

Interesting History of Company K's Activities In War by an Indian Who Was Assigned to the Company Tribute to Captain B. F. Dixon

From Fred P. Zipp, of New Albany, Ind., a member of Co. K, 120th Infantry, has been obtained a war story in which he has related vivid incidents of the first breaking of the Hindenburg line. He paid a very beautiful tribute to Captain Ben F. Dixon which will be appreciated by all North Carolinians.

Private Zipp is now in the General Hospital, Fort Sheridan, Ill., where he is awaiting a third operation for a shattered left leg, a wound suffered at the battle of Bellecourt, generally described as the "breaking of the Hindenburg line," on September 29, 1918.

The following story was related by Private Zipp in connection with the boys of Company K, 120th Infantry, Second American Army, the given full measure of credit for their achievements. With the spirit characteristic of the true soldier, Private Zipp is proud to recognize the individual record of the staff officers.

Company K, 120th Infantry, was composed of North Carolina and Tennessee national guardsmen, many of whom had seen service in the Spanish-American war and on the Mexican border. I was sent to Camp Service to fill Company K, and after a few weeks training embarked for overseas. Landing at Calais, France, on June 5, 1918, we began intensive training. It was on July 4 that we reached the town of Watson, Belgium, and immediately occupied the second line of defenses, following closely with the occupation of the first line. On July 16 we saw our first actual engagement, in which "Old Jerry" felt the gentle Yankee touch and scampered from the scene, leaving about 25 casualties and 15 prisoners. Our losses were insignificant.

Battle of Kemmel Hill We soon learned why we were sent to Ypres, in the Belgium sector. Three unsuccessful attempts had been made within six months by British, French and Scotch troops to take this position, and when the boys of the Thirtieth division were sent to strengthen the British artillery in conjunction with the Twenty-Seventh division (New York), they (the Americans) were welcomed by some of the British troops as "war prolongers." To use the expression of this one particular Tommy, "It took us nearly four years to hold off these bloomin' Germans, and now you Yankees expect to come over here and do in a few months what we couldn't do in four years. It will only mean that the war will be prolonged, where we might as well give up now."

This feeling grew intense and was greatly resented by the Yanks until we found it necessary to pound a little brotherly love into "Cousin Tommy." The British soldier is not a natural-born fighter, as was evidenced by the progress of the Germans, but, inspired by the valor of the Yanks, they gallantly fought side by side. We had made up our minds after our first fight with "Old Jerry" that it would be "either heaven or hell or Hoboken by Christmas." On September 3 we marched to Kemmel hill from Ypres, and history related that that famous elevation changed hands. And what is more, it stayed changed, for after an all day battle, which resembled a rough game of see-saw, the Yanks drove the enemy back and consolidated the positions. We had quite a number of casualties in this battle.

In this battle I had a taste of gas. Not enough to put me out, but I was rushed to the rear and given the same treatment that is given in all cases of gas poisoning. I was back in the game long before it was over, and went over the top with our boys. Having qualified as a machine gunner, it was my honor to represent our squad with a 37-pound Lewis machine gun. It was just like sprinkling a lawn—200 shots a minute—and I had 50 rounds of ammunition in my belt. "Old Jerry" used machine guns, too, but the swiftness of the Yanks seemed to awe them. They would fire constantly as long as they were at a safe distance, but when we had suffered heavy casualties and gained a capturing distance, they would throw up their hands and yell "Kamerad." In most cases they yelled something else, too, for we had little time for sentiment.

At Historic Bellecourt Our objective gained, we were sent down to the St. Quentin sector, and called Bellecourt, France, our home. In the intervening 20 days, we were in trenches almost constantly awaiting the word to attack. We were accompanied by the Twenty-seventh division of New York, brigaded with the artillery of the Fourth British Army. On the night of September 28, the word to attack came, placing the zero hour at 5:30 a. m. Sunday, September 29. With the fury of a storm that increases in violence as it progresses the Yanks hurled themselves at "Old Jerry." All was forgotten, save the honor of the flag. It was a terrible slaughter. Time and again our lines were thin, but these brave lads were quickly replaced by the onrush of those fighting Yanks. The artillery would lay down a barrage, and with the aid of a smoke screen, we advanced. Once we moved so swiftly that we suffered casualties in our ranks from the very guns that were paving the way for us. An airplane of the allied armies would precede us and signal our objective, then dart to the rear and signal the artillery that we were in the clear, and for them to dig away.

All went well until about 8:30 a. m., when "Old Jerry" dropped a shell too close to be safe, and I went down with a piece of shrapnel in my left leg, which shattered the bone and tore the ligaments in my foot. Another piece went through my trench helmet, but

fortunately only grazed my cheek. That same shell killed four of our men. My "buddy," Clifford Owens, of Borden, Ind., dragged me to a shell hole, where I was protected from further fire. Back into the fight my "buddy" dashed, and one of the first to be brought into the shelter of that same shell hole that gave me protection, was my own "buddy." The poor lad was dead when he was brought in. The battle raged. Men fell every where. We were up and over the crest of the hill.

Captain Ben F. Dixon That is a fitting account of my story. The reason of this battle would not be complete without a posthumous tribute to the bravest of our captains, Benjamin Dixon, of North Carolina. If ever there was a leader, it was he. Four times he was wounded, but continued his march with us until he was wounded. "Fire back at 'em!" He fell close enough to me that I might have helped him, but our brave and noble captain had "gone west." Our division had reached its objective and passed on. The battle raged with even greater fury. From the shelter of the shell hole where I was lying, I saw seven British soldiers approaching who had just abandoned their disabled tank. Rescue seemed within my grasp, when a shell burst in front of the group, killing the entire seven. For 38 hours I lay in this shell hole (by this time a hell hole) without a living soul to render even temporary aid.

Takes German Prisoners. Suddenly, from out of another hole not far distant, crept two German soldiers, and headed in my direction. My own automatic and machine gun were on the field where I fell. I had enough strength left to crawl over and pick up a rifle from the side of a dead German. My next move meant either rescue or death; in fact, I figured that it was death any way I took it, and decided to die fighting. Up came my rifle, and up went two pairs of strong German arms. One of them was a saxon, and spoke English fluently. They didn't know that I was the only living soul in that hole, or they might have changed their minds when they turned over their guns. When they saw that I was wounded, they asked me if I wanted them to carry me into our lines, agreeing to surrender as a reward for safe conduct. Forming a basket, they carried me back to our line to safety, where they were registered as prisoners of war. Although I received credit for their capture, my life was in their hands, for I had hardly strength enough left to hold around their necks to keep from falling. On the other hand, I suppose my pair were glad that they had as well as they did.

Treacherous Huns. Looking back now on what has happened in the past year, full of adventure, privation and misery, I have only the recollection of duty done to the best of my ability. Many things have happened that I might have forgotten to relate, as it is impossible to recall all that occurred. However, two events of that fateful year cause my blood to run cold whenever I think of them. The first related to the treachery of the Huns. We were gathered in a small group up in Belgium, laughing and joking, when close by a raincoat was observed. It being a long one, and ours short, four lads of the twenty-seventh division made a rush for it at the same time. There was a bomb under it and the four were blown to pieces. The second event was the loss of my "buddy," Clifford Owens, to whom I undoubtedly owe my life today. These thoughts do not occur when engaged in battle. They only come when peace and quiet supplant din and strife, and then they come to stay.

The work of the Red Cross and the Salvation Army among our boys in Belgium, France and England will not be sufficiently appreciated by the folks at home until our boys arrive from overseas. Not all the glory belongs to the men who carried arms and roared the enemy, for to these angels of mercy belongs a greater reward than mortal man can bestow. If not they justly receive it some day, if may in this world of sorrow and strife, where they have spent their lives to alleviate the misery of others, then may they receive it in a far better world after they have "gone west."

The entire Thirtieth division was complimented by Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, and the decoration of Croix de Guerre conferred on each individual member by the state of Belgium.

Our troops gained each objective and consolidated their position. My story now deals with the hospital corps. After receiving treatment at the field hospital and casualty clearing station, I was sent to the base hospital. Two weeks later I was taken to Winchester, England, and after I had regained strength was sent to Bath for further treatment. While I was lying in the hospital at Winchester pneumonia developed, which threatened for a time to finish the job that "Old Jerry" had left undone. Then came the trip across the broad, deep Atlantic. Three days out at sea we encountered extremely rough weather, which also seemed to be a part of the war programme. We never expected to see the good old U. S. A.

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Only Aspirin... with the safety Bayer Cross on them are genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," owned and made by Americans and proved safe by millions of people. Unknown quantities of fraudulent Aspirin Tablets were sold recently by a Brooklyn dealer which proved to be composed mostly of Talcum Powder.

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Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. Fame is a fleeting thing; why pursue the phantom? Proper Food for Weak Stomachs The proper food for one man may be all wrong for another. Every one should adopt a diet suited to his age and occupation. Those who have weak stomachs need to be especially careful and should eat slowly and masticate their food thoroughly. It is also important that they keep their bowels regular. When they become constipated or when they feel dull and stupid after eating, they should take Chamberlain's Tablets to strengthen the stomach and move the bowels. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect.

again. After a short stay at Camp Merritt, I came over to Fort Sheridan, Ill. where I will undergo another operation on my return for my narrolough expire.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



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Tasty red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.



PUT a pipe in your face that's filled cheerily brimful of Prince Albert, if you're on the trail of smoke peace! For, P. A. will sing you a song of tobacco joy that will make you wish your life job was to see how much of the national joy smoke you could get away with every twenty-four hours!

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666 cures headaches, biliousness, loss of appetite, foul breath, or that tired aching feeling due to malaria or colds. It removes the cause.

THRESHERS MUST HAVE LICENSE Attention is called to an act passed by the legislature of 1919, entitled "Threshed Grains of North Carolina," requiring that those who thresh grain in the State must obtain license from the register of deeds of the county in which the threshing is done. There is no charge for this license. This license entitles the thresher to operate in any county. License expires November 1st of the year in which it is issued.

Section 3 of the law provides as follows: It shall be the duty of every person, firm or corporation who shall engage in the threshing of wheat for others or themselves in any county of the State to keep a complete and accurate record of the amount of wheat threshed by such person, firm or corporation, and to make upon blanks to be furnished by the register of deeds of the county, report on or before the first day of November of each year, showing the amount of wheat threshed by said person, firm or corporation during the preceding year. A violation of the provisions of this act shall be deemed a misdemeanor and shall be punished by a fine of not exceeding \$25.00. Provided, the register of deeds shall give thirty days notice to the licensee before indictment is made, and if licensee make said report within said time no indictment shall be made. The register of deeds will upon application issue this license together with a number of report sheets to cover the number of threshings each thresher anticipates. These reports the thresher should turn immediately upon close of the threshing season.

MAMMA! DON'T YOU SEE YOUR CHILD IS SICK, CONSTIPATED. Look at Tongue! Move Poisons From Liver and Bowels at Once. Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach ache, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given. Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Karo advertisement featuring a child and a box of Karo candy. Text: Like other things "made at home" Karo Home-Made Candy is best for Children. Karo is pure and rich in food value; it is wholesome and health building. Fudge—delicate and creamy; Crisp Taffy and Brittle Peanut Candy; Caramels and Fondant—Karo makes many kinds of home-made goodies. FREE The new 68-page Corn Products Cook Book tells you how to make the most delicious Karo Candies easily and quickly. Beautifully illustrated and it is FREE. Write us today for it. Corn Products Refining Company P. O. Box 161 New York City T. B. Norris, Sales Representative Hort Building Atlanta, Ga.