The Story
of
Company A. 105th Machine Gun Battalion
A. E. F.

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Written by

William C. Martens

with the approval of

The Historical Committee of the Ex-Members Association of

Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion, A. E. F.

Chapter 1.

THE BIRTH OF A NEW ORGANIZATION

Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion - this particular combination of letters and numerals, which afterward became a "byword" was first made known to most of us while we were engaged in setting up camp in a cottonfield near Spartanburg, South Carolina. None of the men had ever heard this name before. To soldiers, who had been on active service in the United States Army for nearly three months and now found themselves members of this new-born outfit, it had a rather strange and unfamiliar sound.

On the morning of October 9, 1917, Squadron A, National Guard, New York, comprising Troops A, B, C, and D, and the Machine Gun Troop marched down Fifth Avenue in their own farewell parade, preparatory to entraining for Camp Wadsworth, where the organization had been ordered to join other New York National Guard units which had preceded it. The five troops were fully mounted, riding horses for which our affection had steadily increased since the squadron had been called into active service on July 15. On this date the men had been mustered out of the National Guard and drafted into federal service.

All during the summer and early autumn, while Squadron A was encamped in Van Cortlandt Park, rumors continued to reach the ears of the men that preparations were being made for service on the Mexican Border as artillery, on the Russian front as cavalry, in Italy as infantry, and France as machine gunners.

All knew in this Great War that little cavalry had been used in combat and yet every man knew also that he belonged to a combat organization.

One possibility seemed as likely of realization as another, and after the novelty of this form of gossip had worn off, if indeed "rumoring" ever becomes commonplace among soldiers, the men settled down to the routine work and pleasure of cavalrymen. They seemed to give little thought to anything

except the duty of each day as it came.

The morning of October 11th found us at our journey's end, and it was not long before we assembled with full equipment along the tracks. The average man in the ranks soon became aware, when our entire outfit began to march out on foot, that some transition had occurred. We marched steadily on; sometimes we walked and at times we ran to catch up with the ranks in front. We went up hills and down hills, across fields and through woods, with saddle-bags across our shoulders, sabres dangling, dressed and equipped as mounted troops, with pistols, rifles and rifle-boots and yet not riding. The realization soon came that our horses were no longer a part of us and that we were being initiated into the science of hiking. At best this first march of ours as dismounted men could not be called a well executed affair.

The journey was hot and consumed the better part of an hour with no rest. When at last we were led into the aforementioned cottonfield, the First New York Cavalry Band struck up nearby giving us a welcome and the necessary strength to form into line, to be halted and to flop unceremoniously upon our packs which momentarily preceded us to the ground.

Shortly we began to sit up and take our bearings. We found a long row of tents not many yards in front of us and another long row directly behind us. We fitted very nicely - evidently we were expected. Soon we noticed our officers hurrying about, papers in hand, calling sergeants and corporals for details, which were soon given, and each man found himself rigging up tents, or digging the curb line for our street, or carrying provisions into that long shed at the head of our avenue of tents, which we now recognized as the mess-shack. And then after our little bit for the day was over and we sat down in our tents to write home and to tell how we were fixed, we realized again, and perhaps more fully, that a change had come about in our army lives and that a new military

organization had been born. We walked to the head of our street and read again the sign outside of the first sergeant's new tent, advising us that Troops A and B of Squadron A had been formed into Company A of the 105th Machine Gun Battalion, the entire squadron now being a machine gun battalion and part of the Twenty-seventh Division.

CAMP WADSWORTH

When Company A was formed its officers were Captain Albert W. Putnam, First Lieutenant A. Campbell Smidt, Second Lieutenant L. Horatio Biglow, Jr., and Second Lieutenant J. Fahys Cook.

Captain Putnam and Lieutenant Cook had been officers in Troop B, Squadron A and Lieutenant Smidt and Lieutenant Biglow in Troop A, Squadron A.

While the company was being formed at Camp Wadsworth, Captain Putnam was on detached service at the School of Fire, Fort Sill, Oklahoma. He returned shortly after the company's arrival in Spartanburg. Lieutenant Biglow was promoted to a first lieutenancy and Second Lieutenant William C. Barthman was transferred to us from the Forty-seventh Infantry, New York National Guard.

The tables of organization of a machine gun company called for 172 enlisted men under the command of a captain. Lieutenant Smidt took the position of second in command and the three platoons were under the immediate direction of Lieutenants Biglow, Barthman and Cook. The general combination of the old troops of the squadron and the transfer of some men to the newly formed batallion headquarters company left each new combat company of the 105th Machine Gun Battalion somewhat short of the required number of enlisted men. Our deficiency was therefore supplied by the transfer of men from the Tenth Infantry Regiment, New York National Guard.

After returning to us, Captain Putnam was assigned to special duty at the divisional machine gun school for the instruction of the machine gun officers of the Twenty-seventh Division. This work consumed his time during the mornings while the company drilled as a unit under Lieutenant Smidt or separately by platoons under their respective commanders. Our afternoons were divided into two periods - the first, a school of machine gunnery under the captain, and the second, devoted to a hike or maneuvers. The school consisted of instruction in machine

gun mechanism, fire and tactics and was held in our mess shack.

Camp Wadsworth was situated about three miles west of Spartanburg and the entire encampment accommodating approximately 30,000 troops covered a space of about two miles square. During its stay there, our company made three trips to the trenches which the divisional engineers had laid out and the infantry regiments constructed in part of the camp. These trenches were very elaborately made and consisted of several systems connected by communication trenches, all of which were laid out in a space about five or six hundred yards square.

It will be remembered that the winter of 1917-18 was rather a severe one and even in the south we found that we were confronted with protracted cold weather accompanied by heavy snow storms. The men spent much of their free time hunting carefully for wood or any other burnable substance to heat the Sibley stoves in the tents. By the first of the year nearly all of the tents had been equipped with wooden floors and sides. Shortly after that date, the coal situation became less acute and we obtained a regular ration of fuel. Many of us will recall, however, the speed with which the old house near our picket-line was demolished one cold Saturday afternoon.

One day during the fall we received a sudden order to substitute the blue hat cord of the infantry for our yellow cavalry cords. At that time there was no specified cord for machine gunners and we had therefore been wearing the ones we had used as mounted troops.

A story - unverified, but amusing - is told of the reason this order came through so suddenly and unexpectedly. "Rumor hath it" that the Commander of the Division - Major General O'Ryan - was entering the Hotel Cleveland in Spartanburg one evening and that a young private standing nearby looked at the General nonchalantly and failed to salute. Upon being questioned about such behavior, this young soldier informed the General that he had mistaken him with his golden hat cord for "one of the gentlemen from the cavalry". With blue hat cords,

we could not be mistaken for Generals, nor Generals for us.

During the fall and winter we studied the Benet-Mercier gun, the Lewis Automatic Rifle and the Colt Machine Gun. By spring, due to Captain Putnam's tireless and efficient teaching, the men had become quite thoroughly acquainted with the Colt gun and the company, together with every other machine gun unit in the division, spent much time firing on the thousand inch range located in the northeast corner of the camp.

The 105th Machine Gun Battalion was placed in the 53rd Infantry Brigade. This brigade, under the command of Brigadier General Robert E. L. Michie, was made up of our battalion and two regiments of infantry, the 105th and 106th. The General and his staff reviewed the brigade nearly every Saturday after inspection, except when there was a divisional review. Several British and French officers and non-commissioned officers, were assigned to the division during our training at Spartanburg. These men conducted bayonet schools, gas-mask instruction and other classes for the men of the division. Perhaps the most interesting foreign officer was Colonel Applin of the Machine Gun Corps, British Army, who made a short visit to Camp Wadsworth. Colonel Applin impressed most forcibly upon the machine gun outfits of our division the importance of this branch of the service and told us many stories and incidents of the work of the machine gunners of the British Army, particularly the part played by them at Vimy Ridge.

The monotony of camp life was broken by improvised snow ball fights on our daily hikes, special details for obtaining an extra supply of wood, inter-company football games and visits to the town of Spartanburg. Spartanburg was reached by jitney, there being no railroad or car lines at a convenient distance from camp. The Cleveland Hotel there was a favorite haunt and after it in popularity came the Finch and the Gresham. The enlisted men's club at Rock Cliff served to bring together the fair sex and the soldiers. The generous-hearted townspeople

were most kind to our men, entertaining them in every way and opening their homes with true southern hospitality. Near Division Headquarters was established a "Hostess House", where the men foregathered, dined and could spend a sociable evening. For this kindness the division was indebted to the Y. W. C. A. Nearly every company in the division had a canteen which sold everything that a soldier wanted but hard liquor.

For literary diversion, the men could read the "Gas Attack", a monthly publication edited by members of the division. Another excellent outfit which was formed by General O'Ryan, rather than by the tables of organization of the Army, was the contingent of men known as the "Divisional Show". This unit was made up of men with histrionic talent from many organizations in the division. Their first venture - "You Know Me, Al", was most entertaining and was taken to New York for a run.

All of our training, the exposure to a hard winter, the daily drills, hikes and schools, the weekly tour of guard and the many other unaccustomed duties, gradually fitted our physiques and our morale for the more important work that was to come. We became able to arise at a moment's notice in the night, to face rain or cold, to go without food and sleep, if necessary, and yet not find our health or effectiveness impaired. There were some who, through illness and physical necessity, were required to return to civilian life or to remain in the hospital after we had gone from this country, but the majority were strengthened by this training which gave us physical endurance unthought of a few months before.

In January we lost a number of men through transfer to other branches. A few went to train for commissions, and others left to join First Army Headquarters as interpreters or to become members of the Motor Mechanics Regiment. Other changes took place also. Lieutenant Smidt was transferred to the cavalry during the winter and our original first sergeant, Harold L. Downey, was commissioned a second lieutenant. In the spring we lost Captain Putnam, through promotion and

a transfer. He was succeeded in command of the company by Lieutenant Biglow, who was shortly afterward promoted to a captaincy. Another change which affected us was the transfer of Major William R. Wright, the commander of the battalion and formerly commanding officer of Squadron A. He was succeeded by Captain (afterward Major) Kenneth Gardner, who came to us from the Machine Gun Company of the 107th Infantry by way of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion.

On April 9, 1918, our entire battalion temporarily left Camp Wadsworth for the Glassy Rock Range, thirty-three miles distant. This march was covered during three days. The company camped in shelter tents both on the march and at Glassy Rock. The entire division was assembled in the large tract, many miles square, given over to range work. The twelve days spent there were taken up by maneuvers and tactical range finding. The men fired the Colt gun at all manner of targets and at widely different distances, both direct and indirect fire. There was also some valuable experience gained in rifle firing and in shooting the Colt Automatic pistol, with which every machine gunner is armed. The divisional maneuvers in which the infantry, machine gunners and artillery took part gave the men their first appreciation of the methods of moving large bodies of troops and of the barrage system of attack.

While at the range, orders were received requiring officers and non-commissioned officers to be designated from each company to act as an advance party and to sail for Europe at once. These men, comprising Lieutenant Downey and Sergeants E. H. Waterman, John Halpin and Donald Mackinlay left us at the range.

On April 23rd we broke camp at Glassy Rock and marched twenty-five miles to Cunningham, S.C., where we stayed overnight. This was a march none of us will forget. It was longer than any we had ever undertaken or were ever to undertake again in one day during our careers as members of the 105th M. G. Battalion. The next morning we concluded the remainder of the hike, an eight mile march to Camp

Wadsworth.

During the ten days following, all superfluous clothing and equipment were turned in and the men were issued only what Army Headquarters thought necessary to a soldier in the field. Little did we realize at this time how generous they were. The Colt guns were taken away and personal belongings were cut down so that each man's entire possessions could be placed in his pack and in a small blue denim bag.

Replacement troops were sent to the division at this time to fill the gaps caused by transfers and illness. Some of these new men had been specially recruited throughout New York State for our division, while others came from Camp Upton from drafted units and were also New York men. Thus our division retained its purely New York character. The new men were fine types of soldiers and soon moulded themselves into the very heart of our company.

We entrained at Fair Forest, S. C., the camp railway siding on Saturday, May 4, 1918. The route seemed to take us in a southeasterly direction and there was much speculation as to our port of embarkation. Sunday morning, however, found us in Richmond and we turned out of our train at Camp Stuart, Newport News, Va. early that afternoon.

OUR TRIP TO FRANCE

At Camp Stuart, our men were first introduced to army barracks. Our official abodes thus far in our careers as soldiers had been tents and even though the weather was now warm, we were pleased to be housed under roofs and to be able to use the well-fitted wash rooms and shower baths of which the camp boasted.

We discovered soon after we had become settled in the new camp that no passes to town were to be had and that we could not venture beyond our own battalion section without permission. Through the efforts of the Battalion Chaplain, Lieutenant John Ward, one barrack building was obtained for recreation purposes and was converted into a reception place for us to welcome our relatives and friends. Despite the stringent censorship, the families of the men soon discovered that our outfit was stationed at Newport News and visitors soon began to arrive from New York. The chaplain's improvised "Hostess House" was a great boon for everyone and was filled to capacity at all times.

New clothing was issued to us at Camp Stuart and final preparations were made for our journey across the Atlantic. Inspections of equipment and medical examinations were held nearly every day during our stay.

Finally, on May 17th, the entire battalion loaded with all of their overseas equipment marched from Camp Stuart, through the City of Newport News to the ship. Our transport proved to be the S.S. Calamares which had been one of the United Fruit Company's liners before being pressed into the service as a troop-carrier. Company A found its quarters three decks down and below the forward well-deck. The men slept in pairs on canvasses stretched from metal cross-bars and arranged in tiers either three or four high. Just after coming aboard we had issued to us postcards, on which we were allowed to say that we had landed safely in Europe. These were to be held in Newport News until cabled word of our arrival had been received by army authorities and were then to be mailed to

our respective parents.

At nine o'clock the next morning, May 18, the ship left the harbor and by early afternoon we were no longer in sight of land. We found ourselves in a convoy with about ten other transports, having the U. S. Cruiser Huntington as our protector. The weather was splendid throughout the voyage and there were only two or three occasions when "mal de mer" put any of the men on the sick-list. There was a canteen aboard ship, where all kinds of foodstuffs could be purchased and the line of men waiting to be served was always a long one. The mess-room was below the rear well-deck. We ate standing and at times it was almost impossible to avoid jabbing one's neighbor with a knife or fork on account of the rolling of the ship. The divisional headquarters detachments and the 104th M. G. Battalion were also aboard besides Fifty-third Brigade Headquarters and the Brigade Commander, General Michie.

The trip was uneventful and the voyage pleasant until Sunday, May 26th, at four in the afternoon, when the so-called "War Zone" was reached. Two torpedo-boat destroyers then met us and the Huntington steamed back to America, leaving the convoy in their care. Prior to this time the actual duties had been few. Most of the men had sunned themselves on deck, played cards and read any book that could be found. One of the hardships of the voyage was the lookout's cry "the smoking-lamp is out". When this was heard all the men knew that darkness had come and that even the light of a cigarette might endanger the transport. Another precaution that was necessary and that caused great inconvenience was the rule forbidding the throwing of anything overboard, lest an enemy submarine should thus pick up our trail. Church services were held on both Sundays by Chaplain Kelley of the 104th Machine Gun Battalion. When we came into the technical war area, the really irksome part of the trip began for it was then that the ceremony of "abandon ship drill" was started. At that time, also, life preservers were issued and each man was required to wear one at all times day and

night, asleep or awake until the ship reached a European port. No longer could we undress at night and enjoy the luxury of a sleep in pajamas, for we had to be ready for any contingency. Even shoes could not be removed. Submarines were known to accomplish their deadly work more efficiently during the hours of twilight for it was then that they could float on the surface of the waves and observe a ship silhouetted against the sky, while they themselves remained almost invisible in their own background of inky water. Therefore, we soldiers were introduced to the periods of alertness known as "stand-to" and "stand-down" during which each man stood under the suspended raft alloted to him, in case of our being required to abandon ship. "Stand-to" began over an hour before daylight and lasted until the sun was well up over the horizon, while "stand-down" was the reverse period and came before and after darkness in the evening.

We had been officially in the war zone but a few moments that Sunday afternoon, and were standing at "abandon ship", when the submarine alarm was given. Shortly afterward one of the forward guns of our ship fired several rounds into the water at what was thought to be a U-boat. The following Tuesday, we again had a sub scare and there was much suppressed excitement, everybody seeming to enjoy the thrills of the proceeding. The ships in the convoy maneuvered about and fired a few shots and the destroyers dropped depth-bombs, the vibration of which shook most of our equipment from the walls of our compartments. A third submarine signal was sounded on the afternoon of Thursday, May 30th, about four o'clock, and again it was rumored that submarines were being sunk, although the men who had actually seen a periscope on any of these occasions were few. It was not long after the noise of the depth-bombs had ceased in our last "sub battle" that land began to show up faintly in front of us. We were soon well within sight of it and then airplanes and dirigibles came out to greet us. We were approaching St. Nazaire, a seacoast town of France, with a population of thirty thousand. The city is located at the mouth of the Loire River and is the seaport for historic Nantes.

A rather wide estuary leads the way to the quays, and as we approached its mouth we passed by Belle Isle, which lay out on our right. It was long after nine as we crept slowly up to where we were to moor, but the sun had not gone down and as we steamed quietly by, close to the northern bank, the pink light of the evening poured over the fields and hills and turned the landscape into an emerald carpet. We could see the French people coming out of their houses to wave a welcome to us. Not a man aboard our ship made a sound. An order had been given that no cheering was to be indulged in, but it seemed as we approached this land new to so many of us that such an order was unnecessary. Everyone seemed spellbound by this first glimpse of France. Some priests came out of a monastery on the shore and we could hear their voices as they greeted us and rang their chapel bell in welcome. Tiny craft kept plying about us. Many of them were those picturesque little fishing smacks with their multi-colored sails, - how fantastic they seemed and how different from the accustomed white ones that we always had seen in America.

It was dark when we docked and orders were issued for us to remain aboard until morning. Some men were sent ashore on unloading work and all night long stores were taken from the ship to the pier along which we lay. The rest of the men were told "all troops below decks". Very few of us slept that first night with the noise of unloading and the general excitement of having at last completed our voyage. Early in the morning we were formed up and marched off the ship. We did not have to reach the line to see our first German prisoners, for here in this small seaport town, miles from the front, we found them, and found them at work under the guard of disabled French Poilus. Everyone of our men was interested in the French natives we met on our march through St. Nazaire to the camp on the outskirts of the city. They had a sober and sad look as they returned our glances. War did not appear to be the adventure to them that it was seeming to us, rapt as we were in the interest of new places and new people.

At the camp we were placed in French wooden barracks and forbidden to leave the grounds except in formation. We were to be there only over the week-end until trains were ready to take us inland. On both Saturday and Sunday the battalion was marched down to the water where we enjoyed a sea bath. We were quite delighted to meet some young French boys, who carried us wine from a tavern on the high cliff near the beach. Indulgence in this refreshment had not yet been officially sanctioned in our outfit and so we enjoyed the prank to the utmost.

Aboard ship, the war news had been so suppressed that we heard practically nothing, but at St. Nazaire we learned what a plight the French nation was actually in. The Germans were again fighting their way over the ground they had taken in 1914 and were gradually approaching Paris. New gains were being made every day by the enemy and every morning we learned of still more towns which he had won. The situation improved later and the onrush of Huns was stopped, but at this particular time the news was most gloomy and defeat seemed quite possible.

The Battalion Commander, Major Gardner, spoke before the assembled battalion at Saturday inspection and advised us of our imminent departure from the port. He also informed us that we had been assigned to the British front and that we were to be brigaded with the soldiers of the Empire. On the Monday following our landing we left camp and marched to the St. Nazaire station where we were introduced to French box cars. These were labelled with the now famous words "40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux" meaning of course that the car so marked could carry either eight horses or forty men. We were accordingly alloted space, forty of us to a car. We soon made the acquaintance of another A. E. F. commodity, when we received rations of food for the trip and met the Army canned corned-beef or "bully beef" as we soon called it. This "entree" seemed to form a large part of the military menu as it constituted most of the allotment of rations that we were given for our journey. We travelled all day up the Loire Valley, through

Mantes, Angers and Le Mans. We could see many beautiful chateaux as we passed slowly through this country. We stopped here and there and were able to augment our food supply by private purchases in the different stations along our route.

Our first night in box cars was a difficult one for us. We had thought that our tents at Camp Wadsworth were crowded with nine men, but here we were forty in a space not much more than twice as large. We literally draped ourselves on the floor and were so tightly wedged between one another that restlessness was impossible. The next morning our train stopped at Darnetal, a suburb of the famous city of Rouen, where Jeanne d'Arc was burned. There we learned with deep sorrow that General Michie had succumbed to a heart attack aboard the train. The remains were carried out of the car and a short funeral service was held on the platform of the Darnetal station. We then proceeded on our journey.

Our second night aboard the train seemed better. We were becoming accustomed to the close quarters. Early on Wednesday we detrained at Noyelles-sur-Mer, a town near the mouth of the Somme River. We passed through the village to a camp where we were given a hot breakfast, and became acquainted with British tea and marmalade. The Englishmen there told us that German planes had bombed the place the night before and so we were intensely interested in the bomb-proof shelters and in everything else we saw. There were many red circular tents about, some camouflaged against enemy air observation by grotesque color combinations. Chinese coolies kept roaming about the camp and they amused us highly by their queer noises and funny antics.

We were hurried off as soon as breakfast was over and returned to the railroad. There our blue denim barrack-bags were parcelled out to us and orders were given to place all surplus equipment in them and deposit them at a station which had been established for that purpose near-by. Only essential clothing and other belongings that could actually be carried in the pack were to be taken

with us. This ceremonious leave-taking of many of the comfortable things we had brought to Europe took all morning and in the afternoon we set off on our first march, with everything we owned on our backs. It was a hard hike because we were unaccustomed to quite so much to carry and the distance covered was between seven and eight miles. Late in the afternoon we reached St. Firmin the town alloted to us for quarters.

Chapter IV.

TRAINING PERIOD IN EUROPE

St. Firmin, the small village in France, where we first lived in billets, was named after that French martyr, Firmin, who was the first bishop of Amiens. The village is situated in the department of Pas de Calais, about ten kilometers north of the Baie de Somme and inland some five kilometers from the sea. The place itself is very small and consists of a church, three or four shops, a few estaminets and probably thirty houses on either side of one main street. There were several farms on the outskirts and when the 105th M. G. Battalion settled there, a farm house just north of the town was assigned to Company A. The main building was a hundred yards in from the road and in order to reach it one had to pass over a short roadway arched by some very old and beautiful trees.

The house itself and the barn were at right angles. These buildings together with two walls formed a quadrangular courtyard where all of the farm wagons and implements were kept. We afterward noted that these quadrangles were very prevalent throughout France, not only being used on farms, but also in front of many city dwellings.

Quarters for the enlisted men were provided in the barn where there was a plentiful supply of straw. Many of the men preferred the sort of campus on either side of the roadway in front of the buildings and a large number of shelter tents were pitched under the trees there. A day or so after we reached St. Firmin we received twelve Vickers machine guns and horse limbers to carry these guns and other supplies, the usual British machine gun equipment. The majority of non-commissioned officers left the company temporarily to go to a British machine gun school, located at Champneuf Farm, a mile or two distant. Our officers were reinforced by the coming of Second Lieutenant Harry H. Powers who was temporarily assigned to us from the corps of instructors of the A. E. F. The company met each morning in the courtyard of the farm and under the guidance of Lieutenant Powers,

each squad studied the mechanism of our new guns.

While at St. Firmin, many of the men visited the neighboring city of Rue, and also Le Crotoy, a charming seaside resort situated at the point where the Somme River widens into the Baie de Somme and empties into the English Channel.

The fortnight spent in this clean little town of St. Firmin must be remembered by everyone most pleasantly. It was here we first made the acquaintance of French people at home and adjusted ourselves to life in a strange country. Occasionally, we could hear the faint rumbling of guns and at night the "Jerry" planes bombing Abbeville, but the atmosphere was for the most part very peaceful. The days were long and the nights short. It was not dark until after ten and light came very early - about three. At St. Firmin we first saw poppies growing in fields, and what a gorgeous sight they were mingled with that very beautiful shade of clover that abounds in that section, the colors of both accentuated in the June evenings by the long pink twilight.

One afternoon during our stay we marched to Champneuf Farm, met our officers and N.C.O's. and took part in a divisional review by Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies, assisted by his staff and by General O'Ryan. We were afterward told that Sir Douglas had expressed great pleasure at our turnout and much confidence in our ability to prove effective soldiers under his command.

On Tuesday, June 18th, the battalion left St. Firmin, marched through Noyelles, where we had detrained, and crossed the bridge over the Somme to St. Valery. We proceeded to a point about four miles south of that place to Salonelle, a small village, but somewhat larger than St. Firmin. The battalion was billeted in houses and barns throughout the town. It was while here that we received our first pay as members of the A. E. F.

The N.C.O. detachment from our company, having finished their work at Champneuf Farm, rather than hike several miles, chose to wait until low tide in

order to ford the Somme. With their return we were again up to the prescribed strength. At this time a few British officers and sergeants came to us and gave us further machine gun instruction and taught us again the use of the gas-mask and how to wear the steel helmets, both of which had been issued at St. Firmin.

About a mile or so north of the town, close to the shore a British rest camp was located. Troops came there to enjoy a short holiday and to clean up for further work in the line. In the various estaminets and restaurants in the vicinity we became further acquainted with the British Tommy, whom we had first seen when we got off the troop train at Noyelles-sur-Mer. All of our men were very interested in the tales the English and colonial troops had to tell of their experiences "up the line". Many toasts were drunk to the Tommys and to the Yanks by their respective brothers in arms those days.

During the stay at Salonelle, which lasted two weeks, the battalion had several opportunities of firing the Vickers guns on an improvised range which was constructed in the fields near the shore beside the British camp. Many of the men visited St. Valery-sur-Somme, a picturesque town on the south side of the mouth of the river and directly across from LeCrotoy. It was from St. Valery that William the Conqueror set sail for England in 1066. Another enjoyable place within a few miles was a resort called Cayeau-sur-Mer. This seaside town was crowded on Sundays with both English and American soldiers seeking a few hours recreation and a change of food. Here were many attractive villas along the shore, closed no doubt on account of the war.

On the morning of July 3rd, we again rolled our packs and marched back to Noyelles, where we entrained in French box cars. The trains ran slowly up the coast passing through Boulogne, and then Calais. From Calais we could look across the channel and see the chalk cliffs of Dover. Our route then took us inland and about dusk we passed the famous Flemish city of St. Omer. We detrained after dark at the small village of Wizernes and found that our entire division

was passing through this point.

Our battalion was given the detail of unloading the divisional trains as they came into the station. We therefore set up our pup tents in a field nearby and unloaded the trains in reliefs all night, taking a few winks of sleep in our tents between shifts. We were now within a few miles of the front and all through the night we could hear guns bellowing and see their flashes.

The next morning, Independence Day, our unloading task having been completed, we marched ten kilometers through Arques, a city more or less deserted on account of air raids, to the Foret Clamarais. Here we set up our shelter tents and heard for the first time the scream of an enemy shell.

After a night of rest we arose to a full day's program of drill which was executed with guns over the rough ground in the forest. At six o'clock in the evening orders came for us to prepare for a march and we were on the road shortly after. The field-kitchen cooked us a meal and we had supper by the roadside during a rest period.

It seemed that we would march all night for we took the regular ten minute rest every hour only to be formed up in column of squads again and marched off. About midnight, however, we turned into a fairly large cow pasture and were told to pitch pup tents for the night. It was too dark to align the tents as was our custom, so we quickly made up fours, set up double shelter tents in any clear spot we could find and went off to sleep quite tired after the vagaries of the preceding forty-eight hours.

We were off again at ten in the morning and marched all day, arriving in the evening at the village of Quelmes, which was more remote from the front than Clamarais Forest. We had taken a rather semi-circular route in our two days march to reach Quelmes. This we learned was part of the hiking maneuvers in which the whole division was then engaged. Just before coming into Quelmes we were met by Lieutenant Downey and the three sergeants from the company who had

preceded us from the States as part of the divisional advance party. These men had been taking a machine gun course at the American Expeditionary Force Second Corps School at Chatillon-sur-Seine.

We found our billets in Quelmes not nearly so clean as the ones we had occupied in St. Firmin and in Salonelle. The majority of the men therefore lived in their pup tents behind the farm building assigned to us. Our short stay at Quelmes was to give us more target practice and the entire week was devoted to daily visits to a range outside of Lumbres, a nearby town. Our work at this range was much less monotonous than usual for we were given an unlimited supply of ammunition and told to completely familiarize ourselves with the Vickers gun. At this time certain transfers were made within the battalion and six men from Company D were sent to us.

Our next move seemed sudden to us. Bastille Day, July 14th, fell on Sunday and the men had looked forward to a rather pleasant day celebrating their holiday by eating and drinking with the French. We were notified shortly after reveille that morning that we were to march at nine and so we did amid the waving of handkerchiefs and other affectionate demonstrations on the part of the natives.

We marched 'till late afternoon and spent the night near the village of Buysscheure. At five the next morning the entire battalion was on the road again. The rain of the night before had stopped and the day became quite warm. In the late forenoon the highway we were on led us to the foot of a high hill and we could see the road stretching over its top. It was a long pull and it became necessary to give us an extra rest period half way up. The town at the top was Cassel. It was a small place perched on the summit with views of all sides for many miles. General Sir Herbert Plumer, the commander of the British Second Field Army, had his headquarters in the Chateau of Cassel.

The town had a normal appearance except of course that the market place and streets were filled with groups of British soldiers. With this exception

there was no evident mark of war - none of the smashed things one would expect to see so near the front. We passed through the town and descended another slope of the hill directly opposite to the one we had ascended. While passing through Cassel some of our officers received orders to inspect some British emplacements at the front. They left us and set out by motor. Travelling about seven kilos along a fairly straight road the company came to Steenvoorde, a Flemish place, with a Flemish name, the last town in France on the Cassel-Ypres road.

Steenvoorde was like a dead city. There seemed scarcely a house which had not been touched by gun-fire. Occasionally one observed a dwelling quite ruined but on the whole the place seemed almost normal until one drew close to each building and could see the hand of the enemy on every wall, as if widely scattered hits rather than concentrated fire had been sought by the German gunners. The village was there with its houses standing, but it was completely empty. Not a window had glass in it, although the lace of curtains fluttered back and forth in the breeze disclosing fully furnished, but deserted rooms within. No one was about and the only sound we heard was the echo of our footsteps marching on the narrow stone road.

For two miles more we marched into the country again with only now and then a native in sight. We crossed a narrow gauge railway and soon turned left from the main road. The sign at this corner read, "Frontier Belge,, 2 kilometres". A couple of hundred yards further on we halted and fell out and set up our camp in a large grove, which we found was called Beauvoorde Wood.

FIRST LINE WORK IN BELGIUM

East Poperinghe Dickebusch

Beauvoorde Wood was destined to become the rear headquarters of the 105th M. G. Battalion during its line work in Belgium. The entire battalion arrived there this warm Monday afternoon and each company had its own part of the woods where no enemy airmen could see our shelter tents. Where to bathe after our long hike seemed to be the concern of nearly every man. The story is told of two who walked for miles in search of a brook or a pool in which to clean up. Water seemed very scarce and this pair were even refused admittance to a British bath, that was set up on a roadside, not far from our camp. In their persistent desire to be clean, they hit upon the idea of undressing across the road and again seeking entrance "au natural". This method proved to be perfect, for the "Tommy" at the gate evidently thinking they were his own men, admitted them at once.

We found that our division was brigaded with the British and that we were all now a part of General Plumer's Second Army. At the time of our arrival behind the front in Flanders, the line was stationary and had been so since the end of April, when the German attack on this front had been brought to a standstill.

After the enemy's attempt, in the offensive beginning on March 21, to reach Amiens and cut apart the British lines on the Somme, a great attack was launched in Flanders early in April. The enemy expected this operation to find the British troops depleted and thinned from the fighting southward and so German headquarters was confident that within a few days a break-through would be accomplished and the channel ports taken. This attack was arrested by the British and French but not until the enemy had taken many of the hills which form the Flanders ridges and which had been won the autumn before from the Germans. The

allied forces fell so far back that they barely held Ypres in a salient surrounded by the enemy and the ridges and hills he had taken.

The Intelligence Section had discovered that preparations for a further attack on this northern part of the British front were in progress and so six American divisions were sent there to train with the English troops. Two of these, the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth Divisions, of the Second American Corps, had been retained to actually go into the line on the Flanders battlefield.

As we lay in Beauvoorde, we could hear shells pass over us rather quietly and in a moment the noise that told us that Steenvoorde had been hit or perhaps some spot near the narrow gauge railroad. Here, and as we found later, everywhere in or near the line the noise of shelling was ever present. It rose and fell but never ceased. The evening of our arrival everyone seemed to be on a tour of inspection. We were very close to some of the British observation balloons and crowds of Americans watched the men descend to the ground when dusk made observing impossible. Some men were on the lookout for other units of the division where friends were located and others were hunting and finding places in which to have a few glasses of wine before going "up the line" tomorrow or the next day. It seemed that with darkness the artillery became more active. We could sometimes hear the whistle of a shell but none landed near Beauvoorde and the dirty shade of yellow from the gun flashes gave sort of a sickening look to the horizon and the noise from there made our own wood seem peaceful.

Our first line work was in the reserve system of the front about Ypres and Mont Kemmel. Kemmel was the best observation point the enemy had near Ypres. The hill fairly looked up and down the entire area, and even in this reserve position known as the East Poperinghe line we could see Kemmel staring over at us.

Our company advanced to "East Pop", as it was affectionately called, one

platoon at a time. On Wednesday, July 17th, the first platoon left Beauvoorde Wood, on Thursday the second and on Friday the third. This ceremonious manner of going "up the line" was afterward dispensed with. At this period we were actually still training and these precautions, while perhaps over-careful, had their purpose in teaching the men proper care. Each platoon left Beauvoorde in the afternoon, took the main road east and crossed the Belgian border at Abeele. As we hiked along this road we found ourselves concealed by huge stretches of camouflage, which had been erected on the enemy side of the highway. Hung in such a way that we could march unseen behind it, it seemed like an elongated back-drop. We rested behind the slope of the ridge at East Poperinghe until dark and then took our places on the hill itself.

We had passed a large number of British heavies on either side of the main road and now our positions seemed to be just in front of the artillery. We did not take over positions from any other unit but were ordered to build emplacements in suitable spots within a given area near Condiment Cross-roads. The attempted break through in Flanders was soon expected and our part, if necessary, was to cover the allied infantry in case of a withdrawal.

In both Hindenburg's and Ludendorf's books mention is made of the contemplated drive in this section. According to these German authorities the plans were only abandoned when Prince Rupprecht's armies, composed of twenty-seven divisions, became depleted through the transfer of units south to combat Foch's counter-offensive on the Marne.

Our orders were that all digging and constructing of positions was to be done at night, and so we set to work shortly after arriving and dug emplacements for the guns. Being unaccustomed to placing a gun for actual use against an enemy, we naturally discovered all the wrong places and wrong methods of selecting positions. Several British inspecting officers made suggestions during our stay with the result that we were constantly changing positions and incidentally

learning to dig.

Our first night at "East Pop" was very diverting and quite different from any we had yet spent. It took us some little time to distinguish between our own shells going east and the enemy's coming west, but before morning we were wishing God-speed to every one we could hear on its way toward Germany. There was a fair amount of artillery fire on both sides, but on the whole "ours" seemed to outnumber "theirs", at least in Company A's vicinity. A few times during our stay they shelled our positions rather severely but we suffered no casualties in the company, and the bombardments would end as suddenly as they had begun. There seemed to be a great deal of aerial activity and it was here that we first learned to distinguish the intermittent sound of the German planes from the steady hum made by our own air engines.

Most of the work on gun positions was done at night and during the day our men slept and rested without much disturbance. The shelling was confined for the most part to the hours of darkness, although an occasional avalanche would surprise us during the day. A week at East Poperinghe accustomed us to shell-fire and the other inconveniences of line work. The section we were in was one which had been continually straffed by German artillery and the ridge where we were located was a very desolate stretch of ground. At night we could look toward the front and see Verey lights and other signals for miles both to the right and to the left. Some evenings we had a real exhibition of fireworks it seemed, the lights were so many and so frequent. In the daytime we could look west and see a wide shallow valley, green with trees stretching up to a high hill a couple of miles to our rear. This height was Mont des Cats and on its top we could see the famous Trappist monastery which we heard had been spared destruction by shell-fire because early in the war, the Kaiser's cousin, Prince Max of Hesse, had died of wounds there, a prisoner of war, and been buried under the direction of the prior, who alone knew his grave. As we looked from Mont

des Cats back toward the front we could see Mont Noir, Mont Rouge and then Mont Kemmel. This area seemed a succession of hills and ridges.

As soon as night fell, horse and motor transport were allowed to advance closer to the front and the traffic on the main roads near our guns was very heavy and noisy. Motor lorries driven, of course, without lights would rumble up the roads bringing ammunition for the guns and food for the troops. The British were rationed only day by day and in all the years of war boasted that they had never once failed to feed their men. All supplies and reliefs were sent up under cover of darkness and the main road was filled to congestion. The cleverness and speed displayed by the drivers in the dark was marvelous to us who were unaccustomed to it.

When the opportunity offered, many of our men would slip away for the purpose of inspecting the ruins of West Outre. There they would find gruesome sights left in the trail of war. The deserted houses and the cold hearths seemed actually to smell of desolation. One afternoon during our tour we witnessed a gruesome sight. A thunder-storm came up suddenly and the observers in the sausage balloons behind us were preparing to come down when a flash struck one balloon and ignited it. The occupants of the basket were burned to a crisp before they could descend.

Upon the return of the company to Beauvoorde Wood orders were issued sending the officers, non-commissioned officers and certain privates up to the front with the British for a short period of observation. Accordingly, about sun-down the evening after our return from East Poperinghe, the men chosen to go were assembled at Battalion Headquarters and given a short talk by our major. A British officer then assumed charge of the party, gave us an additional few words about the duties we were about to commence and then marched the contingent off. We went down to the narrow gauge railway that ran between the Bois de Beauvoorde and

Steenvoorde and got aboard the miniature train that came up.

It was just beginning to grow dark when the train started, our men standing up in the open cars. The train went south for a short distance and then curved gradually until we headed north. It was light enough as we passed the foot of Mont des Cats to see that while the monastery was still standing, it was but a mere shell. The enemy artillery had, despite the story we heard, left the place a wreck more sad to behold than if it had been completely destroyed, because much of the magnificence and beauty were still there, maimed and battered.

We then passed straight through Poperinghe and after that the darkness became so complete that we could see very little. We at length detrained and marched a short distance to some wrecked farm buildings. There we rested while final disposition of our men was made by both the British and the American officers. Then our entire contingent was taken off in small groups to the several British gun positions to which they were assigned.

As we went out to our places we passed rows and rows of trees completely branchless. The constant shell fire that swept the Ypres salient for many months, had scorched all vegetation except weeds and shrubbery that grew close to the ground. We could soon hear the noise of machine guns, a sound we had formerly known only on the range. And as we went on we distinguished now and then the enemy's bullets as they sang over our heads or landed in the grass near us. In a short time we were ushered into the dug-outs or pill-boxes of the British gun squads, two or three of us being given to each gun team.

The Sixth Machine Gun Battalion, B.E.F., with whom we were placed, had been in the line for some time holding positions between the towns of Dickebusch and La Clyte, about three miles southwest of Ypres. We soon learned from our British friends that we were just at the foot of Mont Kemmel and a trifle north of it. This meant that all activity must be carried on at night as Kemmel was used

as an observation point and from it the enemy could look down into the Ypres salient and see any movements that went on during the day. At the same time that the men of the 105th M. G. Battalion were stationed with the Sixth British Battalion, the infantry of the Fifty-third Brigade were in the trenches in front of us with the British infantry.

Thus our initial experience at front line work was as pleasant as such an occupation can be, for the British Tommies seemed very interested in us and set out immediately to teach us all the little tricks of modern warfare. We learned to enjoy the nightly rum issue and were taught how to heat our food and make coffee by using the "Tommy-cookers". When these miniature heaters were exhausted our English friends showed us how to improvise a cooking apparatus by burning wax in a small piece of burlap. On our first night when the English officer poured out one entire squad's allotment of rum into a cup, he politely offered it first to the American guest. This soldier of our company, thinking it was merely his own portion, drank to the last drop while the "Tommies" looked on in amazement.

The stationary position of one enemy facing the other without a change of ground for some months naturally caused the practical destruction of every immovable object on both sides of the line. There was scarcely a house standing and the village of Dickebusch itself was completely obliterated. The frequently recurring rain and the peculiar condition of the soil kept the ground quite muddy at all times. The trenches in this part of the line were shallow because to dig deep here meant to strike water. This general muddy condition also made it impossible to have a complete trench running along our front and as a result there were many gaps in the line, some of them two or three hundred yards long. Machine gun positions were often placed to control such gaps in case the enemy came over in force. Often positions were laid out behind the front infantry trenches and in front of the support line. Each gun team had a strategic position and a

field of fire that would be effective against the enemy should he come over suddenly. In addition nearly every gun fired harassing fire at night except those placed in what were known as secret positions which were to be revealed to the enemy only when he attacked. This night firing was directed at cross-roads and other points in the enemy's territory and we were subject to the same activity on his part.

Our nightly trips from our several positions to the ration dump were made interesting by our having to dodge enemy machine gun bullets, which swept the paths and raked the duck-boards that were laid over the muddy routes. Occasionally too, we were required to run through an avalanche of whizz-bang shells but most of the heavy artillery was as a rule directed more to our rear. We soon knew the many roads well, although we could learn them only by night. "A" Track, Dickebusch Road, Hallebast Corner, Vierstraat Road and the many other places became as familiar to us as the location of different units had been at Camp Wadsworth.

Our men were changed about from one position to another and were thus given a thorough schooling in how things were conducted by our allies, the British. We found the men in the English gun squads wonderful companions. For the most part they seemed to be men of extreme ages - that is, either mere boys or older men, men with families whom one might not expect to find fighting. When they related to us all that had gone before we realized how many troops of fighting age must have been lost. These boys and these family men - some showed pictures of five and six tots over in England - were cheerfully tending guns in Dickebusch because those of more suitable years were gone. Their quaint mode of expression, their jolly manner of cursing, and above all, their cheery and philosophical outlook on the whole "bloody, blasted thing" did us good. Their modesty was quite remarkable and one had literally to pump information from a "Tommy" who wore a medal to find out how he had won it. They were truly good sports. Their happy

"Cheerio" and their shrill challenge - "Who are you?" - as we passed on the paths in the dark always made us enjoy our adventure a bit more. They taught us to stop in our tracks when a flare went up and thus avoid being seen by an enemy machine gunner. They showed us how to keep going in comparative safety when the Dickebusch road or one of the paths was being shelled, either by waiting until the shells had traversed beyond us or by taking a route nearer the enemy - for a gunner as a rule never depresses his gun but usually increases his range. They kept us well informed as to light signals and it was but a short time before we knew that Jerry's S. O. S. was "red over green over yellow", and that ours was "red over red over red." We also soon learned the S.O.S. signals of the divisions on our flanks.

During the night, July 31-August 1st, after a week in the Dickebusch sector we left the line, the men of our company meeting at Bethune Farm, the place from which we had been dispersed the week previous. Our officers marched us to a British bath near Poperinghe for a cleanup and in the afternoon we reached Beauvoorde and the remainder of our company who had not had the good fortune to be with us.

The next day we again left Beauvoorde but this time for a quiet place. We marched about ten kilometres to a farm near Oudezeele in France. It was a quiet, restful place and only a faint rumbling of guns could be heard. This silence was most welcome after almost three weeks under constant fire.

Division Headquarters was located at Oudezeele and here we again bathed and what was more enjoyable even than a bath, we saw the division show. This time it was vaudeville, given in an improvised out-of-door theatre, by the same troupe of soldier players that had been formed at Camp Wadsworth. The performance was excellent and the actors merited the great applause the audience gave them. Some of the "girls" of the show were most becomingly gowned and

appropriately hatted with the army helmet trimmed as if by some chic milliner from the Rue de la Paix. Company A was especially happy to see our own Stanley Wood again. He gave a very fine performance in one of the single act playlets as an old cockney woman in her cups.

We discovered that Oudezeele was not far from Cassel and the Sunday we were there found many soldiers in the latter village enjoying the cool breezes on the hilltop and looking toward the smoke and flares from the battle-fields which stretched out eastward and were plainly visible from the high town. It seemed almost as if one were attending some sort of a show and sitting in a box, watching the guns from an immune vantage point.

We all loved Cassel for its many restaurants and eating places and for its shops where we could buy little extras such as chocolate, cigarette holders or even "braces" with which to keep up the British breeches many of us had purchased from unscrupulous quartermaster sergeants in the English forces. We not only visited this quaint place from Oudezeele but from Beauvoorde Wood during our intermittent stays there, catching a "hitch" on British motor lorries that were transporting supplies to the front or returning for another load. One of the "horrors of war" encountered in Cassel was the woman barber. The town had several book stores, two or three canteens and a real pastry shop, and was considered by all American or British, a "bon" place.

Our stay in Oudezeele was short - a week-end visit only - for we arrived on Friday and left suddenly on Monday. It was back to Beauvoorde this time and that very night part of our company returned in the rain to the East Poperinghe line. This second tour at "East Pop" was similar to our first except that the entire company did not go up at one time. The work there was done in shifts, some men staying at Beauvoorde and later changing places

with those at East Poperinghe. During our trip to Dickebusch other machine gun units of the division had occupied our positions in the reserve line and with the aid of engineers had improved the positions and built several concrete emplacements for the guns. These preparations again bore out the fact that a German offensive was looked for in this sector and whatever doubts we had of these rumors were now dispelled as we realized that such intricate precautions would never be taken unless an attack were actually expected.

On August 21st, after alternately resting in Beauvoorde and taking care of the reserve positions, we again set out for the front line at Dickebusch. This time we were to go as a unit. We were to hold our positions alone and were to have our own guns. We rested one day at a British camp outside of Poperinghe on the way and relieved the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion on the night of August 22nd, taking over the same positions in Dickebusch that we had before occupied in company with them.

We took no train this time but marched out from the camp about sundown. We passed through Busseboom and Ouderdom and someone tried to compose a song about these places. There was no need to go beyond the first line of the ditty. Everyone caught the humor - they were sad to look upon in their grotesque ruins, but funny to pronounce. After marching for some time over winding, desolate roads, we finally reached Bethune Farm. These ruined buildings were to be our company headquarters during the coming front line work.

Things were very much as they had been on our first trip, except that we were on our own and consequently felt more responsibility. It now seemed to us that the expected German attack would probably be cancelled or at least postponed. We had been reading in the London Daily Mail for the past few weeks about the severe fighting southward and we watched with interest the tight place the German Crown Prince had got himself into between Soissons and

Rheims. It was evident that the enemy had received a severe setback and it seemed improbable that he would now begin an offensive in Flanders, when he had also just lost a battle on the Somme where the British Fourth Army had been pushing him since early in the month.

As before, we kept to our dug-outs in the daytime and went out only at night to carry on harassing fire at targets selected from our maps, to carry messages to headquarters, or to go for rations. On these trips if we strayed from the paths, we would stumble across the dead bodies of many of the previous defenders of Ypres, which had been brought to the surface by the constant bombardment and the turning of the ground. Our company transport made trips every night from rear headquarters and left our supplies at our front headquarters or at the second and third platoon ration dump, the positions of these two platoons being too far from Bethune Farm to make feasible a nightly trip there by our gunners. A small detail from each squad would assemble at the ration dumps each night to bring supplies back to their positions and also to send mail away from the line. Our burlap ration bags which were taken to the line on pack horses very often contained letters from home and newspapers which were very welcome for it was impossible for us to sleep all of the day and we had to keep under cover. Reading matter and letters to answer helped to pass the moments for us as we lay in the dug-outs or pill boxes. Our officers had little spare time in the line for the task of censoring our large correspondence fell to them.

Messages were for the most part carried by runners although the signal section of our company set up telephones in each platoon headquarters and lay the necessary wires to connect them with Bethune Farm.

During our stay each gun in the company was visited nightly by Captain Biglow who started his tour at nightfall and was out until dawn. The

twelve guns were spread out over a considerable area and were located in odd spots difficult of approach in the dark. A welcome visitor was Major Mortimer D. Bryant, the commanding officer of the 106th M. G. Battalion, who was at that time acting temporarily as divisional machine gun officer. Major Bryant saw every gun in our company and greatly encouraged the men by his presence and interest.

About ten days after our second arrival in Dickebusch, we heard that Kemmel had been evacuated by the enemy. So, instead of attacking in Flanders as planned, Crown Prince Rupprecht was required to shorten his line and to withdraw from some of his vantage points. The enemy retreated under cover of a heavy smoke screen and the infantry immediately followed up, supported by artillery and machine guns. Company D of our battalion had been holding support positions. They now leap-frogged our company and followed the advancing infantry. We remained in our positions, becoming the support guns. The ensuing action lasted three days, the infantry meeting stubborn resistance, being not only held up by machine gun and artillery fire, but by counter-attacks by infantry as well. The infantry of our division reached the slope of Vierstraat Ridge.

The enemy began his withdrawal on August 31st and we were relieved on the morning of September 3rd by the Forty-first British Machine Gun Battalion. The three days intervening were very interesting. The intense sniping which had been occurring just previous to the German withdrawal kept up even more boldly than before, the enemy having left behind many riflemen who lay in any convenient spot firing at our men. An enemy plane, camouflaged with allied markings, came over our positions firing bursts at us and into the trenches ahead of us. It was a novel sight to behold this part of the line in daytime now that this could be done with less danger. The church at Poperinghe seemed just behind us and now we had a good look at Dickebusch Lake. We were sure that our ration dump had posed for a Bairnsfather cartoon. At night, the

lights were more numerous than ever and whenever one went up, someone would yell "There's old man Kemmel trying to spot us."

Meanwhile, we kept in readiness for an advance and several times when we could hear more than ordinary rifle fire we got even our bombs ready for a counter-attack. It was not necessary, however, for us to change our positions. Our first casualties which were suffered at this time were slight. Corporal Carraher was wounded in the arm and although in great pain was able to walk to the dressing station. Sergeant Stark received a slight flesh wound in the arm but was not required to leave the line. Private Lahey was gassed and spent a short time in the hospital.

We left our positions in broad daylight as the relieving battalion had been somewhat delayed and the prescribed nocturnal relief had to be postponed until morning. Each platoon was relieved separately and they marched to Abeele and met in a wood nearby. Battalion Headquarters had been moved there from Beauvoorde Wood.

Our night's rest was followed by a day of leisure and then we set off again in the dark. This time it was away from the line for we could hear the sound of guns growing fainter and fainter as we marched in the rain. At two o'clock in the morning we entrained at Heidebeke after a march of five full hours.

That evening we reached a town called Candas in France very close to Doullens where Foch had assumed the supreme command the previous March. After a night in some musty wooden barracks in Candas we marched early. We went through a corner of Doullens and out the Albert road, leaving it at Sarton and reaching the small village of Thievres in the afternoon. Thievres was to be our home for over two weeks. While we were there we heard many rumors about ourselves and where we were going. At this time divisional maneuvers took place

at Beauquesne, a town in this area. A Company had the longest hike of any company in the division in order to reach and return from the place of maneuver.

Thievres was a restful little village where the men could get plenty of eggs and other extra food. The place seemed to be out of the enemy's range as we were never disturbed by guns and our spare time was spent in catching lorries to Doullens or in taking a walk to nearby Pas for dinner. A range was set up at Famechon between Thievres and Pas and more machine gun target practice was held. Everyone seemed to have a fine rest and the right kind of recreation for another job. We were delighted with the visit of the division show, which came to us and injected some strictly local jokes into their vaudeville. It was voted a great evening - but it was over, of course, before dark.

THE HINDENBURG LINE BATTLES

On Monday, September 23rd, reveille was early. We had packed our belongings the night before and just lay in our billets with overcoats thrown over us, taking what sleep we could get. The battalion marched away from Thievres at two in the morning and entrained at Authieule near Doullens after a two hour hike in a driving rain over roads often inches deep with the mud which we had learned to know so well. At times it was so dark that contact between platoons was possible only because of occasional flashes of lightning. The men were soon resting in the box cars, resuming the sleep that had been interrupted by our midnight march to the train. Late in the morning the cars passed through Amiens and proceeded eastward with the Somme River somewhat to our north. We crept up the Somme valley the rest of the day, the train moving so slowly that very often we could get out and run along with it without its getting away.

In the late afternoon, we passed through the ruined city of Peronne and soon after, at about six o'clock, we reached our detraining point - Tincourt. There we were hurried out of the trains and quickly marched away from the tracks and out of the town. Tincourt was teeming with movement. Troops seemed to be everywhere, all moving with a sort of restless speed. Evidently we were being preceded and followed at this point by many other bodies of men, for the roads ahead of us were congested and the cars we detrained from were quickly run off to make room for more.

The battalion hiked for over five miles to Lieramont, an almost completely ruined place. Darkness overtook us on the road, and as we neared our destination, the distant noises of guns at the front were drowned out by the sounds of shells falling quite near us. Company A pitched shelter-tents on the high side of a sunken road on the outskirts of the village. We slept well despite the roar of the cannon just a few miles off. The noise would sometimes

reach the intensity of a barrage and again would die down to scarcely a sound.

On this front we entered the Somme battle and became part of the great eastward movement that General Sir Henry Rawlinson's Fourth Army had begun in front of Amiens on the eighth of August. Word was passed along that our division was to take part in a major offensive, although at this time no definite orders were imparted to the men.

The day after our arrival the men spent in exploring Lieramont. A couple of British canteens were found in the ruins of some houses and every man stocked up with what eatables were to be had. Across the road from our camp of pup-tents we could see the village cemetery. The Germans had just recently been in this territory and had dug up many of the graves and opened the coffins. They had also augmented the graveyard by burying some of their own dead in the lot just beyond its wall, and as we Americans looked about we saw British burial squads interring their killed close to the enemy's improvised cemetery.

That evening the second platoon of our company was suddenly ordered to join Company D of our battalion for a stay in the reserve line. D Company had met with a large number of casualties in the battle of Vierstraat Ridge and needed temporary augmentation to bring it up to strength sufficient for line work. Companies B, C and D took over machine gun positions from the Australians just east of Ste. Emilie while A Company remained near Lieramont.

Nothing of great moment occurred during the three days that these companies remained in the reserve positions. One evening an enemy plane dropped a bomb perilously close to D Company Headquarters at Ste. Emilie just as details of that company, and of our second platoon were in the act of unloading rations from the limbers which had driven up from rear headquarters. Not one of our men was injured, but it was reported that the bomb had killed two Australians who were near the cross-road.

During this reserve "stunt" we witnessed the destruction of two British sausage-balloons by a single German airman. The day was quite sunny although there were many still clouds in the sky. The enemy aviator maneuvered his plane behind some of the lowhanging clouds, suddenly emerged and shot down the two balloons in what seemed to be a fraction of a second. The observers quickly descended in their parachutes and they had scarcely reached the ground and escaped the flaming mass above them before the plane had disappeared toward the lines amid the barking of the archies and the cracking of the anti-aircraft machine guns. A British air squadron set out for the line almost at once to retaliate, for at all times on the British front we had held the air as well as the artillery supremacy.

Captain Biglow, who remained near Lieramont with the company was taken to the front by motor on the afternoon of September 25th with Major Gardner and an Australian sergeant who had been placed with our battalion for the coming "show." The captain could not on account of enemy observation make a personal reconnaissance of the front positions we were to use. He was able, however, after passing through Ronssoy to station himself on a height north of Tombois Road and to look over the line of our gun positions south of the road. At 1 A.M. on September 26th he returned to the company and communicated the orders that were to be observed in getting to the line. After an hour's preparation he again set out for the front accompanied by runners and other men to assist him in laying the stakes for the coming machine gun barrage.

After dark on the night of September 26th, the main portion of the company met the second platoon at Ste. Emilie and then proceeded by platoons with fifteen minute intervals to the front east of Ronssoy. Although it is not more than two miles from Ste. Emilie to Ronssoy, the march was a long one. We were constantly held up by horse and motor transport trying to pass us,

both from the rear and from the direction in which we were going. At times we could scarecely see in the darkness as we were crowded off the road to allow limbers to pass. The route we took was literally lined with artillery which kept up against the enemy a constant harassing fire that amounted almost to a barrage. Enemy shells kept breaking near us and enemy planes could be heard above us. Once all the searchlights in our sector, it seemed, shot up and we could see what looked like a silver insect in one of the shafts of light, but the plane spun and dove and was soon lost to our sight. We could see ammunition dumps flaring up on the enemy's side and more on our own. An atmosphere of restlessness and foreboding seemed to predominate, indicating our contemplated attack and the enemy's fear of it. At length we reached the ruined town Ronssoy and rested temporarily before being escorted to our positions. Two composite squads from our company were loaned to D Company during the entire coming attacks. These two groups were under Corporal Frank Jefferson of the first platoon and Corporal Frank Kearns of the third. The two squads formed a section or half-platoon and Corporal Jefferson became their acting section-sergeant.

The immediate operation we were about to take part in was a preliminary offensive with limited objectives on a front of about four thousand yards. The main Hindenburg defenses of the Germans, to which they had retreated early in 1917 and from which they began their great offensive of March 21, 1918, lay not far behind the front line of infantry. The British Army in the seven weeks preceding our coming to this sector had taken practically all of the ground won by the enemy the previous spring. The English front now ran virtually along the Siegfried or Hindenburg line, with the exception of a comparatively short portion immediately to the west of the St. Quentin Canal tunnel. In this sector, the Germans still held the "strong-points" known as the Knoll, Guillemont Farm and Quennemont Farm. The British had made several attacks against these strongholds in an attempt to straighten the line before the great offensive against the Hin-

denburg system that was to come. In one assault as many as four British divisions were used, but continued effort failed to keep these positions away from the enemy. The strength and resistance shown at these points was sufficient proof of the German High Command's determined intention to hold the strongholds and to make a positive stand at the Hindenburg line itself.

Although the time for the main offensive all along this front had almost come, so important was it for the British Fourth Army to begin its attack without a salient in the line, that still another attempt was decided upon to gain these outer defense positions. The second American Corps, composed of tho Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth Divisions, was a skeleton corps and had been assigned by General Rawlinson to the Australian Corps under General Monash. The Australian Corps Commander in his preparations for the Hindenburg offensive gave orders for only one brigade of the Second American Corps to be used in the attack for the outer defenses of the line. This was done in order to reserve the main strength of the Americans at his disposal for the larger offensive. General Read, the commanding officer of the Second Corps chose the Twenty-seventh Division to occupy the northern sector of the American portion of the front. The three strong-points were located in this northern sector and consequently it fell to our division to take part in the preliminary operation. The brigade assigned to this duty was the Fifty-third Brigade, the 106th Infantry attacking, followed by the 105th Infantry. The 105th Machine Gun Battalion as part of the brigade was also to take part, as was also the 106th Machine Gun Battalion.

The positions which our company took up on the night of September 26th were not similar in any respect to the ones we held in Flanders. Our work there had been potential. We placed our guns where they could be used, if necessary, in defense and while we carried on some harassing fire at night, our main purpose was a defensive one which we were not called upon to perform. In this present operation our guns were to be used in the attack. We were to fire

them simultaneously with the artillery as part of the barrage.

After our short rest in Ronssoy we were met at the head of Tombois Road by Captain Biglow who had been laying out our firing positions ever since darkness had allowed him and the men with him to enter our assigned area. Owing to the enemy activity and the many Verey lights that were being constantly sent up, it took the captain from nine o'clock until one in the morning to complete the selection of emplacements and the laying of the stakes which were to indicate to each gun squad the exact direction and elevation to be used in firing its gun. The captain escorted each platoon to our field northeast of the town, and pointed out the stakes to each individual squad. We lined the guns up only fifty yards apart in the open field not far behind the infantry trenches. The first platoon was placed on the right, the third on the left and the second in the centre, the line of guns running from F 17 A 3:8 almost to the road at 11 C 2:3 (Map reference)

The field chosen was very barren with little cover except shell-holes. The digging-in began immediately as it was after 2.30 A.M. when we arrived. Wherever a shell-hole could not be used a small deep slit was made for each gunner and his "Number 1" man. Behind this slit and slightly to the right or to the left another larger hole was dug for the use of the remaining members of each squad. These latter holes were called "beltfilling stations" as the belts which held the machine gun ammunition were to be refilled there after they had fed the guns.

It was necessary for the men to make several trips back to the town to obtain rations, ammunition, guns and other equipment as the transport could not advance further than Ronssoy with any degree of safety. This necessitated a hike of 500 yards for the squad of the left gun of our company and of over 1100 yards for those manning the right gun. In addition to the regular equipment we

carried by hand large extra stores of S. A. A. put up 1200 rounds per box, a tremendous load under the most favorable conditions but doubly difficult for the men under the heavy enemy fire. Tombois Road which was just to the left of our field and which led back to the town was being constantly swept with both artillery and machine gun fire and the flares sent up revealed the bodies of many Germans still lying on the road. The men dug throughout the remainder of the night and relieved themselves from this duty by changing on and off to the carrying parties. All of this work was kept up during incessant fire from the enemy. Every kind and size of shell was dropped in the field and on the road. High-explosive would be varied with gas and the German machine gunners raked our positions with their fire. Many of the H.E. shells contained arsenic gas which was indicated by low-lying smoke and we had to be doubly careful lest a heavy shell that did not hit us should give forth the vapor that would gas us. The enemy was very nervous and we could observe no let-up as we dug and hiked back and forth to the head of Tombois Road for supplies or perhaps helped a wounded man to our company headquarters at Lempire Post. The big shells had a stunning, splitting sound and seemed to rip and tear wherever they struck. Their continuous noise kept a constant ring in our ear-drums as they fell everywhere about us. We suffered casualties all during the night both on the road and in the field. At five o'clock Lieutenant Cook notified each platoon commander that "zero" would be at 5.30.

It was still dark when the barrage opened. The previous firing during the night had seemed heavy, but this avalanche of guns made a hurricane noise that seemed louder than anything we had ever heard. We could look behind us and see the entire line one mass of red tongues, as the artillery poured its ammunition out. In front of us the Germans' lines fairly flared with rockets and signals. Our own contribution - the machine gun barrage - opened immediately after the artillery and kept up its fire, with brief intervals only, until "zero plus 75

minutes." These short pauses were merely to raise the barrel of the gun in increasing the range as the infantry advanced or to insert a fresh belt of cartridges. Our entire battalion with the 106th Battalion on our right fired ninety-six guns during this barrage, the rate of fire per gun being between one hundred and one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition per minute. This meant a total of 7,500 rounds per gun for the barrage.

At the beginning of the barrage, the tanks which were to support the infantry came up and passed through us following the white tapes that had been laid out for them by guides. Many of them were put out of action by the heavy counter-barrage put up by the enemy and by striking mines which had been laid in their paths. One of these tanks caught fire from a land mine and part of its crew was trapped inside unable, on account of their wounds to free themselves. Three men crawled to our positions from the burning mass and told what had happened. Sergeant Reider Waaler, of our company, made his way to the tank and succeeded in rescuing two men despite the imminent danger of its complete destruction. The possibility of the explosion of its own ammunition from the flames by which it was being consumed was practically certain.

For this act of heroism Sergeant Waaler received the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest award for bravery in the gift of the United States Government. He also received the British Distinguished Conduct Medal, the French Croix de Guerre with palm, and the Montenegrin "Medaille pour la Bravoure Militaire". Sergeant Waaler pressed German prisoners into his service as stretcher-bearers and managed to get the badly burned men to a dressing station. We heard later that both of these men died soon after their rescue.

By the time the machine gun barrage had ended, daylight had come, and as we sat by our guns, which were kept mounted to repel any counter-attack through our positions, wounded infantry stopped near us on their way to dressing stations to tell us of what they had encountered. Stories were necessarily

conflicting, but we realized that a stubborn battle for the outposts must have been going on. One time we got "all set" when an unusually large batch of prisoners marched through us on their way to the rear, but we soon saw that they were guarded and unarmed. They called out "Kamerad" incessantly, in a sort of spirit of self-preservation and raised their hands in an appeal for protection. During the morning one of Sergeant Waaler's guns fired two and a half belts at an enemy plane that hovered over the lines, the tripod being completely inverted in order to obtain a high angle of fire. We gave ourselves credit for bringing down this plane when we finally saw it drop to the ground ahead of us.

In the afternoon the company, less the third platoon and Number 8 squad of the second platoon, retired a short distance to Thistle Trench, from which there was a better defensive field of fire and which afforded the men better protection than the field. We had incurred many casualties before, during and after the barrage, owing to the open nature of the field where we were located and to our having to use the road so frequently. Some of the gun crews were now so small that they had to make several trips back and forth under heavy artillery and machine gun fire before their entire equipment could be moved to the trench.

We immediately set up the guns in the new positions. Casualties, of course, reduced the number of men on each gun. Number 11 gun position was struck by a shell about 2 P.M. on September 27th, the direct hit killing instantly Privates Harold W. Chestnut, Edward A. Day, Eugene J. Murphy and Henry T. Mohr. This same shell severely wounded Corporal Frank Macaulay and also sent Private Edmond W. Becker to the hospital. The gun, however, was not put out of action.

Corporal Frank Arnold received a machine gun wound in the leg on September 27th and Privates Arthur J. Brooks, Thomas L. Burns, John E. Dwyer, George Innes, John F. Macklin, Daniel H. Merritt, George J. Mooney, Harry F. McDonald, Fred H. Ream, James G. Russell and Allyn G. Whitehead were wounded by high-

explosive shells and were evacuated to the rear. Sergeant John H. Halpin was severely wounded by high-explosive and Corporal Bruce C. Hubbard received head injuries from a shell fragment. Privates Charles A. Garvin, John J. Kane and Roy Hujus were hit by enemy machine gunners and Privates Walter J. Frazer and Thomas P. Kenny were overcome by gas.

Private George O. S. Carr was wounded by shell-fire and died later in a field hospital. All of these casualties took place on September 27th and consequently our company was left quite short of men for the remainder of the operations.

This preliminary attack on the outposts of the Hindenburg line, in which we were privileged to take part, did not result in the taking and holding of all of the objectives assigned to the infantry. Each of the three strong-points -- the Knoll, Guillemont Farm and Quennemont Farm -- were reached by the attacking groups but the infantry regiments were unable to consolidate a new line, owing to severe casualties and lack of numerical strength, adequate to the task at hand. Superior officers had expressly ordered our divisional commander to use but one brigade, as the main strength of the division was to be reserved for the larger Hindenburg offensive which was scheduled to take place shortly after and on a much longer front. It is not surprising that the Fifty-third Brigade found itself unable to take and hold the three outposts when it is recalled that several other attacks in this sector by the British with a far larger attacking force only met with failure. In the assault by our brigade the front was advanced considerably, but not entirely to the points striven for.

The five guns of our company which remained in their original positions were in charge of Lieutenant Downey and were laid on a definite S.O.S. line for use in case of a Boche break-through. Despite the casualties suffered by these gun teams, especially in Number 11 Squad, Lieutenant Downey was able to

keep all guns manned. During the night of September 27th, the five squads were ordered to retire to Thistle Trench. After over two hours in the dark, and wearing gas-masks almost continually, the contingent gave up the hunt for the new positions and rested in a small trench. Shortly after dawn they were guided to their new emplacements.

The night of September 27th was spent by the main portion of Company A in Thistle Trench. The guns were set up in vantage points throughout the trench and two men left on guard at each gun while the remainder of the skeleton squads tried to sleep. This duty and semi-rest were kept up also during the next day and night and the men were thus enabled to renew their strength somewhat although a constant bombardment was sent over by the enemy, our snatches of slumber being disturbed by gas-shells and high-explosive.

Most of the men were too tired to take notice of the H.E., feeling with a philosophical fatigue that if it would get us, it might do so as well asleep as awake. But the gas was something we could combat and so we kept more or less alert, in case the "pop" noise of a gas-shell should warn us to don our masks. Not a few petrol tins of coffee were spoiled for us by the contaminating gas that saturated our entire trench.

At night the company transport would come to the end of the trench, which opened into the Guillemont Road and details would go down for our rations. The transport was very faithful in bringing our food, despite the congestion of the roads and the heavy shelling they encountered. Our horses were exhausted and it was necessary to shoot one that had been wounded by shell-fire. We ate well, too, because enough food for our entire company was sent up to us. Since many of our men had gone back to hospitals wounded, those who remained had the benefit of extra food. The efficiency of the army took care of this very quickly, however, and as soon as the depleted roster of our company was received at head-

quarters, rations for only the number of men on duty could be drawn. And so our short-lived feast ended.

Saturday - September 28th - also increased the number of casualties. The protection of the trench undoubtedly saved us from many machine gun and shell wounds, but the enemy bombarded our new positions with gas and several men were sent to the rear to obtain medical treatment. These were Privates William Guhl, Charles H. Johnson, Frederick T. Johnson, Dayton B. Meeker, Bart R. MacDonald, Lewis C. Popham and Emil W. Rupprecht.

After dark on September 28th, Company F of the 107th Infantry came into our trench and rested during the night until a short time before zero hour on the twenty-ninth, when they set out for their jumping-off point. In arranging for the new attack, Major Gardner sent our captain a message asking the number of guns he could fire in the next barrage. The captain answered that all of his twelve guns would be manned, a feat which only our company in the battalion performed.

Just before dawn, our guns were dismounted and taken from Thistle Trench to the positions from which we had fired the barrage on Friday morning. At 5:50 on this Sunday, the second barrage opened and it was in many respects similar to the one fired two days previously except that the ranges were different and the gun crews smaller. For this barrage, which preceded the attack on the main Hindenburg defense system, we took only a sufficient amount of equipment and loaded belts from the trench to the field. The machine guns fired for twenty minutes. Immediately after our part was over, the company returned to Thistle Trench where we were undoubtedly spared more casualties. A counter-attack could be repelled even better from the trench than from the field and with far more safety to the machine gunners. No one was hurt before the barrage, the darkness seeming to give us sufficient cover on our way from the trench.

Two men , however, were hit on the return trip. Sergeant Clarence Reinhardt received machine gun wounds and was sent to the rear. Private Laurence Ballard was severely wounded in the head by either a German sniper or machine gunner. He was carried into the trench unconscious and a stretcher was quickly procured. He was then taken to a first-aid station in Ronssoy and there placed on a Red Cross ambulance. A few days after this battle we learned with sincere sorrow that this fellow-soldier had succumbed to his wounds.

Once in the trench we again put a full guard on each gun and awaited developments. Some few of us, who went down to the end of the trench, saw streams of wounded pouring into the aid station on Guillemont Road. And we also saw with pleasure, for it denoted success, the tremendous forward movement of soldiers, transport, tanks, armored cars and ambulances. This steady, sweeping onrush was indeed a grand thing to watch and it surely gave the heart of any soldier who witnessed it, an added thrill. It seemed as if the open warfare we had all been longing for, must be very close at hand. In his exhilaration, one of our men said "I only hope I can live to tell of this gorgeous sight".

We received encouraging news throughout the day and toward evening the shelling and the gas abated somewhat and we were able to enjoy a few hours of real sleep, despite the heavy rainfall that set in. One half of our trench had been quite cut off from the rest due to a direct hit, but we managed to climb over the debris at this point and eventually we dug the misplaced dirt away. September 29th brought us further casualties - Corporal Morton B. Allen and Corporal William W. Davenport being put out of action by gas. Other gas victims were Corporal David R. Harford and Privates Joseph J. Kenney, Henry A. Kralinger, Charles J. Lay, David P. McHugh and Harry Rosenstock.

We remained at our posts in Thistle Trench all of the next day - Monday - and on Tuesday, October 1st, our transport drove up on the top along the trench.

The Germans by this time were so far back that little risk was run. Our guns were loaded on the limbers and taken to the rear. We were thus able to march back without having to carry equipment of any kind. The march took us to Ste. Emilie which we had left five days before. Pup tents were set up there and a breathing spell enjoyed. We found Red Cross representatives at Ste. Emilie and they fed us biscuits and cocoa and gave us cakes of chocolate, canned fruits and cigarettes. These gifts were a true surprise to us and came as a real appreciation from home at a time when we were quite hungry and very tired from all that had just happened.

Our arrival at Ste. Emilie acquainted us with still other casualties in the Company. Corporal Frank A. Kearns received a wound from a machine gun bullet and Private Henry P. Cutter one from a high-explosive shell. These casualties occurred on September 27th and 28th while these men were on duty with the two squads that had been loaned to Company D of our battalion. Captain Whitney gave the squads that had been temporarily a part of his company a very fine recommendation for the efficiency and bravery they had displayed while under his command. We also learned that Mess Sergeant Frank G. Van Derver and Cook James G. Samon had been gassed at rear headquarters on September 30th. The killed and wounded in our company from September 27th to September 30th reached a total of forty-seven casualties, about fifty per cent of our combat strength at the time we entered the line.

Our return from the front on October 1st brought an end to our participation in the Hindenburg line operations. The second phase of these operations, as we have seen, began with the main attack on September 29th by our entire division as part of the general offensives all along this portion of the British front. The infantry of the division in the attack on September 29th were confronted with probably the most difficult portion of the Fourth Army's

work.

While the 107th and 108th Regiments of the 54th Brigade carried on the main attack, they were aided by what men were left in both the 105th and 106th Regiments. The three outposts which had not been entirely captured in the preliminary thrust lay in their path and had to be taken before the infantry could reach the main Hindenburg system. Even when reached, the line of the canal in our divisional sector presented difficulties not encountered in other portions of the line for it was between Bellicourt and Venduille that the canal ran underground through the tunnel. The tunnel enabled the enemy to secrete and keep safe enormous bodies of troops to be used in flank and rear attacks after our first waves had passed through. It is quite logical to suppose, in view of the enemy's tenacious holding to the three outposts, that the main system itself, immediately behind these strongpoints, would be fought for most vigorously. In fact, after the attack, it was learned that the German commanders had removed troops from the immediate flanks of the tunnel sector in order to strengthen and reinforce the line of the tunnel itself. It is evident then that the enemy regarded this part of the line as his stronghold and that he prepared to hold it as such. To attack and break this line was the objective of our division.

It was this task that the infantry had before them and this stupendous work they accomplished with great credit to themselves and to the American Army which they helped to represent on this the British front. Our divisional infantry broke the line of the canal tunnel and reached Bony before being leap-frogged by the Australians who then took up the continuation of the attack. We machine-gunners were pleased to learn from members of the infantry outfits that our machine gun barrages had been very helpful to them and their words of appreciation for our assistance made us feel happy in the thought that we had contributed in our own way to their great triumph.

Chapter VII.

BETWEEN BATTLES

The company remained at Ste. Emilie until the next day, October 2nd. Most of the men's time was spent in performing a duty known as "bunk fatigue" or "daylight sleeping". Across the road from our little camp we found a new cemetery which had been constructed for the Americans who had been killed in the Hindenburg Line battles. Burial squads were still at work setting up crosses and digging graves for the bodies that lay about sewn up in burlap bagging - the only coffin that a soldier killed in action can have. The new burial ground with its hundreds of white crosses was laid out just beside a small French cemetery which evidently belonged to the family who owned the large mansion at the Ste. Emilie cross-roads.

The men of our company nearly all explored the soldier cemetery, reading the names on the crosses to see if any friend in the division was among the dead buried there. The French cemetery had in it what looked like a combination vault and chapel, but shell-fire and the ruthless conduct of the enemy when he held this territory had battered the windows and torn open the graves. We could look through the opening in the floor and see the mummified figure of a baby lying deep in the vault, the slab over its little grave having been pushed aside. The other graves also had been opened and showed naked bones and withered shrouds, but, this baby's petrified face - he had died some time in the eighties - with his eyes staring upward, told us very forcibly what an unfeeling enemy we were fighting.

Our afternoon march to the rear ended in a cut in the hills on either side of which were rudely constructed huts made of "casual" lumber and burlap. We could still hear guns in this spot which was situated midway between Tincourt and Bussu, but it afforded a very restful place for us to relax in. We were tired

with fatigue of the body and of the mind and our one desire was to sleep or to listen to the beautiful silence after so much wakefulness and so much noise.

We remained in this place five days, cleaning equipment, ridding ourselves of cooties, and resting. There were no formations but a daily roll call and no work except the necessary fatigue duties. At this time a Y. M. C. A. man was attached to the battalion and we were able to purchase chocolate, cigarettes, towels and other articles which we needed, at a very low cost. Here again we got copies of the London Daily Mail and we read about all the progress that had been made against the enemy and the German request for an armistice.

On Monday, October 7th, we set out again in the direction of the line. We marched in the afternoon and reached our immediate destination - a sort of camp near Hervilly - about four. Here we stayed for two nights and resumed the interrupted cleaning and washing we had begun in our last resting place.

On Wednesday, about three in the afternoon, we began another hike. This march took us through Villeret, Bellicourt and Nauroy. We passed by Villeret just before sundown, so we could yet see the utter desolation of the land between this place and Bellicourt. It was a complete waste, no trees, no buildings - just the shell torn road before us with red twilight on it and vast stretches of wire covering the slopes that ran up and down on either side - wire so dense that its long rows seemed like some thick growing vegetation or shrubbery. How men could fight through this it was impossible to understand, and yet here we were almost directly opposite Ronssoy and practically on ground that we had fired our barrage upon two weeks before. Our infantry had indeed triumphed in penetrating these tremendous hazards.

It was dark when we passed through Bellicourt, although still enough light remained for us to see scores of German prisoners lined up on the road, and in the P. O. W. cage there as we turned in the direction of Nauroy. It was quite black when we set up our shelter tents just northeast of this village in a

field between a sunken road and the railway. That evening we ate our "bully beef" by touch alone and this "piece de resistance" of the army menu never tasted better to the men than on that chilly night.

The next day - Thursday - we were on the road once more, but again not until late afternoon. Our morning's rest gave us a chance to explore and there were many unofficial inspection tours of the German-built dug-outs in this part of the Hindenburg line. Even the finest dug-outs we had yet seen could in no way compare with the wonderful concrete safety places the Germans had made here. Some were thirty and forty feet below the surface of the ground and were most elaborately fitted and equipped. Furniture and even pianos were found. Everywhere there was evidence that the Hun had looked forward to a long stay here and that his departure must have been sudden and unexpected.

We reached Montbrehain at dusk on this Thursday and placed our tents just outside of the town. There were a few dead Germans lying about our field, an indication that we were probably catching up somewhat with the advancing troops. We left Montbrehain early the next morning and marched through Brancourt-le-Grand, turning north. It rained on and off during the march. The dead Germans were becoming more frequent as we kept on and at some of our rest places we had almost to look for a spot to sit without being beside them. There were dug-outs all along the highway and their curtains and furnishings lay half in the road and half inside. Equipment was scattered about and the whole route gave the appearance of a flight.

Before we came to Premont we turned into a field on our left and again set up camp. We marched again at ten-thirty on Saturday after twenty-four hours of rest. We turned east at Premont and then marched toward Busigny. Our road cut the railroad about three miles out of Premont and at this point we saw fifteen or twenty bodies of Thirtieth Division men lying side by side where the burial details had laid them temporarily. Our destination was Becquignette Farm, just

south of the town of Busigny. Division Headquarters was now located in Busigny.

The Thirtieth Division had been pushing on in contact with the enemy through nearly all of the territory we had covered since leaving our rest camp near Bussu. It was now again time for our division to occupy the line and the Fifty-fourth Brigade was sent to the front in and about Vaux Andigny, while our brigade remained resting in reserve. The enemy after his long retreat had again put up a stand on the heights east of Le Selle River and the few days' rest from further advance and marching were only to be used for consolidation and preparation for a further major attack.

We arrived at Becquignette Farm on Saturday October 12th, and lived in shelter tents until the following Wednesday. This time we were ordered to dig holes under the tents deep enough to protect us from practically all shell-fire but a direct hit. Our abode seemed rather free from enemy attention, however, and although the noise from the front could be heard continually, we were not materially bothered by shells landing in our immediate vicinity. Our company camp at Becquignette Farm consisted of a single line of double shelter tents along a high hedge. The entire battalion was encamped in this manner using the the edges of a rectangular field. Our picket-line nearby, adjoined that of the XX Hussars, and it is said that the Americans did some very advantageous swapping of horses during the nights, unbeknownst to our British friends.

The duties during our four days stay were very light and consisted only of the details necessary to obtain rations and water. Mail was secured and newspapers carefully read owing to the armistice discussion. The rations at this time were unusually slim, due no doubt to the rapid advance made in the two weeks previous and to the consequent unusual distance from the base of supplies.

The men spent much of their time during the day around fires made from reed shell covers, a large quantity of which had been left by the retreating

Germans. Whenever the mess-sergeant opened a can of hard tack and told the boys to "go to it" there was a wild scramble, and toasted "biscuits" were enjoyed for the next half hour. One afternoon as we sat warming ourselves we witnessed a gorgeous air fight three or four miles east of us. There must have been thirty planes participating. The maneuvers and the spins and the falls they took in trying to avoid one another's bullets gave us some real thrills as we watched. We looked at them for twenty minutes and then the fight ended abruptly. Although we saw one plane fall, we were too far off to know who had got the better of it.

It was quite dark by six at night, and as no fires could then be lighted, or lights used, the men usually turned in at this hour, sleeping until seven in the morning.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, October 16th, Captain Biglow - accompanied by Lieutenant Cook and runners from each platoon and from the transport - made a reconnaissance trip to the positions from which we were to fire our barrage in the coming attack. The positions were to be a few hundred yards back of the sunken road that connected St. Martin Revere with the St. Souplet - Le Haie Meneresse road. The reconnaissance party gave careful attention to the possible routes between rear headquarters at Becquignette Farm and our firing positions, choosing only unfrequented roads and paths. The captain remembered the toll that had been taken on the road to our positions near Ronssoy when we entered the line on September 26th, and he was determined that few, if any, casualties would be suffered en route to the line for this attack. The positions themselves were selected in an orchard between two parallel hedges, the guns to be fired from behind the hedge nearer the front. These hedges enabled the advance party to lay things out thoroughly in daylight and still be screened from enemy observation. Another route back to Becquignette Farm was taken in order that all available roads should be known.

Chapter VIII

LE SELLE RIVER BATTLE

This next attack which our company took part in became known to us as Le Selle River Battle or the St. Souplet "Stunt". The Fifty-fourth Brigade had relieved the Thirtieth American Division on the night of October 11th and were holding the line from St. Benin to Vaux Audigny. Previous to the attack on St. Souplet, however, our divisional front was made shorter so that before the offensive on October 17th the entire division held only a front of 1,000 yards running from a point midway between Le Haie Meneresse and St. Martin Rivere to the west side of the river in St. Souplet.

After dark on October 16th, the battalion left Becquignette Farm, A Company marching behind D Company. The main highway toward Becquigny was taken. Severe shelling in this town held us on the road west of it for some time. Presently, we found that the enemy bombardment had scored direct hits on D Company, as it passed through this village on its way to the line. Several men were killed and others severely wounded. Captain Biglow, as soon as he perceived the danger to his men from the shells registering in Becquigny, turned them about and took an alternate route which he had located in the afternoon.

This route was much longer but it lay over less important roads and across fields. The way was muddier and made harder marching, but the men reached the gun positions without a scratch. The transport used the Becquigny road on account of its better condition, but they made speed records through the town, escaped the shelling and met the main company at Round Point, southeast of Le Haie Meneresse, whence they followed the dismounted men to the orchard selected for our firing. Chaplain Bass accompanied us to the positions but returned shortly after our arrival to attend the men wounded in Company D.

Once in the orchard the limbers were unhooked behind the second hedge and the horses and riders sent back to Becquignette Farm to remain until after the machine gun barrage. Each corporal found his squad limber directly behind the stakes set up for his gun. The very short distance between limber and gun position enabled the men to carry equipment to the firing point in very quick time. Firing positions were dug, and behind them safety holes for those of the squad not actually at the guns and also for the liaison personnel. Long before zero, all was in readiness in our little orchard with the twelve guns pointing east and awaiting the opening of the barrage. The guns were ten yards apart, the map reference being from W 2 C 9.5:4 to C8.5:6. Zero was at 5:40, just before dawn, and the machine gun barrage lasted until 5:52.

During the time we were firing the Germans put up a heavy counter-barrage of artillery, and the orchard was hit many times, but not a man was injured there, so careful and thorough had been the preparation of the gun positions. Some machine guns on our right, but not in our divisional sector, opened their fire prematurely, and this no doubt was the cause of our having to sit through the severe "whizzbanging" that came just before and during the twelve minutes we were shooting. By the time the machine gun barrage had ended, the horses had returned and were immediately hitched to the limbers which were being loaded meanwhile with all of our guns and equipment. This loading was accomplished during a heavy gas barrage which saturated the orchard and the men wore their gas-masks as they carried the guns to the limbers and hitched the horses.

We set out almost immediately, the transport following, on the road leading into St. Souplet and after a short distance turned right into the sunken road which leads to St. Martin Revere. This road afforded excellent protection for the men and transport as it was very narrow and unusually deep. It was a sort of grand trench. Our progress toward St. Martin was held up owing to the enemy

resistance against our infantry. We were accordingly required to wait until the doughboys had pushed well over the stream and the engineers had set up a bridge. Our horses were exhausted from gas and other wounds and many times in this sunken road it became necessary to unhook and to use the men to pull the limbers through the mud. The road itself and the little "bivvies" dug in its sides were filled with the second waves of infantry and with wounded. Our men were able to render aid to many of the disabled. The top was strewn with equipment and with dead, some mangled horribly by the enemy fire that kept up continually. Our immediate objective was a tree encircled field not far from St. Martin. An enemy machine gun kept firing from there and we therefore waited until a tank came and cleaned it out. We were also being fired upon from the high ground on the opposite bank of the river and from a house in St. Martin.

About noon we reached the field where we waited until two-thirty while our officers investigated the bridge and its ability to hold our transport. Meanwhile Captain Biglow had gone out ahead and looked over the route as far as the railway station on the Arbre Guernon Road.

It seemed rather unusual to pass near the town of St. Martin, and to see so many green trees and houses practically intact. Our previous line work had been in territory that had been stripped of every tree and building by shell-fire. Now we were fighting in an area that had been well behind the German lines a few days before. In crossing the Selle we used the bridge at Marsh Mill just north of the village, and we then proceeded across country and by way of a sunken road to just below the point where the St. Martin-Arbre Guernon Road cuts the railway. This took the entire afternoon as we stopped for several hours due to the checking of the infantry's advance ahead of us. The captain with Lieutenant Downey and a runner proceeded to reconnoitre the road into Arbre Guernon. When they reached the town itself they discovered that it was a question whether the Americans or the Germans held the place. While they were discussing the situation with the infantry officers, the enemy raked the village with machine guns.

Several enemy machine gun bursts greeted us as we formed up in marching order on this road, but it was quickly getting dark and we were able to go several hundred yards without trouble. We were now skirting the right boundary of our divisional sector. Captain Biglow who had returned, halted the company while he, accompanied by Lieutenants Barthman and Downey, again went into Arbre Guernon.

They now found that the 105th Infantry held the town but that it was not entirely cleaned up. Infantry officers feared a counter-attack and pleaded with the captain to augment their small force of 350 men by bringing his company and guns into the village. The captain then returned to us and called the non-commissioned officers together to advise them of the situation. Hasty plans were mapped out and orders given to prepare to move out at once. It was feared owing to the scarcity of men in the infantry line, due to the many casualties of the past fortnight, that unless reinforcements were had, Arbre Guernon would again fall into German hands.

After the captain's little talk we set out again and turned left into the village. The transport was driven along the main street which was also the highway leading to Le Cateau. At the crossing of the road from St. Souplet there were several houses and also along the west side of the main street. These few dwellings made up the town, there being merely open fields, trees and hedges on the east side of the road. We found much German equipment lying about and at the cross-roads a disabled allied tank with piles of shells beside it. We had heard before we entered the place that our infantry was on one side of the street and the enemy on the other. We found, after we got our bearings, that this was literally true. The main street was the front line with our infantry troops disposed along its length and the enemy out in the fields to the east.

It was quite remarkable that our company was able to go into this front line with horse transport, to unload limbers and to send them back to rear headquarters without mishap. This rather daring exploit could not be considered

good tactics and would never have been attempted under ordinary conditions. During this offensive the twelve guns of our company were being manned by three or four men each, instead of by nine as the tables of organization require. We had suffered casualties that had left our company with a fraction of its prescribed strength. Instead of cutting down the number of guns used, the number of men per gun was reduced, thus allowing us to retain our full firing strength even though the personnel was almost inadequate to perform the duties assigned. It was impossible in these circumstances to have ordered the men to unload the limbers outside of the town and to have had them carry guns and equipment to the front line by hand. They were physically unable to carry out this method, which would have been used under other conditions. In this case the guns were needed in the very foremost part of the line where usually no machine guns heavier than the Lewis are found and they were needed at once. It would have taken until midnight to get the guns set up, had equipment to be carried by hand. As it was we were ready for "Jerry" and our transport gone to the rear at nine o'clock, ten minutes after we first entered Arbre Guernon.

The first platoon, Lieutenant Barthman commanding, was placed slightly to the east of the town along the Mazinghein Road. The second platoon, under Lieutenant Jennings, occupied the centre position along the main street with guns set up and trained on the fields to the east. Lieutenant Downey's third platoon was on the left of the second, also along the road. One gun of this platoon was placed in the second story of Advantage Farm, set up in the midst of broken glass in a well appointed bedroom containing a piano. Riflemen from the infantry were placed slightly forward of the other guns to protect them adequately and to give warning of sudden enemy activity.

It seemed so quiet after the clattering of our horses' hoofs and the rolling of the limber wheels had ceased, that we were almost convinced that we were not in contact with the enemy at all. During the early evening, however, several

of the men could hear the Boche talking, sometimes quite loudly as if giving orders as to placement of troops. They tried to chide us once by calling "Yanks, fire". The expected counter-attack did not materialize and until midnight there was very little firing of any kind. Perhaps we had "put the wind up Jerry" by the noise of our transport. At any rate, he seemed to be consolidating his line and replacing his artillery after his rather sudden dislodgement from the line of the Selle River.

At twelve o'clock, however, the old familiar shells began coming over us from both directions. None of the enemy's fire bothered us to any great extent during the night. Evidently, the German gunners were not shelling Arbre Guernon fearing that a short shot might injure their own troops. It was a busy night for Company A, though, as the lack of men made it necessary for everyone to remain awake to man the guns if the occasion arose.

During the night, word was received that an artillery barrage would open at 5:30. The machine guns were not to take part in the firing since the positions occupied by them during the night were on the artillery barrage start line. Positions further in the rear could not be used for machine gun fire, as the ground west of Arbre Guernon sloped quite decidedly and it would have been impossible to give any material assistance to the infantry with our guns placed to the rear of the village itself. Accordingly, we received orders to dismount the guns immediately before zero and to carry them back one hundred yards where it was considered both guns and men could be in no danger from our own barrage. We were also advised to be in readiness to advance at zero plus one hour behind the infantry with machine guns loaded on pack horses.

Before 5:30 the guns had been carried back the prescribed distance and the men found what cover they could in the back yards and fields behind the town. When the barrage opened, it was found that many of the shells fired by

the Australian artillery were falling short and it became necessary for some of the men of our company "to make a dash for it" to points even more to the rear. Our barrage soon lifted, but a rather uncomfortable few moments were spent by us all in the midst of our own barrage, the enemy's counter-barrage and the German machine gun fire that started from the higher ground east of the village. We learned later that the heavy guns of the artillery had not been calibrated since August and that consequently they were not firing accurately.

The enemy soon showed how carefully he had taken the range of the Le Cateau-Arbre Guernon road by registering direct hits all along its length. Further orders to follow the infantry did not come through due to their being unable to advance materially on account of the artillery accident. During the barrage we again went forward to our positions of the night before, and reset the guns. We remained thus in Arbre Guernon all day. The infantry had no sooner gone over than the wounded began to pour back into the town on their way to the dressing station located there. At eleven o'clock our company headquarters was moved from a house at the south end of the town to Advantage Farm at the extreme northern end.

The infantry continued their advance later in the day without barrage, and early on the morning of October 19th, each platoon commander in our company with a small party went out to select machine gun positions on Jonc de Mer Ridge, over a mile distant from Arbre Guernon and slightly north of the town of Mazinghein. After the new locations had been selected, the transport was brought up to Arbre Guernon and guns and equipment were loaded on the limbers. The men were then taken across fields to their new positions and were met there by the transport which was required necessarily to travel by road. The guns were again set up and harassing fire indulged in all of that night and on the following day, Sunday, October 20th.

The men at the guns received several visits from the captain from his headquarters at Advantage Farm. His last call was at dusk on Sunday when he gave the word that we were to be relieved that night and that runners from each platoon were to be at Advantage Farm at seven o'clock for the purpose of conducting the relieving company to our positions.

Accordingly, as soon as it was dark, preparations began for our departure and the runners went back for the relief. The relieving unit proved to be Company B, Sixth Machine Gun Battalion B.E.F., whose Company A we were first with in Dickebusch and whose Company D we relieved there when we went into the line for the first time alone. The relieving troops were guided from our company headquarters to the gun positions via Mazinghein over the roads. As these roads were being heavily shelled during the conducting of the relief, it was decided to bring our men to the rear across country, a way that had proved very satisfactory and very safe with us in the past.

When the platoons of our company assembled at Advantage Farm, they were ordered to proceed to our former encampment at Becquignette Farm. This was a fair hike and so some of us were piled into the large lorries belonging to the Sixth Battalion and taken back as far as Busigny. There was a great deal of spirit manifested that night. As soon as the men in the lorries were well on their way back they launched into a series of songs of celebration. No one made predictions aloud, but it was very plain from the zest of the singing that each man knew that for him the war was over. It seemed certain, in view of the speed with which the enemy was retreating and the disorder he was everywhere leaving behind, that the end was to be very soon. It was very probable that it would come before we could return again to the line, and so everyone just cheered and yelled and sang with the feverish excitement of boys after a football game. It was necessary for our third platoon to march back. Their long and hard hike was somewhat

relieved when the Red Cross gave them hot cocoa as they passed through St. Souplet. News from the troops that relieved us had been most cheering. They told us that the Germans had been retreating all along the line and that they had evacuated the entire sea-coast in Belgium. This meant that Dickebusch was in a back area and that the Ypres salient was no more - sure signs to us who had been in Belgium that "Jerry" was through.

When we reached Becquignette Farm, the kitchen had hot chocolate for us and many a man got into line over again in the dark to take "seconds" and even "thirds". We then put up pup tents again. The holes we had dug for them before were now quite muddy from the rain that had come while we were in the line. However, it did not take long to get ready for sleep and as each platoon arrived, the men set up their tents, so that in the morning when we awoke the whole company was assembled there with the rest of the battalion around the field as before.

On Monday, October 21st, we began our march back to the rail-head. A group of Scotch soldiers with their band of pipers cheered us as we passed through Bohain and the music helped our faltering steps. We spent the first night of our return journey in Brancourt. The quiet of that night was to us almost sepulchral, after the long period of constant noise. We left Brancourt early and marched through a heavy rain to Bellicourt, where we stayed overnight in the cellars of the town. At Bellicourt we had a fine opportunity to inspect the canal and the famous tunnel, through which the canal runs underground to Venduille. We also explored the neighboring portions of the Hindenburg line with its masses of wire.

On Wednesday we hiked to Hervilly and stayed in the same camp we had occupied on our way to the line and on Thursday we went to Roisel nearby to take a train still further to the rear. Late in the afternoon, as we sat waiting by the tracks in Roisel, we saw a large black cloud of smoke shoot up from the road-

bed. We soon discovered that a German delayed action mine had torn up the tracks upon which our train was to have been run. The mine, which must have been placed several weeks before, killed two men on a passing water-wagon, but did little other damage except to the rails and to the ground immediately around the explosion.

After dark we were marched to Tincourt. There we again waited by the railway for a train but the mine explosion had evidently left a large number of cars on the other side of the break for no box-cars came for us. It was not feasible for us to camp or bivouac for the night, as our train was expected momentarily. It was a cold evening and we displayed our feeling toward the Hun by building several bonfires by which to warm ourselves. This night our officers did not warn us that enemy airmen might interfere with our comfort. Everyone seemed to show a feeling of contempt for "Jerry" and so we burned everything in sight until five o'clock in the morning when the train arrived and took us off.

From October 17th on we suffered but four casualties. Private Alexander Ackerman of our transport was wounded by a shell while returning on his horse to the orchard after the barrage on the morning of the Selle River attack. Corporal Frank Jefferson suffered from the severe gas attack we received just before leaving the orchard, the canister of his gas-mask having been punctured by a shell fragment and rendered useless. He insisted upon staying with the company until evening, but by that time the gas had rendered him quite unable to go on. Private Edward J. Daly received a shell wound in the foot on the morning of October 18th in Arbre Guernon and was sent to the rear. Private Edward J. Redick was also wounded by high-explosive on that day, while Private John J. McCarthy was hit on October 19th at Jonc de Mer Ridge. None of these wounds proved serious.

THE END OF THE WAR AND OUR JOURNEY HOME

The train journey that began at Tincourt early on the morning of October 25th, took us definitely out of the battle area for the last time. We were to have no further audible evidence of the war. We had listened to the guns of a barrage far off, the night we spent in the uncovered cellars of Bellicourt on our march from the line and we had heard the mine explode at the Roisel railhead but these warlike manifestations were the last that were to come to our ears. Our train crept slowly down the Somme valley and at two in the afternoon we detrained at Corbie, a fair sized town about ten miles east of Amiens.

We hoped as we formed up to march off from the tracks, that at last our destination had been reached and that our billets were to be in the town. But our march took us straight through the city, and before we could quite realize it, we were off on a dusty country road that skirted the Somme river and led us still farther eastward.

The day was quite warm, and after a three mile hike we arrived at Vaux-sur-Somme, where the entire 105th Machine Gun Battalion was to be located. Our billets were houses this time and we had "carte blanche" in selecting them, for the little town was literally empty of civilians. The buildings were all more or less damaged, but they provided roofs over our heads, and we found many useful articles in this deserted village. This section had all been violently fought over in August. Just across the Somme from us was the little village of Vaire and famous Vaire Wood and not far off lay the Villers-Bretonneux plateau and Hamel where the Americans of the Thirty-third Division made their fine push on July 4th.

We were rather out of it for recreation up there in Vaux, as the place had been too recently in the midst of things to have any estaminets or places to buy food. Our Y. M. C. A. canteen soon opened and sold biscuits, chocolate and cigarettes. Our amusements, however, had to be found in Corbie,

which while terribly battered seemed to have a remarkable number of returned civilian inhabitants. Division Headquarters was located in Corbie and so we went there to be cleaned up at the divisional baths. And there we saw again the divisional show with an entirely new vaudeville program. The performance was splendid and everyone thoroughly enjoyed it. The theatrical troupe had gone to a great deal of trouble in improvising costumes and scenery. They had also fixed up a sort of indoor theatre as the weather was now too cold for an outdoor show.

On our first Sunday in Vaux, a memorial service was conducted by Chaplain Bass of our battalion in the deserted village church for the dead of our four companies. On November 4th and 5th a corps meet was held near Corbie with all kinds of track, boxing and riding events. In this meet the Twenty-seventh Division won over the Thirtieth.

Sunday, November 10th, was set aside for a divisional review which was held near Corbie. General Read, the Corps Commander, reviewed the division with General O'Ryan, the entire division having been assembled from throughout the whole Corbie area.

During our stay in Vaux, leaves were obtained for the men, many of them going to St. Malo, a resort on the coast of Brittany, where an American leave centre had been established for soldiers of the A.E.F. Some others went to London on "king's leave" given us through the British. Other men who did not obtain furloughs at this time were able to get to Amiens for week-end passes and to inspect this French city which had become thoroughly British from the long occupation by so many English soldiers. Amiens was the ancient capital of Picardy and is now the capital of the French Department of the Somme. The city has a normal population of nearly ninety thousand and therefore afforded men worn out from line work a genuine paradise of diversion and recreation. But many of us had to walk the entire distance from Vaux to Amiens since lorries were scarce along that route. The high road through Corbie to this entrancing city is like one of the spokes of

a wheel with Amiens the hub, for there are roads from all sides into the city. We saw the famous cathedral there. Much of its beauty was hidden by protective sand bags and the stained-glass windows had been removed to safety, but scarcely a man visited this venerable place without making a pilgrimage to its monumental church.

Throughout the early part of our sojourn in the Corbie area, a great deal of interest was taken in the Daily Mail and the news it brought of the armistice which was being discussed. In Vaux we were so far back from the line that we could not hear the guns and at the same time we were so far forward of inhabited areas that the papers did not reach us until evening. Consequently, it was after dark on the great day - November 11th - when word came telling us that the Armistice had actually been signed. There was, of course, much rejoicing in our realization that the war was really over, but it was of a subdued nature in Company A, there being a feeling that the news was almost too good to be true. And then Army Orders had been read to us to impress upon us that it was only an Armistice and that hostilities could be resumed. As time went on, however, it became certain that there would be no more fighting, and as the leaves had fallen and the weather become cold, we silently congratulated ourselves.

Shortly after the Armistice, arrangements were completed for the turning in of our guns, and after this had been accomplished our duties consisted only of infantry drill and hiking. On Monday, November 25th, the entire battalion left Vaux and marched to Corbie where they entrained for the LeMans area, southwest of Paris, arriving in Montfort on November 27th. Division Headquarters was located in Montfort and our billets were in Le Briel, five kilos distant. Immediately after our arrival in the new area large numbers of replacement troops came to us. These men had been scheduled to reach us in time for our next trip to the line and to fill the many vacancies left by casualties received in action. The

Armistice prevented further line work on our part but the replacement group was nevertheless sent to us. The company billet in Le Briel was by far the most comfortable we had yet occupied. The company had an entire double house and made use of it all, the overflow going to a couple of cellars about the town. Even these cellars were quite habitable compared with some of our previous quarters. While in Le Briel, all furloughs were cancelled on account of the probability of our leaving for a port of embarkation at almost any moment. Our arrival in Le Briel marked our official "entree" into the American area and our reintroduction to American rations.

Our Christmas was spent in Le Briel and most of the men attended midnight mass in the village church. At three o'clock that afternoon the company dinner was held. It was a real feast and although eaten from mess-kits was the most elaborate meal any of us had partaken of in France. Even those of us who had been lucky enough to steal into Paris had not had our epicurean tastes so pleased. The company fund and the generosity of the officers made the sumptuous menu and the turkeys possible. The American service men in the village made contributions and had a Christmas tree party for the French children.

On Friday, December 27th, we marched away from this clean little town and travelled about twelve kilos to Le Luart. Our battalion had shared the town of Le Briel with a battalion of the 106th Infantry, but in Le Luart, which was much smaller, we were the only troops. In fact the town could accommodate only two companies, and Company B had to be located at Vouvray and Company C at Sceaux. Battalion Headquarters was established at Le Luart with Companies A and D.

In Le Luart, the company billet was again a house, although not as comfortable as the one we had occupied in Le Briel. When we arrived in the town permission was given for the men to live in the houses of civilians if they

could obtain accommodations, and as many of them as were able to find rooms took advantage of this opportunity to enjoy sleeping in a real bed. We remained in Le Luart nearly two months. Despite its being the dead of winter, the climate seemed for the most part exceptionally mild. We had a few slight snow-storms, but very little severe weather. Such an open winter would be considered very remarkable in the States.

At Le Luart our time was given over to hiking, soccer and baseball games - and reviews and inspections. First we would go through an inspection of all equipment and then a review would be scheduled and then another inspection - perhaps by a group of visiting officers from S. O. S. Headquarters who came to see if we were ready and properly equipped to return home. A company bath was set up in a former butcher shop in the town and all of the men repeated many times a cleansing process designed to rid us and our clothing of our little companions - the cooties.

The two hotels of the village were crowded with our soldiers every night during our long stay there. Many of us often journeyed to neighboring towns, notably St. Maxient and Lavare, in search of a slight change of cuisine.

A number of battalion reviews were held in the grounds of the chateau of the Marquis de Le Luart. At one of these on January 3rd, the Division Commander, Major-General O'Ryan, inspected the battalion and pronounced us the best machine gun battalion in the division. There had been competitions throughout the division and one machine gun battalion and one infantry regiment were to be chosen to compete against the Thirtieth Division in a sort of intra-corps contest. These competitions were inaugurated as a stimulus to keep the men up to scratch at a time when they might easily have slipped into a slovenly manner of soldiering. Our battalion was chosen as the premier machine gun outfit in General O'Ryan's command, but the competition with our sister division never actually took place, due to our sailing orders which came through in February.

On January 22nd, a review of the entire Twenty-seventh Division was held at Belgian Camp in the town of Champagne, not far from Le Mans. This review was given for General Pershing, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces. General Pershing passed through each rank as the men were lined up and inspected each soldier individually. Occasionally he stopped and questioned a man. He asked one where he had received his wound stripe, and the soldier, in embarrassment, blurted out "In Le Mans, sir, for two francs, fifty". After the inspection the division passed in review and made a very impressive showing.

While we were stationed in this area, many of the men spent week-ends in Le Mans and visited the interesting places in that city. Some of the more daring members of our company threw caution to the winds and braved the Military Police in Paris. A legitimate leave to the capital of France was an impossibility, as every man who had attempted to obtain one discovered. Latterly the men simply arranged their trips to and from leave areas in a way to get into Paris or else they obtained week-end passes to Le Mans, taking the train in the other direction. Many of the men who had been wounded or who had been away on account of illness returned to the company before we left Le Luart.

It was on February 19th, after three months of daily rumors concerning our division's sailing date, that we actually began our journey toward the port of embarkation. Our packs were carried in lorries when we left Le Luart behind, and we ourselves marched to Champagne where we entrained at five o'clock that afternoon. The cars we occupied were American made and were constructed of steel. They were much finer in every respect than the "40 hommes" car we had been accustomed to.

Our train journeyed steadily up the coast of Brittany and we detrained at Brest in the Department Finistère. Our company partook of a meal in a mess shack near the tracks and then started our march to the barracks. This time we

had no lorries to carry our packs. After a tough hike up several steep hills and over muddy roads we reached Pontanezon Camp at 2.45 A.M. and put up for what was left of the night in large army tents similar to the ones we had used at Camp Wadsworth. We were confined strictly to quarters while in Brest and again underwent innumerable inspections and a cold "cootie-destroying" bath at three o'clock one morning.

On Wednesday, February 24th, five days after our arrival in Brest, we left our chilly tents and took the road which led into the city itself. It was late afternoon when we got to the docks and we were unable to board the transport on account of low tide. We therefore obtained cots and spent the night on the covered pier just beside the Red Cross Hut. We took supper and breakfast at the same mess-shack where we had eaten the night we detrained. A great many of the men did not go to bed at all but passed their time in the hut, playing cards, listening to some soldier pianist or talking to the only American girls they had seen in months. One of the young women there tried to arrange a little dance for us but nearly all of the men seemed quite stumped when it came to dancing in their heavy trench shoes. It was such a long time since any of us had done so, that embarrassment overcame all but two or three. The hut never closed and the girls were on duty all night, working in regular shifts. Our last night on French soil was one of the most enjoyable we had spent since leaving home. Doughnuts and coffee were served at regular intervals and there was a real scramble to get into line each time refreshments were announced.

In the morning as we boarded the lighters, our Red Cross friends stood on the side lines and waved adieu. The lighters took us out to the ship that was to carry us home. For once the rumors we had been hearing were correct and we found ourselves being transferred from the small boats to the great Leviathan, the largest ship afloat. The transport was formerly the German passenger ship

Vaterland and had been seized when our country entered the war. After twenty-four hours aboard we were assigned to quarters on F deck, the men in the meantime sleeping wherever they could.

The next afternoon, Wednesday, February 26th, at two o'clock the Leviathan sailed and left the harbor of Brest and the coast of France behind. On this trip the big ship carried about 13,000 men, including, beside our battalion, the commanding officer of the division, General O'Ryan, the divisional headquarters outfits, the 106th and the 107th Infantry Regiments.

The trip to New York was a very pleasant one. Our quarters were clean and light and the two meals a day which we enjoyed were excellent. The trip was quite a contrast in every way to our journey over in May. Several members of our company, however, suffered from attacks of influenza and were laid up in the sick-bay on board the ship. One of the men, Private Thomas P. Kenny, who had been gassed on September 29th in the Hindenburg Line Battle, and who had later returned to the company, contracted a bad case and died on the trip. The body was taken back with us to New York. There were several other deaths from the same cause among the men on board. It seemed rather a strange fate that preserved these men throughout their stay in Europe and in the battles our divisions fought in, and then sent them "west" when they were almost within sight of America on their homeward journey.

We reached New York on Thursday, March 6th, eight days after weighing anchor at Brest. The morning we came into port, the temperature took a decided drop but all of us forgot how cold it was as we stood on deck to await the greetings of the metropolis. It seemed as if the entire city had come down the bay to welcome us home. There was small craft on all sides, fairly loaded with men and women waving frantically to us. Ferryboats had been taken off regular duty and sent out toward us with mothers and fathers who could not

wait until we docked. Tug boats swarmed around and practically every kind of craft was in evidence except a canoe. Paper was being strewn from high windows in the office buildings of lower New York as we passed and flags were waving everywhere. At 11.30 the great ship docked at her pier in Hoboken.

The detail of policing the transport after the departure of the troops fell to our company. We therefore remained on board after the others had departed and as our job took up the entire afternoon, we did not get away from the pier until about eight o'clock in the evening. A tug transported us from Hoboken to Long Island City, where we waited nearly four hours for the train that carried us to Camp Mills at Garden City. We reached our barracks at three in the morning and were asleep shortly after. We were quite tired and therefore were allowed to sleep late. We awoke to find ourselves strictly confined to quarters. Many of us ran the risk of being punished by disregarding this confinement order and visiting the Hostess and Visitors' houses to see our families. Another cleansing process had to be gone through before we could get a clean bill of health and permission to leave the company street. This took the form of another official bath under the supervision of competent delousing experts connected with camp headquarters. Like the "cootie-ridding" bath in Brest, it occurred at a rather unfortunate hour for us. We arose at 2.45 the morning after our day of confinement, and marched to the camp baths to be deloused once more. It must not be assumed that we still were burdened with cooties, but the bath was a part of the system and had to be undergone.

It was arranged while at Camp Mills that half of the company should be on pass at one time - the other half to remain in camp. This gave the men, most of whom lived in and about New York, a chance to get home. The city was a gala place during these days. When our battalion as a unit reached New York the day before the divisional homecoming parade, we were met by the depot troops of Squadron A and escorted up Fifth Avenue to the Squadron Armory. We had been

at Camp Mills for over two weeks but this was our official return to our own armory and so a sort of "en famille" reception and welcome were given us there. After this we were taken to see a special performance of Miss Alice Brady in "Forever After" at the Playhouse. Miss Brady's rarely beautiful portrayal in this interesting play held her soldier audience completely enraptured.

The next day, March 25th, the divisional parade was held. The men had all slept in the armory and we left early to go downtown, for this time we were to march up the Avenue to signify our return. In the farewell parade we had marched down Fifth Avenue.

From the time we first saw New York from the deck of the Leviathan, our welcome had been continual and most spontaneous and whole-hearted. But at the parade the enthusiasm of the people could not seem to hold itself within bounds. They cheered and yelled for us and swarmed over the street so that it was impossible for us to march. Our company, as well as other units, was compelled to march in column of squads as far up as Thirty-fifth Street before there was room to deploy into the column of platoons that had been intended to be used in the parade. A great honor was conferred upon our company that day. Sergeant Reidar Waaler, who had won the Congressional Medal of Honor for bravery at the Hindenburg Line, was chosen to cut the cord that stretched under the Arch at Madison Square. This ceremony signified the official beginning of the great procession, and immediately after the cord had been cut the troops passed under this arch of triumph and on up the Avenue. Every grandstand was jammed with spectators and the Avenue itself was lined with them. Every window along the route and every inch of space on the sidewalks was filled from Washington Square to One hundred and tenth Street, where the parade ended and where General O'Ryan reviewed his division for the last time.

Our battalion turned east at this point, and after reaching Park Avenue took that thoroughfare to the Squadron Armory. That evening the hotels of the

city were entertaining the men, just as the theatres had done the day before. Our company was taken to the Plaza, where we were the city's guests at dinner. We passed that night in the armory again and the next morning left for Camp Upton to be mustered out of service. The necessary turning in of equipment, medical inspections and other duties took about a week.

On Tuesday, April 1st, at one in the afternoon, the company was formed up, in front of the barracks for the last time. The men were marched to the camp paymaster's office where their honorable discharges and their final pay were given them. A train was waiting at the camp station and as each man came out of the paymaster's office he walked over toward the tracks and got aboard. The trip into the city was like many other railroad journeys we had taken together. Card and dice games were going on and there was the usual rough-housing and throwing of things. The train took us to the Pennsylvania Station in New York, where hasty good-byes were said and the men went out into the city just as they had many times before when coming to town on pass from Camp Mills. But this time they were not to return and though officially Company A ceased to be after the last man had been handed his discharge at Camp Upton it rather seemed that the actual - though unceremonious - passing of the company took place in that station, when the men scattered throughout the city for this "Last Pass."

IN MEMORIAM

Lawrence T. Ballard

George O. S. Carr

Harold W. Chestnut

Edward A. Day

Thomas P. Kenny

Henry T. Mohr

Eugene J. Murphy

DECORATIONS

Medal of Honor
British Distinguished Conduct Medal
French Croix de Guerre with Palm
Montenegrin Medaille pour La Bravoure Militaire

REIDAR WAALER, Sergeant, Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion. For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy near Ronssoy, France, September 27, 1918. In the face of heavy artillery and machine-gun fire, he crawled forward to a burning British tank, in which some of the crew were imprisoned, and succeeded in rescuing two men. Although the tank was then burning fiercely and contained ammunition which was likely to explode at any time, this soldier immediately returned to the tank, and entering it, made a search for the other occupants, remaining until he satisfied himself that there were no more living men in the tank. Residence at enlistment: 104 West 96th Street, New York, N.Y.

DIVISIONAL CITATIONS

CAPTAIN LUCIUS H. BIGLOW, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.49
For aggressive leadership and courage in pushing the machine guns of his company forward during the battle of Le Selle River and the subsequent engagements east of Arbre Guernon, France, October 17-20, 1918.

CAPTAIN LUCIUS H. BIGLOW, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.49
For exceptional courage and efficiency in leadership while in command of a company of his battalion in maintaining barrage fire, during which time many of his men were killed or wounded.

FIRST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM C. BARTHMAN, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.86
For exceptional courage, aggressiveness and qualities of leadership displayed during the battle of Vierstraat Ridge, near Dickebusch, Belgium, August 31-September 2, 1918, and in the battle of Le Selle River, France, October 17, 1918. On both occasions Lieutenant Barthman's disregard for personal safety set an inspiring example to the soldiers of his command.

FIRST LIEUTENANT JOSEPH F. COOK, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O. 86
For exceptional courage, determination and qualities of leadership displayed throughout all the operations of the division in Belgium and France, particularly during the battle of the Hindenburg Line, September 27-29, 1918, and in making personal reconnaissance under heavy enemy fire during the battle of Le Selle River, France, October 17-20, 1918.

SECOND LIEUTENANT HAROLD L. DOWNEY, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O. 86
For exceptional courage, aggressiveness and qualities of leadership displayed throughout all the operations of the division in Belgium and France, and by his disregard for personal safety, setting an inspiring example to the soldiers under his command.

SECOND LIEUTENANT HARRY B. JENNINGS, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.86
For exceptional courage and qualities of leadership displayed throughout all the operations of the division in Belgium and France, September 27-29, 1918, and in making personal reconnaissance under heavy enemy fire during the battle of Le Selle River, France, October 17-20, 1918.

SERGEANT FREDERICK A. ADLER (1209212), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O. 86
For leadership, zeal and courage while acting as Platoon Sergeant in the Dickebusch Sector in Belgium, August 1918, and during the battle of the Hindenburg Line, September, 1918.

SERGEANT MORTON D. ALLAN (1209213) Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O,86
For exceptional courage and determination during the battle of the Hindenburg Line while in command of a gun team. Although gassed on September 26th, he remained at his gun until he collapsed on September 29, 1918.

SERGEANT JOHN H. HALPIN (1209184), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.86
For leadership, zeal and courage while acting as Platoon Sergeant in the Dickebusch Sector in Belgium, August, 1918, and during the battle of the Hindenburg Line, September, 1918. In the latter operation when wounded he refused to be evacuated till wounded the second time.

SERGEANT LAWRENCE M. HUNTER (1209190), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.86
For courage and determination while acting as company range finder during operations in Belgium and France, and in evacuating the wounded under heavy fire, in the battle of the Hindenburg Line.

SERGEANT CHESTER M. MENENDEZ (1200107), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.86
For leadership, courage and determination while acting as platoon sergeant during the battle of Le Selle River, October 17, 1918.

SERGEANT MATTHEW J. SHEVLIN (1209198), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.86
For leadership, courage and determination while acting as section sergeant during all operations in which the battalion was engaged in Belgium and France.

SERGEANT PAUL T. SIMPSON (1203194), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.86

For leadership, zeal and courage while acting as a platoon leader during all battles and engagements in which his platoon took part.

STABLE SERGEANT CHARLES E. PAINE (1209301), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O. 26

For courage, determination and leadership repeatedly demonstrated in battle both in Belgium and in France. This soldier always commanded the transport of his company without regard to fatigue or enemy fire. His resourcefulness overcame all obstacles and the transport, even under most difficult battle conditions, maintained connection with the company.

CORPORAL FRANCIS X. ARNOLD (1209214), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.86

For leadership, courage and determination as squad leader and in aiding in the rescue of two men from a burning tank during operations against the Hindenburg Line, September 27, 1918.

CORPORAL FRANK JEFFERSON (1209200), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.86

For leadership and courage while acting as Section Sergeant during the attack against the Hindenburg Line, September 27-28, 1918.

CORPORAL WILLIAM C. MARTENS (1209236), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.86

For courage and determination as platoon runner in carrying messages under heavy fire in the Dickebusch sector, Belgium, and at Jonc de Mer Farm, October 19-20, 1918.

MECHANIC JOHN P. MAHER (1209203), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.86

For courage and determination in aiding in the rescue of two men from a burning tank during operations against the Hindenburg Line, September 27, 1918.

PRIVATE, FIRST CLASS, NORMAN K. EYPPER (1209222), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.49

For great courage and determination in carrying important battle messages under heavy enemy fire. This in the battle of the Hindenburg Line, September 27, 1918.

PRIVATE, FIRST CLASS, DANIEL H. MERRITT (1209238), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion, S.O.26

For courage and determination in the vicinity of Mt. Kemmel, Belgium, August 1918, in maintaining communication under heavy fire between units of his command.

PRIVATE, FIRST CLASS, DANIEL H. MERRITT (1209238), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion, S.O.26

For gallantry in the attack on the Hindenburg Line, September 27, 1918, in refusing aid after being wounded until two other soldiers more seriously wounded had been cared for.

PRIVATE, FIRST CLASS, HARRY S. SIMONSON (1209247), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.49

For courage and devotion to duty on the night of October 16, 1918, in locating under heavy shell fire and gas concentration the units of his battalion for the purpose of delivering important message in connection with the attack for the following morning.

PRIVATE JOSEPH G. BABIN (1209215), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.49

For courage and determination in carrying an important message under heavy enemy shell fire and gas concentration. This in the Dickebusch Lake sector near Mt. Kemmel, Belgium, August 30, 1918.

PRIVATE EDWARD A. DAY (1209270), Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion (deceased) S.O.33

For conspicuous courage and disregard of self in conducting a wounded comrade to the rear under heavy enemy fire and promptly returning to his position in the belt filling station, at which place he was killed by shell fire. This in the battle of the Hindenburg Line, France, September 27, 1918.

PRIVATE STANLEY G. WOOD (1209313), 105th Machine Gun Battalion S.O.86

For meritorious service, courage and devotion to duty in administering aid to wounded in first aid stations and casualty clearing stations, during the operations of the division in France.

CASUALTIES IN THE COMPANY

Name	Rank	Date	Nature	Disposition
Ackerman, Alexander	Pvt.	Oct. 17	H.E.	Dropped
Allen, Morton B.	Cpl.	Sept 29	Gas	Returned
Arnold, Francis X.	Cpl.	Sept 27	G.S.W.	Returned
Ballard, Lawrence T.	Pvt 1 cl	Sept 29	Shrap.	Died of wounds Oct.1
Becker, Edmond W.	Pvt 1 cl	Sept 27	H.E.	Dropped
Brooks, Arthur J.	Pvt.	Sept 27	H.E.	Dropped
Burns, Thomas L.	Pvt.	Sept 27	H.E.	Returned
Carr, George O. S.	Pvt.	Sept 27	H.E.	Died of wounds
Carraher, Wallace J.	Cpl.	Aug. 31	G.S.W.	Dropped
Chestnut, Harold W.	Pvt 1 cl	Sept 27	H.E.	Killed
Cutter, Henry P.	Pvt	Sept 28	H.E.	Returned
Daly, Edward J.	Pvt	Oct 18	H.E.	Returned
Day, Edward A.	Pvt	Sept 27	H.E.	Killed
Davenport, Wm. W.,Jr.	Cpl	Sept 29	Gas	Returned
Dwyer, John J.	Pvt	Sept 27	H.E.	Dropped
Frazer, Walter J.	Pvt 1 cl	Sept 27	Gas	Returned
Garvin, Charles A.	Pvt	Sept 27	G.S.W.	Dropped
Guhl, William	Pvt	Sept 28	Gas	Returned
Halpin, John H.	Sgt	Sept 27	H.E.	Dropped
Harford, David R.	Cpl	Sept 29	Gas	Returned
Hubbard, Bruce C.	Cpl	Sept 27	H.E.	Returned
Hujus, Roy	Pvt	Sept 27	G.S.W.	Dropped
Innes, George	Pvt 1 cl	Sept 27	H.E.	Dropped
Jefferson, Frank	Cpl	Oct. 18	Gas	Returned
Johnson, Charles H.,Jr.	Pvt	Sept 28	Gas	Returned

Name	Rank	Date	Nature	Disposition
Johnson, Frederick T.	Pvt	Sept 28	Gas	Returned
Kane, John J.	Pvt	Sept 27	G.S.W.	Returned
Kearns, Frank A.	Cpl	Sept 27	G.S.W.	Returned
Kenny, Joseph J.	Pvt	Sept 29	Gas	Returned
Kenny, Thomas P.	Pvt	Sept 27	Gas	Returned
Kralinger, Henry A.	Pvt	Sept 29	Gas	Returned
Lahey, John J.	Pvt	Aug. 31	Gas	Returned
Lay, Charles J.	Pvt 1 cl	Sept 29	Gas	Returned
McCarthy, John J.	Pvt 1 cl	Oct. 19	H.E.	Returned
McDonald, Bart R.	Pvt	Sept 28	Gas	Returned
McDonald, Harry F.	Pvt	Sept 27	H.E.	Returned
McHugh, David P.	Pvt	Sept 29	Gas	Returned
Macaulay, Frank A.	Cpl	Sept 27	H.E.	Returned
Macklin, John F.	Pvt	Sept 27	H.E.	Dropped
Meeker, Dayton B.	Pvt 1 cl	Sept 28	Gas	Returned
Merritt, Daniel H.	Pvt 1 cl	Sept 27	H.E.	Returned
Mohr, Henry T.	Pvt	Sept 27	H.E.	Killed
Mooney, George J.	Pvt	Sept 27	H.E.	Dropped
Murphy, Eugene J.	Pvt	Sept 27	H.E.	Killed
Popham, Lewis C.	Pvt 1 cl	Sept 28	Gas	Returned
Ream, Fred H.	Pvt	Sept 27	H.E.	Dropped
Redick, Edward J.	Pvt	Oct. 18	H.E.	Returned
Reinhardt, Clarence R.	Sgt	Sept 29	Shrap	Dropped
Rosenstock, Harry	Pvt 1 cl	Sept 29	Gas	Dropped
Rupprecht, Emil W.	Pvt	Sept 28	Gas	Returned
Russel, James G.	Pvt 1 cl	Sept 27	H.E.	Returned
Samon, James G.	Cook	Sept 30	Gas	Returned

Name	Rank	Date	Nature	Disposition
Starck, Walter A.	Pvt	Aug. 31	G.S.W.	Returned
Van Derveer, Frank G.	Mess Sgt.	Sept 30	Gas	Returned
Whitehead, Allyn G.	Pvt 1 Cl	Sept 27	H.E.	Dropped

NOTE: H.E. - High Explosive
G.S.W. - Gun Shot Wound
Shrap - Shrapnel

COMPLETE LIST OF MEMBERS OF COMPANY A, 105 M. G. B.
WITH THEIR HIGHEST RANKS

OFFICERS

Captain Albert W. Putnam - Tfd - Feb. 22, 1918 - Cavalry.

" L. Horatio Biglow, Jr. - Honorably discharged Apr. 1, 1919.

First Lieut. A. Campbell Smidt - Tfd Feb. 16, 1918 - 309th Cavalry.

" " J. Fahys Cook - Honorably discharged Apr. 1, 1919.

" " William C. Barthman - " " " " "

" " Harold L. Downey - " " " " "

" " Edward S. Flash, Jr. (temporary assignment)

" " Frederick W. Wurster - Tfd. Apr. 10, 1918 - 304th Cavalry.

Second Lieut. Harry B. Jennings - Honorably discharged Apr. 1, 1919.

" " Thomas M. Madigan (temporary assignment)

" " Harry H. Powers- Tfd. July 22, 1918, 89th Division.

" " William O. Upjohn - Tfd. Apr. 27, 1918 - Casual Detach.

ENLISTED MEN

Ackerman, Alexander, Pvt - Wounded Oct. 17, 1918 - Hospital.

Adler, Frederick A., Sgt - H.D. - Apr. 1, 1919.

Ahern, Maurice L., Cpl - Tfd. Apr. 20, 1918 - 105th F. A.

Allen, Morton B., Sgt - Gassed Sept. 29, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Arnold, Francis X., Cpl - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Austin, Charles A., Pvt - Tfd.

Babin, Joseph G., Pvt. 1st Cl - Tfd Sept. 30, 1918 - H.Q. II Corps.

Bagnasco, Peter, J., Pvt. 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Baker, Charles W., Cpl. - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Baker, Norman A., Pvt - Tfd H. Q. Co.

Ballard, Lawrence T., Pvt - Died of wounds, Oct. 1, 1918.

Barbano, Louis J., Pvt. 1st Cl - Tfd Feb. 23, 1918 - C.A. Corps.

Barker, Wallace W., Pvt - Tfd. Jan. 9, 1918 - 1st N.H. Inf.

Barry, Thomas F., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Barth, Oscar W., Pvt - Tfd. Sept. 30, 1918, H.Q.II Corps.

Becker, Edmond W., Pvt 1st Cl - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - Hospital.

Bellman, Edward B., Pvt 1st Cl - Tfd Camp Mills - Mar. 26, 1919.

Blake, Joseph E., Pvt - Discharged Jan. 9, 1918.

Blakeman, Philip S., Cpl - H.D, Apr. 1, 1919.

Bossard, Wolfgang D.K., Sgt - Tfd Jan. 9, 1918, 1st N.H. Inf.

Bowen, Thomas F., Pvt - Tfd. Jan. 9, 1918 - 1st N.H. Inf.

Bradford, Ferdinand V. - Sgt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Brooks, Arthur J., Pvt - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - Hospital.

Brostrom, Carl P., Pvt - Tfd H. Q. Co.

Burns, Thomas L., Pvt 1st Cl - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918, H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Burton, Lester H., Pvt - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Bush, Howard D., Pvt - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Cahill, William, Pvt. 1st Cl - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Canady, Fred T - Pvt. - Tfd. Camp Mills, Mar. 26, 1919.

Carr, George O. S., Pvt - Died of wounds, Sept. 27, 1918.

Carraher, Wallace J., Cpl - Wounded, Aug. 31, 1918 - Hospital.

Carter, John C., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Carter, Kenneth F., Pvt - Tfd Mar. 31, 1919 - 152d Depot Brigade.

Chestnut, Harold W., Pvt 1st Cl - Killed in action Sept. 27, 1919.

Chirgwin, William J., Cpl - Tfd - Jan. 21, 1919 - 106th Inf.

Clapp, Herbert M., Pvt - Tfd Jan. 28, 1918 - Motor Mech. Regt.

Clapp, Parmly S., Jr., Pvt 1st Cl - Tfd Dec. 1918.

Clay, William M., Pvt - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Clyatt, Robert A., Pvt 1st Cl - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Cobb, Frederick P., Pvt - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Collins, John V., Pvt - Tfd H. Q. Co.

Conley, William J., Pvt - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Conlon, John, Mech - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Conroy, Carl W., Pvt 1st Cl - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Consorty, Murell H., Cpl. - Tfd Mar. 31, 1919 - 152d Depot Brigade.

Cullen, William J., Pvt - Tfd Nov. 14, 1917 - Retd 147th N.Y. Inf.

Cutter, Henry P., Pvt - Wounded Sept. 28, 1918, H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Dal Palu, Gaetano, Pvt - H.D. Jan. 5, 1918 - S.C.D.

Daly, Edward J., Pvt. 1st Cl - Wounded Oct. 18, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Davenport, McHarg, Cpl - Tfd. Feb. 2, 1918 - 102d M.P.

Davenport, William W., Jr. - Cpl - Gassed Sept. 29, 1918 - H.D.Apr. 1, 1919.

Day, Edward A., Pvt - Killed in action Sept. 27, 1918.

Dean, Stephen O., Pvt 1st Cl - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Doss, Albert W., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills, Mar. 26, 1919.

Duggan, Patrick J., Pvt - H.D. Dec. 3, 1917 - S.C.D.

Dunn, Walter W., Pvt 1st Cl - Tfd Mar. 19, 1918 - Hospital.

Dunne, John, Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Durnan, James, Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Dwyer, John J., Pvt - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - Hospital.

Dykstra, Tjerk, Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills, Mar. 26, 1919.

Ebenstein, Percival A., Pvt - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Eisnitz, Frederick, Pvt - H. D. Jan. 10, 1918, S.C.D.

Ellard, Chester A., Cpl - Tfd Apr. 2, 1918 - C. A. Corps.

Elliott, Edwin D., Cpl - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Embry, Clyde B., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Enright, Daniel J., Pvt - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Evatt, Duke E.W., Pvt - Tfd. Camp Mills, Mar. 26, 1919.

Eypper, Norman K., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Fair, Thomas A., Pvt - H.D. Dec. 7, 1917 - S.C.D.

Farnham, Ward W., 1st Sgt - Commissioned, Mar. 19, 1918.

Faucher, John C., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Fish, Rutgers, Pvt 1st Cl., - H.D. Jan. 10, 1918, S.C.D.

Fishbeck, Frederick C., Pvt - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Fishel, Harry W., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills, Mar. 26, 1919.

Fisher, George, Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills, Mar. 26, 1919.

Fitzpatrick, James D., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills, Mar. 26, 1919.

Fleming, Alphonse T., Sgt - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Follett, Walter B., Pvt - Tfd Nov. 23, 1917 - Q.M. Corps.

Foody, Barrett, Sta. Sgt - Tfd June 13, 1918 - Replace.Organization.

Forbes, Maxwell H., Pvt - Tfd Jan. 3, 1918, 106th F.A.

Forbes, Stanley C., Pvt - H.D. Dec. 3, 1917, S.C.D.

Frawley, Roger R., Pvt - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Frazer, Walter J., Pvt 1st Cl - Gassed Sept. 27, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Frey, Harry J., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Fries, Raymond G., Pvt - Tfd Nov. 14, 1917 - Retd 47th N.Y.Inf

Fuller, George B., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Fulton, Albert H., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Fyfe, William M., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills, Mar. 26, 1919.

Garrison, John H., Pvt 1st Cl - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Garvin, Charles A., Pvt - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - Hospital.

Geary, Charles S., Pvt - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Gervais, Wilfred, Pvt - Tfd Feb. 24, 1919 - Hospital.

Giacchetta, Tony, Pvt - Tfd June 13, 1918 - Replace.Organization.

Glogau, William E., Cpl - Tfd Feb. 4, 1918 - Aviation Section.

Gogulski, Casimir, Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Guhl, William, Pvt - Gassed Sept. 28, 1918 - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Guida, Arthur S., Pvt - Tfd Aug. 28, 1918 - II Corps Replace.

Halik, Charles W., Pvt 1st Cl - Tfd Mar. 28, 1919 - Hospital.

Halpin, John H., Sgt - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - Hospital.

Hanford, Walter L., Cook - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Hansen, George A., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Harbison, Clarence E., Cpl - Tfd H.Q.Co.

Harford, David R., Cpl - Gassed Sept. 29, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Hargesheimer, Thomas J., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Harrigan, Thomas, Pvt - Tfd Nov. 14, 1917 - Retd 47th Inf.

Hartman, William J., Cook - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Hay, William J., Sgt - Tfd Apr. 20, 1918, 105th F.A.

Hayward, Laurence B., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Herron, Marshall R., Sgt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Hess, Richard I.C., Bugler - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Hewitt, George D., Pvt - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Hodgins, Thomas J., Saddler - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Hofmeister, Frederick, Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Holmes, Axel H., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Howell, Francis W., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Hubbard, Bruce C., Cpl - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Hubbard, Leonard S., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Hujus, Roy, Pvt - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - Hospital.

Hunter, Edward S., Cpl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Hunter, Lawrence M., Sgt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Hutchins, Charles B., Pvt - Tfd Apr. 29, 1918 - 102d Ammun. Train.

Innes, George, Pvt 1st Cl - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - Hospital.

Ireland, Harold, Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Jameson, Wylie B.M., Pvt - H.D. Dec. 28, 1917, S.C.D.

Jefferson, Frank, Cpl - Gassed Oct. 17, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Johnson, Charles H., Jr., Pvt - Gassed Sept. 28, 1918 - H.D.Apr. 1, 1919.

Johnson, Frederick T., Pvt - Gassed Sept. 28, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Jones, Harold C., Pvt - Tfd - Apr. 29, 1918, 102d Ammun. Train.

Junco, Salvadore G., Pvt - Tfd July 10, 1918.

Kane, John J., Pvt - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Kava, Reuben, Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Kavanaugh, Thomas F., Pvt - Tfd Aug. 13, 1918 - Motor Transport.

Kearns, Frank A., Cpl - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - H.D.Apr. 1, 1919.

Kearns, Harry G., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Kelly, Daniel J., Pvt - H.D. Dec. 5, 1917 - S.C.D.

Kelly, Francis J., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Kelly, Frank E., Pvt 1st Cl - Tfd Apr. 24, 1918 - Inf.Unassigned.

Kelly, Joseph H., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Kenny, Joseph J., Pvt - Gassed Sept. 29, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Kenny, Thomas P., Pvt - Gassed Sept. 27, 1918 - Died March 3, 1919 - Influenza.

King, Rufus J., Sgt - Tfd Apr. 20, 1918 - 105th F.A.

Kirwan, John S., Pvt - Tfd Mar. 30, 1918 - 102d M.P.

Kivinen, Johannes F., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Klecak, Jerry, Pvt - H. D. May 17, 1918, S.C.D.

Koenig, Harry E., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Konaszec, Waclaw E., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Kralinger, Henry A., Pvt - Gassed Sept. 29, 1918 - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Kugler, William E., Pvt - Tfd H.Q. Co.

Lahey, John J., Pvt - Gassed Aug. 31, 1918 - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Lamberson, James H., Pvt 1st Cl - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Lanthier, Louis A., Supply Sgt - H. D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Lapienis, Joseph M., Pvt - H.D. Jan. 14, 1918, S.C.D.

LaVerman, William D., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Lavin, James M., Pvt - Tfd Apr. 28, 1918, Inf. unassigned.

Lay, Charles J., Pvt 1st Cl - Gassed Sept. 29, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Leap, William J., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Legler, Arthur H., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Le Grasse, Raymond, Pvt., Tfd Apr. 26, 1918 - 304th Cavalry.

Leigh, Douglas B., Pvt - Tfd H.Q.Co.

Leigh, Thomas, Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Leonard, Lawrence C., Pvt - Tfd C. Co.

Lesher, William M., 1st Sgt - Tfd Sept. 12, 1918 Officers School.

Levins, James W., Pvt - H.D. May 17, 1918, S.C.D.

Loftus, David, Pvt - Tfd H.Q.Co.

Loftus, Robert O., Pvt - Tfd Apr. 28, 1918, Inf. unassigned.

Lucas, Clyde W., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Luginbuhl, Werner, Pvt - Tfd June 12, 1918 - H.Q.II Corps.

Lyles, James F., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Lyman, Pierre F., Pvt - Tfd Apr. 28, 1918 - Inf unassigned.

Lyon, Richard G., Sgt. - Tfd Apr. 20, 1918, 105th F.A.

Lyons, Sylvester L., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

McCarthy, John J., Pvt 1st Cl - Wounded Oct. 19, 1918, H.D.Apr. 1, 1919.

McDevitt, Cornelius J.A., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

McDonald, Bart R., Pvt - Gassed Sept. 28, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

McDonald, Harry F., Pvt - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

McDonough, James D., Pvt 1st Cl - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

McGeever, Patrick, Pvt - Tfd June 13, 1918 - Replace. Organization.

McGrane, William A., Cpl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

McHugh, David P., Pvt - Gassed Sept. 29, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

MacArthur, Alexander A., Pvt - H.D. Jan. 14, 1918 - S.C.D.

Macaulay, Frank A., Cpl. - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

MacDonald, James R., Pvt - Tfd Apr. 4, 1918 - 102d M.P.

MacDougall, Donald, Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Mack, John A., Pvt - H.D. Dec. 3, 1917, S.C.D.

Mackinlay, Donald A.G., Sgt - Tfd D Co.

Macklin, John F., Pvt - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - Hospital.

Madden, Ernest V., Pvt - H.D. Jan. 10, 1918 S.C.D.

Maher, John P., Mech. - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Malak, Harry, Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills, Mar. 26, 1919.

Marcum, Squire A., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Martens, William C., Cpl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Martin, George B., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Martin, James J. Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Matheson, Reinald H.W., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Maurice, Charles A., Jr., Cpl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Mazberg, Ruby, Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Meehan, Edward J., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Meeker, Dayton B., Supply Sgt - Gassed Sept. 28, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Melio, Nick, Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Menendez, Chester A., Sgt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Merrilatt, George E., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Merritt, Daniel H., Pvt 1st Cl - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Miller, Charles F., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Miller, Henry, Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Mitchell, Glenn F., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Moffatt, George B., Pvt - Tfd Jan. 9, 1918 - 1st N.H.Regt.

Mohr, Henry T., Pvt - Killed in action Sept. 27, 1918.

Molloy, Edward J., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Mooney, George J., Pvt - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - Hospital.

Moore, Irving F., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Moran, Michael V., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Mulholland, David J., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Murphy, Eugene J., Pvt - Killed in action Sept. 27, 1918.

Murray, Thomas E.S., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Myers, Willie C., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Nagle, Gerald, Cpl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Nix, Mack T.G., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills, Mar. 26, 1919.

Noll, Joseph H., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

North, Joseph M., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

O'Callaghan, Maurice J., Cpl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

O'Connor, James A., Mech. - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

O'Day, John, Cpl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

O'Hagan, Hugh P.,- Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

O'Hagan, Joseph J., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

O'Kane, John J., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Okie, Reginald W., Cpl - Tfd Nov. 19, 1917 - Fort McPherson.

O'Reilly, James E., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Paine, Charles, Sta. Sgt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Paine, Edward H., Sgt - Tfd. June 13, 1918 - Replace.organization.

Pantley, Harmon, Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Parker, Henry A., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Pomerantz, Louis, Bugler - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Popham, Lewis C., Pvt 1st Cl - Gassed Sept. 28, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Popluder, Louis, Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Porter, William T., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Prindle, Clayton A., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Priour, Henry I., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Quackenbush, John, Jr., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Quigley, Samuel M., Jr., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Radtke, Herman A.F., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Rampell, Peter, Pvt - Tfd Jan. 28, 1918, Motor Mech. Regt.

Ratliff, Van A., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Ream, Fred H., Pvt - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - Hospital.

Redick, Edward J., Pvt 1st Cl - Wounded Oct. 18, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Reed, William J., Pvt - Discharged Jan. 10, 1918.

Reinhardt, Clarence R., Sgt - Wounded Sept. 29, 1918 - Hospital.

Renner, Hugo V., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Reynolds, Peter E., Horse-shoer - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Rhodes, Roger A., Pvt - Tfd Apr. 5, 1918 - 102d M.P.

Ring, Walter W., Pvt - Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Robbins, Josiah C., Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Robertson, Alexander J., Sgt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Rogers, Raymond R., Cpl - Tfd Jan. 21, 1919 - 106th Inf.

Rosenbach, Herman C., Pvt 1st Cl -- Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Rosenstock, Harry, Pvt 1st Cl - Gassed Sept. 29, 1918 - Hospital.

Rupprecht, Emil W., Pvt - Gassed Sept. 28, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Russell, James G., Pvt 1st Cl - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - H.D.Apr. 1, 1919.

Samon, James G., Cook - Gassed Sept. 30, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Schnitker, Martin C., Mess Sgt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Scott, Harlow L., Pvt - 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Seiler, John S., Pvt - Tfd H.Q.Co.

Selwa, Michael, Pvt -Tfd Camp Mills Mar. 26, 1919.

Shand, Alexander G., Pvt - Tfd H.Q. Co.

Shevlin, Matthew J., Sgt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Sill, G.Louis, Sgt - Tfd May 1, 1918 - Hospital.

Simonson, Harry S., Pvt 1st Cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Simpson, Paul T., Sgt - Tfd Mar. 6, 1919 - Hospital.

Skahill, Walter J., Mech - Tfd Jan. 28, 1918 - Motor Mech Regt.

Smith, Joseph A., Cpl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Sokowsky, Domed, Pvt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Starck, Walter A., Sgt - Wounded Aug. 31, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Stetson, Webster W., Sgt - H.D. Oct. 23, 1917 - Commissioned.

Stuzman, George V., Pvt - H.D. Jan. 10, 1918 - S.C.D.

Suckley, Robert B., Pvt - Tfd Aug. 18, 1918 - H.Q. II Corps.

Sullivan, Eugene F., Pvt 1st cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Sullivan, James J., Pvt - Tfd Dec. 23, 1917 - 106th M.G.B.

Surnbuger, Charles, Pvt - Td June 1918.

Thompson, Louis M., Jr., Sgt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Tish, Joseph F., Pvt 1st cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Tuckerman, Roger, Cpl - Tfd Nov. 13, 1917 - Aviation Section

Usina, Edward A., Pvt - Tfd Jan. 23, 1918 - Ordinance Corps.

VanDerveer, Frank G., Mess Sgt - Gassed Sept. 30, 1918 - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Van Steenbergh, James T., Pvt - Tfd Dec. 30, 1917 - Q.M.Corps

Vun Hagen, Willard A., Pvt - H.D. Dec. 3, 1917 - S.C.D.

Waaler, Reidar, Sgt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Walker, Russell T., Sgt - H.D. Oct. 28, 1917 - Convenience of Govt.

Waller, Lawrence W., Pvt - H.D. Jan. 9, 1918 - Convenience of Govt.

Walsh, Joseph P., Jr., Pvt 1st cl - Tfd Apr. 24, 1918 - Aviation Sec.

Walz, George, Jr., Cook - H.D. Jan. 31, 1918 - S.C.D.

Waterman, Clyde H., Cpl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Waterman, Elisha H., 1st Sgt - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Whitehead, Allyn G., Pvt 1st cl - Wounded Sept. 27, 1918 - Hospital.

Whitney, Stephen S., Pvt 1st cl - H.D. Apr. 1, 1919.

Wiborg, Aksel, Pvt 1st cl - H.D., Apr. 1, 1919.

Wicks, John D., Pvt - H.D. Jan. 10, 1918 - S.C.D.

Wolfe, Charles H., Supply Sgt - Tfd July 18, 1918 - Commissioned

Wood, Stanley, G., Pvt - Tfd Mar. 31, 1919 - 152d Depot Brigade.

Wright, Harrison, Sgt - H.D. Oct. 27, 1917 - Commissioned.

Zimmerman, Charles, Pvt - Tfd Apr. 29, 1918 - 102d Ammun. Train

Zimmerman, Louis, Pvt - Tfd March 6, 1919 - Hospital.

The following saw continuous service in Company A

from its beginning until mustered out on April 1, 1919.

(Unessential absences on detached service while at school or on furlough or other short absences not taken into consideration.)

Officers

Captain L. Horatio Biglow, Jr.
1st Lieut. J. Fahys Cook
1st Lieut. Harold L. Downey

Enlisted Men

Peter J. Bagnasco
Charles W. Baker
Thomas F. Barry
Philip S. Blakeman
William M. Clay
Frederick P. Cobb
Murrell H. Consorty
John C. Faucher
Frederick C. Fishbeck
Charles S. Geary
Thomas J. Hargesheimer
Marshall R. Herron
Richard I. C. Hess
Thomas J. Hodgins
Francis W. Howell
Edward S. Hunter
Harry G. Kearns
Joseph H. Kelly
Louis A. Lanthier
Donald MacDougall
John P. Maher
William C. Martens
George B. Martin
James J. Martin
Reinald W. Matheson
Charles A. Maurice, Jr.
Glenn F. Mitchell
Edward J. Malloy
David J. Mulholland
Maurice J. O'Callaghan
James A. O'Conner
John O'Day
James E. O'Reilly
Charles Paine
Louis Popluder
John Quackenbush, Jr.
Samuel M. Quigley, Jr.
Herman A.F. Radtke
Josiah C. Robbins
Matthew J. Shevlin
Paul T. Simpson
Joseph A. Smith
Walter A. Starck
Eugene F. Sullivan
Louis M. Thompson, Jr.
Joseph F. Tisch
Reidar Waaler
Clyde H. Waterman
Elisha H. Waterman
Aksel Wiborg

Louis Zimmerman

The following were in action while on duty with the Company.

Officers

Captain L. Horatio Biglow, Jr.
1st Lieut. J. Fahys Cook
1st Lieut. William C. Barthman
1st Lieut. Harold L. Downey
2nd Lieut. Harry B. Jennings
2nd Lieut. Harry H. Powers

Enlisted Men

Alexander Ackerman
Frederick A. Adler
Morton B. Allen
Francis X. Arnold
Joseph G. Babin
Peter J. Bagnasco
Charles W. Baker
Lawrence T. Ballard
Thomas F. Barry
Oscar W. Barth
Edmond W. Becker
Philip S. Blakeman
Ferdinand V. Bradford
Arthur J. Brooks
Thomas L. Burns
Lester H. Burton
Howard D. Bush
William Cahill
George O. S. Carr
Wallace J. Carraher
Kenneth F. Carter
Harold W. Chestnut
Parmly S. Clapp, Jr.
William M. Clay
Frederick P. Cobb
William J. Conley
John Conlon
Carl W. Conroy
Murell H. Consorty
Henry P. Cutter
Edward J. Daly
William W. Davenport, Jr.
Edward A. Day
Stephen O. Dean
John Dunne
James Durnan
John J. Dwyer
Edwin D. Elliott
Daniel J. Enright
Norman K. Eypper
John C. Faucher
Frederick C. Fishbeck
Alphonse T. Fleming
Roger R. Frawley
Walter J. Frazer
Harry J. Frey
William M. Fyfe
John H. Garrison
Charles A. Garvin
Charles S. Geary
William Guhl
Arthur S. Guida
Charles W. Halik
John H. Halpin
Walter L. Hanford
George A. Hansen
David R. Harford
Thomas J. Hargesheimer
William J. Hartman
Laurence B. Hayward
Marshall R. Herron
Richard I.C. Hess
George D. Howitt
Thomas J. Hodgins
Frederick Hofmeister
Francis W. Howell
Bruce C. Hubbard
Leonard S. Hubbard
Roy Hujus
Edward S. Hunter
Lawrence M. Hunter
George Innes
Harold Ireland
Frank Jefferson
Charles H. Johnson, Jr.
Frederick T. Johnson
Harold C. Jones
John J. Kane
Reuben Kava
Thomas F. Kavanaugh
Frank A. Kearns
Harry G. Kearns
Francis J. Kelly
Joseph H. Kelly

Joseph J. Kenny
Thomas P. Kenny
Harry E. Koenig
Henry A. Kralinger
John J. Lahey
James H. Lamberson
Louis A. Lanthier
William D. Lauerman
Charles J. Lay
William J. Leap
Thomas Leigh
Lawrence C. Leonard
William M. Lesher
David Loftus
John J. McCarthy
Cornelius J. A. McDevitt
Bart R. McDonald
Harry F. McDonald
William A. McGrane
David P. McHugh
Frank A. Macaulay
Donald MacDougall
John F. Macklin
John P. Maher
William C. Martens
George B. Martin
James J. Martin
Reinald Matheson
Charles A. Maurice, Jr.
Edward J. Meehan
Dayton B. Meeker
Chester M. Menendez
Daniel H. Merritt
Henry Miller
Glenn F. Mitchell
Henry T. Mohr
Edward J. Malloy
George J. Mooney
Irving F. Moore
Michael V. Moran
David J. Mulholland
Eugene J. Murphy
Gerald Nagle
Maurice J. O'Callaghan
James A. O'Connor
John O'Day
Hugh P. O'Hagan
Joseph J. O'Hagan
James E. O'Reilly
Charles Paine
Louis Pomerantz
Lewis C. Popham
Louis Popluder
John Quackenbush, Jr.
Samuel M. Quigley, Jr.

Herman A. F. Radtke
Van A. Ratliff
Fred. H. Ream
Edward J. Redick
Clarence R. Reinhardt
Josiah C. Robbins
Alexander J. Robertson
Harry Rosenstock
Emil W. Rupprecht
James G. Russell
James G. Samon
Martin C. Schnitker
Harlow L. Scott
John S. Seiler
Matthew J. Shevlin
Harry S. Simonson
Paul T. Simpson
Joseph A. Smith
Walter A. Starck
Robert B. Suckley
Eugene F. Sullivan
Louis M. Thompson, Jr.
Joseph F. Tisch
Frank G. VanDerveer
Reidar Waaler
Clyde H. Waterman
Elisha H. Waterman
Allyn G. Whitehead
Stephen S. Whitney
Aksel Wiborg
Charles H. Wolfe
Louis Zimmerman