LETTERS FROM THE FIRING LINE IN FRANCE

HARRISBURG BOY IS IN THICK OF REAL FIGHTING

B. Franklin Etter Tells of Hauling the Wounded Under Fire

At night the road is pitch dark and just filled with all kinds of traffic—companies going to the front, motor trucks with ammunition and provi-

From the thick of the fighting comes a letter from B. Franklin Etter, son of George E. Etter, of this city. He is in the ambulance section and his story of wild night rides with groaning and suffering wounded over terrain pitted with craters, by the light of bursting shells, is intensely thrilling.

(Copy of Letter from B. Franklin Etter. No. 4)

July 2, 1917.

Dear Family:—

Well, I'm right in it now! If anybody wants to know what a real battle is like, tell them to ask me. What I've gone through in the past week would be enough to make any American wish that there had never been any war. Of course, I can't tell you where I am, but it is enough to say that I'm right in the thick of a big battle. Active service! It's been so active that I've been working five days straight, day and night, with only about ten hours sleep altogether.

You remember in my last letter I told you that we were going into active service and were quartered right behind the lines in range of the German guns. Last Wednesday, the twenty-seventh of June, I took my car out for my first bit of active service. I was to go to a post, a field hospital between the first and second line trenches, to get some wounded. The post is only about 300 yards from the German trenches. I got up all right and was waiting there to get my car filled. It was at night and of course we ran without lights. The road from the last town—I will call it X—runs straight to the trenches around the foot of a hill, and the last mile and a half is in plain view of the German trenches, only a quarter of a mile away. Going up, several star shells went up and made the road bright as daylight and of course the Germans saw me all the time as I was waiting for the wounded. The Germans began an attack and shells began to fall all around the post, which is an old monastery, ruined by shellfire. We all had to beat it into an abri, or underground chamber, and stayed there for a while. The shells fell all around us and exploded with terrific noise, throwing dirt and rocks for yards. Standing in the mouth of the abri you could hear the shells whistle and explode by the dozens. It gives you a creepy feeling, I tell you. They start out with a low whistle and the tone goes up as they come nearer or pass overhead, and then they explode with a terrific bang—c-r-rump! The funny part about it was that I wasn't the least scared; in fact, I rather enjoyed it.

But when my car was filled, I had to take the wounded down to X through it all. Believe me, it made my hair stand straight up! Shellholes all over the road and the most awful racket you've ever heard. A continuous roar.

Shells Land Near

But the sight was beautiful. All the surrounding hills were lit up with flashes of light, either from exploding shells or gun flashes. Then there were dozens of star shells, signal rockets, etc. The aeroplanes all the times were flying overhead, directing the shellfire. They flew very low and also sent out signals. The air was filled with bright flashes of bursting shrapnel, sent by the Boches at the aeroplanes. All along the road, from batteries concealed in the fields, came flashes and roars not fifty feet away, and the shells from them passed right over my head.

Of course, the Germans replied and sent shells into the French batteries and, believe me, they came close. Several times shells have hit within twenty feet of me, throwing rocks and dirt and eclat (pieces of shells) into my car. I have some pieces as souvenirs.

The worst of it is that you have to drive slow so as not to hurt the wounded, who groan and yell and pound on the car when you go too fast or hit a bump. I'm getting so used to the sight of blood and shell explosions that I don't mind it any more. In fact, I saw three men and two horses killed on the road about thirty yards ahead of me and I didn't mind it at all. One man was blown all to pieces. If you think I am exaggerating or kidding you, you are sadly mistaken.

This war is the most awful thing I have ever seen. After an attack you see dead men laid out in rows, waiting to be buried. The bottom of my car was dripping with blood and some of the wounds are ghastly.

Of course, everybody is tired of the war, but the French are brave, wonderfully brave, and never think of quitting. They come out of the trench covered from head to foot with mud and blood, and never whimper when they are wounded.

Through Gas Attacks

I've gone through two gas attacks so far, one from gas shells and the other one a regular gas attack. In the latter the gas rolls along in a thick white cloud, which has a sweetish but sickening smell. It makes your eyes sting and if you don't put on your mask you would be asphyxiated. It is terrible stuff. Of course we wear our steel helmets all the time and are never without our gas masks.

At night the road is pitch dark and just filled with all kinds of traffic—companies going to the front, motor trucks with ammunitions and provisions, motorcycles and autos, artillery, carts to carry the dead, machine gun carts and drove after drove of the cutest, smallest, little donkeys you ever saw. They go into the trenches directly, carrying all kinds of things. They are wonderfully trained and when I blow my whistle, which is the only thing you can hear above the racket, they all, at once, go to the side of the road.

I have been doing this for five days and nights now, with almost no sleep. So far I have carried over sixty wounded. Two of the nights it has rained to beat the dickens and the mud is fierce. Once I drove into a huge shellhole and had to get a bunch of Poilus to help me out. Another time on a hill a huge wagon backed into my car, put a hole in the radiator and tore off a mudguard. I had to slide backwards downhill and into a ditch to keep from getting crushed and upset.

We have had to move our quarters that I told you about in my last letter because the Germans started to shell us. We were all eating supper when a shell hit the corner of the house and shook dirt all over us. So we beat it to a haystack in an open field and waiated for the Germans to get through. They shot forty-two shells and busted up half the houses before they quit. So now we have moved to a safer place and are quartered in little shacks, four to a shack.

I've tried to sleep in all kinds of places for just a few minutes, sometimes an hour, at a time; once in the seat of my car, once on a stretcher, twice on a blanket on the roadside, in the abris, on benches, on hard wooden bunks, sitting up, and all kinds of places; never once on anything soft or comfortable. Most of the time I've been just crusty with dirt. I've eaten anything, any time I could get it, any way at all. Lots of times I've eaten with the common soldiers, drunk their coffee and cheap red wine, which is all we have to drink most of the time, as the water is bad and you dare not drink it. It is very weak and won't hurt you, and besides you've got to drink it. The doctors make you. They won't always let you drink the water.

Never a Complaint

In spit of all these hardships, dangers and excitement, I am having a wonderful time. None of us has been hurt so far and everybody is as brave as the bravest. You never hear a complaint and the officers are wonderful. Our post is the most difficult and dangerous in all France and everybody has been praising our section for the work we've been doing. We haven't allowed the wounded to pile up, we've gone through shellfire to take them away, we've handled them well and without accident, and have done more work, most difficult and dangerous work, than any other section has done before. In fact, we are almost sure to be cited, that is, mentioned in the official report, for bravery and skill, and officially honored. This is the highest honor a section can get.

One place on the road we call "Hell's Bend" because every two or three minutes the Germans drop a shell there, and it is just the beginning of a long downgrade in plain sight of the Germans. We have to wait and take our chance in getting by. The road is terribly rough and all ploughed up and you have to weave your way between shellholes.

There is nothing but soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, as this is the military zone. Every conceivable instrument of war, and tons upon tons of supplies. Everything is carried on on such enormous scale that it is astounding. When you think that this is only a small part of it, you don't see how they do it. Going through the country you see whole sides of hills shot away and just covered with shellholes, trenches and barbed wire.

Believe me, c'est la vie.

I wish you would send me some coffee, tea, tobacco, sugar and chocolate to eat. Those things are mighty scarce and taste fine after a hard workout. There is no duty if addressed to the ambulance and I do hope you will send some as soon as you can.

Am well and not hurt in any way. I think our section will be relieved in two days, so we will be out of danger soon. Don't forget to write soon and often and send the box. I wish I had some of your eats now.

Lots of love,

FRANKLIN.

P. S.: Send the box "Care of Minister of War."

NURSE FROM HERE WRITES OF WAR WORK

Mrs. Helen Gage Tells of the Wounded Men in French Hospitals

The other side—the side opposite fighting,—that of nursing is given in the following letters from Mrs. Helen Lauder Gage, a daughter of a prominent local family.

Her description of what the Red Cross is doing is vivid. She sailed from America with a unit last May as a member of the American Red Cross.

Two of her letters follow:

"Somewhere in France."

"Dearest People:

"I hope you received the letter I wrote you the other day. I thought I would write to-day when I am not busy in case the other one did not reach you. 'One never knows.' This is the first afternoon I have taken off since I came and I am enjoying it down on the beach. The season is not yet in full swing but there are quite a few people sitting around and always lots of soldiers and nurses. I wish I could send you pictures of the place, it is so pretty, but I will bring home plenty when I come.

"We have not been so rushed in our work the past few days; they have a work the past few days, they have a scarcity of water and consequently we are not accepting any convoys and are sending many home. Army nursing is very different from civil nursing and the English methods very different from ours. It is so nice to have our doctors to work for. The first week the English doctors were here. Most of our doctors have been living in tents, waiting for the English officers to go; also all the V. A. D.'s are in tents. It looks like an Indian village. Our hut accommodates about sixty-five nurses and we have a comfortable little sitting room and dining room—much on the 'camping out' style. We have a bath room, too, in this hut and electric lights, so realy it is quite 'comfy.' The meals are, of course, not like home cooking, but we have to remember there is a war on when we sit down. What we miss most is coffee. They serve tea each meal and it is horrid to have tea for breakfast. We get sugar not much, but enough, and we have breadless days very often and what we do get is stale. We come down to the little town often and have tea and can get lovely strawberries. To-morrow No. 3 Canadian Hospital are entertaining us at tea. We like the V. A. D.'s here very much. They are very refined girls and a wonderful help.

"As yet we have not had any mail. When in the world did you send your letters? I am hoping and expecting a letter each day and I do hope you have sent me some papers. They will be a God-send.

"I suppose you have already heard they have sent home for more nurses, doctors and men. We are short of all three, especially nurses. If you know any young fellows who want to escape training camps, advise them to get into a Unit for it beats being in the trenches and most of the fellows say they like it. We are all a very happy lot. We have an actor among the boys and he is getting up a play for the Fourth of July. Dr. T. told me to-day we may not be here next winter, but may go wherever the troops are or wherever General Pershing establishes our base. We think it would be fine to nurse our boys although they could not be any more patient and nice than these boys, but it will also be nice to be where it's warmer in winter. I have one chap who has just come in with one leg off to his hip, the other knee is fractured and three shrapnel wounds which are terribly infected, also the arm has three shrapnel wounds as large as an egg; also badly infected, in addition he had the end of his spine injured. He is as cheerful as a cricket and never yet has complained of one discomfort, and when we inquire how he is it is always the same reply, 'I feel fine, sister.' I have another patient who has six large shrapnel wounds in his back, six on one leg and four on the other, two with fractured spines, and they are all smiling and happy and they know the war is over for them and they will soon be sent home. We don't keep them here long. They are sent home to the hospital nearest where they live. I wonder if our boys will be as brave?

"It's getting late—I go to bed with the hope that to-morrow will bring your mail. You must always tell me every little thing when you write.

"With dearest love to everyone,

"Devotedly,

"Helen.

June 19, 1917.

June 16, 1917.

Dearest Folks:—

"As I can't find anything but a pencil to write with, I hope the sea air will not obliterate all I'll try to write. I have tried several times to write you but I have been in a whirlwind since I left London. We came on a hospital ship from Southampton to Havre, leaving at 7:30 and arriving at port safe and sound about 4 a. m. We did not undress but managed to get some sleep in our clothes. We awoke to find a cold, rainy, dreary day and there was considerable delay in getting us off the boat as our arival was unexpected that day. We left finally about 1 p. m. and rode in second and third class cars until 10:30 at night. You can imagine our comfort and at 10:30 when we arrived we had a ride of one hour by auto, arriving here about 11:30 cold, weary and hungry. However, we all survived and some of us went on duty the next day,—I was one of them. I am sorry I am not permitted to tell you where I am or any details about the size of the place, or in fact any of the things I know you are keen to know. However, I can say it is a most beautiful spot on a hill and the view is wonderful. The litle town we overlook is old and quaint and of course water is always pretty to look at. It is always cold here except in the middle of the day, when the sun is rather hot, but you may know it isn't very hot when I tell you that we sleep with two army blankets and I use foot warmers. They say it was so cold here last winter that hot water bags froze in the bed. What I am going to do to keep warm at that rate is beyond me. We all live in little huts and of course they are very cold. The place looks like one of our very large rail construction camps. Harriet and I room together. We will try to buy an oil stove. I will have to have you send me two pairs of woolen stockings and we have to have sleeping bags. Do you think I had better have you send one, or would you advise my having Mrs. C. get me one? I am writing about it now so I will surely have it in time and anything you think would make me warmer, please enclose. I do hate to be cold. The air here is splendid and we all look and are fine—I never felt better.

"I have never been so happy in my work as I am now. The work is intensely interesting. I am in charge of a surgical ward with forty-two beds,—all serious cases. I have ten nurses, two aids, four orderlies. I must tell you about my orderlies—two are medical students, one a prosperous going business fellow and one is from one of our best prep. schools. Dr. Taylor from Philadelphia and Dr. Dillard are in charge of our ward. The endurance and patience of our boys is wonderful. There is never a complaint and there are all English Tommies. A Canadian are many heart breaking sights. They hospital adjoins ours. The work is very hard and it is quite a job getting on to the English army methods of running a hospital. A few of the English sisters and aids stayed, as we do not have enough nurses to do the work. We get up at 6:30, which is really 5:30, as they start things an hour earlier here; breakfast, 7 (very slim), on duty at 8, tea in the ward at 9:30, lunch at one, off duty either at 2 to 5 or 5 to 8, (that last means you don't go back on duty that night), tea at 4:30, dinner at 8 p. m. It is light here until 10 p. m. We are all enoying the English tea habit.

"As yet no mail has come and I feel as the it was years since I heard from you. We get a Continental paper but the news in it is very limited. I am afraid my letters will not be very interesting because there is so much I can't say and there are so many interesting things I would like to tell you about. I hope all the letters I wrote you in London came all right. Mrs. C. was writing Edith the day I left and she said she would tell her all I was doing in case mine did not come. She was so lovely to me and I felt homesick when I said Good Bye to them. Everyone is interested in our army coming over, but it would break our hearts to see our boys as some of these patients are now.

"I will try and write more in a few days. Address letetrs just as I put it on the envelope.

"With dearest love to each and all. I hope every one will write me very often. You don't know how I positively ache for letters. Devotedly,

"HELEN."

("Somewhere in France.")

HELPING YOU TO DECIDE ON SERVICE ARM

Recruiting Officers Give Advantages of Their Respective Branches

"What branch of the service shall I enlist in?" has become the one great question of the average young man's life. In response to that question asked a thousand times a day in every conceivable place a reporter this morning interviewed the different recruiting officers and had them explain in detail the merits of the branches they represent.

The reserve corps of the army is one of the most discussed, and at the same time generally the most misunderstood. Any recruiting officer, even though not enlisting for the reserves alone, can accept men for the different branches as reserves after permission has been given him from a superior officer. Several branches of the reserves are represented by recruiting officers for that section alone.

The chief disadvantage of the reserves as pointed out seemed to be as expressed by one of the men, "a fellow never knows where he is at." A man upon being accepted for the reserves is allowed to go home and told that he will be called when he is needed. When that time may be is not known or cannot even be guessed at. He becomes almost a prisoner of war. If he leaves home a call may come for him at any minute and find him away from home and, perhaps, beyond reach of a message. Not to report when requested means to be subject to military discipline.

A man is not in position to make plans even a day ahead. It is said that the question, "Wonder when I will be called almost becomes an obsession. He takes it to bed and wakes with it in the morning. He reads of the successes of the troops at the front and wishes he were with them, he reads of the reverses and wishes more than ever to be in the thick of the fighting.

The chief objection pointed out was the loss of training the men experience while they are waiting for assignment. It may stretch from months into a year. The men who enlisted when they did but in active service have become non-coms. Some of them have been made commissioned officers. It is apparently not even the best branch for the man who does not want to see much of the fighting. It is said that the possibility always exists of being called into service just when things are raging the hottest, without sufficient training and the gradual process that makes a hardened soldier.

Excitement Everywhere

In contrast with this enlistment in the Regular Army as a volunteer brings with it what was pointed out a "Hundred and one unthought of benefits." It offers branches for any preference and capability. It assures men coming under men whose profession has always been the making of soldiers and fighting men. Those same officers have never seen nor heard of the recruit before he gets his first "call down." All men are placed on an absolutely equal basis. When non-coms are to be appointed they seldom are "men I knew back home."

The most popular town Beau Brummel togged only in the everlasting sameness of the khaki looks just like the boy who brought the milk in the morning. If anything, the latter has a slight advantage unless the former is willing to take even more than the prescribed amount of physical exercise.

When a man asks concerning the branch of the Regular Army service he is best fitted for unless he has had some special training or qualifications he is advised to enlist in the infantry. The great cry of the army to-day is said to be for infantrymen. Men who have a leaning toward the medical profession and wish to get training are advised to enlist in the medical corps. If a man admits, as some of them have, that he prefers the medical corps because you do not have to carry a gun and get near the firing line he is told just what kind of unpleasant duties may arise in that branch. He is also told that he will not be one iota safer than if he were an infantryman.

A letter received this morning by the local army recruiting station mentioned the fact that the War Department was still anxious too get the names of as many non-coms as possible who were fitted to accept commissions. In the present emergency men have been commissioned from civil life who have never had any military experience, yet who may some time hold hundreds of lives in their hands. The advantage of appointing trained men if they have the other qualifications is also pointed out.

Many men it was said are not in a position to leave home immediately and for those the reserve corps of the army is pointed out if their reasons are sufficient, although such recommendations are very few.

Marine Corps Attractive

The marine corps does not have a local recruiting office, yet a local man who spent two enlistments in that branch declared there wasn't anything like it for excitement. To fight not only on land but on water as well has proved a drawing card for many local young men.

The navy apparently offers the best chance for a man who wishes to see the world and become trained in some special line of work. It also offers good opportunities for the man who wants to enlist for life and be retired with pay. Although it carries with it the disadvantage of a seven-year period of service, at least a score of Harrisburg boys have decided to try it for that time.

Compared with a seven-year period of enlistment is the four-year period of the reserves, and the "enlist for the war only of the Regular Army." While a man is not in active service in the reserves he is subject to call at any time during the four years. Men who enlist now in the Regular Army will fight during the war, return heroes when it is over and again assume their civilian duties. Any of the recruiting officers in the city are glad to talk over with recruits the branches of service they represent.

Flour Milling Probe by Government Planned

By Associated Press

Washington, Aug. 2. — The Federal Trade Commission will begin next week a flour milling investigation as a part of its general food inquiry. A corps of investigators, under Dr. E. O. Merchant, of the commission, will leave for Minneapolis within a few days. Other agents of the commission will go later to Chicago.

Decision to go into the subject of milling costs was reached after a conference with officials of the food administration. At the request of the food administration the commission will take up soon also the subject of cost and trade conditions in the baking industry.

PATROLMAN SHOOTS TWO

By Associated Press

New Orleans, La., Aug. 2. — James W. Reynold, superintendent of the New Orleans Police Department, was shot and killed in his office to-day by Terrence Mullen, a patrolman. Captain of Police Gerry Mullen, who was in the superintendent's office at the time, also received two bullet wounds in the chest.

U. S. FORCES O. K.

By Associated Press

Washington, Aug. 2. — Untraceable rumors that some disaster had been met by the American forces brought from Secretary Baker to-day a denial and reiteration of the promise that news of any misfortune would not be withheld from the public.

The New Store of Wm. Strouse

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Boys' Palm Beach Suits $2.95 Ages up to 18 Years Former Price $4.00

Boys' Straw Hats that sold for $2.50; all are now	$1.00
Boys' 50c Hats are	39c
Boys' Stockings	15c
Boys' 75c Khaki Knee Pants	50c
Boys' Caps	39c

Boys' Waists 39c for 50c kind 59c for 75c kind Boys' $1.00 Shirts are 79c

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Boys' Bathing Suits 50c

The New Store of Wm. Strouse

SURVIVOR TELLS OF SEA FIGHT

Kaiser's Fleet Hammered by Guns of British Fleet in Jutland Battle

(Associated Press Correspondence.)

THE HAGUE, Netherlands, July 14, By Post.—Scenes on the German flagship Lutzow during the Jutland naval battle, in June, 1916, when some of the newest and largest of the German battle cruisers were battered or sunk by Admiral Beatty's British squadron, are vividly described by P. Krug, one of the Lutzow's survivors, in a pamphlet which has just been published.

It is believed to be the first detailed account of that battle from the point of view of the German sailor to reach the public eye.

Torpedoed early in the engagement, the Lutzow, the flagship of Admiral Hipper, was hammered unmercifully by the big guns of the British vessels. It soon became a complete wreck, a "ship of the dead," as Krug describes her.

After describing the first part of the battle and telling how the arrival of British battleships turned the tables on the Germans, Krug writes:

"Suddenly the entire ship is roughly shaken. The colossus heaves far over. Everything that is not fixed is upset. The first direct hit! The torpedo pierces the fore part of the ship. Its effects are terrible. Iron, wood, metal, parts of bodies, smashed ship's implements are intermixed. The electric light, by chance spared, continues to shine upon this sight.

"Two decks lower, in the Diesel dynamo room, there is still life. That compartment has not been hit and twenty-seven men in the prime of life have been spared. But the chamber is shut off from all others, for the water is rushing into all sections. They are doomed to death.

Terrible Havoc

"Several thirty-eight centimeter shells squarely hit their mark, working terrible havoc. The first hit the wireless department. Of the twelve living men who a moment ago were seated before the apparatus, there is nothing more to be seen. Nothing is left but a smoking heap. The second shot again pierced the forepart of the ship. The entire forepart of the vessel, as far as the Diesel motor room was past saving.

"Another broadside meant for Lutzow fell short, but a torpedoboat close by disappeared, leaving only a few odd pieces of wood and a smashed lifeboat drifting round. It is now half-past 7 o'clock. The hostile circle grows even smaller. The Lutzow and the Seydlitz lie with their bows deep in the water. Both are badly mauled.

"The forepart of the Lutzow was in flames. Shells burst against the ship's side in rapid succession. A terrible sight is presented on board the Lutzow. It needs iron nerves to look upon it coolly. Hundreds have lost their lives. Many have lain for hours in torture. The fight is not yet over. The bow is now crushed in and is entirely submerged. The four screws are already sticking half out of the water. The Lutzow can only make eight to ten knots an hour, as against the normal thirty-two.

"The Admiral decides to transfer to the Moltke. eH gives orders to turn and get away from the scene of the fight. The Lutzow has not gone a mile before she receives a broadside of thirty-eight-centimeter shells. The entire ship was filled with the poisonous fumes of the shells. Any one who failed to affix his gas mask was doomed to be suffocated.

Wounded Killed

"It was three-quarters of an hour before the lightning installation was restored. Then for the first time could the extent of the damage wrought by the salvo be seen. One of the shells had landed in the sick bay. Here there were three doctors and fifteen attendants, besides 160 to 180 wounded. Of all these only four remained alive. These were hurled into the next compartment by the air pressure. There they lay unconscious.

"The Lutzow was now a complete wreck. Corpses drifted past. From the bows up to the first thirty-centimeter gun turret the ship lay submerged. The other gun turrets were completely disabled, with the guns sticking out in all directions. On deck lay the bodies of the sailors in their torn uniforms in the midst of the empty shell cases.

"From the masts fluttered torn flags, twisted signal lines and pieces of wire of the wireless installation. Had not the lookout man and the three officers on the commandant's bridge given signs of life the Lutzow truly would have resembled a ship of the dead. Below, on the battered deck and in the coal bunkers, there still lay innumerable wounded, but there was no longer a doctor to attend them.

"Night came on. Hope was entertained of getting away without a further encounter. But at 3 o'clock in the night news of the approach of two British cruisers and five destroyers was received. Just at that critical time the fore and middle bunkheads gave way.

Men Left Behind

"Orders were given to carry quickly the wounded to the stern. Then the order rings out, 'All hands muster in division order abaft!' A tumult arises on the lower deck, for every one is now bent on saving his life. It is impossible in that short space of time to bring up all the wounded. They are scattered everywhere. Eighteen men had the good fortune to be carried up. All the rest who could not walk or crawl had to be left behind.

"The twenty-seven men shut up in the Diesel dynamo chamber had heard the order through the speaking-tube. Many, mad with anguish, screamed through the tube for help. It was learned that two of their number lay bound because they had become insane. Inspired by their sense of duty, these sealed-up men had continued to carry on their work to provide the ship with light.

"The torpedoboats now quickly took off the crew of the Lutzow. Those left behind were doomed to death. It was resolved that no piece of the vessel should fall into the enemy's hands. An order was given and a torpedo cleft the waters. Just then seven men were seen running like mad men around the rear deck. Over-fatigued as they were they apparently had dropped off to sleep and had only just awakened.

"As the torpedo exploded the Lutzow's bow quickly dipped. The stern rose until she stood on end. Then she keeled over and sank, forming a great whirlpool that carried everything within it into the depths.

"When the roll was called it appeared here were 1003 survivors of the Lutzow; 597 men had perished in the battle."

Chaplain of the Eighth Undecided on Future

The Rev. Harry Nelson Bassler, pastor of the Second Reformed Church and chaplain of the Eighth Regiment, has not fully decided to resign his charge before the regiment leaves for its Southern training camp. While on the Border last summer he suffered a fracture of the arm which may prevent him from passing the physical tests. However, if he passes the tests and the regiment is sent to France his plans are not ready to be announced.

NAMED SECOND LIEUTENANT

Conrad R. Zimmerman, of Camp Hill, to-day was appointed second lieutenant of the Machine Gun Company, of the Eighth Regiment.

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