

# MACKENZIE'S LAST STORY A BATTLEFIELD EPIC

## Gifted Author Completed for The New York Herald, Just Before His Death, a Study of Places in France Where Our Boys Gained Undying Glory, and Told How Famous Fields Appear Two Years After Peace

Entrance to Bierancourt, headquarters of the American Committee for Devastated France. The arch and buildings still bear marks of German shells, which caused great havoc in the town.

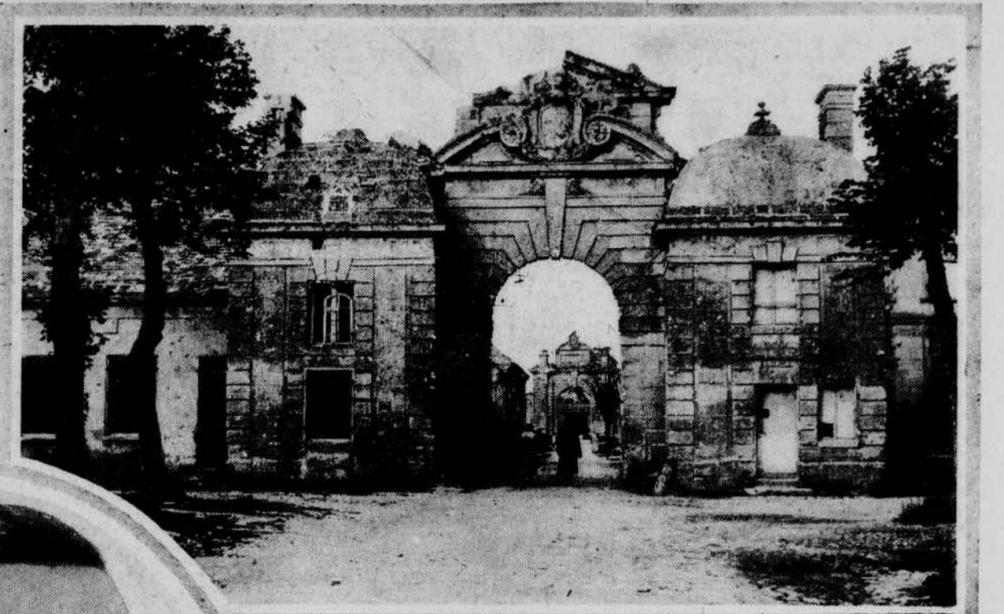
HEREWITH is published the last work of Cameron Mackenzie, the well known author and contributor to magazines. Mr. Mackenzie died recently while on the voyage from Liverpool to New York. For a few weeks prior to leaving England Mr. Mackenzie had made a close study of what may be called the American battlefields of France for The New York Herald. The article which follows provides a vivid picture of these battlefields to-day.

By CAMERON MACKENZIE.

If any American doughboy were to return to France to-day he would be amazed to discover how little change there has been in the villages and towns into which he fought. Along the Marne, in the St. Mihiel sector, in the Argonne, one finds the

Americans hauled some thirty-five Boches still in the condition it was on the morning after the attack. As far as one could discover there were only a handful of people who had returned to Vaux and these were living in wooden shacks erected at the edge of the ruins. Not a few of the women in the village had been taken off by the Germans and after the war repatriated. Lying close to Vaux, of course, is the famous Belleau Wood, made immortal by our marines, commanded in those early days by Gen. Harford. Any doughboy who knew Belleau Wood when it was on our sector would marvel at the present transformation. In his day dead horses, dead Germans, French and Americans, with a litter of clothing, gas masks, helmets and the general accoutrement of war covered the terrain. There were those also who saw Belleau Wood a trifle later; the dead had been buried, in most cases where they had fallen.

by files, waiting for that intolerably delayed aid that was promised and for twenty-four hours did not come, has returned to the peace and grandeur of its old chateau days. No hint remains of the boys of the First and Second divisions who, cherishing luggers and Boche helmets, their first harvest of souvenirs, stood the punishment of those long hours with the spirit of youth and America. The Crepy tragedy was due to the secrecy of the Foch surprise attack of July 18. To every one who was identified with that movement Villiers-Cotteret brings back pregnant memories. It was through Villiers-Cotteret on the night of July 17-18 that our First and Second divisions silently moved side by side with the Scotch Seaforth's and the Moroccans—the troops with which Mangin earned the reputation of the "butcher of the French army," the most fearless, devil-may-care outfit of men who ever took arms—to the great attack. Villiers-Cotteret to-day



The new settlement at Montfaucon, one of the towns near the Argonne Forest well remembered by the A. E. F.

population simply waiting for the moment when actual reconstruction will be possible. That moment is altogether in the hands of Germany, and one and all of these people still living in their shattered villages think little less, talk little less, than the great indemnity that it is hoped the French Government will be able to exact from the Boche. I have just returned from a tour of the entire American battle area, and the impression which one most strongly brings back is how the French people love their homes and continue, despite all the devastation, to cling to them. Everywhere one found in the still desolate sections families either making the most of their ruins or living in wooden shacks adjacent to that which had been their domicile, waiting for the day when it will be possible for them to resurrect their home. It is certain that any American soldier returning to France to-day would not find any of the people in the towns where he may have billeted half so appealing as they are to-day.

Often a grave would lie beside a hastily dug "rabbit hole," a mute testimony, easy for any doughboy to read. But to-day on the heights of Belleau Wood lies the well ordered American cemetery, the most important of our burial grounds. The bodies from the graves scattered through the woods and along the roadside of that battle ground have been placed in symmetrical rows, each marked with a white wooden cross and covered with well tended sod. Later, after seeing many graves, in most cases decorated with bead wreaths and faded flowers, the austere dignity of the simple American grave, the idea that it conveyed of dignity and democracy, was most impressive.

### Chateau Thierry, Cleaned Up, Is Still a Mournful City

Chateau Thierry, key position to the turning point of the war, came next. The blue Marne, through which the boys of the Eighteenth Regiment swam on the heels of a fleeing army, was as blue and colorful as ever. Long since the worst of the ravages of the war have been removed; no pontoon boats line the banks; the bridges across the river have been rebuilt and are quite splendid in their newness. But Chateau Thierry is still a triste city. Houses have been repaired in many cases, but everywhere one is confronted with evidence of what was accomplished by French and American artillery. There is a conspicuous cleanliness about the town to-day which it is certain few Americans who have not been there since 1918 could envision. Industrially, however, the town gives few evidences of life, and to the hurried observer a first sense comes in Chateau Thierry of how desperately France is waiting for better days to come. In the surrounding country, though—that gentle countryside of the wandering Marne, the little stream wherein thousands of bodies of American boys used to gleam in the crystal sunshine of a French summer as they bathed—one found winter ploughing in progress everywhere and realized that those immemorial wheat fields through which so many of our divisions painfully crawled their way against pitiless German machine gun fire would soon be rocking gently against the breezes of another summer in that most gracious portion of France. Crepy came back with gruesome memories. It was in Crepy that American inexperience learned its grim lesson. The little clearing hospital where twenty-two hundred lads lay for hours under a blazing sun, tortured

The late Cameron Mackenzie, writer of the accompanying article, the last work from his pen. At right, the church at Varennes which sheltered American sharpshooters.

ruined houses is being sorted out and stones are put in piles in readiness for rebuilding. This little town has a larger number of temporary wooden huts than I have heretofore observed, and my impression is that about all of the original inhabitants are on the spot, waiting for the day when they can move back to the sites of their old homes. The roads of this part of France are either repaired or being repaired, telegraph wires strung, and where the trees have been ruined by shell fire or the invading army they are being replanted. It was here that we saw for the first time what later became a usual sight—the salvaged piles of twisted and black barbed wire that had been collected from the fields, and also at frequent intervals great piles of the rusty tin roofs that had been used for hutments during the fighting. And even at this late date we heard the distant explosion of a dud shell and were told that the ground was being cleared of unexploded shells. Other curious evidences of the sweep of war across this part of France were to be found in such grotesque figures as a scarecrow crowned with a German helmet, a gas mask waving from the bare branches of a tree. Chalons was chiefly interesting by its evidences of a real affection for the American boy and its eagerness to give him, if he can return, a welcome in the warmest French manner. It is a little hard to believe



Meaux Has Tidied Up  
Out of All War Recollection  
My first venture was Meaux, which, of course, lives preeminently not in the doughboy's mind, but with those men who served as the newspaper correspondents. Meaux, however, provided billets first and last to a good many thousand American fighting men. To these it will be interesting to know how clean and tidy the little city, once so cluttered with wreckage from long range guns and air bombs, has become. One found in Meaux pleasant gardens and green spaces which no doughboy ever knew, and it was not until we had pushed on to Le Ferte, the little town that is memorable as the first headquarters of the American army, that it was possible to detect the first signs of what the war had meant to France. Le Ferte, though, was wholesome and orderly in comparison to Vaux, which we reached an hour or two later. Vaux stands to-day almost exactly as it stood after American artillery had made its first independent effort. It is still the same jumble of masonry that it was on the June morning, two and a half years ago, when the lads of the Twenty-eighth Division pushed into it after the work of devastation had been done. I found the famous culvert out of which an advance guard of

is still very much the shambles that it was upon that night. Soissons is much tidier, but the ruined convent is still a ruin and the yawning gap in the roof of the cathedral through which a German shell ripped its way, throwing chunks of masonry, remains open to the sky. All these towns are inseparably identified with the terrain over which the First and Second divisions made their memorable advance—an advance wherein I witnessed French tank officers leaning out of the apertures of their tanks and begging the overzealous Americans to seek cover from the terrific German fire. It is to be remembered that our boys gave no heed to this warning and that they pushed on, taking their objective, which was some formidable heights; they took them, though, with approximately 75 per cent. casualties. However, it was one of the finest achievements of the war, and, visiting again those battlefields, now peaceful and green, with only a marred chateau here and there to betoken all the dauntless courage that went into the supreme French, British and American effort to crack the famous Marne salient, one had a thrilling

sense of what the American doughboy really was. Chalons and Supples are linked together with poignant memories of the Rainbow Division. It was at Supples that the Forty-second Division, holding probably the most crucial point when Hindenburg launched his last great offensive on July 14, threw back the Hunns, some of the men actually fighting at times with grotesque bats and all the while wearing their gas masks against the heavy gas attacks which the Germans had made. The long white road reaching up to the cave, which then served as divisional headquarters and over which no one willingly passed because of the shell fire, is now merely a peaceful country lane. Supples itself, although rather thoroughly wrecked, shows a high degree of industry in the business of reconstruction; the debris of the

that this feeling, which one encountered in the shops and hotels, was altogether a matter of the premium which the dollar now enjoys. The landlady of the principal hotel, called "The High Mother of God," bewailed the absence of the American tourist this past summer and accounted for it by saying that German propaganda was so active in America in endeavoring to persuade the American people that the French were all robbers that the Americans were loath to venture forth. I might add in passing that this hotel showed all the comfort and good service that it was renowned for in pre-war days. One sees very few evidences of the innumerable air bombs that were dropped on Chalons. It was a cheering experience to pass from the scarred country of the Marne into the less desolated country of Lorraine. There are few members of the American Expeditionary Force who do not know Nancy, Toui, Ligny and Bar-le-Duc. The famous Hotel Angletterre in Nancy, where American officers and privates alike were wont to sleep huddled together in the corridors, never budging through the practically continuous air raids to which the town was for months subjected, has now become a spot of calm and well ordered comfort. Instead of American captains and majors in the dining room one now sees rather nondescript salesmen, some of them not altogether without the hint of the Boche. But the establishment still has its old air of friendliness, and the personnel remembers vividly and is eager to discuss the days when Americans filled every nook and cranny in the house. Thousands of Americans, too, know the Cafe Stanislaus, once filled to its last chair with our officers. The Stanislaus is now quiet and subdued, but the food is better and the waiters are more patient. The Legeols, another favorite gathering place, has begun only recently to repair its facade, which was smashed by a bomb. The Legeols must always remain an American memory for the mad celebrations which took place there immediately after the armistice. Those were the days when not far from Nancy Gen. Trenchard of the British Independent Air Force had his squadron of night bombers, composed half of Americans and half of English; it was these lads who made the Legenis famous across the entire American front. Of course no one who lived through those days in September, 1918, when the great troop movement of the Americans began from the St. Mihiel sector to the Argonne, will ever forget that muffled tread of feet passing in the nights over the cobbled ways of Nancy. Occasionally a bomb would tear

### Recalling Scenes Near Verdun That the A. E. F. Will Never Forget

Verdun is like an American possession, as well as one of France's abiding monuments. It was near Verdun that we at midnight loosed our supreme artillery effort preparatory to beginning the great Argonne offensive. There are doughboys who will never forget Deadman's Hill, now a quiet and gentle French countryside. Montfaucon, hideously raked by German shellfire, stands to-day much as it stood when the last American soldier trekked down that grim road up which lorries used to bank and patiently wait, sometimes under machine gun fire from overhead, until some one further forward had unsnarled the traffic jam. Varennes is still a shambles, and that famous barn into which upon an occasion the German master dropped a high explosive shell, thus wiping out some hundred American boys, still remains in its demolished condition. On the road beyond Varennes, which the Boche so pitifully studded with mines, one finds the old holes repaired, but the country itself still merely staggering. Getting into the Argonne Forest, proper is not now much of an experience. The old Hindenburg line—those enormous concrete constructions in which the Germans had not merely running hot and cold water but also their pianos and feather beds—are stripped of all their fittings, but otherwise still the same. The spot where Whittlesey's beleaguered battalion made its stand has only a few shattered trees to record American heroism. Grandpre, the tip of the Argonne promontory, poignantly recalled the amazing achievement of a unit from the Seventy-eighth Division, who so painfully crawled up through mud that was literally knee deep to the etidul, capturing the town and thus preparing the way for the subsequent American rush to Sedan. Equally poignant were St. George and Landres St. George, and it came back very vividly to me how upon a November night in 1918 I stood in an artillery observation post looking down upon a broad field, where in their little rabbit holes the boys of the Second Division lay waiting for the zero hour, which in this instance was five o'clock, and how I could see the minute glows of their cigarettes twinkling for acres beneath me. In actuality there is nothing particularly impressive in the Argonne to-day. Its impressiveness lies in a knowledge of what the Argonne has symbolized not merely for America but for the world, and in remembrance of those bitter days of fighting when young America was beginning to earn the title of veterans in war by battling a way through a forest which even France had come to regard as a very heavily impregnable German stronghold. Taking my entire tour as a whole, it was a tremendous experience. One brought away from it not merely a quickened patriotism but a keener sense of how really prodigious the American effort in France was. One brought away, too, an understanding of how deeply the French people, particularly those who knew our soldiers overseas, appreciate what we did.

## Are Women Too Merciless for the Jury Box?

Continued from First Page.  
and unmarried. Opportunity also should be afforded that class of woman to escape jury duty whose domestic demands require her attendance at home. "Lawyers generally object to women juries and challenge them. From a Kansas attorney I have a statement that no woman has served on a jury in that State where it was necessary to keep the jury together for any length of time. He does not recall a case with a woman on the jury where the deliberation has extended beyond seven hours. His objections to having women on the juries are the long waits and confinement with men of all classes during the trial and deliberations; that the women best qualified to serve will ask for exemption, and that those serving are usually of little force in the deliberations." Personally, Mr. Brenner does not feel that he can predict whether women would be more severe than men, but he does not look forward to the day when women will be forced to sit and listen to the salacious details which are part and parcel of ordinary criminal law business. Women who have declared themselves in favor of mixed juries include Miss Helen Varick Boswell, associate chairman of the Republican County Committee; Mrs. Frank E. Shuler of the National American Woman Suffrage Association; Mrs. Lillian R. Sire, president of the Women's Democratic

Political League; Miss Mary Wood, chairman of the legislative committee of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. John Booth, first vice-president of New York State Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. George H. Childs, president of the Women's Democratic Club; Miss Annette Abbott Adams, first woman to hold the position of Assistant Attorney-General of the United States; Mrs. Jeanette G. Brill, president of the Brooklyn Women's Par Association; Mrs. Axel O. Hilseng,

president of the Century Theatre Club, and many others. Judge Charles C. Nott and Judge Otto A. Rosalsky, both of the Court of General Sessions, have expressed themselves on the matter. Judge Nott appreciates the fitness of women for service, but insists that he would be sorry to see them compelled to serve. Judge Rosalsky believes that a mixed jury of men and women could handle any class of criminal business. In cases of women criminals, he thinks a woman coun-

sel for the defendant is to be preferred, for he feels that a woman gets at the heart of a woman quicker. In the neighboring State, where New Jersey women have been stepping into the jury box frequently during the last few months, there has been no indication that they are out for vengeance, for the years they have been compelled to sit back and be judged exclusively by male juries. The one new note sounded in recent trials with women as jurors has been a tendency toward an overwhelming speed in reaching a verdict. A jury of twelve women drawn in the District Court at East Orange last March rendered two verdicts after a total deliberation of one hour and forty-eight minutes. Both verdicts were brought in favoring the defendant in civil cases. An Atlantic City Grand Jury, convening at Mays Landing on May 10, returned an indictment charging murder in a shooting case after only thirty minutes of deliberation. Mrs. Laura White, wife of Judge John J. White of the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals, acted as foreman and there were three other women serving on the Grand Jury. Quite likely speed can be accomplished without any straining of mercy. Still there are those who will refer to Lawyer E. M. Ballard of Cincinnati, Ohio, as the Solomon of his day.

## Many Newspapers Centuries Old

THE Manchester Guardian, one of the most influential newspapers in England, has just passed its hundredth year; but by comparison with other newspapers in the world it has still a few centuries to go before it may be considered a venerable institution. According to the list of the world's newspapers, the most venerable of all the venerable newspapers is already 1,303 years old and still making its appearance regularly. The Chinese have it. The Pekin Gazette, containing official decrees and official versions of the news, has appeared regularly since the days of the Tang dynasty in the year 618. In the Western civilization newspapers

became possible only after the middle of the fifteenth century, when printing from blocks was invented and it first became possible to produce many copies of lettered matter at a reasonable cost. It was not until 1665 however, according to an English historian of printing, that the Oxford Gazette (the original London Gazette) made its appearance as the first newspaper in the precise sense of the word; that is, as a flat paper of news rather than a pamphlet or a bound book. In the United States the oldest newspaper which is still in existence is already 145 years old. It is the New Hampshire Gazette of Portsmouth, N. H., established in 1776. Most of the space in the Colonial newspapers at first was devoted to foreign affairs. Local matters were considered to be too well known to be worthy of mention.

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