge ammunition dump was also located and work of loading truck trains with ammunition was done for a few days, after which these two platoons rejoined the Regiment shortly after, and went on up into the front on the morning of September the 26th, 1918, with the opening of the Argonne drive.

This advance was made between miles of the densest concentration of artillery ever known, in the dark hours before dawn, along roads absolutely jammed for miles with trucks, troops and artillery, amid the terrific concussion and giant roar of that historic morning.

The heavy batteries were passed, then the light artillery, then the reserve and support Infantry were Passed until a point was reached within sight of the German line, in the vicinity of Dead Man Hill and Hill 304. Work was immediately begun in constructing a road over what had been but a few hours before No Man's Land, to enable needed supplies to reach the advancing American lines, and to bring back the wounded, which soon began to be brought back in large numbers, together with German prisoners, who were compelled to assist in carrying back American and other wounded over this roughly constructed roadway. The thickly congested traffic on the roads to the rear began then to advance over this road taking food and ammunition up ahead and relieving conjestion on the miles of road behind, opening the way for the general advance and forward movement in this region.

After a few days work here work was begun on the Esnes-Bethancourt road, a short distance Southeast, about a mile North of Esnes, at which place the company reassembled October the 6th, 1918. Work was continued in this region by the Regiment in conjunction with the Engineers which contributed greatly in aiding the advance in this part of the Argonne. On up until the early part of November the Regiment remained in this section, repairing roads from Esnes almost to Montfaucon, and during its stay in this most desolate of all the desolated land in Northern France the men lived in shell holes, under shelter halves and rudely constructed shelters and in trenches and dugouts. The material for road repairing had to be dug from old trenches and carried in sacks to the places under construction.

Brieulles on the Meuse

The company's next important move was on November the 6th, 1918, when the march was made to Brieulles-sur-Meuse from the Esnes, Bethancourt road by way of Malancourt, Montfaucon, Cierges, and Nantillois. When the company entered this place the retreat of the Germans had almost become a flight, and huge quantities of ammunition was abandoned or scattered about upon the ground from ammunition piles that had been hastily blown up, and materials of all kinds had been left behind. The railroad running up through Dun had been torn and twisted and broken by high explosives, bridges had been blown up, and freight cars blown to pieces, and there were great mine craters along the tracks in the town. It was of utmost importance that this railroad be repaired in the shortest possible time, and the possibility of time mines, and

(Continued on page Eight.)

30 YEARS AGO

June 13, 1889

E. C. Hawkins & Co. shipped a car load of Blue Lick water last week to Indianapolis parties.

"Bulleye" Berry is conductor on the Carlisle and Sharpsburg mail line.

Capt. Dan Turney opens Arlington Hotel at Blue Licks for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Dallas celebrate their 20th wedding anniversary.

T. D. Campbell has closed his school at the Wright school house. Julia McCann, Fritts Tune, Minnie and Walter Hazelrigg did not miss a day.

At Mayslick a tenant set 4 acres of tobacco and the cut worms took every plant.

A Postoffice has been established at East Union called Bramblette.

Dr. Varden will deliver a temperance lecture at the Weston School house.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Henry, a daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Huddleson, a son; to Mr and Mrs. Jas. P. Wasson, a son.