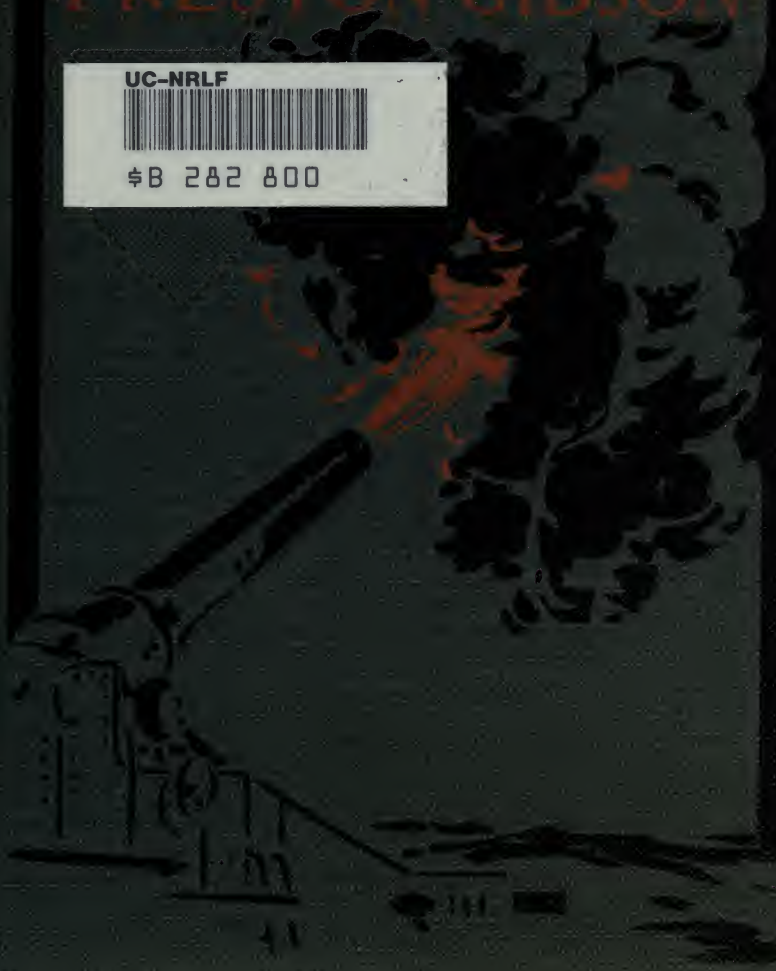


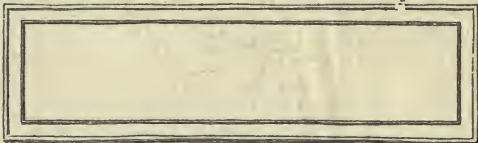
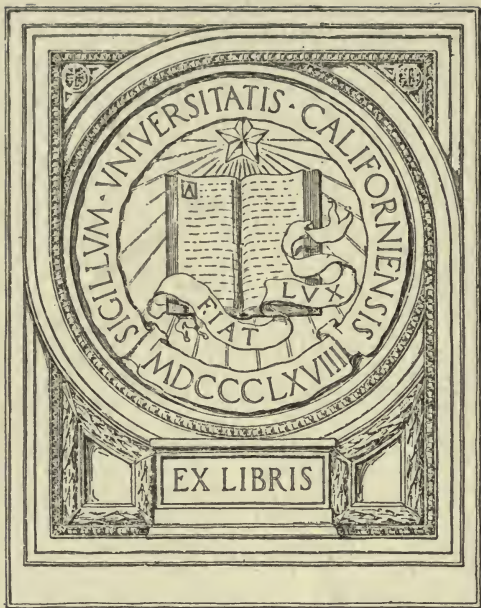
BATTERING THE BOCHE PRESTON GIBSON

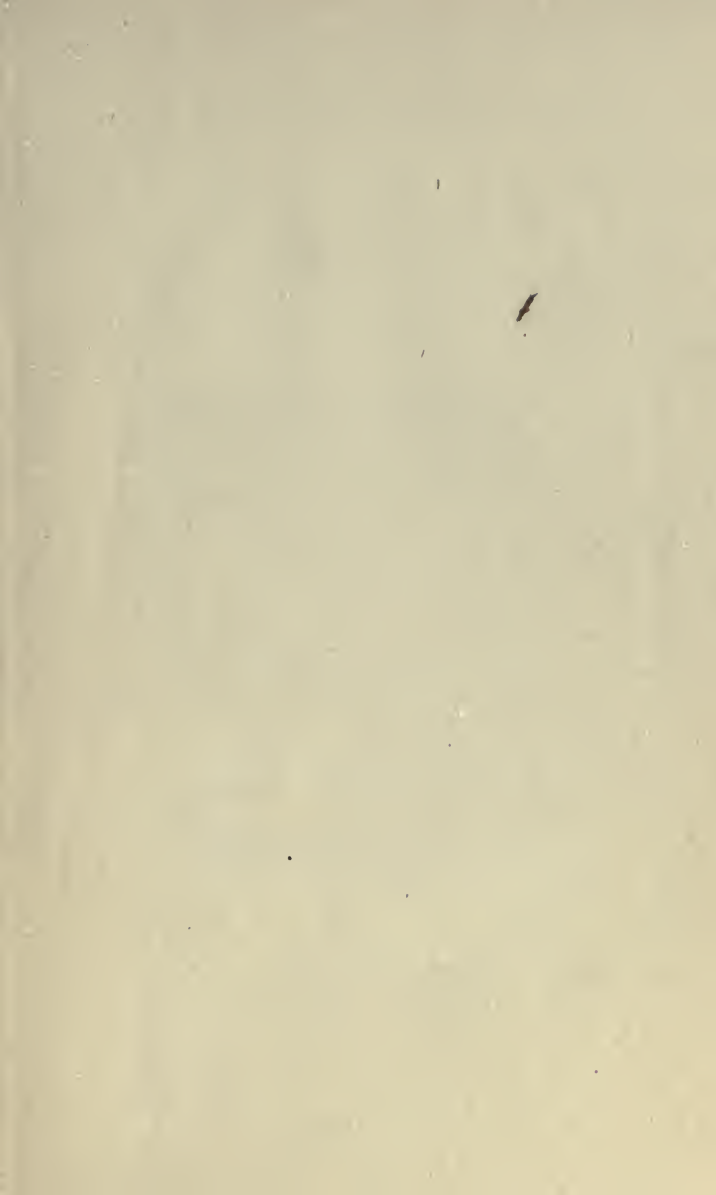
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Preston P. [unclear]

BATTERING THE BOCHE

BY
PRESTON GIBSON

ILLUSTRATED
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



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1918



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HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS,
OFFICE OF THE QUARTEMASTER,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. Gibson presents a very graphic picture of scenes and incidents along the French front and of the dangers that attend the work of the personnel of the Ambulance Corps, of which he formed a part.

Particularly interesting is his description of the splendidly heroic conduct of the gallant French at all times and of their unselfish, uncomplaining and stoical attitude in the face of the greatest suffering their country has ever experienced. It should be an incentive and example to every American who goes to help them.

CHARLES L. MCCAWLEY.
Brigadier General, Quartermaster,
U. S. Marines.

Preston Gibson received the French Cross of War with the following:

21° Division d'Infle.

au Q.G. le 1er Décembre 1917.

ETAT-MAJOR

CITATION A L'ORDRE DE LA DIVISION.

Extrait

Ordre No. 204

LE GENERAL Commandant la 21e. Division d'Infanterie
cite à l'Ordre de la Division
les militaires dont les noms suivent:

SERVICE DE SANTE

Section Sanitaire Automobile Américaine No. 7

GIBSON, Preston, Volontaire Américain.

"Volontaire américain admirable de courage et de sang
froid. S'est particulièrement distingué devant St.
Quentin et dans l'Aisne par son dévouement et son
intrépidité à l'occasion de nombreuses évacuations en
"zone dangereuse."

Le Général DAUVIN

Commandant la 21e Division d'Infle.

Signé: DAUVIN.

Translation.

21st. Division of Infantry

ETAT-MAJOR

at Headquarters, December 1, 1917

CITATION TO THE ORDER OF THE DIVISION

Extract.

Order No. 204

THE GENERAL Commanding the 21st. Division of Infantry
cites to the Order of the Division the following soldiers:

SERVICE DE SANTE.

AMERICAN SANITARY AUTOMOBILE SERVICE No. 7.

GIBSON, Preston, American Volunteer

"American volunteer, admirable for his courage and coolness. He particularly distinguished himself before St. Quentin and in the Aisne by his devotion and his fearlessness on the occasion of numerous evacuations in dangerous places."

General DAUVIN

Commanding the 21st. Division of Infantry

Signed: DAUVIN.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Preston Gibson	<i>Frontispiece</i> <small>FACING PAGE</small>
A camouflaged bridge over the Somme	8
Poilu with gas-mask and respirator in dug-out of a third-line trench	9
A lookout in a trench observation post	24
An improvised headquarters on the Aisne front	25
A "Saucisse," used for observation before the attack at Chemin des Dames	40
French defenses thrown up on the Aisne plateau	41
Barbed wire over third-line trench at Chemin des Dames	60
First-line communication trench, Chemin des Dames	61
Observer near Malmaison, Chemin des Dames	72
Just before firing a small gun from the second line trench, Chemin des Dames	73

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Carrying wounded through shelled village of Vailly after attack at Chemin des Dames	88
French poilus receiving the Crois de Guerre, after the Battle of Malmaison	89
German prisoners used as stretcher-bearers after the slaughter at Malmaison	104
Mass being held underground near Mal- maison	105

(These photographs are used by courtesy of The
XVIIIth Century Shop)

BATTERING THE BOCHE



1. The St. Quentin region. The author was here during the attack of August 20-26, 1917.

2. The famous Chemin des Dames — now occupied in part by American troops — where the author was during the attack of October, 1917.

BATTERING THE BOCHE

PART I

PARIS. Arriving there in July, 1917, one is struck by the great number of English and American officers. The cafés are crowded, as are the hotels. There are a number of private motors and a great many taxicabs.

The town itself is absolutely closed at 9:30 P. M. There is no dancing and one sees few French people among the pleasure seekers, as the whole nation is in mourning. Soldiers abound everywhere. It is seldom that one sees a young man in civilian clothes, and then it is because he has been wounded and brought back. The taxicab drivers all look like rather young Rip Van Winkles.

BATTERING THE BOCHE

When one goes to the Madeleine, that beautiful church, one is absolutely awed and silenced in one's heart on observing the hundreds, even thousands, of children, girls, middle-aged women and old women, all in mourning. One hardly ever sees a woman except in black. It dawns upon one's sensibility for the first time that out there a few miles from Paris are the sons, brothers and husbands of these women, those that are alive, and when one is determined or has determined to do one's part a curious feeling of perhaps dread or fear or apprehension is experienced as one realizes that in a few days one will be in the midst of what has brought about the sorrow of the world.

SUBLIMITY OF THE MASS

As one looks at an old lady of 75 bowed with grief and sorrow — she has given five sons to the conflict and they are all lying under tiny wood crosses near the city of Meaux

BATTERING THE BOCHE

by the swift moving Marne — one's thinking cap comes down close over one's forehead, and the sublimity of the mass is greatly enhanced by the hush in the hearts of those who are kneeling in silent meditation and adoration.

The streets are gay. The shop windows are brilliant with every device to please the eye of the traveller. Girls, pretty girls, abound on the streets, and the soldiers that are back on leave are especially gay — a gayety of a rather hysterical sort, for they have left those frightful scenes only for two or four days, and, I may phrase it, as they are coming in they are going out.

There have been many amusing incidents so far in connection with the language. An American hired a small victoria at the railway station on arriving in Paris and was going through to another railway station. He called out to the driver to stop and asked a wounded soldier, "*Ou est la guerre?*"

BATTERING THE BOCHE

which means "Where is the war?" instead of saying "*Ou est le gare?*" which means "Where is the railway station?" Whereupon the soldier, thinking that he was making fun of the war, became perfectly furious and began to swear at him in French.

The American, being absolutely certain of his good French, kept repeating, "*Ou est la guerre? Ou est la guerre?*" whereupon the soldier tapped him on the head with his crutch. A great crowd collected as the American continued to call out, "Where is the war?" instead of "Where is the railway station?" A policeman finally understood his mistake and he was allowed to proceed.

FRENCH WHOLLY APPRECIATIVE

The appreciation of the French, women and men, of the coming of the Americans is really beautiful. French soldiers go out of

BATTERING THE BOCHE

their way to be polite. French girls in the shops and everywhere else, all have a pleasant word and smile. But this sentiment does not exist among the women only for the foreigner who has come to do his bit. It exists in the heart of the French girl for any and every soldier.

In the parade on the Fourteenth of July, when the troops came marching down the Champs Elysées, in every rifle was a tiny American flag — a great sea of men and American flags coming down the loveliest boulevard in the world. The soldiers were simply deluged with flowers thrown by girls all along the sidewalks, and one very pretty girl standing near the Travelers' Club was throwing kisses to the soldiers as they went by. One youngster in the ranks called out, "Oh, that's no good! You're too far away." Whereupon she ran out through the crowd, threw her arms around him, kissed him and ran back again.

BATTERING THE BOCHE

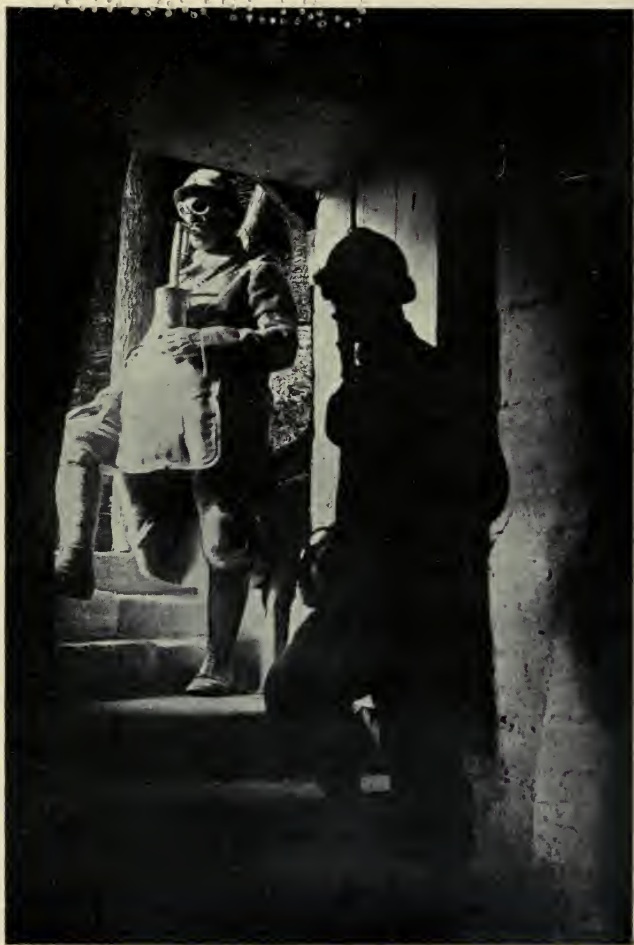
HAVE UNDAUNTED SPIRIT

It is that spirit of youth and joy in spite of all the sadness and sorrow that has kept France intact and has enabled her soldiers to do and fight and bleed and die until the soil of the whole country is saturated with the blood of her best men. That day 9,000 men marched bearing their tattered standards before them. One woman, stretching out her arms, cried: "*Merci, merci pour nous, les civils.*" And the crowd took it up, calling, "*Merci, merci.*"

The medals for the day had Washington and Lafayette and the date July 4, 1776, on one side, July 14, 1789, on the other. In the afternoon, when the patriots of Alsace, 2,000 of them, went and paid tribute to the statue of Strasburg, they nearly covered the beautiful figure with roses and lilies, but alone and symbolic over her heart was draped the Stars and Stripes, our flag, the American



A camouflaged bridge over the Somme. The original bridge having been destroyed, a new one is being built, and on both sides of where the men are working a canvas is stretched.



Poilu with gas-mask and respirator in dugout of a
third-line trench

BATTERING THE BOCHE

flag. It made one's heart beat faster and somehow brought a lump in one's throat. France has an ally in us that she can love without conditions.

Those who can speak French a little are constantly asked questions by those who can't, such as "Why do they call so many dogs in France, '*Ici*'?" One hates to tell them the reason is that "*ici*" means "here," and of course in calling the dog they say "Here, here!"

For a time there was a certain criticism of the great number of English officers in Paris, but that is now entirely changed and the criticism, if any, has been directed toward the great number of American officers in Paris. That, too, is being changed.

There have been gross and vile exaggerations of the amount of drinking done by the officers of all nations in Paris, and I feel that I should go on record as stating that if there were any drunken American officers in

BATTERING THE BOCHE

Paris I did n't see them, and I saw a great number.

CHARGES OF EXCESSES ARE LIES

There may have been one or two men drunk, and this, of course, for mongers of scandal and those who walk with their bellies on the ground, would be sufficient cause to declare that the whole American army was drunk. But the statement that such conduct is common is a base and unwarranted lie. There is no finer officer in the world than the American officer, and certainly no braver soldier, as has been proved in the past. And he who tries or attempts by any means to take away from the man who is doing his part over there his good name should be court-martialled and shot.

Going to the front for the first time is like the first experience of a child at the Hippodrome. One finds one's self at first amazed and more or less awed by the magnitude of

BATTERING THE BOCHE

conditions and one finds one's self looking in every direction to see everything one can of the whole show.

The train goes along through a very lovely country, following the Marne, and then turns north toward the famous Somme. One sees from the window attractive villages. There is no sign of war. Suddenly one comes to Soissons, and on alighting one sees for the first time the Machiavellian hand of the heinous Hun. The beautiful cathedral is shattered, the houses are in ruins, homes are desolate and broken.

Proceeding from there, one motors out toward the front, passing through tiny villages, all of which have been razed to the ground. It is my first glimpse of the dreadful devastation and I am beginning actually to see what I have heard only bits of. Every one is busy. Little gray cars rush to and fro; there are messengers on motorcycles; artillery wagons, long trains of them, going slowly

BATTERING THE BOCHE

by; and a stream of camions, ambulances, soldiers.

ROADS REPAIRED CONSTANTLY

One is first struck by the wonderful condition of the road. Thousands of Moroccans and French are constantly filling every tiny hole as soon as it appears, and though the traffic all day and all night is absolutely continuous, yet the roads are kept up.

Our camp is in a wood; about twenty tents; very picturesque. The sunlit *Somme* winds itself about the camp. Our tents are painted to represent foliage so the Boche airplanes cannot locate them. One man has painted trees and a stream on his tent and a young girl reclining on the bank. One could only imagine that the idea he had was that if a Boche did locate his tent, on seeing the picture he would be too excited to drop a bomb straight.

And now I hear for the first time the

BATTERING THE BOCHE

boom of the guns of the heavy artillery about four miles away from the camp, about eight miles from the third line. It was an intermittent firing, boom, boom, only every half hour or so. It was not as impressive as I had anticipated. It was only ominous of what was to be later.

I was given two gas masks and a helmet and was ordered up to the *poste de secours*.

It rains continuously. To-night there is a frightful storm, but above nature, sublime in their individuality, the hungry guns hold the conquest of the air. Nature becomes more wonderful as one is close to it. The trees, a few front of our tents are such good friends for they protect us and shield us from the enemy's gaze. The Somme keeps our bodies fresh and clean and strong and our mouths cool after the dust and grime of the labor laden roads, and the grass and woods give us rest and comfort. The blue sky

BATTERING THE BOCHE

though is most essential for an offensive, for if it rains our aero eyes are blinded, we cannot communicate with our artillery and it is difficult to proceed.

I am sent up to the *poste de secours*, just a little brick building about a mile and a half from the third line, which in turn is a thousand yards from the firing line. August 20 I see my first dead man of the war. They bring him in, shot through the breast, and they place him in the room next to where we eat. It is hot. The flies fly back and forth through the cracked wooden door from this corpse to our bread and jam. They could have as well left him in the yard, but every one wishes to house the dead. Why?

ORDERED TO THE THIRD LINE

At 2:45 A. M. I hear the field telephone ring and I am ordered to the third line. My comrade, who knows the road, appears, and we start out of the gate, turn to the right

BATTERING THE BOCHE

over the hill, then to the left, straight for the trenches, over a road bathed in moonlight and in the midst of the frightful thunder of artillery.

How it impresses one, the blazing, the deafening roar of the heavy and light artillery! We pass the last observation tree, turn to the right and fly along a road screened from German trench eyes only by a latticework of boughs most of which are broken or blown down. The road is filled with shell holes.

We arrive at the third line. Here is the dugout. I go down; the steps are all as perfect as if it were Marble House, and we descend into the oblong room. There are a surgeon, a man on a stretcher, quiet with just a flicker of life when he sees me; shelves upon which are candles, bandages, bottles.

We take him up. When we reach the top of the steps one of the brancardiers (stretcher bearers) drops his end and the man topples over. Not a complaint, not a

BATTERING THE BOCHE

murmur. They pick him up and put him in the car. His leg is badly shot, below the knee. I give him a cigarette and he is grateful. They tell him to cheer up, that he will soon be at the hospital. He smiles, points to his leg: "*Ca ne fait rien, c'est la guerre, Monsieur. C'est tout.*"

LIGHTED BY STAR SHELL

I start along the road. Suddenly a great white light looms up to the left about 300 yards away, and I think I am finished, but it is only a star shell. These are made of silk with four lighted balls at each corner and have a tiny parachute. They are shot up into the air with a large revolver and hang in the air, throwing light all around for a great distance. They are used nearly every second by both sides to see if there is any activity in No Man's Land or elsewhere along the trenches. After getting over my fright I felt not unlike Paul of Tarsus. They are

BATTERING THE BOCHE

very beautiful and tale telling, these star shells.

Of course a German observer had seen the car, but one cannot drive fast with wounded. It was a moment to give one a thrill. The moon, the blazing of the French guns about 300 yards away, the wondrous star shells like great, constant comets of light, the gluttonous gases sweeping their brooms of death, the silence of the dugout, the stillness of the wounded, the scraping, whistling, screaming shrapnel shells overhead, the firecracker rattling of the mitrailleuses, the glare of the signal rockets, the stupendous disemboweling roar of the artillery miles to the rear, the hush of death — all, all were electrifying, appalling, uplifting!

A shell fell about 200 yards to the left. I turn the bend and drive away from the lines. There appears a tall, gaunt, handsome figure of a man on an equally tall, magnificent horse. His cloak enshrouds him and the steps of his

BATTERING THE BOCHE

horse seem as measured as the thoughts of the rider. The moon strikes him aslant.

He hails me and asks if the road has been shelled. I reply, "A little." He inquired quickly, "Many holes?" I reply, "A few, sir." He seems thoughtful for a moment. A star shell goes up quite near us. He is thinking — of a woman, perhaps, somewhere. "It is late," he says. "I go."

The sun was waking. He must be there with his battery in place before dawn. No one can pass over this road from sunrise to sunset. He gives the order "Forward!" The men speak quietly to the horses. Shrapnel breaks over our heads and my stranger of the night moves toward so many that seek his death.

I must confess that a queer feeling of security comes over one when one drives away from the third line trench for the first time, away from that cauldron of blood and mud, and though I was only about a mile from the

BATTERING THE BOCHE

dugout and the Boche shrapnel was screaming a message of destruction over my head, yet, though the feeling of security is droll, it is true.

The roaring of the French guns as one passes the batteries on the way back from the front is like the constant pealing of the most terrible thunder, simply disembowelling nature. It never ceases, and appalls one by its force, strength and frightfulness. As they go over one's head toward the Boche trenches it is difficult to realize that the singing shells are wending their day to kill and wound men.

One passes a constant stream of ammunition wagons, men, ambulances, all coming and going. Overhead areos and balloons are thick in the sky and within a stone's throw there is a wireless mast made of bamboo poles. Every house and barn is completely gutted, with only a few walls standing, and those with great rents.

BATTERING THE BOCHE

The Boches are constantly shooting at our aereos with their anti-aircraft guns and one can see often as many as fourteen or fifteen puffs of black smoke clustered around one of our 'planes. The Boche anti-aircraft shells have only black smoke. Each puff hangs in the air and stays there a long time before disappearing. Every few minutes in the woods the artillery signals with rifle shots to the aereos circling about and the aereos in reply give the German range.

It was not long before I was at the hospital.

The next night the moon was like a great, well washed and shining silver plate edged with gold. It hung in a cloud of rarest blue, surrounded by twinkling stars. The sky was bright now, the moon our friend as well as our enemy, and one could see the German guns clearly as they fired in turn.

Soon I was again at the dugout.

PART II

IT is planned to take the city of St. Quentin, which lies about eight kilometers from where we are. The attack is scheduled for to-morrow.

The field telephone rings. The cathedral at St. Quentin is on fire. The flames are high in the air. We expect the attack, but the wind is from the wrong direction. For the past month they have been bringing up gas cylinders, but each day the wind has been blowing directly in our faces. It is to be hoped that it will change to-morrow. The roads are filled with camions, Chasseurs, Moroccans and Zouaves, all attacking troops going up.

We had a visit to-day from an American who came out to observe. He was rather

BATTERING THE BOCHE

a comic looking person whose face gave up the struggle between the mouth and the apple of Adam. He left just before the attack to make his report in Paris.

Boche 'planes were coming over in droves. One got directly above us, evidently taking photographs of some of the artillery batteries. It must have been circling for half an hour when like a meteor out of a white cloud about 10,000 feet up came a French speed aero and flew directly toward the Boche aero.

The German tried to dip and duck and turn, but the Frenchman followed him and pounced upon him from above. There was a roar of the Boche mitrailleuse. The Frenchman was maimed. Then both machines turned over and over in the air and fell in the wood just near us. It was a nerve racking sight and thrilling.

We rushed over and found the machines entangled one with the other, the two Boches

BATTERING THE BOCHE

and the two Frenchmen mangled and burned beyond recognition. What a brave deed and how little it seemed to count! Yet by giving their lives, the French fliers probably saved at least two entire French artillery batteries, which would have been bombed and destroyed before dawn if the German had got back with his photographs.

The French are a glorious race. They never weaken and when they go into Paris on leave they do not loaf around doing nothing, but at once go back to their trade, watch-makers, chauffeurs or tailors — all work until it is time for them to travel again the long road to the trenches.

We are now quite near St. Quentin with telephone connections to our advanced *poste de secours*. As the Germans and French have a perfect system of listening in on a telephone by means of an instrument which is stuck in the ground and which enables you to hear conversations going along on

BATTERING THE BOCHE

the other side of the trenches, all villages near the lines have been renamed. The street names are comic.

Here in this village, a mile from the firing line, we have the street of Rheins, the street of Lyons, the street of Paris; it is also necessary that curious numbers and odd codes be employed. Thus when sending for small ammunition a message will sound something like this: "Send to Paris street five baskets of grapes," which would mean five wagon loads of small ammunition. "Send one small handbag to Rheins street" would mean one small automobile at once. "Send three large trunks by express to Soissons street," would mean send three large automobiles quickly, and so on. The detail of the war is almost greater than the war itself.

In the afternoon of August 22 I went up to our last observation tree through a cemetery whose appearance was harrowing.



An improvised headquarters on the Aisne front

BATTERING THE BOCHE

Every grave had been opened by the Germans and the little chapel razed to the ground. In some of the underground mausoleums the Germans had lived and there were German newspapers strewn here and there. Then there were graves out of which the Boches had thrown the French bodies, putting some of their own killed in their places.

I ascended the ladder of the observation tree and found established aloft a telegraph operator with powerful lenses and instruments. He let me look through his glasses. Within half a mile, directly below me, were the French trenches and, only a little further beyond, the German lines. I could see the towers of the cathedral at St. Quentin.

It was a great sight and the spectacle was made more impressive by the whizzing of the German shells breaking in every direction, the screaming of the French batteries and

BATTERING THE BOCHE

the soft purr of the French aeros, much smoother and faster than the Germans', overhead. One skilful German aviator came in, swept so low as to be out of the immediate range of the French guns, went straight for a balloon, and destroyed it and got back safely, flying almost along the ground.

Before writing concerning a night which enthralled, amazed, thrilled and stunned me, I must say a word or two about my impressions gathered from men everywhere I have been — poilus, Captains, Generals, ambulance men, sergeants, nurses, cooks, lookout men, stretcher bearers. It is this: France is brave, but is tired.

France needs men, men for her soil, her industries, her homes, her army. And we need an American army, not on Long Island, not in South Carolina, not near Paris, not in the army zone near Soissons, but actually in and on that Lane of Blood which sweeps

BATTERING THE BOCHE

from St. Quentin to the Vosges, in the trenches. But, as an English officer said, "When Fritz meets the Sammies hell will break loose."

The wind is favorable, the attack is for to-night. It is very dark and inky. You cannot even see the end of the fender in front of the car. There it but very little traffic, the main road to the front is quiet, there is little firing and the two lines of trenches seem to be getting a well needed rest. A few Boche star shells light up my car, but that is all.

I reached the *poste de secours* and got out. Of course I had on my helmet and carried both gas masks. This is a very bad gas sector. It was a close night, the wind blowing gently toward the German lines. I went into the dugout for a moment. Here were literally dripping surgeons and stretcher-bearers, soaked-in-blood heroes, men and boys, with great holes in their heads, arms

BATTERING THE BOCHE

and legs, or shot through the body, all silent in their suffering. By the dim candlelight the surgeons went about their task ploddingly and methodically.

I soon had my load and started back along the same road to our base hospital. An hour later I was again at the base. There were no more wounded to be transported. All was quiet. I saw two men standing on top of the third line dugout, so climbed up and discovered they were a General and his aid. We smoked a cigarette and talked of Paris.

It was the dawn of August 24, 1917, about a quarter of one in the morning. I must have stood there half an hour when by the light of occasional star shells I saw stealing over the meadow, silent, death dealing and grim, in its task, the gas, gas, gas. To the right and left, as far as one could see, great masses of vapor went slowly toward the Boche lines. It was like a cloud

BATTERING THE BOCHE

of gray-blue chiffon as borne by the wind it sought the lives of those who could neither advance nor retreat. And so it went on and on till it hung like a pall over the enemy. Then resolved itself into a great cloud, wave after wave, bearing death and the greatest agony.

Suddenly, as though God Himself had rent the heavens with His hand, there blazed forth from 800 guns a fiery roar that seemed as if hell had broken loose. The General remarked to his aid as he looked at his watch, "It's 1:15. The wind is good." The *tir de barrage* (curtain of fire) had begun, throwing a curtain of fire in front of the Boche front line and a second curtain of fire back of the Boche third line, so that they could neither advance nor retreat, while they breathed the gas between.

Now the star shells in thousands lit up the sky. It was a great sight. Back of me the 75s and 155s were sending their shells over

BATTERING THE BOCHE

my head and in front and to the right were thousands of star shells over the trenches, and hand grenades exploding and enemy artillery dropping bombs and shells near the road.

Wounded were now being brought in and French caught in their own gas. Here for the first time I saw a gas sufferer; the effect is terrible. The gassed men cannot get their breath; they cough, spit and vomit blood. When I reached the hospital with my first load the men had suffered great agony. But there was no murmur or complaint. It is a horrible death, that of a gassed man. But only four of the affected died, we got them to the hospital so efficiently.

The gas was shut off about 5 A. M. and the artillery continued all day and into the night. Then the order "Comrades, over the top!" was given and out they came with bayonets and hand grenades — rifles are seldom used any more in charges; they are practically

BATTERING THE BOCHE

obsolete except to hold a bayonet. The main reason for this is that an individual rapid-fire gun — handled by one man — or a similar gun handled by two men is much more effective. They shoot from 300 to 700 a minute. One could take 16 men and four rapid-fire guns and be more effective than a whole section of infantry firing rifles. Out, over, through and into the barbed wire they went, cutting, hewing, slashing their way to No. 1 trench, and they took it by storm. The Boches were finished by the gas. This continued until 4 P. M. Then our curtain of fire was lifted.

At 5 A. M. August 25, the Boches started a *tir de barrage*, but the French held on. This lasted all day. The Boches attempted a counter from their second line that night with hand grenades, so we had our job cut out for us and we worked for nearly ninety hours without a wink of sleep, all of us, and just coffee and bread, and our boots on.

BATTERING THE BOCHE

Here I must say a word concerning our American Lieutenant Marcel Du Cassee. He stood outside of that dug-out all night and all day during the entire attack with shrapnel bursting over him constantly and directed the loading of the wounded into the cars, helping the stretcher-bearers himself. It was due mainly to his alertness, courage and magnificent spirit that we were enabled to evacuate the wounded so rapidly. He was justly cited by the French General for his splendid work.

Our French Lieutenant, De Rose, did his share and if the war has been of no benefit to me in any other way it has at least made me many firm friends, whom I have seen and admired in good days and in bad, and none of these friendships do I cherish more than that of this splendid soldier, Lieutenant De Rose.

The last fellow I took to the hospital was shot in the side of the head. He was very handsome, about twenty-five years old, with

BATTERING THE BOCHE

a wonderful clear skin, a fine figure, square shoulders, small waist and fine hands. He lay quite still as we put him in the ambulance and I bolstered up his head with my overcoat. He just looked at me as a dog looks at one when you are binding its wound.

I knew the road quite well, and though a stream of great wagons and men were going up — fodder for the men and for the guns — I went very fast and helped carry him into the hospital myself. He lay quite still, a great red blotch on the linen around his head. I leaned over him and whispered: “You’ll be all right now; this is the hospital.” He opened his big eyes and looked at the dingy lamp flickering over his head, at the nurse, the doctor and me. “*Bon Dieu!*” he murmured.

Then they started to undress him, but he would not let them take off his coat. I guessed why. So I took the picture case out of his pocket and put it in his hand. He

BATTERING THE BOCHE

tried to smile. They took off his coat and began to unwind the bandage. As they pulled the cloth away the blood poured out.

He sat half way up then and said to me: "You brought me here?" I nodded. "If I can only see her, you know; you know it's France and her, and if you come back — if it had not been for you —"

"Oh, no," I said, "it's just part of my job. I'll come in and see you."

I did in a few days. She was kneeling by his cot holding his hand. I was happy and went up to him. "I am so glad you are going to pull through. That was a bad hole," I said.

"I am going to be all right. Where is the American who brought me here? I would like to see him again," he replied.

"I do not know," I said and went out.

The next day began the Boche counter attack, starting with the mustard gas. This is sent over in shells which make no noise

BATTERING THE BOCHE

whatever compared with shrapnel. They drop in a field or near a trench, open like a cauliflower and exude a gas which affects the eyes so that they water terrifically and itch.

You at once put on your gas mask, and if you are wise you keep it on. The Boches have a system by which they first send over this mustard gas, then when your eyes pain and itch so you are tempted to lift the mask they fire shells of deadly poisonous gas, and in breathing this you are killed. They also have a gas which it is practically impossible to detect, which is sent in the same way and which is odorless and tasteless. It is very poisonous. The shells in which it is carried open like a lily pad.

The wearing of a gas mask gives one a feeling of suffocation mingled with a curious sense of a lurking danger. The bombs drop so quietly and give out their charge of certain death so gently that one sometimes finds oneself looking on all sides for these German

BATTERING THE BOCHE

gas bombs and even thinking of lifting one's mask to see how the stuff smells. Several have tried it, and men continue to try it through curiosity. There is a man who makes little wooden crosses for them.

A great many French are caught by gas liberated by their own side. Nothing up to this time had impressed me so vividly as gas. Injuries of men to their arms, faces, legs or heads did not seem comparable with the fate of those who lay silently, coughing once in a while, lethargic, dormant, practically dead, wounded by this unseen spectre.

We assist the surgeon in bringing many of them to. He cuts the artery inside the elbow and the blood comes out perfectly black. I take the wrist of one and bend it backward and forward until the flow becomes red. Then a bandage is put on and the man is hurried to the base hospital.

About dusk the Boches began to let out another link of their batteries, more and more

BATTERING THE BOCHE

screaming "I come! I come!" and the wounded were brought in in great numbers. Following this the Boches attacked with the bayonet on the right near where the English joined our lines, but they were held and driven back. This lasted another twenty-four hours, when the Boches retreated.

In my last load was a *poilu* called Louis. I did not intend to relate the incident, but the dog has made it impossible for me not to.

He was brought in among the last. It was very bad; gas and shrapnel. His leg was bleeding terribly from a cut artery. It seemed impossible to stop it. I was advised to wait a little before taking him to the hospital, as the shelling was intense; but seeing he would die from loss of blood if I waited, I of course did what any one else would do.

In a jiffy we had him in the car and I went like hell. The road was well lit by star shells. I put on the accelerator and flew, and in twenty-four minutes he was on the

BATTERING THE BOCHE

table, his artery tied and they thought he would live.

I saw him a few days afterward and he said: "My business is gone, my brothers are killed and I have nothing to give you." Then he took the chain off a chair and handed me his dog, who had never left him, who was at Verdun, the Marne, the Meuse and the Somme. I nearly choked, thanked him and refused to accept the gift.

"Here," he said, pointing to the new Cross of War on his breast, "that is mine. He is yours. I know all about what you did, my comrade." I went out.

The attack was over. Hundreds of wounded, dying and dead; artillery which had never ceased; mud, blood and cold. One's heart is wrung by the stoicism and the heroism of these splendid French.

PART III

A FEW days afterward Gen. Pétain came out to review Gen. Dauvin's division, which was now *en repos*. We were in the little town of Neslé and they were refilling the ranks of the division.

There is a great deal of misstatement about the time men are in the trenches; in fact, any one who has a friend at the front always speaks of him as being in the trenches, when as a matter of fact he may not be there at all.

A division goes up and attacks. It loses artillery, men, officers, stretcher bearers, cooks, sergeants, gas men, hand grenade throwers, &c. When the attack is completed and it has done its task that division is replaced by another fresh division, which goes

BATTERING THE BOCHE

in and takes the place of the first in the trenches. The division which has made the attack goes back several miles from the line and there proceeds to refill the gaps. This takes sometimes two or three months. It all depends on what the losses have been.

During this time the soldier has little to do, and if in a year he is in more than three attacks he is doing more than most of the army. The time he usually spends in the trenches is from twenty to thirty days at a time, so that in twelve months he would not be actually in the trenches over seventy days.

It was a beautiful, sunlit Sunday afternoon in September. The remnants of the band were playing in the square and Gen. Dauvin was going among his soldiers. There is a wonderful comradeship between the French officer and the soldier and little line of discrimination is drawn. An officer does not hesitate to offer a soldier a cigarette and stand and talk to him, so that

French defenses thrown up on the Aisne plateau



BATTERING THE BOCHE

the French army is really like one great family. When the officer calls upon the soldier to do something the order is executed with the greatest spirit of enthusiasm.

There have been other armies in which officers have been extremely overbearing, and I am told there have been instances in which a great many officers have been killed by the enemy — and otherwise; but this state of things has never existed in the French army. The new American army officer may be very prone to feel his authority, and if such cases develop the sooner the new officer realizes that the soldier is more important than himself the sooner he will have a force willing to fight with him and under him.

The Division then moved to Neuilly St. Front and one afternoon Gen. Pétain drove up into the square with an aide, followed by two empty cars. The French commanding General is always followed by two other cars, so in case anything happens he can immedi-

BATTERING THE BOCHE

ately get from one into another. It is a jail sentence for a chauffeur if his car fails owing to his direct negligence.

Another rule along this same line is that if a soldier is hit by a bomb dropped from a German airplane and wounded, after he comes out of the hospital he is then sentenced to fifteen days in jail. This may seem curious, but of course it is a very wise provision, since if a German airplane is circling around overhead and a man is fool enough to stand out in the open looking at it, when there are shelters to get into, and he is hit by an airplane bomb, he is necessarily incapacitated for no good reason. It used to be common at the beginning of the war for a great crowd of men to stand out watching an airplane fight and for a number of them to be struck and put out of business for the time being.

A short while before this near the front I was standing in a dugout while an aeroplane

BATTERING THE BOCHE

battle was going on, when a Frenchman went out past me and said he wanted to watch it. I told him that there was a great deal of shrapnel breaking, but he said, "Oh, that's nothing," and stood about twenty yards in front of me, I being perfectly protected and looking up at the fight.

As he was about to speak a piece of shrapnel about as big as a saucer simply cut his head off as he stood facing me, just as though an axe had done it. That cured me from ever watching an airplane battle with shrapnel breaking, unless it was part of my duty.

It is rumored that Gen. Pétain and Gen. Dauvin have arranged for an attack which we are to go into as soon as the division is able. We shall see.

Some of us now had two days in Paris, and it was a joy to sit in a chair again before a table with a tablecloth, a plate and a knife and fork. The situation in Paris had

BATTERING THE BOCHE

become very interesting. The work of the secret service has been simply amazing. They have rounded up a great number of spies and practically cleaned up the city.

There is a story that some American officers who had met a few of the very attractive French girls (of the secret service) and had loosened their tongues were dumbfounded later to find out that what they said had been reported to Washington. Their mistake was natural, with a new army not understanding the conditions of this modern war, and it only took two or three instances of this kind to close everybody's mouth.

We hear of terrible bread riots in Milan; that 1100 women and children were killed, and we hear that that was why a Milanese regiment on the front surrendered without firing. The whole Second Italian Army, which, it is said, was made up of anarchists, socialists and pro-German suggestion, surrendered without a shot being fired, and about 65,000

BATTERING THE BOCHE

of the Third Army did likewise. Brought about by German propaganda entirely. That situation, of course, has come out with the accusations against Caillaux, but the hand of Clemenceau is so strong that he is sure to handle the situation for the benefit of the French people rightly and fearlessly.

Gen. Pershing is lauded on all sides by the French and English; his appointment was unquestionably a wise selection.

We return to the front, this time to the Chemin des Dames, by motor. We arrive at Meaux, the scene of some of the hard fighting of the Battle of the Marne. Here are hundreds and hundreds of graves, all decorated with red, white and blue flags. The cathedral is magnificent; only one gray tower is destroyed.

I begin to realize now what the war actually means to the individual soldier. It is not going out to the front that one minds. It is not the lack of good food. It is not

BATTERING THE BOCHE

the cold and the rain. It is not never sleeping in a bed. It is not that one is on duty twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, subject to call at any time during the day or night. It is not the being hit with shrapnel. It is not the wound of the flesh. But it is the gnawing of one's heartstrings for the one one has left behind, the wife, the sweetheart, the mother, the sister.

It is the longing for home, whether it is a shack on a side street, a room over an inn or a palace at Versailles. And the gnawing seems greater if home is across that great stretch of 3,000 miles infested with deep sea monsters seeking to destroy you. It is the longing for that place, whether it is in the mountains of Vermont, the plains of California or the sweet, slumberous Southland.

When within about five miles of the third line one sees all the woods on either side of the road piled with ammunition, and since the forests would hold no more the fields had

BATTERING THE BOCHE

great blocks of it, covered by canvas. This continued for miles and miles all the way up to the third line.

The two months' preparation for this attack at the Chemin des Dames cost in ammunition about one hundred million dollars, to be used in about ten days, when the bombardment was to begin. The feeling is indescribable, but it does make your heart beat a little bit faster as you look at these inanimate, huge masses of ammunition and realize that soon they will be wending their way, smashing through German men, rocks and dugouts, doing their part in the deliverance of the world from this despotic demon.

The Ambulance Corps was taken over by the American army. We were ordered in to Paris. It was with a feeling of real regret that I found myself again going in, as I knew the attack might come any day and I did want to be a part of it.

My heart was really heavy and Paris

BATTERING THE BOCHE

seemed heartless and dull, but I had determined from the moment that we were ordered to Paris to make every effort personally to get out again. The town seemed filled with Americans. There were many who had been to the front (of the Ritz hotel) and many who, when they got to the front, were going to Berlin. How little they knew or know of "the mole route."

I met a woman who had charge of one of the best hospital units at the front (not of the Ritz). She told me rather an amusing incident of a very pretty young French girl who came out to see her boy and was met by my friend in the doorway.

My friend asked the girl what she wanted. She replied that she had come to see Lieut. So-and-So, who was wounded. My friend replied, "You know we don't admit people here generally. You must have some reason to see him." The girl smiled quite cordially and replied: "I have a very good

BATTERING THE BOCHE

reason. I am his sister." Whereupon my friend, also smiling, replied: "Really! I am so glad to meet you, because I am his mother."

The girl became frightfully embarrassed, but my friend simply said, "Oh, that's all right; you can go in and see him."

On my arrival in Paris I at once went to Col. Kean, the head of the new service, and volunteered my services with the new, green American Ambulance Corps. After some time and with the consent of the French I received my paper to go again to the front. I went in rather a curious capacity; that is, I was attached to and fed by the American army and was attached to and paid by the French army.

It was on the morning of October 23, 1917, at six o'clock that I tucked myself in a first class compartment on the train bound for Mont Notre Dame or Braisne, where I knew the Twenty-first Division was, as I had

BATTERING THE BOCHE

only left it a few days before. My feelings were very mixed as the jiggly train meandered along.

Paris, with its warm bed and hot water and many conveniences and good food and my dog, seemed better each mile that the comic engine drew me nearer to the scene of what was to be one of the greatest battles of the war. A feeling of great solitude came over me. Here was I going out to forty green strangers alone and was not sure that they were at Braisne or that I could possibly find them before nightfall.

The cold and wet and the ghastly sights I had passed through loomed up in my vision and Paris seemed good. Yet when I thought that I alone of the ambulance men of the Norton-Harjes and American Field Service, that I alone, was allowed to go to the front to assist these green men, a warm feeling of, perhaps, shall I say pride circled about my

BATTERING THE BOCHE

heart and I was glad I was bound for the front.

The train was in no hurry, so I arrived at Fère-en-Tardenois four hours late, and at two o'clock went up to a café and attempted to get lunch. Being a stranger I had to go before a commissioner in order to take out a card so that I could get some lunch. This is true Hooverism.

Another leisurely train came along about 3:30, after I had been standing for an hour in the drizzling rain, but it had made up its mind not to go to Braisne, but to Mont Notre Dame, which was about eight kilometers from where I thought the division was. As it was the only train which was going to the front for twenty-four hours, I piled in and arrived at Braisne just fourteen hours late.

I got out in a perfect sea of mud and a driving rain storm with my duffle bag and a

BATTERING THE BOCHE

blanket roll. Not a soul was in sight but an old man who had a small pushcart. I offered him five francs to push my things over to Braisne, and he characteristically replied that if I gave him the five francs I could push them over myself; which I did.

It was now dark and the rain and mud were inches deep. You could only see a few feet ahead. At the turn by the hospital a camion ran into a staff car and the car looked like an egg that some one had sat upon.

On I went, pushing the horrible little cart, the man on the other side being more of a drag than a help. At last we reached the little hospital at Braisne, by a lovely stream, and I went in through the courtyard and asked an old friend there to telephone for a car for an American.

When I came out all my stuff had been thrown on the ground in the rain. So I gave the man five francs and lay down close

BATTERING THE BOCHE

to the wall, resting my head on my duffle bag. I was too tired to care whether it was raining or snowing or the moon was out; but I did think the sky was ominous, for it was dark, lowering, foreboding; the rain had just ceased. I was asleep in two minutes. Then I heard "Whizz — e — e," far over my head, and, believe me, I sat up like a shot, went in and said, "That was a Boche shell — or was I dreaming?"

"Oh, you're not dreaming," said my friend. "They dropped several notes a few days ago that they were going to shell Braisne to-night." So I had arrived just in time for the shelling party.

I went out into the courtyard and sat down. There was n't room inside, as the room was filled with a line of soldiers who had been affected by mustard gas, which is n't very serious, in their eyes and they were all crying like babies at a party. In fact, sitting as they did in a row, with their

BATTERING THE BOCHE

eyes streaming, waiting to be treated, they struck me as a band of mourners who had all been left money.

Shells now came over every ten minutes, but they were high up in the air and nothing to concern one. In about an hour a rampant Ford car drew into the yard and Earl Bibb, a very attractive young Southerner, got out, and appeared greatly excited. He saw me lying across my duffle bag and wanted to know where I was wounded. I told him nowhere that I knew of, that I simply wanted to join the division.

He was very much amused and said the boys were all thrilled; that a message had come to send a car at once to Braisne with an ambulance for an American, and he supposed I was the first American wounded in the war. I was glad to disappoint him.

We piled my things in and soon we had reached the camp. I had been travelling about eighteen hours and of course had had

BATTERING THE BOCHE

little to eat or drink. I was informed that the attack was to begin the next morning and I felt happy that I should be there in time for it.

There was no place for me to sleep, but I spied a big Fiat car which was broken down in a field. I went over, opened the back, and — joy! — it was empty. So I threw my things in — I did n't see them again for five days afterward — got a cup of coffee, and at once went to work.

PART IV

THE evacuation hospital near Braisne held about 1,800 men at one time and was made of canvas, the wounded being put on the ground on stretchers. There was a small bar where four separate divisions contributed coffee, hard boiled eggs, sandwiches of cheese, and champagne, free. Of course they were only for the wounded and those working in the hospital.

Here again the French were wonderful. No man took even a slice of bread unless he was really hungry, and then ate very sparingly, and I was shocked to see one — thank heaven, only one — American eat sandwich after sandwich after having had a full supper at six o'clock — and these wounded men taking simply a bite or a

BATTERING THE BOCHE

swallow, though some of them had not had anything to eat all day.

The wounded began to arrive in a line of automobiles stretching for a mile and a half along the road. It was a stupendous attack and a big job was on. The cold got under my skin, for I was outside most of the time.

The wounded now came in so fast that finally there was not room for one more stretcher in the hospital and the last arrivals had to stay in the cars on the road until some of the patients could be removed to other base hospitals. Yet this hospital covered an area equal to that of the lower floor of the Biltmore Hotel. I noticed that nothing but Colonials came in — Senegalese, Zouaves, Moroccans, Algerians, Chasseurs.

It was now about six o'clock in the morning of October 24, 1917. The smell, the stench of blood, the tiny stoves bringing it out, was overpowering and the surgeons were literally dripping. I talked to the one

BATTERING THE BOCHE

youngster who was shot in the head. He said the attack was going splendidly. He was one of the first over the top. It was launched about midnight, following a terrific *tir de barrage* which had been going on for eleven days and nights and which had used up about \$100,000,000 worth of ammunition.

With star shells illuminating their path the Negroes, Zouaves and Algerians, armed with hand grenades and long knives only, went over and kept going over in wave after wave. The Boches could not stand the thousands of knives glittering in the star shell light and they gave way. The first trench was taken and the Chasseurs came over, followed by the Zouaves.

The French lieutenants then rounded up the Senegalese, who took advantage of many opportunities to dodge the bullets from German rapid fire guns by hiding in shell holes. The officers simply gave them a kick and said,

BATTERING THE BOCHE

“Get up and go on,” and if the Negroes did not obey they, of course, would threaten to shoot them, but the order was usually sufficient. Throat after throat was slit from ear to ear by these expert Southern troops. The Boches don't like this kind of fighting and fell back over the Chemin des Dames, up to the Fort of Malmaison, where they had their big guns.

Cowardly methods with the Germans have become part of their present warfare, so many Boches have feigned to be wounded or shouted “Kamerad!” with both hands up, only to stab their captor from behind as soon as his back was turned. This piece of treachery accomplished, they lie down again, awaiting the next victim. So these Senegalese, who are marvellous with the knife, cut the throat. It is the only safe method.

The Zouaves, Chasseurs and Senegalese do not like to take prisoners in any event. They have suffered too much from the

BATTERING THE BOCHE

“Kamerad” trick. There was a case in which a whole regiment of Boches were taken prisoners with their hands up. Then suddenly, at a signal, they all lay down on the ground, and behind them a section of rapid fire German guns got into action and simply laid 900 French Chasseurs dead on the ground. The “prisoners” then retreated.

One great feature of the French temperament is this: having seen about 4200 wounded, I have never noticed the slightest indication or suggestion of a desire that one wounded man be moved or taken care of before another. One man who was lying within an inch or two of another — they were all like sardines on the ground — uttered a groan and I went over and gave him a drink. His stomach was practically shot away and he was in great pain. But not by even the raising of an eyelash did he indicate a wish to be treated before the youngster who lay near him, who simply had his hand injured.

THE
UNITED STATES
ARMY
OFFICE OF
MILITARY HISTORY
WASHINGTON, D. C.



First-line communication trench, Chemin des Dames

BATTERING THE BOCHE

Others lay for half an hour soaking their stretchers with blood, but never a whimper, never a word from them; all were silent in their suffering. And they had been through a great trial. I must give you an idea of how long it takes a man who has been wounded to get to a hospital.

He is wounded on the field, say, at twelve o'clock. He is brought in by the stretcher bearers at 12:30 to the third line. He waits his turn, about fifteen minutes; then he is taken to a *poste de secours*; then put into the ambulance about fifteen minutes later; then driven to a field hospital, a trip which takes from half to three-quarters of an hour. Then he waits from fifteen minutes to one hour for his turn; is carried into the hospital and again waits his turn, not less than fifteen minutes; then is transferred into another ambulance for a trip of several kilometers to a base hospital — traffic frightfully congested, time allowed from half to three-quar-

BATTERING THE BOCHE

ters of an hour. In other words, during an attack of this nature a man was lucky if he reached a base hospital within three and a half hours after he was wounded.

Now the German wounded began to come in, all boys of from seventeen to twenty. I must have seen about 150 of them and I saw not one who looked over twenty. I talked with a number of them in French and in English. They were brought in with the French wounded, in the same ambulances, and there was no discrimination in the treatment of the French and of the Germans.

A boy of seventeen who was shot in the head told me he had not tasted food or drink for four days; had not even had any water. I got him some. He had no shoes or stockings or underwear, just his coat and breeches, which were soaked through with rain, mud and blood. A French stretcher bearer outfitted him.

He said the French artillery was terrible;

BATTERING THE BOCHE

he could not get away from it. It was everywhere. Their roads had been and were being shelled so that no food could be brought up to the soldiers and he was glad when he was wounded and taken by the French.

I asked him how he happened to get over with us, and he replied that the last thing he saw was four stretcher bearers carrying a German, when a shell burst and killed all five of them. He then decided it was safer over on the French lines and he had crawled over. This was the first time he had ever been under fire.

The French treat these wounded Germans, who have killed their fathers and brothers and left French mothers and sisters and widows roofless, just as they treat their own wounded. Just as gently they carry them and cover them with blankets and give them food and warm drink; while we are told the Boches starve, mutilate, inoculate with disease, torture for information, the gallant

BATTERING THE BOCHE

Frenchmen they capture. What a lesson the Christ has taught these French people!

At this time I had no special duty. I was there to help in any capacity possible. The road was now filled with *assis* (men who have been wounded, but still can walk), with fractured arms, wounded heads and hands or other comparatively slight wounds; hundreds of them, a stream of humanity, dripping with blood, seeking aid. And not a single murmur, not a single complaint. Many I helped into the hospital, through the driving rain and mud, whose feet were frozen or numb from the wet and cold. It seemed so curious, in a way, to go up to one of these fellows, a black Algerian, covered with mud, who had fallen or slipped down and help him up and have him put his arm over your shoulder, while you assisted him to go where there was succor, though at the moment one only thought of him as one of your own.

BATTERING THE BOCHE

A young South African came up the road with a bandage around his head and a spot of red over his right eye about the size of a silver dollar. He was a very fine type. He stopped and asked me for a cigarette. He said that along the whole battle front the Germans were retreating precipitately over the Oise-Aisne canal; that the French had captured the fortified village of Pinon to the left of and far above the Fort of Malmaison; that the whole forest of Pinon was now in French hands; that the Boches were in full retreat.

It was now 1 A. M., October 25. Many Senegalese walked in with frozen feet to sit around the tiny stove. The rain now turned into sleet. The wind was cold and they do not stand cold well — nor do I. The stove was only about ten inches in diameter, and the odor arising from overheated boots, unwashed bodies, mud soaked clothes and

BATTERING THE BOCHE

dried blood was almost unbearable. Despite that we crowded around the stove. It was at least warm.

My South African acquaintance said: "I went over the top at ten o'clock this morning. It was very hard going, as the mud was too slippery to afford a footing, but we managed to get out and at them, using mitrailleuses, hand grenades and knives, and we put them on the run. Our *tir de barrage* had simply slaughtered them."

Carrier pigeons now came back and brought the news that the French had captured the high tower of Pinon, which was two and a half miles from their starting point, together with about 5,000 prisoners and seventy-five cannon.

We were now moved nearer the front with two *poste de secours*. Near one called Bascule, about half a mile from the third line, we found a great number of dead

BATTERING THE BOCHE

piled up in the road — horses and men. Some of the bodies had to be pulled off the road in order to make it clear for traffic. Besides the bodies that were lying stretched in different positions, some with their heads shot off, some with their chests torn and ripped open, I saw two mounds of dead Chasseurs at Ferme Hemeret, about fifteen or twenty in each mound, one body piled on top of the other.

Some lay as if in slumber; the faces of others were contorted by the great agony they had passed through; others were in most grotesque positions. One had fallen astride of four other comrades and with his helmet on looked for all the world as if he was playing horse.

One could see a long line of men winding their way from the front to this place, and each two carried one who had given his life that France might gain this great and glorious victory. This procession of the dead

BATTERING THE BOCHE

wound its way toward us silently and slowly from as far as one could see.

The *poste* at Ferme Hemeret lies in a very beautiful valley. To the right is a grotto which is simply extraordinary for its size. To the left the château with its barns and stables nestled against the hill, while through the valley a gentle stream winds its way from the hills above, the water, once clear and dancing in the sunlight, now murky with blood of many peoples.

The glorious château had not one stone left upon the other. Back of the piles of rubbish were our 155s, blazing away their message of death to the Boches. In front, on the other side of the road, were the 75s doing the same work. The trees were scorched and the grass was seared from German shells.

I called it in my imagination the Valley of Desolation, and as I went along the road and thought of the happiness which had once

BATTERING THE BOCHE

been there, and the sadness and sorrows which had entered in, I seemed to forget for the moment where I was, till a Boche shell struck on the bank just above me, throwing dirt over my head. I then knew well and ran into the *abri* (dugout).

The bombardment had been so terrific that the Fort of Malmaison, which had been held for two years, was literally razed to the ground. Over 3300 dead bodies were found smashed and torn by the artillery a long time before the advance began. Most of them were pitched forward on their heads, owing to the terrible concussion from above, and the great majority had deep head wounds. After the Senegalese, Zouaves and Chasseurs went over they sent hurriedly across the River Styx 8,000 more.

The detail of the method of attack is intensely interesting. The Allied line stretches from the coast to Switzerland. Of this the French hold about two-thirds and the English

BATTERING THE BOCHE

about one-third. A commentary on the French soldier is that the English have double the number of troops on their line that the French have in relative distance. The English are now extending their line.

The method of the French attack in detail is as follows: The attacking division is brought up to within four or five kilometers of the third line, where it rests and prepares for the attack. Its ammunition and artillery wagons are going all night, bringing up artillery and ammunition. This takes a period of from one month to two months.

About a week before the attack — which was on October 23, at the Chemin des Dames — two holding divisions are sent up to the lines and they replace the division which has been there. They occupy the first and second line trenches. They are composed of what one would call “regular” soldiers.

The third line is then occupied by the attacking troops, made up of the Moroccans,

BATTERING THE BOCHE

Algerians, Chasseurs and Zouaves. These colonial troops do not like barrage fire and they are therefore not put up to the front line until the night before they go over the top. They are men particularly high strung and temperamental and are supposed to be really only good for attacking; but no soldiers are better in this capacity.

After the two holding divisions and the colonial troops are in the first three lines their ammunition and guns are also brought up closer to the lines. This takes about another week. Of course every one is pitched to the highest key and there was practically no sleep before this last attack, since there was a constant *tir de barrage* from the French guns, and when one lay down in the dugouts the earth simply throbbed with the reverberation.

On the night of October 23 the first holding and second holding divisions came back and occupied trenches two and three and the

BATTERING THE BÖCHE

attacking colonial troops went up during the night and occupied the first line trench. In the morning they are given a teaspoonful of brandy, some bread and coffee, and as dawn comes they pull down the gates and go out over the top into the faces of the enemy rapid fire guns, hand grenades and shrapnel.

“Going over the top” has been written and talked so much about by those who have seen an attack from the front of the Hotel Ritz that I am sure the detail of it cannot fail to be of intense interest. Along the whole French front we have wire entanglements. These consist of posts driven into the ground in pairs in the shape of an X, and innumerable strands of barbed wire stretched from the top of one pair of posts to the bottom of the next and back and forth across the space between the posts until there is almost a solid barricade of wire.

At intervals of about forty or fifty yards, sometimes less, are what we call the gates.



Observer near Malmaison, Chemin des Dames. Soldier to right is firing

THE
GREAT
WAR
IN
PICTURES
AND
DOCUMENTS



Just before firing a small gun from the second-line trench,
Chemin des Dames

BATTERING THE BOCHE

These are made of iron, with wire stretched across them at exactly the same height as the ordinary wire, but they are fastened to the solid posts by a single strand of wire. The gates are changed every night along the whole French front, so that in attacking the Boches cannot tell exactly where the gates are and where to train their rapid fire guns. As every single gate is changed every single night you can see that in itself it is a big job.

An incident of this: A man who was in charge of changing the gates in a certain sector went out about October 19, but did not come back for about three hours. It was thought that he took a long while for the work, so the next night when he went out to change his gates they sent several men out about half an hour after he had gone. Not finding him, they moved the gates and put in the solid wire.

About two hours after that they heard a rustling in the wire and put up a star shell.

BATTERING THE BOCHE

Seeing him in the wire, some one hit him with a hand grenade, tearing open his shoulder. Then he was dragged in again.

It appears that for the two years he had been on duty changing the gates he had made a practice of going over directly to the German lines, telling the Germans where the French artillery was and about how much infantry was present, and about when they expected to attack; giving them, in fact, all the information that he had. He confessed this, hoping they would spare his life. When he got through some one cut his throat with an Algerian knife and his body was cast aside. Five more were caught doing this.

PART V

IT is now the night of the 23d of October. The Moroccans are in the front line trench, with the Chasseurs and Zouaves and Senegalese. They have had their brandy, their coffee. A faint shadow of dawn is coming over the trenches from the east. The signal is about to be given. The great guns are simply blotting out the German trenches and the Fort of Malmaison, dealing death and destruction, and the small 75s are playing a curtain of fire into the front line trench of the Germans.

A cable with a hook at the end is used for pulling down the iron gates. It was suggested that after the Senegalese had pulled down the gates and had gone out and over and through them, the Zouaves, who came along

BATTERING THE BOCHE

behind, should pick up these same cables and carry them over to the German wire entanglements and attach them to the posts and wire. The other end of the cables, it was proposed, should be attached to tractors in the rear which would draw in the cables and thus pull down the Germans wire barriers handily.

It is about 4:30 in the morning.

The signal is given; they throw out the cables all along the line and attach them to the iron gates. Another signal, the gates all come down and with fiendish yells the wild Senegalese rush out over the top, through the gates and toward the German front line trench with their knives in the air.

Many are mown down, but the others keep going, wave after wave, toward the German trenches. So enthusiastic are they and so protected do they feel themselves by the marvelous French artillery, which plays a perfect stream of shells as from a hose in front of

BATTERING THE BOCHE

them, that many of them vault over the German wire into the first German trench, cutting, slashing their way through.

Back of them come the Chasseurs, carrying the cables which had been used for the gates. These they attach to the German wire. At a given signal the tractors start their engines which begin to wind up the cables, and they pull the whole German wire barrier down. This brings forth the greatest excitement and enthusiasm, as the Chasseurs and Zouaves are on top of the Germans long before the Boches have any idea they could be there. In consequence there is nothing but hand to hand fighting.

The Germans retreated from the first line, second line and third line, and finally gave up the Fort of Malmaison and retreated over the Oise-Aisne Canal, some five kilometers from the front French line. They retreated in disorder, one might say an absolute rout. And it was not because they did

BATTERING THE BOCHE

not know and were not cognizant of the coming attack, for besides the spies who had told them, there were a great many other means by which they knew almost the hour that the attack was to begin, and they had been preparing for it for a month. They simply could not stand the terrific onslaught.

The Chasseurs with their bayonets, liquid grenades and hand grenades worked terrific havoc with the Boches. The French artillery was simply playing a sheet of fire on their artillery. Seven hundred of their big guns had been destroyed and 300 of their smaller guns.

The roads back of their lines were simply churned with the French artillery, so that no food had been brought up to them for five days and the wounded could not be taken away, but lay where they were for the reason that no ambulances could come up and most of the stretcher-bearers had been killed. For miles, from the twenty-third to the twenty-

BATTERING THE BOCHE

sixth of October, there was nothing but a sea of blood and mud and foul stench, and the horrors of the situation were increased by the ceaseless belching of the French artillery and the cries of the Boches whose throats were being slit and whose heads were being nearly cut off by the Senegalese with their terrific knives.

On and on the Germans retreated, further and further back over the Ailette River, giving up the forest of Pinon, and at last, after having held for two years with the cream of the German army this the nearest point to Paris, they found themselves totally routed and defeated, and this wonderful French division found itself in possession of the entire Aisne plateau, the Fort of Malmaison and within six kilometers of the city of Laon, which they will take soon. The Boches lost entire control of the whole of the Chemin des Dames.

When one considers the thousands and

BATTERING THE BOCHE

thousands of lives that have been lost over the Chemin des Dames one can only say, "Well, wouldn't you know the Ladies' Way would be hardest fought over!" Incidentally, years and years ago there were two young men very much in love with two lovely ladies. The parents of the ladies objected to the youths, who were rather dashing and gay, and refused to let them come over the regular road to see their sweethearts. Whereupon the youths, being rich and in love, had the Chemin des Dames, the Ladies' Way, built for their special use in order that they might go and see the young ladies. So much for the Chemin des Dames.

On October 28 the prisoners came in in droves and were at once put to work on the roads, though there is some sort of understanding that a prisoner is not to be taken within so many kilometers of the firing line; that is, he is not to be in danger. The French, of course, follow this agreement out

BATTERING THE BOCHE

practically to the letter, except that it is difficult sometimes to draw the line of where danger is. It may be at the front line, it may be where the roads are in bad shape at the third line, or it may be five miles back on account of shrapnel. Therefore in handling prisoners one has to use one's judgment as to where the safest place is to put them at work on the roads. An instance of this:

A young French lieutenant that I knew had gone over the top to rout the Senegalese out of shell holes in no man's land, a duty which has already been described. He was out two days and two nights and finally came back to the dugout with a very untidy looking bandage around his head. "Where did you get that?" he was asked.

"Well, it's the damndest luck. Here I have been out two days and two nights under direct rapid gun fire and hand grenades and not a scratch, and just as I was walking back here, my job finished, and was standing

BATTERING THE BOCHE

within an eighth of a mile of the dugout rolling a cigarette, a piece of shrapnel comes along and cuts my head open."

So you are only under fire when you are hit; at least that's the way I figure it out. We bandaged his head and the surgeon said he would be all right in two or three weeks. Such is the luck of being under fire.

There are nineteen modes of communication between the French aviators and the French artillery. In sending messages from the attacking front line troops to the General Staff dugout pigeons are generally used. These are carried by Senegalese with notes attached to them and all with certain marks on their legs. They are sent back a few minutes after the attack is started, telling at once that the outlook is favorable and that the Boches are retreating, or that it is unfavorable and they need more troops, or that they do not need any help, or to bring up

BATTERING THE BOCHE

more troops, as they are going to take the next trench, &c.

These blessed birds are nearly a sure mode of communication. They are seldom hit, they fly with tremendous rapidity, they go at once on their errand and they do not stop to read a dime novel. They are swift and sure.

Pigeons are also released from the airplanes which are making observations. One of the best means of communication in a rapid attack — it was used at the Chemin des Dames — between the aviator and the artillery, is simply a strip of white cloth, which is laid on the ground where it can be observed by the aviator. The messages are sent by folding and unfolding the cloth rapidly. The signal repeated twice might direct the aviator to fly over a certain area; once, to return; three times, that he was in the right position. This, of course, is a very

BATTERING THE BOCHE

good mode of communication, as it cannot possibly be seen by the enemy. The other modes of communication I do not feel myself at liberty to speak of.

When the French reached Malmaison they found an enormous quantity of German helmets, not only of those of the dead who had been crushed by the bombardment, but others evidently left behind by Boches who had simply fled. While this was the explanation of their presence in many instances, yet the engineers discovered that in a great many of the helmets were time bombs. Most of them were extinct, though a few went off and killed perhaps half a dozen French soldiers. This is a very good method of placing bombs, as a helmet thrown over in the mud is n't usually an object of suspicion.

So extraordinarily rapid was the French advance that up at Malmaison in one of the dugouts, which the Boches had deserted only about five hours before, there was one man

BATTERING THE BOCHE

who had been killed by a piece of shrapnel leaning over a table, gripping a telephone instrument. They had literally to break his fingers to get the instrument, which I have. He was evidently telephoning when killed.

The wounded were now being brought back, French and Boche, and there was practically no road left, it had been so torn up by shells; on both sides and in the road were dead men and horses. The advance of the gallant French was so rapid that they did not have time to bury their dead.

October 28 was rainy, dark and cold, and I was assisting young Mr. Bibb, who had never driven at the front before, over this road from the trenches. What occurred on one trip was afterward told by a wounded Frenchman who understood the situation, and who spoke English. He said:

“It was so dark, the mud so deep and the road so full of shell holes that Mr. Gibson walked slowly in front of the car guiding

BATTERING THE BOCHE

its direction. One had to feel one's way. He cleared the road as we proceeded. Finally he shouted above the screeching of breaking shrapnel shells:

“‘We will have to wait a few minutes. The road is blocked above. We are in a bad place, the Boches are shelling like hell, but keep your engine running and your shirt on and I will get you out all right.’

“He started up the road with shrapnel bursting ahead of him. Suddenly he went down in the mud, but was soon on his feet again and disappeared in the darkness. It was not until some time after that I was told he was struck by shrapnel fire, a piece denting his helmet and knocking him down. He made no report of it.

“Fifteen minutes went by and it looked as if he had ‘got his’ when he appeared floundering through the mud, blood and slime and called out cheerily:

“‘It’s all right, it’s clear, come along

BATTERING THE BOCHE

behind me and you will soon be in good hands, *mon vieux.*'

"In half an hour we were at the hospital."

It was a privilege to have been with Earl Bibb; though only a youngster, he was cool and calm under the heaviest enemy shell fire it has been my misfortune to ever witness.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth of October the Boches sent over in the neighborhood of sixty-four airplanes, including a number of small, fast flying 'planes, and about twenty-five battle 'planes. To the left of Fort Malmaison and near a battery of 75s was a small mound on which was camouflaged with tiny branches of trees an anti-aircraft gun. I went up there during the morning.

As the Boches were sending over so many 'planes it was necessary that the anti-aircraft guns be kept in active operation. An anti-aircraft gun is a very simple machine. The shells are fed in by one man and pulled

BATTERING THE BOCHE

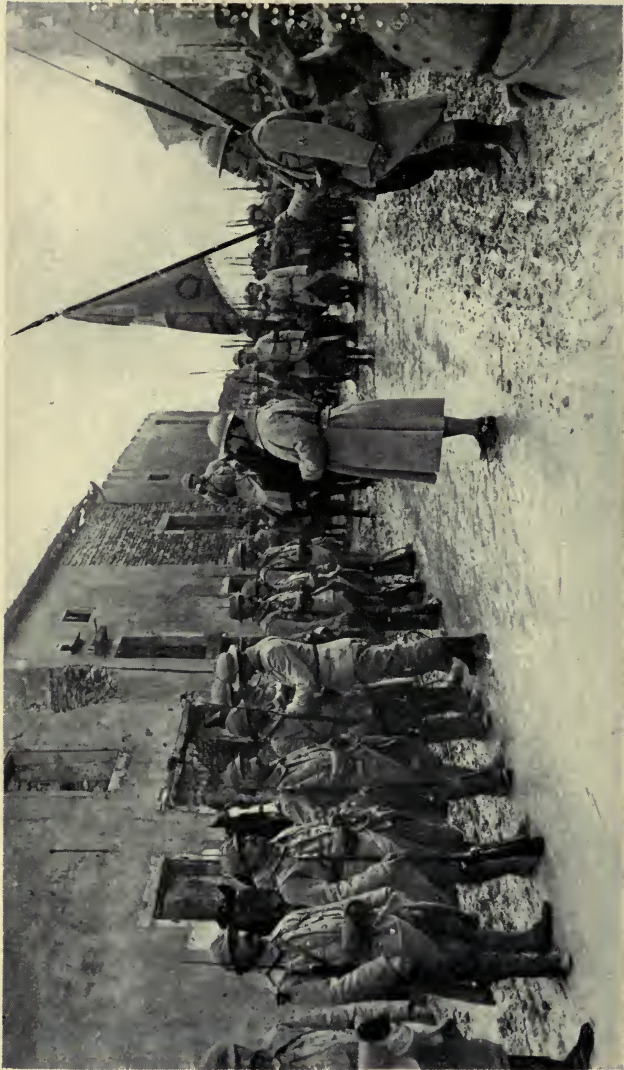
through by another, and one kneels on the ground and sights at the airplanes that come over. It is curious how the god of war takes hold of one in many different ways. I felt no more qualm in calmly firing this gun at a human being whom I could see circling in the air above me than if I were shooting quail in South Carolina.

The Germans kept constantly dropping small air bombs, but they did not come near enough to bother us very much, the closest being about a hundred yards away. I went over and picked it up and brought it home with me. It did not even go off.

The moral effect of the anti-aircraft gun is splendid. Seldom does one hit an aviator or even the machine, but the rattle and sharp crack of the gun keeps the aviator from coming down too low, from taking many pictures and from exposing himself to the fire more than he can help. It is a great, great protection, and there are thousands of them from



Carrying wounded through shelled village of Vailly after attack at Chemin des Dames



French poilus receiving the Croix de Guerre, after the Battle of Malmaison

BATTERING THE BOCHE

the front line all the way back to Paris.

It was not long after this that the division at the first line was replaced by another division and we went *en repos* at a lovely little village near Soissons, where the work of re-fitting the division began. The day before I went to Paris was one of the happiest days in my life, when, absolutely unexpectedly, I was given the Cross of War with the two citations, one referring to the fighting at St. Quentin and one to the recent attack at the Chemin des Dames.

Having seen over 4000 French wounded and talked with a great many hundreds of soldiers and several officers, I know first hand and directly the feeling of the French. It is while they are tired of the struggle, when an attack comes along they advance and hold what they gain. They have sacrificed the best blood of their country and they are sacrificing it to-day. The women have made great sacrifices in their turn and the

BATTERING THE BOCHE

spirit of the French soldier is now becoming that of the conqueror, no longer, as at first, that of the man only doing his best to save his home.

I have also talked with a number of German wounded prisoners within the last ten weeks and have seen several thousand prisoners. The morale of the German is not what it was. He started out to be a conqueror; now he is willing to do the best that he can to get out of it. He is simply hanging on.

The Boche soldier knows that he is never going to Paris and he knows and realizes that he was once within ten miles of it and now he is eighty miles away from it, having been driven back and back, so that the spirit of the conqueror is dead. It is simply the spirit of tenacity that is animating the German army; while the spirit of the French, who is the conqueror now, is growing stronger and stronger.

BATTERING THE BOCHE

Briefly, the ambition of the German soldier to-day and of Germany to-day is to survive. In the beginning it was to conquer. It is not possible that the German army will hold out another winter.

During the past three months the French have made the greatest advances since the beginning of the war. They went out at Verdun eleven weeks ago, took Hill 304 and drove the Germans back seven miles, making Verdun as safe as New York. At Chemin des Dames, from where I have just come, the Germans lost a complement of 50,000 men and an advance of ten kilometers on a fifteen kilometer front that was taken and held, and is held to-day, at the nearest point to Paris. This is the actual situation in the French and German armies.

On arriving in Paris I found that the Americans themselves were very prone to criticise the Americans and each man wanted to have a higher commission than his neigh-

BATTERING THE BOCHE

bor. This same situation exists in America, and only the death of soldiers and officers will bring about a rational attitude in this regard.

It is certain that there is too much criticism of the American by the American. We cannot all be generals, we cannot all have the privilege of shedding some or all of our blood for our country, but we can all do our part, and each part is as essential as any of the others. The girl who gives coffee to the soldier at the way station is doing her part, just as the man is in the trenches; it makes no difference what ones does if one does one's duty by oneself.

It matters not if you be a soldier, farmer, officer, ambulance man, surgeon, diplomat, clerk, Senator, Representative, jackie, admiral, stoker, wireless operator, mine layer, factory worker, trench digger, General, balloon observer, Y. M. C. A. worker, submarine pilot, engineer, gas man, grenade thrower or

BATTERING THE BOCHE

aviator, you are an integral part of a great human chain, and through the tears and blood that are to flow if you are an American, you will strive to be of this chain its strongest link.

PART VI

THE writer has never been a student of economic conditions of nations, but has always been a close observer of men, and from the standpoint of the individual and collective soldier this war will not last a day beyond 1919. This deduction is not made because Italy will have no flour, London will be destroyed by air-craft, the United States cannot transport more men, or because Germany is broken by lack of food and internal dissensions, but it is based upon a first-hand knowledge of a certain number of the German army whom the writer has talked to personally under conditions which brought out the truth from the Hun and under which he was unable to camouflage his feelings.

BATTERING THE BOCHE

We concede that the German emperor is no fool, and we realize that, while he made the greatest blunder that has occurred in any war at the Battle of the Marne,— a possible exception being Napoleon's effort to cut through Wellington's line on that fatal Sunday,— he deserves all the credit that is due his military acumen. We also know that the greater his intelligence, the more he must realize that every day, nay, every hour, that the war continues means a more degraded and distasteful peace for the German autocracy. He knows full well to-night that his army on the western front is a defeated army; that three years ago he had the greatest military organization in the world; that he had prepared to strike this blow for twenty-five years, and that he struck France as a brute would strike a gentle little girl; that he took the world unawares; that he rushed through Belgium leaving a trail of tears and blood; that he entered France and

BATTERING THE BOCHE

destroyed that country and her people to the gates of Paris, that he even ordered dinner for himself at the "Café de Paris" in Paris.

But the spirit of France was not unlike the spirit of Christ. This child of faith and truth and right arose with the finger-marks of the beast upon her throat, her feet bleeding with many miles of retreat, her cheeks furrowed with the tears of her anguish, her breasts slashed by the merciless, lustful invader. She arose as if the hand of some unseen power had given her strength. She grappled with the demon, and he who had allowed his horses and guns and men to walk and be dragged over the bodies of babies, the conquering soldier of the world, found himself in a death-grip with this totally changed adversary. As the grip of France tightened upon the throat of the heinous Hun, the moral courage of the German soldier waned, and he who was to dine in

BATTERING THE BOCHE

Paris the next day is still dining in Berlin. The soldier who was sent to pave the way through rivers of blood, in order that the emperor might taste of French cooking, is not at the gates of Paris to-night, but is between eighty and one hundred miles from them. Why? Because the French army is superior to the German army, because the French army has *proven* that it is superior.

When the Austrians suggested the use of great guns to the Germans, the latter pooh-poohed the idea, but a curious commentary on the Battle of the Marne is that the very guns which prevented the German army from being cut to pieces and entirely annihilated and destroyed, being immobile, hindered the Germans from taking Paris. In addition, the guns which in a measure prevented the kaiser from taking Paris, in turn saved the German army.

The writer has talked with a number of men who were in the Battle of the Marne.

BATTERING THE BOCHE

It is ancient history, so will I only refer to it briefly and perhaps throw an intimate side-light which came to me first-hand. I quote from memory what was told me by Lieutenant de Rose of the French army.

“The big Austrian guns paved the way through Belgium to Verdun. Realizing that Verdun was no more able to withstand the Austrian guns than the Belgian forts, we rushed out our big guns far in advance of Verdun, so that when the Germans came there they were unable to shell Verdun as they had anticipated. Consequently, being held at Verdun, they attacked on the right flank, presuming that our line there was very weak. But fortunately we had a great part of the Sixth Army on our left flank, so that when they attacked there they were flanked by the Sixth Army and the English. They then began to draw reinforcements from the center to help their right flank, until their line became thinned at this pivotal

BATTERING THE BOCHE

point. It was then that the genius of General Foch showed itself, for he ordered us to cut through the German center. This we did, dividing the entire attacking German army. It was then that the Germans had to withdraw and re-form, and when they retreated precipitately they found themselves running back to their own big guns, which they were unable to bring up. They rested themselves beside these guns, dug a hole in the ground, and started trench-warfare."

From that moment on the western front the German army ceased to be a conquering army, and each step that the French soldier has driven back the Boche soldier the morale of the German soldier has weakened and the strength and determination of the French soldier to win a complete victory over his adversary has increased.

It is my desire to show in a short, lucid, and conclusive way the simple and direct reasons why the war, from the German point

BATTERING THE BOCHE

of view, must cease in a short time. To reiterate. We must take a premise that the kaiser is an astute man. He therefore realizes that his army on the western front is in a precarious position; that it has made no advance since 1916, and that it has been driven back mile after mile. The emperor knows that during the last year at Chemin des Dames, October 23, 1917, where I was myself, three months previous to this he had withdrawn from the eastern front three hundred thousand of the cream of the German army and placed them at this the nearest point to Paris; he knows that the French army drove this much-vaunted corps back ten miles, from October 23 to October 28. He knows that his great and glorious army was absolutely routed; that he lost a complement of fifty thousand men in five days; that the whole plateau of the Aisne and the Chemin des Dames and the fortress of Malmaison, which he had said were impregnable

BATTERING THE BOCHE

and which he had held for two solid years, were irretrievably lost, and that this wonderful machine of his was simply cut to pieces. He knows that the week previous to this, at Verdun, the French went out and took Hill No. 304, driving another of his marvellous divisions back seven miles and destroying a complement of thousands, of Boches. He knows that the wounded, the men on leave who have been returning to the cities of Germany, have been saying to their fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, and brothers, "By God, we can't stand this any longer! Every time the French attack they advance. Their artillery is simply hell and we can't stand it."

Many German prisoners have letters from their fathers and wives and sisters, all of them expressing a horror of the war continuing longer, and in some instances they touch upon their dire necessity and great privations.

BATTERING THE BOCHE

The Kaiser knows that this is the direct reason for the civil uprisings, for the socialistic uprisings, for the labor uprisings throughout Germany. He knows that if you have a conquering army, you have a civilian population which is peaceful, happy, and exultant; and he knows that with a defeated army, which he has now on the western front, an army which to-night is being harassed and injured by an army scarcely five months old, the American army, the great American artillery, he knows that this is the forerunner of a peace which he must shortly make. Why is it, with German propaganda rampant in France, with scoundrels like Caillaux unhung, with the streets of Paris strewn with German gold, that the civilian population of France does not rise as they are doing in Germany at the present time? France has changed three cabinets. Is there any one so dull of vision, so halt and lame of understanding, that he cannot visualize the

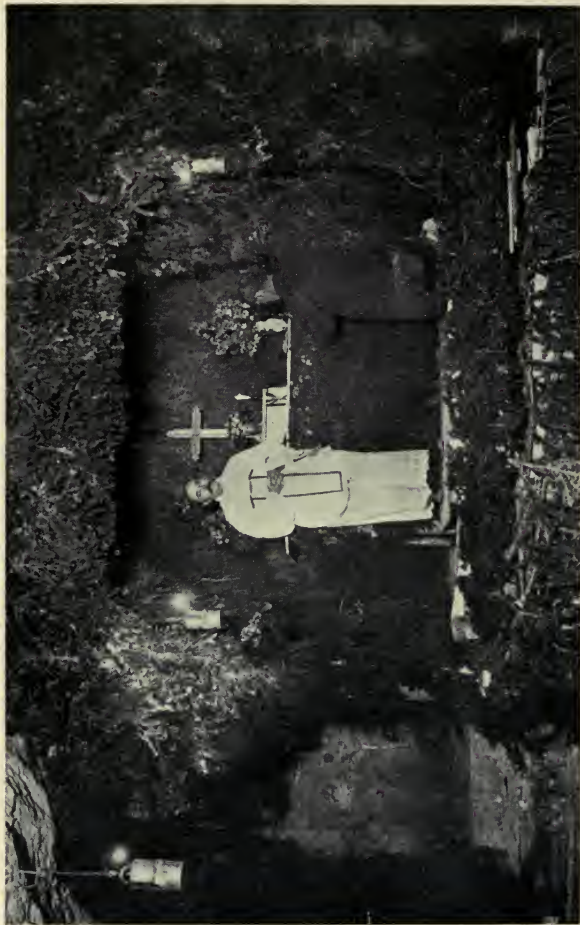
BATTERING THE BOCHE

Machiavellian hand of the seditious German? Why is it that there are not to-day, as there have been in the past, uprisings throughout France? It is because the French army is now a conquering army. The German emperor knows that, and you may rest assured that if to-night this much-vaunted German army should drive the French back eight or ten miles into their own country you would hear rumblings of a revolution along the boulevards of Paris, in the streets of Soissons and Nancy, throughout the country lanes of Neuilly St. Front, and in all those picturesque and beautiful villages nestling in the valleys of France. Again we must grant the intelligence of the emperor.

What are the facts that present themselves to the kaiser's view to-night? The German army, the German people, have lost a great number in killed and in wounded. Out of two thousand prisoners whom I saw

BATTERING THE BOCHE

at Chemin des Dames in October, I did n't see one who looked as if he had ever used a razor on his face. They were conscripted striplings, forced by this military fist to be fodder for that wonderful French artillery, for those unsatiated guns which are hungry to rend and tear apart and devour the entrails of the German. He knows that the French people, the English, Italian, Rumanian, and Russian peoples, all save the Japanese, have lost many men in killed and wounded, and as he sits in contemplation, fearful of the inevitable end which he cannot fail to see, as he sits to-night looking into the fire and sees passing before him the youth of his country, babies one might say, taken from their mothers' apron-strings and scarcely able to hold a gun; as he sees this procession of pale-faced, underfed youths marching through the flame, suddenly a log drops, the flames leap high in the air and a picture presents itself in the



Mass being held underground near Malmaison

BATTERING THE BOCHE

bounding, leaping tongues of fire, a vision which throws into his heart, not the fear of God, but the fear of man, the *American* man.

I have taken newspapers from many prisoners and wounded, Frankfort and Berlin papers, but never have I seen a mention of the Americans or the American army. And it is this ignorance, this darkness in which he has kept his army concerning the Americans, that is going to tend more to his downfall and the downfall of his army than any other one factor. As he sits watching the blazing tongues, he sees not four or five million boys and old men, but he sees an American army of ten million young men, fresh men, daring men, courageous men, an army of the cleanest, finest youth of the entire civilized or uncivilized world. He sees men with fine boots, warm stockings, good underclothing, heavy overcoats, and the finest rapid-fire guns and the greatest artillery in the world, men with plenty of food in their

BATTERING THE BOCHE

stomachs, with the finest physicians, medicines, and ambulances that money can buy; and back of this great army of exultant, daring, magnificent youth, men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, he sees the hand of one hundred and ten million people of America. He sees the wealth of the greatest, richest country in the world standing as a background to this new, consecrated army.

Can you conceive that this man, this intelligence, is going to permit this army to exist; that he is going to see the three or four or five hundred thousand troops we now have in France grow to be the greatest army in the world, with ten million young men in it; that he is going to allow this American army to grow and increase by permitting the war to continue a day longer than it is absolutely necessary? He knows full well that if this war goes on two, three, four, or five years America will have the greatest army and

BATTERING THE BOCHE

navy in the world, and that each hour he permits this war to continue he is fostering and helping the Americans to build up the greatest military system in the world. No one could be so mentally slothful as to believe that he wishes such a thing to be consummated. Besides being astute, his imperial highness is a good charlatan, and there is little question that by the deftness of his brush he has been able to paint a picture to his people which they have either believed freely or been forced to accept. Does it seem credible that he dare tell the world, presumably a month before he is going to attack, that there is to be a great German offensive on the western front? The French, English, American, and Italian newspapers all print this "news" in headlines; it is common property. If Judge Gary, the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, has decided that he wished to get control of the Bethlehem Steel Company, would he

BATTERING THE BOCHE

call up all the newspapers and Mr. Schwab, and say: "To-morrow I am going to start to get control of your company"?

If a band of robbers were going to break into J. P. Morgan & Co., can any one conceive that they would call up the bank and advise them of their intention, practically stating the day and hour?

So can any one imagine if the kaiser was going to make this offensive on the western front, he would first tell everybody about it, thereby precluding and absolutely injuring any attack that he might see fit to make?

There will be no attack on the western front by the Germans. The German army does not want to attack; they have not attacked for nearly a year. They have only counter-attacked, and the reason for that has been that when you run a man down into a cellar and he can't get out, whether he is a brave man or a coward, he will fight in the

BATTERING THE BOCHE

corner for his life. That is the sole reason for the Boche counter-attack.

The Russian situation, which to-day holds the attention of the entire world, was known to the most astute and clever diplomats some four months ago, as it was also known to the leading strategic generals in the various armies. The kaiser as early as September moved his chosen divisions from the eastern to the western front, particularly in front of Verdun and along the Chemin des Dames. This is not a conjecture or a guess on my part, because I took my knife and cut off buttons and shoulder-straps from many German prisoners, showing the regiment of the crown prince and other divisions of former note.

One Boche turned white with fear as I approached him with my knife. He said, "My God, is he going to cut my throat?" Here

BATTERING THE BOCHE

is an insight into German treatment of French prisoners.

While the binoculars of public gaze have been, and are turned upon Russia, the far-seeing diplomat, using a periscope, is directing it upon Japan. Japan is our ally and our friend. Japan owes much to America. Those Americans who were present at the treaty of Portsmouth, like myself, realize this, as well as those whom Japan sent to arrange a peace between Russia and herself. It is difficult to believe that when two men have been at each other's throats they can suddenly become allies and great friends. Since this is not true of the individual, it is not true of a nation. Japan has no love for Russia, nor has Russia any affection for Japan. Therefore it is scarcely credible that Japan will allow Germany to feast and grow fat upon the Russian bear, while she sits with hungry eyes looking at oil and coal and mineral wealth being taken over

BATTERING THE BOCHE

by the Hun. Japan has been our ally, but she has been an amazingly placid one. Why is it that Japan, of all the allied nations, has lost scarcely one drop of her sacred blood, when for three years and a half it has been gushing from the arteries of the world? Japan is conceded to have extraordinarily diplomatic strategists. Her wise men saw that it was only a matter of time before Russia, with her internal dissensions, her socialists, anarchists, and her ignorant population, would disintegrate before the Germans. She realized that she must conserve herself to protect and guard and police the East not only for her own sake, but for the sake of the civilized Allied world. Japan has known full well the Hun desire in the Pacific and in the East, and if she should allow matters to so develop themselves in Russia according to the ideas of the Germans, Japan knows that her position there would be menaced and that the utmost gravity and seriousness of

BATTERING THE BOCHE

her internal interests would put her in a position which she could not afford to ignore and which she will not ignore. The Japanese wish to throw an army into Siberia; they wish the coöperation and acquiescence of the President of the United States. There seems to be no reason why the President of the United States or the people of the United States should accept any responsibility for Japan's sending an army into Russia, any more than Japan has accepted the responsibility of our sending American troops to France. Responsibility should and must rest upon Japan, and it is only for the sake of a worldwide morale that Japan at this moment makes such a request of the President of the United States. I recall at Portsmouth an idea was then being promulgated for the invasion of Siberia, an invasion that would have taken in territory amounting to between twelve and eighteen hundred miles by rail to the Pacific Coast,

BATTERING THE BOCHE

and I believe that if it had not been for the Treaty of Portsmouth, this would certainly have been attempted. Two routes were suggested at the time, one by way of Corea across part of the Sea of Japan from Shimoneseki to Funsan and so on by rail up to Mukden, the trans-Siberian railway making good time from Tsushima Strait to Harbin; the other route was by Port Arthur, with the trans-Siberian railroad at Harbin. Though the last is the longest route, we know that Japan has large stores at Port Arthur, and this would be an advantage. Of course the shortest route is by way of Corea.

While most of the unthinking men of the world have whispered to themselves that Japan has done but a small part toward winning this war, the few who are farsighted realize that Japan foresaw this Russian situation, that instead of rushing her troops into France she has held them in re-

BATTERING THE BOCHE

serve for this purpose which is so imminent, namely, the salvation of the East, the stopping of the aggrandizement of the Hun, and the great benefit to be derived thereby for the Allies. There are those who distrust Japan, those who are always jingoing concerning the "yellow peril," who attribute selfish motives in Japan's attitude toward Russia. I cannot see what difference that would make. Better Japan's selfishness and aggrandizement than Germany's. But that is not the case. It is well known that the Japanese Government has said that it does not wish any permanent occupancy and that it is not seeking any terrain aggrandizement that in any way would affect Russia, and we know that there have been many opportunities offered to Japan whereby she could have taken many selfish advantages of the situation and has not done do. So that those who are close students of the situation do not believe that Japan at this moment will be inconsist-

BATTERING THE BOCHE

ent. Japan asks the Government of the United States for moral support. Japan does not wish any American troops to aid her; in fact, it would be regarded by her own people as a sign that Japan's motives were distrustful.

The kaiser knows that he has been unable with the so-called greatest military organization in the world, during 1914, 1915, 1916, and 1917, to defeat the English and French on the western front. He knows that not only has he been unable to conquer, but that his army has been driven back, humiliated and defeated. How can he therefore hope, having been unable to defeat the French and English? How can he be so imbued with his own egotism as to suppose that he can win, with the American army in addition and Japan now for the first time taking an active part in the war? How can he be so eaten with conceit as to believe that his army, al-

BATTERING THE BOCHE

ready defeated by France and England, can withstand this new consecrated American army? I have talked with the finest intelligences in France — English, French, Colonial — and since arriving in America I have done likewise, and there is not one farsighted, clear-visioned man who does not say that this emperor, self-styled the right arm of God Almighty, is withered nearly to the shoulder.

In conclusion the writer wishes to sum up the situation as it presents itself to-day and as it will present itself in the future.

First, the German army is no longer an offensive army.

Second, the German civilian population is in a spirit of great unrest, due mainly to their lack of confidence in their army.

Third, the German army has only been able to hold ground in the last year when greatly outnumbering the French, though they could not even do this at the Marne, as

BATTERING THE BOCHE

they had nine hundred thousand professional soldiers against seven hundred thousand French amateurs, and were decisively cut to pieces and made to withdraw.

Fourth, the German army has lost its morale. Any German prisoner will tell you, as they have told me, that the German army is broken and tired and wants to go home. The Boche would rather be taken prisoner than attack.

Fifth, the objective of the German army, Paris, grows miles farther each month from their grasp.

Sixth, Japan has now entered the conflict with a great, warlike spirit.

Seventh, Germany will not be allowed by Japan to feed upon Russian bear-meat. The Japanese want it for themselves and the Allies, head, hide and carcass.

Eighth, the German army at last knows and realizes that the American army is attacking it, and it is beginning to under-

BATTERING THE BOCHE

stand that which the world already knows — that American artillery is second to none in the world. Also that the President of the United States is determined to wage this war to what he and the American people consider a proper peace.

Ninth, each day that the German emperor permits the war to continue increases American efficiency, at the same time inflicting death and privation upon the German army and the German people.

Tenth, the German emperor knows that the fresh, strong, virile, well-clad, courageous American army will destroy the worn out Boche army, made up of old men and boys, ill-cared for and tired of the struggle. It will destroy it whenever and wherever it meets it, and he knows that America is seeking engagements hourly.

Eleventh, the English army has for the first time greatly lengthened its line on the front below St. Quentin.

BATTERING THE BOCHE

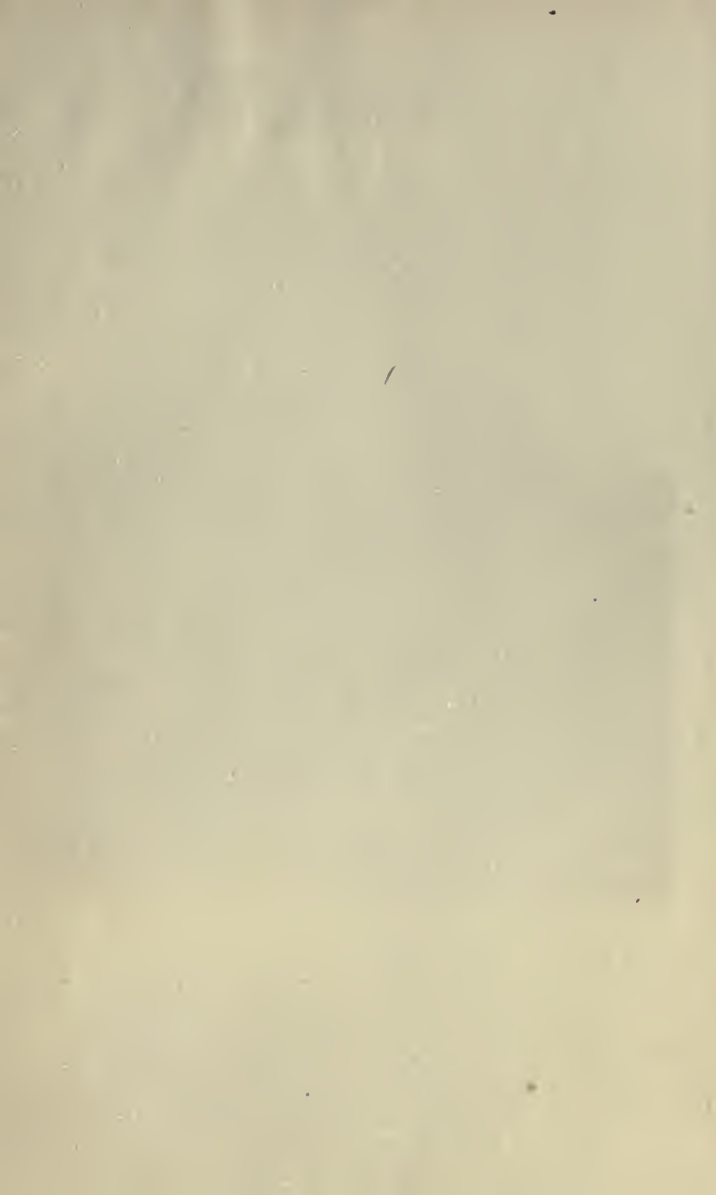
This spring will see the greatest Allied offensive since the war began. It will see the German army driven back along the whole front, with a loss of many hundred thousand Boches. This, in turn, will have its effect upon the civilian population in Germany, the people who did not seek the war and who do not wish it to continue longer; who will not permit their husbands, sons, and brothers to be further mutilated. The women of Germany, who to-day are tilling the soil, scrubbing their floors, cooking, nursing, and caring for their children, these millions of women are crying out in anguish of soul and body, "We have given you all, oh! Kaiser, and you have failed, you have failed! Now you must give us back our men, before they are brought back legless, armless, mutilated, to make the care of them another added burden."

It is a voice even he who believes himself to be a relative of the crucified Christ must

BATTERING THE BOCHE

listen to and heed; it is the wail of a determined people crying out in their desolation, poverty, deprivation, and anguish that they will no longer be the human catspaw to satiate the vanity of the emperor of Prussia, the Messenger of Mars.

THE END



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