CHAPTER II

GLIMPSES OF THE WAR FROM LETTERS AND DIARIES OF BUTLER MEN

SERGEANT B. WALLACE LEWIS, A. B., '15: Camp Funs-ton. My civilian life is a past dream. In the short time I've been in the army I have so absorbed the military that really I am military to the core. The soldier is different from other people—he dresses differently, talks and acts differently, and thinks differently. The most serious economic questions bother him little; art, music, love, are a closed book with us until—.

You asked me if this was a popular war. Emphatically Yes. There are about 25,000 men here (over 75,000 have been sent out of this camp since last fall), and I believe there aren't over ten men in camp who aren't r'arin' to go. Our battalion is composed of volunteers entirely—rich men, college men, poor men, roughnecks, but all volunteers. The spirit of this army is wonderful. For illustration:

The other day we received an order from the War Department calling eight of our men for immediate overseas duty. They all went up to the medical officer for a special final examination. When they came back we could hear them a quarter of a mile away yelling like fiends, and running and whistling; that is, six of them. Two were turned down and one of them cried like a baby. The other was terribly downcast. Now those men (the six of them) were going at once into the nearest approach to Hell this world has ever seen.
They howled for joy. You can't beat an army that offers its life with a yell of joy.

Tomorrow morning our battalion (456 men) marches down to the train and embarks for an unknown destination. We only know that we are going near the Gulf. Three months will see us at the latest among the men of the American Expeditionary Forces, General Pershing in command. By the time you receive this, we will be way down South, God knows where—we don't care. Uncle Sam takes care of his sons.

I have had the good fortune to be made a corporal. One hundred and seventy-five volunteers entered the battalion at the same time I did. Six were made first-class privates and I was made a corporal. I feel a little pride in the achievement, in that promotions are few and far between in the Signal Corps. We have college men in our company who have been here since November and are still privates.

I could tell you all about camp life, if I had a ream of paper and a month of time. It is intensely interesting and healthy. I have gained eight pounds, can hike with the best of them, can eat like a hog, and can sleep like a log. There's nothing like the army as a physical developer.

There is one great problem worrying the army. We know we are all right, that we are in this thing to the bitter end. What we are afraid of is that the civilian population will wear out, will tire of the war before we get it won. We are afraid the American people haven't the nerve stamina for a long war—and it will be a long war. They may tire of eating fish and cornbread, of wearing old clothes, and buying Liberty Bonds. They may feel that they are called on for too great sacrifices. We are offering our lives gladly. If they are as game
JUSTUS WILLIAMS PAUL
Lieutenant, 306th Brigade
Tank Corps

BURVIA WALLACE LEWIS
Sergeant Signal Corps
First Depot Division

STOREY M. LARKIN
Corporal, 150th Field Artillery

HENRY MICHENER JAMESON
Lieutenant, Infantry
as we are, there is no question of the ultimate result. Without their co-operation the thing will fall through ingloriously.

I wouldn't trade this uniform and the chevrons on it for anything in the world. It is a rare privilege to be one small cog in Uncle Sam's citizen army. I hope I come back; but, if worst comes to worst, I'm game.

Camp Stanley, Texas—It is with pleasure I accept your congratulations for my trifling achievement. However, I am about as far as I shall ever get in this branch of the service. The Signal Corps, especially the radio end of it, in which I am, is notoriously hard to get anywhere in, as the work is extremely technical and demands electrical engineering ability of a high degree. I wouldn't want to be picked for a commission, because that would necessitate going to a training camp for at least three months and I don't want to waste that amount of time from active service.

* * *

Now to be serious. I noted the appointment of the men you named with pleasure. However, with all your respect and admiration for the big business man and his genius for organization, don't overlook the fact that the fighting man is after all the man who will lick Germany. His is the opportunity for the great sacrifice. It is he who bears the brunt of Germany's hate. * * * Never in my life did I see a single man animated with half the seriousness and nobility of purpose that characterizes every man in the whole army. Never since I entered the service have I seen a single trace of heroics or grand-stand playing. It is every man for the good of the whole, whatever may happen to himself. We sometimes talk about what is coming to us, though not very often. There is no bombast or
boast in any one, simply a quiet determination to do one's duty. I believe every man in our organization is already a hero. There isn't a man in the company who wouldn't follow our captain through hell. That is the quiet and unconscious effect of the wonderful discipline of this army. Army discipline is the greatest moulder of character in the world. It is better than a college education. When I first came here the thought of subjecting my body and soul without recourse to the directions of my superior officers was repulsive to me. I was an extreme individualist. Then I saw the light. It is only by submitting without question to my superiors that I achieve the greatest individuality. By conforming to discipline I reach the greatest ability to be of service. My power for good is increased by the giving up of my own direction of myself. And the peculiar thing is that after a time the conformity to discipline becomes a pleasure. The same thing is true of every man in the company. Being a volunteer company, we have men from all walks of life. We have boys who left college to come to war, who left even high school. We have business men who gave up profitable businesses of their own. We have sons of the rich and of the poor. We have men from nineteen different States. All this in a company of sixty-two men. Now there is no distinction between them. The son of the woman who washed for the family of the rich man is now a sergeant over the scion of the wealthy house, who, a private, scrubs the kitchen floor. Funny! When the war is over, the army is going to turn over to civil life thousands of the finest citizens in the world: men who have known what it is to sacrifice for another; men who have been taught by the school of hard experience to give the other fellow first consideration. The rejuvenation of America
will come. Business and politics both will be purified, because these men can't stand the taint of crookedness. They will have lived under conditions where such things would mean death to themselves and their comrades. They will have been taught by experience that the straight and narrow is the only path. Oh, I tell you, things are going to be great!

The captain and I were talking yesterday and the talk switched around to home, which it will do every time when army men talk. They can't help it. Home is the greatest place on earth. When he spoke of his mother's death his eyes filled with tears. You know man's habitual emotional restraint. In the army things are different. We are all together, we live a simpler and closer life than civil convention would permit. Our captain is an old soldier, somewhat hardened by years of campaigning; and yet, when he spoke of his mother his eyes filled with tears. What wouldn't a fellow do for a man so strong and gentle as that? Who was it said "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the true," or something to that effect? I believe it now. He is a born leader of men. He is stern and absolutely just. The men's respect for him is a queer mixture of love and fear, something like a religionist's feeling for God. He has an almost foolish pride in his men. We have in him. The most peaceful man in the company would fight his own brother, if he spoke ill of our "skipper." The captain would lick the colonel if he intimated that our company could be improved upon. Honestly, now, can such an army be beaten?

Lieutenant Henry M. Jameson, A. B., '19: Camp Taylor. "What do I think of all this?" I could not tell you what I think if I wrote all night, because I
think a lot about it. For the army itself, as an ideal, I can’t say too much. By that I mean there is no institution in America with the clearly defined purposes and aims, and with the certain and efficient means of accomplishing those aims. It is an immense school and will turn out millions better for their contact with it. But in spite of all this immense efficiency and universal system, the army as it stands now has its drawbacks. This big place down here is largely in the experimental stage. They are finding out some things every day that no one can tell them and yet have to be learned.

At present we are marking time. That is more probably true in the Depot Brigade than throughout the camp. As one of the boys said, "We are on inactive service.'” We have fifty men in the company and five officers. I mention this only because it is the condition throughout the brigade. Since the third draft quota has been held up and about half the men who had been in training here have been sent to other camps, we have been left with only our minds to improve. Well, it’s not quite so bad as that, but some time ago it would have been a golden opportunity to have all this time and also incentive for study. The lighter reading, such as war stories, I don’t dig deeply into, because there will be lots of time to learn all that, and at first hand, too, and reading stories about the horrors of war doesn’t brighten the prospect.

Among the young officers around me, I rarely see signs of military genius; and if I do, it is mostly limited to having the good sense to go to bed at a respectable hour in order to be ready for duty the next day. For the most part we are a happy-go-lucky crowd that has a good time and works pretty hard while we are at it.
However, for all the real work we are doing just now, we might be retired on half pay and still be taking advantage of Uncle Sam. But when it comes to good hard work, we are there and we like it. It does seem strange that a man should like it and therefore be happy when he is going as hard as he can go, and feels he is doing some good. But it's a fact. It has happened to me just often enough so that I know that it makes one feel like a real person.

The army, and the whole war business, is an immense business proposition. There is an endless check and balance, responsibility and accountability that one never thought of during the early days of our entrance into the war when everything was "Join the army and be your own boss," or "Enlist today," etc., and when one's romantic blood ran high. But if we have some of the honor and responsibility of being officers, we have also our share of the drudgery. For check-and-balance seems to go on in spite of our entrance into the army—indeed, it seems to increase a little.

One thing the army has done for me, is this: I had dreams and plans for the future. Now they are gone. The reason for that is that we neither dream nor do we plan in the army. In the first place, this is all done for us, and in the second place, we cannot get inspiration out of endless orders, and records that we keep, along with hair-splitting interpretations of regulations. However, if I can learn one thing from all this, it will have profited me much, and the army has that to teach, and that is there is only one way to do a thing and that is the right way.

The people of Louisville are treating us beautifully. They stick us unmercifully for our money, but they treat us well. They have public dances and private
dances for us. They entertain us at dinner and invite us to church. On the whole, their spirit toward us has been fine. I enjoy the Collegian very much. Remember me to all my friends at college.

**Lieutenant Garrison Winders, '19:** It seems as if I had to come down here to Hattiesburg to realize in what esteem and affection I hold old Butler. One must often be taken away from environment and advantage to know what wonderful opportunity he has had. The beautiful old buildings, the campus, the classrooms, and the faculty seem almost a dream to me now. There, I was associated with only the highest class of men and women; here, I am thrown with all classes. One is subject to all kinds of temptation, and this life is a constant builder of character for a man with will-power enough to resist. I hope some day to come back to Butler and finish my education. If I do, it will be with a different point of view from the one I have had. I begin to realize there is something else in the world beside pleasure, and that one must not only gain, but he must sacrifice—he must gain through sacrifice. I feel that I have had every advantage, and I am now ready to give whatever may be necessary for the preservation of our government and its honor.

**Corporal Frank Sanders, '19:** Camp Shelby. Your letter came five minutes ago. I have been here a week and am well satisfied. Our work will be mounted signal work and we shall be employed in handing down firing data and other information from headquarters to the batteries in action. The detachment is commanded by a regular army captain and is composed of five sergeants and seven corporals, eight mounted
orderlies, signal men, motorcyclists, couriers, and motor car drivers. I am studying to be a signal operator. In a way the work will be dangerous, for we will be used as outposts between the firing batteries and the brigade headquarters.

We have a nice bunch of men here, they being selected because of their college education or their previous service.

Many of the Butler boys are in camp. Across the road from my tent is the field hospital battalion in which are George Kingsbury, Clifford Wagoner, Stanley Ryker, and Seaborn Garvin. I called on them last night. Jacob Doelker and Miles Tiernan are with the Seventy-fifth Brigade headquarters under General Lewis. Eugene Sims and Chester Barney are transferred from Battery F to the Ammunition and Field Service Trains headquarters. De Forest O'Dell, Garrison Winders, Halford Johnson, Dean Fuller, and Francis Lineback are still with Battery F of the One Hundred Thirty-ninth. I shall see them often, as we are in the same brigade.

I have been visiting the Y. M. C. A. There are six in camp. They are doing a wonderful work, not least in giving a touch of home life to the camp. Movies three nights a week, lectures, stunts, athletic contests, and church on Sunday, keep the soldier boys from becoming homesick and discouraged. At times I become blue when I think of home and college and the dear friends I left behind; but I am cheered by the thought that we are doing only what was expected of us, and that when we return, if by chance or good fortune we do return, we shall be welcomed back with the greatest of joy and heartfelt thanks. I am looking for that day, but to come not soon. I have little time to read,
but I do not want to fall into a rut, so last night took Scott's "The Abbott" from the Y. M. C. A. library.

The other night I took a walk alone through our portion of the camp. It is such a lonely view at night. All around are myriads of lights shining forth from distant rows of mess-shack windows, and the pine trees, towering in the moonlight, are the only visible signs of nature except the blinking stars and the cold moon overhead. When I am alone at night I always compare myself to the moon—far from everybody and cold and lonely. Do not think me sentimental—even a soldier may possess poetic instinct.

With fond memories of old Butler, her students and her teachers.

Sergeant Bloor Schleppey, '12: "Shoving off" for France at Quantico, Va., is a living picture show in three reels which might well be entitled "Parade," "Religious Services" and "Good-bye at the Station."

Two or three days before the actual leave-taking (the time is never certain), the Battalion lucky enough to be assigned to overseas duty from the great Overseas Depot at Quantico, holds its farewell parade, a review of all the troops in the departing unit, fully equipped for travel with complete heavy marching orders, rifles, wire-cutters and intrenching tools.

Between the time of the parade, when every man appears at his best, and the time for entrainment, the men are kept busy rolling heavy marching orders, perhaps entertaining mothers and friends who have come to bid them good-bye; bidding farewells to less fortunate "buddies" who are retained at the post; marching in companies to various supply stations for different articles of equipment and uniform and disposing of
the personal belongings which they can not carry with them.

Here and there throughout the gigantic camp mothers are walking arm in arm with their sons, or sweethearts are strolling through the last precious hours of conversation with their heroic Marines. Around the corner of a Battalion street or main road comes a company of men singing and cheering, marching "Route step," overjoyed in the glory of going across and the exultation in the privilege of wearing the overseas uniform. What a sight it is! Square-jawed, vigorous, marching on his toes, with a pack that weighs considerably more than sixty pounds, each man blithe in the final realization of that long-cherished day when he may start for France. What an unconsciously overbearing attitude he has, as much as to say, "My training as a Marine is completed. Now I am going to France for more training and after that when I have been in the trenches the war will soon be over." You can't blame him a bit for his egotism, either, for as an actual fact he is ready to deliver the goods right at the Kaiser's front door.

It is whispered about that—-Battalion will entrain the next morning. Every man has been "shot" or inoculated with the required serum, the task of equipping him is done and the order has come to roll the heavy marching order that evening. The latter fact alone is indicative of the fact that the unit will "shove off" because heavy marching orders are never rolled the evening before an ordinary hike. However, Dame Rumor has been exceptionally busy infesting the camp with strange stories.

"We will not leave for a week" is the sage advice of an old-timer. "I had it from headquarters." he adds with a knowing wink.
"Day after tomorrow is the day," says a man but three months in the service who is a hard-faced Marine and pulls the corners of his mouth down as he talks.

"A Quartermaster Sergeant told me," repeats another, and so the time of departure is obscured by the very anxiety of the men who most desire to know it accurately.

But the evening is fraught with excited anticipation. Men in companies still attached to the post are showered with fancy cakes of toilet soap, extra shaving outfits and toilet kits, knives, picture frames, string, and all sorts of "junk," since superfluous articles are not allowed to displace the important baggage destined for the serious business of war.

Groups sit up in the bunk houses far after taps discussing the big event, and for once the order of the Top Sergeant to "pipe down" is unavailing, for even he is too excited to sleep.

Then comes the eventful morning of all mornings, when reveille blows at 3:30 a. m. and the men march to religious services in the big gymnasium. Hymns are flashed on the big moving picture screen and the chaplain bids his "leathernecks" a good-bye which is both a tribute to their good behavior in camp under his guidance and a reminder of what conduct is expected of them "over there."

It was at communion at one of these services when the Second Battalion of the Eleventh Regiment was leaving that one of the Marines burst out crying. His great sobs were uncontrolled and his buddies half rose in their seats to look at him. Suddenly he arose to his feet. "I know what you think," he cried. "You think I'm yellow. I'm not yellow. It's not that. My mother
was killed in an air raid on London and I just can't wait till I get to France." The chaplain and song leader started "Onward, Christian Soldier" and the men sang that hymn as it had never been sung before.

Early "chow" always follows these religious services, after which the men answer roll call and march to the station, where already a huge crowd of stay-at-homes is assembled.

"Don't crowd, plenty of room for everybody. Rear rank in the rear coaches and front ranks forward," come the commands at random. The Red Cross has vied with Morris Levine, of the Jewish Welfare Board, in distributing candies and sandwiches, all of which had been consumed before boarding the train. Mr. Levine was distributing writing paper, but many of the Marines cried "Never mind the paper, out with the candy."

The band struck up "Over There" as the men rushed into the coaches. All the jealous Marines who were denied the privilege of making the trip to Berlin were there shouting at the top of their voices. Pandemonium reigned in the scattered ranks of the stay-at-homes, while eagerness alone disturbed the well-ordered ranks of the men who were lucky enough to smile good-bye.

Colonel Van Orden's twelve-year-old son, George, was there crying because he could not go with his father's regiment to which he had been attached while in camp as drummer boy. Wives and sweethearts thronged the station as the train began the long trip to the port of embarkation.

Slowly in the long line of coaches a semblance of order was restored as the men settled back in groups to
sing or give company yells. Six men in each car, under the direction of Mr. Levine, furnished entertainment during the trip. Burlesques of happenings in camp and takeoffs on officers, quartettes, and humorous monologues provided a continuous vaudeville performance. Each coach competed in a singing contest. The winning coach received a package of cigarettes and a chocolate bar for each man.

All this had happened in the excitement of the night, and shortly after dawn the train pulled into Washington, D. C. An early offensive was immediately launched by an overwhelming force of beautiful Red Cross workers, who were straightway organized so that not a man missed a hot cup of coffee and the many dainties distributed.

After a brief hour in the capitol the train resumed its eventful journey. The men made excellent connections with the transport and went aboard at once after the arrival of their train. So a large part of the Eleventh regiment, U. S. M. C., bade good-bye to camp training to take over the serious life of fighting the Kaiser’s minions.

Lieutenant Justus W. Paul, A. B. ’15: We are finally on our way across, but it has not been any pleasure trip so far. There were a thousand and one little things that came up at the last minute and kept us on the jump. After we embarked there were just about as many details to look after.

We have a good boat and a fine bunch of officers. There are two Y. M. C. A. men and they have a movie machine and other means of entertainment, so we shall not lack for recreation. The guard and other details keep us busy part of the time. The other time is de-
voted to reading, playing cards, etc. There is a big ship library and in addition a large Y. M. C. A. library. One of the main pastimes is listening to tales of "subs" from the ship officers. They have some dandies. * * *

We are floating about in the war zone now and should be in port in a couple of days. There hasn’t been any excitement of any kind and I hardly anticipate any as we have a sufficient convoy. The most daring "sub" wouldn’t have much of a chance to get us, and if she did we have plenty of boats and rafts. The food is fairly good. I haven’t missed a meal yet and have had several extras. The worst part is the darkness at night. Everybody goes to bed about eight. Can’t even smoke at night. I have been on watch up in the crow’s nest two days out of every three. We work in four reliefs—two hours on and six off. It is rather hard on sleep, but is quite an experience and breaks the monotony. * * *

We are finally here and settled temporarily. We are quartered in wooden barracks much the same as those we had at Fort Harrison. Everything is so beautiful and so quaint and yet so sad and somewhat run down that you seem to be swallowed up by the environment. Spring is here, the grass is green, the brightest green I ever saw—and flowers—every house has a flower garden that would dazzle your eyes. The houses are quaint little affairs with colored trimmings, the main part always being white. The whole town seems like a spot of heaven to see it from a little distance, but when you get down into it, there is the steady flow of black along the street. Women of all stations and ages are dressed in mourning and yet they are so brave—always smiling and bright. I don’t think I shall ever forget my first impressions here. * * *
I was away up in central France the other day—rather three days, on special duty. I passed through many interesting towns and places but can't give the names. I met a lieutenant from Fort Harrison there. He was also at Hattiesburg. Chrisman is his name. We had a fine chat. * * *

Just came off guard. Have been on twenty-four hours as usual, only Jimmy fell in a river last night and as a result I had to stand the whole tour. Usually we divide it. * * * It is so hard not to write of all the interesting things I see every day. There are so many things to be done here and they have to be done at once so we hardly know what to expect in the way of duty. There is one thing I want to have spread around. Tell any one you see who is in the army, that it is not necessary to bring tobacco. We can get all we want at our own canteens and at the commissary and the price is better than at home. But every one does need a canvas basin and bucket. * * *

The company nearly went crazy when the mail came. They don't have much chance to write and I suppose a lot of people in the States don't write to them because they don't get answers. If every one knew the eagerness with which the men wait for mail, every one would write to a soldier. It makes tears come to your eyes to see the expressions on the faces of the men who don't get any letters. * * * Now I am going to study a little French. I am getting along fairly well but it is slow work. However, I shall be able to give Dad some lessons in slang and trench idioms. * * * There is a party down at the Officers' Club tonight—rather, an entertainment. Some music, a bit of elocution, a cup of tea, and a cake. * * * There doesn't seem to be any idea of our leaving this part for some time. No
doubt you are glad to hear that, but it is very dull and uninteresting. I much prefer to be throwing shells at the Huns. * * *

I have lots of news this time. Bob Kennington landed Sunday. He came down to see me last night and we went around town a bit, but I had an engagement with a French officer and his wife. He is adjutant at a big prison camp near here and is going to take me through the camp some day. There are about 3,500 Boches there. * * *

Had some more visitors today. Halford Johnson—you remember him at Butler, perhaps—and McGuire, who was first sergeant of Battery F in the One Hundred Thirty-ninth. * * * I have a great many friends here. I go out to see several French families and could not ask for nicer people. And we have some very funny experiences, too. Yesterday the captain of Company K brought his company to attention and saluted a man who looked for all the world like a French general, but who turned out to be a postman. And I have heard dozens of Americans ask for "des yeux" instead of "oeufs."

**Lieutenant John Iden Kautz, '17:** I cannot tell you in so short a space all my first impressions of this beautiful country. We had no sleep the last two nights on the boat as we were forced to stay on deck through the danger zone. On Monday we made the dock at Bordeaux after a run up the Gironde through the greenest and prettiest lands I ever saw. Our train left for Paris at 10:30 that night, and, as we traveled third-class on our military permissions we made no attempt to sleep, but had what I suppose few Americans have had—the privilege of traversing the chateau country in the moonlight.
We are quartered here in a very pretty private park of about twenty-five acres of sloping ground on the banks of the Seine just above the Trocadero. This is, of course, right in the middle of the more historic regions of Paris. During my work this week driving a camion, I have seen many of the things worth seeing here, and on my afternoon off have visited several others. I must go now. I shall have to be very particular not to say the wrong things, so I shall not give you much news till I know what is proper to send. My German name has handicapped me several times, but they have been convinced of my good faith eventually. God knows I wish I could do more for these people. Even this little while has taught me that they have given of the best they have; that no sacrifice is too great; that the best men of France are being killed for the sake of great ideals. Only now does one begin to realize what the war really is like. I hope that our own fair land shall never have to suffer as has France, but may the day soon come when we prove to them at least that we are ready, if necessary. *Au revoir.*

A brave soldier convalescent from wounds he had received in action was to receive the Croix de Guerre and we had been asked (a special favor to us) to take part in the ceremony. The men from other camps were there, too, making five hundred Americans in all. It was a thrilling thing itself to see the five hundred of us form a hollow square around the Stars and Stripes before the march. Our new uniforms looked neat and handsome, and the sun shone pleasantly on dull polished rifles and helmets as we stood at attention. There were French soldiers and officers, and a band played the Marseillaise as the man to be decor-
ated was escorted into the cleared space in the forest. The service was short and impressive, consisting of a reading of the citation, a few words of presentation, the pinning on of the cross, and the kiss on each cheek, while we and the French poilus stood at “present arms.”

* * *

Tonight the big guns out there are tired of roaring at each other and are still. I am very glad, for it gives me a chance to forget the things of yesterday when I was nearer the front. I was prepared for a good deal before I went and the separate incidents did not disturb me much; but when I got home to record my impressions in my diary and saw it all written down, it was depressing to find how much of it there was in this small section where there is little activity, and to think how much there must be over all the front.

But here, when we rolled into the grounds as the dusk was settling, it was very different. Picture, if you can, the dense forest with the chateau of white stone and roofed with blue tile set in a clearing. From each corner of the front of the house stretch long rows of brown army tents to where the hill rises sheer for a hundred feet beyond. Two hours ago there would have been goats feeding in the center park and peacocks and pheasants preening themselves on the lower terrace. Now it grows dark and they are gone.

* * *

As I write I am sitting on a shock of wheat thrown down from a harvest pile in a hilltop field. It is rather a rendezvous of mine, for the hill is high and one can see for many miles—to the north and east the smoke of battle, to the south and west such fertile valleys as remind me of the hilly south of our own State. The
hour is early, for at three this morning I awoke from my first full night's sleep in many a day, and breakfasted and sent away some cars. They are keeping us pretty busy now. There has been much fighting hereabouts, of which you will read and no doubt will forget before this reaches you. There is Craonne, between the Chemin des Dames and the twin plateaus of Char tinbrise and Californie, where the French have withstood such tremendous onslaughts in the last two weeks—and all of it we have served a little with our trucks.

Our ambulances were delayed, so I joined one hundred and fifty fellows who were going up to drive the big army trucks. There are five hundred of us now from Yale, Cornell, Dartmouth, Chicago, California, and a dozen other universities, and, though we were a bit disappointed in the change at first, we feel now that we are helping France the most by doing so.

I suppose that we never can make the name that the ambulance corps did for itself. There is none of the romance or glory, no chance of gaining the distinction that the men who came before us honorably did with their little ambulances. Mostly it is just hard plugging, jarring, straining labor with the five-ton loads, which may be anything from logs to shells and nitroglycerin.

It rains too much, and even the excellent roads here cannot stand the traffic. Sometimes for a week at a time the game is mostly sliding sideways down the hills, with your eyes shut and praying that the other fellow keeps his distance. When we go up close it is always at night, and there are no lights—even cigarettes—allowed, so we stand a pretty good chance of sliding into the man ahead, although the night work is getting to be more or less instinctive now.

I no longer drive very much, as I am a brigadier
of the company, and am kept jumping on and off the trucks a good deal, but often on the way home, when we have been going pretty hard for a bit and I have not slept, I wake from a doze at a slackening of the speed and make a frantic grab for the brake lever which is not there, from the habit of running in the dark.

You will want to know if we have been under fire, I suppose, and what it felt like. The answer is 'yes,' but the experience was much less terrifying, even on the first occurrence, than I had anticipated. Several of us (I for one) have nicks in our steel helmets which we hope some day to display. But, of course, those pieces were pretty well spent before they came, or I would not be writing this letter.

One man in another company is reported to have complained to his lieutenant that some one from our company had thrown rocks at him the other day. Investigation showed the top of his car well shredded and eleven pieces of shell in the bottom of the car.

But somehow they do not seem to get us. The men take unholy chances sometimes, for the sake of seeing all there is to see, but a fool's providence takes care of those who do such things, and no one has been hurt so far.

Tell the anxious ones at home who think this work more perilous than the ambulance, that it is not so. We go the same places they do every day, and one has only to see a big shell burst to know that if we are to meet one it does not matter what our load is.

I suppose we are all to become fatalists by now with regard to life and death. It is well, for that philosophy will let us live each day with all the fervor in us, and it leaves no place for cowardice. There are
loved ones at home whose memory will not let us want
to die, but if it comes we can count our lives well spent,
at least. Sometimes it galls a bit to know that we are
almost outsiders in the war, that though we carry guns
and drill and stand our turn at guard, are in the vast
army of France, we are not really of it. To see the
things the war has done to France; to drop down into
some back trench and talk to men who have been where
hell was popping hour by hour; to pass the miles of
roadside unnamed graves, each in part responsible for
the black that veils the womanhood of France; to see
a little town that once housed happy families made
into dust before your eyes, or view the pitiable human
dust of wounded, wornout men that straggle ever back
to rest while others take their places—it makes you
want to fight and question why you have a right to
stay unscratched.

The war as we can see it here is far from being
fought all out. America will have to give at least a
part as much as France, and recollect that it is to suffer
and do without and die and sorrow as the present gen-
eration never has. Many of us who are the young men
of the day will have to give the best we have to pay.
There is no more glamour about it all any more, no
glory. The things I have seen, in days to come will
make me shudder when I have time to think. But I
guess I am willing enough to 'carry on,' at that. The
best of it out here is that we do not have time to think,
but feel somehow a sense of duty that sends us along
well enough content, and we live more or less on the
day to day excitement. Besides, you are not to think
we live in calm enough to permit of such speculation as
I have indulged in this early hour today. Mostly it is
laughter and joke about the things that happen, no
JOHN PAUL RAGSDALE
Captain, 168th Infantry

WHITNEY RAU SPIEGEL
Captain, 104th Infantry

ROBERT LAWRENCE LARSH
Sergeant, 150th Field Artillery

JOHN IDEN KAUTZ
Lieutenant, Motor Transport Corps
matter how serious they may be, and sing a bit at night.

Sometimes when some one is laid up for a day or so, he breaks out with a poem or a song or adds some new choice bit to our atrocious slang. Altogether, perhaps the fun is a bit unreal, born of the reactions from the cessation of the crash and rush of wind and shock of the big guns up front. But we are all right, and for the time, at least, we would not change places with our own army, for we are having lots of action. Later, perhaps, we can join them when they are doing things. I hope so.

* * *

Since writing the foregoing two men have come in rather badly dazed from catching a pair of spent balls in the side of the head. I have given them first aid and shipped them off to the hospital—it is nothing much, but it spoils our record. Except for three broken arms there had been no other injuries so far.

The men are scattered about the grounds cooling off after a long drive that kept us out till nine o’clock. The stars are coming out and peace settles over us for the night.

I wish I could tell you all of the things I am seeing and doing, but suppose there are good reasons for our being instructed to refrain. I think I am beginning to understand more why we are in the war and to feel very glad that we are as a nation come to the aid of France in this hour of need. I hardly see how these people can have kept at it so long and so hard and prepare still to go on.

I have told you of the admiration France has awakened in me—of the inspiration of the splendid struggle she has made. Those things shall never die within me and that is partly why I am so glad to see our men.
France—not Paris—is suffering a nervous dementia. The common people can no longer reason at all. They are hysterical. They do not like us Americans very much at heart, although they are very glad to see our khaki now. They say, "Why didn't you come two years ago and help us out? Then France would have had a chance. Now you fight your own war while we are killed, and there is nothing left of us to enjoy what we have gained." In a way at least they are right. It hurts to admit the fact.

Russia has laid down on the job through ignorance or wilfulness, with the result that last month 750,000 men were transferred to this front. England is doing splendidly where she fights, but she is holding less than a third of all the lines. France may go through one more great campaign—no more. Her army is hollow-eyed—exhausted. They must rest each few hours, and many welcome death however it comes. They are drunken when they go into battle—crazy when they come out. Why? Not because there is anything wrong with the men, but because humans cannot live for three years through what they have had and remain the same. They will not give way to our trucks oftentimes, hoping to be injured by us. When two trucks collided the other day, both drivers went crazy from the shock. These are but examples of the conditions.

One cannot help having a little lost feeling in being so quickly plunged into such seas of awfulness, and I suppose the experience sobers and ages one as nothing else can. It is indescribable—often nauseating to some of the weaker of us; perhaps it is well that the world is not allowed to know all the truths about Belgium's suffering at Germany's hands. Perhaps it is
well that the life in the trenches is only vaguely pictured and that those who love things beautiful cannot see Rheims, for instance, as I saw it distantly yesterday—a dust heap disturbed twelve to twenty hundred times a day by German shells.

One cannot imagine what a single shell can do till he has seen one burst. The other night when we were up with fourteen cars to serve a new sortie very close up, we took refuge in a Red Cross "poste de secours" while shells were falling in a stone court beyond. The destruction was enormous and fragments struck above us, nearly a thousand feet away, with wounding force. It is not as terrifying to be under fire as I thought it would be, but then we never had it very bad.

* * *

I come to the end of a nearly perfect day as I write now, and I draw a little circle around the date of another Sunday nearer home with a glad, tired feeling—happier than I have been for days. It was three o'clock this morning before our run of yesterday was finished. We had ridden all night under clear bright skies and once when we crossed a high foothill, it seemed almost that we were riding through the stars in still, peaceful spaces, where the mountains hid the sight and sound of war and blotted out all evil things. So when the last car had reported in and I was free, I couldn't want to leave it all for sleep, but took instead a knapsack with a little food and crept away up through the shadow of the highest hill to wait the coming of the sun down the narrow valley to the east. How still and subtly the gray overcast the stars and the white dew-fogs of the night lifted and smoked away from the jewel-tipped fields below! How gently the red-pink clouds slid aside to let the big red ball roll through
and change to glittering yellow in the clearer air, while coming it painted the hillsides downward to the valleys with its light! Then the world awoke to meet the aurora. The birds came forth and sang as they soared and dipped among the fields, while all the world was for the moment gunless and still. Behind me my comrades slept the dead sleep of fatigue—unknowing. Out yonder men slept in sodden misery in holes—too tired to care if there was beauty near.

It is the war—and, oh, how terrible. Why should it be that these poor people must suffer so? Why should one have to think that all the blue farm smoke that rises here and there was made by fires that women built because their men had gone to help the stricken homeland? Why, while the chateau over there stands out so white and pretty in the morning, must one know that the roof is gone and the walls on the other side were broken because an enemy came to destroy and kill and reap an awful harvest in the fields where grain has given way to the forms of men at the sowing time?

It is this that can make us hate, that blinds our eyes to the purple of the gentians and the deep red of the poppies, that takes us away from the ones we love till the debt is paid. So be it for a little while longer at least.

* * *

Today when the air grew warm and I had eaten a little bit, I wandered away on a well-earned holiday to see the land as I liked. And as I walked I thought of many things, and home of all things most.

Then at length I turned away from the road, up a little path to the top of Mount Notre Dame, where the villagers round about—old men and the women—were come to worship and to pray for France in the cathe-
IN THE WORLD WAR 55
dral that stands there on the ancient rock. I couldn’t help slipping into the doorway to see the service, for I knew it must be beautiful in there under the great stone arches that master-builders had so lovingly wrought long, long ago in the days before the New World was even a myth. Somehow I knew the priest would be white-haired and majestic, that the place would be cool and dark with the stillness of dead centuries. Somehow I knew that only peace could reign in there and rest for tired hearts, and holiness and love. But I couldn’t stay—I, with my uniform of war, was out of place in there, and I left it to its simple people to go into the sunshine and the woods. And the breath of the place, the mysticism of the rose-lit windows, and the orange burning of the tapers, went with me as I left and brought me happiness of heart.

It is very splendid to be giving so much time to the Red Cross work—you will always be glad that you have in years to come, for that is the only truly glorious part of the war—the Red Cross.

An Instrument of Destiny

Nothing but good can befall the soldier, so he plays his part well. Come out of the ordeal safe and sound, he has had an experience in the light of which all life thereafter will be three times richer and more beautiful; wounded, he will have the esteem and admiration of all men and the approbation of his own conscience; killed, more than any other man, he can face the unknown without misgiving—that is, so long as death comes upon him in a moment of courage and enthusiasm, not of faltering or fear ... Never have I regretted what I am doing, nor would I at this moment be anywhere else than I am. I pity the poor civilians who shall never have seen or known the things that we have seen or known. Great as are the pleasures that they continue to enjoy and that we have renounced, the sense of being the instrument of Destiny is to me a source of greater satisfaction.

Alan Seeger.
I don't remember when nor how this little clipping came to me. I found it, perused it, lightly enough, then kept it to re-read many times and to ponder more than once the words the poet wrote. He lived and died out here in that philosophy and found it good—even to that last hour, when men in battle come to choose this life or that death in brave deeds. In writing he has passed the clean thought on to those of us who find our power of words too slight to formulate a doctrine of our own to guide us through these fields. And I have made it mine.

I send it to you because the time has come when you and I must face a little more squarely the eventuality for me of which he wrote himself. C'est la guerre.

Sergeant Robert E. Larsh, '20: I hope this reaches you before Christmas, because I would like to have a letter to read myself for a present.

This letter proposition is rather hard to get around over here, so if this is stupid and uninteresting, don't blame me. I'll say all I possibly can. I am getting along finely, and growing fat, from all appearance. We feed pretty well here, especially in quantity. I should have taken a few French lessons before I left, because I do have some trouble making these people understand what I want. I usually come out victorious, however. I have been to town once. This is a very quaint and picturesque country around here, and I would like to describe it to you, but they say "No," so there I am. I'll save the description until I come back. Sunny France—I wonder where it is? This is the first bright day we have had for some time. It has been rainy and cold—the kind that goes clear through. I guess I'll live, nevertheless.
We are on a sort of a vacation this afternoon, and everyone is sunning his clothes and blankets and himself, and, incidentally, thinking of home. You know we do that often—it makes a pleasant pastime. It is surprising how little homesickness there is. You would think there would be a lot, because we have not had any mail for nearly a month, and you know lack of news from home often brings that peculiar disease called homesickness. These American boys show their stock, though, because they adapt themselves quickly to any condition. Of course there is a little crabbing, as we call it, but that soon passes on and the condition becomes laughable. That is the spirit that is going to bring us through this war with flying colors.

How's every one in Butler? How's the football team getting on? I want you to know that I've wished for a book of poems several times since I've been here.

Well, goodbye. My hello to everybody.

Lieutenant Earl T. Bonham, A. B., '20: The copy of "Character and Heroism" has come. It certainly deals with subjects of vital current interest, but its thought would be more effective in time of peace. Words on heroism are superfluous over here, for heroism is considered a form of doing one's duty. Sacrifice, too, is just plain duty as millions of men have done it. As to character, why, character is made daily here. Every skirmish tends to bring out what is in a man. A man's whole future may be moulded by incidents which occur in the soldier's daily routine. The life of a soldier is very different from the life of the civilian and for the most part makes him much more useful all round.

There is little time for me to write, but I think of you all at Butler many times, be sure. Good night.
Lieutenant John Paul Ragsdale, ’12: We are not permitted to tell much of what we are doing, so that my letters are necessarily brief. I think I may safely say, however, that while we are very busy, we still have had an occasional leave, and that consequently I’ve been able to see of this beautiful country enough to know that I must return after the war to see more of it. I am glad to know the college continues to progress. There are no Butler men near my station, so the news of the college is doubly welcome. I am pleased to hear the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are taking such an interest in affairs.

You may take these few words as my sentiment: We are here to stay—and to fight—until America has given the world that thing for which she entered the war—Democracy. We are all mightily in earnest, and those at home may rely on us that the job will be well done.

Lieutenant Whitney R. Spiegel, ’18: “Somewhere in France.” The best thing you folks back home can do is to write letters, and after they have been finished to sit down and to write more letters. Yesterday’s mail was the first I had received in fifteen days, so you can imagine with what interest I devoured the news. I was more than fortunate in the number I received—twenty, so I ought not to complain. It really would be better if mail came every three or four days, instead of from fifteen days to three weeks and then have enough to start a post office.

It was great news to hear of Butler’s glorious football season. I have thought of the college many times, and have wondered how every one was getting along. I suppose you had a great time when Harry Perkins brought his team from Camp Taylor to play Butler.
Tell the Butler students that the money they contributed to the Y. M. C. A. is the best investment they could have made. There is no institution for which I have higher words of praise than the Y. M. C. A. Many, many enjoyable evenings I have spent in their little frame huts, listening to their victrola or piano. Really it makes one think he is back home as he listens to the old songs he has heard so many times as he sat about the grate fire. As this stationery shows, I am writing now in the Y. M. C. A.

There is a great "bit" going on over here, but what is most interesting is censored. I am trying, however, to remember most of the things of importance to tell you when I return.

This town of "Somewhere" is a great place. It has no doubt received more prominence than any other city in the world. To describe it would be as hopeless a task as my learning French. The French language is hard to conquer. You can study and study and think you are progressing finely, until you hear a Frenchman talk, and you are then sure you have never heard the language before.

There are many historical places of which I had read, and now it is my pleasure to see them with my own eyes—a treat I had never dreamed would be mine when burning the midnight oil to learn about them.

I have not told you much news, but if this conveys to you Butler people my thanks and appreciation it will have served its purpose. My thoughts are with you a great deal. I am not with any Butler boys or any one I ever heard of.

Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, '19: We have just come in out of the dark night after giving Mr. Boche "two rounds." He gave us a good shelling today, but
the men have grown so used to old Heinie’s shells that they go right on with their work without batting an eye. They have found that it is comparatively easy to tell when the shell is coming close and the men usually have time to duck into some shelter before it “lets go.”

It is still snowing a little outside, but the weather is not cold and we feel that the winter is about over. We have had enough cold weather during maneuvers to do us the rest of our lives. I do not particularly fancy getting up in the morning and having to thaw out my shoes before I can get them on. But it all goes in a day’s business in the army. In fact we are far from uncomfortable in our daily routine, though, of course, by turns, we have long night hours and are glad to get to our comfortable dugout, with a stove and plenty of light and ventilation.

Sergeant Robert E. Larsh, ’20: “Somewhere.” Somehow tonight it is not easy to write. I can think of a million things I want to say, but the regulations say “no.” So, if this is a little rambling, blame it on the war.

This has been a beautiful day. We have so few of them that we take great care to mark them down. It has been cold, but the kind of cold that makes you feel that you have taken a new lease on life. It braces me up anyhow. Now please do not get the impression that I am down and out, for we have too much to do that is interesting to feel so.

I am in one of those many Y’s which are popping up all over France. They are doing a great work. There is usually a canteen connected with them where we can buy tobacco, candy, canned goods, and other little
IN THE WORLD WAR

articles which we miss so much. There is a large music room connected with this, where are given some really fine concerts. You would not think such music could be found in an army band, but the Minnesota band has some of the bands back home wiped clear out.

I broke the record and went to church this morning. This surely is a red letter day. Freddy Daniels and the bunch out of our cantonment went. This was the first service our chaplain had held, so we decided to start out right. You know we have to march in some sort of formation everywhere we go, but we didn't know what would be the regulation formation for church, since it's not in the book. We finally lined up in the shape of a cross with Danny leading and I at the foot. We did get serious when we got there and enjoyed the service very much.

You ask if I ever see the Butler boys. I think I see about fifteen every day. Besides Danny, there are Duke Witherspoon, Art Bryan, Storey Larkin, Ed Whitaker, in the same company with me; then, Fritz Wagoner in the supply company, and about five in Battery E, so we are not a bit lonesome. I hear from "Tow" pretty often, too, and hope to see him soon. He seems to be enjoying himself and getting along finely. I think he has been to Paris twice—once on leave and once on duty. He surely makes a good soldier. Carlos is over here, too, with the Fifteenth F. A.; so, you see, the Butler boys are well represented.

A book of poems came to me for Christmas, and I do enjoy sitting by the stove and reading it. I have read it clear through and have started it over again. It moves whenever I move and it's going to take a journey soon. I lent it to one of the boys while I was
away on a trip. We compare notes on which poems are the best, and at times we get into pretty lively discussions. He has a book of Huxley's Essays which helps to pass the time between retreat and bedtime. We got pretty hot the other night over "On a Peace of Chalk." The whole cantonment was in before we got through, so you see our time is not spent so badly.

Lieutenant Earl T. Bonham, A. B., '20: As to that statement about being an officer of the first company that got a shot at the Boche, I might tell you that I was an officer in the first regiment to get the first crack. You know that we went up to the front with quite a few men and quite a few batteries, and as to which of about ten batteries fired the first shot is still unsettled. However, I might as well claim it though, for no one knows for sure.

To comply strictly with the censorship regulations would be but to tell about my health and the weather, but I will tell you that we are at the front and giving them hell all the time. The Boche had an idea that they were tough, and the other night came over under a barrage to try to clean us up. To their sorrow, however, we were on the job and placed a cute little barrage behind them so they could not get back to their trenches. There they stood between the devil and the deep blue sea, between two barrages through which they could not pass. Our machine guns stretched out a bunch of them in No Man's Land, and as soon as their barrage had lifted to enable them to come on into our trenches, they came—as wild a bunch of scrappers as ever greeted any one. Of course some of our boys were stretched out, but they killed a bunch of Huns and captured the rest. It is believed that not an invader got back to his trenches.
I don't know whether I ought to tell this stuff or not; but you called for something of the adventurous nature, and if there is anything more so than a trench raid, I don't know what it is.

Lieutenant H. U. Brown, Jr., '19: May 3—We are getting what we came over here to get—action. If we were to stop to think about it we would find we were dead tired because night and day we are on the go. We were out last night at eleven o'clock and did not get back until after daylight, but we accomplished our purpose. The future seems to be full of just such "parties," but ammunition supplies have to go up and we cannot win the war if we quit when we feel tired. But we know the Germans lose as much sleep as we do, and probably more from the way the guns are barking. We live in an old chateau perched on a wooded hill. It is of ancient date and furnishings. I found in my room an old book, written in English and printed in 1718, dealing on the subject of religion. Just now I am reading "Prayers for Sick Persons." Fortunately, I am not sick. Some of these prayers, I fear, would really kill a sick man, and yet they are good stuff when one is in a prayerful mood.

I feel myself lucky in getting over here. Some of the officers of my acquaintance are going home for a few months to train the new army, but all of us would rather stay over and see this thing through. Time passes swiftly. There is no chance to get homesick. We try to see the comedy side of every incident, and our battery from captain down is as cheerful a lot of men as one could find. War is not so bad if you don't pay too much attention to the horrible side of it. A laugh and a cartoon will help to drive the blues away, and in no degree contribute to the welfare of the
enemy, nor to the misfortune of your own men. I know that Paul (brother of the writer) is not downhearted, and you know I am not.

May 5—I must stop the letter I have just started, because some sixth sense tells me that a package is about to be received. Sure enough, here it comes, and with it the "gang" came in. The package was duly appreciated by the multitude. One lieutenant as he consumed a cigarette and a portion of the chocolate, settled himself comfortably and absorbed the most welcome reading matter, remarking: "After all, magazines are the best thing to send."

It is extraordinarily quiet tonight, possibly because it is Sunday, at least I think it is that day. It is hard to keep up on the day of the week when they are all alike. Speaking of horses, I have one that outranks the steed we used on the Mexican border. He is hard to see unless you get a side view, because he is not exactly what you would call plump. Among his other qualifications he is afraid of automobiles and shell fire. As both of these are common articles (we are near the roads) you can imagine what a good time I have. When he hears a shell coming he begins to shiver and shake, and when the shell bursts he leaps sideways into the ditch. When he hears a machine coming he stops until it gets even with him and then wheels, plunges and lies down. This horse makes walking a pleasure.

But this poor beast has been my friend, and I feel compassion for him, for the same shell that got me upset the "critter" and rendered him sure enough "hors" de combat.

May 14—Well here I am with a bandage around my head and another around my leg, wounded in the big-
gest show of the war and now lying up in the best hospital in the world. I have borrowed pen and paper from one of the nurses to write you a line about the little affair. By the time this reaches you, you will have learned already of my being slightly wounded. It happened when I got too close to a bursting shell. I received a scalp injury above my left ear and a flesh wound on the left thigh. Neither one of them amounts to much but Red Cross people lost no time in giving me first aid and shipping me back to this hospital.

It only took about three hours in all for me to be hit, transferred about twenty miles to the rear in a Ford ambulance, have the pieces of steel cut out and sink into sound sleep enjoying ether dreams. I thought the stretcher bearers were making a mistake when the ambulance stopped in front of this mansion. They took me up the marble steps and in past the bronze doors. I was afraid to take a deep breath for fear I would wake myself up. They put me down in a big hall.

A lady comes up and sticks a cigarette in my mouth, lights it and remarks, ‘After you have had your bath you will just get in bed in time for your breakfast.’ And Sherman said war was hell! This good hospital is operated by the French, and is one grand relief after being so long in dugouts and billets. Six others share this good ward with me—an English officer, a doctor from the foreign legion, an American lieutenant in the aviation, another lieutenant of artillery, a captain of a machine gun battalion, and a signal corps major. A sister of M. Clemenceau is a nurse in this ward, or at least she is around a great deal. She is a noble character. She has been decorated three times for service, and has such a motherly nature that one can feel her presence in the room even if one is sleeping. She
speaks a little English, and says our men are splendid and show wonderful spirit and courage in the hospitals. I do not expect to be here long. I should be back for duty in a week.

May 16—This is only my fourth day in the hospital, and I already feel like an old-timer at this game. I would be enjoying myself thoroughly with little to do but sleep in absolute silence on downy pillows, if it were not for the thought that somebody back home might get a report of my injury and worry. But I guess there is bound to be some worrying during this whole war. I am well taken care of, and by the time you see these words I shall probably be back with the battery, where I will try not to get wounded again. But be assured of this fact, if either Paul or I get injured, or if any one in America fears for the injury of his son, remember the Red Cross is taking good care of us. I know now what I am talking about.

Some American nurses dropped in to see us. They were the first American girls I had seen since I left New York eight months ago. One of them gave me a tablet from which this sheet is torn. One gave cigarettes and they all donated flowers and oranges. They were "some gang," with lots of pep and fun. Another bright period in the history of my stay here was when my friend, the aviator, whose bunk is next to mine, was visited by his group of brother aviators. That also was "some gang." They shook this old hospital from stem to stern. I guess they violated all the known rules of the institution. They insisted on seeing the wounded man's injuries, they ate the cookies the nurses had brought him, they scuffled within reason with him and with me and with one another and generally had a "swell" time. They were a fine group of young fel-
IN THE WORLD WAR 67

lows, full of life and every one of them (there were seven) had a decoration of some kind and some had all of them. Their stay was prolonged, possibly in the hope that the fair nurses would come in, but the nurses know better and had important work in other wards where the really sick and suffering are receiving their tenderest care. We get along so well in this ward that we really don't need much attention and they give us pretty much our own way.

May 18—We have here a French aviator that was wounded the other day when six Germans attacked him. He was far over the Boche lines but he won his way back to safety, bringing some important photographs along. He was hit in the leg by a machine gun bullet but the Croix de Guerre he is now sporting on his night shirt (it was brought in to him last night) seems more than to make up for his injury. I find myself in good condition. My head is almost healed up but my leg is going to keep me here for some time. They don't allow wounds to heal up in a hurry. They keep them open, making them heal up solidly from the bottom. I have plenty of time to think of you folks back home, tearing down strawberry shortcakes every day. Well, don't worry about us. We are also having a good time. Pretty soon I will be allowed to go out into the park, and later on into town—oh, boy! After six months in the mud—look out!

May 23—I have been transferred from Hospital No. 1 and am now at Base Hospital No. 34. Part of my time is spent now in wondering if I am justified in cursing my leg. It is not painful at all but will take time to heal. Somebody tells me I can count on a month, which is quite a disgusting admission to have to make. The wound itself as made by a shell frag-
ment was small, but the doctor had to do a deal of cutting to get it and so I have to sit around now and wait for the blankety blank cut to get well.

The wounds around my ear have healed, but I guess I shall have a couple of beauty spots there. At any rate those scars shall be treated with all due respect. It is a rather hard job to lie in a hospital, even as good a one as this is, far away from the battery, when one knows that they are holding the line, and that every man could be of some help (at least he always thinks so) if he were there. The country about here is beautiful. I am not so far from the old school where I spent my first three months in France. I didn’t think I would be going back along the same line some day on a stretcher. Neither did I think that day we went to Ft. Harrison that just a year to a day from that date I would be taking a ride in an ambulance over here. However, I am willing to take another ride in it if it will help win the war. We are not afraid of being wounded, because we know of the good treatment of the hospitals. Well, the doctor is here to probe around in that leg. I might not use strictly classical or Sunday school language if I wrote during his explorations and so I close and give him the right of way.

Emmett W. Gans, A. B. ’87: War Trade Board, Washington, D. C. June, 1918. While location here deprives me of the pleasure of returning for Commencement, it gives a wide opportunity for duty of a sterner sort. The war, with its main objective well defined, and to accomplish which every energy of the nation is bending, has withal resulted in a general awakening of the nation on innumerable collateral subjects. The giant is finding his real strength—
domestic duties, long left undone. The citizen long unthinkingly accepting the advantages of this benefi-
cial republic is now awakening to the fact that he has obligations to perform.

The interesting and gratifying feature is that the tremendous tasks now forced by necessity on the gov-
ernment in myriad fields, in large part, are producing results of lasting benefit. In controlling the com-
merce of the country, fundamental trade information is obtained that will give us the key to a future pros-
perity of untold magnitude and benefit. The require-
ments of the government for trained men and women have opened fields of activity of unmeasurable extent. It is no longer "What shall we do?" but, "Where shall we get the people who can do?"

And the way our citizens are responding to this call would make any one's patriotic zeal rise to fever heat. A constant stream of patriots apply for the privilege of "doing anything they can"—and, given the oppor-
tunity, they do. Millionaires and day laborers work side by side in many places. Men who count their an-
nual income in seven figures, work sixteen hours a day at routine work and are a brilliant example to the young plodder. There can be only one outcome to the activities of a nation thus awakened!

And the college graduate—this is his day! Kaiser Bill is the Moses who has led the college graduate into his promised land!

The college man and woman are wanted by the mili-
tary of all branches, by Government departments of all kinds, by Red Cross activities, by manufacturers of newly discovered industries—and our dear lady friends not so favored are in such demand that the individual is lost in the demand for hundreds, thou-
sands, tens of thousands, in many departments, and the demand seems still as great as ever.

It is a world disaster that, like all others, gives endless openings to the men it develops. It is a lifetime opportunity I am grateful to have, and which in some measure compensates for the tension of duties and separation from many good friends. To the college people this is their opportunity and like loyal alumni you are all rising to the occasion. Before another anniversary let us hope it will be lasting peace, so we can all get together again.

SERGEANT MURRAY MATHEWS, A. B. '13: I am up here (Vancouver) as a sergeant in the Spruce Production division of the Air Service of the army. We are making soldiers out of men who cannot pass the overseas examination, and then are sending them to the forests of Oregon and Washington to get out spruce for aeroplanes. While this work is hardly that of a real soldier, it is absolutely necessary, as the aeroplane is playing a very important part in the war now. Once a month an overseas examination is given and it is surprising how many men become physically perfect after a turn in the woods. Of course our base hospitals are full of men who have been operated on to make them better men, and they in turn soon join a regiment for overseas duty. The Government is doing a wonderful work for the country by having this camp here, in that thousands of men have been given medical service (which they never would have had in civil life) and are turned out cured.

NEWTON C. BROWDER, A. B. '16: For two years I have been attending the Harvard Medical School. Last
CARLOS WATKINS BONHAM
Major, 15th Field Artillery

WILLIAM R. MATHEWS
Captain, 5th United States Marines

PAUL HENRY MOORE
Private, Medical Corps, 22nd Engineers

MYRON MATHIAS HUGHEL
Lieutenant, 806th Pioneer Infantry
January the Government had all medical students enlisted in the Medical Reserve Corps, so that they could finish their course. There seems to be a great shortage of doctors, and the Government does not want us drafted. It seems as if our four years would never end. It makes one feel almost like a slacker, when he knows all the other boys have gone. Some of the medical students have enlisted anyway, against the advice of the authorities; and often I feel that I cannot stay out of the war any longer.

Lieutenant Earl T. Bonham, A. B. '20: It is still my good fortune to be on the front—the place very much coveted by a vast number of anxious and chafing true-blooded American lads, eager to take their chance with the Hun. They sometimes think that they are too young and inexperienced to tackle a veteran like the Boche, but the same kind of fine young fellows have been initiated daily only to learn that they are individually equal to him and in their own minds confident that they are superior. We must give the adversary his just dues, though, for he is a worthy opponent except for his absolute disregard or ignorance of fair play. This latter characteristic has cost many a German life which might have been and undoubtedly would have been spared had his opponent any faith in him.

There is no need for worry, and, while some may not return, they will not have remained in vain, for victory is more inevitable every day. It is a hard struggle, but one the result of which will be a thousand times worth the effort.

Corporal Edward S. Wagoner, '20: I have just returned from the evening services at the "Y." Heard
a talk by a private. It is the second talk I have heard from the doughboys here, and both talks have impressed me more than any others I have heard since we’ve been at the front. The beauty about them is that they can’t hand out a word that they are not sincere in, for their audience is the men they live with twenty-four hours a day and they would be mobbed for hypocrisy if they were not sincere.

The first fellow I heard was a small, cross-eyed young man who showed all signs of having bucked the most stubborn battle that the game of life offers. His voice was slightly more audible than a loud whisper. Dave Brown—his name alone gives the picture. He had no wonderful command of the Bible, but what he knew he knew, and is making a brave attempt to live up to it. A tear dimmed the eye of almost every fellow throughout the talk. This is sufficient proof of his sincerity.

The talk tonight was better, was given by one who seems to have had more of a chance in life. It was just as impressive, perhaps for the same reason.

These fellows, and there are many more of them, are doing an invaluable good to us all. We are rapidly coming to realize that this war has been brought not upon us, but upon the people of the world, wholly through our sins. It is a war of incalculable man-power, in which God is going to win a distinct victory. This fact is the thing that is bringing us to our senses. This is why there is such a noticeable change in the American young men, especially those over here. The lesson is becoming exceedingly practical. We are learning rapidly that a victory against sin is a far greater step toward home and final peace than the taking of the helmets of a hundred Boches.
I am sure we will win a big victory because it has been shown that our principles are by far cleaner than our enemy’s; but the great victory is going to be God’s over mankind. The great element which is uncovering this valuable fact is the Y. M. C. A. It is the Association which rounds up such as I have heard, and they are the means of spreading its influence. I hope that in a few days we will be helping in the big war. It will be our golden opportunity and I think we’ll show up well. At least we are seasoned and all are anxious to go. 

[Edward’s wish was realized. He did “help in the big war.” After weeks in a base hospital the following letter was sent to a friend.] 

I have been lying here all afternoon trying to think of something to write that might be of interest to you. I could tell you how that “210 H. E.” shell accidentally found my hiding place, but you have probably heard that a dozen times already. And I might tell you of the fine vacation I have had since then in the hospitals with the nurses, and riding around France on a hospital train, but all this stuff is secondary to the fun we are having. At the time I left the gang we were chasing those Dutch scoundrels so fast that we couldn’t keep up with them. One evening, after we had advanced all day, we asked some fellows along the road where the front was. “It was about a mile up the road from here this morning, but I don’t know how far it is now,” was the reply. Well, it took us three days to get there, and they weren’t nearly finished when I left. I’m going to get back in time to help run ’em some more.

Lieutenant MacCrea Stephenson, ’12: Clermont Ferrand, July 15, 1918. Never have I been in better
spirits than now. We are enjoying life as we never have before in this beautiful place.

Our work is very interesting and to my notion more businesslike in the thing we are training for than chase or pursuit work. Our planes are large and fast and very satisfactory in every way and as two men go up in these ships, it takes away the loneliness of mono-plane work. The man I am teamed with is a splendid, capable fellow from Keokuk, Iowa. His name is Lester Harter and he is the real thing. I believe we will be able to give a proper account of ourselves if we can once get at it.

One cannot help getting the French spirit out here and a desire to get out there tout de suite or sooner. These people have certainly carried their burden admirably and to sit in front of a café and watch them, it is really difficult to realize what is and has happened. Even the blessé does not bring home the fact of the suffering there must be some place. Such a thing is not apparent any place that I have been.

We had quite a royal reception on the Fourth of July. The guests of the Royal Palace Hotel were our hosts and hostesses and such a party only the French people could give and at this time when they feel so keenly what we are trying to do.

Yesterday being the French Independence Day we expected a repetition of our celebration, but I think their desire to entertain us and their curiosity in seeing so many American soldiers on permission that day, for it seemed as if the whole army were here, accounts for their more modest demonstration.

We flew over the city in a formation of six and shot flare pistols with colored stars as our part of their morning parades and our artillery stationed in and
around here paraded and as usual was generously applauded. Outside of the prices we have to pay, it is almost like being a real hero wherever an American goes.

Being back of the war zone is fine for the pleasures we can enjoy, but a restless existence, especially when there is so much of importance going on.

After I have been up there and feel that I have accomplished something I will be glad to get back in the rear probably, but until then I want to go and square a few difficulties with the Hun and probably will before the summer is over. You must not allow anyone to worry you about my safety. I hope you will not for it gains us nothing. True there is a hazard, but why think of it? That does not alleviate the risk and just think of the much greater risk and drudgery the many infantrymen are enduring every day, even in training. Our chances are much better than theirs; in fact we have much in our favor, for in our work we can really destroy a lot compared to the price we might pay, and therefore at all costs the game is worth while. Please remember that what I am trying to do, is a necessity and if we worry about things nothing is accomplished. Let's take the French spirit in this thing and realize the consequences of lack of action and risk.

As I glance back over those last sentences, I fear you may think I am trying to prepare you for some great risk I am about to take. Nothing of the sort, for I have taken far more chance in other schools of training than here. True enough, I may not get back soon, but I'll be there to ride in the new electric and then, as Briggs the cartoonist says, "What a grand and glorious feeling!"

I wouldn't trade places with Methuselah to avoid a draft or the opportunity of being here now, for regard-
less of consequences, I feel that from a purely selfish viewpoint, I have gained more than I can lose in experience.

Lieutenant J. T. C. McCallum, A. B. '16: After many wanderings and sojournings, but mainly wanderings, I am able to write to you and say that I have been in one place for ten days. It was a trip we had! Naturally, with a bunch of rookies there was plenty of hard work, but all the same there was pleasure along with it. The voyage across was great. Very few were sick, for which the size of the boat and the calmness of the sea were responsible. We traveled in first-class staterooms on a great Atlantic liner; and ate—my, but I ate enough for ten. So you see Uncle Sam mixes a party in with hard and tiresome work. I could not but feel what a time a fellow might have on the same boat in peace times. As it was, we had some lords and ladies on board. I must say that I never gave the subs a thought, although one lieutenant in our stateroom was almost scared stiff. Poor fellow—and he expects to make a machine gun officer of himself, too.

We made a brief stay in England and I saw a good deal of the country. Fortunately the weather was perfect and everything appeared at its best. It is undoubtedly a beautiful and well-kept little country. One does not see any men except real old men and broken down and wounded soldiers, and yet every hedge and garden is in perfect condition. The women of England are certainly doing their part nobly. One sees more men in France than in England, in fact I believe that England shows the signs of war more than does France.

I am liking this place. We passed within the roll of
THUNDER from the guns one day, August 8th, when the English made their big drive, but since then I have been out of range. We are now waiting our turn and working hard on our guns.

The towns in which we are located are quaint old places with narrow, winding streets and solid stone houses. Nearly every village has its chateau which dates back to the twelfth century. We have our headquarters in a chateau here, and our official entrance is over the royal moat and through the royal arch. And my! you should hear the stories that our boys tell about it. You see we have to censor the letters and we get the full benefit of them. It has been the headquarters of every military leader from Coeur de Lion on down to Jeanne D'Arc, Napoleon included, as well as some old Irish chieftains.

This is one of the gardens of France—vineyards on all sides. Wish some of the boys and girls could be here to enjoy the moonlight of the beautiful region. I want to talk to somebody who can understand my lingo.

Sergeant Robert L. Larsh, '20: I'm way back from the front now for a short rest, where I cannot even hear the rumble of the guns.

It has been very beautiful, sunny France for sure, but today it is raining hard and is disagreeable for nearly everything except writing and reading. We are living in barracks, supposedly rain-proof, but I'm sitting in between drops now. My mess cup is about half full—water which was intended for my bed; but this is not bad—just part of it. * * *

The Quarterly was late in coming. I have just finished reading Dr. Mackenzie's address, and it is needless to say that it has helped me to see things differ-
ently. I think I'm like the rest of the boys. I get tired of this over here, disgusted with the life, and rather lose sight of what we are here for, the big ideals we are fighting for. Reading this address today makes it all clearer and easier. Of course we are all game to the end, but it does get awfully tiresome. Some of the things I have seen on this last big push will stay with me always. It leaves bitterness in the heart against the Hun.

Some of the French people are left in a very pitiful state. Even as far back as we are, we see the women out in the wheat fields gleaning. They go along and rake up or pick up the loose wheat, and, maybe, after a few hours they are able to gather a very small bundle. However, they seem happy, nevertheless. The people nearer the front are the ones affected most. We passed through any number of small towns which are laid in absolute waste. Upon our return, we saw these poor people returning and trying to take up life again—a hopeless task, it seemed to me.

Danny has gone away with his detail to a wireless school. He'll be gone about three weeks. All of us are getting along finely. Eddie Wagoner was pretty severely wounded, but is getting along all right, from what I can find out.

**Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., '19**: Recent developments have caused me to delay the finishing of this letter, and since I left off I have had some great experiences. I came as near being killed as I ever will come if I am in war a hundred years. I was mounted on a horse last night, about 9 o'clock, preparing to go on a little expedition, when all of a sudden a shell burst directly under my horse. I did not know what hap-
pened until fifteen minutes later, when I awoke, suffering from fright more than anything else, and was told. My horse was literally disemboweled, a fragment going entirely through him, and only stopping when it struck the steel saddletree. I am none the worse for it, not even shell shock, but the horse was my own, a great friend of mine, and I feel as if I had lost a close companion.

If the shell had burst ten feet away I undoubtedly would have been torn to pieces by fragments, or shocked insane. But the faithful old brute saved my life. I have thought a good many times today of the experience and I want to tell you that I have prayed to God several times, thanking Him for His mercy.

This story sounds rather "fishy," doesn't it? But while I know of no other escapes any more miraculous, one happened in my company today. A shell came into a trench in which two of my men were observing, but it failed to explode. If it had, we would never have known what became of them. But God was with us and not "Gott mit uns." I might say that only about one-twentieth of 1 per cent. of the shells fired fail to function.

I am inclosing a picture post card which I took from a German prisoner. They are not allowed to keep things of this character and usually they make good souvenirs for us. Our men are from every State in the Union and many foreign countries and I have not as yet run across any from home except a reserve officer. I have many good wishes for the continued success and future of old Butler and may her sons distinguish themselves so as to do credit to her name.

Last night the Germans gassed us and gas is the most terrible thing a soldier has to deal with. We
think we are pretty well trained in gas defense, which we are, but Fritz pulled a new one on us. Heretofore, gas has been sent over in regular gas shells, which do not make much of an explosion and which can readily be told from high explosives. But this new one is to combine gas with high explosive and he caught us unaware. Every time I get around gas I am more afraid of the devilish stuff. Ask any soldier whether he would rather be shelled or gassed and he will invariably tell you, "Give me shell, any time."

You can't appreciate its dastardly work until you see some of its victims, and then your blood boils within you and your animal or brute instinct arises, and you think of what you would like to do to every squarehead this side of hell. Only a while ago I put this proposition up to one of my officers: If we should be victorious and succeed in bringing Germany to her knees, would it not be justice, after stamping out everything that savors of German kultur, to divide the country up among several different nations?

Of course this would be justice to them, all right, but it would defeat the purpose and ideal for which we are fighting. It is only a sample of my thoughts, brought on by their hellish warfare, but I tell it to you to let you know what I think of them.

Probably the censor will delete most of this, but I want to appeal to you as an American patriot to do all in your power to hurry the people along. It seems that they have been lagging, in a measure. Do you realize that Germany is making her final and colossal effort this summer to win? We are holding them now, but by a mighty effort, as you will know when you see the casualty lists. I tell you this is not the prattle of a pessimist or an alarmist, but a plain statement of facts.
The Americans have fought valiantly and in our sector have advanced several kilometers. They have surprised the French and brought forth much praise from every one, including General Pershing. They have to fight valiantly, because they are up against good soldiers who supplement their work by all the devices that are forbidden in civilized warfare, and it is a question of self-preservation.

I have often thought of what a godsend this war has been to our country. It has given us time to at least present an army formidable enough to make a creditable defense of our land; but I think if the French and British are defeated, what a menace this German monster will be to us. We will have been the gainers in the end if it costs us a million men. And here is one who is willing to be one of those, if the Germans are completely defeated and subdued and a lasting peace is assured.

I wish you could be here long enough to see the spirit of the officers and men. They are well fed, well clothed, have all the necessities, but they are always up against great odds. You know that normally one American can whip two Germans because he has right and liberty on his side. But when they put three or more against him he would be doing the impossible to vanquish them. Perhaps ere this reaches you the lists of unfortunates will have been published.

I ask you, do you think these lists will spur the people to a greater activity? The question is really unnecessary for I know the answer. But these sacrifices are really pitiful. If we were reinforced, perhaps the lists would be normal. It might be of interest to tell you that we captured 350 prisoners today, but that is a mere drop in the bucket. You undoubtedly know that
we are having open warfare, no longer trenches and
dugouts and the like, for the line is changing every
day and no one can really define its limit on the map.

Corporal William E. Hacker, A. B. '16: We’ve been over the top. We were relieved yesterday after
several days’ action, and on one of these days, or rather
nights, we led off an attack in cooperation with the
tanks and went ‘over the top.’ We helped start the
Huns on the run, and they’re still running. French
cavalry started after them after the units with which
we were working were given relief, so it’s said, rode
at a gallop for twelve kilometers before they found the
dirty Huns. I can’t begin to describe it all; it’s too
big a story—too cruel, too full of pathos, suffering,
 wonder,  thrills,  bravery,  sacrifice,  horror.  Yet it’s a
nightly experience, one that calls for every fibre of
manhood that’s in a man, and shows up every atom of
cowardice. We came out of that attack with fewer
men than we went in with, who, though tired, hungry,
torn, and dirty, were unbroken in spirit. One would
hardly imagine a man could be calm under such cir-
cumstances, but he is—at least that was my experience.
Fears of death are dispelled and, somehow or other,
dogged determination to see it through or die in the
attempt takes the place of everything.

I’ve lived a thousand years in the last few days. I’ve
seen enough already to repay me for my several
months of training and all. One can’t realize what a
vast machine this military business is. The roads,
which by the way are all wonderfully good, except for
occasional holes, are busy with continuous streams, one
moving each way, every minute of the day and night—
ammunition trains, ambulances, troops, supply wag-
The villages through this sector are mostly ruins, the fields blotched with shell holes, every hill with a series of dugouts or trenches, the ground yellow in many places where the dreaded mustard or yellow cross gas shells have struck. But we don't call it "No-Man's Land" any more. It's France, and France it will be, for the Germans are meeting their Waterloo now. They hate the Americans worst of all. They call us "hell dogs," and it's the Americans, more than any, they're scared of. I think the Yanks have put some pep in the "Blue Devils," the French, for they are fighting as they never fought before. Their most common greeting for the Americans is "Boche Finis" —the Germans are being finished—and we believe they are. You might believe this as strongly as we do if you would see some of the prisoners, how starved and poorly dressed they look, how glad they are to be prisoners and get good meals and rest. They are crying "Kamerad" by the hundreds, their hands thrown up as the Americans advance on them. Then, if you had seen German women among these prisoners who had been chained to machine guns and forced to fight, or boys thirteen or fourteen years old, and old men, you might think, too, it's "Boche Finis."

But the Boches are still in the game and they're still putting up a deuce of a lot of fighting. The Americans don't mind the beggars in a hand-to-hand clash—they're easy pickin' then, but they do dread their big artillery barrages and their gas. I had the pleasure of wading through several of these barrages, jumping from shell hole to shell hole, and I got a taste of their gas, but not enough to affect me. I got mustard gas on my clothes, and had to cut most of my pants away to keep it from soaking through and burning my skin. I
thought of every mean thing I ever did in my life during these few days, and repeated over, time and again, "The sins ye have committed two by two ye shall pay for one by one."

Well, I've written more than the censor will ever let by now, although I don't feel as if I have said a thing. Give my regards to all my friends.

John W. Barnett, A. B. '94: Next to serving with our men in this world-war is to serve them. As I happened to be born too soon to get into khaki and serve with them, the best I could do was to don the same khaki and go as their servant. I chose the Y. M. C. A. as the medium through which I should serve, and I am not ashamed of the uniform I have worn for a year and a half in that service, overseas and at home, in spite of the petty criticisms that are being made against the "Y" in certain quarters.

It was my good fortune to be assigned to work in England; not for the reason that some not conversant with the facts might think: immunity from attack by the Huns—a reason very far from the truth, for I saw more of Hun warfare in London, and was in more real danger, than many "Y" men in France. We had about a dozen big air-raids during the four months I spent in London, and at times I was entirely too near the Hun bombs and falling shrapnel to be altogether comfortable. But my reason is a very different one: I got there a very much wider range of vision of the war than I could have gotten anywhere else.

My first station was at Eagle Hut in London. Eagle Hut is the biggest single bit of work the American Y. M. C. A. is doing overseas. It is situated on the Strand, in the heart of the city, and is the meeting
IN THE WORLD WAR

place for all of the Allied soldiers and sailors, as well as our own. While it is an American institution, brimful of American spirit, it is open to all of the Allied forces on exactly the same terms as to our own; I guess that is, after all, the American spirit. At any rate they like it, for they come by the tens of thousands: Tommies, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Indians, French, Belgians, Italians. I met and talked with all of them there, and saw the war in its reaction in their minds and lives. I have seen them right from the trenches, some of them on their first leave in two years; and we got their first reactions. And I have seen them come from the great hospitals of London, legless, armless, blind, gassed, and maimed beyond description, yet unconquered in spirit. It was there, as I served these men, that I got my vision of the war in its far-flung battle line: of Mons, even the first battle, for I have had the honor of shaking hands with a few of the very few survivors of "The Old Contemptibles," of Cambria, of Lens, of Arras, of Vimy Ridge, of Ypres, where, in the second engagement, "Canada earned her D. S. O. and breathless Allied prayers," of Rheims, of the Aisne and the Marne, of Verdun, with its immortal "Ils ne passeront pas," and all the rest of the places in Belgium and France, of which the Boche, in his mad desire to rule the world, has made "a veritable inferno"; besides, something of that Italian collapse, and recovery, the full truth of which has not yet been told, and as I heard a prominent Italian say, "had better not be told," of unfortunate Gallipoli, where the flower of the Australian army perished, and of the campaign in Mesopotamia and Palestine, with a few letters from one of our American boys who is serving in the British army in
far-off India;—some compensation, indeed, for the long days and longer nights I spent in trying to make the lives of these fellows a little more endurable.

I saw comparatively few of our own soldiers there—many more came later, as our Aviation training camps were established in England, and as our troops were sent across in greater numbers,—but I did have the privilege of meeting and serving large numbers of our sailor boys as they came on leave from Liverpool, Queenstown, and other British ports. And I always put in a word for our boys in blue, for the fact is the navy has not had its fair share of praise in this war. The majority of our people, I fear, think of the war in terms of khaki;—at least they do until their attention is called to the fact that, but for the navy, and the British navy, we never could have gotten our soldiers to France. Many of the heroes in this war are wearing blue; and some who did wear it have gone down doing their bit in the service of God and humanity with the same glory as those have won who fell in the trenches. From long service with them at Eagle Hut, and now for six months on the Receiving Ship at Boston, I know what a splendid lot of fellows they are, these boys who man our battleships and destroyers and mine-sweepers, and whose life last winter in the North and Irish seas was anything but a picnic. Oh, how these boys did appreciate Eagle Hut. "Our American Home" is what they affectionately call it.

Nor was it only a vision of battlefields and battleships that I got at Eagle Hut; it was something bigger far than these: as I talked with those men I found that they are very like ourselves—thinking the same thoughts, fighting the same battles, and translating, more or less imperfectly, the same ideals into reality.
I realized there, as never before, the truth of Kipling's lines:

Oh, East is East, and West is West and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they came from the ends of the earth.

I came from that fellowship with a wider horizon, and with more faith in our common humanity and in the coming of the Kingdom of God.

After four months at Eagle Hut I was sent down to our big American Rest Camp near the ancient city of Winchester, where every foot of ground has been tramped by soldiers' feet for centuries. There, in the shadow of the monument of Alfred the Great, I saw at least a quarter of a million of our American soldiers on their way to France. What a sight! Men from every section of the country and from every walk of life; splendid fellows, full of enthusiasm, and with the spirit of the Crusaders. And what an impression! During the weeks following March 18, 1918, when the great German drive was on, and gaining headway every day, the hearts of the English people sank within them, and they were in almost hopeless despair. Then came that long, long trail of American soldiers, singing as they came, and with a deep set purpose in their souls; and England saw and took courage. The transformation was wonderful. I have often wondered whether the War Department realized just what the sending of so many of our troops through England meant; whether it was planned, or, whether it was just the force of circumstances that took them that way. Whatever it was, it meant more toward the winning of the war than we
realize. The English people could have read that there were a million American soldiers in France, but that would not have done for England what seeing a hundred thousand of them did. When England saw them she caught their spirit; then that spirit was transferred to the British army in France; and with the same thing happening in France, the inevitable happened: the Hun forces could not withstand the power of the revived Allied armies plus the force of America, and they threw up their hands and quit.

Our men did not tarry long in this camp; only for a few days, except in the case of the Tuscania survivors, whom we had for six weeks. It was only a rest camp, —"Yes, we rest our stomachs," they said, for they were on English rations while there, and English rations during the spring and early summer of 1918 were not very filling. But what English rations lacked, the "Y" tried to make up. It was a joy to serve these fellows. Many of them were away from home for the first time; practically all of them in a foreign land for the first time; so we tried to help them through the strangeness, complicated by the intricate mysteries of English money; and their appreciation was unbounded. I served them in many ways, but as I look back to it all now I am convinced that the greatest service I rendered was in visiting the sick in the hospitals, for many of them fell ill on the way, with mumps and measles, with colds that in many instances resulted in pneumonia, and with various other human ailments. Many of them were unable to go on with their units; some recovered and followed later, but some never were able to go. And these were the men for whom I felt most sorry: sick, homesick, disappointed, discouraged, laid by while their comrades went on to do what
these men as well had set out to do. Many of them died there. I ministered to them in their last hours, and conducted the services as we laid what was mortal of them to rest in the kindly soil of the Mother Country, grateful for the sons of the Pilgrims returning after many years to stand side by side with her brave sons in the fight for a better world. Then followed letters, sad letters they were, to the home folks, telling them all I could about their boys, and how they had died for Freedom and for God.

Oh, there is much I would like to tell about our boys "over there;"—the special days: Thanksgiving Day (1917), Christmas, Easter, Decoration Day, the Fourth of July (the Fourth of July in England)!—but I have already far exceeded the limits of the space allotted me, and so must forbear. I will say this only: I came back home with a new vision of America and with a new love for her, and a new hope in her; to see our boys over there is to be assured that the spirit of Liberty is not dead in our land, and that it will yet enlighten the world.

I want to add a word about England, for a part of my vision of the war includes England. I went over with something of that narrow prejudice that I fear the majority of Americans have toward England, due to the fact that our historians have not told us the whole truth about the American Revolution; but after a year of intimate association with the English people, and from a study of the real facts which this war has brought to light, that prejudice has vanished. It would take pages to tell all that this involves, and I cannot do that now, but I call your attention to a sentence in a recent history of England by Gilbert K. Chesterton, which is the keynote from which the whole revolution-
ary period of history will be rewritten when this war is over. In his chapter on The American Revolution, Chesterton says: "The American Revolution was the protest of an English gentleman, George Washington, against the rule of a German king, George III." The fact is that George III was as much of a Prussian as the ex-Kaiser, and it was only because he was able to bribe his faked Parliament that they passed the laws that were so obnoxious to the Colonies, and against which William Pitt and all true Englishmen protested, that the Colonies revolted. That it was a good thing, both for the Colonies and for England, that they revolted and established this great republic of the West, neither we nor England will deny; and when the full truth of it all is told, the two great nations will be cemented together all the closer, and the two flags that have flown side by side on the House of Parliament and on Bunker Hill Monument since this war began will never be opposed to each other in battle again. To have seen this new day dawn in England, and to feel it dawn in my own soul, is no small part of the compensation that is mine, for any sacrifice I may have made in trying to serve, in an humble way, the great Y. M. C. A. in its attempts to mitigate the evils of modern warfare, and to make the lives of our boys a little safer than they otherwise would have been; and, I am confident also, a little bigger and fitter for the great days we are facing.

Lieutenant MacCrea Stephenson, '12: Paris, August 24, 1918. We are still awaiting orders and apparently marking time; but with Paris less than an hour away and so much to see and do, we are making the best of it and thoroughly doing this beautiful historic city.
JOSEPH THOMAS CAREY McCALLUM  
Lieutenant, 360th Infantry

EDWARD STEPHENSON WAGONER  
Corporal, 150th Field Artillery

EARL TERENCE BONHAM  
Lieutenant, 7th Field Artillery

BASIL NEWITT BASS  
Lieutenant, 41st Aero Squadron
There is much the war has closed. The Catacombs and the Louvre for instance but the Palace at Versailles and its wonderful gardens and countless other places are open. There is always some place new and interesting to see each time we go in. I have never been in such a wonderful city and certainly will never miss an opportunity to visit it even though it is only for a few hours. To sit on the sidewalk or in front of any one of a thousand interesting cafés and just watch the people is enough for me. There is a warmth and joy in the faces and manner of everyone you see here. Of course and beyond all doubt, Paris is Paris, but all its vices are more than counterbalanced by its virtues.

After visiting Versailles I can understand better why the people rebelled. You cannot possibly conceive of such a magnificent place. It is more what I used to imagine a fairy land to be except on the scale of a colossal palace. I can’t attempt to describe my impressions, but anything you may have read of its beauty is true. Of course all the carving, delicate and massive, was done by hand, the hard wood floors with wooden pins for nails are, in appearance, as modern as those we see today. The paintings are of course especially fine and numerous, so many that one wonders how even now after hundreds of years it is possible to have such a collection. But the gardens and the terraces are a picture. Oh, you must see France and Paris!

Lieutenant John Paul Ragsdale, ’12: I am sitting in my little hut just back of the lines, in delightful solitude, writing by the light of—I was about to say two candles, but one has just burnt out, so there’s only one. I am quite sure that the much revered President
Lincoln had nothing on the A. E. F., when it comes to candle light. When one has a lamp, he is in luxury; and as for electric lights, look out, for if the colonel finds it, he'll surely be after your billet for himself.

By this time (September 11), no doubt, college will have begun. But what a change of faces among the men! I wonder if any of the familiar names are still there. Butler has surely lived up to her traditions in the noblest manner, and one is proud to think that he may be counted as a representative of such a loyal, patriotic institution.

During the spring months, it was my great privilege to see some of the college men quite frequently. Daniels, Larsh, Whitaker, Ed Wagoner, and I were members of many a well-remembered "Butler reunion." And of all the enjoyable times that we did have! Since June, however, we have missed these gatherings.

Variety is the spice of life. Just at this time I feel very well seasoned. Our life for several months has greatly resembled a checker-board. We have fought the Hun here; then, there; then a little period of rest to get ready for another try at him. And, I am proud to say, he has not yet been able to beat us, and from the present disposition of our officers and men—their high morale, their undaunted courage, their everlasting up-and-at-them spirit—I do not think the order of things will be changed.

And what a comfort and strength to us to know that those at home, those who are dear to us, are praying for our success, are backing us up with all their strength to the last drop, and with their goods to the last penny. And I am sure that the time is not far distant when those prayers will be answered and victory will crown the Allied arms.
Now a word about myself. I had been second in command of a machine gun company for some time, when, about two weeks ago, I was ordered into regimental headquarters as assistant adjutant. I had served in headquarters once before as inspector, but had gone back into the line at my own request and had stayed in the line long enough to do my little part in driving the Hun back. My work now is very agreeable, though also very new, and, consequently, requires quite an amount of application and study. However, I hope to make good.

My second candle is burning low and warns me of my hour of retiring—which operation, I might state, consists of removing one’s boots, rolling up in a blanket, and wishing for a good old Indiana featherbed.

Please remember me to all my old college friends and tell them we’ll be coming back home soon.

Lieutenant Whitney R. Spiegel, ’18: July 28.—I have just come in from seven days of fierce fighting, having gone “over the top” six times. I suppose the last two weeks will stand out as the most momentous days of my life. Joining a company on the 11th of July, going into an attack on the 17th, and being in command of the company on the 21st is a pretty full week.

We left for the attack on Tuesday night and went “over the top” at 8:20 a. m., Wednesday, July 17th. We had to walk through a terrible bombardment, which, of course, claimed some victims. The biggest miracle to me was that just as I stepped out into “No Man’s Land,” an artillery shell exploded at my feet and lifted me up in the air, and, will you believe it, I
didn’t receive a scratch. However, it claimed my corporal and wounded three other men. We crossed “No Man’s Land” and took the village on the other side, but the Boche artillery at once started to demolish the town and we went on. We lay in a small brook for two days, and on Saturday evening we were “over the top” again and advanced more than twelve kilometers. You have no doubt read all about the fighting, little suspecting that I was in it. We stopped in a woods Saturday night and Sunday, and Tuesday night—over again.

It was here that our two lieutenants were slightly wounded. This left only the commanding officer and myself. Tuesday, just as we were ready to go over again, he received word to go back home as an instructor and receive promotion to captain. Can you imagine a more “novel” time to receive such an order? This left me the only officer in the company, and I am still in command. Another lieutenant was sent me yesterday, and I expect a captain soon.

Really, I never saw such game and courageous young fellows as are in this company. They kept plodding along during those severe days without a whimper from one of them. They are now sitting around singing and playing. * * *

There ought to be a law not to take any prisoners but to kill them all, as Boche is only good when he is dead. They continue to do the same barbarous acts today as they did in 1914, and they will continue to do them as long as they live. Can you imagine going into a private home, tearing out fine paintings and taking good Oriental rugs and putting them in their dugouts? Is it a wonder every American wants to kill every Boche he sees?
I thought I was a strong believer in God, but after the way I have come out of this, I am a great deal stronger, and know that Somebody is watching over me. Last Sunday we advanced twelve kilometers on the Boche. I put that down as the day I did more for Christianity than I ever did or hope to do, outside of giving my life.

September 26.—Today is the Big Day. When you receive this letter, look at the papers and see what happened. Our guns are certainly working. The windows and walls of this dugout are shattered every time one goes off. Here's hoping everything is as successful as all in the past six weeks has been, or since July 18.

Yesterday my promotion to a first lieutenancy came through, and I was sworn in. I received a French paper yesterday which stated that the British army in Palestine had taken 25,000 prisoners, and captured the supplies and transportation of two Turkish armies. It looks as if the Allies are being crowned with success everywhere. There is plenty going on, but I can't tell it. In a few days there will be some wonderful news.

* * *

In the Chateau-Thierry, or second battle of the Marne, we started at Belleau Wood. Here was our worst fighting. I wish you could hear the bombardment. It is glorious to think the effect this is having among the Germans.

Lieutenant Wood Unger, A. B. '12: September 27, 1918. I was slightly wounded in the first great all-American drive. I do not know what your press had to say about it; the press here made much of it. I was there, an actor on the stage, just doing my bit as well as I could. It was terrible to me, for you know I should
like nothing better than to amble through life enjoying only the beautiful; but I lived more in three hours one day than in all the rest of my life up to that time. I wish to forget it, but I can not. It was glorious to serve with the splendid American manhood here, a privilege I well appreciate. Our captain was wounded during the first few minutes and I had the company for four days until I was hit. When I counted up my losses, it hurt. One corporal not all the blood of the best division Germany has or will ever have could compensate for; I assure you it was with great personal feeling that I learned of our casualties. Yet it was glorious, wonderful, and, so far as the men were concerned, past all praise. Some day, perhaps, I shall see you, but never again will you see the old Wood. Sleeping out of doors in the rain and mud with no cover, without enough to eat and to drink—all this makes men old. I do not mean the United States does not feed us, but we were in the trenches fifteen days and it was not anybody's fault that we were hungry most of the time. Many lessons I have learned, none greater than economy—not in mere dollars, but in food and other expenditures as well.

With a great love for Butler.

Samuel H. Shank, A. B. ’92: United States Consul, Palermo, Italy. My wife and I had a very interesting experience in October, visiting the Y. M. C. A. huts along the front. We were entertained for three days at the headquarters of General Fara, near Treviso, where we had a visit from an enemy aeroplane one evening. We attended a review of 15,000 bersaglieri many of whom were decorated by General Paoline. The same day we visited the Second Battalion of the
Three Hundred Thirty-second regiment of Americans, which was just ready to go into the trenches. Major Everson of this battalion is a Baptist minister from Cincinnati and a graduate of Franklin. One evening we dined with General Gandolfo, who drove the Austrians back across the Piave last June after they had gained a foothold on the right bank. Later we spent four days with General Di Giorgio, near the foot of Mount Grappa. From his headquarters we visited all of the region from Montebelluna to Bassano and had an opportunity to visit some of our Ambulance Corps. We found the Oberlin Unit in an old church out in the country near Asolo, where Browning used to live. We were in Cornuda a few hours after a shell had burst and brought away a piece of it as a souvenir. There is not a whole house left standing, as there had not been a day for six months when a shell had not landed there. We also got a telephone captured from the Austrians when they were on the Montello.

After this we went to Verona where were the “Y” headquarters for the American forces in Italy and from there visited the camp and hospitals. The Three Hundred Thirty-second regiment had its camp at Vallegio, about fifteen miles from Verona, where we visited the men. I had the pleasure of addressing the men in the camps and hospitals and Mrs. Shank later gave concerts wherever there were any American soldiers. All of them spoke most highly of the treatment they had received in Italy and said they liked it much better than France because it was so much cleaner.

While here we had the opportunity to visit the front again. The first day was spent going up above Schio and up Mount Campogrosso near Mount Passubio where was some of the most bitter fighting of the war.
We dined with General Zamboni, who took us to a mountain which his men had captured at the beginning of the war. Taking advantage of a rain, five men had crept up the mountain side and surprised a sentinel whom they killed, while the others ran away believing that the Italians were there in force. The wonderful roads which the Italians have built up the side of these mountains are some of the finest engineering feats accomplished during the war. The "teleferriche" (aerial railways) were marvelous and were used for transporting ammunition, supplies, wood and men when occasion necessitated.

The next day we ascended Mount Altissimo, above Ala, and visited the Czech-Slovak camp where there were 15,000 Bohemian soldiers under command of General De'Vita. On our return we stopped in Ala to see a house which had been hit by an Austrian shell that morning and we picked up some of the balls which lay on the floor where the bomb had landed. These were shells from the enemy trenches some six or eight miles away. We had been up where we could see across the valley to Rovretto, which was back of the enemies' lines. One part of the road over which we went up the mountain had been absolutely destroyed a couple of weeks before by a shell which apparently had come down the side of the mountain. The only remnant of the sentinel at that place was a part of his little finger.

I think the thing that struck me most was the lack of the appearance of war back of the lines. The peasants were working as if there had never been a war in the country and seemed as unconcerned about the enemy as if he were a thousand miles away. One woman said she had never left her house, even when the Austrians were arriving at the Piave and it was not
known whether they would be stopped there or not. For months the shells had fallen on all sides of her place, but she went calmly about her work and had never been hurt.

The nonchalance of the Arditi was marvelous. One evening we met three camions full of these men, who were singing and laughing as if they were going to a ball, but the general said they were going to make a night attack and the chances were that half of them would never return.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM MATHews, '14: Hospital in France, October 30, 1918. Since the 1st of June it has been one continual round of hard fighting. You probably know how our division stopped the Boches in the first weeks of June in the vicinity of Chateau-Thierry. It was our battalion that went into Belleau Wood 958 strong and came out about 300 and with just six officers. I was one of them. Those were surely strenuous days. I’ll never forget them as long as I live. Somebody was getting it all the time. We had no trenches—just small fox holes you dug with your best friend, the shovel. During that time I saw several men go stark mad from the shellfire and strain.

We were pulled out of there at night and loaded into camions. We traveled all night and till noon the next day. We were unloaded up north of Crepy. Then we hiked the rest of that day and the rest of that night. The hike that night was the worst I ever took. Our battalion moved single file down a road jammed with three lines of traffic. We were twenty minutes late getting up to our jumping off place the morning of the 18th, but we “went over” just the same. We had a wonderful barrage. The Boche did not put up much
resistance and surrendered readily. With my men we took seventy-five prisoners and eight machine guns inside of the first hour.

Then we walked for three miles till we reached our objective. The tanks were with us and helped mightily. That night we went over again and went for about a mile. The next morning other units jumped us, but we remained in support till the morning of the 20th. When our division was relieved and got back I was completely all in. We had had no sleep or food for seventy-two hours and the strain of the past seven weeks got me. I lost my nerve after all the danger and the fighting was over.

Well, I went to a field hospital and they sent me in by the wonderful hospital train. I finally ended up at Nantes. And who should I meet at the station but Tuck Brown, of Indianapolis. It did seem good to see him.

I felt so ashamed of myself at that hospital that I left in a week and came back to the unit. A little later we went into the St. Mihiel show. It was a snap. The Boche was all packed ready to surrender. After that show we went up in the Champagne country and helped the French out. We attacked the morning of October 3 and the first day was easy. We had our artillery. But the second day we were beyond range of our artillery and it grew pretty warm.

While our battalion was executing a local attack the second day I stopped a shrapnel ball. It went in my leg just below the knee and went to the bone. I was never more surprised in my life, than when I was hit. I had been through so much without being hit that I thought the Boche did not have my number. It surely knocked my feet from under me, and I did let out a
good strong curse. My, but it made me sore. And then I became scared for the first time in a long while. I wanted to get out without being hit again. I crawled back half a mile and found some stretchers and so I did get in.

I have a real nice wound. It has not pained me in the least. They had to operate on me twice to get the bullet out. I have it now as a souvenir—one of the very few souvenirs I have.

This hospital I am in is a splendid place. We have good beds, the very best of food and service, and the staff is efficient. It is simply ideal. And the subway is but a block away. It whisks you down to the Place de l'Opera in a very few minutes.

I am enjoying myself every minute. I am studying French and French history on the side, and making good use of my time. It will be a couple of months before I get back to the outfit.

I am sick of war. And so are all the boys. We are so sick of it that we do not want a peace unless Germany surrenders completely. We want no more wars. We want to finish it right while we are at it. We fight hard because we want to finish Germany and get back home as soon as possible. Europe will boil and give off a bit of steam for several years to come.

Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, '19, October 23, 1918. (last letter): They were more than five to one against us, but we were in their rear, and we opened a rifle and pistol barrage on them; and when they did not take advantage of their numbers, we rushed them with bloodthirsty yells, which in my own case were much fiercer than I really felt.

I leveled my empty pistol sternly at them, and they
raised their arms in token of surrender. Frightened as I may have been, I actually had to laugh, because it was so unreal and impossible. It was all actually as it used to be when we played war in the yard back home years ago—exactly the same, even down to empty pistol. One of the prisoners could speak a little English, so I terrorized him into telling the others in hot haste what I wanted them to do. He handed over his belt and pistol, which I hope to bring home with me as souvenirs.

In picking around the front line just after we had gained ground, I spied a German crouching in the underbrush. I seized my pistol, but when I looked at the man a second time, I saw he was shaking with fright. I went to him and asked him why he was in hiding—a foolish question, but what should one say? He did not understand English, so I tried French. This time he got my meaning and told me he had been wounded by shellfire and had been lying out in the open two days and nights.

He was “fed up” on stories of what Americans did to Germans and so had hidden in the brush and had not been picked up by the first aid men. I looked him over and found he was badly injured. He was almost gone from loss of blood, thirst, and exposure. He nearly passed away when, instead of braining him, I handed him my canteen. Then I called stretcher bearers and food. As a token of gratitude he gave me the blood-soaked five-mark piece which I inclose. I did not think much of all this at the time, but afterward I felt happy to know that this poor wretch had found that the American soldiers were neither cruel nor bloodthirsty.
Lieutenant Paul V. Brown, '23: November 8, 1918. Hilton died the way all soldiers would like to die, quickly, while doing his duty on the far-advanced battlefields of a great drive. * * *

He was buried shortly after he fell, in the little town of Nouart, not far from where he died. I am writing while we are stalled on the road, waiting for the bridge over the Meuse to be built, and this note will be forwarded by special messenger through the courtesy of the Y. M. C. A. and the chaplain.

Always we sought each other in our spare moments. It may be hard to understand how two brothers could be such good chums. We could laugh and joke under the worst circumstances, when we were brought together, for it was impossible not to feel cheerful when Hilton was about. When one of us returned from some particularly dangerous mission the other was waiting; and how glad we were to see each other and compare notes of what we saw and felt when going over with the infantry.

It seems only the irony of fate that Hilton should have gone through all the dangers of these campaigns and then be killed when standing by his guns figuring firing data for the advance position to which the guns were constantly moving. I had just returned from the infantry. Hilton and I had lain down and slept together for a few hours just before the order came again to advance. I was bringing the battery into position when an officer, mistaking me for my brother, told me that he thought I had just been hit. Then I knew that the one dearest to so many hearts was gone.

I have seen and felt many things in these last terrible days; but I hope that I am soldier enough to bear up and continue to do my duty as I know you would want me to do.
Verses by Hilton U. Brown, Jr.

(Copy of verses found in the effects of Lieut. Hilton U. Brown.)

Soldier dying, soldier dead, sleep undisturbed,
No more for you the sword of red, or wrath uncurbed,
Your soul gone to those heights above,
To that far land of light and love
Is unperturbed.

No need for you to fear hell's fire, whom duty becked.
To fight in field and rain and mire, in cities wrecked.
You joined the forces of the right
To stop a demon wielding might,
And hold him checked.

It is that those who, holding power yet craving more,
Did cause on earth this leaden fire of death to pour,
Shall learn to fear far fiercer hells
Than screaming shot and bursting shells
Ere this life’s o’er.

For they shall hear in all their dreams by day or night,
The widows’ moans, the dying screams caused by this fight,
And let them flee by sea or land,
A desperate fear with burning hand,
Will hold them tight.

In years to come we shall not bow to brutal force.
Your children who are helpless now will find a source
Of power in God’s own way,
When peace and love shall both hold sway
And run their course.

Hanford Newell Rogers, ’97: Yesterday, November 11th, was a memorable day in France, particularly in Paris, where it was my privilege to be en route to my new assignment. It was a delirious joy that the people of the French capital expressed over the signing
of the armistice. The celebration, which lasted through the entire night, went unabated in its magnitude.

Allied flags, including Old Glory, were hung from every nook and corner, and immense throngs of civilians along with French, English, and American soldiers, formed an endless procession. The indelible impression of that day in Paris will never be forgotten. Paris was hysterical.

I have seen football demonstrations in America, when large colleges have been victorious over their foremost rivals, but such a celebration was child's play in comparison. "Vive la France," "La guerre est finie," one hears everywhere.

Lieutenant John Iden Kautz, '17: November 17, 1918. I wrote you fragmentary tales of the refugees we rescued and carried back in June, and called Fritzie names because he machine-gunned us and bombed us while he did it. I gave you glimpses of what the old folks and women suffered and how they died in midsummer. But after all that was partly unavoidable warfare and I hated them more for being the cause of it than for what they did.

And I have seen what they have done to trees and how they befouled the houses they left, have seen their loot—packs with costly tapestries and altar robes and sacraments piled high in open air—have seen the destruction they did with their artillery and forced us to do with our own, have seen men killed and wounded, and the dead piled high like cord-wood on the field of the Somme; tasted the bitter cost of their slow mines and traffic traps—all that, but war made some excuse.

But I say to you in all seriousness, that I hope God
will eternally damn them for what they have done to their prisoners, and what they have extorted from the bodies and souls of those they held in invaded lands.

Oh, they didn't loot and rape and kill as much as we thought, perhaps. There are a thousand notorious incidents, sure enough, but it wasn't all like that.

Several days ago I brought down some hundreds of soldier-prisoners. They were clothed in rags and half-frozen, for it is very cold here now. Some were so starved that they staggered as they walked. Half of them were consumptive from work in the mines and exposure while fatigued. Many had lost their reason—had the vague slack-jawed expression of imbeciles and followed one around like sheep. The sound of a gunshot made them cringe and whimper like licked dogs. We are not too good to our own prisoners, but I never have seen any that looked like these poor devils.

Two days ago at a frontier post I stopped my car at a gendarme's signal and took aboard a woman and child who had been released and set afoot at the borderline. The child's ears were frozen and bleeding; the shoes of both mother and child were mere rags, and neither had eaten all day except for a bowl of coffee begged from the soldiers at dawn.

And she was only one of thousands; all day long they straggle down the roads beseeching rides from military cars, already so full with their fellows that springs are sagging. They have to eat only such as the soldiers are able to give them. They sleep where night finds them on the way to their homes, and under such coverings as they are carrying with them.

Half of them are going back to find their homes a heap of bricks, their fields sown thick with rusted wire
and furrowed with shattered trenches. Most of them know it, but still they go because it’s home, and the only one they ever had. Many of them know there will be so little left that they will not be able to stay, but they endure their journeys cheerfully that they may see. When the Boche left they took every bit of food they could lay their hands on. Till the French army got to them they had nothing. Now they fare with the soldiers, and we haul them food for sixty miles.

Another thing. At noon today, as I was coming down from Belgium on a crowded road, some undiscovered mine let go amidst a crowd of civilians who were trudging back. Tonight a town is burning as a result, and those surviving mourn the loss of what the fighting had left of their family group. I saw on the faces of the stretcher bearers the only tears I have ever seen a soldier shed. After four years—and then that.

Why, the other day a released Sengalese, passing a covert of Boche prisoners, went so mad at the thought of what he had suffered at the Germans’ hands that he killed one of the prisoners with a clasp knife. Had I been near enough I would not have wanted to stop him, I think. He may have been wrong, but there was a certain justice to him none the less.

I think that neither you nor I will live to see the war over. The fighting has stopped. We will be home sometime within another year. But the hate that burns, and the cold blood of the dead that begs revenge, the memories of the wrongs, and the sight of all the ruins will outlive this century. God pity the good Germans—nobody else will.

I believe that nothing I saw during the fighting made me a good hater, but I am now.
Mary L. Winks, A. B. '15: November 21, 1918.

From the port to Tours we came through a very beautiful and charming country,—in fact, it has been called the "garden spot of France." The fields were gardens each about an acre in size, the fences were hedges, and produce still green. Women were doing the work. All were in black with little stiffly-starched white caps on their heads, and large wooden shoes on their feet. The children along the way waved at us. The smooth white roads bordered with tall poplars, the new foliage, the bright green grass, the quiet streams, the vineyards on the hillsides, the quaint old towns, the picturesque stone farmhouses, and the queer homes of the cliff dwellers, made a picture I shall never forget.

On arriving in Tours we were taken to a hotel managed by the Y. W. C. A. for American girls. It is better than I had been led to expect and it was so much better than the boys have that we cannot complain. We have an interesting time with the French maids, trying to understand and to be understood. I wish I had taken French in college instead of German.

Our office building is a stable and is cold, but we enjoy it notwithstanding. My work is as it was in Washington, the filing of index cards for all sections of the Engineering division of the Ordnance Department. It is impossible to tell more of my work, except to add that it is very interesting.

The other day while hurrying to the office I met Edward Ploenges, the first familiar face I have seen.

There are several interesting places around here, and we usually spend Sunday afternoon in sight-seeing. We have been to the Chateau de Luynes, an old chateau where the king was staying when Joan of Arc
came to ask his permission to lead the French army. We climbed up the tower and out on the battlements, from which a wonderful view of the surrounding country was obtained. Here was the old feudal estate with the houses closely grouped around the foot of the hill on which the castle stood, on the distant hillsides acres and acres of grape vines, nearby the cemetery with its old and new crosses and the ancient church, and in the distance the beautiful Loire river. If only those old walls and towers could talk, what interesting tales they might tell.

Last Sunday we went out to an old tenth-century castle now in ruins, but we climbed up in one of the towers and amid centuries old dust. From the highest window in this ancient castle flew a bright new Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes.

About two squares from the hotel is the cathedral. It was begun in the twelfth century and completed in the sixteenth. The wonderful stained glass windows have been intact since they were placed. When you see all the intricate carvings and beautiful furnishings you cannot but think of how many men through centuries of time have spent their labor and their talent on this building. Then you think of the other cathedrals that represent the soul of France, that the Germans have so wantonly destroyed. Every fifteen minutes the big bells peal out.

Last week was one grand celebration. France is decked in gala attire, bright new flags fly from every house, store, and public building, while “Vive la France,” “Vive l’Amerique,” were on every one’s lips I never saw such exuberance of joy. A wonderful smile lit the faces of the hitherto sad French people, a smile one can never forget. The first night the Hotel
de Ville, which had been dark since the beginning of the war, was a blaze of light. France has lost her men, but her unconquered and unconquerable spirit still remains.

**Lieutenant Carl C. Amelung, '18:** November 29, 1918. Last Spring all members of the A. E. F. wrote their mothers on Mothers' Day. Today those same men who survived the great war and suffered the hardships of all those dark and bitter days, are writing to their fathers as "Dad's Christmas letter." Such is this. The work you sent us over here to do has been done and we leave it to you if we have not done a mighty good job of it. What say you? The Third Army, of which the grand old Thirty-eighth Infantry is a member, is headed toward Germany on a triumphal march and as the Army of Occupation. So you see we shall get to speak a little "Dutch" and trample on German soil before our return trip. We do not know when we shall get to come home, but we are not worrying as that will come in due course.

Before going on much further I must not forget to tell you what a wonderful help the people at home have given us during this great struggle. From a personal standpoint, I greatly appreciate the cooperation, cheerfulness, and ready assistance you and every member of the family have given me. Kindly accept my heartiest thanks and convey to the folks my deepest appreciation.

On Christmas day as you sit down to that wonderful dinner of turkey, cranberry sauce, and all the trimmings that I am sure grandma will have for you, just add to your words of grace thanks to the good Lord for His guidance, care, and protection which have enabled me to come safely through a bitter struggle.
CHARLES GARRISON WINDERS
Lieutenant, Field Artillery Replacement Draft

FREDERICK RANDOLPH WITHERSPOOM
Lieutenant, 150th Field Artillery

FRANK MARION SANDERS
Corporal, 139th Field Artillery

FREDERICK EMERSON WAGONER
Lieutenant, 57th Coast Artillery
We are all glad the war is over, and we know the folks back home feel the same way.

**Lieutenant Whitney R. Spiegel, ’18: Avre-court, France, December 8, 1918. A Merry Christmas to all!**

The news of the armistice was certainly wonderful. From letters I have received, you people in Indianapolis must have had a wild celebration. Not so with us. We ended the war in a very different manner. We were in the front line preparing to go "over the top" at 1:30 p. m. Orders had been received at 7 a. m. of November 11, to open attack at 1:30. We had made all preparations and the artillery was making its bombardment, when a runner brought the message that hostilities would cease at 11 o'clock, 11th of November, 1918. Nothing could have been more welcome, and yet the men gave but a cheer. The news was unbelievable, it struck us dumb.

Our regiment has been in the second battle of the Marne, the Saint Mihiel offensive, and the battle of Verdun from October 25 to November 11, 1918. This last experience at Verdun was the worst we have ever had. The old Boche was determined not to yield an inch at this point, and he surely carried out his threat. This sector was at the pivot of the German retreat, and an advance there would have cut off a great amount of their supplies. The small towns of Hau-mont, Flabas, Samogneux, Ville de Chaumont, and Beaumont will always stand out in my memory, when I think of this sector. The papers have told you in detail of the Saint Mihiel offensive and the Chateau-Thierry fight, so I shall not try to add to what you already know.
At your earliest moment write me all about Butler, and give to all my friends my best wishes.

It is rumored that we are to return soon, but we know nothing definite. To think of Indianapolis seems like a dream. I can’t believe I shall ever be there until I have both feet “planted” in the Union Station.

Corporal Storey M. Larkin, ’19: Neuenahr, Germany, January 12, 1919. I received the Quarterly, the first that I have been able to read, and I have spent my odd moments since in absorbing it; but I’m not nearly through with it. There is nothing, to my mind, which so abounds with the true spirit and atmosphere of the college as this Quarterly. I read with much interest of the installation of the S. A. T. C. unit and I believe that the college never fostered a worthier enterprise, even though it proved later to be unnecessary. The college has no doubt been benefited from the few months that the unit was a part of it, and I imagine that many of its members owe to the unit desire for a college education which they otherwise would not have had. This war has impressed me as never before with the value of a college education. If we are relieved of this occupation duty in time to return home as civilians before next fall, you will find me again enrolled as a student.

We have been living in the midst of the Germans now for some time and I confess I am puzzled by them. While in the line fighting the Boche, I never thought of the German army as composed of human beings, but as a monstrous inhuman thing which menaced the safety of the world. Consequently, when we came into Germany as an army of occupation, we hardly knew what to expect from the Germans as individuals. We expected to meet with all the petty annoyances which
they could inflict upon us, if not more serious trouble; but, to our surprise, the people not only failed to trouble us, but even did their utmost to aid us in whatever manner they could. At first I was suspicious of their attitude, I felt that they were playing a part and overdoing it at that. But as time has passed their attitude has continued unchanged, and it seems impossible that if it were a mere mask their real feeling would not show itself occasionally. The people say that Rhineland was a prosperous country before the war and peacefully inclined, that the war was brought on by Prussia against their wishes, that the situation left them nothing to do but to take up arms. All are glad that Germany is rid of the Kaiser, and the hope is often expressed that they may be able to establish Rhineland as a republic absolutely independent of Prussia and the rest of Germany. All of which may be a well-organized propaganda movement, and then again it may not be. I myself have not been able to decide whether it is or not. If their statements are true, it raises in my mind the question whether we can, in justice, hold all the German nation, or only a part of it, morally responsible for the war and the bestial manner in which it was waged. There is no question as to all Germany, whether responsible in the beginning or not, must pay for the havoc that has been wrought insomuch as that is possible.

Major Carlos Watkins Bonham, '15: Camp Travis, Texas, January 23, 1919. While in France I was a member of the Fifteenth Field Artillery of the famous Second division which also contained the Marines you read so much about. It was composed of the Twelfth, Fifteenth and Seventeenth Field Artillery, the Ninth
and Twenty-third Infantry, and the Fifth and Sixth Marines, under command of Major-General Omar Bundy. We sailed from New York on December 12, 1917, on the S. S. Adriatic, arriving in Liverpool Christmas Day. From there we went to Southampton and thence across the Channel to Le Havre. There we entrained for Valdahon in the Department of Doubs, close to the Swiss border, where we underwent training for the front. On March 21, we were ordered to the front, just north of St. Mihiel and south of Verdun. Here we stayed until about May 1 when we withdrew into rest near Bar-le-Duc. Then we moved south of Montdidier, ostensibly to relieve the First division. On the morning of May 30, we were preparing to make a two day march to relieve this division when we suddenly received orders to entrain, our destination unknown. We skirted Paris and then moved directly east to Meaux. As we detrained we knew what had happened for we saw trainloads of refugees pass us. The Germans had started an offensive from the Chemin des Dames, which lies between Reims and Soissons, and they had reached Chateau-Thierry and the Marne in two days. Things looked desperate; but we were ready for anything. Our infantry had preceded us in motor trucks and were already fighting when we arrived, having been unloaded right out of those trucks into battle. What few Frenchman were there seemed demoralized, but we set about systematically to stop the Hun. We went into position a few miles north-west of Chateau-Thierry and fired continuously for forty hours. The point of our station was the closest the German reached to Paris and there we stopped him in his mad rush on June 1. We fought hard uninterruptedly until the last of June when things
commenced to slow up. On July 2 we started a little fun on our own account and captured the town of Vaux with the Ninth and Twenty-third Infantry. Previous to this the Marines had taken Bois de Belleau, Bour-esches and Torcy, with our support. Here I received the following citation: "Capt. C. W. Bonham, 15 F. A., on July 2, 1918, at Vaux, France. This officer was in an observation post in full view of enemy lines directing the fire of his battery on the town of Vaux, when he came under fire of a hostile battery. He remained at his post until overcome with toxic gas, thus contributing in no small measure to the carrying out of the brilliant capture of Vaux on the same date."

We were relieved about July 10 by the Twenty-sixth division and went about five kilometers back to take up a support position and rest. The most of us had not had baths for about forty days, but now we had time to play in the Marne.

We were expecting another German offensive and that is why we had to stay in position with orders to hold until the last man. On the night of July 14, we pulled out for an unknown destination, going north. We marched all night, and the next noon received orders to turn back—we knew not why. We know now it was because the Huns had started again on July 15, east of Chateau-Thierry. Soon, however, we received other orders directing us to turn again and pursue our original course. We marched all that night and the next day, and the next night found us in the great fires of Villers Cotterets. Still we did not understand why we were there until we saw suddenly some tanks. Then our hearts beat fast for we knew we were about to pull off an offensive, tanks not being used in the def-ensive. There we saw traffic such as has never any-
where been exceeded. The roads were literally choked with transports, infantry, cavalry, artillery, tanks, ambulances, motor truck trains, wagon trains and what not, six columns in one road all moving in the same direction day and night. We were under the screen and protection of this immense forest and the front lines were near the edge of it. The idea was to start a counter-offensive on this salient and surprise them. We were put in just south of Soissons alongside the First division, "the place of honor," as General Pershing says in his report. We were going to press in near the upper part of the salient and try to capture the Crown Prince's whole army, or, if failing in that, at least to make him withdraw. At 4:35 a.m. of July 18, our guns opened up the preparation fire. At 4:45, our infantry, one regiment of which, the Twenty-third, had just reached the trenches about two minutes before, went over the top. A worthy description of what ensued would take a better man than I to do it justice.

. . . . Immediately prisoners commenced to pour in and about 7 o'clock my battery was ordered to move forward, because the Infantry was "going some." That day we advanced about seven or eight kilometers. The next day we went only about five. Our infantry was so cut to pieces by use as shock troops that they had to be relieved—that is, those who were left. So, accordingly, that night our division pulled out in favor of an Algerian division. Our artillery had not suffered so heavily as our infantry, and the commanding general of our brigade offered our services to the Algerians, who accepted them. On July 21 I had the most interesting experience of my life. It would take more time than I have to describe it; so suffice it to give the following citation which accompanied a
recommendation for the Distinguished Service Cross: "Capt. C. W. Bonham, 15 F. A., on July 20, 1918, at Vierzy, France. He conducted his battery through the town of Vierzy which was then being heavily shelled and gassed, and because a road-marker was killed, Capt. Bonham was lost. He immediately set out to orient himself and came under very heavy machine gun fire. By his coolness and zeal he soon located his position and rendered very timely support to the infantry, thus setting an example of valor to his men and saving the day for the troops he was supporting."

We did not succeed in our purpose to bottle up the Crown Prince's army, for the Germans executed a masterful retreat. We did, however, force them to withdraw to the Vesle and it was this battle that ended the war—a continuation of this battle, I mean.

A few days later my division went into the Toul sector. There I soon received orders to return to the United States as an instructor. On August 22, I sailed from Brest, France, arriving at Hoboken on September 2. Shortly after I was promoted to Major.

Sergeant William A. Hacker, A. B. 16: With the exception of a few weeks my enlistment in the army has been served in Europe. I had but a few weeks training in France before I was called into action with my battalion which, like other machine gun units, was classed, not without some reason, as a "suicide club." I had the honor of entering the lines in the beginning of the second battle of the Marne at Chateau-Thierry, and took part in the advance to the Vesle river where, after several days of front line action, in which my organization engaged, I was rather severely wounded by shrapnel. After two and one-half months in the hospital I rejoined my company near the Argonne
front. Again I was returned to the hospital, and again I joined my unit in Germany with the Army of Occupation.

I think, perhaps, that one who has been subject to the awfulness of warfare would be the better prepared with time to narrate his experiences. It is hardly possible for me yet to gain a full realization of all the dangers that encompassed me or to visualize it as clearly as I shall be able some day to do.

When I first arrived in France I heard over and over again that "the Sammy has lost his smile." It is true that the Yanks had lost their cheerfulness, I think, for their thoughts were turned only to the dreadfulness of all—the long hard night-marches, the cold damp days and nights in the trenches, in the slush and the mud, and the chances of life itself seemingly against them. The experiences have been bitter with all the devices of demon ingenuity to contend with—the gas, the machine gun and sniper fire, and all the rest; but now we are in a stage of relaxation and we've found the "Sammy smile" again. Here in Germany the boys (or men I should the rather say, for this war has made men of the most of them) are a cheerful lot, happy that fate has been kind enough to preserve them. Yet there are dark moments when we think of all the good friends whose blood helped to redden the battlefields of France and who gave their lives for the cause we all know to be just.

I joined the Twelfth Machine Gun Battalion of the Fourth division, Regular army, last March, at Camp Greene, North Carolina, where we remained until the latter part of April. We arrived in France May 16 and went into training under the British; afterwards, under the French. Several weeks before entering the
lines we were placed in the reserve forces and stationed between Chateau-Thierry and Paris to aid in checking a drive on the latter place, should it become necessary. With the German drive in the direction of Paris in July we were rushed to the lines and helped to turn the Hun offensive into a rear-march which led to Allied supremacy, and finally to complete victory.

The story of bombs that seemed each night almost to shake the foundations of the earth, of the whistle of the big artillery roar, of the star-shells, of the dread mustard-gas, has been told as well as words can tell it. But it is a bigger story to one of us who went through it all than it is possible to convey to others. I had held the idea that war was really not so dangerous as depicted, only a great big business, organized on a great big scale, each man with his special duty to perform and in little more danger than a civilian on a crowded New York street. My first morning in a front line sector, however, corrected this conception. In our baptism of fire, one who was lying on a hillside beside me was killed. I moved to the foot of the hill beside another comrade who in a few seconds received his fatal wound.

It was in the Vesle river fighting that I witnessed and took part in one of the severest encounters in which the Americans were engaged. We were subject to artillery, machine gun and sniper fire, a great deal of gas, and the frequent harassing of planes. Here I was fortunate enough to meet a fellow-alumnus of Butler, Avery Morrow. I ran across him under rather peculiar circumstances. A large high-explosive shell had struck beside a dug-out I was occupying. The force of the explosion stunned and gave me a strong dose of shell-smoke which at first I thought to be gas.
I managed to get out and to seek another dug-out near where I found Avery. Soon I felt all right and we had as enjoyable a chat as circumstances would allow.

I do not know that it would hold true generally, but from my experience college men were the highest standard of courage in action. Three college graduates entered the army and were assigned to the company the same time as I. One was transferred after our arrival in France. The three of us were left in the company and entered action together. One practically assumed command of the company during the most severe phase of our action and later received a severe and perhaps fatal wound. The other was the very essence of courage, and no one could have displayed greater fortitude than he under terrible circumstances. He gave up his life in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Three Distinguished Service Crosses were awarded in my company, two of them to these two college men.

We prefer to muse on the prospects of getting back to sunshine and peace once more—back to the country whose honor we think we have upheld. We feel it a privilege to have been selected for the Army of Occupation and will continue, uncomplaining, in our country's service until the time all danger is deemed past. I think we can fairly say a glowing chapter has been added to the history of American honor and I am thankful to have contributed, even though slightly, to the defense and expression of her high ideals.

Seaman Delbert Ross McCord, '19: U. S. S. Newark. Realizing there would be an opportunity to serve my country during this great struggle, I enlisted in the United States Navy in June, 1917. Upon completion of my apprenticeship at Newport, I was given the oppor-
tunity of qualifying for a petty officer; but I had volunteered for foreign service, my desire being to scout for German submarines in the war zone.

Early in February, 1918, the call came for men for duty on destroyers in the waters of France, England, and elsewhere. I was eager to accept the chance for real service. The voyage over on the great transport "America," carrying several thousand soldiers, was exciting. On the eve of entering the submarine zone, a periscope was sighted several thousand yards ahead of the ship. The alarm was given and instantly every man was at his battle station. The signal was given for firing one of the six-inch guns. In the midst of perfect silence the great gun belched forth her noise and fire. The so-called periscope flew into the air in splintered form. Later it was decided by the officers that the supposed submarine was nothing more than a floating spar from some torpedoed ship.

The following day every man's countenance brightened as there appeared upon the horizon fourteen American destroyers to convoy us in to Brest. These ever-vigilant boats coming whirling over the waves with spray flying in every direction made a most delightful picture, and what confidence they did bring us!

Upon arriving in Brest harbor we new sailors were sent to the receiving ship, or barracks. These barracks were located in an old chateau and were very pleasant. In two weeks I was detailed to a destroyer, and here my service really began. That you may understand the routine aboard a destroyer as I, a seaman, had it, I shall explain. It was deck work: scrubbing the deck, painting the ship, splicing tackle, anchoring the ship, steering when under way, standing look-out watches and gun-crew watches, having boat and gun drills.
Early in the morning the ship is made ready to sail. About 6 a.m. the siren blows and the boat with four or five other destroyers slowly steams out of the harbor on her way to the United States. I was usually on the flagship of the flotilla which went ahead taking a position in front of the convoy. Oftentimes there were as many as five transports in the convoy. When out of sight of land the destroyers would in zig-zag course surround the troop ships, keeping all the while sharp look-out for submarines and strange vessels. After about forty-eight hours the convoy was left to make its own way across the ocean. All the seamen had to do was to stand watch at the guns and in the look-out. It was a monotonous job.

After leaving the out-going convoy, the destroyers would steam along to a certain position where they would patrol and watch for an in-coming convoy. Each trip had a new rendezvous so as to foil the Germans. As the transports appeared on the horizon, we would go swirling and rolling over the foaming billows at full speed to greet them. Then the same grim routine of long weary watching followed until we headed for port.

I made fifty trips on the destroyer "Isabel." The most of them were convoy journeys; a few were scouting and submarine hunting trips. Two were mail trips to England. In all I cruised about 60,000 miles in the war zone in the Bay of Biscay, the English Channel, and the Atlantic Ocean.

One fine day in June, 1918, five American destroyers, two British destroyers and three French destroyers, were ordered out to hunt for a German submarine supply-ship which was supposed to be supplying submarines operating in the Bay of Biscay and off the
Azores. We steamed to sea in search. The weather was warm and beautiful. The French Admiral in command ordered us southward in battle formation. It was growing dusk on the first evening out and nothing had been seen. All at once we were suddenly stopped. A steam line in the fire room leading to the turbines had burst. We drifted for six or eight hours with all fires out until repairs were finished. Luckily no one was injured.

On the third day a periscope was sighted and we rushed forward at full speed. Of course it disappeared, but we could see its wake. In a short time twenty-two powerful depth-bombs had been cut loose. All we could see was a coating of oil on the water’s surface. It is supposed the U-boat met its fate. On other trips we crippled two submarines which were interned in Spain. It was no unusual scene the early part of 1918 to see torpedoed ships. Floating debris met us continually. I never saw a ship torpedoed, but I have helped to pick up survivors near the entrance to Bordeaux harbor.

In August, 1918, we were in dry dock in Brest. I was given opportunity to visit Paris. I certainly availed myself of that opportunity. While there occurred the last air raid on that interesting spot. It did not last long and, thanks to the wonderful French planes, the Boche soon disappeared never to approach that beautiful city again.

**Lieutenant George Ben Loy, ’22:** Though I did not reach the front and can not write of sectors held and of towns captured, nevertheless I did have the pleasure of being associated with many real soldiers and of passing through experiences of unusual interest. I
was in the service twenty-seven months and would like to tell you some things.

After helping recruit Battery E of the Indiana National Guard, I went to the First Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. The days there were full of hard work in our effort to become fit to be officers. Many Butler boys were there. The close of the training camp found us second lieutenants. "Tuck" Brown and "Tow" Bonham were chosen for immediate service overseas. I was assigned to Camp Taylor and for an even year stayed in Kentucky with the Three Hundred Twenty-fifth Field Artillery, going to schools and training troops. At last our regiment was proficient and the great day of our departure became a reality.

We had a special train from West Point, Kentucky, to Hoboken, and it was during this memorable ride that occurred the first of those things which impressed me so deeply. It was nothing more nor less than the wonderful way the people, especially the little children, greeted the troops as they passed. It was natural that the elders should cheer their sons going to war, but that the little children should show such devotion was touching, indeed. It made us feel that we really had a country worth going to war for.

On September 9, 1918, we sailed for France. Our convoy was large and the sight of those eighteen huge transports steaming in formation across the ocean was a sight never-to-be-forgotten. After landing at Glasgow, we went to Southampton and then across the Channel to Le Havre. From Bordeaux I went to Tours. The end of the war found me there in the aviation school.

In the Spring of 1919, after several months service in the "Mill" at Bordeaux, I secured a fifteen-day-
IN THE WORLD WAR

leave. Paris was seen as I passed through en route to the battlefields, and if possible to find the spot where "Tuck" was buried. Chalons, Toul, St. Mihiel, Verdun, and then Stenay, the last three towns still a pitiful sight. Indeed, the entire region was a sad sight. Towns battered into dump-yards of stone and fields perforated with shell-holes. The worst of all was the deep silence which prevailed, for the country was without inhabitants. Shells and shell-cases, fuses and hand-grenades in quantities so numerous that I believe I saw millions of them, and all the paraphernalia that an army leaves in its wake. The zone was as it had been left on November 11, 1918, except that the dead had been buried, and the rows upon rows of crosses—I shudder as I recall them. No one could view this land of desolation and of death without full sympathy for France and enduring hatred for war.

I left the rail-road at Stenay and proceeded inward towards Nouart where I had been informed that "Tuck" lay buried. For hours I searched the rows and rows of crosses looking for his resting place. It was late afternoon and soon darkness would approach, but how could I give up seeing the dear spot! Finally, a Belgian came along on horseback and directed me to the village I sought. It was a few kilometers away, but my eager strides soon brought me there. Nouart was a little village, shell-torn and war-ravaged, located in a valley of unusual beauty. Here, within a low stone wall, damaged and battered, were the graves of bygone villagers and of dead Germans, for the area had been held by the Germans for almost four years. The most of the mounds had been torn up by shells. I looked all of them over, but could not find the grave I sought. As a last resort I looked outside the wall.
and there I saw two fresh mounds—Tuck's and that of the son of General Cameron. It was indeed a battlefield grave and a fitting resting-place for one who had died so nobly. Never can I forget this simple village burying-ground surrounded by the everlasting hills of the Argonne with its shell-torn vaults and its two freshly-made graves. Oh, it was not easy to leave!

But I returned to Stenay, going on up to Nancy where "Tow" Bonham was a student. Metz was my next stopping-place—a wonderful city. Then came the long ride to that wonderland of Europe and the world's play-ground—the Riviera. The mellow beauty and marvel of the region baffle description. It is the joy-land, the dream-land of our world. The beautiful Mediterranean, the beach, the palms, the villages with tiled houses of stucco; further back the hills "stepped" for orange groves; and further back the majestic Alps. I long for the day which will take me back to Nice. However, with sadness I continued my journey across southern France to Biarritz and on to Bordeaux. Waiting for orders home and then for a boat, were trying; but at last the longed-for day came and at the Bas-sens dock occurred the last impressive incident of our great adventure. Only those who have spent many months in a foreign land can realize the deep feelings we all had as we cast off homeward, hearing the strains of the Star Spangled Banner and of the Marseil-laise; home to these United States and to those whose love and faith had supported us in the endurance of war that they and the country might go on—a nation of high morals and righteousness.

Lieutenant Justus W. Paul, A. B. '15: France. January 27, 1919. I was delighted to learn that a War
IN THE WORLD WAR

Record, in which will be set down all the fine things that Butler men have done, is being prepared. I am sure that no other college can show a more remarkable record. I am very proud to be among the Butler "bunch." I know nearly all the boys personally and I have not met better soldiers nor finer gentlemen.

It was with the deepest regret that I learned of the death of Hilton Brown, Jr., and of Kenneth Elliott. They were two of the finest men I ever knew. I have heard of them several times indirectly and everyone who knew either of them over here speaks very highly of them. I am sitting at the table now with Lieutenant Coudert, who was at the Saumur artillery school with "Tuck." He has been telling me what a fine record "Tuck" made there and how well he was liked by the other officers.

I personally have not very much of a record. I have been jumping about from place to place and from regiment to regiment ever since I left Ft. Harrison. I was not able to do what I hoped to do and wanted to do, but that is the army. At present I am in the Tank Corps, as you know, and it is to my mind the finest branch of the service. The tanks are wonderful creations—no one can conceive of the things they will do unless he has had experience with them.

Lieutenant Lionel F. Artis, '19. Headquarters, Eight Hundred Ninth Pioneer Infantry (famous colored regiment) Camp St. Luce, Nantes, France. Lincoln's birthday, 1919. Many are the times in this far-away country that my thoughts have turned to Butler College and very pleasant memories they have been. The pleasant and inspiring class sessions and the quiet chapel hours will never be forgotten by those who shared in them.
But many things have happened since those days and many varied experiences have entered in between. The past six months have seemed so many years to me. Indeed, in all my life never has any like period been filled with such varied and at the same time worthwhile experiences.

From an "all-wise" civilian on the 22nd of August last, I was suddenly transformed into a full-grown khaki-clad soldier, and not until then did I fully realize what the men of the army were going through in the name of Liberty and Democracy. Then commenced the long, hard days of training. Along with that came those "shots." I am sure some of your boys must already have told you about those "shots" (typhoid and para-typhoid) which the recruit dreads more than the hardened soldier does the Hun shells.

From August 22nd until the day we left Camp Dodge seemed like an age; but in reality within three weeks of the time we first set foot on Camp Dodge soil we were aboard the train bound for the port of embarkation. That day will never be forgotten by us—Friday the 13th of September. Whatever else anyone has to say about Friday the 13th, it has been a lucky day for us. September 15th found us at Camp Upton, New York and September 23rd, one month from the day we entered the army, found us on the transport for France.

Pretty hard, these last days in the United States were, as we look back at them. So short had been our time for preparation before leaving Camp Dodge that our stop at Camp Upton was a forced one. They had not expected us and made no plans whatever for receiving a regiment of troops. We went up amid the stumps and mud of a one-time woods and pitched our
tents and called it our "camp." Rain came down in torrents daily and for the first day or so many of the men had to sleep on the bare ground. Meals came only twice daily and then sometimes they could hardly be called "meals." Such days as these have their equal only here in France; but now we know that they were only a foretaste of what was to be our lot on many a day ahead. Army "paper-work" was terribly behind and typewriters clicked all night long. In my office the men worked all day and far into the small hours of the morning on passenger lists, rosters, AGO change reports and the thousand other things that one finds to do only in the army.

But all this we did cheerfully. If our "brothers-in-arms" could do the things we heard they were doing overseas, sure we could sacrifice our personal comfort long enough to lend them a hand. We had been formed into the regiment from the Depot Brigade on the 12th of September, and on the 18th of September I received my warrant as a regimental sergeant-major. This is the highest non-commissioned rank in the army tables and formerly came only after several years of hard and faithful service. But many changes have come about in this National army and here I am regimental sergeant-major with not a day of previous service to my credit. I am told that our outfit is the only one that left Camp Dodge with a regimental sergeant-major who had not seen any previous service.

The trip across was one long to be remembered. Something like 25,000 men were in the convoy. We were crowded like sardines—the call had come to send men and to send them in a hurry and we were the answer. The influenza rage hit the convoy and many died at sea. The fourth day out found me down with
the malady and for over a week it was a life and death struggle. The ships were so crowded, the epidemic was so wholly unexpected that the doctors hardly knew what to do. A wearied bunch it was who landed at St. Nazaire, France, on the 6th of October. Because of the epidemic we had to pull down to St. Nazaire and had not landed at Brest, the original destination. The regiment was taken to a rest-camp; while I was sent to Base Hospital No. 101, where I lay until October 18th.

It was during these early days in October that our army was straining every nerve in the big offensive which began on September 26th. Men at the front were yelling for supplies and they must be rushed forward. Our men were called from the rest-camp and all day and all night details worked at loading and shipping these needed supplies. For ourselves, we got scarcely anything. All—everything—had to go to the front and the men in the back lines gladly made the sacrifice. This lasted for about two weeks, when we received an order sending us into the advance zone. Later this was revoked and we were ordered to the intermediate zone and on October 24th we moved. Part of the regiment went to Savenay and the remainder of the outfit went to Camp St. Luce at Nantes. One, two, three, four was the song heard all day, and far into the night drill sergeants kept it up with the "awkward" squads. At Camp St. Luce was established a base of supplies and our men have built this entire camp. In addition to building the warehouses and putting in the tracks, etc., they are now guarding its contents. At one place something like 38,000 barrels of picric acid, one of the highest kinds of explosives, were stored and to our troops was assigned the task of guarding that. Some of the men
were sent on mail service and some of them were assigned to duty at a Remount station farther north. Right now the whole outfit is expecting an order to move, where, we do not know, but rumor says we are to be attached to the Third army, and sent to Holland or Germany.

My regiment has seen no action at the front, and if that had been the case, I should not have been fortunate enough to have done much actual fighting. A sergeant-major does the biggest part of his fighting with paper and pen—and many a battle is fought out around regimental headquarters, let me tell you. Reports have to be filled out on the minute, troops have to be paid and accounted for and a thousand other things have to be done which a "civi" never dreams of. Right today my holiday has been spoiled because the payroll came in and the men have to be paid.

But what do I think of all this? What effect has it all had upon me? Sleeping on the bare ground at times, save for the O. D. blankets with which we are supplied; missing more meals than you often got; not knowing what a bath would feel like, not to say clean clothes; working all day and then half the night for days at a stretch—how do I look back on it all? These, I tell you, truly have been the richest days of my life. Then it was that I learned what life is really for and that behind all this hardship was a deeper purpose which was being worked out. In the quiet of an evening campfire many things come to one, things hitherto dark and mysterious. The beauty of life, its privileges and responsibilities dawn upon one more clearly than ever before. Not until men have soldiered together; not until hardships, sickness, and death have cemented them do they know what friendship, what comradeship
really means. But we men here in France know by now.

We are coming back to you soon and we do want you to be proud of us. The men who are returning to you will not be the same carefree fellows who went away from you. In spirit they will be total strangers to their old selves. An awakening has come over us—no man can go through this life and not be a bigger and deeper man for having had the experience. Ideals are nobler, lives purer and bodies cleaner. Homes will be brighter and ties of love truer for it all. The loved ones at home shall not have waited in vain. Men are finding themselves and in finding themselves are finding God again. Perhaps they do not say as much in words, but in their lives they are determined to follow Him as the Captain of their Salvation. Over here it is that God becomes very near and real to each one of us. I am thinking of H. G. Wells’ book, "God, the Invisible King." God shall rule. The ideals for which we struggle are His and by His might they shall triumph.

Have I tired you? When one gets started on his experience in the army, he doesn’t know when to stop. To us these things are prime. Surely you have followed us and understand. One of my highest aspirations is to do justice to the traditions of Butler, as I am the only former Butler student in my regiment. How I long for the day when I can again tread her halls.

Roscoe C. Smith, '15: Paris, France. While it was not my privilege to be in Europe during the period of hostilities, I am at present trying to do my part in serving the boys during the difficult period which has intervened since the signing of the Armistice. As you
know, an army at leisure, waiting to go home is in very great danger of going to pieces through various forms of dissipation; so men are needed to help keep up the morale of the boys while they wait embarkation and demobilization.

I arrived in France on December 10, and was assigned to Le Mans area with the Twenty-seventh division of New York, a splendid fighting unit, which took active part in the storming of the Hindenburg line on September 29. General O’Brien of New York, was their leader and they certainly gave good account of themselves under his direction, as was evidenced by the fact that General Pershing in reviewing them previous to their departure gave citations to many for their bravery and personally presented the Distinguished Service Cross to about three score of them.

My work since coming here has had to do with both the physical and the spiritual well-being of the boys. . . . It has been necessary for the Y. M. C. A. and similar organizations to do everything possible to help the boys pass the time profitably and honorably. Their billets were very poor, since large bodies of them were placed in small towns and villages. I have witnessed many of them sleeping in barns and stalls—quite significant, it has seemed to me, that the world’s best men who have given themselves for the cause of world freedom should, like their Master, sleep in a stall. Yet, at a season of the year when it rains almost incessantly and the mud is knee-deep, one heard little complaining. They seemed to think that the fact their lives were spared and they were waiting to return to America was their great gain. Oh, I can not feel the world is worthy of these brave boys!

It was my duty to run a large regional warehouse
and by means of a number of Fords to supply the boys with physical comforts, as cookies, candy, chocolate, cigars, cigarettes, chewing gum, tobacco, tooth-paste, brushes, towels, soap, and various other articles. We covered the territory within a radius of fifteen miles. Some days I sent out as much as $20,000 worth of supplies, and then when night came on, because of a shortage of men, I would take one of the Fords and a group of entertainers to some point in the area for an evening's entertainment. Often we had no lights on the cars, it being impossible to get them; so we drove by faith and not by sight. On Sundays the chaplains would call upon us to go out to speak to the boys or sing with them. So, every one who had capacity for service of any kind was called upon to use it to the utmost to keep up the spirits of the boys. There is much to tell, but I am taking too much of your time. I can only say that this has been a wonderful experience to all of us, an educational privilege worth while.

I often think of the many happy hours at Butler and I feel indebted to those members of the faculty with whom I worked beyond my ability to pay for their patience and painstaking efforts. I only hope and pray that some little service which I mayrender here to our gallant army, may, in some way, reflect the spirit of unselfish devotion which Butler has tried to instill in the hearts of her students.

Private Paul H. Moore, '21: Pannes, France, March 18, 1919. Yesterday forty of us moved over here, arriving about noon. I spent the rest of the day arranging my infirmary—a pretty good place with not much to repair, only to rebuild three sides, the roof and
WOOD UNGER
Captain, 357th Infantry

ADAM H. FLATTER
Corporal, 155th Infantry

JOHN WILBERT BARNETT
Secretary, Young Men's Christian Association

ROSCOE CONKLING SMITH
Secretary, Young Men's Christian Association
floor of the room. About four o’clock we were eating our three meals in one, when a bunch of German prisoners was brought in town. I went to the old barn where they were quartered and found out from the French guard that there were 453 of them. . . . . This morning after breakfast I walked out to some dug-outs and got a table and chair and window. Upon return a French soldier was waiting to tell that several of the Germans were sick and wanted me to fix them up. So, I took some bandages and stuff and went over. I hope I may never again have to look upon such human beings in such a condition as these Germans. They were sleeping in a barn used during the war for horses, without being cleaned out. Not only that, but there are very few spots where there does not stand at least an inch of water. For your sake I am glad I can not describe better what I saw. Nearly all the men had either been wounded or were suffering from boils. Infection was so bad that I had to take them out of doors before I could finish dressing the wounds. All I had to work with was alcohol, bandages, adhesive plaster, iodine, a pocket knife and a pair of pliers. I used the knife for lancing boils and the pliers for pulling teeth. Until this morning I had the impression the Germans were cowards, but I have changed my mind. Out of all the men I treated only one showed the least sign of pain. He was a fellow with a mass of puss about the size of a tea cup on his back. After cleaning the place I poured the cavity full of alcohol. Then he moved for the first time, laughed a little, and in German said, “Sir, that is hotter than Hell!” I do not doubt he was absolutely right.

This afternoon I put a window in my house and finished reading “Rob Roy.” A while ago I walked over
to the next town and got a dozen eggs, they costing only eight francs. Here I am now, with my candle almost as far gone as my fire, writing home with visions of fried eggs for breakfast.

* * * * *

I have been taking care of my patients as usual, only more so. It’s all a great experience, but the other day I had an experience I hope I shall never have to meet again. I was wrapping up one of the fellow’s fingers which he had tried to chop off with an axe when we heard an explosion and a piece of shell went over our heads. We did not think much of it at the time, as things of that kind happen every day. In about two or three minutes, though, a French soldier came running in and jabbering so fast no one could understand him. I finally gained enough of his lingo to know that some one was hurt and help was needed. I snatched up bandages, etc., and ran to the prison camp. There I found a French soldier in one awful condition and another one shot through the arm and leg. The first one had his right hand off at the wrist, the whole right side of his face gone including his eye and ear, his right leg hanging by a few shreds just above his knee, while his body and left leg were full of holes. The first thing I did was to stop the bleeding in his arm and face. That was easy, but it was next to impossible to stop the bleeding in his right leg as there was so little of it left to work with. The next thing I was up against was to get him to the hospital and a doctor which were twenty-five kilometers from here. I had turned that part of it to the French when I first started on the mess, but instead of getting some kind of transportation they got into an argument about where they were going to take him. Finally, I got hold of Lieutenant
Whipple, who is our company commander and happened to be here in a Ford truck, and obtained permission to use his machine. After getting the Frenchman in a blanket we placed him in the back of the Ford and started off. The driver knew his business and we did not lose much time. After riding the longest twenty-five kilometers in the world’s history, we got to the hospital and turned the man, still smiling and asking for a drink of water, over to the doctors. He died the next day, but, thank God, he was under the doctor’s care and not mine at the time.

Night before last I spent about three hours with a Frenchman who had been on a big drink and had the D. T.’s and let his heart slow up on him. This a. m. at 2 o’clock I spent an hour with a German who had an attack of acute indigestion; at 6 a. m. I set a broken leg for another German; and at 10 a. m. answered sick calls for eighty-two other Germans, and redressed the other Frenchman’s arm and leg. Otherwise, I have had a pretty quiet time this week. Am going to Verdun tomorrow.

* * * * *

As to my trip to the Alps. No one has a vocabulary to do justice to that trip. It would be a sacrilege for me to try to describe such a stupendous thing.

You ask me to visit Hilton Brown’s grave. I have done everything possible to get a pass, but without success.

This war is not over yet. The Germans are carrying out one of the greatest propaganda systems they have ever known, and all that there is to it is the fact they are promoting sympathy for everything German. As I see it, that is one of the most dangerous things the world has to contend with. Even the prisoners here
have brought about hard feeling between the Americans and the French and have both parties feeling that Germany is O. K. I do not doubt in the least that the same thing is going on in the States. So, beware of anything German; it’s dangerous. I know from experience.

As to myself, I am in this little village, twenty-five kilometers from the nearest doctor, with no telephone, and about 500 human beings depending upon me for their well-being. Naturally, I do not have much time to write. Still, I have plenty of everything except U. S. A.

Corporal Frederick Witherspoon, '18: With the Rainbow division, Neuenahr, Germany, March 18, 1919. I wish I could tell you how much the college letters have meant to us, the Alumnal Quarterlies and Collegians, also. They have been passed along and read by all. A new budget came yesterday, and the school and teachers were fully discussed on the banks of the Rhine. Sad word came for “Bobby” Roberts in the news of the death of his mother. He has talked so enthusiastically of late of the long-delayed home-coming, and such a loss as his, coming as it does, seems infinitely sadder than anything that might have befallen in action over here. In fact, a soldier fears only for those at home.

There is much of my experience I should like to tell you, but I fear I have not the ability to do so. It may be said of me that I was among the many Butler men who jumped at the first opportunity to go, and to choose a buck private’s berth that I might cross with the famous Rainbow division, the second American division to reach the fighting front. We arrived at St. Nazaire, France, on the night of October 31, 1917, and
IN THE WORLD WAR

proceeded to Camp de Coetquidan. Here the Sixty-seventh Artillery brigade, of which the One Hundred Fiftieth is a unit, remained in intensive training until February. In that month we started our move toward the front and entered our first position near the twentieth day, amid an avalanche of snow. This was in Lorraine of the Baccarat sector, just south of Lunéville. Here the regiment received its first taste of front-line life. We remained four months. The sector was reasonably quiet and our casualties, with the exception of those of one battery, were unusually light. At this time I was a line corporal in the topographical section. These Lorraine months were for me the most enjoyable I have spent in service. It was here my active fighting career came to an abrupt end, and I have since considered May 28, 1918, the most unfortunate day in my army experience, for I was then chosen one of sixteen enlisted men from the division to go back of the lines as an instructor in topography to troops newly arrived for training. So, I proceeded to Camp de Valdahon, a French artillery camp near the Swiss border. Leaving all old friends behind, I served in this capacity until near the end of August. While here I was fortunate enough to meet my friend, Tommy Hibben, but no one else known before. I missed my Butler friends and made repeated unavailing attempts to return to the front with my old organization then taking part in the great offensives at Champagne, Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne, successively. Near the end of August the colonel in command at Valdahon, evidently wearying of my much asking to take French leave in the direction of the One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, sent me to the Officers’ Training School at Saumur. Here I
was laboriously pursuing my studies when the Armis-
tice became a reality. My class continued, however,
and graduated two weeks later as "third lieutenants."
Finally, I was returned to the One Hundred Fiftieth,
now at Neuenahr, Germany, with my former status of
line corporal; but I was pleased beyond words to be
again with the old boys, although I found many of
them, including "Danny", Ed. Wagoner, Forrey Wild
and Ed. Whitaker, had in my absence been wounded
and were either in base hospitals recovering, or on
their long journey "to the home of the brave"—the
good old U. S. A.

On February 1, third lieutenants were commissioned
second lieutenants and at the same time offered com-
missions in the regular army. It did not take me long
to decide. I chose to stay here for the present and to
return home next month with the Rainbow division.
The few Butler men who remain are well and are
anxiously awaiting return orders. Nobody can ever
know how it will seem to see good old Butler once
more.

Chaplain Thomas Guy Mantle, A. B., '20: March 26,
1919. In April, 1917, I was studying Ethics in Butler
College. A month after the declaration of war I was
studying to become an officer in the Officers' Reserve
Corps of the United States Army. Militarily, I was
called a candidate for a commission in the First Offi-
cers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, In-
diana; civically, I was a ministerial student ready to
be of service to my country. I tried to serve well dur-
ing those three months of training. With surprising
promptitude I was present at most drill formations,
inspections, study periods, mess calls, maneuvers, and
even the assembly when commissions were handed out. I drew a second lieutenancy; in addition, an assignment to duty with the Eighty-fourth division at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky. As there was no necessity for my presence at Camp Taylor for two weeks, the War Department allowed me to do whatever I pleased. I pleased to be married. Then I visited my home.

On August 27, 1917, I was at my new station of duty. Though having orders to report to the commanding general, I permitted a colonel to assign me to the Three Hundred Thirty-third Infantry. Soon this regiment began to receive its quota of selected service men from southern Illinois. Company M started out with men of German ancestry from Belleville and real Italians from East St. Louis. Upon acquaintance I found them to be good Americans and subject to my orders even as I was subject to the orders of my superiors. I tired of too much training and drill exercises; consequently, I applied for a commission as chaplain.

This time I was ordered to report to the commanding officer of the Thirteenth Machine Gun Battalion, Fort Sam Houston, Texas. San Antonio was an agreeable change from the wintry weather of Louisville, and my wife and I spent February and March there, very pleasantly. On April 5, came orders for departure for overseas. I did not know where the battalion was going, but I bade my wife goodbye and asked her to send letters to Camp Merritt, New Jersey. At this last station in the United States we did not remain long enough to receive mail.

April 15 to 28 were spent aboard the S. S. Philadelphia. Landing at Liverpool we proceeded south via Winchester, arriving in France May 1. Le Havre, like Winchester, had a misnamed rest camp. British
troops loaned us blankets and showed us where to sleep on the floor. But the American military machine found us in a couple of days and moved us by night troop train to Bar-sur-Aube, Department de l’Aube. Here for a month we had intensive training. Again the general took recognition of our presence and after looking over the division went back to his headquarters and issued orders that put us on the firing line, or rather in the trenches.

The Thirteenth Machine Gun Battalion and Sixth Infantry joined the Twenty-sixth Division at Menil-la-Tour and remained with them until the middle of June. Then they rejoined the remainder of the Fifth Division at Gerardmer in the Anould Sector of the Vosges Mountains. The men of the battalion spent a few days in the trenches near Ban de Laveline, but suffered no casualties. On July 10, we were relieved by Colonial troops from French Indo-China and went back to a training area near Epinal, Vosges. By the first of August we were again on the front line in the Saint Die Sector. About August 20, the battle of Frapelle took place and was our first taste of a real engagement. A negro division fresh from Dixie relieving us, we went back to our old training ground near Epinal. In one week we began to travel by night and to sleep by day enroute to St. Mihiel Salient.

On the morning of September 12, we went over the top in the first real offensive. As the machine gunners were scattered everywhere, I joined the Eleventh Infantry for duty in the battle. All the first day I assisted with the wounded. German prisoners were used to carry those who could not walk. Comforting words were said to those found dying. Shells had no attraction for me, but I felt that if I must die soon I could not
be taken from a more Christ-like work. On the second day of the battle I began to bury the dead, and for four days I buried about twenty daily. After September 17, we were on the way to our next battle; and from that date until October 23 I belonged to the Eleventh Infantry. This regiment went to Dieulouard near Pont-a-Mousson to support a French division. One Sunday the Boche began to shell the mess line of the First Battalion, Eleventh Infantry and Company C, Fifteenth Machine Gun Battalion, and killed outright twenty-two men. These men were loaded in trucks and taken to a cemetery. A sergeant, a corporal and I slept beside them until the next morning when we buried them in time to join the regiment which was moving toward the great Argonne—Meuse offensive. This mighty battle was on the same ground where the French had yearly held the troops of the Crown Prince. We entered it from Montfaucon and went forward in the rain and mud to Dun-sur-Meuse. The suffering was far beyond anything before experienced. My time was taken up entirely with the burial of the fallen. After coming out for a rest, orders were handed saying I must go to the Thirty-second Division. I joined my new unit after walking across a large field and was assigned to the One Hundred Twenty-first Field Artillery. This was a vacation as compared with my infantry duties. On November 1, the last big barrage was put over and my regiment was so depleted of horses and transportation that it could not keep up with the fleeing Germans.

After the Armistice the infantry of the Thirty-second Division went onward into Germany, but the artillery went into billets near Bar-le-Duc. I remained with them until transferred to the Third Army Head-
quarters at Coblenz on Rhine. Here I arrived in time for a Christmas dinner and was promptly assigned to Evacuation Hospital No. 2. Again I was kept busy burying soldiers dying of pneumonia and contagious diseases. With the coming of Spring the hospital duty lightened and I was sent to the Twenty-sixth Infantry, First Division, from which point I am looking forward to my return to America.

**Lieutenant Basil N. Bass, A. B., '20.** Forty-first Aero Squadron: Besançon University, April 1, 1919. The *Quarterly* is a pleasure and a comfort. I read every word of it with all my gratitude . . . I have met only one Butler man since we left the States. My squadron is stationed near Toul and I often visited Nancy with other pilots from my organization. It was there that I ran on to "Tow" Bonham. We spent the greater part of two days talking over old times, the past war, and our present work. He is taking at Nancy a course in letters, similar to the one I am taking here.

This is a wonderful old town, very interesting and beautiful. The Doubs river flows around it in horseshoe fashion. I have discovered that some of the old Gallic chieftains who used to cause me so much trouble when I was trying to translate Caesar's Wars, lived right around here. That is not exactly against the town but the fact takes something from its historical value, for me at least.

The university was founded in 1287, and some of the professors have evidently been here ever since. Really, some are past the age of speaking plainly. In spite of this fact, I understand the university stands high in France. The course will end on July 1, and I hope my squadron will then be ordered home.
IN THE WORLD WAR

Lieutenant Myron M. Hughel, A. B., '18: Gievres, Loir et Cher, April, 1919. I am glad a record is making of the part the Butler boys have played in the great struggle. For a while, I thought we were coming home "toot sweet" and I could then give you my little story in person.

Since the second week of February we have been back in the intermediate section of the service of supply. Lots of work of varied nature is to be done here; and while our men have been working trying to get these roads in shape to keep our contract with the French to make up for the road deterioration caused by our army the officers have been detailed on duties of administration that those who saw nothing of service of supply often forget about. There has been much work to do. Before we moved back we had no conception of what was going on in the rear.

I would like to be right now in Irvington to greet old friends, especially as I would so much like to thank all of them heartily, personally, for their constant good wishes and their constant sacrifices of very necessities for the lightening of the soldiers' tasks. The completed story of the war will probably never be written—that is, in one set of volumes; for the honor of America's stand is due not only to the uniformed forces in France, nor alone to the uniformed forces at home and abroad, but to every last American in uniform or not. It was the stand of a nation rather than that of an army. Lots of us—all of us—are coming home (if we ever get home) singing the praises of those who gave the army. There have been no decorations for all of you at home for your courage and your great part, but they could well have been given. My best wishes to all of old Butler.
Sergeant B. Wallace Lewis, A. B. '15: Paris, April 8, 1919. Remember Professor Greene and his lengthy discourses on the Sorbonne? Little did I ever think when I was listening to them that I would ever be a denizen of the Quartier Latin and myself a student in these ancient halls of erudition.

I am tremendously glad that I didn't go to Oxford. This is infinitely better. We are too much like the English, our philosophy, our literature, our ideals are Anglo-Saxon and essentially the same. Here I encounter a new and most refreshing point of view. French culture is marvelous. Not only has the war justified it over its opponent "Kultur," but I have had the opportunity of contrasting the two in their social manifestations, and life itself justifies it more completely than the war. The French thought of the best type is marvelous, exact and detailed to a greater degree than ours (something like the better phase of Teutonic thought), broad and fair like the English, and at the same time it shows a typically Gallic wit and verve and brilliance. I verily believe that French culture is the superior of the world.

I can never explain, nor attempt to, my love for France. Some English poet whose name I have forgotten said, "France has been the soldier of God." Doomed at the outset by her peculiar geographical position to a principal part in the ebb and flow of the tides of human history, France has nobly played her part—defending civilization many times against the barbarian to the last drop of her precious blood and to the last jot of her resources. An artistic and impressionable people, yet possessing the qualities of solidity and stability (which the Anglo-Saxon has without their animating brilliance), the French have more than any
other race paid the price of civilization, more staggering this last time than ever before. The French Revolution (the most tremendous event in the history of man) was the crowning achievement in man’s long fight for personal liberty. It could have happened only in France. For only the French temperament could have pushed its horrors to a successful conclusion. And their Art! Less profound than the German, less graceful than the Italian, it is greater than either. Paris is the most artistic city in the world, it has been the artistic capital for fifteen centuries. Their literature is second only to that graced by Shakespeare. But the greatest of all is the people. Gay, brilliant, effervescent, they captivate the world. If one could forget their gigantic sacrifice and indomitable spirit of the last four years, he would still love the French. But it is as that that France will be remembered. The world will forget Hugo, Pasteur, Corneille, Molière, and all of their achievements in other fields in comparison with their last and greatest. Foch will replace Napoleon; Clemencean, Richelieu; Guynemer, Bayard—and others. France with her back to the wall, defeated, ruined, despairing of everything, decimated, for three long years, rose anew in the last triumphant year to a greater effort than her first one. That is the sublimest thing in French history and the thing that will make France, to whom the world was already debtor, greater and more glorious forever.

Germany certainly has played the Frankenstein when she created the monster Bolshevism. I hope the thing she created will destroy her, but that would be a terrible danger for the rest of the world. I tell you, the future was never darker. I don’t know how things are at home, but I am afraid for America. With the
American's penchant (especially the radical American) for following a fad, Bolshevism is a very real and very terrible menace, even in the land of the Free. Where is our great leader that history tells us always arises to meet a crisis? Where is he? It is certainly time for him to put in his appearance.

I wish I could explain to you the sensations I felt the other day when I stood with bowed head at the tomb of the mightiest man in history and looked at the tattered flags of a hundred glorious campaigns. A tablet above the massive bronze doors of his tomb says, "I desire that my ashes repose on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people I have so greatly loved." They do. And the whole world comes to do them homage. Frenchmen worn and discouraged by the defeats of the last war came and looked upon the relics of France's old greatness and took new heart. Englishmen came, too, to the grave of their ancient enemy, to take courage against their last and greatest foe.

I am certainly enjoying my work in Paris. It is an experience worth more than money. But fascinating as Paris is, and pleasantly as the time passes, and valuable as my stay here is, I yearn all the time for "le retour" when I can go back to my own people. No foreign land however wonderful can ever take the place in my affections of that wonderful land I'm trying to serve. Absence surely teaches love of country. The happiest day of my life will be when I salute the Goddess of Liberty, because I will feel then that I am back again with my own family, and that actual reunion will soon follow. You ought to experience the thrill of seeing floating over the Hotel Crillon the Stars and Stripes. It is surrounded by other flags, no
doubt glorious and thrilling to some: the Union Jack, the Tri-color, are fine flags, beautiful and significant. But there is only one that makes you catch your breath, and the little shivers run up and down your spine, and your eyes sometimes smart a little—there's only one that means all that you hold dear, there is only one that stands for Home.

Hilton U. Brown, A. B., '80: France, 1919. Paris, June 3.—On the first anniversary of the battle of Chateau-Thierry, when the fate of nations hung by a thread, the valley of the Marne was a dream of sunshine and peace. Apple orchards were in bloom, the meadows were green, and the wild flowers softened the rough edges of shell holes in Belleau Wood and the fields about Lucy, Torcy, Vaux and the other towns that were once the suburbs of the little city that gave its name to a battlefield made immortal by American soldiers.

There is a good, broad highway (like that which Sheridan followed to Winchester town) that leads eastward from Paris direct to Chateau-Thierry, about sixty miles by the highways, but much closer as a shell would travel. The road begins as a city street and becomes a main artery not only to Meaux and the Chateau region, but on to Metz. It is an old, old thoroughfare and many gallant and jaded armies have traversed it. But none perhaps contributed more to history than the divisions from the United States that marched over its solid granite block and macadam surface a year ago in response to Marshal Foch's request for help to stem the German tide that was overwhelming France.

This is not a history of the battle, but, if anything,
merely an outline of the setting. Picture Paris calm, but ready for flight. The old and feeble had already been sent south for safety. The bulk of the population was awaiting the order to go. When the wind blew from the east and north the guns could be heard. The peril was real. If the outlying armies were defeated there was no intent on the part of the French to subject their city to siege and destruction, but to continue the battle south and beyond the city. At this juncture the American troops enter on the scene. They did not pass through the city, but around it, and on to the highway referred to. After they passed through Meaux, facing east, the Second American Division began to meet the retreating remnants of the French army, hollow-eyed, powder burnt, sagging with overwhelming weariness from four days of unrelieved fighting and retreating.

Some shook their heads at the folly of these strapping youngsters from the west, venturing to thrust themselves in the way of that onrushing victorious Hun avalanche. These said the end was at hand and that the Americans would better save themselves. Eye and ear witnesses testify as to the answers. Weary only of drilling and waiting the reinforcements, they asked for a chance to get at the Germans. The road was packed with solid columns of American infantry and artillery, hot for action.

"What do you think we came here for?" the doughboy asked.

A French officer commanding seventy chasseurs, remnant of a regiment, asked an American colonel:

"Shall we die here or do you wish us to pass through your troops?"

"Pass through and give us your places. You have
done enough." And the Second division made way for the grimy seventy to pass to rest, together with scattered fragments of scores of units that had been shot to pieces.

And so the Americans came under fire. The Boche artillery and air men had located the road. The infantry and artillery passed to right and left, while the two regiments of marines attached to the Second division had already gone to the left of the road and engaged the Germans at Lucy and later in the woods beyond, now known as Belleau Wood.

Twelve months after the battle, Lucy is still a white ruin, its limestones and mortar ground to powder by the guns, its houses unroofed and its walls, that had stood for years and some for centuries, tumbling from shell fire. And yet the village is not obliterated, and a few of its people have returned. In the road way are still evidences of an ammunition dump exploded by a German shell. The marines had piled their rifle and machine gun cartridges under a tree. When the shell struck, it set this ammunition to going at such a rate that the Americans feared for a moment that the enemy had got into the rear. The tree was blasted and its leafless, amputated limbs afford scant shade for the children who play beneath it in the mound of shells, some of them unexploded. Through the opened wall of the roofless church the crucified Christ may be seen hanging to the cross, most pathetic of all the objects in that glut of ruin. Out in the roadway a hen with her brood stirs up the dust and tries to fly over the broken wall when the sergeant-chauffeur drives that way. A bent old woman stands where once was her doorway and looks at the meager life and the gloomy chaos about her.
But out in the fields the farmers, such as remain, and many women folk are at work. The smaller shell holes have been filled. Nature and husbandry are beginning to heal the scars of war except in the towns. Here little or nothing of repair is to be seen. It will be better to lay out towns in the virgin fields than to attempt to rebuild, but home ties are strong.

As in Lucy, so in these other towns one finds a dismal monotony of wreckage. The Germans are, of course, the sole cause of this desolation, though not all of the destruction is due to Boche guns. Let Vaux and her people speak: The Germans took the town, the inhabitants fleeing. Here are old houses, once sound and even pretentious. There are deep cellars and a covered stream that passes through and under the village. Hiding in these the Germans opened fire on the Americans. Some of the inhabitants fled to Captain Harper of Battery F, Seventeenth Field Artillery, and asked him to dislodge the enemy from their homes. They pointed out the strongest buildings with deepest cellars and told him that there the invaders were in hiding with their machine guns. They begged him to fire and he did. His battery of 155’s threw 1,044 shells into the village and when the infantry took it by assault only one hundred or more Germans remained alive. If the excavators ever go deep enough they will find the bones of Prussian guards where the natives were wont to store their wines and winter vegetables.

But what of that gay and eager throng in khaki that late in May a year ago went valiantly down the Metz road? They fought in all these villages, in the Belleau Wood and on to Chateau-Thierry, where, with the unconquerable Second and Third and Rainbow and other divisions, they first shocked and astounded the Ger-
mans by the method and ferocity of their attack and finally forced them into retreat, changing the campaign from defensive to offensive warfare and ultimate triumph in the Argonne. But they paid a price.

Near every village and often in fields and roads remote from dwellings is a soldiers’ graveyard. By thirties, fifties or hundreds, “row on row” lie the dead that died not in vain. The burial places are clean and free from underbrush or weeds. A barbed wire fence surrounds each yard and a cross stands at the head of each grave. To the wooden cross, thirty inches high, is attached a metallic circular disc bearing the colors of the United States. There is also a metallic plate on which is stamped the name, number and unit of the buried soldier. His identification tag is also attached to the cross with wire and at the head of each grave is a small flag, bright and unfaded, fluttering with every breeze. A few graves, alas, are marked “unknown,” but for the most part identification has been complete and precautions are taken to preserve the identification inviolate.

Below the crest on which Belleau Wood stands, burial parties are digging concentration graves. These are five feet deep by sixty in length. Into these places the scattered dead will be brought. Overlooking them is a small tower at the crest of Belleau Wood—a building that was once a lodge or caretaker’s place. From it the battlefield may be surveyed. The hill itself is fearfully torn with shell fire and with dugouts. Projecting rocks afforded hiding places for the Boche and often in these dugouts the remains of Germans are still to be found. German prisoners have recovered and buried many of their comrades, but scores of these dead can never be identified.
There are places in Belleau Wood where life above ground was impossible. On two trees within the reach of one’s outstretched arm were counted eighteen bullet holes, and where anything was left to indicate a bullet’s flight the marks everywhere were as numerous as in the instance related. And so the men “dug in” and even there they were not safe, for the visible remains tell of the carnage.

Had not the American troops shown the courage and tenacity necessary to drive the entrenched enemy from this all but impregnable stronghold, the war probably would not have ended when and as it did, and the outcome of the march on the road from Paris would have differed from this narrative.

As it was, these American soldiers can not be forgotten by the French. Diplomats and cabinets may quarrel, and peoples may be estranged, but it will be hard to believe that the French, who saw these troops come into action in the nick of time and in the hour of disaster, can forget. Certainly now they smile on the Yanks in the chateau country and meet them as friends and brothers.

Chateau-Thierry itself was only an incident in this great battle. From the hill on which the old chateau was built first more than a thousand years ago, the city in the valley below, spread along the Marne, may be seen to the last tile on the roofs. The business heart of the city was blown to pieces by German air men who thought American headquarters were there, but the greater part of Chateau-Thierry remains intact. The French are selling off army horses there to the farmers (at about $325 each); the occasional relic hunter is to be seen on his rounds, and the River Marne, about as big as Fall creek, but with more water and greater
uniformity of flow and depth, clean and clear, now flows on its way uninterruptedly, carrying to the very gates of Paris, where it unites with the Seine, its canal boat cargoes of provisions for the saved and sacred capital of France.