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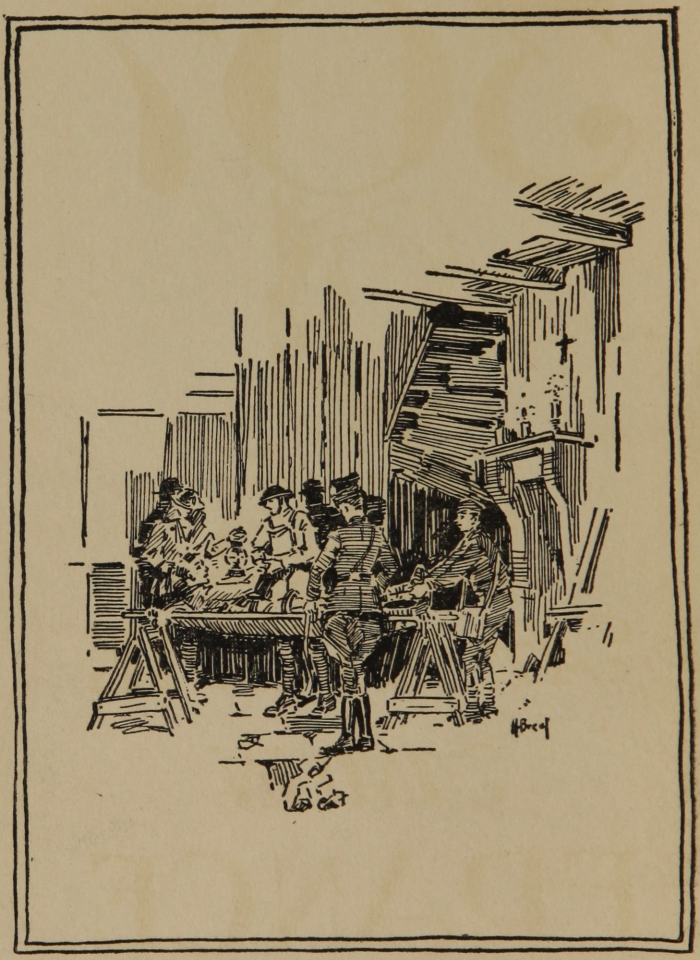

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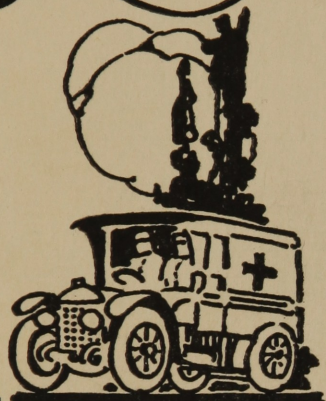

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TRANSLATION INTO FOREIGN LANGUAGES
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TO OUR DEAD AND WOUNDED COMRADES

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EDITOR'S NOTE

In the production of a history such as this no one person has the fund of knowledge necessary to its completion. Coöperation and support on the part of every member of the company is required to make the work comprehensive and accurate.

This support and coöperation has been given by the members of the 307th Ambulance Company unreservedly, both with assistance in gleaning material for the book and in producing the financial backing so necessary. Especial credit is deserved by the Commanding officer, Captain R. H. Simmons, who, despite the difficult circumstances under which the work had to be done, always spoke of it as an assured success and by his confident manner helped to bridge many rough places. Only through his generosity in allowing the editors time off was the writing made possible.

To the business manager, Rollin D. Hemens, goes the credit of persistently staying with the typewriter until the last sheet was ready for the publisher. Our artist, Harold Breul, assisted with his clever pen and timely suggestions. In the compiling of the home addresses the Statistical Section of the 302nd Sanitary Train rendered invaluable service, as did also the 306th and 308th Ambulance Companies.

FOREWORD

THIS book originated with the principal purpose in view of furnishing a lasting link of friendship, when at last the khaki is laid aside and we return to civilian life; a link between each and every man who has belonged to the Three Hundred Seventh Ambulance Company. Made possible, only, because of the pride and interest of the Editor and chapter writers, it is a true example of the spirit and morale of that organization.

None of these men can ever forget the days herein depicted: the aching muscles of vaccination, the monotony of drill, the long tedious marches, the thrills of dangers, the trials of rendering first aid, and perhaps life to the wounded amid the din of Battle Hell, for these experiences are branded in their minds forever more, but lest we forget and that you may know Starace, Ferraro, or Kaplan, who often made life more endurable because of joke or stoicism or in a more serious mood lest some of those who have made the supreme sacrifice, as White, Funderburg or Doughton pass into oblivion, the writers have recorded it all in this "Tale of the Three Hundred Seventh Ambulance Company," and "Long May the Brightest Memories Last."

But then again, mere print could never depict the whole, but rather, simply furnish a framework around which each individual will build his own story, his own "Tale of Honor and Glory."

Incidentally, to begin with, be not misled in the title

for all of the men of the divisional ambulance company do not sit behind a wheel and drive a purring motor amid bursting shrapnel over shell cratered No Man's Land. Such an organization is divided into three great working parts; first, the Bearer Section, whose duty it is to tote back the wounded from a collecting point in the Forward Battle Area; second, the Nursing Section, who operate the dressing station, in a dugout or the remains of a shell racked building, to which the wounded are brought by the bearers. This group of workers administer relief to the suffering, assist in the necessary operations and apply bandages and splints as necessary; and third the Motor Section, who operate the cars that evacuate the wounded from the dressing stations to the hospital in the rear. In all a unit of one hundred thirty men including five officers.

The day these men received their little red cards they little realized or dreamed what their part was to be, assisting Humanity in the Great World War, but to me fell the opportunity to see them from those earliest days when they laid aside tartan plaids and blue serges to become transformed into the khaki clad troops of America; to see them again when the stench of human flesh piqued the nostrils, as it did upon the Vesle River, but better yet, to have been actively with them in the wilds of the Foret de Argonne and to the Meuse River in the greatest Drive of the United States in the war.

Permit me in this short introduction to assure you that they have always fulfilled the "Traditions of Ideal Americanism." Though not armed with gun or bayonet, they have fought as great a fight as any doughboy and performed a greater boon to humanity, as laboring under the Great Red Cross Flag, they toted a heavy, moaning, blood dripping litter over the slippery duckboards of a winding

trench, or stemmed the crimson tide with bandage in a First Aid Station in disputed territory surrounded by barking "seventy-fives" or guided a shell defiant ambulance over the holes and mine pits of No Man's Land.

R. H. Simmons,
Captain Medical Department, U. S. Army.

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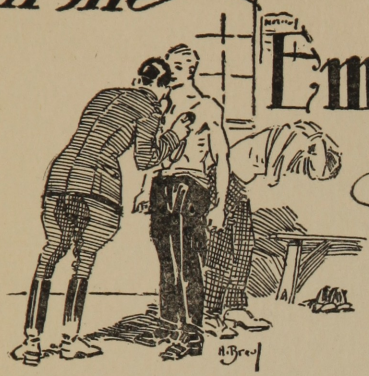
In The Embryo



LITTLE did the boys first enlisting as medical men, coming from practically every state in the union, and all walks of life, realize when they were enrolled as members of the 21st Ambulance Company, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, that they would later form the nucleus of the ambulance section of that Sanitary Train which so nobly participated in putting the quietus on Bill's dream of world dominion. Though hopes ran high and the desire for overseas duty was intense, who was there among them, who would predict that theirs would be the distinction of being the first of the National Army to become part of the American Expeditionary Forces? They had good reasons for believing themselves perfectly qualified for the task, for had they not established a new record for setting up dressing stations in a review held before Colonel Goodwin of the R. A. M. C.?

What mattered it when on August the nineteenth the seed to make six ambulance companies out of the then

existing four changed from the name of the twenty-first Company to that of Ambulance Company Twenty? Did it matter whether Private Ruth, while on guard, did or did not do his full duty in allowing Privates Debacher and Hallisy to pass his post camouflaged as Major Latrine and Colonel Incinerator? Did it even matter that the inspection of the rookies, the following day, and prior to departure from Fort Oglethorpe to whereabouts unknown, took place by these same selfstyled commanders? After all the essential thing that did vitally concern the boys was their departure from this Southern training ground, in fact that these intended guardians of the world's freedom were soon to be either, on their way over seas accompanying the old 69th National Guard of New York (later part of the famous 42nd or Rainbow Division) or what then? Rumors!! How impossible for the army to exist without them will be amply proven as we make farther progress noting events. Rumors had it that the Twentieth Company was bound for the scene of the war's activities—the bloody battlefields of Europe. There are even those who will take an oath that they were in Hoboken for five hours and that orders were changed at the last moment; there are also those who maintain that Hoboken never saw them on that trip, though it may have been because the boys were having their *coucher*, no not in the hay, but in Pullmans. To those who were not on this trip the members of the expedition solemnly affirm and swear, that even though this has the ear marks of having been garbed at the hands of Ananias, it is nothing but the plain unvarnished truth. Well will the boys of this trip remember the eighth, ninth, and tenth of September for never again were they provided with such comforts—the luxury of civilian travel.

It is doubtless unknown to the inhabitants of Knoxville, Tennessee, who had the privilege of seeing these boys march through their streets, that it was this Company, afterwards split up, that formed the skeleton of the Ambulance Companies of the Sanitary Train in the 77th Division. Nor apparently are those pretty Red Cross Workers who served hot coffee and rolls at Washington, D. C., aware of this fact.

During the training period down South, Lieutenant J. C. Motley was in command with Lieutenants W. G. Page, William F. Morrison, Thomas R. Barry, and J. E. McCormick as Juniors, but on the departure for Long Island Lieutenant (later Major) Henry P. Brown, Jr., in the absence of Lieutenant Motley, was made Commanding Officer.

Well may one characterize the days following the entrance of the 20th Company into Camp Upton as the Stump Pulling Era. This was in the early days of the camp when only a few laborers' white tents and not many more of barracks could be seen. By far, in great predominance was to be found pine trees, underbrush, and sand. What happy thoughts went chasing through one's mind when he placidly contemplated the many days he would spend in details to clear this wood. This is not mentioning the many stumps which made Upton so famous, and which later formed so great a part of the boys' amusement. Many agree that it is open to discussion whether stump pulling could be called a form of amusement. Somehow, they all unite in saying they were mighty glad when this phase of Upton's life was ended.

It was but two nights after Camp Upton was stormed by the boys from Oglethorpe, that they realized it was no

place for a man with red blood in his veins. So seeking some rendezvous where they could satisfy the cravings for excitement that somehow always intrude into the scene where soldiers are stationed, Patchogue, Long Island, was discovered and placed upon the map by the "Dirty Eight." To what Sunday School they attended that entitled them to this distinctive appellation still remains unsolved.

It was at the Yaphank station, where autos from Patchogue ran continually to and fro, that the inborn sense of curiosity man is insatiably gifted with, led the boys to hire one of these hacksters, which resulted in the timely discovery of Patchogue. Perhaps if the chauffeur had not been devoid of common sense, someone might have later discovered them, not in Patchogue, but in a proper condition to be bundled into an ambulance and into one of those places where they heal broken bones. Johnny Williamson, though not a member of the Frat, was the hero of the occasion, and into the chauffeur's place he promptly jumped, proving that his appointment as motor sergeant was not a mistake. Then proceeded the exploration of Patchogue and its many places of interest to the boys. Judging from the sounds which followed the town must boast of many such places. After finally agreeing that they were all jolly good fellows, including the chauffeur, the trip back to camp was attempted. Attempted, is the proper word to use for they were all feeling too good to take anything seriously. Johnny Williamson would not think of being so impolite as to allow the chauffeur to drive back. Nor was he capable of doing much of the driving himself at that moment. Thinking is a strain to the fellow who has imbibed the sparkling vintages. Happily they were all in the state where the

old adage of "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" is a fitting description, or otherwise they would have concluded that Patchogue was a safer place in which to remain than in an automobile. "Let's go, boys." How they ever went with Johnny's thirst so overpowering that the car had to shape its own course while he relinquished the wheel to satisfy it, is rather a knotty problem to solve. It looks as if the aid of the gods was invoked for, strange to say, after many attempts at slaking that fierce thirst and feeling equal to the task of licking the whole German army, the old station was ultimately reached. "Combien," had this incident taken place in France, would have been the question asked; but as it took place in the good old U. S. A. that welcome United States lingo of "What's the bill" was asked. That is just what started the fun. The chauffeur insisted that the price was ten bucks. Now Uncle Sam does not give the boys enough spending money so they can afford to throw away dollars, and as two dollars, somewhat more than he was entitled to, could buy the where-with-all for licking the Austrian army as well, there ensued quite a noisy controversy at the entrance at Camp Upton. "You boys will have to cut that noise out" suddenly intruded into the scene in the shape of the negro guard who was on duty at that post. Confronted by the guard house if they did not cease the racket the Dirty Eight quickly grasped the situation and remained quiet. Not so with the chauffeur—he insisted upon loudly proclaiming that his bill was ten and nothing less. A few moments later the chauffeur entered the guard-house under arrest and strangely quiet in front of the loaded gun of his captor. Several days later a familiar auto was seen around the barracks looking for familiar faces but in vain. The last heard of this chauffeur was

still on the hunt for the members of the Dirty Eight. Perhaps if he knew they could be found in France fighting the German Army his persistence would suddenly cease.

Will the boys ever forget J-5 at Eleventh Street and Third Avenue, the barracks they were assigned to upon their arrival at Upton? It was not, however, until September twenty-second, when the Twentieth Company was designated as the 307th Ambulance Company, that the boys became definitely aware that they were to become part of the Seventy-seventh Division. How vividly they recall those days when the first recruits of New York's quota of the National Army, were placed with them as casuals. How fresh in their memory are the many pranks played on these poor novices of the army. One incident in particular stands out above all the rest because of its frequent happening. Many a would-be soldier had a thorny bed on which to sleep upon his arrival at J-5. Many of them are not likely to forget it either, for lying on bed sacks filled with rocks, sticks and barbedwire, is apt to be indelibly impressed upon one's mind as well as upon one's body. Justification for this trick was found in being compelled to furnish another comrade with sleeping material that was never provided for them. The feeling was paramount, that once a man was enlisted in the army he had to shift for himself and make his own bed. Who ever heard of rookies having orderlies? It need hardly be mentioned that had these particular rookies any voice in the matter they would have readily dispensed with this unnecessary creature called orderly.

On one occasion, while playing football, which in those days was quite a pastime, a vigorous kick put the ball out of bounds and into a mess table of our colored brethren. Unfortunately, the weather being mild, it was not in-

frequent that their mess was eaten in the open, thereby enabling us to witness a splendid demonstration of the expert use of a razor. It has been said that food was lacking at the time—whether it was due to the fattening of mess funds, which was quite the rage, or to ferocious appetites still remains unsolved. The fact remains that football stew was on the menu that night at the mess table of the Fifteenth National Guard of New York.

Having written of the original or first contingent that went to form the 307th Ambulance Company, we will now proceed to mention those following.

Many theories have been advanced why the color green was selected to inform a man to prepare to enter the service of Uncle Sam. Some have said it is because we boast of so many Irish among our population that it was a good idea to arouse their fighting blood by using their national color. However, there is no intention on our part to venture to interpret Major-general Crowder's psychology as to why green was used; all we are interested in is that it was the green card that notified us of our right of admission to the big fight. It was but a few days following its receipt that one was rewarded with the actual admission ticket in the shape of a red card. This entitled us to all the privileges and nonprivileges of a soldier. While there is no doubt but that it was a privilege to be one of these soldiers who actually took part in proving to the Kaiser that he was not the only one who could make good beer, most of us did not think much of that nonprivilege of drinking it. Hence, to the prospective soldier when he received his red card, it meant "eat drink and be merry for to-morrow you may die." In this frame of mind it was not unusual to find among the many recruits who arrived daily at the Long Island station, quite a few who

were suffering from overwork of that theory. While there were many who were afflicted, some even requiring transportation in our ambulances, it is quite unnecessary to mention that the vast majority wisely refrained from the excessive application of that principle. Apparently the army authorities at Upton were good students of human nature, or possessed that knowledge which is only taught by experience, for it was not an unusual sight to see the officer inspecting the newcomers for that possible something on the hip. So, after receiving the red card, it may be said that we all had one good celebration and shortly thereafter found ourselves at camp going through our first army inspection.

A good many of us have heard and of read Sherlock Holmes and his frequent requests of "Watson, the Needle." A good many more have heard of dope fiends using a needle and all of us know that a needle is used for vaccination purposes, but what on earth has a soldier of liberty to do with a needle? What was all this talk of "Wait till you get the needle," that was shouted at us along the road as we marched in a column of twos? Were they going to jab us with something that would suddenly transform us from civilians to soldiers in a day? We did not have very long to wait until our anxiety and impatience on this score were rewarded with actual contact with the mystery itself. Many of us had the impression that it was something different from a needle, for in the hands of some of these so called doctors, with apologies to the profession as a whole, it felt more like someone carving a piece of flesh from the arm than the jab of a needle.

With this feeling of conjecture and tense nerve our brand new defenders of democracy were marched into their temporary homes. Some were assigned to various

organizations as casuals, resulting in their being the butt of many pranks. Some of these, it has already been related, were magnanimously contributed by some of the aforementioned first members of the 307th Ambulance Company, to their future comrades in arms. In the main, however, the new recruits were assigned to regular casual quarters anywhere in the vicinity of Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue.

At the casual barracks one was not kept very long in suspense as to how soon he was to embark upon his military duties. The first thing that greeted his ears was the announcement by the sergeant in charge that no one was to leave the barracks without permission, and that over there in the corner would be found cots and bed sacks to flop on at night. With these few words he left the room. The way he said it made one wonder if he thought himself our superior. He evidently lost sight of the fact that he was made of the same clay as we were—that we were all citizens of the great and glorious U. S. A. where such a thing as caste is unknown. We were all entitled to our rights—we knew what they were and would not be spoken to by any one in such a manner. Alas! As greenhorns in military life we little realized that we were in the army now. A saying that covered a multitude of sins. From beautiful thoughts of what an important part we were going to play in the world's life and death struggle we suddenly felt ourselves mere men and were attacked with that depressing feeling called the blues. Nor did the mess sergeant's distribution of mess kits help to arouse these lagging spirits. Standing in line with your eating utensils in hand waiting for a handout of grub reminded one of the breadlines whose sole patrons were mere human derelicts. How hard one found it to escape that constant

comparison to the inferior—how hard it was for one to find cheer those first days he was being initiated into the army. Days of nervous and anxious waiting for the call of one's name for physical examination only tended to make depressed feelings worse if such a thing was possible. Army red tape was cursed in every language, and the powers that be were going to be make the subject of congressional inquiries and what not. As days passed, however, determined resolutions to see that someone should suffer would vanish just as suddenly as they had appeared. As one became accustomed to army life the sunny side began to put itself in evidence and it became a matter of indifference how long it took that army to complete the routine we were to be put through. No more did one look with seriousness for the time when he would be called for physical examination but rather looked eagerly forward to the moment when his name would be called for that purpose. Anticipation began to play its part and one's spirits kept ascending as he thought of the pass to New York that he could obtain after he had been initiated into the service. Though Sanitary Train men, including members of the 307th Ambulance Company, detailed to the examining board did their utmost to instil a feeling of fright into the boys, there is no doubt whatever but that their attempts in the main were unsuccessful. Moving in a long line as his turn was called one eventually passed through the hands of specialists on every part of the human anatomy.

In a state of wonder as to what result that needle was going to bring forth you suddenly found yourself being asked to read the top line and then the bottom line. Whether you did it correctly or not you were told your eyes were alright, or twenty-twenty and you were shoved

ahead for the ear test. Again, fit or not, you were rushed through as twenty-twenty, told to strip completely and present yourself in nature's own.

After passing through the hands of heart and lung specialist you were given your jab of that much talked of needle and became a full fledged member of the order of "Wait till you get the needle," with the full right to shout it at the next fellow, and glory in revenge on the new recruit. No more did you think of the anxiety it had aroused in you but resolved to unpityingly make the new lad pay. Your finger prints were taken and your destiny indelibly inscribed on Uncle Sam's army roster. Triumphantly you marched back to your barracks, your swaggering steps loudly proclaiming you a veteran of the needle and initiated to all of its terrors. At the moment you felt no ill effects. Those typhoid germs had not time enough to start on a tour through your blood; but wait, your exhilaration was only short lived for the bacilli would soon begin to tell their tale, and then you would first begin to understand why you were given forty-eight hours to recuperate from their effect. Upon your return to the barracks the first crack out of the box you began to tell and question as many as would lend a listening ear that all the talk about the needle was nothing but bull. Then followed the cry "Wait till you get your second shot." All of your momentary joy was shattered and you were upon edge again and anxiously waiting the day for the second jab. Only three more days—at that time you felt that the second would be about as severe as the first. Nothing more serious than the kidding and joshing of those gone before endeavoring to reek their revenge on the new comer. The third day finally at hand it was with comparative complacency that you awaited the call of

your name for the second shot of typhoid germs. We will pass over all the preliminaries before you arrived at the infirmary and even pass over what happened there, for you were quite certain that it was nothing of great importance. An hour or so later that arm suddenly began to suffer a slight fever; it took all your former pep out and there you were a victim of typhoid fever. Only then did it begin to dawn upon you that there was something more to that second shot than what you first expected. As time passed the fever gradually passed away and you became normal again. Your third needle was not much to speak about except that it meant the completion of the treatment that was to make you immune against that disease that had been the curse of most armies of the past. It had done more than its share in increasing death by disease and even producing more fatalities than brought about by actual combat. The medical profession had indeed scored a victory—a genuine victory in the cause of humanity.

In the meanwhile, Uncle Sam's mustering machine was called into action and you were given official and lawful license to take a whack at the Kaiser. Notwithstanding the fact that you were asked what branch of the service it would be your greatest pleasure to take part in, and to also name a second choice, invariably you were placed in that part of the service that was anything but what you had asked for. Though at a later date, all those awaiting assignment were sent to the depot brigade, in Upton's early days the first members of the 307th Ambulance Company were attached to the Sanitary Train. This took place several days before the company was to be split up to form the nucleus of 306, 307, and 308 Ambulance Companies.

It can truly be said that no matter what had been a man's choice of service his transfer to the medical corps could only have elicited the highest degree of satisfaction. Quite true we were all in the game to give the Hun a licking, but is there any one who will say that he prefers to take life rather than help in its conservation. Ours was the errand of mercy—the task of salvaging the human wrecks brought about by the horrors of war. Can any one deny that this was a privilege, a great privilege entrusted to our care? How the 307th Ambulance Company dutifully discharged its trust will be shown as this history progresses.

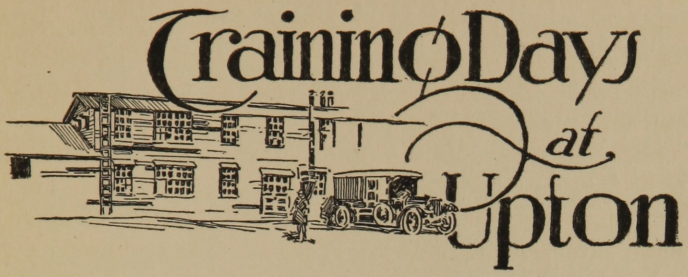
Having passed through the steam roller, as exemplified in the examining board, one would presume that the new recruits would be apostles of the adage "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," but nay, they had rather pursue its distorted application "Do others before they do you." Consequently at a later date when these selfsame victims, as members of the 307th Ambulance Company, were detailed to the examining board, the new soldier was given as good a reception as had been given them. Those of you who have been on these details may now laugh in glee and tell of some of the stunts you pulled off there, but do not forget to be a good sport and tell some of the pranks of which you were made the butt.

October sixteenth 1917 was the day. It was Lieutenant (later Major) Brown who was master of ceremonies and a splendid master he proved himself to be. One who was present at the time could not help noting the strong resemblance this incident held to a vast auction. There was Lieutenant Brown standing upon a platform with all the boys eagerly gathered around while he loudly shouted out the various companies in the train to which each man

was assigned. Here the 307th Ambulance Company was actually formed. From henceforth their part in this world conflagration was mapped out for them. The 305th Ambulance Company, recruited from Lockhaven, Pennsylvania, had, with Captain G. D. Green as its commander, arrived at Upton on September the twelfth, and with the formation of the 306th and 308th Companies the Ambulance Section of the 302nd Sanitary Train was complete, with Lieutenant Henry P. Brown as its first director.

In the excitement surrounding the announcement of the names with their assignments we came mighty near not having one of the editors of this story, and what would have been a much greater catastrophy the losing of splendid material in the shape of an efficient successor to our first mess sergeant, who had earned for himself a reputation that put him in a class by himself. An acting cook, later sergeant, thought that his destiny was to be with the mule skinners and with pack and baggage moved to the 308th Ambulance Company and there spent the night. There is extreme doubt whether you will find many of the boys who are not glad it was all a mistake, and that he still belonged to the same old gang. It takes a good mess sergeant to endear himself to the boys, and of him it cannot be said he did not do all in his power to satisfy the cravings of their appetites.

At the helm of the new ship launched that day was Lieutenant H. P. Brown, Jr., commanding, also acting Director of the Ambulance Section, assited by Lieutenants Bry, Simmons and Morrison with Sergeant McLin as top. Through the strange workings of fate, Lieutenant R. H. Simmons, although a short while later transferred from the company, exactly one year later became its commanding officer.



IT WAS soon after the formation of the Sanitary Train that Lieutenant H. P. Brown, Jr., was made captain, and a short time thereafter Major and Director of the Ambulance Section. The 307th Ambulance Company lost a genuine man as their commanding officer, but they had not lost a friend. They always remained dear to the heart of the Major who ever had a pleasant word and a smile for all. Just and kind to whom-so-ever he came in contact, his name awakens only fond memories. With no less esteem was Top-sergeant McLin regarded, and whom the Major regarded high enough to take with him to headquarters. Sergeant Harry White was then appointed top. It was only a short while afterwards that Lieutenant B. B. Ross came into the company, and on the day that Ambulance Headquarters was actually established, he was given command of the company assisted by Lieutenants Bry and Morrison. Lieutenant Simmons, as previously noted, was transferred about this time.

To one unfamiliar with military life, training days at Upton might create the impression that this period of our army career was brim full of exciting doings. Though there might have been times when we had them full to the brim, to those well acquainted with the life there they

bring to mind only days of drearysome monotony and drill. It was in combating this phase of army life that the various welfare organizations played their most important part in the war. In this connection they proved a real value to the boys. The various forms of amusement and entertainments they had to offer helped, to a considerable extent, to allay that feeling of restlessness that is one of the chief products of this sort of life.

It is not to be wondered why the bugle call announcing that you must depart from the embrace of Morpheus, has so many friends. There are good reasons why the instigator of it, the bugler, has been made the butt of many comical and tragical expressions. Did you ever say to yourself, "Oh, I'll just have five or ten minutes more sleep, and then up and at 'em?" How you did relish those last few moments. How they did make the night's sleep complete. "Nay, nay," said this impudent bugle, "duty calls," and deprived of all rights to protest you sleeply acknowledged its power, but not without first mentally registering the vow, "Some day I'm going to get that bugler."

At six thirty A. M. at formation and roll call your day's work was ushered in. Breakfast over and after a few moments to fuss around with your bunk—"Everybody out, on the double, to police up" resounded throughout the barracks, and all were rounded up for the first of the day's activities. Then "Everybody out for drill" and monotony was here in full bloom. If the day's program included Litter Drill, how happy it made you feel, in fact so happy that you were want to break forth with all of your reserve profanity. If you did not swear aloud you did it inwardly. When your name was announced and you were made a member of the coal detail a thrill would

course through your veins and visions of the 92nd Division involuntarily loomed up. You certainly felt happy when you found your name on the twenty-four hour guard roster—for guard week meant plentiful sleep. Sleep—what a mockery—how could anyone get any sleep with two hours on duty and four hours off, will have to be solved by those who have not gone through it. One must not imagine that the two hours on guard was the pleasant part of the duty, for the passing of time while walking your post during the zero winter night was anything but rapid. Moments seemed like hours and relief found you the happiest of mortals. Fortunately guard only came three times during the week, and that week only once a month, and when it was all over you were pretty thoroughly disgusted with the army and everything pertaining to it. There was at least one satisfaction derived from guard duty, and that, the feeling of boss that permeated through you as you walked your rounds. Colonels and Generals, to say nothing of the many underlings were all under your scrutinizing eye, and you were lord of your realm. They could do naught with you, in fact, had to subordinate themselves to your direction when they in any way conflicted with your duties. It was one of those times when your only superiors were the officer of the day, officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard. How well you remember order number six of General Orders. How often you challenged the officer of the day, and had the pleasure to shout "Officer of the Day only, advance to be recognized" even though you knew it was the sergeant of the guard who was with him, and how meekly he obeyed your command.

On one occasion Private Gilligan gave a splendid demonstration of how supreme were the powers of the guard.

Special orders made it a part of the guard's duty to halt all who passed his post on Eighth Street between Second and Third Avenues after taps and collect their passes. Week end trips to New York brought a great many back to camp Sunday night, and for this reason this order was rescinded for that day. Private James Gilligan however, had a lapse of memory, whether intentionally or not will remain a secret for ever locked in that noble cranium of his. On this day it appeared to him that there was no such day as Sunday. Gilligan on guard at the time the eleven-forty-four P. M. train came in started collecting passes. All alone, he coolly handled that Sunday night crowd. He lined them up as if it were an every day task with him. He had them trained, or hypnotized with that empty gun of his, officers, non-coms and all. They were docile as lambs and not a protesting word came from any of them—except one. Who would dare remonstrate to a guard in the performance of his duty? Really it was Gilligan's determined look that prevented his assassination. Then on the scene came a Captain of the Military Police and here is where Gilligan began to have visions of the guard house, forty years in Leavenworth, and who could predict, maybe the worst would happen at sunrise. Gilligan stood his ground, resolved to acquit himself of all blame. Saluting the captain with one hand and holding in the other hand a batch of passes that made it appear as though he had just come out of a crap game where French money was the stakes, he was asked what he meant by starting an unofficial collecting station—by whose authority dared he stay the advancing hordes of the army. "Sir," was his prompt reply, "them's my special orders" and he came very near being given another special order to consider himself under arrest. Moments seemed like

hours to Gilligan then, and when the M. P. officer let him off with a reprimand you could hear that sigh of relief to the other end of the camp. In the next edition of the *Camp Upton Review* they had a thrilling version of the whole affair.

Among other of our activities it now devolved upon the Ambulance Companies to care for the transporting of the sick in camp. In this work our boys received actual experience in the handling of patients. The base Hospital discontinued its service in this direction and there was quite plenty to do, enough so that our boys were kept busy all day and many a night. Epidemics of all kinds were not infrequent, Mumps took the lead, with measles a close second. At one time there even began to appear indications of an epidemic caused by the indiscriminate worship of the Goddess Venus. Eighteeen cases were transported during one day and it took on the appearance of a serious menace. If it had not been for stringent measures being taken, and general orders being continually dwelled upon, as well as lectures to the boys, who knows, it might have assumed alarming proportions. It was pneumonia, however, that exacted the heaviest toll of life. Many promising careers were cut short by this dread disease. It took the colored soldiers though, to keep the measles and mumps rolling—and when it came to rolling they were capable of holding their own.

Of all the incidents which came within the scope of ambulance work, the train wreck that occurred one Sunday early in November stands out most conspicuously. It was here that one could be put to the test. It was here where a man's fitness in an emergency would prove his ability for the time to come when quickness in action would mean the saving of lives. It was the 307th Am-

bulance Company that was hurriedly called upon the scene—compelled to leave their midday meal. They promptly obeyed the call and performed their duty exceedingly well. Under Lieutenant Morrison's and Major Brown's directions, whose efforts can be truly described as heroic, every one was on edge and eager to give assistance where he could. After first aid had been speedily rendered four ambulance loads of injured were transferred in record time to the hospital. One man was killed outright and another died, though everything humanly possible was done to save him. He was pinned beneath one of the wrecked cars with one leg dismembered and the other terribly mangled. When efforts to save his life were attempted, Lieutenant W. F. Morrison's professional opinion was to amputate the other leg, release him quickly and thereby save his life. However, in consultation with Major Brown, they decided to lift the car off him. After feverishly working for an hour the task was successfully accomplished. For a while it then seemed that he might live, but apparently the shock was too great and death added another to its toll. As to what cause the wreck was attributed there is no divergence of opinion. Sunday was usually a day when the boys at camp were looking forward for some friends or relatives coming out to see them, and seeking some vantage point where they could scan the crowd coming off the train they crowded into every accessible part of the station. When the first train arrived and unloaded its passengers it endeavored to back on a siding to make room for the next train which was shortly to arrive. In doing this more speed than was necessary was given the receding train, resulting in a collision with the empty freight cars, standing on the siding, which were knocked through the crowd and into the station.

At this time Major-General Bell was in command at Upton, and but a few minutes after the accident Ambulance Headquarters was called up on the phone by the General, who showed a lively interest in how the affair was being handled. Private Harry Debacher answered the phone and upon being asked if there were any dead responded that there was one so far as he knew. The General sought to know whether or not he had been officially pronounced dead, and upon being informed that he had not, placed Harry on guard over the body.

Doings at Upton were few and far between, but one worthy of note is the advent of the phonograph. Even the very lastest members to be enrolled remember it. A few words about its birth and adoption, its interesting melodies and the great amount of fun we derived from it will recall many pleasant reminiscences. It was Sergeant Funderburg, later Lieutenant, who has since fallen on the battlefields of France, who purchased it. The funds for its purchase were collected from the members of the company who contributed one dollar each. The surplus of the contribution was used for the purchase of records. It is feared to mention who were the sponsors for their selection, as the editors do not desire the charge brought against them that they were guilty of making public information that resulted in assault and battery. How often "Lizzy" Cairns insisted upon serenading us with "O Where is My Wondering Boy To-night." So often that a contribution of one dollar could have been collected to get rid of the machine when "Lizzy" got busy. It is still unknown how "There was I, Waiting at the Church" found itself among our collection, and judging from the favor with which it was regarded, it is probably as well for the donor that he still remains a mysterious giver. Bugle

call at reveille was usually greeted with "It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning, but It's Nicer to Lie in Bed." The "Dark Town Strutter's Ball" was the favorite with many as dusk came on, and taps sounded finis with "Give Me the Moonlight, Give me the Girl" doing its last encore.

The monotonous routine of daily schedule never aroused a ripple of enthusiasm among the boys except probably that the days were numbered and that it looked very much like a trip to that much talked of "Over There" was soon in prospect. Nor did the arrival of Thanksgiving bring any event of importance except that it meant their first Thanksgiving in the army. On this day New York City indeed showed its hospitality, for all members of the company whose homes were a considerable distance from the camp were its invited guests. It was the New York Athletic Club that made this day pleasant to many. Lieutenant Bry and Private Steinhardt did their share in the entertaining; as well as did many other private families in the big city who engaged rooms for the boys in the best of hotels.

Back at camp the six men who were left of the company joined hands with the left-overs of the 306th Ambulance Company, pooled their eats and had their repast served in the latter's mess hall. Everyone had a roaring good time of it. This small contingent was wrestling with the problem of where within the human anatomy they could stow away the food intended for a full company. Turkey was very much in evidence in the barracks for several days after this feast, which shows that the problem never was solved.

'Midst the days between Thanksgiving and Christmas it took Louis Provost to teach the boys a novel scheme in a novel way. Louis Provost is of French origin, and is

understood to have been held up as a shining example of what stuff the poilus are made of. Lord help the French Nation if their army was made of this fibre. Louis worked himself into the good graces of most of the men in the train—so much so that one would not be amiss in stating that he had carte de blanche with their pocket-books. Louis took a notion in his head one day to test how good his credit was, and finding results rather beyond expectations, he thought of taking an indefinite leave. From information at hand it is still of indefinite duration. Louis was also not averse to borrowing hand bags and many other personal articles. A few days later when it became noised about that he had departed to parts unknown, each man who contributed to the fund, had the pleasure to learn that part of his personal equipment also had gone. "How much did Louis owe you?" was the common question for quite a while after this incident.

In writing of Christmas and New Years in camp it will refer to only a small portion of the company, as the majority were either on furlough or on pass to New York. Of the thirty who were left on Christmas Day, all vividly recall the dinner that was handed out. Fourteen different dishes, and Lizzie's chest expands every time he speaks of it; it was he who was the chief instrument in its production. Lizzie says with pride, "We had the finest chicken you ever ate, pies of all kinds, and we were not forgetting the English either, for we had a good old helpin' of genuine Yorkshire puddin'." The strangest part of it all was fourteen different dishes for thirty men. As for New Years, the last before we set sail for the great unknown, not more than forty men honored the company with their presence. New Year's Eve saw our top-sergeant assisting

the chief cook in making pies and cakes. The mess sergeant was away on furlough and they certainly put a crimp in that pantry full of reserve eats. Outside of the special mention the eats deserve, Christmas and New Years passed uneventfully.

It was shortly after the first of the year that a new contingent of recruits from the depot brigade was incorporated into the company. Not much may be said about this event, but comment among the new contingent was that they were being given all the detail. The old lads all deny such accusations, but the smile accompanying its refutation aroused grave doubts as to their sincerity. Passing the buck is an old familiar army game and there are strong reasons to suspect that for a while at least they had it handed to them. That is, until a time when the newcomers began to mingle and become more familiar with the rest of the company.

Many in the company have wondered why Private Minkoff did not obtain the status of First Class Private sooner in his army career. The boys in speaking of model soldiers always referred to him as a shining example. Minkoff had to perform an act of distinction before he was recognized by the powers that be. While detailed to the rifle range to perform first aid, if the necessity should arise, it so happened that one of the rifles of those practising exploded, and his opportunity came. First aid was now shouted for, and to quote Minkoff's own words "I quickly hurried over without excitement, washed out his wounds, swabbed them with iodine, had him placed in an ambulance and coolly walked back to my post. A little while later another fellow toppled over and I took out my aromatic spirits of ammonia and nearly killed him with the dose I gave him, but that woke him up and I was a hero.

The Captain on the field took my name and that is how I became a first class private."

About this time the company woke to the fact that it had a genius in its midst, Private Lasner, otherwise known as Axle, became quite popular with the boys. He proved to be in a class by himself owing to the originality of his ideas. He contended that words, besides having an actual meaning, have also a hidden one. He refused to divulge the theory on which those ideas were based for fear that some one else might appropriate them as their own. He entertained the boys when no one else could be found by giving them a song of his own making entitled "By the Lake." It was usually followed by the Dutch Song "Ist das Nicht ein Garten Haus, Garten Haus, Kopp Arouss." Later he would insist upon playing "London Bridge is Falling Down" and furthermore insisted upon taking the leading part as "Fair Lady." Those were the nights. Camp Upton Nights. Who will ever forget them! At this time little did Axle dream that he was soon to become famous as the Prophylactic Kid.

January the twelfth 1918 was the day when Major Brown met with an automobile accident and when the 307th Ambulance Company lost one of its best friends. This incident, though not a company affair, was of peculiar interest to us, in as much as the Major was our first commanding officer at Upton, and always thought highly of the first company he commanded. It would indeed be a difficult matter to find a man among all the ambulance companies who did not share in the general sympathy felt, for he was one man to whom they could all go and tell their tale of woe and be assured of a listening ear and a helping hand. He inspired a feeling of respect and obedience that sprang from the depth of feeling of respect

which he held for others. As for his successor, Major James B. Griffin, later chapters will doubtless find him mentioned more than once.

It was in the early days of February that instead of constant drilling various forms of athletics were introduced. They were mostly all company affairs, and excepting a few tugs of war, in which competition among the ambulance companies took place, nothing of real moment happened. The mettle of 307 proved itself by beating 306 and 308 to a stand still. This was but a forerunner indicating who was to be who when the real tussle of war actually went into effect "over there".

Dating from the day the division was reviewed by the Assistant Secretary of War, February fifteenth, events began to multiply, plainly foretelling that we were soon to become a part of the A. E. F. Lieutenant Ross received his captaincy to conform with the command he held. The parade in New York on Washington's Birthday rapidly followed and the Division was highly commended on its splendid showing. Major James B. Griffin selected a contingent from each of the ambulance companies and they marched as one company with litters. With litters may be meaningless to those who did not participate, but it meant sore and tired arms to those who did; marching with snow under foot did not help to make it the least bit pleasant. New York, however, outdid itself in its effort to make up for all discomforts endured by giving the boys a rousing reception. Its boys in khaki were wined and dined at the best hotels. The finest was none too good for New York's Own. That night the Biltmore, the Astor, the Waldorf-Astoria and all of their kind harbored our boys. They all threw themselves wholeheartedly in making this one grand and glorious day. Those of the

company who were left back at camp had a usual holiday feast, and in addition seconds on ice cream and cigars.

On the heels of this parade came the show on March the third given by the Sanitary Train, and in the production of which our company was well represented. In fact it has been said that our act was among the best. It was under Lieutenant Hall's supervision that School Days made the hit it did. With Captain Ross in command, retreat was enacted and 307 certainly did its share in making the show a howling success from both an entertaining and financial standpoint. The receipts went to form a respectable Company Fund, which in later days helped to provide eats when government rations were good as nothing.

Again the company was filled to replace those who for various causes were no longer with us. It was in the early days of March that we were honored with a representation from Buffalo, New York, which had been sent from Camp Devens. History did not repeat itself in so far as details were concerned, for this contingent fared considerably better than did those who preceded them.

About this time Camp Upton, in the vicinity of the Sanitary Train, took on the appearance of a veritable battlefield. Wounded men lay scattered everywhere; some with gun shot wounds, others with shrapnel; some with broken legs—on the whole it presented a pitiable sight. Medical aid was being given as rapidly as possible. The wounded were carried in ambulances or littered by hand to a temporary advance dressing station. At the Division Surgeon's Office the wounded who were supposed to have been given a cup of chocolate as refreshment, were roughly handled and thrown from the litter. The chocolate was drunk by everyone but those for whom it

was intended. Captain Morrison (previously promoted) worked incessantly and untiringly rendering to the poor unfortunates all the aid he possibly could. Major Griffin on horseback directing operations, seemed here and there and everywhere, quite the contrary of what took place at a later date when the ambulance companies were under shell fire in the battle fields of France. These manoeuvers which we passed through at camp were the last preparations for our activities abroad.

Gas mask drill was given a place of importance, and some quite novel methods were pursued in an effort to obtain perfection. With but about a dozen masks to drill the entire company, it was necessary to select only as many men each day for that purpose. Stress was laid upon the need of becoming expert in the use of the mask, for gas warfare had assumed formidable proportions and gas had become the chief weapon of the Boche. Competition in the speediness with which one could put on his mask was resorted to in order to arouse more than ordinary interest in the drill. This resulted in many being able to put on this harness in record breaking time. Anyone not having it on after twelve seconds was considered dead. Had this held true in actual warfare it would not be an exaggeration to state that all the armies would have been wiped out long before our entry into the war. It is well for the boys that its seriousness was so many times magnified, otherwise many more might have succumbed in action.

The company now began to take on the appearance of a warehouse. Everyone was busy packing and marking our supplies for "Somewhere in France." Two new officers were assigned to us, Lieutenants Frank H. Chase, and Jay B. Rudolphy. Policing up headquarters became an everyday affair. We were given frequent passes and were

continually being told that that was our last one. For a while it looked like the last would never come but one day absolutely all pass privileges were revoked. It then seemed as if Easter Sunday would have to be spent in camp. At the last moment, however, twelve hour leaves were granted, giving the boys their last visit home. The following day, with all the boys gathered in the mess hall, Captain Ross informed them of their coming departure, and in a rousing speech sought to know how many there were among them ready to do their bit. "Let every man who is anxious to go abroad stand up," were his words. Will one ever forget that moment? Will one ever forget how each man leaped to his feet? The next evening Captain Morrison lectured us on the terrible punishment that would be inflicted on those who dared indulge in the indiscriminate worship of the Goddess Venus while overseas. How if one dared to flirt with this weakness that most all men are prone to, the subsequent penalty would be court martial, the worship of Mercury for the balance of his life and many other dire results. This lecture was indeed a masterpiece, and the Captain was loudly commended by every listener. At times it might have been necessary to call a spade a spade but it was the real and only way to bring home to the boys the danger involved.

Fate spoke on March the twenty-seventh. It was ordained that our top-sergeant Harry White make the supreme sacrifice on home soil. Destiny prescribed that this man of men had completed his life pilgrimage at the age of twenty-four. That dread disease, pneumonia, claimed him as the first victim of our company. A grievous loss it was—heart and soul for his men and his company, he was as upright in doings as in stature. He was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. The

day of his funeral, in the services held in his honor the full company in formation paid their last respects to the man and the soldier. Will one ever forget those few tense, heart rending moments as the tear dimmed, gray-haired mother, his broken hearted bride-to-be and the sorrowing uncle followed by the column of soldiers, listened to the chaplain rendering the last religious rites, the blowing of taps and the band playing "Nearer My God to Thee." Was there one who did not shed a tear? Full military honors being accorded to him we all marched in procession to the station whence his body was transported to his home town where he now lies at rest.

During the first days of April, the crack company, otherwise known as the 307th Ambulance Company, had the pleasure of doing the housecleaning that others had left undone. The 305th and 306th Ambulance Companies had left for France, and in spite of General Orders making it absolutely incumbent upon all to leave their barracks thoroughly clean, these two outfits evidently thought we would not have enough work to do. After they had gone we had a good day's work ahead of us cleaning up the dirt of someone else. We made an exceptionally good job of it and this reputation followed us through France, giving us the permanant title of The Crack Company, with the usual clean-up detail on our hands.

On the eve of April the thirteenth no two men found themselves more popular nor more eagerly sought for than Motor-Sergeant Simpson and Corporal Lee Hanson. The entire company seemed to have awakened to a tender affection for these two lads. What was it they had done to so suddenly endear themselves to the boys? A trip to New York was in the air. We were to dispose of all our ambulances as well as those turned over to us by the

other two companies. Twenty-five drivers and orderlies were needed. Two days before leaving the States and a chance to see New York again! Is it any wonder all of the company went wild in an effort to be one of the lucky ones? The following morning those on this detail were awakened at three o'clock. Many did not relish the idea of getting up so early in the morning, but even at that they felt the trip was worth the trouble. All had plans made of getting a few hours' leave so as to say good-bye to their dear ones, and it was certainly a happy lot that departed from Upton at six A. M. at which time they had succeeded in getting all the cars going. It was a cold rainy day; one most dangerous for motor travel. For an hour or so the train of ambulances traveled along without mishap. Everything was running smoothly when suddenly considerable excitement in our rear told us that something had gone wrong. Seeing an upturned ambulance, it began to look as if on the eve of our departure we were going to lose Private William J. Rosinsky. The orderly on his car, Private Benjamin Kaplan seemed to have had a miraculous escape as he came out of the accident unscathed. Rosinsky was taken to a nearby hospital, which at the time was considered the most advisable thing to do, especially as they had to continue on with the ambulances. Upon his being examined it developed that he also had a remarkable escape and except for shattered nerves he was perfectly all right. After a rest of one day at the hospital he was on the job again ready to leave with his company. The rest of the trip ran along smoothly, and after disposing of the ambulances we were all given a surprise by being informed that no one would be allowed any leave what-so-ever. Though extremely disappointed, we took advantage to telephone home.

Two instruments in the vicinity were kept busy continually for fully one hour, until word came to fall in and we were on our way back to camp. Indeed one might not be incorrect in saying that we were on our way to Europe.

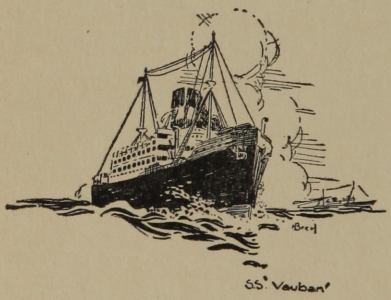
Our last day at Upton, Sunday, April the fourteenth, saw a record breaking procession of visitors streaming into camp. Every train was crowded beyond capacity; every road brought autos of every description, from the Flivver to the Stutz and its kind. Though it was absolutely forbidden to give out the news that we were about to set sail, it seems as if everyone had confidential information about it, and were there to say the last good-bye. The camp took on the appearance of a great carnival—wives and sweethearts looked their prettiest; mothers and fathers, though serious within, outwardly showed their simple gaiety; and sisters and brothers all joined to make this day a lively and pleasant one for the departing soldiers. With the visitors gathered in clusters or seated on and around the bunks of their boys, our barracks took on the appearance of many separate gatherings, with eats and delicacies spread out that were all foreign to the menu of a soldier. In the midst of this pleasure of the last day thoughts of the morrow were nowhere reflected. A carefree, happy lot they were, exchanging many pleasantries and simply enjoying the moments as they ticked away. Continued physical and equipment inspections during the day only interrupted these outwardly happy visitors. However, as the day passed and the time for their departure drew near, the gay one of the moment before grew serious and sombre; fathers stoically embraced their boys for the last time; mothers bravely endeavored to withhold their emotion as they clasped them to their bosoms; and wives and sweethearts clinging as they never did before

in this their last good-bye. This was the picture presented to one's vision as those near and dear said their last good-bye and good luck. To the soldier himself, who seemed the least affected of them all, the leaving for the great unknown could not now come quick enough. Serious business was ahead and the sooner we made over with it the better. With this feeling inspiring all we joyously set about to clean up the barracks, empty our bed sacks, and start bonfires to burn the rubbish. We were getting our house in order and went about it singing songs that just suited the occasion. What a new meaning "We're going over" and its like conveyed to us then. That night there was very little sleep, for at four A. M. we arose for the last morning that Upton would see the 307th Ambulance Company.

"Everybody out!" For the last time we heard these words shouted in our barracks on Eighth Street and Third Avenue. Acting Top-Sergeant Campbell called the roll. As usual Al Carroll was the last one in formation, and to quote his own words "Like a cow's tail always behind." "Squads right, march!" With full pack we were on our way. If we were to be as lucky in the future as we were that morning, we could indeed consider ourselves fortunate. Some of the 305th Infantry preceding us by but several hours, had met with a smashup, and many injured and killed was the result. Apparently this accident must have had something to do with the rapid progress we made that day, for leaving Upton at about nine A. M. we made Brooklyn, only sixty miles travel, at six o'clock that night. Speculation then became rife as to where we were bound, for the steamship *Vauban*, the boat on which we were to sail, had up until now been making trips to South America only. Tales of this kind, however, were only of short dura-

tion, for on board boat we were given to understand that Liverpool was our destination. That night we had stew for supper. Assuming that this was a forerunner of the kind of eats we were to get, we were rather highly elated, for that stew was certainly good. The rest of the trip was one grand scramble in an effort to get something to eat. Officers' Mess waiters were bribed; Agersborg was cajoled and pleaded with, but even then bank rolls were of no avail. Finally those in command became informed as to what was going on and guards were placed at the kitchen door allowing no one to enter except on business.

The first night on board boat will be remembered for the splendid system that was in force. Everyone did as he pleased and slept where he pleased. Those who have slept on deck know it is not the most pleasant place to rest tired and aching limbs, especially if the weather is raw and cold. No doubt all recall the hunt that night for a warm cubby hole. Those who were unsuccessful, and were awake all night, well remember the clink, clank of the hoisting of tons of beef on board. It seemed as if they were putting in a cargo of all the beef in the world, for that clatter never stopped a moment till the following day at three P. M., when the boat set sail.



Hurray!! Hurray!! Three cheers for Captain Ross! Three more for Captain Morrison! Three more for Lieutenant Bry! Once more for Lieutenant Chase! Again for the new lieutenant! (Lieutenant Weldon had been as-

signed to us the day we left camp). With resounding cheers (not of folks on shore, for sailings were secret) the receding shores were quickly left behind, and with the last view of Liberty Statue we were certainly on our way to a serious business. With guns fore and aft we were afforded a slight protection against the Hun pirates, who, it will be recalled, had attained a high state of efficiency at this time. Our company had attained a position of vantage from the point of both comfort and view, and all assembled in the forward saloon. We were preparing ourselves to make the trip a pleasant one.

Though the theory that possession is nine points of the law often works out well, we were very politely informed by some Mobile Ordnance men that we were encroaching upon their reservations and to be kind enough to vacate or "beat it.', Being believers in the aforementioned theory we simply flung back at them "Come and get it," and there upon made preparations for a pitched battle. Pickets were immediately selected; skirmish parties organized and, after a few slight sparring preliminaries, hostilities were suspended with 307 Ambulance Company still holding the fort. We were then given to understand that there was someone in command who had a say, and after having had the riot act read to us, we were ordered to our staterooms. Who would not move to a stateroom? We needed no second invitation—that saloon was cleared before you could look around. That night our officers made it their business to see that we received mattresses, and we proceeded to settle down and enjoy our trip.

The following day, matters having been put into shape we were informed that any man found anywhere on the boat without his life preserver would be confined to a dungeon in chains. Furthermore that all port-holes were

to be closed at night, no lights visible and no smoking in state rooms. Penalty for violations was to be death. Guards were posted throughout the ship and it became very evident that this was a serious matter. It was well for one of the men of our company that it was one of our own officers who discovered him smoking in a state-room, or otherwise—— As it was he was placed under arrest and confined to his room under guard.

Several days out at sea was sufficient to test who was sea sick proof and who was not. As a whole the company fared pretty well. There were, however, several who competed to see which one could supply old Neptune's Minions with the most food. Some reached such a high state of liberality that they almost impoverished their own systems. Strange to say, at these times life held no charms for them, though usually when one becomes a donor of gifts, the opposite is the case. When we entered the mess hall all were more or less inclined to this malady.

It was in an endeavor to keep the men from moping beneath decks, and possibly encourage the aforementioned malady, that each morning all were ordered on deck and absolutely forbidden to be in the staterooms. Calisthenics then became part of our daily routine. After about half an hour of them athletic games were indulged to help pass the time. The English sergeant-major instructing us in 'Are You There," will be remembered by many as having afforded us considerable amusement. Boxing bouts became a frequent pastime, but to many it meant bruised faces and black eyes. It will be recalled that Burkle was one of the first recipients of this class of Croix de Guerre. Life boat drill became part of our daily programme, and three blasts of the ship's siren meant that absolutely everyone had to be on the upper deck, and each non-com.

at his designated post. Any man attempting to get into a boat without waiting his turn was to be shot. At the end of each day "Pop" Morrison held us up with his usual physical examination. He was always on the lookout to prevent any possibility of an epidemic.

Among other methods of keeping the boys busy, swabbing decks was a popular detail to hand to our company, as well as peeling potatoes down in the galley. Those who labored in that galley maintain that it reminded them of a Childs' Restaurant on account of the great contrast. It helped along the feeling, to feed the fishes, that we were trying so valiantly to strangle. A description of this place will be omitted, as those who have been there say it would only arouse that feeling of nausea they experienced when there. Why the infantry was not handed these details was very evident for with their major in command and the doughboys in charge of the guard, of course it was up to the medics to do the dirty work. Under these circumstances the ship's canteen and barber shop became the hang out of the detail dodgers. At times the line at this canteen was so long that one might have gained the impression that something could be purchased there, but nothing except apples could be procured.

After having been out at sea for several days, we began to wonder where the convoy was, that we had heard so much about. No sooner than speculation on this score became general, than there appeared on the horizon about a dozen ships. A short while later we found ourselves in their midst, and learned that one cruiser was the protection afforded the fleet of twelve troop ships.

About this time some of the boys had tired of obeying orders, and during the night with a port-hole open, proceeded to smoke cigarettes. Excitement and noise sud-

denly broke out above us as one of the other boats had signaled over that someone was smoking, and the fire was plainly visible through an open port-hole. An immediate search proceeded below decks, and it was fortunate for one of our company that, though accused of being the guilty one, he was supported in his denial by several others in the room. Another incidence of disobedience of orders resulted in Private First Class John J. Reilly being given a sea bath and subsequently being flooded out of house and home together with other members of the room. It was Lyons who, desirous of unburdening himself some rubbish he had eaten, and seeking the most sanitary method of ridding himself of it, resorted to the port-hole, and in came the Atlantic Ocean. Whether the rest of the company became envious of him or not, the following day there was rigged up in 'midships a swimming pool, and the necessity to open a port-hole to enjoy an ocean bath was dispensed with. The bath gluttons took advantage of this opportunity and it has been said there was not a man in our company who did not have a taste of the sea on that trip.

About a day preceding our entering into dangerous waters, a man on one of the other ships died of pneumonia. He was given a military burial at sea with full military honors. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the men of the entire convoy assembled on the decks to pay their last respects. The call of the bugle could hardly be heard from the distance, though the silence was so intense that the dropping of a pin was audible. Apparently a sense of the danger we were about to pass through pervaded us all at that time, for never had a ceremony of this character produced so profound an impression on a body of men. Soldiers standing at attention; officers saluting;

strains of "Nearer My God to Thee" floating from a distance helped produce this feeling. All was over as quickly as it takes to tell it and we did our best to forget this unpleasant incident.

That night, and for every night the remainder of the trip, we were told to be more than ever on the alert and to sleep in our clothes. It was just such precautions and admonitions as these that magnified the dangers of the Hun undersea craft many times. Perhaps it was as well that this feeling was instilled into us, for it was far better than not being ready for instant action should anything occur. It was in this state of mind that the following afternoon found us.

Most of the men were resting in their bunks enjoying afternoon naps; others were dreamily watching the waves; still others on detail lazily swabbing decks or other fatigue work; and some, notibly Bill Bole were bathing and shaving. It was glorious weather—the kind that one reads of or has experienced within the vicinity of Florida or the Bermuda Islands. It was the kind of weather that makes sea travel produce those pleasant day dreams. Bang!! From stem to stern you could feel that old boat shudder; not to say anything about how we shuddered. We had been hit, and were face to face with the menace we had been drilled to combat. Dropping everything, grabbing our own or someone's else life preserver, as Hart did, we started to that upper deck as men never did before. For moments pandemonium reigned. Bill Bole, in the midst of shaving, stepped backwards and sat squarely into a pail of water. "Pop" Morrison suddenly appeared on deck. What on earth was he doing with those boots? What good was that clay pipe sticking from between his teeth? Then with kaleidoscopic rapidity the scene

changed from one of serious danger to one of semi-burlesque. Those uninformed became aware that it was not that we were hit, but rather that we were trying to hit somebody or something else which looked like a submarine. A depth-bomb had been dropped within close proximity to our vessel. There were, however, those who witnessed the entire affair, and stories widely differ as to whether it was a porpoise or an undersea devil. It was on the morning of this day that three English submarine destroyers joined us, and it was one of them which had dropped the depth charge. They certainly displayed considerable pep in their patrol of the waters we were traversing. One of them later reported that oil was seen on the waters after they had concluded their bombardment. Whether a submarine had gone down or not, we certainly had our share of excitement.

The next day there could be plainly seen in our path considerable wreckage that seemed to tell a story of other Hun perfidy; a fate that some contended we had escaped by a narrow margin.

Most of us have read many descriptions of the joy displayed by Columbus and his party when they sighted land. It could not have been any greater than our joy, when on the twelfth day at sea, we sighted the Welsh coast. It was another of those beautiful days and all decks were crowded to capacity, when the forecast of our journey's end became visible.

That night all slept serenely happy in the thought that the dangers of sea travel were ended. At midnight we reached Liverpool; but most of us were peacefully enjoying the embrace of Morpheus and did not witness our entrance into the Mersey River. The next morning out on deck we beheld Liverpool. The very first sight that met our

gaze was an immense sign advertising "Spratt's Dog Biscuit." One could not help wondering at the time how any firm could afford such an expensive display on an article such as dog biscuit, the sale of which under extraordinary conditions is meager. We were not for long to be kept in wonderment for we were shortly to find that part of our menu with the English was to consist of a substitute for bread which proved to be Spratt's Dog Biscuit.

Lined up on the *Vauban* in company front, preparatory to our leaving, the first platoon, always the lucky ones, were given the job of handling our baggage. How elated they were. They were to see England before any of us. If you happen to know any of them, ask them to tell you more about it.

As the tide was not sufficiently high to bring us to one of Liverpool's piers a gang-plank was placed across to a ferryboat, and in this manner we set foot on English soil. The first battle had been won. We had successfully run the gauntlet of submarines, and with the many more which were to follow in our footsteps the Hun would soon sit up and take notice.

Avec Les Anglais

IT IS probable that ferryboats have been crowded in the past and some of them may be crowded in the future but I doubt if any ferryboat can equal the record of the one which brought the 307th Ambulance Company and several other outfits from the steamship *Vauban* to the dock in Liverpool. There were soldiers on the rails, soldiers on barracks bags, soldiers on the bridge, soldiers on the masts and soldiers most of all on each other all trying to get a good observation post. The ones who captured a high pile of barracks bags had grand stand seats and they had a good look at the activities on the river and dock as the boat approached the shore.

On the way shoreward a ship loaded with Canadian troops passed close by and they gave the Americans their first cheer received in Europe. There was a small crowd on the dock and near the edge stood a typical English Bobbie. It was this person who got the most attention from our bunch, and he got plenty of it; but the fellows

could not get him to change his expression in the least. It was like trying to kid that famous wooden statue of Hindenburg into a smile. The pier was soon reached and the company ordered off the ferry.

Once on land we assembled in a large passageway; fell into a column of fours and awaited orders. Soon several men on horseback rode up and aligned themselves on our right. The horses were unusually large, so were the men and each and every one of those big straight backed, solemn faced fellows was supporting the largest mustache he could possibly produce and each man wore over his right ear, a small cap which reminded one of a flat salmon can. They certainly were a strange looking lot to men fresh from God's Country. We stood there only a few minutes and then one of these mounted police, as they proved to be, took the lead and we were off for our first march on foreign soil. The column swung out of the station around the corner into one of Liverpool's business streets. Each man had a pack weighing about eighty pounds and it required all of one's energy to keep his feet and climb the steep hill at the same time. Hob-nails and cobble stone pavements are rather incompatible. As a sight-seeing trip our march through Liverpool was not much of a success. About the only things of interest we caught a glimpse of were Woolworth's 3 & 6 pence store and a little blond who welcomed us at the station.

Captain Ross led us into the Great Central Station at eleven forty-five A. M. and here we found a long line of third class coaches waiting. The equipment of the English railroads was one thing that struck most of the boys as a joke. The little coaches divided into compartments for eight and the brightly painted green engines about the size of a Ford runabout certainly looked queer to men who

had ridden in man size trains all their lives. Somehow they managed to squeeze the company into one of these toy trains and shortly after noon we pulled out of Liverpool.

Everyone had grabbed for a seat near a window in order to get a good look at England. Well for the first hour the train kept diving in and out of tunnels like the scenic railway at Coney Island. We did not get a very square look at England until we were a long way from Liverpool, but when we did come to the surface we saw as pretty a country as one could wish to look upon. Stone houses with red tile roofs surrounded by green meadows and everything fenced in with hedges were passed that afternoon. We passed through some famous cities such as Rugby, Nottingham, and Sheffield but stopped only at Leicester. As the train pulled into this station some one threw a penny toward a boy on the platform and in thirty seconds one of the biggest scrambles of modern times was under way. Every fellow on the train had a few pennies and those who had no pennies threw dimes and quarters so the kids of Leicester had something worth fighting for until we got the word "All out for a cup of coffee."

That was our first cup of war coffee and it tasted as though some one had grabbed the powder can instead of the one of real coffee. The fellows were making a little inspection trip around the station when some one yelled "All aboard" and there was a scramble for the coaches. The station platform was slippery and a few of the boys tried to beat Cobb's record for sliding and came near doing it at that.

The next place our train stopped was Kensington Station, London. On the opposite side of the train from the station was a large auditorium, the Olympic, and a number of girls lined the street rail. The bunch gave them a

sample of American kidding freshly imported from New York; London gave us a fine reception and as the train rolled between rows of houses people hung out of windows cheering and many of them waving American flags. The remainder of our ride was in the dark, and without incident except that we saw great searchlights searching the sky in a still hunt for any of the Kaiser's Zeppelins which might be prowling in these parts.

Nearly everyone was soon sleeping or at least trying. We were awakened from our naps by the sudden stopping of the train and found ourselves in the Marine Station, Dover. After a great deal of pulling at packs and hunting for coats and other articles of equipment the company finally pulled itself from the cars and after another struggle with the packs was lined up in company front with a chance to look around while the officers were busy getting orders. The station was lighted by only a few dim arc lamps and it seemed very large because of the great shadows which hung on every side. One imagined he could smell the sea and when a detachment of Highlanders marched down the stairs and through a nearby door some thought we were about to follow them into a boat and across the Channel to France whereas others had vague ideas about training camps in England. All this was mere speculation as we soon found out when the double column marched up the stairs and out into the night. That night at least, was not imaginative. It was a certainty. It was dark, indeed a very dark night. A drizzling rain was falling. One could not even distinguish the outlines of the buildings against the sky. One was compelled to hang to the man in front and grope along like blindfolded. Sharp voices could be heard giving commands and we felt that other troops were passing us. We

stopped for a moment but soon went on again. We seemed to be marching along in circles and up a steep grade. "Company——halt!" We stopped again and this time heard what sounded like an Englishman's voice telling Captain Ross to follow him. We were led through a gate and up several long flights of stairs into a room where many soldiers were sleeping on the floor. Our guide passed on into another room, a large empty one, that looked like an old factory minus the machinery and equipment. This we were told was to be our sleeping apartment for the remainder of the night. The Englishman, who proved to be a sergeant-major, announced that a lunch would be served downstairs in ten minutes. You can bet that we went down after that lunch, for our first attempt to get nourishment from travel rations had been, in most cases, a failure. This supper also failed to do anything more than arouse our latent hunger. The menu consisted merely of a cup of tea, piece of war bread and a chunk of cheese. This was a typical English meal with which we were soon to be better acquainted.

After the meal was finished, and as we were trying to make ourselves comfortable on the hard, cold, floor, the sergeant-major appeared and called for attention. He said something like this; "There are two exits; one from this bay on my left and one on my right. In case of an air raid or bombardment by the enemy you take the stairs to the left and follow them to the bottom; then turn to the right and follow the wall around to the right and cross the court to the caves. The alarm for fire is given on this bell and all the exits may be used. Any man making a light of any kind will be severely punished, you know. Breakfast will be served at eight o'clock." With this cheerful news we fell asleep; that is we tried to get our

hip bones far enough into the floor so that we could get to sleep. Boom! What was that? A gun? Sergeant Newsome did not wait for an answer. He and Minkoff took the sergeant-major's advice and headed "toute de suite" for the exit on the left, taking a short cut across the sleeping countenance of Private Breul and doing hurdles over several other innocent sleepers. The stampede was successful. Newsome and Minkoff reached the cave before the shells began to crumble the walls of our humble and cold resting place and they remained there. In fact, it took the persuasiveness of the combined company to convince them that the gun was only one of the peculiarities of the English who, it seems, can not be recalled from the land of Morpheus by an ordinary bugle.

After breakfast, which consisted of remnants of the meal of the night before, we rolled our packs and started for France. The great sport on the short march to the dock was the old army game known as "passing the buck." In this case the "buck" consisted of the officers' hand baggage and it circulated pretty freely until someone attempted to slip the buck to "Birkebein" Agersborg. Now "Birkebein" is no dummy and he refused even to touch it when it was laid at his feet; so the column marched on leaving Lieutenant Bry's hand bag laying in the streets of Dover until it was rescued by the faithful Jacobelli.

It seems that there were several thousand American troops in Dover, besides ourselves and they were all in a hurry to get to France. While we were resting previous to our embarkation Captain Ross and Lieutenant Chase passed the time by chatting with the English girls engaged in massaging the sides of a passenger coach standing near us. The conversation was soon finished and we started

slowly forward to board a small channel steamer. However, we were S. O. L. for it seems that the several thousand other Americans had booked all the available boats for the day and we would not reach France or any where else that day. After our return to Rest Camp No. 2, which we reached in time for another inoculation of tea, we were informed that we would be allowed to visit the town during the afternoon and evening. That visit is one of the cherished memories of every member of the company. Nearly every one spent a large portion of the time off in carrying out research experiments with the English monetary system. Some were more successful than others. One party under the able leadership of Meldrum Cairns and Johnny Price were on hand when the public houses first opened and were able to begin their lessons at the earliest possible moment. Most of the remainder gathered at the town hall where the mayor made a speech, handing out the customary remarks. The speech was followed by a vaudeville entertainment of the first water. In fact it must have been of the very first water formed, judging by the age of some of the jokes. One of the musical numbers so touched Private Blanch that he was moved to watery emotion and was obliged to leave the hall.

Because of numerous whispered messages concerning the beauties of various public houses most of the audience left before the show was complete and gathered in little groups at other places of interest. Someone discovered a tea room which served what was mistaken for food; but after the entire stock was devoured in an attempt to appease the longings of an American's stomach, it was sadly realized that the tea shops of Dover could never be of any real help to a hungry soldier. So attempts at filling

one's self with stolid food were given up and some substitute was sought and found.

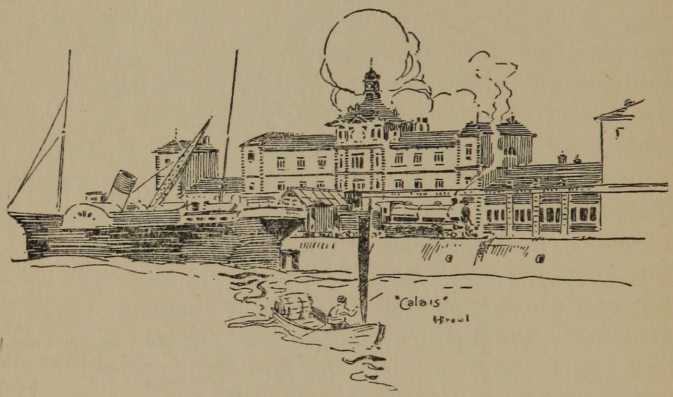
I believe that the public houses of Dover are compelled by law to close at eight o'clock P. M. On the night of April twenty-ninth 1918 it was noted that only one place was able to go the limit and take all that the law allowed. The remainder had been unable to stand up under the mass attacks of the Americans who won a decisive victory and would have run the score up even higher if the opponents had stuck through the whole game.

After all casualties had been evacuated from the scene of battle and gathered on the third floor of Rest Camp Number two, it was decided that some form of amusement should be had until all of the boys were sound asleep. Sergeant Newsome volunteered to give an exhibition with his medical hatchet but, as this was thought to be too dangerous, we finally fell asleep without any help from the entertainers.

The next morning, which was April thirtieth, we smoked a few Black Cat cigarettes purchased at the Y. M. C. A. in camp, and again marched to the pier hoping to be in time for a boat to France. We had better luck, or worse I do not know which, this morning, and after a wait of about two hours all were stowed away on a small steamer. I do not know whether this particular portion of the Seven Seas is the roughest or whether it was just the result of our royal entertainment in Dover but I do know that men who had rolled around the Atlantic for twelve days without so much as throwing an apple core to the fish, here decided to be charitable and hung over the deck rail looking for some deep sea subject on which to shower their gifts.

After about two hours on the water the order was given to sling packs and a few minutes later the boat pulled up

beside the dock and the gang plank was lowered. Then, after traveling for fifteen days over land and water the 307th Ambulance Company marched ashore in that land of which we had heard and read so much. We had landed at the pier of the Gare du Nord and as we lined up in



company front an English Hospital train loaded with wounded pulled up behind us. The work of transferring the patients from the train to the boat was immediately begun. The stretcher bearers were German prisoners, the first we had ever seen; they were a great curiosity to the fellows and we to them. The attention of the company was divided between the wounded Tommies behind and the prisoners in front so that when the order was given to count fours we made a bad bungle of it. One of the Huns standing close in front was heard to remark in perfect English, "Good God! They can't even count fours yet." "Squads right, March." and we were off through the back streets of Calais for Rest Camp Number Six which was our destination. I do not know as it is far

from the Gare du Nord to Rest Camp Number Six by a direct route but we did not go on a direct line such as a major would make to a dugout when shells began falling in his vicinity, but rather we followed a line which might be compared to the major's path when walking with a mademoiselle. The packs became heavy and we had lost interest in the things that we were passing when it was noticed that "Red" Kaplan had suddenly taken a new lease on life. He was marching upright and seemed to be all aquiver with excitement. We soon discovered the cause; about a hundred yards ahead lining a wire fence was a chattering, gibbering, howling, grinning crowd of Chinamen. We were at a loss to explain their presence here; some thought this was where the British army had its laundry done; some believed that we were about to pass a chop-suey factory; and still others contended that it was the Calais Zoological Gardens. When we were opposite the enclosure Red passed a few common place remarks in the native tongue of his friends at which they showed great delight, and all joined in proclaiming the company "Gooda la." Thus were we welcomed to Calais and France.

Rest Camp Number Six consisted mainly of tents, sand, mud and stew and English soldiers who had passed through terrible experiences at the front and wanted to tell us about them. We spent what remained of the day in getting organized in camp and in trying to find out how we could sneak past the guards and get down town. After the customary shot of tea at four P. M. most of the boys felt the need of something stronger, and in spite of orders to the contrary nearly everyone put to test the knowledge he had gained regarding the guards and set out to explore Calais.

Calais had suffered heavily from air raids and many of the buildings were in ruins. Most of the civilians who could afford to do so had left town, but there were plenty of soldiers; English, Scotch, Australian, Belgian, French, Arab and Moroccan troops were swarming the town. Our division had been the first American division to land in Calais and we were made welcome by soldiers and civilians alike.

One French home at 290 Boulevard de Marine was thrown open to the Americans. We attended in a body our first night and were entertained royally by the young ladies of the household, some of whom could speak a little English. We all enjoyed our stay in Calais more on account of the generosity of these people and I think that in some respects they were repaid by the amusement caused by Corporal Croley when he tried to teach them to pitch pennies.

While we are on the subject of pennies it might be worth while to remark on the ability of any lone doughboy to start a parade of his own at any time he wished. All that was necessary to indulge in this sort of amusement was a few pennies. By simply dropping a penny at every other corner one could march proudly at the head of a long column of citizens of Calais.

We had not been in Calais more than an hour when we began to hear rumors of twenty mile hikes and other pleasant surprises which were awaiting us. We hiked all right but not twenty miles; it was however far enough to seem like twenty and, I believe, every one in the company agreed that rumors in France could be depended upon to deliver the goods when they dealt in linear measure or any other little unpleasantry.

It has always been a mystery why the English estab-

lished their gas school so far from the main camps in Calais. Now that the war is over and the information will not be marketable by any lurking German spy, I think it safe to reveal the secret. The gas school was situated about five miles out from the city so that new arrivals, who had spent their first night in Calais would have a nice walk in the clean morning air thus ridding themselves of any clinging alcoholic vapors before entering the deathly chambers full of tear gas.

We received our respirators and after being instructed in their use we were led into the gas chamber for the purpose of testing them. All went well until near the test when one of the masked figures began to gurgle and emit other sounds of anguish and distress. The English non-com. in charge rushed forward and assisted the all but collapsing figure from the gas filled chamber. Just in time! Our beloved comrade Herman Minkoff had not been properly protected against the treacherous fumes and he came near being our first casualty in France. He was so affected by the narrow escape that tears of thankfulness rolled down his cheek and it was several days before he could think of the incident without shedding a few salty ones in memoriam. On our way back to camp we stopped at a hat shop and Captain Ross had the whole company fitted out with new head gear. The styles did not show much variety but the lasting qualities of these Stetsons made up for any deficiency in cut or size.

No one who has ever spent a night, or several nights in those conical tents at Calais will forget them. The tents were designed to hold six men and the designer was an efficient person who left no waste space in the little cones. When the Americans began to pass through these camps it was decided to put ten men in each tent. The result

was wonderful; some of the most noted contortionists of the A. E. F. got their start trying to sleep in one of these bomb proof shelters so kindly furnished by our ally. A good example of the effect of these sleeping quarters on the average soldier is found in Jim Gilligan who, after sleeping two nights at right angles to himself, that is to say half on the floor and half against the centre pole, was unable to find his way to the outside without the aid of his companions.

It was at Calais that most of the men got their first taste of war and events almost lead one to believe that some of the boys did more than sip at the cup that makes fighting men. Ralph Starace, our famous opener of bully beef cans, certainly felt war, like the night he tore up half a kilo of fence to use as a weapon of revenge on Benny Grossman. Then again, some other jealous individuals who were returning to camp a little after dark mistook some harmless Tommies for Germans and made a mass attack which would have ended disastrously for the Englishmen had they not adopted their customary tactics of successful retreat.

It was the rule that everyone must be in camp by nine P. M. and after that hour an officer at the gate of the enclosure took the names and outfits of all later comers. He would have had a much more accurate list if he had copied the company rolls, as it was he must still be trying to find the men whose names he took.

We were in Calais five days, from Tuesday until Saturday, then we entrained on the notorious "Homme et Chevaux" line but we were not to become well acquainted with the delights of that particular brand of travel until later in our career, as we only traveled about twenty miles to the town of Audrique. As soon as the company was off

the cars the order was given to march. We caught a red hot cup of coffee on the run and followed the captain along the hard dusty road which became a lot harder and dustier before we reached Polincove, our home for the next few days.

Polincove was not much to look at. In fact when one looked about the only thing he could see was mud. Mud is the chief industry of this region and the continual fall of rain furnishes plenty of raw material. We were assigned to billets on the best mud producing farm in town and it was these billets that first caused the boys to realize that Sherman was a wise old bird after all. The farm buildings were grouped in a hollow rectangle around the most precious property of a French farmer, the manure pile. The gate from this central courtyard opened on to a stream of slowly flowing mud which the natives fondly believed to be a road and bordering on the road was a narrow but deep creek, which constituted our main supply of water, both for cooking and washing purposes.

The farm had a great amount of live stock including a herd of rats with whom we became such great friends that they often walked guard over us at night. It was hard to find accomodations for both the animals and ourselves, but we at last coaxed the owner to drive out the pigs and leave the stable to us as a sleeping apartment. We soon made ourselves fairly comfortable, but still the hardhips of Camp Upton were often dreamed of as the most luxurious of soft and easy lives.

Some of the non-coms had fared a little better than the majority and obtained a small attic at the rear of the house for their quarters, but this even was not without its drawbacks. The only entrance to the place was by means of a long ladder, from which several rounds were

missing and some of the sergeants had great difficulty in reaching their chamber at bed time. It required so much energy and ability to get to bed that the strain began to show, and it became necessary to appoint more N. C. O's. in order to keep that body to the required strength; so Corporal Hemens and Private Debacher were appointed sergeants.

Our traveling days were over for a while and we soon got down to business. The kitchen was established under a shed in one corner of the court yard, and after the various details connected with this work were finished the company was lined up to hear the training program. It was some program, and we had considerable uninteresting drudgery during our entire stay in the English area. First on the program was physical exercise; then we indulged in a couple of hours' foot drill; gas mask drill was the next thing to annoy us but after it we were finished until after dinner. The afternoons were spent in field ambulance demonstration on a field which we had to walk four miles to reach.

While in Polincove we experienced our first air raid, and heard for the first time the rumble of the British artillery up around Ypres where the guns were busy trying to keep the Germans from massing for a push toward Calais. The landscape around us was generously dotted with anti-aircraft guns and they gave us plenty of music during our stay.

Our second day in the muddy and rainy Polincove had been a hard one and nearly every one was content to crawl in among the rats and cobwebs soon after the estaminet had closed. We hardly hit the hay, or to be more accurate the straw, before all consciousness fled and we were dead to the world and the horrors of a billet in northern France. Indeed it is even said that some were unconscious

before they reached the hay. You can judge whether or not the company was deriving full benefit from the franc per day Uncle Sam was paying for our sleeping quarters, and also you can imagine with what a start we awoke when the reports of the various batteries of anti-aircraft guns in our vicinity crashed into our dreams. A German aeroplane was over our heads, so the guard announced, and it certainly sounded as though the whole German army might be up there among those droning engines and bursting shrapnel shells. After a while the guns let up their everlasting noise and some of us stopped trembling enough to hear the Jerry flying away. His machine sounded exactly as a big bumble bee would on a hot afternoon, and he seemed to buzz along slowly just as the bee would do. After this we received visits from the enemy avions during all hours of the day and night during the remainder of our stay with the English and we became so accustomed to them that it took more than one or two of these pests to attract us from our mutton stew and hard tack.

Several innovations were introduced during our stay in Polincove. One was the practice of having our hair cut short. This idea had originated at Calais, and when Captain "Pop" Morrison saw the improved appearance of some of the victims he at once sought Red Reeve and set him up in the barber business. He then became Red's first customer thereby setting a lead that the whole company with but few exceptions followed.

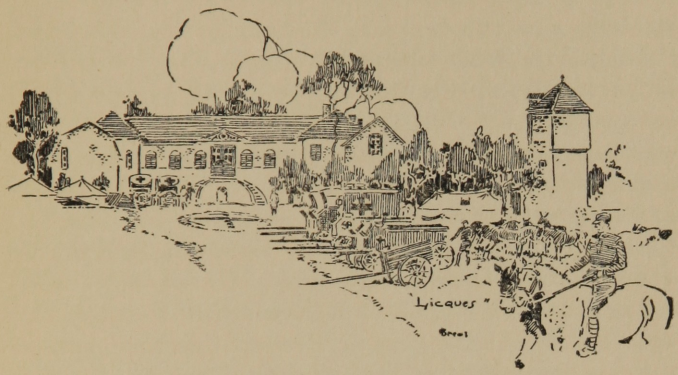
Next arrived the officers' orderly, a hitherto unknown disease in our ranks. The comrades who were first infected with this germ were Al Carroll, Durkin, Festa, and Jacobelli. Most of these have recovered from the effects and gone their way while others have been stricken with

it mortally. It is said that a person who has once suffered from this type of illness and recovers is afterward forever immune from similar attacks.

Last and most uncomfortable came the habit of taking twilight swims in the stream. I say uncomfortable because the swimming was usually done while fully dressed and a lack of surplus clothing made it next to impossible to get dried out for several days. Parcella, the Great, was the first to indulge in such a bath. He entered the water involuntarily so to say, not so much to enjoy the swim as to attempt the capture of some eels he claims to have seen there. It does not matter much what his original idea was, for a precedent was established and a night or two later our top-sergeant showed his approval by suddenly leaving a group of friends, with whom he was walking, and doing a graceful Kellerman into the sluggish waters of the Polincove Creek. He had however neglected to inform his friends of his intention to take a dip, so, thinking of course that Campbell had suddenly gone insane, Harry Debacher went bravely to the rescue. Thus did the evening baths become a tradition of the company.

On Saturday morning May eleventh, we left Polincove and hiked fourteen kilometers to the village of Licques. Just before reaching the houses on the outskirts of the town we turned to the left and swung through a gate, the appearance of which promised better surroundings than Polincove had furnished. The gate of which I speak was the most elaborate structure of its kind we had thus far seen in France. A square stone column at either side, each surmounted by a miniature stone lion, supported heavy iron gates which had seen better days. The road or drive passed through this gate and followed the course of a small creek for about fifty yards before it curved sud-

denly to the right and crossed the stream on a small stone bridge. From the bridge the road ran straight through a grove of trees for about two hundred feet where it split and swept in a large circle before the Château of Licques, which served for our training quarters for about six weeks.



The château itself was a large stone affair of ancient construction and the elaborate grandeur of the Louis XIV period. The central structure had but one main floor which was built over a fairly high basement and was under a large roomy attic. Circular stone steps curved from each side meeting before the high entrance which was flanked on both sides by tall, majestic, many paned windows. Above were oval openings, something like port holes, which let a little light into the attic under a steep, gabled roof. Just above the ground a row of square, barred windows opened into the cellar. On the right and left were wings at right angles to the central buildings and extending toward the front thus forming a three sided rectangle with a circular drive in the centre. These wings were two stories high over a basement similar to

those under the main hall and they contained the smaller rooms of the château.

If, instead of entering the château, one turned to the left around the end of the building he came upon an old stone mill with the mill wheel, brook and all the properties commonly associated by artists to such a scene. There was even a proud peacock in the yard by the mill and below the little water falls of the wheel was an ideal place for swimming and bathing. A large stretch of lawn dotted by an occasional tree, later became the spot where the company congregated on sunny afternoons.

Our new billet was somewhat better than the stables at Polincove, but not too much so; instead of sleeping in the high, light, main hallway we were directed to the attic above. After the bucks had explored all the various dark corners of the chamber, most of them decided that the large and fairly light space of the central section was most suited to accommodate the company. This choice nearly brought on a young war with the braves of the Field Hospital, who were also to live at the château. The controversy reached its height on the Sunday morning after our arrival, and a declaration of war was imminent when the cause for fighting suddenly ceased to exist. The Ambulance Company was told to occupy one dark wing and the Field Hospital the other while the cherished central room was given to some English soldiers who had just arrived. The Tommies, whose timely arrival probably saved the government the expense of reorganizing the Field Hospital, were the remnants of the British 112th Field Ambulance Company of the Thirty-ninth or Shamrock Division. They had just been through the famous retreat of Kimmel Hill and were here to be brigaded with the 307th Ambulance Company and 307th Field Hospital

for purposes of training. The three outfits were merged and the 307th Field Ambulance Company, A. E. F., B. E. F. was born on Sunday, May the twelfth, 1918. The English commander was Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson Weir, while Captain Baird U. Brooks was company commander with Sergeant First Class Meisinger as his top kicker.

The work was divided into several phases; the hospital, the transport, the stretcher bearers, and various miscellaneous details. The hospital squad ran a real hospital in the château with Sergeant Debacher in charge. The patients came from various parts of our division and also from British regiments in the vicinity. The most noteworthy event in the hospital was the arrival of the first battle casualties of the Seventy-seventh. They were men who had been gassed while in reserve behind the English on this front.

The transport service consisted of two sections; the motor section and the horse section. The motor transport of six ambulances was in charge of an English sergeant and Sergeant Simpson of our own company. The horse transport had a mixed English and American personnel with Sergeant Whitlock, Sergeant Perry, and Corporal Davis in charge of the Americans.

The remainder of the company was classified as stretcher bearers and spent most of the time drilling under English non-coms. Their training consisted of a program similar to that we had followed in Polincove, except that here we had lessons on first-aid and dressing station work which were responsible for our introduction to the "Thomas' Splint." This splint became a blight in the lives of the company, but in later days its actual use impressed on us the real value of knowing how to apply this device. The

most important part of a period of intensive training on the English system seems to be walking. That is what we did most of the time. They even called us out of our beds, or rather off the floor, at midnight for the purpose of walking a couple of miles to set up a dressing station in the dark. The work was certainly hard and the boys would no doubt have done more kicking than usual if the Britishers had not been almost as good as a movie of Charlie Chaplin.

It is said that we and the natives of Great Britain speak the same tongue and should therefore have much in common. There is something wrong in this theory. In the first place it is a fallacy to imagine that we use the same means of vocal expression as they. We do not. The fellows had just as much difficulty understanding the English as they did the French, and in many cases it was much easier to make one's desires known to the Frenchman. Yes, English as she is spoken in the British Army is one of the things that helped to keep the morale of the company up while we were undergoing the intensive training.

Another little point on which we differed from our cousins was the matter of food. The gap between us on this question is one that international parley can never hope to bridge. That is, of course, if the food we were given at Licques was a fair specimen of what the British stomach craves. When I say food I do not wish to convey the idea that our mess was honored by the presence of any of the material that we had hitherto considered worthy of human consumption. The stuff we were handed was more like what the Germans would speak of as for "gefressen" instead of "gegessen". Some very good and respectful dishes can be prepared from the corpse of the

sheep but mutton stew is not one of them, neither is roast mutton when cooked according to B. E. F. rules. Cheese, hardtack, tea and rice were always on hand in small quantities, very small quantities. This did not furnish much variety; nor did it furnish much nourishment, and the men of the company were wearing clothes a size too large after our six weeks or British rations. The English sergeant-majors, however, seemed to gain weight. So we must conclude that this food, although detrimental to the American, is of real value to the English soldier.

Shortly after our arrival in Licques payday came around. It was the first time we had been paid since our arrival in France and everyone had some difficulty in figuring out how many francs he should receive. After each one had received a pocket full of francs, sous, and centimes the company departed to pay the village a visit. This first payday night at Licques was an affair not to be forgotten by even the most casual observer. All who could crowd in gathered at the Hotel des Voyageurs and vied with each other in the race to finish the madame's stock of drinkables. Durkin at the piano tapping out rag-time, Carroll, Debacher, Campbell forming the nucleus of a quartet which Wild Bill Bole from Pittsburg completed, furnished some fine music and a jolly good time ensued. Everyone was willing to give a song or a speech. The Tommies present gave some good numbers and just before closing time Meldrum Cairns sang "Never Push a Brother When He is Going Down Hill." It was after the café had closed and the men were back at the château that the tradition of evening swimming was revived and introduced to our English comrades. The Tommies were somewhat surprised at our sudden and involuntary decision to bathe and were altogether displeased with the outcome of affairs.

Several of our fellows later did some fancy diving over the water falls by the mill.

When we entered the château there was a small crowd in the English quarters and our investigation discovered for the first time the British game of Crown and Anchor. The Britishers were anxious for the Americans to learn the game; trying to square up for the baths, I suppose. The Americans learned the game allright, in true Yankee fashion, and two days later the proprietors of the various Crown and Anchor outfits closed shop because of insufficient financial resources.

Over the top, both literally and figuratively was the way the 307 bunch went that first payday night and for several nights thereafter. The top, Ed Meisinger, was going to hold target practice but decided not to because Fabiano refused to act as the target. The company really never stopped to breathe until several nights later when Jim Gilligan pulled off a little raid of his own and was in turn brought before Lieutenant-Colonel Tait, out of whom Jim managed to wheedle fifteen francs. No one but Jim and the colonel know all the facts of the case and they will not tell; so we shall have to reconstruct the action according to the various bits of evidence obtainable, somewhat as Sherlock Holmes or Craig Kennedy would do. At about nine o'clock one warm evening, Private Gilligan rolled out of a popular estaminet where, for some hours past, he had been imbibing the fighting spirits which the patrons sold at two francs per inoculation. The aforementioned private was an American soldier, a fighting man and he knew it. As he progressed toward the billet he began to recall why he was in France. He was here to fight and as he neared the gates he became convinced that the sooner he got into action the better. But here

a difficulty arose. Everyone seemed bent on fighting Germans and the nearest Huns Jim knew of were at Audrique. Well, it did not make much difference any way. Some people might prefer Germans for opponents, but it was merely a whim of fashion, and as Jim was not particular he declared war on England and started right in on the Tommies who were sleeping near the gate. Jim had not thought much about it but had sort of hoped that his would be a private war. He was doomed to disappointment for the English could not carry on a nice, quiet battle but had to make a lot of noise and arouse the colonel. This, however, did not bother Jim in the least and when the colonel appeared draped in a bathrobe and looking like an old Roman warrior, the fighting American let the little matter with England rest and started a frontal attack on the newcomer. The attack was a failure for the colonel's counter offensive was so strong that our hero was obliged to spend the remainder of the night in a dugout and in the morning open peace negotiations with his enemy. The conference between the belligerents was held in the colonel's room and one of the conditions of the treaty was an indemnity of fifteen francs paid Jim by the colonel.

Up until this time our experiences in France had not fulfilled our expectations of the great war which such writers as Guy Empey and Private Peat had raised to a thrilling and bloody point. One night at Licques an incident occurred which made us all realize that we were at grips with a dangerous and clever enemy.

It was a dark, still night with not a star to be seen, one of those nights when one can hear distant sounds with a distinctness that is almost appalling. The guards were walking their posts and keeping close watch of the time as the minutes of their trick on duty slowly passed. The

sound of a motorcycle broke the stillness but instead of passing off to the village the driver turned in at the gate and came tearing along the driveway to the guard tent. As he was halted he called in an excited voice for the corporal of the guard. The corporal came stumbling from the tent rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Quick! there is a German spy in the vicinity. He is reported to be dressed as an English non-com with a small scar on the right cheek and riding a motorcycle. He has taken the road leading in this direction and must pass this corner. Place an armed guard there. For God's sake, hurry." This was the message. Confusion reigned for a moment. Soon eight men, including the man who had brought the order, were at the corner which the suspected spy must pass.

The little group stood in the dark at the edge of the road and waited. For a while nothing happened, then an automobile was heard coming up the road from the village, and as it neared the crossroad it was stopped. There were several British officers in the car, who were also spy hunting, and they asked several questions which served to create more excitement. After the car passed on, the nerves of the men on the road were tense and strained in an endeavor to catch the first sound of any approaching vehicle. Perfect quiet reigned for what seemed hours, but was really only a few minutes. At first it was very faint and only one or two thought they heard it; that far-away chug, chugging. It must be a trick of the imagination—but no. Faintly, very faintly at first, it slowly grew more distinct. Suddenly all knew their ears were right and that a motorcycle was coming along the road toward them. Now it was almost over the hill and coming fast. What

if it is the spy and he puts up a fight? What if—"Halt," shouted the corporal. The motorcycle and rider never slackened their pace and one could hear the safeties of the automatics being released. Again, "Halt!" the challenged machine slowed down and came to a stop, but not before it was surrounded by a little party of men. It was an English non-com, with an English motorcycle, and a scar on the right cheek. Yes, it must be the spy. Just then the Tommy who had brought the first news broke into the circle and shattered several dreams of Distinguished Service Crosses by declaring the prisoner was from his own headquarters and, like himself, a despatch rider. The headquarters in the village confirmed this statement and spy hunting became a dead uninteresting thing instead of the exciting sport of the hour before.

A moment ago I mentioned the D. S. C. While at Licques we had a D. S. C. In fact, several of the 307th boys were in on this. Corporal Ted Downing was the brave leader and every morning one could see the D. S. C. boys working on the streets of the village or sitting in the shade in front of an estaminet while the brooms and shovels rested against the wall.

It was May the twenty-ninth, 1918, the day before Decoration Day, that for the first time members of our company went to the line. A detachment from the Sanitary Train was to be sent to the front line for purposes of instruction. Among those to go were Sergeants Funderburg, Hess, Perry, and Debacher, and Corporal Hanson from our own company.

The party left Licques and travelled by auto to the headquarters of the First British Army then holding the Ypres front. At this point the men were divided into several sections and our boys went to Rougebruge. Here

was located a British Casual Clearing station, operated by a field ambulance company of the R. A. M. C. It was while at Rougebruge that these particular students of war gained the distinction of being the first members of the 307th Ambulance Company to be under shell fire. The English artillery placed a large six-inch rifle, mounted on a flatcar, directly behind the hospital and began shooting over the buildings and on into the German lines. The same evening Jerry attempted to put this rifle out of action and nearly succeeded in putting the hospital out of commission. One shell fragment tore its way into the sergeants' mess hall about three minutes after our boys had finished eating and gone to quarters.

After a stay of three days at Rougebruge the fellows went farther up, to Dirty Bucket Camp, where the advance dressing station for the sector was located. The field artillery and the reserve infantry regiments were at this place and the Hun guns were busy most of the time dropping shells on this position. This shelling and the continual pounding of the English guns made it difficult to sleep at first, but the fellows soon learned the British trick of rushing the can at sixteen francs per rush.

Dirty Bucket Camp was headquarters for our men from which they made daily excursions to the front line. Their first trip forward was to the famous city of Ypres. Part of the trip was made on a miniature train over a narrow-gauge railway which ran parallel to a line of field guns. The little train was tearing along at a good rate when it stopped with a jolt and in the nick of time, for a battery of three-inchers just ahead opened up and the suddenness of it all gave the fellows the scare of their lives. The train brought the party to Dead End of the Yser Canal where they were met by a British colonel who

piloted them through Ypres. With Colonel Tait and the English officer in the lead, and with gas masks at the alert position the men marched single file, at intervals of one hundred feet, through the streets of the war-torn city. The column filed past Hell's Fire Corner and Salvation Corner and on to the old Ypres Prison. The portion of the prison which had been above the ground was absolutely destroyed but the underground dungeons were used as relay posts for stretcher bearers. On the way from the prison to Cloth Hall the party passed through a new cemetery which was under shell fire. One of the shells had just opened one of the graves scattering the contents in all directions which gave off an odor that caused the men to think of their gas masks. At Cloth Hall was located an aid post for walking wounded which was inspected by the party before they went out to get their first taste of gas. As the party marched toward Gold Fish Château Jerry dropped a few shells containing sneezing gas. As no one was affected by the gas, they rested for a few minutes at the château afterward returning to Dirty Bucket. It is worthy of note that these men were the first of any American soldiers to visit this sector and they were a great curiosity to the Tommies stationed there. On the several days following trips were made from Dirty Bucket to the line. Among the places visited were Red Farm and Poperinghe. They say they were not frightened, but none of them will forget their first taste of Krupp steel served hot in six-inch portions by German servants.

It was thought that the tour of the front line had been made without serious ill effects to any of the men; such was not the case, however, for when the men returned to Licques it was discovered that during the trip they had become contaminated with Pedicolosus Vestimenti, and

were in a bad condition. A sort of pest house was at once established and the victims of this dire disease were at once isolated. All possible precautions were taken and sympathetic comrades made sure to keep several yards of good green grass between themselves and the stricken ones. Curious ones sometimes grew brave and ventured rather close and the patients themselves lost much weight through worry and sleepless nights. Little did any of us imagine that a few short months later any one member of the command would be able to pluck from his own person more cooties than the entire bunch of isolated men could muster. It is hardly necessary to enter into a discussion on the subject of cooties as any member of the Seventy-seventh Division has done much research work of his own, so we will let each one speak for himself.

Decoration Day was our first holiday as members of the A. E. F. and we celebrated it with a ball game, races, and a band concert. The day was ideal, but one unfortunate incident marred the perfectness of it: that was the accident to the 305th Regimental Band. The car in which the band was returning home after the events tipped over and several men were badly injured.

This accident calls to mind one of more serious character which happened just before we left Licques for the south. One warm afternoon the men were loafing about the ambulances reading, talking, or taking a nap when Lieutenant Chase suddenly appeared and gave orders for all the cars to rush to a near-by town where, he said, some infantry outfit had been badly cut up by an exploding bomb. Right here I want to record a remark by the British motor sergeant that illustrates what the English thought of the recklessness of the Americans. He said, "They have probably been using a hand grenade to play

their bloody baseball with." The accident was serious. Someone had dropped a bomb on the ground and the resulting explosion killed several men and sent many of them to the hospital with serious wounds.

It was but a short time after this accident, on the morning of June sixth to be exact, that we received orders to move. Where were we going? There were many answers to that question but the one that found most favor was that the division had been ordered to a camp near Paris for six weeks' training before it went into action. How incorrect this was is known by everyone who is acquainted with the history of this division.

We bade farewell to the old château, the English and the village of Licques about noon on a blistering hot June day and began what proved to be the utmost torture of our whole experience as soldiers. We marched through the town and on into a country that was almost smoking in the unrelenting rays of the cruel sun.

For the first few kilometers the men took an interest in their surroundings; in the quaint villages and in the many scenes of country life hitherto unknown to most of New York's Own. They marched with a jaunty step and sang and joked as the first few miles of dusty road passed under foot. As the sun sank lower and as the long shadows began to fall the songs and jokes gradually died away and the march became a serious thing. The long column of men marched along through the clouds of choking dust with hardly a word, and as we left more and more of the little white milestones behind the silence became deeper and the minds of the men were occupied with thoughts of the past and future rather than of the present. When the village of Selles was reached we fell out for a rest and our supper of bully beef, cheese, and marmalade.

After an hour's rest the march was continued. Some of the largest packs had shrunk a little and the hour in the shade had done wonders in raising downcast spirits. Songs were again in order, but it was not long before the company grew silent; more silent than they had been before supper. The pack straps began to cut into weary shoulders and backs, tired from the heavy loads bent more and more under the everlasting weight. At each resting place the roadside and ditches were littered with discarded souvenirs and articles of equipment. Each time as the command "Fall In" was given the boys dragged themselves into the line and once there forced their stiff legs to move in rhythm with all the other legs in the column. After setting the bodies in motion the dull brains nearly ceased to function and the soldiers stumbled along in a semi-conscious state, suffering and tortured beyond the point of caring. When they could go no farther they fell out at the side of the road or dropped in their tracks. Once when Captain Morton was unusually ambitious and seemed to forget all about the ten-minute rest due each hour, he looked back to discover that his followers had dwindled to only eight men. Still the company was ready to start again on the command and the staggering, cursing, even weeping line of men continued to stagger, to curse, and to weep through all the long, dark hours until two o'clock in the morning when the first day's objective was reached. The boys threw themselves down in the first vacant place they found and for four hours slept as if dead, regardless of great rats or other crawling things which were numerous in the vicinity.

At seven o'clock the next morning the blistered feet again began to pound the hard roads of northern France, and continued to do so for two days, sleeping at night in

pup tents, in barns or stables with the farm animals. On Saturday night, June eighth, we landed at Teneur and pitched tents in the dark. Sunday was a day of rest and everyone slept late, even the cooks. When the company was at last up and around the time was spent between swims in the creek and visits with members of the British Tank Corps in a small café near by. Monday morning saw the finish of the famous Licques hike at Wavrens, near Saint Pol, where we entrained for an unknown destination.

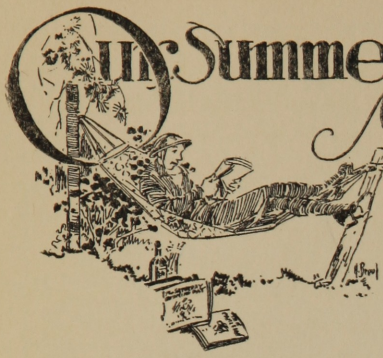
This hike was a hard-fought, long-drawn battle for every-one who made it, and it is with pride that the 307th Field Ambulance can look back on its accomplishment. Although many had blisters as big as silver dollars on their feet and all were suffering from one cause or another not a man weakened to the extent that he occupied space in the ambulance which had many passengers from other companies.

Somewhere before I have mentioned the "Homme et chevaux" method of transportation. Here we became very well acquainted with this particular form of suffering and suffocation. I do not suppose that travel in these little French travelling boxes was as bad for the members of the Seventy-seventh as it was for some of the other A. E. F. divisions. We are nearly all subway hounds and are used to riding with several hundred brothers and sisters each trying to disprove that law of physics which states that but one body can occupy a given space at a given time. When it comes to sleeping on such a trip—well, you had better get someone with a perfect control over language profane to describe it.

Our train ride lasted three days. We passed behind Arras, around Paris, and across France to Thaon where we arrived at noon on June thirteenth. During the trip we

lived on various sorts of food such as cocoa and coffee royal given by the Red Cross and a little food from our own kitchen. Once we acted on Captain Morrison's advice and requisitioned a can of rich, fresh cream from an unsuspecting stationmaster.

The first A. W. O. L. by a member of our company while in France, was that of Corporal Davis who was trying to get hay in to the horses when the train started. Although Del knocked over several Frenchmen and shocked some nice Red Cross girls in his attempt to catch the train, even then he failed but proceeded to beat the company to its destination and get a good standing among the village patrons before our arrival.



Our Summer Vacation Near Hunland

IT WAS high noon on the thirteenth of June when word was received to detrain. What a relief to the cramped and weary limbs of the boys who, for sixty-two long hours, had been held in close confinment within their box-car home. Packs were removed with a will and shouldered without delay; and after a brief period during which orderlies bustled here and there hunting officers' baggage, the wagons were loaded and the rail convey was converted into a slowly moving transport, followed closely by the column which swung rhythmically through the streets of Thaon, keeping step to the music furnished by the lusty throats of carefree boys in line. Out into the open country they marched, spending the remainder of the afternoon on the road. As it grew dusk the company tramped into the village of Dignonville where pup tents were quickly established to serve as shelter for the night.

Early morning brought with it the usual haste and confusion necessary to the activity of a body of soldiers who are continually on the move. And when a timely hint dropped by an unsuspecting billeting officer started on its circuitous route throughout the company, containing the

information that the destination would be reached that day, spirits were revived, sore feet were soon forgotten, and it was but a short time before tents were struck and the company was once more on the road. Shortly after noon Rambervillers had its first glimpse of the dusty and weary soldiers, who gazed about in delighted expectation as they welcomed the prospect of spending a few days in a large town—the largest since Calais was visited and left with a receding yet ever-present memory. The miniature canvas abodes were hastily though neatly erected on the bank of the Mortagne River. Then followed the search for the indispensable straw which, as soon as discovered, was at once purloined from a neighboring barn, which as it seems had been left open for that express purpose; because when it appeared to the owner that each man was supplied with his self-allotted bundle of straw he entered the tenting area with palms extended and vociferously demanded his cinquant centimes per bundle and he got it "perhaps." The next in line of events was the unceremonious disregard for orders issued for the purpose of keeping the men at hand in case they were needed. They, however, had something else in view, and started for the river on the double where, with no show of conventionality whatever, they divested themselves of their olive-drab incumbrances and enjoyed the cool dip which was the nearest thing to a bath that they had experienced since a few days previous to the long hike and sojourn in Homme-Chevaux. The cleansing value of that particular stream, was, however, to be questioned. Nevertheless it was sufficient to afford a temporary relief from the hot rays of the afternoon sun, and at the sa ıe time served as a harassing manœuvre against the ever-present cooties acquired from the box cars and bedmates enroute.

Perhaps the most interesting as well as the most satisfying event during the week's stay at Rambervillers was the initial entrance of American rations on the scene. Was this an illusion? From whence came these immense loaves of white bread? Then followed the fitting farewell to old Hardtack and his fellow conspirators marmalade and cheese. They soon passed away unmourned and unwept and none would attempt to sing their requiem nor offer a eulogy in their behalf. English rations were soon an item for history and diary only; and for many a day following their demise, it was a challenge to the patience and good nature of any soldier who had been Avec les Anglais for any length of time, to mention any of the former instruments of torture used by the English and their mess line.

Since all were forced, by the inclement weather which sunny France is wont to dispose at will without regard to seasons, to seek their diversions indoors, the boys took advantage of the cinema and estaminet, two of the many institutions placed at the disposal of the soldier abroad to keep him from more unwholesome amusements such as playing solitaire or studying French. It is a consensus of opinion that the "relief work" in the estaminets was by far the most fashionable as well as the most timely and appropriate avocation of the toys during their brief stay in town when their time was not used otherwise. The relief work was at times hampered by almost unsurmountable difficulties such as were experienced by Sam Campbell and Harry Debacher who, accompanied by several members of the company choir, took it upon themselves to intervene in what was purely a private, personal, and uninvited misunderstanding. Two French warriors within a small dingy café, which was redolent with tobacco smoke,

were busily engaged in combat, casting chairs at each other, accompanied by glasses and bottles. The waste of liquor was distressing! Each seemed to have a bar maid and garçon de café as allies, for the latter took pains to occupy strategic positions astride a pool table, from which they were able to use the pool cues as javelins when opportunity was afforded. This was the first impression received as to what a barrage was like, and a few non-combatants' heads were endangered for a time ere peace was declared and a conference was established with a buxom bar maid presiding. Thence the members of the Croix de Rouge went forth seeking similar occasions to show their worth and to render their works of mercy.

At last the long-expected orders for duty at the front were received. The infantry had already officially relieved the Rainbow Division, and on June nineteenth the first detachment of the ambulance company left Rambervillers under the command of Lieutenant Chase and Sergeant Campbell for their initial experience in action. The remainder of the company, after the formalities of the separation from the 307th Field Hospital were completed, followed later in the evening. What a weird evening it was! The rain fell in torrents and through the blackness of the night it was almost an impossibility to keep the transport on the road. Officers and N. C. O's darted back and forth on horseback in a vain attempt to keep men and transports separated. The Rainbow Division on its way out blocked the road for miles. Rolling kitchens, artillery pieces, wagons, and trucks of all kinds forced the hikers into the ruts time and again. And what a pleasure it was to know that, besides the hardships of rain and obstacles of the road, we had taken a route which added just ten kilometers to our travel! The guide, a motor corporal who

"knew the way," but who was as besprinkled with vin rouge internally as we were with rain externally, assured the officer in command that "Things were getting to look familiar now"—yes, now since he had gone all over that section of the country in order to march eight miles.

It was a wet and mud-bespattered detachment that staggered into Bertichamps in the early morning. Captain "Pop" Morrison's "Where in Hell have you been?" was as welcome a greeting as a home-coming cheer, when we knew that he had engaged billets for us. It was but a matter of minutes before all were sleeping soundly in the hay, litterally speaking.

In the meantime, the members of the company who had been detailed to the line were having their initial baptism of fire. Montigny was the town selected for the establishing of the Advance Dressing Station, and it was to this town that the detachment of twenty men first proceeded. They were soon convinced that they had arrived in good time to be numbered among those for whom the German gunners had planned a welcome and a very warm reception; for when the relief took place, and it became evident to Jerry that a new division was pitted against him, he livened up the so-called quiet sector. They had been putting over gas for several hours previous to the arrival of the ambulance men to take up their duties at the dressing station, and this element, together with the nauseating sights resulting from the treacherous liquid fire used by the Germans on our division in their vain attempt to dishearten the Empire State fighters, did not give them any too meagre an idea of what was in store for them. The work had begun, and twelve men were sent nearer the front to act as litter bearers in the regimental aid posts of which there were three, located at Ancerviller, Mignonville, and at

Herberviller. They were equally divided among the three posts, thereby leaving eight men besides the officer and N. C. O's. in charge to enjoy themselves at Montigny.

It will be remembered that during the training period with the English, one would hear, from time to time, of that "issue of rum" for the men in the front area, which was considered necessary as a stimulant to the tired and strained nerves of the fighters. Later it was stated specifically that this method of rendering the men shock proof would not be encouraged among the American fighting force. Evidently the small detachment at Montigny was still influenced by the English custom under which the first few divisions to arrive received their training; for when it was discovered that the medical men of the Forty-second Division had left, together with the necessary medical supplies, a goodly quantity of Three Star Hennessey, a regular system of rationing according to the English plan was instituted, and as may be readily under stood there were many who presented themselves for seconds only to depart thirsty; for Joe Ash hastily put into practice a quotation from the Scripture which he claimed justified his action. This quotation, one of his own selection, is, "He who is the dispenser shall also partake thereof."

It was in this vicinity that the first battle casualties of the Seventy-seventh Division were evacuated by our ambulances, and here it was that the first grewsome sights of maimed and lacerated humanity served as exponents of the nature of our work during the months which were to follow, and prepared us for the worst during our later endeavors among our wounded and dying comrades.

Mignonville, Ancerviller, and Herberviller will always be present in the memories of the three litter squads who

were stationed with the infantry at these points; for it was in these respective towns that they first learned the art of ducking shells and at the same time prove that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, especially when one of the points, and that to which you are aiming, is a dugout.

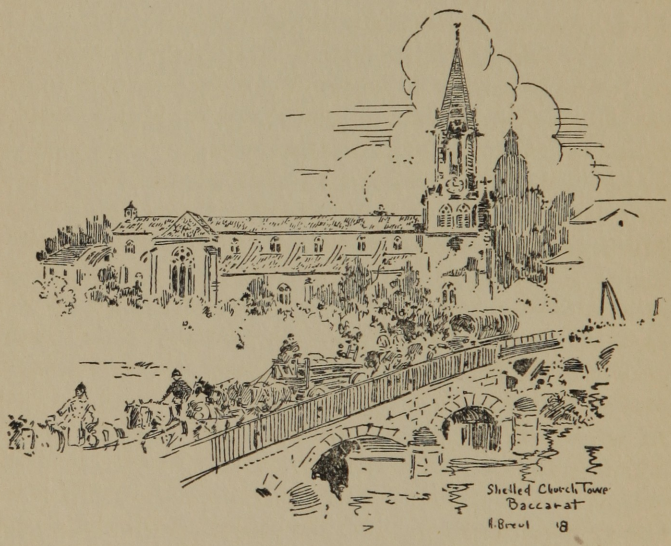
It is true that after the dead were disposed of, following a daylight raid by our doughboys, there was not much in the line of casualties to receive our attention; still there was that treacherous intermittent shelling to contend with, which to the men on their first trip to the line, was a source of excitement as well as a great inconvenience.

When it became evident that the Vosges was, from now on, destined to become a quiet sector, which was confirmed on several occasions when our infantry boys went over the top and entered the German third-line trenches only to return disappointed because of the fact that they could find no foe, all hands entered into discussion as to the best manner of spending the summer's vacation.

The personnel of the company had, in the meantime, proceeded to Baccarat where quarters in a French hospital building had been obtained for them. A system of training was immediately put into practice which occupied the attention of the boys who were not fortunate enough to be detailed to the line every week. It was into this mêlée of close order, litter drills, and first-aid lectures that each week's detachment from the front returned only to regret that the sessions in the land of no shells could not be prolonged, especially since Joe Ash, having been assured that where shells are mess sergeants do not abide, had been putting forth repasts which had never before, in the history of the company, been attempted. Officers' and sergeants' mess received a body blow, for Lieutenant Chase, who

was always known to be heart and soul with the boys in their work, spurned one invitation after another to dine with majors and colonels at the front.

The second detachment to the forward area had the distinguished honor and privilege of opening up the 307th



Ambulance Summer Resort at Vaxainville, a "petite village" situated about five kilometers to the west of the main road between Baccarat and Montigny. A small cottage was selected and designed as a dressing station for the wounded, but in actual working order it served rather as an appropriate place where fingers sprained by baseball could be tinged with iodine, and digestive apparatuses disordered by green apples procured at a near-by orchard might be renovated. The main object of this war paradise, however, proved to be its use as a rest area for mem-

bers of our company who weakened under the strain of training, or who grew dizzy doing litters right and left about at Baccarat. Here it was that these heroes, deserving of a rest, adjourned; and, unhampered by top sergeant, and unstarved by mess sergeant, they rapidly regained lost weight and were once more able to undergo the back area routine of drilling and lectures.

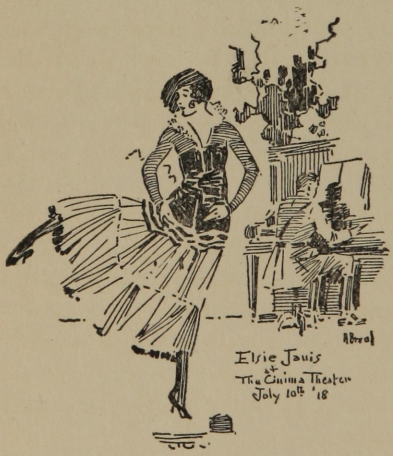
It was owing to the popularity of the place, and the unceasing demand for permission to spend a portion of the summer in this section, that it was deemed necessary to enlarge upon the plans; instead of building the massive dugout which was included in the original blueprint, a large outdoor dining and amusement hall was constructed. Mechanic Bice, assisted by Merton Hinckly and Broncoto, and of course all who would volunteeer at the suggestion of some corporal to carry lumber, started to work on the building. The extension was completed in a surprisingly short time and ready for more guests. A preconceived and hastily planned house-warming party was instigated by a certain trio, at which they were the only guests. Their selfishness at not inviting the captain received its just reprimand and they were given to understand that he would stand for it *no mo.* The added improvements on the building, including the wire hammock, which swung between two apple trees, tended to make the cottage more attractive and it became so popular among us that it was no uncommon occurrence to hear someone volunteer to take another's place at the line.

When not engaged in the front area the baseball field and the Meinthe River received our attention, and Baccarat was the scene of many a hotly contested ball game, previous to the departure of the Sanitary Train. Our company was represented by a well-balanced team which

did remarkably well against all teams of other organizations with whom it came in contact. We were still among the leaders when the orders arrived forcing us to leave the area.

The river which wound itself through the immediate surroundings of our barracks was the scene of many a pleasant afternoon splash. These numerous baths were, I suppose, intended to put us far enough ahead in the number of ablutions to warrant our prolonged privation of water for washing purposes in the months that followed.

The evenings, during our stay in Baccarat, were spent in various forms of entertainment afforded by the Overseas Theatre League, and the talent from the various organizations in the division. It was our privilege on a number of occasions to be entertained by Elsie Janis, whose charming personality and ability to please found immediate favor among all the soldiers with whom she came in contact, and those who had patronized the theatres back on Broadway, at which she was always an attraction, all agreed that, here in the land of her birth, she surpassed all her former professional endeavor. The divisional entertainers, who were later known as the Argonne Players,



also did a great deal in the line of entertainment for our benefit.

The afternoon and evening amusements were by far transcended by the early morning spectacles which took place when German planes, seeking prey and perhaps a slight amount of trouble, came over the lines for the sake of observing and depositing their donation of pig iron and dynamite in the form of bombs. Our guards were at all times armed with a long stick or whistle. Three shrill blasts from the latter, which were intended as a warning to remain under cover, usually served as a summons to come out and witness the flashes of high explosive of the anti-aircraft shells as they burst about the intruder. Long and loud were the shouts if the target was hit as happened at times during these air raids. Many were the disturbed slumbers caused by the concussion which took place when one of Jerry's bombs dropped in the neighborhood of our barrack, and these visits could be expected nightly during those times which were becoming troublesome to the Germans.

Numerous were the good times that were enjoyed, especially following pay day in Baccarat, and many tales will be related by members of the company who were, at one time or another, victims of circumstances following the day in which francs and centimes were handed across the table. However, there is one narrative which if passed by might escape the keenest of memories. Old "Pop" Erdman left the barracks shortly after he received his monthly allowance and incidentally before he had been approached by his creditors of the previous month. He was in search of some diversion which might keep him occupied for the evening. Did he succeed in finding it? We are inclined to think he did. Emphatically de-

nied rumors had it that he made friends that evening with a person of his own extraction known as Van Blunk, and that having taken this newly found comrade to his bosom he proceeded to visit the bazaars of the souvenir shops which in France are termed Cognaceries. We have never received an account of the happenings in full but we know that Harry did not return that night nor the next, and when he at last put in his appearance, he was breathless, speechless, and hatless; the next check-up on his equipment also proved him to be friendless for he had lost his gas mask during the time he and his friend had spent with a congenial host. He would not disclose the name of the man who so widely gave him access to his home and who forced hospitality upon him. Later developments let out the secret that Harry's guardian had been a certain party of unknown name but with the initials M. P. Now it was hinted and whispered in confidential circles, that he may have been intoxicated, but to those of us who know him well this seems to be the height of absurdity.

The battle of Merviller will always be remembered by the members of the company for it was at this time that the 307th Ambulance Company went over the top and won a decisive but temporary victory over the alleged allies of the Germans. Now it is not my intention to enter into a lengthy discussion concerning this unnatural and unrelenting foe, for his traits and haunts have been so widely discussed that any one who has read a letter written by a member of the A. E. F. can now give a description, characterization, and pedigree of this enemy of mankind. After a series of manœuvres which involved days and nights of cloth map reading it was manifested that the enemy outnumbered us a thousand to one. It was finally deemed advisable to resort to drastic measures. An attack was

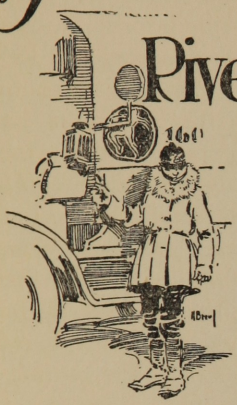
launched but owing to our inferiority of numbers we yielded many of our possessions, including clothing and blankets, to the enemy. A heavy barrage of super-heated steam sent over from our large tank soon exterminated the foe. Though the slaughter was terrible the losses incurred by the enemy afforded us temporary relief until they were again mobilized to sufficient strength to warrant another attack. We returned from Merviller satisfied that strategy alone had prevented a bloody battle. The cooties were finis.

The circumstances attending our relief by the Thirty-seventh Division are worthy of comment. These National Guardsmen, fresh from the Buckeye State who were soon to oust us from our summer home, were on their first mission to the front. When this was made known to Lieutenant Patchin, then in command at the A. D. S., a sly expression crept to his countenance warning us that we were soon to be let in on a joke at the expense of some officers and non-coms who were to spend the night with us while awaiting the arrival of the rest of the company. Preliminary to the joke we told them wild tales of air raids and midnight gas attacks. Upturned sod and newly dug garbage pits convinced them that shells surely came close in their attempt to dislocate our Red Cross flag which hung under the trees near the mess hall. When they beheld our extreme precautions against gas and air attacks each one of them was busy with his own thoughts, wondering what he should do at the approach of danger. As it grew dark it was so arranged that their bunks were to be grouped together in order that they might share their excitement with each other. Luck was with us, and Jerry came over loaded to the wings with bombs, and when the command "lights out" came and all were lying

quiet in their blankets, the unsteady buzz of the motor could be heard mingled with the more unsteady breathing of the newcomers. Closer and closer came the sound until it seemed as though the plane was hovering around awaiting a signal to unload upon us. Our ears had been trained to judge the distance by the sound of the motor and after a few moments we knew that the plane had passed. Suddenly bombs were dropped about a mile away and the building rocked from the concussion. The guard had the presence of mind to throw a huge rock on top of the tin roof and gave the alarm "gas" and immediately clanged a gong. They certainly manifested their former efficient training in adjusting their gas masks, but their absolute loss of presence of mind was much in evidence. They darted hither and thither in the darkness seeking an exit while we enjoyed the situation immensely and stuffed the ends of blankets in our mouths to keep from bursting with laughter. Lieutenant Patchin went out to test for gas and returned giving permission to remove masks. The turmoil was quelled for the rest of the night; however, more than one of the novices at the war game slept that night with one eye open and a hand on his gas mask.

The next day we were officially relieved and after having acquainted them with their surroundings, we joined the company at Baccarat leaving our rest camp in the hands of the Thirty-seventh Division Sanitary Train. On August the first we prepared to leave the area in which we had spent many a pleasant day. Many conjectures were offered as to where we were going but all of us knew that we were bound for a sector in which the Americans were treating Jerry roughly.

From the Realm of Baseball and River Baths to War



THE sweets of life are never of long duration. Especially is this true of army life, and even more so in France. So, on August first, 1918, the 307th Ambulance Company left the realm of baseball and river baths and started for what later actually proved to be war.

Dressed in their war regalia of packs, helmets, gas masks, and Carrie Nation hatchets, the men waited for the trucks that were to carry them somewhere—to them it did not matter much. Life to a soldier is pretty much the same anywhere, but that does not keep him from growling at whatever happens in his existence. Impatience is one of the biggest factors in his makeup, and his giving evidence of it is seldom taken into account. After waiting quite a while the usual rumor started to the effect that the trucks were not coming and that the trip would have to be made

on foot. However, the rumor proved false and a short while before dusk all said good-bye to Baccarat forever. It had been a good army home—one of the best the company ever saw; but no one knew it then and no tears were shed.

The trucks were large and roomy and it was a jolly crowd that rolled along that highway through the darkness. Not even a lighted match was allowed to show on account of the ever-watchful eye of enemy planes. All along the way the flash of artillery could be seen illuminating the sky. The silence, the darkness, and the reason for them being there made an impression on the mind of everyone that did not soon leave.

About eleven o'clock that night the convoy stopped in a small, deserted village. After backing around through alleys and narrow side streets for what seemed an hour, the command "Everybody off" was heard, and soon the company was lined up in front of the most familiar sight in a French town—a pile of barnyard manure.

Lieutenant Bry had arrived ahead of the company and had arranged billets for the men. He soon had them properly assigned to rooms and beds, for there were actually beds here, for their stay in Clayeures. Those beds were good and everyone enjoyed a good sleep until late the next day. The main duties at Clayeures were to eat, sleep, and keep clean. A water cart to be filled twice a day was all the work to be done. The days were occupied in roaming over the fields, writing letters, or sleeping. Mail in abundance was sent across the sea, for it was generally believed that an active sector would be the next stop and that but little mail could be sent from there. Wild rumors of all kinds were passed around, but none of them had any foundation or ever proved correct.

The fruits of the neighboring hills, which consisted of half-ripe plums, were heavily taxed to appease the Yankee appetite, so long deprived of such things. Contrary to the rule no one ever objected to the raids on the plum orchards; but they were just as good anyway for everyone knew that they were stolen. A couple of the non-coms became interested in church spires. Incidentally that is about as far as they ever became interested in a church. After long explorations they announced that nineteen could be counted from one side of the hill and seventeen from the other, including but one of the spires on the double tower of the cathedral at Luneville. Life in Clayeures was in all quite monotonous. Occasionally a motor car would run down a stray dog and medical aid would be summoned. Or what was more exciting a nut or fruit vender, in the person of one of the belles of France, would pass through the street, pushing her cart of produce from door to door and crying her wares in a voice that could be heard throughout the town. A part she would sell and a part would vanish otherwise. People with sympathetic hearts consider the inability to understand United States the greatest blessing possessed by the French peasant. Perhaps it is true for otherwise they might hold as high opinion of the troops of Uncle Sam as those troops have of the people whose wealth is rated in the size and odor-producing qualities of their front-door manure pile.

After spending six nights of good sleep, in which cooties figured but little, word was given to spend the seventh with one eye open for before dawn the company would proceed farther toward their next front. Packs were rolled in the evening and smothered snores were heard by the guard in many corners where an overcoat lay spread over a crumpled heap. The pessimist says the only sure thing

in the army is a hike. True to his prophecy the company, with the remainder of the Sanitary Train, trudged through the early morning moonlight to Bayon, the point of entraining.

Bayon was reached shortly after daylight. Groups of German prisoners were seen going out for their day's work with but a single man guarding them. They seemed to enjoy much more freedom than the average man formerly supposed was granted to prisoners of war. This town, with the exception of the presence of soldiers, had but few signs of the existence of a war. At that time it had never experienced an air raid, although the distance to the front line was but a few kilometers.

After the usual waiting and fussing around the men were loaded, somewhat like sheep, into French box cars, now termed by the Yankees "Homme-Chevaux" because of the painted capacity for both men and horses over the door of each car. After an hour or so of more impatient waiting the train slowly pulled away.

The ride was uneventful. The daylight hours were spent in viewing the scenery. The towns of Epinal, Maricourt, Neufchateau, Bar le Duc, and Vitry le François were passed and some interesting and beautiful scenery was seen. No one was lost or run over. The usual iron rations had been issued, and any Frenchman near was introduced to a flying American hardtack. Instead of becoming offended at the flying missile it was grasped as though daily manna from the sky. The party guilty of throwing away good rations was always repaid with a smile; not the broad, thankful smile returned when a bag of the famous army Bull Durham had been thrown, but such as to justify the deed.

Poker, pinochle, and other games helped to pass the

time and before the sun had long been down all were asleep on beds of blankets, and enjoying it in spite of the fact of numerous flat wheels and the bumping of rough track.

A rainy day in France, well, any day in France is rainy, so it was not an unusual day that the 307th Ambulance Company arrived in Coulommiers. It was in the early hours of morning and the gray mist that hung low over the building tops was but typical of the despondency in the heart of every man at being aroused from comfortable beds in a Homme-Chevaux to stand in the rain and await the order to march to the billets. Many and varied were the conjectures of the men, as they marched along that morning, as to where they were going, how they were to go, and the approximate distance in kilometers. Some who were especially farsighted could see the company hiking far over the hills to join the Marines in their Château-Thierry drive. The fact of joining the Marines in that great and bloody battle was taken with zest by most of the men, but when the method of getting there was suggested as on foot, that part of every soldier that is mule revolted and started to kick.

Noon found the company in hiking formation on one of the typical highways of France. A typical highway of France is made up of a centre of macadam surface, piles of finely broken stone on one side, a row of large, well-cared-for trees on each side, and numerous curves in the distance. Along this road the midday halt was made, and, to the relief of all who carried them, the packs unslung. Soon a hot dinner from the rolling army kitchen was served to the men. A soldier always carries his bed, so he never worries about it, but when they begin to serve him hot meals en route he takes it as emblematic of a long journey. Con-

sequently the after-dinner discussion soon brought ideas together and presently there was but one opinion as to what the immediate future would bring. That was ahead on that road and on foot. One place, however, they did disagree. Some said that Château-Thierry lay at the end of that long stretch of macadam and avenue of trees; others argued that it lay in the middle and Berlin at the end. Both were positive, however, that they would march to the end just the same.

It is a difficult matter to hike with an eighty-five pound pack suspended from one's shoulders and talk at the same time. So a few days' stop at a farm called Chamtretots gave ample time for the exchanging of wild rumors and fantastic ideas. While there the company partook of real chicken from an army kitchen in France at the expense of the neighboring poultry roosts.

The château, in which the billets were located, was isolated from any place of importance and front-yard bucket baths were not infrequent. Some whose sense of modesty was greater than their sense of ease walked a kilo or so to bathe in the river. That bath is one of the indelible memories of France that they will carry with them always. "It did not look cold," so they said when they returned, "but no Esquimo, who trusted himself to the bosom of the icy Arctic for justice, ever felt a cooler place than the waters of that river."

Here the company was joined by several new members. Among them was Sergeant First Class Al Breihan, who hailed from Texas in the States and Base Hospital Number Two in France. He looked a veteran to the boys of the company for on his sleeve he sported two gold service stripes. One whole year of twelve months in France. It looked wonderful to the rest; a thing to be coveted. The

time came when they put on their first service stripe; yes, and the time came when they prayed that the great privilege of a second one might be denied them.

An orchard, whose most luscious fruit was small, knotty green apples, lay directly behind the billets. In civil life a man usually knows the requirements and limits of his stomach. After being in the army six months this valuable knowledge leaves him. Several of the boys seemed to have found a point quite beyond the limit, especially in the line of green apples. As a result some of the five different brands of army pills were called into service and no casualties occurred. Some similar indiscretion as regards food was probably caused by the belief that the trenches was the next stop and food there would be scarce and hard to get. Some tried to do with food what a camel does with water. The rabbit pens, salad gardens, and potato patches of the near-by farmhouses suffered; not in proportion, however, to the francs of the men, nor their stomachs either. The fact that a soldier is not built like a camel was proved conclusively even though he is made a beast of burden.

A black eye was worn in the mess line by one of the men. When questioned as to who was responsible for that mark of violence he began to look down and finally discovered the guilty party under another man's arm. The rest immediately decided to lay off diminutives and look for bigger game. President Wilson's League of Nations might work well and good but when men mingle they will fight and black eyes were not unusual among the Hun hunters of Uncle Sam.

"Roll your packs and be in the orchard ready to go in half an hour," bellowed the Top. Those packs, which contain all the personal, governmental, and otherwise

termed possessions of a man in the employ of Uncle Sam, had been rolled so often that hardly half the time allotted by the Top was required by most of the company to finish the task. Of course in every aggregation of men are to be found those who must be behind. The slowest of the slow were finally ready and the outfit started for the middle or the end of that road. How futile are the attempts of the common soldier to deal with the great things of a world war. The curves and kilometers in that road proved to be greater than the most far-sighted or prophetic man in the company had ever imagined.

After hiking for what seemed hours the transportation was overtaken just outside of Boissy Chatelle. Such transportation as it proved to be even then. Trucks there were, had been and always would be so it looked. There had been trucks, were then but their chances of long existence soon proved to be rather few. Lined up along the trucks were the short, dusky, cue-wearing inhabitants of our antipodes. With their faces wreathed in smiles and unceasingly chattering they tinkered with the motors, oiling, filling grease cups, and fixing here and there while waiting for the convoy to start.

The men were packed, with full equipment, eighteen to a truck and that left no room for visitors. Corned beef hash and hardtack had been issued so a day's journey was in prospect. After an hour or so of parleying the convoy started. The rattle and clank of badly used motor trucks filled the air so that conversation was impossible; besides the dust from the long line of moving vehicles and the smoke from the poor French gasoline almost suffocated the men and made eating out of the question.

It soon appeared that most of the drivers had never seen a truck until they came to France and as yet had not

learned to drive one. They covered all the road while they were going and managed to get stuck, broken down, or otherwise out of commission once every hour and then always at right angles to the road. An Englishman with a Parisian moustache and a Picadilly cane had charge of the convoy.

At one sharp crossroad the truck in which Red Kaplan was riding came up just in time to hear a medley of voices. Incidentally Red was the only man in the company who parleys the lingo of the Frisco laundry. The air was filled with a mixture of English curses, and perhaps Chinese, too, but Red would never tell, and the cause of the great commotion appeared. One of the preceding trucks stood astride a telephone pole hopelessly demolished and the much guessed at use of the Englishman's cane being made evident. He was using it on the driver of the luckless truck in a manner that would have made Simon Legree envious. This brutal treatment touched Red's heart, and he made his fellow travellers listen in awe to his words of comfort expressed in the musical language of the rice-loving Chinamen.

After this mishap had been passed the remaining trucks tore on at a dizzy pace from one side of the road to the other. Dinner time came but no one had any inclination to eat; they had eaten too much dust and smoke. A short while after noon the convoy came into the regions over which the Marines had fought but a short while before. It was a desolate-looking place. Shell holes made a sieve effect of the fields on each side of the road, and an occasional repaired place in the road proved that Fritz, once in a while at least, could toucht he routes of transportation. It was afterward learned that most of the shell holes in that region had been made by Allied artillery,

in which the American gunners had figured prominently. In Château-Thierry few houses had roofs and none windows. Here the first real effects of real war were seen.

The convoy passed on through the town and across the bridge over the River Marne. While rambling over that now forever famous bridge all eyes were turned down at the river so recently red with American blood shed for Justice and Humanity. Every man felt that he was following the trail of right and victory, and let come what would, he had a standard to uphold that would some day be tradition. Whether he upheld that standard or not had been proven; and not a man who was there and who followed on through the days and months that were to follow but what is proud of having been a unit in the fighting machine that took up the Château-Thierry drive and carried it on beyond the River Vesle.

On over the hills went the convoy until no one seemed to know just where they were. However, the dusty ride was soon to end and on the side of a hill north of Fêre-en-Tardenois the long line of trucks stopped. They were quickly unloaded for everyone was anxious to get out and remove the kinks that a day's riding folded up had caused. The usual line-up was soon made and the column of men started to hike to what they thought would be billets.

A billeting party had left Champtretots the previous day to arrange billets for the entire train. They, as was later learned, were lost and had arranged billets in the wrong area. The troops never found them, but they rejoined their outfits the next day. So across roads, through fields and villages went the long line of men. In an occasional broad field they were allowed to fall out and all expected to pitch shelter tents for the night. Just when that idea had become firm the word to fall in was passed along and

on the column would move. It soon became dark and the tired and weary men were anxious to stop for the night. Finally their desires were realized for in a small clump of trees a halt was made. It was soon made known that the remainder of the night would be spent there, and everyone began searching for a bed. "Flopped" is the correct word for what the men did. The beds were the ground, a pack served the purpose of a pillow, an overcoat and the sky were the coverings. The night was dark and no lights could be had, consequently but little idea of the nature of the place could be obtained until morning. Daylight reveals many things, and the wood proved to be a combination of graves and machine-gun nests. It was perhaps the first time the company had spent a night in a graveyard, but it certainly was not the last, for many of the men in it, at least. Near by was a French graveyard with wooden crosses for eighty Poilus who had died for France.

The thing of most interest, however, was an aeroplane that had been shot down near by. It was somewhat broken and completely riddled with shrapnel and bullets. Many opinions were expressed as to just what bullet caused its downfall and whether or not the aviator was shot; and if not whether he could have lived through the fall. The large circles on the wings easily proved its nationality and saved argument on that point. Several of the men took parts of the wings or engine for souvenirs but early collected souvenirs did not last long. A pack with all of its attachments constitutes sufficient burden for the ordinary soldier.

A meagre breakfast of corned beef hash and hardtack was attempted here, but for the most part given up as a failure. Soon all were again in line and started to march to a larger woods but a short way off. Here the individual fire was

started and coffee put under way in mess cups. The leaves where damp, the wood green, and fire was determined not to burn, but after many trials most of the cups began to boil. The same old story was again repeated. Someone must take the joy out of life for the hot coffee had to be thrown away and another line made. Soon away they marched, around through fields, across roads, and into another wood. The purpose seemed to be to visit, hike through, or inspect every wood in the vicinity. In regards to sanitation this wood would not have passed a very rigid inspection. Half-buried Germans were seen here and there and dead horses were everywhere in evidence. The trees had the unmistakable evidence of having seen a battle recently. The shattered branches lay scattered over the ground and even large trunks had been splintered by the shrapnel.

A short distance out in a field adjoining the woods was a wooden cross. This soon aroused curiosity and a group of interested men gathered around it. The cross proved to be the marker over the grave of a German soldier who had been buried, by the Americans, on August the third, 1918. In a tin can found lying on the grave was a note by the men who did the burying and also a letter written in German. The letter, as one of the men of German descent in the company discovered, was from the soldier to the folks back in the Fatherland, but which he had never been able to mail. He said very little about the American troops and, to the sorrow of all, no first-hand information as to what Fritz thought of the Yankies could be obtained.

Soon after arrival the mess sergeant had the field range erected and a hot stew ready for all. The line for seconds was as large as the original one but the day and a half accumulation of appetite was soon satisfied. Evidently

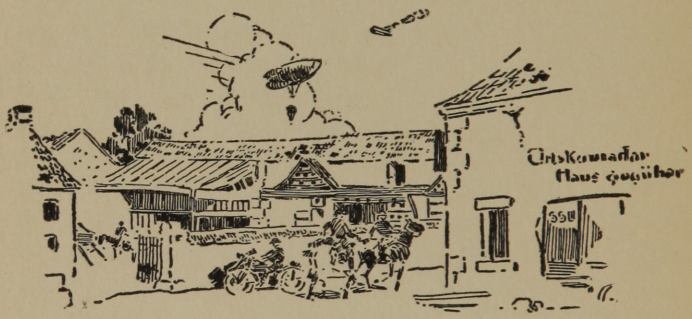
this wood was not to be the billet area, for soon the old familiar "Fall in" was heard. With pack on and ready for whatever was to come next, the now refreshed column of men marched out of the wood and on toward the town at which they were to be billeted. All along the way groups of men were met coming back from the line. They were then veterans as they looked at themselves, and the Seventy-seventh, Duncan's Dizzy Division, received such a greeting as a country boy might get on his first day in a town school. About dusk on August the eleventh the town of Mareuil was reached, and after winding through the narrow, crooked streets to the opposite side of the town the long-expected shelter tent order was given and each one prepared his own house and bed. The question of wood to prepare breakfast was settled by borrowing pickets from a near-by vineyard. The search for wood brought a couple of the boys in contact with a yellowjackets' nest. The little insects resented the attack and came over the top while olive-drab uniforms scattered all ways at once.

The night was spent in pup tents and was the last night spent with the entire company in one place until their relief almost five weeks later by General Garibaldi's Italian Division.

Everyone was up, bright and early the next morning, and by eight o'clock teams had been sent out to establish dressing stations at the front lines. Mareuil still remained company headquarters from which rations, supplies, and relief were sent to the front.

Stations were established at Mont Notre Dame, Chery, St. Thiebout, and Villa Savoy, with relay posts for runners and ambulances at various points. The ambulances of all the companies were stationed at Chery. S. S. U. outfits were also stationed there to help in the work of evacuating

the wounded. All calls came there from the various organizations suffering casualties. The cars were sent out by the sergeant or corporal in charge, who was on duty day and night. They were checked as to the number of patients as they returned. If any needed attention it was given them in the dressing station established there. After receiving the attention required, the carload of wounded was sent on to Mareuil, where they received further attention before being sent to the field hospitals at Fere-en-Tardenois.



The stations at Mareuil were operated by the ambulance companies in turn. The first week, however, 307 operated at the line.

The advance dressing stations were the first work done at the line of any importance by the men of the company. Each had his different team and each labored under different conditions. So it is fitting that each be treated separately.

On August twelfth, 1918, a detail of one sergeant and eight men was sent to an advanced dressing station at Mont Notre Dame. The position was not one to be envied, for just opposite was the enemy line; while the town lay

in a deep valley. The open condition of the surrounding country made shelling the town by the enemy very easy, and the valley was a veritable death-trap in case of gas. The first day or so was spent in caring for the wounded that came in great numbers. So numerous were the cases to be evacuated that a regular ambulance station was made there instead of having them go through Chery as was formerly done.

Some of the men assigned there for duty took sick and were unable to do their work; others had been detailed for duty elsewhere so that, after the first two days, the working force was reduced to a sergeant and three men, Left with everything to do these men did heroic work until and through the terrific gas attack of the night of August 14 and 15. It was the first and most terrible gas attack ever encountered by the men of the company.

The sergeant who with the three men left with him, worked until unconscious and were evacuated, relates a story of the attack as follows: the day of the fourteenth passed with the usual number of patients, evening came and preparation was made for the night. All was quiet until about eleven o'clock when a heavy barrage started. About this time the ration details were arriving at the front line. The barrage was so heavy that everyone was ordered inside. Even the guard was ordered in by the sergeants. For several minutes the town fairly rocked from the concussion of the shells. After a while the violent explosions ceased, but the dull thud of falling shells could still be heard. These sounded like duds to the men in the dugouts, and thinking it safe to venture out one of the men started for the regimental aid posts to look for wounded. At the door he was greeted by the pungent odor of gas which is sufficient to cause the blood of any man to run

cold. He immediately gave the alarm and everyone put on his mask. No patients came till after midnight and the men took turns of ten minutes each doing guard duty and listening for the arrival of wounded. Shortly after midnight an infantry convoy of wounded came bringing three walking patients and one litter patient. These were taken into the dugout and dressed, the first aid being all that was administered there. The litter patient received a wound in the thigh and the fractured femur required a splint. For the particular fracture a specially designed splint is used. The applying of such a splint is a difficult, particular and if not properly and carefully done very painful, operation. Working with a gas mask over one's face is not the simplest thing when the work is of a rude sort; but when the mask has been worn for an hour or so and becomes clouded, even the neatest of work is rudely done. Rather than cause the wounded man pain the officer in charge removed the mask from his face still holding the mouthpiece between his teeth, and dressed the patient. The men helping him did the same as they were also handling the fractured limb.

The barrage kept up continually and with it great quantities of gas. The gas became so dense that it began to penetrate the curtain over the door of the dugout. Water was hard to get and very little was on hand. At that time it was impossible to replenish the supply and what little was on hand was soaked into the curtain to make it gas proof. It was not sufficient, however, and bottles of urine were dashed over it in an effort to keep the poison out of the dugout. This done the place was partially gas proof at least, and they waited for a lull in the shelling, so that the patients could be evacuated. When the lull did come the gas was so dense and the night so

dark that it was impossible to start the ambulances. As though aware of every movement, and determined to get the men at the ambulance, the shelling started again; they were compelled to retreat to the dugout and wait for daybreak.

About four o'clock the shells set fire to the lower part of the town. Soon after daybreak Allied planes began coming over and at their approach all firing ceased and the town became as quiet as a grave. Daylight showed a heavy film of gas over everything. Clothes, water, rations, and all else was gassed. The gray-green mist that covered the ground was deadly; not only did it nauseate, choke, and suffocate but whereever it touched the skin it caused a burn such as only a fiery acid can cause.

The daylight enabled the stretcher bearers to bring in the wounded and soon both the dressing station and the aid posts were crowded with men. Some torn and lacerated with shrapnel, others shell-shocked and still others agonizing with burns from mustard gas or gasping for breath, their lungs burned and blistered with the most brutal and fiendish weapon of war ever designed by human or Satanic ingenuity.

Every man who came in received attention, and the amount of work to be done proved too much for the few left to do it. During the following forenoon the officer collapsed and while caring for him the sergeant also became unconscious. They were both evacuated and before noon the three men were also sent to the hospital gassed. A relief was sent up immediately from company headquarters at Mareuil. They took up the work with a full force and evacuated the wounded until the end of the week when the 307th was relieved by the 306th Ambulance Company.

Mont Notre Dame still furnished the greater part of the gassed patients brought in from the line, but so intense and long-continued a barrage never reoccurred. When the relief came and the boys started for Mareuil it was with no regrets at leaving the town of the famous cathedral. Everyone proved himself a man and even more under his first baptism of fire and, what was worse, gas. Many and terrible will be the stories told of nights spent under shell fire in France, but none will excell in hair-raising qualities the story of those nights underground in Mont Notre Dame while Fritz tried vainly to hammer into extinction all life there and failing at that to poison and burn the little that escaped the shells.

SAINT THIBAUT

A detail of one non-com and six men was sent to establish a dressing station at Saint Thibaut at the same time that the other stations were established. France, to an observer, seems to have been built for just such a war as was being waged. Every house has its wine cellar many feet underground; either dug back into a hill or excavated under the building itself. These cellars made excellent dugouts for dressing stations, telephone stations, or for headquarters. By the proper use of blankets for gas curtains and window shades they could be made practically gas and light proof.

In such a dugout the men set up their tables, stretchers, splints, bandages, and other equipment necessary to care for torn and shattered men—the product of a battlefield—who were to come in.

On no other front were the advanced dressing stations so near the firing lines. In the valley lay the River Vesle,

on the opposite hill Fritz had his trenches filled with machine gunners and seventy-sevens. Just above the river on the hill held by the Americans lay Saint Thibaut, even ahead of the reserve trenches and machine-gun nests. The enemy needed no balloon to observe every move and action that took place on the whole hillside. Snipers from treetops, church towers, and every place of advantage rained death through the streets at any living form. They were so numerous that it was almost suicide to move outside the dugout.

Hardly were things in readiness inside the station when the first cases began to arrive. From then on a steady inflow of men suffering from all the effects of war kept coming. Men gassed, men shell shocked, and men wounded in all the ghastly and terrible ways that the human body can be torn and mangled, were brought in. Day and night everyone worked unceasingly while the enemy pounded away with everything from rifles to six-inch guns. At every heavy explosion the sides of the building would come together like the sides of a bellows and the surrounding earth would tremble. The water for drinking as well as cleansing had to be obtained from a water spout at an open place in the street. This spot was the favorite one for snipers' bullets. The men took turns filling the canteens and went in twos. Some narrow escapes took place around that water spout. Before one canteen could be filled the bullets would begin to whistle and the seventy-sevens drop around. As soon as all were filled a hasty getaway was made. The statement that Fritz actually sniped at single men with seventy-sevens could be proved by the way each successive shell would land in the immediate vicinity of the rapidly retreating men.

Around the dugout and scattered over the town parts of half-buried Germans protruded from the ground. Numerous bodies lay wholly exposed which, along with dead horses lying everywhere, made a stench that was nauseating to say the least. The atmosphere of the whole place was such that with the strenuous day and night labor the best of nerves could but fail. The men became exhausted and the sights they saw and handled overwrought their nerves. The sergeant in charge held a doughboy in his arms as he breathed his last and heard him utter the old familiar "Mother" of the dying soldier. Soon after the above incident a relief was sent up and the tired and weary men returned to rest.

The relief entered the town under cover of darkness. Even then the machine-gun bullets whistled through the streets and a man's life was not worth a Napoleon sou. This relief operated until the end of the week. The usual amount of work was done and when the second relief came on one was sorry to leave.

CHERY

Under Lieutenant Chase a detail of a sergeant, a corporal, a cook, and four men was sent to Chery to establish a dressing station and operate a station for ambulances evacuating the wounded. In a shed near the edge of town the dressing station was established. Next door was the kitchen and just outside of town near the road was the car park. In small funk holes at the side of the road the drivers and non-com in charge had their quarters. They were nothing to boast of, however, for sleep in them was impossible. Their chief use was to flop into when the familiar screech of enemy shells was heard. At first runners came in from the various units for the ambulances

and returned with them. Many, now humorous, incidents can now be recalled of the wild tales of wounded and killed that came in to that park. One especially worth relating happened the second night there. Long lines of infantry kept slowly passing along the road on their way to the front. They went in single file separated in squads of eight. With full packs, rifles, gas masks, and steel helmets they looked prepared for anything. Near midnight the last of the line had passed and all was quiet. It was not to last for long, however, for soon Fritz became aware of troop movements and began shelling the highway. The firing became terrific and the dull roar kept on for half an hour or more. It had hardly ceased when a captain came riding up to the park and demanded that all the ambulances be sent to a certain point up the road. Hundreds of men lay wounded and dying there, so he declared, and all the ambulances would not be half enough. The man in charge had seen excited men before and tried to assure the captain that sufficient ambulances would be sent there as soon as possible but that all were not needed. That was impossible. However, in the face of a court-martial, one ambulance was sent. In a short while it came back with two patients and reported no more. Several times such an instance was repeated with the same result.

After the first day or so the signal corps placed a telephone in one of the funk holes and from then on each driver had to find his own way to the wounded. Those drivers can tell many a tale of narrow escapes over unknown roads and through shell holes. The greater part of the work came at night and no lights could be used. One night especially more than one hundred gassed and wounded men from one regiment alone were evacuated through Chery, besides many others from other organiza-

tions. Day and night the work kept on. Each driver worked twenty-four hours and then his relief came up, but the men in charge were on duty the entire week. Time and again drivers passed over roads were the infantry had orders not to go. At one time an infantry major closed the road to St. Thibaut, but even against his orders the drivers made their trips until stopped by Major-General Wittenmeyer. After that St. Thibaut was made a night post.

In a wooded hollow opposite the roadway was located several batteries of American artillery. Fritz kept pounding the hollow quite persistently and the vicinity of Chery received a goodly share of the German iron rations. Dodging them, and keeping the cars checked in and out and all calls cared for kept life pretty well occupied. Sleep was impossible and toward the end of the week everyone was exhausted and ready for relief.

Several times shells fell quite near the funk holes. Too near, in fact, for comfort. More than once shells striking on the bank would fill one of the holes covering the occupants with a shower of dirt. The event, however, that will be remembered by all took place the last morning of the week. All night it had been quiet and truck after truck of ammunition had passed on its way to the artillery batteries stationed farther up. About four o'clock they began to return, coming in convoys of five. The first convoy came by and Fritz started to fire. Three trucks passed the park, but the fourth received a direct hit with a six-inch mustard gas shell. The driver and five other men on the truck were but slightly wounded and were taken at once to the dressing station by Corporal Ruth who was then in charge. Everyone had put on his gas mask and those left began to search the truck for wounded.

The night was so dark that with the gas in the air and the mist on the glasses of the masks nothing could be seen. The sense of touch had to determine the whereabouts of the man whose groans could be heard. After climbing into the truck one of the men lifted out the remains of a man more dead than alive. He was sent away in an ambulance at once and the truck was searched farther. One more body was found but it was lifeless. No one could sleep or even lie down daylight was so impatiently awaited. When it did come the horrors of the morning tragedy really appeared. A huge hole had been torn in the side and bottom of the truck. Down through the bottom extended the head and chest of a man hanging by the stumps of his legs hooked over the ragged edges of iron. His face was black as coal and one arm was missing. A great black spot in the road showed the place where the shell had exploded and bits of flesh and clothing lying around showed the ghastly work it had done.

While the men connected with the cars were having their troubles along the road at the car park the men in the dressing station were also working under trying circumstances. Each night many wounded would be brought in from the truck convoys that kept passing on their way forward with food and ammunition. At any and all hours of the night men breathless and excited would come in for medical aid for wounded along the road. These were usually carried to the dressing station on litters by the men stationed there, and always under shell fire. Even when the patient had been brought into the dressing station no greater degree of safety could be felt than when on the road for no shelter except an ordinary roof protected the station. Batteries of artillery stationed near were constantly sending calls for medical men. These

were located in hollows and obscure places where an ambulance could not go, and all the wounded had to be carried out in litters.

It was while doing this work that Lieutenant Chase received a shrapnel wound in the leg. The wound was very painful but there was work to be done at the station and an officer was needed there so he would not be evacuated to a hospital. His heroism and pluck helped some of the men under him to stick to the job when almost exhausted.

Continually a steady stream of battle-torn men kept going through. Not always would the wounded live to be taken to a hospital. A hallway between the station and the kitchen served as a morgue, and some mornings as many as five bodies would lie there awaiting the arrival of the chaplain who would see to the burial and hold the last rights over those who had paid the great price and given their all for freedom, democracy, and France.

The wounded and dying were not the only men at the line who needed attention and a bit of a lift whenever possible. Through here passed long lines of men tired, worn, and hungry, on their way back for a few days rest before returning to the hell of the front-line trenches where the only food was canned meat and hardtack. Here is where the kitchen played its part. Although the smoke from the smallest of fires made a ready target for enemy artillery, no doughboy, or whatever he might be, who stopped for a drink passed on without first having drank a cup of hot cocoa or coffee and eaten the best that was to be had of army food. Difficulties in obtaining sufficient rations were overcome by the Red Cross which provided cocoa, milk, and sugar in great quantities. Here the cooks learned the great art of cooking under shell fire

and for numberless men on rations for twenty. On the Sunday that the relief came unusual activity by enemy artillery took place and the farewell given by Fritz will not soon be forgotten by any of the party.

VILLA SAVOY

On beyond Chery toward Fismes lay Villa Savoy. It was a small town on the crest of one of the hills that form the valley of the Vesle. Its name, taken from one of the great pleasure resorts of southern and sunny France, contained no significance of what it really was the first part of August, 1918. More fitting for it would have been the title given war by William T. Sherman, and many a doughboy and medical man who went into that town came out with the conviction that Sherman was correct and that nowhere else could it be proven so well as there.

The same day that other dressing station details were sent out one was sent to Villa Savoy by ambulance. The town itself lay on an obscure corner of the highway and directions at that time were misleading. The driver got on the wrong road and before aware of the fact they were in Fismes. At that time Fismes was disputed territory, part of the time in American possession and a part in German. Soon after entering the town, however, they discovered their mistake and made a hasty retreat, not to their destination but to Mount Saint Martin where they received another warm welcome from Fritz. Finally the right town was reached but shell holes and débris prevented the ambulance from entering the village so the rest of the way was made afoot. The usual Red Cross flag marking the station was not floating for it was too good a target for enemy shell fire, consequently the station was hard to find. While wandering around they came to

the fountain surrounded by a party of soldiers. The fountain seemed to be a target for Fritz and no sooner than they left a shell struck near it killing eight and wounding several others. Finally by accident the dugout, used as a station, was located and preparation for handling the wounded was made. Soon they began to arrive and work began in earnest. The following morning an ambulance was stationed there to evacuate the wounded but when the first patient was ready to go, the car was torn to pieces by a shell. Nothing above ground stood or lived so constant and terrific was the shelling.

The second day the officer in charge left and the sergeant took over the station for several days. That night gas shells were mixed with the high explosives and a gas curtain was fitted over the door of the dugout. It was short lived for on the following day the concussion of a bursting shell threw a man who was standing near the door into the dugout taking curtain and all.

Wounded by the score kept coming in and as lights would attract shell fire a number of them were cared for in the dark. After four days a relief was sent up as several of the men had to be evacuated on account of sickness and gas.

The shelling became so intense and accurate that it was impossible to keep an ambulance there in the daytime so it became a night post. On one occasion, just as men were loading patients into the car, a shell struck the radiator and they were compelled to wait for nightfall.

The serious question was water. The fountain was under observation and a direct target for snipers and shells. All water had to be gotten on the fly. The greater number of the casualties that happened at Villa Savoy were at the fountain or near it. The last day of the week

the station was withdrawn and placed with regimental headquarters. The men left at night and as they went over the hill a shell struck an ammunition dump. The roar of its explosion did but little to quiet already overdone nerves. Winding along in single file, a brilliant harvest moon illuminating everything, it seemed as though its rays reflected from the steel helmets threw flashes into the enemy line betraying their presence and making easy targets for the ever-ready machine guns. When the week was ended and the last relief was brought back all agreed with Sherman but considered Villa Savoy a realm over which even Pluto would not care to reign.

At places not having dressing stations runners were stationed and sometimes cars were kept there to bring back the wounded. LePré Ferme and Mont Saint Martin were runner posts but of great importance never the less. The duty of a runner was to go for ambulances when wounded arrived and carry messages back and forth. This had to be done at all times under shell fire and constituted what was no safe or easy duty.

WITH THE COMPANY IN MAREUIL

When the details were sent to the line the office and a part of the personnel was kept at Mareuil. During the week almost all of the company except the office force had been sent to the line as relief.

At first the billets were shelter tents back of the town. The evening of August seventeenth is known as the time when the Medical Corps "Went over the top," and after that the tents were abandoned. The men went into billets in houses while the officers found a safe cellar for their apartment. The change occurred suddenly and without previous notice. The day passed as usual. A hot sun,

no air stirring, and flies and yellowjackets by the million. Life was monotonous and active Yankee brains were wishing for a change. The evening came and all gathered in the orchard to sleep if humming insects would permit. No lights were visible, not even the glow of a cigarette butt. In the tents the mumble of smothered voices was the only evidence of life. A full moon, resplendent in its silver light, looked down on the peaceful scene. War was forgotten and tales of home were being repeated. The solitude called for companionship and companionship brought comfort and ease. Such a scene is not in harmony with war and was not to last. As the hubbub of voices ceased and occasional snores could be heard here and there a humming, certainly not that of insects, filled the air and the next instant the orchard trembled from the explosion of one of Fritz's souvenirs. No bugler ever brought forth the olive drab as did that shell. The entire outfit, officers and all, were up and doing. It was discovered that pieces of shrapnel had torn through the tent occupied by the officers. While inspecting the damage done by the first visitor a second arrived. What was before an excited crowd was now a wild, rushing mob. No one knew where they were going or cared. Anywhere but there. Officers with bedding rolls under one arm and blankets, leggings, and coat under the other were seen creeping along the brow of the hill watching for the next shell; cooks and C. O.'S collided headlong and fell in the rush. Sergeants, privates, clerks, and all joined the wild chase dragging shelters behind. Barnum and Bailey never struck tents and departed with half the rapidity shown on that night when the Medical Corps lost the hill.

The new billets were not shell proof but were a slight protection from flying shrapnel. Any house or part of a

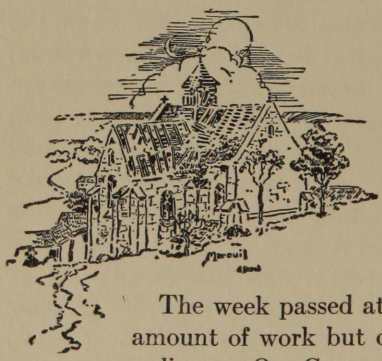
house in the town was open for occupation and everyone was comfortably quartered. The remainder of the week was uneventful. Occasional shells kept dropping in the vicinity of the orchard but no casualties occurred.

THE DRESSING STATIONS IN MAREUIL

The week for 307 at the line ended August nineteenth and all details were brought back to Mareuil. The 306th Ambulance Company had charge of the dressing station for wounded the first week so 307 on returning took it over. An officer, a sergeant, and several privates were on duty there all the time. There was the dressing station squad in charge of a sergeant or corporal; a shock-room man who cared for the patients suffering from shock; and the litter squad that unloaded and loaded the patients, and a man who looked after the outgoing patients. These were run in three shifts. The first from eight P. M. to four A. M., the second from four A. M. to noon, and the third from noon to eight P. M. To this station were brought all the wounded from the various stations at the line. Here the A. T. S. was administered, if it had not been given before; and wounds redressed if necessary. If the case was a bad one morphine was injected or if shock was manifest they were placed in the shock room to be heated up and circulation restored. Many tales are told of the needle back in camps, but no soldier ever underwent in camp a needle to compare with the A. T. S. The American dose is fifteen hundred units put up in small bottles. Each dose would fill a twenty cubic centimeter syringe; the needle compared with the mythical stinger of an Oriental dragon, and if a patient was not shell shocked before administration he was needle shocked afterward.

Patients with every variety of wounds came in; not one

at a time but by ambulance loads. As quickly as possible they were treated, given hot cocoa or coffee, a bar of chocolate or perhaps a cigarette and hurried on to the field hospital near Fere-en-Tardenois. Not all of them, however, were to be sent to the hospital. Each morning bodies were lying in the morgue to be cared for by the chaplain. One morning a lieutenant from the artillery came in with several of his men who were wounded. He stayed until they were cared for and ready to be evacuated farther back, and as they left he shook hands with each man and wished him luck and a speedy recovery. His fatherly interest in the boys under him caused the men of the dressing station to admire him, for so often a soldier is useful or worthwhile only so long as he is able to do his duty. On that very night the lieutenant returned, not as a helper with a friendly word and smile but mortally wounded. Before he could be evacuated he breathed his last and every man felt that he had lost a friend. The next day he was buried at the churchyard at Mareuil-en-Dole with a band, the Stars and Stripes draped over his coffin, and full military respect paid to him as a soldier and withal a man with a great heart even in war.



The week passed at the station with a great amount of work but otherwise little out of the ordinary. One German prisoner passed through and was given the same treatment as a boy in olive-drab.

The third week at Mareuil was spent in operating a

dressing station for gassed patients. They were brought in from the stations at the lines, given first aid, and then sent on to the field hospital. Two rooms were opened up and the shifts were the same as in the station for the wounded. Here slight cases were treated with a solution of bicarbonate of soda, or if the patient had gas in his eyes they were treated with one per cent cocaine solution. Each different gas has different effects. The burns of mustard gas were bathed with the solution, and if widely spread over the body the patient was given a warm bath before being treated. The most of these men had been in the lines for days without having a chance to wash even their hands. It was a pleasure and worth more than the extra labor to give each one a bath and see the expression of thanks on their faces. They always had to be told to get out of the tub for they had bathed long enough. There one could see the terrible effects of gas. Men burned to blisters over every exposed part of their bodies with the mustard gas; others wheezing and gasping for breath from the effects of Phosgene; and still others, their eyes great swollen masses, their faces burned and lips parched and moaning with pain. To bathe and treat these men, and see them at first wild with pain, gradually become quiet and easy under your treatment is the greatest pleasure a medical man can find in all of his work among wounded and sick men. The work was hard, but with eight hours on and sixteen off no one suffered from it.

Outside of the station there was diversion aplenty. The evening of the nineteenth an order came to move into the Dole Wood, for the town was to be shelled that night. Everyone packed his bed and belongings ready to go when word came that the 307th was to stay and operate the station. So the men returned to their old billets and prepared for

the night. Some found cellars in which to sleep, others only located them so in case shelling should occur they could easily be found, others, ill-humored at being packed up all for nothing, simply stayed where they were let come what would. The night passed and not a solitary shell fell near the town. A day or so later, however, some did fall near. Just over the hill from the town was located a battery of six-inch Coast Artillery guns. They had been successfully hammering to pieces the towns in which Fritz was staying. The company kitchen was located against the nearer side of this hill under a shed, and by it each day the water cart was backed under the shed with the long tongue protruding at a high angle into the air. Each day enemy planes were over trying to locate our artillery. They never located the battery but the supposition is that the protruding water cart tongue was mistaken for a gun and fired upon accordingly. However it actually was, the kitchen received more shelling than did the battery. At most unexpected hours a shell would crash near and mess sergeant and all would go flying for a dugout. On one particular occasion, just as mess was being served and the boys were sitting here and there eating from their mess kits, a stray shell landed near the billets. The dressing station was several blocks away, but as the report of the shell was heard there a member of the company passed by. "Where are you going?" called one of the men at the station. From the distance floated back the answer, "Château-Thierry next stop." The same day a shell landed so near George Lyons, who was eating, that it broke his knife in two and scattered his mess kit. Luckily, however, he was uninjured except from the shock of the explosion.

Rations were not of the best, and cooking a palatable meal for a hungry company was a difficult task. Near by

was a garden with vegetables, somewhat stunted for lack of attention, but still green. The cooks and K. Ps. decided to supplement the dinner with a dish of real, fresh-picked string beans and invaded the garden. It had not been planted by the Germans but perhaps their recent occupation of it made them jealous. Anyway they succeeded in saving the beans from American consumption. The first shell fell wide of the garden and was but remarked about, but the second, landing directly in it, scattered bean pickers, pans, beans, and all. Three gray streaks passed over the hedge and into the kitchen dugout and with them went the dream of string beans for that day.

While speaking of rations and mess it might be well to mention the most abundant thing to be found at a mess table in Mareuil. Flies came first, and yellowjackets second. They were there in mass formation, millions of each. Every bit of syrup, grain of sugar, can of jam, or anything else had its share of yellowjackets sticking to it dead, or buzzing around to get inside, or humming their last in an effort to get away from the sticky mass. Soup, coffee, meat, and other victuals were garnished with dead flies while others buzzed around like a hive of swarming bees. The most disgusting thing of all was patiently to sort and separate until a spoonfull of flyless soup had been collected and then dash it into your mouth only to discover that a fly had been picked up in transit from plate to mouth.

Near the end of the third week all of the company except the office force moved to Dole Wood for billets. There they lived in pup tents, old shelters made of branches, or in small dugouts. The wood had been fought through and had all the evidence of having been subjected to shell fire. Near by were two German graves with the usual wooden cross on which was inscribed "Er ruht mit Gott";

on farther was the remains of an American aeroplane and the grave of the unfortunate pilot of the air. A neat wooden cross had been erected at the head of the grave and the inscription on it told the story, so often repeated, of boys from far-off America paying the great price in defense of the cause they believed to be right.

The 308th Ambulance Company, which was equipped with mule-drawn ambulances, was not operating with the motor companies so the fourth week found 307 again doing a turn at the line. Station teams were again sent out. Not to the same places, however, for the locations had been changed.

One team was sent to Fismes, now in American hands, with orders to report to the regimental surgeon there. The party arrived at dusk and found the regimental surgeon ready to move. For what happened that night they consider themselves the most fortunate men of the company. When the officer in charge moved on he gave orders for the ambulance men to remain behind. After the new location had been found he was to send a runner back to direct them to it. He left with nine men and part of the dressing station equipment. In about a quarter of an hour he came back with two of his men badly wounded and reported the rest killed. They had not gotten but a short distance away when a shell struck among them, killing seven as well as several infantrymen. The lieutenant himself was wounded but stayed in the dressing station which was now kept at the old location. The wounded were soon taken care of and when all was done the lieutenant was also evacuated. He left the station without giving any orders and the ambulance men operated it the next day and night. The following day an advance was made and they returned to Chery resting there all night, going on to

Mareuil the next day. The fact that they had been left behind for orders that were to follow was responsible for their being alive and able to return.

Saint Thibaut was still a station and a detail was sent there. They went from Chery on in an ambulance. It was a night post and the trip had to be made in darkness. The road was torn to pieces by shell fire and many times the car had to be lifted bodily from the holes and pushed on over others. As the town was entered all was quiet but the noise of the car brought a rain of bullets and shrapnel. The car was left at the edge of town behind a stone wall while a guide went ahead to find the station. In a few minutes he returned and, in order to avoid the bullets, they all crept across the road into the dugout. After resting a short while and waiting for the firing to cease, the driver and guide started back to Chery. All became quiet as soon as no more activity in the town could be heard. In order to get away it was necessary to push the car beyond the edge of town. Here is where the light Ford came in handy. It could be pushed if necessary, or lifted from shell holes by two or three men and still carry the wounded with the same rapidity as the larger and more cumbersome cars.

The first night the station was quiet. No wounded came in and but little firing occurred. The next day, however, brought a change. In the morning two daylight patrols were sent out by the infantry. These were cut to pieces by the enemy fire and all day the station was kept busy caring for the wounded. The ambulances coming and going on, the work of evacuating drew shell fire to the vicinity of the dugout. One shell blew to pieces the remaining wall of the house that was once over the wine cellar. Everyone thought their time had come, and as

was afterward told, some of the eleventh hour praying was done. A still greater shock was in store for them for soon the end of the dugout came crashing in bringing a cloud of smoke and dust. It looked bad but they all stuck to their posts and near midnight the shelling ceased. The next night wounded by the score had collected to be evacuated under cover of darkness. Ambulances were waited for but did not come. Finally a runner was sent to Chery to bring back a car. For two hours they waited and no car or runner returned. All the time a fierce bombardment kept up, and fearing that the first man had been killed or wounded a second was sent out. This was continued until finally the fourth runner brought the car. The next day a relief came up and the old detail came back to Chery. Until then the first runner had not appeared and was reported missing. To the relief of all, that afternoon he came into Chery uninjured but dirty, dusty, and tired. He had taken shelter in funk holes on a side road and the concentration of the firing on that point made it impossible for him to get away alive.

Chery still remained the ambulance post and a detail was sent there, as before, to care for the cars and to establish a dressing station. But few wounded came in and a greater part of the work was in keeping the wounded evacuated from the front. Not a great amount was done there. The shelling fell short of the town and except for occasional aeroplane raids it was comparatively quiet. The middle of the week relief came to Chery also and the men who had been on duty returned to Mareuil and from there on to Dole Wood to billets. The station at Notre Dame had been moved to a point in the woods near Saint Thibaut. The detail sent there operated the same as usual, evacuating the wounded in ambulances back to

Mareuil. A relief was sent there at the middle of the week.

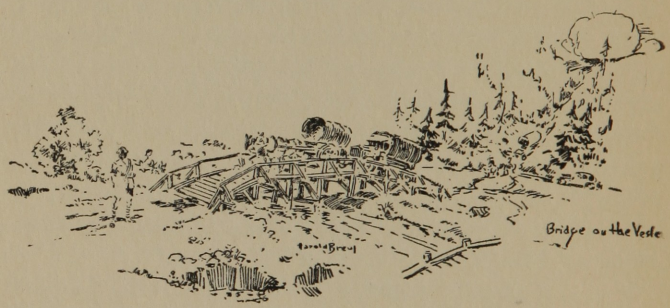
The hammer, hammer tactics carried on for more than three weeks began to tell on the enemy lines and evidence of his impending withdrawal was noticed. Aeroplane activities were redoubled on his part and a desperate attempt to put out of commission all Allied observation balloons was made.

On September 4th he withdrew across the Vesle and relief parties, instead of remaining in dressing stations, went over the top with the infantry. The relief sent to Saint Thibaut found the station evacuated but they overtook the infantry a short way beyond. They kept marching until four o'clock the following morning when they rested in the remains of a house. At nine they again proceeded through a heavy barrage of machine-gun fire to a cave beyond Vauxcerê where a dressing station was established. They operated the dressing station until relieved by the 305th Ambulance Company.

The party sent to Mont Notre Dame also found it evacuated but overtook the infantry down by the river about dusk. They marched until late that night across the Vesle and beyond Bazoches, the town which Fritz had been holding. All along the river and the railroad were numerous dead, both American and German. On the bank of the river below Bazoches were several dead Amercans lying by their automatic rifles which were still standing. There they lay, faces toward Berlin, and their guns pointed toward the enemy. They had died going forward. No American ever came through the dressing station with a bullet hole through his back. They never fought that way.

In a field near Bazoches the machine-gun fire became

too severe to continue and a halt was made. A dressing station was immediately set up in a trench and the wounded cared for. This was only temporary, however, for they soon moved on to a cave beyond Vauxceré. Here a dressing station was established and preparations made to handle the wounded, for the enemy had made a stand in the valley just beyond. While crossing the valley of the Vesle the ambulance men had been sent back with wounded and only the non-com in charge was left. After doing duty



as an ambulance runner for a day and a night he returned to Mareuil only to find the company gone.

The news of the withdrawal soon reached the Dole Wood and on the fifth of September a detail was sent out to establish a dressing station at Vauxceré. Fourteen men in all were sent. They arrived late in the evening but were ready to operate before dark. The cave in which they were located was large and roomy and had formerly been used as headquarters by the Germans. It was a natural cave in the hillside and was shell and bomb proof. It proved none too large, however, for that first night's work. Wounded by the carload kept coming all night

long. Every man worked, even the cook was kept busy making coffee for the wounded, over canned heat, for no fire or light could be had in the kitchen. During the night one hundred and twenty-three patients were evacuated by the one station. What made it even worse was that the work had to be done in semi-darkness and much of the time while wearing gas masks.

The following day the remainder of the company hiked through Mont Notre Dame to Haute Maison. There they put up for the night and on the following morning all but the office force proceeded to Vauxceré to assist in operating the dressing station. The office was set up at Haute Maison.

The dressing station at Vauxceré was operated similar to the ones in Mareuil except that but two shifts were used. The wounded were brought in by ambulances and redressed before being sent to Chery Chartreuse where the field hospital was now located. Everyone was kept busy day and night and with shell fire, work, and gas the end of the week found all wishing for relief. The men who were not needed in the dressing station were sent to various battalion headquarters to act as ambulance runners. One squad was sent to the cave beyond, that formerly had been made a dressing station. The duties there were to return to Vauxceré or to go on to the regimental aid posts and connect them with battalion headquarters. This work was all done at night. The roads were torn up by shells and the nights inky dark so that it was not the kind of work to be greatly desired. The vicinity of the cave and the road to the line was always under shell fire. The first day there, a shell struck at the cave door, killing one man and wounding others. Just across the valley the Germans could be seen in their trenches. A

trip to the line through the darkness was sufficient to wrack the nerves of any man, and the second day one of the men had to be relieved.

The cave was an ideal place for such a station. It could be made almost gas and absolutely light proof. Rations came up from Vauxceré on the ambulances coming for patients and several cases of solidified alcohol were used in cooking warm meals. The great question was water. It had to be carried in canteens from the fountain several hundred yards away and under direct observation. Any moving form seen near was sniped at with seventy-sevens and it was not worth the water to linger long. One morning as a couple of men were filling canteens Fritz began to shell the place. They soon retreated, and well they did for hardly were they started when a shell made a direct hit on the cement work of the fountain.

The same party remained here until relieved by the Italians on September the fifteenth. They arrived in the night and seemed quite at ease even there. They lit matches and smoked where it was considered certain death to show a light. A sudden barrage of shells sent them all into the dugout and told what the English language could not, that lights drew shell fire.

A second party was sent to a cave to the north. They operated much the same. The ambulances were brought in from Vauxceré by runners and were held at the cave until the patients were littered from the line. The woods surrounding the cave was heavily undergrown with brush and briers. It was the blackberry season and the wood was full of them. Going back and forth with patients, the vines hanging low with the ripe, luscious fruit was too much for Judge Sumner. Fritz kept throwing shells into the valley scattering blackberries and vines everywhere,

but nothing daunted the Judge. Rations were scarce and berries were good eating, so in spite of shot and shrapnel he sallied forth with mess cup and hat. The rest looked on in awe until he disappeared but were delighted with the mess of berries he brought back. A man's stomach is truly his master and sends him places at which caution looks askance. The cave was comfortable and an infantry major thought it a very good place for his headquarters and consequently the medical men moved into the trenches. Not for long, however, for the battalion soon moved to another point. The ambulance men stayed with the new outfit until the thirteenth when they returned to Vauxcere.

The office with a cook and a rolling kitchen remained at Haute Maison. They were several kilometers from the line but were not out of range of shells. The cooking was a game of hide and seek and the dugout was much more comfortable than the kitchen.

The 305th Ambulance Company had a dressing station there at the same time. Along with them were some teams used in hauling the kitchen and water cart. The second day a shell fell on the opposite side of the road killing four of the mules. At the same time other shells killed several artillery horses and ten men. The dressing station was crowded with wounded for several hours afterward. On the following day the office and kitchen moved back to Mont Notre Dame and remained there until relieved.

On the night of September fourteenth Garibaldi's Italian division came into the Vesle sector to relieve the Americans. The substitution was rapidly made, and the morning of the fifteenth company headquarters moved to Chery Chartreuse and in the course of the day the va-

rious details came in, so that before night the entire company was again together.

When the advance was made the field hospitals moved from Fere-en-Tardenois to Chery Chartreuse. Chery Chartreuse consisted of a château but a short distance from the town of Chery. Around the château were large grounds well laid out with roads, ponds, and greenswards. In all an ideal place for the erection of the hospital tents. The trees with their dense foliage effectively camouflaged the brown of the tents even to low-flying aeroplanes. The main road from Chery passed the front gate or the wall enclosing the grounds, on its way to the back area. The driveways and the gravelled yards furnished ample room for the parking of ambulances hauling the wounded and the trucks used in bringing rations and supplies.

The Field Hospital Company was equipped with trucks for transportation. The ambulance companies were never given their truck transportation. Trucks had to be obtained from other organizations or the men hike. When the move was to another front it was made in the least time possible and motor transportation was usually provided.

The last stragglers arrived at the château about dusk. Here the company was held until the trucks arrived. At that time the movement of troops was kept as secret as possible, all moving being done at night. Consequently they did not arrive until after dark. Supper was served here and the rolling kitchen started on its journey. When the trucks came the men were loaded twenty-five to each, with full packs. It was rather crowded but that was to be expected.

The moon shone hazily through a smoky sky as the trucks rolled from the gate of the château into the dusty road. Where they were going no one knew. A taste of

real war had taught them to care but little. Some said to the back area for rest; others to the Toul sector where, so rumor had it, the Americans were concentrating a score of divisions for the big and final drive. They were actually going to the big and final drive but it was not known then.

On through the dim moonlight the trucks went; around curves, over bridges, and through villages. It was an enjoyable ride. Unlike the last one with the Chinese, each car was driven by an American soldier and the difference was noticeable. The ride was a change from the work at the line. The roar of the guns, the crash of the bursting shells was left behind. A great relief was felt; everyone began to breathe again and it was good to be able to draw long, steady breaths of the fresh night air, free from powder, smoke, and gas.

About midnight the last town was passed and the convoy drew to a halt on the outskirts. The unloading was quickly done and the company led into a grove and, as usual, lined up. The place proved to be an orchard of small trees against the hillside. The shelter tent order was given and in pairs the men again erected their own dwellings. Some did not even put up the tents but simply rolled up in them on the ground. After the busy day from the line to this place, several kilometers away, everyone was soon asleep, nor did they awake until the sun was high in the heavens and shining into their faces.

The breakfast call brought the latest sleepers out and a cup of coffee with a mess kit full of hot oatmeal prepared them for the day. It is not the nature of Uncle Sam's soldiers to be dirty. The unsanitary living conditions and the busy life at the front will cause them to tolerate dirt. Now the line was far away, time for leisure was to be had, and every man thought of his person and how he could

manage to secure a bath. Where there is a will there is a way, so it is said. A way was found here. Near by was a small creek and the weather being warm it seemed the ideal place for a bath. Accordingly that morning the entire company marched down and bathed. To stand on the bank and look into the water, which rippled clear as a crystal over the bottom, it looked a tempting refuge from the hot sun and a sure cleanser of dirt and dust even though of long accumulation. The streams of France are deceiving as the whoops and yells of men already in indicated. In those inviting ripples was a chilliness that reached even the bone, and standing there among them in nature's own, even though a hot sun was boiling down, one could not suppress the shivers nor the chattering of teeth. Cleanliness was much to be desired so despite the chattering of teeth and shivering of limbs, the company sent its accumulation of dirt and cooties floating down the stream and felt better for it.

A noon meal was served and the afternoon left to one's own pleasure. The town, which was called Saint Gemme, was taken in to the entire satisfaction of all. "Nothing there," was the verdict. It was true, too, for the town lay within the area covered by the retreating Germans and but little even of the buildings was left. A few civilians had straggled back but were merely existing. The country around proved more interesting and numerous excursions were made by the nature lovers; all with the same report, the country desolate.

During the afternoon a billeting party was sent out. More will be said of that billeting party later. This showed that the company was to move on and soon. How soon was the main topic of conversation. Some said that night, others not for a few days. The chances of

moving that day were so great that but few would venture to take billets in town. Even those who did left orders to have them called if a move were made. Scarcely were any in bed when orders came to pack up and move. Packing up was speedily done and again in the dark the company stood ready to go—anywhere. In a column of twos they marched out into the road to stand and wait. While standing there long lines of artillery wagons, caissons, rolling kitchens, and other army equipment passed by. When the line had passed the order to move on was given and soon the steady tramp of many marching feet reverberated through the valley. On and on they went. It began to look as though the trip was to be made afoot. Such was not the case, however, for after several kilometers the column swung into a broad highway and was halted along a line of trucks to await their turn in loading. Immediately the trucks were examined. "Yes, they were French." A moment of suspense ensued. No Chinese were present and the drivers were French, and a sense of relief passed along the line. A front-line trench in plain view of Fritz was bad enough to go through let alone a night ride with those brown-skinned drivers.

After what seemed hours the trucks were loaded a bit more comfortably than the night before. Hardly was the last man on when the convoy started. It was too dark to see the scenery so those who could stretched out, or curled up in a corner to sleep, while the rest listened to their snores. Before morning Epinal was passed and when daylight came the buildings no longer were shell torn. The region visited by shot and shell had been passed and peaceful towns surrounded by green, fertile, well-cultivated fields greeted the eyes. Shortly after daybreak a large town was entered. A sign "Chalons" brought

everyone to attention and the beautiful city was viewed as much as possible while passing through. When the excitement of the town had passed thoughts were turned toward breakfast. Cans of roast beef were opened and a scanty meal was made. The cook that can make roast beef taste like food has a chance for a wonderful reputation in the army. So far no one has been able successfully to camouflage it. When eaten out of the can cold it brings to mind all the dead horses and mules ever seen in the battle area. The surrounding country soon proved more interesting than the breakfast. The canvas covering was removed and a sight-seeing car made of the truck. Not only did the raising of the canvas give a better view but it allowed the gasolene smoke that came up through the cracks in the bottom of the truck to mingle with the air so that a mixture, instead of pure smoke, could be breathed. So inviting was the scenery and fresh air that some of the men even climbed on to the top and rode there. Long stretches of almost uninhabited country were passed, then several small towns all in a group would appear. Finally toward evening the convoy reached a farm just outside of Epense. Here the trucks were unloaded.

The billeting party had again succeeded in getting lost and the billets had to be found after the arrival of the convoy. The following afternoon the parties in quest of billets arrived. They had lost their way and gone to the wrong area. They told of visiting Verdun and other towns near and seemed to have enjoyed being lost.

A soldier can make himself at home anywhere. It is well that the men who were to be billeted at the Lepin Ferme had that ability. The billets were an old sheep barn. Rows of bunks, two in height, had been constructed. It gave the impression of the "Upper" and

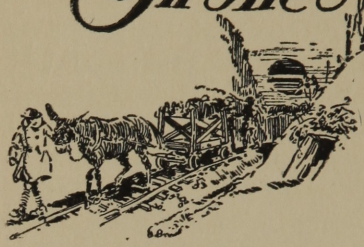
"Lower" of the States. It was not as comfortable, however, for the springs were just boards. The remainder of the Sanitary Train was also billeted here.

In front of the barn was a large court and here some of the men saw for the first time the workings of a French threshing machine. The slow grind of the horsepower and the one man tying the bundles of straw by hand showed how far behind the times rural France really is. It was a sight seen quite often, however, in later journeys through France. This was not to be the home of the company for long. So after three days of rest there they moved by ambulance to French barracks outside of Sivry. There the whole company was billeted in a barrack built for sixty men. Meanwhile, the ambulances had made the trip in a convoy of their own and rejoined the company at the farm. After a day's stay here the company again moved to an orchard just outside of Le Grange. The orchard was reached in the night and pup tents quickly erected. While here France held her reputation for a rainy country, and never a rainless day passed. The mud and water was everywhere. Even the ground under the tents was water soaked, which made life most uncomfortable.

Saint Menehould was but a kilometer or so away and frequent visits were made there even though it was out of the divisional area. The Vin Sisters, Blanche and Rouge, were at easy access and many evidences of it could be seen. When the first detail was ready to go to the front in the Argonne some were so much under their influence that it was necessary to leave them behind.

But a few days were spent here before the company again entered an active sector. The big and final drive was about to be staged, and the 307th Ambulance Company was to figure in it prominently.

In The Argonne



AT DUSK on September 24th three ambulances departed from La Grange aux-Bois, bearing a detachment of men and a sufficient amount of medical equipment to establish a Triage. Arriving at Florent, the men settled themselves for the night's rest in anticipation of the strenuous work to be performed on the morrow.

It was very evident to all who had observed the secrecy and close confinement of the previous week that something of importance was soon to take place. A special order had been issued, which was intended to restrain both officers and enlisted men from unnecessary motion about the streets. This precaution was taken so that the movement and whereabouts of troops would not be unduly manifest to the German observation service. Later developments proved the efficiency of the plan, for the offensive when it was launched bore down with such sudden action, and displayed such uniform and potential driving power, that success was inevitably guaranteed.

The first day was passed in the preparation of all that was required for the treatment and comfortable evacuation of the wounded, and toward evening when instruc-

tions arrived concerning the disposition of patients we were prepared for the casualties which were expected in great numbers. Everyone assumed an air of expectancy and awaited the activities.

That night, September the twenty-fifth, at the stroke of eleven, it began with a crash. The peaceful and hitherto quiet night air became disturbed with the vibrating sound of big guns. The black outline of the hills at the southern extremity of the Argonne suddenly became a mass of flame, and the thundering boom of four thousand artillery pieces, as they vomited their deadly fire upon the stronghold of the Germans within the forest, sounded like the crashes of a terrific electric storm. The barrage was on. And what a barrage it was! For six hours it lasted, illuminating the sky, and sending forth its accompanying din, which echoed and reëchoed among the hills; and, as it reverberated down the hillsides and into the ravines it seemed to snort its defiant challenge as one monster to another, as these huge hurlers of destruction emptied tons of deadly explosives upon the concrete trenches and deluged the forest with their exterminating fire. Thus the early morning drive was announced; the infantry went over the top; and the greatest offensive of the war was begun.

Later in the morning the wounded were started on their way back. Ambulances began to arrive in rapid succession, and they continued throughout the day, bearing mutilated humanity suffering from wounds of every description. The Triage, with its small working force was taxed to the utmost in receiving, treating, and disposing of the unfortunates. The exceedingly large number of casualties and the extreme seriousness of the wounds gave one an idea of what our division really had to contend with in this the drive of drives.

Before the men of the Seventy-seventh Division rose the wilderness of the Argonne Forest, portending the mighty task which they must accomplish. This section was the eastern pivot of the extensive line included in the operation of the First American Army, and had been abandoned by the French as unassailable after they had lost thousands of men in their vain attempts to dislodge the enemy. It proved to be a supreme task; for the Argonne wilderness, naturally rugged and dense though it was, became the most durable refuge that the Germans possessed when the addition of scientific fortification coupled with their barbed-wire entanglements and other artificial obstacles had been installed.

The manner in which this stronghold was assailed and penetrated has already been included in the archives containing the narratives of the world's greatest battles, and if personal experience confirmed by the accounts of leading war correspondents and magazine editorials can bear witness, the driving of the Germans from the Argonne Forest was, as one prominent writer states it, "The most stupendous task ever met and accomplished by an American division."

After the initial assault had resulted in a large gain for our troops, and since our ambulances were not able to enter the narrow and obstructed passes of the almost impenetrable wilderness, it became necessary to establish litter posts in the forest in order that the wounded might be transported back to the ambulances as rapidly as possible. Two parties of ambulance men left Florent, and, having entered the forest at La Harrazee, they established relay posts within the trenches which joined the support lines and separated them from the reserve area. For the first few days the work of our litter bearers was

extremely taxing and it was only by the introduction of systematic reliefs that complete exhaustion was avoided.

Day after day our infantry continued its stubborn advance, capturing kilometer after kilometer of the coveted and hard-fought-for ground. It appeared that nothing could stop them. The Germans had, as on previous occasions, abandoned the use of infantry in their defense tactics, and were now holding the front line with machine gunners. Our boys, to counteract this manœuvre, resorted to the Indian method of fighting, darting from tree to tree, bush to bush, and knoll to knoll as they pressed on farther and farther into the depths of the forest. With their continued advance the casualties increased. The steady drudgery of shouldering litters continued day and night, each new advance lengthened the distance over which the men had to be carried. The work of rendering first aid and the speedy evacuation of the wounded to the rear was retarded and made extremely hazardous by the incessant shelling and machine-gun fire. It was during the activities of the first week of the drive that Walter Coblentz, our long-winded bugler, who on many a morning at daybreak had awakened us from our slumbers with the silvery notes of his bugle, received his wounds at the hands of the German gunners. He had been working steadily for nearly a week, when during the course of a heavy bombardment he was struck by flying shell fragments which pierced his body in several places. His wounds were dressed by his comrades, and he was started to the rear over the same path that he had used while carrying hundreds of wounded during the past few days. His only disappointment was that he had to leave the outfit when he was most needed. His pluck at making such a remark was a striking example of the sentiments expressed by

thousands who, though wounded and perhaps disabled for life, manifested regret because they were forced to go back to the hospital when their desire was to remain at their posts and accomplish more at this time of need.

At this time the worst cases on record were handled. The treacherous machine-gun sniping, in addition to the heavy shelling, was a menace to the boys in their steady advance. Day and night the long procession of litters went on, bearing men with legs and arms off, lungs punctured, skulls fractured; men torn and bleeding from ghastly wounds received from snipers lurking in their sinister nests in the wilderness. The situation gradually became so stringent that more assistance was needed in the administering of aid to the injured. The emergency was met by closing the Triage at Florent and despatching every available ambulance man into the forest. More posts were established, the distance of the carry for each litter squad was lessened, and by a methodical system governing transportation through the narrow passes the movement of the wounded to the rear was greatly facilitated.

When the advance was sufficiently great to enable the engineers to put into operation a tramway, which had been built and used by the Germans in order to maintain their fighting forces in the depth of the forest, our work was rendered somewhat easier at times, and the transportation of the wounded in general became more steady. The relay posts were dispersed along this tramway which wound its way through the valley overlooked by the densely wooded hills. As seen from the lofty plateau above, the valley below with its small steel rails appeared to assume the form of a minute furrow, as it twisted its course through the dense ravines on the slopes of the surmounting hills. Along the tramway were numerous little huts which had sheltered

the Germans for four years previous to their wild flight. These cabins served as a shelter from the elements as well as a protection against snipers' bullets for the duration of the fighting in the forest.

On and on continued the advance. It was inconceivable how the endurance and courage of our driving doughboys could persist amid such trying circumstances. The litter posts were moved up with the steady progress, and we were ever at hand removing the wounded and assisting them to the rear. In the more advanced posts beyond Pioneer Park our difficulties were augmented by the treacherous snipers, who above us, within the enclosures furnished by the ascending and deeply wooded slopes, impeded our work to such an extent that at night only were we safe from the whistling of their bullets as they sped over and lodged into the hill behind us, or fell harmlessly beside the tramway.

The fall rains came down with a will, and after a few days and nights of but slightly interrupted showers the tramway was covered with thick mud which added to the labors with which the litter bearers along the pass were wrestling. Through the thick mud we wallowed ankle deep day after day, gradually bearing down under the weight of our human burdens. The nights grew darker and darker; dense fogs enveloped the valley, and one could scarcely penetrate with his eyesight the heavy gray curtain of mist sufficiently to make headway along the muddy trail. Still this condition was not entirely devoid of advantages for those were the days when the stars were unwelcome and moonlight was regarded as an absolutely bad omen; for aeroplanes lurking through the clouds could very easily discover the huts against the deep background of the forest, and likewise could the ever-present sniper,

as he nightly prowled behind the established lines, find a much more conspicuous target.

Every additional gain of ground sent us more deeply into the heart of the forest. Finally the Crown Prince's Supply Depot at Pioneer Park was rendered sufficiently safe to enable us to use it as a dressing station. The capturing of this particular point had given the ambulances access to a road which, by wide detour, led into La Chalade where the Triage was in operation. At Pioneer Park were numerous tramcars which had been abandoned by the Germans in their hasty retreat. We immediately put them into service, and after a few details were arranged concerning the regulation of incoming and outgoing traffic, of the single track of the tramway, a steady column of small cars operated by man and mule power, could be seen winding through the valley delivering the human freight safely to the rear. For days this continued. The pushing and pulling of litters by ambulance men assisted by mules was the daily programme until the forest proper was cleared of Germans.

It was along this tramway within the short stretch joining the litter post at Pioneer Park with the one just above at Dead Man's Valley, as named by the Germans, that another of our litter bearers was hit by shrapnel. Stoothoff together with the other three men on the litter squad had just delivered a patient to Pioneer Park for evacuation when the German artillery began to play a tattoo on the side of the opposite hill. Having stopped a trifle longer than the rest in order to get a cup of coffee from the kitchen just off the road, Ted started off to join them. He made his way through the valley, stopping at intervals to seek protection from flying fragments and dirt which were being hurled about in all directions by the bursting of shells.

As he was rounding the curve which brought him within sight of our post at Pioneer Park, a series of whizz bangs came over one after the other giving no warning whatsoever. It was Ted's misfortune to walk directly into the path of one of these flying destroyers. As it burst on the bank at his side too suddenly for him to drop, he was pierced in both arms and just above the eye. The rest of us had sought shelter behind trees or sheds, and when we beheld our wounded comrade staggering up the tramway with halting steps and a look of anguish on his face, we left our frail shelters and attempted to dress his wounds. Lieutenant Chase, having assured himself that the splinter had not destroyed the sight, adjusted the bandages and sent Ted back for treatment. Up until the time he was hit Ted had been working day and night carrying litters and administering to the needs of others. The difference between his case and that of the doughboys whom he had seen disabled and whom he had carried was the fact that they had been furnished with a death weapon of some sort and had been able to give as well as take; but Ted, just as thousands of other medical men, who had been killed or wounded, was forced to accept his fate just as it befell him.

One afternoon during a busy period of evacuation we were met by a gray-haired individual bearing the insignia of a general. Since we bore litters on our shoulder a salute was not required, and as we were about to pass with but a nod of the head in recognition of his rank, he bade us rest the litter on the ground. When we had complied with his order, the general, whom we noticed wore the insignia of the Medical Department on his collar, bent over the patient on the litter, felt his pulse, and began to ask him general questions about his wounds and pain. While he was thus engaged we received our impressions

concerning him. In age he seemed to be well into the sixties, for his thin face, though it still retained its strength and impression of character, bore wrinkles of age which had been deepened by the burden of responsibility of the current year. The expression of his eyes as he gazed in fatherly interest from beneath his bushy, gray eyebrows manifested an outward sign of sympathy as well as a deep feeling of regret at the condition of the mangled boy on the litter. This boy, to him, represented the entire personnel of his maimed soldiery for whom he was devoting his time at this venerable age. He stroked the boy's palm with the gentleness of a woman; inquired about his condition with the solicitousness of a family doctor, and as he directed a few well-merited words of comfort and cheer to the helpless soldier, our hearts warmed to him instantly; and having listened attentively to his satisfying words of commendation which he bestowed upon us, his litter bearers, we saluted, picked up the litter, and started down the valley. His litter bearers we were indeed, for it was the Army Surgeon General, General Gorgas, now retired, who had addressed us and under whom we were operating. Our admiration for him was exceedingly great because of his unselfish regard for the comfort of the wounded which had, at his age, prompted him to brave the wilds of the Argonne during this hazardous period when the machine-gun bullets and shells flew thick and fast, in order to supervise personally the medical aid being rendered there. Rightly has he been hailed as the venerable father of the Red Cross.

The praises of the Lost Battalion of the 308th Infantry have often been sounded throughout the world, and their deeds of valor have been lauded by writers who were well able to recount them, and who were sufficiently acquainted with the facts to do justice to this assemblage of heroes,

who under the command of Major (later Lieutenant-colonel) Whittlesey and Captain George McMurtry, achieved fame within the death trap of the Argonne whither their continued advance had brought them. However, the account of the part played by the 307th Ambulance Company in this great tragedy of the World War would not be complete were there not prominence given to its members for their untiring efforts among the wounded of this unfortunate body of warriors.

For five days, enduring sufferings and privations indescribable, Whittlesey's men held the foe at bay although it appeared to them that destruction was inevitable. Their position was precarious beyond description, for they were hemmed in on all sides by German machine gunners who occupied positions above them on the bluffs which overlooked the valley in which they were trapped. Tormented by the pangs of hunger and thirst; weakened from the lack of nourishment and rest; ever mindful of the impending catastrophe which was momentarily expected as their fate, these fearless men held out against overwhelming odds. Attempts were made by airmen to drop food to them but all efforts were futile, for the provisions which were dropped from the planes fell into the hands of the enemy. Time and again raids were launched in the hope of rescuing them but all were without avail. The casualties, dead and wounded, were constantly growing larger yet they held on, treating contemptuously all demand made by the enemy for their surrender. Finally their patience and long suffering were awarded, and their tenacious bravery, of the superman type, received its merited reward—deliverance. Their rescue on October the eighth was followed by a complete dispersion of the Germans from their former strategic position within the forest, but

it also left in its wake an immense amount of work for the ambulance men which was undertaken with a will.

What a spectre met our eyes! Gruesome were the surroundings as we began the task of treating the wounded and assisting them safely to the rear. Scores of dead and wounded lay stretched out in the swampy forest, indicating to a certain extent the misery endured by these men during their imprisonment in the Annex of Hell. The scene was one which, if witnessed, could never be obliterated from memory. No orator possessing the most masterful diction, or employing the most striking figure of amplification, could appreciatively describe that spectacle; no painter of ancient or modern times could depict on the canvas a representation of its horrors, in which the departed heroes and the mangled forms of the stricken soldiers were the central characters. There is no playwright, though he be susceptible to the most terrible fantasms in an unlimited degree, but would fall deplorably short of the original if he should attempt to reproduce the scene as we witnessed it. In short, the most weird imagination could never set forth the suffering, hardships, misery, and that which is preeminent, beyond precedent, the display of courage of the Beleaguered Battalion.

Far into the evening we worked, dressing wounds, carrying litters, and loading ambulances. The seriously wounded were sent by direct route in the machine, while the walking patients, because of the shortage of ambulances, were started on their long journey down the tramway, assisted by the ambulance men along the road. All were taxed to the limit of their strength. When it was made known that the Germans had retired from the forest, and had not stayed their retreat until they had reached Grand Pré, we were joined by the remainder of the com-

pany who had been operating posts along the tramway. From there we proceeded to the German barracks at Charlepeaux Park, about a kilometer from Binarville. The forest had been cleared of a treacherous, lurking foe, and our boys were reported to have advanced several kilometers without opposition, because it was not a German trait, during these times, to fight in the open.

So thoroughly premeditated and deftly executed was the German retreat that they were able to assume a most formidable position at Grand Pré. When our infantry attempted to follow up the withdrawal they met a stubborn resistance and it became evident that another struggle would be necessary before the objective could be reached. To meet the emergency soon to result from the attack on the town our company was again ordered to establish a dressing station. The location selected was Malassise Ferme which consisted of a large cluster of rustic buildings on the main road to Grand Pré between Lançon and Grandham. The section which was converted into a dressing station had formerly been a slaughter house, and the sanguinary scenes witnessed there daily, the unspeakable suffering of the torn and bruised bodies of mangled doughboys resembled—nay, surpassed—any of the previous results of butchering ever performed there. All of our men who were available were engaged either at the dressing station or with the infantry before Grand Pré. Our station was at all times subject to a terrific shell fire. With no shelter whatever, not even a dugout, we worked among the wounded, while the din made by the shells bursting outside our very doors, augmented by the crashes emitted from the battery of seventy-fives which the French had put into position in our front yard, rendered our voices scarcely audible. We disposed of hun-

dreds of patients here during the short time we conducted the station. The steadiness of the toil and the lack of sleep due to incessant bombardment gradually began to make inroads upon the strength of all.

What of the ambulance men who were busily engaged as litter bearers at the battalion aid posts? Their work was indeed trying. They had no shelter from the steady barrages save the funk holes left by the advancing doughboys, in which they remained prone until called upon to lift unfortunate wounded men into the ambulances which were waiting on the road to transport them to the dressing station. The strenuous nature of their work and the dangers to which they were subjected may easily be realized when it is recalled how many of them returned suffering from gas and in many cases exhaustion, and were evacuated as patients.

With the capture of Grand Pré on October the sixteenth the objective of the Seventy-seventh Division was attained. It was taken by the 307th Infantry, who after rescuing the town from the Germans turned their position over to the Seventy-eighth Division by whom they were relieved.

After the complete evacuation of our wounded, among whom were many of the incoming division, we were relieved by the 312th Ambulance Company of the 303d Sanitary Train.

It was a tired and weary column of men that began its slow movement back over the area which had been the scene of the terrific fighting of the previous week. The ranks had been so seriously depleted by the number of our comrades who had been sent back, gassed and exhausted, that at Lançon we received a number of replacements assigned to fill the vacancies. They arrived just in time

to accompany us on our long hike of fifteen kilometers to Florent.

We reached our destination the next morning, entered our billets which had previously been secured for us, and began what was intended to be a brief rest.

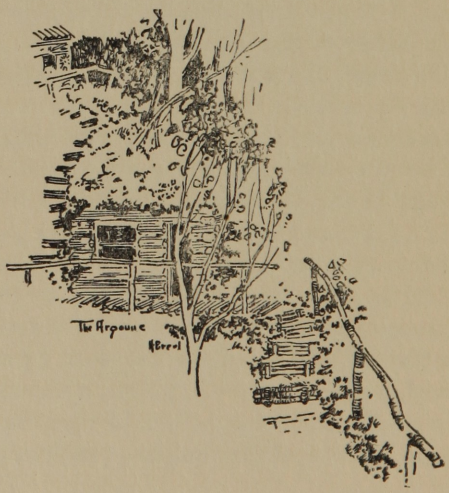
During our brief rest at Florent an important change in our administrative personnel took place. Captain Ross, who had been with the company since training days in Camp Upton, was ordered to another field of endeavor and Lieutenant R. H. Simmons was placed in command. The natural sequence in the change of commanding officers called for a corresponding revision in the non-com list. Sergeant First Class James P. Kelly, who had been transferred to our company at the time Lieutenant Simmons took command, was appointed top sergeant, much to the expressed satisfaction of the entire company. Then came the final and most important change, that which concerned each and every member even to the last buck in the rear rank. A new mess-sergeant was appointed. Delbert Davis assumed the duties and responsibilities of this position much the same as a man would select the electric chair for a day's comfort. It was not long, however, before he realized that the boys were with him, and the meals he put forth, and the way he went after that "Mess Fund" in the weeks that followed, soon convinced all that the right man had been found for the job.

The changes came so fast and furious that in the confusion caused by the rapidity by which they were made the ambulance company overnight was converted into a detachment of medical engineers; for during many a day that followed, while we were at Florent, a casual observer, an ambulance driver, or any other idle person who had nothing to do except loaf around headquarters, must have

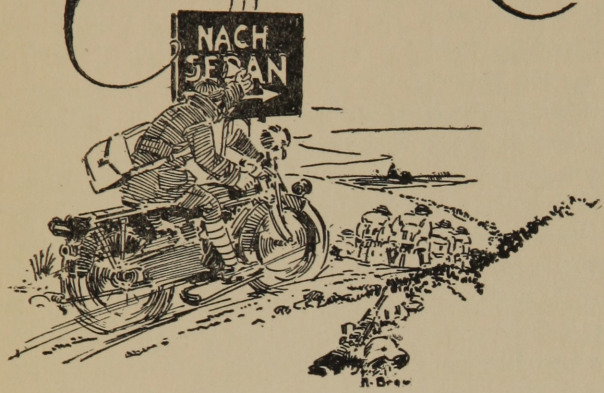
seen the pick and shovel gang of the 307th Ambulance Company on its way to the scene of toil. It must be admitted, not without argument, however, that it was an efficient piece of engineering work to complete such a wonderful road at the ambulance park in so short a time,

This and many other like incidents proved that the 307th Ambulance Company could adapt itself to any position or circumstance even though it be only to satisfy a major's whim.

Thus ended an extremely trying period in the existence of the 307th Ambulance Company which, throughout the entire drive, worked without relief, and which was represented by the majority of the personnel in the care and transportation from the front which the wounded doughboys received. The endeavors of the 307th Ambulance Company in the wilds of the Argonne are not likely soon to be forgotten.



When the End Came



THE Seventy-seventh was not destined to go to a rest area so soon. The war was not finished, even though Fritz was on his knees, and who could so well as the Seventy-seventh finish the bout and put his shoulders firmly to the mat for good and for all? On October twenty-eighth, 1918, the 307th Ambulance Company made ready to move. Preparation for another return to the line was made, and when the trucks came, that were to carry them there, everyone was ready to do or die; for former visits there had taught them what front-line work was and what to expect. The trucks were quickly loaded and the long convoy started. The Argonne hills were passed over with steaming radiators and the valleys beyond soon reached. Barbed-wire entanglements and gun positions were seen all along the road. The wonderful defense works of the enemy could now be seen almost in

their entirety, for they had left so quickly that little had been destroyed by them. Now for the first time the immensity of the task undertaken in that wood became apparent and wonder at the success that the Allies were having against such odds filled the minds of everyone. So interesting were the scenes that the time passed in conversation almost before any one was aware. It had seemed but a short ride, however, when the convoy stopped at Chehery Chatelle after noon.

Moving is done so often in the army that it becomes an art. One hour in a new place is all it takes to make it an army home. Here the billets were shelter tents on the side of the hill. Orders to dig in were given and quite cozy nests were made by those who cared to work. As long as it did not rain all was well, but when the rain came it was a problem in land drainage to keep dry. Luckily it rained but two out of every three days while these billets were used. This is a record for France, the average for rainy days being three hundred and thirty out of every three hundred and sixty-five.

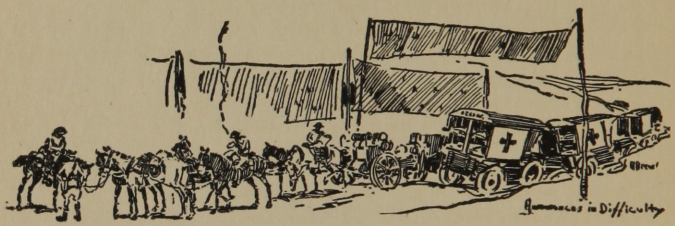
Chehery Chatelle held but little of interest. The houses were shell torn and windowless and desolation was everywhere. The only things of interest were the Salvation Army Canteen and bulletin board at the Post Commander's. Each day, in fact many times each day, news would be posted on the bulletin board. First Turkey had given in, then Austria was about to follow. The replies of President Wilson to the various messages were all posted. The rumors as well as the facts gave much material for arguments and discussions, francs were lost and won in bets; the end of the war prophesied and even the date of the home sailing mentioned. Not only were the penned replies of the government heard but also the other replies

that brought about the Armistice. On the night of November the first it was reported that a big barrage was to be staged. At four the following morning it opened. Those who were awake heard it begin and even those who slept most soundly heard it in its terrific continuance. A million-dollar barrage it was said to be and no one who heard it would dispute that statement. The whole world seemed to roar and flash and the ground underfoot trembled. "How could any life exist through it?" was the question that came from every mouth or was expressed in looks. It seemed impossible and no doubt if the truth was known but little did survive it.

The barrage opened up an advance and everything was moved up. While at Chehery Chatelle no work was done, not even a dressing station was operated. On November the third the company moved to Saint Juvin. Here better billets were obtained. The town was badly torn to pieces but enough buildings remained to serve the purpose of sleeping quarters. For the first few days a dressing station was operated by the men of the company, but the advance was so rapid that the line was soon so far away that no wounded were brought to the station.

Here as all along the work of the men on the ambulances deserved special mention. The roads were torn to pieces by shell fire, and one continuous line of transportation was passing to the front. The wounded had to be evacuated to hospitals as far as fifty kilometers to the rear. It had to be done, and it was the work of the ambulance men to do it in spite of all difficulties. It is to their honor that they did do it and did it well. Darkness, shell holes, crowded roads, or any other handicap was not considered by them. Unceasingly they worked, and the great task of saving the shattered product of human slaughter was

carried on successfully. Even to the River Meuse they went bringing back patients. To "Bob" Walters, a driver of the 307th, goes the credit of having entered Sedan. He, as far as is known, is the only ambulance driver that crossed the Meuse and he did it on a pontoon bridge. However, this is but one of the many instances of the determined and daring effort to accomplish the task at hand.



THE AMBULANCE DRIVER

We are not the boys who go over the top
With narrow escapes and thrills.
No, we're not the chaps that you read about
Bedecked with fancy frills.
You can't class us with the Infantry,
Nor the rest of the fighters in France.
We only carry the wounded back
We drive an ambulance.

We haven't done much that a man can boast
To merit a heap of praise.
But we've travelled this land from east to west
We've driven for nights and days.
Still we've played the game and we've had our fling
At thrillers to take your breath.
Yes, we've seen our share of the bitter things
And hung in the jaws of Death.

We've driven our cars through rain and mud,
Through sleet and blinding snow,
And we've hung to the wheel in the tropic heat
Where they swore we could not go.
We have laughed at Death on a shell hole's rim,
And driven through flood and fire.
Yes, we've clung to the road without any lights
When the road seemed a mass of wire.

We have driven our shifts when our hands were numb,
And the road was a dizzy blear;
Driven like Hell down a shell-swept road
While our hearts stood still with fear.
And we've crawled into holes beside the road
When the race seemed fairly lost,
And we've worked like Hell to fill the hole
Where a small "nine inch" was tossed.

No, we're not the chaps you read about,
All decked in fancy frills.
But we've had our share of bumps and knocks
And a few of the shocks and thrills.
You can't class us with the Infantry,
Nor the rest of the fighters in France.
But it isn't a cinch to run the line
Driving an ambulance.

The day of the signing of the Armistice was drawing near and the air was thick with rumors. One day rumor would have it that an armistice had been signed and that night the celebrations could be seen and heard in every part of the town. Then would come the next rumor that none had been signed and spirits before so elated would fall. The news that an armistice had really been signed came on the tenth.

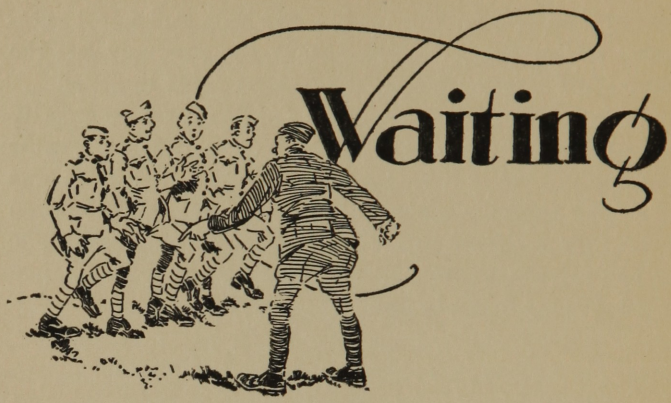
A great many whys are asked in the army and but few answered. It is doubtful if some could be answered. Nevertheless, on the evening of the tenth, orders came to

move farther up and all preparations were made. Early on the morning of the eleventh the company started on foot for the front. Mud galore covered the road and walking was anything but plesaant. Noon was spent along the highway and dinner consisted of canned meat and bread. But half an hour was given for dinner and on the line proceeded. The transportation for food and supplies consisted of mule wagons. These were occasionally stuck in the mud and all hands were required to extricate them. The town of Saint Pierremont was reached about three o'clock that afternoon and a halt for the night was made. Here the news that firing had ceased was read, but the day's hiking had made everyone too tired to rejoice over even the ending of the war. A hot supper was served and all turned in for the night.

Early the following morning the march began anew. Even worse roads were encountered, but eleven o'clock found the column many kilometers beyond Saint Pierremont. The road was for one-way travel only and that in the opposite direction. A large glade lay to the right of the road and into it the entire outfit was led. There the wagons were parked, the teams unhitched from them, and preparation made for dinner. The remainder of the day was to be spent here and as rations were scarce a dump near by was taxed heavily. Night came and no moving orders had as yet arrived. A half kilometer or so farther on was a prison camp formerly used by the Germans. The men were taken there for the night. The buildings were enclosed by wire pens and had all the aspect of a real prison camp. Double rows of bunks had been constructed inside the buildings and the night was spent in comfort. The next forenoon brought no orders and dinner was served here. No sooner had the last man been

served than orders did come to move back and a hasty get-away was made. At twelve-thirty the company left the Hammond Prison Camp, their nearest point to Sedan.

All afternoon the same road, trudged over so wearily but the day before, was covered again. When dusk came the dim outline of a village could be seen ahead. It was to be the stopping place and everyone felt relieved when they were assigned to their billets in Thenorgues. The last trip to the line was over and the first lap of the homeward journey fairly begun.



THE war was over and we were glad. The army soon became its peace-time self and we were sad. It was like putting the reverse English of the old saying "The king is dead, long live the king." Since we had first come to the active fronts reveille, taps, drill, and other such unpleasant details of army life had been omitted but now the drillmaster came back to his own. The day after our arrival at Thenorgues the news came that we were to take up the old order of things where the shells of Jerry had so rudely put a stop to them. We did squads east and west for a short time each day but did not get down to real drill till sometime later.

The days passed without incident until November 23rd when the company was loaded into trucks and moved back out of the war-torn regions to the village of Futeau where an old Belgian camp furnished us shelter for a day or so. Everyone expected that we would make our next move on a train, but rumors began to float around that a long hike was ahead of us.

Just at this time an order arrived transferring several men to the infantry medical detachments. It was with regret that the company saw these men leave for nearly all had been with the organization since its formation. However, the loss was in a measure recompensed by the return of some of the long-lost brothers who had been gassed on our first front.

The company was in possession of one of the most impressive collections of cooties that was ever exhibited in the A. E. F. The men were proud and boasted of the various breeds and specimens that could be brought forward for the curious to look upon. But, as is usual in the army when the privates gain the control of any privilege, some higher authority made an attempt to separate the soldiers from their pets. The process of separation, commonly called delousing, took place on a Sunday morning. A cold November Sunday morning it was at that. Each man was sent into a walled tent where he was released of all his issue clothing and personal effects which he was unable to keep from the grasping clutch of the crew running the show. The naked man next walked into the shower room where the temperature was a little lower than that maintained in the ice chambers of a refrigerating plant. This was probably an underhand attempt to make the cooties harmless without permanently impairing their health. A few drops of boiling water, a little soap, and a rush for a warmer place finished the bath, but not the cooties, who were with us until we were ready to board the ship for the old country.

The morning of November the twenty-sixth saw us on the road under light marching orders and the several mornings following saw the same thing. The nights were spent in all sorts of billets in the villages of Bulainville,

L'Isle en Barrois, Combles, Roches, Maizieres, Charmes L'Engle, and Sexfontain. The second day out we reached L'Isle en Barrois, a pleasant little place where we slept in French barracks on straw that was paid for twice. (Incidentally the third bill for that straw came to the company some three months later while we were billeted in the LeMans' area.) No Frenchman ever derived benefit from that straw for we burned it before we left the following morning. The people of the little epicerie did a record-breaking business in fromage and sardines; also in beer. While the regular clerks were busy behind one counter several of our fellows consented to help them by serving the beer. These boys worked hard. They passed out about twenty cases of bottled beer before the owner discovered that the self-appointed bartenders were neglecting to collect cash in return for the bottled goods. There is no doubt a bill for several cases of beer stuck on some file or other down in Washington now.

The route of the long march swung through the outskirts of Bar-le-Duc, and on to the village of Roches near Saint Dizier where we rested for a day. The resume march started down the Marne toward Chaumont, but turned to the right away from that town. After hiking for thirty-eight kilometers we rested one night in the village of Sexfontain where we received the good news that one more day would end the hike.

On December the fourth we started the last lap and passed through Bricon and Châteauvillain to Latrecey, a hike of thirty-seven kilometers, which was our last long hike in France.

Latrecey was to become an important point in the memories of all the members of the Sanitary Train, all companies of which were stationed in this little town. The

morning after our arrival in this most sunless section of a sunless land everyone awoke with a pleasant feeling that the long days of hiking the hard roads were passed. We went out to look the place over and incidentally to get breakfast. One look at the mudscape was enough. Latrecey was even less attractive in the dull, gray light of the forenoon than it had been in the inky darkness of the night before.

The company was out of luck in the all-important matter of being located in a good town, so the boys did their best to make up for this deficiency. It would soon be time to start for home. That was excuse enough for the several celebrations held in Latrecey the day after our arrival. A sergeant was the leader of one of the most successful of these parties. This particular sergeant had been held in captivity by the Eightieth Division for some time and had double cause to be happy when he managed to escape and join the company at Bricon.

The first few days at Latrecey were spent in getting settled and rested up from the hike, but on the Monday following our arrival Major Griffin started a schedule of drills which brought forth some fine specimens of profanity from the enlisted personnel of the train. The major would get the entire outfit on the muddy drillfield and amuse himself for hours at a time watching the boys walk as he directed. Walking to the tune of the major's voice was the principle occupation of the soldiers for some months previous to the last lap of the homeward journey.

A few incidents broke the monotony of continuous drill. On Christmas Day the 307th Ambulance Company went to Hummes where President Wilson reviewed the Seventy-seventh and parts of five other divisions. The only sanitary troops present in this parade were those of our own

company. The company was given this honor because it had spent more days in the front line than any other similar organization in the area.

On returning from Hummes the mess-sergeant served a Christmas dinner that beat the wildest dreams of what could be brought forth on such an occasion. There was soup, toasted bread, roast turkey, brown gravy, mashed potatoes, white bread, French fried potatoes, pudding, brandy sauce, cherry and apple pie, cheese, nuts, tea, coffee, candy, and cigarettes; in fact, everything that is supposed to go with a regular Christmas feast.

The Train had always been rather lucky in the matter of casualties while the war was on. Evidently the major had an idea they had been altogether too much so, for he published a casualty list of his own which brought sorrow to many and joy to a few. He broke about fifty per cent. of the non-commissioned officers in the train. No reasons were given. No trials held—the men were reduced simply because one person desired they should be. There later came a time, however, when most of these same men were reinstated in their old positions.

On January the ninth, 1919, the 307th and 305th Ambulance companies moved a few kilometers from Latrecey to the small village of Ormoy-sur-Aube which afforded a break in the monotony of a long wait for orders to embark for America.

Leaves were another means of escape from the everlasting drill and many of our men took seven-day trips to Aix-les-Bains. Billets were scarce in Ormoy and in consequence many of the men were allowed to live in private rooms. This feature certainly helped the long weeks of waiting to pass by more easily. Hardly any one had slept in a real bed since leaving America and the apartments which we

had here were such as we had dreamed of while sleeping on the stone floors of old wine cellars and other equally wet and uncomfortable places.

Ormoy was a pleasant place to be. The people seemed glad to have us there and nearly every home in town sheltered American troops. All fresh eggs were made into omelets which were in great demand by the guests. Probably the omelet-eating record was broken as also was that of the long-distance French fried "pomme de terre" event.

"Inspection at twelve forty-five this afternoon by a high officer. Fall out with full equipment." Such was the order we received on a February morning at Ormoy-sur-Aube. Rushing through the noonday meal the company fell in with full packs at the appointed time. We were marched down the street a short distance and swung around into a company front. Then the inspector appeared. He was not a colonel as we had anticipated, nor was he a major, nor yet a captain, but merely a lieutenant from our own Sanitary Train. It must be that inspecting officers of high rank are as scarce in peace times as inspecting officers of any kind were up where the shells were dropping and snipers lay concealed in the depths of the Argonne. Inspections had been held before as all who were there are aware. We were inspected by colonels and majors from Army and General Headquarters but it took the lieutenant to pull off a proper inspection. Of course it could not be expected that so rank an amateur would notice the things of major importance, such as missing belts and worn-out shoes, but he certainly was there when it came to spotting unpolished thongs that had seen service through all the campaigns of the Seventy-seventh Division but still managed to hold some heavy packs. Such was this particular inspection. We wonder if the keen, snappy

Louies could stand an Army Corps inspection of their full equipment and belongings even with the aid of an orderly.

The programme of athletics and sports went along as planned. The athletics being staged on various fields during the afternoons and the sports having their innings at the little estaminet run by the school teacher. In order to produce a more general interest in the games the Major, on one particular day, had the whole Sanitary Train gather on a large field near Latrecey. When all the companies were present the Major explained his idea. It was to have a general football game, with the officers and noncoms on one side and the privates on the other. Absolutely no attention was to be paid to rank. "Go to it, boys," was the command. Go to it they did and the battle of Latrecey was on. That football game developed into a combination mass formation and sniper affair that was not surpassed by those in which arms and ammunition were more plentiful. The attack was launched simultaneously by both sides and when the charging ranks met, the Major, who was gallantly leading the officers, fell severely wounded by a kick in the shins which put him on crutches for some weeks to come. This incident put an end to the battle and left victory with the bucks who celebrated for many a night thereafter.

The smooth-running peace of Ormoy was disturbed by frequent inspections and the rumors of moving. Soon the news came that part of the train had left Latrecey for the LeMans area. Soon afterward we received orders to move back into Latrecey and police up the town before we left for the new area.

On February the twelfth at about four P. M. our train of American box cars pulled out of Latrecey station and we were at last moving in the general direction of America.

We continued to move in this direction for about thirty-six hours and then our travels toward home were temporarily interrupted. It was at the town of Sablé that the train was left behind and the old familiar method of hob-nail transportation carried the men and their packs about four kilos to a château beyond Selesmes on the River Sarthe.

It took the first few days to get settled in our new quarters. Straw for the bed sacks was obtained, a baseball diamond laid out, and best of all a fine shower bath was installed for our use. The bath was hardly complete when the new laundry concern of "Whun Lunge" Silverman and "Dutch" Maurer was incorporated under the laws of the Summary Court U. S. Army. The firm was to operate a combined bath and laundry and promised to chase all the cooties from the company. From the opening day of this innovation it was a grand success. The original policy of Messrs. Maurer and Silverman was to cater exclusively to the bucks and any person of high rank who aspired to become cootiless was discouraged by the simple means of substituting cold water for the warm and comfortable stuff in which private soldiers played and splashed. However, after a day or so the operators became more kind hearted and during the remainder of our stay at the Château de le Veriere all ranks were privileged to enjoy themselves under the bountiful spray.

The programme of drills and athletics which had been in order at Ormoy and Latracey was continued here. It was perhaps even a little more trying because the whole division was preparing for a grand review by General Pershing. This grand event came on February twenty-fourth and was an event that the 307th Ambulance Company will never forget.

Everyone has heard of the famous Lost Battalion of the

Seventy-Seventh Division, that is they have heard of the battalion that was lost in the Argonne Wood, but how many ever read of the battalion from the Sanitary Train which was lost on February 24, 1919. Not many. It was one of the numerous incidents which never have the honor of attention from press agencies and other means of attracting public attention.

The Seventy-seventh was to be reviewed by the Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F. on that memorable day, but our company did not receive orders to that effect until eight o'clock on the morning of the big event. We got ready in a hurry and marched from the Château to Solesmes where a part of the company was turned over to the Field Hospital section and the remainder fell in with the Ambulance Section under Captain Page of the 308th Ambulance Company.

After waiting for some infantry companies to pass we swung into a column of fours and crossed the bridge to the main road where, in spite of the fact that all troops were moving in the opposite direction, we turned to the right and for about an hour marched past long lines of soldiers. At last we reached roads that were clear, and better time was made. We marched in all directions and would probably be on the road yet had not a message set Captain Page on the right route. We were on the road to the reviewing field and although we had covered about ten kilometers to get there we hit up a rapid pace in hopes of getting to the field at an early hour.

If the American Continent had not been in the way Columbus might have made a complete circle of the globe and arrived at his starting point. This little thought was in the minds of most of the 307th Ambulance Company when about one o'clock in the afternoon the towers

of the château we had left at nine in the morning appeared through the trees. A few minutes later and we were back at our starting point in Solesmes and no sign of any reviewing field yet nor of any gathering of troops. The Captain quit and gave the order to fall out. A few minutes later we were dismissed and returned to our billets where it was learned that the General was looking over the division less than a kilometer from our front door.

This is one of many incidents that go to show why many soldiers adopt the slogan, "Once a soldier, never again."

As long as the division remained in the area around Sable reviews and inspections continued to be the most popular pastime of the officers. The company spent most of the time rehearsing for these formal functions, but on a few occasions the monotony was broken by such celebrations as that of the seventeenth of March. Between the inspections and the parties the time passes quickly and on the fourteenth of April the 307th found itself aboard a train bound for Brest.

The seaside town was reached about noon on April fifteenth and our first experience there was a pleasant one. We were fed, and fed at double time at that. It is said that those Brest troop kitchens can feed six thousand men an hour and I do not think that any one would deny it. This first kitchen was only a taste of the high speed at which Camp Pontanazen is run. One's memory of the place consists of a rapidly changing picture of baths, meals, inspections, details, more details, and false alarm starts for the boat. All of these things came and passed so quickly that no lasting impression of anything but speed was left.

At three-thirty on the morning of April the twenty-fourth the company was pulled out of bed and ordered to

roll packs for the last hike in France. Every man was ready for that hike at about five o'clock. The long march to the boat was made in absolute silence and it was not until the U. S. S. *President Grant* was about two days out of Brest that the fellows ventured once more to speak what was on their minds.

On May the sixth, after long days of attempting to wish speed into the propeller of the *Grant*, we once more looked upon the shores that all had dreamed of many times during the preceding year,

About three o'clock on the afternoon of May sixth the *President Grant* steamed up New York Harbor and was met by three excursion boats loaded with friends and relatives of the returning soldiers. It was a welcome to be remembered for years and such a one as we will probably never experience again. The people on the excursion boats put over a barrage of oranges, apples, chocolate, gum, and about everything else. They had an abundant supply of ammunition and came near sinking the old *P. G.*

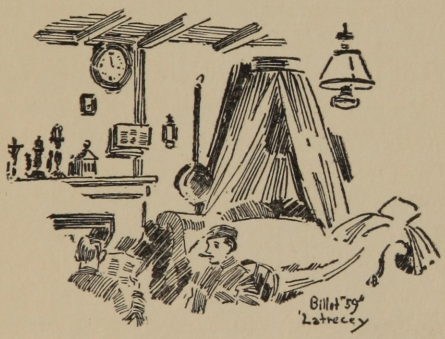
These boats accompanied us to the pier at Hoboken where we unloaded and received "beau coup" attention from the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C., the Salvation Army, and the J. W. B. Their attentions included among other things a piece of real American pie, the first in more than a year for the boys just back from the land of no pies.

The Sanitary Train was taken to Camp Mills for the night and the following evening had another taste of France in the shape of a truck ride to Camp Upton. Camp Upton, our own old camp, just like home to us. Yes it was—not. In the old days we were made to feel as though they were glad to have us in the camp but then the camp was ours, anyway. On our return, after more

than a year in France, the oldtimers found themselves obliged to wash dishes for a lot of upstart slackers who stayed at home and bemoaned their bad luck at not getting the chance to see France. They took their bad feelings out on the men returning from life in the stables of France and the authorities let them get away with it. "Couldn't get to France?" Too bad, "Silver Stripers," but why not volunteer for the Army of Occupation now and give some veteran a chance to come home to the hardships of Camp Upton?

Due to the fact that I was in New York when a great number of the boys were discharged, no opportunity was afforded me to express my thanks to them for the present which I found waiting when I arrived in camp. Therefore I take this means of conveying my great appreciation. To you all, THANKS both for the present and the spirit in which it was given.

JAMES P. KELLY.



THE END

A Tribute to

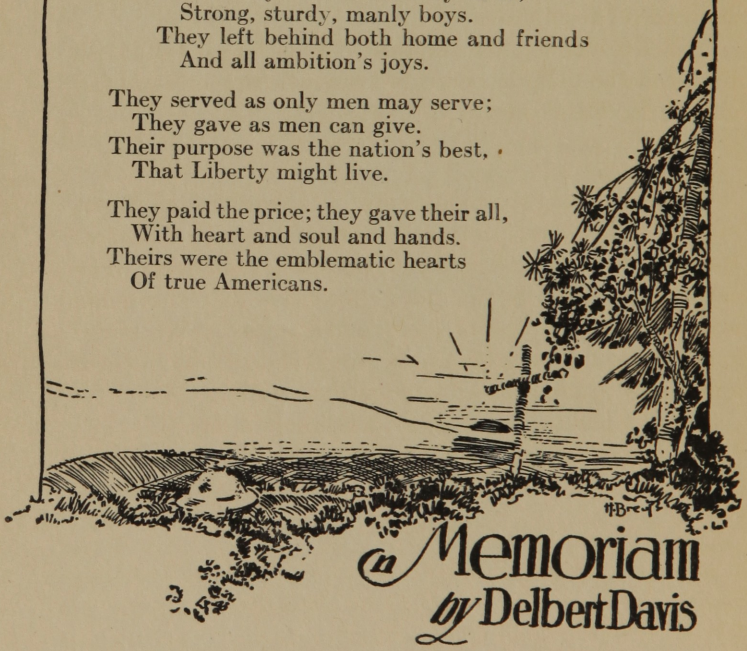
William A. Doughton — William D. Kelberer
Cloyd D. Funderburg — William Kotzum
Edward J. Keenan — John J. Squires
Harry White

IN MEMORIAM

From every walk in life they came,
Strong, sturdy, manly boys.
They left behind both home and friends
And all ambition's joys.

They served as only men may serve;
They gave as men can give.
Their purpose was the nation's best,
That Liberty might live.

They paid the price; they gave their all,
With heart and soul and hands.
Theirs were the emblematic hearts
Of true Americans.



In Memoriam
by Delbert Davis

WHIZZ BANGS

One morning during the week when the Major's casualty lists were appearing Sergeant Perry was late for reveille and was ordered to report to Captain Simmons immediately after breakfast to make full explanation.

"Sergeant, why were you late at reveille this morning?" demanded the captain.

"Sir," responded the sergeant, "I no longer fall in till I've read the bulletin board to learn whether I should fall in with the file closers or in the ranks."

One day during the tedious drill at Latrecey the interest in the hither and thither marching lagged. Corporal Bice was the left-hand man and Aaronson stood next. The corporal continually reminded Aaronson that the guide was left, but the line of fours still wavered. When the guide would fall back Aaronson would shorten the interval and finally after repeated admonitions, without effect, the corporal in sterner tones said, "The guide is left."

Aaronson snapped back, "What to Hell do I care if the guide does get left?"

During a heated discussion as to what troops held the position of honor in the Argonne, Red Reeve appeared. "Well, who did hold the position of honor?" he asked.

Joe Ash, "Sergeant Hess."

They stood in company front and the captain was viewing the result of his command "Right, Dress."

"Private Prehmus, pull your feet in. Can't you see they are way out?"

"Pardon, Sir," replied Prehmus. "Them's not my feet. They belong to Sergeant Whitlock in the file closers."

Later:

Chuck Perry, "Say, Whit, what makes your feet so big?"

Bill Bole, standing near, "Chasing a good time."

A truck containing an enormous box rolled up to the supply office.

Hess (to the driver), "Is there clothes in that box?"

Driver, "No, that's a pair of shoes made specially for Haebe."

AMERICAN *vs.* BRITISH APPETITES

A piece of cheese the size of a dollar, a spoonful of marmalade, and a cup of tea had been issued for supper.

Red Reeve before the captain, "Captain, is this a supper for a working man?"

Colonel Weit of the R. A. M. C., "Why, sonny, my Tommies live a whole day on that much."

WHEN WAITE CAME IN

The night was dark and chilly,
  The boys were all in bed
When footsteps sounded in the hall
  In dull and wobbly tread.

The door was kicked and opened,
  A sergeant's form appeared
And over sleeping faces
  His massive feet he reared.
He stumbled over sleeping forms,
  Produced a candle light
And then brought forth a cigarette
  To pass away the night.
One hand held firm the candle,
  The other found a match.
The first did not provide the light
  So he consumed the batch.
He could not see the candle,
  Its tempting flame so near,
But swore in tone stentorian
  That all the house could hear.
Every hobnail held a menace
  From the men, now all awake.
Every finger eager, twitching
  That bemuddled head to break.
"Get that butt lit from the candle.
  Now move and shut the door,"
Came a voice from out the blankets
  Where there should have been a snore.
The sound aroused the puzzled man,
  For then he got a light
And blew the smoke contentedly
  Throughout the entire night.

DELBERT DAVIS.

HEARD AT MESS

"Say, if the *George Washington* should sink, who would row Wilson?"

"They sleep in shifts on the *Leviathan*, Gosh"
Gosh, "I'll raise a row when I get up then."
"You'd better not for you'd attract U-boats."
Gosh, "Naw, they don't peter ships no more."

Donnelly, "Wow! steak for dinner."

Judge, "Why can't we always have steak instead of bully beef?"

Donnelly, "Steak is too dear is why."

Judge, "Huh, venison in Pennsylvania is always deer."

With a Wop, Jew, Polock, and Irishman in the kitchen.

"Why do those K. P's. remind you of Wilson?"

"Because they are representatives for a commission on the League of Nations."

"How do you know that cook was a shoemaker in civil life?"

"By his sole-like pie crust."

Bill Bole, "Gosh, did you ever see the Passing Show?"

Gosh, "Once when Barnum and Bailey was goin' through Denver."

"Why is our infirmary sergeant called Waite?"

"Because he can carry a full load."

Sergeant Kelly, "You're a punk cook, feeding the men goldfish."

Starace, "I maka the boys' goldfish tasta like a lobst."

EXTRAORDINARY MEN

Breul, who can do an about face in his shoes.

Lasner, who can talk of love in the army.

Captain Simmons, who can raise Hell with the whole company and walk away with a smile.

Starace, who thinks he can make salmon eatable.

"Mess kit" Davis, who is never hungry but who always goes for thirds.

Stoothoff, who, aspiring to be an actor, used cognac to turn himself into Al. K. Hall.

Aaronson, who three months ahead, prophesied the end of the war within three hours of being correct.

Corporal Bice, who never swore in the army.

Silverman, who can talk all day without stopping for breath.

Huseman, who got the name of "Speed King" for not being one.

"Red" Smith, who can induce the home paper to call him a Louie.

James P. Kelly, who talks Yiddish.

"Red" Reeve, who always wanted a discharge.

Al Breihan, who never had a pass.

Moyer, who likes to be tickled.

Bloom, who can blow without his chauffeur's whistle.

Hemens, to whom God gave something the barber wants.

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