

FROM
HEAVEN TO HELL
via HOBOKEN

Diary of Army Life at

Camp Devens

Camp Greene

and my

Training "Overseas"

Experiences at the Front and

The Period Following

the Armistice.

Sept. 19, 1917- July 28, 1919.

J. Robert Kershaw

WHERE AND WHEN
1917

Registration	June 5 th
Examination	Aug. 25
First call	Sept 16
Last call	" 18
Camp Devens	" 19
1918 Tnsfd Camp Greene	Feb. 5
Overseas Army	Apr. 15
H.M.S. Czaritza	" 17
Arvd. Brest France	" 28
Bar-sur-Aube	May 4
LePuit	" 5
Blighny	" 15
St. Brenne	June 2
Gerardmer	" 3
Xonrupt	" 4
Le Vic	" 12
Le Croix aux Mines	" 13
La Cude Sector	" 15
Le Croix aux Mines	" 27
St. Leonard	" 28
La Forge	" 29

C

Frencheville	Sept.	21
Charmes la Cote	"	28
Near Verdun	Oct.	4
In reserve	"	5
Souilly Aviation Cp.	"	8
Returned from school	"	11
Septsarges	"	14
Nantillois	"	16
Cunel	"	17
Woods Montfaucon	"	18
Aincreville	Nov	2
Clery le Grand	"	5
Clery la Petit	"	5
Crossed the Meuse	"	5
Bois de Babiemont	"	6
Dun-sur-Meuse	"	6
Milly	"	8
Mouzay	"	9
Woods near Mouzay	"	10
Armistice 11 A. M.	"	11
Chateau at Mouzay	"	11

B

Arches	July 4th
Moyenmoutier	" 13
Patrosse Sector	" 16
L'Abbeye	" 25
La Chapelle Sector	" 27
Etival	Aug. 13
Fontaine Sector	" 18
Etival	" 23
Bru	" 24
On trucks	" 25
Roan de Bois	" 26
Senade	" 27
On trucks	" 29
Haussonville	" 30
Launneville	Sept. 7
Pompey	" 8
Hike through Nancy	"
Woods at Seizary	" 9
" " X	" 10
Started in St. Mihiel	" 13
Occupied Vieville	" 15

D

Dun- sur- Dolcon	Nov.	13
Brandeville	"	23
Remoiville	"	24
Longuyon	"	25
Rehon-Longwy	"	30
France-Luxembourg		
Border at 10:30 A. M.	Dec.	1
Dippach Luxem.	"	1
Bettingen	"	4
Luxemburg City	"	5
Bertrange	"	11
Ehlang	"	17
Differdange	"	18
1919		
Mont Dore leave area	Jan.	8
Differdange	"	19
Kayl Sig. Sch.	"	12
Differdange	"	19
Kayl Radio Sch.	Mar.	13
Differdange	May	15
Metz	June	15
Nancy	"	15

E

Toul	June	16
Paris	"	16
Versailles	"	18
Nancy	"	29
Strassbourg	"	21
Belfort	"	22
Colmar, Mulhausen	"	23
Differdange	"	24
Brest	July	8
H.M.S. Aquitania	"	13
New York	"	20
Camp Mills, L. I.	"	20
Camp Devens	"	24
Falmouth	"	25
Discharged	"	28
Home for good	"	28

My first thought of entering the Army came on June 5th 1917, when I with all other men between the ages of 21 and 31 had to appear before the registration board. I registered at about seven in the morning and forgot all about it until the middle of August, when I was called to Barnstable for a physical examination, which I passed. My next thought was brought to me, in the shape of a small card, advising me to get ready to leave for camp, and on Sept. 16th I received a card to report to Hyannis for duty.

The boys from Falmouth and surrounding villages reported at the town hall on the afternoon of Sept. 19th. We were given several short talks by men in the town, marched

around the town and then after all farewells were finished we were taken to Hyannis by auto. Here we attended a patriotic gathering in the Masonic Hall, where we listened to more speeches. I did not know that we had so many friends in the world and from the talks we heard, one would think that we were all models. Early the next morning we were loaded on a special train and by 8:30 we were on our way to Devens. We traveled by way of Boston and Framingham, and arrived at Ayer at about 1:15 P. M. After the hike to the camp we were shifted from place to place and were made to wait until about five o'clock before our turn came. The camp was one huge mass of confusion, as there were about 15,000 men arriving that

same day. When our turn finally came we ran the gauntlet of a dozen or so doctors, who gave us a very hurried examination. We were then marched to Headquarters, from where we were assigned to the different companies. I drew G company of the 302nd Infantry. This outfit was made up almost entirely of boys from the Cape, Plymouth and the Islands. Our next stunt, was to line up and draw mess gear, a bed tick and two blankets. Then came the mess line. I was all ready for this and believe me, had my appetite right with me. I was all set until I tried to carry the grub back to the table, and then my lack of experience with the army tools of the eating trade showed up, and with-

out warning--"kerflooeey" went my hash, followed in turn by the slum and coffee and I had to go back and try^{it} all over again. But I wasn't alone and thanks to the mess sergeant he had anticipated just this sort of thing and had cooked enough grub for a Regiment. After chow we lined up and took our bed ticks to the straw pile and filled them full of nice soft straw. And what a night we spent. The bunks were far too small for most of us, the straw was always bunching up in the wrong place, the blankets were not heavy enough, and taking it all in all we spent a pretty miserable night.

Our first week was spent in roll calls, examinations at the infirmary, inoculations and small details. It was hard to get used to getting up

and going to bed early. Just the opposite of our habits in civil life. Then came the duty of saluting officers, and who of us knew an officer from a private. Perry and Schneider spent an hour each day saluting all officers, because they told a second louie that they didn't know they were classed as officers.

Our second week was the same, only different. We had physical drill, practice hikes, police details(consisting of a few men) sent out to pick up all the cigarette butts and match sticks, around the barracks.

The gang was in hot water from the start, but after the drilling finally soaked in, we settled down to eight hours of good strenuous work and drill each day.

The company jokers were always on the job, and occasionally, the outcome would be a free for all. I remember one night, during one of these affairs, one of the boys got a dish of mashed squash and started throwing it around. One load struck my overcoat, which I had never worn. It got well soaked in and I had to borrow one to wear home the next day.

We had all the good jobs that were passed around. Room ^Toderly, which gave a fellow a chance to sleep and kitchen police, which meant extra eats. Then there were the coal pile, the straw pile and the QM warehouse. These details were what made the fellows, learn so quickly, how to get out of working when they wanted to.

Evenings were usually spent, with skull practices, guard duty, and when there was nothing else to do, by writing letters, attending shows at the Y. M. C. A. Then there were always dances and parties at Fitchburg, Leominster, Clinton, Worcester and Lowell.

In November, we started work on the trench system. We worked at this three days a week, mostly in zero weather, and it was some cold work. Many a lad developed a cold which turned into pneumonia, from this life.

Had a Brigade inspection in Shirley, being reviewed by Gen. Hodges. This was the first real inspection we had had and as we made a good appearance, we were given a little cut in our work.

Early in December, sixty of the boys were transferred to Camp Gordon. Among them were Handy, Lovell and Martin, from Falmouth.

Was home two days before Thanksgiving and had to return and spend the holiday in Camp. The day after the holiday, the boys from the Cape, were taken to Hyannis by special train, with the regimental band. We were late in arriving, but marched to Mill Hill with the band, were given a feed and then danced until about three o'clock. We were put up at private houses that night, and the next morning left for home. When I arrived at Camp three days later, we had to doll up for a Divisional Inspection by Sec. of War Baker.

December 8th, found us in quar-

antime for measles, and then the deviltry began. We were not allowed out of the barracks, except for exercise and drill. There was always something going on in the barracks, in the line of home made entertainment. Several of the boys, including Robbins, McKenzie and myself, skipped the quarantine and attended dances and parties in Fitchburg and Leominster. When we arrived in the wee small hours of the morning, we were usually given a fine reception. There would be a pillow filled with snow, icicles and boards in the bed, or else they would fix the bunk, so that when you turned in, it would collapse turning you out on the floor. My bed was at the head of the stairs, and one night, as it went down, it

slid down stairs with me in it.

We were lucky enough to get out for over Christmas, which I spent at home, but we were put back again when we arrived, which happened to be my birthday.

On Feb. 2nd, I made my last trip home, as I was transferred to Camp Greene, N. C. the next day. Then I knew I would see action, as the 5th was a regular army outfit, and ready to sail as soon as they had filled their full complement of 75,000 men.

The trip to the south took three days. We left Camp Devens in zero weather, in fact the thermometer, reading was 26 below. We arrived in Camp Greene with the mercury, up to 77. We went by way of Greenfield and North Adams. Changed for Pull-

mans at Troy, N. Y. and at about nine that night, started down the Hudson. The next morning we were in Weehawken and Jersey City. From here we struck Philadelphia and Washington. Our second morning found us at Manassas, Va. one of the Civil War battlefields. At Munroe, we stopped for exercise. Danville, Va. was reached that night and Charlotte, N. C. early the next morning.

One good thing about troop trains was that a fellow did not have to line up for chow. It was served at your seat. And then the porters were always on deck to make up your bunk, if you had any change to spare, and those black babies, made a good haul on each trip. One funny incident, on the trip down was when

Cook Higgins, got drunk and boiled his jeggings in the coffee. Luckily it was found out the day after so the boys did not feel so bad about it.

I never knew that people could be so uncivilized as they were in the mountain towns, especially through Virginia and North Carolina. The road was lined with some of the meanest looking huts, one can imagine, and these of one room and supposed to hold a family of eight or ten.

I met with a sad disappointment on arriving at Camp Greene. The boys immediately named it Camp Mud, and mud it was. The camp was on a site of red clay, and with very little drainage, so that when it rained, it was mud to a fellows knees

Everything seemed filthy, compared with Camp Devens. We went from clean barracks to squad tents, steam heat to Sibley tent stoves, which were just a little better than nothing, and from spring bunks, to army cots. I was assigned to Co. I, 61st Infantry.

Saw MacKilligan, Alex. Jones, and Emerson Handy at Greene. Also saw Bill Wood, who was killed shortly afterwards at Chateau Thierry. I saw him the day before he left for overseas, so was probably the last of the Falmouth boys he saw on this side.

We used to go to Charlotte occasionally, to attend shows, dances and church. It was a good enough city, but did not give us the good times, we had enjoyed at Devens.

We made a twelve mile hike with full equipment, to the rifle range where we stayed for three days. My average was only fair, as I was not much of a shot.

We moved into a new regimental area, and three days later, started packing for overseas. We drew new clothing, a complete equipment and on April 7th, broke camp, for an embarkation port, which proved to be Camp Merritt, N. J.

We were again loaded into troop trains, and started, passing through Danville, Va. Washington, Philadelphia and Jersey City. The Red Cross met us at several places and furnished us with enough chocolate and weeds to last us until we arrived on the other side.

Camp Merritt was on the order of

the National Army Camps, with wood barracks and steam heat, which was welcomed, as the temperature was cold and some change from the south. Here we had one steady round of inspections. I was broke when I landed, so telegraphed, Uncle Will at Philly to send me enough money to get home on. It came the next day, and just about an hour after the order had come through that all passes were stopped. I tried several times to get away, but each time was caught by the M. Ps and sent back to Camp.

On April 16th we left the Camp by train for Hoboken. We traveled with all the curtains down, so that no one could see that soldiers were being transported, and then they double timed us through the East end of

Hoboken, where the largest number of German sympathizers in the world were located. This goes to show the sense in some of the Army orders.

We were assigned to H. M. S. Czaritza, which before being taken into the English service was a cattle boat, between Australia and France, and I think that our outfit was the first load of humans it had ever carried. The ship was only a small affair, of about 14,000 tons displacement. There was the third battalion of the 61st and a medical and veterinary outfit from Camp Devens, numbering about 1,500 men, and we were packed in, about the same as sardines.

We sailed on the morning of the 17th, with everyone below, until we were out of New York harbor. We

were accompanied by a convoy of eleven other transports and the Cruiser Salem.

The first two days out were fine and ate six regular meals. The third day was rough and consequently the mess hall was not crowded. I wasn't sick but it was better to miss a meal than to take a chance. Altogether, I missed about five meals during the twelve days. It was a tiresome trip, with absolutely nothing to do. If it hadn't been for a collection of books on board, I think some of the boys would have gone nutty. On the sixth day out the convoy split, six ships going to the north, while we plowed along the same course. On the 26th of April, twelve destroyers joined us and the Cruiser turned back.

We received orders at this time to wear life belts, and go to bed with all clothes on, and during the day we were ordered to stay on deck all day. As luck would have it, we were out all day on the 26th in the rain. We struck the submarine zone on the 27th and on Sunday morning at 12:15 the sub. warning sounded, and we were ordered to stand by the life boats. I slept so sound that I was late in getting to my place, and probably would have slept through it if Hanser hadn't hauled me out of my bunk. The destroyers dropped five depth bombs alongside our ship and several rifle shots were fired. Half of the fellows were scared stiff, and the other half were so stiff with the cold they couldn't get scared. Some funny things happened just at

this time. Lieutenant Vinson came on deck with two life preservers. Lieut. Smith, didn't care about himself, all he wanted, was to be sure that someone saved his blanket roll, which he said contained his clothes, valued at about \$800.00. One of the boys, so scared, he could hardly talk, said, that he didn't see why they should pick out such a nasty night to sink a ship. The scare was soon over, but it gave us something to talk about for the remainder of the trip. The next morning it was reported that the English Captain in command, had allowed his ship to get about five miles off the course, anyhow, we were all that morning catching up with the rest of the convoy.

We sighted land at 7:35 A. M. and

it was one grand feeling to know that we had reached the other side without sinking or something else.

We pulled into Brest harbor at about nine o'clock. After we had a chance to look around and admire the scenery, we started unloading. A few of us slept on board that night and after the ship was cleared, we left for camp.

We lined up on the dock and hiked through the back section of Brest, which did not leave a very good impression of the place, as we hiked through the slums of the city. In Brest, most everyone wore the style of clothing familiar to Brittany. Black suit with wooden shoes and immense black hats. The women wore small white caps with large ruffles over the ears, and of course,

wooden shoes. The wagons on the street, were all clumsy affairs, with two huge wooden wheels. In one place the women were congregated under one of the houses doing the family washing, or let's say the village washing, for it seemed as though the whole town were there.

After a three mile hike, most all of it up hill, we reached an old French army camp, which I later found had been used as an officers training camp by Napoleon. The barracks, some twelve in number were large stone affairs. This was where we were first introduced to the cootie, as the place was alive with them. Here we had a chance to change our American money for French, and talk about getting something for nothing. All you had to do was to produce a

couple of ten dollar bills and they would give you a whole hat full of French money, and talk about your fun, in trying to make out what it was worth.

We stayed at Pontanezan Barracks for three days and after a short but needed rest, we started for the training area.

THE TRAINING AREA

On May 1st, we hiked to Brest, and found that the roads we^{re} up hill most of the way, as was the case when we hiked to the camp. They loaded us on some of those French contraptions, known as box cars. They would easily fit in one end of a good old American side door Pullman. They were all marked "40 hommes or 8 chevaux" and they went a little over the limit in

the car I was in. There were forty three of us and four or five boxes of rations. For three days we had some time. It was impossible to lie down and next to impossible to sit up, so we did the next best thing and hung out of the door and took a few minutes sleep whenever we got the chance. Passed through Rennes, Laval and Orleans. The country was very attractive. Everything seemed well taken care of and every foot of ground seemed to be planted.

Saw possibly five hundred German prisoners at Orleans. We talked with them for a few minutes and found that they were glad they had been taken prisoners, rather than to have continued on the lines.

We arrived at Bar-sur-Aube on May 4th and after a short rest we

started on a sixteen kilometer hike, with full equipment, arriving at Le Puit at about 10:30 P. M. We were billeted and deposited our equipment, had some chow and turned in at about midnight. My billet happened to be a hay loft, which was empty of hay, but we used the soft side of the floor for a mattress and got along wonderfully. The next day we drew our allowance of hay, and found it easier to sleep. We rested here for three days and then commenced our training.

Everything was very interesting from the start. We were in a very rural district, where things were all of 100 years behind the times. At first we were able to buy eggs, milk, cheese and wines for moderate prices, but as soon as they found

that the boys were well supplied with money, the prices started going up, and went to the limit.

On May 15th, I went to Bligny for work with the drum and fife corps. Our Colonel had a musical bug, and had an idea that he could organize a good drum corps. He was wrong, for we only used our time for a good vacation. This soft snap lasted for ten days. We only practiced for an hour each day and spent the rest of the time taking life easy. Returned to the company in time to draw gas masks, and then the fun began in earnest. We would drill for a solid two hours with the masks on and nearly choke. Perhaps we didnt curse the guy who invented them. But it was for our own good as I was doon to

know. Received my first overseas pay in Le Puit and had another circus, trying to make it mean anything to me.

Decoration Day was our first holiday and being so soon after pay day, we made it a day of celebration and not a few of the boys proceeded to tank up. We went over to Vendrevre, a nearby city for the day and evening, and before morning we had to form a police outfit, and bring about half of the outfit back.

On June 1st, the first phase of our training over, we pulled out of Le Puit and hiked all afternoon and evening to St Brenne, some thirty kilometers. We were to load in box cars, early the next morning, so lay down in the street for a rest. When I woke up, Fatty Kerr and myself

were lying back to back, with our packs on. Perhaps we weren't lame from sleeping in so cramped a position. We remained in town all that afternoon and loaded in the evening. I was lucky enough to draw a flat car which was carrying rations and as there were only fifteen of us, we had plenty of room, so opened our packs and had a real rest. We climbed all night and by morning had reached a fairly high altitude in the Vosges mountains. On arrival at Gerardmer, one of France's most famous pleasure resorts we unloaded and hiked a short distance to Xonrupt. I was billeted in a farm house and drew a real bed in place of the usual pile of hay. During the next week, we did squad drill, skirmishing, grenade

throwing etc. It was all pretty strenuous work.

We left Xonrupt on June 12th and did an all night hike to Le Vic, where we stayed the next day. On June 13th we arrived at Le Croix aux Mines, an old mountain town, which had stood up in spite of the four years of bombardments. There were still some civilians living there.

TRENCH WARFARE

On the 14th of June, we started on a hike to the trenches. We started on the march about seven o'clock in the evening with full equipment, up a mountain trail, on a hill which was the steepest, I ever hope to see. We dodged shell holes, climbed over fallen trees, and up and down steep inclines. It

was so dark that we could hardly see and had to navigate mostly by sound. We arrived at the headquarters of the La Cude sector, where we relieved the "Frogs". We were the first Americans to go in this sector. It was a sort of trial front for the green troops. I was detailed to wait for the rolling kitchen and get it set up and ready for business. The kitchen was delayed, so went to sleep in the road in front of the headquarters. We were awakened at five o'clock and started to get the mess wagon ready for an early breakfast. I did K. P. duty the next day and then found a place to bunk. We had a few light bombardments (they seemed heavy those days) and one gas attack.

The next day I went out on a working party, that is, we went out at night. A detail from our company rebuilt, before morning, over a mile of trench system which had been torn down by enemy fire.

The second night I went out on a wire mending party. My first time "Over the Top", only there was nothing to it, but a little work, some crawling around in the mud and a few stray machine gun bullets.

Our first casualty was when Corporal Pace was injured, when the dugout at GC3 caved in from a large shell.

Here I was put on as a company runner and had to learn the entire trench system in our sector. It

was easy enough in the daytime, but at night, was pretty ticklish work for a while, when one wrong turn might take a fellow miles out of his way, and probably into the enemy lines.

On the 27th we were relieved by the 1st Battalion. We hiked back to Le Croix aux Mines. I sprained my ankle on the trip down the mountain and had to be helped to the town. The next day we traveled to St. Leonard. I rode on the baggage wagon. We stayed here a day and a half. This town was another small mountain town and a very attractive place.

The company pulled out again on the 29th, via Hob Nail Express, but again I traveled Baggage class. The company drilled here for three

days and by the time we moved, my ankle was in first class shape. This town was a small mountain town called La Forge.

We left on July 3rd, moving to Arches on motor trucks, arriving on the morning of July 4th. Shortly after we arrived, we heard several shots fired, or rather what sounded like a volley. The next morning we found that the French had shot three spys. We were billeted here in French barracks, which were much better than the "cotted bunks" at the front and the barns along the line of march. Arches was the first town of any size I had been in so far. I saw Steve Robbins here for the first time since leaving Camp Greene. We drilled here until July 12th, when we moved on

trucks to Moyenmoutier, a French city, two miles from the front line. On the short hike from the trucks to the mill where we were to stay for the night, I again turned my ankle. I had it bandaged and hiked to the trenches the next day. Moyenmoutier was in the hands of the French and Senones, just opposite and about a mile apart, was held by the Germans. Neither city had ever been bombarded, as the enemy, in each case, hoped to own the city after a time and the mills in each city were too valuable to lose.

We hiked into the trenches, and I company took over "Lambahey". I was sent to "La Chappelle" as runner between the 22nd company 279th regiment French and I company.

The French treated me fine, during the four days I was with them. Had good food and plenty of it. Something we hadn't been getting ourselves. There was only one Frenchman in the outfit who could speak English. He was a Lieutenant in the Medical Corps, and gave me a number of pointers, which helped me when we were on an active front.

On the fifth day in, the French were relieved by E. company of the 61st. Infantry. One night I was given a message by Capt. Schmidt, to deliver to Lt. Leurs at Co. I. I started with it and as I approached the first outpost, I caught the dim outline in the moonlight, of a sentry, with his rifle leveled on me. I dropped to the bottom of the trench and yelled at him. He

lowered his rifle and I advanced. On questioning him, I found that he had received orders from Schmidt, to shoot without warning, anyone who came through the trenches after nine at night, and said that he was about to carry out the orders when I spoke. I gave him a little of my mind ^{and} some advice, and then instead of delivering the message, I started back for Schmidt. I entered his dugout, gave him the message and told him that it could wait until morning. When he found that I refused to deliver it that night, he threatened to give me a court marshall. I listened to what he had to say and then walked out. The next morning I delivered the message and filed a complaint against Schmidt with Leurs. Leurs

told me later that Sturgis, another runner with I co. had been fired on, the same night by one of Schmidt's sentries. Leurs filed a report with Regimental headquarters, and sent a copy to the E Co. captain, against his actions. Sturgis took the complaint to Regimental and I delivered a copy to Schmidt, who was called on the carpet the following day. It is safe to say, that after what he heard from the Colonel, Schmidt was very careful about issuing orders.

The company left the lines on the 23rd, but I had to stay for two days to show the new company runners the lay of the trenches. I arrived at L'Abbye on the 25th and we took a much needed rest and cleaned up in good shape. We drew new cloth-

ing here and believe me they were badly needed. I left on the 27th, in advance of the company with Lt. Vinson, to take over the La Chappelle sector, which I was already very well acquainted with. The trip up was a little different, as Lt. Vinson came near being killed while we were watching an air fight. We were standing in the middle of the road, when I heard a whirring sound and called to Vinson to take cover. It was lucky he did, for in the spot he had been standing, the end of an aircraft shell landed. It weighed probably three pounds, and on dropping four or five thousand feet, would have killed him if he hadn't moved. The company arrived the next day, half going to the lines and the other half in reserve.

Lemars put me in charge of a detail to bring rations from La Chappelle to the kitchen, as I had been on duty several days longer than the rest of the men. I had four men to do the work, and quarters for the five of us in a much battered house about a mile in rear of the lines. Many an afternoon we spent sitting in an apple tree in back of the house, watching the fighting in the lines. We made one trip each night, making about two hours work per day. The Frenchmen loaded and took care of the mules, our work consisting only in delivering the goods. We had first crack at the grub, and took turns cooking, and believe me we sure did feed. This graft lasted for about fifteen days, when we left the lines

for Etival. We were here for five days, two of which were taken up with drilling.

On the 18th we hiked back to the Mare Henri Division of the Fontaine sector, where we served for five days until the 92nd, colored division came up to relieve us. During our stay in this sector, one of the fake gas alarms sounded. It happened that Shorty Mays (Shorty died from pneumonia, shortly after the Armistice) was shaving, and had hung his gas mask on a tree. When the alarm came in, Shorty shut his eyes, held his breath and started running from tree to tree, for his mask. Finally, not having found it, he started shouting, "Wheres my mask, I'm choking, wheres my mask" I suppose if there had been any gas

it would have seemed funny, on account of the stunts he pulled, but without gas it was a side splitter.

We hiked into Etival again on the 23rd arriving at 6 A. M. The next day we had a forced march of thirty five kilometers. My ankle gave out again, on account of the load we had to carry, but I was able to make the trip. We staid in Bru over night and the next day had another forced march of twenty five kilometers. On account of my ankle I was marked by the doctors, to hike without a pack, but the wagons were loaded to capacity, so had to start with the rest of them. I was able to make about three kilos, when I was forced to drop out. I waited by the road ~~waiting~~ for a truck, and

finally Dr. Cardon came up and ordered me to hike. I showed him the slip, ordering light marching ~~order~~ and also my ankle, which by this time was swollen all out of size, but I was ordered to get up and hike. I had just started, when Col. McClure came along and asked what the matter was. I told him, and he ordered Cardon along, and stopped a truck, and put me aboard. I rode through Rambervillers to a provost station, on the Arches-Epinal road, where I stayed for the night. The following morning I rode into Arches, reported to Headquarters and waited for the outfit, which arrived the next day. I had a little money, so hired a room and bought enough grub to last until the outfit arrived.

The name of this town was Senade.

On the 29th we left this territory by auto trucks, through Epinal and Charmes, arriving at a French Army camp at Hausonville the next day. We stopped here for several days. We were supposed to drill but was lucky enough to skip every formation. One afternoon, just after chow call had blown, I heard quite a bombardment overhead and finally located about a dozen planes having a free for all. All of a sudden one of the planes dove, with another after it. The first one came down with a series of turns, while the second plane came in a nose dive. They both disappeared over the brow of a hill and we imagined that they were both smashed into a thousand

pieces. We were busy watching the other planes which were still fighting, when we heard the roar of a motor and saw a plane coming over the hill and towards the camp. As it got closer it swooped down and right over our section of the camp, and probably a hundred feet in the air. We noticed the Iron Cross on the wings, and some few of us ducked, expecting a shower of lead. I was too surprised to get my rifle and take a shot at them and just stood still, wondering what was coming next. The observer was standing in the gun pit, at his machine gun, and a fine shot he had at about four thousand men. He was on a different errand however. He landed about a mile from the camp with engine trouble and he and the

pilot were taken prisoner. We afterward learned that the Germans had disabled the French plane and that both Frenchmen were killed as they fell to the earth.

On the 6th of Sept. we finished our training at Hausonville and left for the St. Mihiel salient.

This finished the Trench warfare and we were slated for the big event of the war at St. Mihiel. While at La Chappelle we suffered our first casualty, when Private Wanzie was killed by schrapnel during a bombardment. He was buried in a French plot on the front. We fixed the grave as well as possible and placed a small American flag over it.

One of my pals, Harry Killian

was badly wounded at the time Wanzie was killed. He spent the better part of three years in hospitals as a result.

ST. MIHIEL SALIENT

On the 7th of Sept. we arrived at Launneville where we stayed all day in a large unfinished factory. The following night took us on foot through Nancy to Pompey, where we rested another day. This hike was made in a pouring rain and lasted from nine until three A. M. At Pompey I was billeted with six others with a French Lt. and his family, here we found real beds to sleep in and some mighty good food. On the 9th we stopped in an old camp at Seizary.

Hiked in the rain again on the

10th and after a long march through the mud we pulled into a large woods where we were ordered to pitch tents. Ernest Neil and myself took our blankets and made up a sleeping bag instead of taking the time to pitch tents in the dark. It was lucky we did for most of the boys had theirs blown during the night. On the way to the woods our kitchen got lost and we were two days without food, except Corned Bill and hard tack, which we always carried in our packs. A large ammunition train was bombed quite near our outfit and one of the trucks went up, causing the whole ammunition dump to explode. It was some noise.

On the night of the 12th we started on a hunt for action along the

muddiest road I ever saw. It was still raining. Pitch dark and just a path of mud to walk in, We were forced to go in single file and the boys had to be on the job every minute for fear of being lost from the rest of the outfit. We were all weak from lack of food and exposure, but managed to get through without a hitch.

I fell in the mud twice, once on my knees, when I lost my helmet and then full length. This time I lost my overseas cap. Most everyone took a spill. A fellow named Tremarco lost one of his shoes in the mud and had to hike in stocking foot for about two miles before he had a chance to put on one of his extras. On the last leg of the hike, we passed the

French and American artillery, which were pounding on the forts around Metz, and on all the important roads and railroads. It sounded as though Hell had broken loose. There were 2500 guns of all sizes on a twenty kilometer front, and the orders were, to fire at will, and those boys sure were loading fast. The bombardment lasted for three days and nights. We passed so close to the guns at times that we could feel the heat from the discharge, and the roar was enough to shatter ones nerve. Several of the men received shell shock and had to be carried back.

We moved up again, this time on the heels of the 6th and 11th Infantry, who were holding the old German lines. The other brigade

went across the next morning early, we were right after them. They drove the Huns back about five Kilos. The Division had several tanks which cut through the barbed wire and made a passage for the troops.

The advance guard captured Vieville a town which the Germans had held for four years. We leap frogged the 10th Brigade on the night of the 15th at about nine o'clock and took our place on the lines. The company dug in in front of Bois Gerard. I made the rounds, finding out where the different companies were located and reported to Btln Hdq. This took until about one o'clock, then took a detail of men back to the ammunition dump to get pyrotechnics to be used in the drive. We were able to locate the dump, but

the officer in charge was not to be found. We tried every way possible to find what we went after but returned without the goods, after having tramped around for about three hours. When we got back I returned the detail to their outfits and then returned to the pill box Hqr. and lay down for a nap. The Hqr. was an old German machine gun nest, which was built in the shape of a pill box, out of concrete. The Boche got a line on us early in the morning and we had to move back to Vieville en Haye.

I was running between I, L. and M companies to the Btln. Had to cross an open field, under observation by the Dutchmen, then through the woods, which were being

continually shelled with gas,
both Phosgene and chlorine.

After the woods came a stretch of
Railroad tracks, which was a target
for the Germans as this was the
only approach to the lines.

Several times in the woods I had
gas shells burst close to me, making
it necessary for me to put on
the mask. The Germans had a fine
line on the railroad, as I noticed
a new break most every time I went
over. Lucky for me, I was never
there when they struck. I got
careless on coming through the
woods and as a result got my lungs
thoroughly saturated with gas, although
I was not aware of it at
the time. It made me feel rather
dead and dopey, and put me on the
"bum" for some time, although I was

never a hospital case on account
of it.

On the morning of the 18th, the
enemy started an attack, but for
some reason or other, called it
off and returned to their positions.

That afternoon, we drew our first
real chow since the 10th. Of course
we had our iron rations, but this
trip it was three straight days with
out a bite. This time they brought
meat, spuds, onions, bread and
coffee. Believe me, it looked
good, and I drew a kit full, and
started to enjoy myself. When I
started, I tried first one thing
and then another, they didnt taste
right, although they were cooked
well. The main trouble was that
the food came up as fast as it
went down, and finally decided that

it was useless to try to eat, so passed what was left to some of the boys who could eat, with the exception of the bread and coffee, which I kept. Later in the day I had some cold coffee and was able to keep it where it belonged.

The trouble was with the gas I had inhaled. It had filled my lungs and stomach.

At three that afternoon, the order came. "Over and at Them" from Col. Wise. This meant busy times for the runners. The boys started out for the lines, and I beat it for my three outfits, and gave them their sailing orders. I had hardly returned, when Btl. Hqr. had a radio to Hold. followed by advice from the S. C. that ~~they word from the S. C.~~ that large

detachments of German troops and artillery had been moved into position. It was unusual to do this in broad daylight, so the Hqr. decided that the attack was useless and a regular panic was the result. The runners were called for, and were rushed out with the orders to stop the companies before they had a chance to get started. If we had been late it would have been a complete sweep for the Germans and a terrible loss to our side. We had but ten minutes to make the trip, which was all of half a mile. I never made better time, over the shell torn ground and reached the last company on the zero hour and just as Lt. Brown was ordering his men to start for the German lines. I had tossed away my rifle and belt

at the start of the trip. Passed through a barrage at the edge of the woods, but got through it allright. This was the closest shave I ever had, and as a large number of lives rested upon getting the orders through on time, the runners felt that they had done their bit.

That night we were relieved by the 78th Division, green troops who promptly lost what ground we had gained, owing to the inefficiency of their officers.

About half of the company were sick and dropped out on the hike back. We couldn't ride, so threw the bulk of our equipment along the road, and made the hike as best we could. We arrived at Frenchville on the night of the 21st for

a welcomed rest.

THE REST PERIOD

We stayed in Frenchville for a week. I was in bed with fever and gas poisoning for three days, and got a real rest. We had pretty good chow while here. I had a pass to visit the city of Toul on the 25th. Had a couple of good feeds and saw a show, and then had to hike back at about three in the morning in the rain. For three days we did a little drilling and on the 28th hiked to Charmes la Cote, a distance of about fourteen kilometers. The town was on a high hill and as there was no place to drill we had a real vacation. On the 3rd of October we left the town, on trucks, with Indo Chinese for drivers. On the first night

we had one accident with the train, the truck in front of us, went off the road and over the bank, for a drop of about fifty feet. The driver either lost the truck in front of him or went to sleep. However, we lost about 15 men who were injured in the crash. The trucks were not allowed to display lights, so it was hard to drive especially on a pitch dark night, as this one was.

THE ARGONNE DRIVE

After the job in the St Mihiel salient, the Fighting Fifth was well prepared to take on whatever was offered.--- To start where we left off--We rode all night in French trucks, in very cramped quarters, and don't remember ever taking such a tiresome trip. We unloaded the

following afternoon, pitching tents just north of Verdun. We could hear the battle raging in front of us, saw troops, trucks, ambulances and trucks rushing to the front, saw the airplanes, and the observation balloons at their work, and from appearances, it looked as though we were in for it. The next night, we loaded on trucks, and were dumped in the woods, ten miles from the front, as reserve troops for the big Verdun drive, which by this time was fairly under way, and the talk of the whole front from Flanders to the Vosges. It was the biggest drive since the war had started, and was to be the end, although we did not know it at the time. This point we reached on Oct. 5th. Although we were not under fire at the time, it

was far from being comfortable, as the German's had a good line on where we were and consequently, kept things, pretty warm with their barrages and long distance bombardments, which were often.

One day, while three observation balloons were up, a German plane came swooping down, firing into the bags, with explosive shells, after destroying the three, he came around and tried to pick off a few of the observers who were coming down in parachutes. The boy's opened up with their Springfields and Mr. aviator came down in a heap, inside the American lines.

Here, we heard that Turkey and Bulgaria had dropped out of the Kaiser's International race, and that Austria was expected to follow

soon.

We had been sleeping in "pup" tents and in the woods now for quite some time, and although well hardened, a number of the boys, got the "flu" or pneumonia, and had to be taken back.

On the morning of the 8th, Phil. Clinton, Dan Wesner and myself, were sent to the Souilly aviation camp, for ground instructions in Signal work for liaison with the aviators. We were billeted in an empty hanger, about two hundred of us. They started feeding us "jawbreaker and willie" I couldn't see that so Clinton and I went on a scouting expedition, and finally located a mess sergeant of the Aviation mechanics, who was from Attleboro, and was well acquainted with some friends of Clintons. We

mentioned the grub question, and after we had promised not to tell the rest of the gang, he gave us the best feed we had had in days, and a promise of three squares a day while we were there, and believe it or not, we didn't miss a meal.

On the third day we received a hurry call to report to our companies. This we expected, as that day about two thousand German and Austrians had passed through the camp and one of the biggest bombing parties had started out the night before to break a way through the barbed wire entanglements all along the front. So we knew that something big was on tap.

We left the school in trucks which took us to where our outfit was supposed to be. They had

started for the front, so we followed on foot, with scant directions as to where they were. We bunked for the night in the woods, and started out early the next morning and by night had caught up with them at the edge of the woods at Madelene Farms. The first day of our share in the drive started at 3 P. M. and we got into it the next morning when we went over the top, at about 5 A. M. From the 11th to the 18th, the losses in the Division were terrible, the dead were lying from one end of the front to the other, the wounded and sick were not being given the proper treatment or care, as the hospitals and first aid stations were crowded. The doctors and nurses were working day and night to catch up, but the

casualties kept piling up. Co.

I, lost a large number through death and wounds. Lt. Brown and Vinson were injured. Major Rivet and Sgt. Stanton were killed by snipers. Watson, Castriagino and McCabe were killed in one dugout, when a high explosive shell landed in the hole. I had been in the hole with them not five minutes before, and had moved, where there would be a little more room. I consider that I was lucky in this case as in plenty of others when I moved just in time.

There had been several men killed by snipers and we organized a small party to find out who it was. We moved back to Cunel, and when one of our men was hit, we located the place. There was one lone Boche, in the cellar of a demolished house,

with a machine gun on a movable

base, ammunition and food and drink enough to last him several days. He had been picking them off through a path through the woods, and one which we all had used. He evidently had been gunning for officers, as nine-tenths of those killed were commissioned. He was taken by four men through the woods with orders to report with him to Headquarters. It is doubtful in mind whether this was done, as they were back within an hour with the report that he had been taken care of. I have always thought that they took him in the woods and gave him the same treatment he had been giving some of our men.

At the Farms, the woods were full of light artillery, firing almost

point blank and machine guns, every few hundred feet. The front as well as the back areas were being shelled continually. Up to this time the 61st Inf. had been the only outfit to reach their objective at the time set. The sights that one saw every minute were terrible, and the runners saw more of the aftermath of a battle than any others, as they covered so much territory. The men were still being slaughtered. On carrying messages, we were forced to stop and help some poor devil, who had been hit, although we were under orders to stop for nothing. The boys emptied their canteens, time after time to give some wounded buddy what was probably his last drink. When we had the time we helped or carried them back to the dressing

station. But we did not have any to much time, and were not able to help all we found. As the messages were supposed to be more valuable than one single wounded man. And I guess that they were right, as a message which was not delivered on time might mean the slaughter of a whole company. The runners wore red strips around the left arm, so that one on seeing a runner lying side of the road dead or wounded, would search him for messages, and if found deliver them at once.

We moved back for two days, about half a mile in rear of the lines. Our company was all shot. Out of the 150 men who had entered, only seventy two were left. We came back to get some replacements. One of my best friends, James Kel-

ley was reported killed in action.

I later found out that the report was an error. He was badly wounded and lost an eye, and spent several months in the hospital. The report reached his folks, who had a funeral service, and erected a stone for him in the cemetery. It was not until months later, that we heard from him, and his folks, who had been ignorant of the fact that he was still alive. He is at present in Hingham.

On the 21st, we started driving again, and passed through some mighty rugged country for the next three days. Our losses were not so heavy as before but were heavy enough.

On Oct. 24th we moved at night, in front of Aincreville, which was

an important R. R. center and depot of supplies for the German army. The next morning we tried an attack, but were not strong enough, so dug "funk" holes and waited for reinforcements. On the evening before we went over, a barrage started at nine and lasted until four in the morning. We were lying in the holes, waiting for orders all this time and having the scare of our lives most of the time as the fireworks were coming thick and fast. Neil, Joe Clinton, Thomas and Ed. Price were injured during the night, and owing to the shortage of men, the best we could do was to dress the wounds and let them lie on the field. After the town was taken, we sent Silverman in with a bunch of about fifteen

German prisoners, which we could use as stretcher bearers. Silverman started with the prisoners in front of him, but when he started across an open space near the R. R. tracks and the machine guns got busy, he started out for himself and arrived at Hqr. with the Dutchmen following him and doing their best to beat him running. It certainly looked funny to see him being chased in by the prisoners, when he was supposed to be chasing them in.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th we went "over" and into the town of Aincreville. It was some dash as we had to get through a small ravine, over a small stream and across the tracks before we were out of range. Once in the town, we started to clean up. We sent

half of the battalion ahead and the other half stayed in the town, to mop up the place, and as a result made 97 prisoners, most of whom were waiting to be captured. Most of them were hiding in cellars.

We occupied Aincreville until Nov. 2nd. when we were again ordered to advance. Here large numbers of the enemy gave themselves up, rather than stand the heavy artillery any longer. After leaving Aincreville, we outdistanced our own artillery, as the roads were in very poor shape, and we were able to move much faster.

The day we reached Aincreville, a fellow from M. Co. and myself, started into a cellar and met two Germans coming out with their hands in the air. We searched them, and when they made a row about being

searched, I took 900 marks from the fellow I was searching and the other lad got a little money and a watch.

On Nov. 2nd, in the morning, the outfit took the woods ahead of the town, and then the messages came thick and fast. That afternoon, I had three trips to make. Two of our runners were injured here, leaving us short handed again.

We advanced a short distance, the afternoon of the 2nd. and again the next morning. On Nov. 5th, we advanced to within a few hundred feet of Clery le Grand. The first and second battalions leap frogged us and took the town and then the town of Clery le Petit.

Early that evening, the third btln. took the front again. We

had a little skirmish with the Huns. who were retreating in fast order, and blowing up the bridges as fast as they went over the river and canal.

Our engineers were prepared for just this occasion, and started work laying pontoons and building temporary bridges for the troops. As there was no way for the enemy to reach us, now that they were all across the river, we found a couple of barns and went in for a "wee bit of a nap". At eleven I and Hanson were awakened, and told to go to the river and find an Engineer Captain who would show us the way across the river to the canal. After a two kilo hike we located the engineers, so sent Hanson back to get the companies ready to advance within an

hour. I went with the Captain. We crossed the pontoon bridge, and then started to cross the marsh. The water was up to my knees. We finally got up to the canal where I located a place for the two companies, and we started back. On the way across the Captain pointed out where I could bring the troops, as he said it would be dryer for them, I finally told him that I had no rubber boots myself, and he excused himself for making me plow through the water, but he thot that I had boots the same as he had. Well I was soaked, and kicking would not do any good, so on we plowed. When I got back, Hanson had not showed up, and as it was getting along towards morning, I went back to the barns and found the companies must

getting started. We hurried them to the river and as we reached the pontoons, the order "no talking" was given and all the way across the marsh, all you could hear was the splashing of water, and from the sound, noone would know that about four hundred men were coming across. Ocassionally a red flare would go up. This meant that everyone must drop. Where we crossed this time was fairly dry, but enough moisture to make you feel wet. When about half way across, we got a shower of machine gun bullets. I do not think that we were seen however, as they soon stopped.

We finally arrived at the edge of the canal, and started digging in. We had only an hour before daybreak, and it was a case of dig fast.

I was dead tired and freezing cold and the constant exposure was beginning to tell on all of us. I was soaked to above my knees from the trip through the marshes, but lay down along the bank of the canal to wait for day-break, and slept soundly, covered only with the half blanket I had carried.

In the morning we were welcomed with one of the hottest barrages that I was ever in. Fortunately we were below the cliffs and were protected to some extent by the sides of the canal. A number of our men however were wounded. At about eight o'clock we spotted several German machine gunners in action along the tops of the cliff and immediately started firing on

them with our Springfields. Later when we had crossed the canal and scaled the cliffs, we found that our firing had done some good as we found a number of the enemy, dead at their guns from rifle fire. The order was finally given to advance. We went over, one at a time and started to cross the rude pontoon bridge, which had been thrown across during the night by the engineers. The Captain and several of the boys had succeeded in making half of the distance, when a German shell hit the bridge taking part of it away. Fisher and several of the men, including Jack East, McBride, and Gardiner jumped into the canal and started to swim across. All reached the other side but Gardiner, who was

hit and drowned before he could be reached. With the help of the boys and a few engineers, the bridge was soon put in repair, and we started crossing again. Upon arrival on the other side, we assembled and made a drive for the top of the cliff. We met with some stiff opposition, but were fortunate to arrive at the top without casualties. We scoured the dugouts and huts and captured fifty seven prisoners, ten machine guns and three small cannon. The prisoners were sent back by the Captain and men who had jumped into the canal. We advanced some distance and at night, retired about fifty yards to take advantage of cover. I hunted around for a blanket and finally found one in

a dead German's pack, and I think this was a life saver for me, as I was chilled through and even with the blanket was none too warm. I caught a cold however which stayed with me for several months.

The next morning we organized, we had no officers in the battalion and only three in the Regiment. "Cy" McBride was acting Captain of the company, Schneider and I were acting Lieutenants. The Lt. Col. was holding down several jobs, Colonel and taking the place of the three majors, beside having command of M. Company. We were all shot and it surely was a ragged looking outfit.

We were ordered over during the morning, our objective being a

patch of woods north of Dun-sur-Meuse. We took the objective and were waiting for orders, when a second Lt. from the 6th Infantry came along with a bunch of stragglers and ordered us to join them. We stayed where we were until he pulled his revolver and started firing into the crowd, then "Cy" told us to go along. We went a short ways and forced a halt, to get our bearings. The Lt. seemed to act crazy, so we decided to take things in our own hands and when he ordered another advance we balked. We finally found that we were in back of the German lines and started firing upon some German artillery, taking a heavy field piece up the side of the hill. This lasted for about

half an hour when it got dark enough for us to make the trip back. We had made about half the distance back when the enemy started a heavy shelling of the woods, which made it rather miserable for us until we rejoined the outfit. That night I picked out my bunk and thought it looked pretty good. Woke up in the middle of the night with a small sharp stone in the middle of my back. Some bed.

We advanced again on the 8th, striking the town of Milly, just in reserve of the second Btln. We had been living on a little corned bill and river water for about a week now and on the night of the 9th, after we had captured Mouzay and liberated some 600 civ-

illians, who had waited in the cellars for us, they divided whatever they had in the houses with us, and we had some good hot coffee and black bread, which seemed mighty good in comparison to the feed we had been having. "Ted" Rahn and myself, were dispatched at eleven o'clock to locate a ration outfit, which was supposed to bring us something to eat, we found them at three the next morning and hiked back to the outfit for a detail which went with us to the ration dump and brought back our share. We arrived at the company shortly before six in the morning. We divided it up so that each man had two cans and a loaf of bread to carry.

The day and night of the 10th were spent in the woods and the following morning, we woke up to find a white frost covering everything and believe me, it was some cold. We had something to eat, cold as usual, but then it was something to eat. The news came through that the armistice was to go into effect at eleven o'clock, unless we received other orders. At nine we received Pershing's order for the final drive, set for 9:30, which was never carried out, as General Ely in charge of the Divisions refused to carry them out with the armistice so near. The drive was finally called off. By nine o'clock the firing had diminished but at about 9:30 it started in again with a regular free for a

all. This lasted for about an hour, when practically everything ceased. At eleven it was as quiet as a graveyard, with the exception of a shot here and there from some guy who was either celebrating the armistice or who had'nt learned that the war was over.

We started fires in the woods, and started to get warm and dry out, while waiting for further orders. We cooked up some willie and made some coffee, which surely seemed mighty good. After the hell which had been popping for the biggest part of five months, the stillness was enough to drive a person insane, and although we didn't want to hear the sound of a gun again, one at this time would have done us a lot of good,

as the intense quiet was almost as bad as the intense shelling we had been used to.

Hot chow came up at about three o'clock and then we started back for Mouzay, where we slept in barns for the night. The armistice was signed and the boy's had all grown ten years younger, but a sadder looking lot of men I had never seen. They had long hair, beards, were caked with dirt, their clothes were torn and filthy, they were all very thin and looked about half starved. Their eyes were deep set, showing a loss of sleep and all in all they were the hardest looking lot I ever hope to see. I imagine I looked as bad as the rest of them, but could not see for myself.

My first thought was to write a note home, as it had been well over a month since my last note had gone. I wrote a short note on a scrap of paper I had found and then with the mail from some of the other boy's, I hiked it back to headquarters to mail it.

THE PERIOD

FOLLOWING THE ARMISTICE

It surely seemed good to know that everything was over and that we could walk around without having to hide or duck every time a shell exploded. On Nov. 13th we moved back to Dun-sur-Dolcon and took a few square meals, drew clean clothes and policed up in general. They weighed each man and took our measurements. I had dropped from over 140 to 107 lbs.

in the Meuse-Argonne drive. I could hardly recognize myself, when I saw my face in a mirror when I shaved.

While in Dun, I went out with a burying party. We picked up all the dead we could find on the field, both American and German. The chaplain erected a small cross over each one and gave the same service for all. We loafed around Dolcon until the 23rd. when we started hiking for Luxemburg.

We arrived in Brandeville, a mill town which was captured on Nov. 11th, on the 23rd. On the 24th it was Remoiville, where we stopped in some old German barracks. On the 25th we had a 21 kilo hike to Longuyon, where the French, previous to the war, had operated

a large army camp. We stayed here for five days, sleeping on the stone floors. On Thanksgiving day, we had some sort of patriotic exercises in the square and a talk by Major General Ely. We had the usual spread for our dinner, corned willie, potatos, hard tack and coffee(without sugar or milk). A great holiday for all.

On Nov. 30th we did a 22kilo to Longy-Rehon, the first town we had struck where one could buy anything and here the supply was limited.

On Dec. 1st we hiked into Dippach, Luxemburg. Crossed the border at 10:00 A. M. This country seemed much different than France or Belguim, and the people seemed more cordial. We put up in barns in this town.

I was picked with sixteen others for guard duty in Luxembourg. We all drew new clothing and brushed up as this was the capital city of the country. We went to Luxemburg City of Dec. 4th, where we did duty around the Ducal palace and several of the important bridges. I was stationed at the palace, just inside the main gate. Was only on duty six hours a day, so had plenty of time to look the city and the palace over. This was to my mind one of the most attractive towns I had seen while over across. The city is situated on a high rocky cliff, with two small streams cutting it, over which are several bridges, over 200 feet above the rivers.

Among the many places I went

through were the Grand Ducal Palace, the Protestant College, the Mint and Treasury Building and the State Library. The ruler of the country, was a girl not yet twenty years old. Shortly after we arrived, she was forced to abdicate, and a younger sister was elevated in her place.

The palace grounds were wonderful and according to all reports, were equalled only by the palace of Versailles and the Castle grounds at Potsdam, Germany.

On the 11th we hiked to Bertrange and were billeted in a school house. The outfit joined us here on the 15th. On the 17th we hiked to Ehlang and on the following day into Differdange, where we were to spend several months.

We were billeted in a large school house, which compared favorably to any on this side. At first we slept on the floor but later received our requisition of cots, which were taken from the German army camps nearby.

The people here talked, both German and French, and a great many spoke Italian and English. We had a regular New England snow storm on the 19th, the first snow I had seen since leaving Devens.

On the 24th I received a ten day furlough to one of the leave areas. We boarded box cars at Bettenbourg in the evening. On Christmas day we stopped at Nancy, where we were issued new clothing and received a cootie bath. We boarded again and ate our Christ-

mas dinner on the train. It consisted of corned bill and java. At Is-sur-Tille we were given a lunch by the Red Cross and a Christmas box by the Y. M. C. A. Stopped at Clermont-Ferrard, where several of the boy's missed the train, coming by the next one. We climbed a stiff grade for over three hours, finally arriving at le Mont Dore, late in the afternoon. We were put up in the various hotels. My good luck was still with me and I drew a berth at the Ramade Aine, which was the largest hotel in the town. So on my birthday, I felt very much at home-- a good soft bunk, good chow no inspections or formations and best of all no officers. The government paid all bills, so that the

few dollars I had with me, did very well.

This town was one of the famous winter resorts of France and famed for its mineral waters and baths. There was a large Y in what had formerly been the third largest gambling casino in France.

Mont Dore was connected with Roman history at the time of Caesar's invasion of Northern Europe. Parts of the walls that he built are still standing.

The baths were in a huge building, easily the largest in the town and contained everything, even to the Roman baths, which dated back to Caesar.

We spent some time on hikes and at the shows at the Y. which changed daily, most of them being what

were termed as the A. E. F. dough boy shows.

Among the hikes we took was one through the valley and around the hills, visiting each of the three cascades. This hike was about seven miles with plenty of climbing.

Another was to the top of Capucin (5200) and over 1000 ft. above the town. This was the hardest travelling I had ever tried, and part of the way up we were plowing through snow to our waists. We all took glasses and as we reached the top the sun poked through the clouds just long enough for us to get a good look at the surrounding country, and the view was wonderful. We started back on the 5th of January, over the

~~same~~

same route arriving at Differdange on the 8th.

On the 13th I went to Kayl, to attend a one week course at the Signal school. Didn't do much of anything except take life easy while there but was returned to the outfit with the grade of instructor. This gave me a good job as instructor of the signal platoon, so "sat on the world" for some time. My only work was about two hours each day with nothing to do on Saturday or Sunday. So I found plenty of time to take a few trips to the cities nearby over the week end, and was lucky enough to get away with it.

Met Gus Crocker at Esch on Feb. 10th, when the 9th and 10th Brigade had a football game. Gus,

was a school mate from Falmouth, so we had quite a time.

On March 13th, I was slated to go to Kayl again, this time to the Radio school for three months.

When I arrived I found that Lt.

Smith was in charge and had me

billed as an instructor of Elementary Electricity, a subject I had

never even heard of. But tackled

the job, and consequently had it

pretty soft, during the time we

stayed in Kayl. The school hours

were 8 to 12 and 1 to 3, but as my

classes all came in the morning I

had plenty of time to myself.

We received our triple innocu-

lation while in Kayl, which knock-

ed me for a goal. I was in bed

for ten days with a corking good

case of blood poisoning, which

swelled my arm to nearly twice the natural size. It was strapped to

a board so I couldn't move it. Dr.

Williams the medical officer at

the school was attending me, and

made two trips a day and sometimes

three, to the house where I was

staying. I was in bed for ten

days, but after I was able to get

out and around, I was no good for

about two weeks.

Things just rolled along at

Kayl until May 15th, when we rec-

eived the welcome news that we were

to leave for home withingthe next

two weeks. We closed the school

and shipped everyone back to their

outfits, only to find that the

sailing orders had been withdrawn.

We went back to the old grind, and

it surely seemed tough, after such

a long period of idleness.

() I had applied for a pass to Paris when I found we were billed to stay in Differdange for a while longer, the pass was granted o on June 15th. I telegraphed to Dad, who was located with the Y. in Geives, telling him when to meet me in Paris.

() I left Differdange on the 15th, spent several hours in Metz, the capital of Alsace, where I had already spent several week ends, and then pushed on towards Nancy, where Bell and I stayed for the night. The following morning we left for Paris, going through Bar-le-Duc, Epernay, Chateau-Thierry and arrived that evening. Dad had not arrived so started to see some of the sights. It is one grand

town, and it is no wonder that all tourists make it their headquarters while in Europe.

Went through the palace at Versailles, which was built as a memorial to himself, by Louis XIV. Bell and I went to the Eiffel tower, and climbed to the top, it was a hot day and we were nearly done for when we finally got to the top of the affair. The sight was wonderful. You could see for miles around and on a clear day could see the battlefields, over twenty six miles away. We started to come down by elevator, but were dared to make the trip down by foot, by a couple of Army Nurses, who were out seeing the city. We did it, but never again, I was lame for a week. Dad arrived on Thursday morning,

so he, Bruce Hoffman and myself, saw what was left to see. Hoffman had been a member of the company but had transferred to the Y after the armistice.

Left Paris on the 20th on a troop train. We stopped in the afternoon at a French camp. As we were to be there for two hours, I went out to the canteen to get something to eat. While in the canteen, the train whistled, and pulled out, carrying my hat, coat, traveling bag and my pass. Bell was on the train so knew he would take care of them, so looked around for a way out of it. The next trooper was billed to leave at about midnight, so instead of waiting, I hopped the first freight that came along, jumping the freight at Toul,

where Bell and I had decided to spend the night. I scoured the city, but could find no trace of him. Took the next train to Nancy and looked for him there. As I later found out, he had spent the night in Nancy, and went back to Toul to locate me in the morning, our trains passing.

I had quit worrying by this time and started to make the rounds of a few of the towns I hadn't seen. I rode all night into Strassbourg where I spent the whole day, looking around. I had to duck in the station, when I almost ran into an American M. P. Again on one of the Main stems, I received another scare. I saw two American officers coming towards me, and was just getting ready to duck, when they dis-

appeared. I kept on and when I had gone past the place where they had gone in I turned around and saw both of them hustling up the street. Ten to one they were out without a pass too, as this city was off area with American troops. This was a fine little city and well worth the trip.

My next stop was Belfort where I spent most of the day and evening, making Colmar the next day, with a side trip to Mulhausen, almost on the Swiss border.

That night I returned to Metz, only to find that the city was filled with M. P.s. shortly after I arrived. I hired a hack, which drove me to the next town, where I took the train for Luxemburg, arriving in Differdange at about four on

the morning of the 24th, pretty well tired out by my trip. My luggage had arrived ahead of me. Dad came up the same morning, arriving at about ten, while I was still sleeping. He brought MacKilligan, a fellow from home and another fellow named Burns. Dad left for Gieves on Tuesday. That day we received orders to move only to have them cancelled again, this time to July 5th. On the 4th, we made it a day of real celebration, sort of a double holiday, and everyone proceeded to take a few last drinks before they started for the Great American desert as the boys called it, for the United States had gone dry by this time.

On the 5th, we left Differdange, where we had spent a happy seven

months. We boarded the box cars at Bettinbourg, and travelled the northern route, passing through Namur and Mons, Belgium; Viny Ridge, where the famous battle of that name had been fought by the British at the start of the war, then through the war torn country, where city after city and town after town, were leveled to the ground. One good sized city, Albert was the worst, with only three or four buildings partially standing. We passed through Arras, Amiens and at midnight through Rouen. The remainder of the trip was almost like home to the boys, as we had passed through Alencon, Laval, Vitre and St. Brieuc on our way to the front. We landed at Brest at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 8th.

and our dream of over fifteen months was coming true-- We were at last bound for home. We ate breakfast on the docks at Brest, and then started for the Pontanezan barracks. We met with some surprise, as the camp was built, from the few stone barracks, that were there when we landed, to a huge wooden camp, the same as the camps on this side. The first thing we saw, were several billboards announcing that when we arrived home the merchants, would be glad to relieve us of our money, by selling us Camel cigarettes and suits made by Hart, Schaffner and Marx. The few days we spent at the camp were just one complete round of inspections, delousings etc. Met, Mitchell, a chum from

Camp Devens days here.

On July 13th we left Breat harbor on the transport Acquaintania bound for Homeland. This was some boat, carrying about everything one needed for comfort. We had two bands with us and held a dance every night on the decks, having as partners, the three hundred Y. M. C. A. girls and about a hundred nurses, who came home with us.

We landed in New York harbor on the night of July 19th and disembarked on the 20th, going direct to Camp Mills, where we had to go through with another lot of inspections. Here we split, going to the different camps, from which we would be discharged.

On arrival at Devens, it looked something like home. I tried for a pass for the week end, so I could get home, but the most they would give us, was just a few hours. I took the pass and started for Falmouth, arriving on the afternoon train, without being announced.

The welcome I received when I walked in the back door, was worth the trip I had taken, and it surely seemed good to get back.

On the 27th I returned, but found that I had not been missed, so went through the "mad house" with the bunch, and passed a battery of medicos, for a final examination before we received our final papers. Received my discharge and final pay, at noon on July 28th

1919, and I was through with the Army. I had gained a lot of good experiences, seen a lot of country, had been through a lot of hardships and had had some mighty good times. I had gained physically, and was none the worse for my hitch with Uncle Sam, and as they all said "While they could never find enough money to pay me for going again, I'm not sorry that I was in it."