

PART II
MY ARMY LIFE



Chapter 1

THE MEXICAN TROUBLE

On the morning of June the Twenty-Sixth, Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen, I arose to begin my daily work.

The sun was peeping over the distant hills, flooding the earth with its fresh morning light. The river below was still covered by a long blanket of fog. The young corn, which I was to plow that day was taking its last drink of morning dew, left there by the night before. Birds of many kinds were fluttering from branch to branch in the trees that crowned the bluffs nearby, sing their joyful songs.

From a hill as I faced the East, a very satisfying scene lay before me. The high hills as sentinels of the valleys were shrouded in a smokey haze with fringes of blue trailing off in the far distance to purple. There were many timbered ridges, wooded knolls, silent valleys, and shady nooks.

There was the boisterous caw of the crow as he winged his way to some unknown destination and the shrill scream of the crafty hawk as he smoothly sailed overhead waiting his chance to swoop down on some unsuspecting creature of prey.

Nearby the old home was all astir with the morning noises and activities. The baa of the sheep, the low of the cow, the cackle of the hen . . . all made a constant noise of familiarity.

All this I must leave if I answer the call to volunteer to face those pesky Mexicans. My brother, Dana, took me by mule to Monroe, and I walked over the Monroe Mountain. There I met a Ford car driven by Carlisle Coe, which took me to Livingston, and at Seven P.M., I took the oath, joining the FIRST TENNESSEE INFANTRY OF NATIONAL GUARDS.

JUNE 27: We left Livingston for Nashville, riding a flat car over the Tenn-Central Railway - a spur route running from Algood to Livingston - arriving at 9:30 that night. After a scanty meal of bacon, oats, and loaf bread, we spent the remainder of the night trying to sleep on the floor of the "Grand Stand" at the fair grounds.

JUNE 29: After breakfast we went into camp at Camp Rye, named in honor the Governor Tom C Rye. The camp here was poorly situated and equipped. The land was low and the tents had dirt floors and in the rainy weather, it was difficult to find a dry place to sleep. After two weeks drill, Lester (Red) Hassler and I were made cooks. The kitchen was a covered frame, boxed half was up to the eaves, and the upper half screened.

JULY 15: Found our regiment very well organized, with Harry S. Berry as our colonel . . . Major Homes, Battalion Commander, Captain Willis Burks, Lieutenants Shirley Bohannon, Tilman H. Smith, and Doak Capps (Medical Officer) as Company Commanders. Our Company was made up of men from Livingston, Dyersburg, (and later Clarksville) Tennessee. While here we were vaccinated for small pox and inoculated for typhoid fever.

We were receiving recruits very often and played many tricks on them. Once I was making some pudding from prunes - left over bread-etc, and one recruit was on kitchen police and I said "If I just had a little "maiden oil" to put in this, it would be a lot better". Of course the cooks in the other knew there was a joke afoot, and sent him on to the next battery. In about a half hour he came all a dither and said "I couldn't find any of the stuff any where in the regiment". He was rather cowed when told that "maiden oil" was the army colloquial name for bath oil used by women.

SEPTEMBER 15: We entrained at Union Station and left for Eagle Pass, Texas, there we were to do guard duty. When we reached Memphis we were given a free dinner and afterwards a free bath at the Y.M.C.A. We stopped a while in San Antonio and marched to the old historic Alamo where David Crockett and others fought to the last man.

SEPTEMBER 19: We arrived at Eagle Pass and were put in a temporary camp under quarantine for a few days, the moving to our permanent camp "Camp Orr". One interesting thing that happened while we were here was the sixty mile hike through the mesquite and sand to Spofford Junction and back. On Saturday morning, the hike began and our water was rationed and the temperature was near the 100 degree mark, dust was fogging up in our faces, and we nearly starved for water. At 6:00 P.M. we halted near a swampy place where there were muddy pools of water, so we made a dash for them and drank water, trash, tadpoles and all - and thought it fine. There were about 17,000 troops making the hike, and sham battles between the National Guard and Regular Army often took place. Over 300 rattle snakes were killed and captured, one feller, Wiley Sullivan, came in with one wrapped around his neck.

MARCH 26, 1917: After about six months stay at Eagle Pass, Texas, we were mustered out of service at Nashville and left for Livingston where a big dinner and friends awaited us. We rode a passenger train from Nashville to Algood and Sgt. Oscar Lacy, who was a Spanish American war veteran, and Miss Sugent had a pet Mexican goat that rode in the coach with us and sauntered up and down the aisle. (Dropping pellets all a long the way). The pet was named Saunches, and Oscar kept the goat until it died.

After Captain Willis Burks resigned, Samuel P. Jones and Shirley D. Bohannon were candidates for the captains place. Jones offered to buy all the beer the men could drink if they would elect him. So he was elected. The 80 men in the company drank 80 gallons of beer in less than 6 hours. When the bugle sounded for the evening roll call, the Sgt. in charge said "Fall In" for roll call and inspection. They fell out of their tents. Some with their shoes untied, some with no hats on, some with only one leggin on. Shirts not buttoned, pants unbuttoned and attempted to form a line. They were weaving back and forth like wheat in the wind. The Sgt. reported to the officer in charge and said "72 bastards present". The officer said "Take your post, you son of a bitch". Very comical.

This incident happened when Lester Hassler and I were first appointed cooks at Camp Rye in Nashville in 1916. I had no idea how much or even how to cook for a company of men, so I filled a 10 gallon stewer half full of rice so that rice just kept swelling and soon I had 2 stewers running over. Then I cooked bacon and started to make gravy and said "I don't know how to make gravy for a whole company". We had several Spanish American War Veterans in the company (We were in the National Guard then). One said "I know how". We had a frying pan with an 8 gallon capacity - so he put about 2 gallons of grease and 1/2 sack of flour and began to stir and when done we could slice pieces out with a knife but the men ate it with relish.

Chapter 2 THE WORLD WAR I

APRIL 12, 1917: My stay at home was very short for on April 12, we were called back into service. This time to fight the Germans.

APRIL 27: We left Livingston for Nashville going into camp at Camp Jackson.

MAY 16: I was appointed Mess Sergeant under Captain Robert Milan as Company Commander.

MAY 27: Our company went to Tullahoma for out post duty, to guard railroad bridges and tunnels. The stay here was very pleasant. We had nothing much to do and the people were very nice and kind to us.

JUNE 26: The End Of One Years Service!

JUNE 27: We returned to Nashville.

AUGUST 12: Orders came in making me again a cook.

SEPTEMBER 8: We entrained at Union Depot and left Nashville for “Camp Sevier” at Greenville, South Carolina. When we arrived we found that our camp was a pine forest, but within a months time, it was converted into a real nice camp.

SEPTEMBER 14: Our regiment was changed from infantry to heavy artillery. We trained with guns made of pine logs.

OCTOBER 1: Went twenty miles out from Greenville to artillery range. While here we saw many scenes shown in “The Birth of a Nation”

NOVEMBER 1: Went to Field Hospital with mumps and stayed three weeks.

DECEMBER 1: Came out of hospital.

MAY 19, 1918: We left Greenville for Homestead Long Island, New York, arriving on the twenty second.

Chapter 3 ON THE WATER

JUNE 1, 1918: Begins the preparations for sailing. Every one is checked up and fully equipped.

JUNE 2: Sunday a perfect day.

JUNE 3: Ready to sail. Every pack is made, every roll is rolled and sandwiches are made. We are ready to start at a moments notice.

JUNE 4: At three o'clock in the morning we are silently marching to our train that takes us to Hoboken New Jersey. At eleven thirty we are on board the “Mauretania” a large passenger ship that has been converted in to a troop ship. There are about 5000 of us on board. Today we had our last view of “The Statue of Liberty” as we were rushed out to sea by a tug boat across the Hudson River.

JUNE 5: Sailing for France.

JUNE 6: We are getting our first real view of the Atlantic. A couple of large whales are out scouting around spouting water high in the air. It is very interesting to watch them. Today had a very beautiful sunset. As the sun sank into the distant deep blue it left a great veil of beautiful pink hanging on bars of silver and gold. It's reflection on the water made a great beautiful shining way leading back to the golden west. As I stood watching, I wondered if ever I would go back that way.

JUNE 7: Today we drilled, learning to reach the top deck in order. Every man wears a life jacket and a canteen of water. The gunners of the ship and those of the one hundred and fifteenth field artillery united in target practice . . . throwing a floating target out and firing at it. We are in the war zone. All the expert riflemen are on the top deck with one hundred rounds of ammunition each. They are placed there so if a submarine should appear they would have a chance to break the periscope.

Several of the boys have been arrested for smoking and sent below to shovel coal. We have to stand an inspection for venereal disease every day. It was disagreeable this morning. There was a cold wind blowing and we have to strip to the waist.

JUNE 8: I stood eight hours guard today. My first in over a year. We are half way to Liverpool England and no sight of the enemy.

JUNE 9: Today the sea is a little rough. Some of the boys are real sick and are feeding the fish. As I watch the slow heavy swing of grayish green water - as I see the great waves magically appear and vanish - how easily they rock our great ship, how great their power is.

JUNE 10: We received our escort which consists of four U. S. Destroyers. They play around our ship like bees around their queen. At eight P. M. our men reported a submarine sighted, but it dived so quickly that they failed to get a shot at it.

JUNE 11: To our delight this morning we sighted land. The coast of Scotland at two P. M. - Landed 7 P. M.

We are in Liverpool preparing to entrain. Here each of us received a letter of welcome from King George. Also mailed a card to Mother telling her of my safe arrival.

Chapter 4 TRAINING IN FRANCE

JUNE 12, 1918: Detrained at Romsey at one P. M. and marched three miles to a resting camp. At four A. M. I was roused up to help get breakfast for eleven hundred men. Two hundred pounds of pork and four quarters of beef were used.

JUNE 13: After cooking all night I made the eleven mile hike with the other men to the embarkation camp at South Hampton, England. I nearly petered out but I hung on to the end. After we were in a small ship ready to cross the English Channel one of the engines got out of order. So we

had to march three miles back to another resting camp . . . arriving at eleven o'clock just about dusk.

JUNE 14: Stayed at rest camp.

JUNE 15: Left rest camp at two P. M. and marched to Port. At seven P. M. we embarked on a small ship. (St. George)

JUNE 16: A horrible night has passed. We had no accommodation at all. Nothing to eat, no place to sleep. We're piled up in the aisles like hogs. The lights were all out. Occasionally you could hear some bird say "damn you quit stepping in my face". Last night was the most dangerous one we have had in our whole trip. We were where the submarines had done a lot of damage. Had our ship been torpedoed, we would have all been drowned.

At eight A. M. we debarked at La Harve, France and marched six miles to a resting camp. After being up all the night before, marching all the morning, I began cooking the next meal which was the first since dinner the day before. We were preparing mess for six hundred and thirty men. They were almost starved but we gave them a good meal. Pork, gravy, buttermilk, jam and vegetable soup was the menu. After going to bed, twelve of us in a fourteen foot square tent we discovered that we were in hearing distance of the firing line. We could hear the constant roar of the big guns all night.

JUNE 17: At eight o'clock we fitted our packs to our backs and hiked five miles to a railroad station. Our train was a mixed train with box cars and first and third class passenger coaches. I was one of the sixty that was put in a box car which was about half the size of an American car. By fitting and crowding and jamming most of us get a place to sleep that night.

JUNE 18: We traveled south all that day through a gloomy rain. It was a trying position. Nothing to do, nothing to read, just sit and look out the door all day. One little ray of sunshine came out to us in the form of a little French girl about two years old. She wanted to go with us and my, how I would have liked to have taken her along.

The next night we managed to get a little more sleep. General Sherman said "War is hell". Them's my sentiments too.

JUNE 19: We detrained at Guer. It was still raining but during the gloom there was a little light. We were served hot chocolate and butter sandwiches by some "Real American Red Cross Girls". You can imagine what a treat after traveling a day and night on hard tack and corned beef.

After being served we hiked four miles out to our training camp . . . which was named "Camp De Coetqueidan" an old camp used by Napoleon.

JUNE 20: We are getting every thing arranged for several weeks stay. We have barracks instead of tents and nice stone kitchens - though our battery failed to get one. We got an old cook shack instead - and nice bath houses with places for washing clothes.

JUNE 21: This morning I noticed an observation balloon go up. It goes up every day and stays about three hours each time.

JUNE 24: Received a letter from my brother. His regiment is within four miles of the firing line in Belgium.

JUNE 25: Ten days rations drawn. Not so plentiful as in the states.

JUNE 26: End of two years service. One year ago today I was at Tullahoma, Tennessee. Where will I be one year from now?

JUNE 27: We are to get French horses to move our guns. Part of them were issued today.

JUNE 28: We drew gas masks. Every man from Colonel to Private must make the gas drill which is one hour each day. If he fails it means a trial by court martial.

JUNE 29: This afternoon we had our first instructions in using gas masks.

JUNE 30: Sunday . . . today I explored some of the trenches and covers used by the men in training. From the observation stand with a field glass. I got a good view of the town of the "Black Plague" where about thirty thousand of Napoleon's men died with the plague.

The American's have taken the few people that live there and put them in hospitals and are using the town as a target for artillery.

Some more mail from home.

JULY 1: Our field kitchens came. It is in three parts. Part one is the stove balanced on two wheels. It has one bake oven and two eyes for inserting stews and on the rear is a place for keeping food warm. Part two is the ration compartment. By coupling them together they are ready for moving. Part three is the water tank and is moved separately.

JULY 2: Part of our six inch guns came today.

JULY 3: The men are preparing for parade tomorrow.

JULY 4: I saw the parade of the Fifty Fifth Artillery Brigade, which consisted of the One Hundred and Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Field Artillery. The One Hundred and Fifth Trench Mortar Battery and The One Hundred and Fifth Ammunition Train.

It was very interesting to watch the parade as the men passed in review of the French and American generals and Premier Clemenceau of France. The men were in perfect step, every arm had the same swing, every bayonet had the same flash. Their movements were like a field of ripe wheat under a slight breeze. After the parade we were addressed by Colonel Luke Lea of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Field Artillery.

JULY 5: A fire has broken out about eight miles from camp. It was caused by the explosion of shells. About half of the regiment is fighting it. A prisoner who undertook to escape was killed by one of our boys.

JULY 6: The men have been coming in at all hours of the night for something to eat. I stayed up all night and cooked each of the five hundred men five hot cakes each.

JULY 7: Another Sunday and mail from home.

JULY 8: In gas mask drill this afternoon we had a relay race. It was very funny.

The men while running had a tendency to step on higher ground. One fellow ran into his opponent and legs, arms and gas masks were flying in every direction.

JULY 12: We were paid in French money. After paying my allotment of \$20 and insurance of \$7.50. I had only \$9.50 left. Most every where a crap game was in progress. The one in the mess hall wound up in a fight. One drunken fellow drew a knife and men came tumbling out of doors and windows like hornets out of their nest when disturbed.

JULY 13: Most everyone that did not go broke in a crap game is drunk. I don't touch. I worked again last night making three nights out of this week.

JULY 14: Fire still burning. We are fighting it again. Men have been coming in all night for their meals. Again I had to stay up all night and cook for them. Out of eighty four hours I have had only seventeen hours sleep.

JULY 15: We hiked an hour with our gas masks on. The thing is very disagreeable to wear. It fits so tight around the face that it almost stops the blood from circulating. There is a clamp that fits on the nose and a

rubber tube that its in the mouth to breathe through. The eye pieces are of isinglass. It get so dim perspiration, that it is difficult to see.

JULY 16: There was a military celebration at Rennes. Soldiers from nine different nations taking part in the parade. Americans, French, English, Italians, Belgians, Australians, Algerians, Scotch Highlanders and Japanese. There were thirty men from our battery took part. The Americans winning the honor.

JULY 17: A boy from C Battery that drowned July 4th was found today.

JULY 18 and 19: These days brought us good news from the front. News that the allies were gaining.

JULY 20: Today we began wearing our gas masks one hour while on duty. It was very awkward in slicing steak and paring potatoes for supper with them on.

JULY 21: Two men out of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Battery lost their lives today. One of them died of disease. The other insulted a French man's wife and the French man killed him.

More mail today.

JULY 22: A fine day. Late afternoon was turning to evening . . . the moon was up full and pretty. The atmosphere calm and clear. As I stood looking at the moon, the stars and the part of the earth before me, I observed every thing curious, great and small. I seemed lost in a trance. How silent. How lovely. A slow breeze gently stirred the leaves. A little cricket hidden some where near, sweetly sang an evening song. From the far distance came the sleep chirp of a strange little bird. All these seemed to emphasize the spell of silence and loneliness.

Today our Battery went to the Target Range for a week of practice.

JULY 23: We had a gas test. Going into a room with our masks on. We stayed about five minutes and removed our masks to get a sample, immediately going out.

JULY 24: Received the news that the Americans had gained a depth of seven miles on a twenty eight mile front and had captured twenty thousand prisoners, Four hundred guns including two hundred and ten batteries.

JULY 26: Today a little French boy came to our Battery for something to eat. He could speak English fairly well. His father was killed at the front and his mother was working in a hospital at Rennes. He had been

staying with the Fifteenth Cavalry. When they went to the front he could not go along. He is fifteen. His name is Movis. We have adopted him as our mascot.

JULY 27: Late this afternoon two deaths occurred. A private of the One Hundred and Fourteenth was killed by the kick of a horse. A captain of the aviation was killed by the falling of his machine.

JULY 28: More Mail.

JULY 29: Battery fire.

JULY 30: Battalion fire.

AUGUST 1: Brigade fire . . . Today the Fifty Fifth Brigade was reviewed by a French General.

AUGUST 2: Soissons was captured by the Americans.

AUGUST 3: The Allies advanced to a depth of six miles along a thirty mile front capturing eight thousands, four hundred men and one hundred and thirty three guns.

AUGUST 4: Sunday . . . today I went to the city of Rennes. It is a historical city. It was the capitol of the Huns in the days of Atilla. It is very strongly built. It's buildings are of stone. The streets are walled with stone. It has a population of about one hundred thousand.

I visited the church, the park and the museum. On the interior of the church were many statues and paintings of Biblical characters. Back of the altar were many spires beautifully designed with a cross on the top of each one. In the center just back of the altar was a life sized statue of Christ. Around the walls were many beautiful candle holders of bronze and gold.

In the park were statues and flowers put there in memory of the dead. The name of the person was on a little iron stake by the flowers or statue.

The mummified body of Antinoe was encased in glass. A great collection of old relics and pottery occupied one room. There were many old armors, uniforms and helmets worn by old warriors. There were all kinds of guns, swords, shields and spears. There were the queer carriages of some of the Kings of France.

AUGUST 5: Today we received the rest of our 155 MM. We are well enough equipped for the front.

The supreme courage of life is the courage of the soul. It is living day by day sincerely, steadfastly, serenely . . . despite all hindrance and opposition. Every man reigns a king over the kingdom of self and he wears

the crown of individuality that no hand save his own can remove. Man must be true to himself or he will be false to the whole world.

AUGUST 7: At four A.M. our gun squads and my cooking relief were ordered to the target range for a brigade problem. In a short while we were in position. Taking advantage of the natural surroundings we were soon well camouflaged, especially our kitchen, so much so that when our mess Sergeant woke up from his nap, he could not find the kitchen. While we were preparing dinner the gas alarm was given and we had an hour with our gas masks on. At ten P.M. the barrage fire began and for an hour the old earth was in a tremor. Every condition was as near like those of the front as could be.

AUGUST 8: We were reviewed by the generals as we came back into camp.

AUGUST 9: Allies captured seventeen thousand prisoners and two hundred guns.

AUGUST 10: Allies capture twenty eight thousand prisoners and five hundred guns. The First American Army was organized in France with General John J. Pershing as personal commander. The First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Corps Commanders were : Lieutenant Generals Ligget, Bullard, Bundy, Reed and Wright. A division is composed of troops of all arms numbering approximately thirty thousand men. An army corps consists of several divisions and an army consists of several corps.

AUGUST 12: Thirteenth Battery hike.

AUGUST 14, 15, 16: More hiking.

AUGUST 17: Rest.

AUGUST 18: Sunday . . . mail today.

AUGUST 19: We are preparing to go to the front. The old range and it's utensils were turned into the supply Sergeant. The cooking from now on will be done on the rolling kitchen.

AUGUST 20: This afternoon while lifting a pot of boiling spuds from the stove I slipped and a portion of the soup dashed out on my chest, leaving a nice little tattoo.

AUGUST 21: The hardest battle of our highest self is when hungry for love we must fight on - alone. If our friends forsake us let us bear the empty life as heroically as we can. Let's stand alone in silent strength like a sentry standing guard over a sleeping regiment. In the dark shadows of

the night, forgetting for a time the terror of solitude, the darkness, the loneliness, the isolation and the phantoms of memories that will not stay buried in the courage that comes from one facing inevitable duty with a steady soul.

Of course it is not easy to live on the uplands of life. It is not intended to be easy, but it is worth while.

Today every thing in the line of extra clothing was turned in.

AUGUST 23: Three hundred wounded soldiers came here to the hospital from the front. Some gassed but most of them wounded by machine guns.

AUGUST 24: Last day at this camp. We are to leave today at twelve o'clock. It is now two o'clock in the morning. I have worked all night getting every thing in readiness for tomorrow. It is a beautiful night. Every thing is quiet, silent and peaceful. I'm wondering if where we'll be next week will be so quiet and peaceful. I dare say not. We are all eager to go and avenge the wrongs of the Inhuman Boche.

AUGUST 25: Sunday at two o'clock we left camp and hiked five miles to the station at Guer. At five o'clock every thing was laded, all on the same train. I was lucky enough to be put in a ration car with three others.

AUGUST 26: We passed through the cities of Rennes, Nogent Chateau and LeMarn. At Nogent Chateau was one of the most beautiful Chateaus I ever saw. At LeMarn our soldiers breakmen were replaced by French girls as breakwomen.

AUGUST 27: Passed through Cartres and Versailles. Through this territory the towns were closely built and farming was extensive. As we passed through Versailles (a large city seventeen miles from Paris) we saw several train loads of broken aeroplanes from the front to be repaired. At eight o'clock P.M. we unloaded at Toul and started to hike to our positions on the front. But part of the Battery got lost from the other and we had to stay until the following night for no traveling was allowed in the daytime.

AUGUST 28: At eight o'clock P. M. we started hiking. We had only twelve miles to make that night but it took us until nearly day . . . for there was so much traversing the we progressed slowly. There were guns from three to seventeen inches going up.

AUGUST 29: Using the woods for camouflage we waited until the following night to make the five miles to our position.

AUGUST 30: At day break we were in position. I was completely worn out . . . for I cooked in the day and hiked at night. Out of seventy two hours, I had only about six hour sleep.

Chapter 5 ON THE FRONT - BATTLE OF SAINT MIHIEL

AUGUST 31: Begins my career on the front. The men are digging dugouts and laying the guns for action. There has been several air fights today. A German in a machine disguised as an American plane came over and shot down three of our observation balloons, but he was brought down by Americans before reaching the German lines. The German artillery fired into our ammunition dump and set it on fire.

SEPTEMBER 1: At one o'clock A. M. a heavy barrage was laid by both sides. The Americans being the more aggressive. At six forty five P. M. the fourth gun of our Battery fired the first shot of the Battery at the enemy.

SEPTEMBER 2: I saw two air battles. The first, six Boche planes attacked two American planes but the Americans were too shrewd and quickly dived out of harm's way. The second, one bold Boche attacked six Americans but the machine guns were too hot for him and he fled. The antiaircraft guns were busy on both sides but no hits were made. Today I hear the Allies have captured Perronne. In the month of August, the Allies captured fifty seven thousand one hundred and eight seven prisoners and five hundred guns . . . also a large quantity of other useful supplies.

All four of our guns are firing on the enemy. They have completely demolished a German trench mortar battery.

SEPTEMBER 3: Was comparatively quiet. Only an occasional exchange of shots between the big guns. At eleven P. M. orders cam to move back to a rest camp. So we hiked the rest of the night.

SEPTEMBER 4, 5, 6: We stayed in rest camp. Golly, how fine to get a little peaceful sleep. One funny incident happened while here - sometime in the night, a false gas alarm was given, my what a noise, with pistols firing, claxon horns blowing, men yelling and mules braying it was enough to scare the wits out of anyone. One fellow forgot and left his gas mask with the kitchen outfit and when the alarm was given, he jumped up and was running through the woods in his night clothes like a scared deer, when a gas officer caught him and gave him a mask. I lay with my mask on until I almost smothered, and then to find out the alarm was false.

SEPTEMBER 7: It is discouraging when a man has to sleep on the ground where it is raining, and mud all around shoe mouth deep . . . with horses close by sick and dying . . . with the expectation of gas and shrapnel any time and the scarcity of food and water as is the case now. Perhaps it will be worse soon, who knows? What is the cause? Just the greed and love of conquest of a barbarous nation.

THOUGHTS

A man's mind is like a garden. If it is cultivated good and planted with good seeds, it will bring good fruit. If it is not cultivated and weed seeds grow up in it, it produces evil fruit. If clean thoughts be cultivated in the mind, peace and happiness and contentment are the fruits. If unclean thoughts be allowed, strife and worry and discontentment are the fruits. As man thinketh so is he. As is a man's heart and mind so is he. We will be what we will to be.

SEPTEMBER 8, 9, 10: Moved up to new position, making ready for the new drive.

SEPTEMBER 11: Guns and ammunition of all caliber are being rushed into position. Soldiers are coming up by the thousands to take part. This is to be the first drive commended by General John J. Pershing.

SEPTEMBER 12: This morning at one o'clock a signal rocket was fired and our artillery let loose it's barrage. There are upwards of thirty five hundred canons from three to seventeen inch bore in the sector, placed hub to hub all firing as the same time. BOOM - BOOM - BANG - BANG - WHIZ - WHIZ. My, what a noise. No storm is half so fierce. At the signal, it looked like the whole world had caught on fire. Never had I seen such a light. I can imagine the Germans sleeping peacefully in their concrete dugout, thinking themselves safe from any attack the Americans might make - being suddenly awakened by the terrible noise of screaming shells of exploding projectiles, of flying shrapnel, of sizzling gas, of whining missiles, of stampeding horses, of the hurrying and scurrying of excited and jabbering men. Oh what a deathly fear sank into their hearts. All that night and all the next day, that terrible din lasted . . . the deafening roar continued. The uncanny singing, whizzing, hissing, and whining went on. The murderous hand of war takes a huge paddle and makes a batter of men, horses, earth, trees and wire and then colors it all with blood.

At five o'clock the infantry went over the top. Several thousand prisoners and guns were captured and brought back during the day.

SEPTEMBER 13: Friday - The infantry had advanced so far the we got orders to move up to a new position about fifteen kilometers ahead. At twelve o'clock we were to the first line of the German trenches. Here the road was blockaded for about four miles with trucks, wagons, gun, ambulance care, tanks, and troops of every branch of service. We were delayed here until sundown. While the column was halted I went over some of the bombarded trenches. They were the strongest fortified trenches along the front, but barbed wire entanglements were torn down until our infantry could easily cross. At sundown the road was opened up and we started hiking again. We met some German prisoners being brought back by the infantry . . . also some French women who had been liberated. They seemed very grateful and happy. Soon we began to meet the infantry who had taken part in the drive - coming back for a short rest. They had been relieved by fresh troops. They looked completely worn out, though they were cheerful and happy. German dead were lying thick on the ground. One boy had nerve enough to go into one's pockets and get some money for a souvenir. At three o'clock in the morning we stopped for the rest of the night.

SEPTEMBER 14: We were within five kilometers of the German infantry. Several shells fell close to our battery. One shell fell within ten feet of one of our cooks and killed some engineers, but we escaped being hit. Dead soldiers both German and American could be seen most anywhere.

At eight o'clock we began hiking as I thought to a new gun position. We never know where we are going for the orders are liable to be changed any minute. We hiked all night and until nine o'clock the next morning, making about twenty five miles. During the night we went through several towns that were completely demolished by German Artillery.

SEPTEMBER 15: At eight o'clock we began our hiking again. At four o'clock the next morning we stopped at Thiracourt and rested.

SEPTEMBER 16: Again at eight o'clock P. M. we began hiking. The orders were changed and we turned back to go to another position of the front. It was one o'clock before we got to bed . . . which was the ground.

SEPTEMBER 17: Again we started hiking at eight o'clock P. M. Our horses are failing us. Every hour or so the column is halted to take out a horse that has done his part. It seems the men stand the grind better than the horses.

SEPTEMBER 18: We stopped at the little town of Mainsey for a few hours rest. Again at eight o'clock P. M. we began our hiking. At daybreak we stopped at a little town in a little land of woods.

SEPTEMBER 19: Today it rained all day. I have a real hard time getting a little rest and comfort for on the thirteenth one our supply wagons broke down and my pack and all my belongings were left behind and were never recovered. Again tonight we began to hike. Tonight it is raining a cold rain. We were delayed four hours on account of the woods we were to rest on being bombed by aeroplanes. We had to wait until our guide could find another place. Nearly all of us are dead for sleep and rest. It is terrible to have to try to sleep in the mud and rain. At nine o'clock A.M. we stopped at an American camp to spend the rest of the day.

SEPTEMBER 20: Tonight makes our seventh straight night of hard hiking. We are in the region of the Verdun sector where there has been so much hard fighting.

SEPTEMBER 21: We are in another camp, I think for a few days rest.

SEPTEMBER 22: Stayed in rest camp.

SEPTEMBER 23: At dusk all of the gun squads and my cooking relief got orders to roll packs and go to the front. We arrived at our gun positions at four o'clock A.M. going through a section of timber that had been devastated by artillery. Hardly a tree was left standing alive and none but what had been wounded by shrapnel. I dropped to the ground asleep only to be awakened by the tail of a howitzer prying me up, for the squads were firing.

SEPTEMBER 24: We were busy placing our guns and hauling ammunition.

SEPTEMBER 25: Every thing is being made ready for another big drive. Guns of all caliber are in place. A continued rush of trucks, wagons and troops can be heard. At five o'clock the infantry and machine gun men can be seen going through the woods to reinforce the trenches. Tanks of all sizes are going up. I stayed up all night making coffee and sandwiches for the boys.

Chapter THE ARGONNE FOREST BATTLE

SEPTEMBER 26: All this noise, hurry, bustle, death, suffering, awe and feat of the Twelfth of September-only many times greater-was repeated. At night our Battery moved up about five kilometers. The part of our Battery back at the echelon moved up to our old position . . . and about three o'clock in the morning a shell struck where our kitchen had been

and killed two of our boys (Isham Smith and Alonzo Smith) and mortally wounded Carson Guthrie.

SEPTEMBER 27: We moved over a road that the engineers had repaired, having much trouble for they were in such bad condition and all our horses were nearly played out. Our only meal today consisted of weak coffee . . . but it tasted good.

SEPTEMBER 28: Our aviators brought down a Hun plane near us. Shortly afterwards a Hun plane set one of our balloons on fire. It fell on one of the servers, burning him to death.

SEPTEMBER 29: Our battery fired on a German Battery of artillery completely destroying it.

SEPTEMBER 30: The drive is in progress along the whole front. Fifty thousand Turks were captured. (Cambria was taken by British and American troops in Belgium. The Thirtieth Division Infantry Playing an important part in the capture). My brother Dana and Lester Hassler were in this battle.

OCTOBER 1: All day wounded infantrymen passed by going back to the first aid station. Several of the boys said there were hundreds of wounded lying on the battle field without any care, without any protection from the cold rain that was falling, without any thing to eat or drink.

OCTOBER 2: Today we moved up three kilometers. Four German planes were brought down within sight, on falling in flames. We are near Montfaucon where the German crown Prince has his Field Headquarters. Near here is where Sgt. York performed his heroic deed.

This morning breakfast was brought to us from the rear in a food supply cart which was pulled by one mule. The driver and the mule were each rather exhausted and about half asleep. The driver was standing in front of the mule holding the bridle . . . when a German shell hit the old mule smack in the ribs. Hair, hide, bone, chunks of flesh, and guts were flying in every direction. About 3 feet of gut wrapped around that soldier's neck. The bridle was jarred off the mule's head leaving the soldier holding an empty bridle and if any shrapnel hit him he didn't know it for he lit out in a bee line across a flat in to the woods - still holding the bridle, hurdling all obstacles. All eyes were on that runner who soon disappeared in the distance. No one knew when he stopped running. He didn't come back to take his food cart back. I never saw him again.

OCTOBER 3: This morning about daybreak I was awakened by the cries of a wounded man. There were five of us sleeping on the ground in a row. The outside man being the only one wounded. The shell struck within ten feet of us, making only a small hole in the ground. The shrapnel mowed the grass down in every direction . . . shot the arms of our stretcher in two, shot the blankets over us full of holes, exploded the ammunition at our feet, put holes through our canteens, tore the bark from a tree one inch above my head, shot the trigger from a gun that was leaning against the tree and left the gun standing . . . and it did many other things not mentioned. After helping the wounded on his way to the field hospital I began breakfast. In the afternoon a German plane piloted by seventeen year old boy came over and dived nearly to the ground trying to down one of our balloons but on trying to raise he found that his machine was disabled by machine gun bullets and he was forced to land. My, what swearing he did, in perfect English, too.

Late in the afternoon another was shot down in sight.

OCTOBER 4: Four German planes were brought down in the morning and two in the afternoon. They were brought down by ground machine guns. One plane took a dive at me and shaved me several times with bullets. (Then my eyes stuck out on stems.)

OCTOBER 5: Another of our boys was wounded. Last night the Huns threw us gas shells for about two hours. I wore my mask nearly all night.

OCTOBER 6: We were relieved and came back from the front, hiking all night.

OCTOBER 7: We were issued overcoats and blankets to those that did not have and . . . and I did not.

OCTOBER 8: We started back for our relief with only enough horses to pull our ration wagon and stove. After the first night out we received orders to go to a new front.

OCTOBER 9: We hiked all day and until nine o'clock in the night and then had to get supper.

OCTOBER 10: We began hiking again, going through several nice little towns where we saw a real American train and some Red Cross Nurses. I have been sick with diarrhea for three days and have to hike just the same.

OCTOBER 11: Still hiking.

OCTOBER 12: We are in the echelon of our new position near Troyon. It is a place vacated by the Germans, with huts to be used as barracks. We are preparing to stay some time here.

When you have to go night and day in the rain and cold, work in the rain, sleep in the rain and muc, go sick or well . . . when you have to eat black bread and "Bully Beef" and drink any kind of water . . . when you have to go without taking off your clothes or shoes . . . when you go for weeks without seeing a feminine being or weeks without getting any mail . . . when you lie down to sleep and know not what minute a shell is going to blow you up, or a gas shell suffocate you . . . then you are really in a critical condition. That has been our condition of the front.

OCTOBER 13: Sunday. We had some mail which certainly was a boon.

OCTOBER 14, 15: We are preparing our huts and trying to be comfortable. There is not much fighting going on in this sector now.

OCTOBER 16, 17, 18, 19: Nothing of importance only a little peace talk which seems to be all a joke.

OCTOBER 20: Part of our winter clothing was issued today, so that we may take off our old dirty clothing that we have worn for about two months without a change and put on clean ones.

Some towns we passed through on our campaign: Brulay, Lagney, Menilla-tour, Rayaunain, En Haye, Domevre and Noviant, (our first gun position), Flirey, Thiaucourt, Essay, Apriment, Samigany, Ernacout, Les Roeur, Bannoncourt, Woinbey, Villers, Lemmes, Clermant, Auberville, Avocourt, (our second gun position and where the second drive began September 26 and we lost two men killed and two others wounded). This is where Sgt. York made history, as I mentioned before . . . and the German Crown Prince had his Headquarters for a while and viewed the battles from his concrete dug out with a periscope, another gun position where a boy was wounded in bed with me.

OCTOBER 21: The Americans took a hill eight hundred and forty feet high which was very strongly fortified by the Germans. It was near Montfaucon, one of our gun positions. Inch by inch they crawled and cut the barbed wire which was tied from tree to tree until they finally reached the top. After great losses of killed and wounded the Boche were routed from their concrete machine gun pits. Several Prisoners and machine guns and one large caliber gun were captured.

OCTOBER 22: During the night a German plane flew around over us and dropped several bombs, but no damage was done. They first dropped flares which hung in the air about twenty feet high and gave an intense light. They did that in order to see where to drop the explosive bombs.

OCTOBER 23: The news came that the whole Belgian front was cleared of Germans and that the cities of Ostend, Ghent and Lille were captured and several thousand prisoners were taken.

OCTOBER 24, 25: Nothing very important.

OCTOBER 26: I went to a little town by the name of Thilot near Hannonville, a place held by the Germans since the beginning of the war until recently. It was a village of about fifty dwellings and was surrounded by a vineyard. Some of the buildings were shattered by shells and the rest were used by Germans. The floors and streets were littered with the belongings of the French and the cast offs of the Germans . . . dishes, clothing, books, wooden shoes and spoons were scattered in the rooms . . . helmets, hand grenades, guns, bombs, and many other things in the streets. I kept several things as souvenirs.

OCTOBER 27: Nothing of importance.

OCTOBER 28: A German aviator flew over our gun position and dropped the following note of propaganda:

“The Better Part of Valor”

Are you brave men or cowards? It takes a brave man to stand up for his principles. Cowards stand behind leaders and die, imagining that by so doing they become heroes. The motive of an act is its measures. If you think that war is hell and that you as a citizen of the United States of America, have no business to be fighting in France for England, you are a coward to stay with it. If you had the courage to face criticism you would get out and over the top in no time to a place where there is some likelihood that you may see home again.

What business is this war to you anyhow? You don't want to annex anything, do you? You don't want to give up your life for the abstract thing, humanity.

If you believe in humanity and that life is precious, save your life and dedicate it to the service of your own country and the women that deserve it of you.

Lots of you fellows are staying with it because you are too cowardly to protest, to assert your own will. You ask any one's opinion as to

what you had better do. You know best what is the right thing to do. Do it and save your life.

Germany never did any harm to you. All the newspaper tales of wrongs were printed to influence you to the fighting pitch, they were lies. You know you can't believe what you read in the papers.

If you stay with the outfit, ten chances to one all you will get out of it will be a tombstone in France”.

OCTOBER 30: Received the news that the Austrians had unconditionally surrendered.

OCTOBER 31: The band came up to the front and gave us some music. It certainly was a treat for it brought back the memories of our good times in the army.

NOVEMBER 1: Left the echelon and went to the front.

NOVEMBER 2: Our guns fired on some enemy machine gun entrenchments and at night the vibrations caused the lights to go out. The enemy sent us several shells but they did little damage.

NOVEMBER 3: The news came that Turkey had surrendered on November 1 . . . ? Also that the Italians had captured fifty thousand prisoners.

I went to a hill overlooking the Movre Valley where the city of Metz and over thirty other villages are visible.

NOVEMBER 4: Data: Bulgaria declared war October 1, 1914, signed armistice September 30, 1918. Turkey declared war November 5, 1914, signed armistice October 31, 1918. Austria declared war July 28 and 29, 1914, signed armistice November 4, 1918.

NOVEMBER 5: Received the following letter from my brother, Dana, which was the first news I had had from him since reaching the front. He had fought in Belgium.

*Co. G. 119th Infantry
American E. F.
October, 17, 1918*

Dear Brother,

Am writing you again to see if you will answer. Have written three letters and no answer yet and am getting real uneasy about you. So be sure to write me as soon as possible and I will be very glad. Have just finished a letter to Ruth and wrote Mother a few days ago.

I hear from them regular also from Virginia and the girl at Monroe.

Every once in a while she writes me a letter and bawls me out and then one in a few days to apologize. She is a real funny girl.

Guess you have been reading what the Thirtieth Division did for the Germans for the past six weeks. We sure have been in it rough. Most all of the boys from home have been wounded and are in the hospital. Red (Lester Hassler) and I have been lucky so far. Neither of us have been scratched yet, but I have been shaven by machine gun bullets and shrapnel several times. They say an inch is as good as a mile but I don't think so.

Well it seems now that peace will have to come before very long, the way we have been killing and capturing prisoners lately. Seventy thousand have been reported captured on the front where I am since yesterday morning, and plenty killed. They sure thinned us out. My Company is only about thirty men strong now . . . was over two hundred strong six weeks ago, but not so many killed, mostly wounded and a few gassed. I for one. I haven't spoken above a whisper in over three weeks, but haven't been to the hospital yet. Didn't hurt so much only my voice. I hope it gets alright before peace is made, I want to be so I can holler.

Well, will tell you what we did in our battle of September 29. We broke the Hindenburg line and my Co. took over eight hundred prisoners in three hours besides what we killed. How was that for going some?

Well, don't know of any thing else to write so will quit and go to bed. Red and I have a pretty good one tonight. They are scarce nowadays, only when we run Jerry out and take his do we have one. I have sure been doing that lately. This is a German bed we are going to sleep on tonight.

Don't forget to write me soon.

*Lovingly Your Brud.
Dana Wells*

NOVEMBER 6: Two boys from D Battery were waylaid last night by some German spies and badly beaten. Immediately afterwards patrols from every where were sent out in search of them but only one was found.

NOVEMBER 7: All night long the Germans shot mustard gas to us, but none of our Battery were gassed.

NOVEMBER 8: In revenge for the gas sent over last night we gave the Boches a nice little gas barrage that I imagine made them hustle for their masks.

NOVEMBER 9: We put over another barrage. A peaceful council between General Foche and some German Generals is in progress.

NOVEMBER 10: Despite the progress of peach terms we have started another drive. Our guns have been firing continuously all day. The infantry has advanced over five kilometers already.

Today is Sunday and thanks to our chaplain we had services in the front line trenches. The bnd also came up and played a few pieces for us. It made one think of the days of the Pilgrims to see the little congregation listening to the sermon, and at the same time armed ready for fighting.

Even while the sermon was going on the shells were falling close by and our guns were called to fire a problem.

Chapter 7

THE SILENCE OF ELEVEN

On the eleventh minute of the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month 1918, all the hostilities between all the warring nations ceased.

We are in position near Thilet, France - Argonne-Vovre front. After snatching a few hours of disturbed sleep, through a night of misty rain, we arose early to take up our daily routine of hurling 155 M.M.'s at the Huns. At six A.M. our men tired, worn and sleepy eyed lined up for roll call and instructions. For a day or two rumors of "Finis La Guere" had been coming in. Captain Donolson, son-in-law of Colonel Harry Berry, read the official orders that the Armistice had been signed and that firing would cease at eleven o'clock. Never will I forget our astonishment. Only a few seemed to realize the truth and let out an exclamation of joy. Most all stood in silence scarcely able to believe.

At the appointed time a silence . . . oh so awfully still . . . settled over the battle torn hills and valleys. As our last shell sang it's doleful tune over "No Man's Land" and sank somewhere in Hunland, my hopes for the first time in many long weary days were of returning home.

Chapter 8

AFTER THE ELEVENTH

NOVEMBER 12: Four P.M. While standing on a crest overlooking the valley of the Wovre, I saw a company of colored soldiers gathering up the bodies of dead soldiers of the Thirty Third Division to which we were attached. Those men on the morning of the Eleventh had fearlessly taken a part in an attack on a series of German machine gun nests hidden in the little town of Marchville. On approaching, I saw lying on the ground, a score or

more of bodies. Bodies so still and cold, bodies in tattered and torn khaki, bodies with ghastly and horrible wounds, all with determined expressions. Some smiling, some sad. These men like million of others have paid the price. They have bought a dear victory. Their work is done. They are to be seen no more but always remembered. Thus the curtain falls on the greatest drama of history . . . and may it's folds forever hide the carnage enacted therein.

Some of us went over to the little town of St. Alair where the Germans held when hostilities ceased and traded souvenirs with them. One could get most anything they had with a bar of soap or a pair of American shoes.

NOVEMBER 13, 14: I went over part of No Man's Land. What havoc war can play. Villages demolished. The fertile soil which had been the farms of many generations of Frenchmen was a mess of shell holes deep enough to bury houses in, and barbed wire entanglements, war materials of all kinds. Here a shell-torn helmet where some poor soldier had frantically clutched his breast in his last gasp for breath. There a tattered strip of khaki which marked the last trail of some doughboy. Yonder a wooden cross, the tombstone of some unknown hero. Many years will be spent in reclaiming the beautiful fields of France.

NOVEMBER 15: An attempt to assassinate the German Crown Prince.

NOVEMBER 20: Found a paper with the following news:

Bulgaria surrendered - September 29, 1918

Turkey surrendered - October 30, 1918

Austria surrendered - November 3, 1918

Reichtag caves in - October 5, 1918

Navy mutiny - November 2, 1918

White flag to Foche - November 8, 1918

Kaiser abdicates - November 9, 1918

Kaiser flight - November 9, 1918

Surrender - November 11, 1918

NOVEMBER 21: I have a high fever and am feeling very tough.

NOVEMBER 22: I am barely able to sit up.

NOVEMBER 23: I am forced to take my bed on the floor of the little shack we built out of some salvaged lumber.

NOVEMBER 24: The medical man says I have influenza. The ambulance is taking me to the hospital at Commercy.

NOVEMBER 28: For the last four days I have been delirious and unable to write. Today is Thanksgiving and Turkey is being served for dinner but too bad, I am too sick to eat any.

NOVEMBER 30: My Twenty-Fifth birthday.

DECEMBER 1: I was transferred to Base Hospital. Ward number 60, at Bazoilles near Newfchatear. I was taken in an ambulance. On my way I passed through the town of Dorami, the home of Joan De Arc and saw the church where she worshipped and the hill where she saw her vision.

DECEMBER 4: The end of six months service in France.

DECEMBER 5: I hear that the Germans have surrendered to the Allies, two thousand planes, fifty destroyers, six light cruisers, five battle cruisers, four dreadnaughts, one super dreadnaught, ten battle chips and one hundred submarines.

DECEMBER 15: Was transferred to duty ward.

DECEMBER 25: A fine Christmas dinner, the first real meal I have had since I left the states.

DECEMBER 26: Left Bazoilles for my organization, landing at Toul the same day and going into a replacement camp.

DECEMBER 28: Was fully equipped again.

DECEMBER 29, 30, 31: Stayed in replacement camp with nothing to read and nothing to do but sit around.

JANUARY 4: Left for my organization going through Metz and Luxemburg. The train was very crowded and I climbed up to a hat rack and tried to sleep but couldn't for I almost froze. Our division was attached to Army of Occupation in Germany.

JANUARY 5: I took a train for Attelbuck where the Thirty Third Division headquarters were stationed and there was ordered to report to Fifty Fifth Brigade Headquarters at Mersch. After hiking around all day, I finally found my Battery at Lintgen. Most of them were billeted in rooms of the Luxemburg people.

JANUARY 6, 1919: We were detached from the Army of Occupation and started hiking back to Toul, which was our first gun position . . . hiking eight kilometers and staying at Tohiersdorf.

JANUARY 7: Hiked twenty one kilometers, going through Luxemburg, Merl, Schoenweiler, and staying at Dippach.

JANUARY 8: Hiked twenty three kilometers going through Reckange, Esch, Ehlang and spent the night at Aumet, a German Hospital Base.

JANUARY 9, 10: Hiked twenty four kilometers, passing through Benvillers, Auburn, Le Romane, (which were not villages but heaps of rubbish) Mont, Marovilles, Mauville and staying at Mainecienvillers.

JANUARY 11: Hiked thirty five kilometers passing through Lalavillers, Larby, Briegamey, Mars La Tours, Chambly and staying at Xonville, our other gun position. Our Battery billeted in a fine old chateau with many rooms an attics, spires and gables. I wish I had the history of that chateau.

JANUARY 12: Hiked thirty five kilos, going through, Chary, Joulery, Thiaracourt, Beney, staying at boullionville. Today it rained and snowed all day.

JANUARY 13: Hiked thirty kilos, going through Essey, Maiserai, Flirey, Berncourt. These towns were in the region of one of my old battle fields. One interesting place was "Dead Man's Curve" a curve in the road where several thousand men had been killed; Biosrontres, Austauville, Beaumont, Lagny and staying at Lucy about five kilos from Toul.

JANUARY 14: We are taking a much needed rest.

JANUARY 15: All tractors and howitzers were turned in.

JANUARY 16: I explored the fort on the north hill side from Lucy.

JANUARY 17: We are wondering how many more hiking spells we are going to have to make before we get home.

JANUARY 18: Lucy - A small village of about 300 populations situated about three miles northeast of Toul. On each side is a large hill coming from the same point, forming an angle and shelter for the village. Each hill breaking suddenly as hills of refuse discarded by miners. On the north hill is a strong fort of many years.

The buildings were made of rough stone and finished with plaster and cement and roofed with tilings. They were in rows parallel with the "Grand Rue" a row on each side. Most all buildings, houses and barns were alike and attached to each other like the rooms of a dirtdobbers nest.

Most all villages are built this way with the church, the finest building, in the center.

JANUARY 19: Sunday at 8 A.M. Left Lucy and hiked to Troudes where we entrained. The train for the whole regiment was only forty one cars and five of them were for rations and officers. There were about seventy five or eighty enlisted men to each box car. We hardly had room to sleep. There were supposed to be "40 Hommes (men) or 8 cheveaux (horses)", but in our case it was 75 Hommes.

We knew not at the time where we were going but we drew six days traveling rations of corned beef, salmon, jam, pork & beans and hard tack. Hard tack was similar to a cracker made without sold and hard enough to tire the jaws. After we got on the train we had to wait six hours for a French engineer. My what suspense! There is nothing that tires the patience of a soldier like waiting.

JANUARY 20: Passed through Neufchateau and Bolonge.

JANUARY 21: Passed through Rapatries Vissey, Bourn and Vertez. There were built against a chain of hills, and many of the dwelling were dug back in the very hillside and walled up with rock.

St. Aigam and St. Pierre were large towns where several thousand American soldiers were stationed.

JANUARY 22: We stopped at Evron. The officers came around about 3 A.M. and said "roll your packs and unload in ten minutes", of course we obeyed and believe me we had some time rolling our packs there in the pitch darkness, not even the light of a friendly star to give us aid. And to add to the scene, just here there came a downpour of rain and show. But despite our difficulties we sere soon on our way hiking to our Billets. The first and second Battalions stopped at Bois, 11 kilometers. But no such luck for the old reliable third who had to make the 17 kilometers to Ize.

As a result, of this exposure, I suffered all night with ear ache. And the cooties (body lice) . . . they must have been putting on a banquet.

JANUARY 23: I went to buy twenty francs (\$5.00) worth of wood from an old Frenchman, to my surprise I only got twenty bundles of small twigs. The bundles were about the size of a bundle of corn tops. The French are very saving with their wood. In cleaning out the fence rows they tie up the brush into bundles and save it for wood. The wood that an American would use in a month would do a Frenchman all winter.

JANUARY 26: We have been here for five days. It has been very cold and disagreeable. My bed is on the floor in the attic of an old building. Another boy and I have four blankets for our bedding. I have corns on my

hip bones and elbows where I have lain on the floor, but it is lot better than mud. We have no place for fire.

JANUARY 30: The Fifty Fifth Brigade of Artillery was reviewed by General Pershing at Evron.

FEBRUARY 4: The snow is still with us that fell the first day we landed here. Our drill ground is the main street and at present it is so slick that drilling is very difficult.

FEBRUARY 6: Breakfast at five thirty. The Battery started hiking for Evron at seven thirty. I was left to turn in all kitchen equipment and leave on a truck. At eleven thirty we entrained for LeMans. On our way we passed through the towns of Youre, Guellaume, Conlie, Crisse and Sortie Lemans. We detrained and hiked about a mile to our tents. There were no floors in the tents nor any wood for fires. Supper was served to us at nine o'clock.

FEBRUARY 7: The whole Battery worked all day in the rain.

FEBRUARY 8: My cooking force cooked for the while regiment.

FEBRUARY 9: Getting ready to be deloused.

FEBRUARY 10: We were deloused and got clean clothing. We lined up and pulled off one piece at a time, so as to throw each piece in separate piles. The clothing was put into a steam boiler with five hundred pounds pressure. After taking a bath we lined up for our clean clothes. It took about two hours to go through the plant. By the time we got through we were almost frozen.

FEBRUARY 11: Again my cooking force cooked for the whole Regiment. For breakfast we cooked forty eight gallon stewers of mush, fourteen-six gallon pans of gravy, one hundred and twenty pounds of bacon, nine thousand biscuits and fifteen G.I. cans of coffee. G.I. Can being the size of a garbage can.

FEBRUARY 12: Today we drew more equipment. I got a pair of eight and a half hobnail shoes. They fit me all over. We are quarantined for the influenza. My brother got through the guard and came to see me for the first time in nearly nine months. It sure was a happy meeting. Carlisle Coe and Lester Hassler, two of my friends were with him.

FEBRUARY 13: We had to exhibit our equipment twice for inspection. If we lack the smallest item the officer takes not of it, says we have to have it before we can go home.

FEBRUARY 15: Another inspection in the rain. This time we passes.

FEBRUARY 16: Each Battery takes it's turn about in cooking for the whole Regiment, and it came our turn again today. We took another cootie bath today.

MARCH 6: We have orders to leave this place tomorrow. All extra equipment is turned in.

MARCH 7: Last night I stood guard all night. This morning we left the forwarding camp and hiked to the station, while there we were served cookies and hot chocolate by the Y.M.C.A.

There were about sixty of us to each box car. The train started at five thirty five. Supper consisted of apples slum and coffee.

MARCH 8: We detrained at St. Nazaire and hiked about seven kilos to a receiving camp and for breakfast. At two o'clock we hiked over to camp Number 1 and stood around about two hours with our packs on, waiting for an inspection. After the inspection we hiked over to the isolation camp.

MARCH 9: Waiting for orders to climb the gang plank.

MARCH 13: We arose early, got breakfast and rolled our packs. At eight fifty left the isolation camp and hiked to the docks. At nine fifty five4, we boarded the German boat Comengen Der Nederlanden.

There are three camps at St. Nazarie. No. 1 and No. 2 and the isolation camp, with good barracks and walks. The mess halls are capable of accomodating from fifteen hundred to two thousand men. The food is good and is well cooked.

There is a Y.M.C.A., a Red Cross, a Salvation Army and a Knights of Columbus building in each camp for the benefit of soldiers. There is plenty of bath houses and delousing plants.

MARCH 14: We boarded Der Nederland and dubbed it "Coming but never landing".

Chapter 9 HOME

MARCH 14: I am going to see close friends in the States, but I am leaving closer friends over here. (Cooties . . . Compre?)

MARCH 15: Sail on, Sail on, Sail on, and on. So said Columbus. "Thems my sentiments".

Chapter 10

MARCH 16: Three days out and rough seas. The waves are rolling high. As they gain their height and break they shed abroad a fine spray forming minute rain bows under the sunlight. Now a porpoise leaps out and dives again to be seen no more. Now a flying fish sails off a hundred yards or so and disappears. Now a sea gull sails over with a hungry squawk, squawk.

MARCH 18: Our battery and a Company of the One Hundred and Fifth Ammunition train occupies F Compartment of the lower deck. It is very hot and stuffy in here with little ventilation. Last night we passed the Azores.

MARCH 23: Sunday. Religious services were held by the Chaplain.

MARCH 27: We came into Charleston Harbor about two P.M. and received one of the grandest ovation I ever saw. We were met by U Boats, Sub Chasers, House boats and numerous small boats with relatives and friends. The Khaki crowded decks exchanged cheers with the densely crowded docks. Whistles were blowing, bells were ringing, horns were tooting, men singing, women screaming laughing and crying, children jumping, waving and shouting. What joy, what sorrow, what enthusiasm. At Seven P.M. we docked.

POSITION OF THE SHIP AT EACH NOON

Date	Latitude	Longitude	Knots	Speed	Weather	Miles
13	48.00 N	2.52 E	10.	215	Rain	4137
14	47.15 N	7.25	—	—	—	3922
15	45.57 N	13.24 W	11.6	282	Rough	3640
16	42.25 N	18.32 W	12.1	300	Calm	3340
17	38.57 N	23.19 W	12.9	301	Rough	3039
18	35.30 N	27.56 W	12.8	310	Calm	2729
19	33.34 N	33.33 W	12.4	303	Calm	2426
20	33.14 N	39.09 W	11.7	285	Rough	2141
21	33.06 N	44.54 W	11.8	281	Rough	1860
22	32.56 N	50.42 W	12.	292	Calm	1568
23	33.04 N	56.36 W	12.2	297	Calm	1271
24	33.10 N	62.10 W	11.5	280	Rough	991
25	33.13 N	68.02 W	10.	268	Terrible	723
26	33.07 N	74.16 W	12.6	307	Calm	416
27	32.62 N	80.00 W	11.	416	Rough	0000

There were Two Thousand Two Hundred and Forty Six Passengers on Board.

MARCH 28: Got off the ship at North Charleston. While doing the right dress the Red Cross Girls gave us chocolate, apples, ham sandwiches, cigarettes and handkerchiefs. The we entrained for Camp Jackson at Columbia S.C. not on French box cars but real honest to God American passenger coaches, While on the train the Y.M.C.A. gave us chocolate and cigarettes. We came through Sumpter and the people there gave us bananas and chocolate. We reached Columbia at four P.M. and were given oranges, chocolate, ham sandwiches and towels. Then went to our barracks.

While the Red Cross served us, the moving picture men took a shot at us.

MARCH 29: A day of rest.

MARCH 30: We were decootieized again.

MARCH 31: The One Hundred and Fifteenth, One Hundred and Eighteenth Artillery, and the One Hundred and Fifth Ammunition Train paraded at Columbia. After the parade we were dismissed and served refreshments.

APRIL 1: Drew rifles to be used in parading.

APRIL 3: Entrained for Knoxville.

APRIL 4: As we came into Knoxville, all the whistles were blowing to welcome us. We were at our leisure in the morning and on the afternoon paraded. After the parade we were served supper by the good people of Knoxville. At eight A.M. left for Nashville.

APRIL 5: Paraded at Nashville and had the grandest reception of any. The good women of Nashville gave us enough cakes to last for several days. At midnight we left for Memphis.

APRIL 6: We paraded at Memphis and had a fine dinner given us by the people. At midnight left for Fort Oglethorpe Georgia.

APRIL 7: At four PM, we arrived at Fort Oglethorpe.

APRIL 8: The One Hundred and Fifteenth Artillery and The One Hundred and Seventeenth Infantry paraded at Chattanooga.

APRIL 9: Turned in rifles and began making out discharges.

APRIL 10: Received final physical examination and signed discharges.

APRIL 11: Turned in all equipment.

APRIL 13: Sunday. Went upon Lookout Mountain.

APRIL 14: WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE U.S. ARMY
 FINIS . . . LAGUERRE

ARMY INSIGNIA

1st	2nd	3rd
<i>Lt. Gen. Ligget</i>	<i>Lt. Gen. Bullard</i>	<i>Maj. Gen. Deckman</i>

*The 55th Artillery was in the 1st Army and took part in the St. Mihiel offensive September 12th and in the Argonne offensive September 26th.
 The 55th Brigade was attached to the 2nd Army and took part in the offensive in the Troyon Sector
 The 55th Brigade was attached to the 3rd Army . . . the Army of Occupation.*

ARMY CORPS

1st	4th	5th	6th	9th
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The 55th Brigade was attached to these five corps at different times.

TABLE OF ATTACHMENTS

Army	Corps	Division
1	4	89
1	1	92
1	5	37
1	5	32
2	11 French C.A.C.	79
2	11 French C.A.C.	33
2	17 French C.A.C.	33
2	9	33
3	9	33
2	5	33

(Combat) 6

THE 30th DIVISION CONSISTS OF:

<i>117th Regiment of Infantry</i>	<i>105th Ammunition Train</i>
<i>118th Regiment of Infantry</i>	<i>105th Sanitary Train</i>
<i>119th Regiment of Infantry</i>	<i>105th Supply Train</i>
<i>129th Regiment of Infantry</i>	<i>105th Engineers Train</i>
<i>113th Light Field Artillery</i>	<i>105th Truck Company</i>
<i>114th Light Field Artillery</i>	<i>105th Trench Mortar Battery</i>
<i>115th Heavy Field Artillery</i>	

COMMANDED BY GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

THE BLOODY GOAL

Composed about Battery F - 115th F.A.

*A determined bunch with a job to do
 A job in the Argonne without a dread
 No swift advance, with a breaking through
 To cheer us on to the goal ahead
 But a dreary drive and a killing push
 Into a sweeping deadly fire
 From big gun fire in clotted brush
 Through bloody mud and a mess of wire.*

*A fighting bunch in a grip with Fate
 Where life was a span from breath to breath
 Where every foot meant a missing mate
 And every yard held the smell of death
 No gallant dash to an open goal
 But continuous tramp through crashing shell
 Through downs as stark a broken soul
 Through nights as dark as the mouth of hell.*

*A tired bunch through the endless hail
 Where the line, from guttered held it's advance
 With it's share of graves in the matted trail
 That moved along the woods of France
 With a moments pause where a mate might kneel
 By a fallen pal who had paid the debt
 Where the Boche knew the flash of steel
 And the glint of a Yankee bayonet.*

*A cheerful bunch with victory won
 No dread of gas or shot or shell
 With newly painted and silenced gun
 No slow advance into the jaws of Hell
 No dreary muddy hikes at night
 Through ruts and holes and pits and bones
 No roads that lead us to a fight
 But take us to our cherished homes.*

LOSS OF MEN KILLED IN FIFTY ONE MONTHS OF WAR
— GENERAL MARCH'S FIGURES

Russia	1,700,000	Belgium	102,000
Germany	1,699,000	Bulgaria	100,000
France	1,305,000	Roumania	100,000
Austria	800,000	Serbia & Montenegro	100,000
England	706,000	United States	50,000
Italy	460,000		
Turkey	250,000	TOTAL	7,272,000

EXTRACT

Headquarters
First Tennessee Infantry
Camp Andrew Jackson
Nashville, Tenn.

May 16, 1917
Special Order N. 61

Upon the recommendations of the Company Commander the following appointments of noncommissioned officers in Company "M" are announced:

To Be Sergeants:

Corp. Bowen B. Gailbreath, Vice Sergt. Geo. F. Rose discharged.
Corp. Ralph A. Baker, Vice Sergt. John P. Templeton, discharged.
Cook. Charles L. Wells, Mess Sergt. Overton O. Lacy, discharged.

To Be Corporals:

Private Shirley B. Spevey, Vice Corp. Bowen B. Gailbreath, promoted
Private John Hendricks, Vice, Corp. Bowen B. Gailbreath, promoted.
Private James A. Wallace, Vice Corp. Ralph A. Baker, promoted.
Private Freedom M. Parker, Vice Corp. Jesse H. Pursell, promoted.
Private Franklin Nichels, Vice Corp. Willie F. Smith, discharged.
Private Robert L. Farley to fill original vacancy.
Private Harrell P. Forlkes to fill original vacancy.

They will be obeyed and respected,
By order of Colonel Berry
M.C. McKay 1st Lt. & Br. Adit. 1st Tenn. Inf.
Acting Adjutant.

Headquarters
First Tennessee Infantry
Mobilization Camp
Nashville, Tenn.

August 11, 1917
Special Order N. 126

At his own request and the approval of his Company, Commander Sergeant Charles L. Wells is here by returned to the grade of private.

By order of Colonel Berry
William L. Granbery, Jr.
Captain, First Tenn. Infantry Adjutant

FORM OF PASS

Battery "F"
115th Field Artillery

August 3, 1918

Cook Charles L. Wells, No 1327580, Battery "F" 115th Field Artillery, has permission to be absent from camp and command to go to Rennes, from five A.M. August fourth 1918 to nine P.M. August fourth 1918.

Approved by Col. Berry
M.C. McKay
Captain 115th Field Artillery
Personal Off. and Acting Adjutant

CLASS "A" CARD

Date	<u>February 8</u>	<u>1918</u>	
		30th Division	
Cook	<u>Charles L. Wells</u>		<u>Name as on Pay Roll</u>
rank		Battery "F" 115th F.A.	
		Organization	
<u>22</u>	<u>150</u>	<u>5ft. 6in.</u>	<u>Blue</u>
<u>Age</u>	<u>Weight</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Eyes</u>

Approved By Order of:

<u>Lt. Col. Geary</u>	<u>Clifford H. Penland</u>
<u>M.C. McKay</u>	<u>1st Lt. 115th F.A.</u>
<u>Capt. Adj. 115th F.A.</u>	<u>Commanding Battery F</u>

COPY

National Guard of the United States - and of the State of Tennessee.

To all who shall see these present . . . greetings:

Know that reposing special trust and confidence in the fidelity and abilities of Charles L. Wells, I do hereby appoint him sergeant Company M First Tennessee Infantry national guard to rank as such from the 16th day of May one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Sergeant by doing and performing all manner of things there unto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all non-commissioned Officers and Soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as Sergeant and he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time, as he shall receive from his superior officers and non-commissioned officers set over him, according to the rules and disciplines of war.

Given Under my hand at
Mobilization Camp Nashville, Tennessee

this sixteenth day of May in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventeen.

Harry S. Berry
Colonel First Tennessee Infantry
Epluribus Unam.

DISCHARGE FROM THE NATIONAL GUARDS
OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE STATE OF TENNESSEE . . .

To all whom it may concern:

This is to certify that Charles L. Wells, Sergeant, Company "M" First Tennessee Infantry Nation Guard as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful service is hereby Honorably Discharged from the National Guard of the United States and of the State of Tennessee by reason of convenience of Governmental A.G.O. July 28, 1917.

Said Charles L. Wells was born in Ladonia in the state of Texas when enlisted he was 22 years of age and by occupation a farmer. He had blue eyes, dark hair, fair complexion and was 5 feet 6 inches in height.

Given under my hand at Nashville, Tennessee this 5th day of August, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventeen.

John H. Milam
Major First Tennessee Infantry

ENLISTMENT RECORD

Name: Charles L. Wells

Grade: Sergeant

Enlisted: June 26, 1916 - At Livingston, Tennessee.
In the service of the United States, under the call of the President from June 26, 1916 to _____ serving in first enlistment period at date of discharge.

Prior Service: None

Noncommissioned Officer: Sergeant May 16, 1917

Marksmanship: No Course

Horsemanship: None

Battles: None

Knowledge of Vocation: Farming

Wounds received in service: None

Physical Condition: Good

Typhoid prophylaxis completed: July 18, 1916

Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed: No

Married or Single: Single

Character: Excellent

Remarks:

Signature of Soldier: Charles L. Wells

C.A. McDanial
1st Lt. First Tennessee Infantry
Commanding Company "M"

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM THE UNITED STATES ARMY

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify, that Charles L. Wells 1327588, Cook
Battery "F" 115th F.A. The United States Army as a
testimonial of honest and faithful service is hereby Honorably
Discharged from the military service of the United States by
reason of Exp. Serv. W.D. Cir. No. 101-1918 .

Said Charles L. Wells was born in Ladonia in the State of
Texas. He had Blue eyes, Dark hair, fair Complexion and was 5
feet and 6 inches in height.

Given under my hand at Fort Oglethorpe this 14 day of April
One Thousand Nine Hundred and Nineteen.

Harry S. Berry
Colonel 115th F.A.
Commanding