# OFFICER WHO SENT AVIATORS TO FRONT NOW SEEKS MISSING

## Graves of 70 Flyers Who Failed to Return Found by Captain Zinn

## HANDKERCHIEF ONE CLUE

### Doomed Man in Burning Plane Scrawls Name on Bit of Paper Before Fatal Jump

Beyond what once were known as the enemy lines — a vast stretch of fields and woods and mountains and valleys — a determined little man with a mission that is sacred to him and self-imposed is combing many hundreds of square miles of the great war's battle grounds. He is searching for the lonely graves of the lost men of the Air Service.

Zinn is his name. Capt. F. W. Zinn. Perhaps no other officer in American Aviation in the A.E.F. is so well known by the men who fly as he. Certainly, he knows more of the personnel of the Air Service than any other. That is because of the job he held while the world conflict was on. And because he held the job he did, he asked for and was given his present mission.

It was Captain Zinn, a veteran of the French Foreign Legion and the Lafayette Escadrille, who, when eager young American aviators, fresh from their training camps, reported for duty where the fighting was, assigned them to squadrons and each to a particular airplane. Thus it was that he came to know them all. He sent them to their stations. He knew what ships they would pilot in combat in the air, on bombing expeditions, on reconnaissances over the lines, for it was he who picked them for the work they were best equipped to perform and gave them the planes they best could handle.

#### Seeking Those He Sent

And now he seeks for those he sent out and who never returned. He asked that he might do it. If you talk to Captain Zinn about it, you know why he made the request. You know how he feels about that which he is doing. There is no mawkish sentiment about Captain Zinn. He doesn't talk in hushed tones of the flyers who went away in the air and did not come back. Like as not he will tell you some little anecdote about them the while he relates the known details of their last flight.

But deep down within him, Captain Zinn feels that he and no other should go out on the mission that now engages him. He has an interest that is intimate and personal. One knows after talking to Captain Zinn that it is meet that he who sent the missing men of the Air Service to their squadrons and their ships now should want to go to them where they died and do for them that which should be done for them.

Already, Captain Zinn's quest has led him over the greater part of Northern France and into Belgium and Germany. Through the torn fields and woods in the Verdun, Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel and Meuse sectors he has gone. He has tramped through the Argonne to Sedan and sought in the mountains that encircle Metz and hide the valley of the Moselle. Wherever there was fighting in which the American Air Service participated, there has gone or will go Zinn.

#### Resting Places of 70 Found

Out of 150 missing American aviators, Captain Zinn already has definitely located and identified the spots where 70 fell and were buried. It has required many days of painstaking search and inquiry to attain this result. Sometimes Captain Zinn has had only a piece of a wrecked plane on which to predicate his hunt for the grave of the lost pilot who flew the ship and to identify, when he discovered the burial place, the aviator resting within it.

Captain Zinn has found that in a great many cases American flyers were buried either by the Germans or by civilians with no mark of identification left on them.

Many times he has come upon a grave with a rude cross, on which was scrawled: "Unidentified American Aviator," or "Two Unidentified American Aviators." He has had to obtain positive identification by careful examination of Air Service records, questioning of peasants and civilians who saw American machines brought down and deductions based on the information he gathered. In some instances it has been necessary to open graves to make sure.

To start out with, Captain Zinn has the records of squadrons, which show, for instance, on what date a missing pilot went out, what his mission was and over what country he naturally would go, and what kind of machine he had. Perhaps an attack by an overwhelming force or an accident or other circumstances forced the pilot off the course marked out for him. When he failed to return, only speculation as to where he fell could be indulged in. Unless the Germans notified his squadron of his death and the location of his grave, he became one of the men for whom Captain Zinn now seeks. In several cases the dead airmen were buried by civilians and no military report of the case made.

#### Kenyon Roper of the 91st

There was the case of young Kenyon Roper, of the 91st Aero Squadron. By a process of elimination of facts gathered, it was fairly definitely established that Roper had come down in the night between the lines. Captain Zinn questioned scores of peasant folk. Yes, they had heard that an American aviator had fallen, but they did not know where. There was what was left of his burned machine. But there was not enough. The engine and most of the wreckage had been carried away by various persons for various reasons. The search appeared hopeless. And then Captain Zinn heard that a small boy had a handkerchief that the dead flyer had possessed. He found the boy. And the handkerchief. And written in indelible ink on the little piece of linen was the name "Kenyon Roper." It was easy then to learn from the boy where the grave was and to be sure that Kenyon Roper lay sleeping there.

Then there was the case of Lester Harter, of the 11th Squadron. He went out and his machine caught fire. Harter jumped, just as Major Lufbery did and as other aviators have done, and fell many thousand feet to his death. When awe-stricken peasants ran from the fields to his crushed body they found in his hand a scrap of paper, and on it was written in hurried, jerky letters: "Lester Harter."

Fearing lost identity among the dead, Lester Harter must have written his name on that piece of paper before he jumped from his machine. At least, so thinks Captain Zinn, who was able to scratch Harter's name off his list simply because he had that slip of paper to go by.

#### Plane Came Down in Flames

Then there were Kinne and McElroy, of the 99th Aero Squadron. Only a piece of the tail of their machine was found. It was enough, though, to show that it had belonged to their ship. Their plane came down in flames between Cunel and Nantillois. Both jumped. Days were spent in hunting for their bodies. One day their squadron commander joined in the search. He hunted for hours in a thick wood. And he gave up. He was standing on the edge of a covered shell hole, discouraged. Some impulse caused him to stir the earth in the shell hole with his foot. And there he found the body of young McElroy. Near by they later found Kinne.

There are many such stories that Captain Zinn can tell. In his searching he is learning, as is the Air Service, for the first time, how some of the missing American aviators died. He gathers the stories first hand from civilians and town officials and toilers in the fields who witnessed the deaths of the men who fell from the skies; men who had waved goodbye to their comrades in their squadrons, gone off into the great void and never returned—their fate, in many instances, a mystery until Captain Zinn took up his quest.

From the information he gathers, Captain Zinn writes personal letters to the relatives of the dead aviators, telling in simple words how and where they went to their deaths. His letters usually give the first true account of the manner in which the fighters of the air met their ends. Sometimes those letters destroy cherished hopes that the aviators reported as "missing" by the War Department might sometime, somehow, turn up. But it is better so, says Captain Zinn.

Photographs taken by Captain Zinn of lonely graves in the occupied regions of France where American aviators died during hostilities show that the last resting places of the men who fell have been tenderly cared for by peasants. Flowers were strewn upon them and they were well kept against the day when their guardians knew the Americans would come, as they have in the person of Captain Zinn, to claim their own.

# CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR AWARDS TOTAL 63; 16 MORE MEN OF A.E.F. ACCORDED SUPREME DISTINCTION

## Four on New List, 20 in All, Killed in Action or Died of Wounds

*Sixteen more members of the A.E.F. have been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy, making a total of 63 men to receive this reward, the highest mark of recognition the United States can bestow.*

*Four of the 16 gave their lives on the battlefield or afterwards died of wounds. This brings the total of deceased soldiers to whom the medal has been awarded to 20.*

*Of the 16 in this list, three were privates, four corporals, five sergeants, two lieutenants, one a captain and one a lieutenant-colonel.*

*Here are the official citations in full:*

### Captured 15, Killed 5

ALLEX, JAKE, corporal, Company H, 131st Infantry; at Chipilly Ridge, France, August 9, 1918. At a critical point in the action, when all the officers with his platoon had become casualties, Corporal Allex took command of the platoon and led it forward until the advance was stopped by fire from a machine gun nest. He then advanced alone for about 30 yards in the face of intense fire and attacked the nest. With his bayonet he killed five of the enemy; when it was broken, used the butt of his rifle, capturing 15 prisoners. Home address: Anthone Allex, brother, 4350 South Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill. This soldier has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for this act and if Medal of Honor is approved, Distinguished Service Cross will be recalled.

### Worked Enemy Gun from Tank

BARKLEY, EDWARD C., private 1st class, Company K, 4th Infantry; near Cunel, France, October 7, 1918. Private Barkley, who was stationed in an observation post half a mile from the German line, on his own initiative repaired a captured enemy machine gun and mounted it in a disabled French tank near his post. Shortly afterward, when the enemy launched a counter-attack against our forces, Private Barkley got into the tank, waited under the hostile barrage until the enemy line was abreast of him, and then opened fire, completely breaking up the counter-attack and killing and wounding a large number of the enemy. Five minutes later an enemy 77-millimeter gun opened fire on the tank point blank. One shell struck the drive wheel of the tank, but this soldier nevertheless remained in the tank and, after the barrage ceased, broke up a second enemy counter-attack, thereby enabling our forces to gain and hold Hill 253. Home address: Mrs. Lions Barkley, mother, Blairstown, Mo.

### Led Rifle Team to Success

**COSTIN, HENRY G. (deceased), private, Company H, 115th Infantry; near Bois de Consenvoye, France, October 8, 1918. When the advance of his platoon had been held up by machine gun fire and a request was made for an automatic rifle team to charge the nest, Private Costin was the first to volunteer. Advancing with his team, under terrific fire of enemy mortars, Private Costin continued on after all his comrades had become casualties, and he himself had been seriously wounded. He operated his rifle until he collapsed. His act resulted in the capture of about 100 prisoners and several machine guns. He succumbed from the effects of his wounds shortly after the accomplishment of his heroic deed. Next of kin: Mrs. Hythron Costin, wife, 615 Mason Avenue, Cape Charles, Va.**

### Took Two Machine Guns

CUKELA, LOUIS, lieutenant, 5th Regiment, U.S.M.C.; near Villers-Cotterets, France, July 18, 1918. When his company, advancing through a wood, met with strong resistance from an enemy strong point, Lieutenant Cukela (then a sergeant) crawled out from the flank and made his way toward the German line in the face of heavy fire, disregarding the warnings of his comrades. He succeeded in getting behind the enemy position, and rushed a machine gun emplacement, killing or driving off the crew with his bayonet. With German hand grenades he then bombed out the remaining portion of the strong point, capturing four men and two undamaged machine guns. Home address: Sam Cukela, brother, Minneapolis, Minn.

### Used Shell as Grenade

GREGORY, EARL D., sergeant, Headquarters Company, 116th Infantry; at Bois de Consenvoye, north of Verdun, France, October 8, 1918. With the remark, "I will get them," Sergeant Gregory seized a rifle and a trench mortar shell, which he used as a hand grenade, left his detachment of the trench mortar platoon and, advancing ahead of the infantry, captured a machine gun and three of the enemy. Advancing still further from the machine gun nest, he captured a 7.5-centimeter mountain howitzer and, entering a dugout in the immediate vicinity, single-handed captured 19 of the enemy. Home address: Mrs. Earl C. Gregory, mother, Chase City, Va.

### Frustrated Enemy Surprise

HOFFMAN, CHARLES P., gunnery sergeant, 49th Company, 5th Regiment, U.S.M.C.; near Chateau-Thierry, France, June 6, 1918. Immediately after the company to which Sergeant Hoffman belonged had reached its objective on Hill 142, several hostile counter-attacks were launched against the line before the new position had been consolidated. Sergeant Hoffman was attempting to organize a position on the north slope of the hill when he saw 12 of the enemy, armed with five light machine guns, crawling toward his group. Giving the alarm, he rushed the hostile detachment, bayoneted the two leaders and forced the others to flee, abandoning their guns. His quick action, initiative and courage drove the enemy from a position from which they could have swept the hill with machine gun fire and forced the withdrawal of our troops. Home address: Louise Blocker, sister, 20 Dresden Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Seven Horses Shot Under Him

HAYS, GEORGE P., first lieutenant, 10th Field Artillery; near Grèves Farm, France, July 14-15, 1918. At the very outset of the unprecedented artillery bombardment by the enemy of July 14-15, Lieutenant Hays' line of communication was destroyed beyond repair. Despite the hazard attached to the mission of runner, he immediately set out to establish contact with the neighboring post of command, and further established liaison with two French batteries, visiting their positions so frequently that he was mainly responsible for the accurate fire therefrom. While thus engaged seven horses were shot from under him, and he was severely wounded. His activity under most severe fire was an important factor in checking the advance of the enemy. Home address: George S. Hays, father, R.R. 4, Okarche, Okla.

### Rescued Fallen Aviator

HILL, RALYN, corporal, Company H, 129th Infantry; near Donnevoux, France, October 7, 1918. Seeing a French airplane fall out of control on the enemy side of the River Meuse, with its pilot injured, Corporal Hill voluntarily dashed across the foot bridge to the side of the wounded man and, taking him on his back, started back to his lines. During the entire exploit he was subjected to murderous fire of enemy machine guns and artillery, but he successfully accomplished his mission and brought his man to a place of safety, a distance of several hundred yards. Home address: Mrs. Edna Hill, R.F.D. 4, Oregon, Ill.

### Wiped Out Machine Gun Nests

**KOCAK, MATEJ (deceased), sergeant, Company C, 5th Regiment, U.S.M.C.; near Soissons, France, July 18, 1918. When the advance of his battalion was checked by a hidden machine gun nest, Sergeant Kocak went forward alone, unprotected by covering fire from his own men, and worked in between the German positions in the face of fire from enemy covering detachments. Locating the machine gun nest, he rushed it, and with his bayonet drove off the crew. Shortly after this Sergeant Kocak organized 25 French Colonial soldiers who had become separated from their company and led them in attacking another machine gun nest, which was also put out of action.**

(Note.—The recommendation for the Medal of Honor for Sergeant Kocak said: "This soldier was awarded a Distinguished Service Cross for this act, and if Medal of Honor is approved, request that Distinguished Service Cross be recalled and Medal of Honor be presented to next of kin, if possible, although this man did not name a relative or friend, stating he did not have any."

### With Nine Wounds, Held Line

MANNING, SIDNEY E., corporal, Company G, 167th Infantry; near Breuvannes, France, July 28, 1918. When Corporal Manning's platoon commander and platoon sergeant had both become casualties soon after the beginning of an assault on strongly fortified heights overlooking the Ourcq River, Corporal Manning took command of his platoon, which was near the center of the attacking line. Though himself severely wounded, he led forward the 35 men remaining in the platoon and finally succeeded in gaining a foothold on the enemy's position, during which time he had received more wounds and all but seven of his men had fallen. Directing the consolidation of the position, he held off a large body of the enemy only 50 yards away by fire from his automatic rifle. He declined to take cover until the line had been entirely consolidated with the line of the platoon on the flank, when he dragged himself to shelter, suffering from nine wounds in all parts of the body. Home address: Mrs. Lizzie Manning, mother, Flomaton, Alabama.

### Led Advance from Stretcher

MILES, L. WARDLAW, captain, 308th Infantry; near Revillon, France, September 14, 1918. Captain Miles volunteered to lead his company in a hazardous attack on a commanding trench position near the Aisne Canal, which other troops had previously attempted to take, without success. His company immediately met with intense machine gun fire, against which it had no artillery assistance, but Captain Miles preceded the first wave and assisted in cutting a passage through the enemy's wire entanglements. In so doing he was wounded five times by machine gun bullets, both legs and one arm being fractured, whereupon he ordered himself placed on a stretcher and had himself carried forward to the enemy trench, in order that he might encourage and direct his company, which by this time had suffered numerous casualties. Under the inspiration of this officer's indomitable spirit his men held the hostile position and consolidated the front line after an action lasting two hours, at the conclusion of which Captain Miles was carried to the aid station against his will. Home address: Mrs. L. Wardlaw Miles, Princeton, N.J.

### Trench Knife Play in Pillbox

**PERKINS, MICHAEL J. (deceased), private first class, Company D, 101st Infantry; Bellen Bois, France, October 17, 1918. Private Perkins, voluntarily and alone, crawled to a German pillbox machine gun emplacement, from which grenades were being thrown at his platoon. Awaiting his opportunity, when the door was again opened and another grenade thrown, he threw a bomb inside, bursting the door open; and then drawing his trench knife, rushed into the emplacement. In a hand-to-hand struggle he killed or wounded several of the occupants and captured about 25 prisoners, at the same time silencing seven machine guns. Next of kin: Michael Perkins, father, 247 E Street, South Boston, Mass.**

### Took and Held Machine Gun

POPE, THOMAS A., corporal, Company E, 131st Infantry; at Hamel, France, July 4, 1918. Corporal Pope's company was advancing behind the tanks when it was halted by hostile machine gun fire. Going forward alone, he rushed a machine gun nest, killed several of the crew with his bayonet and, standing astride of the gun, held off the others until reinforcements arrived and captured them. Home address: J. J. Pope, brother, 694 Overhill Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

### Saved Party With Pistol

**SMITH, FREDERICK E. (deceased), lieutenant colonel, 308th Infantry; near Binarville, France, September 29, 1918. When communication from the forward regimental post of command to the battalion leading the advance had been interupted temporarily by the infiltration of small parties of the enemy, armed with machine guns, Lieutenant Smith personally led a party of two other officers and ten soldiers, sent forward to re-establish runner posts and carry ammunition to the front line. The guide became confused and the party strayed to the left flank beyond the outposts of supporting troops, suddenly coming under fire from a group of enemy machine guns only 50 yards away. Shouting to the other members of his party to take cover, this officer, in disregard of his own danger, drew his pistol and opened fire on the German gun crew. About this time he fell, severely wounded in the side, but regaining his footing, he continued to fire on the enemy until most of the men in his party were out of danger. Refusing first aid treatment, he then made his way in plain view of the enemy to a hand grenade dump and returned under continued heavy machine gun fire for the purpose of making another attack on the enemy emplacements. As he was attempting to ascertain the exact location of the nearest nest, he again fell, mortally wounded. Next of kin: Mrs. Clara Ripley Smith, 646 East Sixtieth Street, North Portland, Ore.**

### Reconnoitered Under Fire

VAN IERSEL, LOUIS, sergeant, Company M, 9th Infantry; at Mouzon, France, November 9, 1918. While a member of a reconnaissance patrol, sent out at night to ascertain the condition of a damaged bridge, Sergeant Van Iersel volunteered to lead a party across the bridge in the face of heavy machine gun and rifle fire from a range of only 75 yards. Crawling alone along the débris of the ruined bridge, he came upon a trap, which gave way and precipitated him into the water. In spite of the swift current, he succeeded in swimming across the stream and found a lodging place among the timbers on the opposite bank. Disregarding the enemy fire, he made a careful investigation of the hostile position by which the bridge was defended, and then returned to the other bank of the river, reporting this valuable information to the battalion commander. Home address: Mrs. Marie Van Rool, mother, Dussen, Holland.

### Stormed Guns to Aid Advance

WEST, CHESTER H., first sergeant, Company D, 363rd Infantry; near Bois de Cheppy, France, September 26, 1918. While making his way through a thick fog with his automatic rifle section, Sergeant West's advance was halted by direct and unusual machine gun fire from two guns. Without aid, Sergeant West at once dashed through the fire and, attacking the nest, killed two of the gunners, one of whom was an officer. This prompt and decisive hand-to-hand encounter on his part enabled his company to advance further without the loss of a man. Home address: Mrs. Mary A. Thornton, mother, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

# MISS HOHENZOLLERN ON WAY TO AMERICA

## Chateau - Thierry Prisoner Sails Home on Former Boss's Boat

Richmond, Va., and Berlin papers please copy.

Miss Jenny Hohenzollern, formerly well known in Potsdam social circles and a special favorite of the Prussian Guard, sailed from Brest on the Leviathan during the past week for America. She will make her future home in Richmond, Va.

Miss Jenny was caught in the ruthless onsweep of the Americans at Chateau-Thierry last July. Lieut. M. R. Mills, of the 6th Marines and Richmond, Va., got her and two wound stripes at the same time.

When the war ended, the lieutenant and Miss Jenny found themselves attached to the headquarters of the prisoner of war enclosure at St. Pierre-des-Corps, near Tours. Miss Jenny's presence offended no one. On the contrary, she was universally esteemed until a short while ago, when, with characteristic Prussian disrespect for scraps of paper, she flew into a rage and tore up some very important official documents in the headquarters office. Miss Jenny might have gotten away with this, but in the meantime she stole and ate a box of C.C. pills belonging to the lieutenant. She was AWOL for three days, and when she turned up the commanding officer ordered her to the bull pen with the rest of the Boches.

But Miss Jenny should worry. At this very minute, all these bitter memories a thing of the past, she is sailing the seas by special permission in the most majestic of her ex-emperor's liners, and riding first class.

Which is going some for a low-browed, scraggly-haired, long-tailed monkey.

## MESSKIT MAXIMS

An army is as good as its K.P.'s.

* * *

A captain is known by the company he keeps.

* * *

It's a wise corporal that knows his own colonel.

* * *

There's many an M.P. 'twixt the café and the barracks.

* * *

A leave area is a beautiful land of promise completely surrounded by M.P.'s.

* * *

The man who put the S.O.L. in soldier must have been the man who put the O.D. in soldier.

* * *

The Army of Occupation does not mean only those fellows who are going back to their jobs.

* * *

One advantage of being a second lieutenant is that you don't have to salute first any officer under a first lieutenant.

* * *

All things come to him who waits, but don't stop to do your waiting on the transport gangplank. There may be somebody behind you.

# AWOL'S REACH U.S.; NOW IN BREST JAIL

## Homegoing Game Works Nicely Until Goddess Heaves in Sight

It's the same old story which 12 members of the A.E.F. now awaiting trial for being AWOL tell callers to the ancient French fortress at Brest. It is a story of easing past the M.P.'s at an embarkation port in France, of proceeding to the States, of expecting to be laughed at indulgently because they took a chance, then of being returned to France, sometimes to the same port through which they left.

Now the movement of troops to the transports and the farewell toots of steamer whistles mean nothing to them. They have no interest in the date on which their original outfits are scheduled to sail. For all of them will be sentenced to duty with a provisional organization formed from men who couldn't resist the temptation to lamp some part of France or any part of America ahead of time.

Frequently, in couples or trios, officers and enlisted men have been conducted back to the ports on the western coast of France, through which each day the long stream of home-going soldiers filters. At Brest there is quite a collection of enlisted men—officers are usually returned with orders to report immediately to the Commanding General, S.O.S.—who have been to the States, and have remained just long enough for return passage on the next empty transport.

#### Sack Method at Bordeaux

One soldier stowed away at Bordeaux via the sack method. He bribed a gob with the last 20 francs he owned to carry him aboard the ship in a big burlap sack. He got aboard and ate three meals a day, except those days when he was seasick, and everything was setting pretty, he relates, until the time came to get off the ship. Then he had to find an outfit. And all the C.O.'s were against taking him in as one of their flock.

Another soldier blew through Bordeaux, fully equipped, with his service record pinned securely in the inside pocket of his new O.D. blouse. This one got all the way to a discharge camp in the States, when a second lieutenant whose duties are to prepare discharge candidates suddenly discovered that there was no authority for the soldier's presence. And the soldier admitted there wasn't. So with pack, outfit and service record this soldier returned to France, and is now awaiting trial.

Few soldiers have gotten away to the States recently because of the strict orders issued to base port M.P.'s. Intelligence police are also operating in all base ports.

The few officers who have gone aboard transports without proper authority have more difficulty in getting away with it than have the enlisted men. They must eat, and it is impossible for them to swing in at the end of a chow line. Hence nearly all of them have been discovered as they appeared at the officers' mess, which is usually presided over by the commanding officer.

# IN THE HEADQUARTERS COUNTRY

THE war may be over so far as everything but the technicalities of winding it up are concerned, but the making of history goes on apace. History, in fact, is still the main by-product of the age, and so rapidly is the store of it accumulating that even the very latest guide book, recounting the first battle of the Marne and describing the brutal German debauch at Senlis, makes no mention at all of an attractive, though not particularly ancient, chateau that is one of the first sights to greet the traveler from the south. Standing back and aloof from the four-year-old ruins of the Rue de Paris, the chateau is conspicuous, so far as the uninformed visitor is concerned, only for the freshness of the paint on its walls and its general aspect of tidiness amid the still profuse litter of the invasion.

But when the time comes to erect memorial tablets, to emblazon the walls of delivered France with just such perpetuating notices as one finds on the house where Balzac was born in the Rue Nationale at Tours, or where La Fontaine lived at Chateau-Thierry, then this chateau (or, rather, its gate post, for the building itself is 50 yards back from the street, behind a pretty garden) will bear one that will be not least among them. For if the war should suddenly blaze forth again, its brain center would be in this unimposing Senlis villa, the capitol of the Allied Armies, the headquarters of Marshal Foch. And it will be just a year tomorrow that Marshal Foch was named generalissimo in the West.

Senlis lies in the heart of a headquarters country. Nine kilometers to the west is Chantilly, now the seat of Marshal Pétain, from which Joffre directed the French Armies from the victory of the Marne to the end of 1916, and where British and French chiefs, two months before the first German assault at Verdun, planned the battle of the Somme. Thirty-two kilometers to the northeast is Compiègne, where French G.H.Q., or, rather, G.Q.G., was installed until the battle of the Matz, last June, when the Germans reached Ribecourt, 12 kilometers further up the Oise, and brought Compiègne within such easy range that the marks of their shells are today the freshest evidences of war in that part of the country.

Before that, they had violated an unwritten law of warfare—perhaps the only recognized convention which they had not previously violated—by bombing Compiègne from the air, scoring a hit within a few yards of the headquarters chateau, where Napoleon had brought his Austrian bride in 1810, and staying in the front of a house where a hundred staff officers were dining.

It is not American country, not a particle of it, but it is on the edge of American country. Fifteen kilometers to the southeast is Pierrefonds, whither the 2nd Division returned from the attack that took it across the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry road; Cantigny and Juvigny are each within a day's hike—though not on the same day.

#### Air Field Again Farm Land

It is a country from which many of the scars of war have already been effaced by the healing process of sun and rain. Barbed wire may still lie along the roadside in rusted coils, but many an aviation field that is not yet utterly dismantled, over which, indeed, an occasional plane still soars and spins and gyrates, is so completely plowed and ready for the spring planting that the landing space is limited to a bare front yard of level ground before the sole surviving hangar.

It is mostly in Senlis that the scars of the invasion persist, and they are the oldest scars in the region. The Germans entered Senlis September 1, 1914. They left it during the night of the 9th. But they stayed long enough for France to know what manner of enemy she was opposing. They seized the mayor, M. Odent, and shot him, together with other civilians held as hostages. There was fighting in the streets, there was fire and pillage and bloodshed. For a high German officer told the vicar of the shell-chipped cathedral, "We have orders to make Senlis another Louvain." They had only a few days to do it in, but they did the best they could.

Senlis is a placid enough town in these days of peace parleys. The marshal's chateau adjoins a gutted ruin, but the weather has removed the black smudges from the walls, even though it could not rebuild the roof. Truckloads of supplies for the stricken north rumble by unheeding; refugees pass it without a glance. A whole train of them trotted through Senlis in hacks the other day—six hacks, looking for all the world like an American funeral, but with every vehicle stuffed with household goods, even to the twin dogs on a pile of mattresses in the last. Some dispossessed livery stable proprietor was getting ready to open for business again in his home town, if he could only find the stable.

The poilu guard at the gate of the marshal's headquarters (and he is the sole clue to the fact that it is somebody's headquarters), his hands in his pockets, watched the procession and smoked bravely on. Which was sure proof that the marshal was in Paris, or Spa, or Trier. Certainly not in Senlis.

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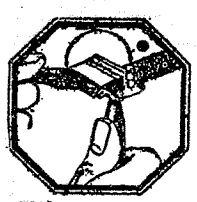
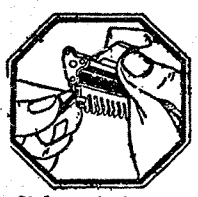
The AutoStrop Razor
because you can't help it

Blade remains in razor when stropping

Affording delightful shaving

Blade remains in razor when cleaning
THE blade is always in the Razor. It is a part of the Razor. You sharpen the blade without taking it out. You clean the blade without taking it out. You are never tempted to throw it away too soon just because you have it out. Instead you use it as long as it should be used—as long as it is good—and that is very long because
The AutoStrop Razor
is the only razor which sharpens its own blades
The AutoStrop Razor is thus not only economical—it is automatically economical. It saves its blades in spite of you, and it not only saves blades, but it keeps them free from rust, keeps them in fine condition.
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Avenue, New York
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