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The
G.a.s
Attack

1918



the "let's beat it"
girl.



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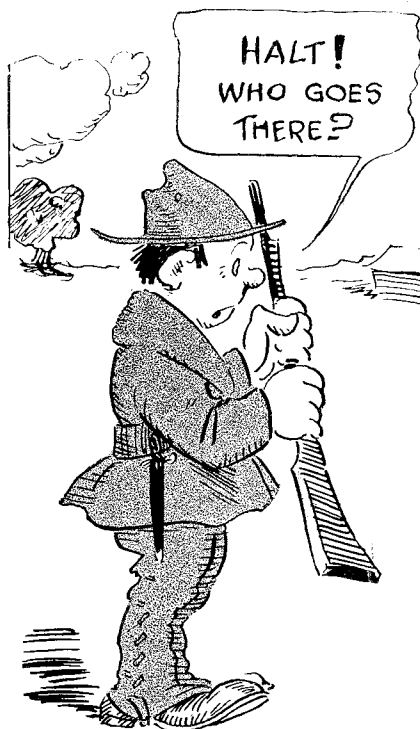
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TREAT 'EM ROUGH magazine is not a commercial proposition. It is published in the interests of American fighting men and their backers. A share of its profits is devoted to the fellow in uniform who is temporarily out of luck—S. O. L.

TREAT 'EM ROUGH does not offer charity. That would be an insult. But it does offer a chance to work and an opportunity to “make good.”

We, therefore, extend to you a cordial invitation to visit our offices and to have a talk with the manager of our Circulation Department, Room 1613, 220 West 42nd Street.

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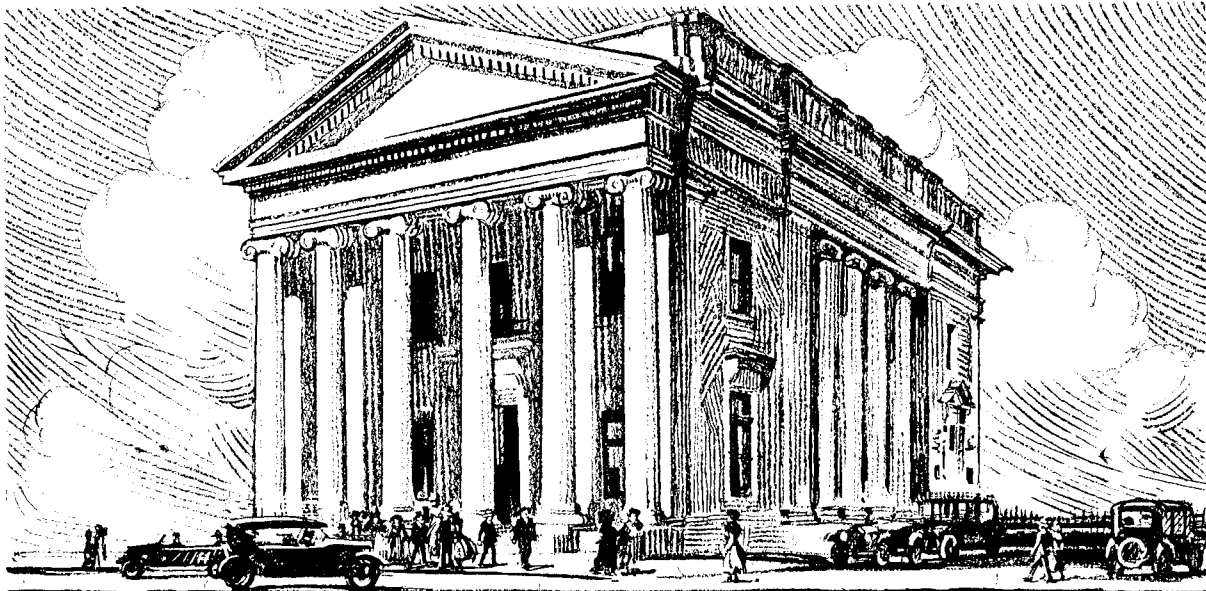
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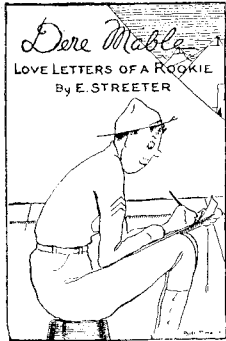
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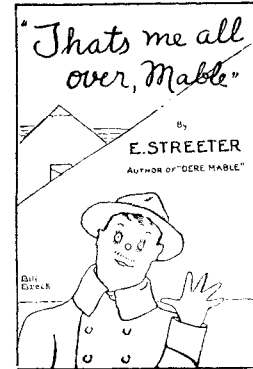
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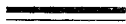
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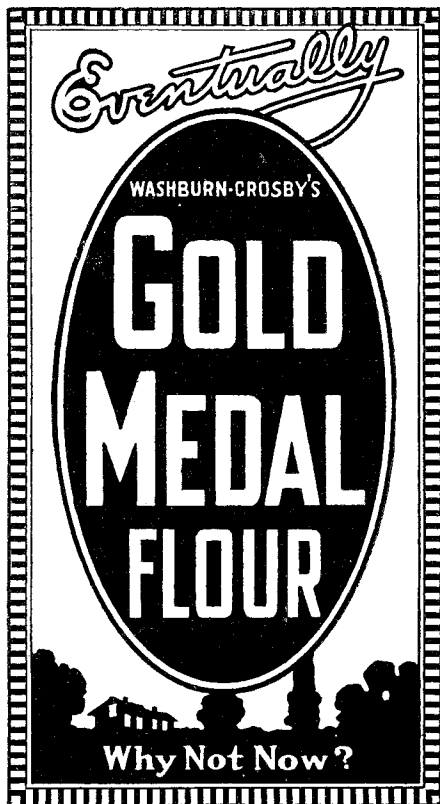
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Foreword

HE question uppermost in the minds of our men at this time, in relation to military affairs, is the future of their organizations. Are we upon discharge from further Federal services to give no further attention to the rehabilitation of our old regiments and their establishment as a part of a scheme for National Defense, or are we to play our part in their reorganization and proper recognition?

I am told that the latter is the view of our officers and men. Our units have made excellent military records of accomplishment and these should be regarded as most valuable military assets for the future development of esprit and morale among those who are to bear the regimental responsibilities for honorable and effective service to the country in the future.

There are officers and men whose age, business interests and family responsibilities will make it undesirable for them to continue in any form of service with the division. It will, however, aid the re-establishment of their old regiments if all will join, at least for a time, in the work of reorganization, seeking their old units and joining up as soon after the final muster as practicable. With all units quickly re-established on a State basis, and at full strength, further activities may await the determination of a Federal policy which will enable the Reserve Corps, the National Guard and the National Army to be merged or otherwise organized as a great and effective military force for the defense of the country.

The comradeship of service in war will find opportunity in this continuation of service, to renew itself upon the occasions when the units meet in the armories. There are many reasons why our soldiers should maintain in organized manner their comradeship and the relations growing out of their service.

Best wishes, therefore, through the medium of THE GAS ATTACK, to the officers and men of the Twenty-Seventh Division, and to the maintenance of those ties of comradeship and duty which now bind them so closely together.

JOHN F. O'RYAN,
Major General.



A Major General of the Army
John H. Hays
Sept. 10, 1918
Washington, D. C.

THE BANNER THAT BEARS THE RED CROSS

WHEREVER the Twenty-seventh Division fought its way onward—and it always fought onward—there, right behind the line, within easy reach of enemy guns were the men of the American Red Cross, serving under Captain Stephen N. Bobo, the Red Cross representative with the Division.

The Twenty-seventh is especially fond of the men of its Red Cross Detachment, for most of these men were fellow-comrades in arms who had gone overseas to fight but who, for some physical reason or other, perhaps flat feet or other slight disqualification, were not permitted under army regulations to participate in the actual fighting.

No matter what the hour, nor how dangerous the position, right back of the Twenty-Seventh was the American Red Cross, ready to give comfort and assistance. Emerging from the thick of the fight after three or four days of constant battling with the Hun, tired, hungry, sick or wounded, it was no small consolation for the men of the Twenty-Seventh to find awaiting them the Red Cross rolling canteens with the best hot cocoa and coffee and sandwiches that they ever tasted in their lives.

No historian who epitomizes the successes of the Twenty-Seventh will omit due mention of the work of the Red Cross, not so much for its "canteening" as for its actual service in the saving of lives, its readiness in emergencies, and its prompt dispatch in obtaining any materials or supplies necessary to the comfort and wellbeing of the Division.

One instance of quick service is known to every man in the Division. That was the occasion when there was a shortage of ambulances following the smashing of the enemy line which had been accomplished with heavy casualties.

Before the entrance of the Division into the field, Captain Bobo had offered his assistance in procuring ambulances, but at that time there was no reason for assuming that it would be necessary to call upon him. The battle was so much more costly in life than was anticipated that Major-General O'Ryan sent for Captain Bobo, and asked if he could get some ambulances. That was along towards 6 o'clock one evening. Captain Bobo replied that he could bring a convoy from Paris if he could borrow a fast car in which to make the trip to that city. He left in General O'Ryan's car, accompanied by Lt.-Col. Walter C. Bell, returning the following morning at 11 o'clock with ten ambulances. Captain Bobo and Lieut. Bell had covered a distance of 158 miles without even having taken time to sleep or rest. And moving a convoy through that country is not an easy accomplishment.

When the Red Cross came to that Division there were not many workers with them. They started a Divisional Rest House for the enlisted men at Oudezelle. The work grew and

it became necessary for them to have more workers. At that time there were in the Division men with slight wounds, not able to do the actual work of fighting, but who were able to perform light tasks behind the lines. A number of these were turned over to Captain Bobo, who made very effective use of them. Commenting upon the qualities of the men who served under him in his detachment, Captain Bobo said:

"They were as courageous a lot as I have ever seen. Not a man in the bunch but who would risk his life at any time of day or night to serve his fellows in the ranks. And they had been put to the test many a time, and each time they had proved their mettle."

Prove their mettle they did at Busigny. The mayor of that town brought information that two civilians had come out of St. Souplet, a small town along between the American and German lines, and had reported that the town was full of wounded who were without food and in a tragic condition, and that something should be done for them at once. St. Souplet was a veritable No Man's Land. Shot and shell from opposing armies had wrought havoc there. The streets were under heavy machine-gun fire, and both American and German patrols were at work there.

The fact was reported to Captain Bobo. He immediately called for volunteers. All but two of his 37 men volunteered, and the two who did not volunteer were sick. Captain Bobo took 8 of his own men, and 8 Australians who a short time before had joined his detachment to help out in the strenuous work that lay ahead.

The sixteen men ran ambulances up to the corner of the road, right near the town. There was a little ravine which cut into the town from this point which formed a cover for the men while entering the village.

A civilian who had ventured forth from the town was sent back to tell the people that wherever there were wounded they should put up a little flag on a stick so that the task of finding the disabled would be made easier for the Red Cross men.

Sidling in the shadows of buildings, the men of the detachment sought out the wounded. They worked incessantly, all of one night, going down into cellars where they found over sixty civilians living under the worst conditions possible. One old woman, over 72 years, was brought out. She was shot through both thighs and one of her legs was broken. She had lain in that condition for four days. Some way or other, the Red Cross boys got a wheelbarrow in the place and rode her out to an ambulance. The gas was so bad in some of these cellars that the men had to wear masks.

(Continued on page 60)

LETTERS OF COMMENDATION RECENTLY RECEIVED BY THE DIVISION COMMANDER 27th DIVISION

Letter from Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief, British Expeditionary Forces:

General Headquarters,
British Armies in the Field.
12th February, 1919.

To the General Officer Commanding and the officers, non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the 27th American Division:

You are returning in victory from the first campaign in which American troops have fought on European soil. Secure in the strength and limitless resources of your own great country on the other side of the Atlantic, the call of outraged humanity which from the outset of the war sounded so loudly and so closely in British ears was heard from afar by the manhood of our sister nation. A people less far sighted, less imbued with the lofty ideals of liberty, might never have heeded that call. You heard it, you gave it heed, and when the time was ripe and every city, township, village, hamlet and farm in your mighty land knew the

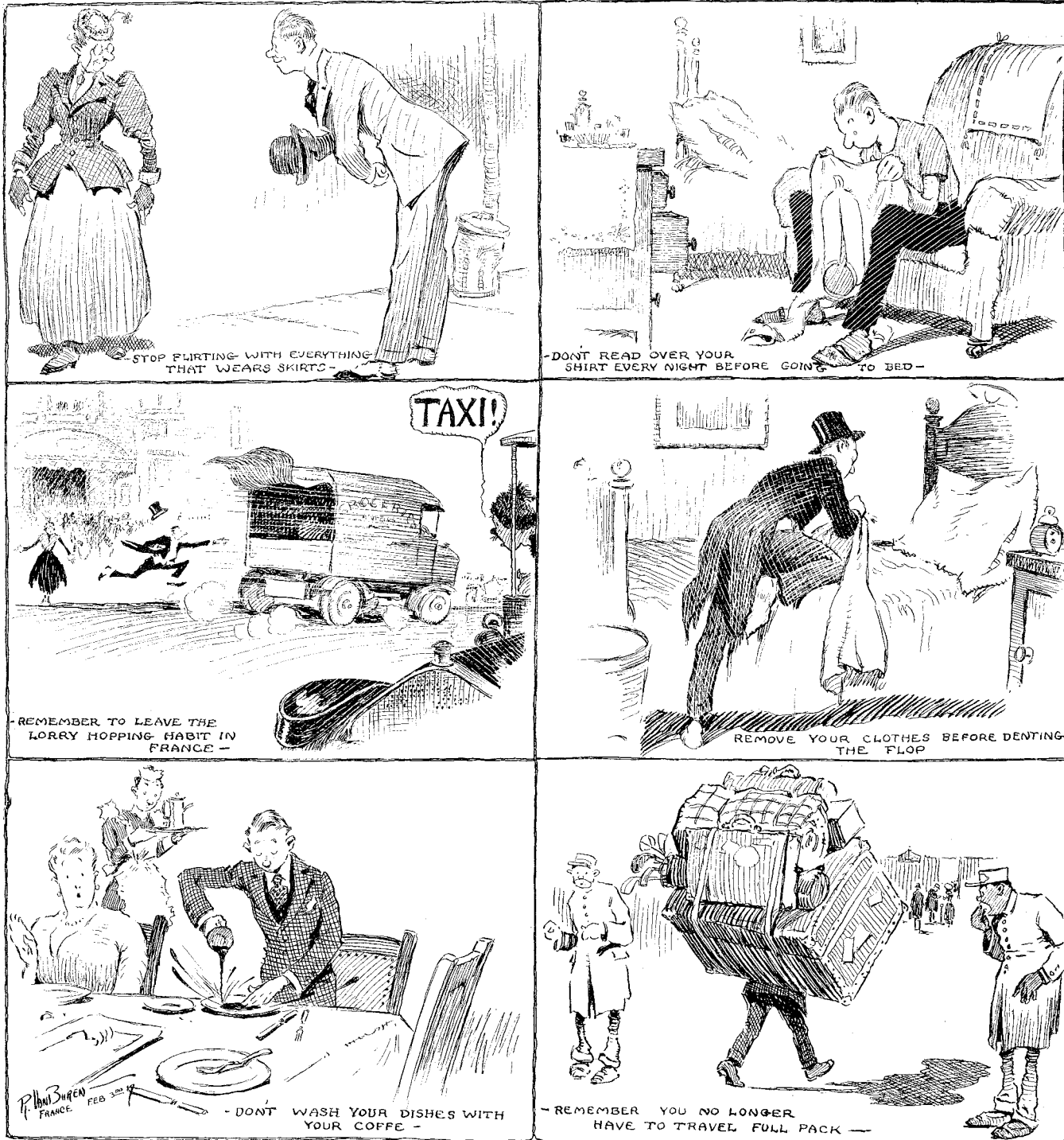
full meaning of the desperate conflict raging beyond the seas, you flung yourselves into the fray, ardent and impetuous on the side of Right.

Right triumphed. You who now return to the homes that sent you forth in faith and hope, to make if need be the supreme sacrifice for the belief that is in you, can say to those who greet you that in that triumph you have had your share. You can point to a proud record of achievement, to the months of patient earnest training, to the incessant strain and watchfulness of the trenches, to the fury of great battles. You can point also to your sacrifices, made with a courage and devotion unsurpassed in all the dread story of the war—abundant in heroism—sacrifices which were the price of world liberty and peace which you have helped so powerfully to build up anew.

Returning, you and all ranks of the American Expeditionary Force carry back with you the pride, affection and esteem of all who fought beside you, and not least of those

(Continued on page 63)

ARMY HABITS WE MUST FORGET



CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT FRANCE

Pertinent and Impertinent Statistics Collected by Our Own Statistical Department

To get from one part of France to any other part of France it is absolutely necessary to go through Paris. If the same system were applied in this country one would go from Albany to Boston by way of New York City.

What water there is is used to fill wells and run down canals. It must never be taken internally.

The population of Le Mans is 55,344 souls and two estaminet proprietors who charge a franc a glass for coffee.

WHEN THE LINE BROKE

A dusky doughboy, burdened under tons of medals and miles and miles of ribbons, service and wound chevrons, stars et al, encountered a 27th Division scrapper in Le Mans a few days prior to the division's departure for the States.

"Whar yo' all ben scrappin' in dis yar war, boss?" meekly inquired the colored soldier.

"Why, we've been fighting up in Belgium and Flanders with the British," replied the New Yorker proudly.

"Well, we ben down in dem woods—whatcha call 'em woods 'way down south."

"The Argonne?" suggested young Knickerbocker.

"Yas, yas, dem's de woods—d' Argonne."

"You know our division was the first to break the Hindenburg line, colored boy," explained the 27th man.

"Was it you wot did dat trick? Y' know, boss, we felt dat ol' line sag 'way down in d' Argonne."

DIVISION ART EXHIBIT

A LARGE collection of water color and pen and ink drawings, many of which were finished in the shell-torn areas of France and Belgium, are being exhibited by artists of the 27th Division in the salon of Kennedy & Company, 613 Fifth Avenue. Most of the drawings on view are originals of illustrations that appeared in the GAS ATTACK.

The exhibit was arranged by G. William (Bill) Breck, who illustrated "Dere Mable"; H. C. Hull, D.S.C., and Lauren Stout. No end of good things have been said about the drawings exhibited. There are among them sketches of picturesque ruins at the front, and of scenes and types of French villages in or near the war zone.

"AULD LANG SYNE"

IT'S now but a matter of a few days or weeks before they hand us that precious paper that will permit us to look any man in the face and tell him to go to Punxsatawney. We'll then begin to hotfoot it to our haunts of old, whither-whichway; and we'll like it. But bye and bye, perhaps, we'll sort of mooch our eyes about us and feel a bit of a longing to see and talk with our cronies of old, scattered we know not where.

The city fellers are going to miss their old pals from the tank towns, the apple-knockers and pumpkin-kickers who used to love telling about Pop and the crops and the yaller cows. The lads of the R.F.D. Routes will grow lonely, too, when they hark to memory's voice. They're going to yearn once in a while for a bantering hour or two with the soft-palmed dudes and wiseacres who were shoulder-close to 'em when nights were black and days uncertain.

We've learned heaps from each other. From every environment we came when the call sounded. Brought together from the four ends and center of New York on a common duty bent, it was natural that we should bring to each other a great variety of viewpoints and theories on this, that and every topic interesting to man. We were in intellect, appearances, taste and preferences a motley collection of prospective Hun killers.

Somehow, soldier-like, we jibed from the first, yet we never grew tired of joshing, mocking, teasing and arguing among ourselves. It was, no doubt, the natural process that welded us into an efficient, comradely scrapping machine. The city fellers were the better for the many little tips dropped by the plow-pushers and wood-choppers, and vice versa. We discovered among ourselves counter attractions, and profited accordingly. We—

Well, we learned that men are men wherever you find 'em. Mates, this blinkin', jingdanged war has made us all better Democrats or better Republicans. Here's how! Best regards, ol' timer!

H. T. M.



She—"Were you wounded in the Hindenburg drive?"

He—"No, I stepped into a cushy job and broke my ankle."

VIVE LA FRANCE



Maid in Flanders—By R. Van Buren

THE PASSING BY

One day I took myself away
To a hill in the sky
Where the winds free play
Lifts the spirit ahigh
To a dream in the day
Of the wherefore and why
Of this bit of clay
That I call I.

And as I lay
On the hill in the sky
The spirits said,
"This bit of clay
That you call I
Is the Passing By
Of the soul in the mould
Man's known by.
But it's only the clay
That passes away
For when you die
The soul passes by
Until the time
It shall be divine.

T. J. A., Jr.

LOVE IS HELL!



Lieut. Pep M.M., D.S.C., C.M., F.O.B., B.V.D., the Dare-Devil of No Man's Land, with 41 successful raids and any number of boche to his credit, has trouble finding nerve enough to pop the question

LETTERS THAT NEVER REACHED HOME

PETER HINDENBURG

*Dealers in Old Clothes, Bottles and Bones,
No. 10 Buggenstrasse, Berlin, Germ.*

OUR MOTTO: Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Come in here.

The Herr General, the 27th Division,
New York, N. Y.

Lieber General:

I want you should pay for damage done to my property by your men. I had a very fine line on which I spent a lot of money and time. Your men busted it. I have witnesses to prove that they did. I can never use it again. In fact, Herr General, it is a total loss. I have reason to believe that the breaking of this line was done *on purpose*. Indeed, I believe you knew all about it and even encouraged your men in their work of destruction. So I am going to have the law on you at once if you won't pay for the damage done.

Respy. yours,

PETER HINDENBURG.

From: Private Buck

To: General D. Livery

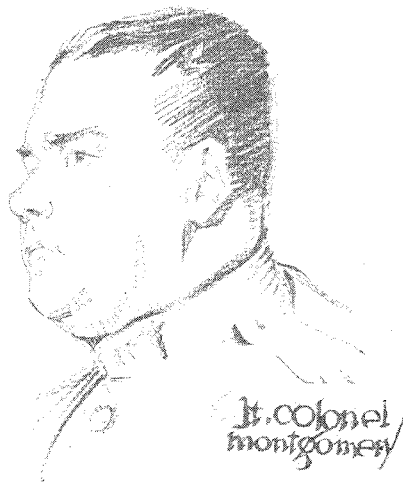
Subject: Award of a D. S. C.

Dear Gen: Yours of the 14th rec'd and contents noted. The contents were one D. S. C. and a notice telling me that I am a hero. I am returning the D. S. C., for between you and me and the Hindenburg Line, Gen., I don't deserve it. What the notice says is true enough. I *did* stay in my dug-out when the other fellows retreated before the counter-attack of Jerry. The notice calls this "sticking to his post and scorning peril." As a matter of fact I had the rum ration of a British platoon inside me and was dead to the world. I never even knew that Jerry came over. If I had heard him, I'd have gone so fast that milestones would have looked like a cemetery. So keep the D. S. C., Gen., and give it to some real hero—for example, the fellow who has been in the army a year and has never knocked the grub. Personally, the only decoration I want is the H. D.—yes—Honorable Discharge. Yours respy., A. BUCK, Private.

—PRIVATE RICHARD CONNELL.

THE HEADQUARTERS

By



SKETCH BOOK

Beall



lieut. colonel
hollahan.



lieut. colonel
mc leer. A



major
tupper.



lieut. colonel daly

MUSIC HATH ITS CHARMS—SOMETIMES

MUSIC, once admitted to the soul, becomes a sort of spirit and never dies."

The fellow who said that spoke the truth. For verification of the statement one had only to visit a Red Cross hut at almost any hour of the day back of the lines in France.

Music lovers among the doughboys who kept the shack constantly filled with smoke persisted in making everything musical work simultaneously. And they made those instruments work overtime. The result was a hodge podge of notes, a sort of ragtime chop suey.

A strapping soldier, who looked more like a boiler maker than a Paderewski, would enter the hut, straddle the piano stool and begin a series of tricks on the keys. His purpose was to entertain every man in the hut, and he succeeded to a degree until come other fellow's fingers begin to itch to set the Victrola in motion. Why should there be any display of courtesy among friends? Who was that correspondence school piano sharp that he should have everything his way?

On went a record, and a needle constructed to reproduce the music in loudest tones. Meanwhile the hefty artist was pounding out on the piano the three numbers he knew. Only a hundred-piece brass band with every musician playing a different tune could give a fair imitation of the combination of piano and Victrola.

The mouth organ bug, who would rather leave his billet without his shoes than without his pocket instrument, was always present when the musical holocaust set in. And, possessed of instincts akin to those of a little rascal who delights in tormenting cats, he concludes it would be neat and original and clever for him to contribute to the heinous act. The eight inches of tin that conspiring youth dragged from his pocket were clotted with dust and flakes of Bull Durham. A few taps on the palm of the hand rid the mouth organ of part of its debris, and put it in condition for its dastardly work. In a few moments the artist was well under way.

There were always among the crowds in the hut those who do more whistling than Rufus himself. And of course they had to contribute their mite toward the nerve-trying concertos. They invariably waited until pianist and Victrola were well under way before they chimed in with what they had to offer. And their offerings were awful.

Red Cross huts in France were ostensibly for the amusement of men while they were out of the lines. The musicians, however, made us hope our rest period behind the lines would not be for long; they made the lines seem like Utopia.

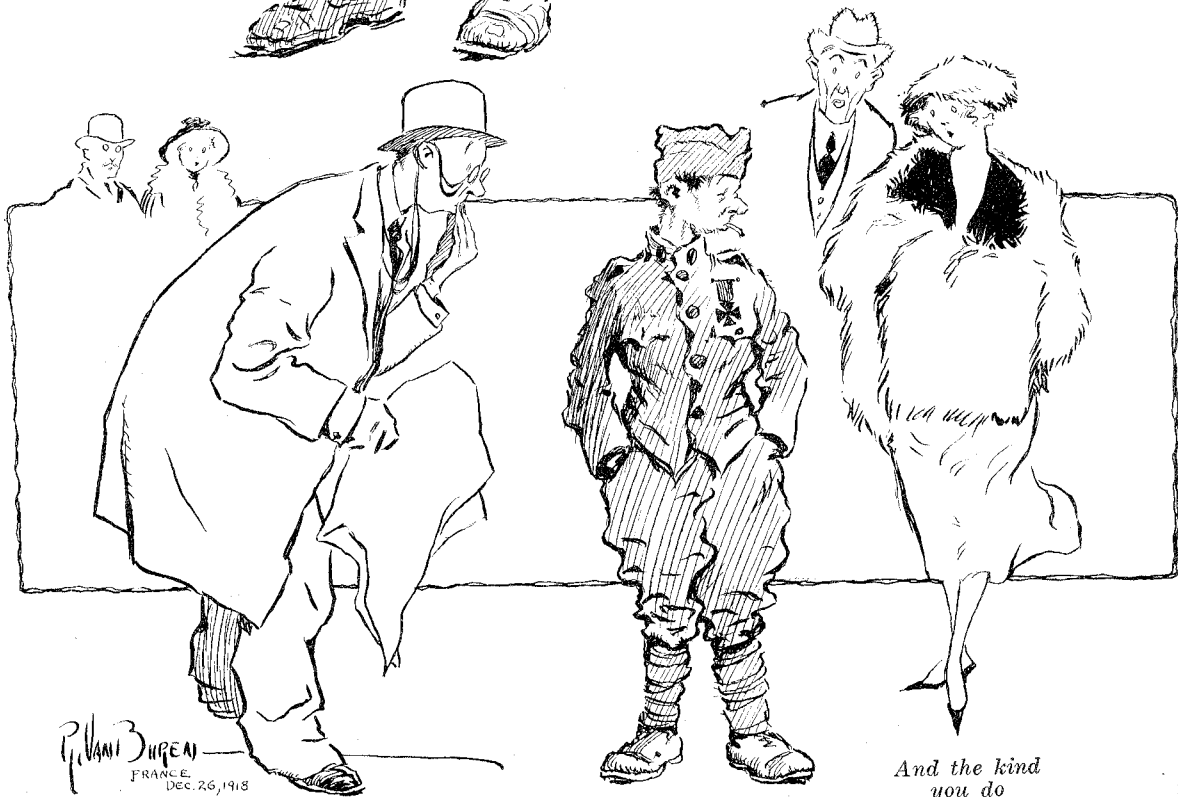
Let us hope that in the next war all amateur musicians will be too proud to fight. L. W. R.



She—"Oh, isn't it wonderful that you are in the 27th Division. You must know my brother who was in the 28th Division right alongside of you."



*The kind of fellow
you expect to see
wearing the
medal*



*And the kind
you do*

P. VAN BUREN
FRANCE
Dec. 26, 1918

ADIEU, NEZ ROUGE!

(With Apologies to Walt Mason)

I 'VE never found a Geezer yet who will not lay a heavy Bet that he will heave a joyful Sigh when he bids Sunny France "good-bye." They all agree they've had enough—the gol-darned Country's used 'em rough. They may be right, and I'll agree that I'll be hootin' glad to see the Wool-worth Tower up the Bay, and know I've hit the U. S. A.

Now, I don't like a Pessimist, but on one thing I must insist, and that is that you will not find the good old City's quite the kind of snortin' Place we last did see when we aimed Noses out to Sea. To spill the Gloom I surely hate, but Reasons why are plain to state—while you've been playing Fritz, the Jazz, they've gone and give Old Booze the Razz. Yes, Boys, they've slipped the Double-Cross and Prohibition's now the Boss; Old Rickey and the Collins Twins have had to dust to save their Skins. The Bronx, the Dry Martini, too—we've had our last, they're up the Flue; the Slo Gin Fizz shall fizz no more—they've heaved old Sloe Gin out the Door. They all have fled, sad to relate, from Clover Clubs to Whiskey Straight. I know it makes you lads turn pale to think that Beer and Evan's Ale no more shall bubble in your Glass; they're Relics of the Ancient Past.

I have a deep and mournful Hunch we've had our last feed of Free Lunch; they'll go and turn the Hofbrau Bar into an Underwear Bazaar. The Polished Rail and Sawdust Floor are now but Mem'ries of the Yore; the Bar-Rag's framed and bung on high for all the World to see and sigh and hark back to the Days of Fun, when any Man could buy a bun. The Soda-Fount is bubbling cheer, but what's a Soda to a Beer? The Grape-Juice crop is good and thick—but Grape-Juice hasn't any Kick! No, Boys, there ain't no Joy at all—they've tied the Can to Alcohol.

So when you bid Farewell to France, remember that you run the Chance of landing in a bone-dry Joint—No longer can you lads anoint yourselves with Rum and Triple Sec, the stuff that's guaranteed to wreck the peaceful Sleep of each M.P. within a hundred Miles of thee. No, when you throw that farewell Kiss, remember that you must dismiss Old Cognac and such Fancy Drink, and both the Vin Boys, Rouge and Blink. And, Boys, I'll lay a little Bet that Gloom and Sorrow get you yet—the facts above will all enhance those Days of Buns in Sunny France.

CORP'L G. J. GILLIES.



That Embarrassing Moment—When after asking for the check, you suddenly remember that your money is all in your money-belt under your shirt!

TIM GULLY, POET

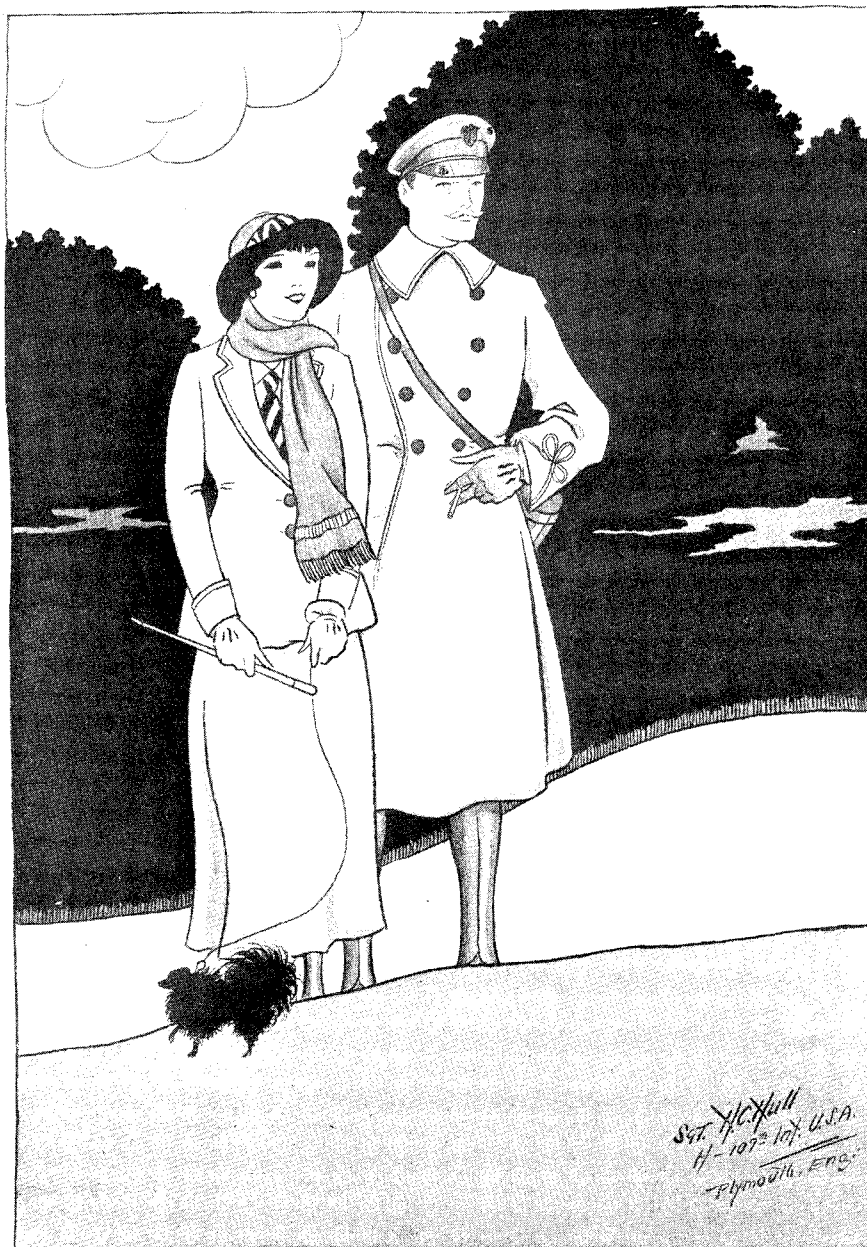
That's too good a name to bury under any contribution. You see, Tim is a Sergeant in Company E, 106th Infantry, and occasionally he writes something other than a letter home. For instance, this is what he wrote:

WHEN I'LL GO BACK TO FRANCE

France is a bully country, and I'll go there again;
Listen to me, fellows, and I'll tell you when.
When the Atlantic's full of Gordon gin, and the Hudson's
full of rum,
When the transatlantic liners are made of chewing gum;
When the Irish become fearful, and the Erie runs on time;

When the Yanks stand up and raise their hats as the band
plays Wacht am Rhine
When France and Belgium are starving and run out of bum
red wine;
When the girls forget to paint their cheeks, and the sun has
ceased to shine;
When the army's fed on chicken, and the soldiers save their
pay—
Then I'll go back to sunny France, but not before that day.
Tim assumes all responsibility for this. He says, "You may
hold me responsible for this. Sergeant Tim Gully—Kipling's
only rival."

"ALLIES"



WHY IS IT I CAN'T FORGET?

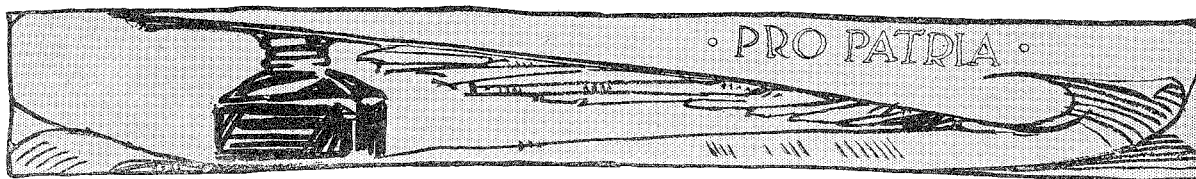
Why is it that I can't forget?
 Was it her mouth or perhaps her radiant hair?
 But still there are others whom I have met,
 With red-rose lips that are just as fair.

Was it the poise of her head and the arch of her neck beneath,
 And the bloom of her cheeks with the dark brown curls?
 Or perhaps her smile and her snow-white teeth,
 Which an artist once said were finer than pearls?

Was it the beauty of untouched flower;
 Maybe her eyes that shone like a smouldering fire,
 Or the memory of fair virginity, and all its power,
 That made her to all men alike, their heart's desire.

I said the old adage, "There are just as good fish in the sea."
 I have won and lost of scores I have met,
 What does one lost in a thousand mean to me—
 (She cost me a fortune, for I'm still in debt)
 Maybe it's that that I can't forget!

—SERGEANT MAITLAND RICE.



STATISTICS CONCERNING THE 27th (NEW YORK) DIVISION

The following units comprise the 27th Division:

Headquarters Troop and Detachment.
 102nd Engineers.
 102nd Field Signal Battalion.
 104th Machine Gun Battalion.
 27th Military Police Company.
 102nd Trains Headquarters.
 102nd Engineer Train.
 102nd Ammunition Train.
 102nd Supply Train.
 102nd Sanitary Train.
 53rd Brigade Headquarters.
 105th Infantry Regiment.
 106th Infantry Regiment.
 105th Machine Gun Battalion.
 54th Brigade Headquarters.
 107th Infantry Regiment.
 108th Infantry Regiment.
 106th Machine Gun Battalion.
 52nd Artillery Brigade Headquarters.
 104th Field Artillery Regiment.
 105th Field Artillery Regiment.
 106th Field Artillery Regiment.

The authorized strength of a division is 28,105. The strength of the 27th Division just before leaving France was approximately 25,000.

No replacements were received by the division until after the signing of the armistice.

On the last day in the line the New York Division had only 850 rifles left in the two infantry brigades.

Casualties—The total battle casualties of this Division are 8420 officers and enlisted men, of which 8108 were suffered by the Division exclusive of artillery, and of this number 236 were officers and 7872 were enlisted men. The total number of officers and enlisted men who were killed in action and died of wounds is 1679. This does not include deaths in the artillery.

In Flanders the Division, exclusive of artillery, suffered 1406 casualties, of which 40 were officers and 1366 enlisted men. In front of Mt. Kemmel and in the engagement of Vierstaat Ridge, six officers were killed or died of wounds and 205 enlisted men were killed or died of wounds.

The total number of prisoners taken by the 27th Division is 76 officers and 2840 other ranks.

A vast amount of material was captured by the Division. A partial list is as follows: 520 machine guns, 3400 rifles, 112 anti-tank rifles, 1400 bayonets, 400 machine gun slides, carriers and packers, 50 cases machine gun parts, 17 minnenwerfers (trench mortars) complete, 1800 Luger and Mauser automatic pistols, 640 light pistols, 10,000 hand grenades, 4650 aerial bombs, 5570 gas shells, 1 railroad train including

locomotive and 24 cars, 4 pieces field artillery, 70,000 rounds ammunition (artillery), 2 motor trucks with loads complete, 2400 tons of coal, 270,000 rounds machine gun ammunition, 300,000 rounds rifle ammunition, 13 cases medical stores, 500 picks, shovels, axes, 4 bales hospital pajamas, 7 field kitchens, 1 canteen complete, 3 aerodrome hangars, aeroplane parts, crashed planes, etc., 400 rolls telephone wire, 640 coils barbed wire.

A large amount of this material was salvaged by the Division and the rest of it was salvaged by other troops.

Approximately 400 square miles were restored by the 27th Division to France, and although most of this fighting was through desolate area, 2430 French civilians were liberated.

Although the Division took almost 3000 prisoners, the Germans took from the New York Division less than 200 prisoners and a number of these had been wounded. Twenty-two of these prisoners escaped from the Germans and returned to the Division. A number of other New Yorkers who were taken prisoners attempted to escape and were recaptured.

A total of 230 decorations were received by the Division up to March 1, as follows:

- 1 Distinguished Service Medal, awarded to General O'Ryan.
- 3 Distinguished Service Orders (British).
- 3 Croix-de-Guerre (French).
- 5 Medals of Honor.
- 12 Military Crosses (British).
- 53 Military Medals (British).
- 140 Distinguished Service Crosses, of which 28 were awarded to officers and 112 to enlisted men.
- 13 Distinguished Conduct Medals.

While in France the Division traveled 1150 miles. They advanced their front line approximately 12 miles.

The Divisional Postal statistics show that the men of the Division were enormous letter writers. The following figures are approximated from careful data on the subject by the Divisional Postal Officer:

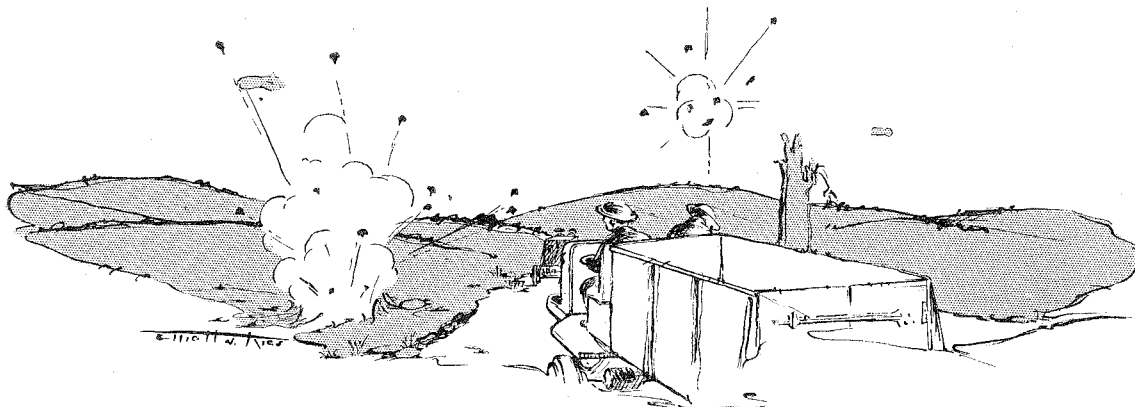
Number of letters despatched to the United States, 4,058,000.

Number of letters received from the United States, 3,420,000.

Weight of letter mail received from the United States, 28 tons.

Eight thousand German helmets were sent to the United States by the men of this division.

Among the distinguished persons who visited the Division at the front in Belgium and in France were His Majesty, King George V, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, General John J. Pershing, John S. Sargent, the portrait painter, Paul D. Cravath, Robert Bacon, former Ambassador to France, U. S. Senator James Wadsworth, Miss Anne Morgan, Harry Lauder, and Miss Elsie Janis.



FATHER TIME

*When you are on a furlough**When you are waiting to be mustered out***BEWARE OF THE LIGHTLESS LIGHTER**

If the boy comes home with a French briquet, all for you, think the matter over before you accept it, particularly while the penny slot machines about town are filled with boxes of matches. Our sister Republic is filled with the toy cigar and cigarette lighters, and the keenest observer in the American army has yet to see one actually light something. Souvenir hounds that they are, the doughboys went for the briquets like a little boy goes after the fresh doughnuts. They paid real francs, and in many instances quite a number of francs, for the theoretical lighters, and have been lighting their cigarettes with matches ever since. The alibis given for the briquets failing to work are many and varied. Either there is no gas in them, or the flint has worn out, or the briquet never lights when someone is looking at it. Nothing will do so much in this country to cure the tobacco habit as the introduction of briquets.

MESS IN A RESTAURANT

It would not be surprising, and certainly it would be diverting to be dining in a fashionable Broadway restaurant and to have one of our comrades in arms enter the place with a mess tin, take his place at a table and order beans. Unconsciously the army-bred youth might pass his mess kit to the waiter, and order the utensil filled to the brim. It would be distracting and would spoil our fun if the waiter, lacking a sense of humor, should inform the doughboy that dishes were served with every meal. How much happier would we be if he should accept the aluminum kit, carry it back to the kitchen and rush in to the table with it overflowing, and with two pieces of unbuttered bread resting on top of the layout. Then, upon the completion of the meal, if the waiter should do the proper thing and place a pan full of lukewarm water before the soldier, and request that the latter wash his own dish, we should be delighted to double our tip for that servant.



Him—"Why won't you go to supper with me after the show? During the war, you used to go with me often."

Her—"Oh, then it was different. With all the men in France in those awful trenches, I thought I ought to put up with some hardships, too."

THE PRIZE

THE League of Nations had at last been established on a firm and everlasting foundation, and Peace reigned supreme over all the world. And in a great and lofty hall had been assembled all the master minds, the foremost men, the doers of great deeds and thinkers of great thoughts, for the purpose of awarding a prize. A prize for the one who, above all the rest, had done the most toward abolishing forever the catastrophe of war; who had stood above all the others in efforts to cast out until eternity this strife among mankind. The importance attached to the decision was monumental, and great and ponderous were the deliberations—he who should be acclaimed the winner would be held up before all the world as the greatest benefactor in the age of man.

Many were the candidates for the honor, and wondrous and worthy were the claims made by the divers contestants—in such an assemblage and with such men of the hour to consider, difficult indeed was the task of picking the great individual. Statesmen, philosophers, great soldiers and men

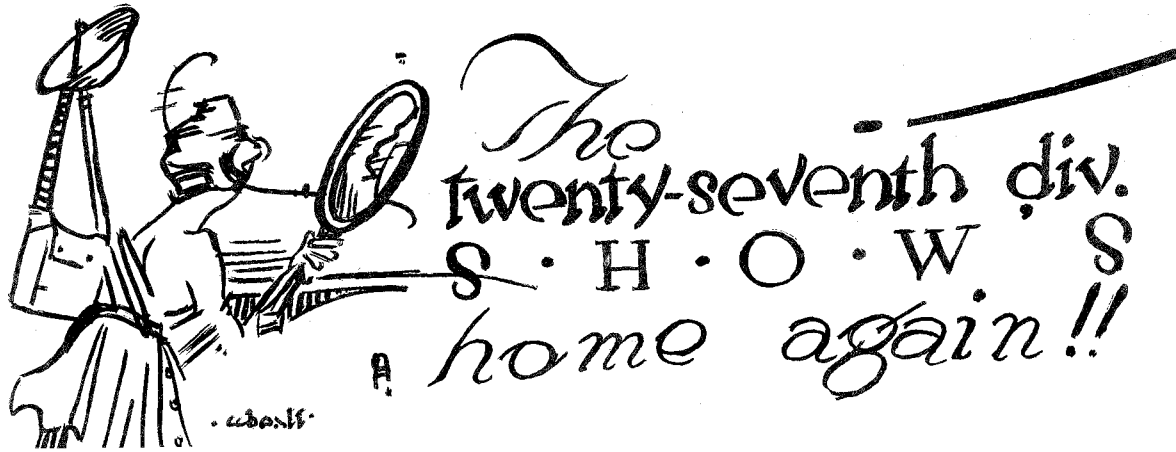
of deeds were heard and their accomplishments weighed for comparison.

And, lo!—in the midst of the conference, a voice was heard from the farthest corner of the great hall, a humble and self-effacing voice. And it spake thus—

"Sires—Great are these men, and great their deeds, but still do I claim to have done more than each and all of them toward bringing to the earth this priceless boon of Peace, this banishment of the tyrant Mars. I, more than any, have revealed the curses and misery that go hand in hand with modern warfare and strife. I, and I only, have been really successful in making warriors curse and revile the plying of weapons, and have made them long for the blessings of Peace, I . . ."

But the assembled conference was in an uproar, and on all sides came the cry, asking and demanding the question—"Who art thou?"

And lo! the voice answered: "I? I am the Can of Corned Willy!" And, behold, the prize was won. G. J. G.



“LET’S BEAT IT”

By Leslie W. Rowland

BETTER had old daddy Knickerbocker polish up his buckles, press up the pantaloons and rig out the old phaeton, for there is much jollification in town. It’s in the Century Theater.

New York’s little old last year’s division, the one it once called it’s very Own, came back from France with more than a few victories, a couple of tons of German decorations, and a score or more Fritz machine guns, rifles and other war trinkets. It brought home a brand new musical show, a refreshing bit of comedy with fourteen of the peppiest song and dance numbers that any piano ever gave forth.

There were many reasons why, when our job was finished on the other side, we wanted to get back to the states.

There was home and mother and sweetheart and apple pie and “the life” and other things which attracted us like so many magnets. One of the chief causes for our anxiety for an early return to the homeland was the new division show about which every word that was spoken was sandwiched in between hushes. With the well-known armistice signed up and nothing left to be done but write school books about the war, we couldn’t understand why all hands should talk so guardedly about the next soldier show to give the U. S. A. something to chatter about.

We had heard faint whispers about the show, how and by whom it had been written, who were to be the principals and other exciting facts.

The more fortunate ones among us had even been permitted to see the first rehearsals in a dingy, dilapidated estaminet in Montfort. We’ll award the glass bicycle to any show that can start in Montfort and make a hit. Some of us knew the story, and a beautiful tale it is, which runs through the piece. We heard some of the numbers which are the life to the production. But none of us had seen the show ensemble. This was impossible of achievement in the town in which we were ensconced so long prior to our departure for home. That was the homesickiest period of our sojourn in France.

For a long time the new show was a state secret. We heard infrequent mutterings about it, and occasionally one of the show troupe would appear in public inadvertently whistling a tune which was strange to us, and which we afterwards learned was from “Let’s Beat It.” The utmost care was taken to keep from the doughboy hoi polloi of which we were a very humble part, knowledge of the prospective production. It was apparently intended that we should be surprised upon our return by finding Manhattan plastered with bill boards announcing the new 27th Division show. It was the game to get us back to the vicinity of New York where the quaking of the earth, due to a complete upset of the city over the new musical comedy, would be perceptible. We would then stand in blank amazement, of course, and wonder what it was all about. It was our cue to feign surprise and be all excited and all that sort of

thing. Then, according to orders, we would inquire and learn that the show had knocked the old town topsy turvy—and then we could buy tickets for everyone in the family and the poor folks around the corner.

But the fellow who planned that procedure was not very observant; he had not studied the ways of soldiers. He didn’t know that there is nothing under the sun they cannot find out for themselves. Soldiers, like New Yorkers, are first-rate rubbernecks.

There was one of our number over in Montfort who claimed to be in on the “know,” to use police court parlance. Such folks ordinarily bore one, but that lad leaped from comparative obscurity to prominence simply by furtively announcing to one of his companions that Lieut. William A. Halloran, Jr., director and producer of “You Know Me, Al,” and director of the divisional theatrical troupe, was arranging to spring something very different in the musical comedy line on the theatergoers of New York.

Later that wiseacre came around with the news that Private Harry Gribble had collaborated with the lieutenant on the book of the show, and soon the whole business was an open secret. A rumor that we were about to embark for home could have traveled no faster than did the first authentic news of the show. Everyone who had anything to do with the show was fairly bursting with pride. Just like a lot of girls we knew before the war—they had to tell someone, so it might as well be us who didn’t count anyhow. You know, the old stuff.

As soon as we heard about it we wanted to write to Dorothy Parker, she who makes it a business to disagree with everybody on everything, and travels via subway in order to reach every show late, but who juggles the words in her reviews so cleverly that one doesn’t care whether she pans or praises a show.

If Dorothy doesn’t like this frothy, flippant importation of mirth and music we’ll buy, and before July 1 next, too.

Here’s meat for her review—every line and note of the production was composed by men of the 27th Division, by boys who have been through the fiercest kind of warfare. And the chaps who will appear in the piece didn’t lie in the triple-mattressed French beds sipping tea while the Division was punching holes in Hindy’s concrete line.

Gribble learned certain lines as he wrote them, for he is to play a leading rôle. The authors couldn’t do much with the vehicle during operations because Fritz gave no time out for work on the show. But after the Berliners dashed over and signed away everything they owned—Wow—you should have seen those boys dig in. Of course we didn’t know then what they were working on, but now we know. And we had a vacation in the Le Mans embarkation area of sufficient duration to permit of a perfection of parts and polishing off the piece.

The musical numbers were written after it was over, over there by Privates Burton Hamilton, leader of the jazz band from the division that caused such a furore throughout the A.E.F., William Wittman, master of every instrument from a Jew's harp to a pipe organ; Sid Marion, the ukelele and banjo wizard of the division, and Eric Krebs, who wrote more music than letters home while in France. Lieut. Halloran didn't have much to do for the show after he had finished writing the lyrics. Gribble also did some of the lyrics.

"The girls"—we all love 'em—will be there in the lime-light with all the zip that characterized their acting on the billet, barn and field circuit in France. Lest the horrible war has obliterated memories of "the girls" in and around Manhattan we hasten to give their names and the cause of their fame. There's Private Walter Roberts, the ingenue, as dainty a bunch of loveableness as ever had cooties; Private E. Albert Crawford, of the w.k. basin in Brooklyn, who has never been seen without a copy of *Vogue* under his arm; Private Eric Krebs, the only vampire thus far discovered in the division, and Private Dan Burns, he of the dreamy eyes. Then there's a chorus, 12 flappers. The burlesque advance notices would call 'em a bevy of dazzlers, and correctly.

The principal roles will be played by the fellows who made the Al show the triumph that it was. There'll be Jack Roche, who gets at least one mash note in every mail; A. H. Van Zandt, who has never been known to speak a word that wasn't funny; Jack Mahony, a New York fireman who never would have wasted a minute on a hook and ladder had Dillingham seen him first; Howard Plassman, who has cornered all the wit in Buffalo; Robert Newman, a finished actor and comedian; Judson House, a highbrow tenor and an actor, and William C. Pauly, dancer extraordinary. Jack Johannes and Arnold Jarrett play important parts.

Arthur Hauser arranged the musical numbers and organized the orchestra. The buck dances were arranged by Edward Tierney, and other dances were arranged and staged by Pauly. Gribble staged the entire production. C. C. Beall designed the costumes and scenery and Harold Printz built the sets.

Major Tristram Tupper, 27th Division Adjutant, who managed the New York production of the division's show, "You Know Me, Al," will also manage the new show.

The engagement at the Century is a limited one. Matinees will be played Wednesdays and Saturdays.

SOME BARBERS WE HAVE MET

By Sgt. Harry T. Mitchell

NOW that we are on the home side of the old Atlantic we can see the funny side and chuckle over some of the things we all experienced out there, which at the time seemed anything but humorous. What doughboy in France, for example, ever found himself shaking with mirth when it became imperative that he get his hair cut?

There were only two alternatives for the buck whose locks began to drape themselves over his collar, or catch in the bolt of his rifle when he did the manual. He could either go to the company barber—invariably some chap whose only previous practice was obtained shearing the family horse—or he could take a chance on his life and his looks in some French professional's chair.

It would have taken the flip of a franc to decide which was the better course. Take the former: The soldier-barber's facilities were nix. His tools, we'll say, were dull clippers, a comb with six or eight teeth and a lone and very indifferent pair of scissors. His shop was usually the courtyard back of the billet, and his chair an old box or the shaft of an idle farm wagon.

"How'll you have it?" he would ask, and then, when you had told him, he started to cut and slash away on the only plan he knew.

His first act was to knot about your neck something that had once been a towel, but now resembled a crape. Up the nape of your neck squeaked his trusty (and rusty) clippers, and every clump of hair yanked forth was flapped with careless accuracy into your lap. And when you were rendered almost naked from collar to crown, he started in to wrestle with your forelocks with his trick comb and scissors.

But it isn't necessary to elucidate each step of the job. Suffice it to say that he sent you away looking more like a native of Zanzibar, or an expatriate from Sing Sing, than a Yank of the A.E.F. And the irony of it all was that you paid him the price of two nips of *vin blanc* for his vandalism. In fact, if you didn't thank him his eyes would burn holes in the back of your blouse as you left him.

Your next crop of ringlets you probably entrusted to some native trimmer. Your first impression of a French barber was that he—or she—was exceedingly oratorical. Once you were a prisoner in the chair—always an ordinary affair with a straight back—you were helpless. You simply had to sit submissively and keep saying "Oui, oui!" at regular intervals. Whether you were able to *compre* or not you were promptly told and retold that the French barbers differed from those of other countries in that the French tonsorialist regards himself or herself an *artiste*. The lady species is by far the most eloquent, by the way.

"Mmmmmmm," you said to yourself, "if this baby can cut

my hair and whiskers as gracefully as she can talk I'm due for the grooming of a lifetime."

The byplay of clippers, comb and scissors used to go along more or less painlessly, and you congratulated yourself. You were also glad to be protected from the falling bangs by a generous-sized clean white covering. But the net result was anything but that you'd expect to get in a Broadway "parlor." As you looked in the glass you couldn't help regretting that you were poor on the *parlez vous* stuff. With a grip on the language and that haircut you knew you could have cut quite a figure among the local *mademoiselles*.

But you were tolerant. You realized French styles weren't American styles, and you decided to brave a shave. You told yourself that whiskers grow and are removed in the same way the world over. And as the barber painted you with lather you marvelled at her delicate touch, never thinking that even a blacksmith couldn't hurt you with a shaving brush. Meantime the latherer may have ceased jabbering at you, and now was busy exchanging gossip with a regular customer. You felt satisfied.

But oh—ouch! You wished you could cuss in French when that razor was pushed across your jowl with a rasping jiggle. *Madame* loomed over you more like a dentist than a barber. Each stroke of the blade made you shrink in pain, and between strokes *madame* waved her weapon aloft to give momentum to the next slash. And when she finished, your poor old phiz felt as if it had been used for a dance floor.

If perchance she managed to slip enough to draw blood you knew how sorry she seemed. The last French barber that cut me stood back and laughed uproariously, which encouraged me to remark that it wasn't at all funny to me. She then talked excitedly for two full minutes, succeeding eventually in explaining that it was indeed laughable that she should cut a customer after so many years of shaving experience. The French have a wonderful sense of humor.

None of the French barbers we ever dared was courteous enough to wash our faces and necks after he or she had sawed off the hair. When the razor that had tormented you was folded up you tottered to a tiny washstand over in one corner of the shop and effected your own toilet in a small agate basin. *Madame la barber* would sneak up behind you as you were finishing and, when you turned, aim an atomizer at your face and spray your burning skin with something nice and fragrant. Next she dusted you with talcum powder and collected her due.

Most of us were loyal to our safety razors after one such experience. As for getting our hair cut—well, it had to be a case of shrugging our shoulders and hoping for the best, murmuring when we got it our old pet phrase, *c'est la guerre*.



Signature
FRANCE
1918

Au Revoir

FLANDRE

TEXT BY ROBERT WADDELL

DECORATIONS BY LAUREN STOUT

THE muck adhered in large gobs to his hobnailed shoes. Each step of his lean, spiralled shanks resembled the uprooting of a sapling. His rangey back was bent forward under its burden of a hundred worries from tin derby to tooth-paste. Sweat trickled in glistening brooklets from under his ill-fitting overseas cap and streaked the bronze of a face that gave promise of good looks were it properly polished and press-agented. As he shifted his Enfield from one shoulder to the other, the fag of a "makins butt" slipped from his crinkled lips and with his freed right hand he slapped his canteen. It responded emptily to the rough caress.

He hesitated an instant and then wandered dizzily to the side of the road and splashed into the ditch where he swayed and then flopped to a sitting position on the embankment. He leaned back against his pack, closing his eyes and ejaculating, "Holy Hard-tack!"

The evening breeze stirred the tops of the tall poplars that stabbed the sky at even intervals along either side of the long, straight road. Fleecy clouds skidded after the darker rainclouds that had threatened the afternoon. The brilliant glow of the descending sun suddenly flashed from behind the retreating cumulous bank disclosing the landscape in all its vivid beauty.

The yellow fields of neatly stacked grain, the deep green patches of maturing hope climbing their maze of lofty frames, the red-tiled roof of an occasional farmhouse peeking above an evenly-trimmed hedge or from behind some grotesquely dwarfed tree, the



Ah! Madamoselle,
Commentallayvoo?

LAUREN STOUT
FRANCE
1919

blue-grey wing of a windmill rising and falling over the horizon—a balmy layout.

The trembling notes of a bugle sounding retreat welled out of the serenity of the scene. The dough-boy opened his eyes and gazed dreamily at a black-spotted pup that was sniffing disapprovingly at the haversack of his gas-mask into which had been crammed the remains of a bully-beef sandwich left from the noonday ration. He reached over languidly and patted the dog's head, saying, "I don't blame ye, purp, that corn-willie is par bon diet for even a dog." The little mutt looked up intelligently and wiggled its tail in evident assent.

After a labored search through pockets that sought sanctuary under belt and pack-straps, the soldier finally produced a crumpled green packet in a handful of tobacco and two blouse buttons. After straining the debris through his fingers, he straightened the packet and tenderly removed the last badly-mussed Wild Woodbine from its lair. His trench lighter gave him a thrill of pride by working at the third turn of the wheel. As he applied the misshapen butt to the glowing, orange wick, his eyes strayed up the road, and then—"Ah! Madamoselle, commentallayvoo?"

Shuffling blithely toward him with her felt-slipped feet lapping softly in large wooden scows came a laughing-eyed, rosy-cheeked wonder. Her hands were thrust jauntily in the spacious pockets of her black cossack from which emanated the merry jingle of many coins. A large, empty, napkin-covered basket tilted back from the crook of her right

elbow. She had sold out her stock of sweets at the camp down the road, and as she approached she was happily humming, "Mad'moiselle from Armentieres." She stopped suddenly at the greeting from the recumbent soldier of whose presence she had been unconscious.

After a quick, appraising glance that catalogued him as big and rough, but safe with the proper handling, she advanced and daintily shoving back the large, ribboned bonnet to her shoulders, gurgled in just the right tone of motherly familiarity, "'Alloh! Pickaninny."

The fatigued figure of Stretch Malone was suddenly galvanized to new life. Forgotten was the thirty kilos he had hiked from the convalescent camp that day and the eight yet to go before he could join his company. As he snapped to his feet easily straightening under his load, the dog jumped behind the protection of the girl's ample skirt and yapped uneasily at the six-foot three of mud-spattered manhood that stood, hat in hand, grinning down at the dispenser of sweets.

"Oo can I procuray monjay?" Stretch put forth in his best parlor voice.

"Wan demi kilo," pertly answered the maid, then adding encouragingly, "Mon pere hee proprieteur de l' estaminet. Voulez vous allez avec moi?"

"Fine!" assented Stretch and as they started down the road he clapped his hands to his belt and volunteered, "I am tray famishment—hungry as hell."

"Ongray as al—Ah, oui!" laughed the Flemish maid, "Jai compris."

Soon they came to a white plastered house with pale blue shutters fastened back from pink-framed windows. The figures "1894" were worked in white tiles along the slope of the red roof. Over the door was pegged a board with "ESTAMINET—de la Jan Steenvoorde" spelled in black letters on its face. The muffled sound of lusty voices raised in attempted harmony issued from the shack. Stretch opened the door and the two entered the low-beamed room.

The smoke from an odorous medley of Goldflakes, Flags and Ruby Queens enveloped them in a blue haze. Some dozen Tommies, Aussies and Yanks turned from their glasses of vin blanc and rouge and sang their "Bon Soir! Madeline." She tossed them a cheery, elusive nod and piloted Stretch between tables to the door to the kitchen in back of a small, bottle-laden counter.

As he stumbled over the door-sill Stretch rapidly shed his pack and gas mask and piled them with his gun against the wall.

A squat mass of obesity—evidently the girl's mother—sat peeling and chipping a mess of potatoes alongside a three-legged stove. Ignoring Madeline she followed the movements of the American with an uncompromising stare, her hands still busy with the spuds.

"Bon Sewer! Madam, can you donny a starving soldier beakoo manjay," greeted Stretch, settling businesslike on a low, wobbly chair and resting his elbows on the top of the round, greasy table in the center of the room.

The matron without replying, laid aside her task and with a surprising burst of speed for one so rotund, she snapped off the lid of the stove, stirred the coals with a small poker, threw on a handful of twigs, slapped a piece of grease on the miniature frying pan, dumped some potato-chips in the pot of grease that crowded the pan for standing room on the top of the stove, waddled to the corner, picked three eggs from a large basket, caromed back, opened and dropped the eggs on the pan, lit the lamp, mounted a chair, drew the curtains over the window, wiped off a slightly-used plate with her apron, dipped and drained the browned chips on the plate, dumped the contents of the frying-pan on top, thrust the works in front of Stretch and then opening her mouth for the first time she snapped, "Voila! monsieur."

After illustrating with both hands that he desired a knife and fork, the soldier fell to and rapidly absorbed the food. He repeated the order four times, supplementing with three slices of bread, and four bowls of unsweetened coffee. Then gazing expectantly around the room he perceived Madeline conversing familiarly with a bright-buttoned, red-cheeked little Tommy in the back entrance.

Stretch frowned as though his food had suddenly soured on his stomach, but the Tommy on meeting his scowl, said cheerily, "'Ello! Yonk, 'ove ye ha cig?"

"No!" snapped the disgruntled Stretch.

"'Ove one o' mine then, choppie," the unsquelched Britisher came back, producing a confection tin full of the regular weekly issue.

Stretch took one with an "I always try to be polite" shrug of his shoulders. After blowing a few deep inhales toward the high shelf over the stove he turned to the madame and pointing to his empty plate, asked, "Combean?"

The lady laid aside her sewing-basket and producing paper and pencil commenced firing. Her audible jargon as she frowned over the paper raced on.—"Dix neuf—quarante trois—un et demi—cinquante—soitantequinze." At last she placed the completed bill in front of the doughboy and stood menacingly over him.

He looked at the column of figures for a moment and then gradually it dawned on him that he had but three francs and a few coppers in his pocket to meet this twenty franc obligation. He felt dead certain he was being overcharged—but how to extract himself from an awkward situation—gracefully.

He strummed on the table evidently absorbed in contemplating the items on the paper, but with a queer shivery piker-feeling undermining his confidence as he realized that he was being furtively watched by the two in the doorway. Stretch felt the color mounting up over his forehead—the



blood bounded throbbingly in his ears. Unconsciously he followed the pulsing with his fingers on the table. Louder and louder the throb forced itself on his senses.

He looked despairingly around. Surely something was wrong. Madeline had dashed into the front room. The Tommy stood flustered in front of the stove, repeating over and over in a vacant voice, "Jerry's hup—Jerry's hup."

Now the rythmical beat seemed to fill space everywhere. Stretch suddenly realized that an enemy plane was flying close-by overhead.

Just as the Madame turned out the lamp on the table, a deafening crash rocked the house. He knew that Providence had presented him with a means of escape.

He fumbled his way through the dark to his belongings dropping to his hands and knees on the way. Dragging and carrying his equipment toward the direction of the back entrance he paused long enough to pull the legs out from under the Tommy. He smiled to himself at the terrified yell as the figure hit the hard, tiled floor.

Reaching up he opened the door, and still crawling he made his exit out into the night. He pawed forward. First he ran his head against a fence, then turning he hit a pump.

Grunting disgustedly, he stood up, wiping his hands on his breeches, then donning his pack and slinging his mask and rifle over his shoulder he felt his way cautiously around to the front of the house. The anti-aircraft guns were banging away at the retreating plane. As he trudged on his way down the road, Stretch remarked to the shadows along his path, "This sure is a finnee of a tray bon day."



OH! BOY!

GENERAL ORDERS FOR THE MESS LINE

1. To take charge of all the spuds and gravy in view.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any stray sausage that comes within sight or hearing.
3. To report to the Mess Sergeant all bread cut too thinly.
4. To repeat all calls for seconds.
5. To quit the table only when satisfied that there is nothing left.
6. To receive but not pass on to the next man any meat, cabbage or beans left by non-coms, buck-privates or K. P.'s.
7. To talk to no one who asks for onions.
8. In case of fire to grab all eatables left by others in their escape.
9. In any case not covered by instructions to call the Company Clerk or the K. P.'s.
10. To allow no one to steal anything in the line of grub.
11. To salute all chicken, beef, pork chops, ham and eggs or liver.
12. To be especially watchful at the table and during the time for eating to challenge anyone who gets more prunes than I do.

WHEN WE'RE ALL DRESSED UP AND FEELIN' FUNNY

THE baby butterfly emerging dazed and blinking into the sunshine of a brand-new world will have nothing on us doughboys when we blossom forth again in clothes cut and colored to our own taste. Yup, we're going to be as bashful and uneasy in mufti as a young ma'amselle at her own wedding. We'll be as self-conscious in those duds as a fledgling officer in his Sam Browne belt.

These old soldier togs will be missed mightily all right. We've slept in them, swanked in them, worked in them and become all-fired used to them. We have had no concern whatsoever about current styles, or the presence or absence of creases. We have all looked more or less alike in O. D., and that at least has been comforting. If one fellow dandied up a bit the rest of us merely shrugged and murmured, "San Fairy Ann."

But coming soon are the days when we'll all step into the swarm all slicked up, ironed and pressed, flashing from crown to heel, like a Brazilian diamond. Can you imagine it? We'll feel as if the whole town is scrutinizing us, and as if everybody we pass is giving us an inward horse-laugh. We'll feel so conspicuously new and shiny that some of us will be tempted to beg the nearest *restaurateur* (which in English means the boss of a hash house) to put us on kitchen police.

Sam made Paris en route back to the division from the leave area. An M. P. who had fought a hard war on the Paris front, literally leaped upon unobtrusive Sam as the latter was trying to find a "Sortie" in the railroad station.

"Let's see your pass," the M. P. barked about as pleasantly as a teamster would address a pair of obstinate horses.

Sam calmly and complacently produced his pass.

"You ain't got no right to be in Paris," thundered the amiable M. P.

"Back down," Sam suggested forcibly. "You can't tell me that a guy in a division that came clear over here from New York to crash through the Hindenburg line ain't got no right in Paris."

Three men from the 27th Division, on leave in London, were visiting Westminster Abbey. There they met some



FIRST CALL

If we've got any friends who were bank clerks, and who fought the war in a shipyard driving nails, we'll seek 'em out if we're wise and consent to them wearing the newness off those outfits we'll soon be buying. It would be doing a good turn at the same time. So long as the squareheads kept the war going we never had to worry about tailor's bills and the high price of chow. But our friends who decided they'd rather learn to build ships than to waste their time on foreign travel—well, they had expenses we didn't.

Just fancy our first evening back with the girls we left behind us. Some of us will undoubtedly spend a heap of studious time before our mirrors ere venturing to the address where we sent most of our letters. Yet, when we got there we'll not be so sure about the fit of that hat, or the hang of that suit. Our Rebeccas and Lydias will, of

course, babble sweetly on how lovely we look, and all the while we'll be experiencing the awkwardness of the fellow who has spilt soup in his lap at a dinner party.

Oh, yes, boys, we're in for some skittish moments when we are pushed into the public and start out to dress and act the part of blinkin' civilians. But cheer up and chirrup. As the fellow says, there are a lot of us in the same boat.

SGT. HARRY T. MITCHELL.

friends who presented them to Miss Juanita Baden-Powell, niece of the famous naturalist and head of the Boy Scouts.

"You, of course, know of my uncle, Sir Baden-Powell?" inquired the lady.

The soldiers were puzzled.

"No," one of them responded, "We never heard of him."

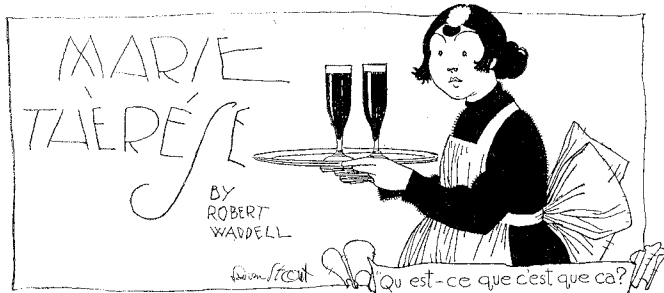
"What, and you are from a civilized country?" the woman exclaimed.

"Well, of course you know all about Charlie Murphy," a quick-witted doughboy queried.

"No, I cannot say that I ever heard of that gentleman," she replied.

"And you pretend to live in a civilized country?"

The soldiers rendered snappy salutes and continued on their way.



A buxom maid—Marie Therese
Who slaved for our little mess.
As o'er a chair she'd lean and press
We listened—Ah! 'twas never less,
"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca?"

Her English—Well! it wasn't there.
Undaunted she—with vacant stare—
Pursued her quest for knowledge rare.
A letter, book or fancied air,
"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca?"

Of chores she never seemed to tire;
Sweep, wash the dishes, build the fire—
She more than earned her daily hire
But to all questions she'd inquire,
"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca?"

Good-natured? Oui! Her comely face
Soon seemed to every charm embrace.
Her awkwardness resolved to grace
As meals before us all she'd place.
"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca?"

A pipe, the time, a kind of drink,
A mess-tin, wrist-watch, pen and ink,
A chevron, whistle, some new kink,
A cap, a look, a smile, a wink,
"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca?"

And when the day to leave came round
We turned out—full packs—homeward bound
The bugler let "Assembly" sound.
Marie looked on, eyes opened round,
"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca?"

That's all—tho doubtless in Tuffe
Therese still slaveys day by day
But life to her must seem passe.
Who's there to answer when she'll say,
"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca?"

"SKINNY GETS DECORATED"

AT first Skinny thought it must be General Haig or Marshal Foch bearing down the main street of St. Malo toward him. Then he decided it was General Pershing himself and he prepared a salute. But, as the soldier drew nearer, he saw it was only a U. S. private, and decided it must be one of the old Regulars, who had seen every front from the Murman Coast down to Italy. Because the approaching soldier was decorated—beautifully and completely decorated! Left breast, both arms above and below the elbows, and about everywhere else, were all covered with the most wonderful and radiant-hued decorations. And Skinny stared in envy—an envy that shortly turned into astonishment, because on the left shoulder of the passing hero he had spotted the Divisional Insignia—and it was Skinny's own division! Now, Skinny knew that, while his division boasted a good handful of D. S. C.'s among its ranks, he had never seen such a rare bird of plumage as this in it before. So he decided to satisfy his curiosity.

"Hey, buddy!" The festive-clad one stopped and came over to him.

"Are you in the Twenty —th Division?" asked Skinny.

"Sure. The One Hundred and —th."

"Yeh? Say, pal, where d'ya grab all this?"

"All what?" The other looked at him in suspicion.

"This junk." And Skinny pointed at the divers decorations.

"Oh, that! Why, I won 'em." And the decorated one puffed his chest.

"Yeh? What in 'ell are they all?" asked the incredulous Skinny.

"Well, I'll tell you, friend," the other began. "Readin' from left to right, these here on my chest are the St. Omer Air-Raid Ribbon, the Belgium-Service Ribbon, the Australian General's Ribbon and the Mexican Service Ribbon."

Skinny's mouth hung open. "And this star over yer service stripe?"

"Oh, that's another honor from the King of Belgium," replied the modest hero.

"Yeh? And"—he pointed to the wound stripe. "Where was yer wounded?"

"Oh, those were gas-headaches up at Poperinghe."

"Yeh? And what's that curtain cord under yer arm for?" And he pointed to a green and red Fouragiere on the other's left shoulder.



"And Friend—The Mam'selles all tumble for 'em."

"Why, the President of France gave us that—gave it to the whole Division for bravery. I read it in the paper."

"Yeh?" piped Skinny. "And is them gold numbers on your Kelly aut'orized?"

The other looked at him contemptuously. "Well, there's nothing out against them. Anything else you want to know?"

Skinny thought a minute. "No—except this. I was in that there bombing at Saint O'Mare. I'm the Twenty —th, too, you know. And I was with the Divvy in Belgium, and with it and the Aussies in that other stunt. And I was on the Border wit' the Guard in 1916, too. And that gas used to gimme fierce headaches, too. And anything the Divvy gits, I oughter wear, too. Ain't that so?"

"Sure!" said the hero. "And, friend, let me tell you—the mademoiselles all tumble for 'em." And with a broad wink, he was off down the street, leaving Skinny deep in thought.

If Skinny had cared to follow the highly decorated one, he would have wondered why he stopped up a side alley to remove all his honors before passing the phalanx of M. P.'s at the St. Malo archway. But Skinny was guileless and gullible, which also explains why Skinny immediately made tracks for a souvenir-and-ribbon store.

A week later. Private "Skinny" Quinn was back from his leave to St. Malo, and had arrived at the Captain's billet to report himself back. He entered the room and saluted the Captain and Lieutenant.

"Sir, I'm reporting back from leave."

The Captain swung around. "Oh, hello, Quinn. Have a good time?"

"Great, sir."

"Glad of that, Quinn. But"—the Captain's eyes had fallen on the imposing display of ribbons, stars, etc., and he appeared dumb-struck for a minute—"WHAT IN HELL ARE THOSE?"

Skinny's heart sank. "W-w-w-why, they're mine, s-s-sir."

The Captain had regained his composure and was trying hard to master the situation. "You don't say, Quinn. I didn't know I had such a hero in my company. Now, to begin, what's that be-e-e-aautiful gold star over your service stripe?"

Skinny was too guileless to recognize sarcasm. "Why, sir, that's the honor the King of the Belgians give us."

"Ah, how good of the gentleman," replied the Captain in icy tones. "And—since when have you been wounded?"

Skinny looked at his new wound stripe and blushed. "That's fer them fierce gas-headaches I had at Poperinghe, sir."

The Captain's lips set tighter. "How painful, Quinn. You never mentioned that awful occurrence. But tell me—that first handsome blue and yellow ribbon on your manly bosom—what can it be?"

"Mexican Border Stripe, sir."

"Oh, to be sure." The Captain turned to his Lieutenant. "Lieutenant, wire G. H. Q. that Private Quinn disagrees with that General Order of theirs in regard to the wearing of Mexican Border Stripes. Then, turning again to the honest Skinny, "And, Quinn, that next stunning purple ribbon?"

"It's fer that air raid over Saint O'Mare, sir."

"To be sure," replied the Captain. "How considerate of St. Omer to recognize our slight services. And now, what is that third ribbon—the red one?"

"Why, the Aussie General give us that for fightin' with his Aussies that week, sir." Skinny was at his ease again; the Captain appeared so interested.

"Ah, sure enough! Magnificent gratitude on the old boy's part, I'll say, Quinn. And—that end ribbon, the rare creation in heliotrope?"

"Why, we was the first ter fight in Belgium, yer know. Ain't that the ribbon we get?"

"How forgetful of me not to issue them, Quinn!" sighed the Captain. "I quite forgot. But, lastly, I'm dying to know what that work of art is in the way of tassels and cord you are carrying under your left arm. Do tell me."

Skinny was ready to oblige. "Sure, Captain. The President of the Froggies awarded us dat—the whole Divvy of us. Ain't it the Darby?" And he gleamed with pride.

The Captain clapped his hands, though his eyes were hard and cold.

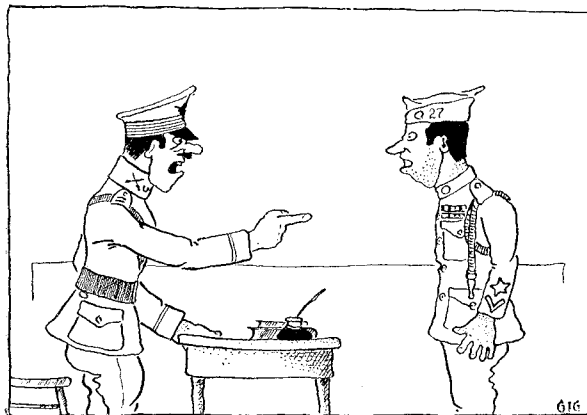
"Handsome. Quite the 'derby,' as you say, Quinn. Well, that will do. Now, then—after congratulating you on your rare valor, let me suggest that you leave all your trophies of the hunt on my desk before you go out. You might soil them during the coming two months of K. P. that are ahead of you.

And I really wouldn't expect any pay for two months if I were you."

Skinny stood dumb. "B-b-b-but, why, Captain?"

The Captain smiled dryly. "Well, some day some one might tell you that you'd been made Colonel, and you'd go and spend it all buying a horse. You can go, Quinn."

But Skinny had bolted. He was back in the billet, and had



"What in H— are all those?"

a boy by the arm who happened to be just leaving for a week's furlough at St. Malo. And Skinny was pleading, with tears in his eyes:

"Mick, you'll spot him. He's a little runt with a wart over one eye; and he'll be all plastered up with medals and junk. And, Mick, if yer see him around the street at St. Malo—if yer love me, Mick, PASTE HIM ONE IN THE JAW FOR ME!"

—CORP'L G. G. GILLIES.



Elsie Janis

Elsie Janis danced, sang and turned cartwheels in Flanders—she was near the line, she was with the boys (mother as chaperon, of course) and she was happy, but in London she wept. We have her word for it and that's good enough for any soldier—"Tell the boys of the 27th Division, that did such marvelous things, that I wanted to get back to them so very much I sat down and cried when the bells of November the eleventh—oh wonderful day!—called out: 'It's over—Over There!'"

Inspector—Why are your guns not cleaner, Captain?

Captain—We have no rags left, and can't get any.

Inspector—Why don't you use your empty powder sacks?

Are the people who waved us good-bye, and who will be singing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again" the same ones who put over prohibition while we were away?

The "Y" line is the axis of the earth elongated to infinity. The "Y" line is where you stand three hours waiting to buy one package of Camels for 2 francs.

A shell dropped fairly near. He looked wildly around for a safe dugout, and then crawled under a shelter tent.

THE GAS ATTACK

Homecoming Edition, written and illustrated in France, on the high seas and in America, by the officers and men of the 27th (New York) Division. Printed at New York, March, 1919.

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The helpful interest taken in the Gas Attack by all ranks of the 27th Division is responsible for the success it has met. Particular appreciation of their interest is due commanding officers throughout the division, named below:

Major General John F. O'Ryan, Division Commander.
Brig. General George Albert Wingate, commanding 52nd Field Artillery Brigade.
Brig. General Charles I. DeBevoise, commanding 53rd Infantry Brigade.
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Captain James S. Wadsworth, commanding Division Headquarters Troop.
Captain Juan M. Ceballos, commanding 27th Military Police Company.
Captain Clarence H. Bobb, commanding 105th Mobile Ordnance Repair Shop.

SALVAGE

Bon jour, Mademoiselle Liberty, comment allez vous?

Expressions that will become common when that new amendment to our constitution makes the country an arid one:

"Give me a couple of fingers of grape juice."

"Mix me a lemon, lime and ginger for a night cap."

"I'll have a tall lemon phosphate."

"Let's have a Martini ice."

Topers out for a night of it are going to stick pretty close to Bronx frappes.

Can you imagine the free lunch counter laden with Dresden china bowls full of lady fingers?

If you send out for a pint you will have no assurance that what will be brought back to you will not be liquid shoe polish.

Fancy Old King Cole decorating a wall behind a soda counter.

The best way to see France, we found, is from the stern of a transport.

No More—

Des oeufs. It's going to be, "Fry two—sunny side up", from now on.

Pommes de terre. It's going to be, "French fry," from now on.

"D'you compre this frog stuff?" asked a doughboy in Montfort one day. For the benefit of those so fortunate as to have escaped languishing in Montfort that means, "Do you comprehend the French language?"

We didn't get to Berlin, as we said we would, but we got to Paris, and the Kaiser didn't, as he said he would.

An appropriate name for the Kaiser now would be "Corned Willy."

Mother, drag out the muffin tin—we're sick of beans and prunes.

People We Shall Try to Dodge

Students of French who would converse with us in that tongue.

Those who want to hear every detail of our experiences "over there".

Former M. P.'s.

Souvenir collectors.

Vaudeville booking agents.

Ante-bellum creditors.

The title of the new division show, "Let's Beat It", never occurred to anyone until after the armistice was signed.

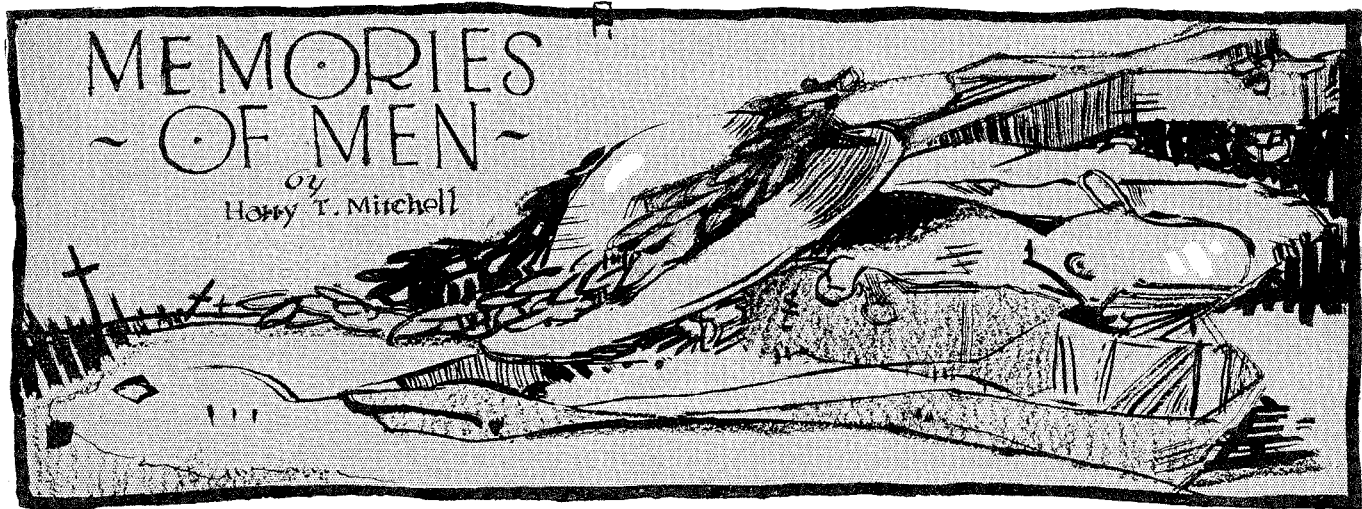
What a joy it will be to get crushed to a pulp in a New York subway crowd.

Now that we have left all our cootie friends behind we shall have nothing to read before retiring at night.

A timorous doughboy from the 107th Infantry shyly approached a Y. M. C. A. secretary who was very much on the job in the canteen.

"What have you got to eat?" inquired the soldier.

"The Stars and Stripes and cigarettes", replied the Y. M. C. A. man, all business.



MEMORIES OF MEN

By
Harry T. Mitchell



WE may, though it is doubtful, forget in time many of the manifold incidents we saw enacted in France; but—we shall never grow tired remembering those young gallants, our pals, who lie in the simple graves of modern heroes in the land we have left behind.

It is one of the tragedies of war that we, not they, should be safely home receiving the popular homage betokening the nation's gratitude. For they are the ones most worthy. Not alone by their sacrifice did they gain the ascendancy. In life itself they were our betters.

There isn't a man in any company in any regiment in our division that will not testify—and with regret—that the lads who were called upon by the Fates to make the supreme gift to freedom were, in almost every way, the very best men in his outfit.

Yes, we can not think of their names and recollect their personalities without realizing that the fatal bullets and shells sought out and claimed the noblest lives among us. Mates, we have lost friends the like of whom we may never hope to replace. May we forever reverence their memory. May we ever be proud that we knew them, and lived and fought with them.

Great though our loss, yet we have gained. Our martyred pals have given us, and shall always give us, a wonderful inspiration toward the loftier phases of life. Their example—their cheerful willingness and high-minded courage—their unconquerable spirit of almost divine unselfishness—their unflinching, heroic ending—all these worthy qualities—are seeds sown among us by our fallen chums.

Thanks to them, and to nothing else, we shall all probably be the better for the war as men. Hats off, boys; let us salute our immortal dead—the best Americans New York State could produce!



How to Entertain the Homecoming Soldier

P. Van Buren
France, Jan 27, 1919

THE BUCKS

Get me right—no Joans of Arc
Slipped me visions in the dark,

An' no "high emotions swep' me off me feet";
Nope—it simply come to happen
That they needed blokes fer scrappin'

So I says to Uncle Sam: "Unk, I'm yer meat!"

Well, they hung no Sam Browne belt
On me young an' foolish pelt,

Silver Eagles or that fancy sort of truck—

They just heaved me out a suit,

An' a pack, an' gun ter shoot,

An' they says, "Now, Cull, snap to it—yer a Buck!"

Then they slipped us all the dope,

That they had to learn a mope

For to fit him fer this complicated fight;

And they shoved us in the rumpus,

Tellin' us to sorta hump us,

And we humped us wit a vengeance—they was right!"

An' it ain't so much to tell,
Just a bellyful o' Hell,

An' the stuff them Fritzie pulled was sorta rum;
But I'll tell yer, pal, out loud,
That we done our Uncle proud,

An' we had 'em neck ter neck with Kingdom Come.

Well, the mess was kinda tough,

An' we had to use 'em rough,

An' I wouldn't label modern warfare "Fun";

But you tell it to yer Popper

That we slipped it to 'em proper,

An' the job we started out to do—we done.

When some future crowd of ginks

Get ter swappin' yarns an' drinks,

An' they ask me just what Gen'ral's job I struck,

Then I'll lift me head up high

An' I'll look 'em in the eye,

An' I'll be damn proud ter say—"A Private—Buck!"

G. J. G.

"SWINGIN' THE LEAD"

HE was a rare footslogger indeed who didn't "swing the lead" occasionally in the good-old-bad-old A. E. F. days, or at least attempt it. A fellow these days just naturally has to grin at himself when he remembers some of the methods he used in an effort to bilk his way out of a drill, an inspection, a long hike—anything, in fact, that meant *beaucoup* work. Not that we disbelieved in exerting ourselves. Not at all. We simply regarded labor as a medicine to be taken in doses as small as possible.

Remember Sick Call? What bucko among us hasn't limped his way to the incredulous M. O., sickened by this or that day's schedule? The doctors used to tell us that Sick Call assembled more comedians than invalids; and some of 'em (we thought) handed out those white and russet pills regardless. You had to apply on a stretcher or else act like a James K. Hackett to be marked quarters.

But it was in the hospitals that swingers of the lead flourished most, and the cleverest and funniest of 'em all was our old friend Tommy Atkins. When he was winged in a scrap by the Germans or put out of the game by germs, Tommy's thoughts, hopes and desires all turned in the direction of his beloved "Blighty." And what he jolly well wouldn't do to get there wasn't even to be imagined.

Fed up with long months of mud, grim fighting, long marches, little rest and—er—other little things, it was small wonder this or that Tommy endeavored by one means or another to get himself sent to a land of peace and quiet and plenty—home. Wounded or sick Yanks on the cots round him lay and chuckled sympathetically as he strove to goldbrick the evacuation officer into marking him "Blighty."

The "iodine cigarette" was one favorite aid to the fellow yearning for a month or so at home. When "Sister" started up the ward, taking temperatures, he'd haul out his iodine-dipped dopes and light up one. Half a dozen whiffs sent his pulse up a-galloping, and his normal temperature jumped to that of a very sick man. Three days of abnormal temperatures and Tommy was pretty sure to be started toward a base in England—that is, if he wasn't caught. Doctors and nurses sometimes had sharp eyes.

Another method the old-timer learned and used was that of squeezing a small piece of ordinary soap under each armpit, this also serving to send up the mercury of the thermometer nurse let them chew on twice a day. But these were only two of a hundred and one such practices known to the veteran bilker.

Over in an American base hospital in England a few Yanks bethought it time to do a little playacting after the armistice was signed, hoping to get back on Broadway or Main Street by the quickest route. One, a big raw-boned husky from the South, suddenly lost his voice and developed a defect in his sight when he heard there was an order that all sorely afflicted Yanks were to be sent home toot sweet. He had been gassed not many days before.

For two weeks he was a pathetic figure in the ward. Several of his friends did all they could to make things easier for him. They visited his bedside daily, and between them spent many hours reading to him. At length a big ship came in and among the wounded and sick Yanks that went aboard her was this big speechless and almost sightless son

of Dixie. His pals were at the pier to see him off.

They saw him leaning desolately against the rail, and they told each other how dank rotten it was he had to go home in such shape. But when the hawsers were slipped and the tugs tugged the transport toward midstream, they were surprised to see him dancing up and down on the deck. And as they looked—

"Good-bye, boys!" he bawled in a voice that would have done a colonel proud. "I sure did put one over them doctor guys."

A flock of exclamation points, question marks, asterisks and other thingumbobs of type would be the only way we could print the remarks of the pair on the dock. If they had been packing their Enfields or their Colts something would have happened. They said so themselves.

We'll certainly brighten up our dull days recollecting some of the bilkers and the bilking we have met and witnessed. Eh?

SGT. HARRY T. MITCHELL.



"KEMMEL"

THE purp just came—that's all.

The length of his legs aggregated about four inches, but that third of a foot of pudgy limbs carried the little stranger into the camp of the Division Headquarters Troop. At once there was a scramble on the part of the dog-lovers in the troop. Each wanted the tousled little ragmuffin.

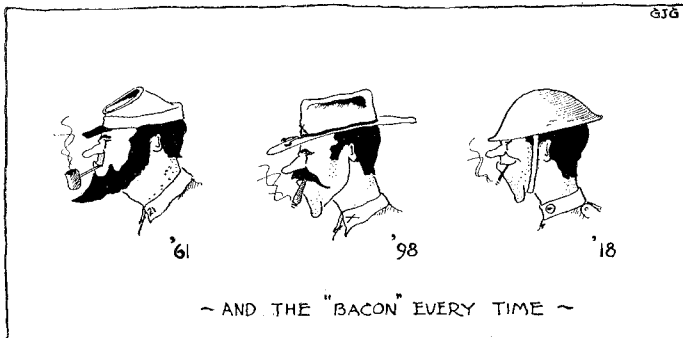
So closely did the purp resemble that shell-swept hill in Belgium which the division had been ordered to snatch from the Germans that Sergeant Don Walton, who won the canine, named him Kemmel. In justice to the purp it must be explained that the hill was somewhat larger than he, and that there were fewer holes in Kemmel than in the hill after which he was named.

Kemmel was so slow on his feet that he couldn't even stop quickly. Lop-eared and lazy—that was Kemmel all over. What time he didn't spend in sleeping he spent in eating. More often than was to his liking he was snatched bodily from some fanciful meal of corned willy and milk and wrapped in the muscular arms of an admiring doughboy who was apparently skilled in squeezing.

Kemmel listed a few degrees to the starboard—not intentionally, but in accordance with the designers' plans. For that reason it was *tres* difficult for him to execute a left face. Students of the brute's traits soon discovered this fact, and took particular delight in standing off to his left, beckoning him to them, and watching him do a right about face in order to come face to face with them.

Kemmel traveled over half of France inside some trooper's shirt. It would have been brutal to make those legs carry him on all the hikes. So when the division was in transit Kemmel's legs had a chance to grow, which they did.

L. W. R.



The REAL HERO

What the folks at home had to stand while we were enjoying life in the trenches

THEY sat in the smoker of the 20th Century Limited as it whizzed along the Hudson. The older man was fat and pink and wore a silk shirt, a diamond ring and scented hair oil. The younger man wore the well-fitting, carefully-tailored uniform of the American private. His collar ornament proclaimed that he was in the 107th Infantry and gold stripes, one on each sleeve, showed that he had been there and that his presence had been suitably noticed by the enemy.

The older man (he was forty-six in years and waist measurement) was saying, "Here's my card. Always glad to meet a sojer. Sorry I couldn't go myself. Essential industry, you know."

The card read:

Mr. Horatio Dubbin,
Pres. The Reversible Spat Co., Inc.

"Yes sir," continued Mr. Dubbin, "I'd like to have went. You musta had some great experiences. How does it feel to be under fire?"

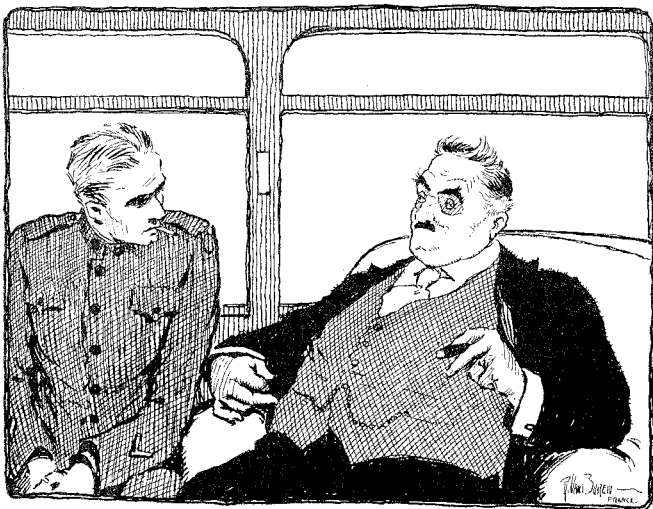
"Well, sir," said the soldier, somewhat diffidently, "it is extremely uncomfortable. I'll never forget one day at St. Souplet the Jerry machine gun bullets were pinging by our ears and——"

"I know just how you felt," broke in Mr. Dubbin. "Had an experience myself. Was up hunting in Maine. Wore a fur hat. Feller thought I was a moose. Kept banging away at my head with a shot-gun. I could hear the slugs just as plain. No joke, I'll tell you. Yessir, he fired both barrels at me before I could holler 'For Gawdsake, Cholly, I ain't no moose.' I was sweating like a bull, I'll tell you—yes, like a bull. I'll never forget that day."

"Of course you got used to it, in a sense," the soldier resumed. "But you didn't get used to the real big ones ever. When a 9.2 dropped near you you'd jump. Those big ones——"

"Something like having a safe fall near you, wasn't it?" interposed Mr. Dubbin. "I know how that feels. They were putting one in the seventh floor of an office building one day and it slipped. I wasn't half a block away when it happened. Feller hollered, 'Heads up,' and then kerplunk the old safe hit the side-walk. Scattered iron for five yards around. A piece landed within ten yards of me, yessir, within ten yards. But I never turned a hair, not a hair. I'm funny that way. Strong nerves, I guess."

"The trenches were pretty tough," the soldier remarked.



I know just how you felt"—broke in Mr. Dubbin

"Specially up in Flanders. It's so damn cold and dark, you know——"

"I guess I know what it is to be cold and in the dark," said Mr. Dubbin. "You should have been in New York on some of the coalless, lightless days. My apartment was like a barn. We actually had to use candles——"

"We wouldn't have minded the cold so much if we had plenty of good hot food," the soldier said. "Of course you can't get that in the front line——"

"You ought to have tried to get a steak in New York on



"Feller thought I was a moose. Kept bangin' away at my head with a shotgun"

one of those meatless days," said Mr. Dubbin in the tone of one who had suffered. "It was mighty tough on us business fellers, I'll tell you. Nothing but this punk war bread, clam chowder and eggs and stuff like that. Why, you had to put up a battle to get a second lump of sugar in your coffee."

"We had some tough hikes," the soldier began——

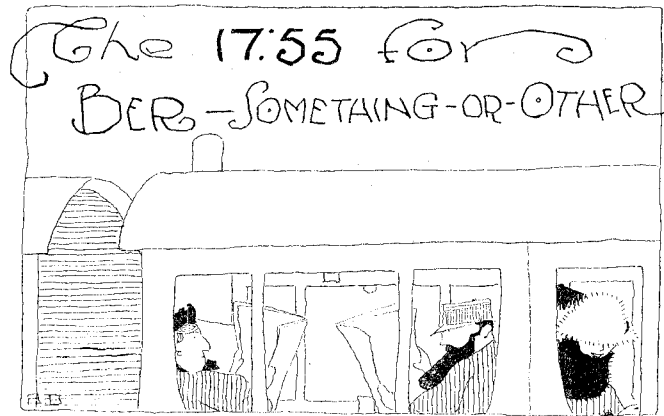
"Say, speaking of walking reminds me of the gasless days. Wouldn't let us use our motor cars, you know. Had to walk to my office—yessir—all the way from West End Avenue to 37th Street——"

There was a loud sound. It was caused by a fat man in a silk shirt being hurled through the window of the train by a young man in the well-fitting, carefully tailored uniform of an American private.

RICHARD CONNELL.

AS IT SHOULD BE

I am a doughboy.
I fight.
I slosh through mud
And march off one map onto another.
They pay me thirty bucks
And feed me—slum and beans.
I seldom bathe.
I am as the cuckoo—lousy.
Ha, ha!
I am happy.



Pictures and Text by Bill Breck

THE hour of leaving—17.55 P.M.—you can decipher, but only when the officer who has handed you your orders is miles away do you discover that the name of your destination—written hastily in pencil—is nearly indiscernable. The writing is Chinese in technic. The closest scrutiny reveals only the fact that it is Ber-Something-or-Other. Having a vague knowledge of the district you are ordered to you consult a map. There is a Bernaise, a Ber-ville, a Bertone in that general locality.

You pick Bernaise—you like the name and beside you find the 17.55 wanders in that general direction. Having counted up on your fingers and contemplated a couple of French clocks you decide 17.55 properly translated means the 4.55 American.

You flip up a coin—heads you buy a ticket—tails you don't. This method, you have found, eases your conscience besides settling a disturbing question.

Heads.

The ticket seller has temporarily discontinued business—his wife's second cousin has invaded the office and must be entertained. After waiting four and a half minutes you have nearly decided to reflip; just then his little wicket pops open. There is a slight struggle with sous and centimes before the ticket is yours. You move toward the entrance. Here, more than anywhere else, is exemplified the temperamental manner in which the French conduct the transportation end of life. Sometimes they take one's ticket, sometimes they don't. This probably varies the monotony of the ticket-man's life and adds a mild excitement for the traveling public.

Having bought a ticket it follows by reason that no one asks for it. The 17.55 is about to leave. There is a shrill tooting of horns and whistles; you examine some compartments. They are quite full. The inhabitants shriek "Finis" at you or "full house." In one there is the perpetual doughboy entertaining the perpetual mademoiselle, both squeezed in between traveling natives. In another—nothing but fat ladies with bundles. In the next a mass of blue uniforms. You rush distractedly up the platform. The train starts to move—you leap for a door—it is a first class compartment and wrenching it open you hurl yourself in for the train moves more rapidly. At first glance it seems to be full of French generals; a second look reveals also an American 2d lieutenant, and a very fat lady who has neglected to

shave that morning; also a beautiful creature in the far corner whose silk clad ankles gleam wickedly among the sedater legs.

As you are wearing full equipment plus a bag containing three francs worth of grapes, also have tucked under one arm a loaf of bread and a package containing jam and butter, you take up not a little room and cause a pleasant flurry among the inmates of the coach. You feel instinctively they are not going to be sociable—particularly the fat lady whose accouterments are across the aisle from her on the only vacant seat. This idea is strengthened by her manner in removing them.

"Pardon—excuse me—pardon!" you murmur as you pick a precarious way among the leather-encased legs that wood the aisle. You distribute your not inconsiderable belongings and sink into the now vacant place. It is between the beautiful creature of the legs and the second lieutenant. Like the fat lady her expression leads you to believe that your presence is not entirely pleasing.

The second lieutenant apparently reflects her views.

The generals look at you as though you were some kind of a strange bird.

The fat lady—breathing heavily—simply glowers.

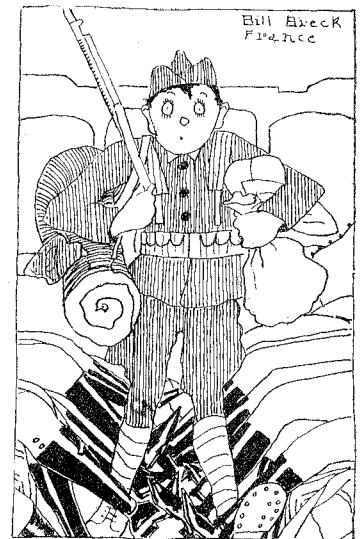
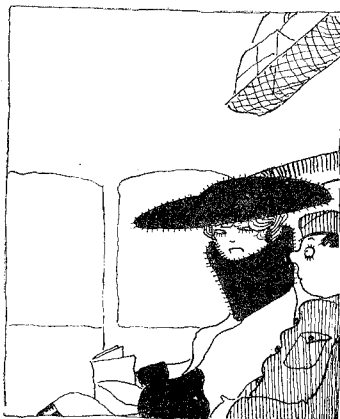
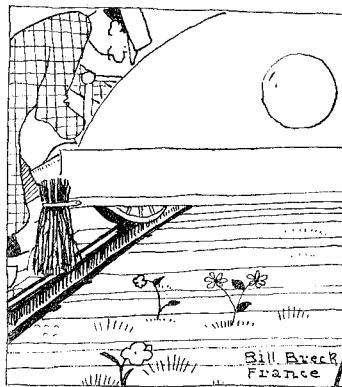
Your pack, which it has been necessary to place between your knees, cramps your legs and squeezes your toes.

An hour passes.

You poke a tentative question at the second lieutenant regarding his views as to just where you change cars. You know that somewhere you do change cars. You have extracted this much information by your "pommes de terre" French from the ticket seller. He answers shortly that it is at the next station. The fat lady continues to puff and growl—you ever sense the hostility of the "leggy one." She has opened up an eye conversation with the 2d lieutenant and you know that if you were not between them, both would be happier.

At the next station you depart.

You should have remained on the train two stops further along. There is not another train for three hours. You make yourself uncomfortable and eat the bundle of grapes, your train being only two hours late you also eat the bread and





butter and jam. This renders you uncomfortably filled and the sight of food obnoxious.

The only apparent vacancy in the train when it arrives is in a third-class compartment; this being filled with French soldiers going home on leave, it—like the coach recently vacated—makes it uncomfortably crowded. Your entrance seems to be the signal for mess. Everyone pulls forth a portion of food or drink from somewhere among the innumerable bundles. The air grows strangely foody—you regret the jam—then the butter—finally the grapes and life in general—fitfully you sleep—evenly and endlessly the soldiers eat and eat and eat.

You nearly miss the second station. Only just in time you hurl your goods and chattels through the door and follow after.

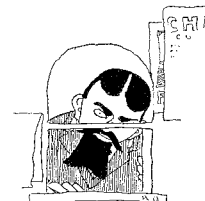
The Bernaise Special leaves the next morning at 8:15.

You make yourself uncomfortable for the second time and sleep fitfully.

The Bernaise Special is built on narrow-gauge lines. The engine carries two impromptu whiskbrooms to sweep the rails—and puffs and pants much like the fat bewhiskered one of the first-class compartment. The coaches are even smaller than on the main lines. It pulls out of the station one and one half hours behind schedule, but it lands you at Bernaise after a wheezy hour's ride.

It is the wrong "Ber."

Your trials have but begun. Before you stretch endless hunts for elusive *gares*,—endless arguments over sous and tickets, endless French generals and fat ladies to be stumbled over—endless ladies with limbs and flirtatious ideas for you to interfere with—until the temperamental train service shall by chance carry you to the right "Ber."



OH, BY ALL MEANS

WOULDNT it be rollicking if our friends, eager to show us a good time when we return to Manhattan, should invite us down to an exhibition drill or guard mount or perhaps a morning setting up exercise at Governor's Island? There surely must be those among our friends and loved ones who would make our home-coming a happy one, with sufficient original ideas for doing just the right thing at the right time to think of planning for us a roistering junket to the soldier isle. They must know that first of all we shall want to see the doughboys, see how they live, eat with them if possible, and observe the things they do for recreation. How jolly it would be to lumber onto a Governor's Island ferryboat immediately we set foot on our native heath, and to be churned over to the grinder where the soldiers are preparing to do some more scrapping for democracy if that ever becomes necessary.

After all, what is more inspiring, and particularly to returning soldiers, than the uniform of the American warrior?

What man among us so depraved and so lacking in good taste that he would rather look over the Winter Garden chorus or Gus Edwards' dazzlers than to have the rare privilege of studying conditions on the island? Certainly no man in this division would fall from grace and accept an invitation to such a commonplace affair as a banquet or dinner party at some fashionable, silly uptown restaurant and forego the opportunity to get a close-up on life on the island.

If only our friends but knew how we yearn to get just a glimpse of camp life, of action—to see something of the vigor and the brawn of the American army. How we long to hear big guns, to see riflemen in action, to watch machine gunners at work, to see the boys at bombing practice and in their bayonet drills. How we crave a chance to learn something of warfare. Give us something new, something different from the battlefields of France. How supremely happy we should be if we could watch a sham battle. What a treat it would be to see a barrage.

Oh, if some good fairy would only flit across the waters before us, and whisper to those who are anxious for our return. Tell them, mythical creature, kind missionary—tell them that we hunger for things military. Stir the gods of war to action; urge them to growl and thunder for us. We love their guttural grumbings, their sinister mumbings.

And if perchance those most zealous in the home enterprise

to furnish us with wholesome entertainment should miscalculate and arrange some such frivolous diversion as a dance or house party, we trust that the more sober-minded ones among you will stir from your lethargy, take up the reins, as it were, and steady the work of the imprudent. We must be uplifted and inspired. Our leisure moments must not be spent in vain.

Might we suggest, without too much presumption, that some such glorious spot as Pelham Bay would also be a delightful place to usher us. We have long had a burning desire to see, first hand, what our comrades in arms have there accomplished. Or, kind friends, if it is out of the question for you to take up to that training area, which has so frequently been referred to as some kind of paradise, would it be more than we deserve to conduct a party of us to Central Park and through that system of trenches about which so many newspaper yarns have been written? You may rest assured, we stand ready and anxious to meet our own expenses, and to bring our own lunch. We'll go the limit if you will but prepare the way for us.

Are they real trenches like the ones in which we fought "over there"? Do they have communicating trenches just like they didn't have on the battlefields of France, and are there cozy dugouts such as we never saw in the war? Golly, people, we thrill to think about them.

What a peppy party we could have with a group of nice congenial friends, outdoor lovers—all, in some secluded spot on Long Island, like Flushing or some other rural nestling place, where we could camp out over a week-end, or perhaps longer, in pup-tents. How much that would resemble soldiering, and how we ache to be like soldiers. Just to think that we could get away from the trashy viands and salads, pastries and other delicacies which comprised our rations for so many months of high living in Flanders and Belgium, and get down to the substantial, bone-and-brain-building victuals such as corned willy and beans. We could live and be happy according to army regulations.

No frills or furbelows for us, please. We've been petted and pampered and feted too long. We're flabby and soft from a life of luxury and ease. Away with the ballroom, the theater and the elegantly appointed dining room. Hoot with your pretty girls, smart clothes and superficial fun. Give us a little of the roughness and readiness that real men should experience.

LESLIE W. ROWLAND.



WITH the issuance of General Order No. 9, Headquarters, 27th Division, on Oct. 1, 1917, the 105th U. S. Infantry was brought into being. Although the designation of the regiment was new, its soldiers were by no means recruits. They had been members of the Second and Seventy-first regiments of the New York National Guard and had arrived at Camp Wadsworth after four or five months of guard duty throughout the Empire State. With complements from the old Tenth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Infantry regiments of the State Militia, the 105th was brought to full war strength and began its career.

It cannot be denied that every guardsman felt a certain chagrin in witnessing the change which did so much to destroy the identity of his particular regiment, each with the pride, prejudice and traditions which made it peculiarly his own. Under the influence of hard training at the Southern camp, however, it was not long before all local pride and prejudice gave way to a well-founded pride in the new regiment and the fine traditions of the old guard units became the traditions of the 105th. When the regiment embarked at Newport News on May 17, 1918, for service overseas every one of our officers and men consciously felt a spirit which was distinctively that of the 105th Infantry; it was the spirit of men of strong fiber and sturdy morale. In the crucible of experiences shared by fighting men, this spirit has been so developed and strengthened that now it has become a part of the personality of each of us, and although we shall soon go our several ways, that spirit will bind us together forever in comradeship.

We experienced our first common danger aboard the U. S. S. President Grant one sunny afternoon in May, when the ship's forward guns suddenly barked in vicious protest against a suspected submarine. There was much excitement, but none at the expense of discipline, for the ship's commander declared that the 105th Infantry was the most orderly unit he had ever attempted to conduct through Hun-infested waters. On Decoration Day the coast of France was sighted and the same afternoon the transport was safely anchored in the picturesque harbor of Brest. Strange people with strange customs and ways of doing business were encountered and the few days spent at the seaport only served to add zest to the ambitions of all. Everyone knew that there was a job to be done and that an opportunity to put into practice what they had learned back in the States would soon be given them.

After a three-day trip on an antiquated railroad over nearly half of France the regiment detrained near Abbeville, where it was equipped with such implements of war as steel helmets, English rifles and gas masks. A series of hikes carried the regiment to Doullens. A lengthy stay in this city gave rise to a feeling among the men that it was their home in France. Early in July, however, the organization moved to Oudezeele in Belgium. On Aug. 21, under orders to relieve the British in the front line opposite the historic Mont Kemmel, the regiment marched from a camp at Trappistes Farm for tours of six days per battalion in the trenches near Dickebusch Lake. It was there that the 105th gained the distinction of capturing the first prisoner and the

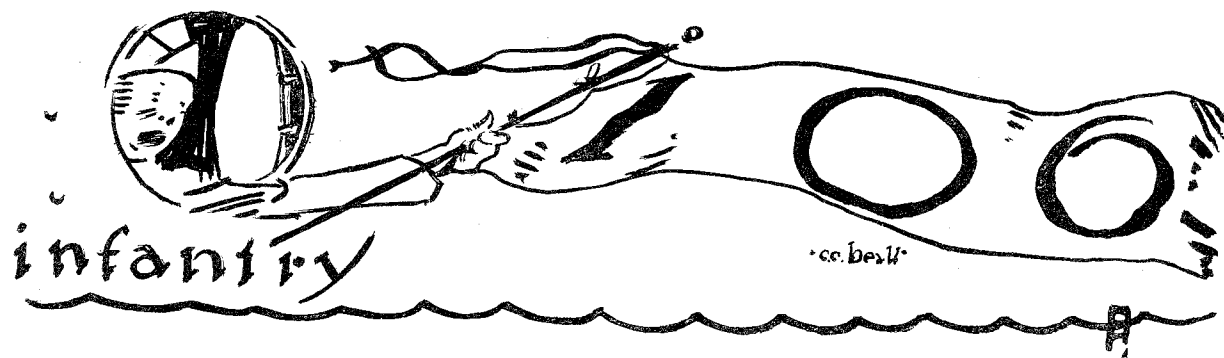
first machine guns for the Division. The latter were suitably engraved and sent to Governor Whitman as a gift from the Division to the State of New York.

Tried by the experiences of battle and filled with a righteous rage against the enemy, the men who left the trenches on Sept. 2 were truly veterans. During the journey back to a place of safety in the little box cars of a narrow-gauge railway, a noticeable change was apparent. Instead of the once care free, happy-go-lucky countenances, the men's faces showed a grim determination to punish an unfair foe and a vengeance that boded ill for the next encounter with the Huns.

The news that the regiment was to enjoy a period of rest at its former home in Doullens aroused much exultation. Detraining on Sept. 3, training was again resumed and manouvers executed for some twenty days, when the regiment started on its way for the Picardy front, moving by rail to Tincourt, a town which had been in the hands of the enemy but two weeks before. We learned that the Division had been assigned the task of breaking the Hindenburg Line and that the 105th was to do its share of the breaking. On the night of the 24th-25th we entered the line east of Ronssoy, and on the morning of the 27th advanced in the attack against the outer defenses of the famous system. Although much has been written of the sanguinary character of the battle for possession of the Knoll and of the fighting in and about the farms, Guillemont and Quennemont, none other than those actually engaged can ever appreciate the awful reality. At 5.50 a. m. on the 29th the great offensive against the very backbone of the Hindenburg Line was unleashed under the heaviest barrage of the war. The smoke, the seemingly limitless network of wire, a glimpse of a falling comrade, the hand-to-hand encounter, the roar and confusion of battle, are to those who have survived the most vivid and indelible of memories. The men realized that no matter what happened the task must be accomplished. The 27th Division had to break through. It did, and the 105th helped with every atom of power and courage it possessed.

The relief reported and on Oct. 1 the regiment hiked to Bussu, where it remained but five days, when it again moved toward the front to prepare for the battle of the Le Selle River. On the morning of the 17th the 105th lined up on the white tape south of St. Souplet and at zero hour jumped off under a creeping barrage, with a rifle strength of only 700. Still further reduced by heavy casualties in the steady going of the three days that followed, when the regiment finished its fighting in France, it was a mere skeleton of its former self.

During the rest period at Corbie and while patiently awaiting sailing orders at our station near Le Mans, many of our wounded have been welcomed back into our ranks. Of them and of those who gave their lives that liberty might triumph, we shall never be able to speak the praise and glory that they have earned. They are the shining examples of the spirit of the 105th and of a loyalty and devotion to a Division whose deeds will always be an inspiration to Americans.



TO attempt to sum up the nine months' activities of the 106th Infantry in France in comparatively few words is much the same as trying to describe in a fitting manner the glories of ancient Rome on the correspondence side of a picture postcard.

To begin with, we landed at Brest, France, on the 23d day of last May, aboard the ill-fated "President Lincoln," debarked the following day, walked up the longest hill in the world, with the heaviest packs in the world, and arrived some two hours later at Fort Bougren, one of the ancient defenses of this ancient seaport city of Brittany. There we reclined under our pup tents for three days, indulging in a rest; what the rest was for we have never discovered, for we had been doing nothing, more or less, since sailing from Hoboken fourteen days previous. Then down the hill again, where we had our first experience with the now famous box-cars of France's war-ridden railroad system. These box-cars made immortal the famous slogan, "Hommes—40—Chevaux—8."

Eventually we entrained, and rode, and rode, and rode, arriving at Noyelles, near Abbeville, on the 30th of May. Walking in the general direction of the front, we stopped at one of the famous British staging camps, and there spent our first night under fire. About half the airplanes in the German Army (at least so it seemed to us) came over to bomb Abbeville, an important base of the British Expeditionary Forces.

We wondered, in these first days, when we were going to meet some American comrades; heretofore, all of the soldiers that we had seen were British. On arrival at Coulouvillers, our first stamping grounds, we learned that we were to be brigaded with British troops. Thus it happened that the Second American Corps, comprising the 27th and 30th Divisions, came to be known by our comrades, the "Tom-mies," up and down the length of the British sector. It was at Coulouvillers that we entered the final phase of the training that was to polish us off for action against the Boche. Backed by four years' experience, our British instructors gave us the best that was in them, and the lessons of those early days in France stood the boys in good stead when the time came for them to go over the top in Belgium and fight their way through the grey hordes of the Crown Prince's crack Prussian Guard. Our period of training took us from Coulouvillers to Harcelaines, thence back to Bonneville, where we spent nights under the raiding air-men of the enemy while we made friends with the aviation mechanics at a nearby aerodrome; then by train to Arques, near Arras, and up near the northern boundary of France, to such places as Ouderzeele, Lederzeele, St. Martin au Laert, and St. Omer, finally bringing us to the day in late July when we marched from Winnezele across the border into Belgium and took up our positions in the East Poperinghe reserve line near Wippenhoek.

On the 25th day of July we entered the front line for the first time, having the famous Mount Kemmel looming up like the rock of Gibraltar on our right, while the shell-torn aspect of Ypres and the famous Passchendale Ridge could be seen to the left. Casualty reports began to make up part of the daily routine now. This trick of duty was done in conjunction with the 122d British Brigade, comprising such regiments as the 28th Royal Fusiliers, King's Royal Rifles, Queen's Own, and the Buffs. They were with us for six days, going out of the line at that time and leaving us in sole charge of the sector. Two days later we were relieved by

the 108th Infantry, and withdrew to the vicinity of Abeele Station, near Steenvorde, for a short rest.

Aug. 24 saw the regiment in the line again, this time at Dickiebusch Lake. Since an enemy attack was expected, every preparation was being made to combat it, as any appreciable gain on his part at this point would place the Channel ports of Dunkerque and Calais in jeopardy. When the enemy therefore, instead of attacking, evacuated his positions and began a retreat, it resulted in something of a surprise. Recovery was quick, however, and our lads went after him in the action of Vierstraat Cross Roads, near Wyschaete Ridge. Aug. 30 saw the start of this sete-to, which lasted until the regiment was relieved by the British on the night of Sept. 2. Doullens was the area chosen for the rest period which followed, and so the outfit trudged back across the Franco-Belgian border and entrained at Waynesburg.

It was at Doullens that the regiment was quartered in the Citadel, another of those ancient French fortifications similar to the fort at Brest. While there our regimental athletic meet was held, and we rehearsed the attack which was to be launched against the outpost system of the Hindenburg Line in late September. We enjoyed ourselves at Doullens, and we are agreed that it was quite the nicest little town that we have struck in our travels around the country. Good meals could be bought, and there was a motion picture emporium under the auspices of the British Expeditionary Force Canteen System. What more could a fellow ask?

It had to end, however, as do all good times, and the 23d of September found us once more aboard our box-cars, headed in the general direction of the big show. We first realized that we might be going directly into the line when the train bumped its way through battered Peronne. We knew that there had been heavy fighting at this place recently and that we were very near the famous cities of St. Quentin and Cambrai, around which heavy action was transpiring even then. So it was no surprise for us to detrain at Tincourt and march into Villers Faucon, where we spent the night under shell fire from enemy batteries, while a battery of our own howitzers roared in defiance all night long. The next line found the lads on their way into the line again, the regiment taking over a position covering four thousand yards of front, just before Quennemont Farm, Guillemont Farm, and The Knoll.

The attack against the outpost system of the Hindenburg Line was launched on the morning of Sept. 27, at 5 30 o'clock, following the finest barrage that had ever been laid down in the war (according to officers of the German Intelligence Service). The fighting raged all day long, followed by a short lull, and was renewed with increased fury during the night and into the next day. It cost us dear, but when the blessed relief came on the 28th, every objective had been gained and the positions mopped up and consolidated. The remnants of the outfit got back to Villers Faucon, dog-tired, but proud to think that they had licked the stuffings out of the enemy and paved the way for the major operation of the 29th of September, in which the remaining units of the division participated. What was left was organized into a provisional battalion of "moppers up," and followed the attack over the top the following morning. One would have thought that the men had done as much as is possible for a human being to do—and they had—but after four days' rest at Halle, near Peronne, they went back at it again. By this time the enemy was in slow retreat. And a week's marching

was required before contact was again made with him. That march carried us through Tincourt, Hargicourt, Premont, Montbrehain and Busigny, at which place we went into reserve behind the 30th Division. On the night of the 16th of October, the regiment moved up to Escaufort, preparatory to the operations around St. Souplet, Selle River, Abre Gueron, Jonc de Mer Ridge and North Chisney. It was a four-day battle. The enemy was moving back as quickly as he could, fighting at every step, and leaving behind some mighty nasty snarls in the shape of machine gun posts and nests of snipers. The night of Oct. 20 brought the 6th British Division into the scrap, and our regiment, with an effective strength of only 180 rifles, was taken to the rear in auto trucks. The trucks dumped us in Bramcourt, and the next morning the lads unlimbered their battle-weary limbs over the road to Bellicourt, where the next night was spent. We were due to take trains at Roisel, for the Corbie Training Area, where we were to rest. But while the crews were making up the trains in the freight yards, a delayed action land mine which the retreating enemy had planted in the junction of the tracks and the road exploded, knocking most of the railroad track in the immediate vicinity sky high and demoralizing things in general for a few minutes. This necessitated another night march to Tincourt, where, early the following morning, we crept into our box-cars, from which a load of artillery horses had just been unloaded, and pounded and bumped our way back through Amiens to Corbie.

We were lying at rest in this area when the armistice terminated the World's Greatest Show on the morning of the 11th of November. We left Busay le Daours on Thanksgiving Day, arriving in the Le Mans area on Nov. 29. From this point on, the rumors flew thick and fast. We were going home before Christmas. No, we were going to the Army of

Occupation; there were strong chances of our going to Russia for a spell. Thus did we talk our way through the month of December, until Christmas was upon us. Of course we celebrated. Had a Christmas tree on the village green, and took up a collection to buy toys for the kids in town. All went well until the Froggies tried to ring in some of the youngsters from other towns, where there were no troops, and then the riot began. However, we mollified them to a certain extent by giving them the decorations off the tree. "Boo-koo" eats, decorations and best wishes made the day pass as pleasantly as possible under the circumstances. And the first thing we knew the new year was upon us.

Followed many false alarms. Orders were in and we were on our way at least seven times. But all things come to him that waits, and finally, on the 20th of February, the regiment started to move back to Brest. It is a coincidence that just nine months to the day, from the time we debarked in that same harbor, we clambered up the gangplank of the Leviathan for the return journey to God's Country, and HOME.

We'll soon be back in civilians now, and the wonderful experience of the past two years will march on into the great gallery of Reminiscence. Are we glad to get back?—Oh, Boy. Ask Mother how we kissed her, and Sister, how we hugged her. We pick up the thread where it was broken off nearly two years ago; and we begin to do the things that we've planned to do during all that time. But say, Bo—let me tell you something. In about a month you're gonna begin to long for a mess kit full of slum and a cup of Army Java. And every one of you that's holdin' up your right hand and sayin' "Never again!" will be among the first to flock to the old Armory and keep the National Guard going faster than it ever went before the war—which will be going some.

H. D. T.

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP AND DETACHMENT

They told us back in the Bois de Wadsworth that Division Headquarters always remained about nine miles back of the lines. Comforting, to say the least, but not encouraging for a lot of cavalrymen, who in spite of General Orders remained cavalrymen throughout the war, and continued to share the cavalryman's ideals of war—a dashing, smashing, whoop la crash into the enemy's front.

Headquarters Troop trailed through France with the rest of the Division. Sometimes we had horses on the picket line, sometimes mules, and not infrequently we had horses, jackasses, Douglas motorcycles, and dogs—anything, just so long as we could have animals. As Private First Class Charley Murphy often said, we had the greatest stock of savages on the picket line he had ever seen. And Charley, the old horse doctor, he knew.

But that nine miles back myth! How extravagantly the inventor of the fable dealt with his facts. The names of Bunk, Beaver, Penney and Hill throw little shadows of grief across the happy moments of our last days in France.

Gieffer, Riggs, Kelliher and Maher all have their scars, but not from service in the back areas. When big things were going on our men were in and around the front lines carrying messages and working with liaison officers. Sergeant McCay, Corporal Marqusee and Private Adams have their medals and their memories of the Hindenburg show. Who ever envied the lot of the motorcycle rider crashing blindly through the blackness of the night along muddy, shell-torn roads of France?

We were not without our fun. Who forgets the wild cow-girl of Oudezeele; the fragrant courtyards where our kitchens smoked; the rivulets of lime juice after every mess at Camp Douglas; the barmaid of Beauquesne and the 5.9 that landed in the Busigny courtyard half an hour after we had landed? Ah, wee!

The Troop may have carried messages under heavy shell fire, but it never laid mimeograph barrages. How the war

would have dragged except for Headquarters Detachment—the "Lost Legion". A more faithful family of workers never ran up Uncle Sam's paper bills.

The doughboy recounting his marvelous experiences will make no mention of the Detachment, for he knows little of it. Yet the boys in the Detachment came from all units in the Division and they came to headquarters inspired with the same ideals and faith which took the front line boys over the top. It is gratifying to spend hour after hour typewriting a list of honors awarded to the real fighters of the Division. It is hard to think, though, that you never had the chance to get a medal. There is only one satisfaction. One can always look further back into the rear areas and say, "Well, I was with a combat division, anyway, even though in headquarters, and what I did helped."

When the Division was about to move G1 sent up its SOS and it was up to the detachment men to respond with their barrage. There were never laid in the A. E. F. better barrages than Timmins, Crummy, Heady and Butler laid. Who dug up that obsolete verb "function" and put it back on the map? Who brought us fresh rumors of going home and sometimes gave us the right dope?

Being mostly a clerical force, the detachment was made up of men from the best known commercial houses in the big city. They were experts in their line. Naturally it was the most efficient headquarters detachment in the A. E. F.

Our detachment had many officers and a large, very large, complement of sergeants-major. Lieut. Douglas Cameron, a soldier through and through, brought us to France and then went into the artillery, where he was killed in action. Major Tristram Tupper, Division Adjutant, Capt. James S. Wadsworth, Lieut. James Doyle, Lieut. Hugh De Y. Stillman, Lieut. Ward, have all commanded Troop and Detachment at various times in France.

HOWARD H. McLELLAN.



THE chirographic fists of nations are double-timing to the commands of the choicest grey-matter of the world. Trenches, barbed wire, whizz-bangs, cooties and 5-point 9's are being ruthlessly relegated to the department of prehistoric mammals and stone-age manifestations. National surgeons foregathered in Paris are contemplating Caesarian methods to hasten the birth of "The League of Nations."

Now that our bit in fathering the anticipated offspring has been performed and we are once more freezing our toes in God's own country, let's adjourn to the allurements of some convenient *est-ice-cream* parlor and over our nut sundaes hold a regular pow and blush and glow proudly. The old 107th sure was there twenty-four hours a day for the duration. Modest? Ah! oui!—but amongst ourselves—Well remember It was—

Back in 1917, in the middle of that hot July when a delicious brew was still to be had on the top floor of the old Armory that the National Guard was weaned to the Federal service and the grass in Central Park started to turn O. D. Then, on Sept. 11, we made our pilgrimage to sunny, balmy Spartanburg, S. C. There, after properly deforesting and ditching a large slab of muddy hillside, we took up our pyramidal residence in the reclaimed corner of Camp Wadsworth.

The 7th N. Y. N. G. (that was our monicker in those days) was made the nucleus of the 107th U. S. Infantry. With the major part of the 1st N. Y. N. G.—the up-State huskies—Bless their apple-knocking souls!—welded on and small dabs of the 12th and 10th N. Y. N. G. filling in the gaps, the new organization, under the able tutelage of Colonel Willard C. Fisk, was drilled, trained, acclimated and inoculated into as fighting a bunch of doughboys as could be found. It was a long, cold winter.

Then in May, 1918, we invaded Europe via Newport News, the Antigone, the Susquehanna, and Brest. June and July were devoted to applying the final touches to our training. We were hogs for a complete knowledge of the business in hand, and we covered the ground exhaustively—kilo by kilo.

At high tide the Somme provided good paddling for blistered feet, and the beach of the English Channel was some bath-room, but—Oh! those stones! We quickly acquired a

working knowledge of "alimentary French," and could stalk the most elusive egg in Flanders from hen to frying-pan. The Tommy-infested estaminets of Winnezele tried hard, but unsuccessfully, to produce an American drink for our boys,

who quickly tired of the insipid vin—red and white.

Colonel Fisk was invalidated back home, much to our sorrow, but we were well commanded for some time thereafter by Lieut.-Colonel Nicholas Engel (then Major).

Recall that first little stunt of ours in the line up Ypres way? How level-topped old Kimmel did glare at us during the long moonlight vigils. "Jerry" tried hard to use our shopworn trenches for iron ration dumps, but he had a dud delivery that often proved very comforting. Rats, cooties, bivvies, gas and rain—a fair enough initiation.

Colonel Charles I. DeBevois, early in September, grasped the regimental reins and drove our chariot triumphantly through Picardy. On leaving the line for the last time he was commissioned brigadier-general, and the command was assigned to Colonel Mortimer D. Bryant, who as Major of the 106th M. G. Battalion had distinguished himself in several actions.

Have you ever tried to get the right dope on this remarkable 107th spirit and discipline that prevailed on hikes, in action and in rest areas? Sure! we had the best officers in the world, and we loved them all. But, despite constant changes of commands all through the regiment, due to casualties and promotions, who was it that bore hardships uncomplainingly, and wore British shoes? Who was it that, after tasting the delicious freedom of No Man's Land, testing the strength of their souls in its bizarre atmosphere of noise, death and desolation, did squads right and wrong for weary months after it was all over, listening patiently to fluctuations in departure dates? Nothing this side of hell could touch the class of our enlisted personnel. Have another nut sundae.

Have you seen any of those rusty hunks of the Hindenburg Line that some of the boys clipped off on their way through? Bon souvenirs. Then recall how, on the 29th, our S. O. S. bunch ran rolls of chicken wire over the row after row of entanglements? The Winter Garden runway with all of its feminine charms never made the hit that our khaki chorus did on Fritz. We played a long run with novel finale features on the 17th, 18th and 19th of October. Our Teutonic audience got so worked up after the St. Souplet and Jonc de Mer Ridge skit that they showered our cast with watches, belt buckles, pistols—in fact all of their trinkets that they held most dear. Their sentiment was really pathetic.

But now that we have negotiated a rough voyage and hungrily watched the skyline of the greatest-best-most overwhelming little town in the world leap toward us out of the horizon, let's snap to it and settle down. It's going to be hard for a time to get the step of the opportunities at hand, and a few will find it hard to realize that sick-call is a thing of

the past. The weekly inspection habit can well be adapted to the new order of things, however, and wrist watches may be worn without longer rousing the ire of lovers of rough masculinity.

Well! let's call it a day. This treat is on me. So-long! See you at the next parade.
ROBERT WADDELL.



MILITARY POLICE

"The Doughboy works when he fights the Hun;

But the M. P.'s work is never done." T. H. S.

The Military Police of the 27th Division return to mufti with the happy consciousness that they have done a hard job well. They played the game and won the respect and confidence of everyone in the Division, except, of course, those few who habitually dislike the police, whether military or civil, for reasons affecting their personal security.

The Military Police, organized as the 102d M. P., and reorganized in France as the 27th Company, M. P. Corps, was a new arm of the service when we joined up in New York and we had to make precedents and traditions. We decided first of all that we were going to be regular fellows and that we were not going to be long-range snipers. We rapidly discovered that to be a good M. P. one had to be a diplomat, an interpreter, a bouncer, a sign-post, a jiu-jitsu artist, a traffic manager, a guide, philosopher and friend rolled into one, a detective, a cook, an infantryman, a cavalryman and an information bureau.

Our biggest job was handling the traffic. When you have military traffic, consisting of ammunition lorries, ration limbers, light artillery, caterpillar tractors drawing siege guns, big and little tanks, ambulances, staff cars, marching troops, walking wounded, droves of prisoners, and runaway mules, all traveling as fast as possible, coming four or five ways at once, on narrow country roads, with 9.2 and 5.9 shells, whizz-bangs, high velocity shockers, aerial bombs and gas shells bursting here and there and sometimes right on the road the while, you have a neat little job on your hands

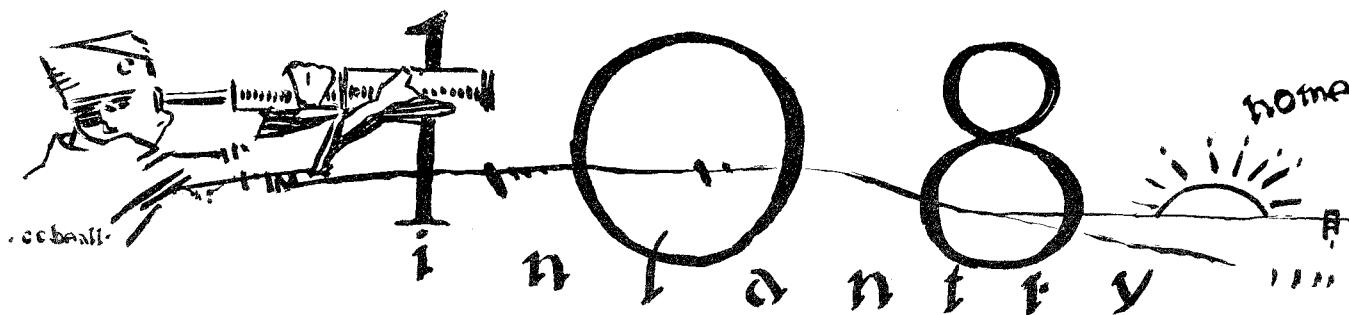
which makes the traffic problem at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street as simple as spending francs. Many a mild young man wearing the familiar black and red brassard became a raging torrent of profanity and threats—"If you don't move that blank lorry toot blank sweet I'll climb aboard and knock your blank block off," etc. This was only in extreme cases, of course. Generally courtesy plus pep plus knowing the traffic rules kept the streams moving smoothly.

We handled a couple of thousand prisoners and bossed gangs of them carrying the wounded and cleaning up recently deceased mules, shattered lorries, etc. Always we stuck with the infantry where we were needed. A few of our fellows will wear Jerry machine gun decorations to their graves as testimony that our battle posts were up in the smoke.

When we were in the back areas with the troops, while they were "resting", which is a polite term for squads east and west, we were trying to aid the weary traveler, fatigued by gymnastics with a vin blanc bottle, to his billet. Our job was harder after the armistice was signed than before, for the celebrating soldier, in certain moods, is a difficult person to play with.

However, we didn't lose our reputation for being with the other men in the Division. Even the ennui of the Le Mans area didn't spoil our dispositions. And then came that golden, glorious day when the dear old skyline of the dear old town poked its nose over the horizon. O bébe!

We are having a little history of our exploits published. Corporal Kai Schwensen is the author and it is illustrated by pictures by Private Dixon Mueller and numerous photographs.
RICHARD CONNELL.



FRESH from eight months of intensive training at Camp Wadsworth, down in Dixie, the 108th Infantry, some 3200 strong, came rollicking over the Atlantic and landed at Brest during the closing days of May, 1918. Marching to the strains of some good old Yankee tunes, the regiment wended its way through the antiquated city, famed in past scenes of warfare and rich in folklore of the struggles of heroic France. One detachment proceeded to camp at Fort Bougon and the remaining part of the regiment was quartered in Pontauzen Barracks, at one time the training center and headquarters of Bonaparte's armies. "So this is France!" was heard on every side, and although our stay was short, everyone had an opportunity to get on speaking terms with the products of the vineyards of France. The march from the wharves to the camp was more like a triumphal procession than an ordinary hike, for so enthusiastic and so whole-hearted was the welcome accorded by the French that we could not but feel the inseparable bond which united us.

A few days later we boarded the soldiers' Pullmans and "hommed and cheveauxed" our way across the fair fields of Brittany and Normandy, detraining at Noyelles-sur-Mer, and marching to billets in the vicinity of Abbeville on the Somme. This marked the beginning of our attachment to the British armies in France, an attachment which lasted until the ringing down of the curtain of the concluding act of the drama in the memorable month of November. It was here that we underwent our first phase of training under the direction of officers and non-commissioned officers of the Fourth British Army, who imparted to us a great many improvements in the methods of warfare, such as could only be learned by direct contact with men who had been in the fighting themselves. In addition to this our own officers and men were sent on tours to the front line trenches for the purpose of observation. Most of these trips were made to the lines in the neighborhood of Albert.

One of our first defensive operations in preparing ourselves against the onslaught of the Boche was a 25-kilometer hike back to the St. Valery area, in the general direction of New York, for the sole purpose (it seemed to us who had to walk) of obtaining 100 rounds of S. A. A. per man. We retraced our steps the following day back to our original starting point. Due to a change in the situation on the Arras front, we were "sardined" aboard English lorries and went into reserve in the vicinity of Sus St. Leger. At that time Prince Rupprecht, commanding the German armies in Flanders, decided to swoop down on the Channel ports. To forestall this, hurried reservations were made with the Franco-Pullman Company, and the first week of July found us floundering through the red mud of Flanders and across the border line into Belgium. However, the Prince changed his mind on account of Ludendorff's immediate need of reserves, and consequently our occupation of the Scherpenburg-Dickebusch line in conjunction with the Middlesex and Durham troops was uneventful. The latter part of July we were relieved and went into billets in the vicinity of St. Omer, where for a week time hung heavy on one's hands, as one's idle hours were spent cultivating the acquaintance of the fair sex, who, like bully beef, were plentiful but far more alluring.

Once again the enemy became active in front of Mount Kemmel, and on the night of July 31st we went into the line with British troops, each battalion alternating for a period of one week. On August 23d, when the division took over the Dickebusch system of trenches, this regiment went into reserve in the East Poperinghe line. Casualties suffered here

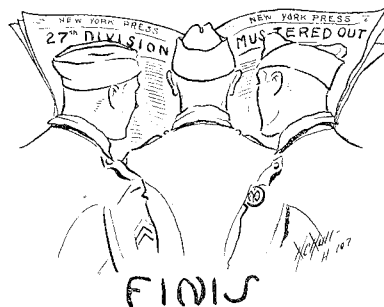
were comparatively light, considering that this position was under direct observation of the enemy and subject to continuous air raids and shelling. During the night of August 30th-31st, the Germans withdrew from Mount Kemmel, retiring to Vierstaadt Ridge. On September 4th, via box cars de luxe, we journeyed south along the coast, passing through the cities of Dunkerque, Calais, Boulogne and Etaples, and in the early morning of September 5th detrained in the vicinity of Doullens. The ensuing three weeks were spent in maneuver problems and refitting.

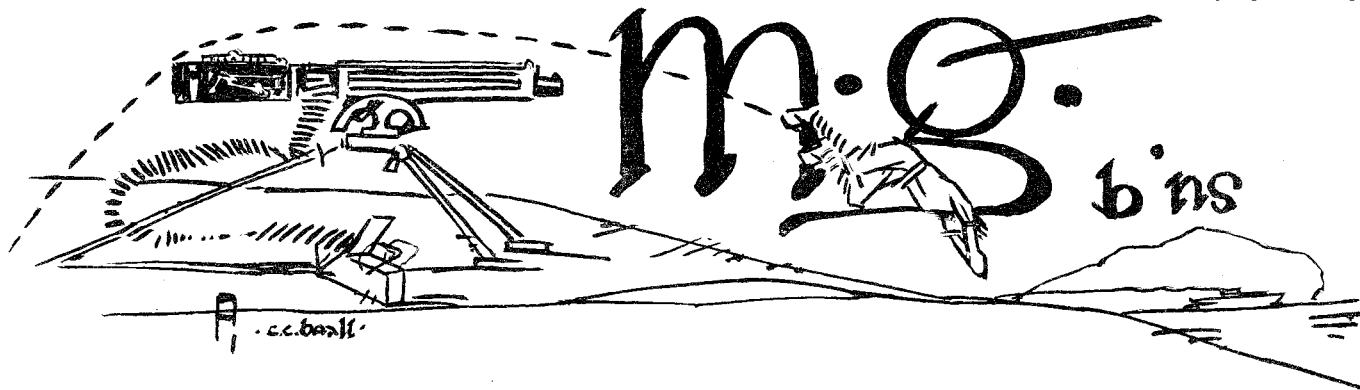
Entraining on September 25th, we rattled for 18 hours in the barns-on-wheels, arriving at Tincourt and bivouacking in the vicinity of Templeaux-le-Fosse. The following day we marched to Templeaux-le-Gerard. That night we took over the trenches in front of the main Hindenburg Line. On the morning of the 29th, the regiment attacked, broke through the heretofore impregnable German stronghold, and, having gained all objectives, dug in and repulsed several strong counter attacks launched against us. At dusk that evening the Second Australian division went through our lines and took up the advance. On their own initiative a large number of our men joined with the Australians in their victorious assault. The key to the Hindenburg Line, namely, the Bellicourt Canal tunnel, had been successfully mopped up by the men of our battalions. The cost of this advance was approximately one-half of our strength. On October 1st the regiment left the line and marched back to Buire for a short respite before taking up the gauge of battle once more.

On October 7th we marched from Buire to Tincourt, on the 8th to Neuroy, on the 9th to Brancourt, on the 10th to Pre-mont and on the 11th to Busigny. That night we took over the trenches in front of St. Souplet, facing the Le Selle River. During the afternoon of the 14th, Lieutenant Crist R. Fritz led a daylight raiding party into Jerry's lines which resulted in the capture of 23 prisoners. The battalions took up battle positions in readiness for an attack, and at 5:30 a. m., on the 17th, forced the crossing of the Le Selle River and successfully routed the enemy at Bandival Farm, Arbre Guernon, Jone de Mer Ridge, and forced him beyond the line of the Canal de la Sambre, netting a total advance of nearly three miles. We were relieved by the 71st British Brigade on the night of the 20th, marched back to Busigny, thence to Neuroy, Marquaix and Tincourt, where we entrained and proceeded by rail to Villers-Brettonneaux, detraining at that point and marching to billets near Corbie.

The signing of the armistice found us busily engaged in trying to rid ourselves of the elusive "cootie." Thanksgiving Day found us in the Le Mans area celebrating our debut in the American sector.

COLOR SERGEANT E. VAN DEN VOUVER SHEA.





The 104th—DIVISIONAL MACHINE GUN BATTALION

DIVISION Machine Guns are listed as a two-company motorized battalion—and that was our standing joke throughout the war. Chauffeurs took the name of wagoners, acquired a vocabulary explosive as petrol, and completed the camouflage by swinging a rawhide whip to crank four-mule teams into action.

On "Bastille Day" the battalion started for the Flanders Front, and the next morning marched into "the usual shelling of the Steenvoorde-Abeele road." At an aerodrome field near Abeele, condemned as too close to the lines to safely park planes, the men pitched pup-tents and watched the behavior under German shrapnel fire of the British observation balloons overhead. Just east of us tottered the walls of Poperinghe's buildings, beyond lay the ruins of Ypres, while slightly southward the lowlands sloped upward to a chain of scarred and treeless hills. From Mount Kemmel, the highest ridge, the Boches observed and corrected the fire of their artillery and harassed every movement of the British First Army. The battalion worked between Poperinghe and Renninghelst and south to Boeschepe, digging machine gun slits, building emplacements and pill-boxes, and setting and manning S. O. S. and break-through guns along the support lines.

Now came front-line work squarely opposite Mount Kemmel, the battalion taking over, on Aug. 2, the La Clyte-Scherpenberg sector of the front line—a sector where to stir by day meant death, where by night the Hun harassed, bombed and raided. The gun teams manning positions behind, amid and in front of the infantry suffered severe losses; but they used the opportunities to repulse the nightly raids, to sweep Boche work with belt upon belt of machine gun fire, to play upon his roads and tracks and dumps, and continually to devil his troops in their trenches. So persistent became this harassing by every engine of destruction, that the Hun lines became untenable. Our infantry at once attacked. But in the engagement that resulted on Sept. 2 in the capture of Vierstratt Ridge, the divisional guns played no active part, being stationed at Abeele in reserve.

After an interlude of rest and open warfare maneuvers in Picardy, the division entered the line to face as shock troops the key position between Cambrai and St. Quentin, of the Hindenburg Line. The fortifications of the hill under which ran the Bellicourt tunnel of the Canal de l'Escault had repeatedly repulsed attack, while north and south of the tunnel the open canal and bristling defenses were holding up the entire advance on the northern front.

On Sept. 27 the battalion stood-to at Tenpleux la Fosse during the reduction by the infantry of the outpost positions of the main line. At dawn of the 29th, when the division as the left of the Second American Corps launched the main attack on the Ronssoy-Hargicourt front, the battalion had taken its initial position at Ste. Emilie. There at the opening of the barrage the 104th was prepared to move forward. To facilitate taking final dispositions, at 6 a. m. the companies were moved south and east of Ronssoy, towards Sart and Guillemont Farms. There the concentrated Boche shelling and machine gun fire from Guillemont threatened heavy losses and the troops were taken to wait under such cover as the wreckage of Ronssoy offered. Never were crews so eager to man their guns forced to wait so interminably. For the initiation of the task laid out for them hinged upon the capture by the 18th British Division of the town of Vendhuile at the northern tunnel mouth and west of the open canal.

and also upon the consolidation of our infantry line beyond the tunnel. But not only did Vendhuile remain in the hands of the Germans, but it became their base for counter-attacks, thus making impossible the plan to put "A" Company on Macquincourt Ridge to exploit the left flank or to send "B" Company across the canal to exploit the gains to the north. Thus no forward move could be made as anticipated, and the counter-attack necessitated, moreover, reconnaissance of the ridge in front of Sart Farm, Holland and Doleful Posts, and the northward slope toward Fleeceall Trench, with a view to establishing break-through gun positions.

In the afternoon the battalion at Ronssoy came under heavy mustard gas bombardment and was shifted to the north fringe of Ronssoy Woods, where the division machine gun officer held the companies in harness throughout the night. The second day, the Australian divisions, leap-frogging through the American line, pushed out from Le Catelet and Nauroy so far as to enable the infantry to consolidate impregnably our left and threaten the Germans in Vendhuile. On the relief of the division on the night of Oct. 1, the battalion was withdrawn to Templeux. It was due in no small measure to the careful handling of the battalion by battalion and company commanders that our casualties were so remarkably slight.

A quick refitting, a renewed advance, and on Oct. 12 the division, now much thinned out, prepared to storm the German defenses on the La Selle River. While the battalion was dug in at Sabliere Wood, Major Chester H. King, the battalion commander, was severely wounded at Busigny. The night of the 14th, amid a heavy mustard gas bombardment, "A" Company's guns were mounted along a line of resistance in front of Escaufourt-La Haie Menneresse and Vaux Andigny, covering St. Souplet and a stretch of the river. The division meanwhile moved up to the tape line for attack. During the 17th, the day of the first infantry assault, the battalion was assembled in Busigny and posted in readiness. The next morning the advance was resumed. "A" and "B" Companies, pushing through St. Souplet and across the river, went into position at the junction of the railway and the St. Souplet Arbre Guernon Road, and along the high ridge east of the river sited twenty-four break-through guns. In the afternoon, in the midst of an aero strafe, one platoon of "B" Company went forward with pack mules and four guns to cooperate with engineer troops in an attack upon the stubbornly held town of Mazinghien. That order was countermanded, and the guns instead were thrown into a gap between the right flank of our division and the 30th Division northwest of Mazinghien until contact had been reestablished. Oct. 19 saw the Yanks across the St. Maurice stream and saw them drive the Hun east of the Canal de la Sambre et Oise. All divisional machine guns meanwhile had been re-assembled near St. Souplet, where they were held until the night of Oct. 20-21, when the division was taken out of the line.

That entire campaign and now the march back to the rest area were made under cruel weather conditions, so to our casualties in the Selle Valley actions were added a number of deaths due to exposure.

While the 104th was in billets in Corbie and refitting there came the news of the signing of the armistice, and with it the end of our role of machine gunners.

1ST LIEUT. JOHN C. BRODSKY.

105th MACHINE GUN BATTALION

FROM the satiated lap of ease in beloved Manhattan to the deprivations of the blood-stained, muddy battlefields of Flanders and Central France is a long cry to test and prove one's courage, fortitude, stamina and tenacity of purpose. Yet, without undue praise, it may be said that such was the accomplishment of the 105th Machine Gun Battalion.

The first machine gun unit of the division to go into the line everywhere, they stayed the longest and were the last to come out, adding to the distinction of their enviable operations the honor of being the only machine gun battalion to hold the line in the days of trench and machine gun emplacement warfare against the attempted advance of the enemy in the Dickebusch sector of the famous Ypres salient. Through their ceaseless and relentless harassing fire they ultimately helped to force the Boche to relinquish his iron grip upon Mt. Kemmel, thereby causing him to forever abandon his cherished hope of marching victoriously to the sea.

Although in the face of such laudable achievement further commendation for work well done seems almost unnecessary, there is to be added to the laurels of the battalion the flawless success which culminated in the historical smashing of the great Hindenburg Line between St. Quentin and Cambrai.

Of the two incidents above mentioned, too much could not be written, so let it not be misunderstood that this cursory reference to the two great outstanding milestones of this splendid battalion's operations in France covers all the activities attending those glorious victories; nor does it

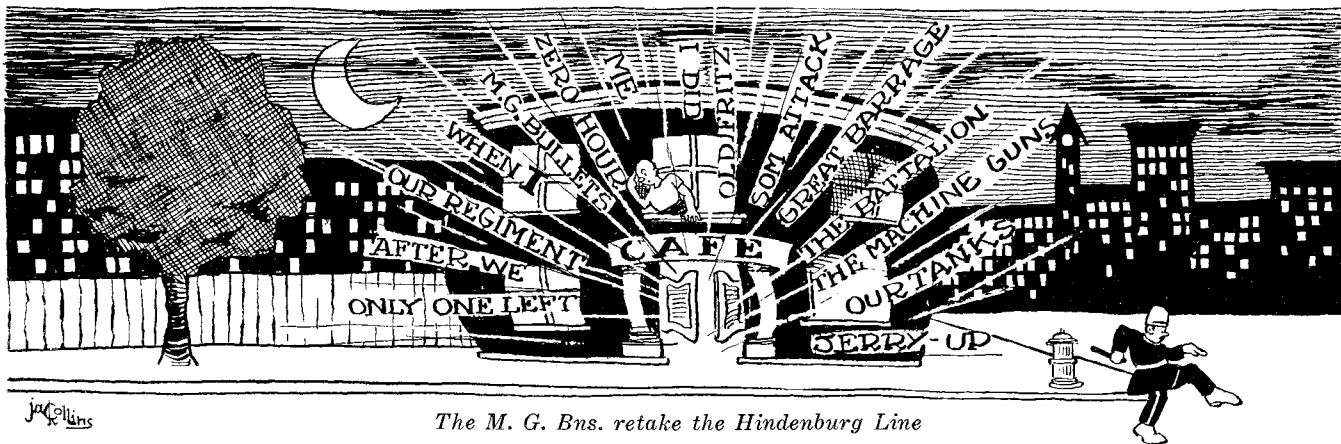
presume to attempt any description of former or later participation in several other battles of the World War, when on every occasion the same brilliant conclusion marked their stay in the line.

They have made nothing but friends throughout their stay in France, coming in for an equal feeling of gratitude, admiration and respect from the British and Aussralians with whom they fought, and the 105th, the 106th and the 107th Infantry regiments, whom they supported in all of their engagements, and the civilians who gladly welcomed them to their quiet little hamlets where the battalion retired to rest strained nerves and tired bodies after the excitement and hardships of a fight well fought—and won.

The 105th harbors the same feeling of pride in being of the 27th Division as the division so openly manifests toward the battalion, for it is because of such troops as these that the 27th will be able to march through the heart of the greatest city in the world, with heads erect, standards flying high, and a heartfelt knowledge that their homecoming marks the end of expectations fulfilled, anticipations realized and duty done.

To the competent command of Major Gardner; to the good-fellowship, fearlessness and leadership of the officers, to the high moral standard of the men and to the consequent unity and consolidation of purpose and determination, may be attributed the indefatigable spirit and stick-to-it-iveness that place the men of the 105th Machine Gun Battalion in the front rank of veterans to be proud of.

PVT. GEORGE ANDERSON.



The M. G. Bns. retake the Hindenburg Line

“DISPERSION”

Following is a portion of General O’Ryan’s letter to Major Gardner, dated Dec. 23, 1918:

“I think the excellence of conditions in your command, as manifested at the rigid inspection made by me personally on Saturday last, merits commendation in writing.”

We note with satisfaction that we have acquired a corner on the machine gun units of the division. Major Robert R. Molyneux, helmsman for the 104th M. G. B’n., and Major Nathaniel Egleston, now holding the crystal of destiny for the 106th, were formerly the respective buck-captains of Companies C and B of the good ol’ one-o-five.

Some more of the General’s letter:

“The animals of the entire battalion were not only carefully groomed, but showed continued care in relation to stable management.”

On Jan. 31 and on Feb. 1 we spent two m-e-m-o-r-a-b-l-e days waiting, fondly waiting, to be inspected by S-ometimes O-bviously S-carce. A good time was had by all.

Some more of the General’s letter:

“The transport, including rolling kitchens, were in condition fit to enter vehicle competition in a horse show.”

Now that we are home again, ain’t it great? (This was written on Feb. 1, at Le Luart, Department de la Sarthe—and a lot of other things—France.)

Some more of the General’s letter:

“The arrangements and police of picket lines and appurtenances left nothing to be desired.”

Everyone got an issue box of candy at mess this morning, and the Major can’t do anything with them—the men, not the boxes.

Some more of the General’s letter:

“Finally, the personnel, from their clean shoes to their properly worn caps, coupled with their steadiness in ranks, gave tangible evidence of the high standard of thoroughness and discipline which made your unit so effective in combat.”

If you expect to get on that transport alive, don’t tell any of our six-weeks-old replacements that we didn’t bust the Hindenburg ribbon.

Some more of the General’s letter:

“I have never seen in our own division, or in any other division with which we have been associated, including foreign units, anything to excel the standards of precision and disciplined excellence exhibited by your command on Saturday last.”

The end of the General’s letter:

“Sincerely yours,

“JOHN F. O’RYAN,

“Major General.”



Madelon

106th MACHINE GUN BATTALION

Efficiency, endurance and courage have marked the work of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion throughout the service of the New York Division in France. The work of this unit is so intimately connected with the success of the Division in its battles that a detail account of the operations of these machine gunners would be nothing short of a history of the Division.

The battalion arrived at Brest in the latter part of May and from there journeyed to Rue. On June 13th together with other units of the 54th Brigade, the 106th was reviewed by Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig. The battalion then proceeded to Watiehurt, where it engaged in daily drills embracing the tactical employment of the machine gun. It was one of the first units of the Division to suffer casualties. At Nieurlet on the night of July 16th the battalion was bombed by enemy planes, and from that time on it was under some kind of enemy fire almost continuously until the division was taken out of the line in October. Its first real baptism of fire, however, was received July 9th to 31st.

During that period detachments occupied reserve positions in the East Poperinghe line. No signs of nervousness developed, and the battalion was moved into the front line. On Aug. 2 the battalion occupied positions in the E. Dickebusch sector, situated under the frowning brow of Kemmel Hill. During that tour in the line the battalion suffered more casualties. They were relieved on Aug. 8 by the British and marched to Oudezeele for drill and tactics.

In the East "Pop" line the battalion was in reserve from Aug. 22 to 31, and in the Steenvoorde area from Sept. 1 to 5.

Then they had another period of training at Raincheval from Sept. 2 to 23. On Sept. 24 they detrained at Tincourt, and went into the line in front of the Hindenburg system on Sept. 26. The battalion distinguished itself by firing an intensive barrage while under violent enemy artillery fire.

Major General O'Ryan wrote that "the officers and men of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion" won his "admiration and respect for their valor, initiative and endurance during the great battle for the breaking of the Hindenburg line, and the operations subsequent thereto."

Relief came on Oct. 2, but the battalion returned to the lines again on Oct. 10 and engaged the enemy at La Sabliere Woods. On Oct. 16 it fought in the engagements around St. Souplet. An artillery barrage was laid on the town by the enemy to cover his retreat, and every road was made a death trap for troops moving forward. B Company, and perhaps others, was saved from being wiped out by the coolness and initiative of its officers.

Until Oct. 20 the battalion was in the line moving forward continually under adverse weather and transport conditions, and in the face of enemy resistance.

On Oct. 24 the battalion entrained for the Corbie area, there to get a much needed rest, and to reorganize.

Major General O'Ryan wrote on Oct. 22: "Whether in attack or in resisting counter attacks the conduct of the machine gun units has been characterized at all times by the exceptional courage and skill of officers and the valor and determination of the men."



ON May 14, 1918, our voyage overseas began. The U-boats made three attempts to send us to Davy Jones' Locker, the last attack being made just outside the harbor at St. Nazaire. We disembarked at St. Nazaire on the morning of May 31, and during the next five days occupied billets about a mile outside of the town.

A journey of two days in tiny box cars brought us to Noyelles, where the march to St. Riquier was begun. We arrived in St. Riquier the following day. Stables, cow barns and dilapidated sheds were designated as billets. It was here that we first learned to detect the ominous drone of the Boche 'planes, and to know the terrible destruction that could be wrought by Jerry's iron eggs.

During the next few weeks we were almost continually on the march. Brief periods were spent in Fressenneville, Port le Grande and Beauval. Another ride in the box cars and a long march brought us to Nieurelet, where we remained four days and then marched to Oudezele, a small Flemish town about eight miles in the rear of the lines in front of Mt. Kemmel. Here we worked under the supervision of the British XIX corps and received our first actual experience in the war game.

Being brigaded with the British, it became necessary for us to learn their methods of maintaining communication, but while we learned, we worked and the East Poperinghe Line of Defense was organized by the Division during this period, the signal communication within that area being established by the Signal Battalion. Aug. 23 found the Division holding the front line, and the excellent communication furnished to all units shows clearly how well our men adapted themselves to these new methods.

After the retirement of the enemy beyond Mt. Kemmel the Division was relieved and another long train ride followed. When we arrived in the Le Catlet Sector, where the Division entered the line, battalion headquarters was established at a point that had formerly been the town of Driencourt. Shortly before the assault on the Hindenburg Line our headquarters was moved forward to St. Emelie. In the historic battles that followed it required almost superhuman effort on the part of our men to maintain communication. Terrific barrages tore down the wires and destroyed great amounts of signal property, but the work went ceaselessly on.

The great Hindenburg Line was smashed, and the success that attended the Division in these engagements was largely due to the efforts of the signalmen in maintaining an adequate system of communication at all times. In the face of extreme danger and against frightful odds, these men carried on their work, scorning to seek shelter even when given permission and advised to do so.

A period of rest at Driencourt followed and then the march was begun that finally brought us to the St. Souplet Sector. Battalion Headquarters was established at Busigny and our men again took up the work of installing and maintaining communication. During the terrific fighting that took place at Le Selle River and Jonc de Mer Ridge, this work was carried on with the greatest difficulty and at the cost of much

suffering and sacrifice on the part of our men. This work was accomplished with a greatly depleted personnel, and when the Division was relieved, the Signal Battalion, due to casualties, had been reduced to less than 50 per cent of its normal strength.

We remained at Corbie until after the signing of the armistice. On Nov. 24 we entrained for the American Sector, arriving at Pont de Gennes the following day.

We are glad that our destinies were in the hands of such officers as Lieut.-Col. William L. Hallahan and Major Arthur L. Howe, and we are proud to have had such officers as Captains George S. Callaway, Lawrence J. Gorman, Dick C. Rosser, James G. Motley and First Lieut. Sherman A. Gear. Success in the field of our endeavors was assured when our personnel consisted of such men as First Class Sergeant John J. Nealis, Corporal Kenneth M. McCann, Private Frank B. Thomas and Private William R. Shugg, whose deeds of gallantry have been of the most brilliant type.

LIGHT DURING THE DARK DAYS

When Division Headquarters ordered light there was light whether those headquarters were located in Nissen hut, dugout, pyramidal ten or chateau. The war for headquarters was like a picnic on Broadway in so far as lights were concerned. There were no Wrigley's signs or Childs' windows to illuminate the dark places into which headquarters moved during those dark days of war, but there were reading lights aplenty, and those lights burned pretty consistently except when "Jerry" was over. The lights came from a sturdy little engine which was carried throughout France in a lorry and from which lead wires were strung to all the general offices. The Casey Joneses who kept that engine on the run, rain or shine, were Sergeant E. C. Best, Corporal G. H. Searles and Privates M. J. Sebast, J. M. Wilson and J. L. Schmidt. Sebast was wounded in the stomach at Busigny when a German shell dropped too near the lorry where he was on duty.

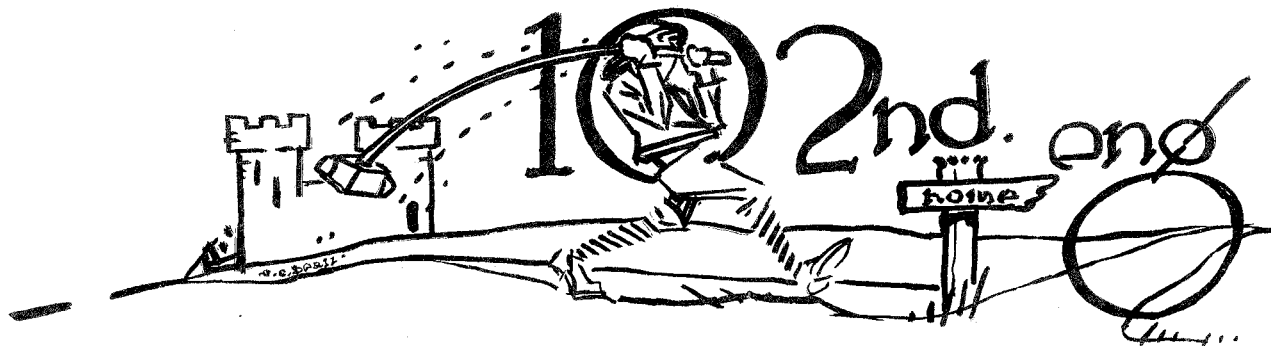
PRIVATE DAVID L. CRAIG, JR.

AS SEEN BY A SIGNALMAN

France's slogan—Gliberty, Eggalite, Francternite.

We know of only one man in the A. E. F. who can boast that he has never used French phrases in a letter home. He can't write.

A friend of ours says the Paris subway is bully, but he can't understand why all the stations are called DUBONNET. He pronounces it to rhyme with sonnet.



"THE engineers came up and filled the hole." That sentence was underscored in an article from a New York newspaper received by one of the men of the 102d Engineers. It isn't much; it doesn't sound strong, but when you look into things those few words cover a multitude of deeds.

The engineer is a peculiar animal. He is a fighting non-combatant. He, unlike the infantryman, fights with the pick and shovel, hammer and chisel, as well as with the rifle. He is always wrong, yet he is right. Nobody agrees with him, but in the end they usually take his advice. He is the port to rush to in a storm. If the artillery is blocked by buildings or trees, the engineer clears the view. If the infantry has been stopped and has had to dig in, the engineer is called upon to put the trench in a livable condition. If the medicos need a station, it's the engineer that builds it. If the commanding general wants to be sure where his men are, it's the engineer who goes out and comes back to tell him exactly when and where. If hell has turned loose and the doughboys begin to ask for help, it is the engineer that is sent in to fill the gap. If information is wanted about the things the enemy is going to hand us, the engineer is called upon again.

He is supposed to be able to outhike the doughboy, outhide the cavalry, outshoot the machine gunner, outwork them all. He is the only soldier that the powers believe can fight all day long and work all night. When the trench or wire has been blown away, just a word sent back and the engineer goes forth to repair the damage. A hole in the road or the road worn, a river to be bridged, regardless of time or place, send for the engineer.

Material in large quantities is urgently needed to do a job, the engineers are called upon to furnish it; there is none to be had, it can't be done, but soon the job is finished. Where did they get the stuff? Just got it. That's all. One thing to be remembered, is never ask an engineer where he gets the material.

It is a time-worn adage, that in fighting your way forward you must seek cover. The lowliest of the doughboys will tell you that. But how can the engineer seek cover when a bridge has to be built and timbers have to be carried up? The doughboy jumps from cover to cover, and rightly so, but when four or six men are carrying a heavy timber can they seek cover? No; but the bridge has to be built. With

the pick and shovel he must clear the way, the enemy can see him, the artillery soon finds him, and a little gas and a few shells drop around, and the doughboy asks how can he work in the face of such fire. He can't, but he must. "When can we get through, the boys need food?" asks the infantry commander. "Now," says the engineer. The infantryman looks in amazement and thinks him crazy, but the boys need food and ammunition, so the infantryman takes the engineer at his word and sends up the transport. What matters it if the wagon has to be bodily carried over, it is there, and the infantry is taken care of; that was the engineer's job.

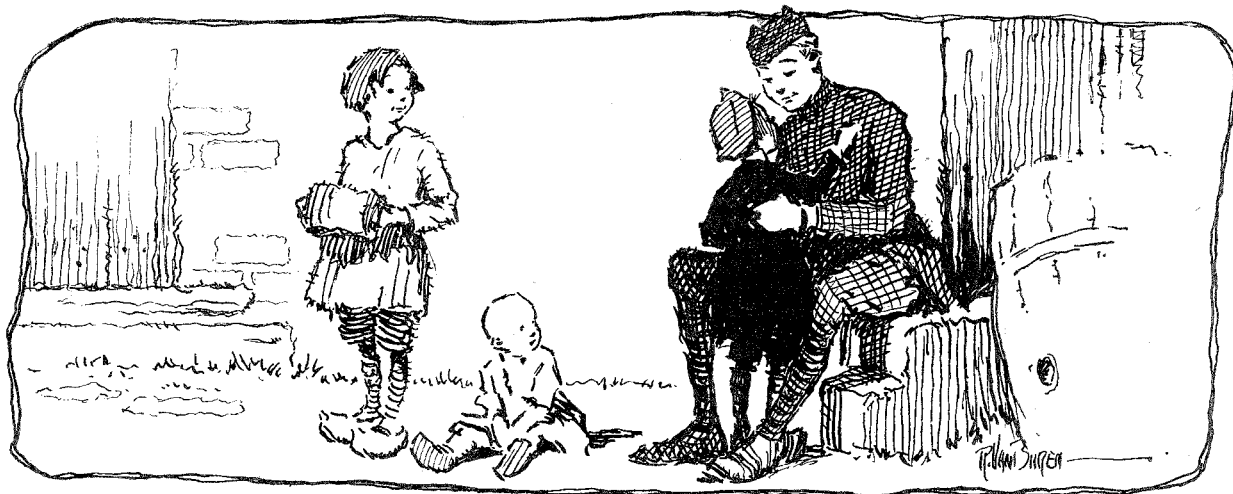
Necessity or strategy says fall back. All is well, but the enemy must not be allowed to follow too closely, so the engineer must hang behind and blow up the bridges and block the roads as soon as everybody is clear. But what of the engineer? Oh, that is up to him. But he usually shows up—some of them do.

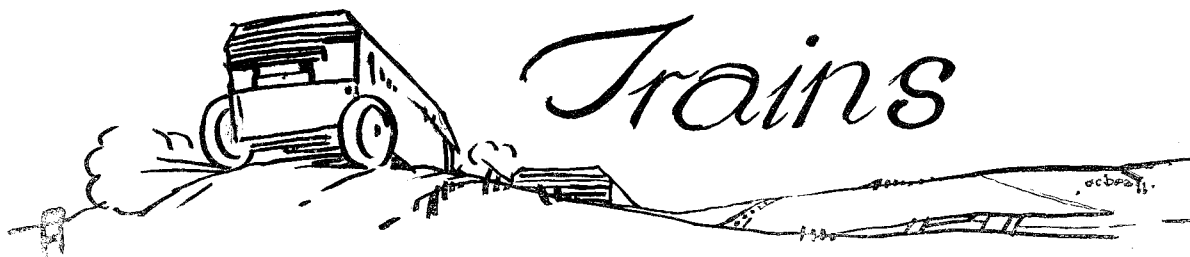
A few planes see him, and the machine guns are turned on him, but that is just one of the incidents of the day. He has been working two days and nights, but just to be sure all is going O. K. in the morning, the general sends a company or two out to back up the infantry.

The corps commander says that the division has done good work and need a rest. They are to be relieved. The order comes out, the — Division less the — Engineers will be relieved by the — Division. Finally after the rest have gone back and gotten well rested your work is done and back you go. You get settled, and two or three days later something happens to the railroad or the road, and the bunch up forward holler for help, and back the engineer goes to fill up the hole. Little does it matter that he was still there when the division returned. He has had his rest? "No!" "Well that is too bad; we hope it won't happen again." It never does until the next time. The doughboy cusses when he is called on to help with a pick and shovel. Little does he realize or care that it is for his good; it is those damn engineers again.

And when the time comes to show off, it is the engineer who is expected to be the best, though drilling by him is done only when nothing else interferes.

The commanding general says you are as good as the best, but you should do better. "The engineers came up and filled the hole."
M. H. GRAY, 1st Lieutenant.





102nd TRAIN HEADQUARTERS

THE Train Headquarters is a small unit made up of three officers and eighteen enlisted men and veterinary, ordnance and sanitary detachments attached. The colonel, commander of trains, is responsible for the condition of horse transport in the Division and is charged with the inspection of all horses and horse-drawn vehicles. Formerly the commander of trains was responsible for the policing in the rear of the Division when in combat and policing throughout the Division when out of the lines. Since the formation of the Military Police Corps in October, 1918, however, the commander of trains has been relieved of this duty.

On its arrival in France, May 30, 1918, this organization was known as 102nd Train Headquarters and M. P. Lieut.-Col. James C. McLeer was in command. After spending a few days at the base camp near St. Nazaire, we entrained for the north with the rest of the Division and were billeted in Bernay, north of Abbeville. The main duty of the unit there was the administration of the affairs of the Military Police.

Leaving the vicinity of Abbeville we started on a series of hikes which finally brought us to Beauval, a town near Doullens. It was here that we first made the acquaintance of the Hun bomber.

Our next move was to Flanders, where the Division received its actual combat training. For seven weeks we lived in shelter tents at Oudezeele.

While we were at Oudezeele, Lieut.-Col. McLeer was transferred out of our organization and Major T. Harry Shanton took command. In addition to his other duties Major Shanton had charge of the Details Camp at Trappistes Farms, a camp for the returning of casualties to their organizations after they had been forwarded from the Division Reception Camp.

The first week in September found us bound for Beauquesne. For about three weeks we rested there before going up to the front. When the orders came to move, Train Headquarters was put in charge of moving the transport of the Division. Orders were issued and on the night of Sept. 22 the seven-mile column started eastward from Marieux. Morning found it at Bray-sur-Somme, where a camp was made for the day. At night the column took the road again and arrived at Tincourt the following morning, where it was broken up and the transport sent to rejoin its organizations.

After the Hindenburg Line had been broken, two days of comparative rest were spent at Peronne, and then back toward the lines we went. There followed a week of marching and endeavoring to catch up with the retreating German line. Finally, when the relief was effected, our headquarters were established at Busigny. For ten days we stayed there and it was during that time that Col. William A. Taylor, formerly of the 106th Infantry, was placed in command of Trains.

102nd SANITARY TRAIN

FIELD HOSPITAL CO. 105.

WHAT of France will live longest in our memories? We are too close to it even now for there to be anything but a jumble of swift changing pictures of pathos, humor, beauty, sordidness, pleasure, sorrow and a hundred other impressions, from the first day we saw the cliffs of Brest Harbor on July 12, 1918. We bounced through lovely countrysides in our crowded Homey-Chevies, slept in the piles of masonry that had been villages, saw friends and comrades and even brothers pass through our dressing rooms, nourished cooties, wondered if the next whining load of Jerry scrap iron would make us its mark—we saw about all the war there was to see except “going over the bags”.

We worked with the infantry throughout and are credited with being in action in every single engagement of this section of the Division. From the first we worked on the British Field Ambulance system. We said goodbye to our American supplies at Calais and worked with full British field equipment from hospital panniers to polished harness buckles. In the field we operated main and advanced dressing stations and walking wounded posts. In rest, to prevent time hanging heavy on our hands, we operated sick collecting posts, scabies hospitals and delousing plants.

In Belgium, where we operated a main dressing station at Remy Siding, we had our first introduction to shell fire. We very quickly became accustomed to the whine of the “Poperinge Express”, but when the fragments of Jerry’s iron foundries rattled on our huts we often wished we were dodging cars again on Broadway. We had the honor while at Remy of raising the first American flag to fly over Yank troops in Belgium. Here all the wounded of the Division passed through our hands, besides Tommies, Thirtieth Division men and Jocks.

When the Division smashed through the Hindenburg Line

we were stationed at Villers Faucon, first as an advanced and later as a main dressing station. Yanks, Diggers and Tommies filled our walking wounded post and dressing rooms at all hours. We were established in a former German field lazarette, but the enemy had set fire to it when he evacuated so that little remained except the dugouts and two wrecked huts. We were visited by Colonel Collins, U. S., A., Corps Surgeon, and Surgeon General S. Guise Moores, Director Medical Service, British Armies, France, who complimented Major Stivers on the work of the unit.

PATRICK C. HANBURY.

FIELD HOSPITAL CO. NO. 106

Can anyone in the Division give any information as to the location of “General Rumor’s” headquarters? It is almost a certainty he is located in the LeMans area, pre-embarkation area, according to the number of conflicting rumors which can be heard regarding our returning to the United States.

We have been well informed by our long lost “Jovial” Bill Cox of the horrors of the war in Paris.

“Whizz Bang” Tom Morrissey says he is glad that the war is over. Does Tom know, which he does no doubt, that every day that passes means a day nearer when he will soon be in the army that never won a battle?

Lieutenant Bashore, Company Gas Officer, who handled many gassed patients up in the front area, should introduce to the gas companies back in the States his method of analyzing the different gases without a laboratory.

The Major commended the men of the company for their efficient work at the front and for their untiring efforts up to the closing hours, which has made the work performed a success.

JOHN V. BUCHER, Private First Class.

MORE ABOUT THE SANITARY TRAIN

FIELD HOSPITAL CO. 107, 102nd SANITARY TRAIN

Since we arrived in St. Cornelle our company was billeted in two sections, one section living up at Chateau la Pree in the Carriage House, while the other section was quartered in Madame Salmon's Salle de Bal, which is beautifully located opposite the village slaughter house, and our boys enjoy the killings.

Private Dennis J. Byrnes, better known as the "Silent Partner," entered quarters one night after pay day under the influence of "Encore" and declared that he took his shirt off many a time in the Clermont Sporting Club in New York City, but the boys told him that if he did not take it off it would walk off. What's the matter, Silent Partner—cooties or "encore"?

WELL KNOWN SAYINGS AROUND OUR QUARTERS

Private Jacobsen: "What is a tourniquet?"

Company: "Something used in a Millbrook barber shop."

Supply Sergeant Killian: "Come on, get off that bunk."

Company: "Aw, fold up."

Sergeant First Class Burger: "That's all very true, I fully realize, but getting down to the fine points, they cannot get anything on your Uncle Dudley."

Wagoner Gibson: "You remember my queen in Paris, the one I used to polish up for?"

Private Hunt: Oh, boys, wait 'til we get back to White Plains, then we'll get the beasels."

Entire Company: "Wonder what is the matter with the French mail."

SERGEANT GEORGE KILLIAN, JR.

AMBULANCE CO. 108, 102nd SANITARY TRAIN

Our company, after landing at Brest, July 13, 1918, spent a week in the rain and mud, in the vicinity of Pontanezen Barracks.

We arrived in Paris in the early morning of July 22 and after lying in the railroad yards until noon, were loaded into motor trucks and taken through the city to our billets in an old livery barn.

Immediately after arriving there a call was sent in for fifty men to report to American Red Cross Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly at midnight.

The men worked until recalled to the billets, as an order had come in ordering us to move, this time to Evacuation Hospital No. 8 at Jouilly, about thirty-five kilometers distant.

Leaving Paris in the afternoon of July 23, we arrived at Jouilly the evening of the same date, and finding conditions at that hospital as bad as those at Nieully, immediately started to work.

We spent a week carrying litters and clearing up the place in general, when we received orders to report to American Red Cross Hospital No. 107 at Jouy-sur-Morin, a town farther east.

On Aug. 19 we left Chateau-Thierry by trucks for Lizy-sur-Ourcq, where we entrained for Neufchateau in the Toul Sector, arriving there at noon Aug. 21. We hiked to Harreville, a distance of about ten kilometers, where we went into French rest billets until Aug. 24, when we left by trucks for Souilly, a small town about fifteen kilometers south of Verdun, where Evacuation Hospital No. 6 was located later. As the railhead of a branch of the new American railroad was also located near this town and next to our hospital, it was a special point of interest for German observation planes and they kept the adjacent anti-aircraft batteries busy banging away at them day and night.

C. F. S.



FIELD HOSPITAL CO. 108, 102nd SANITARY TRAIN

"Pipe down" causes *beaucoup* commotion every morning when the top-kick blows off that little tooter of his. Early risers like Sergeant Canning should be seen and not heard, but according to our fighting hero, Buck McCardell, said sergeant should be in his resting-place. The sleeping quartet, Walter Miller, John Welch, Corlas Miller and Daniel Ryan are now rehearsing a new song entitled "Orderly Bring in the Bacon and Leave Off the Rine," then follows a hob-nail barrage.

"Any issue to-day, Fox?" Anything more unpleasant than this cannot be said to Sergeant Fox, for the only reply anyone will receive is, "No, come to-morrow." Then there is said John Briddon, "Aw, get rid of the stuff now, it will only be hanging on our hands for several days."

"Keep out of the office," is continually heard by our Corporal Schenck, especially when he is real busy; other times it is "Get the h— out of here." When Sergeant Becker appears on the scene with "Any new rumors to-day"—well, Shenck and Pete Rauth have a new batch every day. "They are corkers, too."

"Why so downhearted to-day, Allahand?" "Aw, me Jane flew the coop with a drafted guy." "What do you think happened to my girl?" said Johnny Winters. "She writes me that she is having a wonderful time back home, and look at me over here missing all the fun."

The silent trio—Privates Gerhard, Hagler and McCarty—will soon be initiated to the Order of Ancient Gyps, as soon as we hit the States—no fee will be charged, all welcome.

AMBULANCE CO. 166, 102nd SANITARY TRAIN

'Tis true we were a bit late in arriving in France from the States, but early enough to participate in every engagement in which the division was involved, from Flanders to the Somme.

Owing to a ruling to the effect that no one would be mustered out on foreign soil, First Sergeant Evans, Acting Sergeant Wallace and Wagoner Jessop have been deprived of continuing a business venture upon which they embarked during their stay in Prenelles. Had their wish been granted a flourishing American bakery would now grace the boulevards of the aforementioned city. These ambitious young warriors, always in search of some venture to refresh and occupy their fertile brains, acquired the art of baking bread, and as a result are now the fully accredited "boulangeries."

J. F. H.

102nd SUPPLY TRAIN

THE Train arrived at Brest July 13, and after a brief rest period took over the motor transportation at that port, which was one of the chief harbors receiving U. S. troops and supplies for the allied forces. During the first month, all previous records for unloading ships and handling their cargoes were broken. This degree of efficiency was due to the expert work of our drivers and mechanics, who kept the trucks working both day and night throughout our entire stay. Despite the fact that we were not immediately sent to support our own division, as hopefully expected, both officers and men buckled down to the difficult task of clearing and keeping clear the port, which was deemed highly essential at that time. Much has been said relative to the importance of this work and the excellent spirit with which the organization accomplished it. After three months the outfit was sent up to join the division, which was then at Corbie enjoying a much deserved rest. The signing of the armistice at this time destroyed our last chances of supporting our own division at the front, and, though somewhat disappointed, we assumed the task of divisional trucking with the satisfied feeling of having done what little we could to the best of our ability.

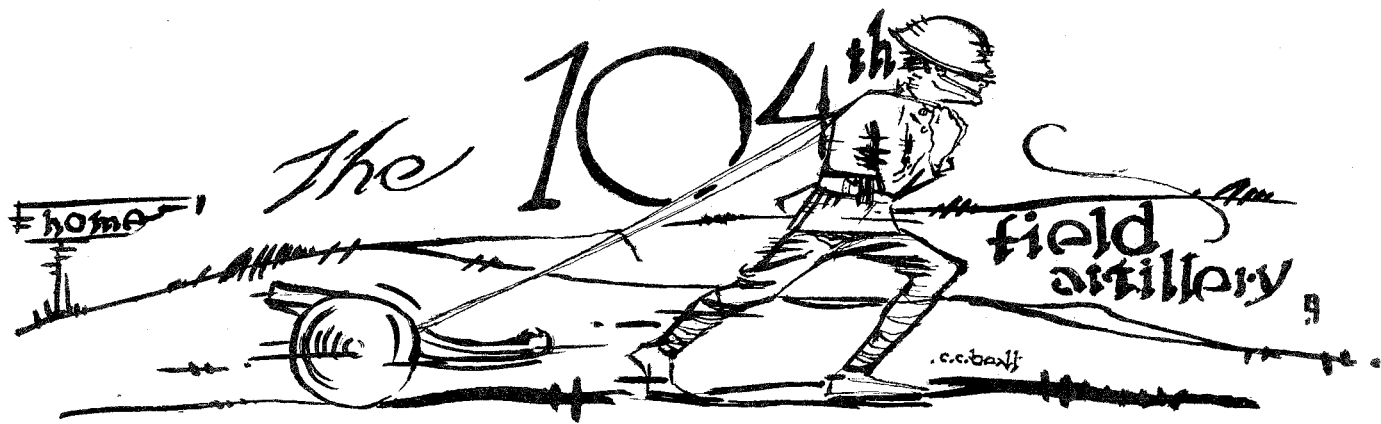


DEMOLISHING A HUN COLUMN

AT the fag end of the war, when the Boche had finally come to realize that he could no longer hold the hills north of VERDUN, and that he must make a supreme effort to withdraw from the famous "Pivot of the Hindenburg Line," once vaunted as an obstacle that the Allies could never surmount, the gunners of the 52nd Field Artillery Brigade did some remarkable feats of marksmanship. The Boche, pushed by the ever advancing Infantry, was making a frantic attempt to pull his convoys of guns, food, troops and material, back of the danger zone and well into its rear. Each hour of these last few days the 'planes would bring back word of troops and convoys crowding the roads going north, and at each fresh bulletin the batteries of the 52nd Field Artillery Brigade would break out again on new targets. Some work is well within the province of the 75's, and the business of obtaining observation, figuring out firing data, and dispelling concentrations of moving troops, is more or less part of a day's work to such light regiments as the 104th and 105th Field Artillery. But to a regiment such as the 106th Field Artillery, armed with 155 m/m howitzers and hurling eighty pounds of high explosive at every shot, this sort of work is, at least, unusual, their forte being to put down carefully calculated concentrations at given points, and to work out by painstaking methods the exact position of an enemy battery and proceed to demolish it.

Captain Howard Burkhardt, who commands Battery "A" of the 106th Regiment of Howitzers, deserves the credit of

being perhaps the first American officer to take pot shots at the Hun with a 155 m/m howitzer. He was in an advanced position on the right of the MEUSE just a few days before the armistice put a stop to a very bloody battle for the supremacy of the hills that commanded the "Key to METZ." After having sat up all night computing the "data" for his guns to put down a demolition fire on a certain Hun battery, designated as No. 5—or the "Heinies at No. 5"—he was interrupted by the voice of his observer, a lieutenant from his own battery, at an O. P. in the front line—"Captain, it's all off; the Heinies are pulling out." Captain Burkhardt, however, didn't agree that "it was all off." "Where are they now?" he bawled over the 'phone to his lieutenant. "Just starting north on the ETRAYE ROAD from their position," came the reply. Captain Burkhardt reached out for his maps and protractors, and called to his observer in a tone of finality: "You stick your 'phone to your ear and give me observation. I'm going to make a mess of that column." In a moment he had the change of data to his guns, and after the first roar the observer 'phoned: "Over about 100." The second salvo proved to be "Short 50," but the third, fourth and fifth plopped down sudden death with terrible regularity to that German convoy, and after a seventh salvo had followed the panic-stricken men and horses along the road, the observer said: "It's a clean sweep, Captain—there's no more convoy!"



THE 104th Field Artillery, formerly the 1st New York Field Artillery, commanded by Colonel Merritt H. Smith, after having been in training for one year in the United States, arrived at Brest, France, July 13, 1918. The regiment immediately entrained for the artillery training camp at de Souge, and was there equipped with horses and French material and given a six weeks' course of instruction in the French artillery methods and use of the 75 m.m. gun.

On Aug. 30, the regiment entrained for Longeville, where the 52d Field Artillery Brigade, of which the 104th Regiment was a part, was attached to the 33d American Division, and where it was to receive a long-earned rest, but after having been there only three days, on the evening of Sept. 5, orders were received to leave Longeville that night at 11 p. m. to go into the line. After a three-day march over difficult terrain, traveling exclusively by night, the regiment arrived at Blercourt in the morning, and that night the batteries were moved forward to the Verdun sector and placed in position at Le Claire, eight kilometers northwest of Verdun, relieving the French artillery, who had held the sector for fourteen months, the lines having remained undisturbed during all that time.

The regiment was assigned to support the 129th, 130th, 131st, 132d Infantry regiments of the 33d American Division. On Sept. 12 the regiment conducted its first artillery fire against the enemy by assisting in the St. Mihiel attack. From then on, until Sept. 25, the regiment conducted harassing fire against the enemy.

At 5.30 a. m., on Sept. 26, the regiment started a rolling barrage to precede the advance of the infantry in a prepared attack against the enemy lodged in Forges Wood. Considerable advance was made, and all objectives gained. Prisoners taken in this action stated that they could not withstand the artillery preparation and barrage.

During the night of Sept. 27, in order to keep up with the rapid advance of the infantry, the first battalion, under command of Major Chas. P. Seymour, was moved forward to a position near Forges Woods, on the west bank of the Meuse. During the hours involved in the movement of this battalion, the guns of the second battalion, commanded by Major James E. Austin, were extended to include the entire regimental protective barrage.

After the first battalion arrived in its new position at Forges Wood, both battalions maintained a constant harassing fire against the enemy. Numerous protective barrages were called for at night by the infantry which the regiment was supporting.

On the 6th of October, Major Austin's battalion was moved north into the vicinity of the other batteries, in order that they might be within effective striking distance of the enemy's lines.

An attack was set in motion on the 8th of October that had for its object the taking of the high ground of the Meuse heights, near Consenvoye. The 104th Field Artillery in this attack laid down a rolling barrage in order to make this advance possible.

As a result of this successful attack, on the 10th of Oc-

tober the Second Battalion crossed the Meuse over the bridge at Consenvoye and took position in the vicinity of that village. While in this position this battalion was subjected to heavy shelling and concentration of gas by the enemy. At this stage of the operations it was found that the First Battalion was too far from the enemy's lines to be of maximum value, and it was moved forward to the southwest edge of Bois Jure.

During this period there had not been much advance of the troops on the right into the high wooded grounds of the Meuse heights, and the general regimental sector was subjected to heavy harassing fire from the north and east. The rationing and ammunition supply of Major Austin's command was made difficult by the almost constant bombardment of the Consenvoye bridge and the roads both north and south of Forges Woods. While the regiment was in this position the commanding officer, Colonel Merritt H. Smith, was taken seriously ill and had to be evacuated to the rear. This placed Lieutenant-Colonel John T. Delaney in command.

After having been in the line for over a month, on Oct. 20 the brigade was sent to the rear to Camp Cinq Freres for rest. It took two days for the regiment to reach this camp. While there the 52d Brigade was transferred from the 33d American Division to the 79th American Division and immediately ordered back into the line to new forward positions north of Brabant, east of the Meuse. This was on Oct. 29.

The regiment relieved the 322d Regiment of Field Artillery of the 158th Brigade, 29th American Division, which regiment was supporting the centers of resistance, Wavrille and Etraye. The position held by the American infantry was a difficult one, and after the regiment had been in position but a few hours a protective barrage was called for by the 157th Infantry Brigade, which the regiment supported.

Two days later the sector was moved to the right. The regiment was called upon to relieve the 101st Regiment of Field Artillery of the 26th Division. This was considered one of the most difficult sectors on the entire front. From the time the regiment arrived in this sector it was called upon to deliver protective barrage, harassing fire, and heavy concentration of high explosives and gas both day and night. In addition to supporting the 157th Infantry Brigade, Major Austin's battalion was used to assist in the support of the advance of the 158th Infantry Brigade on our left, which was meeting with a stubborn resistance from the enemy. In the midst of these operations, on Nov. 6, Colonel Charles C. Pulis of the Regular Army, on orders from G. H. Q., arrived at Regimental P. C. and took command of the regiment.

On Nov. 8, the First Battalion, now commanded by Captain Sylvester Simpson, Major Charles R. Seymour having been transferred out of the regiment, moved to a new position approximately 2500 meters in rear of the front line, this in order to shorten the range in supporting the 314th Infantry of the 157th Brigade, the advance battalion of this infantry regiment being constantly harassed by fire from the enemy.

THE GAS ATTACK

One of the great difficulties the infantry had to contend with was the many machine gun nests operated by the enemy and which necessitated a continual demand on the regiment for heavy concentration in order to neutralize this fire. The accuracy of the regiment's fire while in this sector in support of the infantry was the subject of letters of commendation from high infantry commanders.

On Nov. 9, after a slow but continuous advance by our infantry, two batteries of the regiment, A and E, were moved forward to Ormont Farm, near Crepion. During this period in the operations it was the intention to move the regiment forward in echelon so as to more efficiently accompany the infantry with supporting artillery fire, and A and E were the first batteries sent forward in this movement.

During the active operations of the regiment the following officers were in command of the various units:

Colonel Merritt H. Smith, commanding regiment.

Lieutenant-Colonel John T. Delaney commanded regiment, relieving Colonel Smith when he was evacuated to the rear, Oct. 18, due to serious illness contracted at Forges Woods.

Colonel Charles C. Pulis commanded regiment, relieving Lieutenant-Colonel Delaney on Nov. 6.

Major George W. Augustin commanded Medical Detachment.

Major Charles R. Seymour commanded First Battalion until transferred from the organization, Nov. 5.

Captain Sylvester Simpson then assumed command of the First Battalion.

Major James E. Austin commanded the Second Battalion.

Captain Fred A. Petersen, Regimental Adjutant and Operations Officer.

Captain Clarence G. Michalis, Personnel Adjutant.

Captain Robert L. Russell, Adjutant, First Battalion.

Captain Harold Lawson, Adjutant, Second Battalion.

Captain Francis P. Gallagher, Battery A.

Captain Walter C. McClure, Battery B.

Captain Charles G. Blakeslee, Battery C, until relieved on account of wounds at Le Claire Farm, received on Sept. 27. First Lieutenant Arthur E. Kaepfel then commanded the battery.

Captain Sylvester Simpson, Battery D, was relieved by First Lieutenant James Park during the time Captain Simpson commanded the First Battalion.

Captain Arthur W. Hofmann, Battery E.

Captain George B. Gibbons, Battery F, was relieved by First Lieutenant Arthur M. Acheson on Sept. 30, Captain Gibbons being transferred to the artillery school at Coetquidan as an instructor in artillery.

Captain Channing R. Toy, Headquarters Company.

Captain Walter E. Hegeman, Supply Company.

Second Lieutenant Francis W. Sutherland, Band Leader.
F. A. P.

102nd AMMUNITION TRAIN

HIP, HIP, HIP! the "Lucky Ammunition Train" is back in town again, covered with glory, travel stains and Hun trophies. What more could our friends ask of us, if we *parlez* poorly, it is because we have had to neglect the opportunities for a continental polish for the more exciting sport of putting Fritz in the "ice-box," and so the Ammunition Train (Motor Battalion, Horsed Battalion, Sanitary Detachment and Ordnance Detachment) each has seen action, plenty of it, and the recorded commendations of our efforts are the pleasant fruits we taste of a job into which we put our hearts and souls.

The element of luck, of course, was with us, but also an esprit de corps amongst the men and a confidence in our officers that pulled us through many a tight pinch. If Jerry was over-zealous in shelling the road over which we carried up the stuff, or if his planes found pleasure in dropping pills on us all night, we have reason to be proud of the gray hairs we honestly earned.

Leaving its final training station at Camp de Souge a day later than its comrades of the Horsed Battalion, the Motor Battalion of the Train received its first taste of modern warfare on the night of Sept. 16-18, upon arriving within the zone of advance. Bunked down in the woods of Sartelle, the boys had scarcely unrolled their packs and stretched out for a nap, than the drone of a Jerry motor overhead, followed instantly by the rapid explosions of giant bombs dropped from no great height, convinced us that maybe Sherman was right, at that.

From that night on, every one realized that he was really at the front, and in less than twenty-four hours the men were given a chance to prove their worth at the work for which they had been selected, for we were assigned to supply a brigade of artillery operating in conjunction with our own brigade on the St. Mihiel sector.

Nights of impenetrable blackness and fog, roads choked with the movement of troops and vehicles of every description, miles of shell-torn and shell-swept highways, in places swamped with poisonous gases, all these things must hold no terror for the man behind the wheel.

All this had no dampening effect on the ever buoyant spirits and unshakable optimism of the men, and each and every one from Col. Bell and Major Nagle down to the buck private was on the job every minute. The disagreeable trait called selfishness never had a chance to make its appearance.

Our stay on the Argonne and Verdun sectors will always be remembered by such names as Forges Woods, where trucks were driven in the darkness over gaping chasms, the

remains of what was once a road; Dead Man's Hill, where the drivers were called upon night after night to display the skill of circus drivers in order to pilot their trucks through the curtain of enemy shells; Etraye and Death Valley, where the narrowness of the road and rapid advancing of the batteries, almost on the heels of the attacking infantry, made it necessary for us to drive over the heaped up bodies of both men and horses; Commieres, Le Claire, Marre, Chattancourt, Consenvoye and Brabant—all these places will ever linger in our memories. We never would have been dubbed General Wingate's 3-Ring-Circus if we hadn't been "there," from popcorn to chariot race.

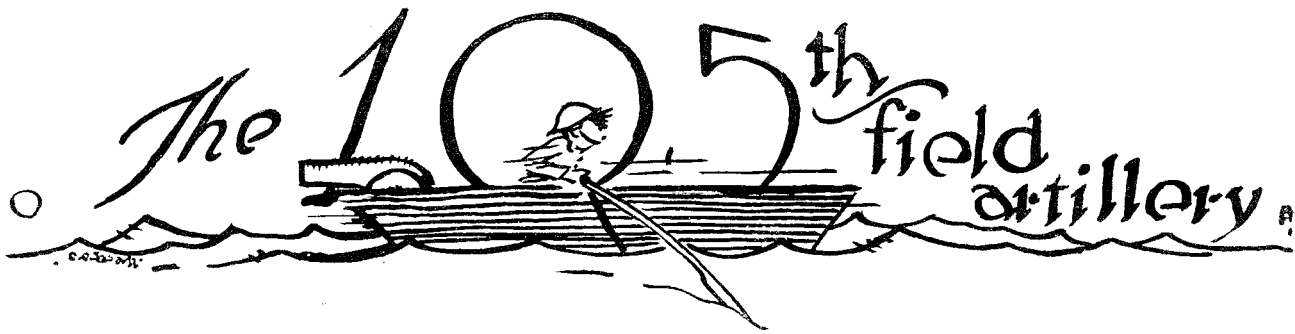
Horsed Battalion

Oh, yes; there is a Horsed Battalion in an Ammo Train, but they were so bang-up busy in the big war that they didn't break into print about themselves much.

To begin with, they kept the guns all fed up, and that's "going some" when the 52d Brigade is firing. A total of 180,914 rounds were shot in "Jerry's" direction, and there was a big reserve at the batteries when the armistice stepped on the brake. The infantry of the 79th and 33d Divisions knew the train was busy, too, for they never lacked the small arms ammunition which they used so convincingly on the Huns. Neither E nor F Companies succeeded in getting their horses, caissons and other mounted equipment, but Company G had its mules and wagons, and the battalion tackled the job with the material in hand.

Loads of 75's and 155's went forward steadily, although every driver and man on detail knew that a hit near the truck meant that not even their serial numbers would remain. Company G had a fondness for loads of hand grenades, which sometimes become the liveliest sort of companions on a ride to the front. Besides furnishing the advance loading details, Companies E and F operated several "dumps." The name seems to have been given these places because the Gothas dumped everything in the way of explosives on them. Surrounded with thousands of rounds of H. E. and tons of powder, the dumps were exciting places, if not quite safe.

Please excuse us, friends, if we seem a bit demonstrative, but we are all-fired glad to get back home again, and any one who speaks our tongue is going to look mighty good to us. We shall accept your homage and pettings with a soldierly modesty, which is to grab everything in sight, and if it seems as though we salvage more than our share, remember that we need an awful lot to balance the average.



CONTRARY to our usual luck it was a bright afternoon, May 19, as we left Camp Wadsworth, and it matched our spirits, for we felt that we were really "on our way". The Advance Detachment had been gone a month and were probably deep in the mysteries of DVO and KO "Somewhere in France". All was suppressed excitement, on arrival at Newport News, with promise of immediate embarkation. But as the days dragged to weeks, with postponement after postponement, the end of June saw a rather discouraged lot whose pep only partially returned when, at last, we boarded the good ship Madawaska on the 30th.

The excitement of the trip and the good fun, contributed largely by the ship's officers and crew, was like a tonic after the nightmare of Camp Stuart, and by July 12, when we sighted Brest, the old form had returned, and even that awful night at Pontanezen Barracks and the tedious ride to Camp de Souge could not dampen the enthusiasm.

Then came six strenuous weeks at de Souge, its sandstorms and heat (reminiscent of old McAllen, Texas), ending in the graduating barrage, and we were passed as fit. To be sure, the thick fog prevented much observation of the final fire, but it was a forerunner of many such days at the front, and planes reported the effect good, just as did the infantry in action later.

Entraining the following day, supposedly for further schooling in a back area, we tediously rolled north and finally reached Longeville, where the last unit safely detrained. Here we were assigned to the 33rd Division, and started the next night at dusk for Issoncourt and Regnacourt, reached shortly before dawn. But what a march—muddy back roads, zig-zagging through the country in the rain with green, ill-conditioned horses, and too few at that!

Here battalion and battery commanders were ordered into auto trucks and whirled away to that indefinite point ahead, termed the front. The regiment took up its winding march the following night to the Bois de Nixeville, to be rejoined there by the returned reconnaissance party.

Things now began to move faster, and that night the firing batteries of the two battalions pulled out and went into position, relieving two French battalions, the First Battalion going in near Marre, and the Second with the 18th French Corps, taking positions north of Verdun at Charny and Bras. This was Sept. 8, and on the 9th the 105th fired its first shot at the German lines.

The sector had been known as quiet, but under new orders it soon turned into a most active one, and after the first few days the men began to give and take like veterans.

On the 12th of September the St. Mihiel offensive began, and while our infantry was not to advance, we were given an intensive firing schedule at designated objectives, beginning at 1 a. m. and ending at 6 p. m.

Then came the gruelling days of artillery duels and strenuous ammunition supply, interspersed with experimental methods of conditioning horses, inspections by night and inspections by day. Finally we were passable.

On the night of Sept. 25 we changed positions, four batteries going in near the Mort Homme and two near Marre west of the Meuse as part of the 33rd Division and III U. S. Corps, and on the 26th-27th fired in the barrage for the infantry attack at the Battle of the Brook of Forges, and incidentally, it was right there that the artillery of the 27th Division established its reputation with its foster-father, the 33rd.

For the next few days things were pretty uncomfortable.

The Boche held the east bank of the Meuse and we had pushed well up on the west, one battalion at the Mille de Raffancourt across the Brook. The enemy's commanding positions and direct observation subjected the entire division to severe flank fire.

On the first of October the First Battalion moved still further forward to the vicinity of Gercourt, and on Oct. 3 were moved temporarily up to the Cote de Lemont to assist in the attack on Briuelles and the Teton Trench, returning to the Gercourt positions the following day. Then the regiment settled down to intense harrassing fire and incidentally was harrassed a bit in return.

On Oct. 8 the Second Battalion was moved up to the Cote de l'Oie and the battle for the Bois de Chaume and for Consenvoye and to clear the east bank was begun by the 17th French Corps, to which we were transferred for this action. The positions were finally taken in spite of the strong opposition. Moving the Second Battalion forward to positions at Gercourt, we began the artillery preparation for the attack, Oct. 14, by the 26th French and 29th U. S. divisions on the Heights of the Grande Montagne, supported by our artillery.

On the 21st the 33rd Division was relieved by the 15th French Colonial and withdrawn for three days' rest (?)—Oh, blessed rest! Two nights of straining march over muddy roads to the muddier Bois le Ville, three days of frantic refitting, reconditioning of animals, accompanied by harrassing fire of inspections with rapid-fire paper work, and back again by two night marches to the same sector, this time attached to the 79th Division, the 105th relieving the 322nd and going into positions north of Brabant behind the Bois de Consenvoye.

It was a lively place from the start, with Boche artillery on the flank, assisted by balloon observation, enflading us and Hun batteries on the Haraumont Ridge with air supremacy pounding us frontally.

Minor actions in the Bois d'Ormont, Belleu Bois and Grande Montagne kept us busy till the offensive against Dun-sur-Meuse of Nov. 1-3, in which we were called on to assist the III U. S. Corps. On the 4th we began our part in the Battle of the Borne du Cornouiller and Haraumont Ridge, which lasted till the 7th and broke through the strong Gieselher Stellung and Kriemhild Stellung, the eastern end of the Hindenburg Line, and started the big retreat of the Boche in this sector.

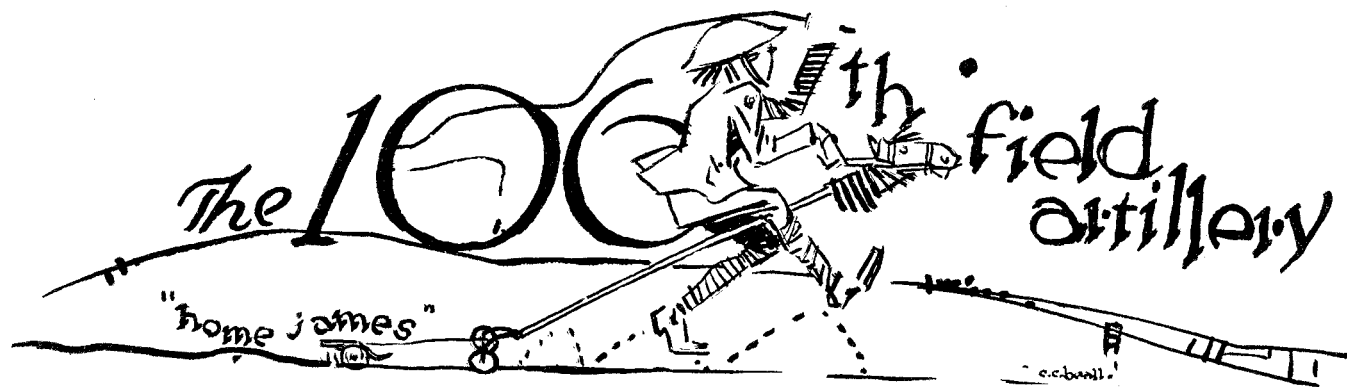
On Nov. 8 the battle for Reville, Etraye and Crepion completed the German defeat and drove them to the plains, the 79th closely following. At last we were in open warfare and advanced, the First Battallion going into positions in front of Reville and the Second Battalion near Etraye.

On Nov. 10 the Germans had made a last stand on the Cote de Morimont, Cote du Chateau and Cote de Romagne, and the 79th Division attacked on the morning of the 11th; the 315th Infantry making a flank attack, the 105th F. A. supporting and delivering a most intense and continuous fire lasting until the cessation of hostilities at the eleventh hour.

Private Brady, champion handy man of the division, and Cy, the country gentleman of Division Headquarters Troop, were discussing between themselves their respective capabilities.

"The only thing you know is when the cows come home," Brady told Cy.

"Yes, and when they were issuing brains you were the last man in line," Cy told Brady.



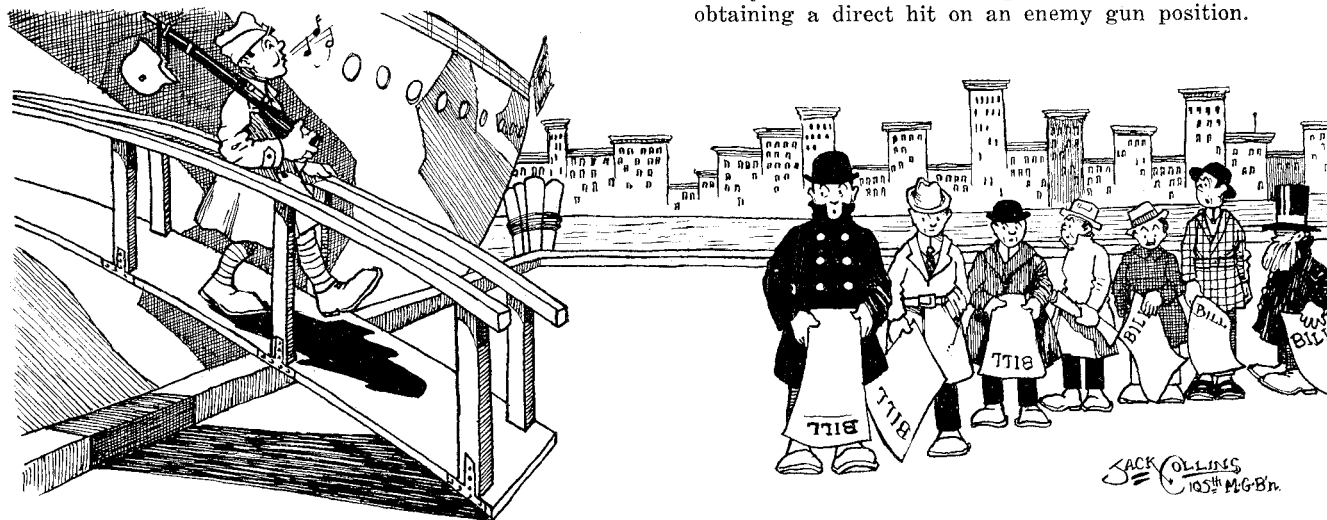
AFTER spending its allotted six weeks in the training area of Camp de Souge, the 106th Field Artillery arrived in the Verdun sector on Sept. 9, 1918, and was attached to the 33d Division. Three batteries were rushed forward immediately to Charney and Germonville just in time to participate in a demonstration in support of the attack against the St. Mihiel salient on Sept. 12, while the rest of the regiment dragged itself and its impedimenta through the rain and mud, and finally took up its position at Bethlainville. With regimental headquarters established at Fromerville and the echelon placed at Bailey-court, the regiment had a few quiet days in which to accustom itself to the manners and customs of the front. But all this changed suddenly when the preparations for the big attack were undertaken. A continual rain rendered the roads almost impassable, but despite this the regiment was concentrated on a knoll north of Chattancourt and succeeded in pulling its guns and sufficient ammunition forward to be in shape to accomplish its mission of the 26th. On this date, 2550 rounds were fired between 5.30 and 9.15 a. m., the objectives being points in the rear areas such as enemy second line trenches, ammunition dumps, cross roads and trench intersections. The success with which the attack was pushed put the guns out of range on the left bank of the Meuse, but they were still effective for harassing fire on the right. On Oct. 6 the regiment was called on to destroy a machine gun stronghold in the enemy's lines, known as the Trench de Teton, which had been an effective element in holding up the advance. The adjustment was undertaken by Balloon Company No. 9, and completed despite the fact that the balloon was forced to descend four times and was finally shot down in flames by a Boche plane. The concentration put down on the basis of this observation proved entirely effective, the trench was captured, and the regiment won a compliment from General Bullard. Two days later the regiment supported an attack by the 29th Division against Brabant and a crossing of the Meuse by a detachment of the 33d Division, with the heaviest

day's fire delivered during its tour at the front—1573 rounds in the morning and 1674 in the afternoon, weighing a total of about 150 tons.

The regiment was now again out of range, and moved forward to positions to the east of Gercourt. Those days, Oct. 13 to 15, were a weary succession of rain, mud and hills. Twelve, fourteen and even eighteen horses were necessary to pull the guns up the crest above Bethin Court, and once over the Boche had an excellent view of the road. Fortunately he seemed to have run into a bad lot of ammunition, for he was guilty of an astonishing proportion of duds at this time. But little more than a few rounds of harassing fire had been undertaken when the regiment was relieved and spent three quiet days of washing and cleaning up in the pleasant, safe rear area of Bois la Ville and Chene Gossin.

On Oct. 27, the brigade was attached to the 79th Division. This division held the hilly sector of the Bois de la Grand Montagne on the right bank of the Meuse, the positions of the 106th being along the Samogneux-Brabant road. The fighting in this sector was open warfare, the positions being uncomfortably exposed and the enemy, who held all of the heights, having uncommonly good observation down the valleys. Camouflage was sacrificed to the end of keeping the Boche under pressure, so that engineer depots, supply dumps and picket lines were interspersed between the battery positions. Hostile shelling, therefore, was continuous, though luckily not resulting in many casualties. Firing was heavy during the entire period, a total of 10,611 rounds, whose weight was in the neighborhood of a million pounds, being shot off in thirteen days.

The first days of firing were demonstrations in support of an attack on Briuelles by the Fourth Division on our left, and occasional harassing and concentration fire when called for by our own infantry. On Nov. 4 began the hammering of the 79th Division through the heavy woods and steep hills that lay in front of them, which finally resulted in the capture of Reville, Etraye and Crepion. The regiment was repeatedly called on for barrages; on one occasion breaking up an enemy counter attack with great losses and at another time obtaining a direct hit on an enemy gun position.



Should Old Acquaintance be Forgotten?

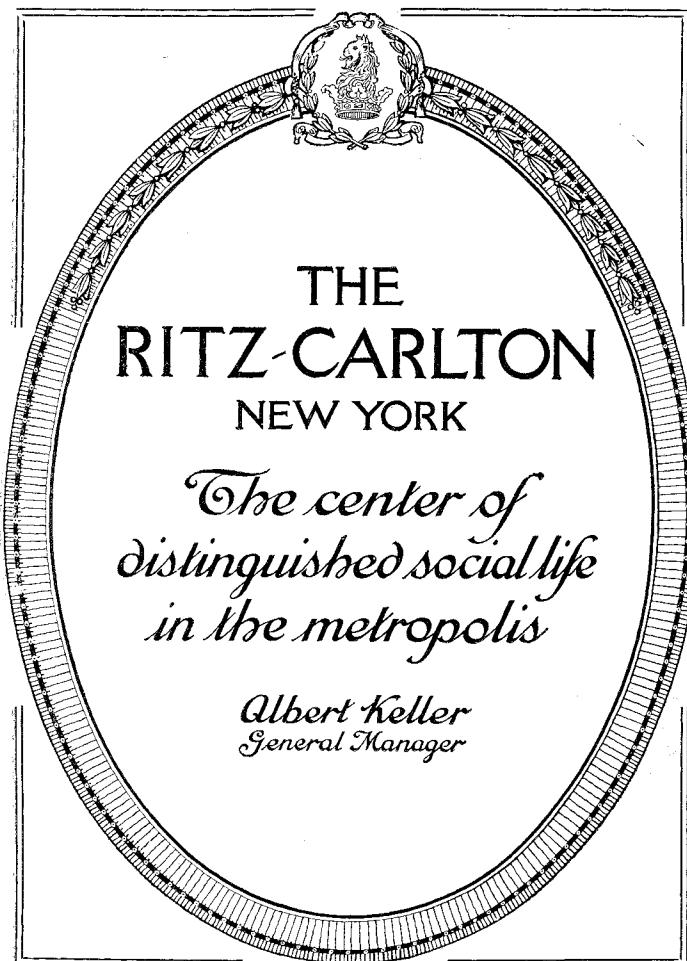
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(Continued from page 12)

Then, in order to make the job complete, the Red Cross workers improvised a little civilian hospital in the town and turned it over to Lieut. Reed of the Twenty-Seventh. But first of all they put the hospital into operation. They had no nurses, so they got some French women of Busigny, gave them Red Cross uniforms, and taught them the principles of first aid. That emergency attended to, night after night, they took camions to the edge of the town, and delivered food to the population.

When the town was finally freed of the Boche, there were over 1500 civilians to be fed. It was not possible for the Red Cross to furnish all of them with supplies, but it fed the women, children, the old and feeble of the town, and the wounded. And the men of the Twenty-Seventh and the men of the Red Cross Detachment voluntarily divided their rations with the rest of the people in the town.

The twenty-five tons of supplies which the Red Cross had on hand in the Advance Dressing Station served a useful purpose in that emergency. When these supplies ran short, Captain Bobo wired to Daniel P. Pomeroy, vice-president of the Bankers Trust Company, who was a zone representative for the Red Cross, for more supplies. Pomeroy rushed these supplies to the Twenty-Seventh. Throughout his service in the zone, Pomeroy rendered every support possible.

Of the 37 men who served with the Red Cross Detachment, 19 were commended for meritorious service by General O'Ryan. Captain Bobo not only was commended for personal courage and devotion to duty by General O'Ryan, but he was decorated by the French Government with the croix de guerre for the services he rendered for the stricken civilians in St. Souplet.

Captain O. G. Bright, Chicago, Ill., and Lieut. Austin T. Sackett, of New London, Conn., both members of the Red Cross Detachment, also were commended, as was Lieut. Walter H. Weaver, of Springfield, Ohio, who lost his life in the operations on Le Selle River, on October 20, 1918.

Private Leo Smith, of New York City, serving with the Red Cross Detachment, was commended on two occasions, and the following other members of the Detachment were also commended: Private Fred. Schroeder, Private R. J. Foley, Private Joe Amendola, Private A. M. Petero, all of New York City.

Probably the most effective work of the Detachment was done while the Division was in action. Captain Bobo made it a practice prior to each action to go into conference with the heads of the Medical Department, and to prepare a plan of service to be rendered during the battle. There has never been a wounded man in the Division who has not received comfort at the hands of the Red Cross. They have been provided with blankets, good hot drinks and food, and cigarettes, and when necessary, warmed with Red Cross Primus stoves.

For the over-fatigued troops returning from service in the line of battle, the Red Cross operated comfort stations placed well forward. Some of these stations had been under heavy shell fire as was true of the station at Hallibast Corners, in the Mt. Kemmel action, where the post was shelled out, necessitating the Division's working between two other stations, one located farther forward, on the road, and the other at Christ Church Siding.

At these stations the men were served hot drinks, canned fruits, sardines, biscuits, tobacco, and cigarettes, the service being adequate enough to provide for a large part of the men engaged.

The Red Cross rolling kitchens or cocoa-wagons operated well into the forward areas and from them were served hot drinks, biscuits, doughnuts, etc. They were in operation also both when the Division was on the march, and when it was at rest.

During the Hindenburg Line and Le Selle River battles, more than 48,000 cups of cocoa were served at these rolling kitchens.

Space prevents a full account of what the Red Cross did for the Twenty-Seventh. The activities covered a very wide range which included the issuance of 10,000 sweaters, 5000 pairs of socks, and a large quantity of heavy underwear, not to mention officers' kits, toilet supplies, recreational supplies, newspapers, and medical and surgical equipment.

A QUIET DAY WITH THE FIELD ARTILLERY

12 midnight to 1.30—Nine rounds harassing fire, one every ten minutes.

1.30 to 2.00—Cleaning guns.

2.00 to 2.45—Carrying ammunition.

2.45 to 3.05—Dodging shells.

3.05 to 3.35—Gas attack. Waiting for the order to remove masks.

3.35 to 4.00—Rest; a chance to get a good sleep.

4.00 to 4.30—Interdiction fire, eight rounds.

4.30 to 5.30—Replenishing ammunition, washing shells.

5.30 to 6.00—Cleaning guns.

6.00 to 6.25—Breakfast.

6.25 to 7.15—Grooming and feeding horses.

7.15 to 8.00—Carrying more ammunition.

8.00 to 8.05—Wash, shave and cleaning of personal equipment.

8.05 to 9.15—Checking up sights.

9.15 to 10.15—Digging gunpit, laying sandbags and repairing camouflage.

10.15 to 11.30—Fire for destruction, 2 rounds per minute.

11.30 to 12.00—Cleaning guns.

12.00 to 12.30—Feeding and grazing horses.

12.30 to 14.30—Carrying ammunition.

14.30 to 15.00—Noon mess.

15.00 to 16.00—Grooming, grazing and feeding horses.

16.00 to 17.30—Cleaning harness.

17.30 to 18.00—Standing inspection.

18.00 to 19.00—Concentration fire, 90 rounds.

19.00 to 20.00—Cleaning guns.

20.00 to 22.15—Carrying ammunition and fixing night lights.

22.15 to 22.35—Mess (evening).

22.35 to 23.45—More carrying and cleaning ammunition.

23.45 to 24.00—Time off to sleep.



DIVISION'S LAST REVIEW IN FRANCE

“LOOK, the General is in the ranks. Watch how he handles the pivot on that right turn.”

The attention of hundreds of spectators was directed to the inspiring spectacle which took place on Jan. 22 when Major-General O’Ryan and many of the honor men of the division were presented with decorations won on the fields of Picardy and Belgium.

General O’Ryan had taken his place in the ranks at the extreme right of the long line of officers and men whose deeds of heroism and valor were to be written into history on that day. In the background the infantry units of the division were massed in close formation. Bayonets were fixed. They glistened in the benevolent winter sun which had come out during the afternoon to warm the breeze that tugged and toyed with the silken folds of Old Glory and regimental standards long under lock and key. Our flags came to life that afternoon for the first time since we had been in France.

The Division’s massed band, jubilant at its reunion, took our men back to the days of Sibleys and furloughs at Camp Wadsworth.

As the Honor Men swung into line and marched forward with General O’Ryan as right guide, General Pershing,

mounted on a dapple horse, reviewed the formation. For fully half an hour the entire division stood at attention. Lieut.-Col. J. L. Kincaid read the orders of the day bestowing the medals.

General Pershing dismounted and with the Commander of the Second American Corps, proceeded to the center of the line where the name of General O’Ryan was called out. The General stepped forward and received the Distinguished Service Medal, the Commander-in-Chief pinning it on with appropriate remarks, after which he congratulated General O’Ryan.

The distinguished party went along the line and pinned the decorations on each officer and man.

The ceremony took place on the target range of Belgian Camp, just outside the river town of Champagne. It was here Wilbur Wright had made his first successful flight in the type of heavier than air machine destined to play such an important part in this war. It was here last August the Belgian Army was reconstructed for its final homeward dash to Brussels. After the presentation of medals the division passed in review in columns of half companies. It was said at General Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces that no review had equaled it during the war in France.

With the Compliments
of the
RETAIL MERCHANTS ASSN.
of
Buffalo, N. Y.

(Continued from page 12)

with whom you share a common language and a common outlook upon life. The memory of our great attack upon the HINDENBURG LINE on the 29th September 1918, in which the 27th American Division along with troops from all parts of the British Empire took so gallant and glorious a part, will never die and the service then rendered by American troops will be recalled with gratitude and admiration throughout the British Empire. I rejoice to think that in the greater knowledge and understanding born of perils and hardships shared together, we have learnt at least to look beyond old jealousies and past quarrels to the essential qualities which unite the great English-speaking nations.

In bidding God speed to you whom for a time I was privileged to have under my command, I feel confident that the new era opened out before us by the appearance of American troops on the battlefields of the Old World will see the sympathy and friendship now established between our two nations constantly deepened and strengthened, to the lasting advantage of both peoples.

D. HAIG,
Field Marshal,
Commanding-in-Chief,
British Armies in France.

The Division Commander replied as follows:
Headquarters 27th Division U. S. A.,
American E. F., France,
A. P. O. 748,
February 18, 1919.

Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig,
Commander-in-Chief,
British Armies in France.

My dear General Haig:

I acknowledge receipt of your very generous letter commending the battle record of the 27th Division. On behalf of the officers and men of the Division I express appreciation of your words and of the sentiments which inspired them. With you I rejoice in the knowledge that our relations born of peril and sacrifices shared together in campaign and in battle, constitute an enduring tie that will be proof against the petty distractions of ordinary times.

The personnel of our Division, being Americans, are the descendants of many races and peoples, some of them having no sentimental or other ties with Great Britain. It is natural to assume that they entered upon the service of their Division with the British Army, with widely varying notions respecting British soldiers and the soldiers of her colonies. I think I fairly state the sentiments of our officers and men when I say that upon the completion of our service, we carried with us respect and admiration for your soldiers, both officers and men. We found them to be brave and patient in adversity, courageous and magnanimous in victory, and under all conditions highly disciplined and modest in deportment. Toward us they acted like brothers—not as formal Allies in a joint endeavor. And so we leave France with a complete gratitude for many kindnesses, both professional and personal, shown us by you yourself and by the Commanding Generals of the II and IV Armies and the officers associated with them.

With best wishes and expressions of high personal regard, I am,

Very respectfully,
JOHN F. O'RYAN,
Major General,
Commanding.

Message received from Lieutenant General John Monash, commanding Australian Corps:—

"The affinity of the Australian people and Australian soldiers for the great American Republic took birth from the memorable visit of the American Fleet to our shores. It was fostered by mutual sympathy with the common ideals shared by these two democracies,—and by the community of their interests in the problems of the Pacific. It culminated in the comradeship of their fighting men in the Great War.—The flower of the youth of Australia and of America met and fraternized upon the battle-scarred soil of France. They recognized, in each other, a kindredship of spirit and of their

WELCOME HOME



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Buffalo Evening News



Greetings and
Congratulations
to the Boys of
the 27th.



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outlook upon life. They were privileged to fight shoulder to shoulder in several of the most notable battles of the War.

From July 4th, the famous day of Hamel, when American troops first entered the conflict, until the final and decisive series of victories which in September and October resulted in the capture of the great Hindenburg Line in its most formidable sector, Australians and Americans have worked and fought and bled together. These stirring events have set the seal upon their brotherhood.

For none of all the Americans with which they have been thus associated will the "diggers" (as they are affectionately nicknamed) have a more lasting remembrance than for the boys of the 27th American Division. To the gallantry and sacrifices of this splendid Division, as displayed in that heroic feat of arms which led to the capture of the famous Tunnel, and of Bony, Gouy and Le Catelet, our men bear willing witness. It was this knock-out blow that compelled the Germans to launch their final peace offer, which so soon after led to the Armistice.

It has been, to me personally, a source of great pride to have had the 27th Division, together with its sister Division, the 30th, under my command for these great operations, and to have been afforded the opportunity of so close and successful an association with their Commanders, Staffs and Soldiers. And I do not doubt that the men of the 27th Division will not soon forget their comrades of the Australian Army Corps.

JOHN MONASH,
Lieut.-General."

Letter from Sir Herbert Plumer, Commanding Second Army, B. E. F.:

"HEADQUARTERS, SECOND ARMY,
Cologne.

9:Feb:1919.

Dear General:

I should like before the Division returns to the United States to convey to you and to them my appreciation of the service rendered by the Division while they were with the 2nd Army.

The wonderful spirit which animated all ranks and the gallantry displayed in the minor engagements they took part in with us foreshadowed the successes they would achieve later.

Our regret was that the period of their service with the 2nd Army was so brief.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

HERBERT PLUMER."

To G. O. C.

27th American Division.

The following letter has been received from Lieut. General Herbert Watts, commanding XIXth British Corps, with which the 27th Division fought in Flanders:

"Hd. Qrs.

XIX Corps,
B. E. F.

9th Feb. 1919.

I hear that on return of the 27th American Division to New York it is proposed to issue another number of your leading organ "The Gas Attack" and as the first British Corps Commander who had the honour of having the 27th in his command I should like your permission to set down my great appreciation of the splendid soldierly qualities of the officers and men of your division and my very happy reminiscences of the time we spent together—from the days around Oudezele with their military training and social meetings—culminating with the memorable dinner at the Hotel Sauvage at Cassel—on the occasion of General O'Ryan's birthday—to the more serious work and fighting around Kemmel.

We British were all very eager to see some of the American Army—and I remember on returning to my headquarters after my first visit to your Division being asked, "What are they like?" and my reply, "Oh, you needn't worry, they look like business and mean it." Apart from the fine military bearing and physique I was struck by the tremendous keen-

ness of all ranks to learn as much as possible as quickly as possible and to waste no time before getting to real business—and they didn't—and what the 27th achieved when they did get there is now well known and, are not their praises writ large in the congratulations and appreciations received from Commanders-in-Chief downwards!

May the best of luck attend all members of your Division and may they have as kindly and friendly remembrances for their old comrades of the XIX Corps as the latter have for them.

Faithfully yours,
HERBERT WATTS, Lt. General,
Comdg. XIX Corps, B. E. F."

General H. S. Rawlinson has sent this message to the officers and men of General O'Ryan's Division:

"ARMY HEAD QUARTERS,
IV ARMY,
B. E. F.
Feb 9. 19.

As the Commander of the IV Brit. Army I keenly appreciate the honour of having had the 27th Divn. under my command in the great Cambrai-St. Quentin battle which decided the war in favour of the Allies.

The gallantry of all ranks of the Divn. in that battle, as well as in subsequent engagements, has filled me with admiration and all units of the IV Army value beyond measure the privilege of having been so closely associated with their brave comrades from New York. The seeds of good fellowship and mutual esteem which have been sown with the blood of the fallen, on the battle grounds of France, will bear fruit as time goes on in the wider field of international relationship. And I look forward to the future with a firm conviction that whatever may be the trials and tribulations to which we may be subjected, the close friendship of the English speaking peoples is now founded on the bed rock of mutual sacrifice and esteem, which will stand secure for many generations to come.

Yours very truly,
RAWLINSON."

The following letter has been received from the Provost Marshal General:

"Headquarters American Expeditionary Forces,
Office of the Provost Marshal General.

It gives me great pleasure to have an opportunity to say a few words to the officers and men of the 27th Division through the "Gas Attack." Ever since leaving last January I have had one or more officers of the division with me. Lieutenants Munsill and Littwitz accompanied me to the 58th Brigade and remained through the summer. They were with the brigade in line in Alsace and afterwards in the Argonne-Meuse offensive. Later, when I came to G. H. Q. several other officers and former officers of the division joined me in the work in the Provost Marshal General's department. Through them I have been able to keep in close touch with the division and its fine record in Flanders, against Mount Kemmel, and later in the operations against the Hindenburg Line, where the gallantry and ability of the officers and men won fame for the division and all connected with it.

You are going home to the welcome that you so richly deserve. Those of us who must remain in France wish you Godspeed, and a safe return to your families and homes.

H. H. BANDHOLTZ,
Provost Marshal General."

HOME

When soft hands touch my cheeks again
And unsaid thoughts are understood,
When lustrous eyes,
Deep with the beauty of sorrow
And the flame of a God-given love,
Eyes that long have been unseen
Except perhaps in some sweet dream,
Meet eyes of mine.

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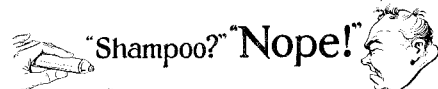
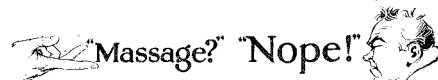
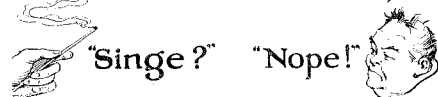
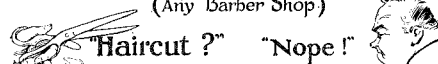
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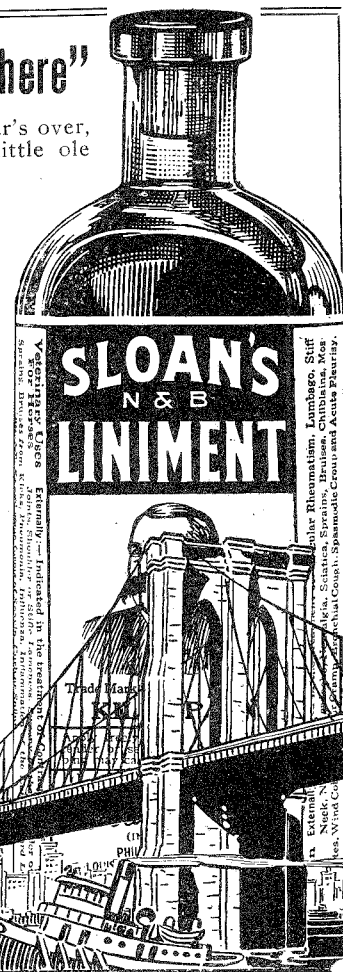
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It's Over "Over There"

"WELL buddy, the war's over, and it was some little ole war—we'll say it was. Some of it was great dope, and most of it wasn't, but we saw 'er through. And now where are we? Back in the old home town! That old bridge sure did look good, eh buddy?"

There aren't many of us that didn't get knocked around some, collect a little rheumatism, or some other small remembrance of Fritz. But what of it? Here we are back among old friends, and one of 'em's Sloan's Liniment. It has an ingrowing hatred of rheumatic aches and pains, sore muscles, sprains, strains and bruises. And you don't have to rub it in.

Pick up a bottle at the nearest drug store for "Auld Lang Syne." 30c, 60c and \$1.20.



FATTENING UP FOR MOTHER

MOTHER is going to get the jolt of her sweet life when sonny comes marching home.

Ever since her boy went over to France mother has spent not a little of her time leaning across the back fence and telling the lady next door how frightfully thin and scrawny and weak she just knew the war had made her darling. She was sure he had lost enough pounds of flesh to make an average-sized man, and that he would come home looking like the shadow of his former self.

There was no doubt in mother's mind that the boy was not getting enough to eat, and wasn't it an outrage that the government permitted shipments of munitions, guns and such awful things to crowd out the packages of cookies, candy and lovely filling things which in the long run would win the war, and which every mother was so eager to send her boy.

Mother felt so impotent, and really it was a serious matter.

You little dear, mother, you're in for a big surprise. Wait till the umpty 35 train rolls in, and they unload the baby. The excess freight charges will force you to take in washing for the rest of your life. And you'll have to do the trick twice to get your arms around sonny's frame. You'll find he isn't the welterweight he was when he shipped for the battlefields of France.

While you have been over here worrying about his physical condition sonny has been doing some scheming on the other side. He has framed up on you, mother. He knew you would weep if he should pull into the home town looking like a lead pencil.

The boy has been studying the eating problem with a view to getting himself in trim to meet you, mother. He has learned from authorities that *ouefs* and *fromage* are fattening, and that *pommes de terres* are strengthening. Consequently your pride and joy has been stuffing himself with these commodities. One would think to look at him that he was in training for a fat man's race, or that he had been ordered to serve as ballast for the troop ship.

You may as well tear up sonny's celluloid and linen collars. They wouldn't reach around his wrists now. And furthermore, mother, the boy is wearing that signet ring on a string about his neck. He had to take the ring off his finger before it was too late. He dreads amputations.

The boy hasn't grown north very much, but he has taken in a couple of hemispheres east and west. Truly, mother, it would be easier for him to roll than to walk.

Better had you call in some skilled mechanics who can reinforce the boy's favorite chairs, and it would be entirely within reason to put a prop or two under his bed.

You might just as well know it now as later, mother—the baby is fat. To give you his weight in figures would require computation too intricate for scribes. Sonny has spent this long time since the signing of the armistice fattening up for none other than you.

He does two things each day. First, he eats, and that takes most of the day—Secondly, he sleeps—that is also conducive to taking on weight.

Fewer men will march abreast up Fifth avenue than marched down that wonderful rue—it just can't be done unless they widen the street.

If all else fails the boy can pose for beef trust cartoons. Look him over when you get him again, and see what the army has done for him among other things. The next time there is a war he'll be too fat to enlist.

Your boy isn't referred to as "Fat" because every other mother's son has assumed proportions equal to his.

C'est la guerre, mother.

LESLIE W. ROWLAND.

Little Jack Horner
Came back to the Corner
When he bade the Army good-bye,
But when he got back,
Alas and alack,
The Joint on the Corner was dry.

MOBILE VETERINARY SECTION 105

PERHAPS of all organizations in this division, there is one, at least, that is entirely new to the average officer and soldier.

Formed in Spartanburg, S. C., this organization was composed of twenty-one picked men and one commissioned officer. All of these men are volunteers, some having served in the army in other campaigns. While this section was being formed, it was indeed a strenuous and difficult task to secure the men best qualified for the duties required. But with the hard-earned knowledge of soldiers and their adaptabilities, First Lieutenant George J. Goubeaud, V. C., Commanding Officer of the Section, procured a body of men that proved to be real soldiers and capable of fulfilling the duties required of them and possessing the qualifications, together with kindness for dumb animals.

When this organization landed at St. Nazaire, France, on May 31, 1918, with the other regiments who were on the same transport, we did not proceed any further with our division, but were detached and sent to Chateau Villian and placed in charge of a very large number of sick and wounded horses and mules. From there we moved to the Base Hospital at Neufchateau, where we studied the different methods employed by the various veterinary officers in the treatment of sick and wounded animals. The knowledge we acquired there served us well later on, when the Big Show was at its zenith.

In the meantime the organization traveled all over France, from Calais to Belfort. Finally we received orders to rejoin our division, and on the 6th day of August, 1918, we reported at Oudezeele, Belgium. After a short rest, we were ordered to proceed to No. 6 Mobile Veterinary Section, of the 6th Division, B. E. F., for equipment and instruction in Mobile Veterinary Section functioning. While there we soon became so apt that we were ordered to function without further instruction.

SGT. E. T. JOHNSON.

Appreciation

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