

**THE KHAKI BOYS  
FIGHTING TO  
WIN, OR SMASHING  
THE GERMAN LINES**

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The Khaki Boys Fighting to Win, or Smashing the German Lines by Gordon Bates

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# THE KHAKI BOYS FIGHTING TO WIN

OR

*Smashing the German Lines*

By

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Over the Top," etc.

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B. G. T. 10 Oct. 1919

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# THE KHAKE BOYS FIGHTING TO WIN

## CHAPTER I

### BURIED ALIVE

**D**ISTANT rumbles, like those of some far-off thunderstorm, penetrated even to the dugout, which was constructed under a greater depth of earth than usual. At times some fearful, though far-removed, explosion would cause the solid ground to tremble, while articles on the rude shelves of the shelter would fall down with resultant crashes.

"Some bombardment—that!" exclaimed one of a number of khaki-clad soldiers who were busying themselves in varying fashion in their bomb-proof quarters.

"I should say so!" agreed another. "If our boys keep this up long there won't be enough Germans left for us to have a scrimmage with!"

"Don't you fool yourself, Bob!" exclaimed Sergeant Jimmy Blaise. "There are more



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Germans left alive than we have any idea of. There'll be plenty left for you to tackle."

"Now your mind's relieved on that score, would you mind passing that oil can, Bob?" requested Roger Barlow. "There's a spot of rust on my gun, and if we're going to have another big fight soon I don't want the lock to jam at a critical time."

"Another big fight, eh?" mused Robert Dalton, as he complied with his bunkie's request. "That's about all we've been doing lately."

"That's what we're here for," suggested Sergeant Jimmy. "And the more big fights we have the sooner it will be over."

"You said something!" chimed in Franz Schnitzel, who, in spite of his Teutonic name, was one of the best of Uncle Sam's doughboys. "It's the only way to make the stupid Germans, not to call them anything worse, realize that we're not here to play tag with them. The heavier the fighting, the quicker they'll be ready to give up. But what's the use of talking about more fighting? Here we are, relieved of duty for to-day, at least, and let's enjoy it while we can. We'll be back in the trenches soon enough."

"That's so!" agreed Jimmy. "Hello over there, Iggy!" he called to a lad sitting at a table on which glowed an electric light. "Are you writing in Polish or English?" he asked, for the lad he addressed as "Iggy," but whose name

was Ignace Pulinski, was laboring with pen, ink and paper.

"It is English I am writ him, an to my mothar," was the answer. "No more Polish do I him write. I am a 'Merican now and for always."

"That's the way to talk, Iggy!" cried Bob. "Do you want any help with that letter? It seems to be more important than usual."

"Sure him is reprotment," agreed Iggy, looking up and drawing in his tongue, which, while writing, had been stuck out of his mouth, following every laborious movement of his pen. "I am to my mothar sending my share of the money that Sergeant Jimmy broke up on us."

"Oh, you mean the five thousand francs he whacked up with us, Iggy," laughed Franz. "That's the word, 'whacked,' not broke, though no matter how much money someone whacks up with you, you'll be broke as soon as you haven't any."

"English him is a queer talk," sighed Iggy. "But I am writ to my mothar that I send her the two hundred dollars Sergeant Jimmy gave me. By jolly, that's a heap of money!" and his eyes glistened. "My foathar—he work many a days and he never get so much. But I no send this to my faothar—he is of no good. To my mothar this money goes, and she will kick for joy."

"You mean she'll dance for joy!" laughed

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Jimmy. "That's all right, Iggy. No offense meant," he went on as he saw his Polish friend look at him rather sharply. "You want to learn English, you know, even if it is a queer language, and you told us to correct you when you made mistakes."

"Sure. So I did. I am of a thanks to you. But my mothar, she will of joy have a lot when she gets this money. It—it is more as she haf ever seen of a once," and there was something in Iggy's tone that put a stop to further joking on this line.

The Polish lad went on with his letter-writing. As he had said, he was enclosing a money order for two hundred dollars. This was his share of a reward of five thousand francs which Sergeant Jimmy Blaise won for putting out of the way a certain "Charles Black," who, it turned out, was an Austrian spy named Adolph von Kreitzen. Jimmy, who in private life was wealthy, had insisted on sharing his reward with the other of the "Five Brothers," as the Khaki Boys were often called.

"Need any help, Iggy?" asked Bob, as he saw the Polish lad shake his head as if in despair over some knotty point in the letter.

"Well, I maybe do," was the answer. "I should tell my mothar about how I was out on night-work, and I of help capture that Russian spy of the name Alexandraiovitch Tarbotch-nitzitschi. That is a hard name to spell."