

**CHURCH HEAD RAPS
BLUE LAW OF 1794**

Favoring Sunday Sports, Dr. Berg Says It Is Preposterous to Stand by Ancient Act

SABBATH GOLF DEFENDED

"A Sabbatarian Sunday is a Mutchler or a modern Christian Sunday. Which?"

This, according to the Rev. Dr. William V. Berg, secretary of the Interchurch Federation, is the question which the Christian leaders must come together and decide.

"It is fundamentally a preposterous position to stand by the Sunday laws of 1794," Doctor Berg said, in answer to the criticisms of the federation by Bishop Joseph F. Berry, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to the sentiments expressed by the Rev. Dr. Thomas T. Mutchler, of the Philadelphia Sabbath Association.

"Personally, I am in entire sympathy with Dr. Carl E. Grammer's position. The law of 1794 is antiquated. It needs revision. Very good, let us make sure that it will be revised by friends."

"The Christian people of the city are opposed to commercialized Sunday baseball and to Sunday moving pictures. These things must be kept out."

"It seems to me the duty of the Christian leaders is to come together and endeavor to decide whether the Christian sentiment of the community demands a Sabbatarian program, a Mutchler, or a modern Christian Sunday. Clergymen are divided in their opinions upon the subject, and many members of the Interchurch Federation incline to the Mutchler idea."

Doctor Berg, who is pastor of the Central Congregational Church, declared that the reason the Interstate Federation had taken no action on the Sunday athletic question was because the committee on Sabbath observance is under the process of reorganization and at the present time is without a chairman.

Professor Lightner Witmer, of the University of Pennsylvania, and prominent clubmen, rallied to the defense of Sunday golf in statements today.

DIARY OF 79TH DOUGHBOY TELLS OF HOMEWARD DREAM

Nantes Harbor Taunted Men Because It Reminded Them of Home, Says Sergeant Zeisberg—One Moved to Verse

[This is the second of a series of articles covering the diary of Sergeant Carl Zeisberg, of the Seventy-ninth Division.]

Reze-les-Nantes, France, May 10.—It seems like the waking hour of a long, long dream to be beginning a diary of the homeward journey of the Seventy-ninth Division.

The dream burst into reality today, suddenly through an incident that dispelled all doubt caused by antagonistic rumors and the oft-changed sailing schedule published in divisional orders. Sergeant Major Walter H. Mann, of Sunbury, Pa., who was gassed at Vacheranville, up on our last front, had taken me over to Nantes for a sulphur bath, and we had stretched our pass to be able to eat our first meal of fish in France, and were sitting in a Spanish restaurant overlooking the Loire River front, picking at the bones of the afrescod fish, when a long train of American boxcars, filled with selling soldiers, passed on the other side of the river. Scrawls of chalk proclaimed that it was the 314th Infantry. The train was going west, toward St. Nazaire, our point of embarkation, forty miles down stream at the mouth of the Loire.

We looked at one another. Said Mann:

"That means get on the boat."

True, the Lorraine Division had started homeward.

Date of Diary Is Compromise

To begin the diary on this date is a compromise, for it may be disputed by legionaries as to just when the Seventy-ninth really did start for home. Some may hold that the boss from Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, Ohio, New York and all over, who composed the division, were homeward-bound when they "stepped off" in the opening of their first drive. Others may maintain that actually the lads started for their own firesides when they sailed for France. There is much to be said in favor of such argument, because home was ever in the thoughts of the men; they sang "Homeward Bound" back in Camp Meade, and dreamed of home in dugout and shell hole, and longed for

home and fought like fury to finish the war in a hurry, so that they could go home.

Such a diary would be too long. It would follow the green division overseas to West last July; in box cars to the Prasthoy training area, in Haute-Marne, for six weeks' hurried seasoning; by rail and motortruck to the front, west of Verdun, in the middle of September, and through the first blood-spilling, a five-day plunge into German strongholds and the capture of Manfaucon. It would tell of the gas-drenched Trévon sector during October; a breathing spell, then the last lunge at the enemy-held hills in the Grande Montagne sector, ended with the armistice.

Next the story would be of the mud-dwellers and the rumors and homesickness, of the short move to the shell-hole area at the end of December for three more months of mud-dwelling and waiting, and of the overland hike, beginning April 1, through five days of snow and rain, to the Andelot area, abundant with eggs and medieval charm, and, finally, of the 360-mile rail trip across France, about Easter, to the Nantes-Chollet-St. Nazaire area. In Brittany, to await embarkation.

Divisional Headquarters at Reze

Here, then, begins the diary. Division headquarters was established at Reze, a village across the river from Nantes, which, with its 200,000 inhabitants, is one of the important river-seaports of France. Headquarters Troop and Headquarters Detachment were billeted in the village, the 22,000 members of the division being scattered far and wide among the Breton towns and villages. The three artillery regiments had gone direct to St. Nazaire, the deep-water advanced port of Nantes, where our ships were to take on their human cargoes.

Free from the scars of war, spring-time Brittany, Celtic land of melancholy and legend and primitive superstition, with its greening horse-chestnut trees and fragrant lilacs and wisteria, to say nothing of the more important plenty of eggs and cheese, offered a pleasant stepping stone in the journey toward home. But we were impatient. We wanted to go home. It was not uncommon to see a solitary soldier wander

down to the riverfront to gaze longingly and reflectively upon the fishing smacks and rowboats moored there. A couple of cans of "corrad willy" and a rowboat, was the thought that came to many.

Nantes Harbor Taunted Them

As if to taunt us, the harbor at Nantes, forested with the masts and funnels of ocean-going vessels, was alive with the blast of whistles and the creaking of cranes. Boats passed up and down the Loire, of which the forty-mile strip connecting Nantes and St. Nazaire is destined some day to become one great port, according to the Breton, just as the Delaware river between Philadelphia and Chester is destined some day to become one great port, according to the Philadelphian. The shipyards of the Loire reverberated with the sound of the riveter's gun, like those of the Delaware. Ferryboats crossed the river, just like the Philadelphia-Camden boats. Even the ancient cathedral at Nantes reminded one of Philadelphia, for it is dedicated to St. Peter and Paul, as is Philadelphia's cathedral.

There was nothing to do but wait. Inspections of "paper work" and equipment had been completed by the unit commanders and by the inspectors of the S. O. S., or Service of Supply, under whose jurisdiction the division had passed when the Second Army was dissolved in the middle of April. These S. O. S. inspections were one of the final snags in the way of embarkation.

Mystery of That Pack Solved

In the final showdown inspection of equipment each soldier wore the following: Overcoat, overseas cap, wool coat, wool breeches, waist belt, gloves, flannel shirt, drawers, undershirt, socks, leggings, shoes, two identification tags, two collar ornaments, cap ornament, and he was required to display the following: Haversack and pack or equivalent, cartridge belt, first-aid packet and pouch, canteen and canteen cup, meat can, knife, fork, spoon, shelter-half tent, rope, three blankets, two pairs extra shoelaces, slicker, flannel shirt, drawers, undershirt, three

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pairs socks, and toilet kit (razor, mirror, shaving brush and soap, toothbrush and paste, hand soap and towel). A mass of detail it was; fear, and trembling it caused. Toothpaste could not be toothpowder. Razors could not be straight razors. With other homeward scheduled divisions at our heels, missing trifles could delay our sailing. Word came in at headquarters that some units passed the inspection by substituting flourpaste for toothpaste and disguising candles as shaving soap. The division met the emergency. It passed.

The event so thrilled George G. Brooke, 3515 North Fifty-fifth street, of the intelligence section, who got a severe dose of mustard gas at Vacheranville, that he wrote a poem about it.

Incident Moves One to Verse

Here it is: Inspection days are o'er at last. Our whole detachment has been passed. We're ready now to sail; The S. O. S. came 'round today And all our stuff was found O. K. We soon will hit the trail!

Some say we start for St. Nazaire

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No submarines to make us late; Our course will be due west. We'll take our turns down in the hold, We'll fire that tub with fuel uptold, We'll make it do its best.

And when we sight our own home shores

We'll feed the fire with stateroom doors. We'll climb the masts in haste (We'll never think of suits O. D., C. C. pills or blankets three, Nor corn-bill that we waste.)

Camden Man Robbed
James Nichols, Second and Penn streets, Camden, was robbed of \$25 in money and a gold watch while asleep at the corner of Second and Pine streets, last night.



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