

# WAR

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## Stories

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Next  Month

**TEXANS, FOLLOW ME!**

There were a lot of cowboys in the war. Some of 'em enlisted in combatant units. Others went over with the stock from their home ranges, and continued to ride herd, break, and brand, just as per usual, after they got to France—except that there weren't any dogies; it was all mules and horses thereabouts . . . . These waddies weren't imported to do any fighting. But there was one Texas outfit that hopped into the maw of death and battle, just the same. And it's the smashing, thrilling, adventures of the boys from Texas that are graphically presented in a man-size novelet by **GEORGE F. ELIOT.**



★ ★ ★

**BLACKJACK'S MEMOIRS**

Some war stories are interesting. Some are significant. But few indeed can be considered historical documents. That's why every word of **GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING'S** personal narrative is well worth reading. He was more than the boss of the A. E. F. For a long time he was an unofficial ambassador and contact man for the batch of ill-assorted allies who paid a lot more attention to petty jealousies than winning a mere war. . . . For a long time there wasn't any Yank army. The second part of **BLACKJACK'S** story describes the grim problems confronting our forces when they were finally ready to take the field.



★ ★ ★

**WHO WON THE WAR?**

Ya—ah—the lousy M. P.'s! That's a yell no A. E. F. man will ever forget. But what about the M. P.'s, anyway? What about the real boys, behind those hated two-color brassards? We thought it was about time someone gave their side of the story, so we turned the job over to an officer still in active service—one who went through every angle of the late unpleasantness, and came in intimate contact with the Military Police. . . . You'll get a fairer estimate of that maligned outfit when you read the story by **CAPTAIN R. E. DUPUY.**



To Fighting Men—for Fighting

**WAR**  
Stories



VOL. 32

MAY

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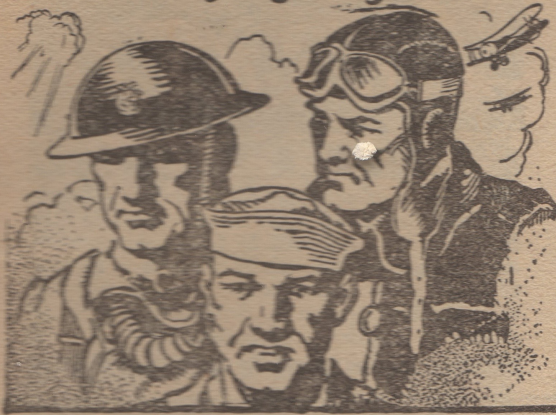
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*Says the  Sarge.*

**Reds  
DROWN THE ~~RATS~~**

*The scum that has been rioting in Union Square, at the City Hall, New York, and elsewhere this year—injuring police horses, mostly—has got my goat for fair. So I've collected me some cold facts and figures about these ratty Reds. Here's the dope. . . .*

★ ★ ★



The creed to which the Red in America subscribes requires that he recognize no allegiance whatever to the American flag. His only flag is the red emblem that flies over Moscow. According to the Hamilton Fish Committee report on Red activities in the U. S., we have some 500,000 of these vermin in our boundaries at the present time.

★ ★ ★

*Other items in the Red's creed, are.*

1. Hatred of God and all forms of religion.
2. Destruction of private property and inheritance.
3. Promotion of class hatred.
4. Instigation of riots, sabotage, and civil war.
5. Destruction of representative or democratic government.
6. World revolution, and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

★ ★ ★

Since it's the constitutional right of a human being in this country to think as he pleases, the government apparently can't touch these vicious rats. The Reds, though, can and do tear into city, state, and federal government at every opportunity. It's as one-sided as a yegg with a blackjack assaulting a fella whose hands are tied.

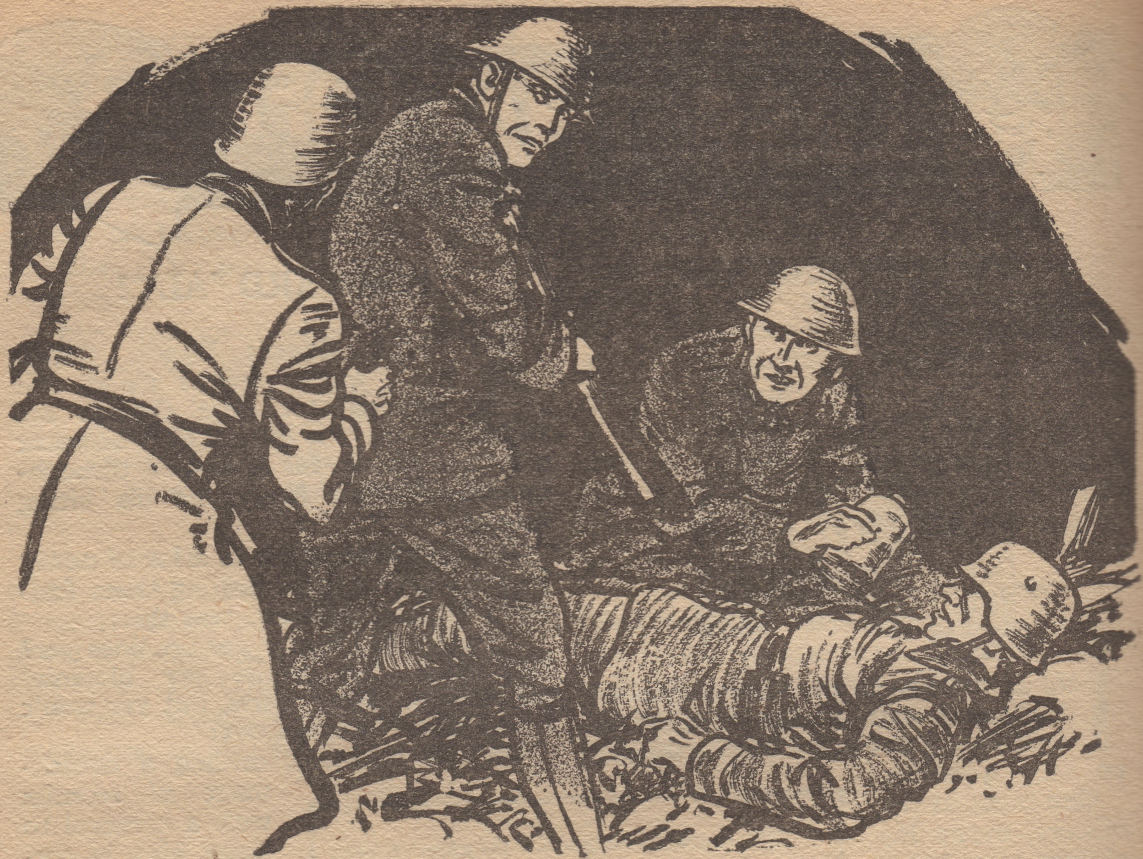
★ ★ ★



*A rat called William Z. Foster is the present head of Red activities in America, and the late period of depression has played right into his hands. . . . Me, I say that Red-Rat Foster an' all his little playmates oughta be tarred and feathered, then carted out beyond the three-mile limit on a manure scow and dumped into the sea. Yessir—*

**DAMN AND DROWN THE REDS!**





*UP FRONT—Yah! Sentimental Bill! He didn't even have the backbone of a cuttlefish! Why, the old boob was even—*

# KIND TO DOGS

By WILL R. BIRD



**M**UTTERED profanity eddied along a shallow, jumping-off trench in the Messines sector. In the half-light of three ack emma the waiting men had seen the blur of a figure well out in No-Man's-Land.

"There he is—that's the guy!" grated Corporal Hurry. "New in, his first trip, and he doesn't listen to what you tell him. What in hell made him think our support trench was in *front* of us?"

"He's sure lost," one voice answered. "Lookit him."

The tall figure they watched had risen from a shell hole and was looking around, peering into the gloom. It was obvious that the man was completely bewildered.

"He'll last about two minutes more," snarled the corporal. "Fritz'll put about fifty holes through him."

He looked around anxiously. His battalion, the "Coo-ees," pride of the Third Australian Division, were lined at the jump-off, waiting zero hour, "three ten ack emma," and it was no time for rousing the enemy.

"Say, hullo!" It was a faint cry, but the watching men heard it clearly. Their oaths were deeper.



*Crack—crack—crack!* On the left flank a machine gun began to bark, its gunner getting ready for stand-to.

The tall figure ducked instantly, flopped from view, and another low call for help, slightly muffled, drifted to the watchers.

"I'd plug him myself if I could get a bead on him!" Corporal Hurry was raging. "He'll get every Heinie on his toes. The whole blasted trench'll be awake."

"What's that—listen!"

"Coo-eeee!"

"The devil! It's old Bill Latcher!"

The call was repeated, softly and yet in a far-carrying tremolo. Most of the men had heard it before. It was used by some of the out-backers in the wilds of Australia, and, used with Bill's inflection, meant "I'm coming."

"That old fool's goin' to try to get him in!" The corporal rose, stooped, and ran along the trench. He was too late. Latcher was three shell holes out on his way to the bewildered soldier.

"I hope he gets plugged, too," raved the non-com as he returned to his section. "That's his blasted sentiment. He's goin' out to get that fellow just because he's a new guy—he'd go in a case like that supposin' he knew he'd be killed. And no other man but him would think of givin' that damn call." He spat savagely and slumped down. "I knew it," he gritted. "When Bill come to this platoon I said it'd bring bad luck, and it will. He's too damn sentimental."

"He's the old chap who carries a picture of his dog, isn't he?" asked one of the men. "They say he kissed the brute when he left Australia."

*Crack—crack—crack!* The machine gun crackled again and bullets hissed and snapped over the jump-off trench.

When the firing slackened the watchers peered over the parapet. The murk was breaking fast and they could see clearly the head and shoulders of a man who had risen from a shell crater and was signaling to the straggler.

*Rat-tat-tat-tat!* A sudden burst of fire from the German lines. The two in the shell holes had been seen.

The waiting men ducked low.

"I don't believe they got them," the man next the corporal called. "They'd both dropped outa sight jist before. Old Bill made signs to lay low. They'll stay there and risk the barrage."

"I'll have that old fool moved from this platoon if he comes through!" stormed the corporal. "He's bloody lucky they weren't both sniped. What's the use of takin' them chances for that thick-head new guy? I told him to go to his right, not his left. If he can't compre that much he's not worth savin'."

CORPORAL HURRY'S nerves were on edge. In a few minutes the entire top of Messines Ridge was to be blown skyward and they were to rush Ungodly Trench, the strong German line ahead of them. There would be a jumping barrage, five hundred yards every three minutes until it hit the strong point, where it would play half an hour. Everything depended on their luck, and he knew that a guy like Bill Latcher could queer anything.

*Wham!* Ten miles of close-packed British guns crashed with one stupendous roar. Every man stood up. *Flash!* great streak of flame, of flaring light, split the darkness like lightning—fire and flames in crimson spirals, sheets of scarlet, swirling, writhing volcanoes of black smoke.

The whole apparition hung in the sky an instant and seemed to burst into over-flowing fire-streams. Then the earth rocked. Every man was hurled down in the trench. For a moment it seemed as if an earthquake had taken place, as if the earth would belly up and hurl everything and everyone into eternity.

Then, as a blood-red light flamed clear of the smoke, and vanished, the last eruption, the vast tremor ceased, and a sickening, crunching roar that drowned the guns stunned the ears and minds of the crouching soldiers who had regained their feet but instinctively remained hidden.

Corporal Hurry scrambled out of his refuge and motioned his men forward. It was useless to attempt to shout. He saw them all range in line and advance,



as steadily as in training, but the nearest man, the fellow to whom he had been talking, was shaking visibly.

They plodded through fresh torn earth, around heaps of débris and tangles of wire, and found little trace of the German line. Huge craters from which smoke and fumes still eddied blocked their way. They got around them and pressed on and on till it grew lighter and they huddled in shell holes and waited for the barrage to lift from Ungodly Trench, their objective.

When it did they advanced in a shambling run. Luck had been with them and they were in a hurry to get dug in and the line consolidated.

They were almost to the shell-pounded area when *crack-crack-crack*, a machine gun's spiteful snarling burst out and several men pitched to earth, sprawled there and lay still.

"Damn!" yelled Corporal Hurry. "Get into them, boys."

He led a rush straight toward the hidden Maxim. The nervous man ran at his elbow until he dropped suddenly without crying out and lay still.

The corporal glanced about, and took cover in a shell hole. He was alone. Back a distance he could see four of his men pitched together as if caught by one blast of fire. Bill Latcher was not in sight.

"Damn!" screamed the corporal again.

The crashing thunder of gunfire was unnerving, the uncertainty of things upset all his plans. Where was the gun? How had it escaped the barrage? Then, just in the range of his vision, he saw a soldier crawling towards the German trench, a short, crab-like figure, old Bill.

"Hi, there!" He tried to yell, to get Bill's attention, but the veteran crawled on and disappeared in the gloom and smoke.

"That's him, every time," raved the corporal, talking to himself while half-raising, ready to duck if the Maxim spoke again.

An instant later he heard the pinging crash of Mills bombs.

*Crack-crack*—The gun stopped shooting as suddenly as it began.

The corporal leaped out of the crater

and ran. Had old Bill really got in on them? Had he. . . .

He had. He stood among the wreckage, gazing at a burly German who had his arms aloft, the gunner who had stood by his Maxim.

"Shoot him, kill him!" yelled the corporal before he reached them, and he broke into sudden perspiration. That was old Bill every time, standing there like a ninny when the Kraut might act treacherous at first chance.

But Bill held up a protesting hand.

"He's surrendered, corp," he shouted to make himself heard. "No use killing him, he didn't have no chance. Lookit here!"

The corporal looked and understood the desperate resistance. The young German had been chained to his gun.

"Plug him just the same," he said hoarsely. "We ain't got time to bother with him. Move over, if you don't want to do it. I'll fix him."

"No, corp. Don't you shoot him or I'll report you," said old Bill steadily. "He surrendered to me, just as soon as I got up close enough, and he had to stick it and shoot. You'd a done the same if you was him. I'll bust that chain off him—I put his gun out of order already—and send him back as soon as there's a chance."

"All right," grated the corporal. "Go ahead with your fool stunts. Some day you'll get yourself and lot of other men wiped out jist through your blasted sentiment."



**L**OOKIT there! Keep your head low and look through this hole in the parapet. See that chap that was killed over by them shell holes. Them stinkin' Heinies has crawled out there and took his clothes off, boots, puttees, pants, tunic, everything. Kin you beat that? They're worse'n grave robbers."

Corporal Hurry gazed through the small aperture between the bags. He had been all along the trench, making every possible reconnaissance, for no



definite front had been established. Messines Ridge had been taken but there had been fighting all the day before and part of the night, and no one seemed to know just who was on his flanks, or where the enemy had strength. Word had come that the attack was to be pushed on to the "Green Line," the scattered posts and German trenches in front of them.

"What in the devil did they take his clothes for?" The corporal jerked back from his observation and stared about him. Bill Latcher was the man next to him.

"I don't know," said Bill, "but no good luck will come to them that does that kind of work. Robbin' the dead is sure to bring disaster."

"Hell!" snorted the corporal. "More of your bloody sentiment. Anything goes in this war, if you can get away with it."

A runner came along the trench.

"Orders is to attack at nine o'clock," he panted, giving the corporal a slip of paper. "The officer and sergeant's both knocked out so I guess you're handlin' this platoon."

Corporal Hurry swore anew. His nerves were bad. He had been over a year in the trenches and had trusted in his "good luck" ring until old Bill Latcher had been thrust under his care, then he had begun to be afraid.

Bill had uncanny habits, was likely to be a hoodoo. He'd risk his life to get a flower out of some old garden between the lines, he'd give his rations to some pinched-looking French kid back of the lines. "Sentimental, that's what he is," the corporal had jeered many times, but jeering never bothered Bill.

"I knowed it," said the corporal. "I felt it in my bones that we hadn't got off so easy. How are we goin' to make any attack? We ain't got enough men left to make a good-sized platoon, let alone a company."

He groused aloud as he moved from post to post and passed the grim word, and when all had been warned he re-read the message he had received, noted the last words.

"Send back message by runner as soon as you have objective."

Send back runner! He hadn't a runner to send. What did they think. . . He stopped, and a sardonic grin parted his lips. Maybe he could fool his luck; he'd send old Bill back, and tell him he could stay at headquarters.

There was not much cover in the new No-Man's-Land. The corporal scanned it through a peep hole in the parapet, then started. A sort of sap ran halfway to the German side, and had survived the shelling without damage. If he could get out there with a sniper he could perhaps keep the German gunners down when his men started over.

He glanced hurriedly about him. There was not much more time. Old Bill was nearest. Blast the fellow, he seemed always underfoot, yet—Bill was a crack shot.

"Here, you!" he called sullenly. "Come on with me. We'll go out a sap here in front and snipe when the boys come over the top."

Bill made no refusal and they were soon crawling up the shallow trench.

Suddenly the corporal tensed. He could scarcely believe his eyes. Over on the left, in broken ground, he had seen a dog!

It was a big, brown, short-haired animal, with sharp ears and it was jogging back toward the German lines, keeping under cover as cannily as a human.

"Hey, Bill, quick! Set your sights at two hundred. Look, a dog, likely one of them messenger ones. Plug him quick!"

"But," Bill hesitated, "he jist come out of one of them shell holes, didn't he? He can't be carryin' messages out there, and he's a corkin' fine dog, that. Reminds me of my dog, he does."

"Shoot him!" The corporal's hiss was as sibilant as a snake's. He thrust around at Bill like a rattler.

Bill pushed his rifle barrel over the side of the sap. The dog appeared, broadside, almost walking, between high ground and the Kraut trench, out of sight of the Australian line.

*Crack!* Bill fired, but the corporal saw distinctly the puff of dust that told of the bullet striking inches behind the big dog.

"You missed him!" he snarled. "Shoot again, man, quick."

Bill took sight again. The dog was



traveling slower, more cautiously, but had angled in a direction that exposed him the more to the two men in the sap. "Shoot," growled the corporal. "What are you waiting for? He'll be gone if you don't watch out."

Bill fired and again hit the earth behind the dog.

"Hell!" snorted the corporal and thrust his own rifle forward. The dog had stopped, crouched, and was looking around, an easy target for any marksman.

"Wait a sec . . . ." *Crack!* The corporal pulled trigger, and he had a fair bead on the dog's shoulder, but Bill struck his rifle and deflected his aim.

"What in hell are you doin'?" The corporal blazed with fury. He almost threatened Bill with his rifle. "Are you crazy, you old fool?"

"What's the sense of shootin' a poor dog jist because the Germans own it?" asked Bill. "You'll never have no luck doin' things like that."

"You—you did that a-purpose!" The corporal could scarcely articulate. "By the smokin' black snakes, I'll fix you. I'm goin' to report you right to the colonel, see."

Bill made no answer. He had seen the dog vanish into the German trench, and a moment later the barrage broke loose.

Shells pounded the German lines, tore them, blasted them, showering clods, timbers, wire stakes, bits of equipment into the air. But few Germans were seen. They seemed to be sitting tight or were in their dugouts.

*Whee!* A whistle! The signal to advance. The corporal looked back and saw his men drag themselves over their parapets, saw the company break over the top. He shouted to them, and sprang up. No defenders of the German trench were in sight.

**T**HE assault was a walkover. The German trench was very thinly held and its few occupants were easily subdued. All the men were elated, tired as they were, and there were many derisive speeches.

"Old Heinie's licked for fair. We got him on the run," were the shouts the corporal heard as he searched for Bill.

Luck had held, in spite of everything, and now he would insure it by sending the old chap back with his message to headquarters, and, he reflected grimly, he'd get even with the old boy, get even with a vengeance. He'd make him carry back a report against himself, to the colonel.

But he could not see Bill. The old chap was not in the trench.

"He went back over that rough ground on the left," said one man.

"There was a wounded German out there, groanin' pretty bad, and Bill went out to see him."

More of his blasted sentiment. The fellow was going nuts. What did he want to mess with Heinies for? Look after your own, that was the only creed in a war. Really, old Bill was a problem. The man never seemed like the rest of the fellows; he was more like an "outsider."

The corporal finished scribbling his report, and accusation, and then scrambled over the parados to find Bill.

Everything looked rosy. His men were busy consolidating their newly-won position, and though they were not many there was no opposition from the enemy. Night would bring a relief battalion and the hard fighting would be over.

He saw Bill quite a distance from the trench, bandaging the wounded German. Even as he looked he saw Bill give the man a drink from his waterbottle.

"The damn old woman," the corporal snorted, and hurried to him. He had half a mind to put a bullet into the wounded Kraut, just to see Bill squirm and talk in his serious fashion.

"Come away from it!" He bellowed his order before he reached Bill. "What do you think you are, a Heinie stretcher bearer? Why didn't you stay and give the boys a hand with the digging?"

"The boys told me I'd better come and help this chap," explained Bill. "They hated to hear him groaning."

The corporal knew he spoke the truth, and it made him more angry. Half the men were chicken-hearted and sympathized with old Bill, instead of being hard-boiled soldiers.

"Well, you git to hell away from him, hear me? That's an order. And you carry these messages back to head-



quarters, see. That's another order. You'll quit fightin' altogether if you keep on. Come on, get goin'."

"Surrender!"

It was not a shout, but the crisp voice that spoke carried as much menace as the Luger that was suddenly pushed against the corporal's spine. He dropped his rifle at once and raised his hands.

Old Bill glanced up, started to reach for his rifle, and was stopped by another snarl.

"One move, pig, and you die!"

The corporal perspired. His knees would scarcely support him. He was no coward, but he had always feared that old Bill and his sentiment would bring him bad luck. If the veteran hadn't come out to the wounded German they would not have walked into such an easy trap, for he could see that it was a trick refuge that the German had used. A trap door, now open, had concealed a cleverly-hidden dugout.

"Up—quick!"

Bill got up.

"To the dugout, quick—or die!"

The German seemed anxious for an excuse to shoot them, seemed daring them to attempt resistance. The corporal wanted to whisper to Bill to be careful. He went ahead, down the steps and into a dugout lighted by candles.

"Go to the other end, and stay there," came the harsh command, and the corporal obeyed.

Then he got a look at their captor—a German officer, stiff-backed, arrogant, hard.

The man sat at a table and spoke hurried German into a telephone.

When he had finished he turned to his captives.

"The two brave Australians have gone, vanished," he jeered—and the corporal saw that the trap door had been closed as they descended. "They take the trench so easily! Pouf, such brave fighters! And now they are ready for anything. Good—they will not wait long. I have telephoned to my guns and presently there will be no trench at all, not a soldier left. It is just what we needed, that line, for we have the exact range."

The corporal's lips were suddenly dry and chills chased up and down his spine. He knew the German spoke the truth!

They had captured a trench the Germans *wanted* them to capture, and while they waited in careless security a sudden blast of perfectly-aimed shell fire would erase them from existence. Then the German wave would sweep back and recapture all their lost territory. But why had the officer risked his own capture for the sake of taking two prisoners? Why had he not kept the entrance to his dugout a secret?

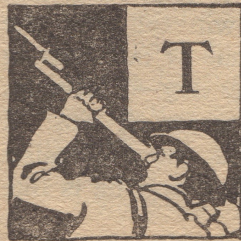
He was not kept guessing.

"You," the German suddenly pointed at him, "undress!"

The corporal slowly undid his equipment and let it slide to the floor, then started to remove his tunic. He was bewildered.

"Hurry!" snapped the German. "I want your shoes, puttees, all." He showed his teeth in an unpleasant grin. "In two hours we will have reserves ready to advance, then your men will be blasted to nothing. Before that, as a wounded Australian, I will go back of your lines getting information so that I can guide our men to your headquarters and strong points. My English is good and in your uniform no one will suspect me. I may find it necessary to shoot you two before I go. It is very likely that you have less than two hours to live."

The corporal's hands shook as he unwound his puttees and unlaced his boots. To attempt delay or resistance was only to ask for sudden death. There was not a glimmer of hope—not a chance to save his men. It was useless even to expect that they might be kept for information, there would be other prisoners at headquarters.



HE German was careful. He placed the table so that they could not reach him by any sudden spring. And he kept his automatic in his hand as he undressed. Not for an instant did his vigilance relax.

Old Bill stood as if in a trance. He



did not seem able to comprehend the situation—to understand that he had less than two hours more to live. He stared at the German as if he were a strange monster from an unknown world.

At last the officer snarled at him.

"What ails you, fool? You look more stupid than I thought possible!"

Bill shook himself, shuddered, and seemed to come back to realities.

"I was thinkin' of my mates," he explained, and his voice was as kind and steady as if he were back in billets. "Captain, you don't mean to shoot us—after we surrendered, do you?"

"Do you think I have been joking?" jeered the German. "Certainly I shall shoot you. Why not?"

"That ain't accordin' to the rules of war," said old Bill firmly. "And you'll see that no good will come of it. You can't do such work as that and have good luck follow you."

"Luck! Bah!" The German spat derisively. "We do not need luck, and—we do as we like!"

"Keep quiet, Bill," whispered the corporal out of the corner of his mouth. "You're makin' things worse."

He groaned inwardly. His presentiments had come true. If only he had refused to have the fellow in his section. And now they would both be shot in cold blood, just because the old idiot had left his trench to tie up the wounds of an enemy. It was the limit—beyond the limit!

"Captain." It was old Bill's voice again, mild but dogged. "Did you folks take the clothes off one of our dead boys last night?"

The German shrugged, grimaced, then permitted himself to answer.

"Yes," he sneered. "We did take the uniform from one of your men, and as you are to die I will tell you the reason. We dressed one of our men in the uniform and let my dog—I have an excellent messenger dog—smell him. I trained the dog to attack any Australian who interfered with him, and he is like a wolf."

A moment later the officer stood up, fully attired in the corporal's clothing, boots and puttees. The deception would

never be noticed by a casual observer. He looked at his wrist watch and leered again at Bill.

"I must have a look outside," he said. "I have decided to shoot you before I go. You have ten minutes more."

"If that's so," Bill spoke without a tremor in his voice, "will you let me write a letter? I want to send a few lines to an old mate of mine in Australia."

The German shrugged again. "You are a fool," he sneered. "Who will take the letter?"

"Jest leave it here in my pocket," said Bill. "There's a chance that somebody'll find me, and I'll have the letter addressed."

Again the German shrugged.

"You are hard to understand," he said. "In two hours this will be German ground, and German ground it will remain. Who will trouble with your letter?"

"Captain, there's many a plan gone wrong in this war, and mebbe yours will." Old Bill spoke without animosity, and he sat down on a box in the corner and took out a sheet of paper.

For a moment the German toyed with his pistol, as if uncertain. Then he shrugged and lighted a cigarette.

The corporal, watching everything and keyed to desperation, tried a plan of his own. If he could reach a chair that the German had discarded he might use it in an attack. It was a slim chance, but in ten minutes . . .

"I'd like to write a letter, too, sir," he said deferentially, and stepped toward the chair.

*Crack!* The German's automatic barked savagely, and the corporal cried out with pain as the bullet struck his arm—tearing his flesh in a painful wound.

"Stay in your place!" ordered the officer.

Bill had wet a lead pencil with his tongue and started to scribble, but as he saw blood drip from the corporal's fingers he put his paper down and went to him, without ever glancing at their captor. He ripped a field dressing from



the corner of his own tunic and banded the wound.

The corporal, weak, white-faced, trembling, never spoke—not even when the iodine Bill applied seared his hurts.

When the bandage was complete Bill went back to his writing. He had finished scrawling one page and had started on another, when the German reached out a hand.

"Let me see what you have written," he said harshly, and Bill handed the sheet to him.

"It's just about my dog," he explained. "I got a good dog out in Australia and I'm askin' that they use him right if I don't get back. You got to feed them right to keep them healthy, and . . ."

A buzzer sounded and the German snatched up the telephone. There was a jabber of an excited voice, suddenly cut off. The officer shouted into the instrument, shook it, shouted into it again—but without avail. Then he reached to a lever beside the bottom of the stairway and pulled on it.

Gray light dimmed the candles. The trap door was open.

"Your guns have shelled our headquarters and broken the line," said the German in his harsh tone, "but you will see the efficiency of a German dog. He is coming with messages. I will let you live till he arrives. Then—you die!"

The corporal could not speak. He had faced death many, many times during his twelve months in the Salient and on the Somme, but always when he had a chance of escaping it. Now there was no chance and a terrible feeling spread over him, paralyzed him, filled him with sickening dread. But old Bill patiently spelled words in a soundless manner and wrote carefully.

The clamor outside seemed to have become more strident, more challenging. A heavy barrage was falling on the left German flank; they could hear it plainly.

The German looked at his watch again, fingered his pistol, then glared at his prisoners. There was not a trace of mercy on his hard features.

Perspiration beaded the corporal's

face. He realized, oddly, that he could not sense the pain of his wound.

Suddenly there was a slither of earth on the stairs. Something came sliding, scrambling, down the steps, and paused in the dugout entrance. It was a dog—a huge, brown, short-haired animal, with sharp ears. Blood dripped from a wound on the side of its head.

The officer put out his hand and started to say something. He never finished his words.

*Grrrrr. . .* The dog crouched, sprang, swifter than light, straight at the German's throat.

The dog landed, drove the officer back.

*Crash!* They piled on the floor. A scream rang out, a terrible, fear-filled scream. . . . The dog tore at the officer's neck.

Bill snatched up the pistol that had fallen from the German's hand.

The corporal, huddled back in his corner, was staring as if he were seeing the impossible.

*Crack!* Bill had placed the Luger close to the dog's head and fired.

The big, brown body shivered, and rolled on the floor. His victim made horrible sounds in his torn throat—ghastly gurglings.

Wild with excitement and hope, the corporal jumped forward.

"Plug him, Bill!" he shouted. "And let's beat it out of here."

"No," said Bill. "He's dyin' anyhow, and we're not goin' to touch him. You'd be no better than his kind if you did."

Then he turned the dog's big head over. "Shell splinters," he said pityingly. "Th' poor brute was hurt bad. One eye's gone and a sliver's gone right into one ear. I bet he couldn't hear a thing. All he could do was smell and that's why he jumped your uniform as soon as he sniffed it. If that German had been a bit smarter he would have thought of that. Here's the message that was tied on his collar."

"By the smokin' blacksnakes, I nearly forgot about them." The corporal snatched at the tightly-rolled paper. "Let's hustle to headquarters. There's



two hours, he said, before they begin shootin'."

MUCH later in the morning, after the flank attack had proved a success and British guns had shattered the German reserves, Corporal Hurry paused beside Bill in another new trench quite a distance in advance of the one they had taken so easily—to suit enemy plans.

"Bill," he said, "I've recommended you for a pair of chevrons, and I think you'll get 'em soon. By th' smokin' blacksnakes, if it hadn't been that you went out to that wounded Heinie, we wouldn't a been captured and found out about the trench bein' taped and got th' information we needed off th' dog. And if you hadn't been so sentimental and wanted to write that letter we'd been shot before the dog got there. And here's what counted most—if you hadn't had your sentiment all the time so that the boys all knew about it, that dog

would never have got there. The boys didn't shoot him when he went by, because they thought it would hurt your feelings to see him dead."

It was a big mouthful for the corporal but Bill waited till he was through, then put up his hand in protest.

"I don't want no chevrons," he said. "Give 'em to one of the boys that's from Australia. It will be more fittin'."

"From Australia! What the hell!" The corporal stared at Bill. "Ain't you from there?"

Old Bill shook his head.

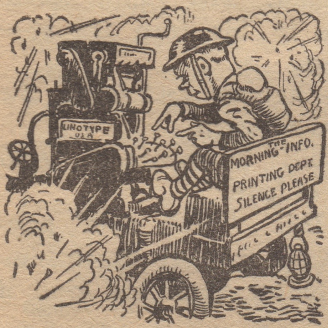
"No corp, I ain't," he said. "Me and my dog's from old Dakota, in the U.S.A. We only been over your way a couple of years, kinda lookin' around."

"But—but," Corporal Hurry was clearly dumbfounded, "what made you enlist?"

Old Bill grinned and his voice was still mild.

"Just sentiment, I reckon," he said.

## Front Linotype!



VISITORS to the Washington Government Printing Office pause longest before a machine bearing a bronze tablet inscribed thus:

"In honor of a linotype that served its country on the battlefields in France . . . There upon a throbbing motor truck, mid shot and shell, this machine typed General Pershing's commands to America's victorious army."

The machine is no retired museum piece. It is in daily use and its operator is James Monroe Kreiter, who used it in France.

In 1917, among the first volunteers, Corporal Kreiter sailed with the 29th Engineers on the transport *Armageddon* for France. Corporal Kreiter reached France quite safely. On account of his

typographic experience he was attached to General Pershing's headquarters at Chaumont.

Under all conditions, within earshot of cannonading, threatened by Zeppelin raids, the printing never failed, turning out important communications to the army and confidential reports to the Highest Powers.

"Every day," says Mr. Kreiter, "a projected map was printed showing the positions and numerical strength of the enemy. This map was drawn up according to secret information brought in by spies."

Among his souvenirs, Mr. Kreiter has such a map, dated November 12, 1918. To have held out and been caught with a map of an earlier date might have meant a place against a wall and the firing squad.

After the Armistice the linotype was placed on a truck and a successful demonstration was given by the 29th Engineers of the practicality of operating a mobile printing plant even at the first-line trenches.

Today, Mr. Kreiter and the linotype continue to do their bit. No longer the exciting output of the War, but work equally vital. A presidential message to Congress, for instance. Truly, a modern way of beating swords into ploughshares.