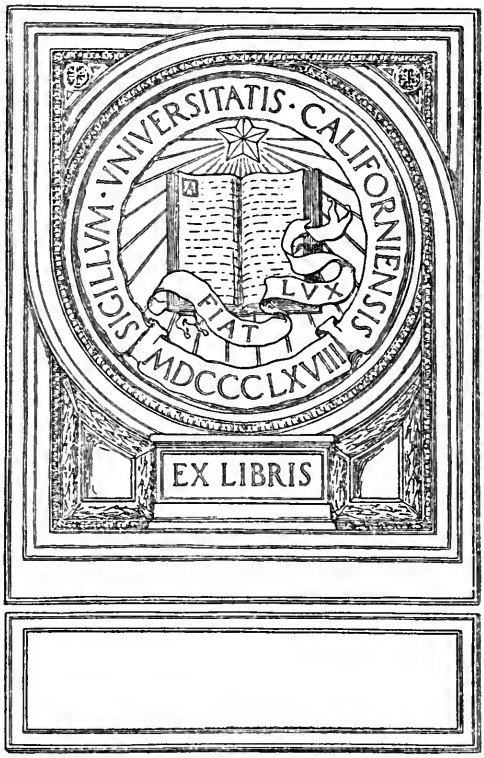
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THE LIAISON

A HISTORY OF

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

ONE HUNDRED THIRTY FOURTH
U. S. FIELD ARTILLERY

THE OTTERBEIN PRESS
DAYTON, OHIO

To the Members of the Headquarters Company,
Somewhere in the U. S. A.

Dear Fellows:

After many delays your Company History is finally completed, and here it is for you to inspect, enjoy, add to, and keep forever.

There is one thing I want to ask of you, each and every one. And this is what it is: Don't criticize the contents! It will not please everybody. We know it is far from complete, and a great many changes had to be made in the original plans. But it has been an unselfish labor on the part of every one connected with it, and if it isn't entirely satisfactory just say to yourself, "What didn't I do that would have made it better?"

The old outfit is a memory now to us all. We are back at work in civil life and things are different. We will miss the old bunch, but we need never lose the spirit of the two years we spent together. With the other editors I want to say, "Remember the Headquarters Company, and when you talk over war times with the children or friends, get the book out and boost the United States."

Sincerely,

LORIN KIRTLEY.

FOREWORD

To write at all is an art at which few of us can hope to excel. To write of passing events with an eye focused from the future is a real task. This little book is the story of two formative years of our lives and is the result of a spoken desire on the part of the Company for such a record of events.

Many members of the Company have helped make the work a success, and to each and every one who did his bit we express the appreciation of the entire outfit.

Also our thanks go out to our friends outside of the Company who have given advice and assistance.

THE EDITORS.

LIAISON

In a military sense, liaison is the co-ordination of the various arms of the service, that is to say the co-ordination of the artillery with the infantry, the engineers, the signal corps, and so forth. By this co-ordination all arms of the service may work and act together to achieve a definite, common object, each arm doing its particular work, at the same time knowing what its fellow arms are doing and thus being able to guide its own movements and plans accordingly.

Within a regiment, all organization must be in complete liaison; they must know what the regiment as a whole is doing or is to do, and what part each unit is to play so that all units may work together in complete understanding and to their common objective.

So we come to the Regimental Headquarters Company in a Field Artillery Regiment. This company co-ordinates the two battalions of the regiment with the regimental commander or his headquarters. It co-ordinates the artillery regiment with its artillery brigade headquarters and with the Infantry with which it is working.

The means of this co-ordination, the liaison, is communication and this communication is supplied by groups of highly trained specialists composing the Headquarters Company.

In the company are telephone operators and linesmen, radio operators, projector operators (flash signalling), semaphore operators (flag signalling), bicycle, motorcycle and mounted couriers, together with the scouts and runners. All of these many specialists may be used separately or all may be used jointly to get a message through. If one fails, the others will fill the gap and the machine will continue to run.

It is, by these groups of highly trained men to be found in Artillery Headquarters Company, that the Commanding Officer directs and controls the operation of his fighting machine, the Field Artillery Regiment.

WELTON A. SNOW,
Captain and Adjutant, 134th Field Artillery.

In Memoriam

CAPTAIN HARRY H. HEDGES

A military machine relies on many things for its efficiency and of these the one great big underlying essential is LOYALTY.

Without this quality in officer and man all other things are as nothing. The most efficient, most experienced, the best trained officer or man is worthless unless he has that quality which enables him to carry out the wishes and policy of his superiors without quibble or question. Loyalty to a leader does not mean that you must hold him in high personal regard. It does not mean that you must become a mere mechanical instrument of execution. It does not mean that you must not, under any conditions, differ in opinion from your superior. It does not mean that you shall be forever holding up the mirror of adulation to the superior. It means that you so place yourself in relation to the superior that you are able to see matters thru his eyes and when honestly unable to do so you can go to him with simple directness and state your differences. Such an attitude can never be misunderstood by any reasonable person, and the superior who has or can gather men around him who have this attribute can ever be reasonably sure his mistakes will neither be numerous or dangerous.

No known method of instruction, no form of coercion will produce LOYALTY, and, unfortunately, it does not exist nor can it be cultivated in some natures.

If any one should ask me what one quality was pre-eminent in Captain Harry H. Hedges, I would, without hesitation, say LOYALTY.

From the day he undertook the organization of the Headquarters Company of the 134th Field Artillery, he gave of his best, and when he passed into the great beyond he left behind him only friends and admirers.

H. M. Bush,
Colonel 134th Field Artillery.

SECTION I

Training in America and Overseas

ORGANIZATION AND TRAINING IN AMERICA

Prior to the declaration of war with Germany, there was in the State of Ohio one Battalion of Field Artillery, composed of three batteries of one hundred and ninety-one men each, and a Headquarters Detachment of seventeen men. On the declaration of war April 15, 1917, this Battalion was at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, waiting to be mustered out of the Federal Service after serving eight months on the Mexican border. An order came through immediately holding this Battalion in service and making it a nucleus around which the First Ohio Field Artillery was formed. On the last day of April orders were received to proceed to Camp Perry, Ohio, and it was thought that Camp Perry would be made a mobilization camp for the new Regiment. However, in the latter part of May a flood from Lake Erie made this camp unfit for any training. On the 28th of June the Battalion was ordered to Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, as an instruction Battalion. Arriving there on June 29th, they worked as instructors in the First Reserve Officers' Training Camp, and received high praise from both the officer instructors and the students.

This is the history of the Headquarters Company. Therefore, it is necessary to record the chain of events leading up to the recruiting and organization of the Company. The first part of July, Major Harold M. Bush received orders to recruit a Regiment up to war strength, promoting him to the rank of Colonel and designating the Regiment as the 134th U. S. Field Artillery. This order also promoted Captain Hurl J. Albrecht, Battery B to Lieutenant Colonel; Capt. Evan J. Williams, Battery A, to Major, Commanding the First Battalion; Capt. Lawrence S. Schlegel, Battery C, to Major, Commanding the Second Battalion, Lieut. Welton A. Snow was promoted to Captain, Commanding the Headquarters Company; Instrument Sergeant Harry H. Hedges, Battery B, was commissioned First Lieutenant and detailed as recruiting officer in the Canton-Akron district.

Recruiting.

Lieutenant Hedges opened his office on July 13th, 1917, and started recruiting a Headquarters Company and Band. It is said that Lieutenant Hedges used the old-time methods of the recruiting officers of the Field Artillery: "Every man gets a horse, no walking, no guard duty, no kitchen police" and so forth. Most

of the men did not know what those things were anyway, so it did not matter. His methods must have been good for too much cannot be said of the quality of the men he enlisted.

The Company was organized and went into camp at Silver Lake, Ohio, about the middle of July. They were drilled and some of the roughest edges were taken off in this camp. This drill was foot drill, long hikes into the country, and many rounds on the race track each day. These hikes and the running got the men into pretty fair physical condition. They were allowed quite a lot of liberties and many of the men went to their homes each night rather than sleep in pup tents or campers' tents at the lake, these being the only quarters available at the time.

The 13th of September saw a detail of fifty men leave for Fort Ben. They were followed on the 27th by the rest of the Company and the Band enroute for Camp Sheridan, Alabama. This detachment went by way of Fort Ben where they were joined by the Headquarters men who were there. It was on this occasion that Colonel Bush reviewed the Band for the first time—in his night shirt. Leaving Fort Ben at 1:15 p. m. on the 28th, we arrived at Montgomery, Alabama, on the 30th and pulled out to camp the same day. The Second Battalion, recruited at Dayton, Jackson and Mt. Vernon, had arrived there some days before. We were followed, in two weeks, by the First Battalion, from Fort Ben.

Camp Sheridan was the mobilization and training camp for the 37th or "Buckeye" Division. The Division was commanded by Major General Treat. The 134th was assigned to the 62nd Field Artillery Brigade, commanded by Brigadier General William G. Smith.

Camp Sheridan.

When the Headquarters Company arrived at Camp Sheridan we found a most disagreeable place. Part of the camp was flooded and some of the Infantry who were there had to move to higher ground, but we were lucky enough to get just "mud" for our share. We unloaded, put up tents, and temporary picket lines, and got straightened around in general. A couple of weeks time was necessary for the fixing up of the tents and baggage of the officers and men. Then the work of cleaning and fixing up the camp started. Huge drill fields and a gun park were cleared of brush, weeds and cotton stalks, and leveled off to the best of our ability. The picket lines were also put in shape for permanent use.

The training of the Regiment started. For the Headquarters Company this meant that there were classes in half a dozen different things every day. We had classes in telephone work, wireless, semaphore, wigwag, messenger and instrument work. Each man was supposed to be able to take over any other man's work if necessary. This idea was followed out for several months when it was found that this system was impossible, for a good wireless man might not amount to anything as an instrument man. So the men were assigned to details where they knew most about the work and where they specialized on one job. There were a few changes made, of course, but the different details

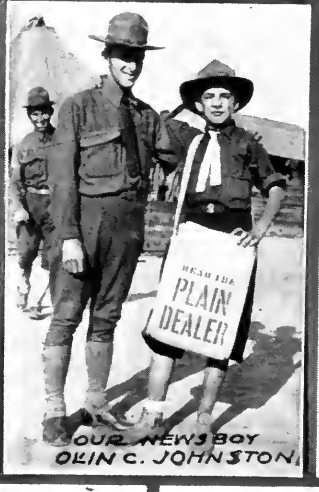
Hq. Co. Street, Camp Sheridan

Foot-ball game, Sheridan

WASHING MESS-KITS

REHEARSING THE GUARD

WASHDAY

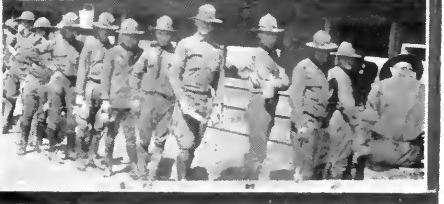


OUR NEWS BOY
OLIN C. JOHNSTON

BARBER SHOP

"Y-59"

MESS LINE



SATURDAY'S INSPECTION

GETTING THE MAIL

remained practically the same all through the training and the war. The men were interested in their work and went into it whole-heartedly.

In addition to the detail work we had to learn to ride. This was one of the most pleasant and at the same time the most painful of all of our experiences. Most all of us had at least seen horses before enlisting, but few of us had become intimate with them. The horses we had were what are generally called nags. Their contours were very abrupt in some places and afforded good hand holds, but were most inconvenient in other ways. At first, while doing monkey drill, we tried to get friendly enough with our mounts to have them let us stay on their backs. But they did not like us very well and it was not uncommon to hear a yell and then see some poor unfortunate go sprawling onto the ground, grabbing at anything that was handy. In all of these falls there were no serious results excepting in the case of Taylor Whittaker who stopped the earth with his hands one day and received a broken wrist. Then we had three awful days of it under Captain Hollenback, and were finally passed as good enough. Some of the men were such good horsemen and liked it so well that they could scarcely sit down to their meals they were so anxious to get back at it. Most all of us wanted to get back at the instructors who sat in the center of the bull ring and told us what to do and then laughed at us for not being able to do it.

Picks and Shovels.

They gave us a horse and told us to ride,
But we didn't see the pick on the other side.

They should have put the pick and shovel on the nice posters that we saw telling of all the nice things in the Army. But some of us would have enlisted anyway, so it does not make much difference. There was plenty of pick and shovel work to do. The Old Man saw to that; he was a firm believer in plenty of strenuous work. When the camp had been cleaned up and the picket lines put in good shape he looked around for more and was very successful in his search. All of the old roads had to be repaired, new ones built, and miles of ditches had to be dug. About that time the new stables were built, and of course the stalls had to be leveled off. Also they were not right and had to be changed at least once a week, for they were inspected that often and every inspector had different ideas as to how they should be fixed. No one will forget the 4x20x18 that had to be finished up by working at night.

In fact to see all the pick and shovel work going on around the camp one would be led to think that it was a great factor in winning a war. And it was. It put the fellows in fine shape, and then we did have quite a lot of it to do on the front.

The Coliseum.

The camp was built around an old county fair grounds and one of the old buildings, the largest, was remodeled for use as an auditorium and theater. It was a huge success. A great many good shows that were too big to be put on at the theater down town were put on there. The best part of it was that the

Smileage coupons that were sent from home were good there. When there were no regular shows on there were some good movies or a lecture. We enjoyed it very much.

The big Christmas celebration was held in this building. Governor Cox came down from Ohio and gave out the presents that were provided by the Red Cross for the soldiers in camp.

Along in the spring they held the "foolish" examination there. Everybody had to go over and draw pictures and put down funny sayings and be graded on them. They called it a psychological examination. If that was psychology the most of us do not shine in that line.

A Trip Across the River.

It was decided that the scout detail needed instruction and practice in map drawing. The scouts of the entire company were detailed to map the country lying between the camp and the Alabama river. The map was finished in about ten days and the Colonel was so well pleased that he sent the detail across the river to complete the map as far as the L. & N. railroad.

They started out one afternoon in the latter part of April—a party of eighteen mounted men with an old escort wagon—rode out to the Coosada ferry, were ferried across the river and rode three and a half miles up stream to a small grove. Arriving there about dusk it was decided to camp there for the night. Picket lines were up and packs off the horses when an automobile drove up. The owner of the grove hopped out and ordered the men out. Since obeying orders was one of the best things that they did they packed up and moved down the river about a quarter of a mile and made camp in a field.

The work was started under the direction of Saw-mill Jones. Four parties went out; one laid out and chained the base line for the whole thing; the other three parties started at the same point and worked in different directions. It was their job to "take" the topography and draw in the map on their plane tables.

"Hard Charlie" Bullock who was acting mess sergeant and cook made a trip back across the river for more supplies. Skinny Bullard, having nothing to do, decided to come over to take care of the horses and have a good time. Bullock had one man to help him around the camp. The issue tomatoes and bacon were traded in at a small commissary near the "forbidden grove," for perfectly good chickens and eggs. It was at this commissary that Saw-mill showed himself a "hard guy." The negroes were going to hold a dancing party on Friday night and invited the boys. Saw-mill pulled out his brush knife, about two feet long, and said, "I'll be there." A big "buck nigger" spoke up with, "Yas, suh, Boss, and Ah reckun you all kin have the flo."

The fellows made many trips to the neighboring small towns at night. As he was returning one night Woolfe was halted at the edge of camp just for a joke. He did not halt and a shot was fired in the air to scare him. It worked all right for he nearly fell off his horse and yelled, "Please don't shoot, Mister. I'm a soldier of the camp."

Bob Myers had a little horse that he thought was just about as fine an animal as there was in the country. But the horse did not like him, or so it seemed, for

every time that the horses were ridden down to water Bob was seen to ride out of camp on his favorite, and every time the horses came back from the river he came back afoot. When asked about the horse he would say, "He policed me again. That is the last time I am going to ride that horse." But the next day it would happen just the same.

The day that the work was completed all but three of the horses had been turned out to graze. After the camp had been cleaned up and the packs made the men went out to get the horses. But they went after them the wrong way with the result that they started off up the river at the gallop. There was a wild chase after them and a whole hour was wasted before they were all captured. Everybody enjoyed it though for they had been wanting to try out their horses and that was a good chance.

The trip back was made by way of Montgomery, the party arriving at camp at about 4:30 in the afternoon. It was a wonderful trip and everybody enjoyed it immensely. The field work was assembled the next week and a tracing and blueprints were made. The finished map passed the strictest "censorship" and was used on several problems.

The Pistol Range.

The pistol range was located about a mile back of camp on the south bank of the Alabama river. It was built by details from every organization that had any pistol practicing to do. The "Range" was a mound about six hundred feet long and twenty feet high, with a trench ten feet deep along one side for the operators of the moving targets. The range was large enough for a hundred men to fire at the same time and the ranges were twenty-five and fifteen yards. Every man was allowed to fire forty shots for practice and then forty more for a mark to go on his service record.

During our training there were many nice trips out into the country. These gave us good exercise as well as a chance to improve our horsemanship. We had lots of interesting problems on open warfare. Part of them were for the Artillery only but on some of them we worked with the Infantry on regular maneuvers. This was very interesting for it was closer to the real thing than anything we had had, and we were anxious to get into the real thing at that time.

The Artillery Range.

The Camp Sheridan Artillery Range was located six miles northeast of the camp on the Wetumpka Road. The range was laid out in the shape of a wedge, being about half a mile wide at the gun positions and a mile wide at the targets. The ground was nearly level for the first two miles, while from there on to the end of the range it was broken by transverse swales.

The Infantry had dug several lines of trenches across the range to represent first and second friendly lines and first enemy lines. In fact everything was made as near like actual war conditions as possible. The engineers had charge of this trench work and all of the other work on the range with the exception of the Artillery observation dugout.

The first targets were at a range of 2,000 yards and the last ones, or the maximum range, was 6,000 yards. Most all of the firing was done at short ranges—between 2,000 and 3,000 yards.

One of the big things in our military lives at this camp was the dugout and connecting trenches that we made. For two months a detail of twenty men tramped six miles to the range each morning. They worked for about five hours under the direction of Captain Norton and "Saw-mill" Jones, cutting poles and logs and digging in the trenches, then tramped back to camp. The results, aside from a lot of sore hands and backs, was a nice observation dugout and connecting trenches. An inspector from the Fort Sill School of Fire complimented us on our good work and seemed to think that it was as fine as could be made—but he had never been "across." We thought that it was fine, too, but we were in the same class with him. Our eyes were opened when we saw the French and later the German dugouts with electric lights and pianos in them. Then we realized that truly the only results of our labors were the aches and pains.

Smoke Bombs.

A smoke pot range was made at the end of the road that paralleled our company street. Targets were made of burlap sacks strung on wires and raised on poles so as to be seen from the School, a distance of seven hundred yards. The smoke pots on ten foot poles were filled with powder and touched off in different positions, the smoke balls giving the effect of shell bursts around the targets.

"Y. 59."

Our "Y" building (No. 59), was a very popular place. There were always plenty of good books, magazines and papers there as well as writing material and tables. The building was always occupied by a large number of fellows reading and writing, or playing the piano and victrola. Two nights every week they had movies there and most all of them were good ones, too. Religious services were held every Sunday and all of us liked to hear Doctor McGurk talk. He gave many fine talks there. On several occasions girls from Montgomery and a girls' college gave musical programs which were enjoyed very much. Mr. Nollen, the secretary, was our especial friend.

Firing Practice.

The first day that there was any firing done on the range, the entire Brigade marched out headed by the Bands of the three regiments. The best guns and gun crews were picked from the material and personnel of the 134th Regiment. The firing data was figured by Captain Hedges of the Headquarters Company. This firing was merely to test out the range. However, some of us made it a great day in our lives, the first day that we had seen field pieces fired.

On an occasion not long after this there was a bad accident during a rain storm. The Batteries had just unlimbered their pieces at the range and the drivers were going back with the limbers when there was a loud crash. A bolt of lightning had struck the wet horses. One man was killed and several were

injured. Many horses were thrown to the ground and five of them were killed. The men were scared, but they took it all as in the day's work, and as their real initiation into the serious business of war in which they had engaged.

A great many simple artillery problems were fired on the range. These were our first experiences with firing batteries, for up to this time the batteries had only gone into position and assumed that they were firing. The first few times every nerve around the Regimental and Battalion Headquarters' Stations was tense when the word "On the Way" came down over the phones. Every one waited breathlessly for the crack of the gun and the scream of the shell as it flew towards the targets. Excitement! We thought that it was fine.

We got our company organization so that it worked fine and then came the night problems with gas drill at the same time. After we had had a few of these night affairs we decided that war was not so much fun after all and began to wonder just what it would be like when we got "over there," and had to go at it every day and night without any rests between "problems."

Rumors.

The weeks passed by, "playing war" grew stale—and as a consequence the army Rumor was born. They were fine, these army rumors. If anyone took a notion that he would like to go to Russia or some such place, he merely told some of his friends that he had heard that the Reg., Brig., or Div. was to go there the next week. In half an hour that story spread all over the Regiment. Always we were disappointed but they helped to keep up spirits and gave some fellows a chance to exercise their imaginations. Near Thanksgiving time those infernal rumors started. "We were to be fully equipped and sail for overseas by Christmas." So we sat down and wrote to our homes telling the folks the glad news. But the time came and with it no equipment or moving orders. That was our first experience with rumors, but we had plenty of them afterwards, even to the day of final discharge. About three times a week we went to France, Italy or Russia. Even while writing this story in France there are rumors current to the effect that our mechanics are getting in wood to make sled runners for our wagons and field pieces, to be used by us in Siberia.

Montgomery.

Evenings and Saturdays found a good representation from the Headquarters Company in the city of Montgomery. The three-mile trip was made by way of the electric line for a jit, or by taxi, for whatever the driver had the nerve to ask. Many complaints finally fixed the taxi price at two bits. For amusements there were several moving picture theatres and a couple of vaudeville houses. In one of these the Keith circuit plays were put on. The restaurants and hotels in the city were good, if a little high priced.

Passes were issued at most any time and we enjoyed the city very much. The people opened up their houses to the men from camp and never was there a bunch treated more royally. Dancing parties and socials were held almost every night.

Our history at Camp Sheridan would be incomplete without mention of Olin Johnson, our newsboy, who lived near the camp. Every day he was on the job, no matter what the weather. He grew to be especially fond of the boys in Headquarters Company, and on our part the youngster became a regular young brother to the whole outfit, and he came and went as he pleased. His home training had been that of a gentleman, and it was good for us in those days when we were separated from home and its restraints, to have the boy with us.

Taking all things into consideration Camp Sheridan was the best camp that our company ever saw. The quarters were good, rations and other supplies were plentiful, transportation facilities were good, and it had the reputation of being the healthiest camp in the States. Of course, all of this was not thought of at the time and there was the usual amount of growling that is to be heard in a camp. But since we have seen so many other "so-called" camps we have come to the conclusion that when we left there at 4:15 p. m. on June 14, 1918, enroute for "some place" we left our best camp.

The best "rumor" was the truth. We returned in the early dawn from the last problem at the range, through the deserted Infantry camp, and it was "rumored" that we would leave within a week.

Sheridan to Upton.

At full war strength, owing to recent additions from a draft camp about the 12th day of June, 1918, we received orders to start on our long journey. We felt sure where we would finally land, but as we had enlisted of our own free will, the order to start was received with enthusiasm. We had come to Sheridan as a bunch of recruits, but having spent nine months at hard military training in those hot, summer days of Alabama, we believed ourselves fit for whatever should come in France and on the Western front. We had, a month before, started our heavy freight on its way over seas. This order necessitated the packing of the few remaining articles quickly. Personal articles were packed in our barrack bags. There was a lot to be done, but it did not take long to get into shape. We tore down the large pyramidal tents that made our Company street. They had been our homes during our stay at Sheridan. The frame structure which held the tents were left standing, but we had to clean all of them and oil the floors. We policed camp thoroughly. This took two days. The afternoon of the 13th we had pitched our shelter tents in the field back of the Regimental Infirmary. Our last night at Sheridan was spent in these pup tents.

The Regiment had been divided into three sections for the trip. Our section included the Supply Company, Battery A, and our own Headquarters Company. Early on the morning of the 14th we took down our tents, made our packs and waited for "march order." The morning passed with final details, a last look in at "Y 59", etc. We ate our dinner at noon and shortly after loaded our barracks bags and other baggage on trucks that carried them to our train.

At 1:30 p. m. we formed into line and marched to the train, the Regimental Band playing at the head of the column. The train was on a nearby switch. It was made up of day coaches with the exception of the baggage car and the

officers' Pullman. The baggage car was for the kitchen, the cooks had already occupied it and were preparing the first meal. The day was very hot, but there was quite a large crowd of people there to see us off.

We did not hesitate long in filling up the train, but lined up in single file at each door and climbed in. Each double seat was occupied by three men throughout the train, and having found seats we packed our packs away into the racks above and settled down for the trip.

About 4:00 o'clock the train started to move out, amid the yelling and waving of the fellows and the crowd outside. Guards had been posted at each door to keep the men in their own coaches. Only officers and men with passes could go from one car to another. Shortly after we started we ate our first meal enroute. Eight or ten men were detailed to carry the food through the train and dish it out to the men. This was some job as every time that the train would lurch it was hard to keep the food in the containers. Our mess kits were washed in barrels of water which were at the end of each car. We did not know where we would find ourselves at the end of this train trip, but we did know that it would be at some seaport on the Atlantic coast. Some of us had maps and these were consulted at every stop so as to keep track of our whereabouts.

At nine o'clock each night we took the seats down and formed one long bunk on each side of the car, unrolled our blankets and crawled in for the night. This made a fairly good bed and we slept well. The first thing in the morning we would get out our maps and find out where we had travelled during the night.

Paul Nolan, a Y. M. C. A. Secretary, who had been in the Y hut next to our camp at Sheridan, travelled all the way to the port with us. Throughout the trip he sold candy, soft drinks, and tobacco, passed out books and made himself generally agreeable. After our arrival at Camp Upton he left us and went to Washington to enlist. His name will be remembered by all of us for a long time for he "sure was one fine man."

After travelling all of the first night we arrived at Monroe, S. C., where we detrained and headed by the Band, marched up into the town. We stopped in front of the Court House and did a few stunts in the calesthenic line for the benefit of the populace, and to get limbered up a bit. We then marched back to the station and before boarding the train each one of us received a cup of iced tea from the Red Cross. During the stay at Sheridan we had thought that our Colonel was a confirmed woman hater, but at this and other stops our eyes were opened to the naked truth. He was seen laughing and joking with one or more of the Red Cross girls at nearly every town that we hit.

Passing through Raleigh and Richmond, we arrived in Washington about noon and had just a glimpse of the government buildings as we went through. We stopped in the railroad yards at the edge of the city and got out for a little exercise. There was a Red Cross canteen beside the tracks and they served us hot coffee and sandwiches. Then we boarded our train and were off again.

Our next stopping place was Philadelphia. Going through the city on an elevated track we stopped at a station in North Philadelphia. It was late on Sunday afternoon when we arrived there, and we received a hearty welcome.

Everybody waved to us and the whistles all over the town were blowing. George Bennet's folks live in Philadelphia, and they had been waiting all day for the train to come in. He got to see them and visit with them for a while before we pulled out.

All that we saw of New York City was the Pennsylvania station as we passed through, for it was nearly midnight and very dark. After we had gone through the tunnel under the river we went to sleep and were awakened at 4:00 o'clock in the morning to find that we were at Camp Upton, N. Y. We started to unload at once and by daybreak we were marching up the hill into camp.

This was the first barracks camp that we had ever been in. The barracks were large, well built and had spring beds. There were two large furnaces on each floor, but the rooms were so large that they did very little good and it was cold every night. The floors were scrubbed, everything cleaned up, beds put in order and we were settled for our stay in that camp.

There were about ten Y. M. C. A.'s, two Y. W. C. A.'s, a K. of C., and a Jewish welfare building in the camp. Two theatres and a movie house completed the amusement centers of the place. As we had quite a lot of time to ourselves we went to these places quite often, as well as to a great canteen in the center of the camp. The second day an order was issued permitting any one who had relatives in or near New York, to go on a visit. At once the fellows started to think up some long forgotten or never heard of relative in the city. In most cases it worked very well and a number of twenty-four hour passes were issued.

One day we saw a colored Infantry company drilling on the road just outside our barracks. They stopped right in front and the first sergeant said, "Niggers, I'se gwine to shoot down that column and Ah wants you all to line up on the smoke from the bullet." They sure did. That was about the best drilled company that we ever saw. During our stay in this camp one of our men, Todd L. Foust, was taken sick with ptomaine poisoning. He was taken to the hospital and never got back to the outfit.

There was foot drill and calisthenics every day in this camp. It was supposed to be a test camp, but the Colonel said that we had to keep in shape. He always was strong for keeping us in shape, and beneath the growsing the fellows are glad that we had to work for we did have to keep fit and then time passed more quickly.

At Camp Upton we stayed till the 27th of June, drawing clothing and equipment that we needed. During our stay we had many visitors; parents, brothers and sisters and sweethearts of the boys. They all took advantage of this, the last chance to see the fellows before they sailed. For that reason the stay at that camp was enjoyed very much.

Early on the morning of the 27th, we started for Long Island City, and arriving there took the ferry down the river to Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, N. Y. We embarked on the Australian "Blue Funnel" H. M. S. Nester, and the next morning at about 10:30 we bade farewell to the Statue of Liberty, June 28, 1918.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

It was on East River that we were sailing. We did not go across, but went down stream in the center of the river for about a mile. The boat was crowded. The weather was very hazy and our view of New York was rather blurred. We could see the Woolworth building looming high up against the sky. The river was a busy place that morning. There were many tugs steaming around, pulling anything from a log of wood to a train on a barge, behind them. There were many passenger ferries crossing the river. We steamed on under the Williamsburg and Brooklyn bridges, passing many of the largest boat docks in the world. On this trip we had a very good view of the harbor. The river was not very wide where we boarded the boat, but it became rapidly wider as we went along. We came into a large bay where we saw lots of camouflaged vessels lying at anchor, and two small tugs pulling a large ocean liner in to its dock. There were sailing and fishing vessels anchored here, too. We could just see the Statue of Liberty in the distance. It was the first view of it for many of us and there was lots of cheering. During the trip down the river there were two Police boats alongside the ferry. We finally reached the Brooklyn Navy Yards and two tugs pulled us into the dock.

We piled off and marched single file into a large warehouse. It was empty, but our regiment very nearly filled it to its capacity. There was a transport on each side of this building, and we were to load on to the one to our right. There were two large gang planks leading from the warehouse to the deck of the ship. Instructions were given as to the censorship of the mail, cards were handed out for us to send home to let the folks know that we had arrived safely overseas (these were mailed in New York to save two weeks' time), and we lined up according to the passenger list. After being inspected by the Captain and checked by a Navy inspector we marched up the gang plank. One of the ship's officers directed us to the proper decks. The enlisted men were put in the various holds, the cabins being reserved for the officers. These holds had been arranged for the transport service. Mess tables, each seating about fifteen men, took up almost the entire floor space. Directly above the tables were our hammocks. They were hung from the rafters in saw-tooth fashion, being so close as to put sardines to shame. There were racks above hammocks where we were "allowed" to put up our packs. After we had stowed the packs we hied ourselves up to look the old ship over.

The ship was called the Nester and we afterwards named it "The Good Ship Nes-tah." The stevedores had nearly all the cargo, including our own barracks bags and baggage, loaded, and we expected to leave in a short time. Looking around we saw many interesting things, some of them were strange to us, but when we found a three-inch gun mounted on the after deck we felt a lot better about any subs that we might meet, for we sure knew what that little gun could do.

As we had boarded the ship about noon the first meal was supper and we were introduced to a new mess system. Two men from each table were sent

to the galley with pans to get the mess for their table. They had to carry it from there, back to the tables and serve the rest of the men. This worked pretty well while the ship was standing at the dock, but, well, what happened is told elsewhere in this book. The food would have been good had it been thoroughly cooked and seasoned a little, but as it was it was scarcely fit to eat.

No smoking was allowed between or below decks and no lights were to be shown after sundown, and to cap it all we had to go to bed at 7:30 each night, for they put the lights out at that time and it was next to impossible to get into one of those hammocks in the dark.

We slept pretty well that night considering that it was our first attempt at it in hammocks. Getting out early the next morning we went up to the main deck and stood in line for about half an hour waiting for a chance to wash up a litttle. After breakfast we were given a life preserver and told to put it on and keep it on all the time that we were on deck. It developed later that we were not allowed to go below decks during the day except for our meals, so we had those preservers on about fourteen hours a day for twelve days. And we slept on them at night. In fact they were our best friends on the trip over for some of our human friends were too sick to be friendly towards anything.

Well, about 10:00 o'clock that morning every one started to yelling, "She's movin," and she sure was. A couple of tugs pulled us out into the middle of the river and then, with all hands on deck, we started on our way across. In about half an hour several of the fellows began to get seasick and from that time on every hour saw a few more in the same fix, most all of us had a queer feeling in our sawdust and knew that we would get it in a few days.

During the early morning of the third day we were joined by seven more transports and the U. S. Cruiser Huntington. That made a total of thirteen ships in our convoy, five others having left New York with us. The ships were lined up in columns of three and kept this formation nearly all the way across, the only changes made were when they did a left or right flank movement. They signalled to each other by semaphore and projectors, and the sailors on those ships could send and receive that stuff faster than any one we had ever seen, and we had seen some very fast ones, too. Their arms just seemed to fly through the air.

The Ship's Doctor told us something of the construction and history of the Nestor, and added that we need not fear the subs. It was built in five large air-tight compartments, separated by steel bulkheads; more than one of these compartments had to be pierced before the ship would sink, he said. On nearly every trip that had been made by the Nestor subs had been sighted and in all instances they had either been sunk or driven away by the ship's gunners. About the only way for us to be sunk was to get a torpedo directly on the engine room. Hearing this we felt pretty safe.

In spite of all of this safety we had boat drill at least two times a day. All of the men were assigned to certain places by the life boats and rafts. These were their places in case of emergency and we had to drill on getting there in a hurry. After we had drilled for several days we got so we could be in our

places five minutes after the signal was given. That was good considering that we were scattered all over the ship and did not know just when we would be called upon. A roll call was made each time to be sure that all men were present.

The two Y. M. C. A. men on board took care of us in the usual manner with reading and writing material and such games as could be carried on board. A canteen was opened but the demands on it were so great that it had to close up in a few days—sold out. The ship's wireless station took all the war news that was sent across and put out a bulletin each day. News from home, including baseball scores, was also published.

In mid-ocean our course was changed from a straight line to a zig-zag course to give the subs less chance at us. We would go along in one course for a while and then suddenly change the course by about twenty or thirty degrees. This was kept up continually and we must have travelled some hundreds of miles out of our way. We grew very impatient at having to stay on the ship so long, having expected to make the trip in about seven days, at most, but perhaps those in charge knew best how to run things.

The Regimental Band played a concert every afternoon and that was followed by boxing contests between men from the different organizations on board. Calisthenics were in order for about an hour every morning. They were held on the hurricane deck. It was amusing to see some of the fellows going through some stunt when the ship would make a dive. Balancing was difficult.

Along about noon of the tenth day several black objects were seen on the horizon ahead of us. The Ship's officers had been watching them for about an hour, but we had been unable to see them. An hour later they had come close enough for us to make them out, and we discovered that they were the British destroyers sent out to meet us and act as our convoy into port. Shortly after they came up, the Huntington, our cruiser, turned around and went back to the States. With about ten destroyers steaming around us continually we decided that we had arrived in the danger zone.

As we were going through the North Channel three of the destroyers turned to the right and sped away as fast as they could travel. A mile and a half away they stopped and started firing on something that we could not see. They must have fired about fifty shots before they came back. At the time we did not know whether they were firing on a submarine or a mine. Later it was said that they had sunk a sub.

When we had passed the Isle of Man and entered the Irish Sea, three of our transports left us and put in at a Scotch port. The men on them traveled down through England and joined us later. We kept on straight ahead and about 3:00 o'clock the next morning we arrived in Liverpool, England. When the tide came in we were pulled into a large dock and unloaded.

Censorship.

We're sailing away to God knows where,
To a promised land that's "over there";
The plains of France or Italy's Alps
May furnish our quota of German scalps.
Unknown to us is the end of our trip,
We sail on the good bark "Censorship."

How do we bunk, and what of our chow?
And how is the army anyhow?
Any low spirits among the bunch?
Say, how many fellows have "lost their lunch"?
Ask not; some spy might get a tip—
It's all deleted by censorship.

Perchance we've sighted a submarine.
Perchance again none has been seen,
A hydroplane or German barks,
Or maybe only a school of sharks.
The shears of the censor merrily clip;
You don't get much through the censorship.

Do we have "In cadence, exercise"?
Do rumors, as usual, prove to be lies?
Drills and inspections from morn till "taps"?
Any one caught in a game of craps?
To you the answer I'd gladly slip
But we sail on the tight boat "Censorship."

You ask, have we Red Cross nurses or no?
Do "Tea hounds" flirt with mermaids also?
And to quicken our spirits in case they lag,
"Say, Pard, what're chances to borrow a fag?"
All of this dope I have on my lip,
And it's stopped right there by censorship.

But we'll see the end of this war, we hope,
With its fear of the treacherous periscope,
When safe will be the bounding main,
As we come sailing home again,
With wonderful tales crammed in our grip,—
And we won't sail back on the "Censorship."

—D. V.

OVERSEAS---LIVERPOOL AND FOREIGN SOIL

At last our hopes were beginning to come true; we were "Over There." It was during the night of the ninth of July, that the good ship Nestor, with the rest of the convoy, dropped anchor in the harbor of Liverpool to wait for the tide. As early as three o'clock on the morning of the tenth, we were awakened by some of the boys running up stairs to see the harbor. Breakfast was over at seven and then we cleaned up the sleeping decks, made our packs and put away the hammocks.

At noon (12:30 p. m.) a tug pulled our ship into one of the locks and along side a pier where we unloaded. We got out through an enclosed dock onto a street between the warehouses, and at 3:15 p. m. started a march through the city. Up Parliament Street, with its hospitals, we marched, on through the Botanical Gardens, and out beyond the city to a tented camp by a small railway station. Some new sights struck us on this hike—the little ventilators on the houses, the number of children (all the kids wanted hard tack and devoured it like wolves), with their queer little wooden-soled shoes, the crippled soldiers on the streets, the girl street car conductors, tending the double-decked cars, Scotch soldiers in kilties, work horses hitched tandem, the fancy police uniforms, the little two-wheeled carts and big horses, two-story jitney busses, the six-ton steam auto trucks and traffic keeping to the left instead of the right—first impressions of England.

We were very glad to reach camp. The place we stopped was the American Rest Camp Knotty Ash, Liverpool, England, a camp established for the handling of United States troops en route. No outfit stayed there for more than twenty-four or forty-eight hours. They gave us a cup of hot coffee, real stuff, and it did taste good. We gathered in groups on the grass and ate part of the rations that had been issued on the ship—canned beef, sardines, hard tack and coffee, with some cakes and candy bought at the American Y. M. C. A. tent in camp. Some of the fellows got outside of the guards and spent the evening seeing the town, but the majority turned in early. We slept on little straw pallets that at first we hesitated to use, eighteen to a tent, and slept well.

We rose about 6:00 a.m., had breakfast of bacon, rice, bread and butter and coffee. Some got sandwiches for a lunch. At 7:15 we marched to the station a few doors from the edge of camp and started at 7:40 a. m. Eight men were in each compartment of the English passenger coaches. An English soldier gave us letters—"A Message to the U. S. Soldiers from King George"—which we were allowed to mail home.

One thing had a very sobering effect on us at this first camp, the Hichfield Military Hospital, just across the road beyond the station, a beautiful place, and any number of the most pitiful sights, convalescent English soldiers.

Merry England and the Sorrowful Channel.

Through the heart of England was a splendid trip—beautiful country scenery, a continual panorama of hedge rows, gardens, flowers, pretty red tiled houses and clean cities. We passed through Sheffield, Nottingham, Leicester——where

we had hot coffee served by English ladies, and stretched our legs by walking the station platform—Banbury, Pangbourne, Basingstoke, and reached Winchester at 4:00 p. m.

We detrained at once and marched behind the band through the hilly, narrow streets of the quaint little town, up an immense hill to a tin city, another American Rest Camp, with barracks made of sheet tin. Here we had supper of coffee, war bread, and jam. After eating we washed, shaved, and walked about a little to view the country and then turned in, on funny little wooden beds, that you put together yourself, and straw ticks. This camp was named Morn Hill Camp, Winchester, England.

It was after 11:00 p. m., before we got to sleep. At 7:00 a. m., we were up, and soon had a good breakfast of coffee, bread and bacon. We stood around, after making our packs until 11:00 a. m., when we fell in. At 11:45 we retraced our march of the night before, to the depot. At 12:45 we pulled out of Winchester in the same kind of third class cars, ate a lunch right away, of sandwiches, jam and water, which we just finished in time to get off at Southampton docks. We marched onto a dock and were set at liberty to walk about the dock and water line.

At 5:00 p.m., we fell in, marched around to another dock, and loaded onto a small ship with side wheels. We were herded in like cattle, put on life preservers, and spent the night as best we could, which best could not be bragged about.

France.

After a night of it we unloaded at the docks of Le Havre, France—7:00 a. m. Saturday, July 13, 1918. We marched through this fine old city and tried to take in all of France at one glance. It was a two-and-a-half-hour hike through the city, and up the hill back of the city, to our camp, the poorest we had struck yet. On one of the halts we saw a bit of native France, when Colonel Bush 'parley-voued' with a very polite French gentleman and accepted a bouquet of flowers, after which the band played the Marseillaise and the Star Spangled Banner. On the first French hike we were introduced to the sight of the energetic and thrifty women venders, saw the men all wearing canes and shaking hands with the left hand.

At camp we were assigned twelve and thirteen men to a little round tent. The weather was warm. At 2:00 p. m., we had a hot lunch, followed at 5:00 p. m. by supper. We took a funny steam bath, shaved, washed clothes, aired blankets—cleaned up in general, and after supper wrote a letter home. Here at the English Y. M. C. A. we got our American money changed to French, which we found was not hard to get on to and which we found always easy to spend. During the night it rained and kept it up till 9:00 a. m. The day was Sunday and we rested. Part of the day was rainy, also Sunday night.

Monday afternoon at 3:30 we left this camp, which was called Camp No. 1, Section B, and marched for one hour and forty-five minutes to the railroad station. Here we loaded onto a train. And it was *some* train. We had heard much of the "40 men—8 horses" cars and now we were to experience them. Forty men in each of the tiny box cars it was, and we were off for a trip across France.

Le Havre to Bordeaux via 40 Hommes—8 Chevaux Box Cars.

In a world history, where even great events receive scant attention, the French box car may not be mentioned. But in any soldier record of the great war for liberty "40 Hommes—8 Chevaux" will be painted all over the scenery —and it takes no great strength of imagination to see a can of corned-willie covering the rest of the picture.

It was dark when we pulled out of the station at Le Havre. We crossed the Seine river several times, went through Rouen and headed south. In the morning a stop was made at 6:30 at L'Aiglon for coffee and an hour's rest. At noon we stopped at Le Mans for coffee. The coffee was very poor stuff, made of chicory. The country of France was a great disappointment after seeing England, but the neglected fields and towns we knew were due to the four years that the men had been in the war. In southern France, however, along toward Bordeaux, we saw miles and miles of well kept vineyards. Another night and morning, and then Bordeaux. At noon we rode through the city and at 1:15 p. m., landed at the big covered station. Coffee and a little rest, and then on through the city our train went, across the Garonne river to the little town of Pessac about half an hour's ride.

Here we detrained and walked seven miles, full pack, to our places of billet. The regiment was scattered through the countryside, in the little villages and chateaux. The regimental officers and part of the headquarters detail were quartered in the Chateau Choisy la Tour. The rest of the detail was billeted in houses and barns at Rejouit, a little cross-road hamlet close by the chateau. The First Battalion detachment was billeted in the village of Cestas; the Second Battalion detachment at Canajan. The company kitchen was with the Regimental detachment at Headquarters, while the Battalion detachments ate with the batteries. The night of their arrival at Canejan, the Second Battalion detachment, fell into a special feed on Captain Hedges.

The weeks spent in the country was a period of waiting, compared to the so-called Rest Camps we had been in on the way from Liverpool, this camp was a real rest. For a few days we rested and cleaned up. The company was soon initiated into French country life and to the "Vin Sisters." Bordeaux was the great attraction and passes were readily issued for a day in town.

Bordeaux is an ancient city and seaport. The Cathedral, Theater, Market Place, and the open park in the center of the business district, together with the Cafes with their sidewalk tables and big awnings, and beaucoup women of the underworld gave the town its individuality. The American Y. M. C. A., with its restaurant, canteen, rest room, hot baths, and real American speaking women was a rest spot and rendevous for all Americans, strangers in a strange land. Here, before finally jumping into the bare existence of war, we enjoyed the American privileges of ice cream and orangeade. The city was crowded with American and French soldiers and sailors on leave.

While in the country we saw, for the first time, the New York Herald and the London Daily Mail, edited in Paris for the American soldiers in France, each a four page paper, and our only source of information at the time.

We spent the days in hiking about the country for exercise, doing work on the side for Calesthenic Points, and keeping company with the French sisters Blanc and Rouge. The rest period was all too short. Other outfits finished their training at Camp de Souge and were moved out. We were being held in readiness to begin our course of training. So after eleven days at Rejouit, Cestas and Canejan orders came, on a Sunday evening, to hike it full pack. Monday, July 29th, we turned out at 4:30 a. m., made our rolls, breakfasted, cleaned up the billets and grounds, and started the march at 7:30 a. m. The regimental detachment marched from Rejouit to Cestas where the Regiment was formed on the road leading toward Souge. The march lasted all day. Captain Hedges led the column, and by easy hitches we covered the twenty miles to Camp de Souge, a few miles from the town of Souge.

After living for the greater part of a year in the splendid American Camp Sheridan, at Montgomery, this Camp de Souge looked rather bare. Situated on a broad, level stretch of deep, loose sand mixed with black earth, like soot, the long narrow barracks looked small. But inside they proved very comfortable with two-story bunks, electric lights, French war windows of opaque paper, and water on the front porch—sometimes. The scant daily supply of water was something new to get accustomed to, and it was at this time that real war conditions began to filter into our experience. But the American is quick to adapt himself to new circumstances, and we soon learned to take a bath in a tincup or hike a mile to a little creek, and to keep the old canteen full at all times.

It was Monday evening when we arrived at the camp. The rest of the week was spent in getting set for the work to come. A couple of days were spent burning the brush from the fields about camp in an effort to keep down the flies. Good conduct passes of white cardboard for the nearby towns of Bonneau, Issaac, Saint-Medard, Martignas and St. Jean d'Illac were issued. These towns were full of huckster wagons and stands run by the natives who were very friendly, chiefly because the Americans spent their paper francs freely. Prices were fairly reasonable, considering what we met with later. Four oranges or five lemons sold for a franc, and two small tumblers of hazel nuts for the same amount. The walking peddlers with cheap field glasses did a land-office business for a while but caught very few "fish" in our company, because we were more or less familiar with glasses.

The day's drill included calisthenics, gas drill, hikes, and detail work—signalling, the figuring of firing data, and so forth. This was the first week. The regular course of training began August 5th. The officers went to their schools, the telephone and radio men to theirs. The rest of the company continued the program of the first week. Some new equipment was issued—field glasses, signal flags, phones, projectors and radio outfits.

During this training period Color-sergeant McQuaid and Corporal Flaharty were sent off to Paris to gas school. A number of changes took place among the officers of the regiment. Some readjustments were also made in the ranks of the company. One of the recruits, Nelson, who came to the company just before leaving Camp Sheridan, died in the camp hospital August 6th. Captain Hedges was relieved of the command of the Headquarters Company to take up Captain

Babbit's work as Regimental Adjutant, leaving Lieutenant Bauer in charge of the company.

The radio detachment took the daily communiques regarding conditions at the front. These communiques, together with the correct time, were transmitted daily from Eiffel Tower, the official French station. From this time on, at every place where the company stayed for any length of time, Lieutenant Hosback and his detachment "set up" and kept the Regiment informed "up to the second."

The Y. M. C. A., in our part of camp was a fizzle for a while until Doctor McGaffen of Cleveland came. Then we had a regular Y and enjoyed many good times together in old-time Sheridan style. Here we read the weekly paper of the American Overseas Armies, the Stars and Stripes, an eight-page newspaper which was the "official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces," authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F., written, edited, and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A. E. F. Many subscribed for it to follow them through the mail or to be sent home.

During the weeks of training which passed quickly, one bad accident happened in the Regiment. During the firing of a problem at the range on the morning of August 27th, No. 2 gun of Battery "D" exploded, killing the gunner and No. 1 man, and injuring several others. Following is the Colonel's memorandum on that occasion:

HEADQUARTERS
134TH FIELD ARTILLERY,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
FRANCE.

Memorandum: To all organizations,

1. The Regimental Commander announces with regret and sorrow the deaths of Corporal John D. Pucket and Private Clarence B. Click, Battery "D."

2. These men met their death in the line of duty and through no fault or neglect on the part of any one.

3. The Regimental Commander is pleased to be able to commend in the highest terms the excellent discipline of Battery "D" at the time, and after the accident. He particularly wishes to commend First-class Private Bumpus and Private Reed for their coolness in promptly removing the fuses from the shells already prepared for firing.

By order of Colonel Bush:

J. F. Babbit,
Captain, 134th Field Artillery,
Adjutant.

Friday night, September 13th, the training of the Regiment ended with a Brigade liaison problem, followed on Saturday morning by a Brigade barrage. The following week was spent in getting ready to move to the front. Equipment was issued in the way of wagons, reel carts, harness and instruments, but only enough horses were available for the wheeled material. Each man had been equipped with a good gas mask and a .45 calibre Colt Automatic. Barracks bags had to be turned in and many of the "necessities" of life had to be

discarded. What we were to have from then on we carried on our backs, and it would take some man to cart along six towels, five suits of underclothes, four shirts, and three pair of breeches under those conditions. So with many bonfires and useless regrets the blue bags were finally turned in.

Moving day it rained. That was our Jinx. Hereafter, in this record, it will be understood that all moves made by the outfit took place in the rain. Monday, September 23rd was a busy day. Reel carts and fourgons were loaded and pulled from the stables to the road, packs were made—and big ones they were—the barracks were cleaned up and left in charge of Color-sergeant Friel for final O. K. It was after the noon meal when the auto trucks from the 112th Ammunition Train began to pull our wagons and luggage out. We went out of Camp de Souge to the town of Bonnau to load. This was our first experience in loading heavy wagons onto the small French box cars—*some* job—but a little figuring and plenty of steam got them aboard. It was a job getting the horses into their cars. They must have thought they were going into a dugout. Some of them had to be backed up the ramps.

With the loading done, "boo-koo" hay in the cars, men assigned—everything set, there was nothing to do but go. But it was 11:30 p. m. before the train pulled out. Headquarters and Supply Company of our Regiment and the 62nd Brigade Headquarters were aboard.

De Souge to Revigny.

We were much more comfortable on this trip, fifteen men to a car, plenty of bread and corned-willie, a hay mattress and nothing to do.

We traveled the rest of the night and the morning of the 24th without knowing where we were. At 2:15 p. m. we passed through La Coquille, north of Perigneux. At 6:00 p. m. we stopped at Limoges, stretched and ate supper. Next day at 9:00 a. m. we were at Cosne. Here the train stopped long enough for us to wash and get some coffee from the kitchen car. From Cosne we went on. Reaching Clamecy just at noon, where another stop was made. We passed through Auxerre at 2:40 p. m. The next morning we woke up to find ourselves side-tracked alongside an unloading platform at Revigny.

Laimont.

We knew that we were somewhere near the fighting zone from the signs all around. Trains passed loaded with salvage, broken aeroplanes, disabled motor lorries, etc. Car loads of salvaged iron were on the tracks near us. Here we saw our first German "77's". French soldiers were there, looking different from the ones further back. These men had been under conditions where a shave and a haircut, a bath and clean clothes were not to be had. Also they were silent men and moved as if nothing mattered, as if everything to them was a matter of course.

Evidently something had to be found out for we waited quite a while before orders came to detrain and unload. The wagons were pulled off the cars, hitched up, and moved out of the yards on to a road. The weather was good. After unloading, guards were left with the material, and the company marched full pack up the road to the railroad tracks where two roads led off. Not knowing which direction to take we waited until one of the officers came. We had stopped

by a house that had been shelled a little and the few scars on it's stone walls seemed very noticable to us then, but only for a very short time.

We marched through the gateways onto the tracks, through the opposite gates and on through Revigny. First there were a street or two of houses still standing complete, an open street, a bridge across a little river, a Franco-American Co-operative restaurant in a grove of trees, a bend in the road; and then we saw the center of town in ruins, destroyed by shell fire—the village square, the "Mairie" or town hall, all the center of the town razed. Here and there parts of the walls were standing. At Liverpool, whether we realized it or not, our minds had been awakened to the realness of war when we saw the human wreckage at the hospital. Here in Revigny another phase of war's realism changed still more the atmosphere in which we lived, and thought; a certain tenseness, an expectancy, an acceptance of whatever should come took possession of us. No doubt such an experience came to every American soldier. Our business in France was rapidly taking on tangible form.

We passed through the ruins, around a corner where, in a building with an enclosed courtyard, the French troops had their headquarters, across another railroad and into the open country.

We marched along one of the white highways that wind around all the hills of France, toward a distant hill. Half way to the hill we saw an immense searchlight, placed off the road and camouflaged. And then a whirr in the air and Bang! Bang!—white puffs breaking in the air near a plane. The anti-aircraft guns were trying to down a Bosche observer. Our experience was rapidly broadening. The Hun flyer got away, however, and we continued our march, on up the hill, and to the village of Liamont. This place, or rather the end of it that we saw, was in ruins. We turned off onto a side road and pitched shelter tents in an open cultivated field in the usual straight lines facing the "Company Street."

Something hot to eat was the next thing. The old rolling kitchen was bigger than Bosche planes or ruins for a while. But before we could eat we had to move. Down came the tents and over the hill we went, where we pitched again on a slope another main road and a creek, but this time no two tents were allowed together in any alignment on account of enemy air observation.

After a hot meal we explored the village, the main part of which was not badly damaged. The two streets were soon explored, the wine shops located, and, being tired from a long journey and hike we were soon back in camp and asleep on the ground.

More than a week we stayed at Laimont. After a couple of days in tents we moved into the houses and barns of the village people on account of wet weather. Headquarters Company was billeted together in a big barn that was a part of a French house. The barn was all open inside with a big skylight in the roof, the floors were up here and down there; up a ladder to a cubby-hole fitted with bunks, down a few steps to another cubby-hole and more bunks, downstairs, through a low door, up a step and then more cubby-holes and bunks. A central passage sloped down to a back door opening into a garden. The company kitchen had been established by the road in the ruins at the end of the village.

Additional equipment was issued here. Horses came in, but one evening as the company sat at ease about the little store in our billet, eating grapes and nuts, a sergeant came through and picked out a detail "to take the horses up front." By six o'clock the details from the Batteries were ready and after considerable trouble getting the horses into the column the start was made toward Verdun. Everything went fine until a halt was made. Then it was impossible for every man to keep his string of four or five horses from eating grass, and confusion resulted. Good English availed nothing for the jar-headed beasts were French. Finally after getting straightened away again the column advanced steadily. The boom of the guns became more and more distinct. The Argonne drive was just then in its first stages and the great preparatory barrage was being put over. The column rode all night, passing through Vaubecourt and Triaucourt. In the morning a short halt was made at Anzeville for a cold breakfast of willie. Here the detail broke into two parties. One went to Aubreville. The other went through Jubecourt, Ville-s-C., and Blercourt to Dombasle. Men and horses were tired and the last part of the trip was made slowly. Arrived at the destinations the horses were tied temporarily and the details rested. By six p. m. the same day the horses were finally turned over to the other Artillery outfit. The men loaded into trucks and returned to Laimont to the enjoyment of a much needed rest.

Although this town of Laimont lay relatively close to the front the natives were still living there. We were yet to see the deserted communities. On Sunday the village people, all in black, went to church. Here the old white-haired priest talked earnestly and long. We could not understand him but we knew what he was talking of, from the frequent use of "le guerre", "soldat Francais", "soldat American". The church had been shelled but the holes in the walls and roof had been bricked in or otherwise repaired. Once during the war the Germans had occupied the town for a short time. The people told us that one of their acts was to enter the church and deliberately shoot up the interior. The marks of their vandalism were all over the place.

The two roads through the town were main roads and traveled constantly. Motorcycles whizzed around the corners, officers' cars came and went, big truck trains rumbled through, and an ambulance train was held there ready to speed out at a call. There were American, French, Chinese and women drivers. One day, just at mess time, two wagons came through, immense affairs painted up like a circus and drawn by horses of the heavy draft type commonly used in France. The outfit was a travelling store and quite a novelty to Americans. But lace and petticoats were of little value to soldiers, and sales were light. Along the roads were frequent graves, for "over here" a soldier's last resting place is more often than not the spot on which he falls.

The weather at this time was generally fair. There was some rain and the nights were damp. Many men took cold. Just before we moved Captain Hedges was taken to the hospital at Revigny suffering from a severe cold. In the excitement this caused only passing attention. We did not know that we had seen him for the last time. Major Schlegel and Corporal Bull were also taken to a hospital from here.

SECTION II

At the Front and Afterwards

PNEUMONIA VALLEY

On the morning of October 7th we moved back to Revigny and took train. Another box-car ride starting at 11:30 p. m. At daylight we found ourselves side-tracked at Frouard, a small place north of Nancy. A train of colored troops of the 92nd Division was unloading. When they were out of the way our train pulled alongside the platform and we unloaded. The wagons were hitched and pulled out to the camping place, but the company remained at the train until everything was off. It began to rain hard and we were hungry. The colored soldiers gave us generously of bread and jam. One of them said, "All soldiers is alike when they is hungry." A canal ran along the platform on the opposite side. These negroes had been unloading during the night. In making a company maneuver to leave the platform several men fell into the canal full-pack. One of them drowned. His body was lying on the platform in the morning. A horse had been shot and his body lay on the platform also.

Toward noon our unloading was finished. The company fell in and marched full-pack through Frouard to Pompey, on into the open country, finally turning off on a side road and halting between two steep wooded hills. Here on the hillsides we dug out shelves to pitch shelter tents. The ground was wet, the morning fogs held on until near midday and rain added its discomfort. It was a miserable place to stay and was well named "Pneumonia Valley." Several of the men were taken to the hospital during the short stay here—Lieutenant Thomas, Corporal Schellin and Private Hart. But from the searchlights, anti-aircraft guns and air-battles we saw and heard, the woods was a safer place than the town. This place was close to Nancy, and Nancy was subject to air-raids at any time.

We were in the valley two days and two nights. Broke camp on the morning of October 10th and moved out again onto the main road from Nancy to Metz. The column crossed the Moselle River and turned north. By this time it was well along in the day. The trip was made slowly, giving us plenty of time to enjoy the scenic beauties of this little river and its winding valley. We went through Millery and Autreville to Bezaumont. Darkness descended quickly and by the time we reached Bezaumont it was quite dark. We were to take our first line position during the night.

At Bezaumont the company divided, the Regimental and 1st Battalion Detachments taking the road to St. Genevieve, and the 2nd Battalion Detachment turning off onto the road to Landremont. During the following weeks of activity the company was separated practically all of the time. The stories of the different detachments of the company follow.

Regimental Detachment.

The name, St. Genevieve, will always bring a flood of memories to the members of the Regimental detachment. The French peasants live in the shadows of the high and well defined hills which encircle this quiet and quaint little village of France. It was about midnight when we reached the foot of the hill below the village. The horses were tired and our own spirits were not of the best. We had taken the wrong road and had to double the hill. It was necessary to use ten horses on every carriage. On our way up we passed the ration cart with the old white mule stalled. We went on up and pulled the mule out later.

We were whooping and yelling to make the horses pull when we were suddenly interrupted by Lieutenant Kaichen who appeared on the scene with a prolonged "Sh-h-h." In a very serious tone he said, "Don't make any noise. The Germans are very near but they don't know that we are here. We're slipping up on them and we are going to support a whole Battalion of Infantry. Be very careful and don't show any lights." Well, we slipped up on them all right and were asleep on the floor of an old barn by 4:00 o'clock in the morning.

At 7:00 a. m. we were awakened for breakfast. No mess line was allowed on account of the danger of drawing shell fire from the enemy. Captain Babbit said, "I don't want to lose all of you at once." So we went up to the kitchen in two's and three's and got along without any trouble. All of us got our share of corned-willie, hard tack and black coffee.

We were ready for our first work "at the front." The telephone detail at once, took over the telephone net and central, from the French. This is much easier said than done. The central was located on top of a hill back of the village; wires were running every way and there was no interpreter there. But with various signs, waving of the arms and the slaughter of French and English, we finally succeeded in getting the desired information from the French operators in the little dugout, and put our system to work.

The Liaison party of scouts was sent forward to the Infantry trenches on the morning of our arrival. They remained there during our stay in that sector. Their chief work was observation and the gathering of all information possible. They made two trips daily to the observation stations at Morville, Port sur Seille and Bois l'Abbe. They reported many thrilling and amusing experiences while on duty. At one time, a German patrol, dressed in French uniforms, slipped through our lines. All of them escaped excepting the officer in charge. He was too proud to put the French uniform on and was shot by one of the sentinels.

An amusing incident occurred one day when a detachment of artillerymen stopped in at one of the colored men's kitchens just at mess time. None of the

fellows had their mess kits and this followed: Colored Mess Sergeant, "Sergeant Green, I wants you to git me ten mess kits right away, tout suite". Sergeant Green, "All right, youse grease-ball; Corporal Jackson, git me ten mess kits, mui pronto". Corporal Jackson, "All right, Sergeant Second Platoon—A-ten-shun! Fall in with mess kits. Right face. Now as you niggers pass by these white gentlemen, I wants you to hand each one of dem your mess kit, 'cause dey is the men what furnishes us with dem good garages when we goes over the top." Needless to say the boys got the mess kits and they have always been enthusiastic over their treatment by the men of the 92nd Division, the only complete division of combatant negro troops.

The instrument detail was also busy. Some of the men were on duty at the observation stations. The others worked in the Regimental office where they made up the maps, tracings and worked on the operations for the Regiment.

The radio detail had their station on top of the same hill occupied by the telephone men. They did some splendid work in co-operation with aeroplanes in adjusting fire on an Austrian "88", which caused a great deal of anxiety until it was finally silenced. Besides their assistance in the firing of the Batteries they kept the Regiment informed as to the correct time, a very important thing in military operations, and copied all of the official communiques. Their men were on duty day and night.

The Gas officer, Sag Paste, and his assistants were kept busy making the rounds of the Batteries for examinations of positions that had been shelled, defective gas shells and keeping them supplied with all the necessary gas protections. They supervised the gas proofing of the dugout on the hill.

The "hill" referred to was honeycombed with dugouts and passageways. The work had been done with the aid of an electric railroad, which penetrated the hill for a distance of a thousand feet at a depth of one hundred feet. The dugouts were laid out in a regular manner. Three main passageways, with as many entrances, were connected under the hill. On each side of the long passages were the rooms, some of them were large enough to accommodate fifty men. The whole system was large enough to accommodate a whole regiment. The rooms were very comfortable and were lighted by electricity—if one was lucky enough to have a bulb.

The first day had not passed when the Old Man made an inspection and decided that the place was not clean enough for his men. The next day Jack Friel appeared on the scene with his squadron of "white wings" and the cleanup started. They swept the streets and alleys, hauled away garbage, opened up the gutters and made it look like a new village. All of the billets were cleaned out and put in good shape. After that it was a daily task to keep the streets clean, for the French people (the few who were there), would throw everything that they did not want right out in the streets.

There was a lot of "air activity" in this sector and we had to wear gas masks and helmets at all times in order to be prepared for the worst. A bugler was on guard all day long and blew "attention" every time a Bosche plane appeared. That call drove every one under cover until the plane was out of sight.

Bombardments were daily occurrences while we were at St. Genevieve. The Germans wasted most of their ammunition on the positions that our Batteries *had* occupied. They did chase our men under cover several times though, enough to make it very interesting. But occasionally the enemy would increase their range enough to drop a few shells on the hillside. On one occasion they shelled us a little heavier than usual. A "spare part" of one of the shells came singing across and struck a wall beside our kitchen causing considerable commotion among the cooks and K. P.'s.

More commotion came from an entirely different source. There were some colored troops billeted in the kitchen building and the only entrance to their quarters was by ladder to a window. That particular shell fragment had not reached the ground before a Negro stuck his head out of the window, sniffed like a hunted beast and said, "Man, I'se leaving this *heah* place." And he did, followed by a regular stream of smoky companions. Where they went or when they came back no one knows. To-day you will find pieces of that "spare part" on about ten different library tables for it was picked up immediately and divided, by the aid of "Corky's" blacksmith tools.

St. Genevieve had a little bath house that had been installed by the American Engineers. Here we could take a hot bath but the place was so small and so dirty that we got as dirty dressing as we were before we started. But we were glad enough to take a chance on any kind of a bath. A barber was brought up from the echelon to cut our hair for by this time we were looking pretty rough.

The Y. M. C. A. in town was a pretty good one for while they had not enough room to have a reading room and so forth they did have a good supply of the things that the American soldier wanted. We could buy tobacco, cigarettes, cakes and candy there nearly every day. A Negro band practiced in an old barn back of our billets every day and they sure could play some.

The hill on which the town was built was so high that the country was visible for miles around, and it was a fine scene. Fall was just far enough advanced to give beautiful coloring to the landscape. The Moselle river wound its way in the valley below. There were long stretches of barbed wire in front of us but they did not spoil the picture. In fact they had been there so long that they seemed always to have been a part of it.

The peasants worked in the fields, seemingly undisturbed by the roar of the big German guns, or their shells which burst all day long at no great distance and in plain view. Nor did they seem to mind the whirr of the Bosche planes soaring high above them, with shrapnel and high explosive shells from the anti-aircraft batteries bursting all around them. Beyond these fields was a woods in which our ammunition train was located. One of our batteries was located in the edge of the woods also.

On top of the hill at Pont-a-Mousson we could see the large statue of Jean de Arc standing high and defiant on one of the towers in the old French fortress. For four years and a half the Germans had used this statue for a "registration point," but for some unaccountable reason only one shell ever struck it. That shell struck at the base and did very little damage to the statue proper.

October 20th orders came to move to a rest camp, and at 6:30 p. m. the Regiment started, assembling at Bezaumont for the trip. We moved out under cover of the darkness leaving only a few men to explain the situation to the colored regiment which relieved us.

FIRST BATTALION.

The blackness of as dark a night as time has ever recorded had fallen upon us as we were still on the march from our early morning start up to our first hitch on the front. All afternoon we had been following the valley road along the battle-made-historic Moselle river, but at dusk we had left the Company and proceeded on alone. During one of the rest periods, which the weary men and horses were making the best of, one of our lieutenants came down along the line of carriages informing the men that our position was at the top of the hill up which we were just starting. At the time this news seemed encouraging, but as we learned later the hill proved to be a veritable mountain. It was only by combining several teams and taking one carriage up at a time that by midnight we succeeded in pulling up the long drag to the village of St. Genevieve, near Pont-a-Mousson. In the darkness we found sleeping quarters in an old barn, and slept, thinking no more of Bosche dangers. The following morning the game of war under actual conditions began in earnest.

The First Battalion Headquarters received its baptism into the game in the upper room of a shell-torn building, which the French artillery outfit that we were relieving had used as their P. C. It consisted of two rooms. One of the rooms was used as a chart room, while the other served the dual purpose of sleeping quarters and observation room. The lower part of the building was occupied by an old French woman and her daughter, who had just returned to their devastated home.

At the appointed time for taking over the sector everything was in fine working order under the guidance of Captain Babbit, acting Major of the Battalion. The chief duties of a Battalion Headquarters are the operations between the batteries and Regimental Headquarters, and it was no mean job.

This particular front was what is known as a quiet sector and nothing very exciting happened for several days. However, as we had everything in readiness we began to let Fritz know that we were there, and he replied with a vengeance, and the "Whiz-bang" of Austrian 88's became quite familiar.

As all of us were new at the war game many amusing incidents occurred in conversations over the telephone. In order not to divulge any military information nothing was spoken of by its proper name. Shells were often referred to as "beans", gas was called "hot stuff", and so on. On one occasion the Adjutant called up one of the batteries and told them to send a man to act as guide for some "beans" that were to go down to them. In about half an hour two men appeared stating that they were sent up to take a bag of beans back to their Battery.

Artillery activity in this sector was hindered considerably due to the consistently poor visibility so that we did not accomplish very much as offensive artillery, but played the game as the Bosche did: "you tag me, I'll tag you."

We did, however, receive wonderful experience. Scouts, telephone men, observers, all learned what was expected of them, and when we left the sector ten days later we left like veterans.

After a few days at Camp Ouest with the Company, the Detachment went into its second position, this time in the Chambley sector before Briey.

We had just finished our evening mess, our first meal at the village of Vigneulles, when orders came down that the first Battalion was to move forward that night. As none of the fellows had as yet unrolled their packs it was the work of a very few minutes to hitch the horses to the carriages again and to start out on the march.

By this time it was quite dark. Instructions were to take the first road to the left and proceed to the village of Hattonville where our guide would meet us. Everything went along smoothly as we followed the camouflaged road, and we soon reached the outskirts of the village. We halted in the darkened street to wait for the guide to show up. An Infantry patrolman informed us, however, that the place was under shell fire and advised our moving out of the village a short distance. We, however, had orders to meet the guide there and decided to wait a little longer. When he arrived we started on.

The trip forward from here was along an unimproved road, which was lighted occasionally by the flare of rockets sent up from the Infantry lines. The sound of nearby firing could be heard constantly, and we knew that we were going into quite a different sector than our former one. After travelling about an hour we left the road and went into a woods in which we were to take up a position. We found shelter in some barracks formerly used by the Germans.

On this sector we were again relieving a French outfit, so we took over the P. C. that they had used. Those who have never taken up the work that Frenchmen have left off can hardly appreciate the difficulty connected with it. If you ask a Frenchman for information he invariably smiles and motions with his hands to the surroundings. If you ask his opinion about something he usually replies that "its possible." Captain Kinsell, acting Major of the Battalion, at this time, had some of this experience at St. Louis Farme. A French Major remained at the P. C. to assist in the work of "taking over" the sector. To every question that Captain Kinsell asked him, or for his advice on some certain objectives, he replied, "Vell as you like", or "Et is possible". His lack of assistance, however, did not stop us and we were soon in a position to give concentration, barrage or sniping fire whenever called upon.

Some of the experiences that we had on this sector possessed all the thrills that the most adventurous desired. Our first experience of being bombed at night by hostile airplanes, and being caught in a German barrage possessed all the thrills any one would wish.

SECOND BATTALION.

It was a long drag up the hill from Bezaumont to Landremont. Men and horses were tired from the all day hike. Climbing the hills along a camouflaged road, first taking the reelcart up, then sending the team back for the fourgon,

working in the dark in a strange country, going forward to we knew not what, knowing that we were booked for the front and expecting momentarily to hear a shell burst over us—in such a state of mind, it was a time to "test men's souls." The down-grade into Landremont was finally reached and we drew up in the village street in front of the house that was to be Battalion Headquarters. The fourgon was parked opposite headquarters, the reelcart and radio "picnic buggy" were pulled up a steep little cobble-stoned grade to the rear of the building, and the horses tied to the wheels for the night. The detachment was billeted in the loft of a barn at the end of the village, except a few who slept in a room of the Headquarters building.

Not a sound from the enemy had disturbed our entry. Morning came. Still no disturbance. We found ourselves in a quiet sector, the Marbache Sector, relieving a French artillery unit, which stayed on for twenty-four hours, until our batteries were in position, and then withdrew. On their withdrawal we moved into the billets that they had used. The Battalion was in position at this place for a week. Officers and men had their final period of training, the actual handling of a battle situation. But Americans were not content to rest quietly in the sector, and before the week was over made things warm for "Jerry", who retaliated in kind. The communication lines were the biggest problem for the men of Headquarters. The work day became twenty-four hours and sleep was caught by winks. One night is enough of a sample. It was necessary to lay a line to the Infantry and the job proved exciting. Corporal Watson reported as follows:

"A line to the Infantry." Those were the orders. No one asked why but prepared to start, and everything being in readiness we made our getaway from Battalion Headquarters at 6:00 o'clock in the evening. A drizzling rain was falling and a heavy mist made the night very dark and disagreeable.

"We started laying our line from the F battery P. C. (post of command). From there we took a course across country to where we should hit the road leading to our forward observation post, which was to be in the town of Port sur Seille. After laying considerably more wire than was necessary, caused by losing our way, we reached the road in question. Every one felt relieved on reaching it and looked for easy sailing for the rest of the way. Things progressed in good order until somewhere in the darkness in front of us a machine gun barked. We took to cover.

"Some one in our party yelled and that brought another volley. Then the officer in charge and a scout went forward to reconnoitre and found the machine gun nest manned by Americans. We moved up to the ruins where the nest was and found that we had come over a road upon which all traffic was barred, especially at night. But luckily no one was injured.

"From the gun emplacement we started for Port sur Seille, but as we were unfamiliar with the ground and were very close to the German lines, we turned back towards our own Headquarters. The remainder of the wire was laid by hand through a communicating trench by four men. The Lieutenant remained at the machine gun nest and the rest of the party started back toward the battery

F position. As it was very dark and the rain had increased to a downpour, we were compelled to lead the horses, with one hand on the bridle and the other on the wire in order to keep on the right track.

"Arriving at the Battery F position we laid the wire from there to Battalion Headquarters. We arrived at Landremont at 5:00 a. m., after an all night trip, wet, muddy, and ready for a well-earned sleep. The following day the men left up forward came straggling back."

The observation post was at the top of the very steep hill, halfway down whose slope Landremont was situated. From this O. P., Metz could be seen on a clear day—but we had no clear days. The hills and valleys from this viewpoint were peaceful looking enough and, if the landscape had not been scarred with trenches and barbed wire entanglements, one could easily have thought the war a dream; for even here there were attempts at cultivation, and a few cows, goats and pigs were in the pasture. Captain Norton was Acting Battalion Commander in the absence of Major Schlegel, who had been taken to the hospital from Laimont, with the Spanish Influenza. During the week Captain Norton left for a training school at ————————, where he was detailed as an instructor. Captain John N. Garfield, Commander of Battery D became Acting Major.

The detachment had their own kitchen and drew rations from the dump at Bezaumont. Cook Russel Renner was detailed to the Second Battalion detachment from the Regimental detachment, and Cook Niedbalski from the Supply Company. These two remained with the detachment until the end of the war and their constant work and interest in the feeding did much to keep up the fine esprit de corps of the detachment.

Saturday, October 19th, 1918, colored artillery of the 92nd Division came in to relieve us. That evening the reelcart was loaded and with the greater part of the detail pulled out in the dismal rain for the Regimental Echelon at Millery. That Saturday the picnic buggy had gone to Marbache for a load of supplies from the Y. M. C. A. warehouse. The getaway of the detachment was made in the excitement of a big sale of "Eats", the deluge of colored troops, and rain.

Arrived at Millery, the billet of the Headquarters Company was soon located, the reelcart parked and the horses stabled. The billet was an immense old barn or house, whichever is proper—for a French village home is a single roof covering living quarters, stables and haymows. The second and third floors of this domicile had been fitted with bunks. We found room on the third floor and were soon asleep.

The next day the rest of the detachment came to the echelon. This Sunday passed quickly. Monday at 8:30 a. m., the Regiment left Millery and hiked to a rest camp. We crossed the river just outside of Millery, passed through Marbache and Saiserais to a woods camp near Avrainville. This camp was named Camp Ouest. Getting into this camp was quite a job. The road was a mere track from the main road across the sticky wet clay fields to the woods. The wagons were heavily loaded but, by resting the horses frequently, everything was finally in park and the men found bunk space.

There were not enough barracks to accommodate the entire Regiment and some of the men slept in pup tents. The weather was rainy but the sun shone part of the few days we "rested" here. These few days gave us an opportunity to clean up. The Supply Sergeant issued new clothes; also by walking to Avrainville we could wash clothes at the village wash house. These village wash houses are a convenience seen in almost all French villages. While at Camp Ouest we received quite a lot of mail, first and second class. A great many letters were written, also.

Italian soldiers were quartered at Avrainville for work on the railroad. This was our first experience with them and we found them very friendly. For the most part they were just young boys.

VIGNEULLES.

Saturday noon, October 26th, we carried our packs over to the road beyond Avrainville and loaded onto auto trucks. The caissons were tied, two behind each truck. The truck drivers were French and were tired out from a long hitch at the wheel. They must have had a sixth sense to see the road after dark without lights. We left Avrainville at 3:00 p. m., passed through Mannoncourt, Tremblecourt, Domevre, Manonville, Noviant, Beaumont, Rambucourt, Rouconville, and reached Apremont at 10:00 p. m. We slept in the ruins of a big hostelry.

Sunday was spent here at Apremont wandering about the hills through the German trench system and dugouts which had been occupied by them for four years, and only recently abandoned. The living quarters in these dugouts were complete even to plate glass mirrors, brass beds, and pianos, taken probably, from the town. Back on one hill the German officers had a recreation park and beer garden. The ruins of fine old homes in Apremont was especially pitiful. The town had only recently been evacuated and ruin was on every side.

The Regiment left Apremont Monday at 7:30 a. m. on another hike to the front. Through Varneville and Heudicourt we marched toward Vigneulles. The French Artillery whom we were relieving passed us on the road. We passed a section gang of black Americans building a roadway across the railroad. They gave us a happy greeting and said, "You boys keep Fritz up there. Push him away. We don't want him back this heah way, no suh!"

Before reaching Vigneulles the Second Battalion detachment turned off into the woods toward St. Benoit, and established Headquarters in a recently abandoned group of small, one story, wooden billets. Heinie had lived here in style and had left in a hurry. The place was not burned down as so many other billet centers in the wood had been. We found stoves and other comforts, even to stove wood ready for burning, kitchen utensils, etc. The space about the little buildings was filled with hutches for rabbits, in which were miniature racks and cement feed troughs.

We had halted on the main road through the woods, unloaded the fourgon and brought everything on a narrow gauge flat car up a muddy side road to the billets.

The firing batteries were up ahead of us near the St. Benoit-Fresnes road. Some of the telephone men went forward at once to establish communication. On Wednesday at 4:00 a. m., the Battalion Commander and the Adjutant went forward to a new P. C., near the batteries. A few days later the detachment moved forward.

This new P. C. was in a house just off the Benoit-Fresnes road toward Haumont, in front of the guns and just back of the outpost lines of the Infantry. The gun positions were in front of the Infantry positions.

Activity increased in intensity daily. The Infantry pulled off nightly raids. On one night we were awakened by the alarms of "gas" coming back from the Infantry advance position. We donned masks but being higher than the Infantry the gas did not reach us. After half an hour the order to remove masks was given.

The officers went forward frequently in daylight for reconnaissance and adjustment. On one of these trips Captain Bluem got into the German trenches, located a machine gun nest, directed his Battery fire from his precarious position and blew Heinie's machine guns up. Snipers sighted the Captain but fortunately he escaped without injury.

Several times the Germans searched the woods for our positions with their fire and kept the air loud with observers. On one clear day these German observers flew especially low and got away with it. It was decided best to evacuate the position temporarily. A hasty withdrawal into the woods was made. And none too soon, for the Germans had located the place and shelled it heavily during the night. At five o'clock the following morning, however, our guns were back in position and firing a barrage. This was the night that Battalion Headquarters was moved twice.

A party from Battalion Headquarters accompanied one of the Infantry raids; Corporal Beachy tells the story:

"We had just gone into position on our second trip to the front and we were backing up the 28th Division Infantry. A big raid was to be pulled off early the next morning. A Battalion of Infantry was to go over just before daybreak and attack from the right edge of our sector. They were to penetrate a strip of woods, the Bois de Bonseil.

"The object was to clean out the woods and return with prisoners and information. Our Batteries were called upon to furnish the barrage, and a patrol from our company was to go out early into No Man's Land to be in readiness to establish communication between the attacking troops and our own lines.

"At 1:30 a. m. we were awakened by the guard. We examined our rifles and pistols, and reported to the Bn. P. C. After giving us our orders, Captain Garfield added, 'Breakfast will be at 7:30. I don't want to see a man late.' A few minutes later we reported at the Infantry first line.

"Two Infantry scouts joined us there and with final instructions as to silence, formation, carefulness and dropping to the ground at the least warning, we entered No Man's Land. The little village of Haumont, commonly known as No

Man's Town, because of its location in No Man's Land, was held as an advanced outpost by our troops, in the daytime, while at night the Germans took it over. It was of no military value. Two hundred yards on the opposite side of this village we were to take our position in a shell hole. We had laid a light telephone wire out to this place the day before, being interrupted by enemy snipers.

"It was a dark night and we could but dimly make out anything ahead of us. As we cautiously rounded the edge of a little wood a low but clear voice ordered, 'Halt! Who's there.' It was our outpost and we gave the password as we looked into the muzzle of an American machine gun. An open field lay between this woods and the village, and assuming a "V" formation, crouching low we advanced, slowly and silently, across this field to the outskirts of the village.

"Here we assumed a new formation, splitting into two single columns, one on each side of the narrow street, with safe intervals between each man. From this point we had to be more cautious and watchful, for German patrols infested the town every night. Every little noise sounded strange and every rock and stump looked suspicious as we went on our way among the ruins and rock piles. Time after time we dropped flat on the ground to watch and to listen to a suspicious sound in the next street or in some ruined building, then carefully crawled forward again.

"Finally we reached the other side of the village and crawled out on a road that led to the German lines. Suddenly we discovered that our Lieutenant was missing. Had he strayed too far away from us and been taken prisoner, or had he lost sight of the patrol and taken another route? For minutes that seemed like hours we lay there straining our eyes in an endeavor to pierce the darkness, and listening to catch any little sound that might indicate the whereabouts of our missing officer or an enemy patrol.

"Nothing resulted so we decided to go on without him for it was nearing the 'H' hour. We reached the line that we had laid the day before and found that enemy patrols had discovered and cut it in a dozen places. There was nothing to do but repair these cuts. After this was done we set out once more for our destination, about two hundred yards away.

"We had scarcely taken a step before the reports from four batteries sounded simultaneously. Our guns were beginning their preliminary shelling of the Bois de Bonseil. Our Doughboys were concentrating at their jumping off place to our right. The sound of our guns and the steady singing of the shells as they passed overhead raised our spirits a hundred per cent., for we had all the confidence in the world in the men behind those guns.

"When we reached our shell hole we were surprised to find our lost Lieutenant there waiting for us. He had become lost at the outskirts of the village and finding the wire had followed it to the hole.

"The German Artillery began to bark. Our enemy evidently thought that we would use Haumont for a jumping-off place for he was laying down a barrage all along the edge of the village using H. E. (high explosive) and gas shells of large calibre. We were now cut off from our front lines, but we still had communication with them.

"The first dim rays of light were beginning to make their appearance in the eastern sky as the machine guns began their deadly rat-tat-tat. Our Doughboys had reached the enemies' barbed wire and the quick spurts of fire from the woods revealed the numerous machine gun nests.

"Now a new problem confronted us. The enemy barrage was raising havoc with our wire and it was necessary to send a man through that shell fire to repair it. This necessitated many monkey-tactics and snake-like manoeuvers in dodging the shells and hugging old Mother Earth whenever a steel messenger ended its screaming flight with a Blam!—followed by a shower of earth, and shell fragments, or an uncomfortable jarring of the human body if the burst happened to be close. But the shells were cutting our wire faster than we could repair it. Consequently several runners had to be used to keep up the communication.

"By this time it was quite light and our Doughboys were making great headway through the German lines. Wounded men were being carried back; terrified prisoners were unceremoniously escorted to the rear, occasionally accelerated by an impulsive jab with a bayonet.

"Advancing in the face of strong resistance by enemy machine guns, our Doughboys took the woods. The Germans were quick to throw up their hands and yell 'Kamerad', when they saw the cold steel of the Yanks threatening them. Our barrage followed by the Infantry swept the woods. The enemy counter battery work availed them nothing: they tried in vain to locate our guns but their shells dropped harmlessly in vacant areas. The day was ours."

The weather during these days was spring-like and sunshiny. An O. P. was taken up on a hill under the roof of a fine old French home on the road St. Benoit-Fresnes, called Hasavant Ferme. It was from this point that the German fireworks exhibition was watched on the night of the eleventh. Shortly after the establishment of this O. P. the Battalion was moved to the left into a position immediately to the rear of the Hasavant Ferme buildings, and Battalion Headquarters was set up in German billets a few hundred meters back of the batteries. An incident of deep purport that occurred at this O. P. is told by one of the instrument men as follows:

Prisoners of War.

"In the 'Great War', hate, bitter and implacable, was a dominant passion and a few times the American soldier was censured for his too chivalrous attitude toward the savage Hun, despoiler of homes, child murderer and profaner of the sanctity of womanhood. The 'Doctrine of Hate' was preached vehemently by some of our leading magazine writers as absolutely essential to the accomplishment of victory, and retaliation of the Hun type was intimated as our proper course of action. But how did the Yankee lad fight? Has he in any way sullied the Flag or dishonored its proud heritage of knightly deeds? Is he coming back to you a beast of rampant hate and black passions, his soul polluted with the lewd desecration of purity—one who resorted to Hell for the ingenuity that gave him victory? Or is he coming to you as one who found his triumph in the

clear consciousness of manly strength and courage, a clean, strong, chivalrous soul within, determined to 'play the game square' at all costs? Perhaps you think he lacked the inspiration and fortitude that comes from a true perception of the ideals at stake; that he fought as a matter of course, little concerned in the Destiny he was carving for the future with his bayonet.

"Let me tell you a story, a true story of the immeasurable reaches of the heart of the American soldier, a story, simple in detail, that will make you supremely proud of America and her champions on the battlefields across the sea.

"It was about 4:00 a. m., and a cold, drizzling rain, the disagreeable November kind, was beating down through a dense fog. I was on forward observation duty in an old farm house, my head poked through a hole in the roof watching the Hun lines for any information of military value. Just below me in the soggy road a company of Doughboys of the 28th Division were 'falling in' for a raid on the Bosche lines. An upwelling of sympathy for the gallant fellows that were going out in that mud and rain and fog aroused my interest and I listened to their preparations. The slush of feet in the mud, the subdued bustle and hushed voices of the platoon leaders calling roll came up to me through that impenetrable fog charged with a peculiar uncanniness, and I shivered at the horror of this beastly game of war. Gallant fellows, every one, endowed with youth and its resplendent hopes, entitled to peace and home and friends, going out without a murmur, yes, eagerly, and gladly, to an unforseen fate—going because above all this an ideal, dearer than life and home and friends, was at stake.

"Their Colonel was present to give them an inspection and final instructions. Carefully he looked to the equipment of each man, helmet, gas mask, rifle, hand grenades and wire cutters. Then he explained their mission, its importance, the grave dangers involved, the necessity for absolute quiet and discipline. Their objective was a strong German support position, a veritable nest of machine guns almost impregnable. They were to work their way forward, silently cut their way through the enemy's wire entanglements, creep up to the position and fall upon it if possible before discovered. Success depended upon the perfect quietness of the operation. There was to be no supporting Artillery barrage. Calling upon each man to do his part he sent them away with, 'Good luck, good bye, and I pray God's blessings upon you every one.' Then out through the night they went in double file without a sound other than the dull measured splash, splash, splash of moving feet in the deep mud. Grimly silent, going out in the grey gloom of such a morning to the attack of a cunning foe, without Artillery support, where in all this is the adventuresome dash, the sustaining excitement of the open encounter? What inspiring forces in these somber etchings of this cold, calculating business of war to cheer them to deeds of high valor?

"Perhaps an hour later the persistent rat, tat, tat of machine gun and rifle fire told me that the raid was on. Following almost immediately on this was the roar of Hun Artillery, and my mind filled with dire misgivings. Instinctively I felt that the raid had failed, that our boys had been caught in the Bosche defensive barrage as they advanced. With these fears in mind I left the post at the end of my shift and went back to the Battalion for morning mess.

"On returning to the farm house I found there the remnants of the company returned from the raid. I say remnants thoughtfully, for it was literally true. The raid had failed disastrously, resulting in the loss of eighty men. In some way Fritz had 'got wise' to the whole affair and was ready for them. According to the story told things seemed to be going fine. Our men had worked their way up to the outer defense, cut their way through the wire entanglements and were just ready to fall upon the enemy, when, suddenly and without the least warning, rifles, machine guns and Artillery cut loose on them with a hail storm of steel. The Lieutenant commanding instantly saw the desperate predicament they were in. Turning he shouted, 'We are trapped. For God's sake get back,' and fell dead. So quickly was it necessary to act that only a few of the wounded were secured, the rest being left on the field.

"But now we come to the real story, that which so beautifully exemplifies the true grandeur of the American fighting man. On their retreat from the disastrous field they had captured two Germans in an advanced listening post. These they had in the old barn sitting at the bottom of the stairway. A group of the boys was around them and one was talking to them in German. They were muddy, and wet, and cold and looked as though they expected unspeakable torture from the group of Yanks around them. Their eyes, from out pale faces, glanced furtively and fearfully at their captors and they had little to say. Sitting close to them was a little Doughboy plastered with mud from head to foot, hands and face scratched and bleeding. Seeing their abject fear his heart was touched with pity for these creatures of an Army whose inhuman leader in 1914 chose to order 'ravaging by fire and sword, the slaughter of men, women and children and old folk, the levelling of every tree and every house.' Awkwardly and confusedly he extended to them a bag of 'Bull Durham' and cigarette papers. (Bless him! He blushed because he was afraid his pals would call him an old woman). You should have seen the glow of gratitude in the eyes of those men, the wonderment and surprise! Their faces seemed to say, 'What, are these the Americans to whom we were never to surrender, because of the awful tortures they inflicted upon prisoners?' It was one of those little, usually unnoticed things in life that makes this such an immeasurably dear old world to live in. They accepted the gift gratefully and eagerly and started to roll cigarettes, but their hands were too cold. Seeing this the same little Doughboy passed them out a pack of 'tailor mades', with the full and admiring approval of his comrades—men who had just been out in that cold wet morning facing wounds and death from these whom they now befriended.

"There were a few fellows present out of an outfit on its way to the front, men new to the game. One of them sneered at this little unassuming show of kindness and remarked that the dirty hounds ought to be shot, treated as they treated their prisoners. Like a flash the little Doughboy replied, 'We don't treat prisoners that way, buddy; we ain't Bosche, we're Americans.' The revengeful one had not another word to say, he was utterly subdued. And who would not have been in the face of such unembittered restitution of good for evil, such complete fulfillment of the 'love thine enemies' degree?

"Then some one stepped out into the hall and said, 'bring them in here.' I followed them into the room, saw them seated at a table and set before each one a plate heaped high with hot cakes, and syrup running over the sides. The cook with face in smiles, was bustling around the stove frying more cakes to take the place of those disappearing from the plates so rapidly. The prisoners were literally transfigured, their pale, pinched faces suffused, their eyes fairly aglow with unspeakable appreciation. One said, 'It is hard to believe that this is not a dream after all the lies our leaders told us. Had I known what I know now, I would have been a prisoner two years ago.' There you have the splendid truth exemplified; the German is no more to be conquered by cruelty in the inner citadel of his heart than we are. Where the force of cruelty fails the might of mercy is insuperable.

"This is the story, my most profound impression of the war, and what a moment of exalted pride it was, one of those luminous occasions of infinite heights and depths that come so rarely in the short span of a lifetime. That is how the Yanks fought and therein you find *why* we won."

Many Artillery units, both light and heavy, entered the sector and went into position. The Infantry was greatly reinforced. These were the days preceding the end. We received the news of November 8th telling of the German plenipotentaries entry into the Allied lines with mingled feelings of hope and surprise. Preparation went steadily forward for an enormous drive with Briey as the objective. On the morning of the eleventh this drive was to start. Some of the Doughboys did go over in raids on that morning and paid the Great Price on the verge of Peace.

The final morning of the war and the reactionary celebration of peace is well recounted by Corporal Beachy:

11-11-11.

"Eleven-eleven-eleven-eighteen, that is 11:00 a. m. of the 11th day of the 11th month of 1918—a date not soon to be forgotten by any soldier who chanced to be on the firing line at that memorable time.

"We had been sending over a slow steady fire all morning. The Doughboys were mixing it with Heinie at various points along the line. We had been told that hostilities would cease at 11:00 o'clock, but we doubted it nevertheless. We were anxiously awaiting the eleventh hour.

"At 10:59 all Hell seemed to have broken loose. Every gun on the entire line roared and blazed its farewell message. At eleven o'clock all was silence. Cannoneers had fired their last shot; Doughboys still held on to their rifles and wondered; airmen hovered dubiously overhead. The war had breathed its last. It was difficult, almost impossible to comprehend. We had learned to associate France with war and it was not easy to conceive of being there in the midst of shell-wrecked ruins and barbed wire, and no longer hear the rumblings of the guns, the whining of the shells as they sped through the air, or the Blam of a '210' as it ploughed through the earth. It took time to realize what it meant.

"The downhearted, beaten Germans had evidently been waiting this hour. The smoke from the last shell burst had scarcely cleared away when they threw

down their guns, tossed their helmets into the air and plunged through the barbed wire. Heinies and Yanks were soon gathered in small groups out in No Man's Land asking questions and swapping souvenirs.

"The evening of that day witnessed a wonderful transfiguration. Instead of the dark gloomy outlines of shattered villages, lights shown from the interior of these ruins; happy faces gathered about blazing fires; all talked of home and sang old familiar melodies, rehearsing in the mud all of the popular dances of the modern ball-room.

"Ambulances, trucks, officers' cars and motorcycles that heretofore had fe't their way along the roads in total darkness, now sped by with the tail and head lights flaring brightly.

"On the other side of No Man's Land Heinie seemed to be even more jubilant. Blazing fires leaped skyward; moving lights dotted the hills, woods and roads; dazzling rockets of all colors and descriptions shot up into the sky all along the lines, the splendor of the scene surpassing any Fourth of July celebration.

"There were few men who did not sit up till late that night or lie awake talking of good old times back home and making elaborate plans for the future."

The night of the 12th the detachment did not turn in early. There were too many letters to write and possible developments to talk over. Everybody was feeling fine and when the lights were out, lay awake in the old German billet, telling stories. Shortly before midnight we went to sleep, but just at twelve the telephone operator yelled out moving orders. Soon we were up, made rolls and loaded the wagon. In the chill of the night we walked through the woods by candle and flashlight to the road. At the main woods road we built a fire and waited for the reelcart and party from the O. P. at Hasavant Ferme. When they came, the detachment, together again as a unit, walked through the early dawn to Vigneulles. Here on the edge of town in the ruins of somebody's home we set up the field range and Pinkie and Max soon had hot pancakes and coffee ready. It was our last "get-together" as a detachment. We had been together during the Great Experience and had formed associations that will be life long —"the old fighting Second." From this morning on the story merges again to the story of the Company as a whole.

Recourt.

At Vigneulles in front of the Chateau that had been Regimental Headquarters, trucks from the 28th Division were waiting to take the Regiment back from the front line positions. After a deal of trouble in loading, the truck train pulled out. Back through Heudicourt to Apremont we went. At Apremont had been the Supply Company and Band in Echelon. We halted there some time while the caissons were fastened onto the rear of the trucks. Since our first sight of the town the walls had been dynamited until practically the entire place was a heap of stones. Infantry troops walking back from the front filled the roads continually.

From Apremont we rode in the gathering darkness toward St. Mihiel but could see the battlefields of that first German rush in 1914 and the signs of the

subsequent stuggle. It was dark when we went through the great arch into St. Mihiel and on to the Bois de Meuse camp near Recourt, which we reached about 9:00 o'clock. Material was parked off the road, horses were cared for and then we found billets for ourselves in the woods. The buildings could not nearly accommodate the outfit and many slept under the stars.

The next few days a readjustment was made and the Regiment settled down to what proved to be a lengthy stay. In this camp the Army Rumor came into its own again. Each day had a new story of what was to happen and each succeeding day found us still encamped.

A series of apres le guerre problems as a Regiment were worked out to occupy time. Notably one to the Argonne sector at Brabant north of Verdun.

The camp was improved, as usual with the 134th. Passes to nearby towns, such as Bar le Duc and Nancy were issued. One party of six spent Christmas week at the recreation center at Aix le Bains. Another group went on furlough to Val-les-Bains, another recreation center.

To Aix Les Bains on Furlo.

It was on Monday evening, December 15th, 1918, at Camp Mariaux, that Sergeant "Gil" called six of us—Sergeants Bullard, Clinton, and Points, Corporals Cogar, McAvoy, and Miller, into his office and informed us that, as we had had no furlough in the States, we had first chance to take a trip for seven days, not inclusive of traveling time going and coming. Of course, being either at the front or back in the woods ever since coming up from Camp de Souge, we did not know very much about this place called Aix les Bains, but we decided to take a chance on anything to get out of the mud for a while. The order read, "leave at midnight." Now this seemed a funny time to start on a picnic, but we were willing to put up with anything. Then came polishing shoes, tan if possible, (and if you don't have tan, borrow) cleaning and pressing the best uniforms and at 8:00 p. m. we were all set to go. At 10:00 p. m. an order came down setting the time forward till the next midnight. Well, we didn't care as it was raining anyway.

Wednesday evening finally came and at midnight we were off, along with fifty-eight others from our own Regiment, in trucks from the ammunition train. It was a beautiful, clear night with a full moon and aside from the muddy roads it was nice traveling. We arrived in St. Mihiel at 2:00 a. m., at what was at one time the station. Our train was due to start at 4:00 a. m. Men from other Regiments were here and with them we made up the train. It had turned cold and started to rain. Time was getting on our nerves, but still we thought that we would get away on time. We did not figure on the Frog schedule and it was 10:30 before she steamed in on three legs. We loaded and started on our way at once. Our six fellows got together in the same compartment, a third class one with three windows out. We arrived at Commercy at 1:30 p. m., stopping about fifteen minutes: Toul at 3:30; Frouard at 4:00, where we took on six hundred more men from the Sixth Corps; and on a siding at Nancy at 6:00 p. m. We stayed there over night, having the preference of sleeping in the train or going to the city.

At 9:30 in the morning we were formed into squads and marched to the big bath house that is used by the Y. M. C. A. We had lunch at noon and were given any new clothes that we needed and then came the bath. A large building has been put up over an old Roman bath pool. The dressing rooms are built into the walls and one can jump out of them into the pool. The water comes warm from natural springs. After having all the sport we wished we went back to the town till 5:30 when we again started on our way.

By a little luck we were put in a more comfortable compartment. The only way we got any sleep was to get it sitting up or lying down on some other fellow's shoulder. Morning finally came and so did soreness and stiffness. It still rained, later turning to snow.

Toward afternoon we were nearing our destination, but it seemed that our train went on a side track for everything that came along on wheels. We passed through Emay, Rossilon and Culoz, a pretty little city on the mountain side, with quite a number of manufacturing buildings dotted here and there. As we neared Aix les Bains we passed numerous waterfalls, and mountain streams running everywhere.

At 4:00 p. m. we arrived at Aix les Bains in the rain, were unloaded and marched to the central part of the city. Each man passed through the gate at the "check in," as they call it, and was assigned to his hotel. We six were sent to the Villa Bonna and a fine place it was. The first thing that you notice, of course, is the fine rooms to which you are sent—electric lights, running water, Napoleon beds—you think that you are back home in the U. S. A. again—quite a contrast to the muddy and dirty camps. Eating is one of the big things of the trip and its up to you to get your fill. None had to be coaxed.

On arising in the morning you are surprised to see the great snow-covered Alps. Right behind your house they seem, stretching away out of sight into the clouds. Aix les Bains is a famous watering place in a valley along the French Alps. Not far from the Italian border, at the foot of Mt. Revard, it lies a short distance from Lake Bourget, the largest and most beautiful lake in France.

The biggest attraction is the Casino, used by the "Y", built in 1912 by some of the French "higher ups" as a center for sports and amusements. There is the ball room, motion picture room, theater, which seats about three thousand, reading and writing room, canteen and lunch room, and pool and billiard room. All is free for the soldiers except the eats and you get so much at your hotel you just sort of piece-meal here. The buildings are wonderfully decorated and thousands of lights shine from the ceilings and walls.

Next in attraction is Mt. Revard, 5,300 feet above sea level. We had great sport sliding down the slopes on skiis and sleds. Then there is the old Roman bath, running hot water all the time, a fine stone building over it, where, before the war people came to get their "rheumatics" loosened up a bit; the old Roman gate, built centuries ago; the Gorges which by the way are not as beautiful as our own Niagara Falls; a trip across the lake and up the mountain to visit the old Abbey, in use years and years ago; and Hannibal's pass just across the lake where you can see Mt. Blanc from the Cat's Tooth.

Chambley is a short distance by rail, a larger city than Aix and very pretty, with many large buildings and stores. Here is the Fountain of the Elephants, also the great picture, "Nero and the Chariot Race," which is valued very highly by the French.

After you have wandered from place to place, seeing all the sights each day, going to the "Y" in the evening, to vaudeville shows, such as we see in the States, eating all you want and lying in bed till you want to get up, its hard to start back to camp again when your seven days are up. Ours ended on Saturday, December 28th. We loaded in our special train at 8:30 p. m. and again came the agony of riding on the French trains.

We arrived at Echiteul at 11:00 a. m., on the 29th, laid over on a side track for twelve hours, and then started on our way to camp. Arriving at St. Mihiel in the afternoon of the 31st we waited for the trucks to take us to camp. We got there at 6:30 wet and hungry, but a happy bunch, ending one of the best trips of our lives.

"Oh, Lord Ain't it awful!"

THE GOING AND COMING OF THE "16."

VALS LES BAINS.

Sometime during the infancy of the A. E. F., some one at the rather mythical place known as G. H. Q., conceived the idea of giving the American "soldats" overseas the privilege of enjoying a seven-day furlo from their various organizations after a period of four months' service overseas. The idea grew into a reality, and certain French watering places and resorts were leased by the Government for this purpose.

During the course of events it came to pass that on the morning of January 12th, 1919, sixteen men from the Headquarters Company of the 134th Field Artillery left their organization to visit one of these aforementioned leave areas, namely, La Bourboule.

They made the trip to St. Mihiel in motor trucks, there getting on a leave train composed of captured German passenger coaches, and after intermittent spasms of starting and stopping, covered the first lap of the journey and stopped at Nancy.

Here they were to go through the process of de-cootie-ization, receive clean clothes and proceed with the journey, but owing to the lateness of the day it was decided that this must be postponed until the following morning. Overhearing a conversation between the officers in charge of the train, in regard to calling the men together and announcing to them that they would have to remain in the coaches all night and not be allowed the privileges of the city, one of the "16," who had visions of steak and pomme de terre, and a nice, comfortable bed in a hotel, hastened with the awful news to his comrades. They, being dutiful soldiers and not wishing to disobey any orders issued to them, promptly got lost from the train and wandered around until they found themselves in the heart of Nancy. Having heard no orders read forbidding them the city, they had no troubled consciences and proceeded to fulfill aforesaid visions in reality.

They assembled in the morning and proceeded to the Nancy Thermal Baths, where they received clean clothes throughout from the Government, hot chocolate, cakes, bread and jam from the "Y," and a bath. This latter was taken in an immense swimming pool, 250 x 100 feet, into which an eight-inch stream of water, heated by Mother Nature, flows continually.

The valiant "16" came from the bath, which for months before, had been but a word in the English language, and one seldom used at that, and appeared none the worse for the immersion. In fact they looked a whole lot better for it.

While waiting for the time to go back to the train, a rumor started 'round to the effect that their place of destination had been changed, and that they were now to go to Vals les Bains. This rumor turned out, as rumors seldom do, to be true, and there was much speculation as to the reason for the change, and whether it would be a better place or not. This debate lasted until time for them to proceed back to the train they had left so unceremoniously the night before. After lying in the yards for a long time it finally pulled out. During the rest of the trip down they passed through the towns of Epinal, Besancon, Bourg en Breese, Valence and Montelimar, arriving at Vals les Bains on the morning of the 15th. After the routine of having their passes stamped by the A. P. M. (Assistant Provost Marshal) and being assigned and guided to their respective hotels, they went forth to view the terrain.

Vals les Bains, or "The Vale of Many Fountains," is situated in the Department of Ardeche, and has a population of above five thousand. The Civennes Mountains cross the Ardeche Department from east to west. Vals is situated on the southern slopes of these mountains and has an elevation of 800 feet above sea level, the peaks of the surrounding mountains rising to a height of between five and six thousand feet.

The stone roads and vineyards which cover the hills of Ardeche have been more than two thousand years in the building. The Romans laid the foundations for the wonderful system of roads which now covers this country like a net work from the largest cities to the smallest village on the mountain tops. On the eastern bank of the Ardeche River, a few miles below Vals is the site of a Roman camp occupied by Cæsar and his legions during the latter years of the Gallic wars. It does not require a student of history to tramp the hills and valleys of Ardeche with their buildings, ancient and modern, their roads and vineyards, houses and implements of labor, to read the history of more than twenty centuries.

It was in this section of the country that the Huguenots made their last stand; here that the revolt of Roure, in the time of Louis XIV., foreshadowed the French Revolution, when the guillotine avenged his cruel death upon the wheel, and his bleeding head was hanged above the gate of Aubenas.

It does not fall to the lot of many, as it did to the "16," to view the world renowned "Carriere de Ruoms," or Quarry of Ruoms, where were quarried the foundations of France's beautiful gift to us, the Statue of Liberty. The Quarry is situated twenty-five kilometers south of Vals on the way to Pont d'Arc, the famous natural stone bridge.

There are in Vals and its vicinity, more than three hundred medicinal springs. In Vals alone there are one hundred and twenty-eight of these springs. Among the chief industries of Vals is the making of bottles and the bottling of these waters, which find market throughout France and England mostly, although they are known to the markets of the world; the manufacture of an artificial silk cloth the cultivation of the silk worm and weaving of pure silk; but the most important industries are the raising of live stock and the care of the vineyards.

Vals is a world-famed pleasure resort. Health and pleasure seekers from the entire world have visited the Baths and been relieved of their francs at the Casino. The Casino, built in 1898, a magnificent structure furnished with every luxury known at that time, is situated in a beautiful park of sycamore trees, on the right bank of the Volane River. Before the war, popular operas were to be heard in the theater. There was greater enchantment at night, though, than the music, for throngs were attracted to the brilliantly-lighted gaming parlors. On the upper floors, Bacarat held supreme sway, while Roulette rivalled it on the lower floors. Both of these games collected heavy toll from the players, and many a pleasure seeker left poorer but maybe wiser. Since the war ended and the Government has taken over the place as a leave area, the Casino has been changed into a Y. M. C. A.

Here the soldiers find a club house, convenient, magnificent and luxurious, where there is writing material, books, magazines, papers, and on the lower floor a "wet" canteen, wet as coffee, tea, and chocolate can make it, and where cakes, bread and jam can be procured. Downstairs in the "Grotto" there is a dry canteen where cigars, cigarettes, and so forth are for sale. This "Grotto" was at one time a natural cave, but the management, seeing its possibilities, added a few improvements in the way of heat, light, and comfortable chairs and made it into a smoking and lounging room. Billiards, table games, pianos, and victrolas help pass the hours not otherwise taken up. At night, movies and vaudeville are to be seen at the theater. The Y. M. C. A. also provides guides to conduct hikes to points of interest in the locality, and Ardeche has many.

The town of Vals can be described as a "City of Hotels," built on two streets, one on either side of the Volane River, that being all the room available between the abrupt slopes of the hills and the river, and extending up and down the valley for a distance of about three miles.

The town itself offered very little in the form of amusement, other than to those who wished to reform their friendship with the Vin Sisters, whom they met shortly after they landed in France, but whose acquaintance they did not have a chance to cultivate before they left for the Front. However, towns in the near vicinity afforded amusements in various forms. The men on leave could enjoy these if they cared to visit them, and needless to say, they all did, for there is no one more curious than a Yank. He wants to see all that there is to be seen.

On the 26th, the "16," having been somewhat scattered about, each seeking pleasure in the form that he liked best and with his particular pal or pals, again assembled in front of the A. P. M. to check out. Although they were rather destitute when it came to francs, they were still in high spirits for they had been

soaking up rumors, during the last few days of their leave, to the effect that the old outfit was to "parti tout suite pour le Etat Unis."

At the A. P. M. they made the painful discovery that the return trip was to be made in box cars. The old stuff, 40 Hommes and 8 Chevaux, over again. That trip will remain long in the memories of the "16," and caused many avowals that "the next time I go on a leave I'll stay at home." But the trip was finally accomplished, the route being somewhat different than on the way down, and affording a little more of interest to the travelers. It seems that in France there is quite a family of Vins and the engineer and fireman must have had a speaking acquaintance with every one of them for they stopped to pass the time of day with each one along the right of way, much to the displeasure of the "16," they being unable to accompany the engineer and fireman for the reason that the Vin Sisters frown on those who are franc-less.

Arriving at St. Mihiel they were "sardined" into Quads and taken back to their outfits, where the different billets rang with, "Now, down in Vals—" and "When I was in Aubenas that time—," for days and undoubtedly will in days to come.

We Write History.

It was during this period in the Recourt woods that the idea developed of writing a history of the Company. Many interesting and already reminiscent hours were spent working on it by a number of the outfit.

A Y. M. C. A. man, Mr. Colby, came to the Regiment and did us great service in getting supplies to us. The old-time Sheridan Minstrel Troupe was reorganized and toured a large circuit very successfully.

When we were paid on January 8, 1919, we used little black-covered Pay Books for the first time. These we kept and presented each pay-day until we turned them in on March 31st at Camp Stuart, Virginia, when we received our first home-coming pay in regular greenbacks again.

Recourt to Brest.

Finally things began to stir in the woods camp. Sergeant Ringo came back to the outfit from the Motor School on January 10th and Corporal Cooper returned from the hospital on the 12th.

Shortly after the middle of January the material was collected and checked in. On January 23rd all material was turned in. Details went to several nearby railroad towns with this equipment, most of which was destined for Toul.

On January 27th the Division passed under the control of the S. O. S. (Service of Supply). It was this branch of the American Army that controlled the homeward movement of troops. So this date turned our faces westward in earnest.

Possibly in jubilation of this new phase of our experience, "an angry mob of Bolsheviki" on the night of January 30th played havoc with the army moustaches of the outfit.

Moving orders found us on the alert, and on Tuesday morning, February 4th, 1919, at 10 o'clock, the Regiment left Camp Mariaux. We marched full-pack

from Recourt to Tilly, on through Boquemont and Woimbey to Bannoncourt, which we reached at 1:30 p.m. At 5:30 p.m. we had entrained in box-cars and started south. After a night of many stops we found ourselves early Wednesday morning at Pagny-sur-Meuse. By 7:30 a.m. we were at Neuchateau. Here the train stopped for several hours and we visited the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross. At noon we pulled out. On through Andelot we went to Bologne, where we stopped long enough for the cooks to serve coffee.

When we woke the next morning we were at St. Florentine. This day we went through Moneteau, Auxerre, Clamecy, Cosne, and Bourges. Friday morning we found ourselves at St. Martin le Beau. Traveling at good speed all day, we covered ground fast, passed through the outskirts of Tours, through Savonierres, Saumur, and by 3 p. m. were in the depot at Angers. Only a momentary stop was made here and then we went north to Segre, where we were side-tracked for the night. The next morning we left Segre and by noon pulled into Le Lion d'Angers, Saturday, February 8th, 1919. Here we detrained in the sunshine of a beautiful day in this fine old French town. Headquarters found their alloted billet to be the servants' quarters and barn of a chateau in the town, and we were soon settled. Then came acquaintance-making and souvenir-buying. The townspeople proved to be of a better class of French than we had ever been near and they were very friendly. Our stay with them was marked from first to last with mutual and cordial respect and interest.

A month in such surroundings passed quickly and was speeded toward the end with beaucoup inspections. The Company was de-cootie-ized at Angers on February 24th. New clothes were issued, dismounted packs issued to every one, physical and clothing inspections were passed, and we were ready to go.

Amusement was scarce in Le Lion. The Y. M. C. A., under the leadership of Mr. Stimpson, an old friend from Y59 at Sheridan, opened a canteen, reading room and chocolate shop. One night the Company entertained itself with a Great Trial before the High Court of Kangaroo. This was Saturday, Feb. 23rd.

First call came at 4 a.m. on Friday, March 7th. After breakfast we emptied ticks, cleaned billets, loaded packs on trucks and at 7 a.m. marched out of town. The Regiment assembled on the road just outside of town, started the march at 8 a.m. and after a very enjoyable hike, marched through Chateau Gontier at 12:45 p.m., headed by the Band. The populace was out to—hear the Band.

We got our packs at the depot, were assigned to the box-cars, which were American made, and then some Y ladies served hot chocolate. Soon after, the Y men came along with cigarettes. Iron rations were issued to each car and at 3:50 p.m. we pulled out. At Laval we stopped long enough to get a hot meal from the cook car attached to the train.

In the morning we crawled out of the hay to find ourselves at Brest, within sight of the harbor. After unloading we had breakfast at a huge mess-hall run by a colored American outfit. After breakfast we slung our packs and marched up the steep cobble-stoned street, through Brest and down-hill out of the town. Then up another hill and into Camp Pontenezan. Here we found a great camp

laid out—board walks, pyramidal tents, great mess-halls, etc. The barracks of Napoleon II are here and some say Cæsar billeted his men on this site in one of his campaigns.

Spring cots and two extra blankets were "hard to take." Supper was an experience, an apparent confusion, but really the working of a splendid system. Long lines of men were served at many serving tables or galleys, going on through to the mess-hall by way of lanes railed off on either side, eating at long, narrow, corrugated iron tables that were breast high, then on through more wooden lanes to hot mess-kit water, and out again into the camp grounds—a wonderful system of feeding. A count was made while we were here in camp and eight thousand men were fed in forty-one minutes in this one mess-hall. Every man had all the time he wanted in which to eat, as the eating hall was amply sized to give everybody room.

On Monday, March 10th, the Company had a passenger list formation. In the afternoon we marched to a large delousing and laundry plant nearby for physical and cootie inspection. The same night several hundred non-coms, and men answered a camp call for working details. Some of the fellows worked all night, others were sent back to the regimental camp.

After dinner the next day we hurriedly made our packs, hurried with them over to a big building next to the one we were in the day before, went through a hurry-up, show-down equipment inspection, hurried so fast to put the packs together again that everybody was sweating when they came out, hurried back to camp to be looked over individually and criticized on appearance by the Captain.

Our francs were changed to real American money just before supper. Orders came, also, to move the next morning. We were up at four, accordingly, for an early breakfast. We started out at seven but once on the main camp street we were turned back. The hold-up was only temporary and at 9:30 a.m., we were on our way to the dock. Here the Red Cross ladies gave us each a pair of sox filled with a regular Christmas layout of chocolate, cakes, tobacco, cards, gum, jam, etc.

A Trip in a Big Battleship.

At 12:20 p.m. we left the dock on the ferry-boat and started out into the harbor to the U. S. S. New Hampshire. It surely looked good to us to see the young American sailors and they were eager to give us welcome. We crossed the gang-plank onto the deck of the battleship, were each given a tag showing our assignment to compartment, billet, and mess, wound around the deck, inside and downstairs to find our quarters in a fine spick-and-span corridor. We took our toilet kits out of the packs, also blankets and canteens. Then the packs were stored in the lower part of the ship. The ship's band played a concert. We were soon getting acquainted with the "gobs," and found them mighty fine boys. At 3 p.m. we were under way, steaming out of the harbor.

We were twelve days on board—days full of acquaintance-making, sight-seeing and good eating. The crew were as fine a bunch of fellows as ever got together and all did their utmost to make us feel that our real home-coming started the day we set foot on the deck of the New Hampshire. We were priv-

ileged to poke around different parts of the ship, and to most of us this was a novel and welcome experience.

Good weather kept up all the way with the exception of two spells of rather stormy weather. But there was remarkably little seasickness on this trip.

Monday morning, March 23rd, we sighted land and were soon close inshore. At 1:10 p.m. we docked at C. & O. Pier No. 5, Newport News, Virginia. After a reluctant and yet jubilant farewell to the boys of the crew, we went down the gang-plank into the ever-ready arms of the Red Cross and some home folks from Ohio. The ladies this time gave us chocolate, a big cookie, and a pack of "Camels."

Then with the Band playing, colors flying and displaying the service ribbons of the Marbache and Thiaucourt Sectors, received at Brest, we marched through Newport News to Camp Stuart. Our packs were light for some reason. The sight of real American people once more made us feel at home at once. At the camp we found barracks and spring beds, and in the canteens the PIE counter!

We were at Camp Stuart until Tuesday, April 1st. After another delousing, clothing, and great activity in the camp pressing establishment, we boarded a train of honest-to-goodness American SLEEPERS (Au Revoir, Box Cars!) and were off for home at 10 a.m. At 12:20 p.m. we pulled into Richmond. Here we stopped, got off, and filed into the depot where the Red Cross ladies served cookies, chocolate, and coffee. Pies were bought right and left from venders. After we got back on the train the cooks served hot beans, jam, peaches, and bread. It's a good army now. At 4:30 p.m. we passed through the Marines' Training Camp at Paris Island, Quantico, Virginia, and at 5:15 were passing through Washington, D. C. We stopped at the Red Cross station, where we had stopped on our way to Upton, but only long enough to change engines.

After a night on the "hard cushions" of the sleepers, Wednesday we passed through Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Ravenna, Kent, Old Forge at Akron, and into Cleveland at 2 p.m. We were given our liberty as soon as the train was parked, and we were soon busy in the barber shops. The next morning the Battalion paraded in Cleveland. There was much enthusiasm among the great crowds. After the parade a dinner was served to all the men, but the Akron and Canton boys went home at once on the interurban cars. The train pulled down to Akron in the evening and paraded again there on Friday morning. After the parade another dinner was served the men in the Armory. That night at 11 p.m., the train left Akron for Columbus, where a third and the largest parade was held on Saturday morning. After lunch in the Capitol and an afternoon in the city we left for Camp Sherman.

Early Sunday morning we detrained and were inspected at once by the camp doctors. Then we marched to Barracks No. K11 and settled down. In the afternoon we marched to an examining building and passed the final physical examination.

There was a great deal of paper work to do here and a number of the men were pressed into service. Wednesday night each man received several papers, including a letter from General Pershing.

Thursday we got up at 4 a.m., turned blankets in, ate our last army meal, turned in our mess kits, cleaned the billet and marched to the discharge building. At 10 a.m. we went through the final turn of the wheel, received our discharge and our money. As we came out of the building, one by one, and said the final farewells to the old bunch, Headquarters automatically ceased to exist. Then all aboard for home and "Fini Armie" for us all.

37TH DIVISION.

Division Headquarters arrived in France, June 23rd, 1918.

Activities:

Baccarat sector—August 4th to Sept. 16th.
Meuse-Argonne offensive—Sept. 25th to Oct. 1.
Pannes (St. Mihiel sector)—Oct. 7th to Oct. 16th.
Lys and Escant Rivers (Flanders)—Oct. 31st to Nov. 4th.
Belgium, Syngem sector—Nov. 9th to Nov. 11th.

Prisoners captured:

26 officers, 1,469 men.

Guns:

29 Artillery pieces, 263 machine guns.

Total advance on front line:

30 2/3 kilometers.

28TH DIVISION.

National Guard of Pennsylvania.

Arrived in France, May 18, 1918.

Activities:

Sector southeast of Chateau Thierry (corps reserve)—June 30th to July 31st.
(Battle operations—July 15th to 18th and July 28th to 30th).
Vesle Sector—Aug. 7th to Sept. 8th (Almost continual heavy fighting).
Argonne-Meuse offensive—Sept 26 to Oct. 9.
Thiaucourt Sector—Oct. 16 to Nov. 11.

Prisoners captured:

10 officers, 911 men.

Guns:

16 Artillery pieces, 63 machine guns.

Total advance on front line:

10 kilometers.

33RD DIVISION.

National Guard of Illinois, West Virginia.
Arrived in France, May 24th, 1918.

Activities:

Amiens Sector (with Australians)—July 21 to Aug. 18.
Verdun Sector, Sept. 9th to Oct. 17th.
St. Mihiel Sector, Nov. 7th to Nov. 11th.

Prisoners captured:

65 officers, 3,922 men.

Guns:

93 Artillery pieces, 414 machine guns.

Total advance on front line:

36 kilometers (made by units of one regiment or less).

HEADQUARTERS 134TH FIELD ARTILLERY, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE.

9 January, 1919.

Military record of the late Captain Harry Howard Hedges, U. S. F. A.:

Enlisted in Battery B, 1st O. F. A., November 15, 1915. Discharged April 11, 1917. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, July 11, 1917. On detached service at School of Fire for Field Artillery, Fort Sill, Okla., from March 30, 1918, to May 23, 1918. Appointed Captain, April 3, 1918. Commanding Headquarters Company, this regiment. Relieved from duty with Headquarters Company and appointed Acting Regimental Adjutant, Sept. 15, 1918. Taken sick while the regiment was billeted at Laimont, October 3, 1918. Died of pneumonia in Evacuation Hospital No. 16 at Revigny, France, October 16, 1918.

N. B.:—Left for overseas with regiment June 28, 1918. Arrived in Liverpool, England, July 10, 1918.

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 134TH FIELD ARTILLERY, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE.

27 January, 1919.

Memorandum:—

The following is an extract from Regimental Memorandum of Jan. 27, 1919.

1. In accordance with verbal instructions from Headquarters 62nd Brigade, the Brigade is entitled to wear the 37th Division insignia. The insignia consists of a white felt piece of cloth 2¼ inches in diameter on which is superimposed concentrically, a red piece of felt 1½ inches in diameter. This insignia is sewn on the left sleeve of the overcoat and blouse, the upper part of the white just touching the shoulder seam of the garment.

By Order of COLONEL BUSH.
Welton A. Snow,
Capt. 134th Field Artillery, Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS 164TH F. A. BRIGADE, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

From: Commanding General. 13 November, 1918.
To: Commanding General, 62nd Brigade.
Subject: Report of Operations of 134th Field Artillery.

1. Orders have been received relieving the 134th Field Artillery from duty in this sector with the 164th Field Artillery Brigade, and directing its return to its own command.

2. I feel it only proper to inform you that this regiment, during its service in this sector, has occupied its appropriate part of the front; that it has at all times executed its

missions efficiently and with a display of cheerfulness and promptness that indicates a very high morale and state of training. The regiment has been placed in difficult positions and has always conducted itself in a way to reflect credit on itself, its own brigade and the one with which at the time being it was serving.

3. I shall appreciate it as a favor to me if you will make such record of this letter as you may desire, and then either transmit it or make known its contents to the Regimental Commander for such use as he may desire to make of it.

Signed: Edward T. Donnelly,
Brigadier General.

1st Ind.

Commanding General, 62nd Field Artillery Brigade, American E. F., 28 December, 1918.

To Commanding Officer, 134th Field Artillery:

1. The Commanding General takes great pleasure in transmitting this letter to the Commanding Officer, 134th Field Artillery, and desires at this time to express his appreciation of the same high morale and efficiency noted by General Donnelly of the 164th F. A. Brigade, which has been characteristic of this regiment throughout the period of my command of the 62nd F. A. Brigade.

Signed: Edward Burr,
Brigadier General, U. S. A., Commanding.

Order For Cessation of Fire 11 a. m., November 11, 1918.

This is What Ended the World's Series for the 134th

At 10:05 a. m. on the 11th of November, 1918, Colonel Bush gave the following order by telephone:

Fire at the rate of 50 rounds per gun per hour until 10:59. Be prepared to fire 6 rounds per gun from 10:59 to 10:59:50. All fire ceases at 10:59:50.

By Order of Colonel Bush.

G. H. Q., American Expeditionary Forces, France.

France, December 19, 1918.

General Orders, No. 232.

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

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

Soldiers of all the divisions engaged under the First, Third, and Fifth Corps—the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 26th, 28th, 29th, 32nd, 33rd, 35th, 37th, 42nd, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 82nd, 89th, 90th, and 91st—you will be long remembered for the stubborn persistence of your progress, your storming of obstinately defended machine gun nests, your penetration, yard by yard, of woods and ravines, your heroic resistance in the face of counter attacks supported by powerful artillery fire. For more than a month, from the initial attack of September 26th, you fought your way slowly through the Argonne, through the woods and over hills west of the Meuse; you slowly enlarged your hold on the Cotes de Meuse to the east; and then, on the first of November, your attack forced the enemy into flight. Pressing his retreat, you cleared the entire left bank of the Meuse south of Sedan, and then stormed the heights on the right bank and drove him into the plain beyond.

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

JOHN J. PERSHING,
General, Commander in Chief American Expeditionary Forces.

Official: Robert C. Davis, Adjutant General.

IN MEMORIAM

As we think of all the service flags
That fly o'er our broad States
For the men who counted well the cost
Then dared to brave the Fates;
The golden stars we know of
Mingle sorrow with our pride,
And we pause in thots of victory
To think of those who died.

There are some who died of sickness,
There are some in battle slain.
Let us see their noble sacrifice
For us was not in vain.
Let's make this old world better
And a finer place to live,
Thus honoring our comrades who
Gave all they had to give.

D. V.

IF

If you can hold your head up while the others
Are drooping theirs from marches and fatigue;
If you can drill in dust that clouds and smothers,
And still be fit to hike another league;
If you can stand the greasy food and dishes,
The long black nights, the lonesome road, the blues;
If you can choke back the gloomy wishes
For home that seem to spring right from your shoes;
If you can laugh at sick call and the pill boys,
When all the other lads are checking in;
If you can kid and jolly all the killjoys,
Whose faces long ago forgot to grin;
If at parade you stand fast at attention,
When every muscle shrieks aloud with pain;
If you can grin and snicker at the mention
Of some bonehead play connected with your name;
If you succeed to keep your knees from knocking,
At thots of all the bullets you may stop;
If you can do these things and like them,
You'll be a reg'lar soldier yet old top.

D. H. W.

Little Wooden Crosses

The little wooden crosses
Upon a rocky hill,
There where the Autumn leaves drift down,
And all is strangely still,
The old, old church that broods o'er them,
Has seen no fairer sight
In all the years, than these who gave
Their youth and life and light,
To sleep beneath the wooden cross;
Yet sweet their rest must be,
Who made themselves a sacrifice
That all men might be free.

The pain shall be to those who wait
'Cross ocean mist and foam,
Who'll miss their face among the ranks
When soldier boys come home.
But this shall be their recompense,
To lift the cross they bear;
These were the gift a Nation gave,
An offering and a prayer.
And long as mortal tongues shall live,
Until the world grows old,
New beauty and new glory
Their memory shall enfold.

Nell Grayson Taylor, U. S. A. N. C.

Epic

A la Homer

We've done our right front into line,
We've done squads east and west,
And then we've hoofed it double time
In column four abreast.

With buzzer and with telephone
We've shot our orders thru,
In wig-wag and in semaphore
We're quite proficient, too.

With pick and shovel we excell,
We're excavation fools,—
We're Jack-of-all-trades, one and all,
We know construction rules.

We've gone thru all the agony
And pain of monkey drill;
If we hadn't crossed the ocean
We'd all be at it still.

The Colonel called us Gold-Bricks,
Said that time was precious, rare;
The study of horology
We studied then with care.

We worked out all the problems
Involved in modern war;
When we had them all completed,
Colonel Bush would look for more.

We perfected firing data,
Site, deflection, range, and all,
Road maps, panoramic sketches,—
We were ready for the call.

Then that awful watchful waiting
While in our imagination
We killed more war-mad Prussians
Than were in the German nation.

The golden hour at last arrived,
We left the sunny South;
We were going to get the Kaiser,
There were cheers from every mouth.

We crossed the mighty ocean,
Almost died upon the way,
It was useless food to swallow,
For it simply wouldn't stay.

Then we started in to travel,
Covered almost all of France,
Guess we couldn't find the Germans,
But at last we got our chance.

They packed us in French box-cars—
Forty "Hommes" or eight "Chevaux"—
Then auto trucks, and then shanks-mare—
Colonel Bush's Travelling show.

We reached the front in dead of night,
And camouflaged our guns;
We were anxious, wanted action,
And a chance to get the Huns.

What we did to dear old Heinie
Would be terrible to tell
So, to make the next line rhyme, I'll
Just say, "We gave them Hell."

Oh, we know that God was with us,
Heinie couldn't find our station,
Even Satan must have cheered us,
We increased Hell's population.

But, as all things have an ending,
"C'est la paix, le guerre finis";
We've renewed our watchful waiting,
Wondering what our destiny.

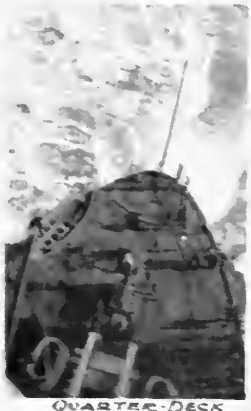
CORP. GARRISON L. BEACHY.

HOTEL AT LE LION D'ANGERS

MESS LINE AT LE LION D'ANGERS

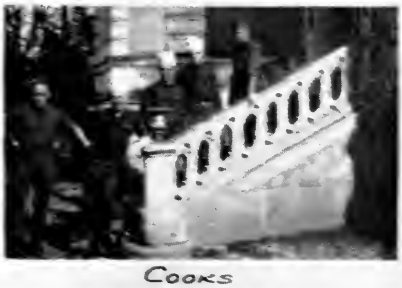
U.S.S. NEW HAMPSHIRE

'SPIKE' AND FELTON



QUARTER-DECK
U.S.S. NEW HAMPSHIRE

MECHANICS



COOKS

HQ. CO. STREET IN BREST

SIDE-DOOR-PULL MAN

SECTION III

This and That

ROOKIE DAYS

THE BATTLE OF SILVER LAKE.

The early days of Regimental Headquarters Company, 134th Field Artillery, are a part of Border lore and do not come into this brief recital which is concerned with its full blossoming in the rich and fertile experiences at Silver Lake. Its organization, recruiting and initial awkward gyrations back and forth across the hot spaces of Buchtel Field are wholly matters of other record. But we have cut out for ourselves the rather delicate job of penning the incidents of that somewhat hazy event recalled fondly by us as the "Battle of Silver Lake"; done not from the motive of self-praise and egotistic historical preservation—though we'll not deny that our feats in that bloodless and breathless campaign are worthily laudatory—but done purely from a desire to prevent that important page of history being torn out and relegated to the waste basket of hopeless forgetfulness by a stupid and unimpressionistic reading public. And the "Battle of Silver Lake," be it only the widow's mite, must take its place alongside those later glorious events that put democracy over once and for all and kaiserism in eternal limbo. This recognition is bound to come (pardon the "flour-y" license) "eventually, so why not now."

Could a man of military instincts and training have seen the rabble that alighted from the N. O. T. & L. at the gates of Silver Lake Park one fair morning in late July, he would indeed have shuddered with grave misgivings for the future of democracy's young army. Clothing of every cut and color with a gay sprinkling of straw top-gear gave this unit of Uncle Sam's future victorious army a decidedly picnic appearance, rather than an imposing military mien. Instead of the snappy, clean-cut movements of the army man they lounged about with the lazy grace and languid ease of young man habitually addicted to a life of unruffled leisure. Any stranger would have noted the assemblage merely as a party of mid-week picnickers bent on a care-free frolic in the park. For how was any one to know that they carried on those careless shoulders the burdens and high resolves and indomitable will of a nation at war? But this is just the beginning and later days are to see a transformation that even mothers will look upon with amazement.

It was in late July when we went into camp at Silver Lake to begin our training in preparation for the gruelling work that awaited us overseas—a work that could be faced only with the strongest sinews and highest will. Our morale was of the very highest. Everywhere eagerness, willingness and determination were the dominant factors of the spirit with which the company entered into its work. The men seemed intuitively to realize that their duty lay along the path that would lead to nearest perfection, physically, mentally, and spiritually. Each one knew that success against the Hun, the mostly highly trained soldier in the world, was in direct proportion to his training, and acted accordingly.

But this must not develop into a treatise on military ethics. So we'll leave it to the author of "The Psychology of a Soldier" to delve into the inner recesses and turn the soul of the recruit inside out, while we adhere to his outer and everyday manifestations.

Of course this chronicle would be sadly incomplete (which will be the case anyway) without a full and tactical description of the battleground, or camp. And naturally, in the soldier's eye (which sans doute is set in his stomach) the most important topographical feature on the terrain is the mess shack. When we arrived upon the battleground our to-be kitchen was discovered to be a little ten-by-twelve, unimposing shack, anything but inviting, and oh! far removed from appetizing. We arrived in the morning, and after the usual reconnaissance work over the ground, steps were taken to get dinner under way for the hungry gang. Cooks and K. P.'s were selected from the company with due and discriminating regard for their long and valuable experience in the delicate and exacting art of culinary concoction (and be it said, apropos of nothing, that they actually could boil water without scorching it). But in the process of preparation we were suddenly plunged into an awful dilemma. Because of a grave blunder on the part of our Ordnance Department we had not been provided with kitchen equipment. This knowledge leaked out to the men and with it the persistent rumor that there would be no chow that day. Now, any one who has hiked twenty-four hours on hardtack and monkeymeat knows that hunger and sweet disposition rarely enjoy mutual association, and insistent mutterings of an unorthodox nature accompanied by black looks indicated that mutiny was inevitable were not the grumblings of disgruntled stomachs immediately quieted.

But in the face of dire necessity for immediate action, the ingenious brain of one of our cooks found a way out of the muddle. In the rubbish heap near the lake he found an old pot, a battered tin pan and the most important parts of an old stove. With the help of a few willing, hungry ones, he soon had the stove snugly located in one corner of the shack and a fire blazing merrily in it. Then with a half-yard of an old discarded shirt and three pints of cold water, sans savon, he scoured out the pot and pan and cleared the cuisine for action. A few minutes later our nostrils, doubly sensitized now by gnawing hunger, detected the very savory odor of boiling beef and the day was saved. How little does the world recognize in the modest and unobtrusive army cook a hero of the first order on whom some of war's greatest events hinge their turning! Truly "full many a gem of purest ray serene," etc., but you can complete the quotation for

yourself, as there is neither time nor space for it here. Besides it is an unpardonable sin in the ethics of the Bucks to praise or pity any army cook or K. P.

Now that first meal was a "hum-dinger" and enough to make any one who enjoys life from a gastronomic point of view, "go over the knob" once and for all. Our menu was vastly varied—boiled beef in large and generous hunks without condiments and—water. But we had plenty, enough to remove the wrinkles from our abdominal integument and the gall from our dispositions. As we passed by the serving window with our cape-pan, tin cup and spoon the K. P. generously filled them to overflowing. We were given several hunks of that India rubber beef, and one was enough to keep your molars busy for several hours. Bread was just a little scarce, but as for water—well, we had all we wanted. But it must not be inferred that chow was always thus. Before the battle had gotten well under way we were feasting as royally as kings and, perhaps more so than many. Eggs, with which we have been so little associated since our departure for foreign soil, were as plentiful as cooties in the front-line trenches. Under the wise management of Acting Mess Sergeant McCaskey, our ration list ranged all the way from the most delectable cereals and choice fruits to the juicy cuts of every nameable meat. Of course, it made not a particle of difference to us that his extravagant buying put us in an awful hole and we had to nearly starve for months afterwards to square up. We lived then at least. We usually had the privilege of preparing our own breakfast with unrestrained access to cereals, fruits, ham and eggs in unlimited quantities. Not only were we liberally fed at mess time but we had the rare privilege of procuring a lunch in off hours. Even in those hours of night time, dedicated to the memories of chafing-dish days, we could return from revel in town and always find the latch-string of the old mess-shack on the outside. And the feeds concocted at those times would easily put to shame the outlay of an ordinary restaurant.

But though the subject of eating is ever alluring to a healthy and capacious digestion, we cannot occupy all the space allotted to this chronicle in discussing its pleasing adjuncts.

Of course, sleep is as essential to well-being as is the material gratification of the inner man, and it was imperative for us to find places to lay our weary heads after the day's tedious toil. Now our quarters at Silver Lake were of a type splendidly unique, and extremely novel in their radical deviation from the established order of army camp construction. Through the hospitality of a Doughboy outfit encamped at the lake we were supplied with two old "squad" tents, I. C. D. so long that the marks of their condemnation were all but obliterated by the ravages of time. They were tattered and torn and flaunted proudly the frayed streamers of many a hard-fought campaign with the remorseless forces of time and temperature. Many a laughable rent from apex to base admitted an abundance of fresh air and its liquid concomitant in periods of low barometer. It was very possible to enjoy the luxury of one of nature's shower baths while peacefully asleep, and many a night were we routed out of our bunks to stand and shiver and cuss until the deluge ended.

As stated above these old relics of a prehistoric epoch were "squad" tents, but in this case their name extravagantly belied their usage, for enough men were quartered within them to form several squads. At least a third of the company sought them for their nocturnal rest. To accommodate the remaining men a few "pup" tents were "policed up" from some unknown source and set up in artistic alignment to form a company street. Each of these is ordinarily supposed to quarter two men, but necessity here increased the number to three and in some cases four. These were staked out along a slight slope and in the absence of ditches rains always gave them a pleasant and comfortable interior. So in one way or another all the men found at least the semblance of a shelter and, however, comfortless and dreary it was, always the irrepressible spirit of youth touched it with the cheer and gaiety of the pure joy of high vitality. And in these quarters they cheerfully and spiritedly set about the work of preparation to fit them for the sterner life that called to the spirit of the indomitable youth from far across the seas.

Now, of course, our chief purpose at Silver Lake was work, drill and training, and all other activities were incidental and subordinate. So no time was lost in getting to the actual business in hand. The company was organized as nearly as possible along proper lines and acting N. C. O.'s were appointed to carry on the work of organization and training. As far as possible men were selected with previous military experience, but in the light of present retrospection it is difficult to keep from thinking that a few mistakes were made. Russell Bowman was made acting "top soak", "chief kick" or whatever you wish to use for the official designation of acting first sergeant. Now it would be a travesty on the usage of refined English to endeavor to narrate his actions and procedure in this official capacity. But ask the boys. Then acting Corporals were selected to take under their sheltering and instructive wings the awkward and rather timid rookies of their respective squads. And in the deepest and most exacting sense of the word, we were rookies. Why, we were so green in matters of military technique that we had not the slightest idea of what constituted the duties of a non-com. About all we knew was that soldiers were supposed to fight, but as to the specific hows we were all at sea. So profound was our ignorance of military courtesy and customs that a Captain's bars meant no more to us than a Corporal's chevrons. Thus you can realize the gigantic job on the hands of those burdened with the making of an army capable enough to meet and defeat the greatest military machine the world has ever known. You can also realize how little concerned our country was in pre-war days with affairs military and how absolutely anti-militaristic she was.

With the temporary organization completed we started with illimitable "pep" upon the gruelling process of "squads right and wrong." Day after day in the boiling August sun we marched, turned, pivoted and double-timed with unquenchable diligence and determination back and forth across the fields bordering on Silver Lake. We learned to keep step in simple column formations, growing daily toward the perfection that comes with practice, and gaining always that ease and confidence so essential to accomplishment in any work. We were eager to learn. We wanted to be good soldiers, to uphold the traditions of the army

in soldierly qualities and actions. Neat, snappy appearance, alertness and endurance soon became matters of deep personal pride with each and every one.

For purposes and physical development the daily routine of formal drill was spiced with long hikes into the surrounding country. These developed muscle and lung power and hardened the bodies to high degrees of physical endurance. And every veteran of Silver Lake will tell you these hikes proved vastly worth while when later he wore out many a pair of hob-nails along the hard white roads of France.

Then there was the fatigue work—K. P.'s, wood detail, etc. This of course, is a part of a soldier's life he would like well to forget. He can hardly conceive a war hero encrusted in the grease of a soup kitchen. But it had to be done and he played that part of his army career just as gamely as his part with the gun.

But this physical drill was only a part of the training designed to make of the rookie a full-fledged fighting man of martial mien and soldierly instincts. We soon came to know that all fighting is not done with the hands; in fact, that the greater part is done with the head. This requires a very high mental training in tactics. We must learn to think rapidly and calmly in trying situations, to act quickly, to exercise cool judgment and personal initiative. Then we must develop to a high degree of efficiency the means of tactical manouvering. So daily we spent much time on visual communication and courier work. This was the greater part of our daily routine and drill, and it was carried on with a diligent persistence that meant much for its success.

But there is a side to our life at Silver Lake that was the real experience—the big comprehensive experience of fraternal association that will leave forever the indelible imprints on the souls of those who made it a part of them. It is that part of our life there that found its time in our off hours, the evenings of rest and mutual commingling in the quiet dusk. As time went on these confidences grew deeper and more intimate and men from widely varied walks of life met in a spirit of unreserve that opened up rich fields of experience. And soon we knew each other, the hopes and aspirations, the big ambitions, even down to the petty foibles that stamp infallibly the personality of individual character.

Then, too, we were not lacking in pleasure of a recreative sort. The lake was handy and bathing is ever a popular sport, especially when the beach is resplendent with the gay aquatic costumes of the fair sex. Silver Lake always had present its share of Akron beauties of the mermaid type. In the early evening most of the fellows after a hot, dusty day of sweaty grill found resistless allurement in the cool waters and the refreshing association of its fair denizens. So swimming became an incurable epidemic among the fellows.

Among sports not listed, "craps" undoubtedly held first place. Not a day passed but the familiar language of the "bones" could be heard somewhere about the camp. It is a great army game and there is none that so excites and holds in its spell as this one does. Our greatest advocate of the game at the Lake was the "West Virginia Jew", and none of us will soon forget "Becky and his bones."

If he was busted he would come out waving a pair of pants or some other article of clothing and call out, "Shoot two bits."

In this way, engrossed in these varied activities, we spent more than two months in camp at the Lake, the first two months of our life in the army. We acquired knowledge of value, and training that meant much to us in later days. With the end of September Silver Lake passed into the immortal annals of the past, a finished epoch, a phase of achievement forever ended and gone, but an immutable and endearing memory to us all.

THE N. G.

Didn't know much, but knew something;
Learned while the other men played;
Didn't delay for commissions,
Went while the other men stayed;
Took no degrees up at Plattsburg,
Needed too soon for the game;
Ready at hand to be asked for,
Orders said "Come!" and they came.
Didn't get bars on their shoulders,
Or three months to see if they could;
Didn't get classed with the Reg'lars,
Or told they were equally good,—
Just got a job and got busy,
Awkward they were but intent,
Filing no claim for exemption,
Orders said "Go," and they went.
Didn't get farewell processions,
Didn't get newspaper praise,
Didn't escape the injunction
To mend, in extenso, their ways.
Work-bench and counter and roll-top,
Dug in, and minding their chance,
Orders said "First line of trenches"—
They're holding them—somewhere in France.

R. F. ANDREWS

BUGLE CALLS.

Reveille.

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up this morning,
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all.
Corp'rals worse than privates,
Sergeants worse than Corp'rals,
Loot'nants worse than Sergeants,
And the Captain's worst of all.
Chorus: I can't get 'em up, etc.

Mess Call.

Soup'y, soup'y, soup'y,
Without a single bean.
Pork-y, pork-y, pork-y,
Without a streak of lean,
Coffee, coffee, coffee,
Without a bit o' cream.

March.

You're in the army now;
You're not behind the plow.
You dig in the ditch,
You'll never get rich;
You're in the army now.

Pay Day.

Pay day! Pay day!
Come and get your fifty cents a day.
Pay day! Pay day!
Come and get your pay.
What you goin' to do with the drunken soldiers?
Put 'em in the guard house 'till they're sober.
Pay day! Pay day!
Come and get your pay.

Stable Call.

Come all who are able and go to the stable,
And water your horses and give 'em some corn;
For if you don't do it the Colonel will know it
And then you will rue it, sure as you're born.
So come, who are able and go to the stable,
And water your horses and give 'em some corn.

Sick Call.

Come and get your quinine,
Come and get your pills.
Oh! come and get your quinine,
Come and get your pills.

Taps.

Love, good night.
Fare thee well.
Go to sleep
Till the dawn
Breaks the night,
Until morn do we part
Love, good night.

TRAINING CAMP

Army Side Lines.

Scarcely had we taken the oath before some were throwing a baseball and others kicking and passing the popular pig-skin. We played several baseball games with the Infantry Companies at Silver Lake. Brown, Peters, Eck, Frye, and Roos performed on the mound. Saddler Long and Bill Shiel demonstrated what "years" can do in the great American game. Miller's "Wildcats" were challenged to a friendly game with Beckies' "Tigers," and after nine exciting innings the score stood Tigers 2, Wildcats 2; so Mose and Rex shook hands, agreeing that it was SOME game.

We started for Alabama the last of September and had no more than stepped off the train when a group of football aspirants could be seen practicing out back

of the stables. Several Headquarters men were selected as instructors in athletics in the regiment. "Red" Trimmer and Lunning in boxing; Beachy and McCaskey in wrestling; Moyer, Watson and Olinger in running. Nearly every morning we hiked over to the Regimental field to "extend arms" under Lieutenant Pettigrew. Old Sol smiled down on us, but we couldn't see it that way. Occasionally Lieutenant Pettigrew had other business and Corporal (later Sergeant) Points put us through an hours' work in the art of "Pick up hats, Pick," until we felt lost if our stable Sergeant failed to appear for the morning's entertainment. Beachy and Lunning entertained at "Y 59" in a fast three-round bout. Tiny Wise was scheduled to meet an opponent in the roped arena but Tiny found the space within the rope uninhabited save by himself.

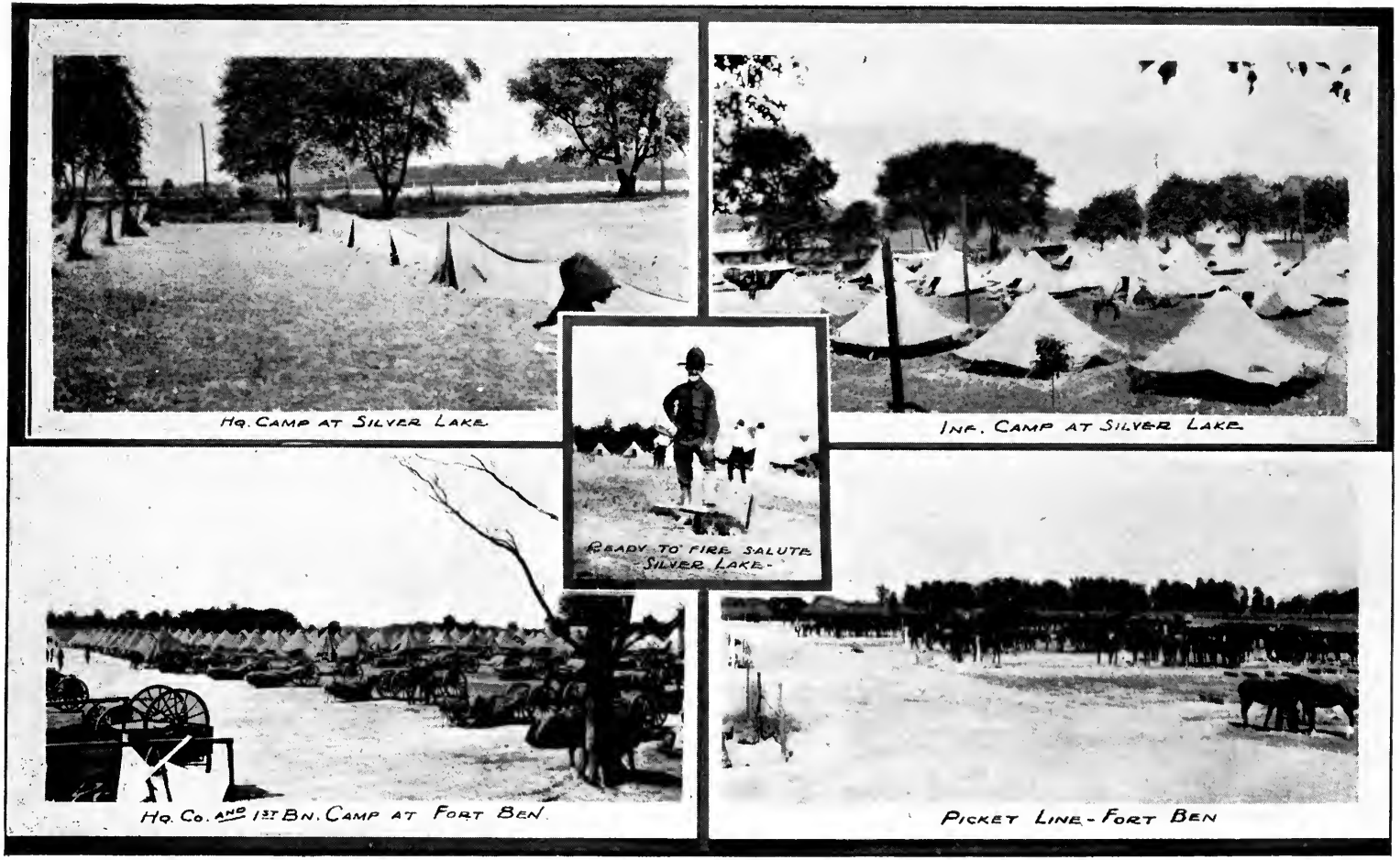
Headquarters placed second in the Liberty Loan Athletic Meet at Camp Sheridan; Moyer, Watson and Olinger placing for Headquarters; Brenfleck from C. Battery and later with us took the two-mile run. Watson opened the Colonel's eyes when he won the 50-yard obstacle race. Moyer had no trouble in the 100-yard dash.

The last of October saw a motley crew assembled to elect a captain and manager of our football team. Ed. Long was the unanimous choice for captain and Moyer received every vote except his own, for coach and manager. We played Battery B the next week and lost a hard fought game—6 to 0. Battery A won a lucky game by one point on the following week, score 7 to 6. Two weeks later the Supply Train ran over three touchdowns in the first half, but the second half we came to life and after three minutes play we crossed their goal. We outplayed them the rest of the game, the final score being 19 to 6. Lieutenant Hollenback took hold of us the next day and after a week's rolling and tumbling we were in fine shape to take on the Engineers, who appeared to be our best opponents thus far, but we trampled over them to the extent of 28 to 0. The Engineers failed to understand but it was a plain case of good team work.

Two weeks later we took on the Supply Train again. The game played on a rough field with a strong wind. We played them to a standstill. Each team put over a touchdown and each one failed to add the extra point. We will never forget the Saddler's stand on the one-yard line. The team line-up during the season consisted of: Ends, Hable, Senn and Flynn; tackles, Moore, Olinger Points and Sutton; guards, Frankenstein, Bash, Miller and Fisher; centers, Long and Woolfe; halfbacks, Beachy, Abbott, Hutchinson and Bullock; quarters, Moyer and Lash; fullback, Jack Jones.

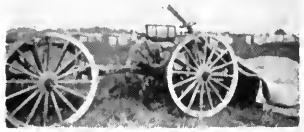
After the Company football season had ended, the Regimental teams began to combat for the Division championship. We supplied four men in Hable, Moyer, Olinger and Jones. Jackson, later with Headquarters, played quarter. The Regimental team defeated the 135th, 6 to 0, and trampled over the Supply team 13 to 0. We failed to win the deciding game when the strong Ammunition train won a hotly disputed contest 14 to 7. With third down and goal to gain we failed to travel the remaining two yards to the goal line and lost our chance for a tie and possible victory.

The weather in Alabama was such as to encourage outdoor sports the year round and baseball began when football left off. Several inter-battery games


HQ. CAMP AT SILVER LAKE
INF. CAMP AT SILVER LAKE
READY TO FIRE SALUTE
SILVER LAKE-
HQ. CO. AND 1ST BN. CAMP AT FORT BEN
PICKET LINE - FORT BEN

GUN DRILL

PICKET LINE



REEL CART

LIMBER DRILL

BREACH OF 3 IN. GUN

FATIGUE

KANGAROO COURT

READY FOR ACTION

were staged on the Regimental diamond. Doc. Roos and Jones formed the Battery mates; Red Abbott, Walker, Moore and Woolfe formed the infield; Trimmer, Beckenstein, Miller and Weltner comprised the outfield. The most interesting game of the year took place when the "non-coms" tangled with the "bucks"; Trimmer, Long and Jones formed the "bucks" battery. Roos and Moyer were battery mates for the "non-coms". Shiel even brought applause from the "bucks" when he speared Trimmer's terrific liner with one hand. Cogar, fresh from the West Virginia League and with a tempting offer from the twenty-mule team of the Borax League, played an unusual game in center field. Cogar played hard and had it not been for the wind he would have caught a beautiful pop fly. He laid off for three days to nurse sore shoulders, due to his vicious swings in an attempt to connect with the little round pill.

At the same time a Regimental team was being picked and Headquarters placed three men on the team in Trimmer, Long and Abbott. Red Trimmer proved to be the team's best bet on the slab and led the league with a grand average of 833, having won five and lost only one. Hop Long formed a part of one of the best infields in the Division and topped the league with a batting average of .485. Red Abbott subbed only because of an excellent infield and had first call in case of an injury to any of its members.

Our ten days at Camp Upton were not without incidents. The Corporals challenged the Sergeants to an indoor baseball game outdoors and the Corporals won 10 to 9. Immediately the Sergeants asked for a return game and again the Corporals won by one point. Points tried hard but failed to urge his clan enough to put over the necessary runs. But the head that wears the crown knows no rest and the "bucks" tried to take the crown but again the Corporals won 11 to 10. Also Beachy and Lunning entertained at the "Y" with a four-round bout.

After landing in France we had a few days before starting our training at Camp Souge. The 2nd Battalion detachment secured a baseball game with F Battery at Canejan. Using their hats for gloves and fence rails for bats they demonstrated the Great American game to a large audience of Frogs. After entering on our training we did not have time for any games.

The armistice having been signed, several inter-battery football games were played on the muddy flats between Recourt and Rambluzin. We tied with D battery for the championship of the Regiment. We played two scoreless ties with D battery. F battery was lucky enough to get away with a scoreless tie. Not once was the ball in our territory. The field was so slippery that gains were difficult. We ran over A battery on a better field to the tune of 18 to 0. Our team-work was fine and A battery failed to make a first down until the last quarter when Headquarters eased up.

After the games were over the players looked like human mud piles, as the field was muddy and no uniforms were available. Playing without headgears, shoulder pads and cleated shoes we came through without a single mishap, which speaks well for the condition of the fellows.

The Company team line-up consisted of: Ends, Hable, Senn and Points; tackles, Moore (captain), Olinger and Sharp; guards, Frankenstein, Spike Wise, Sutton, Bash and Fisher; centers, Frederick and Bullock; quarters, Lash and Jackson; halfbacks, Beachy, Abbott, Hutchinson and Brenfleck; fullback, Jones.

This was the last competing team the Company had. Athletics will always be one of the best memories of our Army experience.

Echoes From Sheridan Streets

Saw-Mill: "Well, now don't kick about this feed. When we were down on the border all we had was a hunk of punk and a can of tomatoes."

Greaseball Jones: "Eat it. We can't."

"It's a great army, there's no getting out of it."

"Gimme, have you got, let me take, will you?"

"Good God, he missed him!"

"That's a nice cigar you are smoking. Have you another one?"

"Ride him, cowboy."

Bullock: "I'll ride that fellow, if they give me a club."

Zig: "What it takes to do that, I'm all breakin' out with."

Officer (seeing horse kicked in stomach): "Hey! Don't do that."

Bullock: "Well, he kicked me."

Sheridan stables, young "E. J." jerking horse. Top: "I'll give you some extra duty for that." Brownie: "You'll shout, I know the rules of the army."

Acting "Top" BeVier (blowing whistle): "Everybody inside out."

Becky: "Hello, C-c-corky."

Eddie, the Saddler: "I feel a song coming on." "Don't fight, boys. 'Taint nice." "If I've done anything I'm sorry for, I'm certainly glad of it."

Schellin remembers how the Corporal used to slide into the office sideways and whisper; "Got anything easy for me to do today?" Oh! You monkeydrill!

"I don't mind them tail, but look at that feet." "On the It-ta-lay-yan Front." "I knows what I knows."

Peanuts—twenty-two sacks. It was a "Wild night" in "N-3."

Oh, the officers live on the top of the hill,
We live down in the dirt and the swill—
They gave me a horse and said I could ride,
I didn't see the shovel on the other side—

A Sam Brown belt would look nice on me,
But I'd rather be back in the U. S. A.—
I don't want any more army;
Lordy, how I want to go home.

ON THE WAY

"Across" the Ocean.

Since ancient Phoenecia sailed her ships through the Gate of Hercules the illumined pages of history record here and there, maritime voyages of great consequence to subsequent civilization. Some naturally occupy more illustrious pages than others; and some for reason beyond comprehension have been denied a place in the worthy volume of great events. Of the latter there is one of little note to the world, but eternally grooved into the memories of those who made it. When the "Great War" is a mere memory a certain name, whose very enunciation is nauseating, will stand out like a mountain in the "apres le guerre" reminiscences of the 134th Field Artillery. So in this narration our efforts will be bent towards the recording of a few incidents inseparably linked to this name.

In the gray light of early dawn, on June 27, 1918, the one common and long harbored desire of our company gave birth to happy realization. On that morning, just as the coming sun was touching the gray shadows with its rich tints of crimson, we "silently folded our tents" and stole out of the confines of Camp Upton. Boarding a train we were rapidly whirled to a Brooklyn pier on East River. There we boarded a ferry boat dropped down the bay and tied into a wharf at the Bush Terminal. Here while the T. O. checked and tabulated us the Red Cross passed around smiles in the form of hot coffee, sandwiches and cigarettes; after which we trod the gangplank to the decks of "His Majesty's Ship," the *"Nestor."* Following the usual routine of assigning the various organizations to their respective decks, we settled down in spots peacefully bathed in the soft glow of the fast westering sun, to dream of the morrow.

As we sat there in the gathering dusk, looking up the bay, watching the great metropolis above us assume the glory of its nocturnal brilliance, we thrilled to a feeling wonderfully rich and new. Out in the mists of evening, shot through and through with the colorful splendor of dying day, the "Goddess of Liberty," eternal guardian at the gateway of Freedom, was dimly visible. And around her the long slanting rays, like roadside arrows, pointed out across the quiet waters, our way to the "Great Adventure." A peculiar hush was over the boys, and all seemed silent in the fascination of this newer vision of the Cause that had called them. The settings on this quiet night were peculiarly fitting to this phase of the great drama into which we had been plunged, and long we pondered coming possibilities, till weariness overcame and we went below.

The Nestor, originally an Australian freighter, was a three-decker with a spacious hold. This space had been decked into apartments and was used for eating and sleeping quarters for soldiers "en voyage." Due to military necessity it was greatly congested. We slept in hammocks swung from supporting beams and sandwiched in in saw-tooth fashion. They were so close that every movement of a hobnail invariably registered upon the face of the adjoining sleeper, and any rolling of the ship resulted in a bumping game anything but restful. Getting into one of these sea-going berths was a feat requiring rare acrobatic skill. It was necessary to climb upon the table, reach up and grasp firmly the

lattice work overhead, then gaining momentum by much swinging, execute an aerial "flip-flop," which, if lucky, would carry you into your nest. The chief object of the performance was to cause the man on either side of you as much discomfort as possible, and seldom the effort resulted in failure. Not soon to be forgotten is the nightly chorus of polite curses from the "gang," when some upper-deck owl would stumble in and bump his way beneath the swinging hammocks to the far side. With careful and studied progress the "owl" was usually able to bump his head viciously into the curved backs of the sleepers.

Beneath these suspended bunks were long, narrow tables tastefully decorated with a few tin pans, a teapot, bucket and wash tub. Here we three times a day partook of the delicacies of transport culinary art. Now in the Army the most interesting subject that can engage the mind of any soldier is that of "chow." The surest way in the world to gain or lose forever the friendship of a soldier is through his gastronomic proclivities. Please his insatiable appetite and you make an everlasting friend; starve him and you make an enduring enemy. Without doubt the most hated person in the army, with the possible exception of the duty-struck N. C. O., is the "belly-robber," or K. P. who with malice aforethought passes your mess-kit by with a slim issue.

The feeding on the Nestor was the finest piece of studied (mis) management that I've ever seen. Each table was issued an allowance card and one man appointed to draw the rations from the galley. Of course he drew the daily allowance of sugar and condiments in the morning and they disappeared at the first meal. Before experience gave him a stable pair of "sea legs" he occasionally discarded the tempting stew on his way down the companionway, and we existed on salt air and imagination until the next meal. The menu reminded me of a small town show, "Change of program every week." For fourteen breakfasts we had coffee that required carbolic acid for a suitable chaser; oatmeal with the formula $(Om)_1+(H_2O)_{30}$, on which the entire daily issue of sugar was used; and orange peel marmalade that had green persimmons backed off the map for acrid bitterness. At noon mutton, boiled spuds (in full dress), stewed rice (sugarless), rare peas and steel jacketed beans. "Five o'clock Tea" was literally tea, and tea without sugar at that. Of course once in a while we had an "extra" of which we'll speak later.

It was 8:30, on the morning of June 28, 1918, when the Nestor lifted anchor, steamed down the Bay, out through the narrows and set her course toward the rising sun. As many as could crowded to the ship's stern to watch the shoreline of the dearest land in the world fade from sight. The old, old story, as old as life is old; the full realization of just how dear a lifelong possession is never comes to us until we see it slipping away from us—perhaps forever. Nothing had ever occurred in our quiet lives, to bring to us a full appreciation of the immeasurable sweetness of that little word, *HOME*. Yet at this moment, as we silently watched the green shores slowly fade and merge into the blue depths of the sea, the spirit of true American patriotism warmed our souls as never before, with the reverential glow. So on we went; past the nets that guarded the mouth of the harbor, past the final headlands and out into oceanic waters. The prow swung to the northwest and set out with a full head of steam, ready to face the

worst Old Atlantic could give in the way of storms or hidden submarines. The weather was fine—clear sunshine and a moderate breeze with the keen salt tang of the sea—and for a time all was well.

On the morning of the second day out we came on deck to find our boat one of a splendid convoy of thirteen ships, all nosing their way through the blue-green waters with a majesty befitting the importance of the role they were playing. Far in our wake on the watery horizon could be seen the steel turret of a battle cruiser, ever watchful for any danger menacing the sixty thousand lives left to her care; and to our port and starboard and dead ahead, slim, graceful, low-set "Chasers" could be seen darting hither and thither like eager hounds seeking the scent of their prey.

The clear skies prevailed for the first two days, a stiff breeze soon sprung up, that whipped the placid surface into a snowyfield of choppy whitecaps. With the ever increasing swells, the rythmic rise and fall of the boat became more pronounced, and each time she plunged her prow into a mounting wave, she came out crowned with a color-shot halo of salt spray that left her forward decks scintillating in the sunshine as though covered with a carpet of pearls. Ordinarily this would have been a play in aesthetics worthy of the most exacting sense of critical appreciation, but as usual, the flesh and its weaknesses intervened to baffle art.

Now, seasickness, like a "payday poker" debt, isn't a pleasant subject to even write about, but its unparalleled antics on board the Nester must be recorded here The symptoms of this ocean jinks are peculiar. At first one experiences a rather pleasant "vin blanc" feeling, or, in other words, a "2 franc stew." But the aftermath is inevitable. When the boat falls from the crest of a swell there is a feeling as though one is sinking to bottomless depths, and his stomach, not wishing to go down, remains where it is. Let the reader imagine the result attending this hitch in the usually smooth co-operation of all the organic members. Sick? That is a very mild word meaning ease, comfort and pleasure, when compared to this physical condition. It is here that suicide, as a merciful means of escape, begins to grow and take form in the tortured mind.

But for the intensely human comedy in it all, the experience would have been a dour time indeed. At first only a few were stricken; but soon nearly all on board were busily engaged in fighting for room at the rail. Natural pride and cleanliness for a time caused the boys to empty the unwelcome contents into the sea, but soon the last vestige of energy succumbed to the debilitating ravages of the plague, and any place was fit for the irrepressible overflow. All "pep" was gone, the fellows refused to move, and lying sprawled out on their backs would throw "it" up in the air to fall like rain on all those near them. The decks were a mess, yet the afflicted rolled about upon them without the least concern. The sights and odors themselves, without any help from the ship's motion were enough to wreck a cast iron stomach.

But incidents full of side-splitting humor made the situation a farcical funeral, a bit of humorous byplay in a sickly strain. Much of the comedy was enacted at best drill. This occurred twice daily. All men were assembled on the

decks and each man had his place and instructions on what to do in case of danger. During this little bit of routine the decks were jammed to the limit. After assembling it was necessary to stand in place a little while before dismissal. It was here that the fun began. The strain of standing up in that breathless congestion was too much, and the old malady would reassert itself with renewed force. Soon funny grimaces would begin to appear on the pale faces, and some one would yell, "Gangway! One side or a wheel off! Am coming through!" and start for the rail. And loudly expressed sympathy was never lacking. Invariably he was followed by such consoling remarks, "Two bits you come! Two to one you throw a seven. Hooverize a little there old man; you'll need that chow when you hit the trenches! Why waste that mutton? The fish don't need it! Etc." But the boys were good sports with that unfailing sense of humor that has meant so much to the American fighting man. They'd line up along the rail and then engage in gambling on who could throw "it" the farthest.

This daily drill was ended by the blowing of "recall" at each end of the boat, and never was there a more welcome sound from a bugle. One afternoon we assembled as usual, the half hour passed and no recall sounded. We waited and waited, growing grumblingly impatient. It was hard enough to stand that grind for half an hour without being imposed upon by a "gold-brick" bugler. Finally a detail was sent in search of the "wind-jammer." After a short search he was found at a faucet trying to rid the interior of his "sleep-disturber" of some partly pre-digested particles of food that interfered seriously with the production of sound. It appears that just as he started the vainly awaited call his stomach erupted and the overflow clogged the bugle. He was told in no tender tones by the victims of his mishap to "get a drum, a rattle, a can, if he couldn't blow the calls."

Another amusing incident in the pallid comedy was enacted down in the sleeping and eating quarters. At our table we had a large tub in which we washed our mess kits. One morning three of the fellows were overcome before they could reach the upper deck. One stretched out on the table with his head hung over the tub, the other two were on their knees and the three of them in mutual woe poured out their "sorrows" into the friendly tub. The spectacle would have tickled a smile on the face of the sphinx. After each ebulition three heads would rise and look dolefully in each others face, and then in perfect cadence dip to another eruption.

But it must not be inferred that life on board was a continuous gloom. Of course "Haltershank," "Tiny and Corky" will never say that it was other than a horrible experience. Yet the majority hold a different and brighter view. There was always a daily program of games and sports in which boxing contests figured as the outstanding events. A regular tournament was conducted and prizes given to the winners. There was also an abundance of good reading material on board. A "Y" man had set up shop and he had with him a voluminous stock of varied reading matter. And with this went the miscellaneous output of humorous incidents that kept us laughing two-thirds of the time.

Co-incident with the subsidence of seasickness the wonted cheerfulness returned and all on board settled down to enjoy the many and varied impressions

experienced in ocean voyaging. Of course the scene as a whole never changes, yet there is always a newness, a varying panorama of emotional effects. One of the most pronounced of these was the seeming lack of progress. Each morning we came on deck, glanced over at the other ships and felt that we had not moved an inch; the same sky, the same water, ships in the same formation, not the least sign of change. Another was an infinite feeling of loneliness. Around us the vastness of titantic waters and only the far reaches of sky in view, the infinitesimal nature of man was oppressively apparent. What mattered it to old ocean in the long still lapse of ages, if puny man did struggle pompously and vainglorioously in little wars that left not a scar on his ancient bosom? He would still sweep on in the serenity of his infinite strength, laughing at the ubiquitous frenzy of man in his inane process of self destruction.

July 2, 1918. This date in itself has no universal significance, but all on board the Nestor that day will never forget it. For noon mess on this day we had one of the long looked for "EXTRAS." It was (let me whisper it) *TRIPE*. By this time we were all ravenously hungry, usually cleaning up everything edible in sight, but this day the whole course remained untouched upon the table. It was impossible to get close enough to eat. Now, for the benefit of those uninitiated in the mysteries of English cusine I'll try to explain the nature of this delectable delicacy called tripe. My knowledge of it is general and extraneous, its diagnosis being conducted chiefly through the sense of smell, and that at a safe and comfortable distance. At the time Uncle Sam, not dreaming of any such contingency, had not issued gas masks and without some such protection it was out of the question to get close enough for a thorough and experimental analysis. And not being of the species buzzard I was unable to use taste in any organic study of any of its integral parts, for only that bird could digestively disintegrate it and live. Judging from a distance its integrement was of a viscous composition resembling the corrugated lining of a ruminant stomach. There is no way to describe the odor because a comparison cannot be found in the category of smells; though its reaction with air emits a very volatile gas of great penetrative potency and nauseous to a superlative degree. Rumor has it that the Germans first conceived the idea of chlor-picrin from its use in prison camps.

Its deadly effects were first noticed in those who carried the food from the galley. This day, deathly pale and wabbling at the knees, they staggered down stairs and deposited their load upon the tables. We were mystified at their appearance, feeling sure that seasickness had departed for good. Without suspicion, however, we started as usual for the festive board, but one whiff was enough. A wild scramble for the upper decks followed and a little later the boys were passing out a prolific feed to the fish. Soon a call for volunteers was sounded and a few cast iron stomachs stepped forward. Going below they secured the deadly stuff and tossed it overboard. That was the last time we were caught napping. In no way could the ships' cooks persuade us to accept again their culinary efforts in that particular dish. To this day we can't understand why they became peeved, for surely every one has the right of self-defense.

On this voyage we took part in perhaps the most unique celebration of Independence Day ever staged. Never was the place more appropriate or the occasion more significant. Here were soldiers from the Cradle land of Liberty, going far from home to combat the most powerful and aggressive enemy of freedom the world has ever known. Three centuries before our sires had set a westward course across this self-same ocean to seek a land wherein the seeds of Liberty could grow to perfect fruition; now their progeny, loyal to the trust of the past, was recrossing to carry back to the racked and tortured Motherland the insuperable strength of a free people dedicated to the cause of right. And on this our Nation's natal day we were nearing the very waters where had been perpetrated the hellish crime that led us to the Great Decision. It seemed that out of the blue depths we could hear the anguished voices of murdered women and children of our own blood and land, calling upon us to avenge. On that beautiful day, in those hallowed waters, we felt their pleading presence, heard their call, and dedicated ourselves anew to the task before us.

A good program for the day was carried out. The stern gun on each boat fired a salute and Old Glory was run up to the masthead, the Union Jack taking second place. Then came religious services, after which there were speeches by some of the notables on board. Two of these, characteristic and full of significance, deserve special mention. It must be kept in mind that we were on board a British ship, a country with which we had twice successfully waged war over causes involving the principal of freedom. And though much is said to the contrary, there has always been more or less enmity between the Britisher and the American, as individuals.

Representing America in this program was Major Ralph Cole, former Ohio Congressman and a statesman of breadth and ability. In an eloquent address he outlined the causes compelling America to a just resort to arms; her steadfast purpose; her gigantic preparations; her grim determination and unwavering faith in ultimate victory. Then warmly and with depth of feeling he eulogized the part the "Sea Girt Isle" was playing to stay the iron hand of despotism. Enthusiastically he called attention to the new spirit that had risen between England and America, the growing friendship, the deep affection for each other, the loyalty and trust growing out of heroic sacrifice in a common cause; pictured the final welding of the two great English-speaking peoples, through the shedding of Yank and Tommy blood, shoulder to shoulder in divine abnegation for humanity's sake. Closing, he offered a worthy panegyric to the American soldier going over seas to fight not only for his own homeland, but for the world.

In behalf of the British Empire, Dr. Brown, the ship's doctor, ably and graciously returned the compliment paid his native land. The man himself is a characteristic product of Old Scotland's bonny hills, incarnating the brusquerie, the stolid humor, spontaneous cheerfulness and kindliness that are the very essence of Scottish life. Daily his massive face, bright scarlet under its salt tan, like the rising sun brought cheer and encouragement to the downcast. Unfailing were the slap on the back and the witty joke; and the merry twinkle in his eyes was deadly to the blues.

This address was forceful, blunt, and to the point. Briefly and wittily he touched upon our two collisions in the past, aptly leading it to a prophecy of Germany's ultimate fate. He spoke of the mammoth mistake the War Lord made when he aroused the Giant of the West; the joy our entrance into the war brought to despairing Europe; the new spirit born among the Allies, and the bright hope and certain faith in a victorious end. Pointing to the Stars and Stripes, he concluded, "American soldiers, beneath the rampant folds of that unsullied emblem, you will struggle to a glorious triumph. On many fields of battle your heroic blood will stain the crimson bars a holier hue. You go to meet a cruel foe, but soon he will learn the potency of your hand. For you, the youth and flower of a land of illimitable might, will drive the dirty Huns through the very gates of Hell. My prayers, England's prayer is, God bless you every one!"

Various physical sports, featured by a lively boxing contest, ended perhaps the most impressive Fourth any of us had ever experienced. The occasion brought to us the true solemnity of the day's meaning, and though symbolic of England's defeat and America's victory, these two great peoples joined wholeheartedly in mutual celebration. Who can measure the meaning to the future?

After a few days the egregious appetite of the soldier asserted its old-time form to such an extent that the galley issue only half satisfied it. Then began the nightly clandestine searches for food in the unexplored parts of the boat. Certain places on the ship were strictly "defendu" to the Buck, and he was out of luck should his friend, the M. P., catch him out of bounds. At first in our prowlings we discovered the "coolies'" kitchen and there were able to buy cakes and sandwiches. This place was on the stern end of the boat, and through a little two-by-nothing window we transacted our esoteric business with all the secrecy of a "blind tiger."

But the daintiest and costliest find was made down in that part of the boat devoted to appeasing the delicate and discriminating appetites of our officers. Some hero braved the cordon of ever watchful M. P.'s around the Innier Shrine and came back within a big ten-inch apple pie, tastefully sugared and cinnamoned. Immediately he was elected Mayor with "three rousing cheers from the angry mob." But he didn't intend his exploit to go without netting him a fair compensation. In no way could he be induced to divulge the location of his "find," though he shrewdly suggested that he would buy and deliver the pies for a reasonable commission, say, one quarter out of each pie. This drew forth an angry howl, but the discoverer was immutable in his price; it was either twenty-five per cent. commission or no pie, just as you please. Of course we consented, and the business of pie sales and delivery began. Well now, they were hard to take! So much did we enjoy them that at first we didn't notice the exhorbitant price, but soon pies at "$1 per" knocked a hole in our funds that brought us to life. However, the temptation was too great, and we "rode" till the last two-bits melted in crispy sweetness down our throats. Of course we were "fish," and of the "blue-gill" type at that. But eating with the soldier is like "shooting craps"—money is a mere trifle. He will "shoot a bale of Francs" as quickly

as a centime, and do it as unconcernedly as any "bear" ever bucked one across Wall Street. With his "thirty bucks per" he is a puzzling study in high finance, ready to "shoot the moon," or "let 'er all ride." So it is with eats; if he wants a pie and it is "getable" he will have it if it takes his last "sous."

Soon our time at sea lead us to believe that we were nearing land. More and more we turned our wistful gaze towards the east, searching eagerly for man's natural element, hoping that cloud bank in the far distance was not another disappointment. Rumors of this nature, "the Captain told the Mate, the Mate told the crew, and the crew told me, and I know that it must be so," went their rounds in expressing the various dates for landing. We were as garrulous, excited and expectant as children nearing grandmother's for the first time, and all were wondering if we'd know land when we saw it again.

At last, on the eleventh day out, we were informed that on the following morning land would be visible. We had learned by this time that we were in high latitude and that our course would carry us through the North Channel and down the Irish Sea. This was done as a precaution against submarine. So that night in our happiest frame of mind we sought our hammocks. As early as 2:00 a.m. we scrambled out and climbed to the upper decks. An indescribable picture, surpassing even our eager expectancy, lay before us. Due to that peculiar phenomenon of the far north it was as light as a sunless day; objects at far distances being clearly discernable. There was the faintest ripple on the green waters and a slight breeze with all the freshness of dawn that whispered of the presence of verdant fields and high mountains. It was not the odorless air swept from the ocean, but there was virile tang of soil, of living, growing things. And even before we saw, we sensed land. There it was to port and starboard, dim in outline in that dawn light, yet clearly recognizable. Out on the horizon to port the craggy peaks of Scotland's hills loomed up in somber silhouette, their bases dipping to the very water's edge. Here and there out of the shadowy depths of bosky inlets, quaint fisher's villages, white and red, peeped in half timid wonderment; green fields, seemingly suspended in the very air, checkered the gray hills beyond; and a low hung haze, tenuous and purpled with the coming dawn, gave to it all the enchanting hue of fairyland.

On our starboard was the Emerald Isle, wave lashed promontories and jagged headlands, that far northern part of untamable spirits and adventurous blood that so often infested our boy dreams with the romances and wild deeds of the Rob Roy.

These scenes created a vast restlessness on board. There was an unceasing movement from one side of the ship to the other, everyone eager to take it all in, fearing some beautiful picture would pass on the opposite side unnoticed. After so many days of ocean's grey monotony, the reaction to these color effects verged towards super-animation. Conversation assumed a rosier hue, everyone wanted to talk, and the merest commonplaces engaged friends in discussions of length.

"Why it looks just like any other land; nothing strange about foreign soil," some one remarked. There you have in a nutshell the inadverdant confession

of the attitude with which one approaches a new land. Ever notice how your imagination will picture it? Absolutely different, no likeness whatever to your homeland, the very soil and contours strange. You feel as though you are going into a new world completely apart from the earth you know; going to see hills that are not the same, rivers of a novel kind, and fields of a new design. Truthfully you are a wee bit disappointed to find that they have grass and trees and rocks the same as they have in America, and you are inclined to believe that the word *foreign* is a misnomer.

Soon the deep purple on the distant hills turned to lighter tones of mottled grey and gold, and crimson streamers far flung across the zenith betokened coming day. Then from out behind the Scottish hills the sun appeared and drove the morning mists into feathery masses that floated in tranquil laziness through the blue depths above. Foggy valleys cleared and the land on either side lay before us in all its sunlit splendor. The channel widened into the broad outlines of the sea and the shore lines receded as we steamed southward.

Looking ahead we saw what appeared to be just mere black spots on the water's surface; but as we drew nearer to them they took on the formidable yet graceful lines of English "chasers," or, as the ship's doctor so fondly characterized them "Britain's Bull-dogs." Then we knew that we were in waters infested with the hidden dangers of the Hun. This was the English convoy come to meet and escort us to port. Much we had heard of the fame of the "sub-chasing" wing of England's great navy, and the sight of them created a great deal of excitement. Twenty-four in number; they seemed to be everywhere, all around us, a perfect cordon of safety defense, darting here and there keenly alert, daring the skulking sub to show itself.

And we were not to be denied our portion of excitement. About 2:00 p.m. a destroyer in the van "unwatered" a submarine; then the greatest activity ensued, projector signals darting from boat to boat like miniature lightening flashes. The destroyers on our side of the boat started forward at full speed; gun reports were heard and we could see the upward curling smoke. It was a battle with Hun submarines and they were no match for the "Bull dogs." Soon all was quiet and the communique came back; "an encounter with German U-boats; one sub destroyed; no cause for alarm." Well, we breathed easier when this cheery message drove from our minds the haunting visions of swimming through icy waters to the distant shores.

All day we steamed southward, in the late afternoon passing the beautiful Isle of Man, a veritable gem of clay and green in its watery setting, by far the most enrapturing picture seen. There was a strong urge within to jump overboard, swim to it and remain forever—seeking it as a sanctuary far removed from the cares of a distraught world.

Night came again—our last on the Nestor—and we went happily to our hammocks with the assurance that next morning would find us in port. Sure enough next morning found our boat grounded in the river Mersy at low tide, and on either side as far as the eye could see stretched the grey docks of the second largest seaport in the world—Liverpool. Countless tugs were puffing

from shore to shore, and now and then a ferry boat would pass, loaded with pretty girls who welcomed us royally. The city with its red tile, myriad chimneys and mysterious air of "ye olden times," held our eager attention. We were "boiling over" to disembark, but (confound the perversity of Nature), we had to nurse our seething impatience as best we could, for the tide was not high enough for a landing until noon. So we waited, watching the water creep up on the sides of the ship inch by inch with as much gusto as we'd watch a marathon in snail-land.

But finally the required profundity was reached and we docked. Shortly we disembarked and then followed the long tiresome hike through the city to Camp Knotty Ash, Liverpool's famous rest camp for soldiers en route. It was here that we first saw the realistic horrors of war, and sensed its awful curse. Hundreds of children, ragged and unkempt, the cruel pinch of long endured hunger in their faces, welcomed us with the joyous fervency accorded a deliverer. Untold numbers of young men, one-legged or one-armed, favored us with a smile wistfully sad in contemplation of the fate that awaited many of us. Ill-dressed women, many weeping and hysterical, surged along our column in a tumultuous welcome. It was hard to restrain the tears and into many hearts crept a savage undying hate for the hellish perpetrators of the crimes before us.

But I'm running the good ship Nestor aground. My story should have ended at the wharf. However, if I can run her aground, and keep her there, many a Yank will be thankful from the very depths of his heart.

OVER THERE

"40 Hommes Ou' 8 Cheveaux."

In America a Knight of the Khaki, in traveling from camp to camp, is wont to turn loose a despairing wail like the last mournful howl of a dying coyote, should we be put to the discomfort of a commodious day-coach. Many are the times that he is tortured to near distraction by premature sensations of crowded and stuffy quarters, cramped joints, and sleepless nights. Think of it—two whole men, big, broad-shouldered, thick-chested soldiers, must occupy *one* seat, and in any day-coach there's only comfortable room for one head at the window. Shades of the sleeping martyrs—Patriotism *does* demand an awful price. Here, men going gladly to die for home and country, forced to undergo the travail of animal transportation. It's too much—Uncle Sam is heartless.....And following, numberless and nameless imprecations called down in righteous wrath upon the Powers that be.

Such is the attitude of the embryonic soldier, fresh from cultured fields wherein they want and childish whim are serfeited with over-indulgence, going to do battle in a man's war; he, only a short time since, a frequenter of the "pink tea," a nurseling in the lap of languid ease. Untutored in the trials that try the staunchest souls, untrained in the school of gruelling hardships, he fails to sense the necessity of the least discomfort.

But far away in France there was to be an awakening which would make the day-coach of America look like a palatial Pullman. In the gradual evolution of transportation facilities, from the ancient and honored shank locomotion to the winged Pegasus of steel and steam, wonderful progress has been made. Miles are now measured in minutes, and far distances have ceased to be sources of discomfort in travel. But alas—(as the American soldier sees it), France, with her characteristic trait for time-honored attachments, became enamored with the box-car and, as far as we have knowledge, has not yet forsaken her first love.

Often had we heard that this was the prevailing "mode de voyage" for American soldiers in France, but we only jeered at the tale as a "poor line" from some over-imaginative Yank who wished to impress the people back home with the terribleness of the hardships endured.

It was in Havre that we were first introduced to the now famous sardine's style of travel. One afternoon, from one of those inimitable "rest camps," where we had been vegetating for two blissful days, we were marched to a quaint little station, mossed and greyed with the flight of time, and entrained for our long journey South. It was a memorable hike. Loaded down with a pack originally conceived for a horse, we swung through the cobble-stoned streets of that historic town with a buoyancy born of boyish eagerness. Traversing the entire length of the town (for some unknown reason all camps are located as far as possible from the railhead), we were finally and wearily "columned" into a little court and drawn up alongside the track. Then followed the usual effervescings from the company "crabs," concerning delays, waits, official inefficiency, etc., etc. The old "stuff" was passed around and the usual "line" indulged in, all wondering when we would entrain.

Suddenly someone espied over near a long platform an interminable line of toy-wheeled box-cars, each esthetically decorated with a neat little notice in attractive white letters: "40 Hommes ou' 8 Cheveaux."

"What does that mean?" some one asks.

"Forty men and eight horses," replies a wag.

"What—all o' that mess in one of them infant boxes? Why, the poor horses 'ud never stand it."

In derisive unanimity comes the howl, "You're in the army now."

And so the jesting went on, none believing that that was our train.

Then like a bolt from a blue sky, an officer began to bawl out orders. "Fall in; line up on the platform in front of the car; hurry it up; forty men to a car. Get the rags out; we leave in a few minutes."

Some mistakes somewhere. It can't be possible that we are going to ride in that outfit. But no; the men are filing in.

Soon the sardines were packed, the locomotive tooted, and amid a storm of varied and mostly unprintable expressions, we started for we knew not where. Our sole source of rumor and wild guesses was the fact that it was to be a long journey. This we knew because a four-day ration of "willy and beans and punk" had been stored on board.

Accepting the inevitable with characteristic Yankee resignation, the wonted cheerfulness prevailed again, and the situation grew amusing. After arranging our "baggage" there was a wild scramble for the observation sections of the coach, the spacious sliding door of artistic simplicity on each side. Soon these apertures looked like a hole in a tin can through which a bunch of angle-worms are trying to wriggle to liberty. Each door presented the appearance of a disordered conglomeration of heads, arms and legs, resembling a "slum stew" a la Cannibal Isle.

The doors gave only a slight indication of the breathless congestion within. The nearest approach to a simile is a spaghetti-like ball of snakes buried away in winter quarters. It was like trying to solve a Chinese puzzle to find your own legs in that mess and many a time a guy would find himself chasing a cootie on some part of an anatomy not his own.

Now in this mode of travel there are a few problems pertaining to comfort that must be solved. A most puzzling one of these is sleeping. However, after much worry and profound deliberation the difficulty was solved by arranging the tryst with Morpheus in shifts. Some of the fellows would stand up (or get out and walk) while the rest slept awhile, and then change. In this manner the night was worried through; and, but for one very annoying exception the sleeping was ideal. We had splendid "downies" of smooth, hard boards on which to spread our rolls, soft as eider-down. In luxurious languor on these princely pallets, swept over by the fragrant odor common to every soldier who has ever handled a "hoof-pick," we were (or should have been) lulled peacefully to sleep. But in France, for some reason, unknown and unexplainable, there is a tendency to make the wheels an octogon shape instead of round. Imagine the effect on those riding above them on springs whose resiliency may be compared to the oft-quoted "wall of adamant." Every revolution of the wheels—and there were millions of them—registered eight healthy bumps upon some part of the sensitive anatomy.

The thought must not be harbored for an instant that this was a doleful and agonizing trip. There were many and varied humorous incidents that kept the spirit of jollity to the highest pitch. One such incident, or more truly an accident, deserving of space in this brief narration, is "Tiny" Wise's feet. Though should this refer to material space it would require the volumes of the Congressional Library to fill the bill. One not acquainted with these monster appendages could easily mistake them for tanks ploughing their lazy way across an open field. When lying on his back they resemble "Pillsbury's Best" sign-boards. In the car they consumed more space than one man and one set of feet were rightly entitled to. Time and again the fellows were compelled to swing up to the cross-beams in order to let Tiny turn around. It was the writer's misfortune to be caged in the same car with these zoological prodigies. Never will forget how, during one night, I awoke with the horrible sensation that the train had been wrecked, and that I was buried beneath the debris. There seemed to be an awful weight crushing down upon my neck, and I struggled with all my might to remove it. When nearly exhausted sanity returned, and on examination I found that it was

only one of Tiny's dreadnaughts resting serenely across my neck, swung there during some restless moments in his sleep.

Thus, through quaint villages of stone and tile; through fresh green fields copiously crimsoned with myriad poppies; over quiet streams and placid deep green canals; past herds of fattening cattle and seas of ripening grain; on southward we sped to the France of endless sunshine; where the rich green of vineyards was just deepening into those soft tones of purple and bronze and gold indicative of Autumn's abundant yield. And this our first trip in the "40 Hommes and 8 Cheveaux" found its end at Bordeaux. Many such have been taken since, and not one of them leaves a poignant memory. In our hearts there is no bitterness, no regret; only a glad feeling for the unique experience, interest and humor afforded us.

Echoes From French Barracks.

"As long as you can shake a finger you are not drunk."
"Knocked him for a gooney."
"I wish I was home to get some whipped cream and cake."
"He's not hard, he's just hungry."
"Aw! How do you get that way?"
"Have you a cigar for the Major this morning?"

Say, Pinkie, do you remember the time that you and Max cooked on that big German stove, and the day that you ran out of rations, and you "went out into 'No Man's Land' and got some cabbage, turnips and onions and made what we call stew"?

Zip, the Bank Robber.
Flynn: "Kiskits, wee!"

Demmy: "Now, Lieutenant, there's just one thing I don't understand about wireless telegraphy."
Harris: "Just one? Oh! Lord!"

Did you ever eat with your plate on your lap
And your cup on the ground by your side,
While the cooties and bugs of species untold
Danced fox-trots over your hide?

Mac and Hank Go to Gas School.

By way of explanation it might be well to say a few words as to how we were so fortunate as to secure this trip. A General Order of the A. E. F. required each regiment to send a certain number of men to Gas School at a point in France, where they could profit by the experience of officers who had been at the front and knew the game. We had finished one school at Camp de Souge and had a fair knowledge of gas and its effects, but lacked the practical side of it. So, for this, we were sent to Army Gas School at Langres, Haute Marne.

A trip of this kind is supposed to be a good example of "business before pleasure," but it proved to be one of pleasure, business and then some more pleasure, for our trip, both going and returning, was a great and enjoyable experience. We carried, besides our packs, side arms, gas masks and helmets, the usual well known rations of American white

bread, Boston's favorite fruit and monkey meat—enough for one day's travel. Our tickets called for second class passage. The train was scheduled to leave at 11:30, but, owing to a lengthy argument between Hank and a cafe cashier, we arrived at the station too late to secure second class compartments. The only room left was a part of a first class compartment and baggage car. We couldn't see the baggage car at all, so tried the first class stuff. Here we made ourselves at home, put our packs in the racks above the seats and awaited results.

A first class compartment on a French train is classy and has every convenience of a modern limousine. Its two massive, comfortable seats face each other and are upholstered in a soft heavy material with fancy lace pads over the backs. The compartments are connected by means of a narrow hall extending the full length of the car and having a door at each end—the only means of exit on this side of the car. Heavy glass windows protected by a brass rail, provide an excellent view of the passing country.

In such a compartment as this we had voluntarily put ourselves "at ease." Very soon, however, we were called to "attention" by a portly, highly decorated Frenchman, who asked us for our tickets. We had looked for this but tried to appear as innocent as possible. In characteristic French fashion he waved his arms by way of showing that he wanted us to "sortez tout suite." Of course in a case like this it was policy for us to not understand at all and to sit tight. Our friend with the brass buttons worked himself up to a high pitch of excitement, but finally realized that he was not making the least impression on us and passed on.

Soon after this we became acquainted with the other occupants of the compartment. Our little fray had afforded them much amusement and no introductions were necessary. The party was composed of three French N. C. O.'s and a French civilian with his wife. By the aid of our French books we were able to "parlez" a little with them until about 1 o'clock, when we prepared to eat lunch. We had often heard that the French were fond of American white bread but did not know how they would take to the rest of our menu. They took to it all right, somewhat to our misfortune, for it was not until we had disposed of more than half of our rations that all seemed satisfied. Then the N. C. O.'s produced the finishing touches for our little lunch, by bringing to light three canteens of sweet French wine. With this added refreshment, we smoked and talked until our train arrived, about 6:30 at Tours, where we were to change cars.

The M. P.'s here were possessed with a high sense of duty and prevented us from leaving the station to see the town. While eating supper at the depot cafe we noticed that the French soldiers looked longingly at our big loaf of white bread lying on the table. When a French Major, sitting at the next table so far forgot his rank as to ask us to sell him some of our punk, our sympathies got the best of us and we gave him enough for his supper.

Our train left Tours for Langres about 8:30. Nothing of any note happened on the way and Langres was reached just in time to catch a truck out to the gas school. There we were assigned to bunks and soon turned in for the night. The following day we listened to a series of lectures and spent the rest of the time getting acquainted with our comrades and our newly issued rifles. Now most of us were Artillerymen and were about as graceful with a rifle as a doughboy would be around a seventy-five. Some of the fellows dropped their rifles on their toes and some persisted in jabbing their friends in the ribs or eyes every time they performed the daily duty of the manual of arms.

The school was located on the crest of a hill surrounded on all sides by deep valleys with little villages and farm houses scattered here and there. The Marne river runs through one valley which is particularly rich for farming. One evening we walked out to the edge of this valley to watch the sun set, a scene of beauty fit for an artist's brush. The sun, partly hidden by the distant horizon, cast a purple haze over the valley and the red tiled roofs so typical of French villages appeared here and there like splotches of

crimson. On the hour the chimes from the various churches pealed forth the time, while the Marne, so famous in history, flowed on in a stillness that expressed peace rather than the raging of battle. Sitting there watching it all, we more nearly appreciated the love of country that makes the French fight so nobly.

Perhaps a brief description of our duties for one day will give you a vague idea of life at a gas school. We will pick Wednesday, the big day when our night problem was reviewed by an army of officers ranking from Colonel down. Reveille came at 7:30 with roll call and "present arms." Mess was the next formation with each of the two companies (four platoons to a company) occupying its own part of the mess hall. The sergeant in charge had a way of giving "left face" on meal and "right face" the next so that each end of the company would have an equal chance at the grub. We were in the middle of the company and so were S. O. L. on this deal. Setting up exercises helped to digest our mess and then came a lecture with notes to be taken and handed in for grading.

After the lecture we marched out to the drill field for gas-mask drill, which usually consisted of squads east and west, and various games while wearing the mask. Putting the mask on by counts was also a popular diversion. One of our instructors was a Scotch sergeant who had served all through the war in the Scotch Highlanders. He wore the native kilts and boasted three wound stripes. This "chappy" had the persistent habit of throwing gas grenades near us when we least expected them, making us put our masks on in a realistic way. On our two hour hikes, wearing the respirator, old Scotty was our only salvation. He had a heart and would hike us about twenty minutes, then take us to some shady spot, give "remove masks" and watch our grateful faces appear. Then he would tell us of his early experiences in the war game while we rested for the return trip to camp. Following drill each morning we would go through the gas chamber, in this way getting acquainted with the odors of every gas used excepting mustard. We got a whiff of a light concentration of this one day, in the lecture hall, where it was kept in a large cylinder. Some of the fellows who had bad colds sniffed too long and as a result did bunk fatigue the rest of the day. Taking wind observations and handing in our reports completed our work for the morning.

When the dinner of evaporated potatoes and stewed salmon, which appeared rather regularly, had been disposed of, we were supposed to be in a fit state of mind for a lecture. A second lecture was handed out to us before the afternoon was over. There was a two-hour hike, wearing masks, sandwiched in to relieve the monotony. Finally came the presentation of a pick and shovel, in preparation for the night's problem. These problems were chronic, coming almost every night. As their purpose was to represent a doughboy cloud gas attack, one company set the guns and projectors and fixed the ammunition for the Stokes mortars. The other company occupied the trenches and prepared for the attack by posting sentries and fixing gas alarms. When these preparations for the night manoeuver were completed all hands ate a lunch and took a little rest before the fire-works started.

About seven o'clock on this particular night the officers arrived accompanied by a band. The concert was enjoyed by all who were not shooting craps in their barracks. Lieut. Payne, a snappy bird of small stature and "beaucoup" pep, was in charge of the officers and the way he handled them showed his ability as an instructor. Colonels and Lieutenants alike were shown no mercy, as he gave them a short course in gas-mask drill, and then lined them all up behind the offensive company to watch the work. This company made the attack while half of the others went into the trenches and half waited as a relief party. The men in the trenches posted their gas sentries and reinforced their defences. At the first sign of the attack the sentries gave the alarm and the strict routine of a gas attack was carried out. The relief party arrived after the first attack and took our places, following our methods of defense, and the problem continued. The one casualty of the night's problem was a sergeant who failed to get his mask on before a gas cloud reached him. He fainted and was carried in on a stretcher which was always provided for such emer-

gencies. Upon investigation it was found that this attack was one of smoke only and you can imagine that he was subjected to unmerciful kidding by the rest of the men.

Examination came on Saturday and proved to be much shorter and easier than anyone had anticipated. We made up our packs in the afternoon and bid the Gas School "good-bye." Naturally, we wanted to return by way of Paris, so Mac, as the ranking non-com., explained to the R. T. O. that we had a bunch of stuff to get there on the way back. This officer wore that same knowing look so habitual to all R. T. O.'s and smiled as he gave us tickets to Paris. Back of us, in line, was a colored soldier with the rank of Color Sergeant, who had listened intently to our spiel to the R. T. O., so he brought forth this bright idea, "Sir, my adjutant says for me to be sure to get him some things in Paris and I will have to get 'em." Once more the R. T. O. smiled and gave the sergeant a ticket to Paris. As our train was not scheduled to leave until 4 o'clock in the morning, we stayed in a casual camp that night, and then departed in the best of spirits, comfortably settled in a second class compartment. Nothing of any importance happened and we arrived at the Gare de Est station about 11:30, receiving our passes from the A. P. M. as we checked in at the gate.

The Hotel du Pavillion had been recommended to us as a good place to stay, but not being quite sure of the location of the said hotel we decided to indulge in the luxury of a carriage. However, all the drivers looked at the five of us with our full packs as much as to say that they were driving carriages, not tanks, and forthwith refused to carry us. We were about to give it up when we saw a cocher coming down the boulevard and this time we played the hold-up game. After stopping the outfit, we threw our packs in and followed closely after them. Once more our limited knowledge of French helped us for the longer the driver protested, the less we understood and paying him in advance we started down the main stem.

Originally a large Paris hotel, the Hotel du Pavillion is now run by the American Y. M. C. A. On the first floor is the office and the check room where we checked our packs. Also on this floor are the dining room, billiard room and the library, where the best accommodations for reading and writing are to be found. Our room, with private bath, was on the second floor and had all the conveniences of a Statler hotel. The furniture was of heavy mahogany and our bed of the massive French type, that makes an army cot look like a good sized foot-stool. As we entered the dining room for lunch we looked upon the best sight since leaving the States. The room was beautifully decorated and a large fireplace lent it a comfortable atmosphere. White linen and real dishes were on the tables, while pretty French waitresses added further to the scene—flitting here and there in little white aprons and caps. Best of all they gave you seconds on sugar when you tipped them on the Q. T.

We were told that the Y. M. C. A. furnished two sight-seeing trips a day—a hike in the morning and a motor trip in the afternoon. We decided to take these trips the next day as it was growing late, and then started for a little stroll down the Boulevard des Italiens. You can't go very far in Paris without getting the spirit of the city and that spirit is "forget your troubles." We were soon full of it and after some refreshments, found ourselves in a cocher with a Mademoiselle on each side getting acquainted with the city. Then after a good dinner at the "Y," we started out spirit hunting again. Seated at one of the wine tables that line the sidewalks in France, we had a hard time keeping the vampires away for they seemed to fall for the American soldiers. After our drinks we ventured into one of the famous Follies of Paris. The Follies Bergere, something like the American musical comedy but in French style. At this time Paris was without lights at night as a precaution against air raids and it was with some difficulty that we found our way back to the "Y." We slept great that night, between white sheets.

The next day was spent in sight-seeing with a "Y" man as a guide. At a station on the Boulevard des Italiens we entered the Metro and found that it surpasses the subway of New York in size and beauty. It is finished in white tile and the cars, like those of the

railway, are divided into two classes—first and second. We got off at the "Sacre Coeur" church, a beautiful structure being builded by public subscription. Here is a splendid inlaid work of precious stones and gold suggesting an enormous outlay of wealth and labor. Leaving the Sacre Coeur we again entered the Metro, passed under the Seine and came up on the Cite or Island, where Paris was originally started. As we approached the Notre Dame Cathedral our guide pointed out the tower where the "Fool of Notre Dame" had once hidden. The feature of the cathedral that impressed us was the grand simplicity of the early Gothic style of architecture as shown by the single flying buttresses and plain massive pillars that supported the weight of the vault. The beautiful rose window of stone and glass, rising to a height of forty feet, is surmounted by an elegant colonade, and above this are the towers.

We saw the Saint Gervais Cathedral, which a shell from the long range guns had struck on Easter morning. We could see before us the material results of that shot, but far greater was the effect that it had in firing to a whiter heat the hatred of the French toward the Germans. At the Palace of Justice, the beautiful Supreme Court room with its rich tapestries and gold scroll work on the ceiling, won our admiration. Before leaving the court room we took turns in sitting in the Supreme Judge's seat. Next came the Bastille, where the keeper showed us the prisons of all of the noted men held during the Revolution, not forgetting the room where Marie Antoinette was put before her trial and execution. We were interested in the guillotine used at that time, and the courtyard where the guide told us that the blood ran knee deep.

The massive steel work of the Eiffel Tower was the next surprise in store for us. At this time the tower was being used as a wireless station and for that reason we were not allowed to go up in the elevator. At the Invalides we saw all of the captured war material taken from the Germans as well as all of the old guns and weapons used in the early wars of France. Under the Dome is Napoleon's tomb, but at this time it was covered with sandbags for protection against air raids.

Passing through the Tuileries we came upon the Obelisk Needle standing on the site occupied by the guillotine during the Reign of Terror. Here we saw the Alsace-Lorraine monument in shrouds of mourning, now so happily removed, and then we passed through the Palace de la Concorde out on to the Rue Royale and the Madeline. As we entered the Madeline we were struck with wonder at the high galleries and beautiful sculpture work.

From the Madeline a car took us to our hotel, tired, but satisfied with the thought that it had been one of the most wonderful days that we had ever lived. During the remainder of our stay in Paris we continued to go sight seeing, always finding something new and interesting. At last our diminshing finances forced us to leave all of this beauty and life of pleasure for camp.

For the trip back to Bordeaux we secured first class passage and without anything of any importance happening arrived there about 6:30 in the evening. The Red Cross at the station gave us our suppers as we were financially embarrassed and would have had to go hungry otherwise. We were lucky enough to catch a truck for camp where we arrived selfishly grateful, perhaps, for the gas that had made our wonderful trip possible.

RATIONS.

Slum—anything, mostly meat.

Spuds—Potatoes undressed or full pack.

Light Artillery—beans.

Gold fish; Marine chicken—salmon.

The hot, wet, muddy—coffee.

Sowbelly—bacon.

Punk—bread.

Worms—spaghetti.

Sugar—the officers got it.

Jam—they got that, too.

Sinkers—dumplings.

Army strawberries—prunes.

——— ———! The unmentionable army pudding.

Dehydrated potatoes—"Saddler be a little more careful where you throw your scraps of leather."

Rawce—rice.

Niggerhead—syrup.

ZIG-ZAG.

The first drink we had of Vin Rouge
Was down in the sands of Camp Souge:
    It tasted quite tame,
    Made us all exclaim:
So, this is the style of French booze!

The next that we got was Vin Blink;
Now this was an excellent drink;
    But one thing was bad,
    The effect that it had,—
Our soldier soon needed a sink.

On pay-day we hit the Champagne,
Proceeded to raise lots of cain;
    Drank water next day,
    For that was the way
To start us all off once again.

But take off your hat to Cognac;
It's got what the other drinks lack;
    It does what they don't,
    One shot and you won't
Even care if you never go back.

REVEILLE.

Many a poet has written a lay,
On the fact that the army can't start a new day,
Unless every soldier piles out of the hay—
    For Reveille.

Rain may be pouring, the air may be cold,
And the wind may be howling with fury untold,
But you'll fall in to-day as you fell in of old —
    For Reveille.

Show me the boys who don't want to survive,
To see the glad day when we've finished our drive,
And we don't have to rise at half after five—
    For Reveille.

D. V.

THE OLD ROLLING KITCHEN.

How sad to behold are the scenes of the Army,
As nightmares recall them to pass in review.
The picks and the shovels, the details and troubles,
And every mean trick that the top sergeant knew.
The clothes that n'er fit us, the cooties that bit us,
The pup tents that leaked in a way sad to tell,
The pills that they gave us in order to save us,
And e'en the field kitchen that cooked none too well.

The old rolling kitchen, the grease-crusted kitchen,
The slum-making kitchen that cooked none too well.

The mud and its splashin's, the iron travelling rations,
The hob-nails that blistered, the packs that were lead,
The hard tack and willie, the coffee served chilly,
The sawdust we ate, tho the French called it bread.
Oh softly now utter, the tale of the butter,
The milk and the sugar, the jams and the jell—
The government bought it, the officers got it,
Our fate was the kitchen that cooked none too well.

The old rolling kitchen, the grease-crusted kitchen,
The slum-making kitchen that cooked none too well.

How sad and forsaken, our rice and our bacon,
Our gravy swam round in a mess kit of grease,
Our spuds dehydrated, our beans isolated,
And oh, how we longed for glad tidings of peace.
For mother's hot biscuit, too good for a mess kit,
And other fond joys of the home dinner bell,
No longer so wary of things culinary,
As of the field kitchen that cooked none too well.

The old rolling kitchen, the grease-crusted kitchen,
The slum-making kitchen that cooked none too well.

On guard, Apremont, Nov. 5, 1918.

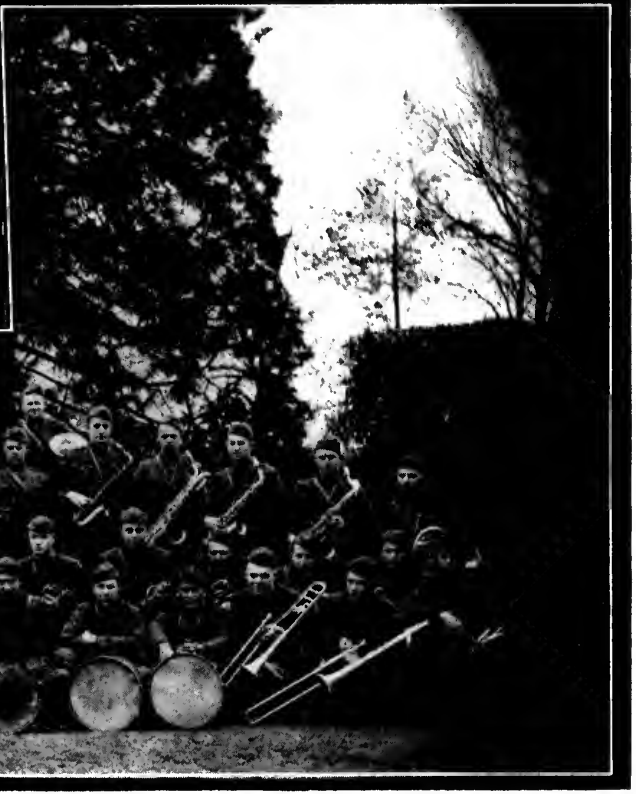
D. V.

THE BAND.

A bunch of brass is all we claim,
With a few reeds thrown in;
We ask for none of world wide fame,
For we think it would be sin;
Altho we have had the smell of powder,
And heard the whiz of a shell;
It just made us work all the harder
To knock the Kaiser to Hell.
We did not do our bit in a trench,
But traveled the whole night thru;
Taking nations up to the bunch
Behind an old army mule.

BUCK FISHER.

134 TH. BAND IN 1917 AT AKRON



134TH F.A. BAND IN FRANCE 1919

BAND HISTORY

The Regimental Band of the 134th assembled for the first time on July 19th, 1917, at the South Main St. recruiting office, Akron, Ohio. We played one number here and then marched to Buchtel Field. Lieutenant Hedges gave us a short talk, imparting our first knowledge of military rules and regulations.

Every morning we reported at Buchtel Field and played in the grand stand while Headquarters Company drilled on the field. Those who did not live in Akron ate at Smith's Cafe and slept at Buchtel College. Our first marching in formation was done the second day when we led the company around the field three or four times.

On July 25th we moved to Silver Lake. Here we were furnished two pyramidal tents (I. C.) by Co.'s B. and F of the 8th O. N. G. (later 146th Inf.), who were camped at the Lake. As these tents accommodated only a few of us the rest stayed at their homes in Akron and Barberton. We rehearsed at Chautauqua Park so we could be by ourselves.

On July 27th we were sent to Akron to play at the funeral of one of the Infantry boys. Uniforms were borrowed from the Great Western Band of Akron, as we had not been issued any regulation clothing. We marched about seven miles. As this was our first military funeral and long hike it seemed like seventy miles to us. We were tired out when we got back to the Lake.

On Sunday, August 5th, we played our first formal guard-mount for the Infantry. The trying ordeal was witnessed by a large crowd spending the day at the Park.

On the night of August 10th we toured Akron in trucks, advertising Automobile Races which were to be held at Fountain Park the following afternoon. We also played at the races. About the middle of August we gave a concert at Lakeside Park, and later another one at the Motordome. The second week in August we gave a dance at the East Market Street Gardens. With the proceeds we purchased several new instruments.

The second week in September we were given an examination by Mr. Clark Miller, former director of the 8th O. N. G. Band. As a result several noncoms were made.

On the morning of September 28th, having arrived at Ft. Ben., we got up at 5:30 a.m. to play Reveille for the First Battalion and Headquarters Detachment who were stationed there. This was our first Reveille and it brought every one out in a hurry, from the Regimental Commander to the lowest Buck. The Colonel made a short speech of welcome, necessarily short as it was a very frosty morning and he was en dishabille.

At Nashville, Tenn., on the way from Ft. Ben to Camp Sheridan, we made a short parade and gave a short concert in the depot.

After we had settled down in the company street at Sheridan we built a band-stand in the woods just back of camp, where we rehearsed twice a day. Besides these rehearsals we played Reveille at 5:30 a.m., Guard-Mount at 4:30

p.m., and Retreat at 6:00 p.m. In a few weeks a band stand was erected in front of Regimental Headquarters, where we played a concert every evening.

During the first campaign for funds by the Y. M. C. A. we took several trips to nearby towns. We went with Mr. Nollen, our "Y" Secretary and played at Wetumpka, Eclectic and Tallassee. This was our first experience with Southern hospitality and it was genuine. Also, fried chicken, gravy, and Southern biscuit were greatly relished after four months of army slum. At each place the reception committee was made up chiefly of the young ladies of the town.

The day before Thanksgiving the "Soldier's Minstrel" was given in Montgomery with great success. Two more performances followed on Thanksgiving Day. On the day before Christmas it was put on at the K. C. hut. A few days after Christmas we were issued a few new instruments.

On account of having so many horses, and for various other reasons, we were called upon to help groom the horses every day. Not many of us had ever been around horses very much and we furnished plenty of amusement for the "old timers" in the Company. Every time a horse switched his tail a band man would back out of a stall and declare he "would never touch that sack of bones again." It was not long until we liked grooming so well that each of us groomed at least three horses every day. This caused much dissention between us and the Company men, as grooming horses was also their hobby, and we left them but one horse apiece. We were given our first monkey-drill in March, and again we furnished amusement for the old-timers in the Company.

On February 17 we lost one of our most popular members. Cook, the barber, received a discharge on account of dependency.

The Band left Montgomery on the 6th of April for their concert tour in Ohio. The special car which had been chartered for the trip was a Pullman. Upon reaching Louisville, Ky., we changed from the L. & N. sleeper to a Big Four day-coach for Dayton, Ohio, where our first concert was to be given. The Gem City was reached two hours late, but our audience had not lost faith. They were there to greet us with cheers as we marched into Memorial Hall at 5:00 p.m. that Sunday evening. Notwithstanding the fact that we had just completed a nine hundred mile ride without a stop or rest, a very good concert was rendered, judging from the applause. The quartet also made a big hit, responding with encores. After the concert we were escorted by the Chamber of Commerce to one of the large churches where the ladies with their daughters fully repaid us with a delicious supper. We "billeted" at the Algonquin Hotel.

On the following morning we left Dayton to invade Barberton, where another most sincere welcome awaited us. After a short parade we were conducted to another of the ne'er-to-be-forgotten feasts, this time at the U. B. church. Our welcome was all the more hearty on account of Rev. Bovey being the father of one of our boys. After this splendid repast we attended a Liberty Loan meeting for which we furnished the music while the Chamber of Commerce and people of Barberton did the rest. Band-Leader Long and several of the Band boys have homes here or nearby and they entertained some of the boys for the night, while the good people of Barberton took care of the rest. Much

credit is due the people of Barberton for their kindness and generosity in furnishing funds in advance to enable us to make the trip from Sheridan.

We left Barberton the following morning for Akron, where we paraded from Union Park to the Music Hall and there on the same evening played our third concert to a large and appreciative audience. Most of the boys went home or stayed at the hotels for the night. On Wednesday we went back to Barberton and gave another concert.

On Thursday the Band arrived in Kent and attended the funeral of one of the boys from Camp Sherman, escorting the body to Standing Rock Cemetery. In the evening the Band was given a banquet at the High School building by the girls of the school, their mothers and the business men of the town. Manager Hanley of the opera house furnished cigars and cigarettes for the crowd. After this last big feast we adjourned to the Normal College auditorium, and there played the last concert of the trip, which was enjoyed by the students and the people of the town. Mayor M. L. Davey was responsible for our trip to that place and the Board of Trade made our visit a pleasant one. From here the boys scattered to their respective homes, some in Ohio, some in other States.

On Saturday, April 20th, we left Akron bound for Sheridan. Several of the boys joined the train at Columbus and Cincinnati. We arrived in Montgomery Sunday evening and proceeded to camp by the usual methods—street car and jit.

"One good trip deserves another" again proved true. We were ordered South shortly to play at the towns of Evergreen and Greenville, Ala., for the benefit of the Third Liberty Loan campaign.

As a band was very seldom heard in those communities, we were afforded a welcome never to be forgotten, especially in the way the people treated us as one of their family. On the first night it happened that several of the boys lost out in not being able to find their rooms, so had to try to sleep on the railroad station floor.

On arriving at Greenville we put up at the town hotel where our meals were furnished, consisting mostly of fried ham and potatoes three times a day. A dance was given at this town in honor of the Band.

A few days after this trip South, Assistant Band Leader Morey received his discharge. We were very sorry to lose him as he was thought a great deal of by every one, both in the Band and Company. He has always been missed in the outfit. Also he has kept in constant touch with us through all our wanderings.

Our first billets in France were at Chateau Choisy near Bordeaux. We played a concert each evening, hiking to the surrounding villages to reach the Batteries, and played at Regimental Headquarters every Sunday evening. After a short stay at the Chateau we hiked with the Company to Camp de Souge, leaving our instruments and barracks bags to be hauled over. The instruments did not arrive at Camp for three days and we had little to do until they came. Thereafter we played concerts every evening at Regimental Headquarters or one of the Battery barracks.

It was during this stay at Camp de Souge that the minstrel was called upon again. An entirely new production was put on under the leadership of Harry

Young and Sergeant-Major Greenburg. The first show in France was even more of a success than that given in the States. This was largely due to the co-operation of the performers who were chosen from the various organizations of the Regiment. As usual the instrumental music was furnished by members of the Band. This same show was given at all the "Y" huts in Camp, at the Camp Hospital, at a Base Hospital near Bordeaux, and at an American Naval Base near Pauniac. It was given a royal welcome everywhere it went and was called upon to put on a special performance for the officers of the 62nd F. A. Brigade.

At Laimont we played concerts every evening and for the first time had to stand guard. Three of the new members of the Band—Mack, Bing and McElwie—were sent with a detail which took horses to the front. A few days before this the entire Band had gone to Revigny and brought back horses for the Company.

At Pneumonia Valley we found an ideal camping ground. The only difficulties we encountered were trying to sleep on the hillside and the daily heavy rains. Both were easy to overcome, the first by wrapping ourselves around the base of a tree, and the latter by pretending we were ducks. During our stay here Miller became so sick, he had to be taken to a hospital. He never returned to us.

The Band With the Supply Company.

Just before Headquarters Company was divided and the Battalion and Regimental Details permanently assigned in preparation for our first service "Up Front," it became necessary to transfer the Band. It was seen that with Headquarters Company practically ceasing to exist as a separate organization, the question of mess for the Band would become a problem. At this particular time our Supply Company was somewhat below strength, a condition which may cause all kinds of inconvenience when a regiment is in action and dependent on its Supply Company for rations and forage. Our Supply Company, then, was willing to furnish the Band mess in return for the increased man power this would afford. Let us say right here that the cooks and mess officers of our "mule skinner" outfit never once failed to live up to their half of the agreement.

So it was on October 10th that the transfer was made and the place was "Pneumonia Valley." Concerts and rehearsals now gave way to more essential forms of activity and individual practice was replaced by nightly guard-duty over some two hundred "jar-heads" that tugged at the Supply Company picket line. Incidentally the army mule had a lot of fun with his new guards until they got next to some of his idiosyncracies.

On October 12th a move was made to the village of Millery, several kilometers nearer the Front. The ride on Supply Company wagons was a welcome change from our habitual organ-grinder mode of travel with full-packs and instruments. Our billets at Millery were all that could be expected, and our new officers let us down easy with guard-duty and a few spud-peeling details in the kitchen. By way of appreciation we dug out our horns and gave the boys a little jazz and also put on a concert at the nearby Evacuation Hospital of the 92nd Division in return for frequent "C.C." pills and hot showers.

Watching air-battles was one of the popular pastimes at Millery, and it was while thus engaged one day that a half dozen of the fellows got a little thrill of their own. To secure a better view they had crawled through a small window of the billets out onto the roof. Presently something came whistling down with a shrill warning that sent the whole bunch hustling for that window much after the fashion of a frog entering a dug-out. How they doped it out that they would be any safer inside none has been able to explain, even had they reached the interior before the missle hit the ground. When it did hit there was no deafening explosion such as the boys had expected, and the committee of six set out to investigate. Their finding consisted of a large piece of anti-aircraft shrapnel which had buried itself about two feet in the ground some fifteen yards from the billet.

Perhaps the excitement of this little incident and the nerve strain that might result was responsible for our move to a "rest camp" after nine days at Millery. Certain it is that the Band at least was in no need of a rest. But we had learned long ago that rest camps are so called merely for lack of a better name, and, therefore, were not surprised to find "business as usual" at Camp Ouest near Avrainville. In fact we threw in an occasional rehearsal and concert with our spud details just for good measure. One concert was played at a hospital near Toul and brought a reward of hot chocolate with cakes and cigarettes, and an opportunity to stock up at a real canteen. Band Leader Long, Sergeant Frye and Corporal Schultz went us one better by discovering the combination to a good supper with apple pie trimmings.

October 26th saw us leaving Camp Ouest in motor trucks bound for Apremont. This trip was memorable, for it enabled us all to boast of being subjected to gas. If you have ever traveled in a Frog truck forced to run on low gear most of the way and using a poor grade of petrol for fuel, you will appreciate the justice of our claim. The fumes that collected in those covered trucks put the K. O. on more than one of us, and the general average of health and spirits recalled days aboard the "Good Ship Nestor."

We reached Apremont about two in the morning, cold, hungry, sleepy and blue. Nor was there anything in the bleak ruins of that village to lighten our spirits, so it was a disgusted bunch of soldiers that paired off to spread their blankets by the side of the road. But morning makes a lot of difference, especially if it brings a good breakfast with it. "Perc" and his fellow cooks rose nobly to the occasion and around the old Supply Company kitchen we rallied, met some of the boys who had become lost in the shuffle and almost decided that we were glad we came.

It looked as if it was to be more than a one night stand. So, after finding that the cellar which they "issued" us "wasn't what we wanted," we started out among the ruins in groups of two and three to make billets grow where none had grown before. When every one finally had a home it was an all-day job to round up the Band for a concert or details. Guard-duty and hauling rations up front took up part of our time, but our happiest hours were spent exploring the German dug-outs. Here was the apex of the famous St. Mihiel sector with

trenches running right through the town and Mount Sac at our very door. Each exploring band man and every mule skinner and his helper can show you souvenirs he policed up at Apremont.

One of these exploring parties, composed of Hump Guthrie, Peckhorn Felton and Amos, is fortunate that it did not come to grief for they discovered that a tin can they had been juggling was filled with nitroglycerine. Many explosives had been left by the Hun in his hurried flight and every day was Fourth of July for the boys until an order had to be issued against setting off "potato mashers" and other noise producers.

A few fireworks, however, were put on in celebration of Hallowe'en and the Band led a parade through the ruins. With no moon to guide us we stumbled in mud holes and over rocks, producing music that was wierd enough for any Hallowe'en celebration. As usual on "National holidays" Toughy Auld had his cooks working overtime and that alone was enough to make the day a success.

Warmed by stoves from the German dug-outs and with a captured mahogany chair, marble-topped table, mirror or bed-springs added nearly every day, our billets at Apremont were rapidly taking on a Fifth Avenue atmosphere, when on November 6th orders came to move. It's always like that in this man's army—if you want to leave a place, just fix up your billets until you have something almost homelike, then you'll leave sure.

This time after covering a goodly number of kilometers on foot and on friendly trucks, we found ourselves two kilos out of Heudicourt in a woods that was soon to receive the name of "Cootie Hollow." Aside from the fact that this was an appropriate name, our camp wasn't any worse than a lot of other billets bequeathed by the fleeing Hun. One thing at least Heinie did to our advantage by locating our camp against the sheltering slope of a young mountain. The result was that after clearing the barrier, Jerry's shells were forced to clear us also, whining in protest as they continued on their journey toward Heudicourt.

There came a day e'er long when those shells ceased to whine and an unaccustomed stillness settled over camp and battlefield. It was "The Day" but not "Der Tag" that the Hun had sung and toasted these many years. It was the day he finally realized that shells nor men could avail against the spirit of America, that spirit he had so strangely left out of his calculations.

The welcome news of that November Eleventh was carried out to camp by Manly and Alexander from Heudicourt, where they had gone expecting to return with nothing more exciting than a blouse full of cigarettes and candy. They arrived at a quarter to eleven, while the guns were still going strong, so strong in fact that had our two newsbearers laid their hands on their pocket testaments and yelled "Feenish le guerre" above the roar of guns we would still have worn our "you can't fool me" look while remarking, "Just another rumor." But when, promptly at eleven, the barrage lifted to be laid no more our doubting air departed and our cheers filled the woods that so recently had resounded to bursting shells. Furstenberg, the cook, with a whoop and a handspring fell to frying steaks, which is a habit of his when something especially pleases him. Now, with visions of an early return to the Chicago police force, he let himself out to the

limit and produced a feed that would have turned old man Hoover blue in the face. After supper on this eventful day the Band led a procession over to the Evacuation Hospital nearby and put on a concert of jazz just to use up any remaining energy.

Two days later, we loaded up packs, kitchen, cooties and all and moved to Camp Mariaux, a rest camp, where we were doomed to rest until we were in danger of acquiring the chronic rest habit. Just to keep moving we revived the practice of playing Reveille and Retreat. Five days after reaching this camp the Band was transferred back to Headquarters Company.

A soldier it seems has a way of sizing up an outfit by the kind of chow it gives him that is one reason, perhaps, why the Band holds a warm spot in its heart for the Supply Company. But just as lasting an impression was made, we believe, by the treatment received at the hands of the officers, by their appreciation of our smallest services and by the genuine good comradeship of every man in the company from Amos and Cy to Captain Hollenbeck himself.

Drafted Into the 134th

(Just before leaving Camp Sheridan for overseas, the 134th was brought up to war strength by additions from a draft camp. Again after the first withdrawals from the front lines another group of replacements from the draft was taken into the regiment. Be it said that these men have thoroughly proved their right to be called Yanks. In appreciation of this fact the editors sought something appropriate to add to the completeness of a Company History. This letter developed. It describes a typical drafted man's experience and is by one of them.)

Somewhere in France,

January, 1919.

Dear Uncle:—

In May, 1918, I received a very legal looking document informing me of my indictment by the grand jury of Local Board No. 27 of the County of X————, stating that I was physically fit to stop a bullet and that I should make preparations for a trip to Columbus Barracks, Ohio, on the morning of June 1st. This document also stated that the local grand jury was composed of my friends and neighbors. As neighbors I can readily understand their desire for my absence but as friends I am off them for life.

On the evening of May 31 we took the oath and were informed that from then on we would draw our pay and rations from Uncle Sam. On the morning of June 1st, after being tagged so that we would not go astray or loiter on the way, and being loaded down with comfort kits, sweaters, etc., from the Red Cross, and some presents from relatives, we started on the first stage of our journey to make the world safe for the Democrats, amid the blaring of bands, the farewells, cheers and well-wishes of the assembled multitude. On the line of march to the station all of the saloons were closed to do us honor. The bands played nothing but ragtime but I never in all my life heard anything that sounded so much like a funeral dirge. At the station I chirped up a bit and began to wear a martial air. And who would not? It seemed that all the pretty girls in creation were assembled at that station and all were as free with their kisses and God-speeds as a mess-sergeant serving green beans. Red Cross workers and canteen workers, politicians big and little, relatives, friends and sweethearts and all making of each individual future K. P. a hero. The cheers as the train pulled out and until we were beyond the city limits, were deafening. There were 1,600 men on the train and of these I knew only one and did not see him until after our arrival at Columbus. After walking through the train I finally found a vacant

seat and it was not very long until I settled down to a much needed rest and was soon asleep. The trip was without incident other than the ordinary breakdowns, delays and other discomforts of the road.

We were twenty-seven hours on the train and before the thirteenth we had the Boche licked to a frazzle and were ready to return home and take up the peaceful pursuit of the almighty but elusive dollar once more. But it was no use to argue with that conductor. Backed up by a few soldiers, he emphatically insisted that we go all the way to Columbus. We did. We arrived at Columbus at 4:30 on Sunday, June 2nd.

I guess the wires must have been crossed or else they did not expect us so soon, knowing that we were coming in over the B. & O. Anyhow the Mayor was not there to welcome us nor were there any brass bands or cheering throngs. Instead we were met by a very brisk and business-like group of regular army men who told us where we got off, as if we were not able to read the sign on the station and did not already know. They then marched us off to the barracks. Then things began to happen with a rapidity which was startling and I am unable to chronicle them in the order of their sequence. We were relieved of our baggage except what we would need in the next forty-eight hours, registered, received our barracks bags, blankets, bed-sacks, etc., assigned to billets, bathed and went through a score of stunts before supper, which would hardly seem possible in civil life in such a short space of time. Believe me, what it takes to get action out of a bunch of green men those regular army guys are all broken out with and then some. When they spoke they looked for action on your part and the action had to be of the P. D. Q. variety without variations.

Columbus Barracks at that time was one of the busiest places per acre in the universe. If old William Hohenzollern could have gotten a glimpse of the activity which was daily taking place there and had stopped to think of the hundreds of other such places scattered over the country all devoted to the same purpose of removing him as a trouble-maker, he could have saved a good many of his deluded followers by crawling into some deep secluded hole instead of looking for a place in the sun.

About five o'clock we had supper. It was great and the vacancies behind our belts soon disappeared. I think that a K. P. at C. B. has about the hardest job in the army. They serve three meals daily and it takes three sittings per meal, in order that all men may be fed. The mess hall will seat 1,500 at one time. The rattle and din made by the handling of many dishes, cups, saucers, knives, forks, and spoons, the shouts of the men and the waiters, the orders and commands of the supervising officers, the tramp, tramp of the men entering and leaving, all went to make up the most orderly chaotic confusion I ever witnessed. Supper over, most of us sent word home of our trip, safe arrival, etc. Then there was a band concert until 9:30, after which we retired for a much-needed rest.

The next few days were taken up with physical examinations, insurance, records, getting our clothing, receiving equipment and so forth. Then came the most dreaded part of all, being vaccinated and taking the first shot. The vaccination did not take and I survived the shot. The next day we received our uniforms and the photographers of Columbus began to police a few wads of greenbacks. The embryo soldiers had their photos taken in every possible position and from every possible angle. A few days of watchful waiting and then we departed for Camp Jackson, S. C., arriving there on the morning of June 10, where for the next five weeks we were to witness that delightful comedy of errors, "Shavetails Making Good," and incidentally learn the rudiments of foot drill, dismounted polo, material, military courtesy, policing up, and other things too numerous to mention.

About July 10th we were notified that we had passed the overseas examinations and on the evening of July 17 left for Camp Merritt, N. J., arriving there on the morning of July 19. While in Merritt I had visions of a furlough and of parading in X———— all by my lonesome dressed up in my new overseas uniform to the admiration of my relatives, friends and many pretty young ladies. My furlough began and ended in that vision.

Uncle Sam dispelled any ideas that we had in that direction when he ordered us to sail on July 23.

We were awakened on that morning at 1:30 and hiked from Camp Merritt for what seemed innumerable miles in the darkness until finally we arrived at Alpine Landing, where we boarded a ferry boat which took us to a dock in Hoboken where we ascended the gang-plank to the deck of the good ship Tydeus. This being an English ship and England being our biggest ally, I don't feel at liberty to give my opinion of it. We passed the Statue of Liberty at 6:10 p. m. and on the morning of the 25th sailed into the harbor of Halifax. Left Halifax on the evening of the 27th and had a rather uneventful passage. We sighted no submarines and after being on the ship for sixteen days we awoke one bright sunshiny day to find that we were steaming up the Thames surrounded by destroyers, sub-chasers and river craft of all kinds, each signalling a welcome while allied aircraft flew overhead and bli'me hif we didn't land him hold Lunnon.

We left London at 6:30 p. m. in first-class passenger coaches in which had been placed messages for us all from the King, and arrived at Camp Woodley near Romsey at 11:30 p. m. This was our first rest camp and after two days, in which we thoroughly policed it, we were all set for the hike to Southampton from where we were to cross to the "promised land" when an order came down that all who had crossed in the Tydeus were to be placed in quarantine at Camp Stanton, Hursley, near Winchester. It was near Hursley that the famous Battle of Hastings was fought and where the ruins of Cromwell's castle still stand. We visited both places. While in this camp we received more intensive training. We had mutton three times a day for seven days a week (for the rest of the meals they served chicken).

One day we visited Winchester and the Cathedral. I never experienced anything more thrilling than when in that massive edifice filled with Americans, soldiers of the allied nations and people from all parts of the globe, the great organ burst forth with the sweetest music ever heard, "The Star-Spangled Banner." Every one, civilians and soldiers alike, snapped to attention and a thrill seemed to run through all. It was the first time that most of us had heard the National Anthem on foreign soil and it made us mighty glad and proud that we were Americans. We then visited the scene of the First Parliament of England and we saw the Round Table at which King Arthur presided over his gallant knights. England is a beautiful and interesting country, but it does boil a fellow out going through it on the hobnail express on a hot day. On September 4, after a long hike from Camp Stanton, we left Southampton at 5:30 p. m. on the Queen Alexandra bound for Le Havre, France.

That night on the boat will always remain a nightmare to me. The sea was calm but the discomforts of that passage were many and varied. We docked at Le Havre at 1:30 a. m. on the 5th. At 7:00 we disembarked and walked uphill through the city for what seemed many miles in the hot sun until we came to our second rest (?) camp in Europe, where we spent the next two days. We left this camp about midnight September 7. Through darkness which the eye could not pierce, picking distance and direction by the sound of the hobnails of the man in front, for an hour we marched until we came to a railroad where we boarded box-cars, which were to be our homes until we arrived at Camp Hunt in the southern part of France. At Camp Hunt we received gas masks and helmets, instructed as to their use and received instruction on the 75s.

On October 9, being fully equipped, rifles and all, we piled into box-cars, 42 to a car, and left Camp Hunt that night to join the 37th Division "up there." To say that we were packed in the cars like sardines would be an exaggeration. All the sardines that I ever saw were in either mustard or oil but there was no room for either of those preservatives in those cars. We were on the train seven nights and six days. The train would travel in a circle until it got tired when it would shoot off at a tangent for awhile, then back on the circle again till the engineer would get dizzy when it would stop for a long rest. Sleep was out of the question. The only sleep we got was the sleep of exhaus-

tion and then we slept in all postures imaginable. There was more scrapping done on those box-cars than any one sector of the front during the entire war. Then it was that the good old American wit, humor and optimism came to the fore and saved the day.

The cooties were in their element on those cars. I know they were German, for no American or French cootie would take such mean advantage of our cramped and crowded position as to bite us when we had no chance to move or scratch or fight back.

Water was so scarce that no one thought of using it to wash or shave. One night the engine was enjoying one of its frequent rest periods in the rain fifty kilos from everyplace when some one went along calling off the names of the men who were to get off. Almost seventy-five got off and pitched their shelter tents in the rain and darkness and we moved on into the night. Two days later we arrived at the same point and picked them up. Someone had pulled a bone. They were nearly starved and freely expressed their opinion of that some body in three languages—English, army and profane.

At long and at last we detrained at Pagny-sur-Meuse. I do not know whether we had passed this point before or not in that delirious wandering over France. After two days spent in the woods along the railhead resting we started full-pack to join Bush's walking artillery at Millery. This was the hardest day I have put in since joining the army. It was all uphill hiking, (I have never hiked downhill since I have been in the service), and we made the first ten miles at a fair clip. After that it was hell. Whoever built that road must have run short of milestones from that point on. Anyhow from this point they were placed further and further apart until finally some kilos this side of Millery they ran out of markers altogether and it was impossible to tell the length of that hike. We had no grub and very little water. I never felt so good in my life as when that night after a wash and a man-sized meal I was tucked between the sheets in the billet of the 134th F. A. at Millery.

The next morning we were hauled before Col. Bush, who after looking us over gave his opinion of us which was not exactly complimentary, and he decided that we needed a bath. After a thorough policing up of our clothes and having shaved and taken a bath we felt human once more with a healthy human appetite which seemed never satisfied. Two days later I was assigned to Headquarters Company of the same regiment at Camp Ouest and have been with the outfit ever since.

I consider myself to have been very lucky to be placed with this company and organization. Their personnel and morale could not have been beaten. And I hereby notify the world at large and the Headquarters Company in particular that if at any time in the future any old king or country wants to tangle or go round and round with Uncle Sam, my old Kelly will be in the squared circle with those of the boys of the old company and I will be on the first side-door Pullman that offers immediately on the receipt of the news of the reorganization of said company.

Yours for the safety of all Democrats,

PRIVATE A. D. RAFTROOKIE,
Hdqrs. Company, 134th F. A.,
Amer. Ex. Forces.

O. K. Censored.
P. S.—

OHIOANS.

I knew them not in civil life,
But "there," 'tis truth to tell,
I knew them when they fought like men,
They gave old Heinie hell.
I may be poor all of my life,
Perchance may make a stake,
But I'll e'er be proud that "there" I stood
With the boys of the Buckeye State.

A. D. R.

HOSPITAL DAYS

Geo. H. Bull.

When I left Laimont, I didn't have very much of an idea as to where I was going. But after riding about ten years in a box-car, walking miles and miles through railroad yards, and taking another seemingly endless journey in an ambulance driven at top speed over roads rougher than I ever imagined roads could be I found myself in bed. Someone in a blue uniform was trying to tell or ask me something that didn't interest me in the least.

I found out later that I was in "Evacuation Hospital No. 51" at Jarville, a suburb of Nancy. After resting there the rest of the day and that night, I was again moved, this time to the Hospital Militaire in Nancy, where I found things much more endurable. At Jarville I found out how little I knew of French, when the various doctors and orderlies tried to find out all sorts of personal and intimate things about me and my trouble. But at the big hospital I was surprised and relieved to find two nurses of the American Red Cross on duty, taking care of the little group of sick Americans there.

This was about the time the influenza epidemic was at its worst, and because the nearest American Base Hospitals were at Toul, those American soldiers who were taken sick in Nancy were sent to the French hospital. So, in order to avoid confusion and for the comfort of our men, the Red Cross sent out a pair of trained nurses who could speak French and at the same time understand us and our needs.

From these nurses I found something about French hospitals in general and about this one in particular. It seems that a large military hospital is built by popular subscription in every department, and this one—the Hôpital Militaire Seihllot—was one of the newest and largest in the country. It was built about a year or so before the war began and the best part of it is that a large part of the money put in it was donated by Germans living in Nancy or other French-German towns.

The hospital consists of six buildings, each about 300 feet long and two stories high, all connected by an enclosed passage which starts at the main entrance and leads to a pretty little chapel in the rear. Besides these six buildings there are the laundry, kitchen, heating plant, store-houses, and everything that goes to make an extraordinarily complete unit. All the buildings are of pressed brick and stone, with red tile roofs, and a nice coat of ivy has started up the walls. The buildings are quite attractive and the charm of the place is greatly increased by the surrounding grounds, about twenty-five or thirty acres, as well kept as any park or lawn at home, with all kinds of native trees, shrubs and flowers. There are also very fine gravel walks and drives. The main buildings are divided by glass partitions into wards and private rooms. The rooms are large enough to accommodate two beds, two or three chairs and a table.

In the end of one building there was a little group of Americans, about a dozen, occupying private rooms and using one of the ward rooms as a sort of lounge. It was a cosmopolitan and democratic group if there ever was one. The ranks ranged from Buck Private to Major, the latter being Major Schlegel of our own regiment. Nearly all branches of the service and several races were represented in that little family—Doughboys, Quartermaster Corps, General Headquarters, Flag-wavers and Wagon-soldiers. One of the nurses was from Ireland, the other from Australia, and we had several members of the 92nd Division (colored) present to add a little local color. One man, a chauffeur from G. H. Q., had been in the service for fifteen years and wore ribbons for service in the Philippines and Mexico, while another had been drafted only a couple of months before.

After a week or so, when we were able to sit up and take notice, we became better acquainted and began to enjoy ourselves a little. The ones who caused the most amusement did it unconsciously. The Irish nurse, Miss McCullough, was very plain spoken; she said what she thought very plainly and some of her remarks were rather pointed. It

was great to hear her tell the Medecin Chef just what was what when she thought that we were not getting the proper attention, and to hear and see her ask some poor French soldier what he wanted when he came wandering down to bum a cigarette from us. She did not like them very well and would always have something to say about "those damn Frogs" when they had been properly snubbed and sent on their ways. She did not like their manners and customs, while Miss Picken, the other nurse, always spoke in their favor—just for the sake of argument, I think—and sometimes the discussion grew somewhat heated.

The most amusing one of the bunch was a little colored boy whom we knew as Collins. When he came to the hospital his clothing was taken from him to be fumigated, and through some mistake it was lost. So when he became able to be up and around again he gathered up several suits of pajamas and a pair of slippers—no one ever found out exactly where he got them. He was a willing worker and the nurses drafted him into service as an orderly, to help serve the meals, wash dishes, make beds, and such light duties. His favorite expression on every occasion was, "Yes, Ma'am." He used it regardless of whether he had been told to do something or told not to do it. One day he was told not to spill any more soup than he could help and of course he answered, "Yes, Ma'am." Miss McCullough asked him, "For heaven's sake, Collins, can't you say anything but 'yes, ma'am'? Say 'no' just once." Said Collins with a grin clear across his face, "Yes, Ma'am. No."

He went by the name of Collins all the time and one day when the hospital officials wanted some more information for their records, one of the nurses asked him what his first name was. He thought for a minute and then admitted that he did not know, but said, "When ah was at home mah mammy called me Ellisworth Collins, but since ah's been in the ahmy they calls me Collins Ellisworth." When asked how he liked it up on the lines he replied, "Man, that sho' is a' unhealthy place."

Besides Collins there were three of us who were able to be up and we had an enjoyable time for a week or so, then our little family began to break up. There was the "old timer" and the man from the homing-pigeon detachment of the Signal Corps. When this S. C. man came in, the nurses tried to find out his name, but he was too sick to have much of an idea what he was saying. All that could be understood was that he was a Sergeant, First Class, and that his home was in Philadelphia. Ever after that he was called either Sergeant-First-Class or Pigeon, because Miss Picken said that he always seemed to be longing to get back to his pets, and anyway Pigeon was easier to say than Sergeant-First-Class or Bopp.

We got nothing but a cup of coffee (the French kind) from the hospital for breakfast, so the nurses made cocoa for us. This was not much of a breakfast, so we seldom got up, but enjoyed the nice soft beds until about nine o'clock, when we who were able to. got dressed and took a stroll out through the grounds until time for dinner.

The two regular meals seemed unusually good to one who had been used to corned willie and hard tack and had been living on soup for a couple of weeks. They were all about the same but the only thing that we ever grew tired of was the vegetable soup which seemed to have been made the first day of the week and as it was dished out the pot was filled with water and heated over and over again, so that in a few days it was pretty weak. The meat was always good, well cooked and plenty of it. Mashed potatoes were always served and some other vegetable,—cabbage, peas, or lentils. Bread, cheese and some really good wine made up the rest of the meal.

All of that sounds rather expensive but when food was being bought in large quantities it was considerably cheaper than retail prices. So was the expense of heating, lighting and laundry. I was surprised to learn that it was being done for about five francs per day per man. For this the U. S. paid ten francs per day for every American taken to the hospital.

After dinner one day the three of us—Old Timer, Pigeon and myself—went down to Nancy to see what we could see. We visited the Cinema and wandered all over the city, taking in the sights recommended by the nurses and the "Y" man. Then we went back

by the "Y" where we bought our nightly supply of chocolate, cakes and cigarettes for ourselves and those who were not well enough to go so far away from the hospital.

Supper over, we sat up a short time in the big ward talking over the experiences of the day, and most every other subject imaginable. This was a short session, for all of us were tired out when we got back even though we did travel most of the way by trolley and what walking we did was very slow.

One night was different, however, for then Heinie entertained us with a real honest to George Washington air raid. We were sitting in what we were pleased to call our parlor, just thinking of going to bed when two big sirens began to howl and all the bells in the city began to ring wildly, sounding the "Alerte" for a raid. The lights were put out and then we opened the windows to see what was going on. But we could not see enough, so some of us went outside and we were treated to a fine sight. About a dozen search-lights were playing their beams against the clouds, and here and there little flashes of light showed where the shells from the anti-aircraft battery were bursting. Then a big flare bomb was dropped which exploded and lit up everything around the hospital. Shortly, with a great ripping crash, a bomb struck about three squares from the hospital.

That was when Miss Picken and I worked out a wonderful scheme to gain both of us some notoriety. I was to be struck by a piece of shell, a brick or something, and she was to apply a first-aid dressing under fire. Thus she would get at least a D. S. C. and a Croix de Guerre, and I would get a wound stripe. But the anti-aircraft batteries frightened the Boche away, and so our little plan did not materialize.

The next morning I was evacuated as cured, and so ended a little vacation that was at once one of the most pleasant and most miserable times that I have had since coming to France. Pleasant, on account of the rest and congenial companions, and unpleasant because when one has the flu one is a pretty sick sort of a patient.

From Nancy I went to Toul. This time I travelled in something other than box-cars, and being a little more comfortable, I was able to enjoy the scenery a little more. Arriving at Toul I went to Base Hospital No. 51, passed through the receiving and pneumonia wards theoretically, and finally landed in an evacuation ward. There I stayed for five days waiting for enough men to get well to make a train load.

It was there that I began to have some doubts as to where I would finally land. I was constantly wondering where the outfit was, and just about bothered the life out of the hospital officers, at least I talked them out of patience trying to find out when I could be sent back. Finally a big bunch from all the hospitals in Toul was gathered together and sent to a classification camp at St. Dizier where I learned, to my dismay, that I was slated to hunt up the 37th Division. I knew that the regiment was not far from where I was and that the division was away up in Flanders. So I had just made up my mind to go A. W. O. L. to look for the company myself, when I saw Major Schlegel, who had left Nancy a week before I did. After unwinding yards and yards of army red-tape, the Major, Lt. Thomas and myself started out.

From that time on it was easy, for a Major can give more prestige to a party than a Lieutenant or Colonel could ever dream of, and as he knew just where we were going it took only two days to get there—Vigneulles. There the sight of all the familiar faces, the hearty greetings and congratulations from so many men whom I had learned to know and like so well, made that day one that will be remembered for a long time.

The A. P. O.

I have been asked to write about the workings and organization of the A. P. O. (American Post Office), of which the majority of the men in the A. E. F. are ignorant.

The M. P. E. S. (Military Postal Express Service) was established to get the mail from the base ports to distribute it to the A. E. F.

The purpose of this orgaization is to receive from the civil postal authorities all mail arriving in France for the A. E. F., distribute same and forward it to its destination. It is

responsible for the collection, dispatch and delivery of all mail emanating from and destined for the A. E. F. Return mail is collected by the M. P. E. S. and delivered to the civil postal authorities.

Post offices in the Base and Intermediate Section, S. O. S., may be designated by the name of the city or town in which they are located. Post offices in the Advance Section, S. O. S., and the Zones of Advance, are designated by a postal code number assigned by the Director of the M. P. E. S.

In the Advance Section, S. O. S., and in the Zones of Advance there are two kinds of code-numbered post offices—fixed and mobile. Fixed post officers are those permanent post offices which serve units and establishments in geographical areas. A. P. O. 705 is the code number for Bordeaux and the number and place always remain the same. The post office at Camp de Souge was just an intermediate post office between Souge and A. P. O. 705 at Bordeaux. At Camp de Souge we had a little trouble in getting our mail properly because it was being dispatched to our division.

"Little Local" Flaharty came into prominence at Souge. A "Little Local" was his usual answer, and also mine, to all inquiries, which were "beaucoup," concerning the arrival of mail. Here I might explain that local mail was all mail originating in the A. E. F.

Mobile post offices are those organized within Armies, Corps and Divisions, from Army, Corps and Divisional troops. These offices move with the unit from which they are created, and their code number is the permanent postal address of all organizations comprising, or that may be attached to that unit. The 37th Division mobile A. P. O. number is 763. In some instances our mail has been sent to Division Headquarters because it was marked A. P. O. 763.

It is erroneous to use A. P. O. 763 as an address on our mail because we have been detached from the 37th Division. In our particular case it is wrong to use any A. P. O. number for we have never been in any one place long enough to use a number.

Our first A. P. O. number was 705 at Bordeaux, then 763 at Bar le Duc, 766 at Marbache, Headquarters of the 92nd Division, 784 at Toul, 744 at Heudicourt, Headquarters of the 28th Division, 750 at Villers sur Meuse, Headquarters of the 33rd Division. After they moved we were left to do business at A. P. O. 907 at Bar le Duc.

Mail arriving at Base ports is turned over to the M. P. E. S. When clearly addressed it is forwarded direct to its destination, otherwise it is sent to the Central Post Office for sorting and re-direction.

The Central Post Office is a station for re-directing and forwarding all mail which can not be re-directed from other stations. The office has access to the records of the Statistical Section, relative to the movements of troops and individuals. The Central Post Office is at present located at Bourges. It was formerly located at Tours.

To help out the M. P. E. S., a postal detachment is formed from the Division, consisting of one First or Second Lieutenant, two Sergeants, four Corporals and twenty privates. This detachment receives the mail from the rail head and makes such distribution as is necessary and is supposed to deliver the mail to all Regiments served by them. Attached to each postal detachment is a civil employee who has the power to write out money orders and to cash money orders.

The M. P. E. S. has done its work wonderfully well here in the A. E. F. Now and then there were a few delays but when the mail did arrive all delays were forgotten. Very little blame can be placed on the M. P. E. S. because they were short of men and one must realize that at the time of the signing of the armistice, there were about two million men in the A. E. F. to serve.

The service of mail was a privilege granted by General Pershing himself. In all former wars no mail was received or dispatched so we might thank our God that we ever received a letter.

RUSSELL ROOKSTOOL, Sgt. Postman 134 F. A.

"LE GUERRE FINIS"

A Wail of the Camp.

CAMP MARIAUX, FRANCE, January,.....
1919, Honorable.....
NEWTON D. BAKER, Secretary of.....
WAR, Washington, D. C.,.....
U. S. A., Dear Sir:.....
THERE are things we would much.....
RATHER do than stand.....
REVEILLE at.....
SIX THIRTY in the.....
MORNING and plough.....
THRU eighteen inches of .....
OOZY MUD uphill all the.....
WAY to the.....
MESS LINE just to.....
GET our breakfast of.....
RICE and SOWBELLY one.....
MORNING .....
AND the next morning.....
SOWBELLY and RICE.....
WASHED down in either.....
CASE with condensed.....
B-lood P-oison, mis-called Coffee.....
AND we would like to say also.....
MISTER BAKER.....
THAT this would be bad.....
ENOUGH without hiking.....
EIGHTEEN KILOMETERS in.....
MORE OOZY MUD and.....
FURTHERMORE the novelty of.....
BEING K. P.,.....
BARRACKS orderly or kitchen.....
GUARD has all.....
WORN off and we are tired of.....
GATHERING.....
ROCKS to build.....
FIRE PLACES and make paths.....
THRU the oozy.....
MUD nor does.....
THE INDOOR SPORT.....
OF listening.....
TO.....
WILD RUMORS.....
INTEREST us any longer.....
MISTER BAKER, we have been.....
OVER here.....
FOR seven months and.....
DIDN'T mind it.....
MUCH while the.....
WAR was on.....
BUT,.....

IF this is PEACE,.....
WON'T you please start.....
ANOTHER WAR?.....
IT.....
WOULDN'T.....
BE so bad but.....
WE HEAR that the men.....
OVER there are being.....
DISCHARGED. So they can get.....
UP when they get DAMN.....
GOOD and ready. Moreover.....
THEY eat what.....
THEY want for.....
BREAKFAST and.....
We hear that they.....
PARADE.....
THRU town with overseas.....
CAPS and service.....
STRIPES which they.....
NEVER EARNED.....
AND at the military.....
BALLS.....
THEY take our girls and.....
TRY to look like.....
HEROES.....
AND make the girls think that the.....
ONLY difference.....
BETWEEN them and us is that.....
THEY didn't get to come.....
OVER before the.....
ARMISTICE.....
THEY have told it so.....
OFTEN.....
THAT they even believe it.....
THEMSELVES, so now mister.....
SECRETARY.....
OF war we.....
WANT TO GO HOME.....
AND check the spread of.....
THIS EVIL propaganda.....
SO.....
EVERYBODY in the.....
OLD HOME TOWN will .....
KNOW who.....
WON the WAR.....
We are looking to.....
YOU and if you can help.....
US we will THANK YOU.....

Oh, Colonel! Oh, Colonel! The truth I beg.
When do we start for home?
"As soon as I eat this egg," he said,
Like throwing a dog a bone.

"Good morning. Have you any bouillon cubes for the Sgt. Major this morning?"

Rex, do you remember the problem at Boncourt, "apres le guerre," when the doughboy guard said, "Button up that raincoat and take your hands out of your pockets!" And you said, "First chance I get, buddy."

Goudy: "Say, fellers, I'll tell you just how it was now. Yuh see on the mornin' of the 'leventh of November, the Quartermaster Corps laid down a barrage, th' Military Puhleece went over the top,—and th' war wuz won."

TUNE: *Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

When we get back from Germany,
When we get back from war;
The National Guard can go to Hell,
We'll re-enlist no more;
But we'll take a bath and change our clothes,
And by the Holy Lord!
We'll jump into a jitney bus
And vote for Henry Ford.

Chorus.

Damn, damn, damn the dirty Germans,
Damn, damn, damn the dirty Huns;
We will blow them all to Hell, with a high explosive shell;
We're the boys that stand behind the three-inch guns.

HONEY IS A DELECTABLE ADDITION TO ARMY EATS, AT LEAST SO THOUGHT SLEFFEL MCQUAID AND SLIM HARLOR AT ST. GENEVIEVE, AND IF YOU CAN'T BUY IT—TAKE IT.

WHO WAS THAT RED-HEADED, SANDY-MUSTACHED, BURLY INDIVIDUAL THAT TRIED TO CLIMB THE WHOLE REGIMENT AT CAMP MARIAUX?

Gaston: "Here is." "He-ar. Who go with me to Nancy?" "You dare to ask me another leave?" "Get out of the army as much as you can." "You shall see." "It is not possible, but—if you wish."

The "Radio" gang at Vigneulles will remember the phone call every morning at 2:00 a. m. that brought a shivering, barefoot visitor from below.

Clinton (entering "Y" in Recourt woods): "What's the matter with this place? Why haven't you got a fire?"

Sheil: "Go build one."

Clint: "Can't find any wood."

Sheil: "Use some chips off your own block."

Canfield: "USE YOUR HEAD, Sergeant."

Marley, do you remember the night that Hale quieted your noise?

S-speed: "Say, Kate, did you hear about Simpson?"

Lauer: "No. What did he do?"

S-speed: "He taken the jaw bone of an ass and killed forty thousand Philadelphians."

To My Soldier Boy.

I'm feeling pretty worried over all the things I hear,
Of the shrapnel and the cannon that are roaring 'round you, dear;
Of the Zeppelins and airplanes and the snaky submarine,
But the worst of all the things I feel, that nearly turns me green,
Is the fear of all the damsels you'll be meeting over there—
The Parisian and the Belgian maids with their fascinating air;
So be a loyal lover, don't forsake the girl back home;
No matter how they smile at you, don't let your fancy roam.

For the French girls are so pretty, and the nurses are so kind,
But do not be a traitor to the girl you left behind.
I know that you are loyal to the old Red, White and Blue,
And I hope that you are loyal to your little sweetheart, too.

Against the Huns they spell with "U" you'll hold your own, I know,
But I fear you may be ambushed by the hons they spell with "o."
Stand guard against temptation, don't surrender to their charms,
And wait 'till you come back to me before presenting arms.

Leave the French girls to the French men, and the nurses to the Docs,
But the Soldier Boy in Khaki is for the girl who knits his socks.
Though the French girls may be pretty, the nurses may be kind,
Oh, do not be a traitor to the girl you left behind.

By "Somebody's" Girl.

Reflections.

Corn Willie the First: "How many cans per man?" "Any mail, Hank?" "A little local."

"We thank you very much, Major." "Oh! That's all right, don't mention it. It is just my little Christmas gift to you."

Okey: "Doc, get me the gomiometer; I want to locate myself."

Chinnis: "What's the matter with the mail? It never was so late before."

Rex: "Good, I'm glad." "ONE Saturday night." "Whew! Ain't it warm!" "Oh, gosh! Oh, jolly!" "Do you know anything about a hay-wagon?" "Was you ever in Pittsburgh?" "Say, Speed, are you a kitchen police?"

101 Ranch, Recourt Barracks: "Who do we want for Mayor?" "————." "Three rousing cheers from the angry mob." "Oh, ———! Oh, ———!! Oh, ———!!!"

X¾Bar-B Ranch, Recourt Barracks:

Pay-day night! V G l !!
i e a Bi k S-E-V-E-N-D-A-Y-S!!!
n r n

Dan Wooten: "How many seconds in that line thar?"
Schmitty: "Jungle-Buzzers, fall in."
Pinkie: "Did you'ens fellows get enuf to eat?"
Hop: "Who's got a magazine to trade?"
Hoffy: "Are there any dugouts around here?"
Walmsley: "Now, when I was in the Navy, ———"
Driff: "Hol' 'em artill'ry, inf'ry tumin'."
Seccombe: "Ain't she a dandy."
Abbott: "Where do yuh get that stuff?"
Pop Spinner: "The war's over, by gum."

Barber Mack: "Shave and a haircut, five francs."

Ringling: "Now, my contract says I post bills for the Greatest Show on Earth."

Peckhorn: "Das ist verboten."

Fitz: "Kin you imagine that?"

Abie Whalen, the Crown Prince.

Appleman: "I'm just a kid trying to get along." "I'll see that you get out of the army for that." "How do we stand?"

And John Mack was gassed.

Whit: "That ain't no trouble hardly."

Barrett: "That's what you want for speed."

Bobbie Myers: "Aw, fer th' love o' Mike, Serg., I was just on a detail."

Speed: "Dan Wooten plumb ruint me." "Pursian, what'd you want tu' run 'way frum me for?" I wa'nt scared when them big shells cum over, you tell 'em that, Sergeant."

"Why'uh, Napoleon, Napoleon!"

The Bird Club: The Eagle—Friel; Buzzard—Jones; Crow—Borden; Sparrow—Walker; Dove—Schmitt; Wren—Senn; Jay—Count; Peacock—Moore; Owl—Burton.

A. E. F. Motor Schools.

During the latter part of the third week in August, 1918, I was called into the Regimental office by Capt. Babbitt, and asked if I would like to attend a school in motor mechanics and advised that if I so desired I would be given the opportunity. I decided that I would like to go, and my name was submitted. After it had passed through a course of Army Red Tape, a memorandum came through ordering me, together with some other men of the 62nd F. A. Brigade, to the American Section of the French Motor School at Camp Sathonay, near Lyon.

We left Camp de Souge on the 29th of August, going by motor truck to Bordeaux, Here we entrained at the Midi Station for Lyon, passing through the cities of Augouleme, Poitiers, Clermont-Fer and Roanne enroute.

We arrived in Lyon on September 1st and were conveyed to the camp about three kiols from the city. Here we were quartered in large, wooden barracks, fitted with electric lights, wooden floors, comfortable bunks, and other camp conveniences hitherto unfound in France.

The school opened on the 5th with a student body of about five hundred men. The first week was nothing more than a classification of the men, according to their respective merits, knowledge of motors and abilities. Experts were assigned immediately as instructors.

On the second week school opened in earnest. Fifteen men were assigned to a class to have a week's instruction on one particular make of motor. We were a pretty sick bunch when we saw the motors that we had to work on. They were old French cars, that had been sadly abused on the front. There wasn't a clean spot on them, everything about them was covered with mud, grease and rust, and all in all presented a very uninviting appearance. There was everything there from motorcycles to caterpillar tractors. The only "American Made" motor to be seen in the bunch was the world renowned "Henry."

The ones that were assigned to the caterpillar section were made separate from the rest of the school, and devoted their time to caterpillars only. The rest of the class received a certain number of days training from "Henry's" motor to the heavy Renault Quad.

I was made a Sergeant instructor, and detailed to teach the driving and operation of the heavy Renault Quad.

The camp mess was carried on by the French and consisted entirely of Frog rations. One thing you could always be sure of and that was soup and carrots. But the camp

restrictions were very lenient, and we were allowed the privilege of Lyon, where there was "beaucoup" everything in the line of eats, and all other lines too as far as that goes.

Lyon is the second largest city in France, and in my opinion, in comparing it with other cities I have visited, it has it over the rest like a tent, not even eliminating Paris. Believe me, she is *some* village.

At the end of the first school, which was of five weeks' duration, forty-eight of us were retained as instructors and remained as such through three successive schools. The instructors had things pretty soft, being billeted apart from the students, having their own mess and other comforts not enjoyed by the student body. During this period I was detailed as chauffeur to the camp commander and took many extensive trips as such, visiting parts and cities of France, both new and interesting to me, and which I could not otherwise have seen.

Among the cities I visited, the principal ones were Paris, Marseilles, Vignon, Valence, Nevers, Besancon and Dijon. Of all the places of interest to be seen in the different cities, the ones that impressed me most were the Art Galleries of Paris and Marseilles and the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Lyon.

In my particular billet we had a clique known as the "Bottle Club," the members, five in number, all hailed from the 62nd F. A. Brigade. We had a little get together every night. The chief form of entertainment was America's most popular indoor sport, the "Old Army Game," probably more widely known as poker. We frequently entertained and were entertained by the Vin Sisters and some of their numerous relatives.

The school closed on the 14th of December, the signing of the armistice making it unnecessary for it to continue. The instructors were ordered to the American Motor School at Le Blanc. Here I was placed in charge of the motorcycle section of the school. I had quite a large class, with about fifty machines, Harley-Davidsons and Indians, for them to work on. This school came to a close for the same reason as the other one, on the 24th of November. Practically all of the students were returned to their respective organizations, the remaining ones, together with some of the instructors, were sent to the Army of Occupation. The rest of us were sent, as casuals, to Camp Hunt.

Camp Hunt, outside of being the largest casual camp in France, is also the original Frog Pond of that country. It is situated about fifty kilos southwest of Bordeaux, within thirty minutes' walk of Argachon, the Atlantic City of France. Our chief occupation in this camp was policing up an old artillery range, and carrying in enough wood to keep warm, and enable the cooks to kick out our chow. We spent our leave time in Bordeaux, Argachon and other towns about camp.

From the 28th of December until the 10th of January, I was a thorn in the side of the Camp Personnel Officer. I dogged his steps, badgered, pleaded and threatened him (this last, however, was in a very subdued voice) till he saw things in the light I wished him to, namely, sending me back to my old outfit. He finally issued the order and I started out to find said organization, which, as later events proved, was no light undertaking. I began to lose hope of ever finding it, and to fear that "Heinie" had erased them from the Rolls of the A. E. F. But after doing a Sherlock Holmes all over the area in which they were supposed to be located, I found them secreted in a camp in the woods, far from the "Habitat of the Fair Demoiselles," and was sure one glad soldier in the finding.

M. A. Ringo.

ARTILLERY SONG.

When you're lying in the rain,
With a shrapnel in your brain;
Then you'll never see your sweetheart any more;
When you've lost your old first section
And the Huns have your deflection,
Then you'll never see your gun crew any more.

Chorus.

When the guns are roaring yonder,
When the guns are roaring yonder,
When the guns are roaring yonder,
When the guns are roaring yonder,
I'll be there.

When the shells are flying by,
Just like raindrops from the sky;
Then you'll never see your sweetheart any more;
When your ammunition train
Is Shot to Hell and back again,
Then you'll never see your caissons any more.

Chorus.

When the red spot on your jacket,
Shows that Heinie's got your bracket,
Then you'll never see your sweetheart any more;
When the guns which roar like thunder,
Shoot your old wheel team from under;
Then you'll never see your drivers any more.

Chorus.

When your gas mask isn't working,
Where the mustard gas is lurking,
Then you'll never need your gas mask any more.
When two-tens are flying by,
Just like rain down from the sky,
Then you'll never see your sweetheart any more.

Chorus.

When you've fought a long, long time,
And passed the old Hindenburg line;
Then you're sure to see your sweetheart once again.
When the Stars and Stripes are flying
From the Linden in Berlin,
Then you're sure to see your sweetheart once again.

Chorus.

HOMEWARD BOUND

OUR TOUCH WITH AUXILIARY ORGANIZATIONS OF THE A. E. F.

Not until the combined forces of France, England and Belgium's "contemptible" armies had defeated the trained and well equipped forces of Kaiser Wilhelm in the first battle of the Marne and then held them against great odds in the mud of Flanders did the Allied leaders realize the significance of Napoleon's statement when he said, "Morale is to other factors in war as three to one." Being outnumbered both in men and guns the forces opposing the Germans were due for a defeat if the morale or fighting spirit of the men was lost.

With this fact before them the homes throughout the Allied countries were anxious to give all comfort and aid possible to the soldiers. Time was not so long ago when neither the suffering bodies nor the harrassed and weary minds of men were provided for in a nation's plans for war. But with the bloodiest and fiercest war of history facing the world something had to be done to relieve the suffering and strain of battle if right was to be victorious.

It was a great challenge that was thrown out to the thousands of loyal people who were determined that democracy and freedom would live and autocracy go. Gladly the challenge was answered and through the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. help was sent to the fighting men in France and England long before the U. S. took her place on the battle line. But as soon as war was declared the opportunity was increased and the two organizations that had started the work were joined by the K. of C., Salvation Army and Jewish Welfare League. Their field for service was the whole world for the Allied forces were on every battle front from Palestine to Flanders, in hundreds of training camps throughout America, England and Belgium, France and Italy, on the high seas, in the hospitals and prison camps.

The task facing the different organizations was far greater than any of us realize for they were unable to get enough workers and in some cases were compelled to accept men and women who were not capable of carrying on the true spirit of the work among the soldiers. With all classes of people to serve it was impossible to satisfy each and every one. But in spite of many drawbacks and hardships their work reached every soldier in service and helped to keep him satisfied as far as possible.

Our company is one among thousands that took part in the greatest of all wars, and as we look over the long trail that lead from home through the training camps and then to the field of honor we have been very fortunate. Every organization has helped us and made our army life far more pleasant than it would have been should they have never taken up the work.

For the majority of Headquarters men Camp Sheridan was the place where they received an introduction to the many discouraging and trying experiences of army life, It was also there that many fellows came in contact with some of the auxiliary organizations that were playing such a great part in the army camps. Many had never known what it was to give up the comforts of the home and the companionship of friends. As the monotony of camp life came on there was an increasing demand for entertainment and for a real friend. Both were found in "Y Hut No. 59" where Paul Nollen, a broad-minded secretary, was thinking of the welfare of every soldier. His untiring and unselfish efforts won the respect of the men who entered the only place they could call home. The K. of C. hall on the corner also welcomed every man in uniform and stood ready to play a big part with the other organizations. It is unnecessary to speak of the work of the Y. M. C. A., K. of C., and Red Cross in Camp Sheridan for everyone knows that they played a great part in keeping the men contented and entertained.

Being anxious to move, every man was happy to start for the coast but not so anxious to leave our homes and country. Our journey from Montgomery to New York will

never be forgotten because the Red Cross chapters all along the way had their representatives at the stations to serve the men and bid them good-bye. It helped every soldier to realize that the people were backing us and soon we became a part of the great Nation that was in the war to fight for right and win.

The kindness of every Red Cross worker reminded us of our homes and they were there to represent our mothers, sisters, and sweethearts to say good-bye and make us feel that they were proud of us because we were doing our duty.

While waiting in Camp Upton for sailing orders the different organizations entertained all the soldiers and helped them to be contented. When we finally received the command to climb the gang-plank the Red Cross was there to bid us a last farewell. Our voyage across the sea was very tiresome and without the many books and games furnished by the two Y. M. C. A. men who accompanied us our trip would have more unpleasant.

In each rest camp in England that we passed through the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. had their workers who welcomed the men and tried to serve the great crowds with their small supply. But every act of kindness was appreciated, for that was the time when a "feller needed a friend."

Our first box-car ride from Le Havre to Bordeaux was far from pleasant and the only aid we received was from the Red Cross when they gave us hot coffee. Then came Camp de Souge with dry, hot days and sand. But the Y. M. C. A. helped to break the monotony with movies and entertainments, and gave us a place to go where we could write and spend our time much better than in our barracks.

While the soldiers were training in the various camps it was not very difficult for the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. to serve them in their huts but after they were ordered to the front it was impossible for any organization to serve all the men in the way that they had back of the lines when they were all in a group.

Unfortunately we saw very little of the representatives from any of the auxiliary organizations during our period on the front. At St. Genevieve there was a Y. M. C. A. but the majority of men in the Battalion Detachments were unable to leave their work long enough to receive any of the help or service. While at Vignuelles the Y. M. C. A., K. of C., and Salvation Army each did a little for the men but their supplies were so limited that they were unable to do all they wished. The K. of C. passed along the line and gave the men some cigarettes, gum and chocolate. Five Y. M. C. A. workers gave an entertainment in a barn at Hassavant Farm which did all the Doughboys and Artillerymen more good than anything they could have done. At St. Benoit a number of men from the Second Battalion Detachment were able to get doughnuts and cakes from a Salvation Army worker.

While some men were helped by the three organizations mentioned, others were quartered in different places and were left out entirely. The same was true all along the front and at times when we were left without any help some other regiment or company was being helped.

But the time that we needed the work of one of the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. workers was during our stay at Camp Mariaux after the signing of the armistice. With no entertainment, reading material or recreation we realized how much the different organizations had meant to us during our periods of training. After three or four weeks of waiting, Mr. Colby, a Y. M. C. A. secretary, came to our rescue and did all he was permitted to do. He was able to get a few books, magazines and canteen supplies. If he had been given full charge the men could have had better service but even as it was everyone was very thankful for what he did to help break the monotony of the life on the hill-side.

We were all very happy when orders came to leave Camp Mariaux but no one was anxious for another box-car ride. Without the kindness of the Red Cross during our long journey to Le Lion d'Angers the ride would have been very unpleasant had it not been

for the fact that we could look forward to the Red Cross service along the way. Mr. Stimpson, one of our secretaries from "Y" 59 at Sheridan, was waiting for us at Le Lion with hot chocolate, cakes and a glad welcome. It seemed like old times to have him with us again and all the time we were there he and the Y. M. C. A. ladies gave us the best service possible.

After going to Brest we saw the splendid work being done there by the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and K. of C. for the thousands of men passing through that great camp. Every day the buildings were packed with soldiers.

But the greatest day of all was when we marched up the gang-plank again and knew that we were really on our way home. As usual the Red Cross was there to wish us a "bon voyage." Their presents were very much appreciated the same as their welcome at Newport News.

Now that we are all back home again, well and happy, there are many memories that will always mean much to us. Each one has his likes and dislikes but there isn't one who can say that he hasn't received more from the auxiliary organizations than he ever put into them. To them every soldier in the American and Allied armies is indebted for the aid and encouragement given during the greatest period of our lives.

Let us be big enough to overlook their mistakes and show our appreciation the same as we expect those at home to forget the unhappy things of the past and remember the fact that we all have served.

The Old Man.

He's a gruff
"Old Cuss."
Roars like
A young volcano
On all occasions—
In the field,
In the office,
At inspections.
BUT,
The 134th is a
"Topnotcher."

We like
Him
Because
We have found,
That under
All the gruffness,
There is a
Great big heart
In
"OUR OLD MAN."

The Froggie.

The Froggie lives in "la belle Frawnce,"
That place of sun and flowers.
The scenic beauty of his land
Defies the poet's powers.
The climate of our health resorts
Is not a circumstance,
Compared to what the Frog enjoys
In his beloved France.
Ah, wee, it rains some every day,
To be exact it pours;
And in the mud of "sunny Frawnce"
Our Froggie hunts wild boars.

The Frog is famed throughout the world
For hospitality,
For "Liberte," "Egalite,"
And bon "Fraternite."
So when the Yankees came to fight
For world's democracy,
The Frog threw out his open arms
And shouted "Nos amis";
Our flag he waved, our praise he sang
In terms that sounded fine,
And then, to further show his love—
He raised the price of wine.

The Frog said "Make yourselves at home,
For you naught is too good,
Expressly for your comforts we
Have billets in the wood.
There are no cities close at hand
To lure your men astray,
Our village folk will treat you well
And help you spend your pay."
The Frog now said, in anxious voice,
"One favor if you please,
Don't damage any property
And don't cut down our trees."

But hand it to the Frog we must,
For deeds of bravery.
Four years he fought against the yoke
Of German slavery.
He raved and cried and tore his hair,
Pulled down his helmet well,
Screwed up his manly courage and
Went out to give 'em hell.
Then as the bullets whistled and
Upon his tin hat beat
A friendly dug-out caught his eye—
And in he went "tout suite."

They finally signed the armistice,
And made the Froggie quit.
He put away his lengthy gat
For he had done his bit.
Quite soon they had him mustered out
And he was free to roam,
He piled a bunch of ruins up
And built himself a home.
We don't mind waiting here in Frawnce
Until we lose our hair,
What gets our goat is that old Frog
With his "Feeneesh la Guerre"!

D. V.

HAIL! HAIL! THE BEER'S ALL GONE.

They've voted old Ohio dry,
But I don't give a d—n,
As I haven't had a real good drink
Since I signed with Uncle Sam.

All we can get here is sour grape juice,
And the Vin Blink they sell us is rotten;
While the good old beer of the U. S. A.
Is gone but not forgotten.

I don't think they treated us fellows quite right
When the voted the old State dry,
While we were up front giving old Heinie hell
And trying our best not to die.

Now they've boosted the price of all the soft drinks,
Of root-beer and sodas, I hear;
They can boost them sky high, but until I die
I'll always want for a good glass of beer.

If the people who voted Ohio dry
Had only stopped to think,
That the boys who went through this hell of war
Would maybe some day want a drink!

SLIP AND SLIM.

An American Creed.

I believe in the United States of America as a government by the people—for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many States; a perfect union and one inseparable; established upon these principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I, therefore, believe that it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag and to defend it against all enemies.

H. C. Coxe, Delegate to France.

Mustered Out.

I dream and in my dream I see
A ship that sails the ocean free,
And on its decks are smiling men
With faces toward the West again.

I dream and in my dream I view
A gay and flag-decked avenue,
While throngs of people 'long the side
Give cheers for old Ohio's pride.

I dream and in my dream I see
A discharge paper handed me,
And with a dizzy whirling brain
I get aboard a home-bound train.

I dream and in my fancy roam
The old familiar haunts of home,
I revel in civilian charms
And hold a sweetheart in my arms.

The Editor's Quill.

This little book we hand to you
Of what Headquarters has been through.
Midnight oil the editors burned,
And hope that now your thanks they've earned.
A few mistakes they may have made
Of towns, or dates, of some parade;
They've worked to make our book bring fame
To Buckeyes true—so save your blame.

And not alone the editors
Have written all the frills and fur's—
Officers and enlisted men
Have helped us with a wicked pen.
A story here, perhaps a verse,
And much was fine and some was—worse!
If there was room for yours or not,
We thank you for you've helped a lot.

Forgive us if you find a slip—
Some town that should have been a ship,
Or wrongly named some place where we
Threw terror into Germany;
Read on and pass it with a smile,
And tell yourself, "The book's worth while."
Now, thanking one and all, we're through,
It's time to grab our army stew.

HOMEWARD BOUND

And now it's all over. The Great Experience is about to come to a most glorious conclusion. We, as Americans, volunteered in the service of our Country when the call came. Throughout those days of training at Camp Sheridan and later at Camp de Souge, our minds were filled with a single thought, a single purpose—preparing ourselves to do our Bit in winning the war. While on the front, we went through experiences which should have a broadening effect on our natures and an ennobling effect on our minds. No man will leave the service without feeling kindlier toward his fellow man, without knowing better, the value of his life, given to him to do with as he may. It remains to us, therefore, to so mould our lives that we may continue to do our Bit in Civil life, profiting by our broadened views. Although the war has been won and Democracy has triumphed, there are many problems of great import which will present themselves for years to come. We citizens will have to solve these problems just as efficiently, just as determinedly, as, while soldiers, we solved the German riddle. And, as in the days of our war training, so now, we must prepare ourselves for the task. When we return to our respective posts in Civil life, every man should keep in constant touch with civic affairs and, by his vote, see to it that those principles for which he fought, prevail and govern the destinies of our Country. Your preparation for taking part, will, however, not be in the form of carrying out weekly drill schedules, as in the war days. You will have to decide these civic questions for yourself and your main source of knowledge will be the newspapers and the magazines. Every man will be his own instructor, his own pupil, and everything will be up to him. Give the questions which may arise, the fullest possible consideration, look at them impartially, if you can, from every angle and then, after you have made your decision, act. That will be doing your duty to your native land, only continuing the work that you have just completed, fighting, tooth and nail, for Right, Justice, Home and Country.

FINIS

SECTION IV

Directory

MILITARY RECORDS AND HOME ADDRESSES

HARRY C. ABBOTT, Utica, N. Y.
Private 1st Class, appointed October 23, 1918. Enlisted July 15, 1917, at Akron, O.

LOUIS H. ACKERMAN, Fredericktown, Ohio.
Enlisted July 21, 1917, at Mt. Vernon, O., in Battery E, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 67, December 3, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 24, March 1, 1918. Appointed Sergeant per R. S. O. 58, May 1, 1918.

ROSS G. ALEXANDER, R. D. No. 2, Glenmont, O.
Enlisted July 17, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Musician 3rd Class, September 11, 1917. Transferred to Battery B, 134th F. A., May 4, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co., August 1, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class, August 2, 1918.

JOHN A. AMES, Piermont, N. H.
Inducted into service May 31, 1918, at Woodville, N. H., and assigned to Hq. Co., 7th Bn., F. A. R. D., Camp Jackson, S. C., June 29, 1918. Joined Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., at Millery, France, October 15, 1918.

JOSEPH D. ANDERSON, 631 E. 127th St., Cleveland, O.
Enlisted July 8, 1916, in Ohio Signal Corps. Transferred to 47th Co., 156th D. B., Camp Jackson, S. C., May 18, 1918. Transferred to 7th Reg., F. A. R. D., July, 1918. Joined Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., October, 1918.

JOSEPH D. APPLEMAN, 741 Hillsdale Ave., Akron, O.
Enlisted July 15, 1917, at Akron, O.

JOHN F. ASHLEY, Bentonville, Ark.
Enlisted May 19, 1917, at Camp Perry, O., in Battery B, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 125, October 25, 1918.

FORD W. BARRETT, 41 Highland Ave., Akron, O.
Enlisted June 22, 1916, at Akron, O., in Battery B, O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 23, September 14, 1917, and appointed Courier.

WILLIAM ED. BASH, Roseville, O.
Enlisted July 13, 1917, at Akron, O. Was appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 47, October 18, 1917.

GARRISON L. BEACHY, 807 Rex Ave. N. E., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 15, 1917, at Akron, O. Was appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 23, September 23, 1917.

MOSES BECKENSTEIN, 1622 Washington St., Charleston, W. Va.
Enlisted in Hqs. Co. at Akron, O. Transferred to 62nd F. A. Brigade Hqs.

EDWIN L. BELL, Box 473, Toledo, O.
Inducted into service at Toledo, O., July 24, 1918. Assigned to 156th Depot Brigade, Camp Jackson, S. C. Joined Hqs. Co. at Millery, France, October 15, 1918.

GEORGE W. BENNETT, 727 S. 63rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Enlisted November 4, 1917, at Columbus Barracks, O., and assigned to Battery C, 134th F. A., at Camp Sheridan, Ala., November 7, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918. Appointed Private 1st Class August 1, 1918.

STEPHEN N. BERARDI, 4005 E. 86th St., Cleveland, O.
Enlisted September 4, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Private 1st Class August 1, 1918.

HAROLD P. BERRY, 123 Oxford Ave., Dayton, O.
Enlisted in Battery D, 134th F. A., at Dayton, O. Transferred to Hqs. Co. at Camp Mariaux, France. Appointed Corporal in Battery D.

BRADFORD V. BEVIER, 98 12th St., Columbus, O.
Enlisted in 1st O. F. A. for service at the Mexican border. Appointed Sergeant. Appointed to Saumur Artillery Training School for Officers while in France.

JOHN W. BIDWELL, 509 N. Iowa Ave., Washington, Iowa.
Enlisted April 8, 1918, in A. M. T. D., New York University. Transferred to 10th Tr. Bn., F. A. R. D., June 12, 1918. Appointed Sergeant July 8, 1918, per S. O. 29, Hqs. 4th Reg., 2nd Brig., F. A. R. D. Joined Hqs. Co., 134th F. A.

WILLIAM M. BIGGIE, 208 Baird Ave., Barberton, O.
Enlisted August 28, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Musician 3rd Class September 11, 1917. Appointed Musician 2nd Class September 5, 1918.

POWELL J. BING, 299 Brehl Ave., Columbus, O.
Enlisted June 1, 1917, at Columbus, O., in Battery C, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Musician 3rd Class August 13, 1918.

JOHN B. BOLIN.
Inducted into service at Watseka, Ill., June 28, 1918. Assigned to 156th D. B., Camp Jackson, S. C., June 28, 1918. Joined Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., at Millery, France, October 15, 1918.

ALVIN D. BORDEN, 157 W. South St., Akron, O.
Enlisted November 15, 1915, at Akron, O., in Battery B, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. August 17, 1918. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 129, November 1, 1918, at Vigneulles, France.

WESLEY E. BOVEY, Barberton, O.
Enlisted August 22, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Musician 3rd Class November 13, 1917. Appointed Musician 1st Class September 5, 1918.

HOWARD O. BOWMAN, 532 E. Buchtel Ave., Akron, O.
Enlisted November 15, 1915, in Battery B, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 50, October 21, 1917. Appointed Private 1st Class, August 1, 1918.

PARKE R. BOYER, 24 Shawe Ave., Lewistown, Pa.
Enlisted July 14, 1917, at Akron, O.

RALPH BRADFORD, Powell, Wyo.
Enlisted June 20, 1916. Appointed Corporal July 1, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., at LeLion d'Angers, France.

ELMER P. BRENFLECK, 235 Pioneer St., Akron, O.
Enlisted June 25, 1916, at Briggsdale, O., in Battery C, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per S. O. 60, May 4, 1918.

EVERETT J. BROWN, 7 Wine St., Uniontown, Pa.
Enlisted July 13, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed 1st Class Private at Camp Mariaux, France.

JOSEPH J. BROWN, 1222 Francis St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Inducted into service April 26, 1918, at Fort Wayne, Ind. Transferred from 159th D. B. at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 13, 1918.

FLOYD G. BROWNE, Haskins, O.
Enlisted July 26, 1917, at Bowling Green, O., in Co. K, 2nd Ohio Inf. Transferred to 1st Tr. Bn., Camp Sheridan, Depot Brigade, October 4, 1917. Transferred to Co. K, 146th Inf., October 25, 1917. Transferred to 134th F. A. and assigned to Hq. Co. per D. S. O. 88, November 29, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 72, June 1, 1918.

GEORGE H. BULL, 534 Boone St., Piqua, O.
Enlisted April 16, 1917, in Battery D, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to 62nd F. A. Brig. Hdqs. Transferred to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A. Appointed Corporal.

STANLEY W. BULLARD, c|o N. W. Baldwin, Ellet, O.
Enlisted June 24, 1916, at Akron, O., in Battery B, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Sergeant and transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 3, January 6, 1918.

CHARLES E. BULLOCK, 2412 Mahoning Rd. N. E., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 24, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Private 1st Class October 25, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 44, April 16, 1918. Appointed Sergeant per R. S. O. 90, August 4, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

EMIL S. BUNGER, 305 S. Main St., Oxford, O.
Enlisted June 6, 1917, at Dayton, O., in Battery D, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918.

PAUL H. BURTON, 1928 E. 86th St., Cleveland, O.
Enlisted June 21, 1916, at Cleveland, O., in Battery A, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. Per R. S. O. 122, October 18, 1918.

RALPH H. CANFIELD, 10022 Pierpont Ave., Cleveland, O.
Enlisted May 28, 1917, at Cleveland, O., in Battery A, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Bugler September 6, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. October 18, 1916. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 89, August 1, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

HERVEY D. CHANDLER, Cadiz, O.
Enlisted May 25, 1917, at Newark, O., in Battery C, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Private 1st Class November 1, 1917. Appointed Corporal November 1, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 68, May 18, 1918.

MAYZON CHINNIS, 921 N. 3rd St., Wilmington, N. C.
Enlisted July 15, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 72, June 1, 1917.

WILLIAM K. CLEARY, R. D. No. 2, Sarahsville, O.
Inducted into service May 31, 1918, at Caldwell, O., and assigned to F. A. R. D., Camp Jackson, S. C., June 5, 1918. Joined Hqs. 134th F. A., at Millery, France, October 15, 1918.

FRED S. CLINTON, Gorin, Mo.
Enlisted July 17, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Private 1st Class October 25, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 58, May 1, 1918. Appointed Sergeant per R. S. O. 90, August 4, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

OKEY M. COGAR, Webster Springs, W. Va.
Enlisted July 14, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 54, October 26, 1917.

JOHN H. CONEY, 329 W. 113th St., New York, N. Y.
Enlisted July 25, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Private 1st Class April 23, 1918.

ARTHUR F. COOPER, 337 Graves Court, Akron, O.
Enlisted June 19, 1916, in Battery B, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. October 25, 1917. Appointed Corporal June 1, 1918.

CHARLES S. COY, 424 W. Broadway, Alliance, O.
Enlisted July 19, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed 2nd Class Musician September 11, 1917. Appointed Band Sergeant per R. S. O. 92, August 12, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

WILLIAM W. CUMMINS, Mt. Vernon, O.
Enlisted May 31, 1917, at Mt. Vernon, O., in Battery E, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. January 3, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class March 1, 1918. Appointed Musician 2nd Class September 5, 1918. Appointed Band Corporal per R. S. O. 143 November 19, 1918, at Camp Mariaux, France.

PATRICK DAVITT, Shawnee, O.
Enlisted August 17, 1917, at New Lexington, O., in Co. H, 7th Ohio Inf. Transferred to Battery D, 134th F. A., October 18,1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. August 1, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class August 2, 1918.

GEORGE R. DEFORREST, 911 W. 3rd St., Barberton, O.
Enlisted September 20, 1917, at Silver Lake, O., and assigned to Battery A. Transferred to Supply Co. per R. S. O. 32, March 15, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 116, October 14, 1918.

ANDREW F. DEMSHAW, Lawndale, O.
Enlisted September 10, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Transferred to Battery B, per R. S. O. 35, September 25, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 51, October 22, 1917. Appointed Private 1st Class October 25, 1917.

CLINTON S. DENTY, 2715 14th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Enlisted July 14, 1917, at Akron, O.

JAMES DONALDSON, 2 Teulon St., Kirkdale, Liverpool, England.
Enlisted September 10, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Private 1st Class January 11, 1918. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 89, August 1, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

JOHN RAYMOND DUFF, 110 Coal St., Cuyahoga Falls, O.
Enlisted August 28, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Private 1st Class at Camp Mariaux, France.

WILBUR V. DUNN, 67 W. Broad St., Cuyahoga Falls, O.
Enlisted in Battery B for Border Service. Appointed Sergeant. Appointed to Saumur Artillery Training School for Officers while in France. Attached to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A.

HENRY C. FELTON, 36 Kuder Ave., Akron, O.
Enlisted July 16, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Musician 3rd Class September 11, 1917.

EMERSON C. FISHER, 217 5th St. S. W., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 17, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Musician 3rd Class September 11, 1917.

GEORGE FITZPATRICK, 531 S. Water St., Kent, O.
Enlisted August 2, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Band Sargeant per R. S. O. 27, September 13, 1917.

HENRY A. FLAHARTY, 23 N. West St., Mt. Vernon, O.
Enlisted August 29, 1917, at Columbus Barracks, O. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 48, October 18, 1917.

LAWRENCE L. FLETCHER, 17 Belmont Ave., Mt. Vernon, O.
Enlisted June 2, 1917, at Mt. Vernon, O., in Battery E, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. June 4, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class June 12, 1918.

GEORGE J. FLYNN, 2767 Kirkbridge St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Enlisted with Battery B for Border Service. Appointed Bugler Sergeant at Camp Sheridan, Ala. Transferred to Hqs. Co.

LEO C. FOX, 47 S. Bell St., Columbus, O.
Enlisted June 24, 1916, at Columbus, O., in Battery C, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Bugler June 6, 1917. Transferred to Hq. Co. per R. S. O. 68, May 18, 1918.

HOMER H. FRANKENSTEIN, 1022 Duber Ave. S. W., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 17, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Horseshoer February 6, 1918.

STANLEY K. FRATER,, 516 E. Market St., Akron, O.
Enlisted July 19, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Musician 2nd Class, September 11, 1917. Appointed Band Corporal per R. S. O. 92, August 12, 1918 at Camp de Souge, France.

HAROLD J. FREDERICK, 10517 Orville Ave., Cleveland, O.
Enlisted May 8, 1917, at Cleveland, O., in Hqs. Co., 135th F. A. Appointed Musician 3rd Class July 14, 1917. Transferred to 134th F. A. and assigned to Hqs. Co. November 2, 1917. Appointed Musician 2nd Class November 13, 1917.

JOHN R. FRIEL, Altoona, Pa.
Enlisted June 21, 1916, at Akron, O., in Battery B, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Cook June 21, 1916. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per Bn. S. O. 2, July 10, 1917. Appointed Color Sergeant per R. S. O. 2, August 10, 1917.

CLEO W. FRY, 21 W. BANCROFT St., Toledo O.
Enlisted May 25, 1917, at Camp Perry, O. Appointed Sergeant per R. S. O. 12, August 13, 1917.

EARSLE R. FRYE, 1904 Boulevard, Kenmore, O.
Enlisted July 17, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Band Corporal per R. S. O. 27, September 13, 1917. Appointed Band Sergeant per R. S. O. 92, August 12, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

LOUIS M. GILLESPIE, 338 Atwood Place, Akron, O.
Enlisted June 4, 1917, at Camp Perry, O. Appointed First Sergeant per R. S. O. 2, August 10, 1917.

PERCY A. GIRT, 1639 Bryan Ave., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 25, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Mechanic October 25, 1917.

WILLARD P. GOUDY, 204 4th St. N. E., Canton, O.
Enlisted in July, 1917, at Akron, O.

HUBERT F. GRAGE 625 W. Jefferson St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Inducted into service April 26, 1918, at Fort Wayne, Ind. Transferred from 159 D. B. at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 18, 1918.

HARRY W. GREENBURG, 207 Ash St., Akron, O.
Enlisted in Battery B at Camp Perry, O., June 5, 1917. Appointed Private 1st Class October 26, 1918. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 60, November 8, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. and appointed Sergeant per R. S. O. 24, March 1, 1918. Appointed Reg. Sgt-Major per R. S. O. 58, May 1, 1918.

CLETUS H. GRIFFITH, Oakland, Md.
Enlisted July 13, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Private 1st Class October 25, 1917.

HENRY GRIGSBY, Owensville, Ind.
Inducted into service April 29, 1918, at Princeton, Ind. Transferred from 159 D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 22, 1918.

CLYDE H. GRIMM, Smithfield, Pa.
Enlisted August 28, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Musician 3rd Class September 11, 1917. Appointed Band Corporal per R. S. O. 61, November 13, 1917. Reduced to Private at his own request and appointed Musician 1st Class November 19, 1918.

CYRIL A. GUTHRIE, 325 N. Elm St., Bellefontaine, O.
Enlisted June 11, 1917, in Supply Co. Transferred to Hqs. Co. October 13, 1917. Appointed Musician 3rd Class October 13, 1917. Appointed Musician 1st Class, September 5, 1918.

CHESTER L. HABLE, 3021 7th St. S. W., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 17, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Private 1st Class October 25, 1917. Appointed Horseshoer March 6, 1918.

FRANCIS M. HALE, Russell Springs, Ky.
Inducted into service April 26, 1918, at Jamestown, Ky. Transferred from 159 D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 17, 1918.

MARTIN D. HANEY, Plain City, O.
Enlisted June 22, 1916, at Columbus, O., in Battery C, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 28, September 28, 1917.

WILLIAM E. HARLOR, 1504 Oak St., Columbus, O.
Enlisted August 16, 1915, at Briggsdale, O., in Battery C, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Bugler June 23, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 56, November 5, 1917.

WILLIAM G. HARRIS, 783 Upson St., Akron, O.
Enlisted July 14, 1917 at Akron, O. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 47, October 18, 1917.

ERSKINE A. HART.
Enlisted April 16, 1917, at Dayton, O., in Battery D, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918. Appointed Private 1st Class August 1, 1918.

JOHN W. HAUCK, 1325 DeBarr St., Louisville, Ky.
Enlisted September 4, 1917, at Silver Lake, O.

WALTER G. HEIDEN, 1515 W. 19th St., Anderson, Ind.
Inducted into service April 25, 1918. Transferred from 159th D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Battery C, 134th F. A., May 19, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co. August 1, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class August 2, 1918.

GABRIEL HIRSCH, 115 W. Ray St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Inducted into service April 26, 1918. Transferred from 159th D. B. at Camp Taylor Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 17, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class August 1, 1918.

WILBUR E. HOFFMAN, 1006 Greenfield Ave. S. W., Canton, O.
Enlisted September 24, 1917, at Silver Lake, O., Appointed Mechanic October 12, 1917.

OVID E. HOOD, 2622 Columbus Ave., Anderson, Ind.
Inducted into service April 25, 1918. Transferred from 159th D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 22, 1918.

MARK W. HOUSER, 318 W. Baird Ave., Barberton, O.
Enlisted July 16, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Band Corporal per R. S. O. 27, September 13, 1917.

ROY C. HOUSER, 229 N. Balliet St., Frackville, Pa.
Inducted into service June 17, 1918, and assigned to F. A. R. D. at Camp Jackson, S. C. August 15, 1918. Joined Hqs. Co., 134th F. A. at Milliery, France, October 15, 1918.

H. A. HOWELL, 255 Union St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.
Enlisted August 28, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Private 1st Class April 10, 1918. Appointed Corporal at Camp Stuart, Va., March, 1919.

HENRY G. HUDSON, Petros, Tenn.
Enlisted September 10, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Assigned to Battery B, 134th F. A., September 15, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918. Appointed Private 1st Class August 1, 1918.

GLENN K. HUNSINGER, 209 W. Ray St., St., Oxford O.
Enlisted June 4, 1917, in Battery D, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Private 1st Class November 1, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 45, March 27, 1919.

HERBERT L. HUPRICH, 843 S. Market St., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 25, 1917, at Akron, O.

HERBERT W. HUTCHINSON, 167 Chirnell St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Enlisted July 17, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Musician 2nd Class September 11, 1917.

PERCY W. JACKSON, 1513 Duber Ave. S. W., Canton, O.
Enlisted June 5, 1917, at Camp Perry, O., in Battery B, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Private 1st Class October 26, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 89, August 1, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

RHUE JACKSON, Owensburg, Ind.
Inducted into service April 29, 1918. Transferred from 159th D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 19, 1918.

ALEXANDER D. JEFFERSON, R. D. No. 2, Moundsville, W. Va.
Enlisted July 13, 1917, at Akron, O.

GARRETT C. JOACHIM, 67 Cole St., Cuyahoga Falls, O.
Enlisted July 16, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Musician 3rd Class September 11, 1917. Appointed Musician 1st Class September 5, 1918.

JOHN R. JONES, 98 N. Front St., Cuyahoga Falls, O.
Enlisted July 13, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Cook October 2, 1917. Appointed Mess Sergeant per R. S. O. 94, August 14, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

PAUL M. JONES, 847 W. Main St., Ravenna, O.
Enlisted June 22, 1916, at Akron, O., in Battery B, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 23, September 14, 1917. Appointed Private 1st Class August 1, 1918. Appointed Courier.

JAMES P. JUDGE, 112 W. North St., Akron, O.
Enlisted July 15, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Band Sergeant per R. S. O. 40, October 4, 1917. Reduced to Private at his own request per R. S. O. 89, August 1, 1918.

LORIN E. KIRTLEY, 50 Spruce St., Akron, O.
Enlisted July 14, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 23, September 7, 1917. Appointed Sergeant per R. S. O. 5, January 19, 1918. Appointed Bn. Sgt.-Major per R. S. O. 100, September 1, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

IRA KLINGENSMITH, Duvall, O.
Enlisted March 7, 1918, at Columbus Barracks, O., and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., at Camp Sheridan, Ala., March 12, 1918. Appointed Private 1st Class October 23, 1918.

FREEMONT R. KNICK, 2510 S. F St., Elwood, Ind.
Inducted into service April 25, 1918. Transferred from 159th D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 21, 1918.

EMIL KROLL, 606 Howard St., Hammond, Ind.
Inducted into service April 27, 1918. Transferred from 159th D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Battery C, 134th F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 89, August 1, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class August 2, 1918.

GEORGE J. LARKO, 1391 Curtiss St. So. Akron, O.
Enlisted July 17, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Musician 3rd Class September 11, 1917. Appointed Musician 2nd Class September 5, 1918.

WALTER P. LASH, 917 Duber Ave. S. W., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 18, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 47, October 18, 1917. Appointed Sergeant per R. S. O. 72, June 1, 1918.

JOSEPH J. LAUER, Ottoville, O.
Enlisted July 23, 1917, in Co. M, 2nd Ohio Inf. Transferred to Co. K, 146th Inf., October 25, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., November, 1917.

CARL F. LOEWENDICK, 406 W. Church St., Newark, O.
Enlisted May 21, 1917, in Battery C, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Private 1st Class December 1, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 89, August 1, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class August 2, 1918.

EDWARD W. LONG, 731 Union Ave. S. W., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 24, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Private 1st Class November 26, 1917. Appointed Saddler March 20, 1918.

HARLEY L. LONG, Lawndale, O.
Enlisted July 17, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Band Leader per R. S. O. 27, September 13, 1917.

GUY H. LONG, 1651 Van Buren St., Louisville, Ky.
Enlisted September 6, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Cook June 12, 1918.

LAWRENCE L. LONG, Lawndale, O.
Enlisted July 17, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Musician 1st Class September 11, 1917.

OLIVER LONGEST, Vincennes, Ind.
Inducted into service April 29, 1918. Transferred from 159 D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 19, 1918.

JOHN J. MACK, 366 Fulton St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Enlisted June 29, 1916, in Battery A, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 28, September 14, 1917.

KARL H. MACK, 50 S. Eureka Ave., Columbus, O.
Enlisted June 1, 1917, in Battery C, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Bugler December 18, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 92, August 10, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class August 13, 1918.

NORMAN S. MACK, 50 S. Eureka Ave., Columbus, O.
Enlisted June 1, 1917, in Battery C, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 2, August 10, 1917.

LEO T. MANLEY, 1402 Scoville Ave. S. W., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 17, 1917. Appointed Musician 3rd Class September 12, 1917. Transferred to Battery B as Private per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 73, June 4, 1918. Appointed Musician 3d Class June 12, 1918.

ELMER C. MARKHOFER, 327 E. 5th St., Jasper, Ind.
Inducted into service April 26, 1918. Transferred from 159th D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Battery A, 134th F. A., May 17, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 79, June 18, 1918.

FRANK J. MARLEY, 1934 Bainbridge St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Inducted into service May 31, 1918, and assigned to F. A. R. D. at Camp Jackson, S. C., June 8, 1918. Joined Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., at Millery, France, October 15, 1918.

ROBERT S. MERRELL, 165 N. Prospect St., Ravenna, Ohio.
Enlisted May 3, 1917, in Battery B, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 58, November 5, 1917. Transferred to Battery D per R. S. O. 10, January 24, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 84, July 19, 1918.

LAWRENCE C. MERTZ, 809 S. Erie St., Toledo, O.
Enlisted May 28, 1917, at Camp Perry, O. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 2, August 11, 1917. Appointed Sergeant per R. S. O. 38, October 1, 1917. Appointed Bn. Sgt.-Major at Camp de Souge, France, per R. S. O. 89, August 1, 1918.

EMLYN S. MEYLER, 804 Meridian Ave., N. Anderson, Ind.
Inducted into service April 25, 1918. Transferred from 159th D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 21, 1918.

CHARLES H. MILLER, 104 Arch St., Akron, O.
Enlisted September 5, 1917, at Silver Lake, O.

DONALD H. MILLER, 697 W. Market St., Akron, O.
Enlisted November 15, 1915, in Battery B, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Supply Co. per R. S. O. 7, January 17, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918.

RALPH R. MILLER, 14 Williard St., E. Akron, O.
Enlisted July 14, 1917. Appointed Private 1st Class October 25, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 72, June 1, 1917.

ROBERT W. MILLER, 40 S. 3rd St., Columbus, O.
Enlisted October 5, 1917, in Battery B, 134th F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918. Appointed Private 1st Class August 1, 1918.

EARL C. MOORE, 1528 Creston Rd., Cambridge O.
Enlisted July 24, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Private 1st Class October 25, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 100, September 1, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France

WILLIAM F. MOORE, 54 S. Water St., Cuyahoga Falls, O.
Enlisted July 13, 1917, at Akron, O., Appointed Private 1st Class October 25, 1917. Appointed Cook November 26, 1917.

JOHN J. MULLANE, 1622 School St., Rockford, Ill.
Inducted into service June 24, 1918, and assigned to 156 D. B. at Camp Jackson, S. C. Joined Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., at Millery, France, October 15, 1918.

GEORGE W. MYERS, 468 Carthage Ave., Kent, O.
Enlisted April 28, 1917, at Ravenna, O., in Co. M, 10th Ohio Inf. Transferred to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., per D. S. O. 90, November 29, 1917. Appointed Musician 3rd Class February 12, 1918. Appointed Band Corporal per R. S. O. 92, August 12, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

ROBERT D. MYERS, 751 Brown St., Akron, O.
Enlisted September 6, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Private 1st Class October 25, 1917.

VIRGIL C. McAVOY, R. F. D. No. 8, Parkersburg, W. Va.
Enlisted August 28, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Private 1st Class January 11, 1918. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 72, June 1, 1918.

FRANK McCOY, Bangor, Me.
Joined Hqs. Co. in France from a Replacement Regiment.

BYRON R. McELWEE, New Albany, O.
Enlisted May 29, 1917, in Battery C, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Private 1st Class July 20, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 89, August 1, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class August 2, 1918.

GILBERT O. McQUAID, 239 S. Warren St., Columbus, O.
Enlisted May 1, 1915, in Battery C, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Corporal September 20, 1916. Appointed Sergeant May 11, 1917. Appointed First Sergeant November 22, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. and appointed Color Sergeant per R. S. O. 89, August 1, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

EDWIN A. NEUBARTH, 330 Wall St., c|o Mr. A. L. Neubarth, Chico, Cal.
Enlisted December 4, 1916, in Hqs. Co., 2nd Cal. Inf. Transferred to Hqs. Co., 159th Inf., December 26, 1917. Transferred to 84th Div., Camp Taylor, Ky., March 8, 1918. Transferred to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co. 134th F. A., May 17, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class June 12, 1918. Appointed Musician 2nd Class, September 5, 1918.

MILLER J. NEWTON, Morrow, O.
Enlisted May 14, 1917, in Battery D, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hq. Co. per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 146, December 1, 1918.

MAX S. NIEDBALSKI, 3914 E. 66th St., Cleveland, O.
Enlisted. Transferred to Hqs. Co. from Supply Co. per S. O. 23, February 11, 1919, and appointed Private 1st Class.

JOHN M. NUCKOLS, 25½ W. 2nd St., Dayton, O.
Enlisted April 16, 1917, in Battery D, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918.

LESTER C. OLINGER, 807 Rex Ave. N. E., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 14, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Private 1st Class September 6, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 47, October 18, 1917.

GEORGE L. PAGE, Indianapolis, Ind.
Inducted into service April 26, 1918. Transferred from 159th D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Battery C, 134th F. A., May 18, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 89, August 1, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class August 2, 1918.

GEORGE W. POINTS, 72 Dodge Ave., Akron, O.
Enlisted September 14, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 47, October 18, 1917. Appointed Stable Sergeant per R. S. O. 72, June 1, 1918.

STARLING J. POPE, 24 N. Balch St., Akron, O.
Inducted into service July 24, 1918, and assigned to 156th D. B. at Camp Jackson, S. C., July 26, 1918. Joined Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., at Millery, France, October 15, 1918.

LOUIS PURSIAN, 598 E. Elm St., Wabash, Ind.
Inducted into service April 26, 1918. Transferred from 159th D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 17, 1918.

ELMER W. RADABAUGH, 1019 Monroe St., Nashville, Tenn.
Inducted into service June 17, 1918, and assigned to F. A. R. D., Camp Jackson, S. C., June 26, 1918. Joined Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., at Millery, France, October 15, 1918.

HARRY R. RAINES, 221 Institute Place, Chicago, Ill.
Enlisted February 11, 1918, and assigned to Hqs. Co., 136th F. A., at Camp Sheridan, Ala. Transferred to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., October 4, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class November 3, 1918.

RALPH RENNER, 911 Camden Ave., S. W., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 24, 1917, at Akron, O.

RUSSELL RENNER, R. F. D. No. 1, North Canton, O.
Enlisted July 25, 1917. Appointed Cook September 6, 1917. Reduced to Private at his own request November 26, 1917. Appointed Cook August 14, 1918.

EDWARD C. L. RESENER, 1631 Park Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Inducted into service April 25, 1918, and assigned to 159th D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky. Transferred to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 23, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class June 12, 1918. Appointed Musician 2nd Class, September 5, 1918.

E. C. RETZLER, 709 W. 5th St., Uhrichsville, O.
Enlisted June 27, 1916, in Battery C, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Private 1st Class November 1, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918.

FRED W. REYNOLDS, 603 Chestnut St., Coshocton, O.
Enlisted April 28, 1917, in Battery D, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918.

DAVID E. RHODES, R. D. No. 14, Mt. Vernon, Ind.
Inducted into service April 29, 1918. Transferred from 159th D. B. at Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 17, 1918.

MORGAN A. RINGO, c|o Goodyear Rubber Co., Akron, O.
Enlisted in Hqs. Co. Appointed Sergeant. Transferred to Motor Training School while at Camp de Souge, France. Transferred back to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A.

RUSSELL ROOKSTOOL, Arcanum, O.
Enlisted July 3, 1917, in Battery D, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. and appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 39, October 2, 1917. Appointed Sergeant per R. S. O. 3, January 6, 1918.

GEORGE H. ROOS, 45 Woodland, Akron, O.
Enlisted July 24, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 23, 1917.

FRANK H. SCHELLIN, 830 Sumner St., Akron, O.
Enlisted July 13, 1917. Appointed Private 1st Class September 6, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 4, January 8, 1918.

ALVIN F. SCHMITT, 202 S. Front St., Cuyahoga Falls, O.
Enlisted August 28, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Private 1st Class January 3, 1918. Appointed Cook May 2, 1918.

ADAM J. SCHULTZ, 329 S. 7th Ct., Cuyahoga Falls, O.
Enlisted August 28, 1917. Appointed Private 1st Class August 1, 1918.

HERBERT H. SCHULTZ, 821 Avon St., Akron, O.
Enlisted January 5, 1918, at Ft. Thomas, Ky. Assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., February 12, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class March 1, 1918. Appointed Band Corporal per R. S. O. 92, August 12, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

JAMES SECCOMBE, 1210 4th St. S. W., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 17, 1917, at Akron, O.

HOWARD A. SENN, 70 Payne Ave., Cuyahoga Falls, O.
Enlisted July 16, 1917. Appointed Private 1st Class, August 1, 1918.

WILLIAM McK. SHARP, Salineville, O.
Enlisted July 30, 1917. Transferred to Battery B, September 16, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. May 4, 1918. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 89, August 1, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

WILLIAM E. SHEIL, 1209 12th St. N. E., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 24, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Private 1st Class September 6, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 47, October 18, 1917. Appointed Sergeant per R. S. O. 58, May 1, 1918. Appointed Supply Sergeant June 2, 1918.

BOYD SICKAFOOSE, South Whitney, Ind.
Enlisted July 16, 1917. Appointed Musician 3rd Class September 11, 1917. Appointed Musician 2nd Class September 5, 1918.

RALPH H. SLEFFEL, Columbus, O.
Enlisted June 30, 1916, in Battery C, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Bugler January 23, 1917. Appointed Sgt.-Bugler per R. S. O. 70, May 21, 1918.

GEORGE C. SLEICHER, Eddyville, Neb.
Enlisted June 10, 1918, at Ft. Logan, Neb., and assigned to F. A. R. D., Camp Jackson, S. C., June 14, 1918. Joined Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., at Millery, France, October 15, 1918.

CHESTER D. SMITH, State St., R. D. No. 32, Barberton, O.
Enlisted July 17, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Musician 3rd Class September 11, 1917.

LAWRENCE SMITH, R. F. D. No. 7, Canton, O.
Enlisted July 15, 1917. Appointed Band Corporal per R. S. O. 27, September 13, 1917.

EDWIN O. SPINNER, Lincoln City, Ind.
Inducted into service April 28, 1918. Transferred from 159th D. B., Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Battery A, 134th F. A., May 22, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 89, August 1, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class, Aug. 2, 1918

WALDO F. STEPHENS, Delaware, O., Sunbury Pike.
Inducted into service at Camp Sheridan, Ala., May 10, 1917. Appointed Private 1st Class August 1, 1918. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 107, September 18, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

PAUL B. SUTTON, Crooksville, O.
Enlisted July 3, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 48, October 18, 1917.

EARL E. TAYLOR, 428 Brunner St., Akron, O.
Enlisted July 14, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Private 1st Class August 1, 1917 Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 45, March 27, 1919.

FLOYD W. TAYLOR, 300 W. Center St., Akron, O.
Enlisted July 15, 1917. Transferred to Battery D, 134th F. A., per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co.

FRANCIS M. THAYER, Lafayette, O.
Inducted into service July 24, 1918, and assigned to 156th D. B. at Camp Jackson, S. C., July 27, 1918. Joined Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., at Millery, France, October 15, 1918.

GEORGE L. THOMAS, 1280 Central Ave., Zanesville, O.
Enlisted July 13, 1917. Transferred to Battery C. September 15, 1917. Transferred to Hqs. Co. November 20, 1918.

GEORGE L. THOMPSON, Moorehead, Minn.
Enlisted July 5, 1917, at Cleveland, O., in Battery B, 1st O. F. A. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 23, September 14, 1917. Appointed Private 1st Class October 25, 1917.

WILLIAM H. TRIMMER, 8004 Cory Ave., Cleveland, O.
Enlisted September 10, 1917, at Silver Lake, O.

FLOYD L. TRUMP, 1015 Liberty Ave., Alliance, O.
Enlisted July 30, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 47, October 18, 1917.

HUBERT M. TUSSEY, McAlerys Fort, Huntingdon County, Pa.
Inducted into service July 24, 1918, and assigned to 156th D. B., Camp Jackson, S. C., July 25, 1918. Joined Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., at Millery, France, October 15, 1918.

DONALD M. VANCE, 160 W. Winter St., Delaware, O.
Inducted into service March 4, 1918, having enlisted in June, 1917, in the Calif. N. G. Assigned to Battery C, 134th F. A., March 25, 1918. Transferred to Hqs. Co. per R. S. O. 60, May 4, 1918. Appointed Musician 3rd Class August 1, 1918.

ALBERT W. WAGNER, 1168 Oakwood Ave., Toledo, O.
Enlisted May 28, 1917, at Camp Perry, O. Appointed Sergeant per R. S. O. 12, August 12, 1917. Appointed Reg. Sgt.-Major August 1, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

CLARENCE L. WALKER, 92 Brick St., Cuyahoga Falls, O.
Enlisted November 15, 1915, in Battery B, 1st O. F. A. Appointed Cook November 1, 1916. Transferred to Hqs. Co. and appointed Mess Sergeant per R. S. O. 25, September 25, 1917. Relieved as Mess Sergeant and appointed Duty Sergeant August, 1918.

GARRETT M. WALKER, Albion, Ill.
Enlisted June 4, 1918, at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and assigned to F. A. R. D., Camp Jackson, S. C., June 7, 1918. Joined Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., at Millery, France, October 15, 1918.

HENRY E. WAMSLEY, Arthur, Ill.
Enlisted July 18, 1917, at Akron, O. Appointed Band Sergeant per R. S. O. 27, September 13, 1917. Appointed Sgt.-Bugler per R. S. O. 40, October 4, 1917. Appointed Asst. Band Leader per R. S. O. 70, May 21, 1918.

DWIGHT L. WATSON, 302 Young Ave. S. E., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 14, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 47, October 18, 1917.

JOSEPH H. WERNERT, 419 Vance St., Toledo, O.
Enlisted May 28, 1917, at Camp Perry, O. Appointed Sergeant per R. S. O. 12, August 15, 1917.

ALBERT B. WHALEN, 474 Kling St., Akron, O.
Enlisted September 5, 1917. Appointed Private 1st Class October 25, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 89, August 1, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

RALPH O. WHITACRE, 1266 Cottage Place N. W., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 14, 1917. Appointed Private 1st Class September 6, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 47, October 18, 1917. Appointed Sergeant per R. S. O. 100, September 1, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

JOHN W. WIEBELT, R. D. No. 1, Box No. 96, Ravenna, O.
Enlisted August 28, 1918, at Silver Lake, O.

JOHN J. WILDERMAN, 60 Centennial St., Grortburg, Ind.
Enlisted July 19, 1917. Appointed Musician 3rd Class September 11, 1917.

EDMUND S. WILHELM, Justus, O.
Enlisted September 3, 1917, at Silver Lake, O. Appointed Private 1st Class October 25, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 24, March 1, 1918. Appointed Color Sgt. per R. S. O. 45, March 27, 1918.

JAMES H. WILLIAMS, Dudley, Ill.
Inducted into service April 27, 1918. Transferred from 159 D. B., Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 17, 1918.

LLOYD M. WILLIAMS, 564 S. Ohio Ave., Columbus, O.
Enlisted May 28, 1917, at Camp Perry, O. Appointed Private 1st Class October 25, 1917.

ATLEE WISE, 1011 W. Market St., Akron, O.
Enlisted in Battery B for Border Service. Appointed to Saumer Artillery Training Camp for Officers. Transferred to Hqs. Co.

HARRY E. WISE, 715 Harrison Ave. S. W., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 16, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 47, October 18, 1917.

RALPH E. WISE, 715 Harrison Ave. S. W., Canton, O.
Enlisted July 14, 1917. Appointed Corporal per R. S. O. 47, October 18, 1917.

DANIEL WOOTEN, Wooten, Ky.
Inducted into service April 26, 1918. Transferred from 159th D. B., Camp Taylor, Ky., to 37th Div. and assigned to Hqs. Co., 134th F. A., May 17, 1918.

ARTHUR A. WOWRA, 143 Range St., Barberton, O.
Enlisted July 16, 1917, at Akron, O.

HARRY W. YOUNG, 1005 W. Duncannon St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Enlisted November 6, 1917, at Camp Sheridan, Ala. Appointed Musician 1st Class November 13, 1917. Appointed Band Sgt. per R. S. O. 92, August 12, 1918, at Camp de Souge, France.

IRA D. ZEIGLER, 331 Spring St., Middletown, O.
Enlisted July 13, 1917. Appointed Private 1st Class August 1, 1918.

The olive branch now sways beside the valiant lily,
The mighty eagle now floats proudly home across the sea,
The world enlightened with a radiance dearly paid for,
The dawn of peace eternal, life, prosperity.

SECTION V

Personal Diary