FIX BAYONETS!

The War at Close Range Described In a Remarkable Series By an Officer of the Marines —

Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.

(Illustrated by the Author from Sketches Made on the Battlefield)

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CHAPTER IV

Ominous Events Leading Up to the Charge at Soissons.

The First battalion lay in Croutte-sur-Marne. It drank deep of the golden July weather, and swam noisily in the Marne, which swung a blue and shining loop below the town. The battalion took but little interest in the war, which could be heard growling and muttering intermittently to the north and east. Indeed, the unpleasant Bois-de-Belleau-Bouresches area was only a few hours' march distant, and Chateau-Thierry was just up the river. The guns were loud and continuous in that direction.

But the Second American division —marines and troops of the regular army—had just finished a hitch of thirty-eight days attacking and holding and attacking again, from Hill 142, on the left, through that ghastly wood which the French now called the "Bois de la Brigade de Marine," to Vaux, on the right; and in this battalion, as in the other units of the division, such men as had service were quite willing to think of something else.

July 14 came. "Sort o' Frog Fourth o' July," explained a learned corporal, standing in line for morning chow. But Croutte took on this day no especial joy in the far-off fall of the Bastille.

In the afternoon a Boche came out of a cloud and shot down in flames the fat observation balloon that lived just up the river from Croutte. Certainly there grew to be a feeling in the air. . . .

About one o'clock the morning of the 15th the Boche dropped nine-inch shells into the town. The battalion was turned out, and stood under arms in the dark while the battalion gas officer sniffed around busily to see if the shells were the gas variety. They were not, but the battalion, after the shelling stopped and the casualties were attended to, observed that in the east a light not of the dawn was putting out the stars. The eastern sky was all aflame with gun-flashes, and a growing thunder shook the still air.

The files remarked that they were glad not to be where all that stuff was lightin', and after breakfast projected the usual swimming parties. Aquatic sports were then vetoed by regretful platoon commanders, since it appeared that Battalion H. Q. had directed the companies to hold themselves in readiness for instant movement to an unspecified place. Thereupon the guns eastward took on a more than professional interest. The civilians looked and listened also. Their faces were anxious. They had heard that noise before. The hot July hours passed; the battalion continued to be held in readiness, and got practically no sleep in consequence. There was further shelling, and the guns were undoubtedly louder—and nearer.

Breakfast on the 16th was scant, and the cooks held out little encouragement for lunch. Lunch was an hour early, and consisted of beans. The shadows were lengthening when the bugles blew "assembly" and the companies fell in, taking the broad white road that led down the river. At the next town—towns were thick along the Marne from Chateau-Thierry to Meaux — they passed through the other battalions of the Fifth marines, jeeringly at ease beside the road.

Beyond them was the Sixth regiment of marines, arms stacked in the fields by the river. Each battalion took the road in turn, and presently the whole marine brigade was swinging down the Marne in the slanting sunlight. Very solid and businesslike the brigade was, keen-faced and hard from the great fight behind them, and fit and competent for greater battles yet to come. The companies were under strength, but they had the quality of veterans. They had met the Boche and broken him, and they knew they could do it again. The rumble of the guns was behind them, and the rumor of the leave area still ran strong enough to maintain a slow volubility among the squads. They talked and laughed, but they did not sing. Veterans do not sing a great deal.

It was getting dusk when the First battalion of the Fifth, leading, rounded a turn in the road and came upon an endless column of camions, drawn up along the river road as far as one could see. The companies became silent.

"Camions! They rode us to Chatto-Terry in them busses—" "Yeh! an' it was a one-way trip for a hell of a lot of us, too!" "Close up! Close up an' keep to the right of the road."

"Camions! That's a sign they want us bad, somewhere on the line," commented the lean first lieutenant who hiked at the head of the Forty-ninth company. "Walter,"—the officer beside him—"I wonder what happened yesterday an' today, with all that shooting." "Don't know—but this Chateau-Thierry salient is mighty deep an' narrow, unless the Boche spread himself yesterday. . . . If we were to break into it, near one of the corners. . . ." "Yes! Well, we're right on the tip of it here—can jump either way—Lord! there's a lot of these conveyances."

Later the battalion knew what had happened on July 15, when the Boche made his final cast across the Champagne country toward Rheims and Epernay; and his storm divisions surged to the Marne, and stayed, and lapped around the foot of the gray mountain of Rheims, and stayed. Just now the battalion cared for none of these things. It had had no supper; it faced a crowded trip of uncertain duration, and was assured of various discomforts after that.

Well accustomed to the ways of war, the men growled horribly as they crammed into their appointed chariots, while the officers inexorably loaded the best part of a platoon into each camion, the dusk hiding their

Bringing in German Prisoners at St. Mihiel.

grins of sympathy. "Get aboard! get aboard! Where'll you put yo' pack? Now what the hell do I know about yo' pack—want a special stateroom an' a coon valley, do yuh, yuh—!" The sergeants didn't grin. They swore, and the men swore, and they raged altogether. But, in much less time than it took to tell about it afterward, the men were loaded on. The officers were skilled and prompt in such matters.

Wizened Annamites from the colonies of France drove the camions. Presently, with clangor and much dust, they started their engines, and the camion train jolted off down the river road.

They left the river, and by the testimony of the stars it seemed to the lieutenant of the Forty-ninth that they were hurrying north. Always, on the right, the far horizon glowed with the fires of war—flares, signal lights, gun-flashes from hidden batteries; the route paralleled the line. The lieutenant visualized his map: "Followin' the salient around—to the north—the north—Soissons way, or Montdidier. . . . The Boche took Soissons. . . ."

Quiet French villages along the road, stone houses like gray ghosts under the pale moon, and all lights hooded against Boche planes. Long empty stretches of road. Shadow columns of French infantry, overtaken and passed. Horse-drawn batteries of 75s on the move. Swift staff cars that dashed by, hooting. Then, long files of horsemen, cloaked and helmeted, with a ghostly glint of lance-heads over them—French cavalry. Presently, dawn, with low clouds piling up in the rosy sky.

It was mid-forenoon when the train stopped, and the battalion climbed out on cramped legs. "Fall in on the right of the road. . . Platoon commanders, report. . . Keep fifty yards' distance between platoons. . . Squads right. . . March!" and the companies moved off stiffly, on empty stomachs. The little dark Annamites watched the files pass with incurious eyes. They had taken many men up to battle.

Company by company, the First battalion passed on, and behind them the other battalions of the Fifth marines took the road and, after them, the Sixth. "None of the wagons, or the galleys—don't see the machine-gun outfits, either," observed the lieutenant of the Forty-ninth company, looking back from the crest of the first low hill. Here the battalion halted, having marched for half an hour, to tighten slings and settle equipment for the real business of hiking. "They may get up tonight, chow and all—wonder how far we came, an' where we're goin'. No, sergeant—can't send for water here—my canteen's empty, too. All I know about it is that we seem to be in a hurry."

The battalion moved off again, and the major up forward set a pace all disproportionate to his short legs. When the first halt came, the usual ten-minutes rest out of the hour was cut to five. "Aw hell! forced march!" "An' the lootenant had forgot every thing but 'close up! close up!'—Listen at him—"

The camions had set them down in a gently rolling country, unwooded and fat with ripening wheat. Far across it, to the north, blue with distance, stood a great forest, and toward this forest the battalion marched, talkative, as men are in the first hour of the hike, before the slings of the pack begin to cut into your shoulders. . . . "Look at them poppies in the wheat."— "They ain't as red as the poppies were the mornin' of the 6th of June, when we went up to Hill 142—" "Yep! beginnin' to fade some. It's gettin' late in the season." "I—I'm beginnin' to fade some myself—this guerre is wearin' on a man . . . remember how they looked in the wheat that mornin', just before we hit the Maxim guns?—red as blood—" "Pore old Jerry Finnegan picked one and stuck it in the buckle of his helmet—I seen it in his tin hat after he was killed, there behin' the hill— I'll always think about poppies an' blood together, as long as I live—" This last from little Tritt, the lieutenant's orderly.

"Long as you live—that's good!" gibed Corporal Snair of the company headquarters group. "Don't you know by now how expendable you bucks are?"—the lieutenant heard, and remembered it, oddly enough, in a crowded moment the next day, when he lost the two of them to a hard-fought Maxim gun.

No wind moved across the lonely wheatfield; the bearded stalks waved not at all, and the sun-drenched air was hot and dead. Sweat made muddy tunnels through the thick white dust that masked the faces of the men. Conversation languished; what was said was in profane monosyllables. Clouds came up, and there were showers of rain, with hot sunshine between. Uniforms steamed after each shower, and thirst became a torture. The man who had the vin blanc in his canteen fell out and was quite ill. "Hikin'—in. . . ."

After interminable hours the column came to the forest and passed from streaming sunshine into sultry shades. It was a noble wood of great high-branching trees, clean of underbrush as a park. Something was doing in the forest. Small-arms ammunition was stacked beside the road, and there were dumps of shells and bombs under the trees. And French soldiers everywhere. This road presently led into a great paved highway, and along it were more of the properties of war—row upon row of every caliber of shell, orderly stacks of winged aerial bombs, pile after pile of rifle and machine-gun ammunition, and cases of hand-grenades and pyrotechnics. There were picket-lines of cavalry, and park after park of artillery, light and heavy. There were infantrymen with stacked rifles.

The highway led straight through the forest. Many roads emptied into it, and from every road debouched a stream of horses, men, and guns. The battalion went into column of twos, then into column of files, to make room. On the left of the road, abreast of the marines, plodded another column on foot—strange black men, in the blue greatcoats of the French infantry and mustard-yellow uniforms under them.

The sultry afternoon passed wearily, and at six o'clock the battalion turned off the road, shambling and footsore, and rested for two hours. They found water and filled canteens. A few of the hardier made shift to wash. "Gonna smear mapeeds an' lather all over me—the hospital corps men say it keeps off mustard-gas." But most of the men dropped where the platoon broke ranks and slept. Battalion H. Q. sent for all company commanders.

Presently the lieutenant of the Forty-ninth returned, with papers and a map. He called the company officers around him, and spread the map on the ground. He spoke briefly.

"We're in the Villers-Cotterets woods—the Foret de Retz. At H hour on D day, which I think is tomorrow morning, although the major didn't say, we attack the Boche here"—"pointing—"and go on to here—past the town of Vierzy. Eight or nine kilometers. Three objectives—marked —so—and so. The Second division with one of the infantry regiments leading, and the Fifth Marines, attacks with the First Moroccan division on our left. The Frog Foreign Legion is somewhere around, too, and the First American division. It's Mangin's Colonial army—the bird they call the butcher. . . ."

It was dark when the battalion fell in and took the road again. They went into single file on the right, at the very edge of it, for the highway was jammed with three columns of traffic, moving forward. It began to rain, and the night, there under the thick branches, was inconceivably black. The files couldn't see the man ahead, and each man caught hold of the pack in front and went feeling for the road with his feet, clawing along with the wheels and the artillery horses and machine-gun mules. On the right was a six-foot ditch, too deep in mud to march in. The rain increased to a sheeted downpour and continued all night, with long rolls of thunder, and white stabs of lightning that intensified the dark. The picked might of France and America toiled on the road through the Villers-Cotterets forest that night, like a great flowing river of martial force. No battle ever tried them half as hard as the night road to Soissons. . . .

The rain ceased, and the sky grew gray with dawn. The traffic thinned and the battalion turned off on a smaller road, closed up, and hurried on. Five minutes by the side of the road to form combat packs and strip to rifle and bayonet. "Fall in quickly! Forward!"

Overhead the clouds were gone; a handful of stars paled and went out; day was coming. The battalion lightened, hastened. They perceived dimly, through a mist of fatigue, that a cloudless day was promised and that the world was wonderfully new washed and clean—and quiet! Not a gun anywhere, and the mud on the road muffled the sound of hob-nailed boots. "Double time! Close up! Closeup, there!"

There had been fighting here; there were shell-holes, scarred and splintered trees. The battalion panted to a crossroads where stone buildings lay all blasted by some gale of shell-fire. And by the road what looked like a well! The files swayed toward it, clutching at dry canteens—"Back in ranks! Back in ranks, you—"

Then, barbed wire across the roadway, and battered shallow trenches to right and left, and a little knot of French and American officers, Major Turrill standing forward. The leading company turned off to the left, along the trenches. The Forty-ninth followed in column. "Turn here," ordered the major. "Keep on to the left until you meet the Moroccans, and go forward. . ." The Forty-ninth went beyond the trench still in column of route, picking its way through the woods. The lieutenant looked back at his men as he went; their faces were gray and drawn and old; they were staggering with weariness — "Fix bayonets!—" and the dry click of the steel on the locking-ring ran along the ragged column, loud in the hush of dawn.

(To be Continued)

THE BROOK

(Tennyson)

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges.
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by the old mill I flow
To join the brimming river
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I clatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my bank I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
with willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,
And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,
And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.
I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among the skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I wander by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.
And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

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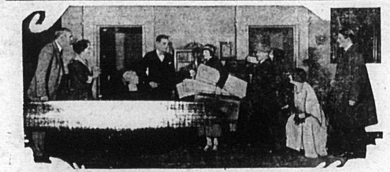

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A druggist may not select a cigar from the box and pass it to you, but must offer you the entire box and let you make your own selection. As soon as the box is emptied he must destroy the revenue stamp. He is not allowed to take the last few cigars from a nearly empty box to fill out the top row of a new box, but should keep the cigars in the box they came in until sold.

A grocer must display his black-lettered sign "Oleomargine sold here" under penalty of a fine, and as soon as the last pound is sold he must destroy the revenue stamp on the box.

CONSOLATION

Great City of the Dead!—in whose embrace
Slumber our dear ones, who have gone
Into the Vast Unknown, and have been borne
Tenderly to their last resting place;
For them, in solaced prayer, we mourn.

Within thy gates all sleep alike in peace!
The haughty master and the humble slave;
The prince, the pauper—and the sly knave.
When death is victor all distinctions cease,
And one and all are equal in the grave.

Great City of the Dead! Some day we too shall lie
Within the holy ground of countless dead;
May we so live that of us it be said
"Such faith they had! They did not fear to die!"
For Faith gives peace and robs Death of its dread.

—Alexander Saxe

Successful production of carbon-dioxide snow in compressed bricks for refrigeration promises to affect considerable saving in shipments of fruits, etc.

MAKE THE FARM HOME MODERN

(By Zella Wigent Agricultural Extension Department International Harvester Company.)

Why should a farmer's wife be compelled to carry water from a distance when running water and drainage may be installed in or adjacent to the kitchen at small expense?

Storage tanks which furnish running water throughout the house are coming into general use. They are inexpensive and easy to install. On any farm where power is used there is no reason why a good water supply may not be provided for the household.

The housewife can plan the arrangement of her kitchen in such a manner as to save her many steps. The kitchen is her work shop, and her husband should see that she is provided with the same conveniences which he demands in his work.

There are but few who cannot afford to substitute an egg beater for a fork, a long handled soup ladel for a cup, a food grinder for a meat chopper. A can opener will save time and labor; sharp knives for carving and slicing are necessities. These are all cheap and add to the efficiency of housework. A bread mixer, a fireless cooker and vacuum cleaner are within the reach of many.

Have a box built for the wood or coal. Put it on casters, fill it near the door and wheel it near the stove. This will prove a great convenience and will keep much dirt out of the kitchen.

The proper arrangement of cooking utensils will lighten the work. Kettles which are used daily should be placed where they can be reached without stooping and without moving other utensils. The potato masher is used at the stove. Hang it on a hook near by. A wire frame for covers near the range will be convenient. A shelf for salt, pepper and mathes within reach as the housekeeper works at the stove will save countless steps. The dishpan should be hung near the place for washing dishes. Some housewives insist upon putting it out of sight. In most cases this means many extra steps every time it is needed.

A good paring knife which fits the hand may make the peeling of potatoes a restful rather than a tiresome task. The farmer has a scoop shovel, a spade, a longhandled and a short- handled shovel, because each is adapted to a certain kind of work. It seems unfair that his wife should be compelled to use one poor butcher knife for all processes where knives are needed.

The sink is usually placed with the long side against the wall, but this is not always the best plan. Some modern houses have the sink near the middle of the kitchen so that it may be used from both sides.

Insist upon having a drainboard upon each side of your sink, one for dirty dishes, the other for draining. For the average family this means the saving of time in dish washing.

UNTHANK AGENTS LEAD

10 Kentucky Prohibition Officers Made Most Arrests

With a month more to run before his fiscal year ends, Deputy Prohibition Administrator Ben F. Unthank, in charge of federal dry law enforcement in the eastern district of Kentucky, has already passed his record for last year, when he led all districts in the United States in number of arrests.

In the 11 months from July 1, 1926, to June 1 of this year, Mr. Unthank's 10 agents have made 1,846 arrests, according to figures given out Saturday at prohibition headquarters, last year's record, made with 14 agents, was 1,500 arrests for the entire 12 months.

Last year's record was the best of all the districts in the United States, surpassing even the southern district of New York, which has 60 agents.

In addition to making the 1,846 arrests, Mr. Unthank and his agents have captured 85 automobiles alleged used in rum-running, have destroyed 602 stills and have poured out 21,292 gallons of moonshine whisky, during the past 11 months.

HOG JAW

Mr. Jesse Earlywine and family, of Walnut Grove, Russell Mattox and family, of Paris, Hargis Earlywine spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Earlywine.

Chappell Ritchie spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Hargis Earlywine.

Bill Dray and family, of Headquarters, spent Sunday with Roy Snapp and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Ritchie and little daughters visited Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Ritchie Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hill, of near Cynthiana, spent Monday and Tuesday with Mrs. Mary E. Hill and Mrs. J. P. Frederick.

Mrs. Sis Wagoner, of Carlisle, visited relatives here from Saturday until Monday.

Walter Hill and family, of Cynthiana, Lora Gaunce and family, of Judy, and Miss Margaret Snapp visited Mr. J. H. Earlywine and family Sunday.

Courtesy General Electric

Elephants

The elephant, man's most intelligent helper, requires 500 pounds of green food daily, which attendants must gather.

A motor "eats" nothing but electricity, supplied at the throw of a switch.

Some day wash-tubs, old-fashioned irons, and the other household and industrial tools whose work can be done much better by motors will be exhibited in museums —along with stuffed elephants!

Electricity is a real economy in industry, on the farm, and in the home. Let us tell you about it.

KENTUCKY UTILITIES COMPANY
INCORPORATED

STATEMENT OF GOVERNOR FIELDS

SHALL ALL OR ONLY A FEW OF THE PEOPLE HAVE ROADS?

To The Democrats of Kentucky:

The Highway Commission of the present State administration, with the assistance of the counties, has, by great effort, designed and put in process of construction a system of roads that will, if completed, reach every section of the State.

In the development of this system, this administration has completed and put under State maintenance sixteen hundred miles of highways and has awarded contracts for the construction of fourteen hundred and eighty-five additional miles and has reduced the cost of construction thirty-three per cent as shown by the indisputable records of the Highway Department.

To make this program possible many of the counties have voted county bonds, to be matched by State aid on a basis of three to one. Other counties have increased their levy for road purposes; counties that voted bonds prior to the inauguration of this program have also been included in the program to the extent that they applied their bond moneys to the improvement of their respective primary road systems.

The State Road fund amounts to approximately twelve millions of dollars annually and is adequate to meet the State's agreement with the counties on the three to one basis.

The State's agreement with the counties will, therefore, be carried out if the people elect a Governor who is favorable to the program and who pledges himself to the fulfillment of the State's agreement with the counties. But if the people in the exercise of their elective franchise fail to elect a Governor who is friendly to this program we can have no assurance that the State's agreement with the counties will be kept; because if the people elect as Governor a man who has opposed our road program or who has declined to indorse it he would naturally feel that his election was an indorsement of his position and vested in him the implied authority to carry his views into execution.

At the request of the proponents of the various county bond elections, I have spoken in practically all of the counties where bonds were voted explaining to the voters that the State would match the county bond money on a basis of three to one.

By reason of that fact and the further fact that many people may not have had an opportunity to know the attitude of certain candidates toward the road program I feel it my duty, inasmuch as I am responsible in part, for the agreement between the State and the counties, to explain to the people the situation as it is, so that none may be deceived or misled into the nomination of a candidate for Governor. By making this explanation I will have kept faith with the people who have voted county road bonds as a result of the proposal of the Highway Commission to match county funds on a basis of three to one.

The road program of the present State administration has been opposed by Honorable J. C. W. Beckham and two of his closest friends, viz., General Percy Haly, a professional politician, and Judge Robert W. Bingham, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal and Times.

These gentlemen have opposed our efforts to build roads even to the extent of going into the courts, with Mr. Beckham as chief Counsel, in an attempt to repudiate a State debt of three and a half million dollars that the State owed for roads that had been constructed and were then being used by the people.

Mr. Bingham, through his papers, has opposed the State's co-operation with the counties on the three to one basis above referred to, has characterized it as economically unsound, and has advocated instead of the construction of the State-wide system designed to reach and accommodate every section of the State, a few extremely high type and very expensive roads. The latter plan would be beneficial to tourists and to the few communities through which they would pass but would not serve the people of the entire State or even an appreciable per cent of the people of the State.

The Courier-Journal also advocated, by a recent series of eight articles, printed under a note of the Editor approving them, the construction of a system of bridges across the streams in Kentucky, also across the streams bordering on Kentucky and [illegible] the Highway Commission for its refusal to proceed with the construction of such a system of bridges.

The estimated cost of their suggested system of bridges would approximate forty-nine millions of dollars. Should the next Governor of Kentucky divert our road funds from the construction of the primary system of the several counties to the construction of a limited system of expensive boulevards or the construction of a complete system of bridges that would have no roads leading up to them (after their completion) it would deprive the counties of State aid and leave those that have voted bonds or increased their levy for road purposes in a deplorable condition and render impossible the completion of their respective primary systems.

Mr. Beckham, with the support of General Haly and Judge Bingham, is now a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor. The Courier-Journal and Times, Judge Bingham's papers, are his chief publicity organs.

Mr. Beckham said in his announcement for Governor that he would make no promises to the people as to what he would do as Governor in the event of his election.

On May eighth he said in a letter to Seldon Y. Trimble, of Hopkinsville, which letter was carried in the press: "I think that in the arrangement that they (meaning the Highway Commission) have, with some of the counties, like Todd County, the plans should be completed wherever possible, with due regard to the finances of the State road fund and the general situation in the State."

Todd County has a great national highway running across it. The completion of this highway as a high type national boulevard would be in line with the advocacy of Mr. Beckham's publicity organs, the Bingham papers, but even the people of Todd County can find no assurance in the statement of Mr. Beckham that the remainder of their primary system will receive State aid in the event of his election, and those counties having no national highway, or whose national highway has been completed can certainly find no assurance in his statement that their agreement with the State to construct their respective primary systems on a basis of three to one will be carried out. And if the State's agreement with the counties is not fulfilled when, if ever, will we have a State-wide system of roads? And how will the counties that have entered into this agreement with the State complete their respective systems without State aid?

As above stated Beckham, Haly and Bingham have opposed our efforts to build roads even to the extent of going into the courts with Mr. Beckham as Chief Counsel in an effort to repudiate a State debt for roads already constructed and in use. Is it not, therefore, fair to assume that this same group of men would repudiate the State's agreement to aid the counties in future road construction in the event Mr. Beckham is elected Governor? We read in Holy Writ: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Honorable Robert T. Crowe, whom Mr. Beckham is opposing for the nomination for Governor, stated in his announcement for that office, and has reaffirmed that statement in his campaign speeches, that if elected he would carry out each and every one of the State's agreements with the counties and would enlarge our State-wide road program as fast as funds became available.

Our State road program is the most important proposition before the people of Kentucky. It is of such transcendent importance as to overshadow and obscure public men. It is, therefore, my opinion that those interested in this program and who desire to see it carried to completion should rally to the defeat of Mr. Beckham in the August primary.

I warn the people of Kentucky against the danger of committing their road program to the supervision of those who have opposed and sought to defeat it.

Very respectfully,

W. J. FIELDS.

Governor.