

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO



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# UNDER FIRE



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with the

**370th Infantry (8th I. N. G.)**



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# UNDER FIRE

With the  
370th Infantry (8th I. N. G.)  
A. E. F.

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*“Lest You Forget”*

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Memoirs  
of the World War

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*Published by*  
WILLIAM S. BRADDAN  
*Captain-Chaplain 370th Infantry*  
*Major, 8th Ill. N. G.*

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## FOREWORD

This book is not intended for general circulation, but for distribution among the members and friends of Berean, that it may be preserved for their children who in turn may know of the part played by this church in the great World War. How that for two years a loyal church and people carried on, while their leader and loved ones were fighting "Over There" that all men might be "Up," not "Some Men Down."

To preserve intact the letters that the pastor wrote during the lull of battle, or while resting on the march toward the Rhine, and thus acquaint the folks at home of the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of their sons and husbands, as they marched toward victory.

We claim no literary genius for this book. It is not written as a treatise on the war—but a simple narration of facts pertaining to the part played by the men of the 8th (370th) U. S. Infantry, composed largely of men from Berean Baptist Church and Congregation.

We endeavor to show by concrete facts how despite the hardships and handicap of prejudice these men emerged from the World's great battle fields of Europe the most decorated Regiment in the A. E. F.

Hence in reading the following pages look not to find aught save the plain unvarnished story of the dangers through which we successfully passed—the hardships we endured, and our ultimate victory.

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In Loving and Grateful Memory of a faithful, brave and patient Wife and Children who consented, and wished me God-speed and a safe return when I bade them good-by. A Loyal and Patriotic Church and Congregation that carried on for two years without a word of complaint during their Pastor's enforced absence "Over There," and who welcomed his return with open arms, girded themselves afresh and with greater zeal than ever set themselves to the task of completing their church edifice. To the Bravest of the Brave; Men of the Old 8th Ill. rechristened the 370th Inf., A. E. F. To this splendid Triumvirate is this Little Book Lovingly dedicated, by

W. S. Braddan,  
Twenty-Seven Years  
Pastor of Berean Baptist Church  
Chicago, Ill.  
Captain and Chaplain  
370th Inf., A. E. F.

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## NATIONAL GUARD, STATE OF ILLINOIS

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### OATH OF OFFICE

I, William S Braddan, having been appointed a Capt. and Chaplain in the NATIONAL GUARD of the UNITED STATES and of the State of Illinois, do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of Illinois, against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States and of the Governor of the State of Illinois; that I make this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion, and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office of Capt. and Chaplain in the National Guard of the United States and of the State of Illinois, upon which I am about to enter: So help me God.

William S. Braddan  
Capt. and Chaplain, 8th Illinois

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Captain-Chaplain William S. Braddan  
370th Infantry—Major 8th Ill. N. G.

Contribution of a Patriotic Church to Her Nation's  
Call for Men

**BEREAN BAPTIST CHURCH**

W. S. BRADDAN, Minister

5149 Dearborn Street

Chicago, Illinois

**Called to the Colors with the 8th Illinois Infantry, N. G.  
For Border Service, June 19, 1916, Camp Wilson, Texas**

CAPTAIN AND CHAPLAIN.....BRADDAN, W. S.  
2nd LIEUTENANT.....WARFIELD, W. J., Co. M.  
SERGEANT.....THOMAS, W. N., FIELD HOSPITAL  
SERGEANT.....BRADSHAW, C. D. L., Co. B.  
SERGEANT.....HART, A. C., Co. B.  
SERGEANT.....WHEELER, Co. A.  
CORPORAL.....NEWMAN, R. W. Co. D.  
CORPORAL.....SLATER, M., Co. B.  
CORPORAL.....HELEM, R., Co. C.  
PRIVATE.....TRUEHART, G., HEADQUARTERS Co.

**Called to the Colors with the 8th Illinois Infantry, N. G.  
Attached to the 33rd Division, 65th Brigade, July 25, 1917**

**Camp Logan, Texas**

CAPTAIN AND CHAPLAIN.....BRADDAN, W. S.  
2nd LIEUTENANT.....WARFIELD, W. J., Co. M.  
SERGEANT.....JOHNSON, H., Co. E.  
CORPORAL.....PELKEY, D., Co. F.  
CORPORAL.....WHITE, W., Co. G.  
CORPORAL.....WEBSTER, N., Co. C.  
CORPORAL.....SLATER, M., Co. G.  
CORPORAL.....NEWMAN, R. W., Co. E.  
CORPORAL.....HELEM, R., Co. C.  
CORPORAL.....PAGE, W., Co. F.  
PRIVATE.....BURROWS, W., Co. C.  
MEMBER.....SLOAN, HARRY, NAVAL RESERVE  
1ST. CLASS PRIVATE ... GEORGE, A., HEADQUARTER'S Co.  
1ST. CLASS PRIVATE.....HARRIS, D., Co. F.  
PRIVATE.....BOWLIN, R., Co. D.  
PRIVATE.....BASSEL, L., HEADQUARTER'S Co.  
PRIVATE.....TOWLES, O., HEADQUARTER'S Co.  
PRIVATE.....HENDERSON, R., SUPPLY Co.  
PRIVATE.....HENRY, N., MACHINE GUN Co.  
PRIVATE.....GREENLEY, H., BAND  
PRIVATE.....TRUEHART, G., HEADQUARTERS Co.  
PRIVATE.....BASS, C., Co. C.  
PRIVATE.....McDOUGAL, L. G., HOSPITAL CORPS



Colonel F. A. Dennison, 370th Infantry,  
The Only Race Colonel in the A. E. F.



Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Johnson,  
370th Infantry, Deceased.



Captain J. H. Patton, 370th Infantry  
Lieutenant Colonel 8th Ill. N. G.



A Group of Brave Officers of the 370th (8th Ill. N. G.) Infantry

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ARTHUR F. CODRINGTON



J.B. GILLUM



JACKSON J. STOVALL



DR. W. N. THOMAS



THEODOR CARTER



P.R. THOMAS SR.



REV. W. S. ...



J.H. GRIMES



HARRY M. MORGAN



JAMES E. BATTS



C.D. L. ...



H.K. HAIRSTON



WM. MADDOX











Colonel Otis B. Duncan, 8th Ill. N. G.  
Lieutenant Colonel of the 370th Infantry  
"The Noblest Roman of Them All"

*These are the Officers who lead the 370th  
[8th I. N. G.], to Victory.*

—o—  
**ROSTER OF OFFICERS of 370th INFANTRY  
(8th I. N. G.)**

**COLONEL:**

Franklin A. Denison

**LIEUTENANT COLONELS:**

Otis B. Duncan

James H. Johnson

**MAJORS:**

Charles L. Hunt  
W. H. Roberts  
Rufus M. Stokes

James R. White  
Arthur Williams

**CAPTAINS:**

Stuart Alexander  
George M. Allen  
Pusey D. Arnett  
Stewart A. Betts  
William S. Braddan  
Horace G. Burke  
William B. Crawford  
Spencer C. Dickerson  
James E. Dunjill  
Charles W. Fillmore  
Samuel R. Gwynne  
James C. Hall  
Ivan C. Harper  
Clinton L. Hill  
Clement N. Hinton  
Lilburn Jackson  
Matthew Jackson

Lewis E. Johnson  
Leonard W. Lewis  
William H. Lewis  
Joseph L. Morgan  
James S. Nelson  
Arthur C. Newman  
John H. Patton  
Benjamin E. Pickney  
John T. Prout  
Rufus Reed  
Chester Sanders  
Lorin O. Sanford  
Edward W. Spearman  
James H. Smith  
Devere J. Warner  
Lloyd G. Wheeler

**FIRST LIEUTENANTS:**

Harry L. Allen  
Blaine G. Alston  
George L. Amos  
William Andrews  
George W. Antoine  
Rufus H. Bacote  
Claudius Ballard  
Frank P. Bass  
Frank W. Bates  
Benjamin D. Boyd  
Howard R. M. Brown  
Michael H. Browning  
Osceola A. Browning

Gerald C. Bunn  
Justin E. Carter  
Robert L. Chavis  
John T. Clemons  
Binga Dismond  
Augustus M. Fisher  
Norman Garrett  
Samuel S. Gordon  
Durand Harding  
Jerome L. Hubert  
Robert P. Hurd  
Joshua James  
Harvey E. Johnson

## FIRST LIEUTENANTS:

Arthur H. Jones	William C. P. Phillips
Harry W. Jones	Samuel L. Ransom
George C. Lacy	James A. Riggs
Elisha C. Lane	Frank Robinson
James F. Lawson	Napoleon B. Roe
Benote H. Lee	Robert A. J. Shaw
Adlon L. Logan	Harry N. Shelton
Elmer Maxwell	Orville R. Smith
Gough D. McDaniels	Park Tancil
John L. McDonald	Louis C. Washington
Franklin McFarland	William J. Warfield
Samuel A. McGowan	Robert A. Ward
Dan M. Moore	Carter A. Wesley
George Murphy	Joseph R. Wheeler
Harry Murphy	Harry Wheeler
William Nichols	Warren W. Williams

## SECOND LIEUTENANTS:

Walter H. Aiken	Charles C. Jackson
Rufus A. Atkins	Isom Jackson
James T. Baker	Rufus B. Jackson
John S. Banks	Fred K. Johnson
William A. Barnett	Alvin M. Jordan
Howard F. Bell	Homer O. Kelley
Marcus A. Bernard	LeRoy J. Knox
Robert A. D. Birchett	Harry M. Lias
Samuel A. Black	Frank T. Logan
Clarence H. Bouchane	Bernard McGwin
Benjamin A. Browning	Wayman Moss
Charles E. Bryant	Elmer J. Myers
Henry H. Carr	Stanley B. Norvell
Floyd Chavis	Thomas A. Painter
Henry C. P. Cheatlam	Albert C. Parker
Horace E. Colley	James H. Peyton
Ira R. Collins	Lawson Price
Charles H. Conley	George F. Proctor
Frank Corbin	Eugene Ragland
Bernie B. Cowan	Julian D. Rainey
Flenoid Cunningham	D. Lincoln Reid
Frank P. Dawson	Hugh W. Schuck
Oswald C. Des Verney	Noble Sissle
Samuel A. Dillard	Frederick L. Slade
Clyde W. Donaldson	M. F. Stapleton
Edward Douglas	Willis Stearles
Harry G. Douglas	Harvey J. Taylor
Max Evers	Roy B. Tisdell
George L. Giles	Wychem L. Tyler
Edward L. Goodlett	Junius Walthall
John A. Hall	Edmond G. White
Reginald W. Harang	Clarence Willette
John W. Harris	Albert H. Williams
Luther J. Harris	Avon H. Williams
Larkland F. Hewitt	Elias F. E. Williams
Irving T. Howe	

## “Taisez-Vous; L’Allemand Ecoute”

**T**HE one ubiquitous sign throughout France in those days of uncertainties and war, the one sign that confronted you by day and night, in public and private places, in tram cars, in theatres, cafes, hotels, in churches and on the streets, the one sign which like Banquo’s ghost would not down was “Taisez-vous; L’ Allemand Ecoute,”—keep your mouth shut, don’t talk about the Army, the Sociological or Economic Conditions. “Taisez-vous,”—Don’t talk about anything pertaining to the locality of the Army or Navy, their losses or gains. In other words, “Be Dumb.”

Just how well the French men and women, boys and girls, followed this warning can be attested by a million of men who have been over there. In the early days of our arrival we asked a thousand different questions of those splendid people, pertaining to location of places, food, public gatherings, their losses and man power, but to all questions thus asked we received but one answer “Je ne ce pas,”—“I do not know,” and that helped win the war.

The A. E. F. were schooled in this same precaution and religiously followed it; our public press and loved ones insisted that we were too secretive. But experience had long since taught those most vitally concerned that Germany’s eyes ran to and fro, up and down the earth, and her ears were ready listeners for any and every thing that might serve as a peg upon which to hang Prussian Victory. Hence we too in common with our French co-patriot observed the spirit and letter of the sign referred to, “Taisez-vous.”

But now that Grim-Visaged War has smoothed his wrinkled front; and all our stern alarms in the deep bosom of ocean buried; now that our bruised arms are hung up for monuments, and the Winter of our discontent made glorious by victory, ‘tis no longer necessary to keep our mouth shut nor to remain silent but to the contrary ‘tis but to be expected that we, who have passed through these fires, now cast a glance in retrospect and recount the varied experiences, the dangers through which we passed, the hairbreadth escapes, the enemy’s deadly breach, that our minds hark back and recount our hopes and fears, and how that slowly but surely we surmounted all difficulties and prejudice one by one and rested neither day or night until we had achieved a splendid victory; ramméd the lie down the



The Sky Pilot of the 370th Infantry



throat of our traducers and villifiers; carved our name in the hard granite of fame and made the very ones who one short year before had declared that Negroes would not stand up under the strain, rigors and hardships of modern warfare to say, "They are the most splendid fighting units in France,"—where fought the flower of the European Army.

That in one short year this raw product of commercial, peace-loving America, America who had denied her Negro population military training, who had purposely with cunning design, refused to send her sable sons to West Point, and in not a few sections refused to arm them with aught save wooden guns for drilling and discipline.

That these Americans in one year could be licked into fighting trim and to such a degree of efficiency that they were the marvel of France—where fought the flower of the World's Soldierly—and to win, by reason of their heroism more citations and decorations than any single unit in the A. E. F., that this could be and was accomplished is a most splendid tribute to their patriotism, loyalty and an attestation to the fact that they are worthy sons of their noble sires: Crispus Attucks, the first to fall in the American Revolution of 1776; Sgt. Carney of Fort Wagner in 1863; Sgt. Berry of Santiago in 1898; the Heroes of El Caney in 1916.

The path to the splendid achievements of the men of the Old 8th Ill., rechristened 370th Infantry, led not over rose strewn paths of ease and splendor nor 'neath vine-embowered gardens of plaudits and encouragement but to the contrary we were met on all sides with harsh criticism and were demanded to make brick without straw, yet our product must be as good as that produced by the other fellow who was blessed by having everything necessary, i. e., encouragement and the knowledge that he is really part and parcel of the greatest Republic in the world and that Democracy for which he was to fight Over There would not be denied him upon his return Over Here.

Our first humiliation was in regard to our training camp. By all the laws of the Medes and Persians our training camp should have been with the soldiers sent from Illinois, the 33rd Division who had been ordered to Camp Logan, Texas; but it so happened that Texas, the hotbed of Colorphobia and Prejudice and alack, alack, the birthplace of the writer, was in a state of frenzy as a result of the unfortunate riot between some white "nigger-hating" police officers and undisciplined members of

the 24th Infantry stationed at Camp Logan, some five miles from the heart of Houston.

The result was that much to our humiliation and chagrin, to our loss in training and discipline in preparation to our entrance into the world's great conflict, we were kept marking time at our Armory at 35th and Forest Ave., Chicago, from July 25th until October 12th while all Texas swore by all the Gods at one time that she would not stand for any Negro soldiers, other than those mustered in her own state, training within her borders. For a while it seemed that Texas was running the War Department and would add another pearl (?) to her necklace of humiliation and hate of the loyal, law-abiding race, by refusing to permit the Pride of the Ten Million American Negroes, the "8th Illinois," to train where trained Illinois' first contribution to the cause of Democracy. 'Twas sad, 'twas passing sad, 'twas wonderfully, 'twas wonderfully pitiful to see those men, the flower of a Race that had never been accused of treachery or cowardice, whose ancestors made the rice swamps of Louisiana productive, who made the South to evolve from a wilderness and desert, to blossom like a rose, whose fathers had fought, bled and died upon a hundred battle fields over here, and in dying expressed but one regret, i. e., that they had but one life to give for their country, to see their sons now held in leash by the prejudice of the same race for whom they had hewn wood, drawn water, tilled the soil and fought battles for two hundred years, 'twas heart-breaking, nerve-wrecking and foreign to proper Military Discipline.

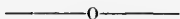
But while our Race was wondering as to the ultimate outcome and our loved ones were smarting under the sting of the Government's delay, these men of the "8th" under the leadership of Col. F. A. Dennison and his splendid staff of officers, men who were every inch soldiers and disciplinarians, were being whipped into shape by drilling in the narrow streets and confines of their Armory and resolving by day and night that they would make good in spite of the handicap, that they would surprise the military world by reason of their military efficiency and go to Europe and return with honor, or not return at all.

Be it said to the credit of the cool heads in Texas that right and justice finally prevailed, the "8th" ultimately received her moving orders to proceed to Camp Logan, Texas, and believe me it was a great, great day for the Negro of Illinois and the United States and a splendid tribute to our Governor F. O. Lowden, Adj. Gen. F. Dickerson and to the justice of the home

of our martyred President Lincoln, whose slogan was "Illinois stands behind her Citizens and Soldiers, for patriotism knows no Race nor Creed, no Black nor White. 'Tis not judged by the texture of hair but by Blood, real Blood."

The day of our departure, October 12, 1917, will always be memorable to every one who took up the first leg of the march that led up to our going "over there" and to those we left behind to keep the home fires burning until we returned. Alas, however, some were to keep the fires burning in vain.

The entire populace turned out to wish us "good-by, God bless and keep you and a safe and speedy return," as we swung out of Forest Avenue into 35th Street to the sweet strains of the martial music of one of the greatest bands in the U. S. A. The journey was uneventful save that we were the center of curiosity, for in every village, city and town through which we passed, we were greeted with the query "Where are the White Officers?" "There's not a one in the Regiment" was our proud reply; would to God we could have said as much upon our return. But the reason why we couldn't say so will be told in subsequent chapters.



## CHAPTER II

### *Good-by Chicago; Hello Houston!*

(In this opening chapter permit me to quote in full The Pullman Porters' Review relative to our departure.)

The 8th Illinois Infantry entrained for Houston, Texas, with colors of The Daily News costing \$1,000 floating to the breezes of success, and glory enough for us all, Friday, October 12, 1917, in the midst of a great demonstration, one never before seen in all of this city's history.

These words, "May The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another," will be remembered by many of the boys of the 8th with deeper interest and fuller meaning than ever before, for no matter where they may be sent, they cannot escape the thought of this blessed prayer, constituting the sacred words of the Mizpah benediction, which is the universal request of the Christian church and the very last appeal of every native as well as every true patriotic American. Most of them have had oft repeated in their hearing and have

likewise in unison given expression to them, and the Review wishes to convey to them that this shall be the prayer of the many Christian institutions of this city, while they are absent from us. Now since through the columns of the Review you have been reminded of this fact, may it become more so, a prayer to you of greatest moment.

As we stood in the presence of that vast throng and concourse of human beings, relatives, friends and comrades passing in review, along the line of march en route to be trained, we were solemnly impressed with the visionary sight of all that our observations had conveyed to our intelligence. As we looked into the face of that gallant commander tramping, tramping, with his boys on foot, with the solemn tread of a lion, with that sturdy poise of a brave leader, bright eyes noting his keen conception of what was going on, carrying also that determined look, which spells defeat for any foe who faces his regiment, leading them as one in common among them, he neither turned to the left nor right, but with voice in moderation directing his well trained staff, carrying out his every command without a hitch, everything moving in unison like one gigantic piece of machinery; it was then we realized that Colonel Franklin A. Dennison was master of the situation, that he had baffled all of his personal enemies and had by the aid of his government put the secret plotters and regimental destroyers of this, the pride of the Negroes of America, to flight, and had cemented and knitted together a military unit worthy of its name and our country's honor.

Following him came in close formation his chief of staff, Capt. Adjutant John Patton, Lieut. Harry Jones, his orderly and others. Next our fighting chaplain, Rev. Wm. S. Braddan, pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, a minister, soldier, and a man, born in a soldier's wagon on the western frontier, while the military train was at rest, his father being in company of the famous 10th cavalry of U. S. A., and his dear mother was making the hike with him. As we looked into his face we also seemed to think that his lips were moving in adoration to his God, inwardly giving expression to the words of David, the sweet psalmist of Israel, and her mighty warrior, as he marched with the weight of the religious responsibility of every soul in this number, we believe that silently he was giving thought to these beloved sayings: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me besides the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth

me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table for me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord, for ever." Following him came the 8th regiment band under the direction of that noted band leader, loved and adored by all musical lovers of this wonderful city, George Duff. When the first note was sounded as they marched out of their armory on 35th Street, you could hear a shout go up from the throats of those who had been patiently waiting for the start in the chilly wind for hours, sufficiently strong to awake the remotest dead from their silent slumber. Their incessant playing stirred the souls, revived their spirits, if indeed any of them needed reviving, and made them understand for a truth that better relationship between them and their government. They, too, showed upon their face that there was not a man in their entire ranks who was not willing to spend and be spent for our flag and for the offensive or defensive success of this nation. Now comes Lieutenant Colonel Johnson, the man of the hour, the little military wizard of the regiment, every inch a trained soldier, looking as if he was carrying the weight of a thousand years upon his shoulders, because of his strategic mind, but rounded shoulders, well able to bear whatever responsibility may be placed upon him. Then in their order companies A, B, C, D, E, F, and H, each with their captains in command, the machine gun company, the hospital corps. As we noted the first battalion, commanded by Major Stokes, was minus their leader, we remembered that he was in service of training somewhere else for the time being. Then we took note of the walking disciplinarian of the regiment, commanding the second battalion, he, too, tramping afoot ready to do his bit in the way of giving efficient military instruction to the men in his command.

Mothers of the 8th, don't be worried  
About the future of your sons;  
Just keep your hands in God's hands  
And the battle shall be won.

You should not be surprised about the efficiency of this regiment when we tell you that nearly every officer has seen service, either upon the frontier, the Mexican border, in the Philippine Islands, or in the Island of Cuba, and because of

this service were able to take a large number of green men and in a few months whip them into efficient soldiers. With such material as this in the making of this body of sensible men how can they fail, so imbued with our national spirit? they, too, give expression to their sentiments in these words, when they say:

“How can we fail, when so many prayers go up to him  
for us daily and tomorrow;  
He who would think different is but small, as well as  
narrow;  
We know that He watches over us as He watches over  
the sparrow.”

Never was a regiment in the National Guards or the United States Army given higher honors nor had paid to it a greater tribute of respect upon its departure for their camp than the 8th Infantry Regiment of Illinois. A citizen's committee had arranged and carried out its plans of escort. The only lieutenant of police of color in the world, Lieutenant Childs, paved the way with his baton in position of salute, led the procession, followed by nearly one hundred colored police officers in their tailor-made regular police uniforms, stepping to the martial music like so many trained soldiers, a beautiful sight to behold. The 8th Illinois Infantry entrained for Houston, Texas, by the glorious salute of a hundred thousand voices of our most patriotic citizenry, redoubled with the waving of flags and handkerchiefs out of windows all along the route from the army to where the puff of the smoke from the engines which were waiting to carry them to their destination stood.

The following message the Review conveys to those of their parents who could not make the train and for good reasons were not able to see them off as they really desired, which are words of comfort and good cheer:

“Tell Father, Mother, Wife, and Sister too,  
Dear Mister Editor of the Review,  
Have faith in God, and don't be blue,  
He has never lost a battle, 'tis true;  
For they who put their trust in Him,  
Shall n'er be con-founded-ed,  
If we His wisdom rightly use,  
Will interest draw compounded.”

This vast demonstration did not permit the relatives and friends of these boys to feel otherwise than pleasant and happy.

For very little sorrow was here displayed by those who witnessed this scene. Everybody seemed to think and feel it to be no mean honor thrust upon their country by her enemies, to have their husbands, brothers, sons and sweethearts called to such impending duty, so signally honored by the president of this nation, the secretary of war, and the governor of our state. Very few persons know that the 8th Illinois Infantry is made up of some of the best material and the finest qualities taken from the strongest elemental parts of the colored people of this city; yes, the noblest youth in our land who are members and are proud of it. There are but few in the entire regiment who have not a trade, and right here let us say that you can find a man thoroughly qualified and perfectly competent to perform most any kind of duty commanded by his superiors or his government to perform, it matters not how hazardous or difficult it may be, from acting as hospital attendants, giving professional services, to the sending of dispatches, to the engineering feats of a civil engineer, to the stretching of electric wires for signal service, to the invention of those things which will enable him to help this nation to defeat the most astute enemy, no matter how strong she may be, or how skilled technically, the world's most famous football players, the mighty little Hyde Park wonder, the once comrade of the mighty Eckersell, Sam Ransom. You will also find here draftsmen, map-makers, painters, designers, chemists, lawyers, physicians, clerks, accountants, horseshoers, blacksmiths, strategists, statisticians, machinists, chauffeurs, mechanics, in fact this regiment is a military organization of brains, a military unit of rare qualities, for this we are most proud.

For over two and one-half miles, extending over a vast territory running from 35th and Forest Avenue, west on 35th to State, north on State to 33rd, thence west on 33rd from State to Butler, where they entrained with the most joyous shout and enchanting tunes by that unbroken chain of human beings bidding the boys a hearty good cheer, lifting their spirits as they climbed into the cars which were to take them to their destination.

The writer hastily went ahead of the crowd to get a good picture of this mighty scene, and then, after the last man had passed us, we ran ahead for some distance and marched all the way beside our eldest son, who had his pack, with the rest of the parents' boys. The band was playing as it never played before, its music was sweet and enchanting, it was all inspiring. We did not know that we were marching, we felt just like we

were floating softly in the musical breezes which wafted upon the zephyrs of this afternoon with the fantasy of a fairy queen. We finally reached Butler street, here mothers, fathers, wives, sisters, daughters, sons, children and babies, bade them adieu, with the hope for their safe return, as they went, with more enthusiasm than was ever witnessed by any regiment, white or black. Long before the hour of their departure all available space in the armory was occupied by friends, members of the various fraternities, social clubs and churches proving that they meant to be their mother of adoption in truth and in deed, and to tell them that not a man of this wonderful military organization would want for a friend in his absence, nor be at a loss for some one to communicate with while at the front. The boys of the Eighth were no less impressed by such a splendid demonstration, likewise the Colonel, his staff and the Commission officers. They felt it very keenly and with a will they impressed us also, that they were no less willing to face the great responsibility resting upon each and every man's shoulder of this unit, which tells its own story. Their determined spirit, bright eyes and earnest look, as well as a most pleasing smile, answered this vast reception of our citizens and their friends, by the statement, "We will make good. Pray for us." The like of this day, we fear the Colored people will never see again. We may see its equal, maybe, but we hardly think so. This was the day of days for the 8th regiment, the day when the streets as well as the armory were filled and that, too, to overflowing, and when they moved out by command it required veteran officers to keep the way opened so that passing vehicles could pass in their usual way, without being blockaded by the mighty throng of pedestrians. Intermingling here, we could see the boys carrying their packs upon their backs ready for the fray. The people present had so much respect for them they at all times gave them the right of way. This event presented to the human eye the most inspiring picture, the most forceful argument against the fallacy of the false prophet, who knew that the Eighth would go no place but here. It made everybody feel willing "to do their bit" when called upon by the Government in this crisis. And now permit us to say this, if the Eighth has done nothing else, and if it had never gone to the front, it has done more in the last two months, while stationed here, in thrilling the Colored people of this city with national respect and undaunted patriotism than any other instruments, which might have been used in bringing about the good done by their training



in the presence of this people, white and black, alike, have done. That you may more clearly understand us by the above statement, let us call your attention to the wonderful lessons of the daily retreat. When the performance of this august military duty was performed, but few persons of color, or white, either, for that matter, had sufficient training along these lines to understand the great significance of the occasion. When the band began to play the "Star Spangled Banner" but very few would raise their hats or uncover their heads, or salute the flag, but when that last retreat upon Thursday, October 11, 1917, in the Armory was conducted, not a man in that vast audience but what did show his greatest respect by saluting the stars and stripes, the flag of his country. Members of the Eighth, you have our best wishes for success, and our most ardent prayers for your safe return. Good luck, and a pleasant journey.



### CHAPTER III

## *Houston, Texas.*

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At 3 A. M., October 18, the train bearing the contingent of the "8th" from Chicago was shuttled into Camp Logan, the Third Battalion under Major Otis B. Duncan having preceded us by two days.



Headquarters of Col. F. A. Dennison, at Houston, Texas

Of course everyone was anxious to see what kind of a dump Camp Logan really was. Well it wasn't much to look at—the conventional building of slab boards made into long buildings for warehouses, cook and dining halls, the prescribed conical tents of drab. By ten A. M. we had detrained and marched from the spur to our camp, and believe me it was some camp, a swamp with trees that had stood the fretting of many winters. How to convert this swamp land and forest into a drill field to accommodate three thousand soldiers was the problem that confronted our Commanding Officer and men. How they solved it is best explained by telling you that within a month after we arrived it was conceded that the "370th" had the best drill ground and camp of any regiment in Logan. How did they do it? Ask Major Chas. Hunt, that splendid officer and soldier who was double crossed by that lantern jawed coward Roberts who took command of the regiment July 12, 1918 at Rarecourt, France.

Preparing camp at Camp Logan, Texas, by uprooting monster trees that had stood as grim sentinels for ages, was devolved upon Captain Chas. Hunt, afterward promoted to Major only to be demoted by Roberts (now deceased), who was appointed in command of the regiment in France.



Clearing a Path for Democracy

## REV. BRADDAN TAKES FLING AT THE OUTLOOK MAGAZINE

(Answering the Outlook's Prejudiced Article of March 13, 1918, as we stood upon the threshold of war, was one of the first tasks of the Chaplain of the 370th Infantry.)

I tire greatly of the abortive effort of a certain class of white men, who in these times of world conflict would so far forget the tremendous responsibility of the United States to coordinate her efforts and man power to form a scourge with which to whip the Huns into the line of common decency, to say nothing of democracy.

But instead of abandoning themselves to this supreme task there is a large class of "Bevo" officers whose views the writer of the Outlook of March 13 but voices in the article, "Mobilizing Rastus;" their chief thought is, how may we discredit and discourage the Negro's ability as a leader of men and officer in the great world war now raging. Well, it just can't be done, my young "Bevo" lieutenant; better devote your energy to the study of the control of fire and care of soldiers in the field, for it will do you more good in the trying days to come than will your efforts to discredit the power of the Negro officers in this great national struggle, for a very large percentage of the men that you slur were leading men and receiving their baptism of fire long before you were born and will be leading men when you are dead.

In my twenty odd years of military experience I have served under white officers in the 10th cavalry and under Negro officers in the 8th infantry, and I am free to confess that I have followed, with greater pride and fearlessness, the leadership of my Race officers than I did that of white ones. And this in view of the fact that in those days white officers led with gallantry and loved the soliders of ebony hue. These same soldiers, thus lovingly led and taught in the hard school of experience, are men now officering bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, and it ill becomes any second lieutenant in the army, whose only ability is with the pen of ridicule or a periodical of the recognized standing of the Outlook, with its much loved and venerated Lyman Abbott, one after whom I have read, and to whom I have listened with great profit, to stoop so low as to try and discredit the valor of men of my Race in general, the Negro race in particular, who have gladly placed their bodies on their nation's altar for service or slaughter.

The best refutation of the inane article by the youthful, inexperienced and prejudiced second lieutenant of questionable ability is found in the "Nonpareil" 8th, now the 370th Illinois infantry. There is not a white officer in the regiment and I refer to army records to find an organization better disciplined, more patriotic, more loyal or more untiring in their efforts to make good, more healthy and neater.

To the young second lieutenants I would say: "Repair your breath and pen, good youth lest it come to ruinous waste; consult the files of the adjutant general's office, if you know what that is and where to find it, and how to obtain the necessary data, before you try to traduce your superiors in courage, discipline and ability to lead men into the "valley of death and into the jaws of hell." Until then read, study, learn, forget your prejudice and remember the country's need.

Hoping to meet you over there on the firing line and praying for an opportunity to come to your assistance leading the same despised troops,

CAPT. WM. S. BRADDAN,  
Chaplain, 370th Inf., U. S. N. G.

Hardly had we arrived at our Training Camp before we were impressed with the fact that it was up to us to make good by converting the whites of Houston from hate to love, to make a people who regarded the regiment as a bunch of lawless men, to realize that we would wade through the fires of Hell to gain and hold for our race a large place in the sun; and to dispel all doubts (if any really existed) relative to our loyalty, discipline and patriotism.

The first weeks were hard weeks of discipline and work, clearing the woods of mammoth trees, filling in low lands; digging ditches, and adjusting ourselves to new conditions incident to going across.

Houston had her first opportunity to view the "8th" and pass critical judgment upon the black boys from Illinois in early November for a divisional parade was requested by the Houstonians and consented to by General Todd, then Senior Officer in Command, General Bell, Commanding General, being in France studying conditions incident to leading his division over there.

The big question was, "Will the '8th' parade with the Division?" There was no just reason why they should or should

not as we were only the tail of the kite attached to the Division. It was up to General Todd, one of the squarest generals that ever wore a star, one hundred per cent American, a soldier, officer, an unprejudiced gentleman who answered the question by saying the "8th" is part of Illinois' contribution to the mobile army designated to go over there, see all the Division or none.

Then began the preparation incident to the parade, for any one who knows Colonel Dennison will tell you of his zeal to make the best impression with his regiment on every occasion; this could only be done by practice parades, close order formations and marches.

This was the program for several days prior to the big show. Then came the eventful day—the day that we had resolved to win the heart and admiration of the Houstonian. We were formed and took up the line of march in the center of the column. Every man was clean shaven, his hair cut, his equipment faultless, shoes were well polished, and thus as we swung into Main Street in platoon formation the black population that had choked the streets to see their boys, gasped with admiration, held their breath with wonder, then opened their mouths with pride and yelled "Atta Boy, now let these white folks start something." Down the wide, well-kept street that was jammed with whites and blacks we passed. Not a handclap from the whites, who regarded us with sullen silence, for never before had Houston seen Negro Soldiers marching her streets under arms. Down the streets marched the Crusaders keeping perfect step to the strains of Dixie and as we neared the Reviewing Stand on the balcony of the Rice Hotel the band struck up "Illinois." Every man's eyes were looking directly in front, head erect, shoulders thrown back, chest forward and making a full thirty. Fifteen paces this side of the Reviewing Stand the voice of Colonel Dennison rang out as clear as a clarion note, "Eyes—Left!" Every eye snapped to the left. The trick was done, the populace went wild, they cheered, they applauded, they shouted "Atta Boy." Houston had been won by the military appearance and discipline of Dennison's Regiment and everybody was happy.

Our stay in Houston that lasted upward of five months was one of the most pleasant of the entire period of our enforced absence from our home towns, for the Negro population tried to outdo each other in making us welcome and many were the men of the regiment who fell pierced by the arrow of that Little Cherub, Cupid.

(The remainder of this chapter is given over to the compilation of letters written by the Chaplain to his Church which contains a bird's eye view of the activities of the Regiment during their training period from October 1917, until March 1918. These letters are written by a Soldier of twenty-five years service, written in the language of a Soldier, to cheer and hearten loved ones at home who needed no cant nor preaching but wanted facts from the viewpoint of a soldier.)

Houston, Texas, October 19, 1917

Hello, Folks at Home:—

Well, the gang's all here, and have begun the heart-breaking grind known as "doing their stuff."

After four days travel on the slowest train that ever crawled through the cotton belt of Texas, (going so slow, at times, that it seemed as though it would meet itself coming back), we finally crept into Houston amidst impenetrable fog and darkness. We detrained at 5:30 A. M. Wednesday, and by 8 A. M., we had unloaded five box cars of equipment and had marched seven miles from nowhere into the midst of a dense pine forest that must be felled and cleared within a week. 'Tis a pity to cut down these giant sentinels of the forest that have stood guard over these lowlands for decades, but it must be done so as to provide space to drill and discipline three thousand men to stop bullets, smell gas and catch bombs, so that Europe will be safe for Democracy while the dear old U.S.A. will continue to grow and husband the rank weed of class and race hatred. Enough of that.

We have some twenty odd men in the hospital, among whom is Leslie Hayes, one of ours. None are serious save one just brought in—a tree fell on him, fracturing his skull.

Several of our boys were imprudent enough to start rough stuff up town last night. They are in the guard house now, and will be severely dealt with to-morrow.

In conjunction with his duties as Post Master, they have "wished" the statistical work of the Regiment on the Chaplain, but he is too old a soldier to kick when he is across a barrel.

Privates Toles, McCoo, McDougal and Tubbs are detailed to the Chaplain:—Toles as his personal orderly, the others as clerks in the Post Office and Statistical Division. Pvt. George says "Hello!" He is too busy as orderly to the Adjutant to write. Markus Slater reported that he had come clean. He has rolled so many logs that he has forgotten how to salute his Chaplain. Bassel is orderly to the Little Colonel, and is making good. All of the Berean boys have been taken care of except Hayes and the Chaplain will look after him as soon as he comes out of the Hospital.

One of our boys took sick Wednesday eve., and when we got him to the hospital we found out it was a her. It's the same poor sordid story, a woman's love and a man's duplicity. She followed her sweetheart here. He's in the guardhouse and will be sent up. The Chaplain passed the hat in Co. "A," and the boys gave \$21.50, then he hiked over to Co. "M," they gave \$17.00, plus \$5.00. The girl didn't have anything to wear but a smile, so the Chaplain imagined he was buying clothes for Elizabeth—they are the same age—and when he checked up he had bought Gladys Johnson \$21.50 worth of clothes. Tomorrow she will be taken to Houston by the Chaplain, put on a train and sent away. Corp. Parish and his chums deserve special mention for their manliness in the matter; none of whom were responsible for her coming, but one Pvt. Gordon of Co. A will forever be a sadder but wiser man.

Enough for one time. Good night. Loving greetings and prayers for your success, prosperity and usefulness.

Your loving pastor, W. S. Braddan

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Camp Logan, October 25, 1917

I am wondering how fares Berean and its members, its friends and loyal supporters. My prayers are to you ward constantly.

We are beginning to get straight at last. If you ever saw a sand storm you can imagine how we have suffered to-day. It has blown incessantly since six o'clock.

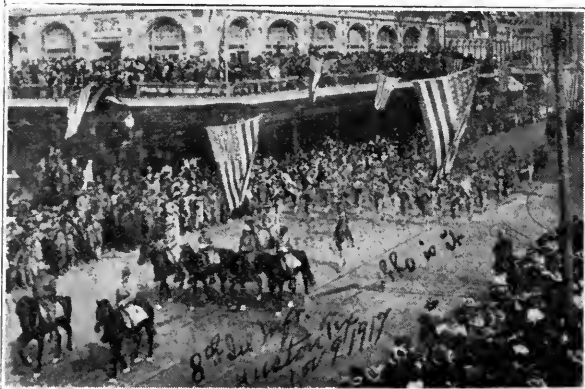
They continue to clear away the trees where our future parade ground will be. It's a slow and dangerous process. We are compelled to use a great deal of dynamite in blasting the stumps and to hear the intonation it reminds me of what they must hear from morning until night when once they cross the Pond to measure arms with the stubborn Teutons.

The boys are deporting themselves very well, and their health is far above the average.

The real test will come next week when two thousand of them will receive their pay. I am reasoning with them constantly and doing all in my power to keep them in check.

Banks, of Co. "G," who was shot last week, is on the high road to recovery. Leslie Hayes, (Mrs V. Hayes' husband), is grievously ill at the Base Hospital. He has erysipelas in the worst form, but is cheerful. I have written his loved ones. I expect that he will gradually improve, and ultimately be back to duty.

Wednesday was a high day in Houston. The entire 65th Brigade, of which the "8th" is a part, was scheduled to parade the city streets. It was a foregone conclusion that the white soldiers would be well received, but just how the Eighth would be treated in the face of the recent rioting of the 24th Inf. was problematic. But the boys were tip-toeing, and eager to show the Houstonians how to do their stuff. At 7:30 Assembly sounded, and with jaws set ready for hisses or applaude, we swung into line down the long dusty road that leads across Shepherds' Dam—where the 24th began their march of death and where fell the first victim of that eventful night—out past the unkept cemetery where the body of Sgt. Henry lay, who, rather than be arrested, killed himself—down Filipo Street to the bend of the road where the bodies of nine whites lay as a ghastly reminder that Democracy was knocking at America's door as well as Europe's. Finally we reached the heart of the city and the hearts of the people. Why, they simply went wild with delight. Our people hugged each other and shouted with delight, "Here come our boys. Let the Crackers start something now." One ancient woman cried, "Dem boys would charge Hell with a bucket of Water." Of course the whites were not so enthusiastic but endured it stoic-like. But there was one tall individual Captain who rode at the front who remembered that eternal vigilance is the price of safety, who watched every move of the whites and never breathed easy until the parade was over and he had returned to camp, taken a bath and lay him down to dream of Berean and Home.



Making Houston Like It



CHAPTER IV

*Thanksgiving and Xmas at Houston.*

Camp Logan, November 5, 1917.

Well Church:—

Pay day for the boys has come and gone, and Houston is still on the map, for the men of the 8th made good and there was no trouble.

Houston's colored population has moved to Camp Logan,—that is say—from the looks of our camp from three until five P. M. Women of every conceivable description, big and little, fat and thin, tall and short. Some of them that come out here look like a dream, I mean such a dream as one has when they eat a hearty meal of cabbage and bacon, and taper it off with mince pie and go to sleep: horrible! They seem so timid, dear trembling innocence abroad, but they are not as innocent as they look or would have you believe. Some gentle soul timidly knocked on the Chaplain's tent door the other eve,—he was hitting his pipe and trying to see State Street in the rings of smoke, when he was roused from his reverie by the timid knock. "Come in," and a gorgeously gowned vision of female grace stood blinking her eyes to accustom them to the electric light, and purred, "Is you the preacher man of this camp?" "Guilty to the charge," was his answer, "What can I do for you?" "Well, what I wanted to ask, do you have to be **shure nuff** converted to be a chaplain?" Well, to make a long story short, the chaplain said, "What do you want? Play your cards on the table, for you certainly did not disturb my peaceful dream over my pipe to ask that foolish question. What is it?" "Well," she said, "a school teacher friend of mine wanted to meet you, as she saw you in the parade." So there you are. She came, she saw, (don't read this if Mrs. Braddan is there) and thereby hangs a tale, to be continued in our next. Ha! Ha! That one on you.

Now to be serious:—our Lieut. Warfield had a serious operation last week. He is now in the base hospital. He sends his love to all in general, but to a certain Miss Ethel in particular. No, that isn't fair, don't try to guess the rest of her name.

Capt. Arnett of F. Co. was taken to the hospital Friday with acute rheumatism. 'Twill be a long time ere he returns to duty.

Corp. Helm just left the Chaplain's tent. Yes, he wanted money so that he could go in town and turn on a little slow sport.

There's a Mexican girl comes out here once in a while, and when it isn't Mr. Bassel it's Mr. Toweles. It's hard to tell Who's who, but the odds are on Bassel.

The orderlies received their horses yesterday, and the chaplain has been looking for his orderly all day. Well, there's nothing for him to do but make his own bed and fire; it isn't the first time he has made his own bed, even when he was at 5008—5th Avenue.

There is a very nice collection of views of Camp events at the old number that the Chaplain is sending home for safe keeping, as he is writing a history of the 8th's present activities, and the dear lady over there will be delighted to show them to you.

See him with his gas mask on and tell him what you think of him, if it doesn't look too bad in print.

Every dependent whose husband or son has made an allotment by writing to the Secretary of War at Washington, D. C., stating their dependency, will receive \$42.50 per month, with an addition of \$7.50 for each minor child, independent of the said allotment. Officers' wives are not included in this allowance, only soldiers' dependents.

The Chaplain wishes it distinctly understood that under no circumstances can the date or place of embarkation to France be given or what units will move, so kindly refrain from writing such questions.

Pvt. George has at last got a horse big enough for him, for his feet no longer drag the ground when he's horse-back.

The Chaplain hears excellent reports about Berean, and says "Keep it up." One month has passed since he said Adieu, and the same faith in God, Berean and providence that made him leave it without fear still sticks with him and will abide until, in God's providence, he returns.

Lovingly your Pastor,  
W. S. Braddan.

Camp Logan,  
November 7, 1917.

Beloved Church and Congregation:—

Well, I slipped a cog last week owing to a general order tightening up on all news matters coming out of the camp. So

I will be compelled to eliminate a great deal of interesting matter from my weekly letters.

McDougal has the mumps and his head is as big as a pumpkin. He says, "Hello, everybody." Lester Bassel is still dodging drills and hikes by sticking around Colonel Johnson's tent. Oliver Towles, well you can't pry him away from the Chaplain. I heard the Captain say, I didn't know he liked me so well until he came to Texas, fine boy—he made **one** hike, then threw up both hands, got way back and balled the jack and said, "Captain, never again." So to-day when we marched to Houston in honor of Governor Lowden, Oliver stayed at home. A. George rides a black horse that is as big as a Newfoundland dog—nuff said. He's a good soldier at that, for the Chaplain has borrowed his blouse more than once. Harry Greenley is the most popular man in the band with the . . . . . but he asked me not to mention it. Leslie Hayes is home from the base hospital and looks like a chicken with the pip. His head is certainly fat, I think we will tap it soon. He wonders what's the matter with Vie. So do I. Corp. Helm looked mad enough to fight to-day when we got back off that twelve mile hike. Corp. Newman is saying nothing but sawing wood and paying for Liberty Bonds. Good boy, he is.

It's a hard matter for the Chaplain to answer ten letters a day, with postage gone up, so he says Hello, Everybody. He has preached every Sunday evening at some of the city churches and tries hard to make himself believe he is at Berean, but it can't be done, for they do so much yelling and amen-ing, that he realizes the difference. One sister yelled, "Man, if you don't stop that telling the truth, I am coming up there and kiss you." I looked at her, she had a face that only a mother could love, and stopped.

Invitations to social functions are numerous. Your pastor expects to go down to Galveston (by auto) with, well it doesn't make any difference, you don't know them.

Don't ask, when we are leaving, for you will not know until it's all over and you read it in the papers, for the orders against telling the time of departure have been issued.

The Chaplain said that he would not send any more letters to the editor unless she acknowledged the receipt of the same. Big Boy won't object.

Camp Logan, Tex.,  
11/23/1917.

Neata:

I thank you. Both were duly received. You are certainly some interesting letter writer. Did the Big Boy censure them?

My sympathies go out to the grass widows. Thanks to all such for their words of encouragement.

There is one name, when mentioned in the medical department, causes a certain soldier to show his teeth. That name is Alma. He was singing the Blues last week and wound up by saying, "Alma, where art thou?"

First Sgt. of "A" Co. fell in an incinerator last week and received very painful burns that will keep him from duty for two months. He is resting as well as could be expected at the Base Hospital.

It looks as though Capt. Arnett will return home as his condition does not respond to the treatment given here. We all hate to have him go, for he is the best Captain in the outfit. But such is the life of a soldier—one day, happy, hale and hearty—the next, Bingo, shot full of holes, and for what? Search me.

A certain **Brown** saw a statement that "M" made in a letter to the Chaplain and grinned as he said, "Chaplain, I wish I felt that she meant that. It would make me braver to face the Huns." Don't be uneasy, "M," there's small danger of him being hit unless he is shot in the heel. Now don't frown or the girls will know it's you. Has anyone seen the gas man? Ask Vivian Davis, she knows. You shall see him if you are patient.

Corp. Newman says that some one wrote him about fried chicken and hot biscuits swimming in butter. Don't do that again, for the next day on drill he kept licking his lips and about all he got was this Texas real estate. Buddy Jones (Mrs. Emagee Jones' son) is slowly but surely getting over the Blues. The first day he was here in my tent he cried so that I had to have Oliver mop the floor after he left. Believe me, State Street looks mighty good to these boys when seen in imagination two thousand miles away. Oliver said, "Cap, what did you write that Mexican girl stuff for? Now Ma has written, balling me out. Tell her I am in the army now, far from the strap." Greenley got one more calling down per special delivery from Chi. Don't be uneasy, Mrs. G., Harry has a face no one could love but his mother, you and everybody. Ha! Ha! He was sick two days after receiving your letter, but is O. K. now.

Who's looney now? Ask A. George, he knows. Something has gone wrong for he sits on that horse as though his mind's in Chicago and his 200 pounds here. Such is life.

St. John's Baptist Church wins. They sent a hundred pound box to the Chaplain the contents to be divided between eleven members of their church. And it can't be beat. Nuts, candy, salmon, sardines, bologna, smokes, spearmint, Sweet-heart Soap, Uneeda Biscuits, Ginger-Snaps; the only thing they neglected to send was a big dose of castor oil, for those men certainly put it under the belt and the next day they went to the hospital. They're out now, still talking about that box.

Lieut. Warfield, Corp. Helm, Bassel and the rest of our boys came to the Chaplain's tent, looked at the pile of stuff and said, "Cap, what's the matter with Berean?" The Chaplain said, "Berean will make good." What about it, Church?

Where's that sweater that the Chaplain asked a certain school teacher to send him? If you look around at her real quick and see how provoked she looks you will know who it is.

On to Galveston Sunday, Monday, a plunge in the Gulf and back home Monday P. M.

Sgt. Dushon of the M. G. Co., says Hello to everybody, for he certainly played some football to-day against the Prairie View Boys. Our men won by a score of 3-0. All the fat browns and high yallers were out and the soldiers simply kidnapped them while the wise old owl looked on and blinked real hard and mused, who's looney now? The last seen of him he was in a tin lizzard, humming, "I love the cows and chickens, but this is the life." Clotee, censure the last paragraph if a lady with gray hairs on each temple is there, otherwise a letter will come next week saying, "Will, I want you to behave yourself." But I'm in the Army now.

Your pastor greets you with love and perpetual prayers for your steadfastness. In these letters he's just whistling to keep up his courage. Help him by being true and loyal to your church.

Capt. W. S. Braddan,  
Chap. 8th Ill. Inf.

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Camp Logan, Tex.,  
11/30/1917.

Hello Berean: —

I have the honor to report that the members of the 8th Ill. Inf. engaged the enemy, the elusive Turkey, yesterday

at 12 M., and after a stubborn attack that lasted an hour, the foe was completely devoured and retreated in disorder, leaving bones galore.

It was a glorious day—not a cloud in the sky, sun shone bright and hot. The camp was thronged with visitors. Thirty-six tons of turkey graced the festive board. Yet, but yet, that was not Home, Sweet Home. One brown-skinned Captain was heard to remark, "You can have all this world of turkey and that which goes with it, but give me 5008 Fifth Avenue."

The Chaplain distributed thirty-seven sacks of mail between eight and eleven thirty A. M., which contained over two hundred parcels, that contained everything from chitterlings to turkey, spoiled in transit. It was pathetic to note the love thus manifested on the part of the folks at home, who seemed to think that the boys are underfed, when the truth is that they are all eating as good, if not better, than the loved ones at home.

Oliver Towles said "Cap., Mom sent me a box and I want you to have this piece of chicken." "All right, Sheeny, put it in my box, and I'll eat it to-morrow." Then came Bassel with his glad smile and "Want a piece of Chicken, Cap?" "Yes, Lester, lay it in there." But believe me, if the Chaplain ate everything that was brought to his tent he would weigh 310 instead of 210, which is a plenty.

The Chaplain has been asked to pastor a certain church in Houston. Well, it is to laugh. He gently informed them that he was the pastor of the only church he ever intended to pastor and that no offer of money could induce him to give it up, even though he was not nailed to the stars and stripes.

The 8th pushed the boys of Sam Houston College off the boards in the football game Thanksgiving. 6-0 was the score. Truly we have some bunch.

Berean boys are making good. The Chaplain is endeavoring to have Buddie Jones transferred from "I" to "B" Co., where he will be better satisfied. Just now he is singing the blues because he does not know anyone in "I" Co. It's Sgt. George now, Mess Sgt. of Hdqt. Co., with emphasis on the **Mess**. Thrice was he offered this princely crown and thrice did he refuse it. Does this seem like ambition? Yet Cleotte says he was ambitious. Ha! Ha! Lieut. Warfield sends happy greetings and a line to Berean. Read it, especially if Ethel is there.

Olie, Olie, at last. Happy days, prosperity, and hopes that you have as good a husband as he has a wife. How is Mother?

Don't know what has become of Corps. Slater and Newman. The last time they were seen was Thanksgiving and the way that they were wrapping themselves around Turkey they are due at the Hostital. Edward McCoo, (Rev's son), is up for discharge; nothing serious, only another case of State Street Blues, so prevalent just now with the advent of Christmas seasons. He was heard asking the Chaplain, "Capt., can you fix it up for me?" "No," said Holy Joe, I told you not to leave dear old State Street, but you would come, and now you stay for another month at any rate."

The Pastor continues to hear pleasant things of Berean and with increasing pride loves and prays for the continuance of God's blessings upon you and your loyalty to your God, your church and yourselves.

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Houston, Tex.  
December, 1917

Berean has made good as everyone knew she would. She has lived up to her reputation of unselfishness. Berean boys are happy and proud of one of the dearest and best group of Christians that ever lived.

Yes, there were wet eyes among them as they thought of Home, Sweet Home and loved ones whom they may not see for a long time, and perhaps not again in this life. "But we are in the Army now." Had it not been for his rank, (you know that Captains and Chaplains are not supposed to have feelings), there is one who would have wept with joy and pride he felt for a loving, loyal and faithful people. As it was, he was compelled to swallow real hard and say, "Come, fellows, back up from the water works. You can't see State Street through tears. You're in the Army now."

Then the Circle of King's Daughters comfort kits were a great blessing to a group of men who otherwise would not have been remembered. Tell Mrs. Moss that her circle has done a grand work.

The mail clerks at Chicago must have known that box was from Berean, for it reached me Sunday evening, so that I could distribute its contents Monday.

Thanks, Deacon Nelson, for those fifty perfectly good cigars. I may hand out cigars to the officers, but not from that box.

The Battle Song of the 8th has come into its own. A group of reporters attended the dedication of the "Y" and

heard the men sing, "If Jesus Goes With Me I'll Go," and they immediately button-holed the Chaplain and informed him that the 8th would sing itself to fame and glory with that song, that no other regiment had a battle song and that it would go down into history. The Chaplain gave him the words of the chorus to publish. Everybody is humming and whistling it now; thanks to Berean Choir.

The Chaplain is sending one of his flags to Sister Adkins. Sew a white star for each of our boys on the blue background, and keep it on display until we return. If we don't come back, pass it down in the history of Berean.

Lovingly your pastor,

Wm. S. Braddan

Wishing you a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

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Camp Logan, Tex.

1/23/18.

Well Beloved:—

Berean has scored again, two of her boys and one adopted son have grabbed large and lucious plums, 2nd Lieut. W. Warfield is now 1st Lieut., Sgt. Harvey Johnson is now 1st Lieut. and 1st Sgt. Jordan (whose wife is one of Berean's best) received his commission as 2nd Lieut. Truly Berean should be proud of her representatives as mirrored in these young men, and the end is not yet. Watch the rest climb. Bob Helem should of been one of them, ask him why? But there will be other opportunities for soldiers and officers are made to be killed and others will take their place.

The Chaplain is overjoyed by reason of the token of love, esteem and thoughtfulness manifested by the members and friends of Berean who so kindly co-operated in the auto fund for \$175 was received from treasurer Chas. Davis last week. The Sky Pilot had been in town all day on official business and upon his return found several letters and as is his custom, he selected the envelope that read—Berean—and he nearly fell out of his shoes when he saw the draft. You can depend upon it that the entire sum will be used for transportation purposes. He has already hired a car, (for we are marking time just now, I cannot say more) but as soon as we are settled, you may expect a photo of "Berean's Car."

Sister Adkins, the pastor is depending on you to keep on file a copy of each messenger. Thanks.

The sketch book being prepared by the Sky Pilot of the



370th will also contain selections from Berean Messenger—for while the U. S. is making History so is one of the best churches in the U. S. In future years when we sit before the open grate of life at our evening time watching each separate dying ember cast its shadow on the floor, our children will point with pride at the deeds of valor and devotion of the sons of Berean who being dead will still speak.

The Chaplain is just wild to see you one and all so don't be surprised if he grabs a southern breeze and blows in down Dearborn and 52nd next month. If he dosen't, then you will know the reason why.

We hope to get together with the rest of our Brigade and division, ours is the 185th Brigade, 93rd Division consisting of the 15th N. Y. Separate Battalion of the District of Columbia N. G. and 9th Ohio.

Thus you have the entire N. G. of Negroes welded into one fighting unit and they who know the fighting stamina of the Negro will see in this Org.—one of the strongest, most invulnerable fighting forces at home or abroad.

The 370th is the only Org.—with a full complement of Negro officers; her Colonel F. A. Dennison knows no fear and places no value on his life if by its sacrifice he can give to the world a demonstration of the real worth and value of the negro to the U. S. Army in particular and the body politic in general.

There's a certain Chaplain who has requested his Col. to put him on the line so that when the time comes he can go over the top leading his men into that Hell of Horrors, singing, "If Jesus goes with me I'll go anywhere."

With much love, and hopes that the next letter sent will bear another post mark save this one that will show that we are far from the land of the reed necks—

Wm. S. Braddan,  
Capt. 370th Inf.

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Camp Logan,  
March 4, 1918

Beloved Church and Congregation:—

This is your pastor's valedictorian letter as far as Camp Logan is concerned.

I have refrained from writing you until now for several reasons. First, because of the uncertainty of our stay, which

keeps us on tip-toe, but we are now flat-footed, standing, awaiting the command, Forward, March, that will take us nearer the theatre of action, battle, death and victory.

We leave this camp this week for a secret destination, for while we have a nasty bloody job on hand, we want to be at it and get it out our system, and hurry back.

It's needless to say that the men were glad to see the Chaplain back on the job, for they are human and misery loves company, and as the Sky-Pilot has been sharing their misery for a number of years, they want him to continue.

My nephew joined the outfit two weeks ago. Of course, you know that I finally decided that the army was the best place for my son, and so informed him and the blood of Braddan that he inherited from his grandfathers on both sides, (both of them were soldiers), prompted him to kick in, so I expect him to meet me somewhere in France if not before.

To the mothers, wives, sweethearts and loved ones, the men of the 370th say, "Don't worry; we'll come back. It's for you we are fighting."

Yesterday, (Sunday), was Houston Day. All the people were here. The camp was literally black with Houstonians. There were many tearful good-byes. Mrs. Geraldine Hodges-Desmond arrived in camp in time to tell Binga Desmond Good-By. Mrs. McDougall journeyed from Chicago to arrive here this A. M., to say Hello and Adieu to her two sons. Excuse me from the **second** Good-by.

The men are eager to be on their way; "So it's Good By State St., Hello France, We've Come To Help You Win This War."

General Bell presented the Daily News stand of colors to our regiment this A. M. The ceremonies were very touching. Colonel Dennison responded with eloquence and emotion such as only one with a sense of duty and a knowledge of what awaits us over there could.

Finally, Beloved, be strong, be faithful, pull together, pray for the men. If you don't hear from me within two weeks, you will within a month. Until then, God keep and watch over you all and those who go in answer to their nation's call.

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

Capt. Wm. S. Braddan,

Chaplain, 370th Inf., N. G.

CHAPTER V

## *Good-By Houston; Hello France!*

March 15, 1917

At last the expected, desired, yet dreaded hour came that the "370th" would base at a seaport camp for transportation over there.

I want you to bear in mind that while the rest of the Division had been in training three months longer than we, yet so thorough had been our training and disciplining, so conscientiously had the men been applying themselves to drills that they were deemed fit for foreign service five months earlier than were the rest of the Division.

Yes, we were loath to leave Houston, but we were more anxious to be on our way Over There, so that we could help in



Good-By Houston

the game of strapping the Huns and get home, for we felt the quicker we got at it the sooner it would be ended.

The Big Question was, "Where do we go from here?" No one knew but the Big Boy and he couldn't tell. At last the day of parting, March 6th, arrived and we were off and on our way.

It was Newport News, Va., a place of a thousand prejudices. The people, always hateful toward the Negro, had

resolved to add fuel to their hate toward the "8th." All kinds of rumors had preceded our coming. 'Twas said that it was the "8th" that had started the trouble in Houston and that we had resolved to start similar trouble in Newport News. Not only the white civilian population had resolved to get us but our supposed to be comrades in arms, the white soldiers and officers, especially the M. P's. Many were the clashes between our men and the M. P's. who seemed bent on putting us in bad. But aside from a few broken heads on both sides there was nothing to it.

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Camp Stewart,  
Newport News, Va.  
March 12, 1918

Beloved Church:—

Well, here we are, and we are here because we are needed to help curb the devil in human guise, "The Kaiser." He who makes your days heatless, your meals meatless, your coffee sweetless, Gee, but how I hate him.

After five days spent on the slowest train that ever pulled out of a depot, during which we passed through ten states, we arrived at this burg Sunday, the 10th, at 5:00 P. M. And the sight of it beggars description. Camp Stewart is washed by the restless waters of the Atlantic, that frets the shores of two continent. Riding their anchors some eight hundred yards out, lie our sullen dogs of war, spic and span, trimmed of all unnecessary frills, transformed from their immaculate white to dull drab, their monstrous guns ready for action, pointed out across the trackless deep. The sight of those war vessels straining at their anchor, like mastiff dogs at the leash, is conducive to make the most timid brave and unafraid.

The camp itself is ideal, but much cluttered up, for you must know that the camp that now can quarter a hundred thousand men was a swamp but a few short months ago. The housing is excellent, the wooden barracks are fifty by thirty, two-story, steam-heated, bath and electric lighted.

While I may not designate the units here quartered, I may say that this organization of ours is the center of admiration.

The most dejected looking men I ever saw in uniform, and the most unsoldierly are the Stevedores. Truly, I would rather be a dog than such a soldier.

But to the matter nearest your heart, How are your own boys, what is their sentiment? They are well and as fit as so

many fiddles. They stood the long journey with soldierly fortitude, as in anticipation of the work that lies before them. When first they saw the waters of the Atlantic and the vast and numerous vessels that hugged its bosom, they wondered, they looked again, tightened their belt and whistled, "If Jesus Goes with me I'll Go, Anywhere." Yes, they would like to see you, to hear your voice, but as that can not be, they are anxious to be on their way and get through with this bloody business and hurry back to home, sweet home, and State Street.

While the train was side-tracked at St. Louis, the Chaplain called Drover 2410 and had a pleasant chat, at \$1.75 per. He refuses to tell you how long the chat lasted, but not as long as Rev. McCoo talked to his boys the night before they left. It cost him just fifty iron boys, and when we pulled in here Sunday, he was here. I felt like kicking him into the Atlantic. It has undone for his boys what we have done for five months.

Now Beloved, stand firm, be faithful, be zealous, stick, endure, while I am away. Keep busy, get your rally set for June. I will hurry back.

Your loving pastor,

—  
Camp Stewart,  
Newport News, Va.,  
March 28, 1918.

To the Officers, Members and Friends of Berean:—  
Dearly Beloved:—

I am writing what will evidently be my last letter to you before going over there to war torn Europe. Judging from certain signs, we will not be at this point very long. I have much indeed to say to you, but may not at this time. Suffice it to say that I am going because of a sense of duty that I owe the soldiers and you, their loved ones at home, who feel that I am needed with this regiment. After all these years of military service, I do feel that my duty is here for the present, to inspire and encourage this splendid group of men who have placed their bodies upon the nation's altar, either for service or slaughter. I owe to my race this sacrifice, that I now gladly make, for I realize that upon the showing of this regiment (because of its entire personnel being Race men) depends the weal or woe of our race. If we fail, the race fails; if we succeed, the race succeeds. Knowing this as I do, I leave home, wife, children and a loving congregation for a season, believing that my race as a whole needs me more than loved ones at home. If you love me, and

I know you do, if I am a source of help and encouragement to you, then think by comparison what I am to two thousand six hundred men that must soon receive their baptism of fire, amidst a condition that will try the soul of the strongest and bravest of us.

You know me well enough to understand that it is not braggadocio that prompts me to say, the love of these men for me, (great as is yours), is not less than that of Berean's I have always endeavored to show to them, by word and deed, that in me they have not only a spiritual adviser, but a friend: one who will go all the way with them.

In allowing me to be absent from you, you are not only serving your individual loved ones but your race and nation. And I predict that in years to come, when truth gets a hearing, no church will stand out more prominently than Berean, in her gift to her soldiers, her race and her nation.

While I am absent from you in body, I shall ever be present with you in spirit, urging you to be steadfast, faithful and loyal to your trust, doing only those things consistent with the unfolding and developing of Christlike character, the strengthening of faith and the upbuilding of His visible Kingdom.

Remember, these are the times of great sacrifice in life, in energy, in pleasure and in money. You who are at home must keep the fires (of industry, spirituality and resources) burning, and thus relieve those who are at the front from worry and mental strain, that we may abandon ourselves to the one thing, winning this war, or in failing, report to God the reason why.

We were all glad and relieved of a tremendous strain when on April 6th we were finally ordered to take transport for the European battle front. It was at this place that we lost two of our best officers, Lt. Col. J. H. Johnson, one of the bravest, most beloved and efficient officers in the "8th," a man who would have covered not only himself but the regiment with glory had he not been double crossed by Generals Bell and Blanding, and Capt. J. Nelson, a little giant in his department, the supply. Blanding pretended that Nelson could not endure the rigors and hardships of trench warfare, but those of us who know him best know that with his grit and pluck he could have endured more hardships than the average officer over there.

But you may say that in making the above statements that I am actuated by my great friendship toward the men. Not so, for while I am proud of their friendship I am prouder of the

fact that they were competent men, well seasoned soldiers and officers, and when they were kicked in the face by a prejudiced General they did what a true soldier always does, saluted, made about-face and marched back with head erect, knowing that they had done their whole duty and offered their lives upon their nation's altar. Greater love hath no man than this.

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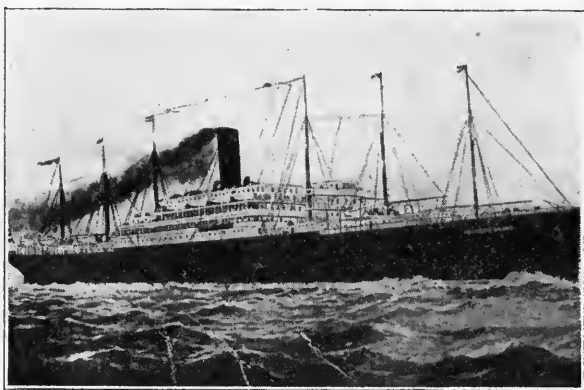
CHAPTER VI

## *On Our Way.*

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To the men and officers of the "8th" rechristened "370th Infty," Saturday, April 6, 1918 will ever be remembered as the day that noted their get-a-way.

At 5 A. M. on the date referred to the Regiment took up the line of march from their Barracks at Camp Stewart, New-



The Good Ship President Grant, that carried the 370th (8th I. N. G.), Inf. from Newport News, Va., to Brest, France

port News, Va., to pier 3 where floated the good ship George Washington, awaiting its cargo of human freight and cannon fodder.

It was a sight to behold to see this determined group of men, calm of visage and firm of step swing down the narrow muddy back streets of that town of a thousand hateful memories;

not a word was spoken as these Modern Crusaders, fully equipped, caterpillar-like wormed their way to the point of embarkation.

Once there I wondered why our silence, and the apparent secrecy of our movement, for it seemed as though every human knew of our going for at once within a radius of two blocks of the pier the place was alive with people and relatives of soldiers and officers who on the day before had been forbidden the camp area, waiting to say the final good-by.

'Twas a sad sight to witness indeed, frail little women trying to be brave and cheerful. How heroically they tried to smile, as they waved a parting good-by to their loved ones as they swung by in company formation, for be it remembered that no one was allowed to get out of line or say a parting word to mother, wife, sister or sweetheart. Just a smile, perhaps a bow, that was all, but hundreds of loyal wives had traveled hundreds of miles just for that smile and nod in passing. Truly the greatest burdens and heroic deeds and sacrifices were endured by the women, they whom we left "to keep the home fires burning." The greatest battles that e'er were fought, shall I tell you where and when? Upon the battle fields you'll find them not; for they were fought by women and not by men.

It was 11 A. M. before we were finally loaded aboard this floating palace that was to serve as our home for seventeen days. When we were finally loaded we numbered five thousand human souls composed of the 371st regiment of drafted men from North and South Carolinas, "370th" and five hundred men of a Slave Battalion. Yes, slave, for no name better suits the conditions under which these noble patriots labored. They were called Labor Battalion, Engineers and Pioneers, but ask them how they were treated at home and abroad, when they were under the complete control of white non-coms as well as line officers, not even a Negro Chaplain to offer words of advice and encouragement; ask them how they were cursed and damned and worked at high gear from morning until night, and if their story does not melt your heart then it's because you have one of stone.

Saturday night we slipped our cables and were towed out to midstream, Sunday at 3:30 the pilot gave the signal, the engine snorted and puffed and we were off—but not for long, for at 4 P. M. there was a harsh grating sound and we suddenly stopped. Why? every one queried.



The pilot had run us aground a perfectly good sandbar and there we stuck. Eight tugs came to our relief but to no avail—their number was augmented to fifteen and it was a sight worth seeing to observe those little giants of the water, snorting, puffing, ramming and pulling with might and main to release this monster of the ocean, by the side of which a tug looked like a fly along side of an elephant. Their combined efforts were finally rewarded, for one by one they snorted and steamed away and a mighty shout went up from the throats of five thousand men, for we were off—on our way—the day toward which we had looked for nine months while undergoing our training had arrived, and we were on our way over there. 'Twas then that we began singing "Over There, Say a Prayer, Send the word, Send the word, Over there, for we are coming Over and we won't come back 'til it's over, Over There." Alas, alas, too many of them did not come back, when it was over, Over There; having made the supreme sacrifice they remain amidst the fields of daisies and poppies there to await the final Roll Call.

We were soon impressed with the fact that we were not on an excursion for Orders relative to conduct on Troop Ships were issued from Headquarters over the signature of General Harries, one of the most splendid unprejudiced generals in the A. E. F. I suppose that was one of the reasons he was not permitted to command a Negro combat unit. It seemed to be the studied policy of the A. E. F. not to give any General Officer, known to be square and just toward the Negro, a command.

Tuesday evening we ran into a terrific gale that made the good ship groan like a goaded bull. How she rode the waves! Now upon the crest of one that seemed as though it would take her and her human cargo to the skies, and now, in the valley formed by monster waves towering on either side like mountains.

You ask me if the men were sea-sick. Well if you could have seen them lying around the deck and hanging on the rail you would not have asked the question. Speaking about feeding the fish, the majority of them must have had a contract to feed whales.

Saturday, 13th, we picked up a wireless that the Germans had launched another drive and were threatening the British lines in Flanders and greatly harassing the French at Rheims, Compiègne, and Amien.

Sunday, 14th, we picked up a troop ship and believe

me it was a source of encouragement for misery loves company and there were a lot of miserable men aboard that ship, as we were nearing the Danger Zone where flourished the dread "Subs." The next day we picked up an auxiliary cruiser and we experienced a mingled feeling of joy and anxiety—joy because of the fact that we had some protection, anxiety because with the protection came the knowledge of increasing danger.

Saturday, 20th we entered the Danger Zone; all hands were ordered to wear their life belts and stay in the vicinity of their life rafts. To tell the truth this didn't make a hit with me. I didn't mind taking a chance man to man on dry land but this thought of being struck by a projectile fired from a "Sub," and being dumped into the ocean, didn't go big with me.

We were now joined by a fleet of "Sub-chasers," Nos. 56, 68, 55, 28, 51, 57, 64, that darted in and out, around and about the troop ships, two in number, like wasps—believe me they had some sting—and it was because of the terror that these hornets sent to the souls of the men that manned the "Subs" that made it possible for our Government to convey a million and half men Over There without losing a single Troop Ship. Those Cruisers won the war.

Monday, 22nd, was among the happiest days in my life—not only me but five thousand others yelled themselves hoarse when after seventeen days at sea the word was passed—Land Ahead. Every human rushed to the decks beholding a sight worth traveling thousands of miles to see. Perched upon enormous ledges of rock sat Brest—this place of a thousand unhappy memories. Brest that stood thus ere the Saviour was born. Brest, where had been hatched plots and counterplots that had shaken Europe for centuries.

Down the same channel that Napoleon passed on his way from St. Helena to Brest there to receive his sentence, down the same channel we passed, slipped into the Harbor that had been made by American skill and labor within a year, there we anchored until the morrow.

The honor of leading the first armed contingent of this regiment on French soil fell upon Major Chas. Hunt of the 2nd Battalion, a splendid soldier and disciplinarian.

We rested at Pontenuzon Barracks (if rest you called it) for two days. Here behind those stone walls where were quartered the flower of Napoleon's Army a hundred years before we had time to reflect upon what it really meant to be in a

strange country five thousand miles from home and with the chances a hundred to one that we would not get back.

On Friday, the 26th of April, we marched to the railroad yards to take train, whither we knew not. The thing that impressed me upon reaching the yards was the absence of coaches. Of course I saw hundreds of little dinky box cars perched upon high wheels that looked like cracker boxes on cart wheels but where were we to ride, that was the question. It finally dawned upon us that those funny looking box cars, with the words 8 Chevaux or 40 Hommes, were meant for us. Into them we piled the men forty deep. After two days and nights of discomfort and hunger we finally landed at Morvilla where we detrained and passed in review of a French General and his staff. We marched direct to Grandvillars, a distance of three miles, where we were to be billeted.

For six weeks we remained in this town among those cordial and gentle folks of Lorraine who welcomed us into their homes and social life. Too much cannot be said of their hospitality.

'Twas here that we learned that we were not to be Brigaded with Americans but with the French. The men were greatly chagrined when they were ordered to turn in their American equipment and were issued French equipment instead. This man's army certainly doesn't want us, was heard on all sides.

But time heals all wounds; therefore it was not long before the men were happily engaged in endeavoring to master the intricacies of French machine gun and rifles and trying to adjust their color to the funny little blue French helmets but it was impossible for they looked a fright. We were duly assigned to the 37th Brig., 40th Div. of the 7th Army.

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CHAPTER VII

## *Lafayette, We Are Here!*

A French Port  
April 25, 1918.

Dear Church and Congregation:—

I salute you with much love from this point. We arrived (by the grace of God) early this week, after many days of watchfulness over the Atlantic. God, the combined prayers and

the U. S. Navy are solving the dread Sub menace. Could you have passed through what we have during these latter days you would no longer wonder why Columbus after landing kneeled and kissed the earth and offered prayer unto God. I wish I could tell you of our wonderful trip abroad, but I cannot mention it. The boys are all well and stood the trip like old veterans; there were many amusing things, chief among which was watching the unfortunate feed the fish. We struck a bunch of foul weather that lasted several days and it certainly got them going for every human began leaning over the rail of the boat with a look of agony on their face as though they had sighted a sub but they had seen nothing but the chow that they had eaten for the past week came up in chunks just as they had swallowed it.

We arrived at this historic port early this week. Its name I may not mention, it's a place that stands out in history, a place of a thousand happy and sad memories. France is truly bled white as far as her man power goes. My heart ached as I watched the sad eyed women all in black mourning for loved ones killed by the heathen Huns. Old men and little children followed our line of march crying "Vive la France, Vive l' America, long live America." To see the little children clattering over the stony streets with wooden shoes and to see old men and women driving carts and the younger ones driving street cars is enough to make one pray, "Oh Lord how much longer shall that devil and his horde be allowed to terrify the world and slaughter the innocent." We are confident of the defeat of this devil but are in a hurry until it be accomplished. We leave this point this week for the interior. I want you to feel that I am doing my very best to encourage and keep the morale of the boys to the highest pitch; they are anxious to be in the midst of the activities and you need have no fears; your regiment by the help of God will not return without honors. I want you to get together now for your rally in July, I want you to have your bazaar and write me when and will send you a souvenir. I want a monthly report on all activities. I shall endeavor to get you a letter every two weeks as the mail goes but twice a month. Be prayerful, faithful and diligent.

I shall see you soon as possible. I want you to remember that I am your contribution to this European War and that for every sacrifice you make you will be repaid one hundred fold. I am sending love and best wishes to you all from your loving pastor,

Wm. S. Braddan

In France,  
April 30, 1918.

Dear Church:—

Since I last wrote you, I have traveled much, and through the most beautiful and historic places in the Old World. When I write that I have camped and slept where camped and slept men of fame and renown of the Middle Ages, you can then understand why my heart leaps with joy and the hidden fire within me burns to a white heat. For days, I have gone through the garden spot of the world, and mingled with people who look upon our coming as a God-send, a people who for four years have fought against great odds with their backs to the wall, fighting a cruel, relentless foe. Now that we are here, they hug us with delight. Nothing is too good for "American Soldier." "Vive Americaina," is what we hear on all sides.

Were I permitted to tell you where I am, you would hardly believe it. I think I may tell you that we enjoy a distinction that **no other** regiment from over there enjoys—further than this I may not say.

I am "Billeted," (rooming) with one of the wealthiest French families in this quaint village of the middle period. Nothing is too good for me. The fact that I am "Cûrate" of Le Regiment, The Priest of the Regiment, is my passport to every home.

Of course, you must know that aside from the men of our regiment, there are no others of our kind here. I am hoping that when the War ends, the same spirit of manhood that prevails **here** will obtain over there.

The men are standing up very well indeed. I may say that they are all well at this writing. Further than to-day I shall not write again, as the War Department will inform loved ones over there relative to any serious end that may befall their loved ones over here. This I shall not do.

I want you to continue in faith and prayer, knowing that God will take care of all who put their trust in Him. I am unshaken in my faith of a glorious victory and a safe return. I wish that I might tell you of honors already received, but this I may not do. You can depend upon it, that amidst it all, I think of what it will mean to my race, my country, my church, my family and above all, my God and His Kingdom.

Whatever I may attain in honor, glory and renown, I will bring it back to you, if you be but faithful.

Announce for the rally in July, if I find it impossible to

be there, I will send suitable tokens and souvenirs, also for the June bazaar. You may announce I will send three prizes, to be used as the committee see fit.

Tobacco is a rare thing out here and the very thing the men most desire. Send some at once to me for them.

I greet you with fervent love and prayers, with full confidence in my God and your God, my Father and your Father. May he in grace watch between us during our absence, one from the other.

Capt. Wm. S. Braddan,  
Chaplain, 370th Inf., N. G.

A. E. F., France

At the Front in France,

May 12, 1918

Dearly Beloved:—

This is Mothers' Day and the entire American Expeditionary Forces now operating in the land of a thousand unhappy memories, are thinking of home, sweet home, of mother, sisters, and sweethearts, who are prayerfully awaiting their victory and safe return.

There are a countless number of things of interest that I could write you were it not for the very strict orders against mentioning anything of a military nature. The reason is clear, as it's impossible to tell when our mail might fall into the hands of the enemy who could and would use it to our undoing. Hence our own safety demands secrecy.

I suppose the major part of the outfit is getting used to sleeping while the sullen dogs of war are barking at their front door. I know one perfectly good captain who didn't sleep very much the first night or two, but lay listening to that everlasting noise that seemed to say, "Wake up, get up, and limber up for action." Oh, well, that's past history. I sleep like a baby now and eat like a wolf.

You have never seen any bread until you have seen this **Pon**. I don't know what it is made of, but I do know that there is no flour in it. At first I looked at it with disgust, then as I grew hungry I picked the straw out of it and went to it. But you must eat it like you do Limburger Cheese, shut your eyes, take a bite, and let it go at that. Yet it must be healthy for I haven't been sick a day and every one has a similar experience.

You have no need to fear as to whether the 8th—370th will make good, for they "ain't going to do nothing else." They have come in for great praise during the past week. I am

trying to make a collection of souvenirs for your bazaar, but I don't know whether it will be possible to get them there in time.

I am expecting every one to do their duty at Berean while I am over here and I have no fear of the future. God has a great and glorious work to accomplish through Berean if we are but faithful to our trust. 52nd and Dearborn will yet blaze with glory to God and humanity as never before. Be faithful, diligent and prayerful. Keep your eyes straight ahead, unshaken by aught save the guidance of God.

Did I tell you of the sport we had coming over? It consisted in watching the sea sick men feed the fish and believe me, their name was legion and every fish had enough and then some. Private A. George had a contract to feed a whale from the way he went at it. Pvt. McDougall combined their efforts and all but prayed to die. Corp. Helm did his share. Corp. Newman, Pvs. Towles and Bassel were a few who failed to pay tribute to Dame Neptune.

Am compelled to close before I had finished.

With love and prayers for your steadfastness,

Your loving pastor,

Wm. S. Braddan

Capt. and Chap., 370th Inf., N. G.

Am. Ex. Forces, France

Postal Sector

Far away from home and going farther

France, May 17, 1918



The First Religious Services held by the Chaplain  
in Grandvillars, France, May 5, 1918

(Grandvillars)

Beloved Church and Congregation:—

We have been very busy since I was compelled to bring my last letter to a sudden close; but am now at leisure to write a line or two.

Yes, Berean boys are all well and hitting the ball without complaint. I think we will all be justly proud of the part that Berean is playing in this world struggle. Oh! yes, the boys in common with every human, have their seasons of longing for home sweet home and dear old State Street and the loved ones, wives, sisters, sweethearts, and mothers. But they soon "buck up," take up an extra link in their belt, get their French book and begin the declension of the French verb "Love."



A Colored Gentleman in the Wood Pile

It's certainly a knock out this trying to learn a perfectly good but intricate language at forty and six but what's a fellow to do when in a strange country where you must know when to go, where to go, and what to do, yet "Vous ne Parlez-vous." If you could see a certain Captain trying to wrap his tongue around this French pronunciation, and the twisting of the mouth and nose, you sure would say, "Do have a heart." The Made-



moiselle who has the task of teaching this particular Captain said "La la Capitan, such an ugly face you make, smile." But believe me, it can't be done until you master this stuff then you can't do any thing else but laugh when you think of how foolish were your first efforts.

Every officer who feels like it, has an interpreter following at his heels like a blood hound. But I never enjoyed having some one doing my talking while I look wise and foolish, so it's me to the French dictionary morning, noon and night.

You must not expect me to say anything in these letters relative to our activities for this I may not do, neither the passing of loved ones, this must come through the War Dept. I may mention however (when necessary) the placing of Black on one or more Stars in our Service flag, without mentioning any names, until now while other flags must thus be honored, ours is yet free, thank God.

I go tomorrow to a little green hill that over looks a quaint sleepy village with thatched roofs and town cryers, pass the same spot where last week we marched and laughed and joked, to this same place I go tomorrow to lay at rest a brave Patriot who little thought one week ago that he would rest on the summit of the same hill he so recently admired. Such are the uncertain ties of life in the army, but so, also in civil life as well.

I am enclosing this photo, the first taken in France at our Sunday services May 5, 1918. I want it lithographed, have it done by the very best artist, have a souvenir made as per sample enclosed, and give them at the July rally.

With love and prayers for your faith and loyalty,

I am your loving pastor,

W. S. Braddan,

Captain and Chaplain, 370th Inf., N. G.

CHAPTER VIII

*Verdun, Argonne, Chateau Thierry Front.*

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AN account of the efficiency of the officers and men of the 370th Infantry, the French Generals were loud in their praise of the men; within six weeks after our arrival in France we were judged as fit to take the trenches in a quiet sector. Orders were given for us to occupy the trenches in front of Montbeliard. Our troops were to march in under cover of night, June 5th, but the Germans got wind of our intended movements and they shelled the road all night. This not only frightened the civil population but made the French General change his plans relative to our station for they now feared to put American troops on the line lest the Germans attack that sector, something that they had never done. Be it borne in mind that we were the very first American soldiers in that section of France and the Germans were resolved to register their disapproval by starting the ball rolling. This of course was to be avoided as we were neither in sufficient number nor prepared to withstand an attack at that time, so it was decided so send us to the sector lying in front of St. Mihiel.

When it was decided that we were to leave Grandvillars there was genuine regret on our part and on the part of the villagers but *c'est la guerre*, the best of friends must part, so on the 11th of June we said not *Au Revoir* but *Adieu*, for we knew that we would never again return to that garden spot where lived God's noblest and best people.

We were now assigned to the 73rd Div. of 10th Army and 34th Brigade. We reached Petit Nan Cois on Thursday, 12th of June, leaving on the 17th for Lignieres, each move bringing us in closer range of the German guns and glory. On the 24th of June the regiment was ordered to the trenches in front of St. Mihiel, that ancient Roman Fortress, where had been fought innumerable bloody conflicts but destined to see its bloodiest battle within the next three months.

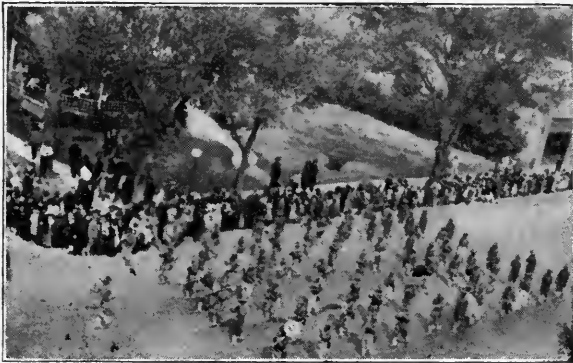
It was on a Sunday afternoon, all day the distant guns were heard booming away, sending their missiles of death and destruction, tearing, lacerating and disemboweling France, the garden spot of the world; the men were in fine fettle in anticipa-

tion of a speedy victory; the Chaplain had them formed and they joined him in singing their favorite hymn,

If Jesus goes with me I'll go anywhere,  
'Tis heaven for me wherever I be if He is there,  
I count it a privilege here His Cross to bear,  
If Jesus goes with me I'll go anywhere.

after which he said "Fellows, you stand as pioneers on the frontier of your Race's progress. If you fail the hands on the dial of your Race's progress will be pushed back fifty years. The whites over there are expecting you to fail because you are officered by your Race men, now go to it and show them how, when led by your own officers, you can and will charge hell with a bucket of water."

They answered back, "Captain, we will make good and return with honor or we will not return at all." In parting he pronounced the benediction saying, "Fellows, rest assured that Jesus is with you and fights on your side, and I want you to help



The Best Band in the A. E. F.  
Lead by Lieut. G. Duff

make the German language the only language spoken in hell for the next twenty-four hours," and they marched away with heads up, firm tread and confidence that they had the Boche's number, that they would make good or report to Jesus Christ the reason why.

We occupied the trenches at St. Mihiel for a month and learned the art of modern warfare that was destined to position

us to give a good account of ourselves and help us out of many a tight place.

As the 1st of July rolled around it became apparent that the Germans were bent on pulling off some real stuff. Their success along the entire Allied Front had emboldened them to make a final try for their goal, Paris, before the Americans had arrived in any sufficient large number to counterbalance the odds they held over the Allies in man power—for be it remembered that up until now the Germans did not give us credit for having more than a mere handful of men in France.

They had hammered the British Front in Flanders and the Somme to a pulp; they had pushed and bent the French line around Rheims, Soissons, Champagne and Chateau Thierry to



Captain Braddan in the Argonne

the cracking point—now for a final drive and Paris was theirs, so reasoned the Germans but they reckoned without the million Yankees, undrilled and unskilled as they were in modern warfare, yet they were hastened from the back areas to the front line of defense by the thousands to stop bullets, shrapnel 55, 77, 210—and eat gas and by sheer number, wave after wave going forward, ever forward, undeterred, undismayed, thus by the enormous number, if not by technical knowledge of modern warfare, awing and disheartening the enemy, the beasts of Germany, Ludendorff, Hindenburg and Wilhelm.

Of course we were chosen to be in the Big Scrap hence

we were relieved from the St. Mihiel Front June 30th and rested at Lignieres until July 5th, arriving at St. Esliet July 6th at which place we detrained and marched to Rarecourt.

As we marched up on the Verdun, Argonne, Chateau Thierry Front we passed hundreds of the civil population going back of the lines, leaving all that they had save a few necessary articles; homes that required a life time in building were hastily deserted by order of the Commanding General for Hell was to break loose within a fortnight and that particular front was not to be very healthy for men to say nothing of women and children. Out through Claremont, a once prosperous and happy village, now a heap of ruins, reduced by the unerring shot of the German gunner, up past the erstwhile beautiful Cathedral where were wont to assemble on Holy Days devout, happy, prosperous worshipers, past an ancient graveyard whose dead had been shaken from the narrow confines of their grave, dug up and exposed in all their ghastliness to the pitiless Sun's rays and the ever-present crows—on and on we marched and thought what Devils of Hell these Germans must be to blazon on their breastplates "Gott Mit Uns" and then desecrate God's Temple, His very Own. Then as I sat by the roadside to nurse my swollen feet I cursed the ones who were the cause of all this havoc, misery and destruction, my own discomfort and resolved to carry on and see it through or not come back at all.

(The following letters were written from Lignieres—St. Mihiel, and Rarecourt—at the most crucial period of the war and the history of the 8th rechristened 370th U. S. Infantry.)

June 6, 1918

Beloved Church:—

After being interrupted two weeks ago while in the act of writing you, I now find myself at leisure to drop a few lines, with emphasis on **Drop a few**.

These friends of ours across the line (The Boche) have a very crude conception of propriety; they don't pick their time to call on you. If the wind is blowing your way, they will send a gas bomb to your number and unless you are on the alert, you are just a poor boy and the chaplain will have one more to report, (La Mort) and some one over there will receive a check for the next twenty years.

However, I am glad to state that at this writing, Berean's service flag remains at it was when we left. Yes, other flags are draped. Further than that I may not say, loved ones will tell you.

Our boys are in fine shape and can be depended upon at every angle of the game.

I know that you have heard of the splendid work being done by the New York outfit, and wonder what's the matter with the Eighth? Nothing. They are all right and ere you receive this you will have heard of their deeds; some with joy, others with sorrow.

Last night I sat by the dim, uncertain, sputtering light of a candle, reading a handful of mail that I had just received, the second mail in two months, and as I sat thus, there came buzzing into my memories a tune long since forgotten. I tried to separate it from my thoughts, but like Banquo's Ghost, it would not down, so I laid aside my letters, and allowed my thoughts to wander in the dead past and see if the buzzing tune could receive some kind of shape; and suddenly, out of those silent chambers, reaching back some thirty-five years, there came floating to me a sweet harmony of a long forgotten song. Some of you may remember it, for I am sending it in this letter, for the first thing the next morning, after humming it half through the night, I found one of my band boys, John B. Forrester, (a dandy fellow and an excellent musician), and as I hummed, he wrote the notes, and then I tore a page from a soldier's diary and am sending it to you in the shape of a song; not that it lays claim to originality or intrinsic worth, but it expresses the inner life of one over here, for one over there. I want you to keep this copy until I return. I don't remember who your organist is, but I would suggest that you get Pearl, Armell or Mrs. Helms to play this music, and select some tenor to sing it.

In wondering about the 8th, as compared with the 15th N. Y., remember the New York outfit was here three months ahead of us, and wars are started and ended in less time than that. Then remember again (if you have never thought of it) Oh! pshaw, no need to write what I started to write, for while I am the censor here, there is one there and I know what would happen, so the censor here (I) cut it out.

I make no excuse, for this regiment is the best ever, and we have all sworn to prove this very fact or never return to our home and loved ones. Now wait and see—nuff said.

I know you were disappointed in not receiving the articles for the fair, so was I, for after spending a perfectly good fifty franc note and mailing the articles I received a very nice note to the effect that it could not be sent over-seas. So you must take the will for the deed.

Was sorry to hear of the passing of Sisters Jones and Robinson. The loved ones left behind know that their pastor, out here where Death is rampant, thought of them and prayed God to give them strength.

I am pleased to hear of your steadfastness, devotion to your church and faith in God. You are what I have always said, "The Best Ever." Let me admonish you during the dark uncertain days through which the nation and world must pass, be true, be firm, be faithful, for many will be the trials and hardships that you must endure as individuals and as a church, but unto those who are faithful, will be given a crown of reward and those who are not will have their punishment. Don't worry over small matters and "old wives'" sayings. Let them alone, they will feel better after awhile.

I wish I could mention the Berean boys individually and what they are doing, but I cannot. However, they are all well.

In closing, I am sending my love and blessing to one and all, reminding you that as soon as I can do so, I will return and take up the broken threads of pastoral activities where this World War compelled me to lay them down.

From your loving pastor,

Wm. S. Braddan,

Capt. and Chap., 370th Inf., A. E. F.

Amidst the Ruins of France,

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June 20, 1918

Beloved Officers, Members and Congregation of Berean:—

With love and prayers I greet you, from a city that has suffered much from the scourge of German Culture, (Cruelty).

Since I last wrote you, we have traveled much. I think I may tell you without any breach of military discipline, that for several weeks we were quartered in one of the most beautiful spots in France, just where the growing grain of Germany and Switzerland bows to the rose gardens of France. As I looked upon the Alps I have thought of Napoleon's dream of Empire, as he said to his waiting legions, (who were destined to melt before his foe like snow before the sun's steady glare), "Beyond the Alps lies Rome," the eternal city of which he dreamed but never conquered, so dreams he of the withered hand, (William of Germany). He dreams of Paris, his objective, not that its fall would give him any strategic advantage in this world struggle, for it's London, Washington that must be taken ere Germany

can win this Titanic struggle—but ere he reaches Paris, he must traverse fifty miles strewn with dead soldiers, the flower of the French, British and American Armies. He must ford a sea of blood drawn from the veins of millions of men who know no fear, whose slogan is "They shall not pass," until we report to the Commander-in-Chief of all the Armies, even Jesus Christ. You then ask me why the drive on Paris? He hopes thus, in despoiling Paris, the pride of every Frenchman, to crush their spirit and demoralize the morale of the army. But it can't be done, for Uncle Sam is sending men with rich red blood, bouyant spirit and courage to take the place of every faint-hearted Poilu, but take it from me, the French people will never lay down to those German devils.

During the past days we have left our first billet where we made so many friends, (we were the first American soldiers in that section). For several days I have looked upon the ruins of city and village, one after another. I have seen great commercial centers where thousands were wont to go about their avocations of life, with laughter and melody. But the factory and mill are now crumbling mortar and falling stone, the people are gone or dead—dead at the hands of the devils in human guise.

I have found myself dreaming as I have stood before magnificent homes, dreaming of happy throngs that were wont to fill these deserted chambers—men of renown and women of culture, who were compelled to flee, leaving the unfinished meal on the festive board, only to be devoured by the oncoming wolves of Wilhelm. As I have listened to the refugees relate their sad experience at the hand of the Teutons, I have said. "Won't that devil get his when pay day comes?" When the dead pass, with the millions slain at his behest, the innocent children, helpless women and ruined cities lift the chalice of Dame Nature to his blanched lips, methinks that he will wave his withered hand in vain endeavor to push the cup of damnation aside, for he must drink it to the last and bitterest dreg, which will be his complete defeat. For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap. The Mills of God grind slowly, but Germany will find to her sorrow, that they grind exceedingly small.

Enough, for words are inadequate to express the devastation wrought by that imp of hell, and this pencil too short (were it a mile long) to write what beautiful France and her noble people have suffered.

I am sending you some films. Have the photos made



and save the films for me. Use the photos to the best interest of the church and just as you see fit.

You will wonder why the French uniform or equipment. Draw your own conclusions. We are perfectly happy, as much so as is possible to be under the circumstances. It's a joke to see a certain captain trying to master French verbs at forty and six. But it must be done, when everywhere you go it's, "Moi non parlavou English," I dare you to read it, Ha! Ha! "Vous parlayos Francia." (Once more it's up to Neta to translate, for I can't).

Berean boys are all on the job and well. Two of them got lost several days ago, through their own follies, they had my wagon and everything in the line of clothing I had. Instead of waiting orders to move, they drove off. Of course, they got on the wrong road and were under shell fire for they were within three miles of the trenches. No, I wont tell who they were and how they got out of the wagon and debated whether to help the horse or not. They are wiser men, for when they got in camp seven hours later they said, "Capt., never again, will we leave until you say 'Forward.' "

I am expecting to see you soon, but until then, I shall expect every one to do their full duty toward God, humanity and the church that we all love so well.

Pray for us, and for the speedy termination of this War.  
With love to you all,

Your loving pastor,  
W. S. Braddan,  
Capt. and Chap., 370th Inf., Amex. F.

On the 9th of July Col. Dennison was ordered to move with the 36th French Division to the Chateau Thierry Front; his characteristic reply was to the effect that his men were not competent to take over a sector on such an important front, that they were neither American nor French soldiers, being in a transitory state; having been deprived of American equipment and without sufficient time to master the French equipment they were therefore not half as good as an American or French soldier.

We were left at Rarecourt while the French Division went to the front.

Now began the travail of our soul for Col. T. A. Roberts, who had trailed the regiment like a vulture seeks the offal, showed up in an A. E. F. touring car fresh from G. H. Q.

I had seen him the night before and had remarked to my

friend Major J. White, "I like not a lean man of such a beetle-like visage; he means us not well." "What can he do?" Jim asked. "Everything. Don't you know that he is from G. H. Q. and he and Pershing are bosom friends? Jim, there's something rotten up the creek, some dirty work is going to be pulled off." "Oh, forget it" was his rejoinder. "they wouldn't dare try to pull anything off on us."

"Well, they dare to and can do anything in this man's army and make you like it."

The next morning, July 11, I was stopped by this person, Roberts, who began by saying, "Captain, I hear that you are an old 10th Cavalry man."

"I am, Sir."



Pals in War as in Peace  
The Chaplain and his friend, Major J. R. White

"So am I," was his reply. "Say Captain, don't you think Col. Dennison is a very sick man?"

"No Sir."

"Well I do. He is simply worked down, he has no support, he has to carry the entire regiment, don't he?"

"Who said so?" I rejoined.

"I am asking you."

Then I replied, "He has the support of every officer in the regiment."

"What kind of Captains have you, are they any good, will they stand up under fire?"

"I should say they will!"

"What about the Majors?" was his next query.

"They are 14k; the best officers in the regiment" I shot back.

"Well" said he, "I have recommended that your Colonel be relieved in order to take some needed rest."

I saluted this Modern Judas and as I rode across to Juvin-court with Jim I said, "Well, old timer, it's all up with us; that for which we left home and loved ones is about to be taken from us; once that a white Colonel gets in command it's good-bye to all spade officers."

"Sing them," was his reply. "But why worry Braddan, that will never happen. The state of Illinois would never stand for it."

"But does it occur to you that we are in this man's army and five thousand miles from the Dear Old State of Illinois?"

The next A. M., July 12, before the general herd was up, one of the boys slipped away from the officers and brought me a copy of a telegram from General Headquarters to the effect that Col. F. A. Dennison will report to General Headquarters and Col. T. A. Roberts will assume temporary command.

The first official act of an incoming official is always watched with interest for it serves as a basis upon which to build future expectations.

So it was with keen interest and feverish anxiety that I watched for Order No. 1. We did not have long to wait. There was at that time at Rarecourt a cafe over which were quartered two French women of easy virtue. Col. Dennison had placed guards at the place in question with instruction not to permit any soldier of the 370th to enter.

This was a precautionary measure to safeguard the health of the men. Roberts had said to the Chaplain, "I hear that your former Colonel objects to men drinking wine." I answered, "No, sir, you have been misinformed." "Then why have guards been placed at that cafe?" The Chaplain explained it, as above stated. Roberts answered, "Well I will have an order issued removing the guards and giving the men free access therein."

This then was his first official act and what did it mean? That his purpose was to ingratiate himself into the favor of the

men; this being done, according to his reasoning, he could better get rid of the Negro Officers at the psychological moment.

But the wisdom of Dennison and the lack of knowledge on the part of Roberts was shown when the Cafe' in question was put "off limits" by the French Commander upon the recommendation of the Chief Surgeon of the French Army.

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Amex., July 10, 1918

Beloved in the Lord:—

I greet you from afar, while I am absent in body, I am ever present in spirit. Never a day or night, no matter how strenuous or filled with anxiety, but that I make mention of you in prayer.

Because of numerous letters received relative to loved ones over here, I must use this means of communicating with some of my most intimate friends relative to their loved ones.

First, it will not be possible to send tobacco over here, as we are issuing to the men, every ten days, a certain amount of the same. This is done by the Government as part of a soldier's rations. Of course the officers must hustle for theirs; failing in this, they are lost sailors, as we say. Mention especially that Buddy (Robt.) Jones is quite well, and has written often. Sonny Washington likewise. Rev. Haywood's son is well and promoted to Corporal. Sgt. Rufus Newman is fat and sassy, has written a whole flock of letters to Clara. Tell her I am glad something made her think of her old pastor, also Emmagean Jones. Hundley is also well. Loved ones must be patient as mail comes slowly, (every three weeks), and after it reaches Paris, it lays around for quite a while. I have gone four and five weeks without receiving a line, and then when the mail finally reached me, it was a matter of fifty or sixty letters. I wish I could answer them singly, but simply cannot. I haven't opened my trunk in three weeks. Just hopping from one place to another, take your war map of France, begin at the point where Switzerland kisses France and put your finger on the important places in Alsace and say, "my pastor was there," then up into Lorraine, and say, "here also." Now I am on my way, having left Lorraine, where to I may not tell at this writing.

A week has passed since I began this letter, in the meantime we have been on the go, and believe me, it has been some go. We are preparing for the big drive, the one that 'tis hoped and expected will prove the pivotal point in this bloody conflict. Ere you receive this, methinks that the civilized world will stand

aghast at the carnage and blood spilt in the interest of humanity. It must be done, the devils in human guise must be crushed once for all and we feel that the Allies have the trump card up their sleeve. The "Allemand" has played his last card. We will have played ours ere this letter reaches you. The despised Italian has virtually crushed Austria and thereby taken the wind out of Germany's sails.

For days inhabitants have been evacuating village after village. Homes around whose fireplace happy families were wont to sit, talking of the past and planning for the future, now resound with the laughter and jokes of American and French soldiers. I have seen caravans of women and children, old men



A Good Pair to Draw To  
Chaplains Braddan and Clemmons (Since Deceased)

and old women, trudging down long winding roads that wind their way around the base of lordly hills, like a thread of silver, pulling in improvised carts, all that is left of their earthly possessions. Homes, that required a life-time to possess, are thus left tearfully behind.

Gardens filled with everything from strawberries to potatoes, great fields of grain, white to harvest, are all left—spade or matlock left sticking in the half upturned sod, everything left save the happy children playing and pulling at the skirts of the heart-broken mother, whose husband is at the front; all moving back of the zone of fire. Yes, and praise God, it's

to be a fire this time, before which other battles will pall, a fire that will consume Kaiserism root and branch, for here fight side by side, the matchless French, the diplomatic British, the fearless American, the dauntless Canadian, the heavy and brave Australian; the flower of every noble nation under the sun, and we have all raised our strong right foot and at a given time, we are to give a concerted kick right where the Kaiser rests and it's going to be so forcible and direct that it will make his grandchildren jump. For he has made our winters heatless, our coffee sweetless, our meals meatless, our pants seatless. Gee, how we hate the Kaiser.

After this drive I will write you relative to my homecoming. I could not write relative to it last month as we were not in the last drive, but we are between that devil Hindenburg and Paris this time and the boys say he shall not pass and if he does, we will all report to Jesus the reason why.

Love to all. I am confident that with your prayers and the grace of God and our artillery, machine guns, trench mortars, and determination, we will make German the popular language spoken in Hell. Pray for the Allies, that after the victory, they forget not the one race that fights with them, but who enjoys Democracy in theory only.

Your loving Pastor,  
W. S. Braddan,  
Chaplain, 370th Inf.

CHAPTER IX

*Roberts in the Saddle.*

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COL. T. ROBERTS, the arch enemy, vilifier and traducer of the Negro soldier, the one who delighted to sign his private mail as coming from "The White Hope in a Black Regiment" took temporary command of the regiment on the 12th day of July, 1918 at Rarecourt. At this time we were attached to the 36th Div. of the 10th French Army. The Germans were hammering away in their struggle to reach Paris in August. The Intelligence Department had the information that Ludendorff purposed to push his army through the Verdun, Argonne, Chateau Thierry front and thus gain his objective; we were held in reserve at Rarecourt.

11:45 P. M., Sunday, July 14, will be long remembered by our men for hell broke loose all along the front with heavy artillery preparation on the part of the Germans. Monday, July 15, we were ordered to change our position with Regimental Headquarters and 3rd Battalion under Major Williams at Veraincourt. Major Chas. Hunt (that splendid soldier and disciplinarian who suffered untold humiliation at the hand of Col. Roberts) was ordered to take up a position with his 2nd Battalion in the Argonne, being the first Americans to hold this position, while Major Rufus Stokes, commanding the 1st Battalion took up his position at Hermont. Thus the stage was all well set and the men were on tip-toe with eagerness to "Carry on" and spoil Ludendorff's dream of entering Paris for they were between him and his coveted goal and declared that he and his hoard of cutthroats, ravishers of women, despoilers of homes and iconoclasts of civilization should not pass, and if they did it would be only after the men of the "Old 8th" had reported to Jesus Christ the reason why.

Bear in mind that as your boys were the first American soldiers before St. Mihiel so also they were the first in this sector of the Argonne and Verdun front standing as a wall of granite to resist the oncoming tide of Prussianism.

'Twas here we lost our first man, Private Robert Lee of M. G. Co. 2, killed in action by the enemy July 14th,

buried at Veraincourt. Yes we lost others by disease and accident prior to this date, i. e., Sgt. Norman Roberts, Co. E., being the first to make the supreme sacrifice having died at Morvilla, May 16, 1918, buried at the same place. Then the spirit of Pvt. Wilbur Mosbey went west from Bazancourt June 3rd, buried where he passed out.

'Twas while here that Roberts began to pull off his dirty work. Captain B. Pinckney, a splendid gentleman and officer, was called on the carpet by his Commander who told him that he feared that he (Pinckney) could not stand the rigors of French warfare and that he had recommended him for reclassification at Blois—Blois, a place of a thousand wrecked ambitions, a nightmare, hideous and grotesque; a place that reeked with injustice and intrigue where a few coffee coolers broke the spirit and ambition of their betters, where a lot of underlings working at the instigation of men higher up, stultified the manhood and wrecked the future of hundreds of splendid men—Blois, where prejudice was as rampant as in Rome, Ga. Capt. Ben, as he was affectionately called, left us August 9th for Blois, and thus began the disintegration of the "Old 8th."

On the 16th of August without having taken part in any important engagements, we were ordered to move forward. The Germans were falling back on a fifty mile front and our regiment was deemed fit to take over any sector on the battle front. In fact the French High Officials had given us a clean bill of health and declared the "8th" to be in fine fettle and ready for a fight of any intensity. Of course we were proud to know that they had realized what we had known for years, that if this regiment were let alone and permitted to fight under their Own Race Officers that they would charge hell with a bucket of water and extinguish the hottest blaze that the imps of Hades might kindle.

Resting at Com-Clairchenes the night of August 16 we loaded the outfit and pulled out for an unknown place at the Zero Hour, August 17th. "Where do we go from here Boys" is a phrase that will always be remembered by the "Boys of the 8th." Always moving but just wouldn't know where to. It developed that we were headed for Fains, three kilos from Bar-le-Duc.

Oh! Boy! what a glorious feeling just to know that after three months at the front where we had seen nothing but soldiers, devastated cities, a disemboweled shell-pitted terrene, where we had been lulled to sleep by the rat-ta-tat-ta of the



busy machine guns and the booming and bursting of 55's and 75's as they went screaming, "you ain't going back to Bam," where we never saw a Mlle., we were at last to be given one last chance to rub up against civilization, to stroll down the great white way in Bar-le-Duc and quaff the nectar of French hospitality.

On Sunday, Sept. 1st, 9:00 A. M., the question went the rounds "Where do we go from here, Boys"—(Cen-firie-en) it makes no difference was the answer of three thousand men as they swung and adjusted their packs, shouldered arms and started upon the first legs of what was destined to be the most momentous engagement, and the one that was to be crowned with victory, wounds, privation, suffering and death.

We arrived at Betz at 4 A. M. the next day after having our troop train pursued by a German bombing 'plane as far as Chateau Thierry. We marched over to Mareuil, 14 kilos, and at 1:30 were billeted where less than three weeks before the Germans had knocked for admittance, from which town the civil population had departed in haste for fear of the Germans, and were only then returning.

During the twelve days' stay at this place events big with significance to the Negro Race and the "8th" took place for 'twas here that Roberts began to dismember the regiment and to pave the way to induct white officers into this regiment that had endured for twenty-four years as a 100% Negro organization.

Major Chas. Hunt who had grown gray in efficient service was relieved of command and sent back to Blois for reclassification where he was demoted to the grade of Captain; Major A. Williams, a brave and fearless officer, one who had served his country long and well, went by the same route being also demoted to Captain; Captain C. Hill who was loved by all followed on their heels; Captain J. H. Patton was relieved as Regt. Adjt., Lieut. B. Phillips being appointed in his stead, and given command of Hunt's Battalion; Lieut. Col. O. B. Duncan was relieved from command of the Replacement Camp and placed in charge of Williams' Battalion. But you say, wherein am I justified in saying that Roberts was handing the regiment a raw deal? Wait and see.

Officers and men became restive and chagrined, here and there little knots of officers and soldiers could be seen in earnest conversation and the burden of their talk was "What's coming off; is it the purpose of this hard boiled egg to slip a bunch of white

majors over on us?" "Oh, No!" said the bootlicker, "Patt's with the 2nd, Stokes is with the 1st and Duncan is with the 3rd."

But why put a perfectly good Lieut. Col. in command of a battalion when you have a dozen captains eligible for promotion to that grade?

Well, thereby hangs a tale. The dissatisfaction became so marked, the murmuring so loud, that the Chaplain was approached by several men and officers and asked his opinion. He promised to confer with them the next day; in the meantime he sought out Col. O. B. Duncan, a splendid fellow—a soldier and officer, and a brave commander. After warning him of the spreading discontent on the part of the officers and men Duncan's advice and opinion were sought as what was best to do and advise. His answer was, "Tell the officers to sit tight, that everything would come out O. K., that the name of three captains had been recommended, that the old man would follow his advice."

But the very next day a message was sent over Roberts' signature in substance "If it is the policy of the A. E. F. to appoint Negro Majors, I would recommend that Capt. J. H. Patton be appointed Major, but he is the only one in the regiment I can so recommend." Can you beat it? Here is a man who had been with the regiment two months sitting in judgment as to the efficiency of men and officers who had been in the regiment twenty years. This, contrary to the advice of his Lieut. Col., a man who was absolutely impartial in judgment when it came to military efficiency, one who was loved and honored by the entire regiment.

Keep in mind the wording of the message referred to as it was sent to G. H. Q. Remember that Captain J. H. Patton returned to his home and loved ones eight months later still a captain—then wake up and draw a sensible conclusion. It was not the policy of the A. E. F. to promote a Negro above the grade of Captain.

—o—

Amex, July 2, 1918

(Veraincourt)

Dear Officers, Members and Friends of Berean:

I have just received, through our very efficient correspondent, Sister Adkins, the monthly report for May, and it is (true blue) and it gave me much pleasure to note your steadfastness. Send at once your report for June and July.

It is needless for me to write of my deep grief and surprise to hear of the passing of the gentle spirit of Deacon Davis, he has passed to be with Jesus but his life will endure long after Berean's veterans have fallen asleep.

I was equally surprised to hear of the passing of Sister Walker, a Christian of excellent character, and so it goes, one passes and another comes upon the scenes. So must it be until our Saviour comes—Amen.

When last I wrote you I was passing through the same village that has stood the ravage of time and the brunt of War for two hundred years. At that time we had just emerged from the region of Alsace where we left the bodies of two comrades, upon the green sun-kissed hill where nods a field of daisies there to await their final call to judgment. It was from this place that we went last month to occupy a position beneath the frowning Citadel of a Roman fort now occupied by the "Allemand, Germans" (St. Mihiel).

It was at the close of a beautiful Sabbath (all days are the same out here; it's hard indeed to tell one from the other) when orders were received by our regiment to relieve a certain French unit that was to evacuate the trenches (you must know that we are with a French and not an American division). The men were alert, fully equipped ready for their march, I heard their Chaplain say, "fellows, the folks at home, your wives, mother, sweethearts and children, and children's children, are looking down upon you this eve, they are betting on your ability, your heroism and manhood. As you go forward to-night be all guts and no bowels, get the goods and bring it back or don't come back at all. Then they sang their battle song, "If Jesus goes with me." After which the Chaplain concluded "Jesus is with you and I want you to give the Germans hell from the Jump and make the German language the only language spoken in Hell for the next forty eight hours. Then they swung out of this village grim, silent, determined amidst the shouts of Vive Americans, Vive France, from the lips and hearts of the villagers. During the entire period of their stay at the front I heard not a word of complaint; though they were under fire constantly I saw no fear. I heard this remark, "If my brown in Chi. could see me now," and I have answered, "yes, and if she did she wouldn't know you." For believe me while they are all well they would not look good on State Street for they are as rough as pig iron.

While at the place referred to I picked up several things of great historical value that will one day be the property of Berean, one article for which I was offered 1500 francs. I cannot tell you what it is or from where it came, only that it is from an ancient Cathedral that was destroyed by a German shell.

We are now resting (*resta ici*) here for a few days and we will have not only left the Alsace, but Lorraine Sector as well, we leave one here to await his final summons. Berean reports, all well and accounted for. Thank God. Now we go, into the world's melting pot where men of every nation and station fight shoulder to shoulder against a foe cruel, relentless and resourceful, but who is sure of defeat for the hand of Justice has written "weighed in God's scale of mercy and civilization and found wanting." His days are numbered. You may not know that of all the fighting forces over here there are but four of ours, there are but three Chaplains, all Lieutenants save one.

I greet you with love, faith and hope trusting, hoping, praying and knowing that you will make good. Assuring you that I will be proud of the old 8th.

From your pastor,  
Capt. W. S. Braddan,  
Chap. 370th Inf.  
Amex Forces,

July 18 /18.

Beloved in the Lord:—

I think of you at all times with love and confidence in your integrity, faith and devotion to your God and your church.

Long ere your receive this letter the decisive battle of this great world struggle will have been fought, and won by the allied forces, who are even now engaged in a titanic struggle along a front of some sixty miles. Even as I write you, the big guns are booming, sending their missiles of death to thousands whose bodies will be fertilizer for the fields of daisies and poppies that grow in profusion upon the fields of battle. For in the fields of Flanders grow between the crosses, (head marks of dead soldiers), row on row, poppies, while in the sky the larks, still bravely singing, fly, unheard, amidst the guns.

You have read how that Sunday, July 14th, at 11:30, the Germans started, in desperation, their third drive toward Paris and what will prove, ere the last of this month, their ultimate defeat. That national holiday, Sunday, July 14th, had been a beautiful day. France, with the assistance of her allies,

had planned a gala day and had carried it out as planned, notwithstanding that every human knew full well that ere midnight the sullen guns of the Germans and their horde of minion soldiers, that had been assembling and preparing for a month, would start on schedule, this (what we all believe to be their last), big offensive.

That morning I had said to Colonel Roberts, our new commander (yes, the old eighth is under the command of a white colonel, for the first time, Col. Dennison, who has been ill ever since we took ship for France, having been ordered, July 12th, to General Headquarters of the A. E. F. What do I think of it? I'll not answer that save by saying that your pastor has been a soldier for twenty-four years. I expressed myself along these lines ere I left Chicago, nuff said, for what I said then goes now), Col., I don't think I will accompany you to the fete to-day, for I had rather go out to the trenches and see the boys. His answer was, "Can't you send your assistant Chaplain?" (yes, I have an assistant, an innocent, frightened little fellow, who throws a fit every time he hears a gun fired and hugs the ground every time a shell bursts). I told him yesterday if he didn't stop jumping he would develop a curved spine or St. Vitus dance. That Sunday I felt constrained to visit the men and prepare them for what was coming. I had a heart to heart talk with them, told them that it was Hindenburg's purpose to break through their line and go to Paris. I told them that there was only one route by which we should let him go to Paris and that was by the way of Hell. They quite agreed. This is the third day of his attempt and he hasn't even dented our line, even though he has been hammering it with hundred pounders ever since Sunday.

I am happy to report the Berean boys are all well at this writing. The old man (as they whisper when they see me approaching), has been just the least bit out of sorts for several days, but will be as good as new long ere you receive this.

Just now I am quartered in an old baronial mansion, the walls whose wont it was to screen the nobility of Europe. It is at present given over to the officers of our regiment. As I sit writing this letter my mind harks back to the time when a certain king was wont to visit his son and royal family in this place, once shaken with mirth and laughter of royalty, but now seared, scarred and shaken by the big shells as they burst over its stately roof. When pay day comes for that imp of hell (the Kaiser, and the dead past rises and points an accusing finger

at him, methinks that he will tremble in every nerve cell in his misshapen body.

If you could but follow in the wake of his army of destruction and see schools, churches, villages and cities, rich in historical grandeur, destroyed, decimated, even grave-yards polluted, you would say with me, by all means allow the Kaiser's army to go to Paris, but let it be by the way of hell.

When next I write you, I hope to be able to tell you of my home-coming. I must close at this point, business is picking up. I can't write and think of where the next bomb is going to strike. Pray for our victory and final return. Would like to tell you of the 15th New York and what it is doing with four Negro officers out of ninety. One came to us this week. Nuff said.

Your loving pastor,  
Wm. S. Braddan,  
Capt. and Chap., 370th Inf., Amex. France

—o—  
The following Letter was written from Veraincourt.

Amexforces, July 23, 1918.

Dear Netta:

(Tell the big boy to let this pass his Censorship)—Vous one bone Corresponda—no I'll not tell you what that bad French means.

Your letters are always acceptable, and read and studied with great pleasure. The May report was duly read, also your last relative to the Bazaar—I am prouder each day of Berean, its Officers, Members and Friends, and I am looking forward to the time of my return with pleasure and joy.

I have never doubted the ability of the Officers to carry on the Church work in my absence, nor the Loyalty of the members to follow. While the others may and did question it, I have felt if after eighteen years of Ministry I had failed to impart instruction and inspiration sufficient to produce leaders, then I had failed at the most important point of my work.

I wish that I could say just the month, day and week I can return, but I cannot at this writing, as all our thoughts are centered just now on keeping up with the Kaiser (who's on the run) until we chase him to Berlin, then we will beard him in his den.

While you have read of our splendid success in the drive that started June 14th, you will be pleased to know that we

are in the Zone of Battle. We are not fighting with the American Army—We (the four Negro Regiments, 8th Ill., 15th N. Y., 371st and 372nd Southern)—are with the French Army; the 8th is under one of the most splendid French Generals at the Front.

You will be interested to know that of the hundred thousand Negroes of which you read as being under Arms, there are not twenty-five thousand really under Arms; but are Stevedores, twelve thousand (those referred to above) are the only ones engaged at present. There are six Chaplains at the Front (1st Lieuts). It seems to me that the Ministers over there have a good flow of language and cheap line of bunk (their patriotic talks to young men of the draft age) but when it comes to action they develop a case of cold feet; otherwise why are they allowing these thousands of Race Men to come three thousand miles across the Atlantic without any Chaplains and in one case White Chaplains—we haven't Chaplains enough to go around. Wake up my loud mouth patriotic race-loving preachers and kick in—the Submarine won't get you coming across nor the Boche when you get here for you are heap too swift of foot. Ha ha! I was thinking of three certain Pastors in dear old Chi. when I wrote that. Give them my love and tell them it would do them (and their Congregation) a world of good to spend six months over here.

It has been so long since I have seen a woman that I am quite sure I will not know just how to greet the fair Madams when I go to Paris, Nice, Versailles and Bordeaux; but it's a bet that I will soon learn how to greet them—as I hope to spend ten days (my permission period) there.

I think I may write now with perfect freedom—of my itinerary. We arrived at Brest (twenty-one days after we had sailed from Newport News where we had laid on a sand bar from April 6th to the 9th); for twenty-one days five thousand of us afloat the good ship, The President Grant (whose sister ship, The President Lincoln, went down on her return trip), were constantly on tip-toe watching for over exaggerated dread submarine, nine days out a tanker was sunk five miles to our Windward, the next day a Whale was sighted, it looked like a Sub alright and quicker than takes to tell it a shot sounded from our forward gun and Mr. Whale was no more. Twice every day we had "Abandon Ship Drill," a precautionary measure—each man or group of men were assigned to a certain raft or life boat, mine was boat "13" and many were the jokes from the Officers relative to my boat number. There was a standing bet that

no human could beat the Chaplain to his Life Boat Station, at Abandon Ship Drill. One morning about three bells the signal sounded, (during the night before, Sheeney, my boy orderly had mislaid my Life Belt), say if there wasn't some tall scrambling in that stateroom No. 23. Major J. R. White, with whom I shared the said room, was sleeping like a log in blissful ignorance of the call, I eased his Life Belt from under his head and made a dive for the Life Boat leaving him to find mine as best he could. The laugh was on him for having hid my shoes on a former occasion making it necessary for me to make the drill in my sock feet.

Arriving at Brest we marched to Pontanuzon Barracks—here where Napoleon's pet regiments were quartered in the 17th Century. After resting there three days we took train to southern France, passing through the most beautiful and prosperous sections of this poor bleeding man ridden country. After four days aboard the train, the coaches not being as large as the State Street Cars—we arrived at Grandvillars—right where Germany embraces Switzerland and France looks on hard by. 'Twas here that we engratiated ourselves with the love of these people, who had never seen an American Soldier, 'twas here that some of our men fell willing victims to cupid and married even though they knew no more about the French language than I do about an Aeroplane. How did they do it, search me—it's too deep for me to understand. All that I do know is that they wandered over hill and dell holding hands and grinning (a universal language) at each other. It was here that we broke into the French Press, and Illustrated Weekly, after being fully equipped with French Uniforms. After six weeks training we were ordered to the Front. We left many a sad Md-slle to lament our going. Passing through Epernay, we left Nice at our back and landed at Nan Cois Le Petite, two days later. Hardly had we settled there before we were ordered North East and after a heart-breaking march through mud and over hills we arrived at Lignieres, a place that suffered much at the hands of the Heathen Huns. 'Twas here that we unlimbered and oiled our guns for action, for everything (the sullen roaring of the aircraft guns), all pointed to the long expected and desired trenches. The signs did not lie for just as the Sun fixed its brim into the Western Ocean our Boys (brave and fearless, as they are devilish) were lined up for the Chaplain's Message, and after singing their song they were off, heads erect, undaunted, and unafraid; to receive their first Baptism of Fire—



I followed two days later to our place opposite St. Mihiel, the place where fought the Romans long ago. The Germans now occupy that Ancient Fort; after two weeks stay we were ordered to leave and proceed to this point where we are now in reserve backing up those who fight at Verdun and Soissons Sectors. Tell Chi. and Illinois to have no fear, that her boys will make good. They are doing splendid amidst this Hell of Artillery and Machine Gun Fire, they laugh and joke as if they were at home.

About the only thing that gets their goat is this Gas. Say it gets us all to be awakened all hours of the night with "Gas Alert," then to feel around in the dark to find your Gas Mask and put it on before you are put off watch. And to see us after we get the Mask on and get in line—it's a Ghostly, Ghostly Group.

You have read of our splendid success in pushing the Germans back—we have them on the run now and hope to push them back, back, back until we push them into Berlin. Pray for us and our success and 'twill not be long before we float the briny deep upon our return to home and loved ones.

Until then Believe me to be your loving pastor,

William S. Braddan,

Capt. and Chaplain, 370th U. S. Inf.  
Amex. Forces.

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## *Robert F. Lee, the first member of the 370th, to fall under fire.*

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### HEADQUARTERS, 370th U. S. INFANTRY

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36th Division

France

July 25, 1918.

H. C.

No 823/3

To the Colonel, Officers, and Men of 370th R. I. U. S.

A soldier of the 370th R. I. U. S. has fallen to-day, 24th of July, facing the enemy at outposts.

He is the first soldier of the 370th R. I. U. S. giving his life in the ranks of the Division.

This unfortunate tightens one more the friendship between French and American soldiers.

The General in Command of the 36th Division hopes the fine 370th Regt. R. I. U. S. will stay definitely with the 36th Division and soon have the occasion to co-operate brilliantly with the French troops and revenge the comrade they lose to-day.

General in Command, 36th Division, D. I.

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Headquarters, 3rd M. G., 370th Infantry  
France. July 26, 1918

Special Orders

No. 2

1. The Funeral of the late Private Robert E. Lee, Co. E, (Mach. Gun Co. No. 2) 370th Infantry, A. E. F., will take place at 3:00 P. M. to-day, July 26, 1918.

2. The Commanding Officer, Company "M," will furnish the necessary Funeral escort consisting of 1 full squad of 8 men commanded by a Corporal.

3. The Commanding Officer of Company "L" will furnish 6 Privates who will act as Pall-bearers.

4. The ceremony will be conducted as prescribed in par. 739 I. D. B., 1911.

5. Chaplain William S. Braddan is charged with arranging all other necessary details.

Copies Furnished,  
C. O., Co. "M," Co. "L,"  
Hq., 370th Inf.  
File.

By order of Major Williams  
George Murphy  
1st Lieut., A. Co., Adjt., 370th Infantry

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Copy of Letter sent to the Mother of Robert E. Lee, the first man of the Regiment to fall in Battle in France.

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Headquarters, 370th Infantry  
France. July 25, 1918

Dear Madam:—

It is my proud although painful duty to inform you of your Dear Boy: Robert E. Lee fell in line of duty facing the enemy yesterday, July the 24th, 1918.

You have the very proud distinction of being the first whose son died under fire in the 370th Infantry.

I buried him to-day, amidst a field of Poppies and Daisies —'Tis one year ago this very day that we were called into the service.

Robert was an excellent soldier and a good boy, always smiling and cheerful—I am proud to have known him.

The General, his Staff, and Our Colonel and his Staff were present at the service—I mention this because it is an unusual compliment.

I also have a copy of an order from General Headquarters of our Division relative to Robert's death that I shall keep but will be glad to show you when I return.

Until then believe me to be in deep sympathy with you.

William S. Braddan,

Capt. and Chaplain, 370th Infantry

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Beloved Church:—

Amex. Forces,  
August 19, 1918

Six weeks have passed since last I wrote you, six weeks of the most trying, heart-breaking, history-making times, a period filled with nerve-racking experience, a period during which a million men of the Amex. have been on tip-toes, expecting every hour to be ordered into that burning hell of activity. None dreaded it; all were anxious to take their turn, believing that their regiment was the one that would turn the trick. Well, it's a matter of history now, that the trick was successfully turned June 18th, just four days after the heathen Huns had polished their brass belt plates that bear the sacrilegious inscription, "God is with us," four days after they started to Paris to rape the helpless women, destroy property, desecrate church edifices and terrorize children—just four days later we had spoiled their plans and they were trekking back toward Berlin as fast as their tired legs could carry them. I don't want you to think that this counter drive of ours that pushed them back thirty miles, over a front of fifty miles, was accomplished without a tremendous struggle or heart-racking loss on our side. The casualty list will tell you the cost, but to use a French phrase, "C'est la Guerre," (This is War), we won, they lost, and so we will continue to win (in God's name) and they to lose until the house of Prussia falls and upon its ruins is built a strong, enduring Democracy.

We arrived at this quaint, quiet village yesterday, (Sunday, Aug. 18th), here to rest and enjoy life for two days, then back to the trenches. "C'est la Guerre" (This is War).

I spent an enjoyable day in Bar-le-Duc yesterday, and sure did have a splendid meal of snails and everything that goes with it. If you have never eaten any of these slow creatures, you have missed a treat.

Since I last wrote you, not only Col. Dennison but Capt. Pinckney, Lieuts. Shuck and Mars as well, have **partie'd**. We have received the last officer of color from the 15th N. Y., so it goes. The N. Y. is now officered by Blanch (white) officers. It's heart-breaking to see what is being pulled off over here, but C'est la Guerre, this is war.

I don't want you to have any meeting, protesting against this, that or the other thing as pertaining to soldiers over here, for you know nothing about it save what you read in the papers, or from the letters of hysterical soldiers. There are officers over here who know their rights and the rights of their men, and have the ability and guts to contend for the same. The last protest that was held over there relative to the race soldiers being sent to the danger zone was ridiculous in view of the fact that we were all more or less in Southern France in training. Now to warn you.

It's a safe bet that ere your receive this, we will be formed into a division, and be used as shock troops, that is, lead the charge against the enemy and after drawing their fire, retire. This we will do three or four days, then retire to the rear, rest for two days, re-plenish our regiment and at them again. When you hear that we are being thus used, don't protest for it's a glorious calling and none but the brave fight thus. While it's the most dangerous, it's the most glorious. This is war. C'est la Guerre.

Berean boys salute you, and report all are well. I have received numerous letters from members and friends, all of which I will answer next week, as I intend to spend this rest period in rest. I shall go to Paris, Marseilles and Bordeaux next month on permission, and hope to meet several friends and together tour that section during the week I shall be away from the regiment.

I am very proud of you and your achievements and of the officers in particular, they are 14K pure gold.

Love to all. Pray for the speedy termination of this War.

Your loving pastor,  
Wm. S. Braddan  
Capt. and Chaplain, 370th Inf., U. S. N. G.

CHAPTER X

*Breaking Hindenburg's Line.*

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ATURDAY, Sept. 14, 1918 constitutes an epoch of great moment in the history of the 370th Infty. and the men and officers of the same, for 'twas on this day that orders were issued from Gen. Mangien, Commanding General of the 10th French Army, of which we were a part, directing the 59th Div. (that had been so badly decimated in their recent offensive at Chavigny, Leury and the Bois-de-Braumont, that the 370th Infty. was given to fill in the depleted ranks of this splendid fighting unit) to move to the Soissons front.

We were ordered to proceed to the trenches at Antiouch and Tancille Farmes and Mont De Singe (Monkey Mountain), where we were to affect liaison with the 325, 232 R. F. I., 220 light and 412 heavy artillery, 6th Eng., 10th French Cav., that constituted the combat units of this brave, hard-working and victorious French division under command of Gen. Vincendon, of whom more will be said anon.

The 370th was loaded into a hundred trucks at Mareuil-Sur-Ourcq on the date referred to, and amidst the Bon-Sante-Bon-Chance of the villagers, we were off on the final lap of our journey to the place where none but the brave fought, where the cunning, well entrenched Prussian Guards with their death-head insignia, the pick of the Germany Army, were entrenched in the famous Hindenburg Line, where they had defied the Allies and declared to Berlin that it was impossible for the Allies to move them. We unloaded from the trucks at St. Bandy that afternoon and I saw the most completely demolished place that I had yet visited on the western front. Not one stone had been left standing, every house was dismantled, the streets were pitted with shell holes, the town disemboweled, the church reduced to a heap of ruins, the burial place had been dug up, and the poor bones of the sacred dead that had rested in their charnel house for years, were thrown up by the cruel shells and strewn around the place that was known as consecrated ground, but that was ere those vultures of the Rhine had gone forth to kulturize Europe and the world.

It was at this place, two days from the most dangerous position in that sector, that the U. S. Paymaster, who had been

endeavoring to locate us, got our number and called. The news was quickly spread that the men and officers who had not been paid in over two months, would be paid the next day (Sunday). You just wouldn't know it was Sunday had you not been told, for one day was pretty much as another; the same monotonous swishing of the German 'planes, the booming of the cannon, the bursting of shells, the groans of the wounded and dying, yet we were to be paid. Why? I don't know. But I do know that it was one of the most stupid things I ever saw, to load a man down with 3,800 francs and send him to the front line trenches where the chances were a hundred to one that he would never come out alive.

By 2 P. M. the money that had not been paid to the individual soldier and officer was turned over to the Battalion or Company Commander and the Paymaster jumped in his large touring car and motored back of the line to S. O. S., happy with the thought that he had finished his task. That night we slept amidst the ruins of that ancient city and the next day hiked to Fountenois and, as we left the demolished buildings of that once thriving city on the right, so intent was I watching an old man, feeble with age and with grief grown gray, sitting upon a stone that once served as the keystone to a beautiful chateau, so interested was I watching this man tell his beads, with trembling hand, that I did not note that we were passing a giant naval gun of the largest type, completely camouflaged in a valley to the left. The next instant it had belched forth a two-hundred-pounder that went hurtling through the air to Laon, some thirty miles away, where for four years the Germans had held ten thousand French inhabitants in terror, but toward which your "boys" were moving and at the portals of which this monster 16-inch gun was knocking for admittance. When this gun boomed so unexpected and startling was the sound that every human nearly jumped out of their hob-nails. That night we slept in caves and amidst the ruins of Tartrier (while the bombing 'planes of the enemy were busily engaged in trying to get our angora), from which place Companies "I" and "L" having affected liaison with the French, went forward, leaving us to follow.

Sept. 16 at 5 P. M. we pulled out, being instructed to so march as to reach our objective at the 23rd hour. The advance battalion commanded by Major Stokes was to rest at Tancille Farme, while Patton's battalion was to rest at Antiouch Farme, Lieut. Col. Duncan's at Mt. Touley. It was a long tedious march;

twenty kilometers must be covered marching alert, no talking, going forward in groups of platoons at proper intervals, so that in case we were shelled, a thing always to be expected, the fewest men possible would be killed or wounded. It was like a funeral procession and it was nothing less, because many of those noble boys, the flower of a noble race of patriots, the hope, pride and joy of fond mothers whose prayers were ascending as a sweet offering in behalf of their children, ere the following night began to settle over the battle-scarred front, had made the supreme sacrifice amidst the fields of daisies and poppies.

It was a march that brought all the man or baby within you to the fore. Silence, silence of the most nerve wrecking kind, nothing but thoughts, thoughts of home that lay three thousand miles across the turbulent ocean, thoughts of deeds of commission and omission, of neglected opportunities of bringing sunshine and gladness to others' hearts and lives, just thoughts and silent prayers for God's protection. We were marching light, i. e., without packs, just two blankets, gun and ammunition, canteen and gas mask worn at an alert, yet that equipment, as light as it was, seemed to bend us double. I have often thought that the thing that weighed us down was the consciousness that the weight of a doting race that had staked its future on us, and our willingness and ability to make good, was weighing upon our shoulders, for if we failed in this supreme test, the entire race would fail, and more than one of us swore that very night, "We shall not fail."

Then the shades of night began to cover the torn and bleeding earth, and hide the countless shell holes, bloated corpses of German and French soldiers who had crimsoned the daisies and made the poppies redder still, and with the coming of night came the flares, star shells and signal rockets from the trenches toward which we were going, crusaders of democracy, bearing that to the stricken French which we ourselves had never enjoyed in the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

How often, Oh, how often in the days through which we passed over there, have I thought, how inconsistent for my government to send these willing subjects to Europe to fight Autocracy, and for Democracy while it denied the same to its most loyal and patriotic subjects, the Negro. How unjust to send two hundred thousand Negroes three thousand miles to fight the Germans for destroying homes and killing the innocent, while at that very minute the members of the proud, powerful, enlightened and Christian American race were lynching, hanging

and burning our brothers in America. I declare to God, no other race would have fought as fought the Negro in Europe, while at the same time the corpses of their brothers dangled at the end of a rope tied to a convenient tree or telegraph pole. Just and benign God, how much longer must my people endure in silence such treatment?

The answer harks back, Not long, for we are no longer afraid to die, nor too proud to fight.

It was 11:30 P. M. when, amidst the intense shelling of the Germans, (who had gotten wind that we were relieving the "Blue Devils," a crack French unit), Stokes' battalion with whom I had gone forward, reached Tancille Farme. We were hog tired, the men dropped to the earth like logs to gain a moment's rest, not a word was spoken for we were in front of the much heralded Hindenburg Line. Gee! If we could only have a cigarette; everyone had the makings, but not a spark, not a light must be seen under pain of death.

Waiting for us was a French billeting officer whose duty it was to assign us to our cave, then came the information from Col. Roberts to Major Stokes that a mistake had been made and that his battalion was to proceed to a point some five kilometers away; then everybody began to curse, and they had it coming, for it was a well known fact that Roberts hated Stokes and was camping on his trail. Headquarters being established at Tancille Farme, there remained nothing for the writer to do but to find a cave and go to sleep.

Early the next A. M. we crawled out of the cave to orient ourselves, and what a sight! Missiles of death were everywhere falling; death was all around us, dead Frenchmen, Germans and horses. Equipments of every description lay in the recently evacuated trenches; the sight was appalling, the scent nauseating. The Chaplain reported these facts to the Colonel and requested a burying squad. "But when do you purpose to bury them?" "Now, sir." "Not on your life," was his reply, "don't you know that you are in front of the famous Hindenburg Line? Wait until night." "Very well, sir." That night, while the Germans were shelling our boys, we went out and buried their fallen comrades.

That evening we were ordered to change our position to Antiouch Farme—Patton's Battalion having gone forward; the Regimental Headquarters to rest there in conjunction with Stokes' Battalion.

Three days had passed since our arrival, we had lost three hundred men, killed and wounded—Sgt. Ernest of Co. "L,"



being the first to make the supreme sacrifice on the Hindenburg Line, one of the most excellent, exemplary soldiers that I have known in my twenty and four years' service. His body, poor, bleeding, torn and mutilated was buried in No-Man's Land by his comrades. Why was he forgotten when the Distinguished Service Crosses were awarded? Ask Col. T. A. Roberts, he knows.

Up until now the brunt of the fighting was devolved upon "L" Co. under the leadership of Capt. Crawford, a brave, fearless officer and gentleman whose entire company should have been cited, also Co. "F" under 1st Lieut. Andrews whom we all affectionately dubbed "Tush," another fearless officer whose company should have been cited, for until then the present "F" Co. had sustained the greatest loss. Sgt. Jenkins, a splendid fellow and brave, had with his platoon taken the Hindenburg Cave, turned their own machine guns on them and held the position three days on an empty belly. Had he been a white man he would have received a commission and his deeds sung in history.

It was at this time that the Chaplain went to Col. Roberts and said, "Colonel, what do you think of my Boys?" "Not much," was his quick reply. "Why?" "Well, they are not making good." "What do you mean, Colonel?" "Well, they failed to gain their objective yesterday and Gen. Vincendon is very much disappointed." "I don't see why he should be disappointed; the men fought two days on an empty stomach over a terrene that was new to them, amidst a hell of shelling and not a man took air." "Well, Chaplain, for your sake I hope the men will not prove a disappointment."

And now hell broke loose all along the line. The Germans received orders from Hindenburg to hold us back. We received orders from Mangien, Commanding General of the 10th Army to go forward and relieve Laon, that city of beauty built upon a hill of green that had been held and terrorized by the Germans for four years. But lying between us and our objective were the Ailette Canal, the Bois Mortier, all strongly fortified by the pick of the German Army. These positions must be taken; easier said than done, for the Blue Devils, a crack French division that we had relieved declared it was impossible to advance against it. On the 28th of Sept. Col. Roberts sent for the Chaplain and said in substance, "Capt., these men are a bunch of cowards. The officers are no better; they don't seem to have any spirit, they don't shout when they go over the top." "I don't know what you have in mind Colonel but I do know

that a braver bunch of men never got together. Does the Colonel know that we have lost a hundred men a day and we have been up here over a week?" "Well," he rejoined, "none have been killed." "Sir, I have buried forty." Well, that's what soldiers are for, to be killed and wounded." "Very well sir, but when they go bravely forward to death and wounds it ill becomes the Commanding Officer to brand them cowards and quitters." The Chaplain saluted and climbed down the hill cursing a fate that would take a perfectly good Negro Colonel, who, with all his faults, and who of us are there without faults, loved his race and his regiment and would have seen to it that they got a square deal. Why was this Negro Commander who won the praise and admiration of every French General with whom he came in contact, and after whom a sector in front of St. Mihiel was named, why was he sent back to G. H. Q., then Blois and the U. S. A.? That's the question that Ten Million Negroes want answered.

Major White, Lieut. Tancil and the Chaplain were now occupying a P. C. at a point known as Patton's P. C., the Colonel having so ordered. It afterward developed that he had crowded us out of the Regt. P. C. for French Sgts. and Liaison Officers. It was perfectly all right with me for I had tired of looking upon his carnivorous face and breathing the same air with him. A week passed, he sent for the Chaplain who reluctantly wormed his way amidst the bursting shells from Mount Touley to the Regt. P. C., two kilometers away.

The first words were—"Captain, what is the matter with this regiment? 'H' Co. fell down, 'F' Co. lost Liaison, 'G' Co. is scattered all over the front."

"Colonel, I fear that the men are losing heart by reason of persistent rumors."

"What are the rumors?"

"First, that Gen. Vincendon has sent a communication to G. H. Q. stating that the men are not making good and that the officers are to blame, that if the men were under white officers they would do more effective work, and you, Colonel, so I am informed, have followed up the General's letter recommending all white officers and specifically requesting that one white Lieut. Colonel and three white Majors be sent to you at once." ( I did not tell him that I had a copy of the letter and the original telegram). His answer was:

"Well, Captain, two white majors are on their way here, Col. Duncan will not be relieved immediately while Capt. Patton

has it theoretically, he has it but in part, practically; Duncan has it theoretically but not practically; Major Stokes is the slowest mortal on earth. What I want is men of practical knowledge to lead these men in battle."

Now his talk listened well but I knew and every human in the regiment knew that there wasn't an officer in the regiment that couldn't make rings around him when it came to efficiency in leading and directing troops and that he had not been in command of troops for years and at his own request was assigned to the 370th for the avowed purpose of getting rid of the Negro officers. I have in my possession a telegram that he sent his personal friend at G. H. Q. requesting him to **urge** the sending of white officers to the 370th. This is the same coward who several months later, when the war ended, marched your city's streets and in your public halls praised and lauded the men and officers whom he had cursed and damned in France. It's one thing to praise a fellow when he is under his own vine and fig tree but quite another thing to give him a square deal when he really needs it.

Shortly after the conversation referred to an incident occurred that proved to my mind that Roberts would stoop to anything in order to carry his point, i. e., placing the officers in a bad light. Gen. Vincendon gave orders that a Battalion of the 370th move forward to a point the other side of Monkey Mountain and attack the German line at 9 P. M. The order was received at 6 A. M. Roberts snorted—"Who ever heard of Americans waiting until night to make an attack; they leave at 9 A. M. today." Hence Col. Duncan was ordered to move his, the 3rd Battalion, at 9 A. M. I was with him the entire night before and when he received the order, brave and fearless man that he was, he said, "Well Parson, I am going after them, you know the song you sing, 'If Jesus goes with me.'"

How I admired that man. He was always a prince. I have made this statement to refute one made that there was a mistake in the orders that sent Duncan's Battalion forward at 9 A. M. instead of 9 P. M. It was a mistake but it was made with cunning design and utter abandon by Col. T. A. Roberts, the man who didn't care.

When Duncan's Battalion crossed the railroad (or where once a railroad was) hell popped loose—the Germans opened up every gun for miles around and threw down one of the most terrific barrages behind that Battalion I ever saw, completely cutting off their retreat had they so desired but not a man or

officer thought of doing other than going forward or fighting with their backs to the wall. When Roberts saw the predicament in which his folly had placed this brave Colonel and his men he was scared stiff, called up Gen. Vincendon and requested a counter barrage which was promptly forthcoming but not until we had sent a hundred men and officers back, killed and wounded. After it was all over he blamed Duncan for going forward without artillery preparation and straightway sent this telegram:

"C. O. 370 R. I. U. S. Adj. Gen., G. H. Q., A. E. F.

After careful consideration and thought I am convinced that this regiment must have experienced white field officers; one Battalion Commander, at present, could function as such, if given competent Captains. Regiment now heavily engaged and officers heretofore deemed efficient are failing to properly lead their men, urge prompt sending of capable white Battalion Commander—Roberts."

Yet notwithstanding the handicap of fighting under the command of this prejudiced man, your regiment made good, cleared Monkey Mountain of every German, pushed them back over the Laon-La-Fere, dug them out of the trenches of Acier, made them wade the Ailette, pushed them so close that they left their guns in the Bois Mortier and made them forget to take their beer and whiskey when they deserted their caves of concrete and after this was accomplished and Stokes' Battalion had taken up the pursuit, "C" Co., the pride of the "8th," under Capt. Jimmy Smith acting as advance guard, Roberts came out of his cave, rushed down the hill to where Maj. Stokes had his battalion in formation awaiting orders, cursed and snorted, walked at the head of the column with Maj. Stokes about five hundred yards, then returned to his P. C. and wrote or had written an order citing himself for bravery in fearlessly leading a battalion under fire, and in due time received his Croix de Guerre which must ever be a reminder to him of his cowardice.

The Germans were now on a stiff jump toward the Rhine; your Boys, after a stiff battle that had lasted thirty days, days of suffering and privation during which time we had lost nine hundred men, sick and wounded, 36 officers and 45 men killed, and yet reached and passed every objective, gave the lie to those who had said that Negro soldiers would not follow the lead of Negro officers.

We took up the pursuit of the fleeing Germans on Oct.

15th. The men were barefooted, ragged and lousy. Every one was moon-eyed, haggard, unshaven and half crazed, the result of sleepless nights and anxious days; for thirty days they had passed through the fires of hell, but every one was happy and as they moved forward they sang "We rushed them back at the Marne, we held and checked them at Compiègne, and every Hun Son-of-a-gun we slaughtered at Verdun, we stacked them in the field of Old Lorraine, we bottled them up at the Kiel, we sank them to the bottom of every sea, and when the 370th hit the line the Germans started toward the Rhine, right to hell through Germany."

Laon was released on Oct. 13th after four years of German domination, cruelty and intimidation, ten thousand grateful civilians hugged and kissed each other and every soldier they saw.

The 29th of October found us at Chambry, four kilometers from Laon, the Germans having been driven from this beautiful village on the 12th day of the same month.

Like Athens, Laon is built upon a hill of green overlooking the surrounding valley for miles, its buildings of white glistening in the sunlight like a pearl in an emerald setting.

The Cathedral, a magnificent building of virgin marble, occupies the loftiest pinnacle of the hill and long ere we relieved the city I had often peered through the lenses of my field glasses and feasted my eyes upon this House of Prayer.

Knowing from observation what havoc the Germans had wrought upon other Houses of Worship I wondered if they would vent their spleen upon this magnificent structure where gathered the pious folks on Holy Days.

But be it said to the credit of the Huns that in their departure this building was left unmolested. This was evidently owing to the sentiment attached to their long residence amidst those gentle, stricken folk of Laon, and their hasty going forth, for it must be remembered that Gen. Mangien's 10th Army of which we were a proud unit were camping so close on their trail that they even left their prepared meals, beer and wine on the tables. No we did not eat of their untasted food always bearing in mind Chicago's Slogan, "Safety First."

We rested at Chambry while the Division was reorganized by Gen. Vincendon, the several units of our regiment were interspersed with the French thus relieving Col. Roberts of immediate command of any Troop movements or the handling of the troops under fire.



The Burial of Lieut. G. L. Giles  
at Chambry, France

To those of us who were in on the ground floor, it proved conclusive that Gen. Vincendon realized the fighting ability of the Boys of the 370th, that he realized that Col. Roberts lacked initiative and ability to command under fire; Roberts was therefore given command of the Divisional Reserve and left at Chambry. 'Twas here that Lieut. Giles was buried together with forty others of this regiment.

There in the same cemetery where rests the remains of the son of our lamented Roosevelt, with the propeller of his aeroplane to mark his resting place, there among five hundred German graves lie the greatest number of Negroes buried in one place in all France—surely the patriotic Negroes of America will erect a fitting memorial at this point.

We were now nearing the termination of that long, cruel and bloody war, that had dragged itself through Europe like a deadly cobra, blighting and destroying everything with which it came in contact. France is no longer the beautiful, but grim and scepter-like she lay as a corpse, bleeding from a thousand gaping wounds, pitted by a million shells, disemboweled and upturned by the awful hail of aerial bombs. The gardens, farms and foliage were poisoned by the deadly gas used so unsparingly by the fierce barbarians—trees that lined either side of an erstwhile well kept highway were twisted, hacked and uprooted by high explosives—yet the Day of Peace was about to dawn and that which was left of France was happy.

Loyal, patient, courageous French soldiers who had stood the brunt of this titanic struggle for four long, cruel, nerve-wrecking, heart-breaking years were everywhere rejoicing and crying *La Guerre, Fini*.

'Twas at this point that the Chaplain sought the Colonel and said, "Sir, I have gone as far with you as I can." He looked up as though to bid him proceed. He did as follows:

"When you assumed command of this regiment at Rarecourt on the 12th of July I seriously doubted whether I could follow your command and on the 19th of the same month while we were at Veraincourt I requested to be relieved from duty with the regiment.

"You did me the honor to suggest that I could be of great assistance to you, by remaining. I finally consented to withdraw my request for transfer for service over seas saying to you, that if at any future time I could not give you conscientious service I would so inform you.

"That time has now arrived. I find it impossible for me to serve under you, as I feel that you are absolutely unfair in your treatment of the men and officers of this regiment."

"What do you propose to do?" was his query. "Sir, I am sending in a request for transfer for service over seas. Now that the war is practically ended I feel that my future duty lies more with my wife who is semi-invalid, my girl children and a loyal church who has been deprived of my services for two years."

"I will not approve of such a transfer."

"Very well Sir, I shall forward it to G. H. Q. without the Colonel's endorsement."

After a moment's thought he said, "Very well, send it through the Adjutant's Office and I will endorse it." He did so, and this was the spirit of his endorsement.

"I request that Capt. Braddan be ordered to Blois for re-classification and immediate discharge. His influence with the men is such that I cannot control them."

'Twas while at Chambry that we lost our first and only officer by death, in the person of Lieut. Giles, who made the supreme sacrifice while leading his men at Grandlupe. 'Twas here also that 72 men of that splendid unit Co. A, under command of Capt Stewart Betts, a brave and true officer and gentleman, were struck down by one shell from a German gun. I laid the mangled bodies of 45 of our heroic dead to rest in the beautiful German cemetery at Chambry.

On the 4th of November the Germans in their last effort

at Grandlupe were checked by Patton's Battalion, who was ordered in pursuit of the Germans who now began to fall back all along the battle front.

The Germans were forced across the Serre on the 5th of November. Capt. Prout who was commanding Stokes' Battalion was leading this splendid group of fighters who distinguished themselves by capturing a German Battery at Sal St. Pierre. Capt. Patton bears the palm for being the first to lead his men across the Hirson Rail at Aubenton, this in the face of a powerful resistance. Every one who knows Patt and his Battalion knew that he would do that very thing, so we were not surprised. In the meantime Col. Duncan with his splendid Battalion was driving like mad toward Longwy where he finally backed the Boche against the wall and forced them to take air. But it was just like Duncan and those splendid boys to do more than was expected of them, for they never stopped in their drive until they reached Gue d'Hossus, on the 11th of November when Peace, long looked for, prayed for, fought for—Peace had come.

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In loving memory of our comrades who made the supreme sacrifice.

In Flanders Field the Poppies  
Grow among the White Crosses  
Row after Row



Official list of names of Members of the "8th" Infantry, Illinois National Guard (370th Infantry) who were killed or died during the World War. (Arranged According to Rank).

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

George L. Giles  
Harry M. Lias

SERGEANTS.

Callaway, Larry  
Cammon, James  
Ernest, William F.  
Fletcher, William  
Melton, Emmitt  
Minor, James C.  
Murphy, Walter  
Nelson, Elmer E.  
Parker, George E.  
Parker, Walter C.  
Patterson, George  
Pelter, Walter L.  
Proctor, Julius  
Saffore, Thomas  
Shaw, George  
White, Floyd F.  
Williams, Solomon

CORPORALS:

Banks, William W.  
Frazier, Houston  
Green, Hirdie  
Ogilvie, Robert  
Pelky, David W.  
Perkins, Moses  
Petty, Lee  
Piggot, Robert N.  
Porter, Lee  
Robertson, Edward  
Simmons, Gustave  
Thacher, William W.  
Wheeler, James A.

COOKS:

Bedford, Oscar  
Jones, John  
Lewis, John

MECHANIC:

Saunders, William

MUSICIAN:

Instant, Peter

PRIVATEs, 1st CLASS:

Anderson, Nollis  
Billhimer, John  
Blue, Barron P.  
Buckley, Sherman  
Christman, Goldman  
Davis, Thomas  
Goodwin, Noah  
Graham, Ervin H.  
Gresham, Leland C.  
Horton, Charles  
McCurdy, Elwood  
Marthell, Dellin  
Meals, Robert  
Moody, Monroe  
Roberts, Lawrence  
Robinson, Gover  
Robinson, O'Neal  
Scurlock, Arthur  
Somerville, James  
Stoudamire, Elijah  
Thomas, Louis E.  
Underwood, James  
Warfield, Henry B.  
Washington, Drew  
White, Nathaniel C.

PRIVATEs:

Adkins, William  
Alexander, Jesse  
Anderson, Alex. L.  
Bailey, George  
Banister, Randolph  
Banks, John L.  
Bradley, Charles  
Brown, Harry  
Brown, Leonard  
Burton, David  
Burrel, Samuel L.  
Carter, Ben  
Clark, Guy  
Clay, Rhodes, Jr.  
Clinton, Albert  
Crawford, Coy  
Cromwell, William  
Cuff, William  
Davenport, William  
Davis, Frank  
Dillingham, Frank

Dodson, Richard A.	Murray, Hillard
Dunwood, Roland	Nicholas, John H.
Edwards, Lawrence J.	Paris, William C.
Farris, Jackson H.	Pearson, Richard V.
Fry, Leonard G.	Perkins, Thurman
Gardner, Willie L.	Powell, Tom
Gilbert, Vernon	Preston, Edward
Green, Henry	Redd, John M.
Gudger, Floy H.	Roberts, Norman
Halfin, Willie	Rogers, Harry
Hardy, Sheridan	Romain, Joseph
Harrison, William	Shelton, John H.
Harvey, William C.	Simons, Carl
Hayes, Walter	Skinner, George
Hill, John	Speights, Robert L.
Hunt, Willie	Spencer, James C.
Hymes, David	Stanhope, John D.
Irby, Spirley H.	Streeter, George
Jones, Roy	Taylor, Sulvals
Lee, Leslie R.	Taylor, Levell
Lee, Robert E.	Thatcher, Turley B.
Lennon, Willie D.	Thompson, John
Lewis, John	Thorpe, Clifford
Liles, George	Trailor, Henry
Linder, Jake	Triplett, Luther
Louviere, Jerry	Truley, Wesley
McCall, Andy	Tyler, Clark
McCoy, Mack	Walker, James
McCray, Judge	Walker, John
McGlothen, Lytounsel	Ward, Winthrop
Mayberry, Hunter	Warner, Charles
Mayberry, Waymon	Whitten, Ira
Magee, Oscar	William, Harold
Midnight, Will	Williams, Frank
Mills, Ollie	Williams, Gus
Moore, Ernest L.	Winfield, Harold
Mosby, Wilbur	Young, Henry
Munn, Simon	Young, Crian

CHAPTER XI

*Honor Men and General Orders.*

**Honor unto whom Honor is Due.  
We Salute these Splendid Men.**

The following list will prove that the 370th ( 8th I. N. G.) was the most Decorated Unit in the A. E. F.

**Distinguished Service Cross**

Captain William B. Crawford  
1st Lt. William Warfield  
Sup. Sgt. Lester Fossie, Co. M  
Sergeant Robert Barnes, Co. L  
Sergeant Ralph Gibson, Co. H  
Sergeant Norman Henry, M. G. Co. No. 3  
Sergeant Matthew Jenkins, Co. F  
Sergeant Chas. T. Monroe, Hq. Co.  
Sergeant Emmitt Thompson, Co. L  
Corporal Isaac Valley, Co. M  
Pvt. 1st Class Nathaniel C. White, Co. F  
Pvt. 1st Class Alfred Williamson, Det. Med. Dept.  
Private William E. Cuff, M. G. Co. No. 2  
Private Leroy Davis, Co. L.  
Private James Fuquay, Co. H  
Private William G. Hurdle, M. G. Co. No. 3  
Private Spriley Irby, Co. H  
Private Arthur Johnson, Hq. Co.  
Private Andy McCall, M. G. Co. No. 3  
Private Harry Pearson, M. G. Co. No. 3  
Private Tom Powell, Co. H  
Private Alonzo Walton, M. G. Co. No. 3

**Distinguished Service Medal**

Colonel Thomas A. Roberts

**Croix De Guerre  
(Army Citation)**

Company C, Captain James H. Smith, Commanding

**Croix De Guerre  
(Division Citation)**

Colonel Thomas A. Roberts  
Lt. Col. Otis B. Duncan  
Captain Stuart Alexander  
Captain George M. Allen  
Captain Samuel R. Gwynne  
Captain James C. Hall  
Captain John H. Patton  
Captain John T. Prout  
Captain Chester Sanders  
1st Lieut. Osceola A. Browning  
2nd Lieut. Stanley B. Norvell  
2nd Lieut. Roy B. Tisdell

**Croix De Guerre  
(Brigade Citation)**

Major James R. White  
Captain Matthew Jackson  
Captain Devere J. Warner  
1st Lt. Claudius Ballard  
1st Lt. Samuel S. Gordon  
1st Lt. Robert P. Hurd  
1st Lt. Charles C. Jackson  
1st Lt. George C. Lacy  
1st Lt. Frank Robinson  
1st Lt. Harry N. Shelton  
1st Lt. Park Tancil  
1st Lt. William Warfield  
2nd Lt. Henry C. P. Cheatham  
2nd Lt. Elmer J. Myers  
2nd Lt. Thomas A. Painter  
2nd Lt. Lawson Price  
2nd Lt. Lincoln D. Reid  
Sergeant Clarence R. Gibson, Co. H  
Sergeant Norman Henry, M. G. Co. No. 3  
Sergeant Matthew Jenkins, Co. F  
Sergeant Cecil Nelson, Co. L

Sergeant Howard Templeman, Co. C	Private Arthur Johnson, Hq. Co.
Corporal Charles T. Brock, M. G. Co. No. 3	S. M.
Corporal James R. Brown, M. G. Co. No. 3	Private Paul Johnson, Co. B
Corporal Joseph Henderson, Co. I	Private Reedy Jones, Co. I.
Corporal Elmer Laurent, Hq. Co.	Private Alonzo Kellar, Co. M
Corporal William Stevenson, Co. F.	Private Leroy Lindsay, 1st Bn. Hq.
Corporal Maceo A. Tervalon, Co. D	Private Lavern Massey, Co. I
Corporal Lewis Warner, Co. I	Private Bee McKissie, Co. M
Pvt. 1st Class Robert Pryor, Co. C	Private Charles T. Monroe, Hq. Co.
Pvt. 1st Class George B. White, Co. B	S. M.
Pvt. 1st Class Nathaniel C. White, Co. F	Private Josiah Nevees, Co. C
Private Albert Dorsey, Co. M.	Private Jonas Paxton, 3rd Bn. Hq.
Private Deery Brown, 3rd Bn. Hq.	Private Harry Pearson, M. G. Co. No. 3
Private Reed J. Brown, Co. L	Private Rufus Pitts, Hq. Co.
Private William E. Cuff, Co. E	Private Cornelius Robinson, Co. M
Private Jesse Ferguson, Co. B	Private Ulysses Sayles, Co. F
Private Hugh Givens, Co. F	Private Howard Sheffield, Co. F
Private Wm. G. Hurdle, M. G. Co. No. 3	Private Ira Taylor, Co. B
	Private Paul Turlington, M. G. Co. No. 3

**Croix De Guerre**

**(Regimental Citation)**

Captain Charles W. Fillmore

**HEADQUARTERS, 370th U. S. INFANTRY**

**American Expeditionary Forces**

**December 9, 1918**

**GENERAL ORDERS:**

**No. 19**

1. The following order of the 59th Division, Army of France, is published to the regiment, and will be read to all organizations at first formation after its receipt:

59th Division,

Quartier General, December 8, 1918.

Staff.

**GENERAL ORDERS**

**No. 4785**

Officers and Soldiers of the 370th R. I. U. S.

You are leaving us. The impossibility at this time that the German Army can recover from its defeat—the necessity which is imposed on the peoples of the Entente of taking up again a normal life—leads the United States to diminish its effectives in France. You are chosen to be among the first to return to America. In the name of your comrades of the 59th Division, I say to you: Au revoir—in the name of France, thank you.

The hard and brilliant battles of **Chavigny, Leury**, and the

**Bois de Beaumont** having reduced the effectives of the Division, the American Government generously put your regiment at the disposition of the French High Command in order to reinforce us. You arrived from the trenches of the Argonne.

We at first, in September, at **Mareuil-Sur-Ourcq**, admired your fine appearance under arms, the precision of your review, the suppleness of your evolutions that presented to the eye the appearance of silk unrolling its wavy folds.

We advanced to the line. Fate placed you on the banks of the **Ailette**, in front of the **Bois Mortier**. October 12th you occupied the enemy trenches **Acier** and **Brouze**. On the 13th we reached the railroad of **Laon La Fere**—the forest of **Saint Gobain**, principal center of resistance of the Hindenburg Line, was ours.

November 5th the **Serre** was at last crossed—the pursuit became active. **Prout's Battalion** distinguished itself at the **Sal St. Pierre**, where it captured a German battery. **Patton's Battalion** crossed, the first, the **Hirson** railroad at the heights of **Aubenton**, where the Germans tried to resist. **Duncan's Battalion** took **Longwy**, and, carried away by their ardor, could not be stopped short of **Gue d'Hossus**, on November 11th, after the armistice.

We have hardly had the time to appreciate you, and already you depart.

As Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan said November 28th, in offering to me your regimental colors "as a proof of your love for France, as an expression of your loyalty to the 59th Division and our Army, you have given us of your best and you have given it out of the fullness of your hearts."

The blood of your comrades who fell on the soil of France, mixed with the blood of our soldiers, renders indissoluble the bonds of affection that unite us. We have, besides, the pride of having worked together at a magnificent task, and the pride of bearing on our foreheads the ray of a common grandeur.

A last time,—Au revoir.

All of us of the 59th Division will remember the time when the 370th R. I., U. S., under the orders of the distinguished Colonel Roberts, formed a part of our beautiful Division.

GENERAL VINCENDON,

Commanding the 59th Division,

Signed: VINCENDON

2. The eloquence and affectionate generosity of the distinguished General Commanding the 59th Division renders difficult the task of the Regimental Commander to adequately express the gratification that officers and men of the Regiment feel on reading his parting words. Not one of us can read or hear them without a deep sense of gratitude and pride that we were permitted to have a part in the task of the hard-working and hard-fighting 59th Division, and that our efforts have met with approvals fills us with joy.

The 59th Division spared nothing to make our task easier; taking upon themselves the harder portions, they gave our inexperienced men the time to accustom themselves to the rigors of open warfare and to gain invaluable knowledge from observation of the soldiers of two of the best regiments of the incomparable infantry of France, until, during the pursuit so happily ended by the complete collapse of the enemy, our battalions earned the commendation of their commanding officers.

For all the acts of courtesy, for the many aids rendered us, for the kind and generous words of the Commanding General, we thank the officers and men of the 59th Division. With pride we shall return to the United States—pride that we shared the lot of this fine Division, and pride that our efforts—though not comparable with those of the veterans of four years of terrible war—were yet considered worthy of such words as are addressed to us above.

To the brilliant General Commanding, to his officers and men, we say au revoir with regret. As we have always admired their bearing in battle, we shall always remember with affection our comrades of the 59th D. I.

T. A. ROBERTS,  
Colonel Commanding

**By Order of Colonel Roberts:**

**John H. Patton,  
Captain and Adjutant,  
370th U. S. Infantry**



The Writer at the Age of 16,  
Pvt., Troop L., 10th U. S.  
Cavalry, Fort Bayard,  
N. M., 1888

**WAR DEPARTMENT**  
**THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE**  
**WASHINGTON**

**SUBJECT:** Recommendation for D. S. C.

**In Reply Refer to** A. G. 201 Braddan, William S. GDG 595  
(11-22-26) Ex

November 30, 1926.

**TO:** Colonel Otis B. Duncan,  
8th Inf., Illinois N. G.,  
3517 Giles Avenue,  
Chicago, Illinois.

1. Reference is made to your letter of November 22, 1926, wherein you recommended the award of the Distinguished Service Cross to William S. Braddan, formerly captain, chaplain, 370th Infantry, for an act said to have been performed by him on September 19, 1918, near Laon, France, during the World War.

2. The time limit set by law within which the Distinguished Service Cross could be awarded for an act performed in the World War, expired on April 7, 1923. Your letter has therefore been placed on file with Chaplain Braddan's record in the War Department as a permanent record of the act performed.

By order of the Secretary of War:

John B. Shuman,  
Adjutant General

1st. Ind.

Hdqrs. 8th Inf., Ill. N. G., Chicago, Ill. December 3, 1926;  
—To Captain William S. Braddan, Chaplain, 8th Inf., Ill. N. G.

1. Inviting attentions to basic letter.

By order of Colonel Duncan:

James C. Hall  
Captain, 8th Inf., Ill. N. G.  
Adjutant



**STATE OF ILLINOIS**  
**MILITARY AND NAVAL DEPARTMENT**  
**SPRINGFIELD**

**SUBJECT:** Federal Recognition. July 16, 1927

**TO:** Major William S. Braddan,  
Chaplain, 8th Infantry,  
Chicago, Illinois. (Thru channels).

1. Herewith I am enclosing Form No. 3a, Militia Bureau, extending Federal recognition to you to date from June 17, 1927.

C. E. Black  
The Adjutant General  
Chief of Staff

1st Ind.

Hq., 33rd Division, Chicago, Illinois, July 18, 1927. To—  
Major Wm. S. Braddan, Chaplain, 8th Infantry, Chicago, Illinois.  
(Thru channels).

1. For your information and file.

By Command of Major General Keehn:

Loren C. Grieves,  
Chief of Staff

2nd Ind.

Hq., 8th Inf., Ill. N. G., Chicago, Illinois, July 20, 1927—To  
Major William S. Braddan, Chaplain, 8th Inf., Ill. N. G.

1. For your information and file.

By order of Colonel Duncan:

James C. Hall  
Captain, 8th Infantry, Ill. N. G.  
Adjutant

**STATE OF ILLINOIS**  
**MILITARY AND NAVAL DEPARTMENT**  
**SPRINGFIELD**

**Special Orders**  
**No. 112**

June 15, 1927

Extract

1. The following appointments are hereby made:  
Captain WILLIAM S. BRADDAN to be Major, Chaplain, to rank  
from June 15, 1927, and attached to 8th Infantry, Illinois  
National Guard.

(original).

By command of the Governor:

Major Braddan  
8th Infantry

C. E. Black  
The Adjutant General  
Chief of Staff

As we entered the zone of Activities we were warned of our Most Deadly Enemy—Gas.

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## THE TEN GAS COMMANDMENTS

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1. At the sound of the Gas Alarm there are only two left, The Quick and the Dead.
2. Always carry your Gas Mask, Hell is full of Men still hunting for their Gas Masks.
3. Regard all Shell Holes with suspicion, and never use a Shell Hole for a Latrine without you know your hole.
4. Inspect your Mask Morning, Noon and Night.
5. Sag Paste is issued as a Mustard Gas Burn Preventative and not as a Beauty or Cootie Cream.
6. Your Satchel was made for your Gas Mask and not for a Cold Storage Place for your reserve rations.
7. Safety First: When suspicious Shells fall in your vicinity adjust your Mask first, investigate afterwards.
8. Use no Shell Crater Water for Drinking, Cooking or Washing Purposes.
9. Never linger around Shell Holes that smell of Garlic or Onions, as it may be Mustard Gas, but report same to your Battalion Gas Officer.
10. When Gas Alarm sounds either by gong or mouth, keep cool, hold your breath, adjust your Mask, and carry on: do not fear gas but respect it, D. S. C.'s are not won by eating gas: the paths made by Blue Cross, Green Cross or Yellow Cross lead but to the Wooden Cross.

And now Gentle Reader, you who have followed me in this narrative of the exploits of the "8th" (370th), you will ask, as I have asked, "What does it all amount to? What good will come of it to a race of patriots, a noble, true and patient people, a folk who have suffered the whips and scorn of time, the proud man's contumely?"

Listen to a prophecy that you will see fulfilled:

By reason of this War this Race, of which we are proud members, will occupy a larger and still larger place in the Sun.

Two hundred thousand of our sons, the flower of our Race, have been trained in discipline and self-reliance.

They have lived and moved and had their being in the country of freedom whose slogan, blazoned upon a million coin, is—Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite—for a year and more these Crusaders, the offspring of a Race that has never been accused of sedition or lack of patriotism or cowardice under fire, or of refusing to go forward, even though they knew that some one had blundered and the execution of the Order meant death, for a year these Crusaders of the Black Race had enjoyed freedom and justice at the hand of an Aryan Race, for the first time in their life they had been treated like men and the gentlemen that they were. They enjoyed liberty and were judged not by the color of their skin or texture of their hair, but by their real worth. For a year, while they fought and suffered that other men might be free and enjoy life and democracy, they resolved that when they returned home that they would demand the same rights of the Government that sent them five thousand miles to fight in the interest of others.

Two hundred thousand men thus trained and inspired by that which they enjoyed in France, these men inured to hardship, unaccustomed to sleeping in a bed, trained to face death in its most painful forms, are no longer afraid to die, nor too cowardly to fight for that which is rightly theirs, Liberty and Justice. No longer does he regard the man his friend who in speaking to him fails to call him "Nigger," but he now demands that his supposed-to-be friends go all the way and use their influence in seeing to it that he occupies his rightful place in the Sun. He asks no favors but demands justice. He seeks not social equality but economic and industrial freedom; an equal opportunity.

This much belongs to him, it has been dearly bought by reason of his Patriotism, his sacrifice and loyalty, and he de-

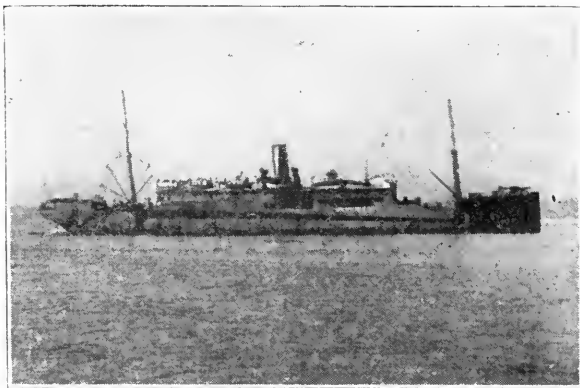
mands it. He does not desire to be cuddled, flattered or treated as a child, but like the red-blooded man that he is.

He thus, upon his return from Invaluable Service over there stands before the Bar of Justice and demands a square deal. Patiently he will plead and as patiently wait, ever hoping, trusting and praying for his proper place in the sun, and for the dawning of the day when Ethiopia will really stretch forth her hand unto God and be free; failing to have a proper, just and impartial hearing before the Bar of Justice these men who placed their bodies upon their nation's altar for service or slaughter, for democracy in Europe and the liberation of France from Prussianism, will again leap forward as Volunteers, but this time 'twill be to place their bodies upon their Race's Altar for service or slaughter in a struggle against Bourbon Democracy and they will ultimately overcome and occupy their place in the sun or report to Jesus Christ the reason why.

So I finish and in so doing remind you that ere the men who formed part of the A. E. F. have fallen asleep, they will see America blossom forth in splendor and cover its vast domain with the much needed, expected and prayed for:

Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

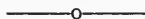
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Sombra—The Ship on Which the Chaplain of the 370th Returned From Over There

**AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES**

**Office of the Commander-in-Chief**



To Departing Officers of the A. E. F.

After honorably serving your Country in a great war, you are about to embark for the homeland. Remember that the bearing of their officers is reflected in the behavior and discipline of the men you are commanding homeward bound. I most sincerely trust that no single act may occur to stain the splendid record won by our troops in Europe. My confidence and best wishes follow you and them as you cross the sea and in your future service in the Army or elsewhere.

John J. Pershing.













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