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The Bamberg Herald

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AMERICAN TEAM WORK WINS ARGONNE BATTLE

Troops From South, East, Southwest, and Central West Crash Through German Lines in One of War's Most Notable Engagements— Doughboys Appear Out of Mist With Bayonets Fixed For Business.

The following is from the Stars and Stripes:

The thick wall of German resistance in Argonne against which the First American army had been hammering since the last week in September gave way with a crash on November 1, and the Yankee troops, who had gone stubbornly through with more than a month of murderous, inch by inch, hammer and tongs fighting, came at last into their reward.

To them at last came the heart warming though somewhat fatiguing experience of chasing the Germans as fast as their trucks and their horses and their legs would carry them.

Marshal Foch has sent General Pershing the following telegram:

"Operations begun November 1 by the First American army have already assured, thanks to the valor of the high command and to the energy and the bravery of the troops results of the greatest importance. I am happy to send you my warmest congratulations on the success of these operations."

By the end of the fourth day, with increased resistance developed all along the line, troops working along the west bank of the Meuse were throwing pontoon bridges across the rain swollen river, under fire from enemy guns perched on the palisades beyond, the fire of which wiped out one of the four bridges. A brigade moved across in the darkness, and by daylight of the fifth day a whole division was operating on the eastern heights.

On the sixth day the advance was still going forward on both sides of the Meuse.

Meanwhile, at the center, Beaumont with 500 good French citizens released, lay for behind the advance of the Americans, who had moved forward 25 kilometers since last Friday morning and 45 kilometers since the battle began on September 26.

It was on last Friday morning, when the eastern sky line was tinged with the first promise of day, that the infantry moved forward for the third great assault of the Argonne drive—moved forward after the most stupendous artillery preparation in American history. It is not enough to say that behind them the guns were wheel to wheel. The cannon used in some areas could not all have been crowded in had they been placed wheel to wheel.

Snapshots of Whole Line.

Not merely guns and tanks and airplanes helped, however. The very earth and air and sky seemed in alliance with the doughboys. For a week the weather had been kinder far than those of us who remembered last fall in France had dared even to hope.

For a week the winged cameras had been hovering over the German front, uncovering his every secret and supplying to the high command such a complete set of photographs that the guns, by a few rays of merciless firing, had been able, calmly and systematically, to wreck the enemy works, casting and decimating his reserves, harrying his train, bewildering his communications.

Now, on the morning of mornings, with dry ground under foot and a low, almost impenetrable ground mist overlay that devastated land, providing for the oncoming infantry such a screen as no merely human chemical corps has yet been able to devise.

Shielded by that and preceded by a barrage that was precise and flexible beyond all our previous experience, the doughboys went forward. Under the avalanche of shells the Germans had vanished discretely underground; no one could have stayed out and lived. When the barrage moved on and they emerged it was to find all the surface of the earth in their neighborhood in the possession of young Americans in large numbers, who came at them out of the mist with bayonets ready for business.

St. Georges Goes First.

For the first few hours—for the first day in some places along the front stretching from Grandpre to the

Meuse—the resistance was bitter, the outcome doubtful, the fighting nasty. But one by one the bastions fell. The first to fall was St. Georges, for all their mazes of barbed wire and their garrisons of gunners, so that within an hour the excited observers were reporting long columns of prisoners, hundreds of them trotting back through the mist to the waiting cages.

Further to the west, Champigneulle held out all day, and so did the Bois des Loges, that sinister little forest near Grandpre, which resisted capture even after 30,000 rounds of ammunition deluged its bristling underbrush. But once this final line of defenses fell, the way was clear, and for the troops that had broken through there remained only the task of a breathless and exhilarating pursuit.

Some resistance, to be sure, was encountered all the way. Machine gun rear guards there were, and not merely these, but skillfully placed and bravely manned batteries of light artillery sprinkled through the copses and ravines of Ardennes to delay the pursuit, much as an escaping man twitches a chair down behind him for his pursuer to stumble upon.

The Tricolor Reappears.

But the Americans pushed on at full speed, capturing battery after battery, reclaiming town after town, inexpressibly heartened on their way by the sight of brave, gray little tricolors fluttering once more from the windows of many a good French home, which for four black years had been forced to shelter comfort loving German officers.

By the fourth day they had gone more than 20 kilometers. Sedan lay nearer than Montfaucon. Beaumont was theirs, and they were abreast of Stenay. As for the famous Mezieres-Longuyon railway shuttle—artery of the German occupation—it was not merely within reach of an occasional shell from a long range gun. It was at the mercy of our ordinary heavies.

As for the Kriemhilde line, that formidable stretch of reinforced crests to which the Germans had retired early in October and from which it had been so desperately hard to drive them—the Kriemhilde line lay behind.

By the end of the second day it was glowing with a thousand Yankee campfires, and the troops settling down there for even a few hours rest were scornfully described by those in the line up beyond Buzancy and Fosse as loafing in the S. O. S.

The American communique of November 3 wound up with this sentence:

"In addition to regulars, there were in this attack divisions composed of National army troops from Texas and Oklahoma; from Kansas, Missouri, Colorado and New Mexico; from New York, from New Jersey, Maryland and West Virginia; from Maryland, the District of Columbia and Virginia."

But the story of the German retreat from the Kriemhilde line has not been fully told till the roll has been called of all the divisions which have fought in the Argonne since September 26. For that advance was but the third phase of the one battle, the battle itself, of course, but part of a greater battle extending from Verdun to the border of the Netherlands.

To some of the troops which had shouldered part of the original burden of the battle—to the New York division, for instance, which had driven the Germans foot by foot from their strongholds in the evil old forest of Argonne itself—fell now the distinction of sharing in the final pursuit as well. But others, who had gone through with some of the most bitter fighting of the war, were not present in the line—did not happen to be present in line—when the great break came.

Chase, Not a Battle.

They shared, nevertheless in that victory. When a wall, hammered a dozen times by a battering ram,

UNPUBLISHED CASUALTIES.

Pershing Estimates Number Yet to Come 66,892.

Washington, Dec. 19.—Casualties of the American expeditionary forces which have not been published, but which have been announced officially by Gen. Pershing, had been reduced at noon December 18 to a total of 66,892. These, the War Department announced today, were classified as follows:

Major casualties, including killed in action, died of wounds, died of disease and died of other causes, 1,680; wounded, 64,862; missing and prisoners, 350.

A large proportion of the 64,862 names listed as wounded are minor cases, it was said, many patients having long since recovered and returned to duty. Officials explained that the total is really less, due to the fact that Gen. Pershing's total included marine casualties of 1,202 killed and more than 4,000 wounded, which already have been published by the marine corps headquarters here.

crumbles at the 13th blow, it can not be said it was the 13th blow which brought it down. And it can be said that if it had not been for certain minor, little chronicled operations which preceded the final thrust of November 1—if it had not been, say, for the wedges driven into the Kriemhilde line by the bloody fighting which cleared Bantheville forest and gave us the hills of Chatillon and Dame Marie, the drive which began last Friday morning would not have been made so easily and might not have been made at all.

What followed for a few days, when the break did come, was not a battle at all. It was a wild and exuberant chase. Its gait was breath taking. It was impossible to keep up with the doughboys; it was hard enough in all conscience to keep tabs on where they were in any given hour.

They were soon beyond reach of the finest lenses set in the high watchtower of Montfaucon. Telewires could scarcely be strung fast enough to keep check on them, and, after all, runners have only legs. It fell to the swift couriers of the air lanes to keep posted the generals toiling, beaming but breathless, in the doughboys' wake.

For the guns, they set a maddening pace. All the first day there was but one law of the highway: "Make way for the guns—make way for the guns." It was at once a war cry, a traffic regulation and a gospel. By 8 o'clock of the first morning some of the guns called it a day, packed up and started forward.

They moved eight kilometers before opening fire and then next morning they had to take to the road again. The artillery that started up past Champigneulle, having left half their guns behind and doubled their horses for greater speed, hoped at each cross roads to stop and resume business. They never unhitched for 48 hours.

Lost in the Pursuit.

A few wildcat guns kept apace with the infantry, boasting that they would make good with point blank fire when their chance came. They did make good, but some of these loose pieces fell behind and were lost in the chase.

"We'll just keep going," one captain confided to the surrounding traffic, "and when we catch up to some doughboys, any doughboys, we'll stop and help them out. However," he went on with some feeling, "it's a little hard, now that they seem to have issued each doughboy a Ford car for his personal use."

The commander of the brigade which took Buzancy and Authé—a colonel who with his blankets on his own back, clawed his way for 22 days through the forest of Argonne at the snail's pace enforced on the troops which cleared that jungle of Germans and who now carries in his pocket a cigarette case engraved, "In memory of St. Juvin, October 15, 1918"—must have felt, when his battalions raced ahead of him through Ardennes, that he had gone back to his old cavalry days. From behind there came from time to time the plaintive cry of the commander of another brigade:

"I have orders to leap frog you. But, my God, how can I when I can't catch up!"

For Buzancy, by the way, there was a great race. Every unit knew of its spacious chateau and aspired to occupy it as headquarters. One regimental P. C. did spend a night there, but they were hustled out next morning with biting inquiries as to what they meant by staying so far

30th DIVISION CASUALTIES 7,623.

Figures Cover Period Up To November 23.—Home Lads in Division.

Washington, Dec. 16.—Gen. Pershing cabled the War Department today that practically complete reports of deaths in action among the expeditionary forces should reach the department by December 20, and of severely wounded by December 27.

Total casualties to November 23 in the Thirtieth division (North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee National Guard) were given as 7,623. The casualties were classified as follows: Killed in action, 1,168; died of wounds, 238; died of disease, 15; died of other causes, 5; severely wounded, 1,181; wounded, degree undetermined, 805; slightly wounded, 3,973; missing or captured, 193.

Gen. Pershing reported that the number of duplicated casualties discovered in the central records' office since November 27 would not operate to reduce the total for the entire expeditionary forces, given in his summary of that date as additional casualties reported more than offset the duplicates. In asking regarding the casualties in the Thirtieth division the department said there had been much apprehension here about the losses of this unit, which helped the British army break the famous Hindenburg line.

behind the lines.

Of course, the kitchens felt it, the strain of that pursuit. Slum and coffee were brewing in transit, the driver lashing, the K. P. stoking, the cook stirring. One mountainous cook, the beginning and end of whose religion—which will get him to heaven—is to carry hot food to the front line, come what may, reinforced his mules with a huge German horse and then pushed the kitchen most of the way with human muscles. A hungry passerby begged a bit of another cook. "Sorry, Buddy, but I've just sent the last drop forward." "Good," said the beggar.

That was the spirit of the pursuit. One sergeant was given a limber loaded with well filled thermos cans. "Here's some food for the doughboys. They are miles and miles up that way somewhere. Get it to them." And he did, though his rig balked at the last bridgeless stream and he had to carry the cans on his back over the last stretch.

Real War of Movement.

But only the message bearers can really tell the story. One of them would start forward with tidings for a P. C. that had moved on several miles during the morning. Now, with night coming on, he would push on afoot, wriggling through stalled traffic that even a motorcycle could not penetrate, slipping in the mud, taking the wrong turning, using his last match to consult his map once more, getting back to the right road, groping his way forward and finally stumbling through the dark to where a crack of candle light, gleaming under the flap of a gunny sack curtain, told him he had reached his goal.

"Here's a message for the brigade commander."

"Well, he ain't here. This is an engineer headquarters now. The brigade P. C. is up six kilometers ahead. Or at least it was late this afternoon. There was some talk of its moving on."

Here was war of movement with a vengeance. And, after all, it is in such a cross country battle as developed in Argonne on November 1 that the affiliation between all branches of the service is strained and tested. It is easy enough to maintain liaison in trench warfare, it is another matter when the battle line lurches forward nine kilometers in a single day.

Yet never have all the arms of the First American Army shown better team work than during the past week. Artillery and infantry sang each other's praises as they jogged along together. The airplanes were go-between, and when the guns could not reach the receding enemy line in time, the aircraft substituted for the guns, traveling back and forth with loads of bombs.

Also, they bombed the main German railway, hectoring enough as it was, with the sorry business of the retreat. They bombed the railway centers. At Montmedy on Tuesday, for example, an expedition of 145 of our planes wrought most gratifying destructions. The overhead combats were incessant. When it is reported that during the first three days of the fight we lost 29 planes in bringing down 124, the whole story has not been told. It should be added that quite 90 per cent of these combats

(Continued on page 5, column 3.)

REDEEM YOUR WAR SAVINGS PLEDGE!

To the Citizens of Bamberg County:— I must again call your attention to the very unenviable position our county holds in regard to redeeming our pledges made during the June campaign for War Savings. It made us thrill with county pride when we found that Bamberg was the first county in the United States to PLEDGE her quota, and that we ranked second among the counties of our State in the amount pledged per capita, but now we find that in the matter of REDEEMING our pledges we rank FORTY-FIRST—just four counties below us—it doesn't make us feel good.

Friends, as I see it, it would have been better for us not to have pledged one cent than to pledge large amounts and fail to buy them. THE GOOD NAME AND HONOR OF OUR COUNTY IS AT STAKE! Other counties are pointing to us and saying: "You made a great hurrah over your pledges, but we notice you are not coming up with the goods."

I refuse to believe the people will allow this to remain so.

Time is out December 31st. Buy yours and see that your neighbor buys his!

J. CALDWELL GUILDS,
County Chairman.

NEWSPAPERS AND THE WAR.

Weekly and Semi-Weekly Publications Suffered Most.

The Republican publicity association, through the president, Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., has given out the following statement from its Washington headquarters:

"No other business has been hit harder by the war than the newspaper business, particularly in the smaller cities and country towns. The larger metropolitan papers probably suffered least. During 1917 more than 1,200 publications went out of business. After making allowances for new papers started, it appears that there was a net loss of 62 dailies and 569 weeklies.

"The mortality statistics for 1918 will probably show as great a loss for the storage of paper, the increasing cost of all kinds of supplies, and the higher wages, together with the heavy call upon newspaper men for military service, have been more severe this year than last.

"And one of the serious features of the situation is that the people of the country probably do not realize that the most valuable portion of the press has sustained the greater loss. Under popular government the country press, including not only the country weeklies, but the smaller dailies, is the real voice of the people. Editors of large metropolitan papers do not have and cannot have the close touch with the people that is a necessary incident of the life of the country editor. Just as Washington is the poorest place in the country to get in line on the political thought of the nation, so the big city newspaper office is the poorest place to get a correct picture of national thought, either political or otherwise. The people of the United States should realize this, and should see to it that whatever else happens the country press shall be maintained.

"Freedom of speech and of the press is the first essential of a republican form of government, for the representatives of the people cannot know the thought and aspirations and desires of their constituents unless voiced through the mediumship of the local press to which they have access either directly, through the publication of communications, or indirectly through the editors' interpretation of the reviews of his community.

"The country press, including the smaller dailies, represents the producing element of our national life. The large metropolitan press represents the commercial factors. Just as production is the first essential of a permanent prosperity, so the maintenance of that portion of the press that speaks for the producers is most important.

"The metropolitan press has its place in our national life and nobody wishes it ill. The fact remains however, that the vital interests of the nation are most promptly and most clearly represented and the thought of the people most freely and most courageously voiced by the country press. The people of the country may not see it now, but they will some day realize that the large preponderance of suspensions among the weekly publications is a menace to national welfare."

NOVEL LIQUOR SCHEME.

Bottles Are Shipped in Barrels of Tar To Georgia.

Cincinnati, Dec. 19.—According to government agents, who today sealed up a cellar here which they claim contains a large amount of contraband liquor, a wholesale bootlegging establishment has been revealed.

With the arrest of David Shaw of Macon, Ga., the government men claim to have put a stop to the shipping of \$20,000 worth of whiskey a month into Georgia. The manner in which the liquor was shipped, according to the government men, was in the form of barrels of tar. A three inch layer of tar was put in the bottom of the barrel. Then a quantity of bottled whiskey with the bottles wrapped in wax paper to prevent sticking, was put in. Tar was poured in on these and the process repeated until the barrel was filled, with the three inches of tar on the top. Then the barrel was sealed and shipped to its destination, said by the officials to be Macon, Ga.

FLU TAKES HEAVY TOLL.

Marlboro Man Loses Four Children in Two Days.

Bennettsville, Dec. 18.—The influenza epidemic is assuming alarming proportions in Bennettsville. Robert Spears, a few miles South of Bennettsville, lost one child Saturday, two yesterday and one today, making four in two days from influenza and pneumonia. Their ages ranged from twelve to twenty years.

Julian Stross, one of Bennettsville's well-known young business men, died today of pneumonia, following an attack of influenza. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Strauss, of this place. Since leaving school he has been associated with his father and brothers in business, making one of the country's most reliable and successful firms. He is survived by his father and mother, three sisters and four brothers; one brother, Dr. D. D. Strauss, is now in France with the American army.

Another death from the same cause is that of John Foundas, a young Greek who had not been here very long, but had made a very favorable impression on those who came in contact with him.

Willie Told the Truth.

"Willie," demanded Mr. Smith savagely of his offspring, "did you eat any of those pears I left in the cupboard?"

"Pa," answered the youthful George Washington, "I cannot tell a lie; I did not touch one."

The parent eyed the child wrathfully. "Then how is it," he asked sternly, "that I found three pear cores in your bedroom and only one pear left in the cupboard?"

William dissolved rapidly toward the garden gate. "Father," he said, "that is the one I didn't touch."

Disappointing Papa.

Miss Prettkid—"But, father, he's a man you can trust."

Her Pa—"Gracious, girl; what I want is one I can borrow from."—Indianapolis Star.