

"THE HUN—HIS MARK": A BOY BARON'S STORY OF "KULTUR"

Boy Scout Leader From the Province of Lorraine Seeks to Sell a Million Dollars' Worth of Liberty Bonds to Square Accounts for the Prussian Brand on His Arm

By Charles W. Duke

"What can a boy do to help win the war?" is answered by the young Baron de Buderus, a fugitive from France's lost but soon to be reclaimed province of Lorraine, who sold \$800,000 worth of Liberty Bonds in the third loan and is out in his Boy Scout uniform to sell \$1,000,000 worth of bonds in this fourth Liberty Loan campaign.

The Hun killed the boy baron's father, oppressed his mother and marked the lad for life with physical cruelties, but the seventeen-year-old youth, who has dropped the "Von Carlshausen" that the Germans wrote on to the Buderus family name in Lorraine and adopted instead the plain Yankee name of "Herman Buderus," is out to whip the Hun and win the war for America and return Alsace-Lorraine to France.

How he was subjected to German despotism, how "kultur" was taught in the Prussianized schools of his native province, how his family suffered atrocities, is related in the following story, in which the boy baron incorporates some of his pithy admonitions to the Boy Scouts of America on what they can do to help win the war.

WEARING the mark of the Hun indelibly stamped upon his right arm by the German ravishers of childhood, the seventeen-year-old Baron de Buderus von Carlshausen, born in Lorraine of French parents, implacable foe of everything German because of the cruelties heaped upon him and his forebears by the minions of Prussianism, has come to America to aid the youth of this country in winning the war.

His grandfather fell fighting under the flag of France in 1870. His grandfather's brother at that time was tortured by the Huns until death relieved his agonies. The boy baron's father was "accidentally" killed by Germans some years ago in the native uprisings in Alsace-Lorraine that culminated in the Zabern affair. The lad was forced to worship at the shrine of "kultur" while attending the German-controlled schools in Lorraine. When the world war broke he and his mother were taken captive by the Germans.

Out of it all the boy has emerged uncontaminated by the environment of Hun slavery and at the present time is a potent leader in the ranks of the Boy Scouts of America, intent upon selling \$1,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, thereby surpassing the record attained in the third Liberty Loan, when he sold \$800,000 worth of bonds, and tells the remarkable story of his life under the despotic rule of the Kaiser and his "kultur" clans.

"I carry this continually over my heart," declares the lad as he exhibits a folded American flag, "and my one ambition is to fight under the Stars and Stripes for the liberation of Alsace-Lorraine and little Belgium, where I lived for a time."

If you should call at Boy Scout headquarters in New York or Philadelphia, where the boy now is on duty, you would ask for "Herman Buderus." The young baron would tell you that he had dropped the title because he wanted now to be considered an American in every respect and deemed the title "undemocratic." He would tell you also that the "Von Carlshausen" formerly attached to his name had been tossed into the discard because it was an odious appellation tacked on the family name back in Lorraine by the Germans after they had wrested

the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine from France in 1870.

"I'm just a plain Yankee through and through and will be happy always to be an American, not alone because of what the United States has done for me, but for my country," he announces in explaining how he happened to take the name of "Herman" in place of "the baron."

From the lips of the boy comes the vital story of Alsace-Lorraine under Hun domination through the years since Germany ruthlessly set her heel upon the provinces nearly fifty years ago; how the Prussian military system vainly sought to crush the French soul of the people and turn them into German subjects; how the Alsations and Lorrainers held true to their national faith through suffering and death.

"I'm only a boy," says Herman, "but I know the cruel German; I bear his marks on my arm; my father was shot by despotic Germans because of his sympathies for our mother country—France—and my own mother has suffered. But, thank God! the day is not far distant when Alsace-Lorraine forever will be separated from German barbarity and turned back to the democracy and civilization of France and her allies."

They Cut the Arm Muscles

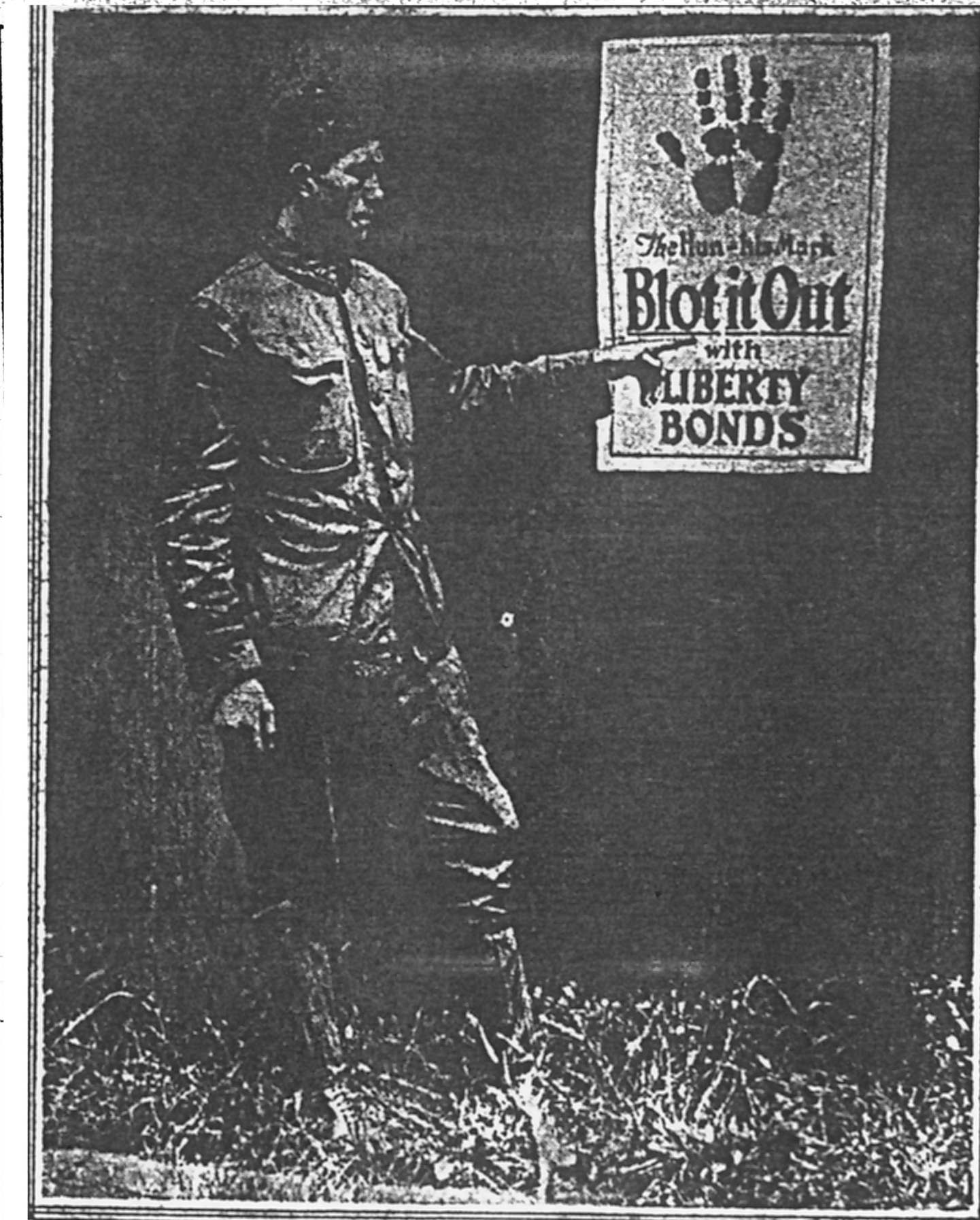
Rolling back the sleeve of his Boy Scout shirt the boy baron exhibits ugly scars on the biceps of his right arm; deep, ugly scars that are palpably not vaccination marks, but deep blemishes like the thrust of a saber.

"After the Germans invaded Belgium in 1914 and mother and I were taken prisoners in the village of La Deau, near Louvain," he explains, "they told me I was suffering from a terrible disease that might spread among the troops. Without any anesthetic they cut two big holes in my arms and put something in the blood. They were cuts right across the muscles and hurt for days. Then one day they called me to medical headquarters again and told me that they would have to do it over again—and they did. Made two more deep cuts close to the other marks."

The boy winced a bit in recollection of the ordeal.

"You can see what it all was for," he smiled again. "My arm is not much good now, four years afterward. When I run a typewriter or write in long hand for a few minutes my arm gets tired. I have cramps in it continually. I cannot ride a bicycle like other boys, for my arms give out under any strain. Cannot throw a baseball. Guess I couldn't shoot a gun, either, very long. The Germans wanted to incapacitate me for military service, and I guess they nearly succeeded. However, as soon as I am eighteen I am going to enlist with Uncle Sam; if they will accept me, and pay back a few scores."

The Buderus home was in the little town of Mallenay, near Strassburg, in Lorraine. There the Baroness Ingeborg de Buderus and her young son lived after the death of the Baron de Buderus, until the German military authorities had slowly but inevitably wrested from them the family estate with its rich potato deposits. She



"My way was to take a Liberty Loan poster and get right up in front of a crowd and tell them what would happen to America if the Hun ever got over here."—The Baron de Buderus, now plain "Herman Buderus"

fed to Belgium and was living near Louvain with her thirteen-year-old son when the Huns tore up the Belgian neutrality treaty and sent their armies against Liège and Namur.

"My grandfather went away with the French troops in 1870 and never came back," says the boy in his story. "Whether he fell in battle or was taken prisoner and died in Germany never was clearly known. My grandfather's brother was a member of the French general staff. The Germans tied him to a mill wheel and turned him around and around until nearly every bone in his body was broken. He finally died."

"Father was only a boy in 1870. After the war he grew up under German rule in Lorraine. They tried to coerce him into marrying a Prussian princess, but he married instead a true daughter of Lorraine—my mother. One day they carried home the body of my father. He had been shot. I was too young to remember all of it, but mother has told me all. The Germans said father had accidentally been shot on a gunning trip. But it was false."

All Hated the Germans

"Always the Lorrainer hated the German. Their enforced rule was slavery. Every man, woman and child through it all has been true to France. It was born in the blood and not to be denied. My father was affiliated with the political party that opposed German rule. His sympathies were all with the cause of Alsace-Lorraine—and the Germans knew it. You know the Zabern affair. There were many outbreaks like that against German oppression. My father was suspected of intriguing against Germany—and he paid the penalty for his loyalty. They made an investigation, but nothing came of it. The military dominated our civil life. A military

court-martial sat, on the case, but nothing ever came of it. Always our affairs were settled by the military. They ruled absolutely."

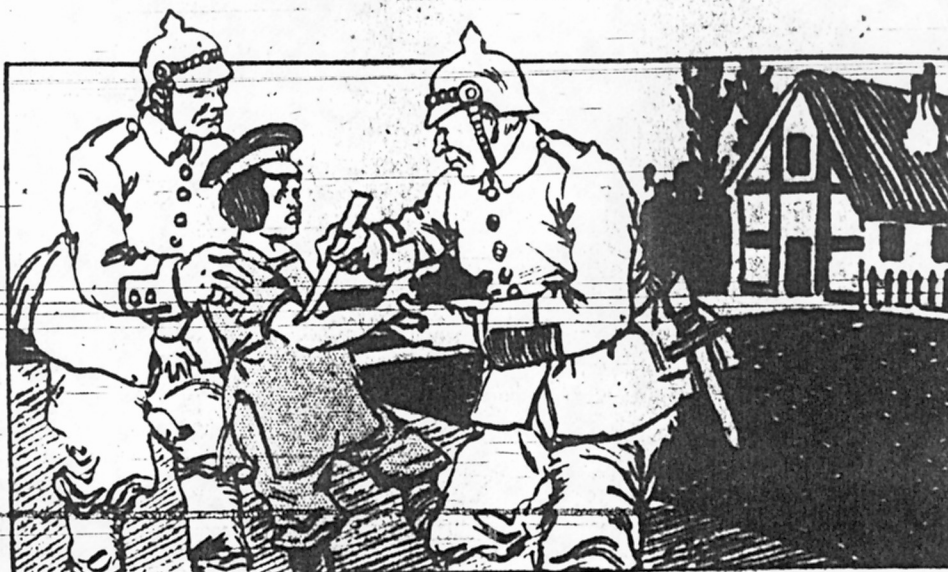
Just how Germany throughout the years was attempting literally to absorb Alsace-Lorraine into the melting pot of a German world empire is exemplified in the boy's story of his school life.

"Only an ex-German army officer could be a school teacher in Lorraine," says Buderus. "Every policeman must have been eight years in the German army. These things were common knowledge among our people. Military, military—everything was the army men and the army. For a time I was sent to a school in the Black Forest in Germany. Conditions there were not so military as in my home, land in Lorraine."

"In every schoolroom in Lorraine was a picture of the Kaiser. I remember that picture only too well—always there on the wall, where all of us could see it. At times we were ex-

pected to salute it. We would salute it when the teacher was looking at us, but when his back was turned we would put our fingers to our noses. Every boy and girl in Lorraine I ever knew hated the Kaiser and the German school teachers. They were so cruel to us—always a beating for any little thing; always cruel looks and orders about things. Once a week they would make us sing a song that had 'Hoch the Kaiser' in it. But when we would come to that part we would just say 'tra, la, la.'

"Among boys of my age in our school we had agreed that never would we know anything about the Kaiser or Bismarck or any of the German leaders. They made us take German history in our classes, but we would refuse to learn it and when they asked us anything about the Kaiser we would say we did not know. One boy, I remember, said one day, 'If the Kaiser wasn't the Kaiser he would be that'—and he pointed to a sweeper in the street. The boy was flogged until



They cut two big holes in my arm and put something in my blood

he bled and then they sent him away from school for good, somewhere we knew not. They told us he was insane.

"It was all in the blood. All the kids hated the Germans."

All the time the boy baron was studying "kultur" under German rule the mother at home was suffering indignities and cruelties, too. The German military authorities made it impossible for her to administer the affairs of her estate successfully. The Hun had his eye on the mineral deposits of the estate and by creating a closed market for the widow forced her into economical distress. Finally in despair she sold the place for the price placed by the Germans and fled with her boy into Belgium.

"We were in the very little village of La Deau when the war broke," continued Buderus in the narration of his story. "It is the same story that everybody in Belgium tells you. Great massive armies driving forward against the brave but smaller Belgian armies. Burning cities, roads thronged with refugees, food confiscated, sickness, sorrow and suffering. I was thirteen years old, but never will I forget the burning of Louvain. Mother and I were for a time under German rule until we escaped and came to America."

There is a closed chapter in the boy's story that he declines to discuss—the story of his escape to America. Asked about the story that he had been pressed into the German army and deserted to the Allied cause, the boy shakes his head.

"I cannot tell you that," he says. "It has been thought best at this time not to tell all. But I am here in free America, the land that I love and for which I am so eager to fight."

Selling Liberty Bonds

At this juncture the boy dug into his pockets and brought forth a square fold of paper.

"My definition of 'Love of Country,'" he said. "Read it."

The Boy Scout's definition, written in his own quaint style, ran:

"What is love—love of country? It burns everlasting. It hurts and yet it heals. It makes you feel too weak to do enough, and yet it strengthens you. Have you that love? If you have, thank God, thank your mother and, most of all, thank your country and be proud to say you love your country, the land of the free, the land that has never bowed to defeat and never snail—America!"

"I used that in the last Liberty Loan campaign and I'm using it in this campaign. While I am selling Liberty Bonds mother is posing in moving pictures of war scenes and doing Red Cross work in New York."

The boy baron's first job upon arriving in this country was office boy in a New York newspaper establishment, where he earned \$6 a week. Soon after his arrival he joined the Boy Scouts of America and has taken a lively part in all four Liberty Loan campaigns. For a time he worked as a heater boy in the Submarine Boat Corporation at Newark.

"It was hot there," he explained naively, "but when I thought how hot I was helping make it for the Kaiser I kept right on, not minding the heat."

In the first Liberty Loan it was tramp, tramp all over New York distributing posters and literature. He worked in the newspaper office at night and distributed posters from Boy Scout headquarters in the afternoons. Coming in late frequently, finally he was "fired" from the newspaper office, but friends took care of him and he continued as the Boy Scout bond seller.

Signal success came to him in the third Liberty Loan last spring. In all he sold \$800,000 worth of bonds. In seventeen days he sold \$99,450 worth of bonds on trains running in and out of New York. One day he invaded the New York curb market and sold \$10,000 worth.

"That was on a wager with a Boy Scout official," says Buderus. "They told me the market had been drained of every possible cent and I couldn't sell any more there. But almost on the last day of the campaign I sold \$10,000 worth."

"What is the secret of your success as a Liberty Bond salesman?" the boy baron was asked.

"Talk to them right straight from the shoulder," he replied. "Put it up to them so they can't miss it. So many folk take the war for granted. They ride along reading their papers and saying, 'My, but this war is awful,' but they are not going out of their way to help end it, and end it with America on top."

"My way was to take a Liberty Loan poster and get right up in front of a crowd and tell them what would happen to America if the Hun ever got over here. I tell them the story of Alsace-Lorraine and of Belgium. When they applaud I tell them it is easy to clap their hands together, but they ought to learn to put their hands in their pockets instead of applauding."

"My motto is:

Count that day lost when its descending sun finds in your hand no Liberty Bond or gun."

"One of the best plans I found was to sell bonds on trains. Mother and I lived for a while out at Mount Vernon. Riding into New York, I would get out a flaming poster and give it to the crowd good and strong. I would sell a couple of thousand dollars' worth of bonds in one car and then go into the next car and tell them they had to beat the car ahead."

So successful was the young Lorrainer as a New York Liberty Bond salesman that the Boy Scout officials allotted him a clean million dollars' worth for the fourth loan. These



One day I invaded the New York curb market and sold \$10,000 worth of Liberty Bonds

last four weeks he has been out on the trail, with his headquarters in Philadelphia.

"I'm none too strong and my voice is not so strong, either," he said one day recently after a salesman's speech to a Broad street throng, "but so long as there are lemons on the market I'll continue handing a lemon to the Kaiser. Lemons are my ammunition. I told the committee in the beginning to get me a crate of lemons. But I said our boys over there need the real ammunition, and if the money for lemons was needed to buy shells, we would get along without the lemons."

How a Boy Can Help

Baron de Buderus knows of lots of things a boy can do to help win the war.

"Sell bonds, for one thing," he says. "Any live American boy can do that if he is wise to his job."

"Sell war-savings stamps. Sell thrift stamps."

"Run errands."

"Watch for spies. Keep a jealous eye on everything that belongs to Uncle Sam."

"Go to school. Every fellow needs a good education to keep his nation going when the boys grow to men."

"Keep well. A sick fellow is a drag on other folks and needs attention that ought to go to the poor fellows that come home wounded."

"Save in eats. Every fellow gets hungry running around, but think of the fellows in the trenches—that go for days without chow."

"Fellows in towns and in the country close to woods can cut down wood and tow it home to be used instead of coal."

"Hurrah for America all the time."

"There's lots of things a boy can do to help win. Any fellow that says he can't do something because he's too young or too little is a slacker. Look around and then get busy."