

OUT THERE

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Out there by Charles W. Whitehair

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CHARLES W. WHITEHAIR

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(Courtesy of General Press Organization)

Old Glory in London

TO THE LADS WHO GO OVER THE TOP

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CHAPTER I

"GETTING THE RANGE"

We are at the Front. "Zero" is Thursday morning—Tomorrow morning. The big "push" is now on.

Long after midnight we crawl into our bunks; but sleep is far, far away. To sleep is almost impossible, because of the clanking, stamping feet of the thousands of men who are marching by. The men marching past are "going in." Silent, resolute and determined they pass on into the night, no singing, no whistling, no talking. They are all rested, fully equipped and ready to face what lies ahead. Many have been in before and know what they must face. Others are going in for the first time; nervous and uneasy, yet quietly marching on into the trenches. Over all of them hangs a deadly silence. Yet they are full of calm and quiet determination.

"Coming out" is another story. Dirty,