

7 7 From Lieutenant Alfred A. Gaipa '14

England, August 28, 1918

G reetings.

A thousand apologies to you and all ~~sons~~ of Rutgers concerned. I have been in England almost a year and with shame I confess that very few of my friends have ever heard from me, though I must also say that even some of those to whom I have written have failed to reply.

~~Newspapers and a few letters from the Service Bureau have kept me fairly well informed as to the doings in College, <sup>so</sup> as that on the whole I have not fared badly for news.~~

Sometime ago I received from "Sandy" the football number of the Targum which is deep down in my trunk among my most valued articles. For days, I kept

that copy before me and often I dig it out and read it all over again.

This morning I received the Alumni Quarterly issued in July, and after having read the various letters from the boys here and there and everywhere I really felt that I ought to crawl out of my shell and let them all know that I am still alive and that most any time I am apt to rap some one of the many on the back, shake his hand vigorously, and then start a pow-wow about old times in New Brunswick.

I have met but one Rutgers man in England, an Ensign. I knew him and he knew me, but his name I failed to recollect, and I dared not ask him. Names however count very little and, as a matter of fact, who will <sup>ame</sup> blame me if I say "Hell with his name?" He is a son of Rutgers and a brother in arms. What further qualification should I ask for?"



There surely must be a good number of us over here and I promised you that from now on I am going to try and get in touch with as many of Rutgers men as time will allow me.

The Quarterly has furnished me with a few addresses and others I shall soon get by asking for them.

For those who <sup>dare</sup> to know what I have done since last June here is a brief resumé.

Enlisted June 26th, 1917 and was sent to Austin Texas, School of Military Aeronautics. Graduated from that school on Aug. 25th and with nine others out of a class of 35 was picked to be trained abroad (Italy).

Sailed from N. Y. Sept. 18, 1917 and landed in Liverpool Oct. 2nd.

Thence instead of proceeding to Italy we were sent to Oxford, to a R. F. C. Cadet School from which we graduated in one months time. We then proceeded to a machine gun school for a thorough and higher instruction in machine guns. One month later we began flying.

In good many cases if not most cases our flying training has been comparatively very slow but positively A 1.

Was commissioned as 1st Lieut. on May 13, 1918. Received my wings along in May 20th and by the middle of June I was a service pilot ready at any moment to go to the front.

I am not there yet! I am still training at present for some special work of which you may have possibly hear through newspapers. The Hun is pretty well smashed up now and I hope that swine won't cry "Sets quit",



because a few months time will find Uncle Sam doing stunts in air that will positively astonish the world and whip the Hun to a frazzle. We may be slow to start but once started we know not where and where to end<sup>g</sup> and take it from me that thanks to the British Training, the boys who have trained here will be heard from.

I have often wished to be back on the campus but that wish does not remain long because I have come to realize that nothing in the world matters much until we have finished our work here.

~~No matter where I may be you may always reach me through the  
Air Service Headquarters,~~

London, England



From Sergeant I. Y. Gidley '19

*Yid*

France, Jan. 9, 1919

Dear Silvers;

Hope you don't think that I have forgotten about old Rutgers because I have'nt written before. For the last thtee months I have certainly missed those newsy letters sent to the Rutgers men in the service. You see I was sent here to an officers training school and none of my mail has been forwarded and of course not knowing my new address it was impossible to get any mail from the War Service Bureau.

When I enlisted in the Marines a little over a year and a half ago I never dreamed of the experiences and events I was to go through. Of course, I knew that I was going to war but did not have even a dim realization of what it would be like. Six weeks in a recruit camp at Philadelphia and then France where we underwent nine months of rigid training in a little town called Daublanin in the Vosges. Last March we were all eager and expectant- the order had at last come that we were going to the front. Everbody was in the best of spirits- we were to get a crack at the Hun so we all thought. About the middle of March we relieved the French in a quiet sector near Verdun, but what a disappointment! It was only an endless routine of guard duty living in dugouts amidst the mud and rats. A little artillery activity now and then with an occasional raid broke the monotony. Get down into a deep cellar some time, turn about fifty large (extra large I should say) rats loose, cover yourself with a couple of dirty blankets well filled with cooties, light a little stump of candle and try to sleep. Try the experiment in March preferably with no stove and you have a picture of dugout life. After three months of this we moved way back of the lines for about a week. At that time the Bosche were driving all along the line.



## II

They about got through at Chateau Thierry but our division was sent down there and there we found out what war was. No trenches, only holes which we dug ourselves to afford some shelter from the almost constant artillery fire. For thirty-six days we fought first checking the Bosche then starting him back where he came from. On June the eleventh we went over the top, my first trip. It was pretty, in twenty minutes we had reached our objective, killed several hundred Bosche and taken over a thousand prisoners. The next day we again went over, but the fighting was more stubborn, in fact it was the stubbornest fight I have been in unless it be the last attack in the Champagne. Those scraps were merely battalion attacks one battalion at a time going over but that did not make them the less real. On July 18th we again went over this time in a great drive--Foch's blow to straighten out the Chateau Thierry salient. For three days we pushed ahead advancing about eleven kilometers. We were then relieved and sent back for a much needed rest. This rest consisted of taking over a quiet sector near Port-a-Mousson in August.

September found us again at it when in the swift drive to close up the St. Mihiel salient the second division captured the town of Thiacourt. Last of all, that is for me, we again attacked in the famous Meuse-Argonne battle our front being in the Champagne.

Immediately following that battle I was sent down here to train for an officer. Now that the war is over no more commissions are to be granted, but those who graduate will get a certificate of eligibility.

Since I have been over here I have met but few Rutgers men. Hutchinson, who, I believe graduated in 1915 was a second lieutenant in my old battalion. He was wounded in the 1st battle but I believe not very seriously. I also met Parry 1919 a second Lt. in the artillery. It was just before the St. Mihiel drive. We only had a few minutes to talk to each other.

Regards to all the boys back in old Rutgers and tell them I expect to be back with them next fall. I hope I will be there for Commencement.



III

Will write again telling more of the news and hope to get some news from old Rutgers soon. Those War Service letters are certainly interesting and very much appreciated.

My address will be the old one because school closed in about a week and it is hard to say where I will go.

Sincerely,

Sgt. I. G. Cidley.

43rd C o. 5th Regt.,  
U. S. Marines,  
A. E. F.  
France.



From Lieutenant C. Russell Gildersleege '18

Dayton, Ohio,

December 11, 1918.

1. There is not a great deal to tell in regard to the peace celebration in the city of Dayton. It is by nature a rather quiet and characteristically placid western city. However, a few of the following incidents did occur.

2. Soon after the fake announcement of peace, the entire steam of the city of Dayton blew through its whistle outlets a terrific noise of simultaneous action. At 2 P. M. November 7, 1918, Main Street---- areal big street---went wild. I have the privilege of having my office in one of the city's skyscrapers. Viewing the activities from my office window I could hardly recognize people in the streets due to the terrific downpour of torn

up scraps of paper thrown from the tops of buildings presenting the greatest camouflage of a snow storm I have ever seen. Even 'movie' houses were displaying true sentiments of peace by placing their orchestras out on the sidewalks, exposing them to the amusement and "kidding of the Broadway-like crowds. Despite the coolness of the weather, ~~this was no time to~~ worry whether or not bald-headed men without their caps would be susceptible to the "Flu". Hats were thrown into the air---and possibly the bank rolls of the wild well-to-do citizens,--- and a general riot reigned supreme. My personal delight was in walking in a rather risque' manner along the edge of my skyscraper, some nine stories high, thinking to myself and exclaiming to others: "Lord, how these people make a fuss over peace. Just imagine the genuine feeling of happiness in the hearts of the lucky men who have gotten over ~~scars~~<sup>scars</sup>". Here we are shouting with glee at the idea of peace and the only thing we have to our credit is the



Battle of Dayton, engagements and skirmishes with the fair sex, and a comfy bed at all times." "One of the bystanders apparently not so moved outwardly as inwardly exclaimed; "You know when there is shouting there is always somebody on the job; when there is action, it is entirely a different matter." There is more truth than fiction in these words. Not that this man was a 'kill-joy' but that he was one who felt in all sincerity the happiness which comes to any American upon the completion of this horrible European bloodshed.

3. On Sunday, November 17, 1918, Dayton brought out her full personnel in a monstrous demonstration parade. This parade was about something like those we have in the East with the exception that numerous baby tanks, which are made at the factory of the Maxwell Corporation in this city, displayed their agile movements along the course of the parade,

by doing hand springs and so

by doing hand springs and seeing how close they could escape the bystanders.



Brest, France, January 1, 1919.

In this section of France, and especially here at Brest, the United States Naval Base in France for destroyers, patrol yachts, etc., there were two celebrations over the signing of the armistice; the first on Thursday, November 7, 1918, and the second on Monday, November 11, 1918. The first the French people called the American armistice, and the second the French armistice.

After being out several days, our ship came into Brest for supplies the morning of November 6, and as soon as we arrived we heard good news from the front. It was reported during the day that the Americans were nearing Sedan, sweeping everything before them; also that many German submarines had been reported proceeding back to their bases flying white flags.

After receiving this news and hearing the rumors regarding the proposed trip of the German representatives to the Allies' lines, we expected the end in a few days, but hardly realized it would come so soon.

On Thursday, November 7, it was reported unofficially that the Americans had taken Sedan, and it was rumored that the Germans were ready to stop fighting. About six o'clock that evening we received an official signal sent from the shore naval station to all American ships in the harbor, which said that Germany had signed the armistice at eleven o'clock that morning, agreeing to turn over to the allies one hundred and sixty submarines, several battleships, and giving the terms of the armistice much the same as announced later.

Immediately the celebration began. Sirens and whistles on all ships blew continuously for a half-hour, powerful searchlights from destroyers and other ships in the harbor swept the sky in all directions, and different colored rockets, ordinarily used for signaling purposes at sea, were sent up in large numbers. The celebration continued for almost an hour. Ashore the people went crazy; French and American soldiers and sailors paraded the streets, yelled, sang, held meetings and reunions- some dry, some wet, but all happy- and in every possible way celebrating



the news. Later in the evening it was rumored that the announcement had been a mistake, but this rumor did not stop the celebration, which the French people had been saving for four years and which now continued all night. In the morning the newspapers declared the report to be false and the population of Brest sobered to some extent, although everyone knew, as the French said, "La guerre est fini."

Vice Admiral Wilson, commander of the United States Naval Forces in France, authorized the announcement on November 7, the circumstances of which were later described in the papers in the States after the people there also celebrated this report of the signing of the armistice. Admiral Wilson took full responsibility for issuing the report which temporarily set the world crazy. He had obtained his information from authoritative sources and had confirmed the despatches before giving them out.

After the populace here recovered from the effects of this first celebration, all was quiet until Monday, November 11, when it was announced that the armistice had been signed at eleven o'clock. Our ship went out that day at noon, and as we left the harbor guns were booming, whistles blowing and flags flying, for the population of Brest had begun to celebrate after a four years' wait.

It was claimed here by many Americans officers, who secured their information from headquarters, that the armistice was actually signed at the time of the first announcement on November 7, but that the report was later denied at the request of French officials, who feared for the success of the French <sup>Liberty</sup> Loan then nearing completion. The French thought the loan would not be fully subscribed if the announcement was made at this time, so the report was denied in an official statement from Admiral Wilson and was withheld until the French loan was completed three days later. Whether the above is an actual fact is not known at this time, but it is claimed here that when the news came from Paris on the morning of November 7, it was not given out until that evening, at which time it had been thoroughly investigated and confirmed.

By the time we returned to Brest, several days later, the people were in a far different mood than when we first put in here last summer. The French people



full realize and appreciate the part taken by the United States in this war. Here at Brest the French people do everything possible to make the Americans comfortable. Recently, while dining with a French family, I was interested in hearing them tell of the coming of the Americans a year ago last summer. They said some of the French thought at that time the Americans had come to France to stay, and after taking possession of the harbors, railroads, etc., would not leave when the war was over. This mistaken idea in the minds of these French people, they told me, had been completely dispelled now by the eagerness of the Americans to return home as soon as hostilities ceased. I have never seen a bunch of men so anxious to see anything as the soldiers and sailors over here are to see the States again. Not that they do not like France, as they all realize it is a wonderful country, but, naturally, because there is only one place a real American will ever call home.



1 E  
9m Canada

From First Lieutenant August L. Grimme '19

Camp Seaside, Toronto, Canada.

September 1917.

I have good eats, good quarters, and a good time flying. Went up this morning for a two-hour joy ride; went burning all over the country. It's wonderful, the distance one can cover in a flying machine. Was up about 7000 feet this morning. It was so clear that I could see the opposite side of the lake and got a glimpse of United States soil. It sure did look good, even so far away.

<sup>just</sup> Have been posted to the Ninety-first Squadron, ~~this evening~~. Haven't any more time for joy rides. I was doing artillery observation this evening; it was my fifty-seventh time up; have done about twenty-nine hours of "solo-flying" - did three and a half to-day.

I have had three crashes, but they don't bother me in the least. Came down in a spiral nose dive a couple of weeks ago at a rate of about 150 miles an hour, but managed to nose the machine up again before it hit the ground - came within about fifteen yards of the earth. "Hungry Lizzie" (the ambulance) came chasing across the field, but got fooled. We have a peach of an ambulance; it is a big white Packard with a regular hospital inside.

I will probably leave camp shortly, having complete my course here, and will go back to the University of Toronto for the school of aeronautics. Will be there three weeks, and then go to Camp Borden for aerial gunnery and photography. This latter course is a three weeks' course; and then I'm through and ready for my commission. ~~We have tests and examinations as we go along. Passed my instructor's flying test the other day.~~



In the Air and on the Ground

From Lieut. August L. Grimme '18

England,

April 24, 1918.

Finished up my work at the field I am staying. Have been flying the machine I expect to fly in France. It is a very good machine and is considered one of the best on the front. It is a two-seater and is quite fast. Will leave Saturday for another camp where I will get some more instruction. Flew over to another aerodrome this afternoon and had tea. It is one of the largest aerodromes in England and has all types of aeroplanes and airships, large and small. One of the largest ones would put half the town under a shadow if it flew over Irvington. Had quite a trip coming back home, for clouds had come up and were so low that I had to fly at about a hundred feet up. Scooted over the tops of trees and farmhouses and waved to the farmers and people along the roads.

April 25, 1918.

I am getting along very well. Finished up my work here at this camp and expect to leave for another camp Saturday, where I will receive some further training. Don't know just how soon my flying will be finished here but do not believe I'll be in England much longer. As I mentioned before, I expect to take a trip soon to Ireland. Will probably go there on my embarkation leave which amounts to a week. This will give me plenty of time to visit Dublin, Belfast and other interesting places on that island.

The next flying camp I go to is on the seashore. Too bad it is not a bit later in the season for then I would have a good chance for some swimming.

May 1, 1918.

I am now located at a Gunnery School in the north of England. The work is interesting and I enjoy it very much. The weather is rather uncomfortable up here. It seems almost like January. In fact we had a little snow flurry this morning. Don't expect to be here very long though for when I'm through will go to one more flying field for some further instruction before going to the front. I am feeling



fine, in fact have gained almost fifteen pounds since entering the service.

Had a very delightful little trip to Nottingham last Saturday and Sunday. Went to see Nottingham Castle which is quite pretty and is surrounded by a pretty and well kept garden. The Castle is situated on top of a hill so that there is a fine view of the surrounding country. Sunday afternoon I went for a tram-car drive through the city and to the Trent River where I enjoyed a ride on a small steamboat for a couple of miles down the river. Met the postmaster of the city at tea in the Victoria Station Hotel where I was staying. He is an ex-mining engineer and so we got into quite an interesting conversation. He is a personal friend of H.G. Wells, the well known English author, and also of Bernard Shaw. Sunday evening he took me around to the local Theosophical Society to hear an address given by Mr. Polak, a native of India and head of the Indian Home Rule party. My companion told me that there are quite a number of Indians who take their degrees at English Universities and become brilliant men in English and Indian affairs. Was sorry that I had to leave the lecture by Mr. Polak before he had finished, but had to hurry in order to catch my train back to camp.

May 18, 1918.

I'm getting along fine, am feeling very well. Was up in the air for several hours this morning. Had several "fights" in the air. Had a couple with some scouts and afterward when we came down they admitted that they had been licked. My instructor went up in a scout to see if he could "clean me up" but had to confess I "had him cold." This practice fighting is very interesting work, especially when one has a good machine such as I had.

From reports I hear of the Liberty Engine (from those who have actually seen it used in a plane) I believe that if my machine on the front is equipped with one I would have the best machine on the firing line. Here's hoping the Liberty Engine beats them all.



From Lieutenant J. W. Groendyke '12

March 1918.

So far as I can recall, our extensive correspondence has not been reopened since I notified you that a change was about to take place in my address. Well, since then we have become somewhat widely separated. We had the usual "inconveniences" of a troop ship coming over; however, we have been quite thoroughly inoculated against fretfulness and fatigue, so we enjoyed the trip a lot.

Right after getting clear of the harbor, gun crews were appointed to work with the gunners of the boat. Since I looked more like a gunman than a gunner, they chose me for sergeant of the crew and gun trainer. We had only one affair with subs. This occurred on a calm Sunday night just after mess time. Several boats attacked our fleet but none of us was hit. One or two of the enemy were sunk by depth charges. When one is below decks and hears the reverberations of these charges against the side plate of the ship and has not experienced the sensation before, it immediately makes him think of a cold salt bath.

We are in a very pretty section of France, so far as natural charm is concerned. It has its drawbacks in a great scarcity of wood and water. You are probably well fed up on scenery, as that is about all the poor soldier can tell in his letters, so I'll not burden you with descriptions of wild rose and honey-suckled hedges and wheat fields mottled with great large scarlet poppies.

Here every building is battered flat; its occupants have fled, leaving a great part of their household goods and farm implements. It's quite pathetic to see the old house dog and the stove cat come back and beg food from the soldier as he sits in front of the great, wide, open fireplace in which the ancient iron kettle swings. How many peaceful Christmas logs must have burned in that great chimney-place as a merry crowd assembled around in the stone-floor kitchen!

Crops of splendid wheat, oats, rye and hops stand in the fields, and as I write this our 5, 9 and 18-pounders are arguing with Jerry's 77's as to who shall harvest these crops. The fine courage and hopeful spirit of our splendid allies



here, however, leave me but one conclusion.

I'm extremely well; army rations and billets of various descriptions (this abode is a hop kiln) seem to be no wise injurious so far. I've have sent to some more British schools here for instruction in my work, Intelligence. This I enjoy greatly. It keeps one's mind alive when conditions are sometimes very dull.

Out on No Man's Land Friday I "ratted" a few dead ones and found a couple of characteristic souvenirs which I believe I can mail; if so, you will get one soon for your collection.



From Lieutenant Donald D. Hand '16

In France, Sept. 7, 1918

I have received your "news letters" regularly and have been intending to send in a line for some time, but you know how things go.

I was commissioned a 2nd Lt. in the Reserve Corps, in May 1917, taking examinations at Governors Island, and was sent on active duty to Ft. Myer, Va. The latter part of Aug. 1917, I was assigned to the 31 7th Inf. at Camp Lee, Va., but managed to get a transfer to a branch I preferred, and was one of the original officers of the 314th Machine Gun Battalion, which was organized in Sept. Since then I have been continuously a member of Co. B. From Dec. to March I was an instructor in the Machine Gun Department of the Division School of Arms, and received, at the end of Dec. a promotion to the grade of 1st Lt..  
N. A.



Early in the Spring we came "over here" and have been doing the grand tour ever since. It reminds me of one of "Cook's parties with stopover privileges, the chief object, aside from fighting the Boche, being to "See France First".

There are few places we have missed from Bordeaux to the English channel

Since the end of June I have been in command of the Company, and while it means an added responsibility, I rather like the job. From "Shave tail" to "old man" in the same Company and leading it into its just engagement has been my good luck. You will pardon the rather personal note of this letter but I presume it is the sort of information you want.

All news from the College is always more than welcome. What are the prospects for football? Are sports to be discontinued among the colleges?

Looking forward to your next letter, I am.



From Lieut. George R. Hartley '16

Romero, France  
Dec. 30, 1918

You asked us in your last letter to write and tell you of the peace celebration in the particular place we were when the good news came. Well it was decidedly more dangerous after eleven o'clock on Nov. 11th, than it was before in our neck of the woods in the Boir-le-Preire. A nigger outfit of 155's in back of us turned loose with all of the small arms they could muster and lead a rare good time. Everyone else in the woodstock to cover until they decided to be careful too. Personally the armistice at first appealed to me as a chance to get a good night's sleep and our telephone rang with order to open fire as soon as ready. I hadn't seen a paper in a long time and did not know much of the latest news and had it all doped out that we could start in again in a week probably.

In my last letter I seemed quite pessimistic as to my chance of ever going into action, but we finally got our chance and I had the pleasure of



of establishing my own B.C. in a little shack when we finally did get our chance. It sure was great to at last get our chance in the big game after having waited so long to get there. Our men needed no urging and they toiled and tugged and pulled at those heavy old 8" Horitzers. But when they were all finally squatting on their platform underneath the screen of camouflage you could see supreme leappimen on the four of all the gun commanders.

The Oct. number of the Quarterly just came in to-night with its bundle of news. I believe I must have seen Pattison '19 in Limoyer the week end before the spill he wrote about in the letter published in that number.

I ran across my second Rutgers man I have seen in France Sat. night. A bunch of us ~~haxing~~ hearing of a dance at a hospital near Neufiheaten and not having seen or talked to an American girl in a long time braved the rain and mud and forty odd kilometers from here and went up in the Battallion White. At the dance I found "Cope" Herbert, he seemed to be perfectly well and sound but he



said that he was just recovering from his fourth wound. He was wearing two silver bars.

For once our Regiments of waiting around is standing it in good stead for we are still in comfortable dry billets while all the rest of the C.A.C. Regiments who were in this area we hear are living in "pup" tents at Brest. A nice cheerful prospect to say the least. we were ~~xxxxxxx~~ more or less down in the mouth to see every one else leaving for Brest and our outfit staying at the coast Defense of the Marne, but we one and all prefer the C.D. of M. to "pup" tents in the rain and mud.

Here's hoping that we will have a big crowd back for the next Commencement.

Sincerely yours,

Don't let the War Service Bureau end its good work just because the war ended.



⑥

What the "Y" Does

From Frederick B. Heitkamp '17

Camp Hancock, Ga.  
August 1917.

I have chosen as my field of service, during the war, the Army Y. M. C. A. After leaving college in June, I went to the Young Men's Christian Association College, at Springfield, Massachusetts, and took a special course in the war work. In August I was sent to Camp Mills, on Long Island, as Desk Secretary in one of the seven large Y. M. C. A. tents. My month of work proved to me that it was a branch of service greatly needed.

The aim of the work is to serve the men and to keep them busy when they are off duty. Ask any man who has been in the service what he thinks of the Y. M. C. A., and he will tell you that "it is the best thing in the army"; that without it the men would become greatly discouraged, due to the monotony and seriousness of army life. Men and officers show themselves ready to cooperate with the secretaries in every way. The Association workers are civilians and not enlisted men, and their authority to be in and work in the camp comes from General Order No. 39, issued by the War Department at Washington.

The activities of the Association are divided into five heads: Educational, Religious, Physical, Social, and Business. The last named is the position I now have.

We have charge of a large hut or building which is 120 feet long and 40 feet wide. In it is a piano, a victrola, magazines, a library, games, a large platform for entertainments, which are frequent, moving pictures being given twice a week at least; and many small things making for the comfort and welfare of the men. There is a counter at which paper and writing materials are given out, and the mail sent from my tent averages over three thousand <sup>pieces</sup> a day, which shows that the folks back home are getting word from the men.

At this desk many friendships with the secretaries are made, and these later lead to quiet talks. It is these talks which form the heart of the



Association work. They are not necessarily religious, but are generally so from the ~~own~~ wish of the man himself. Many nights have I had fellows come to my sleeping tent in search of some one to talk with - just lonesome - looking for sympathy and advice. Men twice my age were eager to know what I thought about things, how I would write this letter to the War Department, how I would ask this girl for her picture (~~simple for me~~); but there are many things on the minds of these fellows going to France for us, and the Y. M. C. A. secretaries try to help them out. While at Camp Mills, I met many lads under eighteen, some fifteen, and they were just longing for friendship and advice.

All of these fellows have the desire to go to France, fight the good fight, and come home again. There is great disgust for the slacker, and the Southerner considers all those who did not volunteer as slackers.

The division at Camp Mills is the Rainbow Division, so called because of the many different regiments from some twenty-seven states. New Jersey has an ambulance corps there, and Sabath '17, is in the Quartermaster Department. Cobb '12 is with the 165th Infantry, and we have packed Packard '17 as lieutenant in the Artillery from Illinois, the 149th of the Division.

I have recently been transferred to the South and am at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia, with the Pennsylvania National Guards. It is a great change from the ~~plans~~ of Long Island ~~to come~~ to the sandy, dusty, pine-covered hills of Georgia. The tents under the pines make an memorable impression, as they can be seen on the hillsides. These men will have four months of special training here and will then go to France. They would like to go now.

Wherever the army goes, the Y. M. C. A. goes with it. And more often the Association gets there before the men and is ready for them. We have a large number in France now, and it is my desire to go there as soon as I am able; but I am afraid that I shall not be sent over very soon.

But it is a great satisfaction to have a share in the work. The Y. M. C. A. saved the morale of the Canadian Army; it will save the morals of our army and will help the fight for democracy.



December 8, 1918.

With the declaration of peace and the spreading of the news throughout the country, there commenced to pour into the usually quiet city of Augusta a steady stream of conveyances. They came in Packards, and they came on mules. The high-class way for the country negroes to come is in a broken-down rig with all of the family on board, and a mule with all their ribs showing plainly as a means of locomotion.

By six o'clock in the afternoon the city was four times its usual size and many times its usual interest and activity. A parade had been arranged for every organization; war-workers, labor parties, the men from the camp, boy scouts, etc., all had a part to play. Torches were lit and bands from the camp made a constant stream of music as the procession passed down the street. Streamers and flags were flung to the southern winds and nothing but the highest spirits prevailed.

That was the outward celebration and reception of the news; but the greatest part of it will never be known, nor will it ever be told. The secret joy, the silent thanks, the prayers of gratefulness for victory, are things that no one speaks about to others.

The camp was calm in its reception; the men knew the gravity of it all, and were secretly thankful; but courageous, as had been their fellow-men in giving up their lives; calm and self-controlled were they in their reception of victory. Many were sorry not to have had the chance of going across; but they were glad that at last the end for which they had been trained, and their brothers had died, had been attained.



78 From Lieutenant W. Copley Herbert '17

American Red Cross Military Hospital  
No. 3. October 22, 1918

I bumped into a little bad luck at the Verdun front on Oct. 14th, so am now in Paris getting over it. When I emptied out my pockets yesterday I found your last letter, dated Sept. 19th, and decided to drop you a line, as I have some spare time these days.

Last evening "Herb" Boer came in to see me and we had a wonderful time talking over the old days on "The Banks of The Raritan. He is stationed here and is looking fine; had heard from "King" Cowell, and has seen "Monk" Becker and a few others. I tell you "Sil" there is nothing in the world like seeing an old pal from Rutgers, when your percentage is a bit low; he's the first man from College that I have seen since I have been over; six months now. "Bill" Packard was near me at the front, but I couldn't get away to look him up.

Now I suppose you want to know how Fritz got me, damn his soul.



Well, first I got a dose of gas, then a machine gun bullet in the left shoulder but managed to keep going until a high explosion shell blew me so sky high thus disarranging my mental powers. I was the luckiest man in the world "Sil" for men not as near the explosion as I, were killed or cut all to pieces, and all I got was a scratch on the forehead. I'm getting along nicely, all over the effects of the gas, and practically no pain now in my shoulder, so that as soon as my head clears up, I expect to be back on the job again.

The information in your last letter about the Students Army Training Corps is most interesting, and I am glad indeed to know that Rutgers is one of the first, as always to do her bit in the world struggle.

The football line-up sure looks good, and the schedule is fine. I do hope nothing will interfere with it, and that it will be another victorious season.



Well "Sil" goodbye and good luck to you all. Don't forget to remember  
me to any I know around there.



From Lieutenant William J. Herrman '12

France, November 13, 1918.

Some dope for the Quarterly if you wish. In die pacis duo! Can it be possible? We who are anywhere close to the lines can hardly believe it. Occasionally a shell explodes within at least sound of us. It is an old dud. It is celebration. There is a tremendous amount of ammunition lying around loose, both Boche and American. However, no aeroplane flies, no distant barrage is carried on, and best of all, no patients come in. Everyone smiles, and the frogs go by with a gun, and with a word of cheer.

As I said before, I am the sole Rutgers representative with a Yale outfit commanded by a Princeton man. We moved up behind the army for what proved to be the last offensive of the war. We are encamped close to a minor German rest camp. Believe me, it is a real one. Everything, log cabin and chateau in style and comfort.

The swimming pool is far better than the Rutgers old one; there are bowling alleys, card room, etc. The officers' quarters with wall paper and plush furniture are wonderful. Fritz had running water and electricity everywhere and a narrow gauge railroad led up to it. A rustic station with a sign "Off for the rest camp" marked the summit of the hill above.

Nearby is the village of ----, with its roofless skeleton houses, its cemetery desecrated with Boche tombstones, its church demolished, and the statement in French and German, "This church destroyed by French artillery fire on the night of September 6, 1915." I wish Dr. Van Dyke could see the church; to my eye, untaught except for "History of Art" course, it is fine.

We got up Monday, rising to an intense barrage and the sound of Heinies breaking close by. We worked like bears on our patients and it sounded like hell broke loose, yet at 11 o'clock it all ceased. Do you wonder we can't yet believe it?

Sunday, the ----th division <sup>moves</sup> in battle formation to occupy one of the three



German towns, probably Mayence. We may go with them. Wish I had a Rutgers flag to carry on the German border and then present it to the college.



1  
Aviation  
Ex

at Mary Fields

From Lieutenant Howard F. Huber '14

Pilot Barracks, Fort Sill, Okla.,  
June 1, 1918.

I want to thank you for the trouble you took to send me the war service letter. Mother wrote that you had sent to her for my address, and it sure does make a man feel good to have someone make such efforts to locate him.

You may as well throw away my present address, as I expect to be able to send you a new one very shortly. All I've done in the past two months is move, and the end is not in sight.

After three months' probation at Call Field, my sterling worth in shoveling coal, sweeping hangars, filling gas tanks, unloading planes from cars, and general carpentry made such an impression on President Wilson that he told everybody that he reposed enough confidence in my patriotism, valor, fidelity, and abilities to make me a 2nd lieutenant. And on March 26, at 10.32 a. m., I suddenly became an officer and a gentlemen. The change from the degraded position of Flying Cadet, which as you know, is lower than the rank of Buck Private, was so sudden that I haven't yet become accustomed to it.

The barriers interposed between the would-be flyer and his coveted wings vary at different fields, and at different times. I was fortunate in that I was able to become an R. M. A. after taking the official R. M. A. test, and qualifying in stunt flying. At present these tests seem to be little more than a formality. A man gets re-exams until he passes them, and there is no five-dollar rule. At Call Field the men were required to land with 200 feet of a mark from 1000 feet with a dead motor; climb to 500 feet inside a field 2000 feet square; land over a 10-foot barrier and stop within 1500 feet, and fly two cross country flights of 35 to 75 miles. But since that date the requirements have been made harder.

After passing the R. M. A. test, a man is given instruction in stunt-flying and shown how to side-tip, tail-slide, fall-off-the-wing, loop, and tail-spin. Then we had to go up and solo our stunts.



From Call Field I was sent to Camp Dick, at Dallas. The name is camouflage; it is really the State Fair Park. Living accommodations varied from exhibition halls to horse-stalls, but the weather was mild, so we did not mind it. I was lucky enough to draw an ex-restaurant at first, and later a building used for experiment station and other similar exhibits, so I felt quite at home.\*

Most of this year's brood of new-fledged R. M. A.'s have spent some time at Camp Dick, as it is used as a concentration camp for men who can't be immediately assigned. I met C. J. Colville '16, and Julie Miller '16, while I was there, but don't know where they are now.

From Camp Dick the men are sent to advanced flying schools, where they specialize in different kinds of flying pursuit, bombing, reconnaissance. Post Field, Fort Sill, is a field for reconnaissance or Army Corps pilots, and also for Aerial Observers. It is intended primarily to train the observers, and the pilots' training is incidental. Army Corps work is not the highest type of flying, but it has a fairly comfortable death rate. The men here comfort themselves for the disappointment at not drawing pursuit work with the thought that they will be able to tell the folks how brave the other fellows were.

I was surprised to find several Rutgers men here. Cooper '13 is a 2nd Lieutenant with a Balloon Company, and Manley<sup>'19</sup> is here in the Photographic Division and will soon be sent to Rochester. Mitchell '13 is at the Observers' School; Neil<sup>'14</sup> MacDougal and Ackerman<sup>'17</sup> are at the School of Fire which is nearby. So the old college is well represented.

\* Lieutenant Dyer took an Agricultural course in college.



From Sergeant Major J. Henry Huntington, 3rd, '16

Crossing the Pond

~~France,~~

~~January 30, 1918.~~

~~From the U.S. to France '16~~

~~(Extracts from letters, December 1917-January 1918)~~

~~(Editor's Note:- The following description of life aboard an Atlantic transport is taken from the letters of Mr. Huntington to a member of his family in Newark, N. J. It is so natural and unaffected that we are pleased to be able to print it.)~~

~~This is apt to be somewhat disconnected in theme, owing to the many interruptions, and also vague, as we are not permitted to give names, dates, or any other information that might assist the enemy in any way. I hope that in spite of this, however, you will enjoy the yarn I shall spin during the days to come.~~

The trip from camp to the ship was made without disorder or trouble. We got up at 3.30 a.m. to get ready, and as soon as we went aboard we were assigned to quarters. We are on G deck in the bow, what is the steerage in a liner. I was placed in a stateroom with one other fellow, and secured the upper berth. ~~Have a room with one other fellow, and secured the upper berth. Have a ventilator pipe in the room, so we are sure of fresh air. Many of the fellows have open bunks and others hammocks, so we consider ourselves fortunate.~~

Just before we left, we were issued life jackets, which we have to wear all day and keep beside us at night. They consist of two small pillows with a large one in between. There is a neck-opening between one of the small pillows and the large one, and two pillows are worn in front and one in back. Tapes from the back pillow tie around the body and over the joint of the two pillows in front. The jackets are light, but get in one's way at mess.

Every morning we have inspection by the Colonel, who is in command. We have to sweep out our own quarters, make up our bunks, and straighten up before breakfast. Then we go on deck and are not allowed down until 11.30. At 2.00 o'clock we have to go on deck again for at least an hour. After 5.00 o'clock no one is allowed on deck, and the exterior of the ship is pitch dark.



We eat in two shifts. The first shift eats at 7.00, 12.00, and 5.00; while the second, our shift, eats at 8.00, 1.00, and 6.00. After each meal two of us have to clean up and wash the dishes. Every man on the ship has just been given a box containing a can of Velvet tobacco, a bag of Bull Durham with cigarette papers, and two boxes of Piedmont cigarettes. There are two bands aboard, our own and that of the 147th Field Artillery; and we are to have concerts on both sides of the ship every morning at ten, and every afternoon at two. At 7.30 there is a concert on C deck, the bands playing alternate nights.

Just had a fire drill. We go to B deck in case of fire, collision or other alarm. It took ten minutes to get all the men on deck, which is slow, as it should take only six minutes. However, better luck next time. Ship is rolling quite some and I feel a little dizzy, so think I will try to sleep. Lots of fellows are sick and the floors are a sight. The gibes of those who are not sick are far from edifying, containing references to salt pork, oysters, etc., which only serve to aggravate an already unpleasant situation.

Spent the day on deck. Not a thing to be seen but water. It reminds me of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." ~~As I looked out over the rolling waves, in constant motion, I thought of that beautiful sonnet of Wordsworth's written on the seashore as he sat there with his sister, and containing these lines:~~

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free.  
The holy night is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration The great sun  
Is sinking down in his tranquility;  
The calmness of the night broods on the sea.  
Listen: The mighty Being is awake  
And doth with His eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder, everlastingly."

That has been one of my favorites, and the restless, eternal motion of the sea reminded me of the lines.



Heard both morning and afternoon concerts and enjoyed them both. It's wonderful how men who, apparently, have little or no refinement in them, gather around at the first strains of music. I think that Shakespeare was right when in the "Merchant of Venice" he made Lorenzo say:

"The man who has no music in himself,  
And is not moved by chords of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are as dark as night,  
And his affections deep as Erebus.  
Let no such man be trusted."

To me a soul or a home without music is incomprehensible.

Just came off guard and am going to snatch a little sleep before we are chased up on deck. The ship is pitching badly, but I am feeling fine. Won't stay below long, though, for the sensation is not very pleasant. Have you ever gone to a pleasure park and entered one of those giant see-saws where they swing you up forty or fifty feet and then swing you down? If so, you have some idea of these sensations I am experiencing now. It seems as if some giant hand is throwing me up until my body stops while my stomach is still going, and then lets me drop. We ran into a terrific storm of wind which caused this.

I had a nice post near the crew kitchen. Was on from 11.00 to 12.45, 5.00 to 6.00, 10.00 to 1.00, and 5.00 to 7.15. On the second shift I had a cup of coffee and half a pie; on the third, several cups and some cold roast beef sandwiches; and on the last, two cups of tea and some bread and cheese. Wasn't very hungry for the rest of the day.

Many fellows are still sick, but the general feeling is better. They get together and sing or play and have a great old time. Last night we tried to sleep in the hall outside of the guard house, but we didn't get much sleep before we went on at 10.00 o'clock. There was a big bunch there, and they were singing, dancing, and raising Cain in general. One of the stokers had an accordeon and was playing



for them. It was interesting, if it did deprive us of sleep.

We are the only regular troops aboard, outside of a small Quartermaster detachment, and it is laughable to see how the fellows look down on the rest of the bunch, calling them "militia" and "jazbos." There have been some scraps between our men and some of the Quartermasters of the National Army, who seem to think that they are the only soldiers aboard and own everything.

We are just entering the danger zone, and care has been doubled in watching and keeping the boats ready for instant use. In spite of this fact, the fellows go skylarking around, laughing, joking, and singing, just as if at home. I was talking with some of the sailors, who say that we are the first American troops they have carried, and seem amazed at the high spirits of the <sup>men</sup> at such a time. They have made many trips with Canadian and British troops, who, they say, are very quite, almost gloomy.

We saw the first signs of life, outside of ourselves, at noon today, when an escort came out to meet us. They made a pretty sight coming over the horizon, and we sure were glad to see them. They are now accompanying us.

Just saw the first land since we left the U. S., a snow-covered piece of land that sure did look good to us. So many men crowded to the side to see <sup>it</sup> that the ship listed heavily. The general cry was; "Gee, won't it be good to get ashore again!" It will be good, too, after being cooped up in a ship for some time.

Have been working this afternoon getting baggage out of the hold. Nasty work, for it is rainy and foggy and the decks are slippery; but it must be done, so what's the use of grumbling? Just grin and bear it!

Up at 3.30 this morning to get ready to get off. Were all ready by 6.30, and then loafed until 10.30. Turned in life belts last night, and were glad to get rid of them. Turned in blanket and mattress covers as soon as we were dressed. At 10.30 lined up with all equipment, and then proceeded to the upper deck, where each was given a barrack bag, which he lugged off onto the pier. Then we entrained.

So here I am in Merrie England, which, however, is no longer very merry.



And I am the first in my line of the family in five, perhaps more, generations to land on English soil, the soil from which my ancestors came. It seems more than ever like a dream as I think of it, and can't realize it yet. Maybe I will later on.

The scenery through which we are now passing is typically English. The cities are of brick, and the houses are so uniformly alike that one soon gets tired of them. The country, however, has a fresh, clean appearance which is restful to the eye. Its hedgerows, with its elms, its pastures and flocks and its lack of billboards, give it a distinctiveness all its own. I am reminded of a couple of lines from Milton's "L'Allegro,"

"Russet lawns and fallows grey,

Where the nibbling flocks do stray."

One thing that impressed me was the lack of autos on the roads. The roads were all well kept, and would have been hailed with delight by an American autoist, yet they were practically deserted. And that reminds me; the first thing I saw on the pier as I left the ship was a Ford, known in the Army as a "fliv<sup>v</sup>er" or a "John Henry." It was of the vintage of 1913, but it looked like home, and nearly made me homesick. I was homesick one afternoon on the boat after hearing the band play a medley of old home songs, but soon recovered.

After some hours of travel, we reached our destination, and detrained in a rain. Then came a hike through the city and two and a half miles out to a camp in the country. Here, after some delay, we were assigned to quarters. Then we began to realize how soft our life at Camp Merrit was. Our bunks are three planks raised about four inches from the ground and a straw mattress. No more springs, and soft mattresses, hot showers and furnaces. We are getting a taste of soldiering, although our barracks are warm and comfortable.

Call this afternoon for volunteers for fatigue, and I volunteered. After marching around camp several times on a wild goose chase, we went out to the



station and loaded a car of baggage. Then we hiked back and had supper, which I have just finished. Am going now to the Y. M. C. A. to mail a letter.

Just got back. The place was crowded with English and American soldiers, and I found in one of the secretaries a New Jersey man. Heard a concert by the 147th Field Artillery band. It sure was fine.

Got up at 6 o'clock this morning, feeling somewhat stiff. Took an 8 mile hike and saw many places of interest, especially one of England's famous cathedrals. Spent the afternoon reading. Just got back now from a concert by our band, which was good. Am going to turn in.

Today, we hiked to town again and revisited the cathedral. It was completed in 1059 A.D. and is one of the best examples of early English-Gothic Architecture. Also visited the Great Hall of one of the old palaces, built by Arthur in 529 and containing the traditional Round Table with its list of knights, and the seat of English government until 1485. Got caught in the rain, coming back, but did not mind it.

Owing to services being held in the cathedral, our stay was short, but this afternoon we went back. We saw, among other things, a beautiful alterpiece, 80 by 40, hand-carved in stone and set up in 1444 by order of Cardinal Beaufort, one of Joan of Arc's judges. We also saw his tomb and chapel. We ~~also~~ saw <sup>too</sup> the tomb of William Rufus, the boxes containing the bones of Saxon and Danish monarchs from 641, the choir stalls, carved by the monks in 1296, and many things of equal interest.

Learned today that we continue our journey tomorrow, so was allowed to loaf. Took a short hike in the morning, read all afternoon, and spent the evening at the Y. M. C. A. playing the piano.

*snack* Went off on the first section today. Waited on the dock for the section following. Batteries D and E went on a boat by themselves, and the rest of us went together. Landed safely on French soil and hiked to camp. Saw a train of wounded on the way, also aeroplanes and dirigibles, the first real signs of



war. Found our camp consisted of tents, and it seemed like St. Asaph except that we were a little crowded. This is not our permanent camp, but merely another American rest camp.

Spent a couple of days at the rest camp and then hiked back to town. Got on a train of freight cars and settled down for a two day trip. There were 32 men in the car and yet the grumbling was small, and we treated it like going on a picnic. Our car was a horse-car with sides that could be left down in the day time and raised at night, making things warm and comfortable.

We pulled out just at noon, a train of 41 cars, with an engine at both ends. For some time we <sup>went</sup> ~~went~~ along quite slowly, but later we picked up speed and hit the high spots only. We stopped quite frequently, and at each stop the fellows took advantage of the pause to stretch their limbs.

By five o'clock, it got dark, so we turned in. It was some sport, for one fellow would want to move and would step on some one else and then there would be a general howl. Some of the comments passed were laughable.

At 8 o'clock we reached a large station, where we stopped and had hot coffee, which was prepared for us by the station crew. It sure was jake, and warmed us up for the night. It was chilly and there was a heavy frost, but we were warm and comfortable, and did not mind it. I slept about seven hours all told, although my sleep was rather broken by the movements of the other fellows.

We got up at about seven the next morning, and found a beautiful day awaiting us. All day long the train carried us through lovely scenes, which one could delude <sup>one's self</sup> ~~oneself~~ into imagining America; now crossing a river, now traversing a plain, now running over a high viaduct, now plunging through a tunnel, and each moment brought its own enjoyment. The sun shone <sup>ε</sup> brightly, the fields and woods were green, the flocks were grazing, the old men and women were cultivating the ground, and all combined to make us understand that we were truly in "Sunny France." Nothing in the general appearance would lead one to believe that this was a country which has been at war for three years, but a keen observer can see under the surface a certain look of suffering and determination. Yet the people



with whom I spoke whenever the train stopped seemed happy and spoke hopefully of things. They, like the English, were very much interested in the troops and America.

We reached the camp station at 3 this morning, and hiked out to the camp, only a short walk. Here we found everything ready for us, and one and all proceeded to sleep for a couple of hours. This refreshed us, and we were ready for breakfast.

The camp is very pleasantly situated, amid rolling hills, and some distance from several small villages, which can be seen in the distance. Although not a thousand miles from the firing lines, the place presents a peaceful and restful appearance, and we feel quite at home.

The barracks here are of steel and concrete, and are very comfortable. They are divided into rooms holding anywhere from 4 to 28 men. There are 12 in my room, which has two large windows looking southeast and is on the second floor. We have stoves and electric lights in each room and everything is jake. We have settled down as if at home.

Near us is a large field containing aeroplane hangars, and it is a fine sight to watch the planes come and go. Everything may be quiet, when suddenly there is a whirr and up sails a large plane. Lots of fellows are spending their time watching them.

What tomorrow and the days to come will bring forth I can't tell. But this yarn is spun to its logical conclusion, so I will send it to you.



From Lieut. William T. Hutchinson '16<sup>x</sup>

On the Front, June 29, 1918.

This has been a fine month. These June days have been more exciting than any I have ever experienced before. Probably you have read in the papers of the recent exploits of the Marines. It has been my good fortune to have a share in them and I will have some good stories to tell you when I get back. Things have quieted down a bit now but the air seems tense and I guess the storm will break again pretty soon.

It has been wonderful weather the past month, and it has come in very handy for us since we have been in the field all the time, and dry ground is naturally better to sleep on than when it is soaking wet. For twenty-five days I never took off my shoes, socks or trousers, so you may imagine that a pail of warm water looked mighty good when I at last found one. For an equal amount of time, we never had a warm bite to eat except warm coffee, and so you may be sure I'll never complain of hot army "slum" again.

Perhaps you have noticed that I am censoring my own letters now. I was enrolled yesterday as second lieutenant. It seems quite a coincidence to me, since yesterday was the anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth and my commission was received on the front.

X Wounded in action since writing this letter.



6 Ex  
From Lieutenant William T. (Squirrel) Hutchinson '16

Paris,

October 14, 1918.

Well, they got the old squirrel in a pine woods in the Champagne sector. Funny place to get a squirrel, for I would never think of hunting them in the States in a coniferous forest, but I happened to be in there looking for German nuts and the Germans found it out and treated us to the choicest little bit of hell I have yet experienced. It was too much for my usual good luck and they bowled me over with a little piece of high explosive in the upper right leg. I thought I had been hit by a machine gun bullet, for the latter were singing around our ears like honey bees but again luck wasn't with me and instead of getting a "bon Blessee" I got a couple of slits in each side of my leg that look as though forty two centimetre struck me and the daylight shines through. The doctors went hunting with an Xray and finally located Fritzie's souvenir, then he sent me to the land of dreams and burrowed it out. My wound is not serious. No bone is involved and besides being forced to write letters flat on my back for awhile the inconvenience is slight. Its going to leave me two wonderful scars. This is the first vacation I've had since coming to France and I'm going to enjoy it.

The wonderful part about it all is that I am in Paris, in the best military hospital in France. The wards are cheerful, the nurses kind and attractive, the food excellent and there is plenty of reading material. If you want a good laugh, read "Cabbages and Kings" by O. Henry. If you want a good think, read "Their Yesterdays" by Harold Bellwright. And then just imagine me when I can get out on crutches and go hobbling down the Boulevard des Italiens looking like a veteran of many battles. I will surely fight a wonderful campaign here in Paris when I get so I can naviggate.

The chief doctor's name is Hutchinson. He is from Philadelphia. Of course, the nurses call me the Commanding Officer and because I usually manage to get most everything I want they call me the "pet of the ward." A new title and a strange



one for "Squirrel" to be called by the ladies, but French air is romantic. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt often serves refreshments and this hospital seems to be the Mecca for all philanthropists who have cake, candy, or cigarettes to give away. I actually had a piece of homemade chocolate cake the other afternoon, the first I've had for over fifteen months.

Peace is in the air over here although we seem to have become so dulled by the war that peace rumors are greeted with little enthusiasm. I hope it materializes, however, for after fifteen months, I am getting homesick for the first time.



With the Army of Occupation

From Aspirant Edward S. Ingham '16

Tete de pont de Mayence,

December 24, 1918.

Here I am over the Rhine, which we crossed in the rain on Friday the 13th, the bad luck portended by such a date being evidently entirely for the boches, and I guess I'm probably further east than any other Rutgers man, for Coblenz and Cologne and other points of the American and British zone are a little further west than here owing to the twistings of the river. Your good letter of December 3 came last night along with letter XXX, and I was glad to get them both. Having plenty of time on my hands these days I'll answer at once, for I hope to go on permission to England shortly and don't expect I'll do much writing then.

I've had you in mind for souvenirs, but I haven't had any luck in that line myself; we crossed the lines in what had been a quiet sector, so that there wasn't any battlefield debris lying around, and where we camped the first night there was nothing light enough to carry - only 77 and 150 mm. shells. Since then we haven't seen a thing but some helmets; and I sent one of those to a naval friend of mine, only to learn a few days later that he had changed his base and hadn't received any mail in a month.

Glad the college is back on a peace basis, and I wish I could be there to help boost for next year; but I don't look for a release for a long time yet, and shall be perfectly happy if I eat next Christmas dinner at home. Speaking of Christmas dinner, I expect to eat mine about one o'clock to-morrow morning; the French don't celebrate Christmas very much, but there is a midnight mass to-night and the officers of my groupe (three batteries and a supply train, 15 or 20 officers) have organized a big feed to follow the mass. The resources available, especially in the matter of liquid refreshments, are decidedly limited, but I guess we'll manage to have a good time.

You wanted some impressions of France and the French; but I haven't been



collecting "impressions"; instead, consciously or unconsciously, ever since I've been in France (16 months now), and especially since I've been in the French army, I've been trying to become one of them; to live as they do, to get their point of view. How well I've succeeded I don't know, but I've become an out-and-out Francophile, ready to sing their praises at every instant, or to defend hotly any derisive attack by an American upon their customs or institutions. Not that I approve of everything they do; there's a much larger percentage of French opposed to fresh air than Americans, and most of them never heard of steam heat or modern plumbing; but I want to tell you they are a wonderful people, and their army is absolutely matchless. Did you ever see a French infantry rifle with bayonet fixed? The dog-gone thing is about seven feet long (no exxageration, five feet of rifle and the rest bayonet) and needle pointed; and every time I see a boche I feel like grabbing his gun and starting east, spearing everything in the road. And a regiment on parade with a forest of those gleaming points going by rank after rank is simply indescribable, it grips you so. The population in the boche towns always turned out to see us pass; the artillery is very impressive, but when the infantry went by not a sound is to be heard but the tramp, tramp, tramp of their feet. Of course, we don't parade in every place we pass, only the larger ones.

And the spirit of the men! Even after four years of hardship you hardly ever hear a grumble at anything; and it takes so little to amuse them; they get all the joy out of life possible and make light of hardships or privations. My biggest regret is that I didn't join the French Army in October, 1917, instead of spending six months buried in the Red Cross. My hat is off to the French.

But I can give you some impressions of the Germans. We've been in Germany since December 1, and always in the front line of the advance, so that with one or two exceptions we were the first troops to penetrate the villages where we spent the night. Result: I've got less use for Germans than I ever had, and that was mighty little. The boche population is so lowly and servile as to be absolutely disgusting. You see that first in the way they come out to watch us pass, just as if it were their own troops; and when you enter a house where you are billeted they



figuratively grovel in the dust before you. Of course, there are a few exceptions; people patriotic enough and with self-respect enough to have nothing to do with us; but I can't think of more than two or three in the score of houses in which I've been. Our second night in Germany we stopped in a little village off the main road and landlocked by hills, where evidently the only troops they had ever seen were the retiring Germans who had passed through a few days before and whose chalked inscriptions for billeting were to be seen on a number of houses; when our billeting party entered some hours before the column, they said the people scattered in all directions and appeared ready to flee for their lives! While the men were unhitching I was shown to my room, and being in a hurry to get back and look after the billeting of the men and horses, made, without intending it, rather a dramatic entrance; I looked around, said it would do, banged my helmet onto the table and threw my coat on the bed and hustled out. Came back a while later and started to do some writing; when in came the woman of the house with a tray on which was coffee, hot milk, bread, butter and jam; and she apologized profusely because the bread was black! (I don't know any German, but I got the drift of her remarks.)

The bread was pretty poor - that is their chief complaint as to food - and the coffee was some kind of substitute, but not bad. They aren't nearly as badly off, especially in the country, as they'd like to have the world think, although there are many things that they lack. We stayed there three days, and it was fairly cold, and next morning they went to work and moved the kitchen stove into my room to warm me - entirely without any request on my part! The stove wasn't in use - I don't know where they did their cooking. The men were in velvet; all with beds and people to wait on them; I think the battery rolling kitchen suffered a drop in popularity those days. My orderly looked after two of us then, and he had his coffee and toast every morning at the house where the other officer slept, and light refreshments during the day at mine.

But we are too good-natured to order them around much or keep up any show of sternness, so as soon as we've been in a place a couple of days the people cease



to be afraid and come around and try to be chummy with us - and wonder why we don't accept them with open arms. All the country west of the Rhine has belonged to France at one time or another in its history, and so many people, thinking to propitiate the French, announce that all they want is to be joined to France, and they too wonder why their proposal isn't enthusiastically accepted. I really think they are through with the Kaiser, however, and some independent state may be formed - Bavaria or the Rhinish provinces; but it's hard to tell just how all that will work out.

Their fear and humility works out very nicely for our comfort, however; the horses have all the hay and straw they can eat (and they can eat a lot), all the men beds, and the best of rooms for the officers and their messes. Poultry can be had at ridiculously low prices - a goose from five to ten marks (I believe the regular price is around fifty), and the mark is below half its normal value. Oh, we can't complain.

I might give you other examples of civility, commerciality, and manness - how they'll steal if they get a chance - but I guess you'll have had enough. Hope, however, all this will have interested you, and that you can use at least some of it for publication. I'm not much of a literary light, so you are welcome to use the paste pot and the shears on my efforts.

So here's all kinds of good wishes to the College.



6 E Aspirant S. Ingham's  
From Edward ~~Seydman~~,

Valenciennes, Nord, April 8, 1919.

I've had your last letter so long that I'm ashamed to mention it; I kept putting off answering for various reasons, such as to be able to describe our inconvenient return to France, and later in hopes of being able to announce my lieutenancy, but, sad to relate, that has not materialized as yet, although due on March 15th - so I'm still hoping. Now, having just received the January Quarterly, I've no further excuse for not writing and telling you how glad I was to get it. ~~By the way, I trust you got my subscription.~~

Well, we've been back in France about three weeks now, and it surely is a welcome change after three months in Germany. Where we are, the people can't begin to be too good to us; French troops are most welcome after four years of German occupation and four months of English, who don't seem to be very well liked. Anyway, we're the ones who profit, so I'm not bothering my head over causes. At present I've practically nothing to do, as the men and horses have nearly all been distributed around among the farmers of the region, and as my degree is A. B. and not "A.G.", I don't <sup>qualify</sup> ~~gratify~~ at all as a tiller of the soil.

We embarked - entrained, I believe, is the English word - March 15th and spent all the afternoon of that day running down the left bank of the Rhine from Mayence to Cologne, and it's a trip I wouldn't have <sup>missed</sup> ~~revised~~ for a good deal. No use <sup>talking</sup> ~~telling~~ the Rhine is a beautiful river, with its vine-clad banks, its old castles, and the white towers tucked in wherever there is a little opening. I failed to be impressed by the Lorelei, as I couldn't seem to see the maiden combing her hair or whatever it is supposed to be; but on the other hand, a heartwarming sight that is surely not mentioned in Baedeker is the American flag floating over the fort opposite Coblenz,

From Cologne we ran across Luxembourg and Belgium, but passed the most interesting places during the two nights we were in the <sup>trains</sup> ~~trains~~. Landed finally near Dunkirk, whence we marched here. The regiment belongs at Donai, but there's no room there on account of the English, so we've been scattered all around the



region and put to work at farming, etc., as I said before. On the way to Donai we passed through Arras, and that is a sorry sight, though not so bad as Verdun, for instance; they say that in all Arras there are just seven horses untouched by shell fire - but I didn't happen to see any of the seven. At Donai and here there has been a good deal of destruction, especially of the factories and mines, but not by shell fire - it was deliberate <sup>sabotage</sup> ~~"sabotage"~~. During the allied advance the populations were evacuated, at Denai the Boches gutted everything to the paper on the wall; here they didn't have so much time and subsequently got away with less. The thing that lacks the most is the mattresses; at Donai now "There ain't no sich animal." I've got a little feather mattress in a box spring on a my bed here, and count myself fortunate, although there are no bed clothes, but I have my own blankets, so that's all right.

Am expecting to be on my way home in time to be there for Commencement and our class reunion; so you needn't bother to acknowledge this letter. ~~Please give my regards to all and Sunday, and looking forward to seeing the old gang soon, I remain,~~

~~Most sincerely,~~



From Sergeant Morris B. Jackson '19 x

Base Hospital No. 8, France, July 2, 1918.

I don't know how we'll ever get used to real American weather again. Over here you get up shivering after sleeping rolled up in three blankets. By seven o'clock you've begun to shed sweat and clothing. By two o'clock you have stopped thinking of Lofts and wonder how Peary could ever have left the North Pole. By three o'clock you are well acclimated, and then when five o'clock blows you will walk back to the house carrying your shirt and thanking the Frenchman who forgot to top the shade trees on the road. When the sun sets, which is at nine-thirty, you are glad to wrap those three blankets around you and shiver when the wind blows.

We are having our own fresh peas for dinner to-day and the pods are full and good size. Pppe wrote of bundling rye. If he were here now, hh'd think I'd been playing with the cat. Not so; it's rye. And we bundle it, naked to the waist, not because the government doesn't supply gloves and fatigue suits, but because it is so hot.

From the tip of our hill, which is the highest around, you can see St. Nazaire. On all sides, oats, wheat, and rye make checker boards out of the flat rolling country. The houses, red roofed, and white, clean in the distance and dirty in reality, make good substitutes for chessmen. Every now and then about five people get together and build a million-dollar church and start a town. Every town has a church that they'd think twice about the cost of building back home, along with it at least nine buvettes and maybe a few people living in the town.

On one side of the farm is a dam which has made the A. E. F. engineers famous, truly a masterpiece of concrete; on another the railroad runs just under the hill, and all day long big trains of freight drawn by Baldwin locomotives, every car carrying a U. S. A. on the side, tear by carrying supplies to somewhere. On still another side is the main highway where train after train of trucks pass



by with men, supplies and accessories for other somewheres that the railroad doesn't reach. And still on the other side of the hill is an American quarry where American engineers are making big ones into little ones, while the U. S. mules he-haw at the dump wagons. So you see we are rather well Americanized.

Poor Don Storck and Meff Runyon fell pretty bad. They were picked with four other men to take charge of a number of psycopathic cases which are going back to the States. The boys, of course, expected to get a bit of time at home, but when the major saw the list he said Storck and Runyon are too valuable around here, so they don't get to go.

x Died of pneumonia, October 26, 1918.



From Lieut. Dean C. Jenkins '16

France,

November 11, 1918.

Today has been a day which will long be remembered. We heard over the telephone that Germany has signed the armistice and the whole country has gone wild. If the end of the war is here our work has to a great extent been completed. We will have to fix up the prisoners here in good shape and then will probably be shipped somewhere else. When we left Gievres I hadn't worked with this company long enough to know the men so McIvor picked them out for me and he certainly did give me a good bunch. Authorization went through to make this camp larger - to hold two thousand German officers, six hundred and seventy German enlisted prisoners and the necessary guards. If we had gone on fighting we would have had a real camp here. Now they are trying to find out how many officer prisoners there are in France and then we will build accordingly. I had several orders for lumber made out today and when the news came, I cut down on two of them, which were for future growth.

The other afternoon I was walking down by the chateau and happened to see a prisoner coming down a ladder with a big bunch of burlap bags over his head. When he was all the way down he took off the bags, under which he had a "tin hat," a pair of boxing gloves on his hands. In repairing the roof they had found a swarm of bees between the ceiling of the third floor and the roof and later dug out about eighty pounds of honey. So we have been eating honey instead of corn syrup on our hot cakes in the morning. The French have no name for hot cakes - they never ate them.

My men have been using their lungs lately. Yesterday we were told that a big bunch of German officers were coming and so the men worked all the morning. When we found out that they wouldn't be here we went a note up to the sergeant. They were lined up and ready to march out to work. They are about eight hundred yards from here and with our windows closed we could hear them plainly. Then again today after dinner they came down to work singing and yelling. The papers haven't come in yet to verify the message over the telephone. Wouldn't it be a fine note if the major's dope was all wrong? Haven't the Allies done wonders in the last few months?



November 17

Colonel Kilpatrick's job at Avouie is apparently (hospital work) held up on account of the armistice. I know that will make a big difference all over the world. What do you think they will do with the Kaiser? I hope they won't give him a chance to start another war, whatever they do! We have also been wondering who the next President will be. Wilson made a good one but I didn't like the cry of "he kept us out of the war," for I thought we ought to have been in it a long while before we were. A prisoner was asked what he thought the P.S. (prisoner of war) stamped on his clothes stood for. He replied, "President Wilson."

This is a bad place to spend a life time in, alright. I am sure glad I'm not a Frenchman. The country is fine when it doesn't rain but when it does, which has been so far a big percentage of the time, it is just plain miserable. The man who said, "Sunday France" could never have been over here.

A truck drive has just come in with the sad news that seventeen more prisoners (officers) have arrived. Now that the war is ended I hate to see them come in - before the armistice it meant the coming of the end and the more that came the better we felt. Now that it's over - I'd like to finish the job and get away from here. There's always the slogan, "Where do we go from here."

November 24.

Today was a big day. The men worked hard and certainly did accomplish a lot. We have been issued the ultimatum that there will be no let-up till the job is finished. There is still much to be done and I have my fears that we may have to work next Thursday - which should be celebrated by partaking of the much renowned Monsieur Turkey.

The rain has begun again. We have been very fortunate indeed in having two weeks of lovely weather. I suppose it is now at an end. John Doran and I have been rooming together and we have a stove in our room, so perhaps I shall be able to get things dry a little easier than when we had no concentration of heat.

A rumor without foundation, was started that Co. F, 33rd Engs. had been ordered home, but of course we didn't believe such a thing. An order like that would be a



fine thing alright - we would yell a lot louder than we did when we got our orders to come across. My stove pipe is leaking where the stove pipe goes out - it would be really queer if it were the other way round, wouldn't it? If we could only have about a week more of clear weather we would be O. K. for then our outside work would be "tons fini." That word "fini" or "finish" is used by American, Franch, German and Chinese and is a source of great joy alright.

You could sure get a good hold on my "woolly head" now. It needs some one who classes as a barber. Men of that trade are plentiful but good ones are scarce. Almost every squad has some one in it who tries barbering. You don't see many well-cut heads nowadways.

It sure would be fine to be early on the sailing list but there are so many things to be done of an engineering nature. And these men not in Class A (physically fit for front line service) will surely be the elect to stay.

I'm about due for another shower bath. That is a great luxury here and I can tell you I do enjoy it. A German orderly to help you undress, bathe you and help you dress again - if you would let him. About all we can say is Nein! Nein!

December 1.

We go to Reignac from here, where we will have heavy work to do when we are busy. The job is to load freight cars and ship everything away. So will only have to work when there are freight cars and they are scarce articles in France. They sat a lieutenant colonel is here to look over the place - an engineer Colonel.

Lt. Doran is going back to Reignac tomorrow with some of the men. I have just filled my fountain pen and noticed the ink was almost gone. I asked John what kind of ink he used and he replied "the same kind you do." To my question, "Waterman's - where do you get it?" he said, as I was finishing the job, "out of that bottle." So we had quite a laugh.

The ink the French have isn't much good so I don't know what we'll do when the bottle is "fini."

The German prisoners want every little crack and hole closed up tight and when you go in a room where they have been sitting and smoking one can hardly breathe.



I can't go into the enclosure without someone, a German officer, coming up and bowing in their ridiculous manner and saying, "I beg your pardon, sir, would it be possible to do this or that." My answer is always the same, to see Capt. King, the prison officer, or his assistants.

December 8

By Christmas I hope you will have the letter I wrote you from Tours. It was a nice little trip. Can you imagine how it seemed to be talking to men who knew people I knew and talk to men actually on the way home. A lieutenant I roomed with knew Clarence -----, of Atlantic City, and others who were Rutgers men, and another lieutenant we met knew Dr. Clarke, of Dover. We shall probably be away from here some time this week - here's hoping. I would like very much to have a few days' leave but I'm not going to take any chances on an order coming through for our troops to move to another "somewhere." At last the new dynamo is running in good shape.

This afternoon a Lieutenant Frisbee was going away. He speaks French and German quite fluently, especially the former. His father was an American dentist in Nice and married a French "demoiselle." So he bought some shellac for me. You would be surprised at the poor salesmanship in this country. The prices are fixed, however, although I suppose they may change from customer to customer as they are not marked on the article. What I mean by fixed is that there is no barter.

December 12

Can you imagine it? Tomorrow is Friday the 13th. I'm sending off a detachment of men to Reignac. I hope they will get there safely and also that the truck will return to morrow night. Tomorrow everything here should be complete.

We have a new commanding officer now, a regular army colonel, and he is sure fine. He knew Gen. Brown when the general was a colonel back in my Georgia days. I wonder when I'll have some more letters from home. I suppose they are holding the mail to learn where to send it as we will be out of here by Monday or Tuesday of next week. Today we got off our final reports. I am going to keep some things as souvenirs.

December 5

Little did I think a year ago that I would spend today in the city of Tours.



I came along with the major to help fulfil all the errands. When the major left, his final instructions were not to come back without the fittings. Tonight a lieutenant is in the same room with me. He is expecting the surgeon's orders to send him home right away. When that day comes that the 33rd Engineers are ordered back to the good old U. S. A. - well! I don't suppose it would do much good to yell my voice out. The new censorship regulations say "there may be free discussion of the activities, past and present, of the organization to which the writer is attached, so here goes:

When we got our word that we were to come, I sent home stuff in the line of packages, etc., so you would know what was going to happen. On June 28th at 4 p.m. we lined up at Devens and marched to the railroad station, leaving at 5 o'clock for Hoboken by way of Springfield, Troy, Albany and down the West Shore. June 29th we were in Hoboken and off the trains (in two sections) at 7 o'clock. When we got off the trains we marched down to Pier No. 2, and after a physical inspection and a light lunch we boarded the good ship Calamares. The next day we pulled out, going down into the bay at 11 a. m., and anchored there while a heavy fog covered everything. Some time that night we pulled out. I was officer of the day and we all had very large guards - or watches. Later when we reached the danger zone I was fortunate in drawing a time for my post when all the troops had to be on deck. We always wore or carried life preservers. On the way over the Henderson caught fire and was escorted back the second day out, to the U. S., by the von Steuben. The von Steuben set out for France by herself as she is a fast boat and was heavily armed. The next to the last day she passed us going back to the U. S. She had made port, been unloaded, loaded and was off again. We saw land July 12th, late afternoon, anchored in harbor of Brest, where my first letter was written, and disembarked the 13th. We had but one submarine scare. The cruiser Frederick began firing - all the transports scuttled away like a bunch of scared chicks - and soon it was over and everyone back in formation. This kept changing, of course. We took a zig-zag course all the way. General Kuhn - 79th Division - was on our boat. It was a mighty pretty sight on



to see all our ships line up in column and steam up the river into Brest with flags flying, all lights aglow and everyone happy and gay. It is way past my bedtime but there is no reveille for me tomorrow. When this Richelieu job is finished I will have more time to write the many, many letters I should have written long ago.



France, January 19, 1919.

I happened to be at a German officers' prison camp at Richilieu when the armistice was signed. It was like this. The high command of our army must have had the idea that we were not going to give or ask quarter, for it was not till we had a good bunch of German officers that they began to make any preparations for them. The end of September and order came for one lieutenant and sixty men to proceed from Gievers, where we were stationed, to Richilieu. We had no idea what we were to do, except what we gathered from the list of tools that we had to take with us:- post-hole diggers, wire cutters, staples, and wire stretchers. Only two of the above items were available, but we started out and landed at Richilieu after a 60-mile journey at 9 p. m.- we had left just twelve hours previously. There was no one there to meet us, but we hiked out to the "chateau" with a doctor as a guide, who had been there just once. We almost lost our way twice. That night the men slept in the barn or hay-loft of the chateau, and the next morning we loaded up the poles from the railroad cars into the two-wheeled carts of a couple of Frenchmen who did the hauling for us.

The place was intended to hold only 150 officers, but the fellows at the front didn't care how fast they took prisoners, so soon they were in need of additional quarters. Then they decided to take more land at Richilieu and make it the "Central Officers Prisoner of War Enclosure." The German officers and their cooks, waiters and orderlies came flowing in, and "it was up to us." We had expected to stay about two weeks, but as it turned out I got away from there just one week ago to-day. I'll admit I didn't think it much of a place to spend Christmas. Just imagine having over eight hundred Hun officers around you who ought to be shot! Why I think that, is because they say that when they get free they are going to start another war. And in the next one they claim they are going to be fighting England with America on their side. They have more "gall" than anyone I ever knew. We had then fixed up in troop barracks, with 45 square feet to each one. They had wooden floors,



partitions to make rooms for nine to eleven officers, electric lights, a canteen, the finest bath-house in France, and all sorts of special privileges - athletic goods, library, billiard table, and promenades around the country. With all these facilities they were "hollering" for more. They did nothing but kick,- as I had to be in the enclosures a lot they would come up to me, until it got to be almost unbearable. They made out a letter of complaints which was practically all a bunch of lies,- everything was misrepresented, and things in perfect order were included in the list. We even built boardwalks for them; these were, however, badly needed, as these French winters produce Beaucoup mud. The whole job was a very interesting one from an engineering standpoint; the electrical end of it was the best part of it all. We installed two generator sets and lighted up all the barracks, guard-house, and storehouses. When the whole project was complete and I had sent away all my men, I was finally officially relieved and sent to join the company. It was welcome news.

The morning of November 11 the K. O. happened to be telephoning to Tours (over French phone) and the wires got crossed. He heard a conversation between a colonel and a general and learned that the armistice had been signed. Immediately "Officers' Call" blew, and all officers came up to headquarters, saluted and waited, wondering what should have caused the meeting. When the roll had been called and all were present the announcement was made. We were a happy bunch and shook hands on the good word. It took but a few minutes to pass along the news. Everyone knocked off to talk it over and to discuss the problem of "when do we go home." Sometime later the Germans were to be checked, by number, and as the announcement was to be made to them, all the American officers were present. Talking through an interpreter, the Commanding Officer told how the armistice had been signed, and proposed that the Huns celebrate the end of the war with some "vin blanc." It was a queer proposal, but the interpreter called for an expression of their wishes. Every Boche there yelled out, "Nein, nein!" in the most insulted tone, and the matter was dropped at once. Their dream of "Deutschland Uber Alles" was over; they might have to go back home and hunt a job where they would really have to work.



And they were insulted in the bargain; they didn't like it at all, for they are "gentlemen and officers"!

The news had spread like wildfire in the town of Richilieu; we told the people in the post office - they did the rest. The people did no more work, closed thier shops, put out their flags, and started celebrating in the regular French way. When we saw the results our statement had produced we began to fear lest it were only a rumor. By night everything was in full sway, all the people were out, and the oldest wines were opened. The old American bar where you may placed your foot on the familiar rail and assume that pose so cherished by lovers of the "amber fluid" was not at hand. In France almost every house sells wine, so the rail was not much missed; - not much fluid was missed, either. The town, ordinarily as black as blackest mid-night, was all lighted up; as were several of the celebrators. The military police, put on for the occasion, had to be brought out to camp and put to bed. The others were in better shape.

So Peace came. The biggest thing that can come now is our orders to come back to White Man's Land. The sooner they can get us home the happier we will be.