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HOW THE GERMANS DEAL WITH THEIR PRISONERS OF WAR.

Major Fox Who Escaped From Germany after having Spent Three Years as a Prisoner of War Relates his Experiences

Newport, England.—Major Fox, an escaped prisoner of war, spoke of his experiences at a "patriotic meeting" held at Newport, Monmouthshire. Major Fox had been a prisoner in German hands for three years, and those three years had, he declared, entirely altered his views toward an enemy whom he would have wished to call noble, but whom he now knew to be utterly ignoble. It was at the first battle of Ypres that Major Fox was taken prisoner. He had been ordered to hold a certain position at all costs, and at the start he and his men had captured some 200 prisoners, together with officers. These officers were in his charge, and so friendly were his feelings toward them that he offered them refreshment all round, saying, "Jolly bad luck to be captured at the beginning of a show like this." A few hours later he himself was a prisoner in German hands, and when taken to the officer who was to have charge of him, this officer turned and spat at him full in the face. From that moment began three years of insults, suffering and degradation; for 48 hours Major Fox and other prisoners on their way to Germany were kept without food or water, traveling in filthy cattle trucks. Arriving at one station a party of German ladies with supplies of hot soup opened the door of their truck, asking, "Any English here?" Yes! was the eager, hopeful answer. Immediately the door was banged to again; there was no soup for the hated English! Major Fox told his audience that he had been a soldier all his life, and had seen a great deal of warfare—he had seen atrocities committed by the man-eating tribes in Africa, by Turks and by Bulgarians—but he had never seen atrocities equal those perpetrated by the Germans in the present war.

The following are some of the examples given by Major Fox, out of his own experience, of the treatment prisoners received at the hands of the Germans: "Three Frenchmen—clerks from Paris—were put to work in a coal mine; they explained they were ready to do clerical work, but knew nothing of mining but to no purpose. At the end of the day their output was naturally small, and their hands and knees were bruised and bleeding, as a result of their inexperienced efforts—punishment, 24 hours in a steam cell. The steam cell is small, and when the men are inside and the door closed, hot steam is turned on, and there is no release for 12 hours. At the end of 12 hours the door was opened, and the strongest of the three men was able to walk out, and pull a half-conscious brother after him—the third was dead. Soup was given to the survivors, and then they were ordered back—the strongest of the two being ordered to carry the other one. He refused. 'One brother died last night; I will not carry another one in to die.' The German sergeant in charge, for all reply took his rifle and shot the half-stupefied Frenchman before the eyes of his comrade."

"A row of prisoners of various nationalities were receiving orders. A Russian hesitated to obey, begging for some concession; the guard struck him across the face with a huge bunch of keys and then struck a British Tommy in the same way. The British Tommy hit back, his blood being up—he was flung to the ground and beaten with the butt end of rifles into a shapeless mass."

"Another prisoner, undergoing punishment strung up to a post, his feet off the ground, was shot through the head because too weak to obey an officer's order to hold his head up."

"A hut went on fire, about a dozen prisoners being inside and unable to escape—as these men came to the windows and tried to climb out they were pushed back into the flames by the German guard."

Officer on Submarine Lived In The United States.

Portland, Maine.—The coal steamer Snug Harbor arrived tonight with eleven men of the schooner Robert and Richard, including Captain Robert Wharton, of the schooner. Wharton said the second officer of the submarine who boarded the schooner, told him he had lived in America for a number of years and had had a summer home in Maine since 1896.

THE HEAVY GUNS ARE NOW MOVED FAR BACK.

Progress Made by Franco-American Troops on Aisne-Marne Front Eminent Satisfaction.

With the American Army on the Aisne-Marne front, July 27.—The progress made by the Franco-American troops on the Aisne-Marne front is considered eminently satisfactory by the commanders and the failure of the German to employ artillery extensively has tended to confirm the belief that their heavy guns on the greater part of the field have been moved far back, perhaps to a position which may mark a new line.

While steady pressure is being maintained on the arc forming the bottom of the sack, the allies are determinedly hammering the flanks where Von Boehm and Von Eben have concentrated their armies, returning blow for blow in the hope that they can hold out until the main body of the Germans can be withdrawn with a minimum loss.

Aerial operations were again of less importance today on account of the weather. It was cloudy all day and there were numerous showers, making it impracticable to keep up the observation balloons which usually mark both lines. Occasionally both the allies and the enemy attempted to use planes but these in most cases were forced to descend on account of the rain.

There is a growing belief that the enemy will make no effort to stand on the Arde river. Fere-en-Tardenois and even Ville-en-Tardenois, directly east, are already under heavy fire from the flanks and the south line, making the roads as well as the temporary railroads virtually useless for transport purposes. These positions must be almost untenable.

The Germans are doing their utmost to hold the high ground south-east of Soissons for a continuation of their line either along the Arde or further north along the Vesle.

The flanks of the French, British and other armies are withstanding every effort of the Germans, who appear to be making a most determined effort south of Soissons. The line remains much much the same as it has been for the past two or three days, the only changes being slight advances. The battle line now totals approximately fifty miles, although there is not actual fighting every mile of it, and it is more broken one, made so by the character of the enemy's withdrawal, especially on the south side.

The effort has been the presentation of a highly dangerous, spongy front, into which any part of the advancing line might fall. Were it not for the hunting down of the enemy and cleaning out of points of obstruction, some parts of the line could be far in advance of where they are.

The Germans have left officers who know how to maneuver skillfully partially deserted units so that at times it appears almost ironical to refer to their defense as a rear guard action. It is just that, however, although by any standard except established in this war, the almost half-daily and really minor encounters would be styled big battles.

Prisoners brought to one of the American division headquarters today were men of the landwehr who confirmed former statements of prisoners that the armies engaged in the retirement are leaving only enough men to resist efforts to harry them. Like other prisoners, they professed weariness of the war and said this feeling was general but supposed they must go on, since the men in high command so willed.

30,000 Prisoners Taken By Allies in Offensive.

Paris, July 27.—The number of German prisoners captured by the allies since the beginning of the counter offensive is placed at 30,000 by the Havas Agency.

Americans have discovered at Ercy north of Chateau-Thierry, emplacements of German super-cannon which bombarded towns behind the front and perhaps Paris.

Some Laying Hens.

Gaffney, S. C., July 18.—N. W. Driskill, who lives within a few miles of Gaffney, has sold since February 15 of this year \$112 worth of eggs, the product of 70 hens. The price received for the eggs was an average of 45 cents the dozen. Mr. Driskill will go more largely into the poultry business next year.

PASSENGERS TELL OF ATTACKS BY U-BOATS.

British Liner Battled With Submarine 750 Miles off the Jersey Coast.

An Atlantic Port, July 28.—Passengers on a British liner arriving here today said that last Friday their ship gave battle to a German U-Boat, 750 miles off the New Jersey coast, and last night fired three shots at what was believed to be an American submarine. Apparently neither under a craft was hit.

This liner was one of several which were being convoyed with the giant Justicia when that vessel was torpedoed and sunk off the north Irish coast on July 20. According to the passengers, a torpedo which hit the Justicia passed astern of their own ship, and narrowly missed another merchantman before finding its goal.

E. H. Butt, of Augusta, Ga., a brother of Major Archibald Butt, once aide to President Taft, who lost his life on the Titanic, described the liner's three encounters with submarines.

The first he said, came on July 19, two days after the merchantman, convoyed by destroyers left a British port. The booming of guns and the shrieking of whistles brought the passengers to the deck.

"The sea was smooth, as we took our stations at the lifeboats," said Mr. Butt. "We crowded on all steam and zigzagged as in company with our convoying destroyers, we left the scene in a race to save ourselves. We heard during the night that the Justicia and destroyers were fighting the U-boats, and later learned that her struggle to survive had failed."

Mr. Butt said that the ship met no more submarines until last Friday at noon, when 750 miles off the New Jersey coast, the call to quarters was again sounded and the ship's guns began firing at an object apparently several miles away.

"This was a super-submarine," said Mr. Butt. "It made no attempt to come nearer and after firing solid shot which fell short at least 1,000 yards, began to fire shrapnel."

The exchange of shots lasted about 45 minutes according to Mr. Butt, who said the U-boat then submerged and was not seen again.

At the same time he said, another submarine engaged a British freighter in the same waters, and it was thought the U-boat was sunk.

"If so, the Britisher got a good one," said Mr. Butt, "for these boats are super-submarines which depend more on destruction by gunfire than by torpedoes."

"We got our next shock last night," he said. "In a smooth sea a big submarine broke water not three miles away, and at once our gunners fired three shots at the boat, while our commander signalled: 'Who are you?'"

"The shots fell close to the boat and we could see the flutter of flags, but no sign of a flag to denote the nationality of the U-boat. Finally our commander signalled to the crews to cease firing, and we came on, leaving the submarine on the surface. Rumors on board had it that the latest U-boat was an American."

Among the passengers were Capt. John H. Pratt and the crew of 37 from the American steamship George L. Eaton, which was abandoned June 22 in European waters, after she sprang a leak.

Maj. Theo. Roosevelt, Jr., Slightly Wounded.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 20.—Major Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., as been slightly wounded and taken to a hospital in Paris, according to a cable message received tonight by his father, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, from his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

The "Cowcumber."

Greensboro Record.
A long, lank, pale grey green cucumber looks it. It looks like cholera morbus, and the man who keeps far away from it is a winner. If you conclude to eat a fresh one, put plenty of vinegar and salt and pepper on it—let it stand over night and then soak in water—run it through a clothes wringer and then put it in a bowl and stand on it with both feet for six hours. Then send it to an embalming parlor and have it coated three times with glue and then mail it to Kaiser Bill.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Liniment and bound over the seat of pain is often more effective for a lame back than a plaster and does not cost anything like as much.

AMERICANS WELL LIKED BY THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

Robert Rankin, of Reidsville, Writes of Life in the Army in France.

Correspondence Greensboro News.

Reidsville, July 24.—Robert C. Rankin writes his mother from "somewhere France" as follows:

Today is Sunday and as usual I am writing you my weekly letter. This time I will try to make it a letter instead of the short note that I have had to send you for the last week or so.

It happened that no trucks were ordered out in the company today and the men have been lying around sunning, writing letters home and reading. It happened that a big bunch of mail came in today, your letter of May 10 among them. The boys had a good dinner and not much firing going on along the front, so it seems like Sunday to us, more so than any other day we have spent in France.

We are beginning to feel like old timers now, one reason being they did not lose any time running us up to the scene of action. Then we are becoming acquainted with conditions, too. Our bunch has always taken things as they came though very little grumbling from anyone no matter what kind of detail they happen to be on. They seem to realize that we are over here where all must pull together and there is more good feeling among the men than ever before. Petty grievances are a thing of the past, men who wouldn't hardly speak to one another over in the states are good friends here in France.

No one, if he can help it, takes the war seriously. Just go to everything the same as if we were at home—if you are called out at midnight for a trip up around the front lines put on your helmet, sling your gas mask over your shoulder and never think about getting shelled.

The French are the same way. But they have been at war so long over here that it is more of a steady occupation to them than anything else, although they say that the coming of the Americans is the beginning of the end. As I told you in my last letter though, they can't understand the American way of fighting. They say an American yells "Over the top, gangway, bang, bang," and they are after the Germans like a crowd out rabbit hunting.

The Americans are making a name for themselves both at the front and behind the lines. They are lots more popular with the people than the English soldiers, mainly because they are more friendly. An English soldier will come down the street with his hands behind his back looking straight to the front with the "superior look" that all Englishmen have, never seeing anyone, while an American takes in everything in sight and has a smile for everyone.

When they are off duty they get out and mix with the inhabitants and try to talk to every girl that comes along, play with the kids or if it happens to be a French soldier they offer him tobacco or cigarettes. We are never in a place long enough to get very well acquainted with the people but we did stay in one little village nearly four weeks.

Some of the crowd were beginning to feel at home there as they got acquainted with a bunch of the "Oui" girls and would go around in the evenings when they came in from a trip and look them up. Then about 9 o'clock they would come piling in the billet and worrying the rest of us talking about Josette, Suzanne and Gerorgette.

But since we left — some time ago we hardly ever see any one except the soldiers unless we are sent farther back on detail.

Am sleeping in a space about 10 feet wide that I cleared up, it was formerly a briar patch, with a pup tent over me for a shelter, but it is not half bad. At least I don't think so. My bunkie says he catches the dicken every night, but when I am not pulling all the cover off of him I am rolling or kicking. Am getting quite a reputation in the company and I am afraid that Hellerstedt will lease me before long.

I tell him that it is the big guns shooting so close to us that they have gotten him nervous. We are right at the part of this sector where we get the benefit of every shot that is fired anywhere close even the machine guns are in bearing. We get to see some pretty air fights, too, where we are. Our kitchen is in the edge of the woods right in the top of a little knoll where we see up and down the line for nine or ten miles each way. Most every day you can see the big obser-

vation balloons going up, about six on each side of you—then that's when the fun begins. It always happens about supper time when we are sitting around. The Germans spot the balloons and send a flock of aeroplanes over to shoot them down about the same time the French planes are getting into action. And when it comes to air fighting the Dutch are not in it. I have seen French planes fly over their lines and then up and down them for an hour at a time. I have seen as many as 200 shrapnel shells shot at one machine, going all around the plane but never hitting him. Those Frenchmen fly around a couple of times, make the Dutch think they have got the range on him, then he will loop the loop once or twice, make a circle or so, twist a couple of times and the Dutch shoot "where he ain't."

The French on the other hand handle their guns a little better. For instance, a bunch of seven enemy machines came over, the French opened fire on them and before they could get back brought down three. Now, I wouldn't swear as to the machines being shot down, as we never heard anything to that effect, but we saw them fall out of sight behind the trees and did not go up again. As they went down on our side of the line, it is pretty certain that if they were not destroyed by the fall they were captured.

I never will forget one evening when the allied guns were giving one of the German guns the very dickens. In fact they got too hot for him and he beat it right over our camp, flying about 300 yards from the ground and shrapnel bursting all about him. We were out there watching him and before we realized it he was bringing the shrapnel with him. It seemed that the whole sky was blowing up for a minute or so.

A couple of French soldiers were standing around and knew enough to get out of the sight but our crowd just stood out there like a bunch of idiots cheering every time a shell would burst anywhere close to the machine.

It didn't get stuck full of shrapnel as it was falling right around us so close that you could smell the smoke from the shells.

It is pretty too, after dark, when one of the big artillery duels is in progress. The sky lit up all around by flashes from the guns and those star shells going up every minute or so. They are mighty pretty yet while we do not get the full benefit of them we can see them go away up above everything, hover for a few minutes, then fade away.

You never think when you are sitting around watching all this that what you see is war in the very strongest sense of the word. I have been with trucks right up in a mile and a half of the front lines and crawled up on a seat going to sleep as quick as I would if I was back home in a sure enough bed.

The French are hardened to it, to a degree that would surprise you, we were going up on trip one night not long ago and passed a French ammunition train. They had pulled out to one side of the road for chow and were standing around eating. I noticed a casket (or rather a pine box coffin) sitting to one side of the road with a flag draped over it, a bunch of soldiers draped around. I thought they were standing there bemoaning the loss of their comrade but when I passed one of them reached over in the coffin, got a bottle of wine that was sitting on it and waved the bottle at one of the fellows in the truck asking him if he wanted a drink.

That may sound a little fishy to you but it is a real fact. I don't think I will ever become hardened enough to war to be able to pull a stunt like that. There are things that happen every day I would like to tell you—some I can't tell for fear the lieutenant will get busy with his scissors. In fact I am afraid he will cut half of this out but when I get back home again I am going down in Georgia, get Mrs. Rankin, Robert C., bring her back and tell you of the things that happened to me while "I was in France" until you get tired of my hot air. Until then just remember I am over here with a lot of others trying to do my part towards ending this war. That I stand as good a chance as any of them of coming back. Never feel worried when you do not hear from me regularly remember a supply train is a transient organization and may be called anytime to go anywhere and when you are on the road it is hard to write.

I must stop for this time but will write you again next Sunday. Lots of love from your (youngest) son.

Exciting tasks of Army Airmen

Behind British Lines in France, July 24.—One of the most exciting tasks to which airmen are assigned is what is known as "desultory bombing" over one spot for an hour or more. The object is to distract the attention of the anti-aircraft defenders of a given district, and a machine carrying a dozen or more bombs is employed for the work.

At first the airmen a pilot and an observer, approach their target cautiously. With engines throttled down, the craft glides nearer and nearer. Below all is quiet. No German searchlights are sweeping the sky. When the attackers are almost over their objective a rocket rises toward them and bursts into a cluster of red stars. At once six or seven searchlights throw their beams aloft. The pilot looks at his watch; it is time to begin his desultory bombing.

He flies steadily on, although a barrage of bursting shells lies now in front of him. The observer looks through the wires of his bomb-sight to the ground below. At the proper instance he thrusts his lever forward and releases two bombs. A few seconds later he sees the flash of their explosions, and above the cracking barrage, he can hear two dull roars. He signals to the pilot and the machine turns and sweeps away from the fiery ring of shells and searchlights.

A few miles away the airplane flies to and fro at top speed. The puzzled searchlights vainly feel the sky in all directions and then, one by one, are switched off.

Then the pilot quickly moves again toward the target. Another bomb is dropped. As it explodes the searchlights reappear and the barrage is renewed while through the thickly grouped shell bursts are treated th-chains of green flaming globes, so much used by the Germans.

Again the machine flies away and this time, to bewilder still more the soldiers below, the observer fires a white very light which slowly drifts below and fades out. All the searchlights follow it until it flies.

Repeatedly the airmen return to the attack. Bombs are dropped at intervals until the end of the hour when the machine departs, flickering fires and clouds of smoke telling of the havoc wrought by the bombs.

Rumania is an Object Lesson of War's Cost.

London, July 14.—Rumania is a desolate and barren country today—an awful object lesson of the cost of war. Two years ago it was one of the garden countries of the world teeming with agricultural wealth and prosperity. More than 750,000 Russian soldiers lived in it and on it for nearly a year, and they left very little behind them.

Anyone who has known Rumania as she was when peace was forced upon her by the central powers, must be convinced that it will be years before Germany can draw from her field and orchards any very valuable tribute.

Nor is the German control of Rumania's petroleum production likely to be a very profitable investment for some time. In the so-called "occupied territories," the destruction of the oil fields was so complete that Germany after 15 months of effort, is unable to measure her supplies from this source in quarts.

In the rest Rumania, it is doubtful if production can be much increased beyond that of the past year, and during the last year petroleum has been one of the scarcest articles in the country, obtainable only under personal and special license from the government.

During the middle of the winter a tour of inspection around perhaps a score of the frontier towns where the largest proportion of refugee population had been dumped in the hurried retreat before the German hosts. Conditions were serious beyond description, but the major part of the suffering was due to famine rather than exposure.

The shortage of food was such that in many instances refugees were seen in the fields eating—or attempting to eat—grass.

Terrible as was the plight of these refugee districts in war time, they can hope for little alleviation with the coming of a forced peace. Practically no harvest can be expected this year in these districts, for no seed will be available, and moreover there are no agricultural implements left, nor any horses or draft animals of any kind. Thousands of Rumanian horses died of starvation during the winter, for the peasants were too exhausted in caring for their own needs to make any attempt to provide for their beasts.