The Battery Book

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Lt. Samuel J. Reid Jr.

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A History of Battery "A" 306 F.A.

Illustrations, Decorations
and Lettering by
H. T. FISK

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Dedicated
to
Lt. Samuel J. Reid Jr.

"A leader and inspirer of
men in life and in death."

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Foreword

SO unpretentious a volume scarcely warrants the dignified introduction of a preface, but the editors cannot well allow their friends of Battery "A" to hasten (eagerly, they trust) into the following pages without a few words explaining the character, the purpose, and the limitations of our publication.

The Battery Book is not an exhaustive historical treatise. It is not a flag-waving glorification of our accomplishments, couched in the gilded phrases employed for raising liberty loans. It is not a solemn book of heroics, nor does it cloud our true memories of war with an undue profusion of humor. An exclusively humorous book we have taken pains to avoid, for however amusing many of our experiences may now appear, neither the war nor our part in it could be called uproariously funny. Our book is a narrative, a brief narrative, of our war experiences, a sincere attempt to tell truly what we did, what we thought, and what we felt. Our thoughts regarding the war have undergone a marked change already, and will change still more as years go by; but this little volume, if it has any merit at all, may perhaps preserve for our future consideration something of the realism of war, something of its drudgery, its humor, and its horrors. If, thirty years hence, it brings back to us the days of Camp Upton and the France of 1918, we may find in it a deep source of comfort and pride, possibly even an inspiration to elevate our citizenship to a plane worthy of the sacrifice made by those we left asleep in France.

The editors would like to have followed exactly the plans originally laid out for the book, but it has been impossible to do so. Nathan Handler was unable to take time from his business to complete, and put into finished form, the work which he commenced in France,

and the section allotted to him has necessarily been omitted. The personal histories were found incomplete, and we have not inserted the military citations as originally planned. The divisional and regimental histories supply both the personal remarks and the military commendations, so that our omission of them at least avoids unnecessary repetition, a circumstance which we look upon rather as a virtue than a fault. A conscious effort has been made to supplement the divisional and regimental books by supplying what they lack—an intimate insight into our daily experiences.

The editors regret even more that they cannot make the book a personal record for each individual member of the battery, but for manifest reasons such a thing is beyond their ability. For similar reasons they have found great difficulty in doing justice to each department of the organization, because, as members of the gun crews, their knowledge of the other branches of the battery is limited. When the organization was not at the front, its various divisions were less distinct and our narrative will be of general interest; but while in the field, the drivers, cannoneers, and special detail were assigned to their respective duties, and even camped in different places, and it has been totally beyond the power of the editors to describe adequately the varied actions of these individual groups, though an honest endeavor to do so has been made. Similarly, because the editors were not officers and were not admitted to official councils, they are incapable of giving the officers' point of view. The thoughts and feelings of those sequestered potentates have been left to Major Dick's pen. The sentiments which the battery held for its officers have been freely and we hope truly recorded. Those sentiments were a vital factor in our experiences, and to leave them unmentioned would be a gross omission.

The battery is indebted to several of its members for contributing assistance to the publication of its history. The original rough draft of the book, compiled in France, was written from data supplied by the following men: Baecker, Feldman, Marriner, Mueller, Potts, and Steuterman. Hale's services in type-writing that draft were invaluable, and the efforts of Gray and Stevens on the personal histories are

greatly appreciated. We extend our thanks to Dunkak and Gibbons for collecting and managing the subscription funds turned in before demobilization, and to the many members of the battery who, by their advice and encouragement, nurtured the book in its tender infancy. It is almost superfluous to express our indebtedness to Fairman R. Dick and Vernon B. Smith, for their work stands as conspicuous evidence of its merit.

The editors are happy to take this opportunity of expressing their gratitude for the splendid support given them by the several members of the organization who have taken it upon themselves, at the instigation of Major Dick, to join the latter in lending financial means for the publication of this volume. But for their generous aid the history of Battery "A" might not have been published for many months to come.

The Editors,

Francis L. Field

Guy H. Richards

New York City, August, 1921.

Lt. Samuel J. Reid Jr.

THE publication of The Battery Book was first conceived a few days after the armistice, while the battery was billeted in the shell-shattered town of Marcq. At a formation, held in a field adjoining the village, the plans for the book were submitted to the consideration of the battery, and without hesitation we unanimously insisted that the volume must be dedicated to our fallen leader, Lieutenant Reid. It is fitting that, in a book so dedicated, we should give way to our feelings to the extent of recording a few of the facts and a few of our sentiments which led us to that unhesitating decision. It is impossible for us to forget, and it is equally impossible for us to translate into print, what Lieutenant Reid meant to us in the dark days of the war. Yet, in an effort to satisfy our wish of expressing in some measure the devotion and respect he won from us, we write this brief account of his life, of the part he played in Battery "A," and of the intense admiration which he inspired in us.

Lieutenant Reid was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Reid, and was born on September 24, 1883, in Brooklyn, New York. He attended the public elementary schools, and later entered the Brooklyn Boys' High School, where he not only maintained an excellent record for scholarship, but also won a name for himself in athletics.

His career at Princeton University, 1902 to 1906, was a marked success from every standpoint. By dint of consistent hard work he stood high in his studies, yet won distinction for himself in a number of extra-curriculum activities. He was elected to the editorial board of *The Princetonian,* the college daily newspaper, an honor which, in itself, was a tribute to his powers for conscientious effort and vigilant application. He was elected a member of The Ivy Club, was voted the most popular man in his class, and in his Senior year was elected president of that class, perhaps the consummate honor which a college man may attain. He was devoted to athletics, particularly to baseball, and at the end of his Freshman year won the distinction of being selected as catcher for the All-American base-

ball team. During the remainder of his years at college he played third base and short-stop. He was elected captain of the varsity baseball team, and as a fitting close to his splendid athletic career, he gave Princeton the intercollegiate championship by making the winning run in the last championship game of the season with Yale.

After leaving Princeton, Lieutenant Reid entered the New York Law School, from which institution he graduated in 1908. Upon his admission to the bar he entered the law firm of William F. McCoombs, as a law clerk, and later joined the legal department of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, where he made a reputation for himself as a successful trial lawyer. Subsequently he was appointed Assistant United States District Attorney in the Second District of New York (Brooklyn). In this capacity he quickly won the esteem of the federal judges by his integrity and unimpeachable methods of practising law. When the news of his death reached this country this same court held memorial services in his honor, and caused a resolution of commemoration to be spread upon its official records. Resigning as Assistant District Attorney, he was appointed a referee in bankruptcy and took up private practice, associating himself with the law firm of King & Booth, and later with that of Morgan, Carr & Baiter.

America's declaration of war on Germany found Lieutenant Reid a young lawyer of great promise, embarked upon a career which gave every indication of leading to high honors in the legal world. At that time Lieutenant Reid was above the age established by the Selective Service Act, and consequently not subject to enforced military service. It is a well established fact that he could have had a commission as major in the Judge Advocate's Department of the army, but he refused such a position because, as he often remarked, he was convinced that the issues of the war would be decided on the battle-field. On one occasion, when asked why he preferred the combatant to the non-combatant branch of the service, he expressed this conviction, and added, "That's where the crosses of war lie." He used to chafe under the delays which held the battery in the States, and often said that he would rather be anything in Pershing's army than an officer in America.

He enlisted in May, 1917, in the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, New York, where he successfully completed the course in artillery. He was recommended for a captaincy, but the number of captaincies to be granted was reduced at the last moment, so he accepted the lower rank of first lieutenant, relying on his energy and devotion to his work to win him promotion. On leaving Plattsburg

he was ordered to Camp Upton, and was there assigned to Battery "A" in September, 1917. During his first three months with us he devoted himself to drilling and conditioning the raw recruits. We can well remember him in his particular duty of leading the battery on long hikes every afternoon, hikes which sometimes left us tired and sore, but which seemed to fatigue him little. He apparently possessed wonderful stamina and endurance, for he always finished fresh and strong. His evenings were mostly spent in his quarters studying military books.

In December, when Major Dick (then Captain) was ordered to the School of Fire in Fort Sill, the command of the battery fell to Lieutenant Reid. For three months he had the development of the organization completely in his own hands. Then, for the first time, the attributes which won our respect and trust were revealed to us in full. We learned what a splendid man he was, learned that an officer can enforce the prerogatives of his rank without being imperious, and learned that discipline and kindness are compatible.

Those of us who sailed to Europe on the *Leviathan* will never forget his conduct during the voyage. Living under unbearable conditions, crowded below deck in hot, unventilated quarters, harassed by numberless restrictions, we were miserable, and our morale was deplorably low. Time and again Lieutenant Reid was to be found in our quarters, talking with us, counseling us, encouraging us, and endeavoring by a word here and an act there to ease the severity of our predicament. On one occasion, when the supply of drinking water was shut off for several hours, he took groups of men to his quarters on the officers' deck (forbidden to enlisted men) and there filled their canteens from the officers' fresh water supply. It was undoubtedly a breach of discipline which would have been gravely frowned upon by higher authorities, but we were really in distress from a lack of water, and Lieutenant Reid was unwilling that his men should suffer if he could prevent it, even at the risk of receiving a reprimand. It was his constant consideration for us, his unfailing fair-mindedness, that won our affection and loyalty. Our welfare was always in his mind and his welfare in ours.

When, in Camp de Souge, he was relieved from the duties of firing executive and assigned to the supervision of work at the stables, we were dismayed. True, that no more competent man could have been found in the battery to handle the position, but it seemed unfair, damnably unfair, even to the drivers who were delighted to be under his tutelage, that the ranking lieutenant of the regiment and the firing executive of the battery should be sequestered at the stables, de-

prived of an opportunity of gaining practical experience in directing practice fire on the range. To those in the ranks his transfer seemed nothing less than a demotion, nor were they alone in their opinion, for many officers of the regiment expressed the same judgment. Lieutenant Reid said little about the matter, but his men appreciated how deeply chagrined he was. One of his non-commissioned officers once spoke to him disparagingly on the subject of patriotism. His reply was, "Always remember, Sergeant, we are not fighting for any individual, but for high principles and for the country." Whatever his own grievances may have been, he apparently never lost sight of the greater issues of the war. The sincerity of his patriotism and his loyalty to principle could never for a moment be questioned. It is a comforting fact to realize that, in the face of such ideals as he held, he could treat his personal misfortunes as comparatively insignificant.

However, despite his transfer, Lieutenant Reid was promised an opportunity to fire a problem on the range. His chance never came, but the men at the guns were expecting day after day to operate the pieces at his command, and made arrangements with the special detail men in the observation posts to send down word when his turn came, in order that the cannoneers might redouble their efforts to operate the howitzers with absolute accuracy.

About two weeks before we left Camp de Souge, Captain Dick was transferred from the battery to remain at the camp as an instructor. We were without a battery commander. Lieutenant Reid, as senior lieutenant, was put in temporary command, and our hopes were raised that the appointment would be permanent; but Lieutenant Reid was in a measure unprepared for the position, because he had had no training on the range, and we feared that this lack of necessary experience might cost him the promotion. Who would be Captain Dick's successor? "An outsider from another battery," came the rumor, and our hearts sank. "Not so," came a second report. Would Lieutenant Reid command us? "Yes!" said one report. "No!" said another. "Perhaps," said a third, and the battery discussed wild schemes for petitioning the Colonel. But the uncertainty was suddenly dispelled by the announcement, "Lieutenant Reid is battery commander!" There was not a man among us who did not whoop for joy. The morale of Battery "A" was never higher, and when, on the Fourth of July, we paraded through the crowded streets of Bordeaux led by our new commander, we positively bristled with pride and good spirits.

Though Lieutenant Reid now stood in line for almost certain

promotion, we realized that his appointment depended on the record he might make in handling the battery. He was on trial, and we appreciated the fact as fully as did he. We would have done anything to make his record above reproach, and the drudgery of our daily tasks was greatly alleviated by the sustaining determination to retain him as battery commander. In preparing to leave Camp de Souge, we all set to and worked like dogs to leave the barracks in spotless condition, to collect and pack all equipment, and later load it on board the train with speed and precision; in short, to show Colonel Smith that Battery "A" was the most efficient outfit in the A. E. F., and was commanded by the most efficient officer. When Lieutenant Reid came into the orderly room before we left the camp, he said to a group of us, "Well, there doesn't seem to be much for me to do. It's all done already." It was exceedingly gratifying to know that our efforts had produced a favorable impression, and later, when we heard that Colonel Smith had made complimentary remarks about the speed with which we loaded the troop train at Bonneau, we felt that our endeavors had not been in vain.

It was his policy to give his men, and especially his non-coms, as much responsibility as they could handle, and his remark, just quoted, proves that on one occasion at least his confidence was not misplaced, and that his policy was fruitful of excellent results. It would be ridiculous to claim that we always lived up to his confidence in us, but certainly, when responsibility was given us, we had an unfailing desire to make good in his eyes, and except in the most adverse circumstances, we put forth our best efforts. What we call confidence was in many cases dependence, because, when he first took command, Lieutenant Reid was comparatively ignorant about the operation of the howitzers, and relied on his subordinates to help him out. He had not fired a single problem on the range, and was even unacquainted with the duties of the various cannoneers. How easily he might have pursued the course, which many officers followed, of attempting to hide a lack of knowledge under a show of sheer bluff, disdaining the judgment and training of the ranks, and struggling to maintain the dignity which accompanies a Sam Browne belt by looking severely intolerant. Lieutenant Reid was not of the caliber to entertain false pride and false pretenses. He openly admitted his ignorance. He visited the gun-pits and frankly asked the gun sergeants to explain the nomenclature and operation of the howitzers. He solicited the assistance of the instrument sergeant, a graduate engineer, and candidly acknowledged that the latter, with his education in higher mathematics, knew more about artillery than

he did. He seemed to learn quickly, for he seldom asked the same question twice. Any other man might possibly have lost the respect of his men by such frank admissions, but they had the opposite effect on us, for we admired him the more for his absolute sincerity and lack of self-conceit. He made us feel that we were there to coöperate with him and he with us in the common purpose of making Battery "A" an efficient organization.

This spirit of coöperation sometimes produced an intimacy between officer and man which would have sent cold shivers down the rigid spine of a West Point cadet. We conventionally think of an officer as an austere individual who must keep himself on a superior plane of unbending dignity, a man to be feared, not loved, and we conventionally think of a soldier as a machine to be greased and oiled and directed hither and yon. But the military regulations which designate a soldier as an automaton and an officer as a sort of exalted potentate in a feudalistic hierarchy fail to meet the demands of human nature, and particularly the natures of American citizens. Lieutenant Reid was governed in his actions by his heart and his knowledge of his men, and by military manuals only in so far as they served his conscience and his common sense. It never seemed to us that he overstepped the bounds of military propriety. Rather, he changed the nature of that propriety without losing the respect due to his rank.

When, at the second Vesle position, we were suffering from long hours of hard work and from wretched rations, he steadily refused to take advantage of the supposed privileges of his rank. He refused to allow the cooks to go in quest of special food for him, but made every effort to get better rations which the whole battery might share with him. On the night of our arrival at the position, Mongeon failed to prepare Lieutenant Reid's bedding roll and fell asleep without telling where he had put it. The roll could not be found in the dark of the woods, but when Lieutenant Reid discovered that Mongeon was asleep, he gave orders not to disturb him, because "the boy" was worn out from riding all day as a courier. He lay down outside the P. C., declining insistent offers of a bed in the dugout, and accepting only under protest the blankets which were spread for his use by the two telephone men on duty. He said that they would need them before the night was over, but they naturally would not listen to him. In all things he considered, and we came to believe, that he lived with us, not apart from us.

To any one who may claim that such conduct on the part of an officer is contrary to the interests of discipline and undermines the

morale of a military unit, we might point out that Washington's reputation as a disciplinarian does not seem to have suffered because he gave his shoes to one of his men and marched barefooted through a biting snow-storm. We may say, also, that under the circumstances the morale of Battery "A" could not have been higher than it was under the leadership of Lieutenant Reid, and that, at the same time, discipline never slackened. It is true that during the disheartening days at the second Vesle position, when constant work, miserable rations, and little rest made life a burden, our spirits were very low indeed; but the combined efforts of Napoleon, St. Peter, Venus, and Charlie Chaplin would not have sufficed to make us cheerful. In those deadening circumstances we failed to meet Lieutenant Reid's expectations, and when some of the non-commissioned officers complained that men on detail were avoiding their fair share of work, he assembled all men at the position and gave us a scolding that made us feel cheaper than French mud. When discipline had to be enforced there was no more strict disciplinarian than our commander, but he never punished blindly or in anger. One tired individual got disgracefully drunk. He was given rigorous advice and light punishment. Another once told Lieutenant Reid a deliberate lie. He was court-martialed and sent to a military prison for six months. And woe to the man who was careless or made stupid mistakes! During the time when he was instructor at the stables he would never tolerate for an instant any mistreatment of the horses, and one day in the lines, when he discovered a few of the drivers violating one of his strictest orders—that no horse was to be watered with a bit in his mouth—the miscreants received a scathing arraignment the like of which they never wanted to hear again.

The day following Lieutenant Reid's death his faithful orderly was struck and instantly killed by a fragment of a bursting shell. Before Mongeon's burial his diary was removed from his pocket. In it was found his entry for August 22d. We quote it because, with all its simple brevity, it expresses our thoughts of Lieutenant Reid far more adequately than can these pages. It said, "Lieutenant Reid was killed to-day—I have lost my best pal." In that touching sentiment the secret of Lieutenant Reid's leadership seems revealed to us. He was our pal.

One day he was met by a private who had known him in America but who had not seen him for several years. Hesitatingly the soldier advanced, saluted, and noticing the lieutenant's insignia said, "Excuse me, sir, but are you Lieutenant Reid?" Recognizing him, Lieutenant Reid instantly replied, "No, Charlie, not Lieutenant—just

Sam." He was a comrade in the highest sense of the word. A cordial greeting, a smile, a few words were always ours when we met him. In Camp Upton it was his delight to come upon the men batting out a baseball on the ground between our two barracks. Unfailingly he asked permission to join in the game and would take up a bat and drive out flies. He seemed to value the inherent authority of his rank only as it offered opportunity for greater usefulness, and when he could legitimately disregard the military barrier which separated us, he did so. The discreet intimacy which resulted between us vastly increased rather than diminished our respect for his authority, for added to the respect we held for his authority was the respect and admiration we held for his personality. He made it far easier to be willing subjects to discipline and the artificial distinctions of rank because he revealed to us the *necessity* for discipline and rank. If he, with all his sympathy and friendly kindness, saw the necessity of enforcing discipline, then we knew that absolute obedience was vital. There was perfect understanding between us, and such an understanding we learned to believe was an important factor in the attainment of the greatest efficiency. Once the military barrier was temporarily passed, he was with us as a comrade, and even when it stood between us, high and forbidding, we knew that he was our friend. What we had to suffer in privation he gladly suffered with us, to show how privation could and should be borne. When he got sleep he saw that we did also. At the front he generally ate what we had to eat, and would always have done so had not the cooks of their own accord prepared special food for him. And on many a hike he dismounted from his horse and allowed the weary to take his place in the saddle.

Lieutenant Reid once remarked, "If I could be captain of this battery I would be happy." He died before he could be officially informed of the fact that his commission as a captain had been approved and granted; but let it be hoped that he died not without the realization that he had won more than a piece of metal to wear on his shoulder. He had fairly won the real respect, the affection, the admiration, and the intense devotion of hundreds of men. Few have won as much. We shall always remember him as a friend, a soldier, and a leader, but, above all, as a true American.

The History of Battery A

306 Field Artillery

Camp Upton

"*IT is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.*

"To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."[1]

When these words resounded through the halls of Congress, the United States was confronted with the staggering problem of converting itself from a land of serene peace and prosperity into a tremendous military establishment. Not the least factor in that conversion was the creation of a huge army from peace-loving civilians, and as we write there are probably few of us who do not endorse the legislation which Congress enacted for that purpose. Reliance on the slow, uncertain system of volunteers would have been a ghastly mistake. Somehow Mr. Bryan's rhetorical flourish about a million men springing to arms overnight appears totally hollow. Perhaps he referred to an arctic night. It would have been unfair, as well as unwise, to shift the burden of fighting upon the shoulders of a few, for certainly the principle that all who enjoy the benefits of democ-

[1] President Wilson's message to Congress, April 2, 1917.

racy shall contribute to the preservation thereof is sound. Furthermore, volunteer enlistment was forbidden by the experience of history. Consequently, with all this in mind, Congress, in accordance with plans of the War Department, passed the Selective Service Act, whereby every male citizen between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one should, with certain necessary exceptions, be available for induction into military service.

A comprehensive description of the operation of the Selective Service Act, the system of districts, local boards, physical examinations, exemptions, and courts of appeal, would be quite beyond the scope of this history, but the manner in which the army first "got our number" is of particular interest to all of us. Suffice it to say that on June 5, 1917, we all made out registration cards, that each registrant was given a number, that these numbers, printed on slips of paper, were drawn from the great glass bowl in Washington, and that the rotation in which they were drawn determined the order in which the men whom they represented should be drafted. When the time of our call approached we were advised by our respective local boards to settle our affairs, and a few days prior to the actual day of induction we received an imposing-looking epistle called an "Order of Induction into Military Service of the United States," in which the President of the United States bade us a cordial "Greeting" and addressed us as follows: "Having submitted yourself to a local board composed of your neighbors for the purpose of determining the place and time in which you can best serve the United States in the present emergency, you are hereby notified that you have now been selected for immediate military service." After being advised when and where to report, we were notified by the concluding sentence of the document that "From and after the day and hour just named you will be a soldier in the military service of the United States," or, as Buddy Childs might have expressed it, "You're in the army from now on."

Before proceeding to narrate how we responded to this order, and how we got our first free ride on the railroad, we must digress to say a few words about the camp to which most of us came. The plans of the War Department called for the building of sixteen cantonments in various parts of the United States for the training of the army. One of these was to be situated on a plot of ground about 9300 acres in area between Yaphank and Manor, Long Island, New York. The place at that time was a desolate wilderness of sand and scrub-oak, and famous for nothing but our great national bird, the mosquito. The latter became such a torment that laborers, sent there

to construct the camp, refused to continue their work, causing a labor shortage which was only obviated by an increase in wage. The cantonment to be erected on this spot was to be known as Camp Upton, in honor of Major-General Emory Upton; and the division to be trained there was to be known as the Seventy-seventh Division, with Major-General J. Franklin Bell, Commander of the Department of the East, in command. The construction of the camp was commenced on June 25, 1917, and a few days later the Long Island Railroad completed a two-mile spur from the main line into camp. After the scrub had been thinned out and temporary roads cut through, some ten thousand laborers were put to work erecting the twelve hundred buildings of which the camp was to consist. Besides staff offices, storehouses, a base hospital, and infirmaries, there were to be one hundred and ninety-five barracks, each capable of quartering about two hundred and fifty men. Intensive work showed great fruits, and by September 10th the camp was ready to receive and accommodate the first small increment of two thousand men.

On August 27th, General Bell, with his staff, arrived in Camp Upton, and simultaneously the plan for the Seventy-seventh Division was announced. The division was to be composed of the following large units:

152d Depot Brigade
153d Infantry Brigade
154th Infantry Brigade
152d Artillery Brigade
302d Engineers
302d Field Signal Battalion
Trains, and Military Police.

The 152d Field Artillery Brigade was to consist of three regiments, the 304th, 305th, both light artillery, and the 306th, heavy field-artillery. The 306th regiment was in turn composed of six batteries, as follows: Batteries "A" and "B" (1st Battalion), "C" and "D" (2d Battalion), "E" and "F" (3d Battalion), and two companies, Supply and Headquarters, the medical corps being a department of the supply company.

During the next week junior officers who were to command the division kept arriving, and were assigned or attached to various units.

On September 17th, Captain Fairman R. Dick was assigned as commanding officer of Battery "A." On the same day, First Lieutenant Samuel J. Reid, Jr., Second Lieutenant William A. Vollmer,

and Second Lieutenant Herbert J. Swenson were also assigned. Second Lieutenant John H. Ketcham and Second Lieutenant Walter Burke were attached to the battery. All of the foregoing officers were graduates of the Plattsburg Training Camp, August 15, 1917, 3d Battery, 2d Provisional Training Regiment.

September 10, 1917, saw the first contingent of men arrive in camp. It must be understood that while all of us who went to make up the battery did not arrive at this time, or even originally, in Camp Upton, a general description of the procedure by which men were withdrawn from their homes and sent to camp will apply in most of our individual cases, and will serve sufficiently to recall that eventful day in our lives when we began our military careers.

Summoned by the "Order of Induction" to appear at our respective local boards, we donned our least desirable suits of clothes and reported at the appointed hour. The assembled group of recruits was put under the supervision of one of their number, selected by the local board chairman, and this important personage was given the title of "district leader." Moving to the point of entrainment, we boarded troop trains while relatives and friends bade us good luck and God-speed. Arriving at Medford, the last stop before Camp Upton, an army officer boarded the train and called on the district leaders to surrender the records of the men of their groups. Upon detrainment at camp we were formed in double rank and answered roll-call. There we stood, soldiers yet still civilians, home and friends behind us, and before us we knew not what. Our feelings ranged from drunken hilarity to sober, quiet pondering. Our faces showed, perhaps, a mixed look of expectancy, curiosity, and concern; and, whether conscious of it or not, our thoughts found expression in these lines:

> "Oh that a man might know
> The end of this day's business ere it come,
> But it sufficeth that the day will end,
> And then the end be known."

We were marched off over rough, uncompleted roads, thick with dust, around heaps of building material, over spur-tracks of the railroad, past half-constructed barracks, all to the tune of carpenters' hammers which clattered with machine-gun-like precision. Reaching a nearly completed barrack, we were halted, and entering were assigned our bunks. To each man was issued his first army equipment, which consisted of two olive-drab blankets, a bed-sack to be filled with straw, and a mess-kit. We were then introduced to

army "chow" in a manner which became painfully familiar to us. Passing along an ever tedious mess line to a counter, and armed with our newly acquired eating utensils, which we juggled with a difficulty born of inexperience, we made the acquaintance of army beans and that fluid which some demented people have called coffee. The coffee-cup gave us more trouble, perhaps, than anything else, for it seemed to absorb all the heat of its contents. It became so hot that it would have blistered our lips had we attempted to drink from it. When it cooled off a bit we confidently grasped the handle, hoping to wash down a few beans, only to find, too late, that the handle catch was loose, and that the entire content was being swiftly dumped into the beans. Falling in on another line, we poured what had now become bean soup into a garbage can and completed our first mess by washing our mess-kits in soapy hot water and rinsing them in clear cold water. Thus endeth the first lesson.

The day following arrival was occupied by physical examinations and mustering-in. As each man entered the medical barrack a number was stamped on his bare arm—much like the branding of cattle, we thought—and passing into the first room, where a line of doctors awaited to receive him, he was thoroughly examined. Eyes, ears, heart, lungs, feet, throat, teeth, and other portions of the anatomy all received the careful consideration of the physicians. Recording the location of scars and other physical marks followed, and then we were placed in the hands—none too tender—of the vaccinating surgeon, who passed us on to his partner in crime, the inoculating surgeon. The inoculation was a hypodermic injection of typhoid antitoxin, administered three times, with ten-day intervals. Few of us will forget the effects of the "needle" or the violent dislike we developed for it. The inspectors concluded the examination by taking our finger prints (apparently we were to be treated like criminals) and, provided no physical defects were found, we were finally accepted as fit subjects to withstand the privations of military service.

Mustering-in, which took place immediately after the medical examination, consisted of a general survey of the family tree and the opening of an individual service record. We were happy to oblige the army with any biographical notes, but completely lost courage when some tired clerk irritably and unfeelingly asked us, "Whom do you want notified in case you're killed?" At this time a "Qualification Card" was made out for each man, containing a summary of his ability along business and military lines—a guide to those assigning men to various branches of the service.

On September 12th, the men who had arrived two days before were

assembled and, as their names were read out, were assigned to units. The battery commanders were present to act as standards around whom the men assigned to their commands might rally. The twelve men assigned to Battery "A" assembled around Captain Dick under the guidance of Lieutenant Reid. They were immediately gathered together in barrack number "P-58." Sergeant Robert L. Smith, one of about two hundred and fifty regular army men sent to Camp Upton, was made their acting first sergeant.

The next contingent of men arriving from local boards, September 21st, were quartered in barrack "J-43." Thirty-three of them were assigned to Battery "A." The twelve men previously assigned were brought up to "J-43" to be quartered there. The third addition to the personnel of the battery consisted of nine men arriving September 28th. At the close of September, 1917, the battery strength amounted to fifty-five enlisted men, four officers assigned, and two officers attached. Until October 3, 1917, this small nucleus of the battery was housed in barrack "J-43." On this date we moved to a barrack just completed on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Sixteenth Street, and in that section of camp which was to be the artillery area. This was the final home of the battery, for we remained in this building until our departure for Europe in the spring of 1918.

Our barrack was a large frame building, two stories in height. The entire upper floor was used as a dormitory. The lower floor was divided by a hallway, containing the staircase, the bulletin board, and a long bench over one end of which, on the wall, was fastened the mail-box. As one entered the hall, two doorways, one at either extremity, led to the left into the mess-hall, a spacious room furnished with benches and tables. At the farther end of the room was the serving counter, behind which were the kitchen, pantry, and storeroom (later burglarized now and then). Across the hall were the orderly, supply, and first sergeant's rooms. The remainder of the floor space on this side of the hallway was utilized alternately, now as a dormitory, now as a recreation room, the varied employment of the room depending on whether the medical authorities thought that two and a half or three feet between bunks was sneezing reach. They altered their opinions on this distance on two occasions, and very suddenly, and we suffered accordingly. It may be in point to mention the small addition made to the orderly room in the form of a private office for Captain Dick, for it was this mysterious holy of holies which did much for the discipline of the battery. The quiet seclusion, the cold military dignity of that room, struck terror to the heart of many a delinquent, and tended to keep all on the straight

and narrow path. Over the door of that inner temple one saw invisibly written the words, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

About fifty feet from the main barrack on Fourth Avenue was a smaller building, the lower floor of which was used as a Battery "A" dormitory annex. Both barracks were lighted by electricity and ventilated by many sliding windows, together with ventilators running the length of the roofs. Heat was supplied by large stoves which were kept burning night and day. Keeping in mind the long, cold, dismal fall nights in pup-tents at the front, when sleep was disturbed by everything ranging from rain and the cooties to the bang of guns, it is amusing to remember the complaints registered against the night guard in Upton, as, on his charitable rounds, he coaled the stoves. The noise disturbed our slumber, and calls of "Put that coal on with your hands," "Hey, get a rubber shovel!" were hurled at him. It became a source of amusement for the guard triumphantly to avenge himself on a few of his close friends by thoughtfully waking them to announce the time of night and the number of hours' sleep they had before reveille. The night guard was far from popular. The quarters of the battery were completed by the latrine, a small, low building in the rear covered with black tar paper. It was divided into three sections, toilets of the most modern type, a wash section with many faucets installed over a trough with a wide board edge, and a shower room containing eight sprays.

So long as we think of our army days, this home of the battery will ever force itself on our minds as the scene of the happiest of them all. With conveniences which were never even approached in Europe, with barracks new and always clean, with unlimited supply of fuel, and with a dry, clean place to eat our meals, we lived in comparative comfort.

Seven months, or over one third of the life of the battery, were spent in Camp Upton, and for this reason, and because, too, those seven months represented the formation, development, and initial training of the organization, we shall devote considerable space to them. We propose to treat this important period of the battery's existence by considering the problems which we encountered during that time. It must be borne in mind that the raising and maintenance of America's tremendous army was an enterprise of appalling complexity and magnitude, and that we, in our small way, had a share of the difficulties. The large majority of enlisted men who made up the new army were absolutely new to military service, and the junior officers, hastily trained to meet the emergency, could not be taught, in the short period of three months, all things necessary

to their needs for the training of their commands and the proper organization of their units. It is a further tribute to Yankee ingenuity and perseverance that we met and mastered all difficulties, mastered them well enough, at least, to bring order out of apparent chaos, well enough to give us victory. Generally speaking, all of our problems fell under a few big divisions, as follows:

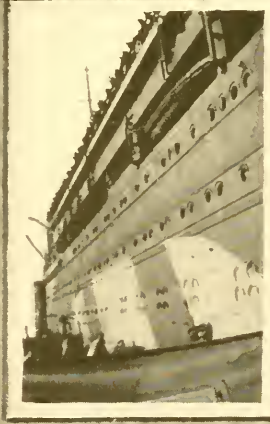
I. Housing the battery, and making the camp area habitable.
II. Feeding the battery.
III. Equipping the battery.
IV. The paper work.
V. Disciplining and training the battery, including physical conditioning, instilling obedience to military law and the orders of superiors, training in the use of weapons, smooth coöperation between various units of the battery, not forgetting the provision for recreation, so necessary to a soldier's development and morale.

I. As we have already stated, Camp Upton was far from complete when the first contingent of recruits arrived. Roads and barracks were still unfinished and much of the terrain was still uncleared. Our first duty was to devote at least a part of our time in assisting the civilian employees of the Government to thin out the scrub-oak and to pull stumps. This work was handled at first by regularly appointed details comprised of almost the entire battery, and later by men under punishment, these latter being familiarly known as "the chain gang." Roads were repaired and work commenced on clearing a large area to be eventually used as the 306th Field Artillery parade-ground. This task we never completed, however, for at the time when it was scheduled to be ready we were on parade in France with Fritz in the van. Additional carpentry work on our part made the barracks more comfortable, and we shall never disparage the talents of our masons for their building of the garbage incinerator. By their beautiful masonic creation in the rear of the barrack they gave Battery "A" first place in the regiment for sanitation.

In order to make our quarters safe against fire, wooden ladders were erected on the outer front wall of the building. Outside was built a small shed in which was kept a small hose reel mounted on an axle and wheels. An order to the effect that one battery in each regiment be appointed to the task of fire patrol was responsible for our leaping into fame as the "Fire Battery." Instantly the slogan " 'A' Battery is the Fire Battery" was added to our long list of calls. Although we responded to several alarms, there are three which stand out most

Three views

of Upton



The Leviathan

The side door pullmans & Brest

vividly. One was the call at 1 A.M. to a small blaze in the orderly room of Battery "A," 305th Field Artillery. Resenting rude disturbance at such an hour, we nevertheless responded, only to find that the fire had been extinguished before our arrival. Sanchez found such particular discomfort in arising that, forgetting his newly acquired military vocabulary, he expressed his highly incensed feelings by merely remarking, "I am *so* sleepy." Another fire, a more formidable affair, occurred when the infirmary of the 305th Field Artillery nearly burned down. We were at noon mess at the time, but dropped mess-kits and all else to answer the call. The day was extremely cold and the thorough drenching many of us received while fighting the flames made us feel that we were surely earning our free board and lodging. The third fire was at the far end of the camp, and tired as we were from a long afternoon hike, we must needs race away down the road, trailing our miniature fire-engine behind us.

11. The problem of feeding the battery was entrusted to Lieutenant Burke and Frank Waring (acting mess sergeant). Cooking food in large quantities to feed so many men, was in itself an art at that time unmastered by any enlisted man. Civilian cooks were employed, chief of whom was Gross. It is a sad commentary upon our woefully deficient knowledge of our rights under military law, yet at the same time it speaks well for our desire to attain soldierly obedience, that we submitted to violent abuse and peremptory orders from a civilian chef. In later days, armed as we were with a knowledge of these rights, Gross' actions would undoubtedly have endangered his bodily safety. Enlisted men were assigned as understudies to our civilian cooks, and later took up their tasks when the latter were removed. Throughout the battery's existence cooks came and went.

The executive side of the mess was administered by Frank Waring, whose duties, upon his departure for an ordnance school in the west, were taken up by Henry Mueller, who continued in the capacity of mess sergeant until just before we left Upton, when, at his own solicitation, he was removed to the line, to be replaced by Herbert Flatau. The best criterion of Mueller's management of the mess is found in the fact that during the Argonne campaign, when it became necessary to remove Flatau and when the mess question was giving endless but nevertheless just cause for universal complaint, Mueller was hopefully appealed to by the entire battery to return to his former duties.

In reviewing the problems of the mess we find that two difficulties contributed to the tediousness of the task. The first was due to the

fact that seventeen cents was the ration allowance for each man per day. If that allowance was overstepped at any time, it meant short rations later on. But on the other hand, any unused portion was convertible into cash, and was placed to the account of the battery in the battery fund. Coming from civil life, with all its luxuries, we thought seventeen cents all too insufficient for a day's fodder, but it was demonstrated to be more than enough if skilfully and wisely disbursed. Let it ever stand to the credit of Mueller that he fed the battery well yet economically, and with a keen eye to that day in France when a battery fund would complement poor rations and buy a few small luxuries so woefully scarce. Despite our vehement protests, he steadfastly maintained his miserly policy toward us, and our thanklessness later turned to gratitude. The paper work, new to the mess sergeant, was complex to an exasperating degree, but down to the last fraction the work was carried out with conscientious application.

When the Quartermaster's Department delivered fresh beef, we were entitled to one forequarter of beef and one hindquarter, the latter being more desirable because it was more meaty. Often the quartermaster delivered two forequarters, and Mueller went to every authority save the Major-General, with the inevitable result that the quartermaster settled the difficulty by delivering two hindquarters the following day. To illustrate further his efficiency and discipline we cite another incident. Due to our throwing whole slices of uneaten bread into the incinerator, because at the serving our eyes were larger than our stomachs, Mueller began cutting the slices in half and feeding them to us as our appetites demanded. Then, at last, we knew that he was a painful success.

Consider the task of preventing a continual round of the standard edibles—stew, beans, canned corned willy, potatoes, oatmeal, rice, prunes, and dried apricots—from causing mutiny among recruits, and you have in a nutshell another phase of the mess problem. Suffice it to say that we ate as well as the quality and quantity of our supplies would permit. However, when Captain Dick, often to test the quality of the food, came to the mess line, was served, and retired to the inner recesses of the orderly room to partake thereof, "we still maintain," to employ Gelbach's phrase, that he threw it out of the window, at the same time shedding bitter tears of official sympathy for us.

III. The declaration of war, with the equipping and maintenance of our tremendous army, made a sudden and pressing demand on the industries of the country with which they desperately, and at first with slow progress, strove to wrestle. Nowhere was this condition

more evident than in the equipment of the battery with uniforms and other military accoutrements. Upon the entrance into the service of the first few thousand there was sufficient equipment to supply every man with one olive-drab uniform, one suit of underwear, one pair of socks, one each of service hat, overcoat, and slicker, one pair of gloves, one pair of tan dress shoes, and one pair of hob-nailed field shoes, known more familiarly as hikers. The men were usually measured on the day of their arrival, and received their uniform one week later. As with many of our other problems, inexperience on the part of both officers and men played havoc with the possibilities of efficiency, for we were totally ignorant of a proper method of keeping our clerical records, and knew little or nothing about equipment, except that it was khaki and that each man was supposed to own a lot more of it than was provided. Mueller, at the outset, was acting as supply sergeant, and fulfilled his duties with great ability. On being transferred to the management of the mess, he was succeeded by Gray, who did exceptionally good work.

As the number of incoming recruits increased, a corresponding demand for equipment gave the supply sergeant a deal of worry. Then, too, we have it on sound authority that the physical size of the men making up the new army averaged larger proportions than the men of the old army. The sizes of clothes ran too small for many of the larger men, and as a result the latter had to wait until the proper sizes of equipment could be specially requisitioned. All this meant delay and unending labor. When Jim Murphy stepped up to be outfitted, he passed each equipment table containing blouses, breeches, overcoats, hats, etc., receiving the same answer at each —"Haven't got that size." Finally emerging, his total initial army equipment consisted of extra shoe-laces, identification tags, and a yard of tape. His was far from being the only case of its kind. And what is more, this was as late as December, over eight months after the declaration of war. About this time the shoes of the first recruits began to wear out, and more trouble arose in getting them new ones. A system of sending shoes away to be repaired was established, but it was four weeks or more before they were returned. The system, a happy one in its conception, became hopelessly tangled, and men were apt to receive other shoes than those they had sent away, a misfortune which resulted in painful attempts to wear boots which conformed to the bulging bunions of other feet. All this time new men were coming into the battery, merely to be equipped by us at the expense of great time and energy and transferred to other outfits almost immediately. It was not until early in

1918 that we received our extra olive-drab uniforms and new shoes. About the same time field equipment, consisting of pack carrier, shelter tent, condiment and bacon cans, were issued.

IV. Army paper work, with all its maddening intricacies, presented another problem demanding patient industry and exactness. Orders, correspondence, and memoranda of various kinds had to be classified and filed for constant future reference. Rosters, pay-rolls, muster-rolls, surveys, and a dozen similar reports had to be made out regularly. Likewise it was necessary to devise a system by which all of this work could be carried on with the least possible friction and the greatest expedition. Here again, the unfamiliarity of new men with complex military forms called for tremendous effort and long hours of application on the part of those appointed to the task. Captain Dick, while never in the slightest neglecting the field-work of the battery, concentrated the greater part of his time and energy on this phase of the battery work. Seeking out and testing the quality of many of the enlisted men for the position of battery clerk, the position finally was given to Baecker. With great patience, and by hours of work sometimes stretching far into the nights, Baecker guided and shaped the clerical affairs of the battery until there was finally devised a system of paper work which remained the model throughout our existence as a military unit. Approaching each new problem with only general model specimens, if any, of the matter in hand, he worked out model forms applicable to the battery's needs. The first pay-roll, first muster-roll, and many other first reports worked out by the captain and Baecker were guides thereafter. Aside from the captain, Baecker was the only man in the battery office who had a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of this particular work. During the captain's three months' absence in Fort Sill, the vast bulk of the work rested squarely on Baecker's shoulders. He was succeeded by Dunkak, who, from his arrival at Upton, was trained as a battery clerk, retaining that position until our demobilization. The splendid up-to-the-minute condition of his records at all inspections in Europe stands as a significant tribute to the manner in which he accomplished his task.

V. All of the phases reviewed above were of extreme importance in the development of the battery, and it would be an improper omission to leave them undiscussed, however uninteresting they may be to those of us who were not directly concerned with them. However, our greater interest, our hours of happiness and tedious work, enthusiasm and depression, hopes and misgivings, centered almost entirely around that part of our life at Upton which pertained to training and

disciplining the personnel. We are not disregarding the other important spheres of work when we say that this was the most vital of them all and the one to which we must devote more pages, since on its character, both at Upton and Camp de Souge, depended our failure or success as a fighting unit on the Lorraine, the Vesle, and the Argonne fronts.

In the review of our accomplishments under this general division of our problems let us keep in mind the three outstanding difficulties which confronted us: first, our own colossal ignorance of all military matters; second, the lack of ordnance and other field materiel commensurate with our requirements; and third, the inexperience of the officers. Of the three, the first looms up most prominently. We are free to admit, indeed proud to state, that at the time of our induction we knew little, most of us nothing, of military discipline and the duties of a soldier. We were accustomed to absolute freedom of mind and deed, decidedly unaccustomed to dictatorial treatment at the hands of men who democracy had taught us to believe were no better than ourselves. To turn such independence into obedience and to supplant utter ignorance with a knowledge of the exacting requirements of military life, were the tasks confronting our officers. That they succeeded, we hope may be shown by this book, but we are happy to think that they never succeeded—if they ever planned to—in converting us into that type of perfect soldier prescribed by military regulations, an individual without individuality, a mere mechanism manipulated by pushing the right button. To the last, the men of the National Army were American fighters, not Prussian soldiers.

As for the materiel with which to train us, it was so woefully inadequate that the most optimistic might well have quailed in apprehension. Without sufficient guns, rifles, gas-masks, or artillery instruments, it seemed impossible that we could learn enough to take our stand against veteran troops. Indeed, it was not until we went in for intensive training at Camp de Souge, that we gained a real insight into the nature of our work, though our experiences at Upton gave us a necessary foundation in discipline, drill, and military etiquette.

The inexperience of officers was a circumstance of tremendous significance. The fact that we used to call them "ninety-day wonders" indicates our attitude toward them at the time. It is a temptation to exaggerate their inexperience just as it is a temptation to overrate many of their accomplishments. It may be said, however, that they were hastily trained, and trained in American methods of warfare which, in many cases, proved of little use in camp and of

no use on the battle line. Perhaps the majority of junior officers in the National Army were young men fresh from college, or even with unfinished education. Some were less experienced in the ways of life than many of the men whom they commanded. In fact, they were men whose enthusiasm and spirit far outran their military learning and, at times, their powers of discretion. It is casting no aspersion on their characters or abilities to say so. It is merely another reflection on America's unpreparedness. Let it be said that Battery "A" fortunately began its career under the supervision of officers who were mature in judgment and capable of mastering in a most creditable way the problems which beset them; yet it will always be a source of amusement to remember the numerous occasions, from the first dismounted drills in Upton to the instruction in Butt's "Manual of Arms" in Noyon, France, when our instructors stood, book in hand, referring to printed pages for information which their knowledge could not supply them.

Truly, these difficulties presented a situation which afforded little encouragement, and now, as we follow more or less chronologically the development of the battery, splendid efforts and splendid results are revealed, which must ever be a source of pride to the enlisted men and to the officers who led them.

On September 29, 1917, the first step in training was taken in the form of instruction in close order drill. A number of men were on detail, leaving about thirty men clad in civilian attire to answer the call. Captain Dick marched the men out to one of the uncompleted camp roads about a quarter of a mile from the barracks, and, without use of military commands, arranged them in double rank. Lined before him there were men representing many walks of life, from the farm, the factory, offices, college lecture halls, and professions, now mere recruits waiting to receive the first lesson in the new game they had entered.

Who of us present at that moment will ever forget the captain's maiden speech to Battery "A"? He touched briefly on the purpose of our being there, marshaling such reasons as whipping the Germans, defending our national honor, and squaring the *Lusitania* account; but from the point of view which we entertained in those days, he failed to mention the most compelling reason, namely, the "Order of Induction." He finished by telling us of the "terrible" Canadian losses, and he wanted to "emphasize" that "they *lost*—they lost *heavily*—they lost because they didn't have *discipline*—we must have *discipline*." This speech was delivered with the natural rising inflection of his voice toward the end of each sentence, short or long,

H.T.Fisk 1921

Hostess House, any night. Camp Upton L.I.

with a snapping out of the last word. A short period of instruction in the simple drill movements such as right, left, and about face, terminated the morning session. During the afternoon we were divided into squads, and as certain men were appointed as squad leaders buttons began to fly off blouse fronts as chests swelled under the anticipation of a set of stripes. Another lecture ended the afternoon session. This lecture, the first of a long series on the subject, was devoted to profound declarations about saluting, its value and necessity, and how to render it so that the officer receiving it would "jump." Then and there the captain made us understand that the fate of the Nation, together with the balance of power in Europe, hung on our ability to render a correct salute. We now recall how the battery ofttimes thereafter was taken to some side road or drill field to practice the subtle, angular art of saluting. We started from a position of "At ease," with feet spread apart. Then the command "Attention"—"Hand," at which the right hand was raised to saluting position, "Salute," and the hand was snapped down. This was followed by the command "At ease." With clocklike regularity the drill was repeated over and over again, and with great solemnity, as though the Nation's salvation depended upon it.

From September 24th to October 22d, the work of the battery was concentrated on close order drill and physical exercise. As men were transferred to or from the battery, the personnel of the organization changed often. Only the most important changes are mentioned in this writing. By virtue of new arrivals on September 28th and October 8th, the number of enlisted men increased to 194. Permanent squads with acting squad leaders and section chiefs were formed. McKeever and Marriner were officially appointed acting corporals with the captain's awful warning that they were to be "obeyed and respected accordingly." A system of bugle-calls was instituted with first call at 6 A.M. and taps at 10 P.M. Sergeant Smith, the first top-sergeant of the battery, with deliberate intention went A. W. O. L. to be "busted" and sent back to his outfit in the Regular Army, punishment inflicted at the hands of a Summary Court. Despite McKeever's aspiration to the position, Ardiff was made top-sergeant. On October 21st, Corporal Chester B. Armour, First-class Private George P. Gray, and Zollinger were transferred to us from the Regular Army Coast Artillery at Fort Greble, Rhode Island. A War Department order at this time forbade the making of any non-commissioned officers from the National Army ranks until after November 1, 1917. Armour was consequently transferred to us to be first sergeant, Gray as supply sergeant, and Zollinger as a line sergeant. In compliance

with this order, Ardiff was removed in favor of Armour, only to be reappointed nine days later, he being the captain's choice for that place, any order of the War Department to the contrary notwithstanding. Although reluctant to remove Mueller, the captain had no alternative under the above-mentioned order but to make Gray supply sergeant. Gray was allowed just twenty-four hours to master the supply system or give way to Mueller again on the first of November. Although inexperienced in this kind of work, and facing a task almost impossible to grasp in so short a time, Gray labored fast and hard, and with Mueller's assistance he succeeded. He remained as supply sergeant until he was removed to the hospital from the *Leviathan* upon docking at Brest.

November 1st witnessed the first official appointments of non-commissioned officers. Captain Dick wisely delayed the appointment of non-commissioned officers. His opinion on the subject was that of an eminent German military writer, who once said that non-commissioned officers were the backbone of any military organization. Germans, however, have been proved in the wrong on more than one question lately, and probably the majority of us would justly insist that, if any one rank could claim to be the mainstay of an army, the honor would fall to the buck private. With few exceptions, the enlisted men at that time had not enough of the rudimentary knowledge of military drill to permit them to be of much assistance as non-commissioned officers. Consequently the captain waited, ever observing and studying. He endeavored always to avoid the error of hasty and improper selections which would cause the organization to suffer or compel the reduction of any whom he had appointed. Whatever criticism can be made of his other policies, now looking back with a knowledge gleaned from experience, we are happy to acknowledge that his attitude toward his non-commissioned officers seems almost perfect. Painstakingly he instructed them in their duties, never driving them into the hands of those whom they commanded by reproving them in public, and never robbing them of their necessary self-confidence and self-assertiveness by threatening them with reduction—a last resort with him, and one which he was never compelled to employ. In short, he promoted a man and then backed that man and his actions to the limit. He instilled a pride in the stripes by formally presenting the warrants at a battery formation to each new non-commissioned officer individually, and in a speech to the battery as a whole at that time he stated, "A non-commissioned officer's order is mine—in my absence he stands in my stead—he must be respected

and obeyed." Such conduct as this drew for him the instant co-operation of his non-coms, and, after his promotion and withdrawal from the battery, his policy was recognized with approval by both non-coms and privates.

On October 22, 1917, the battery embarked on a period of intensive training which lasted sixteen weeks. A plan was laid down, definitely indicating the lines along which the battery was to be developed. The organization was to be divided into three large groups, known as the special detail, cannoneers, and mechanics. The entire battery was to receive physical training in the morning and an hour of close order drill each day. For the remainder of the day the men were divided into the groups above named and trained in the special functions of the group to which they belonged.

The special detail, ever since its creation ironically referred to as the "Brains of the Battery," and composed of certain men selected for their particular qualifications, were trained in visual signaling, the use of the field signal-buzzer, installation and operation of telephones, panoramic sketching, map-drawing, manipulation of fire-control instruments, and general liaison work. Flags rudely made with sticks and pieces of cloth were used for the instruction in visual signaling. Men were taught the semaphore alphabet, and then practised its use among themselves. Sometimes, especially in the winter, the signaling was done from one end of the upper floor of the main barrack to the other. As spring approached, the work was carried to the drill ground between the barracks, to Smith's Field, or to the hill back of the re-mount station. In the main the work was dull and only a few men ever attained great proficiency in it.

The "buzzer class" offered a splendid opportunity for sleep. "Buzzer class in the lower squad room," was the form the summons took. Regulation field buzzers were not received until early spring, and in their absence ordinary push-button electric bells, encased in small wooden boxes, were employed. We spent many hours lolling in arm-chairs around the large stove, translating scattered sentences from popular magazines into the Morse code, while a partner in practice endeavored to read the message. Often a sentence was taken from a particularly interesting story which resulted in far more attention being paid to the story than to the buzzer. As in visual signaling, there were few men who applied themselves sufficiently to become proficient. When the regulation field buzzers arrived, much time was spent in experimenting with the instruments, to give the men a knowledge of testing and repairing them.

Telephone instruction consisted of stringing wires all through the

barrack, around posts, up and down the staircases, through windows, and through holes drilled in the walls. Conversations from floor to floor, main barrack, and annex, were carried on.

Panoramic sketching from a terrain board or the surrounding country, and map-reading and -making gave us a hazy idea of that work, but no more.

The cannoneers were instructed in standing gun drill on American three-inch pieces, but never actually fired them, although they went to the range to watch the 305th Field Artillery fire. Under Lieutenant Ketcham and Lieutenant Burke the duties of cannoneers in the operation of the three-inch piece were explained, and during December we received two three-inch pieces with caissons, with which to display our newly acquired knowledge. Standing gun drill and simulated firing occupied us for a few weeks, when the pieces were taken away to be used at the new Officers' Training School established at the camp. It was during this work on the guns that the battery sustained its first casualty, Bernstein having the top of one of his fingers cut off when he inadvertently got his finger in the breech recess as the breech block swung closed. The whole regiment received four three-inch pieces of a most antiquated model, and we promptly dubbed them the "pre-Revolutionary War guns." All four guns were consigned to each battery one day a week. On the days when the guns were in other hands, standing gun drill was conducted by means of four planks laid on the ground to represent the wheels, muzzle, and trail of the gun. The system of American commands was used, range being given in yards, site in degrees on the quadrant, and deflection in mills. No explosives were ever handled at Upton, and the only real benefit the cannoneers received from their training there, was a slight inkling of how a gun crew was formed, how it functioned on a drill field, and the manner in which indirect fire was conducted.

Curiosity may be aroused as to why the third division of the battery, the mechanics—consisting at that time of almost one half of the total battery strength—was later reduced to the small group of three men who served as our mechanics during action. That is readily explained by the fact that we were originally intended to be a motorized outfit in which a large number of men would be needed to manipulate tractors, motor-cars, and cycles, beside superintending the construction of gun-pits and large dugouts. The training of the mechanics was conducted along these lines.

Instruction in the theory and handling of motors was derived from overhauling and assembling the motor in the captain's Ford. Later an Oldsmobile car was sent to the battery to be cleaned and repaired,

an object which afforded the mechanics further opportunity for profound research and experiment. The work was carried on under the direction of Waring, as chief mechanic. The classes consisted chiefly of hot disputes among Waring, Rubin, Estrominsky, and Schildknecht over each other's mechanical knowledge. Always, motor parts were found scattered in practically every part of the barrack, and it was an inevitable occurrence that, once assembled, the motor had to be immediately overhauled because some part had not been inserted, or because a missing tool had been left in a cylinder. An actual illustration of the latter occurred when a small screw-driver was recovered from inside the engine.

After theoretical instruction in the digging of gun emplacements and underground galleries had been given by Lieutenant Vollmer, practical experience took the form of the construction of a gun-pit sunk five feet below the ground level with a gallery twenty-five feet underground. Work was commenced in November in the wooded country adjoining the camp. The first preparations alone indicated that the child of our labors would far eclipse the proportions and beauty of Solomon's temple. A large pit was dug and huge trees were hewn down, out of which logs were cut twelve to sixteen inches in diameter. These were to be the inside facing of the walls. The exhausting work of hauling logs soon sapped any interest we might have had at the outset, and our enthusiasm was further chilled when the ground froze, causing our pickaxes to bound off the earth without leaving a scratch. Finally the weather became so intensely cold that the work was abandoned.

A brief summary of the other more important phases of our development will serve to close the review of our training in the art of war as pursued at Upton.

Non-commissioned officers' school was conducted in drill manual, in map-reading and map-making, and in principles of fire.

Patrol and scout duty was practised and, after theoretical instruction in the use of the compass and in woodcraft, patrols were established. But they degenerated into nothing more than wild games of hare and hound, pursued without the slightest regard for military regulations.

Small-arms firing was taken up after we were equipped with rifles, which, with the exception of some twenty old Krag rifles, was not until early spring, when the new Winchester rifles arrived. These were replaced by Eddystone rifles, a few weeks prior to our departure overseas. Our first duty was to clean the rifles of heavy cosmoline, this occupying us for several afternoons in the lower mess-

hall, when we diligently transferred the cosmoline from the rifles to our uniforms. Drill in sighting and aiming at bull's-eyes at the end of the room (not forgetting the famous "trigger-squeeze") prepared us for work on the range. The night before the days on the range we practised simulated firing. Cartridges, with the explosive and primers extracted, were used. We lay on the tables in the mess-hall and went through the drill of loading, sighting, aiming, squeezing the trigger, and extracting the empty cartridge. We practised slow and rapid fire. The actual firing on the range brought splendid results, the battery as a whole firing exceptionally well for novices, substantiating Roosevelt's assertion that an American is born a good shot.

Bayonet drill is something we shall not soon forget. "On guard," "Short thrust," "Withdraw," "Long thrust," "Butt strike," are commands which produce a smile. Nor can we forget Lieutenant Vollmer urging us to look more fierce as we thrust the bayonet at an imaginary opponent, nor the wild dashes in platoon front across open lots, yelling, in compliance with our instruction, like Cherokee Indians.

If we were only to mention a few of Mourges' commands, such as "For protection only," "Clean your right eyepiece," "Press out for gas," "Don't dribble through your mouthpiece," "Give your name, rank, and organ-eye-zation," "Right o'black," they would serve to recall our training in gas defense. The importance of gas defense was appreciated to its fullest extent, and the training was intensive to a very high degree. The facilities for training were limited to twelve gas-masks. The battery was divided into small groups, which alternated in the use of the masks. The drill consisted in an inspection to test the mask for imperfections, drill in rapid adjustment, and dismounted drill with the mask adjusted over the face, all of which was supplemented by lectures on first aid in case of our being gassed. The drill was repulsive because, with such a limited number of masks, we were compelled to put in our mouths the mouthpieces which had been used by others, an unsanitary and most unpleasant feature which we vainly attempted to mitigate by washing the mouthpieces in a nauseating solution of creosote. Mourges was a first-class taskmaster, but drilled over-hard and over-long, to the extent of displaying bad judgment. On the other hand, the gas-defense training was perhaps the most productive of all our work at Upton. The rudiments so thoroughly instilled into us there were never forgotten, and made the later training in that work under Bernstein at Camp de Souge very simple.

In anticipation of our possibly becoming a horse-drawn instead of a motor-drawn battery (which, as we know, proved to be the case), a course in equitation was given us. Due to the total lack of horses, wooden substitutes were used. These were built by the men, and consisted of long, hollow, wooden cylinders mounted on four sticks. Small pegs fastened on the top of the cylinders served to designate the pommel and cantle of the saddle. Under the tutelage of Lieutenant Burke, we executed the commands "Stand to horse," "Prepare to mount," and "Mount." The last command was particularly difficult to execute, for some of the horses were built higher than others, and since none of them had stirrups or saddles, considerable discomfort was experienced by the uninitiated, who jumped high and fell heavily in the hard, wooden seats. Other movements of the cavalry drill were practised, as "Low reach," "About face," etc. With so much other simulated work going on for lack of proper facilities, it is a matter for self-congratulation that we were not compelled to groom imaginary manes and polish imaginary hoofs by the numbers.

There was a great deal of such mock procedure, and it all appeared futile and ridiculous, yet simulation of one sort or another was merely making the best of an unfortunate situation. What is more important, it kept us busily preoccupied with other thoughts than those of home and Broadway.

All this training, or attempt at training, along special lines was supplemented by close order drill and physical exercise, conducted for one hour each morning under Lieutenant Swenson. What contributed more than anything else to the physical conditioning of the men, were the long afternoon hikes in the invigorating air of the country. How well we remember Lieutenant Reid speeding along in tireless fashion, leading us up and down hills, never slackening the pace, and bringing us back to the barrack perspiring and with legs aching from what usually amounted to a five-mile trip.

One day of every week was set aside for an all-day hike, with instruction in castrametation. The latter consisted in pitching tents, mounting guard, preparing food on the field range, and policing the camp area. The one outstanding event in this connection was the Shoreham hike, which forever after was the criterion of all battery marches. With full equipment, including the blankets rolled and carried over the shoulder and around the body similar to pictures of Sherman's troops on their march to the sea, the battery departed at 8 A.M. Most of the twelve miles to Shoreham were made in the rain. The rations for the mess were carried in the captain's "flivver." Arriving at 11.30 A.M., camp was made on the beach and mess cooked

and eaten in a downpour of rain. The mess consisted of clam chowder, baked beans, bread, and coffee. Our portions of clam chowder were visibly increased and noticeably diluted by rain-water, shed from our service hats as we nodded our heads in endeavors to drink. Early in the afternoon the return hike was commenced and the battery, splashing through mud and water, yet singing with great spirit, arrived at the barrack at 5.30 P.M.

Oh, Captain Dick of Battery "A,"
He had two hundred men.
He marched them up to the top of a hill,
And marched them down again;
And when they were up they were up,
And when they were down they were down,
And when they were only halfway up,
They were neither up nor down.

While we go marching
And the band begins to P-L-A-Y,
You can hear them shouting,
"The boys of Battery 'A'
Are on a hike again to-day!"

The dull, monotonous moments of our lives at Upton were confined chiefly to the hours of training. Once those hours were passed, life was more enjoyable. It has been previously mentioned that the lower squad room served alternately in the capacity of a dormitory and a recreation room. The battery bought a pool table, hired a piano, purchased chess and checker sets, and these, with a small library of books and magazines, afforded many pleasant hours. On two occasions the medical authorities decided that the space between bunks must be widened, and accordingly our recreation room was needed as a dormitory for the excess number of bunks excluded from the other barrack rooms. When this occurred, the pool table had to be put in one corner, rendering it useless, and the piano moved to the mess-hall. Added to our facilities for enjoyment was the Y. M. C. A., with writing-tables and moving-picture shows. And the erection of the Hostess House across the street opened another favorite rendezvous with its comfortable easy-chairs, rugs on the floor, reading matter, and a canteen where much delightful and dainty food afforded relief from the unpalatable army fare. Entertainments were conducted in our own mess-hall on many occasions, giving Buddy Childs, Jim Barnes, and others opportunities to display their vocal talents.

Perhaps the most important factor which contributed to our recreation was the week-end pass to New York City. Due to the ever increasing size of the division and the limited transportation facilities, the pass privilege was restricted to a very small percentage of each unit in the camp. At first the fortunate ones were entitled to go in on any available train. However, great minds ran in the same channel, and the entire crowd rushed headlong for the first train, causing many stampedes, in one of which a colonel was knocked off his horse. The system of designating on the face of the pass certain trains for departure and return was instituted (we suspect at the instigation of the outraged colonel). Men were gathered into regimental units, inspected for cleanliness of uniform and other equipment, and carefully scrutinized to insure their having on the white stock collar. They were then marched off by an officer to the terminal, and boarded the train in an orderly fashion. An entire chapter could easily be devoted to this subject of passes, with all its virtues, faults, joys, sorrows, and injustices.

The general principle was to grant passes by roster. The plan was apparently the only equitable way of managing the matter, yet it proved to be a poor one in operation, for hopes were justly raised, only to be dashed down when the inevitable duty and guard rosters happened to interfere. The judgments of the officer in charge and of the first sergeant were subjected to bitter criticism by those who suffered. Many thought there was a powerful oligarchy in the battery, and perhaps rightly, for certainly there was a favored coterie of non-commissioned officers who seemed to monopolize the passes. Then, too, there arose the complication of giving passes to men who could supply their own transportation in the form of automobiles, owned or hired. The use of public buses running to and from New York came into being, and many a weird story can be told of the joy-rides we had in utilizing them.

With all its mistakes and all the trouble it fomented, we can look on the pass question as one of those many affairs of army life which often tried our hearts and tempers, but which, nevertheless, served us happily many times, and afforded a distinct relief from the drag of camp. Though many men were not fortunate enough to get to New York regularly, there was one consolation—which we never had in foreign service—in the fact that Camp Upton's close proximity to the city enabled friends and relatives to visit us on Saturdays and Sundays.

The discussion of our problems and the manner of meeting them gives only a general insight into our life at Camp Upton, and leaves

untouched many occasions and many circumstances which the reader must recall for himself. Our book, however, would be most unsatisfying if it did not cite a few of the more memorable events which cannot well be classified under the headings of our problems, but which we are loathe to leave unmentioned.

On November 8th, to the disgust and disappointment of the entire battery and the infinite wrath of the supply sergeant and office force, Battery "A" was torn asunder by the transfer of one hundred of its men to the 82d Division, Camp Gordon, Georgia. Lieutenant Reid was temporarily detached to conduct them, together with four hundred others from divers units in the camp, on their distasteful excursion to balmier climes. This occasion witnessed the introduction of the blue cloth barrack bag. Thereafter an issue of "blue bags" to the supply sergeant caused abnormal palpitations of the heart, whispered rumors as to what men might expect deportation, and subtle schemes for going A. W. O. L. to escape the hateful transfer. A few dollars as a fine, a few greasy days in the kitchen, or a week of hard labor with the chain-gang as punishment for the A. W. O. L.—what were these compared to the horrible torture of being banished far from Broadway's dazzling lights?

Second Lieutenant William C. Armstrong was attached to the battery on November 20, 1917. Lieutenant Armstrong's strong points were platoon drill, manual of the pistol, and working in conjunction with Lieutenant Vollmer on bayonet practice. He is to be pardoned for all but the manner in which he kept our hearts in a flutter by flashing his Colt automatic in the air during instruction. All was well until, one day, he produced three cartridges. We spent many an anxious minute while he loaded and unloaded the weapon. He absolutely guaranteed that a shot from the gun would pass through fifteen feet of reinforced concrete and never would the gun jam. We learned differently.

December 9, 1917, was to us a Day of Redemption. A kind of sabbatical period set in. Captain Dick was sent on three months' detached service to the School of Fire at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Lieutenant Reid was to act as battery commander during his absence. The captain was too exacting a disciplinarian to be endured for more than a few consecutive months. He had a weakness for keeping us standing at strict attention on the inspection line Saturday mornings, not allowing us even to blink an eyelid. He had no compunctions for canceling our names, already on the pass list, for finding a speck of dirt in a rifle bore, unwashed leggings, or unpolished shoes. In consequence of this, we invariably spent Friday nights in the wash-

house, getting our equipment immaculately clean and blaspheming the captain as we scrubbed. Most certainly at Saturday inspection it was woe unto him who was not fully prepared at the snarling, blood-curdling command, "O-p-e-n R-a-n-k-s, M-a-r-c-h." And the indoor inspection at our bunks was just as difficult a test. Blankets had to be folded in perfect accordance with the diagram posted on the bulletin board in the lower hall; the mess gear had to be laid out with painful precision, even to the prongs of the fork and the points of the spoon and knife taking the approved direction prescribed in the "Book of Pass Regulations." The extra shoes (when finally received) had to be polished and placed with mathematical exactness under the bunk. The floor of the barrack had to be scrubbed every Friday night and kept clean for the morning. If some delinquent was found he was promptly informed that he had no "discipline," and then followed the inevitable question, "Who is your section chief?" The unfortunate sergeant was then told all the things for which he was responsible, ranging, so far as he could gather, from the delinquent private's personal affairs up to the direction of the entire war.

Not only in respect to inspections, but in saluting and other military courtesies, there was no relief. How many of the uninitiated stepped into the captain's private room to interview him, and, after saluting and standing at attention for the first few moments, forgot themselves and proceeded to assume a more confidential and pleasant attitude by resting one hand on the captain's desk and shifting the total weight of the body to one foot. The captain was perhaps rendered speechless for a few seconds by the familiarity of the pose, but inevitably, after a moment, the words, "You're at *Attention!*" would crash from his lips, causing the offender not only to forget the stage of the story he had reached, but the whole errand itself which had brought him into the room. Again, when the captain entered the lower hall and *"Attention!"* was not called, or was called in a weak voice, the man who failed in his duty was made to repeat *"Attention!"* until he could call it and call it loudly. For him who failed to leap to his feet at the same warning, there were a few jumping lessons until he acquired the agility of a jack-in-the-box. If a new recruit, after a week or two in the battery, was asked by the captain for his name, and answered "Brown," all the officials from the lowest ranking corporal to the ranking lieutenant were brought to account for that man not knowing enough to affix his title "Private." Should a private address a non-commissioned officer as "Corp" or "Sarge" in the captain's hearing, he was immediately charged with a violation

of all the articles in and out of the "Manual of Courts-Martial." These exactions, though responsible to a large extent for the battery's discipline, made the captain's departure a welcome oasis in the desert of militarism.

On December 8, 1917, another increment of men from civilian life was received in the camp, and these men, from local boards numbers 64 and 65, were quartered with the battery until December 13th, when seventy-two of them were assigned. By that time battery affairs were working more smoothly and the new recruits soon mastered the rudiments of military drill by the example set them and the constant attention given them. Before long they were swinging along with the rest of the battery. They were informed how fortunate they were to have made their début while Lieutenant Reid was in command, and how they had better begin to prepare for the imperialistic commander who was on detached service.

Lieutenant Reid arranged with the manager of the 44th Street Theater in New York City to entertain the entire battery at a performance of "Over the Top." We went to New York on an early evening train and marched from the Pennsylvania Station up Seventh Avenue to the theater. Although we counted ourselves as soldiers, fully trained in military etiquette, we must now open the family closet and confess that we received explicit instructions before we left the camp as to how we should act if the theater orchestra played the national anthem. We all enjoyed the play immensely and the trip back to camp on the midnight train ended a very happy occasion.

At both Christmas and the New Year, three-day passes were granted to a large number of men, enabling a great majority to spend these holidays at home.

First Lieutenant N. J. Marsh was casually attached to the battery on December 17th, and was transferred to the 305th Field Artillery on December 28th. First Lieutenant Pitman was attached to the battery on December 27th. On December 26th, Sergeants Zollinger and Armour were transferred to Fort Greble, where they had been originally stationed.

At this time an officers' training school was established in Camp Upton, and men were recommended from all units to attend and study for commissions. Lieutenant Reid recommended a number of men, but only two were selected from "A" Battery. We failed to receive our full quota as a battery of the regiment, and Lieutenant Reid protested against discrimination. He appealed to the colonel, and asked permission to carry the case to the commanding general of

the camp, but without success. The two selected men, Sergeants Ardiff and Franklin, went to school, the former going into the infantry school, where he successfully completed the course. Franklin, when only a few days in the artillery school, wrenched his knee while jumping over the trail of a three-inch gun during drill, and spent the rest of the course in the base hospital, thereby deprived of his chance to earn a well-deserved commission.

On the 5th of January, Baecker was appointed first sergeant to fill the vacancy created by Ardiff's transfer.

On January 9th, Lieutenants Vollmer, Ketcham, and Swenson were promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. On the same day, Second Lieutenant Frank R. Greene was attached, and later, February 11th, was assigned to the battery. Lieutenant Armstrong, then attached, was assigned February 21st. On February 25th, Captain Dick returned from Fort Sill and again assumed command. Second Lieutenant John A. Grahn, Jr., was assigned to the battery on the 14th of March, and on the 16th of the same month Lieutenant Greene was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant and transferred to Battery "F" of the regiment.

On March 31, 1918, the roster showed the battery to have 219 men and 9 officers, assigned or attached.

The battery suffered a distinct loss when Lieutenants Pitman,

H. T. F. '21

Battery "A" Annex. Camp Upton L.I.

Ketcham, Swenson, and Burke were transferred to regimental headquarters. There is nothing but the highest praise on the part of the enlisted men for these officers. While maintaining their dignity as officers, they nevertheless were always fair and gentlemanly in their actions toward all of us. At all times they displayed the greatest interest in us, and employed their authority in no arrogant nor selfish manner, nor ever abused it to our disadvantage. They formed an ideal combination, better than we could have desired, and a combination which was never again equaled, let alone surpassed, in the history of the battery. Lieutenant Pitman's endeavors were devoted entirely to the special detail, and he displayed considerable knowledge and aptitude for his work. Lieutenants Ketcham and Burke were engaged in the instruction of cannoneers and supervised our efforts to master the theories of equitation. Because of their former experience in the ranks they were peculiarly fitted for practical artillery work. Lieutenant Swenson's particular duty was conditioning the battery in physical training and instructing us in close order drill and military courtesies.

Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1918, marked the end of the sixteenth-week period of intensive training. At that time, the Seventy-seventh Division parade was held in New York City, but none of our regiment was represented, since we had neither guns nor horses. Many of the men, however, received three-day passes to the city.

The air became surcharged with conflicting rumors to the effect that, on the one hand, we were going to endure another long period of training, and, on the other hand, that we were soon to start for overseas duty. Meanwhile training continued along the same lines as theretofore. During March, mid-week passes seemed to indicate that foreign service was at hand, but all rumors came to naught as our routine work continued.

On March 18th, the 152d Field Artillery Brigade held a review and a ball in the 69th Regiment Armory in New York City. The men who were not in the city on week-end passes proceeded there during the day. Lieutenant Reid was in command, the captain acting as battalion commander. About 8 o'clock in the evening we assembled near the armory, manœuvered about the vicinity for a time, and finally halted on Madison Avenue facing Madison Square. Here we awaited our turn to proceed to the review, and when our turn came, we marched over to Lexington Avenue and 26th Street in column formation, entered the massive armory, and, at the command of "Squads left," swung into a battery front to start on our long and

perilous journey past the reviewing stand. The order of "Squads left" resulted in utter confusion (any one might guess it would have to happen during a review), and we took a moment to unscramble ourselves and dress our line, but once recovered, we swept down the huge drill floor and by the reviewing stand in grand style. After the entire brigade had passed in review, the fun began, for the ball which followed was a great success. The following morning we returned to Upton, none the worse for our military dissipation.

During the early part of April, the infantry units of the division began to move overseas. Due to the loss of many men on the final inspection, the depleted infantry ranks were brought up to strength by transfers from artillery units in the camp. We lost a total of one hundred and thirteen experienced men, which affected our battery strength not only in numbers but in the loss of well drilled men. The camp seemed very deserted, and all of the artillery units were in a sadly depleted condition. This led instantly to a bombardment of rumors that the artillery would not depart for overseas for some time to come; and, what was most depressing, other rumors gained circulation that the artillery, or what was left of it, would be converted into infantry. Unhappy thought!

All thoughts of remaining in the States were dispelled by the whirlwind march of events during what proved to be our last week at Camp Upton. Affairs took on a different color and all evidence pointed to an early departure. Equipment was inspected and reinspected. Replacement troops came in large numbers from Camp Devens (Massachusetts) and Camp Dodge (Iowa). They were hurriedly drilled to bring them up to the standard of men who had had some seven months' previous training. In the midst of this confusion, orders suddenly arrived for the battery to be prepared to move within three days—Sunday night, April 21, 1918. The paper work in the office had to be brought up to the minute, and a complicated sailing list type-written in many copies. The supply sergeant had to bring the equipment of the men up to the requirements and dispose of any surplus. It meant practically all-night work for two nights. We were advised that Sunday would be the last opportunity offered for our friends and relatives to see us, and that farewells would have to be said in camp, since no passes would be granted.

Sunday morning, April 21st, dawned with torrents of rain, blown by a cold, penetrating wind. Shortly after 9 A.M., relatives and friends began to arrive on the first trains from the city and splashed through the mud and rain, or, if they were fortunate enough, rode from the station to the barrack in jitney buses. At 11 A.M., the

motor trucks from the Supply Company backed up to the front stoop of the barrack and a detail began loading the "blue bags." When this work was completed we were allowed to spend our time with our visitors. There were many pathetic scenes in the early afternoon as last farewells were said and relatives began to depart. At 2 P.M., an embarkation medical inspection of a very superficial nature was held and quickly completed. As evening drew on, more and more relatives took their last leaves, and by 8 P.M. the camp was cleared of civilians.

Since the spring bunks and bed-sacks had been disposed of, we lay on the floor of the dormitories, on our blankets and overcoats, awaiting the call. Some were still engaged in making preparations for departure. At 1 A.M., the first sergeant's whistle blew and electric lights were switched on. The non-commissioned officers were gathered in the mess-hall and final instructions concerning the trip to the port of embarkation were given by the captain. There was a hurried mess; reserve rations were issued; packs were rolled; and the final policing of the barrack and battery area was finished.

The confusion and excitement of the long day and the nervous anticipation of unusual events to come might well have dampened our spirits, yet some of us found energy to hang outside the barrack door painted signs on which were inscribed such phrases as, "Summer home to let—Owners gone to Europe for the Summer," "To let—Inquire Uncle Sam," "Good-by Upton—Will return in the Spring." Indeed, despite our fatigue, we were ready for anything which Fate might lay in our path, and Fate, to be sure, had many experiences in store for us.

The "Dizzy"

BY VERNON B. SMITH

He's what we call "a dizzy." He has a vacant stare,
A countenance expressionless, a mop of matted hair;
His conversation's jerky, his step serenely slow,
He cannot seem to learn the things a soldier ought to know.
He cannot hold his rifle right, nor do squads east and west;
His uniform hangs slovenly across his sunken chest;
He cannot pass inspection, his faults are not a few,
But he's useful in the kitchen, for he can dish the stew.
"Now give them all the stew they want," old Flatau used to say,
"Yes, give the boys all they can eat, one spoonful each, to-day."
The "dizzy" always dipped one spoon and gave not one drop more;
He cared not for entreaties, he cared not how they swore.
Oh, he's handy in the kitchen, for he knows not friend or foe,
Although he cannot learn the things a soldier ought to know.

The Leviathan and Brest

T 3 A.M., Monday, April 22d, Battery "A" started on its way to join the American Expeditionary Forces. We assembled on the small drill grounds where we had executed squads right for seven months, and where many a pleasant afternoon had been spent playing baseball. A roll-call showed all men present. "Squads right," commanded Lieutenant Vollmer, and the battery set forth for the great unknown. Ankle deep in mud, through the darkness and heavy fog of early morning, we splashed down Fourth Avenue, through 13th Street to Second Avenue, and on to the station. Long troop trains with their cars marked with the names of the units to occupy them were standing in the station awaiting our arrival. We piled aboard and took our places, three men and their packs to each double seat. At 5.55 the train drew out, and as we whizzed by the familiar stations of Hicksville, Mineola, and Jamaica, much interest was displayed in our passage by early morning commuters, who waved us farewell. Nearing New York, all windows were ordered closed, and we were cautioned not to throw from the cars any messages addressed to relatives giving news of our departure. Also long pieces of manila cord were issued with which to tie our hats to our overcoats, presumably in anticipation of a cyclonic voyage down the East River.

We detrained at Long Island City at 8.40 A.M., as shown by the huge clock on the Metropolitan Tower across the river. We marched through the terminal and crowded on the ferry-boat *George Washington,* which, when loaded to capacity, drew quietly out of the slip, passed down the East River, around the Battery, and up the Hudson to the piers of the Hamburg-American Line. The trip consumed four hours, for the good ship *George Washington* manœuvered up and down before the Hoboken piers, apparently waiting for a signal to indicate the slip at which she should dock. We anxiously wondered which of the many transports, large and small, was to be ours, and were considerably elated when we tied up near the giant transatlantic liner *Leviathan,* formerly the German ship *Vaterland.*

Tightly jammed on the ferry, our packs weighing heavily on our weary backs, we were more than ready to go aboard the liner, but we had a long wait before leaving the boat and another under the great sheds of the dock, before we marched aboard the steamer. We were very hungry, for our last mess had been served at 2 A.M. Orders had been given that we must not touch our reserve rations without the consent of a commissioned officer, and no officer was thoughtful enough to say the word; but the vacant feeling in our vitals was partially relieved when women workers of the Red Cross served us coffee and two small buns apiece.

As we marched aboard the *Leviathan,* each man's name was called from the sailing list, and as he responded to his name a billet ticket was given him, designating the section of the ship and the bunk which he was to call his own on the trip. Guides stationed on board directed us to our quarters. The battery was assigned to two separate sections of "E" deck, one section just forward of amidships, the other just aft of amidships. The two sections were partially separated by an upper gallery running around the mess-hall in which we ate. This part of "E" deck had formerly contained second-class state-rooms, but all of the latter had been torn out and were replaced by narrow bunks of canvas stretched on frames of iron pipes. We could temperately describe the place as being almost suitable for tenth-class passengers, though on the whole it would have made a first-class opium den. The bunks were in tiers of four, the lowest about six inches from the floor and the highest about two feet below the ceiling. They had been built in every conceivable corner of the vessel, and were so close together that two men, passing each other in the narrow aisles, had to walk sideways. The ship was lighted with electricity, but the light was very dim because of blue glass bulbs. The port-holes were securely fastened, and a printed notice on each held the peremptory order *"Don't Touch."* Though everything seemed very crowded and dirty and smelly, the bunks were nevertheless welcome to our weary bodies, and we flopped down on them, or up on them, as the case might be, and began wondering how long we would have to endure the discomforts of a transport.

One of the first orders given by the ship's authorities commanded us to turn in all matches and pocket flash-lights, with the admonition that any man found with either would be subject to court-martial. Small lamps, carefully concealed in various parts of the ship, were to serve the purpose of lighting cigarettes and other forms of the life-giving weed. The reserve rations which we had carried so diligently in the face of hunger were likewise turned in, since they might not be

kept around our bunks. Smoking was forbidden in the sleeping quarters or in any part of the vessel not specially designated.

At 5 P.M. we formed in line for the "dining saloon." Mess lines were formed in the various corridors above the mess-hall, and after an exasperating delay, converged at the head of the main staircase leading into what was at one time a gorgeous and spacious dining-room. The lines were checked at the foot of the stairs until there was room in the hall for additional men, when, at the blast of a whistle, we slid forward over the greasy floor with clattering mess-kits and shuffling feet, to be jostled by the guides to one of the many portable food containers. With mess-kits quickly filled we passed on to one of the long narrow tables running the length of the hall. Here we stood up to eat, ofttimes having to push away the discarded potato peelings, bread crusts, and other substances which in civilized communities go by the name of garbage, which had been left by those who ate before us. Guards stood by, continually calling, "Come on, get that food into you and get out," or similar orders conducive to the promotion of indigestion. The food was extraordinarily good, for we had many delicacies, such as bountiful servings of butter, pie, and cake, but it would have been more palatable had we eaten under less nauseating circumstances. Passing out of the mess-hall proper, we entered a smaller room containing the facilities for washing our utensils. The refuse was deposited in huge barrels and the kits washed in large, rectangular metal tubs filled with boiling water. Many men lost implements of their mess gear in the hot soapy water, but the order to keep moving was imperative and no time was given to recover them. The exits were through narrow passageways, slippery with grease from the washroom. They led to the upper decks, and once on "E" deck it was a puzzle to strike the right gallery leading to the battery section. However we may have disliked this whole unattractive procedure of "being fed," we must admire the efficiency employed in serving several thousand men twice a day. There were between ten and fifteen thousand persons on board, and though by no means all of them were served in our mess-hall, yet the work of cooking for and serving such an army demanded well-laid plans. We may be truly thankful that we crossed the Atlantic with Uncle Sam as our chef. "Gold fish" was heavenly manna to what the troops ate who traveled on British transports.

The first two nights on board were spent in Hoboken harbor. There was little to do but stand on the crowded decks and watch the stevedores loading huge crates into the hold and otherwise preparing the ship for voyage. Communication with the outside world was forbid-

den, and with very sober feelings we gazed at the New York City skyline out before us. So near home for most of us, and yet an immeasurable gulf intervened.

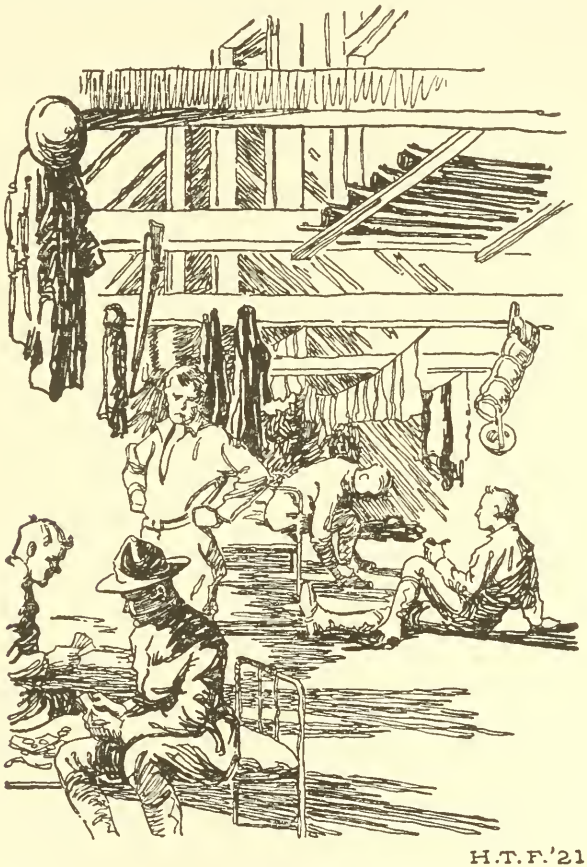
With some consternation we learned that only two meals would be served each day, at 7.30 A.M. and 3 P.M., for there seemed to be nothing to do on board but eat, sleep, and pray the Almighty to guide us past submarines. On the night of the 23d, the guard duty of the ship was partly allotted to Battery "A." There were many strict rules to enforce and several of them gave keen delight to the privates on guard. About 500 nurses were numbered among the passengers. Army officers were not permitted to visit the nurses' deck, and greatly gratifying it was to a private on guard to come to port arms and turn back an officer who sought gallantly to click his spurs before some azure-footed Venus. What exquisite satisfaction, also, as the ship moved out, to chase an inquisitive general off the deck!

Before leaving Hoboken we were given what were known as "Safe Arrival Cards," containing printed messages (to which nothing might be added), "Have arrived safely overseas." These cards, though sent ashore the night before we sailed, were held for the arrival of the ship on the other side before being mailed to the anxious addressees.

On Wednesday, the 24th, most of us were awakened at 5.30 A.M. by the vibrations of the giant engines of the ship. Drawn by tugs down the river, the *Leviathan* started on her perilous journey in full regalia of wavy camouflage. With decks almost deserted she bid an *au revoir* to the Statue of Liberty, passed through the Narrows of lower New York Bay, and so out to sea through the Ambrose Channel. Only here and there could we catch a glimpse of our passage, for we were kept off the decks until the open sea was reached, but some of us got a last look at the commanding towers of lower Manhattan. Packed in close confinement below deck we were glad enough when the port-holes were finally opened. The fresh sea breeze filtered into the stifling atmosphere of our quarters, but even with port-holes and large ventilators the air was decidedly foul, almost unbearably so at night, when the port-holes were closed.

The eight days consumed in the voyage passed in monotonous routine. At reveille we crawled out of our bunks, carefully watching to see that the man above did not swing his feet too wildly, and prepared for an ante-breakfast inspection. These daily inspections were rated high among the sharpest thorns of our experiences during the voyage. All our equipment had to be folded and placed on the bunks according to a chart (a bad habit formed at Upton), all of it taken from the nooks and corners where it had been carefully put

away, and where it might just as well have been left until we reached the other side. It was a torturing task and most conducive to perspiration and profanity. We got in each other's way and were continually quarreling and struggling for elbow-room. The inspection was foolishly superficial and, so far as we could discover, served



Pontanazen barracks Brest.

absolutely no purpose but to keep us in the worst possible humor. After breakfast the battery was taken up to "B" deck for fifteen minutes of calisthenics, after which we were allowed the freedom of the air for three quarters of a heavenly hour. About 11 A.M. we were subjected to medical inspections of varied natures, and these over, surrendered the deck to another unit and went below to do what we could toward holding our breath until the next outing. Often we

managed to get up on "D" deck (all others were forbidden to us) to enjoy what comfort we could derive in the jostling crowds which always swarmed over its small area.

With afternoon mess disposed of, we prepared for "Abandon Ship" drill, a long, tedious performance, but a very necessary precaution against stampeding in the emergency of our being torpedoed. A weird bugle-call sounded a theoretical alarm, and instantly all talking ceased, for it was one of the strictest rules of the drill, lasting sometimes over an hour, that not a word be spoken save by those in authority. We rolled one blanket lengthwise and fastened it around the right shoulder and across the body over the life-preserver. Most of our equipment was left in the bunks, but we often took our gloves and always carried our canteens. The latter had been filled with fresh water before the pipe from the Hoboken pier had been disconnected, and it was a court-martial offense to draw on their contents during the trip. We formed in line, and, at a given signal, marched without commotion yet quickly to an assigned place on deck. Here the life-boats and life-rafts allotted to us were situated. Naval officers, armed with pistols, were present in the vicinity of the boats to insure order. The only disappointing factor in the drill was that almost every day we were led to a different place, possibly a measure which was designed to prevent men from rushing headlong to a predetermined part of the deck. When every man in the entire ship had reached his proper position, a recall was blown, and the long lines, extending from the life-boats to the very bowels of the vessel, turned silently back to the sleeping compartments.

Toward dark all port-holes were shut tight and securely fastened. Lights went out on all the upper exposed parts of the vessel, and the interior of the ship was cast into the obscurity of a dim blue light. During the evening the mess-hall was cleared of tables and thrown open for motion pictures. "Casey at the Bat" proved to be the principal feature, and Casey did himself proud every evening of the trip. At taps, 10 P.M., we had to be in our bunks.

We had very few details. There were room orderlies, who were responsible for keeping our section clean and seeing to it that men disposed of rubbish in the proper receptacles. Spitting on the floor was positively prohibited, a fact which led to a game something on the order of "Tag, you're it." When a man was caught expectorating on the floor, he had to stand guard near the cuspidors until he in turn could detect another offender, who was forthwith compelled to relieve him. The kitchen detail, though it entailed hard work, was nevertheless a popular one, for it brought exemption from tedious mess

lines and offered free access to the ship's larder. We all welcomed the day when Battery "A" men were assigned to this detail, for it led to bountiful helpings of pie and butter when we passed our friends at the serving counters.

If this detail was enticing, another was proportionately repulsive. It was the garbage detail. The duty of the men on this detail consisted in hauling large galvanized cans of what came to be termed "fruit" from the lower parts of the ship to huge vats on deck. Since throwing the garbage into the sea during the day might have disclosed our course to lurking submarines, the vats were not emptied until dark. Between the strenuous exertion of carrying the cans and the obnoxious stench of their contents the job became a fearful drudge, and the men were relieved every three days, despite the fact that the detail was supposed to be a permanent one for the same set of men during the entire trip.

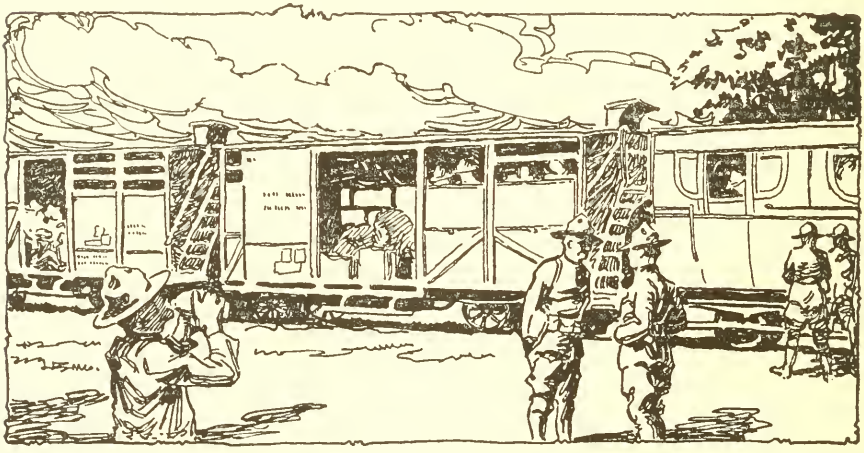
On the 30th, we were marched to "B" deck, formed in battery front, and stood muster, after which we went below and signed the pay-roll. On the same day steel helmets were issued—more equipment to clutter our crowded bunks and to lay out for inspection. That night found the *Leviathan* racing along in clear weather and a calm sea. Announcement was made that we would enter the submarine danger zone before midnight, and though the critical period of the voyage was upon us we felt little alarm. Orders were issued that all precautions against showing lights, throwing refuse overboard, and otherwise disclosing our course were to be more strictly heeded than ever, and instructions were given that every man must sleep fully dressed and with his life-preserver strapped on. The latter command made sleeping a most unattractive occupation, for the life-belts bolstered up our stomachs and gave one the back-breaking sensation of balancing one's spine across a log. Many loosened their preservers and slipped them under their heads.

There were no evident signs of fear as we approached the danger zone, but there was one short period of depression when a colonel, unheralded, entered the battery compartment about 10 P.M. The blue lights were burning dimly and only the throb of the great engines disturbed the quiet. Suddenly, in a deep, sepulchral voice, the colonel began speaking, slowly, distinctly, and with startling effect. At first it sounded as if he were about to launch tragically into some horrible ghost-story. "We are about to enter the war zone," he said. "Enemy submarines are lurking around to destroy us. No lights must be shown. To do so would invite destruction of all souls on board. No one must dare go near or touch a port-hole. The

guards have instructions to shoot. Every man's blood is upon his own head. Take heed, take heed." This blood-curdling warning was as unexpected as it was solemn, and for a moment we were spell-bound. The colonel left the compartment in the complete silence of a morgue, but after a few breathless moments the stillness was broken by an inquiring voice from an obscure corner, "Who in hell let that bird in?" and with the spell broken, similar remarks followed amid suppressed laughter, "Who has a match? I want a smoke," "Hey, if you're going to smoke, open one of those port-holes," "Hey, guard, open that port-hole; it's too hot in here."

At an early hour of the following morning we picked up our convoy of four destroyers, and a very pretty and reassuring sight they presented as they danced and bobbed along the sea. During the day we had a scare, for a suspicious-looking object was discovered on the surface of the water not far away. One of the destroyers suddenly wheeled about and dropped back to investigate the matter, but the object of our fears was merely a harmless barrel, and we breathed more freely. During our passage through the submarine zone the *Leviathan* gun crews were always ready for action, a circumstance which heightened our feelings of security, for the crews were picked gunners of the United States Navy, and were able, if one could judge from the expedition with which they went through their gun drills, to hit a porpoise at two miles.

Another night was passed on our life-belt mattresses, and in the



H.T.F. '21

Hommes 40; Chevaux 8; "Side door pullmans".

morning the transport was sounding its way into the channel of Brest harbor through a heavy fog. The fog soon lifted and revealed the port of Brest and its surroundings in all their passive beauty. The sky was cloudless, the hills wonderfully green, the water smooth as glass and dotted with sleeping vessels, while the town of Brest, perched high above the harbor, seemed to invite us to come ashore. The ship quickly reached its place of anchorage and immediately barges came alongside to carry the troops ashore.

Y. M. C. A. workers came aboard to arrange for our alleged comforts, the arrangement consisting in the magnanimous presentation of a pink card on which was printed a stirring welcome to the shores of France, a paragraph in which the Y. M. C. A. expressed the fervent hope that we were not boastful, a poem entitled "My Prayer," beginning with the line "White Captain of my soul, lead on," and, on the reverse side of the card, a suggestive exposition of the rates of money exchange granted at the "Y" canteen. About 3 P.M., we were ready to leave the vessel, but the prior departure of other troops kept us waiting over an hour. As we passed off the ship, sandwiches, cake, and fruit were given to us. British sergeants were on the lighters to direct the loading of the boats, and crowded us aboard until we could scarcely breathe. With the regimental band playing "Good-by, Broadway, Hello, France," we drew away from the *Leviathan* and sailed to the pier.

About 5 P.M., we set foot on French soil. Immediately assembled on the dock, we began the three-mile hike to Camp Pontanazen, accompanied here and there by crowds of French children who pestered us for money, food, and "cigarettes pour Papa." The day was intensely hot and the road exceedingly steep at the outset of the journey. These circumstances, added to the fact that we were enervated by a week of unhealthy confinement on board ship, made our packs seem as heavy as the sins of Herod and the prolonged hike unbearably tedious. About eight o'clock we arrived at Pontanazen barracks. The latter consisted of several two-story buildings set in an area which was surrounded by high walls of solid masonry. The camp had been standing since the middle of the sixteenth century, and looked it. The buildings were originally used as a monastery, Napoleon being the first to utilize it as a military camp.

After our arrival we drew rations and procured a field kitchen from the camp storehouse. It was 11 P.M. before coffee and corned beef hash were served, and by that time, too, a drizzling rain was in progress to aggravate our humor and increase our impatience at the delay of the mess.

After our disheartening experiences on the *Leviathan* we needed healthful rest, invigorating exercise, and fresh air, all of which we obtained in plenty during our short stay at Brest. The barracks were cold and uncomfortable, since we slept on the floors, but the weather was for the most part bracing and a tremendous contrast to the stifling atmosphere of "E" deck. We did a little drilling and twice the regiment sallied forth from the camp and marched through Brest and other towns in the vicinity. With the band blaring its martial airs we paraded through the surrounding country with the sweep of a conquering army. There were details for building a baseball field (and a game in which Lieutenant Reid played catcher), and stevedore work which sent several men to the docks at the harbor. But otherwise there was no fatigue duty beyond the usual kitchen work.

At Pontanazen we met the censor in all his glory, and while we had plenty of time to write letters, our enthusiasm for that occupation was somewhat curbed by the thought of allowing a censor to read the many thrilling stories we might have concocted about our adventures with submarines; nor did we feel that we wished any officers to see the inner workings of our hearts as we poured forth expressions of passionate affection for our best girls. Indeed, the censorship seemed to be the one missing link in the chain of our military imprisonment.

On May 7th, reveille was sounded at 1.30 A.M. We ate mess in the rain, rolled packs, and retraced our steps to the railroad beside the docks. Here we made the undesirable acquaintance of French box-cars. These antiquated vehicles became known to us as "Hommes 40—Chevaux 8," or "side-door Pullmans." The anticipation of experiencing a ride in one of these cars was as keen at the beginning of the journey as was our hate for them at the end of it. The cars were small and dirty. Many flat wheels and no springs brought little comfort from the start. Inside, four rows of benches ran parallel with the length of the car, being broken in the center where the doors were located. This small open space was half filled with travel rations, loaves of bread, canned tomatoes, "canned willy," and "canned monkey meat," a healthy diet for any one who is given to starving. Forty men were jammed into each car, and with them and their rifles and their bulky packs and the benches and the rations, we had a time of it finding a place to "park ourselves." "E" deck, minus the stench, would have been a palace in comparison.

The train pulled out at 10.10 A.M. The horror of the ensuing trip gained momentum with every kilometer until, at midnight, we reached the extremity of torture. Sleep or anything even approaching a

state of rest was out of the question. Convulsive attempts were made periodically by each man to extricate himself from the tangle of arms and legs about him by pushing in every direction at the same time, a contortion which invariably ended in damaging some one's face. Some found that a loaf of bread does not make a bad pillow, but only a few men could lie down near the rations. The rest sat on the benches, immersed among rifles and elbows and packs, occasionally losing consciousness to the extent of snoring loudly in the most convenient ear which presented itself, or flopping forward on the muzzle of the nearest rifle. The day-time was little better, though the scenery was interesting and often very picturesque. We had plenty of food aboard, but no one wanted much of it, for we ate merely to live for better days. There were no toilet facilities and the train made no regular stops, and when it did stop we were forbidden to alight under threat of court-martial. Captain Dick was to be seen at every stop watching to see that no one got out of the cars; his implicit confidence in his fellow-countrymen was beautiful to behold. On a few occasions, however, we were allowed to stretch ourselves, guards being stationed along the rails to see that no men went beyond the area designated. Misery played its trump-cards throughout the trip, and when we saw the officers alighting at all stations to buy drink and food we were disgusted beyond expression, and our American sentiments of equality and fair play cropped up through our training in military discipline.

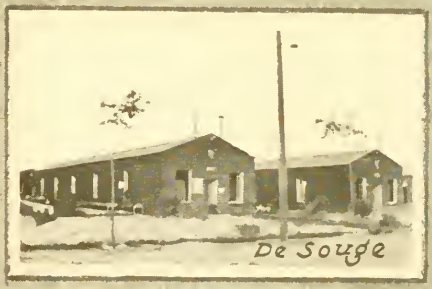
At 3 A.M., May 8th, we arrived at Nantes and detrained long enough to be served a luke-warm liquid which, so we were given to understand, was coffee. At 10 P.M. we rolled into the great terminal at Bordeaux, and here again we detrained for coffee. Half an hour later we left Bordeaux, and at 2.30 in the morning arrived at Bonneau, eleven miles from the former city. In an exhausted, almost dazed condition, we piled off the troop train and set out through the inky darkness for Camp de Souge, a hike of some three miles. At about 4 o'clock in the morning we threw ourselves down on the bunks in our barracks, some of us not even waiting to find beds, but dropping to the concrete floors to fall asleep immediately. Most of us slept until noon, when we arose to enjoy the refreshing delight of a wash and a shave, the first in three days.

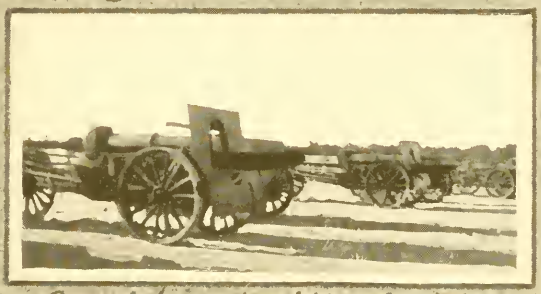
Camp de Souge

FROM the standpoint of comfort and convenience, Camp de Souge was a pleasant relief from the quarters at Brest, and served to restore our optimism about France. The camp was situated about eleven miles from Bordeaux on a stretch of sandy soil. Our barracks, 11, 12, and 13, were long, one-story wooden buildings with abundant light and ventilation from many windows. They were electrically lighted, and each barrack at the rear had a pump and a wash trough with running cold water. A wash-house and a bath-house containing showers were a few hundred yards away, all too distant, however, for frequent usage. The mess-hall, similar in size and shape to the barracks, and the kitchen shed were situated to the north side. The mess-hall was teeming with prolific species of French flies, which always slept between meals but invariably joined us at mess with sociable animation, to attack our food with ill-mannered but enviable relish.

A few days of rest were granted us to recover from strenuous days of travel, and to settle ourselves in our new quarters before resuming the interrupted course of our training. Once begun, we had little respite from the grueling ordeal of constant work, for here the battery received its final, indeed we might say its only, instruction in artillery. Certainly what little we had previously learned of American artillery methods in Camp Upton was of practically no use to us now, for we discarded the American system for the French, and were, in fact, to use only French ordnance. Our guns did not arrive for four weeks, and during that period the battery continued its training in much the same order which had prevailed at Upton: calisthenics, dismounted drill, standing gun drill, with the addition of a few futile lectures on the ammunition and operation of a six-inch howitzer. The lectures were delivered by sergeants of the 26th Division lately arrived from the front and assigned to the camp as instructors. The other features need no particular mention, but we must pause to recall the terrors of physical exercise led by the inde-

In Bordeaux





On the drill field

Ready!

De Souge

Two more views of Howitzers

fatigable Ardiff. We can never forget the "cadence, exercise, one, two, three, four, one, two, three, *halt,*" as Ardiff, that master contortionist, gave us our preliminary setting-up exercises, nor the hateful heat of the dusty road on which we did the goose-step and other exhausting feats; and we can recall with a good deal of amusement the game which, for a better name, we may call "you there, you there, you there, and you there," in which four equal parts of the battery, stationed in squad formation at the four corners of an imaginary square, rapidly exchanged places with one another at the command of Ardiff, who stood in the center, yelling directions. Under this conditioning we soon became hard as rocks, ate like lions, and slept as if we were on feather-beds instead of straw-mattressed bunks. And well it was that we did, for the weary days to follow on the range were soon to command our utmost endurance.

While the main body of the battery continued the same drudgery which had characterized its training for the past seven months, a few men were selected for special instruction. The officers were temporarily detached and attended an officers' school in the camp for the purpose of learning French artillery methods under experienced instructors. The gun sergeants took a course in the nomenclature and operation of the 155 mm. howitzer, the type of gun which was to be ours. The men first selected as gunners also attended this course. There was only one gun of the kind in the camp, and individual instruction was almost impossible, so that few derived any particular value from the slight theoretical knowledge imparted to them. A few selected men were taught how to operate the Hotchkiss machine-gun. The work of the special detail was directed by Captain Dick, and consisted in learning the French system of fire and the use of complicated tables for the computing of firing data. Men of this department were also instructed in the manner of handling such instruments as the compass, goniometer, scissors instrument, plotting board, in the operation of the projector, and in visual signaling by means of flags. On the range a few men were given opportunities of observing fire. The telephone men attended a school to learn the French telephone system, methods of laying, taking up, testing, and repairing wires, and in the manipulation of telephone instruments and switchboards.

Toward the end of May, the battery received its first assignment of horses. Several men, uninitiated in the ways of equestrianism, were induced to line up before the supply room to be measured for saddles, to the vast amusement of the more sophisticated members of the battery. The men selected as drivers reported each morning at the

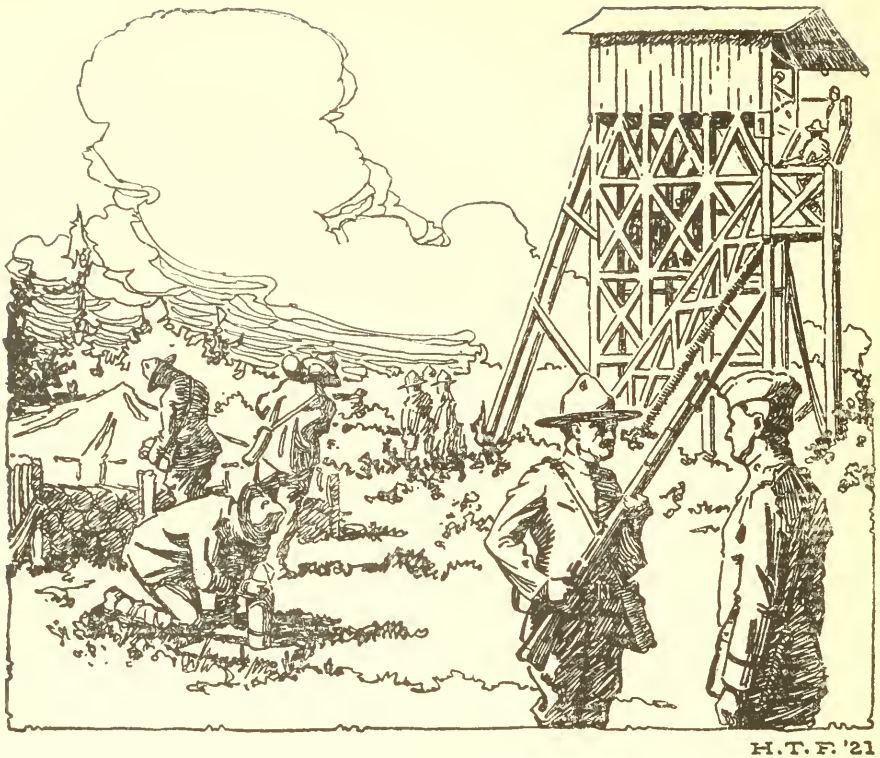
shed-like stables at the upper end of the camp, and remained there during the entire day, and a strenuous, hot, dusty day it always was. Lieutenant Reid was delegated to take charge of the stables and Washkewitz was made stable sergeant. The drivers were in the main inexperienced in the handling of horses, and Lieutenant Reid's work was in consequence exceptionally difficult, especially as many of the animals were not well broken. Initial instruction was given in the feeding, grooming, and general care of horses, after which methods of harnessing were taught, followed, lastly, by instruction in riding, first single mounts, then teams, and finally pairs teamed together. This situation called for an instructor who thoroughly understood horses and who, aside from being a disciplinarian, had the patience to teach green men their various and unaccustomed tasks. No better man could have been found than Lieutenant Reid, whose experience, patience, and devotion eminently qualified him for the work, though he had far more interest in the actual operation of the guns, and felt distinctly chagrined at being sequestered at the stables, robbed of an opportunity for mastering the principles of fire to which he, as senior lieutenant, firing executive, and second in command, was clearly entitled.

On Saturday night, June 8th, after being in France five weeks and in Camp de Souge four weeks, the battery received its four 155 mm. howitzers. On Sunday the guns were cleaned, and on Monday morning instruction in the nomenclature of the piece, standing gun drill, and simulated firing began in earnest. This training lasted exactly one day and a half before the guns were taken to the range for their operation with the use of explosives. How our mothers would have quailed had they known we would fire our guns with little more than a day's practice! On Tuesday afternoon we enjoyed a sensation which we experienced on very few occasions during our sojourn in France. We rode on trucks, the guns trailing rapidly after us, to Observation Post No. 1 on the camp range. Here we heaved the four pieces into position and laid them for firing in the morning, after which we returned to the barracks. In the early morning of June 12th, the crews arose and went to the range. The officers of the regiment were in the high wooden observation post behind the pieces to receive actual practice in target fire and adjustment. At 9.15 A.M. the firing began, and despite the fact that we were unused to handling shell and were undoubtedly over-cautious of fuses and powder, we concealed our nervousness admirably and conducted the fire with smoothness. Corporal Stevens and the third gun crew under Sergeant Schildknecht were the first to fire.

Firing at this observation post continued for two days, when the guns were brought back to the gun park in the rear of the barracks, in order to give our place on the range to other batteries.

On Wednesday, June 19th, the battery moved to Observation Post No. 13. The guns were hauled along a sandy grass road which extended from a main highway into the range, and placed in position among some shrubbery. The special detail laid their system of communication, and the drivers received their first actual experience in driving four pair of horses by hauling up ammunition in caissons and gun supply carts. For the first time in their army careers the firing battery really simulated warfare, living entirely in the open and using field equipment. Here, as in Upton, the battery proved its worth as a "fire battery," for scarcely a day passed but the call of "fire on the range" started us on a weary chase across the rough tracts of waste and underbrush to the neighborhood of our targets, to extinguish the flames which our own projectiles had started. These numerous range fires, the lack of water, except what was brought to us in the water cart for drinking and cooking purposes, and the long hours of hard work, conducted chiefly in a broiling hot sun, changed the interesting and novel excitement of our experiences on the range into exhausting drudgery, which, on some occasions, proved the worse for our tempers.

The following Sunday the pieces were returned to the gun park. The next position was Area 51, where a brigade barrage problem was fired. This fire was directed over part of the camp, and the men at the stables and in other localities experienced the disturbing sensation of hearing shell whistle through the air over their heads. Moving the following day, a position was taken in Area 53, and here the battery fired with balloon observation. On Sunday, June 30th, we paraded five miles to Observation Post No. 11. The guns were drawn by horses, while the men, with the exception of the officers and a few fortunate sergeants, hiked with full packs. The day was intensely hot and the march a tremendous strain. On Tuesday, July 2d, the guns were withdrawn to the camp again. This terminated the firing practice of the battery, in all only eleven days of actual fire, and with this painfully brief period of training we were pronounced as capable of taking part in battle and of adequately supporting the divisional infantry in their operations. It is a fact not to be overlooked, for many divisions were never supported by their own artillery because the latter could not graduate from training camps in time to join them at the front. It is a fact which establishes the high intelligence of both officers and men of the Seventy-seventh Division



Observation Post No. 1. Camp de Souge.

artillery that they could, in so short a time, effectively master the knowledge of their guns and the confidence in their operation that enabled them to take a prominent and creditable part in later campaigns.

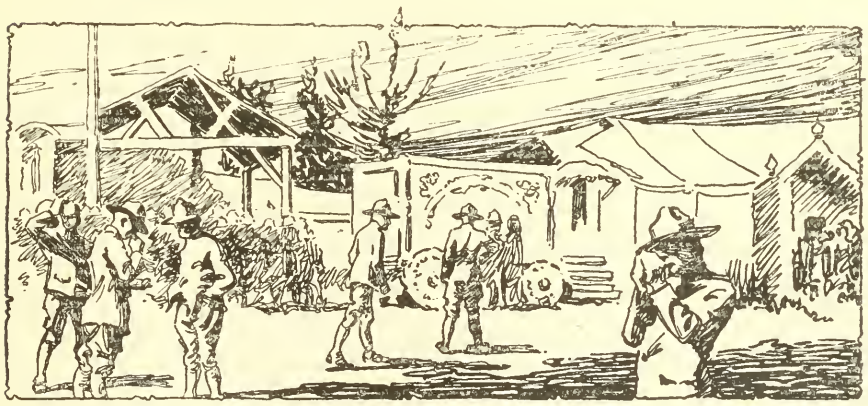
The above paragraph concludes the narration of the main issues of our stay at Camp de Souge, and includes merely an important summary of our work there, but there are other matters which we cannot pass by without at least cursory or suggestive remarks.

Among these, the one of outstanding importance was the appointment of a new battery commander to replace Captain Dick, who, after the completion of our work on the range, was assigned as a permanent instructor at Camp de Souge. With much anxiety we awaited the appointment of his successor. In our minds there was but one suitable selection, that of Lieutenant Reid. He was the senior lieutenant, and, up to the time of his inexplicable sequestration

to a more reduced position in the stables, had been firing executive of the battery from the beginning of its existence. He knew all the men personally and some intimately. It was his delight to work with them and theirs to work with him. He handled all with perfect judgment and obtained maximum results, and while, as many instances demonstrate, he demanded strictest discipline, yet he never attempted to prussianize the organization. Despite the fact that he had spent the major portion of his efforts in constantly supervising the work at the stables, and had missed the necessary artillery practice on the range, he nevertheless gained the recognition of Colonel Smith, and was recommended for promotion. The news of his selection was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm, and his own feelings are best expressed by the words he spoke at the time, "Now, I am happy."

Several other changes occurred in the personnel of the officers. Lieutenant Armstrong was transferred to the Headquarters Company as regimental gas officer. First Lieutenant O'Connor and Second Lieutenant Barker were assigned to the battery, the former in the position of executive of the firing battery, the latter as second executive during the absence of Lieutenant Grahn, who was detailed to Montargis in charge of a detachment for collecting horses. Lieutenant Barker, a few days before the battery left for the front, was thrown from his horse and removed to the camp hospital, and Lieutenant O'Connor was assigned to the camp as an instructor.

On July 3d the brigade vacated camp and moved to a race-track



Gypsy bazaar outside Camp de Souge.

near Bordeaux, encamping there for the night, preparatory to a parade through the city on the Fourth of July. On the morning of the Fourth, with guns glistening, horses shining (as much as an army horse can shine), and with caissons loaded with cannoneers, their arms folded across their chests in approved military fashion, we paraded through the streets of Bordeaux, thronged with people, by the decorated reviewing stand in the Place des Quinconces, and out of the city to our temporary camp. The following morning we returned to Camp de Souge, and from then until July 15th, when the battery entrained for the front, no work of any importance occupied us save preparing for the move.

Aside from these incidents there are several matters of general interest which demand a few passing words. One was that of training in gas defense. Great stress was laid on that phase of our work in Upton, although, as we have seen, the facilities for instruction had been very limited. At Camp de Souge every man had his own gas-mask, and drill was seriously and effectively pursued under the tutelage of Lieutenant Armstrong, Gas Sergeant Bernstein, and Corporal Kopp. We practised speed of adjustment, talking, pressing out for gas, wearing our protectors for ever-increasing periods of time, at the guns, at drill, on the mess line, and any other time or place when the hateful cry of "Gas" resounded in our ears. Finally we all went through the gas tank, but intensive training in the use of the mask really reached its height when Lieutenant Armstrong conceived the idea of waiting until the battery was asleep before sounding an alarm. The effect would have been more startling had not the news of the contemplated gas attack leaked out. As it was, we all slept with gas-masks near by, adjusted them in record time, and made Lieutenant Armstrong feel that he was a highly efficient gas officer, that his work had been accomplished, and that we were entitled to a respite from continual drill. Captain Dick drove home the seriousness of gas defense by delivering a series of highly intimidating lectures. Well can it be remembered how he raised his hand in warning as he told us that we must learn to be quick, for, if we were a second late, we would be subject to the "horrible death" of "drowning in our own blood."

In fact, Captain Dick's lectures were frequent and always terrible in their significance. He gave stirring talks on maintaining high standards of morality while on pass in Bordeaux. One thrilling oration was delivered on saluting, in which, by a process of masterly inductive logic, the underlying cause of America's entrance into the war was laid to the failure of the Russian soldiers to salute properly.

Their neglect in this respect caused the disintegration of morale in the Russian army, and so the decline and downfall of its fighting powers, which, in turn, made it easy prey for the German hosts. Germany, with Russia eliminated, again became a formidable power, threatening to crush the Allies, and so America had to step in. Thus the importance of the salute and the dreadful consequences of neglect were brought home to us.

A speech was also made on the subject of obeying the orders of non-coms, and came to be commonly known as the "Never ask why" speech. This was to protect non-coms, ofttimes in their stupidity, but woe to the man who asked "why." He was summoned before the captain, and the very charge guaranteed a verdict of guilty. Tennyson's line, "Theirs not to reason why," was to be stenciled on each man's memory.

We cannot linger to discuss our trips to Bordeaux, obtained at the expense of repeating the general orders in a fashion not unlike a pupil in Sunday-school reciting the Ten Commandments, nor many other things we might recall,—guard-duty in the camp and at Bonneau, the Y. M. C. A. huts, "Sergeant" Shurman as custodian to the key of the "gas cloud," the tedious lines in front of the commissary, our Sunday recreations, our comforts and discomforts, and a host of humorous incidents which marked our stay at Camp de Souge and alleviated the strain of our life there. We must pass on to subsequent stages of our history in which our long months of training bore fruit.

Pious Prendie

BY VERNON B. SMITH

This is a sorrowful story of how a name was won,
The name of "Pious Prendie," the lord of the Hotchkiss gun.
Remember those passes to Bordeaux, when the first chosen few went down
To reconnoiter the city and size up the good old town,
To see if Bordeaux was a fit place for the men of the rank and file
To go without a chaperone and wander about for a while?

Well, Prendie was one of the chosen, so narrow, straight, and thin,
To go with the rest of the non-coms, and steer them away from sin.
The city laughed in the sunshine, it seemed to call him to stray
Into its frolicking, joyous paths—far from the narrow way.

Prendie struggled manfully to force his lagging steps
To lead him past the café signs, and drag him by "buvettes."
"One little drink won't hurt me, one little sip of vin
Will give me the 'pep' to lead the boys out of the paths of sin."

So his devil argued, till at last the devil won,
And forced him out of his narrow path into a hell of rum.
I'll skip the painful story of how he stayed and drank,
Of how he lost his dignity, and made himself a "tank,"

Of how he hired a taxi-cab to take him back to camp,
And how he woke the barracks, when the morning dews were damp;
But this is what our hero did before he "hit the hay,"
He dropped right down upon his knees, and started in to pray.

"Oh, Lord, forgive my sin," quoth he, "for solemnly I swear
I'll never take another drink," so ran his soulful prayer.
Repentance smote him to the heart—that's why we all agree
That Prendie well deserves a name for greatest piety.

The Lorraine Sector

A WEEK of expectant and somewhat impatient waiting was terminated by the receipt of orders directing us to leave Camp de Souge. We had had plenty of time to prepare carefully for our departure, and the final loading of equipment in the trucks was easily and quickly accomplished. We drew out of the gun park at 6.45 Monday evening, July 15th, lumbered through the main gateway of the camp, and there bade farewell to the colony of temporary cafés, movie theaters, and fruit stands which were popularly known to us as "Coney Island," and which we had patronized most lavishly during the past weeks. An hour's march brought us to the railway station at Bonneau.

We knew that Colonel Smith was to accompany us on the coming trip, and felt that he was present for the purpose of judging Lieutenant Reid's ability to fill his new post of battery commander. We therefore redoubled our efforts to load the train with expeditious efficiency, and if we may be permitted to throw buttercups at ourselves, we accomplished our work most creditably for inexperienced men, taking a little over two hours to complete the task. The train was late and did not arrive until 11 P.M. It consisted of fifty cars, flat-cars for the guns and carriages, and the hateful "Hommes 40—Chevaux 8" for the horses and men. While the loading of guns and rolling stock was comparatively easy, considerable difficulty was encountered in persuading some of the more obstinate horses to enter their Pullmans. In several cases it was necessary to push the animals in with our shoulders. Our labors were hastened not only by a desire to make record time and a good impression, but also by a threatening storm, which flashed and thundered over the eastern horizon. Some of us may remember the forest fire which for a time raged away in the distance, and to which, strange as it still appears in the light of past experience in Souge, we were not called.

We snatched a few hours' sleep before reveille and breakfast at 5.30 A.M. The train pulled slowly out a half-hour later. The trip, on the whole, was a decided improvement over the last one, and we

had Lieutenant Reid to thank for the change. Considerate to the last degree, he determined to make us as comfortable as possible. The field kitchen was placed on the flat-car next to the box-cars which contained the men. Hot food and coffee were always ready for us, and arrangements were made with the engineer to stop the train for mess. The box-cars were not half filled with heavy benches, as on the other trip, and our straw bed-sacks, transported from camp and spread on the floors of the cars, softened the bumps and afforded us ample opportunity for comfortable sleep. As we look back on it, our lot was far from a miserable one. While in the army our greatest wish was to be out of it, yet not every civilian can get a free ride through France, and, if he does, he cannot lie on the floor of his compartment, dangle his feet out of the door, yell at the girls along the road, or take off his shirt at any time, so, after all, while we did not sleep between sheets or wipe mock-turtle soup off our lips with a clean white napkin, yet in some respects we fared better than we may at some future date, if we travel the same route in stiff collars.

Passing through St. Médard, we arrived at Bordeaux about 9.20 A.M. We stopped just long enough to water the horses, many of the men jumping out to wash their hands and douse their heads under the pumps along the station platform. Morrides, St. Astier, and Périgueux were passed, the last about three in the afternoon. Here, through an error of the railroad authorities, the instrument car, containing all the fire-control equipment, was detached, and at Thiviers, where the loss was first discovered, Sergeant Franklin and Private Lajoie were sent back to attend to its recovery. At Limoges, which we reached at eight in the evening, we drew up on a track running along the main street, and for an hour enjoyed watching French soldiers and mademoiselles, and talking with them as much as our French and their English would permit. The next day took us through country rich in scenic beauty, containing the towns of Bourges, Sancerre, Châtillon-sur-Seine, and Chaumont (A.E.F. headquarters). The last we reached about 11.30 P.M. Just outside Chaumont, Folvig, who was doing guard-duty in one of the horse-cars, was kicked out by one of the horses and received a severe gash in the head. The accident was not discovered and the train rattled on, leaving him on the tracks. Though dazed by the fall, he was able to walk several kilometers along the tracks to an infantry camp. He was sent to a hospital, later rejoining the battery at Bazoches. Early the following morning a similar incident occurred, this time to a horse. He managed to get loose from the halter chain, backed around, and fell out of the car with the train in motion. Landing on his feet, he

valiantly pulled himself together, and, until the train made a stop three miles ahead, galloped merrily after it, patriotically determined at all odds not to be considered a deserter. Under the guidance of Lieutenant Reid the noble beast was lifted almost bodily into the car again, none the worse for his marathon exploit and inconsiderately unabashed at the trouble he had caused.

At Darney, on the morning of the 18th, one of the flat-cars containing two of the caissons was detached on account of spring trouble. It later rejoined us at Baccarat.

Épinal was passed at 9.45 A.M., Charmes at 10.40, and Blainville an hour later. We reached Lunéville at noon. Mess was served at the station platform. The ensuing ride to Baccarat aroused considerable interest. We now knew what we had suspected from the beginning of the trip, that we were bound for the Lorraine sector, and we found all along the road distinct signs of battle, which had been, ever since our coming to France, the objects of our curiosity. While these signs of war were nowhere as marked as those which we later saw, yet many of the buildings were demolished, bridges destroyed, and long lines of rusty barbed-wire defenses ran across fields and even through the shallow waters of the Meurthe River. The Germans had taken this territory in the early months of the war, later to vacate it and leave behind them results of their campaign, and, above all, the graves which dotted the fields immediately adjoining the railroad track.

The train drew into Baccarat at 2.30 P.M. on July 18th. We had traveled for three days and two nights, covering a total distance of about five hundred kilometers.

At Baccarat, Lieutenant Grahn and the detail assigned to get horses at Montargis rejoined us. At Baccarat, also, we met some of the infantrymen of our division who had preceded us to the Lorraine sector. They filled our ears with harrowing tales of the front lines, and told us what later proved to be authentic information, that the enemy, in anticipation of our arrival, had displayed signs from their observation balloons, "Good-by, 42d—Hello, 77th." With these wild stories disturbing our peace of mind, we began our march toward the front. Immediately upon reaching the main road from the town, a factory whistle blew with a sound similar to the Strombos horn which we had been taught was a signal for a gas alarm. Many anxious looks and nervous laughs indicated that we considered ourselves really in for it now, and that we might expect a heavy bombardment at any second. Our fears were allayed for the moment when we were assured that the whistle was not the prelude to a gas

cloud, and we continued along the road in better spirits. We pulled through Merviller and off to the right up a steep hill to an orchard, where the guns were parked under the camouflage of the trees. Continuing up the hill behind the camouflage nets which walled the left of the road and hid it from the enemy observation balloons, we came to the Bois de Bouloy, and here the echelon was established. With wagons unloaded, tents pitched, picket-lines stretched between several of the trees, and with other numerous details attended to, all in the darkness of early evening, we were assembled for instructions. The dangers of our position were emphatically impressed upon us, and the necessity of precaution against enemy observation was explained and enlarged upon, until our worst suspicions of expected death in the very near future were increased to such an extent that we hesitated to disturb a single leaf or twig for fear a photograph from an enemy plane might disclose our hiding-place. There were to be no lighting of matches, no smoking except under cover, no flash-lights employed, no congregating in groups with aëroplanes overhead, no gazing at enemy planes. Guards were placed along the edge of the wood to stop men from venturing beyond the protection of the trees or tramping down the grain in the neighboring fields, but despite our weariness and apprehensions, curiosity was too much for us, and many stole to the edge of the woods and watched the signal rockets rise steadily above the distant horizon, up and up, and then disappear. Occasionally the sustained flare of a star-shell lit up the dark hills. It was for the most part intensely quiet, and we could scarcely believe that this was war, though the weird lights gave the scene a strange touch, and made us feel that unexpected things might happen at any moment. At one time, far off to the left, the faint glow and distant rumble of a bombardment showed that the scene before us was not so peaceful as it looked.

The next morning we were treated to our first glimpse of an enemy aëroplane. A whir was heard overhead, and a gray plane shot over the woods, flying fairly low. There was a wild scramble for helmets. A barrage of bursting shrapnel from anti-aircraft guns sought to encircle the German, but he got away safely, leaving us with a profound respect for German aviation.

Later in the day an ammunition dump not far from the echelon blew up. In the afternoon, Lieutenant Reid, with Sergeants Welch, Field, Schildknecht, and Gray, went forward on reconnaissance to select positions for the guns. The positions finally chosen were a few hundred yards beyond Vaxenville. They had been previously oc-

cupied and were to some extent already prepared as gun-pits, but needed renovation. That same night the third and fourth gun crews went forward under cover of darkness to improve one of the pits which was especially dilapidated, that to be occupied by the third piece. Two of the positions were dug into the high bank on the forward side of the road about twenty yards apart. Below the road to the left rear were the other two emplacements (guns number three and number four). Below the road and directly back of the first platoon were the kitchen and a roughly constructed shack which served us well as a mess-shack during our short stay, and which, with one exception, proved to be the only mess-hall we were to have on this or any other front. All paths leading from one emplacement to another were fenced off with wire to prevent their enlargement by constant usage, for any change in the terrain was, we were told, easily perceptible in comparative photographs taken by observation planes.

On the night of July 20th the guns were moved forward, arriving exactly at midnight, and were heaved into their respective emplacements, after which we had our first taste of underground sleeping quarters. Our dugouts were fairly comfortable, and there were enough of them to allow for sufficient elbow-room, though a dugout at best would not appeal to any of us as an ideal home. At least they were safe, and safety was an important factor in our lives in those days. Our dugouts there were the acme of security as compared with the shallow fox-holes which we later dug for ourselves in other fronts, so, despite their dampness, we had little enough to complain of.

The night of the 25th, however, tended to shatter our confidence in the invincibility of our earthen homes, for a Boche plane came humming and humming over the lines and dropped several bombs on the cross-roads about a hundred yards from the position. The effect on our nerves was instantaneous, and many acts were committed which now cause a smile. Petterson, on guard, shot off his rifle as a gas alarm. Some threw themselves into their dugouts; almost all adjusted their gas-masks and helmets in panic-stricken haste. The next day, however, true to the American mania for souvenirs, many of us were up at the cross-roads, collecting pieces of shell-casing to treasure as evidence of our first experience with hostile fire.

It was not until the 26th that the battery fired its first and only mission on the Lorraine front. Lieutenant Reid, Lieutenant Grahn, and Sergeant Franklin laid the guns for fire. The target assigned to us was a trench in the enemy lines. French officers supervised the

firing. The shots were plotted by the sound-ranging method. The first data to be given was in the following form—

Base deflection—Right 171 (correction left 12)
Shell—OA
Fuse—SR
Charge—O
Site—plus 6
Elevation—480
Method of Fire—At my command

The firing was from left to right, and the fourth piece, therefore, received the honor of sending our first greeting to Germany. When the command was given, the fourth piece was loaded and primed, loaded with a shell which bore the names of the gun crew chalked upon it, together with an appropriate message to Fritz. Lieutenant Reid sent the command of "Fire" over the wire to Lieutenant Grahn, who passed it on to Sergeant Gray; and quicker than it takes to write it, Sergeant Gray shouted "Fire," and Kearns pulled the lanyard. With a terrific roar the gun leaped back on the revetment, and the whistle of the projectile could be heard in its swift flight over the lines. Several Frenchmen from the eight-inch howitzer battery adjoining our position were there to watch the performance, and assured the fourth gun crew that in the early days of the war, when they had fired their first shot, they had been able to do so only with the aid of *"beaucoup de vin."* Thus Battery "A," less than a year after its organization, made its real début as an active member of the American Expeditionary Forces.

At the end of the sixth shot, number four ceased firing and number three began, at the command of Sergeant Schildknecht. The operations of this gun were somewhat delayed because the first shot set the camouflage afire. The second piece, under the command of Sergeant Field, was next to fire, with the result that the concussion raised havoc with the kitchen, twenty-five yards to the rear. A can of soup and a boiler of stewed tomatoes overturned and put out the fire under them. The first piece, under Sergeant Welch, completed the firing, and with this final adjustment a target shot was reported. The French officers who had supervised the fire plotted the shots on a map and gave it to Lieutenant Reid, who carried it in his pocket to the time of his death, and always displayed it and its target shot with the greatest pride. The chances are, however, that the German trench was deserted, and in view of the damaging effect on our mess, it is probable that we suffered far more than the enemy.

We did no more firing from this position, although great quantities

of ammunition arrived each night to disturb our sleep and aggravate our tempers. Aside from the unloading, distribution, arrangement, and rearrangement of shell, the firing battery had little to do. Never again were we to have such comfort at the front, and while it rained on several occasions, we had many pleasant days in which to enjoy ourselves. We came to realize that we had little to fear from enemy activity, for there seemed to be a tacit agreement with the Germans that this sector should be a quiet one, where wearied divisions might be sent for rest and recuperation, and though we always had one eye open against enemy observation planes, we made the most of our comfortable security by bathing in the little stream behind the position, washing clothes, visiting the towns near at hand, patronizing the French and American canteens, making friends with neighboring French soldiers, and at night gathering together to talk and sing away a very pleasant and healthy existence. An Algerian from the French howitzer battery afforded unending amusement. One night we tossed him in a blanket, to the immense gratification of his comrades. He apparently considered himself an accomplished linguist, for he displayed his knowledge of English with self-conscious pride. The display, however, consisted of the words "Come on!" and a number of unhallowed phrases the expression of which seemed to give him huge satisfaction and which he employed on every occasion and in answer to every question put to him.

The firing battery was the envy of those at the echelon, for the latter were not faring so well. The echelon was in charge of Second Lieutenant Armstrong, who had been temporarily attached to the battery due to our shortage of officers, and of Second Lieutenant Herschel C. Tritt, who had just graduated from the artillery school at Saumur. Heavy rains made life most uncomfortable for the men who were living in pup-tents, and during clear days aërial activity annoyed them continually. Gas alarms were frequent and were the more exasperating because they were always false. On the night of July 21st one of the drivers, returning from the gun positions to the echelon, passed through Merviller and noticed that the inhabitants were wearing their gas-masks. Upon his arrival at the echelon he reported the fact and the gas klaxons blared out an alarm. All hastily adjusted gas-masks and helmets while Lieutenant Armstrong rode to Merviller to ascertain the extent of the alleged attack. It took him over an hour and a half to investigate the matter, and during that time the men were needlessly smothering in their masks. From sheer excitement and the closeness of the masks some few men vomited into the face-pieces, while others cried madly that they were

gassed. Some, unable to endure the suffocation further, prepared to die and took off their protectors, but even the fact that they continued to live was not sufficient proof to the others that there was no gas present, and when Lieutenant Armstrong returned to announce that masks might be removed, the majority were in a woebegone state of exhaustion. Our overcautiousness and ignorance of gas warfare appear ridiculous in the light of later experience, yet the affair was very vital at the time. We learned our lesson, and when, on the following night, a sentry from Battery "D" discharged his rifle, presumably as a gas alarm, better judgment was displayed, and panic did not rob us of reason, for tests were made and masks removed within a few minutes.

Sergeant Ardiff at this time received his commission as a second lieutenant of infantry and left the battery. He was assigned, however, not to an infantry unit, but to the 13th Field Artillery, a regiment which we later relieved at the Vesle.

On the night of the 31st, the guns were withdrawn to the echelon. The move was made without mishap, save an injury to Corporal Stevens, gunner of the third piece. His heel was crushed under one of the wheels of the gun. He was removed to the hospital in Baccarat, and did not rejoin the battery until August 28th. While moving back, a few bombs exploded on adjoining hills, and on reaching Merviller a false gas alarm sounded. The guns arrived at Bois de Bouloy about 1 A.M.

The next day, August 1st, was employed in preparations for moving. The blue bags containing surplus equipment, which we had carried with so much care from the States, were turned in and our personal equipment was reduced to what we could carry on our backs. With this reduction in baggage it looked as if we were bound for active campaigning, and rumors were strong and persistent that we were scheduled to relieve veteran divisions in the great drive at Château-Thierry, though the Italians in the battery clung delightedly to another report, that Italy would be our ultimate destination. The former assumption was strengthened when we began our march late in the evening, for, on the road to Baccarat, we met a continual stream of French artillery which had arrived from Château-Thierry to relieve us and win their well-earned rest in the quiet of Lorraine.

The first night's march was slow and tedious. We drew into Baccarat at midnight, were delayed almost two hours, and finally lumbered on through Fontry and Douptail, arriving at last at Magnier about 7 A.M., August 2d. This was the first time we had ever engaged in an all-night hike, and it was unusually exhausting, since

we had not had the foresight to snatch a much-needed rest before the start. It meant some thirty hours without sleep, and this, coupled with the exertion of hiking, told severely on us. Those who were mounted awoke many times with a start to find that they had been sleeping in the saddle; those riding on caissons often lost consciousness despite the rumbling and lurchings of the springless vehicles which carried them; and those walking barely dragged their feet along.

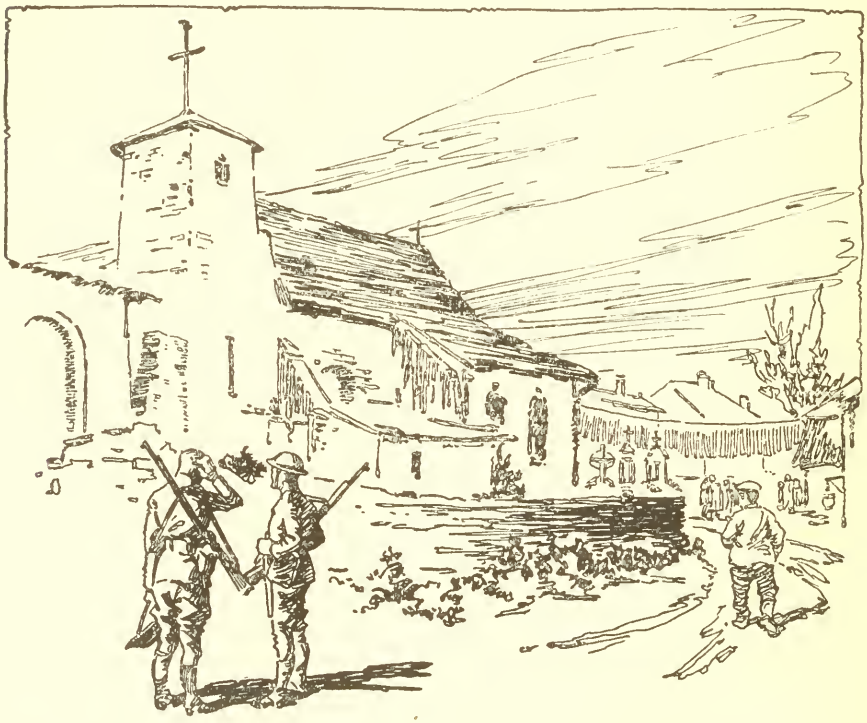
We established ourselves in a dense woods near Magnier, and after attending to the many details of watering and feeding the horses, stretching the picket-lines, and the host of other duties connected with encampment, we rolled in our blankets and slept until mess, at 5.30 P.M. We were prepared to move on at 9 o'clock, but it was 11 P.M. before we started on our second night of monotonous, tiresome hiking. We reached Loromentzey at 6.30 A.M. of August 3d, and here we remained until August 7th, not under the most enjoyable circumstances. The pieces with caissons and wagons were lined along the edge of the road and acted as supports for the picket-line. Constant rains left the road extremely muddy, and, what with the mud, our own horses, which consumed half of the road space, and the continual traffic as other batteries led their horses to water, the way was well nigh impassable. It was in no pleasant humor that we stood on the mess line ankle-deep in mud, waiting to be served while passing horses splashed and spattered clay all over us, or vainly sought to shelter ourselves from the rain by creeping into our pup-tents among the wet trees and dripping thickets beside the road. However, our life was not all discomfort, for we enjoyed many visits to neighboring villages and were entertained by band concerts and vaudeville in an adjoining field. Rudolphi's songs and Sam Mitchell's "Army Blues" were always sufficient to revive our spirits under the most adverse circumstances. Furthermore, we were no longer on the front line, but were out of harm's reach, and, with the omnipresent masks and helmets discarded, we felt more free and easy.

It was in this position that McKinley, who had been kicked by a stallion in Baccarat, was sent to the hospital for an X-ray diagnosis of a possible fracture of the ankle. He rejoined the battery in August on the Vesle.

Before our departure Captain Dick and Lieutenant O'Connor returned to the regiment from Camp de Souge.

At 8.30 P.M., in the evening of August 7th, camp was broken, and after a short march until 11 P.M., we reached Bayon. As we approached the station we halted in the vicinity of a French canteen

where we were able to obtain cheese sandwiches, hot cocoa, and coffee, all of which were eagerly welcomed by empty stomachs. We moved on beyond the railroad tracks for about a kilometer, and snatched two hours' sleep awaiting the arrival of our train. With a blazing fire by which to warm ourselves, a cup of coffee for refreshment (served by our own kitchen at the command of Lieutenant Reid), and those precious hours of sleep, we were ready at three o'clock to turn back to the railroad station and load ourselves and our materiel on the troop train. We left Bayon at exactly 6.30 in the morning, additionally refreshed by a few swallows of hot chocolate served by a Y. M. C. A. girl who passed along the platform and filled our extended mess-cups. The ensuing trip occupied a day and a night. Our route may be traced by the following towns—Charmes, 7.30 A.M.; Châtenois, 11.40 A.M.; Neufchâteau, 12.30 P.M.; Bar-le-Duc, 6 P.M., and Coulommiers, where we detrained. There seemed to be much doubt whether we would be allowed to eat breakfast at



H.T.F. '21

Vaxainville; Lorraine Sector.

the station before resuming the march, but finally we were fortified with hash, bread, jam, and coffee.

At 9.30 we started on our way, passed through Coulommiers, a town which seemed more flourishing than any we had seen for a long time, and continued about five kilometers beyond to a grain field on the left of the road. A space in the field was cleared of wheat stacks, and here the rolling stock was aligned with due regard to military uniformity. Tents were pitched under the shade of an apple orchard close at hand. Visits to near-by villages gave us opportunities to purchase eggs and enjoy a meal, while a stream flowing by a farm-house at the foot of the hill afforded a universal wash-up, which we sadly needed after our protracted confinement to dirty box-cars.

An order received at 9 P.M., to move on the following morning at 4 A.M., was canceled almost immediately after its receipt.

Iron rations were issued during the afternoon of August 10th, preparatory to our moving that night.

At 5 P.M. the march began, and save for one halt from 5.45 to 7.30 P.M., on the road near Les Ormes, we traveled the entire night, almost without interruption. We passed through Rebais about 8.30 P.M. The hike developed into a forced march. The horses were driven at an extremely fast pace and the men who were walking suffered proportionately. Lieutenant Reid did his utmost to relieve this hardship on the dismounted men by arranging to have every man get a fair share of riding on the caissons. He urged all mounted men to dismount at times and allow wearied stragglers to rest themselves in the saddle, and it was no uncommon sight to see a buck private riding on the battery commander's horse. There were remarkably few stragglers when the battery arrived on the bank of the Marne River, and those who did fall back soon rejoined us at our place of encampment. The latter was a field about half a kilometer from the small village of Azy, one kilometer from Chézy-sur-Marne, and about seven kilometers from Château-Thierry. It was a beautiful clear Sunday, and after a few hours' sleep we enjoyed a swim in the Marne. A few hundred yards up the river lay a bridge, wrecked beyond use, with parts of its span hanging down into the water. Across the river an aëroplane, which had fallen the day before, was buried nose down in a meadow. It had carried its American pilot to his death. Beside our camping ground was the grave of an American soldier, buried where he fell.

At 8.30 P.M. the march was resumed, and at Essômes, about 10.30 P.M., it was announced that because of congested traffic ahead there would be a halt of two hours. Always able to sleep at any time or

place, we rolled in our overcoats and slickers and lay down along the road. Essômes was more badly wrecked than any village we had seen and showed all the signs of the terrific fighting which had taken place not many days before. Battered houses and churches, the debris strewn about the streets, and the odor of decaying flesh brought the full import of the situation to our minds. Château-Thierry, through which we passed about 2 A.M., greeted us with even worse scenes of destruction. The town was deserted save for sentries walking post; the streets were cluttered with broken down barricades, an evidence of the hand-to-hand fighting which had taken place, and windows were boarded up; and the beautiful trees of the boulevard along which we passed showed the disastrous effects of shell-fire. The bright moonlight glistened on the Marne, disclosing in their gauntness the destroyed bridges over the river and two pontoon-bridges floating at their anchors.

Continuing a kilometer beyond Epieds, we encamped alongside a thin grove of trees on the flat top of a broad hill. The last few miles of the route had been made in the light of early morning, and signs of destructive warfare, which had escaped us in the darkness of night, were now revealed in full detail. Quantities of equipment, both American and German, were strewn all along the immediate vicinity of the road and in the gutters. Fox-holes and machine-gun emplacements, piles of ammunition, the graves of soldiers, hand-grenades, rifles, shell holes, and battered buildings,—these and a thousand other things showed us the hard path our fellow-countrymen had hewn for themselves in the face of a desperate enemy, and the recency of their swift conquests was brought home to us not only by this abandoned state of the surrounding country, but also by the nauseating stench which occasionally swept to us on the gusts of the wind. Beyond Epieds some of us explored the neighboring woods to find even greater evidence of the battle, but the unbearable smell which clung there prohibited any extensive survey of the interior.

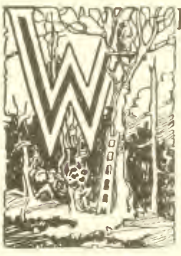
At midnight the last stretch of the journey was commenced, and we continued through many towns which had been the scenes of much of the fiercest American fighting, Beuvardes, Fresnes, Courmont, Cierges, and Sergy, the last of which exchanged hands seven times between the opposing forces. We could not reach our destination under cover of darkness, and for over two hours hiked in broad daylight under the very eyes of hostile observation. Indeed, the long serpentine line of the brigade, often extending from the crest of one hill over the top of another, must have presented a very pretty picture to our friends across the line, and in the early days of the

war, when German opposition was more stable, would have offered an easy and most enticing target for their efficient artillery. However, the brigade rumbled slowly on without mishap, except that a false gas alarm was called because some facetious souvenir connoisseur of another battery set off a hand-grenade. At 9 A.M. we clattered down into Nesle, and wound up the steep hill to the Nesle woods beyond. Here again we were greeted with abandoned German equipment, the same unsanitary remains of temporary occupation, and the same obnoxious odors. It was thought that it would be more healthy to have us pitch our tents in the open on the slope of the hill, and this was done, despite enemy observation. The guns and caissons were camouflaged on the edge of the woods and the kitchen was established. We rested during the entire day, although the drivers, as always, had their extra share of work watering and feeding their horses, and the cooks and K. P.'s must needs postpone their rest to provide for mess.

At night active firing on the part of Allied guns, together with bombing on near-by hills by German planes, made matters very lively. This disturbance we met with extraordinary equanimity, but our tempers were soon entirely shattered by a rapid succession of six gas alarms. The first two were received by immediate adjustment of masks, both on ourselves and on the horses, but toward the third and fourth we became provoked, then coldly indifferent, and finally altogether disgusted with the over-anxious gas guards, who seemed to think that poison fumes might fall from every passing cloud. The alarms originated at some distance and spread with lightning rapidity over miles of territory, whether there was any shelling going on or not. These, and the other alarms with which we had been continually afflicted, contributed nothing to gas discipline, for we tended to disregard the blood-curdling admonitions which Captain Dick and others had given us while we were in training, by considering all alarms false.

The day following our arrival was spent chiefly in cleaning up the materiel, grooming and caring for the tired horses, and policing the woods for the establishment of a permanent, habitable echelon. Lieutenant Reid, accompanied by Mongeon, went forward with the colonel and the major on reconnaissance for a position. Upon his return early in the evening, he told us about the activity of the hostile firing with which the party had come into dangerous contact, and we remember well our feelings when he said, "We are in for the real stuff this time," and laughingly cautioned us to make our wills.

The Vesle Sector



WE were at last to have the opportunity, so long expected, of entering into active campaigning. The wondering uncertainty at the time of our induction, the long months of "child's play" at Camp Upton, the momentous interlude of our transatlantic voyage, the gruelling intensive training at Camp de Souge, the mild introduction to, and brief acquaintance with the peaceful, indeed delightful, warfare of the Lorraine sector, and the tedious trip from Baccarat to the Nesle woods,—all these were the mere prelude to the more important experiences which are still to be recounted. With our arrival at the Vesle sector we launched into the period of our greatest usefulness as a fighting unit, and that period, as we were to discover, extended over many weeks.

According to reports, four enemy divisions were directly opposed to the Seventy-seventh on the sector assigned to it, that sector extending from Mont Notre Dame, on the left, through Villesavoye in the direction of Fismes. On our left were French troops; on our right, the 28th Division. We relieved the American 4th Division and the French 62d Division, our battery taking the place of the 13th Field Artillery.

On August 14th, the day after our arrival, unpleasant rumors were current that we might expect an air attack during the ensuing night, and as a precaution against such an emergency, orders were given to strike tents and move from the open, exposed hillside into the woods, where the trees and other obstacles might afford some slight degree of protection. Many, to avoid the overwhelming stench of the woods, slept along the edge of them under the wagons and guns, while others sought a rather strange means of safety by reclining under the caissons loaded with high-explosive shell. A number of men remained in the open, willing to brave any number of bombs rather than spend the night inhaling the effluvious odor of putrefying Germans that pervaded the woods. The expected attack materialized, but was chiefly directed against the village of Nesle, to the right rear of our encampment. While the bombs were not close enough to harm us,

their flash and explosion seemed all too near for comfort, and the droning of the night-raider, unpleasantly invisible, accentuated our feeling of insecurity.

On the morning of the 15th, Lieutenant Reid went forward to reconnoitre. He was accompanied by several men of the special detail, for the purpose of establishing a system of communication between the gun position, the P. C., Battery "B," and other points. Lieutenant Reid returned alone in the afternoon, and ordered the first, second, fifth, and sixth gun crews to move forward that night with guns number one and number two.

It was determined not to advance by the main highways, for these were being constantly shelled, though, to be sure, all roads were receiving their share of explosives. The relief was conducted with no casualties so far as we were concerned, but the 13th Field Artillery suffered severe losses both in men and horses. Progress was slow, tedious, and nerve-racking, for the trip was made in the dark, over unfamiliar roads, with bombing planes hovering overhead. Several false gas alarms necessitated our halting to adjust our masks. Apparently the gas sentries were not trained to distinguish between klaxon alarms, which were signals for local attacks, signals not to be passed on, and other alarms, such as the Strombos horn, which were general, to be picked up and passed on by every guard within earshot. In consequence, many local alarms were relayed over large areas, to the unnecessary inconvenience of all and to the detriment of gas discipline. However, instruction and experience soon relieved the sentries of their unwarranted anxiety and overcautiousness, and eliminated much of the trouble.

As the detachment rumbled slowly down a hill overlooking our future gun emplacements, we were the spectators of as lively an artillery duel as we were ever to witness. On all sides, as far as the eye could see, both heavy and light guns were roaring and spurting out tongues of flame. The din was terrific, and the flashes near at hand were momentarily blinding, while the whistle and crash of exploding shell added to the noise and excitement. Were we scared? We were!

We reached the position assigned to us about midnight. It was situated on the crest of a hill in a small orchard composed of a double row of trees, about twenty-five feet apart, which ran almost parallel to the front. Adjoining the orchard, and separated from it by a narrow dirt road, was a large patch of woods containing many fox-holes and a few small shallow dugouts. Preparation for heaving the guns into position was begun immediately. Revetments for the trail spades

were dug and camouflage nets erected, while the caissons which had brought up ammunition were unloaded and their contents carried to the guns and camouflaged. With these matters attended to and all signs of our occupation of the position concealed, so far as possible, from enemy observation, we lay down at five o'clock in the morning for a few hours of well-earned sleep.

In the late afternoon of the 16th the first and second pieces fired twenty rounds for adjustment, using a large quarry situated in the enemy lines at Paars as an adjustment point. That night the remaining four gun crews arrived with the other two howitzers.

Day and night the Germans shelled the neighborhood. One evening a shell landed on a powder dump of one of our batteries of 75's just ahead of us, and the sky was brilliantly lighted up by the resulting fire. The Germans took particular interest in a battery of six-inch rifles located a hundred yards from us. The rifles were so well hidden that they defied discovery, and the desperate efforts made to find their exact location and to put them out of commission failed completely. On the morning of the 17th, we witnessed an air fight between two American ships and one German. The Americans were flying back from hostile territory and had reached a point a short distance to our rear when the German plane, soaring unnoticed far above them, suddenly swept down with terrific speed and opened fire. Both Americans were brought to earth, plunging, nose down, to land with tragic consequences. One made an almost successful effort to right himself, but failed, and followed the other aviator to his death. Much of our time was spent in watching such proceedings as these, but we had plenty of work to keep us otherwise occupied—improvement of our inadequate dugouts, work on the guns, hauling ammunition, and the reinforcement of the P. C. dugout directly in rear of the guns. The last was occupied by the telephone men on duty, one of whom was always at the switchboard, night and day. Though constructed primarily for the battery commander, Lieutenant Reid slept in the open at the guns, while the rest of the battery lived in the adjoining woods.

With the four guns we fired a second time for adjustment, again using the quarry as a target. We also entertained the Boche with a little harassing fire, but not for long. From beyond the hill in front of our position six sausage balloons were peering at us most inquisitively, and shortly our shots were politely answered by a few scattered shell, some of which were quite plainly addressed to us. Firing was suspended at Lieutenant O'Connor's command, and then resumed. German aëroplanes were now flying near by, and there

was some hesitation as to whether we should continue our operations. The few shell seemed to indicate a bracket, and since the aëroplanes appeared dangerously interested in us, we ceased firing and left the vicinity of the guns. Our caution was justified, for at evening mess hour (we thought that Germans would at least be considerate of our digestions) a bombardment commenced which, in its early stages, gave promise of annihilating the entire American army. We watched the shelling from a distance of fifty yards or so until one shell burst within thirty yards of the kitchen, at which our curiosity was suddenly and fully satisfied. We made haste to seek cover and lay in the meager security of our shallow earthen defenses for half an hour while the shell rained around our guns a few yards away. As evidence attesting German mastery of the air, a Boche aëroplane with Allied markings circled overhead during the whole bombardment without any opposition whatsoever and successfully directed the fire against our emplacements. Fortunately no shell were sent into the woods, although one burst at their edge and wounded a horse which had subsequently to be shot. The guns fared worse, for number two was badly scratched and the first piece put completely out of action by a fragment which pierced the cradle and penetrated the recoil cylinder.

Lieutenant Reid, returning from the echelon with Lieutenant Grahn and Rosenberg, noticed the bombardment from a distance, and was told by Captain Kirkpatrick at the first aid station that Battery "A" was being shelled. Turning over his horse to Rosenberg with instructions to him and Lieutenant Grahn to seek cover, Lieutenant Reid started alone for the position on the run. Lieutenant Grahn immediately followed him, and regardless of personal danger, they joined the battery. The fire had slackened somewhat by the time they reached us, and ceased a few minutes later. Lieutenant Reid's first question was for the men. It was then that he said he never favored the position because, perched on the top of a hill, it was badly exposed. Superiors overruled, however, and possibly with good reason, since there were lamentably few adequate positions in the area assigned to our regiment. Orders were issued to strengthen our dugouts still further.

At midnight all the pieces were withdrawn from the orchard and pulled along a side road, where they were safely hidden under the camouflage of trees and shrubbery. The problem arose as to where our next emplacement should be. On Sunday, August 18th, Lieutenant Reid made a reconnaissance. He rejected the forward edge of a patch of woods some three hundred yards to our rear as being a

positive invitation to destruction. This exact spot had been riddled with shell with disastrous effects to an outfit of engineers who had previously occupied it. Food, equipment, photographs, and letters, scattered about the place, were indicative of their hasty withdrawal, and the condition of the trees and the ground and the unbearable odor of half-buried horses gave evidence of the intensity of the fire which had driven them out. It was finally determined to lay the guns just outside the left rear edge of the wooded patch, as good a location as the area afforded, while the battery with the kitchen and P. C. occupied the woods themselves, despite the aforementioned drawbacks.

In point of invisibility the gun emplacements were excellent, but the soil proved to be too soggy to sustain the recoil pressure. During the night our three available guns (number one had been sent to the mobile repair shop) were hauled down the road, across a field, and into their respective positions by way of a small, sturdy, log bridge which we constructed over a drainage ditch running across the front of the position. On the following day revetments were built and reinforced with heavy logs. Mats, made of saplings fastened together, were constructed and placed under the wheels to prevent the heavy pieces from sinking into the marshy ground. We fired a few rounds and soon discovered that both revetments and mats were poor substitutes for hard soil and would give us unending trouble. These constructions were, however, only a part of the difficulties we encountered at this position. Indeed, our lives were made miserable by a chain of misfortunes which we can never forget, by an adversity of circumstances which leaves us exhausted even in the reminiscence of them, for, added to the constant labor of renovating the revetments with more logs and boulders and with innumerable sand-bags, filled in the woods and carried to the guns, we had a continual stream of ammunition to haul by hand, and to sustain us in our incessant work we were supplied with the poorest kind of rations, poor in quantity as well as quality. To carry sand-bags all day and ammunition half the night, and, after a few hours of unrefreshing sleep, to wake up to an unsavory breakfast of mouldy bread, weak coffee, and a dash of beans or bacon, was not a happy experience. Repeating this schedule for several days in succession was enervating, to say the least. To turn adversity into calamity, we were unable to continue the system of gun-crew shifts, whereby each crew got its share of rest, for the entire battery was needed to keep the unit in fighting trim.

On August 19th the battery lost a popular officer in Lieutenant

Herschel C. Tritt, who had joined us at Baccarat. He had been transferred to Battery "B," and on the same day was sent forward to the battalion observation post. The observation post consisted of a platform located in the upper branches of a tall tree at the base of which was a small dugout used to shelter those at the post who were not actually engaged in observing. A bad feature of the place was that it had been previously a German post, and, as such, was doubtless plotted on German artillery maps to receive the careful future consideration of Boche guns. Fichtner and Warren went forward to do some carpentry work, while Major Dick and Lieutenant Grahn were with Lieutenant Tritt on observation duty. A battery of 75's to the rear of the post drew a good deal of fire in that direction, and because shell were bursting at close range, the men descended from the tree to seek cover in the dugout. As they climbed down, a shell exploded almost at the foot of the tree, and fragments struck Lieutenant Tritt, Kane, Fisk, Merritt, and Warren. Lieutenant Tritt was hit in the side just above his cartridge belt, and pitched into the arms of Mitchell, who held him until he could be carefully lowered to the ground. He lost consciousness immediately. An infantry doctor was summoned and gave him such treatment as he could, but the wound was deep and in a vital spot, and Lieutenant Tritt died soon after he was taken away in an ambulance. Kane (battalion detail) also died, and the others who were hit were sent to the hospital.

Though Lieutenant Tritt, at the time of his death, was not, technically speaking, in Battery "A," yet virtually he was one of us, and we shall always feel his death as a direct loss to Battery "A." Many of us did not know him well, for he was assigned to echelon duty and seldom came to the gun emplacements, yet those of us who knew him at all were attracted by his cheerful nature, his ever-present smile, and the perfect consideration which he showed us all. We at once liked and respected him because he combined humaneness and discipline. It is a strange coincidence that, while talking to Lieutenant Reid before leaving for the post, he said, "Well, here's where I get mine." The news was a great shock to Lieutenant Reid. He kept saying over and over that he could hardly believe that Tritt was gone.

Another casualty occurred about this time when Sorries, dispatched to the observation post with rations, was struck in the neck by a shell fragment. He was removed to the hospital with a wound which, though very serious, happily was not fatal. He rejoined the battery at Dancevoir after the armistice.

Our chief accomplishment in this position was the shelling of the Tannerie situated near Fismes. The Tannerie concealed numerous machine-guns which had checkmated every effort of our infantry to advance and capture the place. The demolition of this hotbed of resistance was the task allotted to the 306th Field Artillery, the bombardment to occur between eight and nine in the evening of the 21st, after which the infantry was to advance and occupy the spot. Lieutenant Reid personally directed the fire, and went from gun to gun, constantly satisfying himself that the operations were going smoothly. In the last few minutes of the hour he stood beside the telephone (back of the third piece), and when asked by the gun sergeants whether they should take time to swab the bore, he promptly called out through the darkness, "Two minutes to go. Never mind the bore. Give 'em hell!"

In the midst of the firing there occurred a combination of incidents which we cannot but think constituted our final undoing. A battery of the 119th Field Artillery, moving back from a forward position, decided to encamp on the back edge of our woods, and proceeded to ensconce themselves the more easily by using flash-lights and matches. We presently heard the uneven drone of a Boche plane, and suddenly a flare bomb, dropping next to our patch of woods, lit up the gun position and the ground surrounding it for a hundred yards with a light so bright that the Kaiser, sitting at his beer in Potsdam, must have thrown back his horns and roared with devilish laughter at the sight. Whether we have a right to blame the 119th Field Artillery for the disclosure of our position and the fierce bombardment which we suffered on the following day, it is hard to say. The flash of our own guns undoubtedly contributed to the calamity, yet the bombardment, when it came, was directed against the woods and not against the emplacements. Our careless visitors were on the following day to regret their own thoughtlessness as much as did we.

We need no printed pages to recall the appalling events of August 22d, but this history would be sadly incomplete did it not include an account of the tragic culmination of our experiences in this position. During the early morning the battery fired a short mission, and immediately thereafter set to work repairing the wrecked revetments. While engaging in this latter task, the fourth gun crew were suddenly surprised by the swift whine of a 77, which landed in the boggy ground not ten yards to the rear of the fourth piece, the missile sinking well into the soft soil and exploding with a harmless shower of mud. Another shell burst to the right rear of number two, and a

Snapped "Somewhere in France"

flying fragment struck Helmcke in the small of the back as he stood by the field kitchen, twenty yards away. Helmcke was treated by Captain Kirkpatrick and was taken away in an ambulance. Approximately ten more shell burst during the next twenty minutes, an éclat from one of the last of which dealt Siegal a grazing cut on the upper lip. There was a let-up at this point, and we interpreted the lull as a termination of a brief and scattered bombardment, a reasonable conclusion since the Germans often sent across brief though poignant reminders of their continued existence. Accordingly, we confidently issued forth from our shelters where we had been ordered to conceal ourselves. Siegal called out that he had been hit, and Lieutenant Reid accompanied Captain Kirkpatrick to find out the nature of his wound and give him what assistance he could. Lieutenant Reid did not, as has been claimed by some who were not there, dash out in the midst of a downpour of steel and carry to safety a "fallen comrade." We are glad to think that Siegal would not have called for medical attention had the shell been falling with any great intensity, and that Lieutenant Reid, intrepid as we knew him to be, would not have foolhardily thrown away his life in such a bombardment as was soon to follow, in which to defy destruction by crossing the woods on a futile mission of doubtful utility would have been to escape death only by a miracle. Suffice it to say that divinely directed miracles have little place in the thoughts of persons subjected to fierce shell-fire. None of us during that downfall of splintered steel possessed so exaggerated a consideration of our mutual well-being that we walked about the woods inquiring after each other's health. A lapse of ten minutes or more enabled Captain Kirkpatrick to finish the treatment of Siegal's lip, but as he administered the final touches to the dressing the bombardment recommenced and this time with a fury that sent us flying for shelter. Lieutenant Reid turned to make a dash for the P. C., and Captain Kirkpatrick, who was sitting on the edge of Siegal's splinter-pit, jumped in beside his patient. Graney was standing beside Lieutenant Reid, and as they both turned to return to their respective coverts a shell landed a few yards away. Both dropped to the ground as the projectile exploded, but got up immediately, Graney to leap into the nearest fox-hole, Lieutenant Reid to make another attempt to reach the P. C. According to Graney, Lieutenant Reid, doubtless seeing that he might not safely make his objective, made a quick dash and a long baseball slide to the nearest splinter-pit on the way. The latter happened to have been the one vacated by Graney when the lull in the bombardment occurred. Private Eck, who was also

in it, did not get out when the let-up came, and so was there when Lieutenant Reid slid in.

The shots which landed earlier in the morning were, of course, for adjustment, and now that the Germans had our range they proceeded to pour over a steady stream of gas and high explosives at a terrific rate. For thirty-five minutes, from 11.40 A.M. to 12.15 P.M., the air was filled with the whistle and explosion of shell and with the whine of flying fragments as they flicked the dirt outside our shallow splinter-pits, or pattered through the branches of the trees. Occasionally, in a momentary calm, we could hear a splatter of dirt falling to earth and could distinguish the dull thud of a dud, but otherwise the noise was so deafening and continuous that we could not distinguish one shell from another, or tell exactly how close they were landing to our individual retreats. It is interesting to remember our thoughts and actions under the strain of that crisis. Our dugouts were small and shallow, and wholly inadequate to withstand direct hits, many of them being merely covered with a few branches, a shelter-half, and a sprinkle of dirt as proof against flying splinters, and, though it was a vitally solemn matter at the time, it is now amusing to recall our frantic calculations to determine what posture we might best adopt, into what knot we might best tie ourselves, in what corner of our small defenses we might best hide our heads, in order to be the more safe from the terrific onslaught of approaching projectiles. Surely, one would think, it would diminish the chances of destruction if one's arms were made to cover the head, but when that posture was taken, one would discover that the heart was dangerously exposed and would quickly and tensely lower the arms across the chest. Every portion of the body seemed in particular peril of immediate dismemberment, and with every crash the meager protection of our tiny dugouts seemed terrifyingly insufficient. We could not agree with Shakespeare that "There's nothing serious in mortality."

The Germans, in accordance with their practice in such cases, mixed gas and high-explosive shell. We had been taught to detect gas shell by their peculiar sound on exploding, but amidst the excitement and roar of the attack we were caught unawares, though many of us had the forethought to adjust our masks at the very outset. Corporal Kopp, as gas N. C. O., detected gas and sounded the alarm again and again, as also did Pedicine, who, stationed as gas guard, remained at his post to the rear of the woods during the entire bombardment; but many did not hear the alarms on account of the constant explosions, and got their lungs well filled with poison fumes

before adjusting their masks. Some had left their masks where they could not get them and were totally without protection.

After an eternity of frightful tumult, an infinity of nervous tension, the bombardment ceased, and the silence which followed seemed almost as severe on our nerves as the uproar of bursting shell had been. "There reigned a solemn silence over all," and indeed it was solemn, for the bombardment came as the exhausting climax of an even more exhausting week of gruelling work, deadening sleeplessness, and downright hunger. It needed only the ordeal we had been through in the last hour to snap the strings which tied our endurance, and when we slowly emerged from our dugouts with our faces covered with the gas protectors, it was with lagging steps and dulled senses. The crowning misfortune was then disclosed: Lieutenant Reid's body was discovered. He was lying on his side with his knees drawn slightly up toward his chin. His helmet, covering his face, was pierced in several places. Resting by his side and slightly under his shoulder, as if Lieutenant Reid had attempted to shield him, was Private Eck. It was some time before Eck could be identified. On the forward edge of the fox-hole in one corner was a deep groove indicating where the shell had struck. It had been a direct hit of a gas shell, and the explosion had killed both instantly. The branches which had composed the frail roofing of the dugout were completely blown away.

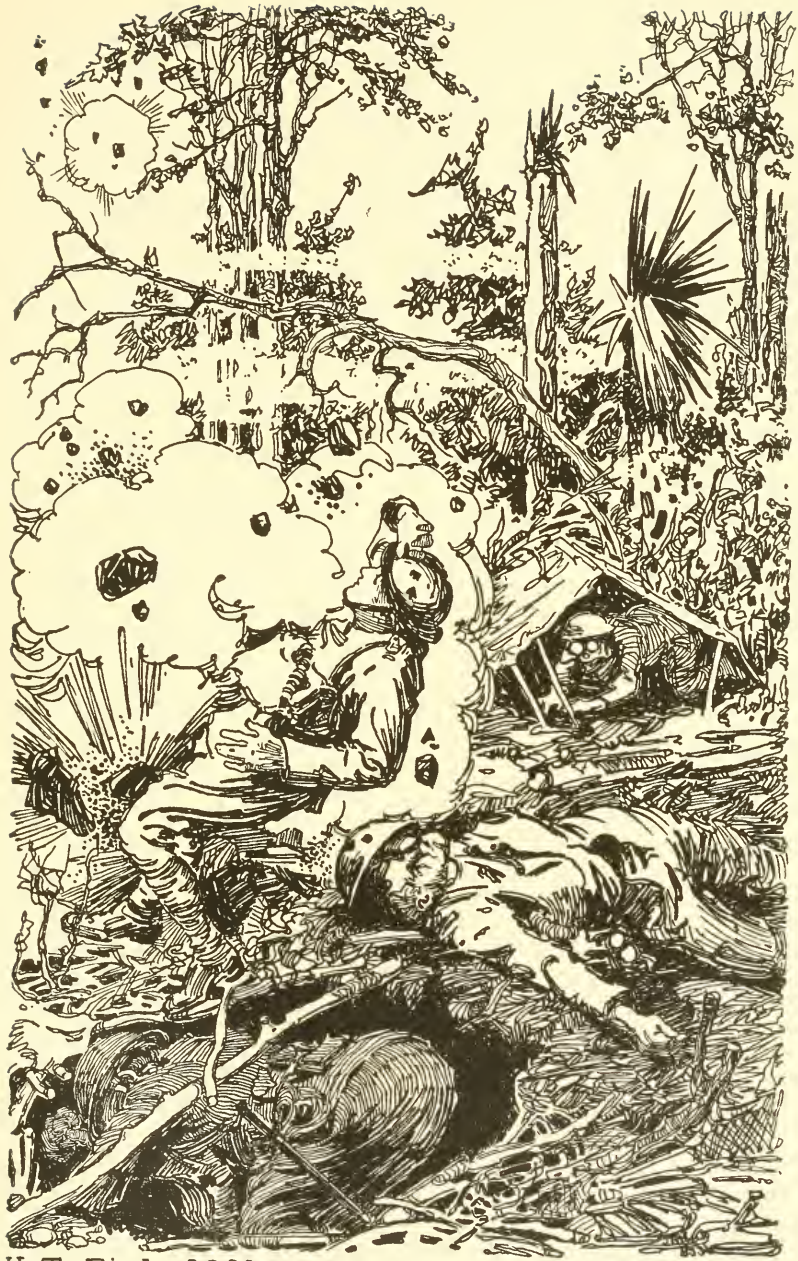
When we most needed a leader there was none. When a clear head would have brought order out of chaos, when a commanding personality would have dispelled the awful lassitude which possessed us in reaction to the bombardment, there was nothing to meet our crying wants. Lieutenant O'Connor, emerging from his dugout, announced that masks might be removed, and, because the gas was still hovering in the atmosphere, Corporal Kopp immediately yelled through his mask that he did not want to see a single man remove his protector. Lieutenant O'Connor went to the First Aid Station as a gas patient. The most sensible order came over the telephone from Colonel Smith, who gave instructions that the woods be cleared of all men except a detail who were to thoroughly search the area for wounded; but the execution of the command was sadly mismanaged by all concerned, and the battery, instead of going by devious routes to a meeting-place, spread over the neighboring country-side and was not assembled again until late in the afternoon. Let orders be hanged so long as we got away from that scene of destruction to breathe fresh air and lie down somewhere, anywhere, to rest ourselves.

All we could readily appreciate was that we were very tired and

hungry, that our eyes and noses were running from the effects of the poison gas, and that the woods were not pleasant to look upon. During the bombardment, lying as we were in the close confinement of our narrow shelter-pits, and not daring to stick out our heads to see what was going on, our lives were governed by our ears and our imaginations, but coming out of our flimsy caves we were struck at once with the sight of devastation which greeted us. Many of the trees were scarred and splintered, a few of them leaning against their fellows. We sympathized with these latter. They looked tired. A number of branches hung listlessly downward, clinging to their tree trunks by mere shreds of bark, while others had been lopped off and lay scattered over the ground. The ground itself was more broken than ever, though it was difficult at a glance to distinguish the old craters from the new. Blouses, overcoats, raincoats, pack-carriers, saddles, saddle-bags, and a host of other equipment had been tossed hither and thither and lay about under the trees, torn and tattered; and what signified the violence of the explosions more than anything else, blankets had been picked up and hurled high into the topmost branches of the trees. At the forward part of the woods were the ten horses which happened to be at the position at the time. Three of them lay dead, their heads hanging from their halter-ropes; three others were alive but hopelessly mangled, and had to be shot. One of the animals was Lieutenant Reid's saddle-horse. The air was filled with the smarting smell of gas, which, while it had largely settled to the ground and into the dugouts just vacated, still hung about to keep us coughing and drying the tears from our watering eyes, for many of us, after a few minutes, had taken off our masks, despite Corporal Kopp's warning, hoping that the gas by that time might be dispelled. To add to the horror of the scene the gassed and wounded were collected at one edge of the woods, where they were undergoing treatment at the hands of Captain Kirkpatrick and his assistants.

Our casualties were two dead, three wounded (besides Helmcke and Siegal, Pedicine suffered a severe wound in the breast), and nineteen gassed. While every one of us had felt the effects of the gas, only those nineteen were considered by the medical authorities as subjects for hospital treatment, and of these, fifteen were returned after a few days. The 119th Field Artillery suffered far more severely than we, though we cannot quote their losses.

Before we left the woods, details were assigned under Sergeant Marriner and Sergeant Dumont to dig graves for Lieutenant Reid and Private Eck, and to bury the horses. Sergeant Franklin set



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about repairing broken telephone wires, and an examination of the emplacements, conducted by Lieutenant Grahn and Sergeant Field, showed that the guns had escaped injury. Lieutenant Armstrong arrived at the position and collected some of the men to conduct them to Battery "B" to get something to eat, for the bombardment had come before noon mess, and the gas had rendered our food inedible. The kitchen, furthermore, was riddled with holes. Another detachment of the battery, leaving the rear of the woods in small groups, slowly trudged up to the battalion echelon situated on the wooded crest of a hill half a mile back, they also in search of food. But the battery was not divided into these two detachments alone, for many of us straggled out and, so to speak, followed our running noses. We were frightfully depressed, and we now believe, had it been announced to any of us that the whole American army had capitulated, the report would only have elicited a wan smile. Even the news of Lieutenant Reid's death did not stir our lassitude to the significance we later attached to that tragedy, and surely could our disheartened, almost insensible, spirits have been moved at all, it would have been by that terrible announcement. We were too listless both mentally and physically to appreciate how great a shock it was to us. All we could do was to eat what was served us and lie down, not caring a trifle whether the German hosts broke through the lines, captured the whole division, and submitted us to excruciating tortures.

Meager as were our rations, they helped to revive our spirits to a certain extent, and we were able to take a keen interest in an exciting drama which was enacted not far from the battalion echelon. A Boche aëroplane suddenly swooped down, its engine roaring and its machine-gun rattling forth a stream of bullets as it plunged at a steep angle on an observation balloon floating lazily at its anchor, blissfully unconscious of the juggernaut of destruction which had been sailing far above in the clouds. Once aware of his danger, the observer leaped from the balloon in a parachute, which opened gracefully and carried him to safety. The balloon was quickly lowered, while the German plane, defeated in the purpose of its dive, tilted to one side, turned toward home, and sailed off. Aside from this episode, the afternoon was peacefully uneventful, and we made the most of it by resting in the cool of the woods or in the long grass of neighboring fields, though we were so weary that even resting was tiresome.

Shortly after four o'clock, burial services for Lieutenant Reid and Private Eck were conducted by the chaplain, Lieutenant Thomas.

The battery had been ordered out of the woods and there were few there to attend the ceremony. Captains Dick and Fine, together with Lieutenants Grahn, Vollmer, Barker, and Sherrock, were present as pall-bearers, and a few men, scattered through the woods, stopped the tasks which had brought them there to stand, uncovered, gravely watching the ceremony from a distance. Lieutenant Thomas read the twenty-third and ninetieth Psalms, and concluded the simple service with a prayer. Lieutenant Reid and Private Eck were buried side by side, and before we left the position a fence of birch wood was constructed around the graves and two crosses erected and bedecked with flowers, rough and inadequate expression of our true feelings.

Efforts were made throughout the whole afternoon to assemble the battery, but no one seemed to know where any one else was, and cared less, so it was not until six o'clock that we finally collected in the field back of our position under a row of willows which offered a screen against enemy observation. Captain Dick summoned the non-commissioned officers to report to him. He emphasized the necessity of restoring order from the chaos which prevailed, and proffered his conviction that the bombardment did not necessarily mean that the Germans had spotted our occupation of the woods, but that it was all in a day's work of zone fire. We were skeptical. The flare bomb of the previous night was not dropped for the charitable purpose of giving us more light with which to operate our guns. The captain may have been right, but we were not convinced, though we appreciated his effort to bolster up our morale.

It is interesting to recall a speech made by the captain in Camp Upton months before. In urging the non-coms to prepare themselves by diligent study and hard work for their various duties, he told them that they must equip themselves for any emergency, because some day any one of them might even be called upon to take the place of an officer lost in battle. It was a favorite phrase, and one which became a familiar topic of unwarranted ridicule, with which he closed his speech at that time. "Some day," he said, "you will wake up to find yourself battery commander." How near his prophesy came to being realized! Lieutenant Reid had been killed; Lieutenant Grahn was absent during the bombardment; and Lieutenant O'Connor reported to the First Aid Station. The presence of Lieutenant Barker alone prevented the command of the battery from temporarily descending into the hands of a man of the ranks.

Lieutenant Barker was authorized to take charge of the organization. Whether he thought that orders were immediately expected of

him, or that we needed more work to fill out the day, is a mooted question, but the fact remains that his first command directed us to report to the guns for standing gun drill. Our respect for our new commander suffered a severe shock. Our spirits were low enough without being aggravated by any such ridiculous farce as the detested gun drill which had been the chief thorn in our lives at Camp de Souge, and from which we had reason to believe we had graduated. Be that as it may, Lieutenant Barker may have had motives which we cannot guess.

Second Lieutenant Gray McWhorter Bryan, of Battery "B," was shortly ordered to take command of the battery.

On August 23d, from 2 to 4 A.M., we fired gas shell into the Berles Ravine. It was unfortunate that we could not have had more sleep than we were able to get during the night, for the nervous strain of the bombardment and the injurious effects of the gas we had all received demanded recuperation for our tired bodies; but the firing served the very necessary purpose of convincing us that we must not give way to our fatigue, nor allow the morale of the battery to slip beyond our control. We were again upon our feet as a fighting unit, ready to tackle whatever might come our way, and though we were hoarse from the gas and suffered from a lack of water (none had been carted into the position since the bombardment), we entered into the firing with as much vim as our weariness would allow, the more intensely because we felt we might be avenging the deaths of Battery "A" men. The fourth gun crew were, perhaps, more handicapped than the others, because, during part of the operations, there was a good deal of gas in their immediate vicinity, due, probably, to a leakage in one of their own projectiles, though the fumes may have come from enemy shell which were bursting not far away. They fired with masks adjusted, and one of them vomited in his protector. When the mission was completed, we returned to the willows behind the woods.

During the later hours of the morning an echelon was established near the battalion echelon, our refuge of the day before, and here the kitchen was placed to keep its telltale smoke away from the vicinity of the guns, mess being carried to the back border of our woods in a ration cart.

During the course of the morning we sustained another casualty. Private Mongeon, Lieutenant Reid's orderly, led several horses to water, and, as he returned, a shell burst on the road near him. The horse he was riding and one other were killed, and a large fragment struck Mongeon full in the chest, killing him instantly. He was

buried close to where he fell, and a cross erected to mark the grave. Mongeon was a great loss. We all liked him for his modest ways and genial nature, liked him all the more because he was a good soldier and a fine fellow. It was a sobering matter to have our friends taken from us, and with three of our number gone to their final rest, and many more in the hospital, it was not strange that we asked ourselves:

"Could it ever have been, I wonder,
That the barking guns were still,
That no one could hear their thunder
Rolling from plain to hill;
That a man might sleep in the morning,
Sleep with his dreams set free
From the endless flash where the H.E.'s crash,
With never a reveille?

"Was there ever a life behind us,
A life that we knew before,
With never a shell to find us,
Crouching in mud and gore;
With never a pal to bury
As part of the bitter test,
With never the cry of a last good-by
From a mate who is starting West?"

That night we fired into the town of Bazoches, using OO charges, which proved too powerful for our yielding revetments, though, as we afterward learned, we inflicted great damage on our target and made matters exceedingly uncomfortable for the Germans. Number one had returned from the repair shop and fired from an adjoining field next to number four. Number three developed recoil trouble and took its turn at the shop. So hopelessly flimsy were the revetments that it was decided to abandon these emplacements and move the howitzers to the firmer ground offered by the open field in back of our woods. The transfer was made on the following night. A trench running along the rear of the new emplacements and parallel to the battery front gave us the opportunity, by digging shelter-pits on its inner facing, of securing adequate protection in case of another bombardment. The battery commander's post remained in the woods, but was enlarged and reinforced with corrugated iron sheets, heavy logs, and sand-bags. During the night we fired a few rounds on Bazoches, and on the 26th this harassing fire was continued at the slow rate of two shots an hour.

On the 24th, Lieutenant O'Connor departed for the States with Lieutenants Pitman and Armstrong, former officers of the battery. Three days later, Sergeant Baecker left for the artillery school at Saumur, and Sergeant Welch was appointed first sergeant. Sergeants Welch and Field were recommended through Divisional Headquarters for commissions as second lieutenants, due to the shortage of officers in the regiment, but the recommendations were not recognized by General Headquarters because A.E.F. regulations forbade direct promotions from the ranks without attendance at an officers' training camp. On September 1st, Lieutenant Bryan was promoted to the grade of first lieutenant, and on the 4th of the month Lieutenant Charles F. Balph was assigned to the battery. On the latter date we were deprived of the last of our Camp Upton officers, for Lieutenant Grahn was transferred to the Supply Company. We felt the loss more than it was our place to express, though the transfer meant promotion which we could not begrudge our friend. Lieutenant Grahn possessed those qualities which we so admired in the other of our old line officers. He associated with the men, yet, despite that fact, and indeed rather because of it, he commanded our respect and loyalty.

Our attention in this position, our third in the sector, was directed chiefly against Bazoches, a vital spot in the German lines and one which completely checked our advance. An infantry attack was ordered for the early morning of the 27th, and at 4 A.M. we assisted in laying down a barrage and in blowing up machine-gun nests, the principal obstacles to our progress; but our infantry was unable to occupy the town. From the afternoon of the next day until 4 P.M. of the 30th we teased the Germans with harassing fire at the rate of four rounds per hour, once stopping long enough to shoot twenty-six rounds into the château in the center of Bazoches. After we had fired fifteen rounds for adjustment on the afternoon of the 31st, a German plane flew boldly over our emplacements at so low a level that we could plainly see the features of the aviators, and we at once had visions of another onslaught from the Boche artillery. On September 1st we fired twice, once for adjustment and once for demolition, and on the following two days sent over a total of one hundred and fifteen shell, largely for the further leveling of Bazoches.

Our infantry finally captured the town, and the German retreat from the Vesle to the Aisne began, the Seventy-seventh artillery clattering after its dough-boys to lend them a helping hand. On the dark rainy night of September 4th, we rolled packs, pulled out the howitzers, which were comfortably ensconced in barricaded emplacements that they doubtless were loath to leave, and waited by the

roadside from ten until after one before starting on our forward journey. The roads were in poor condition and congested with traffic, so we made only a short distance before daylight suspended the march. We drew up alongside a wood on the crest of a hill overlooking the Vesle River, and there concealed ourselves and the rolling stock as best we could. After a day and a night without sleep we toppled down wherever a soft spot offered a bed and slept as if our eyes were glued. At 7 P.M. the march was resumed, and with the red glow of a radiant sunset on one side of us and the rumble of thunder and flash of lightning to the east, we set off down the hill on a narrow winding road which was much the worse for wear. Darkness soon overtook us and, without any light whatsoever, the long descent into the valley of the Vesle proved to be a dangerous matter, demanding the utmost skill of the drivers in handling their horses. Our progress in the valley itself was even slower, for the roads here were slippery with heavy mud and broken with treacherous shell holes. Number four, in crossing the railroad tracks, skidded on the muddy rails and was almost ditched. The caisson of number four failed to avoid a deep shell hole, dropped into it, and was left under guard until morning. In crossing the plank bridge which our engineers had built over the Vesle, and which the Germans were shelling with shrapnel at the moment, number two crashed through one of the railings and narrowly escaped plunging into the river. The fourgon wagons missed the road and crossed the river by another bridge. As the train passed through the town of Bazoches, dark as it was, we could see the destruction which our guns had wrought. There was no question that the title of "The Wreckers of Bazoches," which the 306th Field Artillery had received, was justly earned.

Our new position was directly beside the broad Rheims-Soissons highway, which cut along the steep hill in front of Bazoches. Here, on the forward side of the road, we placed the howitzers, tilting their muzzles well in the air for a high trajectory over the incline in front of them. The horses were kept in dilapidated and extremely obnoxious stables several hundred yards to the left of the guns, while the men housed themselves in the huge shell-proof dugouts and shacks under the brow of the hill. There is little to recount of our experiences in this position, for the battery was temporarily in reserve and did no firing, though we handled a deal of ammunition and went to some trouble in preparing the guns for an emergency mission. The drivers, however, were active in cleaning out their stables and in hauling ammunition both for Battery "A" and for the batteries in action. As always, their work was hard and regular, and while not

usually as strenuous as that of the cannoneers, they seldom got the complete rest which the latter enjoyed when the guns were once fixed and no firing engaged their further attention. Our quarters, while not sumptuous, were for the most part safe from enemy shell, and offered an opportunity for long nights of sleep which restored our sunken spirits to a reasonably high state and brought relief to our fatigue. The food supply, however, was scanty, and we might have suffered had we not been able to supplement our rations with so-called "French toast," an indigestible concoction of fried bread and sugar, the supplies for which we obtained from a decimated machine-gun company which had more provisions than its depleted ranks could consume. Despite the German shell which daily fell on Bazoches and the roads running into it, many of us ventured over the surrounding country to investigate the ruins about us. It was horrifying to see the number of dead we found strewn along the railroad tracks and over the open fields of the valley, yet in a way it was satisfying to look on the ruined buildings of the town. To accomplish the destruction of these we had gone through cruel hardships, and to have found them standing untouched would have been positively disappointing.

On September 6th, Lieutenant Thomas H. Hogg was assigned to the battery, and on the 10th, Lieutenant William J. Shearer.

On the night of the 10th, the battery began its active participation in the Oise-Aisne offensive by moving to a more advanced position about a mile away. Only the third and fourth pieces went forward, for guns number one and number two were out of commission, both having trouble with their recoils and elevation racks. We moved into emplacements already dug, though apparently they had been used for smaller guns. We improved them by deepening and extending the revetments and by building firm platforms. The small open field to our rear was riddled with shell holes, a gentle reminder that we had best look about for secure dugouts; but these were lacking and we were compelled to put up with small pits. We reinforced the latter in our spare moments, but at best they would have afforded only meager protection in case of a bombardment. Luckily the Germans were too busy retiring to the Chemin des Dames to bother with such as we.

In the afternoon of the 11th, from 6.30 until 7.15, twenty-one shots for adjustment were fired by direct observation on a church steeple in Pargnan. The slopes of La Petite Montagne were populated with machine-guns which proved a great stumbling-block to the infantry, and, in response to a call, we raked these slopes with our fire the entire afternoon of the 12th, despatching a total of one hundred and

seventy-five rounds. On the forty-fifth round the third piece went out of order, and shortly thereafter was sent to the shop for repairs on its elevating rack.

In the meantime the men at the echelon (still retained on the Rheims-Soissons highway) were having a comparatively placid existence, though several circumstances tended to upset their equanimity. Sergeant Marriner continued to plod away at his ammunition detail and the drivers fumed at their horses, wondering why heavy artillery was not drawn by inanimate and less bothersome means of locomotion. Sergeant Mueller was despatched two kilometers to the rear to establish an echelon, a fact which seemed to verify persistent rumors that the Seventy-seventh Division was due for a long rest and would be relieved in the near future. On the night of the 13th, we were disturbed by a German bombing expedition. Tons of heavy bombs were dropped on Bazoches and the surrounding roads, many of the missiles being directed against the cross-roads not far from our dugouts.

On the afternoon of September 14th, orders came relieving us from the sector, although the fourth piece was commanded to remain for further firing. At 5.30 P.M. the march began by way of Bazoches. It was with considerable elation that we left the lines that night, bound, as rumor claimed, for clean barracks, hot baths, new equipment, and blessed freedom from the cooties. Few of us had had a good washing since our swim in the Marne over a month before, and we had done a deal of perspiring in the meantime. But rumor had it, too, that rest camps were not quite the havens of peace and comfort we had in our mind's eye. Some insisted that, while relieving men from the stress of battle, they inflicted the worse evil of incessant daily drilling (enough to strike terror to the heart of the most courageous soldier), the idea being that men so treated would joyfully welcome a return to the lines at the appointed time. Such reports, however, though they may have held weight with some, were either entirely ignored or overshadowed by our enthusiasm at the prospect of being near civilization again. We wanted to get away to some place, any place, where towns were not in ruins, where whistling shell did not make us hunch our shoulders, and where stores could offer a few of those non-essentials so prized by soldiers at the front. Perhaps, who could tell, we might actually sit down at a table and order a meal. There was also the primitive desire to be among women and children, and greatest of our needs, though possibly least in our thoughts, the necessity of relaxing from the physical and nervous

strain we had been under since our departure from the Lorraine sector.

If the main part of the battery was glad to leave the Vesle, then the detachment which remained with the fourth piece were radiantly happy, and ready, had they not been too tired, to give exultant hallelujahs as they left the position after completing the mission which kept them there. It is only fair that a page or two be devoted to their experiences during the interval of two days before they rejoined the battery, for not only were they subjected to one of the most exhausting periods of work ever imposed upon any men of Battery "A," but also the fourth gun was the only one which remained in action throughout our participation in the Oise-Aisne offensive. We might add that it was the only howitzer which was never at the repair shop during our possession of the guns.

On the 13th, harassing fire was directed against various targets on the slopes of La Petite Montagne, and by evening the fourth crew expected that their work for the day was concluded, and that they would either sleep at the gun or be relieved by the eighth crew, who were at the echelon with Lieutenant Bryan and the remaining drivers. But there was no let-up, and there began a long night of constant firing which none of them will soon forget. A total of three hundred and thirty-five rounds were shot from the single gun. The oft-repeated concussion and deafening roar of the howitzer was in itself enough to loosen the joints of any man and give him the novel sensation of seeming to fall to pieces. Had all worked smoothly the ordeal would have been less distressing, but the actual concussion of the report was only a circumstance of their trials. The firing was so continuous that the breech became more and more clogged with powder residue. Lieutenant Barker did not want to give orders to take it down and clean it, for the telephone kept the crew constantly occupied with preparations for new problems to fire, and a hurry call might have caught them unready. Every man except the gunner took a turn at number one's position until he was exhausted from slamming the breech. To add to their troubles, the crew had to carry over two hundred of the projectiles and most of the powder from the adjacent emplacements vacated by the other guns, because the supply at their own pit was soon exhausted. The night light gave out, and a substitute in the form of a weak pocket flash-light gave the gunner considerable difficulty in keeping up the pace for which the rapid firing called. With all their troubles the crew made superhuman efforts to preserve Battery "A" 's reputation, and very nearly succeeded in firing all the three hundred and thirty-five rounds on

schedule, the breech causing several unavoidable delays. On the following morning the eighth crew under Sergeant Dumont relieved Sergeant Gray and his tired men, and used up what little ammunition remained on hand. In the afternoon the "A" crew, who had spent the day at the echelon, returned to the gun position and pitched tents considerably to the right and well above the emplacement on the wooded slope of a steep hill. The men got to sleep as early as could be, since they had had practically no rest for two days and nights.

The morning of the 15th was uneventful, but in the afternoon preparations were made to move out. With the loading of fourgon wagons and G. S. carts, piled high with packs, special detail equipment, and kitchen utensils, the party was ready for the march at dusk. The narrow muddy road leading to the main highway was blocked with troops of the Italian 8th Division, come to relieve the Seventy-seventh, and it was 10.30 P.M. before the detachment could move out from the treacherous, shell-ridden field back to the emplacement. Only a few hundred yards of the road had been traversed when the pole of the gun limber snapped in two, and another delay of an hour ensued while a tree was obtained in the vicinity and lashed to the limber, an improvisation which later proved disastrous. At midnight the train turned to the left toward Fismes, down the road to Rheims. It reached the outskirts of Fismes, and here luck forsook them again, for in pulling to the right to allow for traffic, the howitzer, by reason of an angular insertion of the hastily constructed pole, slipped into a deep ditch and remained there until morning, despite the united efforts of thirty men, sixteen of our own horses, and two teams which a French captain generously offered in assistance. Rosenberg was sent ahead to notify the Supply Company of the predicament, and to direct its motor-trucks to the scene of the catastrophe. This assistance never came, and at dawn, after two or three hours' sleep, the men were awakened and forthwith jacked the gun out of its distorted posture. What seemed hopeless in the obscurity of night was comparatively easy in the light of morning, and the train soon proceeded on its way past dilapidated Fismes and up a long hill to the south. St. Gilles and the stubs of burnt barracks, which had once been the St. Gilles Hospital, were seen as the march continued. The detachment presented a sorry sight as it lumbered up and down the open hills. The fourgons and G. S. carts had not stopped to see the howitzer heaved out of the ditch, but had gone on their way rejoicing, under the direction of Lieutenant Barker, so the howitzer was alone in its glory, rattling and rumbling over the dusty hot roads, and grumbling at the eight tired horses as they

pulled methodically at their taut traces. Lieutenant Bryan was mounted in advance of the miniature column, the men straggling behind the gun, hanging on to any part of it which might offer a means of being towed, or bracing themselves to carry on without giving the horses additional weight to tug.

At noon a long halt was made to take a rest and to beg food from an infantry outfit encamped beside the road, for the men had had nothing to eat since the previous afternoon. The company mentioned, however, considered that charity begins at home, and had nothing to spare but a few rusty hardtack, which were devoured in less time than it takes to write of it. The only other source of nourishment lay in a can of meat and two cans of beans in the possession of Lieutenant Bryan and Sergeant Gibbons. The meat was bad! Two cans of beans do not make a healthy meal for thirty ravenous men, and Lieutenant Bryan wisely decided that only ten should participate in the coveted feast, eight of whom were to be chosen by lot. His proposal that Sergeant Gibbons be one of the other two was tacitly conceded. The official suggestion that he himself be included among the fortunate ten, because he had donated part of the repast, may have, in his own mind, preserved his rights and the dignity of his rank, but in the minds of the human beings before him, his "rights" were in conflict with his duty to see his men cared for and his dignity was dragged in the mud. An officer who uses his authority for selfish ends to the deprivation of his men does not command the loyalty and respect which are vital to high morale and willing subservience to discipline. We repeat the phrase used once before, that we were American fighters and not Prussian soldiers. However, as the march continued, Lieutenant Bryan generously bought some macaroons from a Y. M. C. A. Ford and distributed them among the men. Enough could not be had to more than tease their appetites, but macaroons never tasted better. We imagine that they must have been digested in half a minute. After hiking all afternoon the party was finally picked up by trucks and conducted the last two kilometers to the regimental encampment about that distance from Cierges.

The detachment immediately gorged themselves with the remains of the battery mess, the only solid meal they had had for over twenty-four hours, and the only one they were to get for another eighteen. They had hiked about twenty-five kilometers and were to join the battery that same night in twenty more. In forty-eight hours they got only six hours of sleep to sustain them on these two marches. It was a bad start for the long hike to the Argonne.

Rumors, Rumors, Rumors

BY VERNON B. SMITH

It's sometimes borne on the morning breeze that blows from the S.O.S.;
It rides as well on the screaming shell in the Argonne wilderness;
It's often heard in the hum of a plane, as it drones and sings like a bee,
And now and then it is told to the men by the Major's orderly.
A chauffeur often brings it in and it spreads like a raging fire,
Or Rumor Barnes, with his false alarms, hears it come over the wire;
At times the wireless picks it up and a Sergeant says it's true;
Again it springs from the lad who brings our meat for the daily stew.
A K.P. hears it from a cook, and whispers it in the ear
Of a big "grease-ball," who imbibes it all as he would a foaming beer;
It starts in a million different ways, but always spreads like flame,
Until it dies, when new ones rise. And so runs the Rumor game.

The Hike to the Argonne

THE march to the Argonne is a phase of our history which warrants the dignity of a separate chapter. It was one of those events which constituted an acid test of our soldierly qualities and powers of endurance, an experience which, coming as the continuation of two months of hard campaigning, was torture at the time, but which, in the reminiscence, leaves us complacently proud of ourselves. The more frightful our experiences, the more satisfied we are to point them out.

We were bound for a rest camp. Of that we were sure, and why not, since the Seventy-seventh had been on the jump since the middle of July? As we left our position beyond the Vesle, we were more than ready to endure a few nights of labored marching, if they led us to the recompense of straw mattresses and abundant food. And so it was that the two detachments of the battery had turned their weary steps from the front, one leaving on September 14th, the other a day later, to unite at the echelon near Cierges, tired, yet rejoicing in the happy conviction that at last they were to receive the rewards of their exertions.

The detachment which arrived on the morning of Sunday, the 15th, rested that day and the next. Religious services, both Christian and Jewish, were held in the woods, and the regimental band gave a concert. There was something quieting about the band. It sounded martial, yet smacked of rest camps and dress parades, and brought to our minds fond visions of Camp Upton, with its long rows of clean barracks, its busy jitney buses, and its open avenues peopled with well-groomed soldiers. We were treated to the opportunity of laying in a supply of cigarettes, for a near-by commissary was selling them by the carton, and of purchasing packages of crackers and chocolate. For the first time since we had been in the field we caught a momentary glimpse of the Y.M.C.A. secretary assigned to the regiment. We saw him again after the armistice. The "Y" had its usual abundant display of inedible razor blades.

By the time the second detachment arrived at the Bois de Meun-

ière, September 16th, the regiment was preparing for the night's march, and by the appointed hour (8.30 P.M.) tents had been struck, equipment packed, horses harnessed and hitched, and the guns drawn along the dirt road which ran through the woods to the main highway. A not unusual delay ensued, due this time to the breakdown of a wagon at the head of the column, and the train did not move until 11 P.M. It showered intermittently during the whole night, and we renewed our acquaintance with French mud. Delays were frequent, though short, and were due mainly to congested traffic, for our infantry was passing in motor trucks to precede us to the rest camp, and the artillery of the Italian 8th Division was clattering in the opposite direction. At 8 A.M. we drew up beside a broad field near Troissy. Not far away was Châtillon-sur-Marne, perched on the top of a cliff overlooking the valley of the Marne, and next to the town a conspicuous, imposing statue towered over us from the heights of the escarpment. The guns were unlimbered on the side of the road, and the limbers drawn into the field to serve as posts for the picket-line. Tents were pitched, and we slept until noon, when a combination breakfast and lunch was served, consisting of "monkey meat," hardtack, and coffee. During the afternoon, fifty men—fortunate beings—were sent ahead in trucks to precede the battery to the rest area and to prepare it for our habitation. Coffee and beans were served at five o'clock, and an hour later we stood on the road ready to expend the feeble strength which such a meal could give us, in the all-night hike to follow. Traffic held us up, and it was not until 10.30 P.M. that we heard the command: "Battery 'A,' For-'a-rd—Harch." During those four and a half hours we waited in a cold drizzle which now and then broke into rain and which continued throughout the night. The pace was fast, once we had passed up the long hill at the outset of the journey, and men were beginning to display fatigue even on this third of what developed into a nine-day march. At the infrequent fall-outs they lay in the gutters of the road, sometimes to fall fast asleep and be awakened as the train moved on, or even to be left unnoticed in the darkness. Many attempted to violate regulations by stealing a ride or at least by throwing their heavy packs, rifles, and loaded cartridge-belts on one of the vehicles, but woe to the man who was detected by an officer. To every vehicle was assigned a privileged man to act as brakeman, privileged because he was entitled to ride. The first caisson under the guidance of Corporal Murphy at one time carried eleven men, and when an explanation of this outrage was demanded by the battery commander, Jim Murphy bravely volunteered the startling information that they were all

brakemen. A suit of ejectment was brought against ten of the occupants, and, as usual, the battery commander won the case. Corporal Murphy received no compliment on the keenness of his eyesight. At 8.30 in the morning of the 18th, we halted in a field near Pierry, three kilometers from Épernay, pitched tents, spread our blankets over the sticky clay mud, and slept. For the first time in weeks we were in the midst of civilization, and some of us, even at the expense of a few hours' sleep, hiked to Épernay and indulged in the delights of eggs, fruit, fresh bread, and the world-famous Épernay champagne.

By dusk we were prepared to continue the march, but orders changed, directing us to remain at the encampment until four o'clock the next morning. Too tired and sleepy to repitch our tents, we lay down in the open. When it started to rain, late in the night, we had only enough energy to pull our blankets over our heads and offer thanks that we were allowed to sleep at all. The cooks, preparing breakfast in the dark of early morning, put salt in the coffee instead of sugar, but the time consumed in brewing a fresh supply was not long, and we set out at the appointed hour. At 3 P.M. we established ourselves in a thinly wooded grove about ten kilometers from Châlons-sur-Marne, after a march which, by reason of its being made in the daylight, was interesting and a distinct relief from our previous trips in Stygian darkness. Another night's sleep refreshed us for the journey on the following morning, September 20th. Passing a French ordnance repair shop and a balloon factory on the outskirts of Châlons, we trudged on up the valley of the Marne to Togney-aux-Bœufs, and there encamped for a night and a day. Here an innovation was introduced into our lives which disappeared as suddenly as it came. It was a new outdoor sport known as "grooming horses by the numbers." The drivers stood to horse, and at the commands "Two minutes for left flank," "Two minutes for neck and shoulder," "One minute to clean out frogs," etc., they groomed the parts designated, being timed in their actions by a whistle. The drivers were both amused and disgusted, while the rest of the battery watched the performance with unalloyed delight. The horses were quietly tolerant of the proceedings, but must have had it in mind to organize a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Human Beings," unless, perhaps, they came to the painful conclusion that they had fallen into the efficient hands of thoroughbred Prussians.

But what were such trifles as the manner of grooming horses? Were we not marching to a rest camp? We learned that the latter was only a few miles away. And then rumors, hideous rumors, found their way about the encampment, that we would go to Verdun,

H. T. Fisk 1921

The weary, silent night Hike.

Rheims, the Argonne—anywhere, in fact, except that rest camp. A battalion inspection, held on the morning of the 21st, seemed portentous of further fighting, and a speech by the major confirmed our worst fears. He announced that we were to engage in a tremendous drive which he predicted would terminate the war by Christmas. A check of equipment followed, and the second and third pieces were sent back to the repair shop at Châlons. It was a bitter disappointment to turn our steps away from the coveted quiet of a rest area, yet we met it with scarcely a murmur. Had we been Frenchmen, we would have sighed a sad "C'est la guerre," a phrase burning with indomitable pluck yet tinged with dangerous fatalism, a phrase which seems to echo the horrors of battles already fought and lost, yet contemplates the future not without dogged hope. But being Americans, we thought and said, "Well, let's go," a simple expression, often used, one which, more than any other, epitomized the spirit of our army. It is a phrase with no tragic past to recall, no demolished homes, no murdered relatives, no rivers of blood, an expression looking to the future and not to the past, displaying resignation to the inevitable, but also a grim, impatient anxiety to "get it over with."

We left about the middle of the afternoon. A stop was made at 9 P.M. for the purpose of serving bread, jam, and coffee, and just before dawn of the 22d we arrived in the Possesse Woods. The detail work at this encampment took longer than usual, and tents were not pitched until well along in the morning. In the early afternoon mess was served, a mess which was the more ravenously consumed because it included large portions of steak. We broke camp and pulled out of the woods about six o'clock, glad enough to leave the place, for it had been left in a foul, unsanitary condition by other troops. The night's hike was a short one, and well it was, for we were tired out. Many were suffering from blistered feet and labored heavily to keep up the pace, while all of us felt the strain of the march and cursed the War Department for not supplying heavy field artillery with motor trucks. The halt was made about midnight in a thick woods near Chatrices. It had rained during the entire march, and we were drenched, but we had no way of drying ourselves, and so lay down in our tents to sleep until morning. We arose, stiff and cold, and hung our wet clothes to steam in the heat of small fires which we were allowed to build.

The last leg of our journey occurred in the night of September 23-24. It rained at frequent intervals, and we were once more soaked to the skin, but despite the inclement weather and the rapid pace, we were satisfied to carry on and get there. "There" ceased to be a

matter of mere conjecture, for it became apparent, as we rattled over the cobbled pavement of St. Menehould and past Florent, that we were bound for the Argonne sector, though the exact location of our position was unknown to all but the officers until we reached it. A few kilometers beyond Florent and in the Argonne Forest proper, our echelon was established, and here we were met by men of the billeting detail which had left us at the encampment near Troissy. The two guns continued up the road for three kilometers to the gun positions assigned to us, and the howitzers were placed and camouflaged before morning.

Our trip was at an end. To say that we were fatigued is putting it mildly. If any one of us, now or in the future, has cause to complain of his lot, let him look back on the hike from the Vesle to the Argonne, and his troubles will seem petty in comparison. If, comfortably reclining in an easy-chair before a blazing fire, you curse your luck because you have mislaid your pipe, or because you have a stomach-ache from eating too much mince-pie for supper, then reflect awhile on the state of your being during the days of September 14 to 24, 1918. Were you mounted? Then consider the weary mounted man, his legs wet and cold and cramped from stretching over a broad, uncomfortable saddle, his feet groping for stirrups, or kicking the flanks of his mount, his back aching from the regular lurching of his tired horse, a horse which plods mechanically over muddy roads or trips haltingly in the darkness. His hands are clammy and stiff from holding soggy reins, his eyes tired from peering into the darkness, his nerves on edge from constantly watching the vehicle ahead in order not to run into it if the pace slackens suddenly. His head nods now and then, for he is very sleepy. He is hungry, and, above all, he wants to get off his horse and stretch the cramps out of his body.

Again, perhaps your evening meal does not suit you. The steak may not be juicy enough, or possibly the coffee is so hot that you burn your tongue. Then recall those nights when you would have swallowed that coffee at a gulp. Were you unmounted? Then consider that bedraggled, hungry, silent individual who once trudged heavily over sloppy French highways. Behind him the labored breathing of horses, the thud of hoofs, the rubbing of wet leather, the chinkling of harness chains; beside him the uneven scraping and shuffling of feet, an occasional splash, an occasional stumble, and the bobbing of heads, barely discernible through the grayness of a foggy drizzle; before him the jumbling, rattling, unyielding mass of a six-

inch howitzer, its broad wheels rolling up a thin splatter of white clay mud and grinding intermittently against its heavy brakes.

A helmet, tied loosely on his pack, and his mess-kit clank incessantly to the cadence of his methodical walking. Little rivers of water break the reservoir of his cap and trickle downward, tickling his nose and chin, or coursing rapidly down his neck beneath the loose collar of a rain-soaked slicker. His hair is matted, his hands unbearably moist, his clothes cling to him, and at every crunch of his muddy shoes cold water oozes up between his toes. His legs are drenched and numb, except for a twinge of shooting pain from the tightness of his rolled leggings; and now and then his knees give way a trifle, as if unable to support the unnatural weight above them.

He looks down at his feet. He likes to look at his feet, for the ground seems to speed past under them, but it makes him dizzy to look too long, and, too, it hurts him to bend his neck, for the pack straps cut all the harder and increase that awful ache in his left shoulder. He raises his head again and peers at the shadowy lines of dripping trees which wall the whiteness of the road. How incredibly slowly they are really going!

A halt, and he sits silently in the gutter, resting the bottom of his pack on the bank of the road to relieve the strain on his back. He closes his eyes for a few moments. "For—'ard—Harch!" and he drags himself up again.

Tramp, tramp, scuffle, splunch.

His stomach is flattened, and he is conscious of his throat. Something is pressing down on his heart. His ammunition-belt weighs heavily on his hips. He takes a deep breath, lurches his pack higher on his back, and grabs the protruding cradle of the howitzer.

Scuffle, scuffle, tramp, tramp, tramp.

Will they never get there?

Tramp, tramp, scrape, splash, scuffle, scuffle, tramp, tramp, tramp.

"Let's Go!"

BY G. H. R.

THE night is wet and as black as pitch,
The fourth piece's stuck in a god damn ditch,
These muddy hikes all have their hitch
To keep us fretting with the packs
That sit so heavy on our backs
And make us stumble in our tracks.
"All cannoneers up forward. Say!
Come on, you men, chase up this way;
And shake it up. My God, you're slow,
Yes, *you,* I mean! Come on, let's go!"

The men splash up where the big gun lies.
"Get going, men," the sergeant cries,
"One—two—three—*hee-e-ve.* Come on, you guys."
The horses snort, go through their paces,
Forward lean and pull their traces;
Drivers swear with darkened faces.
Five men are straining at each wheel,
Their muscles hard as tempered steel;
The gun moves but an inch or so—
"One—two—three—*hee-e-ve.* Come on, let's go!"

"Let's try again; get out a rope.
This time we'll pull her out, I hope.
I said a rope, you dizzy dope!"
The men all heave with might and main;
The drivers spur their mounts again;
The howitzer can't stand the strain,
But lurches from its muddy bank
With scraping grind and rattling clank.
The men relax, the horses blow.
"Forward—Harch!"—"Come on, let's go!"

The Meuse-Argonne Offensive

E ROND CHAMP, our first position in the Argonne, was, in point of security, the best we ever had on an active front. It was in one of those deep, narrow ravines so characteristic of the Argonne Forest, and, due to the steep precipice on its forward side, offered a target which only the most accurate fire could have found. The emplacements were to the rear of a road running through the ravine, while our living quarters were old French dugouts cut deep in the slope of the forward hill. Some of the latter were small affairs, but the one which housed most of the battery was capable of accommodating over a hundred men. Added to our security we enjoyed a degree of comfort which was a blessed relief after long weeks of exposure. The dugouts were filthy and were thickly populated with cooties, but they were provided with tiers of chicken-wire bunks and were lighted with electricity. Outside the abris was piped running water, a convenience which enabled us to bathe and wash our underwear. The greatest of our comforts was a combination French-American Y.M.C.A. hut. The "Y" secretary took an active interest in us, and proved to our satisfaction that a "Y" hut, under the management of a capable secretary, could be a most welcome benefaction to men in the field. We only regret that it was the only time that we could come to this conclusion through experience. Never before and never thereafter did we have a representative of the Y.M.C.A. with us in the field, despite the fact that a secretary was assigned to our regiment.

Here, in this secluded spot, we played our part in the premier attack of the Argonne offensive. We knew that the drive was to be a tremendous one, for rumors were flying fast and thick that thousands of guns were trained on the enemy, that the attack was expected to be a complete surprise, and that it would, if successful, force the Germans to retreat as they were retreating before the British in Belgium and the French above Soissons and the Chemin des Dames. We had received little news of Foch's campaign, but what we had heard strengthened Major Dick's remarks about the speedy termination of

the war. The haste with which we had marched to the front, and the orders to move into position on the very night of our arrival, weary as we were, only emphasized the fact that something was pending in the very near future. Aside from these premonitions we knew little about the drive. Its true significance was largely lost to us. With American ignorance of Allied campaigns previous to our entrance into the war, we did not appreciate what a stronghold the Argonne was, how unsuccessful had been every effort to break through or around it, and what a vital spot it occupied in the Hindenburg line. We were soon to learn these things both by passing over the rugged terrain itself and by official communications which designated our front as the hinges of the door to Germany. "The Seventy-seventh Division, under Major-General Robert Alexander," says an official report of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, "held the extreme left of the American army and occupied the longest sector of any division in the line, seven and one half kilometers." "It was to be the difficult task of the Seventy-seventh to clear the enemy from the wilderness of the Argonne Forest, a wilderness comparable in every way with the Wilderness of Virginia, except that its topography was more rugged, and that the science of modern warfare had made its natural difficulties infinitely harder to overcome." Since 1915 the German occupation of the Argonne had been practically uncontested, with the result that the Germans had had ample opportunity to strengthen the natural defenses of the forest "by interlacing with barbed wire the dense timber and tangled underbrush which everywhere clothed the precipitous ravines and hillsides," and by establishing machine-gun emplacements and zones of cross-fire. Everywhere in our advance we came across signs of permanent occupation—large concrete dugouts, elaborately fitted out with conveniences which seemed foreign to a field of battle, complicated systems of narrow-gauge railways, huge abris filled with ammunition, bathhouses, and a hundred other indications that the enemy did not expect to be dislodged.

And what of our part in disillusioning the confident Germans? The artillery now realizes that it must be conservative in claiming credit for dislodging the enemy from the Argonne Forest proper. In the comparatively open country beyond the forest our guns were of great use, as the ruins of Grand Pré and other towns will testify, but in the forest itself the foliage was dense and observation difficult, and our guns could do little more than sit on their muddy haunches and bark furiously at the enemy. Still, we can claim to have been of great assistance to our dough-boys on more than one occasion,

especially during the first days of the drive, when the location of infantry lines could be accurately plotted for our use in laying down creeping barrages. And after that, we broke up many a barbed wire entanglement and silenced many machine-guns and hostile batteries, yet, however great may have been our accomplishments, they are overshadowed by the superhuman achievements of the infantry, who slashed through the treacherous woods, down and up the slopes of ravines, always in the face of machine-gun fire. When Battery "A" considers how comparatively unrestrained was its own advance, it must respectfully salute the men who literally cut their way through that apparently impenetrable maze. The fight in the Argonne was a sort of magnified guerilla warfare. It was hand-to-hand fighting, and the artillery, especially the heavy howitzer batteries, found difficulty in being of as much assistance as would ordinarily be expected. We worked hard, we undoubtedly inflicted much damage by our fire, yet mobile operations were impossible. And it is also proper to remember that, however much we may have suffered from exposure and a lack of food, the hardships we endured were trivial compared to the privations so heroically borne by the doughboys.

The day and night of September 25th we spent in improving the gun emplacements, preparing them for the "big drive." The third piece was reported on its way from the repair shop, and when it arrived, at 9 P.M., we had a pit already prepared for it. After dark, enormous quantities of shell, powder, and fuses were brought up by trucks and carried by hand to the pits, where they were stacked for convenient use. Late in the evening all was ready, and we waited somewhat impatiently for orders to let loose. Not often did we feel any eager excitement toward an expected mission, but on that night there was excitement in the air. We had known all day that we must rush our preparations, and now that we were ready we felt restless; and when, at 11 P.M., the French naval guns opened fire next to our positions, we felt almost cheated at not being ordered to commence operations at once, the more so because we could see flashes in the sky, and knew that many guns were already at work. We could not sleep, for every explosion from one of the naval rifles shook the whole ravine. The concussion snuffed out candles, threatened to shake down the walls of the smaller dugouts, and within the latter actually overturned several bunks. There could be no resting in such chaos, but we lay down and held our ears, or visited the six-inch rifle-pits to watch the Frenchmen sweat, and sweat they did, for they were firing rapidly.

The infantry attack was ordered for "H" hour (5.30 A.M.). The divisional artillery was ordered to open fire at "H-3," or 2.30 A.M. We can recall with what nervous excitement we looked at our watches awaiting the given signal. As the minute-hand passed "H-3" hour, the bombardment burst out along the whole front like a terrific clap of thunder which roars and loudly rumbles off, to be smothered by another clap, and another, and another, in quick succession. We could not see the flash of many guns, for the ravine hid our view, but the sky for miles around was lit up as if by heat lightning. The roar of our own howitzers and the riot of the French rifles, together with the noise of Battery "B" 's guns a few hundred yards down the road, filled the ravine with deafening clamor. We had but a momentary impression of the beginning of the great offensive, for once engrossed in the rapid operation of our pieces, we lost track of all time and place and worked feverishly to serve the guns. "Bang" goes a howitzer and the hot barrel recoils smoothly up the cradle. The breech is opened on the way up and is quickly washed with a wet cloth. The loading tray is placed on the runners. A shell, cleaned, greased, and fused, is immediately lifted on it, and, with a hollow clank, is rammed into the bore. Up comes the powder bag, away goes the tray, slam goes the breech, in goes a primer, "Ready," calls the gunner, and the crew stand clear and hold their ears. "Fire," calls the sergeant; "Bang," roars the howitzer, and leaps on its heavy wheels, vainly pushing its spade against the revetment. "Right two. Elevation 5-6-3," commands the sergeant, data-book in hand, and the gunner manipulates his instruments and levels the bubbles. So it went, round after round, until we perspired with exertion and wished mightily that we could get away from the constant concussion and noise. For three hours we fired zone fire, and at "H" hour assisted in laying down a creeping barrage five hundred meters in front of the infantry, after which we reverted to zone fire and continued at an increasingly slow rate to blast the enemy until 3.23 P.M. In all we shot 959 rounds. Only three guns were in action and one of these (number three) went out of commission during the fire, to be replaced in the afternoon by the second piece which arrived from the shop.

959 rounds. Poor Fritz! Almost a thousand H.E.'s from one battery, and they from a battery of heavies which could not fire as rapidly as some. It is estimated that 3938 pieces of artillery were in simultaneous action along the whole line of the big drive, two hundred of these on the front assigned to the Seventy-seventh. The number of tons of ammunition consumed by these fire-eaters would

present a staggering figure, and the expenditure in dollars would have made the most patriotic Liberty Loan subscriber clutch at his pocket-book. In 1776 Washington gave orders from his headquarters in Cambridge that a contingent of men, imbursed with five hundred dollars, be sent out from each regiment to scour the neighboring country for muskets and bullets. In 1918 a single battery fires off fifty thousand dollars' worth of ammunition in one night. Truly, the price of democracy has gone up!

On the 27th our firing commenced at 5 A.M. and continued for three and a half hours without intermission. 219 shell were used. On the following day the guns were silent, and on the morning of the 29th we fired forty rounds, our last mission from Le Rond Champ.

The 29th was a Sunday. We faintly remembered that once upon a time Sunday was looked upon as a day for rest. Though wallowing in French mud like goaded swine, we still cherished the affectation of being civilized, and clung despairingly to the expectation that for just one Sunday religious conventions might be observed. Our hopes were high that the 29th would be that very Sunday. We were told that the infantry attack had proceeded beyond a point where our fire could be useful, and that we would fire no more from that position. We were told that we would have steak for supper. We were told that we would be entertained at the "Y" hut by several actors who were expected for an evening performance of vaudeville. It promised to be a very rosy Sabbath indeed. We should have known better than to expect rest, steak, and entertainment all in one evening. Such a combination of ineffable delights could never find favor with the stern, heartless god of war. Furthermore the weather was threatening, and from long experience we should have known that the chances of our moving were enormously increased by the probability of rain. It rained. We moved.

We were sorry to leave Le Rond Champ, not only because of the steak and vaudeville, but because we were secure and comfortable in our secluded ravine. Few shell had dropped near us—though some had crashed on neighboring hillsides—and we were pleasantly aware that German aviation was unusually inactive. In Lorraine and at the Vesle we were constantly hampered by the presence of Boche planes, apparently in undisputed supremacy of the air, but at Le Rond Champ we saw not a single one. The reason was very evident, for the sky was filled with Allied ships. One afternoon we counted over two hundred planes in the air at the same time, all of them seemingly anti-German. We knew, however, that the Germans were not totally banished from the clouds, for one day two American avia-

tors walked into our position in quest of food. They had been brought down in No-Man's Land, had crawled back to the American lines, and were on their way to their hangars when they paid us a call. At first we suspected that they might be spies, but their papers appeared bona fide and their appearance and actions seemed above suspicion, so we fed them well and wished them good luck.

Orders to move came suddenly and demanded quick action. The third piece had been sent to the rear for repairs, and after an examination of number two, which was out of action with recoil trouble, it was decided to keep the latter at Le Rond Champ, to be fixed there and sent forward as soon as possible, so we had only two guns to pull out of position. The caissons were discarded (thank Heaven!) and we therefore traveled with few vehicles. It was not surprising that our train was lightened so far as possible, for, during the night's hike to Abri St. Louis, we found the roads deep in mud and covered with troops and a multitude of vehicles. Though only a short distance from our first position, it took nearly the whole night to reach our destination. It was intensely dark, and it was difficult to avoid shell holes, or keep from sliding over the edge of the road into a ravine. At one place fifty yards of the road had been blown away by a mine, and it was a ticklish matter to guide the pieces along the narrow slippery detour which had been cut into the side of the hill, particularly difficult because the detour barely allowed room for two wagons to pass each other. A miscalculation of two or three feet would have sent howitzer, horses, and drivers plunging down the precipitous slope. Abri St. Louis was reached by a muddy shell-ridden corduroy road extending to the left off the main highway. The fourth piece got stuck and was left until morning. The second piece arrived from Le Rond Champ the ensuing afternoon.

A detail of men had preceded the battery to the position on the 28th, and had made a start toward preparing it for our occupation. Emplacements were partially ready for the howitzers, and the dugouts of the position had been examined for secreted mines and their allotment to the various sections determined in advance. Several of the dugouts were of recent construction, one of the best being corner-stoned "1918." A number of them were in good condition, though exceptionally dirty, while a few were partially battered down and wholly unfit for habitation. The guns were distributed along the horizontal road of the muddy cross-roads at which our position was located, two guns being placed on either side of the vertical crossing. Small shelter-pits already excavated in back of the emplacements were enlarged and strengthened for the use of the gun

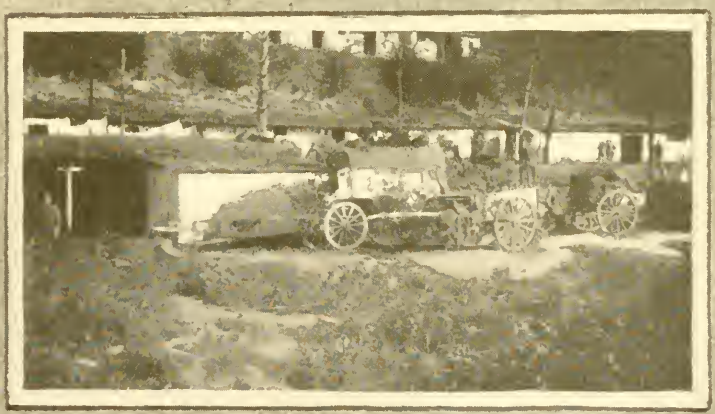
crews while on duty. The P.C. and Battalion Headquarters, together with the kitchen and sectional dugouts, extended for several hundred yards down the road to the left. For the first time a battalion mess was served, Battery "B" men coming from their position (to the right of ours) to join us in the delicacies of army fare. Our echelon was farther down the road beyond the dugouts, and here many of our horses died. The poor beasts were underfed and badly exposed to the inclement weather. Here, too, the drivers, between burying horses and wishing that they might also bury themselves, came to believe that the accomplishments of the American army were grossly underrated.

Food was, as always, the greatest concern of our lives, and its scarcity at Abri St. Louis was a circumstance which gave no little cause for complaint. Our kitchen was really a magnificent affair, for it had been formerly occupied by the Boches (ever faithful to their stomachs), and was fitted up with ovens and culinary utensils appropriate for the preparation of a royal banquet. But, alas, our rations were not plentiful, and Battery "B" men combined their voices with ours in alternately blaspheming the army for inefficiency and basely accusing the cooks of privately consuming half the battalion food supply. Indeed, the situation became so bad that the ration cart was looted on several occasions, to the irate indignation of all but the happy robbers. A guard was finally placed over the sacred vehicle, after which surreptitious smuggling could only be safely conducted by means of an enormous "drag" with the cooks, who only did their duty in refusing to part with their supplies. By appearing at the kitchen door as if in imminent danger of swooning from hunger, one could occasionally obtain the wherewithal to make griddle-cakes, and many a dugout reeked with the heavy but delightful smoke of equally heavy but delightful flapjacks. Even those paragons of virtue, the officers, were not exempt from the baser instincts stimulated by a lack of food, for, though we never noticed that the officers looked pinched from hunger, we discovered that one of them was appropriating the battery's jam and the meagre issue of chocolate for his personal use. Major Dick also discovered the fact and reprimanded the offender, to the ecstatic joy of the entire battery. We devoutly wished that he might extend his timely admonitions to the subject of appearing late in the mornings in pink pajamas.

We found that we were occupying an old German position which was known as "Whittilyer." In the absence of German dictionaries we venture a guess that "Whittilyer" must be German for "mud-

Near La Besogne

Marcq



La Harazee, Argonne

hole." If so, the appellation was remarkably fitting. The mud was so deep that we lost track of our feet for hours at a time, and wallowed and slopped and slipped about the position until we had churned it into a mud soup. We dragged mud into the dugouts on our shoes until the dirt floors of those palatial compartments gave marked indications of turning into Sloughs of Despond.

The guns were constantly busy, and our operation of them was unhampered by any bombardment or by the presence of Boche aëroplanes. Shell burst to our rear and often on our extreme left, but none came near enough to cause more than passing apprehension. One German ship circled over our emplacements as we were firing a mission, and we felt that perhaps fortune had forsaken us, but on his return flight the aviator was intercepted by two Allied planes and was brought down, so some claimed, within a short distance of Abri St. Louis. Our shell were directed against all manner of targets, and consisted largely in harassing fire, designed to embarrass the Germans on their retreat. A great deal of it was slow fire and therefore the more arduous because it kept the gun crews on duty day and night. Of all our missions the last was the one which we have cause to remember with the greatest interest, for it marked our participation in the release of the so-called "Lost Battalion." How much credit we may take to ourselves for the extrication of that brave detachment we do not know, but certain it is that the four hundred and eighty-five rounds which we delivered must have had some effect in enabling the infantry to join their beleaguered companions in the famous pocket. About midnight of the 6th, Lieutenant Barker called the gun sergeants to the firing executive's post, and told them that the mission about to be fired was "to help some of our doughboys who had got themselves in trouble." Not often did we know what we were firing at, and the information on this occasion stimulated our interest and spurred us to unusual care in the execution of our problem.

A summary of the firing done at Abri St. Louis follows. This summary and others to follow were copied from battalion records and do not always accord with the data used during the missions involved. They are, however, accurate in most cases and nearly so in all.

October 1st

5.00– 5.44 P.M.	Harassing fire, one round every five minutes at irregular intervals	Rounds 22

		Rounds
	October 2d	
11.20– 1.31 A.M.	Irregular harassing fire	42
	Railroad	33
6.00– 7.00 A.M.	Barrage	120
12.22–12.40 P.M.	Harassing fire, machine-gun nest	43
2.00– 6.00 P.M.	Harassing fire	24
	" "	18
	" "	30
	October 3d	
6.00– 7.00 A.M.	Harassing fire	12
12.01– 2.07 P.M.	" "	39
7.56– 8.04 P.M.	Counter-battery fire	12
	October 4th	
10.43–11.20 A.M.	Counter-battery fire	395
11.37–12.39 P.M.	Observation Post Signal Station	20
	October 5th	
6.00– 7.00 A.M.	Barrage	180
	October 6th	
12.00– 4.00 A.M.	Barrage, "Lost Battalion"	125
4.00– 6.00 A.M.	Barrage, "Lost Battalion," three rounds per battery per minute	360

Replenishing our supply of ammunition might have been an exceedingly laborious task had not the guns been fortunately located directly behind a narrow-gauge railroad. As it was, a detail of men loaded our supply on flat-cars at an ammunition depot, about a mile away, and rolled and swayed down the slight incline to the position, finally dumping the shell and powder almost into the gun-pits themselves. The flat-cars sometimes developed astonishing speed, but the brakes always held in a pinch and no accidents occurred. At best an ammunition detail never had exactly a good time, but the railroad was a novelty which lightened the task.

Another convenience, in the form of a German delousing station, was discovered in a ravine not far from Abri St. Louis, and here groups of men were sent to shiver in the cold, rainy, October weather while their clothes were purged of cooties and other friendly vermin. The station was also supplied with the possibilities of a bath, but the

bathing apparatus had a sad, fitful way of being out of order, and not all of us were enabled to wash off the accumulated layers of sweat and dirt in which we were masonically encased. We had practically no opportunity even to wash our hands and faces while at Abri St. Louis, for the water supply in the small water-cart was far from abundant, and was carefully mothered by the anxious cooks. It rained hard and frequently, but the baths we received by getting drenching wet were of doubtful value as cleansers. However, mud baths are considered by some medical authorities to be highly beneficial, and these we had in plenty. To any who may dream that mud baths have salutary effects on rheumatism or kindred ailments, we confidently recommend the Argonne Forest as the best bath-room in the world.

Under the strain of hard work, irregular sleep, and abominable rations, the thrills we felt at the opening of the big drive had worn away. Once more we settled down to the conviction that war is not glorious. But however low might be our spirits, then or at any time, incidents were bound to occur to rescue us from the despair we might otherwise have felt. American optimism, American curiosity, and the American sense of humor saved many a Yankee soldier from melancholia, if not from insanity, and these three anti-toxins to the evils of war were in full operation at Abri St. Louis to keep our morale from slipping in the mud of that morass. A few "crape hangers" were steadfastly pessimistic about the termination of the war, but rumors of the signing of an armistice filtered into Abri St. Louis, or else were manufactured on the spot, to sustain our fervent hopes for peace and a bath. We were, of course, cut off from newspapers, and the sources of our information were confined to men returning from hospitals, motor-truck chauffeurs, orderlies, and the like, anybody, in fact, who came from the rear. It is surprising what confidence we placed in these presumably enlightened individuals and what significance we attached to their prophetic words, especially if their reports coincided with our wishes. If one of them expressed the opinion that the war would not end for two years, he was condemned as a "damned liar" who "didn't know what he was talking about," but if he knowingly claimed to have authentic information from a man who was told by another man who had heard from somebody remotely connected with the general that the war would end within a week, then our elation was supreme, and our informer was held up as a model of integrity and was looked upon as the very personification of wisdom. The least we expected was divisional relief, and the presence of the 78th Division in the forest indicated

conclusively that we were to have a rest, how conclusively we have yet to say.

In spare moments—and they were very spare, since we were expected to remain at the position—we wandered over the surrounding territory and examined with satisfaction the evidences of the haste of the German retreat. Dead were lying unburied, and dugouts which had been used as offices and commanders' posts were abandoned without so much as the removal of the papers, books, and maps which lay on the tables ready for convenient use. It was as if the Germans had left everything to run for safety. Hosts of souvenirs were picked up and carried to the position, and some of us brought back Boche helmets and firearms, highly resolved to carry them to the States, even at the expense of discarding all our personal equipment. This stubborn determination to persevere in the retention of our treasures generally lasted until moving time, when the extensiveness of one's equipment took on alarming proportions. A few German rifles found their way with the battery, their proud possessors hanging on to them like grim death, but many more were hurled back with a weary sigh and a longing glance to the underbrush which gave them up, there to nick the ax of some forester in future years, a monument to the valor of a German patriot.

Rumors and explorations greatly moderated the severity of life at Abri St. Louis, but nothing did so more than the amusement we derived from the instruction we received in the art of defending our pieces in the event of a counter-attack. It was felt that, if the infantry gave way under a counter-attack, the artillery would be absolutely unprotected. Accordingly measures were taken to establish a skirmish-line in front of the gun emplacements, to assist our machine-gunners in the defense of the howitzers. At a given signal every man rushed to an assigned position, and waited there in joyous anticipation of killing an imaginary German. The fact that a large percentage of us did not know how to load our rifles tended to dampen our confidence in the effectiveness of our proposed manœuvers. We had visions of impetuously hurling away these dangerous implements, and employing our fists against the summit of some German nose with that manual dexterity characteristic of the more belligerent type of true American. All in all, we felt as if we were playing Indians and cow-boys, and entered into the game with puerile enthusiasm, only regretting that orders forbade us to whoop like Mohawk warriors, or utter the piercing shrieks popularly associated with cow-punchers. The most serious part of the performance was an inspection of rifles, cleaned with feverish haste to meet the occasion. An

inspection is always a serious affair, but it is exceptionally so when one's rifle has received no attention for several weeks, and one is suddenly called upon to show it to a heartless-looking officer to whom a speck of rust spells carelessness worthy of death.

At 4 A.M. of September 10th, the battery splashed forward a few kilometers to a position near Châtel. It was on top of a hill covered with thick underbrush, but free from any trees which might have interfered with our projectiles. The echelon was in the woods on the rear slope of the hill and several hundred yards in back of the emplacements. One event of the march is worth recording. A passing supply truck dropped a large wooden case containing boxes of hardtack; instantly the Battery "A" column broke from the right side of the road, the men dashing to the coveted hardtack like bees around a beehive. The whole case was rifled with astonishing rapidity, and we ate the contents as if we were munching a delicate angel cake. The incident reminds one of the scene described in "The Tale of Two Cities," where a cask of wine fell from a cart into a Paris street and was smashed open by half-starved French peasants, who lapped the liquor out of the gutter.

Our stay near Châtel was brief and our firing amounted to only 132 rounds, all expended in one mission against machine-gun nests on the night of the 10th. Most of our time was spent preparing the emplacements and in scouring up extra rations for private use, the latter occupation proving unusually successful, for a supply dump in the vicinity afforded the luxuries of bountiful bread and jam.

We will remember the position by two circumstances, one the explosion of an ammunition dugout in the valley to our right. The dugout had been mined by the Germans before they left it, the infernal machine being apparently timed for our special benefit. The explosion was too far away to harm any of us, but its terrific roar and the consequent column of dirt and stones, hurled high in air, gave us food for solemn thought. But we will also remember Châtel because of another explosion, that of Lieutenant Barker's revolver. A shot was heard, and Lieutenant Barker was espied in the distance investigating the safest method of loading the dangerous weapon which he carried on his hip. The battery was, on the whole, a fearless organization, but we were sorely tempted to seek cover in the face of such erratic pistol practice. The incident was the more amusing because the lieutenant, a few hours previous, had given explicit instructions to his sergeants as to the proper method of loading their revolvers.

Early on Saturday afternoon, October 12th, we moved to a hill-

side near La Besogne, a position which was allotted to us as the advance battery of the regiment, and which was reported to be less than a kilometer from the infantry lines. On the hike to La Besogne we saw more than ever before the evidences of hand-to-hand fighting, for both Americans and Germans were lying in the gutters and in the thickets beside the road. At one cross-roads were several bodies, one German lying with his heavy trench boots in a ditch, his arms extended stiff before his upturned face, as though still protecting himself from his enemy. Across the road was an ungainly field-piece with a barrel like a six-inch rifle, thought to be of Russian make. Some distance farther we pulled to the left, and with some difficulty hauled the guns down a narrow side road, deep in mud and water and dangerous with shell holes, and so across part of a field, peppered with tree stumps, and into their respective future emplacements. Work was immediately begun on the gun-pits, to take advantage of the daylight. The sooner we could get the howitzers laid for fire the better for the reputation of Battery "A," though it might have been better had we taken a chance on our reputation and immediately pitched our tents. A detail was set to work digging a shelter for the firing executive's station and another to erect a large tent-like structure in the woods behind us for the P. C. It was after dark before these matters were finished, and when we were permitted to pitch our tents (also in the woods), it had started to pour. The process of clearing away the underbrush and erecting our pup-tents in the absolute dark of a rainy night did not improve our tempers. We had had nothing to eat since noon, we were tired out from the hike and from working on the position, we were wet and sleepy, and we were angry because we had not been allowed to pitch tents in the daylight. The deluge of American oaths which issued from those woods must have made the devil's tail curl with glee. To add to the joy of the occasion we got no mess that night. The hardships of campaigning are, in a sense, a relieving feature of war, because hardships bring weariness and weariness brings sleep (if a man can only get a chance at it) and the sleep of a soldier brings blissful oblivion, even to the roar of guns, the pangs of hunger, the misery of a drenched uniform, and the nocturnal excursions of one's cooties. So it was that we shed our worries on the night of the 12th.

The main echelon had been left at the last position, and a secondary echelon was established in connection with Battery "B" in the woods on the forward slope of the hill on which we were situated. The "B" Battery kitchen served mess for the firing sections of both batteries. We were now located on the edge of the Argonne Forest,

on a plateau which extended into rolling and comparatively open country to the north, where the towns of Marcq, Chevières, Champigneulle, and Grand Pré awaited destruction from our guns. Excellent observation was possible from advanced posts, and we made the most of it by spotting many an enemy battery and by firing at fleeting targets, in addition to our usual work against machine-gun nests, wire entanglements, and the demolition of the above-mentioned towns. The position was an extremely good one and has been pronounced by all odds the best in the regiment at the time. The guns and the paths leading to them were well camouflaged, and the battery area in the woods to the rear was totally concealed. The hillside, sloping into a wooded ravine behind, offered a fair degree of protection, but a bombardment would have found us sadly lacking in that respect, for we had no dugouts but the shallow shelter-pits which had proved so insufficient at the Vesle; and there were not enough of these to accommodate the whole battery, since all of us did not take the time to dig in. Trenches were dug near the gun-pits for the protection of the gun crews, and several dugouts in the bottom of the ravine behind us further increased the opportunities for safe refuge, but we had no such splendid protection as had the French battery of six-inch rifles to our immediate right. They, with their deep abris and their massively bulwarked gun emplacements, could have laughed at bursting shell, though a Frenchman has learned never to laugh at any shell.

In the eyes of the enlisted men the greatest drawback of the position was its inaccessibility to ammunition trucks, for most of the road leading off the highway was absolutely impassable to heavy vehicles. Our supply of ammunition was unloaded at the entrance to this spur road, and was hauled with great difficulty, not to the gun-pits themselves, for even the wagons employed would have found difficulty in reaching them, but to a point several yards from the emplacements, where the shell were unloaded and carried by hand to the howitzers. The arrival of the trucks was a most uncertain quantity, for all roads in the Argonne were ever congested, were invariably deep in slippery mud, and were frequently shelled by the Germans. So guards had to be placed on the main road to notify the battery of the arrival of the munitions, while the drivers with their G.S. carts were often kept waiting for hours on end. Trucks supposed to reach our position in the early evening generally did not get there until midnight or after, but waiting for their arrival was a minor circumstance of the hated ammunition detail. Once they

came, our work really began. The shell were unloaded from the camions and piled on the G.S. carts. Four team of horses were hitched to each small wagon, and these poor creatures strained every muscle to haul their load through the dark over the short stretch of spur road, heavy with deep mud and torn by shell holes, mud holes, water holes, and every other conceivable kind of treacherous cavity. One man had to walk in front of the lead-team to direct its course, and he (generally Corporal Jim Murphy) got the full benefit of mud, rain, and the variety of holes. During one of these night sessions, while Jim was lending his eyes to the lead-team, he made a misstep into a shell hole and executed the famous "fall in the Argonne." As he arose, covered from head to foot with the Argonne's choicest mud, which oozed out of his coat sleeves and every other portion of his apparel, he smashed all traditions of military profanity by merely extending his dripping arms in an attitude of offended supplication and by saying in a voice pitiful enough to extract tears from a stone wall, "*Look* at me."

With our original supply of ammunition we began operations on the 13th, engaging twice that day in counter-battery work. The following day we assisted in laying down a barrage, supporting the infantry in a successful attack on St. Juvin. In the evening we were without ammunition, but at midnight received sixty shell and a few boxes of powder, some of which had been rendered unserviceable because of dampness. On the 14th, after having taken Grand Pré, our infantry was replaced by troops of the 78th Division, but the artillery of that division did not move into position until the 15th and 16th, and consequently we were detained to lend our support in their absence. From the 15th to the 17th our fire was directed against Champigneulle and its vicinity. A more detailed summary of our missions at La Besogne follows:

October 13th

		Rounds
2.46– 3.08 P.M.	Counter-battery fire on Belle Joyeuse Ferme, north of Grand Pré	40
4.36– 4.44 P.M.	Adjustment on Champigneulle	5
4.54– 5.00 P.M.	Counter-battery fire—direct observation—results uncertain—mission cancelled because of darkness	11

October 14th

		Rounds
6.30– 9.00 A.M.	St. Juvin—one round per gun per minute	
9.00– 9.55 A.M.	St. Juvin—one gun per battery, one round per minute	277

October 15th

3.40– 3.55 P.M.	Machine-gun emplacement in southeast part of Champigneulle	41
4.32– 5.00 P.M.	Counter-battery fire against a battery in action—direct observation (target reported on ninth round)	43

October 16th

11.50 A.M.–12.12 P.M.	Champigneulle barrage—observation poor	48
8.10– 9.15 P.M.	Demolition fire on Champigneulle	20

October 17th

6.00– 6.30 A.M.	Demolition fire on Champigneulle	40

In the early evening of the 13th we thought that the end of the world had finally come. The Germans began a great hubbub against our infantry, and a counter-attack of seemingly enormous proportions was divined. We were not far from the front lines, and immediately jumped to the conclusion that we would probably have to fight for the retention of our howitzers. We did not altogether glory in the prospect of instantly converting ourselves into infantry, but nevertheless answered the call "stand to arms" with as much alacrity as could be expected, the gun crews executing quaint manœuvers in front of the howitzers, and the drivers at the battalion echelon standing by their noble steeds, ready at a moment's notice to spur their dashing mounts to the gun emplacements and whisk the guns beyond the reach of advancing hordes of Huns. The machine-guns were placed at strategic points and a number of men were ordered out on the main road to do patrol duty. Thrills were abundant throughout the episode. We really expected to see snaky figures creeping up to us through the dark of the woods, and when

a high pitch of this intense expectancy was reached, it was thrilling, to say the least, to have a rifle shot off in the immediate vicinity. The order to load pieces resulted in several such startling reports, and gave us a momentary impression that we were surrounded by hidden foes intent on our immediate and complete annihilation. Many of us had curious ideas as to loading our weapons. John Schurman was discovered with his rifle breech still wrapped in its canvas cover, but with blood in his eye and ready, so he thought, to blow out the brains of any villainous Boche who dared show himself. An hour of uncertainty and confusion ended with the cessation of the bombardment and consequent orders to return to our tents.

The threatened onslaught seemed amusing after the danger had passed, but the following morning we were treated to a bit of hostile activity which abated our carefree contempt for the retreating Germans and their insignificant raid. While the guns were in action and the men at the echelon were standing in line for mess, a number of shell exploded near a battery of the 304th Field Artillery, not far in advance of us. After raking this area to their heart's content, the Germans raised the elevation of their guns, doubtless guided in their action by the column of smoke which twisted upward from our field kitchen. The mess line scattered with lightning rapidity, the men retreating in every direction, falling to the ground as the shell burst and hastily rising again to rush a few yards, before the whine and explosion of the next projectile sent them sprawling for the protection against flying splinters which a reclining posture will give. A direct hit riddled the kitchen with holes, and the large galvanized cans, which stood at the head of the mess line waiting to be emptied of their tempting contents, were cut to ribbons. For the first time in many days we were to have had boiled rice for breakfast, and great and awful was our consternation at seeing the G.I. cans with their precious cargoes scattered broadcast over the kitchen area. A few men had been served, but most of us went without breakfast. Battery "A" had no casualties, though many were spattered with mud, blasted by exploding shell, and several had miraculous escapes. Battery "B" lost both men and horses.

Not satisfied with spoiling our morning meal, the Germans again lifted the elevation of their gun muzzles, and this time, whether they had the gratification of knowing it or not, they came near upsetting the equanimity of the howitzers. The fourth piece was in action throughout most of the bombardment, and, while no damage was done, there were anxious moments as the shell burst near by. One projectile exploded in front of the fourth piece, and the latter was

Exit kitchen! October 14, 1918.

ordered to cease fire, a very timely injunction, though we marveled at the judgment of the officer who commanded the fourth gun crew first to police up the gun-pit, before seeking shelter. Policing gun emplacements, battery areas, barracks, towns, and France in general, was never neglected under any circumstance—a sort of mania for sanitation which seemed to possess the A.E.F., and which was carried to painful extremes. To fire at the enemy in the face of a bombardment is one thing, but to affect a calm contempt of danger by picking up cigarette butts and scraps of paper under shell fire is foolishly melodramatic. With another raise in elevation the shell began to drop in the ravine below our tents, and the prospects of a serious bombardment were dispelled.

Aside from the dismal extermination of our breakfast the shelling affected us little. It was responsible, however, for the issuance of an order famous in our annals. We were commanded to dig splinter-pits near the guns, and, in view of German activity, the order was exceedingly pertinent. But difficulty was encountered in executing the order, because of a dearth of requisite tools. As a matter of fact there were enough picks and spades to enable the gun crews successively to comply with the command (a procedure which took place), but the natural reaction to a given order is to intimate if possible that the latter can never be executed except by enormous effort and a fearful expenditure of valuable time. The non-coms, on receiving the command, therefore looked as wise as they conveniently could and as skeptical as possible, and delivered broad hints that there were insuperable obstacles to digging those shelter-pits, superbly exaggerating the lack of tools and the solidarity of the soil, and attempting tacitly to indicate by superior looks of withering scorn, mingled with pity, that the order was profoundly ridiculous and the officer who delivered it even more ridiculous. In an unguarded moment Lieutenant Barker met their subtly phrased objections by severely telling them to dig up the ground with sticks and bayonets if sufficient tools were not available. "Sticks and bayonets"—how we gloated over those words as definite proof justifying our conviction that all officers were "dizzy." "Sticks and bayonets," huh, indeed, and how could a man dig a —— —— trench three feet deep with a —— —— twig, and who but a —— —— officer would order a man to violate military regulations by sticking his bayonet in the ground, let alone hacking it to pieces over rocks and roots. Our disgust was only surpassed by our indignation, but the latter was pleasantly softened by our elation at the conclusive evidence of official "dizziness."

An officer, unfortunate soul, is watched by his men as a mouse is watched by a cat. His words, actions, bearing, salute, and most of all his attitude toward his command are noticed, discussed, commended, or damned with heartlessly critical vigilance, and a few missteps have lasting effects. How insignificant a matter was the incident just recounted, how humorous seems the affected ferocity of countenance adopted by many an officer who thought that severe looks inspired fearful respect instead of secret amusement, how comparatively unimportant it now appears that an officer stole a few cans of the battery's jam or gave orders that dismounted men on a hike must be ridden down by the horses behind them if they showed signs of slackening the pace. Yet what enormous significance we attached to these and countless matters of a similar nature, and how great an effect they had on our estimation of the men whom we were supposed to obey with unquestioning submissiveness! A man whom we respected received unfailing support, for we would be ashamed not to do well in his eyes, but a man who could not command our loyalty was often obeyed with muttered protests and a sullen look. To an officer it perhaps seemed, and possibly was, enough that he was obeyed; but it made a deal of difference to our peace of mind and the effectiveness of our work whether we could respond to an order with willing celerity or with complaining unconcern.

As another result of the bombardment the kitchen was moved into a convenient mud-hole in the bottom of the ravine to our rear, and three times a day we slid down the steep hill, slippery with mud and fallen leaves, to stand in line for mess. We crept up to the serving receptacles, ate out of unclean mess-kits half filled with what we dignified by the name of food, rinsed our utensils in a pail of water which bore more and more resemblance to the garbage can as mess-kit after mess-kit was dipped in its greasy filth, and finally plodded up the hill again to hurl our rattling mess gear into our tents. There was little laughing in those days, and when an American soldier cannot laugh there is something radically wrong. The trouble lay largely in the inadequate food supply, but also in the fact that we were tired, and, whether we realized it or not, were under a constant nervous strain. And, too, except for a few thrifty individuals, the battery ran out of cigarettes, and the breath of life had to be obtained from inhaling "Bull" Durham smoke. Occasionally, from the main echelon in the rear came a few boxes of hard candy accompanied by a scant supply of "tailor mades," but otherwise we were destitute of luxuries.

Yet we were not so miserable as might be, for the air was surcharged with rumors of an armistice. Every courier passing our guards at the entrance to the position was put through a rigid though rapid cross-examination. The hopeful reports of these individuals were to some extent verified by General McCloskey, who visited the gun-pits on the afternoon of the 16th. He talked with several of the cannoneers, inquired as to their firing, and congratulated us on the position. His most appreciated words, however, were to the effect that Germany was bidding for a cessation of hostilities, and that the American army was preparing to deliver a crushing blow which would make the Germans plead, not merely bid, for an armistice. As he left, he laughingly cautioned us not to be careless and "get knocked off at the last minute." "The end," he said, "is too near in sight for that."

Such statements as these were immensely encouraging, but our real joy came when the long-looked-for relief appeared in the form of the artillery of the 78th Division. Orders for the relief were apparently somewhat indefinite, but we struck tents and prepared to move out during the night of the 17th. All was ready in short order, and in high spirits we waited for final instructions, standing by the guns, laughing and singing and talking with greatest animation. We waited for three hours, only to receive word that we were not to move that night. Our spirits dropped to the freezing-point and remained there while we dismally unloaded the packs and repitched our tents. But the morning of the 18th brought the glorious news that we were to withdraw that day, and before noon our moving orders were executed with a vengeance. Several circumstances delayed our departure, but nothing could dampen the extravagant ecstasies we felt at the prospect of leaving La Besogne. The fourgon conveying the packs broke down, but what cared we for such an accident? The less we saw of our packs on a hike the better we liked it, and, besides, were we not at last on our way to a rest camp, where field equipment might presumably be superfluous? The spur road to the main highway had to be repaired and strengthened to withstand the weight of the guns, but what was a little manual labor when it would hasten our departure? We would have gladly constructed a macadam boulevard all the way to Paris for the dear old howitzers. Sixteen horses, spurred to their utmost efforts, dragged each of the guns to the highway at a pace which must have astonished the slovenly old fire-eaters, for they jumped and rattled and splashed at a great rate.

Many horses of the battalion had died or had been killed, and

we were forced to share several of our animals with Battery "B," which had lost more horse power than we. Leaving the fourgon to the tender mercies of the special detail, the battery marched rapidly to the rear, and about 2 P.M. reached our former position near Châtel, where the main echelon was still located. Just before we resumed the march, some two hours later, another of the series of abandoned German dugouts blew up in the valley near our old position, and this time we were convinced beyond a doubt that they had all been mined for our particular benefit. Men at the echelon assured us, however, that one of them had blown up at practically the same hour of each of the six days the guns had been forward. Hiking along as quickly as might be, we arrived at La Harazee at 9.30 in the evening. The special detail, after repairing the belated fourgon with extra wagon wheels dispatched to them, marched to Châtel, spent the night there on the strength of emergency rations which they rifled from the packs, and, after witnessing the explosion of still another dugout, rejoined the battery on the following afternoon.

For the first time since the beginning of the Argonne drive the battery was together in one place, and that place could be nothing else to our minds than a point of assemblage before transportation to a rest camp. We had no idea where we were going—we never had until we got there—but, with the 78th Division in the lines we had vacated and with three months of hard campaigning behind us, we were certain that a protracted period of rest was ours. We had dreamed of a rest area, heard constant rumors about it, devoutly prayed for it, and sought it as a man crazed with desert thirst will stagger toward the fleeting mirage of an oasis. Reports came that the infantry had entrained for the rear, and daily we had hopes of following them to some haven of peace, but developments soon showed that we would go no farther than La Harazee, and that there, within earshot of the distant guns, pounding and rumbling away to the north, we would settle ourselves for whatever rest the place might afford.

It came to our attention that La Harazee bore some slight resemblance to the rest area of our imaginings, for we slept long, ate three solid meals a day (Mueller was again mess sergeant), and had the pleasure of relegating the howitzers to a barn-yard beside the road, where each one reclined silently on its limber with its muzzle drawn back like the retracted head of a huge turtle. Our sleeping quarters for the first night were several old French dugouts cut in the side of the steep hill on the forward edge of the

road where we were located. These were insufficient to accommodate the entire battery comfortably, and even with the supplement of several shacks, we had a tight squeeze of it. Two or three of the abris were spacious, and, with long galleries running far into the hill, were perfectly safe from shell or bombs, but they were not large enough, and there was little danger of having to use the galleries, so orders soon came to pitch tents in the open, a popular command, for it meant escape from dark and filthy confinement. We had taken our packs across the road to a wide meadow and made a start toward establishing a camp when orders were changed (as army orders have an uncontrollable weakness for doing) because the spot was considered too exposed to aërial observation. Reconnaissance was made for a more suitable position, and finally we erected our little squat houses in the underbrush on top of the hill above the dugouts, a weary climb to get there, but a healthy and secluded spot.

Thus settled in our "rest camp," we looked forward to long hours of delightful loafing, unmolested, except for a few necessary details, by the prodding goad of official commands. And indeed, as already mentioned, we enjoyed undisturbed slumber from sundown to sunrise, and got plenty of desirable food, some of which was purchased with the battery fund at neighboring towns, and all of which was prepared under the supervision of that master magician, Henry Mueller, whose imagination and culinary skill could even camouflage corned willy beyond recognition. And, too, our days were not without their hours of pleasant leisure, for we wrote many letters and consumed inordinate quantities of nicotine; yet with all our comparative freedom from the exacting requirements of campaigning, we soon found that "rest area" is a monstrous misnomer. Standing for over an hour in a pouring rain awaiting our turn for a bath convinced us of that, and when a schedule of intensive training was announced we definitely concluded that "rest area" was a term coined by the hoary devil himself, and designed to blast the hopes of weary men who were fiendishly led to believe that the "rest" of a soldier is like the rest of a human being.

Sunday, the 20th, found us in line before the bath-house. When our turn came to enter that temple of cleanliness, we peeled off our clothes and cast them into classified salvage heaps, retaining only our shoes and identification tags; and, fortified with pocket-handkerchief towels, entered the shower tent with the sincere hope of at least softening the encasement of grime which cleaved to us like a suit of armor.

German graveyard, Marcq

Autry.

Marcq

Autry

Hiking near Dancevoir

At the blast of a shrill whistle, ten naked, shivering men stepped under the trickling showers. "Five minutes to soap up," came the command, and at the expiration of that brief period, when we were all enveloped in a seething froth of soap-suds, a second order was yelled at us, "Three minutes to wash off." This was occasion for a great deal of rubbing and splashing and waving of arms and legs. When the water was shut off at the end of the eight minutes, we transferred the last few pounds of dirt to the towels, left the shower room, and passed into what might well have been called the refrigerator tent, where a series of tables, piled high with bales of equipment, awaited our shivering attention. The man behind a counter took a flying glance at the proportions of our respective anatomies, ably estimated the needed size of a desired garment with an eye so keen that, as like as not, he would deftly throw a forty-two shirt at a twenty-two chest, and answered our injured looks at receiving a misfit by gruffly telling us to move on. In fact the place seemed infested with men who told us to "Move on," "Shake it up," "Do up your leggings outside," "Hurry up, others behind you," "No time for exchanges," "Keep moving, men, keep moving," until we foamed at the mouth trying to get into our clothes and out of the tent at the same time.

Now there is something altogether satisfactory about being in new clothes, the kind of feeling which promotes the hotel-lobby walk, a sensation of superiority which knows that every one is looking, or at least ought to be looking, at the razor-like crease in your trousers and the neat turn of your new shoes; but the pride we felt in the uniforms we found hanging loosely about us or clinging tightly to us was a pride more pitiful than anything else. A scarecrow would have looked immaculate beside us. However, a number of men were favored by the Fates who controlled the promiscuous distribution of the equipment, and these fortunate idols of fashion, immensely pleased with themselves, emerged from the clothing tent in garments fit for a king's body-guard. But it mattered little whether or not we resembled royal guardsmen or the spotless figures which adorn army posters and convey the impression that the raiment of an American soldier is made by the leading tailors of the world. More important than our appearance was the fact that we all had a sort of open, cool, washed feeling, and that the sensation was unutterably delightful.

Our disillusionment with regard to the character of a rest camp was complete when the schedule of intensive training began to operate. We cleaned and greased the guns; we attempted to en-

gage in close order drill in the meadow where we first started to pitch our tents (the drill was almost as uneven as the meadow); and we were given lectures on the nomenclature of the six-inch howitzer; but the most amazing feature of the schedule was standing gun drill. The latter performance, being one of those martial manœuvers never used in the field but considered vital as training for field-work, had not engaged our attention since we left the sands of Camp de Souge. "Action front," "Action rear," and "Call off," inspired only a faint recollection of the agile movements called for by those commands, and "Cannoneers, change posts," resulted in a wild scramble and the complete disintegration of the gun crew concerned. The schedule also entailed a thorough cleaning of our rifles. An inspection of firearms disclosed heavy incrustations of rust in the rifles of several delinquents, and a detail was made up of these transgressors to clean all the rifles in the battery, a disciplinary measure which delighted every one but the unfortunate members of the detail.

If our would-be rest camp failed to supply us all the leisure we had expected, it also failed to offer refuge from hostile activity. On the night of October 21st, the unsteady hum of an aëroplane was heard overheard. Cries of "Lights out, lights out," left the battery area black as pitch, and soon thereafter the sickening crash of bombs, bursting on a cross-roads near by, gave us grave doubts as to the safety of rest camps. Suddenly machine-guns opened fire above us and a stream of tracer bullets, looking like meteors streaking the sky, was directed promiscuously over the vicinity. Men in the dugouts, one of which had been converted into a recreation room, retreated into the galleries, while those in their tents on top of the hill rushed helter-skelter to seek the shelter of trees. There were no casualties in Battery "A," but an ambulance carried away a man from another organization. The following day a pipe, filled with explosive, the kind of instrument used in blasting barbed wire entanglements, accidentally blew up a few hundred yards down the road, killing and seriously injuring a number of men in Battery "E."

In such circumstances it is not surprising that we tenderly fondled every rumor which prophesied our entrainment for the S.O.S., and there were any number of such reports to enliven our hopes for a real rest camp. Lieutenants Barker, Hogg, and Balph departed on furlough, and leaves of absence were ordered to be granted to a limited number of men. This promised well, for it seemed probable that we would be out of the lines for some time to come, and that these privileged absentees would be subsequently directed to join us at some point far in the rear. A hurricane of rumors swept through

the battery. We would be sent to the S.O.S. immediately. We would remain at La Harazee in reserve. We would move closer to the lines. We would join the offensive once more. We would go to another front. No, we would depart in a day or two for a rest camp. *Of course* we would go to a rest camp, for the infantry was already on its way! Dazed by these conflicting reports, each one boasting to be authentic, we consulted the more approachable officers for enlightened information, but were only told that orders had been changed a dozen or so times since our arrival and that the future remained as obscure as ever. On the morning of October 24th all uncertainty was cruelly banished by horrifying instructions to pack up and return to the front. Our hopes were shattered, and it seemed that the bottom of the world had fallen into space. The howitzers never appeared more hateful, our packs never more burdensome, the horses never more troublesome, and La Harazee never more peaceful. It seemed as if army life was naught but a series of disappointments, a life which might find its most adequate description in the word "damn."

About the middle of the afternoon the battery began the march forward. We had received no replacements for our lost horses, and it was necessary to leave part of the battery with the vehicles which could not be moved. A rear echelon was therefore established at La Harazee. The rest of us took to the road toward Le Four de Paris, turned there to the left, and proceeded up the long hill on which we had never expected to set our muddy shoes again. We had not gone far when Acherino inadvertently put one of his feet in the path of the third piece. His foot was crushed under one of the heavy rear wheels, and he was immediately removed to the hospital. To our depression the regrettable accident could only be interpreted as an ill omen of future disaster, and our spirits slumped still further. At 8.30 in the evening we reached our old rendezvous, Châtel, where a "stop-order" caused a halt for the night. Iron rations constituted the evening meal. Tents were pitched on the same ground previously occupied by the former echelon. A second echelon was established here and the next morning the battery, now reduced to the special detail, firing sections, and the gun drivers, resumed the march and hiked slowly to La Besogne. Here a few horses and carts, retained for ammunition work, constituted a third and forward echelon. The rest of the horses that accompanied the howitzers to La Besogne were sent back to Châtel together with their drivers. The kitchen was again placed in the ravine in back

of the emplacements, tents were pitched in the same area as before, and the guns were heaved into their former pits.

Though the gun platforms and the sand-bags from the revetment had been removed during our absence, presumably by the departed French battery which had occupied a position to our right, yet the emplacements were soon renovated, and with their renovation there was little for us to do in preparation for firing. Anticipating the possible necessity of having to operate the guns under shell fire, orders were given to build protective walls of dirt and saplings in front of the pieces, but the execution of the command was a difficult matter and was finally abandoned. We otherwise prepared for a bombardment by excavating the earth under our tents, but even with these and other labors we were soon confronted with the astonishing and most unusual circumstance that there was no more work to be done until operations should commence. On the afternoon of the 27th, we fired twenty rounds for adjustment on Champigneulle, but, aside from that occasion, the guns were silent for seven days from the time of our arrival. With the days hanging on our hands, we began to think that front-line work was far preferable to the strenuous activities of a rest area. There at La Besogne, once the position was in tiptop condition, we enjoyed considerably more rest than we could ever get by doing squads right on a drill field in the S.O.S. The pleasant idleness of our existence reminded us of the quiet serenity of the Lorraine sector, but it also reminded us of the calm before a storm.

That a storm was coming could not be doubted. Rumor had it that the pending attack was to be tremendous, and well we could believe it, for a multitude of troops were moving into line and quantities of guns passed the entrance to our position. We got some conception of the amount of artillery to be employed by the adjustment firing which was conducted in the vicinity. On all sides of us we recognized batteries which had not been in position during our former occupation of La Besogne. The adjustment fire was always brief, for orders forbade extensive artillery operations in order that positions might not be disclosed to the enemy nor the nature and extent of the attack revealed. Our front was therefore as calm as a Sunday morning, though the Germans were unusually active. Most of their firing was done at night, and one battery sent over a few shell at the same hour every morning. We dubbed it "The 3.54 Express." Day after day the front remained strangely quiet, except for the fitful restlessness of the German artillery, and we began to wonder if the attack had not been aban-

doned. Rumors about a cessation of hostilities were stronger than ever, and some of us thought that negotiations for an armistice must be already in progress, to keep the lines so placid. But the latter idea made little headway, for a memorandum from divisional headquarters was posted outside the P. C., urging us not to slacken our efforts because of false reports concerning an impending armistice. It further cautioned us that the Germans were massing large numbers of troops with the evident determination of stopping our advance at all costs. It pointed out that we were about to attack a most vital part of the enemy line, and implored us to remember that the blow was aimed at the hinges of the door to Germany, and that, if the Germans would not yield, we must batter down that door.

On the evening of October 31st, the officers were confident that the attack would commence during the early hours of the following morning, and final preparations were accordingly made. In order to test the lighting systems at the gun-pits, standing gun drill was conducted for half an hour in the early evening, the mechanics being called upon to thoroughly inspect the batteries of the lighting devices. This over, we rolled in our blankets to snatch what rest we could before the momentous hour should arrive. At 4 A.M. the call came and we crawled hastily from the warmth of our blankets, put on our shoes without even lacing them, and rushed up to the gun-pits. It was still dark, though clear, and was bitterly cold. Our firing was by command of Field Order No. 59, Headquarters Seventy-seventh Division, October 30th, and the artillery annex thereto. We took part in no barrage, but were assigned several targets, as follows:

5.00– 5.30 A.M.	Target "G"	90 Rounds
5.30– 6.00 A.M.	" "C"	150 "
6.20– 6.30 A.M.	" "Q"	30 "
6.30– 7.15 A.M.	" "W"	90 "
7.30– 9.00 A.M.	" "O"	90 "
9.30–10.26 A.M.	" "S"	28 "
12.04–12.10 P.M.	Emergency Fire	21 "

The last twenty-one rounds were called for because of unexpected resistance, encountered by the infantry within and around Champigneulle. After seven hours' duty at the pieces we thought we had done a good day's work, but Battery "A" was selected to fire at fleeting targets under the direction of aëroplane observation, and consequently we had to remain at the guns throughout the afternoon, ready for instant service. The compensating factor of engaging in this additional work was that we were presumably chosen for the task because of the accuracy of our fire.

On the following morning, from 5.30 to 7.05, we fired 195 rounds, the howitzers blurting forth the last four shots in noisy unison. That volley was our final message to the Germans and ended our active participation in the Meuse offensive, though we had no idea at that time that we would never again hear the ear-splitting roar of our guns, nor see them violently dig their scarred spades against revetments. Had we known that never more would we fire another round, we might have rammed home those last four shell with even more energy, and we might have pulled the lanyards just a shade harder, to emphasize our final expression of defiance to the Boches and to impress upon the howitzers that their days of boisterous liveliness were over. As it was, we looked on that last mission as merely one of a series to follow, and when orders came instructing us to move forward after the now rapidly retreating Germans, we saw nothing ahead of us but more emplacements to be dug, more shelter-pits to be excavated, and more ammunition to gouge our shoulders. An order permitting us to build fires was received over the telephone, and we knew that the enemy must be withdrawing very swiftly to allow such a laxity of camouflage discipline. It was the first real indication that Germany was done for, and while we saw further duty before us, the persistent rumors of an armistice which we had lately heard won our confident credence. But, mindful of the admonitory memorandum from headquarters, we were not unduly hopeful, and responded to moving orders with the thought that there were still days of fighting before us.

We had expected to spend the night at La Besogne, but soon after dark were told that we must be at Verpel by seven o'clock the following morning. The guns were limbered, tents struck, packs rolled, telephone wires hauled in, the tarpaulin of the P. C. pulled down, and the horses hitched to the guns and conveyances—all in such haste that we were on the main road close to midnight, ready to chase the Germans wherever they might lead us. Due to a scarcity of horses, the first piece was left in position, together with a considerable amount of special detail paraphernalia, guarded by a small detail under Lieutenant Balph. Before starting on our way, an overloaded fourgon turned on its side on the spur road, was unpacked and left to be extricated in the light of day. At 1 A.M. the march began. The night was drizzly and extremely dark, though, for once, the latter circumstance hindered our progress to no great extent, for we were enabled to employ lanterns to light our way. We proceeded through Chevières about four kilometers to Marcq, which we reached in the neighborhood of 4 A.M. Here, in accordance

with a stop-order, the battalion discontinued the march. Only one battalion in each regiment of the brigade was ordered to advance, and in the 306th the task fell to Batteries "E" and "F." Two circumstances contributed to the issuance of this order: one that all the guns in the brigade would have found difficulty in effectually following up the retreat, due to the fact that horse-flesh was a scarce commodity; the other that, as the German retirement progressed, the nine divisions in the field at the beginning of the offensive were converging on to a much narrower front, a circumstance which overcrowded all thoroughfares and demanded a diminution of traffic. Most of the horses of the First and Second Battalions, together with their drivers, were sent with the Third Battalion to assist the latter in its rapid advance to the north. Without delay all our teams, except those necessary for the conveyance of the water and ration carts, were ordered forward under Lieutenant Barker, who accepted the inevitable with extraordinary equanimity. The lieutenant and his large detail of the battery pursued the Boches up to the signing of the armistice, which found them in Raucourt and the outskirts of Sedan.

The personnel of the battery was now stationed at various points all the way from La Harazee to the lines of advance, and the task of assembling them was begun at once. By November 6th the entire battery was collected at Marcq with the exception of the men with the Third Battalion, and by the same date it became evident that our days of fighting were over, and that it was a matter of hours before an armistice would be signed. For the first time since we left Lorraine we really relaxed.

Cooties

BY VERNON B. SMITH

I WHO have the cooties,
List to the wail of my song,
Hear my cry: in my bunk I lie,
Scratching all night long.

By the light of the candle gleaming,
After the day is done,
Then I hunt my tormentors,
Catching them one by one.

How they crack as I pinch them
Or pop in the candle's flame;
Swiftly they flee before me,
Fast I pursue my game.

Each has a brand upon him,
Stained with my heart's own blood;
Angrily I nab them,
And flick them into the mud.

I told the doctor insomnia
Kept me awake at night,
But he knew that wasn't my trouble
When he held my shirt in the light.

Whenever I stand at "Attention"
Under an officer's gaze,
In droves they flock to their feeding-ground
And on me start to graze.

"Smith, what is the matter,
I didn't give a Rest."
"It's only a starving cootie, sir,
Biting me on the chest."

Then to myself I mutter,
"I'll make those cooties pay;
I'll burn them to-night in the candlelight,
Before I hit the hay."

Close to the light I hold my shirt,
Nor heed the chill night air,
But track the louse and his cunning spouse
Into their seamy lair.

I'm as lousy as a cuckoo,
And I'm not the only bum
Who sits at night by the candlelight,
Cracking them one by one.

Marking Time

NY one who was not at the front, or near it, at the time of the signing of the armistice might expect to find in these pages a glowing description of wild excitement at the news of Germany's capitulation. Paris was drunk with exultation, its boulevards in an uproar; London streets were a seething mass of people, shouting, singing, dancing, cheering, and blowing horns; and New York City, true to American traditions of precipitous haste, noisily celebrated the armistice five days before it was signed. But the battered town of Marcq, on the very scene of martial operations, was as quiet as a church. For several days before definite news arrived, we knew, as did every one near and far, that Germany was about to cry enough, and the expectation of pending negotiations kept us in a state of mild satisfaction; but when the memorable day arrived there were no bursts of enthusiasm, no ringing huzzas, no unconstrained, impetuous celebrations. To be sure, our thoughts were turned toward home, and with home thus brought in sight we were elevated to unusual planes of fervent hope and confident expectancy. A whole army of rumors paraded through the village, and we reviewed the procession with eager attention, but our lives in Marcq, before and after the signing of the armistice, were so much occupied with the routine of military duties that the tremendous announcement that the war was actually over made curiously little impression. We were far more anxious to know that we would get steak for dinner than that the world had been made safe for democracy.

Something of the same disposition showed itself in the first troops to be landed in New York from the A.E.F. Their transport was met in New York Harbor by a tremendous fleet of ferries, yachts, tugboats, and other craft, all crowded to overflowing with cheering New Yorkers, waving flags, and hurling cigarettes, candy, and newspapers at the khaki-colored objects of their enthusiastic welcome. Through a megaphone from one of the boats Mayor Hylan delivered a stirring oration of welcome. He eloquently, almost tearfully,

Squad tents, Brest

The "Aggie"

Brest Camp

A few non-coms, Brest

extolled the heroism of the American soldiers who had fought so valiantly in France. The applauders of heroism only waste their words on heroes, for the reply to his emotional address, and the response given to all this rousing reception, was the battle-cry of the American army which raised itself from the crowded decks of the transport with staccato emphasis, "When—do—we—eat?"

Likewise in Marcq, we were more vitally concerned with that same pressing question than with profound thoughts on the deliverance of the world's civilization from the threatened yoke of German autocracy. Matters of the moment clouded our appreciation of Germany's surrender. Our life in Marcq was, in fact, a composite of the lives of a soldier, a gardener, a street-cleaner, and, lastly, of a sailor, derelict on a sea of uncertainty, searching desperately, yet hopefully, for a friendly sail to carry him home.

As to gardening, we had ample opportunity to display horticultural aptitude by gathering large quantities of vegetables from the spacious gardens which the Germans had planted on the outskirts of the village to the north and northwest of our billets. The immense portions of fresh vegetables, served to us at every meal, more than made up for a deficit in army rations, which could hardly have been fifty per cent. issue at the time, and also satisfied the accrescent appetites which we had developed since our departure from La Harazee. Potatoes, carrots, beets, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, onions, leeks, celery, and a huge supply of cabbage—these and other undreamed of luxuries gave the battery a new lease on life, and produced marked effects on the health and dispositions of us all.

But if our propensity for gardening was conspicuous, our proclivity for street cleaning was no less in evidence. In fact so excessive was the frenzy for order and sanitation that we cleaned not only the streets, with their beautiful manure piles (accumulated through the centuries), but swept our billets until they looked radiantly sanitary, washed and painted the howitzers until they appeared so disgustingly new that no one would have suspected that the battery had ever seen any action, scrubbed out all available stables for the use of the horses when the latter should return from the front, and finally, by means of a German bath-house, renovated under the supervision of Captain Kirkpatrick, washed our own bodies until they almost glistened. A cootie that could not swim had not the ghost of a chance, but the trouble was that they were all preëminently aquatic.

When we were not gardening or purifying our environment we were drilling through the muddy streets of Marcq, hiking to

Chevières, Grand Pré, or St. Juvin, standing guard, waiting in line at the "Y" canteen, eating vegetables, sleeping, gathering fire-wood for the billets, writing letters, and in other ways demonstrating our continued existence in Mr. Wilson's army. One alleviating feature of our schedule was the rifle range, constructed in a field to the north of our billets. A number of us fired our rifles for the first time, and it was gratifying, after having carried them about France for six months, to give them a little exercise. The range afforded a good deal of fun. Inspections were plentiful, and one day an inspecting colonel blustered into town from nowhere and fairly turned the regiment upside down. He first made an assault on Battery "A." Nothing suited him. The kitchen was dirty, the cooks were dirty, the billets were dirty. He burst into the battery office like a hurricane, and asked forty-eleven questions before Corporal Dunkak could take a breath to answer the first one. Then he attacked "B" Battery, and we heard him bustling down the street bawling at a Battery "B" officer, "Your kitchen's dirty, cooks're dirty, billets're dirty." We didn't doubt that he had chanted the same refrain to every organization in the A.E.F., and valued his criticisms accordingly.

At 10 A.M. on Sunday, November 10th, a battalion church formation was held in the courtyard of the château which constituted our main billet, held at the command of Major Dick, in anticipation of the armistice and to commemorate the termination of our six months of foreign service. With shoes polished, uniforms brushed up, cartridge-belts stripped of ammunition, canteen, and first-aid packet, and with gloves on our hands, we looked more presentable than we had in many a long day. Together with "B" Battery, we were ranged around the grass-plot in the center of the courtyard. The major spoke about the development of the two batteries and what they had done. He remarked on the change he had seen come over us as we evolved from raw recruits at Upton to the veterans who stood before him. He commended us on our accomplishments in France, and then, musing solemnly on the part we had played in the World War, he gave vent to an immortal phrase which remained a battery slogan for months. "You've got something out of the war," he said. "You've got something that nobody can take away from you!" For one horrible, breathless moment we thought he meant the cooties, but swiftly dismissed the idea because we were reasonably certain that nobody would covet such possessions anyway. We anxiously waited to discover what it was that we had, but only received the comforting information, impressed upon us repeatedly

and in a variety of ways, that we had some priceless thing of which we never could be deprived, something we never could lose. It sounded as if it might be some terrible disease, and faint murmurs whispered through the assembly, "What is it?" Throughout the speech the conundrum remained unsolved, but, at its close, we were certain that assuredly we must possess something of immeasurable value. Our confidence in the fact swelled to magnificent proportions, and for the rest of the day we strutted about announcing to each other with unbounded pride, "You've got something that can't be taken away from you." In a lucid moment some one was inspired with the thought that the major referred to the satisfaction we should feel for playing our parts so well, but so few of us were satisfied with our lives in the army that the interpretation was dismissed as preposterous.

When the major finished his address, Lieutenant Thomas spoke a few words, warning us not to be too complacent over our contributions to the great victory. We had every right to be proud, but we must never forget the years of greater suffering borne by our allies, to whom the credit for the victory must largely go. He spoke of the losses our armies had sustained, and in particular mentioned the tragic death of Lieutenant Reid. The service was concluded with a prayer of thanks for our deliverance and a prayer for those at home.

The following day, mud-bespattered motor-cycle couriers were racing toward the front line, and the news of the armistice, with its consequent order to cease fire at 11 A.M., was received. As the definite verification of the expected announcement spread through the battery, some of us may have been sitting in a cabbage patch, some picking up cigarette butts, some peeling potatoes, some grooming horses, some sweeping out the billets, some saluting officers, some cursing the army, and some cursing each other. In any case the reaction to the news was not of a startling nature. As mentioned before, we uttered no shrieks of joy, we waved no flags, we flourished no bunting, and we made no comments on the salvation of the world. We stopped our respective occupations long enough to say, "Oh, boy, home for us," and went on skinning potatoes, beheading cabbages, and casting insults at the American uniform. In contrast to the celebrations which occurred in some places our attitude was comparatively calm, yet we wanted above all things to get home, and our thoughts in that respect were more elated than the above description would perhaps indicate. When we had our minds set on the attainment of something, a hoard of comforting rumors inevi-

tably arrived to inflame our hopes. With the armistice came the expectation of sailing to America before the end of the year, and the number of rumors which substantiated the reasonableness of that hope was astonishing. They all indicated definitely that we would be home by Christmas. We overlooked the fact that no year was mentioned, but argued ourselves into believing that we would set out for a port of embarkation within a week or two. Was not the Seventy-seventh the first National Army division to reach France, and did not New York want a big parade immediately, and would not New York money pull the necessary strings in Washington, and did we not have it on sound authority that the general was betting a month's salary that we would be home for Christmas dinner? Well, I should say so! Why *of course* the Seventy-seventh would be one of the very first divisions to leave. However, there were some who expressed their distrust of all rumors as being cruel, unreliable monsters of deception, and accordingly claimed that they would never believe that they were out of the army until they felt a pair of garters clasping their calves.

Armistice Day was declared a holiday. We calmly accepted the armistice as a matter of course, but we sang joyful pæans in behalf of the holiday, for it brought exemption from drill and other martial inconveniences. In the afternoon competitive games were held between the two batteries of the battalion, and by means of Ceccarilli, Cavaggioni, DeBerg, and other herculean prodigies (all reinforced with German vegetables) we pulled "B" Battery off their feet in a tug-of-war contest. We liked to beat Battery "B" in anything, and generally did.

Sunday, the 24th, was Father's Day, and every man was urged to write a victory letter to his father.

Thanksgiving Day came the following Thursday, and with it an orgy of speechmaking. The regiment collected before a platform built in the town square. The speakers were Colonel Winn, Lieutenant Thomas, the Mayor of Marcq, and the Mayor of St. Juvin. The 306th band was there to lend its martial notes to the occasion, and for the benefit of the several Frenchmen (including the honorable mayors) who assembled on the platform, we sang a few army songs, doubtless carrying out their conviction that we were all American Indians. The mayors addressed a few remarks to us, but, on the whole, they both needed lessons from Demosthenes. One of them arose at Lieutenant Thomas's introduction, turned his cap around and around with fumbling hands, and said "Je vous remercie" through his drooping black mustache so many times that we were

not at all impressed with his knowledge of French. We never gathered whether he was thanking us for our applause, for personally winning the war, or for cleaning up the streets. Colonel Winn spoke of the indomitable spirit we had displayed through the fight. He said that often he had had to give his officers and men tasks which he himself saw no way of accomplishing, and that, when he had asked them how they expected to carry out his orders, the answer invariably came, "Oh, I will do it somehow, some way." He further remarked that we ought to be very very thankful that we were returning to homes physically untouched by the war, and to towns in no such pitiful condition as the one in which we were billeted. His words were not lost on us, for we saw several refugees return to their battered houses in Marcq, and were thankful that ours had been safe from the ravages of shell and bombs. The colonel concluded his speech by telling us that we were entering the most disheartening period of the war, that of demobilization. He said that if any man wanted to get home more than he did that man would have to "want some." He urged us to be patient and to keep up our spirits through the trying experience of waiting for discharge. How well he knew what he was talking about!

We had expected to gorge ourselves on a huge Thanksgiving dinner, but Sergeant Mueller and the detail which accompanied him to Châlons-sur-Marne to buy provisions for the feast could not get back in time. Consequently we ate corned willy and cabbage; but the following day we had the best meal we ever ate in France. Among other delicacies the menu boasted roast lamb, mashed potatoes, luscious thick gravy, celery, cabbage, sprouts, rice pudding, coffee, cheese, candy, nuts, and vin rouge, or what is more commonly known as "red ink." Each man was given a cup of the wine. For some time we had observed total abstinence from all forms of alcohol, and the effects of this generous allotment were sudden and striking. The battery laughed considerably louder than usual and grew intensely argumentative. Potts and Gill were both inflamed with the conviction that they had great cursorial propensities and could beat each other in a hundred-yard dash. A vociferous challenge ensued, and the contestant sprinters adjourned to the muddy street to demonstrate the veracity of their claims for pedestrian prowess. The race was neck and neck, but it was whispered about that Potts lost by a hair's breadth. Furthermore, the fire-water vivified our visions of home and increased our faith in all reports which promised to send us there before the first of the year.

We left our comfortable homes in Marcq on the last day of No-

vember, and, extraordinary to relate, we departed in motor trucks. We arrived in Autry toward evening, and were quartered in a park which apparently had been used by the Germans as a dump for artillery and engineering supplies. Our barracks were filthy and the night extremely cold, so we have no pleasant recollections of Autry, especially as we waited at the station all the following day before entraining. At 1 A.M. of December 2d our train, composed of spacious American freight-cars, an American engine, and an American crew, began what proved to be a comparatively comfortable trip. With ample space to stretch ourselves, stoves to warm our feet, and straw to lie upon, we considered ourselves fortunate, and praised all the saints of every known religion that we were not cramped into "Hommes 40—Chevaux 8." During the day we stopped at a station where several Boche prisoners were attempting to load an auto-truck on a flat-car. Some of us got out and showed them how it should be done, much to the disgust of the French guards. When we left, the Germans had been shorn of every button their shabby uniforms possessed, but, in recompense, their pockets bulged with francs. In the early morning of the 3d we reached Latracey, and, detraining, had a meager breakfast in a field opposite the station. Major-General Alexander was there to meet us, and strutted like a turkey up and down the length of the train, looking infinitely proud of himself and us and the American army in general. Short and stocky in build, energetic in manner, saluting with studied deliberation, his overseas cap tilted jauntily on an abundance of iron gray hair, he presented a most formidable appearance. At 2.30 P.M., after a deal of fuss and worry getting our equipment packed on the wagons, and a deal of trouble collecting some of the battery from a convenient saloon by the roadside, we hiked off up the road with full packs and empty stomachs. Dancevoir was our destination, and we arrived there in the late afternoon. We spent most of the evening looking for wine. The price of liquor reached appalling heights within two days.

We expected that our stay in Dancevoir would be only long enough to enable us to check up equipment, turn in our howitzers, and bring the paper work of the battery up to the minute, preparatory to an early departure for a port of embarkation. The hope of reaching the United States before Christmas had dwindled away, but we still clung to the chance of getting home by New Year's Day. It seems ridiculous now that we could have entertained such a hope, yet there were many who did so. As the days dragged themselves into weeks, reports crept to us that every division had to go through

Dancevoir.

The cleansen

Noyen.

Eyes right!

La Suze.

La Suze barracks

Le Mans area before sailing, that the sick and wounded were to be the first to leave France, and that the Seventy-seventh was far down the sailing list of departing troops. There was nothing before us but waiting, and we came to the realization that Colonel Winn's remarks about the trying monotony of the period of demobilization were truly spoken. We had been satisfied to rest a while in Marcq, for we needed rest badly and were comfortably settled in the battered old village, but soon after we reached Dancevoir the reaction to this welcome idleness set in and we became restless and dissatisfied.

We can now look back on the period of demobilization with calm thoughts, but at the time our thoughts were anything but tranquil, and the worst of it was that we had ample opportunity to think. During the hardships of campaigning we led primarily a physical life, and had comparatively little chance to direct our attention toward anything but food, rest, and the work in hand. We were busy, often night and day, busy with hard work of a most serious nature with a definite goal ahead of us to spur us on, but with the signing of the armistice our goal was attained and we had no aim in life but to get home, no function but to wait for discharge. With Germany's capitulation the usefulness of the army collapsed, and, to a great extent, we collapsed with it in a heap of fretful impatience.

Major Dick tried to impress it upon us that, while the war was over, we must prepare for the next war. The speech was doubtless intended to give us some purpose to sustain us in our martial activities, something to work for, but if that was the major's intention he sadly underestimated the intelligence of his men. We hooted at the idea of doing "Arms to the thrust—Move" in order to get in trim for the "next war." We were kept on the jump with every variety of drill, infantry and artillery, with inspections, guard duty, and a host of other military performances, largely for the sake of being saved from the demoralization of idleness. It is fortunate that we were preoccupied even with tasks which were distasteful to us, for had we been totally idle we would have worked ourselves into a fury of impatience which might have resulted in the organized decapitation of every individual who dared show himself in a Sam Browne belt. But to be busy just for the sake of being busy was a procedure which could hope to gain only half-hearted support.

It is not an altogether pleasant task to convey in these pages the atmosphere of that last phase of our history. It was full of enmity for some of our officers, full of dissatisfaction, full of impatient complaining, full of the monotonous existence of an army which has nothing useful to do, nothing to work for except to get out of uni-

form, nothing to think about except the undesirability of war and the desirability of an impossibly speedy discharge. The editors would take great pleasure in overlooking all the unpleasantness of that final phase. They would prefer to dwell entirely on the circumstances and incidents which produce a smile or a reminiscent chuckle. Yet to do so would be to write fiction, not history, and the battery wishes a history of its experiences.

Dancevoir was the first inhabited town we had been in since our hike to the Argonne, yet so far as mud was concerned we might as well have been back at Abri St. Louis. Most of the battery was housed in two barracks situated in a sunken area below the main road of the village, a road which had been dignified with the name of Rue des États-Unis. The area contained two other barracks of similar proportions, one occupied by the "Y," the other by men of "B" Battery. All four buildings had been thoughtfully set in a sea of mud, in some places ankle deep, and in all places deep enough to make matters very disagreeable. The ground never dried, for it rained frequently, and our feet were constantly wet. Added to these circumstances the barracks for the first month had no stoves to drive out the cold and to dry our wet clothing and muddy shoes. The roofs of the buildings leaked and their dirt floors were always damp with the mud we tracked in from without. The barracks offered greater freedom of action than our pup-tents at the front, but we had expected far more comfort than they gave us, and were correspondingly disappointed.

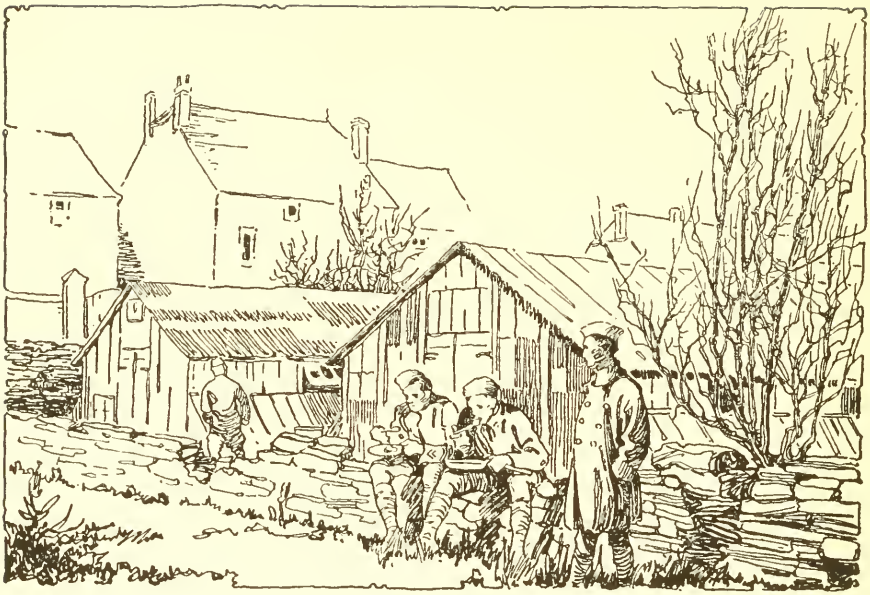
The remainder of the battery were quartered in billets on a street facing the Aube River, and in houses at the north end of the town. Living conditions in these places were much better than in the lower area, but wood was scarce and the men suffered from the damp chill of winter. An epidemic of colds set in and large numbers of men answered sick call. A room in one of the billets was converted into a hospital ward. At no previous time in the history of the battery had sick call been attended by so many men so regularly. One morning when a particularly large detachment arrived at the infirmary, Captain "Kirk" inquired why on earth the battery guidon was not brought along. Some of us undoubtedly sought medical treatment to shield ourselves from the horrors of drill, but there were comparatively few of these designing persons, and they rarely profited by their mendacity.

Our activities in Dancevoir were manifold. We performed the usual calisthenics, sometimes before breakfast. We engaged in dismounted drill on a hill to the north of the village, and on one

occasion attempted infantry skirmishes. We hiked with and without the guns. We policed and repaired the village highways. We dug latrines. We devoted our attention to a new assignment of horses with their supply of American harness. We washed the howitzers which stood in the regimental gun park at the other end of the village. In reference to the last occupation Colonel Peak, Colonel Winn's successor, is claimed to have given orders for the men to "clean the cannon." Colonel Peak was apparently thinking in terms of the Civil War. Besides "cleaning the cannon" we cleaned ourselves by means of a tomato-can shower which our old friend Sergeant Bernstein renovated on the bank of the Aube. We stood inspections galore; we stood in the mud for mess; and we stood guard over every stick and stone and every well in Dancevoir. We discussed the chances of getting home, discussed the futility of drilling, and discussed the villainy of the officers. We checked up all battery records, and checked and rechecked all equipment.

All these and many other activities we detested, but there were several ways in which the dull drag of our lives was alleviated. We played games on the drill field, wrote a host of letters, were entertained by the 306th Field Artillery players, and, above all, we made friends with the kindly French peasants of the town, who seemed to have the most extravagant affection for us so long as our pockets were full of francs. Sergeant Dumont adopted his "papa and mama" (papa had the best cognac in the world), paid ten francs for one egg, and almost went into mourning when mama fell sick. Corporal Ring fell in love with his darling Suzanne, and began to get absent-minded during inspections. Corporal Feldman made the acquaintance of a Parisienne butterfly who visited the family with whom he had attached himself. Sergeants Gray and Thurlow had a strange habit of suddenly disappearing toward a house near the stables. The officers retired to the inner recesses of the Officers' Club, to exchange their salaries over the poker table and totter home past the vigilant guards in the dead of morning. And the battery twins, Buddy Childs and Joe Pender, made conquest in the higher circles of Dancevoir society.

Christmas came. Christmas boxes arrived to remind us how far we were from home. Christmas dinner was served as taunting evidence that we were fools to have expected that we would make merry over our own plum puddings. A number of men ate their evening meal in the houses of townspeople, drank French wine, talked boisterously, looked as merry as possible, and walked home to the chill of their billets, thinking that Christmas in the A.E.F.



H.T.F. '21

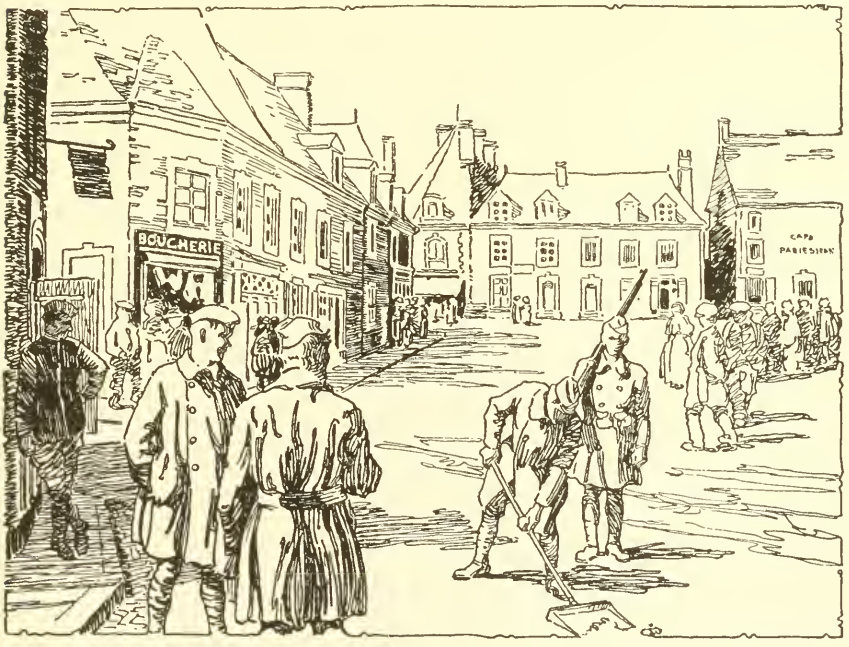
Battery "A" Quarters Dancevoir, France.

was very much like every other day. The only real touch of the kind of Christmas we would like to have had was a Christmas tree, cut from the property of Monsieur le Comte and erected in the "Y" barrack for the benefit of the children of Dancevoir.

New Year's Day brought the realization that divisions of time meant very little in the army. Buddy Childs gave birth to that immortal sentiment that home was nowhere in sight, and that he guessed that he was "in the army from now on." The first of the year always brings a deluge of good resolutions, and our superiors evidently thought they had better do something righteous for us. A school was started which, in theory, must have been a remarkable success. Also an order was issued that there must be no more salvaging, an injunction directed against our habit of inadvertently picking up a fence rail or two to encourage the sparks in our stoves and fireplaces.

The detachment of men who had attended a school for mechanics returned to the battery, and with them brought four tractors of the noisiest variety. When we didn't want the beasts, and didn't need them, they appeared, and forthwith had to be put to some immediate

use. There was talk abroad that we would haul the guns to a near-by range, but that plan, if there ever was such a plan, fell through, and the tractors remained in a state of offended neglect, crashing about town in a thunderous attempt to appear useful. Colonel Peak must have been in a frenzy to know what he should do with his new toys, and undoubtedly sat up nights in a cold sweat, trying to figure out some way of utilizing them. A brilliant thought struck him one day, with the result that Battery "A" went on a march, the rattle of the heavy howitzers drowned in the deafening clamor of their new gasoline horses. We drew into a field about two kilometers outside Dancevoir, and there indulged in the comedy of laying the pieces for fire, doubtless to have them all set for the "next war." We breathed a sigh of relief on January 25th, for the guns were drawn down to the aëroplane hangars at Latracey, to be turned over to the Ordnance Department. We gave them a final cleaning and lubricating, touched them up with paint, shed a tear or two at bidding farewell to our boisterous old friends, and left them to find their own destiny, we knew not where. The Ordnance



H.T.F. '21

Place du Marché; Noyen-sur-Sarthe.

Department reported that no guns were turned in by any artillery brigade that surpassed ours in the excellence of their condition.

One day a brigade review was held several thousand miles from Dancevoir, and off hiked the regiment to spend the afternoon being military before General McCloskey. Aside from a slight drizzle the occasion was uneventful, but every one seemed satisfied that they had looked intensely military, and had conducted themselves in an exemplary manner which did honor to themselves, their families, and the United States. The officers looked solemn and stern and highly important, and very much afraid of their reputations.

Shortly before we left Dancevoir, a regimental review, conducted for purposes of inspection, was held just south of the village. Malicious-looking officers from headquarters pestered our quaking lieutenants with a thousand embarrassing questions as to when we had last bathed, why this man was lacking the regulation layer of shoe dubbin, why that bow-legged man didn't know enough to stand with his feet at an angle of forty-five degrees, and what the men had had to eat on the last rainy Wednesday. Then they went down the battery front viciously snatching away our rifles and violently thrusting them back at us, rapidly firing a line of questions at us the while. When Schnibbe was asked for the caliber of his rifle the reputation of Battery "A" had an irreparable set-back. His answer first came "Thirty, sir." "Thirty what?" snapped the inspector. "Thirty inches," came the meek reply, and the inspector glowered up and down the line to see who was laughing. The inspection was a very breathless affair and we were glad when it was over—especially the officers, for they went through all the stages of nervous prostration in the just cause of preserving our reputation from the black marks of these powerful inquisitors from headquarters.

The period of demobilization was fast developing into a period of demoralization, in the military sense of the word. We could laugh and enjoy ourselves to a certain extent, but do what we might, we could not overcome the exasperation of leading a military life to no purpose. Whether the officers were responsible for the ill humor which possessed us is possibly not for the editors to pass judgment upon, but certain it is that most of our complaints were directed against officialdom. It seems that they were partially the cause and partially merely the convenient objects of our impatience. At the front we were satisfied to submerge ourselves in the seas of discipline in order to gain our purpose, no matter what our opinions might be concerning the essential nature of discipline. With our purpose at-

tained we instinctively adopted a less lenient view toward the attitude which the officers appeared to think was vital to the maintenance of their authority. An American wants to be led, not pushed, wants to be encouraged, not driven, wants to be treated like an American and not like the scum of the earth, and when the officers sat in front of their fires all day or appeared among us like graven images, we began to wonder whether they were worth respecting, discipline or no discipline, army or no army. It seemed as if Lieutenant Shearer alone took any interest in our welfare. To him we responded with our allegiance, and to him we extended our gratitude. Nor were the officers alone in their unpopularity, for the sergeants began to be looked upon as receiving privileges incompatible with their station. By a G. H. Q. order they were given a room to themselves in one of the billets, and here, reinforced with champagne which they bought from a usurious Frenchman next door, they made a racket which on one occasion attracted the attention of the officer of the day, and on every occasion kept all men in the billet in a state of wakeful indignation. When a report circulated about that these tyrants were to have a separate mess, the battery threatened to blow up and "The Battery Book" almost lost its subscription fund. Our morale slipped about at a great rate while Dancevoir remained our home. The mess sergeant delivered an ultimatum to the battery commander. The seventh section, "the international section," had a grand set-to which ended with a few bloody noses, and one night in one of the barracks we barely missed having a murder laid to our account. It was just as well that we left for the Le Mans area when we did.

We had been relieved of all equipment save what we carried on our backs. Our clothes and blankets had been put through delousing boilers; battery records were in tiptop condition; lacking equipment had been supplied; and promotions in the ranks had brought the personnel of the battery up to requirements in that respect. In short, we were all ready for whatever horrors the Le Mans area might have in store for us. We left Dancevoir on the bleak Friday afternoon of February 7th. The weather always cut a few capers when we moved anywhere. It was too cold to rain, so it snowed instead. To satisfy the colonel's idea of how the regiment ought to look on a march we carried our extra shoes on the outside of our packs. They got almost as wet as the hikers we wore, and when we crowded into French box-cars at Latracey, we lay down with wet feet, no change of shoes, and uniforms soggy with melted snow. The ensuing trip was a most cheerless one. The food was cold, the

weather was cold, and we were cold; and, to cap the climax, we detrained on the 9th at Noyen-sur-Sarthe on the windiest and coldest day we experienced during our year in France.

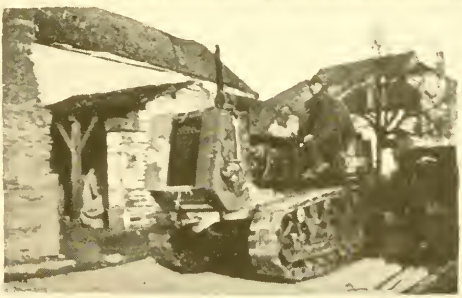
In some respects our stay in Noyen was more satisfactory than our two months in Dancevoir, but in other respects it was far worse. Our billets, scattered all over the town, were at least comparatively dry, but they were poorly lighted, very dirty, somewhat crowded, and miserably heated. The weather was often cold, especially at night, and we continued to storm the infirmary morning and afternoon. A number of men were sent to the hospital. There was a rush to surreptitiously escape our uncomfortable quarters by renting rooms in French houses, with the result that many of the non-coms and others took up residence with the townspeople. Corporal Stevens was discovered by Lieutenant Bryan removing his belongings to his boarding-house and was asked, "Corporal, where are you going with that pack?" much to the confusion of the corporal. But his embarrassed explanation was not followed by, "My Gawd, Corporal, don't you know any better than to do that?" and the miscreant went on his way, rejoicing in the hope that the officers had taken a generous drink of the milk of human kindness. Not so, for when it was found that the sergeants were not living in the quarters assigned them, orders were given that a sergeant must be in charge of every billet, despite the fact that instructions from G.H.Q. allowed sergeants to live apart from their men. Orders of such a kind only increased our hatred of an over-imperious régime, and more than ever we gave vent to our emotions by voicing vitriolic execrations against the "reign of terror."

At Noyen we were less troubled than formerly with the afflictions of drill. We took our turn at guard duty, went on short hikes, and were put through our paces in "squads right" in order that the best drilled men might be picked for a model platoon to engage in a divisional drill competition. We had only a few horses, no tractors, and no guns to worry us, and the streets of Noyen needed little repairing, so altogether we were fortunately free from many of the duties which had attended our visit to Dancevoir. And, too, compared with the latter town, Noyen was a flourishing metropolis and offered not mere idleness, but active entertainment for our leisure hours. We patronized the restaurants and cafés, ate prodigious quantities of *œufs* and other dishes of an unmilitary type, occasionally got delightfully tipsy (despite the army of M.P.'s whose duty it was to see that we were served nothing but "beer and light wines"), frequented the many stores of which the town boasted, and

Home of "A" Battery Dancevoir

The Bath!

Our belated Tractor



On hike, Dancevoir

there spent our francs on useless souvenirs, and even exhibited the grace of an army field shoe by frisking about the floor of a dance hall we discovered in rear of the Mairie. There was a large Y.M.C.A. building, and here we kept ourselves supplied with cigarettes and dangerous-looking cigars, though otherwise the "Y" profited us little.

One Saturday morning the Place du Marché became a crowded center of commercial activity, for it was suddenly converted into a department store. Vendors from out of town flocked into the village and set up their stands in front of the Mairie, there to sell their various wares. The whole of Noyen, including the 306th Field Artillery (which formed the greater part of the population), swarmed to the market and wandered from booth to booth. We found nothing that would have made suitable souvenirs, for even an American soldier draws the line at purchasing gingham dresses and corsets as mementoes of "sunny France." On another occasion the square served as a theater, for one evening a motion-picture machine, mounted on a truck, cast a few emotional reflections on a screen attached to the wall of one of the buildings which enclosed the square. It was a blessing to get in touch with civilization again, and while Noyen only whetted our appetites for home, yet it was a relief to be in a town which showed some faint signs of life.

It was particularly pleasant to sit at a table and order a meal, for the battalion mess was anything but good at the time. One day General Glassford, who had replaced General McCloskey, rode up to our mess-hall on his motor-cycle and proceeded to do a little informal inspecting. He asked one man what he thought of the mess and received the timid reply that it was fine. The general tested the food and thought differently, with the result that every authority in the battalion was given to understand that our coffee was nothing but "slops." The well-meaning individual who had commended the quality of the mess became the wretched subject of the following song:

> The Inspecting General came around, parlez-vous,
> The Inspecting General came around, parlez-vous;
> He asked us how we liked our grub
> And got his answer from a dub,
> Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous.

Shortly before we left Noyen, Lieutenant Bryan and Lieutenant Grahn (then with the Supply Company) were promoted to the rank of captain. The former was assigned to the 305th Field Artillery and for a few days we had hopes that Captain Grahn would return

to us as battery commander. No arrangement would have been met with more delight; but our hopes were short-lived, for Captain Bryan's transfer was cancelled at his own solicitation, and we continued as usual to guard the battery's supply of jam.

On February 23d, the battalion moved to Camp La Suze. We had visions of terrific labors ahead of us, for we were told that we were going to assist in the construction of a hospital camp, but La Suze proved to be a pleasant disappointment. We were not near enough to the village to find harbor with French families, but the two barracks in which we were quartered were, except for a mud puddle in one of them, very comfortable and far more desirable than the garrets and stables of Noyen. A Y.M.C.A. hut offered us desks to write letters, a small library, and a canteen. Scarcely a night passed without some entertainment in the "Y" barrack. Added to these comforts was the circumstance that we were several kilometers beyond the clutches of regimental authorities. There was considerable detail work and the model platoon started to be earnestly model, but we were afflicted with no regimental reviews, inspections, or other annoying formalities. Furthermore small detachments continued to leave on furlough. From Dancevoir men went on leave to Aix-les-Bains and Chambery; from Noyen and La Suze they visited St. Malo and the Pyrenees. In every case these fortunate absentees came back with enthusiastic descriptions of Uncle Sam's winter resorts.

During the first week in March, several men left the battery to attend French and British universities as members of the A.E.F. School Detachment.

On March 21st, we hiked back to Noyen, to take up our abode once more in the barren hay-lofts and stable stalls we had previously occupied. Our second sojourn here was marked by a series of inspections, ostensibly conducted to see that we kept ourselves in top-notch condition, but apparently for no other purpose than to give us something to do and something to swear at. On April 7th we subjected all the equipment we could beg, borrow, or steal to an embarkation inspection, held on the drill field of the Third Battalion. The inspectors were supposed to satisfy themselves that every man was fully equipped before leaving for the States, possibly to demonstrate to admiring Americans that he not only was, but always had been, fully equipped. We were more than ready to assist the inspectors in anything which might expedite our departure, and adopted various mendacious means of conveying the desired impression. If one of us were missing the required extra pair of shoes, he borrowed

the requisite articles from the supply room, passed the inspection with honors and returned the shoes. Each man was supposed to have two identification tags. Many were lacking one or both. They were put toward the end of the inspection line, and when those who possessed both tags had been examined they surreptitiously slipped their tags down the line. Had the inspecting officers more carefully scrutinized Battery "A," they might have been astounded to see a stalwart son of Ireland with "Jacob" on his name tag, while a dark-haired Italian boldly advertised himself as bearing the name "Olaf."

On April 11th, the battery participated in a regimental dismounted drill competition. The model platoon proved itself far and away the best platoon in the regiment, and went through its prescribed manœuvers with such splendid precision that there was never a doubt in the minds of the spectators as to its superiority. When the battery as a whole took the field we lost by a close margin to Battery "E." We were the last battery to march into the contest. All the others advanced and executed squads left, coming into battery front with slightly uneven dress. Captain Bryan saw his chance to get the jump on the other units and commanded an "on right into line." Thus, when we came into battery front, our dress was perfect. There had been no ruling against such a manœuver and it seems as if we should have been allowed the advantage we gained by so extremely clever a move, but the general thought differently, and made us repeat our entrance. When we marched on the second time, the captain's commands were drowned by the band and we executed squads left very raggedly. It was undoubtedly the latter unfortunate occurrence that cost us the victory, for, once in the swing of the drill, we marched splendidly. The judges were in favor of declaring the contest a draw between "E" and "A," but a decision was requested, and the honors went to the former.

For a few days prior to our departure from Noyen we indulged in a new form of torture known as "abandon billet drill." At a given signal we rolled packs and ran out of the billets as though we were leaving on the final day. The billets were then inspected to see that they were clean and free from those useless articles of equipment which it was always a temptation to leave behind. One such article which found its way into our packs was the bacon can. Bacon and condiment cans had been issued, withdrawn, and reissued times without number throughout our army life. They undoubtedly served to swell the pocketbooks of war profiteers, but for us they served no purpose except as ballast for our packs. At Noyen we received a final issue of bacon cans. We held them for purposes of inspection

until the morning of our departure, when most of us rose up in wrath and hurled them away. We venture to state that if the Sarthe River ever overflows its banks it will be because the onrush of American bacon cans, which that peaceful stream possesses, has somewhere been checked into a mountainous dam.

The battery finally received word that it would leave sleepy old Noyen on April 17th. On the 16th, Major Dick requested that we be assembled so that he might bid us farewell, for he was setting out that day for Le Mans. We always used to poke fun at the major's many speeches on discipline and saluting, and especially at his famous Marcq oration, in which he so emphatically insisted that we had something that nobody could take away from us; but there were no smiles of amusement on our faces or in our hearts during his final speech. A Battery "A" man wrote to a friend the following brief description of that scene: "The Major and about a dozen other officers were left behind in France. A new medical officer by the name of —— got into a mix-up with a girl at Noyen and was put up for court-martial, and all of these officers had to stick around as witnesses. The old Major got the battery together, and when he tried to make his farewell speech, his throat clogged. He tried to brace himself, got a few words out, and then broke down completely. Can you beat it? He hauled out amongst rousing cheers."

We used to discuss the conduct of the officers freely and sometimes not very impartially, but any man who murmured a protest against "Captain Dick" that night was promptly sat upon. Though the major was unquestionably the severest taskmaster ever given to us, though relentless iron discipline was his motto, yet he never spared himself, and in that he proved himself a leader as well as a driver. He always stood in our minds as the creator of Battery "A." Somehow his place seemed to be at the head of the battery column. To us he was always "Captain," not "Major."

Oh, Those Buglers!

BY VERNON B. SMITH

Oh buglers three, the battery
Has waited, oh, so patiently,
For you to learn to hit the key
That you should hit, in buglery.

Is it too much to ask of you
To practise for an hour or two
And learn to play at least a few
Of those old calls we thought you knew?

At dawn you cleave the quiet air
With such a brazen, blatant blare
That we arise and tear our hair,
But, buglers, you don't seem to care.

For mess you sound an awful tune,
Quite like a hound that bays at the moon,
Or when he trees a fleeing coon.
We've cursed enough. We'll shoot you soon!

"Sick call" sounds like a creaky hearse,
It makes the sick a damned sight worse;
It makes the healthy roundly curse,
And pious persons say a verse.

You murder "Taps" and "Reveille,"
Your "Recall" is an agony;
Take warning, bungling buglers three,
A dreadful death awaits for thee.

Go learn those shining horns to play,
Practise "Retreat," oh, buglers gay;
Toot, toute de suite, the livelong day,
Or hide, for fear your hides we'll flay.

Demobilization

THE period of our history which we have called "Marking Time" properly ends with our departure from Noyen, for then it was that we started to make rapid strides toward the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. Then, too, the final chapter should begin, for with Noyen left in the gloomy distance, we launched into the current of a hurricane of inspections, examinations, and red-tape which whirled us about on the unsteady winds of military life, and, with a final blast, scattered us to the four corners of America.

At noon on April 17th, with bands appropriately ushering in the final phase with martial airs, the brigade began its journey to the coast. It remains one of the mysteries of the war why the battery did not entrain at Noyen. Instead of doing so we alone of the regiment hiked some five miles with full equipment to Camp La Suze, boarded a troop train there in the late afternoon, and promptly returned through Noyen by rail. Our thoughts, as we rumbled by the Noyen station, were inexpressible in any language, but oaths never seared the atmosphere more freely. Despite the bad start, the ensuing trip was fairly comfortable. Roomy American box-cars and hot food, coupled with the fact that the ride to Brest was a short one and was leading us definitely toward demobilization, gave no quarter for despondent spirits.

Camp Pontanazen was a pleasant surprise. We were not prepared to see miles of barracks and tents surrounding the small enclosure we had visited a year before. We knew that the camp had been greatly enlarged, but we had fearful misgivings that its enlargement had not been for the best, and that we might well expect to be thrust into pigsties,—all this because we had heard of the congressman's wife who had crossed the Atlantic and cried inconsolably over the horrible conditions in the camp. We rejoice that the good woman did not venture toward the front, for, with one fleeting glimpse of the Battery "A" mess line at Abri St. Louis, she unquestionably would have dissolved into a streaming, compassionate tear. Whatever the previous conditions of the camp, they were all that we could

have asked for when we arrived at Brest. We were quartered in squad-tents furnished with comfortable cots, ate well, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Mess was a marvel of efficiency. Thousands of men were served from a series of kitchens occupying one of the many kitchen barracks, were served well and with astonishing rapidity.

We arrived in Brest on Good Friday. The following day ought to be known to posterity as "Good Saturday," for Battery "A" was deloused. We were marched to a large building the interior of which looked much like the waiting-room of a depot, for it was furnished with row upon row of long benches. Here we were assigned numbered seats. Silence was commanded by large signs posted here and there, possibly in consideration of those who wished to offer up silent prayers of thankfulness at their happy deliverance from the ravages of their cooties. We took off our clothes, put them on the benches, and stood by, while a number of medical officers hurriedly examined us. Any man whose whelped chest indicated the presence of extra ferocious cooties was set apart and treated to a more powerful purgation than was inflicted upon those who merely suffered from the normal number of bites. Several minutes were consumed by this inspection, since there were about a thousand men to be examined. When it was completed a sergeant whistled for attention, and after insisting that silence be maintained, gave instructions concerning the method of procedure during the bath something as follows: "Each man will take his underclothes, follow the line around the back of the hall, and as he passes the G. I. cans in the rear, he will throw his underwear and socks in one of them. He will then pass down the other side to the bath-house. After your bath return to this room, get dressed, and get out." We started the long journey, stalking abroad in all our nakedness, and finally approached the showers. At the entrance to the bath-room an attendant daubed each man, back and front, with a large calcimine brush which he dipped intermittently into a pail containing a compound of soft-soap and kerosene. As the attendant plastered Buddy Childs the latter cautioned him to "post no bills." No cootie could possibly escape that initial attack, but we proceeded under the showers to the tune of a sergeant's whistle, and made the most of a brief allowance of hot water by hurriedly enveloping ourselves in a froth of kerosene soap-suds. We were warned that we must get none of the soap in our hair. The admonition did not produce a favorable impression of the character of our cleansing material, and guessing that it was commonly used to remove varnish, we discreetly obeyed instructions, even at the

risk of allowing some energetic cootie to escape its just desserts. "Two minutes to rinse off," came the command, and the hot water was suddenly followed by cold. As we left the shower-room a miniature towel was thrust at us, by means of which we endeavored with small success to dry ourselves. The towel was thoroughly saturated by the time we had rubbed the water from our hair, and the rest of the body was dried by pure friction as we frantically rubbed ourselves down. The next move was to collect socks and underwear before returning to our respective benches, and this we did as we passed several counters supplied with those articles. There was little time to get garments of the proper size, for a continuous stream of men was passing the supply tables. Joe Pender asked the soldier at the shirt counter where he might get his shirt accordion-pleated so as to make it fit. Once again at our benches, we hid in the recesses of our new underclothes and groped around to find our way into the rest of our uniform, all to the usual music, "Put your leggings on outside—hurry up and get out." The bath was really a memorable occasion. In more senses than one it was a great step in leaving French soil.

In the evening we rolled packs and marched to a pavilion about a half-mile from the battery area. Here the external appearance of our packs received the concurrent approval of two captains. The rear rank was only a yard or two from a wall of the building, but that didn't seem to bother the "swivel-chair captain," for he commanded "Open ranks, march," with seeming confidence that the rear rank would back the required four paces straight through the wall. When he found himself disappointed in this calculation, his indignation was supreme, and he looked, and was, extremely nasty, and savagely intimated that we lacked intelligence. We were then commanded to march forward, but the order was unaccompanied by "At trail," and when we brought our rifles to right shoulder in the approved manner, the captain called out, "Keep your rifles down." We were not certain before, but then we became convinced that he was the man of our hopes, the man who would revise the American army drill regulations.

On the morning of Easter Sunday we were ordered to embark. Truly it was our day of resurrection, and to commemorate the occasion we were introduced to a new form of drill, known as "ship drill." The battery was assembled, and as each man's name was called from the passenger list, he was taught how to answer his name with the proper inflection in his voice so that, when his name was called out on the dock, the hearing of the embarkation officer would

not be unduly strained. After a hurried noon mess, the battery was formed again for a medical examination, chiefly for the purpose of discovering any cases of influenza. The doctors passed down the ranks placing a clinical thermometer in each man's mouth, and then, armed with note-books, recorded our respective temperatures. By the time they reached the end of the line the last men were, as some of us expressed it, "muscle bound in the jaws," from trying to gingerly hold the thermometer without biting it in two. Gauze masks were issued to be worn in case a "flu" epidemic should break out on board ship.

The hike for the port of Brest began immediately after the examination. And such a hike! A sort of grand finale to all the strenuous marches we had previously had. The day was hotter than the hottest corridor of the Inferno, and yet, mirabile dictu, we were made to wear our overcoats. One fifteen-minute rest was granted throughout the two-hour journey. Between the heat, the rapidity of the pace, and the weight of our full equipment, it is a wonder that all of us arrived at the docks alive. Had we been going anywhere but to the ship that would carry us home, it is not unlikely that Battery "A" would have mutinied. If the doctors had delayed their examination until after the hike, our temperatures would have sent the mercury shooting through the top of the thermometers. Andy Keane was purple with heat, and puffing and wheezing like an asthmatic steam-engine. As we waited limply under the pier sheds, the aggregate weight of the battery must have been at least a ton less than it was before we started off. Our friends of the Red Cross were present and did what they could to revive our normal temperatures with cups of cold water; they also hung about each man's neck a pair of socks, stuffed with candy, cigarettes, and playing-cards.

Following a short delay we went aboard a lighter. About 3.30 P.M. we drew away from the shores of France, and ten minutes later were alongside the *Agamemnon*, which had arrived in the harbor that same morning, all coaled and provisioned for a speedy return trip to the States. As we passed up the gang-plank tickets were given us bearing the inscription "M N 2," indicating the battery's compartment on the ship. Many of us received small pieces of red ribbon, which we later found, much to our disgust, to be indicative of selection for detail work. The crews of many transports were cut down to provide more space for soldiers, and hence we had to make up for the deficit of sailors by doing their work. One detail was assigned to scraping the inside facings of the unused boilers of the ship. This task was so particularly distasteful that a complaint was registered,

and the detail relieved by order of General Glassford. Another detachment had to paint the walls of the engine-rooms and the engine-room shafts from the hold of the vessel to the top deck. This was better than working inside a rusty boiler, but the engine-rooms were extremely warm, and the work proved uncongenial. A third detail was assigned to sweeping and washing the decks.

We might have been more satisfied at our conversion into "gobs" had we been allowed the comparatively delectable mess we saw the sailors consuming in large quantities. Our own food, and the conditions under which we ate it, made us long for the time when greasy mess-kits, weak coffee, and under-cooked beans would be things of the past. In contrast to the mess we enjoyed on the *Leviathan* we were badly off, and compared with the sumptuous feasts prepared for the officers our food was miserable. In order to enter the dark room which served as our mess-hall we had to pass by the officers' luxurious dining-saloon—at least it appeared luxurious to us, for the tables were covered with spotless linen and shining tableware, and the room furnished with most comfortable-looking chairs. A blaze of electric light disclosed all sorts of tempting food—a gentle though firm reminder of what we were not to get. Once past this sanctum of heavenly manna, where our superiors ate in the splendid seclusion of officialdom, we descended to the odors of our gloomy mess-hall, were served our share of "weenies" and coffee, and proceeded to the section of the room assigned to Battery "A."

To add insult to injury, the officers, accompanied by the nurses aboard the *Agamemnon,* wandered along the galleries above the mess-hall to enjoy what was referred to by one of them as "watching the animals eat." The kings of France used to eat one of their daily meals in public, but we did not feel, in view of the above remark, that the audience which gazed upon us was actuated by curiosity more noble than that which leads people to stand in front of a cage full of pink-faced monkeys. To our delight the remark was overheard by General Glassford, who, with his accustomed sympathy for the enlisted men, rebuked the indiscreet officer, shut up the zoo, and allowed the animals to eat in peace. In vicious revenge for such treatment, the enlisted men on guard took particular pains to search out all cozy corners of the deck and put an abrupt end to twosing parties between officers and nurses by cruelly informing all amorous couples that they must move on.

The *Agamemnon,* formerly named the *Kaiser Wilhelm II,* became known to the American soldier and sailor as *"Rolling Billy."* Though clear skies and a quiet sea attended us throughout the voy-

age, we rocked and rolled during the clearest and quietest moments. Only one night, however, proved sufficiently rough to give any one that wan look of total emptiness which reveals an unhappy susceptibility to marine indigestion. On the whole, except for the night mentioned, the trip was uneventful. We had little of the crowded confinement we experienced on the *Leviathan,* for we were given the freedom of the ship and were allowed, even compelled by order, to keep above deck. Those of us who were not on detail lolled in the sunshine or sought such shaded spots as would offer relief from the blinding glare of the water, there to read magazines and talk to our hearts' content. The ship's daily paper aroused considerable interest, for it stated the number of miles the vessel had sailed during the preceding twenty-four hours. The various regimental players gave entertainments on several evenings, and there were a number of band concerts; and once the brigadier treated us to a dance. He gave several such dances before we left France, and this last one, like the others, excluded all officers. In France he used to put all the automobiles of the whole brigade at the disposal of his men to carry them to and from the ball. They were our taxi-cabs for the evening. He treated us no less royally aboard the *Agamemnon,* for he issued a memorandum which, among other matters, stated that the enlisted men and the ladies of the ship were to be his guests for the evening, and that no officers were invited to take part in the festivities or partake of any refreshments, except by his special permission. On the strength of that memorandum alone General Glassford made his place in our hearts secure, but all the more so because the dance was enjoyed to the full.

Monday night, April 28th, brought the realization that on the morrow New York's gigantic pile of buildings would loom up on the horizon. It seemed incredible that we were almost home. Good spirits bubbled up in every one, conversation was high, and singing could be heard now and then in various parts of the ship. The most popular song was that of the 304th Field Artillery, adopted gradually by every one on board.

"Some day, Broadway,
When all my troubles are through,
I'm coming back, gun, baggage, and pack,
To find repose in you.
Your lights, so bright, a haven of refuge will be;
Though far o'er the foam, I'm coming home,
Some day, Broadway."

Some shouted it, some laughed it, some monotoned it, some sang it on the key, and a great many sang it off the key. Still others did not join in at all, but leaned silently on the deck-rails, peering with unseeing eyes into the darkness. Home—it was too good to believe! France—a dream already!

Reveille was sounded at 5 A.M. on the following morning, and after a hurried mess we rolled packs, policed our quarters, and went above to the second deck forward on the starboard side, there to watch anxiously for the shores of America to break the even horizon. At the entrance to Ambrose Channel we picked up a pilot. By this time the morning haze had almost cleared, and suddenly, as if by magic, the dim outline of the shores of Rockaway and Coney Island appeared before us. There was a cry of "Land, land," as fervent, we believe, as ever arose from the throat of John Cabot or Columbus. It must have been at just such a moment that Henry Van Dyke was inspired to write the poem—

"Oh, it's home again, it's home again,
America for me;
I want a ship that's Westward bound,
To cross the rolling sea.
Back to the land of room enough,
Beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunshine,
And the flag is full of stars."

Soon we were steaming slowly by Coney Island. Scores of boats came out to meet us. Ferry-boats, tugboats, launches, and lighters escorted us up the bay and past the Statue of Liberty. They were loaded to overflowing with friends and relatives who did nearly everything to demonstrate their welcome but jump overboard. Over the side of one boat hung a large banner inscribed with the name "Geiger." There were wild calls for Geiger to come and see his friends. Other names were similarly displayed, and each man so honored was summoned to a place of vantage in order that he might respond. The office of the Bon Ami Company, in which "Rip" Ring had formerly been employed, spelled his name across the office suite by placing huge pasters, each containing one letter of his name, in four of its windows. When "Rip" saw this enormous "R-I-N-G" confronting him, he must have felt as if his trip to France was worth while, after all. Before long we were opposite our pier in the North River. A few minutes after eleven we were at dock and debarkation began immediately. While we waited for our turn to leave the ship,

a Knights of Columbus boat, together with two or three tugs, came alongside and put over a barrage of oranges, newspapers, and chocolate. Most of it fell in the river, but that seemed to make no difference whatever, for the bombardment continued at a terrific rate. Salvation Army workers came aboard and distributed telegram blanks on which to write messages to our families.

When we left the *Agamemnon* we were stationed in the great warehouse beside the vessel. A high wire fence separated us from the eager crowd of friends and relatives awaiting a glimpse of their own. Except for the fence and the M.P.'s who guarded it, there would probably have been a stampede, and as it was there was considerable confusion. Fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and brothers cried for joy when they caught sight of their "brave hero," and another barrage of food and newspapers was directed at us. Anything was ours for the asking. Whole pies, quart boxes of ice-cream, and pounds of candy were thrown over the fence by total strangers, who seemed as eager to serve a man they had never seen before as to welcome their own sons. Some of the spectators tried to burst the wire with their bare hands in order to shake hands with us; soldiers were kissed through the openings in the wire; women begged to be allowed inside the inclosure; and one woman, recognizing her son, literally flew at the fence, and ended by falling back into the crowd in a dead faint.

We were marched to the upper floor of another warehouse on a different pier, and ate a light mess prepared by the Red Cross. Soon after, the battery boarded the ferry-boat *Babylon*, at 3.30 P.M., and churned down the Hudson, around the tip of Manhattan, and so up the East River to Long Island City. The trip consumed about two hours, and it was still another hour before we hoisted our packs and left the boat. Here, as we marched to the trains awaiting us, we were greeted by another mob of friends and relatives. Neither policemen nor M.P.'s could control them, once they spotted any one they knew in the ranks. Lennon, Potts, and several others were fairly carried off their feet. A shriek would be heard as some fond mother caught sight of her son, a feeble remonstrance from a sympathetic policeman, and the mother would push into the marching column and clasp her arms about the neck of her embarrassed offspring. Sometimes the police would drag both from the ranks as the only solution for keeping the unit marching. These frantic demonstrations of affection seemed very unmilitary, and quite incompatible with the dignity of returning conquerors, but surely our mothers had earned the right to "create scenes." Since we had

departed from home shores they had lived in constant apprehension for our safety. Their vigil had been long and hard, we appreciated how hard, when their tearful joy showed itself in these happy reunions.

Once on board the electric trains, beyond the clutches of our friends, we sped rapidly to Camp Mills. Here the battery was quartered in squad-tents. We went to our bunks that night the happiest mortals in creation, because we were informed that immediately, possibly during the night, or most surely in the morning, we would go through another delousing bath, and be given two-day passes to visit our homes.

It was at Camp Mills that the battery, if the term may be used, foundered on the rocks of military discipline. On board the *Agamemnon* a memorandum was issued in which Major-General Alexander appealed to all men in the division to refrain from going A. W. O. L. when the ship docked. He pointed out that confusion and delay in demobilization would result from such breaches of discipline, and that the reputation of the division was at stake. After passing through a necessary routine at Camp Mills, we were to be allowed passes—a fair promise indeed. The "necessary routine" proved to be a bath, but we waited anxiously and in vain for our turn at the showers. The bathing plant was out of order, and we were held until the following afternoon, expecting every minute to be called out. Wednesday morning passed—no bath. Wednesday afternoon—no bath. Wednesday night we discovered that casuals scheduled to pass through the bath after us were already taking their turns, and, alas, our battery commander was nowhere in sight to protect our interests. He had gone on pass and had left Lieutenant Barker to look after his men. Our ire was up. We had been told that within twenty-four hours after our arrival at Camp Mills we might expect leaves of absence, and on Thursday forty-eight hours had passed, and we were still in camp, unwashed. If officers and others could leave camp to see their families, who should deny us a like privilege, who indeed? Were we not as anxious to get home? Why, then, should there be discrimination? So we argued, and so arguing, many men left the camp without leave. By late afternoon the majority of New York men had escaped. Lieutenant Shearer, after a heated protest with the authorities, finally arranged to have the remaining men get their baths and depart to their homes.

Within forty-eight hours the absentees returned to the camp. Captain Bryan delivered a speech in which he charged the miscreants

with being unfair to their comrades in that they had hampered demobilization and had cast a blot upon the battery's reputation. They were informed that they would be confined to quarters and punishment meted out to them in due course. The captain was highly indignant and we were even more indignant, and the resulting friction gave promise of exciting the entire battery to a white heat. More men went off without leave. The final result was the demotion of twelve corporals, a number of first-class privates, and the detainment of all the absentees for delayed demobilization.

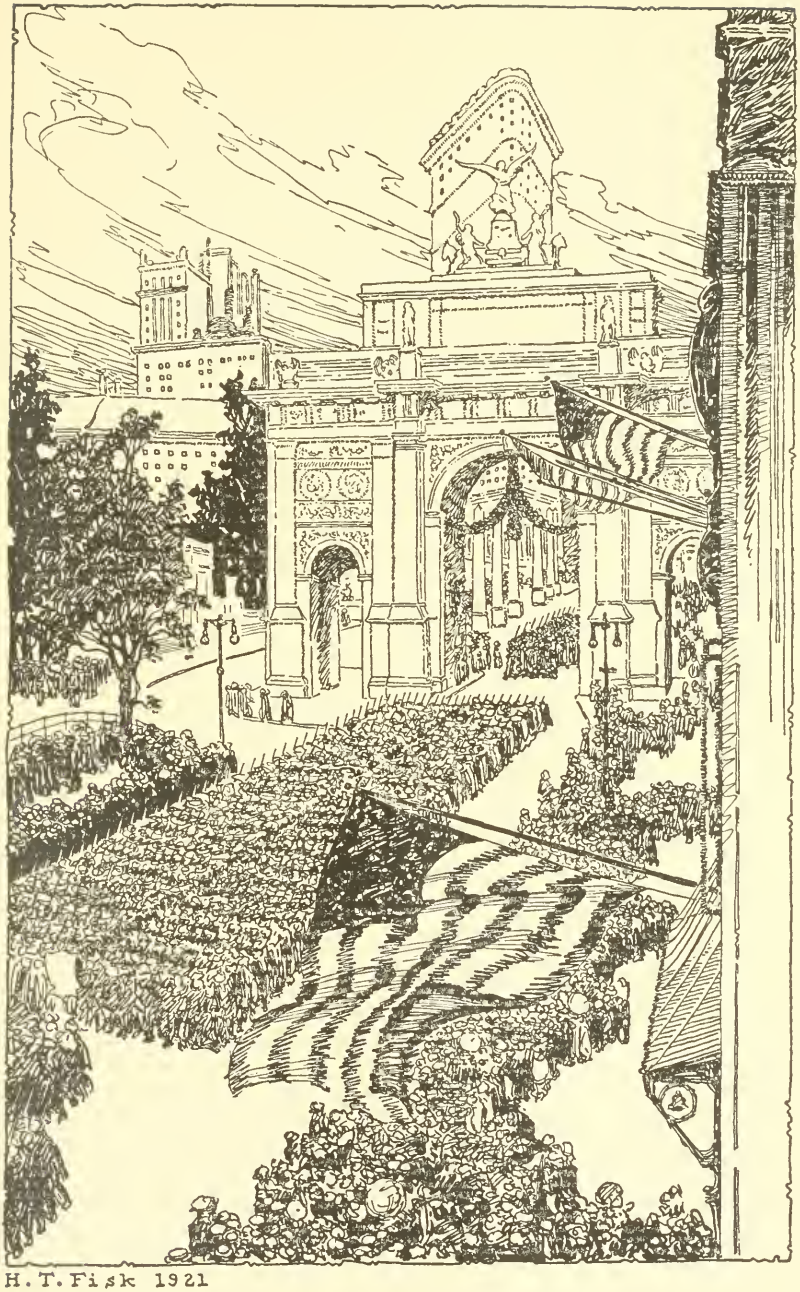
On Monday, May 5th, the battery was assembled as a whole for the last time. At that final formation all men from States other than New York were segregated, to be sent immediately to camps near their homes, the Western contingent leaving under the command of Lieutenant Barker. Nearly half the battery was to go, and those of us who remained appreciated more than ever that the Seventy-seventh Division was not fully entitled to be called "New York's Own," an appellation for which we competed with our rivals of the Twenty-seventh. Any honors which the battery or the division earned may well be accredited to many others besides New Yorkers. The gun crews played an important rôle in the battery, and no crew was without its valuable complement of sturdy Westerners and New Englanders. The drivers took an equally important part, and the battery would have sorely missed the services of our friends of the farms. Boedeker and others could tell exactly what a horse was thinking about by looking at one of his hoofs, and probably would have found no difficulty in driving a howitzer along the top of a stone wall, had the occasion arisen. The large detachment left almost immediately, and there was no time for more than the most hurried farewells. Now that we were all on the brink of returning to civilian life, our hearts' desire throughout the war, we hated to see the battery disband. Perhaps our greatest regret was that we could not remain intact until after the divisional parade on Fifth Avenue. To have marched together in a victory parade would have been a fitting consummation of our unity.

Soon after the battery was thus rent apart, those of us who remained bid a happy farewell to Camp Mills and journeyed to New York to accept the greatest reward that may be given a soldier, the acclamations of his fellow-countrymen. We left behind us the men who had been confined to quarters. Despite the misdemeanors which they had committed in leaving camp without permission, their actions during the war certainly gave them the right to a share of New York City's applauding welcome. Truly theirs was severe

punishment—too heartless, so it seemed to us, to be just. Arriving in the city, we marched to the 9th Regiment Armory, at Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and stacked arms, after which we were dismissed to enjoy the freedom of the city until the following day.

Promptly by 7.30 A.M. of May 6th, we were ready to join the procession. We marched from the armory to the outskirts of Washington Square, there to wait for orders bidding us to take our allotted position in the ranks of the long column. Major-General Alexander, mounted on a beautiful black horse and looking for all the world as proud as a conquering Cæsar, finally ordered the column forward, and, followed by his staff, clattered into Fifth Avenue at a walk, headed toward the expectant mobs of excited people who jammed the sidewalks for five miles. Company after company, battalion after battalion, appeared from the side streets around the square, proceeded to the Fifth Avenue entrance, and took their places in the advancing column of khaki, each unit marching in mass formation. Every soldier carried his rifle with glittering bayonet fixed; every one wore an overseas cap; every one carried a light pack, uniformly rolled; every one's arm displayed service stripes; every one's helmet was fastened to the left shoulder; every one's shoes were shined; and the men of each unit clamped on the hard black pavement, left, right, left, right, in that exact unison which only the stirring notes of a military band can precisely regulate. In short, every one looked and marched as much alike as mortals can, and presented the fascinating appearance of rhythmic movement and military uniformity which captivates a by-stander.

About 10.30, Batteries "A" and "B," marching side by side, turned into the avenue, the battalion front extending from curb to curb. We tramped to 23d Street, and, before the cheering thousands who crowded Madison Square, passed under the Victory Arch which spanned the street beside the Altar of Liberty. As we marched on we could see the procession in front of us ascending Murray Hill, the straight khaki column, bristling with shining bayonets, swinging steadily forward between the black mass of onlookers who crammed the sidewalks from flag-draped buildings to the curbs. In our ears the plaudits of our friends (every spectator was our friend that day), the electrifying blare of the regimental band, or the rat-tat-tat-tat of drums. Despite the cheers and the many contributions of flowers, candy, and cigarettes which were hurled at us now and then, we marched on without turning our heads to right or left, except as we stole an occasional sidelong glance at the eager faces on either side of us, or watched our line to keep it properly dressed.



Passing under Victory Arch May 6, 1919

We were determined at all costs to look as rigidly military as possible, and to march as we never had marched in our lives; but there was much to divert our attention. All the way up the avenue our path was embellished with countless decorations. Passing the reviewing stand on the steps of the Public Library at 42d Street, we executed "eyes left," and caught a momentary glimpse of the curious and tawdry array of divisional emblems, medieval spears, and other martial implements which bedecked that stately edifice. At the library also was the Court of the Dead, where each division which paraded in New York placed a wreath in commemoration of its dead. From 42d to 59th Streets, the avenue was lined with tall evergreens planted in large white standards. On we tramped, and at 59th Street marched under the Arch of Jewels, after which we proceeded steadily onward in front of the continuous line of grandstands extending the entire length of Central Park to 110th Street. Here General Alexander, who had turned off from the head of the column, sat proudly erect on his horse, reviewing his division for the last time, and saluting each unit as it passed, saluting rather gravely, we thought. Six blocks farther the march terminated. Scarcely a halt had we made in the whole five miles, the procession having passed any given point well within one hour. We took the subway back to the armory with a warm contented feeling of pride and a feeling of intense gratification for the magnificence of our welcome. We only regretted that the whole battery could not have shared our elation. At the armory we were dismissed with injunctions to report in the morning.

In the rain of Wednesday morning we marched from Sixth Avenue across the city to the ferry, and thence to Long Island City, where we entrained for Camp Upton. We reached Upton in the early afternoon, to be quartered, not in our old barracks, as we devoutly wished, but in the former annex building of Battery "B." Thursday we investigated some of our old haunts, but did not wander far, since we expected that a formation might be called at any time. That night we were awakened close on to midnight, and until 4 A.M. placed ourselves for the last time in the hands of the "medicoes." Bare-skinned we stood in line and slowly journeyed past the waiting doctors, each physician confining his examination to a different portion of our anatomies. We had experienced many a medical inspection in our day, but none so ridiculously, though delightfully, perfunctory as this one. If a man was just this side of total blindness, he was passed with honors, and only a man with his ears amputated could have failed the aural test. "Ever been

shell-shocked—are you nervous?" was considered sufficient to discover a neurasthenic, and if one's heart was beating, one's stomach somewhere near the abdomen, and one's nose in the place ordinarily expected of it, the approbation of the specialists was assured.

Friday we enjoyed the entertainment of a morality lecture, and this was followed by solemn advice concerning our conduct upon returning to civil life. We were gravely cautioned to keep away from large cities, to find immediate employment, and, above all, to save our bonus money,—all this in the face of our unflinching determination, long since formed, of going directly to our great metropolitan hell and hurling an angry defiance at impending prohibition by "staging a roaring party" in celebration of our release from the army. From the words of our counselor it appeared that it was vital to our future success and happiness that we hoard our bonus in the safe-keeping of a bank. Sixty dollars! It was a lump sum, too. And all for nothing—just a present! If we placed it at compound interest we would be able, so we were given to understand, to buy a small business in fifty years or so; or go into retirement, or do something equally lofty. Another speaker temptingly emphasized the profitable bargain of "retaining your government insurance." The last speaker then arose. We wondered what profound declarations he might have to offer, but before he had wasted his first breath there were derisive yells and catcalls throughout his audience. He wanted us to re-enlist. Re-enlist? Ha, ha, ha! The poor dizzy fish. Re-enlist, after we had spent two solid years trying to get out of the army. Re-enlist! Why, the man was crazy, a mere egg, and a dead one at that. We listened to him with amused, superior toleration, comfortably aware that here was something we did not have to do unless we wished to, but were surprised to find that perhaps, after all, the army might have a few advantages, even though they were smothered by the less attractive features so familiar to us. Still, we were not moved by his specious arguments of free food, free clothes, free lodging, free medical attention, and free education. He said that many of us were still undecided about our future occupations, and intimated that a year or so in the army would give us time to learn a trade and definitely make up our minds about our careers. Make up our minds! Ha, ha, ha! That was a good one, too. We suspected him of infamous motives in thus appealing to us. Perhaps he figured that another year in the army would so stultify our initiative and paralyze our intellects that we would become permanent fixtures in the U. S. Regulars. We remained scornfully adamant to all his en-

treaties, for our thoughts were riveted on the morning of the next day, the day stamped on our discharge sheets.

Friday night, May 9th, should have been the happiest night which the army could have offered us. On the 10th we were to reunite with our families and leave to the past all drills, all details, all the many worries and privations which had incurred our dislike for months. To break to freedom from the bonds of discipline should have been enough in itself to make our hearts beat faster and our breaths come deeper, but, strangely enough, we were decidedly depressed. We had not been in a very good temper since the unfortunate demotions at Camp Mills, and felt almost bitter at the turn which events had taken since our arrival in the States. The men who had been put under arrest for going A. W. O. L. thought the world very black indeed, and to a large extent the remainder of the battery shared their feelings. Those who were demoted had won their stripes by meritorious service, and these eleventh-hour reductions seemed monstrously unjust to them. After their arrest they were mad, mad clean through, and adopted a natural attitude of angry defiance which undoubtedly provoked the captain to unnecessarily stringent measures. But their demotion and the consequent blemish on their discharge sheets was the least of it to their way of thinking. It was bad enough to be reduced, but it was worse to be arrested and deprived of an opportunity of joining in the divisional parade; and, most galling of all, it was close to torture to be set down almost in one's back yard and kept there a week longer than was necessary, while every one else went joyfully home. No one can endorse the action of a man who goes A. W. O. L., and none of us did, but it seemed to us that the circumstances did not warrant such severe punishment. Discipline is rightly considered as a means to an end, but here it was apparently regarded as an end in itself. Had not the captain himself succumbed to the temptation of going home, and had he stuck by his men throughout those last few days, we might have felt less rancor, but he condemned others for doing what he himself had done under cover of his rank, and that was one too many for us.

In other ways, too, our last night did not prove a happy one. Waiting for discharge had gotten on our nerves. We were practically demobilized, yet we were not. Half the battery had left and the rest of it was as good as disbanded, yet it wasn't disbanded. Everything was over but the shouting, and still we had to wait, and already had waited an eternity, so it seemed to us, to get home. Furthermore, though we gloried in the idea of leaving the army for ever and ever,

and made no pretense to disguise our feelings in that respect, yet we could not but feel some regret that Battery "A" was to vanish for all time. We had lived together, fought together, hiked together, slept together, cursed and laughed together, shared comforts and discomforts together, for months, and it was a callous soul that did not feel the significance of that last night. We inevitably looked back on our former days in Camp Upton when the battery first found its unity, and, looking back, wished that all our old friends might have been with us, the scores of enlisted men who had been transferred before we left for France, and the many officers, Major Dick, Captains Ketcham, Grahn, and Pitman, Lieutenants Swenson, Armstrong, Vollmer, Burke, and others, who had drilled the battery in its innocent youth. And above all, who was there who did not feel the tragic absence of Lieutenant Reid, Lieutenant Tritt, Eck, and Mongeon.

All men who had gone A. W. O. L. were assigned to the depot brigade. After evening mess, Lieutenant Shearer requested that they assemble in the barrack-room in order that he might bid them farewell. They, and more too, were there to receive him, and when he entered the room and stepped up on one of the bunks to address us, we cheered him to the echo. He finally managed to quiet us, and made a few remarks which brought forth a second ovation, after which he shook hands with every one present. A man who had risen from the ranks, Lieutenant Shearer never forgot the ranks, and at all times displayed an understanding of our point of view which won him our hearts and our sincere gratitude. Even in the smaller things he maintained the same spirit. Well can we remember how he used sometimes to shoulder the rifle of a weary private, worn out from a night of marching, or even take the pack of a tired straggler and hoist it on his own back. Such acts as these, and there were many of them, enabled us to applaud him on that last night with a sincerity born of deep respect and true friendship.

When Lieutenant Shearer left, the men who were to be detained assembled in front of the barrack to be marched off to the depot brigade. Captain Bryan spoke a few words to them, detailing the pleasure he had found in fighting with the battery since he had taken command at the Vesle. He told them he would be glad to help them in any way in his power when we were all demobilized, and bidding them good-by, advanced to shake hands with each man individually. Only a few accepted his hand. Never was there a more deplorable sight in our entire history than the one presented by those men as they

marched away. It left us with painful regret at the chain of circumstances which thus blighted our last days in the army. It seemed as if the organization had absolutely lost the *esprit de corps* it had had in its earlier days. When we thought of the battery as it once was, swinging sturdily along on an afternoon hike in Upton, drilling on the gun park at Camp de Souge, hiking through the dark on its laborious way to the Argonne, manning the howitzers on the Vesle, at Le Rond Champ, and La Besogne, then we could not but feel that Battery "A" had greatly changed. It was depressing to consider that Battery "A" could ever lose its grip on itself, yet we thought ourselves forced to that conclusion. We now can see how naturally it all came about, for, as Colonel Winn had warned us in Marcq, a military unit is sure to find difficulty in keeping up its morale in the face of months of idleness. We had waited six months for our discharge, and we would not have been human if we had not lost some of the spirit which fired us in days gone by. We were immensely proud of our battery, always had been and always would be, yet the last few months, and especially the last few days, had tried our souls. We had written our brief sentence in the pages of the world's history, and it seemed as if we were to punctuate it with a blot instead of a period.

Saturday morning, May 10th, 1919, sixty Battery "A" men, all that remained of two hundred and twenty-six of us, marched to the quartermaster's office, received our pay, bonus, and transportation ticket, and marched to the Camp Upton terminal. As we passed through the gate we were given our discharge sheets and boarded the waiting train that was to carry us back to civil life.

Retrospect

THE World War was like a gigantic thunder-storm. It growled and threatened in the distance, and the world sat basking in the delightful sun of prosperity, placidly insisting that the wind would change. It rumbled swiftly nearer, and burst over us with a terrific clap that sent us dashing madly for cover. Violently it raged, furiously it roared, like a tornado it blew, and then it rolled away. Now the skies are almost clear and the sun is out, the air is fresh and cool and good to breathe. We can scarcely believe that the quiet scene before us, so pleasant and calm, was but a short time ago filled with din and the utmost confusion. As if in the refreshing aftermath of a thunder-storm, we have forgotten the realism of the tempest. We look back upon the war almost as a mere dream, an interesting dream, to be sure, but one which can have no place in the business of the present.

It seems incredible that we should have changed our attitude so radically, yet so calmly and unthinkingly. When we occasionally recall our experiences in the army, we perhaps wonder how we ever lived through some of them, yet we do not feel the ugliness of war which we felt at the time. Some circumstances of our military life will never lose their realism, but aside from these few we have an absurd tendency to chuckle at the deplorable existence we once led. Consider the Brest-Bordeaux ride. How we hated the army during that trip! What crowded, filthy confinement was ours! The end of the world seemed in sight. Yet now we pass it off with a broad smile, and remember with positive delight that we ate cold canned beans with our dirty fingers, and that we tried to sleep sitting bolt upright on a hard bench while the rattling "side-door Pullman" lurched and banged and pounded along on its flat wheels.

If we can smile at our former misfortunes, then we can scream in a paroxysm of mirth at the countless incidents which amused us at the time. "Puss-in-boots" instructing us in bayonet drill, Prendie praying in the sands of Souge, Buddy Childs injecting the "dix-franc needle," and a thousand and one incidents which have found

no space in these pages,—recollect these, and the war will very nearly appear as a huge joke.

As we read through the pages of the Battery Book, we may perhaps remember the feelings we entertained toward the army while we were in it. It is those feelings that the book purports to preserve for our future consideration. It is those feelings, too, and the circumstances which stimulated them, that call to our minds the war as we knew it, monotonous, exciting, serious, amusing, exhausting, exhilarating, pleasant, and unpleasant. Though we see the war in these varied aspects, yet one or two outstanding facts force themselves on us. One is that our experiences, however dreadful they may have appeared at the time, and however ridiculous some of them may seem to us now, are experiences which we have a right to look back upon with serious feelings of satisfaction and pride. The country called us to service, and we served and served well the cause which summoned us. The preceding pages reflect in a measure what we might call the narrow-mindedness of our thoughts during the war. We complained of this, that, and the other thing while the fight was in progress, and often failed to recognize the greater issues of the war through the veil of our petty emotions. It matters little now that we hated the discomforts, the privations, the autocratic feudalism of military life. What really counts is the fact that we were all true to our country, that we fought for a righteous cause, and that we won.

Another fact stands clear in our minds: the men of Battery "A" have a bond of common interest and sympathetic friendship which can never be shaken. Battery "A" will never stand another formation, and at one time we devoutly wished that it never would; but now there are probably few of us who would not like to line up once more in response to a bugle and hear the old cry, "Battery—attention. Squads right. March." One member of the battery recently expressed the desire that we might all be summoned to a camp for two weeks every year. The wish seems curious in view of our former sentiments, but it shows that while the corporeal being of the battery is no more, yet somehow its ghost, or spirit, or whatever you may have a mind to call it, is alive. Battery dinners have been held and will be held now and then, in evidence of this, and the many letters which the editors have received from subscribers to this book leave no doubt in our minds that the battery still preserves its unity of spirit.

Battery "A," in short, will never really be demobilized.

The Officer's Point of View

by

Maj. Fairman R. Dick

Editor's Note: The battery history, having been written entirely by enlisted men, necessarily lacks the point of view of the officers. With this in mind, the editors have called upon the kindness of Major Dick for a short account to throw light on the thoughts and feelings of a Battery "A" officer. In the following article, which we are confident will be of interest to all, the Major gives us a glimpse of the problems which confronted an officer, and presents in what may be a new light to many of us the relationship between an officer and his men.

IN a sense there should be little difference between the points of view of the officers and of those in the rank and file, for we were all cogs in the same military machine, with a common purpose, that of defeating the Germans and getting back home again. But, as a matter of fact, the bonds of discipline in an army are such that an understanding of the various points of view of all ranks is not always obvious. When the captain wields his authority over his men, and later gets a dressing-down by his major or colonel, the points of view may be the same, but they feel different. Over there we all saw generals, high and low, at times have difficulties in their points of view also.

It might be a good thing if a scheme could be worked out so that the higher ranks could know what some other "points of view" were. Some ears would have burned. Sometimes this did happen. I remember a lieutenant telling a captain: "I will dig that drain any way you say, but I can't make water run uphill."

However, a system of telling everybody how his behavior looked to those below would be hard to reconcile with a well disciplined organization. It is a military axiom that a poor plan, promptly and efficiently carried out, is superior to the best plan, indifferently executed. So it was necessary to take our orders as they came, and do our best to execute them.

Recently a waggoner told me that at an inspection he had had a bee in his ear. "It was an inspection at Upton," he said; "I moved, and you said, 'Sergeant, take his name.' Later, in the orderly room,

I explained that a bee had been in my ear. You were very unjust. You said, 'You will have worse things than that in your ear when you get to the front. Two days' fatigue.' Really, a bee *was* in my ear."

This is only a small incident to illustrate the fact that the higher ranks in the army, in working for efficiency, necessarily at times do injustices. But two days' fatigue didn't make this man any less zealous and efficient in his work, even if it did rankle at the time; and it must be remembered that if this bee had succeeded in his effort, he might have had his whole family of bees with him on similar occasions. Whereas, bees or no bees, when your training was completed and we went into action, your discipline rose above worse things than bees.

As a matter of fact, war is just about what Sherman said, and this doesn't mean only active service at the front. To give up our independence and take arbitrary orders, is more than disagreeable. It sometimes becomes almost unbearable.

The men who went through the grueling training at Souge must well remember those Saturday inspections in the blinding sun and heat of the parade-ground. My eyes burn even now when I think of it. Besides, it was on Saturday afternoons. I had grave fears at the time that this rigorous discipline, and overtime, might cause such feelings as to defeat the end I was striving for. But whatever your feelings, the willing coöperation and splendid results you obtained were an inspiring example of what the spirit of the best blood in the country can produce.

I remember that after one of these inspections a group of men went to Bordeaux. They were due back for reveille the next morning. All were present. I later found out that the truck transportation had failed, and they had walked all the way back. With such a good excuse for remaining in the city, it would have been so simple to take it easy. The fact that they didn't, but tramped all night, and never mentioned it either, was inspiring to all of us who led you. Wars are not won by good excuses, and while we were not at the front at the time, it was the spirit fostered by acts like this that gave us our efficiency in battle and our victory.

The best spirit between all ranks in an army would be possible if all had confidence in the justice and fair dealing of those above them. Unfortunately, this confidence was not universal. Some really efficient officers were bitterly hated by their men. They were considered cruel, selfish, and unjust. I am sorry to say that these feelings were sometimes justified, at least in part. But on the

other hand, this opinion was frequently based on a failure to appreciate the officers' own difficulties.

An example of this was the period of our training at Upton. We were all of us thrown pell-mell into an unfinished camp. Comparatively speaking, your officers were as green as you, and in handling a problem of this size and nature, the Regular Army was as green as any of us.

On one of the early days at Upton, a man came into my orderly room and told me what he thought of the mess. He was eloquent in his description, and I am sorry to say he was right, although Burke, and later Ketcham and I, were trying to do our best. The men may have thought this was due to indifference or neglect, but it wasn't. Of my whole experience of the war, I think those early days at Upton were the most difficult. We were positively bombarded with inspections, and orders and more orders: artillery drill, wooden horses, schedules, shoe dubbin, muster rolls, stump pulling, blackboard horseshoeing, fire department, medical inspections, pay-rolls, morning reports, transfers, and what-not. We were like bulls in a bull-fight. Just as soon as we started in one direction, a jab in the back, and we met something new and different. We were supposed to be always serene and confident, but I remember one captain coming to me one day and saying that he was at the end of his rope, that he simply had to go to his colonel and quit.

An officer commanding troops should have the welfare and comfort of his men his first thought, but with the best intentions in the world, the difficulties of those early days were sometimes hard to overcome.

These difficulties were not due to the failure of any particular class. The whole army was green. Fort Sill was supposed to be a final finishing school. As a matter of fact, the turmoil there was as bad as elsewhere. The officers were driven and examined and "canned" about a mass of details, of which only about five per cent. proved really useful. At Camp de Souge, in fact, some officers were convinced that all of Fort Sill was a dead loss.

On the day my class left Fort Sill, we were in line signing out when the K. O. rode by on a horse. After the completion of our ordeal we felt pretty skittish, and when he halted to speak to us, we were expecting a few words of encouragement. What did he do but give us the worst dressing-down for our levity that I have ever heard. It was so uncalled for that it made us boil. I don't doubt you have all, at one time or another, boiled too, although I hope not with the feeling I had at that time for that man.

I mention this, not as a criticism of the regular service, but to show that all of us from top to bottom were in the same boat, and that we all had the same point of view, but didn't know it.

As our training progressed, we all learned. The army was being whipped into shape. All of us became more seasoned. The men gave results with less and less friction, and your officers likewise gained experience. An infantry major told me that at the front he had a lieutenant on the single job of satisfying unnecessary orders from above. This lieutenant would draw colored maps of alternate gas positions, switch lines, etc., while the major worked on his real problems, undisturbed. The staffs in the rear had no experience at the front, and when they were bothersome in their ideas the lieutenant would save his major from annoyance, and send them whatever they asked for. This was more extreme than anything in my experience, and I hope in my battery, but it illustrates my point.

However, as we approached the end of our training at Camp de Souge, real pressure to obtain discipline and efficiency was increasing all the time. I knew what I wanted, and I was determined to get it in spite of everything. A sergeant has since told me I was a pest with inspections. A waggoner has told me that I had no tact; and a lieutenant told me, diplomatically, at the time, that in my treatment of my officers I was autocratic, unsympathetic, and positively stupid. Any man with sensitiveness in his make-up couldn't fail to perceive undercurrents like these, and it was not an easy matter to drive ahead on the same lines with no relaxation. War, and training for war, requires abnormal efforts, and it isn't possible to be keyed up to a high pitch along lines of easy resistance. The determination and the ability to get results in spite of all difficulties cannot be obtained by a jolly, easy-going picnic.

I remember on our prolonged night marches how I would snarl and snap at drivers I saw asleep in their saddles, hunched over on their horses' necks. Those drivers, after several nights of travel, were in a state of exhaustion, when careful driving was almost beyond the strength of human beings. But we had to preserve our horses or our whole effectiveness was gone. Trained for motors, we received our horses so short a time before going to the front that our lack of experience was deplorable. But the war couldn't wait. The drivers who may have thought their officers unfeeling in this were wrong. It wasn't a question of feeling. The horses *had* to be saved in spite of all feelings.

Another example was the march discipline of the men on foot.

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The Officer's Point of View.

The column had to be kept closed up. In movements back of the line, all roads were congested beyond capacity. Vital troop movements were limited by road space. To lengthen the column was like throwing a bolt into revolving gears—it stopped the whole machine. I know of an officer criticized by his men because he told a sergeant to run the men down who couldn't keep up. An order like this shouldn't be taken absolutely literally, and in our army I am thankful it wasn't; but as a means of driving men to the limit of their endurance in a vital need, it may have been most effective. Jaded men require a strong stimulant, and on those nights we were thoroughly jaded. I don't want to be understood as trying to justify brutality, but to show that apparent brutality may have arisen from the very brutality of the situation that confronted us.

Situations like this are easily understood, at least now, when the strain is over. But I have met men who feel that many officers were selfish and even cruel in their disregard of the feelings and comforts of their men. There can be no justification for this, and unfortunately, in some cases, it was true. It was impossible to make an army in such a hurry and not have some men in positions for which they were in no way fitted. When any of us suffered from this cause we could only take it as part of the war, and make the best of it; and it must be remembered that conditions like these were by no means confined to relations between commissioned and enlisted personnel, nor were they limited to lieutenants, captains, and majors.

I am thankful to say, however, that, in my experience, in many cases when officers were regarded as unfeeling and inconsiderate, these feelings were by no means justified. Your leaders were taking men into battle against troops of several years' experience in battle and many years' previous training. Only by superhuman efforts could we win out in a contest like this. The whole mind, heart, and soul of your leaders were absorbed in this problem. Our training was so limited that the mass of difficulties to be solved and overcome at the front monopolized a man's whole mind. It wasn't just giving orders. It was showing how they were to be carried out, and even supervising their actual execution. In the artillery also, the technical problems were complex—a whole field in themselves. In circumstances such as these, the softer side of a man's nature was snowed under. In seeing that innumerable measures were carried out correctly, the main thing was to get results. This was all-important, and in this direct going after results many other things suffered.

A few officers may be so gifted that their minds may always, in all

circumstances, give due consideration to the feelings and comfort of those below them, but this world supplies few such men.

From General Pershing down, efficiency in battle was the test. Nothing could atone for lack of this. A man who failed because he gave too much of his thoughts to consideration for the feelings of those under him, or who weighed his popularity as worth anything as against discipline and efficiency, was a military failure. He was worse than that—he was untrue to his trust.

I have heard that the French general, Gouraud, who defeated the Germans in the Champagne in the July, 1918, attack, was one who not only was a military leader of the highest order, but was adored by all under him. He was able to obtain discipline and efficiency with, and possibly through, the love all ranks held for him. Such a condition is ideal, but unfortunately very few men can accomplish their purpose in such an ideal way.

As contrasted with him, an American general, who was probably the most successful leader of combat troops in our army, was hated by all under him in a way I have never seen equaled. His division was one of the very best. It fought to exhaustion, and retained its morale under repeated losses of the heaviest sort. The coöperation of all arms was only equaled by the inflexible determination always to get results, to capture its objective. If all of our divisions had been similarly led, we would have gone through to Sedan in the September attack, instead of giving the Germans a chance to get their breath and hold us off until November. And yet a man more bitterly hated by everybody I have never heard of. He was a slave-driver. He accepted no excuses. A single mistake, and "off goes your head." In his determination to get results he was relentless. He never relaxed. It was drive, drive, drive, without a single human touch. I heard of artillery officers driven to reckless exposure to fire and senseless casualties by his bitter criticism, but the net result was an invincible division. I knew some of his staff-officers, and I know my hatred would have equaled theirs, but the results are what count; and if all our generals had been like him, many lives would have been saved in the long run. Whether this general was really brutal I don't know. He may have been a victim, as all of us were more or less, of the very intensity of his purpose, but what I want to emphasize is, that in a war every day means suffering and death. Results are what count, and when results are combined with brutality, as contrasted with the ideal affection of Gouraud, it is unfortunate, but the fact remains that the deciding test is results.

Few of us obtained this ideal, but most of us avoided the opposite extreme of brutality. The point to remember is, that a superficial view of incidents here and there, under the conditions we were up against, does not always give a true side of the case. And as a matter of fact, the real character of our men was seldom one extreme or the other, but rather a mixture. If our unpopular leaders had come from Mars, we might have put them in a common pot and called them by our favorite epithet, but as we were all out of the same pot, merely shuffled around for the purpose of the war, the more charitable we can be, the better for all of us and for our country.

This contribution to the battery history purposely avoids duplicating the rest of the book. It is an attempt to give a point of view that was difficult to show adequately while we were in the game. Even after the armistice, the very momentum of our progress made a return to the point of view previous to our condition of servitude very slow. There was relaxation, of course, but not what there might have been, if it had not been so hard to change direction at top speed. Orders were still coming in from above, and faster than ever before. As a matter of fact, this may have been all for the best, for it gave us something to occupy our minds and grumble about—rolling packs, aligning mess-kits, etc. However, all this delayed the return of the normal point of view that I am trying to give in this article.

One thing our experience demonstrated that is to the everlasting credit of all of us Americans, and that is the willing and loyal way in which all ranks submitted to discipline and slavery—it was really slavery. We gave up our freedom to save the freedom and democracy that meant so much to all of us. And, through justice and injustice, we conquered our feelings and played the game. In reading the books of Von Tirpitz and Ludendorff, I found that they laid their defeat to the refusal of the German people to endure discipline and follow their leaders—leaders far more skilled than ours—whom they had accepted for the many years preparatory to the conflict. Of course our test was shorter, but I am convinced that the real basis of our superiority in this respect was the knowledge that our bondage was to insure our return to our former freedom, whereas the German military officer class never contemplated the surrender of their long-established power.

There is one point of view in our experience that has only one side to it, and that is the feeling of your leaders in regard to your behavior at the front. We were inspired by it. Green troops, you went into action with calmness and quiet self-reliance. I will never

forget moving the battalion guns into our first positions on the Vesle. Crashes on all sides. "Coming in" and "going out," it was all the same. Everybody doing his job as calmly and unruffled as on a drill. It was this calmness, this doing of all jobs from the hardest to the easiest, from the most dangerous to the safest, with exactly the same willing behavior, that was so inspiring. Never any heroics, never any excuses. I would like to mention by name some of the men who thus accomplished the hardest and most dangerous tasks, but I cannot do so with fairness to all members of the battery. In the old days a knight could win renown by challenging the leader of the enemy to single combat. With us he went out alone to mend a wire, to man an O. P., or to fill a water cart. You were there to do your individual job, and where all did their jobs, whatever they were, with the same spirit, any comment of mine would necessarily leave out many deeds which did not come to my attention. It was for this reason that I took your behavior for granted, and made no mention of it individually at the time.

You have been through a test in manhood and patriotism which is not allotted to every man. To have proved yourselves able to meet that test is, in itself, a reward beyond price. I am sure that the qualities which you displayed in our service together will insure you all the utmost success and happiness.

Songs

THE DEAD-HORSE BRIGADE

We are the men of the Dead-Horse Brigade,
We are the men of the Dead-Horse Brigade,
Glory Halleluiah, Glory Halleluiah,
We are the men of the Dead-Horse Brigade.
For we have to dig a grave each day,
And we never get a cent more pay,
Come let us hasten, let us not delay,
For we've got to dig another in the morning.
We are the men of the Dead-Horse Brigade,
We are the men of the Dead-Horse Brigade,
Glory Halleluiah, Glory Halleluiah,
We are the men of the Dead-Horse Brigade.

OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed;
For the hardest blow of all is to hear the bugler call,
"You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
you've got to get up this morning."
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead;
I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

ARMY BLUES

I've got the Army Blues, waiting for some home-town news.
Oh, gee, I'm sad. I've got an aching heart.
Goodness, when we had to part, I felt so bad—
My old daddy and mammy, too,
My own sweetie was feeling blue;
I've got the Army Blues, rifle on my shoulder,
The Army Blues—boys are getting bolder—
Right about, face about, forward march,
I've got the Army Blues, I've got the Blues.

INDIANA

Back home again in Indiana,
And it seems that I can see,
The gleaming candle-light still shining bright,
Through the sycamores for me;
The new-mown hay sends all its fragrance,
From the fields I used to roam;
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash
Then I long for my Indiana home.

THEY WERE ALL OUT OF STEP BUT JIM

Did you see my little Jimmy marching with the soldiers up the avenue?
There was Jimmy just as stiff as starch, like his daddy on the 17th of March.
Did you notice all the lovely ladies casting their eyes on him?
Away he went, to live in a tent, over in France with his regiment.
Were you there, and tell me, did you notice?
They were all out of step but Jim.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Keep the home fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning;
Though your lads are far away,
They dream of home;
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come home.

LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding,
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing,
And the white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting,
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down,
That long, long trail with you.

OH! FRENCHY

Oh, Frenchy, oh, Frenchy, Frenchy!
Although your language is not new to me,
When you say "Oui oui, la la,"
"We" means you and me, la la.
Oh, Frenchy, oh, Frenchy, Frenchy!
You've won my love with your bravery,
March on, march on, with any girl you see,
But when you la la la la la,
Oh, Frenchy, save your la la la's for me.

GOOD MORNING, MR. ZIP-ZIP-ZIP

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as mine;
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
You're surely looking fine.
  Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
  If the Camels don't get you,
  The Fatimas must.
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as mine.

OVER THERE

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word, over there
That the Yanks are coming,
The Yanks are coming;
The drums rum-tumming everywhere;
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word, to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over, over there.

MADELON

O Madelon, you are the only one,
O Madelon, for you we'll carry on.
It's so long since we have seen a miss
Won't you give us just a kiss?
But Madelon, she takes it all in fun,
She laughs and says,
"You see, it can't be done.
I would like, but how can I consent,
When I'm true to the whole regiment."

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, FRITZIE BOY

Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,
Keep your head down, Fritzie boy.
Last night, by the pale moonlight,
We saw you, we saw you.
You were mending broken wire,
When we opened rapid fire,
If you want to see your father in your Fatherland
Keep your head down, Fritzie boy.

A Few Facts

The battery is indebted to Lieutenant Armstrong for his thoughtfulness in mailing to each of us a copy of the letter printed below. It is incorporated in these pages in order that we may preserve in permanent form the interesting remarks which it contains concerning subjects near to our hearts.

TO THE MEN OF BATTERY ''A,'' 306TH FIELD ARTILLERY:

You will want to know about the last resting-place of our former Comrades, Samuel Reid, Rene Mongeon, Herbert Eck and Herschel Tritt.

I have just returned from a short trip abroad. While there, I took occasion to visit their graves. They are all sleeping together on a lovely hillside, overlooking Fismes, at the junction of the Vesle and the Ardre.

With them lie 1700 other men, from the 4th, 28th and 77th Divisions,—all of those who fought with us between the Vesle and the Aisne and fell.

In walking about the Cemetery, it was noticeable how large a proportion of the dead were artillerymen from the 152d F. A. Brigade.

Over each grave stands a white wooden Cross with the man's original identification disc firmly nailed to the top and his name, rank and organization in plain black letters, and the number of the grave. Officers and men are buried indiscriminately.

In the center of the plot, high above everything else, stands a white pole with the Flag.

The Cemetery is in charge of an American, with an ex-private from the 1st Division as his assistant, and is kept in splendid shape. Each grave is covered with beautiful green sod. For miles away, in every direction, this spot is visible—a huge white patch on the hillside.

You may rest assured that our Comrades have not been forgotten, and it seems peculiarly fitting to me that they should sleep forever in sight of the Vesle, overlooking the ground they won back for France, and I personally hope that they will.

It is but an hour's walk back to our old Battery Position below Chery Chartreuve. The country no longer shows any signs of war. The hills are covered with sheep, cows and horses; all the shell holes have been covered up. The little villages are completely

restored and filled with contented men, women and children, and on the day I was there the sun was shining.

Once only did I hear firing,—and found a twelve-year-old boy shooting birds.

Our old Regimental Headquarters is the most prosperous of farms,—courtyard filled with chickens, pigs, &c., and enormous haystacks dot the countryside. Even the old dugouts are completely overgrown and scarcely visible.

I hope you will all have an opportunity some day to see the country you won back for its people. It makes everything seem a little more worth while.

With kindest regards to you all.

Your friend,

WILLIAM C. ARMSTRONG.

New York, October 15th, 1920.

Undoubtedly some of the battery do not know that the bodies of our friends who were killed in France have been brought to this country. Lieutenant Reid's body arrived on the U.S.S. *Wheaton* at Hoboken, N. J., on Sunday, May 22, 1921. Services were conducted at the pier by the American Legion for all those who were brought over at that time. The flag-covered casket containing the remains was removed from Hoboken to the Grace Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., where services were held on the afternoon of May 26th. About sixty men from Battery "A" and a number from other units of the regiment were present. The services, conducted by Dr. Robert Carson, assisted by Chaplain Thomas, were brief and simple. At their conclusion the body was taken to the Reid family plot in Cypress Hills Cemetery, Brooklyn. The committal service was read by Chaplain Thomas, and a prayer given by Dr. Carson. A bugler sounded taps, and a firing-squad, consisting of soldiers from Governor's Island, fired the volleys over the grave.

The remains of Herbert Eck arrived at Hoboken about the same time as Lieutenant Reid's. On June 6, 1921, services were held at the Ericson Funeral Parlors in New York City. The interment followed immediately in St. Michael's Cemetery, where full military honors were accorded.

Rene Mongeon's body was also brought over on the *Wheaton.* It was taken to his home at Indian Orchard, Massachusetts, where he was finally laid to rest, on June 11th, with military honors.

The body of Herschel C. Tritt arrived on the same steamer with those of Mongeon and Lieutenant Reid. It was forwarded to the South and buried, on June 10th, in Arlington Cemetery. Lieutenant Harold Stokes was sent to attend the funeral as a representative of the 306th Field Artillery Post of the American Legion.

ROSTER OF BATTERY BY STATES

Alabama	1	New York	139
Connecticut	6	North Dakota	1
Georgia	1	Ohio	3
Illinois	13	Pennsylvania	12
Indiana	1	Rhode Island	1
Iowa	10	South Carolina	1
Louisiana	1	Tennessee	2
Maine	1	Utah	1
Massachusetts	35	Vermont	1
Michigan	1	Wisconsin	2
Minnesota	20	Unaccounted for	11
Montana	1		
New Hampshire	2	Total	271
New Jersey	4		

ROSTER OF BATTERY BY OCCUPATION

Accountant	2	Barber	1
Actor	2	Blacksmith	1
Advertiser	1	Boiler-maker	2
Architect	1	Bookkeeper	3
Artist	2	Broker	2
Assembler	1	Butcher	2
Baker	1	Buyer	2
Banker	1	Cabinet-maker	1

ROSTER OF BATTERY BY OCCUPATION *(continued)*

Car conductor	1
Carpenter	5
Celluloid polisher	1
Chauffeur	13
Chemical weigher	1
Clergyman	1
Clerk	25
College professor	1
Confectioner	1
Cotton spinner	1
Credit man	1
Die maker	1
Electrician	4
Engineer, civil	2
Engineer, electrical	1
Engineer, mechanical	1
Exporter	1
Farmer	26
Fireman	1
Furrier	1
Gardener	1
Garment cutter	1
Haberdasher	1
Hall man	1
Hand filer	1
Hotel-keeper	1
Insurance	4
Laborer	13
Lathe worker	1
Lawyer	6
Leather finisher	1
Leather grainer	1
Linen folder	1
Lithographer	1
Locomotive fireman	1
Lumber-jack	1
Machinist	10
Manufacturer	3
Marble worker	1
Marine engineer	1
Marine fireman	2
Mason	3
Mechanic	10
Merchant	10
Messenger-boy	1
Miner	3
Motion-picture producer	1
Motor-cyclist	1
Motorman	1
Oil producer	1
Organist	1
Painter	3
Paper-maker	3
Physician	1
Pilot	1
Pipe-cutter	1
Pipe-fitter	2
Plumber	3
Policeman	1
Printer	3
Publicity agent	1
Publisher	1
Race-horse trainer	1
Restaurant proprietor	1
Rifle inspector	1
Sawyer	1
Seaman	1
Secretary	1
Shoemaker	1
Stationary engineer	1
Steel chipper	1
Steel inspector	1
Stenographer	1
Stevedore	1
Storekeeper	1
Student	3
Salesman	11
Tailor	1
Teacher	1
Teamster	1
Valet	1
Veterinarian	1
Waiter	1
Weaver	1
Wheelmaker	1
Unaccounted for	17
Total	271

ROSTER OF BATTERY BY COUNTRY OF BIRTH

Austria	1	Norway	3
Brazil	1	Poland	4
Canada	5	Russia	10
England	3	Spain	1
Finland	3	Sweden	5
Germany	2	Turkey	1
Greece	3	United States	189
Holland	1	Unaccounted for	12
Ireland	8		
Italy	17	Total	271
Lithuania	2		

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES REPRESENTED IN BATTERY

Amherst	1	St. Lawrence	1
Brown	1	Stevens Institute	2
Colgate	1	Trinity	1
Columbia	2	University of Minnesota	1
Georgia Institute of Technology	1	University of Pennsylvania	1
Harvard	2	University of Pittsburgh	1
Muhlenberg	1	Vanderbilt	1
New York Law School	3	Yale	2
Olivet	1		
Princeton	3	Total college men	26

Roster of Battery "A"

The roster necessarily contains inaccuracies regarding both ranks and addresses. The latter are listed as given to the editors in Dancevoir, except in the case of men who have subsequently notified us of a change of residence.

The names of all officers who served with the battery prior to the armistice are registered. Those who were transferred to other units before the armistice are indicated by a parenthetical note, giving the rank which they held while in the battery. We have taken the liberty of including as members of the battery Captain Kirkpatrick and Chaplain Thomas, whom we ever regarded as virtually among our number, but whose names, up to this time, we have never had the pleasurable opportunity of inscribing upon our official rolls.

Among the non-commissioned officers, those who were permanently transferred from the organization have been designated by a notation, in parentheses, of the rank which they held as members of the battery.

In connection with all names appearing on the roster, rank has been given, so far as information is available, in accordance with the rank held by each individual at the time of the final promotions, made in Noyen in March, 1919.

MAJOR

Dick, Fairman R. (Captain), 30 Pine St., New York, N. Y.

CAPTAINS

Bryan, Gray McW., Princeton Club, New York, N. Y.
Grahn, John A., Jr. (2d Lieut.), 259 Savin Hill Ave., Dorchester, Mass.
Ketcham, John H. (1st Lieut.), 91 Wall St., New York, N. Y.
Kirkpatrick, Jere W., Medical Corps, Richard City, Tenn.
Thomas, Albert C., Chaplain, 146 East 188th St., New York, N. Y.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

Barker, Shirley T., Nichols & Shepard Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Greene, Frank R. (2d Lieut.), 233 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
O'Connor, Robert B. (1st Lieut.), 179 Broadway, Flushing, N. Y.
Pitman, Theodore B. (1st Lieut.), 202 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
Reid, Samuel J., Jr., deceased.
Swenson, Herbert J. (1st Lieut.), 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Vollmer, William A. (1st Lieut.), 1217 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

Ardiff, William J. (1st Sgt.), 41 Convent Ave., New York, N. Y.
Armstrong, William C. (2d Lieut.), 32 East 61st St., New York, N. Y.
Balph, Charles F., Box 805, Ponca City, Okla.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS *(continued)*

BURKE, WALTER (2d Lieut.), 1418 Alapai St., Honolulu, T. H.
HOGG, THOMAS H., 2d F. A. Armory, 66th St. and Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
SHEARER, WILLIAM A., 1 Maplewood Court, 47 Johnson Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
TRITT, HERSCHEL C. (2d Lieut.), deceased.

SERGEANTS

*BAECKER, FRED C., 1st Sergeant, 420 East 8th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
SCHILDKNECHT, CHARLES, 1st Sergeant, 1640 Stephen St., Evergreen, Borough of Queens, New York, N. Y.
*WELCH, WILLIAM J., JR., 1st Sergeant, 9 Hanover St., New York, N. Y.

BERNSTEIN, HAROLD (Sergeant), 404 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.
DUMONT, LOUIS W., 9 Hanover St., New York, N. Y.
FIELD, FRANCIS L., 1328 East 22d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
FISK, HARRY T. (Corporal), 3004 Heath Ave., New York, N. Y.
FRANKLIN, CHARLES W., 25 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
GIBBONS, CHARLES H., 339 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
GRAY, GEORGE P., 7021 Merrill Ave., Chicago, Ill.
JENSEN, CHRISTIAN W., 1801 California Ave., Chicago, Ill.
LENNON, JOHN J., Supply Sergeant, 368 Union St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
LEVY, CLARENCE (Supply Sergeant), 39 Ainslie St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
MARRINER, CHARLES G., 28 Marlboro Road, Flushing, N. Y.
MUELLER, HENRY R., Mess Sergeant, 230 North Mary St., Lancaster, Pa.
POTTS, JOHN, 63 Wall St., New York, N. Y.
RICHARDS, GUY H., 850 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
THURLOW, ROBERT C., Atlantic City, N. J.
WASHKEVITZ, JOHN, Stable Sergeant, 143 East 17th St., New York, N. Y.

CORPORALS

BARNES, JOHN J., JR., 793 Forest Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
BOYD, JAMES A., 201 Monitor St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
BRECKWOLDT, MATTIAS (Private), 152 Sterling St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
COHEN, LEON B., 966 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
CURRAN, MICHAEL J., 269 Lincoln Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
DUBOIS, FRED, 520 Manhattan Ave., New York, N. Y.
DUNKAK, JOHN H., JR., 910 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
FELDMAN, JAMES N., 565 West 148th St., New York, N. Y.
FURLONG, RICHARD G., JR., 260 Radde St., Long Island City, N. Y.
HAHN, ALBERT J., Bay View Hotel, Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, N. Y.
HANFIELD, DEWITT C., 54 Wheeler St., West Orange, N. J.

* Graduates of Officers' Training School, Saumur, France.

CORPORALS *(continued)*

Kopp, Joseph J., 183 Hill St., Maspeth, Long Island, N. Y.
Lynch, James M., 57 Drake Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Mansfield, William J., 18 Windsor St., Springfield, Mass.
Margarelli, John H. (Corporal), 9534 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Minderman, John H., 256 Kingston Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Murphy, James A., 289 Parkside Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Petterson, John M., 110 Summit St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Prendergast, John, 407 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ring, Alphonse G., 125 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sachs, Charles (Corporal), Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Schaf, Joseph J. (Private), 179 East 11th St., New York, N. Y.
Sorries, Fred, 14 Bay Ave., Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y.
Steuterman, Adolph, 1947 Linden Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
Stevens, Allan C., care of Tibbits, Prince & Ripley, White Plains, N. Y.
Topp, Herbert G. (Corporal), 31 Hudson St., Hartford, Conn.
Zoller, William, 708 East 13th St., New York, N. Y.

BUGLERS

Houghton, Robert, Jr., First Class, 2208 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Parry, Harry H., 384 Cary Ave., West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.
Rosenberg, Joseph D., care of Washington Shop, 2554 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

COOKS

Bertuzzi, Albert, 314 East 105th St., New York, N. Y.
Holl, Adolph, 448 East 181st St., New York, N. Y.
Miller, Edmund W., 1125 East 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Strack, Carl H., 404 West 53d St., New York, N. Y.

MECHANICS

Clark, John H., 50 Elmwood Ave., Bogota, N. J.
Fioravera, Fiorentino, Chief Mech., 564 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Warren, Thomas J., Chief Mech., 122 East 18th St., New York, N. Y.

WAGGONERS

Buntrock, Richard, Ottertail, Minn.
Cavaricci, Louis, 50 N. Division Ave., Rockaway Beach, N. Y.
Christiansen, Harold W., 906 Herkimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cummings, Patrick J., 1362 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dineen, Daniel, 45 Swanton St., Winchester, Mass.

WAGGONERS *(continued)*

Dineen, Richard T., 8004 Eighteenth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Estrominski, Nathan, 610 East 136th St., New York, N. Y.
Fredsell, Charles R., 218 East 45th St., New York, N. Y.
Gallagher, J. George, 234 West 51st St., New York, N. Y.
Helmcke, Henry, 470 West 157th St., New York, N. Y.
Hendricksen, Harry W., 90 Rock St., Norwood, Mass.
Kienle, Joseph C., 62 Dakota Ave., Columbia, O.
Knox, George L., Bruin, Butler Co., Pa.
Lajoie, Wilbrod J., 92 Ash St., Gardner, Mass.
Moulds, Harry H., 348 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Shine, Thomas J., 1653 Weirfield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Spiedel, Julius, address unavailable.
Walker, William E., 514 West 177th St., New York, N. Y.

FIRST-CLASS PRIVATES

Adamic, Charles C., 204 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Babich, Nick, 421 Chestnut St., Anaconda, Mont.
Blake, Lewis H., State Road, North Adams, Mass.
Boedeker, Charles, Lowden, Ia.
Boyle, Thomas D., 546 West 156th St., New York, N. Y.
Brooks, Arthur E., 4 Elm St., Reading, Mass.
Buckley, Barney, 309 East 55th St., New York, N. Y.
Burkard, Walter, 546 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cali, Nunzio, 417 East 12th St., New York, N. Y.
Callahan, Edward F., 714 West 179th St., New York, N. Y.
Childs, Charles A., 507 West 111th St., New York, N. Y.
Connolly, Edward M., 1297 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Fichtner, Frank J., 7 Aiken Place, Rutland, Vt.
Folvig, Anker, R. F. D. No. 1, Mentor, Minn.
Foster, Arthur H., 14 Maple St., Greenfield, Mass.
Fournier, Alexander, 17 Morris St., Fitchburg, Mass.
Gill, Charles B., 43 West Park St., Brockton, Mass.
Goldfinger, Theodore, 2381 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Gross, Henry I., 315 Lincoln Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hale, Harold B., 310 East 70th St., New York, N. Y.
Huntington, Morton, 5 Ditmas Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kearns, Thomas V., 173 East 111th St., New York, N. Y.
Kopy, Andre, 145 Cleveland St., New Britain, Conn.
McDermott, Edward J., 850 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
McKinley, Harry F., 211 East 69th St., New York, N. Y.
McTiernan, Edward J., 241 Rutland Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Maroni, Lorenzo F., 57 Pleasant St., Newburyport, Mass.
Meader, Charles, Box 76, Howard Beach, Long Island, N. Y.

FIRST-CLASS PRIVATES *(continued)*

Merrylees, William J., 34 East 82d St., New York, N. Y.
Messing, Arthur M., 941 Tiffany St., Bronx, N. Y.
Meyer, John P., 1645 61st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mueller, Alvin E., 228 Ridgewood Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Murphy, Joseph A., 93 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Nelson, Edward, 903 Jefferson Ave., Albert Lea, Minn.
Nelson, Peter A., 55 Pond St., Winchester, Mass.
Newberg, Emil C., 643 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Pender, Joseph F., 11 Audubon Ave., New York, N. Y.
Pollock, Robert, Closter, N. J.
Sanchez, Joseph, 219 East 95th St., New York, N. Y.
Schoen, John J., 407 East 87th St., New York, N. Y.
Skidmore, Fred V., 392 Second Ave., New York, N. Y.
Smith, Vernon B., 53 Prospect St., Cortland, N. Y.
Solinski, Israel, 1547 Morris Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
Southard, Frederick J., 4 Colonial Boulevard, Hillsdale, N. J.
Stewart, Albert C., 36 Runnymede Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.
Turner, Emanuel D., 266 86th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Widdowfield, Frank E., 247 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRIVATES

Ackerino, Anthony A., 951 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Amundson, Sigfred, Clitherall, Minn.
Apenes, Christian M., 27 Bay St., Dorchester, Mass.
Arends, Jans S., Applington, Ia.
Aronni, Michele, Aurora, Minn.
Axthelm, Albert, 433 East 79th St., New York, N. Y.
Baron, Andrew O., 230 N. Second Ave., Duluth, Minn.
Bassetti, Ralph, 1116 50th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bencosa, Thomas, 149 Skillman St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Benforado, Mark J., 246 Manhattan Ave., New York, N. Y.
Bergstrom, Simon T., Two Harbors, Minn.
Berman, Hyman, 189 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bieza, Michael J., 3813 East 41st St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Bobotas, James G., 1715 Market St., Denver, Colo.
Borkowski, Stanislaw, 409 Pleasant St., Gardner, Mass.
Bortz, Adam G., Route No. 1, Norway, Ia.
Bowe, James J., 448 Main St., Athol, Mass.
Braman, George E., Buford, N. D.
Brillakes, Nick, 1411 Dace St., Sioux City, Ia.
Broesder, John, Little Rock, Ia.
Brown, Mortimer T., Huntington Station, Long Island, N. Y.
Brunette, Charles, Ogena, Minn.

Bunstrom, Walter, Arthyde, Minn.
Burstenovech, Adam, South Deerfield, Mass.
Busgaard, Bennie A., Hayfield, Minn.
Busse, Ben. J., Ada, Minn.
Campbell, Gordon H., 313 West 114th St., New York, N. Y.
Caplick, Leo A. J., 129 Scoville Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Cavaggioni, Piedro, 91 Summer St., Springfield, Mass.
Ceccarilli, Domenico, Eynon, Pa.
Cerro, Angelo D., 18 Washington St., Hinsdale, Ill.
Cherveny, Louis, Box 68, Ely, Ia.
Collier, Cecil F., Route No. 3, Mulberry Grove, Ill.
Crege, Tony, 1 Gold Park Ave., Batavia, N. Y.
Crippen, Henry E., Onawa, Ia.
Czarnetski, August, address unavailable.
Danzl, Joseph J., Box 16, Melrose, Minn.
Davis, Henry S., R. F. D. No. 1, Janesville, Ia.
DeBerg, Jake K., Little Rock, Ia.
DeCarli, John V., Central St., Stafford Springs, Conn.
Eck, Herbert, deceased.
Espolin, Andreas N., 1819 Fifth St. South, Minneapolis, Minn.
Farber, Harry, 107 Forsythe St., New York, N. Y.
Flatau, Herbert H., 1317 Burnette Ave., Cincinnati, O.
Geiger, Joseph J., 16 Poplar St., Yonkers, N. Y.
Gelbach, Rudolph, 602 River Terrace, Hoboken, N. J.
Giannini, Pasquale, 742 Worthington St., Springfield, Mass.
Graney, Thomas F., 1539 East 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hagman, Alger, 310 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Handler, Nathan E., 1383 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hanley, William J., 44 Rock St., Lowell, Mass.
Harrison, Abraham, 114 Wooster St., Hartford, Conn.
Harrison, Emil I., Box 96, Templeton, Mass.
Hassman, Tom, 80 10th St., Springfield, Mass.
Howe, Melvin, R. F. D. No. 3, Delhi, N. Y.
Iannuzelli, John, 1130 Carpenter St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Jacobs, Fay R., 655 West 62d St., Chicago, Ill.
Jennings, Ralph M., McClure, O.
Kane, William P., 625 Central Ave., Far Rockaway, N. Y.
Keane, Andrew F., 341 East 78th St., New York, N. Y.
Kennedy, Thomas J., address unavailable
Kerr, Daniel F., 102 57th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kerrigan, John W., 79 Scranton St., Winchester, Mass.
Key, Nezrett S., 121 Crescent Ave., Jackson, Tenn.
Kincaid, Isaac, 228 Trenton St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Kirane, James H., 32 Crosby St., Lowell, Mass.
Kircharr, Silbey H., Jeddo, Ala.

Kisling, Harry C., R. F. D. No. 3, Winton, Ia.
Kittridge, Marin E., 14 Coyne St., Clinton, Mass.
Klaras, Anthony P., St. James, Minn.
Kleinhampl, Frank, 1138 Brabee St., North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Knell, Elmer M., 3028 Venzel St., North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Knight, Ralph F., 21 Kellogg St., Westfield, Mass.
Krack, William, 453 Lincoln Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Krause, Gustave W., 427½ East 7th St., Michigan City, Ind.
Kujawski, John M., 1518 West 17th St., Chicago, Ill.
Kutz, Mervin L., 400 East Main St., Mechanicsburg, Pa.
Lauricella, Dominick, 4427 Stephenson Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
LeBlanc, Edward L., 25 Granite St., Fitchburg, Mass.
LeBlanc, Thaddee, 23 Greenwood St., Gardner, Mass.
Lefkowitz, Max, 7 West 112th St., New York, N. Y.
Lehoullier, Alfred N., 6 Pleadwell St., Taunton, Mass.
Levey, Abraham, 742 East 9th St., New York, N. Y.
Lieberman, Philip T., New London, Conn.
Lizzott, Fred A., 10 Saranac St., Littleton, N. H.
McIntosh, James M., 285 State Road, North Adams, Mass.
Maggio, Valentino, 39 East 107th St., New York, N. Y.
Manassa, Joseph, 540 West 163d St., New York, N. Y.
Manthey, Charles, 2676 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mazeiko, John, 3059 West 38th St., Chicago, Ill.
Meyers, Harry, 421 Rogers Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miller, Irving G., 219 Oak Grove Ave., Springfield, Mass.
Miller, Joseph A., 449 Hamilton St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Mitchell, Samuel A., Columbia, S. C.
Moget, John, address unavailable.
Mohrbacker, Lambert J., 106 1st St., Crosby, Minn.
Mongeon, Rene H., deceased.
Moore, Garret E., 51 Tenth Ave., Whitestone, L. I., N. Y.
Moreno, Anthony, address unavailable.
Morin, Dona E., 2063 North Main St., Fall River, Mass.
Morin, Joseph H., 15 Emorey St., Manchester, N. H.
Myers, Jerry, Bemis, Me.
Nelson, Fingal, 1918 Farragut Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Nelson, Nels S., Route No. 4, Rothsay, Minn.
Nelson, P. Einar, 2109 N. Richmond St., Chicago, Ill.
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Pedercine, Louis J., 739 So. Church St., North Adams, Mass.
Pratt, William, Jr., 404 West 57th St., New York, N. Y.
Riani, Antonio, 930 Hampden St., Holyoke, Mass.
Rielly, Robert B., Broadway, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.
Romano, Dominick, 39 William St., Springfield, Mass.
Ruotsinoja, William J., Route No. 3, Kimball, Minn.

PRIVATES *(continued)*

Rupeikis, Stanley, 2008 West 23d St., Chicago, Ill.
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Scafidi, Fred, 305 East 107th St., New York, N. Y.
Schamburger, Edward, Sabin, Minn.
Scheffler, Frank, 207 Main St., Menasha, Wis.
Schnibbe, Arthur M., 216 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Schurman, John, Holland, Minn.
Siegal, Harry, 1224 State St., Bridgeport, Conn.
Smith, Lester L., Route No. 1, Lamoni, Ia.
Steiger, Frank T., 111 Pine St., Holyoke, Mass.
Sussman, Abraham, 70 So. 4th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Swetts, George J., 303 Hughes St., Mattboy, Pa.
Theodorropoulos, Peter, 1521 Westfield St., Springfield, Mass.
Tobias, George H., 555 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Wyrwalski, Walter, 2228 West 18 Place, Chicago, Ill.
Zalokar, John, 2331 So. Fiftieth Ave., Cicero, Ill.
Zuckerman, Herbert B., 958 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Battery "A" Diary

1917

April 6	War declared by the United States of America on the Imperial German Empire.
September 10	First contingent of National Army arrived at Camp Upton.
September 12	Battery "A" organized.
September 22	Battery "A" quartered in barrack J-43.
October 3	Battery "A" removed quarters to barracks on 4th Ave. corner of 16th Street.
October 22	Commencement of sixteen week period of intensive training.
November 8	Contingent departed for Camp Gordon ~Advent of blue bags.
November 22	Shoreham hike.
November 27	Thanksgiving Day dinner and entertainment.
December 21	Battery attended play of "Over the Top" at theatre in New York.
December 25	Christmas.

1918

February 22	Termination of sixteen week period of intensive training. Parade of 77th Division in New York City.
March 18	Brigade Review in 69th Regiment Armory New York City ~ Ball followed.
April 22	Left Camp Upton, 3:10 A.M.
April 24	Sailed from Hoboken at 5:30 A.M. on U.S.S. Leviathan.
May 1	Entered submarine zone and picked up convoy.
May 2	Arrived at Brest, France, at dawn. Debarked and arrived on French soil 5:00 P.M. Arrived at Camp Pontanazen 8:00 P.M.
May 7	Left Brest.
May 9	Arrived at Bonneau 2:30 A.M. ~ Camp de Souge 3:30 A.M.

Diary
continued

June 8	Received Howitzers.
June 11	Moved guns to range.
June 12	Fired guns for first time.
July 2	Range closed ~ last firing in Camp de Souge.
July 4	Independence Day ~ Bordeaux Parade.
July 15	Left Camp de Souge.
July 16	Left Borneau 6:00 A.M.
July 18	Arrived at Baccarat and Bois de Bouloy.
July 20	Guns went into position.
July 26	Guns went into action for first time.
July 30	Moved back from position.
August 1	Began hike to Vesle Sector.
August 11	Arrived at Marne River near Châteaux Thierry.
August 13	Arrived at Nesle Woods.
August 15	Moved into first Vesle position.
August 17	Bombarded out of position.
August 18	Moved into marshy position beside woods.
August 19	Lt. Tritt killed.
August 21	Fired on and destroyed Tannerie.
August 22	Position shelled — Lt. Reid and Pvt. Eck killed.
August 23	Pvt. Mongeon killed.
August 24	Moved into open field position.
September 4	Moved forward toward Vesle River.
September 6	Crossed Vesle River — Went into position on Rheims-Soissons Highway.
September 14	Withdrew across Vesle River and out of Vesle Sector.
September 16	Commenced hike to Argonne.
September 24	Arrived at Argonne and went into

Diary
continued

	position at Le Rond Champ.
September 25	Meuse-Argonne Offensive opened.
September 26	Battery "A" opens fire 2:30 A.M.
September 30	Went into position at Abri St. Louis.
October 6	Fired to assist in extricating "The Lost Battalion".
October 10	Went into position near Châtel.
October 12	Went into position near La Besogne.
October 14	Kitchen, picket lines and gun positions shelled.
October 18	Withdrew from position to La Harazee.
October 25	Moved back into position near La Besogne.
November 1	7:05 A.M. fired last shots.
November 11	ARMISTICE DAY.
November 28	Thanksgiving Day.
November 30	Left Marcq ~ arrived at Autry.
December 1	Left Autry.
December 3	Arrived at Dancevoir.
December 25	Christmas Day.

1919

January 26	Turned guns into Ordnance Department.
February 7	Left Dancevoir.
February 9	Arrived at Noyen.
February 23	Left Noyen ~ arrived at Camp La Suze.
March 21	Left Camp La Suze - returned to Noyen.
April 7	Final embarkation inspection.
April 17	Left Noyen ~ arrived Camp La Suze ~ entrained for Brest.
April 18	Good Friday ~ arrived at Brest.
April 20	Easter Sunday ~ embarked on U.S.S. Agamemnon ~ left French soil 3:26 P.M.
April 22	Anniversary of leaving Camp Upton,

Diary
continued

	U.S.S. Agamemnon sailed at 12:40 P.M.
April 29	Arrived at Hoboken and Camp Mills.
May 5	Western contingent departed. Remainder of battery arrived in New York City.
May 6	77th Division parade on Fifth Avenue New York City.
May 7	Left for Camp Upton.
May 10	DEMOBILIZATION ~ train carrying discharged men of Battery "A" left Camp Upton for New York at 10:00 A.M.