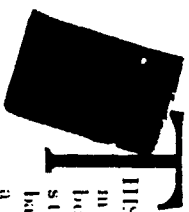


DUTCH BOY BOOK SAVED THIS DOUGHBOY'S LIFE



THIS Dutch Boy memorandum book, blood-stained and battle-scarred, is a war trophy that is highly prized by Harry T. Mitchell, an advertising writer of Washington, D. C., because it saved him from suffering a ripped lung during the American drive on the Hindenburg line.

The grim tragedy of war, the glory of American bravery and a bit of humor, all woven into the following account of the incident by Mr. Mitchell, combine to make a tale that grips:

"My uncle, William P. Schofield, a National Lead Company salesman of Philadelphia, gave me the Dutch Boy memorandum book several years ago. I still had it when I enlisted March 25, 1917, in the old Seventh Regiment of New York. I carried it with me when I went to France.

"When I was wounded September 29, 1918, I was a sergeant

(company 1, 107th Infantry. We were in the front wave of the attack, hounded that memorable Sunday morning against one of the most formidable strongholds of the Hindenburg line, in the vicinity of Hony.

"Our chaps seemed to go down like grass under a lawn mower from the very outset. I had eighteen men under me at the go-off, but this number had been cut down pitifully. The Boche was putting over a devastating enfilade fire, but the advance swept on as if heedless of everything but the goal ahead. The lads knew what it meant to straddle that last Boche trench.

"We had just finished taking the enemy's front line and were sweeping low and his main support line when I felt a smashing wallop on the chest, just as though I'd stepped in front of Ty Cobb as that warby was driving out a home-run. It was a Boche machine-gun bullet and the impact spun me around into a shell hole.

"I thought I was plugged thru and thru. My chest felt numb and dead. Another chap toppled into the same shell hole with most of one side of his face gone. A bullet had struck him in the cheek, and, in going thru, carried with it teeth and bits of jawbone. He couldn't even smoke a cigarette, which was a misfortune.

"I imagine we both thought we soon would be angels. I hadn't even looked at my wound. But as time dragged on and neither of us showed signs of winging heavenward, we both got busy and bandaged each other's hurts. It was then I discovered that the bullet that got me had followed across one of my ribs for about five inches. You may appreciate what a relief this discovery was to a fellow who had been in dismal expectation of an internal hemorrhage any moment.

"But it wasn't until I reached the hospital, after passing thru five aid stations, that I discovered the part played by the Dutch Boy

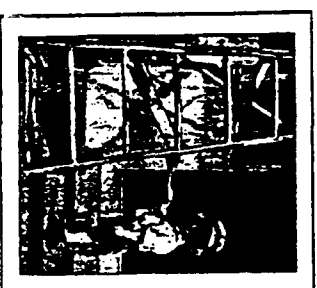
book. "That was the neck I had to go thru my pocket they took away my clothes parred me for an operation carried the book in the up hand pocket of my tunic.

"The book was ripped and gore-saked. Even a pencil that was part of it: trace of having encountered specking token of Kultur.

week in a hospital at Etap shipped to Tommy Atkins' There I was slowly men strengthened for further g Jerry, but before I was we the Boche quit cold. I'd back to my outfit until before New Year's.

"To give you an idea havoc Fritz wrought and that fracas of the Hindenal my company went in officers and 140 men. I later it emerged with no ol only 22 men."

Mr. Mitchell is the 27-year of Mr. and Mrs. George S. 310 Pennell Street, (best



"The Dutch Boy on the Hindenburg," Harry T. Mitchell, advertising writer of Washington, D. C., who carried the book in his pocket and passed it on to his nephew, Mr. Mitchell, after the war. He was in the old Seventh Regiment of New York.