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Ohio Doughboys in Italy

The Prince of Wales and Colonel William Wallace

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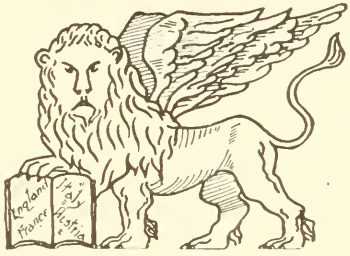

The regimental insignia made at Milan and subsequently furnished the 332nd Regiment, bears the famous Lion of St. Mark.

St. Mark, who is known as "The Historian of the Resurrection," is the patron saint of Venice, and the "Lion of St. Mark" is his symbol. It is an appropriate symbol, since people in the Middle Ages believed the cub of a lioness was always born dead and after three days the lioness infused breath into the cub. This awakening typified the Resurrection. Since the angels, who are messengers of heaven, are represented as having wings, the lion is winged and represents one who bears good tidings. St. Mark's body was brought from Alexandria, Egypt, about 828 A. D.

It was altogether fitting that the 332nd Infantry, whose field of military operations was almost entirely in the Province of Venezia (Venice), should adopt this symbol as its official regimental insignia.

Ohio Doughboys in Italy

Reminiscences of the 332d Infantry

INTRODUCTION

The 332nd Infantry was mobilized at Camp Sherman (Sept. 7, 1917, to Nov. 18, 1917) and trained at Camp Perry, sailing on the "Aquitania" from New York (June 8, 1918), arriving at Liverpool, June 15, 1918. The outfit proceeded immediately to Southampton; the next day, to Le Havre; then through Paris and Foulain to Mandres. Here the regiment was reviewed by General Pershing and President Poincaire on June 23, 1918; and by the Chief of Staff of the Belgian Army on June 26, 1918. On July 26, 1918, the organization left for duty in Italy.

The debacle of Capporetto, which drove the Italian Army across Vittorio Venetia to the western banks of the Piave River, was one of the disasters of the World War to the Allied cause. Although France and England felt its indirect results, Italy was to bear the full brunt in the loss of territory, men and munitions. But uneasiness in the Allied Councils was at once manifest over the lowered morale of the Italian Army and civilians. German propaganda, before the drive of the Central Powers into Italy, had helped bring about the defeat at Capporetto and nearly lost to Hun vandalism the treasured city of Venice. The Germans planned their propaganda in masterly fashion and much better than usual. It was well timed, for at the moment many Italians were ready to believe anything was preferable to a continuance of mouldy war bread and macaroni "slum."

Socialism and anti-war feeling (before Italy joined the Allied forces) were strongly intrenched from toe to strap of the Italian boot. Continued warfare, with its irksome penalties produced in the minds of the discontented, a feeling of war-weariness like that which overthrew the Russian giant. German propaganda guns were turned toward this vulnerable morale salient in the Italian nation. Then followed Capporetto, and beguilers and beguiled were in the state of self-satisfaction which gave them the seeming right to shout: "I told you so." So lowered was Italian morale that every one who understood the situation was worried lest still darker times might follow.

The Italian Minister of War had a happy thought. At a meeting of the Supreme War Council, in Paris, February 6, 1918, he asked Pershing to send a battalion of Americans to Italy. A battalion was all he requested—not for the strength a battalion might exert in a military way, but for bolstering up the weak-kneed in the Italian Army and civilian population. The Italian Minister strongly urged that such American units be sent directly to an Italian port as tangible proof of the co-operation of the American nation. He was certain that the effect would be electrical upon all classes in Italy, especially the large number of Italian Americans who had returned to their native soil

Pershing evidently thought well of the proposal, and cabled asking for instructions. Four months later, he received from Washington the following cablegram:

> "Reference to shipment of one regiment of American Infantry to Italy, the Secretary of War directs that you ship one regiment from your command for that purpose....."

Italy had asked for one battalion and received three—a regiment. Why not a division? This question is answered by the battle map of France, in June, 1918. Every ounce of manhood and material was then needed to save Paris, France, and the Allied Cause.

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Between June 4 and 21, the 83rd Ohio National Army Division arrived in France. Then quickly followed the 37th (Buckeye) National Guard Division, which began to debark June 23. July saw Ohio well represented on the rain-sodden fields of France. Men of Ohio in the Regular Divisions had previously fought at Cantigny and on the Marne, and now the flower of Ohio manhood had added its greater quota to the Cause.

The 83rd, as a Division, was soon "out of luck." Pershing ordered it split into fragments, sending the greater part to other divisions as replacements,—all except the 332nd Regiment of Infantry under the command of Colonel William J. Wallace, and the 331st Field Hospital Company. To use official language, that regiment and the Field Hospital Company were ordered "shipped" to Italy.

In civilian life, everything from mules to potatoes is shipped; humanity is not usually considered freight or cargo. In the army it is different; men in O. D. go under the same mental bill of lading as do bales, boxes and crates. One is half persuaded that the reporter who made a blunder by referring to the famous "Pullman" cars of France as being labelled "8 Chevaux and 40 Hommes" was a former S. O. S. man. Men and horses were alike to him. But then one must not be too hard on the fine fellows who arranged the round trip of the 332nd from America to France and Italy, and home again.

The 332nd was selected by Pershing as the most available. It was necessary, as he cabled Washington, to select from the 83rd Division; all other Divisions were either in the battle line or completing arrangements to be placed in the front. Hence the 83rd was used as a replacement division, less the Regiment of Infantry and 331st Field Hospital Company which were designated for service in Italy.

During the time between the Italian requests and the actual detail of the 332nd, the Chief of the American Military Mission to Italy, Major General Eben Swift, had been busily engaged in a survey for a suitable American Military Base in Italy. During the latter part of June, 1918, investigations of conditions at Parma, Borgo, S. Domino and Fiorenzuela had been conducted. Of these Parma presented the best possibilities, but was discounted on account of the already overcrowded condition among the Italian soldiers temporarily billeted there.

On July 23, the Italian War Ministry had tentatively decided upon Savona as a disembarking port and Cantalupo as a supply base, but in forwarding that decision General Swift stated that if only a regiment of Americans arrived a separate supply base would be unnecessary.

Preparations had also been made in advance for ambulance service, as may be seen by the following instructions issued to the Chief of the United States Army Ambulance Service with Italian Army.

"The 332nd Infantry, accompanied by the 331st Field Hospital Company of the American Expeditionary forces, will soon be sent to Italy for duty.

"No ambulances are being sent with these troops. It is desired that you take steps to ascertain from the proper Italian authorities the date of arrival and destination of the above-mentioned organizations and prepare to supply them during their stay in Italy with such ambulance service as they may require. At least one of your sections should be permanently attached to the Field Hospital."

July 25th found the Regiment en route to Italy by rail. Upon arrival in Italy, the troops were hurrahed and cheered and then billeted in various places, in accordance with the joint plans arranged by the American and Italian military authorities.

Some were sent to Villafranca, others to Custoza and the balance were billeted in Summacompaqua. The quarters in those places may have been satisfactory to the Italians, but the men of Ohio had no relish for the incommodious and generally unsatisfactory living conditions. Consequently Colonel Wallace requested a transfer to better quarters, and the regiment soon found itself in Vallegio. Here they were provided with an entirely new camp equipment and rationed with a full allowance of food. This was a notable achieve-

ment on the part of the Italians, since their own troops were on a scanty meat ration. But the Americans were to be made welcome and as happy as possible under the circumstances.

At Vallegio, the 332nd underwent an intensive training program under Major Allegretti. This officer, who was most popular with the Americans, commanded the shock troops, the Arditti, of the Italians. The character of training soon revealed the main purpose of the American troops in Italy, namely, to build up the morale of the Italians, and as a corollary, destroy that of the Austrians.

During the training period the officers of the 332nd made frequent observation visits to the front lines, where they created a sensation for friend and foe alike. Officers only remained for a short time on these visits, when they were withdrawn and others sent up on like missions. The idea was to create the impression that there was a vast body of American troops in Italy. This checkerboard movement was later extended to the companies of the Regiment.

In the early part of October, the 2nd Battalion of the 332nd, under the command of Major William G. Everson, moved into camp just north of the Treviso. During the month the remainder of the regiment left Vallegio and marched to Treviso, where they intrenched. At this point the Italians held one side of the Piave River, where it flowed between the Carnic Alps, while the opposite side was held by the Austrians. Definitely located at Treviso, the Regiment began its gruelling grind of the hardening process.

Inasmuch as the Americans had been billeted and living more or less easily, and in view of the fact that they were about to enter into a drive that would require extreme hardihood to stand the rigors of long forced marches under full equipment, it was deemed expedient by the Italians to harden the men to what they might expect in action.

Consequently daily hikes were started under full equipment. They ranged from 10 kilometres to, finally, 25 kilometres. Each battalion was given a different route and received orders to so time its march as to meet the other two battalions at a given time at a given spot.

The orders were that every man should go on these hikes, but a guard to be left at quarters. In one instance a certain captain was ordered to take men over the ground covered the day before because the men were in excess of the number permitted to remain behind, and missed the hike.

The value of these hikes was amply proved later in the Big Push when the men marched as high as 42 kilometres in one day under full pack.

ITALIAN BATTLE PLANS.

The Italians were massing for the attack which was to be conducted according to the following plan:

"In the section from the Swiss border down to the Adige River, no definite movement was to be undertaken. In the sector between the Adige and the Brenta sufficient activity was to be undertaken to occupy the territory held by the enemy's troops in this sector and prevent their being shifted to more seriously threatened points. Between the Brenta and the Piave the advance was to be sufficiently far to occupy the commanding heights in this sector and to cut off communications from Feltre to the Asiago Plateau. The main movement was to center about the Eighth Italian Army in the region of Montello.

"Across the Piave and to the north of Montello there is a prominent ridge of hills rising from the Piave near Sernaglia to an altitude of twelve to fourteen hundred feet and running northeast toward Vittoria. Much of the Austrian artillery was located on the south face of this ridge and on some lower hills just west of the Conegliano. The ridge is reached by only two good roads, one in the vicinity of Soligo and the other from Conegliano to Tanzo, which, the plan contemplated, were to be destroyed and made impassable by artillery fire from the vicinity of Montebello. The only other means of retreat for the Austrian Army troops located South of this ridge was round to the south point of the hill or through Vittorio.

The Twelfth Army was to advance on Vittorio and close the egress in this direction, when it was hoped that a large part of the artillery and the troops in this sector would be cut off and captured. The Tenth Army was to hold the line, Conegiano southeast to the river and when securely in position, the Third Army was to cross and move the northeast toward Pardenone.

"Crossing was to be made over a series of sixteen foot-bridges and eight wagon-bridges between Vidor and Nervessa, with additional bridges in the vicinity of Papadopoli Island for the Tenth Army, and some to the north of Vidor for the crossing of the Twelfth Army. All the bridges between Vidor and Nervessa were broken the first day by the current or the Austrian artillery fire and they were unable to replace them. Many of the bridges to the north and south of this sector were also destroyed during the day and replaced during the night, which accounts for the modification in the plan of advance from that contemplated in the original plan.

"A division or more of cavalry was to be crossed over the fords in the vicinity of Popodopoli Island for use in the plain country to the north of Pardeonone."

Such were the plans of the Italian command. In the main they were followed out, but in subsequent paragraphs will be seen where the Big Push was carried off and the variations that were made necessary by the exigencies of battle, especially as they related to the Americans.

The First Three Months in Italy

By Private Walter C. Hart.

On entering Italy with Company "D", our impressions were the same as everybody in the 332nd got since all entered over the same route. Then, too, the receptions tendered us were really meant for the American Army and hence bear great general interest.

Our Company reached and passed the Reyssouse River at Bourg the morning of July 27th. The early hours were chill and damp. From Bourg the route led to Amberieu, where after a half-hour stop, the train backed up to enter the Alpine Pass—the same as was used by ancient conquerors.

The extremity of the Alpine Pass looks down upon the plains of northern Italy—and the memory of that afternoon shall forever remain a cherished recollection in the war annals of every man lucky enough to be there. Above, the Alps!

> The palaces of nature, whose vast walls,
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And thron'd eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
> All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
> Gather around these summits, as to show
> How earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.
>
> —Byron: "Childe Harold."

Aix-les-Bains, that most renowned watering place of Europe, nestling amid Alpine crags on the edge of the beautiful Lake Bourget, was reached at 5:00 p. m. A gorgeous sunlight flooded the mountains and pierced the crystal depths of the lake. Another hour of tingling wonderment and the troop train came to a standstill in cosmopolitan Chambery. Clouds rolled over the mountain sides and soon rain was falling fast.

Within the station area a queer crowd was passing to and fro. Peasant mountaineers, bearing (apparently) all their earthly possessions, jammed the passageways and excitedly jostled their neighbors for the right of fullest personal liberties. Soldiers from all Allied countries stirred through the crowd, some returning from leave, others newly arrived. Chambery is near the heart of France's most attractive scenery. Here was the American Red Cross as though to give the men one last farewell on French soil. Only a short delay, one last glance at the great cross surmounting the highest mountain overlooking the city, and the troops waved its adieu to Chambery. A drizzling rain fell.

The next stop half an hour later was made at Montmelian, nestling in the shadow of Mt. Savoie, Mt. Glazier, and Mt. Montmelian. By this time the rain had ceased. Heavily leaved trees

dripped with water so recently fallen; the atmosphere was charged with the odor of fir and summer flowers.

Here half an hour's delay to wash and clean up permitted some of the men to climb a little hill to a spot where a more commanding view of the mighty snow-covered crags could be had. The scene was an inspiring one. A great trinity of walls rose to the very heavens. "Look," said an English Red Cross nurse, "and if the sun comes out you'll see Mont Blanc." Then as though to gratify the sensibilities of every man, a ray of golden sunset pierced the dark gray mass of clouds wrapping the crest; the clouds dispersed and slowly fell away from the mountain crest, unfolding a crystal shaft sparkling in the golden shaft of light, and the men recalled the words of Byron in Manfred.

> Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
> They crowned him long ago
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow.

The engine shrieked. These pioneering American soldiers scrambled to find their places on the train. Darkness fell fast down in the valley. The train moved in to the night and into the region of never ending snow. A region of eternal ice is cold; it is needless to say this night, the last on the soil of France, was not a comfortable one.

Thirteen lost its unsavory reputation when, on August 13, 1918, the entire 332nd Regiment arose early and marched to a point 1 km. east of Valeggio on the Mincio River. On August 14, camp was completely and carefully pitched. The change from the stuffy and ofttimes crowded conditions prevalent in the villages to an open air camp was welcome; and from now on till their departure from Valeggio this camp and its surroundings brought much pleasure to the men of the 332nd. The spot was picturesque.

Just a little distance to the north the Custoza hills arose, and on their crest could be seen the monument which commemorates the battles of 1859 and 1866 between Austria and Italy, while beyond Custoza the Alps stood in bold relief, occasionally dotted, even in the hottest weather, by snow-covered peaks.

Valeggio itself, one kilometer west, lay around the base of the north side of a hill, rising sheerly 400 ft. from the plain, on the camp side, and dropping abruptly 500 ft. to the Mincio River on the west. An historic looking and age-beaten and medieval castle stood on the summit of the hill, dominating the region for twenty miles in every direction. West of the hill the crystal clear Mincio, taking its water from Lago de Garda, flowed swiftly on its way to the Po. An old Roman bridge spanned the Mincio, a fitting companion for the ruined castle high above. Many successive days the Amex troops marched through Valeggio, and up the hill, then down the other side past the bridge, across the Mincio to a level valley covered with mulberry and grape vine where realistic combat work was executed. To the east and south of the Valeg-

gio camp site extended an almost unbroken level; 12 kms. to the east was Villafranca; 40 kms. to the south was Mantova (Mantua); Lago di Garda was 10 kms. northeast.

A heavy drill schedule began at once. Shade could be found nowhere; the sun's burning rays could not be avoided. The nights spent in the open tents under a boundless sky, glistening with bright stars, amply compensated for the scorching noonday heat.

The Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross, the latter under Miss McIntosh and Mr. (Daddy) Butler, did effective and excellent work for the members of the 332nd. Both organizations did all that was humanly possible to fulfill the hopes of the American public. Their presence brought joy to the men. Their advent here was surely marked with real service.

The troops continued intensive training through the later summer; each man, already overtrained, began hoping that the impending day would soon arrive when the big drive in Italy would begin.

At the close of the day's heavy, and by this time, monotonous drill, the men spent their evenings on the streets and in the small shops of Valeggio, or bathed in the clear, swift waters of the Mincio. The camp life, too, was diversified by Sunday trips to Lago di Garda and Verona.

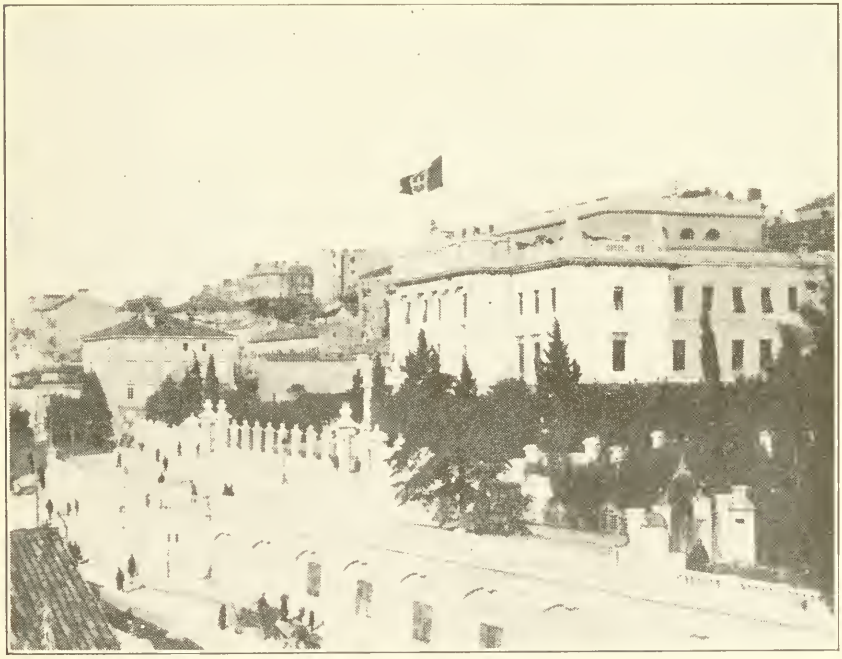
All methods of warfare known to the modern world were presented to the men in a practical way on the bombing range; artillery, flares, gas, shrapnel bombs, gas bombs, smoke bombs, automatic rifles, trench mortars, machine guns, rifle grenades, and liquid fire—all were used in the manoeuvers. By the close of summer these troops were doubtless equal to the most highly trained regiments in the U. S. Army.

In preparation for an international Field Meet under the Military at Rome, meets were arranged to choose the American representatives from the 332nd Infantry and a battalion elimination contest was held on September 3.

Tuesday, Sept. 2, saw the departure from camp of the first American combatant troops on the Italian front; the second battalion went to the Piave lines where they entered the trenches at Varago. The ground where their tents had stood was leveled, along with the streets and clever gravel designs before the tents. From this it was plainly evident that the second battalion would not return to the Valeggio camp, and with this indication there was revived the hope for early action and a change from the depressing influence of constant training. The men were stale and overtrained by severe, intensive drills for long hours every day in the hot sun.

Combat work continued at the range and being of a peculiarly practical nature and free from wearisome "Squads Right" and "Squads Left". This training in actual assault broke the dull monotony of the usual schedule. By this time, in drill and combat,

Band of 332nd Infantry, Venice, Sunday, August 3, 1918.



The Governor's Palace, Fiume, occupied by Allied troops in Nov. 1918; later D'Annunzio's Headquarters.

there was scarcely an infantry movement, or mode of warfare, scarcely a device known to military tactics that had not been tried by the 332nd men.

At Custoza Hill, on the very ground fought over in 1858 and again in 1866 by Austrians and Italians, now marked by two monuments, the regiment entered the trenches and did its first actual trench work overseas. The Custoza region was pitted by trenches and dugouts, and covered with barbed wire entanglements in preparation for any military exigency that might arise from attack by enemy forces from the Trento area. While here the Amex men helped themselves to the grapes in the vicinity of the trenches and as a result, the levy made in equity of this gluttonous act eventually cost each man three lire.

September 12, the regiment suffered a severe blow by the explosion of a Stokes Mortar gun on the Borghetto combat field. when seven officers and men were killed, and almost two score others wounded and mangled. This accident alone took a greater toll of American lives than the actual fighting in the Battle of Vittorio-Veneto.

The Arditi, commanded by Major Allegretti, under whose direction most of the manoeuvers on the combat range were carried out, entertained the 332nd Infantry at a Field Meet in which they demonstrated to their American "Fratelli" their aptitude for, and skill in, athletics.

Marching upon the field at double time they opened their meet by quickly forming a triangular pyramid at the top of which was unfurled the "Stars and Stripes" as their military band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner". This stirring initial event preceded a fast and clever Soccer Game, followed by a Tug-of-War, Races, Jumps, Pole Vault, Hand Springs, and Bomb Throwing Contests.

The command came on Wednesday, October 2, to destroy the gravel designs around the tents, to level the ground, and to fill in the streets of the camp. That night pup tents covered the former camp site now transformed by picks and shovels to a rough area of torn and irregular earth. The men of the 332nd had at last received the long-awaited order to go to the front.

The hike from Valeggio to Villafranca on the afternoon of October 3, was made in ideal weather conditions. At the station there was but a very short delay in entraining, after which the route led eastward toward Verona and the Piave River. Speculation as to the destination was rife. Vicenza was reached and passed; the course proceeded eastward in the darkness broken by flashes of intermittent light on the northern horizon. A dull reverberating roar spread over the plains around; the flashes and the sound spoke plainly of the gigantic struggle for mastery of the Alpine peaks. At 2:30 a. m., October 4, the order, "All out" came. The air was chill; the darkness, intense; the silence, oppressive, except for the sound of heavy artillery wreaking its deadly wrath on the giant walls of Grappa.

The buildings took strange and fantastic shapes in the morn-

ing dark, while the silent uninhabited streets spoke more of death than life. The first battalion marched to large cavalry barracks, a bale of straw was distributed to each squad and in a little time each man lay on the floor in the spot where a few minutes before he had stood in the ranks.

Their senses steeped in sleep; the men did not awake till they were ordered to police the unsanitary camp area at 8:00 a. m. "Where are we?" was on the lips of everyone. "Treviso" came back the answer. No one asked "Where is Treviso?" A glance about made such a query needless.

An Italian guard stood at the gate in the high wall around the barracks. A large drill field lay outside, west of the gate. Across the drill field, 300 yards away, the main highway was filled with troops and supply trains; artillery caissons rolled swiftly forward, drawn by clattering, banging tractors; automobiles bearing Allied officers of various ranks, but all with serious mien, dashed by. Bersaglieri pedaled their way cleverly through the congested areas; small mules borne down with machine guns, ammunition, and supplies, were being fed in the shadow of the trees that lined both sides of the road. Aeroplanes darted low across the terrain, or, circling magnificently, rose steadily upward, seeking the best camouflage the sky and clouds offered. Others came from the shadow of one cloud to disappear in the heavy vapor of another. Austrian airmen manoeuvred warily to outwit their clever Italian enemies. A battery of anti-aircraft guns, concealed almost in the shadow of the barracks, opened fire. There now could be no question about the location of Treviso—this was the Italian front.

The Alps rose in full view to the north. The front lines could easily be discerned by the position of mammoth observation balloons placed at great heights and visible for miles in the direction of both mountains and sea.

* * * * *

Treviso, a flourishing and renowned center in the middle ages, is situated at the conjunction of the Sile River with the Botteniga. Pliny speaks of it very early, however, when, referring to the Sile, he says it flows "ex montibus Travisanis"; that is, from the mountains to the present Municipium at Treviso.

The city is eighteen miles north by west of Venice and is connected with the lagoons at Venice by a canal. The town has a mediaeval appearance with its high walls flanked by bastions, the moat surrounding the walls, and the narrow, colonnaded streets. The imposing 12th Century Cathedral, restored in the 15th century, has five cupolas. The Gothic Church of San Nicols has a curious wooden roof and is adorned in peace time with admirable frescoes. The Borgo Cavour previous to the war had a library of 50,000 volumes and a picture gallery.

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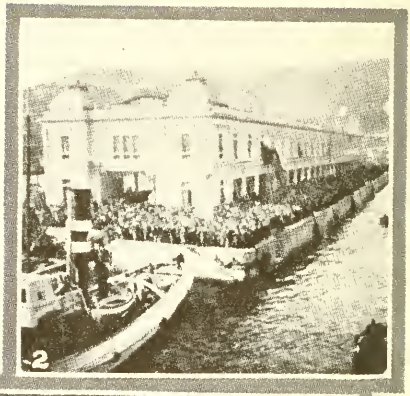
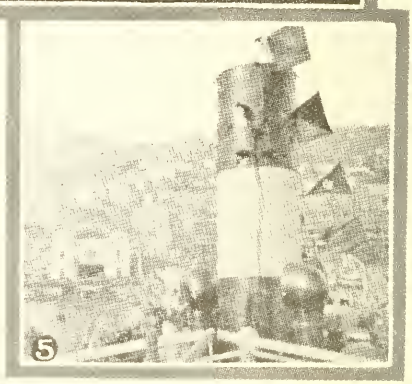
At the time American troops entered the city, it was a scene





HOMEWARD—1. "Goodbye, Miramare". 2. Crowds on pier. 3. Castle of Albert.
4. "Farewell, Genoa". 5. From the mast.

of desolation. The streets were a litter of brick, mortar, and timber; a civilian inhabitant was not to be seen,—it was as though the inhabitants had fled in a night. There were no frescoes in the churches, no books in the libraries, no paintings in the gallery. Everything had been destroyed or carried away. The narrow, silent, and dirty streets heard only the echo of one's footfalls.

The region of Treviso is sacred ground where the Italian soldiers held out so tenaciously against the Germans and Austrians. Here many thousand young heroes voluntarily sacrificed their lives for the redemption and greatness of their country.

Each day it was expected would bring orders to go to the lines. Each day brought its thrill of attempted air raids, of an observation balloon being shot down, wrapped in tongues of flame and clouds of gas smoke.

Monday, October 7, brought a new experience. That day orders came to make packs. This order being executed, the men of the 332nd practiced crossing the swift current of the Sile river in small boats handled by the men themselves. This training, according to report, was in preparation of an assault over the Piave into the face of the enemy on the east bank. In a short time, after several days' practice, the crossing was made safely and quickly. The evening of the same day, a Stand of Colors, the gift of the Italian Colony in New York, was formally presented to the 332nd men assembled in formation on the drill field to receive them.

October 12, Columbus Day, was made notable by a visit of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor. He stirred the hearts of the men by an eloquent plea for the emancipation of millions in the bondage of political slavery, for the enthronement of political righteousness, and he paid fine tribute to the men who fell so gallantly on the bloody Western Front. Mr. Gompers concluded his concise and inspiring address by a magnificent appeal to the men of the 332nd to act courageously in the task they were about to undertake. His assurance that the folks back home were sharing the trials and pains of the age along with their soldiers aroused in the men a more intense enthusiasm to "do something": In the period from June 8 to October 7, the men had not seen or heard the voice of an American citizen. Mr. Gompers, speaking for the American People, bearing his message direct from home, gratified an intense longing.

The Crucial Hour

October 25th the order to pack up was given. The 332d Regiment, equipped for action, assembled upon the drill field; then in squad formation it passed in review before an Italian general. To the dismay of every man, the column swung south toward the barracks, and long before the second and third battalions were through passing in review, the first had entered the courtyard at the "casserna."

At the command, "Unsling packs and await orders," the men threw off their packs in disgust—and waited.

That day passed, night came. Straw piled up in the corners of the buildings and none too sanitary by this time, soon loosely covered the floor where the men threw themselves in no certain way. They lay in all their clothes, packs at their side, waiting the order to move.

332nd Inf. Trench along road.

In the morning the straw was again piled up, packs and equipment slung, and everybody waited. That night the straw was scattered over the floor and another night passed—waiting.

Another day and another night—waiting.

Then another day—but not another night! Out into the drill field, onto the road, in the direction of the front, the long squad column of the 332d Infantry moved silently into the moonless night.

The crucial hour had come! The time for launching the ever-pending attack had arrived. The British, French, and Italians were about to strike from the Alps to the sea, and now the unbreakable spirit of America, the indomitable courage and mighty conviction of one hundred million people, would be represented there by one regiment of infantry the 332d, the same kind of Americans as those, who, on the bloody Western Front, were determining the destiny of empires.

As they marched in the direction of the Grave de Popodapoli, a large island in the Piave, every man of the 332d felt a thrill at the sight before him. An artillery barrage was being laid over the Piave such as never before had been experienced on the Italian Front. Brilliant flashes of light silhouetting the mountains, illuminated the summit of Mt. Grappa, 5500 feet above and twenty-five miles distant. Toward the mouth of the Piave, thirty miles away, mighty flashes of radiant incandescent fire from the Allied naval guns in the Adriatic made a spectacle so appalling that one stood transfixed with awe. The regular and mighty roar of cannon was on every hand. A wall of flame rose on three sides. The 332d advanced toward the river into this inferno of fire and shell. The column halted. A terrific cannonade was going on ahead for possession of the pontoon bridge just erected over the river to the Island Grave de Popodapoli. The enemy planes threatened the bridge, now the center

Road along which 332nd Inf. marched.

of a maelstrom of steel. Allied anti-aircraft guns responded viciously. An observation balloon flashing signals to the artillery, nervously rose and fell as daring enemy planes threatened her safety.

Daylight came and the men of the 332d found they stood at a "Y" road, eight miles northeast of Treviso, in the small village of Varago, now a mass of debris. Every road was carefully camouflaged with every here and there barbed wire entanglements ready to fall on the road at the snap of a wire, while the low areas around were a complete network of barbed wire defense. The roads were choked with men and material waiting to cross the pontoon bridge.

At the spot where Co. "D" waited in this battle choked area, an unusual and interesting shrine, consisting of a crucifix bearing the implements of Christ's torture and death, challenged the forces of combat, and lent to the scene a strangely spiritual touch. Was there good or evil prophecy of coming events in this for the men of Co. "D"?

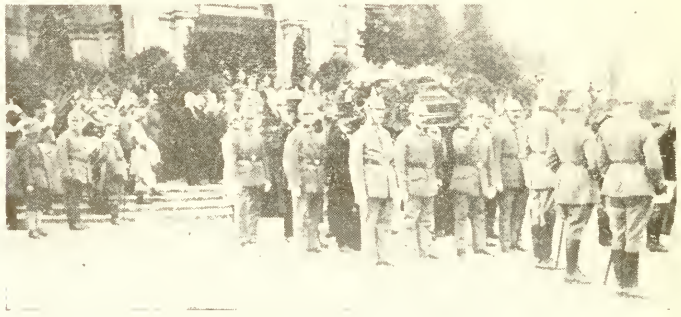
Three times the bridge was destroyed, once by a German aviator and twice by enemy artillery. When daylight came, a hundred planes darted

across the battle areas, or, high above, waited the signal to cross the river.

The 332d awaited orders right in the road. At 5.00 P. M. they came and were "Move into the field and camp." For two days and a half the regiment lay there. The British had attacked across the Grave de Popodapoli with success; this was followed by the Italians on the right and more British on the left. On the morning of October 31 orders came, and the 332d soon was moving over the battle-rocked swamps and dikes on both sides of the Piave.

It took just ten hours to make four kms. over this congested road crowded with wounded prisoners and exhausted forces. The wagons sank deep into the sands of the river bed and thus retarded the animals. Many dead lay in and around the trenches and shell holes of the islands, grim confirmation of the struggle that had taken place.

The column reached the east bank of the river at dusk. The route was along shelled roads and into the little village of Cimadolmo, its buildings gutted with shells or razed to an unseemly heap of stone and



Picture taken from German aviator after his capture showing funeral of some noted German.

mortar. Every little home was deserted; not an inhabitant remained; it was a phantom village. Frequent oaths of condemnation expressed the righteous resentment of the men. The tiring night march continued over shell-torn roads to Vazzolo, where camp was pitched in a field, outposts were established, and the first night over the Piave was spent on terrain just evacuated by a fleeing enemy. Preparation began early the next morning for a continued march. The movement began at 11.00 A. M., November 1. In the early afternoon a small high-diked stream was crossed. Here heavy rear guard action had taken place between the enemy and the British. Many dead, clad in the Austrian field-gray, lay in the fields and in the ditches at the roadside. A fresh mound contained two hundred Austrian dead. Austrian machine gunners lay at every turn in the road and in every ditch; dead horses lay in field and ditch, the mounts of both pursuing cavalry and of fugitives, slain by bombs from airplanes of the Allies.

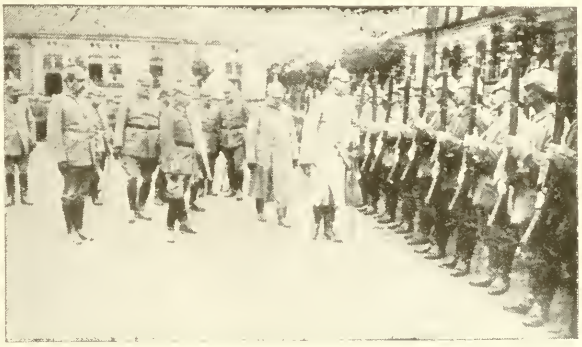
Driven by starvation the routed Austrians sabered pieces from the rumps of most of the dead animals.

Night came. Iron rations began to be used. Tired under the heavy packs and with the food supply very low, the regiment bivouacked on a

low, wet spot. The night was cold; little rest was expected. Machine guns rattled on both flanks and in front. Any moment might bring a surprise attack or the necessity for quick offensive action against the enemy whose trail the regiment had followed closely since crossing the Piave.

The rest was short; at one o'clock in the morning, November 2, the march resumed. A scant cup of O. D. coffee was given each man, nothing more. Up till now the regiment had been a reserve unit; from now on it became the advance guard of the Famous Tenth Army, made up of British, Italians and Americans.

A quick advance began at 2.00 A. M. At 4.30 A. M. the advance troops reached Varda on the banks of the Livenza, at this point a rapid



Another photo taken from a captive German showing German General reviewing his troops.

river. The Italian Pontieri had just completed the building of a pontoon foot bridge which could accommodate only one file. The Austrians had occupied the opposite bank only a few hours before. Crossing the foot bridge at its best was a slow and hazardous operation. Once across the stream the march after the fleeing enemy resumed without delay, but at seven o'clock the line halted to await orders at Maron (a small group of two or three houses).

The advance guard doubled. The enemy was in the immediate vicinity. Aeroplanes circled above them like an eagle darting for its prey; they swerved down on the fleeing enemy; the missiles could now be easily seen from the troops' position. A sudden flash lighted up the sky, which was followed by a deafening crash. Then another, and finally a third explosion followed. The last concussion caused the earth to rock and quiver. The enemy was blowing his dumps, and destroying the bridges at his rear, the intensity of the explosions proving his nearness.

At this point the high command assigned a five kilometer front to the Americans in advance of the Tenth Army. From now on careful watching had to be done of every place affording possible concealment. The second platoons of each company were assembled and formed a combat line, directed by Lieutenant Trik, Regimental Intelligence Officer.

Territory was assigned. The platoon leaders' watches were set, and the enemy designated by a wave of the hand. No maps were furnished—

direction by compass was the only guide. The men were commanded, on coming in contact with the enemy, to keep going forward, exterminating machine gunners, snipers, and stragglers, and on no condition to be held up by the foe. Full equipment, both marching and fighting, made up the load of these men. At 9.30 A. M., the zero hour, the second platoons jumped off, each in its assigned position, advancing across country at a prescribed cadence of 120 steps per minute. These troops combed the fields while the main body took the highway.

Machine Gunners in Exposed Posts. 332nd Men Whom Mud Could Not Discourage.

The Italian terrain was cut by many large and small rivers, ditches and canals, thus forcing the men to wade waist deep in water; again, with difficulty, they struggled through vineyards; consequently, the advance was extremely arduous. With a rapidity that was almost unbelievable, this skirmish line swept on over all the natural barriers that spread over the plains; the liason, however, could not be maintained.

At Prata the bridge over the San Rocco River had been blown up. Crossing was made on the ruins. Machine gun carts were dismounted and carried over; the mules swam. The patrols, forced to detour here, double timed to get their 2 kms. lead. The men under heavy equipment, weakened and fatigued by the tremendous physical exertion without food, discarded much of their necessary equipment. It was a question of sacrificing their equipment or of falling from exhaustion.

Search and inquiry at isolated houses revealed that the enemy had just fled; that he had taken live stock, linen and furniture, and had destroyed what he could not take.

At Corva, a small town en route, the Italian inhabitants said the Austrians, who had learned of the coming Americans, were fleeing in haste. They—the Austrians—believed the number of Americans to be very great, consequently the Austrian retreat was disordered and hasty.

LIEUT. G. W. CONELLY

FIUME

By Lieut. G. W. CONELLY

Things happened on the morning of November 13, 1918, while the regiment was encamped on the Plains of Ipplis. It was immediately after we had received the comforting news of the armistice with Germany and the regiment had settled down to sort of "devil may care" attitude toward life in general—the big job was over; joy reigned supreme and whatever tasks to which we may next be assigned would surely be of a lighter nature than our previous work in helping Italy free her lands from the Austrian invader.

At one A. M. orders arrived directing our battalion (the 2nd), under command of Major F. M. Scanland, to proceed at once to Mestre, a town two miles from Venice. From that stopping off place we were to continue our journey to Venice and from there to Cattaro, the Adriatic port on the boundary line between Dalmatia and Montenegro. We were ordered to leave at 6.00 A. M. via motortrucks furnished by the Italian Military authorities. Those five intervening midnight hours, between the receipt of orders and the hour of departure, were ones of intense activity as may be readily imagined. Ammunition and supplies were gathered from the two remaining battalions as we were going in full war panoply prepared for any eventuality. Everyone was in high spirits, for, indeed, the war was over and even though we were not homeward bound, were we not off on a personally conducted tour of Venice and the far-famed Adriatic Sea?—sight-seeing at the expense of Uncle Sam with native guides to point out the sights.

At 6.00 A. M. we were off. Amid the loud huzzahs and best wishes of our remaining comrades we started back over the same territory covered during the Vittorio-Veneto Offensive. The trip was too long for comfort, but at the end of 20 hours we arrived in the outskirts of Mestre. The night was cold and those quickly-built fires were given a hearty welcome as every one "hugged in" as close as they could. Here we remained until after daybreak. Apparently the Italians had not expected us so soon as billets were not prepared, but by noon we moved into quarters, although crowded, answered the purpose—the main thing was to get inside.

The one thing uppermost in the minds of almost everyone was the question, "When do we sail?" The ship on which we were to leave had not arrived, and so the 14th and 15th passed around without anything eventful until the early evening of the 15th. The schedule had been changed with a bang. Lieutenant Caucus, Italian officer attached to our battalion entered the room with the information that one platoon was to be sent to Fiume. At 7.45 P. M. I was ordered to report to Major Scanland, and received the following order: "You will have your platoon ready to leave here at 8.15 P. M. with full equipment, including three days' rations. You will take a train to Venice and then board an Italian destroyer which will take you to Fiume. There you will land and occupy the city".

To add to the excitement caused by the sudden change of destination, upon inquiry as to what conditions I might find there, I was informed that we might have to force a landing or we might be permitted to land peacefully. No one knew. But we were prepared for either eventuality. The adventure of a platoon of Yankees in a polyglot city that had been and still was a bone of contention between Slav and Magyar and Italian, lent zest to the new turn of events.

Owing to wounds and illness, my platoon, the First of Company "G", was somewhat depleted and so we picked men from the Third Platoon to fill up our ranks. Lieut. Arthur Childers, who had commanded the Fourth Platoon, was placed second in command. At 8.15 A. M., we were on way to the train which was to carry us to Venice. As usual it was late—several hours late—and we were compelled to wait around a cold station until it put in an appearance.

Platoon of Company "G", 332nd Infantry, marching down a street in Fiume.

While waiting for the train Platoon Serg. Caler, who had been suffering from influenza, became very ill and he was sent to the hospital where he remained over two months. Sergeant Bivenour replaced Caler.

About one o'clock the troop train pulled into the station and a platoon of half-frozen Yankees scrambled aboard. On arrival in Venice we were transferred to a harbor tug which carried us down

the Grand Canal to the Italian destroyer "Audace", anchored in the Bay of Venice.

Our "personally conducted" tour of Venice that time was very brief—we saw what we might while sailing down the Grand Canal on a moonlight night. Even in the dimness of the moonlight it seemed to be battle-scarred. Immense mounds of sand bags were still in place to protect, so far as possible, the treasured architecture of Venice. Perched on her thousand isles I thought, perhaps, she had seen almost as much history in the past three years as in the centuries from the time a band of inlanders settled there in order to be free from the depredations of the original non-aquatic Hun. At least she is now free from the peril of the present-day follower of the Hun. As we sped through the silent night scene, I recalled a stanza in Byron's "Childe Harold."

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And Music meets not always now the ear;
Those days are gone—but beauty still is here,
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the magic of Italy."

There is probably more poetry than truth in these lines, but during the War she had been mauled to a certain but not serious extent. And, before many days have passed, Venice again will be "the revel of the earth".

Out in the bay we boarded the destroyer and across the water the moon cast the shadows of the Campanile and the Doge's Palace.

How many hob-nailed doughboys ever had the pleasure of a trip on board a destroyer? How many Marines? I don't see many hands up. I have heard of some fellows having a short trip on a destroyer, after being rescued from a torpedoed ship, but we had the unique experience of crossing the choppy Adriatic on a destroyer. We had heard much about the bobbing cork-like antics of a destroyer; we learned more after leaving the shelter of the Island of Lido. The Commander of the ship warned us that we would encounter rough weather; he turned out to be a good prophet. That was some wild night ride. We just held out and waited for daylight and the sight of land. Strange to say very few were sea-sick.

Shortly after daybreak we sighted land and were soon threading the mine fields. It was well for our peace of mind that we were only partly aware of the danger that beset us on all sides. Fortunately, the pilot hugged the shore and with the aid of his mine chart carried us safely to the dock. We could plainly see the Island of Churso, the towns of Versura, Tourana, Velosco and Abbazia.

About ten o'clock we sighted the beautiful city of Fiume.

Looking through field glasses my heart gave a sudden thrill. I saw "Old Glory" draped across the top of a magnificent building. I knew that no Americans were ahead of us and I could hardly believe that our recent enemies were actually welcoming us. However, such was the case. Our worries about a possible hostile reception had been groundless. An Italian officer informed me that my flag was draped on the palace of the governor of Fiume, an Austrian. The flag was a harbinger of the pleasant scenes to follow.

Passing through the harbor it was noticed that a number of Italian warships had arrived ahead of us, carrying Italian soldiers. They gave us a continued ovation—these men who had fought with us from the Piave to the Tagliamentia. Our ship was warped to the dock a few yards from the Italian flagship, the "Emanuele Filiberto". Later more Italian ships laden with soldiers arrived in the harbor until it seemed that Italy had sent at least one division to Fiume.

Around the "Filiberto," Fiume, Croatia, Nov. 17, 1918.

The news of our arrival spread like the proverbial wild fire, and soon the dock was crowded with people who appeared to be anxiously awaiting our landing. They came laden with flowers, mostly chrysanthemums, which they showered over us and the ship in wild profusion. They welcomed us to their city and, I felt certain the welcome was from the heart. They bore not the slightest tinge of ill-feeling toward the United States, and I wish that I were able to convey in words the real greeting that we received and the feeling of satisfaction such a greeting gave to us, but this is one of those exceptional affairs of life that must be seen and heard to be properly understood. We seemed more like troops being welcomed home than those about to occupy enemy territory.

Such hospitality must be appreciated by some token in word or act, so I climbed to the bridge of the ship, and through an interpreter, told the people why we had come to Fiume and that we appreciated their reception. In answer one of the citizens of Fiume, who, I learned later, had been a colonel in the Austrian Army, informed us that the Austrian people had never considered us an enemy and had never wanted to fight against us. He also said: "We knew our country was wrong in the beginning, but we have a motto similar to yours, which is, 'My country right or wrong, but my country'. That is why we fought, now we are happy it is over. We welcome you to Fiume". That seemed almost too good to be true as it was so different from what we feared.

A few minutes later I was called into conference with Italian officers who were discussing the advisability of an immediate landing. Some thought we should do so at once, but the majority, including the Italian fleet commander, thought it would be better to wait until the next day, and it was so ordered.

That conference brought more forcibly to my attention than anything that ever happened before the force and intensity of the age-long hatred between the Austrian and Italian. Just as bitter on one side as on the other. We Americans were granted the freedom of the city. Literally and metaphorically it was ours. But the Italians hesitated to make a landing even though a majority of the inhabitants are of Italian extraction. The neighboring city of Susac, separated from Fiume by a small canal, was entirely Austrian or Jug-Slav and opposed the landing of Italian troops. My experiences on the Piave front and during the fighting across Vittorio-Veneto had failed to impress me with the pent-up racial hatred as did the first day in Fiume. We also learned from dispatches that a regiment of Serbians had attempted to enter the city from the east, but were forced to retreat into the mountains. This incident did not in the least encourage the Italians to make any rash adventures in the way of a precipitate landing. If ever there was a game calling for "the fine Italian hand", diplomacy, tact or whatever name you wish to designate the delicate manipulations of those who represented different nations, it was played right there in Fiume.

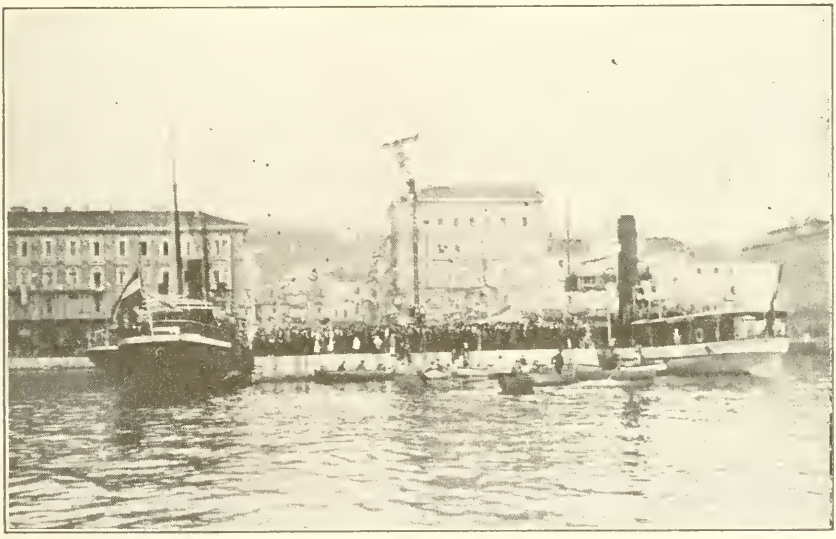
At the conference just referred to it was decided to transfer our men from the destroyer to the flagship "Emmanuele Filiberto" to spend the night in better and more commodious quarters than on the cramped destroyer. This was done at once. Later, she backed out from the wharf into the harbor. While on board the "Filiberto", we were extended an exquisite courtesy that is possible only to the Latin races. Lieut. Childers and myself were made the guests of honor by the Admiral, while the warrant officers of the ship prepared a regular feast for the men. I took a look into their quarters and that was enough to convince me that they were well taken care of.

That evening another conference was held and a number of Czecho-Slav officers who had been forced into the Austrian Army

came aboard with the news that the Americans might land any time they wished to do so, but there was much uncertainty about the propriety of permitting the Italians to land. The Italian Admiral was plainly annoyed and becoming more anxious every minute. He was there to land his men but was afraid to do so. Not that he didn't have sufficient guns and men to force a landing but such a course was against his orders, probably—I never really knew. So another conference for the morrow was decided upon when the Czecho-Slav officers would make another report.

Although being entertained like princes of the royal blood we were "itching" to get ashore and see the "works go round", and to show our allies that we could keep them going in the right direction, but we had to be patient and wait.

Shortly after daybreak of the 17th the water between the "Filiberto" and shore was speckled with rowboats flower-laden for the Americans. Everyone wanted to come aboard and personally extend a welcome but only a very few were permitted.



Just before the Landing of the first American Troops at Fiume, Dec. 17, 1918.

Then came the final conference aboard ship before the landing. The Czecho-Slav officers reported and, as a result of what they said, orders were issued that our one platoon of American soldiers would land first, to be followed by one company of Italian Marines, with other units to follow later. The zero hour, as it might be termed, was set at 4.00 P. M., and we began preparations for going ashore. Although by this time we were well convinced that our landing would be more in the nature of a reception than a hostile attitude, nevertheless, we were prepared for any emergency. Every man was ready to fight if called upon to do so. During the day

more battleships arrived and our landing was to be covered by the monster guns of these fighting fortresses.

Exactly at four bugle call sounded and the gunners leaped to position, swinging their guns around and training them on the docks and other vital parts of the city. It was a wonderful and beautiful sight. Then over the side of the ship the platoon went into waiting barges which rowed them to the docks. The only hostility shown was between the natives themselves—they fought with each other to be in the forefront of the welcome and to be sure their own individual flowers were thrown on us or under our feet. The dock was crowded and we were compelled to gently force them away so as to provide space large enough to form into column of squads.

Then the march to the palace began. It was a triumphal parade through crowds of cheering citizens who continued to pelt us with flowers. American flags were conspicuous everywhere. As we pushed the crowds back we were continually on the receiving end of well-directed kisses from toothless old ladies and buxom damsels. With every step we became more surprised at the sincere hospitality of our late enemies—it really came deep from their hearts and we certainly appreciated it.

Upon arriving at the governor's palace the Italians joined us and we went at once to his office. He reluctantly turned over his sabre and bid us adieu. Guards were placed and billets found in a school a few yards from the palace.

During all this time the Stars and Stripes were draped across the front of the palace. As this was the Italian Headquarters the Italian colors were flying from the flag pole on top of the building, but the way in which the Italian flag was immediately over ours was far from satisfactory, consequently, the next morning, when I saw that no change had been made in the flag arrangement I mentioned it to the Italian Commander. He apologized and said he would take care of the matter. To our amazement, when we awoke the following morning we found the Italian colors still waving above the Stars and Stripes. Such seeming persistence in a discourteous attitude annoyed me, so I went to Italian Headquarters, voicing my complaint again. The old general was surprised that we should have any particular objection to the arrangement. He said:

"Why, the British and French colors are not flying at all."

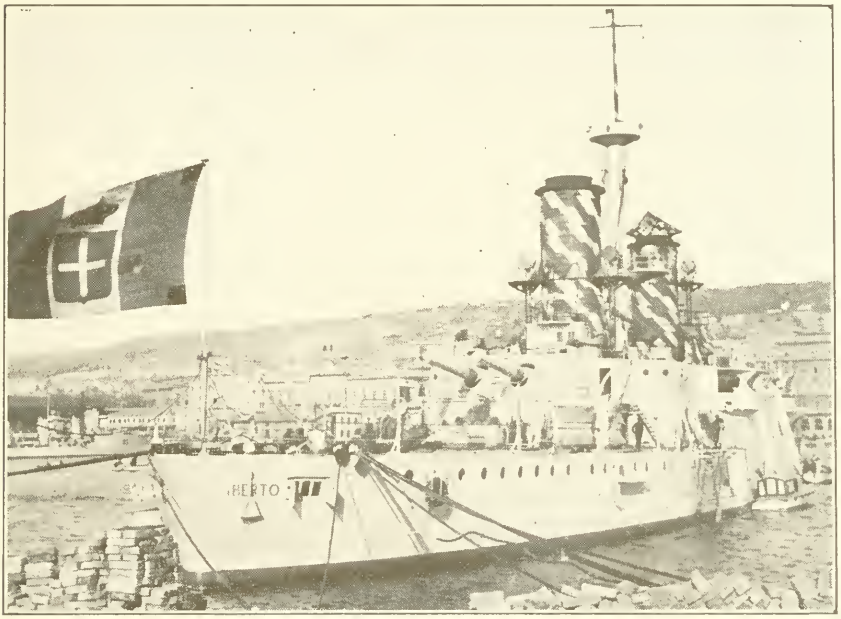
I then explained to him that we would be satisfied if all Allied flags were placed on the balcony below, where they would be on the same level, and in that case we would have no objection to the Italian colors flying alone at the top of the pole to denote their headquarters. This the general agreed to do.

On the morning of the third day the flags had not been changed much to our chagrin, and the ire of the Americans was aroused almost to the breaking point. Just then Colonel Everson and the Third Battalion, which had traveled overland from Cormons, arrived and the flag incident was turned over to him. After several

conversations with the Italian Commander Colonel Everson succeeded in having the flags properly placed from our viewpoint.

The discourtesy, I am well convinced, was not intended as such; merely a misunderstanding of two different nationalities having different ideas of the correct thing to do.

While the flag affair was progressing a battalion each of French and British troops arrived in Fiume. While the hostility shown toward the Italians seemed quite natural in view of the accumulated hatred the two neighboring races had borne toward each, we were slightly surprised to see that neither the French nor British were anywhere near so well received as the Americans.



"Emanuele Filiberto", on which 332d was Quartered before Landing in Fiume.

We remained with the 3rd Battalion for nearly a month. On the afternoon of Dec. 14th, we received orders that the Italian destroyer "Stocco" would sail for Cattaro at 4 o'clock the next morning.

We had been enjoying our life in Fiume and were reluctant to leave. Our own battalion was stationed at Cattaro, and of course we were to rejoin them at the earliest opportunity. So the next morning we bade farewell to Fiume and sped down the east coast of the Adriatic. I say sped because although the distance between Fiume and Cattaro is almost four hundred miles we made the trip in about twelve hours.

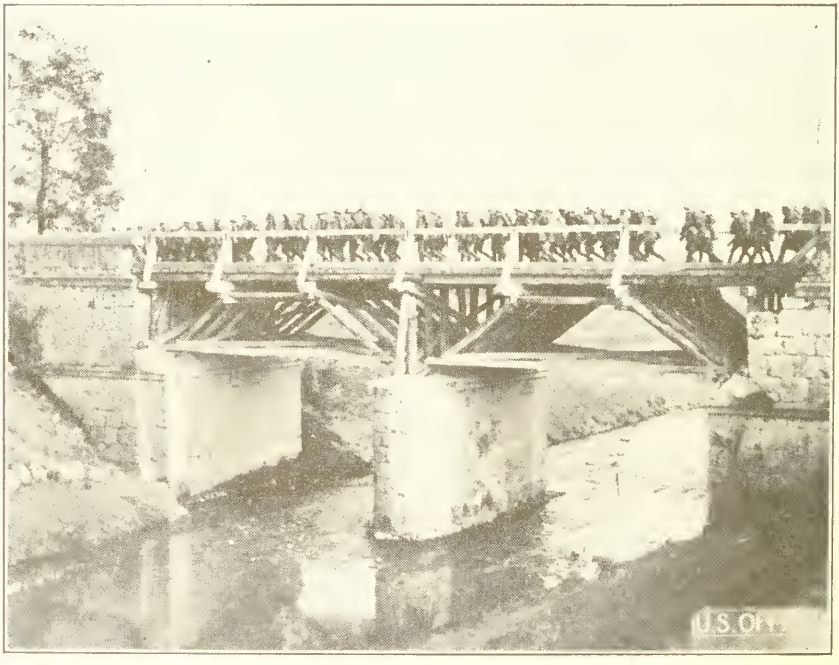
Colonel Everson accompanied us, leaving Capt. Austin Story in command of the 3rd Battalion. The Colonel was to inspect the troops in Cattaro and then return to Fiume.

The trip was a beautiful one, as we were always in sight of land and winding down through those rocky islands. Some of the larger islands are known as Veglia, Cherso, Orbe, Selvo, Brasso, Lissa, Lesina, Curzola and Meledo.

The excitement of the trip came in the fact that we were sailing through mine fields continuously. We had a chart of the fields but that didn't always save the ship as the destroyer "Audace", which carried us from Venice to Fiume, had her stern blown off on the return trip over the same course we had traversed the night before.

We arrived at Cattaro just at dusk and did not attempt to rejoin our company, stationed in Telenika, until the next noon and of course, the first procedure was the "swapping of stories."

I want to say of the men, during this detached service, that although the war was over they were all that could be desired as soldiers and as gentlemen, they were perfect. They were a mighty fine "bunch" of fellows.



Passing over the repaired bridge, Morcello River, near Prata di Pordenone, Italy, November 1st, 1918.

CAPT. J. McKINNEY

SUSEK

By Capt. J. McKinney.

After the armistice with Austria, November 4th, 1918, Battalions of the 332nd Infantry were assigned to various stations—the 3rd Battalion to Fiume, Istria. Departing from Cormons, Istria, by rail, the troops rode three days in what was one day a first-class train but now only a junk pile with all the seats missing and with such other "minor" defects. Our reception at Fiume was of a peculiar nature. It appeared that all Fiume would have been very glad to receive the Americans alone but as a brigade of Italian troops arrived at the same time the spirit of the citizens of Fiume was dampened. The town is divided by a river; the people on one side were mostly Italian, on the other side mostly Croations. The Croations were anxious to see that the Americans lacked for nothing, especially in the way of amusements. There was a standing invitation for American officers and soldiers to join their parties. This spirit on the part of the Croations was of great value to the morale of the troops since they had just recently conducted an offensive campaign. So finally the differences were adjusted.

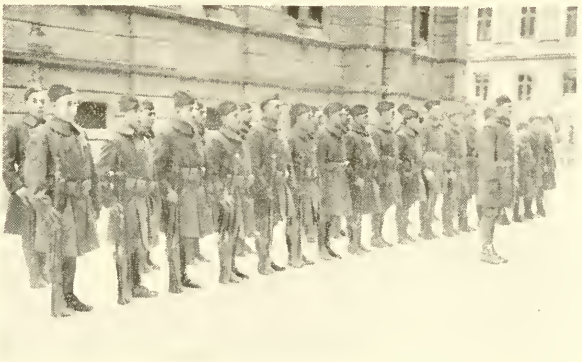
Upon our arrival, Companies I, K, L, and M, were each assigned one floor of the University Building. The officers were quartered at places of more comfortable character, as the Rooming Houses, Hotels and the like.

Captain Austin P. Story was in charge—a small man physically, but every inch a soldier, a man possessed of all the training mentally and morally that is required of a good leader: a man of Tactics along military lines.

About 2.30 A. M., November 23rd, two days after we arrived there, the orderly from Battalion Headquarters called for the officers in command of Companies K and M (K Company being commanded by Capt. Wilbur M. White and M Company being commanded by the writer). We were ordered to report at once to the Commanding Officer, Capt. Story. He instructed Capt. White and me to march across bridge into Susek, located just across a bridge, and there to search for hidden Austrian soldiers and to protect all important roads leading to Fiume and Susek. Rushing to where my Company was billeted, I gave orders for the Company to form at 4.00 A. M.

A captain sent to us by the Italian Headquarters, brought orders that a company of Italian troops was to march on Susek with us; that both our men and theirs were to march single file, the commanding officers in the center of the street two abreast, the Italian Officers on the left, the American Officers on the right. Captain White took a different route with Company "K". The troops, formed in the order as mentioned above, started to m rch at Zero hour

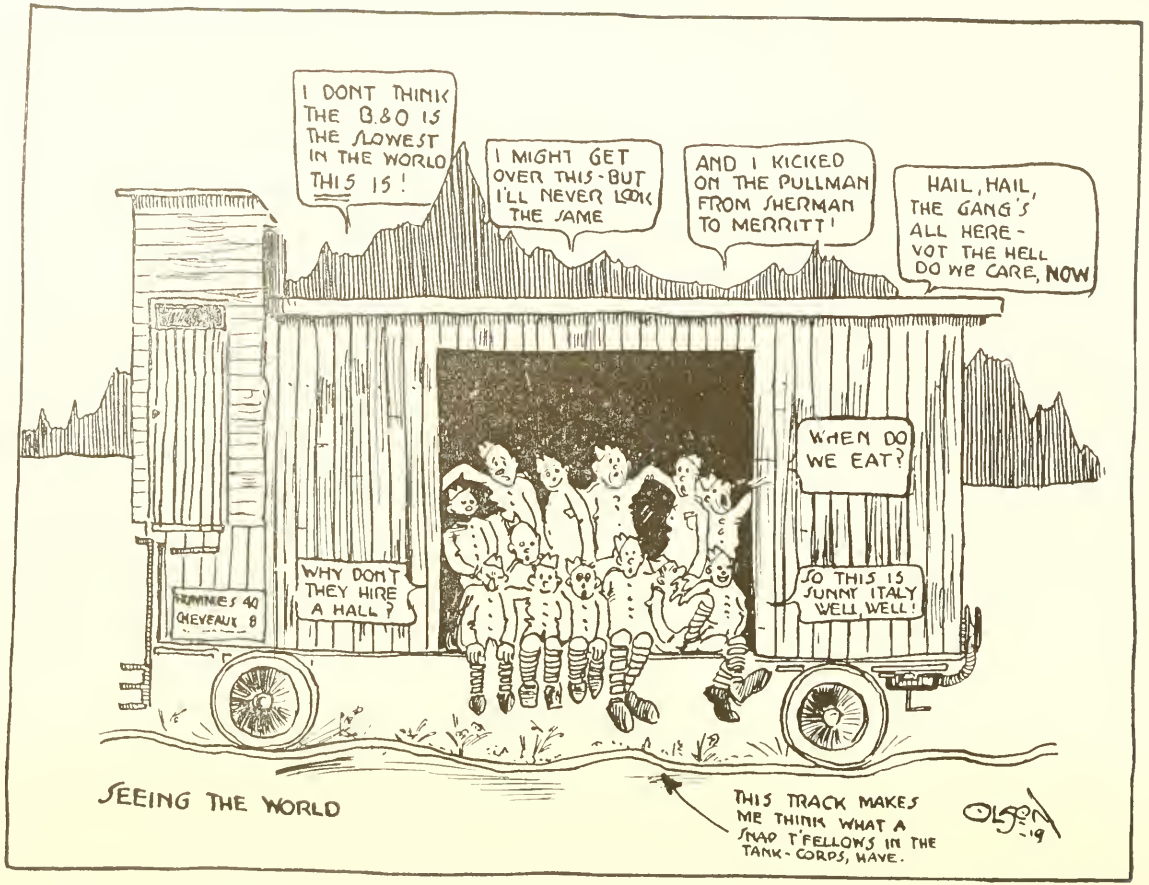
(5.30 A. M.) November 23rd. Two armored Motor Trucks were assigned to each unit and these led the way, gunners at their places ready to defend the troops and prevent surprise. We reached Susek about 8.30 A. M., after combing the country and all buildings en route. At what had been a prominent school building we found some Austrian teachers and professors. A guard commanded by Lieutenant Hooper and Lieutenant Jones, consisting of two squads from each platoon was designated to handle the situation. A brief conversation through my interpreter informed me that several Austrian soldiers were living in a school building near. Learning the exact location I sent Sergeant Ray Kelly of Company "M" with two squads to search all the surrounding buildings. He reported back with four or five Austrian captives. The outpost reported to me, as Senior Officer, that a Field Artillery Gun had been discovered at a position overlooking the bay of Fiume. This gun was a



In front of School Building, Fiume.

6-inch in calibre and had evidently been concealed for the purpose of protecting the Harbor of Fiume. A large Range Finder left by retreating soldiers was also found concealed in a separate building.

I visited the Professor for a second conference and instructed my Interpreter to remain with me and to pretend that he only understood French and Italian. After talking in both French and Italian the professor asked if he spoke German, to which he replied "No" (though perfect in speaking the German Language). I noticed a peculiar expression on the face of the professor and at this time three other apparently distinguished college men arrived. The group talked German and as I watched my Interpreter I noticed he nodded his head to me to indicate that he understood what they were talking about. Departing from the room, giving for an excuse that I wished to talk with the soldiers, I asked the Interpreter to tell me what they were saying. He said that a son of the Professor, a student before the War, was concealed in the building



"In what was one day a first class train but now only a pile of junk with all the seats missing and such other 'minor' defects."

in the uniform of an Austrian soldier. Later we found him hiding behind a large book case—a youth of about 17 years. This little excitement was about all there was to our "invasion" of Susek.

After remaining in Susek until late in the evening and until our rations were nearly all gone, I sent a message to the Battalion Commander stating that our mission had been accomplished and that relief by troops fully equipped was deemed advisable. About 10.00 P. M., Companies "I" and "L", being the remainder of the troops stationed at Fiume, arrived and took up the position held by "K" and "M" Company. Upon our return to Fiume the General in command of the City issued orders that there be an Inter-Allied patrol formed to march together on the streets, an American, British, French, and Italian side by side.

My Company ("M") was permitted to hold dances in the Gymnasium of the school building. Field Kitchens and Garrison Ra-

Austrian Soldiers found hiding in School Building, Fiume.

tions afforded relief after the Hard Tack used several days. The conduct of the enlisted men was wonderful. Each took pride in his own company. Never will enough credit be given the enlisted men who served in Italy, for they made the Regiment one of the most famous of any Infantry unit of the A. E. F. I can truthfully say, after serving twelve years in the U. S. Army, that the Non-Commissioned officers of my company were the most efficient of any that I have ever met. This not only applying to my own Company but likewise to the various other Companies as well.

Ancient Fortress guarding entrance to the Boche de Cattaro

View of Harbor from U. S. Barrack, Genoa, Italy.

Over the Trail into Montenegro—Co. "F", 332d Inf. The first American troops to enter that country.

Cunarder Canopia, on which 2nd Battalion Sailed for Home.

A Typical Montenegrin Home

MONTENEGRO

BY LIEUT. AUGUST F. RENDIGS, JR.

I

The Second Battalion of the 332nd Infantry arrived in the harbor of Cattaro, on Thursday, November 28, 1918, after a delightful and uneventful trip across the calm, blue Adriatic Sea. The voyage from Venice required five days, so the S. S. "Argentina", assigned to the Battalion for this particular voyage, could not possibly be classified as an ocean greyhound. Venice—"enthroned on her thousand isles"—is glorious; Cattaro is a tiny port with little else than the glory of her past, whatever that may be.

However, Cattaro is the most important port on the commercially unimportant Dalmatian Coast. During its existence through the centuries, Cattaro has seen a variety of rulers. Romans, Byzantines, Bulgarians, Venetians, Bosnians, Turks, Austrians, Spanish, French, Serbians, Montenegrins, English and a few others have had a try at running the place. They did one thing—gave it a delightfully cosmopolitan character. Consequently we were greeted by a mixture of nationalities found only in a petty Balkan State or a great American City. Our steamer was warped to the pier amid the blaring of a Serbian band and the wild huzzahs of the throng.

Major Scanlon, Battalion Commander, immediately reported to the Italian Land Commander in compliance with orders, but this gentleman was seemingly very surprised, as he claimed to have had no prior knowledge of our arrival. but he suggested that the Major report to the Naval Commander. That official likewise was all "at sea" and would give no orders; he suggested that we remain aboard ship pending the arrival of orders.

Our anxiety to learn the drift of developments was not long deferred; on the following morning orders were issued to Company "F" to prepare at once for a trip into Montenegro; Cettinje, the capital, being our assigned destination.

At 2 P. M., November 22, we formed in line on the Cattaro dock; and marching through the little town, under command of Captain Southworth, we slowly proceeded along a tortuous mountain road. The grade was ever-ascending it seemed.

Later in the day we were pleased to meet our old friend Major Allegretti, who is well remembered by every one on the "Sectora-Americano" front on the Piave. He, with a command of Italian troops, was on the way to Cettinje, and would accompany us.

About an hour after our departure, Major Scanlon was informed by the senior Italian officer that an Italian force had been

prevented from entering Montenegro three days previous; and had been fired upon by the Montenegrins. The Italian Commander imparted the further information that he had given orders to go in at any cost; and would overcome resistance by force if need be. Participation in an adventure of this kind was not in our schedule, so the Italian was informed that our force would take no part in offensive operations against either Montenegrin faction.

We had been informed by Captain Southworth prior to departure for the mountain trip, of the delicate situation confronting the small band of Americans. Italy was seeking control; the Montenegrins were divided among themselves, but united against Italy.

Group of Italian and American Officers—Left to Right: Capt. Vaugh, Capt. Scanland, Gen. Ferrari, Gen. Pecori Geraldi, Col. Tacoli, Col. Gregory, Capt. Vieth, Maj. McGraw, and Lieut. Treves. Taken Sept. 7, 1918, in Camp near Vallegio.

The "City Party" was in favor of the new Jugo-Slav Kingdom, whereas the "Country Party", consisting chiefly of peasants, wanted a republic. There was a possibility, the Captain added, that our coming might not be welcome; the Montenegrins might express their resentment in the form of machine gun and rifle bullets. In the event of attack, we were not to fire without orders. Nobody wanted to do any shooting and it was hoped it would get through without trouble.

It was now apparent why Major Allegretti, the diplomat and tactician, was along.

After joining the Italian forces we proceeded up, up famous Mount Lovchen. This is the part of "Balkan Switzerland", which

was considered impregnable. But the Austrians captured it just the same; although it has been said that the Montenegrin King might have put up a better defense; in other words he has been rightfully or wrongly accused of being quite willing that Austria should capture it.

The march up, up Mount Lovchen! Who among those of Company "F" will ever forget it? Not one. It is burned—aye, literally frozen—in their memories. The night was dark and a cold, stinging wind added neither joy nor comfort to the trip up the winding mountain trail.

The packs were unusually heavy and necessarily so, although wearisome to a degree seldom realized in marching because of the poor road and ever-ascending grade. Full packs, two extra blankets, additional ammunition and overcoat made a load of over 75 pounds. All this we carried while climbing Mount Lovchen on a cold, windy winter night.

Every hour we were permitted ten-minute halts which gave us a short breathing spell; then on we went ever climbing that mountain, the top of which it seemed would never be reached. Many men were compelled to drop out from sheer exhaustion. By the time the mountain top was reached a count revealed the fact that nearly fifty men out of a total of 190 were behind straggling to catch up with those who were fortunate to have the unusual stamina to carry them along with the main body.

About eleven o'clock we arrived at Krystak, a little mountain village at the very crest of Mount Lovchen. This diminutive mountain village consisted of two houses and an Austrian built barrack. The command to halt and turn in for the night was never more welcome than it was that night after the long, zigzag climb laden with an unusually heavy pack. We were soon fast asleep on the straw-strewn floor.

The morning found us on the march again. This time down hill, until the miniature village of Niegush was reached, and where we were met by a party of Serbians. A parley ensued, as the Serbs and Montenegrins opposed the entrance of Italian troops; seemingly they would welcome us alone, but our company they keenly resented. Anyway, we were permitted to go along a little further.

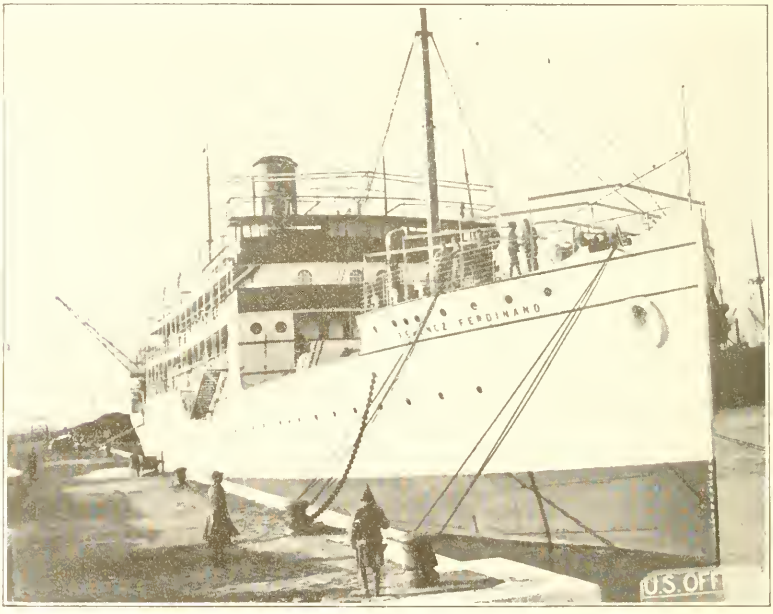
We then started up another steep grade to the top of a second mountain; a five-hour gruelling march. Our noon-day chow was eaten on the crest of the mountain, and during the afternoon we descended to the village of Dubrovik, one mile from Cettinje. Here we had another parley.

This time both civil and military officers informed our commander that Americans were welcome, but not the Italians. Cettinje would open her gates and arms to us, but not to our companions. As a result of this talk it was decided that Captain Southworth with Lieutenant Speakman, as interpreter, would accompany the local dignitaries to Cettinje, and there consult the higher nabobs. After a delay that seemed unusually long, the two officers returned

with a reiteration of the same old story: Americans are welcome, but not Italians.

That night a heavy snow fall made us fearful lest we might be snow-bound. We were informed that during winter the roads leading to Cattaro were often blocked for months—a cheering prospect. That night we billeted in huts.

The next day found us all in Krystak, where we were billeted in the fairly comfortable barracks, built by the Austrians during their occupancy. As the snow had turned to a pouring rain, Captain Southworth deemed it advisable to return to Cattaro with all possible speed. The Italians also desired to leave the vicinity of Cettinje, where they were so unwelcome.



Austrian S. S. "Ferencez Ferdinand", used as Headquarters for the American Forces in Fiume.

We returned through the mountains by a better route than that on the outward trip. On November 31 we arrived at our barracks in Teodo, where we remained during our stay in Dalmatia. Teodo is a short distance from Cattaro, on the water front.

Thanksgiving of '18 will be long remembered by every man at Cattaro. Coffee without milk or sugar, mouldy bread, macaroni, beef and rice, constituted the menu of that festive day. We longingly thought of the fat turkeys, pumpkin pies, "an' everything else" at home, but our sadness was sweetened by the hope that the shores of Dalmatia would soon be seen fading from our view as we would homeward go.

During the week that followed we engaged in close-order drill, and took up a rather comprehensive guard-duty, which included the little village; and its docks, loaded with vast quantities of munitions, war materials, clothing, shoes and flour, landed from a number of Austrian battleships that had been captured and were interned in the harbor. We had been requested by the Allied Commission, composed of officers of the American, French and British navies, to furnish daily a large detail for work in unloading large shells and other material from the Austrian vessels and in dismantling and disarming them. This work was soon commenced and in a short time the Austrian vessels were without the wherewithal aboard to sail or fight.

Christmas Day was a decided improvement over Thanksgiving. During the month the paymaster arrived with current and back pay. Packages from home and the Red Cross certainly improved the atmosphere of those barracks.

New Year's Day was very much like Christmas Day. In the morning we played basket ball against the American jackies on the destroyer "Luce", and gave them a walloping to the score of 47—2. In the afternoon we had inter-platoon games, which created great competition and amusement between the various platoons. We were fortunate in procuring a large, abandoned arsenal, which, with a little labor, afforded a splendid site for basket ball. The food on New Year's Day was a duplicate of that on Christmas. In the evening we enjoyed a Smoker, and a lecture by Captain Southworth, on the Balkan situation.

II

On the morning of January 6, at six-thirty, Capt. Southworth left in a small Fiat roadster, accompanied by his chauffeur and an interpreter. They took the shortest road over the mountains into Montenegro. At Reveille we broke the news to the company as gently as possible, that it was probable that we would follow shortly. None of us were enthusiastic about going, knowing from our past experience the difficulties that we would encounter, and feeling that the expedition this time should be put on the shoulders of one of the other companies in the battalion. However, we were fairly certain that we should go, so we made our preparations for an early departure, all the while hoping and praying that the order would not come. At eleven-five a courier arrived by automobile, with an order from Major Scanlon, directing our Company Commander to report with three platoons of the Company at Battalion Headquarters at Cattaro not later than four-thirty P. M. of the same day. We were to leave the remaining platoon, with Lieut Oberlin in charge, at Teodo to carry on the work which we had been engaged in. We had a hasty dinner, packed our belongings, and moved out with three platoons at one-forty P. M., leaving behind the one platoon, as ordered. It was made up largely of cripples and weaklings of the Company and those who were not likely to stand the gaff.

After three hours of hard marching, we arrived in Cattaro and billeted our men in the town, after which we reported to Battalion headquarters to attend an Officers' Meeting which had been called there at four-thirty.

Major Scanlon presided and explained in detail the situation in Montenegro, and stated that the following day our three platoons would again cross the mountains into that country. He told us that there was heavy fighting going on between the Revolutionists and the Government Forces; that our mission would be to stop the fighting as expeditiously as possible, and then to distribute eighty thousand sacks of white flour which had just arrived from the

Chaplain Major Dougherty Presenting Flag from New York Sons of Italy to Co. "I", Color Company, 332nd Regiment Infantry, October 7, 1918, near Trevisio.

United States on board a supply ship then anchored in the harbor. The people in Montenegro were said to be starving, and it was hoped that, coming as we did, to distribute the flour, our influence among them would be powerful and that we would be enabled to stop the fighting at an early date. The Major also explained the attitude of the various governments having interests in the little country, namely, Italy, Serbia and France, and pointed out that our own attitude was to be strictly neutral and that we should endeavor to conduct the expedition so as to avoid casualties. That night we officers slept with the officers of H. Company, and the men were billeted in good buildings and slept on straw mattresses.

Tuesday morning, January 7th, after an early breakfast, we

loaded with our equipment two large army trucks which were to accompany us, and started out at seven-thirty on our second expedition into Montenegro. The start of this expedition, however, was vastly different from that of the first one. This time we traveled without packs, carrying only our side arms and rifles. The trucks hauled the remainder of our equipment over the regular route which we had traversed on our first trip, while, in single file, we climbed a mountain pass. It was great fun at first—the novelty of the thing—but finally it became very fatiguing, and the last hour, especially, was sheer upward climbing. We arrived at the top of Mount Lovchen after three hours of this strenuous exercise, and proceeding through the pass proper, we were halted by a message which Capt. Southworth had sent back, directing us to billet at Krystak in the same Austrian barracks where we had spent several nights during our first expedition. We followed these instructions, and that afternoon about four o'clock Capt. Southworth joined us there, coming by auto from Cettinje, the machine carrying a large white flag.

Capt. Southworth immediately sent a written communication to Major Scanlon at Cattaro, and then recounted to us his experiences from the time of leaving us at Teodo. He told us that there was fighting outside Cettinje and in the surrounding mountains between two parties, one of which was termed the "City Party", which was the present Montenegrin Government committed to a union with the Jugo-Slav state under Serbia, and the other called the "Country Party", which included mostly the peasants from the mountainous regions, who claimed that they wanted a republic. The City Party were assisted, at least sub rosa, by the Serbians, and had the upper hand at that time, having driven the Country Party back into the fastnesses of the mountains, from where they were having some difficulty in dislodging them. The former had rifles, machine guns, and some small artillery, while the Country Party—the real revolutionists—were poorly armed and organized, possessing only rifles and hand grenades which they had gathered from the stores abandoned in that vicinity by the Austrians in their flight. Capt. Southworth's efforts up to that time had been directed toward the cessation of hostilities, but to no avail. On his way into Cettinje his party had been halted by the heavy firing, and a Montenegrin woman from a hut nearby had quickly torn off her petticoat and made a white flag of it, under the protection of which he proceeded. They were fired upon again, however, and a bullet went through the fender of the car, but fortunately no one was hurt.

It was decided that we should remain in Krystak for the night at least, and we settled down accordingly. We were visited by the French General and his Staff, who directed us to move the following day, into Niegush, a small town about three kilometers nearer to Cettinje than our barracks at Krystak, and situated on the main highway. The night passed without incident, although frequent bursts of machine gun and rifle fire and some occasional artillery fire could be heard in the direction of Cettinje. At one P. M. the next day we moved out in the direction of Niegush, where we arriv-

ed forty-five minutes later and were soon established in fairly comfortable billets.

That afternoon Capt. Southworth participated in three conferences: the first one with the Serbian Major in command of the town, Alexandrovitch, relative to the defense of the same in case of an attack that night, which was expected from the City Party; the next conference Capt. Southworth held with us, and it was desided that, in case of an attack, the three platoons of the company should take up certain positions under cover in three different places, and that we should take no part in the fighting, since it was not directed against us, unless it should develop in the nature of a

Major Scanland, 2nd Batt., 332nd Regiment Infantry, and his Adjutant, Lieut. Hamilton, at Codroipo, Italy, Nov. 5, 1918.

general massacre of the civilian population, in which case we would interfere to avoid pillaging; the third conference was held between Capt. Southworth and the leaders of the Revolutionists, or Country Party, who disclosed their program to Capt. Southworth and reiterated their demands and determination to keep on fighting until they achieved their object. Their attitude was described by Capt. Southworth as uncompromising, and we all felt gloomy over the prospects of a cessation of the fighting. That night we surrounded our barracks with a fairly heavy guard, and all men were ordered to sleep fully clothed.

The night passed without incident. Early in the morning of the ninth we could make out, through our glasses, large parties of

armed Montenegrins moving along the top of the surrounding mountain ridges which enclosed Niegush, and it was thought that these parties were about to attack the town. However, they eventually disappeared from view, and we waited to see what would happen. In the afternoon I procured permission from Capt. Southworth to take Corporal Chandler of my platoon with me for the purpose of exploring the surrounding mountains and the passes leading up to them. The Corporal and I went up to the top of the nearest ridge, and discovered a band of revolutionists, numbering about fifty, holding the pass. They were a most picturesque group, ragged, wild-eyed, half starved, with long unkempt beards and moustaches, and closely resembled a group of banditti. They were friendly to us and expressed a desire to lay down their arms and go back to their homes, but said that they were afraid to do so for fear that they would be run down and put to death by the Government Forces. They plead with us to remain there with them, but we paid no heed to their urgings. They were then courteous enough to send one of their number back with us for safe conduct. That night I went on as Officer of the Day, and we again took elaborate precautions against an attack on the town by the City Party. The night again passed without incident, although some desultory artillery and machine gun firing could be heard in the mountains.

On January 10th, the next day, our labors began to bear fruit. About two hundred revolutionists came in and surrendered their arms to us, and each one received a safeguard from the Serbian Major, Alexandrovitch. An incident to their surrender occurred, which is worth relating. It had been arranged that they would surrender their arms to us at one o'clock in the afternoon, on a small plain near Niegush. At the appointed time the Revolutionists began to appear from different parts of the mountains, and gathered at one side of the plain. A small detachment of the Government Forces suddenly appeared on the opposite side of the plain. Capt. Southworth, Lieut. Speakman and squad of Americans were standing in the center of the plain, ready to receive the Revolutionists' arms. The Revolutionists, seeing the Government Forces on the opposite side of the plain, became excited, and one of them fired a rifle. Immediately both forces flung themselves to the earth in skirmish line, and an interchange of shots ensued, with the Americans in between the opposing lines. Capt. Southworth with rare presence of mind, held up his hand with a commanding gesture, and after about twenty shots had been fired by the two sides, the firing ceased as suddenly as it began. Officers from both sides immediately ran forward and offered their apologies and regrets to Capt. Southworth and the Americans for this untoward incident. Fortunately there were no casualties, but if there had been, it would have taken something more than apologies or regrets to have squared things.

As soon as the Revolutionists were disarmed they were sent down under guard to Cattaro, to be put to work unloading the flour off of the U. S. Supply Ship "Western Plains", which had anchored

there with white flour on board for the relief of the starving Montenegrins.

The next morning, the eleventh, there appeared on the sky line of the mountains in the rear of us a great many Montenegrins of the City Party, all armed and with the evident intent of advancing upon the little town. This caused a great deal of excitement in Niegush among the Country Party and inhabitants and many came into the enclosed area occupied by our troops seeking the protection of the American flag floating overhead, while others gathered in groups in the main street. Down the mountains came the Montenegrins in single file, chanting their war songs. We ordered our

Americans Posting Guard on Northeastern Hill of Fiume, Nov. 27, 1918.

men to get under arms, remain in their billets and await orders. The Serbian Major, Capt. Southworth and the town Mayor, hastened out to meet the oncoming "City Party", who were advancing swiftly but cautiously in our direction. They halted at our first outpost line and, after some parleying, Capt. Southworth induced them to give up their intention of occupying the town and to billet in two small barracks just outside the confines of the little village. This they agreed to do, and one of our officers, with a squad of men, escorted them to these billets and distributed several boxes of our American "hard tack" among them. We then put out another strong outpost between these newcomers and the town, and trusted to luck that everything would remain calm.

January 12th proved to be a calm day. The officer attached to our regiment, for the purpose of taking moving pictures, visited us and took pictures of our company, the Montenegrin and Serbian companies, our group of officers, the villagers dancing the "Kola", etc. This dance, which is the native Slav dance, is very popular in the Balkans. The participants join hands and form a circle, and the dance itself takes on the form of our old quadrille, or rather, our Schottisch. Late that afternoon I started to Cattaro on an army truck with a corporal, our intentions being to bring back some articles of apparel from the Officers' Baggage, which we had been informed had just arrived. On our way we were delayed for half an hour by the explosion of a large magazine full of high explosive shells and ammunition, which suddenly blew up in the neighborhood of Krystak. This caused a great deal of excitement, but no loss of life, and was said to have been the act of the Revolutionists. We reached Cattaro in time for supper and spent the night there with the officers and men of Company H. Next morning, in company with two naval officers and our Regimental Personnel Officer, we returned with the desired baggage to Niegush Nothing new developed during the day except that we heard from the French General that our company would shortly leave for Cettinje to occupy that much-beleagured city for a short period.

The following morning Lieuts. Craig and Speakman went to Cettinje by automobile to inspect the billets that had been set apart for us there, and, returning in the afternoon, reported that the billets had been thoroughly disinfected and were now ready for occupancy. On the fifteenth a ration truck from Cattaro arrived at eleven in the morning, carrying our rations and bringing orders from the French General, directing us to move into Cettinje at once. Our departure took place at one o'clock that afternoon, the men carrying only a light pack containing their overcoats. The first squad from my platoon was left behind in Niegush, in charge of a sergeant for police purposes. We managed to procure one other truck in addition to the ration truck, and with these transported the greater part of our baggage. We decided not to march on the road, but struck out through the mountains along a rocky trail. It was steep, but picturesque, and we thoroughly enjoyed our trip, which we made in a leisurely manner.

At 3.30 we reached the outskirts of Cettinje, where we were joined by Capt. Southworth, who had gone ahead by automobile. At this point a short stop was made to permit the men to don their overcoats so as to hide the ragged condition of our uniforms. After readjusting our light packs and seeing that everything was conducive to a favorable appearance and impression, we started into the town. The Montenegrin military authorities, who had been apprised of our coming, sent out a brass band to meet us, and we pursued our march into the town, led by this band and with the American colors at our head. The flag was carried by a picturesque Montenegrin old man, who made a grotesque attempt to keep in step with the music and our troops. I believe I am justified in saying that it was the proudest moment of his lifetime.

The town turned out en masse and lined the streets and sidewalks to cheer us. As we reached Montenegrin Military headquarters we were halted, and the band struck up "America", which they mistook for our national anthem. In order to tactfully cover up the mistake, our company presented arms, and at the conclusion of the anthem the people cheered us wildly in true Jugo-Slav fashion. We resumed our march through the city to our billets, and upon arrival there the Company of Montenegrins which had accompanied us as a guard of honor, was drawn up in company front, facing our own

Major William G. Everson firing rifle from firing step in Front Line, 2nd Batt. Headquarters, on Piave Front near Varago, Sept. 30, 1918.

troops. We were then welcomed in English by a Serbian officer, representing the Serb military authorities, and by a certain Montenegrin Major, representing the Montenegrin military. Our captain responded in behalf of the Americans, and at the conclusion of his remarks the band again rendered "America" followed by the Jugo-Slav national anthem, after which our officers shook hands all around, and we were permitted to enter our billets. These were comfortable enough since we were lodged in two large two-and-a-half story stucco houses of modern American design, both of them, to our delight, equipped with electric light and steam heat. Since, however, for some reason or other, there was no electricity in the town at night, our electrics did us no good; and since we were without fuel to keep our furnace going, we received no benefit from the latter, so that both of our modern improvements were dismal failures. However, we managed to rig up some old-fashioned stoves

for all of the rooms which we used, and thus made ourselves fairly comfortable.

The next few days we spent in getting acquainted with Cettinje and were surprised by a short visit from Col. Wallace. The most interesting thing in Cettinje we found to be an extraordinary relief map of the entire country and a few adjacent provinces, which had been built during the war by Italian prisoners under Austrian direction, occupying two years in building. It was a wonderful creation about twenty-five feet square, and showed the different mountain elevations, roads, bodies of water and the towns with their little clusters of houses. Among the other interesting things was an ancient stone monastery in the chapel of which was a casket, said to contain the body of the grandfather of the present King of Serbia. The King's palace and the Crown Prince's palace were also of interest to us as were the numerous Legations which had been maintained by the different countries in the little capital before the war. The inhabitants were also erecting a large monument to the memory of the soldiers of the Government who had fallen during the revolution which we had just assisted in putting down. This was a striking instance of the promptness of the Montenegrins in honoring their soldier dead.

There were numerous liquor and coffee shops where, for considerable outlay, one could procure fairly good coffee and some excellent cake, which was a treat for us. It was a typical capital of a little Balkan country, torn with revolution but with a certain quiet dignity withal. In the late afternoon the better class of civilian would promenade, the men carrying their walking sticks and the women wearing their lorgnettes.

On the 20th Lieuts. Speakman and Craig and I, journeyed to Rjecka by machine. We found this little town located a number of miles nearer the heart of the Balkans on the other side of Cettinje, and consequently inhabited by many other nationalities, contributing to its picturesqueness.

During the following week a number of funerals were held in Cettinje of officers and men of the Government forces who died as the result of wounds received in the revolution. These were very ceremonious occasions and were always of a military nature. Our officers took turns in attending them, as the official representatives of the United States. At this time, too, we were blessed with the arrival in Cettinje of three American Red Cross nurses, who were the advance agents for a number who were to follow. They were working under the auspices of the American Red Cross Food & Sanitation Commission For The Balkans, and they stayed for only a week, to our regret. We enjoyed a number of impromptu card parties with them, and they were equally as gracious to our men. On the 22nd our Officers attended a Tea given by M. and Mlle. Mittanovitch, in our honor. Our host and hostess were the most prominent civilians in town, M. Mittanovitch being the leading attorney. It was an interesting gathering of about thirty, including several richly gowned women who were introduced to us as the wives of the ex-ministers in the Cabinet of the former King. There

were also several gorgeously attired Serbian and Montenegrin officers, and we enjoyed the singular experience.

On the 24th, the National Commission of Montenegro tendered a luncheon to all of the Allied Officers in Cettinje. We, of course, attended, as did also our Red Cross nurses. This was a very large and elaborate affair, with much formality in evidence. There were about fifty present, including the brother of the former Queen and the "Metropolitan"—the highest prelate of the Greek Catholic Church for that district. The Queen's brother was attired in magnificent native costume, with large sparkling rings on each of his fingers. From his conversation and general actions, he impressed

Crossing the Piave River near Grave de Papadopoli, Italy, on a Pontoon Bridge, Oct. 31, 1918.

us as a great booby, and this impression was borne out by his reputation. Ten elaborate courses were served, including three different kinds of meat, and champagne and wine flowed in abundance. At the conclusion of the meal proper there was the usual exchange of toasts on behalf of each of the different nations, after which we made our adieus. The whole affair had lasted some two hours, and we were surfeited with the food which we had received. We could not help but remark that there seemed to be food in the country for those who had access to it, although the common people, as we had seen them, were starving.

Late that afternoon we received word that there were four revolutionary officers hiding in the mountains nearby, who desired

to come in under the protection of the Americans and give themselves up. We sent word back by their messenger that they should come to the edge of the town and notify us. A ripple of excitement was caused the following morning by the execution of a deputy sheriff who had proved himself a traitor. He was taken to the edge of the town and made to dig his own grave, at the conclusion of which he stood with his back to the same at the foot of it. A volley of rifle shots tumbled him into place, and he was soon covered with earth.

Shortly after the noon meal word was brought in that the four revolutionary officers were at the edge of the town. I volunteered to get them and took a squad of men with me. We went to the edge of the town about two miles away, and, climbing up over the rocks found our Montenegrin revolutionists. They were one captain and three lieutenants. We disarmed them, brought them back under the protection of our fixed bayonets, fed them, and turned them over to the Montenegrin authorities. That night we four officers cut cards for choice of their revolvers. I drew the Queen of Hearts, so the first choice was mine.

The following day, January 26th, happened to be my birthday. Shortly after dinner we received secret orders to move back to Teodo as soon as possible. I left at once with the wagon train and a half platoon of men, starting from Cettinje at 3.30 in the afternoon. We had gone about an hour and were just entering the mountains when a snow-storm came up, which made the roads almost impassable. We struggled on for four hours through ice and snow, sometimes up to the hubs of our wheels, and in places were obliged to stop every hundred yards to regain our strength and to afford our mules some much-needed rest. After traversing the perilous mountain passes safely, we finally reached Niegush at 8.15 that evening, where we stopped. We were soaked through from our experience, but I had sent word ahead of our coming and the squad there had a warm supper prepared for us, which we supplemented with some of the native white whiskey as a preventive against the "flu".

We spent the night there, and the next morning at 7.30 started for Teodo, where we arrived without further incident shortly after noon. At five P. M. the same day, our company in charge of Lieuts. Craig and Speakman, came in. They had left Cettinje that morning at seven o'clock and had marched the twenty-three miles through the snow-covered mountain passes and over the roads, with only a short stop at Niegush for dinner. They were completely worn out but glad to be back, and we welcomed with satisfaction a number of improvements which had been made in our billets at Teodo during our absence, including the installation of electric lights, which were operated by means of our own plant.

On January 30th, Capt. Southworth left us, in response to orders assigning him to the command of the Third Battalion, which was then stationed at Fiume. A few days later he received his pro-

motion to Major. This left Lieut. Craig in command of our company.

On February 1st we put on an amateur show in an improvised theatre in our barracks. Two performances were given by local talent. The drama was called "The Cudgel of Doom" and was written by Lieut. Speakman; it was very well received. The days that followed we spent in drilling in the mornings and in hiking and engaging in athletics in the afternoons. As Athletic Officer of the Company, I organized inter-platoon basket ball teams, and developed both a first and second company team. We organized an inter-platoon league and created a good deal of competition and interest among the platoons with our games, two of which we played each afternoon.

Private Ira J. Moll, Co. "F", 2nd Batt., 332nd Infantry. First American soldier to be Wounded by Shell Fire in Italy. He was wounded Oct. 2, 1918.

MAJOR CONSTANT SOUTHWORTH

American Soldiers in Tzrnagora (Montenegro)

By Major Constant Southworth.

III

As two accounts have already appeared in this interesting series upon the curious adventures of Company "F", 332nd Infantry, in Montenegro, there will be no attempt on my part to go over the ground already covered, but I will give a brief account of certain related historical events.—Author.

King Nicholas' long reign in his little country of Montenegro had been quite progressive for a near-eastern monarch. He had allied himself by marriage of his numerous children to the royal

On a mountain trail in Montenegro.

houses of Italy, Serbia and Russia, and to the nobility of Germany. He had played Italy, Austria and Russia against one another, to the advantage of himself and his kingdom. After the second Balkan war he had acquired some additional territory on the southeast. And early in this century he granted his people a constitution.

But during the World War the king showed some signs of favoring Austria, and it is said that while he was with his daughter, the Queen of Italy, one of his sons appeared in Cettinje, the capital, during the Austrian occupation, and showed himself a strong partisan of the Austrians. Whether or not the king was at his old game of playing both sides against the middle, it is certain that he became unpopular with his people.

After the Austrians had been driven out, the mass of the Montenegrin people, because of the fact that they are Serbian by race and tongue, were in favor of joining the new Serbian Jugo Slav State. So on November 24, 1918, (November 11, 1918, old style, the native reckoning) at a convention in Podgoritza this union was decided on and a committee of five chosen as interim governors of Montenegro.

These committeemen bore the picturesque names of Steve Voukotich, Marko Dakovitch, Spasye Piletich, Lazar Damyanovitch and Risto Yojitch.

On the eve of this convention the Italian Commander at Cattaro gave to Major F. M. Scanland, who had just arrived with the 2nd Battalion of the 332nd Infantry, the remarkbale order to send one Company up the mountain to join the Italian battalion under Major Guadeloupe and to proceed to Cettinje "at all costs". This led to the first expendition into Montenegro, and the most exhausting night march up the majestic Lovcen, and through the pass of Krstac. Later on this trip, the Company was billeted two nights at Dubovic, in wretched native houses without chimneys

Detachment of men of Company "F" on Cattaro-Cettinje road First Montenegrin Expedition.

and some without windows. It was with difficulty that even the insufficient iron rations of the Italians were procured for the men, and the margin was quite unsafe, in view of the distance from our base and of the falling snow, a serious thing in the mountains at that season.

It has been already related how, when the Italian advance had been held up, I went on to the capital with Lt. H. S. Speakman, and ascertained, as I had suspected, that the American detachment was being used as a shield for Italian penetration. Returning to the column I persuaded Major Guadeloupe to retire to the top of the pass and await further instructions. Perhaps he consented the more readily as the rocks and mountains along the Cettinje road were swarming with irregulars all armed. They were particularly incensed against Major Guadeloupe because, but three

days before, he had promised to withdraw the Italians. It should be said, however, that the Major was ordered back and so had no choice.

Meantime this is what had happened at battalion headquarters: The day after Company "F" had left on its perilous mission, Major Scanland, chancing to be on board an Italian warship in the harbor, learned by accident that a wireless message had been received the night before from the Italian General that the entrance into Montenegro should not be *forced*. Much surprised at this

Corp. Bradley giving food to Montenegrin children.

because the orders given him had been just the contrary, Major Scanland sought the Italian Lieutenant Colonel at Cattaro (the ranking officer at the place) and asked about the dispatch. The Lieutenant Colonel said he had *not* received it. Major Scanland had been much worried over the mission on which we were engaged, and forthwith told the Lieutenant Colonel in English (probably not translated) just what kind of a ———— he was. Thereupon the good Lieutenant Colonel scratched his head and at last recalled that he *had* received the dispatch. And yet our column had been allowed to proceed under orders that might easily have produced a collision fraught with grave international consequences!

Our next orders recalled the Company to Cattaro. After a few days at Dobrotta, we were moved to Teodo, some 18 kilometers by road from Cattaro.

While, as I have said, a majority of the Montenegrins were in favor of the de facto government, headed by the Committee of five, there were many loyal supporters of the old King. And in the two factions the preponderance of the younger men in the de facto government was both marked and significant. Of the roy-

alist districts, none was more pronounced than the valley of Njegusi through which the Cattaro-Cettinje road ran. And early in January, 1919, a "revolution" broke out, and the pass of Bukovica was seized by the insurgents who for eight days cut off all through communication to the capitol, except for General Venel (French) now commanding in that area and the writer. But these trips through the lines is another story.

On General Venel's orders, Company "F" made the second expedition into Montenegro as part of an inter-allied intervention. The story of this second trip has already been told. So I pass its picturesque and exciting details, as well as the curious chance that

Montenegrin chief in native costume near the Pass of Bukovica.

brought into my hands confirmation of the oft repeated charge that the insurgent chiefs were in direct communication with the Italian headquarters at Cattaro. But I can say that our efforts to check further bloodshed were eventually crowned with success. The only serious threat I made to use force was in order to protect the non-combatants in the valley of Njegusi from a fight with, or pillage by, the successful de facto government troops, and here again I was successful.

So in due time with the country now quiet, we marched into Cettinje and were given a hearty reception. Here we stayed two weeks, quarantined in the buildings of the former German Embassy. This little capital is quite picturesque and contains some really modern buildings. Finally, on January 28, 1919, the Company returned to Teodo under 1st Lieut. S. A. Craig—who shortly was to receive a well deserved promotion and the command of the Com-

pany we both thought so much of. I cannot praise too much the conduct of the officers and men of Company "F" on these expeditions, as indeed on all other occasions. But on the Montenegrin excursions it was due to the tact, coolness and self restraint of men and officers that nothing untoward occurred and that we earned the good will of both factions. This was a real triumph, as the natives are, by nature, somewhat suspicious and feeling ran high at that time.

I would like to commend the men by name, especially those who aided so efficiently on outpost work and in negotiations, but to mention less than all might seem invidious. The entire company also owes a debt to many who did less conspicuous service: the cooks who made the best of the issued rations, scanty even when reinforced with supplies bought with the company fund, those who operated our efficient cobbler shop and tailor shop, those who installed the electric lighting plant at the Teodo barracks,

Part of Montenegrin "Army" which revolted in January, 1919.

those in the mechanical and other details, those who supervised the company entertainments, and last but not least the mule skinners! Nor should I omit the efficient corps of souvenir hunters!

A further hint that may explain some of the troubles in Montenegro during the months I have mentioned, may be found in the Literary Digest of January 22, 1921. In speaking of the criticism in Italy of the treaty of Rapallo, whereby Montenegro was conceded by Italy to the Jugo Slavs the article adds:

"This provision, it is reported, *caused a violent scene in the Italian royal family*, for Queen Helene opposed the abandonment of her father, King Nicholas of Montenegro."

We may further add that the aged king died in Paris early this year, never having returned to his country since he fled at the invasion of Von Mackensen.

The Montenegrins are a proud and independent people, typical mountaineers, with customs and ways of thinking that are centu-

ries old. They are justly proud of their independence, for they alone of the Serbian race (save only the little city-state of Ragussa) never submitted to Turk or Austrian, though fighting intermittently over 400 years. The true Montenegrin loves war and hunting; but disdains labor, most of the latter being performed by women. I have seen a woman kiss the hand of a man on greeting him, and I have seen a man leisurely guiding up the pass a string of women bent almost double with their loads. The tribal system still exists in Montenegro, with the attendant blood feuds of a primitive people.

The following incident may illustrate much that has been said and written of this proud and picturesque race. At a critical point at the time of negotiations for the surrender by the insurgents of their "army" to us, a grizzled Montenegrin major appeared on the upper reaches of the Lovcen with a large detachment of the de facto government troops. A fight threatened and a few shots were fired, but at my request he obligingly held back his men until I

Group of Montenegrin children near an American outpost.

could arrange to send the insurgents to Cattaro; and thus practically ended the "revolution". This same major later welcomed our troops as we marched into Cettinje; and there we met often and he was most friendly and courteous. About that time this story was told me of this major. During the first of the fighting around Cettinje when the City was blockaded (and about the time of my two trips above referred to, through the opposing forms in an endeavor to find some basis on which to negotiate and of which others have written) there came a lull in the battle. This major seized the opportunity to send out a white flag and request a conference with a certain insurgent leader whom he had recognized. In response to the invitation the insurgent came into the major's lines, and was brought to his headquarters. Here the major offered him tobacco, and while the visitor was rolling a cigarette, the major shot him through the head!

And with this little tale, we bid thee fare-well, O Tzrnagora, Black Mountain!

COLONEL WILLIAM GRAHAM EVERSON

The Second Battalion

By Bruce Macfarlane

September 5, 1918, Major Wm. G. Everson was ordered to report to the Headquarters, 3rd Italian Army, for instruction, and to inspect a line of trenches on the Piave Front. It was decided that the 2nd Battalion, 332nd Infantry, be assigned a position on this front as a part of the "Brigata Veneto"—a Brigade composed quite largely of Italian soldiers from Venice and surrounding cities.

The Battalion, composed of Companies E, F, G and H, and detachments of the Supply, Machine Gun and Headquarters Companies, arrived at Treviso, just north of Venice, at midnight, September 9—10. The Commanding General of the 3rd Army inspected the troops and pronounced them ready for immediate service. September 13th brought a bunch of visitors, including Duke D'Aosta and several Generals. We store all excess equipment and will move forward in the morning.

Pursuant to orders from Brigadier General DeMaria, Commanding "Brigata Veneto," we take over the town of Varago, about two miles back of our sector. We have made various visits to the Piave Sector, but now we are a part of the organization that will soon open fire on the Austrians. Our kitchens are established at Varago and this town becomes our Base. No soldiers could ask a more enthusiastic welcome than that extended by the Italians. The King and Staff called. Every General in that section sent letters of welcome. Brigadier General DeMaria wrote, "You are received as brothers by the soldiers of 'Brigata Veneto,' who are fighting for the same ideals for which you have crossed the Ocean." Major General DeAngelis wrote, "You will be the brothers of the winners of the Piave. I want to assign you the defence of the sector, where the first day of the battle the brave soldiers of the Veneto Brigade, with a brilliant counter-attack, crushed the waves of the enemy—marching to Salettuol. This sector is the vital sector of my Division. I want them to charge the American brothers with its defence, as a token of my personal appreciation," and Lieutenant General Paulini wrote, "The 11th Army Corps bids you, through me, its hearty welcome, sealing a promise worthy of you; to proceed before long on the road of victory which has been marked by the graves of our dead heroes, and further beyond, till we shall have reached the confines of just liberty for which we have joined our efforts."

To all these messages, Major Everson answered in behalf of the United States troops—the spirit of his answer is shown in this letter to General Paolini. "1. In behalf of the officers and soldiers of the 2nd Bn. 332nd Inf. U. S. A., I thank you for your kind message of welcome to the first lines of the 11th Army

Corps. It thrills us with pride to be welcomed by the heroic victors of the Piave, and with all our hearts we thank you.

"2. Men die, but their influence goes on forever. Out of the graves of the brave soldiers who have died for noble ideals will come the inspiration and encouragement for the march way beyond the lines of other days. Out of the awful sacrifice, suffering and death there must soon come a mighty victory—a lasting triumph for justice and liberty. Well may men be proud to live for, or, if need be, die for, the sacred rights of humanity.

"3. The enemy never dreamed that the United States would send soldiers to Italy, but we are here. We are here to give our best, our lives if need be—not for gold nor land, but that all peoples may enjoy the blessings of justice and liberty. We strike hands with the officers and soldiers of Italy—we have become comrades and brothers. Long after the war has closed, we shall cherish the memories of these new friendships.

"4. We wish to serve and sacrifice with you and to have some part in hastening the day of a lasting peace."

The American Sector extended for little over a mile along the Piave River, with its right resting at Salettuol and including the main road that connected Venice. The river is very treacherous and this plays a vital part in the defence of the sector, eliminating the necessity for a lot of entanglements. The Austrian lines are on the other side of the river—they have outposts on some islands and we have our machine gun emplacements to cover and control every island. The three lines of trenches are arranged along the three dykes that were built to take care of the overflow when the mountain snow melted during the early Spring. Rations are supplied by the Italians and are much better than that furnished Italian soldiers. Our sector is quite a drawing card for all kinds of Generals, newspaper men, etc., etc. In fact, we are still in the game of propaganda and Italian officers and soldiers are brought here to get a little extra "pep." Mr. Gompers and his delegation of Labor representatives gave us the "once over" and gave us a few remarks that might have cost him his "block." In his enthusiasm he wanted to climb right out on top "and see the wheels go around." We blow up a lot of ammunition and the Austrians say "good morning" and a lot of other things. We manipulate our searchlights, burn up a few observation balloons, etc., just to keep from getting homesick. Guess they think we are a wild bunch as a cautionary message came from the C. G. of Base 8 that we be very careful not to "start anything." The Austrians shower us with literature—such as this sample:

"About fifteen days ago the Austrian Government made to the Allied Powers a fair and just peace proposal. They, as usual, have refused it. We want you soldiers to know that our people are ready to talk honorable peace conditions and any further denial on the part of your Governments will bring a full destruction of your soil.

"If we are compelled to retreat, behind us you shall find fire and destruction—nothing will be saved from our just revenge to your aim of suppression and crushing our Nation.

"Soldiers of Italy, take our advice, lay down your arms for your own and your Country's interest and benefit."

On the 15th, we are given instructions as to the part we were to play in the crossing of the Piave and the proposed advance. The remaining Battalions of the 332nd were to be assigned positions with Italian troops on our right and left. The 2nd Battalion was to start the "party" and to smash through the lines and then to be supported by troops from our right. It looked like a glorious slaughter and the implication was that the Major was to be left behind to supervise some S. O. S. work. Major Everson is a preacher in civil life and was never known to utter an oath, but on this occasion he said: "This is the first time that I ever really wanted to swear," and one of the officers spoke up and said, "I'll do it for you—stay behind." "Like hell I will." Then the Italians are suddenly pulled out of the lines and the British come down from the mountains. We are surprised on October 15th, with orders that we are to be relieved and are to rejoin the Regiment as soon thereafter as possible.

Well, we rejoin the Regiment at Treviso on the 16th, and find them all excited about the prospects of a "Big Drive." The next few days are put in with long marches—both for the hardening of our own troops and for the effect on the Italian soldiers. Just at this time Major Everson is promoted and assigned as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 332nd Infantry and Major Frank M. Scanland, Regimental Adjutant, is promoted and assigned to Second Battalion. At last the orders come and the Regiment moves out for Varago and we feel that we are on our way to New York.

The "Sectore Americano" has suddenly become the livest spot on the Italian front and the little town of Salettuol is the crossing place for the British, Italians and Americans. We push on from October 28th, and march through the old sector and cross the Piave at the very spot where Lieutenant "Dug" Meldrum waded the river in gathering information just a few days before. The Austrian lines are shattered and we are over the river and on our way in the last crushing "drive" of the war so far as our end of the game is concerned.

Colonel William Wallace is ordered to take his Regiment as the Advance Guard of Lord Caven's Corps, made up of two British Divisions, 31st Italian Division, and the 332nd Infantry. November 1—3 are days of marching and fighting and we never hesitate until we find ourselves the first Infantry soldiers at the Taglimentia River, late in the afternoon of November 3rd. We halt with the Second Battalion on the right, including the blown-up bridge, Third Battalion on the left, and the First Battalion in reserve. It is a wild night.

Colonel Wallace was at the end of the bridge and Major Scanland was ordered to take his Battalion across at 5.40 A. M. The Austrians were telling Captain Austin Story, who commanded the Third Battalion, that an Armistice was to go into effect, but Story replied, "We're going to blow you up—get your heads down."

During the night the boys crawled over the pieces of the bridge and took up a position on the Austrian side of the Taglimentia. Promptly at the time set the artillery opened up and the Second Battalion, with Companies E, F, G and H in reserve, deploy, and the Machine Gun detachments in position rise from the Austrian side of the river and absolutely surprise the enemy. Colonels Wallace and Everson were at the bridge and the enemy tore up trenches in that position. They ranged their pieces too far, thinking the Americans were on the far side of the river. Hence, most of the bullets went over the heads of our troops. In less than twenty minutes the Second Battalion smash through, and the Austrians break and run for their lives.

The pursuit is organized and followed with such rapidity that the Austrians never attempt to establish a new position. Our boys push on through Codroipo, where over two million dollars' worth of supplies are captured, and then on to the line held when the Armistice went into effect at "fifteen hours, November 4, 1920." It was glorious to see the boys smash through and to hear their yells and to feel that the war was about over. A British aeroplane flew over and dropped a pennant to which was fastened—"Well Done." Most of the night was spent by the 332nd in handling the prisoners, of whom there were many thousands. The Austrian Generals were amazed when informed that there had never been but one combat Regiment of American soldiers in Italy. They reported that it was suspected that we had at least six Divisions.

Major General DeAngelis, in G. O. No. 6335, expressed his appreciation of the 2nd Battalion in the trenches and said, "I am pleased to express to you my feelings of satisfaction, and I beg you to tribute in my name a solemn approval of Major Wm. G. Everson, Commanding Officer of that Battalion." The British Commanding General decorated Colonel William Wallace with the British D. S. O., and expressed his appreciation of the Regiment. Major Frank Scanland was decorated with a silver medal for his splendid service in leading his Battalion across the Taglimentia. Decorations were awarded to Colonel Wallace, Lieutenant Colonel Everson, Major Scanland, Major Burch and Captain Story. Several war-crosses and medals are distributed among the enlisted, and we all feel that it was a glorious celebration and we are really glad to be alive and able to take part in the festivities.

The terms of the Armistice gave us the right to use the roads of Austria, and the right of requisition, and, with the Austrian Army on its back, there was nothing between us and

Berlin. We were ordered to proceed by forced-marches to a point designated as "the back door of Germany." We pushed on through Rivolto, La Santissima, Pozzuolo, Lavaria, Buttrio, Orsaria, Ipplis and Carmons. Colonels Wallace and Everson went into the mountains as far as Tolmino.

Then, we are halted by the news on the 11th of November that the Armistice had been signed with Germany. The war is over and we thought our travels at an end except for the homeward journey. We yelled and sang and rolled on the ground like a bunch of school kids. But our dreams are punctured when orders came dividing the Regiment—Major Scanland to return to Venice and take Companies E, F, G and H, and detachments of M, G and Supply Companies to Cattaro, down in Montenegro; Lieutenant Colonel Everson to take Companies I, K, L and M, and detachments of M, G and Supply Companies to Fiume, via Trieste. The Regimental Headquarters and the rest of the Regiment were to return to Triveso.

We are not assembled again until March 9th, when Colonel Everson brought the last detachment of troops from Cattaro. The Regiment is back under direct command of Colonel Wallace and nicely located in Genoa, waiting sailing orders for New York, U. S. A.

The experiences of the detachments in Fiume and Cattaro are full of interest because of the complications arising out of the political situation along the Adriatic.

A SUMMARY

By COLONEL WILLIAM WALLACE

This article was taken from a copy of Colonel Wallace's Report sent to Major General Glenn. Though an official document it is a thoroughly human treatise on mighty interesting experiences.

The service of the 332nd Regiment of Infantry in Italy can be divided into four periods: first, from our arrival to the commencement of the Italian Offensive against the Austrians (from July 28th to October 27th, 1918); second, from the latter date to wide dispersion of the Battalions on November 12th, 7th and 25th respectively; third, when the Battalions were operating alone in occupied territory and beyond any direct influence of Regimental Headquarters; fourth, from the final assembly beginning February 15th.

Our first marches were more in the nature of triumphal processions than of stern military operations. In every city—shouting crowds, bands, banners, flowers, speeches and parades. Highly enjoyable, I admit, but more becoming the end of a victorious campaign than the commencement of one by a concourse of raw recruits. Militarily, it was not a good start. On arrival the regiment was billeted in three good sized towns with the Machine Gun at a smaller one and all considerably apart. The officers drew exceedingly comfortable quarters in fine villas, my own being palatial, while the men were widely dispersed throughout the towns in quarters that, though comfortable, contrasted greatly.

In addition, the Italian civil and military authorities and British and French Commanders showered us with invitations which could not be refused without causing offense. These took valuable time. Drill areas were few and remote. Supervision and inspections, even of Battalions quartered in a town, were difficult. The consequence was that schedules were not fully carried out and the absent list ran high. Training was essential and the men were not getting it, so after about two weeks, on August 14th, I placed the whole Regiment under canvas at Valleggio. The move was rather unpopular with many of the officers and men, and was beyond the comprehension of the Italians who had done so much for our comfort and entertainment.

At Valleggio we made up for lost time. The training area was ideal. An amphitheatre, two miles in circumference, for open warfare work; a section of finely constructed trenches for trench training. I secured a Battalion of Arditti—Italy's best shock troops—who had 28 engagements to their credit. On duty they always double timed and had a major who did the same. Under their instruction, the Battalions were put through every kind of trench and open warfare problems. Each Battalion actually lived in and operated the trenches for three day periods; while another maneuvered against and raided it day and night.

The open warfare problems were all carried through with ball

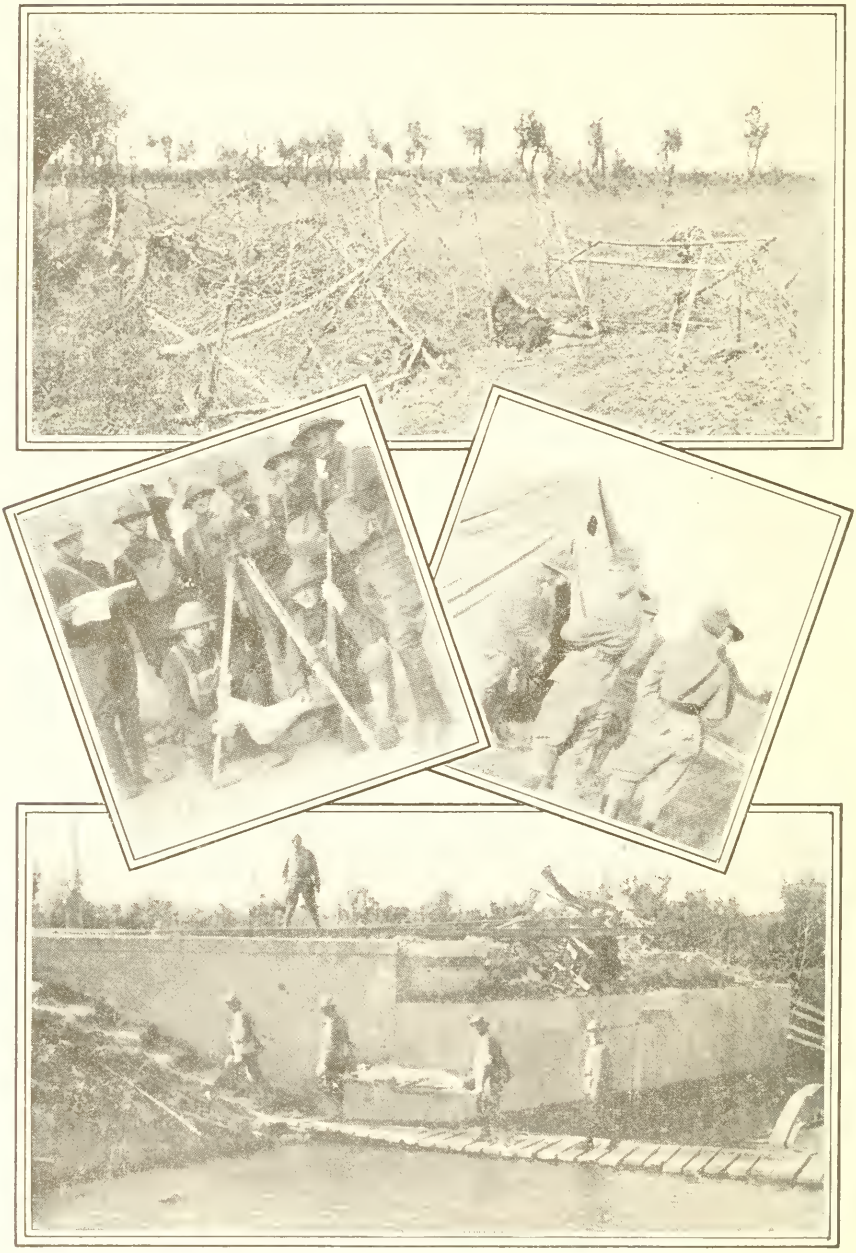
ammunition and employed one-pounders, trench mortars, field artillery (Italian) and machine guns; all used against targeted positions. The Machine Gun Company of 32 guns went to the big Italian School for two weeks course of practical instruction. Every man had a thorough course of range practice. All officers were sent for a week's visit to the front line to actually see how operations were conducted in the presence of the enemy. I believe no regiment had a more ideal course of training. Men and officers generally responded well to the hard work required to carry it on.

I was concerned about securing a sector of trenches so as to be in place when the offensive began. Visited every part of the line and the Piave District looked best to me; so I went personally to the Duke of Aosta and obtained an important section on his line; and immediately sent Col. Everson's Battalion to hold it before the Duke could change his mind. This assured the regiment a place in the action when it should take place. The remainder of the Regiment continued training at Valleggio until October 3rd, when the entire regiment assembled at Treviso, a large town ten miles in the rear of our sector. Three fine cavalry barracks were turned over to us. Every man in the regiment was brought up to good marching condition by being required to make marches in complete mobile equipment. Little else could be done owing to terrific congestion of troops and supplies. Every man was required to take these marches. Before the offensive was over the necessity for this toughening process was plainly in evidence.

The offensive began October 28. For the first week after arrival some confusion existed in the issuing of rations owing to the quality and number of articles required to satisfy an American. No army the world had ever known called for such subsistence. The tables of Royalty and Highest Commanders in Italy were not so furnished. Nevertheless, after the first few days we were obtaining nearly everything we desired—and where the Italians got some of the articles has always been a mystery to me.

On one occasion near the end of the training it was proposed by the officers and men that a minstrel and boxing show be given in which we might all return our numerous social obligations. During the stay at Valleggio, I had reduced social functions to the minimum. Nevertheless, some invitations had to be accepted. The officers had been entertained at messes when they visited the trenches and by commanders on their way to them. The British non-commissioned officers entertained ours at their mess at Lake Garda and all were indebted to the Arditti, who had had entertainments for them. It was expedient to have the matter over with at once rather than spread over a considerable period of time, and besides it meant a really creditable affair. I approved of it. The officers had their guests one night and the men two nights later. Five hundred officers came on officers' night, and several thousand doughboys on the men's. The entertainments were a success.

The second period of the Regiment's activities was partly taken in the Italian offensive against the Austrians. We received orders at 9.40 P. M., Oct. 28th, 1918, and at 10.30 P. M. were march-



1. Dead Soldier Caught on Barbed Wire Entanglements.
2. Snipers and Scouts, N. C. O.'s. 3. Officers of the 332d.
4. Stretcher Bearers Carrying Wounded Italian Soldiers.

ing toward the front. During the night of October 27th and the entire day following, a heavy engagement along the whole line was taking place. The 10th British Army of which we were a part, though belonging to an Italian Division, was forcing the Piave immediately in our front not 10 miles away. At 2.30 A. M., Oct. 29th, we were halted at Varago, 3 miles from the front. All bridges over the Piave had been destroyed by enemy fire and it was not until 9.00 A. M., Oct. 31st, that crossing became possible and we could proceed. From then a run of all troops was necessary to overtake the fleeing enemy. His rapid withdrawal was a surprise to the Allied Commanders, who, I know, expected him to undertake rear-guard action at the four big rivers he had to cross. Instead, he "beat it" swiftly, only pausing to blow up every bridge and so delay our advance. This regiment was the advance guard of the Division and covered with its scouting parties a front of nearly four miles. At the Tagliamento on Nov. 3rd, we found the Austrians in position on the other side and during the night the 2nd Battalion (Scanland's) crossed the river on a single plank foot bridge, deployed and at 5.20 A. M. attacked, taking the enemy position with the loss of only one killed and six wounded. It was miraculous and had the Austrian machine guns reduced their range but 100 yards the toll would have been very heavy. Then came the surrender. Some Austrian high commanders wanted the Americans to take charge of them. I couldn't do it. Didn't have enough men to guard a tenth of their army and was scratching for food for the regiment. In fact, we were practicaly out of it and it was not until late in the day, Nov. 4th, that our supply since beginning the march caught up with us, and this was only a meager two day supply of "iron" rations. When I told the Austrians there was only one regiment of Americans on the Italian Front, they would not believe me. They "knew" there were at least 300,000 of them. I realized the propaganda had been good, but I never flattered myself it had been anything like that. From the 5th on, began a rearward movement into Italy of Austrians, 60,000 or 70,000 filed down our lines of communication alone; thousands, too, of Italian prisoners liberated by the Austrians. The regiment stayed at the Tagliamento during the 5th and on the 6th began, by hard marches, to reach the line laid down in the armistice terms that might be occupied as Italy's frontier if it could be reached by the 16th. That these marches were hard, it is needless to say. The congestion of troops alone was terrific, the roads were very bad, the bridges all destroyed, and every step was taking us away from our supplies. The British on two occasions, I understand, were feeding their advanced troops by air-ship-transport and the Cavalry were nearly three days without food or forage and riding hard day and night. At Ipplis, on the 8th, we had to stop for four days to rest and get up rations. We were bound for Tolmino, far up into Austrian territory. I went there. The country at Ipplis and beyond was infested with a plague of the "Flu". The people were dying so fast, the well didn't have time to bury them. On the 12th, Scanland's Battalion (2nd) was ordered to Cattaro, Montenegro, returning to em-

Sgt. Converse.

Lt. Botagele and Lt. Davidson

Machine Gunfire Station at Piave.

Private Hille of Ironton.

Capt. Magnus, Our Adjutant

bark at Venice. The rest of regiment advanced to Cormans. The epidemic still continued. On the 18th the 3rd Battalion was sent to Fiume, Dalmatia, under Lt. Col. Everson. On the 24th, the 1st Battalion, Headquarters, Machine Gun and Supply Companies returned to Treviso, which they reached after hard marching on November 28th, the Battalion going into fine quarters at Dosson, 4 miles out.

We began the advance with two days iron rations on person, two days on rolling kitchens and an additional supply of various kinds of food, that if properly used, would have assured us a five days' supply. This was maintained to the date of crossing the Piave. I had been assured by the Division Commander that 20 light trucks (cameons) would be allotted to the regiment from a Division Supply Train. The day after setting out, I was informed that it would be impossible to let me have them and that I must depend entirely on the Division for transport as well as supplies. The British commander secured 30 mule drawn carts at Mira—30 miles to the rear—for me; and these had to be sent for, loaded at Treviso, and catch up. But, as said, nobody expected the phenomenal pursuit that took place. All transport was completely outrun. Trucks, kitchens, even our horses, had to be abandoned at the first big river and we didn't see them again until the day after reaching the Tagliamento when 12 of the 30 carts managed to get up, the animals of the others having died on the way. During the advance, the British again helped out, sending the regiment about a day's supply of bully beef and hard tack. After crossing the Tagliamento, our own transport was ample, but the congestion of traffic was beyond description. It was 4 days before the Division Depot got into a day's striking distance. Moreover, when at the beginning of the drive the line to be supplied by the Italians was comparatively short, and connected with closeby depots by good roads, the end of the advance saw the line to be supplied extended five times and connected with depots far to rear by almost impassable roads that were barred by broken bridges. The Italian S. O. S. at this period must have been sweating blood and that there was not a complete breakdown in supply is one of the most creditable things of the whole war. Enough to live on did get up;—it was not Charlotte russe and champagne, but it was bread and meat.

The Battalion (2nd) which was ordered to Cattaro, Montenegro, has had the most difficult time. It was 1000 miles from Treviso to Cattaro, by rail to Brindisi and boat across the Adriatic. It had been ordered directly from the advance to Maestre (land port of Venice) to embark.

On September 10th, with a little over twelve hundred men, I reached Treviso where we received four days' special instruction. We were then ordered to Varago, a small town about two miles back of the sector of trenches we were to take over. We were welcomed by the Italian soldiers and with special letters from Lt. General Paolini, Major General De Angleis and Brig. General DeMaria who commanded the Venato Brigade—to which we were assigned.

The American Sector covered a mile front, the right of which rested on the main road at Salettuol. We were visited by Generals and distinguished men of England, France, Italy and America—even his Honor, the King of Italy visited us twice—all spoke in the highest of praise because of the splendid condition of our troops and the boundless enthusiasm of our officers. Everything possible was done for us—in fact, I feel that we all had "the time of our lives".

When we were ordered to join the Regiment in preparation for the "Last Drive", the Italian General wrote a letter of commendation and said that the association with the American officers and soldiers was one of the rare pleasures of his life—and that he spoke for all the Italian officers. On New Year's Day, 1919, General DeMaria, who commanded the Veneto Brigade, wrote, "In memory of our happy days together on the Piave, we send best wishes for a Happy New Year."

We had reached Cormons after the "Great Drive". On Nov. 18, 1918, I was ordered with the Third Battalion to Fiume where we became a part of the troops of occupation. Here we came in close contact with the Italian, French, British and Serbian forces—both military and naval. Our troop-train was the first train to go through since the signing of the armistice—both cars and service were poor on account of damage done by the retreating Austrians. During the drive our clothing was badly worn and in some cases torn, but it was impossible to wait for new supplies. We took what "iron rations" we could get and struck out for an eighteen hour ride into Austria and along the Adriatic to Fiume. The officers were billeted on the Ference Ferdinand—a very fine Austrian ship, and the men had two large schools—heated, well lighted and ventilated.

When we left Fiume, letters of commendation were sent by the following—

Lt. General Grazioli for the Italians.

Lt. General Tranie for the French.

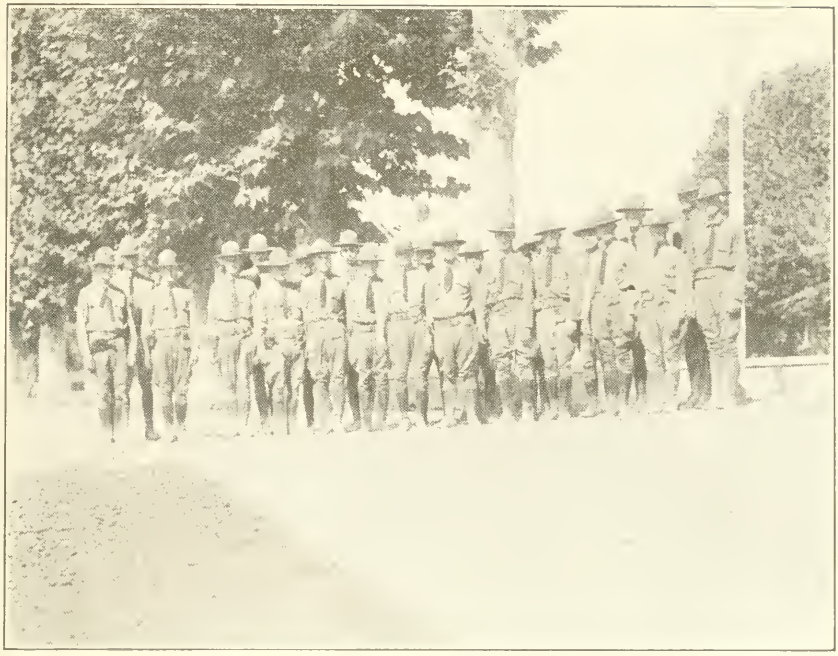
Brig. General Gordon for the British.

Farewell banquets were given by the Italians and the British. The various Political Organizations sent committees to express their admiration and appreciation of the American contingent in Fiume. The Spanish Consul told me that he had never seen a better behaved bunch of soldiers. The entire town turned out on the day we left. There were delegations from the Italians, French, British and Serbian troops and sailors. There were three bands and delegations from every large Civic organization in Fiume. The Italian, French and British Generals and Admirals stayed in the crowd at the station for nearly two hours.

Report of 1st Battalion activities during the period from Nov. 24, 1918, to Feb. 13, 1919:—

November 24, to November 28, 1918.

The Battalion was detached from the Regiment and marched from Langoris near Cormons to Treviso, Nov. 24th. The march of approximately 80 miles was done in a period of 5 days, in 4 stages, the men being billeted each night in comfortable quarters. The Battalion was accompanied by Rolling Kitchens and hot meals



Officers of the Second Battalion.

were served throughout the hike. The Battalion arrived in Treviso on Nov. 28th. The country passed through north of the Piave was infested with influenza and by contact many cases developed in the Battalion. The Battalion was accompanied by ambulances which carried the men who took sick enroute ahead to the Field Hospital at Treviso.

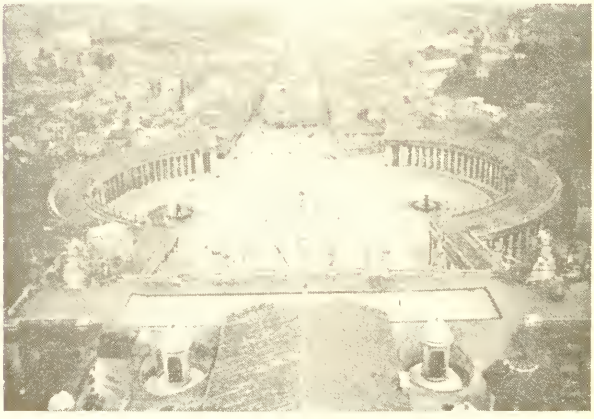
November 28, to February 13, 1919.

The Battalion with detachments from Machine Gun Co. and Hqrs. Co. took billets at Dosson near Treviso in a large 3 story factory building which was being used as a military barracks. In an out-building there were hot water shower baths to accommodate 50 men at one time. Field ranges were set up and Rolling Kitchens turned in and portable wooden houses erected to furnish shelter for the kitchens and rations. The winter was exceptionally mild. Close order drill was held for 2 hours daily on drill fields about ½ hour's march from the barracks. In bad weather 2 hour hikes were taken. The intention was to maintain discipline and keep the Battalion in good physical condition. The drill was supplemented by an athletic program consisting of volley ball, indoor baseball, football, soccer and group games under a Battalion athletic officer with the idea that every man in the Battalion was engaged in some form of athletics. Equipment was furnished by Y. M. C. A. A Battalion soccer team contended with all the British teams stationed in Treviso making a creditable showing, affecting good

sport and adding to the extremely cordial relations between the British and American soldiers in Italy. The indoor baseball league included a team from each platoon, six games being played daily. I consider that the athletics were very successful and beneficial.

The Battalion had the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. schools at Doson in the following subjects: History, bookkeeping, geography, mathematics, salesmanship and law. These courses were optional and successful. The Y. M. C. A. took over and operated an opera house at Treviso using all available talent including a Battalion minstrel. Shows were had on an average of 3 times a week.

On February 13th, the Battalion entrained for Genoa to join the Regiment.



Famous Collonade Approach to St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome

LIEUT. CARL H. TRIK, 3d.

REMINISCENCES

By Carl H. Trik, 3rd.

I

When a rank amateur penman enjoys the distinction of being sought after, when his "writings" are solicited in the politely insistent way of an old maid after a particularly choice autograph, and when finally he is assured that the publication of his stuff is to be assumed by others, and the only thing to worry him is to get his scribblings out on time, then may one observe a true case of Ego Superba.

That, would you believe it, is just what has happened to me. The publisher (here and after to be known at all times as "My publisher") quite recently a perfect stranger, but now a life-long friend, has laid before me the temptation to draw upon my imagination in supplying him with reminiscences. Since the stuff will undoubtedly be read by former buddies, I feel constrained to stick to the truth, as nearly as within my power. This is going to be difficult, I fear, because I have so many choice memories picked up here and there, from various sources; and have repeated them so many times, that I find it quite confusing to pick the wheat from the chaff; since, after two and a half years, I firmly believe they all happened to me. I am not alone there, however, for I heard a chap the other day telling a war experience of his that positively happened to me and the circumstances were too peculiar for it to be a coincidence. So there you are.

In the Army, as is well known, the company clerk was usually a pretty fair wheelwright, and a company mechanic earned his civilian jack on a stool posting Aa—to I-J. Therefore, I was made Regimental Intelligence Officer.

I was ordered to report to the Duke of A'Osta, Commanding General of the Third Italian Army. I had to take with me three battalion scout officers, Lieutenants Davidson, Nearn and Childers. Our journey from Verona, near which city the outfit was encamped, took us through Padua. The Italian moon was living up to its reputation and we were sure that the Hun would raid the city that night. Lieutenant Childers, a Second Battalion Scout Officer, was an old timer. He had been sent to us from France, where he had been a sniper Sergeant. He assured us he was used to raids—and all that. We were glad to have him with us. We felt that we needed his experience. That night, as predicted, the Hun came over dropping eggs with a great to-do. We rushed up to Childers' room and found him absent. The bed had been slept in, but apparently not for long. Childers was elsewhere. The next day towards evening Lieutenant Childers ventured the hope that the Austrians would return that night.

"How come?" we asked him.

"Oh, kinda like the excitement," but he seemed evasive.

"Well, aren't you sort of impatient?"

"No, I just like the noise, I guess."

"You like the noise? Say, Buddie, where did you get what you got?"

"Oh, that! I only had a wee little one, but I'll tell you birds, only I hate to share a good thing like this. You see last night I went down into a Refugio during the raid and I found pretty nearly every Italian woman within a mile jammed in there. I think some of them stopped to put on slippers, but I can't vouch for it. It was very, very dark. Tonight I am going to sort o' hang around the entrance so I'll be sure of getting in, for there's no use in taking foolish chances."

Then he got belligerent and bawled, "Now don't you birds come hanging around my dugout, get one of your own. There just ain't room for all Padua in there."

We had one picked out, but they didn't come again.

In a pretentious Venetian villa, in the quiet little town of Mogliano, was housed the Comando Supremo of the Third Italian Army. This was the army chosen to guard the treasure of Italy, the Domicile of Romance and Intrigue—Venice. His Highness, the Duca d'A'Osta was in command of this flower of Italy's armies. By virtue of his station, first Cousin to the King, and his excellent generalship, the Duke made good. We four American officers blew in there as per instructions and according to Italian custom, before we could take up our duties, had to be presented to His Highness. We were drilled by a conscientious Colonel at Headquarters to be sure to say when we were in the august presence, Yes, your Highness, this, and No, your Highness, that. They impressed upon us the awful consequences likely to happen if we gummed the sacred interview with any low American slang or custom, such as saluting with one's hat off, or looking at the soup-spot on Royalty's tunic (not that this is an American custom). We were finally ushered into his luxurious office and beheld a tall man of about sixty-four who smiled very kindly and was most congenial. We saluted when we were presented, and darned if we could say anything but "Yes, Sir, this" and "No, Sir, that," and I believe to this day the Colonel who presented us thinks that we rubbed it in as we saluted, as we left, because we wore no hats and the Italians do not do this. They took that staff officer to the hospital that night. He had Italian Rabies or something.

Lieutenant Davidson, the First Battalion Scout Officer, had the honor of capturing the first prisoner ever taken by American troops on Italian soil. He was crawling around in the muck of the Levenza River to get soundings for a pontoon bridge. With his work finished he was on his way back through the heavy undergrowth when he said he smelled something funny. He turned the man over to the Italians for dry cleaning.

General Treat, Duca d'Aosta and other American and Italian Officers.

During the big push, on the Pordonne Road, which runs straight as an arrow across the Venetian plains, I saw what was to me the most pathetic incident of the war. A direct hit had laid low six horses of a British heavy. One was on its side and in the ditch. Down there in the muck and slime, up to her knees, was a youngster of twelve or thirteen, carving steaks from the carcass and throwing them up to her mother, an old hag of 40. This sounds grisly now, but at that time I venture to say that these peasants thought they were in fine luck.

The war, as is well known, finally ended, but the troubles of the 332nd only began. The brave and famous Second Battalion was shunted to Dalmatia, there to rot in peace, sans leave, sans underwear, sans everything, but a life-sized grouch, and a pretty little mixture called the "American Seestem." In a moment of inspiration the town baker got out his Rum, Strega, Benedictine, Marsala and Cognac. He mixed them all together and hung out a shingle "Dreenks." The first meeting was the worst. It was a very economic beverage. One only needed two tastes and a whiff of the cork, and one called it a day. I met up with it when the old belt was rather loose. I only had one taste and no whiffs, yet that was the day I saw the famous Dalmation Wzychowskii—a very rare animal. It has heavy eye-brows, two heads, eight legs and never had any tail to speak of. It is ambidexterous in that it runs first on one set of legs and then on the other. They say down there in Cattaro that if it ever pursues you the stuff is off. This thing did start after me, but luckily it saw Major Scanlon commanding the Battalion, and swerved.

I have ambled along considerably as I knew I would even when My Publisher said, "We only want about 300 or 400 words." Nice of him, to be sure, but I have that many thousand to say about some things, Congressional Investigations for instance, or perhaps hiking twenty-five kilos on a canteen of water, or Supply Captains, or C. C. pills, or voices that bawl like a bull on "Squads Left," or Asti Spumanti, or Wilson in Rome, or Italian Bed-Bugs, or Dolce far nienti, or omelettes fried in olive oil.

But there!—The whole thing was a dream, spotty here and there it's true, though I am sure that with the mellowing hand of time lightly brushing these spots they will gradually fade and in eighty or ninety years we should have a right rosy picture of the big fuss.

II

In these ramblings through memory I shall not attempt to weave them into a continuous tale. I shall jot them down as they come to me (or in the event of the failure of memory—as they are born).

With the passing of Wilson and all his glory, one's memory quite naturally harks back to the time when he was at the apex of his popularity (that is, his European popularity).

It was, if you remember, immediately after his Italian tour, that his sun began to set, ever so slowly, but begin it did, and at that time.

I was fortunate enough to have been ordered to Rome with the guard of honor that was detailed to meet him at the railroad station upon his arrival at the Eternal City.

We reported at Rome, New Year's Day of 1919, in all the pomp and circumstance of men fresh from lousy billets and a twenty-four-hour ride on the Italian speed demon which leaves Paris one day and promises to get you in Rome the next day, but, like many earthly promises, means a month.

We were well fed on the usual travel rations of iron, and couldn't have considered eating a beefsteak under any circumstances. The steak would have been too great.

I took the men in my charge to the Red Cross house where they slept on matresses with honest-to-goodness sheets and pillow cases.

The first time in months those happy roughnecks had even seen linen.

One strapping six-footer sat on the edge of the mattress and peeled off his socks. Before he finally turned in he daintily lifted the covers with due attention to the little finger which, as everyone knows, should always be nicely curved. He heaved a profound sigh as though ashamed to disturb the snowy whiteness, and turning suddenly to his neighbor, said with tremendous threat in his voice:

"Now, Edgar, don't you go making a mistake and try to kiss me good morning."

Edgar looked up from a knotty shoelace. "No, ma'am! I mean, no, sir," was all he said.

The next day Wilson came. I shall omit any description of that justly famous occasion other than to say it was very Italian, which is to say very showy, very ceremonious, full of color and fanfare, and quite the biggest thing that had happened in Rome since Nero played his record-breaking "One-two-three, one-two-three." I mean that's the way the Romans acted.

His Royal Highness gave His Excellency a big reception followed by an awfully good dinner. Mr. Wilson was boarding at the Quirinal while in the Eternal City. Mrs. Wilson and Margaret were with him. George Creel and Admiral Grayson were around somewhere. I think they stopped in the Annex.

Ambassador Page gave a luncheon to the King at his residence, in the name of Wilson, I suppose. I do not understand diplomatic etiquette. (I never could figure out whether a Duke beats an Earl, or a Baron tops a Count, or a Marquise a Duchess. And that counts in diplomatic circles; for if you, for instance, are a Duke and I only a Knight—you get into the dining room first and thus get nearest the chicken, while I am forced to the end of the line; and if there are many Dukes ahead of me

I'm out of luck entirely, for I not only get a place 'way down the board, but haven't even a good chance for any seconds.)

This luncheon which Mr. Page gave Mr. V. Emmanuel was to be quite a doggy affair, if you know what I mean. Printed invitations, flowers on the table, carpet on the steps, and all that. Very swank! Very exclusive, and quite the function of the season. I do not know what the Ambassador did for music at similar functions in the past—but at this one he had a forty-eight-piece band furnished by the bandoliers of the 332d A. E. F. in Italy.

And I want to say right here there isn't, or never will be, another band can touch that old windjamming bunch of privates of the 332d.

They went around to Numero Tre Dieci Via Vengte Septembre, which is by way of saying, Mr. Page's house, at eleven in the morning and tootled and blew and thumped until four in the afternoon. They had had no breakfast nor any lunch, and as the time dragged on and the King ate and ate and ate, it looked as though they'd be out of luck for dinner.

"Good-bye, buddy."

But finally it was over. The men played the last salute and began packing their instruments.

Mrs. Page, wife of the former Ambassador, is a dear motherly lady. She it was who suggested the most novel and yet welcome idea of the entire trip to date. It was nothing more than that the "poor hungry boys be brought up and fed."

You should understand that the men had been playing in the courtyard around which the house was built as of a square. The banquet hall of the house was on the third floor. Leading up to this floor were broad beautiful steps of marble, down the center of which ran the conventional strip of red carpet. On each landing stood a motionless American sentry, steel hatted and bayonet fixed, shined, shaved and shampooed to within

an inch of his life. Goes the party, then; up these steps trooped the band and relaxed sentries.

They were met by Mrs. Page who led the hungry mob into the dining hall recently vacated by the King of Italy and his wife, the Queen, Mr. Wilson and family, and all the smaller fry in the form of ambassadors and commanding generals.

At that luncheon were, besides the aforementioned, General Diaz, Commander-in-Chief of all the Italian Armies; the Duca d'Abruzzi, commanding all the Italian navies, a cousin to the King and brother of Aosta (he's the chap who tried to marry a Philadelphia girl but who was shown the nearest exit); the Mayor of Rome and others I have forgotten. There were only sixty-three. Well, sir, do you know those boys filed (I should say *ran*, for Mrs. Page had disappeared and left them in charge of a major-domo) around that table and together with the sentries and color-guard filled every chair there. And the chairs still warm from the other distinguished—ah—guests! I am stating the truth when I say that I really believe the Pages had to dine out that night, because that crowd not only ate the remains of the Royal luncheon, consisting of *pate-de-foie gras*, quail, squab, artichoke, salads, blanc manges and so on, but clamored for stuff a he-man could live on, and the obliging major domo brought in roast beef, steak and a few potatoes. It was then six o'clock and too late to do any marketing.

The repartee was good during that second meal. One buck took the part of the King and another played the Queen. There was a Mr. Wilson and a General Diaz. One lad possessed of a voice played he was Margaret Wilson and elected to sing "How Dry I Am," with a mouth full of Italian spinach. The chief protest came from the "Queen" sitting opposite him.

I've often wondered whether Mrs. Page had her silver checked, for we were souvenir crazy in those days.

I mentioned in a foregoing paragraph the Mayor of Rome. An amusing incident in connection with the luncheon came up in the courtyard below.

The house, as I said, was built around a square. The cars entered at one gate, stopped, discharged their occupants and left by another gate. We had guards at both gates and a snappy buck to open and close the doors of the cars as they swung around and stopped at the entrance.

The guards at the gates had absolute orders to let no one in not possessed of an invitation and under no circumstances were they supposed to permit any one to enter after the King had arrived, who, of course, came last (but who went into the dining hall first). I believe that is how the saying originated anent "The last shall be first," although our former Lieutenant-Colonel who worked for a church in civilian life and, we hope, still does—might take exceptions to that; but then one is always getting Mr. Shakespeare, and the Bible and "Poor Richard" all balled up—isn't one? The truth is the truth, regardless of whether it comes from the mouths of babes or the ponderous dome of a Latter Day Saint. "What boots it" if "people who live in glass houses" and so on, are found among the begats or among the unpublished papers of Elbert Hubbard, or, like Topsy, "just growed." It's a very pat bromide and

handy to have about if you care to take the risk of using it. All this wandering away from the point is indicative of many things, but chiefly shows up the amateur adventurer into the realm of scribble. So, to get back—

After the jolly old King had entered the blooming courtyard, steppin' high and wide out of the motor indicating the merry old soul was feelin' top-hole, with his consort smiling as though she felt top-hole-er, there fell a silence upon the men, broken only by a "tweet-tweet" from some piccolo artist lightly running the scale, or a deep "phrumph" from the bass horn, as of a German corporal in his cups.

Suddenly from the entrance gate rang out the sharp command "Halt!" and the clash of bayonets as the two guards crossed their pieces

"Ah, Dio! Dio! Dio! Madonna! Ma nome! Prego! Americani, Prego! Prego!"

"Who the hell is this guy?" I heard a sergeant ask.

The Last Grouche—"Is this all I get?"

"Yah, some dead-head," said the other and addressing himself to the unknown.

"Gwan! Scat! Via! Allez! Yer in wrong, buddie! Sei partira subito! Get me?"

The other got him indeed! His only answer was more talk, more moans, more "Dio's," more hand wringing.

By this time I was at the gate. The picture I saw was very interesting. I looked down the Via Vengte Septembre lined on both sides with the crack regiments of Italy's cavalry in full dress of burnished cuirasses, crested shining helmets, drawn sabres, skin tight breeches, elbow length gauntlets, black horses motionless. Behind the Cavalry, in double ranks, stood the Infantry as far as the eye could see. And pushing, shoving, yelling, hat-throwing, banner- and flag-waving was the Roman populace doing homage to the famous "Weelson."

Immediately in front of me stood the American sentries on the American soil of our Ambasador's house. They had dropped their pose of crossed pieces and were now earnestly engaged in shoving with firm and gun butts this upstart who sought to enter minus his ticket, on foot, and ye gods of Custom, hear! After the Royal Presence had arrived, above the babel of the people, one could hear the praying of the fat person dressed in frock coat and shining top hat—slung about with the red sash of officialdom and wearing enough hardware around his neck to build a Henry.

In the midst of this scene much to the disgust of the sergeants on guard, who, needless to say, were enjoying themselves hugely, came another fat man. This one came from the house. He was awe-inspiring, moving magestically on plump piano legs encased in blue silken knee breeches, white silk stockings, black square-toe shoes with huge silver buckles. He sported a scarlet coat of many buttons, trimmed with whirly-gigs and gew-gaws. On his head rested one of those hats an admiral wears, only he wore his from port to starboard instead of from bow to stern—if you know what I mean. It looked like the hat Napoleon wore when he posed for that picture where his standing with his foot forward as though he's just missed the rail by an inch, and his right hand about to unbutton the front of his coat to pay the check.

Beside all this costume this fat, imposing personage carried a staff as tall as himself—like an over-grown Bo-Peep.

Turning to us, he addressed us in English, "Gentlemen, there is a mistake! This man who desires the entrance in, is none other than his Excelleney, the Mayor of Roma. It is too terrible. He mus' be admit." "T' hell he mus'." The men had found their breath you see. "Si! Si! Si! T' hell he mus'! Yes! His conveyance have the mishap—it have the trouble inside, I, Giuseppi Pasquale Antonio DeMore Rigotti, tell you let him in."

"Who then," I asked, "are you?"

"I? I? I? I? You ask me who I am? You have not know me? Dio!" He addressed the sky, finger tips on chest, forgetting for the moment the Mayor of the City of Seven Hills, in this more important business of establishing his profound importance in the world. "I inform you, sir! I tell you at once! I, Giuseppi Pasquale Antonio DeMore Rigotti who stands before you, am the Master of the House of Page, Ecco! My word is the law."

"Oh," said a gaping sergeant, "you're the janitor, aintcha?"

"Janitor? I do not know this janitor," he puffed, "but this do I know. The Mayor shall enter." Here he brushed aside the men, with a wave of his lacy hand bid the perspiring and weeping Mayor to enter. I let the Mayor come, for the brilliant one evidently had some authority, or he wouldn't have put on that trick suit. It meant something, apparently.

I have often wondered whether the Mayor was socially ostracized for his awful faux pas or whether it endeared him to the Italian people, who were highly tickled by the whole incident, to such an extent that society had to retain him in their good graces because of his growing

popularity. And truly to such tiny things may one trace the rise of many great men.

You see, memory has taken me to Rome this time, and as it is hard to break away from that beautiful, mysterious city, even in thought I shall remain there to the end of this narrative.

I was stationed for weeks in the City of Brindisi, in the Province of Toranto. My duties are beside the point—my recreation very much to it. Rome was an eight-hour ride away.

I drew money for my men from an exceedingly disagreeable, unpleasant person stationed in Rome. Suffice to say he was a Captain of the G. M., had come over after the Armistice, and was suffering from a malignant attack of incurable swelled head. I rather fancy he is now back in the shoe store. I hope you will forgive me, but honest, it had to come out. At any rate, I was on a periodical trip to Rome for the men's checks, I had my periodical fight with this bird who just simply hated to part with money on general principles, and following that I had my periodical relaxation. When in Rome one does as the Romans do. The first thing then to find out was—what do the Romans do? The answer was, to say the least, intriguing to one's fancy. But it is the same as is done in Paris—in Venice, or Budapest, in Film City—Hollywood or Greenwich Village. So I went to see the Pope.

This was not so difficult to arrange as one would imagine. In those lays the Pope was receivng quite a bit.

Seeing the Pope is expensive. Those doggone Swiss guards have the itchingest palms in the world. They itch harder and longer than any other type of leech in all of Italy or France.

The party I went with consisted of Naval officers, men on leave from Franee, a Y. M. C. A. bravo or two, and some Red Cross women. He saw us in gangs as it were. They tell me Samuel Gompers saw his Holiness while he was in Italy. I don't know what they talked about but look what Sam up and did recently!

What I am about to tell you is an example of that happy-go-lucky dare-devil spirit which raised the Doughboy head and shoulders above all the other troops in the world.

The Pope saw us and spoke the usual platitudes. He was very kind. It is the custom when in audience with the Pope for any person of the Catholic faith to bring rosaries with them; these the Pope himself will bless. So, according to the ancient custom all Catholics in the party possessing rosaries kneeled on the little red cushions with hands outstretched clasping the beads.

It was very still and very solemn. His Holiness murmured in Latin and made the sign of the Cross over the bowed heads. We filed out in silence feeling very subdued and well—as though we knew entirely too much of the evil in the world.

But once outside in the Courtyard that leads from the Vatican to St. Peter's, a young tow-headed ensign let out a most rousing whoop.

"Man! Man!" he said, "Lookit what I got! Lookit what I got! Whoopee!" We stopped in astonishment and watched the excited officer.

Well sir—you'd never imagine what he was squawking about, and he *had* 'em, too! That youngster had, while clasping his rosary, held tightly in his hands a pair of worn and yellow dice!

Now, is there anywhere but in America a lad wha'd think of getting his "ivories" blessed by the Pope? I doubt it!

Wasn't it that spirit and that ingenuity (if one may call it that) which broke the Hindenburg line? Forget the dice—forget what they represent and look at the cleaner side of it and you'll take your hat off to that kid.

III

By this time (this being the third installment) I have come to feel quite the seasoned author. The immediate effect of these accepted publications was however far different from what a "successful" man of "literature" would expect. Hear me:—

Having taken unto my bosom and bank account a wife I naturally felt as though I could look for a few pattings on the back, a soft nuzzle or two from this fair creature who promised to honor and obey, with reservations, her new provider. But did I get them? Hah! After the first installment came out I confined my activities to merely strutting before her telling her that she certainly hadn't made a mistake the leap year we were married; that Ring Lardner has his good points as has Sinclair Lewis, but the present generation of young men were the comers and not to be snickered at.

After the second installment came out with a portrait and everything, I fancy I became more vociferous, with a few additional trimmings to the struts in the way of preenings, gentle tweeks of a soft mustache, and an air of quiet dignity which old Bill Robbins, my ex-captain, would never believe possible.

The Light of my Life endured this for as long as any woman could, before she blew up—but it is a long worm which hath no twining and the crash came one evening from a sky of Harding blue.

We were getting ready to go to some lecture (someone had wished on us the tickets) and I was endeavoring to show her she could improve her mind much more readily by listening to a successful author hold forth on anything, rather than sit on a hard wood folding chair and listen to some ex-Chatauqua speaker earn his daily bread. For instance, I was more than ready to show her why Georges is going the limit with Jack Bergdoll when they meet—anyway—she stopped in the middle of yanking a hair from her long-suffering brows and said with a mean look in her eye, "Dear—I have something I clipped from the paper today, it should prove so interesting to you, I'll get it".

"Aha"—thought I, "some Boston critic comments favorably".

"Here it is," she said, and the mean look was growing meaner, "Mr. Edison says 'most men are boneheads'—wait a minute darling", this in honeyed tones, as I reached for my hat, "here is the **meat** of the article". As she said this she settled deeper into her

chair—the look in her eye now downright wild, " 'What',—and I'm sure you can answer this at once,—'does the king of Italy season his tripe with?' "

"Easy", I said—"He doesn't eat tripe".

"Wrong", she said, "Pepper is the answer".

"Tell me then," and she read from the clipping, " 'What new great star has just been measured by the scientists?' "

"Cinch", I answered quickly, "Doggointis".

"Wrong again, my dear husband, Fatty Arbuckle is correct".

As she read on and on, down a staggering list of simple (I use the word in all its meanings) questions, she interjected certain pithy remarks to the point of Mr. Edison's observations. Adding a few of her own such as "you're not so smart after all, honey", or "funny you can't answer that—just the other day you told me"—and such like.

Well sir, at the end she scored a clean fall, both shoulders on the mat and I crying for mercy. She didn't say much—but she had me licked to a fare - ye - well; if there had been ten more quizzes on that list she'd be wearing a new hat.

She summed up the little meeting by saying triumphantly though gently, "You see if we had to depend on your writing for our living, I'd have to take in washing".

Speaking of being married,—when I was in Italy with the 332nd I was very much single, consequently the war was not the vacation for me that it was for a great many (especially for those with large families). Having no desire to spill any beans, (in fact I doubt if I could, for I am sure all dutiful husbands tell their wives everything) I shall not touch, in these meanderings, even the edge of the bean-bag.

I mentioned awhile back Bill Robbins. Bill Robbins was my old captain—that is rather ambiguous, for he's not so old—not too old anyhow. He was an officer and a gentleman. The former was proven by his bars and clinched by Act of Congress, the latter showed in his voice. He had what men call a commanding voice, I'll say it was. When Cap'n Robbins got through giving a command what few leaves were left on the trees could have withstood a bigger wind than Ireland ever knew. There was no doubt as to which way the Company was to turn, or the squads swing when Willy sounded off. It is a fact, that in the old days in training camp when two companies used the same drill grounds the lucky captain whose company shared the ground with Cap'n W. Robbins' command, didn't have to work at all. He could seek a shady nook under the lee of a lumber pile, and rest assured every command that Robbins gave would be carried out by his own troops. It was a voice built to shout "Ready—Aim—FIRE", or "CHARGE", and its too bad it was only used to swing Goewey and other back-slid looeys into line.

Let me take you with me now, to Venice—you men who have been there—do you remember the dark silent streets? the walled

up Cathedral and the sand-bagged Doge palace? And do you remember how in your school days you were told of the Venetian gondoliers? The singing gondoliers? Did you, then, remark the woeful lack of levity in that beautiful silent city? Remember how, as the shadows fell over the "Campanile" you sat in the "Little Square" and ate Lemone Giacci? and then, you recall, as you sat there a great solemn hush fell upon that already too silent town as of a breathless waiting, always waiting?, and as night fell darker and darker, one spoke in whispers at the tiny tables, the only clear sound audible being the clink of silver on glass, and the feeling of expectancy increased with the passing of the minutes. About the square, you will recall, silent dark shapes passed to and fro in the utter darkness of war-time Venice, and the vast, tense silence was broken only by the stir of an uneasy pigeon under some age-old eave. Finally the harvest moon arose in all its white magnificence and changed that dirty, unpainted city into your dream Venice, and with the shedding of its dead white light a sigh arose from the Venetians who refused to flee their homes—for the harvest moon spelled death. Only on moonlit nights would the Austrian bring his low-flying bombers to wreck and ruin this jewel of the Adriatic.

It was on such a night I sat with Davidson and St. Bottegeli of the Italian Army in the Little Square of St. Mark's. The moon had been up an hour and it was beginning to look as if the Hun would not appear, when suddenly the siren sounded, followed by the crack-crack of the anti-aircraft, and this in turn was followed by wave upon wave of furious machine gun fire. The archies barked and barked, the siren moaned and the machine guns reminded me of a vicious little terrier snapping and snarling at an annoying person with a stick. Clearly above this came the drone of the motors of the night-flyer from Austria. Thrice she circled Venice trying to penetrate the ring of steel thrown up by the defense—But it is not my intention to describe anything so prosaic as are air raids—I merely mentioned all this to say that since I deliberately walked over the Lion of St. Mark's and sat at its base during the whole performance just to be able to say at some time that I sat there while Venice was being raided—I am not going to miss this opportunity to do that very thing.

While in Venice I discovered many interesting things. One was how easy it is to get pinched in Italy. I carried a pass from the army to take pictures. So, of course, I took my camera to Venice—and landed in the Dago Hoosgow. Venice, it seems, was under the Navy—an Army pass was as good as a Russian ruble. It took some mighty tall talk on the part of my Italian friend to keep me from being held for investigation by the Navy, and then when that was finally straightened out (which was only after Betocchi had sworn on the Italian I. D. R., the bible, his grandfather's memory, and in the name of his patron saint) we had to go all through the same motions to save my camera from confiscation.

That night I stayed in the city. I had a room on the third floor facing the Canale Marsetti. I do not know what Marsetti means, but if someone said "Oh—Marsetti is Italian for 'stink' I'd say, yes, yes, of course, how dense of me", and at low tide it should be "stinkissimo". Well—this is the true story of why the gondoliers sing in Venice.

Upon arising the next morning I took the usual hop, skip and a jump across the stone floor to my wash bowl and pitcher, and stood on the little two by four rug while I dressed and shaved. During this operation the Italian femme de chambre entered. I had always given her credit for knocking though I didn't hear it; I fancy she felt perfectly safe, being the proud possessor of quite a mustache. After one glance at her hirsute adornment on lip and chin I went on shaving. She made a few passes at the bed—took out the pitcher and filled it, returned with it, and some fresh soap in a scaly hand, which she handed me with a grimace I took for a smile. Her next move was to take the waste-water jar and, having first thrown back the shutters, she heaved the entire contents into the canal. She missed a Venetian "taxi" by two feet. There followed a line of conversation from the taxi-rower, the gist of which was she should have been born a duck. She had a duck's brains, a duck's face and a duck's feet—Ecco! How come she wasn't a duck? The Italian language is beautifully suited for such delightful repartee. Her reply was in kind, of course. It seems, according to her, he was not a man nor even an animal, he was only a running sore on the face of the good mother earth. A pollution to be spat upon, something to be shunned by mankind. Besides what in the name of the devil did he have a voice for? Was he so far in his second childhood he could not fill his puny lungs with the Good Lord's sweet clean air, and raise a note on high? After consigning his carcass to eternal torment she slammed the shutter with a satisfied smile. She was content. For all he could find to answer, as his impatient fare demanded he hurry, was to shake a mean fist, the elbow supported in the palm of his other hand.

I returned to Italian Hdqrs. that day, but I felt that another illusion had been dispelled, for I, like all the rest of America, thought the Italian gondoliers sang for the love of singing alone. Well—he does love to sing, but I can well imagine it gets monotonous when you have to keep it up or get soaked on the head with the contents of various jars and pitchers—what?

A whole regiment on a bat! Ever hear of it? The other day a perfect stranger came up to me and said, "Pardon me, but were you ever in Genoa?"

"I certainly was", I answered in surprise.

"I thought so," said he, "I never forget a face, and I'll never forget you".

"No?"

"Nossir! Remember the Olympia?"

Did I remember the Olympia! Did I know my own name!

"Well sir, I saw you in the Olympia trying to shoot billiards with some other looeys trying the same thing."

"I admit," I said a bit stiffly, "I cannot shoot a perfect game of billiards, but——".

"There, there," he broke in, "there was a good reason for your failure this time. I was a gob on shore leave and enjoyed the game more than you did."

From this on we drifted into the usual talk and parted after an hour. But he reminded me of that day and vivid night in Genoa. That never to be forgotten day and night when the cab drivers of Genoa felt the weight of hilarious American fists—when the red, red wine flowed and gurgled and the fire of pent-up deviltry blazed from the eyes of a thousand men.

It was all because of disappointment and homesickness, the breaking of a tension known only to the man who loves his home and country and is unable to return when he wills.

We had been away from home for years, so it seemed, and here we were at last in Genoa, the jumping off place for home—the place where the final adieus would be said to the land to which the for tunes of war had brought us. We went to Genoa in high spirits and with light hearts. But as day after day passed in monotonous drill and anxious waiting for the final word to GO, the old morale went lower and lower until we were the home-sickest aggregation of mis-fits known to man.

One day orders were sent out to pack up and take all baggage to a certain ship and await sailing orders. One can imagine the activity that followed, gone was that gloomy air that hung over Genoa like a thick fog—gone the lagging gait of homesick bucks. In their stead one saw springy-footed young soldiers, square shouldered and browned by the sun of Italy, hustling hither and yon on various duties. Coronas clacked away on passenger lists—orderlies scampered, and captains looked important, looeys once more acquired that worried look as they thought of the trip home and the duty below decks. Also there was much speculation as to which bunch would be unlucky enough to sail on the same ship with the Lieutenant-Colonel. The same being a parson in the days he wore long pants, before the war. Not that the parson wasn't proper company, but he had certain rigid ideas as to what should go into the decanters.

All was finally in readiness and the men were once more gathered in little groups singing and joking and—praising their officers. At any rate a second looey passed them the laugh, so that's what they must have been doing. Then—out of a clear sky as it were—came three perfectly superfluous generals. They spent good time and money to come all the way down from Paris to tell us that somebody's foot slipped somewhere; that we were not due to go home; that that ship was needed elsewhere! How did we get that way, packing up and changing money back to dollars, and everything? Now go back to quarters and stay put until further orders, and lot more nobody heard.

That night in Genoa merry hell broke loose. And the later it

got the looser it got. Until by morning there was so much slack to take up it looked as though the Old Man had better take back his prize outfit in a row-boat.

I remember one thing that happened that night. There was a civilian in Olympia at the time the dining room was most crowded with the A. E. F. He was an American and some sort of relative of one of our Sergeants. He was well heeled with lire and carrying a heavy cargo of Spumanti. He reminded one of a tramp steamer stopping at various ports o' call. He would be seen first at one table and then one would discover him steering a tortuous course through the reefs of legs and chairs to another table where he would stop long enough to take on some more freight, only to leave shortly for another. And so on until the hold was full and the gunwales awash. It was this lad who emerged into the night with some army men shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom. The cabbies suffered even more than the chinaware that night—but it was found that this sea-going civilian had had his nose chewed off by some unthinking night-hawk who had lived on macaroni and octopus for so long he evidently welcomed the chance to get a bit of fresh meat.

It was not that we had anything against the cabbies, who were merely petty thieves, it was, I really believe, that every man jack who swung a fist that night saw before him, not a fat-faced bewhiskered, patent-leathered-hatted goo-goo, but a lean faced, square-jawed man with a star on his shoulder.

The whole thing was healthy and normal and quite natural, and was healthily and naturally regarded by the old man.

I never knew how the old man's assistant took it, but presume that was why he clamped an awful lid on the ship he commanded going home. But say,—doesn't it beat the deuce how a man will act? My own ship, the one on which the Colonel sailed, was not dry, and one would have thought they were in the Sahara from the amount of stuff that flowed. But—when we met the ship commanded by the Lieutenant-Colonel in Gibralter, and went over to advance they gave—Oh Boy! We were met on all sides by invitations to "Slip down to my cabin—just have two left," or "walk nonchalantly past that window where the Colonel sits, then run like hell for room 28." One lad on this dry ship was reciting over and over a little poem. It began and ended thus, "The Mutt stood on the Burning Deck—Hot Dog."

It was up by the pilot house where the English captain paced the bridge and smoked a wicked pipe. His patience was finally exhausted for he took the pipe from his mouth and bawled, "I say, matey, won't you give that animal about face, or burn the bloody blight up?".

And so we left Italy, the land of the flea and home of the knave—"knaves" insofar as the prices they charged a yankee; and although every man swore he was through with Europe, today if he is subject to the normal reactions, would whoop at the chance to return and go over the old ground inch by inch, stepping the weary miles with a smile.

The Meaning of America

THIS miracle we call America is still in the making and before our very eyes. A new nation, more—a new race—is in evidence, compounded from the ambitious, the adventuresome and the courageous of all peoples. If that new race is to play its worthy part in history we, in the making, must preserve and develop in its new generations, the better characteristics of its forbears. We must preserve in modern forms, and against modern conditions, the dauntless courage of the Norsemen, the steady self-reliance of our American pioneers, the steady persistence of the Pilgrims, the chivalry and idealism of the Crusaders, the rugged sense of justice and fair play of the Saxon.

Ours is a land blessed by nature in natural wealth of field and mine. Ours is an ideal democratic government, of fair play, holding open the door of equality, of opportunity for individual industry and ability to lay its rightful tribute on the resources they develope for human service. Ours is a social structure that holds no man in the deadening tyranny of a rigid class system and recognizes only an aristocracy of character and knowledge. Ours is a political system that rests on a supreme trust in the motives and impulses of the average man and woman; a submission without violence, to authority established in the majority will, honestly recorded.

I believe it is typically American also, that with these larger opportunities should come also an increasing sense of equality of trust vested in the more fortunate, and also typically American that among men of all stages of personal fortune there should be a clear evidence of a desire, a unity of impulse, that each, according to their means, more and more support the agencies of human service and co-operation.

From an address by JULIUS H. BARNES.

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January 24, 1921

Mr. Philip S. Godfrey,
Atlantic City, N.J

Dear Sir:

I have read the copies of the Soldiers and Sailors Bulletin which you mailed to me and have found them very interesting. The story of the 332nd Infantry is the most correct and interesting of any that I have seen.

I was a 1st Lieut. in Company G and therefore am thoroughly familiar with the movements of the Regiment and especially the 2nd Battalion. I have seen a number of accounts regarding the work of our Battalion and have had many a laugh over some of the statements made by different writers. Your story, however, gives a very complete history of the entire regiment.

I am enclosing a check for $2.00 to cover a years subscription for the Soldiers and Sailors Bulletin, to begin with the November 1, 1920, number.

Respectfully yours,
G W Conelly

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Atlantic City,
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Dear Mr. Gore:

I received your advertising circular "Times Are Good" and it was so good that I have had it printed on the Editorial page of the Herald. I am enclosing the page from our issue of Monday, February the 7th, and am sending under separate cover a full copy of our issue of that date.

I hope everything is going well with you.

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Sincerely,

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TIMES ARE GOOD

which is not denying they have been better: yet we ought not to forget they have, also, often been very much worse. We are living and hoping, most of us have saved money, and all of us are eating and drinking and wearing clothes.

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Let's turn on the electricity and cease hurrying our thoughts in the gloom and smell of the whale-oil lamp.

Times ARE good. They'll be better. To have them better we must all help make them better, and that is not so easy as making them worse.

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