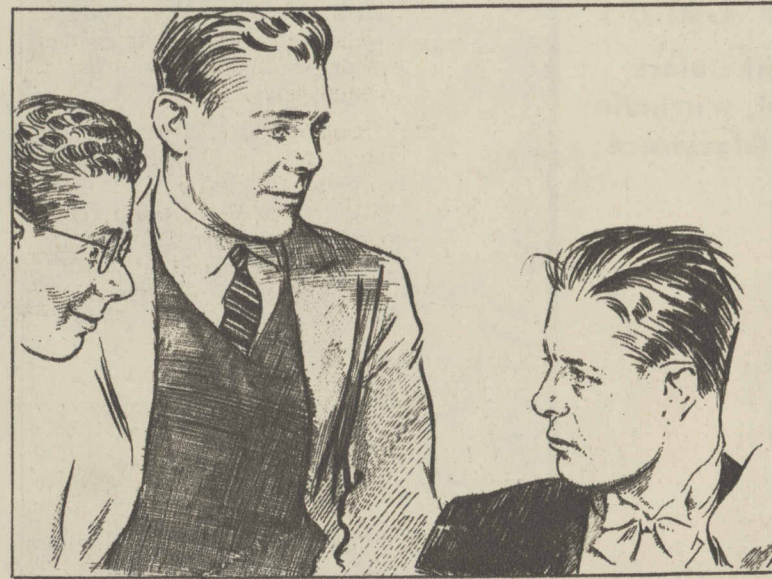


JUNIOR PROM

By W. E. Hill

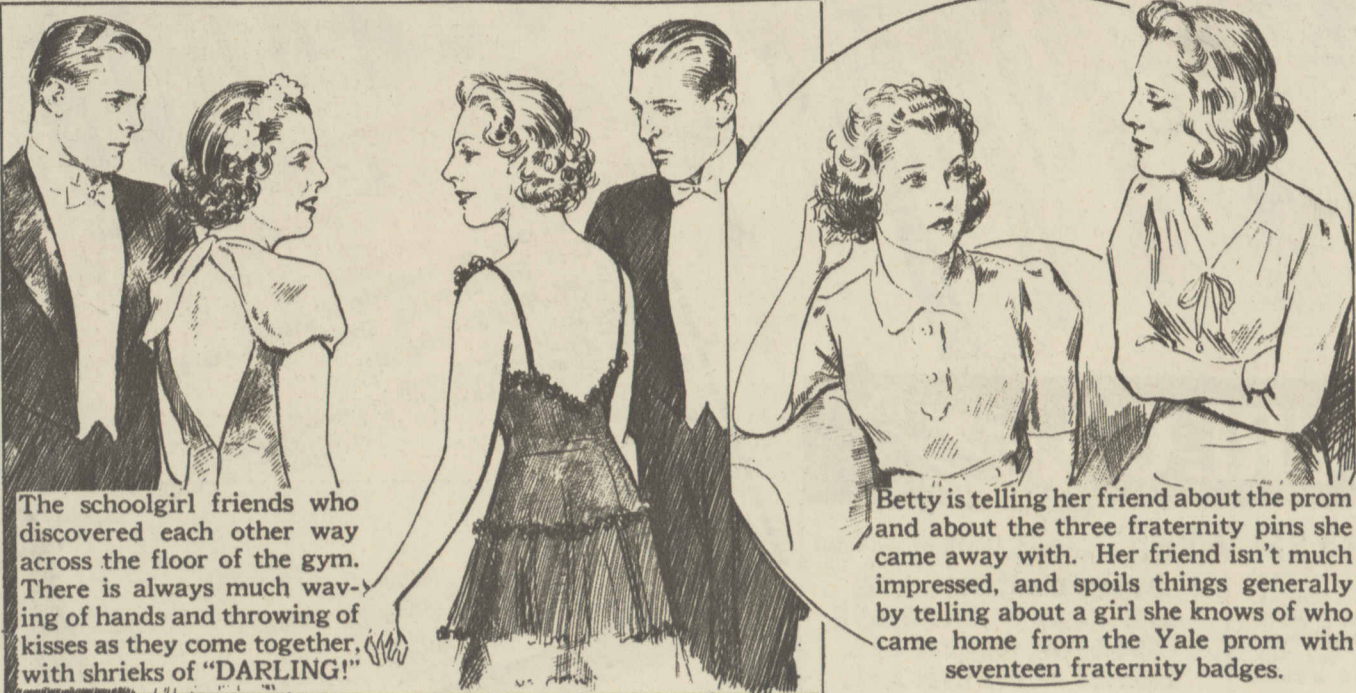
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Alys isn't having a very good time. Her boy friend has had only four lessons in the dance and has to count, "One—two, one—two," out loud as they trip ("trip" is the word) the light fantastic. Then, too, he's shorter than Alys, and she has to bend. So that cheek-to-cheek technique is pretty well out. Alys wore red, thinking the boys would take more notice, but every third girl seems to have chosen red, too.



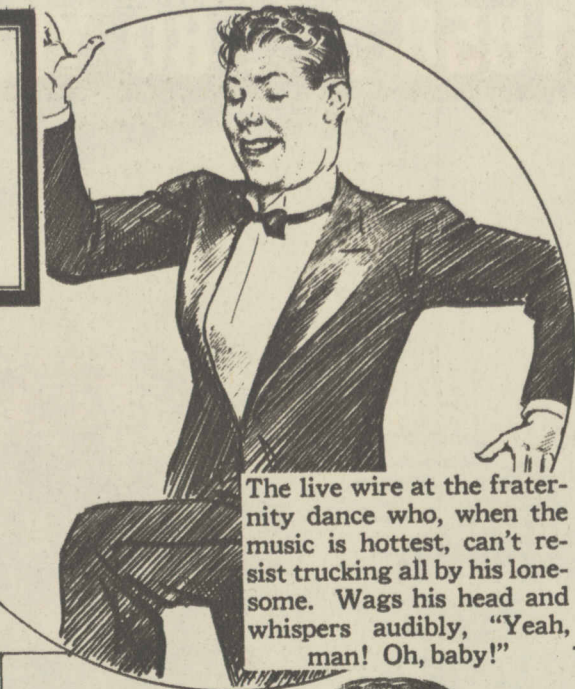
Margot is very critical, having been to proms before. She thinks this one is just awful, the music is a "mess," the gym "dinky," and the dancers "too silly." Tells her escort about the marvelous floor at the Amherst prom, and how the orchestra was too superb! Wants to go home around 12 o'clock.

The dance floor, showing the boy who aims to make a hit with his professors by dancing with their wives. To each wife he says, "You don't dance one bit like a professor's wife!"



The schoolgirl friends who discovered each other way across the floor of the gym. There is always much waving of hands and throwing of kisses as they come together, with shrieks of "DARLING!"

Betty is telling her friend about the prom and about the three fraternity pins she came away with. Her friend isn't much impressed, and spoils things generally by telling about a girl she knows of who came home from the Yale prom with seventeen fraternity badges.



The live wire at the fraternity dance who, when the music is hottest, can't resist trucking all by his lonesome. Wags his head and whispers audibly, "Yeah, man! Oh, baby!"



The couples who are so crazy about swing that they stand breathless by the musicians for hours.

Breakfast at the fraternity house, showing the boys who didn't attend the prom and look fresh as daisies, eyeing the prom couple waiting for the dining hall to open. One of them has remarked kindly that NEVER has he seen a sorrier sight!

The Story of a Hero



(U. S. Signal Corps photo.)

American infantry advancing through barbed wire in the sector where Ryan saw service.

THE GERMANS were in the main part of the town of Mouzon, concealed in shell-battered houses. How many of them there were only they themselves knew.

The Americans were in a suburb of the town.

Between the opposing forces ran the deep and swift-flowing Meuse.

On the night of Nov. 8, 1918, a 17-year-old corporal, Oscar H. Ryan, and eight companions, all of Company K, 9th infantry, volunteered to enter Mouzon to find out, if possible, the strength of the enemy there. They waited until after 1 o'clock and then stole out across the long bridge which connected the suburb with the town proper.

It was a clear moonlight night, making it necessary for them to advance with caution. Ryan was armed with a service automatic pistol. The other men carried both pistols and rifles, and they all were supplied with hand grenades.

Slowly they negotiated the bridge, peering toward the clump of houses on the other side of the river for signs of the Germans. All was quiet in the vicinity. They moved from the end of the bridge closer and closer to the houses of the town. Still there were no evidences of the enemy. They were stealthily approaching the shadows of the closest building, which stood less than a hundred yards away, when the calm of the night was shattered by the crashes of rifles and machine guns. Ryan, recalling the awful moment, says:

"The Germans certainly went to work on us."

Firing from windows of the houses, from the shadows cast by tumbled ruins, and from machine gun nests scattered along the river edge of the town, the enemy literally rained bullets upon the little group of American doughboys. Elsewhere in the town German artillery joined the chorus, the flashes from the field pieces visible to Ryan and his men.

Being thus prevented from going farther into the town, the Americans began a slow retreat toward the bridge, fighting as they fell back. German riflemen boiled out from the houses in large numbers, shouting to the Americans to surrender. One by one members of the little party battling against such desperate odds slumped to the ground, drilled through by machine gun and rifle bullets. The Germans by this time had cut off their retreat across the bridge, so they worked their way toward the river bank. And only three of the party of nine were left on their feet when the river was reached. These three, Ryan and two companions whose names he has forgotten, leaped into the cold, swift river and swam for their lives. Of the six men they

brought back, along with the hand grenades that they were unable to use, valuable information as to the number and disposition of the enemy, the town of Mouzon was not cracked in the American advance of the next few days. Instead of crossing the Meuse by means of the bridge that the party of nine had used on that fateful night, marines of the 2d division, of which Ryan's regiment was a part, bridged the river with pontoons at some little distance to the south.

The company of which Ryan was a member moved upstream about four miles and took a position on Nov. 10 in the little village of Villemontré, overlooking a sweep of the river. That night Ryan's squad drew guard duty, its members being scattered in sniping posts along the river bank. About 1 o'clock the young corporal, then acting as sergeant, made a round of these posts. Climbing to the second floor of an old building

Sniper's Night Alone Under German Fire

By JOHN A. MENAUGH

left behind, Ryan says five positively were dead. The sixth, he believes, died later of wounds.

While the three were swimming toward the American side of the river the water all around them was splashed with bullets. Though the river was only about 150 feet across at that spot, it seemed a mile wide that night to Ryan.

"We were so scared," he says, "that we were thinking only of one thing—getting back to safety. I am sure not one of us at any time that night was thinking about a decoration."

In a sleeve of his coat Ryan later discovered two bullet holes. And his cap (he was not wearing a helmet) also was pierced by a shot.

Although the trio of survivors of this foray into the German lines

which stood directly above the bank of the river, he found two of his men dead—picked off cleanly by enemy sharpshooters.

On the floor of their post were their two telescope-equipped rifles, just as they had fallen from their grasps. Also on the floor was a cigarette, still glowing.

"It was that burning cigarette that had drawn the enemy fire," says Ryan.

Instead of reporting back to a superior officer the double tragedy of the sniping post, Ryan stayed there himself for the remainder of the night, firing at gun flashes across the river and trying to discern enemy targets by the light of the flares that were floating from time to time above the river.

When daylight came the Germans turned their artillery on the building in which Ryan was concealed. He barely had time to escape with his life before enemy shells crumpled the structure, the roof and stone walls of which collapsed into the cellar, where a large number of American soldiers were sleeping. Ryan believes that there were approximately fifty men in this cellar, the greater number of whom were killed when the



Marines of the 2d division, in which Ryan served, in Belleau wood the day after its capture by Americans.

roof and walls caved in. He helped dig out the dead and injured.

This was on the morning of Nov. 11—the last day of the war.

For his exploits on the nights of Nov. 8 and 10 Ryan drew two official citations. He was decorated with the American distinguished service cross and the French croix de guerre with palm.

Ryan was residing with his parents in Cuero, Tex., in 1916 when trouble was brewing between this country and Mexico. He ran away from home and school to join a Texas National Guard outfit, and saw service on the border. When America declared war on Germany the troops from Texas with which he had served, and others from Oklahoma, were consolidated to form the 36th division, his regiment being the 143d infantry. It was with this outfit that he crossed to France from Newport News.

He was in France only two weeks when he was transferred to Company K of the 9th infantry, which, with the 23d infantry, the 5th and 6th marines, the 12th, 15th, and 17th field artillery, and other units, constituted the famous 2d division.

After the war he returned to Texas, but in 1920 he came to Chicago, where he has resided ever since except for some time spent in California. He dwells at 3804 North Sawyer avenue. His profession is that of a sound engineer, but at the time this was written he was without employment.

Still a comparatively young man, Ryan apparently suffered no ill effects from his hazardous service overseas. Despite the hot spots that he found himself in, such as the foray into Mouzon and the night in the sniper's post at Villemontré, he never was touched by a bullet.

"Just a little gassing—that's all," he says.



(U. S. Signal Corps photo.)

An officer of the 15th field artillery, 2d division (with megaphone), reporting from observation post in Chateau-Thierry sector.