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 in the Trenches

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Editor's Note: This story is a cross section of the war. As Captain Thomason is a marine officer, naturally the actual names, dates, and places mentioned will bear a definite relation to marine activities in France; there is no intention, however, to overshadow the rest of the fighting American units. This story is a Marine story, because the author is only familiar with the combat experiences of his own men—but every doughboy who saw service in the war will recognize these experiences and encounters as similar to his own.

INTRODUCTION

Seven years after the war, across the world from France, I met a major of the American regular army, who was on the Paris-Metz road the last week in May, 1918, and saw the boys going in. "They looked fine, coming in there," he said. "Tall fellows, healthy and fit—they looked tanned and campaigned. We watched them going in, through those little tired French-men, and we all felt better. We knew something was going to happen—" and we were silent over Chilean wine, in a place on the South Pacific, thinking of those days and those men.

There is no sight in all the pageant of war like young, trained men going to battle. The columns look fateful and businesslike. Each battalion is an entity, 1,200 men of one purpose. They go on like a river that flows very deep and strong. Uniforms are strained and dusty, but there are points of light on the helmets and the bayonets, and light in the quick, steady eyes and the brown young faces, greatly daring. There is no singing—experts know and they do not sing gaily—and there is no excitement at all; they are schooled craftsmen, going up to impose their will, with the tools of their trade, on another set of fellows; and there is nothing to make a fuss about. Battles are not salubrious places, and every file knows that a great many none are going in then will come out again—but that is along with the job. And they have to fashion ahead the job with.

There is nothing particularly glorious about sweaty fellows, laden with killing tools, going along to fight. Anyone—such a column represents—a great many more than 28,000 individuals mustered into a division. All that is there from start to finish, behind those marching men, is in that column, too: the old battles, long forgotten, that secured our name Brandywine and Trenton and Yorktown, San Jacinto and Buena Vista, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Appleton, El Caney; scores of skirmishes almost every year—in which a man can be killed as dead as ever a dog was in the Argonne; traditions of things endured and things accomplished, such as regimental bands down forever; and the hearts and the love of women, the faith of men and the love of women, and that abstract thing called patriotism, which I never heard combat soldiers mention—all this passes into the forward zone, to the point of contact, where each file sits between. And the common zero endure these horrors and overcome them, along with the insistent yearnings of the belly and the reasonable yearnings of fear; and in that, I think, is glory.

They tell the tale of an American lady of notable good works who protested by the French, who, at the end of June, 1918, visited one of the field hospitals behind Degoutte's attacking French army. Degoutte was fighting on the face of the Marne salient, and the second American division, then in action around the Bois de Belleau. Trucks were bringing the wounded back. The visitor was under his orders. It happened that occasional casualties of the Marine brigade of the Second American division, wounded twenty miles back where Degoutte's own battle infantry joined on, were picked up by French stretcher bearers and evacuated to French hospitals. And this lady looking down a long crowded ward, saw on a pillow a face unlike the others, and stopped, and there and here some of them came out again.

"Oh," she said "surely you are an American!"

"No, ma'am," the casualty answered. "I'm a marine."

The men who marched up the Paris-Metz road in the last week of May, in the spring of 1918, the Fifth and Sixth regiments of United States marines, were gathered from various places. In the big war emergency, 250 strong, you could find every sort of man, from every sort of calling. There were sometimers with straw-colored hair that looked white against their tanned skins, and definitely spoken chaps with the stamp of the eastern universities on them. There were large-boned fellows from Pacific coast lumber camps, and tall, lean southerners who swore smashingly in gentle, drawling voices. There were hasky farmers from the corn belt, and youngsters who had sprung, as it were, to arms from the textile counter. And there were also a number of diverse people who rgs curiously

Going Over.

regiment of engineers—and engineers are always good—and the Twenty-fifth, Fifteenth, and seventeenth field artillery. It was a division distinguished by the quality of cloth and animated by an especial pride of service. It carried, as its full dress escort de corps, which some Frenchman has described as the finest corps of any corps and looking down on all the other corps. And when it got into action it had its casualties for the things it did—in five months it had 1,200 per cent of the Second division never lost its professional character.

In 1917, when trained officers in the United States were at a premium, the navy offered a brigade of marines for service in France; it was regarded desirable for marine officers to have experience in large operations with the army; for it is certain that close co-operation between the army and the navy is a necessary thing in these days of far-flung battle lines. The British distress at Gallipoli is a crying witness to its validity. In a navy transport, therefore, United States Ship Henderson, the Fifth regiment of marines embarked for France in June, 1917, with the first armed American forces. The Sixth marines followed. The two regiments constituted the Fourth brigade, and served in the Second division. United States Regular Army, the division came home. In August, 1919. About 20,000 marines were sent to France; some 14,000 of these went as replacements to maintain the two regiments of the Fourth brigade. A brigade musters some 7,500 officers and men; this brigade took part in some very interesting events.

Hereafter I have written of the marines in the war with Germany; how they went up, and what they did there, and how some of them came out again. That is a matter, I have tried to set forth simple tales without comment. It is unnecessary to write what I think of my own people, nor would it be, perhaps, in the best taste.

And I have written of marines in this war because they are the folks I know about myself. Those battle fields were very large, and a man saw seldom saw much or very far beyond his own unit, if he had a job in hand. As a company officer, I always had a job. There is no intent to overstep those very gallant divisions, our friends, the army. Their story is sure, too.

JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

CHAPTER I

Attack.

In the fields near Marigny marines of the First Battalion of the Fifth found an amiable cow. There had been nothing in the way of rations that day; there were go quarters. All hands took thought and designated a robust Polish corporal as executioner. He claimed to have been a butcher in a former existence. He was leading the cow decently away from the road when a long gray car boomed up, halted with the touch of sudden fear. Headquarters chauffeurs always affect fear, and disgorged a very grave colonel.

"Lieutenant, what are you doing there—" he yelled.

"Sir, you see, the men haven't had anything to eat, and I thought, since we found this cow wanderin' around we couldn't find any owner—read like to chip in and buy her—we were goin' to—"

"I see, sir, I see! You were going to kill this cow, the property of some worthy French family. You will bear in mind, lieutenant, that we are in France and not among the Sioux and property of our allies from the Germans. Release that animal at once! Your rations will be distributed as soon as possible—carry on—" The colonel departed, and four or five 75s crashed into a little wood two hundred yards up the road. There were more shells in the same place '41! Brother Boche had seen there's a battery over there!"—Well, there actually was. Engineers sat down in the wheat and observed the row, abandoned by a rattled French family.

"I was a quartermaster sergeant once, sir," said the platoon sergeant dreamily. "I remember just what the rolls of beef are. There'd be five for a lion on that cow-critter, now."

Mr. Ashby (another flight of 75s burst in the wood). If we was to take that cow over an' tie her in that bresh—you engineer—might draw five or six shells liable to hit anything, you know, sir—"

"Sergeant, you heard what the colonel said. But if you think she'd be safer—I'd suggest volunteers. And by the way, sergeant, I want a piece of tenderloin—the T bone part—"

The cow was duly secured in the wood, men risking their lives therefor. The Boche shelled intermittently for two hours, and the marines were reduced to a fearful state of nerves—"is that dam' heifer gonna live for ever—" Two of three kilometers away fighting was going on. The lieutenant, with his platoon, kept close to the running figures on the slope of a hill. You caught a flicker, points of light on the gray green fields—bayonets. Occasional wounded Frenchmen were carried back, weary, bowed men, very dirty. They looked with dull eyes at the American—"Tres nouveau, ils ont bas! Beaucoup Boche, la—" The marines were not especially interested. Their regiment had been a year in France, training. Now they, too, were dirty and tired and very hungry. The war would get along . . . It always had.

A week ago, Memorial day, there had been no drills. The Second Division, up from a tour in the quiet Verdun trenches, was resting in camps around Tourneront. Rumors of an attack by the First division, at Cantigny, were afloat. Cantigny was a town up toward Montdidier—the Allies were pushing the Germans back—but it was in the north, where all the heavy fighting was. It appeared that the Second was going up to relieve the First. "Story we'll relieve you first if they wanted a fight, why didn't they let us know in the first place? —Well ashewed 'em what shock troops we do—"

The division set out in camions; in the neighborhood of Meaux they were halted around and saw the Paris-Metz road, along which the civilian population was fleeing, heavily between the chemin des Dames and the Marne, together with the flower of the French army, was coming back. The civilians watched with dull eyes, bundles on their shoulders, and there was horror in their eyes. "Ils sont fous, ces gens-la!" another side of war.

"Hard on poor folks out in Kansas, they said it"—"you think about my folks, an' your folks out on the old farm, they're all right, I'll bet you a dollar!"—"You bet!—right nice-lookin' girl, yonder?"

There were French soldiers in the rest, too. Nearly all were wounded or in the last stages of exhaustion. They did not appear to be first-line troops; they were all bearded like Russians of forty and forty-five, territorials or even sexagenarians of the Territorials, such troops as are put in to hold a quiet sector while the flower of the division of them had been in the line.

between Soissons and Rheims, which on still May 31, 1918, was quiet. On that day forty-odd divisions, a total wave of fighting Germans with the greatest artillery concentration the Boche ever effected there, were moving forward. Two days later, they were away, as a levee goes before a flood. They had fought; they had come back, fighting, thirty-five miles in three days; and the Boche, though slowed up, was still advancing. They were holding him along the Ourcq river and at Chateau-Thierry a machine-gun battalion of the American Third division was piling up his dead in heaps around the bridges-head that was still coming on to the northwest he was still coming. And to the northwest the Boche advance was gathering. During the second, third and fourth of June it stopped itself, first the Fourth brigade of marines, with some guns, and then the regular infantrymen of the Ninth and Twenty-third. Already, around Hontoreuves there had been a brush with advancing Germans, and the Germans were given a few experience: rifle-fire that begins to kill at 400 yards; they found it very interesting. This was June 5; the battalion near Marigny, on the road to the Marne Brigade, had a feeling that they were going to tomorrow.

The men thought lastly on events, and lounged in the wheat, and watched that clump of trees—and at last an agonized bellow came on the wings of a bursting shell— "Well—she's stopped one! Thought she musta dug in—" "Let's go get it—"

Presently there was lots of steak, and later a bitter lesson was repeated —country bold cooking-fires with green wood, where the Boche can see the smoke. But everybody lay down on full bellies. Before dark the last French were falling back. Some time during the night Brigade sent battle orders to the Fifth battalion of the Fifth marines, and at dawn they were in a wood near Champillon. Nearly every man had steaks in his mess-pan, and there was hope for cooking them at breakfast. Instead . . .

The platoons came out of the woods as dawn was getting gray. The light was strong when they advanced into the open wheat, now all starred with downy poppies, red as blood. To the east the sun appeared, immensely red and round, a bandbreadth above the horizon; a German shell burst high overhead with the report and report of a 75, eating chunks of air. Then a rifle cracked knife. Two hours later Sergeant Jerry Finnegan lay dead in the wheat, with a bullet-hole between in the bodysef the gunner. . .

It was a beautiful deployment, lines all crossed and guiding true. Such things are done in peace-time with that outfit. The day was without a cloud, and pleasant in the wheat, and the woods around were still and cool.

Across this wheatfield there were more woods, and in the edge of these the old Boche battle, lots af him, infantry and machine-guns. Surely he had seen the platoons forming a few hundred yards away—(I is possible that he had seen them come to this; let them come close before he opened fire. The American fighting man has his failings. He is prone to regrettable errors. But the negative enemy will never let him get close enough to see much of the enemy, the American regular will come close enough to see much of him. And when he is properly trained and has somebody to say "Commence fire" to him, he will stand as much killing as anybody in the world.

The platoons, assailed now by a fury of small-arms fire, narrowed their eyes and flattened their bodies forward, like a setter bird dog on point. Second waves reinforced the first, fourth waves the third, and the platoon leaders yelled "Battle-sight! fire at will!—and the leaders making cool practice, fell into uniforms and round pot-helmets in the edge of the woods, and met up with flyingshells, aimed shots. Automatic rifles opened, brought their chest-chatter into action from the hip—a chest-chatter is an accurate term for the sound as ever is—and wrangled furiously with their . . .

"Come on, kid—hug of clips!—" "Aw wait—I got it to fit to carry, let right!—" "Ammunition, this!—" and Ed lent it to a fence-post when he got tired—"Hey, Ed, you're shootin' guns died a—" A very respectable volume of fire from the attacking line of stone. There was yelling and swearing; the line waved, and then shook, thinned, got into the woods. Some grenades were used; there was screaming and a result, and the "take-take, take-take" of the Marine guns died away. "Prisoners—hold on!—" Major said he wanted some prisoners, and all, but looked insulted when they were gonna start something—" "Aw, all right! All right but you catch some alive the next place, you hear?" "Can't make four of a line—" "Can't make four of the wave—" "Well, make two—" The chest-chants in the second—no use grunt 'em because the attack went on, platoons much smaller, sergeants and officers conspicuously fewer, now the gunner was gunning. Not just by rifles. All right! All right but you catch some alive the next place, you hear?" "Can't make four of a line—" "Can't make four of the wave—" Well, make two—" The chest-chants in the second—no use grunt 'em because the attack went on, platoons much smaller, sergeants and officers conspicuously fewer, now the gunner was gunning. Not just by rifles. Boche was getting machine-guns and rifles; he had put a battery in the edge of the woods, commendably. He had not expected to fight a battle that day, and had not heavily intrenched, but the place was still strong with machine-guns, and their quality, as marine casualty lists were to show, was famous.

There was more wheat, and more woods, and the platoons were now among individuals in the brushy ravines. Sergeant Finnegan's platoon, the lead platoons of the Forty-sixth and Sixty-seventh companies, came to the top of a gentle slope of wheat that mounted to a crest of orderly woods. The slope was now blazed with machine-guns and rifles; the Boche had selected keening noises

All of the front waves went down; all hands, very sensibly, flung themselves prone, and "Get down, you damn fools—" "No—won't be enough of us left to get on with the job—" "Get down the word! Forward, keepin' touch with the man on your right! Fire where you can—"

Sweating, hot, and angry with a black, cold anger, the marines worked forward. They were there, and the Germans were there. An officer was rushing the line, and he was observed progress, and detached a corporal with his squad to get for ward by the flank. "Get far enough past the flank gun, now, close as you can, and rush it—we'll keep it busy!

. . . Nothing sounds as mad as rifle-fire, suddenly Sergeant Finnegan's judgod that he was far enough, and his squad leaped up and charged with him. He was not past the flank gun quite enough, but enough to get the squad down like a grass-hook levels a clump of weeds. . . They lay there for days, eight marines in a dozen yards, face down in the coffee. But they had done their Job. The men in the wheat were close enough to use the soil second lieutenant in the firing. They got in, cursing and stabbing.

Meanwhile, to the left a little group of men lay in the wheat under the very muzzle of a gun that clipped the stalks around their ears and rid died their combat packs—firing high by a matter of inches and the mercy of God. A man can stand just so much of that. Life presently ceases to be desirable; the only decision a thing is to kill that gunner, kill him with your hands! One of them, a corporal named Goer, said: "By God let's get him!" And they are him! One fellow seized the spitting muzzle and up-ended it on the gunner; he lost a hand in the matter. Recently fanned in, and a rifle-butt rose and fell. The battle tore through the coppice. The machine-gunners were overrun, the remnant of the Prussian infantry were brave men, and died. A few streamed back through the brush, and hunters and hunted burst in a frenzied medley on the crest at the crest of the hill. Impartial machine-guns, down the hill to the left, took toll of both. Presently the remnants of the assault companies were panting in the trees on the edge of the hill. It was the objective of Brigade's breakfast. Beyond, lines all crossed and guiding true. Such things are done in peace with that outfit. The day was without a cloud, and pleasant in the wheat, and the woods around were still and cool.

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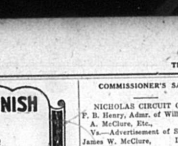

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You will know that it is mechanically perfect, drillable and uniform and that every plant in the field gets its required amount of genuine sulphate of potash—the only form of potash that goes into Armour's You can be certain that the proper amount of magnesium is available—thus preventing plant disease due to magnesium starvation—and that the ammoniates are properly balanced to encourage rapid growth and to give strength and quality to the plants, carrying them safely through should a drouth occur.

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Play safe—stick to Armour's.

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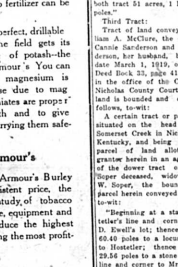

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COMMISSIONER'S SALE

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT
F. B. Henry, Admr. of William B. McClure, Etc., Plaintiff
Vs.—Advertisement of Sale.
James W. McClure, Defendant

Pursuant to a judgment and order of sale in the Nicholas Circuit Court in the above styled action rendered at the May Term, 1927, I shall proceed to offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder on Monday, June 13, 1927, (same being regular County Court day) at 2 o'clock p. m., or thereabouts, at the court house door in Carlisle, Ky., upon a credit of six and twelve months, the following described property, to-wit:

Said property so ordered to be sold is located in Nicholas county, Kentucky, and made up of various tracts, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

1st: Tract of land conveyed to William A. McClure now dec'd, by David F. Hamilton, single and not married on December 14, 1918, of record in deed Book No. 33, page 238, of record in the office of the Clerk of the Nicholas County Court, which said tract is more particularly described as follows:

Two certain tracts or parcels of land lying in Nicholas county, Kentucky, on the waters of Somerset Creek and bounded and described as follows:

First tract:

"Beginning at a stone corner to the tract allotted to W. T. Soper's 1st; thence N. 80 W. 69.60 poles to a stone in the Webstone turnpike at the old dirt road corner to W. T. Soper's 1st; thence with said dirt road, dividing it equally, S. 33½ E. 8.72, poles; S. 23¾ E. 43 poles; S. 44 E. 43 poles; S. 64¾ E. 6.10 poles to a stone on said road corner to the road and corner to the second tract and in Hostetler's line; thence N. 10¾ E. 68 poles to the beginning, containing 18 acres, legal measure."

Second tract:

"Adjoins tract No. 1, and is bounded as follows:

"Beginning at a stone in Mrs. Jesse Peek's, now Soper's line, corner to the Dower tract; thence N. 9¾ W. 111.68 poles to a stone corner to E. F. Stone, in the center of tract and Lot No. 4; thence S. 80¾ E. 51 poles to a stone in line of Lot No. 4, and corner to Lot No. 3; thence S. 18¾ W. 111.64 poles to a stone in Mrs. Peek's line, corner to Jesse's line and corner to Lot No. 2; thence S. 82¾ W. 39.76 poles to the beginning, containing 31 acres, 1 rood and 26 poles, and containing in both tract 51 acres, 1 rood and 26 poles."

Third Tract:

Tract of land conveyed to William A. McClure, the decedent, by Cannie Sanderson and Hobart Sanderson, husband, by deed of date March 1, 1919, of record in Deed Book 33, page 418, of record in the office of the Clerk of the Nicholas County Court, which said land is bounded as follows, to-wit:

A certain tract or parcel of land situated in Nicholas county, Kentucky, on the waters of Steele's Run, and bounded as follows:

"Beginning at a stone in Hostetler's line and corner to Mattie D. Ewell's lot; thence N. 81¾ W. 69.40 poles to a locust tree corner to Hostetler; thence S. 81¾ W. 29.56 poles to a stone in Hostetler's line and corner to Mrs. Margadant; thence N. 9 E. 43.20 poles to a stone corner to same; T. 2 E. 16.60 poles to an iron pin said road in front of black smith shop; thence N. 5¾ E. 41.60 poles to a stone at the junction of the Millersburg road; thence with a meander of the Conway lot S. 15¾ E. 17.82 poles to a Locust post on the south side of Steele's Run dirt road corner to the Jones lot; thence N. 40¾ E. 15 6-10 poles to the beginning, containing 4 acres, 2 roods and 17 poles, more or less, same property conveyed to Robert H. Collier by deed from Samuel Mitchell and David Wilson, and inherited by first parties from their father, R. H. Collier, deceased.

This sale is made for the purpose of recovering for the Plaintiff, John R. Taylor, the sum of $502.00, with interest from August 15, 1922, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum and the further sum of $108.40 Court cost.

For the purchase price the purchaser with approved surety must execute bond bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid, said bond to have the force and effect of a judgment upon which execution may issue. All bidders must be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

U. M. SWINFORD, M. C. N. C. C. Conley & McCartney
Attorneys for Plaintiffs

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Two certain tracts or parcels of land lying in Nicholas county, Kentucky, on the waters of Somerset Creek and bounded and described as follows:

First tract:

"Beginning at a stone corner to the tract allotted to W. T. Soper's 1st; thence N. 80 W. 69.60 poles to a stone in the Webstone turnpike at the old dirt road corner to W. T. Soper's 1st; thence with said dirt road, dividing it equally, S. 33½ E. 8.72, poles; S. 23¾ E. 43 poles; S. 44 E. 43 poles; S. 64¾ E. 6.10 poles to a stone on said road corner to the road and corner to the second tract and in Hostetler's line; thence N. 10¾ E. 68 poles to the beginning, containing 18 acres, legal measure."

Second tract:

"Adjoins tract No. 1, and is bounded as follows:

"Beginning at a stone in Mrs. Jesse Peek's, now Soper's line, corner to the Dower tract; thence N. 9¾ W. 111.68 poles to a stone corner to E. F. Stone, in the center of tract and Lot No. 4; thence S. 80¾ E. 51 poles to a stone in line of Lot No. 4, and corner to Lot No. 3; thence S. 18¾ W. 111.64 poles to a stone in Mrs. Peek's line, corner to Jesse's line and corner to Lot No. 2; thence S. 82¾ W. 39.76 poles to the beginning, containing 31 acres, 1 rood and 26 poles, and containing in both tract 51 acres, 1 rood and 26 poles."

Third Tract:

Tract of land conveyed to William A. McClure, the decedent, by Cannie Sanderson and Hobart Sanderson, husband, by deed of date March 1, 1919, of record in Deed Book 33, page 418, of record in the office of the Clerk of the Nicholas County Court, which said land is bounded as follows, to-wit:

A certain tract or parcel of land situated in the Nicholas County, Kentucky, on the waters of Steele's Run, and bounded as follows:

"Beginning at a stone in Hostetler's line and corner to Mattie D. Ewell's lot; thence N. 81¾ W. 69.40 poles to a locust tree corner to Hostetler; thence S. 81¾ W. 29.56 poles to a stone in Hostetler's line and corner to Mrs. Margadant; thence N. 9 E. 43.20 poles to a stone corner to same; T. 2 E. 16.60 poles to an iron pin said road in front of black smith shop; thence N. 5¾ E. 41.60 poles to a stone at the junction of the Millersburg road; thence with a meander of the Conway lot S. 15¾ E. 17.82 poles to a Locust post on the south side of Steele's Run dirt road corner to the Jones lot; thence N. 40¾ E. 15 6-10 poles to the beginning, containing 4 acres, 2 roods and 17 poles, more or less, same property conveyed to Robert H. Collier by deed from Samuel Mitchell and David Wilson, and inherited by first parties from their father, R. H. Collier, deceased.

This sale is made for the purpose of recovering for the Plaintiff, John R. Taylor, the sum of $502.00, with interest from August 15, 1922, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum and the further sum of $108.40 Court cost.

For the purchase price the purchaser with approved surety must execute bond bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid, said bond to have the force and effect of a judgment upon which execution may issue. All bidders must be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

U. M. SWINFORD, M. C. N. C. C. Conley & McCartney
Attorneys for Plaintiffs

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT
John R. Taylor, Plaintiff
Vs.—Advertisement of Sale.
Hattie Collier, etc., Defendants

Pursuant to a judgment and order of sale in the Nicholas Circuit Court in the above styled action rendered at the May Term, 1927, I shall proceed to offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder on Monday, June 13, 1927, (same being regular County Court day) at 2 o'clock p. m., or thereabouts, at the court house door in Carlisle, Ky., upon a credit of six and twelve months, the following described property, to-wit:

A certain tract or parcel of land situated in Nicholas county, Kentucky, lying in Nicholas county, Kentucky, on the waters of Steele's Run and Caney Creek, and bounded as follows:

"Beginning at a stone in the North margin of the Crooked Creek pike and corner to Giffred; thence N. 78 E. 78.88 poles a stone corner to Lot No. 4, in the division of the lands of Henry County, dec'd; thence S. 23¾ W. 74.50 poles a stone in the South West margin of the Crooked Creek corner to Lot No. 2, thence with the pike S. 54¾ E. 16 poles, S. 75¾ E. 27 poles to the beginning, containing 25 acres, 2 roods and 20 poles.

For the purchase price the purchaser with approved surety must execute bond bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid, said bond to have the force and effect of a judgment upon which execution may issue. All bidders must be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. To comply promptly with these terms.

U. M. SWINFORD, M. C. N. C. C. Conley & McCartney
Atty. for Petitioners

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT
John R. Taylor, Plaintiff
Vs.—Advertisement of Sale.
Hattie Collier, etc., Defendants

Pursuant to a judgment and order of sale in the Nicholas Circuit Court in the above styled action rendered at the May Term, 1927, I shall proceed to offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder on Monday, June 13, 1927, (same being regular County Court day) at 2 o'clock p. m., or thereabouts, at the court house door in Carlisle, Ky., upon a credit of six and twelve months, the following described property, to-wit:

A certain tract or parcel of land lying in Nicholas county, Kentucky, and bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a stone on the South side of Lick Creek; thence S. 25¾ W. 42 poles to a stone on top of ridge; thence S. 19¾ W. 84.75 poles to a stone in Hollar's line; thence N. 23¾ W. 72 poles a White Oak corner to Hollar; thence N. 11 W. 20.85 poles to a White Oak corner to Sloper's; thence with said heirs line N. 32 E. 92 poles to a stone in the line of M. D. and Chas. Branch; thence S. 39¾ E. 15.84 poles to a stone in the line of Chas. Ewell's lot; thence S. 80 W. 69.60 poles to a stone in the Webstone turnpike at the old dirt road corner to M. D. and Chas. Ewell's lot; thence S. 23¾ E. 8.72 poles to a stone in the South margin of the road; thence S. 23¾ E. 43 poles; thence S. 44¾ E. 43 poles; thence S. 64¾ E. 6.10 poles to a stone on said road corner to Cannie Sanderson's lot; thence leaving the road N. 80 W. 26.30 poles to a stone corner to Sanderson's line and corner to Cannie Sanderson's lot; thence leaving the road N. 9 E. 48 poles to the beginning, containing, 25 acres, legal measure.

BUT EXCEPTING from this boundary 2 acres of land more or less, conveyed by Lula Perfect to D. H. Hamilton by deed dated April 20th, 1916, and recorded in Deed Book No. 31, page 343 of the Nicholas County Court Clerk's office, leaving the quantity hereby conveyed 23 acres, more or less.

Being the same land conveyed to Emily C. McClure, dec'd by Nolan Brinegar, and Mary Brinegar, his wife, by deed of date, March 14, 1919, of record in Deed Book No. 33, page 458, of records in the office of the Clerk's of the Nicholas County Court.

The shares of each of the infants herein, Nannie McClure, Gordon McClure, Mary Lee McClure and James W. McClure shall remain a lien on the land sold herein bearing interest from date of sale at the rate of 6 per cent per annum until such infants arrive at the age of 21 years, or a guardian qualifies for said infants in accordance with the provision of Section 493, of the Civil Code.

For the purchase price the purchaser with approved surety must execute bond bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid, said bond to have the force and effect of a judgment upon which execution may issue. All bidders must be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

U. M. SWINFORD, M. C. N. C. C. Conley & McCartney
Attorneys for Plaintiffs

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER'S SALE

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT
Josephine Small, et al., Plaintiffs
Vs.—Advertisement of Sale
Elizabeth Hagedorn, et al., Defendants

Pursuant to a judgment and order of sale in the above styled action rendered in the Nicholas Circuit Court, rendered at the May Term, 1927, I shall proceed to offer for sale at public auction to the highest and best bidder on Monday, June 13, 1927, (same being regular County Court Day) at 2 o'clock p. m. and at the court house door in Carlisle, Ky., upon a credit of six and twelve months, the following described property, to-wit:

A certain tract of land situated in Nicholas county, Kentucky, on the waters of Licking River, which said land was bounded and abutted as follows: Beginning at Lowery, Albert Small, and Susan Burden and Licking river, containing. One hundred and ten acres (110 acres), more or less, being the same tract of ground conveyed to Elijah Burden and Nancy W. Burden, his wife by deed from Susan Small etc., dated the 15th day of April, 1895, and which said deed is of record in the office of the Clerk of the Nicholas County Court Clerk's office Deed Book No. 14, page 569.

The shares of the infant defendants, Nellie Hopkins, Beatrice Hopkins and Iva Mae Lizer, are to remain a lien upon said land until each of said infants become 21 years of age, or upon their respective guardian qualify under provision of section 493 of Civil Code.

For the purchase price the purchaser with approved surety must execute bonds bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid, said bond to have the force and effect of a judgment upon which execution may issue. All bidders must be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

U. M. SWINFORD, M. C. N. C. C. Conley & McCartney
Harry Kennedy, Atty. for Piff.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT
Emily C. McClure's, Admr. etc., Plaintiffs
Vs.—Advertisement of Sale.
James W. McClure, Defendant

Pursuant to a judgment and order of sale in the Nicholas Circuit Court in the above styled action rendered at the May Term, 1927, I shall proceed to offer for sale at public auction to the highest and best bidder on Monday, June 13, 1927, (same being regular County Court day) at 2 o'clock p. m., or thereabouts, at the court house door in Carlisle, Ky., upon a credit of six and twelve months, the following described property, to-wit:

Said property so ordered to be sold is located in Nicholas county, Kentucky, and made up of various tracts, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

1st: Tract of land conveyed to William A. McClure now dec'd, by David F. Hamilton, single and not married on December 14, 1918, of record in deed Book No. 33, page 238, of record in the office of the Clerk of the Nicholas County Court, which said tract is more particularly described as follows:

Two certain tracts or parcels of land lying in Nicholas county, Kentucky, on the waters of Somerset Creek and bounded and described as follows:

First tract:

"Beginning at a stone corner to the tract allotted to W. T. Soper's 1st; thence N. 80 W. 69.60 poles to a stone in the Webstone turnpike at the old dirt road corner to W. T. Soper's 1st; thence with said dirt road, dividing it equally, S. 33½ E. 8.72, poles; S. 23¾ E. 43 poles; S. 44 E. 43 poles; S. 64¾ E. 6.10 poles to a stone on said road corner to the road and corner to the second tract and in Hostetler's line; thence N. 10