Reminiscences of the 137th U. S. Infantry

"SPIRIT OF KANSAS"

Reminiscences

of the

137th U. S. Infantry

Compiled by
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1919
Crane & Company
Topeka

Dedication.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO

COLONEL PERRY M. HOISINGTON,

WHOSE VALOR, SENSE OF JUSTICE, AND GUIDING INSPIRATION WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED BY THOSE WHO WERE UNDER HIS COMMAND.

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INTRODUCTORY

It is with a certain sense of relief, a certain hope toward the future, and a sincere trust, that we now gather up the few remaining bits o' paper, lay aside the much used manuscript, place upon the shelf remaining documents, and close our desk with a well spent sigh.

You have at hand a "reminiscence" of days that were, a memoir of some of the many things we heard, saw, and felt. You who were comrades in the cause will no doubt know, feel, understand, and the followed pathway will appear clear and well beaten. You require but a "caption" of each chapter, and the story reaches home. You see things as they actually were, and you know the results obtained. When we mention "Life at Camp Doniphan," "In Alsace," "The Argonne Battle," you discover that your mind is fast at work, recalling scores of episodes, incidents and experiences which, during those stated times, transpired. However, with all this, still there must needs be many little incidents, many little happenings of which you were unaware, and which, if added to your present store of "reminiscences," that which you personally have in mind, can and will prove a story worth keeping.

To you who did your bit at home, the story herein contained should prove pertinent and not a little interesting. You have before you a record, a diary of events, portraying to you the experiences which were borne by one or more of those you held near and dear, and for whom your every thought and prayer was offered during the dark days of the great war while *they* were facing the gray-clad horde of the enemy upon the far distant battlefields of France. One or

more, perhaps, of those you loved and followed with such anxious hearts have never returned. Your threshold no doubt appears empty and forsaken. Those of us who, as it seemed, were ordained by a mightier Hand to make the supreme sacrifice, now lie sleeping beneath the verdure of the lilies of France. They were our comrades, and we hold their memory sacred.

Bear in mind, if you will, that inasmuch as we were over there doing our little bit, yes, meeting the daily trials, experiencing the many little joys, but more often the many little sorrows which would time and again creep into our hearts, we did so with a consolation and a trust that our loved ones at home were bearing with us, following us in spirit at least, giving us their hopes and trust and not a few prayers, and inasmuch as we were serving the cause, *you* at home were likewise serving as comrades of us all. This war-ridden world found you doing your duty in noble vein, which was known and felt by those of us who were many miles away. It is a fact worthy of consideration, namely, that the late war was not won upon the battlefield merely; it was won due to the combined strength of the forces at home and abroad. Had it not been for the loyal and unselfish support of the so-called "home forces" the sum total of events might now appear in a different light. As much as we needed arms and ammunition, we doubly needed and craved the support, the spirit and interest of those we left behind. History has repeatedly called attention to the fact that battles have not been won by arms alone. Often a far inferior force has overcome the contending enemy due to the spirit and undying love the former have borne for the ideal, country or home for which they fought. In this late war a similar fact was brought to light. Regardless of the number of the oncoming hordes of the enemy, regardless of the many and almost unsurmountable obstacles to overcome,

regardless of the well planted artillery and machine gun nests of the enemy, the flower of America, far from wilting and perishing by the wayside, bore ever onward, driving the oppressors back from whence they had come some four years previous. In honor and courtesy to the many fathers, mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts who so nobly bore with us, we do acclaim token of gratitude, and want them to feel that we cherish the memory of their deeds.

In compiling this volume, it has been our endeavor to place before the reader not alone an authentic history, not alone bare military facts and figures, but a work free in manner, simple in reading, using the personal as well as the general to make it a "story" throughout. Many of the notes and much data has been furnished by a personal "diary" which the writer kept for eighteen months. Aside from this, much important material, personal anecdotes and happenings have been furnished by various individuals within the regiment. For the successful launching of this book, I am personally indebted to several individuals. First and foremost among these, I mention with all due honor and appreciation my dear sister, Miss Ruth E., for the wonderful support, the unselfish co-operation she has given me; to Brigadier-General Charles I. Martin for placing numerous records at my disposal; to Major and Mrs. Fred E. Ellis, of McPherson, Kansas, who have contributed much time and work, assisting me in getting in touch with many of my former comrades; to Musician Harley Lichtenberger, Wichita, Kansas, for the etchings, cover design and frontispiece.

To the officers and men of the old 137th, I desire to say, you have in your hands what might be designated a "souvenir de la Guerre," a memoir of days gone by when you were the "fighting disciples" in the greatest army ever assembled upon a battlefield and representatives "Extra-Ordinair" of the *greatest State in the Union*. As the years pass, you are to

take just pride in pointing to your achievements. The names of Cheppy, Varennes, Montrebeau Wood, Baulny and Exermont will ever remain "reached objectives" in your thought-barrage, and with equal pride you are to recall how for twelve months you underwent all the rigors of foreign campaigning, and many times even outwalked the famous old army mule in your endeavor to reach a certain "Chambre de Couche" before the daylight broke to dawn. And they said you couldn't do it, but you did. A short time ago we were comrades in arms fighting for the same cause. A few weeks later we were honorably discharged and were soon back in "civvies" again. Our duty has not ended with the uniform. It has barely begun. At one time we fought in order to make this old world "safe for democracy"; now it is up to us to see that it is kept such. In order to call attention to some of the existing evils we have with us and what we are to do to combat these, I take the liberty of quoting excerpts from an oration which was given by the writer at a collegiate oratorical contest held at Bethany College, Lindsborg, Kansas, January, 1917, previous to our answering the call to service:

THE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT AMERICAN.

"If the experiment of government *by* the people is to be successful, *you* as a good citizen must make it so. We came from hardy ancestors, who by their loyalty and undaunted courage have weathered many a storm and upheaval. Leaving their fatherland under whose severe and unjust laws they had so long been oppressed, they came to America in order that they might live a life of freedom and nourish those noble ideals for which they stood. Their ambitions were to have a government *of the people, by the people, and for the people.* They believed in freedom of religion, and wanted man to worship his God according to his own humble and sincere beliefs. When this nation was born, we hoped to see

the days of monarchy fast drawing to a close. The world has not as yet been purged of such. We are to realize that today we stand at the dawn of a new era which demands more than ever the virtues and strength which we have inherited, and we must, therefore, uphold unflinchingly the ideals and traditions of our pioneer forefathers who laid the corner-stone of the great democracy.

"This nation, a melting pot of races and creeds, claims people of every type. We have some who, true to the standard of patriotic, noble-hearted ancestry, carry their colors well. We have the other type who, though they appreciate the bounties and privileges this great land has to offer, are reluctant to acclimate themselves to our sacred ideals and traditions. Again, we have the man who was born and raised beneath our flag, arriving at a mature age and being eligible by the laws of the land to take a part in handling the reins of government, who neglects to uphold the position allotted him, remaining, as it were, in a state of contentment regarding his own endeavors. As a *true American*, it is his duty to make ready for his coronation as a full fledged citizen of the land; it is his duty to learn those maxims of government, those laws of human nature, without which all administrations must fail. Ignorance and indifference are cancers to all governments who possess a democratic coloring. With full realization of all this, he goes through life enjoying all the rights of an American citizen without even a slight acknowledgment in return. He is one of those characters so busy seeking the almighty dollar that he considers all else of minor importance. When conditions sometimes arise which he dislikes, he gives vent in loud tones of criticism. There are times, it appears, when this type is efficient enough to 'behold the moat in his brother's eye, but fails to detect the beam in his own eye.' He is the 'interested in self' variety of citizen, choosing all personal interests first, last and all the time. A man who thus works for personal gain and self-glorification is not fit to exist beneath our flag under whose kindly care and protection he lives. He is the modern parasite.

"Then again, we have statistics to the effect that over thirty per cent of the voters of this land are living in ignorance regarding the laws and political theories which are so vitally before the American public today. Only once in every four years, it seems, does this type summon sufficient initiative to come forth from concealment in order to cast his ballot for whatever candidate his chance opinion might decide upon. Then again, by living in ignorance, this man is often under the influence of dominant factors higher up, who, having a working knowledge of government, use their more ignorant brother as a tool, inducing him through various means, usually by the lure of the almighty dollar, to subject his vote to their ideas. A man taking advantage of ignorance to further his own interests, becomes a most dangerous character to the government under which he lives, and may without the slightest hesitation be called a criminal of the first class.

"Man has said, 'I am tired of kings; I suffer them no more'; and when the kings had slipped from their tottering thrones, the scepter fell into the hands of the common man. It fell into your hands, you of the passing generation, and from yours it will pass into ours. If we are to hold the scepter, we must be wiser and stronger than the kings, else we too shall lose the scepter as they have lost it and our influence shall forever pass away. We find the dead which the dead past cannot bury are thrown up on our shores. We find that misery, weakness and crime are still with us, and that wherever weakness is, there is tyranny also. The essence of tyranny lies not in the strength of the strong, but in the weakness of the weak. We find that in America today there are thousands who are not free, thousands who can never be free under any government or any law so long as they remain what they are. The remedy for all this, then, is to train better and stronger men; men who will not be oppressed; men who are willing to step in, shoulder burdens, accept responsibilities, contribute co-operation and mutual understanding to all their fellowmen. This is the remedy our fathers sought; we shall find no other. The

problem of Americanism is not to make comfort alone, or life easier, but to make men stronger, so that no problem of government shall be beyond their solution. It is a sad fact, are we to know, that life is always to be made easy for ignorance, indolence and apathy; for must it remain such, man's work will always remain the work of a slave and his very life a waste of so much oxygen.

"An important problem confronting our government today is the immigrant question. A large per cent of our people were immigrants, and with due appreciation of the fact, it must be said that some of our greatest men have come from this class, notably the old school in Revolutionary days—those who came here to make homes, create a government, build churches, etc. But again, among some of the late immigrants, there have been those who have found it difficult to break away from the ancient traditions of their fatherland. Americanism does not imply that they are or must agree in all respects with the policies of this government, but it does imply that their supreme allegiance shall be given ungrudgingly to the land of their adoption. What is more detestable than to have a foreigner come over to this fair land of ours and to live here without giving allegiance to our laws—one who sneers at our institutions and tramples in the dust all just legislation. He is a man without principle, and undesirable to civilized humanity. If a citizen of this country or a foreigner wishes to become *Americanized*, he must awaken to the fact that it is his duty to help make the land of his birth or adoption the acme of governmental perfection for all people living within its borders, and to take just interest as an intelligent, law-abiding citizen.

"We do not want Americanism on a fifty-fifty basis. We want men worthy to be called Americans, not for the name's sake, but for the principles involved. In order that the immigrant might become Americanized, to learn to know and appreciate our laws and to prove of some use as a citizen of this land, it is absolutely necessary that he acquire a working knowledge of the English language, for the psychological fact remains that the vernacular possesses the quality of

being the best conveyor of the true spirit and ideals of a country (a fact brought to realization while we were over in France). We have a system of education today whose purpose is not to train gentlemen and professional men. It is to give wisdom and fitness to the common man and cause him to acquire a greater perspective, for then he will be able to attain whatever heights his heart desires. The great reforms in this system have all been toward the removal of barriers. They have opened up new lines of growth to the common man. He need no longer live in ignorance and oppression, but enjoys the freedom to better his condition if he will.

"What then, constitutes the measurements of an ideal '*one hundred per cent American*'? The essence of so-called manhood lies in the power of choice. In the varied relations of life, the power to choose means the duty of choosing right. It is no problem to choose whatsoever comes to mind without giving due thought and consideration. To choose the right, he must have the wit to know it and the will to demand it. The true American is a man of certain intelligence and high ideals, and he realizes his position both within the state and the nation, and strives to be of some use to the country which gives him his freedom and happiness. He places not, '*safety first*' but '*duty first*,' as he places duty and loyalty to his country above everything else, and when turbulent times come, hearkens to the cry of the land, calling for efficient and faithful servants. Whether it means the uniform or civilian attire, he performs those prescribed duties as a sacred obligation. The true American is a man of aggressiveness, not in the sense of a petty boaster, but a man of truthful convictions, ambitious to uphold those principles to the last. Might we not say that the value of Americanism in this man is measured by his aim as well as by his achievements, as loftiness of aim is essential to loftiness of spirit. He refuses to be fettered to any political organization or particular 'clique' which can take away any part of his freedom, for he realizes that the questions which divide the great political parties of a free country are not

as a rule questions of morals or good citizenship, but are based for the most part on hereditary tendencies, on present expediencies and hopes of temporary plunder, if so it might be described. We are to cut loose from the old slogan of casting ballot for party men. As conscientious, sincere citizens of this land, we have the best interests of people and country at heart, and therefore must needs cast our 'ayes' for the individual, not for mere party sentiment. In plain words, 'It's the like o' the man' we desire. When this man's party is led by inefficient men, or when its course is headed in the wrong direction, he realizes it and will never let it be said of him, 'He lives in the sixth ward, therefore he believes in prohibition; he lives in the ninth ward, therefore he believes and votes for free whiskey.' No; the true American is a citizen of the nation, not of the sixth ward, not of Iron County or Whitney County, although they have their place. True Americanism in this man is not a matter of waving flags or giving Fourth of July orations merely; it lies not in denouncing sister nations and their policies; it consists in first knowing what is true about his own country, and then in the willingness to sink his personal interest in the welfare of the whole.

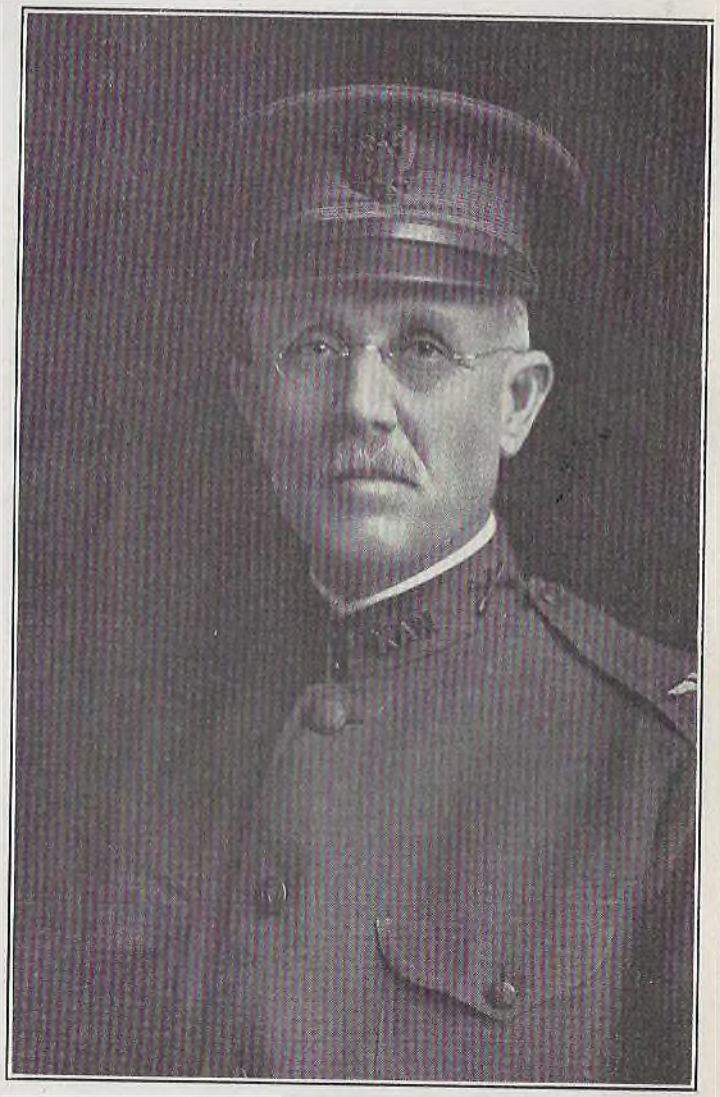
"When this government was first formed and the Declaration of Independence was drawn up, we find that the individuals behind the task were men of true American qualities, men who sought to win a continent from nature and to subdue it to the use of man. The gradual process of growth and development from that time on was as spontaneous, as inevitable, as the growth of a child to manhood. We do love and reverence him who was born in a lowly cabin in the wilds of Kentucky. Reared in a humble home, educated in the school of adversity, disciplined by the hardships of the forest, trained by observation and self-correction, Lincoln became a man of undaunted courage and perseverance, competent for the greatest task—he who with a clear eye looked through the turbulent future, and in the fullness of time with a steady hand steered the 'ship of state' through

the angry waters of civil strife to the harbor beyond. Rightly, do men call him '*The Great American.*'

"Our duties are a thousand fold, and we must place ourselves in a position to meet them. As American citizens, we must preserve the patriotic and self-sacrificing spirit of our forefathers by exalting our American ideals and instill them anew into the social and moral life of our people. If we as individuals are willing to live according to these ideals, then shall the dead not have lived in vain, and the final gist of Americanism will be a broader development of that virtue—self-sacrifice—which is the noblest thing in the world today. Then will life and joy abound where once wickedness and sorrow reigned. He who would hold the scepter in this wise rules as an uncrowned king of today and owns eternal allegiance with the 'Prince of Peace.'"

CARL E. HATERIUS.

CLEBURNE-MARIADAHL, KANSAS,
August 22, 1919.



COLONEL PERRY M. HOISINGTON

CHAPTER I.

COLONEL PERRY M. HOISINGTON.

> His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a MAN!"

Colonel Perry M. Hoisington, a Kansas soldier and citizen since the year 1884, has ever been a close disciple of this State's ideals and what they contain. Although not a "Kansan" by birth, he has from the moment of entrance into the State's citizenship tendered an uplifting and permeating influence which in its entirety has called for sincere devotion and love of service.

Born on a farm in St. Joseph County, Michigan, in 1857, he spent his tender years amid "nature's own" growing up, and in the course of time assimilating ideas and learnings which later was to be a pertinent factor in shaping a career which was to prove of vast benefit not alone to such a mere unit as "State," but to national integrity. His early years and school days were spent at Three Rivers, Michigan, where he completed his common and high school courses. His military career commences January 12, 1875, when he entered the National Guard service of Michigan, holding the rank of Sergeant in Company "D." Later, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant, serving until November 26, 1881. He was married in 1884, and leaving the State of his birth, moved to Newton, Kansas, which was to prove his home for years to come. Beginning his Kansas National Guard career he served in Company "D," Second Infantry, from August 8, 1890, on up through the years, serving in the various ranks from private up to Colonel. He received his

commission as First Lieutenant in the Second Infantry September 21, 1890.

Except during active service the officers and men of the National Guard regiments devoted their major time to whatever occupation was in choosing. Unlike the Regular standing army, entire time was not devoted to the military, although certain regular observances were held at all times, such as drill once a week, or whatever the curriculum called for.

Lieutenant Hoisington, upon arrival in Newton, devoted his time, aside from military duties, to the transfer business, handling coal and building materials, which occupied his time for several years. Entering into politics, he was elected to the office of County Treasurer from 1892 until 1896. Due to efficiency and interest shown in the military, as well as civil, he was promoted to the rank of Captain in the Kansas National Guards March 4, 1892, and on the 18th of September, 1894, was accorded the rank of Major.

From the time of his entrance into the State's military life up through the years he has served in official capacity, his one desire has been to elevate and place the National Guard units of this State upon an accredited recognized basis. As is well known, the National Guard units of our various States have had a hard row to hoe, and there is little question of the fact that, from their organization up until the time of the World War, when the National Guards proved their mold, they had been forced to struggle along as best they could, and competition between them and the Regular standing army created conditions not to the former's liking. In other words, the National Guard organizations have in years past been frowned upon, which caused their lot to become just a little burdensome. But with all this granted,

nothing daunted, and due to the endeavors of such men as General Martin, Colonels Metcalf and Hoisington, the organization of our own particular State military units have steadily improved, and today they have, along with the various other State Guards, reached a position which has called for the admiration and esteem of the entire country.

On August 15, 1895, Major Hoisington was advanced to the rank of Colonel of the Second Kansas National Guard regiment, and from thence on we know but one—Colonel Perry M. Hoisington. In 1897, Colonel Hoisington became Secretary and General Manager of the Railroad Building, Loan and Savings Association in Newton, which position he still occupies. During these years with this institution, he has seen the assets of this organization grow from nothing up to three and one-half million dollars.

From 1895 up until 1917, Colonel Hoisington served as commander of the old Second Kansas National Guard regiment. He was commandant of the Second Regiment in the border service, where meritorious service was done.

When war with the Central Powers was declared and the various State military units were called into Federal service, the First and Second Kansas Guards regiments were first mobilized in their home rendezvous and then later concentrated at Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma. Here the two regiments were consolidated into the 137th Infantry. Here it was that Colonel Hoisington played a most important role. To bring two regiments together, assimilate the two into one compact working organization, to know what to use and what not to use, changing the roster of composite organizations, assigning the required number of personnel to each unit within a newly organized regiment, obtain and correctly classify all records and official documents, finally get the

wheels in motion and the work begun, is a problem which would tax the best of ingenuity and initiative in man. Along with able cohorts, Colonel Hoisington performed the strenuous service demanded by the War Department, and it was not long before the new 137th Regiment was organized and accomplishing its objectives day by day. Colonel Perry M. Hoisington was placed in command of the new organization, and from the first day up until the time the "Grand Old Man" left our midst, we were never in doubt as to our ability as a composite military unit.

During his tenure as commandant of the regiment, officers and men alike learned to know him as a man, patriot and citizen of the first water; along with military duties which required discipline, conciseness and command, he was ever kind in a fatherly way, considerate as human to human, and at all times took the interest of the officers and men to heart, and it did seem as though he were a "father to us all." We learned to call him "the Grand Old Man," and behind these words is portrayed all due sincerity and esteem. Many a time has the writer followed in the line of march behind his stately "charger" while out on some "hike" or maneuver. Can to this day see him as he sat his saddle, tall, straight, soldierly, leading the line of march, turning now and then and glancing back over the heads of the moving line, now and then issuing a command, or turning a receptive ear to some message or other information brought by carrier. From his officers he demanded with firmness, but kindly in its portrayal, leadership, fortitude, efficiency, for they were in part responsible for scores under their command. During the officers' "school days" at Doniphan, Colonel Hoisington would often hold consultation with his command. From these "schoolings" much benefit was derived. We

remember one motto in particular which Colonel Hoisington gave utterance to while calling the attention of the officers to their responsibilities and what was expected of them: "Ignorance, error and laziness must be paid with blood." How true that rings when we think of thousands of the flower of this land who at that time were preparing themselves for the great task of war. How often scores of lives have been lost due to the "ignorance, error or laziness" of one or more responsible individuals. It proved timely advice and well worth heeding.

While sitting amid the environs of ye studio, giving accent to those thoughts and feelings of past days, we cannot but look back upon that time when hundreds of lads from diverse points of this State were doing their little bit down there in the wilds of Oklahoma, learning from those who knew and were in command, the art of preparedness and becoming equipped for the trials ahead. It was some consolation to know and feel that we had leaders who hesitated not from lack of efficiency and knowledge. We knew we had an individual at our head who had our interest at heart and was doing his utmost to instill his motives and ideals into the hearts of his men. As hard and trying as certain instances were, under the guiding leadership, the human interest, the fatherly encouragement, shown even the lowly "doughboy," we acquired a certain love and pride in what we did and accomplished, and now as we look back upon that time, we can realize with "Drummond," where he quotes," You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out, the moments when you really lived, are the moments when you have done things in the spirit of love."

During our numerous inspections and parades, which, as it seemed, were necessary evils in our curriculum and re-

garded in the same light by officers and men, many interesting and sometimes amusing incidents occurred. During one particular inspection and field maneuver, Major O'Connor was attempting to swing his men into a certain position. Colonel Hoisington, sitting astride his "charger" some little distance away, was watching the maneuver. Finally, perceiving that the movement was not exactly as planned, he called out, "Major, I don't think you can do that." Major O'Connor, hastening on his way up so as to place himself at the head of the column, vented forth in his characteristic way, "Yes, I can, Perry," and forthwith gave the command. Sometimes even an officer, let alone a Major, during hasty and trying moments, forgets himself to the amusement of ye doughboy. Often a Colonel's lot is not as easy and recuperative a position as it would appear to the casual observer. True, a Colonel's uniform always looks so spick and span, so "nifty" and neat. At times you see him "promenading" about carrying a "cursed" swaggerstick, prodding here and there, wondering why this and that. Deliver us from such embarrassment. We only claimed one such "regular." Do not grant yourself the conclusion that we are prejudiced versus the "swagger"; we are not, but do contend that it goes well with the "oakleaf" or the "eagle"; but we have always entertained a "horror" for that little "feminine" character who goes about swinging first this way, then that, prodding here, then there, enquiring in highly pitched bell tones the reason for this or that. As mentioned, when thinking of the word "Colonel," we see the aforementioned tailored uniform, the firm military step, the erect carriage of an officer. We have always admired such, for this individual must, according to the position he holds, stand an acme, an ideal for the hundreds of men under him. Judge not his

position from the dress. As we mentioned, a Colonel's lot during those days was not a pathway of roses. Aside from his prescribed military duties and worries, his office was often bombarded with excessive mail from anxious home folks. Here was a mother, enquiring as to the welfare of her "boy." "Was he getting enough to eat? What kind of company was he in? Could he come home for a visit to see his little baby sister?" and a thousand and one other things. We might mention in this connection that, during those first days of America's initiation into the military, people were not accustomed to the conditions as they later learned to become. Many a young lad was away from home for the first time. It was but natural that mother missed and perhaps worried just a little about him, and knowing of no other method, would get in touch with "John's" commanding officer, which as she thought was the Colonel. In courtesy to Colonel Hoisington, it might be said that to each and every letter of enquiry received from anxious mothers or fathers, personal replies were tendered, and often the "charge" in question was looked up and details of his existence learned. All this tended to instill that feeling of closer relationship between the men and officers, or officer, as the case might be. It led to firmer co-operation and interest in the work. It made us feel that we were, aside from the necessary military formalities, a brotherhood of individuals, all striving for the same goal.

On Friday, January 3, 1918, the entire regiment was greatly surprised, and not a little saddened, when word was received that Colonel Hoisington was going to leave our midst. At first we did not believe it. He had been with us so long, from the very day we were organized into the 137th Regiment, and now we were about ready to leave for "Over

There." That afternoon the final parade and farewell ceremony was enacted. At that time the regiment was turned over to a new commander. After the accustomed parade was over, the regiment was drawn up in formation and a panorama picture taken. Colonel Hoisington and staff in the foreground and the regiment standing in order in the rear. Upon conclusion of this event, the regiment was turned over to the command of Colonel McMasters, who was to have charge until we left for France. That evening, an elaborate farewell reception had been planned by the men of the regiment under supervision of Major O'Connor, Adjutant Bonney, Captain Ellis and Bandmaster Fink, but due to the extreme inclement weather the program had to be canceled. Colonel Hoisington left us, and we saw him no more until after our return from Europe and while coming into the harbor of New York; the "Grand Old Man" stood there on deck of that little reception tug along with many other distinguished Kansas folk bidding us welcome back to God's country and home. When we perceived that welcome sign, "Kansas welcomes you home!" and then looked over to where our old Colonel was standing smiling, we knew we had not read incorrectly. Kansas *did* welcome us, and our old leader was there to see that correct emphasis were attached. True, we were most glad to see Governor Allen, General Martin, Colonel Metcalf, and others; but realize, if you will, what it meant to us to once more have our first Colonel close at hand. As he stood peering up to the deck of our large transport, he no doubt noticed the apparent lack of old familiar faces and the glances of many new and strange countenances. There were over twelve hundred of the latter.

During our absence overseas, several within the regiment often received word from "Our Colonel," and each letter

thus received demonstrated the fact of the vast pride he bore for "his men and officers," and how proud he was of the record they were making. During our absence Colonel Hoisington was assigned the work of organizing the new Kansas National Guard within the State, and he is at present, along with his many other duties, acting as Colonel commanding of the Fourth Infantry, Kansas National Guard, with headquarters at Newton, Kansas. He has been President of the First National Bank of Newton for several years, having also served on the city council and school board.

Colonel and Mrs. Hoisington's home has been blessed with five children—two boys and three girls. His eldest son, Major Gregory Hoisington, U. S. A., is a graduate of West Point. Colonel Hoisington's other interests point to the fact that he has served in a prominent way the Masonic institution of Kansas, being Past Grand Master, Past Grand High Priest, and Past Grand Commander. He has been a member of the Masonic Home Board in Wichita since its inception in 1892, and chairman of the Executive Committee since 1895. Aside from these and military duties, Colonel Hoisington has always been a zealous church worker, and at present occupies the position of ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, and is a member of the Board of Trustees of the College of Emporia. In his own words, when asked about future plans, he exclaimed, "I am perfectly satisfied with Newton, and expect to finish my days here."

In concluding but a brief sketch of him who has for so long drawn our thoughts and inspirations, we do acclaim as men in unison with Shakespeare: "He was a man, take him all in all; I shall not look upon his like again."

CHAPTER II.

ORGANIZATION OF 137TH INFANTRY.

First and Second Kansas Regiments.

In compiling a history, biography and the like, there must needs be many things to be taken into consideration. Although never a member during the early existence of either of the two Kansas regiments, data received and herein contained must suffice in presenting the reader a short biography of our two State military organizations.

Kansas, always a reformer at heart, has during past days shown a tendency to take the initiative in any great movement or reform, whether political, economic or social. She has been a leading light upon the high seas of reform, and blazing the way for others to follow. Through years of toil and hardship she has ever sailed these seas with a sturdy rudder and sails set. Kansas, early to realize the need of organizing a composite unit of protection within her borders, formed what was at that time called the "State Guards," later known and incorporated into the Kansas National Guards.

From their early organization up until and including the 137th Infantry, their personnel portrayed a decidedly Kansas complexion. Composed of volunteers from all sections of the State, its members represented the clean, rugged, robust type of western manhood which has always been so characteristic of our western civilization. Some writers have presented data giving the year of the two regiments' founding as 1878. It is, however, a well known fact that the Wichita company, Company "A" of the Second Regiment,

boasts of an even earlier date. From the very first the two Kansas National Guard regiments experienced the usual vicissitudes which usually surround young and struggling organizations. In some localities companies were mustered out and reorganized, other localities mustered out never to appear at that particular place. The strength of the companies was not always up to quota, but with that spirit of "*Ad Astra Per Aspera*" ("To the stars through difficulties") dominating, the organizations were maintained.

Previous to the passage of the National Defense Act of June 3rd, 1916, no provision for the direct support of these units was in operation. Many of the needs of the companies were met by the voluntary contributions of officers and men. Remuneration for the National Guard service was not lavish, to say the least. A Captain received $2.80 per month, a First Lieutenant $1.50, a Second Lieutenant $1.00, and a private 50 cents. In return, the State required officers and men to drill at least once every week. Outside of personal contribution in money by the personnel, all other work necessary for the maintenance and training of the various units was contributed gratis by officers and men alike. Surely a democratic army!

With the passage of the National Defense Act, the situation was improved. Units were better supplied, salaries created more in proportion, and the general character of the organization improved. Captains now received $500 per annum, First Lieutenants $300, Second Lieutenants $250, and privates $50. In conjunction with this, the curriculum of training was greatly improved and strengthened.

The two National Guard regiments were called into active service on various occasions. The First Regiment quelled disorders arising from the M. K. & T. strike at Parsons,

Kansas, in 1886. The Second Regiment was called by the Governor to quell the troubles at the Stevens County county seat in 1888, and both regiments were called occasionally by sheriffs to prevent lynchings in various quarters. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War in 1898, Governor Leedy, although promising to call on the two State units, later deemed it best to organize separate volunteer units for the participation. At this juncture, several companies of the two Guard units came forward and directly offered their services. They were accepted.

Before passing on, it might be well to note from whence the various companies of the First and Second National Guard Regiments hailed.

First Regiment—Regimental Headquarters, Lawrence; Supply Company, Iola; Machine Gun Company, Humboldt; Medical Corps, Lawrence; Company "A," Kansas City, Kansas; Company "B," Horton; Company "C," Burlington; Company "D," Paola; Company "E," Fredonia; Company "F," Hiawatha; Company "G," Ft. Scott; Company "H," Lawrence; Company "I," Manhattan; Company "K," Coffeyville; Company "L," Yates Center; Company "M," Lawrence.

Second Regiment—Regimental Headquarters, Hutchinson; Supply, Machine Gun and "E" Companies, Hutchinson; Medical Corps, Lawrence; Company "A," Wichita; Company "B," Holton; Company "C," Great Bend; Company "D," McPherson; Company "E," Hutchinson; Company "F," Larned; Company "G," Minneapolis; Company "H," Winfield; Company "I," Wichita; Company "K," Independence; Company "L," Emporia; Company "M," Salina.

With various changes, the regiments remained active until the time of the consolidation.

MEXICAN BORDER.

When trouble with Mexico arose in 1916, the two regiments were called upon to render their first Federal service. At President Wilson's jurisdiction, divisions of the Regular Army and National Guards were sent to the Mexican border to protect American soil from the "Bolsheviki maniacs." Mexican outlaw bands operating in and around the frontier made life miserable for those living there. The two regiments were mobilized at Fort Riley June 22nd and 23rd, 1916. The Second Regiment arrived on the border July 1st, and the First Regiment on July 7th, respectively.

The two regiments were brigaded with the First Vermont Regiment, which at that time was commanded by Colonel Ira L. Reeves, who was later to command the 137th Infantry during an interesting stage of its life in France. Colonel Wilder S. Metcalf had been in command of the First Regiment since 1897, except during the Spanish-American War, at which time he served as Major of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Frederick D. Funston. As Major of the Twentieth Kansas in the Philippine campaign, he was promoted to the rank of Colonel in that regiment when Colonel Funston was promoted to Brigadier-General. Later, Colonel Metcalf was given the rank of Brigadier-General in the National Guards. Colonel Perry M. Hoisington commanded the Second Kansas on the border. He had received the rank of Colonel in 1895, after having served as Captain and Major. He remained in command of the regiment through the Spanish-American War and on the Mexican border.

EAGLE PASS.

While at Eagle Pass, the men's duty consisted of guarding the numerous passes over a seventy-mile front. Their life was a monotonous one and tested the iron in every one of them. The men's version of their stay at Eagle Pass portrays a picture quite dismal in its entirety: "The hot winds, sand-storms and cactus became unbearable at times, and we didn't know what to do for protection. It was pretty hard to come from civilian life down to this life in the desert." The daily sand-storm became a menace and its effects were most discomforting. An unusual incident occurred the night of July 19th, when they were suddenly awakened by a terrific sand- and wind-storm, which swept every tent to the ground and strewed wreckage for acres around. This was followed by a heavy downpour of rain, and as the men had no covering they received the full benefit of the deluge. Tents as well as dreams had been shattered, and the following morning found the company streets littered with the debris. The two days following were utilized in rebuilding a camp.

BY TRUCK TO SAN ANTONIO.

On September 6th, 1916, the two regiments, numbering one hundred officers and eighteen hundred men, were transferred by trucks from Eagle Pass to San Antonio, a distance of a hundred and sixty miles, across desert and plain. As this was the first time such a great body of men had been conveyed overland in such manner, many observers and inspectors accompanied the units. The trip was an experiment and results were desired either for the better or the worse. It proved without a doubt that the motor truck had reached a new era in its development and would hereafter be

used to a great extent in our army. It was not to be long until these veterans of the border were to make similar trips later, over in France. General Funston met the units at Castroville. Arriving at San Antonio the regiments, together with the Seventh Illinois, were brigaded and composed the First Brigade of the Twelfth Division. General Henry A. Green, of the Twelfth Division, acquired such admiration for the two Kansas regiments that he had requested that they be placed under his command.

On September 16th, the Twelfth Division began a practice march to Austin, arriving there after covering a distance of 102 miles. It proved a real test for the men, and one never to be forgotten. The division left Austin September 27th, taking a shorter route, and arrived back in San Antonio October 2nd. This last trip constituted 80 miles. Completing their required service on the border, the regiments leaving San Antonio arrived at Fort Riley, and were mustered out of Federal service, the First Regiment October 31st and the Second Regiment November 12th, 1916. Many demonstrations were now in order, and both soldiers and civilians made the old home towns ring. Those were glorious days to the returning veterans.

The value derived from the border experience cannot be easily overestimated. Down there in the hot winds, sand and cactus, living a vigorous outdoor life, learning to endure fatigue, discomfort and hardship, it moulded the men into soldier caste of the best quality, and the men became physically fit to withstand all hardships of rigorous campaigning. The border service proved to be a great training school for these men who were later to become veterans of the greatest war recorded in the annals of history.

ORGANIZATION OF 137TH INFANTRY.

Having been admitted to the laboratory of the human masses; seen and probably in a minute way served as one of them through a bitter crisis, both while preparing and afterwards taking an active part in the great inferno, I have, like many others, been privileged to witness the action and reaction of man's thought as it crystallized into concrete things. Before we entered into the war an entire nation strong, there were various and conflicting notions regarding our prescribed duty. I perceived for the first time how high sentiment, by which all human minds are inspired for better or for worse, may become the habitual movement of the mind at an age when so many, if they live at all in spirit, are but nursing the selfish and distorted fancies of morose views.

For years past and leading up until the hour of the great war, the world to many of us had been a brotherhood of noble souls. We were, on the average, suddenly awakened from our dream during the summer of 1914. As the months progressed, the low-hanging clouds upon our eastern horizon became all the more darker and blacker. That eventful year of 1914 found the dogs of war unleashed in the far off Balkans. In an instant Europe was in turmoil. In Berlin and Vienna long cherished hopes of world dominion seemed near realization. The cry, "On to Paris!" swept over Teutonic lands, and soon the soil of beautiful France felt the stepping of hostile hordes. Then came long cruel months of bitter war; days when liberty seemed almost lost—"Truth on the scaffold, Wrong occupying the throne"—days when human flesh cried out in despair. It was not long until we felt the fangs of the enemy as he bit here and there. At

last, when every mode of modern diplomacy and negotiation had served *nil*, the cloud broke. Personal as well as national liberty was at stake, and finally we were able to perceive that not only national but world-wide liberty was hanging in the balance. As an incentive to spring to action, we harkened to that voice calling out over the water, at first likened to a voice crying in the wilderness of anguish and woe. That voice, as the voice of long ago, seemed to say, "Come over and help us!" We were slow to awaken, but once awake and arising from our "dreamer's bed" we sprang to action. Out across the vast expanse of this continent the machinery was put in motion, and soon the entire land was in a maelstrom of preparation.

Kansas among the first to realize her mission, spared no straw or quill. With the spirit of old, she mounted the rostrum and with a steady and firm hand commenced to bring her forces into play. Things were now happening in rapid order, and no time must be lost. It was at this stage our two State military organizations sprang to life as it were. August 5, 1917, will always be remembered by those who in any way were to be an integral part of these units. The popular mind was then commencing to awaken, and responsibilities, fast accumulating, were shouldered with a spirit of renewed vigor and enthusiasm. This bespeaks the civilian as well as the military. A volunteer system of service was now before the people of the State, and nobly they responded. Companies formerly lacking in personnel, now increased from sixty to one hundred and fifty men. Each company of our two National Guard regiments were fully equipped and assigned. On August 5th, the two regiments, the First and Second Kansas, were mobilized, each company in its home rendezvous. Company "A" of the First, Cap-

tain A. K. Rupert in command, and Company "H" of the Second, Captain F. H. Vaughn in command, left in advance of the regiment for Camp Doniphan, which was to be the concentration point for all National Guard units from Missouri and Kansas. Arriving there August 28th, these two companies were assigned to guard and fatigue duty.

The various companies began leaving their home rendezvous about September 29th. Now, as we look back upon that time, it brings many thoughts to mind. Trains drawn up at the stations, great crowds of people, friends, relatives and others who had come down to bid the soldier boys farewell and Godspeed. A final parade down the old home street, the playing of bands, the colors to the breeze, the mobs of cheering human voices, and here and there even a tear added to the setting. Then the most human farewells, the showering of baskets of eats, and the trains pull out. Many of those partings were more sentimental, more touching, than any seen thereafter. As we left for camp, everybody seemed to think, nay, believe, that it was the last farewell; they would see us no more until we returned from "Over There." Even we were inclined to this viewpoint. We had a mental picture of a huge military camp surrounded by a strong cordon of guards where no outsider was to be allowed near or within our habitat. Everything must be done in the greatest of secrecy. A few weeks in this camp at the most and we would be on our way to Europe.

It was perhaps characteristic of the popular mind to take things in a much harder way at that time than a few months later. At that time the whole business was new and unfamiliar to most of us. As the months went by soldier and civilian alike learned to take responsibilities, to face things from a more concrete standpoint. Our government propaganda proved a strong instrument in arousing the "sleeping ones," and in fact awakening all of us, and we saw our duty clearly. We as a nation had been slumbering perhaps a little too long. Our endeavors had been too long concentrated on the almighty dollar and what it contained. Now we came to realize the duty of that dollar force as well as the duty of the human element. As the soldier was to undergo his course of training, so the civilian, those at home, were to undergo theirs. How nobly they responded is now portrayed by official records and documents. Every man, woman and child with but meager exception, went into the work which will always merit the highest esteem and consideration of the Allied world. The motto seemed to read: "Go in to win, and do it quickly." The people did, the soldiers did, and now, "It is the privilege of poets-immemorial and native to the clan, that they should share the immortality they confer. This right we may now as brothers in a great cause vindicate for our own."

We refer once again to the picture as was then presented. The departing troop-trains are now on their way, and all along the route we receive the hearty cheers and good-byes of the populace. After an all night's ride, the regiments arrive at Camp Doniphan the morning of September 30th. The trip in many respects had been a memorable one. There was little sleep on board that night; everybody was in high spirit and didn't mind demonstrating the fact. As we pulled in on the siding at camp, everybody was anxious to be about, to do what was to be done, and become settled as soon as possible. It was one step nearer Berlin, our ultimate goal.

Stepping off of the train with packs slung, we were lined up in column of fours and marched up to camp proper. Details had been left on train to supervise the handling of

baggage and other cumbersome paraphernalia. It was with some doubt and misgiving we viewed the area of our future home. As no tents had been pitched, few buildings in existence, it meant work for every man—sergeants, corporals and privates alike. Mention will be made of camp construction in following chapter.

October 2nd is a memorable date in this record. It marks the consolidation of the First and Second Kansas National Guards into the new organization, the 137th Kansas Infantry Regiment. The aggregate enlisted strength of the new regiment was over 4000 men. The new regiment, together with the newly organized 138th, 139th and 140th, constituted the infantry units of the 35th Division. As the regiment was now above quota in strength, many men were transferred to auxiliary units within the division. Skilled mechanics and artisans were attached to special corps, and soon the regiment was organized on the basis of a total of 3100 men and officers.

In the consolidation, the senior Captain remained in command of respective companies. If, however, he failed to meet all requirements, after a thorough trial, he was sent elsewhere and the next in command assigned. This weeding out process affected both officers and enlisted men. Colonel Hoisington, who was the new commander of the regiment, desired that the personnel of the organization be kept clean and thorough throughout. Colonel Hoisington took a most important part in the work of consolidation of the two regiments. He was assisted by Colonel Metcalf, Major John O'Connor and Adjutant Bonney. So now, with sails set and rudder in position, we were off with a flying start.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE AT CAMP DONIPHAN.

As mentioned in a previous chapter, we arrived upon the scene which was to prove our future home for the coming seven months—months full of varied and novel experiences. We were opening and turning to a new and yet unused page in our lives. As we stepped off the train ready to enter in upon our duties, we were, after a fashion, placing the past behind us and accepting with a free and open hand a new responsibility, a responsibility which was soon to prove the metal and mould of America's entire young manhood. For weeks the members of the National Guard units had been impatiently awaiting the time when packs would be rolled, equipment packed, and we would be on our way to some camp to there begin our military duties. We had heard so much about Camp Doniphan that we were most anxious to get there and see for ourselves what it was like.

We were not long in finding out after once arriving there. The sight which met our eyes was enough to cause any Young Hopeful to lose whatever enthusiasm he might have acquired previously. Barely a tent or barrack of any description could be seen. Great piles of lumber, wire and other "debris" littered the ground. Dust and filth everywhere in evidence. As we were marched up to what was designated "our company street," we noticed hundreds of little pegs sticking out of the ground. These served as markers, showing where each tent was to be erected. The only buildings in evidence were a few half-finished mess halls and infirmaries. Unslinging our equipment, we were

lined up into squads, each squad under the immediate supervision of a non-commissioned officer whose duty it was to see that the work of erecting tents, digging ditches and straightening things out in general was done in the proper way. It was then and there that we learned to realize the truth of that aged phrase, "Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow." It was the pick, shovel and a pair of strong arms for each man, and while some were digging the ditches around the tent foundation, others were carrying

"Beaucoup Kilomet" Voulez Vous Promenade Avec Moi?

water with which to moisten up the crusted earth; and with this dampened soil which was loosened up and packed, floors to the tents were thus formed. While busily at work, we had the extreme "pleasure" of being introduced to one of Oklahoma's widely known and famous dust-storms, which come up quite suddenly and often leaving the traveler in dire plight, not knowing whether he is on the desert of Sahara or on the plains of Egypt, and which at times causes

Old Sol to become completely hidden from view. A fine reception to Uncle Sam's young aspirants!

By evening of the first day in camp, our tents were up, and though rather uncouth in appearance, still they offered a shelter from the hot sun and a little of the wind and sand. We had eaten nothing since leaving our home rendezvous but box lunches, and still had the remains of some kind friend's donation. Chicken bones were a specialty that evening. Right then and there the old army cry of "When do we eat?" came into being. That cry, augmented by such relatives as "When do we rest?" and "Why don't the band play?" followed us throughout our army life, and at times furnished not a little amusement to the tired, hungry doughboy. Our first days in camp brought hundreds of new faces before the screen. It was a time of becoming acquainted. As these hundreds of new faces would appear in camp many observances could be obtained. Some had that eager, expectant look; others, that faraway, longing look, as though lost in the crowd amid the hustle and bustle of men hurrying hither and thither. Added to this, hundreds of heavily laden motor trucks and other vehicles hurrying along with cargoes of newly arrived equipment and supplies. Everything was in a state of turmoil. As our surroundings were new and unfamiliar, one dare not stray away too far, as it was with some difficulty that your particular company street was located. The next fellow knew about as much concerning the whereabouts of Company "A" or "B" as you did.

Our first Sunday in camp, October 7th, our band gave a concert in Lawton, its debut before the people of Oklahoma. The trip was made in motor trucks, and as we had hitherto been accustomed to riding on soft, cushiony leather-uphol-

stered gas carts such as Hudson Sixes, Packards, and the like, this initial army conveyance was quite a "comedown." Expecting to find the city of Lawton a large prosperous-looking place, we were very much surprised to note its appearance. With the exception of a courthouse, and a few presentable buildings, the balance appeared quite ordinary and behind the times. The cry, "Give us K. C., Hutchinson or Wichita!" was prevalent, and with sufficient reason. Lawton gave us the impression of a place that "used to was but now ain't," a place which at some time or other had been built due to golden dreams of some prospectors who imagined their names would go down in modern writ as founders of a great metropolis. However, this old town had lain dormant for years subject to the winds and rains of many seasons, but which now, by accident or otherwise, was to prove within a few months a place where money actually screamed aloud due to malicious misuse. As the band's opening number was rendered, and as their appearance was quite unheralded, the only audience was a jailful of characters, involving both sexes, who had evidently come to Lawton, "spotting" it as a likely place to manipulate whatever graft they had to offer. Several thousand soldiers entering into the life of such a place is bound to cause the almighty dollar to speak in one way or another. At the conclusion of the first number, a fair-sized audience was present and seemingly enjoyed the concert. Concert concluded, aboard the trucks once more and back to camp. How strange it felt to call it home; nothing but a tent, containing a few cots and personal belongings. During all this time, although slowly becoming acquainted and adapting ourselves to our surroundings, still our thoughts would revert back to old familiar scenes and environments. There was no such thing as the

"dead past burying its dead." It was about this time that many received their first army inoculations, and this proved a most interesting phase of our existence. While lined up before the infirmary, and at stated intervals entering one by one to receive the "shot" in the arm, some amusing spectacles met the eye. Previous to this inoculation we had heard terrible blood-curdling tales of how painful, how cruel, those inoculations were. Two men it took to hold the needle, while three others held the patient. It was awful to subject an innocent party to such tales. As we stood in line awaiting "our hour," a muffled thud, and, looking around, would perceive some big strapping mother's son seated on the floor. His knees had refused to perform any longer and he just must sit down for a brief spell. This would draw the laughter from the others, who would enjoy the "needle joke" at the expense of some poor seated khaki form. You can't beat a soldier, as has often been demonstrated.

Things were now becoming somewhat stable, and our life in general showed improvement. We had commenced soldiering in earnest. I am herewith presenting the reader with an inside view of our camp life, and in doing so will present a few of the main events transpiring. On November 1st, the regiment, headed by Colonel Hoisington, went out on a sixteen-mile hike, carrying packs and equipment. These hikes were made for the purpose of conditioning the men for that which was to come. On this hike each man carried dinner rations in raw form, and it behooved one and all to then and there learn a few facts concerning the culinary art and to apply the "science domestique." As is well known, the army teaches many things which are of value to the individual. Two so-called criterions are "self-reliance" and "initiative"; in other words, to learn to take

care of yourself under any conditions or at any place. This is typical American, and a contrasting point of difference between our army and other armies. This fact was demonstrated time and again during the late war. The American soldier learns to think for himself, and perhaps it is true that he often assumes responsibilities outside of his immediate jurisdiction, whereas the individual soldier of some other nations we know of would strictly follow a system of given rules to the letter. How was it with the Germans? Time after time we have seen them suffer the effects of this so-called "system." They did not cherish the idea of thinking for themselves during any sudden emergency; they were governed by system. Place an American in a tight place, and it is not long before his head is doing some swift thinking, and consequently action on his part follows. He is alien to anything bound up in "Kultur." Probably that is the reason he has been christened a "poor soldier but a good fighter." If that is what played a decided factor in winning the late war, we cry as with one voice, "Encore!" and may those traits always remain characteristic of the American soldier. Too much stiffness and formality within our military curriculum leads to autocracy. So much for "self-reliance."

After reaching our outward destination on that day's march, the regiment "fell out" and preparations for dinner commenced. Each man built his own little camp-fire and made his own dinner. The meal consisted of fried bacon, boiled rice, bread and coffee. The writer's first attempt to serve dinner "a la carte" proved a dismal failure, for while gazing around to see how comrades were progressing, the bacon caught fire, and before relief could be forwarded had burned to a crisp. After using a full canteen of water in an

attempt to bring the rice to boiling point, endeavors were suspended and the attempt was abandoned, and the rice eaten half cooked. Fortunately, no water remained to quench the thirst afterwards existing, as consequences might have proven acute.

Being what you might say "penned up" for some time in a military camp, one naturally craves a change of scenery now and then. Camp Doniphan, although situated on somewhat of a plain, with a chain of foothills skirting the western boundary line, claimed environs of interest to those really in need of a change of scenery. Off to the west and beyond the foothills skirting the camp proper, is situated a very picturesque little health resort called Medicine Lodge. Farther beyond this, loom the peaks of the Wichita Mountains. The giant among these pinnacles pointing heavenward is known as Mount Scott, whose immense body of rock and huge boulders tower over 1500 feet upward, and can be seen for miles around. On Saturday afternoons, many of the boys would be issued twenty-four-hour passes, and to this summer resort and the mountains they would betake themselves. Many camping trips were thus enjoyed, which aided materially in breaking the monotony of military camp life. The favorite detail was that which assigned units to guard duty around the big lake out there at the foot of the mountain. A huge natural reservoir, situated close to the base of Mount Scott, supplied the entire camp with water, and this place was closely guarded at all times.

Our first big day in camp happened to be Thanksgiving. Elaborate preparations were made, and mess sergeants and cooks became the center of interest. Many of us were away from home for the first Thanksgiving, but this was not to deter our enjoying the accustomed celebration. Kitchens

vied with one another in seeing which one could outdo the other. As a member of Headquarters Company, I can but describe our celebration for that day. Our Mess Sergeant, commonly known as "Waseek" Palmer, or better known as the "Human Bear," lived up to his prescribed reputation in obtaining "eats," which ranged from man-sized turkeys to cranberries, and the feed tendered the boys would do honor to a king. Our mess hall had been profusely decorated with evergreens, flags and bunting, and the long rows of tables represented a facsimile of the famous banquet spreads of the Waldorf-Astoria. The meal itself was served very much like our usual army "slum" dinners were served. Each man, carrying his mess-tins, promenaded past the cooks and K. P.'s, who served the various dishes in their accustomed order. After receiving the allotted share, each individual would be seated at the table, and the struggle began. Turkey (an ally of Grease), due to the "heat" of a previous engagement, fell an easy victim to the onslaughts of the doughboy, and what territorial claims remained after the conflict were parceled out that evening. The last reports stated, "a quiet day on all fronts."

During the month of December, which ushered in rather unstable weather conditions, much sickness became prevalent, and it was due to the increasing cases that Doniphan received much notoriety. It was quite true that conditions were for awhile appalling, and a cleanup was needed. Our regimental doctors tried in every way to create better conditions, and succeeded within our regimental area. They proved to be both efficient and conscientious. The regiment owes much to Lieutenant Kirkpatrick for what he did in the way of improving conditions there. He was ever ready to offer his services to all or any who desired such, and today

there is no more popular man of the old 137th than Lieutenant Kirkpatrick. He and First Sergeant Quinn were the backbones of our Sanitary Corps. At this writing we have in our possession citations both from our Division Commander and the Division Surgeon, commending the services of these two individuals, who were cited for bravery and efficiency while we were in France.

On December 4th we had our first brigade inspection. It was a most unpleasant day for such an occurrence, as the thermometer was very weak, and the northerners were coming in swoops and gusts. A two-hour's stand out in the open facing such is enough to dampen any young hopeful's ardor. Living in Sibley tents during the cold of winter is an experience not always forgotten. One night in particular—which will ever live to be retold—Friday night, December 7, 1917, a regular blizzard came upon us. The wind, sleet and snow caused rather weird music around the corners and on the canvas roofs of our tent homes. The only means of furnishing heat was derived from little ice cream cone stoves, which usually stood in the center of each tent. Even by huddling close to such stoves it was quite impossible to keep warm this particular night. With the wind and sleet whirling in through the knot-holes and crevices of the tent sides, to try and keep warm by the heat of that little stove was like attempting to drink the ocean dry. One feature of the scene was that we now had board floors and sides to each tent, the latter about four feet high; but a new division order soon took the joy from our home. In order to insure the proper amount of ventilation, eight wooden flanges were nailed to the four sides of each tent where the canvas covering fastened to the wooden frame. These stretched the canopy, leaving air-holes where fresh air

could penetrate into the abode. The plan really did look well on paper, but in reality it felt like—well it didn't feel near so well. You no doubt understand the doughboy's sentiment when this was thrust upon him. At night, as we were ready to retire, a perfect barrage of shirts, socks, overalls, and in fact anything stuffable, was rammed down those holes in order to keep the elements from trespassing. The "University of Hard Knocks" had many disciples in those days. We later learned, while over in France, that perhaps Doniphan days constituted our kindergarten days.

Tuesday, December 11th, we received our first instruction in gas school, where we learned to combat the tantalizing influence of the Hun's favorite method of enemy subjugation, namely, chlorine gas. Upon being issued gas-masks, an hour's drill in adjusting masks was gone through. Eight seconds was considered good time to have the mask out and placed in position. After accomplishing this feat, we were led off to the "Death-house," just over a little hill west of camp. Here an English officer, who had spent considerable time at the Front, took us in charge, and after a few remarks in accents characteristic of his race, we adjusted masks and in single file entered the abode of mysteries. The doors clamped shut, the fumes were released. We could notice a dark brownish-looking cloud hanging around, and when the order, "Detect gas!" was given, each man loosed one side of mask and took a whiff. Once was quite sufficient, and masks were quickly replaced. I recall that one fellow, for some reason or another, failed to replace his mask, and our first casualty resulted. He was gassed 6000 miles from the Front. He recovered, however, but we have been wondering ever since whether he ever received a wound stripe.

Christmas was now drawing near, and each night found

the town of Lawton overcrowded with shopping khakied forms eager to obtain some little remembrance for those at home. It was the time when all minds reverted homeward; yes, even the picture of the family circle, the brightly burning Yule logs came to mind. How nice to sit beside the home hearth and enjoy the warmth and flicker of the fireplace. Christmas of 1917 was to prove far different than others in years gone by. Many vacant chairs around the family circle; many at home thinking of their husband, father or brother, who was spending his Christmas in some training camp or across the sea. Even though away from home, certain things were remembered, and in order to show that those at home were being remembered, a soldier's gift must be the messenger. Lawton, during these shopping nights, was likened to a downtown business district of some large metropolis. It was during this time that those wearing the uniform of their country discovered what bait they were to the unscrupulous merchants of that place, who for the past decade had no doubt been living on Starvation Avenue, vainly hoping and praying for just such a scene as was now being enacted. Due to the fact that Doniphan had been made a National Guard cantonment for the purpose of training and fitting the men for service abroad, life in the surrounding areas awakened. The civilian population commenced to stir. Lawton, which for years had been a town of perhaps four thousand, suddenly found itself. Investors, speculators, and grafters of every description from all over the country hastened there in order to get in on the golden fruit. Prices soared skyward within a few hours. Restaurants and chili houses multiplied by scores, ramshackle places of business were established over night, and one could purchase anything from an alluring imitation diamond to "I

beg your pardon, I am a doughnut." Anything was tolerated, just so the shekels came into the coffers. I know of one instance where a Captain of one of our companies rented a two-room abode in a ramshackle house which was to all appearances quite lonesome for a coat of paint, and might possibly have stood thus through many long years as a relic of Civil War days. Each month he handed the owner $75.00 as rent consideration. The word "preposterous" never appeared in the category of words befitting the above. There is only one expression which conveys the definition, and that is, "highway robbery." Picture shows, which ordinarily charged fifteen cents, raised prices to thirty-five cents, and the productions were inferior at best.

We often read and heard words to the effect that "Our boys must live in clean, wholesome environments; must be shown every consideration in order to improve their happiness." That it was not so could and was not the fault of those back home, but conditions were due to those authorities in charge of any town or city which happened to be near a camp or cantonment, and a great part of the responsibility could, if it would, be traced back to our government officialdom. It is true, the saloons and such as were within the military areas, were moved, as were certain classified resorts; but the program did not include sufficient area. High-salaried inspectors were sent out by the government to study and report on conditions surrounding the various camps and places of troop concentration. The question arises, "Did they fail in their mission? Did graft enveigle them also? Were they made the goats by certain local officials?" When doughboys discuss surrounding conditions, you may stamp it thusly, "Something lacking somewhere." Many times we were disgusted with conditions

surrounding us, as were thousands of other lads in various camps. However, we were helpless to act. There we were, situated way off in some camp, and as we could do naught but accept, we must needs be satisfied and make the best of it. In only one thing did the officials of Lawton acquit themselves, and that was when the city authorities placed the jitney service upon an accredited basis, issuing licenses and establishing prescribed rates of fare for all drivers of jitneys. The fare between camp and Lawton had ranged anywhere from fifty cents to one dollar and a half for conveying one person a distance of four miles. The rate was now fixed at forty cents, and a thriving business continued. Beside the hundreds of jitneys, there was a "narrow gauge" car line running from Fort Sill to town. The damages one way amounted to fifteen cents, which was real human after all. However, these trams were usually so crowded one would spend the greater part of an evening waiting an opportunity of even a hold on the rail, and then run the risk of some weakminded provost guard "gently reminding" you of your lost dignity. It was a great life, but we bore it and withstood the wreckage.

As no Christmas furloughs were to be granted, we settled down and prepared to celebrate in real style. Although a great number of the regiment were quarantined, due to the epidemic of measles, and were living on the now famous "Quarantine Hill," we who remained at liberty made the best of things, and the day before found preparations in the making. Again our mess halls took on a gay appearance. Christmas Eve found the majority of us sitting around our little tent stoves writing, reading or indulging in conversation until mail call sounds. Quoting from my diary as follows:

"It is now Christmas Eve, and my first as a soldier and in a military camp, and my first away from home. Most everybody is sitting around tents reading or writing, and those not otherwise engaged are discussing but one subject, namely, 'Home.' Are wondering whether there is the traditional little candle-lighted tree, the gifts and such. Go down to the 'Y' for awhile. It is quite crowded with soldiers. On some faces is portrayed that longing, far-away look, others more in the spirit of the occasion. Return to tent. It sure looks barren for a night like this—no Christmas tree, no candles. Home was never like this. The night is cold and somewhat dark and just a wee bit dreary. Mail is arriving every hour. Sergeant Cool and his assistants find themselves swamped with letters and Christmas packages. They work feverishly, and every now and then a runner comes in with some more letters and packages. We have not been forgotten after all. Never received so much mail in my life; and this refers to many others here. A great Christmas after all."

Thus runs my diary for the night before Christmas.

Christmas Day was a holiday for all. Many visitors arrived in camp and spent the day. Many of the relatives and friends have locked up their doors and journeyed down to camp to visit the boys. Many are the scenes enacted. Here comes a mother arm in arm with her soldier son; there a sister; over there a sweetheart and her "hero"; they speak a language foreign to the outer world. To many it proved to be the happiest day since coming to camp. During the festal hour of the Christmas dinner, mess halls were crowded with gay, laughing beings. As we sat down to "manche," the band, which was seated at one extremity of the mess hall, struck up a tantalizing air and—music was served with the meal. Relatives and friends added coloring to the occasion, and seemed to enjoy the celebration as much as soldier son. This day we had the honor of having our Regimental Commander, Colonel Hoisington, Adjutant Bonney, Captain Ellis, and Lieutenant Kirkpatrick as guests of honor.

At the conclusion of the repast, Colonel Hoisington gave a little informal talk, which impressed everyone present. Words so full of sincerity and undaunted loyalty. In the course of his speech, and concluding, he offered toasts to "Our illustrious President, the soldiers of America, the Allies, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and to all who were doing their bit for the great cause at hand." Captain Ellis the succeeding speaker, then arose and proposed a toast to the honor of Colonel Hoisington, which was given with unanimous accord. We finished our repast about mid-afternoon. That evening, every available instrument in camp was obtained and bands formed, serenading in every company street. Thus, the Christmas of 1917 goes down in the pages of the dead past, and is now but a lingering memory.

New Year's passed quietly on all fronts, and the New Year ushered in under wraps. We were now standing at the dawn of a new year. A year which was to prove an eventful one, not alone to America, but to the entire world.

YEAR 1918.

What seemed like a New Year's resolution was passed down from Division Headquarters, placing a ban on all picture shows in the town of Lawton, and forbidding large assemblies at any public building. The epidemic of sickness had become so acute that every precaution must be taken to check same. Another preventative was the daily airing of all tents. Each day the tent tops were removed and laid inner side out upon the ground. Of course this became rather monotonous, and more than once such expression as, "When we get over to France we won't have to bother with these

pesky tents," was heard. True, over in France later on we did not live in tents but in billets, sometimes within, at other times without, ranging from cowsheds to dugouts. Inspections were numerous but quite necessary.

On January 12th, the officers of the regiment took their overseas examination, to determine whether or not they were qualified for duty abroad. It was then "false prophets rose up among us" and rumors became rife. We were to leave for overseas within a week; another, trains had already been ordered to camp to convey the regiment. Our market was quite "bullish" for a few days and news stocks were above par.

The life of a soldier is a varied but at times a novel one. Six days out of every week he arises at the call of the bugle which sounds "Reveille" at 5:30 A. M. He dresses hurriedly, and assembles for roll call out in his company street. Then a few minutes of brisk setting-up exercises, after which he returns and makes his bunk and arranges his equipment. Mess follows, and this is always a welcome formality within the army, especially in a well situated camp where provisions are to be had. Later on, in France, there were times when mess call was likened unto a "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." After breakfast, fatigue is in order, and this consists in cleaning, or in army vernacular, "policing up" the company street and surrounding area. Then follows drill, noon mess, more policing, drill and evening Retreat, when the companies form in their respective company streets, and after certain calls by the bugles, Retreat is blown, and the regimental band plays the national anthem, while all companies present arms and officers stand at "salute." From Retreat until ten P. M. Mr. Doughboy is at his leisure, and it might be said he usually makes the best of it.

It was about this time we had the misfortune of losing our regimental commander, Colonel Hoisington. His duties were taken over by Colonel McMasters, a Regular Army man and a typical Southerner, inclined to dogmatic ideas and formulas. From the first, his attention was attracted to the regimental band, and certain musical theories were placed on their roster for ready reference. While out on the drill field one day practicing marching and playing, attempting to "step her off" 120 steps per minute, we listened to a lecture which impressed us from what might be said all angles. It was then that American music came in for a trouncing. The Colonel asserted that American music lacks so much that is needed. He closed his remarks by a request for the heavier classical category as, "Pop Goes the Weasel." Needless to say, we had to obey our superior, and—it popped.

COAL DETAILS.

Due to the continuing inclement weather, the problem of fuel became an acute one. At certain intervals coal was supplied, and in this connection it might be said that whenever "Coal call" sounded there was always a mad rush for shelter halfs, buckets, sacks, or anything capable of holding the precious ore, and out to the coal pile the charging lump fiends would come yelling and hollering like so many Comanche Indians. Then a mad scramble amid the blackened hillock, each one trying to outdo the other. If mother could have seen her boy at those times! But fortunately not. No such thing as coal-pile etiquette in those days, let alone any other formerly observed rules of cultured training. In the army, the individual learned that it was "every man for himself," and pity be extended the one who was at all backward in asserting his right. He would have starved or

frozen to death long before this writing. Another "commendable" feature of army life, as it was in those days, was that called "dog-robbing." No, it had nothing to do with the pound house or a dog hospital, although the casual visitor might wonder at seeing so many of the canine species around, or where they came from. Dog-robbing is just a refined definition for "snitching." You take what the other fellow thought he had while this other fellow is looking the other way. An efficient dog-robber can upon request obtain anything from a can of "corn willie" to a colonel's uniform, and no one is any the wiser. It is an art which calls for efficiency, courage, and devotion to the one for which the gift is to be presented. Dog-robbers are usually attached to some officer's staff. There is always a chance for promotion, and the best man becomes the "Sergeant" in charge of the squad. We know of several dog-robbers who have been cited for bravery. Where a German prisoner and a dog-robber got together, souvenirs usually changed hands.

It might be well to note in this connection that during the coldest weather while in Doniphan, the art of "night raiding," which was later to become a practiced occurrence while in France, took place. During the dark hours of the night, silent visits would be made down to the coal bunkers behind the bath houses. A watchful eye on the guard, a quick silent signal, and away went the raiding party with the captured booty. As far as is known, only one casualty resulted. Corporal Shehi, well known throughout the camp, was taken captive on one occasion, but applying Christian Science upon the judge and jury, he outplead the counsel and walked out a free man to the utter consternation of the attending witness.

About this time an order came down from Regimental Headquarters that all members of the regiment should in accordance with all rules of health and sanitation have their golden locks cut short. There was a great gnashing of teeth. To this day we are at a loss to know whether that order was made for the benefit of the barbers' union or, due to the numerous dog-robbings going on among all ranks, we should, like Samson of old, lose our locks, which, if not weakening our physical strength, would no doubt weaken and play havoc with our morale. The carnage was awful and beyond words! Our hitherto well groomed countenances were doomed and committed to ruin for days to come. If mothers could have seen their sons after this "hair barrage" they would no doubt have said as one voice, "I never raised my boy to be a soldier."

As the War Department had decided to motorize all infantry regiments from the "knees down," we were issued what later proved to be real friends during our long, tiresome hikes in France, namely, hobnail shoes. At first we really believed some joke had been played on us, as they were so unlike anything we had ever worn. The fellow with small feet had little trouble in becoming accustomed to this new foot-gear, but it played havoc with those claiming full grown pedals. At first, we found navigating rather cumbersome and uncertain, and generally we were compelled to follow wherever they would lead us. That might have been one cause for calling so many up on the carpet. We don't know. It has often been said that a good soldier never loses his head; in other words, never goes up in the air. There would perhaps be little chance of accomplishing any aerial feat whatsoever with such anchors on.

On Tuesday, February 26th, the entire regiment was inspected by the Division Commander, General Wright, and

Governor Arthur Capper. After the review Governor Capper met and talked to many of the boys, inquiring as to conditions and how they were getting along, etc. He showed himself to be personally interested in the boys and their surroundings, and, unlike so many of our official personages, he did not stand upon the pinnacle of official dignity, but while in camp made himself one of the boys, mixing and talking to them freely. From that time on he became one of us, and as one doughboy put it, "He is real human."

SIX-DAY HIKE.

As previously mentioned, we had been motorized from the knees down, and now, in order to prove the advisability of such an act, a demonstration, an actual test, must be made.

On the morning of March 7th, the regiment was "Reveilled" out at 3:30 A. M., packs rolled, and after a hasty breakfast we started out upon what was to prove a six-day hike through the Wichita Mountains. Leaving camp in regimental formation, we covered nine miles by noon and encamped at Medicine Park, a beautiful summer resort west of camp, and at the base of the mountains. Here pup tents were pitched and camp established for the night. The afternoon, like succeeding afternoons while on this hike, was devoted to athletics. During the evening a huge bonfire was built, and around this the band and the crowd assembled. After a snappy concert, we listened to a short talk by Colonel McMasters. The following morning we were up early and, after a good camp breakfast, were again on our way. Our course during the seven days took us in and out among the foothills of the mountains, and aside from a twenty-four-hour dust- and sand-storm we enjoyed the "outing" immensely. The third night out, a sham night battle was staged, which proved quite interesting.

During our stay at Camp No. 4 a grand songfest was held. Each company of the regiment chose a song, and, accompanied by the band, would in turn voice its particular sentiments in song. As this was to be a competitive contest, each company attempted to outdo the other. The contest was won by Company "D."

As we were returning to camp and while passing Division Headquarters, General Wright stood out upon a little hillock and watched the column swing past. Everybody, though tired, dirty and hungry, was whistling and singing and stepping along in unison. We were glad to be back from "roughing it," and this was one time our little old Sibley tents spelled "home." This hike, necessitating being entirely out of doors, sleeping on the hard ground and eating only what could be transported through the mountains, tended to harden us, and in a measure prepare us for the strenuous days to come.

IN THE TRENCHES.

Receiving intensive training, not only in the use of the rifle, bayonet, grenades and such, but, with the idea of giving the men every insight into the various phases of modern warfare, an elaborate system of trenches and dugouts were constructed four miles west of camp at what was known as "Berry's Pass" near Signal Mountain. The evening of March 15th saw the regiment on its way out there, where for two days and nights the various units of the regiment experienced real trench life. Night attacks, patrols and raiding parties were executed, and here the men learned to conduct themselves properly during such occasions. With flares, rifle reports, grenade explosions, the scene was quite realistic in appearance. After we got over to France and in the real trenches and were meeting the enemy, some of the

men would recall those nights spent in the trenches in Doniphan, and would exclaim, "That was an awful battle we fought down there in Doniphan those two nights."

At last the longed for word has been announced. Tuesday, April 2nd, we were notified to send home all surplus personal belongings and be prepared to move out of camp on an hour's notice. Everybody shouted for joy. All these cold, dark winter months we had worked hard, stood much, said little. We were doing it all in the hopes of soon getting out of camp and away on our journey for "Over There," where we would have a chance to show our worth in the real thing. The camp presented a busy scene the rest of the day. Every extra thing not wanted on trip was packed up and sent home. Things were straightened out in such shape that the casual observer would no doubt have thought a move was on at that particular day.

Quoting excerpts from my diary:

"*April 8th to 14th.* Everybody busy packing supplies and equipment. Division has commenced to entrain. Every day now can see troops leaving on trains. Everybody in high spirits. Last letters home are hurriedly written and good-byes said. Probably we little realize what we are leaving behind and going to meet in the near future. There are some among us who it is probably ordained will never return. The night of the 12th we received orders to entrain on the morrow. For days now we have been watching troop trains pull out headed eastward. It is an inspiring sight to see the boys as they wave good-bye and with such as, 'So-long fellows, see you over in France,' upon their lips. Thus our training days at Doniphan are at an end. Camp Doniphan, which has been our home for about seven months, is soon but a memory. Soon these old tents will stand vacant and barren. Now it is, 'Au Revoir.' We go, not knowing when we return."

CHAPTER IV.

THE 137TH INFANTRY BAND.

An organization composed of twenty-eight musicians, the "pride of the regiment" as the boys would say, first came into existence about August 5, 1917. Otero Beeson, of Hutchinson, Kansas, and a musician of repute, was early to perceive the need of organizing a musical organization which should be representative not only of his home town, but of Kansas as a whole. With this end in view, and as the National Guard units were being mobilized all over the State, he set about to organize a band, which in time proved to be the pride of the regiment. Sending out a call for musicians, and at the same time visiting many towns in person, Mr. Beeson came in contact with various individuals who were musically inclined, and among these he spent his time influencing them to join the Second Kansas Guards regiment and become members of the new band. Finally succeeding in getting together some twenty-eight musicians, the men enlisted and came to Hutchinson at the mobilization call on August 5, 1917, and work was soon under way. With Otero Beeson as leader, and Lou W. Fink as assistant leader, work commenced. Rehearsals were held daily, and included mornings and afternoons. Under the guiding baton of As-

LIEUT. LOU W. FINK,
Bandmaster.

sistant Leader Fink, who is a musician of the first water and well known throughout the West as a versatile player, rapid results were obtained from these strenuous rehearsals, and soon the Second Kansas Band made its debut to the public. Hutchinson was the first place accorded the privilege of hearing this organization, and from the first concert on through and until the unit returned from France, she took just pride in "her band." Our first lessons in military drill and formations were supervised by Major Fred Lemmon, who later proved one of our most able supporters and admirers.

Awaiting orders to move to a concentration point, the band took to the road, and concerts were given in Wichita, Hutchinson, Great Bend, Newton, Dodge City, McPherson, Greensburg, and other places. At each place, a royal reception was accorded the boys, and they were acknowledged as the "best ever heard." Due to these excursions, a "band fund" came into existence, and through the receipts of these concerts music and other necessary equipment were purchased.

Leaving Hutchinson with Headquarters Company on September 29, 1917, we proceeded to and arrived at Doniphan, where our strenuous life commenced. When the consolidation of the two Kansas regiments took place, the Second Kansas Band became the representative musical organization of the new 137th Infantry. The First Kansas Band was transferred to the 110th Engineers. Our first appearance as the 137th Infantry Band in concert was given in the city of Lawton Sunday, October 2, 1917. This has been described in another chapter. From our organization, and on through twenty months of service, we played at various functions both military and civil, and according to data in my diary we performed the following service: Concerts, 180; retreats, 75; funerals, 13; reveilles, 66; rehearsals, 160; parades and inspections, 57.

This gives the reader a fair idea of what the organization did and how our time was occupied. Along with our band duties, we also underwent training and instruction in hospital work, such as "stretcher-bearing and first aid to the wounded." Although interesting work, it became quite monotonous, and we all longed to get across to France where we could be given a chance of actual experience along this line. On November 12th, all members had to subject themselves to a stringent physical examination, and it was at this stage that we lost our leader, Otero Beeson. Lou Fink, better known as, "Sousa the Second," now took charge of the band, and under his tutelage it developed into one of the best, if not the best, in camp. Later on, after reaching France, we acquired the reputation of being one of the snappiest, staccato-playing bands in the A. E. F. It was this kick and snap that bandmaster Fink instilled into his men that caused us to receive wide herald as "one snappy, kicking, military band."

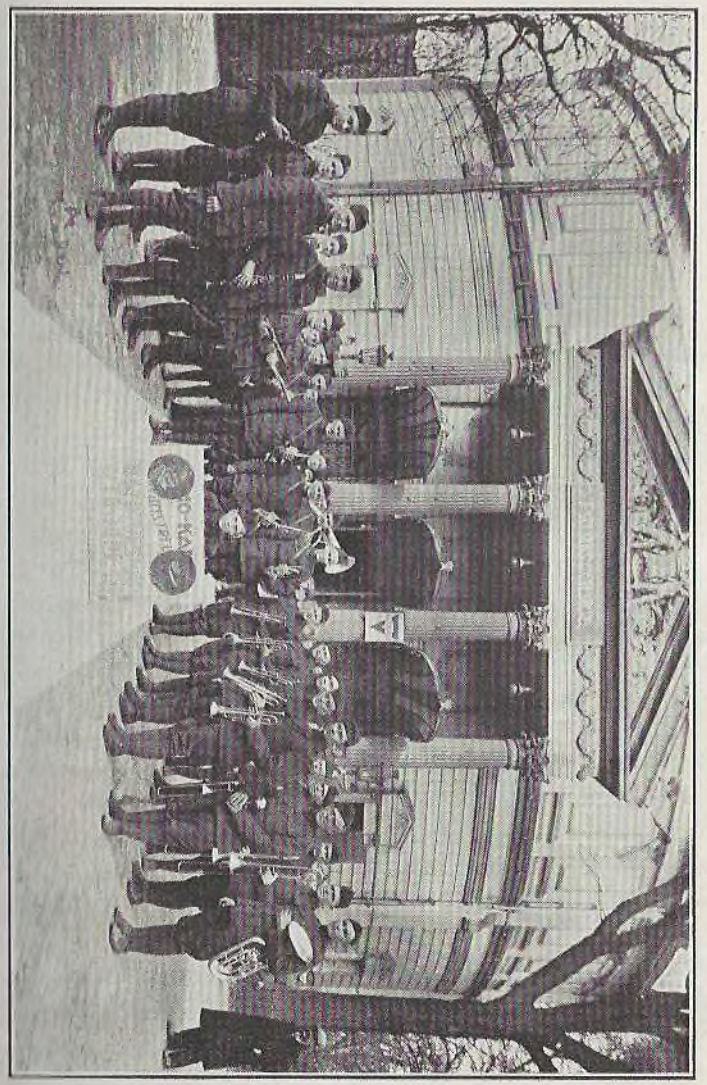
We played our first Brigade inspection on Tuesday, December 4th, and here it was we learned the trials and griefs of an army bandsman. It was so cold we found it difficult to keep our instruments from freezing, and we stood out there on "no-man's-land" for two hours playing the inspection crew merrily on their way. Referring to that song,

> "And the hardest blow of all
> Is to hear the bugle call,
> You got to get up, etc.,"

was no mild saying. Each morning we were awakened, and as the heartrending appeal of the bugle rent the air we fell out with instruments and promenaded down the regimental street playing such favorite airs as, "Khaki Bill," "Oh, Johnny," "Where Do We Go From Here?" etc. It was a

great life. Many times, in order to keep the instruments from freezing, "first aid" bandages were applied, and the instruments from the clarinet to the helicon, were swathed in dressing. About this time little Dan "Cupid" was attempting to manipulate his enticing snares, and the first victim from our midst was our versatile solo clarinet player, Sergeant DiNino, who, entering the mystic realms of light, took unto himself for better or for worse a better portion of this human race. Many nights thereafter, we assisted the "unfortunate" in blowing away his newly acquired troubles in wreaths of deep, hazy smoke-curls emanating from perfectly good "matrimonial cigars."

Would to the gods of fate that the public who often heard us in concert could be in our midst during our rehearsal hours. There was in truth a "great gnashing of teeth," and at times we poor mortals were garbed in "sackcloth and ashes." Bandmaster Fink, much like the average musician of a higher school, was propelled by that designated "musical temperament," and at times it played havoc with our retreating ranks. Truly, during those days we could not report "Everything quiet on our front," as some awful barrages were put over. It did not go without effect, for, due to these temperamental guidances, we learned what was expected of us, and whenever we sat down to play we placed the best we had before the audience. Leader Fink's watchword was, "Practice," and he admonished us daily, yea, almost hourly, to seek the hidden recesses of our little canvas tents and there do communion with our instruments. On Sundays, we assisted the regimental Chaplain at church services, playing song accompaniments and rendering other appropriate music. This proved a great help to the Chaplain, and our meetings were always well attended and en-



THE 137TH INFANTRY BAND

joyed by the boys. On December 19th we played our first military funeral, which was conducted from the post aviation field to the depot at Fort Sill. With the band in lead and the carriage following, Chopin's Funeral Dirge was played, and upon reaching the depot a short service was held by the Chaplain, the band played softly "Nearer My God to Thee," and as the firing squad was called to attention a salute of three volleys was fired and the bugler sounded "Taps." The services were always impressive.

Christmas day proved a busy time for the band, as we played during the hour of feasting, and also two concerts that afternoon. During one Saturday inspection, the band was drawn up with instruments in position awaiting the arrival of the much feared inspector. Our instruments, which had been cleaned and polished up to a degree, shown brightly until we were called out for the inspection. A hard north wind was blowing and the dirt and sand was sifting through the ozone at fifty per. We stood thus in ranks for an hour, subject to dust, sand and wind. When the inspector finally arrived, we came to a smart "attention" and the ordeal commenced. Stopping first before one and then the other, Mr. Inspector, casting a "wicked eye" at the instrument in hand and then to each individual, remarked in sarcastic tone, "A fine looking horn; don't you ever clean the thing? You look like a bunch of rookies." That was bad enough; but when he stopped before our venerable leader and looking first at the bass drum in his possession and then at the person of the individual, remarked, "Huh, don't you have enough pride in your band to see that the instruments are cleaned once in a while? Look at that bass drum; see the dirt around the rim? What's that you have around the back of your head—a breeching? Rather rook-

ish." There we had stood in the wind and dirt for over an hour, and were forced to listen to such an overture from an individual who in all probability could not tell a clarinet from a gas alarm. We were also disgusted in the fact that he, an officer, a Major, could not recognize a "real soldier" when he saw one. That old saying rang true, "You're in the army now and not behind the plow." About this time the band was equipped with "45" automatics, and certain days were devoted to pistol practice. It proved interesting, and we became quite adept with the "Lugger."

Several times during our camp life, the band, in conjunction with the hospital corps, spent several nights out in the trenches west of camp, where we received as actual field instruction in aiding and caring for the wounded as could be had six thousand miles from the battle line. Sending a squad of would-be wounded out upon the plain to there lay down and "play possum," we were sent out from the trench dressing stations some of the darkest nights experienced, and without aid of light were required to locate these wounded, dress whatever wound was apparent, and bring them in to the dressing station. It proved very interesting—especially with no gun-fire about.

Our time of departure was now drawing near, and preparations were under way. Having been issued band instruments by the government, we packed and shipped home all personal property, such as instruments, clothing, music, etc. Our training amid the environs of a camp was about to end. We had now become broken in to the military life and felt more or less like veterans. Our time had been devoted to hospital work, concerts, guard mounts, playing funerals, church services, reveilles, retreats, and in a general way providing entertainment for the boys. We were now a well

organized musical unit, and were ready for foreign climes and audiences.

We left Doniphan on same train with Headquarters Company and Regimental and Brigade Headquarters. En route east, and while various stops were made, we livened matters by "jazzing," in he various towns in which we stopped. During our stay at Camp Mills, we took part in the Third Liberty Loan campaign, playing six short concerts in as many towns on Long Island in the space of one evening. We were accompanied by two Canadian soldiers who acted as speakers of the occasion. Urgent requests had been received that the 137th Band come over to New York City to play, but all appeals were turned down in order to give all the boys an opportunity to visit and see the various places of interest before going across to France. Our time was spent in seeing the big metropolis, some going to New York, either A. W. O. L. or otherwise, some to Washington, others to Philadelphia to visit friends or relatives, and for a time the organization was scattered out over considerable area. Those were great days in truth. We made the best of our last few hours in the good old U. S. A. Our trip across has been described in another chapter, but in addition might add that though the submarines and other undersea dangers lurked amid the entwining folds of green water, there was much music and merriment aboard the huge ship which was bearing us onward to our destination. Concerts were given daily, and as we had a goodly number of the "fairer sex" aboard, a great number of dances were given by "officers only." The poor doughboy, who stood below watching the "syncopated promenade" up there on the upper deck, felt no doubt a little envy at the monopoly. Had it not been that we were the manipulators of the tantalizing airs, we,

too, would have been gazing upward wondering who would obtain the next dance. Our hearts are with and for the "doughboy," for, being one, it could not be otherwise.

Coming into the harbor of Liverpool, England, everybody was out on deck, and it was then Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" predominated. We let the natives know that the 137th had arrived upon the scene, and we made no bones about it. Passing over England was a matter of two days, and the evening of the second day we boarded the steamer and were on our way across the channel, arriving at Le Havre the following morning.

For days following we saw neither thread nor glitter of instruments, and it was not until we had arrived at our prescribed destination at Bethancourt sur Mer that we again took up our duties.

Our first concert before a foreign audience occurred on Monday afternoon, May 13, 1918, out on the village street before the steps of the ancient little village church in Bethancourt sur Mer, France. The audience was composed of Americans, British, and French soldiers and civilians. It was a strange conglomeration of races and creeds. We found the French very enthusiastic over classical music, and they seemed to be well versed in the various scores. Billeted in an old dance hall in the rear of a French cafe, we devoted considerable time to rehearsing and preparing new programs. The cafe was owned by a kindly old Frenchwoman, who as time went on became very attached to the band. She did everything possible to make our lot more enduring, and we came to look upon her as a mother. In fact, we called her mother (in French) and this sentiment pleased her highly. When we left this little village, she felt very sad, and asked us if it were not possible to come back sometime and visit there.

During our stay here with the English soldiers, with whom the regiment was in training, a certain enmity arose between the two factions. It came to such a head that the "Yank" longed to get a "set-to" with some "Bloody" Englishman, and there were several skirmishes on our front during these days. Some proved quite interesting. On Decoration Day we played three concerts in the villages where units of the regiment were billeted, and at each place Chaplain Wark made stirring patriotic addresses.

Again we took up first aid work and gas drill, as we had now been issued the regulation gas masks. We were now observing all the rules of a modern camp—inspections, drills, concerts, reveilles, retreats, and other necessary evils borne by a soldier. Leaving this area on June 6th with the regiment, we hiked overland to an entraining point. From thence on for several days we went into obscurity in French box cars, sleepy old villages, along quaint old country roads, marching under full packs under the broiling summer sun, with sore backs, blistered feet, and a decided longing for home, sweet home.

We made our next appearance at a little village called Hadol. Here we went into billet and received our final equipment for the trenches. While here more concerts and rehearsals were in order. Leaving Hadol in trucks, June 24th, we arrived after a long, tedious journey, over in Alsace and billeted at the town of Oderan. From here the regiment went into the trenches, leaving the band behind. Our hopes were blasted. We were not to take active part in trench life after all. The only experience to be accorded us came from our volunteering during stated times for service up in the trenches. As part of the regiment was back in reserve, we were kept busy entertaining the boys; and aside from

this, we gave concerts in the various villages in the valley. We found the Alsatians very friendly and kind, and they appreciated our concerts immensely. Moving up to the neighboring village of Kruth, the balance of regiment went up into the trenches, which left the band alone. We now had our own kitchen and mess. One of the band members assumed control of the "cuisine," and in this capacity old "Bob," the faithful, concocted some real dishes. The beautiful scenery, the wonderful sunshine (rainy season not yet at hand), the clear atmosphere, made us feel as though we were enjoying the healthful benefits of some summer resort. War was far from our thoughts, and as this sector was a rather quiet one, no one, not even the boys down in the trenches, thought about other than enjoying themselves. The alert time came during the night hours, when patrols and raiding parties became busy. Now as I look back upon that time spent down in beautiful Alsace, I find a certain longing, a certain desire to again enjoy some of those times—the same crowd, the same conditions, the same environments. Those were not bad days, as all must agree. It was a summer outing. Later on we came face to face with war and its hardships.

July 4th has been described in another chapter, so we must pass on. Sunday, July 14th, "Bastille Day," was celebrated in real fashion, and this time the Americans acted as hosts to the French. In order to describe more fully the events of the day I quote from my personal diary as follows:

"A beautiful day intensified. Silver waves run over the barley in the summer breeze, over the poppy bank that bounds the fields, where the ruffling of the flowers intensifies the richness of their scarlet masses. On the other side of the field the broad stream curves past the ranks of willow

herbs, that soon will break to purple pink of bloom, and tall hemp agrimonies which will put forth rosy flowers for the gay butterflies of August. The gaudy dragon-flies hawk insatiably over the waterside herbage, and the swallows of the windmill towers, that dart bluely up and down the stream, often turn away to that gentle slope of barley and skim back and forth between the water and the vivid bank of poppies. Thus you obtain a fair description of Alsace on this day.

"Where we are behind the lines, a big celebration is enjoyed by all off duty. Last night the band was over to a large Allied hospital, where we gave a concert for the patients, and afterward played at a banquet in honor of visiting Generals. Of course, we band fellows got in on the feed. We spent that night in a hospital ward. Had much sport out of the situation. Here we lay, twenty-eight healthy, strapping fellows all tucked away in beds in a hospital ward, and not a thing the matter with us. The following morning we arose before the camp was awake, and assembling out on the green plaza played several lively airs, and in this manner awakened the slumbering ones, and consequently ushered in the big day which is observed all over France.

"At ten o'clock we participated in a big parade. The band in the lead, followed by troops of three nations, the United States, France and Italy, we drew up in the public square before the city hall. Here the ceremonies of the day were to be enacted. This day, those who had during the past year lost any relative of the immediate family, to them would be tendered a certificate of honor. A high French officer delivered a stirring address in French. Of course, we could not understand all he said, but judging by his gestures, forceful accents, and the tears of the many in mourning, I feel justified in saying the above. After the address, names of those who had lost a father, brother, son or husband, were read, and as each name was called a mother, sister, or wife in deep mourning would advance to where the French officer stood, and the latter, offering a few words

of condolence, would present a certificate. During one particular presentation, he held on high three certificates, and, pointing to a tired, weary little woman in black, announced that during the past year this mother had lost three sons on the field of battle. Never will I forget the look on that tired, careworn little mother's face as she received those honor rolls, memories of her three departed sons; and this was all she had left to console her through the hours of grief and trial ahead. I say to you that one had to be there and witness in person the many tragedies of the home that were constantly being borne. As I stood there with and among that vast throng, I would look out over the masses and but one pertinent thought came to mind; everywhere I beheld people in mourning who for the past four years had been offering their all for principles which today are of the utmost importance to all the free peoples of the world. The scar that had been caused by the enemy was seen by the many American mothers' sons. It could not but leave its impression. When the Americans took to the trenches, it was with a certain remembrance of all this, and partially at least was the cause of their tenacity and aggressiveness in meeting the enemy. They thought of their own homes, their mothers, sisters and sweethearts, and were glad that they had come over in defense of them and the world at large."

That evening the band was invited to a little gathering presided over by some American and French officers in one of the village cafes. As we sat there listening to speeches from both parties, an old padre (Father), who had once served as a chaplain for a famous French regiment, arose and in clear French tendered a stirring toast to the brave Americans. His aged voice, though somewhat shaky and feeble, claimed a certain fire and emotion, and we could not but feel the sincerity of his words. An interpreter afterwards translated his speech, and, let it be said, it proved to be one of the most beautiful tributes to the cause of arms

that was ever heard. Just before we adjourned an American officer arose and suggested that we give the well known Kansas cheer, the famous "Rock Chalk" cry. It was rendered to the man. Thus Bastille day was celebrated.

July 22nd we left with regiment and proceeded over the mountain to La Bresse, and here we enjoyed the best billet ever accorded during our stay in France. We lived in a chateau owned by a rich French nobleman. This chateau, surrounded by a high stone fence, is likened to some large, well kept park, with its artificial lake, the swans, the summer playhouse of the children, the lilacs, and the roses. It was beautiful. On August 5th we left for Remiremont, Epinal and Bains les Bains, a French summer resort and baths. We were gone a week on this concert trip, and as it was the first time we had been in real civilization since we came over, we had a wonderful time. We were the first American musicians to appear in concert in Epinal, and no sooner had we arrived upon the scene than word was spread broadcast that, "Les musicians Americains" were in the city. We played two concerts here, one in the city park in the afternoon and one in the evening, and at both occasions thousands crowded to hear us.

On this trip, we met many of the best people and were introduced to real French life of the upper class. Some of these acquaintances have been kept up to the present time, and not a few letters are being exchanged these days. Returning to regiment August 10th, we found a move in operation and left the following day and proceeded by trucks up the mountain to Le Collet. Here the band went into billet with part of regiment, while the remainder occupied the trenches in the Gashney sector.

While here in this sector, we had the pleasure of having in our midst what turned out to be our next Governor of

Kansas, namely, Henry J. Allen, who was representing the Y. M. C. A., and had come up here to the trenches to place a canteen and serve the boys. It felt most good to see an individual from Kansas in our midst, and as Mr. Allen was well known to all the boys, it made them "sorta feel" closer home.

Again we were amid the beautiful mountain scenery, and our billets, situated far in among the tall pine trees, were well sheltered from enemy observation. Numerous concerts were given here among the tall overhanging trees far up the side of the mountain, and for a time we had the pleasure of having a French infantry band stationed there with us, and we alternated in giving concerts. Bandmaster Fink, who had gone to Paris to take his musical examination qualifying for a commission, now returned. A new order had made its appearance, which provided commissions to bandmasters, and all bands to be increased to fifty pieces, augmented by a bugle and drum corps. However, as "Lou" was prejudiced against breaking in any new musicians, our band was not increased, but, with a few minor changes, we held the same roster throughout and worked to better results in this manner. As was often told us, "It's not the number in a band that makes it go, it's what every man does, and a good band of thirty pieces is far better than a mediocre organization with some deadheads in it."

On September 2nd we left with regiment, and again we beg to go into obscurity for obvious reasons. We appeared again after passing the St. Mihiel drive, our instruments having been placed in store at Nancy, and we were not to see them for several weeks. We were now up in a sub-portion of the Argonne Woods, and during the drive seven of us band boys volunteered to accompany the regiment up to

the lines. The entire band desired to go up, but we were the "lucky ones." During the six days our division participated in the drive we "got our systems full," as they say. For three days we were compelled to walk guard fifty yards in front of two "155's" which were blasting away at the German lines. The noise was something terrific, and as each gun would go off a hot breath would vomit up against our persons, and at times the impact would almost take us off our feet. During the times we were relieved we would scout around here and there up by the lines, seeing as much as possible and helping out where we could. We aided a number of wounded, and in other ways made ourselves useful. It was in truth a real experience. As water and food were scarce, we ate and drank what we could, ransacking old dugouts and abandoned kitchens in attempts to locate something eatable. Had it not been for the Salvation Army (blessings upon them), many of the boys would no doubt have weakened much more than they did. The first women seen up close to the firing line and under actual shell-fire were three Salvation Army lassies, who, as soon as the town of Cheppy was taken, immediately entered, and, locating an old rusty stove, set same up against the wall of a partially destroyed barn and commenced serving coffee and doughnuts. There is not an ex-doughboy who has been overseas that doesn't praise this organization from the ground up.

To this day the seven of us who were with the regiment up in the battle, are most thankful we had an opportunity to be up there where the biggest drive in all history took place. The next seen of us is in a little village called Rembercourt. Here the regiment rested up after the drive. Our instruments were now conveyed from Nancy, and concerts were again in order. During our stay later on in the Somme

Dieue sector, we lost two of our premier musicians, who were assigned to the big A. E. F. band. This cut our morale considerably, but we had to make the best of it. We now added four new musicians to our roster, who were taken from the ranks.

During our stay in this sector, the writer, along with one of the medical sergeants, realizing a rest cure was needed, obtained pass to a hospital down in the southern portion of France, and there did betake ourselves. While here the armistice was signed and hostilities ceased. The evening of the great day, several of us there at the hospital organized an improvised band and, aided by some old French instruments found thereabout, and augmenting our ranks with a few French erstwhile musicians, we staged a big parade that evening, followed by inmates of the hospital, cripples, convalescents, crutches, wheel carts, and the inhabitants of the town assisting. It was a spectacular event.

On our way back to rejoin regiment, which was somewhere up north, we stopped off for a week's "visit" in "gay Paree." In our haste, we had neglected to register or receive official permit to be there; but no doubt the Provost-Marshal, realizing that we were special guests to the metropolis, permitted us to live there unmolested for six days, enjoying our existence in the gayest city in the world. As the armistice had been signed, Paris had emerged from four years of gloom and darkness and was now in wild throes of celebration. Some days later, we left Paris in a General's Winton Six and, riding across country (a fourteen-hour trip), we arrived back with the regiment, which was now located at Sampigny.

The "battle of Sampigny" has been described in another chapter. What time the band spent there was occupied in concert, rehearsal, playing guard mounts, inspections, parades, and other functions. Many times it was quite taxing to get out there on that barren plain above the Meuse Valley, and, during a bitter rain or snow, play parades. It was "Valley Forge" in remaking. About this time the various divisions were organizing troupe shows and entertainment companies, and commenced touring throughout the various divisions. The 35th Division organized one such, and the 137th Band was chosen to accompany this organization. Our first rehearsals were held in the town of St. Mihiel, which not so long ago had been in German hands. Leaving here after a few days, the entire troupe, with band, numbering sixty-five players in all, went to Commercy, and for several weeks shows were given in the town opera house to the units of our division. At stated intervals the band would be called to Sampigny to play a parade or concert for the boys. Leaving Commercy after several weeks' stay, we commenced our tour. We played under many trying conditions, giving shows in large unheated aviation hangars, sleeping in the same, and eating wherever possible. We played in Toul for a week, and enjoyed this particular stay to a degree, as this was a real American place and many real honest to goodness American girls here. This was something new to us.

Taking a 175-kilometer journey in open trucks through the dead of winter up into Luxemburg, via the city of Metz, we arrived at the German city of Esch, where we remained a week, giving shows for the units of the 5th Division. From here we returned to Commercy via train, and two days later left for our biggest engagement, namely, Paris. We remained in Paris a week, giving shows and concerts at the famous hall of former kings and dukes, the "Palaise de Glace." The second day of our stay here we staged a large

and spectacular "minstrel parade," and offered the Parisians a real thrill. Marching down the beautiful boulevards of the Champs de Elysees and over the "Place de la Concorde," followed by hundreds of gayly dressed mademoiselles and others, we "jazzed" as perhaps we had not done for some time; and the Paris folk liked it and called for more. This was the first parade of its kind ever staged in the beautiful capital of France, and of course Kansas was there introducing something new. We had a most wonderful time here, visiting many places of interest and beholding many "shocking" episodes. A peculiar city this. Leaving Paris we next appeared at St. Nazaire. Here we first saw transports leaving for home, sweet home, and envied the "lucky ones." From here we rejoined regiment down in the Le Mans area, where they had come preparatory to embarking. We had been out some twelve weeks, touring all over France and a portion of Germany, and had seen and learned much of interest. We were glad to be back among our native clan. As the boys of the regiment had not heard their band for weeks, our time was well occupied in concert work. We participated in a three-day athletic and band competition meet at Le Mans, and among the twenty-two bands competing we took first prize in field music and marching and ranked among the first in concert work. We had the smallest band of the assemblage, but we claimed the snap and pep which carried us through. After arriving at Brest, we played numerous concerts and presided at a reception given in a famous chateau by a French countess. This was an elaborate affair and was highly interesting, as we were here introduced to some of "society's best," whatever that is.

The day preceding our embarking we played at the docks for the homegoing units. Following day we were aboard

ship, and the homeward journey commenced. We gave daily concerts on the boat, playing for the men, officers, and the welfare workers aboard. Arriving in Hoboken we were soon at Camp Upton. As our casuals were there being detached from the regiment and left by companies for their various camps, we played them merrily on their way. On our trip out to Kansas, we paraded and played in Washington, D. C., St. Louis, and other places where short stops were made. Our last appearance as a band occurred in Topeka, Kansas, the day of the big parade. Those who were there heard the now famous 137th Infantry Band for the last time. The last number we played together was the song "Homeward Bound," which was in bearing with the occasion. At Funston, we bade farewell to our intimate friends, from the drum to the clarinet, and at this very time, perhaps, our once faithful friends are reposing in some government salvage pile awaiting their "master's voice."

We had now turned in our old standbys which had furnished so much entertainment on so many occasions; had played before some of the titled heads in England, France, and to the doughboys far over in Germany; but now—well, Mr. Conn, we want you to know that we have appreciated your past endeavors to put out an instrument which to us had ever been a steady companion, and now—come and get 'em. They are peacefully slumbering upon some salvage pile "somewhere" in the heart of America, dreaming of the days when they played before the blooded set of Europe and they were accorded such attention and appreciation. We cannot go on; a lump rises to our throat; our eyes become dim with dew, and hot tears streak our weatherbeaten cheeks. It is enough. So now, Mr. Conn, wherever thou art, hear us as we say: We have used the product of thy

hands nigh unto eighteen months, and are now returning them forthwith a little battered and bent, but still retaining that exuberance of tone and color so inherent in barrage-playing instruments; come and get 'em!

In reverence to the memory of the late Harry Watson, of Hutchinson, who was ever a close friend and admirer of our band, we desire to add that his famous piece, "Khaki Bill," was accepted and used as our official regimental march, and this selection occupied its place on every program rendered both here in the States and over in France, and wherever it was heard special mention and often a request for its repetition was extended.

ROSTER.

Band Master.

Lieutenant Lou W. Fink

Assistant Leader.

Ernest M. Olson

Cornets.

E. M. Olson
W. G. Sheffer
H. McFadden
R. Steffleback
W. Wesley
J. Kincaid
R. Chambers

Clarinets.

F. V. DiNino
C. E. Palmer
R. J. Glezen
M. G. Sinton
H. W. Lichtenberger
A. Westergard
G. L. Huffine
H. W. Davis

Drum Major.

F. C. Palmer

Horns.

C. E. Haterius
S. A. Reynolds
R. Rude
F. A. McGehe

Basses.

D. F. Innes
C. D. Young
C. Sterling
C. Truex

Piccolo, Flute.

J. Fink

Trombones.

C. A. Bagby
J. Heck
R. A. McGrew

Saxaphones.

M. G. Sinton
J. D. Baer
R. Braithwaite

Baritones.

H. E. Eash
C. W. Hawkinson

Bells.

L. W. Fink

Soloists.

W. G. Sheffer
A. Bishop
C. E. Haterius

Drums

D. Shehi
E. A. Norton
A. Bishop

Sergt. Bugler.

P. L. Black

CHAPTER V.

OFF FOR FRANCE.

Saturday morning, April 13, 1918, we were up at an early hour, fixing packs, folding up our cots, and turning in all such equipment which would remain in camp. Old man Pluvius was kind to us for once. Whereas almost an unheard of incident, was rain, on this particular morning it came in torrents. Although the day was lone, dark and dreary, not so the spirits of the men. Everybody seemed overjoyed that now he was going to get away from camp. Assembling about eight o'clock, and after check was taken, and with one last look around our old habitat, we slung packs and started for the train. Arriving at entraining point we were ushered into what proved to be luxurious "Pullman sleepers." We were to ride three men to each compartment, which provided two for the lower berth and one for the upper. We had our own kitchen-car, from whence details brought the mess through the various cars. The kitchen was operated by our own cooks. We pulled out of camp at exactly 10 A. M., and thus our long journey commenced. Guards were placed at every door of the cars, and in this way insuring no unwarranted exits during any of the stops. Passing through the wilds of Oklahoma, we reached St. Louis, where a two-hour stop was made. Here we staged a half-hour's march through some of the streets in the "Nigga District." We needed the exercise. There was a great crowd down at the station, and they gave us a warm reception. Our particular route took us through Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. It was a beautiful trip, and we enjoyed it immensely. We arrived at Hobo-

ken April 16th, and proceeded by ferry over to Long Island and took trains to Camp Mills. Here we were assigned to tents—eight men to each tent. Part of Second and Third Battalions had come east by a northern route up around Niagara and had seen much of interest.

It was ordained that we remain in Camp Mills nine days, during which time it rained continually, and the camp was a sea of mud and water. The atmosphere was far different from that of the Central States. The sea breezes, which were chilly and moist, were not to our liking, but we had to adjust ourselves to these new conditions, as we were to spend several days while crossing the ocean in just such clime.

While here at Mills, twenty-four-hour passes to New York City were granted the men, and thus our time was spent in sightseeing and becoming acquainted with the "effete East." It was during these visits to the big metropolis that members of our division drew unusual attention from the Eastern inhabitants. As ours was the only division wearing the chin straps on our campaign hats, we received the name, the "Cowboy Division." For a time we were looked upon with suspicion, as some of the Eastern folk, who had never been out West, had read of Indians and cowboys which inhabited the West and made life so thrilling and exciting out there; naturally they took us for desperate characters. Score one for the breech-strap! Due to these numerous visits to the big burg, pocketbooks suffered quite a relapse in proportions, and the wires between Camp Mills and Kansas were kept busy transmitting requests for money. Surely those at home responded to this new war loan most admirably!

EMBARK.

At 3 : 30 A. M. April 25th we rolled packs and left camp for the transports in the harbor of New York. Arriving at the

docks, we entered the Customs House and there checked off, and tickets designating our bunk, number of mess and lifeboat were distributed. There was no crowd down to bid us farewell and Godspeed. The only civilians around the docks and boats were a few secret service men in plain clothes. Our movements were surrounded with the utmost secrecy. The transports making up our convoy were the *Baltic, Karmala, Aeneas, Carona, Teutonic,* and the *Adriatic,* which was to be under escort of a large cruiser. Headquarters Company, Sanitary Corps and Band, with regimental headquarters were on the *Baltic;* Supply Company on *Adriatic;* Machine Gun Company on *Aeneas;* Companies "A," "B," "C," on *Karmala;* "E," "F," "G," on *Aeneas;* "D" and "H" Companies on *Caronia;* "I" Company on *Teutonic;* "K" Company on *Adriatic;* with "L" and "M" Companies on *Baltic.*

As we filed over the gang-plank, the cheering was lacking, but the thrill was there. Although we felt and realized the parting meant away from home, friends and country, no one knew for how long, still, as we crossed that gang-plank and stepped aboard those huge monsters of the deep there was a certain feeling of adventure about it all which more or less appealed to us. We were desirous to know what the future held in store, and as young-spirited disciples we craved not a little excitement. No sooner were we on board than such remaks as, "Hope we see some submarines on this trip; like to see what they look like!" were heard. That's the American Yank every time. No matter how great the danger or excitement, he wants to be right there.

Towards evening, moorings were cast and some little tugs hooked to the big floating structure, backed out in the Hudson River, and turning nose toward the open sea, our

voyage commenced. As we pulled out of the harbor no one was allowed on deck. As our ships were camouflaged from stem to stern, so were the decks as we set to sea. No one standing upon shore must know that there were troops on these ships bound for France. We slunk sway like thieves in the night. Secrecy and silence the watchwords. After passing Quarantine, we were allowed out on deck. No enemy spies this far out. As we thus stood on deck while the sun was slowly sinking to rest beneath the western horizon, we beheld the land of our birth slowly fade from view. It was then we bade our last and final farewell to home and all, and set our faces eastward. Twelve months were to elapse until we again beheld this land of the free and the home of the brave, and then many of us would be among the absent.

The first few days of our voyage found the sea calm and quite to the liking, but we were not to be dismissed from the aquatic zone of operations without a taste, an introduction to the Water God's temperament. For two days the sea was so rough it was hard for the khaki landlubbers to find equilibrium, let alone gauging their "inner calculations." A number became rather sea-sick and did "at ease" over the rail. "As you were!" was entirely out of the question.

Our convoy took a zig-zag course most of the way, and due to this we covered many extra miles. The men were under orders to wear life-belts at all times while on deck, and boat drills were of daily occurrence. No lights of any kind were allowed on deck at night; not even a lighted cigarette went. Every precaution was taken to insure concealment from any enemy lurking near. The first few nights it gave one a rather "spooky feeling" to go out upon the dark deck and, looking down over the rail, behold the dark background of fathoms of deep water. We were not

"nerves," but did think it would be rather cold down there in the water. Passing around the coast of Ireland we entered into the danger zone proper. It was a known fact that many enemy submarines infested the Irish Sea. Here, upon awakening one morning and looking out, we beheld scores of little sub-chasers, which had come out and joined us during the night. There were sixteen in all, and it was quite a sight to stand and watch these little boats zig-zag back and forth among the transports, sometimes running far ahead, first in one direction and then another.

As we stood and watched them busily skirting over the water, in quest of something they to all appearances could not find, it reminded one of the times spent in hunting with the "pack." How the hounds would skurry hither and thither, in and out among the bushes, eagerly in quest of the coveted prey. One day out from Liverpool we were accorded a thrilling sight. A little ahead of our steaming convoy was seen a suspicious looking object, much like the top of a periscope. This led to quick action on the part of our little sub-chasers. These small watch-dogs of the sea steamed full ahead, at times almost clearing the water, and, gathering in from all sides, closed together; suddenly a terrific explosion rent the air, and the water at the particular spot rose in a cloud fifty feet high. three such explosions followed, augmented by a shot from one of the six-inch guns on one of our ships. The shock of those exploding depth bombs, dropped from one of the little sub-chasers, shook our ship from stem to stern, and many who were below deck at the time came rushing up thinking we had been hit by a torpedo. It was a thrilling sight to see those little boats go after that sub, and as the bombs went off the doughboys cheered loudly and long. Although danger lurked near,

there was no fear, only curiosity, on the part of the men. They thought it more interesting than any ball game they had ever seen. It was some time afterward that we heard one of our ships had been torpedoed by a hidden submarine, but had managed to reach land safely. Needless to say, that particular sub never shot another torpedo, for it was now "*Plus Fini.*"

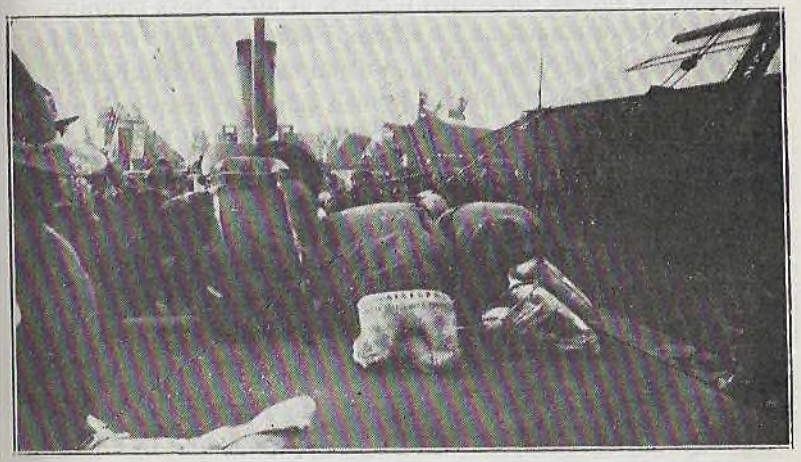
On May 6th, as we were nearing land, the regiment suffered its first casualty. Private Franklin Brun, of Headquarters Company, died on board the *Baltic*. His body was laid to rest in Liverpool. This proved our first overseas casualty. We pulled into territorial waters of England the evening of May 6th, and the convoy came to anchor for the night. As the harbor was fully mined, with only light buoys designating the ship lanes into dock, it was thought best to await the daylight before proceeding in. The following morning, May 7th, we docked at Liverpool, England.

Our trip across had been somewhat monotonous, but during the thirteen days it took to make the trip, we learned many things of interest. To many it was the first ocean voyage. Our food was not of the best, and at times the ship's odor became almost unbearable. The entire ship's crew was English, and English methods were in operation. It might be said that it differs somewhat from the American. There were many "bloody scandals" aboard.

Upon landing, we marched under full packs through some of the main streets of Liverpool to the depot where we boarded queer-looking trains. Each car was composed of several small compartments, and into each of these eight men with packs were assigned.

While marching through the streets of Liverpool on our way to the station, the English gave us quite a reception.

True, there were many long faces, and some who appeared in doubt as to the coming of the Americans and what they would do. I remember one old Englishman in particular, who, while we were resting in the street, came up and in characteristic fashion, exclaimed, "Oh, you bloudy Americans are coming now that the war is over." No doubt true, old man, and the Germans were exulting over that very thing—that the war was about over and they were ready for the fruits of victory.



SOUTHAMPTON ENGLAND, READY TO CROSS CHANNEL

Leaving Liverpool by train, we rode all night, arriving at Southampton early the next morning, and proceeded out to a rest camp, where we rested all that day. Southampton is a beautiful place, all trees and flower gardens—a sight worth seeing. The scenery of the outlying districts of England is picturesque; so quaint and serene. The little farm plots carefully laid out in painstaking order, and the old quaint stone

houses with their thatched roofs and creeping ivy present a fitting picture.

That evening we boarded the channel steamer and were leaving for the shores of France. That trip across the English Channel will never be forgotten. To commence with, the boat was no larger than the ordinary small "lighter," and on this hundreds of human forms and packs were crowded. There was no room to move about whatever, and many of us had to spend the night down in the stuffy hold, where we almost suffocated for lack of air. Next morning, May 9th, we landed at Le Havre, France. We were tired, dirty and hungry, and did present an awful sight to behold. Landing at this quaint old French port, we marched two miles out to a rest camp. We spent three days here cleaning up and turning in such overseas equipment as was designated. One order in particular—all kodaks owned by any of the men must be placed in barrack bags and turned in for safe keeping, and the owners would receive back their goods directly after the war. It might be said that no such goods have been received to date.

Our stay at Le Havre afforded us the first glimpse of France and its people. Part of our time was spent in undergoing inspections and readjusting equipment, and in a general way preparing for our campaign ahead. Our first impression of France can be summed up as follows: We noticed very few men or boys of military age around. A great number of women, and a majority of them in mourning. The houses and other structures were all of stone, and none over four stories high. Everything seemed to move on a slower scale than back in the States. With these first impressions we were ready to commence our life in far away France.

THE ADVANCE GUARD.

Preceding our departure from Doniphan for overseas, a detachment of twelve officers and twelve enlisted men had left in advance. They sailed on the *George Washington*, arriving at Brest April 13th, and proceeded to Chatillon-sur-Seine, where they attended Second Corps School of the Line. They rejoined the regiment after our arrival in France. The regiment's first casualties in active campaigning were among the men of this detachment. Major John Carmack of the Second Battalion was severely wounded May 28th while studying the game of warfare in the lines with the French in the Luneville sector. When this detachment returned to the regiment they became the center of interest. They had been on the Front, and to the rest of us that seemed sufficient to make them heroes.

CHAPTER VI.

OVER THERE.

Saturday, May 11th, we rolled packs and prepared to leave for our training area. It might be of interest to note just how much a doughboy had to carry while on the hike. Our packs now consisted of the following: Two suits underwear, extra shirt, raincoat, overcoat, pair hobnail shoes, shelter half, pole and pins, four blankets, mess outfit, canteen and cup, first aid packet, pistol belt or cartridge belt, toilet articles, and rifle, were we combatants. Later on, we added the gas mask and steel helmet, and reserve rations consisting of "bully" beef and hardtack.

Boarding trains at Le Havre, namely, on the 11th, we here received our initial introduction to real French box cars, which, by the way, are about half the size of our American cars. On the side of each car appeared a placard, "Hommes 40, Chaveaux 8"; in other words, "Room for 40 men or 8 horses," as the case might be. Whichever came first was first served. Crowding forty men, including full packs, into one of these little perambulators calls for the solving of higher mathematics. Sometimes we squared a circle and at others circled a square, in order to make room for the next fellow. Arriving at Eu the following morning, we detrained, and after a hot breakfast at another so-called rest camp, we hiked overland seven miles to a group of little old French villages which were to be our homes for the next six weeks. Regimental Headquarters, Headquarters Company, Supply Company and Sanitary Corps were billeted in Bethancourt-sur-Mer; First Battalion at Meneslies; Second Battalion

at Woincourt; Third Battalion at Allenay. While here, a provisional battalion of troops from the States of North Dakota and Minnesota were assigned to the regiment.

WITH THE BRITISH.

While at Doniphan, we had often read of the soldiers over in France and how nice they had it. They were living in billets and never had to bother about rolling tents every day. That was one reason we craved to get across to France. Now we were to enjoy our first experience living in these so-called billets. Whenever any troops were to occupy a certain village, a billeting officer preceded the troops and, going to the town mayor of the particular village, would notify said personage the number of billets desired, and the town mayor would go among the villagers and obtain the required number. The officers were given "chambre de couche" in the homes, many times living with the family. The men would be billeted in various ways; some in vacant rooms of some building, others in barns and haylofts. It was here we first learned the meaning of the word "cafe," of which there are a great number in France. Due to the fact that all of the southern portion of the country is devoted to the most extensive and the finest vineyards to be found, a great quantity of light wines are in existence. To the members of the A. E. F. the words, "vin rouge" (red wine), and "vin blanc" (white wine), are quite familiar.

An old saying, which no doubt rings true, is the one which reads, "The Frenchman and his wine, the German his beer, and the Swede his coffee." Seldom if ever does a Frenchman drink water; he always carries his wine flask handy, and it is his constant companion for better or for worse. The water in France is quite bad as a rule, and all the water used

by the American troops had to be chlorinated. Consequently, the Yank learned somewhat the mysteries of the wine-glass—not to an alarming extent, perhaps, but sufficiently to judge the difference between vin rouge and soda water. We found the French inhabitants very friendly and hospitable, and deserving of our best considerations.

The first problem which stared us in the face was that of language. At first we had quite a time to make our wants understood, and some highly interesting and amusing incidents occurred. Our best weapons for "assault and defense" were our arms and hands. What could not be conveyed by tongue was demonstrated by said arms and hands, real Jew fashion. We became quite efficient in this manner. For instance, if one desired some eggs, you would enter the shop and when the Madame came forward to serve you, you would cackle like a hen and flap your arms, and she understood the rest. Little by little, with the aid of French grammars and continually mixing with the inhabitants, our vocabulary increased. One amusing instance of ye doughboy attempting to captivate the heart of a Latin sister happened one evening as this comrade was standing out in the village street attempting conversation with one of the village belles, who was peering out of a second-story window wondering why all the high-pitched tones and the gesticulating. For half an hour he had been trying to tell her he came from Wichita, Kansas, the "capital" of the world, and to further illustrate his point he informed her that Mary Garden performed there at some time or other. In his own words, "You compre Wichita, Kansas, Mary Garden, no compre, no bon." Turning to his comrades standing by, he remarked, "She evidently don't get me; one of you tell her I came from Wichita."

About the first bit of French America's young hopefuls learned to speak was in addressing the fairer sex with, "Voulez vous promenade avec moi se soir?" which, broadly speaking, means, "Will you go strolling with me this evening?" After getting that out of his system, he would pat himself on the back and exclaim, "I'll bet that knocked her cold."

While in training in this area, American officers were detailed to various British schools; and on the other hand, British officers and enlisted men were detailed as instructors to our companies. Here the men first learned the use of the rifle- and hand-grenade. We were now equipped with Lewis guns lent by the British government. In some of these villages were billeted some British engineers, who had returned from the Front for rest and training. Young and inexperienced as we were in the art of actual warfare, they found us ready and enthusiastic onhearers of the terrible tales of the Front. Most every one of them had at some time or other performed some heroic act, and didn't mind stating the fact. We later learned, after arriving at the Front, that many of their tales had been quite profuse in color and sentiment.

It was while in this sector that we first beheld war's drama. While asleep in our billets one night, we were suddenly awakened about midnight by a terrific concussion, which shook the billet to a noticeable extent. Without proper wardrobe every mother's son jumped out of his bunk and ran out into the village street to see what was going on. Off to the north the sky was aflame, and constant explosions were recorded. A night raid by German bombing planes on the town of Abbeyville, the center of British supplies, fifteen miles away, was being enacted. It was a wonderful

kaleidoscopic picture to the human eye, but rather hideous when one considered the consequences of all those death-dealing explosions. Soon we heard the German planes passing far overhead; the drone of their motors could be heard for a considerable distance.

Abbeyville became the object of repeated night raids by the Germans during our stay in that area, and often during the wee hours of the night we would stand out in that little village street and watch this picture, which appeared so fantastic, grotesque and hellish that it was beautiful to behold.

While here in the British sector, the question of food became so acute that various means of subsistence were devised. Most of the time we lived on British rations, which for the most part consisted of "bully" beef, hardtack, marmalade and tea. Whenever our pocketbook afforded, we patronized the cafes where such as milk, eggs and potatoes could be had. Bread was difficult to obtain in the French villages, as everybody was on bread rations, and were issued only so much each day. Feeling the necessity of more substantial nourishment at times, night raids upon the neighbors' cows would supply this. It proved quite a feat to corner one of these feminine quadrupeds, for not knowing the password, they little knew whether it was friend or enemy approaching. I recall how a certain Sergeant while leading his platoon "over the top" of yon neighbor's fence one moonlight night, successfully reached the starboard side of Her Highness, and when about ready to start proceedings received a "Minniewurfer" square amidships, and, uttering a bloodcurdling yelp, made for the fence. The raid was repulsed and peace restored.

METZERAL.

On June 6th, we bade farewell to this sector and the regiment began its movement to eastern France. The three hot, tiring days' march to Bouchy will never be forgotten by those participating. As the various companies departed via foot, the villagers were out in strength to bid us farewell. They had learned to know and like the American soldier, and were now showing their appreciation.

We found the roads hard, the country hilly, packs cumbersome, and the weather unusually warm. The first day's hike we covered fifteen miles, and as this was the first hiking we had done for several weeks, it told. We were up early the following morning and again on our way. We did not stop for dinner this day, but kept right on until we had covered twenty-one miles, and came to a halt about 4:30 P. M., tired, hungry, and so footsore that it was with some difficulty we moved about. Quite a number had fallen out during the hike due to blistered feet. After a good night's rest on old mother earth, we were up by 3:15 A. M. the next morning, and an hour later were on our way. Quoting diary for this day:

"Everybody's feet so sore from blisters and backs tender from carrying heavy packs, that we find navigating quite difficult. This evening we arrived here in Bouchy, where we are to entrain. Have covered twenty-two miles today. Are spending the night encamped in an old French orchard, sleeping in our little pup tents."

Next morning we were up at 4 o'clock, and after an elaborate breakfast of black coffee we hiked a mile to the train yards and loaded into our favorite "Hommes 40, Chaveaux 8" box cars, and were soon on our way across the map of

France. At this stage of the game, our little French box cars looked mighty good to us, as we were pretty well spent from our three days' forced march. En route, we passed through some beautiful country which to all appearances was as yet untouched by war. Passed through the suburbs of Paris, and as it happened to be Sunday many Parisians were spending the day out in the parks and suburbs. They tendered us a most hearty reception. The boys would take hardtack, write name and address and send them sailing through the air, only to fall into the possession of some fair Mademoiselle. In this way, a number of chance acquaintances were made, and it was not long until French and American letters commenced changing hands. As our trains were made up of both box cars and flat cars, the latter carrying the wagons and rolling kitchens, many of the boys camped out on these flat cars, where they could obtain a better view of the country. As the train came to a halt outside of a little village, one of the boys, spying a chicken running loose near by, thought of a clever idea, and picking up a small stone let go with some force. His shot proved true, and Miss Hen fell. That night while the train was steaming full ahead, an improvised kitchen was erected out on one of the flat cars, and a chicken roast took place. Again, we say, you can't beat a doughboy.

Tuesday, June 10th, we detrained at 1 A. M. in an open field, and pitching tents remained there until daylight. Breakfast that morning was the first hot meal we had enjoyed for some sixty hours or more. We hiked fifteen miles and arrived at our destination in the Arches area, and the regiment occupied the villages of Hadol, Raon-Basse and Raon aux Bois. Here we received our now famous overseas cap and wrap leggings. From now on we put away childish

things and became men, or rather, soldiers. We could now hear the occasional rumble of the guns at the Front, so we knew we were not very far away. As regards the old historic village of Hadol, I quote following from my diary:

"Here in this village of Hadol stands an old church built in the year 1009. It is of the old Romanesque style of architecture; large masterful dome, inner palisades, stained-glass windows, and contains some wonderful statuaries. It is the same church where Jean de Arc worshiped during part of her childhood days, and today the visitor beholds her statuary within the entrance of the church."

While here, Captain Bresse of the French army joined headquarters as military adviser and guide, and later on, while up in the Vosges, his aid and experience proved invaluable. These days were devoted to the training in handling the rifle, grenades, one-pound guns and french mortars. The men were fast becoming adepts in the use of these weapons, and were now prepared to face the enemy wherever he chose.

TO THE TRENCHES.

June 21st was our red letter day. We harkened to our first payday in France. While in New York much time and money had been spent in seeing the sights, and when we did start across the waters for France almost everybody was "broke." Now in place of real honest to goodness American greenbacks, we were handed the queerest looking paper and silver ever seen. We now received francs, sous and centimes, which constituted the legal tender of the land. It had the appearance of so much paper to us, and, it might be added, we never broke away from this idea during our entire stay in France. After much figuring and jotting of notes, we discovered that our rate of pay had increased. We were

now drawing overseas pay, which was twenty per cent increase over our base pay. The cafes and shops did a thriving business for some time following this payday. Chaplain Wark had scurried around and obtained some treats for the boys, and for the first time in France we enjoyed some real American chocolate and cigarettes. Chaplain Wark was ever looking out for the men, and if there was anything possible to be done for them, he saw that it was done.

Monday, June 24th, we rolled packs, policed up the billets, and about noon the regiment loaded into motor trucks, which were to take us on the last leg of our long journey. The Third Battalion had preceded us by a few days, and were already up in the trenches. Loading into 124 motor trucks, 24 men to each truck, the journey commenced. We request that the reader now follow us on this journey. Our route carries us through some of the most beautiful and romantic country yet seen. We are to pass over the mountain pass of the Vosges Mountains. We ascend the mountain road and are soon pulling away from the little valley below. It is a long, tedious climb, but while the trucks are slowly but surely making the ascent, our interest is drawn to the fairyland now far below. We pass through numerous mountain tunnels, and here and there see an ore mine in operation, there a little narrow gauge mountain train chugging up the side of the mountain. Reaching the crest, we can now see the beautiful little valley on the other side. We now commence our descent down into the picturesque valley of Alsace. Far below, can be seen peasants at work in the meadows and gardens. Here and there a team of oxen being driven to water. Can hear the call of the shepherd's horn as he summons the flock for the night; hear the jingling of cow-bells far out over there on the verdure green; the toll of the village church bell—a picture for the brush of an artist—and to think we are going to war only a few miles distant from here!

The descent is made in due time, and we find ourselves down in the valley in Alsace, that plot which has been a bone of contention between two nations so long. We arrive at the villages of Oderan and Kruth, where we billet. We are now in the Vesserling area, and the trenches are only six miles away. As our division went into the trenches in this sector, the Germans, who through some source had learned of our presence, ran up a large sign at one particular point of their line with the following: "Welcome, 35th Division; let's be friends." Not to be outdone, some of our boys ran up a reply: "Go to H——! We came to fight."

So now our life at the Front begins.

CHAPTER VII.

IN ALSACE.

We are now in Alsace, the land so rich in traditional history and endowed with natural scenic beauty. Its inhabitants comprise a mixture of German- and French-speaking tongues, and they are lineal descendants of the two races, with the latter in predominance. To say that the people down in Alsace were stronger for the French rule than the German would be difficult to judge from the enlisted man's viewpoint. We were at war, and, as allies of France and many of the Alsatians, it would be but natural that the people where we were billeted should show a tendency for French rule. The writer's personal opinion, which, by the way, can form no basis for authority, would grant that the majority preferred French rule, as the then existing German domination proved just a little severe. Germany conscripted many Alsatians into her army, while France, out of due respect, left the military question to the decision of the people in that district. This fact should have had a tendency to revert the people's support to the French government, not only for the present but for years to come. It might be added that a great number of Alsatians inducted into the German army deserted and came across to the Allies. Many had not seen home for four years, and feeling the unjustness of the whole business, they came over into our lines.

This sector in Alsace had, as a rule, been what was considered a "quiet one." Here veterans as well as new troops from both sides were sent to rest and recuperate or to become initiated into the game of war. The motto down here

seemed to read, "Don't disturb Fritz more than is necessary and he won't disturb you." The Germans applied the same to the French. When the Americans took over the sector, however, things brightened up somewhat. Perfectly natural when you stop to consider; here were thousands of the young manhood of America who had come some six thousand miles to fight, and they wanted to fight and have it over with and return home. At first, the French could not understand why the Americans were so anxious, so impulsive, so dare-devilish; all they thought of was—tangle with the enemy. Where, previous to the Americans' entrance, Fritz had taken many liberties and often exposed himself to view without great danger of drawing fire, now, however, he discovered it best to keep his head down at all times. Thus the war song, "Keep your head down, Fritzie boy." The least sign of movement over in the German trenches would draw quick fire from the rifle of some alert doughboy.

While here, we saw our first air battles and the effects of anti-aircraft gunfire. One morning bright and early, we heard the aircraft guns open up, and looking about perceived a German plane far overhead. Our barrage was making life miserable for Mr. Pilot, and he was circling hither and thither. About this time a French plane hove in sight, and soon the steady "put-put" of machine guns were heard. The Boche was finally driven off. Part of the regiment was now up in the trenches of the Metzeral sector and holding the sub-sector of Lemayer.

FIRST LOSS OF LIFE.

While in the Metzeral sector, the regiment suffered its first casualty from enemy artillery fire. The first man of the regiment to meet his death in this manner was Private

George Holm, of Company "I," who was killed by shell fire in the village of Elsbrucke on June 28th. Company "I" was in the trenches, and Private Holm had come down to Elsbrucke to guide a ration train up to the company. The First Battalion was at the time entering the village on its way to the trenches. This concentration of troops drew the artillery fire of the enemy. The shell which took the life of Private Holm made a direct hit. His body was laid to rest with military honors in the little cemetery in Metlach Parish, a short distance from where he met his death.

Before passing on, it would be well to describe the nature of the topography of the country where we were now facing the enemy. The country is very hilly and quite thickly wooded, both as to mountain sides and valleys. This afforded excellent protection in many ways. Large numbers of troops could be concealed and enemy aviators made none the wiser. Many of our dugouts and other abodes were made in the sides of the mountains. As regards the scenery in general, it could be likened to our Colorado picture, only on a miniature scale. The road leading from Oderan and Kruth takes one up and over the crest of a small mountain, which leads down the other side to the trenches proper. Standing on the ridge of one of these peaks, you can look down over a beautiful little valley with its network of intermingling trenches and miles of wire entanglement. At times you might notice a little puff of white smoke off to the right or left, and soon comes the report of a shot up the mountain side. Again the silence of a serene morning might be broken by the "put-put" of some hidden machine gun. Just above the little town of Metlach, high up on the side of the mountain and sheltered somewhat from direct enemy fire, is located Regimental Headquarters. From here all

orders are transmitted by runner down the mountain side to the trenches below. Field telephones also are in operation. The liaison runner has an irksome job in this sector, and it takes strong, sturdy legs to carry him up and down the inclines. The men who lived close to Regimental Headquarters, enjoyed substantially-built dugouts. The officers' and Colonel's quarters were made of native timber, and had the appearance of genuine mountain bungalows. These were usually built far in among the tall pine trees. Regardless of war's proximity, it was in reality a beautiful setting.

While up there living and breathing the fresh mountain air, the men thrived as they never did before or after. We hardly realized the worth of that life until we came away and proceeded up to the big front. The problem of getting rations up to the men was often a difficult one. The French had a system of steam-propelled cable carriers which traveled up and down the sides of the mountain carrying food and supplies. Often the cable heads would become the target for enemy fire and slight damage resulted. Supply wagons drawn by double teams were also used, and often they had to make dangerous trips, which resulted in not a little excitement.

The only activity apparent in this sector were occasional night raids by our own patrols and those of the enemy. Now and then a light barrage would furnish a little coloring.

The life was not near as exciting as we first imagined it would be. A few weeks later, we witnessed real war. On the night of June 20th the Third Battalion with Companies "K" and "L" were in the Benoit quarter, Company "M" being distributed with the 118th French Infantry in the Dubarle quarter, occupying the towns of Metzeral and Sondernach. The night of June 22nd–23rd, the Germans at-

tempted a silent raid on the Third Platoon of Company "M" at P. C. Martin. Captain D. H. Wilson commanded the company, and Lieutenant Willard J. Shipe was in charge of the Third Platoon. The strength of the German raiding party was about forty men. Discovering the Germans coming silently across, the men waited their time. At a given signal they let the Boches have it, and old Fritz was some surprised boy. The raid was easily repulsed without loss to our side, while the enemy was severely punished. Due to this enemy raid we were able to identify the troops opposing us. They proved to be members of a Uhlan regiment. This identification was later confirmed when, on the night of June 26th, the Second Platoon of Company "M," with Lieutenant Harvey D. Calkins in command, assisted the French in successfully repulsing a raid on Sondernach, capturing several prisoners. Due to the unusual success of this repulse, citations from the French commander were received.

(Citation.)

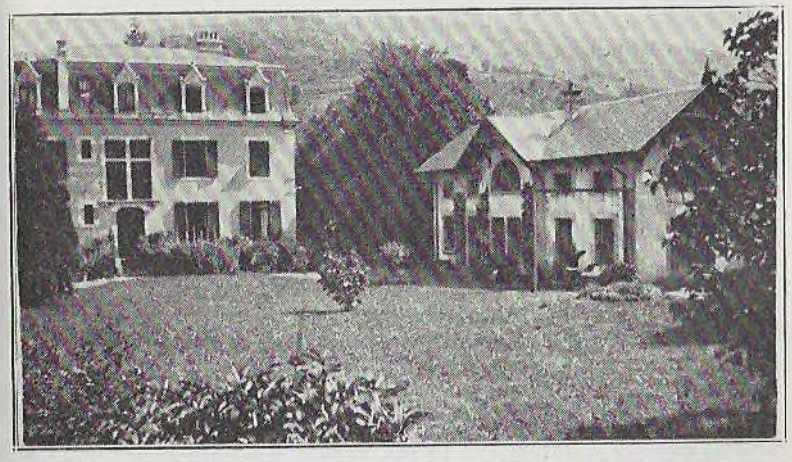
"22ND DIVISION OF INFANTRY.
GENERAL STAFF, THIRD BUREAU.
No. 6662.
P. C., 25th June, 1918.

From General Renonard, Commanding 22nd Division,
To Commanding Officer, 137th Infantry.

1. Report has been received by me of the gallant conduct of the men of the 137th Infantry, who by their coolness and spirit have contributed to the repulse of an attack executed by the Germans on the night of June 22nd–23rd in the region of Sondernach.

I am glad to bring this fact to your knowledge. It again confirms the high opinion I have of the units of the United States Army which I have already had occasion to observe under fire."

The bombing squad while repulsing a German raid on the Third Platoon had an exciting experience. Corporal Paul Cannon, who was in charge of the squad, was called upon to perform quick work in connection with discharging a bomb. Breastworks of logs were sometimes used to build up the sides of the trenches. Striking the bomb against one of these logs to set off the detonator, the bomb stuck in a rotten crevice. This necessitated quick work on the part



"CHATEAU RENAULD," ALSACE. FRENCH NOBLEMAN'S ESTATE, WHERE BAND BILLETED.

of the Corporal, and after a few seconds of feverish work the bomb was extricated and pitched over the breastworks, where it exploded with terrific force.

While here in the Vosges, those of us who were out of the trenches at the time, were permitted to enjoy two celebrations which will long be remembered; they were the 4th of July and the 14th of July respectively. The latter known as "Bastille Day," commemorating the storming of the Bas-

tille prison. In order to portray to the reader the trend of events as they happened, I take the liberty of quoting a personal letter written to home folks while down in Alsace:

"FRANCE, July 7, 1918.

"DEAR FRIENDS: Forsooth, the day has come and gone, which has left its imprint upon the sands of time and another picture in the halls of tradition, and from its birth until the dusk of that faroff evening hour shall settle down and proclaim this world no more, the memories of this day shall ever live in the hearts of the people who now stand shoulder to shoulder during the greatest crisis of all history.

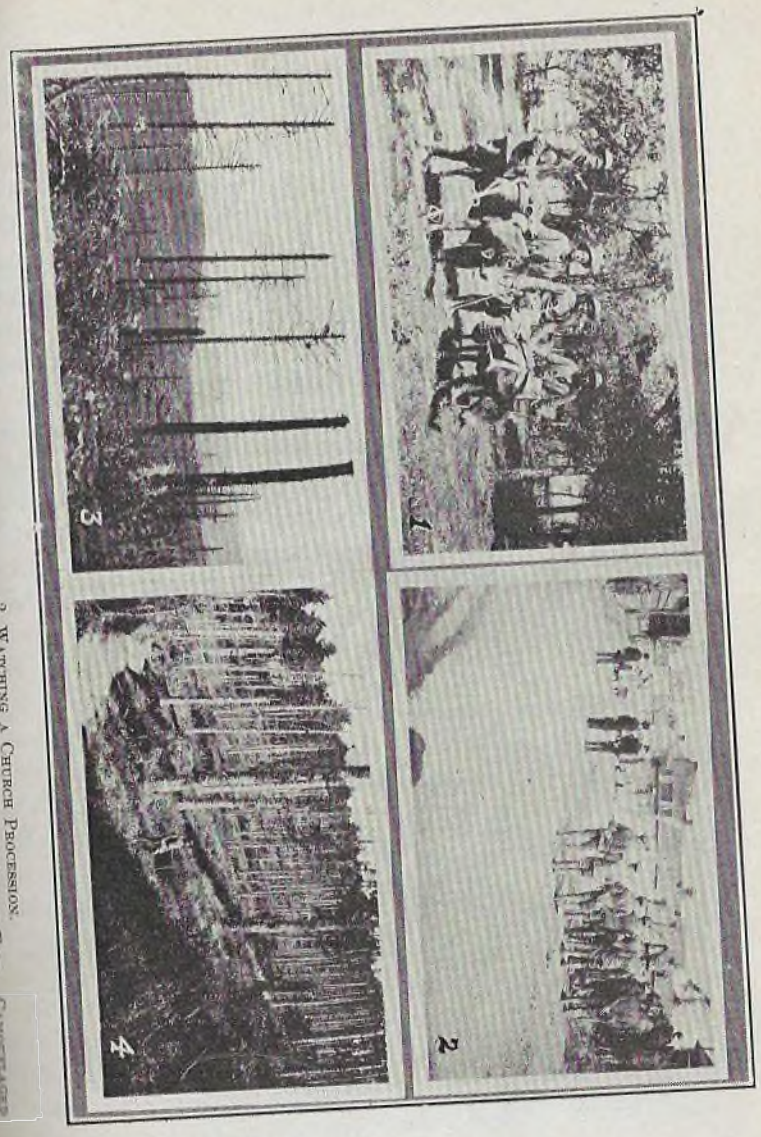
"July 4, 1918, will henceforth go down in writ as a day commemorating that time when nations, who in former years lived, more or less apart, being bound only through commercial or trade ties, but now clasping hands in united brotherhood and stepping out upon the world's rostrum and proclaiming vows of true allegiance. America's Independence Day has been duly observed, not only by the Americans who are at present doing their bit over here, but the entire French nation celebrated the occasion, and with heart and soul. Of all places, Paris had probably the most elaborate program. However, I here wish to give a few details of how the Kansas boys spent the day behind the lines.

"The day dawned bright and clear, and we were up and about at an early hour. As the French were acting as hosts to the Americans, they were busily engaged decorating our little village with flags, bunting and evergreens. Everywhere the good old Stars and Stripes was in evidence. At 2:30 P. M. a battalion of "Les Americains," with band in the lead, passed in review of one of our distinguished American Generals, who had as guests of honor one French and one British General. After the parade, a show was given at our little 'Y' hut, which had been decorated for the occasion. The show was given by both the French and Americans. As the General and guests arrived, the band arose and with fervor played the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' followed by the 'Marseilles.' This concluded, twelve little flower girls, dressed in the costume representing Joan of Arc, descended from the platform, advancing up to where the visiting Generals sat, handed each a bouquet of roses and, according to the salutations of the land, each little damsel received a kiss first on one cheek and then on the other. France is a great country for kissing. They do not manipulate the same as the American, for it is a kiss on each cheek and a fond embrace. When a French General would decorate some young hero, he would pin the cross upon the victim's breast and, placing both hands upon his shoulder, smack the unfortunate one first upon one cheek and then the other. The young American hero could never fall for this game, and objected to being smacked by any male species of the human race. He was not so particular when Mademoiselle entered the case. The program of the day proved quite interesting and the inhabitants entered into the ceremony with zeal."

During the evening, everybody was on his own. Everywhere one could see the French poilus and the Yank together; they were fast learning to know each other. Although the French were acting as hosts of the day, still there was the true, ever vibrating American pep and snap behind everything, and the inhabitants were tendered a celebration whose equal had never been seen. As is known, the peoples of Europe are more slow-going in everything, while the Americans are known the world over to be of the hurrying here and there variety. When they start out to do a thing, it's slap-bang, get out of the way, I'm coming. This was characteristic, and it was something quite new to our friends. Since we went over to France, it was noticed that people of other nations look to and admire the dashing care-free, nonstop spirit of the American soldier; and in this connection we might add that though he has often been christened a "daredevil," still the world can be thankful for these char-

acteristics. It was this spirit of the young American blood which played such an integral part during the latter months of the great war. Many times it drew from the enemy that old cry of alarm and surrender, "Kamerade!" We are now once more back in the trenches, after a happy day of fetes. It was now the keen eye and the alert mind which was to be tested on several different occasions. On the night of July 20th, a raid executed by combined elements of the First Battalion from Sondernach in the American lines to Landersbach in the enemy lines. This was to prove one of our biggest raids, and plans had been carefully laid. Company "C" formed the nucleus of the attack, and its strength was augmented by volunteers from each of the other companies of the battalion. Captain Roy Perkins was in command of Company "C," with Lieutenants Emil Rolf, Paul Masters, Arthur Theiss and Louis R. Scott as platoon leaders. Ample support was rendered by batteries of French artillery and by Company "D" of the 129th Machine Gun Battalion, and Company "A," of the 130th Machine Gun Battalion. Our own Stokes mortar played an important part by directing well timed and effective fire.

The raid went off on scheduled time and resulted in a number of casualties to the Germans, and we took seven prisoners, beside some material valuable to our side. Aside from the prisoners taken, a number had been killed and wounded on the enemy side with our first artillery fire. Our casualties amounted to seven killed and wounded. The raid called for unusual efficiency and ingenuity on the part of men and officers, and they did their work in such manner as to justify inspired confidence for future engagements. It was during this raid that Lieutenant Thomas Hopkins, who had trained with our regiment at Doniphan, was killed while



1. Comrades.
2. Watching a Church Procession.
3. No-Man's-Land. Taken From Our Trenches. Note Trees
4. Withered Trees Due To Enemy Fire. Camouflaged Road Leads To Our Trenches

performing an act of unusual heroism and courage. Although not a member of the raiding unit, he went out to rescue a wounded comrade who was lying on the wire. Reaching the injured man and about ready to carry him back to safety, the Germans opened up with their machine guns and "Tommy" fell, a victim to this fire. Sergeant Quinn of the Sanitary Corps, seeing the two men out there, cast discretion to the winds, and going out there brought both men back to our lines.

In this war, as in others, men have been susceptible to strange premonitions—a foreboding of something about to happen. In the army, we call such "hunches." Time after time we have read or heard concerning certain individuals who went into battle with that queer feeling, a "premonition" that they were "marked." At times we were doubtful if there was anything to these so-called hunches. Since entering the army, and especially after we went to France and came face to face with the inferno, we had ample opportunity to witness these said incidents in a new light. The writer can recall several instances where certain individuals went up into the lines with that haunty feeling that something was going to happen. Our friend and comrade Lieutenant Hopkins had one such hunch the day before his regiment went into the lines. While visiting with members of the regimental band, of whom "Tommy" was very fond, he sat conversing with us in our billet down in Kruth the day preceding his death. While sitting there talking on various subjects, he suddenly turned to Bandmaster Fink and said: "Lou, this war has never caused me any worry up until today. We leave for the trenches today, and for some reason or other I have a feeling that something is going to happen. Something tells me I'm not coming back." Shortly after-

wards his regiment came swinging past, and Lieutenant Hopkins fell in line. Just as he was leaving, he turned and said, "Well, so long, fellows. The first ambulance you see go by I may be in it."

Two days later, an ambulance stopped out in front of our billet and word was sent in saying "Tommy" wanted to see some of us. Going out there, the first words he said were, "My hunch came true." He passed away the next day. A finer speciman of virile manhood never lived in this old world of trials and tribulations than Thomas Hopkins, known and loved by all the members of his unit.

Following the raid in which Lieutenant Hopkins met his death, the Division Commander issued the following citation:

"HEADQUARTERS 35TH DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
5th August, 1918.
(Corrected Copy.)

GENERAL ORDERS,
No. 59.

I. The Division Commander takes great pride in honoring the memory of Second Lieutenant Thomas Hopkins, 139th Infantry. Lieutenant Hopkins during a raid on July 20, 1918, and although not a member of the raiding party, voluntarily left his combat group, and, passing through the enemy barrage of artillery and machine gun fire, went to the rescue of a private soldier, who, wounded and crippled, had become entangled in the wire. Successful in reaching the wounded man, he himself was fatally wounded while assisting him to cover. This brave and unselfish act, which ended a most promising career, is only an incident in this great world's struggle, but it serves to show that in the desperate hour of need the officer and enlisted man fight shoulder to shoulder in the brotherhood of arms.

II. The Division Commander desires to commend the soldierly conduct of the officers and enlisted men of the following units participating in a raid on Landersbach July 20, 1918:

American Units.

First Battalion, 137th Infantry.
Company "D," 129th Machine Gun Battalion.
Sanitary Detachment, 1st Bn., 137th Inf.
Company "G," 139th Infantry.
Company "A," 139th Machine Gun Battalion.

French Units.

1st, 2nd, 3rd and 8th Batteries, 35th R. A. C.
7th, 8th, 9th and 13th Batteries, 2nd R. A. M.
10th and 11th Batteries, 125th A. T.
1st Battery, 8th R. A. P.
2nd, 3rd and 24th Batteries, VIII G/111 R. A. L.

III. The Division Commander takes great pleasure in citing in General Orders the following-named officers and enlisted men for gallant conduct in action against the enemy in a raid at Landersbach on July 20, 1918:

Captain Roy W. Perkins, 137th Infantry.
First Lieutenant Emil Rolf, 137th Infantry.
First Lieutenant Paul W. Masters, 137th Infantry.
First Lieutenant Louis R. Scott, 137th Infantry.
First Lieutenant Walter H. Kirkpatrick, Medical Corps, N. G.
Second Lieutenant Arthur L. Theiss, 137th Infantry.
Sergeant Jackson E. Walker, Company "G," 137th Infantry.
Corporal Carl W. Turner, Company "G," 139th Infantry.
Private Earl D. Sullivan, Company "B," 137th Infantry.
Private Earl P. Busser, Company "B," 137th Infantry.

By command of Major General Traub.

E. E. HASKELL,
Lieutenant, Colonel, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

Official:
WM. ELLIS,
Major, N. G., U. S.,
Acting Division Adjutant."

While in this sector, the regiment became "temporary owners" of a pair of mascots. The French had captured a pair of small mountain burros, which had been used to carry food and other supplies in the trenches. They had no doubt seen much service, as numerous scars and wirecuts testified. While up in the trenches one day, four of the band boys, including Young, Eash, Lichtenberger, and the writer, were detailed to bring these "petites souvenirs de la Guerre" down from the trenches to the village of Kruth. Each little animal was furnished with side baskets which were used to convey the necessary supplies, and in these baskets our packs and other burdensome equipment were placed. A comical sight to see this detail of six "jackasses" wend their way down the mountainside to the little village below. It later turned out that this little team of mules became a bone of contention between the French authorities and us. Orders were even transmitted by the French through military channels requesting that the animals be returned. Weeks after, while on another sector, a detail was sent back with the charges.

News was now being flashed around the world regarding America's participation in the war, and the daily reports of the Americans' doings was read with interest by all Allies. Everybody was anxious to know just what our forces could do. There had been more or less doubt among the Allies as to the fighting ability of the Yanks, and it was about this time they received some real "eye-openers." Certain American divisions were now occupying certain salients along the western front, and from the very beginning they started things to moving. The evening of July 17th, while our band was giving a concert out on the public square of our little village both for the boys and the French inhabitants, the

report of the Chateau Thierry drive arrived. During the intermission of the concert, a French officer, mounting a chair, commanded silence, and, producing a small manuscript, read in loud accented tones the result of the Chateau Thierry drive. Could hear him mention "Soldats Americain" several times. He was informing them concerning the drive and what grand results had been achieved by the Yanks. At the conclusion of the announcement, the people went wild. "Vive la Amerique! Vive les Americains!" they shouted, and went around in the crowd patting the boys on the back and exclaiming, "Bon Comrade, fini Boche!" It did cause us to feel good, not alone for the cheers given in our honor, but to know that the Americans were making good from the very start and doing it with a dash that made, yes, compelled, the world to sit up and take notice.

At dates varying from July 9th to 20th, the regiment was relieved in the Metzeral sector and made an overland journey in trucks across one of the many mountain ridges to the villages of Cornimont and Le Bresse. Here we were given substantial billets in what might be called a beautiful rest area, for although the boys followed a regular schedule of daily routine, still the effects of the scenic landscape and the almost human homes we were living in made for so-called restful attitudes. The boys had now done their first bit in the trenches and had proven their worth as combat troops. They now had the confidence and stamina of veterans.

While here at Le Bresse the regiment was given its first "cootie baths," which no doubt sounds interesting. Previous to our arrival in France, we had often read of how the soldiers had to combat trench vermin, which, broadly speaking, meant dog-sized rats, cooties, and a certain disease

known as trench itch. We were now experiencing some of this, and many of our young hopefuls were having an awful battle, especially during nights. Speaking of rats, will say that the beasts we had to contend with were, as mentioned, almost dog-sized, long, hairy, spring-tailed brutes, which would often intrude upon our privacy; and many times during the night, while asleep in some dugout, one would be awakened by the scramble and squeak of scores of the pestering creatures. Their favorite dish happened to be the lobe of the ear. A trusty hobnail would have a quieting effect for a few moments. Our little friend, the "cootie," is strictly a species of body lice, and is known as a blood sucker. It hatches via the egg route and multiplies rapidly. The eggs, imbedded in your underclothing or in the pores of your skin, hatch rapidly due to your bodily heat. During cold weather, "cooties" do not move about much, but granted a warm day and they "spring to arms" and do commence promenading. The more one scratches the faster they creep, and it is with some difficulty that they are overtaken. The only means of ridding your clothes of them is to treat your garments to a dry steam bath.

The weather down in the Vosges was ideal, and we thrived on sunshine and "vin rouge." Here in Le Bresse we enjoyed Sunday divine services, held under roof for the first time in weeks. An old abandoned school house up on a hill overlooking the village served the purpose, and here Chaplain Wark conducted services. Here was held our first communion service in France, at which time Chaplain Wark gave a very appealing and stirring address portraying "Immortality." Chaplain Wark did excellent work within the regiment, and being a speaker of real merit and integrity, the boys were always willing onhearers.

Leaving Le Bresse about August 12th, the regiment proceeded by trucks up the mountain to the Le Collet area east of Gerardmer and went into the sub-sector of Gashney—again amidst beautiful, picturesque mountain scenery. As we were relieving the French here, they let it be understood that if we remained comparatively quiet the Germans would not molest us. It had always been more or less of a quiet sector. The relative position of the lines had not changed for many months; but now, when the Americans intruded upon the scene, things began to brighten up. The boys received instructions to "pot" anything they saw which carried any coloring of suspicion. No second order was ever forthcoming. We were now well supplied with artillery, and frequently shelled the German positions. This drew occasional retaliatory fire from the Boche guns, and the American lines were subject to frequent gas bombardments and machine gun fire. Our losses were meager.

Almost every day we would witness numerous air battles, and saw two German planes shot down. It was a thrilling sight to stand and watch the planes maneuver high in the air, hear the anti-aircraft guns barking, and see where the shrapnel burst high above and around the objective plane. Now and then could hear the steady "put-put" of machine guns as each aviator would attempt to destroy the other. At times the shrapnel from the exploding shells would come whistling down and hit the ground close by with a resounding thud—a gentle reminder that we wear our steel helmets.

RAID ON COMPANY "F."

The night of August 30th, the Germans attempted a raid on one of our outposts held by Company "F." It happened between 1 and 2 o'clock A. M. The Germans preceded the

raid with a heavy barrage, which lasted only a few moments. Shortly afterwards, one of our guards heard a peculiar twang—someone severing the wire. A flare was immediately sent up, and it was then an upright object was seen to be standing out there in No-Man's-Land directly between our wire and that of the enemy's. A grenade was thrown out from our trench, and following the explosion the object was seen no more. Quick work with a few more "eggs" and steadily held rifles seemed to clear the field of any lurking enemy. The Germans had been driven back, and it was later discovered they had left one dead comrade behind, namely, an officer, who proved the recipient of the first grenade. The following night our pioneer platoon recovered the body, which gave us important identification." The result of this raid drew favorable commendation from our Division Commander:

"HEADQUARTERS 35TH DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
September 7th, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS,
No. 74.

I. The Division Commander takes great pleasure in commending the soldierly and courageous conduct of the following non-commissioned officers and enlisted men who on August 30th, 1918, were members of G. C. 2 in P. C. Reichaker, Sub-Sattell, Sub-Sector Gashney:

Sergeant P. O. Purdue.
Corporal M. S. Grimord.
Private Wm. A. Lake.
Private Pearl Brunning.
Private Guy Nairn.
Private Hubert Wiley.
Private Harold Bishop.
Private Richard Bergen.
Private R. Ebbelwesser.

Private Harold Whalen.
Private Thomas Brand.
Private Frank Day.
Private Thomas Rudbeck.

This detachment, under command of Paul Purdue, of Company "F," were at 1:15 A. M. subjected to a heavy and concentrated barrage of artillery and trench mortar fire. When the barrage lifted, this detachment, not at all daunted, rushed from their dugouts and repulsed an enemy raid, causing the death of a German officer, whose body was recovered and whose identification was of importance.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL TRAUB."

One of the men, relating the incident the following day, gave this version: "While standing down there in that dark trench well concealed from the enemy fire, I took a squint over the parapet and saw something which looked like a man standing out there. The barrage had let up, and the Germans were no doubt coming across. Picking up a grenade, I didn't go through the formality of counting one, two, three, and then throw, as the English had taught us. Not by a long shot; I picked up that grenade and let her fly straight from the shoulder like when throwing a ball. I hit that object square amidships, and about that time it went off."

Here again the reader's attention is called to the fact of the typical American way of doing things. The French and British had been taught one certain way of throwing the grenade, which consisted of the overhead throw, which called for a certain windup. This American lad, like hundreds of his comrades when caught in a close place, had resorted to the old instinctive way real baseball fashion. His sandlot experiences stood him in good stead. This war has demonstrated that the American is a born thrower, and his use of

the hand grenade proved far more accurate than any of the Allies. The people across the sea are not adept at this game of throwing. It was a trait they admired in the Yanks, and they were often interested spectators at our baseball games, and even a game of "catch" out on the village street drew an interested crowd of onlookers. The American is far more athletic than the majority of his overseas cousins, a fact worthy of future consideration.

We were now ready to leave this sector and proceed to another, and as we heard, a far more active sector. We were ready for larger game, and each man, due to this experience in the trenches here in the Vosges, had aquired self-confidence and a concrete belief in his organization's ability to cope with the enemy. He had also learned that artillery fire was not always as dangerous as it sounded. We had become accustomed to the shriek and whine of passing and later exploding shells. We learned that artillery fire is often erratic and that the enemy was not always able to hit what he shot at. We noticed while in this sector that many of the enemy's shells were "duds," or shells which never exploded after arriving.

Recalling one incident which proved quite amusing. While up in the Metzeral sector, I was standing up by Regimental Headquarters one day. Headquarters at that time were situated up on the side of a mountain opposite the enemy lines. While standing there gazing down over the little valley below, I noticed several French soldiers passing in and out of a wood. A French unit was encamped down there among the tall pine trees. It was about noon, and perceiving a thin column of smoke arising and sifting up through the tree tops, I rather imagined dinner was in the making. Suddenly and without warning I heard the whistle

of a shell overhead, and following the sound, it was heard to hit down there in that little patch of wood where those French were encamped. Suddenly I heard a most awful commotion, and peering intently in the direction of the hubbub a strange sight met my eye. For a few moments it seemed as though a certain area of that forest was swiftly receding in the opposite direction, leaving an entire army of blue-garmented figures standing still. In reality the story runs thus: Perceiving the smoke curling up from a certain spot on the side of that mountain, the Germans had dropped a shell over into that area, and no sooner had it hit the ground than scores of blue-clad Frenchmen dropped dinner and all and made for the open. They came racing out of that wood into the clearing hollering and jabbering in a state of great excitement. Oh, of course you want to know when the shell went off and what damage it did. Well, it never went off, and as far as was learned never did, as it was a "dud." If you should ever go to France and down to the Vosges and visit that particular place, you will no doubt find that same shell lying peacefully in the exact spot described. The last seen of those Frenchmen, they had fallen in for mess, and between swallows of vin rouge and a bit of "fromage," were ever alert to another visit of an unbidden guest. After that episode, they were very careful to conceal all campfires from enemy observation.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ST. MIHIEL DRIVE.

Napoleon shifted,
Restless, in the old sarcophagus,
And murmured to a watchguard,
"Who goes there?"
"Twenty-one million men,
Soldiers, armies, guns;
Twenty-one million,
Afoot, horseback,
In the air,
Under the sea."
And Napoleon turned in his sleep:
"It is not my world answering;
It is some dreamer who knows not
The world I marched in
From Calais to Moscow."
And he slept on
In the old sarcophagus,
While the airplanes
Droned their motors
Between Napoleon's mausoleum
And the cool night stars.

Summer was now drawing to a close, and the approach of fall found our entire division tried and tested in the fires of actualities and not lacking in preparation, enthusiasm and efficiency as a first-class combat division. We had now completed what might be designated the first leg of our overseas campaign. We had spent the first six weeks of our stay in France in training with the British up on the Somme sector, and the balance of the summer down in the beautiful scenic area of the Vosges Mountains in Alsace. Although daily

coming in contact with new experiences, meeting many new trials and unaccustomed hardships, the Boys acclimated themselves quickly, and from beginning to end conducted themselves like veterans. That typical western spirit, that Kansas spirit, was ever in evidence.

Being relieved in the Gerardmer sector about the first of September, the regiment began movement which eventually was to bring us up to the St. Mihiel salient. Leaving the trenches, the entire regiment was loaded into motor trucks, and we proceeded down the winding mountain highway to the valley below. Arriving at a little village called Granges-sur-Vologne we billeted here for the night. The following evening, just as the enshrouding veil of night was gathering, we fell in under packs and hiked fifteen kilometers to La Chapelle, where we entrained via the box car route. After an all night's ride, we detrained the following morning at Blainville in the Toul area, and, hiking under the sweltering sun a distance of twenty kilometers, arrived and were billeted in the towns of Tonnoy, Velle-sur-Moselle and Saffais in the Blainville district. Here we were first introduced to the sons of Italy, and many of the boys were billeted in the same camp with them. While here, we witnessed our first fatal Allied air battle. A German plane flying at a high altitude, was seen coming over toward our camp. While watching this oncoming plane, we saw another plane suddenly swoop down from above the clouds, and attaining a position directly over the Boche, this newcomer opened up a withering fire with his machine gun, which put the Boche engine out of commission, and the plane commenced a gradual descent. Just as the German was seen to be coming down, the French plane was seen to suddenly turn completely over and pointing nose downward, fall straight as an arrow

and swift as a bullet, hitting the ground with a tremendous crash which splintered the effects into a thousand pieces, and mangling the pilot beyond recognition. This brave little Frenchman, while on the ground near a small wood, had seen the German coming over our lines, and realizing his paramount duty, had climbed quickly into his machine and mounted in a roundabout way to a favorable altitude above the clouds. Evidently the German had not noticed him, for he kept steadily on his course. All this time, an Allied barrage was being thrown around the Boche and the anti-aircraft guns were making a hideous noise. At an opportune moment, the French pilot dove down through the cloud, and finding himself directly over the enemy opened up with his machine gun. Just as he had shot through the cloud and had opened fire, his machine was hit by his own artillery barrage, and in the space of a very few seconds neither plane nor pilot were existing. The German, who had sailed down in a gradual manner, made a landing, and before he could destroy his plane or important material, he was captured and many valuable papers and documents obtained.

Night after night, we heard bombing planes passing high overhead, and, judging by the throb of their motors, they were heavily laden with implements of destruction, and on their way to carry out their nightly mission. Many times we could not tell whether they were friend or enemy, but always trusted to the former. The regiment remained in the Blainville district until September 10th, and that night we commenced our overland movement up to the St. Mihiel salient. Never are those night hikes to be forgotten. The three nights following, found us plodding wearily on our way through the blackest of nights, through dismal rain and oceans of soft, slushy mud, which plastered us from head to

foot. We hiked all night, resting by the muddy roadside ten minutes of every hour. During these brief rest periods, finding no dry spots on which to relieve our weary carcasses, we did the "gentlemen seated" stuff right there in the mud and water. Now and then a pile of gravel alongside the old Roman road would be a point of attack by every doughboy within fifty yards of said dump. First come, first served. For three consecutive nights, we were running our motors from the knees down, and as daylight approached on each succeeding morrow we would stop in some little old manureville village and billet for the day. The third and last night of this particular hike found us wending our way through the darkened streets of that old historic city of Nancy. Nancy, an object of repeated Hun raids, was shrouded in darkness; not a light was to be seen, and it was so dark that we had to touch packs with the man ahead in order to follow the line of march. It was during this "promenade" through Nancy that several of the boys were almost kidnapped by some of the fairer sex. As we were plodding along through the streets, quite a number of the inhabitants, becoming aware of our presence, came out to discover what that peculiar steady rythm of ye hobnails meant. Evidently few Americans had ever passed through this place, so we were accorded quite a welcome. Many times, such exclamations as, "Ah, les Americains, tres bon, tres bon," could be heard. Yes, we agreed; we were Americans all right, but not very "bon" at that particular time. It was, "Beaucoup promenade, beaucoup attention, and tres beaucoup fatigue," and we craved rest and a dry place to sit down. While "at ease" before one of the large archways, a number of "jolie mademoiselles" approached us, and conversation was in order. Dates were made as fast as the lingo could be thrown, and

the engagements which were broken that night would make a record in the States look meager, to say the least. Leaving Nancy, we continued on our way, and about 3 : 30 A. M. pulled into the Forest de Haye. Now the casual reader might wonder why all these night hikes. While moving in and around active sectors, all movements had to be carried out under the cover of night, a precaution against enemy observers who were ever on the lookout. Most of our traveling was done during the night, and we would remain concealed in some village or patch of woods during the day. The hardest ordeal of these night hikes was the fact that no one was allowed the friendly "tete-a-tete" of a smoke. No lights of any description were permitted, and many times we longed to even flash a light in order to see a foot ahead of us. Often during these night marches the regiment would become lost and probably have to retrace several weary miles in consequence. At times it became quite exasperating, and being utterly weary in mind and body, it proved rather patience-racking.

Here, let it be said, that the American soldier is the biggest "crabber" in the world, and at times his voicings appear even amusing. Let it also be said that this crabbing proves to be a commendable quality in the American soldier. It has been admitted and confirmed that a little crabbing such as the average doughboy gives voice to is necessary to a healthy young army such as we had in France. It usually tends to relieve the monotony of long, silent, wearysome hours. For instance, marching all night through rain and mud, hardly a word spoken, the only sound apparent is the steady tread of heavy-soled feet. This silence causes one to feel bodily effects to a great degree. All at once the awful silence is broken with such as, "When do we rest? When do we eat?

What ya think we are—an outfit of packmules? By George, I'm through with this dragging around the country. To H—— with the Kaiser. I'm stopping in the next village for a billet." Another voice from out of the wilderness with: "What ya think this is, a Sunday school picnic? Who's leading this line of march, anyway? Must be going to a fire." And again, "When do we rest?" Could quote a hundred varied doughboy murmurings, and, adding up the sum total of them all, we still contend that this part of a doughboy's life is most necessary. While walking along giving voice to such outbursts, he is not speaking to any one person directly, but seems to be holding conversation with some unknown power or spirit. One moment Mr. Doughboy is "crabbing" his head off; yes, he is going to throw his pack away, fall out of line, never hike again, going to murder the bugler, and a thousand and one other things. Five minutes later, he has forgotten all and everything he ever said, and has no more intention of doing all those blood-curdling, terrible things than "Davy" Jones. After he has rid his system of all that charge, he feels relieved, strengthened and "steps 'em off" 120 per minute. May the powers that be have pity on the one who has never "crabbed" during his army career. That meek, lamblike mortal makes a decidedly poor soldier and less a fighter. He is to be pitied by his comrades, for they know he is out of place in this man's army. It's the man with backbone, spirit, and possessing somewhat a mind of his own, who, though at times says all those awful hair-raising things above mentioned, but who, when the time comes, goes into a thing in a do or die spirit who makes a real honest to goodness American "Yank" doughboy, and if the coming law reads not, "Let us have peace!" then stamp the clarion call, "Let us have more

such doughboys." Soldier psychology is an interesting subject to the observer, and many valuable lessons are accorded.

We were now in the Forest de Haye. Arrived just before dawn and during the darkest hours of night. Assembling in this wood we fell out and command was given to "pitch tents." This was done wherever we happened to stand. It was useless to look for a dry, sheltered spot. Some unrolled packs and were soon "coucheing" in their little pup tents; others sat down with backs planted against trees, and, wrapping water-soaked blankets around them, slept thus until daylight.

It might be added that during our march this last night up to the Forest de Haye, we beheld our first all-American artillery barrage in operation. The barrage opening the St. Mihiel drive had commenced about 2 A. M. that morning, and it afforded some real sensations. We could hear the terrible roar of the guns, and the sky off to our east was aglow—in truth, a picture for an artist to paint. Added to this inferno, could be heard the drone of hundreds of aircraft busily carrying out their operations; and we might add that during this drive in particular the American aviators came in for their share of glory. To one unaccustomed to the vicissitudes of war and what it holds, all this we were seeing and hearing would no doubt be cause for no little consternation and awe, but we were so tired out and weary that it held little attraction for us. Once in a while, an expression would emanate from some little water-soaked pup tent as, "Well, I wish they would let up with that noise so a fellow could rest in peace"; or, "I wonder what the Dutch think of the Americans now?"

We remained in this little forest from September 12th to September 18th, and during that time were living on a diet

of two meals a day, but fared quite well, as there was little to do but lay around playing the game of watchful waiting. Fearing a sudden and hasty order to move up, many did not remove their clothes for four days. As the drive progressed, reports would come in describing every movement, and each report appeared most favorable. The enemy was on the run from the start and little resistance was encountered until later on in the drive.

BRIEF OF THE BATTLE.

The all-American drive was proving a success beyond the wildest dreams. While American units had held different divisional and corps sectors along the western front, there had not been up until this time, for obvious reasons, a distinct American sector, but in view of the important part the American forces were now to play, it became necessary to take over a certain permanent portion of the line. Accordingly, on August 30th, the line beginning at Port-sur-Seille, east of the Moselle, and extending to the west through St. Mihiel, thence north to a point opposite Verdun, was turned over to American jurisdiction. The American sector was afterward extended across the Meuse to the western edge of the Argonne Forest.

The preparations for a complicated operation against the formidable defenses in front of the Americans, included the assembling of divisions and of corps and army artillery, transport, aircraft, tanks, ambulances, and the location of hospitals, and the moulding together of all the elements of a great modern army with its own railheads, supplied by our own Service of Supply. The concentration, which was to be a surprise, involved the movement mostly at night of approximately 600,000 troops. The French generously gave

assistance in corps and army artillery, and we had the advantage over the enemy in guns of all calibers. Our heavy guns were able to reach Metz and to interfere seriously with German rail movements. The French independent air force was placed under American command, which, together with the British bombing squadrons and our own air forces, gave us the largest assembly of aviation that had ever been engaged in any one operation.

From Les Eparges around the nose of the salient, to the Moselle River, the line was approximately forty miles long, and situated on commanding ground greatly strengthened by artificial defenses. After a four-hour artillery barrage, the seven American divisions in the front line advanced at 5 A. M. on September 12th, assisted by a limited number of tanks partly manned by Americans and by French. These divisions, accompanied by groups of wire-cutters and others armed with bangalore torpedoes, went through the successive bands of barbed wire and support trenches of the enemy. At the cost of only 7,000 casualties, mostly light, 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns and a great quantity of material fell into American hands. The Americans had released inhabitants of many villages from enemy domination and established our lines in a position to threaten Metz. The signal success of the new American Army in its first offensive was of prime importance. The Allies found they had a formidable army to aid them, and the enemy learned finally that he had one to reckon with. During the drive it was reported that one of our divisions had advanced five miles without suffering a casualty. Our regiment was during this time lying in reserve back in the Forest de Haye, and we were not to lose out on some interesting experiences. One night about 1:30 A. M. we were suddenly awakened by an

explosion which shook the very ground. Quick as a flash, we realized danger lurking near. Crawling out of our little pup tents, we could plainly hear the drone of an aeroplane which seemed to be directly overhead. For a time we thought the Germans had become aware of our presence in that particular wood and that they were bombing us. Just about that time we heard the steady "put-put-put" of a machine gun, and then we "knew" our convictions were true. The Boche was sweeping the wood with his machine gun. Anti-aircraft guns situated here and there about the wood were giving voice in angry accents, the muffled report of bursting shrapnel high overhead could be heard, and now and then the sing of the bits as they came sailing down to earth. After half an hour of such, the German evidently decided it sufficient "strafe" for one night and departed. We later learned that he was not after the Americans in that particular wood, but had dropped a few "eggs" on a little village a mile below from where we were encamped. The machine gun reports we had heard were his shots at one of our anti-aircraft gun crews close by. Their fire had exasperated him and he had retaliated. During the daytime we saw hundreds of Allied planes passing to and fro overhead. They were operating in the drive, and helped in a general way to break down the morale of the retreating enemy, bombing columns of march, blowing up sully and ammunition dumps, and in various ways making life unpleasant for Fritz. We outnumbered enemy aircraft ten to one, and the foe was helpless to check our advance. The St. Mihiel drive proved a success from start to finish, and gave the Americans renewed strength and confidence in their ability to cope with Germany's best. From that time on the Germans possessed a wholesome respect for the fighting quality of the American soldier.

While here in reserve during the St. Mihiel drive, Chaplain Sullens, our new Regimental Chaplain, joined the regiment. Chaplain Wark, who had been with us since Doniphan days, was assigned to a hospital at Base 52. Our life here in this forest was a dismal one, and in passing I might add, that often as we lay there in our little pup tents during some dark night listening to the patter of raindrops on our little canvas tents, our thoughts would often revert back over the miles of cruel distance, far back across the ocean, and out to where the "West begins." We were now learning the grimness of war and were commencing to realize that it was no child's play. It called for men, big, strong, robust, vigorous, stronghearted men. It was no place for a weakling. The "mind willing but the flesh weak" did not harmonize in our picture. Many times when conditions were almost unbearable, we must needs urge ourselves onward, with little time for the thought of home or old environs, for to have given an absolute free rein to our thoughts and emotions would have proved a difficult handicap to overcome. The less we thought about it the better off we were. It was no use in becoming more miserable than we were at times. Many times, while sitting in some lowly billet or bivoucked in some dark, overshadowing wood, and while writing to loved ones at home, we would intentionally leave out much concerning our life at that particular time. Many stories sent back home were but half told. They must not know, as it would only cause their anxiety to increase. Those at home were fighting their battle, and sometimes I have been inclined to believe that theirs was the hardest battle. No one will ever know just what the fathers, mothers, wives and other loved ones suffered. They in turn bore their burdens in silence, and little was said or made known. The

spirit of all was wonderful to behold. Even over there time after time that home feeling would creep into our souls like a thief in the night. We were but human after all. Those times were perhaps the hardest battles we had to fight. Only a soldier who has been over there and passed through the inferno can realize the meaning of these lines.

About September 18th, learning that we would not be needed in this drive, preparations for a sudden move to another front began. A few hours later the regiment left the woods and made a hike of seven kilometers through the quagmire of the forest over to the Nancy and Toul highway, where a train of 1100 French motor trucks was waiting to convey the division to another sector. While loading into these waiting trucks, an amusing incident occurred. We had not as yet seen any evidence of a real honest to goodness American woman. April 25th had afforded us our last glimpse of one such. It may sound somewhat strange when we say we never knew before what one of the fairer sex means to this old world. Often perhaps we had heard or been awkward enough to pass such a remark as, "Well, I guess we could get along in this old world without women. Vain creatures as a rule, and men must always cater to them." Now, thanking the powers that be, we had learned a bitter lesson, and that was, this world would in truth be a dismal place without the presence of those "bright angels." For weeks we had met or seen none but old French peasant folk, and we craved the sight of a real human being. Probably strange we admit this now, but it is the truth. While standing there on that highway awaiting orders to load trucks, an ambulance was seen to be bearing down the road, and all along the line great cheers were to be heard. As the vehicle came closer, we beheld

two American Red Cross nurses seated up in front alongside the driver. Everybody made for the road, and as the "angels" passed, a thunderous roar of greeting came from hundreds of doughboy throats. It was the best thing we had seen since coming to France. After the ambulance had passed, a new and hitherto unknown cry came into being. Such voicings as, "I want to go home," passed down the line, and to this day we are inclined to believe those murmurings spoke words full of sincerity. We *did* want to go home right then and there.

Loading twenty-two men, including packs, in each truck, we rode all night of September 18th–19th, passing through Toul and Bar-le-Duc to Foucaucourt. It proved a miserable journey, and, crowded together as we were, little rest was to be had. All during the night we passed hundreds of big guns, ammunition wagons, supplies and trucks, all headed for the Front. Many of them had just come out of the St. Mihiel drive and were on their way up to open the Argonne drive. Man and beast alike were completely worn out, and many times we saw this long column slowly wending its way onward, horses barely able to move and human forms stretched out on cannon, caissons, some sitting astride their horses with heads bent over almost on the necks of the ever faithful animals, dead to the world. It was a pitiful sight.

Leaving the trucks at Foucaucourt, we marched seven kilometers and bivoucked in a small village for the night. Many had passed up supper that evening and had made their bunks and retired. About 10 : 30 that same night and while everybody was peacefully reposing, orders were received to fall out with packs, as we were to move up. Imagine our disappointment upon being suddenly awakened after thirty-six hours of hard traveling, only to discover we were

to move on again that very night. Of course, a little "healthy crabbing" was necessary before we could rub the sleep out of our eyes. It seemed as though everybody had his say that night, and some wonderful theories were propounded. "Who was running this man's army, anyway? Didn't he know his business? If I was at the head of it things would be done in a different manner. I would never have the boys make these night hikes. Would give them nice white, clean beds to sleep in, silk pajamas to loll in, oatmeal for breakfast, and a thousand other necessary things." After a few moments of such "diplomacy," everybody was wide awake and preparations speedily under way. Again, we contend that a little healthy crabbing is a great tonic. In ten minutes from the time we were awakened we had dressed, packs rolled, and had fallen out. Marching twelve kilometers, we drew up about daylight into the Forest de Argonne near the village of Granges Le Compt. Here we pitched tents under the high forest trees and rested, awaiting further orders.

Night after night as we lay encamped here, we could hear the noise and rattle of artillery moving up. All night long the steady "chug-chug" of the little caterpillar tractors pulling up the large guns could be heard—miles of motor transports, ammunition and supply trains. The roads were so congested that it was almost impossible for any vehicle to move in the opposite direction. It was a spectacular as well as a novel sight to stand there during any hour of the night and watch this vast endless procession.

Here and there a tractor would flounder off the road and sink down in the mud by the roadside, wagons stuck here and there, and frantic sweating "muleskinners" laboriously endeavoring to extricate their charges. The preparations

were man- and beast-killing. The animals were subjected to a terrific strain; many gave out and fell by the wayside to there linger and die from sheer exhaustion. Many times the scarcity of our faithful friends became so acute that the men had to assist, a great portion of the time, in moving the vehicles. This placed a double burden on all concerned.

We were now commencing to realize that something "big" was about to happen, and we knew that we would have a share in it. Things around us began to assume a peculiar hue. We heard discussions here and there regarding the big drive that was coming off, and, noticing the vast preparations going on, it set many to thinking. While lying around what was known as "Fink's Abri," a few of us were interested onhearers to important discussions conducted by the "Big Three." The "Big Three" was a compact, secular organization claiming three charter members. It was composed of members of our higher officialdom—Captains Ellis, Bonney and Barr. To those who are familiar with these nightly proceedings, little can be said by way of explanation. Here in "Fink's Abri" our evenings were spent in discussing anything from anarchy to higher elements of Christian Science. This last particular evening, as we sat around that little indoor fireplace, the pertinent subject was the coming drive. A map outlining the drive was in evidence, and several aerial pictures showing the German positions were closely studied. That same evening Colonel Clad Hamilton had called all the officers of the regiment together for consultation and study of the outline of the coming drive. It was quite interesting to stand there and listen to the foretelling of coming events. That last evening together was in truth a momentous one. Where hitherto we had been more or less of a free, happy-go-lucky assemblage of mother's sons,

now, however, things were assuming another hue. Many no doubt realized that they were soon to be called by a Higher Power to make the supreme sacrifice for home and country. All this had a sobering effect upon many, and let it be said in justice to those who when the time came crossed the Great Divide and in reverence to those homes and loved ones who had from the cradle to the initial moment taught him the great principles of life, the many lying there upon the ground of that little wood that particular evening hour made ready to meet the test, and prepared the way by consecrating their last moments to that ideal which had been nourished within them during earlier years.

The evening of September 25th orders came to move up front. The Third Battalion had already preceded the regiment up to the lines. Each man was issued two days' rations, and all canteens were filled. All packs and equipment, aside from the regular combat equipment, was left behind under guard. Just previous to "falling in" the boys were called together and a few pertinent suggestions given. The three essential points advanced were: first, rations; second, water; third, ammunition; and it was to be each man for himself the best he could.

Storing all of our equipment, the regiment "fell in" about 7:30 P. M. Seven of the band members volunteered to accompany the regiment up to the lines, to there perform whatever duty was required. On our way up that night, we passed hundreds of vehicles of all descriptions—an ever steady flow.

While observing a ten-minute rest period, and seated alongside the road, an amusing incident took place. We were watching a company of colored engineers filling in the holes and crevices of the highway. They were working during

the nighttime as a precaution against enemy observers. They were large, awkward-appearing Texas negroes, and as they came nearer, one of our lads desiring to know what State they hailed from, addressed one burly-looking fellow with, "Hey Rastus, where are you men from?" The colored gent, glancing up and resting momentarily on his implement, replied in all proudness and sincerity, "D'on you all know? I'se from de *United States.*" And brother, he was proud of the fact. Proceeding on our way, we passed through the shell-torn village of Nieuvilly, and, leaving the highway, started across an open field or plain which was to lead us up into the trenches, which were situated on the opposite side of a little hill. It was now a little past midnight; a soft, caressing fall breeze was blowing, and the large silver moon high above was spreading its silver rays far and wide over the landscape. We noticed numerous star shells and flares being sent up from the German lines. They presented a beautiful sight. When about half way across this little plain, the Germans commenced sending over a few "Minniewurfers." We realized "Fritz" was getting nervous, and his flares and occasional shelling bore evidence to the fact. As the "Minniewurfers" commenced coming over, an order was given to fall out and scatter in all directions and to lie down in the grass. His shells were exploding a little in our rear and we knew he was aware of our presence. Here we lay for some little time listening to the wicked whine of those missiles passing a little overhead. After once hearing the whine and buzz of a passing shell, you never forget the sound as long as you live. The explosions of these shells give a peculiar sharp "blam" and do wicked work. After half an hour or so it ceased, and we fell in and proceeded on the way. As we arrived within 200 yards of the hill in front of us, a

large gun directly to our left went off with a thunderous, deafening roar. As we had been unaware of its presence, it jarred us considerably. Soon another gun a little to our right spoke up; in a few moments other guns were speaking in their deep-throated manner. the "zero" hour was at hand, and the guns were, cautiously at first, opening up, as though endeavoring to get their range. Soon the entire Front for miles was ablast with the roar and shriek of hundreds of guns large and small. The six-hour death-dealing barrage which was to open the big Argonne drive and pave the way for the advancing doughboys who were to go over the top at six o'clock in the morning, were now busily at work. The noise and concussion was deafening, and faces burned and ears rang in mad response. Hell had broken loose in all its fury. The greatest drive in all history was about to open. The Third Battalion was already up in the lines awaiting the arrival of the regiment, and were now occupying the departure trenches. We are now ready for the final and deciding drive of the great war.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARGONNE BATTLE.

OVER THE TOP.

Over the top they bravely go,
Our splendid sons to meet the foe.
Facing the cannons' shot and shell,
The gas and fire that taste of Hell.

Over the top to pain and death,
With hard, set faces and quickening breath,
Covered with trench mud, knowing naught
But the fight ahead that must be fought.

Over the top the mothers go,
Each and all of them facing a foe,
As dread and cruel as cannon's fire,
As bursting bombs or barbed wire.

Over the top! night after night
With aching hearts they follow the fight,
Striving to lull the yearning pain
That calls their boys back home again.

Over the top! Two souls as one;
They go together, mother and son;
He with a purpose, she with a prayer,
To the Father of all, in the great "Out There."

Following are the plans outlining the method of attack for our units. This would have proved most valuable to German spies the time the writer saw them, which happened to be the night of September 25, 1918.

35TH DIVISION, FRANCE.
24th September, 1918—5 P. M.

SECRET
FIELD ORDERS.

Maps { Verdun—A.
Forest de Argonne 1/20,000.
Buzancy.
Verdun 1/80,000.

I. (*a*) OBJECT OF THE OFFENSIVE:

The enemy holds the line from the Meuse to the Aisne River with five divisions.

The First American Army attacks on the front between the Meuse and the Aisne Rivers.

The Fifth Corps on our right and the French Fourth Army on our left will assist in reducing the Forest d' Argonne.

(*b*) MISSION OF THE FIRST ARMY CORPS:

The First Corps attacks on the front Vaquois (inclusive), La Harazel (inclusive) with the 35th, 28th and 77th Divisions in line from right to left in the order named, and the 92nd Division in corps reserve.

II. (*a*) GENERAL PLAN:

The 35th Division attacks, with the 91st Division of the Fifth Corps on the right and the 28th Division on the left.

(*b*) ZONE OF ACTION:

The boundaries of the zone of the 35th Division are:

Right (east) Boundary—Vaquois (inclusive;
Verrey (inclusive);
Eclisfontaine (exclusive);
Sommerance (inclusive);
St. Georges (inclusive);
Imecourt.

Left (west) Boundary—Boureilles (exclusive);
Varennes (exclusive);
Montblainville (exclusive);
Apremont (exclusive);
Fleville (inclusive);
St. Juvin (exclusive).

(*c*) OBJECTIVE:

Corps Objective—The heights southeast of Charpentry connecting points 02.6–75.4 and 05.8–77.9.

American Army Objective—A line through l'Esperance, Hill Noet-Rebeau, La Neuvillele Comte Rmo.

The Combined Army First Phase Line—east of Fleville.

The Combined Army First Objective—Line 1 kilometer south of line connecting Champigneulle-Imecourt.

Upon reaching the Combined Army First Objective the line will be organized in depth for defense, and exploitation detachments pushed vigorously forward to the Buzancy-Thenorgues-Talma line.

The general direction of the attack will be northwest.

The 35th Division will assist the 91st Division, Fifth Corps, in the reduction of Bois de Moncy and Le Petit Bois.

III. (*a*) DETAILED PLANS:

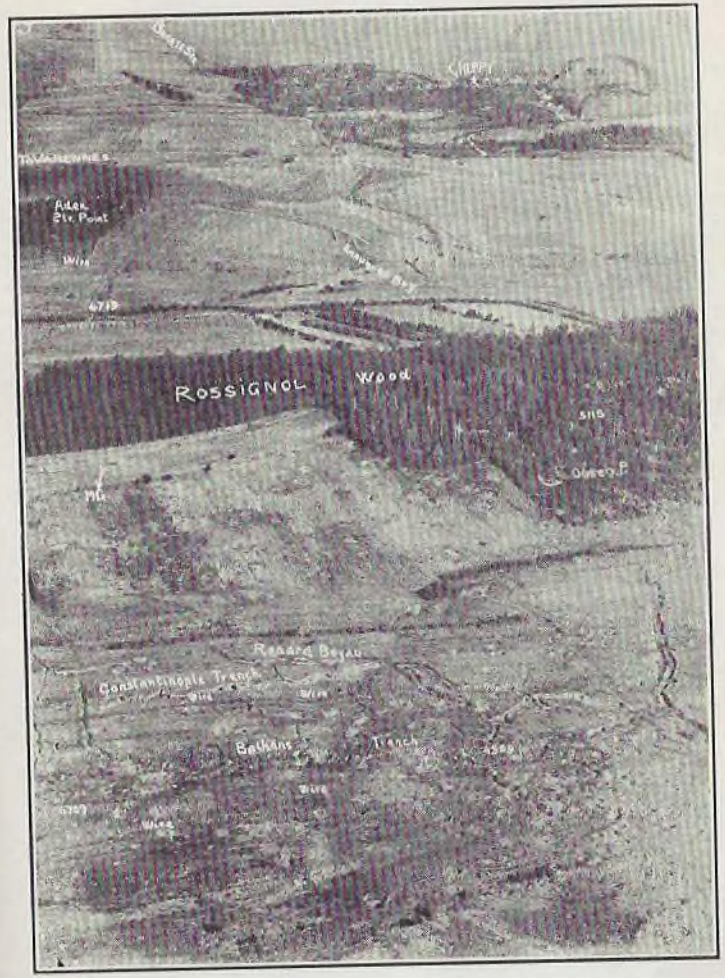
The 35th Division will attack in column of brigades, regiments side by side, each with one battalion in the first line, one in support, and one in reserve.

(*b*) REGIMENTAL ZONE OF ACTION:

Regimental limits:

Right Regiment:

Right (east) limit—The right limit of the division.



AERIAL TAKEN BY OUR AVIATORS THREE DAYS BEFORE DRIVE NOTE "CHEPPY" IN THE DISTANCE.

Left (west) limit—Western edge Vauquois; Hill 207, to right regiment; La Forge Min-Cheppy, to right regiment; height east of La Buanthe Rau-Charpentry, to the left regiment; Ahaudron Fme., to the left regiment; Montrebeau, to the left regiment; Ecermont, to the right regiment; Sommerance, to the right regiment.

Left Regiment:

Right (east) limit—West limit of the right regiment.

Left (west) limit—The left limit of the division.

(*c*) The following additional units are attached to the division:

3rd Group 317th Regiment, 3 Batteries—155.
219th R. A. C. (French).
2 Companies of light tanks.
2nd Balloon Company.
1st Aero Squadron.
1 Battalion, 53rd Pioneer Infantry.

(*d*) Attacking Troops:

The 69th Brigade with one battalion of 70th Brigade attached will lead the attack.

To each first line and support battalion will be attached one machine gun company.

The attack to include the corps objective will be made by the leading battalions.

Parallel of departure for leading battalions, a line approximately 500 metres from the enemy's front trenches, junction with the 91st Division, Point 06.7–70.5; junction with 28th Division, 03.8–70.0. The leading battalions will avoid Vaquois and Bois du Rossieret, mopping-up operation to start at conclusion of smoke barrage. The battalion will join reserve brigade as it passes that point.

(*e*) Reserve Troops:

The 70th Brigade, less one battalion, will be used as reserve, and will follow the leading brigade at not more than 2 kilometers.

(*f*) ARTILLERY:

The 60th Field Artillery Brigade, 3rd Group, 316th Regiment, and the 219th R. A. C. (French) will take position in the woods south of the parallel of departure and support the attack. The artillery preparation will begin at H-x hours.

The rolling barrage will connect with barrage of the 91st Division, Fifth Corps, at the initial point and advance at the rate of 100 meters in four minutes, to include the hostile intermediate position, which position passes through Varennes, south of Cheppy, north of 216.

The light artillery will be brought forward in echelon as the attack progresses, and will be prepared to cover the advance and to prevent counter-attacks up to the corps objective. After the corps objective has been reached, all artillery will be moved forward by echelon to cover the further advance by the infantry.

One battery of light artillery will be attached to the first line to be used as forward guns.

Special attention will be given to Vauquois and to the hostile intermediate line.

One platoon of light artillery will be especially designated to support the tanks against fire from anti-tank guns, and a careful lookout will be kept for signals from airplanes calling for their support.

(*g*) COMBAT LIAISON:

The Commanding General 69th Brigade, will send a combat group of one infantry company and the machine gun platoon to maintain liaison with the 91st Division on the right, and a group of one company of infantry and one machine gun platoon to maintain liaison with the 28th Division on the left, along the Aire River. Regiments will maintain liaison with the regiments on their right and left by means of similar combat groups.

(*h*) ENGINEERS:

One company of Engineers will be reported to the Commanding General 69th Brigade for use in cutting wire and evercoming obstacles.

Two platoons of Engineers will be reported to the Commanding General 69th Brigade to accompany the moppers-up in order to look for traps and concealed mines.

One company (less one platoon) will be reported to the Corps Tank Officer to be used in assisting the advance of the tanks.

(*i*) AVIATION:

The First Aero Squadron (Aerodrome Remicourt) is attached to the Division for all aviation duties.

One plane will be kept constantly over the Division sector of attack through the hours of daylight, and will be in constant communication by radio with the Division P. C. and the Artillery Battalion assigned for fugitive targets. When required, contact patrols will be called for by exposing the panel, "Where are my front line troops," at Division P. C. in response to the call of the plane as it passes overhead. Messages containing full reports will be dropped on the return of the plane.

A liaison officer from the Squadron will be at the Division P. C., and will be kept fully informed at all times. He will be responsible for seeing that orders are transmitted in the quickest possible way, and that results and reports are received without delay. Other planes will be sent out as ordered by the Division Commander.

(*j*) AEROSTATION:

The Second Balloon Company (station at 304.1–263.1) is assigned to the Division for all aerostation duties. Orders will be sent to the Balloon Company by Division Commander direct or through Division or Wing Commander.

During operations all balloons will ascend at dawn, weather permitting, and will remain in continuous ascension whenever observation is possible.

(*k*) The 344th Tank Battalion (less one company) is assigned to this Division. The Division will furnish the necessary Engineer personnel to accompany the tanks, and will insure artillery support.

The Tank Companies attached to the Division will assist the advance of the troops. They will precede the infantry and clear paths through the wire, destroy machine-gun nests and assist in overcoming strong points.

(*l*) Detailed Plans for Artillery: (See plan of artillery Annex No. 1.)

(*m*) Plan of Engineers: (See Annex No. 2.)

(*n*) Plan of Work for Organization of the Conquered Ground: (See Annex No. 4.)

(*o*) Plan of Long Range Machine Guns: (See Annex No. 3.)

(*p*) Plan of Gas: (See Annex No. 7.)

(*x*) Combat troops will be in position on D day at H minus four hours.

The infantry will advance from the parallel of departure at H hour under cover of a rolling barrage at the rate of 100 meters in 4 minutes up to the hostile intermediate position.

The Division will be prepared to advance from the Corps Objective at H plus 4½ hours.

The advance beyond the Corps Objective will be covered by later orders.

Infantry regimental will be deployed in sufficient depth to give fresh impulse to the attack when necessary.

Penetration will be effected by utilizing lines of least resistance and outflanking strong points.

The attack must be pushed with the greatest vigor.

Defensive positions when occupied will be strongly organized in depth and the terrain in front boldly exploited.

All ground passed over will be thoroughly mopped up. Moppers-up for leading battalions will be detailed from 2nd or 3rd line battalions and will join their units as they pass.

IV. Liaison: (See plan of Liaison, Annex No. 5.)

Axis of Liaison—Fme. de la Caille, La Cigalerie Fme., La Forge Moulin, Balantout, Baulny, Feeville, Commerance, St. Georges, Imecourt, Buzancy, Bar, Fontenoy, St. Pierremon.

The brigades and regiments on the left will locate their P. C.'s on or near the divisional Axis.

Plan of Intelligence: (See Annex No. 6.)

Plan of Communication Supply and Evacuation: (See Annex No. 6.)

V. Command Post:

Dugouts near the southern edge of woods on Les Cotes des Forimont.

Peter E. Traub,
Major General U. S. A., Commanding.

Headquarters 35th Division,
American Expeditionary Forces,
25th September, 1918.

Appenda to Field Orders No. 44:

1. The artillery will put down a standing barrage on the enemy front line from H to H plus 25. Infantry will leave their trenches at H hour, cut their wire, and approach as near as possible to the barrage, where they will lie down and await until barrage lifts.

2. The rolling barrage will halt for ten minutes on the hostile intermediate objective and probably north of Verrey. The infantry line should halt at the same time. The rolling barrage will continue past the intermediate objective as far as the range of the field guns.

By command of Major General Traub.

W. V. GALLACHER,
Lieutenant Colonel, G. S. G-3.

Copies to
Brigades,
Regiments,
Div. M. G. Officer.

1ST INFANTRY.

HEADQUARTERS 69TH INFANTRY BRIGADE.
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
25th December, 1918.

To Commanding Officers, 137th and 138th Infantry:

1. The above addenda to F. O. No. 44, 35th Division, will also be added to F. O. No. 29, 69th Brigade. This will be communicated at once to the commanding officers of all units under your command.

By order of Colonel Nuttman.

D. F. DAVIS,
Major, Inf. U. S. A., Adjutant.

SECRET FIELD ORDERS. } MAPS { Buzancy. Verdun—A. Foret d' Argonne. Verdun 1/20,000.

I. (*a*) OBJECT OF THE OFFENSIVE:

The 1st American Army attacks on the front between the Meuse and Aisne River.

(*b*) GENERAL PLAN OF 35TH DIVISION:

The 35th Division attacks with 91st Division of the Fifth Corps on the right, and the 28th Division on the left. The boundary of the zone of the 35th Division:

Right (east) Boundary—Vauquois (inclusive); Verrey (inclusive); Eclisfontaine (exclusive); Sommerance (inclusive); St. Georges (inclusive); Imecourt.

Left (west) Boundary—Boreuilles (exclusive); Varennes (exclusive); Montblainville (exclusive); Apremont (exclusive); Fleville (inclusive); St. Juvin (exclusive).

OBJECTIVES OF THE 35TH DIVISION ARE:

Corps Objective—The heights southeast of Charpentry, connecting points 02.6–75.4 and 05.8–77.9.

American Army Objective—A line through l'Esperance, Hill Montregeau, La Neuvilley le Comte Fme.

The Combined Army First Objective—Line 1 kilometer south of line connecting Champigenull Imecourt.

The Combined Army First Phase Line—East of Fleville.

Upon reaching the combined army first objective the line will be organized in depth for defense, and exploitation detachments pushed vigorously forward to the Buzancy-Thenorgues-Talma line.

The general direction of the attack will be northwest. The 35th Division will assist the 91st Division, Fifth Corps, in the reduction of Bois de Money

and Le Petit Bois. The 35th Division will attack in column of brigades, regiments side by side, each with one battalion in the front line, one in support and one in reserve.

II. General Plan of 69th Brigade:

(*a*) The 69th Brigade with one battalion of the 70th Brigade attached will lead the attack. In the brigade the 138th regiment will be on the right, and the 137th regiment on the left.

(*b*) The boundaries of the zone of the 69th Brigade are the same as those of the 35th Division, as given above.

(*c*) The objectives of the 69th Brigade are the same as those of the 35th Division, as given above.

(*d*) The Regimental Zones of Action are:

138th Regiment:

Right (east) limit—The right limit of the division.

Left (west) limit—Western edge Vaquois; Hill 207, to 138th Regiment; La Forge in Cheppy, to 138th Regiment; heights east of La Branthe Rau-Charpentry, to the 137th Regiment; Chaudron Fme., to the 137th Regiment; Montrebeau to the 137th Regiment; Exermont to the 138th Regiment; Sommerance, to the 138th Regiment.

137th Regiment:

Right (east limit—West limit of the 138th Regiment.

Left (west) limit—The left limit of the division.

III. Detailed Plans:

The 138th Inf. (less 2nd Bn.), and with Co. B, 129th M. G. Bn. attached, will attack in column of battalions.

The 137th Inf. (less 1st Bn), and with Co. A 129th M. G. Bn. attached, will attack in column of battalions.

One machine gun company will be with each battalion.

The attack to include the Corps Objective will be made by the leading battalions.

Parallel of departure for leading battalions—a line approximately 500 meters from the enemy's front line trenches; junction with the 91st Division point 06.7–70.5; junction with the 28th Division 03.8–70.0.

The leading battalions will avoid Baquois and the Bois du Rossignol, passing them by the flank.

The attached battalion of the 70th Brigade will take station behind the first line battalion of the 137th Infantry, H minus four hours and will follow that battalion closely. Two companies will be detailed to mop up Vaquois and two companies to mop up Bois du Rossignol. The mopping-up operation will start at conclusion of smoke barrage. The battalion will join reserve brigade as it passes Bois du Rossignol. Mopping-up companies will exercise great care to avoid intermingling with the support battalions of the 137th Infantry, and will get out of its line of progress as quickly as possible.

(*b*) 1st Battalion 137th Infantry, 2nd Battalion 138th Infantry and Companies C and D 129th M. G. Bn. under Major O'Connor will constitute the brigade reserve. It will take station behind the support battalions at H minus hours, and will follow them at about 700 meters. The machine gun companies will not join brigade reserve until after arrival at Cote 221.

(*c*) Artillery:

The artillery preparation will begin at H—x hours. The rolling barrage will connect with barrage of the 91st Division, Fifth Corps, at the initial point and advance at the rate of 100 meters in four minutes to include the hostile intermediate position

which passes through Varennes south of Cheppy, north of 216.

One battery of light artillery will be attached to the first line to be used as forward guns.

(*d*) ENGINEERS:

One-half company of engineers will be attached to each infantry regiment for use in cutting wire and overcoming obstacles. The platoons of engineers will be attached to the battalion of the 70th Brigade, attached to the 69th Brigade to accompany the moppers-up in order to look for traps and concealed mines. When this battalion joins the Reserve Brigade as it passes the Bois du Rossignol, these two platoons will join the brigade reserve.

(*e*) AVIATION:

One plane will be constantly over the division sector of attack throughout the hours of daylight.

(*f*) TANKS:

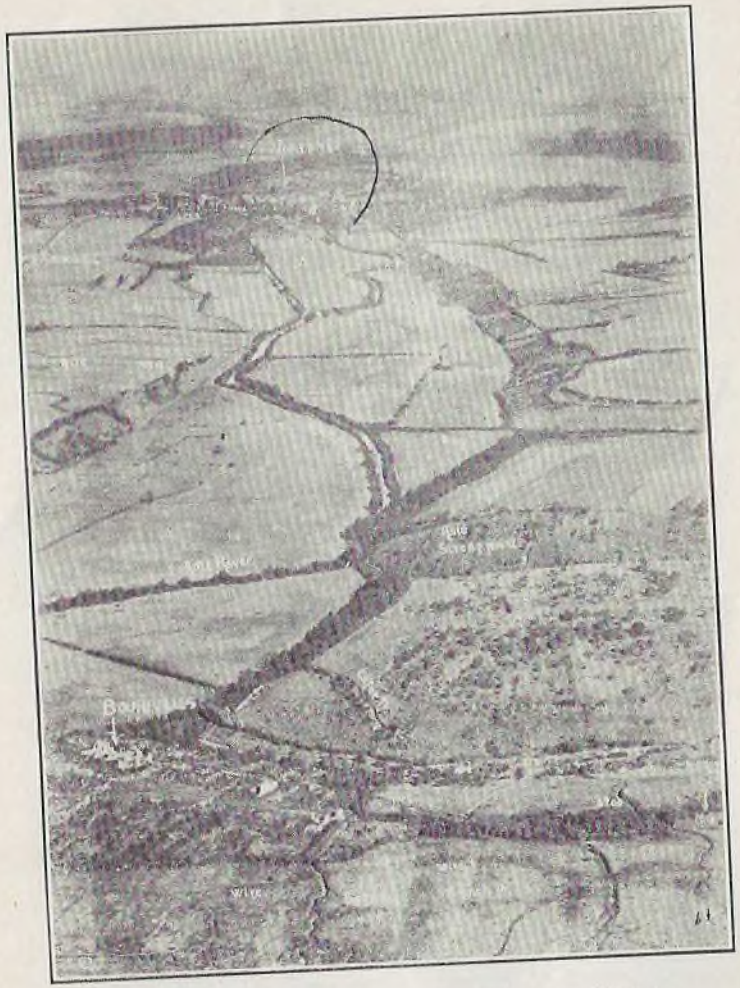
The tank companies attached to the division will assist the advance of the troops. They will precede the Infantry and clear paths through the wire, destroy machine gun nests and assist in overcoming strong points.

(*g*) PLAN OF LONG RANGE MACHINE GUNS: (See Annex No. 3.)

(*h*) PLAN OF WORK FOR ORGANIZATION OF THE CONQUERED GROUND: (See Annex No. 4.)

(*i*) PLAN OF GAS: (See Annex No. 7.)

(*j*) The Commander of the Brigade Reserve will send one infantry company to maintain liaison with the 28th Division along the left (Aire River). One platoon of the Machine Gun company with the reserve battalion of the 137th Infantry, will be attached. In like manner he will send one company with one platoon of the Machine Gun company with



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ARGONNE. VARENNES IN THE DISTANCE.

the support battalion of the 137th Infantry attached, to maintain liaison with the 91st Division on the right. These combat groups will follow closely the support battalions along the divisional boundary lines, and will protect the flanks of the brigades, in addition to maintaining liaison with the adjacent units. Regiments will maintain liaison with the regiments on their right and left by means of similar combat groups.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS:

Troops will be in position north of Les Cotes de Forimont on D day at H minus four hours.

The infantry will advance from the parallel of departure of H hour under cover of a rolling barrage at the rate of 100 meters in 4 minutes up to the hostile intermediate position.

The Division will be prepared to advance from the Corps Objective at H hour plus 4½ hours.

The advance beyond the Corps Objective will be covered by later orders.

Infantry regiments will be deployed in sufficient depth to give fresh impulse to the attack when necessary.

Penetration will be effected by utilizing lines of least resistance and outflanking strong points.

The attack must be pushed with the greatest vigor.

Defensive positions when occupied will be strongly organized in depth and the terrain in front boldly exploited.

IV. LIAISON: (See plan of Liaison Annex No. 5.)

Axis of Liaison—Fme. de la Caille, La Cigalerie Fme., La Forge Moulin, Balantout Baulny, Fleville, Sommerance, St. Georges, Imecourt, Buzancy, Bar Fontenoy, St. Pierremon.

The regiment on the left will locate its P. C.'s on or near the divisional axis.

PLAN OF INTELLIGENCE: (See Annex No. 6.)

PLAN OF COMMUNICATION SUPPLY AND EVACUATION: (See Annex No. 8.)

COMMAND POSTS:

35th Division—Dugouts near southern edge of woods on Les Cotes de Forimont.

69th Brigade—Dugout on southern slope of Manelon Blanc.

138 Infantry—Dugout on southern slope of Manelon Blanc.

137th Infantry—Buzemont.

L. M. NUTTMAN,
Colonel, Infantry, U. S. A.

The morning of September 26th at 3:30 found the regiment in line and in their respective places in the trenches, which ran east and west a short distance south of Boureulles and Vauquois.

By this time the detonation of hundreds of guns, large and small, and the screech and whine of our shells passing on their deadly mission overhead, was something terrific. A description of the scene as it was there portrayed would be quite impossible. One had to be there in order to understand. As those brave mother's sons were awaiting the "zero" hour when the barrage would lift and they would go over the top and out across that pulverized shell-torn ground, they rested as best they could down there in those dark trenches. Some were calmly reclining, others attempting to break the monotony of that watchful wait by indulging in one last bit of jest and a little dry humor. As great as the strain might be, they were not wont to show their real feelings.

At 5:30 A. M. the signal hour broke, and as the barrage lifted, the commands were given, and the masses of olive drab forms, with helmets adjusted, gas masks in position, and rifle in hand, rose and scampered up over the top and started for the German positions across the way. The entire division attacked with brigades in column, the 69th Brigade, composed of the 137th and 138th Infantries, in advance of the 70th Brigade, composed of 139th and 140th Infantries. The 69th Brigade attacked with regiments in line, the 137th on the left of the 138th Infantry. The 137th attacked with battalions in column, the Third Battalion under Major Koch in the first wave, with the Second in support, and the First Battalion, with part of the 138th Infantry, constituting a Brigade reserve.

Day was just dawning as the signal attack was made. A dense fog hung in the woods and over the open fields and valleys, and though it concealed for a time our attacking units, it made liaison difficult. The effect of our six-hour barrage had been so thorough that the Boche front lines were pulverized beyond recognition. As the boys advanced, they found few if any Germans in the first line trenches; they had gone back into the second and reserve trenches. As the advance reached the second line trenches, the enemy commenced fire upon them, and soon a retaliatory fire of artillery, and machine-gun fire was in operation. Many Germans were found hidden deep down in dugouts, some forty feet below the surface. Those encountered in these dugouts surrendered readily. In the course of the initial drive, Vauquois Hill, which had remained impregnable against the French assaults for four years, now came under American operations. This hill with its wonderful concrete fortifications had been blasted into bits by our artillery·

Approaching this hill, the advancing column split up into factions and storming it from three sides, captured the positions and what material remained. After passing Vauquois Hill the enemy resistance stiffened. Enemy machine-gun nests and strong points were encountered by the score, and the Boche artillery were burning up their guns by heavy fire, hoping to check the advance of the "Yanks" before they could get well on their way. Up until this time the Germans seemed to believe that by doing their utmost the drive could be checked, but they were to discover American tactics to lie in another direction. Even the French officialdom who was observing the drive was given a surprise. "Those d—— Americans have no sense; they know not when to stop; they go against machine-gun fire barehanded." These were not uncommon remarks by some Allied observers. From Vauquois Hill to the Varennes and Cheppy road the advance, now withstanding stubborn resistance, was rapid and sure. Approaching this last named road, the enemy fire became so intense it was necessary for the Second Battalion to reinforce the Third. Varennes finally fell into our hands, and Companies "E" and "F," commanded by Captains Hudson and Rolfe, passed through the village. Beyond Varennes was situated what was known as the "Grotto," a wooded hill surmounted by an ancient chapel and shrine. Numerous machine-guns were pivoted here, and a battery of "seventy-sevens" made it a "strong point" of no mean calibre. The Grotto was taken by noon of the 26th by the Second and Third Battalions.

After advancing all day and until long after dark, the regiment spent the night in the woods of the Grotto and on the open fields to the right. Here the various units were reorganized. The 70th Brigade had leapfrogged the 69th,

the 140th Infantry on the right and the 139th on the left. The line now extended from the right of Verrey to the fork of the road, a kilometer north of Varennes.

The following morning, the 27th, just preceding daybreak, the advance was resumed. After moving ahead a short distance, the 139th Infantry was held up by intense enemy fire from Charpentry. The entire division, in order to allow the attacking division on our left to catch up, remained stationary the remainder of that day. While thus resting on the plain, the 137th was subjected to severe and punishing artillery fire and suffered quite a number of losses in killed and wounded. The 70th Brigade remained in position through the 27th until 5 : 30 P. M., when orders were received to advance on the army objective. The 139th Infantry attacked northward and pushed through the outskirts of Charpentry, the 137th Infantry attacked to the left of this village, along the ravine of the Baunthe; thus by this sweeping movement Charpentry fell. After the taking of Charpentry, Colonel Hamilton, due to fatigue and severe illness was unable to advance, and Major John H. O'Connor took command of the regiment, and his portrayal of courage and ability tended to inspire the men to supreme efforts, which soon led to the capture of Baulny. Colonel Hamilton, although suffering many hours from illness and complete fatigue, did not desire to relinquish command; and in this connection I wish to call the reader's attention to a picture which appeared stern but touching in reality. An officer sent out with orders for the regiment's advance, came upon Colonel Hamilton, Adjutant Bonney and Captain Ellis, who were lying out on an open plain in a large shell hole. As the officer approached he found Colonel Hamilton stretched out full length in that hole face upward and arms prone. His face

was deathly white and drawn; he lay as dead. Adjutant Bonney was sitting down there with head bowed over on his chest dead to the world. Captain Ellis was sitting close by working out plans. The regiment was resting in numerous fox holes out there on the plain. As the officer arrived, he communicated the order, "The regiment will advance upon their objective and will start in five minutes." Colonel Hamilton, who with the other officers there in that shell hole had gone without food and sleep for two days and nights, opened his eyes, and with bare strength replied, "Major, I say frankly, I could not move a foot if my very life depended upon it." Refusing hours before to seek a little rest due to his indomitable will and desire to lead his men, he was now forced by nature's call to hearken to bodily needs.

As the regiment advanced on this attack, Baulny was taken. This town stood on the crest of a high hill commanding the valley across which the attacking troops must advance. The First Battalion of the 137th led the attack, with the Third in support and the Second in reserve. However, the town was so well defended that the Second and Third Battalions were ordered up in unison and co-operated in the capture of this town. Passing through, the regiment took up positions on the slope north of Baulny on the night of the 27th.

Quoting from my diary, which I kept notated from time to time as the drive progressed, and at times writing same under strange conditions, it reads as follows:

"Boys advancing rapidly. Difficult for artillery to keep up. The congested traffic along the roads leading up and the oceans of soft mud cause much worry and hardship to our brave fellows manning the guns. Saw one gun being drawn by hand; fellows look all in, and the lack of additional

artillery places undue hardship on our own gun forces, but they are responding nobly. Many hundreds of prisoners are being taken to the rear. On the average they appear well fed and clothed. Many have their packs rolled, and it appears as though they had planned to give up at the first opportunity. Boys meeting heavy and concentrated enemy fire from all sides. German artillery firing point blank in many instances, a hitherto unheard of thing. Hear many of the boys complaining about lack of aeroplane support. German planes coming over shooting into the ranks, and do so at their leisure. We are wondering where all of our heralded planes are. Must be something wrong when a doughboy notices this lack of something which should be essential. Heard one fellow say, 'Well, if we don't get the support from those birds, we will do our durndest with what we have; we have the 'Dutch' on the run now, and aim to keep them going.'"

All such little notes and tabulations I recorded in a daily dairy, for I thought that some day they might prove interesting reading, and as the days come and go I spend hours over these little notations, and each little reference conveys an entire story, and I can, like so many others, look back upon that time when things were in the making and history was receiving new annals of events.

The 28th Division on our left was fighting on the edge of the Argonne Wood proper and met with exceptionally strong resistance due to the natural defenses, and this was responsible for slower progress on their part. However, the result of this extended advance of the 35th and the slowing of the 28th on our left caused the Germans to attempt two flank attacks on two different occasions. But our men, perceiving their intentions, were quick to thwart their designs, and both flank attempts failed with due losses for the Germans.

Company "I," Captain Harry F. Groves, and Company "D," Captain Miles E. Canty, supported by one platoon of the 129th Machine Gun Battalion, were designated as combat liaison with the 28th Division on our left. They met strong resistance the entire day of the 27th, and suffered heavy casualties.

The morning of September 28th, as the regiment lay entrenched in fox holes on Baulny Ridge, the Germans launched a counter attack from Montrebeau Wood. The First Battalion occupied the front line, with the Third Battalion in support and the Second in reserve. This overture on the part of the Germans was repulsed with slight losses on our side. At 6:30 A. M. the following morning, following tanks and a rolling artillery barrage, we advanced on our final objective through Montrebeau Wood. Colonel Hamilton now rejoined the regiment and took command. The position at the northern edge of Montrebeau Wood was held throughout the day of the 28th and until the morning of the 29th.

At 5 A. M. of the 29th, orders were given to attack Exermont. The attack was made following a light barrage. It met with fierce resistance, and the losses were heavy. We succeeded in occupying a portion of Exermont. It was a trying set-to, and the Germans were using quite a little gas, and, added to this, the Boche planes would at times become quite numerous, making life miserable; but all these added factors caused no check to our plans. The spirit was wonderful throughout. During the afternoon of this day we were afforded a novel sight. A German flying a captured Allied plane, came flying over our lines. No one gave it much thought, as the Allied insignia was plainly in evidence. Three of our large observation balloons were quietly soaring in the breeze and their pilots were occupied watching the

progress of the drive; when this plane was directly over the first bag, it was seen to suddenly drop, and the pilot, opening up his machine gun, hit his mark, and there was a great puff of heavy black smoke, and the bag form was no more. The balloon pilot executed a novel parachute stunt and landed safely. Passing quickly on to the second and third consecutively the Boche administered like punishment, and all three balloon pilots made a hasty exit via the parachute route. As the German finished his mission he turned nose for the Rhineland, but had not gone far until he was brought down. However, he had performed some fast and clever work, even though flying an Allied plane. He was probably aware of the aerial signals used, and manipulated accordingly, thus penetrating as far as he did. Surely a wolf in sheep's clothing.

During the advance of the 29th, Colonel Hamilton became a victim of gas and shell shock, and was evacuated to a hospital. Major O'Connor once more took command of the regiment. In the attack upon Exermont, Captain Harry Grove and Lieutenants Ricord and Boyd, with men of Company "I" and other units, found themselves isolated and cut off from the main body, and remained in a little patch of wood for many trying hours. They remained in this precarious position surrounded by the enemy throughout the day, and all the while fearing that they would be fired upon by their own advancing men, who knew nothing of their whereabouts. Making a run for it after nightfall through *an enemy barrage*, they were able to make their escape and rejoined their units. We were now capturing a great number of German guns and stores of ammunition, and often these captured guns were turned upon the retreating enemy.

At the time of our attack upon Exermont, due to casualties, our force was small, and this increased the difficulty of

taking a difficult point. As the regiment had driven a wedge into the German line, we were subjected to intense artillery fire from three sides—the two flanks and from the front. As previously mentioned, due to unsurmountable difficulties such as the rapid advance, the congested roads and the mud, the artillery found it very difficult to keep up, for no sooner would they come up and "get set" than an order would come for them to "move up," as the line was advancing rapidly. Major Kalluck who had taken command of the units attacking Exermont, ordered the thin line holding the point of the wedge to retire to its former position at the northern edge of Montrebeau Wood. This position was held until 7:30 P. M., when orders from Division Headquarters ordering the regiment to withdraw to the Engineer's line of resistance along the Apremont-Ecksfoutaine road north of Baulny. Here, on the night of October 1st, the 35th Division was relieved by the 1st Division. This was accomplished under cover of darkness.

A RETROSPECTIVE OF THE DRIVE.

During our participation in the greatest military drive ever recorded in the annals of history, namely, the Argonne offensive, the various phases of this gigantic movement portrayed a picture kaleidoscopic in dramatic and spectacular coloring. Preceding the opening of the initial attack on the morning of September 26th, the men had made a hard night march to reach their respective attacking positions. They went into the attack quite tired and hungry, but with a determination to do or die. During the six days and nights of the advance they enjoyed little if any sleep, very little food, and whatever they did eat was cold; no shelter from the cold and rain; the only "chambres" were the numerous shell holes.

Packs had been left behind, as they were stripped for action, and burdensome packs would only prove a hindrance to their movements. They carried a canteen of water and two days' reserve rations. As the drive progressed, it was with great difficulty that rations could be brought up to the lines. Canteens were soon emptied, and they drank water wherever they could find it—in shell holes, crevices, and in fact any place where water was obtainable. The eating of cold rations out of unwashed mess kits, this drinking of foul water, and the exposure and strain, caused every man to suffer from dysentery. The strain of the drive on the physical being was terrific, and the strain on the nerves of the men facing machine gun and artillery fire, seeing comrades blown to death, the sight and sound of wounded and dying, presented a gruesome panorama that was beyond description.

However adverse and trying conditions sometimes were, the men remained at their posts, portraying the utmost courage and devotion to duty. The course taken by the 35th Division lay over dangerous and treacherous ground, through woods filled with machine gun nests, through small villages, over plains and high hills, the latter always well fortified with machine guns and artillery. Of the difficulties met by our division, such as the attack upon Exermont and Montrebeau Wood, much has already been said. Just previous to being relieved, we were ordered to fall back to a given position. After the 1st Division had relieved us and while attempting passage through the above named places, which consequently had to be done once more, and this time by the relieving division, they were held up three days, in which time additional corps artillery was brought up, and they were compelled to blast their way through. As our division was one of the "kickoff" divisions which started the drive, much had to be

accomplished from the very start. It was our business to stir up the hornets' nest and get them on the move. They had been holding this line for four years and had things fixed up for a long stay. The French had tried repeatedly to wedge them out, but each attempt had been likened to butting against a stone wall. All "concrete" appeared alike to the Yanks; walls, fences or human domes were in the same category, and all were swept aside.

It was a novel and interesting sight to watch those awkward-looking little flat-bellied crunching and rattling tanks wend their course; sometimes down through a deep depression and up the opposite side; through wire entanglements which appeared as so many silken threads to these crawling creatures, straight into machine gun nests, crushing everything under foot. The 137th Infantry advanced approximately fourteen kilometers, capturing hundreds of prisoners, much material and guns, took the formidable positions on Vanquois Hill, the towns of Varennes, Baulny, and Cheppy, took Montrebeau Wood and gained a temporary foothold in Exermont, and helped materially in the successful initiative of the great American drive which swept on to Sedan.

CASUALTIES AMONG OFFICERS.

Of the officers, some were killed and a large per cent were wounded more or less severely, or put out of action by shell shock or gas. On the fourth day of the drive Colonel Hamilton was evacuated to the hospital from the effects of gas and shell shock. Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Tucker had been sent back to a hospital on the morning of September 27th, on account of sickness. Major O'Connor commanded the regiment following loss of Colonel Hamilton from the organization

Major Joseph J. Koch, who commanded the Third Battalion at the beginning of the drive, was put out of action by a gunshot wound in the first hour of the battle and his place was taken by Captain D. H. Wilson, next in command. Captain Fred H. Vaughn, who led the Second Battalion into the drive, was wounded by machine-gun fire in the attack on Baulny, the command of the battalion passing to Captain Ben S. Hudson, who was himself wounded on the morning of the third day of the attack on Montrebeau Wood. First Lieutenant E. J. Dorsey, regimental intelligence officer, received wounds on the second day of the drive from which he later died. First Lieutenant Verne R. Wilson, Third Battalion Adjutant, was severely wounded in Montrebeau Wood on the third day of the drive. First Lieutenant Clide Keller, Third Battalion intelligence scout officer, was killed in action in the attack on Montrebeau Wood the morning of September 28. First Lieutenant John T. Duncan, Second Battalion liaison officer, received wounds on the second day, from which he later died in a field hospital. First Lieutenant E. J. Bowen, First Battalion intelligence officer, was wounded the morning of third day in the attack on Montrebeau Wood. First Lieutenant Verne G. Breese, in command of "D" Company, was severely wounded in the same advance. Second Lieutenant Krinsky, of "A" Company, lost his life in the counter attack made by the Germans on the third day of the fighting. Second Lieutenant Chas. R. Gerner, of "D" Company, was taken prisoner by Germans in the early morning of the third day of the drive. Many of the officers in the line companies were put out of action by wounds. The regimental gas officer and two battalion gas officers were themselves gassed while taking precautions to save the men.

CASUALTIES.

The regiment suffered 1289 casualties. Of this number 107 were killed in action, 38 died of wounds, 1060 were wounded more or less. A great number suffered from gas and shell shock. We had 39 taken prisoner, and 49 listed as "missing." Just previous to entering the drive, the regiment registered 3100 men, of whom 2800 were combatant troops. The German casualties were exceedingly large according to information obtained through our intelligence section. German dead littered the fields here and there. The enemy was not given time to bury his dead, as his retreat was forced during certain stages of the battle. It was the custom of the Germans to carry back their dead, as they did not want us to know to what extent their casualty lists numbered. This custom had been observed throughout the war.

While advancing over the Varennes-Baulny road, a peculiar sight was accorded the advancing doughboys. A German ration wagon filled with German dead stood there alongside the road. Two beautiful white horses lay dead in their harness; the driver was sitting upright in his seat with head inclined on his chest. He had been conveying the wagonload of dead back to the German lines, when a shell hit close by killing driver and horses.

A description of the German trenches and dugouts as seen by the doughboys while advancing, and especially those places seen by the ones "mopping up," might be of interest. The Germans had been living here for four years, and during that time had fixed things up in an elaborate style. Concrete dugouts and trenches composing the Hindenburg line had given them reason to feel that their positions were impregnable against any Allied overtures. In some places there were reinforced concrete dugouts forty feet below the ground

and containing electric lights and furnishings fit for a king, but in this case probably had been fitted for Ye Kaiser and his "Uber Alles" following. Underground narrow gauge railroads were used to bring up ammunition and supplies to the front lines without detection from the Allies. Even underground bathrooms, containing all the equipment of a modern up-to-date "chambre de wash" (Yank language), porcelain tubs and basins, and "everything." A miniature water system of hot and cold water and—""Tenshun doughboy!"—you remember those elaborate shower baths which you longed to get under? In some of their canteens entered, well stocked shelves met the eye, and the doughboy feasted on sugar, bread, all varieties of vegetables, and—well, Kansas don't care now—quite a little of the Kaiser's favorite wine was discovered, which went very well at that time. As one fellow said:

"I went down into one of these canteens, and upon entering found a German, who had evidently been overlooked, sitting there on a sack of potatoes, with a bottle of wine in one hand and a piece of black bread in the other. He was stewed to the gills and was having the time of his life, not even realizing that there was a war or anything else. I commanded him to surrender, which he did quite willingly, and after I had searched him I told him to be seated. I couldn't speak 'Dutch,' but he understood me and sat down. About that time I happened to think of that wine, and being dry I wanted a drink, but before I touched that bottle I made him take a drink as a precaution from a ruse. If he drank it and lived, I thought I could pull through also. I did not have to give any second command for him to manipulate that bottle, but he immediately placed it to his mouth and passing up the drinking part, he poured it down, until fearing I would lose out, commanded him to halt. I tried a little of the stuff, and it tasted so well I appeared as the last number

on that particular program. Five minutes afterward I could have whipped the whole German army. Later, I turned the soused captive over to a passing prisoner detail and proceeded on my way. Boy, if they had fed the entire American army with some of that stuff, they would have gone right through to Berlin the first day."

As the doughboys had been warned previous to going into the drive to be wary of any captured articles, they used every precaution such as the above portrays. Many interesting incidents occurred, and the drive had its amusing and fascinating moments as well. Numerous pianos and other musical instruments were found in some of these dugouts. "Fritz" had no doubt grown weary at times of the War God's symphonic melodies, and he had no doubt often turned his attention to old favorite masterpieces, and at the same time polishing up his somewhat rusty musical temperament, by indulging in such classical categories as "Die Wacht am Rhine" and "Deutchland uber Alles."

During the second day of the drive, one of the tanks which had been advancing ahead of the line was seen to halt. One of the doughboys approaching same, discovered that the driver had been wounded and unable to continue. Although knowing little about the mechanism of one of these monsters, but being a mechanic at heart, he told the gunner he would run the "darn thing," and climbed in. Trying out the different controls he finally discovered which was which, and at the word started the tank out across the plain. It followed that, with this doughboy at the helm and the gunner in position, this tank ran down several machine gun nests, and otherwise caused considerable damage to the enemy. As far as is known, no D. S. C. has been awarded this lowly doughboy and his able cohort.

One individual, often trampled upon and censured in this man's army, has been our venerable "Mess Sergeant." Of course all directors of the culinary art were not of the same mould. At times we found some who were most conscientious and efficient. In this instance, I desire both through courtesy and due to the appreciation of one company of men, to make mention of Mess Sergeant "Baldy" ———, of "I" Company. During the six days and nights our regiment was in the drive, during which time the rationing and transporting food to the men was extremely difficult owing to the intense back area fire of the enemy and the advance of our own men, old "Baldy," commandeering an old abandoned artillery horse which was found wandering around, and devoting his entire time in attempting to get rations up to his men, succeeded several times in spite of the enemy and what they did. Each morning at an early hour, provisions would be strapped on the back of the old charger and away the two new acquaintances would go. Several times he had to abandon his mission due to conditions up front, but he was always back at the first opportunity, and succeeded in getting through after various attempts. His one and only thought was, "of the boys." The writer saw him several times during the drive, and each time found him "policing" around attempting to obtain some eats for "his boys." There was no more popular man in that company than old "Baldy."

OUR HALLOWED GROUND.

It was at Varennes, the same Varennes where the 137th Infantry fought the Germans, that in 1791 was the meeting place of a groceryman and a king who changed the destiny of France. It was the same Varennes, the same Vauquois,

the same Nieuvilly, the same Verrey, the same Cheppy, the same Charpentry, that in the following year saw Brunswick's Hessians rolling on toward Paris.

In the village of Saint Menehould, old Dragoon Droeut was standing one summer evening in the doorway of the Maltre de Poste. He saw postilions whip their way down the street and caught a glimpse of a face within the carriage, a face he had seen before in Paris. He remembered that face. It was Marie Antoinette. Droeut was a patriot. This attempted escape of the king and queen meant civil war. He was quickly on horseback speeding for Varennes. It was there the escape must be stopped or civil war was certain. On this night of spurs Droeut was at Varennes long before the Berlin coach carrying the king and queen. At the Bras D'Or Tavern he whispered to Boniface Le Blanc, who was serving some late patrons at the wine table. Le Blanc whispered to others. M. Sausse, the old groceryman, was soon on the scene, with his hair disheveled and his shirt tucked in badly. The town tocsin began booming, sending into the night a summons for the patriots. They blocked the bridge over the Aire on the outskirts of Varennes with an old furniture wagon. When the Berlin rolled up, it was halted by the patriots, headed by old Dragoon Droeut and the groceryman, M. Sausse. It was useless for Louis XVI to parley, for the patriots had troops and he had none. He stayed that night at the Bras D'Or Tavern (which stands there now with nothing but fire-withered walls showing), drank Burgundy wine and ate cheese and bread because no better was offered, and the next day was returned to Paris.

It was the next year, September 2, 1792, that Brunswick, with his Hessians troopers had occupied Verdun and was pressing for the passes of the Argonne toward Paris. His

forces rolled on toward the French capital over the same territory taken at such deadly cost by the 137th Infantry. The Argonne Forest has but four natural passes, each a Thermopylæ in itself. Wheeling to the south, Brunswick was able to force Grand-Pre pass. It rained, rained day and night, for so many days and nights that ditches overflowed and roadways were nearly impassable—an unplanned for enemy in Brunswick's well planned triumphant march to Paris. Dumouriez's men were but ragged, scrapping, products of the revolutionary period. But Brunswick with his trained Hessians would have hurtled as fruitfully against a rock-like wall. He tried repeatedly, thundering with trained skill against the "great unwashed" which stood for France's liberty, but was sent staggering back from Valmy repeatedly, with battered and gaping ranks. There in the same Argonne where the 137th Infantry fought, Dumouriez's faith in his scrappings of soldiery saved France.

OUR MACHINE GUNNERS.

The Machine Gun Company of the 137th Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant W. F. Maring, did some excellent work during the drive. The company divided into three platoons and worked separately of each other. The First Platoon, under Lieutenant Maring, was attached to Company "E"; the Second Platoon, under Lieutenant W. H. Kane, to Companies "F" and "H," and the Third Platoon, under Sergeant James Lynas, to Company "D."

These platoons advanced with their respective units and rendered valuable assistance. On the morning of the 28th, the entire Machine Gun Company assisted in repulsing the German counter attack and put over a barrage for the advance of our infantry into Montrebeau Wood. Always up

with the advancing line, the company suffered a number of casualties, which was given as forty-two out of a little more than one hundred men, or nearly fifty per cent. The 139th Machine Gun Battalion also played an important part. Under command of Lieutenant Clarence Shaeffer, they covered every movement by the infantry. Whenever the infantry would be held up by machine gun fire, our gunners would put over a neutralizing fire and the infantry would advance. Company "A" suffered forty killed and twenty-eight wounded, and lost six guns.

THE BATTLE-FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE.

Three months after the Argonne drive, and while visiting the scenes of the battle, the picture would be painted thus: "Vauquois Hill is easily recognizable as the German stronghold that was supposed to have been impregnable. Shell holes that overlap each other and splintered stumps that indicate a former woods bear witness to the terrible effectiveness of the American artillery fire. Baulny church stands high on Baulny Ridge, overlooking the ground over which our troops approached. Groups of wooden crosses in fives and sixes tell the price paid for this town. The "fox holes" on Baulny Ridge are just as the occupants left them, only near by are more wooden crosses, and here and there a salvage pile of battered helmets, mess kits and broken rifles. Many of the helmets have holes in them; all have the regimental insignia upon them. The shell holes in the ground were made by the Boche artillery when the infantry got out of the fox holes to repulse a German counter attack. A row of fox holes along the north edge of Montrebeau Wood marks the old front line where another counter attack was stopped. There is not a sound or a living thing in Exermont. It is

still a quarter past ten by the old town clock, just as it was that eventful day. The trail of the 137th Infantry from the "jumpoff" through to Exermont is a silent but indisputable witness to the high valor and spirit of self-sacrifice which alone could have carried men over such a path. Those of our fallen comrades now lie over there beneath that historic soil of the ancient Argonne, their souls gone from this earth, their dead bodies guarded by the lilies of France.

PRISONERS' STATEMENTS.

Among some of our comrades who were captured by the enemy during the drive, many and varied interesting tales are told. Being released upon the signing of the armistice, they were given their liberty, and it was not long until they returned and rejoined their units. I am herewith tendering a few of the best:

Corporal James Baranek, Company "D."

"At daybreak September 28th, we looked around us and Germans were everywhere. They seemed to be getting ready for an attack. One German approached the shell hole where we Americans were. He seemed to be looking for a place to plant a machine gun. We ordered him to surrender and get into the shell hole with us. He turned to run, but we fired and he fell dead near the shell hole. The Germans then made a rush upon us, but we resisted and drove them back, wounding some and killing others. But with the aid of a machine gun and hand-grenades the Germans closed in again. Lieutenant Gesner said, 'Men it's no use to resist any longer.' And we (there were six of us, Lieutenant Gesner, two corporals and three privates) tied a towel to a bayonet and stuck it up out of the hole. The Germans ceased firing and rushed up excitedly. A dozen or more of the Germans kicked at us and attempted to strike us with fists or guns, but others seemed to be trying to keep their comrades from treating the Americans with cruelty. We

were taken back through Flaville to Buzancy, then to Vourieres, and a few days later to Le Chesne, and finally to Sedan."

Private Jake Valure, Company "A."

"There were eleven of us, and we were taken prisoners at 4:30 P. M. September 29th. The Germans took us back through their lines under fire from American artillery. We reached a small town, where we were questioned and searched. We were given no supper. Next morning we were marched on back toward Germany. We marched all day and part of that night without food. On that night we got into Sedan where we were given barley soup. We remained in camp at Sedan three days, and then, having been gassed, I was sent back to a hospital at this same place. All I had there was barley soup and black bread. The place was full of fleas. Every day we had to carry out the dead from the hospital. On November 3rd we were taken to Rastatt, where there was an American prison camp. Our clothes were in rags, and the poor food had made us weak. The American Red Cross fitted us out with clothes and gave us packages of food. They also gave us tobacco, and I had my first smoke since my capture, September 29th. . . . The Germans said they never saw such fearless soldiers as those of the 35th Division. The harder the machine guns fired the faster the 35th Division advanced."

Private Fred C. Jordan, Company "A."

"I was captured the 29th of September about 5 P. M. After we got back of the German lines we were made to carry some of the wounded Boches, which was not an easy job. We carried them, as it seemed, two kilometers before there was a first aid station. The Americans were putting up a heavy shell fire, through which we had to go. After we left the first aid station we were taken back a little distance, where we were searched, and they took everything I had except a little Bible and some small change. From there they took us from one place to another; then they took us to Sedan. We were almost starved, and sick. There they made us work, hitching us to heavy wagons and making us

pull heavy loads. We were made to help with the loading of heavy guns and wagons on trains so they could move out. They expected the Americans most any time. Our aeroplanes did come every night. I expected to be killed by some of our own shells. We stayed in Sedan until October 16th, when we were taken to Rastatt to the American prison camp. From then on we were kept by the American Red Cross. I was never so glad to get anything in all my life as I was when I got the first Red Cross box."

Private Robert Timmons, Company "E."

"I was captured between three and four o'clock September 29th. There were eight of us in the bunch. We went to some town back of the German lines, the name I do not know. We were taken from there to another town by name of Buzancy, where the non-commissioned officers were taken from us to be questioned. While they were up in the room, there was a German came down and asked us a few questions; the first question asked was, 'What organization do you belong to?' We told him what outfit we belonged to, and then he wanted to know who was on our right and left. We told him we didn't know. Then he told us. From here we were taken to Sedan, where the Germans had repair shops for big guns. I worked here at loading big guns to be shipped back to Germany. I also worked at a bakery. I did this for about ten days, and then went to a hospital. I stayed in Sedan about three weeks, and then was taken to Gerver-shien, a big hospital town in Germany, and was kept there twenty-five days. We were treated better than the English and French were. The German High Command had given orders not to treat Americans like the rest of the prisoners. Next went to Rastatt and stayed twenty-six days, then got clothes and food from the American Red Cross."

Private Fred M. Sauer, Company "E."

"I was captured September 29th, about 4 o'clock P. M. Eight of us met a man dressed in an American uniform and wearing the insignia of a Lieutenant. He told us the 137th

Infantry was ahead and needed us, for the Germans were counter-attacking, so we hastened forward through the woods. After leaving the woods, machine gun fire behind and on each flank caused us to take cover in a shell hole, and the Germans surrounded us and took us prisoners. We were taken back to a small town, but the American artillery fire at this point was so great that we moved farther back. Here an officer questioned me (in German). I tried to make him believe I did not understand, but he suspected that I did, and ordered the guard (in German) to take me out and shoot me. I learned later that the German soldiers had received orders not to abuse American prisoners."

Private James R. Mussel, Company "E."

"On our way back as prisoners we carried two Americans and a German to a dressing station. There were many dead Germans behind their lines. Our artillery was playing havoc with their men. We were taken to a small village and searched. Shells from our own artillery were dropping into the village. We were questioned. I was asked our objective. I said, 'Berlin, sir.' 'Do you think you will get there?' 'I won't, sir; but the Yanks will if the war does not end.' 'Who was on your right and left?' 'I don't know, sir.' 'I will tell you, then. The 91st on your right and Pershing's Iron Men on your left.' I said, 'Who are Pershing's Iron Men?' He said, 'The 28th Division.' 'Who is your commanding general?' 'I do not know, sir.' 'General Traub, remember that. How many Americans over here?' 'Between five and eight million, I think, sir.' 'How many reserves are behind this drive?' 'Three million, sir.' He called me a damned liar, and said, 'There are not that many here. How were you captured?' 'We were leading our division, but did not know it, sir.' He asked me a few more questions. We expected to be shot after the questioning, for on the way back an officer told one of the guards to kill us, but the guard would not. I had made up my mind to fight like hell if it looked like they meant business."

CHAPTER X.

THE RELIEF.

As the relieving units of the 1st Division took their places in line, the 35th withdrew along the road running south of Charpentry.

Marching back through the village of Nieuvilly and covering a distance of about twelve kilometers, the regiment bivouacked that night on an open field near Auzeville. That march back from the lines the evening of October 2nd, presented a weird and phantom-like spectacle. After six days and nights of severe strain, seeing death and destruction in all forms and as only a battle can impart, the remnants of our little army, tired to the very soul, hungry, and bearing a haggard, worn look on every face, we betook ourselves back along that road hardly knowing or realizing whither we were going. As we plodded along behind the slowgoing horse-exhausted wagon trains, hardly a word was spoken. All that was wanted or craved was rest and something warm to eat or drink. Man and animal alike gave symptoms of physical ailment. Here a tired doughboy, not able to keep up, would fall out by the wayside to rest, further along a horse was seen to falter and sink down. The harness was quickly unloosed, and if the animal was willing to follow in the rear he was taken along; if not, he was left behind to wander at his leisure. No unjust demands were made at this stage. Neither man nor animal was to suffer for lack of judgment; both had served their part, and served it well, against some of the greatest odds ever faced by man or beast.

As we reached our resting place for the night, the men fell out and prepared to pitch pup tents. However, as some had left their equipment behind in the first wood where we had stopped before going up into the Argonne, they were compelled to wait until the detail could bring up their equipment. In the darkness many packs were misplaced, and as a last resort we grabbed whatever one we could lay our hands on. Many of the packs would never more be called for, and, distributing the odd ones here and there, we were soon settled for the night. That night camp-fires were permitted, and around these the men gathered to obtain a little warmth. It seemed to make no difference about fires this night, as we did not fear enemy observers. They were kept busily occupied elsewhere, no doubt. The night was unusually cold, and a fire was most welcome. That night as we encamped there on that little open field, many familiar faces were missing from our midst. We were a somewhat shattered remnant of a once proud and well organized regiment. This was one night when "bunkies" whose pals did not return must look elsewhere or sleep alone.

As we lay there on the ground, numerous remarks could be heard, such as, "Well, Joe was killed the second day of the drive." "Jack was picked off right at my side." "I saw Bill lying out there near Baulny, and going over to where he lay he told me I would have to bunk alone after this, as his wound was pretty bad and it hurt considerably. He told me to take care of his things and bring them back to the States whenever the regiment went home. He died while I was standing there and before I realized it." Numerous conversations were to be heard, and some were quite touching. One incident, which actually happened, was witnessed by the author of these lines. During the third day

of the drive, suffering from an infected hand, I walked back to the field hospital where I had my hand operated on. After this was done, I stood awhile and watched the ambulances coming in from the lines bearing their precious cargoes of wounded. Some were pitifully wounded and beyond recognition. I passed in and out among some of the tents where lay the wounded waiting to be dressed and evacuated back to the base hospital. There were some pitiful sights, and it could not but impress one most deeply. Although wounded badly, they hardly gave vent to their feelings. The spirit was wonderful. Passing one stretcher, I heard a weird sound, and going up to where a huddled form lay, I asked if I could be of any service, thinking perhaps a glass of water or such was wanted. This wounded doughboy was wrapped in bandages almost the entire length of his body, and he appeared terribly cut up. As I came close and saw his face, I realized he was dying. He was endeavoring to speak, but could not. Bending closer so as to catch what he was trying to say, I made out the one most noble word, most sacred of names, "Mother." This wounded son of some faraway mother passed away while I stood there by his side. His last thought here on earth had been of her, she who had ever held him close to a motherly bosom. It was in truth, the hand that rocked his cradle, the one who had so often brushed away his little child sorrows and had given him strength and courage, and taught him the ideal of growing manhood. To her his last thoughts and prayers were consecrated. God only knows how often that word "mother" was repeated over there on the battlefields of France. It is but for Him alone to know and to have heard their last prayers, consecrated to the holiest and most sacred of mortals, "mother." And in conclusion may their last thoughts or prayers find

fulfillment, whether it was said by friend or enemy, for whatever our personal feelings or sentiments may be, the world at large acknowledges the sacredness of the term—Mother.

After a night's rest here on the field we were again on our way the following day, stopping that afternoon in a wood called St. Rouin. We remained here until October 5th, and then marched back to the village of Rembercourt. Major O'Connor who had been in command of the regiment since Colonel Hamilton was evacuated to a hospital, now turned the command over to Lieutenant Colonel E. C. Sammons, who had been Division Inspector. He remained in command until October 12th. At Rembercourt, billets were obtained for the men and we made ourselves as comfortable as possible. The second night here the Regimental Band, whose instruments had been stored in Nancy for some weeks while all these late movements had been in operation, now received their instruments, and that evening a concert was given for the boys out on the village street. It was the first time they had heard their band for several weeks, in fact, not since we were down in Alsace. Right then and there we discovered what a great tonic music is to the human soul. After that concert, the boys themselves said, they felt like living humans once more, and this concert was the best thing they had heard for ages. It had a wonderful stimulating effect. These war-worn veterans soon forgot all troubles and worry, forgot war and its horrors, felt only the exuberating spirit of life. While here in Rembercourt we witnessed a spectacular and thrilling sight. A squadron of 250 aeroplanes loaded with bombs passed overhead on their way to the Front. They appeared like a large flock of huge birds slowly wending their way toward some unknown destination. The drone of their motors could be heard for miles. About an hour later they commenced coming back, this time flying easy and with no apparent effort. They had been over on "Fritz's" side dropping "propaganda" of effective sort and were now returning to their homes.

The boys were now resting up and enjoying the comforts of good billets, the first they had been in for many weeks. One evening, while seated down in the "Y" hut many of us were accorded a real thrill. During the intermission of a picture show, the "Y" director, mounting a chair commanded silence, and in a somewhat shaky and excited voice, read a report just received, stating that "Germany had consented to accept Wilson's peace proposals and desired an armistice." The boys arose to the man and in one great cheer earsplitting in intensity, let their feelings be known far and wide. Leaving the hut and thus breaking up the show, everybody made for the open where their efforts would be less subdued. That evening the only subject throughout the length and breadth of those billets was the coming peace. Plans for our return home were soon in the making, and we had everything laid out in well regulated order. Little did we realize the long wait before us. Monday, October 7th, all hearts were made happy by an act on Uncle Samuel's part. We received our payday receipts with open hands. True, about the only thing we could buy in this little old village was the customary "vin rouge," or if we possessed a higher temperament, champagne served the purpose. I recall how some of us spent our spare francs for some flour, and obtaining some baking powder from one of our kitchens, proceeded to construct a bridge of "hot cakes," running from the improvised griddle to our palate. We stood there before that little fireplace almost half a day eating and baking. It was worth the francs.

Leaving Rembercourt October 11th, the regiment marched on to a camp in a wood between Bennoit Vaux and Recourt. It rained continually, and the wood was a quagmire. While here, the regiment received a large number of replacements. These men hailed from Camp Gordon. They were natives of the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. The following night march was resumed through a heavy rain. We arrived at Rupt en Woevre about midnight, where we remained until the morrow. All this time we had little idea where we were going; things were kept in a silent way. However, this night we commenced hearing the distant detonations of guns and saw occasional flashes off to the east and north, and it was then we realized we were on our way back to some front. After coming out of the Argonne, we had expected a long rest, but this was not to be. However, we adjusted ourselves accordingly, and soon the old fighting spirit was regained. We left Rupt the night of the 13th, and after several hours' marching arrived up to the trenches of the Somme Dieue sector and took over the subsector Bouie. Here all front line rations were conducted from P. G. "Brest and Bordeaux." The towns of Handimont, Villers, Mont-sous-Les Cotes, Manheulles and Frenna were within the American lines.

While coming up the road to enter the trenches, we passed a regiment of French infantry. The French for some reason or other appeared unusually happy and frivolous; they came marching by our column going in the opposite direction, singing and whistling as though the trenches were miles away. We wondered why all this noise so near the lines. Every now and then a doughboy, anxious to find out the cause for all this, would ask a passing Frenchman, "La Guerre fini toute suite?" Back would come the French barrage, "Oh oui, oui,

Boche fini maintenant, la Guerre fini, beaucoup zig-zag pour nous" (or, "Yes, the Boche is through now, the war over); great celebrations and much wine for us," figuratively speaking. They were happy, and they didn't mind telling the world, not even the Germans across the way. After four years of hell and destruction, they still had the spirit of frivolity. Typical French.

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CHAPTER XI.

IN THE TRENCHES NEAR VERDUN.

As the regiment took over the trenches here in the Somme Dieue sector, the boys, who of late had passed through the vicissitudes of history's biggest battle, felt that anything they might now encounter would seem rather insignificant in comparison. They were battle-scarred veterans, and had no doubts or anxieties as to their ability to meet and cope with the foe.

The relief made, things soon became adjusted, and thus our trench life once more began. However, we were not to get off without numerous experiences with the enemy. Occasional night patrols and raiding parties with a few well planned bombardments constituted the program for both sides. Company "H" relieved Company "D" on the night of October 19th–20th. Three platoons of the company, under command of Lieutenant F. T. McQuain, occupied the town of Manheulles. At 4 : 25 on the morning of October 23rd the Germans attempted a raid on the positions. Approximately 150 picked men from the Boche lines attacked G. C. 2 on the north edge of the town. A forty-minute barrage of heavy artillery preceded the attack, which followed at 5 A. M. The Germans came across in a rush, cutting through two strands of barbed wire and reaching the last protecting strand, when signals were sent up from our lines calling for artillery support; but the fog and mist were so dense that it prevented the signals from being observed by our artillery. The boys, making the best of a trying situa-

tion, buckled to it and tendered the Germans such a warm reception with rifles and rifle-grenades that the Germans did "about face" and beat a hasty and confused retreat. They sustained several casualties, but succeeded in getting their dead and wounded off the field. Sergeant William Weaver, of Company "H," was killed, and was buried shortly afterward.

Company "H" was again recipient to some more excitement, for on October 24th, at 5 A. M., a German patrol was out scouting for trouble. Their course brought them northwest toward Company "H" at G. C. 2. The weather being foggy, the Germans had difficulty in observing what was before them. As was later learned, they were new troops and unacquainted with the lines. They approached to within twenty-five feet of the American combat group before they seemed to realize that they were at the American lines. The Americans, discovering their approach, opened fire with a Chauchat rifle, killing one of their number and wounding several. In making a hasty retreat, the Germans left their dead behind. His body was at once brought in, and his identification revealed that we were opposed by new troops, and that the Germans had effected a relief the night previous.

For some unknown reason or other, Company "H" had been absorbing most of the enemy's attention. However, other of our units were to be heard from. Company "F" relieved Company "H" on the night of October 25th–26th. A liaison patrol, consisting of a non-commissioned officer and three privates made regular rounds between Manhaulles and Fresne en Woevre. Private Arthur R. Morgan, had volunteered to lead this "F" Company patrol. This patrol made trips each night, leaving P. C. at 9 P. M. and returning

again at 11 o'clock. Leaving P. C. again at midnight and returning at 2 A. M. On the night of the 26th–27th the patrol left the G. C. at 9 P. M. and returned again without anything happening. On the twelve o'clock trip, as they left the G. C. one of the men started coughing. Fearing detection, he was sent back. The non-com. and the two privates continued on the patrol. They had been on their way about twenty minutes when one of the men, glancing over his shoulder, saw in the darkness the dim outline of a group of men moving east from around Manhaulles. The man making the discovery called the attention of the patrol leader to what he had seen. The patrol leader, knowing that our scout platoon had a scout patrol at work, and thinking that it was them they saw, called out, "Are you Americans?" There was no reply, and the question was repeated. The reply this time was a shot fired straight at the "F" patrol. Quick as a flash, the three men scattered and dropped to the ground and began pouring lead into the German patrol. The Boche, numbering fifteen or twenty in number, ran together (more skull work), and assembling, thus fired back, also using "potato mashers." The Americans had scattered out about fifty feet apart, and proved poor targets in the darkness. On the other hand, the Germans grouped together made a fine target for the Americans, who took advantage of the fact. Soon the Boches commenced calling "Kamerade," but our boys fearing a ruse, continued to fire and shift their positions. The Germans finally retreated, leaving the Americans to their course.

Upon the departure of the enemy, the patrol leader called his comrades together for hasty consultation out there in "No-Man's-Land." It was then discovered that one man was missing. Thinking that the lost man had been killed

or gone back to the G. C., the patrol leader led the way to a mixed post between the 35th Division and the one on our right. The regiment on the right was being relieved, and what remained of the patrol went out with our men to the second line and returned to Manheulles by way of Mont sous Les Cotes, arriving there 5 : 50 A. M. Private Weeks, the missing man, had been wounded, and laid out in No-Man's-Land all night and the following day. Just before the patrol sent out from Company "F" that night had gone out, Weeks crawled in to G. C. He said he had seen Germans returning early next morning after the night skirmish and carry away two dead or wounded Germans about forty yards from where he lay concealed. The same liaison patrol three nights later, found a dead German at this point and brought him in. It was discovered that seven or eight Germans had been killed or wounded in this aforementioned night encounter.

The night of October 29th-30th Company "B," which had just been relieved in Haudimont by Company "D," and had withdrawn to a position near P. C. Bordeaux in reserve, was heavily bombarded with mustard gas from the enemy lines. Two thousand five hundred shells were thrown into and around the company's position, and due to the effects of the gas eighty men were sent to the hospital. None of the casualties were serious, and the patients soon returned to the organization. While here in this sector, Colonel Cullison, who had been gassed while serving with the First Division in the Argonne, but had hoped to recover without dropping his military duties, finally had to give in to the effects of the poisoning, and was evacuated to a hospital. He was succeeded in command by Lieutenant-Colonel M. H. Shute, a former West Point man. A short time later the command was

taken over by Colonel Ira Reeves. Colonel Reeves was later assigned to duty as head of the A. E. F. university at Beaune.

The weather was now commencing to settle down into a real disagreeable condition. It rained continually, and the trenches were knee deep in mud and water. Rubber hip boots were issued the men, which helped matters considerably. During this time we would occasionally receive copies of the daily papers such as the foreign edition of the *New York Herald*, and we were noting that gossip pointed to the fact that peace was near. The boys commenced to feel that the day was not so far away when the sound of the guns would be a thing of the past. Our daily conversation was reference to peace and what it would mean. It did seem as though the world was brightening up just a bit. We were tired of the life, we had passed through so much; we craved that other world we had once known and from whence we had come.

The regiment was relieved in the trenches here on the night of November 4th by the 81st Division, better known as the "Wildcat Division." The great majority of the men in the relieving division were new at the game of war, having seen very little training and no direct participation in any battle. It was their first trip to the trenches. As the relief was being effected, some amusing incidents took place. Our boys, knowing their newly arrived comrades were "rookies" at the game, took every possible advantage of the fact. (You can't beat a doughboy.) One of our men, noticing the relief coming up, approached and enquired, "What organization is this?" The reply, "The 81st Division; they call us the Wildcats. What do they call you?" The husky Kansan replied, "They didn't have to call us; we volunteered." The joke was appreciated by both parties.

Some of these newcomers were recipients of various pranks invented by some of our young Kansas instigators, and innocents of the party of the second part no doubt suffered a few jolts of realization a few days later. Many of these so-called "Wildcats," entering the trenches for the initial time, were accosted by our men, who plied their wares, and considerable French money changed hands. Trench property, permanent trench fixtures, such as flares, rubber boots and gas alarms were readily sold. A shrewd Kansan having an outpost where he awaited relief, gathered up an armful of flares and meeting a group of the relieving troop coming into line, he said, "Boys, perhaps you fellows would like to buy these things. They come in handy at times, and if the 'Dutch' start to come across you couldn't get artillery support if you did not have these flares to signal with. We won't be needing any flares for awhile, as we are leaving the trenches, so if you want to buy them, I'll sell them dirt cheap." A deal was transacted whereby the Wildcats became the new owners of a raft of flares which we had found upon our entry into the same trenches. Large numbers of rubber boots were also sold at bargain-counter prices, and some pockets now jingled quite freely. The doughboy must needs have his fun, and all this "scandal" gave us subject matter for days to come.

CHAPTER XII.

LA GUERRE FINI.

The relief movement executed, the regiment withdrew and billeted that night in the towns of Deux Niuds, Lerocourt, Courcelles sur Oise and Rignacourt. Everybody was glad to be out of the trenches once more. While here, we received official communication that Austria and Turkey had signed the armistice. These were moments of real joy, and now we were wondering what Germany would do. In accordance with doughboy sentiments, numerous "bets" were made and the outcome awaited with interest. The French, when asked if the war was over would always reply, "Ah oui, oui, Austriche fini, Turquire fini, les Boches fini toute suite."

On the morning of November 9th the regiment left these towns and marched back through Piufitter. That night a halt was made at Camp Higre near Chaumont sur Aire. These night halts made, only one subject was to be heard, and that was "the coming peace"; and it was here that home, mother, wife and sweetheart, far back there across the waters, came in for a good share of thought and reference. Reaching Sampigny next day, November 10th, the regiment halted, expecting to be on the way by the morrow. We had now learned that our regiment with the balance of the Division was on its way to open up a drive on "Metz," and we were again to serve as one of the "kickoff" divisions, and then—making a long story short—the *war was over*. At first the boys could not quite realize it, although it had been expected for some little time. Well, it did not seem quite

possible after all. A messenger had arrived with the first news, and for a long time we did not place very much faith in the rumor, as we had heard so much "L. D." (meaning Latin Dictum). It was not until the following day that realization of transpiring events hit home, and it was then celebrations were indulged in and—well, you know me, Al.

It was true after all. The strain, toil and hardship of war was over. No more would we be bothered by heavy steel helmets and cumbersome gas masks. True they had served their purpose and served well, but now they were out of a job, as their services were no longer needed.

We did not leave Sampigny as had been planned a few hours before. Things had now changed in rapid order, and we were looking out upon a new world. Things appeared different to us, and we felt likewise. Could it be otherwise? Imagine, after months spent in preparation in some camp and then across the sea to the inferno "Over There," and there our lives had been one thing and then another, passing through experiences which each day produced anew. We had borne all in patience, and now a new daylight was breaking into dawn over our horizon and the opening of a new peace was upon the world.

GUNS ALONG THE FRONTS ROAR GRAND FINALE OF FINAL HOUR.

At the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of the eleventh month, hostilities came to an end from Switzerland to the sea. Early that morning from the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower in Paris, there had gone forth through the air to the wondering, half-incredulous line that the Americans held from near Sedan to the Moselle, the order from Marshal Foch to cease fire on the stroke of eleven.

On the stroke of eleven the cannon stopped, the rifles dropped from the shoulders, the machine guns grew still. There followed then a strange, unbelievable silence, as though the world had died. It lasted but a moment, lasted for the space that the breath is held. Then came such an uproar of relief and jubilance, such a tooting of horns, shrieking of whistles, such an overture from the bands and trains and church bells, such a shouting of voices as the earth is not likely to hear again in our day and generation. When night fell on the battlefield, the clamor of the celebration waxed rather than waned. Darkness? There was none. Rockets and a ceaseless fountain of star-shells made the lines a streak of glorious brillance across the face of startled France, while, by the light of flares, the Front and all its dancing, boasting, singing peoples was as clearly visible as though the sun sat high in the heavens.

The man from Mars coming to earth on the morning of November 11th, 1918, would have been hard put to say which army had won, for, if anything, the greater celebration, the more startling outburst, came not from the American but from the German side. At least he could have said—that man from Mars—to which side the suspension of hostilities had come as the greater relief. The news began to spread across the Front shortly after the sun rose. There was more or less of an effort to send it forward only through military channels, to have the corps report it calmly by wire to the divisions, the divisions to the brigades, the brigades to the regiments, the regiments to the battalions, and so down the various courses, as though it were an ordinary order and nothing to become excited over. There was the effort, but it did not work very well. The word was sped on the kind of wireless that man knew many centuries before Marconi

came on earth. It spread like a current of electricity along the shivery mess lines, hopping up and down and sniffling and scuffling as they waited for the morning coffee. It spread along the chains of singing road menders, along the creeping columns of camions. Driver called to driver and runners tossed the word over their shoulders as they hurried by.

"The guerre will be fini at 11 o'clock. Fini La Guerre." You could hear it called out again and again.

"What time?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"Where do you get that bunc?"

"Well, the Captain said so."

"Hell, who is he? I'll wait until Foch comes and tells me himself."

Such was some of the doughboy's lingo heard. That night the flares inflamed the sky; the rockets streaked the night; bands burst into long-suppressed music, and the headlights of moving vehicles twinkled all along the roads and byways. It did not last long, this little unbidden flurry, and there was much scolding; but, as a matter of fact, nothing much more demoralizing to the enemy could well have been staged than this spectacle of the First American Army celebrating something he had not heard. All along the seventy-seven miles held by the Americans the firing continued literally until the eleventh hour. At one minute to eleven, when a million or more eyes were glued to the slow-creeping minute hands of a million or more watches, the roar of the guns was a thing to make the old earth tremble. We often wondered if the roar at that particular time could be heard over here in the States. At one point—it was where the Yankee Division, visiting at the time with a French corps, was having a brisk morning

battle to the east of the Meuse—a man stationed at one battery stood with handkerchief in his uplifted hand, his eyes fixed on his watch. It was one minute before eleven. To the lanyards of the four big guns ropes were tied, each rope manned by 200 soldiers, cooks, stragglers, messengers, gunners, everybody. At eleven, the handkerchief fell, the men pulled, the guns cursed out the last shot of the battery. And so it went at a hundred, a thousand, places along the front.

At one place along the line, just as the hour had struck, a quite startling thing occurred. The skyline of the crest across the way grew suddenly populous with dancing soldiers, and down the slope all the way to the barbed wire, straight for the Americans came the German troops. They came with outstretched hands, ear to ear grins, and souvenirs to swap for cigarettes, so well did they know the little weakness of their foe. They came to tell how pleased they were that the fight had stopped; how glad they were the Kaiser had departed for parts unknown; how fine it was to know they would have a republic at last in Germany. "No," said one stubborn little Prussian, "it's a kingdom we want." Whereat his companions mobbed him and howled him down.

When the great hour came, across the trenches from our side swarmed a small army of civilians bearing food and clothing to their kith and kin on the other side. This happened down in Alsace. From the highest steeple in Thann, the tricolor fluttered gaily, and within the church there knelt in thanksgiving all the old folks from miles around. With them, in among them, poilus and Yankee soldiers knelt, and the crowd so choked the aisles and steps that the priest could not move forward.

Up to the front near Montfaucon, a truck trundled that morning. Over the tailboard, at the endless mud of the

Argonne and Ardennes, there gazed a boy who had been drafted in the heart of America some six months before, and who with stopoffs for tedious training on the way, had slowly journeyed from his home to the Ardennes. It had taken him six months, but it had brought him at last to his destination—the destination of his day-dreams and his nightmares. He had reached the Front. As he rode along, he noticed a certain excitement tingling everywhere; but perhaps that was just the mood of the Front. When finally the truck stopped and he jumped out, the news was awaiting him.

"It is 11 o'clock and the war is over."

"Hell," he said, "I just got here."

Then he laughed a short little laugh that was made half in relief and half in disappointment.

Up in a high observation post, an American observer was trying to penetrate the mist with his German field glasses. The young officer at his elbow asked him to look due west. What did he see? Well, not much—the road to the forest full of traffic; no shell fire; a crippled plane in the field below.

"Great Scott, what good are those glasses? Why, without them I can see a little home out in Kansas. There's a nursery on the second floor, and the sun shining in through the window just touches a cradle there. Inside that cradle, man, is my daughter. I have never seen her before. She was born since I sailed for France."

Along the way everywhere little knots of Yanks were at work singing and laughing, and often the song could be heard,

> "It's home, boys, its home we ought to be,
> Home, boys, home, to the land of liberty."

So came to an end the 11th of November, 1918—the 585th day since America entered the war.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE OF SAMPIGNY.

As soon as word was officially received that hostilities had ceased, the regiment settled down in Sampigny and environs for a stay of undetermined duration.

Sampigny had been a town of about 1500 inhabitants before the war. It had suffered all the vicissitudes of war and was well battered and bent. Hardly a building remained whole. Seven kilometers away stands the ill-fated city of St. Mihiel, with the fortified hill known as Fort St. Ramain. This fort was situated on the extreme southern point of the St. Mihiel salient, held almost four years by the Germans. Sampigny had been within easy range of the guns on this hill, and therefore throughout the war had been under enemy fire. The town nestles in the Meuse Valley, a wide valley flanked by a precipitate ridge on either side, with the Meuse River winding its way through the dell on its way to the Rhine. Many of the residences and other buildings of the town were badly damaged, and the railway depot and the church were completely wrecked. Here, situated on a high hill west of and overlooking the town and a great portion of the Meuse Valley, stood the remains of the once magnificent summer home of M. Poincare, President of the Republic of France. This once beautiful chateau had been built in 1908 and bore the outline of figure which showed that it had possessed great architectural beauty. It appeared as though the Germans had taken unusual delight in shelling this chateau, for shells had perforated house and grounds in many places.

As Sampigny could not accommodate the entire regiment, units were scattered throughout the nearby villages. Regimental Headquarters, Headquarters Company, Supply and Machine Gun Companies were billeted in Sampigny, as was the entire First Battalion. The Second Battalion was billeted at Courcelles aux Bois, and the Third Battalion at Menil aux Bois. Our next move was to make things as comfortable as possible. There were numerous abandoned dugouts in and around Sampigny where some old furniture such as chairs, benches, tables and stoves were obtained. The villages were policed up and debris cleaned out; houses which remained standing but lacked adequate repairs were fixed up, bunks installed, and soon conditions became more to the liking.

We now entered upon what was to prove a long, cold, dark winter of training. Doniphan days over again. Although the armistice had been signed and hostilities had ceased, it must be remembered that we were still in a state of war, and the enemy was engaged, but in a somewhat different manner. All units upon foreign soil must ever remain in a state of preparedness. Efficiency and co-operation were still the watchwords. All during the cold, wet winter months the boys underwent daily drill out on the rain-soaked fields and roads. Close order drills, field maneuvers, tactical problems, simulated battles, rifle practice, and parades and inspections, constituted the curriculum. We were now resigned to the game of watchful waiting, and this proved far more unenduring than the game of war, so it seemed. It was a most disagreeable existence, and all in all, we hardly saw six days of sunshine during all the winter. Due to the lack of fuel, few billets were heated, and the continued moisture caused many to go without a stitch of dry clothing for days at a

time. Had it not been for the many months of hard training and campaigning, many would no doubt have succumbed. It tested the best of them. As time went on, little improvements were made here and there. Colonel Reeves, who was now in charge of the regiment, did everything possible to improve conditions. Colonel Reeves from the first stood in high favor with all the men. He was a man of unusual integrity and ability, farsighted, just and considerate—just the sort one would like to go up and take by the hand and tell him what a pleasure it is to make his acquaintance. Now, Mr. Critic, don't you know that the average doughboy would sooner claim a man of that character as their leader than one who "imposes" on the uniform he wears—one who always sustains a cold and aloof bearing toward his men? This war and what we have seen of it, which by the way is not so meager, has proven many things contrary to musings of master military sages. During our time we have had occasion to study characters, from generals down to privates, and we found that it was the really human ones who made the highest all-around score. We have seen some pitiful examples who deserve more sympathy perhaps than censure.

Thanksgiving was duly observed. A concert by the band, speeches by our Chaplain, and the customary thing—a "feed." We were now fortunate in claiming Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus huts, and these did their bit in a commendable manner. Too much work and no play makes the "Yank" a dull boy. In order to systematize our existence somewhat, and make life more interesting, an elaborate program of athletics was arranged. Where previously the boys had been compelled to drill five hours each day in the rain and mud, that time was now divided up, and the mornings devoted to drill and the afternoons to athletics. This

proved a fine thing, and it helped the morale to a degree. Later on, every American unit and division in France devoted much time to such forms of recreation as athletics, entertainment troupes, shows of various kinds, and everything was done to make the life more in keeping. Shows were given by the doughboys in various places, and many times old barns, and even cow-sheds, were converted into a "Modern Metropolitan," and by the aid of slow-burning French candles shows were given to audiences of enthusiastic onhearers. Later on we were fortunate in having electric lights. We found an old generator and dynamo, and the usual Yank ingenuity did the rest. This little old town, which had lain in darkness for four years, now enjoyed the radiating gleams of electric lights; even street lights were hung, and the "Capital of Kansas" over in France was dedicated.

"Everything comes to him who waits." So far the upbuilding of the physical had been the pertinent issue. Now, however, master minds within our circle conceived of other inspirations. To Colonel Reeves is tendered the credit of establishing a seat of learning, where those who so desired might utilize their spare evenings in the study of various subjects. A school was organized and the study of English, French, spelling and history commenced. This was the first school of its kind organized among the men of the Expeditionary forces. Soon the idea spread to other organizations, and it was not long until there were hundreds of these little "universities." Again Kansas had taken the lead in a good cause, only to have others follow. About this time, a regimental paper known as "*The Jayhawkerinfrance*," came into existence and was published under the supervision of Sergeant W. Studor. A small ancient printing shop had

been located in one of the nearby villages, and though the type and machinery had lain idle for years, it was soon cleaned up and put to work.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas—our second in the army and away from home and our first on foreign soil. It was the one time of the year we longed to be home. As we sat before the little old open fireplace of a lowly billet Christmas Eve, we could picture the scene: The dinner table; the loved ones assembled; the fire of Yule logs; the slow, brightly burning candles; and a thousand other thoughts came to mind. We knew and felt that though our hearts were back there with them, yes, our very all, they in turn were thinking of us far over in France. On this day a grand feed was enjoyed, a concert by the band, numerous speeches, and "everything." During a program down by the old village church, little French children enjoyed their first Santa Claus, and were distributed chocolate and candy until their little hearts almost spoke aloud with joy.

KANSAS DAY.

Another inspiring occasion was Kansas Day. This day was observed by the entire regiment, January 29th. The celebration was arranged by the Y. M. C. A. and held in the "Y" huts in each battalion. Former Lieutenant-Governor W. Y. Morgan acted in the capacity of "toastmaster," and informal talks were given by Colonel Reeves, Major Fred L. Lemmon and Major John H. O'Connor. Then a grand "smoker" was in order, and here ye doughboy was right at home, and an awful "smoke barrage" was the result. It was a "get-together" day for all concerned.

MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR ARGONNE DEAD.

February 4th, memorial services for our dead was observed. Chaplain Sawkins conducted a service on the drill field west of Sampigny, using the solemn Requiem High Mass. The altar had been erected under a canopy between two trees. The altar was draped in black, and surmounted by four large candlesticks and a cross. After church call had been sounded and the assemblage drew up, Chaplain Sawkins read the solemn Mass for the Dead, while fifteen hundred uniformed figures stood in formation before the altar. Following the mass, Chaplain Sullins rendered an appropriate address. The services closed with the volleys from the firing squad and sounding of "Taps." It was a very impressive event, and served as a beautiful tribute to our fallen comrades.

RUMORS.

Ever since the signing of the armistice and throughout the long winter months, we had heard and inclined an ear to numerous and diverse rumors regarding leaving this area. To one who has never been in the army, little realization of what old dame rumor can do can be appreciated. One day, rumor had it that our division was to leave for a port of embarkation within a few days. Following day, we would hear the report that we were to be made a part of the army of occupation. Again, we were scheduled to go up into Russia, and one rumor in particular, which sounded good but listened differently, was that we were to act as a convoy when President Wilson returned home from his first visit to Europe. At times, such false rumors nearly broke our hearts—not literally, but otherwise. All winter long, we kept asking ourselves the one question, "Where and when

do we go from here?" That old story told about the two Allied chiefs seemed to be sprouting fruit. It runs thus: "Generals Foch and Pershing were eating a big dinner in a prominent New York restaurant in the year 1921. During the course of their repast, Marshal Foch turning to Pershing asked, 'Say, John, whatever became of that fighting 35th Division that you had over in France?' Thoughtful and full of concern for the moment, Pershing slowly looked up and exclaimed: 'By George, I went off and forgot them fellows, and left them over there in France.'" At times, we were inclined to believe this would come true, and were commencing to wonder if it were true that we were getting grey-haired, wrinkled faces, stooped figures, long beards and old tattered clothes, and if it was so that the United States was sending a delegation over to France to find record of the once long lost 35th. Brutus, those were cruel days.

After a divisional parade reviewed by the Commander-in-chief, General Pershing, things commenced to brighten up. It happened on Monday, February 17th, that the units of the 35th were called out and formed on a wide level stretch of the Meuse Valley near Commercy. Here twenty-two thousand men of the division passed in review of the Commander-in-Chief and the "petit" Prince of Wales, who was the guest of honor. After the review, General Pershing accompanied by His Majesty and the General Staff, made a careful inspection of all troops. While passing in review with colors flying, bayonets gleaming, a snappy tread of martial feet and with "eyes left" saluting their commander, the boys presented a wonderful appearance. At the conclusion of the ceremony twenty-two thousand voices broke forth in ringing cheers for the Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Forces. In making the customary address

to the officers following the review, General Pershing remarked that the division would soon be on its way home, and wished the officers and men of the division Godspeed on their homeward journey.

GOOD-BYE SAMPIGNY.

At last orders came down to prepare to move, and preparations were speedily in the making. The Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C. united in arranging a farewell to Sampigny. The celebration was held in the "Y" hut. Songs were sung, speeches made, eats indulged in, and a big-hearted time was enjoyed. The following day orders were received stating that the division would not move until the 21st or later. Oh ye Gods of Fate, those were cruel words. There was a great gnashing of teeth, and we donned sackcloth and ashes, and had we been at all feminine we would have done the customary thing—sat down and had a "good cry." Have you ever heard that expression used? I don't mean in France, for there it would have been, "Fini? Allay, allay toute suite," and a hasty exit. True the joke was on us, but there was one consolation—we had now said farewell, and were through with that formality. Again false prophets rose up among us.

> We had a comrade called Shehi,
> Who prophesied things with a clear eye,
> But one night he got drunk,
> Forgot all his bunc,
> And now has no more use for French "cyanide."

To those who were members of the regiment, no introduction is necessary. Sergeant Shehi, a Christian Scientist at heart, but a drummer by profession, occupied the distinguished chair of regimental "diplomat, lawyer, preacher,

philanthropist, scientist, navigator, banker, dog-robber, and caricaturist of life's realities." He had the unusual power of causing one to see blue while looking at white. Last heard from, he was doing time down in Augusta, Kansas. One theory propounded regarding our departure was that our engineers, who had preceded us and were down in Brest, were, due to the shortage of ships, building some, and we would not be able to sail until these ships had been completed.

POINCARE TREES.

While awaiting moving orders and while sitting around our ancient little fireplace, a story might not be amiss.

When the regiment first arrived in Sampigny, and as the cold weather was setting in, fuel was scarce, and for a time the boys would make trips down to the old abandoned trenches and dugouts near by and obtain wood. While passing the Poincare chateau one day, the detail sent out after wood saw a couple of dead trees lying near. Notifying the Sergeant-Major, who pronounced the trees dead, and taking his word for the fact, the two dead trees were cut up and carried down to the billets. While this wood detail was at work cutting up these two trees, two French gendarmes who were passing saw the boys at work there, and forthwith reported the "slaughter" of two trees to the French forest warden at St. Mihiel. An officer of the guard arrived shortly and made an estimate in accordance with the American town Mayor's wishes and reported the cost of the two trees to amount to 56 francs, or nearly ten dollars. This was paid and the matter dropped. For some reason or other, the report of this deed reached Division Headquarters, and the General, in order to show that the Americans meant no

offense against the President of France for cutting some of his dead trees, suspended the officers in charge of this wood detail who had trespassed. It was not long after this that the President of France got wind of the transaction and what was done. He became very indignant that such a trifling thing should have been noticed, and, learning that the American officer had paid 56 francs for the trees, President Poincare immediately sent 56 francs and a courteous letter stating his feelings. Thus you have the story of the "two dead trees." May their ashes rest in peace, for ashes they now are without question.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

AT LAST! the time has come; we are to commence our long awaited homeward journey. On March 7, 1918, entraining of the regiment for the Le Mans area began. After a thorough cleaning up of the town, ridding all debris and rubbish, for we wanted to turn it over to the French in as good condition as possible, packs were slung and baggage arranged, Headquarters, Supply and Machine Gun Companies, and the Second and Third Battalions, entrained at Sampigny while the First Battalion entrained at Lerouville, a town six kilometers away. The Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C. had arranged a little canteen service down by the depot, where hot chocolate and cookies were served free. Loading into the customary box cars, and with everything set, a last farewell look out over Sampigny, our late habitat, the trip began. The journey which was scheduled to take fifty-two hours, required seventy-two hours. The trip, though bearing a few of the usual discomforts, was a pleasant one, for, regardless of contending hardships, everybody was in good spirits. We were *homeward bound*, and truly that was a *wonderful sound*. The regiment arrived in the Le Mans area Monday, March 10th, and went into billet in the Monfort divisional billeting area.

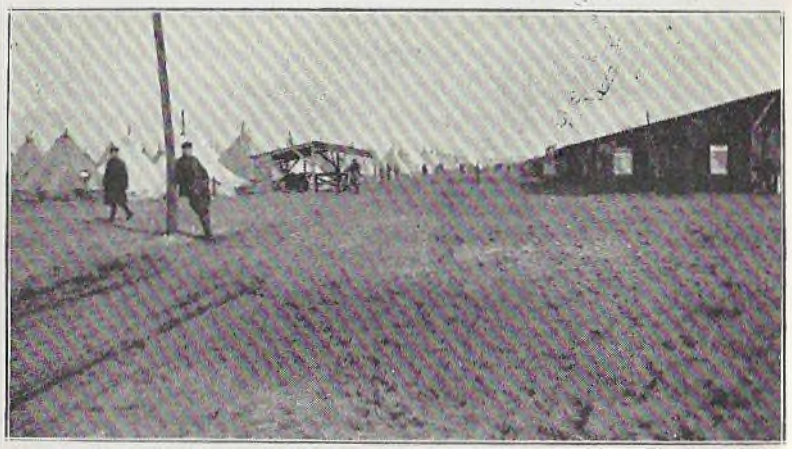
Regimental Headquarters was established at Chateau de Coutuce; Headquarters and Supply, in St. Michel; Machine Gun Company, in Les Loges; First Battalion Headquarters, and Companies "A" and "B," at Bouloure; "C" and "D," at Coudrecieux; Second Battalion Headquarters,

and Companies "E," "F," "G" and "H," at La Briel; Third Battalion Headquarters and Company "L," at Thoringe; Company "K," at Nuille; Company "I," at Dollon; and Company "M," at Monfort.

Down here in the Le Mans area, the men found life most enjoyable, the most satisfactory, the best accommodations since our arrival in France. This section of France had not suffered like the northern part, and the villages were quite prosperous in appearance, and the people very kind and courteous. Billets were of the best, and as rooms in private homes were available, many of the boys rented these for a "chambre de couche." At night mother's boy could be found nestling deep down among the feathers of an old French bed. In truth, we slept like kings, and it reminded us of olden times, the pictures we had seen of these old beds with their curtains and draperies extending down from the ceiling over the bed. The Band, which had been out touring with the divisional show, now returned and joined the regiment preparatory to embarking. Concerts so long lacking were now given daily. Everybody was happy and didn't mind showing it.

On March 26th the regiment proceeded over to the large so-called Belgian Camp. Here we were assigned to the old familiar army tents, which brought back memories of Doniphan days. Our time at this camp was spent in numerous inspections, both physical and otherwise, and all clothing was given a good "cootie sweat," and everybody was subjected to the thrill of a "cootie bath." Friend cootie must be left behind. He had been our constant companion for months, and was most loyal in devotion, for it was almost impossible to break asunder our bonds of friendship during these last bitter moments. Here we had to submit to another

of those awful army inoculations—this time a "three-in-one" shot—and needless to say quite a number became quite "malade" for a few days. In writing of our stay here in the Belgian Camp to a little French damosel living near Paris, a description of the camp and what we had to undergo, and mentioning among various things that, "we were shot in the arm today," and went on to explain how the terrible needle a foot or so long was jabbed into one's arm and a



Belgian Camp. Doniphan Days Over.

"quart" of a vile fluid injected, which caused many to become sick. An answer a few days later made mention of the awful treatment we had been accorded and "la petite mademoiselle" wondered why or how one could stand to have so much as a "quart" of poison injected into the system, and that terrible needle must be almost like a bayonet.

Just prior to leaving camp for Brest, Colonel Rowan, a Kansas man, was assigned to the regiment, and took command here. Colonel Rowan had seen much service as a soldier, enlisting in the old National Guard in 1896. During his military career he had served as a Captain, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel. He served in the latter capacity on the border in 1916. At Doniphan he was commander of trains, and served as such in France until ordered to command the 69th Brigade Infantry March 12, 1919. He remained in command of the 137th until we were mustered out of the service at Funston.

COLORS DECORATED.

[Jayhawkerinfrance.]

"At an impressive ceremony which was held on the parade ground at the Belgian Camp Sunday, March 30th, the colors of the regiment were decorated by Major-General Wright, who formerly commanded the 35th Division at Camp Doniphan. The entire regiment was present for the occasion, and it seemed especially fitting that the man who was responsible for the high esteem in which the division was held in the States could have been the one to honor it at the close of its services in France.

"The regiment was formed at 8:15 A. M., and, marching to the field, went through a few maneuvers before the arrival of the General and his staff. Upon the arrival of the General, the bugle corps, composed of twenty-two buglers under the leadership of Regimental Sergeant Bugler Black, followed by Company 'D,' which acted as color company, took their position in front of the flag, and Color Sergeant R. T. Fagerquist received the colors from their station. The bugle corps then sounded 'To the Colors,' while the color company saluted with arms presented. Following the salute, the Color Sergeant took his position in center of the company. The band struck up a march and the color company moved to a position in front of the General. As Colonel O'Connor gave the command, 'Present Arms,' the bugle corps sounded, 'To the Colors,' and the General saluted the flag. At the command 'Order Arms,' and in the silence

which followed, the colors were moved from their position to a place directly in front of the General. The flag was then dipped and the General tied on the ribbons of pale blue, which was the symbol of our service in France. Upon the ribbons the following inscriptions were borne:

GERARDMER SECTOR, VOSGES, FRANCE,
July 8th–September 2nd, 1918.

MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE, FRANCE,
September 26th–October 1st, 1918.

SOMME DIEUE SECTOR, FRANCE,
October 15th–November 7th, 1918.

"After the presentation had been completed, the colors were returned to their position in the regiment, and to the music of the band the regiment was formed for inspection. No formal inspection was held; the General instead, went to each of the three battalions in turn and complimented them upon their appearance and upon their fine record in France. All men who had been recommended for decorations and all those who were deserving special mention, were called out in front of him and he made a short talk congratulating them upon their work. Later, grouping the battalion around him General Wright made the following remarks:

"'My time is limited and I have but a few moments in which to speak to you. This is probably the last time the division will ever be together as a body, and I want to take this opportunity to greet you again. A few days ago I was called to General Headquarters and was told by General Pershing that he had work for me in the States, and that I could take the 35th Division home. I am glad to be with you again. I have the feeling that the 35th is my division, because I worked with you at the beginning of your training and because I learned to appreciate your qualities.

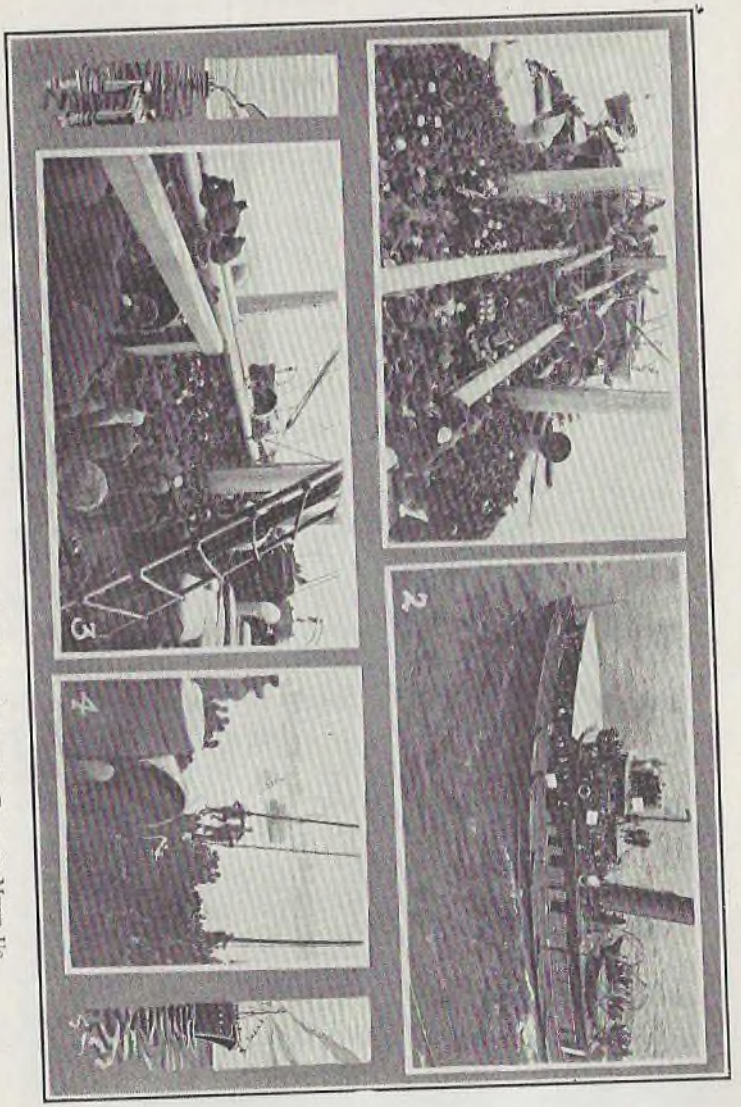
"'When General Pershing told me I was to return to you he gave me to understand that you are to feel that you are to go home with a sense of duty well done. This is the highest reward of a soldier. I want to emphasize this point, and I speak with the experience of thirty-five years as a soldier. Medals, decorations, citations do not compare with it. It

is the finest compliment a commander can pay his command to tell them that they leave the service as men who have seen their duty and have done it faithfully and well. You have had all the average life of a soldier crowded into less than a year. Starting at Doniphan I drove you, drove you hard. Coming over here you went from training to battle, and from battle to the relaxations which followed the signing of the armistice. Last fall the high command knew that it would be necessary to use the American army in final offensive. They realized that you were not completely supplied, and they were aware that you did not have all the necessary training. But they had need of you and they knew they could rely on you, for they knew that you had the one prime requisite of the soldier, "A hell of a punch." You went in and, according to expectations, you *delivered*. As a result, the war is over. If they had waited until you were fully equipped, we should be fighting now, and for the next year. As I said before, the division may never be together again, and I take this opportunity to welcome myself "home" and to bid you good-bye at the same time. Take with you those qualities of a soldier that will help you in civil life—and they are many—and leave those behind which will not benefit you. I wish you Godspeed and a safe and happy return to your homes.'"

April 4th, movement began for the port of embarkation. Entraining at Champagne we rode all night via box cars and arrived the next morning at Brest and went into cantonment at Camp Pontenezen, a large camp two miles east of the town proper. There were thousands of soldiers here awaiting orders to embark, and, like many others, our time was spent in inspections and baths, etc. Here all surplus stuff must be done away with, and everything to the minutest detail made regulation. While here we took advantage of the numerous entertainments, reading rooms and libraries, and had quite an enjoyable time. The last night here a big dance was given in honor of the regiment over in one of the numerous "Y" buildings.

On the morning of April 11th, packs were slung, baggage forwarded down to the docks, and the regiment "fell in." The march down to the docks resembled a funeral parade. Orders were given that there would be no talking or any unnecessary noise, for the least sound would lead to the regiment being kept back in camp for thirty days. Stringent rules were to be observed until we were on the boat and out of sight of land.

As we marched along under heavy packs the only apparent sound was the heavy breathing of the men and the clatter of hobnails upon the pavement. A phantom scene, figures slinking away as though fearing detection. At the docks we were assembled in a large shed, and as the companies were called one by one, they marched out in single file through a checking door, where as each man's name was called he responded with his first name and initial. In this way, a check was kept. We boarded a "lighter" and were conveyed out to the waiting transport a mile or so out in the harbor. Off the historic soil of France at last. It was strange, but inspiring it felt. There was but one thought uppermost now, and that was, we wanted to see the old girl standing out there with her right arm upraised beckoning us onward to home and mother, wife or—in fact anyone glad to see us back. As we pulled up alongside the hugh transport, we beheld other lighters unloading their human cargo, and so it remained for us to stand there on deck of our little boat from 2 P. M. until 6:30 P. M. in a drizzly rain, and cold to the marrow, but we bore it. Who wouldn't? We finally loaded on to the big ship and were soon situated. We were now on the good ship *Manchuria*, a former Pacific mail steamer which had plied between San Francisco and Hong Kong, China. This was her tenth voyage across the Atlantic. A brief de-



1. Easter Services, Mid-Atlantic.
3. Concert by Navy Band.
2. Kansas Reception Boat to Meet Us.
4. Mayor's Reception Boat Coming Out.

scription of her capacity: She had a length of 615 feet, displacement of 27,000 tons, took 1,056,000 gallons of fresh water, 40,000 tons of coal, sufficient for a round trip, two great engines, twelve boilers, thirty-six huge furnaces, and twin propellers. "Some baby" we agree. The compartments had all been taken out and bunks three high were crowded together, each section of three, two feet apart. It was somewhat crowded with 4,771 officers and enlisted men aboard. Also had some of the fairer sex on board, but—they were for "officers only." However, a musician is so situated that he "gets by" with "lots of stuff." A musician is always susceptible to being asked a favor many times and—well, what's good for the goose is good for the gander. Colonel Rowan was in command of all troops on board; Major Ellis, mess officer; Major Bonney, traffic officer; Major Vaughn, police officer. Our meals were served via the "line up" route. We received our "eats" below on deck 2, and went up on deck and devoured the "conglomerated" stuff. Thus mess began, although at times it didn't; it depended upon the individual's temperament, which fluctuated with the weather. We lay there in the harbor at Brest from Friday night, April 11th, until Sunday morning, April 13th, when we pulled anchor at 6 A. M. and headed for the open sea and *home*. We were now standing up on deck watching the land which for twelve months had mothered us, the land where so many and varied experiences had been met, the land where many a mother's son had, through the vicissitudes of war and its prevailing hardships and experiences, grown from adult to manhood. As this historic land of Joan of Arc passed beneath the eastern horizon, we bade our last farewell and from thence on set our eyes westward, out to where, "the West begins." The second day at sea we encountered a severe

storm, which upset more than one doughboy's "inner calculations," and it was no uncommon sight to see almost an entire platoon lined up before the rail bowing and nodding heads in meek humiliation to the God of the Seas, and at the same time uttering a peculiar chant which for a time was quite unknown to some of us until we felt the binding need of discipleship and joined the sea-worshippers. This language of chant became quite adapted to us then and we were ardent subjects. If you have never been seasick, you cannot possibly realize the feeling as it really is.

On the sixth day out we ran into another storm, which was to the disliking of everybody on board. Waves fully forty feet high would come swashing over the decks. It was a wonderful sight to stand and watch these mountains come rolling along and break over the decks. One little corporal, sitting on the deck attempting to down his food, was swept—mess, human and all—clear across the deck, and, coming up with a sudden halt at the opposite railing, he rose to his feet and exclaimed, "If that happens again, I'll get off and walk."

During the day we spent most of our time up on deck reading or writing, providing the ship's list was not very acute. During the evenings, concerts by the ship's band and our own band, alternating, were given. We passed a number of ships which were headed for France. Every time a boat would be sighted in the distance, the cry was sounded by some doughboy, and this would bring others to the spot. It seemed as though another vessel on that vast ocean was quite a novelty, and we all took a squint when opportunity afforded. April 20th, Easter Sunday, was duly observed on board, and Easter services were held out on deck by the ship's Chaplain, assisted by the ship's band. For our Easter dinner, *"beans were served"*—nothing more, nothing less—beans and beans only.

On Monday, the 21st, we first noticed sea gulls flying around the boat. We were then three days out from the U. S. A. At dawn of the 23rd, everybody was up and packs rolled and the ship cleaned and scrubbed. We were to land this day, and everybody was fully aware of the fact. We were nearing God's country and home. Long before land hove in sight every doughboy was up on deck, in life-boats, on masts and riggings, and one energetic fellow had climbed up into the "crow's-nest" awaiting to be proclaimed the modern "discoverer" of America. About noon we passed the first lightship, and about an hour later a thunderous cheer was given. Land could be seen far off ahead. Think of it! that place where for twelve months we had longed to be was now in sight!—a feeling which comes once in a lifetime. There might possibly be another feeling similar, but yet so different—"that time" you stole "only one" among the lilacs and roses. However, this time there was nothing backward about movement or desire; we saw land ahead and we cared not who knew it. That was the point, we wanted everybody to realize it. About 2 P. M. we pulled into the straits, passing Coney and Staten Islands. We had not stopped at Quarantine, but a tug bearing the inspector had met us and the proper official had mounted the ship and upon examining the papers pronounced us "safe characters," and onward we went. In a little while we beheld a small tug steaming out to meet us—the *Kansas reception committee*—bearing Governor Allen, General Martin, Colonel Hoisington, Senator Capper, General Metcalf, and many other distinguished personages. Numerous placards with such inscriptions as, "Kansas welcomes you home!" "Hello, Topeka!" "Welcome back to Wichita!" and others were in evidence. It was then the boys put over a real barrage which

seemed to shake the big ship from stem to stern. Upon this reception boat were numerous relatives and friends of many of the boys, and as the little tug came alongside the ship, pitched voices were heard inquiring, "Is Harry there?" "Where is John?" "Oh, there you are!" "Hello, son!" "Great guns, how you have grown!" "Have you had a nice trip?" "Been feeling well?" etc. And John, forgetting his vows to the God of Waters a few days previous, replies, "Yep, felt fine all the time." About this time the mayor's boat with his reception unit steams out to meet and greet us, and their band strikes up such tantalizing airs as, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the "Old Grey Mare." This last selection proved that the mayor's musicians were far behind the times, for what connection has the "old grey mare with the girl that was left behind?" We are living in a new age, the automobile age, and whatever the old grey mare might have contributed to a successful "date" in past days, she is entirely out of the running today. Even a "Ford" holds more attraction to the erstwhile maiden.

As the Statue of Liberty hove in sight, the doughboys had another spasm, and I am sure the pedestrians over on Broadway stopped in wonderment upon hearing that sound. Here at last we beheld the old girl standing much the same as when we went away twelve months previous. The skyscrapers of New York city looked odd to us, as we had only seen buildings of no more than five stories for months. We realized, if never before, that we were back in the land of the living. Docking at Pier No. 1, packs were slung and we filed over the gangplank. As we stepped upon terra firma of the old U. S. A. we shook and stamped our feet in order to shake off whatever microbes of dust and dirt might be sticking about, for we cared not for any more "souvenir de La France" just

then. It was Kansas Day at Hoboken, and over 8000 men and officers "deboated."

We had no sooner landed than the telegraph wires between New York and Kansas were in operation in our behalf. While standing there on the pier watching telegrams being made up, I saw one fellow send the following: "Arrived safely; send fifty dollars." Asking him if he thought he would receive the fifty, he replied, "Yay, boy; it will be worth that to see me." I rather imagine he was right. Here at Hoboken we received a hot piping supper from the Red Cross, and here it was we were treated to our first bit of real honest to goodness apple pie, the first many of us had had for over a year. Loading on the ferry, we were conveyed over to Long Island, and there took train for Camp Upton, arriving there at midnight. Our first engagement here was to undergo another "cootie" bath and a general cleaning up. During our stay here in camp everybody was granted 48-hour passes to New York City, and thus we came once more into contact with American life in full bloom. The boys' favorite rendezvous in the big metropolis were such places as the Hippodrome, opera, the Follies, ice cream parlors, and the like. We were now enjoying all the benefits of which we had been deprived for months. Money was spent quite freely, and as a rule everybody was well supplied with the "filthy lucre." They had been saving up their shekels for months for just such a time. Ice cream and pie were given the monopoly over everything else.

Although miles away from Kansas, still we felt rather close to said spot. True, we had been accustomed to be several thousand miles away, and with the mighty ocean between at that. After several days resting up, if it might be called that, and getting rid of all replacements, sending them to

their home camps, we were ready for the last leg of our journey. Thirteen hundred and seventy men and officers were detached from the regiment here, which cut in upon our roster considerably. Sunday, May 3rd, the regiment commenced entraining, and the last units were on their way by late Monday. It was quite a luxury to once more be riding in first-class Pullmans, and we showed our appreciation during several instances of our trip westward. The journey required four days and three nights. All along the route we met with a hearty reception. People crowded the station platforms to bid welcome to the returning veterans of the world-war. Although not personally acquainted, we seemed to feel that we belonged more or less to one another. Our mess consisted for the most part of sandwiches, coffee, ice cream and pie, and this was sufficient. We stopped a short while in Washington, D. C., and passed through Jersey City, Trenton, Philadelphia, through West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana and Missouri. The trip over the Alleghany Mountains reminded us of the scenery down in Alsace and of the Vosges Mountains. Reaching St. Louis, we detrained for mess and a little limbering up. Leaving the B. & O. here, we took the Chicago & Alton for Kansas City and arrived there by sections during the course of Wednesday and Thursday. Here part of the regiment was entertained in royal fashion. The writer happened to be on the late train and never reached Kansas City until daylight Thursday morning, and thus missed out on this celebration. Although the hour was early, many relatives and friends were down to meet us, and more than one sleeping mother's son was called out of his berth by some gentle voice enquiring for him. Leaving Kansas City, we arrived in Topeka and there detrained and were met with a perfect barrage of "eats," served by the Red Cross canteen

workers. This day we enjoyed a real chicken dinner and many other effects of the culinary art. With all due courtesy and sincerity, let it be said that the Topeka Chapter of the Red Cross Canteen Service tendered us one of the best receptions we had ever been accorded. The women composing that unit have for months past been doing a mammoth service, and one that cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. To Mrs. C. L. Mitchell and her able cohorts, we give salute!

At 2 P. M. the 130th Field Artillery Regiment and the 137th Infantry assembled for the big parade, and by 2:30 P. M. the line of march had commenced. Straight up Kansas Avenue they went with bands playing and colors to the breeze. Thousands of people lined both sides of the line of march, and at one juncture flower girls stood as sentries by the wayside, and as the helmeted veterans passed, hundreds of flowers were scattered along their pathway. During this flower shower, our band was playing, and eyes which should have been on the music were glancing hither and thither. Our bass player, who was playing a helicon bass, was "stepping 'em off" in rhythmic style, both cheeks and lungs doing "extra detail." At a very critical juncture of that particular march piece, and just as he was about to commence a rapid upward run on his horn, a huge bouquet came "minniewurfering" through the air and alighted deep down in the bell of his instrument (among the bass notes). As this happened at the most psychological moment of that young man's career and as he was about to show his home folks the art of "shimmying" up into unknown heights, he blasted forth as the rose struck, and in place of hitting "A" flat, the instrument gave vent to a horrible blood-curdling groan which nearly broke up the line of march. Most every musician

stopped playing and looked around to see who had succumbed to the excitement of the cheering crowds.

Along the line of march numerous placards befitting the occasion were on display. "How's Cheppy?" "We Got You, Varennes;" "Ask Mademoiselle to Promenade; She Will." The line of march broke ranks out on the terrace of the State House, and here family reunions were enjoyed. Topeka was "right" that day, and the boys were accorded a reception beyond their wildest dreams. Here was Mother holding her boy to her bosom. "My, but you have grown, and how well you look." There was "Dad" slapping his boy on the back and saying, "I told ya, son, that you could do it; and you sure had the Huns on the run." Over there a "young daddy" in his uniform holding his youngest for the first time and looking him or her over with a critical eye—sure, a chip of the old block."

Many a doughboy enjoyed his first real ride in something better than an army truck. No French lassie today; far from it; in fact, six thousand miles from it. He was invited to numerous car rides, and it seemed as though every fair damsel in town had a car and every one was in arms (figuratively speaking) to do his or her part in entertaining the boys. In place of riding on some old high two-wheeled cart on his way to the village, John, Dick, and Joe were seated in some luxurious Packard, Chalmers, etc., with a real honest to goodness American mademoiselle by his side. Yes, at times he did feel a little out of place. Those pesky "hobnails" were forever in prominent foreground, and several times he almost caught himself on "army slang." However, he was back among his own kith and kin, and they realized that if his somewhat wrinkled uniform (which had been censored by the Charges de Cooties) and his hobnails and

his army vernacular had been good enough in France while facing the foe, they were equally good enough or even better over here. They wanted to see him as he appeared during his strenuous days over there. Leaving Topeka about 6:30 P. M., we proceeded on our way to Camp Funston, where we were to be mustered out. At Manhattan it seemed as if the entire city had turned out to greet us. With band playing and the babble of hundreds of voices, it took on the appearance of some great booster movement, and I guess it was. Every man, woman and child was a booster, as they had been during the war. Companies of the Second and Third Battalions were enjoying the hospitality of Wichita, Hutchinson, Great Bend and other places. We reached Funston about 8:30 that evening of May 7, 1919, and, detraining, went immediately to assigned barracks. It was then and there our clerical force got busy, and, supplemented by every man in the regiment who could pound a typewriter or make out records, the paper barrage started. They worked two entire nights, and had all records completed by Saturday. Our time was spent in turning in equipment and signing numerous documents and papers. Never had we signed so many official documents in our whole life. First one thing and then another.

On Saturday, May 10, 1919, at 10:30 A. M. we underwent our final physical examination, and were pronounced "fit" to return to civil life. Records showed that every man had improved physically and mentally, and was going back to civil life a grown man. At 1 P. M. we were called out and marched over to the disbursing office and there, as our names were called we stepped up, gave our last military salute, received our "salary" in one hand and our "*discharge papers*" in the other. Without stopping to salute an acknowledg-

ment, we hit for the door, and once outside gave vent to our feelings in a most fantastic manner and very unbecoming a "civilian." Few good-byes were said, but with grip in one hand and extras in the other we set swift pace for the railroad station. It was an angry mob awaiting there, and as the train pulled in we advanced hundreds deep for the "final attack." That was the last seen of ye doughboy. The months of toil and hardships were now behind him; he was a free man once more, and he was willing to let the dead past bury its dead. Today he sits amid old familiar environs and rules a king supreme.

CHAPTER XV.

WORLD CITIZENS.

KNEELING CHILDREN OF FRANCE.

Dear little sad-eyed children of France,
Once on a time when the world was gay,
In the streets of Paris you danced and sang.
God grant you again a happy day,
Sad little children of France.

Wan little weary-eyed children of France,
In the streets of Paris you knelt today,
Knelt at the sight of a succoring flag,
Knelt in the streets where you used to play,
Heartbroken children of France.

We are thinking today of the long ago,
Kneeling children beyond the sea.
When your fathers came with hearts aflame
To us, in the name of Liberty,
Fatherless children of France.

You knelt in the streets as the flag went by,
Our flag with a glory strangely new.
The stars of Heaven gleamed in its folds,
Strewn but today in that field of blue,
For you, O children of France.

Dear little war-smitten children of France,
In our hearts is a prayer as the flag goes by—
For the flag we have vowed to a glorious quest,
For the flag aflame on a far-away shore,
For God—and the babies of France.

Over a century ago there came to America a young French nobleman with six thousand of his countrymen. They came to risk all for freedom and truth. They had nothing to gain for themselves save the joy of unselfish service. To them would come neither land nor wealth; their portion would be hardship, battles and wounds and death.

They were torch-bearers of civilization, bringing light and hope to a people struggling against disaster and defeat. They came at an opportune time. They fought bravely and well, and some among them died. Their courage and sacrifice helped to make possible a new nation in the western world. And then, when victory had been won and the long war was over, the gallant Lafayette and those of his little company who still remained, made their way home. The land for which they fought, suffered and died, enshrined them forever in sacred memory.

In 1914, when those dogs of war were unleashed in the far off Balkans, the world awoke with startled breath. As the days lengthened into weeks and weeks to years, the transgressor was slowly but surely weaving a net around himself. It was then, above the fury of the tempest, could be heard what was likened unto a voice saying, "Lo, I am with you," and at His summons came from the western world thousands of the flower of American youth, ready to die for the liberty of the land from which a little company of French heroes had sailed for American shores more than a century before.

France, wonderful France, courageous in her hour of trial, was saved from greedy and unscrupulous enemies. The triumph of right over wrong became doubly assured when the ever growing hosts of American manhood united their strength with hers and that of her Allies in crushing a ruthless and brutal foe. Lafayette and his daring six thousand helped

to turn the tide for the struggling states in the dark days of the American Revolution; Pershing and his legions in their hour helped to turn the tide in the dark days of 1918, when France and the world were in peril. One hundred and forty years ago the brave sons of France cast their bread upon the waters of liberty. More than a century after, the bread they had cast upon the waters returned to them again.

After passing through the World War, meeting new and varied experiences, assimilating new ideas, learning new customs, perceiving new ideals, permitted an opportunity of studying other peoples and countries, we beheld for the first time the contrast of people and things. It was then we learned how to appreciate our own land and what she had to offer as a democracy. It was then that we realized the worth of giving. The noblest sacrifice that a peaceful country can demand of its citizens is that they go to war in defense of that country. But as our great philosopher Emerson said, "In his best moments no one speaks of sacrifice." What we learned from our foreign stay was the fact that it was true the United States, more than any other country, offers privileges of individual freedom and of political unity, opportunities for unlimited prosperity. These gifts have not narrowed, they have broadened the hearts, the minds, the souls of the Americans; they have made of him, not an egoist, not a mere unit in a family, but a humanitarian; they brought him into this late war.

One point we are to bear in mind is the fact that, during our fight for our liberty and independence, the French gave us their support to a degree. It was French money that bought shoes for our soldiers, when, in the winter of 1776, they were walking barefoot in the snow. It was the French ships which helped us at sea, and the French troops under

Lafayette and Rochambeau which made possible our final victory at Yorktown. Thus we can link together in our minds gratitude for the privileges which have made us the greatest democracy in the world. True, since we have returned from that land across the sea, many of us do so with a certain feeling of "riddance of bad rubbish." We are tired of the French, their customs, ideas and what not. Many times we have listened to the remarks of some resentful young "Yank" as he was pouring out his tale of woe—how the French robbed them, were inconsiderate and rude.

That high prices were charged, that misunderstandings arose, we admit. We expected they would. Can one picture other than high prices, economical observances, a careful eye on all possessions, in a country that has been attempting to hold a foe at bay for over four years? Imagine what it would have meant to our own land had we suffered the trials and tribulations which our ally across the sea suffered. As we grow older, our figures just a little stooped, our steps just a little uncertain, we shall look back upon the time when the thousands of us, the young, vigorous manhood of this land, went across the sea to there step into the inferno of a living hell, and how as young fighting "bloods" carried with us that unbounded vigor and snap so characteristic of young manhood. How we came among a people who were burdened down with four years of hellish war with all its trials and burdens. How they beheld us and wondered at our spirit. More than once, the thought of, "Those Americans seem so carefree, so young and spirited, they do not realize the consequences of war," no doubt appeared to the minds of our French friends.

Many of us—you may be among the number—landed at some small French port in France, and traveled across country in trucks, or perhaps cattle cars, to a training camp without seeing even one large city, much less Paris. You perhaps drove over roads—in peace times the best in the world—now much injured by heavy travel and lack of repair. You passed along fields which for four years had been cultivated by the willing but weak arms of the women, the children and the old men. You passed houses in some little village which were closed forever, fathers and sons having been killed at the Front. You met aged men who had lost their sons, women who had lost their husbands, young girls who had lost their sweethearts. All the joy for these people had gone out of life. Their valor remained. In many places the houses, the trees, the ground itself, had been shattered and hopelessly wrecked by the cannon of the enemy. As this picture portrayed was perhaps all you saw in France, you could little judge what this country used to be. You could only touch the desolate soul of a land you had come to help restore.

Remember that little French poilu soldier, he with the beard, those snappy wideawake Latin eyes, his quick temperamental outbursts, how passions of quick anger or extreme joy took possession of his being? How, when you understood him, he rejoiced with you and patted you on the back, exclaiming, "Americain soldat, tres bon, tres bon. Bon ami," etc. Did you realize that that little Frenchman boasted of an ancestry who had, generation after generation, given their all in defense of their country; had been valiant, strong-hearted and patriotic from the deep depths of their hearts? They had; and here standing before you was one of these who willingly and gladly had been offering his all for months, nay, years, for his love for country and its ideals were dearer than life to him. No wonder we must

honor the children of France for what they are at heart. We have in truth learned much from our little poilu friend.

You're a funny fellow, poilu, in your dinky little cap,
And your war-worn uniform of blue,
With your multitude of haversack, abulge from heel to flap,
And your rifle that is most as big as you.
You were made for love and laughter, for good wine and merry song;
Now your sunlit world has sadly gone astray,
And the road today you travel stretches rough and red and long,
Yet you make it, petit soldat, brave and gay.

Though you live within the shadow, fagged and hungry half the while,
And your days and nights are racking in the line,
There is nothing under Heaven that can take away your smile,
Oh, so wistful, and so patient, and so fine.
You are tender as a woman with the tiny ones who crowd
To upraise their lips and for your kisses pout—
Still, we'd hate to have to face you when the bugle's sounding loud,
And your slim, steel sweetheart "Rosalie" is out.

You're devoted to mustaches, which you twirl with such an air
O'er a cigarette with nigh an inch to run.
And quite often you are noticed in a beard that's full of hair,
But that heart of yours is always twenty-one.
No, you do not "parley English," and you find it very hard,
For you want to chum with us, and words you lack;
So you pat us on the shoulder and say, "Nous sommes comarades";
We are that, my poilu pal, to hell and back.

It was unfortunate that while you were over there you could not see the better side of French life.

The French, like the Americans, have often been misjudged. People have thought the Americans purely commercial in spirit—that they were a nation of "shopkeepers." The French have been stamped "frivolous." Perhaps they are to a certain extent, and even a little "gay" in the old Puritan sense of the word. In the writer's experience, it

might be added that he has never yet met a people who so enjoy the very essence of living like our French friends. Life is theirs to enjoy. Along with all this, they are well balanced, perhaps more so than most people. They have strong hearts, strong minds, and strong wills. They have also a keen sense of the ridiculous and the same sort of wit that Americans have—as quick as a flash, and which lets nothing escape it. They are far more conventional, because an older people than we. In their trades and industries they are highly efficient, and where the American motto reads "Get On!" The French is, "Stand Fast!"

He who says "home" in France, says "marriage"; no hearthstone can be kept warm for more than one generation by the old maids and bachelors. The question of marriage is of foremost importance in French life. It seems to determine all social activity. Young people must marry; to found a family is a sacred duty. When mademoiselle reaches the age of about twenty, or a young man the age of twenty-five, their parents and their friends begin to look about; the family doctor, lawyer, the curate, all set out in search for a life companion suitable to the young person to be married. How different here in America. Sometimes the old grey mare comes in upon the scene; other times the faithful little "Ford" carries away the fleeing pair, the justice is called on during the wee hours of night, the formality observed, and the curtain rings down. Sometimes they live "happily ever after," other times not.

France has the greatest natural resources, or might I say "riches," of any country in Europe, except Russia. It has, therefore, from the beginning of its history, been the victim of repeated invasions on the part of covetous neighbors. The first battle of the Marne was fought against the Hun

chief, Atilla, whom the French defeated near Chalons in the year 451. Until comparatively recent times, feudal lords, who owned most of the land in Europe, were continually fighting against each other and against their king. France was the first modern country to establish her political unity, in 1643. For over a thousand years she has been struggling toward this end. National unity is one of the ideals for which France has always been willing to give her life. Another ideal which has seemed to her worth dying for, is democracy. By this she means liberty, fraternity and equality. All the great men of France have contributed to the furtherance of these ideals.

France covers an area of 207,054 square miles, less than the size of Texas. When this is taken into consideration, we must needs realize what she accomplished in keeping the foe engaged for so many years of the late war. While describing in a most meager way a few impressions we received while over there, the reader, especially you who were not fortunate enough to cross the mighty expanse of the billowy deep, would wonder why so many of the Americans who were "lucky" enough to come within the environs of "gay Paree" speak in such glowing terms of this place. Paris today is considered one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, of all cities. The writer had the good fortune of visiting this metropolis on two stated occasions, spending twelve days there. During that time so much was seen and heard that it would take a good-sized volume to describe to you the wonders of this place. My first impression of Paris was, no one works, everybody is happy and carefree. There is no manufacturing done here—only the customary Parisian shops, wine gardens, cafes, restaurants and the like. Clothes made here? Very true, the finest clothes in the world; but

again we contend, no one works. For occupying their time in store- and shop-keeping, the pretty little "modistes" engaged in fashioning the new creations, do so with such interest, such pride, such pleasure, that it appears to be so much play. Their hearts are in the work and to a decided degree. It is a pleasure to watch them at this play. For the benefit of you who are interested, let it be said, nowhere in all our travels both in this country and abroad, have we seen such taste in dress, such wonderfully good taste, as these Parisians display. Our own New York could not compete, and that, by the way, is saying a great deal. In Paris it is not what you wear, but how you wear it, that counts. This regards women's clothes. Although claiming no authority on women's styles, one cannot but notice the effects of this and that. Perfectly natural in a place like that. Here one sees aristocracy and society at its best, and although wearing "hobnails" and carrying perhaps a few of those "creeping" species, the American doughboy who was fortunate in mixing within the august circle wondered whether the sight that met his eyes was but a vision or perchance a dream. Those who fought the "battle of Paris" were "lucky birds" to say the least, and were envied by more than one weary mud-bespattered doughboy up front.

Having portrayed to the reader but a very condensed description of the many impressions we received while in France, we must pass on. We are now back in God's country and among his people after twelve months "Over There." We were many going over, but fewer coming back. Those of us who, as it seemed, were ordained to return to country and home, did so with a feeling that we had been out in the world. Had seen, heard and felt much, and which was to

leave its imprint upon our future lives. We realize this now more than we did sometime ago. As these lines are being written under the lighting rays of the midnight oil, we are inclined to feel that something has entered into our lives which hitherto was quite unknown. How different from a few months ago when we were leaving home and dear ones. It seemed as though we were but mere lads going out into the world in quest of something which at the time seemed hard to find. We were young, "rookish," unsettled and restless. The world appeared as so much ground upon which was built a few quarrelsome peoples, nations and homes. All looked more or less alike. We hardly knew such as responsibility, although we did have a faint idea of what was needed and did our best as we saw it. Today, however, the scene is changed. We have returned home, let us hope at least, bigger, better, stronger men and citizens, and do now realize our forthcoming responsibilities. We now realize that we, you and I, are stockholders in the greatest institution builded upon the sands of the earth. Today, we stand firmer for Democracy, Freedom, Equality, than ever before. You mothers of America, your sons who went away as mere lads, have come back to you *men*, and the forthcoming years are to prove this assertion. Yesterday, we went away, "State citizens" if you please; today, we have returned, *world citizens*. We see the brotherhood of man not merely in a local way, but in a worldly manner, for we realize that if the world is really to be made safe for democracy, it means that all, each one of us, must needs realize our responsibility to our fellowmen, and our motto must read, "Co-operation and Brotherly Love." Where once the sword was mightier than the pen, now, the tables are to be reversed, and whatever we are to say or do must be in the

interest, not of the individual, but in the interest of peoples.

To this end, the motto of world citizens would portray: "I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show or any good I can do to any fellow being, let me do it now; let me not defer it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Then again, we have done what was expected of us during the past few months. Now we must go on and keep the pace we have set. We owe it not alone to ourselves but to posterity, and while thus thinking of posterity we recall the little verse:

Babes in their golden hour
Seeking some hidden flower,
Will in those years afar,
Play on the fields of war.

APPENDIX

"OUR ROSTER."

Headquarters Company.

Formed by the consolidation of Headquarters Company of the First Kansas Infantry, of Lawrence, Kansas, and Headquarters Company of the Second Kansas Infantry, of Hutchinson, Kansas, with Captain Fred E. Ellis in command.

Headquarters Company, formerly composed Regimental Headquarters, the Band, orderlies, and non-commissioned officers of regimental staff. It now called for a personnel of 298 men, divided into five platoons—Headquarters, Signal, One-Pounders, Pioneer and Sappers, and Bombers. In the consolidation, Captain Ellis began a "weeding out" process, and in this manner brought the company to a high state of efficiency. The Signal Platoon was composed of linemen, repairmen, electricians and runners. They handled lines of communication, either by telephone, wireless, runners, or carrier pigeons.

The One-Pounders—three sections, each handling a 37-mm. gun, a small piece of artillery used for effective "spotting" of machine gun nests and other difficult objectives.

The Sappers and Bombers, or "Stokes' Mortar" Platoon, consisted of three sections, handling two Stokes' mortar guns to each section. Object, to destroy enemy trenches, dugouts, barbed wire entanglements, and in general cause a dent in the morale of the opposing troops.

The Pioneer Platoon was our engineer unit, which did repairing, building, and were usually engaged in construction

and destruction, depending upon the nature of the work at hand. Platoons of Headquarters Company played an important part during the Argonne drive. As the platoons composing this company were units of experts in their various lines, the nature of their work was most important. Later on, the personnel of Headquarters Company called for 349 men.

Supply Company.

Captain E. A. Noonan, of Second Kansas Supply Company, was senior officer when the regiment was organized. He was unit supply officer until February 14, 1918.

First Lieutenant Paul Simpson, of McPherson County, was transport officer, and he developed the transport service to an acme of perfection. The First, Second and Third Battalions' supply were in charge of Sergeants Wainer, Clark and Henney respectively, and to them is due much credit for efficiency and service. It was the duty of the Supply Company to feed and clothe 3000 men at all times and under varying conditions. Theirs was not a life of pleasure, as one trip especially would testify, namely the route leading up from the Forest de Haye to the Forest de Argonne. It meant eight days of rain and mud and through a bitter cold. Serving as supply officer while over in France, much credit is due Captain F. E. Barr. His lot was anything but easy, and conditions demanded the best that was in him. Captain Barr was a member of our "Big Three" and one of the most popular officers in the regiment.

Medical Corps.

Captain Oscar Hanson, regimental surgeon. Four infirmaries, one for each battalion and one for Regimental

Headquarters, were maintained. Lieutenants Feige and Kirkpatrick proved the mainstays of this section, and whatever was desired was usually to be had through the endeavors of these two individuals.

Machine Gun Company.

Formed from First Kansas Infantry Machine Gun Company, organized at Humboldt, Kansas, and the Second Kansas Infantry Machine Gun Company, of Hutchinson, formerly commanded by Captain Frank D. Mathias, and consisted of 74 men. Later, Captain Guy Rexroad, with like numbers, consolidated the two companies at Doniphan into the 137th Machine Gun Company. Captain F. E. Barr, of Wichita, commanded this unit until he was placed in charge of the supply unit. Upon arrival in France, this company was formed into a provisional machine gun battalion, with Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Tucker in command.

Intelligence Section.

Although considered a part of Headquarters Company, this unit conducted most of its work independent of the command. Organized at Doniphan, it was placed under the command of Lieutenant J. C. Haehle early in October, 1917, the personnel consisted of one regimental intelligence officer, three sergeants and five first-class privates. In November, 1917, Lieutenant Daum took command of the section and remained in charge until August, 1918. Lieutenant Dorsey later came into charge. He was killed while on duty in the Argonne. The work of the Intelligence section was complicated and severe. It demanded specialists who knew the work of the department from all angles. It was their duty to keep maps of regiment's movements, watch and record

enemy moves, tabulate all the regiment's activities, either in the trenches or back of the lines, and a hundred other things. Many times this section's alertness while watching an enemy move, proved of great advantage to our units. They were the eyes of our organization.

CITATIONS.

HEADQUARTERS 35TH DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.
13th November, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS
No. 98

1. The Division Commander takes great pleasure in publishing to the officers and men of this Division the effective and efficient work, under fire during the action of September 26th-October 1st, 1918, of the Medical Officers, Dental Officers, and enlisted personnel of the Sanitary Detachments of the following organizations, and of the litter-bearers assigned to these organizations, from time to time:

137th Infantry,
138th Infantry,
139th Infantry,
140th Infantry,

2. Special credit for courage and resourcefulness, under fire, and for the effective handling of their detachments, is due the following Regimental Surgeons:

Captain Oscar Hansen, Regimental Surgeon, 137th Infantry.

Major Emil Burgher, Regimental Surgeon, 138th Infantry.

Major Henry D. Smith, Regimental Surgeon, 139th Infantry.

3. The courage and efficient work of the following officers and enlisted men of the Medical Corps of this Division are peculiarly worthy of note:

First Lieutenant Walter Kirkpatrick, M. C., U. S. A., 137th Infantry, for continuing to work while violently ill from gas, repeatedly refusing to stop until forced to do so by the Regimental Surgeon.

First Lieutenant Robert E. Forrester, M. C., U. S. A., 137th Infantry, for coolly and efficiently continuing the work of his old station after three other medical officers had been wounded or gassed in that station; and for disabling a German machine gun which had been left in a position to command the retiring American lines.

First Lieutenant Carl A. Foige, M. C., U. S. A., 137th Infantry, for bravery and efficient work in heavy shell fire; and at one time, when the team of litter bearers was wiped out, he organized a second team of litter bearers, and led them out on the field amidst heavy shell fire.

Sergeant H. Meyers, Sanitary Detachment, 137th Infantry, who was wounded while going forward to administer aid to a fallen soldier, but continued to work until ordered to the rear.

Sergeant First Class T. Quinn, Sanitary Detachment, 137th Infantry, who through his energetic efforts, was most valuable in the matter of locating patients on the field and having them littered back; also in procuring dressings and litters and bringing them forward.

Private Erret P. Scrivner, Dental Assistant, Sanitary Detachment, 137th Infantry, for exceptional gallantry in action during the engagement of September 26th to October 1st, 1918, when he was counted missing in action. Private Scrivner repeatedly went out under heavy shell fire and machine gun fire in the area immediately behind the advancing front line and administered first aid, and assisted the men to the dressing stations. On the morning of October 1st, 1918, he did not return from a call, and has since been counted missing in action.

Sergeant Harry Glahm, Sanitary Detachment, 129th Machine Gun Battalion, for effective work under heavy shell fire and machine gun fire, and who continued to work throughout the drive until he was taken back from the field in a semi-conscious condition.

Private Lester F. Strauss, Sanitary Detachment, 129th Machine Gun Battalion, for his excellent work under heavy shell and machine gun fire, and who continued to work and

administer to the wounded, even when an enemy plane, flying low over the dressing station, dropped a bomb, killing two men near him.

PETER E. TRAUB,
Major General, U. S. Army,
Commanding.

(Copy to all Organizations.)

HEADQUARTERS 35TH DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.
August 25th, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS
No. 67

(Extract.)

1. The Division Commander desires to commend the following named enlisted men for skillful performance of unusually hazardous duty in evacuating the wounded in action on the morning of July 20th, 1918:

Sergeant First-Class Theophilus J. Quinn, Sanitary Detachment, 137th Infantry.

Private Ernst A. Urhlaub, Sanitary Detachment, 137th fantry.

Private Claude Shultz, Company "C," 137th Infantry.

Private Harrison R. Kock, Company "C," 137th Infantry.

By command of Major-General TRAUB.

E. E. HASKIHL,
Colonel, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

Official:

WM. ELLIS,
Major, U. S. Army,
Acting Division Adjutant.

GENERAL PERSHING COMMENDS DIVISION.

After the Meuse-Argonne drive General Pershing commended the Division upon its work and its accomplishments, as follows:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
December 19th, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS
No. 232.

It is with a great sense of gratitude for its splendid accomplishments, which will live through all history, that I record in General Orders a tribute to the victory of the First Army in the Meuse-Argonne battle.

Tested and strengthened by the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient, for more than six weeks you battered against the pivot of the enemy line on the western front. It was a position of imposing natural strength, stretching on both sides of the Meuse River from the bitterly contested hills of Verdun to the almost impenetrable forest of the Argonne; a position moreover fortified by four years of labor designed to render it impregnable; a position held with the fullest resources of the enemy. That position you broke utterly, and thereby hastened the collapse of the enemy's military power.

Soldiers of all Divisions engaged under the First, Third and Fifth American Corps, the Second Colonial and Seventeenth French Corps, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 26th, 29th, 32nd, 33rd, "*35th*," 37th, 42nd, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 89th, 90th and 91st American Divisions, the 18th and 26th French Divisions, and the 10th and 15th French Colonial Divisions—You will long be remembered for the stubborn persistence of your progress, your penetration, yard by yard; through woods and ravines, your heroic resistance in the face of counter attacks supported by powerful artillery fire, your storming of obstinately defended machine gun nests. For more than a month, from the initial attack of September 26th, you fought your way slowly

through the Argonne, through woods and over hills west of the Meuse; you slowly enlarged your hold on the Cotes de Meuse to the east, and then on the 1st of November, your attack forced the enemy into flight. Pressing his retreat, you cleared the entire left bank of the Meuse south of Sedan, and then stormed the heights on the right bank and drove him into the plain beyond.

Soldiers of all army and corps troops engaged, to you no less credit is due. Your steadfast adherence to duty and your dogged determination in the face of all obstacles made possible the heroic deeds cited above.

The achievement of the First Army, which is scarcely to be equaled in American history, must remain a source of great pride and satisfaction to the troops who participated in the last campaign of the war. The American people will remember it as the realization of the hitherto potential strength of the American contribution toward the cause to which they had sworn allegiance. There can be no greater reward for a soldier or for a soldier's memory.

HEADQUARTERS 35TH DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
14th October, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS,
No. 82.

1. It is with great pride and pleasure that I make of record, and publish in General Orders, my appreciation of the courage and devotion to duty of the officers and the men of the following units under my command during the six days' battle against picked troops of the enemy, from September 26th to October 1st, 1918.

Headquarters 35th Division.

Headquarters and Headquarters Detachment, 69th Infantry Brigade.

The 137th Infantry Regiment.

The 138th Infantry Regiment.

Headquarters and Headquarters Detachment, 70th Brigade.
The 139th Infantry Regiment.
The 140th Infantry Regiment.
Headquarters and Headquarters Detachment, 60th Field Artillery Brigade.
The 128th Field Artillery Regiment.
The 129th Field Artillery Regiment.
The 130th Field Artillery Regiment.
The 128th Machine Gun Battalion.
The 129th Machine Gun Battalion.
The 130th Machine Gun Battalion.
The 110th Regiment of Engineers.
The 110th Field Signal Battalion.
The 110th Supply Train.
The 110th Ammunition Train.
The 110th Sanitary Train.
The 110th Trench Mortar Battery.
Headquarters Troop 35th Division.
Second Brigade Tank Corps.
Provisional Squadron, Second Cavalry—Troops "B," "D," "F" and "H."

2. The task of making a record of individual acts of courage and devotion to duty in the face of most deadly artillery and machine gun fire is an impossible one, for many of them will never be known; no greater praise nor commendation to the officers and men of the units mentioned above can be bestowed than to say that they have performed the tasks set for them in a spirit and manner worthy of best ideals and traditions of the American army. You have met and defeated picked divisions of the enemy; you never failed to respond cheerfully to whatever difficult and dangerous tasks may have been set before you to perform. You have accomplished these tasks with a fearlessness, courage and disregard of all danger and hardship which fully justifies the pride which those at home have in you. Vauquois, Bois de Rossiqnol, Ouvrage, D'Aden, Cheppy, Charpentry, Baulny, Bois, Mon-Treubeau, Exermont, are names that you may

take just pride in passing on to your native States as having been the scenes of your feat of arms.

3. The spirit of our dead comrades are with us to urge us on to greater deeds in our country's noble cause. To their families and friends we extend our heartfelt sympathy. To our wounded we hope for a speedy and safe return to our ranks that they may add their great spunk and enthusiasm to those of their more fortunate brothers in arms.

4. I direct that this General Order be read to all units of this command at the first formation at which they are assembled.

PETER E. TRAUB,
Major-General U. S. Army,
Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND ARMY,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
March 7, 1919.

GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 2. }

1. Upon the departure of the 35th Division from the Second Army for return to the United States, the Commanding General of the Second Army desires to congratulate the Division upon its services to its country in France. Organized and trained in the United States, it received a special training with the British army in France beginning in June, 1918. In July it occupied the Gerardmere sector with the French, and it executed various successful raids, such as the Hillenfirst and the Mattle raids, upon which it was highly complimented and received decorations from the French with whom the Division was serving. In the Gerardmere sector it covered and protected effectively a tremendous front.

In September it backed up the First American Army during its operations in the St. Mihiel salient.

In the end of September, the Division attacked as part of the First Army in the great Verdun-Argonne battle. It

stormed and took Vauquois Hill and Bois der Rossignol, two strong points of the German defensive line, and it afterward took the formidable positions near Cheppy, Varennes, Charpentry and Baulny, and afterward Montrebeau Wood and Exermont. It remained in the battle five days, executing five separate attacks and losing over six thousand officers and men. The Commanding General of the First Army commended the Division for its fighting spirit.

During this five-days battle the Division was opposed by some of the best Divisions of the German Army, and from them captured over one thousand officers and men, and large quantities of stores and material. Relieved in the great battle of Verdun-Argonne from the fighting line for rest, the Division, after two weeks breathing spell, was placed in the active Sommedieu sector southwest of Verdun, where for three weeks it harried the enemy with patrols and raids and deeply penetrated his lines, unsettling his morale.

Relieved again about November 9th from the Sommedieu sector for rest, it went into cantonment in preparation for early operation against the enemy in the vicinity of Metz. The armistice of November 11, ended the war.

From the armistice through a period of trying waiting to date, the Division's interest in military duty has not flagged, its appearance, condition and state of readiness have steadily improved. Upon these, the Commander in Chief of the American Expeditionary Force has congratulated the Division, and to his congratulations the Commanding General of the Second Army now wishes to add his congratulations and best wishes.

By command of Lieutenant-General Bullard.

STUART HEINTZELMAN,
Chief of Staff.

Official:

ALLEN SMITH, JR.,
Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS 35TH DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
15th November, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 100. }

I. The Division Commander takes pleasure in citing in General Orders the following-named Chaplains of this Division for courage and devotion to duty while under heavy enemy fire during the battle of September 26th–October 1st, 1918:

Chaplain William E. Sullen, Second Battalion, 137th Infantry, showed exceptional bravery in assisting litter bearers in carrying wounded to the 139th Infantry dressing station, through heavy shell fire.

Chaplain C. L. Tierman, 129th Field Artillery, worked for two days and nights among the wounded at the dressing station at Charpentry. On October 1st, under heavy shell fire, he worked all day in the open with a burial squad, with utter disregard of his personal safety.

Chaplain William T. Kane, 110th Ammunition Train, went forward and worked at the division dressing stations among the wounded without regard to his personal safety.

Chaplains Evan A. Edwards and Oliver Bushwell, 140th Infantry, spared no efforts to care for the wounded between the front line and the dressing station of their regiment, under heavy shell fire, and without regard to personal safety.

Chaplain William L. Hart, 140th Infantry, not only rendered spiritual aid to the wounded, but gathered stragglers together, and by word and example, without regard for his personal safety, encouraged them to action.

By command of Major General Traub.

H. S. HAWKINS,
Colonel, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

HEADQUARTERS 35TH DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
October 17th, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 83. }

(Extract.)

The Division Commander takes great pleasure in citing in General Orders the following-named officers and enlisted men for gallantry in action during the six days' battle from September 26th to October 1st, 1918.

Sergeant Varlaurd Pearson, Company "I," 137th Infantry. Although wounded by machine gun fire September 30th, displayed excellent leadership in handling his platoon, which he kept well organized, and succeeded in dislodging several machine gun nests.

Sergeant John C. Gooch, Company "G," 137th Infantry, and Sergeant Irwin L. Cowger, Company "C," 137th Infantry, and Corporal Lee A. Thogmartin, Company "C," 137th Infantry. Successfully after three attempts, rescued, under extremely heavy machine gun fire from both flanks and artillery fire from the left, a wounded comrade who was lying severely wounded in the open.

Captain Clifford W. Sands, Second Cavalry. While maintaining liaison with the division on our right, he with five enlisted men, was in observation, when he received an order to find the location of the front line of this division, from the left flank of the division on our right. Leaving two men in observation, he, accompanied by two runners, crossed the entire front line under fire, sending back the last runner in time to avoid capture. Having received information that his observation post had been cut off from retreat, and surrounded by a heavy barrage and sniper fire, although he had passed through the barrage several times without cover and in plain sight of the enemy to get information required, and, exhausted from inhaling gas, he recrossed the front of our line under fire and gas attack, found his men, and guided

them and their horses through the barbed wire, and by a circuitous route to safety in the dark.

By command of Major-General Traub.

Official: H. S. HAWKINS,
Chief of Staff.

WM. ELLIS,
Lt.-Col. Inf., U. S. Army.

HEADQUARTERS 35TH DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
December 21, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 109. }

The following-named officers, no longer members of the division, have been awarded the Croix de Guerre with star and citation in divisional orders by the Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies of the North and Northeast:

Captain Emil Rolf, 137th Infantry.

Captain Roy W. Perkins, 137th Infantry.

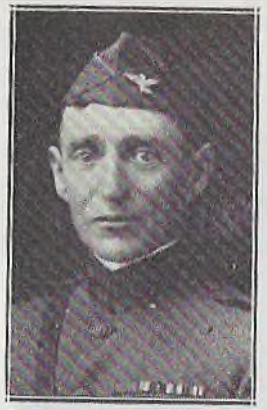
By command of Major-General Traub.

Official: H. S. HAWKINS,
Chief of Staff.

W. R. THURSTON,
Major, A. G. D., U. S. Army,
Acting Division Adjutant.

COLONEL CLAD HAMILTON.

First entered the service as a private in the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers, and later saw much service with the Kansas National Guards. He passed through all the stages of soldiering from private to colonel. June 16th, 1916, entered the Federal service and was assigned as Brigade Adjutant on the border. During the 35th's habitat at Doniphan, served as Adjutant of the 70th Brigade. April, 1917, was summoned to Washington in connection with general courts martial. Returning to Division as Colonel, he was placed in command of the 137th Infantry April 22nd while regiment was in Camp Mills awaiting sailing orders. Remained in command until fourth day of the Argonne drive, when on September 29th he was evacuated to a hospital. Colonel Hamilton's motto read, "Military courtesy and individual efficiency."



COLONEL WILLIE McD. ROWAN.

Colonel Rowan, the seventh Colonel commanding the 137th, though he did not command regiment until we were homeward bound, was connected in an official capacity with the Division. He is a Kansas man and a Kansas soldier, and therefore, when he was assigned to command our regiment during our last few days in France, we felt "All's well," for though we had during the vicissitudes of our military career suffered many changes and shakeups, we lived in the knowledge that of the other commanders we claimed, none, not one, could take the place of our Kansas leaders. Colonel Rowan's military history dates back to 1896, when he enlisted in Company "K," Second Infantry. During the course of his military career he advanced from Private to Captain, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel, which rank he held last. He is an "honor graduate" of the service school, and a close student of military tactics. In his own word at the moment of our departure from France, "I deem it an honor to lead this bunch of fighting Kansans on their triumphant homeward journey.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN H. O'CONNOR.

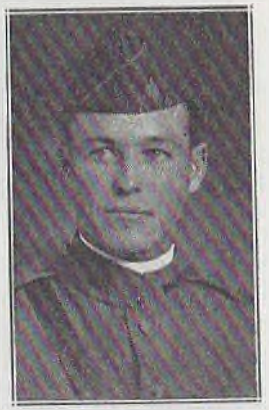
Enlisted at the age of eighteen in Company "C," Second Kansas Infantry, May 4, 1898. Served as Quartermaster Sergeant in 21st Kansas Volunteers. Later made Sergeant-Major. Organized Company "H" in Winfield, Kansas, March 26, 1906. Later served as Captain, Major of Second Battalion, Second Infantry, on border. Into Federal service and assigned to School of Musketry at Fort Sill May 28, 1917. Later placed in command of First Battalion, 137th Infantry. During Argonne offensive, commanded regiment during the absence of Colonel Hamilton, who had been evacuated. Performed his duties with unusual gallantry and efficiency. His heart was with and for the men at all times.

MAJOR FRANK E. BONNEY.

Enlisted June, 1901, as private in Company "A" Second Kansas Infantry. Served as Sergeant, Lieutenant, Captain. After being mustered out and again enlisting during the time of mobilization for the late war, he entered the ranks as a private, but two days later was commissioned a First Lieutenant. Later served as Regimental Adjutant, and while over in France was promoted to rank of Major and placed in command of the Third Battalion. He was a member of our "Big Three," acting as one of the "Ruling Elders" in that organization. Popular and deserving.

MAJOR FRED E. ELLIS.

Enlisted in Nebraska National Guards in 1896. Into Federal Service Second Nebraska Volunteers 1898. During Spanish-American war served as a non-commissioned officer with that regiment. Transferred to Kansas National Guards and served as Captain of Company "D." While over in Alsace, was made Regimental Adjutant. Due to courageous and efficient duty during the Argonne drive was soon made Major and placed in command of the Second Battalion. A good soldier, who stood for the rank and file. Popular and well liked by all the men.



MAJOR FRED H. VAUGHN.

Mustered in with original Company "H" and served as Sergeant. Later made Lieutenant. August, 1915, promoted to Captain. Recruited Company "H," and placed in command of this unit at Doniphan. March, 1918, took command of Second Battalion, and remained in command until he fell wounded in the Argonne forest. After recovering from wounds, rejoined regiment and took up duties as Operations Officer. Soon after, given the rank of Major and assigned to command the First Battalion. Kind but firm in resolve, never lacking in consideration.

MAJOR JOSEPH J. KOCH.

COMMANDERS OF THE 137TH.

From the organization of the 137th up until the time we were mustered out of service, many and varied vicissitudes were experienced. A continual change was going on. Aside from Lieutenant-Colonels O'Connor and Tucker, who were placed in command of the regiment at stated times, the following is the roster of regimental commanders: Colonels Hoisington, McMasters, Hamilton, Sammons, Reeves, Shute and Rowan. Among these we claimed three Kansas men, namely, Colonels Hoisington, Hamilton and Rowan, the latter placed in command as we were ready to sail for home.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Reference must be made to Colonels Fitzpatrick and Fred L. Lemmon for their contribution in the organization and perfection of the regiment at the time of consolidation. The work of General Metcalf, who was then Colonel commanding of the old First Kansas, calls for due praise and commendation. To these and others mentioned in this work, we would acclaim, "They were men, soldiers and citizens!"

OFFICERS COMMANDING DURING ARGONNE BATTLE.

Regimental.

Colonel Clad Hamilton, C. O.
Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Tucker.
Captain T. E. Bonney, Adjutant.
Captain Scott McKenzie, Operations Officer.
First Lieutenant E. A. Dorsey, Intelligence Officer.
First Lieutenant Thomas E. Laney, Liaison Officer.
First Lieutenant A. L. Theiss, Gas Officer.
Captain O. A. Hansen, Regimental Surgeon.
First Lieutenant W. W. Harrel, Dental Surgeon.
Captain Fred E. Ellis, Munitions Officer.

First Battalion.

Major John H. O'Connor.
First Lieutenant Geo. M. Black, Adjutant.
First Lieutenant E. J. Bowen, Intelligence Officer.
First Lieutenant J. M. Nixon, Liaison Officer.
First Lieutenant Willie M. Nore, Scout Officer.
First Lieutenant H. C. Fobes, Gas Officer.
First Lieutenant A. P. Robertson, Surgeon.
First Lieutenant Carl A. Fiege, Surgeon.
First Lieutenant William E. Sullins, Chaplain.

Second Battalion.

Captain Fred E. Vaughn.
First Lieutenant Geo. A. Verchere, Acting Adjutant.
First Lieutenant Albert S. Bigelow, Intelligence Officer.

First Lieutenant John P. Duncon, Liaison Officer.
First Lieutenant Clifford Byerly, Scout Officer.
Second Lieutenant James W. McNeil, Gas Officer.
First Lieutenant Samuel G. Boyce, Surgeon.
First Lieutenant Robert Forrester, Surgeon.
First Lieutenant Richard C. Hatch, Chaplain.

Third Battalion.

Major Joseph J. Koch.
First Lieutenant Verne Wilson, Adjutant.
First Lieutenant Clyde Keller, Intelligence and Scout Officer.
First Lieutenant Augustus V. Goesling, Liaison Officer.
First Lieutenant Emil G. Keil, Gas Officer.
First Lieutenant Bernard Shelton, Surgeon.
First Lieutenant Walter H. Kirkpatrick, Surgeon.
First Lieutenant Howard S. Fox, Chaplain.

Company "A."

Captain Archie K. Rupert.
Second Lieutenant Samuel Krinsky.
Second Lieutenant Charles B. Allen.
Second Lieutenant Howard O. Bauton.

Company "B."

Captain John A. Ashworth.
First Lieutenant Leon C. Bradley.
First Lieutenant Guy E. Vining.
First Lieutenant R. R. Hodgson.

Company "C."

Captain Ward P. Holly.
First Lieutenant Fred N. Belger.
Second Lieutenant William D. Hillis.

Company "D."

First Lieutenant Verne O. Breese.
First Lieutenant Leonard C. Boyd.
Second Lieutenant Charles R. Gesner.
Second Lieutenant Rulif T. Martin.

Company "E."

Captain Ben S. Hudson.
First Lieutenant Robert S. Boyd.
Second Lieutenant Evan L. Davis.

Company "F."

Captain Emil Rolfe.
First Lieutenant John C. Hughes.

Company "G."

Captain Clarence H. Quigley.
First Lieutenant Carl E. Burgess.
Second Lieutenant Robert W. Tharp.
Second Lieutenant Charles H. Farris.

Company "H."

First Lieutenant Harvey R. Rankin.
Second Lieutenant Frank T. McQueen.

Company "I."

Captain Harry F. Grove.
Captain Pearl C. Ricard.

Company "K."

Captain Miles E. Canty.
First Lieutenant Leslie M. Boatman.
First Lieutenant Frank T. Weaver.
Second Lieutenant Harry M. Ball.

Company "L."

First Lieutenant Arthur J. Ericson.
First Lieutenant Charles F. Young.
Second Lieutenant Robert M. Hughes.

Company "M."

Captain Delbert H. Wilson.
First Lieutenant Willard J. Shipe.

Machine Gun Company.

First Lieutenant Hawley H. Braucher.
Second Lieutenant Wilbur F. Mating.
Second Lieutenant William H. Kane.

Headquarters Company.

Captain Fred E. Ellis.
First Lieutenant Harry B. Dorst.
Second Lieutenant Thomas Moore.
Second Lieutenant James McJimsey.

Supply Company.

Captain Frank E. Barr, Supply Officer.
First Lieutenant Paul J. Simpson, Transport Officer.
First Lieutenant F. B. Ewing.
First Lieutenant Ray M. McClaren.
First Lieutenant Alfred B. Cushing.

C. E. HATERIUS

The dawn has broken, increased, then faded,
The shades of eventide are here;
We lay aside the pen and parchment,
Our "guerre est fini," thus we hear.

May the symbols here portrayed
Give us memories of those days
We, as comrades in a cause,
Received triumph with our loss.

In honored memory of those departed,
We give acknowledgment well cohorted,
Our "guerre est fini," we are told—
Our figure's stooped—we have grown old.