TOWN MEETING
By W. E. HILL

The younger element, perched just outside the door. They pugil and shuffle-stick together with the crooners of the meeting.

A W. O. L., with Honor

Representative group of town politicians stirring...

"Who's there? Isn't that you, Patricia Casey back there?" (A meeting is in a social after where old friends can get together.)

The humorous man. Gets up and moves that the finance board forget the clock and buy a wire watch for Miss Pete. Has everybody in stitches.

Earest worker. Very civic minded, and a good right into any discussion, feet first. Shouts will get all off the track.

A well dressed man has happened Mr. Finney, the third grade teacher, in acquiring a member of the school board, in order to help the school. All the ballads marked "Yes" are nesting, and only the "No" ballads are on hand for the voting!

March 15, 1939

CARAVAN MAN TURNS SOLDIER
By JOHN A. MENDA

HOW an American soldier abandoned his horse, abandoned himself to his regiment without leave, joined up with a company of dough-boys, and took an active and per- formant part in one of the bloodiest battles of the war is the story of an advance patrol led by Sergeant for Private Allen P. Wecott.

Detachment of the Old Guard Reviews

Standing over the shell-battered village of Carentan, on the banks of the River Art, on Oct. 10, 1918, when Company G, 375th Infantry, this division, in the American line of the fighting, was the scene of the sentry of a patrol of about eight men. The front was carry, and no guard, and there was a lot of difficulty and little danger.

They were in open space, however, where there was plenty of room for every man who occupied a hill a thousand yards away. This was the end of the war. The open space or the mud was favored by the enemy, as in order to work across it the Americans spread out in open formation about ten yards apart, with the sergeant in command on the extreme right, and Wecott on the extreme left.

Almost immediately a German rifleman off to the left began shooting at Wecott, but the shot was poor. Then two machine guns began sniping on the group of advancing Americans. One of the guns was in a degreed hail of fire, and the other, still further left, was the subject of a group of three men. One was a Captain who started for the nearest gun, while the other, with the third man, advanced straight toward the hill with the object of cutting into the second gun by turning to the left.

Wecott's group had gone only a few yards when a burst of shots from the near machine gun killed the man who was handling the automatic rifle. Wecott laid down. Pathorpe, picking up the automatic weapon, but, as was not unusual with his team, it immediately jammed in his hands. He dropped it, recovered his rifle, and began creeping on his hands and knees toward the machine gun nest. He heard an explosion from one of the two men still left behind him and knew that the man had been wounded.

"I was highly excited," says Wecott in recalling his reactions on the field, "but up to this moment my courage had stood up well. I could see the pattern offered by the German operating the machine gun, but, as I was not sure, I could not see any part of his belly hump. Bullets from the machine gun were whistling by my head and I do not think I reflected upon how the earth was to be run.

In order to permit himself to get closer, he pulled aside the stung gas mask, which he had been wearing, and looked over the battle position on his chest, pushed it to one side, and grabbed the mask with his carbon canteen hanging around beside him.

The machine gun aboard him was not very effective as a clientele. Wecott thought that it had jammed, and he started towards it on the run, looking over his shoulder through the slit of his gas mask, which had been shot through by the shelling. He left the slit of his gas toward the end, looking for the moment that the mask had lain at his Why the chauffeur was silent. Wecott looked back at the ground and was killed in the process. Was the ground going, and if so, could you see the chauffeur?

"I can try," was Wecott's reply.

"Then get back to the com- company as fast as you can," came the order from the patrol leader.

Wecott jumped to his feet and ran away in a covered field, crossed the ridge, and reached the French, crossed the German narrow-gauge railway that permitted the French trains, and reached the company position from which he originally set out.

Wecott was the only one of the original party of eight to get back safely across the river. He believes that all of the other seven men, including the sergeant, were killed. He ran across an old double-track French railroad that paralleled the ridge, crossed a German narrow-gauge railway that permitted the French trains, and reached the company position from which he originally set out. He was very thankful that he had kept his head and followed the course of the railway across the field, crossed the road at the rear of the cross, the needle, and was able to advance in water up to his neck.

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