Austrians Deny That Odessa Has Been Retaken

By Associated Press

Amsterdam, March 29. — Denial that the Bolsheviki have retaken the Black Sea port of Odessa is made officially in Vienna. It is said the city is still occupied by the Austro-Germans.

Official announcement was made by the Russian government Wednesday that Odessa had been recaptured by the Bolsheviki after a desperate battle for three days. Odessa is the most important Russian port on the Black Sea.

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TECH BOY TELLS HOW IT FEELS TO GO OVER THE TOP AND STOP A HUN BULLET

John Wachtman Writes of His Battle Experience on British Front in France

Would you like to read precisely how it feels to get a shrapnel wound in your leg? Are you interested in hearing the sensations of an American boy waiting to go over the top and the charge on a German trench? If so read this account of John Wachtman, a West Fairview boy, graduate of Technical High School, whose narrative has already appeared in the Tech Tattler. Wachtman was so keen to get in the war that he did not wait for America, but hopped over and joined the British army. He writes so easily and vividly that his letter is extremely entertaining.

"We had just 'gone in' again after a week's 'rest' in a little French village about 25 miles behind the front line. To be sure we had been vaguely promised a six-weeks' rest, but most of us had had too many previous 'pipe-dreams' of this sort dispelled to feel much disappointment, and then again the so-called 'rest' is only a pleasant name for plenty of hard work and drill. So on the whole it was only the 'rookies' or 'first-timers' who did more than the ordinary amount of complaining, or in the 'Tommies'' vocabulary, 'grousing.'

"Before marching off we had been told that this time we would have it easy, as we were only going in to act as reserves and besides there would be no attacking but just the ordinary routine of 'holding the line.' And now after the usual night journey over shell-battered and debris-strewn roads and the usual blasphemous floundering through narrow, muddy communicating trenches strung with telephone wires possessed with a devilish cunning for tripping or entangling the unwary infantryman, we were 'in again'—that is, in one of the supporting trenches a short distance behind the front line trench.

"Here we remained for a few days, suffering no more than the ordinary number of casualties from shells and snipers and performing the usual night tasks of digging, filling sand bags, and sand-bagging parts of the trench blown in by shells. And then our officers sprang their little surprise. We went back on the third night to the reserve trenches which at this point lay behind a ridge and out of sight of the Germans, and the next day our captain told us what was expected of us. The two days we had spent in the support line, he said, had given us a knowledge of the 'terrain' in front of us and we should know by now that at this point 'Fritz's' front was about 70 yards from the British front. Well, about 500 yards in advance of our front line was the remains of what had been a hedge fence, and behind this was a German trench, which was to be our objective. Just beyond this we were to dig ourselves in. We were to have plenty of artillery support, and the attack would have a front of about two miles. 'C' company's front would be about 200 yards in extent. 'C' company was one to which I belonged.)

To Follow Barrage

"'C' company's right flank was to pass through the ruins of the chemical works and railway station which lay about 300 yards in advance of the British front line trench. We would 'go over' at 7.30 the next evening, and the signal would be the opening of our artillery's barrage. And so he went on giving us all the details of how fast the barrage or curtain of fire would move and consequently how fast we would have to move to keep up with it.

"The captain's lecture ended up with a statement as to who would take command of the company in case he was 'knocked out' and the order of succession running back as far as the fifth or sixth in precedence, for all the positions of any importance in the company including platoon officers, platoon sergeants, section leaders, Lewis gunners, and so forth. He considered this necessary information for the draft of 'first-timers' which had joined us about a week before. The men who had been with the company for some time knew it already.

"After the captain's lecture some of the rookies began to 'get the breeze up'—in other words, became rather nervous in the lower extremities. All realized the seriousness of what was facing us, but most of the men who had been 'over' before had developed a fatalistic outlook on the future, and turned away to write a few words to those at home. To the rookies this meant something more. It was the supreme test of all their training—'the great adventure.' If they came through it safely they would stand on an equal footing with the old-timers and have something to speak of and remember with pride. Something that would make them real soldiers instead of the 'ragtime' or 'tin' variety.

"There was no talk of heroics—dying for one's country and so on. There was work to be done, and a risk that had to be run. 'Take a chance' became the sub-conscious motto of nearly all. Such cold-blooded planning will break the best man's nerve if the mind is allowed to linger on it too long, so that the old-timers turned their thoughts to other things. The rookies tried to, but some had not much success. I had been over in a much bigger attack than this was to be, but I knew that smaller engagements were often hotter than the big ones. The knowledge that we were to advance behind a creeping barrage was comforting though, for it would not be like the mad rush of several companies at dawn, with no artillery support in which I had not long before taken part.

To a New Trench

"That night we moved up to a newly dug trench behind our front line. It was called an 'assembly' trench and had been especially dug to act as our starting point. The troops holding our front line would be moved to the rear a short time before the barrage was to open, and we would then be the front line. The next day dawned bright and clear, and we had nothing to do but keep low, get what sleep we could, and see that our arms were in good order. The suspense began to tell and as the day wore on, when many were the 'fags' consumed. Shaking were the knees, and white were the faces beneath the coatings of tan and dirt. Home was a long way off and only to be thought of as a dream, or something that had never really existed. I had charge of a Lewis gun, and kept myself occupied in seeing that every part was in good working condition.

"The afternoon wore away, and finally word came down from man to man that the troops were evacuating the front line. The time was slowly dragging nearer. Every man began looking to his arms, bayonets were fixed, and hearts began pounding against the ribs. It was still daylight and darkness would not come until nearly eight o'clock, by which time, with luck, we would be in our newly-won position. A short lull seem to come, packs were settled in more comfortable positions on the back, belts were tightened, and toe-holds for climbing out of the trench seen to. Every man was ready, and every sound seemed to possess startling carrying power. Would the time never come? And then like one gun the barrage opened with a deafening inferno of bursting shells. I started to climb out but slipped back twice with my load and the third time succeeded by throwing the gun up first. Already I could not see more than twenty yards ahead for the smoke of the shells. Three yards between each man was the order in which we were to advance and I glanced to left and right of me to see if I had my distance. No. 2 of my gun team known to me as 'Bushy,' was on my left and shouted something as I looked his way, but the continuous roar of the barrage drowned out everything. Then he motioned me to close in to the left a little, which I did, as the slow forward movement began. Twenty-five yards a minute we were to advance, with a glance to each side now and then to keep in line. From shell hole to shell hole I slowly moved forward, dirt and stones rattling on my helmet, shrapnel from 'prematures' kicking up the mud around me.

Cross Front Line

"We crossed our empty front line trench and on my next glance to the right I saw that Dave Green, who had been next to me on that side, was down. The heat became intense and the sweat rolled off me. The sharp 'e-e-e' of machine gun bullets became distinguishable in the roar of the shells. The thought came, 'Thank God they can't see us.' After what seemed like hours we reached the German front line trench. No living Germans in sight. The supporting troops and 'mopping up' parties would see to bombing the dug-out. We jumped across, and moved slowly on. 'Bushy' was still on my left. 'Knobby' Clark, ammo carrier on the gun team had closed in to fill Green's place on the right. That machine gun was still playing at random, probably stationed in some position behind our objective and as yet not found by our guns. The line on my left seemed thinning out or as much of it as I could see. The smoke grew thicker and the ruins of the chemical works loomed out of it to my right. Officers and N. C. O.'s were lost to my view in it.

"Something hit the puttee on my left leg, and I felt a sharp tingle there. I looked down and saw a jagged hole in the puttee and knew that I had 'stopped something,' but felt no pain. I kept on, but the blood began soaking down into my boot, so motioning to 'Bushy' when he looked my way I closed in, gave him the gun and my revolver, and got into a shell hole. 'Bushy' discarded his rifle, stuck the revolver in his belt and went on. I took off my puttee, got out my jack-knife and slit up my trouser leg. The orders are that wounded men, if able, must get back as soon as possible to receive medical attention and prevent the setting in of tetanus. My leg began to throb with pain so I managed to apply my field dressing and then settled down to wait until it became dark. In a quarter of an hour I started to crawl back, but my leg had gone stiff and it was a hard job. After about three hours of slow, painful crawling I came across a trench occupied by British and then fainted.

"The next I knew I was in an ambulance bound for the casualty clearing station at the railroad. When I arrived there I was put aboard a hospital train and sent to the base hospital, so I got my 'rest' and it proved to be a ten weeks' 'rest' instead of the fabled six."

BEAT GERMANY TO KNEES, SAYS T. R., IN MAINE

Only Way to Peace Is by Victory He Assures State Republican Convention

Portland, Me., March 29.—Republicans at their state convention yesterday took up the task of framing a party platform and selecting a state committee. At the session last night Colonel Theodore Roosevelt delivered an address outlining the general plan of the party's Congressional campaign. This was the former president's first public appearance since his recent illness.

The Colonel said in part:

"This country is now involved in the greatest war of all time. In common with the rest of the world it is passing through one of those tremendous crises which lie centuries apart in world history. Under such conditions the question of partisanship sinks into utter insignificance compared with the great question of patriotism, compared with the duty of all of us to act with stern and whole-hearted loyalty to this mighty republic, and to serve the interests of the republic and the ideals which made the republic the hope of the future of mankind. I come before you Republicans of Maine to speak only as an American to his fellow Americans, as a patriot speaking to patriots.

Must Beat Germany

"There is but one way to get a righteous and lasting peace, and that is to beat Germany to her knees. Let us refuse to go into a joint debate on peace with the Potsdam people. Let us take our stand on that part of the President's speech of December in which he said: 'This intolerable thing, this menace of combined intrigue and force, which we now see so clearly as the German power, a thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace, must be crushed'; and let us forget the peace parleyings of February; for these were inconsistent with the words just quoted.

"The Republicans of Maine and the Republicans of the nation generally have in this crisis subordinated all other questions to their devotion to the nation. Not in all our history has any political party when in opposition shown as fine, as whole-hearted and as completely disinterested patriotism as has been shown by the Republican party, especially by its representatives in the Senate and Congress of the United States, during the year and two months now closing.

Pledged to Victory

"We are pledged to the hilt as a nation to put this war through without flinching until we win the peace of overwhelming victory. We owe this to our own honor and to our future well-being.

"This is the people's war. It is not the President's war. It is not Congress' war. It is the war of the people of the United States for the honor and welfare of America and of mankind. It is the bounden duty of the Republican party to support every public servant, from the President down, insofar as he does good and efficient work in waging the war or helping wage the war, and to oppose him exactly to the extent of his failure to do such work; for our loyalty is to the people of the United States, and to every public servant in exact accordance with the way in which he serves the public. It is the duty of the Republican party to stand like a rock against inefficiency, incompetence, hesitation and delay no less than against any lukewarmness in serving the common cause of ourselves and our allies.

Murdered U. S. Citizens

"We are in this war because of special and intolerable grievance against Germany; because in addition to many other misdeeds she for two years followed a course of deliberate murder of our unarmed and unoffending citizens, men, women and children.

"Let us begin to do our immediate duty by both speeding up the war and making ready the ships and the men necessary to win, no matter how long the war takes. Let the ships be built by working night and day three shifts in the twenty-four hours. Let us prepare for a three years' war and begin now to make ready an army of five million men (and the best way to begin is to introduce at once universal military training for all young men between nineteen and twenty-one, it being understood that they will not go to war until they are twenty-one). All our other activities in making arms, ammunition, airplanes and other war machines can be made to synchronize with this.

"Our next duty, a duty the performance of which should begin at this moment, is to introduce the policy of permanent preparedness. Never again must be we caught so utterly unprepared as we have been caught this time.

"We cannot afford any longer to continue our present industrial and social system, or rather no-system of every-man-for-himself and devil-take-the-hindmost. What is needed is to fix definite ideals and then to try to realize them by deeds; to endeavor practically and cautiously but resolutely by the actual test.

"It is our business as a nation seriously to face our industrial conditions, to realize that we cannot without folly permit them to go on unchanged, and yet that we are worse than fools if we permit them to be changed for evil. Therefore, we must shun equally the bourbon reactionaries who invite disaster by refusing to face and grapple with the needs of the hour, and the sinister demagogues and loose-minded visionaries who preach a red folly that would bring us to even worse disaster."

Addressing the convention yesterday afternoon, Governor Carl E. Milliken declared that the Republican party was born in the throes of national peril and was bound by every tradition of its history to support the Government loyally in this time of trial. The fight for victory, he said, stood ahead of all questions of party success or personal ambition.

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Spring models of unusual smartness, comparing in style and quality to those selling elsewhere at $6 and $7. Stunning high lace, Louis heel models and the popular military lace lasts; many new shades of fine leather, plain and clever color combinations; all sizes.

LADIES' $5.00 SPRING BOOTS
Eight fashionable new Spring models are embraced at this attractive price. Smart military and high lace, Louis heel styles in solid and rich two-color effects; all sizes. Special at **$3.95**

The New Lace Oxfords
For Ladies; a new Spring model of dark tan calf; perforated winged tips and medium heels as illustrated; a $5 value, at **$3.45**

Clever Spring Pumps
Stunning, snug-fittting lasts, of gunmetal and patent colt; graceful slender vamps; all sizes; a genuine $6.00 grade; specially priced for this sale, at, a pair **$4.85**

MEN'S SHOES AT BIG SAVINGS
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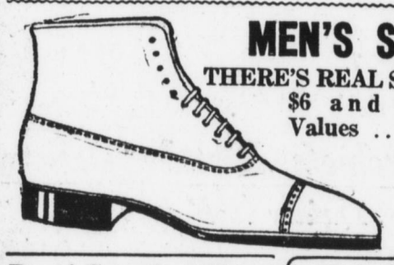

$6 and $7 Values **$5.00**
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Real $5.00 Values ... **$3.95**
There's quality in these shoes equal to most $5 grades. Classy English and wider toe lasts in tan and dull. All sizes.

Boys' Scouting Shoes
Made of solid tan leather with tough serviceable soles. Blucher scouting lasts. All sizes to 5½. $3 values, at **$2.45**

Girls' White Shoes
Neat new Spring styles of fine wearing canvas. Narrow English toes in lace and button. High cut and regular tops. All sizes to misses' 2. A $2.50 value, at **$1.95**

Child's Fancy Shoes
Patent vamps with gray, white, tan, red, brown and green kid tops; neat new Spring models. Sizes to 11. $3 values. **$2.45**

Little Gents' Shoes
"Made for wear" of stout black satin calf. Stout soles. Button and blucher lasts. All sizes to 13½. On sale Saturday, at **$1.50**

Infants' Colored Top Shoes
Come in black, gray, brown and champagne with white, gray and champagne tops. Button styles. Sizes 1 to 5. Special **$1.25**

Boys' Dress Shoes
Real $3 Value
Genuine calf uppers, with leather and rubber soles. A classy lace model. All sizes to 5½— **$2.45**

Girls' High-Top
Tan Lace Shoes
Narrow English lace and wider toe models. Solid dark tan calf; also fancy colored top models. High cut. Sizes to 2. $3.50 values, **$2.95**

Girls' White Top Shoes
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500 Pairs of BOYS' ODD TROUSERS in a big sale to-day (Saturday), at **90c**
Made of good strong well made cheviots all seams taped and double stitched just the pants for rough wear. 7 to 17 years.

Boys' Spring Suits at $3.95
In up-to-date models; of fancy cheviots and good cassimeres and a variety of mixtures in sizes 8 to 12 years.

Boys' Spring Suits at $9.95 and $10.95
In the finest all wool navy blue serge, fine velours, handsome homespuns, finest cheviots—in the newest trench models with yoke and pleated back, and patch pocket models—

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In the new trench models in fine cassimeres and cheviots and neat mixtures — they come in sizes 7 to 18 years—

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In sizes 7 to 18 years in all wool Navy Blue Serge, Homespuns, cassimeres and fancy mixtures — In every new model both in patch pocket and Trench—

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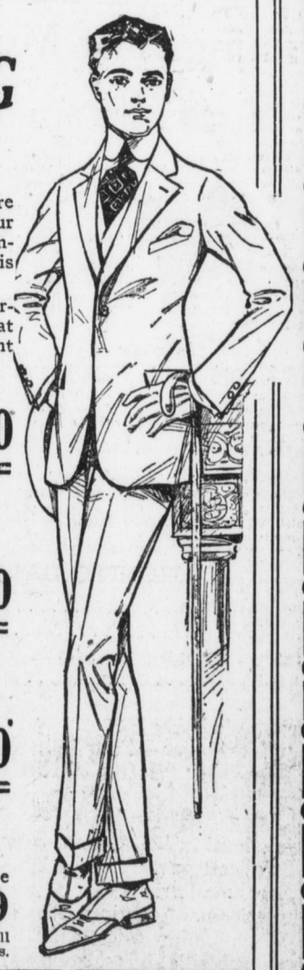
SPRING CLOTHING FOR MEN

The new Spring models in Men's Suits They are here in vast quantities—Styles for every man. Our careful advance preparedness for present market conditions has resulted in advantageous buying that is reflected in these remarkable values.

The following unusual values are worthy of particular attention, being special purchases and lots at prices impossible to duplicate were the goods bought at market prices of to-day



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Stylish, well-made suits in all the newest models and fabrics. Were we to buy these suits at wholesale to-day we would pay about what we have marked them.

Men's Spring Suits $14.50
They come in stripes, checks, novelty patterns; navy blue, coffee brown, and other stylish shades. The new military and conservative models. Every suit finely tailored and handsomely trimmed.

Men's Spring Suits $16.50
Hundreds of new weaves and effects. New, smart models. Every suit in this lot finely tailored and handsomely trimmed. These suits are offered from Two to Three Dollars more in other stores.

Men's Odd Pants, ... **$2.49**
Fine cassimere and worsted pants. Some blue serges.

Men's Soft Hat at the Special Price, ... **$1.69**
A regular $2 hat, in all the new shades and shapes.

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49c and 98c

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$1.15, $1.45, $1.95, to $4.95

STORE OPENS 8:30 A. M.—CLOSES SATURDAY 9 P. M.