Grim Thoughts Coming to Wounded Soldiers Facing Death Told By Omaha Boy Who Was Hit While in Big Argonne Drive

Thrilling Moments When Allies Launch Final Drive

Former Omaha Newspaper Man, Who Was With 75th Company of Marines, Describes Sensations of "Being Wounded," and Escapes That Border on Miraculous.

Pvt. Karl L. Lee, former Omaha newspaper man, who enlisted with Uncle Sam's marines in July, 1917, has returned from overseas, having served with the Seventy-fifth company, Sixth regiment, Second division.

Lee spent exactly 13 days with a line outfit, during which time he crossed the Hindenburg line twice, hiked through the Argonne forest, seeing at first hand the various battlelines therein established, and finally being wounded in the Argonne-Meuse offensive, November 1.

Two interesting experiences, the first occuring in the week that preceded the Argonne drive when Major General Summeral of the Fifth army corps addressed the men of the Second division, on a "Meuse Hilltop" near Exermont, France, and the second an account of "how it feels to be wounded," are related here. Lee sailed from France, February 1.

wounded, lying on the battlefield,

Thinks Unexpected Thoughts.

In that single hour, the most per

This extract from a letter to a near

By KARL LEE.

Over in France a lot of us game
(?) ones did a lot of things we weren't supposed to do. For example, it was against orders to compare the compared to the comp ple, it was against orders to carry a ural according to the Christian doccamera. I carried one. It was trine to turn to Him? against orders to keep a diary. I "But honestly, that was the last kept one. It was against orders to thing I thought of. Sometimes as stick one's nose where it wasn't of- the shells fell quicker, I shivered like ficially wanted. I stuck my nose a true coward; other times I merely

There were bits of unusual happenings. For instance, it may be strange that a perfectly healthy, bloodthirsty marine, for such we out for all I was worth: "Are you out for all I was worth: "Are you like to style ourselves, could "be" satisfied? on four battlefronts in as few as 13 days; that this same bloodthirsty marine can be wounded, slightly gassed and considerably nerve-tried, friend, written in a hospital at Paris, describes as well, perhaps, as can be, the psychological changes that without so much as firing a rifle at

Such things happen-many times. How does it feel to be wounded? What are the actual thoughts and met more temptations than at any acts of a soldier on the field of battle, helpless and without resource?
What do men who are in the soWhat do men who ar called zone of advance say and do God. The barrage opened at 3 a. m. manner of attack, since we know it differed greatly from that of the differed greatly from that of the life at 6 o'clock, our battalion had moved up into the field from advance posts town limits.

On October 31, the night before at 6 o'clock, our battalion had moved up into the field from advance posts town limits.

At 5 a. m., an hour after being with the brilliance of flares concentering at Sommerance, where our



go with one's experiences under fire. Picture No. 1 Shows Lee "pup" tent at Brest, France, and "buddy" with a couple of in August, 1918. ilous of my entire life, I faced and French girls at Chatillon-sur- Lee is shown in full marine dress in front of the U. S.

"buddy" in front of their ture No. 3.

regimental commander (P. C.) was located. The streets of the village, shell-torn and abandoned, were filled man who is not a Christian is with water and mud. We dug in for "combat group," parallel to the bat-

turned at right angles to a wood in which an American machine gun blessed of his hand, made a last stand. The 1st division met and destroyed them. We are here to finish our commanders straightened out the line. With the coming daylight, we could see mile on mile of rolling plain and there in plain with your as a cheer.

Sth Prussian guard, the kaiser's own, blessed of his hand, made a last will attain it. Let Almighty God be with you as you charge forward and permit you to live to take part in that great rejoicing which will soon be at hand."

Proudest Moment of His Life.

It was the proudest moment of DR MABLE WESSON plain and there in plain view our battle line stretched for miles to

Is Hit Pirst Time.

Hardly a hundred yards past this wood, while kneeling for a short rest, I was first hit. A large shell burst near, and a fragment that I could swear was as big as my fist crashed in my direction. The squad ducked as a man. I opened my eyes to find a huge rent in my overcoat under the right arm and the smoke of burning powder in the air. It barely smoked the skin but to this day I can smell the smoke of that steel.

We were passing the worst of the

Just as we reached the first barbed wire entanglement, a few minutes after the word had been passed to "unload" and "prepare for action," I was hit. The line was coming down a level plain, the slope facing the enemy. Machine gun fire was particularly intense. A tank, disabled, stuck in a hole with the pilot outside airing his feelings lent a hit. outside airing his feelings, lent a bit

of the graphic to the place.

I felt a terrific whang, very like an electric shock, near my side. I did not realize it at once and remarked to the man in front that "that must have been a close one." Then I felt a sudden hotness in the region of my side and the blood began to rush to my head. Instantly I knew I had been hit. I began to stumble

and weaken perceptibly.

For the moment I didn't know what to do. I thought the wound was mortal. I raised my rifle in the air and cried out; "I'm hit! I'm hit! I'm Word was passed to the platoon commander, and he turned, motioning me to fall out. I fell to the

A few yards further on the platoon Omaha boy and another Y., February 13, 1919, in picdemanded gruffly my trouble "Guess I'm hit," I said. "All right let's see it," he demanded. The very gruffness of his tone awakened me and I proceeded to invstigate my wound. It was there, all right. The clothes were pretty well soaked with The apprentice dressed the wound.

Couldn't Fire at Huns.

For a few minutes I cried like a baby. I don't think it too much to say that I cried because I couldn't go on any further. Here, eleven days before the war's end, I was in the one place of all places. The big fun was ahead. And I was slated to go back without so much as firing my rifle at a German. Such is fate. Anyway, when I discovered that my wound was not serious, I deliberately refused a stretcher. I didn't care much whether I got back or not. Later I changed my mind. The next few minutes were spent in cutting my pack away and gathering such personals as I had coveted, in a small bundle. Then I crawled to a shell hole to think things over. The machine gun fire had been and was then sweeping. It seemed my only chance. So I got up and started back. I was weak, my head ached and the blood shot to it at times in peculiar father. suicidal to venture forth yet that was times in peculiar fashion, almost drowning my senses. After 10 minutes of floundering, I met the regimental doctor, a marine officer, coming towards the line. "What's the trouble, boy?"

'Guess I'm hit," I answered. Lies in Shell Hole.

"Better get to a shell hole, then," ne advised, seeing that the wound For nearly an hour I lay at the bottom of that communicating hole. It was big, deep and comfortable, lending a ray of hope. In al! my life I have never experienced a more nerve-trying hour. Though I fell into a doce, my conscious mind blasted on at full speed. Every thought, act or deed of mine rose up before me in its true light. I was guilty of many things not Christian. I tried to pray and couldn't. Then in the end I won. No longer would I fear or disbelieve. And I

have not changed since. Dirt began, finally, to sift in on me. I stood up hurriedly and it was as I expected. The barrage was moving up. Already shells were falling in increased numbers about me, splashing dirt and powder. A machine gun, evidently aiming at a dummy in a communicating hole 10 yards to the left, probably thinking myself or it, a field commander, peppered a welcome in our direction. Something had to be done. So I

Escape Almost Miraculous. How I got away I don't know. For minutes at a time I could walk almost without effort, with an almost superhuman strength; other times I stumbled and fell, crawling weakly, choking back sobs, from shell hole to shell hole. But I got there. A long column of German prisoners was coming over the horizon in charge of marines. The sight brightened me and I grew lighthearted.

The next morning I was in Paris. The other "greatest" experience of my life occurred while our division, the Second regulars, were encamped on a "Meuse hilltop," noted as such in my diary, during the week that preceded the great Argonne-Meuse offensive. We had been on the road for eight days, coming from the Champagne front, and had passed through a half-dozen recent battle ronts, experiencing the hardest of

To Rout Enemy.

"The time has come," General Summeral began. I stood within an arm's length of him. "Marshal Foch and the allied commanders have come to a decision. Tomorrow morning on a 200-mile front, the armies of the affies move forward to roll back the enemy and win that victory for which we have so long fought-the complete rout of the crown prince's armies.

"On the very ground on which you now stand, eight days ago the hamman manual ma

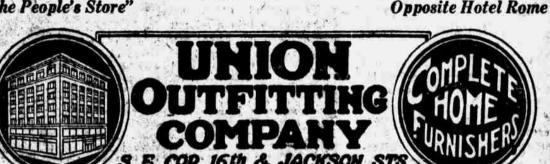
There was a cheer.

"Some of you will not come back, but you will have fought gloriously in the greatest battle of all history. It is your lot to do this thing which humanity has demanded shall be done. Our object is the railroad the lat 22 days earlier, was already

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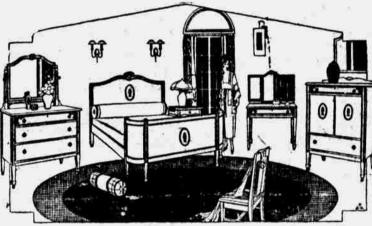
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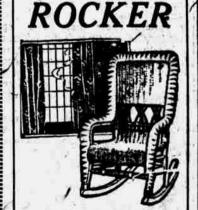
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