

SELECTED LETTERS FROM RUTGERS MEN IN WAR SERVICE TO  
THE WAR SERVICE BUREAU OF RUTGERS COLLEGE

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY EARL REED SILVERS '13



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*Capt.*  
From William P. Ainsworth '16

*After One Week*

Fort Myer, Va.

May 20, 1917.

The first week of duty is finishing, and in looking back I cannot find a single thing which was not more agreeable than was expected. First, we all had to go to the doctor's and receive two vaccinations, and an injection of antitoxin in the left breast; consequently my arm has a horrible sore on it—(it took), and for two days my chest and left arm were very sore.

Tuesday our regular day started. We arise at 5.15, line up for reveille at 5.30, breakfast at 5.50, and drill from 6.50 until 12<sup>00</sup>, or when we 'mess.' Then we drill from 1.50 until 4.00, ending with an hour's hike until 5.00. We take a shower in ice water (no hot water), have supper at 6.05, and study from 6.30 until 9.30. Lights are out at 9.45. In off moments we make our <sup>beds</sup>, bathe, take care of our uniform and learn signalling and orders - all very interesting. Yesterday and to-day (Sunday) I have been walking guard duty (two hours walking, two hours relief, and two hours walking). I am writing this during relief.

There is a wonderful crowd of men here, mostly college men and Southerners. Dave Ackerman<sup>17</sup> and Harry Blue<sup>15</sup> are in my company (Company 1). We sleep in double-deckers. The fellow I share mine with is a Harvard man named Cox, assistant secretary of the Guarantee Trust Company, and a fine chap. Alongside of me is a Princeton man named Biddle, also a dandy fellow. All considered, they could not have picked a finer bunch of men.

Now about the food! A sample day runs like this. Breakfast: Oatmeal, scrambled eggs, fried potatoes, coffee, bread, milk, etc. Dinner; Roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy, spinach, side vegetables, bread pudding, coffee or tea. Supper: French toast, stewed tomatoes, jam, salad, fruit or pudding, coffee.

On Sunday we get a good roast of veal and ice cream. So, you see, the 'eats' are fine, and we get absolutely all we want of them. The cook is a regular army man, and we have half a dozen uniformed 'serving men' in each company. The days



are as hot as blazes, but the nights are cool. In fact, last week I sometimes slept with two army blankets and a bathrobe over me."



From Captain William P. E. Ainsworth '16

Somewhere in France, June 7, 1918.

At last I am "over here" and everything is so peaceful in the locality where we are situated that it hardly seems I am in a country which has been at war for four years. Of course, I am in a place very many miles from the firing line, which accounts for the tranquillity. You must understand, while I censor my own mail, that I cannot reveal many things and must deal largely in generalities in writing you.

The trip over was wonderful. The sea was calm and the weather beautiful all of the way, except for about two days when it blew rather rough, and, as the seas caught us sideways, the boat rocked to beat the band. It sometimes rocked so that for hours, if you were sitting on deck, you were looking alternately at the sky above and at the water beneath you, and unless you braced your steamer chair you would slide, chair and all, across the deck. Many of the men were dreadfully seasick, but it did not affect me in the least; in fact, I thoroughly enjoyed it.

I have often heard what a wonderful sight land is after days at sea, but never realized it until I saw it at the end of our voyage.

Of our debarking and train trip I may say little, except that the scenery was wonderful but in a different way from American. Our beautiful sections as a rule are the wild ones, but the beautiful sections of France are often the cultivated ones.

At present our company is billeted in an old French estate surrounded by vineyards. The officers live in the chateau, which is a great white stone house with a tile roof (one of the originals from which the millionaires take their plans for their seaside homes).

I have a nice big room with an adjoining second floor parlor. In back there is a terrace with a wonderful pagoda. A brook with a deep swimming hole runs through a nearby meadow and affords the men an opportunity for bathing. The days



are very warm and the nights cool. What more could one ask for? I am very well, and very happy, and, I believe, very fortunate. Don't forget the letters from college and the Quarterly.



From Captain William P. E. Ainsworth '16

France, November 22, 1918.

One day we received hurry-up orders to leave for the front. It took five teams to get our regiment up. We got off, after a three-day ride, and received orders to go into action immediately at the tip of the St. Mihiel salient. You never saw such hurry in your life. It so happened that one of our batteries, the first to arrive, after working like dogs, got into position, only to learn that the infantry had gone clear beyond their range. They never fired a shot in that battle.

After that job was done we proceeded to the historic field before Verdun. Here we started our party. We had, in the Argonne offensive, as you have probably read, the hardest job any army ever had. I was in it from beginning to end. The Boche divisions were in front of us so thick that it was nearly impossible to write all of their numbers on the map. The country was hilly and wooded and most difficult and costly to fight over. It was during this fight that I took over the Headquarters Company. In the middle of this fight, while we were at Eppinonville, we received a new colonel who certainly was a fire-eater. One of his first actions was to move into the front-line trenches at Romogne.

One afternoon I started with my company in ten big trucks for our new location. Our road led us across a field in full view of the Boche who were about a mile distant. Right in the middle of the field the first truck dropped into a shell hole. It took three-quarters of an hour to get it out, and I have never been able to figure out why fire was not opened up on us. As it was, they did not start until we were off the road.

In our new location we lived in a little cabin about 1 1/2 kilometers (1 mile) from the Boche for six days. We were shelled all of the time and gassed part of the time, especially at night. Officers and men were killed. My company lost quite heavily. I had trucks and cars hit. Often at night shell fragments and dirt hit our cabin, and we slept with our masks handy.



There was one place in full view of our house where the Boche liked to shell, and in the evenings we used to sit on the porch, hear the shells come over the hill and whistle over our heads, and see them crash down the valley. It was very entertaining.

But when the drive on November 1 started things changed considerably. I shall never forget the barrage our guns let loose that night. I sat in a dug-out we had constructed under the floor of our cabin, with a 'phone glued to my ear, keeping in touch with the battalions and our brigade, and otherwise trying to run the operations of the regiment. The sky was just one glare of lights. We had a gun under every bush and when they let loose you would think that all hell had popped. Fritz suddenly started to leave the territory and he never stopped.

That was the last big party. We followed Fritz to the place I am at present, near the Stenay on the Meuse. When we got there the armistice was signed, and we are just sitting tight awaiting developments.



8 E  
perhaps too long  
From Lieutenant Lauren L. Archibald '17

Fort Sill, Okla., December 24, 1918.

The news that an armistice had been signed produced little or no excitement at the time. Everyone was busy. Things went along just the same as usual, except that a few who had made bets that the war would be over before Christmas, or before 1920 or 1925, came around and exhibited that sweet and never to be forgotten "I told you so" grin, or else offered the information that they had had some inside dope from the friend of the cousin of Secretary So-and-So in Washington. We were too busy to get very excited and our schedule proceeded just the same, but, of course, everyone was glad to hear the news. A few soon forgot the oath that they had taken to give their best services to the country and began to slight the tasks set for them. It was a good deal like keeping school for a couple of months after the final examinations were over. I was glad to note that none of those "balkers" were from the college "in a quaint old Jersey town." The big majority of men, however, kept on their studies and resolved to get all they could out of the course, even if the chances were small of ever matching wits with the Hun.

The Saturday following the signing of the armistice was set aside by the Major of Lawton, a small city about four miles from Fort Sill, as a day of celebration and thanksgiving. Invitations were sent out over the whole state of Oklahoma, asking all who could to come to that city and help celebrate the glorious event.

Brigadier General L. O. Lawson, commandant of Fort Sill, became interested in the plans and readily accepted the invitation to stage a big artillery parade in the city on that day. It soon became known that Lawton was to have the biggest artillery parade ever staged in this country. Fort Sill, with its world-famed School of Fire, its permanent detail of Field Artillery units, and its wonderful equipment of American, French and British fighting material, could give an exhibition impossible to duplicate anywhere on this side of the Atlantic.



During the morning people came into the city in cars, by train, and even in ancient looking "prairie schooners." Indian families with all of the children packed in the back of odd looking carriages, or Fords, lined the roads leading to the city. It soon became necessary to clear some of the streets of all cars and vehicles. All of the side streets were filled, and thousands of cars were packed along the route of the troops into the city. It was estimated that between five and ten thousand people ate lunch on the military reservation and visited the various parts of the post before going into the city for the review. By one o'clock there were fully seventy thousand people gathered to do honor to the fact that peace was once again in sight.

Two military bands came into the city at 10.30 o'clock and remained until the time of the review. Governor R. L. Williams and staff, members of the Supreme Court, and State Superintendent of Instruction R. M. Wilson arrived from Oklahoma City at noon.

At 1.30 o'clock Brigadier General Lawson, arrived in the city and met the Governor at the hotel. Shortly afterwards they took their places on the reviewing stand. Almost immediately a battle formation of twenty-five aeroplanes passed over the city. They were followed in fifteen minutes by another squadron. After the ships had passed they broke ranks and the aviators gave an exhibition of acrobatic flying that is seldom equaled except under actual fighting conditions. They looped and dived, did tail-spins and spirals, falling leaf, barrel-spin, and many more aerial feats impossible to describe.

The last plane was still in sight when a detachment of Military Police rode into the city from the west and cleared the streets to make way for the great parade. The School of Fire floats were features of the occasion. The department of gunnery had mounted an American 75 on a motor truck and fired salute charges all along the line of march. The department of reconnaissance and of material had floats illustrating their special work.

One float which did not feature in the parade, however, deserves mention for its clever and original idea. A number of officers who had been detailed



for instruction at the School of Fire for a long time rather felt they should have been sent overseas. They decided to accept General Lawson's invitation "to use all possible ingenuity in designing floats." Therefore, they had a huge sign painted which they intended to carry. It read: "Lawson for President. He kept us out of war." Their float was deleted by the censor.

All classes of the School of Fire and the aviation cadets were in the line of march with various floats. One portrayed the Kaiser being kicked in the pants by a mechanical device operated from one of the wheels.

A number of floats near the end of the line attracted considerable interest. A section of a trench bristling with machine guns were reproduced in detail. The gunners, dressed in regular trench equipment, fired blank cartridges throughout the parade. A bakery company had a field oven mounted on a truck. They were busy preparing and baking the excellent army bread which is the big "stand by" of the army.

Last, but not least, was the Medical Corps, with a long string of motor ambulances, supply train, and mounted detachment. The ambulances were filled with Red Cross nurses, some of whom might have furnished the inspiration for the song "I Don't Want to Get Well" (and some of them did not.)

Some idea of the size of the parade can be obtained by the fact that it took over three hours to pass a given point.

All told, it was a very awe-inspiring spectacle, although it was only a small part of the total fighting material of the country and only the smallest fraction of the total employed by the Allied forces in Europe.



568  
From Lieutenant Raymond M. Austin '16

France,

September 15, 1918.

I received to-day letter 25 from your bureau and with it an envelope & a little leisure and the hint produces this scrawl.

It is some seventeen months now since I have been on Uncle Sam's payroll - the first six months was spent on an old destroyer of the Navy's doing duty off the Atlantic coast. I then transferred to the Naval Flying Corps, and after a period of inactive duty I went through the ground school at Mass. Inst. of Tech., from which I was sent to Pensacola, Florida for flight training. After finishing elementary and advanced flying, I was detailed there as a gunnery pilot, which duty I did until the end of June. I then went to Miami, Fla., and flew land machines with the Marine Corps and was sent abroad from there.

I have been to a bombing and gunnery school here in France and am now attached to a bombing expedition.

Been rather fortunate in being able to spend some time in several of the larger French cities including Paris, which in passing I might say is a metropolis peculiarly suited to assist one in forgetting war and its accompanying inconveniences.

Saw Seiler's name on the register at University Union, as well as a number of others from the old School. Can you let me have H. J. Rockefeller's address?

Dick Barr '18, flying with the Marines near us, is going over the line day times - we do our bit at night. Some of the best anti-aircrafts in the game in this vicinity! There was a hit made on a "Sopwith Camel" at 22000 feet the other day - a target over 4 miles away moving at 180 m.pl. - some shooting! Beat's Sandy's multiple kick.

Goings is scarce, and your letters will be much appreciated.

Yours - as the Britishes say - not yet fed up.



56  
Post letter  
From Chaplin C. Barr '17

In France,

September 27, 1918.

Your August 23rd edition of the good old letters just received. Please let me congratulate you upon getting the old stuff so early. The other day I read in the Paris Edition of the N. Y. Herald that football practise had started in the East. Farther perusal unearched the good news that Rutgers had W. Va. on her schedule this year. Don't forget the football dope when grinding out your missives.

Several times you've spoken of your growing collection of war junk. I've taken the liberty of sending you some more trash which I hope you'll receive. I sent a strut out of my machine which stopped partially a couple of little round fast German ones the other day. Also, I enclosed a couple of bullets and a piece of archie which lodged in the tail of the bus.

Monk Austin is over here though not in this group yet. He is a night bomber we flit over during the day.



From A. H. Baumann '14

On a Chaser

At Sea,

August 15, 1918.

It has been on my conscience for some time now to write to the Bureau and tell them exactly what my part in the war game has been up to this time. Along with the rest of the crew of twenty-four men, I boarded Submarine Chaser #105, at N. Y. Navy Yard early in March. We fitted her up, took her to New London, Conn., for her equipment and, after drills and maneuvers off the coast of Connecticut, we started out for the other side early in June. There were some thirty odd submarine chasers along with other necessary vessels.

The first night out on our way across, our ship and two others picked up an enemy submarine and had a little fun throwing depth bombs. This episode changed our plans. We put into a Southern port and the fleet was split up and scattered along the coast, our ship being attached to a special anti-submarine force. We were in Southern waters for some time, doing convoy work and our own special task. Then we came into Northern waters, and up to this time are still there.

The life on a submarine chaser is pretty good, especially our special duty work which, you can realize, takes us over an extended area. We see many storms and get a rough handling, but these boats are made for heavy seas and we have no fear of their not being able to stand the pounding.



28  
*On the Way*  
From Sergt. George M. Bechtel '14

England, March, 1918.

Our ship certainly encountered some rough weather coming over. For three days we were not allowed on deck at all; and when we were finally permitted to go out, we found the after deck pretty well messed up. Several life boats were wrecked and some civilians in the steerage were literally washed out of their bunks. I slept soundly through it all, though; in fact, have not been the least sick during the three weeks we were on the water.

The last day on board was by far the most interesting, coming up the river. The farm lands are all under cultivation, and the grass <sup>is</sup> as green as it ever is at home; not a sign of snow. We saw several historic old castles along the river, just as I have read and heard tell of, but never hoped to see under these circumstances.

It is strange to see women in overalls working beside the men in foundries and boiler shops over here, but they make you realize how much everybody is in the war.

You would laugh at the cars we travelled in. They are divided into compartments that will "hold" six men, although at rather close range. We made several stops during the night, and at each station there was a committee of women who gave out tea and biscuits to the boys. It certainly impressed me to see women folk up until after midnight doing what they could to help. We were not greeted by any cheering and flag waving, which, while disappointing in a way, is easily understood when you think of how long they have been at it. The novelty has worn off and the people have settled down to brass tacks in a businesslike way that manifests itself in results, not in fireworks.

We arrived here late this morning and immediately hiked three miles to camp. Maybe that old army grub didn't taste good after days and days of "sea food". One look was enough to quell the most obstinate appetite.



To-night we sleep under canvas, and off again to-morrow. "Squads east" is still the prevailing command, but I think "Eastwood Ho!" will soon change to "Eastward whoa!" Join the army and see the world is surely a mild way of putting it.



78  
In Russia

From J. Harold Beekman '11

Murmansk, Russia,

Lapland on White Sea,

January 24, 1919.

As you know, I was one of the group of Y. M. C. A. workers assigned to Russia. But it was quite a time before we got into that country, for the difficulties to overcome were many. There were to be considered the transportation of supplies, equipment, visas of passports, and permission of entry from the different powers supposed to be in control. So some of us were allowed to set up work in different camps in England. It fell my good lot to go to the finishing school of the Royal Flying Corps, now the Royal Air Force. It took twenty-four hours to get to Ayr, Scotland, where I was assigned. But a more enjoyable three weeks a fellow never spent under war conditions. Baseball and football games, hikes, and an occasional tumble among the clouds were a few of the ways in which we all used to forget our troubles in those busy days. And the American boys had a great reputation for their manliness in the districts, and the respect they maintained would make any man prouder of his countrymen than he realized he could be.

On a Saturday afternoon I received two telegrams telling me to report to London for Russia on Sunday night. London and Moscow are quite a ways apart via Murmansk and that railroad, especially in war times. But all of it was fun when it led to the inside of the Russian army. When I got to Moscow I immediately became absorbed in the Red Army at their principal military field. Already things were stepping some, and propaganda fell about like dust. It was a busy six weeks for us, and under it all there seemed much for our encouragement. But the sea kept well churned up.

We kept plugging along, however. The soldiers, to be sure, didn't look very much like our boys before we left; there was no smartness about them at all. However, they had good field artillery and there were many fine, brave fellows in that army who were longing to get back to the powers that had brought them to such a condition



You have probably read a good deal about Bolshevism in Russia. You have some of the happenings that came to us in our work could hardly be exaggerated in their horridness.

One day, when things seemed to be going along as usual, there was a sudden rattle of guns and my whole army "beat it" in all directions. They had a great number of fronts. And so friends parted. Counter-revolutionists were everywhere suspected and imprisoned. Daily in Petrovski Park, which was right near the camp hut, were ostensible target practice with fifles and machine guns. But the chauffeur who daily drove a closed truck-load of men from the city to the park used to tell one of my associates, a former Russian officer, the number of men he carted out and the number shot during the previous day. On this day all the French and British of the city were arrested and the Americans were all registered.

We had one or more stunts of precaution up our sleeves, naturally; the houseful of German soldiers facing our back garden to guard the German Embassy were getting restless. They even got such wind that they let go with the anti-aircraft gun on top of their house at an observer from the flying field. It was a day when we were sitting on our back porch. The Germans were all ordered out of town then. They went. But we followed close on their evacuation. That night I went back to camp on my motorcycle which I kept especially working like a watch. The next day we all left the city. And we are still a long ways from it.

I shall not be able to bring you any of the big guns used in this army, but I might bring you a Bolshevik rifle. The Allied soldiers up here don't leave many souvenirs lying around when they bag a Bolshevik, but from what I can see, the Bolsheviks are not very eager to fight the Americans.



16  
From First Lieutenant Harry N. Blue '15

May 29, 1917.

"I suppose you know that Fort Myer is an historical post. Arlington Cemetery and Robert E. Lee's home are within its boundaries. I don't know exactly the sum total of Rutgers men here, although I have met a good many. We are distributed among fifteen companies, and practically live apart, since there is little time for visiting. In my company, the 1st, at the head of the company street, the Rutgers men are D. G. Ackerman '17 and W. P. E. Ainsworth '16. Ackerman is getting along swimmingly, his experience at Plattsburg helping out. He is corporal of the 4th Squad, 1st Platoon, this week, it having been assigned to me last week. Pete Ainsworth did better than either of us, being corporal of his squad the second week of camp, and assigned right guard of the 3rd Platoon for this next week. Captain Leasure's training certainly has made all the boys shine. I hear that the others who trained under him have had little difficulty.

"Our company is commanded by Captain Tompkins, of the 5th U. S. Cavalry. The officers are rotated each week, many who have held responsible positions going back to the ranks. This is done in order to give every one a chance. All the companies are comfortably housed in barracks, in double-decker cots, and have sheets to sleep between. Our mess is prepared by regular army cooks and is of the best."



7 92 From Sergeant Herbert W. Boes '17

A.C.R. Military Hospital No. 2  
American Expeditionary Forces

I surely do miss those circular letters you've been sending out, for the  
November 7, 1918  
last one I received must have been fully six weeks ago.

The dear old place back there must have changed terribly, with all these men coming in for Military training, pursuing their work with unheard of fervor and earnestness.

I suppose that there are few left that sort of lazily stroll along enjoying the comfort of those bog, green lawns and old shady elms and maples, giving as they do that divine feeling of being in the presence of something peaceful and loving.

Even the thoughts of the hum and buzz of that old factory makes me wish I were there now.

I've seen slews of Rutgers men lately. They're all getting their leaves to come to the big city, and see the sights. Cope Herbert, however, came as a



patient with a slight shoulder wound and a bit shell-shocked. But he's doing very nicely now, being more or less secluded in a Soldiers Convalescent Home not far from here. Norman Becker '19 flying with the British stopped in on his way to England on leave, and Tracy Elmendorf '16 was in to say Hello. He's commissioned in the Aviation Corps as a Supply Officer, I believe you call it.

I've been recently appointed as Sergeant-Major of the hospital having charge of the office force and all the paper work of the hospital. Unfortunately I'll be squeezed out of a commission by about two months when the next recommendations are due to go in-- now that we're about to quit fighting-- but it's far from worrying me so long as I can get back to dear, old Jersey again.

You're surely to be congratulated for all you've done for us lads over here in keeping in touch with us, and I hope we'll soon be back for a few rip-snorten reunions.



29  
A Submarine Attack

From Sergeant Elmer G. Bracher,

~~July 1917.~~

France,  
July 1917.

We have finally arrived in France. The voyage over was calm and uneventful until the last day out, which was Monday. Then we had just sighted land when we heard six short blasts from the whistle. That meant a sub attack. It was a quarter to nine, and the next hour was the most exciting I have ever had. We were on the (censored) which was the largest and most important in the fleet, and they all tried to get her. There was quite a gang of subs, for it was officially reported that we sank five. Believe me, it certainly was great to hear the guns going off and to see the shells hit the water. We didn't see any of the submarines, but we were able to see the white water where the periscopes were. I also saw the wake of a torpedo which passed about fifty yards from our stern.

We lay in the harbor for two days, and on Wednesday started out with full equipment for (censored) where we now are. We left at half-past nine and arrived at half past three. We had five stops and were walking the rest of the time. The distance was eighteen miles, and I never walked so far in all my life. There was quite a bunch that had to fall out. We are situated about four hundred miles from the front, and I think that it will be permanent.



From Lieutenant C. Earl Br<sup>6</sup>eece '18

79x  
Camp Hancock, Ga.,

October 14, 1918.

Your letter of recent date to Rutgers men in service was received by me after it had passed through devious stations. The primary object of this note is to give you my correct address so that your future letters will reach me more quickly.

I have never found the opportunity or time to write you of the army life as has been requested in your many letters. Some time when the sun of leisure shines upon me, I will try to write an interesting note.

Here at Camp Hancock, I have come in contact with several Rutgers men; Harold Faint, who is the Personnel Adjutant of this school; Fred Heitkamp, who is now Second Lieutenant and a recent graduate of this school; and Harold Smalley, who is doing his last lap in the race toward a commission. All of these men have been close friends to me during my stay of three months in this camp. They still have the old enthusiasm and interest and love for the College which still and ever will stand upon the "Banks of the old Raritan." We have tried on several occasions to get together for a banquet, but time is mighty limited and our attempts, up to the present, have not brought forth any result.

The Spanish Influenza is still holding sway in this camp. We are under quarantime at the present time and will remain so till this plague, if it may be so called, is over with. I sincerely hope that it has not interfered to any extent with the progress of college work.

As for myself, I will undoubtedly remain in this camp till the end of the war which is not far distant, from all present indications. Up to the present time I have been closely connected with two successive companies of officer candidates, both of which have now graduated. They have proven to be a fine set of men, such as we always had in the old College, and my experiences with them has taught me many lessons which I could not have learned otherwise. Close contact with men of this quality is an education in itself.

I have always taken delight



I have always taken delight in reading the letters which you have so consistently sent me during the past eighteen months of my services. Especially do I recall those mighty lonesome days last fall when I was isolated in the little border town of San Fordyce and your notes came to me with news of what was doing in the old town of Brunswick and of the men who were doing their bit and service, and still of others who were doing their bit and some more on the gridiron for the honor of the College, which means so much to us all. They have helped to keep up the spirits of not only myself, but I can well imagine of the hundreds of others who are away and who are daily wondering what is happening back at home.

We are all waiting patiently for news for what the team is doing and showing in this fall's work. We look forward daily for the word that we have a winning team, one that is made up of all-men as it has been in the past. Daily do I meet men who are graduates from our old friends Stevens, Muhlenburg and West Virginia. They crow most persistently of the past; but here is one who can outcrow them all, for he knows only too well what happened to them on those memorable occasions when others than old Rutgers were forced to bite the dust.

In conclusion, I would ask you, good old Silvers, to give my best regards to any whom I have known in the past and who are with you at the present: to Luther Martin, to good old Doctor Scott, to Doctor Marvin, to Doctor E. R. Payson, to Doctor "Johnnie" Logan, and last but not least, to our best loved president, Dr. Demarest.



From Lieutenant Arthur C. Busch '15

Camp Upton, N. Y., December 7, 1918.

Received your "War Service" letter, as well as your request to tell you what happened at Upton when the armistice was signed. Thanks "muchly" for both. Your war letters have been great. But to get down to what you asked for.....Nothing very much happened at Upton when the armistice was signed. The first I heard of it was when a New York newspaper reporter told me he had just received a 'phone message telling him of the good tidings. From then on I heard the same news from nearly everyone. The news was pretty well spread around before it was announced to any assembly. When it was announced in the different Y. M. C. A.'s, etc., there was a little yelling, not much more than if Upton had won a football game, or some other occurrence that occasioned an outburst of enthusiasm. Where the men were in barracks there were periodic outbursts of yelling etc. Not so much because of the armistice being signed but because everyone else was yelling every so often and because there was a chance to make a racket without being put on Kitchen Police. Two of my men immediately went A. W. O. L. (absent without leave), for which they were duly punished upon their return. The change in the men's attitude almost at once was most noticeable. They realized that they would not now see anything "Over there." Seeing that they couldn't get in the scrap, they wanted to get out of the army as quickly as possible. Immediately, requests for discharges started coming in.

Personally, I had a sort of mixed feeling of regret and joy. It's not going to be much fun to hear the other fellows tell of their experiences "over there."



18  
Newly Commissioned Officers

From Lieut. E. Dudley Chase, '13,  
Camp Lee, Virginia, June 5, 1918. →

In a general way, you know what has been happening to the graduates of the Third Officers' Training School, but perhaps a few details of what has been our lot during the past month will be interesting to you.

The 78th Division left Camp Dix for overseas on Sunday, May 19, and up until Friday night, May 17, all the O.C.'s in camp believed they were to go along. In fact, the passenger list contained our names, and there was no doubt left but that we would go. On Friday night, an order came directing ninety-nine of the candidates still remaining with the division to proceed to Camp Lee, Va.; the rest of the O.C.'s, about twenty-five in all, were not mentioned, and accordingly stayed with the 78th.

Early Saturday morning, our journey started; we had two cars to ourselves, one of which was used as a baggage car for our locker trunks and barrack bags. Trenton was reached without delay, but we were sidetracked there several hours and, besides, had to transfer all our baggage to another car. Finally, we were hitched on to a Washington express and reached the capital in the middle of the afternoon. The officer in charge of the party marched us out to the ball park where we saw Chicago trim Washington in a 13-inning game. After the game was over we had until 9.00 o'clock to roam around before train time. At about 2.30 Sunday morning, we pulled into Petersburg, Va., unloaded our baggage and climbed into army trucks for a four-mile ride to camp.



We got something to eat after reaching camp, and just as it was getting light rolled into our bunks and slept until noon. In the afternoon it was so hot that most of us stayed indoors and didn't do any exploring until after supper. Bob Dooling '14 and I went to Petersburg when it cooled off a bit and had a good walk around the town.

The next day we just loafed, and the next day likewise; nobody seemed to know we were there; and as we were fed all right, we didn't care much. It was so hot nobody could move; we slept all day and all night. After a couple of day's rest, Pete North (S.U. North '15) and several others started a ball game, broke a window, were caught by the Colonel, and the result was we all went to work the next day. For about a week we drilled, then the new draft of 15,000 started in, and we were all set to work in the mustering office. Some met trains and escorted the men up, while the rest were put on paper work, making out various forms.

After a week at this, we were all called over to headquarters and sworn in as second lieutenants, continuing, however, on the work we had been engaged in. To-day we finish up, and our permanent assignments should come along soon.

It is quite an agreeable change, from non-com. to officer. The difference in the way we eat is well worth the price we have paid. Last week we had to stand in line with our mess kits, eat some stew and then wash the kits; this week we are served just as though we were at a hotel. Get good eats for about a dollar a day.



We are right in one of the battlegrounds of the Civil War. Grant besieged Petersburg for nine months and the line of intrenchments used by the Federals runs quite close to camp.



[Edgar]

From Sergeant Edward Cook '14

Rheinland, Germany

December 27, 1918.

69  
see angham  
Your letter No. XXX arrived to-night and before it gets cold, so to speak, I am hastening to drop you a line; perhaps it will catch up with the ones written in France on the 30th so that it will be in time for letter day.

Things have happened so fast lately that it's a hard proposition to determine just where to begin. One thing that I am thankful for is the fact <sup>that</sup> I belong to an Ambulance Co., because it's <sup>is</sup> two entirely different propositions - viewing the country from the back seat of an Ambulance, or trying to appreciate the scenery and do 25 or 30 kilometers hiking. Our travels took us through Belgium, Luxemburg, and into the Rhineland of Germany. Everywhere we have been received with the utmost consideration and cordiality. I've billeted in the houses of the civilians, and they were perfectly willing to share what foodstuffs they had for the magic dollar, or more properly speaking, franc or mark as the case called for. While we met no real cases of want, the populace were still very short of rations and lived on brown bread and potatoes.

At last we have reached our station, for the time being at least. Lucky for me, I have been billeted in one of the show places of Germany. We are located in a city famous for its natural baths, and the hotels, stores and dwellings that constitute this city would do credit to any country. It would take very little imagination to make one believe he was in Asbury Park or even Atlantic City, except for the absence of the boardwalk. Our entire ~~company~~ has been "put up" in two hotels, and are once more living like regular white men. Beds to sleep on, a dining room and plenty of heat and light. One really <sup>doesn't</sup> ~~don't~~ know how much the above are missed until he has to do without them.

Our Christmas dinner this year was far different from last year, I can assure you. <sup>At that time,</sup> ~~Aside~~ from nearly freezing to death, and being planted down in a <sup>town</sup> ~~town~~ of five houses with 4 or 5 inches of snow on the ground, I believe all that saved us was the few extras we managed to buy with our mess fund. Old La Fuch was sure the end of



the world to spend Xmas last year. But with our big Dining Hall, tastely decorated with holly and mistletoe, a big Xmas tree in one corner, and a fine dinner of roast pork, we enjoyed this years' feast to the utmost.

My address will not change until the "Rainbows" get on the move again, so you won't need to look for your card for a while yet. Meanwhile, we will still be busy with the "Watch on the Rhine", living in anticipation of that wonderful home-coming all our letters promise so gayly. ~~Best regards to all from the same.~~



Camp in Full Swing

From Second Lieutenant Ralph E. Cooper '13

Fort Myer, Va.  
August 1917.

Life here is so intensively lived that one hardly knows where to begin in trying to tell you of it. From 5.30 in the morning until 9.45 in the evening, we are mystified by a vertiable kaleidoscope of drills, bayonet exercises, grenade throwing, setting up exercises (Swedish), conferences, formal reviews, and study hours. A man with no previous military training is lost. It follows that the training at Rutgers is now valuable and indeed adequate.

We are a cosmopolitan group. Men from 21 to 45 years of age, from five different states, from every business and profession, are all here digging for commissions, the better to serve in the war.

We are vaccinated, inoculated, examined in general and in minute detail, watched and guarded so much that it is my impression <sup>that</sup> we are immune from everything but shrapnel; and I'm confident some one will get a serum for that malady. Really, our left arms resemble a T. N. E. brand, which, it is rumored, makes quite an impression.

We hike with 60-pound packs and rifles; we stick dummies in various parts of the sawdust; we slay imaginary enemies with all the nerve of a real Hun hunter; and yet, strangest of all, we gain weight.

You may be interested to hear of the trench digging and trench life as it is done here in America. The trench system is quite complete, with a fighting lay for every eight men, the reserve platoon hollows, the officers' quarters, the battalion headquarters, the officers' peepholes, the machine-gun emplacements, the communicating trenches, the dressing stations, the periscopes, and, in short, everything as we will find it in France. We operate on the defensive to-day, offensive tomorrow, and a general relief Saturday,

\* The brand of Theta Nu Epsilon, former sophomore society at Rutgers.



From Lieut. Joseph L. Costa '19

France, July 2, 1918.

Got your letter while en route to the front so I waited until I got here to answer.

I have got the job you would like:- beautiful country, good grub, no shortage of champagne, fine comrades in the battery, and a quiet sector. I arrived here a few hours late for the big attack and found the place demolished, but I have now for myself a hole in the ground about six feet under ground covered with logs and corrugated iron. The Boche is quiet and only sends over a shell now and then. The first night I slept in the hole I got a dose of gas, but nothing much - two or three sneezes and that's all. Just think of me when you see a communique with something going on "south of the Aisne," for that is where I am.

I am really having the time of my life. What do I have to do? Get up at 8 or 9, breakfast, write letters, eat at noon, take walks in the afternoon if the shelling is not heavy, eat supper, and go to bed. This is the life!

July 20, 1918.

This is the war here. Our battery position is now on the second German line, and you undoubtedly know all about the famous attack here. I am now before Soissons and we are always moving forward. I am living in one of those muddy trenches you read about in the Saturday Evening Post. It is impossible to make decent dugouts, as there are too many "stiffs" interred. The odor of the place, besides, is not at all invigorating.

This whole drive is intensely interesting, the surprise having been complete. On the positions hereabout there are dead Germans caught on the stairs of the dugouts and in their holes. The Americans have done splendidly.

There is an awful amount of junk left here. Every day the battery brings up a truck and we slip back German machine guns and munitions. All the men have their mess of booty, and there are quite a bunch of American affairs - rifles and equipment - strewn all over the fields. German batteries have been taken all



harnessed up, and we are now using some to good advantage. Thousands of machine guns are hanging around, and the guy that goes out and doesn't come back loaded can't find water in a river. We are still moving ahead. Let's hope we keep going!

August 11, 1918.

Just the usual short line, shorter than usual because I am not in complete shape after the gas yet. I got it fairly mild, yet it knocked me out of shape quickly, although I have kept in line. I can see pretty well now and the burns are all healed up, but I cannot yet taste anything I eat and the cough doesn't let me sleep. Quite optimistic, nevertheless. The sector has become quiet, and although Soissons is still the first line, one can safely roam around and give the empty city the O. O. Empty is no word for it. The Huns completely cleaned it out, furniture and all. The town is less than two miles away from where we are.

The General expressed the opinion at table recently that three more months and the war will be over. I'm ready.



*In an English Camp*

From Lieutenant Percy E. Cunnius '18

England, April, 1918.

Received today Letter XV, <sup>MAI</sup> mailed March 27, and was very much pleased. The Bureau has my thanks, for this is the third country already to which its letters have followed me. I am now training for scouts at what is considered the finest school. Ball, Bishop and McCudden were among its pupils. Yesterday, just before getting in a bus for a flip, I had an exciting moment; pulling on my gloves, I happened to glance up and saw a chap starting to run for all he was worth. I gave one look and started, too, for a machine was headed, <sup>throtte</sup> full open, right for me. I thought to myself: "Here is where you and I part company," and just then there was a crash. Bang! and the fellow went plumb into another bus just ready to start off. Took off its right wing, did a leap in the air of about thirty feet, and landed on some soft concrete in front of the shed fifteen feet from where I had managed to get. It hung on its nose and I saw the chap rapidly pull in his head and disappear in the cockpit. Later he crawled out with some assistance, his "wind up", but otherwise all right.

The other day a Hun prisoner went up to an American mechanic and asked: "Have you any Camel cigarettes? I used to like those very much." If one German would risk detection by his guard, why not send over a dozen packs as "suitable indemnity" and end the war? We pronounce it "Germ-Huny" now.. Much better, I think.



7E  
From Corporal Raymond O. Davies '19

In the A.E.F. October 13

Your words of cheer and news and gossip have followed me for several weeks and I've at last achieved a start at reply. Letter No. 27 rolled into camp yesterday and brought forcefully to mind my long negligence.

I suppose you are fully aware of the splendid work of the War Service Bureau is doing. You are frequently reminded of the memories and scenes your letters stir up among the khaki-clad sons of Old Rutgers. My feeble word means little, but let it add what it can by way of real appreciation and feeling for the fine way the School stands behind those of us who have hiked out Berlin-wards

It is good to hear of the innovation at Rutgers. I'm sure the S. A. T. C. will be a rousing success in all its attempts. Here's the best of good things to Alma Mater as she adjusts her ivy-covered walls and time worn halls to the sights of a war-time college!



So Bake is in the game, is he? And Bill Feitner and Joe Breck and Robie are all at it? Gee, that's the old stuff! Sandy ought to do his usual spectacular work again this fall. No doubt he is even doing it! I'd give a few francs to see the like of last fall's rumpus with Cuoid Black! Often do I sit and puff my old jimmy and wonder if Robie is running those ends and if Bake is finding those holes in the same old-fashioned way. Give my best to Bake and Joe Breck and Bill Feitner when you see them, will you, Silvers? If they could use my address, blue pencil it and hand it to them, will you, s'il vous plait? Eats and mail are much sought after in this man's country.

Bumped into a lieutenant from Base #8 the other day, and I questioned him about the Rutgers men in his outfit. He knew Mike Merritt well and spoke of him in rousing terms; he knew Sergeant Bracher- the same nimble Tody- well and praised his work sky-wards; he knew Erben and several others of the boys.



It surely was a satisfaction to chat with this strange lieutenant of these mutual friends.

Personally, I'm enjoying things to the full. Of course we all watch the news as it is pumped out from the Paris presses and wonder how much longer the game is going to be allowed to go on. Time it is called. But none of us want a tie score. Every man in the outfit and every outfit in the AEF wants to score and score and score against that monster they call Prussuanism. And by the way, the boys up farther are doing just that! We back here- not so far back as we might be but farther than some of us would like to be- are working all hours of the day and night and are ready to work some more, if need be. The job is going to be done and done well before long, and after all, that's the one consideration.

Again, my very best to you and your co-workers. All success to Old Rutgers!



①  
Amation

## The Training Period

From Cadet Ward J. Davies '20

Eberts Field, Arkansas,

July 28, 1918.

For some time now your letters have been coming to me and have kept me in touch with old Rutgers. From December, when I left to enlist, until June the college seemed a long distance away and my connection and training in it seemed to have been in the distant past. When your letters began to arrive, though, the college came that much closer, and I began to feel more as if I were a part of that great organization which is now, as in the past, offering its all to the service of the country it serves.

The letters bring a sadness as well as a joy, for when I read that another has made the supreme sacrifice and given his life, I am sorry, sorry that it must be so. But there is gladness, too, in the reflection, for these names go down on the everlasting Roll of Honor which shall always make sacred those deeds of our heroes.

Up to the present time, I have not come in touch with any other Rutgers men, so perhaps you would like to hear what is happening to old "Just Barkis" of brief standing on the Targum staff.

~~First kindly note my change of address and send the letters until further notice to:~~

~~Cadet.....~~

~~Eberts Field, Lonoke, Ark.~~

From March 9th until May 18th I was enjoying the efforts, joys, and discouragements of Ground School life at Cornell. On the latter date I was fortunate enough to be selected as one of twenty men to graduate two weeks early, and be sent to Mineola flying field direct for my flying training. May 29th, I started my flying there with my first air trip. I was rather disappointed, for the thrills about which you hear so much were almost entirely lacking. I have had them since, but they were not in simply flying! After seven hours in the air I went on my



first solo-- my first trip in the air unaccompanied by an instructor-- and actually got around without any wild work. So my solo work continued for some weeks, being interrupted by bad weather of all sorts. Then, on July 3<sup>rd</sup>, flying was stopped, and for two weeks we awaited orders, doing "bunk fatigue" and attending classes. Then came orders sending us all over the country, and I was transferred with others to this country of cotton and rice fields and heat, heat, heat. Flying here is good; and since there are very good chances of receiving my commission and my R.M.A. license within the next six weeks, I guess I can stand the temperature. A "cool" day here averages 100° in the shade.

At present I am in the spirals and eighth stage, and can run around quite a little. I get a short jazz every day and generally manage to get some altitude each time. Speaking of thrills, I had my first one the other day when I fell out of a vertical bank into a tail spin with my engine on. Another one came when I saw a flock of birds, and found I could travel faster than they, though they had me on the turns. Then it is rather interesting to watch the sun rise when you are over a mile above the earth, which still is in shadow. These and the fact that you realize that you are flying make up the joys of army life and compensate for the fact that you are far away from your home, your friends, your fiancée, and your Alma Mater.

This seems rather long and personal to me, so please pardon any egotism. I am so far away from news of common interest that I must talk about myself or nothing.

Now don't forget my new address, please, for I want to get my letters regularly. "Just Barkis" wishes to be remembered to the new Targum staff when they arrive, and to the college "which always is and always shall be." Also he desires to remember himself to his instructor in the art of short story writing.<sup>x</sup>

~~Wishing the best of success to you and the college,~~

x In the last term of 1916-17, the Director of the War Service Bureau gave a course in Short Story Writing.



68  
From Lieutenant E. D. Dewald

Berlin, Germany,

February 3rd, 1919.

Three of us left Berne last Wednesday. It took from 6 o'clock in the morning until 11:30 o'clock at night to reach Munich and there we had to wait over a day for the Berlin train.

As we stepped out of the train at Munich, we were received by a small delegation and escorted to the hotel. They did their utmost to make a good impression. We had several interviews the next day and the Bavarians told us how they felt toward the Prussians, and that they hated the Prussians. Needless to say, we attracted a lot of attention during all the time because we were in uniform.

We left Munich Thursday night and got to Berlin Friday noon. Trains are very full and people try to jam in everywhere, but we have had a special compartment at our disposal.

In Berlin, we met the rest of the party. Yesterday some of us took a walk about the places where the worst fighting had taken place. It must have been pretty hot about the royal palace. The balcony where the Kaiser used to talk from is all shot to pieces. The whole facade is cut up and spotted with machine gun bullet marks. The royal stables right across the street from the statue of Williams the First <sup>and</sup> is also all marked up. Even the big cathedral got its share of stray bullets and all down the Linden, buildings are niched up.

The atmosphere of the people both in Munich and Berlin is very depressing. Every one is so apathetic, as if they didn't care what would happen. In Berlin one notices the underfed looks of people more than in Munich. I don't see on what poor people live. We, as a commission, get pretty good food, but we have to pay 20 marks apiece for lunch, and 25 for dinner, table de hote, and then we have our own sugar, bread, butter, etc.

I have as yet no idea how long we shall be in Germany, but I hope that we shall get on the way home by summer.



66  
In Berlin

From Lieut. Ernest T. Dewald '11

Berlin,

February 17, 1919.

It's rather a long time since my one and only letter to your War Service. I suppose it has now come to an end, more or less. But I suppose you are still willing to receive letters. This will be a short one, as I merely want to notify you of my present whereabouts.

The mission to Berlin was organized at Paris by Captain Gherardi of the Navy, who was our former naval attache here. The mission consists mostly of military and naval officers and we are here for the Peace Conference to study conditions. We have all more or less been crying "On to Berlin" for the last two years, but there are very few of us who really got here. So we naturally are rather proud of it.

We attract a great deal of attention from the German populace. None of it is exactly hostile, but they don't love us, that is sure. Neither are we asking for any love.

Berlin is the worst of any of the cities, so far as I can judge. The people everywhere are sullen, nervous, and irritable. The under-nourishment is most perceptible among children and the poor. The death rates are extremely high. There is also a great deal of unemployment, and consequently the streets are full of loafers who make good material for riots and mobs.

There have been increasing signs of unrest during the last week, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if there would be some trouble soon. To-day the guards were tripled around the public offices and machine guns have been much in evidence. We hear firing almost every day.

Another officer and I were sent up especially to Bremen and Hamburg where there had been a lot of trouble. Bremen had just been taken by the government troops before we arrived there. And we had all sorts of interesting experiences. At Hamburg we sat in a Soldiers' Council meeting and had a chance to talk to the leaders of



the organization which has been the cause of so much trouble and discussion here.

We may not stay here very much longer, having been here three weeks already.

But I thought you might be interested to know that Rutgers is also represented in Berlin.



67  
From Ernest T. Dewald '11

American Legation, Berne,

April 16, 1919.

Well, I'm off again on another adventure and very probably the last before I wend my steps towards the U.S.A. This time I go to Warsaw. The Colonel and I will leave here a week from today on the Allied Diplomatic Express which runs from Paris to Warsaw and Bucharest. Then the Colonel will leave me there to run an office and I shall probably stay there until the regular diplomatic representatives have been appointed to Poland. There is a Red Cross and a Food Commissioner there too. Warsaw is said to be a very gay place, and the Polish upper classes are among the most cultured of Europe. I met Prince Lubomerski last night, one of the best known of the Polish noblemen.

I am hoping that it won't last too long, for I am most anxious to be freed to go home by summer. But as long as there is something going on and I can be of service I am ready. I have also been recommended for a captaincy on account of my new appointment and I may get it any moment. But this is the least of my worries.



From Seaman John C. Enk '13

Newport, R. I., December 15, 1918.

On Saturday afternoon, November 9, I went over to the city of Newport for the purpose of enjoying a 42-hour leave. I was in the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. in Newport, when word was received at about 3 p. m., that the Kaiser had abdicated. This news was received with great applause, and continued to be the chief topic of conversation for the rest of the day and Sunday.

The real news -- that the armistice had been signed -- came about three a. m. Sunday. I was enjoying a real sleep in a bed at the Y. M. C. A. when I was awakened by people running through the halls and by the familiar call, "Six O'clock."

Upon getting up, I found that it was only 3 o'clock and that news had just reached the city that the armistice had been signed. With the rest of the boys, I got into my clothes on the double, and joined the crowd which was gathering in the square in front of the Y. The old town was wide awake for once. A band played almost continually, a large crowd of men, women and children added to the noise, and a roaring fire which at times threatened to set fire to some of the buildings, still further increased the general confusion.

As soon as possible a parade was started. It seemed as if everyone joined it -- civilians, soldiers from Fort Adams, marines from the Torpedo Station, and sailors from the Naval Training Station. Goldbraiders as well as gobs (ordinary sailors), soldiers and officers, men and women and children from civilian life, all mingled together in their wild desire to celebrate in a fitting way the wonderful event. The parade probably lacked the dignity of well planned marches, but the right spirit was there. After the parade, one of the town's distinguished citizens made a speech, and then the crowd gradually dispersed.

I got back to the Training Station about 7.30 a. m. on Monday. According to accounts of some of the boys who were at the station when the news arrived, there was considerable excitement. The news came just as the men were "falling in" for morning "chow" and there was no holding them. They rushed about and shouted for



joy. Drums, "mess gear," and every available sound-producing article were made use of. Even the famous Monday morning Navy eggs were thrown about. The excitement continued throughout the morning, and only when we fell in at 1.30 for a parade over in Newport did the station resume its appearance of dignity/



③  
18  
A Typical Army Camp

From First Lieutenant Harold W. Faint '17

*Camp Lee, Va.*

September 15, 1917.

In the mid-day heat of August 27, a long train of old railroad cars creaked and groaned as the brakes gripped them. As the train suddenly stopped, it jolted "Camp Lee" out of the brakeman, and some 1800 of Uncle Sam's new officers piled out. What did we see? A neat line of buildings with a fine green parade ground like the posts that have been the home of the Regular Army? No! A lot of small two-story buildings, frames of other buildings, dust from 2 to 6 inches deep, and an endless chain of mules hauling lumber all over the camp, which we thought then would not be finished until the war is over. So we were introduced to our work in a place that looked two weeks previously like a wilderness with a saw-mill in its midst.

Camp Lee, the largest of the 16 cantonments, is now almost complete in structure, but the grading at the drill grounds is still to be accomplished with a circuit of 5 miles from end to end. The camp is built in the shape of a huge U. Near the arch of the U is a trolley line that runs from Petersburg, Va., to Hopewell, Va., the magic over-night city of DuPont fame. From the car station to Petersburg is 3 1/2 miles; to Hopewell 5 miles. Running parallel with the car line is a narrow 14-ft. cement road between the two towns, on which exciting jitney scenes are as common as the flies hereabouts. The freight service and part of the passenger service is handled by the Norfolk and Western R. R. on a spur which runs around one-half the camp. These are the facilities of transportation.

The total forces of all arms of the service here stationed number 50,000 men. Those in charge are all Regular Army Officers of long experience, under command of Major General Cronkhite. The officers of the line are men from the Officers' Reserve Corps who were at Fort Myer, Va., and a number of enlisted



men of the Regular Army have been assigned here to assist in training. This constitutes the corps of instructors for the "selected" men.

At the date of this <sup>letter</sup> ~~article~~ (September 15) 5 per cent of the men to compose this division of the National Army have arrived and 150 of them are in Company A, 317th Infantry, to which company the writer is assigned. These men are from southwestern Virginia and throughbred Americans. Also they are "right smart" at handling a rifle, so we officers of the 317th Infantry claim that, adding military training and precision to the natural ability and physical endurance of the men, our regiment will be a factor of strength that the Germans haven't reckoned upon.

To prevent the intensive training from growing irksome, the War Department has ordered Wednesday afternoon, and from Saturday noon to Sunday night as holidays, except for those who have special duties or who need additional instruction.

So much for the men. But the more they are in the service, the more they will realize, as the officers do, that the Army demands 24 hours a day, for even while one sleeps he will at least breathe "in cadence." One compliment I might pay the men here. In all my dealings with them and observations of them, I have not seen a man surly or trying to shirk his duty. They are unreservedly patriots!

The question of amusement for 50,000 men, suddenly concentrated in what was formerly a wilderness, is a big one. The Army Branch of the Y. M. C. A. has opened rooms containing paper, ink, magazines, victrolas, and pianos for free use; sells stamps and cards, gets up amateur entertainments and athletic contests. Their encouragement of good clean boxing is strongly backed by the army, for it means much in turning out men as good bayonet fighters.

The amusements of Petersburg are few and entirely inadequate. The city has about 40,000 people and is an ordinary, conservative place. Ten days before the arrival of the next 40 per cent of the draft quota, its merchants are only now <sup>w</sup>aking up to what it means in a business way. And the express



companies, swamped with merchandise, are making little effort to properly handle a job which is a Herculean task even for experienced men. Every merchant in town will tell you; "Yes, the invoice has been here three days but the stuff is buried in the express office."

And so I might ramble on, but the time of a "shave-tail Lieutenant" is utilized fully by his company commander, and time forbids more.

But in closing let me say that one pleasure in my work in this regiment is the association with Minton '16, Hand '16, and Bowles '17, and to realize that many other regiments here and at other cantonments have as an essential part of their officers, Rutgers men serving as best they can the Stars and Stripes.



6  
9x  
From Corporal Walter V. H. Farley '16

First Southern General Hospital,  
Worcester, England,

October 5, 1918.

I'm enjoying my first trip to England, got a blighty and landed here about one A. M. yesterday after traveling for four days in ambulances, hospital trains and Red Cross transport from various dressing stations and hospitals and others.

We went over the top Sunday morning the 29th, at the first wave in the push along the Cambrai-- St. Quiatan front. Our position was immediately in front of Saint Emilie and we suffered heavily both from their artillery before we started and their shrapnel and machine guns after we got going. Our objective was some distance behind the Hindenburg Line.

I got in the way of a machine gun just at Jerry's front line and my right leg not being bullet proof pitched me into a shell hole where I found three others of my company, including the Captain, who was hit in the head. In spite of the bullet through my leg I managed to get to the dressing station, a walk of nearly two miles and was sent on from there by easy stages.

It was a great experience but I couldn't have missed for anything, quite different from what I imagined it would be like although I'd been in action before and thought that I had seen war at the worst. However, its something that one is unable to describe. The only way to know it is to go through it.

At present I am very comfortably located and the treatment is excellent. When my leg heals up, I will probably be sent to some American rest hospital and shall eventually rejoin my company, but probably not for some time.

Remember me to any of the fellows you see and if you get a chance, drop me a line. Any mail sent to the company will be sent on to me, and as I don't know how long I will remain here, it is best to use the old address.

Must close now as it is tea time.



From Lieut. Stuart M. Firth '14

France, June 26, 1918.

It has been over a month since this regiment has received any mail, and we almost forget how letters from our mothers, wives and sweethearts read, and also the weekly letter from Rutgers.

This regiment has been all over France, and our mail has not had a chance to catch up to us. Now that we have settled down in our sector in the front, we are awaiting news from home as patiently as possible.

When we marched for two days to take over our sector, we were accompanied for the forty-eight hours by the most generous supply of rain and snow and hail that this country could give. For two solid days everyone was wet to the skin. Raincoats were not more effective than blotting paper; trench boots, guaranteed to be waterproof when bought in the States, absorbed the bountiful liquid like a sponge. It was cold, with a bitter wind blowing, rain, hail and snow, for we were five thousand feet above sea level. During our rest periods of ten minutes every half hour, for we were climbing mountain trails steeper than one can imagine, with a sixty-pound pack, the one great joy of life was denied us - cigarettes or a pipe were soaking wet. In fact, the only dry part of our body was our head, as the rain could not penetrate the steel helmets.

During that long, hard hike not a man fell out, not a man grumbled, there was joking and laughing up and down the whole line and plenty of good old American cussing that did your heart good to listen to. It was hard to get hot food, for all the wood was soaking wet.

The spirit of these men far surpasses anything I have ever seen. This, combined with nerve, will be a great factor in winning the war.

My company is in reserve at present. Our work consists in guard, wood details, camouflage details, and night patrols behind the line. I have been in all, and the night patrolling is the most exciting. Every now and then Fritz takes it into his head to drop over a few shells on our company. When he starts we hurry into our dugouts and wait for him to tire of his sport.



From Sergeant Ross H. Flanagan '16

Base Hospital No. 210, A.E.F., January, 1919.

It was while we were at Neufchateau (Vosges) that Fritz thought he had enough of it. He was tired of the rough handling of the Doughboy and decided to ask for an armistice. You remember the day- the 11th of November. It was some day at quiet old Neufchateau. Up until that time the town had been dark nights. There were no lights in the streets, no lights in the windows of the houses, no lighted store windows to entice within the unwary Yank in order to relieve him of his superfluous francs. But on the night of the 11th- oh, boy!

Four of us walked down to the town that night to help celebrate. We did not know what would happen, but we were going to be there anyway. As we approached the town we saw for the first time lights in the streets. From some point in the town rockets were shooting up into the sky and bursting with brilliant light. Shop windows were lighted, and strange looking sights they were. As we got further into town the crowd became denser. The streets were full of soldiers- French, American, Italian, a few Russians, and two German prisoners who were cleaning up the last corner to make possible clean streets for the celebrants. At the crossing of the main streets the crowd was so dense that it was necessary to use some of Sanford's famous tactics to get through. We did after a while and went on our way at a pace slower than that of the proverbial snail. Rue St. Jean was certainly a pleasant sight. One house in particular attracted our attention. The second-story windows of this house were lined with candles - the window sills, y'know. I have never seen anything like that before. It surely made a pretty picture.

About half-way up Rue St. Jean the Italian band was gathered. Before them were stationed pillars as lantern bearers. Soon the signal was given to start. The band struck up some joyful air, and off they moved. All the people in town were marching in the procession. Up and down the streets of the town we marched. After much marching and counter-marching, we brought up in front of one of the chateaux in town. Here some French officials had their quarters. An American officer- it was said that



he was a General- made a short speech in English. He said that it was the first time in four years that lights had been permitted in the towns at night, that the armistice had been signed, and that we would soon be on our way back to America, and that he expressed the hope of the French people of the town that we would always remember kindly the people we had come over to help. Then a French official made a short speech in his own tongue. At the end, the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and you do not know how it made our hearts swell to hear our National Anthem! This was followed by the "Marsellaise," and much cheering for both nations.

The band then led the way for another promenade about town, playing the most catching air of the French- "Madelon." We marched and counter-marched some more and arrived at Jeanne d'Arc Square. Here a French girl sang the "Marsellaise" and the "Star-Spangled Banner." She followed this by singing "God Save the King," but we poor simply Americans who appropriate everything all joined in the singing by lustily proclaiming "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Then we marched some more, singing and shouting, pushing and shoving everyone else around, and having a general good rough time.

We had not been paid when all this took place. We were paid the next day! And then Base Hospital 66 went down and properly celebrated the signing of the armistice. That was the occasion of the Battle of Neufchateau, when 66 conquered the town and took the heights of Cognac Hill.



From Lieut. Joseph R. Forsythe '11

Campe Lee, Va.,

September 4, 1918.

I have read your request for a letter so often that I feel somewhat guilty for neglecting to comply with your request before this. Although I am in the Depot Brigade and have been here since reporting last December I have been very busy, just taking care of green recruits as they report for duty. This in itself has been an experience that I value highly but one cannot help but feel the great desire to get over and join the boys over there. After breaking in hundreds of boys for duty overseas, it gives us a great feeling of regret when we see them start out for the big game leaving us behind to continue our work here.

The Depot Brigade can be compared to a large sorting room in a factory where the green goods are sorted out for the different finished products. They come in here just as they leave civilian life, with their defects and good points but are not here long before they are mustered into the service, at which time they are selected for the different branches of the service. Those who fail to come up to the Standard are soon sent Home but are subject to call again if needed. It is our duty to give these men their first training in the Army and it requires at times no little patience to whip them into the degree of fitness necessary. It is at this time that all family differences must be settled and we must listen to all this with all the patience possible. It is no easy thing for the younger officers, to listen to all these tales of trouble from men much older than they are.

Good news has come to us and we are told that all the Depot Brigade Officers are to be sent to different Divisions where they will be assigned to outfits for overseas. This will be a slow process and we hope that the war will not be over before we have our chance. It is understood that we will move out in thirds and the first third will move out before many days. Of course each officer is hoping that he will be with the third. As for myself, I think that I will come in the second third if not the first. Even at that it will be some time before we will go over



and the way things are going now I am afraid the show will be over before we even get sailing orders.

The casual list is growing larger each day and I am afraid Old Rutgers will be minus a large number of men before the affair is settled. Those in the show can rest assured that lots of us are over here who envy them in what they are doing.

I enjoy reading your letters and hope the good work keeps up. I shall keep you well posted so that I shall not miss any of the news from the college.

I am now commanding the 55th Company. This has been my outfit for some time.



From Private Vernon C. Fox '20

In France,

Nov, 12, 1918.

Your letter of Oct. 14th just received and as usual was very glad to hear from the College. Have enjoyed them all very much although I have not written but very seldom. I believe this is only my third or rather poor record I think, according to the present good news I may not get many more chances to write so will write at once.

Those pictures you see in the pictorial section are perfectly true to life I expect but I have never seen anything like that yet. However I have a bayonet or too that will get into the collection if I arrive home O. K. Privates in the engineers carry their own equipment so it is really impossible to get what you really want. For instance I have not a German bayonet or helmet and have been where there were many helmets.



The bayonets are rather scarce among the engineers in our Company, there is only one German sawtoothed bayonet. The Engineers do not see anything like that which the Infantry do.

Speaking of the war the Engineers have nothing to say they usually leave it to the Infantry. They were there. The little shelling we had was nothing to what they endured. We were never very near the Germans being on road work in the rear. We were annoyed quite often by the shells however, lost one man and ten or fifteen hurt.

College sure must be strange now that there is no chapel, no fraternities and no Freshman Sophomores rushes. Do you believe it will remain a military college long after peace is declared? I hope not for I have had enough of military life, and enough of France. It will be a great relief to get where you can bury something in one town and put your dollar down and

K. J. J. J.



know it's good. Half an hour later go to another town and find your dollar just like the other one is good. The paper franc and half franc notes issued by the City Government is very unhandy. Being good only in that borough that issued it and immediate vicinity, you don't know how much money you have. The silver money is good all over France. They keep us pretty much on the move and that makes it even worse for then you have no chance except the Y. M. C. A. to get the value of your money.

I am writing this with my overcoat on and stop once in a while to thaw out my feet. It is pretty cool here at least as cold if not colder than at home. Believe me, I will go to bed to get warm, so goodnight and good luck.



From Lieut. Kenneth S. Franklin '10

Sept. 21, 1918

My dear Silvers:-

Your good letter No.XXV just received, and greatly enjoyed.

I am still with the same organization, 70th Artillery C. A. C. and have just returned from the Heavy Artillery Tractor School near Paris. At this school the main courses were mechanical maneuvers, automobile, and firing practice.

While in Paris I ran across Bowlby who was on his way back to the states, and George Sanster who was just back from the front. I walked into the American University Union late one evening and was surprised indeed to see George sitting there. He had some interesting tales of life at the front which should make good reading matter for the Quarterly.

We are located in a little town some 200 miles south west of Paris. The regiment is scattered out in several towns. I am at present, with another officer, billeted in an old chateau, one of the landmarks of the country hereabouts. The owner and his family are away somewhere and we have the old place, with its beautiful lawns all to ourselves. Some of our battery are quartered in the barns on the estate. We are very well situated but it is mighty hard to crawl out of these wonderful soft beds at 6 A. M. to stand reveille, these cold mornings.

Our training period is growing short now and we are hoping for action soon. And I believe there will be plenty of it soon.

The same things hold good in this town, that hold good in all the other little towns of France, all men gone, only old people and children left to carry out the work in the fields, and the town itself is a small collection of masonry houses (every other one a wine house) surrounding in the



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center of the town an old church built about 500 years ago. On Sundays all the people for miles around flock into town and liven things up a bit- the wine shops do a wonderful business on Sundays.

With kindest regards to Luther Martin, George Osborn and yourself  
I am as ever yours

Kenneth S. Franklin

Class of 1910

Battery F, 70th Arty. C. A. C.  
A. P. O. #733  
Am. Exped. Forces.