# SERVICE · RECORD · OF · MEN
# OF THE
# HANOVER · NATIONAL · BANK
# OF · THE · CITY · OF · NEW YORK


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# SERVICE RECORD OF MEN OF THE HANOVER NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

# *Men of*
# The Hanover National Bank
# *in*
# WAR SERVICE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Roberts, S. G. | Navy Ensign | Bogott C. M. | Cavalry, Co "I" |
| Schmutz, R. M. | Twenty-third Infantry | Verhoutteren, J. L. | Aviation |
| Schroeder, A. E. | Twenty-third Infantry | Lewton, W. G. | Naval Reserve |
| Sahlquist, C. G. | Twenty-third Infantry | Baumann, A. G. | National Army |
| Schreiber, G. F. M. | First Field Artillery | Christopher, P. F. | National Army |
| Stiebeling, H. W. | Brooklyn Field Artillery | Vreeland, C. R. | National Army |
| Love, Austin N. | Brooklyn Field Artillery | Gentry, Arthur W. | National Army |
| Gottschalk, O. G. | Sixty-ninth Infantry | Borchert, E. A. | National Army |
| Speyer, Andrew J. | Seventh Infantry | Purcell, James | Navy |
| Bisset, Alexander | Thirteenth Coast Artillery | Osterholm, Ed. E. | National Army |
| Adams, Charles | Sixty-ninth Infantry | Goote, William J. | Navy |
| Hanson, E. A. F. | First Field Hospital | Kolsen, R. A. | Army |
| Logan, W. J. | Squadron A Cavalry | Progatzky, Chas | Navy |
| Nuss, Barney P. | Navy | Meier, Conrad J. | Marks |
| Gosine, G. A. | Newark Field Artillery | Headwell, Walter E. | Army |
| Brower, E. G. | First Signal Corps, Nat | Roddy, Stephen D. | Army |
| Bergen, John W. | Navy, Chief Yeoman | Schmidt, Emil | Army |
| Randell, Norman | First N. J. Infantry | See, Louis E. | Army |
| Vanderbergh, Geo. | Signal Corps | Craft, Herbert W. | Army |
| McKennett, Frank | National Army | Moreh, Philip C. | Army |
| Ivy, George le Jr. | Navy, Yeoman | Koch, E. J. W. | Army |
| Kelke, George E. | Navy | Clos, John | Army |
| Bobel, Charles | National Army | Vogt, Edward | Aero Machinist |
| Hart, Charles P. | National Army | Kennemann, Conrad | Naval Reserve |
| Clarke, Arthur F. | Navy | Slade, John Jr. | Navy |
| Jacques, Irving R. | Navy | McNally, Jos. D. | Army |
| Plunkett, J. E. | Navy | Gately, Jos. V. | Army |
| Adamson, Claude M. | National Army | Downey, J. J. | Army |
| French, Geo. E. | Medical Corps | Speyer, Walter E. | Army |
| Roffey, Russell A. | Aviation | Johnston, J. W. | Army |
| Anderson, John P. | Navy | Crozier, Robert | Army |
| Bolton, James A. | Naval Reserve | First, Charles | Marines |
| Van Norst, R. I. | Naval Reserve | Leuhrsen, Geo. A. | Army |
| Icent, Charles N. | National Army | Woodworth, G. E. | Navy |
| Parkslab, Wm. | National Army | Benson, Richard D. | Naval Reserve |
| Beckhorn, R. S. | National Army | Porterfar, Lester | Army |
| Isaacson, Oscar | National Army | Wiesner, Walter E. | Army |
| Leudewig, J. W. | National Army | Gorrjost, Adolph | Aviation Section |
| Benk, Herman | National Army | Olson, R. E. | Army |
| Gogoll, Ernest | National Army | Barnett, J. E. | Army |
| Burns, J. T. | National Army | Cook, John E. | Army |
| Turton, John R. | Ambulance Corps | Ernst, Edward | Aviation Sec Clerk |
| Collick, William | National Army | Sylvester, F. C. | Army |
| Ohlander, G. E. | National Army | Curtis, R. M. | Marines |
| Steuernagel, E. C. | National Army | Clark, Robert | National Army |
| Drew, F. R. | Army | Everiss, R. E. | Army |

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF
THE EXPERIENCES OF THE MEN OF
THE HANOVER NATIONAL BANK
IN THE GREAT WORLD WAR


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1920

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MONTH OF FEBRUARY
M C M X X

## DEDICATION
## TO THE WAR SERVICE MEN OF THE HANOVER NATIONAL BANK

THE *purpose of the Editors has been to compile a short history of your experiences in the late war. No literary embellishment has been attempted. Your story is presented in your simple, direct language, each man telling his own story in his own way. It is particularly appropriate to speak of your book as a human document. The experiences through which so many of you have passed in the service of your country would now gladly be forgotten. Many of you gave us your stories with great reluctance, which is a tribute to your modesty. It is quite apparent, to read between the lines that there were many experiences of which you might have spoken; but modesty is ever a characteristic of a brave man. In recognition of your high devotion to duty, and as a tribute thereto, the bank by this means desires to preserve the record of your service.*

JAMES P. GARDNER
HENRY H. MONTGOMERY
WALTER L. OLIPHANT
W. I. THOMAS
*Editors*

## FOREWORD

IN the momentous days following the murder of Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, and his wife at Serajevo, June 28, 1914, there arose throughout the country a feeling of intense excitement and suspense. The Declaration of War on France by Germany, her treacherous invasion of Belgium, in violation of sacred treaty rights to which Germany was a party, but which she perfidiously considered a "Scrap of Paper," were quickly followed on August 4 by the Declaration of War by Great Britain against Germany in defense of the treaty rights of Belgium.

The air was charged with possibilities of a great war in which the whole of Europe might become involved. The possibilities were considered remote that the United States would eventually be drawn into the conflict and that millions of our own young men would cross the seas to engage in deadly combat with the treacherous Hun on the battlefields of Europe.

The reality came. The young men with difficulty adjusted their minds to the thought of going to war; something entirely foreign to their training and environment. But as the months passed, and as reports of the terrible cruelties and "dirty" methods of war practised by the Germans on land and sea came to us, and as crime upon crime was added to the record, the Hun's defiance of international law and the claims of civilization, as well as Germany's many offenses against the dignity and honor of the United States, awakened the wrath of our country. On April 6, 1917, the Call to Arms sounded, and the young men of the country arose. Among them, the boys of the Hanover National Bank responded, ninety-three being enrolled in the different branches of the Service.

## FOREWORD

The training in obedience and the strict discipline peculiar to a Bank organization were excellent preparation for military service, and once adjusted to the changed conditions of life peculiar to the Army, the men made splendid material for soldiers. With the determination, intelligence, and nervous force possessed in such high degree by bank men, "our boys" responded to the healthful activities of their outdoor life.

A change was noticeable as the men came back on leave from time to time to visit their friends in the Bank. Their handshake was firmer; their tread more confident; their carriage more erect. They had gained in weight, their skin was clearer and their eyes brighter.

The correspondence between the men in camp, on the battlefront and on the high seas, and their fellow clerks and officers was frequent and very interesting. Much of this correspondence has been preserved and is here presented as written. One cannot read these letters without noticing the high purpose which pervades the correspondence and without catching something of the spirit which inspired the writers. They are living documents and for that reason have a peculiar interest.

In recognition of the faithful service of the men, and as an evidence of the pride of the Bank in their accomplishments, this volume has been prepared that there may be a record for future time of the part borne in the Great World War by the young men of the Hanover National Bank.

JAMES P. GARDNER
HENRY H. MONTGOMERY
WALTER L. OLIPHANT
W. I. THOMAS
*Editors*

*C. G. SAHLQUIST*

## In Memoriam

C. G. SAHLQUIST H. C. STEUERNAGEL

*IT was not willed that you should return to your accustomed duties or to share in the results of Victory to which you had dedicated your lives. We shall treasure the memory of your sacrifice, that it may strengthen and ennoble our devotion to our tasks.*

THE EDITORS

## *CHARLES G. SAHLQUIST

*Born at Stockholm, Sweden, April* 14, 1895. *Came to America when seven years of age.*
*Attended Public Schools of Brooklyn, N. Y.*
*Died at Base Hospital in France, result of shrapnel wounds, September* 2, 1918.

MR. SAHLQUIST enlisted June 23, 1917; left New York October 29, 1917, on Steamer *America;* landed in Brest, France, November 12, 1917; moved to Training Camp November 16, 1917; en route through Dijon November 18, 1917; on the way to Lorraine Front February 16–17, 1918. He was a member of Machine Gun Company, 165th Infantry. Their Regiment was in the front line at Rouge Bouquet, March 1-22, 1918: Actions at Houdranville, Ancerville and Rendezvous le Chasseurs, with hot fighting and heavy losses from the last of March to the end of May. June 23–24, 1918: Returned to Neufchâteau for a rest, but hurried instead to the Champagne to help halt the great German offensive of July 15. July 21, 1918, en route via Paris to Château-Thierry. July 21-28, 1918: Continuous hot fighting and losses of 600 from Forêt de Fere to Forêt de Nesles. July 28 to August 4, 1918: The 69th's proudest achievement — the crossing of the Ourcq.

It was at this spot that Private Sahlquist was hit by shrapnel. He was in the hospital, Base 34, until August 24, 1918, when he was moved to Base Hospital 8, and it was decided to amputate the right leg. Gas poisoning set in, and he "went west" September 2, 1918. He is buried at Savigny, near St. Nazaire, on the west coast of France.

## *HENRY CORNELIUS STEUERNAGEL

*Born at New York City, May* 3, 1896.
*Attended Public School No.* 82 *and High School of Commerce, New York City.*
*Died in training at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., December* 6, 1917.

MR. STEUERNAGEL began his business career with the Park & Tilford Company. After a short experience there, he decided to take up the banking business. He was employed by the Hanover National Bank until called to the service. He registered at Local Board No. 4 of Westchester County at White Plains, N. Y., on June 5, 1917; passed the examination and was placed on the list, subject to the call of the Government. October 8 he was sent to Camp Upton for training with the 14th Company of the 152nd Depot Brigade. Transferred to Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., October 29, serving with Company A, 321st Machine Gun Battalion. Mr. Steurnagel had never complained of ill health, but on December 4, 1917, his parents received a telegram stating that he had been operated upon and that his condition was hopeful. This was closely followed by another dispatch stating, "Condition serious. No hope." His father started for Camp Gordon immediately, but did not reach Atlanta before the death of his son. Mr. Steuernagel died December 6, 1917. His body was brought home from Georgia and buried in the family plot in the Lutheran Cemetery at Middle Village, Long Island.

# SERVICE RECORD

# SERVICE RECORD OF MEN OF THE HANOVER NATIONAL BANK

## CHARLES HENRY ADAMS

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., October* 21, 1894.
*Attended Public Schools of New Brighton, S. I., N. Y.*

WHILE on my vacation in the summer of 1917 I was continually reminded that America was at war. This was impressed on me by newspaper reports and posters, which read: "Don't be a slacker." As I had friends in the old 69th New York National Guard (Infantry) and noticed the Regiments' inducements, which read: "First National Guard to France, 'First to Fight,'" I joined the regiment on June 26, 1917. July 16 we were sworn into the Federal service, and on August 20 we left the Armory at 26th Street for Camp Albert L. Mills, N. Y. Our regiment was selected for a new division, one of the very first divisions of the new American Army. It was the 42nd (Rainbow Division). This division comprised twenty-seven selected units of the National Guard, drawn from twenty-six of the states, and from the District of Columbia. After we were organized at Camp Mills, we settled down to two months of intensive training, which kept us on the move eight hours a day and late at night training new equipment.

At taps on October 25, 1917, we entrained for Canada, and on October 27 we arrived at Montreal, where we boarded a transport which sailed the next morning for Halifax, Nova Scotia. On reaching here we picked our convoy up and then started on our trip to "Muddy France." The meals on the ship were nice to forget about, as they were cooked by an English cobbler who knew more about shoes than boiling water without scalding it.

After zigzagging across the Atlantic for ten days and getting my first dose of sea-sickness, we finally landed at Liverpool, where we boarded trains for Southampton. We rested here over night at an English Rest Camp, and on the following night, under the cover of darkness, we got aboard a boat and crossed the Channel for La Havre, France.

We left La Havre November 13 for Boves, where we received our first warfare training in France. It was here we found out what a billet was like. The billets here were old shack stables and hen houses. With the advent of Christmas week the division received an order to move from the Area it occupied, to begin December 26. The hilly roads were heavily glazed; the wind was high; and the thermometer dropped below zero. On the 26th we started on a hike of sixty miles, in a blizzard, which took us four days to cover. The end of the hike found us at Percey-le-Paute (Meuthra-et-Moselle) where we received our final training before entering the lines.

On the 28th of February, 1918, I went into the trenches at Rouge Bouquet (Luneville Sector) for a sample of what trench warfare was. This sector was a rest sector for the French, until the Americans started sending their regards over in the form of a shell. It was here that I learned what a gun and gas-mask were made for. We stayed in the lines for seven days, and then moved, after having taken a rest, to the town of Baccart. After a month's training at Baccart, under the French, we went into lines again. It was at the sub-sector of Merviller. We stayed in this sector for 140 days, taking turns in the lines for seven days at a time. At the Rendezvous le Chasseurs sector we were in trenches for fifteen days without relief. I took part in a number of patrols while up in this sector.

On leaving this front we looked for a long rest, but were out of luck, as we received orders to move to the Champagne Front. After a ride in "side-door pullmans," marked in French "40 men or 8 horses," we arrived at the town of Vitry-le-François. We were paid, and while I was out celebrating in Chalons, I heard my regiment was under orders to move, and I got back in time to hike 35 kilometers to Camp de Châlons.

On July 4 we moved into the lines, and for a week I worked nights digging trenches and putting up barbed wire entanglements. On July 14 we took over our positions of defense against the Huns in their last attempt to take Paris. Their attack lasted three days, and they fell back in disorder, gaining nothing. After the attack had been broken, we were withdrawn and shipped to another front. This front turned out to be Château-Thierry. We went into lines here on July 28 with a full company, and I was one of the few to escape with a slight wound. While out with a patrol in front of our lines, on the morning of July 30, unfortunately I stopped a piece of shrapnel with my leg, which proved afterward to be a slight wound. I hiked about three kilometers over rough country, back to the First Aid Station to have my wound dressed, and I returned to my company the next day. On August 4 we were relieved by the 4th Division and August 17 found us on our way to the St. Mihiel salient. As I had been fortunate so far in all the engagements that fell my way, I decided to see Paris, now that I was but a short distance from the Big City. My slogan at that time was "Paris or bust." Having two months pay in my pockets, I decided to take a "French leave." I carefully evaded all the M. P.'s and boarded a train on the move, on the outskirts of La Ferte. Once in the City I began to look things over. I could only afford to look at them for two days, but in that time I sampled everything that a "Frog" considered a luxury. As my two months' pay was gone, and I was about to go into the hands of a receiver, I decided to return to my company once again and partake of the Army menu. I got back to the outfit in time to hike the remaining kilometers to the St. Mihiel salient. At daybreak on the morning of September 12, after lying in a rain-storm all night, we started our attack on the Huns. I took my first prisoner here, and I had a meal from a Hun kitchen which we captured, also some beer from a trainload of rations that the Huns left in their haste to get away.

September 30 we were withdrawn from this Front and shipped to take part in the Argonne offensive. On my birthday, October 12, we went into the lines again, relieving the First Division. My

Company made several attacks here, and on the last attack I was one of the twenty-six to return with a slight scratch. While back in the reserve I was taken sick and shipped to a hospital, where I slept between the white sheets for ten days. I was discharged from the hospital in time to go into the lines November 5, where I stayed until we were relieved, which was on the heights of Sedan, November 10.

After the Armistice was signed, the Rainbow Division was selected for the Army of Occupation, and we received orders to get ready for a hike to the Rhine. We passed through Belgium, and on Thanksgiving day stopped at Luxemburg. December 2, we crossed the line into Germany.

We finally reached the Rhine on December 23, 1918. We were stationed at Remagen until April 12, 1919, when we received orders to entrain for Brest. After a three days stay at Brest, we boarded the transport *U. S. S. Harrisburg* for home.

I was discharged from the service May 5, 1919, at Camp Upton, Long Island, having engaged in the following battles of the 165th Infantry (Old 69th New York National Guard):

Battles etc., of the 165th Infantry, U. S. A.

Luneville Sector, in Lorraine, March 1–22, 1918.
Fôret de Parroy.
Baccarat Sector, in Lorraine, April 23–May 13, 1918.
Ancerville.
Rendezvous le Chasseurs, June 3–18, 1918.
Champagne Defensive, July 4–19, 1918.
Suippes.
Ourcq Offensive, July 28–August 4, 1918.
St. Mihiel Offensive, September 12–17, 1918.
Bois de Dampvitoux, September 27–30, 1918.
Argonne Offensive.
Côte de Maldah, October 11-21, 1918.
Advance on Sedan, November 5–8, 1918.

C. H. ADAMS

CLAUDE M. ADAMSON

JOHN P. ANDERSON

JOHN A. BARNETT

## CLAUDE M. ADAMSON

*Born at Port of Spain, Trinidad, British West Indies, January 14, 1893.*

*Attended Ayr Academy, Ayr, Scotland; Queen's Royal College, Trinidad; Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

I CAME to the United States on May 27, 1906. Started work at the Hanover National Bank in April, 1910. Resigned to prepare for college, August 1913. Returned to the employ of the bank January 22, 1917. Entered the service on May 3, 1918. Sailed for France June 15, 1918, and went into the trenches for the first time on August 12. Returned to the United States May 20, 1919.

On May 3, 1918, I left my home bound for Fort Slocum. That was the start of my army career. I did not see Flatbush again until May 24, 1919. Between those two dates I toured the South, crossed the Atlantic, and traveled extensively in France. My stay in Fort Slocum was limited to two days, which was quite enough, however. A German prison camp held no terrors for anyone who had passed through Fort Slocum. On Monday morning we left by boat for Jersey City, where we entrained for Anniston, Ala. We were assigned to the 29th Division in training at Camp McClellan. As we were comfortably settled in old Pullman cars, I enjoyed the trip. We passed through Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and also quite a few southern towns whose names were very familiar and redolent of the Hanover: Salisbury, N. C., Raleigh, N. C., Greenville, Gastonia, Spartanburg, Atlanta. The trip took three days, Anniston being reached on Wednesday afternon. We were marched over to the recruit camp, where we drilled for two weeks, after which period we were assigned to the different organizations. My assignment was Company D, of the 111th Machine Gun Battalion. Although I was born and bred for eleven years in the West Indies, I never knew that the sun could generate such heat as we experienced in Alabama. The temperature made

the gas-mask drill very unpleasant, and that was our main occupation. So it was with relief that we received orders to move, on June 6. Our objective this time was Newport News, Va., and this trip found us in day coaches, the first step down in traveling. Reaching Camp Hill on Saturday, we remained there a week, embarking on transports the following Friday, June 14, a bit discontented at not having had the chance to see our folks.

We found ourselves under way on Saturday morning but by no means alone. There were several other transports, and we steamed in regular formation. On each flank was a destroyer and, forming a complete square around the convoy but at a great distance from it, were at least twenty submarine chasers. The latter looked for all the world like submarines themselves. Their cabins and masts looked from a distance exactly like the conning tower and periscope of a submarine, and their low hulls completed the resemblance. Soon we were introduced to the original and only genuine article.

It was about half past seven Sunday morning and I was up in the extreme bow in the washroom. Suddenly the whistle blew a long blast and a fellow came in on the run saying that we had sighted submarines. I immediately made for my hatch, which was just in front of the stairs up to the promenade and bridge decks. The submarine was off our port stern and I was coming down the port side, so for the short time I could, I watched proceedings. I could not catch a glimpse of the enemy, however, for while I was looking "it" was hidden by the splashes of shells.

Just then there was a terrific bang right over my head and I found myself enveloped in red smoke. I thought at first we had been torpedoed but as there was no further effect, gave up that idea and thought a shell from the submarine had struck. Of course, all that thinking took about a fiftieth of a second. Then I discovered that it was the report and flash from our own six inch bow guns. I could not hear anything for about an hour or so, but had a ringing in my head. We were ordered below and had to stand in line in the hold while the subs and our guns and escort fought the matter out. That is all I saw on account

of being ordered below. The firing continued for some time and it was about an hour before we were allowed up. As far as I can learn there were two subs in the attack. Some say three. There were two torpedoes fired, one aimed to hit either us or another ship outside of us, the sub being in the middle. However, the torpedo went ahead of us and astern of the other. The second torpedo went astern. The subs were forced to discontinue the action and save themselves because of the arrival of our escort. It is reported that the submarine chasers discovered the submarine on the surface repairing her periscope and disposed of her. They are also reported to have disposed of others. It is quite a sensation to stand below decks while a submarine and your own guns decide which ship is going down.

Sunday afternoon we had another display, of a different nature, but very interesting. About two o'clock we sighted smoke on the horizon directly ahead and soon the funnels and hulls of a fleet quite considerable in size. Immediately there was much speculation as to what we were in for now. "The German Fleet!" That impression was heightened by the maneuver of the Mosquito Fleet, which at this time turned toward the convoy and closed in. We soon discovered that our visitors were a fleet of large transports out of New York with the other half of our Division on board. The submarine chasers left us at this point and returned. Our convoy now consisted of fourteen transports, with a destroyer on each flank, and a cruiser leading. The flagship of the convoy was the *U. S. S. George Washington*, a huge ship gaily painted pale blue and white. Among the ships were the *Kroonland*, the *Finland*, the ex-*Prinz Eitel Freidrich*, the *Pastores*, the *Princess Matoika*, the *Tsar*, and several others whose names I never knew. You will notice that those I mentioned include British, German, Italian, Russian and American ships. Our ship was the *Wihelmina*, an American ship formerly on the Pacific Coast, and armed with four six-inch guns, a battery of smaller guns, and machine guns. It was certainly a majestic sight, all those big ships moving steadily along, first to port and then to starboard, all camouflaged in different ways. One ship was so painted that she seemed to be moving in a direction oblique to her real course.

Every morning at 3:30 we were summoned to our stations for "Abandon ship" drill. Gradually as the daylight came, the ships seemed to appear out of the mist, and at night at 8:30 at the same performance we watched them sink back again. Dawn and dusk were the most dangerous periods of the day and we were always ready for any eventuality at these hours. The guns were manned, the crew at action stations, and the troops at lifeboat stations. In the line we had the same thing in "Stand to" at the same periods.

Three times on the voyage our ship stopped and lost sight of the convoy, a very peculiar experience. Mid-ocean, stopped, a destroyer and a cruiser circling the ship. The second and third times we stopped to give the destroyer oil and for that purpose she came alongside and the cruiser circled alone. It was quite a ticklish job to bring two ships together in mid-ocean, and the break in the monotony was welcome. It gave us an excellent opportunity to have a close view of a destroyer.

Brest was our destination and to reach that port it is not necessary to enter the Bay of Biscay. However, the traditional Biscay weather greeted us one day out. There was a high wind, a heavy sea, and all regrets that some of the troops may have had that they were in the army instead of the navy disappeared. A meeker or more pacific lot of men never were. However, there was plenteous consolation to be found in regarding our destroyer convoy. A squadron of the latter had come out from Brest to take us through the danger zone. "A destroyer in a rough sea" is a synonym for naval discomfort, and it certainly looked to be so. They were half hidden most of the time, with seas smashing over them. When they rolled they lay almost completely over.

Friday morning we sighted land and were soon welcomed by aeroplanes. We took off our life preservers and started to enjoy the show. I was told later by the Battalion Chaplain that while we were thus enjoying the sight of land once more and the fact of having escaped the subs, a torpedo passed within fifteen feet of our stern. The captain of the ship was his informant.

The entrance to Brest harbor is a long inlet with high ground on each side. We entered about noon, fourteen big ships with

flags flying, steaming in line ahead, escorted by destroyers. A dirigible passed overhead and the aeroplanes circled above us. What with the ships, the airships, the blue sky, the green hill on either side, and the clear atmosphere, going into Brest was a wonderful sight.

After disembarking we marched to the Pontanezen Barracks outside of Brest. These barracks were said to have been used as prison barracks by Napoleon, and I do not doubt the statement. However, we were there only five days. On Wednesday morning came our introduction to box cars, side door pullmans, the immortal "48 hommes 8 chevaux" limited. For three days we "hoboed" across France. The weather was fine, the scenery interesting. France is a very beautiful country —to look at. We traveled in various directions entirely across the country, from Brest to the Alsatian district. During the remainder of July and the first part of August we went through a period of training and gradually moved up to the line.

On August 12, after several alarms, we went into the trenches for the first time. We remained in the line for about a week without anything much happening. We were relieved one night when every gun in the sector was active, and a few hours after we had left the position was blown about rather badly.

The next two weeks were spent in "rest" billets — so called. It was a case of drill during the day and move out to reserve positions during the night. During our first night there the place was bombed. I find that my mail home contains an account of one day's life behind the line. It tells just how things were.

"We are still in rest billets, dwelling at times in the midst of alarms. However, they have only been of the disagreeable and not of the dangerous variety. I suppose you think (I know I used to) that a soldier on active service in France, especially as near the front as we are, sees so many things of the novel and interesting variety that he would have a hard job keeping his letters within reasonable limits. Unfortunately that is far from the truth. Nevertheless, there are days when special attractions come to town. Monday evening was such.

"The Chaplain had come over Sunday evening and we had a very nice service out under the trees. Afterwards there was a general sing-song into the night. On Monday evening the Chaplain and the Y. M. C. A. man came over with a supply of canteen stuff, biscuits, tobacco, etc., so we had an opportunity for something outside of the usual in the line of eats. After that was over the Y. M. C. A. man, Dr. McArthur of Pittsburgh, a fine big man, gave us a splendid address on Lincoln. It was great. Along with it there was an informal concert by certain stars of the Company. Best of all the music, in my opinion, was a song by a fellow from Dundee; it was just a doggerel sort of thing with a refrain by the gang, but we certainly laughed. Altogether it was a great evening and we enjoyed it, the address, the songs, and the break in the monotony.

"There was still another number on the program, however, unknown and unsuspected. About eleven o'clock some one banged on the door and forced his way in. Blowing his whistle, the lieutenant announced that a general alarm had been sent out and we were to prepare to move off immediately. So it was dress again, make up pack, pack gun carts and finally move off bound for our positions in reserve. Starting at one o'clock we reached there at four, left at seven and arrived back at ten, a nice twenty-mile hike and for — a night maneuver. Anyway we rested the next day. But oh, for the piping days of peace! Why don't they hold the war in the daytime?

"Yesterday was a dull day. Today has been full. This morning we went out to drill as usual. But after an hour or so of it the lieutenant said that we would fill in the remainder of the morning by games.

"First we had the circle, where all sit close around and one stands rigid in the center, falling over and being tossed around until some one lets him fall on him. Sounds pretty rough, but isn't, least of all for the chap in the center. Then we had a relay race and various other lively games, finishing up with a tug-of-war with the first platoon. We all got set and at the whistle gave a mighty heave, the rope snapped exactly in the middle and the other platoon seated itself on the sward. None

of us fell. As we felt sure it was a frame-up, it being their rope, we were exceedingly pleased.

"Then we had what is called O'Grady Company Drill by the Captain. It is similar to the old familiar game Simon Says "Thumbs Up." It is done to make us keep our wits about us. The Company in detail was doubling up the road by dozens almost, that being the penalty. The Captain would give these O'Grady commands and we would be marching forward, then all of a sudden the old familiar 'Company Halt!' Well, out of pure force of habit, thirty per cent halted, and thereupon doubled up the road. Finally, when all the delinquents had been allowed back into the ranks, the Captain said, 'Who hasn't been caught this morning?' With a whole gang of others my hand went up. 'Did O'Grady say so?' quoth the Captain. Nay, nay — and around the tree we doubled. I thought the bally thing was over. After a while it was over, and they ordered us to get back to our guns and prepare to go in for lunch, but never a man moved — until the O'Grady issue was settled. This afternoon we had a great baseball game between our Company and Company B. It was very exciting, the score being 11 to 6 in favor of B."

Our Chaplain has made a name for himself, "The Fighting Parson." He was in the line during a raid while another Company was on duty. He was in the gun emplacement and the fire was quite severe, shrapnel, so we crawled into one of the gun pits where the gun was silent for some reason (not casualty). All of a sudden the officer commanding heard a steady stream of fire from such-and-such a gun. When a whole belt had gone another went in and fire recommenced. He immediately rose in the air "Hey! why the . . . doesn't that gun fire in bursts?" The gunner looked around the corner, "Am I firing too fast, sir?" It was the Chaplain. Machine guns fire in bursts of a certain number of shots, any number 5, 10, 50, etc., as ordered, never a steady stream unless against enemy infantry advancing visible in close formation. So the Chaplain is quite a hero. He went through other experiences that night as well, and has himself seen war.

Soon our turn for the trenches returned. One day we were

told that we would leave that night on a two day maneuver, and I will again quote from one of my letters:

"I have just finished the weirdest couple of days that I ever have spent, but feel quite satisfied at the experience. In my last letter I told you I was leaving that night for a two day maneuver. Well, as I expected, the enemy was concerned. We left here at eight-thirty Thursday night in a drizzle of rain and marched, with hourly rests, until four A. M. Friday, finding ourselves just behind the front line trenches in a wood on the hill to the right of our former emplacements, and considerably further forward. It was pitch dark and in the dark we had to feel the way for our gun carts to park them in a clearing in the wood.

"Then we were told that there was a large dugout in the vicinity in which we could go to sleep. Just then it began to pour. No one seemed to know where the dugout was and no one could find it. I decided to wait by the carts until they did find it, with the result that I was soon alone, the others all dropping away gradually. By that time the day began to dawn. Being very tired and sleepy, I spread my wet overcoat on the soaked ground and curled up with my steel helmet over my face to keep the rain off. I slept for a while and was awakened by the others talking. Then, it being daylight, I made another hunt for a dugout and finally located it, taking another rest and then going out into the sun to dry off. Queerest night's rest I have yet spent. But I didn't seem to feel at all miserable over it.

"About four-thirty we began to work on our positions and to bring up the guns and ammunition. Quite a job, when I tell you that we each had 6250 rounds of ammunition. Of course, the position was about a mile and a half from the carts. It was quite a job dragging that stuff, and part of it had to be done through the windings of the trenches. Late at night we finished. Then we lay down by our guns to sleep, as the show was to be about four-thirty A. M. It was to be a barrage of heavy and field artillery, trench mortars, one pounders, and machine guns and we were all grouped in that wood. All day while we had been carrying the stuff, an artillery duel had been going steadily on.

You would hear Slam! Whee!! Boom!!! Then later the reverse, Boom! Whee!! Slam!!! The guns near you go "slam" and so do exploding shells, those far off go Boom! or Cr-r-rump! quite similar. I heard more artillery that afternoon than all the time we were in the line.

"At four-twenty-five we were ordered to 'stand to.' The orders were that the artillery would open fire and five minutes later we would do the same, ceasing fire on signal from the front. At four-thirty-eight a white rocket went up and the first gun fired. As soon as that shell exploded on the enemy's line bedlam let loose in that wood. It was slam bang in front and slam bang in rear. We never spent a longer five minutes than the next five minutes crouching there in the gray light of very early morning awaiting the signal to open fire. Then it came, and I won't say how many dozen machine guns crashed out. Then it was super-bedlam. Also it was work rushing the supply of ammunition. The Fourth of July is nothing.

"The infantry had gone over shouting their battle cry, 'Wow, wow, wow,' as fast as they could and without end. Then came the order to cease fire, and the idea was to get packed up and out of that wood before the enemy retaliated. But it was quite a while before we finally left.

"We had a long, long hike before us, but after getting out of the immediate trench zone, we were allowed to rest for quite a while. Here is where I want to give our Lieutenant his due. He gave us as long rests as possible, hiked us as easily as he could, led us down a shady road by the canal instead of the sunny, dusty, hot highway, brought us some chocolate and biscuits, and in every way possible made things easy for us. So we trudged back to billets tired, sleepy, footsore and hungry, to find a big dinner waiting for us, the first meal since Thursday evening. It is now Saturday afternoon. Tonight we hike back to the billets we were in formerly, and tomorrow go up to the line again. But what do we care."

If you want the real stuff just try firing a heavy barrage in the cold gray dawn of a morning. Shooting lions or crocodiles has nothing on it. The enemy lost quite a few prisoners, and

it is reported that there were many enemy killed "from machine gun fire," found by the infantry.

Sunday night we left again for the line, more rain, and got soaked. Then waiting at Manspach the whole of Monday we moved into position, Monday midnight. From then until Thursday it was constant rain. The trenches were water-logged, our dugout practically afloat, and the mud and ooze all over and around us. Added to that our sleep was very much disturbed on account of about six or seven gas alarms per night.

A week straight of such conditions and the fact that our feet were always soaking wet, was not the best of things in the hygienic sense. However, the rain ceased so the trenches and we dried out. There was quite a bit of activity during this trick. After two weeks we were relieved on Sunday, September 22, by Algerian troops. The rain was on again and our march meant wet feet. We were lying around the road waiting for transportation all that night, and at three A. M. a thunder shower added its quota. Then away in trucks to billets. Another day of rain in Frahier and move again at three A. M. of the 24th. We marched through a swamp, loaded our stuff (guns, carts, wagons, etc.) on trains and pulled out. Next day off at Mussey in the road of the Verdun front up to Rembercourt we hiked; having something to eat was not in the itinerary. About two o'clock we had hardtack and carrots.

We lay around for a day and washed and shaved. Friday night, the 27th, we moved out to a road to take up reserve positions for the drive in the Argonne. It was bitterly cold, wet and we had no shelter. Another day of dampness and another night of the same and we moved to another position. I was then pretty well under the weather. I had headache, fever and chills off and on, and felt weak. I hiked with full pack for five kilos and was glad when we stopped. Sunday night I was packed off to hospital. I was about the tenth in the Company to go. The fact of the matter was that continual wet and damp had started things and having had little to eat, none of it even warm, for two weeks, I was in no condition to resist an attack of influenza or whatever it was.

At first I was not going to be sent to hospital but when the ambulance came they packed me off as well. I was taken to evacuation hospital. The next day I was taken aboard a hospital train and brought to Allercy. I wasn't sick enough to warrant being kept in bed for two weeks, but the doctor evidently considered me among the ward furniture and fixtures. My feed was army mess and nothing extra at that. But the bed felt good after the soaked mother earth.

The time between the Armistice and the port of embarkation (six months in my case) was spent between a detail in hospital, a month with the Company, and a detail in Bourges. The hospital was monotonous and wearisome; the Company indulged in maneuvers, barrages, and road mending, and then I was sent to the Central Records office in Bourges. I was glad of the chance to live in a French city and come to know the people. It was unfair to judge the French people by the class of peasantry we came in contact with in billets. Bourges was a good sized town with one of the finest cathedrals of France and many "patisseries." To one who had been separated from all such physical and mental treats for over a year, both of these attractions were a welcome change.

After a long and wearisome wait the Division was ordered to St. Nazaire. We stayed there for about two weeks and embarked for home. The return trip was a twelve day affair, but at last we reached New York and it did look fine. After a week in Camp Dix we received our discharges.

I was in the service a year and two weeks, of which time eleven months and five days were spent on foreign service. After it was over I realized what a great experience it had been, giving me a different outlook on an astonishingly wide range of subjects, and proving how full of luxury is ordinary civilian life.

## SERVICE RECORD OF MEN OF

## JOHN P. ANDERSON

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., May* 3, 1891.
*Attended Public School No.* 15; *also Boys' High School.*

UPON leaving High School, wishing to learn the Banking business, I accepted a position in the National City Bank of New York, where I remained for two years. My family moving to Portland, Oregon, I accompanied them to that city, and there identified myself with a bank. We returned to New York in 1917; and I entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank. On August 3, 1917, I enlisted in the New York Naval Militia. Reported for duty at the 52nd Street Armory, Brooklyn, August 17, 1917, being assigned to a Training Regiment and receiving my full outfit. In the 2nd Company of the Fifth Division we had six weeks of training in seamanship, infantry, signals, and rules of Government in the U. S. N. Towards the end of September we were detailed for duty with the Cable Censor's Office, remaining at that station for about four months. After that I was detailed on the *U. S. S. Calumet* for sea duty. I found the work very interesting and liked the life. The food and clothing were good. The *Calumet* was a fast ship, and many times in rough weather, when she nosed into the heavy seas, the rails would be awash and the lifeboats scooping up water, the ship rolling at an angle of about 38 degrees. She was one of the fastest ships in the fleet. Our fleet was the first convoy to sea from American waters. The convoy duty was about 1500 miles to sea and return; then patrol work along the New York and New Jersey coasts. We were on this duty at sea for six days, with three days off duty ashore. I made five trips; and on one of these eventful trips received an injury; was taken to port, having to submit to a slight operation; which of course, relieved me of sea duty. I was then transferred to shore duty. Arrived at Pelham Training Station in August, 1918, for the Quartermaster School for training as Signal Ensign. Upon receiving my discharge, I re-entered the service of the Hanover National Bank.

R. S. BECKHORN


R. D. BENSON

ALEXANDER BISSETT

CHARLES BOBEL

## THE HANOVER NATIONAL BANK

### JOHN H. BARNETT

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., November* 4, 1888.
*Attended Public Schools of Brooklyn.*

BEFORE entering the employ of the Hanover National Bank I was with C. H. Reynolds & Sons, coal merchants of Brooklyn. I entered the service of the Hanover National Bank in September, 1917, and joined the Colors in July, 1918. Upon my arrival at Camp Upton I was assigned to the 12th Company Depot Brigade and was later transferred to the 433rd Motor Ambulance Corps, assigned as stretcher bearer with this Company, certified for overseas duty. These instructions being cancelled later, I was transferred to Company D, Medical Detachment at the Base Hospital. Again certified for overseas duty but held up on account of quarantine during the epidemic of influenza. I had no opportunity for active service, my entire time of enlistment being on duty at Camp Upton.

### RALPH S. BECKHORN

*Born at Hornell, N. Y., June* 17, 1895.

WHEN I was six years of age we moved to Hoboken, N. J. My education was completed in the Elementary and High Schools of that city, and in 1914 moved to Newark, N. J. I then started my training for financial work in New York University. However, up to the time I entered the Military Service this had not been completed.

On June 5, 1917, I registered under provisions of the Selective Service Act, and on September 19 entered the U. S. Army at Camp Dix, being assigned to the 13th Company, 4th Training Battalion, 153rd Depot Brigade. My Infantry training consisted of about three months hard work, at the end of which time I was transferred to the Medical Department and ordered to pro-

ceed to Fort Jay to join the Division of Finance and Accounting which was then making ready for service overseas.

On December 10, 1917, I was promoted to the grade of Sergeant and on January 3 sailed for France. On arriving in France I was transferred to the Office of the Purchasing Agent in Paris, where I remained for eight months. During this stay a good part of my spare time was taken up in refugee work and volunteer help in the Hospitals during the big drives. While in Paris all soldiers were given serial numbers; mine was 15328.

On September 8, 1919, I was ordered to proceed to Headquarters S. O. S. for duty in the Chief Surgeon's Office, and on December 1, 1918, was promoted to the grade of Sergeant. On May 1st, 1919, I was again promoted to the grade of Hospital Sergeant.

Although I never got to the front, I formed an opinion that the French were the best fighters, barring none, partly because they were fighting for existence. Even at the time the Germans were so near Paris in 1917, the French never gave up hope, and I firmly believe that had the Germans taken the city, it would have tended only toward prolonging the war.

Land was cultivated by the old men and women. I have often seen a woman plowing, and it was not uncommon to see a horse and little donkey side by side in the fields. Dogs were used to a great extent on the farms for light work.

During my eighteen months' stay in France, I was given seven days leave and visited Aix-les-Bains, one of France's famous watering places in the French Alps.

On June 17, 1919, I was informed that I was to return to the States with a casual detachment which was to leave July 1. I arrived in Brest on July 2, and sailed from that port July 7 on the *Imperator*. I arrived in Hoboken on July 13, and was discharged from the Service on July 21, 1919.

## RICHARD DEWEY BENSEN

*Born at Highwood Park, Weehawken, N. J., March* 20, 1898.
*Attended Hamilton School of Weehawken; also Eagan's School of Business.*

I WAS named after the late Admiral Dewey of the U. S. Navy. I enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force on August 8, 1918, for a period of four years, and was called to duty at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois on Spetember 14, 1918. While at the Great Lakes Station I served on the Fourth Liberty Loan Committee, which raised a total of $5,000,000, being almost double its quota.

On March 8, 1919, I was transferred to the Receiving Ship at New York, and later to the Fleet Supply Base at South Brooklyn, N. Y.

On May 9, 1919, I was released from active duty and re-entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank.

## ALEXANDER BISSETT

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., August* 15, 1890.
*Attended Public School No.* 25 *and Brooklyn Evening High School.*

AFTER a varied business experience, I eventually entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank, during the latter part of 1916. At the outbreak of the World War the 13th Regiment Coast Artillery Corps National Guard, New York (of which I had been a member since June 1, 1916), was mustered into federal service on August 15, 1917. I went through the process of the making of a soldier at Fort Wadsworth, N. Y., one of the important fortresses guarding the approach to New York harbor. On June 3, 1917, I was transferred to Battery B, 70th

Artillery, Coast Artillery Corps with a number of my comrades. I embarked on the United States Army Transport Steamship *The Great Northern* on July 15, 1917, our destination unknown to any of us. Rumors as usual were flying thickly as to our port of debarkation, but on the evening of the 22nd I had my first glimpse of France. The harbor of Brest looked very picturesque to me with very hilly country on either side of us. After landing, several comrades and myself were assigned to a section terrene, which was inclined to be very muddy, in fact it was a veritable mudhole. Anticipating an early departure we did not bother about unrolling our equipment, and we were ordered to place our equipment in a pile and lie down and try to sleep. After lying down for several hours, we had our first experience of a French rain storm. One week later we were shipped in the immortal "Forty and Eight" and the consignment took four days to reach a point called Fenn, a small French village with a population of about one thousand inhabitants. It was very interesting to observe the picturesque buildings and the quaint and old-fashioned mode of living and transportation. The French peasantry class of people live in thatched houses with stone floors and large open fireplaces; nevertheless they seemed to be enjoying the hardships under which they were laboring, despite war conditions. The French horses that pull the two-wheel carts used throughout France appealed to me as a wonderful specimen of animals. Good water was at a premium; in fact, any water was very scarce. We had many long marches and were rationed to only one canteen to a man a day, which was not quite a quart, and had to be used for washing and drinking purposes. Time went on until finally on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month the long looked for Armistice was signed and to say we were overjoyed would be putting it mildly. I was unfortunate enough to meet with an accident which confined me to a hospital for about five months. On the 21st of March, 1919, I sailed for "God's Country" and wildly greeted "Miss Liberty" on the morning of the 27th, while being escorted through New York harbor by a boat containing the New York City Committee of Welcome, and proceeded at once to Camp Mills Base Hospital

and eventually transferred, a week later, to Base Hospital at Camp Upton, N. Y.

I was discharged on June 3, 1919, and very glad to get back to the uniform of a civilian.

## CHARLES BOBEL

*Born at Union Hill, N. J., January 8, 1895.*
*Attended Union Hill Public Schools.*

MY FIRST business venture was in the employ of R. & H. Senior Company, where I remained for about eight years. I then became one of the "Hanover" force until called into military service. April 4, 1918, I went to Camp Dix and on May 23 sailed for France. At Camp Dix I was a member of Company A, 309th Infantry, serving with this detachment in France as a member of the Intelligence Section. Had some time to learn French, and soon could speak enough to order something to eat. Was never wounded, although I had many close calls. Didn't escape the epidemic of Influenza from which I have completely recovered. I find that the fellow who smiles and tries to be happy, although deep down in his heart he longs for home, is the fellow who gets along.

## JAMES A. BOLTON

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., January 30, 1896.*
*Attended Jamaica High School and Erasmus Hall.*

ENLISTED in the United States Naval Reserve Force as Second Class Seaman, May 19, 1917. After waiting a few months, I was finally ordered to report for duty on August 17, 1917, at the Federal Rendezvous, 52nd Street, Brooklyn. Here I spent about five weeks in training for what I thought would make me an unusually "salty sailor." Saturday, September 21,

1917, I was ordered to stand by for further orders. This gave me visions of ships, seas, submarines and everything but what my new berth would be. Instead of ships, etc., my orders read "Cable Censors' Office, 20 Broad Street, New York," where all that could be seen were pencils, paper and yeomanettes. Here I remained until my release from Service, which finally came on May 7, 1919.

During my stay at 20 Broad Street my ratings were changed as follows:

December 1, 1917 — to Second Class Yeoman

May 1, 1918 — to First Class Yeoman

August 1, 1918 — to Chief Petty Officer (Yeoman Branch)

Nothing of importance happened here, as my work was entirely clerical.

## HENRY O. BORCHERT

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., March* 30, 1895.

*Attended Public School No. 57, Richmond Hill, N. Y.; New York Preparatory School, Brooklyn Branch (Evening Course); also Secretarial Course at the Euclid School, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

I RECEIVED my first business training as stenographer in the employ of a Railway Company, and after some experience there entered the service of the Hanover National Bank in October, 1917. On April 3, 1918, I left for Camp Upton. I was appointed Company Clerk of the 10th Company 3rd Provisional Battalion, later known as the 29th Company, 8th Battalion, 152nd Depot Brigade. My duties were to keep the Roster and all details incident thereto, known as "paper work." I was appointed Corporal on May 15, 1918, and made a Sergeant October 1. My duties very largely precluded the usual experiences of a soldier in drilling, bayonet practice, etc. I attended the Camp Personnel School to prepare myself for the Personnel Adjutant School, Adjutant General Department, and

was working along there nicely when, at the time the Armistice was signed, I was about to be transferred to Ohio to enter this School. The termination of hostilities prevented this, and I was honorably discharged December 16, 1918, re-entering the employ of the Hanover National Bank.

## CECIL MARRYAT BOYCOTT

*Born at New York, N. Y., September* 28, 1896.
*Attended Central High School, Newark, N. J.; Colgate University.*

WHEN the United States entered the War I was in my Sophomore year at college, and applied for admission in the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, but was refused on account of being under age. However, I was permitted to take the examinations for a provisional commission in the Regular Army, it being understood that I would not be commissioned until I reached twenty-one. After passing these examinations, I was with the Hanover National Bank, and was ordered to report to Fort Leavenworth for training early in 1918. I was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Reserve February 25, 1918; assigned to Second Cavalry at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont; and soon afterwards was ordered to France. I received my commission as Second Lieutenant in the Regular Army May 1, and was promoted to First Lieutenant June 9. I served as Censor and Billeting Officer for Corps Headquarters.

In one of Mr. Boycott's letters home, he writes as follows:

"On March 22, 1918, I left New York on the *Martha Washington.* We had a good trip over, in spite of the fact that I was sick all the way. When we were very close to Bordeaux, we were attacked by a school of submarines and had a running fight for an hour and a half. We are supposed to have sunk three. We landed at Pauillac, a little town near Bordeaux. This was April 6. After sitting on the roadside all day, we went to Bordeaux on little cars and got there late that night. We went to Camp Genicart; there we stayed for three days, and then we went to Bade-

menil, a little town near Baccarat, Meurthe et Moselle. The trip was through the heart of France and very pretty, but very tiring — four days in a little car. We were at Bademenil for three weeks, when I was taken sick with the "Flu." I was then in the hospital for three weeks at Baccarat. I really had a good time there. In the meantime the Regiment moved to Le Valdahon near Besançon, Dombs. We were there for some time. I spend all June working on the horses in the day time and riding a different horse out to supper every night; I really had a fine time there. After the first attack at Château Thierry, there was a dire need of officers at the front. All the outfits in the S. O. S. were scanned for officers. I, among others, was sent up as a combat officer. When I started out, the Corps Headquarters were at Neufchâteau. When I got there, they had moved to La Ferte-sous-Jouorre. This necessitated a trip to Paris. I had quite a time there. When I got out to Corps Headquarters, I was kept there in the Headquarters Troop. After a few weeks' duty with the Troop, I was made billeting officer. There my troubles started. From La Ferte we went to Montreuil-aux-Lions; thence to Château Thierry; from there to Villeneuve; then to Fere-en-Tardenois; then back to La Ferte; then to Doulevant-le-Château, Haute Marne; then to Liverdun, Meurthe et Moselle; then to Saizerais; then to Rarecourt, Meuse. Then my troubles started again, when I was placed in command of the advance P. C. at Hill 209, just north of Clermont-en-Argonne. From there we went to Chéhéry and from there to Harricourt. From Harricourt we went back to Chéhéry, and now we are back in the S. O. S. at Tonnerre.

"It was at Harricourt that I had my worst bombing. We got particular hell there. I would precede the corps and locate the headquarters. I was there by myself when the birds came over. Believe me, I'd rather be shelled all day than be bombed for a minute. It surely is a great sensation.

"It was a great sight the night the Armistice was declared: lights and fires, the first that I had seen in France. It was too big to realize. Now we hope to come home soon, but we don't know what they are going to do with us."

## E. G. BROWER-BILLINGTON

*Born at Bergen, Jersey City, N. J., July* 28, 1889.
*Attended Grammer School.*

ENLISTED July 23, 1917, as Private in 1st Field Company, Signal Corps, National Guard, State of New Jersey. Assigned to Company A, known as the Radio Company.

September, 1917, the 1st Field Company, S. C., N. G., N. J., was renamed the 104th Field Signal Battalion and assigned to the newly formed 29th Division, made up of National Guard units from New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland and Delaware. Appointed Corporal, Sig. Cps, January 11, 1918, per BnS. O. No. 17, and transferred from Company A to Headquarters Detachment, on same order and same date, at Camp McClellan, Ala. Appointed Sergeant, Sig. Cps. May 1, 1918, per Bns. O. No. 79, dated April 29, 1918, effective May 1, 1918, at Camp McClellan, Ala. Appointed Color Sergeant, Sig. Cps. November 7, 1918, of the 104th Field Signal Battalion, per BnS. O. No. 13a, at Robert-Espagne, France.

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Pursuant to the President's call, I reported at the Company rendezvous at Bergen, Jersey City, N. J., on the morning of July 24, 1917, when orders were read for our Signal Corps to proceed to Sea Girt, N. J., on July 25, 1917, for mobilization of our National Guard units. All day and evening of July 24 was spent in packing our saddles, saddle bags, harness, signal equipment, Ordnance and Quartermaster stores, which were, during the night and early morning of July 25, packed on the troop trains awaiting our embarkation. At 5:30 A. M. on July 25, rollcall was sounded, and then, in Signal Corps formation, we marched away for the trains, passing in review before the City Hall.

At noon of this day we arrived at Sea Girt, N. J., our destination, and the unloading of troop cars, kitchens put up, tents erected, and check on all our belongings made. My first taste of Kitchen Police was experienced this day, and at 4 P. M. our first Army mess served. That night a well earned sleep rewarded the

boys, even though blanket snatching and cold water awakenings were the order of the day. The 26th of July was spent in making the camp look somewhat orderly and assigning the men to squads for each tent, where a non-commissioned officer was put in charge. The 27th of July, 1917, will be remembered by all for it was the day when, after rollcall, all of us marched to the main building and were sworn into the Federal Service to make room for the drafting of the National Army. The following morning our life in the Army began with the squad drills, military courtesy, company formations, etc., according to the new Drill Regulations issued by the War Department at this time.

The Signal Corps now consisted of the following: Co. A, or Radio Company, 75 men; B Co. or Wire Company in Washington, D. C., 75 men; Company C, or Outpost Company, 75 men; Headquarters Detachment, 15 men; Supply Detachment, 12 men; and Sanitary Detachment, 14 men and 6 officers.

In September, 1917, the Outpost Company was increased to 280 men; Hdqrs. Det. reduced to 13 men; and Supply Detachment increased to 16 men.

The officers were as follows: one Captain, two 1st Lieutenants to Co. A; the same to Co. B; one Captain and four Lieutenants to Company C; with one Captain to the Sanitary Detachment; one 1st Lieutenant to Supply Detachment; one 1st Lieutenant to Headquarters Detachment and one Major to Command the Battalion, with a Chaplain sent to us later on; 1st Lieutenant of Hdqrs. Det. acted always as adjutant.

We stayed at Sea Girt, N. J., from July 25, 1917, to September 22, 1917, during which time the use and operating of Signal Corps equipment such as wireless, heliograph, wig-wag, semaphore, buzzer phones, and telegraphy were studied in general to get familiarized with before operating for speed and accuracy. We also had our Signal Corps drills by squad, company, and battalion, with Infantry drill added. The pistol range was also used at this place for bettering our marksmanship, each day a tally on scores being kept. My average was 91.

On September 23, 1917, after all troop trains of our outfit had been loaded, we said farewell to our summer camp at Sea Girt,

N. J., and headed for Alabama, arriving at Camp McClellan, Ala. (then in name only), on the evening of September 25 at 9 P. M. Our mascot, the Goat, and two white leghorn roosters, enjoyed the rail trip in the box car just as well as we did. A three mile hike to our location, with all our equipment on our backs, only to find a partly finished mess shack, and rain to greet us. What fellows could not get into the shack to sleep, found the outdoors just as comfortable, even though it rained for three days. When tents, equipment, shovels and picks arrived, we started our camp, with road-making, rain-drainage, and picket-line clearing, taking up our spare time until late in the day.

October, 1917, found our Camp as well as the whole of Camp McClellan, assuming a real training area to accommodate at least 45,000 troops. During this month, Interior Guard Duty, Kitchen Police, Stable Duty, and the art of Horse and Mule grooming was experienced by all, besides the knowledge and operating of our Signal Equipment on hand.

By November, 1917, the Signal Battalion was represented by 473 men and 15 officers, with Major R. C. Cotton, R. A., a graduate of West Point, commanding. During this month the speed and skill of our men with the Signal Corps work was far beyond our expectations. During this month the first rumors that we were to go overseas were about camp, and the topic of the day naturally bent toward the time when we would start.

December, 1917, in the first few weeks was spent in taking tests, each man by himself, as to the speed, accuracy, and receiving of all messages by any one of the Signal equipments, after the morning class was finished. Christmas of this year was the first for us in the Army, and the turkey played its ever important part in the mess shack at our dinner. K. P. that day was not begrudged by any one. Christmas night with the tree lighted, we enjoyed the telling of stories, and the receiving of favors from the tree, which favors consisted of something representing the fault of the receiver.

During this month, Major R. C. Cotton was relieved of duty with our battalion, and appointed Division Signal Officer, bringing Major B. Hazeltine, R. A., from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., to

be Battalion Commander. Under this officer's guidance and instructions, we became known as the best disciplined and expert operating Signal Corps in the United States. Our commendation file proved it before leaving for France. In this month also, we changed our Cotton uniforms for the woolen outfit, and the horses increased in number as well as the mules, making life in the Army full of work, and sleep at a premium. Flash lanterns were now being used in addition to our Signal equipment, with our first effort at school to study communication layouts for trenches and open warfare, code making and deciphering, and the beginning of evening school for non-commissioned officers. So when 1917 rang down the curtain to let 1918 in, we found the day's work consisted of the following: 5.15 A. M. first call; 5.25 A. M. company formation; 5.30 A. M. reveille and roll call. After reveille we marched to the picket line and started our grooming of the horses and mules; 6.00 A. M. water and feeding the horses and mules; 6.15 A. M. to breakfast; 6.30 A. M. the cleaning out of the tents and ground police; 7.30 A. M. first call for drill and 7.45 roll call: and then for drill, either infantry, Signal, or with the horses and mules, with body building exercises at each half hour, or hour, according to the drill schedule; 12.00 noon, recall being sounded with mess served at once; 12.50 first call for drill; and 1.00 P. M. again on the drill schedule for the afternoon until 4.30 P. M. when water call for horses and mules was sounded; 5.00 to 5.30 P. M. was allotted to the study of sanitation and first aid to wounded; supper at 6.00 P. M. First call for evening school at 7.30 to 9.00 P. M., except Saturdays and Sundays. Between 9.00 and 9.45 P. M. was generally used for writing letters home, and at 10.00 P. M. Taps was sounded. After a day of this kind, it was never forgotten by some one to start a fire call at any hour, and if we did not answer to the rollcall at once, and could not give a sound excuse, a three day K. P. or confinement to camp was the result of missing fire call. When fire drill is sounded, which is considered to be the nicest call by the bugle in the Army, one section of each Company is detailed as follows: shovel, pick, hose, salvage, and reserve with pails.

January, 1918, was a cold month, and we still lived in tents,

though extra blankets were issued. An order was issued not to chop down trees, even though the little coal obtainable could not be had for the tiny silby stoves in each tent. Rain was always present during this month. Still our Signal work and training went on. Our first contingent left for France this month on the quiet.

February, 1918, was even colder with the thermometer showing every now and then a drop to three to six below zero. Our training with pack mules was also added to the list of duties, with hikes to different places in Alabama with the Infantry. Our outfit was the example for other units to follow in discipline, training and methods, and the pride of the Commanding General of the Division, Major General Charles G. Morton, R. A. It was in this month that insurance was laid before the men of our Division, and later we learned that the average age of the Division was 19 years. Our Signal training was gaining every day and we were feeding better.

In March, 1918, we were introduced to a French lieutenant and sergeant, who came from France after serving two years and six months in the French Army, to instruct us just what was what in the Battlefields of France. The French sergeant was billeted with us in our tent and many an evening just before Taps an exchange of stories was heard through our interpreter. We now had the French T. P. S. sets to work with either by night or day, and the first sight of our carrier pigeon loft came. Trench work and hikes with maneuvers of the entire division were scheduled every now and then, as we were up to the mark for combat troops.

April, 1918, and some more of our boys slipped away to France on the quiet. Our first batch of carrier pigeons arrived and our training with them began. They showed remarkable instinct after a seven day confinement to find their way around the Camp. A card indexing of the birds by name and number, was made, on which everything that happened to each particular bird was noted, such as time of flights, length of sickness and cause, mating, style of head, breast and wing expansion, color of bird, and behavior. Gradually the distance of each flight was increased

until our first birds could be released with a message at a distance of at least 25 miles. The message is placed in a capsule, then attached to the leg of the bird, and the time taken down by the one who releases the bird. When the bird arrives at the cote, the time is not taken until it goes through the trap. The reason for this is that all the birds are not fed on the ground, only in the cote, and when the birds are to be taken away to a certain place to be released, they are always fed at least a few hours before, thereby making the bird hungry enough to speed his way back to the cote, where food is spread around inside the trap, forcing the bird to come into it, and the message is then detached and sent to the person, or department, it is addressed to, the message always being in code. When Verdun in 1916 was the point through which the crown prince of Germany tried to force his way with his Hun hordes to get to Paris, the fighting was so fierce and the artillery bombardment so heavy, the only thing left for the French to use in the way of communication was the carrier pigeon, and the birds were used continually during the time of the lengthy fight, thereby saving Verdun and upholding the French general's command, "*On ne passe pas*" (they shall not pass).

May, 1918, and a few more outfits left for France on the quiet. This month gave us a chance to get recruits to fill in the gaps in our ranks, which many of us had made vacant, going to officers' training school, and transfers after our strict physical discipline, Signal work, inspections and after battalion promotions of non-commissioned officers.

In the early part of June, 1918, we were inspected by a War Department Inspector from Washington, D. C., and after loading our troop trains in Camp, we entrained on the morning of June 13, leaving this camp with fond memories and our direction pointed to France. We arrived at Jersey City, N. J., at the Central R. R. Depot on Sunday morning of June 16 after a stop-over of nearly twelve hours at Floral Park, Md. We had just a short spare moment to say hello and good-by to a few of our friends who somehow or other received word of our arrival there, and the ferryboat took us to Hoboken, where, after a

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check off of our names as we passed on board the *U. S. S. Great Northern*, we were assigned to bunks in this ship. We stayed below decks the rest of Sunday, all Monday and Tuesday, and after the ship had sailed Wednesday about noon and had gone beyond the three mile limit of the U. S. A., we were allowed to come up for air. A worthy sight indeed, for a convoy of destroyers guarded us until late that night. The *U. S. S. Great Northern* was the fastest boat in the service as a troopship and all the way across the sister ship *Northern Pacific* kept pace with us. The rules on board ship were for safety and quick obedience to orders. We had no guard across as our boat and the sister ship were speedy. So, leaving on June 19, we looked forward for excitement as each day drew us nearer to the danger zone on the other side. Helmets and badly needed clothing were issued to all while on board ship going over. My first experience with "submarine sighted" calls was on this boat, even at mess times. We arrived at Brest, France, on June 26, at seven P. M. and debarked from the ship on the morning of the 27th. This date was the official date for the 29th Division to arrive in France.

We marched to Pontanezen Barracks, just outside of Brest, this place being the old edifice where Napoleon had his armies, it was walled in and the type of the old fort in years gone by. A few days rest here with curiosity in all of us as to the kind of country and people. Our first lessons in French at Camp McClellan, Ala., stood us in good stead and we made a few purchases now and then, even though we mixed U. S. and French talk together. Our ship which we left now, went back to the U. S. A. with our letters. In this place we stayed until the orders reached us to embark on the famous French cars, which will always be remembered by the eight men to a compartment. Our trains packed and we were off, having been rationed with corn willie, canned tomatoes, hard tack, and bread of large size loaves, canned salmon, and jam proportioned among us. Three days of this sort of travel, with hardly any comfortable sleep at any time, and passing through big towns of France, we arrived at midnight at a place of which nobody knew or ever heard. At five A. M. of the morning of July 6 we formed the battalion now

complete and marched up to the town. The town of Montsaugeon in Haute Marne Province. Billeting of the boys was immediately taken care of and our ration truck went early to Veaux-sous-Aubigny where they procured some fresh meat. During this time we had rollcall, and found that we had lost two or three men from our trains, who had been sent to the hospitals along the line from Brest for one cause or another. After the kitchen was ready to serve us, and mess call sounded, it was with some joy that we had at last arrived and to get a real appetizing meal. During our stay here, equipment, clothing, etc., was gone over and good replaced for worn-out material. Later we received orders to discard everything but the following: Helmet, gas-mask, overseas cap, one blouse, one breeches, two shirts, two suits of underwear, four pairs of socks, wrap leggings, two pairs of field shoes, pistol belt, holster and pistol with two extra chambers, haversack and pack carrier, razor, soap, toothbrush, paste, comb, mirror, towel and two blankets. Everything else that was personal property was packed by each one in his barrack bag and sent to Champlitte and then to Gievres for storage.

We now received word to proceed to Vaux-sous-Aubigny and embarked on those famous "quarante homme, huite chevaux," French box cars (40 men, 8 horses) of which every man in France has had a taste. An all night long ride brought us to Belfort, known as the Lion of the North for its strong resistance against the Germans in the early part of the war. We were now in what is called the Alsatian front. A march after debarkation here brought us to Vourvenans where we stayed a short while. It was here we saw the first boche planes on scout duty away up in the sky and the bursting shells of the anti-air guns trying to bring them down. A few days of training while waiting for orders gave us a chance to see many things which war brings, even far back of the lines. Orders received and we marched to Brebotte, where a short stay gave us the first feeling of being in a quiet but eventful sector back of the lines. After orders received to push forward, we arrived at Montreux-Vieux where most of the inhabitants were generally known as partly German. Our next move brought us into the line officially on

July 25, 1918, in what is called the Defense of Center Sector, Haute-Alsace; our outpost company, four sections, going to the four different regiments of our division known as the 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th Infantry. Co. B section out to lay wire between Battalion, Brigade and Regimental Headquarters up to Divisional Headquarters, Co. A with their operators stationed here and there in different zones with their wireless working always between points and then direct to Divisional Headquarters. Notable among the towns in which we were stationed were Dannemarie, Buethwiller, Manspach, Montreux-Château and Montreux-Jeunne. Every time a unit or detachment of our division reached a certain place, word came in code immediately as to the place, result, and what observation was made. On July 26, the Germans gave us a welcome with raiding parties at night, and bomb dropping by aeroplanes. It is always the custom on either side, when an outfit is relieved and the new outfit comes into the trench, to serenade, and it is done with all kinds of tricks and war material, gassing being one of Germany's old methods at any time the chance affords itself day or night. Our experiences were many in the first few days and hardly any sleep of more than slight duration given to any one as the boche usually got wind of an outfit relieving or advancing to take over a section. All night the sector was enlivened with small raids to ascertain who we were and what was our design. At daybreak of the morning of July 27, we spied a sign on the German front line trenches, viz: Good Morning 29th Division, showing what a system of finding out things the Germans had, their methods were as methodical as possible, which we chaps learned later on. Besides getting up rations, water and ammunition to the fellows ahead, it always brought the balance of the scales back to the rear with wounded, gassed, and down and out from exposure. The enemy aeroplanes were busy as bees most of the day but as lively as kittens at night, especially if fate allowed a clear night to be marked on the calendar. Up to and including the last day of July of this year the planes on both sides were doing scout duty, but the first clear night in August and we were bombed good and proper at a small town, and then two hours after, the German

long range guns played havoc with what was left of the place. The Signal Corps stations in the front and all the way back to the rear had to move quickly or suffer the consequences, even the Divisional Headquarters doing the same after a boche scout plane had dropped its tell-tale flare rockets of white and red. The red was the signal to fire and each flare meant so many miles by the German plane's distance covered direct from its starting point added to the knowledge the Germans had of the different towns and their distance from the German lines on maps. All of August was our chance to move forward, using the best means of Signal Corps communications, with casualties coming every day. This sector was always known as the sniping sector, for it was mountainous and easy to spot an object at a considerable distance. Raiding parties at night were a feature which meant quickness, a level head, and a burial party if a flare rocket burst over you. Going out on a raiding party, your rifle or pistol and a pouch full of grenades were always your stand-by, with your corporal or sergeant giving the word by hand signal what was what to do and not to do. A favorite trick on the Yankee side was to string empty ration cans, such as tomato, corn willie, salmon, etc., along the wire and string it out before the bobwire entanglements, for just as soon as a chap stepped too near it, or moved any part of the string laid along the ground, the whole line jingled, which meant a flare rocket and the machine guns talking. Our observers in the aeroplanes had by the end of August a nice complete set of affairs made of their observations, and then the word went forward for no more guerrilla warfare but a push was to be made. It opened up on September 2, with the Train Artillery of the French trying for Mulhouse, and the rest of the artillery of small sizes doing their bit by trying to lay the way open for the infantry to advance. For the first few days all went fairly well with us, until the Germans were able to make a line of defense and then we got a taste of music, which brought up the ambulances, stretcher bearers, and medical force to its limit. It was not only to advance that we had to contend with, but to hold on to every bit of ground we captured that made the men forget sleep, rations and clothing. A look at ourselves the second

day forbids me to describe what a dressed up fellow a tramp was compared to our appearance, but we got what we went after, even though casualties were some, and then a twenty-four-hour respite, before the relief came up under cover of darkness. One could never describe the way this war was staged for it was incessant firing day and night, with surprises at any place along the line from the North Sea to Switzerland, and it might be yours for a week when you least expect it. I often thought of the Italian front compared to this. It is reasonable to figure that you are fighting with all your strength to get the other fellow by the rifle, or bayonet, or pistol, etc., but when the enemy sends over in a sneaky way, mustard-gas and then opens up with high explosive shells and shrapnel, one thinks his time has come at last, for it gets a good many chaps trying to put on their gas-masks, if not already gassed, and that is why our training to put on gas-masks in five seconds was kept up until we could do it in a fraction less. Quick work it was, but a life saver. A fall into a shell hole and you did your best to get out of it to keep up with your bunkies. Where your pack went you could never figure out, or what happened to your two days' rations you never did know, but your next shave would either happen after the drive or on the Golden Shore. Behind the mud, dirt, and what was left of us, we could see Van Dykes, mutton chops, and even full beards in bloom, by September 15, when we had a relief for twenty-four hours in which to get supplied with a little clothing if possible, rations if by chance, and a real full canteen of water, with which to satisfy a long felt want of a long drink which never seemed to come to you. After a rest under some camouflage and a few instructions for the coming morning, everybody tried to get word of somebody else, but under restrictions lest you give some information away to a possible spy in your outfit who made use of a dead soldier's uniform which he got under cover of darkness or prisoner. This respite gave the opportunity for me to sum up my possible chances of getting out alive (as is the case with everybody) before our division was to be taken out of the line for the rest area. I found, on summing up the chances, that they were just as scanty as the ones I summed up before en-

tering the line. Times seemed changed or I changed, I could not take time to figure out; but my thought in one thing was, the thing that is coming my way will hit me, I will never know of it until I am hit. Toward dark the passing of orders was carried forward and everybody ready, or to be ready, to relieve the unit ahead before daybreak, which meant any time from 11 P. M. that night to 4.30 next morn. Rations were finally had, a few clothes received by some of us, brought up by chaps who came through for the purpose of salvaging, and when I spied a fellow eating a hard doughnut, both of us were bunkies in the shake of a lamb's tail. Early next morning, being the 16th, we were going forward at four A. M. with orders to cling to the slope opposite the French division on our left, for observation purposes, when some spirited battery of artillery let loose with a barrage and the Germans came back with their own, giving us a fine chance for kingdom come or the hospital. How we got through was a miracle to me, or the German shells must have been poorly made, anyway before daybreak every one of the signal boys was at his post. Nothing happened until noon, but before that time a few pails of stew, a few days old finally got to us by runners who volunteered to get it, and believe me, etiquette lost its ruling, for everybody who had the possible chance to get some went to it like a house afire. At noon the German battery sent over some shells for a feeler, and then opened up with a barrage to stop the incoming troops further back, during which time one of our boys who was operating a buzzer phone, yelled for attention, and right before us in the mist were about four boche, coming over in a makeup sort of affair on "inquiring duty." A few signals to the doughboys a few hundred feet ahead of us in a "sap head" and the fun was one sided. I think one boche got away by playing dead, anyway later when the fog lifted some we could see only three in No Man's Land.

Three days went by sort of quiet for the infantry, except at night when raiding parties or single parties would take the opportunity of trying to get a few prisoners for information. The evening of the 19th and 20th I will always remember. The

raiding parties were made larger and two of my bunkies volunteered to go with them, laying wires (fine field wire from breast reels) as they went forward, sending information back as to what was seen or heard of the enemy. The evening of the 20th at about ten P. M., about forty chaps started over No Man's Land, zigzagging some to avoid the possible chance of running into a German range of machine guns already located during the day previous. The boys were to be back at eleven P. M. at the latest, and in case of a rush from the Germans, one of my bunkies was to give the signal agreed on by the buzzer-phone. The International code was always used, but the message was coded to five letters or numbers, for a word. I was with a Corporal of ours who had charge of this station where the raiding went over, and after about twenty minutes, we began to get some news, thusly: "Bob-wire is electrocuted near low walls. By the canal, they have tin cans like ours strung along. Austrians are heard talking, to the French left. One of our chaps going back with a wounded German prisoner, found in a shell hole. A sap-head in front of the range of the two low mounds, is used for pigeons, just heard them. A dark moving mass to our left going out somewhere." Nothing more was heard for some minutes when up goes a star shell and in a few seconds the machine guns of the Germans let loose. The buzzer-phone was working and still no word. A few minutes more and the word came to us to be on our guard as the Germans had seen them and were trying to cut them off by shooting ahead of them. Meantime a bunch of the Germans were out after them, spreading out. Immediately word was given to the Sergeant in charge of the home station to send out a help party, and then the raiding battle began in earnest. As soon as the firing began on both sides, both raiding parties dropped in shell holes, or flat on the ground, star shells went up and nearly three hours went by before it finally settled down to sniping again. One by one the fellows came through our barb wire crawling along, or using an elevation of the ground to run low. One fellow missing, but he turned up the next night, having fallen in a shell hole, and stayed there until he could get his bearings. He had lots to say of the four or five Germans who

were wounded and carried back to their lines by their own men. No prisoners, no casualties, no real information, but it nearly led to a big battle, which I learned later from the artillery fellows, and a chief gunner who received orders to be ready at any time for the word to fire. Our sap-head was full of water and mud and the rats were again plentiful. One rat was nicknamed "Noisy" for his continual squealing. The morning of the 22nd and our signal planes went up, which meant some sort of maneuvering, everybody trying to bet what it would be. Codes were short and every signal station was notified to be on the watch for a move. Was it ours, or a German move? Anyway, that evening, just after dark, the first of the relieving division came forward, and they were the "Blue Devils" of the French Army, with the 77th U. S. Division in reserve. I guessed right that we would be out of the lines or nearly so by the next night. Every man was using his last physical strength to hurry to the rear about 11 P. M. whether in bunches of four or ten, or singly, until he reached his station agreed upon that evening by code. Here he found some of his bunkies from different stations along the line, doughboys, artillerymen, signal men, and at last a fine pot of hot stew and coffee. A few minutes passed and each corporal or sergeant called the roll of his squad or section until he either accounted for them, or left their names with some of the other non-commissioned officers who were waiting for their men, and then a truck would come up the badly bent road under camouflage and whatever bunch was ready would pile in for a race to the rear about twenty miles, where the non-commissioned officer handed over his relief order, signed by the relieving outfit commander near the third line trenches or posts of the rear. A short while before midnight and our relief showed up, and we piled in for a ride to what we thought would be a rest area in a few days, but not so by any means. The morning of the 23rd found us in Montreux-Vieux and after many greetings to each other we rested waiting for the word to move on to Montreux-Château which we did about eight P. M. officially. In this town we put up our Battalion Headquarters and found a few low barracks outside the town toward Petit-Croix. All went

well until about eleven P. M. when news reached us that a few companies of the 113th Infantry had taken over some small low barracks camouflaged near the station. A short while after that when everybody was trying to get some sleep in the hurry-up fashion, the first sound we heard was the far distant rumble of the German long range train artillery, and in a few seconds the screech of the shell, and right in the town it dropped. Now they were coming fast, one to the minute, and on the minute. The farewell greeting to our division by the enemy. One shell dropped into the garden back of the Battalion headquarters and blew the whole affair out of existence. The next one took the corner off a large warehouse near the station and the next shell dropped into the low barracks of Co. L, 113th Infantry, killing seven chaps outright, and putting about thirty odd into the hospital at once nearby. Things were lively now, and the different sections under orders to move out to the hill back of the town and to keep moving, with no bunching of men allowed. Shells from the enemy dropped all over the town, and between caring for the wounded and getting what French women there were left in the town into the caves or dugouts, those who were still available for duty had their hands full getting order out of a near-chaos on account of the one town road. About two P. M. things let up and we were able to get back to our places for some sleep and eats. During this bombardment of Montreux-Château, our signal Medical officer and a French lady were mentioned for their untiring efforts to aid the wounded of all kinds. The next morning the French populace placed some wreaths of flowers on the seven chaps who were killed and on one chap who died of his wounds. Shortly after this the burial squad did the burial honors. The morning of the 24th was so spent, and also packing for a move to the other side of the town toward the river. After six P. M. trucks were loaded and we went to our new place, billeting in barns, etc., with Battalion Headquarters in the town hall. After straightening out things a bit, and supplies on hand, we thought of the night before, with the result of a strong guard posted here and there about our side of the town. Toward midnight the sounds of

the boche plane and the barking of the French anti-aircraft guns brought all to their feet. A glance out into the night showed us that the German aviator had by a nervy trick followed a French plane through the darkness until an anti-aircraft crew spied him trailing along dropping a light here and there to see what was doing. This German aviator sure was a daring chap, for he guided his plane two or three times down the main street and just over the small house tops. This made the shooting of the anti-aircraft guns almost worthless for if a shell exploded too near the houses it meant steel and shrapnel tearing through them, and possibly wounding and killing those who may have taken refuge in them. Finally after he seemed to get all the information he wanted, he started back for the German lines, popping his machine gun now and then at some convoy, puptents, or marching troops. The next day we had a chance to see what happened to Montreux-Château, and believe me, it was a miracle that the town was left. Our Signal Corps had no casualties. The night of the 25th we had a taste of some more aero attacks, but they were trying for the railroad station and yards. One house near the station lost its identity altogether after a shell hit it, and the horses of the headquarters troop were pretty well scattered on the other side of the tracks from their energies in breaking their halter pegs to move away from the shelling.

Toward morning of the 26th we had a chance to get some more sleep, and nothing happened further this day, so we made up for lost time, carrying on of army affairs preparatory to moving again toward Crovanche, via Petit-Croix. That night our convoy started with troops to be followed by the convoy of supplies, ammunition wagons, and Signal Corps trucks. All went well for some of the troop convoys, but the Supply convoys received another taste of an aero attack from the Germans, making two of the Signal trucks stop still, and the boys getting out and under for some safety. The trucks when they arrived at last at Cravanche showed the machine gun bullet holes they had received from the enemy aeroplanes. This town we thought sure was our rest area, even though it was some unhealthy place to

be in, but to our surprise it was only a two day rest, during which time we witnessed the many air battles over Belfort forts. It also gave us time to recuperate and see what happened to the outfit while in the line, with a result of a percentage in the hospitals from being gassed, wounded, and from exposure, but not a death had been reported as yet from the Signal Corps, in the Defense of Center Sector, Haute-Alsace Campaign, from July 25 to September 23. Our Sergeant-Major, whom I bid a fond farewell at Montreux-Château on September 25, died of double pneumonia, but I did not hear of it until the month of December. A better buddie I never could have had, for what was his was mine, and vice versa. Later in the afternoon of September 28, we packed and entrained at a place near Belfort for somewhere in France — where, nobody knew. An all-night ride again in the famous "40 hommes and 8 chevaux" box cars, through rain and cold, and early next morning, the 29th, we found ourselves at Nattancourt. Detraining of troops and unloading of supplies and wagons and ammunition was accomplished quickly as we learned it was a secret move, and to keep well under cover to avoid the enemy planes from observing any troops in this area. News was of a variety, but every one wanted to know where and what was next. An all day sleeping affair for everybody, for all were fatigued. That evening assembly called, and we marched off about seven P. M. the night clear and quiet. Our guide was well known to some of the non-coms, and it was understood that another twenty-two kilometer hike was again ahead of us, but to where? It sure was a dark night even though the overhead was very clear. Every fifty minutes of fast marching we had a ten minute respite and this kept up until sunrise, when we were looking at a town from the hills. If we passed that town there would hardly be an outfit left from the hard hiking. The town was called Condé, or Conde, as we called it, and when we were at last billeted, we found we had left some fellows along the route to be picked up by the ambulances, all in from the march and exposure to the cold. An all day rest, and late in the afternoon our rolling kitchens were ready to serve something hot. I not being a coffee

drinker, shaved with what I could get in my canteen cup. A bath was out of the question as yet. We were all cautioned against keeping out in the daylight, but this was unnecessary as we all beat it for our sleeping-quarters as soon as we had a chance to do so when our duties were done. Reports of all kinds were made early the next morning and we found we had a whole lot to get for our next move. Our Adjutant we had lost during the Haute-Alsace campaign and it was left to my bunkie (a sergeant) and myself to get things to order, even though we needed a mighty long wished for sleep.

The following day we sent some more chaps to the hospital from exposure, and after getting an idea what was what in the needed requirements, made up our minds we were going to see something mighty soon. Early the next morning we had orders to move up and be in the reserve for the outfits ahead of us who were going to take the offensive. Three days and nights out in the cold, rain, mud, and hardly a chance to get rations, put about forty more men in the hospital from exposure. We learned later that two died before help could be given them. Our French convoys stayed by the road until the morning of October fourth, when on getting up from the ground only a few could be seen, and then all disappeared, which was taken for granted that our boys ahead in the last of the St. Mihiel drive had gotten through. We were ordered to again be on the move and passing through Condé late in the afternoon, we were guided on to St. André, through a blinding hail and snow storm, the march was at least fifteen kilometers. This march crippled a good many, and when St. André was reached we noticed how thin the ranks were in comparison to our standing outfit. Finally all who reached St. André fell into hay barns, or other places, and slept from weariness. Up to this time I had hardly any conception of what it meant to own a dry outfit, for I was always soaked to the skin. A sleep in a barn or lean-to would somewhat dry one's clothes but only to be soaked again when we stepped out for another march or rations.

The night of October fifth we were again on the hike to Blercourt, through a dark miserable misty cold night. We arrived

at this town about two P. M. officially, and ascended the large hill to our barrack dugouts for further orders. A pretty fair night of sleep, with every now and then an aeroplane whirling overhead on scout duty. The sound of heavy firing, kept up incessantly, brought home the fact that the line was not far ahead. We were on the Paris-Metz highway, or what was left of it, and by early morn we could see the ammunition carts in convoys also supply convoys going up to the line full speed ahead, tractors with artillery taking the hard road by right. Toward noon of this day, another air battle started back of us, and with the result of two enemy planes crashing to the ground. This made six enemy planes which I had actually seen brought to the earth, since July, and two of our own planes and one balloon used for observation. All day we had something to look at from reserve positions, giving us an idea that we would soon be in it. Evening came and the mist cleared, with orders to move forward to Verdun, that historical town of this war, where the famous words "*On ne passe pas*" (they shall not pass) were given by the French General when the crown prince of the German armies tried to get through on his way to Paris. Here it must be remembered the Germans lost in casualties about six hundred thousand men, and the French about four hundred thousand. We reached the fort by Verdun, and after passing through the big gate which showed all the signs of a bombardment, entered the north side of the town. It was like walking through an ancient city of old, for nobody had lived in it for two years, since the big bombardment, and not a house was left untouched from shells, either flattened to the ground or some peculiar part left standing. The place was quiet and sort of gave one a chill to be in it. Our march ended at the inside fort, and after creeping in we had a pretty fair living place. It could accommodate about twenty-five hundred men as I judged. All this time a continuous firing was heard and every minute or so high explosive shells dropped near us from the enemy's long range guns. Our mess sergeant finally got to us with rations and, believe me, I ate as I never ate before. The food was

excellent and I knew if it held out until the next arrived we would be in fine shape to go ahead and do our bit.

The morning of the seventh after a somewhat never-ending night, we were making things busy in general to discard all our Battalion property to storage or bunking as it is known in the A. E. F., with efforts to economize for the necessities as required by tables of organization for combat troops to go in action. All day the firing was incessant, and the station in Glorieux near the cemetery was being shelled by the enemy in their methodical way of timing their shelling.

The pigeon-cote in Verdun was doing its work as usual and the in-coming pigeons from the outfits in the lines told us that things were getting lively. After noon of this day the order was to go forward. Our four sections of the outpost Company were with their Infantry regiments, and only the Headquarters, Supply and Sanitary detachments of our Battalion were left to go forward to make Battalion Headquarters as planned, with the five sections of the Radio Company with their respective Regimental Divisional Headquarters, and the Wire Company out for duty to lay wire and operate between Battalion, Regimental and Division zones. This was the plan of communication to be used with this or that body or unit. The communication between units was made by use of T. P. S. sets, as far down as Divisional Headquarters. Any sort of communication failing from the front line to the next station, the next method was used, and when the word to go "over the top" was given, and the Battalion or unit ordered to go over failed to get communication through by any means, as a last resort the carrier pigeon was used. These birds with their wonderful instinct would bring any message for quick action to keep the line going forward to their cotes where the non-commissioned officer in charge would take off the capsule containing the message, open it, and send the message on by runner or dispatch carrier to the designated officer or headquarters. When a message of any kind was sent by any of the Signal systems, there was no answer to receive back, the message being always acted upon. Of all the systems used in this warfare, the carrier pigeon system had the duplicating

message only. It was made so in this way, when a bird was released with a message, it being the first message of its kind, a duplicate copy of the first message was enclosed with the first message the second bird carried, to make sure that the message so sent out first would get to the cote, if something happened to the bird carrying the original message. Kindness and attention to these birds in their cote, with a man who knew how to feed them right, to bring them back (all birds are sent forward to a place for release hungry enough to speed them back to their cotes), gave them the faith to fight every obstacle in their way to get home.

Our only conveyance to our place for the night was in a French Army wagon, and after leaving the forts and the town of Verdun we went winding along the road or what was left of it behind camouflage. The road led us through Charny, then through Bras, and finally we arrived at Vacherauville and immediately got the necessary things to open up communication with all our division as far as possible. Meantime a hard problem of finding a dugout or shelter of any kind for Radio sets from shrapnel and shell fire was confronted, but all somehow or other managed to get in somewhere away from the bursting shells to operate until orders were received to do this or that as your appointed thing was to be done. Our horses from the wagons were put singly in shell holes or under camouflage places for use of dispatch bearers, the rations or other necessities cached, and we were then given what time was left to sleep, before the appointed time for the advance. The time set for the advance on the morning of October eighth was planned so that all the units relieved would be partly out of the way, our division to have a fairway to make a quick jump ahead. As we were all doing something or other, on our shifts at the nearing time of Advance, one chap or the other will never be able to describe the thundering that the cannons made when they all went off as agreed at the same time. We had seen this mass of guns on our way through the firing zone, carefully guarded from observation of enemy eyes, waiting for the word to belch forth, and as far back as the mighty big naval train artillery

guns, every man was there for a purpose, to get our fellows through by laying down a walloping barrage, such as the Germans never experienced. This barrage kept up for half an hour, and when our observers either at the front or in the observations or from any angle whatever possible told the story of the effect of our barrage, the Infantry went "over the top" with orders to different batteries of the artillery to move forward and take new positions, while the bigger guns kept up the fire on the next line of the enemy's defense, they in turn as the Infantry still kept going forward to reach farther back as the enemy's next defenses, the smaller calibre guns all the while keeping up their rolling barrage. It was all right for us the first twenty-four hours to have the jump on the enemy, even though they gave us a stubborn, hard fight after we passed through the front line of Austrians, then a line of other German soldiers, but when we reached the defense held by the Prussians it was nip and tuck for every foot of ground, with them even making counter charges to stop advance of ours. In the meantime the enemy's available guns were set back of their lines and on the next day, the enemy gave us a taste of shelling. It was now forward to get through that gap, which the French had failed utterly time and time again to do, for it was a death trap in every sense of the word, and believe me, when the 115th Infantry's first battalion reached its objective and the next battalion from the 113th went forward, things looked pretty thin for a chance of a fellow to get out of it safely. It is hard to describe what was going on all at the same time, but rules laid out had to be immediately acted on as agreed, or the result would be a failure to get the Germans out into the open and then they would counter charge us with a drive. Austrian prisoners were coming down the different openings from the front in fives, tens and so on, up to a hundred at a time, and one particular happy moment I will always remember was the bunch of prisoners that came down the open lane or *partly* called road, with officers of the Austrians as high as the Colonel. In this group there was a whole battery of men of the Austrians' heavy artillery guns represented, with

a doughboy leading with a French soldier and the same in the rear.

The day of October tenth having passed with the Germans getting busier from their rear lines with their heavy guns, brought to my mind that we were now going to get our bit to do and plenty of it. It was generally known that when a division went into the line and it had lost say 20% of its personnel, the division would be relieved by the division which was in reserve. In our reserve we had the 26th Division and in the line on our right was the 33rd Division fighting, and on our left was a French division, who tried twice to go forward, and then we had to put in an American outfit to keep the line going forward on our left, to match with the center and right. What a whirl it was, both sides doing their best to fight it out, with the American Army always getting ahead in spite of the German High Command putting in three of their Kaiser's best regiments. One of these German regiments was known as the famous gas regiment period. Believe me, the good old American gas-mask did its bit while the German gas outfit stayed in the line. The German prisoners captured always had the same side to take on our effective barrage work, and the way the American troops would always get through them at last. A sight which greeted my eyes as I lay in a shell hole by a big howitzer in the center of the field, waiting for a corporal with relief, was the group of French colored troops from Tunis, whose feet were swelled up so that only the sole and tying part of the field shoes were left for them to walk on. These colored troops were always known to get this way if they spent a night in the trenches or front lines and when or where tanks could not be used effectively these chaps were put in. They are experienced fighters, and the Germans know that when they come for them, with the Prussian it means fight without any quarter. But throwing up their arms and yelling "Kamarad" wouldn't stop the Tunis chap from killing him anyway. These colored troops of the French were known as colonials. Our scout planes were always calling for a panel to be shown so that they could see what station it was, either Battalion, Regimental or Divisional Headquarters, and then

they would drop their message or send it by radio, at the same time watching for enemy planes. During these first days of the big push through the Argonne, over the Meuse and through the hills, our chaps had to fight on the most treacherous ground for the Germans had all of it mapped and every one of their officers knew it by memory. I even remember the methodical way they would shell the hospitals at Charny, because their fire was pretty accurate on account of mapping of the section, using the church steeple on their map as their guide. The 153rd Artillery battery was putting 9.2 shells into their guns at the rate of about 122 shells to the minute for the battery, the shells containing TNT and shrapnel. The havoc wrought by our barrages was easily seen when we would move forward steadily over the ground we captured for the ground was torn asunder at every angle, and every underneath-the-ground contraption made impossible to stay in to hold out against us. In one place I remember while making a trip with relief and replacements, I found the Germans had made a concrete dugout at least 30 or 40 feet under the ground. In some of the dugouts we would find say a bottle on a shelf, but if we picked up the bottle we would be blown to kingdom come, even in one place a small door of a dugout was left ajar and when it was pulled open it released a charge of a bomb. One had to use his head at all times, even though rations were never expected to reach us for some time. The standing order always was "troops and ammunition first," and it was readily borne out if one saw the procession of troops and ammunition trains rushing to the front.

In summing up these first days of doings within our own outfit, I found that, for moral courage, we had it sound and fast. We had ammunition enough coming up always; for Signal equipment we could use anything for communication even to as far back as Division Headquarters, and rations we got when they could get to us. The whole drive so far showed we were going fast on the enemy and the prisoners were coming through under guard in bunches. Such a filthy-looking bunch the Austrians were compared with the better fitted-out Germans. Opening one

knapsack of an Austrian prisoner I found black bread, some carrots, and a small piece of dark looking cheese.

The artillery was backing the center of the drive with all its power to get the boys through that never forgotten valley, where dead man's hill played so prominent a part in the drive of 1916 for Paris. The 15th of the month found us through Molleville Farm, Côte de Roche, over the Meuse, and in the heart of the Argonne. The method for markers (engineers who lay on the ground with an arm pointed out in the direction to go for the infantry) to go ahead at night gave me one idea that soon we would be where the Germans would make their last stand on the Kremhilde line, and then open country to Sedan and the Rhine. October 22, I remember was misty as could be, not even a hand before one's eyes could be seen (as it were), and our T. P. S. sets just visible. Our little way dugout mess kitchen for hurry rations for forward troops was knocked some by a well planned shot and one of our cooks bid us good-by for the first Aid Hospital, his one arm no good for the rest of his life. Our casualties were many and even when I went over in the large field to one of our forward moving panel stations, a dud took the corner of our small lookout for aeroplanes off. We were now in it for the last stretch through the hills, and no chance to guess when we would be pulled out for a relief division (the 26th). Between October 23 and 26 the enemy was using every possible means of warfare to stop their retreat and counter attack us. These three days were the hottest of the fighting in the Argonne. The night of October twenty-sixth at 9.15 P. M. I bid "Heaven speed" to my three bunkies, a top sergeant acting as 2nd Lieutenant, a sergeant of the station, and a Private of the Radio Company, and a Private of our Wire Company, who were killed by well-directed shots and with phosgene gas at Brabant. At the same time three of our first aid hospitals in the forward area were shot to pieces. This night was the beginning of the end of the Germans' stand on their last defense, then the open country on the Rhine. We had nothing now but grit to go on and do our last bit, get to our objective and hold it for the relief division, our casualties were pretty heavy for the division. October 30 in the morning found the Infantry, Artillery,

Signal Corps, etc., outfits depleted for "replacements." From October 18 to the 28th we had received up to about 40 replacements alone for our Battalion; more could not be had just then. Some of them never heard a shot before, and two, I remember, who were so "off in space" that they could not remember the first thing to do when gas was announced (Hold your breath until your gas mask is fully adjusted). Another chap couldn't keep from crying, even after he tried himself to find out why he was acting that way. Just the break in a chap's life in his first action. October 30, late in the day, we were ordered to the rear, and as the College building in Verdun (what little landmark was left of it) was our meeting place, all night the signal fellows did their best to get there somehow. Officially November 1, we were at Verdun. After rollcall at the College in Verdun, we had a chance to get something to eat, which after all was what every man wanted more than gold. The big clock up in the cathedral, which was shattered, still looked big enough for a mark, and when the bell tolled again for the first time in about two years, the few minutes passed after its message that all was well for the big drive when a German long range gun let loose and with a few whizz-bangs brought down more of the clock, a piece of the hand I still have as a souvenir that the boches were still on the job even in retreat.

A warm meal over, and then we were ready for the Chinese French camions to take what was left of our outfit back to the rest area. At seven P. M. we marched in sections through the old gates of Verdun and on out into the road to where we were to wait for troop transportation. During the wait we once again saw a German plane try for some observation in our rear, and down it came in battered condition, and we found michelen tires attached to it when it fell into a field. At 10.30 P. M. we were loaded on the camions, sixteen to a truck, with all belongings, and we were off in the convoy with the rest of the division to somewhere, no one knew where. All day we traveled at a fast rate of speed, until we reached Bar-le-Duc, where we stayed for a short time to let the

straggling trucks catch up, and then on again to Robert-Espagne, where we arrived about 9.30 P. M. This town was a bad place for troops, muddy and damp, even though the barracks of French make were a little better for sleeping. The next morning all men were assigned to their respective sections in the barracks, where tales and tales were told of each one's experience in the lines and who were missing or killed. At Battalion Headquarters we were busy as could be checking up our reports to be forwarded and accounting for the men not yet joined. Clothing, rations, overhauling of all equipment, and our very much needed sleep, with plenty of washing and shaving to take away the grim look of the trenches, front lines, and battlefield were the orders issued each day until the evening of November 10 when all men were assigned to different work to put up our replenished outfit for another move, this time to the front of Metz, where we were to get by at all costs. Many of the thoughts of the Argonne and the result were in everybody's mind and as midnight of the tenth was passed and the boys all fell into their bunks, no one knew that we would be told of the Armistice upon the 11th. At reveille all was in readiness for the move, when the courier arrived from Division Headquarters to halt all movements until otherwise notified. At eleven P. M. the wireless got the news of the Armistice, and if expressions were wanted for any man's face, the best expression I could see on all of us was the meaning to get back home again in the U. S. A. with a thankful feeling that we had so far suffered less than any outfit in the last drive. Now the better spirit to get up and say something proved a welcome attitude, and the free and easy way of doing things once more was a welcome to us all.

We stayed at Robert-Espagne until November 20 when at evening we took the "40 hommes and 8 chevaux" box cars again to a winter post, to wait until word was given for our march into the Army of Occupation. The morning of November 21 found us at Vitry of the Haute-Marne Province, where we unloaded and detrained after a miserable night of cold and damp weather. A march of eighteen kilometers, brought us to Bourbonne-les-Bains, where we all dropped into billets assigned to us by the

mayor of the town, and we hit the hay for all day. My first meal in this town was the best I had eaten for nearly three months. It was here I met the French sergeant who had charge of the pigeon cote in Verdun during our drive in the Argonne of twenty-three days, and he told me that after we had taken the camions out of the town on November 1, the Germans laid a fine bombardment of mustard gas in the town and he nearly lost all of his carriers. The 26th Division who had taken our place in line that day had done good work, and they had complimented our division on our way of getting things done even under shell fire.

I now made up the pay-roll, for two months' pay, and our losses at the end of the roll which showed five killed in action, three missing, three dead in hospitals from disease, and about a hundred either wounded or gassed or from exposure, in base hospitals. When the pay-roll was paid by the finance officer everybody fell in for a good time, and when roll-call was made the following morning after pay day, one could easily see that home-look on all our faces once again. November passed with a month of rain, in which Thanksgiving Day greeted us with a hog we had purchased from the French authorities for about two hundred dollars from our Company funds still left from Camp McClellan, Ala. December came in with rain as usual, and again I dropped some more men for the hospitals, either from the effects of gas or unhealing wounds, exposure and the reaction. Christmas was a cheery day, and believe me it sure was a thankful day, for all the boys had been to a few small stores in town and had some way or other purchased some Christmas gifts which were sent home after our pay day, December 7. On Christmas day we could almost as a Battalion boast that each one had received his Christmas package from home. New Year was quietly spent in town as no real enthusiasm could be shown on account of the lack of space, though a dance was held in the small casino of by-gone days when this town was known as a resort. This day was not greeted in as we used to in the U. S. A.

In January, 1919, we were receiving back lost men of the old Battalion who had gone to the hospital from the Argonne Drive,

and were now ready for duty again. One sergeant, a bunkie of mine, didn't know the Armistice was signed until he had orders to join his own battalion in the latter part of December, as where he was, was a place for shell-shocked troops. Every one on returning to his outfit had a fine experience to relate and many the sad news was told of this chap or that chap.

All of January was used to keep the troops in good condition for any further trouble, by using the same drill methods and exercises as we had been used to. Orders were now issued from General Headquarters to effect that 20% of each outfit would be allowed to go to a furlough place. Aix-les-Bains was on our list and the division sent its quota of men for a seven day stay at this resort. It was here that Harry Thaw once stopped in a place and tried to shoot at a statue on a bet among his friends. This was a fine place and a resort well known the world over. Of course all troops traveled to and back again in box cars no matter where they went on furloughs. Some tales of these travel-days to the show places of France and Italy in box cars.

February was again a month for furloughs and the next quota went to Aix-les-Bains. This time they had nearly two weeks on account of town being quarantined, also a Sergeant-Major of our infantry died here from the flu, and the 29th Division men turned out in a body at this town to honor him in the march to his final resting place. Swapping tales with other divisions at this place was a real treat in the Casino. March came in still with rain, making now just about 104 days of wet weather, and we also heard that in England they had only about 30 hours of sunshine during the month of February. We thought the sun had lost its place in the heavens.

My furlough came through in this month, and I went to the French Riviera where I stayed at Cannes, Martin Gap, Monte-Carlo, Mentone end even enjoyed a trip into Italy to Vimitiville. At Nice I had a very lovely time. At Monte-Carlo I went through the Casino where the biggest gambling place and the most luxurious outfit known in the world is staged. I also visited the Prince of Monaco's house and his Aquarium. I took a mule trip through the old Roman roads back in the mountains, where there still is

the evidence of bygone days. During March and April this section of France is like our California for climate, but later in the season it is unbearable for heat. While here I also enjoyed the band of our division which played every afternoon in the Mentone Park just below the Casino which was opened by the Y. M. C. A. for us. My stay of seven days up, I went back to Bourbonne-les-Bains again in the same old way as we were wont to travel.

April came in with sunshine and fine weather, with now and then a rain storm, and after orders were received to pack up for home, we left this town in the convoy and entrained at Juissey, on April 14. I still remember the Infantry standing as well as the most of the division in almost a foot of water while General Pershing inspected us prior to our leaving this part of the country. April 18 we were in Saint Mars-sous-Ballon (forwarding area of Le Mans for troops homeward bound) where we had our rigid inspections prior to entraining for some port of debarkation. We stayed here getting our personal things in shape for boxing, or putting up in packages for the hold of the ship we would take, after our usual exercises and duties for the day were over.

On April 28 orders for entraining in the U. S. make of box cars (the second we were able to ride in since our arrival in France) made us jump for the last trip in France to a port where we would see the ships once again for home. We arrived at St. Nazaire after an all-night fast ride, and then hiked to the Debarkation Camp No. 1, where the usual cleaning up process from head to foot, including clothing, was taken care of. We stayed there to get paid up for the month of April, and embarked on the *U. S. S. Iowan* on May 9, 1919, for the good old U. S. A. Our trip coming home was with a different feeling and a different atmosphere, and when we greeted the real American faces just before we sighted the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, many a chap felt his last wish had come true, to get back home. Glad or happy was never the word to fit the moment we spied the greeting boats some one we knew or our relatives. They showered us with all kinds of packages of

goodies, on this memorable morning of May 20, 1919, when our sea trip was over, just making twelve days on the ocean aboard the *U. S. S. Iowan.* My thoughts were certainly plenty of the bright days ahead again, and the changes that had taken place since we left home for the first drills in the army in 1917. Before our Commanding General Charles G. Morton said good-by to us at St. Mars-sous-Ballon, he asked that every chap in his Division get home and make the best of life that could be had after our discharge. His letter to our Signal Battalion spoke with pride and honor of it, for this Signal Battalion was his pride.

We now debarked at Hoboken, N. J., and entrained on the troop trains for Camp Dix, N. J., where we finally got all the facts together and reports for our final returns to the Army. Everything disposed of, final pay-roll made up, the Battalion disbanded, fond farewells to our many comrades in the Signal Corps, and we were ready for the discharge center at Camp Dix to act on our discharges from the army.

On May 27 we filed through the many gang-ways to the preparing desks where we filed along from one department to another, getting our papers made out and in shape for the next day. Early next morning, May 28, we marched in a body, those who were called for discharge stepped up and received thir records, passed on and on, until at about 11.30 A. M. I found myself with my honorable discharge papers in hand, army pay paid to date, and a ticket for home. Our next train was not until after two P. M., so a few of my home town bunkies strolled over to the Hostess house where we dined, our last meal together in uniform.

We talked of the days in France, of the battles, of the hikes, of the camping places, of the Red Cross and Salvation Army ladies who gave us crullers and chocolate at the end of many a hard forced march, and of the chaps who rested in French soil. The most pleasant moments I can recall were those dear faces on the small boats which greeted us in New York Harbor who were eagerly looking for their son, brother, sweetheart or husband, and the reception we received at the piers. Yes, it was sure a happy moment to be in the U. S. A. again, after all we had gone through. In all my

travels and army life one thought always occurred to me, and that was, you cannot meet a sweeter girl than an American lady, for she surely did stand back of our boys in this war to the last moment.

The evening of May 28 found me at home, the best place on old mother earth. Enough said about the reception I received. I still feel it. The first morning of June I found myself once more in civilian clothes and working again in the good old Hanover National Bank of New York City.

Our American Legion was formed in France and when we came home we set a date to meet and form our Post. This we did and today I am a member of the 104th Field Battalion Post, of the American Legion, with many fond memories of our bit we did in the Great War. On October 17, 1919, I was elected Adjutant of our Post — which has a membership of about 300 members — until November 11, 1920, when the Post would be in session for new officers.

In bidding good-by to the many French people with whom I had become acquainted in France, I really enjoy now the correspondence of three families whom I knew had the same ideas as we Americans, and who appreciated our boys coming to help them out in the greatest war ever made on earth.

So now with my hand turned toward life's problems and perplexities I know that my reverence for my bunkies who lie in France among the poppies will always give me the inspiration to be a better man and to stand by my home, to keep it inviolate and to honor it, and cherish the memories of "doing our bit."

## F. F. CHRISTOPHER

*Born at Ramsey, N. J., March* 4, 1891.
*Attended Ramsey, N. J., Public School.*

ON February 26, 1918, I was inducted into the service of the U. S. National Army, and reported at Camp Dix, N. J.,

FRANK F. CHRISTOPHER

ROBERT CLARK

ARTHUR F. CLARKE

JOHN CLOS, JR.

on the same day for military training. I was attached to Battery C, 308th Field Artillery, and one week later assigned to the Battery. For two weeks I received instructions in foot drills and soldiering, after which I was transferred to special duty on the Psychological Board. This work consisted of examining all soldiers mentally, to find out in what branch of the service they would be most fitted. My work for the first month in that capacity was to examine the papers of each individual and give him a rating. Later, I made up compiled reports which were sent to Washington each week. I did this special work until May 26, 1918, at which time I sailed with the Battery for foreign service. The *Cedric* of the White Star Line was the ship on which I sailed. I did not mind the trip even though I had heard and read so much about the submarines. It took eleven days to cross. We landed at Liverpool, England, and went directly to Camp de Meucon, France, to complete our training before going into battle. On June 17, 1918, I was appointed Battery Clerk, in charge of all the paper work for the Battery. On June 25, 1918, I was promoted to Corporal, and this position and rank I held until I was discharged. The first trip to the front started on August 17, 1918. I led the Battery into the first position in the woods and was put in charge of about sixty men. We hiked for twelve hours fully equipped. When we arrived at our destination my heels were blistered and bleeding to such an extent that it was a great effort for me to walk. It was very fortunate for me that particular time, for I am sure I would not have been able to run very far. The real war life started from then on and lasted until November 11, 1918, when the Armistice was signed. I'm sure that I slept in a hundred or more places during that time, and not very pleasant ones at that. I remember one night sleeping in the rear of a shack where I had a temporary office. The rats were the size of cats and gave me very little peace for the entire night. The most comfortable sleeping place I found for about six weeks was on top of an equipment wagon, filled with harness, saddles, etc. My working facilities in the woods were very unsatisfactory, due to the fact that I had no place on which to

rest my typewriter but my knees. My records too had to be kept in very inconvenient places. This added great difficulty to the work.

About four weeks after the Armistice was signed, the Battery moved to a small village about one hundred miles from the front. There the real work of getting the records into shape started. On April 23, 1919, our orders came to go to Marseilles to be transported to the United States. On arriving at Marseilles, I found an enormous amount of work awaiting me. I worked for two days and two nights without a wink of sleep and only one meal. At four P. M. April 26, 1919, the Battery boarded the *Pesaro*, an Italian ship, and at six P. M. we were on our way to the good old U. S. A. The trip via Gibraltar took eighteen days. We arrived in New York on May 14, 1919. I thought my work was over, but when I arrived at Camp Dix, I had another speedy session such as I had experienced at Marseilles. I had no objection to this final amount of work, for I knew the quicker it was over the sooner I would be back to civil life again.

Even though I sacrificed more than a year's time, I shall never regret the duty I performed to my country. The experience I gained has more than repaid me for the effort.

## ROBERT CLARK

*Born at Saltcoats, Ayrshire, Scotland, October* 16, 1894.

MY CAREER in the Army started August 15, 1918, when I was drafted from Local Board No. 2, located at 144th Street and Third Avenue, New York City. I was sent to Camp Upton, L. I., staying there for two weeks, was then transferred to Camp Mills, where I passed my over-seas examination. One week later, I left for France with the 31st Division, better known as the "Dixie Division." We sailed on the White Star liner *Olympic* and after an uneventful voyage, arrived at Southampton, seven days later. After disembarking, we hiked to a rest camp at

Winchester, taking four hours to reach this Camp. The following morning there were forty men detailed, of which I was one, to go to the dock at Southampton and unload wounded soldiers from two hospital ships that had just arrived from France. This kind of work was not very pleasant on account of the sights that confronted us. All of these soldiers were wounded seriously and we had to be very careful in carrying them. The same evening we sailed for France and arrived at Havre the following morning and hiked again to another rest camp outside of Havre, which took us six hours to reach. It may be of interest to know that during our travels we have to carry a full pack which consists of three blankets, a shelter half, toilet articles, one pair of hobnailed shoes weighing eight pounds, pine and poles for tent, a trench shovel, gas mask and helmet, one slicker, overcoat, bayonet and rifle. This pack weighs about 90 pounds.

We stayed at this rest camp for one day and then proceeded to a town called Le Mans which took us three days to reach. We traveled in box cars. The journey was very unpleasant on account of the cars being overcrowded. This camp was a forwarding camp, which means that most of the troops that went there were used as replacement units. Our division was split up at this point. There were 400 of us transferred to the 28th Division, I being one of the number. We were taken from Le Mans to St. Marks in Army trucks. We stayed there one day, and then hiked to a town called Claremont. This hike was one of the longest hikes we had. It took us exactly ten nights to get there. We were marching from six o'clock in the evening until four o'clock in the morning. We slept during the day in any old place we would find, which was usually a field. On arriving at Claremont, we filled up a gap in the 28th Division. This division had been up in the Argonne Forest for some time, and were back here resting, preparatory to going up to the lines again. About five days later the Division received orders to proceed to the front again, it taking us two days to get there.

During our stay behind the lines, which was for several days, we were put through some very hard training, which was very

valuable to us later on. On October 29 we received orders to move up into the front line which we did, relieving the 2nd Division which took up a new position to the right of us. The following day the enemy kept shelling us continually, but they did very little damage. On November 2 we received orders to prepare for an advance. The order also stated that our artillery would open fire at 2 A. M. when we would then advance. It was exactly 2 A. M., when our guns opened fire. It was terrible. Some of us thought the world had come to an end. It was a great strain on all of us, and we were very glad when it stopped. We then started to advance, meeting very little resistance. It was while advancing we saw the havoc our shells had wrought. We kept advancing for nine days and then the good news was brought that the Germans had surrendered. The men almost went wild with joy. Some of them were even crying for joy. November 13 orders were received for us to withdraw and proceed to a place called Camo, which we did, arriving there two days later. We stayed at Camo for two weeks doing nothing but resting. I must say that we enjoyed the rest; one hundred men were picked out and sent to a place called Is-Sur-Telle, which is located about fifty miles from the Swiss border. This is the point where the United States had one of their largest supply basis. We were formed into a Guard Corps and with some other Guard Corps we guarded four thousand German prisoners who were doing detail work such as unloading trucks and storing them in warehouses. After doing two months of guard duty, we were detailed on trains to guard foodstuffs which was being sent up to the Army of Occupation in Germany. Our destination was a place called Trèves. After seeing to the safe arrival of these foodstuffs we proceeded back to Is-Sur-Telle where we were again dispatched back to Trèves where we were detrained and put to guarding the supplies that were brought in. During our stay in this town we were billetted with the German people who treated us very well, and I must say I enjoyed myself very much while in Germany. To make it more enjoyable, I received word that a furlough had been granted me, so just as soon as it was possible for me to leave, I did so, visiting the

cities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London. I also had a forty-eight hour stay in Paris, during which time I visited Versailles, the seat of the Peace Conference. On my arrival back at camp, which was about June 1, I was informed that we had received orders to prepare for home. So, on June 5 we left for the Port of Embarkation which was Brest. On our arrival we were assigned to a battalion which was made up of casuals, and after going through several examinations, we sailed for the United States June 24, on the *U. S. S. Seattle*, arriving in New York July 4. On arriving here, we were met by the K. of C. people who gave us cigarettes, cigars and candy, and also by the Mayor's Committee. We were sent to Camp Merritt, where we stayed four days and then to Camp Upton where we were discharged.

## ARTHUR FRANCIS CLARKE

*Born at New York City, April* 12, 1887.
*Attended Public School No.* 19 *and Evening School.*

UPON leaving school I entered the employ of Arnold, Constable & Company, obtaining my first business experience in the Credit Department of that Company. After some years of dry goods experience I came with the Hanover National Bank. It was in 1907, and in those days of disturbed financial conditions I had a fine opportunity of becoming well initiated in banking work. On March 5, 1918, I enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force, reporting for active duty a few days later to the "Aide for Information" at the Navy Yard, New York. I am sorry that I cannot make mention of the many interesting and stirring events in the great war drama which came to my observation, as the Government would not wish such information revealed. I tried to do my full share in the important department with which I was connected. I was released from active duty in December, 1918, subject to the call of the Government, and again re-entered the employ of the Bank.

## SERVICE RECORD OF MEN OF

### JOHN CLOS, Jr.

*Born at Jersey City, N. J., May* 8, 1891.
*Attended Public and High Schools, Jersey City, N. J.*

ENTERED the service of the Hanover National Bank October 2, 1909.

Little did the manhood of America ever dream that they would be drawn into a conflict that has brought such havoc upon the whole world. The World War has ended as far as the noise of battle is concerned, but for the peoples of shell-torn and pillaged France and Belgium, and our own dear people whose sons paid the supreme sacrifice, for them 'twill never end. In some manner or form each and every loyal American played some part either in or outside of the theatre of war. To those who for some reason or other could not serve in a military sense and who sacrificed without complaint is due much commendation.

The writer was drafted on the 28th day of May, 1918, the beginning of a new adventure, that of a soldier. On June 1, I left for Fort Slocum, New York. At this place were some ten thousand men, of every creed, race and station of life, coming from every state in the Union. In short, this place was a melting pot. Here we were put through the customary red tape, and assigned to a temporary outfit.

On June 4, I left for Camp Jackson, S. C., along with fourteen hundred other men and arrived there on June 5, after a very tiresome journey of thirty-seven hours. Here I was assigned to 4th Battery, 11th Battalion, 4th Regiment. This was a Field Artillery Replacement Regiment, of which there were many in this camp.

On July 5, was transferred to 19th Battalion, 17th Regiment, a vocational regiment, to assist in opening the first Army Clerical School at Camp Jackson. Having finished my task, was transferred to Battery C, 4th Battalion, 2nd Regiment. This Regiment was preparing to depart for France. Lieut. Haverly was in command of Battery C, and on the 6th I was Acting

Sergeant and placed in charge of all detail concerning an Overseas oufit.

On August 10, we left for Camp Hill, Va. Here we received our complete Overseas equipment, and on the 21st marched to Newport News to board the transport *Pastores* which sailed the following morning at ten o'clock. Fourteen transports made up the convoy that morning with seventy thousand men aboard. The weather was ideal all the way over, and we did not encounter any trouble as regards "subs."

At five A. M. on the 2nd of September land was sighted, for we were in the Bay of Biscay, near the harbor of Brest, France. It was a beautiful sight to behold the sun shining upon the white stone houses that crowned the high verdant hills of the harbor. At six o'clock on September 2, we docked in Brest Harbor and set foot on French soil. What a relief it was to be on land again after such a tiresome journey. We marched full pack three miles up the winding hills of Brest to the Pontanezen Barracks, where we stopped for a rest. These barracks were used by the French Marines during Napoleon's time. Moving on about eight miles we made our first camp about one A. M. on the 3rd of September, in the pouring rain. This place was formerly a farm. We pitched tents, and throwing a blanket on the ground, or mud as it was then, crawled in for a little sleep. We stood reveille at 5:30 next morning, and had our first "mess" on French soil in the pouring rain. We stayed here eight days, during which time it rained continually. Most of the men were sick, as well as the officers, for it took a pretty strong man to pull through the conditions in which we lived. Drinking water seemed to be scarce, for we were only allowed a canteen full a day.

On the night of September 10 we broke camp, in the teeming rain. All our equipment was a mess, for it was rain-soaked and plastered with mud. We slung our packs on our backs and marched to the railroad station, five miles away, to entrain for "Somewhere." We traveled two and a half days in box cars, a distance of 900 miles. These cars, half as large as our own, are labeled: "8 Chevaux (horses) 40 Hommes (men)" — but

40 men fit in like sardines. Our subsistence on this journey consisted of canned beans, corned beef and tomatoes. We had not a drop of water all the way. The weather was cold and damp; and from the lack of sleep and no hot food the men presented a sickly lot.

We arrived at Le Courneau, France, at eleven P. M. on September 13, much the worse from our journey. We marched to the barracks here and dropping our packs, and with all our clothes on, stretched ourselves on the wooden bunks that looked more like crates, and were soon asleep, for we were half dead. This place was Camp Hunt, an Artillery Replacement Training Camp, and formerly occupied by the French. Training in the States was mild compared to what we received here, for we were on the go from 7 A. M. to 4:30 P. M. every day.

On the 5th of October the men I came over with were sent as replacements to the 90th Division, who were then fighting in the Argonne. With six other men I was left behind, and transferred to Headquarters Company of the Replacement Regiment of this Camp. Up to November 11 we were pretty well worn out, as our hours were from 7 A. M. to 10 and 12 o'clock at night. Our N. C. O. staff was small, and this being a Receiving Station for troops, we were required to be up and doing all the time.

On February 13, 1919, we left Camp Hunt for Comp-de-Souge, a resting place twelve miles from Bordeaux. We were then on our way home.

On the 1st of April we marched to Camp Genicourt, thirty-seven miles away. At this Camp we were put through the mill, and received clean clothes. Genicourt is better known as a "delousing station." We stayed here a week, and left for Baseaus, seven miles away, where we boarded a boat and sailed down the Gironde River for Pauiliac. This was our final stopping place, prior to sailing for home. We stayed here for awhile, and on the 21st of April sailed for home, aboard the transport *Pastores,* the same boat on which we sailed for France.

The trip home was made in ten days, and everything was fine except the last three days, when we were caught in a ninety-

WILLIAM COLLICH

J. E. COOK

HERBERT W. CRAFT

WILLIAM F. CROZIER

mile gale, and then everything was all wrong. The reader probably knows what a ninety-mile gale at sea is.

We landed at Hoboken on May 1, 1919, and entrained for Camp Dix, N. J., where we were discharged May 5. Arrived home that night, and the following morning found me once more a free man — a civilian.

## WILLIAM COLLICH

*Born at New York City, December 23, 1895.*
*Attended Public Schools.*

AFTER a short session in the Naval service I enlisted in the Regular Army and was assigned to the 20th Field Artillery, Battery F, which was (in addition to the 19th and 21st Field Artillery) the 5th Field Artillery Brigade of the 5th Division Regular Army. These regiments were in training at Camp McArthur, Texas, where I was assigned to Brigade Headquarters. May 15, 1918, the Brigade left Texas and arrived at Camp Upton a week later. May 28, 1918, we left for overseas and landed in England, where we stayed for a few days, proceeding later to France. I was engaged in several battles near Metz, facing death on two occasions. While engaged in artillery fire a German shell burst in the trench back of us and nearly buried all hands in dirt; and some time later the Germans caught part of our regiment unawares, killed several of the men, destroyed their horses and wagons, and the rest, including myself, had to make their way two miles back to the lines under constant German shell fire.

I saw such harrowing sights and happenings, aeroplanes battling, balloons set on fire, etc., that I couldn't concentrate my mind on anything. Our attack surely was a surprise to the Germans, because there were very few of our boys killed. In one place, I saw five in a bunch. They must have been caught in machine gun fire. The next day we were very careful walking around, as the ground was covered with grenades, unexploded shells and

all manner of German trick contrivances. The Germans have a hand grenade called a "potato masher." It looks exactly like a potato masher, but in the handle is a string. One fellow picked one up and, not knowing what it was, pulled the string and was killed.

[It is regretted that owing to Mr. Collich's absence, this interesting fragment is incomplete.]

## J. EDWIN COOK

*Born at Bedford, Mass., August* 23, 1897.
*Attended Public School of that town until moving to Little Silver, N. J., also High School, Red Bank, N. J.*

MY FIRST business experience was in a Commercial Office as correspondent and typist, after which I joined the staff of the Hanover National Bank. I was always interested in outdoor sports, and was greatly disappointed that my efforts to enlist in the Army did not meet with success. I tried for the Aviation Service. But I was glad when finally able to enter the "A-1" Class, and I was sent to Fort Hamilton on October 24, 1918. After a brief stay there, I was transferred to Battery A, 31st Regiment, Heavy Artillery, and sent to Camp Eustis, Va.

After hearing and reading of the tales of valor and bravery of the boys "Over There" my short experience in the Army seems very trivial and insignificant, as I had but a small taste of Army life.

My training commenced at Fort Hamilton in the Heavy Artillery. In the Army one soon learns discipline and strict obedience to orders from all Superior Officers. Our Lieutenant in a speech to us, as "rookies," said: "You will be asked to do lots of strange things here, in fact work you have never done before. Don't stop to ask questions, just do as you are told."

A soldier in the army is a "jack of all trades." I have peeled "spuds" and made "slum" in the kitchen one day, and the next day been busy shoveling coal in the morning and loading a three ton truck with sand in the afternoon.

After two weeks preliminary training at Fort Hamilton I was transferred to Fort Wadsworth. From Wadsworth I went to Camp Eustis, Va., to receive my training for Overseas service. My training at Eustis consisted of calisthenics, signalling and Infantry drill in the morning. In the afternoon we had Artillery drill and instruction on the big guns. These guns were of the 8-inch Field Howitzer type, and the long range 6-inch rifles. Most of the training in actual firing takes place on the other side in England or in France behind the lines.

In the late afternoon our battery would take a hike with packs and full equipment and practice pitching pup tents. Each man had to do a turn at guard duty too.

After three weeks of intensive training at Eustis I passed my Overseas examination and was due to sail for France. The signing of the Armistice, however, left me "out of luck."

A short time before I received by discharge, the camp held a large field meet in which all the regiments competed. There was running, jumping, tug of war, chariot races, and all the other sports that go toward making a successful field meet. Our regiment, the 31st, carried off a large share of the honors, capturing 44 points. Our nearest competitor was the 32nd Regiment with 29 points. These two regiments, the 31st and 32nd, were assembled at Fort Hamilton and were composed chiefly of New York boys.

On December 4 I passed another strenuous examination and received my honorable discharge with an excellent record on December 7. I will never regret the time spent in the Army, as I believe the military training and experience one receives is invaluable.

## HERBERT WINFIELD CRAFT

*Born at New York City, January* 6, 1887.
*Attended New York Public Schools.*

I WENT to work for a firm of lawyers where I remained for two years, going from there to the employ of a stock brokerage

firm. In 1905 I learned that there was a position open at the Hanover National Bank, applied for it, and entered their employ on September 2 of that year. Here I remained, serving in various capacities until May of 1918, when through the kind offices of Local Board No. 135, I was inducted into the U. S. Army and sent to Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., to train. After seven weeks of the hardest kind of work, the outfit was brought north to Camp Merritt at Tenafly, N. J., outfitted for overseas, and on July 26 embarked on board the *U. S. S. Kroonland;* sailed south to Newport News, where we joined a convoy of several other transports, and, guarded by two cruisers and several destroyers, started for France. After a calm and uneventful trip lasting eleven days, we landed at Brest, France, on August 6, and went into a so-called rest camp. The "rest" consisted chiefly in drilling and doing detail work on the docks at Brest, and after eight days of this kind of leisure, we entrained for the front. We were jammed into the cars, the rations thrown in on top of us, and away we went. Then ensued four days of the toughest traveling I have ever experienced or ever hope to. We were so crowded that it was impossible to lie down and in consequence, what sleeping we did, and it wasn't very much, we did sitting up or even standing. Upon our arrival at the front, we were assigned to support the French on a quiet sector, and served in that capacity without, however, seeing any action until September 11 when we were attached to the 42nd Division and early the next morning went into action in the St. Mihiel salient. This action lasted for six days when we were finally withdrawn and sent back to rest. After "resting" sufficiently, we were ordered to move up to take part in the operations against Metz, which operations were subsequently made unnecessary by the signing of the Armistice by the German government. Immediately after this, we were ordered to chase "Fritz" back where he came from, and so moved up with the Army of Occupation into Germany, passing through Lorraine and the Duchy of Luxemburg on the way. We remained in Germany for five months doing guard duty on the Moselle river and finally, on May 14, 1919, started on the long journey home.

It was a longer journey than we had anticipated and it was not until July 6 that we arrived at South Boston and were sent to Camp Devens. Our troubles, however, weren't over yet for we found that we were to be sent from there to Camp Upton at Yaphank, Long Island, on July 10, and, after the usual examinations, were discharged on Saturday, July 12.

## ROBERT W. CROZIER

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., May* 20, 1897.
*Attended Public and High Schools*

I WORKED for the Bell Telephone Company for a while. Later entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank. August 31, 1918, called in the draft. Reported for duty September 5, and was sent direct from Riverhead, L. I., to Camp Jackson, S. C., where I was placed in the Field Artillery. October 28 was sent with the 18th Battalion to Camp Hill, Newport News, Va. On November 10, at 2:30 A. M. orders were given to get ready for marching. We started two hours later; marched to Newport News and on board ship, arriving at 6 A. M. We were all ready to sail on Thanksgiving day, when orders sent us back to Camp Hill.

## RAYMOND N. CURTIS

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., February* 5, 1897.
*Attended Brooklyn Grammar School and Commercial High School.*

I RECEIVED my preliminary training in business at the East River National Bank, New York City, and subsequent thereto entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank. I enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps in August, 1918, reporting at the

23rd Street New York Recruiting Station. From there I was sent to the Training Station of the Marine Corps at Paris Island, S. C. Our training at this Station was very thorough, but I was there only for a short time, as the termination of hostilities prevented my engagement in foreign service. Upon receipt of my discharge, I re-entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank.

## F. REGINALD DREW

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., December* 8, 1886.
*Attended school at Kingsbridge, England, my parents being residents of that town at the time. Upon returning to the States, I entered Trinity School, New York City, receiving my graduation diploma in due time.*

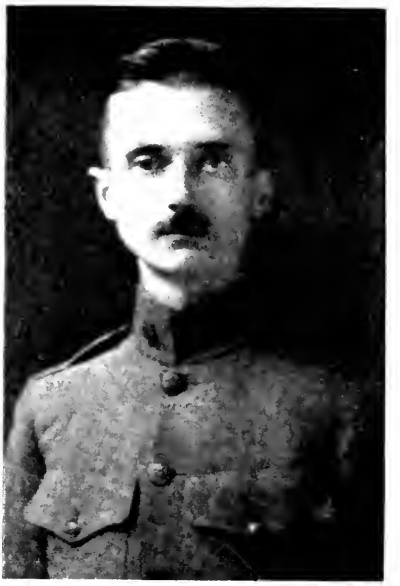
MY FIRST business experience was with Fleming & Patterson, Silk Merchants of New York City, after which I entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank. I entered the Service July 24, 1918, and was ordered to Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va., as a member of the 2nd Engineers Training Regiment stationed at that place. I was later appointed to the Central Officers Training School at Camp Gordon, Ga. I was looking forward to obtaining my commission at this school, but our Company, the 32nd C. O. T. S., was discharged November 30, 1918, and we were released from service.

## EDWARD ERNST, JR.

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., December* 7, 1897.
*Attended Public and High Schools of Brooklyn, New York.*

NOVEMBER 7, 1918, I started for camp, arriving at the Air Service Depot, Morrison, Va., the following day. I was then attached to the Third Recruit Line as Assistant Supply

R. N. CURTIS



REGINALD DREW

EDWARD ERNST, JR.

R. E. EVERISS

Sergeant. Some months later, after being transferred from one organization to another, I was assigned to the 677th Aero Squadron, same being a permanent organization of that post. In the meantime I was promoted to the grade of Corporal, and after a short time with the 677th Aero Squadron I was again promoted to Sergeant. About January 15 an order came through Headquarters placing me on Special Duty with the Camp Supply office as stenographer for Captain Frank Bahel, Camp Supply and Disbursing Officer. This position I held until the time of my discharge, May 29, 1919. I was discharged with the understanding that I perform the same duties on a civilian status for a few months, and I stayed on the post until July 15, 1919, Captain Frank Bahel being Commander of the Air Service Depot at the time I left for the North.

## RICHARD E. EVERISS

*Born at New York City, July* 29, 1897.

*Attended Weyman Avenue School, New Rochelle, N. Y.; later entering Trinity Place School of that City.*

BEFORE coming to the Hanover National Bank I had received some preliminary training in business in a Wholesale Dry Goods House. On July 1, 1918, I enlisted in the U. S. Marines, and shortly afterwards in a Company of fifty other recruits I was sent to Paris Island, a Training Station one mile off the coast of South Carolina. It was extremely hot at this place. I remember on one occasion the Official Bulletin registered a temperature of 136 degrees. Upon our arrival at Camp we had a medical examination and received our uniforms. I was put in Company 258, Battalion T. We had several weeks bayonet drill, digging trenches, and a general study of trench warfare at the Camp. Then we were sent over to the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. Our Company was stationed there until we were discharged from the service on January 30, 1919. All the boys were sorry that we did not have a chance to go overseas.

## CHARLES FERST

*Born at New York City, May* 18, 1897.
*Attended Public School and Stuyvesant High School.*

AFTER three years in Stuyvesant High School, I decided to enter upon my business career and to continue my studies at night. I attended Evening High School, where I took up a business course including Economics and Commercial Law. During my summer vacations, while attending Stuyvesant High School, I obtained some business experience. After leaving High School, I secured a position with the Library Bureau. Two years later I made application for a position with the Hanover National Bank, and was employed as runner. I gradually advanced to the position which I am now holding as individual bookkeeper.

I became of age on May 18, 1918, and a few months later, on September 7, 1918, received a notice to entrain for Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., the following week. There were a few of the boys from my neighborhood, with whom I was intimately acquainted and although the journey to camp was very long and tiresome, we made the best of it and also found a great deal of diversion looking at the beautiful country through which we traveled. We were specially interested in noting the contrast betwen North and South. The Red Cross was indeed very generous in handing out hot coffee, sandwiches, and cigarettes to all the boys at the various stopping places along the route. They certainly must be given a great deal of credit and praise for their good work. The boys were extremely anxious to reach Camp. We left New York Monday A. M. and did not arrive at Camp until Wednesday night, approximately fifty-eight hours. At first everything seemed very hard for us, not being accustomed to rough camp life, but we soon became used to all sorts of happenings. It took several days to get our examinations, uniforms and equipment; but after receiving our outfits, it was only a short time before we were put under strenuous and constant training. Two weeks later we went to the Rifle Range,

which we all found very interesting. According to rumor, we were expected to leave for Overseas after two or three weeks' training, but owing to the "Flu" epidemic, this had to be postponed for an indefinite period. However, early in October we all received our Overseas equipment and expected to leave for "somewhere" almost any hour. This was put off for quite a few days and then our Company was split up, some of the boys leaving for embarkment camps and others being sent to various camps throughout the country, according to their vocations. The rest of the boys in our Company, myself included, remained at Camp Gordon; but we were scheduled to leave for Overseas in November. This order was cancelled, however, the day the Armistice was signed. There was great rejoicing at Camp when the boys heard that the Armistice had been signed, and we all took part in various details that had to be done around Camp.

On December 26, 1918, I left Camp Gordon for Camp Upton, arriving there December 31. I received my discharge from the army January 6th, 1919. On the whole, I must say that army life was a very good experience for me and has helped me in many ways. However, I was very sorry not to have been able to get "Over There" to take an active part in this great war.

## LESTER FOREBELLAR

*Born at Poestenkill, N. Y., July* 26, 1891.
*Attended school at New York City, my parents moving there when I was very young.*

AFTER one or two preliminary experiences in business I came with the Hanover National Bank. I was drafted September 18, 1918, and sent to Camp Upton for training, being placed with the 152nd Depot Brigade. From there, having experience in figures, I was detailed to the Statistical Department of the Army in New York City. The Armistice was signed so shortly after my enlistment that I had no particularly interesting Army experiences. I was recalled to Camp Upton in December, 1918,

and mustered out of the service from that place. Upon receiving my discharge I returned to the Hanover National Bank.

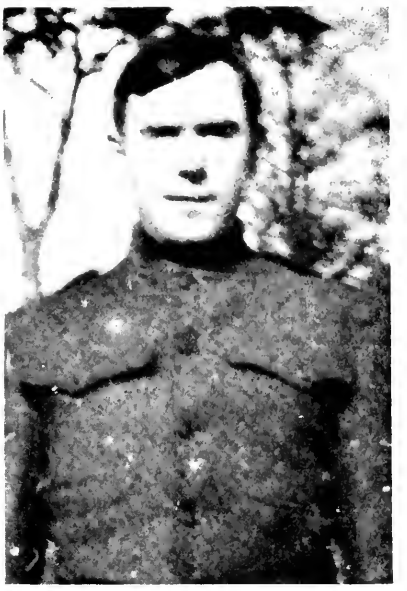
## GEORGE E. FRENCH, JR.

*Born at Jersey City, N. J., April* 30, 1895.
*Attended Grammar Schools and High School in Jersey City, also Business School.*

I ENTERED the employ of the Western Electric Company of New York, and remained one year. My next business venture was with the Hanover National Bank of New York where I was located four years, resigning to enlist in the Medical Corps, Regular Army at Fort Slocum, N. Y., July 24, 1917.

Fort Slocum was only an assembling post for recruits and accordingly I was sent with about fifty others to Fort Washington, Md. It seems I was destined to travel while in the service. We remained there two weeks when orders came to move to Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga., August 10, 1917. This trip was made under difficulties and we finally arrived there tired and hungry two days later. The climate and surroundings here were very different from what we had been accustomed to. We pitched our tents in a cotton field and immediately began policing up a suitable place to live. Everything went along smoothly for me there. Received my warrants as Corporal and Sergeant, and entered the Officers' Training Camp January 5, 1918, at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. After fifteen weeks of hard work, I graduated and received a commission as Second Lieutenant, Infantry, and was sent to Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga. Here I was attached to a Replacement Company for duty and spent three months drilling and instructing recruits. Was then ordered to Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas, and engaged in the same line of work. Each month 12,000 men were sent from this camp to France. Orders came from Headquarters sending me to Fort Sheridan, Ill., October 18, 1919, where I arrived three days later and was put in charge of a Motor Transport Combat train

CHARLES FERST



LESTER FOREBELLAR

GEORGE E. FRENCH

ADOLPH GARNJOST

which was under orders to move "Overseas." The signing of the Armistice held us in this country. The companies were sent to various embarkation camps for duty. I brought 500 men in one detachment to Camp Merritt in December, 1918. Upon my return to Fort Sheridan I was ordered to the Central Dept. Chicago, Ill., where I remained until honorably discharged from the Army July 17, 1919.

## ADOLPH GARNJOST

*Born at New York, December* 6, 1899.
*Attended New York and Brooklyn Public Schools, and Commercial High School.*

IN APRIL 8, 1915, I came into the employ of this Bank, and worked here until October 8, 1918, when I enlisted in the Air Service.

On October 23, 1918, I was ordered to Mitchel Field, Garden City, New York, where I was assigned to First Company, First Training Brigade. This was the recruit brigade and we were kept very busy. We were put into the tent camp and kept in quarantine for two weeks. We were outfited with overseas equipment, and probably would have been sent overseas very soon when the Armistice was signed.

After the Armistice was signed, I was transferred to the 339th Aero Squadron and remained in this squadron until February, when I was transferred to the 631st Aero Squadron. Mitchel Field was being used as a demobilization depot, and most of the Air Service men came back through this camp. The 631st Aero Squadron was a permanent squadron on the field, and the men were used on duty around the camp. I was assigned to duty with the Officers' Mess and later was assigned to the camp magazine. We published the stories of all the squadrons that came back and the work was very interesting.

I was kept on duty with the *Air Scout* until my discharge on June 14, 1919.

## JOSEPH V. GATELY

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., October* 24, 1889.
*Attended St. Vincent de Paul's Academy, Brooklyn.*

UPON leaving school I entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank. I was drafted on the 25th of July, 1918, and sent to Camp Upton, at which Camp I was stationed until the first of September. From thence I was transferred to Company I, 68th Infantry, Camp Sheridan, Alabama, situated four miles from the city of Montgomery. Before entering the service, like most of the boys, I had never fired a gun, but I qualified as a marksman and was rated "A" in the psychology test. This test consists in answering some two hundred questions, which while simple in themselves are rendered somewhat difficult on account of the unusual character of the grouping of the questions, and also in the fact that they have to be answered within a very short time limit. We were detained from going across by the outbreak of influenza at the Camp in October, but were scheduled to sail November 13. The signing of the Armistice, however, two days prior to this date greatly disappointed us all in our expectations of going over. I was mustered out February 8, 1919, returning to the Hanover National Bank.

## GEORGE A. GODINE

*Born at New York City, November* 2, 1894.
*Attended Public Schools.*

AT THE outbreak of the war I enlisted in Battery A of East Orange, N. J. Was sent to Camp Edge for a few months, and in June, 1918, went to Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala. From there I was transferred to Troop A of Baltimore, Md., Cavalry, which was afterward turned into Military Police. We left for France in July, 1918, engaging in active service on the Meuse River, also at the Marne. We were in the thick of the fighting

under the command of General Morton, 29th Division, located in Alsace and Lorraine for a while.

I have been through the most trying ordeal of my life so far. One may be able to imagine what it is like, but imagination can never excel the real sensation of that dreaded whiz and explosion of the Boche shells, for I can never forget them. I have stood on a dangerous cross-road, near the front lines, in one of the worst battles of this war, where fighting has been going on steadily for the entire period of the war. Shells have broken over me and all around me, with men dropping on every side, but I escaped without any harm, I am thankful to say.

[It is to be regretted that the Editors were unable to get the complete story of Mr. Godine.]

## ERNEST T. GOGOLL

*Born at Tompkinsville, S. I., February* 29, 1896.
*Attended Public School at Tompkinsville.*

A TROOP train pulled into Camp Upton on the very warm afternoon of September 23, 1917, overloaded with rookies that were to be a part of the 77th Division. The fellows had entered into Army life with great ease, as the majority were gambling in small groups with cards or dice. I was one of the rookies; just twenty-one; a graduate of public school, and having had five years experience in the Hanover National Bank.

Being among the first to train in this Camp, it fell to our lot to police the grounds around the barracks, dig stumps, and clear away a big forest in the eastern boundary of the reservation. We had the pleasure of being "jabbed" nine times (inoculated) for the prevention of different diseases that soldiers might contract. After the Camp was put in order, Regiments, Machine Gun Battalions, Hospital Corps, Artillery Batteries, and everything that went to make up a Division, began to form. When things finally settled I found myself in for sixteen weeks of in-

tensive training with Company G, 307th Infantry. The orders for intensive training were very simple to understand, as they said (when boiled down): "Keep the Infantry on their feet and on the go eight hours a day," and our officers certainly enjoyed putting those orders through. I had ten days instructions in scouting, sniping, and observation by a British major, which helped me in my later experiences with the Germans. The life and work at Camp was very monotonous, but when ready to sail I felt confident that I would be able to meet and overcome any obstacle that barred my way.

On Friday, April 5, orders came through causing our outfit to move the next day. Everybody was on the jump day and night. Sunday morning at 12:30 A. M. we were called out, lined up in front of the barracks, and received our final instructions, along with two hundred and fifty rounds of rifle ammunition. We marched down to the Camp terminal and boarded the train like an army of detectives instead of soldiers. The blinds were all pulled down and everyone was cautioned to keep under cover. We took boats at Long Island City and sailed to Hoboken where we embarked on the *S. S. Justicia* and pulled out at one o'clock that afternoon. We stopped at Halifax long enough to pick up a convoy; then we were off to have a look at Jerry.

We reached England (Liverpool) April 20, traveled by train to Dover, and crossed the Channel to Calais. That night the moon was full and bright and the stars twinkled by the thousands, just the kind of night Jerry liked for his air raids. We were warned that if we should hear "Lonesome Mary," which was a big horn (siren), we were to take cover immediately and not to show any lights. About ten P. M. Mary began to wail. I could look off towards the lines, which were then at Dunkirk, and see anti-aircraft shells exploding in the air. Finally that stopped and an English Tommy said: "He's gotten through now; you want to take cover." But he did not take cover himself; so I figured it was safe enough for me. Finally we heard a whirring sound, which was Jerry's plane. Searchlights played on the sky, machine guns began to rattle, and anti-aircraft shells began to break overhead; but Jerry got by, crossed the Chan-

nel, bombed Dover, came back and bombed the docks at Calais. While this was happening I imagined I was standing barefooted on a cake of ice, it being my first experience. After getting our fighting equipment, we were sent into Reserve with the English behind Arras, which was a very hot front. Though only in Reserve, we were shelled by day and bombed by night. This lasted one month; then we got an opportunity to get that longed for look at Fritz. We were sent to relieve the 42nd Division at Lorraine. The 42nd had been making things hot for the Germans on this Front, and we were just in time to get the surprise party the Huns manufactured for the 42nd.

They came over at our First Battalion about four hundred strong. Our men had been warned by the French to pull back to the support line, but they wanted to stick and see just what the Germans really could do. All rules and regulations were set aside for awhile. The Germans used liquid fire, which only made things worse for them. Such a bloody battle followed that we had no trouble afterwards. The Germans kept behind their wire and we had things so quiet that we had target practice in the Front line.

We left this nice sector to get into the second battle of the Marne, above Château Thierry. We took up the fight this side of the Vesle River, where we lost a great many men, but succeeded in driving the Germans across and back to the Aisne. While advancing across a big open and level stretch of land, the Germans got the drop on us with their artillery. Shells were falling so rapidly and close together that we could not all be missed, and a great many were killed. To make things more pleasant for us, the German machine gun snipers were hidden all around, and every time a shell exploded they would open up. The noise was so great that I began to laugh and could not control myself. One of our men got behind a pile of boxes by the road. A shell made a direct hit on the boxes and a terrific explosion followed, as the boxes were full of Jerry hand grenades. We lost men right and left, but here is where I had it proven to me that the American Army never retreats. We had taken the big city of Fismes that day and were now headed

for an equally large one a few kilos away. We had to lay under this shell fire all day, but as soon as night came and the Germans could not do any more damage with their Artillery, we resumed the advance, capturing a great many Germans that were doing outpost duty. We could not attack their main body, as our ranks were pretty well thinned out. The next day we were sent off to the right, where a big counter-attack was expected. We took up a position where we were shelled from three sides with high and low explosive shells and gas mixed in. This was a trick of the Germans, thinking we would not recognize the gases (mustard, tear, phosgene and chlorine) from the burnt powder. The attack came off next morning at dawn, but on our left, a sector held by the French. We held this position for two days, then were relieved by an Italian Division. We had to double time for almost three kilos, after being relieved to get out of the range of Jerry's guns. We had a few heavy guns to back us up on this Front, and no airplanes. We hiked all that night and part of the next day, ending up in a deep woods, where they fed us some bacon and a cup of coffee.

After a five days rest, we were taken to the Argonne Forest and our ranks refilled with men of the 40th Division, all Western boys and the kind that would not take a bluff, whether in a card game or in battle. They were fresh and well equipped, while we were played out and our clothes torn and full of cooties. Our bayonets and rifles were rusty, but we soon taught them all we had learned, which only amounted to giving them to understand that they were better men than the Germans, which they had suspected from the start.

September 25 we went into the French front line of 1914 (Hindenburg line), where we were constantly shelled with gas and high explosives. We had the biggest feed that night that I had come in contact with in all my previous time over. Each man had all the canned beans, tomatoes, jam, bacon, bread and coffee he wanted. We had just begun to get away with this feed when the Germans dropped so many gas shells nearby that the feast was spoiled and we had to don our gas masks. "War is H——."

About three o'clock that morning the Allied hundred mile barrage began to speak. In spite of the fact that I was wearing a gas mask I was happy. I knew this was to be the last drive. Just at dawn the order came to get at them. I felt grim and uneasy; but as Corporal had to go "over the top" ahead of my men. We met no opposition outside of shell fire, and after climbing and crawling through barbed wire for almost five hours we jumped into the German trenches all cut and scratched from the wire. The Germans had cleared out, much to our satisfaction. We cleaned up their dugouts as we went through. Three o'clock that afternoon our platoon got lost and while trying to get back to the main body walked into a machine gun nest. The dutchmen opened up. We dropped behind a clump of bushes. As we could not see them, it was impossible to get at them, and we were not equipped with rifle grenades or anything to meet that situation. I was sent out to find an opening in some wire on our left, which I discovered after much dodging and crawling. We got back to the main body and advanced a long way before striking opposition again. We cleaned up everything that got in our way and were relieved from the line when we were called out to help the 3rd Battalion of the 308th, who had advanced too far into a valley and were surrounded by the Germans. This happened at Depot Du Machins. We called it "Machine Gun Hill." We had to go into attack with our rifles only, as it was impossible to use artillery. The terrain being too hilly, trench mortars were out of the question, as the bushes and trees were too dense. The thing we needed, but did not have in our Company, was rifle grenades. We got at them, but could not break through that day, as they held a natural position, in fact it was one of Jerry's strong points in the Argonne. That night I had outpost duty. We dug in about 150 yards out from the main body. The Germans must have surmised that we would do this, as we had just gotten into our fox holes when a barrage of machine gun bullets and rifle grenades came over that cut down the bushes and covered us with earth, but luckily did no other damage. After three days of hard fighting we finally drove them out and broke through with many losses,

but we had him on the run again and only his rear guard to fight.

A few days later while advancing we struck a sunken road about midday. We halted here to enjoy a hearty meal. I was fortunate enough to have a slice of bread in my battle pack, and another fellow had some sugar, so we swapped and felt well fed. Half of the fellows had nothing, but they were only S. O. L. While eating we noticed that explosions were occurring quite frequently on the other side of the road. We thought at first they might be shells, but as we heard no guns, we knew they must be rifle grenades. The Lieutenant organized four patrols (Observation and Exploring) to go and find a narrow gauged R. R. and to see who was firing the rifle grenades. Being an Observation Patrol, our orders were not to fire except in self defense. We started and were greeted by rifle grenades and sniper bullets. I was fired on so often that I worked over to the patrol on my right to find out how they were getting along, and found that the Corporal was walking erect with his men and drawing fire. Just as I drew up to him he and his men dropped to the ground, none too soon, as a machine gun opened up and sprayed the ground where we lay.

We reported back, told what we had discovered, and I was about to get back to my squad when the Corporal who had the patrol on my right told the Lieutenant that he could lead a patrol out and capture the Germans that were firing on us. I was the first one picked for this patrol. It was a case of volunteering, but if a man was picked and backed out, he would be labeled as "yellow" and a quitter. I knew this to be an impossible job, as the sun was shining bright, the ground was level and densely covered with bushes and trees. The German snipers were concealed in these bushes and could knock us off at their leisure. We went in a skirmish line. I was walking with the patrol leader when a shot rang out and he dropped dead. I was down to the ground in an instant and beckoned to the men to get back under cover. We got back none too early, as a machine gun opened up and swept the ground where we had lain. It was impossible to get at the

Germans as they were too well hidden. We had to report back minus a man.

A week of hard fighting followed. One night we got through Jerry's lines in single file. We were inside before he discovered us, but it was too late. We sent back a great many prisoners and our Battalion took Grand Pré next morning. We were relieved the following night by the 78th.

We left the lines happy though it was raining, the roads muddy, and we had not had a square meal for the past twenty-two days. We moved back into the forest about twenty-eight kilos from the lines and rested in some German billets for five days. We were shelled every night and lost some men, but we were resting (drilled every day) and fed up. They fed us on doughnuts, steaks, syrup and everything good. We were suspicious of this good treatment, as it was unusual. After the five days we were ordered back to the lines, where we went into the last drive (Meuse-Argonne). We were headed for Sedan. Some opposition greeted us on the start, but the rest was easy, compared with the Argonne and the Vesle. We had five meals in eleven days.

The night before the Armistice took effect I was on outpost, stationed on a hill, which was really a high bank of the Meuse River. The Germans had worked down to their side of the river in the earlier hours of the evening and were sending up Very lights now and then to make sure we were not crossing the river under the cover of night. Following every Very light, machine guns would open up and spray the river and our bank. To our right and left we could see the sky reflecting big, dull red patches, which represented the French towns the Germans were burning to the ground as they fell back. We were constantly shelled during that night, but had no losses. At dawn we fell back with the main body. The fellows were talking about an Armistice that was to be signed; and every time a German shell would break and throw shrapnel over our heads, they would say: "It certainly sounds as if they wanted an Armistice."

The morning of November 11 all firing ceased. The fellows looked at each other, not daring to pass an opinion. Any man

mentioning that the Armistice had taken effect was laughed at. From experience we had learned that a sudden lull in firing means something big; so we were sort of bracing up and expecting anything. Finally, we were convinced, as a German band was playing; and behind us a French Division that was to relieve us was making merry in the town of Raecourt, all so full of wine that each one imagined he personally had won the war.

That night we were drawn back to the town of Angecourt, where we were fed bacon and bread and slept in German billets. The next morning the French paraded through the town in honor of its capture. We pulled out that afternoon and started on a fourteen day hike. Thanksgiving day found us on the road with a fifteen minute stop for dinner, which was "bully beef" and hardtack. Some had canned beans and tomatoes. A great many could not stand this hard hiking and dropped along the road.

After that long hike we reached our town, La Ferte sur Aube in the southern part of France, and were ordered to take six weeks of intensive training. I soon developed typhoid and was shipped to a Camp Hospital, where they made me stay in bed for one month. Then I was shipped from one Base Hospital to another, and finally sent home, a convalescent.

After being examined by about fifty different doctors on this side, I was discharged at Camp Upton, April 24, 1919. Following a two weeks' rest, I again entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank.

## WILLIAM J. GOOTH

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., July* 19, 1895.

*Attended Public School No.* 102 *and Commercial High School of Brooklyn. Holder of American Institute of Banking Certificate.*

IN JULY, 1911, I entered the employ of the Gallatin National Bank, and later upon the merging of that institution with the

JOSEPH V. GATELY

GEORGE A. GODINE

ERNEST T. GOGOLL

WILLIAM J. GOOTH

Hanover National Bank, entered its employ. On December 7, 1917, I enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force as a Yeoman, 2nd Class, and reported for active duty December 10, 1917, in the Transportation Department of the Disbursing Office, Third Naval District. I was promoted to Yeoman, 1st Class, and to Chief Yeoman in October. During my service in the Navy I assisted the officer in charge of Officers' Overseas Transportation, arranging for the transporting of Naval Officers to ships and shore stations in European waters. Qualified as a marksman at the Naval Range. Upon receiving my discharge from service, I returned to the Hanover National Bank.

## ELMER A. F. HANSCOM

*Born at New York City, September* 3, 1892.
*Attended Grammar School No.* 87 *and High School of Commerce, New York City.*

UPON leaving high school I started in my business career in the real estate business, after which I came with the Hanover National Bank. My first military duty was in Mexico under the National Guard, June 28 to October 25, 1916. When the National Guard was called out I was in the New York First Field Hospital, which later became the 105th Field Hospital. We were first sent to Spartanburg and at that place the National Guard lost its identity and became federalized. We remained at Spartanburg until May, 1918, and after a short stay at Newport News our regiment was ordered Overseas. When I was called to the Front, I had been promoted to Corporal.

The following interesting letters were received from Mr. Hanscom: He writes under date of October 4, 1918: "I've been in two big stunts so far, one in Belgium and one in France. In fact I've just come back from the line and believe that we are due for another rest. The best part of being attached to Storming troops is you only go into the line for a few days at a time. We just go in and take our objective, and then turn it over to

other troops to hold, and go back and wait for the next stunt to be pulled. This also gives one a great opportunity to travel about. So far I've been in about twenty-five towns or cities and through many more. Of course, all of our traveling is done in cattle cars, but that is all in the game. The ambulance boys are all good fellows and we generally get a car or two for ourselves and have a jolly good time traveling about. The 'Austies' (Australians) to whom we are attached now are also all good fellows and good fighters too. In Belgium, I found out what it was like to ride in an ambulance without any lights. The only light you get while driving is that from the flare of the big guns and you enjoy a beautiful bump whenever you hit a shell hole. Now I am supposed to be an expert on gas cases and that is all I handle except when there is a rush on and the gas cases are light, I work at dressing wounds. I don't think that 'Jerry' cares a lot about the Red Cross because at Villers Faucon he shelled us twice. Believe me, it's some sensation to hear the shrapnel hitting on the iron roof of the building where you are dressing patients. I've seen shrapnel come right through the operating hut. I had to stop writing for a few minutes — the whistle blew three times — a signal that 'Jerry' was overhead. If he saw a light shining from our sandbagged hut he might drop an 'iron foundry' down on us. Well, so much for the Belgium stunt.

"Now I'll tell you of the stunt we just came out of. The 'Austies' say it will go down as the greatest battle in history. To get there, we had to go through several towns that 'Jerry' had been in only a few days before. I thought I had seen ruins in Belgium. Up here nothing was left of towns but a mass of powdered brick. A sign stuck up in the ruins usually gave the name of the town that once stood there. Forests were lowered to the ground, big trees being snappd in two by shells hitting them. I'll say that 'Jerry' knows how to dig in because while at the front I lived in a dugout he just left a few days previously. It was a peach, we found beds in it and an open fireplace so we were very comfortable, that is when we had time to sleep, a thing we got very little time for. I worked for

three days and three nights without getting a wink of sleep. My greatest experience was when I went out to a shell hole about two miles in front of the advanced dressing station to get the body of a chum of mine who was killed while observing. I had a couple of other boys with me at the time 'Jerry' threw everything he had over, the shells hitting the ground would send a shower of mud and dirt all around. One shell passed so close that the wind of it raised our helmets off the back of our heads and shoved them down over our faces. Well, we got the body and you bet we were all glad when we got back to the A. D. S. again. One night while we were working on the wounded the dirty 'Hun' kept on throwing gas shell after gas shell over at us. He respects nothing at all."

In a letter addressed to his parents, from St. Corneille, France, dated December 4, 1918, Corporal Hanscom writes:

"On June 30, our unit left the United States on the *U. S. S. Huron*, which was formerly *Freidrich der Grosse*, the ship on which the Kaiser himself once traveled round the world. Twice on the way over, we were attacked by submarines but on each occasion we sunk the U-boat, once with a depth bomb and the other with gun fire from one of the cruisers convoying us across. You see I've been in naval battles as well as land battles. On July 13, 1918, we landed at Brest, France, and were quartered in the Pontanezen Barracks which were built in 1413, and which were also used by Napoleon. On July 23, we left via cattle cars and arrived in Rouen on the following day. . . . We then proceeded to Calais, about a day and night's journey from Rouen, in cattle cars. . . . On August 1 arrived at a town called Arneke, from there we proceeded to Ouedzeele via motor trucks, or lorries, as they are called over here. We arrived just at dark and could hear the noise of the guns and see the shrapnel bursting. 'Jerry' also paid us a visit this night, coming over in his planes and dropping a few bombs, but none of them landed near enough to hurt any of us. He came over every night and dropped his young iron foundries but never injured one of our men. We stayed there about three weeks and during this time I visited several towns in Belgium and

France, as we were only 15 miles from the Belgium border. August 22, we received orders to move into Belgium and take over a dressing station on the Ypres front. After a fifteen kilo hike, we came to our dressing station at a place called Renny Siding. . . . Our unit was not to start working until the next day as the English Tommies were doing all the work. We were asleep only half an hour though, when there came a whiz over the shed in which we were and a bang that woke everybody up. This increased every minute until one hit so close that the shrapnel hit all over our roof. He was getting too close so we went down into the dugouts and stayed there until he quieted down. It was our first real taste of shell fire and none of us were afraid to admit the next morning that we were a bit scared. At this place, I had charge of treating the gas cases and I worked; one night, I had about two hundred go through my hands. When the gas cases were light, I helped out in the operating hut. While here, our boys pulled off the Mt. Kemmel stunt by flanking the mountain and forcing 'Jerry' to evacuate. We were green and we beat the Prussian Guard (the Kaiser's best) who faced us. . . . Ever since then we have been either shock or storm troops. On September 5, we were taken out of the line again and sent to a place in France called Beauvais to rest. Here we ran a sick hospital while the infantry practised with the tanks, getting ready for the great Hindenburg stunt.

"On September 24, we left Beauvais, and on the 26th, the unit went on to Villers Fauçon where we established a dressing station preparing for the Hindenburg stunt that every one knew was coming off, in a day or so. . . . On September 29, a beautiful Sunday morning, the New York Guard broke through with the Australians. While we were working over the wounded here, the Germans kept on shelling us regularly. One night he threw over several gas shells at us. We worked day and night during this stunt, and I remember not going down in our dugout to sleep for two nights during this time. On October 1, we went back to Courelles for a four days' rest and to get our ranks filled up again, and then went back in again and chased him from

Bellicourt to the Selle River and across it a distance of thirty miles. This stunt lasted for about twenty days. I was working at a walking wounded station during this period, and it was the day after we were relieved that I was taken back to the C. C. S., a sort of dressing station, in an ambulance from this station. I was loaded on a big hospital train and sent to Rouen, twelve hours from the front. At this place, I came near passing away one night, but I came through it all right, probably it was your praying that saved me. From there, I was sent to Trouville on the coast of France. Here I got better fast, and was soon up and around and had several good times while I was convalescing. After I was discharged from the convalescent camp at Trouville, I started riding in cattle cars again and went to an American Supply Base at Saleaux where I stayed two days and was re-equipped. From here, I joined my company at Corbie after a thirty kilo hike. This was on November 22. On the 26th, we left Corbie and arrived at this place, St. Corneille, on the following day, and now we are awaiting orders to leave for home."

Upon leaving the service I resumed my duties with the Hanover National Bank.

## GEORGE HARDENBERGH, Jr.

*Born at Brooklyn, New York, August* 9, 1893.
*Attended Public School No.* 16 *and Commercial School.*

ENLISTED June 16, 1917, in New York City, was called to Camp November 7 and took up training at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C. I was made a Corporal in December, 1917; Sergeant in April, 1918. Our course of instruction lasted until July 11 of the following year. I reached Camp Upton, L. I., on July 12 and sailed for France on the 14th. Thirteen vessels were in the convoy and after thirteen days sailing we sighted submarines off the coast of Ireland. Expert gunners succeeded

in sinking one submarine with no damage to any of the transports. The same day we lost our escort of destroyers but they found us again in the afternoon. We landed at Liverpool toward evening. Hiked to a rest camp and left by train the following morning for Southampton. Crossed the English channel, heavily convoyed by destroyers, submarines and dirigibles, and reached La Havre, France, in safety. Received some army rations and journeyed over France in box cars for three days, arriving at Pierrefaite to take up training in open warfare. A few weeks here and orders changed, bringing us to a large French town named Clamecy. Here we finished our training, and the latter part of September, 1918, we left for the fighting line. We reached Peronne, which had very recently been a scene of terrible fighting; while a little farther on a heavy bombardment was taking place. A call came for replacements and I left my old outfit and was transferred to the 27th Division, and took up duties with the 102nd Signal Battalion. On September 25 to 27 we took over the positions occupied by the 74th and 18th British Divisions. This was opposite the outpost positions of the Hindenburg Line and included points known as the Knoll, Guillemont Farm and Quennemont Farm. The British made three attacks on these points, but without success, and their losses totalled eighty per cent of the attacking forces. At great sacrifice these defences were taken and the Hindenburg wall was laid bare. It was the Rock of Gibraltar of the German morale. On the morning of September 29 the big guns started the boom of the barrage and before night set in the Line was broken and the St. Quentin Canal was taken. "Old Hindy's heart was busted," and Prince Ruppert's army was in flight. From here on events happened very quickly, and always in our favor. The three final battles took place at St. Souplet on October 17, Jonc de Mer Ridge, October 18, and St. Maurice River October 19 and 20, which marked the closing of the war, as far as we were concerned. We hiked to Corbie for a rest and while making preparations for a return to the front, the Armistice was signed. After a few months of anxious waiting we arrived at Brest; sailed from there March 2, 1919, and arrived in Brooklyn

March 15, 1919. Mustered out of Service at Camp Upton on April 4, 1919.

## CHARLES P. HART

*Born at Paterson, N. J., April* 28, 1891.
*Attended Public Schools of Paterson, N. J.*

I WAS drafted March 30, 1918, and sent to Camp Dix, N. J. Having had no previous military experience, life at the cantonment to me was very unusual and interesting. After going through routine preliminary steps in a depot brigade, I was permanently assigned to Company F, 303d Engineers, a combat regiment and Divisional Engineers of the 78th Division, with which I served for the duration of the war.

On May 26, 1918, we sailed for France from New York, arriving via Liverpool June 10, 1918. Then our hikes started, and believe me, I think we hiked all over France with rifle and full pack. The load complete weighed about sixty-five pounds, and when you have toted on for three consecutive dark rainy nights over rough roads and covered sixty-seven miles, you feel as if you had been hiking.

Our first job in France was to build a Rifle Range for target practice, near Boulogne. It was completed in about a week; and from there we hiked to a place called Oudezeele, in the vicinity of Ypres. At this place we were engaged in building reserve trenches, stringing barbed-wire and building pill boxes. We were fairly close to the front. While there an observation party went up to the front lines and, unfortunately, a sergeant in my company was killed and a major was wounded pretty badly. This was our first real taste of the war game; here during the day-time everything was quiet and peaceful enough, but the nights were entirely different, for the big guns, shells, and airplanes were everybody's nightmare.

Our next stop was St. Pol, railhead for the Arras sector. At this place we terminated our connection with the British

instructors, a detachment of the 18th Northumberland Fusilliers, and also finished our training. We were glad to leave for the American front the latter part of August, via the famous "40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux" route, for a little town called Barges, below Chaumont, where we finally arrived after a three day ride, all cramped up and full of "corned willy" and hard tack.

September 12 found the 78th Division in immediate reserve on the St. Mihiel front, and we witnessed the opening of that wonderful American drive. In a few days our division took over a sector on this front, in the vicinity of Thiaucourt. While there we did all kinds of engineering work; building and repairing roads; throwing up a few small bridges; stringing and cutting wire on "No Man's Land" at night. I had my share of everything except clerical work. Our First Battalion suffered a number of casualties at St. Mihiel.

On October 5, 1918, we left St. Mihiel for the Argonne, arriving there after a hike taking two nights. The engineers located near a town called Châtel Chehery, in the vicinity of Grand Pré, and were kept busy in preparation for the Meuse-Argonne smash. I worked as a runner during this drive, and at times I'll say it was a mighty lively sort of job. We lost some more men at engineering work, one of the jobs being the building of twenty odd light and heavy traffic bridges over the Aire River, approaching Grand Pré. The Division was finally relieved on November 6, after advancing about twenty-one kilometers, and we came out of the lines for good. The news of November 11, 1918, was mighty welcome, and later it felt great to get back in Camp Dix and out of the army by June 12, 1919, without being wounded. At the time of my discharge I was Corporal in Company F, 303d Engineers, 78th Division, A. E. F.

E. A. F. HANSCOM

GEORGE HARDENBERGH

CHARLES P. HART

A. G. HAUSMANN

## THE HANOVER NATIONAL BANK

### A. G. HAUSMANN

*Born at New York City, March* 12, 1893.
*Attended Public and High Schools; graduate Princeton University.*

I FIRST came to the Hanover Bank in 1911, spending a summer vacation as runner for the Note Teller. From then on I spent my summers and even several Christmas vacations under the guidance and tutelage of such famous men as Livingston, MacPhail, Hammond and Negles in the Coupon Department. Meanwhile, I had successfully navigated the troublesome years of college life, and with my diploma in hand had faced the world and landed a job as athletic coach and school teacher. I spent several years in Missouri, and a few months in Indiana.

The draft called me in September, 1917, but I was not sent to Camp until February 26, 1918, and so missed a hard winter of Army life. I spent my rookie days in the 310th Infantry, and was then transferred to the 308th Machine Gun Battalion. I sailed for sunny France early in May, 1918; and outside of a submarine scare on the last day, the trip was uncomfortable and uneventful. On board with us was Ray Schmitz, whom I was destined to meet again at Officers' Training School at Langres.

My twelve months in France were punctuated by four different Army School courses, lasting from one to six weeks; and a good part of the time while our Division was doing the fighting I was back in the S. O. S. learning how to be a shave-tail. I was quite weary of Army Schools, which did not stop even after the signing of the Armistice. We spent several months behind the British lines when we first went across and those were really our "golden" days. Of course, we hiked and slept in the rain and grumbled in unison; but in looking back, I find my most cherished remembrances of that period. At the end of August we came down, and after camping in the foothills of the Vosges Mountains we went into the lines during the St. Mihiel drive. Here I left my old battalion and so many of my friends, for when I came back the first of November into the Argonne Forest I was sent

to another battalion. We were all sorry that we were not chosen to go into Germany with the Army of Occupation. It surely would have been more interesting than the life of waiting which we had been leading. After the signing of the Armistice, we spent a very restless six months south of Paris. Of course we enjoyed our leaves, of which I had my share. I managed to see a good deal of France, the sunny part of France as well as the larger cities, visiting Paris, Dijon, Lyon, Marseilles, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone and other famous leave centers. On my return I went to Semur, where I partook of a week's course in Equitation. When it was not raining, the country was very picturesque and riding was one of the chief means of recreation. The winter was mild but very rainy, although we were billeted quite comfortably. On our return to the States we stopped for three days at Oran, Algeria, where we marvelled at the Mohammedan customs and Oriental displays. We greeted the good old Statue of Liberty on May 10, 1919, and three days later I was shaking hands again with my old friends in the Hanover Bank.

I hope this experience doesn't sound egotistical. I feel anything but that, and realize how little my bit was in this war; but it is hard to write an account in the first person and try to give a fair account.

## WALTER HERBERT HEADWELL

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., October* 3, 1895.
*Attended Public School and High School of Brooklyn, N. Y.*
*One year at Columbia, studying Banking.*

I ENTERED the employ of the Hanover National Bank May 27, 1918. When I entered the Army, I served with Company D, 1st Battalion, Chemical Warfare Section. After one month at Camp Upton I was ordered to Edgewood Arsenal, Edgewood, where I was detailed for duty in Cost Accounting. I accompanied the Company on its usual hikes, went through Manual

of Arms and was drilled daily. Chemicals and dangerous gases were manufactured at Edgewood Arsenal, and those engaged in this branch of the service ran a very great risk.

After a month's stay at Upton, going through the rudiments of the makings of a doughboy, came the day of breaking camp for an embarkation point. But instead we were ordered to Edgewood Arsenal for the duration of the war. Arriving, we found a reservation of 300 acres enclosed by wire fencing and at every gateway men with fixed bayonets, and along the fence mounted police were marching their post in military manner. Experts were sent from England and France to instruct us in Gas Warfare. A month of training is essential before entering the gas chamber, and knowledge of the gas mask is passed upon by several officers; for, in Gas Warfare there are two kinds — the Quick and the Dead. For example, a pin-hole in the tube or face fabric would cause life impairment, resulting in consumption, insanity, blindness or gradual eating of the body. Here are some of the gases produced in these cylindrical towers and buildings of peculiar natures. Phosgene, gives a choking effect actuating instantly; Chlorine, agonizing and slow; Tear, blinding; Vomiting, so the mask cannot be worn, thereby the other gases actuating; Mustard, eating of the lungs and throat. All these tend to weaken the mind. Then the dread M. O. (Mustard Oil), never known when you come in contact with it as it takes effect hours later. Just a vapor in the air can burn your body deep and spreading. A drop of the smallest bit may cause loss of finger, etc. The fatalities here are greater than those in the first line trenches for the boys have suffered and endured, many paying the supreme sacrifice without honor or glory. They could not go across, but those who return to their homes can rest in the assurance that they contributed the winning factor of the greatest war.

I was mustered out of the service February 7, 1919, and re-entered the service of the Hanover National Bank.

## SERVICE RECORD OF MEN OF

## H. J. HUTH

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., July* 21, 1895.
*Attended Public School No.* 81, *New York City.*

PRIOR to my entry into the service of Uncle Sam, I was employed by the Hanover National Bank as a clerk in the Note Teller's Department, and later in the Foreign Exchange Department, entering the employ of the Bank January 13, 1912, and resigning September 21, 1917.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, September 23, 1917, when with my little red card I walked from my home at 1815 Catalpa Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., with a neatly prepared package under my arm, containing toilet articles, etc., and surrounded by my family and friends proceeded to the assembling place, Local Board No. 79, about fifteen minutes walk from home, ready for camp. It was then almost nine o'clock when I answered to my first roll call and listened to a few preliminary instructions. Amid shouts of good luck and continuous cheering from the gathered crowds of people the automobiles arrived which carried us to the railroad station, where we boarded a train for the well known Camp called "Upton," arriving there about 2:30 P. M. I was assigned to Company G, 307th Infantry, a doughboy; but from the start I was nothing more than a common laborer from morning, noon, until night. This so termed "Manual Labor" continued for more than six weeks before we received any Infantry drill instructions. Things went along quite smoothly until they started to issue guns and gas masks, particularly the latter — how I detested them! All the latest methods of warfare were taught us. Rain or shine we drilled, from sunrise to sunset; and very often after drilling all day we had night hikes over the frozen ground and through the forest, for the winter of 1917 wasn't anything too pleasant.

About the 10th of February I was instructed to report to Divisional Headquarters, where a short verbal examination followed regarding my clerical experience and work. Several days later I was transferred from Company G, 307th Infantry, to

an Overseas Casual Company in the same Camp. After a number of inspections both physical and equipment, we left Camp Upton for Camp Merritt, N. J., arriving there about March 2, minus guns and gas masks, and known as a "bullet proof organization — the pen pushers." The morning of March 14, 1918, at two A. M. through a drizzling rain and fog, we marched from Camp to the railroad station, bound for Hoboken, N. J. Exactly at 10:15 A. M. we boarded one of the Kaiser's favorite boats, *Kronprinzessin Irene*, but baptized *Pocahontas*, and I was assigned to a bunk far below in the bottom of the ship, the last hold in the far corner, with the steel plates of the ship to my left, packed away like a lot of sardines with hardly enough room to move about. We set sail at 5:15 P. M. March 14, and only when the good old U. S. A. was far from view were we permitted on deck, with only the great blue ocean to gaze upon. For twelve days we sailed, encountering rough weather and rain, and all through the entire voyage I was detailed as K. P. The chow was exceptionally good and plentiful. Aside from abandon ship drill, nothing of importance occurred. Finally we sighted land, the evening of March 26, and landed at the Port of St. Nazaire, March 27, the first leg of our journey for democracy completed.

The order was issued by our C. O. to get ready to debark, and with packs on our shoulders we marched off the boat. It was a very warm day and the perspiration was streaming from my pores very freely after hiking three miles to an English Rest Camp. The barracks where we were stationed for five days were very poorly constructed — for it rained almost continuously for three days — and the roof, which was covered with tar paper, had seen better days, for our cots were almost swimming away.

On April 1, 1918, I left St. Nazaire, marching again to the railroad station, destination being Blois. In place of a Pullman car for traveling it was a box car, "40 men or 8 horses," arriving at Blois the following morning very weary and filthy. Blois was a Casual Camp where all troops and officers casuals were sent for assignment. After spending five days there I was ordered to report to the C. O. at Tours for work, together with

fifty other men. This trip was by third class coaches, no box cars. Two days later I was assigned to the Second Company Headquarters Branch and quartered in an old French cavalry stable, but on detached service with the Postal Express service. My first duties were in connection with the shipping of express and Christmas packages sent from the U. S. A., year 1917. The warehouse where I was working was located about two and one-half miles outside of Tours, known as St. Pierre des Corps. Due to poor facilities for loading and shipping, in many instances the unpacking of a whole day's work and repacking due to the sudden changes of the different American Units to which we were endeavoring to establish delivery, it was quite a task trying to dispatch 140,000 boxes and packages weighing from five to three hundred pounds. We did finally complete the work, July 6.

My next duties were along a different line. The Courier Service was then established throughout the A. E. F. I was appointed Sergeant in charge with a force of ten men for the Tours area. This service handled only letters and parcels of highly important and confidential nature, which could not ordinarily be transmitted by wire or telephone. Courier routes had already been established, but greatly improved upon. Heretofore this same service was a "Trust-to-God" affair. A hand to hand receipt system was put into operation to prevent letters from going astray, or being lost in transit. Trains, motorcycles, and automobiles were used by the couriers along the various routes. I was relieved from duty with the Courier Service April 1, 1919, and transferred to the Overseas Courier and Express Service at Brest. This service handled only couriers plying between Washington, D. C., and France.

Was relieved from duty with the last mentioned Organization and returned to the U. S. A. as an Assistant Overseas Courier. Left Brest May 9, aboard the *U. S. S. Mt. Vernon*, formerly the *K. P. Cecilie*. My return trip was First Class passage, no hold. Arrived at Hoboken May 17, 1919, and proceeded to Washington, D. C., reporting upon arrival to the Embarkation Officer for discharge. Was sent to Camp Meigs, Washington, D. C.,

on May 20, and received my final papers on May 23 at 4:30 P. M. — exactly one year and eight months service. Was also awarded a Meritorious Service Certificate for work behind the lines, known as the Services of Supplies.

## JOHN WESLEY JOHNSTON

*Born at Jamaica, L. I., November* 6, 1896.
*Attended Jamaica High School.*

JUNE 29, 1914, I entered the Hanover National Bank and was there employed until September 3, 1918, when I was called to the Colors, entraining for Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., on the same day. I was assigned to the Insurance and Allotment Section of the Personnel Office, which office takes care of the insurance and allotments of the men at the Camp. There were about eighty thousand men at the Camp at that time. We had to take care of all the details in connection with the insurance of the men in the service by the Government, if they so desired, subject to the Government plan. Our Department also took care of the remittances to the families of the men. From Camp Gordon I was transferred to Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala., in the same line of work. I made application for the Central Officers' Training Camp at Camp Gordon, Atlanta. I was later assigned to the Finance Department, Camp McClellan. Being promoted to Sergeant, I was transferred to the 437th Reserve Labor Battalion, which Battalion held men in reserve for extra service at the Camp. I was mustered out March 14, 1919, and returned to the Hanover National Bank.

## GEORGE E. KELK

*Born at New York City, March* 5, 1890.
*Attended Public School No.* 13, *and the College of the City of New York.*

AT the age of sixteen I obtained a position as office boy in Wall Street. At twenty-one was appointed clerk in the Tax Office of the Bronx, which position I held until accepted as a bookkeeper by the Hanover National Bank. I enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force on April 1, 1918, and was sent to the Training Camp at New Haven for a short time. Was then assigned to the U. S. Cruiser *New Orleans* and made several trips on this vessel as convoy to Halifax, also to the coast of Ireland. Was later promoted to the position of Captain of the Gun Crew and transferred to the U. S. Cargo ship *Alloway.* I served on the *Alloway* until she was turned over to the Shipping Board. I was seventeen months in the Navy. I was on board the *U. S. S. Rondo* when she delivered the first cargo of grain at Hamburg. I was discharged from the service August 1, 1919, and returned to the Hanover National Bank.

## EDWARD W. J. KOCH

*Born at Union, N. J., March* 13, 1891.
*Attended Night High School and Eagan Business College. Graduate of American Institute of Banking.*

FIGURATIVELY speaking, "the pen ceased to be mightier than the sword" to me on the morning of May 28, 1918, at which time I was inducted into the Army, in the Municipal Building of Union Hill, N. J., going from there by rail to Camp Dix, N. J. If the train trip to the cantonment camp was to be any criterion of my future military career, a rather lively one was in store for me, as a stabbing affair took place on board, in which two men received serious knife cuts.

On arriving at camp, was assigned to the 44th Depot Brigade,

WALTER H. HEADWELL

HERMAN HUTH

J. W. JOHNSTON

GEORGE E. KELK

Eleventh Company, and was later placed with the 312th Engineers, Company C of the 87th Division. The regiment was considered one of the best, the division having been formed at Camp Pike, Arkansas, and was composed of the national army of Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas. From the last-named state it received its nickname, "Acorn Division." Many western as well as eastern boys were later assigned to it.

After extensive training in dots and dashes, wire intrenchments, demolition work, pontoon bridge building, and pioneer engineering, orders to move across the "big pond" were received. During the night of August 23 and 24, 1918, like an Arabian, we silently folded our tents and disappeared into the night, going by train to Jersey City and ferry boats to the Cunard Steamship Line Piers, New York City, boarding the *S. S. Caronia* at the break of day. Some five thousand were on board, including the divisional General. The troops were quartered in sections below deck, and breathing space was rather limited.

The following day, August 25, in company with several other transports we started on our journey. As we steamed down the bay, passing the Statue of Liberty, a naval craft semaphored "Good Luck"; Sandy Hook disappeared over the horizon shortly after.

The convoy consisted of eighteen vessels, most of which were transports. The fleet was well protected on all sides, by destroyers and a dreadnought showing us the way. A large dirigible flying overhead kept its eagle eye on the water for a submarine. Strung out in football formation, the boats were about a mile apart.

Part of the morning was taken up with emergency drills, after which the men were permitted on deck, but restricted from throwing anything overboard. The mere presence of a piece of paper in the water would give the ever watchful U-boat commander a clue that a ship had been in the immediate vicinity recently. All port holes were kept closed, except when opened for ventilation purposes, at which time a sailor was stationed near by. The use of matches after dark or the wearing of phosphorus wrist watches were forbidden. Talking only in

undertones was permitted. The ship at night resembled phantoms, especially when the moon shone in the heavens. After being out several days, most of our protectors returned to port, only the dreadnought and two destroyers completing the trip.

Many of the men passed dull time away playing African billiards (dice), others found reading more wholesome. For those who enjoyed good music, the 312th Engineers Band gave excellent concerts, but only in the daytime. If weather conditions permitted, many of the boys slept on deck, preferring this to swinging from the ceiling in hammocks like birds, at high and low altitude. Personally, I did not mind the method of sleeping, using my life preserver as a pillow, nor did the strong smell that permeated our sleeping quarters interfere with my night's rest.

From time to time while on deck men would imagine seeing a periscope, but on closer investigation, the object turned out to be a piece of wood, or, in many cases, only an optical illusion. The interior of the ship was well guarded, each company taking turn furnishing the guard of two hundred men. On the top deck thirty more men were stationed as lookouts, doing "watchful waiting" work for Mr. Von Tirpitz. The men were on for two hours and then relieved.

Eleven days out and still no sight of "real estate." We were now entering the submarine zone. Life preservers had to be kept on, and securely adjusted at all times. Men were not permitted to undress when retiring for the night. Early next morning smoke on the horizon proved to be our English convoy, which numbered about twenty-five destroyers. As these boats darted in and out, "nary a thought of submarines entered our minds, now." Our English cousins showed us the way into the Irish Sea. On the morning of September 4, 1918, land was sighted, later proving to be the coasts of Ireland and Scotland. What a pretty sight it was too! A milkmaid a-riding on a cart, traveling along a road on the hillside in Ireland, plainly visible to the eye, added to the beauty. Very little of Scotland could be distinguished, aside from its hilly and rocky coast. The color of the water had changed from the ocean blue to a pretty light

green. With all its surrounding prettiness, the spot was said to be most dangerous for ships. The presence of a dirigible added to the precautions taken. Bright and early on the morning of September 5 we dropped anchor at Liverpool, after an uneventful journey of thirteen days, debarking shortly after and proceeding to the railroad station for transportation to some camp. The English Red Cross and the city of Liverpool gave us a warm reception. Our train ride from Liverpool to Winchester made several stops, giving us a chance to see a little of the cities of Birmingham, Oxford, Manchester and Stratford, England, arriving at Winchester at twelve o'clock midnight. The city was pitch dark on account of air raids. Hiking in formation was rather tedious.

After a good night's rest, we were ready to get our first glimpse of the British Army. Our wishes were gratified when a platoon of soldiers came out for drilling. On closer observation, we discovered them to be a sort of official burial squad for the camp. In addition to this camp being known as Winchester, it also had the name of Moin Hill. Very carefully practicing their ceremony, the men trained. The rites consisted of sixteen to twenty men, eight of which acting as mourners without arms, the others forming the firing squad. With guns reversed, the procession started for the supposed open grave, stopping the eight, or, as we nicknamed them, "Joy killers," gotten from the expression on their faces, proceeded to a position before the grave. The firing squad took a position nearer. On command of the sergeant in charge, rifles are placed with the barrel end touching the ground, both hands are then clasped and laid on the gun. Another command sends all heads down, as if in prayer, or deep meditation.

After a stay of several days, we were again on the move, going direct to Southampton by train, arriving there early on the morning of September 8 prepared to sail for France. On board the *S. S. Harvard* the 312th went, and when darkness fell, we started our journey across the channel unprotected. The steamer *Harvard* was the same boat that at one time operated between the ports of Boston and New York. Weather

conditions were favorable and we dropped anchor near the city of La Havre, France; the following morning, ten o'clock, found us marching down the gang plank onto the soil of France, where we were accorded another warm reception by the people. A parade through the city followed, going from there to a rest camp located about five miles outside the city. Passing through a little town a rather amusing incident happened. The town's mayor or high official presented the colonel of the regiment with a bouquet of flowers, and by mistake another to the drum major of the band that marched directly in back of the commander.

Arriving at Rest Camp No. 1 which had been the scene of an air raid just previous to our entrance in which a number of soldiers were killed and wounded, we were assigned to squad tents. Ordinarily these tents accommodated eight men; our entrance made it necessary that they hold twelve. While on kitchen police, meaning kitchen work, an accident happened that might have resulted seriously. The contact of a coat with the trigger of a loaded gun, fired the rifle, sending the bullet crashing into the woodwork of the kitchen, narrowly missing the men working nearby and coming too close for comfort to me. It was our turn to make another move in the army game of checkers. Leaving the rest, or, as called by us, restless camps, on the morning of September 10, bound for the town of Pons, we were put up in billets. The trip was made by rail, and such a trip as it was! The cars were smaller than our freight cars, resembling our scenic railway cars. Some had straw on the floor, others a bench or two. In sleeping the men slept spoon formation. In lying down to sleep it was the policy "All down at once." On every car was printed the sign "40 Hommes, 8 chevaux," translated in English it means forty men or eight horses is the car's capacity. A two day ride in these French Specials made one realize that the human body is composed of many bones and muscles, also that sleep is an essential thing, as well as the fact that straw may at times contain many undesirable citizens.

The town of Pons resembled the usual southern French towns; a church, several hotels and café, several stores, and on its outskirts vineyards. All the buildings are made of stone and

look very old. Our entrance in the town created considerable excitement, as we were the first American soldiers to be billeted there. In company of some two hundred men it was my good fortune to be assigned to live in a former hospital building, where the rats were not so numerous or the holes in the roof very many. Our bed the first nights consisted of a blanket, pair of shoes and our best friend the mess kit. The last two named objects being used as a pillow. It did not take the boys long to become acquainted with many of the town's pretty girls. A rather amusing instance happened one evening, while several of us fellows were sitting on the doorsteps of our billet. One of the boys used to visit a pretty girl who lived down the road, taking a stroll, passed our abode in company of the lady, also her mother as well as three younger sisters and brothers. The rascal introduced us, giving to us the names of some great men. Poor Lincoln was gotten out of his grave, Grant had to stand up and salute once more, and George Washington broke his record for not telling falsehoods. If my memory serves me correctly, I was given the name of President Wilson. To all, the French ladies would bow most profusely.

Training was immediately started in earnest for the front lines for our division was slated to take over a sector November 15. Ten mile hikes with heavy packs were taken every day. Perhaps it would be of interest to give a list of the articles these "back breakers" contained, the entire weight of which was eighty pounds. The following articles compose the pack: one or two blankets, half of a shelter tent with poles and pins complete — the outfit is commonly known as a pup tent — extra set of underwear, woolen breeches, blouse and shirt, three pairs of socks, a can containing coffee, sugar, salt and pepper, canteen and cover for drinking, haversack and pack carrier, rain and overcoats, extra pairs of shoes, rifle, scabbard and bayonet, cartridge belt with two hundred rounds of ammunition, and last but not least, gas mask and helmet. Sometimes a rope and axe were carried by the engineers.

While stationed here we have experienced a scarcity of food, ofttimes going hungry. Very little food could be gotten in the

town. As in civilian life, October 1 was moving day for our outfit. Once more the "iron man" was to carry us to a Camp Genicart. This camp was later to become famous as an embarkation site. Hardly settled, we were again told to pack our belongings and prepare for another change of scenery, going this time by the shoe leather route (hiking) some ten miles distance to the town of St. Lobes, located near the Gironde River. Arriving there at twelve o'clock, our first thoughts were of eating. After "chow" camp was broken. The location picked out was not such an ideal spot. Part of the year it was under water, due to an overflow of the river. At times this river had a rise in tide of twenty-one feet.

The first sergeant's whistle blew about 4:30 o'clock in the morning, sent us all a-rolling from under our blankets on the ground, for reveille. After a light breakfast, light only in quantity, as it seemed to be an unwritten law in the company that all the boiler makers and iron workers of the outfit be apprentices for the position of cook. Again that everlasting whistle! Our day's work was to begin in earnest. Details formed, gave every man some kind of work to do, many going to work building docks nearby. Others were assigned to work the long end of a shovel and pick. For the carpenters there was work a-plenty. Several men were also given details of German prisoners to work digging ditches. The camp contained some thousands of captives. I was fortunate in getting in with a detail laying sills or foundations for warehouses to be erected.

Hardly had we located, when an epidemic of the Spanish Flu disease broke out in our section. The Company was hit hard, at one time having one hundred and eighty-five cases out of the outfit's two hundred and forty. Perhaps the little sign, "God Bless Our Home Here and Overseas," proved a charm for our squad; as we were the only one not affected by the disease. Amidst rain and mud after returning from work part of our day's program was to carry new cases to nearby temporary hospitals. Eleven of the boys went to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" while stationed here. Their loss cast a gloom over the Company. End of November orders to break camp were re-

ceived with much rejoicing. The camps of St. Lobes will be long remembered by Company C. It was at this side that news of the signing of the Armistice was received. Need I describe what happened when the news was received? No! I think not. Picture if you can what this event meant to a nation three-fourths of whom were wearing mourning. Had the war continued another month many of the 312th Engineers would have perhaps answered their last roll-call on foreign soil.

Newspapers received from the States gave the 87th Division as one scheduled for an early return home. Our happiness was complete when on November 25 assembly and fall in were sounded by the bugler and we turned our backs on the camp of St. Lobes. Bound for Camp Genicart, some ten miles away. Although many of the boys were still feeling the effects of the "flu," the hike to Genicart seemed but a short walk. The camp, now an embarkment area, was to be our home for a few days. We were to embark on the first ship available, but the good ship "available" never did come. Four months we remained here, celebrating the Christmas holidays. On January 1, I was promoted to the rank of Corporal, having been made Private First Class about two months previous. The rank offered several privileges. Less or rather no kitchen police, not so much detail work or guard duty. My rapid promotions must have made General Pershing envious. At this rate another month will see me outranking "Black Jack." During the company's stay in Genicart much improvement had been made under our supervision. Many mess halls, barracks, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, and Salvation Army buildings were erected. Company C also put up the skeleton frame work and much of the finishing work on the Liberty Theatre in the camp. This show house is considered the largest of its kind in the A. E. F. and has a capacity of six thousand people.

About this time the outfit were given the privilege of making application for the "Duty Status Leave," a privilege given to every soldier that has served four months service in the A. E. F. The leave gave the men a splendid opportunity to see some of the country they were fighting in and for, the U. S. Government

putting its foreign representatives up at the best of hotels for seven days, at its leave area, during which time the soldier was under very little military restrictions. But when one once checked in at the area, he must remain there until his seven days have ended. Among the recreation centers were Monte Carlo, Nice, Biarritz, Grenoble, Aix-le-Bains and Luchon.

In making application for a duty status leave, the soldier does not select the area. This is taken care of by the Provost Marshal's office. They assign the men to such location not overcrowded. On the morning of February 10 in company of forty-five others of our outfit, I started on my duty status leave. The location picked out for us was the city of Luchon, situated in the Pyrenees Mountains. The city was about five miles from Spain. Before the war, Luchon was known as a fashionable gambling centre. The French society that operated the Casino at Monte Carlo also had held forth at the Casino at Luchon. Although our start was made in that everlasting rain of France, all of us were in sunny dispositions, the thought of a fourteen day session of eating and sleeping made every cloud have a silver lining.

In addition to the Government paying our hotel expenses, we also were to receive our transportation free. Before arriving at Bordeaux, from which point we were to travel south, six of us decided to accidentally get on the wrong train and take one that goes to Paris. Watching the opportunity, the accident happened, and we started on the five hundred mile trip that finally landed us in "Gay Paree." Before securing a pass it was necessary that some sort of explanation be given the American R. R. transportation official in the station. The twelve hour trip from Bordeaux to the capital city had given us ample time to prepare a feasible excuse. If he doubted our story, his face did not show it, for we had no trouble in securing the necessary military passes. A supper for the small sum of ten cents was given us by the American Red Cross Society located near the railway station. They also very kindly directed us to one of their hotels at which place we could put up for the night. The hotel was located uptown, necessitating our taking the sub-

way, or, as the French call it, the Metro. It is similar to our underground railroads, but it does not travel quite so fast and has the class distinction. A good night's sleep at the Red Cross Hotel which cost us nothing was broken by our getting up at four-thirty to see some of the city's points of interest, as our stay in the city was good only until such time as our train for the Spanish border left the city. Our first glimpse of the famous Eiffel Tower was taken at five in the morning. The big ferris wheel some three hundred feet high, we also were looking at about the same time. Likewise the other pretty architectural work nearby. After a walk along some of the city's famous boulevards, we started back to the railroad station, arriving there in time to climb aboard the train scheduled to leave for the Spanish border at 10 o'clock. The trip was made in about one and a half days of continuous traveling. Checking in at Luchon, two days later, having covered some thousand miles of France. Hotel accommodations were given the six of us, and our leave officially began. To again sleep in a soft bed was like getting a letter from home.

The Y. M. C. A. furnished entertainments for the boys, also arranging hikes to nearby points of interest. A visit to a little shepherd village located on the side of a mountain proved very interesting, the little town was some five hundred years old. The children only go to school one day a week. Many of the people had never heard of as large cities as Bordeaux. The people have an interesting legend, the story rivalling our Rip Van Winkle legend, of a wonderful saint that jumped from one mountain to another after having his head chopped off, landing on a rock, which stone, with imprints of his feet on it, is shown to visitors.

The sextette went on another trip to the ancient town of St. Betrand. The village at one time was part of a large Roman city; had many relics; in the large cathedral there were carvings of great value, the little town refusing an offer of five million dollars made to it by the city of Lyons for the wood-carving made of oak that for thirty years was soaked in water to separate the poor material. Another fifty years was taken to finish the carving, done by the monks. Another day found us hiking to the

border of Spain. Taking the chance of being caught and court martialed, six of us decided to spend the night in Spain, which we did after a walk of some three hours on Spanish soil. Our arrival in Les near Balboa created considerable excitement, about the same as a circus arrival in a small town. The citizens treated us cordially, the children all eager to show us the points of interest.

The capacity for food of the American seemed to astonish the people. The keen mountain air had rather put an edge to our appetites. Several of the boys found the Spanish wine real "fire water," waking up during the night to drink up all the drinking and washing water. A guitar purchased for a dollar was the means of us fellows seeing some real Spanish dancing. The folks seem never too old to dance, and the American ragtime music and dancing proved popular on its introduction.

The following day the return to France was made after much weary hiking uphill. Finally reaching our hotel in time for supper. The next day found us on the mountain train bound for the summit of one of the highest mountains in the Pyrenees chain. On account of a heavy snow-fall, the train could only go three-quarters of the distance. The balance of the trip was made on foot.

Ascending we were soon above the clouds, finally reaching the top. Amidst the snow and cloud mist we descended. Rather a difficult task it was on account of the narrow path to walk on. The last day of our leave was spent at the Sulphur Baths.

Our vacation finished, it was up to us to pack up and start back to camp. But before so doing, we fellows intended to do some more sightseeing, leaving the train at Tarbes to visit some interesting sights, among which was the birthplace of Marshall Foch. In order that hotel expenses be avoided, the six of us traveled nights, and spent the daytime looking around. Leaving Tarbes, another stop was made at Bayonne, going from Bayonne to Biarritz. The last named is one of Europe's most fashionable seashore resorts. Located on the Bay of Biscay, it is an ideal spot. It is also known as the "Atlantic City of Europe."

Our visit to the city was previous to its becoming a recreation centre for the U. S. Government. After a short stay, we returned to Bayonne, going from there to Bordeaux. A hike to Camp Genicart completed our vacation. Genicart remained our home until March. During this time much of my time was spent doing mechanic's work. The little knowledge gleaned may prove valuable in the future. Orders for our company to relieve a company of the 32nd Engineers at Camp St. Sulpice arrived about this time. St. Sulpice was one of Uncle Sam's largest military prisons abroad, and was also known as the largest warehouse site in the world, some four hundred of them being located here. Their construction work amazed the French Engineers, as they considered the project would take some five years to complete. The time taken by the American Engineers was just four months.

Arriving at our new home, we were assigned one hundred and forty miles of roads to repair, build, and maintain. In addition to which we operated a stone quarry, and three gravel pits. Our work on the roads necessitated the use of several steam rollers, eight tractors, surface drags and scrapers, and some six hundred men, five hundred German and one hundred American prisoners daily. My part in the "road manicuring" was that of a foreman over fifty Germans. My task consisted of giving their "under officer," or non-commissioned officer, orders who, in turn, passed the directions along to his men. June 1 our work was completed and we were relieved, and our regiment placed on the sailing list. We returned to Genicart to be deloused, a sort of cleaning process whereby the soldier parts with many undesirable citizens, as "cooties," fleas and other parasites, is given a physical examination and new clothes if needed. There remained but the gangplank. Friday, June 14th, we started on our last hike on French soil. Going to the Bassen Embarkation Piers, and boarding the transport *Dakotan* and sailed for home. The transport, although rather small, formerly having been a freighter, nevertheless proved quite comfortable. In addition to the 312th Engineers, there were some fifty American prisoners, one of whom was shackled the entire trip. The

man had killed a mess sergeant in France and was considered dangerous. The sighting of a mine when out several days, proved interesting. The boat circled it at about a mile distance, firing some twenty shots, two of which hit it near the water line, causing the water to dampen the powder.

At Cape May, N. J., a pilot was taken on board the ship, and we entered the harbor, docking at the Commonwealth Pier of Philadelphia. This city gave us a royal welcome. The trip to Camp Dix was made in several hours. After a stay of two days, another delousing process, and our discharge was handed us. Finally, reaching home July 1, after an absence of fourteen months, eleven of which were spent overseas.

Looking back, I have the Great Architect of the Universe to thank for many narrow escapes. In closing, may I say that I value my experience highly, but would not care to undergo it again.

## VINCENT G. LAWLOR

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., October 7, 1895.*
*Attended Brooklyn Grammar and High Schools.*

AFTER some experience in the Banking business I entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank. In May, 1917, I enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force and was called for active duty November 25 of that year. After preliminary training at Pelham Bay Naval Training Station I was transferred for duty aboard the *U. S. S. Don Juan de Austria,* receiving the rating of Second Class Quartermaster. (This steamer was originally a Spanish gunboat, sunk in Manila Bay by Dewey's Squadron in 1898, and some years later was raised and brought to the United States.) I sailed from New York, August 14, to convoy a number of barges loaded with "TNT" destined for France by way of the Azores. My first trip was particularly interesting as it carried me in the area of the U. S. Coast in which the U-boats were active at that time. We sighted a large number of wrecks that had been torpedoed or shelled. The

EDWARD W. J. KOCH

V. G. LAWLOR

CHARLES VALENTINE LENT

WILLIAM J. LOGAN

sight of these wrecks greatly increased the determination of the boys in the Navy to hunt down the enemy. Our ship entered the harbor of Bermuda for coaling. After a stay of a number of days, the ship proceeded with its convoy to the Azores. A few days out from Bermuda, the *Don Juan de Austria* and her convoy ran into a tropical storm of great severity, during which the convoy of barges broke away from the tow and were lost. After searching for a number of days for possible survivors (which had to be abandoned on account of shortage of coal) the ship returned to the United States via Bermuda, at which port a stop was made for coaling. After this trip I made a number of trips, convoying ships bound for "Over There" during which of course a sharp lookout was kept for submarines. At present the *Don Juan de Austria* is in her home port at Newport, R. I., making daily trips to sea for target practice.

On my discharge from the Navy I returned to the Hanover National Bank.

## CHARLES VALENTINE LENT

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., February* 14, 1894.
*Attended Public Schools and Nutley High School, Nutley, N. J.*

MR. LENT entered the Service September 10, 1917, being a volunteer to go with the first contingent of the new National Army. He was sent to Camp Upton, where he was assigned to Company K, 305th Infantry, 77th Division. Shortly after he was selected to attend a school of instruction for non-commissioned officers, and on November 1 was made Sergeant. January 3, Mr. Lent was chosen for Officers' Training School, and three months later was recommended for a commission as Second Lieutenant. April 16 he sailed Overseas, landing at Liverpool April 29; entrained for Dover, and from that port crossed the Channel to Calais, France. After a period of training in Northern France with the British he was ordered south and entered the trenches in the Lorraine sector June 24, 1918. He was then ordered to the 28th Division, which held the Reserve trenches at

Château-Thierry, for observation purposes. July 14 received his commission; shortly after was gassed. He developed Pleuro-Pneumonia and was sent to Base Hospital No. 23. September 3 he was transferred to Base Hospital No. 8 at Savenay; and on September 5 sailed for the United States on the *S. S. Mount Vernon*, which seven hours out from Brest was torpedoed. The ship returned to port under her own steam. Mr. Lent was transferred to the *S. S. Lenape* which twice during the voyage was attacked by submarines. He landed safely at Ellis Island September 17, 1918. He entered Base Hospital No. 16 at New Haven, Conn., but his recovery has been slow. The effects of the gas were more severe than it was hoped they would be, and in spite of great resisting powers Mr. Lent at this time is not improving as rapidly as was expected.

## WILLIAM JOHN LOGAN

*Born at Montclair, N. J., August* 2, 1891.
*Attended Lawrenceville School; graduate Princeton University.*

UPON graduating from Princeton University I entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank. In June, 1916, as a Private in Troop C of Squadron A, New York Cavalry, I went to the Texas Border, remaining there until December of that year.

I attended the Second Plattsburg Camp and received a commission of 1st Lieutenant in the Field Artillery. I was assigned to the 308th Field Artillery at Camp Dix, and on May 28 left with them for France. Upon our arrival on the other side I attended the Artillery School at Meuton, near Vannes in Brittany. Having completed the prescribed course I was promoted to the rank of Captain in Field Artillery and sent back to this country, being assigned to the 14th Division, which had just been formed. My trip home I will describe as follows:

Early in the morning we boarded the *U. S. S. Huron*, prepared to sail for New York. The afternoon found us still

anchored in the harbor of Brest taking aboard wounded from a Lighter. As evening approached the Army officers were gathered and given the rules which would govern the passage. About six o'clock the anchor was weighed and we put to sea in company with three other steamships and convoyed by six destroyers. A small dirigible headed the way of our small flotilla.

Just before the sun sank one of the ship's crew announced that the smoking lamp was out. From that moment on until sunrise all smoking was confined to the smoking room. We were again assembled, and officers turned over all matches, phosphorescent wrist watches and flash lights. I started to wend my way to the smoking room. I found it necessary to go down to the deck below and seemingly walk the length of the ship, groping in the dark for the gangway which would lead to the room on the deck above. The ship, which was formerly the *Crown Prince Frederick*, was built on German lines, and the spiral staircase did not twist in the way that I expected; consequently, I ran into a post before finding the passage.

Upon entering the room above I beheld two blue lights which were hardly discernible through great clouds of smoke. There was absolutely no ventilation and it seemed that the room could not hold another person. I had only been in the room a few moments when there was a slight vibration accompanied by a hollow report such as I had never heard before. In silence, all conversation ceased and everyone rose as at command, as quickly as possible we filed out of the room, went below and out on the deck. The evening was delightfully clear, the surface of the water being only slightly rippled by the breeze. The moon was full and directly overhead. No sooner were we on deck than the bow-gun, which I had noticed, was fired, more to the disturbance of the unwary ones about it than to any submarines. That was the closest we came to any casualties. The Destroyers began to signal furiously to each other, and at intervals of about twenty minutes dropped depth charges. Great spouts of water would rise, and we would rise, and we would hear the same hollow roar I described before. This was repeated for about an hour, all of which time we would change our course about every

two minutes. The firing having ceased, we resumed our normal course and the excitement for the evening was over.

A week passed uneventfully. There were many regulations which seemed to bother us but we dismissed them, thinking that they seemed strange to us because of our ignorance of seamanship. It seemed rather hard to understand why it was that the Army Officers' smoking room had only two blue lights, while the Naval Officers' had the usual number of white lights. Our quarters were also without lights of any kind, while theirs were lighted. A sign outside the Naval Officers' smoking room read in no uncertain terms: "ARMY OFFICERS KEEP OUT."

About this time I was congratulating myself upon having been designated a Reserve on the Guard Roster. However there was one post which was placed on the topmost portion of the mast. One morning about four A. M. I was rudely shaken and told to take Post No. 5, as the officer who was to go on guard there had been suddenly taken ill. I hurriedly adjusted my clothing, which by the way had not been taken off since we started, and proceeded up to the deck. Inquiring where post No. 5 was, I was informed that it was somewhere on the rear mast. A rubber suit was given me which I put on and immediately proceeded to the foot of the mast. An iron ladder ran up the side which I started to climb. The rake of the mast tended to throw my weight to one side, aided by the wind which seemed to me to be blowing the hardest I have ever experienced. I found myself suffering from probably the same malady which affected the man who should have gone on guard. The intensity increased the higher I went up. Arriving at the first crosstrees I could feel the hot air from the funnel. Finally I succeeded in reaching the lookout where two sailors were on watch. To enter this compartment gracefully it is necessary to climb still higher, swing out to one side and enter feet first. However, my joy at being able to enter the lookout was so great that I entered it head first, much to the amusement of the two sailors on guard there. After turning a complete somersault, I arranged my garments more readily than my equilibrium. A few moments afterward I felt somewhat like my former self, and holding on tight, looked over the side at the sur-

rounding sea. I was appalled at the enormous spread before my eyes. For two hours I remained above, finally being relieved. My trip down the mast was not much more comfortable than the ascent. It was a great relief when I found myself once more on the deck.

Upon my arrival at Newport News I was ordered to Camp Custer, Mich., where the 14th Division was being formed. We were scheduled to go to France about December, 1918, but the signing of the Armistice prevented our departure. In February, 1919, our Division was demobilized and I received my discharge.

## AUSTIN N. LOW

*Born at Walton, New York, June* 30, 1897.
*Attended Public School and Commercial High School; also the College of the City of New York.*

I FIRST became associated with the Railway Business Association while continuing my studies at the Brooklyn Evening High School for Men. At this school particularly I was active in athletic and literary work, and at one time editor of the school's Team. In the summer of 1917, when war was declared, I enlisted publication *The Evening Star*, as well as Captain of the Debating in Battery E, Second New York Field Artillery of Brooklyn, going to Fort Niagara, Youngstown, N. Y. On October 5, 1917, the outfit left for Spartanburg, S. C., where I was transferred to Division Headquarters and assigned to War Risk work, remaining until February, 1918. Early in April I was one of forty men to leave for overseas for duty with the clerical force of General Pershing. I remained in France until June 11, 1919, and was subsequently mustered out of the service with the rank of Regimental Sergeant Major. The most vivid impression of France which I received was the meaning of the term hospitality. The degree of inadequacy of appreciation with which that term is used in America can only be realized by those people who visited France during the war. Of course, I am not acquainted with

her peace-time etiquette, but I cannot imagine such whole-hearted hospitality to have been born over night. From the moment of debarkation throughout the fifteen months I spent with them, I was made to feel at home. Whenever I walked through a city, town, or the country invariably there were salutations from all sides. The Frenchman has a very keen sense of fellowship. The entire nation of France is a paternal organization. Regardless of your station or possessions you may always find a comrade and a friend. My first walk was to a little town called Montbazon, situated in a picturesque valley in the Indre-et-Loire province. It is located about twelve kilometers from Tours, my station. As in all French villages, it has a cathedral, a château, Hôtel de la Ville and Monsieur Le Curé. The Statue de la Vierge (Statue of the Virgin), which about fifty years ago was placed on the pinnacle of the château, may be seen for miles around. It was this feature that attracted me. While I stood at the base of the château, gazing admiringly at the statue, a gentleman, Monsieur Henri Volonte, whom I later learned to be the proprietor of a small flour mill at Montbazon, greeted me and insisted that I accompany him to his home and rest. Being somewhat fatigued, I accepted the invitation and, upon taking my departure some hours later, was requested to call again. Briefly, during my stay in France my visits to the home of the worthy Frenchman and his family averaged once every week, and at each visit the reception given me was hearty and complete. We had games of croquet, bicycle rides, motorcycle rides, fishing, swimming and patriotic demonstrations. The variety and wholesomeness of the food which was served, as well as the tasty way in which it was always prepared fosters my sincere regard. It is a fact that I had never known the real flavor of the potato until I made this acquaintance. The average meal consisted of potage (bread soup), fried poisson (eels), potatoes, chicken, peas, pudding, cakes, fruit and coffee. Nobody but a soldier can appreciate how welcome a meal of that kind was. And may I here state that I cannot confirm the propaganda that the French people eat snails, for Madame Volonte never served them, as far as I know.

My first leave of seven days was spent at Dinard, Brittany. While there I visited the historical island of Mont St. Michel, which has been the objective of countless armies, but thanks to the quicksand surrounding it, it has never been captured and thousands of soldiers are said to have perished at each effort. The Cathedral at Bourges; the variety of features of destruction at Château-Thierry, Belleau Woods, Grécourt, Olchy-Breny, Soissons; the Château of Henry IV at Pau with its costly Gobelin tapestries; the Shrine at Lourdes coupled with its panoramic history; the Pyrenees Mountains at Luchon, and the thousands of points of interest and instruction at Paris are sights never to be forgotten.

I sailed from Brest, France, on June 1, 1919, and on June 18, 1919, after an eight day journey on the *S. S. Cap Finistere*, was discharged at Camp Meigs, Washington, D. C.

## JOHN E. LUDEWIG

*Born at West Hoboken, N. J., January* 1, 1894.
*Attended Jersey City Grammar and High Schools.*

ENTERED the service of the Hanover National Bank in 1914. On September 23, 1917, I left Jersey City for Camp Dix, N. J. On my arrival I was assigned to Company H, 312th Infantry at Camp Dix, and was promoted to the rank of Corporal, and finally Sergeant.

On May 19, 1918, the 78th Division, to which the 312th was attached, left Camp Dix for oversea service. We entrained at the camp, but as our destination was unknown, it was left mostly to speculation. Eventually we arrived at Boston and boarded the British transport *Winifredian*. We sailed from Boston on the morning of May 20 and arrived at Halifax the next day. We lay in the bay for a day, when the rest of the ships arrived which made up our convoy, and we set sail for the Great Adventure. The trip was uneventful until about two days out from the Irish coast we were attacked by submarines, but fortunately one of

our destroyers fired a depth bomb and the sub was blown clean out of the water. After seventeen days' sailing we arrived at Grevesend (London) on the Thames. Thence in railroad coaches to Folkestone, where we rested for a week. Here we had the opportunity of visiting the nearby English villages and towns, which we found to be very quaint.

We left Folkestone on the *S. S. Marguerite*, crossed the English Channel, arriving at Calais, June 12, 1918. Marched to a rest camp, where we realized that we had reached the scenes of War, with the rumbling of cannon, frequently air raids, and our sand bottomed tents. We had four days of this life, when we boarded our first French train for Devres. Arriving there we hiked ten kilos to Senlecques and had our first taste of the much talked of French Billets. Having horses and pigs for companions, still we were contented.

Trained here under British instructors with the implements of modern warfare. Left here for a two-day course in shooting and thence to new quarters in Héricourt. We finished our training and then took over the reserve position of the Arras sector. With a few officers and non-coms I hiked to the front line for observation purpose. The first night the Boche cut through the wires on a raid, but fortunately we drove them off without casualties. After a few nights of this, we again joined the company and entrained to assume our place in the newly formed "First American Army" detraining at Jussey, August 22nd, resting over night. We then hiked for a number of days, stopping at small towns until September 10, when we received orders to move to a given point, there to meet again the doughboys' delight "The Lorries" and were hurried to our position as reserves in the St. Mihiel sector. The following night we were ordered to move further up, and on reaching our position were stripped to our combat packs.

On September 13 we were ordered to move forward, following up the advance with a total of seventeen hours hiking in one stretch through the former German occupied territory, seeing many German prisoners going to the rear. Moved into support line September 20. The shells were flying thick and fast and

AUSTIN N. LOW

JOHN W. LUDEWIG

GEO. A. LUHRSEN

FRANK McKENNETT

we spent most of our time digging trenches in case of a counter attack. Then moved up to the front line, which was only about 800 yards ahead. We relieved another company of our regiment under darkness, and commenced our front line operations.

In the night of September 25 I was placed in charge of a patrol of six men and ordered to come in contact with the enemy as the former occupants of the trenches had lost contact. We were attacked during the night by an enemy patrol, but only had one man wounded by a machine gun. Early the next morning a heavy barrage was sent over by the enemy, and they made a direct hit on our position, killing one and wounding the rest (myself included). We finally made our way back to the lines; were sent to the First Aid Dressing Stations; and from there via ambulances to the Hospital. After spending a few weeks in hospitals in the vicinity of Toul I was sent to Base Hospital No. 6 in Bordeaux. Had a wonderful ride in American Red Cross Hospital trains, which was quite different from my former trips "a la cattle car."

On November 26 I boarded the good ship *Tendores* for the good old U. S. A. and landed in Hoboken on December 11. Thence to "Greenhut Hospital" for a week, from which place I was sent to Camp Upton and mustered out on February 5.

## GEORGE A. LUHRSEN

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., February* 16, 1898.
*Attended Grammar and High School, Union Hill, N. J.*

UPON leaving high school I endeavored to enlist in the Navy, but on account of being under weight I was refused. I was also refused in the Marines for the same reason. Finally I passed in the Merchant Marine and was assigned to Transport Coastwise Service on a steamer carrying U. S. Government cargoes between Norfolk and Portland, Maine. While engaged in this service, I took a course at the Navigation School, New York City, and

studied for the Merchant Marine. Upon receiving my discharge, I re-entered the service of the Hanover National Bank.

## FRANK McKENNETT

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., June 7, 1892.*
*Attended Public Schools and Miners Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

I ENLISTED at Governor's Island November 19, 1917, and was assigned to the 5th Guard Company. This organization was a branch of the Infantry, Regular Army, and my duties consisted of drill and guarding military prisoners. July 9, 1918, I was appointed Army Field Clerk and on July 30, 1918, sailed for France. My trip over was very quiet; although we had reports that the submarines were operating in our territory, we never sighted any. Arrived in Liverpool on August 12 and left the next day for Southmpton. Was very glad to leave Liverpool as it was a very dirty town. Southampton was a very different place with nice houses, pretty streets, and I would have liked to have spent more than the one day we were allowed there. Crossed the English Channel on August 15, and after a very rough trip landed in La Havre on August 17, where we were sent to a rest camp. I shall never forget how I enjoyed the two days rest in La Havre. However, we received orders to proceed to Chaumont, where the General Headquarters was established, and after three days and three nights of slow, tiresome traveling in a French train, we landed at Chaumont. On August 20 I was assigned to the Sixth Army Corps, who were stationed at Bourbonne-les-Bains. The Corps had not been fully organized, and my duties were to prepare Tables of Organization for the necessary units and see that the men and supplies were received. We stayed in Bourbonne-les-Bains a month, and then were ordered to a town about sixty kilometers north of Nancy, called Sarzerais. It was then I received my first impression of the line, as heretofore I had been in the zone of supply, and as we passed one devastated village after the other, I could then really see

how France had suffered. Our Corps was stationed in Sarzerais for four months from September 18 until December 23. Before the Armistice our divisions were very active and my work consisted during this period mainly of obtaining replacements to fill the casualties of the various divisions operating under the jurisdiction of our Corps. On December 24 we moved up to Villerup, France, which is on the border of Luxembourg, maintaining order and taking charge of dumps of abandoned material. On April 28 we received our orders to sail for the United States. We arrived at Brest May 1, and on May 14 sailed for the U. S. A. on the *U. S. S. North Carolina*. Arrived in Boston, May 26, and was discharged at Camp Devens, May 29, 1919.

## CONRAD J. MEIER

*Born at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., June* 3, 1898.
*Attended Public Schools of Jamaica and Richmond Hill, N. Y., graduating in June* 1912; *and from High School, Saugertics, N. Y., in June,* 1916.

AFTER a short time spent on a farm I moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., when I entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank. I enlisted in the service of the U. S. Army in May, 1918.

A bunch of us were sent to Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va., where not without many a cuss we grubbed stumps and dug water mains, etc. We finally built up a real camp out of the piece of woods it was upon our arrival. Toward the end of July a bunch was picked to go to Camp Forest, Ga., to receive and drill some "Rookies." They were Iowa cornhuskers, etc., but we got along fine with them. About August 25, I got my first regular assignment in Company D, 212th Engineers, and in a few days that regiment was moved up to Camp Devens, Mass., and assigned there to the 12th Division supposed to leave for France about October 15. I was appointed Company Bugler October 1. Our trip Overseas was held up three times, first by the "Flu" then by

the measles, and finally by the signing of the Armistice. At that time our date for leaving Devens was November 13. Meantime all our equipment, even horses and mules, were at the port of embarkation. But then all our hopes of beating the rear of the German Hun vanished . . . On a certain expedition, I was named battalion bugler, a job which requires a horseback rider. So, gritting my teeth to see my "bluff" through (for I had never ridden a horse before), I got on with much premature ceremony. Lucky for me, however, that the horse was none of the rearing kind; on the other hand, I exhausted myself from whipping him and "digging" in the spurs. But nobody could have told me that night that I was not an experienced horseman. It took something "hard to swallow" to make me believe that. But that something came a few days later when I was out with the Company afoot, building a pontoon over the Nashua River. On the hike back the Captain had his saddle strapped full of rope, making it seem impossible for a man to sit up there and ride it. He had a fine lively horse, and told me to take him in as he preferred to walk. At last I thought my opportunity had arrived to show what a wonderful horseman I was. The horse knew we were homeward bound, and I put one foot in the stirrup, leaped up on top of the rope and found out that both feet were about eight inches too short to reach the stirrup sitting on top of the rope. But it was good-by then; as when I had my one foot prepared to mount the horse was on his way. By his rate of travel you could tell that he could smell the road home for in another bound I was jounced off the rope and landed on his neck, and from then on all I did was hold on. When I passed the company, it seemed they just yelled delight, for the joke was on me. My "kidnapper" refused kind words and just galloped on about one-half a mile and I believe the only reason he stopped then was that his neck was tired and somewhat strained. But you can rest assured that I walked him the rest of the way back. Many incidents occurred during those three months, all of which, I harbor as pleasant memories, but it might bore the readers of this book. . . . They kept us in reserve about three months and we were all discharged the last two weeks in January, 1919."

After receiving my discharge, on February 6, 1919, I returned to Hanover National Bank.

## ANDREW J. MEYER

*Born at New York City, February* 23, 1893.
*Attended Public School No.* 152, *and Manual Training High School of Brooklyn.*

APRIL 23, 1917, I enlisted in Company G, Seventh Regiment, New York. In October, 1917, our Regiment was filled up with men from other New York Regiments, and then became the 107th U. S. Infantry. We were trained at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., for eight months and sailed from Newport News, Va., for France May 9, 1918. We traveled up the coast as far as the Newfoundland fog banks, and the next day, when the fog lifted, we were surrounded by thirteen other troop ships. We were escorted over by a large cruiser, and within four days sailing off the French Coast we were picked up by about two dozen American destroyers. Our Regiment landed at Brest May 23, 1918, where we camped overnight. From Brest we proceeded by train to Noyelles-sur-Mer on the Somme. Fritz gave us a great welcome that night. They dropped a few bombs, wrecking the railroad station, and killing three French women in the town. The training was with the British in the Albert region, on soil which had been embattled for years. Our training and later fighting was all with the British. Rifles, rations, machine guns, horses, and machine gun limbers were all British. From Noyelles we hiked to Ault, a coast resort on the English Channel. We stayed here until the wind blew towards the Channel. Our regiment went down to the shore and then they launched a cloud and shell gas attack, to show us what we would have to contend with in the near future, and also to place confidence in our gas-masks. After that we hiked one hundred miles in four days to the Arras Front, sleeping at night in the woods in pup tents. Our next move was to Belgium. We took over the East Paperinghe Line July 9 to

August 20, 1918. This action consisted of constructing and occupying the second position, opposite Mont Kemmel, during a time when the enemy was to make heavy attacks. The position was under close observation from Mt. Kemmel and was subjected to observed artillery fire by day and continued fire by night, inflicting daily casualties. Dickebusch Sector, Belgium, August 21 to 30, 1918 (vicinity of Dickebusch Lake). This action consisted of holding the front line, repelling raids, making raids and patrols, being under continual artillery and machine gun fire, with perfect observation from enemy position on Mont Kemmel.

Hindenburg Line (vicinity of Bony) France, September 29-30, 1918. The Allied staffs had in their possession a book describing "Hindy" and it boasted that this portion was the most dangerous and hopeless for the attacker. It was indeed formidable, but the volume in describing its construction and technical points, omitted to tell of the traps, mines, and secret tunnels which proved fiendishly destructive when the advance began. The outer defense system consisted of several lines of trenches, protected by mazes of wire. There were three fortified strong points, The Knoll, Quinnemont Farm, and Guillemont Farm; light machine guns, minnewefer of all sizes, anti-tank guns, and concealed field pieces everywhere. In this battle, although the enemy employed every form of highly specialized machinery, the line was broken. After two weeks of rest back of the advancing battlefront, we were again in the front line. The enemy reached the La Selle River after ten days pursuit. The Huns took prepared positions there, and made ready for a desperate resistance battle.

La Selle River (vicinity of St. Souplet), France, October 17, 1918. All the bridges had been destroyed by the enemy but the Engineers advancing just back of the first wave of Infantry succeeded in constructing new ones in a remarkably short time. While trying to cross the River Selle, I was wounded in the left arm and leg, caused by a shell exploding about thirty yards from where I was. They sent me to American Base Hospital at Rouen, France. Two days later they sent me to Alexandra Hospital, Cosham (a suburb of Portsmouth). A month later they sent me to a British Red Cross Hospital at Fareham. I was there a

CONRAD J. MEIER

ANDREW J. MEYER

W. H. MEYER

PHILIP C. MORCH, JR.

month, and then went to Winchester (American Casual Camp). From there I went to La Havre, France. Stayed there two days awaiting transportation back to my Company, which was stationed at Zuppe, France. Was there three months; and on February 20, 1919, we received the best news in our young lives, that we were going back to New York. We left Brest February 26, 1919, and came back on the *Leviathan*. We were up at Camp Merritt until the Welcome Home Parade, March 25; and after the parade we went to Camp Upton, where we received our discharge on April 2, 1919.

## WALTER H. MEYER

*Born at Newark, N. J., June 2, 1890.*
*Attended Bergen Street Public School and Business College of that City.*

UPON receiving my orders I went to Camp Meade, Md., situated between Baltimore and Washington. I was assigned to Company B, 72nd Infantry, and made a Corporal October 7, 1918. My Regiment was the 11th, or Lafayette Division, so named in honor of Lafayette. At the time of the signing of the Armistice our Regiment was ready and fully equipped for service Overseas. I found the training at the Camp very severe. We had eight hours drill a day, including long hikes under heavy marching order. I found the gas drill experiences very interesting: Some forty-five men were detailed at a time to enter a room with their gas-masks adjusted. The room was heavily charged with chlorine gas. A device inside the mask clamped the nostrils tight, which necessitated breathing through the mouth. An order having been given to release the clamp, an admission of saturated chlorine air entered the mask, after which the clamp was replaced and the mask again tightly readjusted. This experience was to allow the men to recognize chlorine gas quickly. After this experience we walked out of the room in single file, keeping apart from each other as much as possible, in order that any gas

brought out in the clothing of the men would not affect them. Breathing was through a tube, connected with a tin canister containing chemicals which neutralize Chlorine gas, a valve automatically closing and opening as the breath was inhaled or exhaled. Six seconds were allowed for removing the steel helmet and the adjustment of the mask.

Upon receiving my discharge I returned to the service of the Hanover National Bank.

## PHILIP C. MORCH, JR.

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., November* 13, 1893.
*Attended Public Schools.*

EMPLOYED by the Hanover Bank until May 25, 1918, when I entered the U. S. Army and went to Camp Upton May 29 for three weeks' training. Transferred later to Camp Johnson in the Quartermaster Corps. October 8, 1918, promoted to Top Sergeant and had charge of one of the offices with a clerical force of twenty men. After four weeks I received further promotion to the Students' Company No. 2 at the Officers' Training School, where I studied for a commission as Lieutenant.

[Mr. Morch's story is incomplete owing to his absence.]

## HARRY NUSS

*Born at Jersey City, N. J., September* 2, 1891.
*Attended Public School.*

LEFT the employ of the Hanover National Bank to enlist on July 19, 1917, and was sent to Training Station at Tarrytown, New York. October 17, 1917, shipped aboard the *U. S. S. Aeolus* in the transport service. We made two trial trips during November and on the 26th of that month sailed on our first trip across. November 29 (Thanksgiving Day) we ran into a heavy storm, and being for the most part a crew of "boots," there was quite a bit of seasickness. I wasn't exactly seasick, but I never

had the same sort of feeling as when I stood on firm ground. I was put on watch in the crow's nest and stood four hours on, with a relief for four hours. During the day, while off watch, we had to turn to. I knew what real hardship was on that trip. After a few trips we shipped a larger crew and had more time off between watches. That Thanksgiving night we had early chow, but the lights went out before we were through eating. Lights were always put out a short time after sunset. The mess cooks being seasick left everything standing, and that night when it began to get rough and the ship started rolling, everything started moving. With just a couple of dim blue lights to light up our quarters, I had spread my hammock on the deck and prepared to get a few hours sleep before going on watch, when things began to happen. First, a pot of spaghetti, left over from supper, started across the deck and turned over, spilling its contents all over. Then the mess-gear lockers turned over, spreading cups, bowls and plates free to roll on their noisy way. Then the victrola records, ditty-boxes, buckets, sea-chests, benches and tables joined the melée. Water from the waves, breaking over the forecastle, came down the ventilators and made matters worse. From my position on the deck I kept a table away from me with one leg, while I held on to a pipe which was conveniently near, until it came time to go on watch. We secured everything in the morning, and things were quieter while the storm lasted, which was three days. On the eleventh day we sighted our convoy, which consisted of twelve destroyers. The cruiser and destroyer that had convoyed us up to that point then turned back for the States. In the after trips we sometimes had only a cruiser, and sometimes a battleship. On the fourteenth day we sighted land, and when we docked at St. Nazaire it surely was a relief to the crew, who with the heavy watches, work and rough weather, had not had the time to wash clothes or even take a bath.

We spent Christmas at St. Nazaire. Had boat races during the day and gave a Christmas dinner to one hundred and fifty French kids. At night we had a smoker and enjoyed ourselves quite some. We arrived back in the States January 10, 1918, hitting Newport News, Va., for coal and then continuing to

New York, where we loaded stores and troops and left again for France on February 1. From the second until the seventh trip we hit Brest each time. Made our second trip in twenty-nine days, and started on our third trip March 15. At nine o'clock on the third night out, while attempting to get out of the way of the Sibony, who had jammed her rudder and headed for us, we rammed the *Huron* amidships, smashing her up quite some and rolling back our bow plates, leaving a hole three feet wide from forecastle to the water-line. General quarters was sounded and all went to their Abandon Ship stations. Lights were turned on, and after the damage was ascertained both ships went back to New York and dry-dock. After six weeks in dry-dock we started our rush trips, staying in France about two or three days, and five or six in the States. On our fifth trip back to the States, when about four hours out from Brest, a destroyer dropped two "ash cans" on a submarine astern of us, making one less that we had to contend with. During the submarine campaign in our waters, about 5:30 A. M. one morning, when only three days out from the States, General Quarters was sounded and all hands hustled out of their hammocks to their stations. The crew had just reached their stations when the starboard fore and aft guns opened fire. After firing three rounds apiece, the guns ceased firing, and we all wondered whether it was a false alarm or not. After waiting about five minutes we were beginning to feel disappointed (we used to actually pray for a submarine to show up and give us a bit of excitement) when all of a sudden a periscope flashed through the water about 4000 yards on the starboard quarter. Our guns immediately opened fire and the periscope disappeared, while we maneuvered out of position and put on full speed. The same day we received a wireless call for help from the oil tanker *Jennings* which was being shelled by a submarine off the Capes of Virginia. All hands were ordered to sleep above decks that night, and the 12–4 watch was ordered to keep a sharp lookout for survivors. We saw nothing that night, but the following day we ran into a sea of oil that spread for miles around. We had only the one encounter with a sub, but most every trip we had warnings and scares.

This past November we ran aground off St. George, Staten Island, while coming up the stream at night and were stuck there until the following evening, when tugs pulled us out of the mud. Our eighth trip we made to St. Nazaire, and the ninth and last to Basen, about ten miles from Bordeaux. We arrived in the States on December 31, spending Christmas at sea. On our way to France this last time we had a very rough trip. One night in particular seemed like a veritable nightmare. The wind was blowing a regular hurricane and the waves were mountain high. The ship was rolling at 42°, and everything that wasn't secured was rolling about the decks. It was impossible to stand up without holding on to some support. The crew was called out at nine o'clock to secure the lifeboats. The majority of them had been wrecked by the storm. The waves washed over us, breaking doors and going down the passageways and hatches. The steering gear broke and we were doing stunts until the damage was repaired. Then a fire broke out in the after-hold, and the biggest part of the night was gone before we turned in. When we reached port we were a pretty well battered ship and crew.

I was a first class seaman, and worked on deck up to three months ago, when I was placed as "striker" to a gunner's mate. Had charge of a five-inch gun, a one pounder and a magazine; also helped on the mine sweeping apparatus. At the end of March will be rated Third Class Gunner's Mate, if I'm still on this ship. I have made 15 full trips.

I received my discharge from the service September 20, 1919, and re-entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank.

## GUSTAVE E. OHLANDER

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., March* 17, 1891.
*Attended Public and High Schools of that City.*

AFTER graduating from high school and spending about two years in the wholesale grocery business, I came with the Hanover National Bank in the fall of 1911. Left their employ to join

the United States Service on the 11th of October, 1917. After a brief stay of three weeks at Camp Upton, L. I., I was transferred to the 82nd Division, which was then being organized at Camp Gordon, Ga. Then followed a period of light physical training and drilling succeeded by a second period of intensive training in trench and open warfare.

In March of 1918 the Division was given its final inspections by Washington officials and pronounced to be in readiness for service overseas, so on April 11 we started north for embarkation to France. On April 25 we set sail from New York on the good ship *Keyber*, an English freighter which had been turned into a troop transport. The twelve-day voyage was *endured* surprisingly well by all, except of course the usual percentage of unfortunates who succumbed to the inclination of seasickness. Life preservers were worn at all times and constant watch was kept for U-boats, which were sighted upon one occasion only and then evidently scared away or destroyed by depth charges fired by several of the transports and destroyers in the convoy.

On May 8 we landed at Liverpool, England, and entrained for Camp Wendell Downs, Winchester, England. A few days later we had the honor of visiting London and being reviewed by his Majesty, King George V; later being entertained at luncheon by a detachment of British troops.

The following night we crossed the Channel and landed at La Havre, France. Two months of intensive training under the supervision of English and French experts followed, until the night of June 25, when under the cover of darkness, we took over the front lines in the Lagney sector. Here we got our first experiences in real trench life with a real enemy in front of us and real shells whistling through the air, occasionally bursting uncomfortably close to us.

In August we moved to the Marbache sector, where we took part in the great St. Mihiel Drive which started September 12. About a week later we were taken by auto trucks to the Argonne Forest where the Big Drive started September 25. Our Division was placed in reserve for the whole First Army, but by October 1 we were on the move towards the Front, where we took up our

position on the night of October 7. The succeeding twenty-five days were filled with hardships and dangers that called for sacrifices and deeds of heroism from every man, a large number making the supreme sacrifice. Under constant artillery and machine-gun fire day and night we pushed ahead for seventeen kilometers, until finally relieved on November 3. I had the misfortune myself of having been taken sick and sent to the hospital a few days previous.

On March 16, 1919, at six P. M. the *U. S. S. George Washington* steamed out of the harbor of Brest, heading directly for the setting sun, while the ship's band played "Homeward Bound." Incidentally, I was one of the fortunate ones on board, being a member of a Casualty Company. After a most delightful trip we sighted "God's Own Country" on the morning of March 25. Discharge from the Service followed on April 4.

(Mr. Ohlander being too modest, the Editors take the liberty of adding the following:)

"Private First Class G. E. Ohlander was cited in General Orders No. 2, Headquarters 325th Infantry, A. E. F., as follows:

1. The Regimental Commander takes pleasure in citing to the Command the following officers and enlisted men for bravery in action and devotion to duty under most trying circumstances during the Meuse-Argonne operations October 10–31, 1918:

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS GUSTAVE E. OHLANDER, COMPANY "C" — For conspicuous bravery in action near St. Juvin, France, during October 1918. He delivered messages under heavy fire with total disregard of his own personal safety.

2. The total disregard of personal safety in the performance of their duty calls for the highest praise. Their conduct under fire will ever be a source of pride to all members of the 325th Infantry.

(Signed) W. M. WHITMAN
Colonel 325th Infantry."

## ROY H. OLSEN

*Born at Escanaba, Mich., March* 7, 1897.

ENLISTED in the Aviation Corps the latter part of January, 1918, but was not called until June 1. Then ordered to report to Camp Dick, Dallas, Texas, and drilled through the intense heat for two months. Later transferred to the Aviation Ground School at the University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.

Mr. Olsen writes:

"In one week we had six examinations; i. e., wireless, engines, carburetors, ignition, airplanes, military, and I passed every one of them. The one that gets through this course has to have a good mind for retaining things, because you have to get it as you go along, and it's never repeated."

[It is regretted that Mr. Olsen not having returned, at this time, his story is incomplete.]

## EDWARD E. OSTERHOLM

*Born at Gardner, Mass., June* 2, 1891.
*Attended Grammar and High Schools; also Business College.*

ENTERED the employ of the Hanover National Bank April 1, 1917. Entered the service April 25, 1918, with the "Lightning Seventy-eighth." On April 26 I was on my way to the American training camp at Wrightstown, N. J., arriving there the same day with hundreds of other recruits. The first few days were spent in examinations, shots in the arm (as they were called) and some shots they were. Three days later I donned the American uniform and was a soldier. All the recruits arriving in Camp Dix on the 26th expected to be there for at least three or four months, but it was only three weeks, the 20th day of May, when most of us boarded a transport in New York harbor and sailed for what was called "Over There." No bands or great crowds to cheer us off, but in the early morning hours, before

HARRY NUSS

G. E. OHLANDER

ROY H. OLSON

EDWARD OSTERHOLM

people were thinking about getting up, we were marched aboard transports. While passing down the harbor we were kept off the decks and the last I saw, as we were told that we could come up on deck, was Coney Island in the distance.

Sixteen days later, June 5, we landed in England. If everybody felt as I did, to set foot on dry land once more, I can say we were a happy crowd. On the way over, on June 2, we had two submarine attacks, but they were driven off both times by English destroyers, without any damage to us.

On June 11 my regiment, the 309th, was marching up the sand dunes behind Calais. We stayed here for only a few days rest, but oh! such a restless camp it was, for every night that place was mercilessly bombed. We saw enough of show right here to know that there was a war going on; and a few days later we were moved behind Arras to receive our training within sound of the big guns. Here again the Germans air-raided us every night that it was clear, and many men that have seen some of the hardest fighting will tell you that these air raids near St. Pol and the railhead at Tinques were the worst feature of the war. This chaos of death and noise in the darkness, when you stand defenseless, is a mean situation.

August 19 we received orders to move to another sector, this time an American sector. The Arras front was held by English and Australians. We felt as if we were going home, to think we were to be with other Americans, and best of all to get American rations. I believe we thought about the eats more than anything else, for we were good and tired of English chow. We detrained after three days' travel in French pullmans (box cars) at a place called Vitry, and here received more extensive training of the sort that made you welcome the end of the day when you could rest. We knew something was coming off soon, and it was not long in coming. On September 9 and 10 we began to move forward, and passed through Jeanne D'Arc's country, Neufchateau, and on to Toul. After that the real thing began. We climbed into French lorries and were rolled along toward the front.

You all know what happened on September 12. That was the

day of the first American offensive at St. Mihiel. That night we hiked through rain and mud, and some mud there was, for it had then been raining almost continually for a week. Occasionally some one would stumble and fall; all you could hear would be a splash and some one cursing the one who started the old war. That was the time the boys missed their homes back in the good old United States if they ever did.

Our division arrived on the hills behind the lines to see the "kick off" of that fight. We could see the flashes of the guns, the greatest roar of artillery that had ever been let off in France. Then we crept up as the line advanced, and I never knew how dark it could be until then. It was raining and we could have no fires and no hot food. In the black hours before dawn of September 14 we crawled forward and took the line, relieving the Fifty Division in the sector from Xammes to Jaulny and Thiaucourt. We held these lines from September 14 to October 5, which is a long stretch under any conditions. It was here near Jaulny that Oscar Swanson, my dear friend and also a friend of many of the boys of the Hanover National Bank, was killed by a high explosive shell. After October 5 followed some memorable nights. Thoroughly tired out and strained with our first vigorous experience in the line; dirty, exhausted with lack of rest, and with long spells without hot food, we started a forced march of fifty miles through the mud, in the cold rain and black darkness across the base of St. Mihiel toward the Argonne.

From October 10 to 15, we were in reserve behind Grandpré. October 15 we took over the line from the 77th Division, and our front line extended from Grandpré to St. Juvin. Here "hell broke loose" (as we called it) and there was something doing every minute. It was here where we smashed the pivot of Grandpré and the Bois des Loges, and then the Hun ran. From then on it became a chase. The final blow north of Grandpré was delivered on November 1, and before the dawn of the 3d, the Germans seeing the game was up, turned and headed for Germany. Without rest, without food, without blankets, we doughboys picked up and dashed after for twenty-four kilometers before being relieved on the 6th by the 42nd Division.

The 42nd Division had a hard time catching up to us, and the event is referred to as the time the "Rainbow caught the Lightning." We had reached the town of Tannay, and this place is called "Finis la Guerre" for the 78th. We did not know then, however, that it was finis. We only knew that we had given the Hun a good drubbing, and that we were going back for a much needed rest and something to eat. Food is the one thing we were all looking for, and the cry "When do we eat?" became old. We trudged down the road through Briquenay and those who saw us will never forget. We were so tired that we staggered rather than walked. Our eyes were dazed; our uniforms torn and wet, caked to the shoulders with mud; and we all needed a first-class shave and haircut. And while we marched the rain kept up, the mud splashed, the guns rumbled; but nothing mattered — we were going back to rest.

A few days later the war was over, although it was a long time before it finally dawned on most of us that anything like that could have happened. Not until we reached St. Menehould on November 12 did we get the straight dope about the Armistice having been signed. From St. Menehould we boarded a train and were taken down to the picturesque country of France, Côte d'Or, west of Dijon, where we spent six months cleaning up and preparing for the homeward journey.

On the first of May, 1919, we left this part of France for Bordeaux, the port of embarkation, when we were sent home as the ships came and were available. We are now all back, and glad to be in "God's Country" once more, having finished a good job well done.

## WILLIAM PORKLAB

*Born at New York City, March 5, 1895.*
*Attended Public Schools of Maspeth, N. Y. and Newtown High School of Elmhurst, N. Y.*

DURING the school vacation periods I experienced working in a glass factory, a rope factory; worked as stock clerk for

the International Publicity Company, New York; and as stenographer for Newman Gould (salesman), 346 Broadway, New York. After completing my high school education I filed an application with the Hanover National Bank, and was assigned to duty as runner.

Of all outdoor sports I have taken to baseball as the favorite. In the year 1916 I pitched twenty-one games of baseball and won the first eighteen games, losing the last three.

I was called to the colors on September 23, 1917. My military career commenced in Camp Upton, L. I. While there, I was transferred to different Infantry Companies, finally remaining with Company I, 308th Infantry, 77th Division. During my stay at Camp Upton, I took a great deal of interest in military work, as I wished to make some sort of an impression in the new army. Shortly after my assignment to this Company, I was appointed Acting Corporal in the 4th Platoon, but only remained with this Company about one month and a half; then was ordered to proceed to Fort Jay, N. Y., for immediate overseas duty; and there was placed in what was called a Casual Camp, which I, as well as others, interpreted to mean that those who were placed at this camp were subject to orders to go wherever assigned; in other words, did not belong to any special organization.

I did not experience much excitement while at Fort Jay. While awaiting orders to sail for France, we were kept on the job, doing Guard Duty. I did not make much of a guard the first time I was given the "swell job," as a prisoner managed to get away from a group that I was guarding. I was reprimanded by a Captain, whose name I do not now recall, who threatened that if the prisoner was not found, I would have to serve that prisoner's term, which I understood ranged from five to fifteen years, but cannot rely on the truth of the statement. Thereafter my mind was made up that I would be more careful.

On December 2, 1917, we were ordered to France. We boarded the *U. S. S. George Washington*, December 3, 1917. There were about five thousand colored troops and about two thousand white troops on this ship that day. It was the first trip this ship or

transport was to make to Europe, after being taken from the German Government, and we were honored in this respect. Some time late that night the good ship steamed out of the harbor. We sailed out secretly, and very few knew what time we left port. My desire was to see New York once more, before sailing for France, but that desire was not satisfied, as we faced nothing but water the following morning. Another troop-ship, the *Huron*, accompanied us. A torpedo boat and the battle cruiser *Montana* convoyed. The voyage was very pleasant for two days, until we approached a storm which lasted three days, the result being that most of the boys were sea-sick. A Hoover sign "Save food and win the war" would have been superfluous that day. After the storm, the ocean remained calm for about two weeks, until the Bay of Biscay was reached; then we experienced a good shake-up for almost a week. Three engineer soldiers (white) while doing guard duty during the storm were washed overboard. I understood also that one soldier was washed overboard and washed back on deck. The lifeboats were destroyed; and then it was rumored that the *George Washington* was reported as sunk by another transport that found one of the lifeboats. One day the crews on the boat had target practice and we were amazed as well as startled when we heard the first crash go "bang." At first we thought that a torpedo had struck the ship, but soon found out that the gunners were getting ready to give Fritz a good hot time if he appeared out of the water. The following day we were in the danger zone.

On the night of December 6 we disembarked at Brest, making twenty-three days in all on water. I felt in perfect health throughout the entire trip, but as soon as I got off the boat had an attack of grippe. At 10:30 o'clock on the night of December 20 we were placed in a warehouse for a night's rest. I could not sleep that night because I was very sick, but did get a good laugh when I observed the boys sleeping on the tops of bags of sugar which were stacked in piles fifteen feet high, imagining what would happen if they fell while asleep. The next morning we were all classified according to our occupations, and were given orders to proceed to different destinations, mine being Is-sur-Telle,

France. There were seventeen others besides me, who were also given orders to proceed to this town. We were given seven days' rations, which consisted of hardtack, corned beef, tomatoes (canned), and jam. The next move we had to make was to climb about one hundred and fifty stone steps in order to reach the railroad station. It was a peculiar sight to see us all climbing up the stairway with packs on our backs, and in addition to this load to have both arms strewn with seven days' rations. After the climb and a considerable hike, we reached the railroad station. I was very much amused by the type of a French engine, as well as their trains. The engine particularly appeared to me like a big boiler with a spool on top. The whistle was of a high pitch and sounded very peculiar. My amusement that day can be described best by mentioning that I felt as if I were in the steeplechase at Coney Island. We were placed in the famous box cars and almost enjoyed the seven day and night ride to reach the destination. While riding through the French towns and villages I was very much moved to see nearly all the women dressed in black, and the absence of young men. All that could be seen were little children, women and old men. The people were then on the verge of starvation. I felt very sorry for the little boys and girls as they looked so hungry, so gave them some of my army rations as we stopped at the different railroad stations. I did not eat much myself, being sick at the time, so thought the food would be much more appreciated by hungry mouths. I shall never forget the sight presented when I saw the way those children ate what I had given them. The women thanked us many times and, in my estimation, we felt big in their eyes.

On December 30, about 10:30 P. M., we reached our destination, where an American officer directed us to the French barracks. It was snowing very hard that night. I heard singing, and soon learned that it was the French soldiers. We entered the barracks and there saw young French soldiers singing the song called "Madelon." One French soldier sang the introductory part of the song, while the rest joined in the chorus. They all had flowers stuck on their helmets, but I do not know what kind of flower

it could have been for that time of the year. They were all very cheerful, especially for a bunch of troops who knew they were leaving for the Front that very night. Suddenly a sharp command was given, and all the soldiers ceased singing, grasped their packs, went out and left the place in silence. I was really surprised to see all this cheerfulness after considering the length of time France had been at war. After the departure of the French soldiers, we were given orders to proceed to a billet located about a mile from the French barracks just described. Again we put on our packs and hiked for the billet. It was then 11:30 P. M. As soon as we arrived, the sergeant in charge of this particular billet was instructed to prepare coffee and some bread for us. Not one will ever forget the hot coffee given that night, as it was the first warm drink we had taken for seven days, and we felt as if new life had been given us. The same night we were told to go to the stable nearby and get straw for ourselves to prepare a bed on the stone floor. We all did this that night, and appreciated a first decent night's sleep, even on a stone floor, for we were not disturbed when asleep to change for trains.

The following day we reported for duty. I was assigned to duty as stenographer to Captain Kidwell, with Q. M. C. Detachment, A. P. O., No. 712, A. E. F., Is-Sur-Telle. About four months later I was ordered to report to the Property Officer for duty. My work with this officer was similar to that of secretary. About September 22 I received my warrant promoting me to the rank of Corporal in the Quartermaster Corps. It is very difficult for me to give a description of what my duties consisted and to talk of the things I have done, so instead of devoting space to a delineation of myself, I furnish a description of what was done by all, and the writer as one of the members that helped:

Just a few years ago, if you or I had made a tour of France there would have been a possibility that we would have stopped for a few minutes in the quaint little village of Is-sur-Telle, and on looking around would have noticed that it was surrounded by some of the most beautiful hills that you have ever looked upon, and by a little closer observation would have noticed that running almost through the little village are the most beautiful little

streams, trickling and splashing over stones and pebbles on into the great unknown, never to return again. Until about four years ago this little village had a population of 2000, and was scarcely known to the general public; but at the call of the bugle for Democracy its population diminished, until it had a little less than 1000 inhabitants. When the United States declared war upon Germany, Is-sur-Telle was just a few miles in the rear of the Front Line trenches, and it was here that the American Expeditionary Forces started to build up one of the largest Advance Depots in France, in which several branches of the service were represented, the first being that of the Quartermaster. The construction of the Advance Quartermaster Depot No. 1 (Service of Supplies) here began. The first United States soldiers were assigned to duty here a year ago. They slept in their "pup tents" through all kinds of very disagreeable weather until barracks were built for their comfort. In November, 1917, the strenuous work of constructing the many large warehouses began. Trainload after trainload of construction material and supplies of all kinds arrived in large quantities, until this depot became the largest in the world. Company after company of soldiers were sent here almost incessantly, until the population reached 20,000 instead of the little handful of soldiers that were here when we first came. It was through the good work and coöperation of all that it was possible for this depot to feed and supply the whole American Army at the Front. The Depot was kept running day and night, with both day and night shifts, which kept fifteen trainloads of supplies of all kinds moving daily to the forces at the Front, to be distributed along the different railheads, where they were immediately delivered to the various divisions and organizations that were located just behind the lines. By dynamiting incessantly the rocky hills a railroad yard was built that has no equal, and the tracks alone, if assembled into one straight track, would cover a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. There are two tracks running between the different strings of warehouses, which make it possible to load and unload from both sides of the warehouses simultaneously, making the system almost automatic. The main office at the Depot,

where the "Paper Work" was carried on and run similar to that of any large corporation, was composed of seven different branches, made up as follows: The Record Branch (Personnel, Records, etc); Finance (Purchases); Subsistence Branch (Rations and Supplies; Property (Clothing, etc.); Transportation Branch (Moving of trains, etc.); Wood Supply Branch and Statistical Branch (Re-checking, classifying, filing). Each of these branches was supported and run by sixty to seventy enlisted men, and six to ten officers (Finance excepted).

The several other depots were Air Service Depot No. 1; Advance Engineer Depot No. 1; Advance Medical Depot No. 1; Advance Ordnance Depot No. 1; Advance Signal Corps Depot No. 1; and the Chemical War Service Depot No. 1. In addition to these, eight Anti-aircraft Batteries were stationed on the hills ready for action from hostile planes. These Depots were just as essential as the Quartermaster's Depot for the comfort and welfare of the forces at the Front. There were quite a number of other valuable assets among which was the largest bakery in the world, a very important factor, as there were consumed per month 51,000,000 pounds of flour, turning out each day 1,500,000 loaves of bread. All this made up Camp Williams, with much more to add — the two Y. M. C. A. buildings, the Knights of Columbus, and the Washington-Lafayette Masonic Club, each furnishing entertainment, writing rooms, canteen service and diversions.

On my second leave I had a wonderful time climbing mountains. The French Alps are in this section; in fact, I understand Allevard-les-Bains to be in the heart of the French Alps. Two American soldiers and I took a long hike, halting at noon-time at a restaurant for a bite to eat. As I entered the restaurant I asked in broken French whether we could obtain something to eat, and the answer to my inquiry, in well spoken English was: "This is the place." It was an old English woman who replied, and we were very much surprised to have this kind of answer as a greeting. There was another old woman there also who came from Alsace. She was very much delighted in meeting American soldiers because (as she remarked) they meant so much to her.

The eats were plentiful, and while we were eating we carried on a conversation with the old English woman, who informed us that she was visiting France when the war broke out but was afraid to return to England on account of the submarines which she feared very much, so decided to remain in this remote spot until perfectly sure that she could go back home in safety. She knew France well, and gave us a lot of historical information in connection with this leave area. She also remarked that we Americans were generous and kind, and that we always carried good things in our pockets. Whenever we were out on a hike, we managed to carry some chocolate and cigarettes, which we gave to the children, old men and women. My heart was with the old men and women, whom I respected very much. I also had sympathy for the youngsters. The Americans are looked upon as an ideal class, and the French people invite hospitality to extremes. They can't do enough to make one feel at home. The scenery is wonderful. We were placed in the best hotels available and we had the Y. M. C. A. nearby to entertain us, making us feel like kings for seven days. I have seen a number of the large cities of France and feel that I know more about them (I am ashamed to say) than our own United States.

There were three from our family in France, and all living. Isn't that great? My oldest brother, whom I had not seen for a year and a half, called on me a few days before my leave. He was in the Argonne fight, where he was wounded in the right arm by a piece of shrapnel. After a three months' stay in the hospital, he was classified in "B" class, but he insisted on being classified as "A," so came back to his outfit.

On January 1, 1919, I was again presented with another warrant, promoting me to Sergeant. About May 6, 1919, I left St. Nazaire, France, for the U. S. A., arriving at Newport News. Discharged June 3, 1919, thus ending my service with Uncle Sam as a member of the A. E. F.

WILLIAM PORKLAB

CHARLES PROCTOR

JAMES PURCELL

G. L. PY, JR.

## CHARLES FRED PROCTOR

*Born at New York City, September 9, 1894.*
*Attended Public School No. 11; Newtown High School and American Institute of Banking.*

### NAVY LIFE IN AN OFFICE

AFTER hearing of great stories of seaman life on board the United States transports, of the health, ruggedness and vast experiences obtained while in the service, I decided to be a sailor. So with the help of a sailor friend, who had seen foreign service, I was enlisted in the Naval Reserve Force and given a rating as Second Class seaman. My enlistment card bore the inscription "Eligible for Sea Duty," but it seems that they reconsidered the matter and made it "Cost Inspection work."

After a week of expectations at home I received my orders to go to the Lang Products Company, Whitestone, L. I. At this plant they manufactured aeroplane propellers, and being a Navy contract had to be inspected by naval aviation men and sailors, such as myself. I was placed in the office with seven other sailors to do Cost Inspection work. This proved quite contrary to my anticipation; going to an office instead of a boat, handling the pen instead of the mop, tossing ledgers instead of the sails, and the nearest I got to water was the water-cooler.

People who think that the navy life is rough make a big mistake; at least, so it was in my case. Our hours were from nine A. M. to five P. M., after which we were allowed to go home, or wherever we pleased; in fact, we had the same privileges as any other office man, with the exception of drawing a large salary. Our pay was only $35.90 per month; so you can easily imagine why a sailor is thrifty. Nevertheless, we had entertainments and dances at Flushing, given by benevolent war workers, at which we had no expense, especially the War Camp Community Service, which had a Canteen at Flushing. This, I understand, was the most beautiful place of its kind in the United States. Here we could get meals at cost, and free dances Wednesday and Friday nights.

We had no dangerous experiences or thrilling events to relate outside of our fight to be released from the Service after the Armistice was signed. Getting in the Navy was easy enough, but getting out was a hard job. One day to enter the service and four months to get out.

## JAMES PURCELL

*Born at Tremont, Pa., in* 1888.
*Attended Public and High Schools; also Business College of Tremont, Pa.*

I ENLISTED on the 13th of April, 1918, and shortly thereafter I was transferred to the *U. S. S. Frank H. Buck*, on which ship I served until I was discharged. I made six trips to the British Isles, carrying oil to our destroyers and battleships at Queenstown, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Firth of Forth, Scapa Flow, etc. We encountered and sunk a submarine in mid-ocean on September 1, 1918, after a battle lasting half an hour, during which time over ninety shots were exchanged. The submarine was one of Germany's biggest under-sea boats, carrying two six-inch guns. I believe we were the only merchant ship to get a submarine, although I am not positive about this; but I have inquired and no one seems to know of another ship having a battle with a sub such as we had. Our Gunner's Mate was an old Navy man, who had put about sixteen years in the service, and I do not know what we would have done without him, as most of our officers were men who had never been on a ship before the war broke out. Of course our Captain was an old "sea dog," having been Captain of the ship before she was taken over by the Government.

I will endeavor to describe the engagement: We were returning light from a French port, after having carried a cargo. It was a Sunday morning, September 1, 1918, about 8:30 o'clock when the alarm for General Quarters was sounded. We all had our positions to go to, these having been assigned to us on our first trip, and we had been drilled in them every day, so that every

man was in his place inside of a minute. At first nearly everyone thought it was only a drill, until we heard the Captain say: "There she is," about fourteen hundred yards away, and giving orders to fire on her at that same time. But before our gunners were in place and had the distance, they fired two shots at us, both of them falling about four hundred yards away and turning up the water. We fired several times at her with our forward three-inch gun, but could not reach her, while the shots from the submarine were coming closer to us. We then turned so that our after six-inch gun could be brought into action, and from then on it was a question of which would be the first to get the other. By this time the shots from the submarine were falling all around us as they had two six-inch guns to our one. However, our ammunition gangs and guns crew were banging away as fast as it was possible to do. We could see the flashes of their guns and hear their shells sing from the time they left their guns until they dropped about us. They had our range all right and several of the shells came within ten feet of us, in fact, pieces of them were picked up all over the deck. I suppose we were coming just as close to them and we could see our shells kick up the water all around them and wondered why we couldn't hit them, but at such a distance, it was pretty hard to judge just how close you came, as the submarine only appeared to be a few feet long at such a distance, as we were getting farther apart all the time. However, the officers and Chief Gunner's mate all had glasses and kept us advised as to our progress, and when we registered a hit on our twenty-ninth shot from the six-inch gun, we did not need to be told by the officers, as the Chief Gunner's mate almost broke his neck by jumping out of a box we had rigged up above the gun platform for him to direct the guns crew, and the old skipper was so elated that he jumped around like a kid with a new toy. They fired again and the next shot was also a hit and that was the last we saw of the submarine.

## GEORGE L. PY, JR.

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., May 7, 1890.*
*Attended Boys' High School and New York University School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance.*

ON NOVEMBER 26, 1917, I enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force as yeoman, 2nd Class, being detailed to the Disbursing Office, Navy Yard, Brooklyn; later qualifying for Naval Officers' Material School, Princeton, N. J., and secured a commission as Ensign, Pay Corps, U. S. N. R. F. We were under strictly military discipline, on the go most every moment. The day was divided into four periods for instruction and lectures; the fifth period, from 8:00 to 9:45 P. M. for study in classrooms. Not being accustomed to any drilling exercises, my limbs felt a bit sore, but I looked forward to that wearing off in the course of time, so that I might graduate from the "rookie squad." We were quartered in the Graduate College, Cleveland Memorial Building, Princeton, N. J.; also our Mess Hall and Class Rooms were situated in the same building. There was plenty of work for us, and every opportunity we have had was put into study, the course covering a period of two months, which usually at Annapolis is from six to eight months. I was temporarily stationed at Norfolk, and from there received my release from active duty, subject to the call of the Government. I then resumed my duties in auditing.

## NORMAN RANDELL

*Born at Lochee, Scotland, July 31, 1895.*
*Attended Grammar and High Schools of Needham, Massachusetts.*

WHILE in the employ of the Hanover National Bank I enlisted May 22, 1917, in Company K, 1st New Jersey Infantry. Moved to Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala., where our regiment became the 113th Infantry. October 5, 1917, Company K was

NORMAN RANDELL

CONRAD RENNEMANN

SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

STEPHEN D. RODDY

transferred to the 104th Engineers and became Company D of that regiment. We left Hoboken on the *U. S. S. Northern Pacific* June 19, 1918, for France, and landed at Brest June 27. Proceeded indirectly to Uberkumen center sector, Haute-Alsace, and from there to the Meuse-Argonne front, at the time of the last big drive. From there we moved north of Verdun, and during the various movements passed through villages of Avocourt, Cumieres, Brabant and Samineux, and did duty in Bois de Cheppy "Valley of Death," at the Côtes des Roches, and in Bois de Consenvoye. Finally at Regneville we were relieved from duty and withdrew to billets in Barges and Blondefontaine.

Returned to the United States on the *U. S. S. Manchuria*, May 22, 1919. Honorably discharged May 29, 1919, at Camp Dix, N. J.

## CONRAD RENNEMANN

*Born at New York City, September 7, 1896.*
*Attended Public and High Schools, New York City.*

I ENTERED the employ of the Hanover National Bank in July, 1913. When the United States entered into the World War I enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force, May 14, 1918. After six weeks' training at the Pelham Bay Naval Training Station, I was one of the 160 men selected to go to Ellis Island Receiving Ship at New York. From there we were shipped aboard the *U. S. S. Cuyama*, an oil tanker, for further transfer to Base 17. This being all the information we received at that time, we knew not where we were bound. The following day, after we arrived aboard ship, we sailed in a convoy of fifteen other troop-ships and freighters, escorted by one American destroyer and two cruisers. It was a wonderful sight, as we sailed out of the harbor, with submarine chasers, destroyers and aeroplanes chasing hither and thither, ever keeping a watchful eye in our behalf. Except for a little rough weather, we had an uneventful trip, finally arriving in Gourock, a small town on the

west coast of Scotland, where we spent one day. We then continued our journey by rail, passing through Glasgow and Perth, to Inverness, located in the northeast coast of Scotland, on Moray Firth above Aberdeen, which we found out to be Mine Assembling Base 18, where we spent the night. The next day we were divided into ten groups, each group being assigned to various mine-laying vessels of Squadron 1, U. S. Atlantic Fleet. Together with fourteen others, I was assigned to the *U. S. S. Canonicus* (which was my future home for the duration of the war) located at Base 17, Invergordon, Scotland. Shortly after boarding the ship we were assigned to our billets below decks. The first things that greeted us upon entering the launching deck were numerous mines, tracks, turntables, winches, elevators and other gear used in planting the mines. Here we swung our hammocks, ate our chow and tried to make ourselves comfortable.

The *U. S. S. Canonicus* (formerly the *S. S. Elcid* of the Southern Pacific Line) was a single screw vessel 405 feet long, 20 feet draft, weighted 6000 tons, carried two three-inch guns, one five-inch gun, and had 21 officers and 400 men. There were three decks of mines, which were carried on tracks of steel channel bar, with the flanges placed inward. The small wheels on the mine anchor tread on the lower flange, while the upper flange prevented the mine from upsetting in heavy rolling at sea. On each side of the launching deck, which was the first deck below, were two long tracks; the same on the next lower deck, with shorter tracks in between; and a similar arrangement below. On each deck were cross tracks, with a turntable at each intersection, for the purpose of providing alternative routes for getting the mines out in case of a jam. Two launching ports were cut through the stern, about ten feet above the water, and about twenty feet of single track led from each port, forward to a switch connecting with either of the two long tracks. Six elevators were installed in the forward part of the ship to enable mines being brought up from below to the launching deck, where steam winches, which were also installed on all decks, would haul them aft to be laid in their turn. At the stern, just inside the launching ports, were mine traps, which held only one mine on a

slope, and prevented more than one going overboard at a time. At a central point, between the launching ports, the mining officer controlled the mining operations throughout the ship, by means of an electrical system of signal lights and gongs. Here he could signal any winch to stop, start or reverse. Stations were provided along the tracks so that sentries, in case of a jam or anything wrong, could signal to stop any winch and also to "walk back" or "all clear again."

With mines filling so much of our living quarters, we were very crowded most of the time. Mines were constantly at our elbows; horns and sharp corners ever ready to tear our clothes; and everywhere mine tracks or turntables, half-knee high, to trip the unwary. Our ship carried on an average of 860 mines a trip, and had the record of laying the most mines in the history of the world. At one time, in less than four hours, she laid 860 mines, one mine every 15 seconds without a break. The mine itself weighs 1400 pounds, and consists of a sphere, an anchor, two small floats, and a plummet. The two floats are attached to the mine with about fifty feet of wire, which when the mine is laid, spread out from the mine, and if any object comes in contact with them, they in turn set off the mine. The mine sphere is charged with 300 pounds of molten TNT and is secured on the anchor by means of ship hooks, so that the mine and anchor go overboard together. Attached to the sphere is a long heavy mooring cable, which is stowed in the box-like anchor. A plummet is fastened on one side of the anchor, and is used to regulate the depth at which the mine is to be laid. When mine and anchor reach the water, the plummet drops, tripping slip hooks and lifting the prawl of the mooring cable reel. The plummet cord is made the same length as it is desired to have the mine laid beneath the surface. The plummet, being solid metal, sinks faster than the bulky anchor, thus keeping the cord taut, but when the plummet strikes bottom, the cord slackens, releasing the prawl, which locks the reel. The anchor continuing to sink, draws the mine down until the anchor strikes bottom.

As soon as all the ships in the squadron were loaded with these mines, stores, coal, etc., and had the necessary repairs

made, we received our sailing orders from our flagship, the *U. S. S. San Francisco.* We then sailed out, in two columns, and under a convoy of about thirteen British destroyers, feeling fine until we hit Pentland Firth, which was very rough most of the time. Then the fun began. Things would go flying back and forth, and if any of us was not feeling in the proper condition, he would generally man the rail. Even though we felt quite seasick and tired at times, we had to stand our watches and attend to our other duties. Besides our daily routine of work, we had fire, collision, man overboard, abandon ship, and gun drills. While out at sea, we stood our different watches, four hours on and four hours off, and after coming off watch at night, we had to sleep on the deck wherever we could find a place, so that we were ready for any emergencies.

When the marker buoy is sighted, which shows where the previous mining operations were left off, General Quarters would be sounded. The men would then stop everything they were doing and go to their mining stations as quickly as possible. The squadron would then take a preliminary formation, twin ships together into a line abreast, stretching about a mile and a half long. Then after a brief steadying interval, down would come the planting signal, and overboard would go the first mine from each ship. Being one of the gun crew, I had to stand two hours as lookout on the forward gun platform, and two hours as lookout in the foretop, until mining operations were completed. This would generally last for about four hours, during which time the crew would push the mines, run the winches, hoist mines on elevators from lower decks to launching deck, signal back and forth, etc. At times we would hear a deep rumbling sound like thunder; the ship would vibrate; and upon looking to the rear of the ships, at a few miles distant, you would see big spouts of water, caused by one or more mines exploding. Quite often these mines would explode about 500 yards away from the ships, which was quite a sensation, as it made the ships vibrate so that we thought they would split in halves. Then again we had to keep a sharp lookout for floating mines, torpedoes, or submarines, because if any mine, torpedo, or well-placed enemy shot had struck any one of

us, it would have meant the destruction of the ship or probably the loss of the whole fleet, or, as our commander said: "There would not be an identification tag left of any of us."

On our last mining excursion we ran into the worst storm during my experience while mine laying. The ship pitched and rolled so that we could hardly eat or stand on our feet, and we had to hold on to anything within reach. Life-boats began to break loose, life-rafts were smashed and washed overboard, and the mines broke their lashings as if cut by a knife. When we came off watch, drenched to the skin, we had to help lash the mines, boats, etc., and occasionally drop on the deck in our wet clothes and snatch an hour or so of sleep. This kept up for a day and a night, and in the meantime we sailed around in a circle until it calmed down. Mining operations were then resumed, and as soon as completed we turned around and sailed back to our base. On our way back, we cleaned the ship, and glad were we when we could lie down and sleep for a few hours. As soon as we arrived in port, we gave the ship a thorough cleaning, washed and painted the sides and smoke-stack; made the necessary repairs; and loaded mines, stores, etc. This was kept up until the day we received the glad news of the signing of the Armistice, which was a day of rejoicing for us, as it meant our sailing back home soon to the good old U. S. A.

The mine field was 230 miles long, from 5 to 15 miles wide, contained 70,000 mines (56,580 having been laid by the American squadron) stretching from the Orkney Islands, Scotland, to the coast of Norway, and was completed in nine months. The mines were furnished by the U. S. Government; shipped over in parts, in small freighters; and assembled in our Bases 17 and 18, Inverness and Invergordon, Scotland.

On December 1, 1918, we sailed around the northern part of Scotland passing through Scapa Flow, where we reviewed the British Grand Fleet and the German High Sea Fleet, which surrendered to the Allies. We then continued our trip down through the North Channel, Irish Sea, and St. George's Channel to Portland, England, where we remained two weeks, waiting for our final orders to sail to the U. S. A. In the meantime, I went to London

on a five day furlough, visiting the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament, and other interesting places. Finally we received the glad news to sail to Newport News, Va., and after a little stormy weather in which our flagship broke down, causing us to go to Ponta Del Garda, Azores, for coal and repairs, we arrived in the States on the morning of January 3, 1919. We then unloaded mines in Yorktown, Va.; from there went into dry dock in Boston, Mass.; stripped the ship of all mining gear; turned her into a transport; and made three trips to Bordeaux, St. Nazaire, and Basseus, France, bringing home the Army Artillery Park of San Francisco; part of the 88th Division; and some casuals.

On August 4, 1919, we were all discharged or released from active duty, and I then resumed my work at the Hanover National Bank.

After all there is no place like the good old U. S. A.

## SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

*Born at Dallas, Texas, October* 17, 1891.
*Attended University of Texas, receiving the* A. B. *degree in* 1914;
*and Harvard University, receiving the* M. B. A. *degree in* 1916.

WHEN war was declared by the United States against Germany I was in the employment of the Hanover National Bank. The next month I entered the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at Harvard University, training under French Officers. In May 1917, I took the examination for entrance into the Navy, and was commissioned in the Regular Navy June 29, 1917.

After completing a three months course of instruction I was ordered to become an instructor in the Training School for Naval Reserve Officers at Washington, D. C. When this duty as an instructor was completed, I was ordered to the Navy Department, in connection with the establishment of U. S. N. Aviation Stations on the coast of France. After several months in the Navy Department on this duty I went to France and became the head of

the Material and Transportation Department of the Base for U. S. N. Aviation Forces in France. In July 1918, I was transferred to the Headquarters of U. S. N. Aviation Forces, Foreign Service, Paris, France, for duty at those Headquarters.

Approximately two months later I was ordered to the Headquarters of U. S. Naval Forces, operating in European waters, London, England. These were the headquarters of Admiral W. S. Sims, U. S. N. I remained on this duty as Lieutenant from September 1918 until several months after the Armistice.

When demobilization of U. S. Naval Headquarters at London began I was ordered to duty at the headquarters of U. S. Naval Aviation Forces in Ireland as Second Officer, in charge of the complete demobilization of U. S. N. Aviation Forces in Ireland. These Forces comprised five widely separated Naval Aviation Stations from end to end of Ireland, with Overseas shipping facilities at Queenstown and Dublin. The Headquarters were at Dublin. I remained on this duty until demobilization was completed in August 1919.

I returned to the United States in September 1919, after the completion of approximately twenty months service Overseas.

[For his services in Ireland Mr. Roberts received from the Commander of U. S. Naval Forces in Europe a citation with a letter of commendation for the manner in which he had handled affairs of the Navy. During the war he received two promotions in rank; First from the rank of Ensign to that of Lieutenant (Junior Grade); second, from Lieutenant (Junior Grade) to that of Lieutenant.]

## STEPHEN D. RODDY

*Born at Hoboken, N. J., October* 13, 1896.
*Attended Public School No. 4 and High School of that City.*

MY FIRST business experience was with the Chatham and Phoenix National Bank, with whom I was engaged for a short time, leaving them to enter the employ of the Hanover National

Bank. On May 16, 1918, I enlisted in the Quartermaster Corps of the Army, New York City; and on May 22 was sent to Fort Slocum, L. I., leaving for Camp Johnson, Fla., on June 8. From this point I was transferred to Camp Bowie, Texas. While at this Camp I was detailed for guard duty, and served also in the Finance Department. From Camp Bowie I was sent to Call Field, Texas, where I also served in the Finance Department of the Aviation Corps. Being somewhat familiar with figures, I was detailed to the statistical work of the Property and Pay Roll Division, which took up all of my time. I returned to Camp Dix and was discharged from service March 1, 1919.

## EMIL SCHMIDT

*Born at New York, N. Y., June 24, 1894.*
*Attended Grammar and High Schools.*

IN April, 1913, I entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank. May 18, 1918, I was notified that I had been called in the draft; and on May 21 I left for Fort Slocum, N. Y. After a few days' stay at Fort Slocum, I left for Camp Stuart, Newport News, Va., arriving there on May 25. The same afternoon I was sent to Norfolk, Va., to join Company K of the 48th U. S. Regular Infantry. Arriving at Norfolk I ate a good army meal and after being assigned to a tent, began thinking of the new task that lay before me. After a few weeks of training I guarded U. S. transports at Lambert's Point, Va. On June 28, I left Norfolk, Va., for Camp Hill, Va., where our regiment was mobilizing for Overseas Service. It made me feel like an old soldier, to think that soon I would be on my way across the "great pond" to take an active part in the war; but the orders were changed, and I then realized that I was still in the rookie class.

During the summer months of 1918 I was guarding warehouses at Camp Hill, Va. This being an embarkation port, a great number of supplies were stored here. On August 20 my Company was ordered to the target range for ten days. After hiking for

a half day I reached the range. I then helped to put up our tents and gather brush for covering the ground in the tents. The following day I started out to dig trenches, and as it rained most of the ten days, I was always in water and mud to my knees. I was surely glad when it was time to get back to a real camp. While on the range I qualified for sharpshooter, and was also promoted to First Class Private.

On September 21 my regiment left Camp Hill, Va., for Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C., to join the 20th Division, which was then being organized. On September 25 I was transferred to Company K of the 89th Infantry, an entirely new organization which was also part of the 20th Division. After the Armistice was signed, the different units of the Division were separated.

On January 20 I left Camp Sevier, S. C., for Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., arriving there on January 22. My Company was then assigned to Military Police duty about the City of Chattanooga and the Fort. It was the duty of the M. P.'s to prohibit the sale of liquor to uniformed men.

On February 25 I left the Fort with several others, in an effort to round up a number of bootleggers that had been operating near the Fort. I started out at daybreak, taking enough ammunition for a month's siege. We had gone through several towns, entering houses and barns, cellars, etc., but getting very little moonshine to our credit. On our return trip through the Raccoon Mountains we came across a small still that had been abandoned, and which we took along and placed on exhibition in our headquarters.

On March 2, 1919, I was placed on duty in M. P. headquarters doing clerical work, where I remained until discharged on April 23, 1919.

## RAPHAEL M. SCHMITZ

*Born at Evansville, Ind., December* 4, 1896.
*Attended Grammar School and Brooklyn Manual Training School.*

IT WAS now time to choose a career. So I decided to become an artist, but after three months I changed my mind and decided I shouldn't. Through a friend I started my career in the Hanover as a runner. As time passed I was initiated into the mysteries of Note Telling, counting Dollar Bills and making up coupons. Somewhere about this period I arrived at my eighteenth year and longed to do something that would clearly establish the fact. The National Guard offered an opportunity and I enlisted — uniform, one drill a week, Decoration Day Parade, and everything. In June of 1916 the Guard was called out for Mexican Border patrol, and there began my wanderings. Life on the Border was not uninteresting. I still cherish many recollections. I gained the knowledge that cactus was not comfortable for sitting purposes. Hiking in the full Texas sunshine was hard work. We were taught how to snap to Attention now and then. We lived in the open. Altogether I enjoyed it. In the middle of January, 1917, I returned to the Hanover National Bank with renewed enthusiasm, feeling keen after the out-of-door life. Then Germany started to make unpleasantness and again the Guard was called out. On March 31, 1917, I became a Private, First Class, once more, and shortly afterward left for Pleasantville, N. Y., where my Company was to do duty protecting part of the water supply for New York City. The people of Westchester County made toy heroes of us with the outbreak of the war, and it became quite ordinary to accept invitations to tea, little parties, automobile rides and the like. Most of us made many friendships during those months. With a tinge of regret we returned to New York in August, preparatory to our intensive training period.

The 27th Division, organized from the National Guard Units of New York State, trained at Camp Wadsworth, near Spartanburg, S. C. It was monotonous work sometimes, and not infre-

EMIL SCHMIDT

R. M. SCHMITZ

GASTON SCHREIBER

LOUIS H. SEE

quently we were discouraged. We had expected to train but a few months and then get across to France. When we did get orders for Overseas they came so suddenly that we were almost unprepared for the thing that we had looked forward to for seven months. During the major part of the time spent in Wadsworth I was a Supply Sergeant, and it will always cause me to have an unspoken sympathy for a Supply Sergeant when I see one. For a couple of months I acted as First Sergeant, another of the Army's thankless jobs. A month before sailing I was made a Platoon Sergeant and rested easier. It was my good fortune to be among those selected for an Advance Detachment, sailing a week or so ahead of the Division. When the Detachment reached France on May 18 we were sent to a Specialty School for a month. The course embodied some finishing touches to our training, more particularly the bayonet work. After that I rejoined my outfit, which was undergoing the final stages of training before entering the lines. We were with the British, carried British rifles, ate British rations and smoked British so-called "American cigarettes."

Around the middle of July I went into the lines to do observation work. I was attached to a British Sergeant for a week, getting the hang of things, how to duck 'em when they came too close and all. I became personally acquainted with cooties also. Arriving back with my company, I endeavored to give the impression of one who had seen many things beyond the scope of the ordinary soldier — but not for long.

Our Battalion entered the lines around the last week of July and was initiated into trench life. On July 28 I was sent to an Officers' Training School and had to bid farewell to the fellows that I had gotten to know so intimately through many months. Perhaps it is Divisional pride that makes me feel that no other outfit can measure up to the 27th.

After two months of work and study I emerged a Second Lieutenant, more popularly known as a "Shave Tail." A few days later I was briefly introduced to my Platoon, under cover of darkness and the woods, and we were on our way to the lines. It was a quiet sector for green troops (I was now with the 88th Division).

However, we found a few thrills and a few prisoners. Toward the end of October we moved back to prepare for what later became known as the Metz Drive, which was started on November 10. At that time we were in Reserve and were traveling extremely light, even in rations. Then came the Armistice on November 11, 1919. We tried hard to believe it when first we heard the news, for it seemed a bit too much.

Following the Armistice we settled down in a battered hamlet and fitted up what few things we could for our comfort. Firewood was easily accessible from the nearby wire entanglements. We policed up the battlefields nearby, left-overs from the St. Mihiel advance. Having concluded that work we hiked for three days to the Gondecourt Area for the winter. Here, in many problems, we won over again the war just finished, despite the weather which became our real enemy. Every opportunity for sightseeing was seized, and most of us became fairly well acquainted with France. In March I secured my transfer to the 82nd Division, which was scheduled to sail for home in April, 1919. The Division was billeted near Bordeaux, so for several weeks I lived in the vineyard of France.

As time passes the disagreeable incidents of life in the Army lose all unpleasantness. We like to recall the hikes that seemed unending at the time; the days when the mess was scarce; the close calls we had; that "fool officer whom nobody liked." My time in the Army has provided me with a fund of recollection which, if for no other reason, may prove valuable when I have to draw upon them to tell the stories my grandchildren will expect.

## GASTON SCHREIBER

*Born at Vienna, Austria, May* 16, 1890.
*Attended Public and High Schools* (*coming to this country at the age of five*).

FOR a short time I was in the employ of the Bank of Commerce, leaving that institution to associate myself with the Hanover National Bank. August 5, 1907, I enlisted in the First Battery Field Artillery of the old New York National Guard, and my first Captain was John J. O'Ryan. On February 22, 1915, the name of our battery was changed to Battery E, First Field Artillery, and on August 5, 1916, it was drafted into Federal Service and sent to the Mexican Border. During my uninterrupted term of eleven years in the Service I have held respectively the positions of Private, Corporal, Sergeant, and Top Sergeant of my Battery. At the time of declaration of war with Germany officers were given the opportunity to enter Officers' Training Camp, with the object of securing a Commission. I preferred, however, to remain with my regiment and was promoted to Second Lieutenant on December 1, 1917. I left for France with my regiment, now the 104th U. S. Field Artillery, early in July, 1918. We were on the firing line during the Big Drive and furious battles preceding the signing of the Armistice.

[Mr. Schreiber continued in the Service, upon his return to the United States.]

## AUGUST H. SCHROEDER

*Born at Maspeth, L. I., N. Y., March* 2, 1896.

IN JULY 4, 1916, I enlisted in the 23rd Regiment of Brooklyn and served on the Mexican Border, from which I returned as Corporal of my Company. When war with Germany was declared I was called to the Colors, and after a few months' service

was made Sergeant. On May 30, 1918, was selected from my Company as a candidate for the Plattsburg Training Camp, where I received my commission as a Second Lieutenant. The following August I was made First Lieutenant. On August 29 went to Camp Upton, where my duties consisted in equipping and drilling men for overseas service. I was three times slated to go across, but fate turned me back to Camp Upton each time.

## LOUIS HENRY SEE

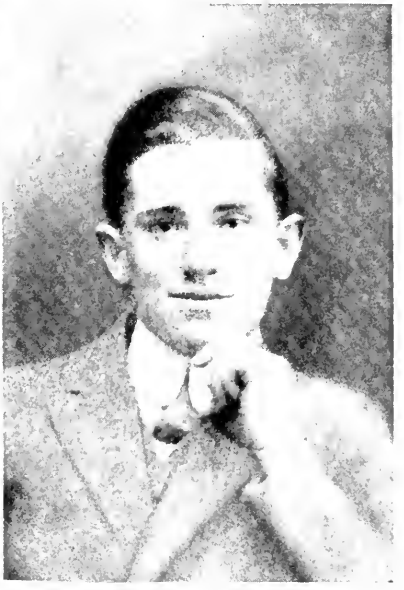
*Born at New York City, May* 25, 1888.
*Attended Public School No.* 55. *Upon graduation continued my studies at the New York Evening Schools.*

MY FIRST position was with Bradstreet. Later I entered the employ of the old Shoe and Leather Bank. May 26, 1918, I was drafted and for three weeks stationed at Camp Upton, L. I. From there I was sent to Camp Meade, Md., where the 79th Division was in training. July 9 we embarked for Overseas, the trip across proving eventful. Many submarines were sighted. The transport collided with an Oil Tanker at midnight July 14, which caused much excitement among the troops. Thirty-two of the crew on the ill-fated tanker perished, and it seemed very doubtful that the troopship would ever reach her port. I arrived at Brest July 18, and after three days at the Rest Camp there our Regiment started on a three-day trip to Chalancey (a village near the Swiss border) to finish training. This meant a month of hard work. Then our Regiment was sent to the Front, where we arrived after two more trying days of box-car travel and many all-night hikes. I was entrenched for a few days in the Verdun sector. At daybreak on September 26, after a terrific barrage which lasted all night, our Regiment received orders to go "Over the Top" in the direction of the Argonne Forest. Our Company was in excellent spirits and we charged the Huns with the customary dash of the American soldier. While flanking an enemy machine gun nest in the vicinity of Montfaucon, I was shot in the

F. C. SYLVESTER

REGINALD VAN VORST

J. H. VERKOUTEREN



EDWARD A. VOGT

arm and ordered to the rear for treatment. I recovered entirely at one of the Base Hospitals in France. Among the sights I shall never forget are the many devastated cities and villages. December 9 I embarked for the United States, arriving December 21 after a stormy voyage. I entrained for Richmond, Va., where elaborate preparations for the "Homecoming" were in progress. We enjoyed the hospitality of the citizens of Richmond for two weeks. I was mustered out of the service from Camp Meade, Md., on January 18, and upon receiving honorable discharge returned to the Hanover National Bank.

## JOHN SLADE, JR.

*Born at New York City, January* 22, 1900.
*Attended St. Paul's School, Garden City, L. I., for two years; St. George's School, Newport, R. I., for one year; and Lawrenceville, N. J., Schools for five years. January* 2, 1919, *entered Sheffield Scientific School at Yale University, having already passed entrance examinations.*

IN JULY, 1918, I enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve Forces, and in August was called to Pelham Bay Camp. Transferred in September, 1918, to Yale Naval Training Unit and placed on inactive duty December 21, 1918.

## FRED. C. SYLVESTER

*Born at Mount Vernon, N. Y., October* 31, 1885.
*Attended the Public and High Schools, Mount Vernon, N. Y.*

I RECEIVED my first business experience in a New York bank, and later entered the service of the Hanover National Bank. I enlisted in the Aero Department, Engineers Division, Road Department on November 8, 1918, and was sent to Garden City, L. I., for immediate Overseas duty, in the 10th Company, Engineers Division, 1st Training Brigade. I was not fortunate enough

to be sent abroad, however, and as my service was short, nothing occurred of particular interest during my enlistment. Upon receiving my discharge I re-entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank.

## REGINALD I. VAN VORST

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., July* 29, 1893.
*Attended Public School and Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

SIX weeks after the declaration of war I enlisted in the U. S. N. Reserve Forces, and was called to service September 1, 1917. I received a period of training at Yale Boat House, New Haven, Conn., and was transferred to Pelham Bay Park when the Camp was opened there during October, 1917. Later on, however, I was transferred to Fort Lafayette Station for Submarine Chaser duty. At this Station I was promoted to Coxswain and was shipped to the *Monitor U. S. S. Amphitrite* for duty along the coast. In July, 1918, I was rated as Boatswain's mate. One night in September of that year, in passing a line to a tug coming alongside, I met with a slight accident. My foot was crushed, but after treatment on the Hospital Ship *Comfort* and at the Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., I fully recovered. Toward the end of November I was sent to the New York Receiving Ship entirely fit for duty and was honorably discharged December 11, 1918.

## J. H. VERKOUTEREN

*Born at Chicago, Ill., November* 5, 1895.
*Attended Public School in New Jersey and New York University.*

NOVEMBER 24, 1917, I reported for duty at the U. S. School of Military Aeronautics, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., and our army life had begun. We found an intensive course of

study to pursue, consisting of the usual Infantry drill under detail command; army regulations, military law, machine gunnery, wireless telegraphy, physics, airplanes (instruction and theory of flight), meteorology, motors of various types, aerial navigation, etc., with a little K. P. and Guard duty, of which the rookie in particular becomes well acquainted. Aside from our studies, an occasional hike was thrown in, and the balance of time was well spent in bunk fatigue. In February, 1918, I succeeded in graduating, and with my class we proceeded to Camp Dick, Dallas, Texas, to be held in concentration, awaiting assignment to a Flying Field. Shortly after we arrived at Ellington Field, Houston, Texas, and on the following day of our arrival I made my first flight.

In a week from that time we became our own pilots, and as our ability and confidence increased, we proceeded to the more difficult tasks of formations, acrobatics, cross country trips, bombing, etc. In the third week of our course nine of us, each in a machine, were sent up to take formation and flight within a few miles radius of the camp, which bordered on the Gulf of Mexico. Shortly after the flight was in progress a dense fog blew in from the Gulf, blinding one from another, although flying only a few yards apart. The machines scattered and dove, but the mist held thick within fifty feet of the ground, and at times closer. Flying at such a low level is far from being safe, especially with the ground obliterated, which is practically the only guide the pilot has. All planes were lost temporarily, but finally succeeded in arriving back at the field, with the exception of one which had fallen into a tail spin, unawares to the pilot, until he was too low to straighten out in time, and crashing to the ground, injured the pilot to a rather bad extent.

Having almost completed my preliminary course with the best of success, one day in May while on a 140 mile cross country trip in Texas, while leaving the ground to return to my field, my machine side-stepped into the ground while making a bank. Although the machine was pretty well wrecked, I escaped with only a few minor bruises. Returning to the field later in the day as a passenger in another machine, we were forced to land in the

prairie with engine trouble. After fixing our motor we attempted to leave the field, which we found to be an abandoned rice field, with levees running crosswise. Unfortunately, the machine struck a levee and turned over, but this time only the machine suffered damage. Flying appeared fascinating to all, especially flight through and between the cloud layers. It was rather customary with the approach of a shower to fly through and above the clouds into the sunshine waiting for the storm to cease, with a little hope that your gasoline would hold out the longer of the two. This, however, did not always come out as expected.

During the latter part of May, 1918, we completed this course and received our commissions. We were also ordered back to Dallas to recuperate; and in June we were ordered to Gestner Field, Lake Charles, La., to undergo a course in pursuit flying. After we had made good headway the camp was destroyed by a hurricane. Flying then being quite out of question for several weeks during reconstruction and arrival of new equipment, we were ordered to Rockwell Field, San Diego, Cal. After being on the road for several days, seeing nothing but sand cactus, we arrived at Los Angeles and then to San Diego to camp. We found this post an ideal spot, located on an island on the outside of the harbor with the Pacific rolling up on its sandy shores. We then received single seated scouts with rotary motors, which traveled between 110 and 120 miles per hour, and being much smaller in size were far more sensitive and thus maneuvered much more easily. After undergoing several hours of acrobatic flying to become well acquainted with this type we were instructed to undergo several mimic combats, many of which were carried on above the clouds. We then received an additional aerial gunnery course. The machine guns were generally stationary, synchronized so as to shoot between the propellor blades, and our targets for high aerial practice consisted of balloons, parachutes and other objects drawn by another plane attached to a long cable. For low aerial mark we generally dove at targets on the water, the advantage being to see the location of the shots fired, all of which was carried on over the Pacific.

On October 19 we were called to participate in a formation of

C. R. VREELAND

W. H. WIESNER

GEORGE H. WOODWORTH, JR.

100 planes, in flight over the city of San Diego, in honor of the Fourth Liberty Loan. Receiving assignment to a scout on this occasion several of us formed the left rear guard flying at an altitude of 10,000 feet.

Our training then being at an end, several of my comrades and myself were ordered to report at Hoboken, N. J., for embarkation. Arriving on November 6, 1918, at Hoboken, N. J., while preparing to sail, news of the Armistice had been received, which shattered our hopes, but yet was a happy disappointment for us all.

## EDWARD A. VOGT

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., July* 6, 1892.
*Attended Public School No.* 84, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

UPON graduation, having shown ability in mechanics, I obtained employment in a machine shop. After this experience I joined the staff of the Hanover National Bank as a repair man on adding, multiplying and subtracting machines. May 29, 1918, I was selected to give my services on Government work at Oak Street, New York City. My mechanical abilities enabled me to qualify with the Aeronautic Bomb Sight and Bomb Dropping Departments. The Bomb Sight is a highly specialized mechanical instrument, which gives the bomber on the aeroplane the direction of his target. It gives the exact height in thousands of feet, velocity of wind in miles, and speed of air in miles. When the bomber is ready to release the bomb, he receives the location of his object according to the regulation of the above mentioned scales, thus permitting the bomb to reach its proper destination.

Upon my discharge from the Government service in December, 1918, I re-entered the employ of the Hanover National Bank.

## CLARENCE R. VREELAND

*Born at Jersey City, N. J., September 27, 1896.*
*Attended Grammar School.*

I TRIED to enlist in several branches of the Army but was turned down on account of underweight, but finally succeeded in getting into the Quartermaster Corps and was sent to Fort Slocum, N. Y. Later was transferred to Camp Meigs, Washington, D. C. Was then ordered to Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa., the first exclusive Tank Corps Camp in this country, for duty in the office of the Camp Quartermaster. Appointed to Sergeant and Chief Clerk in charge of the Finance Division.

[Mr. Vreeland's story is incomplete owing to absence.]

## WALTER H. WIESNER

*Born at New York City, June 3, 1898.*
*Attended Public School No. 74 and Commercial High School.*

MY FIRST employment was with a stock brokerage house. Later I became connected with the Hanover National Bank. On September 17, 1918, I enlisted in the Tank Corps and was sent to Camp at Raleigh, N. C., quartered with the 308th Battalion, Company C. After two months' training I was scheduled to leave for France in December, when the Armistice was signed. While at Raleigh I studied at the College of North Carolina, taking up Reconnaissance and Map Making. This branch of study entailed preparing maps drawn to a large scale, for the use of tank drivers, the tanks being navigated by chart very much as a ship, as far as the chart and compass are concerned. This method of navigation (as it may be called) is due to the fact that a tank driver's range of vision in time of battle is limited to about fifty yards. When tanks first made their appearance, casualties were heavy, the drivers not being provided with devices which later on enabled them to overcome many of the difficulties. In the earlier days they frequently became lost.

In one Battalion five tanks returned out of sixty-four on one occasion. At this time the forty-ton type is the latest in tank construction. This tank is operated by a crew of fourteen men and carries an armament of two six-pound guns and eight machine guns. The motor develops 150 H. P., giving it a speed of five miles per hour, and consumes five gallons of gasoline each mile. The motor has sufficient power to drive the tank up forty-five degree slopes and break down trees nine inches in diameter. The smaller type of tank used is the whippet or "mud-hen." Those built in the United States are driven by two Ford motors, giving the craft a speed of eighteen miles per hour. Only two men are required to run the whippet. The United States contemplated using this type extensively in the Spring Drive.

## GEORGE H. WOODWORTH, Jr.

*Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., July 7,* 1891.
*Attended Public School No.* 26 *and Boys' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

UPON leaving high school I entered the Accounting Department of an Express Company, and in August, 1918, came to the Hanover National Bank. I enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force for Foreign Service duty, but greatly to my disappointment was not sent Overseas. I was in training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station at Great Lakes, Ill. This Station, situated on Lake Michigan, thirty miles north of Chicago, is said to be the largest Naval Training Station in the world. At times there were as many as 70,000 men in training at this point. I was released from active service in January, 1919, subject to the call of the Government, and returned to the Hanover National Bank.

It is much regretted that the Editors were unable to obtain stories from the following men:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bergen, John W. | Jacques, Irving R. |
| Burns, J. T. | Kohler, R. A. |
| Downey, J. J. | Larson, Oscar |
| Gentry, Arthur N. | McNally, Jos. D. |
| Gottschalk, O. G. | Plunkett, J. H. |
| Holley, Russell A. | Stiebeling, N. W. |

Turton, John R.

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