

HIS STORY OF BETHALTO



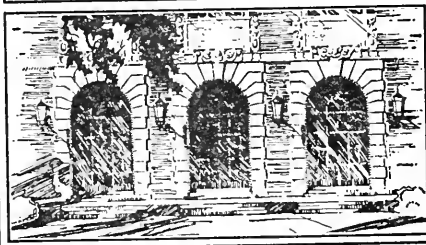
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THE AUTHOR

HIS STORY OF BETHALTO

DEDICATED TO THE
BOYS OF BETHALTO
HEROES OF THE WORLD WAR

BY

HENRY W. ZIMMERMANN



BETHALTO, ILLINOIS

1921



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PREFACE



WHEN on November 11th, 1918, a demonstration was witnessed by the writer, he need not have asked himself why this demonstration, why this noise and racket, why these tears, why this joy, why this hoarseness? he need not have asked a spectator or any of the participants, why this blowing of whistles and horns, the ringing of bells or this revelry? for the look in each face told what had happened. It was on this day and on this occasion that the writer resolved to put into print that for which the good citizens of this community were feeling so happy over. It is not too much to assert at this time that many of the inhabitants of this community had acquired a knowledge of the principal events of the past four years; it is not too much to assert that the inhabitants were directly interested in the events of the past four years; it is for this reason that the writer resolved to have put into print the history of this community in a simple readable form so that in the future it will not be necessary to say that the history of Bethalto has failed to be chronicled, as it failed at the close of the Civil War. Countless stories and many histories will be written about the World War, millions of books will be placed on the market enumerating the deeds of our men; yet no book will be written in which our community will be mentioned. It is for this reason that the writer feels it is necessary to have printed and put into book form the part this little community took in the Great World War; in view of this fact it is most desirable that a history should present the features of the progress that the inhabitants should know.

In this book the history of those who took part in this struggle is told in words of truth and fairness. There is nothing recorded herein but told by the person of whom it is written; if that became impossible, as in a few instances, by some authentic person who had a clear knowledge of the statements made. The attempt to write a history is undoubtedly a difficult undertaking, and more so when, as now, the popular mind is somewhat divided, caused by the exciting times through which our nation was whirled. For that reason only those happenings are recorded that the boys of this community, who will from now on be called Our Boys, have witnessed. To this end the writer has confined himself within the scope of such evidence. The events are recorded as they appeared to Our Boys the past two years. Although only 65 of Our Boys took part in the great struggle

many volumes would be required to record in detail all the movements through which they were crowded in the short space of time. Although some data are taken from official records it is not the intention of the writer that this book be taken as official.

The name of each soldier appears in a separate article and a narrative as accurate as possible was formed from the sources of information that each gave. The writer in the course of his narrative endeavored to avoid all approach to overdrawing in order to give justice to all classes, and show that our community with Our Boys was faithful from the beginning until a successful end was attained; and to show a history can be written wherein they were all sincere, honorable and obedient, even to make the supreme sacrifice.

When Lincoln became President in 1861, he did not realize the world would in the future honor him for something that he had given no consideration on the day of his inauguration. When the Great War broke out and he called for 75,000 Volunteers, the Boys of '61 responded at once; we have some of these volunteers with us now who will verify my statement. Little did they realize that the world would honor them for helping to accomplish something that they had not dreamed about accomplishing. Thus our great leader of '61 and the fighters of '61 unconsciously saw the greatest thing that ever happened come drifting their way; thus the world became free regardless of race or color.

When Our Boys joined the colors they little realized what their services would amount to in the future, and little did they care. They trusted our government and like the Boys of '61 who volunteered or were drafted to preserve the Union, so Our Boys either volunteered or were drafted to preserve the State. Our Boys went, little dreaming they would some day be classed with those who accomplished the greatest feat the world had ever known. The negro slave of '61 could not throw off the burden of slavery, so an outside force where slavery was unknown had to do it. The citizens of the Central Powers of Europe had not the power to throw off the yoke of militarism, so a liberty-loving nation like ours had to come to their assistance; a nation who knows nothing of serfdom, a nation who detests militarism forced the shackles from others and made them free.

Many a negro in the sixties preferred slavery to freedom, for he knew not what freedom was, and there is no doubt about many a citizen of Europe hating to see militarism defeated; for he knows not what real freedom is. Our Boys from here went singing: "We don't know where we're going, But we're on our way." They trusted the government for you could hear them sing: "We don't know what

it's all about, But I bet, b'gosh, we'll soon find out." They followed the flag for they knew it is the emblem of the Brave and the Free.

Their feelings in their travels are recorded as they appeared to them while they were away, and if their treatment was not as good as the reader would have it let it be known that it was not the fault of our government, but sometimes due to ignorance or arrogance of the individual in charge. Many hardships are enumerated in this book, but the blame is generally given to whom the blame belonged. Although the greatest object was attained through the sheer force and will power of Our Boys, the pleasures and hardships should be recorded; for this book is not written with any particular object in view, only to describe the lives and the trials of Our Boys, and without these incidents this book is not worth the reading.

If any errors are made, they should be overlooked, for this book is not written for critics; it is not overdrawn, and the stories of the lives of our soldier boys speak only of their travels, their joys and sorrows. Every soldier of the millions who served Uncle Sam has experienced many of the incidents enumerated herein, thus making it a novel history for all. The language is typically American, and the expressions are those of our community.

AUTHOR.

BETHALTO



group of houses, a cluster of cosy homes, a number of modern cottages, situated on a great Divide between large wooded hills on one side and wide prairie lands on the other; always ready to spring into prominence from one side or cast into oblivion from the other. That is the old home town; it is located in the remotest part of one of the principal townships in the county, and in one of the most obscure parts of one of the wealthiest counties in the best State in the Union. Far away from the important cities and apart from all industrial centers the inhabitants of this community have lived a life of contentment more than seventy-five years, have maintained a population of a possible five hundred from the very beginning of its existence. Sprung into prominence on account of its mining industries, and kept on this basis on account of the development of the rich prairie lands, this common burg has been neither above nor below par since its origin.

Surrounding this group, small pastures have been set apart by the neighboring farmers for the benefit of the inhabitants who are using them for their stock. Mornings and evenings you can see the boys riding their horses to the pastures, driving the cows before them. A little beyond these is the cemetery where lie buried those who formerly resided here. A beautiful walk has been laid to the burial grounds where on Sundays and pleasant week days you can see the old and young alike carrying bouquets of flowers of the season and placing them on the graves of friends and relatives. Those of a more frivolous nature, and caring less for solemn things, seldom getting any farther than the shade trees under which is located the famous Lovers' Bridge, named in honor of the young who are wont to while away a few pleasant hours on pleasant evenings. On Sunday afternoons the middle aged can be seen loitering around and talking of times gone by, and as the day wanes and the older classes wend their way homeward the younger generation may be seen talking of the future. Thus Lovers' Bridge has become famous, and will remain so until time for the little town ceases. Roads lead you into town from all directions, and on Saturday afternoons you can see coming into town all classes of people, some on foot, others with horse and buggy, while still others of the more thrifty class, having discarded their surries, come speeding up in their automobiles. These come in to do their week's shopping and making calls on relatives and friends.

On the edge of the town can be seen the grove known everywhere for its school picnics, public dances and other entertainments; where the aged meet the aged, to talk over by-gone days, and watch the younger generation enjoy themselves; where young men are seen spending their money freely in trying to outdo each other in throwing, rolling, running races, or other innocent games; where the young ladies dressed in their "Sunday Best" promenade through the park until evening, when the dancing floor becomes the main object of amusements; where the home orchestra furnishes music for the occasion; and, last and best, where children are seen romping over the grounds, some making use of the swings or playing children's games, while still others having spent their dimes are seen munching on popcorn balls or displaying prizes that have been so luckily drawn from the package. Thus it happens that the Grove is known not only to the inhabitants of the town, but also to those of neighboring villages.

The little four-room brick school on the edge of town rests on a knoll that was donated to the district by one of the founders of the town, and children trip along the same as their parents and grandparents did years ago. With the exception of a few improvements to the school within the last few years, no change has taken place excepting when an instructor resigns he is replaced by another, who, like his predecessor, has received his elementary education in the same school where he is employed as instructor.

The churches, five in number, have a membership nearly equal to the number of the inhabitants of the little town; some were built more than sixty years ago. Several small mines on the edge of town afford employment for a few, while many are engaged in occupations that are common in a town of this size.

Nothing is done by halves in this little town; the streets are always neat and clean; sidewalks of the best kind lead to every residence in the village and the inhabitants take great pride in their homes. Ministers, teachers, physicians and heads of the various establishments mingle with all villagers alike for there is no class distinction. A brotherly feeling exists everywhere; members of churches and Sunday schools mingle as if there existed but one church. Members of the various secret organizations meet in the same hall and live in harmony among each other. Life is complete and one round of harmony; near enough to neighboring cities to trade, yet far enough to keep away from the frivolous snares of advanced civilization.

The Village Hall is used for all public gatherings and although a jail was built for the purpose of confining lawbreakers, it is never used excepting when a lunatic escapes from some nearby asylum.

With large playgrounds for the children, hunting grounds all around the town for the youthful hunter; creeks, ponds, and rivers in the immediate neighborhood for those who love to indulge in swimming or fishing, it is no wonder one of the inhabitants expressed himself in the following verses:

MY OLD HOME TOWN.

A cluster of homes in a beautiful land,
Surrounded by prairies, and woods and sand;
One of the choicest spots on earth—
My old home town, the place of my birth.
You may travel our land from east to west,
Seeking a home, a haven of rest;
You'll continue to roam and ramble around
Until you strike My Old Home Town.

And when you do, my friend, you'll quit,
And simply say, "By gum, this is it;"
This is the spot I've been lookin' for
For many a year—befo' the war.
I didn't think such a place was made—
Fruit and melons, with plenty of shade;
Nothin' to do but mosey 'round—
That's what they do in My Old Home Town.

If ever you happen to come this way
You're sure to make up your mind to stay
In my home town the rest of your life;
The one live spot, free from strife.
A land of honey, fruits and flowers,
Beautiful sunshine, and pleasant hours.
Nothing like it for miles around;
The one great place—My Old Home Town.

Bethalto, I love to call thee my home;
Bethalto, a place where I love to roam.
Where a friend is my neighbor,
A neighbor my friend,
Where the pleasantest hours I always spend.
Where joys and sorrows are shared by all,
Where friendship and love is duty's call.
Bethalto, my thoughts are ever with thee,
Until time merges into eternity.



Dr. C. A. AVERY
Chairman Liberty Loans

LIBERTY LOANS



WHEN the First Liberty Loan drive ended the people of this vicinity had scarcely discussed the subject, only a few having voluntarily subscribed for bonds of the First Liberty Loan. When the Second Liberty Loan drive was on the spirit of cooperation was lacking until after President Wilson's and Governor Lowden's proclamations for all our people to meet together on October 26th, 1917, designating the occasion as "Liberty Day," making it the climax of the Second Liberty Loan drive. Mayor John Jones called a meeting in the Village Hall where an organization was formed to observe the president's and governor's proclamations. As a result of this meeting a local organization was perfected to solicit the sale of Liberty Bonds as well as arrange for a patriotic program on the day designated "Liberty Day." Speakers for this occasion were Harry Herb, Jos. B. Steck, and Gilson Brown of Alton; J. W. McCracken, chairman of the speakers' committee, had charge of the meeting, which was held in Klein's Hall. Rev. Thomson opened the meeting with prayer. The Bethalto band enlivened the occasion with several patriotic selections, and the school children sang "The Star Spangled Banner," "America," and a parody written to the tune of "Hold the Fort." Dr. Claude Avery, chairman of the sales committee, with his assistants reported \$4500 bonds subscribed at this meeting. A meeting was held at night in the Presbyterian church. Dr. Claude Avery had composed a song poem to the tune of "Hold the Fort," which was sung from beginning to end four different times. The following is a copy of the poem:

Look, the foes of liberty spread ruin at their will,
The boys in khaki are on the way to whip Old Kaiser Bill.

CHORUS:

Hold Flanders, we are coming, Freedom's defenders still,
Shout the word around the world, Woodrow Wilson will.
The Kaiser's power at last will break by progress of the world,
Lasting peace is coming soon, 'Cause Old Glory's unfurled.

Rev. Thomson's discourse on "The Good Samaritan" was a suitable theme to show America's duty relative to devastated Belgium and France. The spirit of cooperation for the success of the Second Liberty Loan was now assured, and Bethalto, never doing anything by halves, oversubscribed her quota.

The Third Liberty Loan came, and found Bethalto well organized for the campaign; a monstrous parade was planned, consisting of Bethalto's and Walnut Grove's school children, mothers of soldiers, Red Cross nurses, veterans of the Civil War, village officials, men on horseback, citizens, and 210 automobiles. The parade was led by Bethalto's band and marshaled by Fred Humm. It was the first day of May, 1918; the weather was fine and from the time the parade began to march, the band filled the air with martial music; the marchers all along the way carried appropriate banners, and kept shouting a tirade of patriotic slogans, displaying a meaning that could not admit of dispute. Fred Humm marshaled the parade through the town and finally halted in front of the Farmer's Bank building, where a speaker's stand had been prepared. The speakers of the evening were, "British" Unterbrink, Jos. B. Steck and Mayor Sauvage, of Alton, Mr. Steck being at that time chairman of the Four-Minute men. Dr. Avery, local chairman of the drive, had charge of the meeting and before introducing the speakers paid a tribute to the people of Bethalto and vicinity. He said in part: "Fellow Citizens of Bethalto, this extraordinary demonstration is a fully awakened Americanism. It is folly to claim devotion to American ideals and ignore the obligations of American citizenship. A big job has summoned you and you are here to accept individual responsibility. I am told this is the largest gathering ever assembled in Bethalto; I dare say it is an hundred per cent audience. Some time in the future there will assemble here another one hundred per cent audience; it will be when the boys come home. There will be a welcoming crowd the like of which Bethalto has never dreamed of. Let us hope it will not be far off.

This magnificent patriotic endeavor calls to mind a story: An old negress who had been placed in an insane asylum would stand at a window facing the street and cry in a loud tone of voice, "I want a man, I want a man." One day an old darkey who had known Dinah for many years was standing on the street not far from Dinah's window when she was repeating in usual fashion the pathetic appeal, "I want a man," when an officer came along and suggested that the old darkey move along and let Dinah alone, as she was crazy. At this the old darkey replied: "I know that Dr. Smith said she wuz crazy when he put her in dar, but, white folks, she sho' am got her right mind now." If any of our people in the past have lacked the spirit of one hundred per cent Americanism, if any have been misinformed, if any have shown any Pro-German sympathies, we have unmistakable evidence tonight that they are in their right minds now.

"British" Unterbrink spoke earnestly for an hour. He told of his birthplace in Germany, denounced the militarists of Germany, praised the Good Old U. S. He said Wilson tried to keep out of war, even turned one cheek and the Kaiser slapped him, then he turned the other and the Kaiser slapped the other cheek, then Old Woodrow said, "Look Out, Bill," and the Kaiser hit him square on the nose, and then Wilson took off his coat, made one great pass at Old Bill and knocked him down; and if the Third Liberty Loan proved a success the Kaiser would never be able to meet the antagonist face to face again.

J. B. Steck's speech was full of patriotism from beginning to end; he defined the issues of war and as he was concluding his speech, he held the beautiful little daughter of Tony Wulf in his arms and in great earnestness asked: "Would you stand by and not do your duty if this dear little girl should fall into the hands of the Kaiser's army? Let us keep the Kaiser's army on the other side so they cannot hurt any of our people. The way to do that is to buy bonds." Then he shouted, "Who will be the first red-blooded American to measure up to this high standard of citizenship? Dr. Avery has said you are an hundred per cent audience, and that you are here to do your share of the loan. Now, who will be the first to subscribe for a bond?" Wm. H. Weyen stepped to the speaker's stand and in a moment Mr. Steck announced Wm. H. Weyen the first subscriber to the Third Liberty Loan. The subscriptions began to come in so fast Dr. Avery asked J. W. McCracken and W. H. Duffy to assist the committee in taking subscriptions. \$11,500 was subscribed at this meeting.

Mayor Sauvage of Alton, had told Dr. Avery his throat was in bad condition and he would be unable to speak, but he finally became so enthused at the clever way Mr. Steck had selling bonds that he forgot about his sore throat and said he wanted in the game, and he began to speak. The crowd paid strict attention, as his speech fit the occasion, and rounded out in full measure the success of the Third Liberty Loan.

The chairman at the close thanked all who had participated in the parade and the meeting, especially the band and the speakers, and placed emphasis on the committee of workers, Prof. R. N. File and Rev. Bruegmann, whose splendid efforts had promoted the Third Liberty Loan to a satisfactory conclusion. Ed. Balster then presented a straw man labeled "The Kaiser," and set fire to same, and the crowd shouted its approval. The editor of the Alton Times was present and the next issue of said publication credited this meeting as the greatest patriotic demonstration in any of the loan campaigns he had observed according to population and wealth.

The Fourth Liberty Loan was easily subscribed and Bethalto

went over the top with a whoop. The Lutheran congregation subscribed \$12,000 one Sunday morning. The ladies were well organized to assist in this campaign. Mrs. Claude Avery was named chairman of the Women's Committee of Workers, and she selected the following workers: Mrs. Theo. Prehn, Mrs. Ed. Westhoff, Mrs. Fred Oetken, Mrs. Wheeler Morgan, Mrs. John Klein, Louise Bruns, Doris Bruns, Mrs. Laura Spencer, Alta Mae Klein, Della McDonald, Hazel Zimmermann, Bella McCracken, Ada Elliott, Eva Elliott, Luna Bowman, Minnie Bowman, Dollie Young, Flora Kehue and Mayme Klop-meyer.

A speaking was arranged at the close of the campaign, and J. H. Chessen, chairman of Wood River Township, was introduced, and after a short speech introduced D. R. Maxey, chairman of speakers, who took charge of the meeting. Attorney Burroughs, of Edwardsville, was introduced and appealed to the audience to buy more bonds. E. E. Campbell, of Alton, was introduced and according to the view of our local chairman, Campbell's address was the most masterful appeal of Americanism that had been heard in Bethalto. His voice was clear and audible to all present. This speech was not only beautiful like the work of an artist, his oratory and rhetoric perfect, but the work of a literary sculptor, as its impress will live with the memory of those who heard him.

Geo. A. Klein, publicity man in each of the liberty loan campaigns, had arranged in the Fourth Liberty Loan to have an aeroplane alight one-half mile south of Bethalto on the Oscar Sander's farm. Fully 5000 people from Bethalto, Alton, East Alton, Wood River, Fosterburg and Moro were present. While the crowd was anxiously waiting, Mr. G. A. Klein received a telegram that the aviation field from whence the plane had been promised was now under quarantine on account of influenza. Dr. Avery, chairman of the drive, had charge of the meeting and asked the crowd to remain and listen to Attorney Meriwether of Alton, who had a son in the service, and the crowd paid strict attention while Mr. Meriwether spoke and they greeted him with cheers at the close.

The Fifth Loan or Victory Liberty Loan was the most difficult to go over the top. Dr. Avery, local chairman, named the following committee of workers: Prof. R. N. File, Rev. S. C. Lackey, J. V. Apple, John Renken, Elmer Neunaber, Luna Bowman, Minnie Bowman, Bella McCracken, Mrs. Theo. Prehn, Dollie Young, Pearl Zimmermann, Alta Mae Klein, Wyona Rotsch, Ada Elliott, and Eva Elliott. Early in the campaign a parade was arranged similar to the one in the Third Liberty Loan; however, this demonstration did not prove the success the one in the Third Liberty Loan had. After the

marchers in the parade had been halted in front of the speakers' stand across the street from Wm. H. Weyen's barber shop, Dr. Avery introduced Sergeant-Major Leslie Prehn, a Bethalto boy who had been overseas. He gave an interesting narrative of life in camps and the trip across. Then Dr. Avery announced another speaker. In introducing him he said in part: "The fight of the American Marines at Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood, their attack upon superior forces, their final victory and their tremendous loss in proportion to their number, stands unequaled in the annals of warfare. Other desperate attacks have been made in many wars, and other fighting forces have lost as heavily, but never with victory crowning the red sacrifice. Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, the onrush of the Federals at Frederickburg, the assault of Lee's Legion at Malvern Hill, the charge of the Light Brigade,—such terrific efforts won undying fame, but failed of the objective; torn to fragments, beaten down, the attacking troops retreated defeated. The Marines at Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood lost more than three-fourths of their effective, but they won. Out of 8,000 Americans engaged, 6200 were struck down. This battle stands unrivaled as to carnage and glorious success, for the destiny of the world hinged upon its final outcome. It was there the "Fritzies" learned the Americans could fight. I count it a privilege and honor to present to you one of Bethalto's heroes of Belleau Wood, who bears honor wounds from battles after going through the Belleau fight unscathed, Private Elmer Olthoff of the Marine Corps. He will tell in language of a poet his story of service in the war. We are anxious for every word you have to say." After Elmer Olthoff had recited two poems (found elsewhere in this book), he stepped back and begged off while the crowd cheered.

J. B. Steck, chairman of the Alton Metropolitan district, was next speaker and before he had spoken ten minutes it began to rain and the crowd dispersed. Mr. Steck called to Ted Zimmermann, a bugler of the 327th F. A. who had been overseas, to blow bugle calls incident to army life. The crowd huddled together in front of Klein's store until Ted had blowed the last call, then they began to disperse. So far as the sale of bonds was concerned this occasion was a failure, but both chairmen held it paved the way to final victory.

On the last night of the drive Gilson Brown and W. P. Boynton, of Alton, made stirring speeches urging the sale of bonds. Up until this late hour the chairman reported the sale of only 35 per cent of Bethalto's quota. By introducing Mr. Steck, Dr. Avery created an outburst of laughter with the crowd. He said in part: "It is with varied emotions I appear before you to introduce the one who needs no introduction in Bethalto; you have listened to two of the greatest

speakers within the confines of Illinois. In arranging this meeting, one little girl among the school children asked with great earnestness, 'Aren't you going to have Mr. Steck that night?' I informed her that he had been urged to be here but in all probability could not attend; at my statement her expression changed and seemed to be one of keen disappointment, and she answered, 'O, I hope you can, for I'm just crazy about Mr. Steck.' Mr. Steck is going to lead us to victory, and Bethalto's slogan in this campaign is 'I want to be counted as a subscriber to the Victory Loan?'

Mr. Steck was tired and worn from hard work of directing the campaign, but he started his appeal with optimism. He reviewed the many pleasant meetings in which he had participated in Bethalto. He spoke of Alton going over the top, and then pleaded for the first volunteer to subscribe \$1,000.

G. A. Klein handed in a card subscribing \$1500, and Chas. Humm and John C. Neunaber tried to see who would be first, as each was asking permission to sign a card for a \$1000 bond. Soon the quota was nearly subscribed and but one hundred dollars was needed to make the quota of \$18,000 complete, when some one in the crowd said, "I'll finish the job, here's my subscription for another hundred."

As the quota was reached, Mr. Steck presented Dr. Avery with a German helmet for his efforts in the drive, congratulated Bethalto on its patriotism, thanked the crowd for their good behavior, the band for the music, the school children for their enthusiasm, and Bethalto and vicinity for never doing anything by halves.

CAUSES OF THE WORLD WAR



THE horrors of war are over ; peace is here. These words are thrilling to those who have gone through misery and fire. It seems like some horrible nightmare, and there is no time even now to reflect, for the forward movement must go on until the last vestige of ruin and crime are forever lost to the human race. And now we ask, why was all this? Moderate language cannot express it, words cannot therefore be suitably placed to give a clear conception of the real causes of the war ; the writer will therefore endeavor to put down a few cold facts and leave the reader to judge for himself. Wars have been many since the creation of man, and there will be more wars unless the world has learned the meaning of the word "fellow man." Our country has been at war with different nations and the principal causes will be briefly related in order to give the reader an idea of why we go to war.

This country was first settled by a liberty-loving people and the principles of liberty have been upheld by her institutions. When the King of England began to oppress his subjects in America in 1775, feeling against the oppressor was aroused to such an extent that they took up arms against the tyrant and through sheer determination forced the king to acknowledge our freedom. "Don't tread on me" was the motto displayed on our flags until the "Stars and Stripes" was finally adopted by our Congress. Freedom of the Seas was settled by us in 1812 ; freedom of mankind regardless of race or color was settled in 1863 ; and the right of mankind was settled when we forced the tyrannical government from Cuba, although not our territory. Thus Freedom has become our watchword, and in order for one free people to retain her liberty she must be in harmony and sympathy with all free peoples on earth. The truest words of Americanism were expressed by Patrick Henry when he said, "Give me Liberty or give me Death." His spirit still survives in all loyal Americans.

On account of the great percentage of illiterates in Europe it is easy for one class of people to domineer over another, and we find most of the horrible crimes due to a spirit of hatred caused by ignorance and illiteracy. An ignorant nation cannot long exist without crime, revolution or war ; and to avoid crime or overthrow of government, the people are often induced to become a unit in throwing their hatred toward some other nation thus keeping down a rebellion in their own country. And in most European countries where ignor-

ance is complete it was always the rule to have mourning in the land to keep the subjects from asserting their freedom. Thus we come to the root of all wars, namely, Freedom versus aggression.

Much can be written about the causes of wars, but the one answer is Aggression or Liberty. We will briefly enumerate a few of the aggressive acts that led us to war with Germany. The United States remained neutral a long time after war was waged between the different nations, and many acts were perpetrated that aroused our ire, but we held our temper. Long before 1914 everything was in readiness for aggression. The great aim was for territorial, political and military predominance for Germany, and it needed but a pretense to start the game in earnest. It came on the 28th day of June, 1914, when the Austrian Archduke was slain at Sarajevo. Soon Germany was into it and by the second of August Germany was invading Belgium, a neutral country. Different sections of Germany and other countries had been invaded by the French and other European peoples during the Napoleonic times. The truth about the matter is, nearly every nation since the time America was discovered held to the rule that invasion of another's domain was nothing more than right if it could be done, and the people becoming wealthy by such acts gave consent. When Prussia stole Hanover in 1866 all those who considered it a wrong, emigrated either to America or other free countries. Those who remained were no better than Prussians; but since those days a new idea has permeated the minds of many peoples and that is freedom for all and acts of aggression for none.

The invasion of Belgium at once stirred the minds of free peoples; next in order came the air raids, killing many defenseless women and children; followed quickly the next year were the piratical and pillaging acts by German submarines and cruisers; then came the horrors of asphyxiating gas; but when the Cunard line steamship "Lusitania" was sunk with 1154 lives lost, of which 114 were Americans, our blood began to flow more rapidly. On August 19th the "Arabic" was sunk by a submarine, and among the 16 victims 2 were Americans. On the 12th of October Edith Cavell was executed, thus creating more and more ill-feeling toward the perpetrators of such crimes.

On February 10th, 1916, Germany sent notice to all neutral powers that "armed merchant ships will be treated as warships and will be sunk without warning." Within a year after that notice, Germany announced unrestricted submarine warfare in specified zones. The question of Freedom of the Seas had been settled by our nation more than a hundred years before this, and the feeling that had once been expressed by the motto, "Don't tread on me" once more became predominant, causing President Wilson in behalf of the greatest free peo-

ple on earth to express himself in the following terms. In his message to Congress April 2, 1917, he said in part: We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world. We are glad now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations great or small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just four days after the delivery of Wilson's famous speech Congress, on the 6th of April, 1917, declared war on Germany, settling the question forever whether free peoples shall remain free.

BETHALTO BRANCH AMERICAN RED CROSS



ASK a soldier, what the American Red Cross has ever done for him, and he will tell you in words pure and simple that the American Red Cross was the real soul of the army. Read this book and you will find that it contained laborers, both women and men, who gave up everything to serve mankind, to serve humanity; that nothing was more nobly done and so freely given than that given by the American Red Cross. Their praise has been sounded by so many of our returned soldiers that this book would not be complete without a chapter on this subject. Not only was the work nobly done by those in actual service, but also by those at home; it was unselfish and pure, and produced a feeling that will live forever. This is an organization that knows not race, color, religion or creed. If any person has ever been blessed it is the Red Cross nurse or the Red Cross worker.

The loyal spirit of Bethalto was manifested shortly after the war broke out, and a few of Our Boys had hardly reached camp when the Bethalto Branch of the American Red Cross was organized. A meeting was called at the Bethalto Village Hall and the organization was brought to life by Mrs. Barnsback, of Edwardsville, chairman of the Madison County Chapter. The organization was effected on the 11th of October, 1917, and the following officers were appointed: Mrs. Jennie Klein, chairman; Mrs. Lillie Oetken, treasurer; and Miss Alta Mae Klein, secretary. The organization became known as Unit No. 11.

From the time the organization went into effect to the close of the war the members made an untiring effort to do all that was in their power to assist in the noble cause, and by the end of the year 49 members had been enrolled. Thirty young men had entered the service from Bethalto and vicinity, and a service flag was made containing 30 stars. The work went steadily forward; sweaters, scarfs, socks and bandages were made. Zeal was put into the work, suppers were served, and money raised for the cause.

At the first meeting in January, 1918, a change was made in the treasurership, and Miss Louise Bruns was elected treasurer, who with Mrs. Jennie Klein as president, and Miss Alta Mae Klein as secretary, became the permanent officers and served diligently throughout the entire time. By the end of January 137 members had been enrolled

and by the end of another month the total membership had reached 249, and by the end of May, 1918, it reached 335.

A Christmas roll call was made and 61 members responded with donations. A great deal of money was raised, many a bandage had been made, and had it not been for the shortage of material a great deal more could have been done. The cause was great and the good will of the members with their staunch and persistent officers made Bethalto Branch Unit No. 11, American Red Cross, one of the best in the county. When a proper and unselfish spirit is aroused in Bethalto there is no place on earth more blessed than Our Old Home Town.

MARTIAL AIRS



THE spirit of a nation is her music and song; it expresses her feelings that can be made clear in no other form; it gives vent to emotions that leave no doubt in the minds of her citizens. From the time our nation was born July 4, 1776, up to the present time no nation on earth has passed through a series of such deep and grateful feelings as has our beloved country. Every song that was ever sung shows that spirit of confidence, gratitude and enthusiasm. Popular music soon found words to fit the occasions, and popular verses soon found music appropriate to the times. The jingle of Yankee Doodle told plainly at the beginning of our existence that there was nothing to fear.

From 1812-1815 when our country was in the throes of misery the greatest of all songs "The Star Spangled Banner" appeared, giving new life to the people still struggling for freedom. "Home, Sweet Home" soon followed and producing a soothing effect upon the populace.

As time rolled on the United States must decide whether it should be half free and half slave "John Brown's Body" flashed over our torn nation; but it was soon replaced by the undying words "Mine Eyes have seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord," followed quickly by such songs as "Yes, We'll Rally 'round the Flag," "The Carrier Dove," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "Marching Through Georgia," and "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home." "Down went the battleship Maine" produced a stir for a time during the Spanish-American war. "Good-bye, My Bluebell," "Break the News to Mother," and others were sung during this time; but of all songs that produced enthusiasm, none were more appropriate than those that were sung during the Great World War, and a few may be mentioned in this connection.

The song "I Did Not Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" had but a short life for it did not embody the spirit of our nation. "America, Here's My Boy" took its place. No time during the war was there a doubt about the outcome, for music and song displayed no other sign. A few titles and a few lines here and there will bring the reader back to the exciting, hopeful, yet always loyal and confident spirit that spread over our land from ocean to ocean, from coast to coast. It is impossible to give preference to any one song, therefore the writer will endeavor to place a few lines as they appeared to him.

“Send Me Away With a Smile,” “The Kiss That Made Me Cry,” “I May Be Gone for a Long, Long Time,” “Keep the Home Fires Burning,” “If I Am Not at the Roll Call,” and others are some that were sung by our youth while the school children sang: “Over There,” “Buy a Bond,” and “What Are You Going to do to Help the Boys,” “There’s a Service Flag Flying at our House,”—a blue star in a field of red and white is known to all parents in the land; “When the Sun Goes Down in France,” “Somewhere in France is the Lily,” “The Rose of No Man’s Land,” were popular songs during the time Our Boys were making preparation “over here” and Our Boys were fighting “over there.”

Later on songs of a lighter nature such as “They Were All Out of Step But Jim,” “Johnnie’s in Town,” “How Are You Going to Keep ‘Em Down on the Farm After They’ve Seen Patee,” and “O How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning” appeared; but when it was seen that Our Boys were soon to return, joy reigned supreme and the following songs brought forth new life: “When That Old Boat Heads for Home—Ploughing Her Way Through the Foam.” “After the war is Over, and the World’s at Peace,—Many a heart will be aching after the war has ceased—Many a home will be vacant, many a child be alone,—But I hope they’ll all be happy in a place called ‘Home Sweet Home,’ ” but the song of all songs that was sung by young and old, by father and mother, by soldier and sweetheart, and yea, by the nation was “Till We Meet Again,” and the verse and music so appropriately arranged made it popular in every home. The words of the chorus run thus:

“Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu
When the clouds roll by I’ll come to you
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lover’s lane, my dearie;
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
Every tear will be a memory
So wait and pray each night for me
Till we meet again.”

We know not what songs may appear in the future; but we hope and pray that they will represent an undefiled spirit of Americanism.

FADING AWAY



FADING away and dropping from the ranks are the heroes of the Civil War. This book would not be complete without mentioning those who from Bethalto and vicinity left their homes a generation ago to preserve the Union. A poem illustrates the thought:

Oh, long years ago in the Southland
The brave boys were standing the storm
Of shot and of shell in its fury,
Through day and through night until morn.
They were falling, falling one by one,
Dropping from the ranks, one by one.
On hillside and dell in the Southland
The brave boys still rest where they fell;
Their memory is dear to their country
Whose flag they defended so well;
Ah, soon will the brave boys still with us
Cease marching to sound of the drum
For each year the roll call's sad story
Tells how they are falling one by one,—
Dropping from the ranks one by one.

The above poem tells a long and wonderful story; it tells of the times in the sixties when our nation was rent asunder on account of differences politically and economically; it tells of the terrible strain on the youth of our land to preserve this noble union. Their memory is dear to Bethalto, for that reason the names of the brave boys will be mentioned. The acts of residents of Bethalto in the sixties stood parallel with the acts of the residents of Bethalto 56 years later, and as the boys of the World's War formed a union so the returned soldiers at the close of the Civil War formed a union and styled themselves The Grand Army of the Republic, or G. A. R.

It is impossible for the writer to be exact in his statements for nothing is taken from official records but written from personal knowledge that was acquired while living with and among these returned heroes. The history of Bethalto failed to be chronicled at the close of the Civil War, therefore this chapter is short and incomplete after a lapse of 56 years. On the 15th day of May, President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers for three months thinking the Rebellion would be crushed in that time, but this proved wrong later on.

When the call came Bethalto was ready for the call and many from this vicinity responded, among whom were James Carr Clark, John and James Fahnenstock, who enlisted in Co. I, 9th Infantry, at Cairo, and were mustered out on the 26th of July, 1861. James Carr Clark reenlisted for the duration of the war in Schofield's Body-Guard, a Missouri regiment, others from here reenlisted and by 1862 the war was on in real earnest, and Bethalto and vicinity again poured forth all the power in her veins.

The greatest number from here enlisted in Co. B and Co. K of the 80th Illinois Volunteers. The 80th was in more than twenty battles and stood great hardship, misery, hunger and disease. The following from here were in Co. B: Conrad Flick, John S. Culp, Irby Williams, Frederick Gerits, George Crawford, Jim Wood and Calvin Wood. Jim and Calvin Wood both in the 80th Illinois, were probably the first who dropped from the ranks. Jim fell while gallantly fighting, and Calvin died just before he was discharged.

Those in Co. K, 80th Illinois, were Henry Lawrence, James Olliver, Elias Preuitt, Jasper Dillon, Richard Linder and John A. Miller.

Following are Bethalto boys of different companies and regiments with whom the writer became acquainted: John Humm, Co. B, 29th Ill. Infantry; Ben Glassmeyer, Co. F, 20th Ill.; Peter Greenwood, Co. E, 10th Ill.; John D. Elliott, Co. C, 151st Ill.; Germ Klein, Co. D; Wm. Head, Co. F; Wm. P. Clark, Co. F, 117th Ill.; George Uzzell, 77th Ill.; Ed. Jones, 10th Ill.; Charles Huether, Co. K, and August Neuhaus, 9th Ill.; P. H. Neuhaus, 59th Ill.; Henry Opperman, Co. C, 80th Ill.; Samuel Smith, Co. D, 14th Ill.; Erhart Baehr, Co. K, and Dave Brunton, Co. A, 144th Ill.; William Gill, Co. K, 143rd Ill.; Henry Langhorst, 4th Mo. Cavalry; John H. Johnson and Herman Heuer, Co. B, First Mo. Cavalry; Bernhard C. Meyer, 1st Sgt. Co. B, 26th Inf., Wisconsin Vol.; Daniel T. Kincaid, Co. K, 122nd Ill. Inf.; Edward Plegge, Co. C, 3rd Reg. Mo. Vol. Inf.; George Morgan, Co. A, 144th Inf.; Daniel Bayless, Co. K, 144th Ill. Infantry; Henry Bowman, Co. M, 1st Reg. Mo. Vol. Cavalry.

The above names show that Bethalto was equal to any emergency. A number have been omitted, not intentionally, but that the writer was not acquainted with them.

During the Spanish-American war several from Bethalto volunteered for the service, among whom were Frank Johnson, Troop D, 8th Cavalry, serving in Cuba; Fred Humm and Robert Clark, Troop A, 3rd Cavalry, and serving in the P. I.; Fred Oetken and James C. Clark, Battery M, 1st Reg., Coast Artillery, and serving at Fort Cap-

ron, Sullivan Island, S. C. James Clark has already fallen from the ranks.

Special mention will be made of a few on account of the family playing a part in several wars, and serving Uncle Sam in time of need: James Carr Clark had two sons, Robert and James, in the Spanish-American war, and one grandson, Carroll Zimmermann, in the World War; John H. Johnson had a son, Frank, in the Spanish-American War, and a grandson, George Deist, in the World War; John Humm had a son, Fred, in the Spanish-American War and a son, George, in the World War; Edward Jones had two sons, Fred and Arthur, in the World War; John D. Elliott had a son, George, and four grandsons, Elmer and Arthur Elliott and Earl and Cecil Delhanty, in the World War; Daniel Bayless had two sons, George and Samuel, in the Civil War, and one grandson, Ed., in the World War; B. C. Meyers was seriously wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863; Henry Bowman had three grandsons, Ed. and George Bowman and Frank Starkey, in the World War; Edward Plegge had a grandson, Ed. Schoenbaum, in the World War. This shows that the quiet, peaceful village of Bethalto does not exist in vain. Few villages of her size have been her equal. No other village on earth was ever named Bethalto so let the name be the watchword for the battle of human liberty that the Star Spangled Banner may wave unmolested over her home and the nation.

OUR BOYS

ELMER T. OLTHOFF

Elmer Olthoff, son of George and Wilhelmina Olthoff, and brother to Herman, whose description is found in this book, was born in Terre Haute, Ind., on the first day of August, 1895. When he was a year old his parents moved to Bethalto, Ill., where Elmer was raised and where he received his education. He went to the Bethalto schools until he was sixteen years of age, completing the eighth grade work. From the time he quit school he was employed at the Western Cartridge Company until he finally succeeded in joining the U. S. Marines, December 5th, 1917. At the Western he did almost any kind of work that was done at the plant.

In 1913 he tried to enlist in the U. S. Navy, but he failed in the examination and was rejected. He registered in June, 1917, at Bethalto, his home; but would not wait to be called and once more tried to get into the U. S. Navy and as before failed to succeed on account of his weight not corresponding to his height. He then went to St. Louis, but the officers in charge told him if he had failed to get into the navy he need not stop there, for a man not fit for the navy surely was not fit to be a U. S. Marine. Elmer was crestfallen, but he was determined, and from the main recruiting station he went to a sub-station situated somewhere in St. Louis. The officer in charge after hearing Elmer's story told him he would do what he could for him. A physician was called who examined him and found only his weight barring him from the Marines. The officer in charge of this sub-station wrote to Washington, D. C., for Elmer, procured a waiver, and he became a Marine on the 5th of December, 1917.

He went at once from St. Louis to Paris Island, on the east coast of South Carolina, and a part of that State, landing the 12th of December; he was sworn in on the 14th and was placed in the 64th company of Marines. The duties on the island varied and consisted chiefly of hiking, drilling and bayonet practice which was of the most intensive kind; the object of this intensive training was to prepare the Marines for the fighting that was before them. He qualified as marksman on Paris Island in January, 1918, making a grade of 229 out of 300 shots—202 being the required number for marksmanship. Drilling, shooting, hiking, running, jumping, scaling walls, jumping into and out of trenches and like preparations were made. The object of these exercises was to toughen and harden the boys for that which lay before

them, and the word intensive was putting it mildly, for little did they dream of the future. This was kept up until February 20th, when Elmer with his company left Paris Island for Quantico, Va., a training camp for the Marines.

At Quantico the boys received instructions principally in trench warfare and it was there Elmer qualified as sharpshooter, making 240 out of 300, the requirement being 237 out of 300. Although making the required grade and receiving the recognition and extra pay he did not receive the sharpshooter's pin from the War Department until he returned to this country in the spring of 1919. He remained at Quantico until the 9th of March, when he left camp for Philadelphia to cross the ocean for the duties of a Marine in France. Although no one knew just where the boys were to be sent it was understood or surmised that France was their final destination, for no sooner had the boys arrived at Quantico when the second replacement battalion was formed and Elmer was placed in the 137th Co. U. S. Marines.

Ed. Henkhaus, whose description is found in this book, left St. Louis a little later than Elmer and arrived at Paris Island soon after. He met Ed several times while they were on Paris Island. Ed was in the 79th company. Ed was also placed in the second replacement battalion, but in the 139th company. It thus happened that Ed and Elmer were together a great part of the time. Ed also qualified as marksman on Paris Island.

The 137th, 138th and 139th companies were consigned for overseas duty and the three companies left Quantico together, and sailed on the same boat immediately after getting off the train at Philadelphia. They boarded the U. S. Henderson, a transport exclusively used to transport U. S. Marines to the various ports where Marines were sent. This time they left the good old U. S. shore for parts unknown to Our Boys, although headed straight for France. They left the docks at Philadelphia on the 12th of March; the trip across was made in 14 days. The U. S. Henderson was well equipped for this duty and though the sea was very rough little trouble was experienced on the way, and the boys landed safely in Brest, France, on the 26th day of March, 1918. No seasickness would have been noticed had it not been for the fine fruits, chocolates, and other delicacies; that, however, put Elmer and others in bad for several days. The trip was otherwise uneventful and but one submarine was sighted and it disappeared after two shots were fired at it; for it dived and was seen no more.

The three companies were under the command of Major Snider; the 137th was under the command of Capt. Martin, Lieutenants Mou-

tague, Duncan and Platt. As soon as they landed at Brest they were marched to the famous Napoleon Barracks, about three miles away, which at this time consisted of the old prison of Napoleon Bonaparte and built before the battle of Waterloo. This old prison was used at this time as a receiving camp; only a few barracks were built around the prison and the old wall was still standing. On account of the smallness of the camp the three companies remained there only a day and a night and after they had been served with a little coffee, hardtack and corn beef it appeared to the boys that food became painfully noticeable. This Napoleon Barracks was afterward enlarged to such an extent that upon Elmer's return it was almost ten miles long. This camp later on became known as the mud camp on account of the rains and mud; it was made more famous on account of the "Brest Scandal."

This camp consisted of few barracks and no drill grounds; when the three companies arrived it could not be called a camp for it was too small to accommodate these companies for more than one night, so they left the next morning, marched back to Brest and immediately boarded the trains for somewhere in France..

After about a week's travel on the train they stopped at a place called Cham-Pla, reaching this place April 3rd. Elmer was going eastward into France about the same time the Germans were making their first great drive westward in France. The boys stopped at Cham-Pla only four days, long enough to rest up a little, for there were no barracks nor tents there and the boys had to put up in billets. These billets consisted of barns, sheds, chicken-houses and the like; Elmer having the good fortune to find a hayloft. Only one small barracks was built and it was used for a kitchen and was left for future new-comers who were soon to follow.

On the 7th of April they left Cham-Pla for Cou-Blanc, hiking this distance and reaching this place in the evening. Here again Elmer was lucky in being able to call a hayloft his billet. This village became memorable for Elmer, for it was here the boys climbed a high mountain every morning and hiked around it every day. They had rifle practice on a little range the boys made; here they learned to handle guns, etc.; bayonet practice was fierce; and here the boys received their helmets and hob-nailed shoes, fit or no fit; and after they had received instructions in gas drills the companies split up to go farther east and to different sectors where American Marines had met with reverses and where they had been annihilated. To these places the boys were sent to fill in the gaps that had been made. Here Elmer and Ed. parted on the 19th of April, Ed. going to a sector assigned to

his company and Elmer to go east on the Verdun front to a small town about the size of Bethalto, by the name of Somme Du, directly south of the city of Verdun by about ten miles.

They arrived at Somme Du on the 21st of April, where the 5th and 6th regiments had been quite a while; and having lost nearly all their officers and men these new boys became part of the 5th and 6th, Elmer becoming part of the 6th regiment, 74th company, U. S. Marines, under the command of good old Captain Burns, Col. Catlin commanding the 6th regiment. The 9th and 23rd infantry and the 5th and 6th Marines comprised the Second Division.

The little town was quiet at the time the new men arrived, but they had evidently been seen coming for on the night of the 27th the town was heavily shelled; everybody made for their gas masks when the alarm was given and kept them on until the French officers notified them there was no gas. The shells flew high and went over the Marines, who were located in the east end of the town, but in the west end three "doughboys" and many horses and mules were killed during this twenty minute bombardment. Thinking all was over now the boys went back to their bunks only to be routed out again by another shell fire; this time the boys remained in their dugouts or took to the hills until morning for the fire was directed closer and the shells tore up streets and buildings all around them. Elmer was lucky and escaped unhurt.

As stated before, the 74th had been almost completely wiped out, the officers had either been killed, wounded, or gassed; the few men that were left joined the new bunch under Captain Burns and Lieutenant Gargon. Somme Du was not to be used as a battlefield, but for a replacing station, where they drilled and practiced with their rifles until the 9th of May, when orders were given to travel west. Leaving Somme Du in trucks they traveled three days and three nights, reaching Outre Pont on the 12th, where they received two months' pay and where a glorious time was had while it lasted. On the 19th of May they left Outre Pont and marched to Vitre, a railroad center, boarded a train that went west; they went through Paris, thence north to a town named Isle of Adam.

Nearly every soldier has described one or more hikes in this book; here came Elmer's memorable hike. The town of Marines was almost twenty miles away; here the Marines had to go afoot—weather of the hottest summer kind; a rifle, helmet, machine gun ammunition, besides a heavy pack; they wore fit-or-no-fit hobnailed shoes and new at that; yet the town had to be made. The result was officers and men alike fell by the wayside and had to be hauled by the truckload



ELMER T. OLTHOFF
74th Co., 6th Reg., U. S. Marines



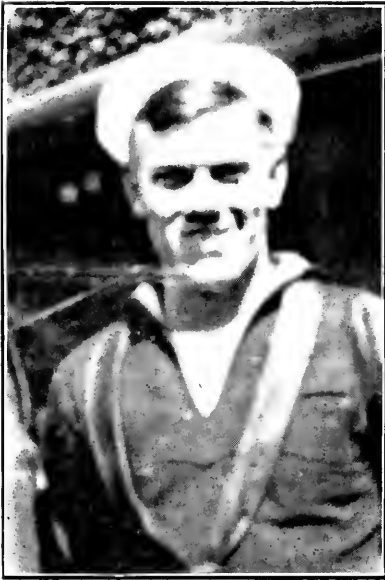
WALTER C. WULF
U. S. Marine Corps



HENRY E. HENKHAUS
(Deceased)
75th Co., 5th Reg., U. S. Marines



ANDREW SANDERS
1st Marine Aviation Corps



ELMER A. ELLIOTT
Fireman, U. S. S. N. T. S.



FREDERICK D. OBERMILLER
L. M. M. A., U. S. N. R. F.—5



ELMER O. SCHOENEWEIS
U. S. N. R. F.



EDWARD D. BAYLESS
Co. E, 12th Engineers

to the auxiliary hospital at Marines, which was soon full of patients. Great pluck was shown here and nobody rode unless he was picked up by the roadside. This 25th day of May is counted as another preparatory time for that which lay before them. Elmer remained in the hospital about a week; many however, remained a month, and some had to be sent to other hospitals.

Their division was stationed about thirty miles north of Marines, and Elmer with others went there in trucks. They were scattered around in small towns; it was in one of these towns that Elmer met Ed. Bowman and John Wiedmer for the first time in France, this being on Decoration Day. Although Ed. Henkhaus was near, Elmer had no chance to see him, Ed. belonging to the 5th regiment.

That night word was received that the Germans were breaking through at Chateau Thierry and orders were given to send the Marines there at once to stop the drive. They started for Chateau Thierry on the first day of June. On their way the Marines met objects that put "pep" into them; old and young alike were seen fleeing from their homes, the scenes were pitiful to behold; for miles and miles they could be seen with their belongings, some had carts pulled by dogs, cows, oxen or even women and children, no men excepting old and crippled, for the men were all on the firing line. Major Hughes took charge when they went to Belleau Wood. Finally the test came when they were met by French soldiers and officers also retreating, who told our Marine officers that nothing could be done to stem the tide; it was not necessary to go ahead for the Germans were already coming out of Belleau Wood and occupied Lucy, a small town a little west of Chateau Thierry; but our American Marine officers had assumed a different idea about going back by this time, for "Pluck" was the name of each officer in the regiment and they told the French officers there was no such expression as "Fall Back" in the Marine history, and no such word as "Retreat" in the Marine dictionary.

On they went to a small wood near Belleau Wood on the Paris-Metz road and formed line on this road; they reached the town of Lucy about 4 p. m., just before the Germans got there; but the German planes had discovered them and shortly afterward they started shelling the little town something awful from the wood only about a half mile away. The boys made for the cellars, the engineers dug trenches between the town and the wood. The Germans continued to throw shells into the town. The Marines had no planes and no artillery to support them, but they had pluck, and lay quiet on the ground when about eleven o'clock in the night the Germans started from the wood but the fire of the rifles of the Marines was something

fierce—such shooting—Elmer having a share in the fray. The result was the Germans did not get far out of Belleau Wood. The Marines remained there all night and the next morning they went back to Lucy, leaving the sentries there. The next day the Germans again shelled the town incessantly. When one barn was shot away another was found. Thus the day passed. The next night they occupied a position behind a stone wall; some dug trenches north of Lucy. These locations were not expected by the Germans and when they reappeared the third day the guns of the Marines played havoc with the Germans, who could not stand the withering fire; it was then that the first American Artillery was heard. They poured shells into the edge of the wood which produced such heart-rending cries and moans that whoever heard them can never forget.

During these trying hours a great deal of gas had been shot, and to have on a gas mask so long breathing through the mouth during hot summer hours was hard to bear. Digging in through the dead of night and upon break of day find that you have had four mutilated French keeping silent watch over you, or meeting Germans face to face during the intensive stillness, need not be commented upon here. Sufficient to know in this connection that only a fractional part of Elmer's story can be told here. It is enough to say that the Germans never reached the little town of Lucy a little north of Chateau Thierry, although many Marines were wounded and several killed.

During these trying hours there was one in the company who was always watching and caring for his men; there was one who would never enter a dug-out or a place of safety until his men were safe; there was one who was ever on the alert, guarding ever guarding; there was one who cautioned each one when danger was near and when after a circuitous route our Marines had at last succeeded in entering Belleau Wood and the enemy discovered what had happened—"Hell sure turned loose" as Elmer expressed it. The Germans were thick in the wood, but the only way was for the Marines to go in and stay in. They hurriedly dug themselves in, into a ravine; and when every soldier had been safely hid they waited for firing to cease. When at last it was over they came out of their dug-outs to find that one had failed to get in; he had seen that every soldier was safe, and upon seeing all were safe he had tried to enter the cave where they found him with both legs missing. This one, the noble Captain John E. Burns, had given his life to save the lives of his comrades. He was loved by all, for not a better nor braver man in the whole United States Marines could be found. Thus Captain Burns died while gallantly fighting, although the real fighting had just begun. He was

succeeded by Captain Turner. Fighting continued for thirty-five long hot days and thirty-five dreary nights.

Although it took thirty-five days and nights they succeeded in driving the enemy out of Belleau Wood and far beyond it, and although no colors were lost by the Marines many a brave officer and man bid farewell to his comrades during this trying time.

The 26th or National Guard Division entered the Wood and relieved the Marines, who were part of the Second Division. The first U. S. aeroplane was seen by Elmer on the Fourth of July, which caused a gleam of hope to enter his depressed spirit. After being relieved they went back to the Marne River, for the Germans were retreating all along the line. A little farther south at Chateau Thierry the Fifth Marines had the same kind of a time that the Sixth had at Belleau Wood. After leaving the Marne the Sixth went to Villers Cotterets Wood and although "eats" were scarce—hardtack and bacon and very little of that—shells were plentiful, for they were piled high everywhere.

From there they went to Verzy where the first tanks and armored cars and French Cavalry were seen. At this time Elmer was made a runner for Lieut. Trainer. They were still near the Germans. The formation was French Cavalry followed by tanks, and these tanks were followed by U. S. Marines. The tanks had one pounders and machine guns, but they drew the enemy's artillery fire and instead of taking one objective they took more; so it happened that when the tanks were at last disabled and the Marines coming up to the tanks, they, instead of tanks, had to take the artillery fire; besides as our American artillery was not moving as fast as the Marines caused them to run into the American Barrage, causing awful losses to our men. Many Boche planes kept swooping down on our brave boys, piercing them with machine gun bullets.

It happened that after Elmer had delivered one message and was returning with another that he was wounded on the right side of his face and shoulder. He was sent to the First Aid Station which consisted of a cave. Here he remained long enough to get his wounds dressed; while they were dressing his wounds a large plane came over, dropped a large bomb, killing a captain and many horses and almost closed the entrance of the cave. This was in the Soissons Sector, and many Marines lost their lives and many more were wounded; this fight lasted from the 18th of July until the 22nd of July, when finally the enemy was dislodged and put to flight.

Major General of the National Army, James G. Harbord, in speaking of this fight says: It is with keen pride that the Division Com-

mander transmits to the command the congratulations and affectionate personal greetings of General Pershing, who visited the Division Headquarters last night. His praise of the gallant work of the Division on the 18th and 19th is echoed by the French High Command, the Third Corps Commander, American Expeditionary Forces, and in a telegram from the former Division Commander. He says: In spite of two sleepless nights, long marches through rain and mud, and the discomforts of hunger and thirst, the Division attacked side by side with gallant Moroccan Division and maintained itself with credit. You advanced over six miles, captured over three thousand prisoners and eleven batteries of artillery and over a hundred machine guns, minenwerfer and supplies. The Second Division has sustained the best traditions of the Army and the Marine Corps. The story of your achievements will be told in millions of homes in all allied lands tonight.

Following is another citation from Major General Bullard, in speaking of this fight which lasted from the 18th to the 22nd of July: On the morning of the 18th of July, after forty-eight hours of exhausting, continuous, almost sleepless movements, you stood beside the best veteran French troops and did honor to the name American. Our allies, your commanders, the army of the United States and the whole nation are proud and will boast of your deeds and the deeds of your comrades, who at your side in the last five days have fallen, paying the last sacrifice of soldiers.

Yes, in these five days many a brave boy fell thinking of home that was to be home no more for him. Here one Bethalto boy lost his life, here Ed. Henkhaus paid the supreme price that we could be and remain free; and here Elmer received the wounds that almost proved fatal; yet he was spared that he may assist at some future time in driving the enemy out of territory not their own.

Elmer remained at Regimental first aid station a few hours after the bombardment waiting for the ambulance train, but as it did not reach the place until night, he with other wounded were loaded on flat trucks and sent to a French hospital ten miles behind the lines. Here they were tagged and the description of the wounds were taken, but no wounds were dressed here. After this was accomplished they were put on trains and sent to Paris, to the Red Cross Hospital No. 5.

On account of the many wounded arriving all the time Elmer was kept continually on the move. He had been wounded on the 19th and by the 20th he was already on his way to a Red Cross Hospital. He was in Paris from the 20th to the 28th, when he was sent to Base Hospital No. 26 at Alleray, where he remained until the 10th

of September. At this place he celebrated his birthday, if you can call it a celebration. On the 10th of September he was able to go back to his company, for his wounds were healed by that time. He reached his company on the 14th of September. They had just arrived at the Toul Sector, having just got out of the St. Mihiel Sector. He found his company in a pretty good condition for they had not lost many men during the time Elmer was in the hospital.

They reached Toul, a large place, on the 16th, and remained there a couple of weeks. From Toul they went to Champaign advance, Mount Blanc Sector, between Verdun and Rheims with the Argonne Forest south and east of them. They traveled from Toul to Vitry by rail, and from Vitry to Cheppes through Chalons they hiked the whole distance. The city of Chalons was being bombarded continually; even while hiking through the city of Chalons in the night, shells fell all around them. From Chalons they hiked north to Somme Suppes, the last town that could be recognized as a town with a name. Although there were no civilians there some French officers knew the town as Somme Suppes.

After that names of towns could not be ascertained and the only thing that gave clue to the existence of a town was the debris, for everything was in an unrecognizable shape. Piles of brick or stone showed that it had once been a place where inhabitants had quietly lived, now it was noise and death that mingled; for they were by this time in the midst of the Hindenburg line and for several years this place had been the object of vehement opposition and both sides had torn everything so what one side did not get demolished the other completed. They reached this terrible dreary place on the 28th of September and remained there until the 9th of October.

Mont Blanc was the objective of the Second Division. They were continually under shell fire during this time; they went through the awfulest times that a person can imagine; a pile of stone here, a large hole there, and shells flying everywhere.

Elmer did not quite reach Mount Blanc; if he did he did not know it, for on the 5th of October when shells were falling, splinters flying, death-dealing devices were at work, grinding, ever grinding, many a brave boy fell; the scene must not be described; it must be left to the imagination of the reader. During an awful gas attack a splinter tore a hole in Elmer's gas mask and the rest can be imagined; with his gas mask torn to pieces what the result would be. In this place where shells of all caliber and gas shells were flying all the time everywhere, in this waste of all wastes which could truly be called "No Man's Land," Elmer took his place beside the many gassed and

wounded. This new kind of gas, which the doctors declared to be a mixture of all kinds, had got him all at once. It made him sick, then strangulation set in, his voice left him, his eyes were blinded, his lungs became inflamed, and it was vomit and vomit all the time. He could not get out of it for it caught him suddenly and the last he remembered was that he lay down just about dead. He was unconscious when two stretcher bearers came along about three hours afterward. They carried him to the first aid station. He was unable to walk, talk or see. He was at once placed into an ambulance and taken to Field Hospital No. 5 near Chalons, a place that seemed altogether different to him now. His company still in the thick of the fight, while he was being carried from one hospital to another, made things seem weird.

At Field Hospital No. 5, they put medicine into his eyes so that he could open them a little now and then. After remaining overnight they sent him on to Mesves Hospital Center on a Red Cross train. This large hospital Unit No. 3, was far south of Vitry and Verdun. Here he was treated until the armistice was signed. His eyes and throat were treated with medicines and washes. Shortly after this he was sent to a convalescent camp in the same center with the balance of the gas patients; the principal treatment they received there was three hours exercise in the morning and three hours in the evening. The object of this exercise was to work the gas out of the patients, and it was exercise until you dropped.

The climate was mild and damp. The unfinished barracks were overcrowded with patients. Many thousands of gas patients were sent there from all parts of France. Elmer kept on improving, his eyes were getting better, but many another died while at this place, for "flu" and pneumonia added to the misery and the gas patients contracted "flu" and pneumonia easily. Food conditions were pretty good here, but that bothered Elmer very little for he had not regained his appetite.

He left the convalescent camp a little before Thanksgiving Day, thinking he would be sent home, and thus wrote to his parents that he would eat Christmas dinner with them; but instead of being sent home he was sent to Flat Foot Farm at St. Aignan, south of Paris, and about forty miles from Tours. Here he met John Wiedmer for the second time in France, the first time being on Decoration Day. Wiedmer had been in the hospital and was on the way back to his company. Flat Foot Farm was another place of misery; they were held there waiting for their records that had been lost. The place consisted of tents and men, little food and poor drinking water. One

slice of bread, one slice of bacon, a little coffee made from water that had gasoline mixed in it, was his Thanksgiving dinner. Cold and damp, frost and snow, misery over again during these days when they ought to have been on their way home, and instead of eating a well-prepared meal for Christmas at home he spent Christmas at Flat Foot Farm in southern France, south of Paris, near St. Aignan.

They sent many of the boys on without their records and thus it happened Elmer was finally sent on and he reached Brest in February, where he remained a couple of weeks. On March 3rd, he left on the Mount Vernon for New York, reaching Hoboken on the 10th, making the voyage in seven days. From Hoboken he was sent to Quantico, the starting point. While at Quantico he received a furlough and was home nearly two months recuperating. While home the freshness of the spring and the joy of being among loved ones soon refreshed him to a great extent; and after this furlough expired he returned to Quantico, where he received his discharge.

Following are a few telegrams received by George Olthoff, his father:

Headquarters U. S. Marine Corps,
Adjutant and Inspector's Department,
Washington, September 23, 1918.

Sir:—I deeply regret to inform you that information has been received in this office that Private Elmer T. Olthoff, Marine Corps, was gassed June 16, 1918. No further details were given in the report, and official cablegram cannot be sent asking about his condition. It is very probable that he will communicate with you giving the details of his injury and condition before such information is received by this office. You may rest assured that he will receive every possible care and attention. Military necessities and the conditions under which our forces are operating make it difficult to do much toward relieving the anxiety of relatives and friends of the men who are nobly sacrificing their lives in the service of their country. I am directed by the Major General Commandant to extend to you his sincere wishes that your son may have a speedy recovery and be restored to duty at an early date.

Very respectfully,
C. A. Ketcham, Captain and Assistant.

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR

Headquarters U. S. Marine Corps,
Adjutant and Inspector's Department,
Washington, January 21, 1919.

Sir:—I am directed by the Major General Commandant to advise you that a hospital report has just been received from abroad regarding your son, Private Elmer T. Olthoff, M. C., as follows: Admitted to Base Hospital No. 26, July 28, 1918, from American Red Cross Military Hospital No. 5. Cause of admission: Gun shot wound, right side of face, slight. Incurred in action July 19, 1918. Disposition: Returned to duty August 24, 1918. The Major General Commandant also directs me to state that he is glad to know that your son has recovered from his injuries, and to congratulate you on the splendid part he played in the glorious achievements of our forces.

Very respectfully, C. A. Ketcham.

CAPTAIN ASSISTANT ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR.

Headquarters U. S. Marine Corps,
Adjutant and Inspector's Department,
Washington, February 17, 1919.

Sir:—I am directed by the Major General Commandant to advise you that the muster roll of the 74th Company for the month of October, 1918, reports your son, Private Elmer T. Olthoff, Marine Corps, was gassed in action, October 5, 1918. This is the first information received by this office of a casualty in the case of the above named man and it is quite probable that you have already received same direct from him. However, as there are many instances in which the relatives have not received information, this office is sending out the reports in all cases.

Yours respectfully,

C. A. Ketcham, Captain Assistant Adjutant and Inspector.

Elmer was not as lucky as many others of the Marine Corps,—still there were worse casualties. He was in different hospitals a long time and to while away so many of the lonesome hours he wrote some of his past experiences in the forms of two poems which he wrote at different times: They read as follows:

OVER THE TOP

“Twas on the morning of the 19th in the month of July,
That the order was given to pack up and stand by,
To clean up our rifles and shine up our knives,
And look to the rations which might save our lives.

So the men were soon busy and I with the rest
Was hurrying and scurrying and trying my best
To get my equipment in order and shape,
And trying to dope out just what I should take.
For you know when a fellow's going over the top
He does not take all of the things that he's got.
And though many a heart has beat in despair
You've got to watch out what you put in there.
For all of the treasures you love and you own,
Such as letters from her and the pictures from home,
Must be carried along with you strapped on your back,
Packed away closely in your combat pack.
By five o'clock we were ready to go,
Each man a warrior from his head to his toe.
When the whistle blew we stepped off in file
With many a grin and many a smile,
For though we were headed for the firing line
We were "raring to go" and feeling fine.
Each 30-inch step brings us nearer our fate
So we quickened our pace so we wouldn't be late.
For an hour or two we hiked through the woods,
Then out through a place where a village once stood.
We passed through its streets all torn up from shell
We uttered some phrases which here I won't tell;
Then out through some fields which once had grown wheat,
But now just plain mud from the trampling of feet,
Then to the top of a hill and there on its crest
Our Captain, he told us to lie down and rest.
We no sooner did this, now let me tell,
When right in our midst there lit a big shell.
And no sooner that one than another one came
And soon they were falling as thickly as rain.
So we stretched out and rested the best way we could.
And counted the shells that came from the wood.
For it was in this wood that Fritz had his line
While we had a wheatfield in which shelter to find.
After resting, perhaps half an hour or so,
The order was given to get up and go.
That now we were in "No Man's Land,"
And would fight to a finish to make a stand.
Then in war formation we entered the field,
Our rifles were loaded and bared was our steel,

So we started across in the young of the day,
The woods our objective, a kilo away.
The air was soon sizzling and hissing with lead
That smashed up our limbs or knocked you cold dead,
And soon high explosive was taking its toll
And shrapnel was starting to make many a hole.
Now and then a buddy, a brave boy would drop,
With a hole in his heart or his head all shot.
And then a pitiful cry would come up
From a wounded pal with an ugly cut.
And again to add to our misery out there
A squadron of Boche swept down from the air
With guns that spit out their red hot fire
But we plowed through it all nor did we retire.
Our guns were still loaded and still bare was our steel
When we came to the edge of that waving wheat field.
Then 'twas like walking right straight into hell
For the field we now entered behind me when I tell
Was nothing but grass two or three inches high,
And there I heard many a buddie's last cry.
The bullets now spat like snakes at our feet,
And the shells fell so thick we could feel the heat,
But on we kept going and ne'er did we stop
Till we neared their front line just within a good shot,
And then it was our turn to take a hand in the fray
So we started a game that all of us could play.
Every one opened up and all at one time
Sent out our death-pills into Fritizie's front line,
And this we kept up an hour or two
And out of the Fritz we made hash and Boche stew.
Then something happened, our guns got the range,
And soon in the scene began a great change
And then all the woods where old Fritzie lay
Was quickly mown down just like so much hay.
And then as the harvest was fast being reaped
Right out in the open the "Devil Dogs" leaped.
We were ready to live or ready to die.
But did we die? No! but fighting like mad
We forced the last Fritz to holler "Kamerad"!
We now were ready to run them through,
But there was only one thing allowed us to do;
So we took back our prisoners and then stopped to rest;
We had gained our victory; we had done our best.

OVER NO MAN'S LAND

I had a pal in the Marine Corps;
It is hard for me to say,
But I'll tell you where I left him
Six months ago today.
We were up in the front line trenches
Dug down in the sand,
When our orders came to us one night
To go across No Man's Land.
So over to No Man's Land we wandered
Me and my old friend, Bill,
We placed our pack upon our back
And went winding up the hill.
We topped the hill at ten o'clock,
The moon was shining bright.
When across the lone old prairie
There was another hill in sight.
I says to Bill, "The coast is clear,
And we are on the way,
Let's try to make the hill
Before the break of day."
Bill said, "all right" and took the lead
And I was close behind,
Watching closely all along
For any German sign.
We crossed that lonely prairie
And reached that lonely hill
And went into the timber
While everything was still.
The sun rose up next morning
It was shining through the trees,
We heard a sound somewhere around,
And dropping to our knees,
Bill put his gun to his shoulder,
And while he was taking sight,
He says, "I see a German
And I'll get him all right."
I watched him pull the trigger
And at the crack of that old gun
He brought the German to the ground
As if he weighed a ton.

We searched his clothing closely
No information could we find
So thought the Germans had retreated
And he'd been left behind.

We stayed there in the timber
As it was broad daylight
For we were out in No Man's Land
And must keep out of sight.

Bill said to me, "Some time today,
Before the sun goes down,
There'll be a German patrol come
From that little one horse town."

And sure enough that afternoon,
As sure as I'm alive,
A Hun patrol came slipping through,
But there were only five.

We watched them there as they drew near
To ninety steps or more
Bill brought the leader to the ground
And there were only four.

And then I loaded my old gun,
And took a rest across a tree,
This brought another to the ground
So there were only three.

Bill threw his arms up in the air
As he was shot clear through,
But he had got another one
Which left there only two.

'Then many thoughts went through my head,
I said, "you dirty Hun!"
And then another bit the dust
And there was only one.

I'd bad luck with my rifle
And broke the firing pin,
So jerked my HP pistol from my belt
And got the last one through the chin.

So there lay five dead Huns
But my brave partner Bill,
Was dead as any German
Upon that dreary hill.

I took my shovel from my pack
And dug a little grave—
Than cover Bill up with the sod,
I'd rather be a slave.
I rolled him in his blanket
And lined his grave with grass,
And covered him up with the cold sod,
And saw him for the last.
I took his mess kit cover
And hung it on a limb,
And wrote a verse across it
So they'd remember him.
"Here lies a long lost soldier,
His name was Billy Tart;
He fought and died for his country
And surely did his part.
He could whip his weight in wild-cats
But he couldn't stop a shell,
But we know he went to Heaven
For he's done his hitch in Hell.

Following are Elmer's discharge and military record:

United States Marine Corps.

To all whom it may concern: Know ye that Elmer Theodore Olthoff, a private of the U. S. Marine Corps, who was enlisted the 14th day of December, 1916, at Marine Barracks, Paris Island, S. C., to serve for the duration of the war, is hereby honorably discharged by special order of the Major General Commandant. For the convenience of the government.

Said Elmer Theodore Olthoff was born August 1st, 1895, at Terre Haute, Ind., and when enlisted he was 65 3-4 inches high, with blue eyes, auburn hair, ruddy complexion; occupation mechanic, citizenship, U. S. Accepted for enlistment at St. Louis Mo. Given under my hand and delivered at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., Headquarters 14th Regiment, this 13th day of June, 1919. Paid in full \$112.76, check No. 32652, dated June 10th, 1919. Character: Excellent. P. W. Bowman, Colonel U. S. M. C., Commanding Marines.

MILITARY RECORD

Previous service: None. Promotions and reductions: None.
Marksmanship qualification: Marksman, February 2, 1918. Sea

Service: None. Foreign Service: France, March 26th, 1918 to March 3rd, 1919. Wounds received in service: Gassed in action June 16th, 1918; October 5, 1918. Battles, engagements, skirmish expeditions: June 1st to July 4th, 1918, Bois de Belleau Sector; July 18th to July 19th, 1918, Parey-Tigny; October 2nd to October 5th, 1918, Champagne Sector. Military Efficiency: Very Good. Obedience: Excellent. Sobriety: Excellent. Remarks: Service honest and faithful; issued honorable discharge button—P. W. Bowman, Colonel U. S. M. C. Commanding Marines.

EDWARD B. BOWMAN

Edward B. Bowman, son of Ben and Emma Bowman, and brother to George, whose description is found in this book, was born on a farm one half mile east of Bethalto May 22, 1896. He received a good common school education at Bethalto, completing the Ninth grade work; and after that continued to assist the parents with their farm work. Later on he attended the Jones Commercial College in St. Louis, completing the course there, and after graduation he became instructor at the college, a position he was holding at the time the United States entered the World War against Germany.

A number of St. Louis boys began to volunteer for the service and Ed. became one of the volunteers for the U. S. Marines, taking examination on the 26th of May, shortly after war was declared. Although he was accepted, passing the physical test easily, he did not leave until a sufficient number was procured; among the number being John Wiedmer, of St. Louis, and Leo Struif of Alton. In the meantime Ed. registered for the draft, June 5th, and on the 14th of June, Ed. was on his way in company with 145 boys, all bound for Paris Island, S. C. These 145 boys, who later became known as the St. Louis Unit, formed the 75th and 76th companies after reaching Paris Island. At the time the boys arrived Paris Island had not been developed as a military camp for the Marines, but was being used as a Naval Prison, and all that was on the Island at the time was the old prison with its naval prisoners and their guards.

The 75th and 76th received uniforms at once, and on account of such a large number from one place at the same time, they were at once classed as a unit of some strength and importance. Ed. was placed in the 75th company, after taking another rigid examination. After Ed. had been on the Island but a short time he had been thoroughly initiated into the secrets of Marine life, and the next three

months were devoted to drilling, hiking and in a word, training to become a Marine to serve in a foreign land. The Island is about 25 miles wide and afforded room for all kinds of practice and training. Major General George Barnett, Commandant Marine Corps, gave the boys a talk on the mysteries of Marine life, and after the chaplain had given them a brief talk the final step of initiation was taken by "crossing the line" and the duties of a Marine were taken up.

At the end of the first two weeks the boys went farther inland where a camp was being arranged; it was about two miles from the seacoast and when the tide was high the water came rolling all the way to the camp, and after it had receded it left a beautiful drill ground, smooth and firm. The tide also left thousands of tons of oyster shells on the coast which the boys were wont to carry in buckets a distance of two miles to build up the camp. The carrying of these shells in buckets on a shoulder was tiresome and irksome, but it helped to toughen and that was what was needed.

After remaining in the first camp about two weeks they went farther inland where real intensive drilling commenced. The tide came in at about 7 o'clock in the evening, and was gone before morning, leaving splendid grounds on which to drill. They built a galley—(Marine name for kitchen)—filled up all around with shells, and they started to build a mess hall. It was here they held their Fourth of July meet. They had boxing, jumping, etc. Thus they completed another step in their line of duty. Here amongst strangers these burning summer days were spent; here amongst palm trees Ed. spent days amidst millions of buzzards and myriads of mosquitoes; but he felt he was doing his duty toward his country and but for this feeling the work would have been unbearable.

Later on they went to another camp where drilling became more intense. It became training in reality; training from sunup until sunset; work half a day, drill the other half. When they reached this third camp they found it rough and full of seaweeds; they smoothed about one square mile of these grounds, carrying off all the weeds and making it fit for drilling. They unloaded a large barge of lumber, by carrying the lumber two miles inland to build barracks. They were brown as bats, for they wore few clothes in this hot land, and no one wore caps or hats. The object of this intensive training seemed to be twofold; one was to learn to obey orders, the other to toughen up. If a Marine was the least negligent with his clothing he was punished by having to carry from 20 to 50 buckets of oyster shells a distance of two miles after drill hours; it would sometimes take a week to fulfill this duty. At this camp they went on a rifle range for two weeks;

the first week was spent in what was called "snapping off" which taught them to handle the gun but no shooting; also taught them to load and handle the gun with ease and precision. The second week was spent in shooting, at the end of which time the boys qualified on the range. The regular pay for the boys was \$30.00 a month. If a Marine made 202 out of 300 he qualified as marksman and received \$2.00 extra pay; if he made 238 out of 300 he became a sharpshooter and received \$3.00 extra pay; if he made 251 out of 300 he became an expert rifleman and received \$5.00 extra pay. Ed. made 261 out of 300, receiving extra pay of \$5.00 a month for a year, and received expert rifleman's badge, but not until he reached France.

From these new barracks they went back to the old barracks where the Old Naval Prison was located. Here they did guard duty; guarding prisoners and making them work; guarding men who had been court-martialed and sent to Paris Island for long prison terms. Here he met Walter Wulf, of Bethalto, not as a prisoner, but as a cook at headquarters.

By the first of September they had left Paris Island and reached Quantico, a camp in Virginia exclusively used to train U. S. Marines. Here Ed. received a ten-day furlough which time he spent with home folks. After he returned he was placed in the 83rd company, 6th U. S. Marines, 3rd Battalion. At Quantico they had more real training in trench warfare, etc., until they got ready to sail for France, which was on the 22nd of October, 1917, when they boarded the ship Von Steuben, that had formerly been the Crown Prince Wilhelm. They sailed from Philadelphia to New York where they joined the convoy of four troop ships, four destroyers and one battle cruiser. The Von Steuben sailed as an auxiliary cruiser. The convoy was under American command; the sea was smooth and everything went fine until they reached the war zone. They sighted two German submarines, one fired at them but no damage was done and the submarines were made to disappear; but about 8 o'clock at dusk one of the troop ships called Agamemnon rammed the Von Steuben, causing the loss of several lives. The jar threw the sailors from the Agamemnon on to the Von Steuben, and five American Marines on deck of the Von Steuben were thrown into the sea and lost. Ed. narrowly escaped by holding to the railing. The bow of the Von Steuben had been torn off, the life boats on one side all gone and the ship placed in a critical position, and in a bad condition. No time to stop in the dark amidst the enemy submarines, the balance of the convoy sailed on to St. Nazaire while the Von Steuben managed to reach Brest, a nearer port, on the 12th of November, 1917.

They passed through the great sea walls that Napoleon had built many years ago; and after landing they went to the Napoleon Barracks. They were the first Americans to reach this place, and they sure did receive a royal welcome from the natives. The French were downhearted, and when they saw relief coming—when they saw their only hope coming—the city rejoiced and threw thousands of flowers in the paths of the Marines.

They remained at Brest one day and then rode in box cars to Bordeaux, where the 5th and 6th Marines built docks and laid miles of track. They drove piling, built warehouses and worked like slaves. They drilled some, but worked most of the time. They remained at Bordeaux until the first of January, 1918, when they once more took a 4-day box car ride for the Verdun Sector, a ride through snow and sleet, a cold and miserable ride until they reached Damblain, a town right behind the lines. At Chaumont La Ville, their camp, they were placed in reserve and were given more training in bomb throwing, gas drills, etc. They had both English and French masks. They had instructions in real live grenades and gas drills in real gas and gas masks.

From reserve they were put in support and by the last of January they took over the first line trenches, thus relieving the French for the first time in their history. Thus the Marines became familiar with trench warfare for they remained in these trenches from the last of January until the 18th of May. During this time the Germans made several attacks and the Marines were constantly under shell fire. When they went to the trenches Ed. became corporal, and while in the trenches he became acting-sergeant. He held outposts and was in charge of nine men.

It may be mentioned here that in a nearby sector the Germans made a heavy attack on the 74th company, causing the loss of nearly the whole company, and it thus happened that Elmer Olthoff, of Bethalto, was sent there to help fill up the gaps thus made. They had been near Dead Man's Hill at Somme Dieu, near the Meuse River. After they were relieved they left this sector for a five days' rest at Varray La Petit, a real rest, the first one for many a day. Here Ed. received his pay and here he celebrated his 22nd birthday.

The 83rd, 84th, 82nd and 97th composed the Third Battalion under the command of Major Sibley. The 83rd and 84th were always billeted together, John Wiedmer, of St. Louis, was in the 84th, and Leo Struif, of Alton in the 97th. After a five days' period of rest they hiked four days and four nights to the little town of Montagny, north of Paris, where they were placed in reserve of the First

Division, and while at Montagny he met Elmer Olthoff, the first and only time in France. This was on Decoration Day.

The First Division was expecting an attack from the Germans and the Second Division was placed in readiness in the Mt. Didier Sector; but they (the Second Division) had hardly reached this place when orders came for them to march toward Paris, for the Germans were breaking through at Chateau Thierry. The boys started at once in camions, or trucks as we call them, and rode all night, all next day and the next night. They met sights little dreamed of; men, women and children, everybody, fleeing from their homes, having left all their belongings; some pulled carts, some carried a little baggage, but all were hurrying from that awful scene they left behind; as they drew nearer soldiers were seen fleeing. The Germans had routed the French; they were in full retreat, a disorderly retreat, their line was broken and the tide of retreat could not be stemmed.

It was here the French General in command told Major General Bundy to have his men also fall back, as nothing could be done; that it would be best to form a line of defense 25 miles farther back; but our noble Major General Bundy answered him by saying: "Retreat Hell, we did not come to retreat, we came to fight; Marines never retreat—there is no such word in their dictionary." On and on they went, and the French soldiers kept filtering through doing their best to hold the Germans back, but with little success. The Marines finally established their lines three kilos behind the place where the French lines were supposed to have been, but the French had gradually left their places, for the organization was broken. The boys on their way met many a poor wounded soldier, they passed many dead, saw many a demolished and ruined dwelling. They settled in their position on the night of June the first, and by next morning the Germans, expecting no resistance, came forward in full formation.

At Montagny Ed. had been made sergeant and a recommendation for a commissioned officer, and the date of his going to officers' training school had been set, but now he was in charge of the bombing section. As the enemy marched forward in full formation the unexpected happened. The Marines were there, the "Devil Dogs" had arrived on the scene; and the withering fire that was sent into the enemy's line was awful to behold; but they kept on attacking and the Marines held fast and so did their lines. The enemy would fall back, then try again; there were bayonet charges, bomb throwing, real fighting in earnest all around, and all around lay the dead and wounded. These attacks were desperate, but the enemy finally fell back and waited for the next day.

Ed. had received a shrapnel wound and went back to the dressing station where it was dressed, but on account of the shortage of men Ed. was sent back to where they made preparation to meet another onslaught the next day, the third of June. On the third they were attacked again harder than ever, the Uhlans made one charge after another, many a brave son lost his life, but not in vain. The ammunition ran low, their rations all gone, fighting continued, but their lines held. They had not discovered the word "retreat," the order had not been given, and if it had it would probably not have been obeyed. It was too much for the enemy, and although the aeroplanes kept swooping down with their machine guns and taking a heavy toll, those who were left resisted and the enemy gave up the attack.

The Germans had failed in the second battle of Marne, they had failed in their advance on Paris; they had failed to break through, and had failed to sweep down the beautiful valley to overwhelm the Pride of France.

It was now coming time for the Americans to try a hand at the offensive. The Fourth Brigade, composed of the Fifth and Sixth Marines, started their advance movement toward Belleau Wood where the Germans had concealed their infantry with machine guns and trench mortars. They were hid in the woods, they were behind rocks and were well protected from artillery fire. Into this we must go and into this place we went. Can you imagine the hell our boys went through; can you imagine how our boys felt before they started—when the Regimental Chaplain held services in the trenches; and can you imagine how Ed. felt when the gunnery sergeant told him at 5 p. m. on the 6th of June just as they started forward that "after to-day the old lady will have to wear black."

They started forward in four waves, but there was only one wave left when they reached the wood; Ed. was in the first wave; he was shot in the left hip at 6 p. m. by a machine gun bullet; the blood began to ooze down into his shoe but the excitement was too great, life was nothing in the sight of so much carnage, and on he went until he reached the wood. Many had fallen and their ranks fast depleting but they succeeded. As was stated later by some German prisoners, the Marines surely must have been drunk; nay, it was the absence of drink that had made them obedient and brave; but no matter how brave a soldier is he cannot stop a cannon ball. The cries of the wounded, the roaring of the cannon, the swishing of machine gun bullets, and the battle cries of "Lusitania" and others mingled when something happened.

Ed. was unable to go on; it was seven-thirty, he heard a roar, a crash and he was whirled into the air. A high explosive shell had lit amongst them; many were wounded and several killed, among whom was his friend, the gunnery sergeant. A piece of shell had torn a place out of Ed.'s leg, including about three inches of bone, and he lay helpless. They dragged him into a ditch where shell fire was not so fierce. Later on he was removed to a barn where his wounds were dressed, but the Germans began shelling the barn and the able-bodied men fled, but Ed., unable to flee, crawled under some hay in a semi-conscious state where he lay until 12:30 at night when he imagined the enemy had won the day; and he also knew what it meant for him if the enemy found him in this critical condition; but the enemy did not find him. Instead a French Red Cross man found him the next morning and carried him to an ambulance and thus he rode through a stream of shell fire, through the town of Lucy to a place of safety.

An American Red Cross station was situated in a church, and Ed. was placed in it where he was given a "shot" to keep him from getting lock-jaw, but Ed. had not long to stay there for the Germans began to shell this hospital, wounding a nurse and killing several patients, so they had to leave the church and Ed. was taken to a hospital in a town called Jouy. Even at Jouy they bombarded them. It was at Jouy Ed. was operated upon, he had had a severe hemorrhage and he was unconscious most of the time; he was being moved around more than he could bear. For safety's sake he was removed to Base Hospital No. 2 at Paris. Even the "Big Berthas" fell there. While at Paris Ed. had another hemorrhage, for they could not get the bleeding under control.

During the latter part of July, Ed. was taken from the hospital in Paris and sent to Base Hospital No. 8 at Savenay, about 14 kilos from St. Nazaire, arriving there about the first of August. At Jouy he had the machine gun bullet taken from his hip and it had healed up by this time, but the large wound would not heal and while he was at Savenay he had another awful hemorrhage, which almost proved fatal; and would have proved so had it not been for the transfusion of blood from a nurse and a doctor. He had lost so much blood that he dared not move for two weeks. He was at this hospital until the first of November and during his stay at the various hospitals his weight had reduced from 170 pounds to 125 pounds.

On the first of November he was sent to Brest to the U. S. Base Hospital No. 15, where he remained until November 12, when he set sail for the United States on the Ship Pocahontas. He was sent as S. C. D.—Surgeon's Certificate of Disability.

While in France he had undergone four operations, one at Jouy, one at Paris and two at Savenay. They had a rough voyage, but they landed safely at Norfolk, Va., on the 22nd of November, and he was sent to Portsmouth Hospital from where he was transferred to the Great Lakes Hospital on the third of December. He was home on a seven days' furlough between Christmas and New Year and upon his return he was once more operated upon; this time they grafted skin on his wound that would not heal. In April he had another furlough and when he returned he remained until he was discharged from the service, receiving a Medical Disability Discharge.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS.

To all whom it may concern: Know ye, that Edward B. Bowman, a private of the U. S. Marine Corps, who was enlisted at M. B. Paris Island, S. C., on the 21st day of June, 1917, to serve four years, is hereby honorably discharged upon report of medical survey for disability. Said Edward B. Bowman was born May 22nd, 1896, at Bethalto, Ill., and when enlisted was 68 inches high, with brown eyes, dark brown hair, fair complexion; occupation, teacher, citizenship U. S. Delivered at Chicago, Illinois, this 31st day of August, 1919. Character: Excellent. R. E. Walker, Captain Ret'd U. S. M. C., Commanding Marines.

MILITARY HISTORY.

Applied for enlistment June, 1917, at St. Louis, Mo. Previous service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Corporal 2/5/18. Private 11/20/18. Marksmanship qualification—None. Sea Service: U. S. S. Von Steuben, Oct. 24, 1917, to Nov. 19, 1917. Foreign Service: Served with 83rd Co. 6th Regt. U. S. M. C., A. E. F. France. Battles, Engagements, Skirmishes, Expeditions:

(Record is incomplete on account of it being lost).

Wounded in action June 6, 1918. Military efficiency: Excellent. Obedience: Excellent. Sobriety: Excellent. Remarks: Service Honest and Faithful. Honorable discharge button delivered. Was given opportunity to consult with a representative of the Federal Board for Vocational Education prior to discharge. Mileage paid to St. Louis, Mo. Paid in full, One Hundred forty-four and 10/100 Dollars. R. E. Walker, Captain Ret'd U. S. M. C., Commanding Marines.

HENRY EDWARD HENKHAUS

Henry Edward Henkhaus, better known to his friends as Ed. Henkhaus, and by which name he will be known in this story, was the son of Henry and Julia Henkhaus. He was born in Foster Township, not far from Bethalto, September 25, 1892. The parents were both born in Madison County in 1860. When Ed. was seven years of age the family moved to Alton where he attended St. Mary's Parochial school; and for a while attended the public school of Alton. Like his parents, being used to a healthy country atmosphere, Ed. soon grew tired of indoor life at school and yearned for activity.

Thus it happened he went to work for the Illinois Glass Company when quite young. Even this life was too irksome for one born and raised where life was free and activity unpent; so as he grew older he longed for that freedom that only the Western United States can give. He went as it is commonly called "West." He traveled through Kansas, Colorado, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin and other Western States more than six years, earning his way; for activity, freedom and sobriety were parts of his make-up; on account of these qualifications he made friends wherever he went, for these are the qualifications that form the backbone of our good citizens of Illinois and the West.

Ed. was employed at the Federal Lead Plant when he enlisted in the Marine Corps at St. Louis, Friday, December 13, 1917. He was sent to Paris Island, S. C., reaching that place about the middle of December, 1917. He was placed in the 79th company U. S. Marines. Here he received the training that fitted him for the duties that lay before him. Here his previous outdoor exercise, his love of excitement, came in handy; for hiking, drilling, and bayonet practice, although of the most intensive kind, suited his nature; for his physical make-up was of such kind that he could endure all the hardships imposed upon him.

Ed. qualified as marksman at Paris Island, thus increasing his pay. Ed. and Elmer Olthoff, whose description is found in this book, were on Paris Island at the same time, Ed. having arrived about a week later than Elmer. They were together much of the time, although Elmer was in the 64th company, and Ed. in the 70th. They were sent to Quantico, Va., from Paris Island at the same time. The second replacement battalion was formed at Quantico and Ed. was placed in the 139th company and Elmer in the 137th.

Again, at Quantico training continued, for the word "Replacement" battalion told them that they were soon to take the places of those who had died or had been wounded on the field of battle. The

137th, 138th and 139th companies were consigned for overseas duty and the three companies left Quantico together and sailed on the same boat immediately after getting off the train at Philadelphia.

Besides letters written to home folks, probably the last letter written in this country by him was written to a friend in Bethalto on the seventh of March, 1918. In this letter he writes of the beautiful life at Quantico in comparison to the life on Paris Island; he speaks of his disdain for a slacker; and states that he also had a few pacifist tendencies at the beginning of the war, but since he understood the situation in a real light the time for such thoughts is past; and if he never comes back it is certainly better than to be a slacker; and besides in a time of emergency like this our country needs us. He states the military training comes easy to him on account of the strenuous exercise he has had in the past. He is glad that he joined the Marines for they become the best disciplined body of men in the whole army; he writes that he wants to be the first in the fight and he knows the Marines must face the real phase of the war; he knows also that the Marines will remain in this country but a short time, and there will be no time for a furlough, and therefore asks friends to pray that all may end well.

With that feeling in his heart, with that depressed yet cheerful spirit, he boarded the troop ship U. S. Henderson which was exclusively used to transport U. S. Marines. He boarded the ship on the 12th day of March, and landed at Brest, France, on the 26th day of March, 1918. As soon as the 137th, 138th and 139th landed they were sent to the famous Napoleon Barracks made famous for having been used as a military prison in the Napoleonic days, and having been built more than a hundred years ago. They remained there but a day and a night and again marched to Brest where they boarded trains for somewhere in France. They stopped at Cham-Pla and remained there for four days when again on the seventh day of April they started out to go still farther east, for Cham-Pla was too small for such a great number of Marines. This time they hiked to Cou-Blanc where they received intensive training, such as climbing a mountain, and marching around it; doing rifle practice and anything that would make a toughened Marine still tougher. Gas drills were frequent and bayonet practice was fierce.

At Cou-Blanc the three companies received their helmets and hobnailed shoes. Here the three companies split up, going in different directions to fill up the gaps that had been made in the ranks of the Marines that had gone before them; so it happened that the boys of the 137th and 139th parted. It was then that Elmer and Ed.

parted, bidding each other a last farewell. The boys were scattered to different sectors, Elmer going east of Paris, and Ed. remaining northwest and west of Paris. Elmer was placed in the 5th U. S. Marines and Ed. in the 6th, these two companies making up part of the Second Division.

On Decoration Day word was received that the Germans were breaking through at Chateau Thierry and if successful would endanger the city of Paris, where were located the ammunition works and all other factories manufacturing war material and supplies. This drive must be stopped immediately and the Fifth Regiment was sent to Chateau Thierry and the Sixth to a town called Lucy, near Belleau Wood. Chateau Thierry was being evacuated, old and young were fleeing from the entire sector, even the French soldiers were seen fleeing from the scene, for the enemy greatly outnumbered them.

It was to this place since made famous the world over, it was at this place the Sixth Regiment stood fast, saying "they shall not pass!" It was at this place the Sixth Regiment stopped the enemy when they were not ready to stop; here Ed. was in the thickest of the fray the history of which you will read some day; sufficient to know in this connection that both Ed. Henkhaus and Ed. Bowman were wounded while gallantly fighting. During these nineteen hours of continuous fighting through the hot summer day the Marines succeeded in doing what they had set out to do; although the American casualties were heavy and their ranks rapidly diminishing the trained Bavarians and Saxons were taught that they cannot outfight the supposedly untrained American soldier. Ed. Henkhaus was not wounded as seriously as Ed. Bowman, for on the 11th of June, 1918, a card was written in Paris and mailed on the 13th to Edith Henkhaus, his sister, saying that Ed. Henkhaus has asked to have a letter written to his sister saying that he was slightly wounded in the left side and would write as soon as he reached the hospital,—that he was feeling fine, and that he sent his love. Signed: An American Girl.

On June 8th, Ed. wrote to a friend as follows: It has been a long time since I heard from the folks. I don't know whether they are living or dead. I am in the hospital in Paris with a small shell wound in my left side. I am not in a serious condition and will be ready to go back within a few days. I have heard nothing from anybody since I left Paris Island more than four months ago. Paris is a dandy place, I saw it from a Red Cross ambulance. The Americans are doing some fighting, believe me! Marines always on top. I lost my old pal, "Red" (Elmer Olthoff) after we got to France, but he has joined some company by this time. They took 187 out of our

Replacement Battalion and after that I lost track of him. How I would love to see home and mother. I feel they are praying for me and with that feeling in my heart I feel comfort. Wishing I could hear from you, I am, with love to all,

Your friend, Ed.

Little did Ed. dream how near his pal "Red" was when he was wounded, although he did not see him, and little did he dream how near they would be to each other soon after this. It is better thus. It cannot be definitely stated how long Ed. was in the hospital, but we know he soon recovered from the shell wound that he received at Chateau Thierry. The 5th and 6th regiments were sent to the Soissons Sector after the enemy had been defeated there and at Belleau Wood. After Ed. recovered from the wound he received he returned to his company which was by that time occupying the Soissons Sector.

The Germans were well entrenched in this region and the French could not disengage them, so it was, as before, up to the Marines to do it. The first effort was made on the 18th of July, the 5th regiment taking the lead. Over the top they went. The onslaught was too much for the enemy and they had to retreat to other fortified places only to be driven out by the 6th regiment who "leap frogged" the 5th.

Only a few words describe this awful episode, but it ended the fighting for one Bethalto boy—for one member of the 5th regiment, and almost for one member of the 6th regiment of the U. S. Marines. Here again Ed. and Elmer were near each other but did not know it.

Although many lives were lost in this fight, which lasted from the 18th of July to the 21st of July, but two from here took part in this fray to the glory of our community with the result that one is wearing a wound stripe and the parents and relatives of the other are praying that the gold star turn to blue. The rest of this story is taken from telegrams and other reports.

On the 14th of August, 1918, Julia Henkhaus received a telegram, which read as follows: Regret to inform you that cablegram from abroad advises that Private Henry Edward Henkhaus, Marine Corps, was wounded in action, degree undetermined, July 19th. No further particulars available. Official cablegram cannot be sent asking about his condition, but you will be notified should any details be received. George Barnett, Maj. Gen. Commanding.

On October 1, 1919, Julia Henkhaus received the following telegram: Deeply regret to inform you cablegram from abroad states that Private Henry Edward Henkhaus, Marine Corps, died July 19th of wound received in action. Remains will be interred abroad until end of the war. Accept my sincere sympathy in your great loss.

Your son nobly gave his life in service of his country. Charles G. Long, Brigadier General.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Julia Henkhaus and dated December, 1918. The American Red Cross National Headquarters, Washington, D. C. Bureau of Communication: Dear Mrs. Henkhaus: You have no doubt been officially notified of the death of your son, Henry E. Henkhaus, 75th company, 5th Marines. I am told in a report dated November 15th, that he received a shell wound in his neck on July 18th, from the effects of which he died on the 20th. He was buried at Niel cemetery, Ozrion, and his grave is number 566. I hope your pride in the brave soldier's valiant defense of humanity will in time soften your grief. His country will always honor him and you for the great sacrifice you have made. Please accept the deepest sympathy of the Red Cross in your loss. Sincerely yours, W. R. Castle, Jr.

Florence T. Ossmun in the New York Herald expresses the sentiment of a brave mother which exemplifies the character of Ed's mother and is appropriate. The poem, written since the war, is called:

I SHALL BE BRAVE.

I shall not be embittered on that day
When other mothers' hearts are beating high
With joy of homing boys and mine not by;
I'll join them in their welcomes blithe and gay,
Nor let my burdened spirit once give way;
I'll shout and cheer and share with them their joy,
These happy mothers, each with her own boy,
And then when I'm alone I'll think and pray.
Remembering how always mine was brave
And stood until the last, when all the rest,
Nor turned aside when danger round him pressed,
(God bless him!) I can see him now, my boy.
Full well I knew he'd stand the crucial test;
That day for his dear sake I shall be brave.

WALTER WULF.

Walter Wulf, son of Anton and Fannie Wulf, was born in Foster Township August 8, 1895. The parents moved to Bethalto when Walter was seven years of age. He attended the Bethalto school

until he completed the eighth grade. After he quit school he worked for a year and a half at the Western Cartridge Company and nearly five years for F. V. Mutz at Wood River.

In May, 1917, shortly after war was declared, Walter went to St. Louis to enlist in the Marines. On account of his perfect physical condition he was at once accepted. No one knew he was going and the home folks did not know anything about it until he was sworn in May 16, at Paris Island, S. C., when he ordered all his clothes to be sent home. Walter was the first to leave from Bethalto; and within one day the last one to return, thus making his service the longest one of the Bethalto boys.

After Walter was sworn in he was put in Drill Co. 17 F. Paris Island was at this time not prepared to take care of more than 1000 Marines, but the volunteers were many and 5,000 arrived at once. St. Louis was the receiving station for the West, South and Middle West, and Atlanta, Ga., was the receiving station for the Southeast and the North. When Walter reached the Island there was but one barracks there, the rest were tents; and on account of the great numbers flocking in they crowded 12 men in a tent when it should hold but 4. Instead of having one cook for each company they had one for three companies.

After Walter had been in Drill Co. three days he was ordered to pack up, take a seven-mile hike to the maneuvering ground where he remained 10 days learning the drill formations. Instead of guns they drilled with sticks, reeds, etc. Later on they received rifles. After ten days drilling he was sent to the main station. On account of the shortage of cooks and messmen they called for 52 volunteers for those positions. It was understood by the volunteers that they would get to go overseas with the old bunch. Walter was one of the volunteers, but it was only a ruse, and the old bunch left leaving behind a bunch of 52 disappointed volunteers. Of course Walter received \$5.00 extra pay, but by the time he paid for the broken dishes he had very little of his extra pay left.

He remained at Headquarters Detachment from the 3rd of June, 1917, until the 11th of September, 1918. A messman or a cook for 15½ months meant drudgery for Walter, but as he had not finished all the training he could not leave. He finally succeeded and was transferred to the 369th Co. which was just being recruited and he had to go through the whole motion again. He remained there until the latter part of October, when he was sent to Stragglers' Camp, where he waited to be assigned.

He was on the rifle range twice ; the first time in May, 1918, when he made 234 out of 300 thus becoming marksman. The second time he made 258 out of 300 and he should have become expert rifleman, but no record was given because this was twice in the same year.

On October 29th he was transferred to Quantico, Va., with 400 men. On his way he received his first and only experience of hunger. A train wreck caused their delay and one day's rations did not go far enough in a delay of several days. But nothing serious happened and he reached Quantico, Va., where he was put in 10th Co. Separate Replacement Battalion.

They turned in everything and drew overseas equipment and were ready to leave on the 3rd of November. The transport was prepared but the night before they were to leave orders came to hold up all troop movements. No more combat troops left after the second of November. He was transferred to Barracks Detachment but finally got a chance to be transferred and was sent to Washington, D. C., a day before Thanksgiving, where he did guard duty from November, 1918, until he was discharged in October, 1919. On the 8th of October, 1919, he was transferred to the Navy Yard where he was to do guard duty. He was there until the 16th, and did guard duty one night when he received orders to get ready to be discharged.

Walter was in the Marines a long time ; he had his first furlough Nov. 5th to 20th, 1917. While away he met a number of his acquaintances, among whom were Ed. Bowman, Elmer Olthoff, Ed. Henkhaus, Mr. Boynton and Pete Wulf. These he met on Paris Island. He met Kitzmiller, of Alton, in the hospital at Washington. Walter served his country faithfully ; he obeyed orders and when he failed to cross the waters with the other boys the work became a drudgery ; but he was a unit in the great force and remained until he finally succeeded in receiving his discharge.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS.

To all whom it may concern : Know ye, that Walter C. Wulf, a private of the U. S. Marine Corps, who was enlisted the 16th day of May, 1917, at M. B. Port Royal, S. C., to serve for the duration of the war, is hereby honorably discharged. By special order of the Major General Commandant. 8791-27 A-2 E. Z. F. 10-8-19.

Said Walter C. Wulf was born August 8, 1895, at Foster Township, Ill., and when enlisted he was 66 1-4 inches high, with blue eyes, dark brown hair, ruddy complexion ; occupation, grocery clerk ; citizenship U. S. Accepted for enlistment at St. Louis, Mo. Given under my hand and delivered at M. B. Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., this

16th day of October, 1919. Paid in full, \$180.59. Character: Excellent. P. W. Rixey, Lieut.-Colonel U. S. M. C. Commanding Marines.

MILITARY RECORD.

Previous Service: None claimed. Promotions and reductions: None. Marksmanship qualifications: Marksman M. C. Q. 200 series 1918. Sea service: None. Foreign Service: None. Wounds received in service: None. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Military efficiency, very good. Obedience: Excellent. Sobriety: Excellent. Remarks: Service "honest and faithful." And H. D. B. mileage paid to St. Louis, Mo. Paid \$60.00 bonus, act of Congress, 2-24-19. P. W. Rixey, Lieut.-Colonel, U. S. M. C. Commanding Marines.

ANDREW SANDERS.

Andrew Sanders, son of Fred and Hannah Sanders, was born in Fort Russell Township about four miles east of Bethalto Nov. 13, 1895. He is a brother to Fred, whose description is found in this book. Andrew received his education at the Liberty Prairie school and worked on the farm at home until America entered the World War, and Andrew yearned for activity. Without the knowledge of his parents, who had already given one son, Andrew went to St. Louis, December 21, 1917, and at once enlisted in the Marines. He went to Miami, Florida, where the usual Marine life was learned. He made a record of 264 out of 300 shots and on account of his vigorous youth and perfect health he became a model Marine. He was at Paris Island but a week.

Andrew was in the first Marine aviation corps and acted as dispatch rider. On the 5th of July, 1918, Andrew with 2200 others left the U. S. shore on the DeKalb and sailed for Brest, France, where they landed on the 16th. After landing at Brest they took the French box car ride that every soldier knows something about and rode to Dunkirk. He was under the U. S. Navy command and like many another he suffered pangs of hunger many a time, and the food was often very poor. Beans and hardtack were the principal articles of diet; besides as the boys received their pay irregularly it was not possible to have a good time when there was a chance.

On July 28th, 1918, they went to the front in Belgium. From that time on the work commenced. Andrew's duties varied. He made 22 trips in aeroplanes. He participated in many air raids, his principal duty being that of dropping and throwing bombs. His

principal duty, however, was that of riding an Indian motorcycle, or riding in an aeroplane carrying dispatches to and from headquarters. The story, though told in a few words, meant much while Andrew was with the U. S. M. C. U. S. Naval Aviation Forces in Belgium. He served satisfactorily and arrived home safe after the war.

Andrew was 15 days in crossing the water the second time, and reached Newport News, Va., on the 21st of December, 1918, just one year from the day he applied at St. Louis. The last he saw of France was St. Nazaire. He had received but one letter from home while in France, and one from his brother Fred, who told him that he was at the Argonne Forest. The sad news of his brother's death did not reach him until he arrived home.

After a year's rough sailing and coming out of it unscratched and learning the sad news at the end of the journey was indeed hard to bear. The brothers have won honors that will live while our country lives. They went forth to do their bit, and the nation honors them for it.

ELMER A. ELLIOTT.

Elmer A. Elliott, son of Will and Catherine Elliott, was born in Bethalto, Nov. 13, 1898. He attended the Bethalto public school until he completed the eighth grade work, after which time he remained at home and worked for the Western Cartridge Co. at East Alton. Elmer's grandfather Elliott, a typical American, was a Civil War veteran, having served through the entire war. His grandfather, Jean Cherrier, was a typical Frenchman and had served in the French army fourteen years, after which time he came to America, married an American girl and thus becoming an American citizen. Elmer had the spirit all right when war was declared between United States and Germany, and he went to St. Louis to enlist in the navy when he was barely eighteen years old; he tried but once for his physical make-up was perfect and of such a nature that he was accepted at once; this was on the third of December, 1917, and by the seventh he was on his way to Great Lakes Training School, situated about thirty miles north of Chicago.

He was placed in Co. I, 4th Regiment, and began drilling at once and learning the duties of a sailor and receiving instructions in the duties pertaining to seamanship, spending three months in this line of work, and for the next two months he did guard duty—a duty painfully familiar to every soldier, seaman or Marine; for guard duty is the secret of success to Americanism. Elmer had a long spell of it

after which time he received a furlough of twelve days. This was in the latter part of April, 1918; returning for duty on the third of May. He was then transferred to New York where he remained but a week when he was put aboard a ship in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Here he received more training in seamanship, which consisted of guard duty, rope climbing, painting, scrubbing decks, etc., he had been placed on the West Gate, an American freighter that was being used to carry army supplies to Europe, and as there was at that time nothing that could be returned the West Gate often returned with sand for ballast.

On June 7th Elmer left New York harbor on the West Gate in a convoy of about eighteen ships, all freighters. On her first trip across she began to have engine trouble and had to stop at St. Johns, Newfoundland, for repairs while the others went on. After repairs had been made she started off alone through the submarine-infested area and although a slow traveler no submarine was sighted and she reached St. Nazaire all right, but she was thirty days in crossing. The freighter was unloaded and soon returned to the United States for more supplies. As had been the habit of the Germans, the greatest trouble with submarines was on the return voyage, so it happened that two submarines gave chase; one was disposed of on the third of July, but the other followed that evening and all night,—nobody slept that night; the West Gate was alone, the night was dark and no lights aboard. Everybody clung to their life belts. Thus the shivering night went slowly by; and at daybreak the periscope could again be plainly seen. When the "sub" would dive a spray of water like a whirlwind could be seen above the water and if she rose too near the surface her periscope could be detected. Many shots were fired at the submarine and she finally disappeared and was seen no more, so the West Gate reached New York harbor in safety.

The second time she loaded up again and in a convoy of six freighters she crossed again; and again she unloaded her cargo of army supplies. This was about the last of August. She reached home safe again, was loaded with valuable war material, aeroplanes, etc., and in a convoy of ten freighters, each hauling supplies, she started to cross again.

The West Gate had never been in first class condition and each time on her return trip had to have some work done on her. During these trips Elmer would pass coal or do guard duty, and on her return trip the second time he had helped carry wounded soldiers who were returning to the United States. Things went on smoothly on the third trip and it seemed as if it was going to be an uneventful one.

Elmer was doing guard duty on the fourth night out. He and his partner were guarding the engine room when at 2:30 in the morning something crashed into the West Gate which threw both the watchers across the room; they picked themselves up thinking they had rammed something; but instead of that the American ship in the convoy had struck the West Gate astern. The night was pitch dark, no lights dared to be shown, and as the rudder of the West Gate was not working very well she had gradually gone out of her course which caused the American to ram her.

As soon as Elmer had got on his feet he heard men on deck; he heard the men get out of their bunks, he heard the siren blow and he heard the call to abandon the ship; all this he heard in a very short space of time. He heard the order to put out the fire and to turn off the steam. The West Gate had been struck a glance lick but the blow was fatal. The engine room was in the center of the ship, consequently Elmer remained unhurt and was able to put out the fire and turn off the steam. The ship was an oil steamer and with the oil turned off, steam pouring out and at the same time cold water pouring in there was little danger of her exploding. By this time the water was creeping into the engine room; it was soon up to their knees and the boys went on deck, for the order to man the life-boats had been given.

Elmer and his partner reached deck safely, but to their dismay the life boats were all gone; the ship was abandoned, with the exception of good old Captain Vandervoort and six of the crew, including Elmer. The captain stood on deck with a flash light, all the light to be seen anywhere. Nothing could be done, with the boats gone, but to wait and let her sink for she was fast settling down. There was a life-raft on deck and the captain and his crew of six got on the raft and waited for results, which was of short duration for just sixteen minutes after the America had given her the fatal blow she sank beneath the waves.

The sinking was an easy matter and if everything had worked as it should the men would simply have drifted away, but the life-raft got caught in the rigging and as Elmer clung to the raft he naturally followed the ship; but as that would not do he let go his hold and with the assistance of his life-belt he soon came to the surface. The raft had in the meantime extricated itself and she came to the surface and Elmer was the first to take advantage of it; soon others bobbed their heads out of the water and caught the raft, but the captain was nowhere to be seen, although they could hear him above the roar of the waves. A radio shack had broke loose from the West Gate, and



GEORGE HARMONING
18th Recruit Company
General Service Infantry



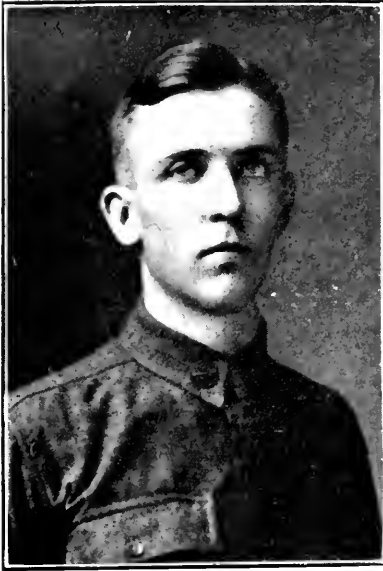
CHARLES H. BARTELS
Corp. 15th Co., 14th Bn.
159th D. B.



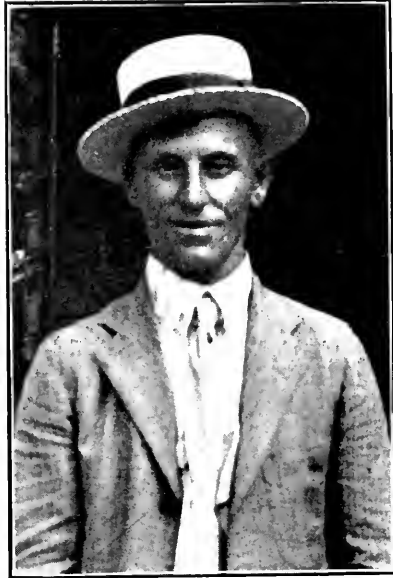
JOHN H. WEYEN
(Deceased)
343rd Fire and Guard Company



GEORGE HUMM
Sgt. 619 Aero Squadron



LESLIE E. PREHN
Bn. Sgt. Maj., Headquarters Co.
327th Field Artillery



FRANK DRISCOLL
Battery F
327th Field Artillery



HENRY CARROLL ZIMMERMANN
Bugler, Headquarters Co.
327th Field Artillery



GENE McCracken
Sgt. 110th Ordnance Depot Co.

the captain was finally seen perched upon the cabin and as luck would have it the raft floated in the direction of the cabin and the captain joined the party.

Thus they floated for eight hours in this cold October night with but few clothes on—an undershirt, a pair of overalls and a pair of shoes was all Elmer had on. Morning dawned, nothing in sight; they rowed, they knew not where nor why, but they rowed as hard as they could. The American finally hove in sight. She had remained behind for she was much damaged; she had three holes in her bow, but her hatches had been closed, though she listed to the front she remained afloat and she had already picked up those in the life boats.

The American had almost given up the search and the two crews looked upon them in amazement upon seeing them upon the raft. They were all sick, for they had swallowed much water. Elmer was the only one who had tobacco and each got a big chew while they were on the raft,—even the captain took a share. In lowering one of the life boats of the West Gate one of them had capsized and they lost four of their men, two of the crew had been killed in their bunks and one (the cook) had gone crazy the moment the ship had been struck and jumped overboard and was lost; thus out of the crew of 125, seven had lost their lives in the sinking of the West Gate. The American was not in a condition to proceed, so she turned off her course and sailed for Halifax, N. S. They remained a day and a night at Halifax, then went to Digby Gut on the Bay of Fundy; there they took a passenger boat and went to St. Johns, New Brunswick.

One lady passenger on the boat looked upon the poor forlorn boys and pointed them out to her friends and told them they must be German prisoners for they looked forlorn and ragged. They were all bare-headed and many were barefooted for they had scrambled out of their bunks in a hurry. Upon being apprised of the real truth, that they were American shipwrecked sailors, she came to them and apologized to the captain and then had her husband treat them to cigars and refreshments.

At St. Johns, N. B., they entrained for Boston, where their captain left them and went to Officers' Headquarters at New York. Many other stories could be related in connection with the sinking of the West Gate, but space forbids. One other queer incident is as follows: One fellow whom they called "Speedy" on account of his droll way of talking and his very slow movements, who was on the raft with the other six, after he bobbed up out of the water and crawling upon the raft, wondered if Uncle Sam would give him a short **fur-**lough after such an awful ducking.

There was among the crew a pair of twins who were always together and were never known to be separated from each other. They ate together and slept together and worked together; and when the ship went down and their life boat had capsized they were lost for a time; but upon break of day they were found sitting calmly upon an aeroplane box that had floated away when the ship sank. It was expected that they had lost their lives, but they were much alive when they were picked up.

After remaining in Boston a week and drawing new clothing (no other loss such as jewelry or money was refunded; Elmer lost \$80.00 in money, besides other valuables). They reached New York on the 20th of October where Elmer remained at the Navy Station Bay Ridge until the second of February, 1919, where he had charge of a boiler house; he had four men working under him and he had a fine time while he was there. On February 2nd he was put on the U. S. S. Paysandu, an old German freighter, which had been converted into a troop ship.

On the morning of the 5th of February he watched the soldiers debarking from the ship H. W. Mallory which had just come back from France with her cargo of humanity; the Mallory was to be Elmer's eating house while undergoing extensive repairs, for she was not fit for the sea. Elmer wondered how they dare put such a large bunch of men on such a frail old ship, little dreaming that she had just brought over the 327th Field Artillery, and that while he gazed at the mass two of his friends from Bethalto were in the throng, all jaded and sick. They were Ted Zimmermann and Les Prehn, but they were not looking for any acquaintances, but were looking for a place where they could get something to eat, so the moment passed. The reason the Mallory was used for a mess room was the galley or kitchen of the Paysandu needed repairs.

At the end of the month the bottom hold of the Paysandu was filled with supplies and Elmer was once more on the water. When six days out her engine broke and they went back to New York; but the breaking of the engine retarded her speed to such an extent that it took her ten days to get back. At the end of two weeks repairs had been sufficiently made to try again. Traveling was better now for they could run with lights burning. They reached France safely and returned with troops, reaching Newport News, Va., safely; took on ship's stores, crossed again, returning again with a bunch of homesicks and seasicks. This time they reached Norfolk, Va., just across from Newport News. After remaining at Norfolk a week they crossed again with a cargo of supplies and again returning with troops; this time the cargo consisted of half white troops and half

colored troops ; they were also sick, but more seasick than homesick, and to see such a large bunch of colored soldiers so awful sick was a sight you don't want to see every day. Elmer was never seasick ; he knew where the pickle barrels were. If you stop a moment and think how a bunch of seasick, groaning, colored troops look, all lying on decks, you can imagine how Elmer felt ; but as always they reached Newport News in safety ; the boys got well and did not appear much worse off, but this Fourth of July spent in such a fashion was an unusual one.

They reached port on the 13th of July. This was the Paysandu's last trip for she was put out of commission and turned over to the merchant marine. This was also Elmer's last trip, although the crew had got ready to go to China on another vessel ; but just at the last moment the order came to discharge the whole crew and Elmer was sent to Great Lakes for discharge.

While Elmer was in the service there were times that passed very slowly and to divert the monotony they often had sparring matches and as Elmer was a stout built lad he soon became efficient in boxing, so a great deal of camp life was spent in boxing, etc. There was no limited time for the rounds, and it simply meant for one to wear the other out.

The first real fight Elmer had was at Great Lakes when Jess Willard refereed the fight ; he knocked his opponent out in four rounds but he had to take an awful beating to do it. The second and third encounters were for six rounds each, and on each occasion it was declared a draw. While on board ship he boxed with many a sailor but for practice only. He had one five-round bout with a Frenchman whom he knocked out at the end of the fifth round. This was the toughest fight he had, for the Frenchman was a noted boxer and only Elmer's sheer weight and will power won the fight for him ; but the Frenchman was a good fellow and much wine flowed at his expense after the fight and everybody was happy. These were the bouts he had before he was shipwrecked. After he returned to New York he trained under Billy Ahearn, the champion boxer of Boston. Elmer had three more bouts while he was in the navy ; the first was for six rounds with a fellow from the Bronx, which he gained on points. The second of six rounds with a navy fellow which was declared a draw ; the third a ten round bout with a fellow from St. Louis by the name of Lenhard, which also was a draw. Elmer could have remained in the navy and would have had very little work, but he found no pleasure in boxing, and preparation for a good match was worse than the duties of a sailor, so he resolved to give up that kind of life.

On March 4, 1919, the Official U. S. Bulletin contained an article commending eight men for bravery in emergencies due to an accident; although eight were commended only Elmer's name appears herein. It reads as follows: Secretary Daniels has commended the following men of the Navy, members of the crew of the U. S. S. West Gate when that vessel was sunk October 7, following a collision with the U. S. S. American. These men distinguished themselves by remaining at their posts in the engine and fire rooms until the last moment, when engine room bulkheads were carried away, taking every precaution to prevent the boilers exploding. Elmer A. Elliott, fireman first class, United States Navy; father, William Elliott, Bethalto, Ill.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES NAVY.

This is to certify that Elmer Albert Elliott, No. 53622, Service No. 140-40-21, Fireman, 2nd class, as a "testimonial of fidelity and obedience" is honorably discharged from the U. S. S. N. T. S. Great Lakes and from the naval service of the United States this 4th day of August, 1919, at Great Lakes, Ill. Now, according to the provisions of Section 1573 (as amended by act of Congress approved August 22, 1912) of the Revised Statutes, if within four months from this date said Elmer Albert Elliott shall present this, his honorable discharge, at any United States Naval Rendezvous, and is found physically qualified and shall reenlist for four years, then he shall be entitled to pay during the said four months equal to that which he would have been entitled had he been employed in actual service. Upon reenlistment and the surrender of this discharge, should he so desire he will receive a Continuous Service Certificate showing his service and honorable discharge, and shall receive an addition of one dollar and thirty-six cents per month to the pay of rating of which he enlists or to which he may be promoted. Rating best qualified to fill, Fireman, 2nd class. F. B. Bassett, Commanding U. S. S. Naval Training, Great Lakes, Ill.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Scale of Marks: 0, Bad; 1, Indifferent; 2, Fair; 3, Good; 4, Very Good; 5, Excellent. Name: Elmer Albert Elliott; Rate: App. Sea.; enlisted, Dec. 3rd, 1917, at St. Louis, Mo., for D. O. W. Years, total naval service 1 8/12 years; served apprenticeship—; Gun Captain Certificate—; certificate of graduation P. O. school—Seaman Gunner; trade, miner; citizenship, U. S.; ratings held during enlistment, A S—S 2 C—F 2 C; proficiency in rating 3.0; seamanship; ordnance; signaling; marksmanship, small arms; mechanical ability, 3.0; knowl-

edge of Marine machinery, 3.0; knowledge of electrical machinery and appliances; sobriety, 4.0; obedience, 4.0; average standing for the term of enlistment, 3.4. W. H. Burris, U. S. N.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST.

Where born, Bethalto, Illinois; date, November 13, 1898; age 20 years, 8 months; height 5 feet, 10 inches; weight 158 lbs; eyes blue; hair dark; complexion ruddy; personal characteristics, marks, etc., S $\frac{1}{2}$ & Pm 1 cheek, V; Pm p neck; percentage of time on sick list during enlistment, none. Is physically qualified for reenlistment. Travel allowance @ 5 cents per mile from Great Lakes, Ill., to Bethalto, Ill., 270 miles is \$13.50. C. Fisher. I hereby certify that the above named Elmer Albert Elliott has been paid ninety-three dollars and sixty-nine cents (\$93.69) in full to date. Pay per month at date of discharge, \$41.00. R. P. Shadburne, U. S. N., Ensign Pay Corps, U. S. N. R. F.

ELMER O. SCHOENEWEIS

Elmer O. Schoeneweis, son of Charles and Alice Schoeneweis, was born in Bethalto February 2, 1897. He received his education in the Bethalto school, completing the ninth grade, after which time he assisted his parents with the work at home and for a time he was his father's assistant rural mail carrier. As Elmer was not of age he did not register in June, 1917. On May 24th, 1918, he tried to enlist in the Navy but was rejected. He went to the hospital on the first of June, where an operation was performed to fit him for the Navy, and by the 27th of June, 1918, he was fit to join and was accepted. He registered for the draft while he was in the hospital.

He left St. Louis on the 7th of July for Great Lakes Training Station on Lake Michigan, about 30 miles north of Chicago, where recruits for the Navy received their first training. The time was spent in drilling, doing police duty, and such work as would fit him for seamanship. At the end of four weeks he left Great Lakes for Philadelphia, reaching that place on the 11th of August. Four days after he reached Philadelphia he was ready to go on a destroyer, but he was again sent to a hospital where he remained twelve days, and in order to recover completely from this second operation he was given fifteen days leave, which time he spent with home folks at Bethalto. He reached Philadelphia on the 24th of September, where he remained a month and two days, when, on the 26th of October, he was sent to

Hoboken, N. J., where he boarded the President Grant, leaving on the 28th, crossing the ocean and landing at Brest 12 days after on the 9th of November; but they were not allowed to disembark until the 12th, a day after the armistice was signed.

They did not seem to know what to do with the boys after the armistice was signed, so it was thought they would remain on board and return on the same boat; but instead of that the sailors debarked and wounded soldiers were put on board the ship. This was Elmer's first duty in France—to assist in carrying wounded soldiers aboard. They loaded about 200 wounded on board and the President Grant left within a few hours afterward.

Elmer was sent to the Naval Air Station, where he remained one night; he was then sent to Chateau, the old Napoleon Headquarters, where he remained one night. The next day he was sent to Lorient, a mine sweeping base. They reached the town all right but no orders had preceded them, and as the boys had received no pay, and of course had no money, the hotels would not accept them, so they were thrown on the mercy of the Red Cross. Thirteen out of the seventy-two were sent to Nantes to do guard duty. They did guard duty but had no place to stay. Here the Red Cross kept the thirteen at their Canteen. They were treated fine by the Red Cross and remained with them two weeks, when they received their pay and extra allowance sufficient to take rooms at a hotel.

They were put on patrol duty at once. One day they would go on from 8 to 12:30 and from 5 to 10:30. They had one day off each week. They changed time for their patrol duty. Every other day they would go on duty from 12:30 to 6, and from 6:30 to 11:30. There was no officer in charge of the men excepting the first class gunner's mate, who assumed charge, making the duty easy, for he knew very little about guard duty and cared less. When at night they were on patrol and everything was quiet around the docks they would sneak off to their rooms. They continued with this kind of work until the 3rd of January when Elmer received a leave to visit the Paris area. He visited Paris, Chateau Thierry, Belleau Wood, Versailles and other places of interest. He saw where the long range guns had demolished some of the beautiful buildings in Paris. Eighty-seven large shells had fallen in the city, and while he was there the French were removing the sand bags and other protection from the Notre Dame Cathedral, and were clearing away the debris caused by the long range guns. Paris was full of visitors and sightseers, soldiers, sailors, of all nationalities. The beautiful rose window in the Rheims Cathedral at Rheims had not been put back but a fine imitation of the same had

been put in its place. While in Paris he stayed at the Y. M. C. A. hotel, and the prices charged for the various accommodations were very high.

While at the hotel he received a telegram to return immediately, and by the next morning he took the first train to St. Nazaire, where the ship was waiting for the boys, she was ready to take them back to the United States; but by the time they reached St. Nazaire the ship had been gone four hours and Elmer, disheartened, went back to the barracks at St. Nazaire where he remained all night. The next morning orders came to hold all the boys; and Elmer was sent to Brest. This was a gloomy spell for him. It was raining all the time, he had to wear a raincoat and hip boots all the time. At Brest he was sent to Chateau where he worked in the mess hall, his duty being general detail and mess duty. This is not so bad when you don't care where you are, or if it is for a few days only; but when you do an eight-month hitch at it, it gets monotonous; it gets on your nerves. Think of doing the same thing from the 15th day of January until the 16th of September. Elmer had enlisted in the Navy and that is what he got out of it. Finally the Sol Navis, a U. S. transport that had formerly been a cargo ship, arrived in the bay and Elmer boarded her.

While Elmer was at the Chateau an English fleet arrived at the port of Brest and the English sailors started out for what they called a good time. There were twelve destroyers and cruisers in the fleet and this made up a pretty good bunch of sailors. They would go up the streets, sometimes twelve abreast arm in arm, and everybody got out of their way or got hurt. The American soldiers got out of their way as long as there were but one or two of them; but that did not last long, they also would go in bunches with the result that everybody knows, for the papers gave full accounts of it. The English sailors were finally driven to the wharf, many were hurt, but after that the freedom of our boys was gone for two weeks; they were not allowed to leave the Chateau. Some 2500 of our boys were held prisoners for two weeks on account of this trouble.

The Sol Navis, on which Elmer left, had fine sailing and it took but nine days to cross the water, landing at Pier 2, Brooklyn, from where Elmer went to Bay Ridge, a receiving station. He was at Bay Ridge 17 days and was discharged from there on the 17th of October. Elmer had enlisted in the Navy, and all the navy he got out of it was a trip across and back.

Following is his War Service Certificate. No. 144775. War Service Certificate United States Navy. This certifies that Elmer O. Schoeneweis, U. S. N. R. F. performed honorable active service in the United States Navy from June 27, 1918, to October 13, 1919, on board

the following ship and stations: Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill.; Naval Port Office, Nantes; U. S. S. Carola R. S. at New York. C. C. Krakow, Commanding Officer.

RELEASE FROM ACTIVE SERVICE.

The Receiving ship at New York, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y. From Commanding officers to Elmer Oliver Schoeneweis, S. K. 3 C. U. S. N. R. F. Subject: Release from active service. B. K. Parker, for G. D. Gregory, Ensign, P. G. U. S. N. R. F.

1. Your request to be released from active duty has been granted, and in accordance with authority of the Navy Department, you are hereby released from active duty in the United States Naval Reserve Force, to proceed to your home at Bethalto, Ill. You are free to accept any employment. You are not discharged from the United States Naval Reserve Force, but will continue to be subject to the rules and regulations governing the same.

2. Your health record and enrollment record will be forwarded by the Commanding Officer to the 9th Naval District at St. Louis, in which you were originally enrolled. Keep the commandant of your district informed of any change of your mail address or residence.

3. Upon acceptance of these orders, you will have received and receipted for all pay due you, including pay for the time necessary to perform travel to your home, and the necessary transportation to your home, or to such other point as you may elect (provided no additional expense is incurred by the government). You will also receive the necessary subsistence during your travel home.

4. You will be required to keep on hand your uniform and outfit, but will not wear the same while on inactive duty status longer than necessary to obtain civilian clothing.

5. There is attached hereto and embodied in these orders, a letter of instruction regarding your payments for Liberty Loan Bonds, to which you have subscribed, and also the method and amounts of insurance premiums to be paid by you; particular attention is invited to copy of telegram from the Secretary of the Navy, relative to government insurance attached hereto, which you are cautioned to read and advised to follow.

6. Enrolled at St. Louis, Mo. G. W. Stutt, W. J. Confer. Lieut. U. S. N. R. F. By direction.

FRED D. OBERMILLER

Fred D. Obermiller, son of Henry and Mary Obermiller, was born in Foster Township, four miles north of Bethalto, May 9, 1898. He attended the Luman school until he was about 15 years of age, when the parents retired from active farm duty and moved to Bethalto, where Fred completed the Eighth grade in the Bethalto school. After his school years he assisted his brother-in-law, Frank Johnson, with farm work until June 27, 1918, when he resolved to enter the navy for Uncle Sam.

He had no difficulty in getting into the navy, for his physical makeup was perfect and he was accepted at once; he returned home after the examination, bid good bye to the parents, and the next day he left for St. Louis from which place he was sent to Great Lakes Training School near Chicago. After he arrived at Great Lakes he was placed in the 320th Company, Camp Boone, where he spent nine days in drilling, doing company duty, and learning army discipline. At the end of nine days he was transferred to another camp, Camp Dewey, where he was placed in Co. I, and where he spent twelve days in drilling, etc., when he was again transferred to another camp, Camp Enterprise, where he again received more intensive training, such as drilling, digging trenches, detail work, etc.

At Camp Boone he took what is known among army boys as two "shots" and the last "shot" at Camp Dewey, and at Camp Enterprise he made preparation to enter school. He took examination to enter school, and having passed the examination he took up the mechanical problems in aviation work, such as construction work and principles of construction of aeroplanes. He studied and worked at this for nine weeks at Camp Enterprise, when school closed. He had entered school on the first of October and should have completed the course in twelve weeks, but the school closed before he could complete the course and Fred once more did guard duty, company duty, etc. He received first class rating from the school, but as he did not complete the course the Navy Department did not confirm the rating.

Fred was released from the service on the 13th of January, 1919, serving nearly seven months. During this time, while in these camps he had very little freedom, no vacation, no furlough, and while there never saw a person whom he had known in this section of the country. Fred did his bit, he served faithfully, and but for the ending of the war would have become a valuable help in Uncle Sam's Navy.

Following is his release: U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois, January 11, 1919. 6165, from Commander to Fred-

erick D. Obermiller, L. M. M. A. U. S. N. R. F. 5, Bethalto, Ill.
Subject: Release from active duty.

1. You are ordered home in accordance with your request, and upon arrival there you are released from active duty.

2. Transportation and subsistence to your home is furnished you herewith.

3. You are enrolled in the Naval Reserve Force for four years, and may be recalled into active duty any time before expiration of your enrollment.

4. You are permitted to wear your uniform for a period not longer than three months, during which time you must provide yourself with civilian clothes. You must, however, keep on hand the full outfit with which you were discharged. In the event you are recalled into active duty you must report in the uniform with full outfit.

5. This release severs your connections with this station. All correspondence in the future must be directed to the Commandant 9th, 10th and 11th Naval District at Great Lakes, Ill., whom you must keep informed of your address at all times during your enrollment, so that your retainer pay may be sent to you.

6. Four years after your enrollment you are entitled to a discharge from the U. S. Naval Reserve Force, which will be sent to you upon your application to the District Commandant, under whose direction you are serving. H. C. Ridgely, J. E. Lork. By direction.

EDWARD D. BAYLESS

Edward D. Bayless, son of Edward D. and Meta Bayless, was born in Staunton, Ill., Dec. 26, 1894. His mother died when Ed. was but a week old, leaving his father and his grandmother Bayless to care for him. When Ed. was but six years old his father died, leaving Ed. solely in charge of his grandmother, who took care of him and sent him to school. He attended the Staunton school a few years. When Grandma Bayless moved to Bethalto she took Ed. with her and sent him to school in Bethalto, where he completed his education.

After Ed. grew older and Grandma Bayless also grew older, he took care of her as long as he could. When he was eighteen years of age, his grandmother, on account of her extreme age, made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Laura Spencer, where she remained until her death, thus leaving Ed. to shift for himself. He went to St. Louis where he obtained employment as chauffeur and mechanic, for he had learned a great deal about machines, engines, etc., while he went to school.

He was employed by the St. Louis Terminal R. R. Co. when war was declared, and Ed. at once got the fever, for his Grandfather Bayless had been a Civil War soldier and he tried to follow in the footsteps of his grandfather, so he enlisted in the Second Engineer Reserve Corps on the 21st day of May, 1917. He registered for the draft in June, 1917. The Second Engineer Reserve Corps became the Twelfth Engineers, National Army, and the boys were sent to Chain of Rocks, near St. Louis, to Camp Galliard, which was exclusively used to train the Twelfth Engineers. The Twelfth Engineers was of St. Louis origin.

At camp the boys did infantry drills and work like other combatants for they were considered a combatant regiment. They had entered camp on the 26th of June and by the 26th of July they had completed their training and were on their way for overseas duty; besides they were badly needed in France. They received their overseas equipment in camp, got on the British transport Carmanian on the 28th of July and reached Liverpool August 12th. They had fine sailing, fine food, and excellent treatment by the British, and consequently no seasickness developed. The transport carried the 12th and 17th Engineers. The 17th came up from Atlanta, Ga., and was classed as a construction regiment while the 12th was the operating regiment. From Liverpool they went to Borden, Salisbury Plains, a British training camp about half way between Liverpool and London.

On the 15th of August the 12th paraded in London before the King and a few American officers. This was the first of its kind in England, and the city of London was in gala attire for the occasion. The parade was a long one but they were rewarded by being served a fine lunch at Buckingham Park, the royal park of England. Here Ed. saw King George and the Queen, Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Gen. Haig, and practically all the royalty. Although a tiresome one, it was a memorable day for Ed. The 12th returned to Borden the same day, and remained there till the 17th, when they entrained for Southampton, and on the night of the 17th they sailed on the Steamer Antrim across the channel to Bologne, landing there the morning of the 18th of August.

They received instructions in gas and the use of gas masks; the officer in charge being the only one left of Princess Pat's regiment, the rest having been either gassed, killed or wounded. They received their gas masks, helmets, and their final instructions before going inland. On the morning of the 21st they entrained for the front in second class coaches arriving at Roisel, south of Perronne, about four kilos behind the lines. They spent the first week constructing a temporary camp, and reconstructed a narrow gauge railroad track,

but the real and main object of their hurry in going to the front was to raise the morale of the English, which was at this time at low tide. From the time they reached the front to the following March the Engineers rebuilt railroads, operated them, and when necessary dug trenches. The 14th Engineers were with them a great part of the time.

On November 20, 1917, General Bing started the great drive with his cavalry and 400 tanks. It was a sight to behold and a sight a person can never forget. The Cavalry, called the Fort Gary Horse, consisted of Canadians, although many Americans were among them for they had enlisted in the Canadian army long before then. This drive was a grand spectacle and it had an awful affect on the Germans. Many thousand German prisoners were taken; the entire section was demoralized and the cavalry crossed the bridges and succeeded in getting into Cambrai, but when the tanks tried to cross the canal the bridges broke down under them and the tanks had to give up the fight. During this time the 12th was busy hauling Engineers' supplies that was needed to carry on the forward movement but this was of short duration for the cavalry remained in Cambrai but a few hours—seeing the tanks could assist no further, they had to retreat.

On the 30th of November, 1917, the Germans made a great counter attack with the result known in history. They drove the British back five miles farther than where Gen. Bing had started from and all that could be done during this drive was to hold the enemy back as much as possible and retreat when necessary. They went as far as the 12th Engineers' Headquarters, but the British, Canadians, and the Engineers stood fast and finally drove the enemy back as far as the place from where General Bing started. A complete story cannot be told here for we are taking up Ed.'s history and all we can do is to imagine Ed. in a 35-mile retreat with all his belongings gone. Although the 12th lost no men, several were wounded.

The 11th Engineers, a New York outfit, was a construction regiment, and were ahead of the 12th, and consequently got a worse deal. They fought with picks and shovels; and they lost heavily. During this time they were with the British Third Army, and later on they were attached to the British Fourth Army. From November 30th to March 21st, 1918, it was ordinary raids, trench warfare and a continual bombing day and night on both sides. They were stationed on Montigny Farm; Co. E. had about 160 men with about 13,000 in the whole regiment and they were all stationed in this sector. They were continually under shell fire; it may be truthfully stated that Ed. was under a continual shell fire from August 21, 1917, until the armistice was signed, nearly fifteen months.

The British intended to start another drive on the 26th of March, but the Germans were too quick for them and they started the great game—the greatest the world had ever known; this was on the 21st day of March, 1918. Read the history of this great drive and remember Ed. was in all of it. Although the British lost heavily they retreated in order. They fell back and finally checked the Germans and as the enemy began to retreat the English began to move forward and the Engineers also went forward, building, always building, sometimes constructing something one day and blowing it up the next. Sometimes they assisted in moving cannon forward one day and help blow them up the next to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy. This blowing up of cannon, tractors, cars and trucks was awful. The 6th Engineers were caught in a trap and suffered terrible losses; however Amiens, their objective, was not reached and the 6th of April saw the end of that awful March drive.

Ed. had been in two awful battles before any Bethalto boys got across; he had assisted in keeping up the British morale; for without the timely coming of our American boys, conditions might have looked different; the channel ports might have been captured and then no one could have surmised what the outcome could have been. The boys of the 12th Engineers, the Chinese laborers, and many other classes called "Carey's Chickens," helped defeat the onslaught; their numbers were counted by the thousand, and the Germans, seeing the many, many men—not all soldiers by any means—caused the Germans to halt and pause which was their undoing.

Ed. assisted from this time on in digging trenches in the daytime and putting up wire at night; the worst condition at this time was the scarcity of food. The allies expected another attack but it did not come; although the enemy did not go forward they stood pat when the British tried to advance.

After they quit digging trenches they double-tracked thirty miles of railroad near Albert and Amiens. Although Ed. liked the British, for they treated him fine, he noticed one thing very keenly, that was when an advance had to be made the Colonials had to do it while the British held the lines; and as a rule the Canadians or Australians did the advancing.

About the middle of May every member in Ed.'s regiment took the "flu". This put the boys in a bad shape for they were for a long time too weak to do much hard work. By the first of August the track was finished; although on the 26th of July the 12th left the English at Oisemont; entrained, came through Paris and went east on a five-day ride to the Vosges mountains near the Swiss border. At Baccarat they remained about a week to build a narrow gauge rail-

road which was never used. They expected an attack at that place but it did not come. At Baccarat all the new men were sent away for instruction before they were destined to go to the big front. The boys were not entirely over the "flu" and a great deal could not be expected of them. From Baccarat they went to Belleville—the name making many a Belleville, Ill., soldier homesick. This was before the St. Mihiel drive and they were but eight miles from Metz; it was, however, in the St. Mihiel Sector, and they constructed spurs of railroad for the guns on the cars.

The 12th had charge of the entire St. Mihiel Sector when the drive began and their work to bring supplies to keep lines of communication open. If a piece of track was torn away it was at once repaired by the men of the 12th. After the St. Mihiel drive they continued to build new track. On the first of October Ed. with several others, was transferred to the 11th Engineers to operate a work train. On the 25th of October, while acting as brakeman, a German aeroplane came down alongside Ed. and another brakeman. They made both pilot and observer prisoners. These Germans claimed they had got lost, they were out spreading German propoganda. Ed. and the other brakemen held them prisoner until a sergeant and a corporal came along, took the prisoners with them, reported same to headquarters and received full credit for the capture. This Ed. claimed to be unfair as the sergeant and corporal had nothing to do with the capture of these men; yet the sergeant and corporal received a fine letter from the Adjutant-General praising them for capturing these Germans and the only German aeroplane ever captured undamaged and intact.

Thus the work continued, keeping up tracks, hauling rations, ammunition supplies, much salvaged goods, etc. On January 27th, Ed. went back to his company E, and was stationed 18 miles from St. Mihiel. On the 28th Ed. received leave of absence for the first time; he had been in service more than 11 months and under shell fire as long as shells flew and he deserved an 8-day leave, during which time he went to Grenoble in southern France. This was the leave area, but Ed. went farther on to Marseilles, Monte Carlo, and other places where good times could be had and sights could be seen.

After his return the work of tearing up of 1000 miles of narrow gauge commenced, which lasted from the first of February to the first of April. From there they went to Sorcy in the Meuse River district, back of Toul. Here they drilled a while. From there they went to Bordeaux where Ed. went to the hospital for two weeks; in the meantime the 12th sailed for home on the 14th of April on the U. S. S. Cape May, and landed in the U. S. on the 28th of May.

With the 12th went the records of the 12th, and Ed.'s were among them, so he had to remain until they were returned. During the time Ed. waited for his records he felt a great deal better so he acted as chauffeur for a captain of the Medical Corps and his wife. They motored to Marseilles; thence to Switzerland, thence to the German border; then back through Chateau Thierry, Belleau Wood and other notable places back to Bordeaux. They got back on the 27th of May, and Ed. sailed on the second of June on the Arcadian, a German freighter. They left Bassens near Bordeaux, the voyage at first was rough, the food was poor, not fit to eat, consequently Ed. was seasick every day he was on the water. They landed at Newport News on the 16th of June, where he remained seven days, and was sent to Camp Taylor, where he was discharged on the 25th of June, reaching St. Louis on the 26th, after an absence of two years.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record: Honorable discharge from the United States Army. To all whom it may concern. This is to certify that Ed. D. Bayless, 162505 Pvt. unassigned, last assigned to Co. E. 12th Engrs., the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of expiration term of service. Par. S. U. 1174 Hd. 9., Co. Z. T. Ky., June 23, 1919. Said Ed. D. Bayless was born in Staunton, Ill.; when enlisted he was 22 5-12 years of age and by occupation a switchman. He had brown eyes, black hair, dark complexion, and was 5 feet 10 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Taylor, Ky., this 25th day of June, 1919. Arthur J. Taylor, Major F. A. U. S. A. Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Edward D. Bayless. Grade: Private. Enlisted May 21, 1917, at St. Louis, Mo., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification, rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted; battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Cambrai Offensive: Nov 20, 1917, to Nov. 29, 1917. Cambrai defensive: Nov. 30, 1917, to Dec. 4, 1917. Somme defensive, March 23, 1918, to April 6, 1918. St. Mihiel Offensive: Sept. 12, 1918, to Sept. 14, 1918. Citations, decorations, badges, medals: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Switchman. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed July 20, 1917. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed: July 20, 1917. Married or single: Single. Remarks: Last assigned to Co. E., 12th Engineers. Sailed from P. S. July 28th,

1917, arrived in U. S., June 16, 1919. Signature of soldier: Edward D. Bayless. A. K. Geesing, 2nd Lieut. D. B. Commanding Casual Det.

FRED G. HASSMAN.

Fred G. Hassman, son of Henry and Emma Hassman, was born near Bethalto July 18, 1886. He attended the Walnut Grove school until he reached the Seventh grade work, when the family moved to Newkirk, Okla., and Fred completed the Eighth grade work there. After that Fred went to California, where for more than three years he was employed by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, after which time, about 1912, he came back to Alton. He worked on the farm for Wm. Klopmeier about a year, and then for the Illinois Glass Company at Alton and was working for the Standard Oil Company when war was declared and he enlisted for the service.

He went to St. Louis and enlisted in the Second Engineers, but was not called until the 26th of June, 1917; in the meantime he registered for the draft for he was not quite out of the draft age. He had enlisted in the Second Engineer Reserve Corps as a car repairer, but during his entire stay in the service he did not have a wrench in his hand. Fred was placed in Co. C. at Camp Galliard, at Chain of Rocks, near St. Louis. The Second Engineers became the Twelfth Engineers which was of St. Louis origin. Fred became acquainted with Ed. Bayless while at Camp Galliard, although they were not in the same company, Ed. being in Co. B. Fred's history is the same as Ed.'s until the great Cambrai drive started. It was then that Fred was doing carpenter work at headquarters and was far behind the lines; and although they did not retreat the Germans came all the way up to them and those at headquarters stood to, they were issued ammunition and got ready to check the onslaught, but the Germans stopped and the retreat ended.

From Nov. 30, 1917, to March 31, 1918, Fred did carpenter work, and guard duty. During these months they were continually under shell fire; but when the second drive started the latter part of March everybody retreated, headquarters and all, it was too much and they retreated about thirty miles. The retreat was orderly and at Terra Menil they dug trenches for retreating soldiers. Co. C was stationed at a place called Worriell, and while there Fred helped build track.

While there and around there the entire regiment was stricken with Spanish Influenza in a severe form which took the "pep" out of the boys. They became so weak that they were unable to do any

work for many months. They would try but became exhausted so soon that very little could be accomplished. Fred had the "flu" about a week. The Spanish Influenza brought about not only suffering but a bad state of affairs, for there was so much to do, so much track to be laid and repaired, with no energy, that very little could be accomplished when sorely needed.

On the 26th of July the Twelfth Engineers left the English at Oisemont and rode for five days to the Vosges mountains where an attack was expected but it did not come. They had built a narrow gauge railway at Baccarat and at the end of a week all but fifty left the place. Fred and Ed. parted; Fred remained at Baccarat until September, 1918. Ed. had been sent to the St. Mihiel Sector. In September Fred was sent to Termenil in the St. Mihiel Sector, south of Verdun, to assist in keeping up the tracks.

They were continually under shell fire for when the tracks were torn up by shells the members of the Twelfth had to build them up as quickly as possible. This kind of work was kept up until the armistice was signed. They were working where the American shells were flying over them constantly. They built about a thousand miles of track while they were there. Fred did not meet Ed. Bayless until March, 1919, and when they finally started for Bordeaux he did not meet Ed. any more, for Ed. was in the hospital and he had to be left behind, when they left Bassens on the Cape May.

The sea was rough and Fred was seasick all the way across. When they reached Newport News they were sent to Camp Upton where the regiment split up, going in various directions to the nearest place home to be discharged. At Camp Grant, Fred was in the hospital about three weeks and was finally discharged on the 5th of June, 1919.

Fred had a rough life during his two years' army life; a rough life from beginning to the end. Many interesting stories could be told but space does not allow it; besides during the rough sea voyage and his sickness he lost his diary. A diary in which he kept record of all his movements. Sufficient to know that Fred and the entire Twelfth Engineers saw very little pleasure. They had not enlisted for pleasure and they sure did their bit in assisting to drive the enemy from territory not theirs to the place from whence they came.

Fred started with Twelfth and received his honorable discharge when the Twelfth was mustered out of service.

GOTLIEB W. STAHLHUT

Gotlieb W. Stahlhut, son of Henry and Mary Stahlhut, was born in Fort Russell Township, about five miles southeast of Bethalto, July 3, 1892. He attended the Oak Grove school and reached the Sixth grade work. After his school years he continued to assist his parents with their farm work.

He registered in June, 1917, claimed no exemption, and was ready to go when he was needed. He was called on the 4th of October, 1917, and left Edwardsville in company with Charles Neunaber, Emil Paul, Fred Sanders, Ed. Bangert, Wm. Dettmers and others. The bunch went to Camp Taylor, Ky., and a jolly good ride they had. With plenty of "Old Taylor" going to Camp Taylor, it was no wonder when the coach arrived with its load of fighters there was not a single lamp or window left in the coach. The conductor remarked that was the kind of boys who would make good fellows for Uncle Sam's army, which assertion will be verified by the description of the above named fellows.

At Camp Taylor Gotlieb was placed in Co. B. 333rd Infantry, and he at once set to work learning the art of soldierdom. He drilled and hiked; this was easy for him for he was used to hard work and he had a healthy body and a willing spirit. Although many were sick at Camp Taylor, Gotlieb got by fine, and his six months' stay there was well spent, for every day spent at Camp Taylor meant proper development in manner, mind, and muscle.

At the end of six months' drill he was transferred to the 35th Engineers, and sent to Camp Merritt, where the 35th Engineers were ready to cross the waters. He had received his full equipment, had completed his training, and was ready to go. He left Camp Taylor on the 28th of March, 1918, and although 200 left at the same time he was the only one of his company to join the 35th Engineers. From Merritt he went to Hoboken, where he boarded the Lincoln, an interned German passenger boat. She was a large boat and had 6500 soldiers aboard, besides trucks and autos. The rations were fine; they received three good meals a day and no seasickness resulted on their seventeen days' trip.

The Lincoln had formerly belonged to Germany, and for them to see American troops sent across in what they termed their boat must not be tolerated, so three submarines were sent out with instructions to sink her at any cost. The officers and men were to receive a great reward if they succeeded in sinking her, but if they failed death would be meted out to the entire crews. When the Lincoln reached the war zone the submarines started for her as their main objective; and al-

though there were nine ships in the convoy, including a Red Cross ship, the Lincoln was the one on which vengeance must be made; but the crew was prepared. Every soldier wore life belts, there was no sleep, there was no light; sure enough at nine o'clock in the morning the attack began in earnest. After several shots had been fired by the Lincoln oil was seen floating on the water and they reached Brest harbor safely. Upon reaching the harbor one of the U-boats surrendered; they had followed the Lincoln in order that they could surrender. There they told the tale of reward or the consequences if the Lincoln was not sunk. They told that the other U-boats had been sunk from the shell fire of the Lincoln, and the fate of the crews was unknown.

After they landed at Brest they marched to the Napoleon Barracks where they remained about a week and were then sent to Bordeaux in the famous French box cars which took them two days and two nights. The cars were crowded, the doors were closed, it was too crowded to sleep, they had no water to drink and all they had to eat was pork and beans and bread. Many another description with reference to the French box car rides is given in this book and it will be but mere repetitions that millions of our boys have experienced, and though it seems ludicrous now, it was serious then.

Upon reaching Bordeaux the 35th Engineers started at once to build American engines and Gotlieb helped build the first American engine in France; he had no experience of this kind but he soon learned. He worked at putting up engines about five months, when he was sent to La Rochelle, another seaport between Bordeaux and Brest, about 100 miles from Bordeaux and Brest. At La Rochelle he helped build American box cars. The pieces were sent across from the U. S. and at La Rochelle they were put together. There were about 3000 men at work putting up American box cars. A great speed was attained by these engineers and they turned out cars at the rate of one in eight minutes. It was while here that the boys celebrated Armistice Day, but they continued building box cars until January, 1919. The work was steady; seven days in a week and twelve hours a day.

In January he made an effort to get home and at the same time he was sent away from La Rochelle and was sent to Brest where he ran an engine on the tug boat Cuba, that ran from the wharf to the large vessels that were too large to go nearer the shore. The boat hauled soldiers and their luggage from Brest harbor to the vessels getting ready to return. It could haul about 400 at one time and had a little more than a mile to go.

Once while the Western Scout, a large freighter, had engine trouble about 150 miles out, the Cuba was called and she went out and towed her from where she lay through the Strait of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean Sea. The Western Scout had on board a cargo of lumber, and hailed from Portland, Oregon. The Cuba had been called by wireless.

After his return Gotlieb continued his old line of duty between wharf and vessel. He had four hours on and eight hours off, and during his eight hours off he often watched the happy faces of returning soldiers; he would sometimes sit for hours to watch the happy fellows and wondered if he would ever meet a fellow he knew; but of all the thousands who started on their homeward journey not a face did he see that he recognized, and the only two whom he met during the time that he was gone were Albert Smeder, of Wanda, and Ed. Harmoning, of Edwardsville. It is strange to see so many thousand faces and to know so few of them.

Finally the day was set for Gotlieb to return home, August the 26th. He had been across almost 18 months, long enough to receive three service stripes. He returned on the U. S. Zeppelin, a German boat. This was her maiden trip, for she had been built by the Germans during the war. It took her but ten days to cross; she landed at New York on the 5th of September. You might know Gotlieb had a pleasant voyage, no seasickness of course, and Hoboken was reached in safety. He went from there to Camp Merritt, where he remained six days, and then went to Camp Grant, where he received his discharge, and reached Edwardsville and home on the 17th of September, after an absence of nearly 24 months. Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Gotlieb W. Stahlhut, 1976033, Corporal, Hdqrs. Det. 5th G. R. Transportation Corps, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of the government, demobilization of organization, per circular 106, W. D. 1918. Said Gotlieb W. Stahlhut was born in Edwardsville in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 25 3-12 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had brown eyes, dark hair, dark complexion, and was 5 feet 11 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Illinois, this 15th day of September, 1919. Hamilton D. Turner, Major Infantry, Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Gottlieb W. Stahlhut. Grade: Corporal. Enlisted 10-3-1917 at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned Officer: Corporal 7-28-1919. Marksmanship, gunner qualifications or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Decorations, badges: A. E. F. medals, citations: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Farming. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: 2-14-1918; paratyphoid prophylaxis completed 2-14-1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Very good. Remarks: Entitled travel pay to Edwardsville, Ill.; sailed from U. S. 3-31-1918; returned to U. S. 9-5-1919. Absence without leave under G. O. No. 31, W. D. 1912 and No. 45 W. D. 1914: None. Signature of soldier: Gottlieb W. Stahlhut. William A. Millard, 2nd Lieut. Demobilization Group, Commanding. Camp Grant, Ill., Sept. 15, 1919. Paid in full \$94.85 including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. P. G. Hoyt, Major I. M. C. Per M. Peterson, 2nd Lt. A. M. C.

GEORGE C. HARMONING.

George C. Harmoning was born April 14, 1893, near Edwardsville, Ill. His father was born in Germany in that part formerly called Hanover, which had been an independent kingdom of Northern Germany. Hanover was annexed to Prussia in the sixties. This annexation was unpopular with the Hanoverians or Hanoveraner as they call themselves, but no armed resistance was shown and those who refused to abide by the Prussian decision or those opposed to Prussianism left that country and emigrated to America. It happened thus that George's father came to this country when a young man. He settled near Edwardsville, Ill., married an Edwardsville girl and farmed for a number of years. George's mother's name was Minnie Kriege, of Edwardsville.

George went to the Pin Oak school in Pin Oak Township until the family moved to Edwardsville. At Edwardsville, George went to the German Parochial school. It thus happened George received both a good English and German education. About four years ago the family left Edwardsville and moved to Bethalto where they are now located. After the family quit farming George worked on the farm for others. He registered at Bethalto in June, 1917, and was

called for examination early in 1918, but he failed in the test and was sent to East St. Louis, where the test at Alton was sustained, and George was put in the limited service class.

The limited service men were billed to go to Camp Grant, but on account of blood poison it was impossible for George to go. He was therefore not called again until the first of October, 1918, when he was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Mo. Although there were many from here who were put in the limited service George and John Weyen were the only two from Bethalto to leave. His life in camp was of short duration owing to the signing of the armistice.

The duties of the limited service men varied as the occasion demanded; most of the work being general. There was no drilling or guard duty or any special work usually performed by men in the regular service. Mumps being prevalent during the time George was at Jefferson Barracks, he was in the hospital two weeks with mumps; and the balance of the time that he was in the army he was working for an army chaplain named Sam Dorrance. Thus George's work was one of the first to end after the army was ordered to be demobilized. Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

DISCHARGE FROM THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that George Harmoning, No. 3779209, recruit, limited military Class C. unassigned, attached 18th Recruit Co., general service infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of demobilization, auth. letter from A. 9. 0. dated November 23, 1918. Said George C. Harmoning, No. 3779209 was born in Madison County, in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 25 years of age, and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes No. 13, brown hair, ruddy complexion, and was 5 feet 5 3-4 inches in height. Given under my hand at Jefferson Barracks, this 12th day of December, 1918. George R. Hunter, Colonel U. S. A. retired, Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: George C. Harmoning, No. 3779209. Grade: Recruit, inducted Oct. 1, 1918, at Alton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Never. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: October 17, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed: October 17, 1918. Married or sin-

gle: Single. Character: Very good. Remarks: Soldier entitled to travel pay to Alton, Ill. No absence without leave. No absence under general order 45, War Department 1914. Signature of soldier: George C. Harmoning. W. B. Eress, 1st Lieut. Infantry, Commanding 18th Recruit Co.

JOHN H. WEYEN.

John H. Weyen, son of Heye and Meta Weyen, was born near Gillespie, Ill., on the 17th day of May, 1888. The parents resided on a farm and John attended the Gillespie school until he was 14 years of age, when the family purchased a home in Bethalto, moved there and John completed his education in the Bethalto school. He completed the Eighth grade work and after that he assisted the parents at home until he was called to the colors. He was not quite 30 years of age when the call was made and he registered for the draft in June, 1917. Shortly after the registration he was called but upon examination he was rejected and he was placed in the limited service.

He remained home until the time came for the limited service men to be called, and John left home on the 28th of July, 1918. He went to Edwardsville and from there he was sent to Syracuse, N. Y. He was placed in a recruiting camp and was placed in 28 Co. 7, Bn. Ret. Camp, but did not remain at Syracuse very long, for just one month after he left Bethalto he landed in Columbus, Ohio. There was very little to do at Syracuse so he was sent to Columbus, Ohio, to do guard duty. He was placed in the 343rd Fire and Guard Company and as the name of the company designated John was placed on guard most of the time.

On October 5th, Spanish Influenza broke out in camp and everybody was kept away from the patients, thus the physicians tried to prevent the spread of the dreaded disease. John continued to do guard duty until the 14th of October when he was taken suddenly ill with the "flu". The first two days he did not seem seriously ill but on the third day his fever rose rapidly which caused his sickness to develop into pneumonia. The attending hospital physicians and nurses gave him the best of attention and care, but all this was of no avail, for the Almighty had chosen otherwise, and he was called away from his mother, brother and sister, comrades, and a host of friends and relatives.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of the 18th he unexpectedly lost consciousness and at five minutes past three, without having previous

ly suffered he expired. At 4:30 p. m. on the 17th of October a telegram was sent to John's mother stating that he was seriously sick at the hospital; and at 10:30 p. m. another telegram was sent stating that he would live only a few hours. The next day she received a telegram stating that John H. Weyen died at 3:05 a. m. of that day.

The body arrived at Gillespie at 7:55 p. m. October 19, for burial and John was laid to rest on the 21st day of October in the Gillespie cemetery, where lie buried his father and a sister.

John had lived with his parents in Bethalto sixteen years; he had made many friends and was loved by all who knew him. He was a member of the L. O. O. M. of Alton, Ill.

His sister Mabel writes the following lines to his memory:

To Son and Brother, John Weyen.

On August 31st, you were called to go
Across sea to fight a common foe.
To Syracuse, N. Y., at first you went
And from there to Columbus, O., was sent.
To Fire and Guard duties they did assign
For each day in the week, in rain or shine,
For nearly two months this pace you kept,
Marching to and fro with measured step.
Though the trials of France you did not share,
You were on your way over there
When God saw fit to call you home,
And now your work on earth is done.
Although at home there's an empty chair,
May Heaven be brighter by your presence there.
And though it is not us, but God to please,
We can still retain the memories.

LESLIE PREHN.

Leslie Prehn, son of Theodore and Anna Prehn, was born in Bunker Hill, Ill., September 29, 1895. The parents, though of German descent, were both born in Illinois and both being thoroughly American, always favored American institutions and therefore a good education and training for their children, so Leslie received his elementary education in the Bunker Hill schools, graduating from the Eighth grade in 1910, and at the age of 18 he graduated from the High school of that place. In 1915 Theodore Prehn, his father, went into the lumber business in Bethalto and Leslie did all the clerical work pertaining to that business, remaining most of the time in Bethalto

while the parents resided in Bunker Hill, and although doing business in Bethalto he registered for the draft in June, 1917, in Bunker Hill, for that was still his home.

He was called to the colors in September, 1917, and left Staunton, Ill., with the Macoupin county boys, Sept. 19, 1917, having been sworn in at 2 p. m. Sept. 17. As soon as Leslie left the parents made preparation to move to Bethalto and then moved in October, thus becoming citizens of Bethalto.

The boys were sent to Camp Taylor and Leslie became part of Battery F, of the 327th Field Artillery that was being formed there at the time the Macoupin county boys arrived, and thus Battery F was formed from the Macoupin bunch. Three weeks after he arrived he became Battery Clerk and his high school training became valuable to him. Later on he did special duty as regimental statistician. In February, 1918, he was transferred to Battery A, after he had been made first class private while under Captain Weiland. While in Battery A, he did special clerical duty at headquarters, but under Captain J. E. Shaw, of Battery A, the finest officer in the United States Army.

The duties as clerk in Battery F were taking care of the company's records and general correspondence, typewriting, etc. At Regimental Headquarters it was regimental correspondence, which was of larger scope and more of it. On March 1st, Leslie was promoted to corporal, and although the work was the same as before the promotion increased his pay to \$36.00. During the winter of 1917-1918 he took several courses in the army school completing wig-wag, semaphore, buzzer, telephony, besides taking part of a course in French.

On April 1, the regiment hiked to West Point, Ky., a distance of about 20 miles. A new camp was being made between the Ohio and Salt Rivers and this regiment was sent there to help organize it and this camp was to be used as a Field Artillery camp near which was located the range. The camp consisted of tents which had to be pitched in the wilderness, but through the effort of the company it was soon cleaned up and the little village nearby became a thriving town during the existence of this camp.

On May 2 Leslie was promoted to Battalion Sergeant Major, which put him in charge of battalion detail, which consisted of 38 men. He was to oversee the signaling, telephone and linemen, and instrument men, besides taking care of the First Battalion records under the direction of Major Chapman. This position increased his pay to \$48.00.

The summer was spent in firing on the range, maneuvering, etc., both by night and day. On August 25th at 9 a. m. the first train departed from West Point with about 440 men being the First Battalion; the second battalion left soon after. There were three battalions to a regiment, the 327th being motorized and the 325th and 326th were horse-drawn outfits. The 327th used 155 millimeter guns, and the 325th and 326th used 75's. This material was left in camp when the men departed, for these were fit only to be used on drill grounds.

They left on the Henderson line to Louisville, Ky., on the C. & O. through Covington, Ky., Staunton, Va., Washington, D. C. on the New Jersey road from Washington through Philadelphia, Trenton to Jersey City. There they boarded a ferry, rounded New York City, down the Hudson River, up East River under Brooklyn, Queensbury and Manhattan bridges to Camp Mills, L. I. They remained at Camp Mills from August 27th till September 8th, drawing their overseas uniforms. They left Camp Mills on a ferry to New York docks and boarded the S. S. Orduna on the 8th of September, pulled out, passing the Goddess of Liberty on the 9th of September.

The convoy of 14 transports, 5 sub-chasers, and one battleship escorted by one dirigible, and two aeroplanes on their journey. The Orduna was pretty well crowded, for she had on board 1600 men of the 327th, 135 men of Headquarters Detachment, 159th F. A. Brigade and 100 Red Cross nurses, besides her crew. They had good sailing, saw no submarines and the battleship escorted them two-thirds of the way across and when they rounded Ireland an aeroplane came out to meet them. They went around the north of Ireland through the North Channel where the convoy split up, one-half going to Glasgow, Scotland and the other half going to Liverpool, Eng. They were about 14 days in crossing and landed at 3 a. m., Sunday, September 21st, and put foot on English soil about 8:30 that same morning.

They hiked through Liverpool to the railroad station where they were greeted by the Red Cross and received hot coffee and rolls. They boarded a train at 3 p. m., September 22. The train consisted of wooden compartment coaches, each compartment holding eight men. The coaches had neither air brakes nor patent couplers and the entrances were from the side and each coach had several entrances. The engines, though nicely polished with brass, were old-fashioned and small; they burned pressed coal, the pieces being of uniform size and made no smoke.

They traveled at a fair rate of speed passing through much interesting scenery; and while at Winchester, Leslie had the chance of seeing the ruins of King Arthur's palace and the large historical Round

Table, twenty-four feet in diameter. Winchester was the last stop and they hiked to Camp Winnal Downs, a distance of three miles, reaching the place at 4 a. m. September 23. They ate breakfast and went to bed in tents; and although they went to bed there were in reality no beds in these pyramidal tents, neither was there a floor in the tent, so they unpacked, lay down on the wet ground while the rains were pouring through the roof; Leslie had company, for there were 24 others in his tent sharing the same fate. They remained there three days during which time Leslie received two passes to Winchester, thus becoming pretty well acquainted with English customs and English scenery. They left Winnal Downs at 6 a. m. September 25, in heavy marching order to Winchester railroad station, expecting to finish the trip through England by rail, but they met with disappointment, for the officers were informed that all men on railroads in England were on a strike; so they were ordered to proceed at once to hike to Southampton, this being the only way to get there. They went in heavy marching order, packs consisting of a rifle, a belt, canteen, rations, etc., consisting in all of about 85 pounds. They marched all day. The rations were the lightest part of the burden; they reached Southampton at 6 p. m. tired, mad, hungry and sore, and rested two hours at the docks. At 6 p. m. they were loaded on a small, filthy and uncomfortable bark called Margarete. They started across the channel at 8 p. m. and rode all night. There was no sleep if you could not sleep standing, for there was no chance to lie down even on some poor tired soldier.

They finally landed at La Havre at 6 o'clock the next morning and at once hiked through the town and up the steep bluff in a zig-zag fashion to Camp No. 1 six miles away, where they were put in tents on muddy ground. The tents, pyramidal in shape, were made to hold six soldiers, but they crowded 14 in each tent and the only way this could be accomplished was to pile their feet up in the center with their heads sticking outside of the tents, in the rain. They remained at Camp No. One 24 hours, still subsisting on skimpy British rations.

On the 27th of September they left Camp No. One and hiked back to La Havre, where they boarded the famous 40 Hommes Chavou 8. There were 32 men in Leslie's coach, which made it pretty crowded. They subsisted on American food consisting of canned beans, corn Willie and bread. They rode 72 hours from the northern extremity of France to the southern extremity near the Spanish border, thus enabling them to see Western France. They went to Bordeaux and about 16 miles west to Camp De Souge, a French artillery camp, where the 327th practiced with French artillery. They arrived

at De Souge on the 29th of September and on the third of October Leslie was taken down with the "flu". Upon reaching the hospital it was found to be full, so he and about 90 others were billeted in barracks, where medical attention was scarce. Leslie was very sick and the treatment was rough which kept him in until the 17th of October, during which time many died. He was unable to do much work for a while. After he became stronger he attended the French school of orientation, he also took a course of firing on the range, recording shots, etc. This he did besides attending to the First Battalion detail.

After the armistice was signed movements were checked. They had completed their practice, they had drawn all their material and equipment, their artillery 155's, etc., and had been assigned with the Third Army in the Verdun sector. The signing of the armistice put a lull in the situation and Leslie had a comparatively easy time at De Souge.

They had orders to leave for home on the 20th of November, but there were too many ahead of them so they had to remain a few months in the camp during which time Leslie took advantage of all the passes he could procure to Bordeaux, thus getting acquainted with every nook and corner in this large and beautiful city.

Finally the day arrived and orders were given to proceed by marching to Genecourt No. 1. This was on the 12th of January, 1919. This was their first homeward movement. They remained there 18 hours, during which time they were sent through a delouser, whether you needed it or not. They drew new clothing and then went to Genecourt No. 2, where they remained until the 21st of January policing the camp, dug ditches, built walks, and the balance of the time waded in the mud. On Sunday, January 21st, they left Genecourt No. 2 and marched to Bassens to the American docks about 9 kilos away, where they boarded the U. S. S. Mallory, leaving the docks the next morning, and moving down the Gironde River about 40 kilos and entering the Bay of Biscay. They started for Brest but while on the ocean they received word by wireless that there was no oil at Brest and they changed their course and went to the Azores Islands where they got oil, for the H. W. Mallory was an oil burner.

After they left the Azores they had fine sailing for about ten hours, lights burned brightly, and the sea was never more smooth; but this was a good indication for a storm and sure enough an awful five days' storm broke in upon them which delayed their trip several days; for they could make no headway, the storm roared, waves rolled high and the ship nothing but a coast wise steamer, that should not have been sent across with a cargo of American soldiers. Ninety per cent

of the boys were seasick and they remained so until the 4th of February, when they dropped anchor at Pier No. 2 at Hoboken, from which place they had sailed for France five months before. They went by ferry and rail to Camp Merritt, where they remained eight days. While at Merritt they went through another cootie mill and their clothing went through a great steam pressure, killing every germ imaginable and putting wrinkles in the clothing that never will come out.

At Merritt, Leslie had several passes to see the city of New York. He had six passes and availed himself of each one of these privileges. The boys had good times at Camp Merritt. They had been seasick all the way and were now getting fairly well over it and were naturally hungry; but they could eat to their heart's content and they ate and ate, never did anything taste so good. At Merritt the company split up and the boys were sent to the nearest camp for home, so Leslie, Ted and Frank were sent to Camp Grant, reaching that place on the 14th of February. Leslie was discharged on the 19th, and reached home on the 20th, after having served in the army a year and five months.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

Honorable Discharge from the United States Army. To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Leslie E. Prehn, 1984861, Bn. Sgt. Mjr. Hdq. Co. 327th Field Artillery, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of the government. Per S. O. 46 Par. 33, No. 9, Camp Grant, Ill., 2-15-19. Said Leslie E. Prehn was born in Bunker Hill in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 21 years of age and by occupation a lumber merchant. He had blue eyes, light hair, fair complexion and was 5 feet, 9 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 19th day of February, 1919. F. L. Martain, Major Air Service U. S. A. Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Leslie E. Prehn. Grade: Bn. Sgt. Maj. Inducted Sept. 18, 1917, at Staunton, Ill. serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Corporal from March 1, 1918; Bn. Sgt. Maj. from May 2, 1918. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: American Expeditionary Forces from September 8, 1918, to February 4, 1919. Knowledge of any vocation: Lumber merchant. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition

when discharged: Good. Typhoid Prophylaxis completed Oct 9, 1917. Paratyphoid Prophylaxis completed Oct. 9, 1917. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: No A. W. O. L. and no absence under G. O. 45-15 or 31-12; entitled to travel pay. Signature of soldier: Leslie E. Prehn.—Marion C. Patton, First Lieut. 327th F. A. Commanding Hdq. Co. 327 F. A. Camp Grant, Ill., Feb. 19, 1919. Paid in full: \$43.28, Alex. C. McKelvey, Capt. Q. M. C., D. E. Cowdrey, 2nd Lieut., Q. M. C.

FRANK DRISCOL

Frank Driscol, a member of Battery F. 327th Field Artillery, was born in Chicago, April 22, 1892. His father, of Irish-American descent, died when Frank was seven years old. His mother was a Scotch-Canadian. When the father died they had to shift for themselves. They lived in Joliet, Ill., then moved to Kansas City, Mo., then to Springfield, Mo. When his father died they were living in Springfield, Mo. Leaving the two without means they were forced to work for others for a living. They lived with a Lancaster family who moved to Seymour, Mo., taking the two with them. Frank worked a while for Dr. Jackson, who died within a year after Frank was there, he was then taken to Dr. White but left on account of the hard work due to his tender age. He received his early education from his mother and started to Springfield school in the Third grade. At Seymour he was doing Sixth grade work. The Lancasters moved back to Springfield, taking Frank along and leaving the mother at Seymour.

Frank was employed at the Springfield Furniture Company for two and one-half years; and it was during this time his mother died, leaving him an orphan. He became a hard wood finisher; but when the Lancasters moved to East Alton, Ill., he went with them, for they were like home folks to him. They moved to East Alton to be near the Earls family, John Earls, of East Alton being a brother to Mrs. Lancaster. Frank went to work for the Western Cartridge Co., and on account of poor health Mr. Lancaster went to the Soldiers' Home at St. James, Mo. At the age of seventeen Frank was left alone, for Mrs. Lancaster also went to the home at St. James.

At the Furniture Company Frank received but 35 cents a day and would never have been able to remain there had it not been for the kind hearted Lancasters. After Frank quit the Western he worked on a C. C. C. & St. L. train for three months, then went to work for Beall Bros. Tool Co. for six months. He decided that farm life

sued him better, so he went to work for G. Y. Henry of East Alton. He worked for two years for Mr. Henry, then for the next twelve months he rambled over part of the northwest. He worked at East Moline, Ill., Minneapolis and Fergus Falls, Minn., and other places, but he grew tired of such life and went back to G. Y. Henry's. In January, 1917, Frank went to Hornsby to make his home with Mrs. Sarah Rotsch. It thus happened that he registered for the draft in June, 1917, from Macoupin county. When Frank left for the army September 18, 1917, Mrs. Rotsch moved back to Bethalto, her former home. It thus happened that Frank is classed as a Bethalto boy, for his home was changed to Bethalto during his absence.

Frank left Staunton with the Macoupin county bunch; he went to Camp Taylor where he was placed in Battery F, 327th F. A., and remained in the same battery until he was discharged from Camp Grant, Ill., Feb. 20, 1920. Frank and Leslie Prehn left for Camp Taylor together, and were in the same battery for a short while. On April 1st, the 325th, 326th, 327th F. A. of the 84th division went to West Point, about 20 miles down the Ohio River from Camp Taylor. Here Frank drilled until the 25th of August, when he entrained for Camp Mills, L. I., to be equipped for overseas duty. He boarded the British steamer Orduna on the 9th of September for a two weeks ride on the ocean. Although no submarines were sighted the trip across was not a pleasant one.

Being used to clean camp life, with clean and pure American food, the soldiers at once classed the Orduna as too dirty and filthy for a United States soldier. And to add to the discomforts, the meals, although regular, were of such quality that the greatest quantity was either saved by the boat's crew or fed to the fish by the soldiers. They landed at Liverpool harbor September 21, where the Boy Scout band played American airs for the soldiers. From Liverpool they went to Winchester, where Frank's trials began in earnest. Food having been scarce, and poor at that, on the boat, and very scarce after he landed, he was easily fatigued. They hiked from Winchester to Win-nal Down where they rested a while, then started to entrain for Southampton, but the English railroad men had started on a strike and nobody rode; so they started on a hike that morning to Southampton. Each soldier was given two sandwiches on which to hike 16 miles. With so little to eat for such a long march, full pack, it was no wonder so many fell by the wayside and had to be carried to the port in ambulances; and though the boys received so little to eat the British objected to give them even that amount.

They reached Southampton about 5 o'clock in the evening and were loaded on to a small English boat called Margarete, crossing the channel and landed at La Havre the next morning. The boat was so crowded it was impossible to lie down to rest and the only way to obtain any rest was to lean against the walls of the boat.

No sooner had they landed when they were marched to Camp No. One, about six miles up the hill and out of town, only to discover there was no room for Battery F., and they were ordered back again to La Havre. During these trying hours Battery F. was still rationed by the British government and a twelve mile hike in a day with little or no food and no rest the previous night was simply intolerable, which left a lasting impression on all the boys. As soon as they reached La Havre they were huddled into box cars, or, to use plainer language, cattle cars.

In these small cars they rode three days and three nights to their new and final destination. Although the quantity of food did not increase while in these cars the quality was better, for they were eating American food now; and corn beef was sure appreciated after having been fed on mutton stew for so many days. About thirty in a car one-third the size of our American box cars told what that meant for a bunch of fatigued and half-starved soldiers.

They finally landed at Camp De Souge, about 16 miles west of Bordeaux. This was on the 29th of September. The 327th being the heavy field artillery, accounted for its being placed on the range so far from the lines. Camp De Souge had been used as an artillery camp and was well suited for heavy artillery. They were given six weeks of intensive training with Howitzers, French type using 155 millimeter shells; completing their training on the 9th of November just two days before the armistice was signed. The order had been received to occupy a sector before Metz when fighting ceased. Everything was ready to go, all was loaded at Tours ready for the front when it suddenly ended.

So it happened Battery F. and Frank never left De Souge, and on the 12th of January, 1919, they left the camp after a 105 day drill. Camp life at De Souge was not always unpleasant and it would have been better if it had not been for the "flu." Every meal that was eaten at De Souge was eaten in the rain, and to sleep in the little pup tents with rain pouring through aggravated life somewhat. "Flu" played havoc with some batteries, but F lost only two, although every member had it. Frank was in the hospital eight days.

At Camp Taylor the boys drilled in the snow; at West Point they drilled in the hot sand; and at De Souge they drilled in the mud and



JAMES FRED JONES
(Deceased)
Hospital Corps, 47th Reg., C. A. C.



HERMAN OLTHOFF
Mech. Co. G, 78th Infantry



ARTHUR JONES
Co. L, 48th Infantry



ARTHUR GEORGE ELLIOTT
Co. G, 48th Infantry



WILLIAM E. NEUNABER
4th Recruit Sq.,
Air Service



LIMON NEUNABER
Co. E, 156th Infantry



EDWARD J. NEUNABER
Co. F, 10th Infantry



CHARLES NEUNABER
Headquarters Co., 138th Infantry

rain; but such is army life and it is fine if you like it. The boys intended to start back in November, but they sent mules into the camp by the thousands from Spain, to be fed and cleaned up for the Third army, and Frank had good practice in currying mules until the 12th of January, when the boys left camp, went to Genecourt No. 1, and through a delousing process; thence to Genecourt No. 2, where they remained a week shoveling mud; thence to the port of embarkation for home.

They boarded the U. S. S. Henry R. Mallory to start on their stormy trip of seventeen days, passing the Azores and landing at Hoboken, N. J. From there they went to Camp Merritt, where they split up, going some here, some there, to their homes. Frank, Ted and Les. were sent to Camp Grant, where the majority were sent to be discharged. He arrived at Camp Grant on the 14th day of February, was discharged on the 21st, reaching Bethalto and home on the 21st, where he was received by friends, neighbors and associates, welcoming him back to civil life.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Frank Driscoll, 1934873, Private Battery F, 327th Field Artillery, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of the government Per S. O. 47, Par. 3, Feb. 16, 1919. Headquarters Camp Grant, Ill. Said Frank Driscoll 1934873 was born in Chicago, Illinois. When enlisted he was 25 5-12 years of age and by occupation an engineer. He had grey eyes, dark hair, dark complexion, and was 5 feet 6 1-4 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Illinois, this 20th day of February, 1919. Signed, F. L. Martin, Maj. Air Service, Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Frank Driscoll 1934873. Grade: Private. Inducted September 18, 1917, at Staunton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: American Expeditionary Forces. Knowledge of any vocation: Engineer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed Oct. 9, 1917; Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed October 6, 1917. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: No A. W. O. L. No absence under G. O. 31-12, 45-14; en-

titled to travel pay. Signature of soldier: Frank Driscoll. Camp Grant, Ill., Feb. 20, 1919. Paid in full \$32.21. Signed: Alex C. McKelvey, Capt. Q. M. C., D. E. Cowdrey, 2nd Lieut. Q. M. C. Paul H. Weiland, Capt. 327th F. A. Commanding Battery F.

Engineer School—84th division: This is to certify that Frank Driscoll Battery F. 327th F. A. completed the special short course in the Gas and Flame and Smoke Department, including passage through Gas House. Dated this 19th day of January, 1918. Clifford E. Bill, 2nd Lieut. Engrs. R. C. Secretary. Jarvis J. Bain, Lieut.-Col. Engrs. U. S. Commanding.

HENRY C. ZIMMERMANN

Henry Carrol Zimmermann, son of Henry W. and Lida Clark Zimmermann, was born in Bethalto, January 7, 1896. The parents of Carrol or "Ted" as he will be called in this book, have lived in Bethalto more than forty years, and Ted spent all his life in Bethalto, receiving a good common school education in the Bethalto public schools, completing the Eighth grade work at the age of 13, after which time he assisted the parents with their work.

He registered for the draft in June, 1917, but was not called until June 27, 1918, when he left for Camp Taylor, arriving at Camp Taylor in company with Fred Jones and Charley Bartels, whose descriptions are found in this book. Ted was placed in the 159th Depot Brigade, 14th company, 4th Tr. Bn.; he took the physical examination on the 30th of June and the mental examination on the first of July, passing both tests. Ted remained in the 159th D. B. 21 days, during which time they drilled, hiked and exercised; the treatment by the officers was fine, even the corporals and sergeants fraternized with the common soldiers. This fraternization between corporals, sergeants and the new comers was especially noticable when the recruits received cake, lunch or other dainties from loved ones at home. Ted never got in bad with his superior officers while deviled eggs, roasted pigeons, fruits, and well-filled sandwiches were forthcoming.

Thus the days sped along at Camp Taylor; it was, get up at 5:15, stand reveille, march back, wash up, line up for mess, wash dishes, sweep out the barracks, police up outside; at 7 march to the drill field, drill till 11:30, eat dinner, drill at 1:30, play till 5 p. m., stand retreat at 5:45, eat supper and then be free for the rest of the evening.

Ted received his uniform on the 3rd of July, and a real gun on the 15th. He had the gun just long enough to learn to love it and

about the time he was beginning to feel proud of it, he received orders to surrender his weapon and get ready to leave his happy home. It was on the evening of the day that he received his gun. He had barely got his clothes packed up when he was sent to West Point, an artillery camp about twenty miles away. He wondered what they would give him next to play with; when he lined up for mess the next morning he looked around at the new bunch and wondered who all those old timers were and what they wanted with him, only a recruit among all those hardened soldiers. At the same time another soldier in the line watched the new comer, whose actions seemed familiar to him until their eyes met, and then the two, "Ted" and Les. Prehn recognized each other. "Ted" had been placed in the same company. He was ordered to take examination as bugler; he was somewhat familiar with that instrument, and passed examination all right and thus became bugler Headquarters Company 327th Field Artillery.

He had gone to do his bit; he had done his bit with the gun and wondered if he had to keep that instrument more than a day; but they did not change any more and he soon became efficient in the art of bugling. A bugler is not always in good standing with the other soldiers on account of that familiar call: "You got to get up, you got to get up, you got to get up this morning;" but the parcels from home and friends containing good things to eat soon put him in good standing with his associates and no serious trouble was anticipated. A month glided smoothly by with nothing to do but practicing on the bugle and making calls for others to obey. Pay call and mess call were always welcome by the boys, and in a measure made up for those not so much appreciated.

On the 25th of August the greatest portion of the 327th, 326th and 325th F. A. left West Point for New York, but "Ted" remained behind, he being the only bugler left in camp for eight days. A few guards were also left to guard the camp while a new bunch arrived. "Ted" was beginning to think they did not want to take him along, so he was on duty 192 hours without being relieved, for there was no one to relieve him; but at the end of that time he with a few others were ordered to pack up and move. When they reached their destination they were at Camp Mills, L. I., where the others had gone before. They hurried up and equipped him with overseas clothing; for the others were ready to go; and by the 8th of September he also was ready to board the *Orduna*, the British ship that was to take them across the water.

"Ted" fared pretty well on the boat—six meals a day—three down and three up—; but he had nothing to do but eat so the trip was

made without any further trouble. He thought of the good things to eat while at Taylor and West Point and really made himself believe that the odor coming up from the ship's hold was not quite as pleasant as that which came from the good old American cooking. This did not last always, for after 14 days of zig-zagging and wig-wagging they finally reached the English shore.

After getting on shore they traveled the same route that many another boy traveled; "Ted" saw several familiar names scribbled on buildings, by that he knew that others had trod the same path. After resting at Winnal Downs a few days they hiked a distance of about 16 miles; for the English trainmen were on a strike. "Ted" felt that the trainmen were not very patriotic but when he compared their action with the quantity of food he received on his 16 mile hike he wondered why they did not strike long before that. He had a handful of English money that he had received in changing a two dollar bill and in order to forget all the past he gave the whole handful to a little boy for a loaf of bread; thus leaving the English shore as free as when he landed.

On the evening of the 25th of September he was packed in a small boat with the rest of his bunch and crossed the channel in the night. The boat was barely large enough to afford standing room for the boys; but in spite of all they could do some lay down on the floor, exhausted from the day's hike and lack of food.

About midnight "Ted" had stood up as long as he could and he also went down. He laid his head on one fellow's chest and stretched his feet out over another, who was also asleep, but did not awake. "Ted" woke up about three in the morning and found three on top of him, also asleep. Morning dawned and La Havre hove in sight and they scrambled to the shore where they started on a six mile hike up the hill to Camp No. One; rested all day and all night and then went back to La Havre, boarded the train for Bordeaux in southern France. The three-day ride was not a pleasant one for the Pullmans were a little too crowded to suit him; but he was not paying for the ride and it suited him better than the 16-mile hike in England; and although crowded it was not as bad as it had been on the Margarete in crossing the channel. He knew if he fared poorly many another boy fared worse.

"Ted" had "flu" about eight days while they were at Camp De Souge, the artillery camp about 16 miles west of Bordeaux, but he did not have it as bad as many others, for he was able to eat his meals at the hospital besides the skimpy rations of some of the others who were unable to eat. He still had his bugle and he continued to blow it

until they returned home. After the armistice was signed orders slacked up some and the officers were not quite so rigid with the rules and everything went along pretty fine. On the 12th of January they got orders to go home and they at once packed up to leave. There was no holding back by anybody. At Genecourt No. One, near Bordeaux they were deloused, whether it was needed or not. The camp had been kept pretty clean and no cooties in the camp that anybody knew of; but you had to go through the mill. At Genecourt No. Two, they shoveled mud while they waited for the boat; but that mattered nothing; every step they took was putting themselves just that much nearer home. Nobody was left behind, several boys who were barely able to creep went along with the officers and some of the stronger ones carrying their baggage; anything to get them on the boat. On the 24th day of January they boarded the H. R. Mallory and started out on the joy ride already described. It was an awful stormy trip, they averaged about seven miles an hour on their entire trip of 17 days. On a good day's run they could turn their watches back about a half hour, but some days they turned them back but about seven minutes showing they were making not much headway. They were going up and down, about twice as far as forward, but the up and down, swaying, turning and twisting did not give them much headway. Unlike the Orduna the Mallory had good eats, but it would not stay with the boys and some were sick all the way across and still dizzy when they landed; and no one expressed the desire to take a trip like that over again.

The boat landed on the 5th of February and they proceeded at once to Camp Merritt where the company split up to go to their nearest camp to be discharged. "Ted" was sent to Camp Grant where he was discharged on the 19th of February, reaching home early the next morning.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

Honorable Discharge from the United States Army. To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Henry Carroll Zimmermann, 3702473, Bugler Headquarters Company 327th Field Artillery, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of the convenience of the government. Per S. O. 46. Par. 33 Hq. Camp Grant, Ill., 2-15-19. Said Henry Carroll Zimmermann was born in Bethalto in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 22 years of age, and by occupation a bee keeper. He had grey eyes, brown hair, fair complexion, and was 5 feet 8 3-4

inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Illinois, this 19th day of February, 1919. F. L. Martin, Major Air Service, U. S. A. Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Henry Carroll Zimmermann. Grade: Bugler. Inducted June 28th, 1918, at Alton, Illinois. Serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualifications or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: American Expeditionary Forces from September 8, 1918, to February 4, 1919. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid Prophylaxis completed July 14, 1918; Paratyphoid Prophylaxis completed July 14, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: No A. W. O. L. and no absence under G. O. 45-14 or 31-12; entitled to travel pay. Signature of soldier: Henry Carroll Zimmermann. Marion C. Patton, 1st Lieut. 327th Field Artillery Commanding Hq. Co. 327th F. A., Camp Grant, Ill., Feb. 19, 1919. Paid in full, \$30.42. Alex C. McKelvey, Capt. Q. M. Corps.

GENE McCracken

Gene McCracken, son of J. W. and Anna McCracken, was born in Reno, Ill., April 22, 1894. The family moved to Bethalto in 1902, where Gene attended school. On account of a bruised shinbone he was sent to the Litchfield hospital and in order to save the limb the shinbone had to be removed. He did not walk for more than a year; but after living in Bethalto awhile he grew in strength, and a new bone grew where the old one had been removed.

His father having a good education, and being principal of the Bethalto schools about eight years, gave Gene a good common school education. After completing the course in the common schools he took two terms of high school work; after which time he went to the Alton Business College, graduating in stenography and short-hand at the age of 18. After graduating from the Business College he accepted a position as stenographer for the Western Cartridge Company, but on account of the low pay stenographers received at that time he was forced to abandon this position; and accepted a position as inspector at the Western of shells for small arms and ammunition. This position he held until the spring of 1918.

He registered in June, 1917, and tried to enlist in the navy, but at that time all enlistments were stopped, for the navy had more recruits than it needed. As inspector of shells he had no release from the Western; however, he received a release from the Exemption Board to get into the navy. After making three attempts to get into some branch of the service he finally succeeded in getting Mr. McAdams of Alton, at that time on the exemption board, to consent to have him take the place of some one who begged to be placed in the deferred class. It happened thus that Gene left Alton on September 7th, 1918, with the Alton contingent for Camp Custer. Will Neunaber, Ed. Neunaber and George Deist, from Bethalto, left for the same camp on the same train; landing at Camp Custer the next afternoon. Gene was placed in the quarantine camp or Depot Brigade for 12 days and after that time he was placed in the 42nd Field Artillery, remaining in the 42nd F. A. but three days. He took chauffeur's examination, thinking the 42nd would become motorized, and after finding out this was not true he begged to be transferred to the 10th infantry; which transfer was granted and made, thus becoming part of the 10th infantry, 14th division.

About the time the 14th Division was ready to cross the water, Spanish influenza took such a hold on the division, nearly every member of the 14th Division having "flu," and 600 dying with it, that the preparation for the departure had to be postponed.

Gene was in the hospital more than a month and although having a severe case of "flu," through the good care of the nurses and soldier friends he recovered. These were sad days in camp for everybody. The armistice was signed before the 14th Division had fully recovered from this dreaded disease. Gene remained in the 10th Infantry, 14th Division, until after the armistice was signed and expected to receive his discharge on the 14th of December; but on account of the knowledge he had gained as inspector of shells at the Western the order for his discharge was withdrawn and he was placed in charge of the ammunition magazine.

He was made sergeant in January, 1919, and the next month he was made first sergeant. His duties at this time were mostly of a clerical nature. The 14th Division was turning in all their supplies and a record had to be kept of everything that was being turned in. Capt. Bibberson was in charge of the 10th Infantry, Co. B.

Gene had two furloughs during his stay in the service, one on New Year's Day, and the second in April, and returning on the 21st day of April resumed his duty with the clerical force. Much of the 14th division equipment had been turned in, such as artillery equipment,

75's, etc., ammunition, rifles, etc., which required careful work; and besides Camp Custer had been made a demobilization camp where soldiers were discharged whose homes were in the north and west; and a list of their equipment, such as guns and packs, had to be listed and taken care of. Gene held the position to within the last month of his service and he held the rank of Sergeant, first-class, during the time up to his discharge.

While he was in the army he made A-No. 1 rating in the psychological test with which every soldier is familiar. Very few in the army received this rating, even officers fell below B 2, which was declared good, and many a soldier was satisfied to get a C rating. He also made 258 out of 300, which, if he was shooting for a record would give him expert rifleman, but he could not qualify on the range. During June, his last month in the army, he was chauffeur for Captain Ordway, who was captain of the 110th Ordnance.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Gene E. McCracken, No. 4723571, Sergeant, 1st class, 110th Ordnance Depot Co., the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of Cir. No. 77, W. D. 1918. Said Gene E. McCracken, No. 4723571, was born in Reno, in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 24 years, 4 months of age, and by occupation a chauffeur. He had blue eyes, light brown hair, ruddy complexion, and was 5 feet 6 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Custer, Mich., this 3rd day of July, 1919. John F. Ordway, Capt. Ord. U. S. A. Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Gene E. McCracken, Grade Sergt. 1st class. Inducted Sept. 5, 1918 at Alton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non commissioned officer. Corporal S. O. Hqr. 11-8-18. Sgt. S. O. 64 Par. 1 Hqrs. 3-6-19; Sgt. 1st. S. O. 90 Par 4 Hqrs. 4-1-19. Unqualified score, 5 ranges 258. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Chauffeur. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid Prophylaxis completed Sept. 19, 1918. Paratyphoid Prophylaxis completed Sept. 19, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Service honest and faithful; no A. W. O. L. No absence under G. O. 45 or 31. Entitled to travel

pay to Bethalto, Ill. Signature of soldier: Gene E. McCracken. John F. Ordway, Capt. Ord. U. S. A. Commanding 110th Ord. Depot Co., Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., July 3, 1919. Paid in full, \$131.15, including bonus gov. of \$60.00. By Capt. F. A. Tallmadge, F. A., U. S. A. Disbursing Officer.

HERMAN OLTHOFF

Herman Olthoff, son of George and Willhelmina Olthoff, and brother of Elmer, whose description is found in this book, was born in Bethalto on the first of March, 1899. His entire youth was spent in Bethalto. He went to the Bethalto school completing his Eighth grade work. During his student years and after he graduated from the Bethalto school he remained home with his parents excepting a short period when he worked for the Western Cartridge Company at East Alton. He was working for the Western at the time he succeeded in getting into the Army.

Herman applied for enlistment in the Navy the 21st of June, 1917, in St. Louis, but he failed to pass the examination. Undaunted, he applied for enlistment in the U. S. Marines on the same day; and as before was rejected, failing in the physical examination. On July 4th he tried again, this time applying for enlistment in the U. S. Army and passed. He was sworn in on the 6th of July, 1917. He volunteered for the duration of the war. He was 18 years of age at the time of his enlistment, and was one of the youngest to go from Bethalto.

He was stationed at Jefferson Barracks from July 6th to July 16th, when he, with many others, was sent to Fort Snelling, Minn., where he arrived the next day. Two new regiments of infantry were being organized, the 40th and 41st infantry. He was in the 5th recruiting camp eleven days and was then transferred to the 40th infantry, Co. G, July 28, 1917.

On August 4th he received his first rifle, a Springfield model, 1906. On August 31st the 40th Infantry paraded at night in St. Paul, Minn. On the 6th and 7th of September the 7th, 36th, 40th and 41st Infantry paraded at the Minnesota State Fair.

On Nov. 2, the 3rd battalion of the 40th Infantry left Fort Snelling to do guard duty at Fort Sheridan, Ill. On Nov. 12, Herman started shooting for a record at Fort Snelling; he finished shooting on the 17th, making 230 points, thus qualifying as marksman, and receiving two dollars a month more for a year. Boys in camps often

showed patriotism not only in serving Uncle Sam in the Army but also to parade for the benefit of Liberty Loan organizations, and in October, 1917, Herman and every member of his company purchased Liberty Bonds.

On Nov. 29th, the first battalion of the 40th Infantry was sent to Fort Riley, Kansas, to do guard duty. On Dec. 8th, the second battalion left Fort Snelling to join the third battalion at Fort Sheridan. Weather was very severe during the winter of 1917 and 1918, and when the boys left Fort Sheridan it was 26 degrees below zero. Arriving at Fort Sheridan Dec. 9, each member of the company received a serial number, Herman's being 945734. On January 23, 1918, Herman received a five day pass to Bethalto, his home. On April 8 the company paraded in Chicago. On April 30th seven gassed soldiers arrived at Chicago from France and to honor the boys who had returned, Companies G and H were sent to Chicago to welcome the boys home. These companies and the gassed boys were used in Chicago to assist in the Third Liberty Loan. On May 19th, Co. G was sent on detached duty to Chicago to guard the Pennsylvania Terminal freight depot on Polk and River street which the government had taken over, and was using as a quartermaster corps storehouse. On June 11th the company was relieved in Chicago and was sent back to Fort Sheridan. On June 13 Herman received the new 1917 model Enfield rifle and bayonet. On July 28th the company left Fort Sheridan for Camp Custer, Mich.

The 14th Division was being organized at Camp Custer. Two regiments, the 10th and 40th, had been sent there for the purpose of organizing other regiments. The 10th organized the 77th infantry and the 40th organized the 78th Infantry, and on August 5th Herman with 34 other men was transferred to the 78th Infantry. Each company in the 40th Infantry sent 36 men to organize companies in the new regiment. On August 26, Herman became mechanic in Co. G. of the 78th Infantry. In September, Herman received part of his overseas equipment, having finished the gas drills, they had been inspected by the General Inspector from Washington, D. C.

They were scheduled to leave the embarkation camp for France October 15th, but on the 28th of September Camp Custer was put under quarantine on account of Spanish influenza and the quarantine was not lifted until the 7th of November just four days before the signing of the armistice which ended all preparation for any further movements.

In January orders were issued to demobilize the 78th Infantry and Herman received his discharge on the 28th day of January, 1919,

servng faithfully one year and seven months. Following is a list of officers under whom Herman served: Major Roche, commanding the 40th Infantry at Fort Snelling when Herman was assigned to Co. G. 40th Infantry; Second Lieut. John Maurer was temporary commander and was succeeded by First Lieut. W. E. Duvendeck. While at Fort Sheridan, Duvendeck was promoted to captain, and he became Herman's company commander until Herman was transferred to the 78th Infantry. Col. Ralph McCoy was in command of the 78th Infantry, and Maj. Gen. Hutchinson in command of the 14th Division.

Following is his discharge from the U. S. Army.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Herman Olthoff 945734, mechanic Co. G. 78th Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of general demobilization. Said Herman Olthoff was born in Bethalto in the State of Illinois, when enlisted he was 18 4-12 years of age, and by occupation a laborer. He had blue eyes, light brown hair, ruddy complexion and was 5 feet 6 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Custer, Mich., this 28th day of January, 1919. Ralph McCoy, Colonel 78th Infantry, Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Herman Olthoff, 945734, Grad: Mechanic. Enlisted: July 6, 1917, at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Mechanic Aug. 26, 1918. Marksmanship. Gunner qualification or rating: Marksman. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Laborer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed July 29, 1917. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed, July 29, 1917. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Jefferson Barracks, Mo., July 6, 1917 to July 16, 1917., Co. G. 40th Inf. July 16, 1917 to Aug. 5, 1918. Co. G. 78th Inf. Aug. 5, 1918 to date of discharge. Signature of soldier: Herman Olthoff. W. E. Buck, Capt. 78th Inf. Commanding Co. G.

JAMES FRED JONES

James Fred Jones, son of Edward and Louisa E. Jones, was born in Fort Russell township on the old Jones farm, one mile east of Bethalto, December 16, 1893. His early childhood was spent on the home farm and going to the home school until he was sixteen years old. He received a good common school education at this, the Grove school, and his teachers always considered him a model pupil on account of his mild and agreeable disposition. He was obedient to his parents and remained with them until his father died. His father died when Fred was 18 years old. His father was a Civil War veteran, having served for three years and three months in Co. K, 10th Ill. Vol. Inf., enlisting at the age of 19 under Captain Lusk, of Edwardsville.

After the death of Edward Jones, Fred went to work for the neighbors doing farm work. While working on a farm near Carrollton, Greene county, it came time to register in June, 1917, and he registered in that district. It happened thus that Fred left for the army from Carrollton, Ill. Fred tried to enlist in the navy, but the Carrollton officials would give him no release, so he had to wait until his name was drawn. He went with the Greene county contingent in the draft that left Carrollton June 28th, 1918, for Camp Taylor, Ky.

Mrs. Louisia E. Jones, Fred's mother, left the farm several years ago and moved the family to Bethalto. The description of Fred's life from the time he reached Camp Taylor until his death at Camp Eustis has been taken from letters that he wrote to his mother at Bethalto. As stated before, Fred left for Camp Taylor, Ky., with the Greene county contingent; he was with the Greene county boys instead of Bethalto boys with whom he was better acquainted. He arrived at Camp Taylor in the morning of the 29th of June, and was placed in the 35th Co. 9th Tr. Bn, 159th Depot Brigade. Although many of his friends from this vicinity were on the same train, he mentions having seen Bill Stahlhut, Bill Zoelzer and "Ted" Zimmermann, but being thrown out of their company he never got a chance to talk to them, and on the 15th of July he left Camp Taylor, a place he had learned to like. He was sent to Camp Greenleaf, Georgia. On the way to Camp Greenleaf he passed many interesting spots, among which was Lookout Mountain of Civil War fame.

At Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., he was transferred to the Medical Corps. Fort Oglethorpe contained old monuments and many old cannon, having been some old battle ground in the Civil war. Situated about three miles from the camp was a German prison camp, where there were more than 5000 German prisoners. In com-

parison with Camp Taylor, Camp Greenleaf was very hot and dry, and though the food was pretty good at Greenleaf, Camp Taylor had it beat and he wished he could be back at old Taylor; but according to reports he would not be long at Greenleaf and the 29th of July found him at Camp Eustis, Va., 18 miles from Newport News.

Camp Eustis was a new camp and much work had to be done there to drain a swamp which made it unhealthy, and before he had been there a week he was in quarantine. Upon arrival at Camp Eustis Fred was placed in the Hospital Corps, 47th regiment C. A. C. He had very little chance to go anywhere on account of sickness in the camp and shortage of food. He went to see his brother Arthur, who was stationed at Newport News at that time, and Arthur visited him once. The last letter from Fred that was received by the family was written on the 28th of September; in it he states that there are many sick with Spanish Influenza, and that he is working in the hospital taking care of the sick.

On the morning of October 4th, Mrs. Louisa E. Jones, mother of Fred, received a telegram regretting to advise her that her son, Private James F. Jones, Medical Detachment, is seriously ill at the base hospital with influenza. The following morning she received a telegram from Riley, the commanding officer, that her son had died at 8:15 a. m. October 5th. Cause of his death being influenza complicated by broncho-pneumonia.

Thus ended the career of a brave and obedient son and soldier, a son whose thoughts were always of home and mother, a soldier who served his country as truly and died as truly as if he had fallen on the field of battle. Fred will be remembered by everybody as a mild-tempered boy and the mother and family receive the sympathy of friends and neighbors in the great loss they have sustained.

ARTHUR JONES.

Arthur Jones, son of Edward and Louisa E. Jones, and brother of the late Private Fred Jones, was born on the Jones farm March 25th, 1900. He attended the Grove school in Fort Russell township six years and after his mother moved to Bethalto in 1913 he attended the Bethalto school until he was 16 years of age, reaching the Eighth grade work. His father died when Arthur was 11 years old.

After graduating from the Bethalto school he worked at the Western Cartridge Works for a while; but the fever that took his father to the army when he was but 19 years old during the Civil

War also took Arthur to the World War when he was but 18 years old.. Emulating his father's bravery, he went to St. Louis, April 8, 1918, to enlist in the U. S. Army. Although only 18 years of age he succeeded in the examination and was made a U. S. soldier on the 11th of April. He remained at Jefferson Barracks about ten days and was sent from there to Camp Stuart, Va., where he was placed in Co. L. 48th Infantry, serving in the same company during his enlistment period.

Reaching Camp Stuart April 18th, he drilled for three weeks and was then sent to Newport News, Va., to do military police duty up to September 12th, when he was sent back to Camp Stuart. Camp Stuart is located on the outskirts of Newport News on the James river; the camp being used only as an embarkation camp and the drilling he received there was for the purpose of preparing him for military police duty at Newport News. The 48th regiment was used to do guard duty at Newport News until a company of domestic service men from Syracuse, N. Y., reached the place to relieve them. Domestic service men were those who failed in the examination for overseas duty.

Arthur left Camp Stuart, Va., September 14th, for Camp Sevier, S. C., and landed there September 15th. He started training at once for overseas duty, and trained and drilled every day on an average of eight hours until the armistice was signed. After the armistice the drilling lessened somewhat to about five hours a day until December 14, when he left Camp Sevier, S. C., for Camp Jackson, S. C., about five miles from the city of Columbia. Although a few other outfits received a little training at Camp Sevier it was mainly used as a training camp for the infantry. This camp was about four miles from Greenville, S. C., an inland town.

At Jefferson Barracks the treatment and the food was good, but the work was hard; at Camp Stuart the treatment and food was also good and the officers were fine fellows; at Newport News, Arthur was stationed on the third floor in a large building on Washington avenue. Guard duty was light work. The soldiers were six hours "on" and 18 "off" as it was called. The main thing to do was to see that soldiers behaved according to the regulations of the army. White soldiers could roam over the city as much as they desired and needed no passes, but the colored soldiers needed passes and it was the duty of the guard to see that all colored soldiers who entered or roamed about the city had passes. It was fine to soldier in Newport News. Meals were regular and food was fine. At Camp Sevier the food was good, and officers all fine fellows; climate mild; although the nights were

cold the weather was more pleasant than any, food and general treatment fine and nothing to do but guard duty, which consisted of regimental guard and camp guard. Regimental guard meant two hours on and four hours off for a day an average of twice a month. Camp guard meant four hours on and eight hours off twice in 24 hours. One day guard duty, the other drilling.

Although every soldier in Arthur's regiment had Spanish Influenza not one was lost, owing to the good treatment and climatic conditions favoring the patients. It was too early to experience much influenza while at the other camps. It was early and the "flu" season had not started. Thus the days rolled by until the 18th of March arrived when he was discharged from the service having served almost a year. He was home on a furlough only once and that was the time he attended his brother's funeral, who was sent home from Camp Eustis to be buried.

Arthur reached home on the 20th day of March, 1919. Following is his discharge. Honorable discharge from the United States Army. To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Arthur A. Jones No. 464621, Private, Co. L. 48th Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service is hereby honorably discharged from the military of the United States Army, by reason of Cir. 77 W. Dep. Rel. per par. 6, S. O. 72. Hqrs. Camp Jackson, S. C. Dated March 13, 1919. Said Arthur A. Jones, No. 464621, was born in Bethalto in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 18 years of age, and by occupation a laborer. He had blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion, and was 5 feet 3 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Jackson, S. C. this 18th day of March, 1919. G. E. Cronin, Major 48th Infantry Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Arthur A. Jones, No. 464621. Grade: Private. Enlisted April 11, 1918, at St. Louis, Mo., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Unqualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Laboring. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed April 17, 1918, triple. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Co. L. 48th Infantry from April 22, 1918, to date of discharge. No A. W. O. L. under A. W. 107. Entitled to travel pay to St. Louis, Mo. Signature of soldier: Arthur A. Jones. Final statement paid March 18, 1919, \$111.05. John L. Hongardy, Captain 48th Infantry. Commanding Co. L. \$60.00 bonus paid, 1406 Rev. Act, 1918.

ARTHUR GEORGE ELLIOTT

Arthur G. Elliott, son of John R. and Lizzie Elliott, was born in Bethalto July 19, 1898. He attended the Bethalto school until he graduated from the Eighth grade. After he graduated he worked for the Western Cartridge Company. When the war broke out he, like his grandfather, John D. Elliott, who was a Civil War veteran, longed for action and assisted Uncle Sam in the cause for freedom.

He tried the navy in December of 1917, but the examination board told him he was color blind and rejected him. He waited until April 9, 1918, when he tried the army and was accepted. He was sent to Jefferson Barracks and was placed in the 27th company until the 23rd day of May, 1918, during which time he drilled and hiked, paraded and practiced. He received his uniform, rifle and other equipment at Jefferson Barracks. Arthur Elliott and Arthur Jones were pretty much together; they had left Alton together to enlist and both had succeeded and were together at Jefferson Barracks; but for a time only. Arthur was sent to Camp Stuart, Newport News, Va., remaining there two weeks and was then put in Co. G. 48th Infantry at Camp Casino, right in the heart of Newport News. He was at once put to work doing guard duty, guarding piers at the C. & O. railroad terminus. This was a large shipping point and much war material and many soldiers left the pier every day for France. Arthur and his company soon became quite efficient in their line of duty and it soon became known that guarding a pier was as important a duty as guarding trenches. Large ships, such as the Martha Washington, President Grant, and many others arrived or sailed. Their duty was to see that no one entered without a pass properly signed and sealed. Arthur was on duty two hours on and four hours off every other day; one day's rest and one day's duty, the same thing over and over until the game became monotonous. Capt. Wayne Horton, Co. G, and Col. Grote of the 48th regiment, were in command, and they performed their duty with precision. The object was to let no one pass who had no pass and Arthur while on duty had the pleasure to demand a pass from Secretary Baker, Admiral Sims, many generals, and other high officials. It mattered not to Arthur who he was or what position he held, every one had to walk the chalk-line for him, and on account of the good service this regiment was performing Washington ordered the company to remain on duty while things looked suspicious. They had tried other companies but found them too easy. Newport News was dry territory, and much booze was being smuggled into the city from the ships that were coming in every day. This smuggling was checked to a great extent. Thus guarding continued until September,

when they were relieved and sent to Camp Sevier, near Greenville, S. C. At Camp Sevier they made preparation for overseas duty and the bunch was happy.

The 48th up to war strength was made part of the 20th division. They were getting ready to cross, so they started intensive drilling, eight hours a day; no guard duty but drill and hike every day until the first of October when the "flu" set in good and hard, which stopped all thought of going across for the present. It kept getting worse until the first of November. Nine died in Arthur's company, and many more in each of the other companies. Although Arthur did not have the "flu" his bunkie died with it. They were at Camp Sevier, Greenville, when the armistice was signed which was celebrated with much commotion. Shops were raided, ten cent stores emptied, mules driven into soda stands and other disturbances of like character were caused by the soldiers of the 48th Infantry and their followers. The result was that 197 were put in the stockade.

On the first of December the boys left Greenville for Camp Jackson near Columbia. Greenville and Columbia were both dry towns, but dry in name only, for whisky and gin flowed as freely as if there were no such law. The 48th were a bunch of regulars and the word "regular" had preceded them to Columbia, although 140 miles away.

The artillery was stationed at Camp Jackson and the boys were mostly from the South, so the red cord boys were favored more than the blue cord boys. Woe to a blue cord if he violated the rules in the least; the result at one time was stockade for Arthur for being half an hour over pass. But the 48th, though rough and ready, were also a square set of boys. They allowed nothing that was unfair and up to the time the blue cords had reached Columbia many business men of low caliber had cheated the soldiers, had sold them worthless stuff or short-changed them. When they tried this game on the blue cords they made short work with such men, the result being that they were soon admired by the inhabitants of the city, and when Christmas came each blue cord soldier received an invitation to dine with members of some private family.

Thus the months from the first of December to the first of July passed; the time was spent in target practice, drills, sham battles, and anything to keep the boys in trim. On the first of July Arthur, with a bunch of others, received two days' rations and sent to Camp Grant to be discharged. With every one busted and two days' rations on a four days' trip, created a little disturbance in the belt region, and if it had not been for the Red Cross and the Salvation Army some of the eat shops along the route might not have fared so well. The Y. M.

C. A. men were not so well liked by a bunch of hungry boys with no money. They however reached Camp Grant without a hitch on the 5th of July, where Arthur remained until the 9th when he was discharged. He reached home the next day. He had been away from home just 15 months during which time he was on duty just 15 months, meaning he had no furlough while he was gone.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record. Honorable Discharge from the United States Army. To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Arthur G. Elliott, No. 463951, Private, Company G. 48th Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of the government, demobilization of organization, per circular 106 W. D. 1918. Said Arthur G. Elliott was born in Bethalto in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 19 8-12 years of age and by occupation a laborer. He had blue eyes, light brown hair, fair complexion, and 5 feet 6 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 9th day of July, 1919. Milan A. Looseley, Major Signal Corps, Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Arthur G. Elliott. Grade: Private, enlisted April 9, 1918, at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Decorations, badges: None. Medals, citations: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Laborer. Wounds received in battle: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed April 16, 1918; Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed April 16, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Very good. Remarks: Entitled to travel pay to Bethalto, Ill. No A. W. O. L. under G. O. 31, 2 D. 19.2 and No 45 W. D. 1914, never. Signature of soldier: Arthur G. Elliott. Camp Grant, Ill., July 9, 1919. Paid in full \$139.44, including bonus of \$60.00 Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Captain Quartermaster Corps. Welln Chell, 1st Lieut. C. A. C. Commanding Demb. Group.

WILLIAM E. NEUNABER

William E. Neunaber, son of John C. and Lena Neunaber, was born in Fort Russell township July 30, 1891, about two miles south-east of Bethalto. The parents, at that time living on the Balster farm, purchased a farm situated two miles west of Bethalto and moved there when Will was about a year old. It was on this farm Will spent his boyhood days; and while living on this farm he attended the Bethalto school, thus developing a sound mental and moral spirit as well as a perfect physical body. He completed the Eighth grade at the Bethalto school and after that he assisted his parents with their farm work. After he became of age he helped others with their farm work besides his parents until the time came for him to join Uncle Sam's forces.

He registered for the draft in June, 1917, but was not called for examination until the 8th of May, 1918. He was called to the colors September 5th, and left with the Alton contingent for Camp Custer in company with Gene McCracken, George Deist, Roy Locker, and his brother, Ed. Neunaber. He was placed in the 36th Infantry of the 9th battalion at Camp Custer until October 26th. During this time he did a great deal of drilling, and guard duty. He was then transferred from the 36th to Fort Wayne, Mich., on the outskirts of Detroit, and was placed in the 4th recruit squadron.

While at Camp Custer, Spanish Influenza broke out and Will was used principally to take care of the sick at night and on account of such a great number having "flu" much more was loaded on to him than those who were lucky enough to escape the dreaded disease. Will escaped the "flu" but not the extra work and it was either take care of the sick, do guard duty or fatigue duty; either meant work all the time. His sergeant at Custer was a crabbed person, but the officers at Fort Wayne were fine fellows. The object at the camp near Detroit was to make the boys fit for overseas duty as quickly as possible, and they did a great deal of drilling and guard duty.

Will took the trade test about a week before the armistice was signed and never found out whether he passed or not. In the test he took chauffeur's examination. After the armistice the duties were about the same as before until he received his discharge. After the armistice twenty-four hour passes were easily obtained and Will had many a chance to cross the Detroit river into Canada or to visit the city of Detroit. The city hall was but three miles from the fort. On New Year's day he received a five-day furlough which time he spent with parents and friends at Bethalto.

It was never definitely stated why the boys were held so long, for Will did not receive his discharge until the 23rd of January, 1919. Orders were received for the boys to leave camp for the trip across on the 15th of November, but on account of the armistice they did not go. Major Campion, commander of the camp, and Captain Cattel and Lieut. Burns of the 4th Recruit Squadron, were fine fellows and are remembered by all the boys who served under them. Being discharged on the 23rd of January, Will arrived home the next day, January 24, 1919, once more a free and private citizen.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record: Honorable Discharge from the United States Army. To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that William E. Neunaber, No. 4723383, Private 4th Recruit Squadron, Air Service, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of expiration of emergency enlistment. Said William E. Neunaber was born in Bethalto in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 27 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, dark brown hair, ruddy complexion, and was 5 feet 11 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Fort Wayne, Mich., this 23rd day of January, 1919. Howard L. Campion, Major A. S. S. C. Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: William E. Neunaber, No. 4723383. Grade: Private. Enlisted or inducted September 5, 1918 at Alton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: No rating. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Drove own car. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed Sept. 19, 1918; Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed Sept. 19, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: No absence without leave; no absence under G. O. 45 W. D. 1914. Signature of soldier: William E. Neunaber. Howard L. Campion, Major A. S. S. C. Commanding.

EDWARD J. NEUNABER

Edward J. Neunaber, son of John C. and Lena Neunaber, and brother of Will, whose description precedes this one, was born on the home farm two miles west of Bethalto, October 6, 1894. He attended the Bethalto public school until he completed the Eighth grade work. He continued to assist the parents with their farm work until he was called to the colors September 5, 1918.

He registered in June, 1917, but did not leave for Camp Custer from Alton until September 5, 1918. At Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., Ed. was placed in the 36th Co. 9th Battalion, 160 Depot Brigade. He was in the 36th Company about two months but would have been transferred before had it not been for the Spanish Influenza having broken out in camp shortly after Ed. arrived. His brother Will was transferred to Detroit, Mich., but Ed. had the "flu" about a month during which time Will had left. In this way brothers, friends or relatives often parted, some to travel one direction and some another. While still in the Depot Brigade Ed. was transferred first to the 6th, then to the 8th Company. On November 5th he was placed in Co. F. 10th Infantry. After he left the Depot Brigade he went to cooks' and bakers' school, a place where he received instructions in cooking, baking and preparing meals for the soldiers. He held this position for a long time; for soon after the armistice was signed the soldiers were returning to Camp Custer to receive their discharge. Thus the days and months rolled by; every day saw a new bunch of boys to be discharged, and immediately leaving for home.

On New Year's day he came home on a furlough and upon his return he did the same kind of work. He continued with this until June, 1919, when he started to do guard duty, rifle practice, etc., for about five weeks. He was on the rifle range, but it was not the season to qualify in shooting, and little did the boys care; it was uppermost in their minds to be discharged.

Ed. had made all preparation to go overseas, he was ready to join the 14th Division that was soon to sail to take an active part in the battle zone, and but for that dreadful disease the division probably would have seen active service. It finally came to Ed.'s turn to be discharged and he was sent to Camp Grant, Ill., where he received his honorable discharge on the 29th day of July, 1919.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Edward J. Neunaber, 4723662, Private Company F. 10th Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby

honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of authorized circular 77, War Department, Nov. 21, 1918. Said Edward J. Neunaber was born in Bethalto in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 23 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, dark brown hair, ruddy complexion, and was 5 feet 9 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Illinois, this 29th day of July, 1919. Harry B. Goodison, Maj. Inf. Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Edward J. Neunaber, 4723662. Grade: Private. Inducted September 5, 1918, at Alton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Unqualified, 1919. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. No medals, no decorations. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed Sept. 19, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed Sept. 19, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Service honest and faithful. No A. W. O. L., No G. O. 31 1912, No G. O. 45, 1914. Soldier is entitled to travel allowance to Alton, Ill. Sept. 5, 1918, to Oct. 24, 1918, Div. Military Aeronautics, Ft. Wayne, Mich. Oct. 25, 1918, Nov. 4, 1918, 8th Co., 2nd Bn, 160 Dept. Brg. Nov. 5, 1918, to June 10, 1919, Co. F. 10th Inf. since June 11, 1919. Signature of soldier: Edward J. Neunaber. Virgil V. Jones, 1st Lieut. Inf. Demob. Group, Commanding. Camp Grant, Ill., July 29, 1919. Paid in full \$103.40, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. P. G. Hoyt, Maj. Q. M. C.

LIMON NEUNABER

Limon Neunaber, son of Michael and Mathilda Neunaber, was born in Fort Russell township July 25, 1895. His home is about a mile south of Bethalto and the farm where he was born and raised is in the Bethalto school district and he therefore attended the Bethalto schools, receiving a good German as well as an English education. The parents both of German descent, were always in favor of giving their children as good an education as possible. The father was born in Germany, and was brought to America when he was quite young and the mother was born in Madison county near Edwards-

ville. Limon remained with his parents on the farm and on account of the death of his father he had to assume a great part of the duties that pertain to the managing of a large farm, so we find him working on the farm when he registered for the draft in June, 1917. He was, however, not called until June 24, 1918, when he was sent to Camp Taylor, Ky., from Edwardsville with a number of his friends and relatives.

At Camp Taylor he was put in the 159th Depot Brigade and later transferred to Co. E. 156th regiment, doing about three weeks' drilling and hiking. After that he was sent to Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, about sixty miles north of New Orleans, the company having its headquarters at Baton Rouge and became known as the Old National Guard regiment. The company remained at Camp Beauregard but a month, and during this time the boys received the only real training that was to be given in preparation for duties overseas. Here they had rifle practice, bayonet drills, and gas drills and such other exercises as could be taught in this short space of time.

The Company left camp on the 10th of August for Camp Mills, an embarkation camp for overseas soldiers. They remained at Camp Mills about eight days, receiving their equipment for overseas service; they should have sailed sooner but the shortage of clothing delayed them several days, although the ship lay ready and waiting for the boys. They went on board on the 22nd of August. The ship was the President Grant, that had been fitted out as a transport, for it had formerly been a large freighter. The President Grant was about 800 feet long and 60 feet wide, and carried 4,500 soldiers. She headed straight for Brest, France, reaching that place on the 1st of September.

After landing they were marched for six miles out into the country passing the Old Napoleon Barracks; they pitched their "pup" tents on the hill sides for the camp had not been enlarged enough to accommodate so many soldiers. They received their supplies from the old barracks which was called Camp Pontenesen. The 155th and the 156th regiments of infantry, machine gun battalion and artillery were at this camp but six days and then went farther inland to a place called Saint Florent. They rode two days and three nights in these side door Pullmans. These cars were large enough to hold either eight horses or 40 men and although they were only small cattle cars they crowded nearly 40 soldiers into each car.

The only advantage these boys had over many others was that they were rationed by the American government, for the American food was fit to eat, both on sea and on land, and cleanliness marked the places where you could see American soldiers eating American food.

The food at this time consisted of hard tack, corned beef, tomatoes, and a little jam to whoever was lucky enough to get at it. The trip in the cars was not as pleasant as the soldiers would have it; a distance of 280 miles was quite fatiguing on such a large bunch of boys. As soon as they got off at St. Florent they hiked 24 miles to a small village called La Salle Conda; this little inland town was soon filled with soldiers. The officers got the best housing, the horses and mules got next best, and the soldiers got what was left in the form of barns and sheds. Limon got one of these third class billets.

At La Salle Conda they were once more put to the test; they were given gas drills, bayonet drills with gas masks on, and any other drills that was intensive. These warm and rainy September days were not very healthy and Limon contracted double pneumonia, which kept him indoors quite a while. On account of his sickness Limon had to part with his friends for they left him to go farther east to the lines of trenches. However, Limon soon got strong enough to follow and he left La Salle Conda on the 28th of October, having been at the place about six weeks.

About 30 having left Edwardsville together, having gone to Camp Taylor, Camp Beauregard, Camp Mills and the rest of the places together, made it pleasant for them, and when 117 out of 118 boys were picked out and him the only one out of the original 30 left behind, brought a depressed spirit in Limon, yet when he had a chance to go forward he felt better for he hoped to see them again soon. On the 28th of October he was transferred to a replacement battalion and was sent to St. Florent and from St. Florent to St. Aignan, remaining there a few days when he was sent to the Verdun Sector to join the 32nd Division, to help fill up the gaps that had been made in the division on the Verdun front.

Coming nearer and nearer he could hear the firing in the daytime and see the flashes at night. He traveled on and on until he reached a town called Commissary, a small place near the Verdun front. He remained there but three days, for during one of these days the armistice was signed and he went no farther; although he had passed many lines of trenches, had seen much misery and had heard and seen the firing from a short distance; when all at once quiet prevailed the feeling can hardly be described. Now it was all over, Limon had almost reached his brother soldiers who had gone before him, and had also gone to the 32nd division. The quietude became intense, but Limon had to bear very little of it, for he was again moved but not forward, for no more had firing ceased than a retrograde movement was begun, and he was almost the first to start west.

He was sent back through St. Aignan to a place called Contres, a distance of 12 miles, hiking the entire distance from St. Aignan. They remained at Contres but one night in pup tents when 100 of the bunch of which Limon was one were called out and transferred to the 162nd Regiment of the 42nd or Sunset Division. They were stationed 2 1-2 miles from Contres where K and M companies were stationed, one-half of the 100 joined K company, the other half joined M company. Limon went with K company.

They remained there till the 29th of January doing guard duty, drilling and such work that would keep the boys in trim to make the trip homeward when it came time for them to go. Limon met very few "flu" patients. At La Salle Conda there were only 96 sick and at Contres the patients were at once separated from the others and transferred to a base hospital and nothing could be found out about the welfare of the boys. Limon was among strangers, for his bunch had left him about the 1st of October, and they were still farther east and he knew very little about them and could find out less.

On the 29th of January, 1919, came the welcome order to hike back to St. Aignan and board a side door Pullman for Brest, their starting point. They remained at Brest nine days and during this time he had a good chance to see the condition of the camp. The camp at Brest was in an awful condition—mud, mud, mud. He had heard a great deal about its condition, yet no pen could overdraw it. While he was there they were building a fine rock road, for President Wilson and General Pershing were going to give the boys a "once over" and in order to show that the Brest scandal was overdrawn the boys worked hard to build this rock road so that the appearance would not be so bad. Limon helped on this rock road and when President Wilson and General Pershing did appear he, among others, were lined up along the beautiful dry road and were given a "once over" by the heads of our army. It was a clear case of deceit, for back of this two mile road was mud and more mud.

Thus the nine days finally ended and they embarked on the 8th of February to sail for Home, Sweet Home. Limon left on the same boat that had taken him across; but this time more cheerful; the first time on the President Grant for somewhere in France, probably never to return, now on the President Grant to return to the Good Old U. S., a place more than ever before loved on account of the knowledge of the difference between the old world and the new. On account of the rough seas the ship was 18 days in crossing. She also had to assist a ship in distress. The distressed ship had thrown everything overboard and it was necessary to have her rudder repaired; after

which both ships proceeded to their ports. The President Grant reached the end of her journey on the 26th of February. The sea, although rough, caused little seasickness, for the boat being a large one could plow through the waves without much rolling and tossing.

After landing at Hoboken they were sent to Camp Dix, N. J. They remained at Camp Dix ten days. The camp being about 25 miles from New York and 14 miles from Trenton Limon had no chance to visit either of the cities, besides the weather was rough and cold so the boys remained indoors until time to leave. All the Illinois men were transferred to Camp Grant, to which place they were sent, and after remaining there ten days Limon received his honorable discharge which read as follows:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Limon Neunaber, 3104721, Private 1st class Infantry unassigned (Co. E. 156th Inf.,) the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of government, March 12, 1919. Per Par. 40 S. O. No. 71 per Hq. Camp Grant, Ill. Said Limon Neunaber was born in Fort Russell, in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 22 11-12 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, light hair, medium complexion and was 6 feet 2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Illinois, this 18th day of March, 1919. Clinton Rush, Major Inf. U. S. A. Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Limon Neunaber. Grade: Private 1st class. Inducted June 24, 1918, at Edwardsville, Ill. Serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Private 1st class., January 1, 1919. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, skirmishes, expeditions: American Ex. Forces from Aug. 22, 1918, to Feb. 26, 1919. Knowledge of any vocation: General farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Very good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed July 13, 1918, Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed July 13, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: No A. W. O. L. No absence under G. O. 31-12—45-12; entitled to one gold chevron. Signature of soldier: Limon Neunaber. Paul Weiland, Capt. F. A. U. S. A. Commanding 12th, 161st D. B. March 18,

1919, Camp Grant, Ill. Paid in full \$125.57, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. Alex. C. McKelvey, Capt. Q. M. C., H. A. Newcomb, 1st Lieut. Q. M. Corps.

CHARLES NEUNABER.

Charles Neunaber was born in Fort Russell township, two miles southeast of Bethalto, January 1, 1896. The parents were born in Germany and came to this country when they were young. The family moved to a farm one mile west of Bethalto when Charley was but a boy, and on account of the change in location putting them in the Bethalto school district, Charley received his education at the Bethalto school, completing the Eighth grade. His father died when Charley was 20 years old, and he had to assist the family with their farm work during the seven years' illness of his father. They retired from the farm when Charley was 18 years old, and he remained home helping take care of his father, besides when possible he worked on neighboring farms until June, 1917, when he registered for the service, being then but 21 years of age.

He was one of the first from this section to be called, and October 3 saw him on the way from Fort Russell township to Edwardsville, from which place these boys left for Camp Taylor October 4, 1917. Camp Taylor was at that time a new camp, and was being used to form the 84th Division of which Charley became a part. The division was formed in September, 1917. He was placed in Co. A 333rd Infantry. This company was composed entirely of Madison and Saline county boys. Those who left with Charley from here were Will Dettmers, Dick Balster and Fred Sanders. Their descriptions are found in this book and their varied experiences told to show the different directions each traveled.

On March 28th Charley was taken to Base Hospital to have his tonsils removed and during his two weeks' stay in the hospital all of his company with the exception of 25 men was transferred to the 33rd Division. The 333rd Infantry band was being organized three weeks after Charley reached camp. He was attached to this band as a special detailed member, although still holding rank as private in Co. A. He played second alto in this band for a while, traveling through different parts of Kentucky and playing in the towns where they had either Liberty Loan or Red Cross drives. He played in the band until the 8th of May when he was appointed bugler of Co. A by the captain. He did not like this job on account of his restless disposition, and

after five weeks of this kind of work he was relieved and made Corporal in Co. A, thus increasing his pay from \$30 to \$36 per month.

On June 8th, 1918, he left Camp Taylor and went to Camp Sherman, Ohio. During June and July the company was again filled to war strength and Charley's duties as Corporal increased, for new recruits meant more work for the corporals; and besides drilling the Corporal Herring, of Worden, having been made Sergeant, made new-comers he attended bayonet school in order to become more efficient in the art. Will Dettmers having been made supply sergeant Charley assisted him in equipping the men. Thus the time drifted on. Corporal Herring, of Worden, having been made Sergeant, made Charley Ranking Corporal of the company, and he held this position as long as he remained in the 84th Division.

On August 22 the company left Camp Sherman for Camp Mills, Charley riding on the 13th train that had 13 coaches. They arrived at Camp Mills on Friday the 23rd of August. While at Camp Mills he had one 24-hour pass during which time he took advantage of seeing New York, all that could be seen from the top of the Woolworth building down to the shores of Coney Island. On August 31st the company left Camp Mills for Hoboken, N. J., taking a train to Brooklyn and a ferry to the pier where the large steamer Baltic lay waiting. They remained at dock until the morning of September 1st when they sailed into the harbor, starting on their journey across.

The convoy of 13 troop ships, including a torpedo boat and the battleship Montana, passed out of sight at 6:30 p. m. They were on the boat 13 days, landing at Liverpool on the 13th of September. The weather was calm and beautiful, the sea was smooth nearly the whole distance and Charley did not become seasick although many remained in their bunks the greater part of the time. While on the boat he was corporal of the guard three days having 29 men under him. Two days before they landed the convoy was met by 12 torpedo boats and one sub-chaser making 13 protectors from submarine danger. The battleship Montana fired many shots but he did not find out whether submarines were hit or not. Landing at Liverpool they were met by the British band who played "Hail! Hail! the Gang's All Here." They were at once put into the English side entrance compartment coaches, and were sent to a rest camp at Southampton in the southern part of England, where they remained but a night and a day. They embarked on an American ship making her 13th trip across the channel. They landed at La Havre on the morning of the 15th and hiked six miles up the bluffs to Camp No. 1. This bluff is well remembered by all the boys who made the trip. Charley was one of 13 men put in a tent ordinarily used for six men. Each soldier

has his own idea about these accommodations, and therefore there will be no remarks made here. They remained at this camp until the afternoon of the 16th when they were marched to the docks at La-Havre, where they got on a train the description of which may be found elsewhere in this book; but the description on the outside of the cars made it clear that 40 men must stand where eight horses had formerly stood, and the only error they made was that they did not clean the car up a bit before they took this ride.

They traveled on and on through France passing through Paris, Portiers, Tours and Bourges, and seeing the best farm land of France, and although old-fashioned machinery some used as many as four horses in front of a plow, not abreast, but single file, and they looked from a distance like a string of ducks wading through the mud. After riding a day and a night they came to a town called St. Austier where they got off and hiked to the town of St. Aquilan, about 60 miles from Bordeaux. While on this six-mile hike Charley, much fatigued and thirsty, asked a kind old lady for a glass of water and she instead of water gave him a big glass of wine which reduced the weight of his 74-pound pack to about two ounces. This was the first never-to-be-forgotten glass of wine he received in France. This section of the country was covered with vineyards. St. Aquilan was a town of some twenty houses six miles from a railroad station. This company was the only one that had ever been in this town, and no preparation had been made for them so they had to put up wherever there was shed room.

While at this place the company drilled every day. On October 2 Maj. Gen. Hale made a speech to the first battalion of the 333rd infantry, saying they would go to the lines after October 16th as a fighting unit. On the 5th orders came from Divisional Headquarters to make replacements of all but 9 sergeants, 7 corporals, 1 cook, 1 mechanic, 1 bugler, and 6 privates of each company. The balance, including Charley were transferred on October 7, and left the camp; those transferred also included John De Fries, of Dorsey, Hilbert Brockmeyer of Edwardsville, and Will Dettmers. They marched back to St. Austier fully equipped, for they received their full equipment at St. Aquilan. Their equipment now consisted of a 74-pound pack, gas mask, helmet, rifle and 100 rounds of ammunition. They got on the train at St. Austier on the 7th of October, receiving six days' rations, which consisted of corn beef and hard tack. They were at first transferred to the 91st division. They went through St. Aignan to a camp where they changed to the 35th division. The 35th division had lost heavily and the gaps must be filled up. They went back to St. Aignan remaining there but two hours, just long enough to

eat one good meal and have their gas masks tested. They left St. Aignan on the train and landed at Aivers at 2 a. m. on the 12th of October.

They were by this time near the Argonne, and while they got off the train they could see the flashes of the cannon and could hear the guns in the distance. They hiked 12 miles to join the 35th division near Recourt. By this time guns could be heard all day long, for they were nearing the lines. It was during this time that his friend, pal, and relative was killed. They pitched their "pup" tents along the hillside in the mud and rain. During this time Charley was still corporal of his company. The next morning he was assigned to the 138th regiment, which was composed of St. Louis National Guards. The 138th band boys having been in the thick of the fight and lost heavily, they needed musicians, and Charley was relieved as corporal and was made a third-class musician, increasing his pay to \$40.80 a month. This was the morning of the 13th of October, just one month after he landed in England.

That evening they left for the trenches near Verdun, passing through many small towns on their way. Every town had been shelled and some were still being shelled as they passed through; it was a desolate sight, very few civilians could be seen. The regiment entered the front line trenches on the night of October 14th and the band was sent to Somme Dieu, a small town near Verdun, to guard an ammunition dump. They remained there three days, and while there the band received their instruments that they had not seen for more than two months, for the instruments had been stored at the base supplies when the 138th went into action. When Charley joined the 138th Will Dettmers joined some other regiment. After the band received their instruments they had to reorganize, for they had lost ten of their members.

On the evening of the 19th they left Somme Dieu to a place near Fort Rosiliers at the outskirts of Verdun. They had barely left the place when the building in which Charley stayed was shot to pieces. On October 23rd Charley met George Bowman and Gus Bangert, who had just come out of the trenches to the left of Verdun. Gus had just got back from the hospital after having been gassed while at the front, and George had been in the trenches on the Verdun front 45 days. The first sight of George was pitiful to behold, for the few clothes he had on barely held together; and seeing George so cheerful, even under such circumstances, made this meeting the happiest moment in Charley's life. He gave him paper so that he could write home which letter was received and most welcome, too, by the parents,

and which letter was delivered to the parents by the writer of this story; they had been anxiously waiting for many a day. This letter sure relieved the depressed spirit of the home folks.

On the 25th of October the band played at a funeral of a French officer, the first funeral march Charley had ever played. On the 27th the band played in Fort Rosaliers, and while in this fort Charley had the chance to see the whole of the fort, which had not been damaged in the least, for it was underground and so camouflaged that it could not be found, and was therefore left intact. After remaining there during the afternoon they went back to their dugouts in the woods, where the enemy planes were ever and ever searching and firing. Here they remained until the 7th of November, during which time they had crossed the Meuse River many times. This was in the Somme Dieu Sector and the Meuse at this place was about 75 feet wide. On the 7th they left Somme Dieu and hiked 12 miles south, reaching the place on the 9th of November, where they received orders to enter the trenches on the 12th of November and go over the top on the 13th.

They were stationed at Dagonville, the dirtiest, filthiest, and muddiest town under the sun, when the armistice was signed and Charley's hotel was in the form of an old barn, hardly fit for cattle. While in this town it rained every day and while in this barn he ate his Thanksgiving dinner of beans and corn beef. He remained in this town, and much of the time in this barn, until the first of February, 1919, excepting when boys made tours through the neighboring villages.

On Christmas day the 138th Headquarters Company drank two and one-half barrels of beer, transferring half of the 138th for a time to the "wig-wag" service. On the 30th the band left for the St. Mihiel sector to start on a tour of concerts. On the 31st the band played for a dance given for the officers and nurses. On January 2 they left for Sampigny, a place where 2,000 German prisoners were kept. During January, 1919, the band made a tour through Comercy, Enville, Bon Court, Pon der Meuse, Lerville, St. Maurice (on the Verdun-Metz line) where they saw many German dugouts and fortifications. These were sights that only a soldier can realize and understand. From there they went to Recourt, Thillanbaux and Wambo, where they joined the regiment on January 30, at Leroville, a French camp. They remained at this place until the 8th of March, when the band was reformed, and the tour of concerts being over, Charley was taken out of the band and reduced to a private.

On March 8th Charley was sent to Sulart near Le Mans, taking two days' ride to reach the place, remaining there until the 1st of April when he hiked to Camp Levoure, near Champagne, France. At Champagne he saw nearly all the men that had remained behind when

the 333rd of the 84th division was skeletonized. On April 8th they left for St. Nazaire, reaching there on the 9th, and remained there until the 18th of April, when the company went on board the Aeolus, which was a small boat and could not hold all of them, so Charley had to wait for another ship, the U. S. S. Kroonland, with part of the 28th division, after he had been deloused and inspected. The Kroonland was a large ship and although the weather was stormy and the sea rough she plowed through the waves, causing little seasickness. While on board Charley again played with the Naval band, thus getting the meals and comforts of the crew. While playing with this band he met Russell Deck, a bass player in the naval band. Russell Deck, having many friends and relatives in and near Bethalto, was happy to meet one who was acquainted with the Bethalto people.

They landed at Hoboken on the 28th of April and were sent to Camp Mills, where many were held 17 days on account of the service records having been lost. During his 17 days stay Charley spent five days in New York sight-seeing besides visiting the city of Jamaica, L. I., and other places of interest and amusement. After his service record had been found Charley left Camp Mills and went to the railroad camps, reaching this place the 14th day of May. It was at this place he met Ed. Schoenbaum, who was on his way home. Charley left the railroad camp the next day, reaching Camp Grant on the 17th. He remained at Camp Grant until the 20th, when he was discharged from the army, reaching his home on the 21st day of May, after having been absent almost twenty months. Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Charles C. Neunaber, 1975914, Private Hq. Co. 138th Inf., the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, by reason of convenience of government, per Cir. 106 W. D. 1918. Said Charles C. Neunaber was born in Ft. Russell in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 21 8-12 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had brown eyes, brown hair, light complexion, and was 5 feet 11 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 20th day of May, 1919. Frank A. Johnson, Maj. F. A., U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Charles C. Neunaber. Grade: Private. Inducted: Oct. 3, 1917 at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Corporal July 26, 1918. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating;



EDWARD A. STAHLHUT
Co. C, 128th Infantry



GOTLIEB W. STAHLHUT
Corp., Hdqrs. Det., 5th G. R.
Transportation Corps



FRED F. STAHLHUT
2nd Rec. Sq., Air Service



EDWARD G. SCHOENBAUM
Co. E, 128th Infantry



GEORGE WALTERS
Co. D, 36th Reg. Infantry



JOHN J. BALSTER
Co. E, 46th Infantry



JOHN B. REINKE
Co. E, 46th Infantry



REINHARD KRUCKEBURG
Co. F, Dis. Det. No. 2

Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Somme Dieu, Oct. 15 to Nov. 7, 1918. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed November 1, 1917. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed November 1, 1917. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Signature of soldier: Charles C. Neunaber. Chas. Edwardson, 1st. Lieut. 161 D. B. Commanding. Camp Grant, Ill., May 20, 1919. Paid in full: \$96.65, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis.

JOHN J. BALSTER.

John J. Balster, son of John and Adeline Balster, was born near Summerfield, St. Clair County, Sept. 19, 1894. The parents moved to Fort Russell township, on a farm southeast of Bethalto, and John received his first education at the Grove school, and later went to Bethalto public school, completing the Ninth grade work at Bethalto. He remained at home assisting in the performance of the farm work till June, 1918, with the exception of six months during which time he attended the Auto school at Detroit, Mich.

He registered for the service in June, 1917, and was called to the colors June 1, 1918. He left for camp in company with John Reinke, leaving Edwardsville on the 1st of June and arriving at Fort Thomas, Ky., the next day. The boys remained at Fort Thomas but three days, and by the sixth of June they were at Camp Sheridan, where they were placed in the 46th Inf. Co. E of the 9th Division. The 46th Inf. consisting mostly of regulars, and was stationed at Camp Sheridan, which was near the city of Montgomery, Alabama.

The duties consisted of the usual line of drilling and hiking until John was placed in the Divisional Intelligence Section, where he received special training in observation, scouting, signal work, sketching, map drawing; and going to snipers' school and studying and doing advanced duty for the infantry. Among the other duties the boys had were to guard prisoners, which consisted mostly of soldiers from the camp; there were no German prisoners at this camp. This line of duty continued until long after the armistice was signed, when in January, 1919, about 50 per cent were discharged, among whom was John Reinke; but John Balster was destined to remain for the object was to keep up the quota and the volunteers were not coming in as fast as the men were discharged.

Camp Sheridan was finally abandoned, for it consisted of tents only and as Fort Oglethorpe consisted of both tents and barracks the balance who were not discharged were sent to Fort Oglethorpe on the Chickamauga battle ground. Camp Forest and Camp Greenleaf were also located here, but they were by this time merged into one and called Fort Oglethorpe. The 89th Infantry and the 11th Cavalry were stationed there.

There were many German prisoners stationed there, and one of the principal duties was guarding prisoners, which meant 6 hours out of every 24 every day in the week. On July 1st to 3rd John did guard duty at the prison camp, while the regular guards took 2,000 German prisoners to Charleston, S. C., from which place they were returned to Germany. This left only about 300 German prisoners, mostly those of interned German liners and raiders. For a while he did provost guard at Chattanooga, Tenn., which was about ten miles north of Fort Oglethorpe; however, before being discharged he returned to Fort Oglethorpe and from there he was sent to Camp Taylor, where he remained two days before he was discharged. During John's army life he had one furlough. He received this at Camp Sheridan during Christmas, and visited home folks at Bethalto for five days.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that John J. Balster, 428484, Private first class unassigned, last assigned to Co. E. 46th Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, by reason of expiration of term of service. Par G. O. 220 Hq. C. Z. T., Ky., Aug. 8, 1919. Said John J. Balster was born in Summerfield in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 23 8-12 years of age and by occupation a laborer. He had grey eyes, light brown hair, ruddy complexion, and was 5 feet 8 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., this 8th day of August, 1919. Hans Elinger, Maj. F. A., U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: John J. Balster. Grade: Private first class. Inducted June 1, 1918, at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: Never. Noncommissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Citations, decorations, medals, badges: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Laborer. Wounds received in

service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: June 22, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed: June 22, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Last assigned to Co. E. 46th Infantry. Appointed private 1st class, Sept. 1, 1918. No overseas service. Signature of soldier: John J. Balster. C. A. Reynolds, Captain Inf. U. S. A. Commanding Casual Det. Bonus of \$60.00 paid by Capt. F. L. St. Clair, Q. M. C. U. S. Camp Taylor, Ky., Aug. 8, 1919.

JOHN BENJAMIN REINKE

John Benjamin Reinke was born in Wood River Township, one mile west of Bethalto, October 18, 1894, on what is commonly called the John Deye farm. They lived for awhile on the Deye farm, and then moved in the Grove school district where John received his first schooling. When the parents purchased the farm from the Balsters in Fort Russell, John continued to go to the Grove school, where he completed the Sixth grade work. He worked on the farm continually and registered for the draft in June, 1917. He was called to the colors June 1st, 1918, when he left for camp from Edwardsville. Among those who left the same day was John Balster. They were sent to Fort Thomas, Ky., where they remained but a few days when they were sent to Camp Sheridan, Alabama. Before they were sent to Camp Sheridan they received their uniforms. They reached Camp Sheridan about the middle of June, when the weather was beginning to be quite hot.

John was placed in Co. E, 46th Infantry, 9th Division. There were about 28,000 soldiers in the camp; the camp was located near the city of Montgomery, to which place John often received a pass. The duties were about like the soldiers of other infantries, which consisted of drilling, hiking, fatigue duty, guarding prisoners, rifle and revolver practice, gas drills and any other duty that meant preparation for overseas service. The officers under whom John served were all noble fellows, which made soldier life not an unpleasant one. They were: Maj. Gen. Holbrook, Captain Morton, Lieutenants Slicker, Miller and Windorfen and Sergeant Gay.

They had tents at Camp Sheridan that were boarded up four feet, had a wooden floor and a canvas top. There was room for eight soldiers, although only five were put in each tent. Food in camp was clean and the entire camp was clean. Their bread, meat and potatoes were of the finest quality. The officers were well qualified for their duty, and they gave the boys a good drilling and training.

There was very little sickness in camp until Spanish Influenza set in, when many got sick and many died. John had "flu" only a day, and on account of his healthy condition and having lived a healthy clean life his strength pulled him through easily. He took good care of himself and therefore was the picture of health when he returned home on the 25th of January, 1919, having received his honorable discharge the day before.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that John B. Reinke, 428575, Private first class infantry unassigned (last assigned Company E 46th Inf.) the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, by reason of W. D. Cir. 106 Dec. 3, 1918, and par. 1, S. O. 20, Hq. Camp Taylor, Jan. 20, 1919. Termination of Emergency. Said John B. Reinke was born in Wood River in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 22 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had brown eyes, brown hair, ruddy complexion and was 5 feet 9 3-4 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., this 23rd day of January, 1919. Earl McMannus, Major, Inf. U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: John B. Reinke. Grade: Private first class. Inducted June 1, 1918, at Madison County, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: June 22, 1918; Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed June 22, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Service honest and faithful. No A. W. O. L. No absence under G. O. W. D. 31-12 or 45-14. Signature of soldier: John B. Reinke. John F. Houck, Capt. Inf. U. S. A. Com. Det. R. R. Ticket has been issued. Travel pay to Madison Co., Ill.

REINHARD KRUCKEBURG

Reinhard Kruckeburg, son of William and Elizabeth Kruckeburg, was born in Fort Russell township, east of Bethalto, June 2, 1895. He attended the Liberty Prairie school until he completed the Seventh grade work. He worked on his parents' farm until he was called to the colors. He registered for the draft in June, 1917, and was called to leave for the army September 19, 1917, but shortly before his going he was taken very sick with typhoid fever and diphtheria. This left him in such a weakened condition that he could not go at that time, and he was therefore not called until the 23rd day of February, 1918. He went at the same time that Albert Kayser left home. He went to Camp Taylor and was placed in the 159th Depot Brigade until the latter part of April, when he was put in Co. H, 335th regiment of the 84th Division, remaining at Camp Taylor until the 25th of June, when he was sent to Fort McPherson, Georgia, and placed in Co. B, 17th Battalion U. S. N. G.

Reinhard was with Albert Kayser until Easter, when Reinhard took the measles and had to be quarantined, and when he got out Albert had been transferred and they saw each other no more. At Fort McPherson Reinhard was cook until the 15th of August, when he, with a bunch of boys, was sent to Wilmington, N. C., a seaport town where a great deal of war material and ammunition was stored. They did guard duty at Wilmington and at the same time made preparation for overseas duty.

When the best had been picked out and the poorer class sent to some work camp, those fit would be sent to New York, from which place they would cross the waters, going the same path that millions had used. October 5th was set for the boys to leave Wilmington, but when that day arrived orders had come to stop all movements of troops. The reason for rescinding the order was that Spanish Influenza was so severe in camp that nearly everybody was sick, and although Reinhard never had it they died by the dozen; they would bury them as fast as they could, haul them off by the truck load. In a nearby town more than one half were down at the same time. A Portuguese ship landed at Wilmington with several hundred Porto Ricans, but nearly every one was sick with the "flu" on board, and they carried fifty dead bodies from the ship. Troop movements had been stopped indefinitely and the boys were still doing guard duty on the 11th of November and continued to do the same until the 10th of December, when they left Wilmington and went to Camp Greene, Charleston, N. C. where they would remain until they could be discharged, which was three weeks later. During his time at Camp Greene he

sprained his knee which laid him up until he was sent to Camp Grant for discharge. He reached Camp Grant on the 8th of January, 1919, and received his discharge on the 14th of January, 1919.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Reinhard Kruckeburg, No. 1994062, Private Co. F, Discharge Detachment No. 2, Camp Grant, Ill., the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of government, per S. P. 10, par. 46, Hq. Camp Grant, Ill., 1-10-19. Said Reinhard Kruckeburg, 1994062, was born in Fort Russell in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 22 8-12 years of age, and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, dark brown hair, fair complexion, and was 5 feet 7 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 14th day of January, 1919. Amos Vandergrift, Capt. Inf. U. S. A. Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Reinhard Kruckeburg. Grade: Private. Inducted Feb. 23, 1918, at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Never. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: March 14, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed March 14, 1918. Character: Excellent. Remarks: No A. W. O. L., no absence under G. O. 31-12 or G. O. 45-17, L. B. No. 1. Entitled to travel pay to Edwardsville, Ill., also to one silver chevron for service in U. S. from Feb. 23, 1918, to Jan. 14, 1919. Signature of soldier: Reinhard Kruckeburg. D. G. Hare, 1st Lieut. Inf. U. S. A. Commanding. Co. F. Disch, Det. No. 2. Paid in full: \$25.24. Alx. C. McDihery, Capt. Q. M. C.

CHARLES BARTELS

Charles Bartels, son of Henry and Mary Bartels, was born in Maryville, Ill., Jan. 28, 1894. At the age of six the parents moved to the farm south of Bethalto on which they had formerly resided. He attended Oak Grove and Brushy Grove schools until he was 16 years of age, graduating from the Eighth grade work at the Brushy Grove school. Although the parents were both of German descent, the father having been born in Germany, they believed in giving the children the best English education that the rural schools could give. Charley's father died in 1910, and Charley had to help the mother on the farm. He later worked on the farm for others until he was 21 years old, when he went to Wood River to work for the Standard Oil Company. His mother died when he was 22 years old. In May, shortly after war was declared, Charley tried to enlist in the Navy, but was rejected in St. Louis; he registered in June, 1917, and resolved to wait until he was called and accept what was given to him, whether it was his choice or not.

He was married to Loretta Wustenfeld, of Wood River, Jan. 5, 1918. He was called to the colors June 27, 1918. He went as an alternate from Alton, and reached Camp Taylor June 28th. He was placed in the Depot Brigade, 15th Co., 4th training battalion. He remained in the 15th Co. and at Camp Taylor during his entire stay in the army, serving under Capt. McMillen and Lieut. Waltons and La Gore until La Gore was sent to France, and Lieut. Waltons became captain of the 16th company, when Capt. Groat and Lieut. Redding, both from Indiana, took their places. Shortly after Charley went to Camp Taylor he was sent to the hospital suffering from malaria, caused by the inoculations, and remained there two weeks, and was made first-class private upon his return to the 15th company, which was in the latter part of July.

On the 2nd of September he was made corporal and would have been made sergeant the latter part of September but an order was issued by the War Department that on account of the number of sergeants in the Depot Brigade, no more be made for the present.

On account of Spanish Influenza the order was never rescinded, and Charley was destined to remain corporal the rest of his army life. He was on the rifle range but once, and although making 47 out of 50, slow fire, it was not sufficient to receive marksmanship, where it was necessary to make 45 out of 50 rapid fire. It was the only chance he had and no badge was given to any one in the Depot Brigade. As first class private his duties were Headquarters Orderly, as corporal he was assistant to the sergeant and drilled the recruits the same as

he received when he entered the service. As private he received \$30.00 a month; as first class private he received \$33.00 a month, and as corporal his pay was \$36.00 a month.

Spanish Influenza set in about the latter part of September at Camp Taylor and there were still a number of cases after the armistice was signed. Influenza was expected at Camp Taylor as early as August for many at that time were taken out of the barracks and put in tents. Men used to army life were put in barracks. Although influenza became serious the conditions were all in favor of the soldiers; only four died in Charley's company, although forty were sick at one time. Weather conditions were good; care was excellent; nurses were skillful; officers were kind; camp was clean and healthful. It was those conditions that gave the impression among soldiers that Old Taylor was our country's model camp.

Thus the days glided by for Charley; he never had the "flu;" he was studious all the time, but his improvement brought him no further along. He attended school two weeks for non-commissioned officer but he was never made sergeant. Finally the 5th of December, 1918, arrived, and Charley received his discharge from good old Taylor and sent to Alton and home.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Charles H. Bartels, No. 3098651, Corporal 15th Co. 14th Bn. 159th Depot Brigade, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, by reason of telegram from Adjutant General of Army and Par. 5, S. O. 336, Hq. Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., Dec. 1918. Said Charles H. Bartels, No. 3098651, was born in Maryville in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 24 years of age and by occupation a clerk. He had blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion, and was 5 feet 7 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., this 5th day of December, 1918. F. C. Braden, Major Infantry, Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Charles H. Bartels. Grade: Corporal. Inducted June 28, 1918, at Alton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Appointed Corporal Sept. 18, 1918. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Horsemanship. Knowledge of any vocation: Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when dis-

charged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed Aug. 4th, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed Aug. 4th, 1918. Married or single: Married. Character: Excellent. Remarks—. Signature of soldier: Charles H. Bartels. Harry R. Groat, Capt. Inf. 15th Co. 4th Bn. 159th D. B. Due soldier travel pay to Alton, Ill. H. R. G.

GEORGE WALTERS.

George Walters, son of George F. and Augusta J. Walters, was born in Foster Township, December 2, 1895. His parents were both born, raised, and educated in Illinois. His father of German and his mother of Scotch-Irish descent, and both born in Illinois, made them thorough Americans. George attended the Bockstruck school in Foster Township until he completed the Eighth grade, and after that remained home to help the parents on the farm until he was 18 years of age, when he went to work on the farm near Bethalto, and later worked in Alton for Noll Baking & Ice Cream Co., but farm life suited him better, and he once more went to work on the farm near Bethalto. George's sister, Mrs. Walter Arbuthnot, living in Bethalto, practically made Bethalto his home.

He registered for the draft in June, 1917, but would not wait to be called and in order to get a chance to go to France he enlisted in the U S. infantry July 12, 1917. He enlisted in St. Louis and was assigned to the 16th Company at Jefferson Barracks, and on the 23rd of July he left for Fort Snelling, Minn., where he was transferred to the 36th Inf. Co. D, under the command of Capt. Haiddleson and Col. Palmeter. He remained at Fort Snelling from July 23rd to May 1, 1918. The 36th was making preparation to cross the Atlantic for overseas duty, but George got only as far as Camp Devons, Mass. This was in July, 1918. George had a severe case of pneumonia and before he fully recovered it was found advisable to send him to Fort Bayard, N. M., for fear that tuberculosis may be contracted after such a severe case of pneumonia. He reached Fort Bayard on the 4th of May and on account of this being a camp for convalescents he was not transferred but remained in the 36th until he was discharged from the service.

There were about 3,000 patients at Fort Bayard, and George acted as cook for an open air mess where about 600 patients were fed. The patients at Fort Bayard, N. M., were mostly those who were slowly recovering from pneumonia. They were sent there for six months for that purpose. There were also many tuberculosis patients there, besides patients who had been gassed in France.

Although Fort Bayard was a healthy place, with beautiful mild climate, situated in the south western part of New Mexico, about seventy miles from the Arizona line and about seven miles from Silver City, and the hillsides making it the more picturesque, it was not altogether pleasant; for a place with 3,000 patients each afflicted with the dreaded disease, or worse still, with those gassed, caused one to come in contact with many who should have been isolated from those not so afflicted. There were many old soldiers there. Many died, some old soldiers, some of those young soldiers afflicted, but as there were new ones coming in every day the camp was kept at an even 3,000 continually.

The treatment George received both at Fort Snelling and at Fort Bayard was the best possible, and there were none better than his officers, who have been mentioned before. At Fort Bayard he had less freedom but good care, and he was examined every month, receiving his last examination April 9th, 1919, after having been at Fort Bayard nearly a year. He was in the service one year and nine months, and although he did not get to do what he desired, and although he had no chance to get into the fighting, he did his duty; he tried his best; he volunteered and obeyed orders, saying, "Here I am, do with me what you want to; I have volunteered for the service and will obey your command;" but luck was against George, the fate of all the boys is not alike; George gave what he could, he came home safe but not sound. In ending his story we will hope that he will recover completely and be one among us as strong and healthy as the day he volunteered his services to Uncle Sam, on July 12th, 1917.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record: To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that George Walters, a private of Company D of the 36th Regiment of Infantry, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, by reason of S. C. D. per letter A. G. O. War Department No. 201, dated March 29, 1919. Said George Walters was born in Fosterburg in the State of Illinois, and when enlisted he was 21 7-12 years of age, and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, dark brown hair, fair complexion, and was 5 feet 4 inches in height. Given under my hand at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, this 10th day of April, 1919. Final statement paid this date in full in sum of \$166.20, which amount includes the bonus of \$60.00, authorized by Sec. 1406 of the Revenue act of 1918, and travel pay at the rate of 5 cents per mile. Insurance premium collected to include the month of March, 1919. Edward P. Rockhill, Lt. Colonel Medical Corps, Commanding. Leo J. Dillon, Capt. U. S. A. Rtd. A. Q. M.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: George Walters. Grade: Private. Enlisted July 12, 1917, at Jefferson Barracks for emergency years, serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Previous service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship: None. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Knowledge of any vocation: None of record. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Poor. Typhoid prophylaxis completed August 26, 1917. Married or single: Single. Character: Very good. Remarks: Identification number, 952986. Services: Honest and faithful. Entitled to admission to the U. S. Army General Hospital, Fort Bayard, New Mexico; as an inmate of U. S. soldiers home, Washington, D. C. Is not recommended for reenlistment. This soldier is entitled to reduced railroad fare rates from Bayard Station, New Mexico to St. Louis, Mo. Per Sub. Per G. Circular No. 85 War Department dated November 23, 1918. Wm. Greene, 2nd Lieut. Sanitary Corps, Commanding Det. Enl. Patients.

FRED F. STAHLHUT.

Fred F. Stahlhut, son of Henry H. and Christina Stahlhut, was born on the farm in Fort Russell Township about four miles southeast of Bethalto. He attended the Oak Grove school until he completed the Eighth grade work. He worked on his father's farm until he was called to the colors. He registered for the service in June, 1917, but was not called until Sept. 5, 1918, when he left Edwardsville for Camp Custer, Mich. He was placed in the Depot Brigade, 21st company, where he remained until the 26th of October, when he was sent to Detroit, Mich., having taken the trade test at Camp Custer.

September was the last big draft that was made, and several from Bethalto left Alton district on the same day, among whom were Will and Ed. Neunaber, George Deist, Gene McCracken and Roy Loker, all from Bethalto and vicinity. Fred's brother Ed., whose description is also found in this book, left for camp just ten weeks before Fred; and by the time Fred reached Camp Custer Ed. was on his way into France. He had by that time left Brest and was getting ready for the firing line; which shows that no preparation was made and Fred was destined to make the trip in as short a time as his brother Ed., but on account of the dread disease, "flu," as it was called in this country, he was held during the quarantine.

Fred had the "flu" for three weeks and although he had some intensive drilling the first part of his stay at Camp Custer he was relieved of much of this training when he passed the trade test at Camp Custer and was sent to Detroit, Mich., where he was employed as carpenter, building garages and doing special duty in the building line. He continued with this work until the armistice was signed, when his work changed somewhat, but a great deal of building went on and was still going on when he was discharged from the army on the second of January, 1919.

Fred's army life had been about four months, and although he did not see any real fighting he was a unit in the great force that kept the organization together. He did his duty as a soldier; he obeyed the orders of his superiors, thus assisting to accomplish the great object, the greatest object ever obtained in human history, namely, doing away with military servitude without the consent of the servant.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record: To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Fred F. Stahlhut, 4723293, Private 2nd Recruit Squadron Air Service, the United States army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of expiration of emergency enlistment. Said Fred F. Stahlhut was born in Edwardsville, Ill.; when enlisted he was 28 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, brown hair, ruddy complexion and was 5 feet 9 3-4 inches in height. Given under my hand at Ft. Wayne, Mich., this 2nd day of January, 1919. Norman L. Carigan, Major S. S. C. Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Fred F. Stahlhut. Grade: Private. Inducted Sept. 5, 1918, at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: No rating. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed Sept. 20, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed Sept. 20, 1918. Remarks: No absence without leave. No absence under G. O. W. D. 1914. Signature of soldier: Fred F. Stahlhut. Norman L. Carrigan, Major A. S. S. C., Commanding.

GEORGE HUMM.

George Humm, son of John and Wilhelmina Humm, was born in Bethalto, Feb. 16, 1885. His father was a Civil War veteran having served in Co. B, 29th Ill. Infantry. His brother Fred was in the Spanish-American war, serving in the Philippines two years in Co. A. After completing the Eighth grade at the public schools at Bethalto, George went to work for the Equitable Powder Company at the age of 16, working for this company and for the Western Cartridge Company up to the time he joined the army.

He did not register for the draft in June, 1917, but this did not bar him from the service, so he volunteered for the aviation service at Jefferson Barracks, December 26, 1917, and was at once accepted. He remained at Jefferson Barracks until January 17, 1918, when he was sent to Kelly Field, Texas, near San Antonio. At Kelly Field he received schooling in aeroplanes. He was put in the 619th Aero Squadron. He reached Kelly Field on the 20th of January, and remained there two months, during which time he took a course in aviation, drilled, hiked, and did duty pertaining to the aero service. On the 20th of March his squadron left Kelly Field and went to Richfield Aviation Field near Waco, Texas, where his training and schooling continued for another two months, when on the 21st day of May they were sent to Detroit, Michigan.

The plan was for them to send the boys overseas where the air service was being developed, but an accident marred their progress and completely upset their plans. While on their way through Arkansas, not far from Texarkana, a supposed German spy caused a derailment of their train as it was crossing a deep ravine. Two troop trains had just gone over the bridge, but they were going in opposite direction from which the aero squadron was going; as they in the troop trains were not going to immediate service overseas they got by unmolested, but when the trained troops, a well-disciplined bunch of aviators, came along it was the object of the enemy to stop them if possible and they succeeded partly.

The engine, going down, first turned upside down, killing the engineer and porter and injuring the fireman. The next coach went over, going end down into a deep water hole. This coach contained the kitchen and the water put out the fire in the stove; but this steam and the fall killed two soldiers and crippled up the first lieutenant so badly that he was taken to the hospital where he remained a long time and finally had to be sent to the hospital for the insane.

The second coach in which George was went off the track, but did not go over the precipice. They got out of the coaches immediately to rescue those who had gone down. They saved the life of their

lieutenant by pulling him out of the water. He had gone down head first, and all that could be seen was his leather leggins. Thus quick action on the part of the boys saved the lives of many a comrade, yet twenty had to be taken back to a Texarkana hospital, where their injuries were treated.

Leaving them behind, the boys were sent on to Detroit where their training continued. George's work at the Equitable Powder Company and at the Western Cartridge Company gave him an advantage; he enlisted as a machinist and was soon fit for such duty. At Detroit he was put to work testing planes. The De Haviland, a regular battle plane and one of the fastest in the service, was the plane that was tried out. They averaged from eight to ten machines a day. The De Haviland had the Liberty motor which proved satisfactory in every case. Each machine after it was put together was tested by actual flight. It was then taken apart and boxed up and was sent across for service.

Thus the days went by, and as they became more skillful the average machines put up and tested increased until an average of 28 per day was reached. They were putting out machines at a terrible rate and the speed the machines reached was 135 miles an hour. When this high average was reached, both in number of machines and their speed, the armistice was signed and work ceased.

After the armistice was signed there were no more machines tested, but it can be imagined how many machines were tested, crated and sent across from the 25th of May until the 11th of November, when the average increased from 6 per day to 28 per day. As stated before, it was not the object to keep this bunch of boys in this country but the railroad accident caused a delay; many of the principal mechanics and officers had been injured and the others became quite efficient in their calling.

The Caproni, a large high power machine, was just beginning to come out. Six had been finished, two of which had been tested, when fighting ceased across the waters, upsetting plans for many more of their kind. These machines were manufactured and tested at the Fisher Body Aero Works, but the whole works came to a standstill on the 11th of November, 1918, and there was practically nothing to do but guard duty and very little of that.

He had been made sergeant and his duties were even less than the others. One day out of ten was his average until the 25th of January, 1919, when he received his honorable discharge, just thirteen months to a day from the time he enlisted.

GEORGE E. LUMAN

George E. Luman, son of George and Adeline Luman, was born on a farm north of Bethalto April 22, 1893. George is a brother to William Luman, whose description is found in this book, and a grandson of Hays Luman, who was a soldier in the Civil War, and who after the war moved to Golden, Colorado, where he died.

George attended various schools wherever the family was living. His first school was the Luman school north of Bethalto and he completed his school years by finishing the Seventh grade work at the Bethalto school. After the family moved to East Alton, George was employed at the Standard Oil Company at Wood River, and again received employment there after he returned from the service. He registered in June, 1917, but was not called until Sept. 6, 1918.

He was one of the last to leave for the army. He left Alton with eight others to Camp Forrest, near Chattanooga, Tenn., and about six miles from the old battle ground of Chickamauga, which was an ideal location for a camp. George was the only Bethalto boy at this camp. Camp Forrest was a camp built for engineers. He was at first placed in the 14th Recruit Company, but was soon transferred to Co. A, 125th Engineers, remaining in this company at this place during his entire stay in the army. He was offered the position as Mess Sergeant, but accepted that of Head Cook on account of having to serve but every other day from 3 a. m. till 8 p. m. This position he held until he was discharged. His duties were overseeing the work of cooking and assisting in preparing the meals, being under the instructions of the mess sergeant.

He drilled but two days, never had a rifle, and no other duties but cook. While "flu" was in camp, George helped wait on the sick, for in his company of 318 men 87 had "flu" at one time. Armistice day was celebrated there in great style and many had their freedom taken away from them for taking too much liberty without authority. After Thanksgiving they began to demobilize, and the men were sent from Camp Forrest to the camps nearest their homes. George had to remain to cook, for many came into their camp to be discharged. He was retained until the 26th of December, when he was discharged there and he arrived home on the 28th. Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern. This is to certify that George E. Luman, 3018058, Pvt. Co. A, 125th Regt. Engineers, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honor-

ably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of demobilization W. D. Circular 77. Said George E. Luman was born in Bethalto, in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 25 5-12 years of age and by occupation a crane man. He had brown eyes, brown hair, fair complexion, and was 5 feet 8 1-4 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Forrest, Georgia, this 26th day of December, 1918. John A. Bensussee, Major Engineers, U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: George E. Luman. Grade: Private. Inducted Sept. 6, 1918, at Alton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: None. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: None. Horsemanship: None. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Craneman. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Persistent Tachycardia. No organic lesion found. Triple typhoid prophylaxis completed Sept. 22, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Very good. Remarks: Honorably discharged, per S. O. 157, per 20 Dec. 26, 1918, Camp Forrest, Georgia. Signature of soldier: George E. Luman. John H. Zeither, Capt. Engineers U. S. A., Commanding. Co. A 125th Engineers. Paid in full, \$30.92, at Camp Forrest, Ga., this 26th day of Dec. 1918. Geo. H. Chase, Capt. Q. M. C. Bonus \$60.00, paid April 26, 1919.

EDWARD A. STAHLHUT.

Edward A. Stahlhut, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Stahlhut, was born near Mitchell, Ill., May 20, 1888. The father, although of German descent, was born in Illinois and the mother was born in Germany; but both are thorough Americans and insisted that their children receive a good education in the American schools. The family moved from Mitchell, Ill., to the farm in Oak Grove school district, in Fort Russell Township, about five miles from Bethalto.

Ed. received a good common school education, the first two years of which was under the direction of the author of this book, who was at that time employed as instructor by the directors of the Oak Grove school. Ed. graduated from the Eighth grade, and after his school life he spent his time at home assisting the family in running the large farm they had purchased after they had moved from Mitchell. Ed. remained home until three years ago, when he managed and worked a farm for himself, and it was during this time, in June, 1917, that he registered in Fort Russell Township for the draft.

On account of his agricultural enterprise he was not called to the colors until June 24, 1918, when he left Edwardsville for Camp Taylor in company with Ed. Schoenbaum, Limon Neunaber and other Fort Russell boys, and whose descriptions are in part identical, and in many instances it would be doing injustice to make any change in the description when they worked together, doing the same thing and traveling the same route together.

Ed. was placed in the 159th Depot Brigade at Camp Taylor, and later transferred to Company E, 156th regiment. While at Camp Taylor the boys drilled and hiked for about three weeks and were sent to Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, about 60 miles north of New Orleans, the company having its headquarters at Baton Rouge, and it became known as the Old National Guard Regiment. The company remained at Camp Beauregard but a month, and during this time the boys received the only real training that was to be given to them in preparation for duties overseas. Here they had rifle practice, bayonet drills and gas drills, and such other exercises as could be taught in this short space of time. The company left camp on the 10th of August for Camp Mills, an embarkation camp for overseas soldiers. Here they remained eight days, receiving their equipment for overseas duty; they should have sailed sooner but the shortage of clothing delayed them several days, although the ship lay ready waiting for them.

They went on board the U. S. S. President Grant on the 22nd of August. The ship had formerly been a large freighter, and was at this time fitted out as a transport. She was an 18,000 ton ship and carried 4,500 troops, 150 aeroplanes, 125 Ford trucks, ammunition and rations of all description. She had a crew of 500, including the officers. They were all Americans and they ate All-American food which was of good quality. She headed straight for Brest, France, reaching that port on the third of September.

After landing they were marched for six miles out into the country to Camp Pontesen, passing the Old Napoleon Barracks, which later on became the center of the camp. On account of the size of this camp they had to pitch tents to accommodate the soldiers. The 155th and 156th regiments of infantry, machine gun battalion and artillery remained at this camp but six days and then went farther inland to a place called St. Florent. They rode two days and three nights in French cattle cars that were large enough to hold either eight horses or forty men, and although these cars were of such small dimensions they crowded forty of our boys into each car.

The one advantage these companies had over many another company was that they were rationed by the American government; for our pure American food was fit to eat, both on land and on sea, and

cleanliness marked the places where you could see American soldiers eating American food. The food at this time consisted of hard tack, corned beef, tomatoes, and a little jam to the fellow who was lucky enough to get it. This trip in the cars was not very pleasant, as every soldier knows who has had a ride in one of them, and a distance of more than 280 miles was quite fatiguing to the entire lot.

As soon as they got off at St. Florent they hiked 24 miles to a small village called La Salle Conda; this little inland town was soon filled with soldiers. The officers, of course, were first taken care of, their horses next, and the soldiers came next. Ed. was billeted in a small barn.

At La Salle Conda they were once more put to the test; they were given gas drills, bayonet drills, with gas masks on, and any other kind of drilling that would toughen the soldiers. These warm rainy September days were not very healthy for the boys and many contracted pneumonia, one of whom was Liman Neunaber, who on account of double pneumonia had to remain in camp when Ed. and the others left. They were at La Salle Conda from the 15th of September to the 21st of October, when they left for the Verdun Front. They again left in the famous old French cars, reaching the front on the 24th day of October, making the distance of about 400 miles in three days and two nights.

Ed. was placed in Co. C, 128th Infantry, 32nd Division. After joining the division at Avrecourt they left for the front line, crossing the Meuse River. Avrecourt, once a beautiful city, now a mass of ruins, was used by the Americans as a resting place. Here Ed. rested up, cleaned up, went through the delouser and got ready for the next dash. Avrecourt and vicinity were a sad sight. The forest near was termed "Fly Woods," the Germans had left their dead unburied, and as might be expected flies were thick there. Avrecourt lay in a hollow and the woods and hills around it had formerly been part of the great Hindenburg line. After this place had been evacuated by the Germans the Americans occupied it, cleaned it up a bit so that American troops had a place in which to rest.

The company remained here about five days. At this time they were still in support and behind the fighting line, and only the big shells would fall around them, but they either flew high or fell short; the worst feature of the game at this time was the aeroplane bombing. It seemed to be the enemy's intention to keep the American reserves back as much as possible, but no enemy was seen at this time and only the rattle of machine guns could be heard in the distance.

Crossing the Meuse on the 6th of November, they traveled east. On and on they went. So did the Germans. After they had crossed the Meuse the first battalion joined the 5th Division, went through Bantheville, and by the 8th of November again left the 5th Division and went back to the 32nd Division which was stationed at Peuvilliers in the Roman Sector. They had traveled eastward quite a long distance; when at Peuvilliers the 32nd Division made an attack on the enemy, and although successful their casualties were very heavy. In this fight they lost 6 officers, 137 men killed; 6 officers, 198 men wounded; 11 officers, 236 men gassed; 2 officers, 44 men missing, and 2 officers, 7 men died of wounds.

Many of the 128th were killed and they buried 56 out of the 1st battalion. These, however, were not buried until after the armistice was signed and firing had ceased. During these trying hours the contest was not altogether one-sided, for the enemy would sometimes stop and react, sometimes causing our boys to hurriedly retreat to better shelter. It was in one of these retreats made by the Americans on account of having no support, or having gone too far and being without shelter, that Ed. was wounded, having been shot in the hand; the boys retreated about one and one-half miles but it was impossible for Ed. to make it, so he hid in a shell hole with two others who were also unable to go any farther. Here the Germans found them and made them prisoners. This was on the Argonne front on the eve of the 10th of November, not many hours before firing ceased. This was undoubtedly the last onslaught the Germans made. Besides being wounded in the hand, a piece was shot from his helmet, his leggins cut, and he received a little tear gas which affected his eyes.

The Germans overrun this territory, throwing hand grenades; these were in the form of a potato masher and were named that by our men. They were thrown with the handle in the hand and when they would light they would touch the ground with the heavy end and explode.

Although the enemy lost quite heavily, leaving 35 dead or wounded on the battlefield, we lost in wounded and captured, one lieutenant, one captain, one sergeant and 16 privates. On the night of the 10th of November the Germans marched their prisoners into their lines, past their artillery that was stuck hub deep in the mud and unable to move, but that night they sent over the American lines the most terrible barrage Ed. had ever heard. He was by that time nearly two miles behind the cannon, but his hut shook and trembled all night. There was no sleep that night, his wound having been treated and the Germans having amputated his thumb caused him too much discomfort for any rest.

No sooner had the armistice been signed when the German officers lost control of their men and they were seen leaving everything. A Frenchman came to where Ed. was and asked him in a few words of German he could speak, and Ed. understanding the few words he could understand, if he wanted to go to the hospital, for his arm was swollen to such an extent that it was feared blood poison would set in. Ed. was not long in accepting the invitation, and this kind Frenchman, who had been a prisoner of war for a long time, took him to a private French hospital named Societe Des Acieries de Longwy. This kind man, named Lugene Harry, gave him a "shot" in the arm to kill blood poison germs. He had to walk a long distance farther to reach this hospital; when he finally reached the place they treated his wound. Here he remained seven days and while he was there he saw the most stuff moved toward Germany that could be hauled or dragged homeward; everything you could think of was hauled homeward: Cannon, cavalry, cattle, feed, supplies and ammunition; and anything and everything that could be saved from the wreckage made the rock roads impassable.

The food that he received at this hospital was very scarce, consisting of light soups, but it was the best they had and even this small amount was appreciated. A sister of Harry by the name of Carrie and a relative of the owner of the hospital came over one day and brought some cakes. She took him to her home where he had a chance to clean up and shave, for he had not had a chance at a real clean up in the last three weeks and he felt like he looked. After this he felt better, for the wound was healing nicely. He remained there a day and a night.

The American officers had by this time reached the place; they sent him back into France, a distance of more than 200 miles to a French hospital at Contrexeville, in the southern part of France, that had never been visited by the invaders. He traveled in a first class French passenger coach about 18 hours. This train was controlled by the French Red Cross, who treated him fine. His arm was still swollen and in a sling. He remained here two weeks and his hand was treated every day. Cloth bandages were scarce and Ed. had his hand wrapped in tissue paper instead of cloth. There were about 300 patients at this hospital; wounded, shell shocked, gassed and blind—the sight was pitiful to behold. This hospital at Contrexeville, called Base 32, had formerly been a French summer resort, and had been used as a summer resort for tourists, for they had the most beautiful springs there. Some years before this Theodore Roosevelt had visited this place, for his name was on the register as a guest

while on a tour through France. Ed. remained there two weeks and was sent to Base 28, about 128 miles from Bordeaux.

He traveled on an American train conducted by the American Red Cross. At Base 28 he was classified as a casual, and remained there 10 days, when he boarded another Red Cross train for Bordeaux, where he was again inspected. Before leaving any hospital he was deloused and inspected. At Bordeaux Base 20, which was used as a receiving station, he received four months' pay.

The 8,000 soldiers who were stationed here were classed as casualties and consisted of wounded, shell shocked, gassed, and in truth soldiers with all kinds of afflictions. Base 20 was stationed about five miles from the city.

While at this place he met a person from St. Louis by the name of Henry W. Kastrup, with whom he became well acquainted, and during his five weeks' stay they became the same as brothers and were together most of the time, for their sympathies were of the same nature.

Ed. once more boarded a Red Cross train for Bordeaux where he boarded the U. S. S. Siboney for home. This ship had been a U. S. mail boat, but was now being used as a transport. The Siboney, a fast boat, had on board many casualties, and when they left the shores of France they were but 3268 miles from Broadway. They would have reached this place in seven days, but the sea was so rough that it took them twelve days to cross. On account of the terrible storms they made only nine miles one night, and this roughness made them all sicker than dogs and Ed. lost 13 pounds in those 12 days. He ate but five meals while he was on the boat. He finally landed at New York on the 3rd of March and was taken in an ambulance to Green Hut Embarco No. 3, New York. He remained at Green Hut eleven days, and was then sent to Camp Grant to a Hospital Ward 53.

The Red Cross treated him well wherever he went. Nothing was too good for the boys. He remained at Camp Grant hospital eight days when he received a 10-day pass to see home folks. He returned to Camp Grant where his eyes were again treated and his hand also, for it was not quite healed. He was then discharged from the hospital and sent to a convalescent center at Camp Grant. He remained there until the 19th day of April, when he was discharged, reaching home Sunday, the 20th day of April, 1919. In conclusion it can be stated here that he surprised his parents, for the moment he arrived at Edwardsville he was picked up by the Mike Neunaber family, who happened to be in Edwardsville at the time, and was at once taken to his home, making this the happiest of Easter Sundays.

From the time he left the States in September, 1918, he never received any mail until he again reached the States and that was while he was at Green Hut. It was not until then that he received the sad news of his brother Henry's death. Ed. had received much returned mail since he got home; for on account of his being in a hospital or on the firing line it was difficult to locate him.

While in France he saw many interesting sights, principally among them were the Chinese laborers working in lumber yards. There were as many as 5,000 at one place driving 150 teams of oxen; he noted the size of the oxen, each weighing more than a ton; he also noted the scarcity of horses; at one place he saw cannon, ammunition trains, war materials, aeroplanes and other supplies that the Americans had captured from the Germans, that if put on cars would make a train 50 miles long; he saw tobacco so scarce that sometimes one cigarette had to suffice for six; he found himself so hungry at times that he had to help steal bread to pacify his appetite; thus the experiences of the soldier both in this country and in Europe varied, and this will have to suffice here, for the trials and tribulations besides their enjoyments must be recorded in this book also.

We are glad Ed. is among us again; he was a splendid pupil, a jolly good youth among his pals, and now a valuable farmer and citizen to the credit of his neighborhood. Following is his honorable discharge and his enlistment record. His service record is not complete and will follow the enlistment record if obtainable before this is printed.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Edward A. Stahlhut, No. 3104735, Private, Infantry unassigned, last assigned Co. C, 128th Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, by reason of Per Par. S. O. Hq. Camp Grant, Ill. Said Edward A. Stahlhut was born in Edwardsville in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 30 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, light hair, light complexion, and was 6 feet 1 inch in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 19th day of April, 1919. Roy T. Piatt, Major Inf. U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Edward A. Stahlhut. Grade: Private. Inducted June 24, 1918, at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer:

Private. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: No records available. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: No records available. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed July, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed July 1, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Soldier's service honest and faithful. No A. W. O. L. or absence under G. O. 31-12 or 45-14. Entitled to travel pay to Edwardsville, Ill. Signature of soldier: Edward A. Stahlhut. W. S. Fuller, Capt. Inf. U. S. A., Commanding 1st Co. C. C. Camp Grant, Ill., April 19, 1919. Paid in full: \$118.45, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Captain Quartermaster Corps.

EDWARD G. SCHOENBAUM

Edward G. Schoenbaum, son of Ben and Mary Schcenbaum, was born on a farm about three miles west of Bethalto, Dec. 10, 1893. His father was born in Germany and came to America when he was about 18 years old. He came from that part of Germany that was formerly called Hanover, which was termed in later years as "Must Be Prussia." Ed.'s mother was born on the Plegge farm in Wood River township, two miles west of Bethalto. Ed. attended the Walnut Grove school west of Bethalto until he was nine years old, when the parents moved to another farm four miles southeast of Bethalto, and Ed. finished his schooling at the Grove school, completing the Eighth grade work. On account of his father's death Ed. had to help manage the farm. He registered for the draft in June, 1917, but was not called to the colors until June 24, 1918.

He, with many other Fort Russell boys, left Edwardsville for Camp Taylor June 24, 1918. He was placed in the 159th Depot Brigade and later transferred to Company C, 156th regiment; while at Camp Taylor the boys drilled and hiked for about three weeks, after that they were sent to Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, about 60 miles north of New Orleans, the company having its headquarters at Baton Rouge, and became known as the Old National Guard regiment. The company remained at Camp Beauregard but a month and during this time the boys received the only real training that was to be given them in preparation for overseas service. Here they had rifle practice, bayonet drills and gas drills and such other exercises as could be taught in this short space of time.

The company left camp on the 10th of August for Camp Mills, an embarkation camp for overseas soldiers. Here they remained about eight days, receiving their equipment for overseas duty; they should have sailed sooner but the shortage of clothing delayed them several days, although the ship lay ready waiting for the boys. They went on board on the 22nd day of August. The ship was the President Grant that had formerly been a large freighter and having been fitted out as a transport.

The President Grant was about 800 feet long and 60 feet wide, and on this trip carried 4,500 soldiers. She headed straight for Brest, France, reaching port on the 3rd of September. After landing they were marched for six miles out into the country passing the Old Napoleon Barracks; they pitched their "pup" tents on the hill-sides, for the camp had not been enlarged enough to accommodate so many soldiers. They received their supplies from the old barracks and the camp was called Pontenesen. The 155th and 156th regiments of infantry, machine gun battalion and artillery remained at this camp but six days and then went farther inland to a place called St. Florent. They rode two days and three nights in these side door Pullmans. These cars were large enough to hold either 8 horses or 40 men, and although they were only small cattle cars they crowded nearly 40 soldiers into each car. The only advantage these companies had over many another company was that they were rationed by the American government, for our pure American food was fit to eat both on land and on sea and cleanliness marked the places where you could see American soldiers eating American food. The food at this time consisted of hard tack, corned beef, tomatoes and a little jam to the fellow who was lucky enough to get it. This trip in the cars was not very pleasant as every soldier knows who has had a ride in one of them, and a distance of more than 280 miles was quite fatiguing on the entire lot.

As soon as they got off at St. Florent they hiked 24 miles to a small village called La Salle Conda; this little inland town was soon filled with soldiers; the officers got the best housing, the horses and mules got next best and the soldiers got what was left in the form of barns and sheds. Ed. was billeted in one of these third-class billets. At La Salle Conda they were once more put to the test; they were given gas drills, bayonet drills with gas masks on and any other drills that spelled intensive. These warm and rainy September days were not very healthy days for the boys and many contracted pneumonia, one of whom was Limon Neunaber who on account of that had to remain in camp when his friends left.

Ed. was at La Salle Conda from September 15th to October 21st, when he and his bunch left for the Verdun front. They again left in the famous old cars reaching the front on the 24th day of October, making the distance of about 400 miles in three days, and two nights. He was placed in Co. E, 128th regiment 32nd Division. After joining the division at Avrecourt they left for the front, crossing the Meuse River.

Avrecourt, once a beautiful city, now a mass of ruins, was used by the Americans as a resting place. Here Ed. rested up, cleaned up, went through a delouser and got ready for another dash. Avrecourt and vicinity were a sad sight. The forest was termed "Fly Woods" on account of the dead the Germans had left unburied in their retreat, and the flies were thick in the woods. Avrecourt lay in a hollow and the woods and hills around it had formerly been part of the great Hindenburg line.

After this place had been evacuated by the Germans the Americans occupied it; cleaned it up a bit so that the American troops had a place in which to rest. They remained there about five days; at this time they were still in support and behind the fighting line and only the big shells would fall around them, but they either flew high or fell short, the worst feature of the game at this time was the aeroplane bombing. It seemed to be the enemy's intention to keep the reserves back as much as possible. No Germans were seen at this time and only the rattle of machine guns could be heard in the distance. Crossing the Meuse on the 6th of November they traveled east. On and on they went, so did the Germans. After they had crossed the Meuse the first battalion joined the 5th Division, went through Bantheville and by the 8th of November again left the 5th Division and back to the 32nd Division which was stationed at Peuvilliers in the Romain Sector. They had traveled quite a long distance when at Peuvilliers the 32nd Division made an attack on the enemy and although successful their casualties were quite heavy. In this fight they lost 6 officers, 137 men killed; 6 officers, 198 men wounded; 11 officers, 236 men gassed; 2 officers, 44 men missing, 2 officers, 7 men died of wounds. Many of the 128th were killed and they buried 56 out of the 1st battalion. These, however, were not buried until after the armistice was signed. It seems like this slaughter could have been avoided on what was later on known as the last real fighting day. They shot much gas but Ed. was very careful with his gas mask and took no chances and those who risked more were soon taken to the hospital, for many inhaled gas before they realized what it was.

It is said that in some instances the Americans fought to the last hour; but their officers came to their boys on the morning of the 11th and told them to avoid further bloodshed, to shoot only when a raiding party came on; for the armistice would probably be signed on that day when fighting would be at an end. The boys could hardly believe their officers for they had heard so many stories that later on had been contradicted that it was hard to believe anything; yet the orders of not firing were strictly adhered to and the enemy made no advance, although they kept up a continual cannonading, but there was no damage done for it was all in one line and it seemed they were only completing their program in a mechanical way.

When the hour arrived, the hour of all hours, firing ceased and a deadly stillness prevailed, but this stillness did not last long for soon the Germans were seen coming across the lines to where the Americans were, throwing everything away and their hats up in the air. Their officers had lost control of them, and they came across to show their friendship, but they were told this could not be allowed and unless they wanted to be taken prisoner they had better hurry back which they did, stating they were going straight home. These had been trying hours for Ed.; he assisted in burying his comrades, he did some guard duty, he guarded a bridge on the morning of the 11th. Ed. and five others were guarding the bridge when firing ceased, quiet prevailed and fraternizing commenced and stopped.

Soon after the real excitement commenced. Prisoners were turned loose and they came strolling into camp; all sorts and sizes, with all sorts of clothing. It was sure some mixture that came strolling back to the American lines; some Americans in khaki, some French, some Moroccans, and some Italians. But for some reason unknown there were no English prisoners among them. But the saddest yet the most laughable was the scene when upon closer inspection you could see the poor boys' clothing and general appearance. After they had been taken prisoner they had been sadly neglected and when they did come strolling back many had no shoes, many wore German caps, many had whiskers and hair all over their heads. The scene cannot be overdrawn and we will let the reader alone in his own imagination, for this kept up from the 11th day of November until the 17th, making six days of a continual flow of welcome boys.

On the 17th of November they started to march eastward, reaching the Luxemburg line on the 23rd and remained there until the first of December; for according to the armistice terms they were not allowed to cross the line until then.

They celebrated Thanksgiving on the Luxemburg line and ate Thanksgiving dinner there. It consisted of food that had been abandoned by the Germans in their hurried retreat. This was not a fancy American Thanksgiving dinner but it was appreciated just the same. They crossed the Sour River into Luxemburg at 7:30 in the morning of December 1st at a place called Rosport on the Sour. Here in Luxemburg the soldiers ate and slept in houses; they had almost forgotten what the inside of a house looked like, and this mode of living was sure appreciated by the boys. Ed. was stationed in a beautiful school house which was now exclusively used by the soldiers; it was electrically lighted and heated.

From the Sour River they started their march across Luxemburg traveling sometimes as much as 40 miles a day; they would hike 50 minutes and rest 10 minutes. They reached the Rhine River on the 12th, crossing the famous bridge at Engers on the 13th. Engers is a few miles north and below Coblenz, and the bridge that they crossed had been built by prisoners of war. It was said not an American soldier had assisted in building this bridge consisting of large arches and was large enough for a railroad and a wagon road. They crossed this bridge on Friday, the 13th, which was construed by many Americans as unlucky and they feared that they would never get back. They hiked about 20 miles inland and took up positions in various towns, making Dierdorf as the center of activity. The principal duty was to guard the outposts to see that no one crossed the ten mile neutral zone that had been established. No one could cross in either direction without a pass, so the Americans guarded one side of the neutral zone and the Germans the other. No fraternizing was allowed.

They remained at Dierdorf until Dec. 26th, spending Christmas in glorious style. The Germans prepared Christmas trees and they served wine, cigars and everything the town could afford. After the 26th of December they occupied smaller towns such as Puderbach and Steinmel, still guarding the line. They remained at Steinmel until the 19th day of April, when they started for home. They were loaded on trucks as soon as they had been relieved by the 2nd Division. They traveled in trucks through the western part of Germany until they once more reached Envers on the Rhine. Here they were put in American box cars, passed through Coblenz, and on the 20th, Easter morning, passed through Metz, then through Neuchateau, Toul, St. Aignan, Rennes, St. Brieuc and Brest which they reached on the 22nd of April after a 70 hour ride in American box cars which were much

larger and gave them much better accommodations than the French cars.

They remained at Brest until the 26th, when they boarded the good ship George Washington at 11 a. m. They were on the sea but eight days and although many became seasick Ed. was sick but very little. They reached New York on the 5th of May, were sent to Camp Mills and from there to Camp Grant, where he was discharged on the 19th of May, just a month after they left Germany. Following is his discharge:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Edward G. Schoenbaum, 3104730, Private, 1st class Co. E, 128th Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of government. Per Cir. 106 War Dept., 1918. Said Edward G. Schoenbaum was born in East Alton in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 24 6-12 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, dark hair, medium complexion and was 5 feet 8 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 19th day of April, 1919. F. J. Schneller, Major Infantry U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Edward G. Schoenbaum. Grade: Private 1st class. Inducted June 24, 1918, at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Meuse-Argonne Offensive Oct. 24, 1918, to Nov. 11, 1918, Army of Occupation Nov. 17, 1918, to April 19, 1919. Knowledge of any vocation: Farming. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: 3-16-1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed 3-16-1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks—. Signature of soldier: Edward G. Schoenbaum. Chas. E. Wadamen, 1st Lieut. Inf. 161st D. B., Camp Grant, Ill., May 19, 1919. Paid in full: \$127.55, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Captain Quartermaster Corps.

FRANK J. STARKEY

Frank J. Starkey, son of Frank and Fannie Starkey, was born in Bethalto, January 16, 1893. He attended the Bethalto school, completing the Ninth grade. After he quit school he worked on his father's farm for a while but did not remain on the farm long for having learned telegraphy he went to work for the Big Four Railroad Company, St. Louis Division, as telegrapher. In June, 1917, he was telegrapher at Shelbyville and it was there he registered but he gave Bethalto as his home and it was from this district that he was called to the colors, although he was working at Livingston when he was called.

He left with the Alton contingent Sept. 20, 1917, having been sworn in the day before. Frank reached Camp Taylor at 10:30 at night and the next day he was placed in Co. E, 333rd Infantry. He was one of the first to reach Camp Taylor. His principal duty was infantry drills or company duty as it is often called. He was put in the 333rd Headquarters band for two weeks, but he preferred other line of duty and Frank finally succeeded in getting a transfer in October, 1917, to Co. C, 309th Signal Battalion. This was more to his liking and he was well qualified for this position. His principal duties now were signaling, telephony, line work, telegraphy, radio, heliography, electricity and many other duties connected with this line of work, such as coding, semaphore, etc.

Frank entered as a private and became first class private in December, 1917, and corporal on the 15th of March, 1918, and sergeant May 1, 1918. In February, 1918, he passed the examination in gas, smoke and flame school and received his certificate. On June 3 his company was sent to Camp Sherman, Ohio, where his duties remained the same. He was sent to the Gas Noncommissioned Officers' School, and passing the examination was made a non-com. the middle of June. His duties from then on varied. He became instructor in the gas school. The object of this was to teach the soldiers gas warfare not only from a defensive standpoint but for offensive purpose also. On June 21, he took examination for sergeant first-class, the questions having been prepared at Washington, and passing he was made sergeant first class, on the 25th of June. His work was the same as before until August, when his company left Camp Sherman for overseas duty. They were sent to Camp Mills, L. I., where they were equipped for overseas duty. The company had been in training a long time and every one was ready and eager to go.

While at Camp Mills, Frank was put in charge of the 4th section of Co. C, which consisted of 65 men. They left Hoboken at 10:45

a. m. on the 9th of September, 1918, in the same convoy with many other Bethalto boys, among whom were Ted Zimmermann, Les Prehn and Frank Driscoll, and the trip across is fully described elsewhere. There were 14 ships in the convoy and Frank sailed on H. M. S. Grampian, a large British ship, and 8,000 of our American boys were put under the rules of the British, especially in the line of food, and the only word Frank had by way of softening the tone of his feeling was "Bum," which means anything but fancy in our American language. Part of the convoy went south down the Irish sea and landed at Liverpool, and part entered the Firth of Clyde and landed at Glasgow, Scotland. One submarine was sunk and one after they left the convoy. They landed at 2 a. m. on the 20th day of September and got on the train at once and went to Winchester, England; and at Camp Winnell Down Frank, to his surprise, met Ted and Les, who had just arrived from Liverpool, for they had been in the same convoy.

Frank had a chance to visit many interesting places in Winchester, among which was the Winchester Cathedral, in which lie buried the remains of Joan of Arc and many notable personages of ancient time. Frank left Winnel Down before Ted and Les, thus sparing him that memorable hike from there to Southampton for the trainmen did not go on a strike until the next day. He rode to Southampton and got on the boat to cross the channel that same night. The sea was rough and the weather stormy. The boat was used to carry German prisoners one way and American soldiers the other. A submarine was encountered but the sea was too rough and the submarine was chased away without doing any damage to the boat, which crossed in ten hours and landed at Cherbourg, France, at 2 o'clock in the morning.

They marched to a British rest camp four miles away; they were rationed by the British and the principal rest they received was a stomach rest. They rested in round tents large enough for eight, but in this instance they put fourteen in each tent. They slept with their heads outside and their feet up the tent pole. Thus they rested two days when they were put in box cars and were hauled to Neuvic, near Bordeaux. From Neuvic they hiked 24 miles to Monpont. While there the Signal Platoon was attached to the 336th Infantry and Frank was put in charge of 130 men. They established telegraph and telephone lines between Mont and Mussidan, a distance of 17 miles. They installed telephones to get into direct communication with the 84th Division of which they were a part. The object was to establish communication between points in this area of southern

France where the 84th Division was located. They remained there until the first of October, then went back to Neuvic and from there to Les Montiles in first class coaches to within about nine miles of Blois, in the north central part of France. Then the battalion was broke up and Frank was transferred to the 9th Field Signal Battalion, 5th Division. Here he became sergeant first class upon reaching the Sedan front. In going from Blois to the front to join the 5th Division Frank suffered severely from cold.

Frank reached the front about the first of November, and just as they were ready to go into action the armistice was signed. Their headquarters were on the Mt. Faucon front, but Frank did not reach Mt. Faucon. He remained between Verdun and Dun Sur Meuse, after the armistice. He remained one night at Dun Sur Meuse, then went north to Lion where the Battalion and Division Headquarters were stationed. These were usually together and Frank remained there two days. He was next put on detached service, 407th Telephone Battalion. He then went to Longuyon where he worked in the telegraph office two days. He then went to Lux City, where he worked in the telegraph office until the first of February, 1919. Frank was on duty eight hours a day, and the work seemed much like the work he had done while he was in America. Up to the time and many days after the armistice was signed a great deal of the time was spent in hiking from place to place and the distance hiked can be counted only in hundreds of miles, and although much devastated area was traversed, little could be observed and although many bodies were still strewn along their path little heed could be taken of it for during these long dreary hikes the boys became weary and foot sore, and their personal welfare out-shadowed all items of interest. This is the main reason so many of our boys passed so many noted places without taking any notice of them. The spirit was willing to note these things, but the body was too weary. Thus it happened when Frank got back to steady employment and again received fine treatment in Lion, where he roomed with a private German family, Frank became Happy-Go-Lucky Frank again. While he was stationed in occupied territory he received excellent treatment from the inhabitants. They spoke no English, but German and French, besides their own, the Luxemburg language.

He remained until February 1, when he was relieved and sent to Esch sur Alzette, where he did company duty and was put in charge of the 1st platoon Co. C. Here they drilled a while but he was soon put on special duty and he worked nights at Division Headquarters telegraph office. Although the weather was cold Frank

did not suffer any for his work was mostly indoors. Though the inhabitants of this section were not required to serve in the army, many through sympathy joined the French army and many joined the German army.

At Esch the duty was light and the telegraph work made the time pass quite rapidly; and while there he went as a courier with Major Temple of the Signal Battalion on some mission to Berlin. Thus we find Frank the only Bethalto boy to enter the city of Berlin. He saw the beauties of the city; he saw Unter Den Linden Street; and as many sights as could be seen in one day. From Berlin they traveled to Coblenz, where he remained two days and took a trip up the Rhine, the beauties of which is left to the imagination of the reader. He went as far as Bingen-on-the-Rhine. He visited the Kaiser's castle and saw the beautiful furniture, he saw many relics of Roman times; he saw the clock that was made in the 14th century. The floors of this castle were so smooth and beautiful that you had to wear felt shoes before you could enter any of these rooms.

After the second day at Coblenz he went back to Esch. In March Frank received another pass and he took advantage of it by going into Southern France; he went to Chamouix near the Swiss border, where the beauties of Mt. Blanc and the Alps were more pleasant to behold than the scenes on the Rhine.

During Frank's stay in the army he had four passes; the first one a five-day pass at Camp Taylor in January, 1918, the second at Camp Taylor in June, 1918; during this three-day pass he visited home folks at Bethalto; the third was a two-day pass to Coblenz; and the fourth a seven-day pass to southern France. On July 8th Frank once more left Esch; this time he was wending his way homeward. After a three days' ride in American box cars he arrived at Brest on the 11th and remained there four days and on July 15th he sailed from France on the U. S. Radnor, landing at Hoboken on the 28th of July. He was sent to Camp Mills, from which place he was sent to Camp Grant, where he was discharged on the third of August, the last and longest day during his entire army life. He reached Alton at 5:40 the next morning, from where he was taken to his home near Bethalto.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Frank J. Starkey, 1938156, sergeant 1st class Co. C, 9th Field Signal Bn., the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the



GEORGE LUMAN
Co. A, 125th Reg. Engineers



GEORGE F. SMITH
Co. I, 132nd Infantry



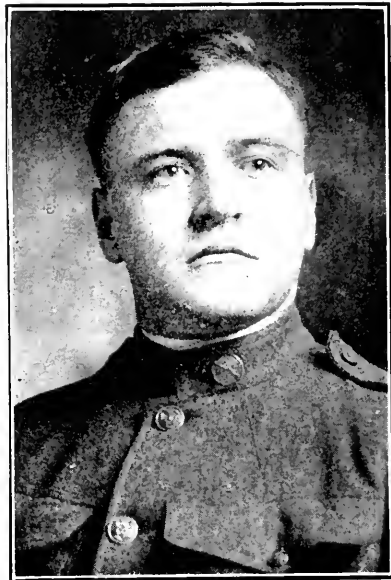
WILLIAM H. LUMAN
Corp., Co. K, 309th Infantry



FRANK J. STARKEY
Sgt., Co. C, 9th Field Sig. Bn.



HENRY C. BANGERT
Co. F, 362nd Infantry



GUSTAVE H. BANGERT
Co. E, 132nd Infantry



EDWARD BANGERT
Co. E, 132nd Infantry



BEN T. ALBERS
Wag., 46th Infantry

United States, by reason of convenience of government demobilization of organization, per circular 106 W. D. 1918. Said Frank J. Starkey was born in Bethalto in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 23 years of age and by occupation a telegrapher. He had blue eyes, brown hair, light complexion, and was 5 feet 6 3-4 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 4th day of August, 1919. Harry B. Goodwin, Major Infantry, Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Frank J. Starkey. Grade: Sergeant 1st class. Inducted 9-19-1917, at Alton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Sergeant 1st class. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship. Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. A. E. F. decorations, badges: None. Medals, citations: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Telegrapher. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed 9-30-17. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed 9-30-17. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Entitled to travel pay to Alton, Ill. Sailed from U. S. 9-9-18, returned to U. S. 7-28-19. Absence without leave under G. O. No. 3 W. D. 1912 and No. 45 W. D 1914: None. Signature of soldier: Frank J. Starkey. H. F. Higgins, Inf. Demob. Group, Commanding. Camp Grant, Ill., Aug. 4, 1919. Paid in full \$119.35, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. P. G. Hoyt, Maj. Q. M. C.

CLARENCE S. RYAN

Clarence S. Ryan, son of William and Katherine Ryan, was born in Dorchester, Ill., Feb. 17, 1899. The family moved to Bethalto when Clarence was four years of age and he has considered this his home since. He attended the Bethalto school, completing the Eighth grade. After he quit school he worked for the Beall Bros. Tool Company. During the summer of 1917 Companies I and M, of the Illinois National Guard were stationed at East Alton, guarding the Western Cartridge Co., which had at that time large contracts making ammunition to prosecute the war.

Clarence, under these influences and circumstances, got the patriotic spirit that so many had at the beginning of the war, and he enlisted in the Illinois National Guard Company I on the 27th day

of August, 1917, when he was but 18 years of age. On September 1st he was sent to Camp Logan, Texas, with his company, reaching that place September 4, 1917. He remained in Co. I until December 26th, when his regiment, the Fifth, of which Co. I was a part, formed the 122nd, 123rd, and 124th Machine Gun Battalion. He remained in Co. D of the 123rd M. G. B. until March 5, 1918, when he was transferred to Supply Co. 131st Infantry of the 33rd Division, which had formerly been known as the First Illinois Infantry. His position in the Supply Company of the 131st was that of Wagoner, which he held throughout his entire period of enlistment. Before he became part of the Supply Company his time was taken up in the usual line of drilling, etc.; after the change his duty was to haul ammunition, supplies, and rations for his company.

Clarence remained at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, until the 9th of May, when he with his company was sent to Camp Upton, N. Y., making his way to the East for transportation across for overseas duty. After being equipped for this purpose he boarded the ship "Leviathan," a large interned German liner that had formerly been the "Fatherland."

The "Leviathan" left Hoboken on the eve of the 23rd of May; she went alone and was eight days in crossing the waters. She had good sailing and a smooth sea and Clarence did not become seasick, for the boat was 954 feet long and could plow through the waves easily. She had 16,000 soldiers and 250 Red Cross nurses on board. Two days out of Brest she was met by five sub-chasers and they protected her from submarine attacks. Two hours before they landed these chasers encountered five submarines that had been sent out to either destroy the "Fatherland" or "Leviathan" as we called her, or never return. The result was that three submarines were sunk and the other two surrendered and told the story of having been sent out to destroy the ship.

Clarence saw part of the fight, but he was soon called below and could not witness this episode as he desired. This was the first time he ever heard a cannon roar. They landed on Decoration Day, 1918, and hiked to the Napoleon Camp, a small camp at that time, about three miles out. They stayed there four days to rest, when on the third of June they started into France in French box cars that are described elsewhere in this book.

They rode in these cars three days and three nights until they reached the Huppy Area, near Amiens and Albert. They were trained under the British officers for two weeks and received their animals

at Huppy. After that they hiked for three days to within about 12 miles from the lines back of Albert.

A great drive by the Germans was expected near Hamel and C and G companies of the 131st and A and F companies of the 132nd entered the lines, but the expected drive did not come. They entered the lines on the 2nd of July and on the 4th they went over the top. They went over with the Australians who were noble fellows and good fighters; after this first hop over that the Americans had made, the colonel of the 35th Battalion of Australians in making a speech to the Americans said, "You are fighting fools, but I am for you." The 131st lost a few men in this, their first fight. After that they hiked to Chapilly in the same sector where another German drive was anticipated. At this place called Chapilly Ridge on the Somme River the Americans fought with the English. Chapilly Ridge was in the hands of the Germans and was well fortified and the company was continually under shell fire and aeroplanes were flying over them all the time, dropping explosive shells all around them.

The English tried twice to take the ridge but were disastrously defeated and driven back each time. It was now time for the 131st to try which they did with their heavy packs, but unlike the English they went over and though many lives were lost the objective was gained and Chapilly Ridge was in the hands of the Americans. It was at this place and at this time that the American soldiers told the English soldiers that they would assist them in getting each a medal for making such a grand retreat, much to the chagrin of the English, who could do nothing but accept their taunting. This falling back of the British and this glorious advance of our boys was a great day, and any one of the 131st who reads this will verify Clarence's statement. Clarence was by this time beginning to be a good hand at hauling supplies to the front. It was here he lost his friend William Hintz, of Sterling, Ill., who was a wagoner. He was hit by a one-pounder from a trench mortar which also killed one of the mules he was riding and shell-shocked the other so he became useless.

On August 12th they hiked to Amiens, where they camped that night in an old stubble field, and the next day they boarded the French trains for the American sector near Verdun. They went through Paris and Laon and detrained at Thronville and moved to Germonville, four miles from Verdun, and from there into the lines of the Verdun front. The French had driven the Germans back to Dead Man's Hill but could get them back no farther. They moved into Chatincourt at the foot of Dead Man's Hill, a place that had been shelled nearly three years. On the 26th of September the 131st and

132nd went over, driving the Germans as far as Forges Woods. The 129th was in reserve of the 131st, and the 130th was in reserve of the 132nd. Forges swamp was on the other side of Dead Man's Hill, and on the night of the 26th the 131st crossed Forges Swamp, and the 108th Engineers built a pontoon bridge across the Meuse so that the 131st could cross.

The engineers were continually under shell fire but they succeeded. They pushed the enemy back as far as Consenvoye, a small village, and after they evacuated this village the 131st remained there a few days during which time Clarence was continually hauling ammunition, etc. From Consenvoye they hiked to a French village called Dunodge, where they remained two days and three nights and were then moved to the St. Mihiel Sector where they remained until the 11th of November, holding the lines. On the morning of Armistice Day they made the last hop over which proved unsuccessful for they tried hard to take the town of Doncourt by force. Had they quietly marched to the town the Germans stated that they would have given them the town, for they also knew that the armistice would be signed, but since they came in such a manner the Germans resisted, causing the loss of 64 killed and many more wounded.

When the hour struck, word came to cease firing; the Germans ceased first. The Americans did not advance into the town, for it had been mined and it was needless to shed more blood. Several heard the German buglers blow "Recall." Shortly after that they could hear a blowing up of the mines and ammunition dumps, and then a quiet, a terrible quiet, began to creep over them and the deadly stillness made everything seem weird.

After the armistice was signed a graveyard was established near Hammonville where the dead were buried. Clarence assisted in hauling the dead from the place where they had fallen to the graveyard. Their lieutenant was captured by the Germans while he was out with a patrol party. He was returned the next day. The Fourth Division relieved the 33rd and they followed up the Germans as they evacuated the sector, and the 131st went to rest up, which they needed badly, for they had been in the fighting and in the trenches 44 days.

To show that the work was steady and no rest anywhere was explained by the fact that Clarence received no bath from the 26th of September until the 19th of December. He was in a filthy condition, and the cooties had nearly eaten him up. It was an awful and a shameful condition to be in, but a wagoner had duties that kept him constantly in the harness.

They had been stationed at Thilotte and from there they hiked to Mars La Tours, where they rested all night and then went to Wormeldingen in Luxemburg. They crossed Luxemburg and crossed the Moselle River into Germany, hiking 20 miles to Serrig. Here he slept in a bed the first time for many months, and they made it seem like home, for the Germans at this place loved the Americans. Here Clarence met two machine gunners the 131st had fought on Chapilly Ridge in July; but the feeling toward each other had changed; now it was friends and enemies no more.

They remained at Serrig six days when they were transferred to the Army of Occupation under the command of the Third Army Corps. They hiked to Fels reaching that place on the 19th of December, where a bathhouse had been put up and Clarence received his first bath since the 26th of September. Here he went through' a delouser, a thing unknown to him. They remained at Fels from the 19th of December until the 9th of May, nearly five months. His duties during this time was the same as before, hauling supplies to feed the companies. Fels, a Luxemburg town, was near the lines of several countries and the inhabitants of this place, young and old, could speak French, Belgium, High German and Low German, besides their own, but could not speak English. On May 9th they boarded trains for Brest, reaching that place within a few days. They sailed on the 14th on the Kaiserin Victoria Augusta, the Kaiser's wife's ship once upon a time. The voyage was rough, but Clarence was not seasick. There were 6,000 on board and they reached Hoboken on the 23rd of May. They went to Camp Mills, and from there to Chicago, where they paraded, and in the evening left for Camp Grant, remaining there until the 5th of June when he was discharged, reaching home the same day.

Thus the life of a volunteer is told briefly. Clarence did his duty. He was exposed to shell fire more than four months; his life was not a pleasant one. During his entire stay in the army he received neither furlough nor pass. Yet no complaint comes from the brave boy's lips. Much more can be told but we leave the reader to surmise the rest. His discharge—none better—reads as follows:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Clarence S. Ryan, 1386236, wagoner, last assigned to Supply Co. 131st Inf., the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, by reason of convenience of government, per par. 106.

W. D. 1918. Said Clarence S. Ryan was born in Dorchester in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 18 years of age and by occupation a laborer. He had brown eyes, dark hair, dark complexion and was 5 feet 2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 5th day of June, 1919. Fred E. Haines, Major 131st Infantry, Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Clarence S. Ryan. Grade: Wagoner. Enlisted Ill. N. G. Aug. 27, 1917, at East Alton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Somme Offensive 8-8-18 to 8-20-18; Meuse-Argonne 9-26-18 to 10-14-18; Army of Occupation 12-15-18 to 4-28-19. Knowledge of any vocation: Laborer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: March 18, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed March 18, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Entitled to travel pay. Decorations, medals, badges, citations: None. Signature of soldier: Clarence S. Ryan. Nathan J. Harkness, Captain 131st Infantry Command Sup. Co., Camp Grant, Ill., June 4, 1919. Paid in full \$98.97, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Captain Quartermaster Corps.

EDWARD BANGERT

Edward Bangert, son of Henry and Emma Bangert, was born in Fort Russell Township, Dec. 18, 1892. He received his education at Oak Grove school, four miles south of Bethalto, completing the Seventh grade. He worked on his father's farm and neighbors' farms until the time for registration, June 5, 1917.

He was called to the colors Sept. 19, 1917, and left Edwardsville for Camp Taylor at 8 a. m. September 20th, reaching Camp Taylor at 10 o'clock at night. He was placed in Co. B of the 333rd Infantry, and remained in this company and at Camp Taylor until the 5th of April, when he was sent to Camp Logan, Texas, and there he was placed in Co. E, 132nd Infantry. George Bowman and Gus Bangert, Ed's cousin, were put in the same company and consequently shared the treatment and in many instances did the same work. They received more intensive training at Camp Logan than at Camp Taylor,

but they did not remain long at Camp Logan, for on May 5th the company left for Camp Upton, N. Y., where they were to be equipped for overseas duty.

After being equipped they went on board the Mount Vernon on the 15th of May and set sail on the 16th in a convoy of five. The Mount Vernon, a German interned liner, was manned by an American crew and rationed by the American government, and consequently the food was clean and good. There was no trouble on the way and all the ships arrived at Brest on the 24th of May. They were sent to Napoleon Barracks, where the boys put up their "pup" tents for the night, then hiked back to Brest where they were loaded on French box cars to be sent farther inland, for Brest camp was too small at this time to accommodate many at the same time. They had received their helmets and hobnails at Camp Upton, N. Y., and were ready to travel at a moment's notice.

They rode two days and three nights to Oisemont, and hiked to Allory, where they remained a week to receive training and drilling of the English variety although under American officers. Then they hiked for two days to Gerville, where they drew British rifles, bayonets and gas masks. Here they received their first gas mask drills, and this was under the instruction of British officers.

They remained there a little more than a week and were then loaded on trucks to Molines Woods. Molines Woods had never been in the hands of the Germans, but bombs were continually dropped day and night by aeroplanes. Here Ed. received his first experience at digging in and since the work was real and in earnest the work was easily learned and soon accomplished. It was not necessary for the officers to issue a hurry call for the enemy planes reminded them constantly to complete their task in as short a space of time as possible.

They remained at Molines Woods until the middle of August, and while here George Bowman caught up with his company, and Ed.'s and George's history will for a while be identical for George had been with them more than a month before they left Molines Woods. Molines Woods was about six miles from the front lines and the 132nd was in reserve. They were near enough to hear the cannon roar. They were attached to the British forces and while in reserve they went through a period of intensive drilling.

On July 4th Companies A and G went over the top and Company E was held in reserve. They penetrated Hamel Woods, and the British, Australians and American troops mingled in the fight. They were between Albert and Amiens, crossing the wide road that lay between these cities.

After A and G companies had gained their objective by going over the top on July 4th, they came in possession of Hamel Woods and Vaire Woods. It seems these regiments were principally used as shock troops, (to take that which others were unable to do). This attack by these nationalities combined under the protection of a creeping artillery barrage will be described elsewhere in this history, for Ed. was not connected with this, only that his company was in reserve at this place.

They remained in Hamel three days, then went back to Molines Woods, about eight miles away. The division as a whole was not holding the line but they were connected with the British and rationed by the British Government. The fighting during July was fierce; Albert was taken and retaken three times and the city was practically destroyed by the British.

On August 6th the Americans relieved the British and they took care of the line at Albert, expecting at any time to witness another drive, but it never came. After the British left the place they held the lines until August 11th, supporting the Australians. It can be stated here as witnessed by others that the Australians were noble fellows, sincere and excellent fighters and therefore a word of praise should be given when it is deserved. The 132nd held the line around Longeau until the 24th of August, when they were taken back to a railroad station in trucks and were sent to the American sector west of Verdun. They had guarded No Man's Land and were now at a place many miles east, where the enemy was still well intrenched. They reached Culey on the 26th of August and became part of the American Army who would from now on fight as a unit.

While they traveled eastward from Longeau to the Verdun front they saw much devastated territory; for the Germans had by this time evacuated a large part of this territory. They were attached to the French Second Army and were given the front line trenches of the famous battlefields of Dead Man's Hill, a place that had seen much fighting; a place where the French had sacrificed 500,000 of their noble sons to save France, and the Germans an equal number in trying to gain an objective in which they were disastrously unsuccessful.

They remained there until the morning of the 26th of September, when orders came to make the first advance as an American unit. The river Forges was to be crossed and beyond this was Bois De Forges or Forges Woods. The river Forges was something like a swamp through which the boys had to go; it was about waist deep excepting when here or there a shell hole had been made and the water much deeper. The second battalion went through and the third was in support. The

French thought it could not be accomplished for the river Forges, the barbed wire entanglements and other obstructions had been improved upon to a great extent for the last three years, and the machine gun nests on the edge of Forges Woods made the hopover quite impossible. At 5:15 in the morning the order was given to go through the swamp, two companies in line and two in support. The 130th was in support of the 132nd and the 129th was in support of the 131st. Displaying courage that could hardly be equaled in the annals of warfare, they went through carrying boards so that a bridge could be constructed. They waded knee deep through the mud and were continually under shell fire, but the fire of the enemy was too high and the advance to and across the river was made without any casualties.

They reached the edge of the Woods at 6:30 a. m. and the advance continued. The surprise was complete. The operation was successful; the enemy lost heavily and 800 prisoners were taken besides four 6-inch howitzers, 10 field pieces, 10 trench mortars, 190 machine guns, large quantities of ammunition and much material. One officer and 15 men were killed and 72 men were wounded. Dressing stations were established and the wounded were taken care of. The hill, which was part of 304 or Dead Man's Hill, was made, and through the woods they went until they reached the Meuse River. They had advanced about four miles on schedule time. They held the left bank of the Meuse and remained there until the 4th of October. They were then taken back to support the lines until the 8th, hiding in dugouts.

On October the 7th they built a bridge across the Meuse in the night. The river there was 120 feet wide and 16 feet deep, which they crossed on the 8th. This was the second hop over and the casualties were light in comparison to what had been gained. They took the town of Consenvoye by surprise and took a number of prisoners who were sent to the rear. They went through Chaume Woods and Consenvoye Woods and kept on advancing until the evening of the 8th. They started to dig themselves in, but after 6 o'clock on they went. This was too much, for they had had no breakfast, no dinner, no supper and now another advance drive that night, but the edge of the Argonne Forest had been reached and the enemy was being driven into the Woods. Three advances had been made in two days, and the fourth drive which commenced on the morning of that memorable 9th brought the fighting in the open where there were no trenches and everything was man to man encounters that no human mind can comprehend.

At the Chaume Woods near Consenvoye, on October 9th, 1918, the final point was reached, but the enemy made three fierce counter attacks. These, as may be expected, were of a nature that caused the 132nd to lose heavily. The men started for shelter when these attacks came from three sides. The fighting was close, men were falling everywhere, the 132nd was losing most of their men, but they remained all day, receiving three counter attacks that day.

We leave the boys in this story, fighting and holding on to the last; we continue this story in some other description for Ed. leaves the boys and cannot witness any more of this carnage; for in the first counter attack, when the boys lay down flat on the ground, Ed. was wounded. Explosive bullets had been fired all around him and exploded everywhere. Ed. was shot in the upper arm, a bullet grazed his shoulder, his fingers were almost shot off his right hand and splinters flew into his mouth knocking out a tooth and breaking others, cutting open his gum and getting several splinters of shell in his tongue.

Seeing the boys falling all around him, and knowing that he could fight no more for the present, Ed., although dazed, went to the rear, for it was either that or be taken prisoner. All but two in Ed's squad were either killed or wounded. Ed. left by crawling back of the lines to Battalion Headquarters where the adjutant treated his wounds. As soon as his wounds were treated he walked and crawled to Consenvoye, three miles away, where there was another station to dress wounds, although Consenvoye was still under fire. At Consenvoye the doctors looked over his wounds, took his name and his company, and described his wounds, but gave him no further treatment. Pity for the poor soldier who was wounded and unable to walk or crawl, for the ambulances could get no nearer, and many a poor boy lost his life for the want of care, and it was several days before some could be picked up and then probably too late.

There was no chance whatever for ambulances to come nearer for there was no such a thing as a road, wires stretched everywhere, shell holes and every obstruction such as fallen trees, etc., that would check the ambulances from coming nearer. From Consenvoye Ed. walked three miles to where the ambulances were and he was taken to a tent hospital; they looked over his wounds and then put him in another ambulance and he was taken to Sailly, another hospital far back of the lines. Here his wounds were properly treated and his teeth fixed for they had up to this time not been touched. He remained in Sailly one night and was then taken to Allery Base Hospital 56.

At Allery his wounds were treated again. After complaining about the condition of his tongue the doctor told him it was getting too dark to do anything for him, so the nurse told him if there was anything in his tongue she would pull it out if he would let her. He told her to go to it, and although the splinters from an explosive bullet had been in his tongue five days and his tongue swollen, she succeeded in pulling one piece out and there is at this writing another piece in his tongue which the nurse failed to detect.

He remained at this hospital until the 20th of December, when he was sent to Merc Luxemburg. From there they hiked to Embringen about twelve miles away. Here he met George Bowman whom he had not seen since the 9th of October, and of whom he had heard nothing since he left him. We can imagine the meeting was a happy one. Ed. and George were now together and their story runs pretty much the same. They remained in Luxemburg until the 25th of April, 1919. They were received by General Pershing and Secretary Baker on the 22nd of April.

On the 25th they left Luxemburg, reaching Brest on the 29th. They boarded the ship Mount Vernon, the same ship Ed. had crossed on before. They set sail on the 8th of May; the voyage was fine, only two stormy days and no seasickness for Ed. He had good company on the way back, for his pal, George Bowman, his cousin Gus Bangert, and his friends, George Smith and Gus Memkin, were with him and the trip was a pleasant one.

They landed at Hoboken on the 16th day of May and unloaded on the 17th; went at once to Camp Mills and from there to Chicago where they paraded on the 27th, for the 132nd were mostly Illinois men. That night they went to Camp Grant, from where Ed. was discharged on the 31st day of May, reaching home on the first of June, Sunday morning.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Edward Bangert, 1975963, Pvt. Co. E, 132nd Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, by reason of per Cir. No. 106, convenience of Govt., W. D. 1918. Said Edward Bangert was born in Fort Russell Township, in the State of Illinois; when enlisted he was 24 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, dark hair, dark complexion, and was 5 feet 10 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 31st day of May, 1919. Paul C. Gale, Major Inf., U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Edward Bangert. Grade: Private. Inducted Sept. 19, 1917, at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Argonne-Meuse Offensive, 9-26-18; Bois de Chaume offensive, 10-10-18; Hamel attack, July 4, 1918; Army of Occupation, Dec. 12, 1918 to April 25, 1919. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: G. S. W. Verdun, 10-9-18. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed 10-12-17. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed 10-12-17. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Signature of soldier: Edward Bangert. Charles E. Davaum, 1st Lieut. 161st D. B., Commanding. Camp Grant, Ill., May 30, 1919. Paid in full, \$101.15, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Captain Quartermaster Corps.

GEORGE BOWMAN

George Henry Bowman, son of Ben and Emma Bowman, was born on the farm in Fort Russell Township one mile east of Bethalto, Sept. 25, 1894. He attended the Bethalto schools, completing the Eighth grade. When George was 15 years old the parents left the farm east of Bethalto and moved to a farm a mile southwest of Bethalto, thus putting him in the Walnut Grove District, where he attended school one year in order to take review work in the Eighth grade. He worked on his father's farm continually, registering for the army in June, 1917, and was called to the colors September 19th of the same year, being one among the first to leave from this section. He left Alton for Camp Taylor, September 19, 1917, and there he was placed in Co. D, 333rd Infantry. At this time the 333rd was being formed and Camp Taylor was near its finishing of the main barracks. He left Alton in company with George Smith and Henry Parker, of East Alton. George remained in Co. D, 333rd, until April 5th, 1918, when he was placed in Co. E, 132nd Infantry of the 33rd Division. The object of the change was to put the 132nd to war strength for overseas duty. He left April 5th for Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, to fill up the 33rd Division that was short of men. The 33rd Division had its headquarters at Houston, Texas.

They remained at Camp Logan for their usual drills. The 122nd, 123rd and 124th Artillery was connected with the Division and were being trained there at the same time. The Division started to move on the 5th of May, but George remained behind on account of being quarantined, for there was measles in camp, although George did not have it. The Division sailed on the 16th of May, but George did not follow until the 26th of May when he was sent to Camp Merritt.

He sailed on the America, that had formerly been the interned German liner Amerika. She was a large ship and carried 9,000 troops, one colored regiment and replacements. There were four transports in the convoy, and they were escorted for three days while going and three days before entering the port at Brest, leaving the convoy unguarded for seven days. They were on the water 13 days, had no mishaps, no trouble, saw no submarines and had fine weather all the way. The camp at Brest was just begun, and they remained there only one night when they boarded French box cars to St. Aignan. George was still following his regiment. Remaining at St. Aignan one day, he again boarded the cars riding a day and a night, getting pretty far inland. He reached Eu, a rest camp. He remained at Eu but a day and again got on a train to Canaples, from where he hiked 18 miles to where his division was stationed, reaching the division the last of June, 1918.

They were by this time stationed in Molines Woods, about six miles from the front lines, and were now in reserve. Here they could hear the cannon roar. They were bombed by aeroplanes nearly every night. Thus it happened that George caught up with the boys, having started to cross the United States from Texas on the same day his regiment started across France from Brest, May 26. The trip across France by his regiment cannot be taken up in this story.

When George reached his regiment the latter part of June they were attached to the British forces, and they went through a period of intensive training. On July 4th Companies A and G went over the top and Company E was held in reserve. They penetrated Hamel Woods and the British, Australians and American troops mingled in the fight. They were between Albert and Amiens, crossing the wide road that lay between these cities. After A and G companies had gained their objective by going over on July 4th they came in possession of Hamel Woods and Vaire Woods. This attack by the three nationalities combined under the protection of a creeping artil-

lery barrage will be described elsewhere in this history, for George was not connected with this only that his company was in reserve at this place.

They remained in Hamel three days, then went back to Molines Woods, about 8 miles away. The Division as a whole was not holding the line, but they were connected with the British and rationed by the British Government. The fighting during July was fierce; Albert was taken and retaken three times and the city was practically destroyed by the British. On August 6th the Americans relieved the British and they took care of the line at Albert, expecting at any time to witness another drive that never came. After the British left the place they held the lines until August 11th, supporting the Australians. It can be stated here as witnessed by others that the Australians were noble fellows, sincere and excellent fighters and therefore a word of praise should be given when it is deserved. The 132nd held the line around Longeau until the 24th of August, when they were taken back to a railroad station in trucks and were sent to the American Sector west of Verdun. They had guarded No Man's Land and were now at a place many miles east, where the enemy was still well entrenched.

They reached Culey on the 26th of August and became part of the American Army who would from now on fight as a unit. While they traveled east from Longeau to the Verdun front they saw much devastated territory, for the Germans had by this time evacuated a large part of this country. They were attached to the French Second Army and were given the front line trenches of the famous battlefields of Dead Man's Hill; a place that had seen much fighting, a place where the French had sacrificed 500,000 of their noble sons to save France and the Germans an equal number in trying to gain an objective in which they were disastrously unsuccessful.

They remained there until the morning of the 26th of September, when orders came to make the first advance as an American unit. The river Forges was to be crossed and beyond this was Bois De Forges or Forges Woods. The river Forges was something like a swamp through which the boys had to go; it was about waist deep excepting where here or there a shell hole had been made and was full of water.

The second battalion went through and the third was in support. The French thought it could not be accomplished, for the river Forges, the barbed wire entanglements and other obstructions had been improved on both sides for the past three years and the machine gun nests on the edge of Forges Woods made the hop over quite im-

possible. At 5:15 in the morning the order was given to go through the swamp; two companies in line and two in support. Displaying courage that could hardly be equalled in the annals of warfare they went through carrying boards so that a bridge could be constructed. They waded knee deep through the mud, and were continually under shell fire, but the fire of the enemy was too high and the advance to and across the river was made without any casualties. They reached the edge of the Wood at 6:30 a. m. and the advance continued. The surprise was complete. The operation was successful, the enemy lost heavily and 800 prisoners were taken besides four 6-inch Howitzers, 10 field pieces, 10 trench mortars, 109 machine guns, large quantities of ammunition and much material. One officer and 15 men were killed and 75 men were wounded. Dressing stations were established and the wounded were taken care of.

The hill was made, this being part of Dead Man's Hill 304; and through the woods they went until they reached the Meuse River. They had advanced about four miles on schedule time. They held the left bank of the Meuse River and remained there until the 4th of October. They were then taken back to support the lines until the 8th, hiding in dug-outs.

On October the 7th they built a bridge across the Meuse in the night. The river there was 120 feet wide and 16 feet deep, which they crossed on the 8th. This was the second hop over and the casualties were light in comparison to what had been gained. They took the town of Consenvoye by surprise and took a number of prisoners who were sent to the rear. They went through Bois de Chaume and Consenvoye Woods and kept on advancing until the evening of the 8th. They started to dig themselves in but after 6 o'clock on they went. This was awful for they had had no breakfast, no dinner, no supper and now another advance drive that night; but the edge of the Argonne Forest had been reached and the enemy was being driven far into the Argonne Forest. Three advances had been made in two days and the fourth drive which commenced on the morning of that memorable 9th brought the fighting in the open where there were no trenches and everything was man to man encounters that no human mind can comprehend.

At Bois De Chaume, near Consenvoye, on October 9th, 1918, the final point was reached, but the enemy made three counter attacks. These as may be expected were of the fiercest kind and the 132nd lost heavily. George and one other were all that was left in his squad. The other squads fared the same. Every officer was either killed or wounded. The story cannot be completely told here. Ed.

Bangert who was in George's squad was wounded in one of these counter attacks and went back to keep from being taken prisoner. Many officers and men were cited for bravery. The coolness of some of our men is explained in the following story: While the company advanced through the woods Ed. Bangert and another soldier had rooted out a machine gun nest and had found a box of cigars and some cigarettes. Ed. got the cigars and distributed as many as he could among the boys. The other soldier got the cigarettes. Later on when the Germans made a fierce counter attack Ed. called to George that they had got him. George looked up and saw that Ed. had been shot in the side, his fingers were hanging limp and bleeding on his right hand and blood was oozing out of his mouth. Ed. said to George: Here is a handful of cigars; take them and smoke them for my sake, for I am going to quit smoking awhile; and pitching the cigars to George took to his heels and in spite of his wounds and bullets flying around made his getaway.

It was here and on this date, and in one of these attacks, that Charles E. Maguire of Alton, Co. I, was killed. He was buried at Binarville, Meuse. The boys of the 132nd who were still unhurt would have fought on, but their ammunition had run out and they picked from their dead and wounded comrades all the shells that could be found and when all this was gone it was time to retreat; and although many Germans were killed or taken prisoner the 132nd lost more than 70 per cent of their number. The scene was awful and cannot be described; there was no time for pity although the heart-rending cries that came from the enemy as they were being mowed down by our boys with their automatic rifles was indeed pitiful to behold. George went through all this unhurt. His captain was wounded in Forges Woods and his lieutenant was wounded while trying to ward off the second counter attack.

When the stretcher bearers rushed to his side ready to take him to the rear he ordered them away saying, "I can take care of myself; look after these other soldiers who are in worse shape than I am." This brave lieutenant was taken prisoner in his disabled condition and was transferred later from the German hospital to an American hospital, where he died from wounds received in battle.

They were relieved by the 131st, for they did not have enough men left to make another advance and there was no one left to give orders. The 132nd had been filled to the proper strength twice since the first of October and the 9th of October reduced them to such an

extent that they were sent to the St. Mihiel front, 30 miles southwest of Metz. This was a period of 45 days that will remain a separate part in George's life history.

While going to the Troyan sector on the St. Mihiel front George met Charles Neunaber, who gave him paper to write home for he had nothing left to write on. This welcome missive was received by the parents after the armistice was signed. They reached the Troyan sector on the 24th of October and held the lines until the armistice was signed and remained there until the 7th of December when they started to hike into Germany. They got a short way into Germany when they were sent back into Luxemburg. They remained in Luxemburg until the 25th of April, 1919. They were reviewed by General Pershing and Secretary Baker on the 22nd of April.

On the 25th of January George received a furlough and he went to Aix Les Bains, one of the leave areas in southern France near the Switzerland border, and remained there until the 15th of February. They started through France for home on the 25th of April, reaching Brest on the 29th. He boarded the ship Mount Vernon on the 7th of May and started to sail the next day. The Mount Vernon had formerly been the Crown Princess Cecelia. The voyage was fine, they had only two stormy days and no seasickness developed. Ed. Bangert, Gus Bangert, Gus Memken and George Smith were on the boat with George Bowman, making the voyage a pleasant one. They landed at Hoboken on the 16th of May and unloaded on the 17th, went at once to Camp Mills and from there to Chicago where they paraded on the 27th, for the 130th and the 132nd were mostly Illinois men. That night they went to Camp Grant from where he was discharged on the 31st of May reaching home June 1st, Sunday morning.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that George H. Bowman, No. 1976152, Corporal Co. E, 132nd Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of the government. Per circular 106 War Dept. Said George H. Bowman was born in Bethalto in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 22 11-12 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had brown eyes, dark brown hair, fair complexion and was 5 feet 9 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Illinois, this 31st day of May, 1919. Paul C. Gale, Major Inf., U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: George H. Bowman. Grade: Corporal. Inducted 9-19-1917 at Alton, Illinois, serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Corporal Nov. 22, 1918. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Meuse-Argonne Offensive, Sept. 26, 1918. Amiens, Hamel, July 4, 1918, St. Mihiel Nov. 7-11-1918. Knowledge of any vocation: Machinist. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed 10-12-17. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Signature of soldier: George H. Bowman. Chas E. Davanum, 1st Lieut. Inf. 161st D. B. Camp Grant, Ill., May 31st, 1919. Paid in full \$107.03, including bonus of \$60.00 Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Captain Quartermaster Corps.

GEORGE F. SMITH, JR.

George Franklin Smith, son of George and Tena Smith, was born in East Alton, Ill., March 13th, 1894. He attended the East Alton school, completing the Eighth grade, and then went to Alton High school completing the course there. After his school years George helped his father on the farm. The parents moved to their newly-purchased home on the Bethalto road about four miles southwest of Bethalto. He continued to work on his parents' farm until June, 1917, when he registered for the service. The following August he tried to enlist in the Navy but was rejected on account of physical disability. He preferred the navy and seeing that they rejected him there, he resolved to wait until he was called. This call came shortly afterward, for he left with the Alton contingent on the 19th of September, 1917, and headed straight for Camp Taylor. He went with Henry Parker of East Alton and George Bowman of Bethalto.

At Camp Taylor George was placed in Co. D, 333rd Infantry. At this time the 333rd of the 84th Division was being formed at Camp Taylor and the main barracks were just being finished when the boys arrived. George remained in Co. D, 333rd, until the 5th of April when he was placed in Co. I, 132nd Infantry, 33rd Division. The object of the change was to put the 33rd Division to war strength for overseas duty. The 33rd Division was located at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas. Here George was sent on the 5th of April, 1918. Here they had their usual line of drilling; but they had not long to

remain at Camp Logan, for a month from the time George left Camp Taylor he was leaving Camp Logan; thus his moving began in earnest and it will be learned later in this story that this was by no means his last move. He left with the Division on the 5th of May for Camp Upton, N. Y. He was on the train five days and at Camp Upton four days; during this time he was equipped with overseas clothing.

He sailed on the 16th of May on the Mount Vernon, which had formerly been the Crown Princess Cecelia; she had 6,000 soldiers on board and she and her sister ship Agamemnon made up the convoy. The two ships had a pleasant voyage, no mishaps, and they anchored safely at Brest on the 24th of May and stepped on French soil on the 26th the same day George Bowman stepped on the train at Houston, Texas. George Bowman had been detained awhile on account of measles in the camp. They went at once to Pontenesen Barracks, a little beyond the Old Napoleon Barracks. This camp, which was later known as the famous mud camp, was now the famous dust camp. George never saw dust so deep. They pitched their little "pup" tents in a pasture amongst dust, dirt and drouth. They left camp on Decoration Day for somewhere in France in the famous box cars with which every American soldier who has seen France is painfully familiar.

The rations, although American, while on the boat were poor; it was fairly clean, but it had no taste; they were not fixed to feed so many men. The bread got mouldy and overboard it went, and from then on it was hard tack, boiled potatoes and stew. In the box cars it was the same, minus the potatoes and stew; but they were traveling and new scenery brought new thoughts; besides they rode only three days and two nights with but 32 men in a car of a possible capacity of 40.

They unloaded at Oisemont and hiked from there to Matigny, near Gamaches, where their headquarters was stationed, and billeted in barns, sheds, etc. On June 3rd they started training under the English, who showed them their methods of bayonet fighting and gas drills. On the night of the 4th of June they received the first thrill in air bombing. They practiced until the 10th of June when again they were on the move from Matigny for a 12-mile hike with extra light breakfast and they resumed their forward movement of another eight miles until they reached Bazinval. Here George experienced the first real pangs of hunger; they received one thin slice of bacon and one thin piece of hard tack, but there was one consolation, namely, they noticed that the English soldiers were hungry too, and they also saw that the officers had good eats and plenty of it.

They had extremely cool nights, copious rains and well ventilated sheds during their stay at Bazinval, which lasted until June 24th, when they left again, this time in trucks for Molines Woods. Here they were taught how to act during a barrage, shell fire and like bombing. On the 28th of June while in the third line they saw the first artillery fire.

On the 4th of July, Cos. A, G, M and L went over the top and lost several lives, among whom was Harry Inglehart, of Alton. Cos. E and I were in reserve. They were near the city of Albert and about 8 miles from the fighting. They were at Molines Woods from the 24th of June until the 6th of August. They moved to Round Woods about two miles away, remained one day and then went to Dournacourt, where they held the first line trenches, but everything was quiet and the Germans made no attack. They remained there till the 12th of August and then went to Quierien, remained there two days and again sailed in trucks to Harbonniers, reaching that place on the 15th, and on the 19th of August they were sent to the lines to assist the Australians who were expecting a drive, but it did not come and on the 20th they went to Longeau on trucks.

At Longeau and Amiens everything was deserted, not a civilian could be seen, the two cities, in fact all the surrounding towns were deserted. Houses that once had been inhabited by well-to-do families were now deserted. They stood some roofless, some without windows—every one damaged to some extent. Here in these cities and deserted towns, here in this God-forsaken country, here in these dilapidated dwellings, the boys put up for about a week. The cities were theirs, no one to molest, no one to question their rights. Here George was monarch; here he held communion with forms that had the deathly stillness of tombstones excepting when some aerial visitors swooped down to wake the dead. Here he remained a week and during this time the soldiers disposed of everything that was English and took on everything that was American, and again started on the move, like the Wandering Jew, no rest but on the move always; for after they were reequipped they boarded the 16 foot cars, 31 in each car, and rode and rode until they reached Francois Tronville, and hiked back to the old town of Resson. Here they took up the American style of training with the use of the sure shot French automatic rifle—the Enfield rifle had been discarded. September 6th again saw them on the move; they left Resson for the American lines near Verdun, and went to Bar le Duc about five miles from the Verdun front. They went to a French camp in the woods, reaching the place on the morning of the 7th of September, and again in the eve-

ning of the 8th left the place. It was move, always move; it seemed to George they either did not know what to do with them or that they used his bunch to place them where an attack by the Germans was anticipated. Anyway they moved from place to place. They were under shell fire nearly all the time, but they had got used to that.

On the evening of the 8th they went into the lines at Chatincourt which was at the foot of Dead Man's Hill. Chatincourt was the terminal point for the Germans, it was the turning point also. They had got as far as Chatincourt, they had captured Chatincourt, but held it only 30 minutes, and were driven out by the French. The Americans were now going to hold the place. Another drive by the Germans was expected but it did not come. The boys went into dugouts and caves, they were being bombarded continually and they simply had to remain in their places of safety and misery. Years ago the French had made this place secure, they were 40 feet under the ground to keep the large shells from going through. Can we imagine the uncomfortable positions the boys were in, with rain pouring down all the time, water dripping continually through the walls? Can we imagine the damp and lonely positions mingled with darkness, cooties and rats to break the monotony when the shells ceased to fall for a spell? This, however, was not to last always. They were at Chatincourt 18 days when the great drive commenced on the 26th of September, the biggest drive in the world's history, the drive that every soldier knows; the drive that ended the war. The drive that was so well planned that the Germans expected nothing of the kind. This drive ended so gloriously for us, although it caused the hearts of thousands of parents in America to be sad. This drive spread both joy and gloom over the friends and relatives at home.

George again was in support; he was in the third wave, probably about 200 yards behind George Bowman. They also went into Forges Swamp and through it although at some places waist deep. The first and second waves had come together, putting the third wave right at their heels. The swamp was dark even at 5:15 in the morning, for the fog was so thick that it was almost like night; the Germans never noticed them until they were on top of them. They should have made the drive on the eve of the 26th, several days before this, but their right and left could not gain their objective so they had to wait to keep from forming a wedge and thus become surrounded. Things looked serious when the drive did start. They followed up but the boys ahead of them had gone so fast that they had left some machine gun nests still in action and one of their men got shot in the

ankle, one in the foot, and one machine gun bullet penetrated the pack of another before the gunner could be put out of action.

On the night of October 6th, George with his company was again on the move. They went into the Argonne Forest to support the 4th Division, thus leaving his friends to their fate. In the Argonne they went over Mt. Faucon and many high hills, they held the front lines from the night of the 6th to the 13th of October. They had gone in with 180 men, they came out with 56 men and those who did come out were sick. Now they had plenty to eat, but they were too sick and worn out to eat. The 56 men had rations for 180 men, but what good could salmon and more salmon do when they had it for breakfast, dinner and supper, and their bodies not in a condition to relish it. There was a scarcity of tomatoes and they were crazy for vegetables. They had come out on the 13th of October and had gone into the trenches at Bethincourt when orders came for the company to take the first line trenches. The boys with three-fourths of their help gone were not able to go, but they packed up just the same, and when they were ready to enter the front lines the order was rescinded and the boys remained in the caves. George and his pal remained in this hiding place until the 19th of October, when they moved from Bethincourt and hiked 8 miles through the rain. They reached an old church where they put up for the night. They got about four hours' sleep in spite of the rain coming through the roof and the wet concrete floor to sleep on. The weather was cold but they were on the move again and soon were at the French barracks in the woods where they had been before. They had wandered a great deal since they had left this same place on the 8th of September when they stayed there two days, but this time they left again at 2 o'clock in the morning. They had barely got settled down when the order came, "You got to get up." They took another 16 mile hike to Genecourt, reaching this place on the 20th of October and remained until the night of the 21st. At Genecourt they received orders to move; they had got to a cross road. One road led to and the other away from the trenches. They hoped they would take the road that would lead them to a quiet place for a while but they were soon undeceived when they marched along the road that led to more trenches. They hiked to an entirely different place this time. They hiked until they were more than 40 miles from where they had been before. They went to Hannonville in a valley, where they did outpost duty until the 29th of October.

From Hannonville they went to Villiers, where George was one of six to get a furlough. Only ten per cent of the company were allowed

a furlough, and as there were 56 left only six got a furlough and George took advantage of it. He went to Nancy where he went through a delouser, received a fine bath and got a general cleanup. He got all he could eat—cakes, candy and the like. He remained at Nancy a day and a night; from there he went to Chambry in the Alps on the Swiss border. The air was exhilarating and George got to feeling himself again. He stayed in a good hotel, had good food and other enjoyments, and the scenery was beautiful. All this at the expense of the government made him feel it was not so bad after all, for hard times, misery and danger are soon forgotten by the youth of America. He remained at Chambry from the first until the ninth of November. They celebrated the false peace report on the 7th of November in grand style, and they had a real time for a while anyway, the same as was experienced in this country.

After the 9th of November he started back to the lines and reached the place just in time to hear the last cannon fired and calm prevailed; excepting where here and there in the distance could be heard the blowing up of ammunition dumps or mines. Major Bolington, of Ramsey, Illinois, received praise among the boys that he never heard of. He was a man beloved by all who were connected with him. He had on the morning of the 11th of November received orders to make another advance. He had done a great deal in the past; three-fourths of his effectives had paid the price and with so few left another advance when it would probably mean the annihilation of his entire bunch and at a time when only hours or minutes stood before him. Thus in order to save the lives of those he loved he spent his time in making preparations for another drive. Thus the hour struck, quiet prevailed, his men were saved and he retained the love of his fellow soldiers and the good citizens of this country. If the good citizens of Ramsey, Illinois, should feel proud of anything they should feel proud of this Major Bolington, who was unwilling to see his boys slaughtered when it was unnecessary.

The next day great times were had, for the moment the last gun had sounded Germans and Americans mingled together. Hatred between them was no more. On the 13th many prisoners returned; some had been prisoner nearly four years and had been held near the lines to work and they could soon come across the lines. One Italian returning who had been prisoner four years, accidentally touched off a grenade and had his arms shot off from the effects of which he died. He had seen much fighting, had seen hardships during the time he was prisoner and after he became free had to lose his life. From this time on many prisoners returned daily. On the 16th of

November the Division got the glorious news that they had been selected to parade in the United States on Christmas day; and when they met the 5th going to the Army of Occupation they told them the cheerful news, expecting to create a jealousy, but they said nothing; and to their horror they—the 33rd Division—was soon on their way into Germany and they found out the Christmas parade was nothing but a hoax.

From the 19th of November until the 7th of December they cleaned up towns and fields; they picked up shells and grenades. In this section only two good houses were left standing; these had been built of better material and the cannon balls had only pierced them but the walls and the roofs had stood the test. Besides these two houses not a house could be seen that was not completely demolished and that could in reality be called a residence.

During this time they also drilled some to put in the time until the 7th of December when they hiked about 20 miles for Luxemburg. They struck the town of Couflans where they rested until the 9th when they hiked through the mining district of Briey, where many miles of overhead cable was in operation carrying ore. This is the famous district that different nations covet. On the night of the 11th of December they stopped at Esch, a beautiful town, where they billeted in a school house over night. On the 12th they hiked five kilos to Hesperangen, where the boys had pay day. On the 14th they hiked 15 kilos to Renich on the Moselle River, which they crossed the next day at Nening-Wieter and remained in the neighborhood until the 17th, when they went back to Renich on the Moselle, where George had all the wine he could drink. They remained at Renich until the 20th when they hiked to Burglinster in Luxemburg. Here they billeted in houses and barns, some were and others were not comfortable, for the weather was getting very cold.

They remained until the 9th of January, 1919, when again they made another short hike to Godbringen. This was to be their last hike. At Godbringen they drilled and exercised until the 25th of April, their last day's stay in the Army of Occupation. While here George received another furlough. There was not much going on in this town so after going through a delouser, and passing inspection George started to Paris on the 21st of March. He went from Luxemburg to Brussels, from Brussels to Lille, from there to Paris and Versailles, passing through the place near Albert where he had received his first baptism of fire.

In Paris he saw the palace of Louis XIV, he saw the hall of mirrors, the table where the Germans signed up, he saw the house

where Wilson stayed and he could have seen many more things but his time was limited and he had to go back; besides in Lille and Paris George paid for everything. Not so in Brussels, there everything was free. He received good treatment from the Y. M. C. A.'s while in Paris. He returned to his company, went through Metz and reached Godbringen on the 28th of March. On the 22nd of April they had inspection at Ettlebruck by General Pershing. General Pershing and Secretary Baker made speeches.

They started for home through St. Mihiel on the 25th of April. At New Chateau the Red Cross treated them to coffee, bread and jam. They distributed 180 boxes of cookies, of which George received an ample supply and to which he did justice. They reached Brest on the 29th and boarded the ship Mount Vernon on the 7th of May. The Mount Vernon had formerly been the Crown Princess Cecelia and was a fine vessel which made the voyage a pleasant one; they had but two stormy days but no seasickness resulted. He was in company with George Bowman, Gus Memken, Gus Bangert and Ed. Bangert, all from this vicinity. They landed at Hoboken on the 16th of May and debarked on the 17th. They went at once to Camp Mills and from there to Chicago where they paraded, for the 130th and the 132nd were mostly Illinois boys.

That night they went to Camp Grant, from where George was discharged on the 31st of May, reaching home on Sunday morning, June 1, 1919. George did not state how many miles he traveled or hiked; we have learned, however, that he wandered a great deal. He wandered amidst civilization, he wandered in No Man's Land, and in other strange lands. When on the first of June his wandering had ceased and he found his parents, his brother and sisters happy, joy reigned supreme.

Following is his discharge from the United States Army and his enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify, that George F. Smith, 1976140, 1st class Private, Co. I, 132nd Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharge from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of government. Cir. 106, W. D., April 19, 1918. Said George F. Smith was born in East Alton in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 23 6-12 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, brown hair, ruddy complexion, and was 5 feet 6 1-4 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Illinois, this 31st day of May, 1919. Harry A. Yaale, Major Inf. U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: George F. Smith. Grade: 1st class Private. Inducted: September 19, 1917, at Alton, Illinois, serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Corporal March 5, 1918, January 1, 1919. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Verdun Sept. 8-25, 1918; Meuse-Argonne Sept. 26 to Nov. 11-12, 1918. Army of Occupation, Dec. 12, 1918-April. Wounds received in battle: None: Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed Oct. 12, 1917; Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed Oct. 12, 1917. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Signature of soldier: George F. Smith. John I. Fitz Sommers, 1st Lieut. 16th D. B. Camp Grant, Ill., May 31, 1919. Paid in full, \$103.69 including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Captain Quartermaster Corps.

EMIL H. PAUL

Emil H. Paul, son of William H. and Carrie Paul, was born in Fort Russell Township, five miles east of Bethalto, January 13, 1895. He attended the Omphghent school until he completed the Eighth grade. His parents lived on a farm and Emil assisted with the farm work until he was called to the colors. He registered in June, 1917, and was one of the first to leave for the army. He was called on the 19th of September, 1917, and left Edwardsville September 20, going to Camp Taylor, Ky., in company with Fred Sanders, his friend, who was also going to join Uncle Sam's Army. Many others left Edwardsville, Alton, and Staunton on the same day, but only Fred's name is mentioned in this connection, for the two, Fred and Emil, were destined to become fast friends, for they were together until their final parting many thousand miles away. Their history reads much the same for they left together, remained together, went through the same maneuvers together, slept together, and stood the hardships together.

Emil was placed in Co. B, 333rd Infantry. He received the training that at once fitted him for service beyond the seas; and continued with this until the 5th of April, 1918, when he left Camp Taylor for Camp Logan, where the 33rd Division was receiving men to fill up the division and put it on a war basis. At Camp Logan near Houston, Texas, Emil was put in Co. M, 132nd Infantry. Again he received more intensive training, for the 33rd Division was almost

ready to go overseas. Emil was well qualified for the service, one reason why he was sent to the 33rd Division, for it was soon to take an active part in the affairs that were to settle forever that this country should uphold its honor, integrity and liberty.

After various kinds of training at Camp Logan the Division started to move a month after he left Camp Taylor; this was on the 5th of May; when they crossed the great continent on their way to Camp Upton, N. Y., where they remained a few days—long enough to be equipped for overseas duty. They reached Camp Upton on the 16th of May, and left on the Mount Vernon on the 24th. The Mount Vernon was well fixed for the service, and as she was under American command, and the soldiers receiving good clean American rations, very few got seasick, and the trip across was an uneventful one and they landed safely at Brest.

On account of the smallness of the Camp at Brest they remained there but three days when they started on the famous French box car ride that need not be commented on here as some other soldier has fully described a trip in one of these cars. They rode two days and two nights, reaching Oisemont, from which place they hiked some 25 kilos to a place called Matigny, where they remained a month receiving instructions in gas drills and trench warfare. During the time they were stationed at Matigny they were with the British, and while with them the food conditions changed from bad to worse and at times it was almost unbearable.

After a month's training they left Matigny and went to Molines Wood about six miles behind the lines. The 132nd was held in reserve here and while here Emil was learning fast. It was a place of real warfare, under shell fire all the time. After holding the lines four days they went back for a two days' rest, when they were once more sent to the trenches for four days, holding the lines at Hamel Woods on the Albert front. On the evening of the third of July, Emil with his company went over the top. They gained Chapilly Ridge and held it two days until they were relieved. This was near Hamel Wood and the Germans did not show as great a resistance as was expected. After this they left the English command and were put under American command.

They left in box cars for Bar le Duc and remained there two weeks. They were with the French five days and then left for the trenches at the foot of Dead Man's Hill, near Chatincourt, about 14 miles from Verdun. They were in the trenches 18 days, constantly under shell fire; often the fire was so intense that it was impossible to get any rations hauled to them and when hunger would set in hard and

they had a chance to get anything cooked or raw they would devour it so ravenously that often cramps would result and the poor boys would be worse off than if they had starved. These eighteen days were trying to the boys, a long, long trial; the 26th of September had been reached, the 5:15 a. m. had come, the date and the hour that thousands of our brave fellows will never forget. The hour for the great game; the hour for the greatest game that was ever played in the annals of history; the hour when the crucial test came; the hour when America's power was to be recognized. These brave fellows now made the advance as an American unit, the brave boys had seen no rest for the past 18 days, and without further notice they were to move forward; they were to go through on schedule time where the French had failed several years. The Germans had lost an equal number and had failed in their objective; now the Americans must go into the arena.

Emil and Fred were together; they knew what must be done; they knew Forges Swamp must be crossed that morning; they knew Forges Woods beyond must be taken. They went forward through the swamp that was full of shell holes filled with water that would cause them to sink down sometimes waist deep; but the two went through; they went into Forges Wood; yes and beyond it. The French did not believe it could be done; for they had tried three years; and the Germans had continually improved their positions with artillery, machine gun nest, barbed wire entanglement, mines and other death dealing devices; so they felt comparatively safe, for they had never heard of America's ingenuity. The object was accomplished in a few days and many prisoners were captured and large quantities of war material. One Bethalto boy, Ed. Bangert, was wounded in Forges Wood, several who went through remained unhurt, among whom were Emil and Fred and George Bowman. As soon as Forges Woods was in their possession they went on without further rest into Fay's Woods. It seemed like they knew the enemy had to be defeated and the quicker the better. Our boys stood firm, the machine gun bullets were taking a heavy toll but they went on without flinching; those who remained unhurt went on far into the wood.

Emil's corporal had paid the price and Emil took his place, becoming corporal on the 10th of October. Not a minute went by but some one fell out of the ranks, yet Emil and Fred went on and on until Fay's Woods also was in their hands; yet they went on. These were awful days and nights; far into the woods with no food; and no chance for any; thus five days went by—five days that no mortal man can stand; five days when thousands, yea, millions of precious lives

were cheap; a time when real prayers are sent heavenward. They had gained their objective; Fay's Woods was in their hands, and still they pressed on and on through an open space where our men fell by the score; yet Emil and Fred went on, they were still together; Fred's corporal had sacrificed his life; he had fallen and it became Fred's duty to assume this position. Thus Emil and Fred went on, never more than 20 yards apart; they succeeded in reaching Bois de Forret or Forret Wood amid a rain of bullets. As soon as they reached Forret Wood they dug in, in other words, they hid behind anything that could be found; one would crouch behind a pile of earth; Emil hid behind a tree to escape the machine gun bullets that were flying; they were making one counter attack after another; determination was marked on their faces but it did little good. When the first scouting party of the enemy came along several of our brave boys again had to pay the price, several fell, among whom was Emil's best friend; yes, Fred also had paid the price.

Although not in Fred's squad, Emil was but a few yards away from him, and after the scouting party had been killed Emil walked up to where his friend lay, he had been spied by an enemy scout who had shot him. As soon as the first scouting party had been disposed of another came along and then another; both were terribly dealt with, for not a single one of the enemy escaped. Fred was buried where he fell, but he was afterward taken up and placed in an American cemetery.

Fred lost his life on the last day of that terrible ordeal, for on the following day, the 13th of October, the boys were ordered to leave the place; another company had come to relieve them. They went to Genecourt near Bar le Duc, near the Meuse. They remained there two days and then went back for a rest. This should have been a long rest but two days was all they got; after that they were sent to the St. Mihiel front, about ten miles south of Metz, in the Lorraine Sector. They were under shell fire constantly, and they hiked all the way.

Many a forsaken place did they pass, many a ruined house was seen. This was truly No Man's Land, for it seemed as if no human being could even exist there. The 31st of October was finally reached for Emil; a day when he would receive a seven-day leave for more beautiful scenery. He went to Labron Bo, near the Switzerland border, where the scenery was beautiful, where the Alps loomed up in the distance with everything quiet at this place, with the fields full of fall flowers, and snow-capped hills in the distance. Emil once more became himself again; he felt refreshed, for he had had several fine baths, had excellent hotel accommodations, and a clean bed. This

was the first time he had slept in a house in eight months. He had a seven days' leave; this did not include the time of his going and coming; and when his time expired and he was getting ready to leave this quiet place to return to the cannon's roar the greatest of all things happened, the 11th of November had come, the armistice was signed. The French were the happiest of people, flags were flying everywhere, wine was flowing freely wherever you saw the French celebrating. It took Emil four days to get back to his company, which was on the 15th of November. They were starting on a hike to Doncourt in the Metz area, where they remained three days cleaning up the battlefield; from there they went to Woel, where they remained a week doing the same kind of work. They remained until the 7th of December when they started on their famous hike into Luxemburg. There was no danger of any mines, for the Germans had disposed of them on their way back to Germany. They crossed the Mozelle and went across Luxemburg, but did not get as far as the Rhine. They went as far east as Weiten, where they remained but two days when they were sent back into Luxemburg where they remained from the 20th of December until the 25th of April doing guard duty and rifle practice on the rifle range. On the 25th of April they were loaded on trucks and they started on their way homeward; they rode to Graemen Macker, which was a rail head; and where they were put into real American box cars; on their way home they went through Metz and Verdun and other places of interest and finally reached Brest on the 29th of April and remaining there until the 9th of May, when they once more boarded the Mount Vernon to return to America. The voyage was by far more pleasant than when they crossed the first time; there was no gloom, and lights burned brightly all the way across. Several Bethalto boys were on the same boat and the return trip was rather a pleasant one for the boys had partly recovered from the gloomy days that they had seen. They landed at Hoboken on the 17th of May and were sent to Camp Mills where they remained until the 21st and from there they went to Camp Grant from where they were discharged on the 29th of May. Reaching home safely and being welcomed by parents and relatives and friends, the verses of Minna Irving constantly appeared to him. The poem, entitled "The Soldier," runs thus:

When last in the Argonne with death on my trail,
And snipers all round us, and bullets like hail,
I thought of a robin far over the sea
That built in the top of a white lilac tree—

The tall lilac tree that grew close to the door
Of the home that I thought I would never see more,
Now I sit on the porch with the sun in the west,
And the robin is thrilling his song by the nest,
In the green lilac boughs, but the world has gone dead,
For the music of bullets that sang overhead,
And the comrade who fell where the red rivers ran,
And taught me the measure God used for man.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Emil Henry Paul, 1976015, Corporal Co. M, 132nd Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of government. Per Cir. 106, W. D. 1918. Said Emil Henry Paul was born in Edwardsville, in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 22 9-12 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, dark hair, ruddy complexion and was 5 feet 11 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 31st day of May, 1919. Harry A. Yagle, Major Inf. U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Emil Henry Paul. Grade: Corporal. Enlisted: September 19, 1917, at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Corporal from private 1st class, March, 1919. Marksmanship, gunner qualification, or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Verdun lines; June 23, Aug. 23, 1918. Verdun Sector, September 8-25, 1918. Argonne-Meuse Offensive, Sept. 26, October 13, 1918. Troyan Sur Meuse: Oct. 25, Nov. 11, 1918. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed October 12, 1917; Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed: October 12, 1917. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Signature of soldier: Emil Henry Paul. John J. Fitzsimmons, 1st Lieut. 161st D. B., Commanding, Camp Grant, Ill., May 31, 1919. Paid in full: \$111.18, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Captain Quartermaster Corps.

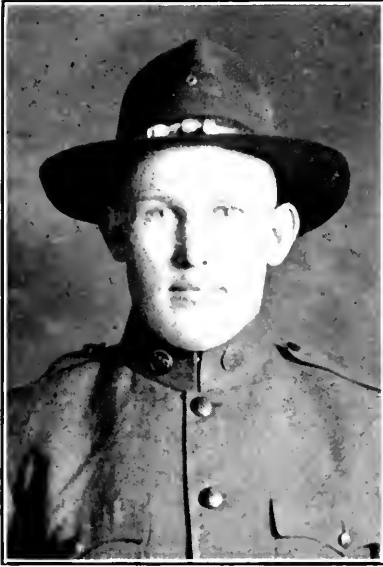
FRED W. SANDERS

Fred W. Sanders, son of Fred W. and Hannah Sanders, was born in Fort Russell Township, east of Bethalto, July 18, 1892. His youth was spent at home on the farm and he received his education at the Liberty Prairie school, completing the Eighth grade work. He registered for the service in June, 1917, and was called to the colors on the 19th of September, 1917. He left with a bunch of 172 boys for Camp Taylor where he was placed in Co. B, 333rd Infantry. Fred received the usual line of drilling, company duty, etc., until April 5, 1918, when he with other boys was sent to Camp Logan, Texas, near the city of Houston. Here he was placed in Co. M, 132nd Infantry of the 33rd Division, which was being strengthened in order to have the proper number of men for overseas duty, the 33rd Division being short of men.

At Camp Logan they received intensive training for they had not long to remain in this country, and within a month, on the 5th of May, they were on their way to Camp Upton, N. Y., where the boys received their full equipment for overseas service. They left Camp Upton on the 16th of May and sailed on the Mount Vernon for France, where they arrived on the 24th of May, landing at Brest. They remained in camp three days when they started in French box cars into France. They rode two days and two nights reaching Oisemont from which place they hiked 25 miles to a place called Matigny, where they remained a month, receiving more training in gas and trench warfare. During this time they were with the British. After they left Matigny they went to another British Sector at Molines Woods, about six miles behind the lines, and the 132nd was held in reserve. While attached to the British forces they went through a period of intensive training.

On June 21st Fred had his first experience in the trenches where he was helping hold the lines for four days. Then they went back for a two days' rest and again returned to the trenches for another four days, holding the lines at Hamel Wood on the Albert Front, and again went back for a rest. On the evening of the 3rd of July they returned to the trenches and on the morning of the 4th of July Fred had his first experience in "Going over the Top." This was at Chapilly Ridge near Hamel Wood. The ridge was taken, for there was not much resistance by the Germans, and after gaining their objective and holding their gains for two days they left the place and were transferred to the American command.

They again left in box cars and went to Barle Duc where they remained two weeks. They were with the French about five days and



GEORGE J. DEIST
Att'd to School for Bakers and Cooks



JESSE LENORD CLEMENTS
Headquarters Co., 66th Art., C. A. C.



WILLIAM H. DETTMERS
Sgt., Co. H, 139th Infantry



CLARENCE S. RYAN
Supply Co., 131st Infantry



EMIL H. PAUL
Corp., Co. M, 132nd Infantry



ALBERT E. KAYSER
(Deceased)
Co. B, 113th Infantry



RUDOLPH LOHR
Wag. Sup. Co., 129th Infantry



FRED W. SANDERS
(Deceased)
Corp., Co. M, 132nd Infantry

were then sent to the trenches at the foot of Dead Man's Hill near Chatincourt and about 14 miles from the city of Verdun. Fred was first gunner in the Automatic Squad, using French automatics. They held the trenches for 18 days when on the 26th of September, at 5:15 in the morning, they were ordered to advance without having had a rest. This going over the top was witnessed by many a soldier, yes many thousand soldiers; they went through Forges Swamp through deep shell holes full of water, and through Forges Woods, where many a brave son lost his life.

Fighting was intense; here Ed. Bangert was wounded, but Fred came out of it unhurt; and the boys left Forges Woods after it was in Americans' hands, and went to Fay's Woods. Without any further rest they entered Fay's Woods on the 6th of October; the German patrol were within a short distance from our boys. The machine gun bullets were constantly flying, but they went into the fray. Fred was on the extreme right and they passed through Fay's Woods and into the open beyond Fay's Woods and through the open space into Forret Woods where they hid behind trees and piles of dirt that the boys had hurriedly thrown up to protect themselves from machine gun fire.

While they were thus lying down a German patrol came along reconnoitering, little dreaming our boys had got so close, and as Fred was on the extreme right and the patrol coming in on their flank he heard them coming and upon looking up to see what the noise was a German spied him and immediately shot in the direction where he had seen Fred move, with the result that spread sorrow over parents, relatives and friends. Yes, his aim had been accurate and Fred fell back mortally wounded. The fighting by this time became deathly close. Fred's comrade, upon seeing what had happened, jumped up and a pistol duel began in which Fred's buddie was the victor. Four of the boys, including Fred, had been killed; but the German patrol paid dear for their daring, for only one escaped. Two other patrols came along, each consisting of about thirty men, but each fared the same fate or worse, for not one of them returned to the German lines. Our boys had become desperate at having seen their comrades fall and had disposed of both patrols.

Sadly they picked Fred up and buried him where he fell, but he was not left there, for he was taken up and buried in an American cemetery. Fred had been obedient to the last, he was an example in the army, he set an example that only true Americans can do; he took the lead for we find him and leave him in the very lead; no loyal American could do more or go farther; his sacrifice was truly the

supreme sacrifice and all true loyal American citizens do him the greatest honor that can be bestowed.

Following is an abstract of a letter written to Fred's father by the Colonel, Somewhere in France, Nov. 10, 1918. Mr. Fred Sander, R.F.D., Moro, Ill.: On October 12th, 1918, our regiment, together with other American troops, took part in an engagement. Your son, Fred W. Sander, Jr., Private Co. M, was killed on the battlefield. From personal accounts of his comrades I may vouch that he died a hero. The engagement terminated in a hand-to-hand fight in which all of our men took part, your son among them. The officers and men of the regiment mourn his loss and extend their condolence to you. He has not died in vain. In future engagements in which this regiment may take part your son's gallant and heroic deeds shall be our inspiration to victory. Sincerely yours, Abel Davis, Colonel.

Another letter written to Fred's mother by the first lieutenant of his company reads as follows: On active service with American Expeditionary Forces, Dec. 22, 1918. Mrs. Fred Sanders, Moro, Ill. I am just in receipt of your letter in regard to Fred Sanders of this company. I sincerely hope by the time this letter reaches you that you will have been apprised of your son's death, so this may not be a shock to you. Your son was killed Oct. 12, 1918, in the Bois de Faye, north of Verdun, along the Meuse river. He died just as you would have wished him to die—every inch a man and fighting to the last. He was killed in a surprise attack on this company in which he and two others of our men were killed. He was a big favorite with this company and every one feels his death very keenly. The entire company extends its hand to you in your sorrow and I do certainly hope you will have received word of your son by now. Your son is buried in Boise de Faye. Trusting I have given you all the information you desire, and disliking very much to convey news of this kind, I am respectfully yours, F. M. Dolven, 1st Lieut. 132nd Infantry, Commanding Co. M.

WILLIAM H. DETTMERS.

William H. Dettmers, son of George and Bertlia Dettmers, was born April 27, 1893, in Alton, but he spent his youth on the farm that his parents purchased. This farm is located four miles north of Bethalto. He attended the Dorsey school until he reached and completed the Eighth grade. He continued to assist his father at farming until he left for the army. He registered in June, 1917, and was called to the colors the following October.

He went to Edwardsville and was sworn in at 4 p. m. on the 3rd of October, and left with the Edwardsville contingent the next morning. Charles Neunaber and others from around here went at the same time. He went to Camp Taylor, where the 84th Division was being formed. He was placed in Co. A, 333rd Infantry, 84th or Lincoln Division. The duties at Camp Taylor were varied; drilling, hiking and in general company duty. At the end of the three months Will was made first class private. He went to mess sergeant school and gas and flame school completing the work of both before he left Camp Taylor.

On June 8th Will left Camp Taylor and went to Camp Sherman, Ohio, where part of the 84th Division was located, and was being filled to war strength. At Camp Sherman, Ohio, his duties were practically the same as those at Camp Taylor, until he became company supply sergeant. His pay was thus increased from \$33 a month to \$39 a month. He held this position until he reached Camp Mills, L. I.

On Aug. 22nd the company left Camp Sherman for Camp Mills. They had received their O. D. uniforms at Camp Sherman and at Camp Mills they were equipped for overseas duty. At Camp Mills Will was relieved as supply sergeant and was made duty sergeant, thus holding the same rank. On Aug. 31 the company left Camp Mills for Hoboken, N. J., taking a train to Brooklyn and a ferry to the pier where the large steamer Baltic lay waiting. They remained at dock until the morning of September 1st, when they sailed into the harbor, starting on their journey across on Sunday evening.

The convoy of troop ships, including a torpedo boat and the battleship Montana, passed out of sight of land at 6:30 in the evening. The weather was calm and the sea as smooth as glass and the trip across was uneventful except that a submarine was sighted when they were two days at sea. Eight shots were fired and the "sub" disappeared. The rations were poor and the trip was finally accomplished. They landed at Liverpool, England, on the 13th of September.

Upon landing they entrained at once for Southampton on the southern shore of England, reaching this place in the evening of the same day, and went into camp for the night. They had two meals while they were there, and they consisted of bread and bacon but no coffee. The following evening they were loaded on a small boat about the size of a river steamer and crossed the channel during the night. The boat was so crowded there was no room to lie down and rest, so it was either stand up and sleep or stand up and wake. Again they succeeded in crossing, and they landed at La Havre in the morning, and hiked to and up the bluffs to an English rest camp, a camp of

round tents, room enough for eight, but Will kept company with eleven other sergeants in the same tent. But they had but a short time to stay at this camp and after a sleepless night the usual call of "Roll Packs" was heard and they were on the hike again and back to La Havre they went where they received six days' rations and prepared for a long box car ride which lasted four days and four nights. They went as far as Austier, about 60 kilos from Bordeaux.

Southern France was occupied by the 84th Division, and the outlying villages were soon filled with American soldiers. Very few sheds, barns, chicken houses and the like remained unoccupied in this neck of the country. From St. Austier they hiked to St. Aquilan, about 15 kilos, with their 80 pound packs. Will was in charge of 17 men and he and his men billeted in a barn. During his stay he had the privilege of visiting Charley Neunaber's abode, which consisted of a cow barn. Charley was also in charge of a bunch of boys and the only advantage he had over his men was that his room in the hotel was a manger. At this place the boys did a lot of drilling, hiking, bayonet practice, gas drills and the like. Here they practiced going over the top called the New French Formation. While there Maj. Gen. Hale made a speech to the 333rd Infantry saying they would soon go to the lines and that everybody do his best and learn all he could to prepare him for the strenuous duties that lay before him.

On October 14th the 84th Division was broke up or skeletonized as it was called. There were taken out of each company 210 men, and just enough men left to hold the division. They hiked back to St. Austier after eating dinner. They had drawn six days' rations but they were ordered not to touch them, and when supper time came and no supper the boys became restless and when they were loaded into box cars at the rate of 49 in each small car they became irritable. They rode all night, and when the boys received no breakfast the next morning they became almost mutinous. It was not until noon that the boys received the first eats since they had left St. Aquilan.

It is hardly possible to imagine how the boys felt when the train stopped alongside some eating sheds, and right before them was a spread of potatoes, beefsteak, coffee and the like. After eating corn beef and hard tack for so long and without a bite to eat the past 24 hours, this beefsteak and potatoes looked too good and many had to pinch themselves to see if they were asleep and dreaming; but this was of only an hour's duration for they were stowed into box cars again and the monotonous ride continued.

They were destined for the 91st division, but the order was changed and they were sent to the 35th Division. They rode five

days and five nights and a long and tiresome ride it was with 49 men in a car. One half had to stand while the other half slept. At one time on their way they quelled a disturbance caused by some thinking they were not properly treated, when in reality no one was treated like he should have been. They finally reached the end of the line. On their way they stopped at one place long enough to go through a gas house to test their gas masks. When they reached the end of their journey they started on their 15 kilos hike to the 35th Division that was stationed somewhere in the woods. This Division had come from the front; they had lost many of their effectives and were ready to have their ranks filled by these new men from the 84th Division. They pitched their "pup" tents for the first time, went to bed in the rain without supper, crawled out of their tents in the morning to find no breakfast for them, but rain, more rain; here they had the first experience of rain in France. They were separated here and put into different companies and by eleven o'clock that day they received their first meal. They were near the Argonne and when they got off the train they saw the first flashes of the Germans' guns, and heard the roar of their cannon.

Will was put in Co. F, 138th Infantry, and as a sergeant was second in command of the 3rd platoon. He was called right guide. They had supper about 5 p. m. and the second lieutenant who was in command gave them a nice talk—it seemed so at least to the new boys, but the old ones simply smiled for they knew better. He told them that they had an 8 kilos hike before them, where they would all be billeted in small villages so he ordered them to once more roll packs and start, and by 5:30 that afternoon they started on their 8 kilo hike, and instead of billeting in nice little villages they were headed straight for the first line trenches. They would hike 50 minutes and rest 10 minutes. Every soldier who reads this will have brought back to him some memorable experiences. Fifty minutes hike, ten minutes rest, became a familiar term with the boys. At one place they got lost on account of the awful darkness; with rain pouring down all the time it was a tiresome journey and when they had a 15 minutes rest at 8:30 Will from sheer exhaustion went to sleep while sitting on the butt of his gun.

Every soldier has had some hike some time and this was Will's hike, but he stayed with it and so did all the new bunch, but the old ones had remained behind somewhere during the night and they came straggling in the next day. Their second lieutenant who had told them such a wonderful story about the nice little hike they were going to have remained with them. He was plucky and complimented

the new boys for being such hikers. They reached their destination at 5 o'clock in the morning and they were ordered to rest, so Will and Sergeant Brockmeyer, who was with him, unrolled their packs and right in the open, rain or no rain, they slept until 2 o'clock that afternoon when they were called to dinner which consisted of turnips, pumpkin, beef, slum, etc. and their hunger was once more appeased, for they had orders not to touch their reserve rations.

After dinner when the stragglers had caught up they formed on a rock road each one half platoon of about 32 men and the platoons about 50 yards apart. They hiked until midnight when they came up to the lines. Here they stopped and slept in dugouts while the flares of all colors could be seen issuing from the German's lines.

This was about the middle of October. After a good night's sleep in the Company Commander's dugout, which consisted of a kind of a cave where shells could do no damage, although flying all night. They were now at company's headquarters. Early next morning they took a section of a sector of a trench; here Will, with Sergeant Goodwin of St. Louis, who was in command of the boys in the trench, had his first experience in trench warfare.

Sergeant Goodwin had been in the trenches before and the mud and dirt had finally got the best of him, and he became sick so Will had to take charge, thus being put in command of the whole platoon. During these three days of trench life Will also experienced his first gas attack. At one o'clock at night a sort of sneezing gas crept down their trench; but the rattler used by the man on guard prevented much damage. Some of the guards used Klaxon horns, some triangles, but Will's platoon was equipped with an instrument called a rattler, with which every soldier soon became familiar. The object of this gas was to create sneezing, thus locating the camouflaged trenches.

Their trench was at the foot of a high embankment that had been poorly kept. The embankment had formerly been used for a railroad track but was now all torn up by the shells. The French had made these trenches, but had failed to keep them clean. The mud about two feet deep was simply intolerable but the boys did not remain long enough to clean out the mud.

Sergeant Goodwin had been in the trenches from the 26th of September to the first of October, and was unable to do anything, so Will, being in charge, remained on duty day and night until they were relieved. This was supposed to be a quiet sector, but if this was a quiet sector Will wondered what a lively sector would seem like; for the artillery and machine gun bullets flew all the time cutting the grass

as if mown by a reaper. At the end of the third day Will and four privates received orders to report at P. C.—Post Command. They rolled their packs and in this scramble Will had the good fortune of getting a blanket belonging to one of the privates which caused him to receive an involuntary introduction to the cootie.

All fagged out, they reached headquarters where they remained until 3 p. m. and getting a good fill of rice, doughnuts, and French hard tack. Real hunger had set in and this meal was sure appreciated. A 2nd lieutenant took the boys to the 140th Inf., Co. M, of the 35th Division, and Will took charge of a platoon. The 140th was in reserve at the time. They reached the place about midnight, 4 kilos back of the front lines, but near enough for the big shells to scatter his crowd now and then. At 4 p. m. the next day Will and another sergeant got orders to join Co. D, who were holding the front line trenches which was blocked off into four sections. Will was put in charge of one corporal and 20 men at G. C. 4., G. C. meaning guard command. They were now in the Somme Dieu Sector. It was truly No Man's Land. They could see the beautiful Metz-Verdun road. A short distance to their right lay what had once been the beautiful town of Waterville; but now all wrecked by the many thousand shells that had been sent into the town; for the enemy supposed the Americans had been making this their stopping place. They could see the gas shells falling continually among the ruins but there were no soldiers there to receive this deadly poison. They were in these muddy trenches seven days and seven nights. Here Will had his first experience in dressing the wounds of a soldier who was shot while in these trenches. During these trying hours they received but two meals a day, which consisted of bacon and rice. At 9 a. m. and at 4 p. m. a detail was sent out to get rations, and it was difficult to get the detail for it was dangerous to make the trip. The French had held these trenches and had left them in an awful condition but the Americans succeeded in cleaning out the filth and mud to some extent, thus making them more habitable.

While in these trenches Will saw Germans about 2000 yards away placing machine guns; he also saw an American aeroplane shoot down a German aeroplane, killing both occupants in the machine. They were high in the air and it was impossible to ascertain who was the successful combatant until the victor flew back toward the American lines. Later the two who had downed the German machine came to their trench and tried to find the machine that had fallen within the American lines, but they were so near the Germans that they left as

quickly as possible, for they had no guns, no masks, and no protection whatever. During the night some American officers located the machine and found that both occupants had been killed.

At the end of seven days they were relieved by Co. L. They had barely left the trenches when the Germans poured 3,200 gas shells into Co. L. This mustard gas produced a pitiful sight. Thirty of these gassed came into camp sadly disfigured for life. After Will was relieved he stayed in a dugout 60 feet deep, some sort of a natural cave. For seven days Will remained back of the lines but it meant no rest for him for they had to drill under a large camouflaged place, for many of the soldiers knew very little if any about gas masks. Some did not know how to put them on, some did not even know how to load a rifle. This seems strange, but too true. It was not known how they could have been rushed to the front in such a condition.

At the end of seven days they went back to the lines for a few days when the Division was relieved by the 82nd Division, known as the "Wild Cat" Division. The name sure suited them for they were all dare devils, caring nothing whether a noise was made or a match was lighted. They were cautioned by the officers of the 35th Division to keep quiet but it did little good and the 35th left the 82nd in charge. They had hardly reached the trenches when they rushed into the enemy. They were dare devils, but they paid dear for this episode, for they lost many of their brave men in this unprepared onrush.

The 35th Division left this section and went southeast preparing for the Metz drive. They hiked all the way, always under shell fire, through many a torn up town. They went through places where helmets could be counted by the carload, each helmet had once protected some loved one; for on and around Dead Man's Hill many a brave son had fought his last battle. They remained in Verdun one day for a rest and continued their journey, always traveling at night for they were always within range of the large guns. At one place they had barely left a Y. M. C. A. building when a shell of large caliber fell squarely on the building killing 17 American soldiers. They reached Lens in the St. Mihiel Triangle where they remained until 4 p. m. the next day, then hiked all night to a town called Rupt, south of Metz, and about 10 kilos from St. Mihiel. Here they found the French just moving back into town and trying to repair some of their homes. Here Will got his first chance at some bitter chocolate but it tasted sweet to him. Here they had some hard drilling preparatory to the Metz drive for they were by this time going pretty well into the month of November. On the 10th orders were given to "roll packs"

at 2 p. m., ready to leave at 5:15, the designated hour to leave; all was ready and when they were ready to leave at 5:15 orders came to hold the boys. They unrolled their packs and the next morning order to "roll packs" once more came to the boys; they waited with their packs rolled until 9 a. m. when they were ordered to go back and drill. During the time of their drilling the large cannon could be continually heard above all the noise, when just at 11 o'clock the cannonading ceased, causing an exciting stillness; for they knew what had happened, for a few hours later, at 4 p. m. the real news came and the celebration began. The weather was cold and they were billeted in a barn where the warmth of the horses kept them from freezing..

After the armistice was signed everybody wanted to go home; but instead of going home they drilled 9 hours a day. They remained in Rupt about three weeks and then went to Bondecourt, a small village near St. Mihiel. They remained at Bondecourt about two months. All sorts of reports about going home came in but they were all false reports and each morning saw the boys on the drill ground with their happiness all gone.

At Bondecourt they paraded for Gen. Pershing, who also made them a fine talk. The Prince of Wales and his staff were also there. On February 1 Will was transferred from Co. M, 140th Inf., to Co. H, 139th Infantry, and went to Enville, a little south of Bondecourt. Here he remained until they started for an embarkation camp. They hiked to Loerville and then got in real American box cars for another ride. They rode to La Mons where the boys went on a rifle range and completed a course in firing. Will made eight bulls-eyes out of 10 at 600 yards, but no sharpshooter's badges were given, although he qualified. They were at La Mons about two weeks when they once more took to the box cars for their final ride. They went to St. Nazaire, where they had daily inspection and daily parades. Here they were beginning to live again. They went through the delouser twice, lived in pretty good barracks and were able to keep clean. They remained at St. Nazaire about five weeks until the 15th of April, when they set sail for America on the U. S. Matsonia. This was a happy day and the boys could not keep quiet and many were sent back for punishment, simply because they had shouted too much in the presence of officers—officers who had never seen a trench—officers who had never heard a cannon—officers not like those who had been with them, had seen their misery; for those officers such as Captain Ludlow and others would have helped out in the noise, for Captain Ludlow was a prince among men. If the enemy would have had officers like Captain Ludlow the entire world would never have defeated them.

But Captain Ludlow and his kind were not in command at St. Nazaire, and the boys had to keep quiet until they were out of hearing distance.

They were on the water ten days. Will was not seasick and felt fine when they landed at Newport News, Va., on the 25th of April, 1919. He remained there a week, leaving his comrades, some to go here, some there. He rode to Chicago in a real American Pullman sleeper. The Red Cross fed the boys at Cincinnati. They stopped at Chicago for an hour, reaching Camp Grant on the first of May. He was discharged on the second and reached home on the third.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that William H. Dettmers, 1975869, Sergeant Co. H, 139th Infantry, 35th Division, Infantry unassigned, last assigned, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of government. Per Cir. 106, W. D. 1918. Said William H. Dettmers was born in Alton in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 24 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had grey eyes, brown hair, dark complexion, and was 5 feet 4 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Illinois, this 2nd day of May, 1919. Frank J. Clendenum, Major Inf. U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: William H. Dettmers. Grade: Sergeant. Enlisted or inducted October 3, 1917, at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Sergeant July 16th, 1918. Marksmanship, gunner qualification, or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, skirmishes, expeditions: Verdun Sector Oct. 16 to Nov. 6, 1918. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: March 28, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed: March 28, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Entitled to travel pay. Signature of soldier: William H. Dettmers. Virgil D. Jones, 1st Lieut. Inf. U. S. A., Commanding Gas Det. 2nd Bn. Camp Grant, Ill., May 2, 1919. Paid in full: \$114.78, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Captain Quartermaster Corps.

BEN T. ALBERS.

Ben T. Albers, son of Enoch and Tena Albers, was born in Bigelow, Minn., April 11, 1895. The Albers family have always lived around Bethalto, and when Ben was six years of age Enoch Albers and family returned from Minnesota and moved back to Bethalto, where they purchased a farm north of Bethalto. Ben attended the Luman school for a while, and when a little later they were transferred to the Bethalto school district on account of the inconvenience in going to the Luman school, Ben went to school at Bethalto for a while, completing the Fifth grade work there. After his school years he worked at home for a while besides working on the farm for the neighbors. He was employed by John Nolte, south of Bethalto, in June, 1917, which caused him to register in Fort Russell District; but he did not leave for camp until June 1, 1918, when he left Edwardsville in company with John Balster and John Reinke.

He arrived at Fort Thomas, Ky., the next day and was there but three days when he was sent to Camp Sheridan, where he was placed in Co. E, 46th Infantry, Ninth Division. He was in this company four months, after which time he was transferred to the 46th Supply Co., Ninth Division. His duty consisted principally of keeping track of clothing, but he did a great deal of guard duty and what is termed fatigue duty. At the end of four months he was made wagoner and from that time on he did stable guard at Camp Sheridan. Ben, like others, had his greatest trouble in being sick; he had "flu" pretty bad for three weeks. Ben was a wagoner from January until the time he was discharged, July 22nd, 1919.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Ben T. Albers, 428482, wagoner, unassigned, last assigned 46th Inf., the United States Army as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of expiration of term of service. Per S. O. 202 Hq. C. Z. T., Ky., July 21, 1919.

Said Ben T. Albers was born in Racine, in the State of Minnesota. When enlisted he was 23 1-12 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had gray eyes, brown hair, ruddy complexion, and was 5 feet 9 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., this 22nd of July, 1919. Hans Elinger, Major F. A., U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Ben T. Albers. Grade: Wagoner. Inducted June 1, 1918, at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Citations, decorations, medals, badges: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Farming. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: June 22, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed: June 22, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Last assigned Supply Co. 46th Inf. Signature of soldier: Ben T. Albers. J. W. McCormick, Capt. Inf. U. S. A., Commanding Casual Det. Entitled to travel pay to Edwardsville, Ill. Bonus of \$60.00, paid by F. L. St. Claire, Q. M. C.

GUSTAVE H. BANGERT.

Gustave H. Bangert, son of Fred and Amelia Bangert, was born in Fort Russell Township about four miles south of Bethalto, Dec. 3, 1892. His parents lived on a farm in the Oak Grove District and there is where Gus received his education, completing his Eighth grade work. He remained at home until he was about 20 years old when he went to work for the Standard Oil Company at Wood River. Shortly afterward the family left the farm and also moved to Wood River where Gus registered for the draft in June, 1917.

He was called to the colors Oct. 3, 1917, leaving Alton for Camp Taylor, where he was placed in Co. D, 333rd Infantry. He was placed in the same company with George Bowman and hence his duties were the same which will not be mentioned here. He left the same time that the others did, namely, April 5, 1918, for Camp Logan, Tex. Here he was placed in Co. E, 132nd Infantry 33rd Division. Ed. Bangert, his cousin, left Camp Taylor on the same day and was placed in the same company; hence the history of these boys runs somewhat the same.

Gus was with Ed. a great deal of the time. He shared with him the joys, trials, and troubles. He traveled the same route and the history need not be repeated. They remained together until the 8th of August. In the meantime Gus had traveled a great deal and we find him on the Albert Front in reserve and very near the firing line. We find him on the 8th of August with a squad carrying rations to

the boys in the trenches. Gus was not with George or Ed. at this time, for he was in the 4th Platoon while George and Ed. were in the third.

On the morning of the 8th of August, while Gus with his squad were carrying rations, a gas shell fell near them, just a few feet from them and the mustard gas that was emitted from the shell crept into their eyes. The entire squad got it at once. There was no time for gas masks, besides it was not noticeable at first and they continued with their load and delivered it but by evening the pain became unbearable and the whole bunch went to the hospital. The shell had come unexpected and they were not prepared; however they put on their gas masks for many more gas shells exploded around them. They were sent to Battalion Headquarters, to the British First Aid Station near, where their eyes were treated and bandaged. The worst symptom of the gas was the very sick feeling and the vomiting. He was tagged at this hospital and for an ambulance for his eyes were soon closed.

Wounded and gassed were coming in thick and fast by this time but Gus had only a short time to wait. He was sent by ambulance to a railroad station and from there to Rohen where he remained in an English hospital three days and was then picked up and sent with many others across the channel, landing at Southampton, from where he was sent to Portsmouth in a hospital train. A fine American hospital was located at Portsmouth, and the many gassed and wounded were well taken care of.

By Sept. 20th Gus, although weak, desired to go back to his company and he took examination, passed all O. K. and then went to Winchester, where a replacement camp was located, and where he remained three days and once more crossed the channel, landing in France on a Sunday morning for the second time. A few others went with Gus; they were well enough to go, but several had to remain, for the gas affected some worse than others.

Landing at La Havre, and after remaining at La Havre one day, they were loaded into French box cars and traveled two days and two nights to St. Aignan, where the boys remained four days; after that they rode on a passenger train to the Verdun front where the boys were by this time continually in the fight, for the 7th of October had been reached and the 33rd Division had gone pretty far into the Argonne and were still going when Gus got back.

Gus waited two days at the Supply Company and after that he was sent forward, reaching his company on the 10th of October. What he saw upon reaching his company was pitiful. About 35

were all that was left. He met George Bowman, and although he looked jaded, worn, ragged and miserable, he was cheerful, for he had come out of the 40-day fire unscratched. He learned then that his cousin Ed. had been wounded. He learned also of the fate of those who were not in the company any more. On account of his condition he had been unable to be with them. He thought of the many in his company who had fared worse than he had. He thought of the many whom he never could see again. The boys were just coming out of the fighting when Gus had caught up with them. They did not have enough left to continue the fight, so they withdrew and were sent to the St. Mihiel Sector, 30 miles south of Metz.

While going to the St. Mihiel Sector Gus met Charley Neunaber, who was in the 35th Division, having been transferred from the 84th Division. The boys remained there until the 7th of December, when they hiked into Germany, but soon returned to Luxemburg, where they remained until the 25th of April, 1919. They left for home on the 25th, reached Brest on the 29th, crossed the water on the Mount Vernon, reaching Hoboken on the 16th of May. From Hoboken they went to Camp Mills, from Camp Mills to Chicago, where they paraded; from Chicago to Camp Grant, where they received their discharge on the 31st of May, and reaching home on Sunday, June 1, 1919.

Many incidents could be mentioned but space forbids. On the first of April Gus had a week's furlough, spending his time near the southern border of Switzerland. While going from Allory to Oisemont he met Fred Hassman who was with the Twelfth Engineers. Ed. Bangert reached the company about the first of January and remained with the boys until they were discharged.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Gustave H. Bangert, 1976148, Corporal Co. E, 132nd Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, by reason of convenience of the government, per Circular 106 War Dept., 1919. Said Gustave H. Bangert was born in Madison County in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 25 years of age and by occupation a stillman. He had blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion and was 5 feet 7 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., May 31st, 1919. Paul C. Gale, Major Inf. U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Gustave H. Bangert. Grade: Corporal. Inducted Oct. 4, 1917 at Alton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of his discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: May 22, 1919. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Amiens Sector, Hamel Woods, July 4, 1918. Army of Occupation Dec. 12-'18 to April 12-'19. Hamel Woods: Aug. 8, 1918. Wounds received in service:— . Knowledge of any vocation: Stillman. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: 11-1-'17. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed: 11-1-'17. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Chas. E. Davaum, 1st Lieut., 161 D. B., Commanding. Camp Grant, Ill., May 30, 1919. Paid in full, \$106.93, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Capt. Q. M. C.

ALBERT EUGENE KAYSER

Albert Eugene Kayser, son of Charles F. and Sophia C. Kayser, was born in Fort Russell Township, at Liberty Prairie, about four miles east of Bethalto, February 29, 1896. He was raised on the farm and attended the Liberty Prairie school until he completed the Eighth grade. After graduating he assisted his father on the farm. He registered for the draft in June, 1917, but was not called until February 23rd, 1918, when he left Edwardsville for Camp Taylor the next morning. Although many left Edwardsville for Camp Taylor at the same time, only Reinhard Kruckeburg left with Albert from this neighborhood. Paul Johnson, of Dorsey, with whom Albert associated later, became acquainted with Albert on account of both having been quarantined and detained while the other associates and friends went ahead of them.

Albert was placed in the 159th Depot Brigade, 17th Company, but was later on transferred to the 4th Company and remained in this company but four days when on the 30th of April he left Camp Taylor for Camp Gordon. While at Camp Taylor measles broke out in his company and Albert was quarantined for three weeks and on account of a tuberculosis scare he was detained three weeks longer; thus it happened that his friends left Albert, some 80 in number. After he had been placed in the 4th company, 159th Depot Brigade, Albert was sent to Camp Gordon, Georgia, this camp being near Atlanta. He was placed in the 335th Infantry, Co. H of the Second Replacement Battalion. He remained in Co. H about a week when he was placed in the 20th company of the 5th Replacement Battalion.

On the 24th of May he was sent from Camp Gordon to Camp McClellan, Alabama, near Anniston. At Camp McClellan he was placed in Co. B 113th Infantry, where he remained until the 3rd of June, when he was sent to Camp Stuart, Va. When they started from Camp McClellan they headed for Camp Merritt, N. J., but got only as far as Camp Stuart, where they did some drilling and company duty, but for a short time only, for they were ready to leave by the 13th of June. At Camp Gordon they had received their O. D. uniforms and at Camp McClellan they received their full overseas equipment. By June 15th they left Newport News for the trip across.

During the months of May and June Albert had been at Camp Taylor, Camp Gordon, Camp McClellan and Camp Stuart; and by the middle of June he was ready to cross. It is plainly seen here that Albert received but little training, but what he did get was of the fiercest kind for much had to be done in this short space of time.

They sailed on the Princess Matokia, an interned German freighter; she was at this time under American command, and thus the treatment the boys received was good compared to the treatment of others who crossed on other vessels. Although they received but two meals a day the rations were clean, and Albert crossed the waters without experiencing any seasickness.

They landed at Brest on the 27th of June and remained there until they entrained on July 1st in French coaches for some inland town, for they rode a day and a half, stopped at Percy-Le-Petite where they remained for three weeks and drilled and hiked and had target practice and bayonet drills. From Percy-Le-Petite they went to Belfort, near the Switzerland border, riding in box cars two days and two nights. From Belfort they hiked to Danutine where they had more intensive drilling and hiking, thus making preparations to become units for the big front. They were far east and were southeast of the St. Mihiel Sector. After this drilling they hiked farther east for two nights resting in the daytime and traveled through many towns such as Dana Marie and Renecourt. After remaining in these towns a short time they entered the front line trenches for nine days. During this time Albert was in Co. B 113th Infantry, 29th Division.

After coming out of the trenches they billeted in the woods where they had a few barracks. This sector was quiet, not much bombardment going on, only now and then the Americans would be shelled for probably half an hour and the Germans in turn would receive the same from the Americans.

After remaining in the woods a few days Albert again went back to the first line trenches for 15 days, during which time he carried

rations to the soldiers. During a bombardment Albert set his buckets of rations down and hid; while hiding a shell of large caliber exploded near and blew up two of his buckets and buried the other two so deep that they had to be dug out with a spade. Although Albert remained unhurt these times were trying and severe. The Germans, and Americans were both holding the lines and neither could move forward. On his return from the 15-day duty in the trenches he received an order from the War Department that a farm furlough had been granted. It seems his brother had applied for a furlough for Albert to assist in the harvest field and as Albert was constantly on the move after the furlough was granted it followed him until it reached its final destination, after he had been in the first line trenches for the second time.

He showed his furlough to the captain but what could he do in a time like this. The harvest was over and Albert many thousand miles from home. They came out of the trenches about the middle of September and billeted in towns and woods for a week and then started their westward hike for the big front. They hiked 28 miles, rested a few days and then entrained, gradually getting nearer and nearer the place where the main force was to be utilized, where only strong healthy, and tried forces could be used. By the 7th of October they were in the Argonne Forest and Albert went forward into the forest on that day. The last time that Paul Johnson of Dorsey saw Albert was on the 3rd of October. Albert being in Co. B and Paul in Co. A caused them to separate when they entered the lines.

Albert went in on the seventh and Paul went in on the tenth of October. On the twelfth of October Paul Johnson was wounded severely having been shot in the arm and breaking the bone in his upper arm by a high explosive shell was sent to the hospital and it was while he was in the hospital that he heard of the death of Albert. He had been with him from the time he was at Camp Taylor and they had become fast friends. Friendship in times like these was firm, but no one knew how long they would be together, no one knew how soon the other would be cast into eternity. Paul heard that Albert had paid the price and gloom spread over him for he had learned to love him. Destiny had caused their acquaintance and destiny held them together until the last few days.

Yes, Albert had paid the price; he had left his home and friends without a murmur; he knew young men of stout heart and body were needed; while away he had made many friends; for almost eight months he had been moving nearer and nearer the place where it must be shown that "America is the Home of the Brave;" he had finally

reached the Ormont Woods, in Death Valley, where many another brave son had fallen. Here in this valley of death he was mortally wounded on the 12th day of October. He was hurried to the hospital but all efforts to save his life were unavailable and he died on the 18th of October. He was buried on the 20th with military honors.

His grave is 134, Row 86, Cem. 414, and a cross marks his grave. It is stated by those who were with him the last that he was a good soldier, a friend to his comrades, and a noble Christian. Should he be able to speak he would surely repeat the solemn words of Charlotte Dryden who said:

I am not dead,
But have enlisted in that pulsing throng
Which, pressing onward, where the battle led
With screeching shells, and choking battle smoke,
Paid the great price, and stepped within the vale.

I range beyond,
O'er plains of light where living waters flow,
And know the rest from wound and battle smoke.
The heat, the cold, and all that harass man
Are known no more, for God had dried all tears.

There is no death!
What seems so to our tear-dimmed aching eyes
Is but a step beyond, where God awaits.
The thrill of youth, the joy of heart and mind
Possess me wholly—now I truly live!

Then mourn me not,
As one whose course was broken ere its end;
But know I breathed the fragrance of the flowers.
The springtime scent of new-turned earth, and grass,
And loved them all, and thrilled with joy of life.

Each daily sun
Gave some new joy, some taste of things unknown
Before that hour—and then the great day came!
I marched away with other souls who dared.
I felt the thrill that comes from noble deeds.

And so, rejoice!
For I have longer lived, than those who drag
Through years, which bear scant service to mankind.
Ready was I for that last "muster call,"
And "greater love man never had than this."

GEORGE J. DEIST.

George J. Deist, son of William and Lena Deist, was born on the Deist farm about four miles north of Bethalto, March 23, 1895. He attended the Luman school until he completed the Eighth grade work, after which time he assisted the parents with their farm work. He also worked on the farm for Frank Johnson for five years, prior to his entering the service. He registered in June, 1917, but was not called until September 5th, 1918. He left Alton on that day for Camp Custer with a number of Bethalto boys, among whom were Ed. and Will Neunaber and Gene McCracken.

At Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., George was placed in the 36th Co., 9th Battalion, 160th Depot Brigade. He was to be transferred to New York probably for overseas duty but he received the notice when he was in the hospital with Spanish Influenza followed by a severe case of pneumonia, so he knew nothing about the orders. He was in the hospital eight weeks after which time he was too weak to work or drill. Every soldier who has had a severe case of "flu" remembers the weakness that follows.

After he got out of the hospital George was transferred first to the 6th, then to the 8th company, where he remained doing light duty until he was discharged from the service August 5, 1919.

Just before Christmas George had a few days furlough, during which time he spent with home folks in Bethalto. Why he was kept in the army so long was never made clear. He served just eleven months, nine months after the armistice was signed.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that George J. Deist, No. 4723412, Private U. S. A. unassigned, attached to School for Bakers and Cooks, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of W. D. Cir. No. 77, Nov. 21, 1918 (Industrial Grounds). Said George J. Deist was born in Bethalto, in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 23 5-12 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, dark brown hair, ruddy complexion, and was 6 feet one inch in height. Given under my hand at Camp Custer, Michigan, this 5th day of August, 1919. John Biaber, Major H. G. D., U. S. A., Commanding School for Bakers and Cooks.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: George J. Deist. Grade: Private. Inducted September 5th, 1918, at Alton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not armed. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Decorations, medals, badges, and citations: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed September 19, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed Sept. 19, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Very good. Remarks: 36th Co. 160 Depot Brigade fr. Sept. 6, 1918 to Nov. 5th, 1918; 8th Co. 160th Depot Brigade Nov. 6th, 1918 to Nov. 12, 1918; 6th Co. 160th Depot Brigade from Nov. 13, 1918 to Nov. 15, 1918; School for Bakers and Cooks, Nov. 16, 1918 to date of discharge. No A. W. O. L. Service honest and faithful. Signature of soldier: George J. Deist. John Biaber, Major H. G. D., U. S. A., Commanding School for Bakers and Cooks.

RUDOLPH LOHR.

Rudolph Lohr, son of George and Lena Lohr, was born in Upper Alton Dec. 30, 1895. The family was a large one and Rudolph received but a common school education, completing the Sixth grade. After he quit school he spent most of his time working for farmers in this vicinity, and was employed by John Jinkinson at the time of the registration in June, 1917, and he therefore registered in Bethalto.

Besides Rudolph there were four of his brothers who also served Uncle Sam in the Great World War. Harry served in a machine gun company in France; Frank volunteered and served in Co. F. 130th Infantry, 33rd Division; Ed. and Albert served Uncle Sam in this country. Rudolph left with the Alton contingent Oct. 5, 1917, and went to Camp Taylor, where he was put in Co. E, 333rd Infantry. At Camp Taylor he had the usual line of duty common to all, and by April 6, 1918, he was sent to Camp Logan, Texas, where he was placed in the Supply Company, 129th Infantry, which was part of the 33rd Division. This supply company had horsedrawn vehicles and when they left Camp Logan on May 2 for overseas duty they took their wagons and harness with them. They reached Camp Upton safely, and embarked on the 10th on the Covington, a captured ship and at that time under American command.

The food, though nothing extra, was fair, and Rudolph did not become seasick on his two weeks' trip across. They landed at Brest on the 24th of May, and were put in the assorting yards, where they guarded the supplies that were being stored at Brest. They remained there about a month when they went east where they were held in reserve at Molines Woods. They were attached to the British at Albert where they had gas drills, etc. From Amiens they went to Ligny and from there they went farther east finally reaching the Argonne. During these days there was not much drilling for Rudolph, for his main duty was to haul ammunition and supplies to the front which caused him to be under shell fire much of the time. When they moved forward they usually traveled at night; the reason for this is easily understood.

On the 26th of September they moved up to Brocort Wood with their transports, and on the night of the 27th they moved forward; on the night of the 28th they moved on again, finally reaching Recourt, where they remained about ten days. From Recourt they went to Consenvoye near the Meuse River, where they remained two weeks. They were in the Argonne Woods, as every soldier knows, and many a soldier well remembers the town of Consenvoye along the Meuse River. Rudolph was made wagoner and he hauled much ammunition and rations. After their stay in Consenvoye they went back for a rest in the St. Mihiel Sector, back of the lines, where they remained until a few days before the armistice was signed.

After armistice day they went to Rupt Woods where they remained a few weeks, and then left for Luxemburg, where they remained in the Army of Occupation four months. His duties remained the same until the boys started for home on the 28th of April, reaching Brest on the first day of May, sailing May 15th on the Leviathan and arriving safely at Hoboken May 22. From there they went to Camp Merritt, then to Chicago, where they paraded on the 2nd of June; from Chicago they went to Aurora, where they also paraded; after that they went to Camp Grant where Rudolph was discharged on the 6th of June, 1919.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Rudolph J. Lohr, 1976250, Wagoner Sy. Company 129th Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of the government, per circular 106 W. D.

1918. Said Rudolph Lohr was born in Alton, in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 21 years of age and by occupation a farm laborer. He had blue eyes, brown hair, dark complexion, and was 5 feet 9 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Illinois, this 6th day of June, 1919. Earle C. Thornton, Major, 129th Infantry, Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Rudolph J. Lohr. Grade: Wagoner. Inducted October 4th, 1917, at Alton, Illinois, serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: No rating. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Meuse-Argonne offensive (26th Sept. to 11th Nov., 1918); Dammevoux-Gercourt (26th Sept. to 9th Oct., 1918). Boisede Chaume-Bois de Platchene, 10th, 11th-21 Oct., 1918, with XVII French Corps on east bank of Meuse River, class "B," Somme-Amiens Sector, with Australian Corps 26th July-Aug. 6th. Albert Sector with 18th Div. A. E. F., 11th to 20 Aug., 1918. Verdun Sector, Hill 304, 7th to 26th Sept., 1918. Troyon Sector, Woevre district 24th Oct. to 9th Nov., 1918. Marcheville, St. Hilaire, Chateau d' Auelnois 10th-11th Nov., 1918. Army of Occupation December 7, 1918 to April 27, 1919. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Triple typhoid prophylaxis completed Feb. 19, 1918. Paratyphoid completed Nov. 7, 1917. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Entitled to travel pay. Decorations, medals, badges, citations: None. Signature of soldier: Rudolph J. Lohr. C. W. Welch, Captain 129th Infantry, Commanding Supply Co.

ERNEST H. BRUNK.

Ernest H. Brunk, son of Hoffman and Carrie Brunk, was born August 11, 1893, on a farm about two miles north of Bethalto. He attended the Culp school until he was 11 years old when the family moved to Missouri where Ernest attended the District school until he completed the Sixth grade. When he was 18 years old the family moved back to Bethalto where they have made their home since. Ernest lived with his parents until he was called to the colors July 31st, 1918. He registered in June, 1917, but was not called until the last contingent left Alton. John Duval and Homer Golike, of Foster Township, left the same time.

They reached Camp Taylor about the first of August and Ernest was put in the 159th Depot Brigade where he received the usual line of military training, but he remained at Camp Taylor only a short time, for he left September 12th for Camp Joseph E. Johnson, Florida, near Jacksonville. At Camp Taylor he was placed in Co. C, 2nd Battalion Field Artillery, and when he reached Camp Johnson he was put in the Quartermaster Corps. He received very little training here, he had some gas drills and such drills as pertain to the Quartermaster Corps.

They remained at Johnson until the first of November when they were sent to Camp Merritt, N. J., where he was equipped with overseas clothing. From Camp Merritt they went to Hoboken, N. J., where they boarded the ship Northern Pacific on the morning of the 11th of November, the morning of the great armistice day. They remained on the boat all day and all night at Hoboken when the next morning, the 12th of November, the day after the armistice was signed, she set sail for France.

The Northern Pacific was a large American boat and had on board about 3,500 men, the Quartermaster Corps and the Medical Corps. They did not belong to any particular division and they landed at Brest on the 22nd of November. The voyage was fair and Ernest experienced but little seasickness.

They were in camp at Brest only four days, but during this time he experienced some real mud, for the condition was about as bad as it could be. They left for Chateau de Lohr in box cars, crowding 40 men in each car; they rode a day and a night. After they got off at Chateau de Lohr they were there, and that was about all that could be said. Not much of anything was done and therefore not much of anything was accomplished. After remaining there about 12 days they were packed in box cars and journeyed back to the coast. This time they went to the embarkation camp at St. Nazaire, expecting to be sent home again, but there was work to be done, besides there were others whose turn came first so Ernest and the others of his company had to remain about six months taking care of horses that were coming in from Spain, the United States and other places. This kind of work continued from December, 1918, to June, 1919. There were many soldiers at St. Nazaire, they kept coming and going.

On the 14th of June orders were received to leave and they left on the American ship De Kalb, a small boat. The weather while crossing was fair and Ernest was seasick but a short time. They landed at Newport News on the 23rd of June, remaining there about a week when the company split up, going in all directions.

Ernest was sent to Camp Grant where he remained about four days when he was discharged on the first day of July, 1919.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Huffman E. Brunk, 3895667, Private 325th Remount Depot, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of government, demobilization of organization, per circular 106, W. D. 1918. Said Huffman E. Brunk was born in Madison County in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 25 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, brown hair, ruddy complexion, and was 5 feet 5 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Illinois, this 1st day of July, 1919. Elmer G. Lindroth, Major Infantry Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Huffman E. Brunk. Grade: Private. Inducted July 31, 1918, at Alton, Illinois, serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Very good. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: A. E. F. decorations, badges: None. Medals, citations: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Farming. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: Aug. 19, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed Aug. 19, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Entitled to travel pay to Alton, Ill. Sailed from the United States November 12th, 1918, returned to the United States, June 23, 1919. No A. W. O. L. under G. O. 31 W. D. 1912, and No 45 W. D. 1914. Signature of soldier: Huffman E. Brunk. Virgil D. Jones, 1st Inf. Commanding. Cas. Det. Camp Grant, Ill., July 1, 1919. Paid in full \$145.41, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Q. M. C. Disbursing Quartermaster, M. Peterson, 2nd Lieut. Q. M. C.

HEYE COLLMAN

Heye Edward Collman, son of Harm and Anna Collman, was born in Moro Township one and one half miles north of Bethalto Feb. 13, 1892. The parents were both born in Germany and came to America with their parents when quite young. Heye was born and raised on the farm and received a good common school education, while attending the Moro, Oak Grove and Bethalto schools, completing the Eighth grade at the Bethalto school. The family left the farm in Moro Township when Heye was 15 years of age, and moved to the Tom Belk farm, two miles south of Bethalto. On account of the size of the farm Heye remained home helping with the farm work and later managed the farm for the old folks. He never worked away from home for there was always much work to do, and when he registered for the draft in June, 1917, he registered in Bethalto, for the Tom Belk farm lies in the Bethalto district. He continued the management of the farm until Aug. 1, 1918, when he was called to the colors. He left Alton Aug. 1 for Camp Taylor and was put in the 159th Depot Brigade where he remained two weeks. He was then placed in the F. A. R. D. at Camp Taylor.

Here he received the first artillery training during his six weeks' stay and was then transferred to the O. A. R. D. where for three weeks he received the training which would prepare him for overseas service. While in the F. A. R. D. he was in Battery C, Second Battalion, and in the O. A. R. D. he was in the Ninth Battery. Spanish Influenza having got a good hold on the soldiers during this time caused a delay in sending the soldiers across. It was at the end of eleven weeks his company left Camp Taylor for Camp Merritt, reaching that place on the 27th of October, 1918. At Camp Merritt they were equipped for overseas duty. Everything now was hurry, hurry, and the next day, October 28th, they boarded the Russian ship Krosh and at once sailed for Brest, France.

There were 14 ships in the convoy, including a battleship. The Krosh had 1,600 soldiers aboard; the boat was managed by a British crew and they were rationed by the British government. Whether it was the poor condition of the food, which consisted of potatoes, corn meal and prunes, or whether it was the rocking of the boat that made him sick during the entire stay on board he could not say; yet such was the case. The weather was fine all the way and but for the seasickness he would have had a pleasant trip. The convoy reached Brest on November the 9th, after a 12 days' voyage. They hiked to Camp Pontenesen, passing the famous Napoleon Barracks. They re-

mained there six days during which time they assisted in constructing barracks for more incoming troops. While at this camp, between the 9th and the 15th of November, the armistice was signed and Heye's services were practically at an end.

They left camp and went to Camp Hunt, about 40 kilometers from Bordeaux, landing there on the 19th day of November. There were many Camp Taylor men at Camp Hunt but none from here and Heye was apparently among strangers while stationed at this camp. His battalion consisted of twelve batteries of 250 men each, and the entire battalion was stationed at that camp. Heye remained in the 9th Battery of the second battalion.

After the armistice they did very little drilling and most of the work done was cleaning up the camp, clearing it of timber, etc., for the officers, though fine fellows, had become quite neglectful. They received their gas masks while at Camp Hunt and they had one gas drill. On the 16th day of December 160 of them left Camp Hunt in French box cars for Gondcourt, a place somewhere south of Metz in the St. Mihiel Sector, reaching this place on the 19th of December. Here they intended to join the 88th Division; instead of that they joined the 57th Brigade of 32nd Division.

From Gondcourt they went to Mauvage where the 57th Brigade was stationed. Heye was put in Battery C of the 119th Field Artillery. He remained at Mauvage until April 14th, 1919; his principal duty there was taking care of horses. While in France Heye saw no "flu" patients during all his travels and he did not get it while he was in the army.

On April 14th he left Mauvage for home. Although the armistice was signed while he was at Brest, the place where he landed, he traveled a great deal and was shifted from place to place until he again reached Brest on his way home. His travels while in France consisted of two days and two nights in French box cars from Brest to Camp Hunt, and from Camp Hunt to Gondcourt in the same kind of side door accommodations; from Gondcourt to Mauvage and back he hiked; and from Gondcourt to Brest he traveled south of Paris through Tours, Orleans, Le Mans, and Rennes in American box cars. The American cars were more roomy and were a great improvement over the crowded French cars. While in France the treatment of the officers and the condition of the American food were excellent.

They reached Brest after three days and two nights travel and again found themselves at the famous old camp that had by this time been improved. They had board walks, water works, a rocked street and other advantages they did not have when most needed. They

remained at the Brest camp until the 22nd of April when they boarded the U. S. Cruiser Frederick that had been fitted out for the purpose of transporting soldiers. The ship landed at Hoboken on the 3rd of May and the boys were sent to Camp Mills, where they remained eight days. During his stay at Camp Mills he had several passes but visited the city of Jamaica only, and on the 11th the Illinois boys were sent to Camp Grant, but most of the boys were sent to a camp in Michigan, for the 119th consisted principally of Michigan boys, and it was called the Michigan National Guard.

Reaching Chicago on the 13th of May, where the Red Cross served a splendid dinner at the Congress Hotel. Sixty-five of the 119 were sent to Camp Grant and arrived there the same evening. Heye was discharged on the 15th of May and reached home the next day.

Thus we find Heye Collman once more safe at home after having been gone a little over ten months and during his absence he had traveled hundreds of miles in this country, thousands of miles on sea, hundreds of miles in France; across the sea and home. During his stay in the army he averaged more than 1,000 miles a month. You have a general outline of his duties and travels, and although he never heard the cannon roar on the battlefield, and although he never witnessed any of the horrors of war, he did his duty, he filled the place of one man, he was a unit in the great force; he obeyed orders and did what he was commanded to do. This is shown by his discharge and enlistment record which reads as follows:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Heye Edward Collman, 3895653, Private Bat. C. 119th F. A., the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of government, Per Cir. 106 W. D., 1918. Said Heye Edward Collman was born in Moro in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 26 6-12 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, dark brown hair, ruddy complexion and was 6 feet 1 inch in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 15th day of May, 1919. Frank A. Johnson, Major F. A., U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Heye Edward Collman. Grade: Private. Inducted Aug. 1, 1918, at Alton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Noncommissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification, or rating: Not rated. Horse-

manship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Served with A. E. F. in France from 10-23-18 to 5-3-19. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed March 8, 1919. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed: March 8, 1919. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Signature of soldier: Heye Edward Collman. Fred Hendrickson, 2nd Lieut. 161st D. B. Commanding, Camp Grant, Ill., May 15, 1919. Paid in full \$116.75, including bonus of \$60.00 Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Captain, Quartermaster Corps.

JESSE LENORD CLEMENTS.

Jesse Lenord Clements, son of Richard and Louisa Clements, was born in Davis County, Indiana, September 19, 1893. His parents were born in Indiana, the father of Scotch and the mother of French descent. His early youth was spent in Indiana attending school there until he reached the 5th grade work. The father was a Methodist minister and moved from place to place, and after leaving Indiana they went to Chancey, Ill., where Jesse took the 6th and 7th grade work. The family then moved to Bethalto where he completed the 7th grade work. From Bethalto the family moved to Clay City, Ill., where Jesse completed the 8th grade work and from Clay City, the family moved to Hazelton, Ind., then moved to West Frankfort, Ill., and from there back to Bethalto. While the family resided at West Frankfort and at Bethalto Jesse attended the McKendree Academy, finishing the academy in 1916 and 1917, besides getting credit for one one year's college work there.

Jesse taught school in Omphgent township during the winter of 1917 and 1918. This school is about 8 miles from Bethalto, which he considers his home. When he closed his school on March 28, he went to Hardin, Ill., where the family had moved, and he remained there but two days when he got the war fever again; for the call came for volunteers and he thought that this time he would be successful, for he had tried three times before within two years previous to this time.

In 1917 he had tried on May 23, July 3, July 4th, and finally succeeded on April 3, 1918. He remained at Jefferson Barracks from April 3 to April 13th, when he was sent with the Coast Artillery Corps to Fort Adams, R. I., arriving there on the 15th. In going East it was plainly seen that the war spirit was pitched higher than in the

West, for there were royal receptions all along the line until he reached the Fort. Jesse volunteered for overseas service and joined the 66th Coast Artillery, which was being mobilized on the drill grounds at Fort Adams, and was accepted May 3rd. They remained at Fort Adams, which faced the Narragansett Bay, until July 18; for the dreadful disease, spinal meningitis, had kept them in quarantine a month longer than they had expected.

Before sailing he witnessed many farewell receptions, among which were one given by Mrs. Vanderbilt at her summer home at Newport, R. I., and one by Mrs. James at her summer home. The parade was reviewed by Gov. Beacon of Rhode Island. They broke camp in the morning of July 18, and at night walked to Newport, R. I., a distance of three miles from camp, boarded a troop train for Boston Pier, got on board after they had been inspected and had drawn overseas equipment.

They boarded the Lancashire-Liverpool, a British troop ship that had formerly been a cattle boat, and was being used for the first time and was not up to the standard; it was a British ship commanded by a British crew of about 250 and the American soldiers were rationed by the British Government. The ship was a large fast steamer and the crew consisted of English, Hindoos and other colored boys.

She lifted anchor at 11 a. m. on the 19th and sailed for New York to get into the convoy; but did not reach New York harbor until the 21st, for no sooner had they left Boston harbor than a floating mine destroyed a war vessel and on account of a circuitous route they got lost in the storm. The Sunday they reached New York harbor was spent in watching the formation of the convoy of 15 ships, including the battleship Montana.

They started to cross on the 22nd, the first half of the trip being pleasant, but the second half was stormy and the result was a great deal of seasickness. Rations were very poor and consisted of two buns, some fish, mutton and rabbit; you might imagine the stimulation of your appetite when you go to get your plateful of hash and see a goat's head on the table with eyes still in it, all boiled nicely, but staring a cold stare at you. If a person could keep a strong stomach at that it would be easy to turn cannibal, at least Jesse thought so. One of the pleasures, as well as a necessity, was to lie quiet and wait for a nigger boy to come along returning with the "left-overs" from the officers' tables and waylay him and take the eats that the officers did not want, away from them. Thus the voyage ended, and though dissatisfied they were none the worse off.

During the voyage they destroyed two submarines with depth bombs. They landed safely at Liverpool on the morning of August 3rd. The first thing noticeable was the absence of young men, and all you could see was the old men doing the work. They marched up to Liverpool to camp Knotty Ash. On the way Jesse saw a sign tacked on a house stating that this had been a Public House, or Saloon as we call it, and because the proprietor had "Lied to His Majesty it was "Closed."

The boys began at once to clean up; the officers in charge of the camp stated it was the cleanest regiment that had ever been in that camp. They remained in that camp until the 5th, when they marched to Liverpool, boarded trains for Winchester and then marched to Morn Hill, an English Artillery camp. While near Winchester Jesse had the chance to see Winchester Cathedral, Queen Victoria statue, King Arthur's table, of Knights of the Round Table fame, and many other historical scenes. They left Morn Hill on the 8th for Southampton, arriving there the same day and boarded the side wheeler Queen Mohair at 6 p. m., but were ordered to get off again for there was a nest of submarines in their path. After 4 days stay at Southampton they again made the venture and finally reached the French shore at La Havre. They proceeded at once to Camp No. 1, an English rest camp, where they were still rationed by the British Government. Each soldier received five meal tickets, slept in squads of 12 in tents big enough for six. After a few days' stay they again marched to La Havre where they entered the famous side door Pullmans so often described in this book and therefore need not to be retold here.

After a few hours' ride they were introduced to the first taste of war, for six German aeroplanes raided that section with the intention of crippling the traffic. One plane was brought down and two crippled after one building on their right had been demolished. They, however, remained in their cars until the afternoon of the 15th, passing through Rouen, where could be seen the statue of Joan of Arc; and through Orleans where she was burned at stake.

They got off at Pierre Buffierre and finished their training there and then went to La Moges, 18 kilos away, and attended an artillery school for a month. While there he received the first real American food which looked good to Jes. He went from place to place to eat until he had his fill. From La Moges they went to La Courtina, a French artillery range in the mountains. Here they qualified about the middle of October and got ready waiting for orders.

While at this place Jes received a letter from his uncle, his father's brother, that he was wounded. At the same time Jes received the

letter a telegram arrived at Bethalto, addressed to R. L. Clements at Bethalto, stating that Volney F. Clements had been seriously wounded. This gave the impression that Jes had been wounded, for it was not known that Mr. R. L. Clements had a brother as well as a son in the service.

After October 15th they went to Tours, where they were being fitted out for the front. They were still there when the armistice was signed. They had not been assigned to any division, for they had the 8-inch Howitzers. Their emblem was a big A, which was black with red and white stripes. Black A stood for the first army, red for artillery, and white for reserve.

On Thanksgiving day they returned to Pierre Buffierre, remaining there until the 17th of December, when they went to La Brede, 28 miles south of Bourdeaux. By this time the rainy season had set in full blast; Spanish influenza and spinal meningitis took at least one-third of their men. The moral condition of many was bad; Jes knew, for he helped take care of the sick; he was and remained in perfect state of health. Here is where his moral training aided him that he received at home and while young; this also aided him in keeping up his perfect physical condition. Although the regiment was strictly clean, cooties were introduced early in the season.

At La Brede Jes did guard duty, for at this time there were many A. W. O. L.'s on account of the fine class of people living at La Brede. While at this place they had a great deal of drilling in order to keep them in a healthy condition for their return homeward. They broke camp February 4th, and marched to Bourdeaux, and then to Genecourt No. 1, seven miles away; remained there one day and then went to Genecourt No. 2, where they went through a delouser, the last delouser while in France. They remained at Genecourt No. 2 a week and went to the American docks at Bassans, about five miles away. At Bassans docks they got on a tug boat, went down the Gironde River about 17 miles to Paulic, an air service camp for the navy. They got on the ship Feb. 17th, when it was discovered that there were 102 cases of "flu" and six cases of pneumonia on board. Twenty-five were taken off the boat, and the others proved to be mild cases and none proved fatal.

They entered the Bay of Biscay on the 19th of February, the boat—the U. S. S. Powhattan, a 9-decker, had formerly been the German liner Hamburg. Jes had been in France eight months, had been attached to the 44th Artillery, and though not on the fighting line he had fought every day he was there. The weather at sea was stormy,

and although the treatment was good many were seasick ; and although there were many sick and wounded on board, not a death occurred in crossing.

They landed at Hoboken Pier 3 at 7 o'clock in the morning of March 5th, just as President Wilson was leaving the United States on his second trip to France. He watched the salutes, and saw the President and Mrs. Wilson on the George Washington.

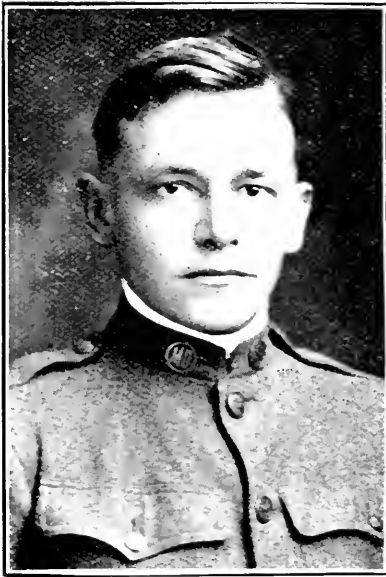
After they got off the boat they were fed by the Red Cross ; they were then ferried to the railroad station and entrained for Camp Merritt ; went through the delouser, turned in their equipment, were given a pass and spent a pleasant time in New York. They left Camp Merritt for Camp Grant, reaching that place on the 14th of March. He was assigned to the 4th company, 167th Depot Brigade. He remained at Camp Grant filling out papers, etc., until March 21st, when at 9:30 in the morning he received his discharge, thus becoming a civilian once more. He went from Camp Grant to Danville, thence to Carmi, where his folks met him, giving him a royal welcome. Following is his discharge and enlistment record :

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Jesse L. Clements, 460823, Private 1st class, Hq. Co. 66th Art., C. A. C., the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, by reason of convenience of government, per S. O. 74, par 61, Hq. Camp Grant, Ill., 3-15-'19. Said Jesse L. Clements was born in Davis County, in the State of Indiana. When enlisted he was 20 years of age and by occupation a teacher. He had brown eyes, dark hair, ruddy complexion and was 5 feet 9 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 21st day of March, 1919. Hamilton D. Turner, Maj. Inf. U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Jesse L. Clements. Grade: Private 1st class. Enlisted April 3, 1918, at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: No. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: None. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Left U. S. A. July 19, 1918, arrived in U. S. A. March 5, 1919. Knowledge of any vocation: Teacher. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: April 16, 1918; Paratyphoid



LEO WILLIS
Corp., Co. B, 138th Infantry



WILLIAM H. WOHLERT
Co. F, 147th Infantry



CHARLES KUHN
Co. F, 147th Infantry



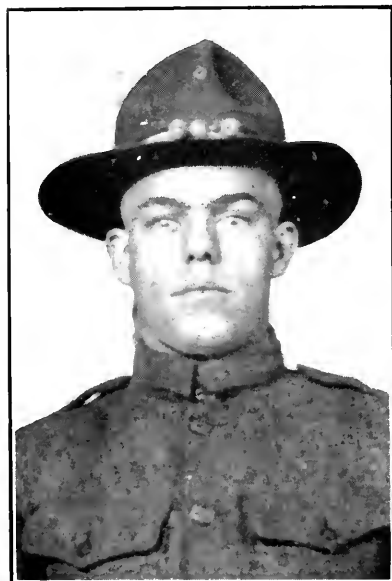
EDWARD J. KRUSE
Co. A, 316th Supply Train



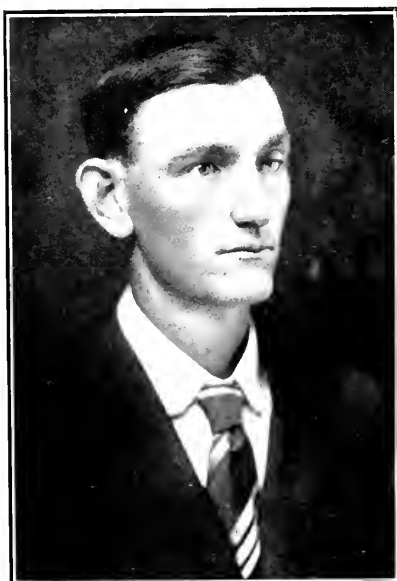
ERNEST H. BRUNK
325th Remount Depot



GEORGE T. ECCLES
72nd Co., 18th Bn. Infantry, R. & T. C.



JOHN W. SILLAND
Co. G, 59th Infantry



HEYE COLLMAN
Battery C, 119th Field Artillery

prophylaxis completed: April 16, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: No A. W. O. L., not absent under G. O. 31-12 or G. O. 45-14. Entered service from Carmi, Ill. Signature of soldier: Jesse L. Clements. Malcolm Wahlen, Capt. Inf. U. S. A., Commanding 4th Co. D. B. Camp Grant, Ill., March 21, 1919. Paid in full \$97.75. including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. Alex C. McKelvey, Capt. Q. M. C.

WILLIAM H. LUMAN.

William H. Luman, son of George and Adeline Luman, was born on a farm two miles north of Bethalto. He went to the Luman school for a while. The Luman school was so called on account of Grandfather Luman donating the land for school purposes many years ago. Later the family left this district and moved to Prairietown where Will attended a school near Bunker Hill; from Prairietown the family moved to Moro, where Will attended school for a short time; but on account of the parents living far from school Will did not have the advantage that other boys had and he went to school very little and at the age of eleven his school years ended. He had reached the Seventh grade work.

His father was a farmer and contractor, and Will became his main helper. Later on the family moved to East Alton and Will received employment at the Standard Oil Company running a locomotive crane.

He registered in June, 1917, but was not called until May 28, 1918, when he was examined, leaving Alton the next day for Camp Shelby, Miss. Will was soon to be initiated into the excitement that goes with army life, for no sooner had they got off the train at Jackson, Miss. for a short parade when one of the southern beauties, running an automobile and seeing so many soldier boys from the North, lost her head and consequently the control of her machine and run on to the walk close to Will, knocking his partner down and breaking his legs. This incident, though serious at that time, was but a trifle to what he was destined to see some day.

Will reached Camp Shelby safely where he received the usual line of amusement while at the detention camp, such as "shots" in the arm, "ice cream" in a tin cup and the most awkward and unbecoming uniform that could be wished on a soldier. Pants large enough to fit three men at the same time, and as a rule, coat and shirt and shoes to match the pants. When those Southerners saw the Northerners coming in such a style they evidently thought of Private Peck when

he tried to put down the rebellion. This, however, mattered little to Will for he had gone forth to do his duty, obey orders, take what was given to him and accept nothing more.

He was placed in Co. L, 150th Infantry, of the 38th Division. The soldiers of the 38th Division were mostly regulars and had been on the Mexican border. They were called the National Guard Division. These were ready to go overseas for duty; but they needed a few to fill the division up to war strength, and Will became one of the few, and therefore became one of those who must make hurried preparation. There was no loafing; it was drill and hike and do everything that was necessary for hurried preparation. Ten hours a day every day in the week; rigid day for Will. The worst feature was the five hours drilling in the morning without water, and the same in the afternoon under the same condition. It could be easily understood by him why they were putting the new boys through such serious tests. The weather was hot and it seemed pretty much like war to Will as it was. Frequent gas drills had to be gone through; and before they had gone through gas houses many times Will could easily distinguish between tear gas and mustard gas.

Will also took a course in bayonet school and one course in the grenade school. There were other schools but Will thought it sufficient for the present. On the rifle range Will did his part; the boys would hike ten miles to the range one day, target practice the next day, and hike back on the third day. This was repeated three times a month. It mattered not what the weather was like; if they started in the pouring rain they would continue just the same, for they could dry their clothes later. On the range the targets of 100 yards to 500 yards distance were of all shapes, sizes and colors. Some were camouflaged, others were not. The sole aim seemed to be to beat the other fellow in the game. Thus the days of intensiveness passed and September came and the boys started to move. They bid farewell to targets, wire entanglements, trenches, gas houses and heat, and started north on the first of September; went to Camp Mills where they were equipped with overseas clothing, thus giving the boys a better appearance.

They left Camp Mills shortly afterward, went farther north until they reached Montreal, Canada. Will had been made corporal at Camp Shelby but he gave that honor very little consideration for he was aware of the distinction between corporal and a private. They boarded the steamship Delta at Montreal and sailed down the St. Lawrence River, passing Quebec with its majestic fortifications and finally passing Halifax, entered the great waters to cross to the other

shores. The only real acquaintance Will had was Paul Koons, formerly from Bethalto. Each soldier has troubles of his own, yet the trials of his comrades seemed worse to Will than he looked for; for many got seasick while still on the river; some became so sick with "flu" that they were left at Halifax. The "flu" season was appearing and it caught many before they left the river and many others after they started to cross. If we could take time to reflect for a moment and think of those conditions we would not treat the subject of war so lightly.

The boat on which they crossed was a British steamer manned by a British crew, and the food they received was outrageous. They saw four large icebergs; and passing between them they were constantly in foggy and damp weather. With such weather, "flu" aboard, food not fit for a dog; cabbage for breakfast, mutton stew for dinner, and oats without sugar, tasting like glue, for supper; it was no wonder so many were so very sick. They would make the boys do without sugar, bake sweet doughnuts at night and sell them to the American soldiers for five cents apiece the next day. This kind of profiteering was un-American, and the boys lost not only their love but their friendship for any English cook.

Misery and death mingled. The flags floated at half mast all the time. They were 16 days in crossing. Fifteen of their boys died on the boat on which Will crossed. One of his pals, a member of his squad, got seasick, then took the "flu" and after eight days of suffering died. Will acted as pallbearer. They wrapped the poor boy in canvass, sewed it up, put him on what is called a tilt board about two feet wide, and with his feet in the direction of the water; taps sounded, the board raised and the body of his friend slipped quietly down into the waters below. Thus 15 of their boys were buried beneath the waves; 64 from another vessel and in all more than a hundred died while the fleet was crossing the Atlantic. The regular rations were too filthy for Will and the only eats he got while crossing were doughnuts, and he ate them as long as his nickels lasted. Sympathy exists in every true American but the rebellious nature becomes predominant when undue advantage is taken of him. He who would be a friend to a good Western American should be careful how he treats his stomach.

These days could not last always, and after 16 days travel they finally reached Liverpool on the 3rd of October. They got on a train at Liverpool, rode about eight hours to a rest camp, where they remained two days. Again at this rest camp it was plenty of rest but no eats. The result was, a bunch of boys broke through the guard

line to get something to eat. The M. P.'s soon rounded them all up, put Will, one of the violators, in charge of the bunch and he drilled them good-naturedly back to camp, and nothing came of it, for they had not long to stay. They were again put on trains and rode until they reached Southampton. Many an American soldier has made a trip cross England and the channel and if there is a reader who has been through this let him bear with the writer until the soldier is safely taken out of the path of tribulation.

Upon reading Southampton they were at once put on an American boat that took the boys safely across the channel and landed them at La Havre, from where they were taken to Rest Camp No. One. Rest Camp No. One is pretty well known to the reader by this time. This camp, six miles out of town, and upon a high hill, with its round tents, room enough for eight, yet crowding 14 in each tent. They remained at this camp two days, but not always in their tents for they did not think it very comfortable with their heads outside and their feet and legs piled up in the center; but it was time the boys were getting familiar with this crowded condition for they were going to have more of it later on.

At the end of the second day they again hiked to La Havre where they entered the famous side door Pullmans. The utmost capacity of these cars was either 8 horses or 40 men, yet Will's car contained 42 men. There was no room to sit down. They rode for several days until they reached La Mons. At La Mons they got off one train and were put on another to be sent back to Nantes where they remained a week. If the reader does not know where these places are let him look them up in his geography and he will readily see where the boys were taken, but he will not understand why; neither could the boys understand why they should be rustled around in that manner; for after a week's stay at Nantes where Will with 39 others billeted in a chicken house with a damp floor, without straw, they were again picked up and were once more on their way, this time to their old stamping grounds, La Havre.

While at the camp two miles from the city they were still rationed by the British and eats were beginning to get painfully scarce; so that through sheer hunger the boys made another breakout and broke in, stole 11 loaves of bread, 2 sacks of potatoes, and 2 sides of bacon from the kitchen, thus giving the saintly soldiers one good square meal.

Time was rolling on; rain was coming down, making their shelter halves serve but poorly their purpose. The boys remained but a short time and were soon on the move again. This time they rode three days and three nights and landed at a place called Les Lettes where

they stopped and joined the 78th Division on the 9th of November, having had 9 days and 9 nights free ride. Smile at this and a soldier will tell you there was nothing to laugh about.

They were now on the old Hindenburg line; the Germans had hurriedly evacuated this place two weeks before and had left some fine places; some electrically lighted, but Oh! My! so dirty and so full of cooties. With no bath since they left the good old U. S. shore, only one cold bath in England, and no chance to wash while riding in the box cars, a person can imagine the cooties found fertile soil when the boys arrived at Les eLttes.

Along the side of the roads many thousand shells were piled up and it became their duty to camouflage these huge mountains of shells to keep the Boche planes from finding them; but their labor was of short duration for two days after they arrived on the line the armistice was signed; and by the night of the 11th of November they had reached the town of Dutcher, 27 kilos away. This 11 hour hike through the mud was a memorable one for Will. Many fell out of line and came straggling into camp several days afterward. They had been ordered to not eat their rations, but hunger would not allow them to obey orders, and their bully beef and hard tack disappeared. They were reprimanded severely by their officers and punished by restricting their actions. The officers had plenty to eat, but the boys must not eat even their own scanty food.

They remained at Dutcher five days, when they were again introduced to their old acquaintance, Mr. Side Door. They sailed two days and two nights to a town called Epossie from where they hiked three kilos to Bard Epossie, where they remained four months repairing French roads. Part of the company drilled while the rest cracked stones to build roads. This was tedious work with nothing else before them to break the monotony. They billeted in an old shed with two blankets apiece, no heating apparatus of any kind, so they made a stove of sheet iron and stole some guttering for a stove pipe; but when the pipe got too hot the soldering melted and the pipe came tumbling down, leaving them no better off than when they started; and although candy was issued to them regularly they did not receive any. The boys knew where the candy went, but to keep from being court-martialed they thought it better to keep quiet than to get into trouble with their superiors.

The worst feature of their life in this detention camp was the sham battles the officers tried to make their boys fight. It mattered not about the weather, they had to capture imaginary trenches and machine gun nests, and when the officer's whistle blew it meant "flop,"

mud or no mud. Thus the rough treatment went on until the first of May, when orders were given to start for Bordeaux.

After reaching Bordeaux they were deloused and were put on board the Santa Paula, an American boat, and set sail for good old Hoboken, reaching that place on the 28th of May, making the trip in 14 days. From Hoboken they were sent to Camp Dix, where they were again deloused.

After five days' stay at Camp Dix they went to Camp Grant, where after remaining 36 hours they received their discharge on the 5th of June, 1919.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that William H. Luman, 1557298, Corporal Co. K, 309th Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of the government, per circular 106, War Dept., 1918. Said William H. Luman was born in Bethalto in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 27 3-12 years of age and by occupation an Engineer. He had blue eyes, brown hair, dark complexion and was 5 feet 9 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 5th day of June, 1919. Frank A. Johnson, Major F. A., U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: William H. Luman. Grade: Corporal. Inducted May 28, 1918 at Alton, Illinois, serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Corporal; Aug. 25, 1918. Marksmanship, gunner qualification, or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Served in A. E. F. from Oct. 3, 1918, to May 28, 1919. Knowledge of any vocation: General Engineer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed 6-21-'18. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed 6-21-'18. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Signature of soldier: William H. Luman. Chas. E. Wavam, 1st Lieut. Infantry, Commanding Demobilization Group. Camp Grant, Ill., June 5, 1919. Paid in full \$114.37, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Quartermaster Corps.

EDWARD J. KRUSE.

Edward J. Kruse, son of August and Gesche Kruse, was born in Wood River Township, three miles south of Bethalto, September 17, 1890. He attended the Walnut Grove school completing the Eighth grade. He remained at home working on the farm until he was 23 years of age when he went to Pomona, California, to work on an orange farm. He went in October, 1913, and returned home the following April. California life was too fascinating for Ed. and the climate suited him better than that of Illinois, so he went back to California the second time in February, 1915. He went to work to Pomona in the cold storage and ice plant for fruits and oranges.

It was at Pomona that Ed. registered for the service in June, 1917. He was called to the colors on his birthday, September 17, 1917, and took examination on the 8th of August, leaving Pomona on the 20th of September for Camp Lewis, Wash. Camp Lewis was just being organized. He was placed in the 316th Supply Train of the 91st Division, or Wild West Division as it became known later on. Part of the description is taken from the war diary which shows that the 316th Supply Train was organized on the 25th of September, 1917, under the command of Lt. Allen R. Duncan; Col. Saville being in command of the regiment. The duties at Camp Lewis were somewhat like those of other camps. Infantry drill, gas drills, school and trucks and other mechanical lines. Ed. became bugler February 1, 1918, and in June they went through a siege of the hardest kind of training.

They left camp on the 30th of June, 1918, for overseas duty. They stopped at Spokane, Washington, on the 1st of July where they paraded and in return received fruits, cigarettes, post cards, etc., from the Red Cross. The next stop east was at Missoula, Montana, where the boys received the best reception by the Red Cross and citizens of that territory. At Billings, Montana, the Supply Train boys enjoyed themselves in the public swimming pool; at Forsythe, Montana, the Supply Train waited a while to see the new boys leave for Camp Lewis. The town of Paradise, Montana, will be remembered by the boys for the industrious mosquitoes produced there. Thus they traveled eastward. At Fargo, North Dakota, they had physical exercise. At Elroy, Wisconsin, they spent the 4th of July parading for the natives. They arrived at Chicago at midnight on the 4th. More physical exercise at Toledo, Ohio; at Cleveland, Ohio, they had a fine swim in Lake Erie. They stopped a short while at Buffalo, N. Y., and by the 6th of July they were traveling south along the Hudson River, and after passing many other interesting sights they finally reached

Camp Mills in the evening of the 6th of July. They were at Camp Mills from the 6th to the 13th. During this time the boys had passes to the city of New York. At Camp Mills they received their overseas equipment.

On the 13th they boarded the ship *Alsatian*, one of a convoy of 14 ships. From July 14th to July 26th they were on the ocean. On the ship they had physical exercise, guard duty and boat drills. No submarines were sighted and ten sub-chasers met them when they were two days from their destination. They docked at Liverpool, England, on the 26th and debarked on the 27th, boarded a train and after touring for ten hours detrained at Southampton, and from there marched a distance of four miles to an English rest camp. At dusk of the 27th they left Southampton, spending the entire night on a channel boat in crossing the channel, arriving at Cherbourg, France, at 5 o'clock in the morning of the 28th; from there they marched to a British rest camp four miles from Cherbourg.

During the time they were on the boat and when they passed through England and near Cherbourg, France, they were rationed by the British government. The food was considered "bum" by the boys, and the horse meat they were given on the boat was not very palatable to a bunch of Wild West boys who knew nothing but pure American food, and if possible would tolerate nothing else. It is not stated for what reason, but while at Rest Camp No. 1 near Cherbourg nobody was allowed to leave camp, and some of the western spirit arose too high for some, with the result that 30 medicos were brought in by the guards and put in the guard house. They had broke out, orders or no orders. They loved the freedom and did not know how to connect Western Freedom with Eastern Liberty. The boys were used to pure food and they blamed the English soldiers for the poor food that their government gave them; for a hungry soldier is apt to express his feelings in terms sometimes unbecoming to one who is supposed to be a model citizen, though he is from the Free West; however, this condition did not last long; the sullen ill feeling soon passed away for when they received American food quiet prevailed and on the first of August they entrained for "Somewhere in France."

On August 2, they saw Paris from a distance, they saw the Eifel Tower, the great 100 meter ferris wheel, and other distinguishing marks of the great city. The boys did not know where they were going but they were on their way,—yes, they had been on their way more than a month but their spirits were as high as ever. They traveled on and reached Neisey-le-sec, where they remained overnight.

Here they had the first taste of French wine. Here they saw German prisoners for the first time.

While being side-tracked overnight the boys in some mysterious way discovered several barrels on the cars in a leaky condition; they discovered that the barrels contained wine. The result of this discovery was that many Wild West boys started on a tour to shoot Germans. The insurrection was checked, however, by the Major's orders, to have every canteen examined and if any wine was found to have it reported at once. The sergeant was detailed to go on the tour of inspection. After inspecting as many canteens as he was able, he reported everything O. K. Thus Ed.'s canteen was found in good condition. He did not state how good it was; but good, good, good, was all the canteen would say. The night passed and Neisey-le-Sec passed out of existence so far as the 316th supply train was concerned. They came to the end of their railroad journey after having been in all kinds of cars.

In America they had Pullman; in England they had 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class compartment coaches, with which every soldier who has made the trip is familiar, and in France they had 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class coaches and a peculiar kind of a box car with which every one of our overseas boys is painfully familiar.

They detrained at Andilly and marched to the village of Meuse-Haute Marne. They marched the distance of seven miles full pack, and settled down for a 35 days' stay at Meuse. While the division hiked, drilled and practiced the 316th supplied them with grub. The supply train left Meuse on the 6th of September via truck for Fouksin, France, where they entrained for Gondcourt. Some men took the trucks overland to the city while the rest of the Battalion were being introduced to the 8 Chavaux side door Pullmans.

Reaching Gondcourt at 2 p. m. Sept. 7th, the officers set to work at once to find rooms for themselves and stalls for the boys. They left Gondcourt Sept. 12th, arriving at Troussey where they heard the big guns for the first time. They were now in the reserve of the St. Mihiel drive. While at Gondcourt Ed. had the privilege of visiting an old castle built in the 14th century. The old castle was built of rock and had openings in the walls put there for the purpose of defense during the bow and arrow times. Up in the tower there was an old court room with the trap door giving it the appearance of having been inhabited by "Old Hurricane." Beneath this trap door by many feet roared the river as it had done centuries ago when man stood on the trap door one moment and the next was cast into oblivion. Even the stalwart Western youth of America shuddered at the sight.

After they reached the St. Mihiel Sector hauling of ammunition, bully beef, hard tack, gold fish and all sorts of canned goods became the daily routine of work. They left on Friday, the 13th of September, and arrived at Froidos at 6 p. m. on the 17th of September. Whether lucky or unlucky it seemed the 13th haunted the supply train all the time.

On this day Ed.'s truck broke down and he had to wait three days to get it fixed. While there he saw a Red Cross Canteen for the first time. They were now going toward the Argonne Forest and the Hindenburg line. As soon as the men reached Froidos the men of the 91st went to the front and Ed.'s work commenced by hauling ammunition to the front. They had hauled a lot of ammunition to a place called Very. While Ed. and other truck drivers were unloading ammunition the Germans had evidently located their ammunition dump for they planted five shells of large caliber right around the dump within a radius of 40 yards. The enemy tried to demolish the dumps and trucks, and although very close, failed in the attempt.

At 10:45 p. m. on the 25th of September the big show began, the big guns began to play, and before morning of the 26th the boys went over the top. The supply train of the 91st Division was kept busy hauling ammunition and grub. The towns of Vraincourt, Cheppy, Very, Montfaucon, Neuilly, Aubreville and Clermont became familiar to the boys. At one place they traveled a mile and a half over a board road where every other board had been removed by the Germans in their hasty retreat. They went through Death Valley where the bones of hundreds of horses and many soldiers lay bleaching in the sun. These were dangerous days, these were dangerous roads, and when one M. P. misdirected Ed. and led him to the wrong place he came within reach of machine gun bullets. He was ordered to hurry back as quick as possible. And though aeroplanes swooped down on him and at the same time gave signals to their artillery he succeeded in getting over the hill. The M. P. had made a mistake, but his load of 3000 hand grenades was safe.

At Epinonville the truck drivers were shelled again, but the fear had partly disappeared and Ed. picked up a few pieces of shrapnel while others hid under the trucks. Fortunately no one was hurt and shortly afterward the Division was relieved. In this forsaken country Ed. was kept busy driving a truck in a land where he knew not a single soul, only those with whom he got acquainted while in camp. In this land of misery Ed. hauled death-dealing devices to and wounded back from "No Man's Land." In this country of shell holes, blown up bridges, trenches, piles of stone and like obstructions, could

be seen miles of trucks going forward and always forward; for the enemy was by this time in full retreat. Travel was consequently slow. At one place this train of trucks made one and one-half miles in 15 hours. These large F. W. D.'s, or Four Wheeled Drive as they were called, did the work of keeping the supplies to the boys on the line. They were being constantly shelled and at one place while taking wounded to a place of safety a shell fell on his truck killing two who had already given all they had. They had been seriously wounded in the fighting but were killed on their way to security.

On the 4th of October the Division was relieved from the line. After that they went into the timber and cleared it up by hauling out lost guns, material, and everything that the Germans had left behind. Many things could be mentioned that would be of interest to the reader, but they became general and therefore common. At one place Ed. saw an American aeroplane bring down two Germans, while a German plane downed two American observation balloons.

They had been in action from the 25th of September to the 5th of October, and from the 6th of October to the 10th of October. They worked clearing the Argonne and then moved to Revigny back of the lines almost down to Barle Duc. From October 17 to the 22nd the Supply Train moved from Revigny to somewhere in Belgium. Some went on trains while others went in trucks. Ed. drove a truck all the way, passing through the cities of Vitry, Eperney, Chalons-sur-Marne, Chateau-Thierry and Noise-le-Sec then through Paris and on through Amiens, Clemont, St. Pal, St. Omer, Ypres and to St. Jean de Ypres. Here Ed. became acquainted with the cooties; here he saw where the first gas was used by the Germans. They had reached St. Jean on the first of November after traveling two dreary weeks in trucks. They were shelled every night while at Iseghan, and to where they went after the first of November. They were hauling rations instead of ammunition and continued with this kind of work until the 12th of December, when they went to Proven, a place of tin huts, barbed wire, mud and misery; for Flanders mud was deep at this place and at this time. Everything that can be imagined belonging to warfare had been there.

Ed. received a pass at Proven and went to Brussels, a beautiful town, where eats, carfare, shows and everything in the amusement line was free to the American soldier. The city had not been damaged by the Germans and the beautiful buildings and parks had been left intact.

On the 31st of October the 91st Division had gone into action in Belgium in the Lys-Scheldt offensive, but the Germans were slowly retreating although they visited the Americans every night with their

bombing planes. November 9th was the last air raid at Iseghan. They had been at this place 42 days. On Dec. 29th they left Proven on a train to Nogent-le-Rotron, the last stop; this was in the La Mons district. Here he saw an old-time community sale where everybody sells his own produce. Here he saw another old castle of the 14th century type; a castle with walls around it 50 feet high where common people were not, nor had never been allowed to enter. Ed. was inside the inclosure but not through this 6-story rock structure, and he wondered while gazing how long a castle of this kind would stand in the Free Wild West of the Liberty-Loving Americans. They, however, soon left Nogent and went to St. Nazaire for embarkation. They sailed on the 8th of April, 1919 on the Santa Paula, an American troop ship and landed safely in New York harbor, from where the boys were sent to Camp Upton, L. I., and from there to California.

Ed. was in a California hospital awhile on account of the ordeal through which he had gone. He soon recovered and received his discharge and came home to see his parents, who at the present time live near Jerseyville. He also spent several weeks with friends and relatives in Bethalto, his old home town. Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Edward J. Kruse, 2275610, Pvt. Co. A, 316th Sup. Tr., the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of Cir. 106, W. D. 1918. Said Edward J. K Kruse was born in East Alton in the State of Illinois; when enlisted he was 27 years of age, and by occupation a laborer. He had brown eyes, brown hair, dark complexion, and was 5 feet 8 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Kearney, Calif., this 9th day of June, 1919. Guy J. Rour, Lieut. Col. Infantry, Commanding. Bonus of \$60.00, Act approved Feb. 24, 1919 paid this date. Camp Kearney, Calif., June 9, 1919. Paid in full, \$104.70. Edgar A. Supples, Capt. Q. M. C.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Edward J. Kruse. Grade: Private. Inducted Sept. 20, 1917, at Pamon, Calif., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: St. Mihiel, Sept. 9-10-11-13th; Argonne, Sept. 16-Oct. 4;

Ypres, Belgium, Oct. 31 to Nov. 11, 1918. Knowledge of any vocation: Laborer. Wounds received in battle: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed Oct. 16, 1917. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed Oct. 16, 1917. Married or single: Single. Remarks: No A. W. O. L. under G. O. 31-12 or G. O. 45-14. Entitled to travel pay. Assigned Co. A, 316th Eng., Oct. 11, 1917. Signature of soldier: Edward J. Krusc. George Rank, 1st Lieut. Inf. Commanding C. H. 32nd Inf. Demob.

HENRY BARBER.

David Henry Barber, son of David and Manda Barber, was born in Alton, Ill., in 1891. The parents were both Americans and the father served in the Civil War from 1861 to 1865, having been wounded in the forehead. The family moved to Bethalto when Henry was eight years old. They purchased a home in Bethalto and Henry received a good school education. After the death of the parents the children had to shift for themselves and Henry worked awhile as fireman on the C. & A. He registered for the draft in June, 1917, while working for H. L. Culp. When he was called to the colors he was sent to Camp Sherman, Ohio, and put in the 334th Headquarters Company of the Signal Corps, 84th Division.

He trained for two months, when on August 28th the 334th Company left for Camp Mills and set sail for France on the 1st of September, and landed at Southampton. They sailed on the S. S. Aquitania and had on board 10,000 troops and 250 Red Cross Nurses. The food was poor, mostly fish, but the ship crossed in eight days, traveling alone, and no subs were sighted. They fired 18 shots at what was thought to be one. The Aquitania had 8 subs to her credit and this was the 19th trip across with troops. No lights at night, no smoking, and nothing was allowed to be thrown overboard. They landed at Southampton on the 8th of September and crossed the channel two days afterward on the Margarete, too small for such business. They landed at La Havre on the 11th and were loaded into box cars 7x26, with 44 in each car. There would have been a rebellion had it not been for the timely arrival of bully beef, hard tack and a little jam; this however appeased them for awhile. When do we eat? When do we drink? were the cries. Many officers were often drunk.

They finally reached La Mons where they remained a week drilling and hiking. One hundred and eighty men of the 334th were assigned to the 91st Division and Henry was one of the 180 and they were at once sent to the Argonne Forest. These boys were from

Ohio and they filled gaps that the enemy had made in the California bunch. They rode in trains to within 28 miles of the Argonne and hiked the 28 miles in two days. Henry and two others were transferred to Headquarters Company 364th regiment. Food conditions were normal and the rains were copious. They reached the Forest on the 25th of September. Henry reached the front in time to take part in four drives before fighting ceased. They were in the St. Mihiel Sector, Verdun Sector at Beuzee Audenarde, and those in which the Wild West fought. The 35th Division was on their right and the 77th on their left. Many Germans were killed in the Forest and few prisoners were taken.

After the armistice was signed and fighting ceased they held the line awhile, then went north into Belgium, a distance of almost 100 miles. When fighting ceased quiet became painful, the feeling can hardly be understood. The nerves were on such a keen edge that when all was quiet soldiers could not sleep, although many were worn out. The French cavalry relieved them. After they had been in Belgium a while they were sent into France where they were attached to the S. O. S. making preparation to go to some port of embarkation. They went to school at Le Bernard 14 days. They left St. Aignan for a port of embarkation. They remained at the port 24 hours and sailed on the S. S. Sidney, leaving on the 22nd of March, reaching the good old U. S. A. April 3rd.

The Sidney was much smaller than the Aquitania and not so comfortable, but Henry was sick but five days. The Aquitania was 941 feet long, the Sidney 390. After reaching New York they were sent to Camp Mills where they remained ten days and were then sent to Camp Sherman, Ohio, where he received his honorable discharge which reads as near as could be ascertained from Henry.

a To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that David Henry Barber, 3526845, Private Headquarters Company 364th Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of Cir. 77 W. D. per par. 6 S. O. 72. Said David Henry Barber was born in Alton, Illinois. When enlisted he was 27 years of age and by occupation a truck driver. He had brown eyes, dark hair, dark complexion and was 5 feet seven inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Sherman, Ohio, April 11, 1919. Lieut. Meyers, Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

Name: David Henry Barber. Grade: Private. Enlisted June 17, 1918, at Irvington, Indiana, serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification, or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Four battles, holding lines four days, with the A. E. F. Knowledge of any vocation: Truck Driver. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed June 30, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Signature of soldier: David Henry Barber. Remarks: No A. W. O. L. No absence under G-O. 45 W. D. 1914. Floyd Hamilton, Captain; Lieut. Meyers, in command of company.

HENRY C. BANGERT.

Henry C. Bangert, son of Henry and Emma Bangert, and brother of Ed. whose description is found in this book, was born in Fort Russell Township June 28, 1895. He completed the 8th grade work at the Oak Grove school, the only school he attended during his school years, and after he quit school he continued to work for his parents on the farm until he was called to the colors Feb. 23, 1918.

He registered for the draft in June, 1917, and left Edwardsville in company with Louis Smith and Henry Engleman, of Fort Russell Township on the 23rd of February, 1918, for Camp Taylor, Ky., arriving there at 10 o'clock at night. He was placed in the 17th Co., 159th Depot Brigade, where he remained three weeks on account of being quarantined with measles, although Henry did not have it.

After that time he was transferred to Co. G, 335th Infantry. The four regiments of infantry comprising the 84th Division were the 333rd, 334th, 335th and 336th. After Henry was placed in 335th Infantry, he drilled, hiked and did company duty common to all; descriptions of which is found elsewhere in this book. Henry was recommended for corporal, but he refused, saying he desired to remain a private during his stay in the service.

On June 7th he was transferred to Camp Sherman, Ohio, near Chillicothe, where the same monotonous duty continued until the 23rd of August, when the regiment was sent to Camp Mills to be equipped for overseas duty. He had been in training just six months, and he was considered fit for actual warfare. On the way to Camp Mills they

stopped at Ravina, N. Y., where they took a bath in the Hudson River and the Red Cross gave them a fine supper; after that time the soldiers spent an enjoyable evening in dancing.

They remained at Camp Mills until the 2nd of September, long enough to receive the balance of their overseas equipment. They boarded the English ship *Manilla* at Hoboken and started on their journey, a journey of 14 days of miserable existence. Although he was not seasick he ate but five meals during his entire trip. The food that the British fed to the American soldiers did not seem to suit the taste of the American soldiers who were used to cleanser, purer and more palatable food. Henry does not state what there was to eat, only that which they had was not fit to put into a stomach of a human and he therefore let the stuff alone.

They landed safely at Liverpool, England, at 5 p. m. on the 16th of September, got off the boat on the 17th and hiked to Knotty Ash, a camp about five miles away, where they remained three days. The mud at Knotty Ash was deep and slimy and the camp was so closely guarded that no one dared to sneak out to get a breath of pure air. They were cooped up and nobody was allowed out for three days when after this time they left the camp and started on their way to Southampton in the southern part of England, on the channel, from where they could cross to France. They stayed long enough in Birmingham to parade then went to Southampton, where they went to a rest camp about seven miles away. They hiked all the way, and a little rest was all they got and nothing else, for they soon picked up their baggage and hiked back again when they were loaded on a large American steamer that took them safely across the channel, landing at La Havre the next morning; and as soon as they landed they started on their next hike up the hill to another rest camp where they remained in round tents from 10 a. m. until 10 p. m., when they returned to La Havre and entrained in the famous French box cars on which it said "40 Hommes, Chavoux 8," which meant there was standing room for either 8 horses or 40 men.

In these small French box cars they rode three days and three nights. There were 35 soldiers in each car, and their bread and other rations were piled up in the center of the car except where some was used for pillows, etc. They landed at St. Nugent at 5 o'clock in the evening, but no quarters had been provided for them so they just flopped down on the ground for the night. The next morning they found barns and sheds, old deserted houses, or anything that was left after the officers had had their pick.

They remained at Nugent two weeks, and they were fast beginning to get disgusted or to care little what was going on. They hiked and drilled every day. It was at this place that Henry was transferred to Co. F of the 334th Infantry. "Flu" had hit them hard and much transferring had to be done to get the regiments in regular order again.

At the end of two weeks Henry was sent to Ypres, where he joined the 91st Division, or Wild West Division. Henry was learning what real warfare is and found that hiking and starving were two of misery's ingredients. He had hiked two days before he reached the 91st Division in Belgium. He had a good supper that Saturday night, he slept in a "pup" tent that night; he got up early Sunday morning and without any breakfast started off on an all day's hike; he put up for the night and the next morning he continued his journey. It seemed their kitchen did not travel as fast as they did; for it was not until Monday evening at 6 o'clock that he got a bite to eat since Saturday night. As may be realized he was exhausted, for his pack was heavy, roads were rough and muddy. Thus he reached the Wild West Division, whose men had fared even worse, for by that time many of their soldiers had fallen and they had seen much misery and they needed replacements.

The boys had arrived on the 21st of October, and Henry had been placed in Co. F, 362nd Infantry. On October 29th they moved to the lines and by 5:30 on the morning of the 31st of October they went over the top. This was on the Flanders Front in Belgium on the scheldt. The Germans, however, retreated after blowing up bridges which had to be repaired or pontoon bridges had to be put up before they could cross. They continued to follow the Germans until the 11th of November, when firing ceased. They had followed the Germans continually for five days,—five days of misery, five days with nothing to sustain life but turnips and water, with the enemy artillery firing at them and the aeroplanes continually dropping shells on them. These five days of travel, or hiding in dugouts, made all of the boys sick; it gave them cramps, for this raw food was not fit for them under these trying conditions.

At the end of the five days the 364th Kitchen finally reached them and they got their first meal. Shortly after fighting ceased, the cannon ceased to roar, the bombing planes ceased to drop shells, and everything turned into a deathly calmness. Henry heard the last shot of the war fired and soon he was on the march back to St. Nazaire, several hundred miles away, where they could embark for home. They hiked every day. On Sunday they crossed No Man's Land.

hiking 33 miles to get to a place to sleep. Everything was dismal and desolate, not a living soul there, the French had not even returned and from appearances it seemed as if this section of the country can never be cultivated again or can ever be made fit for man to live. No pen can describe the desolate condition of this country. Bones of animals and humans piled up; at this place the Germans had first used their gas and it seemed the smell of the gas was still noticeable.

But anything to get out of this, and they finally reached a town called Ostervetter where they remained until the 31st of December, when they took the train and rode all New Year's Day, landing at St. Nazaire at 10 a. m. on the second day of January, 1919. From St. Nazaire they hiked 25 miles to a town called St. Fluent, where they remained until the 23rd of March, when they once more hiked back to St. Nazaire, from where they went to Camp No. 4, where they remained until the first of April when they boarded the ship Lancaster, an American freighter, which had been converted into a troop ship.

They set sail on the second of April and started on a 14 days' trip across, landing at Hoboken on the 16th day of April. Henry had been gone nearly eight months and during this time he had seen no one with whom he was acquainted, excepting Louis Schmidt, whom he saw the last week he was in France. Louis had been with the 309th Engineers, and had been stationed on the coast all the time.

Henry landed at Hoboken on the 16th, went to Camp Mills where he remained a week, and was then sent to Camp Grant, where he received his discharge on the last of April, reaching home on the first day of May, after an absence of nearly 15 months.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Henry C. Bangert, 1993943, Private Co. F, 362nd Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, by reason of convenience of government, Cir. 106, W. D., 1918. Said Henry C. Bangert was born in Fort Russell in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 22 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, light hair, fair complexion, and was 5 feet 6 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 29th day of April, 1919. Clinton Rush, Maj. Inf. U. S. A. Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Henry C. Bangert. Grade: Private. Inducted Feb. 23, 1918, at Madison Co., Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never.

Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Served A. E. F. Sept. 30, 1918, to April 16, 1919, Lys-Scheldt (Belgium) October 31, 1918, to November 11, 1918. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed 3-14-'18. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed 3-14-'18. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Signature of soldier: Henry C. Bangert. Clyde Bledson, 2nd Lieut. 161st D. B. Commanding, Camp Grant, Ill., April 29, 1919. Paid in full, \$106.65, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of February 24, 1919. S. H. Francis, Captain Quartermaster Corps.

JOHN W. SILLAND

John W. Silland, son of Charles and Hettie Silland, was born on a farm a mile east of Bethalto Dec. 19, 1893. He attended the Grove school, completing the Sixth grade work; and after he quit school he remained at home working for the parents until he was called to the colors in 1917.

He registered in June, 1917, and was one of the first to leave Fort Russell Township. He was called to the colors September the 19th and left Edwardsville on that date in company with Ed. Bangert and Gus Memkin; and was sent to Camp Taylor, Ky., a camp just being formed and where the 84th Division received its origin. He reached Camp Taylor on the 20th of September and was placed in Co. B, 333rd Infantry. During his short stay at Camp Taylor he received training in infantry drills and the ordinary company duty, remaining there until the 29th of March, when he with others left Camp Taylor for Camp Merritt, where they were to be fitted out for overseas duty.

John was at Merritt eight days and during his stay he was fitted out with overseas clothing. He did not receive any other equipment until he got across. On the morning of the 8th of April they left Camp Merritt for Hoboken, N. J., where they boarded the large transport Covington that had formerly been a German liner, but was now under American command, and consequently they received American food which was considered only fair. The sea was very rough for three days and John became seasick for a while. After that the waters became calm and the rest of the way was smooth sailing, sighting but one submarine, and it made no attempt to torpedo the boat, although every soldier was scared up a bit.

They landed at Brest, France, on the 22nd of April having been on the water 14 days. They remained at the Old Napoleon Barracks about a week and on account of the smallness of the camp and more soldiers coming in the boys left for their inland journey. They were placed in small box cars, 42 in each car not large enough to accommodate one half that number, and as a consequence there was no room to lie down and sleep, so they sat down or stood up to sleep. They rode in this crowded condition three days and two nights and stopped at St. Aignan, where a large camp was located. After he was in camp two days John was attached to the military police or M. P.'s as they were called, and was used to guard warehouses, storehouses and other places, where much material was stored. The M. P.'s guarded six hours at a time from 6 to 12 a. m., from 12 to 6 p. m. and from 6 to 12 P. M. There was no guard duty the latter part of the night excepting at railroad crossings where guards were continually stationed. There was much traffic at St. Aignan and the crossings had to be continually guarded. John was on this police force for three months until the 22nd of July, when he left the 116th M. P. to join the Fourth Division.

The Fourth Division had been in action quite a while and had lost many of its men in their second battle which had started on the 15th of July. The Fourth Division was organized at Camp Greene, N. C., and embarked for France in April, 1918. Their artillery trained at Camp De Souge, while the infantry went to the Marne where in June they assisted the French in the battle of the Marne and later on they assisted them on July 18th to 20th.

The Fourth Division had taken part in the second battle of the Marne and many had lost their lives and these gaps had to be filled by others so John helped fill up the gap that had been made. He joined the Fourth Division at Lizy and was placed in Co. G, 59th Infantry, at 8 p. m. on the 25th of July. The place was not the pleasantest in the world; they received the promise of a good supper, that was all, a promise; they received the promise of a good warm breakfast but a promise was all they received. They finally received a good fill at 11 o'clock the next day.

The 59th had been over the top; they had gained their objective but they had paid dear for it, and by the 25th they had not fully recovered; they were resting up for another dash and a night without supper and a morning without breakfast mattered little to the old ones, but it was almost unbearable to the new comers for they had much to learn.

The new ones received their equipment such as caps, wrapped leg-

gins, masks, and helmets at Lizy and loaded it on trucks and the men hiked until 8 p. m. until they reached a big woods where their company was stationed. They remained at this place until the 28th of July when the Division moved forward to the St. Mihiel Sector. They passed the Chateau Thierry Front, saw the big Chateau from a short distance. They traveled through a large area of ruined territory.

They traveled easterly and hiked all the way; they traveled in the day time and rested at night, although they were continually under shell fire of the large guns. After three days hiking they came nearer the lines and instead of hiking in the day time they hiked for three nights and rested and hid in the daytime. They crossed the Vesle River on a bridge made of poles and logs, for the bridges were all gone. They remained in the valley and along the railroad track four days; at the end of this time the company on their right made an attack while the other companies expected a counter attack but it did not come; but the enemy put over a terrible gas barrage all morning and a large number were gassed and wounded. John carried chow during these days, which was a dangerous job.

The next morning they received orders to continue their journey for the St. Mihiel Sector; this took about a week's hike. When they reached this sector they were put in the front line trenches for 10 days. On the 6th of September the 59th Infantry relieved the French troops in the Toulon Sector south of Verdun. Again John carried eats in the trenches; when they reached the trenches this sector was quiet but by the 12th of September it became more disturbing and on the 15th the infantry was relieved from the line, and the Division was moved to the woods near Lemmes on the night of September 19-20, where they were out of range of small guns.

Shortly after that they received orders to "roll packs" and move forward and they started for the Argonne over into "No Man's Land," where everything was devastated. They hiked two days through territory that the Germans had evacuated, rested awhile, then hiked three more days before reaching the Argonne on the 29th of September. They went to the front lines on Sunday morning and remained there six days, returned for a rest but it was only of a few hours' duration, for they received orders to move forward at once for the Germans were threatening to make an attack to split the Division in two and by piercing their center would surround them.

The morale of our boys was good, they had lots of "pep" and were ready for the onslaught. They crossed a large open field and entered the woods beyond. This was costly. John acted as stretcher bearer. There were ten stretcher bearers but this was not enough and

a number of others had to be pressed into the service. It took four men for one stretcher and the men fell thick and fast. They were far beyond the place where an ambulance could go and the wounded had to be carried a long distance. This was a long dreary time for John, it was a nerve-breaking time, more wounded than could be quickly relieved. Even two stretcher bearers were wounded while he was with them, yet John got through it all right and he received not a scratch.

During these twenty days of fighting many a brave boy lost his life. Company G started with 219 men and when the woods, their objective, was reached only 65 men remained, the rest were either killed, wounded or missing.

Not all who were wounded had to be carried from the field; at one time John led two brave fellows to a place that was safe; they were able to walk but had to lean on John for support. Machine gun bullets were flying everywhere, it was no wonder so many fell. After they got into the center of the wood they rested and held the lines. German and American dead often lay side by side; oh, why should this have been! the encounter was too awful to think about; the price was high and the toll was heavy, but it was over at last and the enemy was in full retreat.

This was the greatest blow in the greatest of all battles; it had started at 5:30 a. m. on the 26th of September; they were northwest of Verdun; the first phase was in Forges Woods, the second in Fay's Woods, and the third phase was beyond Fay's Woods. The whole Division had lost 6,000 men, but they had penetrated the enemy's defenses to a depth of about ten miles, had captured 2731 prisoners, 57 cannon, 228 machine guns and much ammunition. John can be proud of having done his part in this Division.

They were relieved on the 24th of October by another Division and they went back of the lines for a rest. While resting up they cleaned up and got their ranks filled again for another drive. They started back reaching the woods that was full of French barracks, at 1:30 of the morning of the eleventh of November. They knew nothing of what was soon to happen; but it happened and the boys remained in these barracks until the 19th of November; during this stay John was made Company Mechanic. The boys drew new and clean clothes,—shoes, uniforms, etc.

After that they started on their famous hike into Germany. Several other Bethalto boys had this same hike, although not passing through the same towns. John's hike will be explained in detail judging therefrom what the others did. On the 19th they hiked 13

kilos to Essay; on the 20th, 44 kilos to Harlitz; on the 21st, 25 kilos to Gondremont; on the 22nd, 20 kilos to Garsch.

At Garsch they had a good fill of bully beef and hard tack; they went deer hunting with the officers, bagging two deer and 60 jack rabbits. Col. Wise, who was in charge of the 4th Division, was with them at Garsch. They were nearing the line where the German and French languages were spoken; they remained on this line until the second of December, when the march was resumed.

On the 2nd of December they hiked 25 kilos into Luxemburg to Reinish on the 3rd, 25 kilos to a German castle; on the 4th, 29 kilos to Greiners; on the 5th 28 kilos to Joan; on the 7th 15 kilos to Herneskel; on the 8th, 39 kilos to Sencemeber; on the 9th, 20 kilos to Rehanner; on the 10th, 18 kilos to Heinzebach; on the 12th, 22 kilos to Moritzhem; on the 15th, 16 kilos to Brenn; on the 16th, 16 kilos to Ellenz, where they remained until April, 1919. Here in the neighborhood they were stationed with the German people; they were on the rifle range two weeks. After leaving Ellenz they went to Potensdorn where they remained a week, thence to Kaiser's Ash, Bell, Franken, Vallerder, Engers, Bendorf, and Remagen. At Remagen they stayed with the German people until they started for home.

During his 15 months' stay in France, Luxemburg and Germany he never met a soul whom he knew in this country. During his 15 months' stay he never received a pass or furlough, and John was happy when the day came for the boys to leave for home and mother. They remained at Remagen until the 10th of July, during which time they drilled and kept in trim for their journey. They left Remagen at 3 a. m. on the 10th of July for Sinzig where on the following morning at 4:30 they sailed for Brest in American box cars. They were now on their homeward journey; it is true the American box cars were larger than those of the French but they also were crowded; yet it mattered not about that, these cars seemed like palaces to them now. They were comfortable and content for every turn of the wheel brought them nearer home. They made these cars their home for three days. They were at Brest five days and left on the Mount Vernon, reaching Hoboken on the first of August. The sea was smooth as glass; a fine voyage and no sea-sickness; rations were good and but eight days on the water.

From Hoboken they went to Camp Merritt where they remained a few days, after which the Illinois boys were sent to Camp Grant to be discharged. They remained at Camp Grant a few days—long enough to have their papers made out—and were discharged on the

9th of August, 1919; reaching home the next day, Sunday, August 10th, 1919.

Extract: Special Order 145, July 20, 1919. Under the provisions of General Orders No. 75, G. H. I., A. E. F., 1919, John W. Silland, Mechanic 1976032 Co. G, 59th Infantry, is entitled to wear the service ribbon with four bronze stars for participation in the Aisne-Marne Offensive July 18—Aug. 6, 1918; St. Mihiel Offensive Sept. 12—Sept. 16th, 1918; Meuse-Argonne Offensive Sept. 26th—Nov. 11th, 1918. By order of Colonel Garber. William F. Rehm, Capt. 59th Infantry Personal Adjutant.

Extract: Special Order 131. Under authority contained in Paragraph 8, G. O. No. 110, G. H. I., A. E. F., 1918, Pvt. Silland, John W. 1976032, Co. G 59th U. S. Infantry is entitled to wear 2 war service chevrons. By order of Colonel Garver, William F. Rehm, Captain 59th Infantry, Personal Adjutant.

The Division Commander publishes with pride the following letter to the Command: American Expeditionary Forces, Office of the Commander-in-Chief. France, March 25, 1919. Major General Mark L. Hersey, Commanding 4th Division, A. E. F. Germany. My Dear General Hersey: It is with deep gratification that I observed the excellent condition of the 4th Division on the occasion of my inspection on March 18. The transportation and artillery of the Division were in splendid shape and the general appearance of the men was equal to the highest standards. Throughout the inspection and review, the high morale existing in all the ranks was evident. Arriving in France in May, the 4th Division was first engaged in the Marne counter-offensive on July 18th as a part of the French VI. The army detachments aided in the crossing of the Ourck and on August 3rd-4th the Division advanced on the Vesle. In the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient, it carried its objectives with effectiveness and precision. For the opening attack of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, the 4th Division was put into the line as the center unit of the 3rd Corps and by its aggressiveness made a total advance of 13 kilometers, despite continued and heavy resistance. As a part of the 3rd Army, the Division participated in the march into Germany and the subsequent occupation of enemy territory. I am pleased to mention the excellent conduct of the men in these difficult circumstances, for which, as well as for their services in battle, they are due the gratitude of the nation. I wish to express to each man my own appreciation of the splendid work that has been done and the assurance of my continued interest in his welfare. Most sincerely yours, John J. Pershing. By Command of Major General Hersey, C. A. Bach, Colonel General

Staff, Chief of Staff. Max B. Garber, Lt. Col. 58th Infantry, Acting Adjutant.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that John W. Silland, 1976032, Private Co: G 59th Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of government, demobilization of organization, per Circular 106, W. D. 1918. Said John W. Silland was born in Ft. Russell, in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 23 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, light hair, ruddy complexion, and was 5 feet 6 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 9th day of August, 1919. Frank W. Sherwood, Major Signal Corps, Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD

Name: John W. Silland. Grade: Private. Inducted Sept. 19, 1917, at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Appointed mechanic Dec. 16, 1918, Mechanic to private, June 10, 1919. Marksmanship, gunner qualification, or rating: 2nd class. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions. Allied offensive, S. Marne 27 July, 13 Aug. 1918, St. Mihiel Aug. 12-18, 1918. Meuse Argonne Sept. 26, Nov. 11, 1918. Decorations, badges: None. Medals, citations: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in battle: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed Oct. 12, 1917. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed Oct. 12, 1917. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Entitled to travel pay to Edwardsville, Ill. Sailed from U. S. April 8, 1918; returned to U. S. Aug. 1, 1919. Absence without leave under G. O. No. 31, W. D. 1912, and No. 45 W. D. 1914: None. Signature of soldier: John W. Silland. Wheeler Wells, 1st Lieut. C. A. C. Commanding Demob. Group. Camp Grant, Ill., Aug. 9th, 1919. Paid in full \$111.55, including bonus of \$60.00, Act of Feb. 24, 1919. P. G. Hoyt, Major Q. M. C.

LEO. F. WILLIS.

Leo F. Willis, son of Peter and Clementine Willis, was born in New Haven, Mo., July 19, 1890. His father died when Leo was a child and the mother moved to St. Louis where Leo received his education at the Catholic Parochial Schools, completing the Eighth grade work. In 1908 the family moved to Godfrey Township, north of Alton, and they engaged in florist business where Leo became quite an efficient helper until June 5, 1917, when he registered for the service and immediately after he had registered he went to St. Louis to enlist in the army. It did not matter what branch of the service. He was accepted and sent to the Armory at Grand and Market streets. This was a recruiting station for the St. Louis National Guard.

He enlisted in the First Missouri Guard, Co. B, which afterward merged into Co. B, 138th Infantry, 35th Division. Those who enlisted were mostly from Kansas and Missouri besides some from towns near St. Louis. After Leo enlisted he was sent to Alton, his home town, to guard bridges for nearly two months, after which time his company left and went to Camp Maxwellton, where they put up tents and where they remained until the 25th of August, when the mobilization was completed. They were then sent to Camp Clark, near Nevada, Mo., where all the Missouri regiments were being mobilized.

At Camp Clark the St. Louis contingent joined other Missouri elements and they were called Missouri National Guards. On Sept. 29th they left Camp Clark and went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where Camp Doniphan was located. This was a desert looking place, shaped like a horseshoe, and well fitted for trying conditions that were imposed upon them. They had reached this place on the 2nd of October, 1917, and were at once put to the test. The first and fifth combined and formed the famous 138th, composed chiefly of St. Louis and vicinity boys. The training was intense; rifle and bayonet practice amidst hot sandstorms was not an unusual occurrence.

They finally started on their beautiful trip through 14 states to Camp Mills, L. I., where they made preparation in the line of overseas equipment for overseas duty. They were on the train five days from Fort Sill to Camp Mills. They stopped at St. Louis where they could bid good-bye to their folks, but very few saw them, for they reached the city in a downpouring rain at midnight.

They remained at Camp Mills twelve days on account of shortage of equipment, and on May 2nd, 1918, they hiked to Hoboken, crossed on a ferry and were put on ship at 2 p. m. This was an English steamer, Leicestershire, English crew, Hindoo servants, British food, rice, rabbit, tea, etc. Superstition was strong among the servants; they would eat nothing unless the meal was watched over by a live

goat. The cooks baked crullers at night and sold them to the seasick soldiers in the daytime. The "eats" kept getting worse until the Americans took charge of the cooking, and they received American cooking on the rest of their journey, and all was well.

There were 14 ships in the convoy, no subs were sighted, no incidents on the way, and they landed safely at Liverpool on the 16th of May. From Liverpool they went to Winchester to a rest camp where they remained nearly two days, then went to Southampton where they remained all day and at night crossed the channel on the steamer Prince George.

The trip across the channel was another episode that dare not be fully described, so it will be stated that the boat was quite crowded or in other terms very much packed. Leo had been made corporal in New York on the 22nd day of April, and from then on he had charge of a squadron. They landed safely at La Havre, and the first sight that met their eyes was that of a large bunch of American wounded soldiers. Leo never forgot the look those wounded soldiers gave them; although they said nothing, their look expressed the thought of "God pity you, boys," but the new bunch had no time to think and besides there was no time for such thoughts when there was work to be done that required an iron spirit. They went from La Havre to Camp No. 1, up hill, full pack, to the round tents, British rations, British gas instructions, etc. and a hike back down the long winding hill after a day's rest, drill, sleep and gas house tests.

At La Havre they got rid of all surplus baggage containing their valuables, etc., their barracks bag and all. This should all have been returned to Hoboken where they could receive them on their return home; but it was never seen again. What became of all of this was never known. The last they saw of it was when it was piled up in the streets at La Havre. Many of our boys followed Leo later and all remember well Rest Camp No. 1, about six miles up the hill from La Havre. After again reaching La Havre they rode in compartment trains all night without being molested by aeroplanes that tried to destroy the train at midnight.

They got off the train at Eu in the morning and were led to breakfast by a bunch of Scotch musicians with their pipes. After breakfast they hiked 10 kilos to Dargneirs, where they remained two weeks, and received a good rest. While there they were constantly trained by the British and were in support at the same time, for the Germans were expected to break through at any time. Their training was mostly in discipline, although they had some machine gun and bayonet practice. They could hear the roar of the large guns.

They left that place on a hike—an all day's hike,—to a town called New Chatel, got in box cars, some open, some closed, rode three days and three nights rain or shine, finally reaching Hadol Heights in Alsace Lorraine. No American box cars were seen at this time and the famous French box cars were resorted to. After American engineers reached France they changed the model and mode of the engines and cars. After they got out of the cars in Alsace they slept in fields, and the next day they went down the valley to the town of Hadol Heights in lorries or trucks.

They had had a little fighting there but the town had not been shelled very much as the location was of not much vital importance to the Germans. This was high up in the mountains, and it seemed this place had been captured by the French at the beginning of the war in 1914, and now the lines were being tightly held by both parties, and as it was of little importance they used this territory to train soldiers in trench warfare before they were ready for the big front.

They left Hadol Heights for Wesserling, where they remained several days; the inhabitants spoke both French and German and no hatred was shown toward each other; there was no animosity between the two nations, and above all a love for America and everything American was plainly discerned which showed that it was easy for American soldiers to spread American propaganda into the enemy territory.

On the 29th of June they left Wesserling on a hike higher up in the mountains for the trenches. This hike took two days, reaching Camp Fochiday in the night. They always traveled at night and hid and rested in the day time. They were high up in the mountains, and although it was June 29th when they reached the trenches the weather, though beautiful and the scenery more beautiful, the climate was very cold. The rule with both French and Germans seemed to be let each other alone and "nobody gets hurt;" but our boys had not gone those thousands of miles to make a playhouse in the Vosges mountains, so on the 6th of July they had a chance to show their skill and courage. This was their first experience in going over the top. The Americans lost six men killed but no real gain was made, and the next morning they found their dead and took them back and buried them during which time no firing was done on either side. Such is life, such is war; no hatred, but duty.

The main object of trench raiding was the training they were getting. The trench had yielded about 16 prisoners. After many days of intensive training and guarding they were relieved by the French. They had been in the first line trenches from July 2 to July 10th.

Spy system seemed to be perfect among the Germans, for whenever they changed posts the Germans would always be ready to fire upon them and when they were relieved the Germans fired incessantly. How they received their information no one knew.

From the trenches they went through Wesserling to Krufft, where they had a few hours sleep, and from there they went to Theifosse which was still in the Lorraine Sector. There they received intensive training in open warfare. There Leo was transferred to the Intelligence Department where he learned patrolling, sniping, etc., to get information, and above all he learned to keep up the liaison.

On August 11th they left in lorries for the trenches near Le Ruhlin, a town that had been heavily shelled. There they had their first experience in No Man's Land. They were in the trenches from Aug. 11th to Sept. 1st, still in Alsace Lorraine, but in a different sector. During this time it was scouting, guarding, patrolling, etc., every night; hiding in an old German Convent in the daytime and guarding, always guarding, at night. This was called the Parez Sector and although badly torn up by shells it was now a lonely quiet sector and appeared to be deserted by everybody and everything.

On the first of September they left this sector; and although the rain was coming down something awful the Germans gave them another heavy shelling upon being relieved. Their casualties were greater than before. They left for the St. Mihiel Sector to a town called Fraize, still in the Vosges Mountains, where they remained until the 4th of September, when the time came for the awful and unmerciful hiking that every member of the 138th who is alive well remembers.

They hiked and rode to Luneville in the rain, a long and dreary hike and upon reaching Luneville they hiked four kilos more where they received coffee and bread; the rain seemed to never cease. After an hour's rest they went on the hike again. By this time their "pep" was beginning to go down some. While on this hike they passed the graves of the first Americans who lost their lives in France. It was enough to lose their vim and strength but with all the hiking in the rain and bad weather their morale was still ascending and they were ready to push on. Upon reaching Rosiers they found that another company had occupied the town and they had to hike to another town that night and although the town looked beautiful from a distance, upon reaching it found it to be the filthiest of all filthy places ever observed by an American soldier. Happily they remained there but two days and they were ordered to leave this town of Barbonville.

They left on the 9th of September and hiked about 15 kilos in

the rain, flopped right down in the mud to rest. They hiked through Nancy and remained in the outskirts all day and again hiked through Nancy and in the neighborhood until the soldiers got restless. They were beginning to get dissatisfied with so much useless hiking in the rain and mud with no shelter and so little to eat. But the sun soon appeared, their kitchen arrived, and things went better and they reached the St. Mihiel sector on the 12th of September.

On the 16th they started on the hike again; they were in reserve but they were not needed, for the Germans were rapidly retreating from the St. Mihiel Sector; but the 35th Division received the credit just the same for they were the unseen force in this territory. They hiked and rode until they reached the woods where they remained till midnight. They thought they would get a little rest but no more rest for the 35th Division for they were on the way to the Argonne, although they did not know it. On and on they went, no rest but on and on.

They had not been at the front in the St. Mihiel Sector but they had been a force there. It would probably have been better for them in the future if they had been at the front, for when they went into the Argonne Forest they still lacked the real experience of fighting in the open.

They reached the woods on the night of the 19th of September. They were east of Beauchamp, where they relieved the 73rd French Division. They remained there until the morning of that memorable 26th of September. On the evening before, they got rid of their surplus equipment and retained their rations, a raincoat, two bandoliers of ammunition, five grenades, a rifle and bayonet, a belt of ammunition and a gas mask. The rations consisted of a box of hard tack, a can of gold fish, a can of corn beef, and two canteens of water. On that evening they received a good supper and the information that the big game was soon to commence. Their objective was the town of Buzancy, but many a boy did not reach this railroad town with its mines and other industries.

They hiked all night until 3 o'clock in the morning; and were subjected to an awful barrage which caused them to witness some awful scenes. They were beginning to enter upon the real horrors of war. They were ordered to lie down and rest, but the morning was too cold. They had but a short time to wait for 5:15 a. m. was soon reached. When the Americans started their terrible barrage at 5:55 they started down the hill. A heavy fog lay in the valley, a beautiful scene; but the beautiful scene was counter-balanced by the sight of the dead and wounded that were strewn everywhere.

On account of the fog many got lost and Major Saurwein ordered Leo to find Co. A, but he did not succeed until 4 p. m., and when he returned he learned that the major had paid the price. They lay quiet all that night and the next morning they went out to find the stragglers and here they again met awful sights. Americans and Germans lay around everywhere.

The 91st Division was east of them, and the 28th Division was west of them. Besides several other divisions, these were also in the thick of the fight. Many stragglers got mixed up on account of the thick fog, and it was difficult to keep up the liaison. Leo acted as runner for the First Battalion Headquarters. Later on they went closer to the lines. They were now in the open, high up in the hills. Between 10 and 11 o'clock the fog lifted and the sun began to shine. They were not prepared for this but the Germans were and the 35th Division received an awful punishment from their machine guns and artillery. They were too much exposed.

They entrenched themselves in a hurry, for had they not hurried the whole bunch would have been annihilated. While thus hid a shell of large caliber came along and buried itself in the ground underneath Leo and another Alton boy, but luckily it did not explode. It was what was termed a "dud." The partner remarked that the "dud" had "damn near got them" for the earth trembled underneath them. This brought a smile in spite of the seriousness, for not all were dead ones, not all were "duds."

Finally seven tanks—some French, some American—came along and the Germans increased their fire and many of our boys who were near were killed, for the tanks drew the enemy's fire. Among those who fell was Leo's friend, Thad Vaughn, from Alton. At 5:30 orders came to follow the tanks. The 140th took the lead and the 133th followed close behind. They had by this time crossed the open plain and were ready to go down the hill into the valley beyond. The Germans let the 140th go down over the brow of the hill but evidently tried to keep the 133th and the 140th separated, for they put up an awful fire between the two in order to annihilate the 133th and surround the 140th. The enemy could see their movements from the hill beyond, the sky was clear and they were familiar with every foot of the ground and their fire was almost perfect.

This crest of the hill at the end of the plateau will remain forever in the minds of those who partook in this effort to cross. Some succeeded in getting through this barrage. Nobody knows how. Leo was corporal of the second squad and leading it when they reached the brow. On they went, each about five spaces from the other. He saw two flashes, he heard an explosion. The result of this was, two

boys in front of him in the first squad were wounded and he felt that he was hit. He called to the one behind him that they had got him, that he was done for, but he received no answer. Scotty, a pal just behind him, being a tall man, had received the piece of shell that had flown over Leo's head. The top of Scotty's head had been shot off.

A large piece of shell had flown between Leo's knees while his right foot was in front of the left, thus causing the muscle of his right leg to be shot away and the shin bone of his left to go, besides shattering the other small bone in his left leg. It had torn his leg almost off, and he lay helpless on the ground. The other boys, seeing Leo helpless, disregarded orders not to stop and help a wounded soldier, but he was not only a soldier but also a friend and pal. They carried him behind a knoll, for there were no stretcher bearers in sight. They made a stretcher by taking two rifles and two coats and rolled him on this, but his leg fell off the litter and he could not bear the pain, so they laid him down again and waited for the stretcher bearers. While lying waiting for stretcher bearers to come up he learned why Scotty had not answered.

When the stretcher bearers came up they carried him back about a hundred yards where the 129th machine gun battalion had put up a first aid station in an old dry creek bed. The shells were shrieking over something terrific, but none cared. Here he met Walter Stiritz, of Alton, who had got hurt the day before and was unable to go on on account of his swollen ankle. Walter realized the seriousness of Leo's condition and in spite of his own injury he and three others carried Leo through the barrage to the 138th Battalion First Aid Station, after receiving two shots of anti-tetanic serum to defeat the probability of tetanus or lock jaw as the boys are wont to call it.

He lay on the ground from the evening of the 27th until the next afternoon, for they were short of ambulances. They finally took him down the Very Road to Field Hospital Mobile No. 2, located somewhere in the field near Very. They redressed his wounds, put splints on both legs and sent him to Hospital No. 10 in an ambulance at 5 p. m. on the same day. Leo never lost consciousness during all this time. He saw many a "buddie" in misery. He saw all the tables full and he saw also what he had to go through. He was finally placed on the table where he became unconscious and remained so for three days after which time he awoke and called for his pipe.

From this hospital he was shipped to Base 42. This was back of the Argonne. His legs were badly infected, and the order was given to have the left leg amputated to save his life, but while tagging soldiers to be sent to Base 30 they placed one on him through mistake and he was sent there without the operation. George Juttemeyer of

Alton informed him later that only this error saved his leg. The wounded were placed in French box cars and they rode three days and three nights to Base 30 in that awful condition without any medical attention. They finally reached the place, located at Royate near Clermont. He was at Base 30 five weeks and during that time he received excellent treatment. He was put in Class D and was billed for the States.

He was at this hospital when the armistice was signed and he felt happy for those who had survived the awful ordeal and for those who were about to enter the arena. On Nov. 17 he left on an American Red Cross train for Brest. There was a great difference between this ride and the one he had taken five weeks before. He rode two days, finally reaching Brest, which was at this time in the midst of its rainy season. Through some error he waited five weeks to sail for home. The boys were sure a happy bunch when they finally received orders to go. The boys were crazy to hear from home; they had heard nothing since the 10th of September. When they finally reached New York, having arrived there Jan 5, 1919, on the Agamemnon, they received their mail. Here he had plenty of time to read his letters. From New York he was sent to Camp Grant, where another operation was performed upon his left leg. They again figured on cutting the leg off but he pulled through, and on the 19th of March he was transferred to Fort Sheridan where is located the best of hospitals. Here he received a 5-day pass to come home. This was the first time he had seen Alton after an absence of two years. His thoughts ran fast and he planned to express his thoughts to his friends upon his arrival but when he reached the good old town he was choked with emotion and all he said was "I'm Glad!" He was discharged from the hospital October 25, 1919.

Leo became part of Bethalto several years ago; he gained many friends around here on account of his mild disposition. He became acquainted with Miss Edna Culp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herb Culp, who live a few miles north of Bethalto. This acquaintance grew into friendship, and this friendship developed to such a degree that after Leo joined the great forces, many a missive and many a parcel of good things left Bethalto to make life more pleasant for him; the conclusion of which was that friends and relatives of both parties had a real chance to send congratulations on the 12th of August, 1919. On this day Leo and Edna were married at Chicago shortly before he was discharged from the army.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Leo. F. Willis, 1451498, Corporal B, 138th Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of S. C. D. L. D. 4th Md. H. C. D., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 15, 1919. Said Leo F. Willis was born in New Haven, in the State of Missouri. When enlisted he was 26 years of age and by occupation a florist designer. He had brown eyes, brown hair, ruddy complexion and was 5 feet 7 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at G. H. No. 28, Fort Sheridan, Ill., this 25th day of October, 1919. Daniel E. Egan, Major Med. Corps. U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Leo F. Willis, 1451498. Grade: Corporal. Enlisted June 5, 1917, at St. Louis, Mo., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Corporal, April 22, 1918. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: St. Mihiel Sept. 12-16, 1918, Meuse-Argonne Sept. 26-27, 1918. Decorations, medals, badges, or citations: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Florist Designer. Wounds received in service: G. S. W. leg left thigh rt., Sept. 27, 1918. Physical condition when discharged: Poor. Typhoid prophylaxis completed Sept., 1917. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed Sept., 1917. Married or single: Married. Character: Excellent. Remarks: No A. W. O. L., no absence under G. O. 31-12 or 45-14. Entitled to travel pay to St. Louis, Mo. Entitled to \$60.00 bonus, served in France. Left U. S. May 3, 1918, arrived in U. S. Jan. 6, 1919. Signature of soldier: Leo F. Willis. E. J. Down, Capt. Son Corps U. S. A., Commanding Dt. of Patients.

GEORGE THOMAS ECCLES.

George Thomas Eccles, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Eccles, was born in Berkshire, England, May 24, 1899. His parents were English and his father died when George was three years old. Shortly after his father's death his mother came to America with her sons, George and Sydney, and they lived in Alton until the mother also died, leaving the two brothers alone. They had lived in Alton about ten years and George received his first schooling in the Alton public

school. After the mother's death George, then ten years old, was adopted by August Henke of Moro township, a few miles east of Bethalto. Mr. Henke, a prominent farmer and kind man, gave George all the advantages possible; he sent him to the Yorkville school where he received a good common school education, completing the Eighth grade. George had a good home at Henke's and he remained with them until he became old enough to receive his naturalization papers.

George felt he had a duty to perform, even though he was but 19 years of age, and that was to assist Uncle Sam in time of need, for the United States was by that time his country. He went to St. Louis and enlisted in the Tank Corps on the 2nd of November, 1918, took the oath on the 6th, and on the 8th he left Edwardsville for Camp Polk, Raleigh, N. C., reaching that place on the 10th, just a day before the armistice was signed. He was found fit for the duties and he was put in Co. A, 343rd Battalion. The 343rd was rapidly filling up to war strength and was getting ready to leave for France on the 5th of December.

The signing of the armistice did not retard the progress that was being made in the Tank Service, and George started to learn the various infantry drills, gas drills and rifle drills; but his principal study was in tanks and tank service. There were many tanks of all classes at Camp Polk, for the camp was exclusively used for the tank corps. Nearly all the tanks were American made, although a few were British tanks. The trucks were of all sizes and some as large as 40 tons.

George continued studying for awhile, and was then sent to Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., where he did company duty for two weeks, when he received orders that he would be sent to Camp Grant to be mustered out of the service. He had enlisted for the duration of the war and as it was considered that war was over he received his discharge at Camp Grant after he had been at Camp Grant seven days. Although he had followed his own inclinations, he felt he was doing his duty to enlist and although he was in the service but two months he had done his bit; he was ready to remain if the government needed him. He was discharged from the Tank Corps on the second of January, 1919.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that George Thomas Eccles, 5651018, Private 72, Co. 18 Bn. Inf., R. & T. T., the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United

States by reason of S. B. 360, Hdq. Camp Grant, for Con. of Gov. per par. 1, Dec. 29, 1918. Said Private George Thomas Eccles was born in Berkshire in the State of England. When enlisted he was 19 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion, and was 5 feet 5 3-4 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 2nd day of January, 1919. Hamilton D. Turner, Major in U. S. A., 18th Bn. Inf. Repl. and Trng. Troops Discharge Detch., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: George Thomas Eccles. Grade: Private. Enlisted Nov. 8, 1918, at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Pvt. Co. A, 343 Bn. Tank Corps. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed; Paratyphoid prophylaxis is completed. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: No A. W. O. L. or absent under G. O. 45 or 31-12. Signature of soldier: George Thomas Eccles. Robert J. Hawkins, 2nd Lieut. U. S. Army, Commanding 72 C. 18 Bn. Inf. R. & T T. Paid in full \$59.84, Jan. 2, 1919, Camp Grant, Ill. Alex C. McKelvey, Capt. Q. M. Corps; E. B. Weller, 2nd Lieut. Q. M. C.

WILLIAM H. WOHLERT.

William H. Wohlert, son of Henry and Mary Wohlert, was born in Bethalto, March 12th, 1893. His father came to America with his parents when he was eight years old, and his mother was brought to America when she was a year old. Will's grandfather Wohlert, who came to America in 1879, was a soldier in the Franco-Prussian war, being a member of the Prussian Guards. Will was fond of hearing the stories his grandfather told him while he was in the war. He told him he had belonged to the Prussian Guards, of which he always seemed proud, and Will wondered what Prussian Guards looked like when in their uniforms. In relating stories of the Franco-Prussian war he would sometimes display two large scars, one across his chest and one across his legs, having received them from the French cavalry while he was with the Prussian Guards. Those large gashes in his grandfather's body meant much to Will, and when the old man would tell him he received them in the Argonne Forest while they were taking

Alsace-Lorraine away from the French, Will again wondered why they took Alsace-Lorraine away from France and wondered what Alsace-Lorraine and Argonne Forest were.

Thus Will in his youth was taught things he could not understand. He was taught something he could not comprehend. He could not realize what all this could be about, that they should make such deep scars in his grandfather's body. He dreamed of cavalry, of the Argonne and Lorraine, little realizing he would some day meet the Prussian Guards in the Argonne in Lorraine. He did not realize at this time that he would be selected to help undo what his grandfather had helped to do. He did not realize that he would meet Prussian Guards face to face and be treated by them in the same manner at the same place that the French had treated his grandfather.

However, Will had but a short time of his dream-life that he could call his own; for as soon as he completed the Eighth grade work at school at Bethalto he at once went to work for his father, who was section foreman at Bethalto at the time. On account of the poor health of his father Will became section foreman at Bethalto at the age of 15, and also for a while at Alton. He became section foreman at Dorchester when he was 17 years old, and the family moved there in order to be near Will's work.

In 1911 when Will was 18 years old his father died and Will held the position as section foreman until September, 1911, when he went to work in the railroad office for the Big 4 and C. and E. I. at Nokomis, Ill. In 1914 the family moved to East Alton and Will quit the R. R. office and went to work for the Western Cartridge Company. He worked for the Western about a year when the family moved to Alton and Will went to work as shipping clerk at Duncan's Foundry & Machine Works, a position he was holding when he registered for the service, a position he was holding when he joined the colors, and again received after he was discharged from the service.

He registered for the service in June, 1917. He tried to enlist in the navy in July, 1917, but was found too light for his height. In September, 1917, he tried the navy again and also the army, but they rejected him both times on account of enlargement of the heart, so he had to wait until his number was drawn.

When a ruling was made by the War Department that a person could go ahead of his time by volunteering, Will took advantage of this and went ahead of his turn by 2,000 and he went in the place of another on the 29th of April, 1918. He was sent to Camp Dix, N. J., with 82 Alton boys and was placed in Co. 6, 152nd Depot Brigade. There was very little drilling at Camp Dix, no uniforms were received

there, and during his three weeks stay not much of anything but waiting was done while in the Depot Brigade.

Finally word was received that they were going to leave. In the latter part of May they were sent to Camp Lee, Va., where Will was put in Co. F, 147th Infantry, 37th Division. This Division was made up of Ohio National Guards. The Ohio National Guards had been in training since the beginning of the war and Will among others was sent there to fill up the regiment to war strength. At Camp Lee, therefore, the new men had to drill and hike early and late. They had to complete in a few weeks what the others had done in as many years. They received their rifles at Camp Lee.

The 37th Division had come up from Camp Sheridan, Alabama, about ten days before; they were all well trained and in order to receive the same training the new ones drilled from five o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night; not only one day but every day during their entire stay at this camp, which was happily not very long, for on the 22nd of June they hiked from Camp Lee with full packs to City Point, got on a boat and floated down the James River to Newport News, Va., where they got on the ship Pocahontas and left Newport News on the morning of the 23rd to cross the waters with American Expeditionary Forces.

The Pocahontas, formerly the Princess Irene, had been the Kaiser's pleasure boat, but she was now in the hands of the Americans and the boys were fed by the Americans and were given American food and therefore everything went lovely, and the convoy of 13 boats had no mishaps and they reached Brest on the 5th of July, 1918.

They went to the Pontnesen Camp, but remained there only four hours and were again marched to Brest, where they boarded second class passenger coaches on which they rode three days and three nights, reaching Damblain, in the Leuneville Sector, about 50 miles from Nancy. They were traveling eastward and while going through Nancy they had their first experience in warfare, for here they heard the cannon for the first time. Here after having left home a little more than two months before they were under shell fire more than 6,000 miles away.

Will had volunteered to take another's place in order to hurry matters along, but he did not expect to get along in such a hurry. They remained at Damblain until the night of the 16th of July, when they boarded trains to within 10 miles from the lines. Landing at 3 o'clock in the morning of the 17th they started on a 30-mile hike along the line and reached the town of Rehaire, about 1 1-2 miles from the front lines. They were sent there to relieve the 77th Division so that

they could receive further instructions. The 77th had lost about 3 miles of ground and the 37th relieved them and held the lines. Will at once became one of the boys for outpost duty and remained there ten days; they had their rations carried to them at night when possible and if at times it was impossible to receive rations they used their reserve rations.

During these ten days they were continually under shell fire and machine gun fire. On the first night Will received his first dose of gas; this was on the 18th of August. It was bad enough to have to be sent to a hospital and the gas made him sick for a few hours, but he remained on duty; besides it was next to impossible to leave excepting at night, for they were now in No Man's Land and the place could be called by no other name.

They were in the trenches that the Germans had abandoned during their 1914 drive. This was high up in the Vosges Mountains. After coming out of the lines they were sent to a patrol school to get more training in patrol duty and trench warfare. They were learning how to keep out of a barrage. They had learned how to use the sureshot French Automatic rifle at Damblain, and at the school Rambler Villier they practiced in raiding and taking machine gun nests and pill boxes for a week and were again sent out on patrol duty for fifteen days. They were happy-go-lucky fellows, and although sometimes only a stone's throw from the Germans, fear had left them and this absence of fear often resulted in the Germans retreating and only once did our boys retreat, that was when they fell into an ambush patrol. The night was pitch dark, the carrier had got lost and the loader was not needed when there was no ammunition. At times when new men went along they would get lost, where old ones who were familiar with the scenery could find their way back even in the darkness. It thus happened that when a grenade burst in the center of their diamond shaped formation that seven got lost and had to hide two days before they could be rescued, for they did not dare to show themselves in the daytime and had no knowledge of the routes at night. Will was rifleman, his carrier acted as scout. At one time while creeping along to find out who was opposing them Will put his hand on a German who lay still as death; it was a creepy feeling, but he kept his hand on the German while he communicated with the other hand with the sergeant and the two took the prisoner but since the sergeant was in charge of the patrol he received credit for it. They turned the prisoner in to the intelligence department to ascertain if possible who were opposing them, and then returned him to his company, for they had no means of taking care of prisoners; when, however, five Alsace

Lorrainers came up and surrendered, they sent them to a prison camp. These were of French origin and were opposed to fighting the French, and when the opportunity arose they sneaked away and surrendered.

Thus the time went on until the 18th of September came and they left for the Verdun front, reaching that place on the 21st of September. Some had walked, some had rode in box cars; and when they did reach their destination they had traveled too fast to have their food supplies keep up with them, so they lay around four days with practically nothing to eat.

On the 25th of September they hiked for the lines and on the 26th the Division advanced 12 kilometers, or about 7 miles. They were entering the Argonne Forest. They were entering Lorraine territory. They were now at a place where the grandfather had stood forty-seven years before. They were now in the act of wresting from the Germans what they had wrested from the French. Here the grandchild was given the duty to help undo what his grandfather had helped to do. Will's thoughts were now of his boyhood days. The lessons he had learned when a boy were clearing up. He had learned what the Argonne Forest is; he had learned what Lorraine is; he had learned what Prussian Guards were; for the regiment had faced nothing but Prussian Guards and here again in the Argonne the Prussian Guards were opposing them. The grandfather had been proud of his wounds, he had been proud of belonging to as noble a division as the Prussian Guards. Will's feelings were aroused, and, liberty-loving, he was proud that he had stood face to face with Prussian Guards and here again at Ivery in the Argonne east of Blanc Mont hill 210 was taken before Mt. Faucon could be reached.

Hill No. 210 was bare as a floor and it had to be climbed. They would run a few steps then lie down. The hill had to be taken in broad daylight. Will was in the lead and while lying still waiting for the barrage to lift he was shot in the foot, the first one shot on hill No. 210. Fire from the enemy's machine guns was too hot and they were driven down only to try again. Will got to try but once; however, they tried five times and each time they were driven back, but they succeeded the sixth time and before night the hill was won. Will was wounded at 12 o'clock noon.

The Germans had the advantage, for they were well entrenched and the hill being bare gave our boys no protection, yet the hill was won by the brave 37th Division. While the Division went on Will went back of the lines about five miles to the first aid station where his wound was dressed. His wound did not seem serious at first, for after he had his foot dressed he intended to go back to his outfit,

but they were out of reach and he went to the nearest Division, which was the First Division, with whom he remained two days and one night. The First Division was at this time in the thick of the fight. On the eve of the 29th of September a shot penetrated his gas mask but he did not know it, but the mustard gas had got in his eyes. Shortly afterward a large shell burst near him, which tore his gas mask off, and Will got it all over his body and he was blinded. He had to be taken to a hospital in a truck, for the wound in his foot had gradually got worse instead of better, and the gas was too awful to think about. Will had met the Prussian Guards with their brutal weapons. He had gone as long and as often as he could; but now he had to be taken back of the lines to a hospital in a truck. He was taken to New Chateau, Base Hospital 66, where he found many wounded of all description. This was some kind of an evacuation hospital, and he remained there but a week when he was removed to Vichy in southern France. He was by this time beginning to see a little and his foot was healing nicely but his skin was all festered. He went to Vichy on an American Red Cross train, but this place was so crowded with wounded that it was impossible to take care of all of them or house all, so many of the wounded had to lie out in the street. On account of the crowded condition they shipped 150 of the wounded to a convalescent camp at Roanne and there Will was sent and remained there until the 16th of November. He was at Roanne when the armistice was signed. His eyes got better and he could wear shoes again.

From Roanne he went to Blois, a reclassification camp, where he was put in Class B 2, which meant light duty from three to six months behind the lines according to his physical condition; but the signing of the armistice put a stop to this and on the 24th of November Will was ordered back to the States and he left Blois on the 25th for Brest. He reached Brest on the 27th and remained there 11 days during which time he saw real mud; mud knee deep, and the term Mud Camp was putting it mildly.

On the 8th of December Will sailed on the Leviathan or Fatherland as she used to be called; they had a splendid trip across on a large boat with a large crowd. He landed at Hoboken on the 16th of December, 1918, and was sent to Camp Merritt. He was at Camp Merritt four days and from there he was sent to Columbus Barracks, Ohio, from where he was discharged on the 4th of January, 1919, reaching home the next day.

During his time in the army he went through a great deal of hardship; yet he was under American command and always had American treatment and American food and although short sometimes

it was always clean. The reason the supplies were short was that it was sometimes impossible for the food supply to reach them.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

Office of the Quartermaster, Columbus Barracks, Ohio.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that William H. Wohlert, 2417710, private, Blois Casual Co., the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of 1st Ind. A. G. O. dated December 14, 1918. Said William H. Wohlert was born in Bethalto in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 25 years of age and by occupation an Engineer. He had blue eyes, brown hair, ruddy complexion, and was 6 feet 1 inch in height. Given under my hand at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, this 4th day of January, 1919. F. O. Johnson, Colonel of Cavalry, Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: William H. Wohlert. Grade: Private, 2717710. Enlisted April 29th, 1918, at Alton, Illinois; serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: No practice. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Lorraine Front, France, July 17th, 1918; Verdun Front, Sept. 23rd, 1918. Knowledge of any vocation: Engineer. Wounds received in service: Gas inhalation, Lorraine Front, France, July 18th, 1918; G. S. W. right heel. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: No record. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed: No record. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: Service honest and faithful. No A. W. O. L.; no absence under G. O. 45-1914. Entitled to travel allowance to Alton, Illinois. Served in the American Expeditionary Forces in France, June 4, 1918, to Dec. 8, 1918. Signature of soldier: William H. Wohlert. Victor L. Colson, 1st Lieut. of Inf. Commanding 307 Blois Casual Co. Paid in full: \$175.21; J. M. Ward, Capt. Q. M. R. C.

CHARLES KUHN.

Charles Kuhn, son of W. F. and Emman Belk Kuhn, was born in Youngstown, Ohio, Feb. 17, 1889. The mother came to her parents' home south of Bethalto when Charles was eleven months old; and shortly afterward the mother died, leaving Charles in care of his

Aunt Alice and his grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. L. Belk, who were living on the farm two miles south of Bethalto. The Belks retired from the farm and moved to Bethalto where Charles received his first education and when later the grandparents moved to Upper Alton Charles completed his education there.

Charles comes from an old family of Americans. His mother's mother was Eliza Montgomery before her marriage to Mr. Belk. Mrs. Belk's grandfather, Thomas Montgomery, and her grandfather, John Rattan, came to America in the middle of the eighteenth century and both fought under Greene in the Revolutionary War. History shows that both were present at the siege of Yorktown and assisted in the downfall of Lord Cornwallis and consequently in the closing of the Revolutionary War which was the first real war for liberty. History repeats itself; for what the two great-great grandfathers assisted in starting the great-great grandchild assisted in completing 140 years later. John Rattan is the only Revolutionary soldier buried in this section of the State. He lies buried in the Vaughn cemetery, about three miles south of Bethalto. The Montgomery family purchased land from the U. S. Government, part of which is still in the hands of one of the Montgomery heirs. The original grant is still in his possession.

Charles' Aunt Alice is proud of her nephew, for he was in her care from childhood and after he grew older and the nation needed him she was proud that her nephew could serve in the 37th Division in France and in the Argonne, which Division assisted in settling forever what our forefathers of the great Revolution began in 1776, namely, Liberty for All and Acts of Aggression for None.

Mrs. Alice Hart and her sister, Mrs. Mae Worden, are Daughters of the American Revolution, having joined the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Washington, D. C., in 1913. They are the lineal descendants of Thomas Montgomery, who was born in Ireland in 1747 and came to America in 1769. While acting in the capacity of soldier he assisted in establishing American independence under General Nathaniel Greene.

Charles had two great uncles in the Mexican war, namely: Thomas Montgomery and William Belk. William Belk also fought in the war between the States from 1861 to 1865.

Charles visited his father in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1905 and while there he enlisted in the Ohio National Guards and served three years. He little dreamed that thirteen years later he would again become part of the Ohio National Guards, which had become the 37th Division.

While going to school at Bethalto, Charles had many playmates and friends, among them was Willie Wohlert; but after he left Bethalto and moved to Upper Alton the two never met to know each other until by chance they became acquainted again just before they were ready to step off the ship at Brest. Charles and Willie were living in Alton then, and each was anxious to go; so in order to hurry matters along each took some other's place, and both left Alton on the same train. Their history from then on reads much the same; for they were together before they became acquainted and remained together to within the last few days of their service.

Charles went in another's place by more than a 1,000, and left on the 29th of April, 1918. He was sent to Camp Dix, N. J., and by the latter part of May they went to Camp Lee, Va., where the Ohio National Guards, Charles' old regiment, had been training since the beginning of the war. These new boys were sent to Camp Lee to put this Division to war strength. While they were at Camp Lee they drilled hard early and late for they had to learn in a short time what the others had learned in years.

On the 22nd of June they boarded the ship Pocahontas at Newport News and started on their journey across the next morning. They landed safely at Brest on the 5th of July. They went to the Pontenesen Camp near the Old Napoleon Barracks, and from there they left in second class passenger coaches and rode three days and nights, finally reaching Damblain through Nancy where they had their first experience in warfare for here they heard the roar of the cannon for the first time. They remained in Damblain until the 16th of July, then boarded trains and going to within ten miles of the lines.

At one time when Charles was at Patrol School he was accidentally cut in the hand with a knife; he was at once sent to the infirmary and although he protested they gave him two shots of anti-tetanic preparation of 1,500 units. Great care was taken to prevent lockjaw.

On the 21st of September they went to the Avoucourt Sector, and on the 25th they hiked to the front lines in the Argonne drive. The happy-go-lucky spirit was fast fading from the faces of the boys, for after the 25th of September misery was in store for all. When too thirsty, some would drink out of shell holes, little dreaming the water was covered with gas which made them sick; but they were without water and sheer desperation drove them to disobey orders about drinking water; but they cared little for they went into the arena amidst the dead, wounded and dying. Over the top they went, over the hills, down into the valleys beyond they strode. Many Germans were killed, many who were able evacuated the territory when the Americans' on-

slaught began in earnest. At one place our boys captured a German who was still chained to a machine gun. He was a happy man when taken prisoner. He stated he was 45 years old, a baker by trade, and had been forced into the service, leaving a wife and seven children at home.

The boys captured many prisoners but the sergeants received credit for everything they took and the privates got the balance. On the night of the 26th of September it rained hard, their overcoats were thrown away and the boys were a sorry looking sight. On the morning of the 27th they ate breakfast and started into the fray again. At noon he heard that his friend Willie had been wounded, the first one in his company. Later on in the afternoon Hill 210 was taken and held by our boys. Will went back of the lines, where he got in with the First Division who were ready to relieve the 35th Division. Charles went on. Hill No. 210 was in their possession. The enemy had evacuated hurriedly, leaving cigars, cigarettes, etc., behind them. Charles got a razor and a pair of scissors which he kept as tokens.

On the morning of the 28th they started for Ivery. They fought all day for that town and captured it by night; but they paid dear for it. Their first lieutenant was killed and the second lieutenant was put in charge. Their sergeant also was killed besides many privates.

In reading over this hurriedly we little realize what 72 hours of fighting means, we little realize the strain it produces on the nerves of our youth. Seventy-two hours are in reality so many months to those who witnessed this ordeal.

The next day, on the 29th of September they started to advance on Ceirge. In capturing Ivery they were assisted by eleven French tanks and they also assisted in taking Ceirge. They would advance some distance, then hide in some shell hole. During these times Charles noted the accuracy of our American gunners. At several places he saw where an American shell had completely covered up a machine gun nest and had dug a hole deep enough for our boys to crawl into to get a fresh start.

But the Americans were not the only ones doing the shooting. Machine gun bullets were hissing everywhere and high explosive shells were falling here and there. Finally while in an old German trench mounting an automatic rifle a German shell lit near, exploded, killed his loader and wounded Charles in the right hip and right ankle. The shell fire was so intense that he had to lie in the shell hole in the trench two hours before he could be taken away. Corporal Burke carried him to the first aid station where he was tagged and sent to the Field Hospital at Souey, where the pieces of shrapnel were re-

moved from the hip and ankle. There he had the first experience of ether. He saw many a poor boy in a worse shape.

From Souey he was sent to Base Hospital 15, at Chaumont, where Pershing had his headquarters. He was at Chaumont two days, then they loaded him into an American Red Cross train and sent him to Nantes. At Nantes Base 11, he received excellent treatment and was able to be sent back to his outfit on armistice day. He was sent to Ghent, Belgium, but by the time he reached Ghent his outfit was in the Army of Occupation and he was sent to La Mans where he met Walter (Punk) Woods, who was in charge of the 341st Machine Gun Battalion, being 1st lieutenant. While at La Mans, Charles took the "flu" and he was sent to the Hospital Base 52 and remained there seven days, then he was transferred to a Belgium camp where he met a large bunch of Alton boys who had been in the 84th Division. In the meantime his Division was relieved from the Army of Occupation and the whole bunch went to La Mans where he joined them and they all received their pay, the first since the 18th of August. During the time he was receiving no money the Red Cross furnished him tobacco, etc.

On the 16th of February he went to the hospital on account of ear trouble and there he spent his birthday. On the 17th his outfit received orders to move to some port of embarkation. In the meantime Charles rode 40 kilos in an ambulance to a hospital Base 52, where he remained four days, after which time he was sent to Base 85 at Angers where he remained about 10 days. From there he was sent to Brest, where he found his outfit ready to sail for home. They loaded onto the Von Steuben on the 13th of March and sailed on the 15th and within a week they arrived at Hoboken. From Hoboken Charles went to Camp Mills, where he remained 15 days, and was then sent to Camp Grant, where he remained five days when he was discharged, reaching home on the 16th of April, 1919. Charles had been through much, he had everything from the size of a cannon ball down to a cootie, only the latter came in great numbers. After he got out of the trenches he was deloused wherever and whenever he changed his boarding place. The last cootie mill he went through was at Camp Mills, with the result that the wrinkles never will get out of his clothes.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Charles E. Kuhn, 2417679, 1st class private Co. F, 147th Infantry, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby

honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of the government G. O. 100, Par. 2, Camp Grant, Ill., April 11, 1919. Said Charles E. Kuhn was born in Youngstown in the State of Ohio. When enlisted he was 29 2-12 years of age and by occupation a machine operator. He had blue eyes, dark hair, ruddy complexion and was 5 feet 5 1-2 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Ill., this 14th day of April, 1919. Hamilton D. Turner, Major Inf. U. S. A., Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Charles E. Kuhn. Grade: 1st grade private. Inducted April 29, 1918, at Alton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None, except 4 years Ohio National Guards, 1908-1912. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not rated. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: With A. E. F. from June 22, 1918 to March 22, 1919, Barcarat Sector Aug. 4 to Sept. 16, Avocourt 9-21 to 9-25, Meuse-Argonne Sept. 26-29-'18. Knowledge of any vocation: Machine operator. Wounds received in service: Two, slightly, Sept. 29, 1918. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed: Unknown. Married or single: Character: Excellent. Remarks: No A. W. O. L. under G. O. 45 W. D. 1914 or G. O. 31 W. D. 1912. Signature of soldier: Charles E. Kuhn. W. Bush, Capt. Inf. U. S. A. Commanding 2nd Co. 161st D. B. Camp Grant, Ill., April 14, 1919. Paid in full \$149.11, including bonus. S. H. Francis, Capt. Q. M. C.

CHARLES COOPER.

Charles M. Cooper, son of Ernest and Julia Cooper, was born in Moro township about seven miles northeast of Bethalto, March 23, 1893. He attended the Yorkville school until he completed the Eighth grade, after which time he assisted his parents on the farm until he was called to the colors Feb. 23, 1918, when he left Edwardsville in company with J. S. Conroy of Worden, Albert Kayser, Reinhardt Kruckeburg, Henry Bangert of Fort Russell, and others, for Camp Taylor. After reaching the camp the boys soon scattered in different directions and Charley was put in the 17th Co. 5th Tr. Bn., but was afterward transferred to the 335th Infantry, 84th Division, and remained in the 335th until he was transferred to the First Division.

In July they left Camp Taylor for Camp Sherman, Ohio, where Charley became corporal, a position he held faithfully until he finally fell from the ranks, while making preparation to wrest the city of Sedan from the enemy.

About the 25th of August they left Camp Sherman for Camp Mills, where they were equipped with overseas clothing and on the third of September they left the U. S. shore on the British banana boat Karmala, arriving at Liverpool on the 16th. From there they crossed England to Southampton, crossed the channel and landed at La Havre. From there they went up hill to Camp No. 1, rested a bit, then down again to La Havre, where they boarded the French box cars for somewhere east to within about 15 kilos of the lines where the roar of the cannon could be distinctly heard. This was near the Argonne where the First Division was located, and which Division Charley and his friends were destined to become a part of.

The writer has passed over Charley's travels hurriedly for they have been described before and the reader is left to imagine his trials. Charley joined the First Division about the 20th of October and was placed in Co. K, 28th Infantry.

Before following Charley a short explanation is made showing why the 28th Infantry needed replacements. The following history explains all: The 28th Infantry left Texas the first part of June, 1917, and on the morning of the 14th of June they, the first of the A. E. F., left Hoboken with 65 officers and 2414 men, passed safely through the submarine zone and landed at St. Nazaire, France, the first American combat unit to place foot on European soil. From there they went to the Gondrecourt area, where they received training and instructions from the French "Blue Devils" who were known for their dash and daring. They found willing pupils and were ready to go rain or shine, mostly rain. They could hear the guns on the front and by the 21st of October, 1917, they were ready for the front; they were learning fast, they became familiar with different kinds of gas, the "swish" of machine guns bullets and the noise of bursting shrapnel before they met the enemy.

During the winter 1917-1918 the weather was anything but "sunny," and by spring they were beginning to count their casualties. During May and June, 1918, they "mopped up" a number of places; but by July they had been subjected to the supreme test and when the French took over their sector on July 9th their casualties numbered 64 officers and 1131 men.

During the battle of Soissons in which Ed. Henkhaus was killed and Elmer Olthoff was wounded the 28th of the First Division casualty list was 56 officers and 1760 men; but the spirit lived to form

a new regiment and new replacements were received, and farther east they went. During August the 28th fought in the Toul sector and assisted in the reduction of the St. Mihiel Salient. Hardly had the St. Mihiel Sector been cleared when the First American Army made preparation to push the Germans from the Argonne Forest. The First Division did not begin its work on the famous 26th of September, but they were held in reserve and by the 30th of September they went over shell torn roads to relieve the 35th Division. They established Regimental P. C. at Very, once a beautiful city, now a mass of thousands of ruined homes. It was difficult for the horse drawn artillery to move forward through the underbrush; and the men often swept forward to silence the machine guns one after another. Hills were numbered according to their height above sea level and Hill 263 and a chain of other hills including 240 and 269 with their underbrush, barbed wire entanglements, etc., were lost to the Germans, but the 28th paid dear for these gains and in gaining their objective they sacrificed 1677 men.

It can be readily seen that the First Division and the 28th Infantry needed new men. New replacements arrived October 20th and their training was immediately begun. It was learned that the First Division had to be used again.

The 335th Infantry of the 84th Division of which Charley Cooper was a unit had by that time reached the place where new replacements were needed and when the 28th called for 10 corporals, 4 sergeants and many privates, Charley was one of these who volunteered and he became corporal in Co. K., 28th Infantry, when they were making preparation for the last round, which began about the first of November and continued incessantly until the 7th of November when they were relieved; but during these trying days of constant fighting from Nov. 5th to Nov. 8th, without food and water, without shelter, fighting in the open where there were no trenches, where there was no rest, and shrapnel flying everywhere, shells bursting here and machine gun and rifle bullets swishing there, causing another loss of 217 men and officers of which our friend Charley was one. He led his squad as long as he could, he was wounded and went back to the dressing station; but the enemy was not more than a hundred yards away and it mattered not whether they were going forward or back to the dressing station for lead and steel was flying as thick as bees in a swarm and probably Charley never reached the dressing station and his friends learned the next day that he had failed to return and that not a member of his squad had returned. However they had gained a victory although at a terrible cost. The city of Sedan was ready to

be taken which was left to the French. They were relieved on the last day of Charley's stay which was on the evening of the 7th of November.

The 28th had left the shores of America with 65 officers and 2414 men. As their ranks were depleted new men were added. It thus happened that the 28th had casualties amounting to 157 officers and 4721 men, of which 39 officers and 895 men were killed in action.

We honor Charley for his bravery, the nation honors him; and in the future will feel the more proud when we begin to realize the valuable service he has rendered.

GROVER CLEVELAND WIEMERS.

Grover C. Wiemers was born in Alton, Ill., August 5, 1893. His parents were Charles and Catherine Woods, but the mother died when he was five years old and the father died when he was six years old, leaving him, a brother and a sister, orphans. He remained at the orphans' home and was later adopted by a family by the name of Wiemers whose name he adopted. The foster parents of Grover are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wiemers, of Fort Russell Township, about four miles southeast of Bethalto. Grover attended school a few months at Alton but after he became the adopted son of Charles Wiemers he went to the Grove school, where he completed the Eighth grade work. The foster parents gave Grover a good school education and on account of the kind treatment he received at his new home he remained with them until he was called to the colors in the fall of 1917.

He registered in June, 1917, in Fort Russell Township and was one of the first to leave for the army. He left Edwardsville for Camp Taylor on the 19th of September in company with Emil Paul, Fred Sanders, John Silland, Gus Bangert, Gus Memkin and other Fort Russell boys. Camp Taylor was just beginning to be a camp for the 84th Division, and Grover was placed in Co. B, 333rd Infantry. The 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th comprised the infantry of the 84th Division. At Camp Taylor Grover received the usual line of instruction, such as infantry drills, etc., remaining there about three months when he was transferred to Camp Gordon near Atlanta, Georgia, and about nine miles south of the city, here he was transferred to Headquarters Corps, 6th Company. When he arrived at Camp Gordon there were four barracks on the grounds and the Quartermaster Corps at once started to handle the supplies and rations for those who were to build up the camp.

While at Camp Taylor Grover went to cooks' and bakers' school and received a first class diploma before going to Camp Gordon. At Camp Gordon he was made acting sergeant and while holding this position, there, he instructed others who had taken a course elsewhere and were sent to Gordon to complete their course. After a few weeks of extra instruction they were usually transferred to points where most needed, thus Camp Gordon became a replacement depot for all classes.

Grover remained at this camp until June 15th, 1918, when the entire outfit left for service overseas, going to Camp Mills where they received their full equipment. They had received their O. D.'s at Gordon, but during their six days' stay at Mills they received full equipment and after passing medical examination they were ready to go. They left Hoboken on the 21st of June on the Duplont, which was one of a convoy of 17 troop ships which were guarded by three battleships and fifteen destroyers, making a grand total of 35 ships sailing out of the harbor, a grand sight to behold. They placed American rations on board at New York but the English cooks did not seem to fill the bill in the line of cooking American food for American soldiers.

The Duplont had 2,500 soldiers and 20 Red Cross nurses on board. Grover had charge of the rations while on board, having 9 men under him. They drew rations every evening for the three kitchens on board. Grover's duty besides that was to inspect the kitchens every day for the officers would make a tour every day to see that utensils, etc., were thoroughly cleaned. They were allowed but 43 percent rations across and care had to be taken in order that the supply lasted, for they expected to make the trip in ten days, but on account of having to pass through the submarine zone it took the convoy 17 days; for the convoy was very large and the weather stormy and foggy. When a submarine was sighted the observation balloons were turned loose and they would drop depth bombs where the submarine hove in sight; thus they sank one and caused another to disappear. There were supposed to be five submarines in the vicinity but only two were seen. There were about 50,000 lives at stake, besides a great deal of ammunition and other supplies.

The transports sailed in the center, one battleship on each side, one battleship behind and fifteen battle cruisers in the lead. The order was when six blasts were heard everybody go on deck, for that meant danger; and when at one time seven blasts were given some below heard but six and they rushed like mad up the steps; nothing could stop them and after they got on deck they were told of the error, but one of the boys had got too excited, he stopped for nothing but

jumped right overboard and they searched for him in vain. This shows how their nerves were always strained. This happened at ten o'clock at night and the night foggy and rainy, one ship had got too close to another and the seven blasts meant for the other vessel to take care.

The excitement calmed down, all was quiet once more and they landed safely at Liverpool on the 9th of July. The Fourth of July, 1918, was not a pleasant one for many a soldier. They left Liverpool on a train for Camp Rumsey, a rest camp where they remained three days. This camp had once been bombarded by German air raiders in the early days of the war, but little could be noticed of the damage. The camp was near Winchester. After a three days rest they rode and hiked until they reached Southampton in the evening and they were to cross the channel at once, but on account of the submarines they were delayed a night and a day. They hiked to a rest camp about six miles out of the city and remained there until the next night when they crossed the channel, reaching La Havre safely the next morning.

They went from La Havre to Rest Camp No. 1 "up the hill through the shady lane," where they remained one night and then hiked back when they boarded the French "Pullmans" and rode three days and three nights reaching Noise le Sec near Paris. They were there three days, then went on to St. Aignan. While at St. Aignan these replacements were all split up and sent to different parts of France.

Grover was transferred to the 42nd Division and was with them about a month when he with 250 men was transferred to Headquarters Corps stationed at Noyan. This seemed to be the location of the main headquarters and men were sent there to be placed where they were needed at the front. They would receive intensive training, then placed in some kind of a stockade and from there they were placed according to their ability, and sent to fill the gaps of whatever division needed them. An average of many thousand would arrive every day and the same number would leave for the front.

Officers' training school was located at Noyan, and it was here they rushed them through, sometimes with very little training, no experience, but filled to the brim with vim and "pep." Grover had charge of two kitchens; although there were twelve kitchens at this camp two was all he was able to take care of for at these two kitchens they would sometimes feed as many as 6,000 a day. A record of the provisions had to be kept and taken care of accurately.

At one time they had nothing but salmon, beans and hard tack, and for more than two months there was not a bite of fresh meat in



GROVER C. WIEMERS
Cook, Infantry Headquarters Det.
1st Replacement Depot



JESSE C. WERTS
Vet. Corps, A. R. D. 316

LEE WERTS

JAMES RAYMOND WERTS
Battery F, 138th Field Artillery

FRANK WERTS

WILLARD GUY WERTS
Battery D, 34th Field Artillery

HENRY WERTS

the camp. Many sick and wounded were also coming in every day; Base 26 was located there and to care for the sick, weary and wounded was an unpleasant affair, especially when there was so little food. This was a time of rain, mud, and misery.

This kind of work kept on for Grover without hesitating from the time he reached this camp some time in August, 1918, until the 25th of June, 1919, with the exception of a few days after the armistice was signed when the rush was over for a while; for shortly after the armistice it seemed as if the lever of the whole military machine was reversed; instead of the boys going east they were traveling west. There was one difference, however, for the look in their faces, although haggard, was more radiant than before, but the work was no less for Grover.

On the day the Armistice was signed about 30,000 soldiers paraded; they fired volleys over the graves of those buried at the American cemetery, Base 26. The retrograde movement kept up continually until the 26th of July, 1919, when they broke camp and they, too, had a chance to go home.

During all this time these many, many thousands traveled first east then west through Noyan, but Grover saw not one from Bethalto. At this place they held court for men and officers who had been reported for various misdedeamors. It was while Grover was stationed there that two negroes were courtmartialed and hanged. It was at this place "Hard Boiled" Smith was courtmartialed and sent to Fort Leavenworth.

Grover continued to do the same kind of work. The kitchens were large and contained from 8 to 10 stoves in each kitchen and some stoves were large enough to hold 15 kettles. General Pershing inspected the kitchens twice while Grover was there. General Pershing made many inquiries about the kitchens especially where he noticed improvements.

Grover had a 7-day furlough during the Christmas holidays which time he spent on the beach at St. Malo, a leave area. He also went to St. Machiel, an ancient place on the western coast of France. Here he saw real dungeons. He traveled through Bordeaux, Tours and other towns and then went to Paris, where he remained 4 days seeing sights. He also had a chance to visit the Chateau at Chateau Thierry. From there he went back to Noyan and returned to his duty.

When the camp broke up one bunch of men was left there to tear down the buildings and everything was expected to be cleaned up by July 15. At Brest, Grover was put in a Casual Co. and waited until the first of July, when he boarded the Great Northern, the fastest American boat. She had made the round trip in 11 days, 5 hrs. and

20 min.; it took her but 5 days, 2 hrs. and 20 min. in crossing. She passed the George Washington when President Wilson was returning home. They passed the spot where the Titanic met her fate. They saw many icebergs but no mishaps, and they landed safely at Hoboken, from where he was sent to Camp Mills to be discharged. He remained at Camp Mills from the 6th to the 15th. Grover had spent two Fourth of Julys on the water.

Grover had a varied experience while he was in the Army. The day before he left Edwardsville for Camp Taylor he was married to Miss Katherine Borchers, and while he was in the hospital his wife nursed him for forty-eight days. This was at Camp Taylor. When he crossed the waters for overseas duty his wife went home to Fort Russell Township where she waited until he returned.

Following is his discharge and enlistment record:

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM UNITED STATES ARMY.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Grover Cleveland Wiemers, 1975948, Cook Infantry Hqr. Detachment, 1st Repl. Depot, the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of services no longer required. 1st indorsement letter A. G. O. 370-5 Misc. Du. 7-5-19. Said Grover Cleveland Wiemers, 1975948, was born in Alton, in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 23 1-12 years of age and by occupation a Fireman. He had blue eyes, light hair, fair complexion and was 5 feet 8 inches in height. Given under my hand at Mitchel Field, L. I., N. Y., this 15th day of July, 1919. S. W. Wheeler, Major Air Service.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Grover Cleveland Wiemers, 197598. Grade: Cook. Inducted Sept. 19, 1917 at Edwardsville, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: None. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Served in France and England. Left U. S. June 3, 1918; arrived in U. S. July 7, 1919; entitled to wear two service chevrons. Knowledge of any vocation: Fireman. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed Oct. 12, 1917. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed Oct. 12, 1917. Married or single: Married. Character: Excellent. Remarks. Service honest and faithful. No absence under W. D. G. O. 45, 1914 nor A. W. O. L. of

record Entitled to travel pay to Edwardsville, Ill. Entitled to \$60.00 in addition to all amounts due him, as provided in Section 1406 of the Rev. Act. of 1918. Approved Feb. 24, 1919. Paid in full, \$147.90, including bonus. C. E. Robb, Capt. Q. M. Corps, Commanding Brest Casuals.

THE WERTS BROTHERS.

"Werts Brothers" is the best and only appellation that can be used in this connection. The song, "America, Here's my Boy," does not fully apply in this case for the picture shows what an offer a mother must make in time of war.

Mrs. Cornelia Werts, mother of six boys and two girls, lives on a farm about four miles northwest of Bethalto. Her husband, Moses Werts, died May 27, 1915, shortly before we entered the World's War, leaving her and her sons to tend to the duties that pertain to farm life.

When the day of registration came, June 5, 1917, five of her sons registered, Jesse, Frank, Willard, Henry and Ray; and the youngest, named Lee, registered a year later, for he was too young June, 1917. The call was made and it was up to the boys to respond. The question in what manner was soon settled among them. They were ready when Uncle Sam called, therefore it was up to the nation to shape their destiny. Those days were trying ones to the mother; no one knows as well as the one who has gone through this period. No one knew the future, and a strong heart and an earnest prayer were needed to keep up the spirit, although very low at times.

In February, 1918, Jesse bid the family farewell and started for Camp Taylor, from which place he was sent to Camp Gordon, Ga., where he was placed in the remount station, remaining there until July, 1919.

In May Ray went to Camp Shelby, Miss., where he was placed in Battery F, 138th F. A., becoming a gunner. On October 6th he left New York with his company and sailed for France; but the time drifted on rapidly and after moving around from place to place in France, getting nearer and nearer the battle lines, the armistice terms were signed, fighting ceased and a retrograde movement commenced, and by the 22nd of December, 1918, Ray was back in the good old U. S., reaching home about a month later.

Willard, the third to go, left Alton June 28th, 1918. He went to Camp Taylor in company with Ted Zimmerman and others, but the boys soon parted and the last time they saw each other in the army

was when Willard was on his way to the hospital with many another boy, Ted going to West Point, Ky., shortly after that, and Willard going to Camp McClellan, Alabama, near the city of Anniston. There he was placed in Battery D, 34th F. A., where he remained until he was sent back to Camp Taylor to be discharged, Feb. 4th, 1919.

The story of their service is short, but in reading the story of others we know what they did for America. Frank and Henry were not called and Lee had but a short time after registration and he did not go, but while passing the house you could see three service stars in the window.

The Werts Brothers received their education at the Werts school, so named on account of the grandfather donating the land on which the Werts school stands. They received a good common education at the school and an excellent moral training at home, the two embodying the type of Americanism. After the war was over and the boys returned home there was one round of rejoicing by family and friends.

Their discharges and enlistment records follow in order as they were called.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Jesse C. Werts, 1995698, Pvt. unassigned, (last assigned Vet. Corps A. R. D. 316), the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of expiration term of service, P. P. S. O. 120 Hg. C. T. Ky. 7-9-'19. Said Jesse C. Werts was born in Foster township in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 31 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, light hair, light complexion, and was 5 feet 3 3-4 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., this 10th day of July, 1919. Arthur J. Vaughn, Maj. F. A., U. S. A.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Jesse C. Werts. Grade: Private. Inducted Feb. 25, 1918, at Alton, Ill., serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualifications or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Decorations, medals, badges, citations: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed March 15, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed, March 15, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character:

Excellent. Remarks: Last assigned to Vet. Corps A. R. D. 316. Signature of soldier: Jesse C. Werts. Lewis W. Wubell, 1st Lieut. Inf., U. S. A.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that James R. Werts, 1575161, private, first class, 15 Co. 161 Depot Brigade (last assigned Batt. F., 138th F. A.), the United States Army as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of convenience of government. Par 8 S. O. 20 Hg. Camp Grant, Illinois, Jan. 20, 1919. Said James R. Werts was born in Fosterburg in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 23 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had gray eyes, brown hair, light complexion and was 5 feet 4 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Grant, Illinois, this 24th day of Jan. 1919. James A. Wabath, Maj. Inf. Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: James R. Werts. Grade: Private, first class. Inducted May 28, 1918, at Alton, Illinois, serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: No. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Embarked for A. E. F. Oct. 6th, 1918, arrived in U. S. Dec. 22, 1919. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed June 21, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed June 21, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Very good. Remarks. No A. W. O. L. No absence under G. O. 31-12 nor under G. O. 45-14. Signature of soldier: James R. Werts. Charles Conley, Capt. Inf. U. S. A., Commanding 15 Co. 161 D. B.

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Willard G. Werts, 3702467, private 1st class unassigned, last assigned Bat. D., 34th F. A. Camp McClellan, Ala., the United States Army, as a testimonial of honest and faithful service, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of Hon. Disch. Cir. No. 106 W. D. 12-3-'18, and par. 1-20-30. Hg. Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., Jan. 30, 1919. Said Willard G. Werts was born in Foster township in the State of Illinois. When enlisted he was 26 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, light

hair, fair complexion and was 5 feet 2 1-4 inches in height. Given under my hand at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., this 4th day of Feb. 1919. Charles O. Warpel, Maj. U. S. A. Commanding.

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Willard G. Werts, 3702467. Grade: Private, first class. Inducted June 28, 1918, at Alton, Illinois, serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge. Prior service: None. Non-commissioned officer: Never. Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Never qualified. Horsemanship: Not mounted. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None. Knowledge of any vocation: Farmer. Wounds received in service: None. Physical condition when discharged: Good. Typhoid prophylaxis completed Aug. 14, 1918. Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed Aug. 14, 1918. Married or single: Single. Character: Excellent. Remarks: No A. W. O. L. No unauthorized absence under G. O. 31 or 45 W. D. This soldier was ordered to report to Lo. Bd. No. 2, Madison County, Ill., June 28, 1918. Reported same date and place. Entitled to travel pay. Signature of soldier: Willard G. Werts. Fred A. D. How, 1st Lieut. Inf., U. S. A., Commanding.

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